PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1980 • $2.50

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A VERY GOOD YEAR FOR SEX IN CINEMA

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CQ-7600 + CJ-4000	40 watts (0.08%)	549.90	357.43	192.47
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PLAYBILL

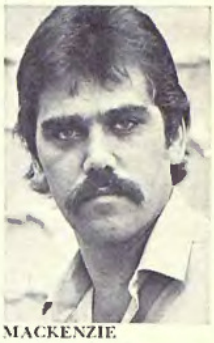
IT NEVER CEASES to amaze us that, despite the frustrations, dissatisfactions and potential embarrassments of holding political positions, so many men run for office anyway. One motivation, of course, is the desire for power. But, as nationally syndicated columnist **Nicholas von Hoffman** points out in *How Washington Works: What Every President Should Know* (graphically illustrated by **John Craig**), even Presidents aren't as powerful as you might think. In addition to his advice to the next President, Von Hoffman has some for the voters: "Read my article and you may decide that the most important vote you can cast is for your Congressman." (Nick, by the way, is leaning toward voting the Libertarian ticket this year.) If the thrill of power isn't enough, what else could take a man to Washington? We know what might motivate *us*: the women. As you'll find out in *Beauty & Bureaucracy*, there are some very lovely ladies working in Uncle Sam's offices all over town. But while some political aspirants are motivated by women and power, there are always those who run for the laughs. One such type is on page 188 in our pictorial *Fred Willard for President*, produced by Staff Writer **John Blumenthal**. If you don't particularly like politics but like wheeler-dealers, then you have to like J. R. Ewing of TV's *Dallas*. And if you like J.R., wait till you read our *Playboy Interview* this month with the man who plays him, **Larry Hagman**. If the interview is a true indication of Hagman's personality, we'll have to agree with interviewer **David Rensin**, who spent ten days in Dallas with Hagman and says, "Larry is a hell of a guy. I interviewed Peter Frampton when he was at the peak of his popularity, when he'd go out in public and 14-year-old girls would tear their T-shirts off for him, but that was *nothing* like going places with Larry Hagman. He handles it beautifully—gets out there with a wad of Larry Hagman $100 bills and deals with all of it. On the Fourth of July, he and I were driving back from a party, and as we exited the freeway, we were rear-ended by some drunk kid. He staggered out of his car and nearly fainted. 'I can't believe it,' he said. 'I hit J.R.' Larry said, 'You sure did, kid,' and gave the boy that wicked J.R. smile. The kid was terrified. Larry let him go."

Speaking of terror, **D. Keith Mano** endured a variety of same while researching his article *It's No Fun Being a Girl* (illustrated by **Skip Williamson**). Sure, Keith's a man. But he spent a week in drag at Fantasia Fair, America's annual transvestite convention, and, take it from Keith: It takes a strong man to be a woman. It also takes a fairly sturdy soul to spill 10,000 tabs of LSD in a redneck bar and get out of it, not only alive but with the drugs as well. Find out how it's done in *Rat Town Boogie*, fiction by **Andy Stone** (illustrated by **Edgar Clarke**). But if there's anything that demands courage, it's *Playing with Pain*, the lot of all professional athletes and the title of an article by **Richard Mackenzie**. Mackenzie's piece (illustrated by **Roger Huyssen**) tells the story of former Dallas Cowboy Pettis Norman and his lawsuit against the team and its doctors—for not letting him know the true extent of his injuries.

Asa Baber was playing a different game—the financial one—when he immersed himself in books on the market about how to hedge against inflation. He thinks he came out a winner, simply because he retained his sanity. You'll see why that wasn't easy in his Reporter's Notebook *How I Gave Up Reading Financial Advice*. For another good piece of advice, read *California C's*, the latest verse from **Shel Silverstein**. To round out the issue, there's *Sex in Cinema—1980*, written by **Arthur Knight** and produced by Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, Senior Art Director **Chet Suski**, Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson** and Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet**. Oh, yes, and let us not forget our Playmate of the Month, **Jeana Tomasino**, who's *Ready on the Set*. In this election month, our vote goes to Jeana.

RENSIN

KNIGHT


MACKENZIE

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PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), NOVEMBER, 1980, VOL. 27, NO. 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. CONTROLLED CIRCULATION POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBS.: IN THE U.S., $18 FOR 12 ISSUES. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

You'll recognize our unconventional delegate as last month's Playmate, Mardi Jacquet. The cover was designed and photographed by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler, and Mardi's make-up was done by Pat Tomlinson. If you assume from Mardi's buttans that she's confused about which candidate to back, you're wrong. The only button that really counts is on her hat. Her motto: "Vote for Hugh and he'll vote for you."

RAT TOWN BOOGIE—fiction ..... ANDY STONE **143**
It isn't easy to recoup after you've spilled 10,000 tabs of sunshine in a redneck bar. But then again, on acid, anything is possible.

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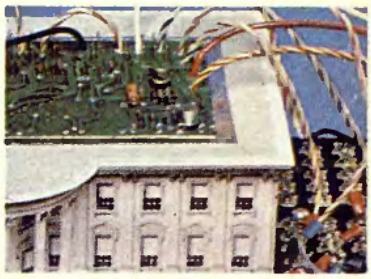

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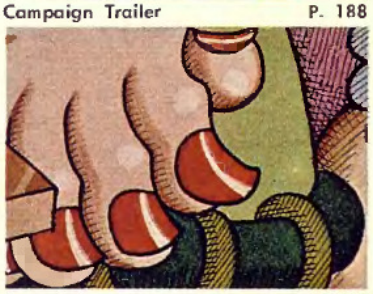

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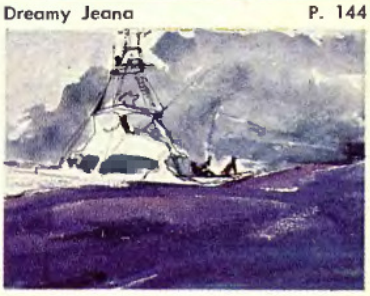

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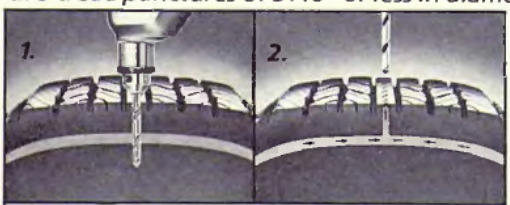

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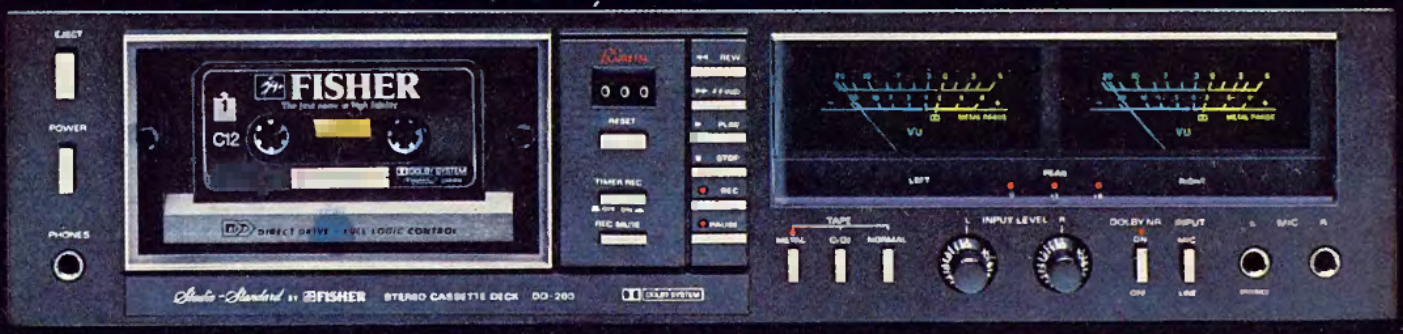
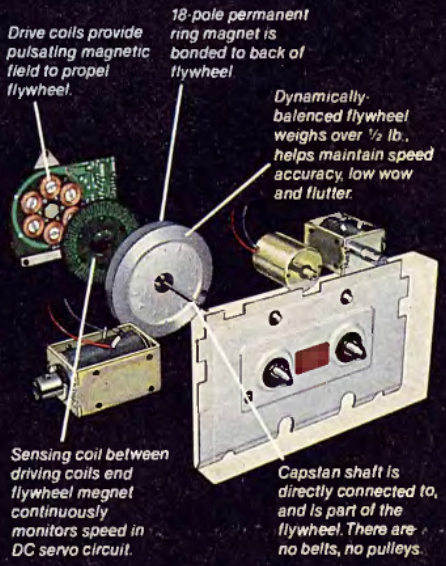


Fisher Direct Drive...the most technically advanced tape drive system.

In the new Fisher DD280 cassette deck, Fisher has replaced the conventional belt-drive system with a high-torque 18-pole brushless, coreless, direct drive DC flywheel motor. The motor shaft is the tape transport capstan itself. The result is a silent, one-piece direct drive system that glides at a stable 360 rpm. Wow and flutter are reduced to an incredibly low 0.04%. Gone forever are belt wear problems resulting in speed change, belt breakage and replacement. For long term reliability direct drive is the answer.

Feather touch electronic solenoid controls. Don't look for "clunky" levers on the DD280. Transport functions are actuated by sensitive solenoid electronic switching. IC logic circuitry assures instant, positive action. You can go directly from rewind to fast forward to play...without having to manually stop between functions. LED indicators signal mode of operation.



Metal tape compatibility. The DD280 is also metal tape compatible. The new metal particle tapes offer a marked improvement in signal-to-noise ratio and dynamic range over previous tape formulations. With its metal EQ and bias settings, plus high performance MX/Ferrite heads, the DD280 produces tapes of stunning accuracy. With metal tape, the DD280 delivers an impressive frequency response of 30Hz-20kHz.

Low in profile. And high on features. The low-profile DD280 has everything you'd expect in a professional-quality cassette deck. Calibrated input level controls. Dolby* Noise Reduction. Large-scale dual-range VU meters. Peak level LED indicators and more.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

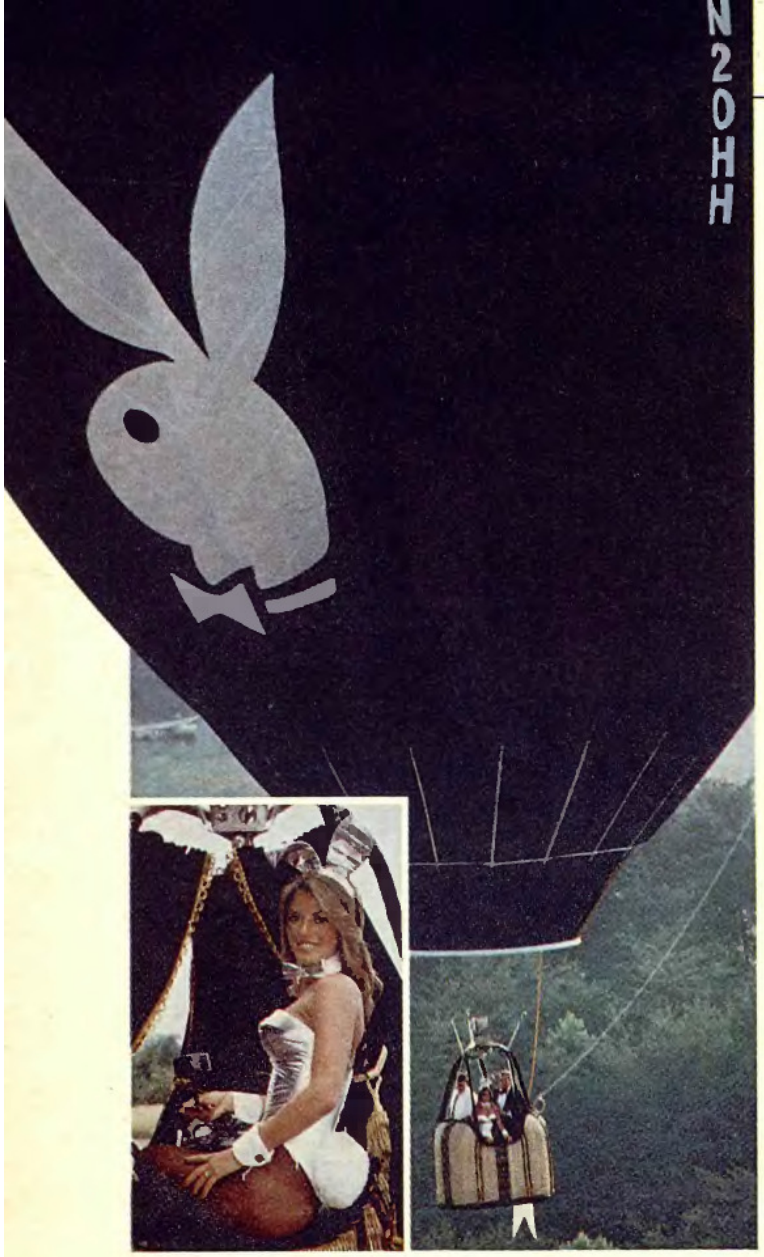
in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

Bigger than before, Playboy's second annual Jazz Festival attracted a record 34,000 people to the Hollywood Bowl. Los Angeles Bunny Nicole visited George Burns on the set of his upcoming NBC-TV special to invite him to sell kisses at the festival (left). Below, a panorama of the capacity crowd digging the tunes. At right, Angela Bofill—who is remarkably beautiful even when she's not singing—wowing the crowd toward the end of the show.

Mel Tormé, the Velvet Fog, at left, makes his voice do things that were previously thought to be impossible. Carmen McRae (below) reminds us all that no matter what she's singing, she's a precious natural resource.

Above, Bill Cosby—who served as master of ceremonies for the festival (as he did last year)—takes five with Benny Goodman, a festival favorite, and Hef. At right, Dizzy Gillespie puts his horn in shape in a jam with Chick Corea (looking very good on keyboard) and bassist Stanley Clarke.

Above, Billy Higgins works out on the congas. He has recorded with Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins and had the audience tapping their tootsies.



HOT HARE BALLOON

Danita Jo Fox (the 20th-anniversary Bunny, inset) perches in the cockpit of the Playboy Club Bunny Balloon during its inaugural flight over North Carolina. Also on board were C. Vincent Shortt, Clubs Senior V.P., and the balloon's builder.

THE FIRST OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT AWARDS

Below, Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley hands Nat Hentoff his citation during the inaugural presentation of the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards at Playboy Mansion West as Christie Hefner looks on. Another recipient was Sonia Johnson, the Mormon excommunicated for supporting the E.R.A. Mrs. Johnson, on left below with Hef and Carrie Beauchamp, declined the cash portion of her award,

saying that she feels PLAYBOY has a stereotyped view of women. The media may have expected to capitalize on this, but, to quote a correspondent present, Virginia Kay of the Pasadena *Star-News*: "Hugh Hefner responded with grace and generosity by reminding guests that, after all, freedom of speech is what it is all about. . . . It was a day for those who have the courage of their convictions."

PLAYMATE UPDATE: PAM, ROSANNE BECOME THE LUNCH BUNCH

Playmates Pamela Jean Bryant (April 1978, below right) and Rosanne Katon (September 1978, below) star in *Lunch Wagon* as two ladies who stumble into a scam to rip off a dental-supply house for its gold. New York and L.A. saw it in September, but the rest of us will have to wait until its rerelease next spring.

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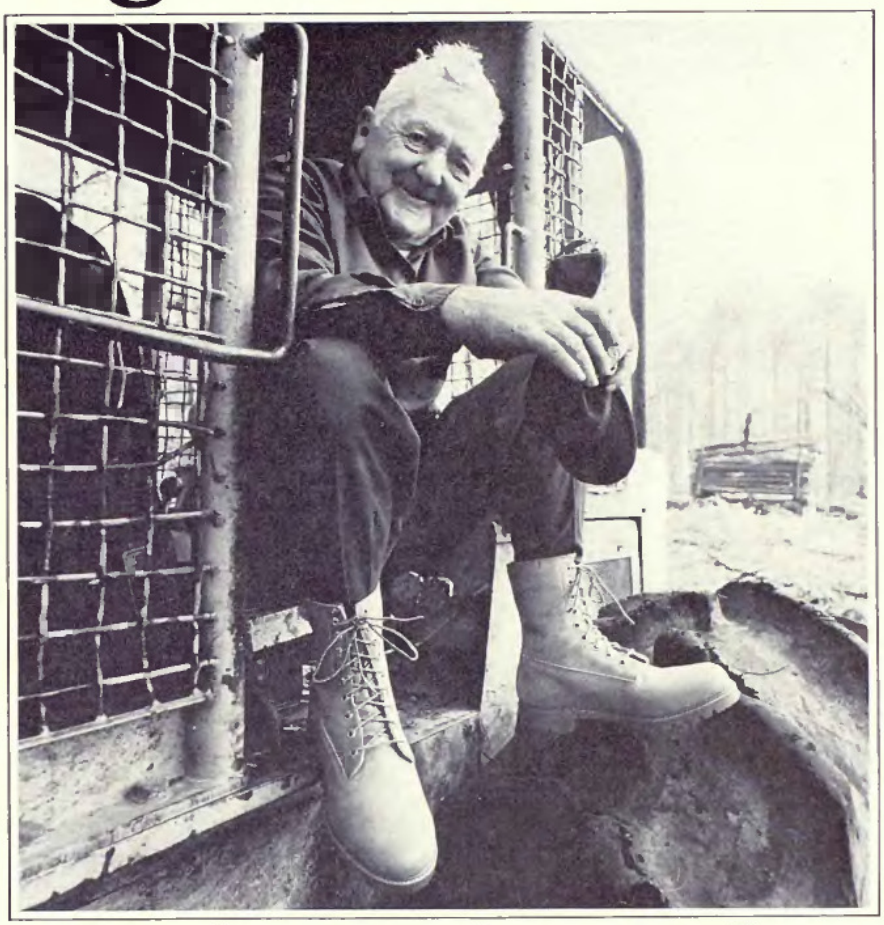

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"DOCTOR SHOCK"

With strongly mixed feelings, I commend you for the courage to publish the August interview with William Shockley. I do so only in the spirit of Watson's Law: No one is entirely useless; you may always serve as the horrible example.

M. Drew Hurley
Gainesville, Florida

As many readers no doubt noticed, one of the most striking features of Shockley's character is that two of his most fundamental beliefs directly contradict each other. First, he holds that intelligence is genetically determined and that I.Q. tests measure intelligence. Intelligence, for Shockley, is innate ability that cannot be improved by the environment. Second, in order to convince himself that he is a genius, he believes that his own I.Q. has increased since he scored 130 (subgenius on anyone's scale) on a standardized I.Q. test. Now, if Shockley's intelligence improved, as he believes, then either his genes got better (genetic integrity actually deteriorates over time) or he responded to environmental factors.

Michael J. Thibodeaux
Austin, Texas

Dr. Shockley's racism is matched only by his simple-mindedness. Given black history in America and the economic plight of black Americans today, that mere 15-point difference in I.Q. might well represent evidence of basic black genetic superiority. And while we're at it, what is a 5'6" man with a 130 I.Q. doing donating his sperm as superior?

Lucille Oliver
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Just a note of congratulations on your August interview with Dr. William Shockley—surely the funniest piece of comic writing since your thigh-slapping chat with Anita Bryant. I now see that all those dire warnings about what whackin' off does to the brain are true.

John French
New York, New York

Shockley seems unaware of studies showing that disadvantaged groups tend to believe the negative cultural stereotypes applied to them and that that affects their performance and motivation. Until recent gains in women's lib, women were also thought to be intellectually inferior to men. I am reminded, in fact, that some ancient Moslems used to kill women who had female babies—probably for the same eugenic "humanitarian" reasons that motivate Shockley.

Leni Hamilton
Westwood, New Jersey

The conclusions Shockley draws are from scattered areas of biology, psychology and anthropology. But those are nonrigorous disciplines at present, and one cannot deduce theories from them like theorems in geometry. Shockley has obviously jumped to his "inescapable" conclusion first, and then seized any scrap of data he thinks supports it. That is the worst kind of irresponsible, backward science.

Ed DeJesus
Narragansett, Rhode Island

Dr. Shockley has failed to come to grips with one of the most basic of biological facts: Evolutionary longevity is conferred upon a species as a direct result of its adaptability, and that adaptability is due to the genetic diversity of the population. The measures proposed by Shockley would reduce that diversity.

Milton H. Lintz, Jr.
Pensacola, Florida

In regard to your interview with the Nobel laureate Dr. William Shockley,

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), NOVEMBER, 1980, VOLUME 27, NUMBER 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, $48 FOR 36 ISSUES, $34 FOR 24 ISSUES, $18 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $24 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, $31 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR / DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, NEW YORK SALES MANAGER; RICHARD ATKINS, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO 60611, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; TROY, MICHIGAN 48084, JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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Southern Comfort made for many a fine social occasion. Sometimes legends were swapped at these affairs. The legend that Southern Comfort came from Europe in earlier times. That the pirate Lafitte brought it to the new land.

The legends were many, but the fine drink was a fact. A secret recipe was guarded by a bar owner named Heron. But fame has a way of growing. Heron's kin took the recipe to Memphis, then to St. Louis. The drink's fame spread with each sip of Southern Comfort.

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1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort.

Pour over cracked ice in short glass; add twist of lemon peel.

This delicious liquor's popular sipped on-the-rocks anywhere.

Cheese 'n Comfort

1 Edam cheese or 8 oz. cream cheese.
1/4 lb. sharp Cheddar cheese.
1/4 lb. butter.
1/4 cup Southern Comfort.

Ingredients should be room temperature. Grate cheese; cream together with butter. Add Southern Comfort; stir until smooth. Refrigerate in covered jar. Bring to room temperature before serving. Makes about 2 cups.

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Southern Comfort is great for just sippin' on-the-rocks.

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Rank 6

Gin 'n Tonic

Juice and rind 1/4 lime.
1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) gin.
Schweppes Tonic Water.
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in a tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin. Fill with tonic and stir until well chilled.

Rank 1

Dry Martini

2 ounces gin or vodka.
Splash of dry vermouth.
Stir with cracked ice; strain into stemmed glass. Or pour over rocks in a short glass. Add green olive or twist of lemon peel.

Rank 7

Tom Collins

Dissolve 1 tspn. sugar in 1/2 jigger lemon juice in tall glass.
Add ice cubes.
1 jigger gin.
Fill with sparkling water; stir.

Rank 10

Old-Fashioned

Dash of Angostura bitters.
1/2 oz. sparkling water.
1 tspn. sugar (optional).
1 jigger Bourbon or blended whiskey.
Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, whiskey. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, cherry.

Barn Burner

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort.
Large stick cinnamon.
Slice lemon peel.
Hot cider.
Put cinnamon, lemon peel, Southern Comfort in mug; fill with cider; stir. (Put spoon in mug to pour hot cider.)

Rank 8

Daiquiri

Juice 1/2 lime or 1/4 lemon.
1 teaspoon sugar.
1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) light rum.
Shake thoroughly with cracked ice, until the shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

Country Comfort Ribs

3-5 lbs. spare ribs (1 to 1-1/2 lbs. per serving).
The secret to our savory barbecued ribs: skin 'em first. Remove breast bone. Turn ribs over and remove skirt. Save skirt and cook as appetizer. Slip paring knife under skin at end of rib and separate from bone. Grip skin with paper towel and peel back from complete slab. Scrape off fat between bones with spoon. Cook in charcoal-water smoker or on grill, following manufacturer's instructions.

Barbecue Sauce

1 med. onion, finely chopped.
4 tbsp. bacon grease or 3 slices finely chopped bacon.
1/2 cup Southern Comfort.
1 pint spicy catsup.
Juice 1 lemon.
1/3 cup brown sugar.
1 tsp. salt.
1/2 tsp. chili powder.
Lightly brown onion in bacon grease or cook with chopped bacon. Remove from heat. Add catsup and Southern Comfort, stir. Add remaining ingredients and simmer slowly for 10 minutes.

Open House Punch

Tastes like a cocktail!
Makes 32 4-oz. servings.

One fifth Southern Comfort.
3 quarts 7UP.
6-oz. fresh lemon juice.
One 6-oz. can frozen lemonade.
One 6-oz. can frozen orange juice.
Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, 7UP last. Add drops of red food coloring as desired, stir. Float block of ice, add orange and lemon slices. Mix in advance! Just add 7UP and ice when ready to serve and be able to enjoy your own party!

Introduce your friends to a new party idea: An old-fashioned barn dance.

Scarlett O'Hara

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort.
Juice 1/4 fresh lime.
1 jigger Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail.
Shake with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass.

Rank **5**

Screwdriver

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) vodka.
Orange juice.
Put ice cubes into 6-oz. glass. Add vodka, fill with orange juice; stir.

Cocoa Comfort

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort.
Hot cocoa.
Whipped cream.
Put Southern Comfort in mug and fill with hot cocoa. Top with whipped cream and garnish with chocolate shavings.

Sicilian Kiss

3 parts Southern Comfort.
1 part Amaretto.
Pour over crushed ice in short glass; stir. Southern Comfort mates deliciously with this romantic liqueur.

Comfort Manhattan

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort.
1/2 oz. sweet or dry vermouth.
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional).
Pour over cracked ice in short glass. Add a cherry.

Rank **4**

Manhattan

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Bourbon or blended whiskey.
1/2 oz. sweet vermouth.
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional).
Shake with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. Add a cherry.

Comfort Cake

Cake

1 18-1/2 oz. Duncan Hines Yellow Cake Mix.
1 3-3/4 oz. pkg. Instant Vanilla Pudding Mix.
4 eggs.
1/2 cup cold water.
1/2 cup oil.
1 cup chopped pecans or walnuts.
1/2 cup Southern Comfort.

Glaze

1/8 lb. butter or margarine.
1/8 cup water.
1/2 cup granulated sugar.
1/4 cup Southern Comfort.

Combine cake ingredients in large bowl; beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch tube or 12-cup Bundt pan. Bake at 325° for 1 hour. Set on rack to cool. Invert on serving plate. Prick top immediately with toothpick; drizzle and brush half of glaze evenly over top and sides. Reserve half of glaze. After cake has cooled, reheat glaze and brush it evenly over cake.

To make glaze melt butter in saucepan. Stir in water and sugar. Boil 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in Southern Comfort.

Rank **2**

Bloody Mary

2 jiggers tomato juice.
1/3 jigger fresh lemon juice.
Dash of Worcestershire sauce.
1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) vodka.
Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice, strain into 6-oz. glass. Garnish with celery stalk.

Rank **9**

Margarita

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) tequila.
1/2 oz. Triple Sec.
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice.
Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in coarse granule salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.

Rank **3**

Whiskey Sour

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Bourbon or blended whiskey.
1/2 jigger fresh lemon juice.
1 teaspoon sugar.
Shake with cracked ice and strain into glass. Add an orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry.

Comfort Eggnog

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort.
1 quart dairy eggnog.
Pre-chill ingredients, including Southern Comfort. Blend in punch bowl by beating; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10.
For 1 drink: Stir 4 parts eggnog, 1 part Comfort® in short glass; add nutmeg.

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the PLAYBOY interviewer, Syl Jones, proposed and Dr. Shockley agreed that Down's syndrome or trisomy 21 was a result of the contribution of an extra X chromosome by paternal nondisjunction. Actually, trisomy 21 *is* a result of a nondisjunction, but of either maternal or paternal autosome number 21, which is *not* a sex chromosome. The result is the presence of three 21st autosomes, hence the nomenclature trisomy 21. Needless to say, I was shocked by Shockley's reply.

Noland Soo
Irvine, California

The error was neither Shockley's nor Jones's but ours in a less-than-accurate transcription.

SCHEER SMEAR?

Thank God I don't have to depend on the article *The Reagan Question*, by Robert Scheer, in the August PLAYBOY to learn about Ronald Reagan. In his usual illogical and irrational manner, Scheer condemns him by allegation and innuendo but gives no factual basis for his charges. Why should one believe such obviously prejudiced reporting? Certainly, the voting public cannot be so easily misled.

E. H. Ivey
Houston, Texas

Robert Scheer's article on Ronald Reagan is probably one of the best pieces you've done recently on political figures. What makes it so effective to my mind is that it shows a critical drawback to our current political system: Our system can produce great campaigners who know what to say and how to say it, as well as who to say it to, but at the expense of producing bad leaders. The world does not exist as a Good Guys *vs.* Bad Guys confrontation, as in the old Hollywood Westerns, but that seems to be how Reagan tells it to the public.

Ian R. Beste
Berkeley, California

QUEEN VICTORIA

As soon as I saw scrumptious August Playmate Victoria Cooke, I felt I had to write and thank you and photographer Mario Casilli for such an unforgettable pictorial. The centerfold is unquestionably a classic that I will treasure forever. God, what a bod.

Brent Boren
Des Moines, Iowa

From the first time I saw Victoria Cooke in *Playboy's Roller Disco and Pajama Party* on TV, I knew that I had to see more. Of all the first-rate Playmates filling your pages over the years, Victoria outdoes them all.

Dean Webb
Arkansaw, Wisconsin

Not only is she powerfully alluring but she comes across as a very friendly and outgoing person. This combination of beauty and personality is very rare, especially where I live. If Victoria is not selected as the 1981 Playmate of the Year, someone is missing the boat.

Mike Davidson
Dublin, Georgia

After eagerly awaiting the appearance of Victoria Cooke for several long and agonizing months, I finally received my August issue. To say it was well worth the wait is an understatement. Victoria Cooke is the loveliest woman to grace your magazine in ages. Please, just one more photo of this walking dream.

Stephen Jameson
St. Petersburg, Florida

We have lots of photos of Victoria standing, sitting, lying down and

hugging a bedpost. But to see this dream walking, you'll have to go to Hawaii.

BO AND HER BEAU

Thanks for the new portfolio of Bo Derek. She's unbelievable, and I think the August issue should be called the Bo-nanza issue!

Ray Trail
New York, New York

I truly enjoyed the August pictorial of Bo Derek. But I thought it wrong not to give the name of the Japanese woman who posed with Bo. She is exquisite and I would like to know something about her.

Mark Williamson
Baltimore, Maryland

So would we, Mark, so would we.

If there is anything as distinctive as the beauty of Bo Derek, it must be the photography of John. He has a style all his own, a sort of—what shall we call it?—*instamatique*. It's not so much the gripping lack of focus in all his pictures as the way he uses the light to wash out all the features of face and body that has made him famous. The warming monotone . . . the greased lens . . . the outtake composition . . . John certainly has found a way to give such apparent beauty an elusive quality. So much so that, as a PLAYBOY reader leafs through Bo's pictorial, the most obvious question is, What *does* she look like without her clothes?

Rock Gnatovich
Framingham, Massachusetts

Fantastic photography! Bo never looked so fine. There are no words that can express my thanks. I hope there will be more in the very near future.

Boyd Martin
Oglethorpe, Georgia

DOOBIE OR NOT DOOBIE

Congratulations are in order for presenting an excellent behind-the-scenes look at the Doobie Brothers (*From the Top*, PLAYBOY, August). John Eskow did a superb job. Your magazine always seemed to me to be more oriented toward disco than toward rock 'n' roll. To my relief, you've proved me wrong. The article is quite informative; let's see more on the greats of rock 'n' roll.

D. Ward
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Granted, the Doobie Brothers deserve recognition, but proclaiming them America's favorite band is ludicrous. Exposure on the *Dinah Show* is a shallow measure of prominence in the field of rock 'n' roll. Needless to say, commercial success does not always coincide with the essence of the art from which it has been derived.

Jeff Smith
Fair Oaks, California

TEN THE HARD WAY

PLAYBOY has been with me on and off for the past ten years. Reading Harry Stein's August article, *Ten Kinds of Women to Avoid at All Costs*, makes me wish I'd never missed an issue. I have had my share of those "dangerous ten" and learned the hard way. Let the 18-year-olds take heed. It is about time someone stated publicly what all men know but are afraid to say.

Roger J. Meyers
North Hollywood, California

Bravo, Harry Stein. As a person, a woman and a psychologist working with social-interpersonal issues, I applaud the evenhanded article. I am a female working with male clients engaged in the process of self-discovery and behavioral change. Stein has a point when he suggests that men often tend to rely too heavily on their eyes. I would

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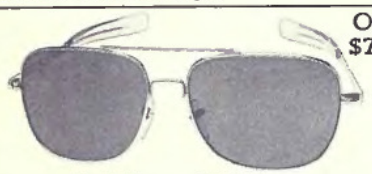

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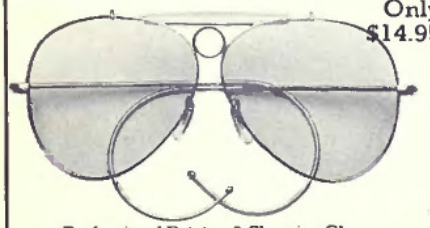

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broaden that to include ears as well. It would be more positive and infinitely less painful for men (and women) to focus more on what people actually *do*. Men and women can and do learn to recognize the behaviors that provide clues to which among us are the "takers" and the "givers." We can then more readily move away from the former and toward the latter. The thumbnail sketches of ten takers described in the article may be a part of that discovery process. I will share it with my clients.

Frances Meritt Stern, Ph.D., Director
Institute for Behavioral Awareness
Springfield, New Jersey

SNOWSKI OR HUTCH?

While whisking us to the summit at Alpine Meadows, our chair lift also provided us with this view of two

PLAYBOY Rabbits silently frolicking in the snow below. We just want to let you know that the slopes are alive and hopping at Lake Tahoe.

Mikki Hyland
Drew McIntyre
Arcata, California

MEGADOSE IMMORTALITY

The article on Durk Pearson, by Peter Barsocchini, in *Playboy's New Age Primer* (August) is most interesting. We would like to know more about Durk and his efforts. Please publish the full story on his work.

Len Mares
Fair Oaks, California

I, too, want to live a long, healthy life and I take vitamins and minerals each day—but Durk Pearson seems to have hit on *all* the right combinations to stay young and healthy—so, *please*, how can I share in that knowledge?

Amy K. Smith
Marietta, Georgia

The prospect of living 150 years is intriguing. Please let me know where I can learn more about this man, his research and his beliefs.

Ivan Zuckerman
Miami, Florida

Pearson's research, as far as we know, is just that, research. Indeed, so far, Pearson has yet to live 50 years—much less 150.

FIVE-O FAVORITES

I'd like to congratulate you on your excellent August issue. It is outstanding in many ways, but surely the *Girls of Hawaii* will never be outdone. When I saw Carole Rose, I thought PLAYBOY had finally reached its peak. No one else could possibly be that beautiful. I was wrong! Upon turning the page, I was struck speechless by the beauty of Lourdes Ann Kananimanu Estores (I hope someday she'll teach me how to pronounce that name). If she wants to be a Playmate, the only objection I can see is that there would be no suspense as to who would be Playmate of the Year.

Bob Glebe
Bellevue, Washington

As an avid PLAYBOY reader since I was old enough to know why, this pictorial proves again your excellence in discovering the most beautiful women of the world. I can only say that your picture of Lourdes Ann Kananimanu Estores on page 159 in the August issue is a heart-stopper. Please fulfill my request as well as hers in granting her wish to become a Playmate.

J. B. Bern
Pacific Beach, California

Lourdes has been asked to do a test shooting for us, men. If all goes well, she could be the Playmate with the longest name in our history.

The beauty of Maile Seaman and Clarissa Matthews (page 158) explains the fierceness of the dancing trio behind them, but how about a full-length view, if the guys don't mind?

Daniel Wong
San Francisco, California

No problem, Dan. Besides, it gives us a chance to correct a goof. The girl

identified as Maile is actually Clarissa, on page 158 and on page 152, as well. We don't know who the guys are—and don't care.

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THE NEW PURITANS

a recent book by radical feminists reveals that their goal is the rejection of male sexuality

Newspeak was designed not to extend but to diminish the range of thought, and this purpose was indirectly assisted by cutting the choice of words down to a minimum. . . . [A Party member's] sexual life, for example, was entirely regulated by the two Newspeak words sexcrime (sexual immorality) and goodsex (chastity). Sexcrime covered all sexual misdeeds whatever. It covered fornication, adultery, homosexuality and other perversions, and, in addition, normal intercourse practiced for its own sake. There was no need to enumerate them separately, since they were all equally culpable . . . all punishable by death. —GEORGE ORWELL, *1984*

WELCOME TO 1984. Big Brother may not be watching, but Women Against Pornography are, and, to our dismay, the results are astonishingly in line with those predicted by Orwell in his classic novel on the repression of individual freedom. In the past few months, we've been calling attention to a new kind of puritanism that is being foisted on us in the guise of liberated feminist thinking. In two articles (*Women at War*, February, and *Women Against Sex*, October), we've tried to show the antisexual bias that is at the heart of the women's groups that come under the general heading of Women Against Pornography. Now comes a book—*Take Back the Night*—that will serve as the *Mein Kampf* of this new totalitarianism. Since we at PLAYBOY are a frequent target of the careless name-calling rhetoric of the book, we thought some comments were in order.

With the publication of *Take Back the Night*, the latter-day puritans have given Newspeak definitions to words that used to be characterized by subtlety and nuance. Words such as erotic, sexual, arousal—even pornographic—have fairly complex connotations. Now they are simply, in Orwell's term, sexcrime. And the crime involved is an inferred violence against women, whether it is actually depicted or not. Here is a quote from the new testament:

> In the last few decades women have been bombarded with ever-increasing numbers of pornographic images in liquor stores, bookstores and drugstores; in supermarkets; in the hands of fathers, uncles, brothers, sons, husbands, lovers and boyfriends; in movies, in films and on street-corner newsstands; on the covers of record albums, on the walls of poster stores and in shop-windows. The media have subjected women to dramatized rapings, stabbings, burnings, beatings, gaggings, bindings, tortures, dismemberments, mutilations and deaths in the name of male sexual pleasure. . . .
>
> In the meantime, women have been increasingly and ever more gruesomely raped and brutalized on the streets and in homes. . . . Take Back the Night was a profound symbolic statement of our commitment to stopping the tide of violence against women in all arenas, and our demand that the perpetrators of such violence—from rapists to batterers to pornographers—be held responsible for their actions and made to change.

It is not quite clear how pornographers get to be "perpetrators of such violence." It is even less clear how pornography is equivalent to rape, and that is the heart of the problem. In the minds of these women, pornography is no longer an artifact of the sexual revolution—a curiosity or an indulgence. It has become a crime, a conspiracy to commit violence against women. This is an updated version of the Reefer Madness originally concocted by Harry Anslinger back in the Thirties. The new villain is not just the occasional isolated image of rape in sleazy porn but the entire spectrum of erotic images. No distinction is made between truly violent images and nonviolent ones, let alone tender, awestruck loving ones.

These feminists label all—or nearly all—sexual acts as rape. Robin Morgan, who originated what has been called "the rape rap," writes, "Rape is the perfected act of male sexuality in a patriarchal culture—it is the ultimate metaphor for domination, violence, subjugation. . . . I claim that rape exists any time sexual intercourse occurs when it has not been initiated by the woman out of her own genuine affection and desire." Another way to say the same thing is that any time a *man* suggests or initiates a sexual act out of *his* genuine affection and desire, he has committed rape. That aberrated thought is the essence of this movement.

We do not for a moment mean to suggest that rape is not a serious social problem. Rape exists. According to FBI reports, a woman is raped every eight minutes in the U. S. It is a brutal crime of violence. To label a criminal act a sex act is to perpetuate the myth that all of sex is criminal. The rapist is not a man filled with desire; he is a man filled with hatred and anger. Research indicates that the rapist's reaction to erotic stimuli is characteristically violent. Nonrapists are not moved to violence by sexual images, nor are they moved to sex by images of violence. The rapist responds sexually to images of violence. Rape is not the result of a media conspiracy—it has existed throughout time, before Gutenberg, before Marshall McLuhan, before Hugh Hefner.

What we see here is a movement gone mad. Feminists have moved from the heat of crisis to a class-action suit against all that is sexual. Laura Lederer, the editor of *Take Back the Night*, says, "Feminists, too, began to realize that although we must deal directly with acute care problems like rape and wife beating, we must also remove the images which promote a climate in which these crimes are possible."

PLAYBOY has long fought to create a sexually free climate, not a violent one. The result has been a new flexibility in sexual styles. People are more at ease with their bodies, more at ease with pleasure. There are more orgasms, there is more variety in sex, more enjoyment, more of everything. Feminists ignore the results of surveys such as Morton Hunt's *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s* and *The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality* that clearly demonstrate that the more open sexual climate has improved the quality of life in America for men and women alike. The increase in rapes that these women discuss may not reflect an

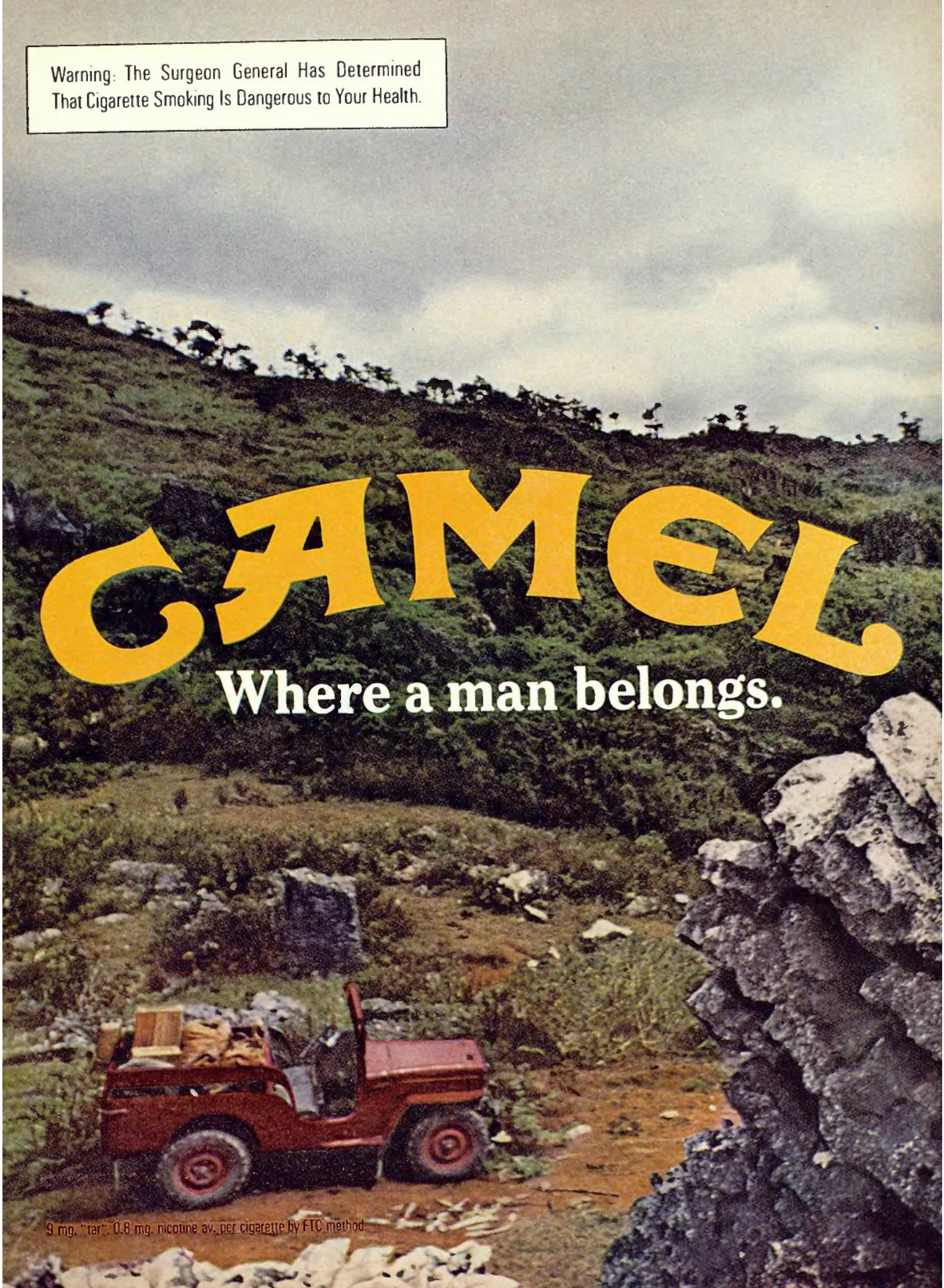
increase in behavior but, rather, an increase in the willingness to report such behavior. And that, too, is a benefit of the new sexual climate.

These women want to return to the good old days of virtue and abstinence. The section "What Is Pornography" quotes a letter to Susan B. Anthony dated 1853: "Man in his lust has regulated long enough this whole question of sexual intercourse. Now let the mother of mankind, whose prerogative it is to set bounds to his indulgence, rouse up and give this whole matter a thorough, fearless examination."

In a chapter called "PLAYBOY Isn't Playing," Laura Lederer asks Judith Bat-Ada if women have reaped any benefits from the sexual revolution (of which pornography is a part); i.e., if women are freer sexually. Bat-Ada's reply: "I think we are being sold a lie. As women get societal rewards for offering themselves up as sexual objects, we communicate and receive the message that a 'real woman' is one who will take off her clothes at the drop of a hat, who will perform sexually, who is 'ready any time,' who will sell (or rather rent) herself. We can be said to be breeding a nation of whores." Earlier, Bat-Ada claimed, "Healthy, self-respecting females do not want to see PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* or any other pornographic magazines in drugstores, grocery stores and markets."

For 27 years, PLAYBOY has tried to portray a healthful, robust sexuality based on equality of partners. We are companions to pleasure. We have tried to destroy the notion that sex was something only bad girls did. The Madonna/whore complex crippled society for centuries. Now we find that the name-calling still exists—in the minds of Women Against Pornography. The only good sex is *goodsex*: chastity. Or, at least, the denial of male sexuality.

One of the aftereffects of criminal rape is avoidance of sex by the victim, even with loved ones. Desire is fragile and easily shattered. It is understandable that the victim of a rape would feel temporarily put off by sexuality, but the goal is to restore the victim to health—not to allow the denial of sexuality to become pathological. For these women, it may be too late. They have taken the trauma, the devastation of the isolated criminal act and fashioned a politic of revenge, a politic of repression. And that is criminal.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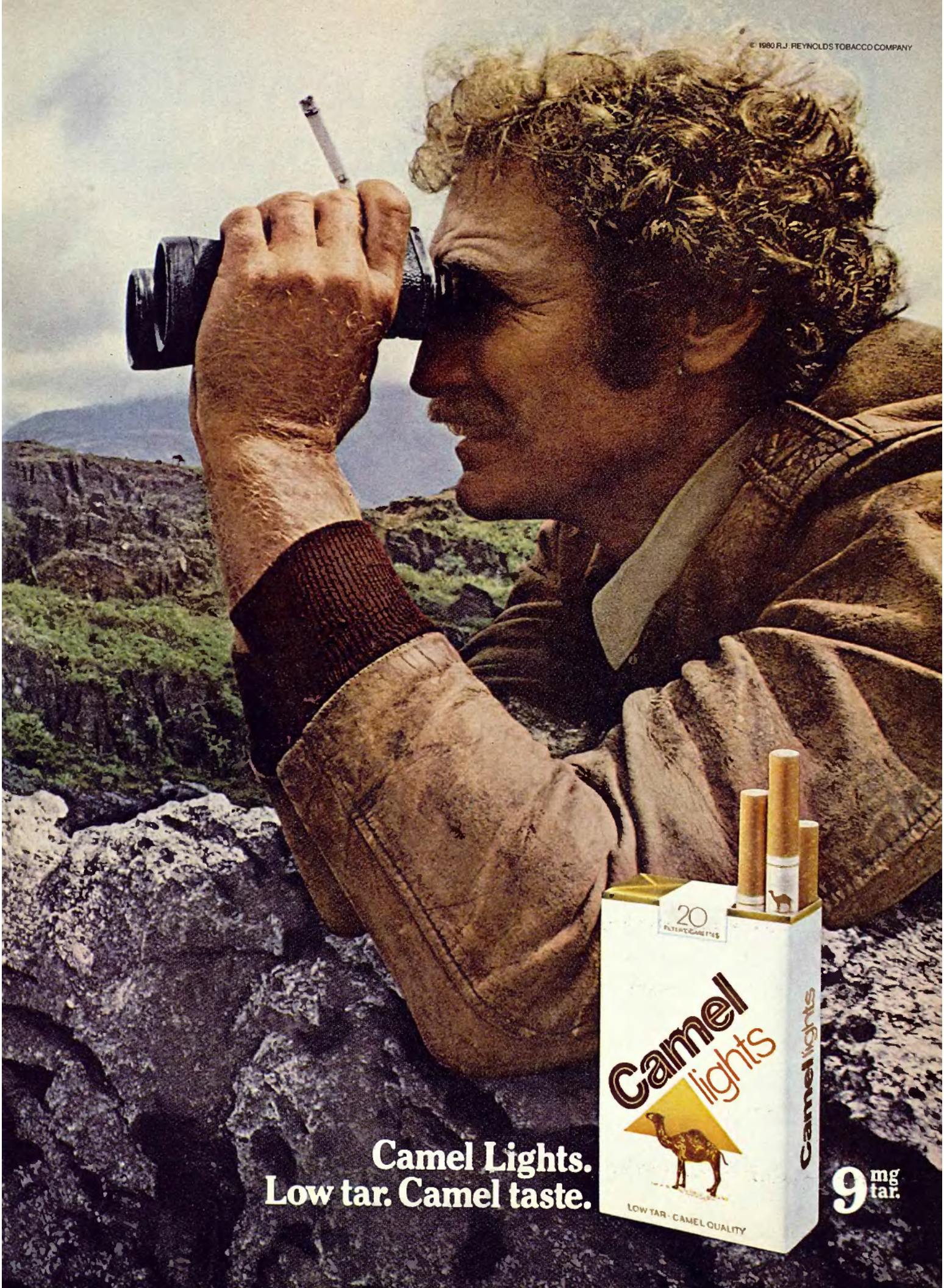
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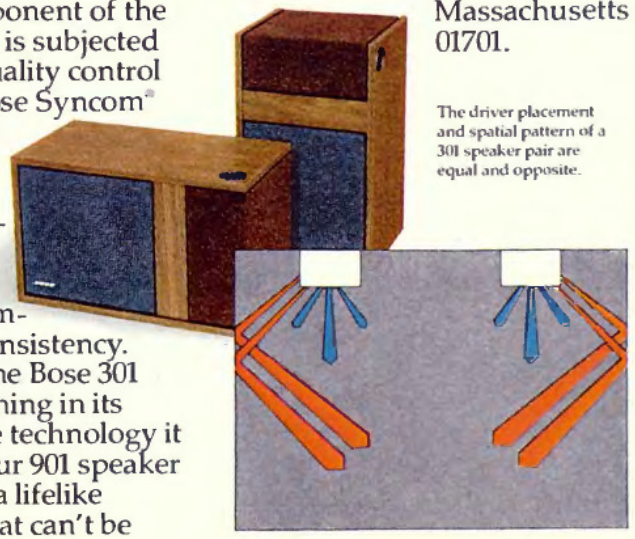

The driver placement and spatial pattern of a 301 speaker pair are equal and opposite.

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Playboy in the News

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

HONOR THY AUTHOR

The reviews are in. Gay Talese, the literary crowd at Elaine's and the republic have all survived. *Thy Neighbor's Wife* is still perched high among the best sellers. After the dust cleared, the book had been characterized as everything from "a slimy exercise in the 'new' journalism" to "scholarly and thoroughly entertaining." (See Garry Trudeau's cartoon comment below.) Since PLAYBOY and Hefner play such a large role in Talese's narrative, we should have expected that some reviewers would take a few swipes at us. Syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman, for example, accused Hefner of "still fighting against the old should-nots and repressions of the 1950s, while the rest of us are wrestling with the new shoulds and confusions of the 1980s." That's a rather peculiar assessment of a person and a magazine that support issues such as abortion rights, the Equal Rights Amendment and changes in antiquated drug laws. Maybe Goodman thinks those battles have already been won.

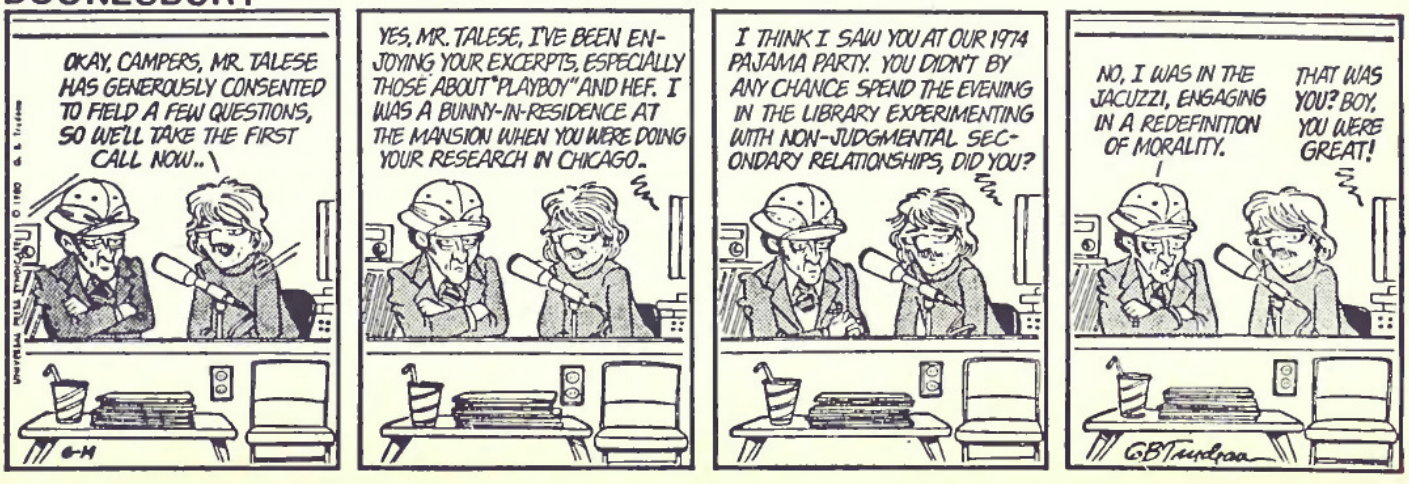
CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY TWICE TESTED

This month's award for Flying Blind by a Captain of Industry goes to Edward J. Daly, president and founder of World Airways. It was World, you may recall, that terminated Lindsey Remmell after she posed in and out of uniform for our May pictorial *Perfect Attendants*. It was also World that was recently fined $52,000 in U. S. district court in Washington. The charges? Sexual harassment of a former World Airways sales manager. The sales manager contended that Daly had "patted, touched and kissed her against her will on several occasions" and that he had detained her in an apartment while trying to get her to join him on a trip to Reno. Daly denied the charges and plans to appeal.

NOTES FROM ALL OVER

Sometimes our articles and interviews that are supposed to shed light on people and events end up generating heat as well. Consulting Editor Laurence Gonzales' two-part report on the U. S. aviation industry (June and July, 1980), which accused the airlines of, among other things, putting profits ahead of safety, was called "outrageous" by the leading industry trade group. "Safety is the foremost consideration of the airlines and has been the foundation of air-travel growth," said Bill Jackman of the Air Transport Association. On the other hand, John B. Galipault, president of the Aviation Safety Institute, said that Gonzales had presented "two very credible articles" that "should be read by everyone." . . . On the political scene, Robert Scheer's August profile of the Republican standard-bearer, *The Reagan Question*, scooped the entire national press corps in reporting on Reagan's children and the contrast between the nominee's homilies and the refreshingly untidy state of his own family life. Scheer's probing led to a raft of cover stories and interviews in other publications and to a series of columns by Max Lerner, who noted that the article's "clout derives from the stuff on Reagan's private and family life," which had not been discussed before. . . . As for independent candidate John Anderson, his *Playboy Interview* in the June issue got plenty of attention. One editorial (in *The Journal-Gazette* of Fort Wayne, Indiana) predicted that Anderson's supporters "will read into the *Playboy Interview* what they already like" about him, while his detractors "will be reinforced by Mr. Anderson's occasional smugness." Sure enough, the archconservative weekly *Human Events* found that his "provocative positions . . . suggest that Mr. Anderson will be keying much of his campaign to the McGovern extremists . . . ," while liberal columnist (and former Congressman) Otis Pike wrote that the interview "is so favorable that it might get John a great many votes from anyone who actually reads [it]." . . . A slightly older *Playboy Interview* with Pete Rose (September 1979) is back in the news because of charges that members of the Philadelphia Phillies (including Rose) had received illegally prescribed amphetamines from the doctor of a Phillies farm team. Rose's admission to our interviewers Samantha Stevenson and Maury Z. Levy that he had used "greenies"—diet pills—was given prominent coverage in local papers and in *Sports Illustrated*, which ran a long lead editorial lamenting baseball's "all too obvious drug problem." . . . And, finally, you probably didn't know that PLAYBOY's word could be law, but a recent column by Travel Editor Stephen Birnbaum has become just that. The state of New York has made it illegal for hotels, motels, car-rental agencies or transportation services to put holds on any portion of your VISA or Master Charge credit line without first getting your consent. This widely used but seldom discussed practice was given some long-overdue exposure in Birnbaum's February column, and Assistant Attorney General for New York Stephen Mindell told us that Birnbaum's reporting had been instrumental in pointing out the need for the legislation. We'd say Birnbaum deserves some credit, but we've put it on hold until next month.

DOONESBURY



Right from the start, its Canadian spirit stands out from the others. What puts it in a class by itself? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's your goal, step up to Lord Calvert Canadian.

The spirit of Canada: We bottled it.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

BAAA!!

Looking for a distinctive new magazine to read? Try *Sheep!*, a fascinating read unleashed by the creative flock who brought you *Rabbits* magazine. Edited by Bill Allison, former articles editor of *Redbook*, *Sheep!* is aimed at the sheep-farmer reader who really enjoys his work. Allison explains that the exclamation point in the magazine's title is there because the publisher wanted to convey the sense of excitement that's running through the sheep business this year. Uh-huh. The magazine is published in Waterloo, Wisconsin, where men are men and sheep are nervous!

SMOKIN'

Disco denizens fancy themselves pretty hot stuff, so it should come as no surprise to learn that when a fire broke out at Manhattan's Bond disco, the dancers inside didn't notice. So infected were they with boogie fever that they thought the blaze was an opulent special effect. First the room filled up with smoke. Groovy. Then an inch of water flooded the dance floor. Outrageous. Then, to top things off, six truly intense *macho* men marched across the dance floor, all wearing *très* exciting fire helmets and black-rubber raincoats. It was only when an eagle-eyed patron spotted the fire trucks outside that the dancers came to their alleged senses and split the scene.

OFF-THE-WALL NUDES

Governor Richard Thornburgh of Pennsylvania admits to a cover-up in his executive mansion. He has barred three nudes from hanging on his walls as part of a photography exhibit because he fears that children might see them and he wishes to adhere to community standards of good taste. Twenty-one photographers removed their work in protest, prompting spokesman Stephen Perloff to comment angrily: "If it is nudity painted with a brush, it is art. But if it's a photograph, it's smut!" And if it's live, it's the end of the governor's career.

KALB'S KOMEDY KORNER

When Marvin Kalb left CBS-TV News after 23 years to join the NBC team, there were a lot of hard feelings floating around the CBS bull pen. Kalb, quite aware of the hostility, apparently wrote a phony memo from his angered chief, Bill Leonard, on the day of his departure. The memo read in part: "CBS News has purchased exclusive rights to the name Marvin Kalb . . . under an agreement negotiated with Kalb's mother in the Fifties. So while the person currently using the name Marvin Kalb will be allowed to leave for NBC News, as previously announced, the name itself will remain with CBS News."

Leonard said that " 'Marvin Kalb' [the name] may soon be assigned to another member of the CBS News family, perhaps a woman. It might be more contemporary.

"CBS News has not been informed of what name Mr. Kalb plans to use at NBC," but according to Leonard, "It won't be Marvin, and my lawyers say it can't be Kalb, either." The memo went on to say that Leonard "would not comment on industry speculation that Marvin Kalb had been assigned the name Geraldo Rivera, which was reportedly purchased last year by NBC News prez Bill Small for a considerable sum."

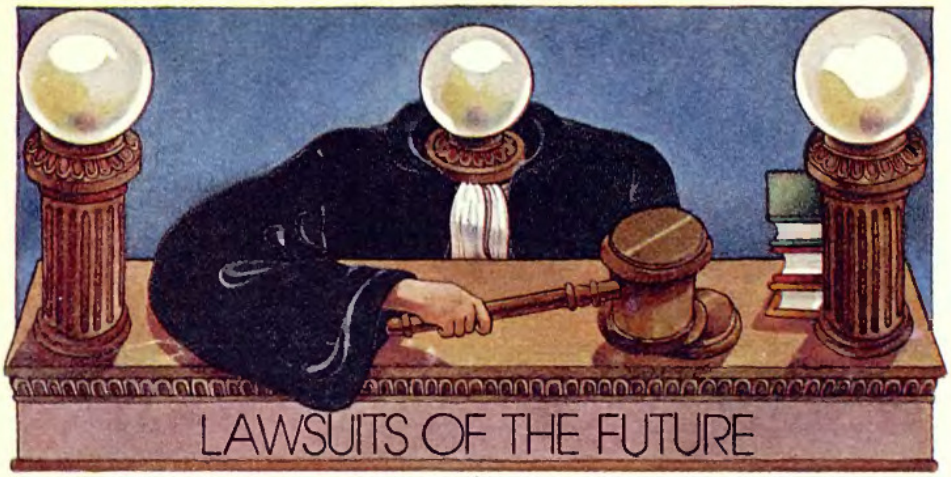
QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"We don't have a chief of staff. Everybody is a Hamilton Jordan here"—An Iranian aide to President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr.

PEKING CHAUVINIST PIGS

The Civil Aviation Administration of China, the state-owned Chinese airline, makes no bones about its chauvinism. CAAC wants only stewardesses who are cute. In an ad placed in the *Peking Daily*, the CAAC stated frankly that there were 140 vacancies available for female high school graduates aged 17 to 20 who were 5'3" to 5'6" tall and had "pleasant features and a well-proportioned figure." In other words, all those with good personalities but faces like Chairman Mao need not apply.

Not everyone was impressed by the come-on, however. Said one middle-aged woman, "I would not let my daughter



LAWSUITS OF THE FUTURE

It's America's most rapidly growing indoor sport. The theme song for the Eighties will be *Everybody Must Get Sued*. Whatever you say or do will be held against you—not by the cops but by anyone who can afford a lawyer. And who can afford to be without one? In the coming Decade of the Subpoena, these are cases we can expect to witness.

Hardy vs. Hardy—An unusual divorce case in which parents try to force each other to accept custody of a kid neither can stand. Biblically minded judge tries to break the deadlock by offering to cut the child in half. This backfires when the parents agree to do it.

Bob Hope vs. Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—Ol' Ski Nose sues to be awarded an Oscar, cites the *Marvin-Triola* precedent, claiming that although they had no legal relationship, he and Oscar had lived side by side for decades, during which Hope helped boost the stature of the statuette. Settled out of court when Edith Head agrees to give Bob one of her spares.

X vs. Harvard—Plaintiff sues for Ph.D. denied him on basis of being unable to read, write or sign his name. Claims his "physical thesis" is sufficient: a new fingering technique for playing Space Invaders. Judge orders machine brought into courtroom, permits X to play Harvard's lawyer for the decision. X creams the guy but loses on appeal before a judge who insists he stay aboard a mechanical bucking bull for a full three minutes.

Cuban Seventh Motorized Infantry Division vs. U. S. Immigration Service, Department of Defense and the Louisiana National Guard—Cubans seek injunction barring U. S. forces from opposing an amphibious immigration near Baton Rouge. Suit dropped when the entire division surrenders to a small group of scouts from the National League.

Atlantic Dolphin Council vs. U. S. Navy—Cetaceans sue when the Navy refuses to sell them officers to experiment on. Navy gets the point, settles out of court: It releases all its captive dolphins in exchange for a raid on the Red navy's private caviar beds.

Princess Kitchy Icewill vs. Truman Capote—Heiress sues for loss of status when she's the only member of her set not maligned in the author's latest docu-gossip novel. Judge finds Capote guilty of slanderous neglect, enjoins him from appearing in *People*, *US* or the *National Star* for six months.

N.F.L. vs. Greenwich Observatory—Pro-football owners vote for a 12-month regular season schedule, then sue the observatory for refusing to add a 13th "play-off month" to the calendar. Case reaches the Supreme Court, which finds for the plaintiff. The Chief Justice writes the majority opinion, stating, "The delicate requirements of professional sports make it unreasonable to expect the N.F.L. to conform to the laws of the universe."

A.S.P.C.A. vs. Beverly Hills Paraphernalia, Inc.—Plaintiff seeks to bar sale of eight-foot-long coke snorters made from genuine elephant trunks. Defendant countersues for restraint of trade. A.S.P.C.A. drops suit in exchange for Paraphernalia's agreeing to cease import of baby sealskin automobile seat covers.

First Church of the Ecstatic C.O.D. vs. Tennessee Board of Education—Fundamentalist group sues to prohibit teaching in the schools. Claims liberal arts cause cancer and that the only sciences compatible with Jesus are mail-order marketing and bingo. Federal judge rules for defendant but orders syllabus expanded to include speaking in tongues.

East 65th Street Canine Council vs. Checkers Nixon III—Neighborhood dog association seeks to restrain Nixon pet from using local hydrants, claiming his Secret Service entourage creates a disturbance that causes local dogs to suffer "bashful bladder." Checkers III voluntarily withdraws, pawns diamond collar given to him by the shah, purchases own hydrant for back yard. —LENNY KLEINFELD

apply. They only want you for a few years. After you get married and have a baby, they will make you sell tickets."

Yeah, look what happened to Bella Abzug.

PHONY ANSWERS

This month's humor in uniform is supplied by all-round nice guy and would-be assassin G. Gordon Liddy, former FBI agent and Watergate burglary felon. Hitting it off with a free-lance writer during an interview concerning his recent book, Liddy agreed to tape a message for the writer's phone-playback machine. Herewith, the greeting: "Hi. This is G. Gordon Liddy. I'm afraid [the writer] isn't home at the moment. Please leave a message when you hear the tone—or I'll break your knees."

Funny, huh? Sure beats Agnew's machine. That thing denies having answered the phone in the first place.

LEARNING DISABILITY

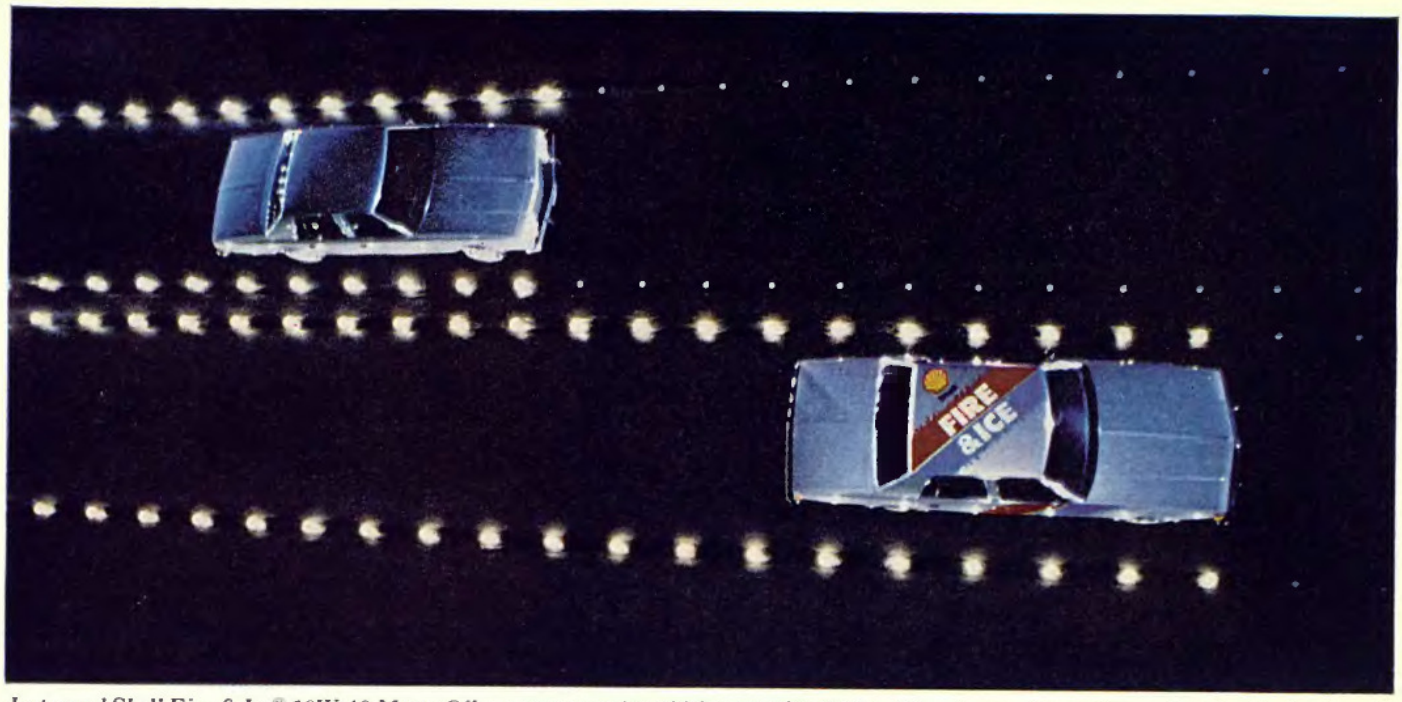
Douglas Page, a 54-year-old lawyer, has filed suit in San Francisco to prevent his ex-wife, Nancy, 34, from continuing her work toward a master's degree in English. "As a California taxpayer, I resent state funds' being used for wasteful education," he explained. The former Mrs. Page, it seems, already *has* a master's degree in another subject. Matter of fact, Mr. Page paid for her schooling all during their seven-year marriage. During that time, Mrs. Page had six majors but had never worked at a job. Zonker Harris is planning an appeal on Mrs. Page's behalf.

TAKE TWO §&%!$

What could be more valuable than a cure for the common cold? How about a cure for doctor's scrawl, that eye-crossing malady that rears its head whenever a doctor attempts to write a prescription? In an attempt to end this dread affliction, the Kaiser/Permanente Medical Care Program of Oakland, California, has hired Virginia Miller, a college business instructor, to teach doctors at its 13 centers how to write legibly. In the past year, 160 M.D.s have graduated with honors. OK. Now you can read their writing; if only someone could explain that awful artwork in most doctors' waiting rooms.

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE

Here's an item you won't see on *Wide World of Sports*. In Tanzania, a six-year-old boy caught a small fish. He tried killing it by crushing its head with his teeth. The fish, seeing a possible means of escape, jumped down the boy's throat, accidentally choking him to death. Next week: Don Rickles tries it on a yak. Back to you, Howard.



Improved Shell Fire & Ice® 10W-40 Motor Oil was compared to old formula Shell Fire & Ice for gasoline mileage. Here's what happened.

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Shell Fire & Ice first became famous as a protection motor oil. A television commercial seen since early 1979 dramatically showed that Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Motor Oil protected a car's engine.

1979

A car frozen in ice starts on the first try using Shell Fire & Ice Motor Oil.

The same car, 36 hours later, using the same Shell Fire & Ice Motor Oil tows a 30-ton crane through desert heat with no engine damage.

But what about gasoline mileage?

Since that television commercial was made, Shell Fire & Ice was reformulated to improve gasoline mileage — and to do this without sacrificing engine protection.

It's one thing to say a product is improved, another thing to prove it. Shell proved it. How?

Using several different cars under carefully controlled laboratory conditions, we compared the improved Shell Fire & Ice formula to old Shell Fire & Ice.

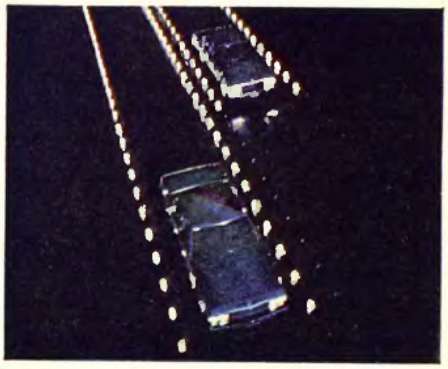
The results: The cars we tested averaged 17.3 mpg; but with improved Shell Fire & Ice, the cars averaged one-third of a mile farther on every gallon of gas.

A new TV commercial

With an improved product, it seemed fitting to make a new commercial to dramatize the improvement. So we did.

Two 1980 Chevrolet Caprices get last-minute checks before the television cameras roll.

After all, one-third of a mile *is* one-third of a mile. It's a distance



Ground-level tracer lights dramatize the extra distance test cars averaged using improved Shell Fire & Ice.

longer than five football fields. It could be the difference between making the next freeway exit or running out of gas. And we're talking per gallon not per tankful.

Try it in your car

At Shell, we believe in making good products — then making them better. Try Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Motor Oil in your car. It's the motor oil that first became famous for protection — then went out and beat itself in mileage tests.

In a recent advice column, a reader asked Dr. Joyce Brothers, the psychologist, her opinion of pornography—was she for it or against it? The reader (N.J.) had just joined a women's group that was fighting pornography but was taken aback when her neighbor "defended pornography and everyone's right to read or view it. . . . In fact . . . argued that it's actually good because it makes people aware of sex and sex is 'good.'" So the perplexed reader wrote to Dr. Brothers for advice and the good doctor, perhaps otherwise well informed and well intentioned, responded with a twisted argument that was, in turn, narrow-minded and misinformed. Since the media seem to be taking several steps backward these days on the subject of sex in general and of pornography in particular, contentedly passing off their own misimpressions as journalism, we thought it would be a good idea to take a closer look at Dr. Brothers' response and at the wide gap between it and the facts.

Dr. Brothers stated that she didn't "think most people need pornography to make them aware of sex. I agree with your neighbor that sex is 'good' if it isn't the kind that demeans, denigrates or humiliates."

"Unfortunately," she continued, "most pornography involves acts that are sadistic—usually toward a woman or sometimes a child. This is neither good nor healthy. It is destructive to both the victim and the victimizer." Now, wait. It may come as a shock to many self-appointed experts, but the claim that most pornography involves sadistic acts against women and children simply isn't true. One way to verify that is to go into a porn bookstore or theater and see for yourself, something we don't imagine Dr. Brothers has done lately. If she had, she'd see not the stacked deck of outrageous brutality that groups such as Women Against Pornography assemble for their genuinely frightening shows (see *Women Against Sex*, PLAYBOY, October, and *The New Puritans*, on page 20) but rack upon reel of genital close-ups in every imaginable position, plus plenty of shapes, sizes and colors of bodies performing them.

That is not to say that sadistic beating of men and women or the use and abuse of children do not exist in a small dark pocket of the porn market. They do, and they are terrifying. We do not condone them. But Dr. Brothers would better serve her readers by campaigning for the enforcement of the laws against the abuse of children than by issuing blanket condemnations of all pornography.

As for the destructive effects of violent porn, it is here that she founders by not recognizing that there is a significant difference between a normal person's viewing violent porn and a disturbed person's doing so. Most people, it's true, don't *need* porn. But erotic films or art can enhance, enlighten or enliven one's sexual appetite. Pornography has also been used by sex therapists and even by religious marriage counselors to help cure impotence and frigidity in men and women. For example, the Reverend Dr. Ted McIlvenna recently appeared on the Phil Donahue segment of the *Today* show to describe his use of explicit sex films in his Methodist ministry. And, of course, sex shouldn't demean, denigrate or humiliate—but sex is one thing and sexual fantasy is quite another.

When it comes to porn, Dr. Brothers hasn't done her homework.

Most psychologists and credible sex experts agree that we don't know enough about the purpose and function of fantasy, but it *is* known that it can be purgative. Dr. John Money of Johns Hopkins University, who works with sex offenders, described the case of a masochist whose therapy was to listen to a tape recording that he'd made of himself in action every time he got the urge to go out for another session. The recording was enough to restrain him.

In his case, the use of sexual representation *discouraged* the act. Also, would Dr. Brothers argue that the many fantasies in Nancy Friday's best-selling books (*My Secret Garden* and *Men in Love*) are destructive? The men and women depicted seem to be normal people with normal fantasies—many of which contain images of domination and/or subjugation.

Finally, Dr. Brothers concluded her response to the reader by presenting the work of Dr. Edward Donnerstein, who, she said, "found that male students who viewed violent pornographic films showed increased aggressive behavior toward women." She then modified that by saying that the students may be more willing to be aggressive and to endorse rape—which is not the same thing as actually doing it, as the quote implies. In fact, Dr. Donnerstein (whose excellent research has been partially funded by the Playboy Foundation) is the first to deny that his conclusions indicate that a normal male after viewing violent pornography will hit the streets looking for a woman to assault. He takes pains to point out that his experiments take place in a laboratory, where normal social controls and inhibitions are suspended. The point is that although healthy persons may be aroused by violent pornography—aroused to disgust or anger, even aroused sexually—studies show no cause-and-effect relationship between that arousal and real violence.

In reality, what we *don't* know about violent porn and its relationship to sex and aggression far exceeds what we do know about it. We don't know much about the people who use it—few researchers have studied them as a group. When someone does get a grant, he almost always uses college students as a sample group and asks theoretical questions. Dr. Gene Abel, professor of clinical psychology at Columbia, told us that someone should be studying sadomasochists who use violent pornography and don't subsequently go out and hurt people. We think that would be a good place to start, but something perhaps even more important has to happen first. People like Dr. Brothers have to stop providing black-and-white answers to problems full of shades of gray. They certainly should acknowledge the numbers of men and women who use erotica happily and even productively to lead freer, healthier sex lives. The idea that violent pornography inspires normal people to violent acts has got to stop being claimed so repeatedly that it becomes credible by sheer repetition. By writing to Dr. Brothers for some free advice on pornography, the unfortunate N.J. got just what she paid for.

The many facets of The Crown Jewel of England.™

100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

BOOKS

William Kotzwinkle is something of a cult figure among members of the drug culture—at least those who can still read. In ***Jack in the Box*** (Putnam's), the drug is testosterone—the male hormone. Kotzwinkle charts the sexual awakening of Jack Twiller—alias Captain Marvel, The Lone Ranger, The Flaming Arrow, Secret Agent X-9—as he abandons the comic-book games of innocent youth for those of the Tijuana eight-pagers owned by his friend Spider. Twiller is a victim of acute testosterone poisoning, adolescent lust. By the time he reaches his high school prom, the book begins to read like an *American Graffiti* for degenerates. Twiller never does get laid, and that, let's face it, is a bummer.

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If you've ever played a game of pickup basketball on a neighborhood court, or even just watched one, you absolutely *must* own a copy of ***The In-Your-Face Basketball Book*** (Everest House), by Chuck Wielgus, Jr., and Alexander Wolff. It accurately describes itself (on the cover) as "A sly appreciation of the world of pickup basketball, from the hot-shots and hot spots around the country, to the folkways and forbidden fundamentals no coach dared teach you." Which means such movements as the Shake and Bake, the Dawkinsian Dunk (including the No Playin' Get Out of the Wayin' Backboard Swayin' Game Delayin' Dunk), such essential terms as juke, gate, grease, the garbage man's law and the face job. Written with wit, sass and savvy, it could motivate even the most unathletic to develop that urge to dribble that Cheech & Chong called the Basketball Jones.

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What always surprises us about great pulp fiction is this: Prior to sitting down with *Dune*, or *Shōgun*, or *The Godfather*, we would never have guessed that we'd be interested in a book about a planet with all the charm of the Sahara, about an English navigator stranded in preindustrial Japan or about an Italian immigrant who managed to succeed in business without really trying. These books managed to create total worlds, worlds we were reluctant to visit and even more reluctant to leave. Our nomination for this year's great escape is ***The Clan of the Cave Bear*** (Crown), by Jean M. Auel. It's about a group of prehistoric hunters who adopt a young girl, one of The Others, the more immediate predecessors to modern man. It's inspired by Julian Jaynes's *The Origins of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, the confrontation of primitive thought with the evolution of the modern mind. Just the stuff for a weekend, right? Take our word for it.

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Maybe you don't know it, but most men have a fantasy that they seldom describe, even to their closest friends: They dream of making their lives simpler by returning to the place of their youth and taking up life again, the way it was before it all got complex and burdensome and spoiled. Avery Corman, who wrote *Kramer vs. Kramer*, has written a novel about just such an event—***The Old Neighborhood*** (Linden Press, Simon & Schuster)—and a fine book it is. The story is told in the person of Steve Robbins, a highly successful advertising copy writer who watches his own marriage disintegrate under the pressures of dual careers, sees the falsity of his own ambitions and literally gives it all up. He returns to his old neighborhood in the Bronx, works in the drugstore making good egg creams, plays basketball in the schoolyard, renews acquaintances with the few people left who knew him and with the new people who have moved in. This is a book about a man who tries to find himself by simplifying his life and, believe it or not, it works.

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In the eyes of the American public, the men of the Oval Office assume mythic proportion: in the case of L.B.J., there was no assuming. Lyndon Baines Johnson had, as family, friends and foes recount in Merle Miller's ***Lyndon: An Oral Biography*** (Putnam's), a persona so immense, so insistent, that it was tough to figure out whether he was a king or a lunatic. Miller's mammoth research matches the stature of his subject: He conducted 180 interviews and exhumed nearly 300 oral histories (taped interviews) from the L.B.J. library in Austin. What we get is a candid, highly readable biography that follows Johnson from his humble origins in Texas' fabled hill country through his climb into national prominence as Senate Majority Leader, Vice-President and, finally, President. Mention is made of the landmarks of his Administration—his plan for a Great Society, his pioneering civil rights legislation, his tragic mistakes with Vietnam—less for historical impact than as an arena for L.B.J. the performer. *Lyndon* is no mere academic account of the nation's 36th President: it's a patchwork tribute to a man whose reputation for exaggeration—some call it lying—made him occasionally repugnant but ultimately irresistible. As Bill Moyers, L.B.J.'s onetime press secretary, said, "Hyperbole was to Lyndon Johnson what oxygen is to life." In these days of platitudinous politicians, hyperbole reads like a breath of fresh air.

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A woman who spends 20 years pining for a former lover deserves to be rewarded; and Alice Adams in ***Rich Rewards*** (Knopf) gives her main character just that. The tightly written narrative moves quickly and yields something that's scarce nowadays—a happy ending.

Jack in the Box: Out of it, actually.

In *Jack*, coming of age means trying to come. Bad-ass basketball—don't pass this one.

In-Your-Face: Heavy hoop.

WIN $10,000

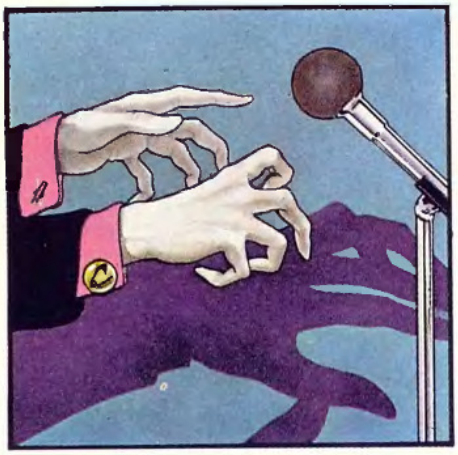
worth of karat gold jewelry and choose the pieces yourself.

See your participating retail jeweler for details.

Nothing else feels like real gold.

Karat Gold Jewelry

CHOKING ON THE STRANGLERS: The big burning question that practically nobody is asking these days is this: Can America survive the Stranglers? The answer almost certainly is: Give me a break. The Stranglers, for those who find the day is incomplete without knowledge of this kind, are a British gang of four who shyly describe themselves as the greatest rock band in the world.



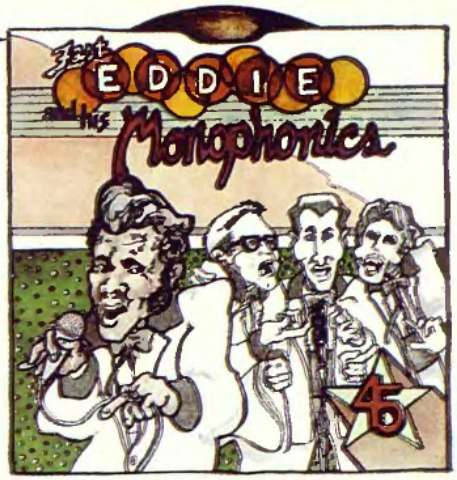
Disguised as four angry young men who write strong songs about social issues, they are, in fact, quite old and not so much angry as irritable. But they do have a way with lyrics, as one of their newest releases—"Who wants the world? I don't"—may indicate. They're now touring America—at least they should be, unless they got stopped by the Immigration Service on the way in. There was a little nonsense about inciting a riot in France in July, when the audience destroyed the hall at the lads' suggestion and the Stranglers went to jail for a week. That and a problem with their lead singer, who's just done a short stretch as a guest of Her Majesty on charges of possession; nothing serious, only some weed, coke and smack.

"Yes," says Strangler drummer Jet Black, "American music is waiting for us to go there and explain a few things, know what I mean? They need to hear our ideas. Music is so commercial in the States that they've lost touch. We're going to show them what it's all about. Vitality, energy and sincerity—that's what we're taking to America. We've written some American songs, too. One of them's called *Dead Loss Angeles*. It's all about L.A., right? How it's an unreal place. Can't last forever, the way it is, but the people who live there aren't aware of that. They've got no idea, blah blah blah. . . ." Sorry, Jet, dropped off for a moment.

Don't get these Strangler guys wrong: They love America. They love everything about it, and if they love the money just a tiny bit more than anything else, well, that's what social protest in rock 'n' roll is all about, right? Sure. So a word of caution to any music critics who might take it upon themselves to find fault with the product: Don't. This is a band that beats up critics. Strangler bassist Jean Jacques Burnel has overcome the stigma of being born of French parents in England by acquiring a black belt in karate. He hits people a lot, especially journalists and others who happen not to have a black belt in karate. "My aim in life is to force my body to be my weapon and my statement," he says, shrugging off a recent description of him as "a bloated egomaniac thug." Neat guy, that Jean Jacques. Wonderful band, the Stranglers. They should go a long, long way, but justice being the rough thing it is, it is unlikely that they will ever go quite far enough. —REG POTTERTON

KINKY VIDEO: It's late Friday or Saturday night. Nothing to do. Maybe turn on the tube and catch some rock 'n' roll. Arrgh! Will someone *please* take Don Kirshner and his zomboid spawn outside and wire their jaws shut? Maybe tonight Wolfman Jack's face will just seize up and stay frozen in mid-ogle. No such luck.

Sound depressingly familiar? Well, there's hope. Time-Life Video has released ***One for the Road***, a 60-minute video cassette of the Kinks live in concert, to coincide with the album of the same name. Lead singer Ray Davies produced it and helped edit both the audio and the video tracks, plus, of course, singing a string of Kinks' greatest hits ranging from *All Day and All of the Night* to *Low Budget*. We're not telling you any more, except that it's the ultimate Kinks concert, the sound is great, it lists for $39.95 and the only disco dancers to be seen are on an old film clip from *Shindig*.

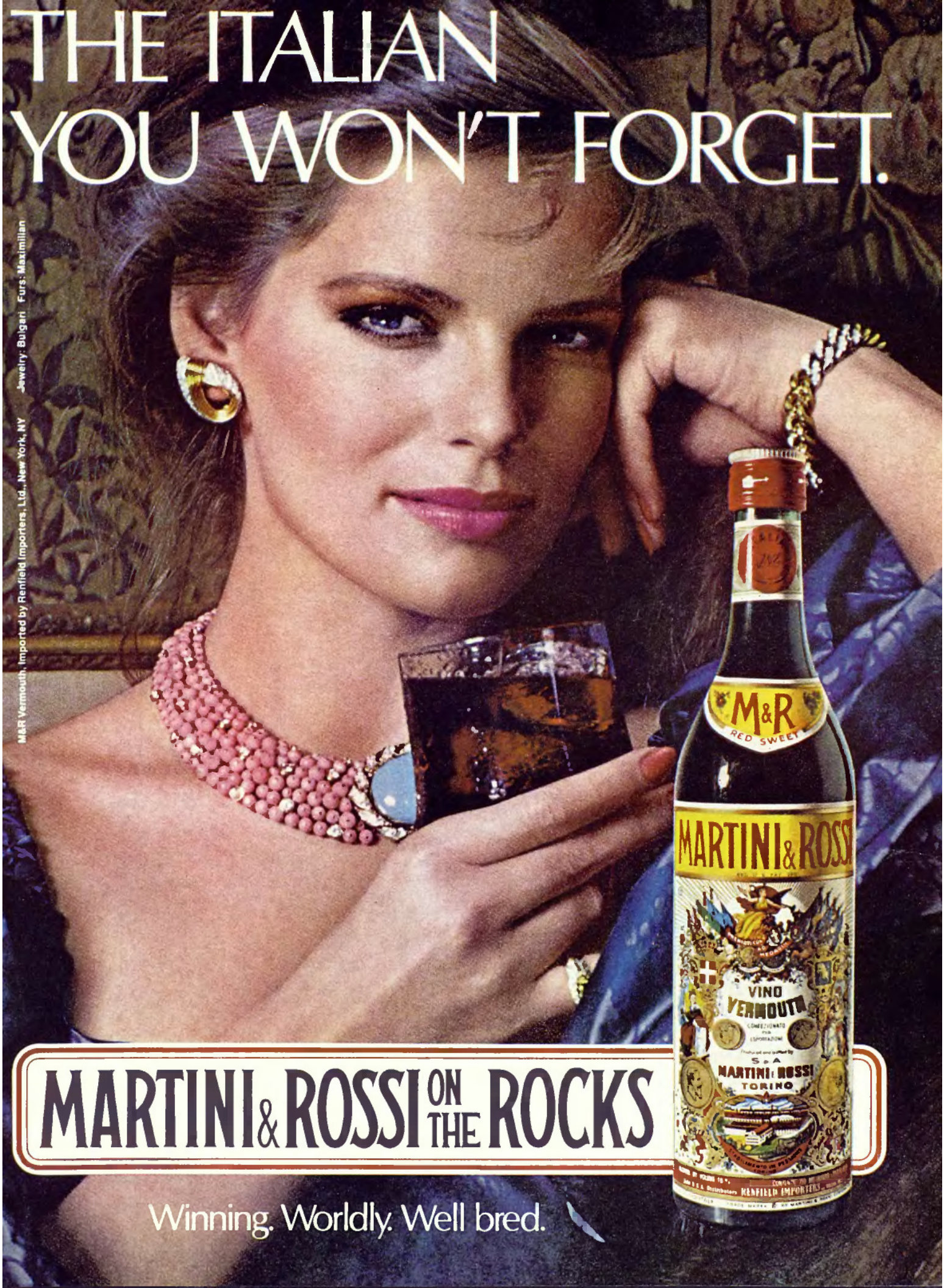


DOO-WOP, SH-BOOM: Doo-wop music is making a comeback, and we're not talking about Sha Na Na pseudo grease or a barely sentient revival of The Flamingos. We're talking about The Attributes, Patty and the Street-Tones, The Infernos, The Computones, The Velvet Riffs—and dozens of other new, young *a cappella* groups that belong to an organization called the **United in Group Harmony Association**. The U.G.H.A. was created about four years ago by a truck driver from East Rutherford, New Jersey, named Ronnie Italiano, who chose to park his rig forever and dedicate himself to the one he loved: doo-wop music. The U.G.H.A. fielded 100 members from the New Jersey–New York City metropolitan area, mostly ardent doo-wop record collectors, and they met at an American Legion hall, where they talked and talked about the music they loved so well. But, as Ronnie tells it, "All they wanted was music, and we had only two groups who joined at the time—The Bon-Aires and The Remaining Few.

"But we kept it up. Every two weeks, I'd send out a letter, and eight times a year we held a meeting, which was more like a show, at a local restaurant or church hall. The organization brought back several groups: The Chords, who did *Sh-Boom*; The Del-Vikings; The Charts; The Chips—they did the original *Rubber Biscuit* that The Blues Brothers now do. But our main focus wasn't on reviving groups for nostalgic purposes; so many of the older groups aren't really in shape to perform. They're kind of disappointing. We put our energy into new groups, and I think the U.G.H.A. groups can outsing the old ones. The point is, I'm interested only in music. I want it clean and authentic."

Ronnie extended an invitation to us to attend the 25th "meeting-show" of the U.G.H.A. recently. Nearly two dozen U.G.H.A. groups were slated to perform and, to our surprise, nearly 1000 people were on hand when we arrived. Ronnie greeted us at the door wearing a russet-colored, zip-front knit shirt, the collar of

THE ITALIAN YOU WON'T FORGET.



Jewelry: Bulgari Furs: Maximilian

M&R Vermouth. Imported by Renfield Importers, Ltd., New York, NY

MARTINI & ROSSI ON THE ROCKS

Winning. Worldly. Well bred.

You don't have to go out and buy her a diamond as big as the Ritz.
But you should know that "size" does play a big role in determining the value of a diamond engagement ring.

So while she's looking at styles and settings, you should be the one who is concentrating on the size and the quality of the diamond. Here are a few helpful facts:

Own the largest diamond you can afford.

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

Actual size

1/4 carat 1/3 carat 1/2 carat 3/4 carat

Own the diamond with the best character traits.

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

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

It's not that difficult to understand why diamonds of the same size vary so much in price (as they do in the picture below). Once you start looking at them very carefully, you'll see the differences in diamond characteristics for yourself. And remember not to think small. So you will feel sure that you have given her the one gift that will stand up to the toughest test of all. The test of time.

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

THERE ARE SOME TIMES IN LIFE WHEN YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO THINK SMALL.

A diamond is forever. De Beers.

which was draped liberally over the top of a tweedy leisure-suit top that had matching russet plaid patch pockets. He looked every inch the emcee. Many guests were similarly attired or dressed in T-shirts that revealed Popeye arms. The place looked like an open call for bouncers and their dates—women in their late 20s and early 30s who still wore ankle bracelets and who smothered the tips of nonfilter cigarettes with gorgeous lipstick.

Ronnie stood at the back of the large banquet hall he had rented for the occasion, greeting people and cajoling the arriving musicians to be the first to go on.

"The U.G.H.A. now has members in Puerto Rico, Canada, England, West Germany, Australia and France, you know," he told us. "And we also have our own record label. There must be about 20 different labels recording doo-wop now, and at least 40 groups. The way we do it is pretty simple. I have a friend who has a 16-track recording studio in New Jersey, but we use only two tracks. I know the sound I wanna get. We mix them while they're singing." He excused himself for a moment while he met with Patty and the Street-Tones, a group with a lead singer who could rival any Shirelle or Shangri-La and four guys dressed in colors that would have been appropriate for a wardrobe designed by Arnold Palmer.

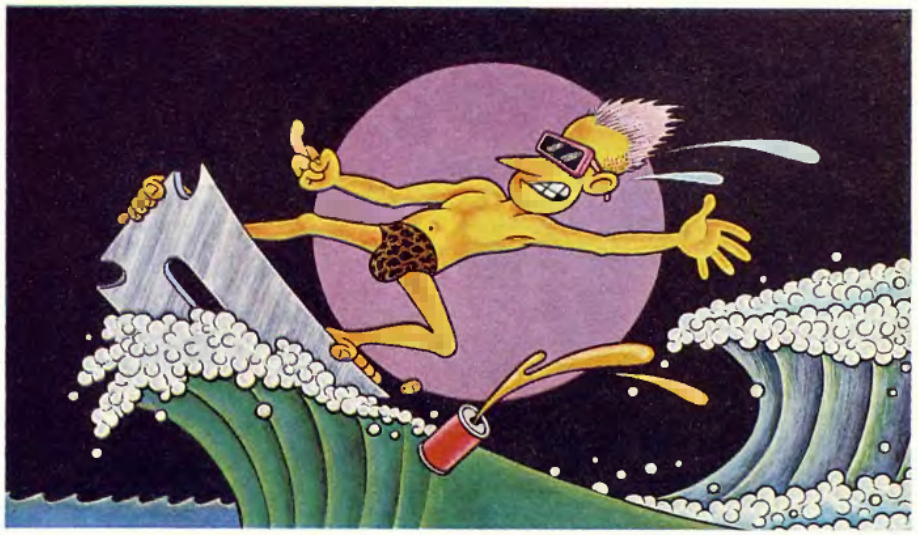
"You see," he said, when he returned to us, "the thing about these people is that they could be factory workers who work all day and they're, like, nothing to nobody. Here, they sing to people who love what they do and they applaud and want more. It's everything to them."

The show went off without a hitch. No set changes, no pauses for instrument tunings (an occasional hmmm from a pitch pipe was all), just smooth transitions and smoother singing. Several of the groups, notably The Attributes and The Infernos, were nothing short of brilliant, and the romance that filled the room when their voices joined could not be denied by even the most jaded types. On the way out, we paused at the back of the room and watched a guy who was wearing several pounds of medallions around his neck and a tattoo on each arm grasping a beer in one hand and a girl with the other, singing along, oblivious to the world: "Desire. . . . Desire. . . . Wo wo wo wooo. . . ." —STANLEY MIESES

REVIEWS

While most other jazz/rockers have faded into a synthesized fog of endless funk jams, Al DiMeola continues to shine as the premier fusion guitarist of his day. His new two-LP set, ***Splendido Hotel*** (Columbia), is an exuberant mélange of Mediterranean, Mideastern and South American musical effects, saved

FAST TRACKS



WISH THEY ALL COULD BE CALIFORNIA GIRLS: Get ready for the Surf Punks. They say their album is a fusion of New Wave and themes from the Beach Boys. Songs on the LP include *Punch Out at Malibu*, *Beer Can Beach*, *My Beach*, *My Wave* and the soon-to-be-popular *Can't Get a Tan*. First save Brian Wilson, then save the whales.

NEWSBREAKS: Start saving your spare change: A small British publishing firm, Genesis, plans to release a collector's edition of **George Harrison**'s autobiography, *I, Me, Mine*. It will be handmade, leatherbound and autographed by Harrison. Only 2000 copies will be printed at $350 each. . . . **The Band** will get together again for a one-shot album. . . . We have to credit journalist **Glenn O'Brien** with this one: Do you know about San Francisco's Deaf Club? It's literally a hangout for Bay Area deaf people. The deaf operate the place and patrons must learn to order their drinks in sign language. The club has a compilation album, *Can You Hear Me?* (Optional/Walking Dead Records), out, which features such groups as **The Offs, KGB, The Dead Kennedys** and **Tuxedo Moon**. . . . Disco star **Amanda Lear** has won a $2000 settlement in a slander suit against *Transsexuals*, a French magazine, which published the story that alleged that she was actually a man. Lear had little difficulty proving the rumor false: She's pregnant. . . . **Bruce Springsteen**'s follow-up to his last album, released in 1978, is due about now. . . . **Elvis** has become the first entertainer in the history of recorded music to sell one *billion* records. . . . **Willie Nelson** will have his own brand of jeans on the market and will sing a bunch of commercials for his denims. . . . **Merle Haggard** has expressed interest in performing with some rock acts this year, such as the new version of **Lynyrd Skynyrd, Rossington-Collins Band**. . . . A postscript to a "Fast Tracks" item from last August: One of our readers, **Greg Stokesbury**, read about the National Republican Senatorial Committee's investigation of the **Linda Ronstadt** benefit concert for **Senator Gary Hart** in our pages and contacted the committee for help in recovering the money owed to him from 47 unused tickets to the concert. Who says rock 'n' roll is trivial?

REELING AND ROCKING: A San Francisco–based gay organization is calling for a boycott of the movie *Can't Stop the Music* called Can Stop the Village People. Not because the movie is tasteless but because it "refuses to acknowledge the gay culture and audience which gave the **Village People** their start." And *we* thought a picture was worth a thousand words. . . . Producers of TV's *Dallas* say they plan to film the performances of 30 top New Wave acts for a movie and possible TV series. Among the acts to be filmed are **The Police, The Strangers, The Gang of Four, John Cale** and **Pere Ubu**. . . . **Journey** will write and produce the music for a movie written and produced by Japanese fashion designer **Kenzo**.

RANDOM RUMORS: *Where's the Lord When You Really Need Him Department:* Singer **Pat Boone** was forced to cancel two evenings in Montana billed as *A Christian Evening with Pat Boone* because hardly anyone bought tickets. . . . **Pete Townshend** signed a long-term recording contract with *Warners* because "Thirty-five people I employ in various projects all have homes and families . . . they were looking to me as the source of their support." . . . **Charlie Watts** is allegedly going into the drum-manufacturing biz and **Ron Wood** claims *Emotional Rescue* took so long to record because "guitar lessons for Mick took weeks and weeks." —BARBARA NELLIS

Yukon Jack. Imported and Bottled by Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. © 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

from terminal silliness by DiMeola's ebullient, playful arrangements and considerable technical skills. He even, with the help of *the* Les Paul, makes the old chestnut *Spanish Eyes* sound good, which leaves us rather limp with awe.

Two other fine, albeit not as well-known, guitarists have just released new albums. Bill Connors, like DiMeola, once played with Chick Corea, but has since concentrated on acoustic guitar and has quite a reputation among other guitarists. ***Swimming with a Hole in My Body*** (ECM), his new solo LP, explains why. The tunes are linked thematically, each building on the subtle chordal variations and melodic improvisations of the one before, with a cumulative, low-keyed virtuosity that is breath-taking. John Abercrombie's electric-guitar playing remains rooted in the quieter jazz styles of the Sixties, more Jim Hall and Kenny Burrell than McLaughlin and Coryell. ***Abercrombie Quartet*** (ECM) continues this tradition of tight, tasty playing on fine tunes by Abercrombie and pianist Richard Beirach, with the guitarist and pianist developing a musical give and take that verges on the uncanny.

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Bob Dylan's latest, ***Saved*** (Columbia), confirms all reports that Dylan has definitely located the Lord. It also offers additional proof that heaven is every bit as dull as Mark Twain predicted. We're glad Dylan has found something to believe in. Really. What's too bad is that the songs he's written to testify to the fact are so . . . *sappy*. Dylan has always been concerned with theological matters in his music, but as rock theology goes, we'll take "God said to Abraham, 'Kill me a son'" over the youth-fellowship platitudes on *Saved*: Not a rich man in ten has a satisfied mind. He's saved. He'd like to thank the Lord for sending him a covenant woman, whatever that is. He wants to know what he can do for Him. He's hanging on to the solid rock. He's pressing on to the higher calling. And he asks the musical question, Are you ready for Armageddon?

Well, to tell you the truth, Bob, at $6.50 per unit, no.

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Going from the Dylan album to The Rolling Stones' ***Emotional Rescue*** (Rolling Stones Records) is like switching channels from *The 700 Club* to *The CBS Evening News*, a leap from the play school solace of spiritual banality right into the streets—literally, since the first words are those of Jagger good-naturedly wondering, "Hey, what am I doin' here on the corner of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue?" *Emotional Rescue* brims with a *joie de vivre* (to resort to French clichés) that's missing from most albums today, and from *Saved*, especially, for all its I-believe Gospel choruses. While Dylan apparently left his sense of humor in his other pants after being reborn, *Emotional Rescue* shows the bad old Rolling Stones, still working on their first time around, to be playful, in good humor, very much alive and very much of this mortal coil—and making their best music since *Exile on Main Street*. Even the discoid stuff is pretty good—with *Down in the Hole* a not inferior echo of Dylan's prereborn classic *Ballad of a Thin Man*. *Summer Romance*, *Let Me Go* and *Where the Boys Go* are lighthearted romps that define what summertime singles ought to be—just as *She's So Cold* is the cheeriest celebration of Ice Queens you'll ever hear. If the opening vocals on the title cut seem, well, a little silly, Jagger has explained publicly that only white people think they sound like the Bee Gees. And as regards metaphysics, the refrain of *Indian Girl*, a bluesy, tropical lament for Third World waifs orphaned in revolutionary struggles—"Life just goes on and on, gettin' harder and harder"—is probably a more useful thought to ponder than all the refried white-bread homilies on *Saved*. So we are sorry to report that in the ongoing battle of good and evil, this match goes to Their Satanic Majesties over Saint Bob the New and Improved, by a knockout.

SHORT CUTS

Tom Brown / *Love Approach* (Arista/GRP): The aural equivalent of a good pickup line, but goes limp in the home stretch.

Louis Armstrong / *Chicago Concert—1956* (Columbia): The old man captured live, and then some. Irresistible.

Betty Carter / *Social Call* (Columbia): She can drop by our house any time.

Booker Ervin / *The Freedom and Space Sessions* (Prestige): Essential recordings of a fine tenor player who died much too soon.

Dave Mason / *Old Crest on a New Wave* (Columbia): On one cut, Mason repeats "I gotta be on my way" for so long you start wishing he'd just *leave*, you know? This gets our coveted Glub Glub Glub Award, for the record of the month from a major artist that most makes us music troops want to go drown ourselves.

Blue Oyster Cult / *Cultösaurus Erectus* (Columbia): And this is the one that most makes us wish we were extinct, like the dinosaurs, the dodos and the inspiration of this band.

Rare Blues (Takoma): A tasty selection of classic blues by classic bluesmen—Maxwell Street Jimmy, Son House, Little Brother Montgomery and Sunnyland Slim, among others—recorded live in Chicago at various gigs during the early Sixties. One that rings especially true in these weary times is the Reverend Robert Wilkin's *I Wish I Was in Heaven Sitting Down*. Amen.

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A movie lover's movie from beginning to end, ***The Stunt Man*** may be one of the happiest surprises of the season for audiences willing—and able—to think twice about what they see. All but buried alive by distributors who have been shying away from it for nearly two years, this offbeat movie within a movie by producer-director Richard Rush (who also did *Freebie and the Bean*) stars Peter O'Toole at the top of his splendid form as an utterly obsessed director who's shooting an antiwar epic in Southern California and seems quite ready to make human sacrifices to his art. "If God could do the tricks that we can do, He'd be a happy man," O'Toole declares. Caught up in his entourage are a leading actress (Barbara Hershey) and an apprentice stunt man (Steve Railsback, the Charles Manson of TV's *Helter Skelter*) who's actually a fugitive from justice.

Plot has little to do with *The Stunt Man*'s breath-taking frontal assault on truth, fiction and folderol. Movie magic is the key, and director Rush does a masterful job of persuading us that almost nothing is what it seems. Scenes that look like reality turn out to have been staged for the camera. *Stunt Man*'s disorienting style is a cross between the avant-garde experiments of Alain Resnais and the breakneck action sagas of Don Siegel or Peter Yates. Several of the stunts are extraordinary—particularly when O'Toole boasts that he'll have a man dance the Charleston on the wing of a vintage biplane in mid-air and will force the audience to believe it, and then *does*. Outrageous. Based on a novel by Paul Brodeur, with a screenplay by Lawrence B. Marcus, director Rush's vibrant black comedy has O'Toole, perched on a giant hydraulic crane, swooping through it all like an avenging angel. Total bravura. ¥¥¥

•

Director Nicolas Roeg's ***Bad Timing a Sensual Obsession*** should enhance his reputation as a pioneer in eroticism on film. Although Roeg would no doubt deplore the notion that he makes sexy films, the movies he makes on any subject invariably turn out to be sexier than almost anyone else's. His 1976 epic *The Man Who Fell to Earth* put singer David Bowie into sci-fi with spectacular results, and Roeg's earlier suspense thriller *Don't Look Now* (1973) is still talked about for its sizzling landmark love scene between Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland. This year, *Bad Timing* looks like the hottest game in town. It offers singer-composer Art Garfunkel—resuming his movie career where he left off in *Carnal Knowledge* nearly a decade ago—paired with Theresa Russell, who hereby graduates from promising-starlet status to one of those bright, battered pedestals reserved for overnight successes. As a couple of Yanks abroad, Garfunkel and Russell get off often, anywhere, driven by the kind of blind physical attraction that moves people to destroy each other by using love and/or sex as a deadly weapon. He's an American psychoanalyst teaching in Vienna and doing some dirty little job for U.S. Intelligence on the side. Really a prick, as the feisty Milena (Russell) notes when she gets to know him. She's a swinging, uninhibited soul who revels in the moral and physical dishevelment that offends his sense of order but seldom stems his insatiable need. In fact, he wants her so much that he almost wishes she were dead—and unconsciously nudges her in that direction. When *Bad Timing* begins, the girl has just overdosed on drugs, and a screaming ambulance carries her off. From there on, the glittery mosaic of Yale Udoff's screenplay is pieced together by Roeg in flashbacks.

Though in essence it's a rigorously moral tale, *Bad Timing* emerges in the end as a flawed but fascinating minor film. While Russell's portrait of an impulsive, suicidal neurotic is perfect as well as poignant, she gets very limp support—except from England's superb Denholm Elliott as the loyal Czech husband she has left behind. Garfunkel, as the rotter whose love proves lethal, is so totally laid back that I couldn't imagine him contemplating any crime of passion more violent than a surreptitious pinch. Far worse is Harvey Keitel, whose appearances as an intense, suspicious Viennese police inspector provide unintentional comic relief. Despite this piece of classic miscasting—maybe two pieces—this is a movie that simply won't come unglued. Even its failures are bound together with flamboyant imagination and style. ¥¥

•

Ann-Margret and Bruce Dern share acting honors in ***Middle Age Crazy,*** a serious social comedy with some wonderfully sharp edges to make up for a few padded sentimental soft spots. The title, borrowed from a pop tune, hangs comfortably on a script about trashy, well-heeled Texans—in particular, a married couple who can't quite convince themselves that life in Houston begins at 40. She counts her orgasms, shouting "Bingo!" for each climax while egging her hubby on to marathon sexual feats. Oppressed by the routine of "screwing my brains out," he buys himself a $40,000 Porsche and indulges in elaborate fantasies about a Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader (a fantasy nicely realized by

Aerial exploits in *Stunt Man*.

Stunt Man may blow your mind; *Timing* is off, but compelling.

Garfunkel, Russell in *Bad Timing*.

Crazy lovers Ann-Margret, Bruce Dern.

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Deborah Wakeham). As a young-middle-aged builder of *taco* stands who loves his wife but cannot shuck off intimations of mortality, Dern may have the best—and least psychotic—role of his career. He's terrific, for my money, and better than that when he slumps in front of a Betamax, crying over the corny home video tape his family made to celebrate his last birthday. And Ann-Margret manages to be both vulgar and vulnerable as the slightly shopworn sexpot who provokes her husband to violence by confessing an impromptu infidelity, then has to face a drink spilled on their expensive sofa. " 'S all right, it's Scotchgard," she sobs. Rich, materialistic Texans are easy targets for satire, yet that kind of telling detail contains a clue to director John Trent's intentions—*Middle Age Crazy* mixes hilarity with a heart of 18-kt. gold. ¥¥¥

•

While faith healing and folksy mysticism are low on my list of favorite things, ***Resurrection*** is so strange, beautiful and spellbinding that you can feel the film's heat without being warm to its subject. Lewis John Carlino's screenplay, directed by Daniel Petrie, is a strikingly original departure from the pap used by film makers who have no real story to tell. *Resurrection* turns out to be a stunningly inspirational tale about a young Los Angeles woman who nearly dies in an auto accident that costs her husband his life, then goes home to recuperate among her Kansas kinfolk and discovers that she has mysteriously acquired a healing gift—the laying on of hands—that can stop blood, ease pain, effect cures. What happens to a simple, passionate woman when other people begin to look upon her as a kind of saint is dramatized with delicacy and played to the hilt by Ellen Burstyn. Make no mistake, this will be one of the performances to reckon with in 1980. Good as she is, Burstyn almost meets her match in playwright-actor Sam Shepard, who proved he had a dynamic screen persona in *Days of Heaven*. Shepard tops himself here as a wild-ass country boy, a preacher's wayward son who gives the faith healer the loving she needs but cannot conquer the fear of God she puts in him. Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom and veteran stage star Eva Le Gallienne add awesome talent to *Resurrection*'s air of rustic simplicity. Despite the born-again undercurrents, it's a first-class sleeper with stopovers in some provocative landscapes of the soul. ¥¥¥

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The playwright-hero portrayed by Christopher (*Superman*) Reeve in ***Somewhere in Time*** has supposedly written a play titled *Too Much Spring*. Seems to me the entire movie has too much spring, as well as too many violets and too many violins, for its own good. This immensely foolish and innocuous little romantic period piece is all about dying for love, I think, though I could be wrong. Propelled by writer's block, Reeve drives up to a grand hotel, moons over the portrait of a famous actress (Jane Seymour, an unflappably cool English beauty) who ruled the stage circa 1912, and before you can say Clark Kent, he's easing himself into a time warp to join his lady in the long ago and far away. Despite his solid screen presence, *Somewhere* is nowhere as a career move for Reeve. The whole darn show is pretty as a picture but rather heavily framed. ¥¥

Resurrection's Burstyn, Le Gallienne.

Burstyn gets a shot at an Oscar; *Elephant Man* shoulda stood in the trunk.

Jane Seymour in *Time* for Chris Reeve.

Undoing the CIA is the business afoot in ***Hopscotch***, and could anyone undo it better than Walter Matthau? Probably not. Walter is fine as a top international operative who plots a terrible vengeance when his superiors at "the agency" send him to Siberia, so to speak, by making him chief of the file room. He shreds his own files, goes underground and starts to write his memoirs, telling all. The awful truth. Soon, both the CIA and the K.G.B. are on his trail from Salzburg to Savannah, with Sam Waterston and Ned Beatty protecting the secrets for Our Side and Herbert Lom as the Soviets' suave superspy. Glenda Jackson, reteamed with Matthau after their hit in *House Calls*, has a somewhat lesser role as a wry-crisp former colleague who volunteers assistance, though she has to admonish her pal to "stop these absurd disguises." Equally unconvincing as an Arab prince or as Eleanor Roosevelt, with wretched accents, Matthau is delightful. I doubt that *Hopscotch* has a lot of natural bounce, but you'll scarcely notice. ¥¥¥

•

On the heels of *Breaking Away*, we may be seeing loads of human comedies about bright, innocent lads and their aspirations. ***Those Lips, Those Eyes*** concerns a junkman's son (Thomas Hulce, an *Animal House* alumnus) who joins a summer-stock company in Cleveland Heights back in the Fifties. Helped by Glynnis O'Connor, as a featured dancer, he discovers sex as well as showbiz—and finds both preferable to premed. A winsome, eager little film that waxes poetic too often for my taste, but altogether so well meaning I wouldn't want to kick it when it's down. Frank Langella, who easily steals the show, was probably hired to do just that as a flashy straw-hat musical star whose heart belongs to Broadway, though he suspects—and we know—that he'll be stuck playing *Rose Marie* and *The Student Prince* through many a long, hot summer. ¥¥

•

Pointedly *not* based on the Broadway play by Bernard Pomerance, ***The Elephant Man*** is an abysmal movie that looks destined to wind up where elephants go to die long before the final curtain falls on the play's national tour. Director David Lynch's film is a flat-out failure at retelling the story of John Merrick, a hideously deformed but keenly intelligent young man who was a side-show freak until an enterprising doctor helped him to a semblance of normalcy. Before his death in 1890, Merrick became the darling of Victorian London, high society's favorite neediest case. *Elephant Man* on film purportedly conforms more closely to fact than does the play, so why does it seldom ring true? One major obstacle is Lynch, a director whose reputation

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until now rests on a grisly schlock-horror cult film called *Eraserhead* that thrives at midnight shows. Lynch, who has an eye for squalor, slime, dark shadows and coal heaps, was exactly the wrong man for this sensitive job.

Giving the actors their due, England's John Hurt as Merrick performs very well in grotesque but historically accurate make-up. Anthony Hopkins as the good doctor Treves underplays with his usual skill, while Anne Bancroft, John Gielgud and Wendy Hiller flesh out a company that fervently loves misery. Would you believe that *Elephant Man* was produced by funnyman Mel Brooks's Brooksfilms company? You may wonder whether Mel was mischievously sneaking one-line gags into the script when Hurt, moved to tears at being invited to the doctor's house for tea in the movie's single most poignant scene, dabs at his elephant eye and murmurs, "Sorry that I made a spectacle of myself." We're all sorry, Man. You coulda been a contender. ¥

•

Dyan Cannon says it all, in ***Honeysuckle Rose,*** when she mounts the stage where her errant husband (Willie Nelson) is performing a public duet—after philandering in private—with the pretty young thing (Amy Irving) who happens to be the daughter of the couple's best friend. "We've been together about 15 years, and tonight I'd like to announce our divorce . . . isn't that the kind of thing country songs are all about?" Dyan asks the crowd. Cannon is dynamite, and dead-right. *Honeysuckle Rose* spends a couple of hours telling precisely the kind of story that a couple of strong country-and-western ballads might tell better in five minutes. Director Jerry Schatzberg's handling of the tacky backstage milieu of a music show on the road is exemplary, but that doesn't save a script full of credibility gaps for which five writers share credit one way or another. Also, though I stand contradicted by numerous female acquaintances, Willie Nelson does not quite make it for me in the movie big time as a romantic leading man. As Robert Redford's earthy side-kick in *The Electric Horseman*, he was perfect. As the king of country, he's unbeatable, and the songs he composed and performed for *Honeysuckle Rose* are the film's ace in the hole. ¥¥

•

The last word in screen comedy seems to be gross, judged by the low standards set in ***Caddyshack.*** Paradoxically, though, the funniest thing in the movie is Rodney Dangerfield, who makes grossness irresistible—and makes *grosser* absolutely sidesplitting. Dangerfield plays the boorish intruder at a WASPish country club where Chevy Chase, Bill Murray, Ted Knight and a score of other performers flail around with golf clubs, sexpots, sight gags and mechanical gophers to little purpose—all just vamping until Dangerfield is ready to steal another scene. ¥¥

Nelson, Irving duet in *Honeysuckle Rose.*

New worlds to conquer for Willie Nelson, Rodney Dangerfield.

Pushing the latest model in *Cars.*

•

Used Cars, no less loud and equally clear of any suspicion of good taste, nevertheless has its moments—with dynamic Kurt Russell heading a cast of relatively unknown clowns in a zany caper about the war between a couple of used-car lots. Jack Warden broadly plays a dual role as the rival brothers Roy and Luke Fuchs, one of whom is buried on the premises (he's dead at the time) to keep the plot in high gear. Everything about *Used Cars* is supercharged by director Robert Zemeckis, co-author of the screenplay (with Bob Gale), which lists Steven Spielberg and John Milius as executive producers. Somebody there obviously has know-how, at least enough to tool up a knockabout comedy. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Airplane! High-jinks and mighty funny, all in all. ¥¥¥

Bad Timing a Sensual Obsession (Reviewed this month) Boy makes girl in modern Vienna. ¥¥

Caddyshack (Reviewed this month) Golf jocks and Jills, with Chevy Chase, Bill Murray—and rowdy Rodney Dangerfield as scene stealer. ¥¥

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—The Special Edition New, improved and more conclusive. ¥¥¥¥

Dressed to Kill Brian De Palma's skillfully crafted thriller is a kind of Hitchcock on the half shell. ¥¥

The Elephant Man (Reviewed this month) Thick-skinned rehash of a tale told better in the play. ¥

The Final Countdown Shaggy-dog sea saga puts Kirk Douglas aboard a nuclear aircraft carrier off Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. ¥¥

The Great Santini Snatched from oblivion by critical acclaim, this brilliant dramatic sleeper stars Robert Duvall, as a fighter pilot at war with his family and himself. ¥¥¥

Honeysuckle Rose (Reviewed this month) Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon and Amy Irving in a cinematic country-and-western song. ¥¥

Hopscotch (Reviewed this month) The CIA collides with Walter Matthau, who has Glenda Jackson on his side—a formidable team. ¥¥¥

The Man with Bogart's Face The man is Robert Sacchi, Bogie lookalike, in a sprightly spoof of Bogart oldies. ¥¥

Middle Age Crazy (Reviewed this month) Sex Texas style, barbecued by Ann-Margret and Bruce Dern. ¥¥¥

Resurrection (Reviewed this month) Ellen Burstyn performing miracles in more ways than one. ¥¥¥

Sitting Ducks A couple of road runners on the lam with Mafia money in Henry Jaglom's rambunctious farce. ¥¥¥

Somewhere in Time (Reviewed this month) Dream girl Jane Seymour captivates Christopher Reeve, a Superman in civvies whose future is past. ¥¥

The Stunt Man (Reviewed this month) An exhilarating movie about movies, among other things. Peter O'Toole plays the director. ¥¥¥

Those Lips, Those Eyes (Reviewed this month) Summer stock and dewy-eyed youth, with Frank Langella to cut the crap as a straw-hat star. ¥¥

Used Cars (Reviewed this month) Automania, broad but somehow bearable. ¥¥

Willie & Phil Paul Mazursky's Americanized *Jules and Jim.* ¥¥¥

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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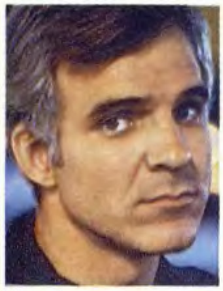
☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: For weeks, the only information I could get regarding **Steve Martin**'s next film was its title—*Depression*. Universal would say no more about it, other than the obvious fact that Steve would star and **Carl Reiner** would direct. Some scoop. Then one day, the following statement was given to me by Universal's vice-president in charge of production, **Thom Mount**: "Steve Martin encounters America's next depression. He turns in all his little green money for big red money. Line up—he's passing it out." Sounded more like a marketing scheme than a movie plot line, but that's not unusual in Hollywood. Half an hour after getting this priceless statement, I get yet another one—Martin and Reiner, I'm told, have just decided to jettison the entire project and start from scratch with a whole new concept. Nobody said why, but—just speculating here—one might deduce that *Depression could* be



Martin

Chase

somewhat similar to Martin's last endeavor, *The Jerk*. . . . **Chevy Chase** and 100 midgets will star in writer/comedian **Pat McCormick**'s *Under the Rainbow*. The flick, which co-stars McCormick and **Eva Gabor**, takes place in Hollywood in 1938, during the filming of *The Wizard of Oz*. A Japanese spy is to rendezvous with a German midget spy at the Culver City Hotel, but neither spy can locate the other because (A) there are 100 other midgets staying at the hotel for the filming of *Wizard of Oz* (they play the munchkins) and (B) a group of Japanese tourists has just arrived at the hotel as well. Or something like that. Anyhow, Chase plays an FBI agent and McCormick is the hotel's house dick. I'll keep you posted. . . . Speaking of spies, mine tell me that **Robin Williams** will be offered the role of Garp in the film version of **John Irving**'s best seller, *The World According to Garp* (portions of which appeared in PLAYBOY). This may no longer be gossip by the time this issue hits the stands, but it is at presstime. Take my word for it.

•

COUPLES: Friendship among married couples is the theme of **Alan Alda**'s next film, *The Four Seasons*. Billed as a contemporary comedy, *Seasons* examines a year in the lives of three married couples

Burnett Alda

(Alda and **Carol Burnett, Rita Moreno** and **Jack Weston, Sandy Dennis** and **Len Cariou**) who have known one another casually for seven years. The film opens in the spring, when, says writer/director Alda, "they are just making the transition from being casual friends to being close friends, and goes through the summer, fall and winter, during which period they weather the ravages of closeness. It's not easy to be close. Couples relate to each other as friends in different and more complex ways than individuals as friends." *Seasons* is scheduled for a February release.

•

MONKEY BUSINESS: Just when we've gotten used to seeing the annual **Clint Eastwood** movie, he comes up with two in one year. Following last summer's *Bronco Billy* will be December's *Any Which Way You Can*, a sequel to the most popular Eastwood movie ever, *Every Which Way but Loose*—third-highest-grossing picture in Warner Bros.' history. "I had never thought of doing a sequel," says Eastwood, "but this writer, **Stanford Sherman**, liked and understood the first picture and sent us a new script. It's crazy, like the other one, but it's different. It still has the country-music setting, and the guy gets involved with the girl again; they sorta get blackmailed into a big fight up in Wyoming." Clyde, the orangutan, will

Eastwood

be back as well and, as was the case with both *Loose* and *Billy*, sound-track albums will probably be released by Elektra/Asylum. Eastwood won't direct this one, as he did *Bronco Billy*. He's given the nod to **Buddy Van Horn**, who'll be making his debut in that capacity. Eastwood has a good eye for neophyte directors—his last such choice, for *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, was **Michael** (*The Deer Hunter*) **Cimino**.

•

AIRPLANE FEVER: At this writing, it's nearly autumn in Hollywood and minions of studio executives are sitting around conference tables, trying to figure out excuses for the serious slump in box-office sales. Is it the recession? they ask. Is it cable? The answer, of course, is so obvious no studio exec would ever think of it. For the truth is, the vast majority of last summer's releases have been, to put it bluntly, *dreck*. The fact that *Airplane!* appeared to be the big hit of the summer isn't surprising—it's one of the originals. What's sad is that *Airplane!*'s success will undoubtedly spawn a dozen spin-offs and rip-offs until whatever spontaneity there was in it will be bludgeoned to death. You don't need a crystal ball to predict what will ultimately happen—some producer somewhere will make a film in the *Airplane!* genre, only it'll cost $35,000,000 and be a turkey. And then, a new crew of studio execs will sit around conference tables, etc., etc. . . .

•

A STAR IS BORN: Speaking of *Airplane!*, the flick's male lead, **Robert Hays**, a genuinely good actor who's been pounding

Hays

the pavement for the past five years or so, has been signed to star in *Take This Job and Shove It* (based on the **Johnny Paycheck** song) for a reported six-figure salary. Co-starring **Art Carney** and **Martin Mull**, the film is about a guy named Frank (Hays) who works in a brewery situated in a small Midwestern town. A big Chicago conglomerate buys up the brewery, our hero is given a high-level executive job within the big corporation, moves to Chicago, is groomed as the firm's fair-haired boy and ends up being put in charge of the old brewery in his old town. Conflicts arise when Frank is torn between loyalty to his old pals and loyalty to his company; ultimately, he tells his bosses to shove it. "I know this film will be a lot of fun to make," says Hays. "I've always wanted to work with Art Carney. The only thing that has me concerned is the midsummer heat in Dubuque, Iowa." —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

HARROWING HOLIDAYS

Terrific, death-defying, break-a-leg vacations.

THE PROMOTERS most commonly call it adventure travel, though saner souls point out that it more often means a jaunt on which you can get meaningfully maimed. There are cold-weather choices such as helicopter skiing (where schussers have been buried in an avalanche or killed when one of the copters fell out of the sky) or such tropical trips as the search for the giant leech in Surinam (where the perils include poisonous snakes, amoebic dysentery, fire ants, killer bees, piranha, malaria, vampire bats, electric eels that inflict shocks of 400 volts and what the tour brochure describes as "small fresh-water parasites that enter painlessly through the skin and only make themselves known when they start eating away the liver."

What's even wilder is that legions of otherwise sensible sojourners line up to sign up for these trips, routinely plunking down fistfuls of money to put their lives and health in substantial jeopardy. In fact, adventure travel is one of the fastest growing segments of the travel business, though the most common feeling at the conclusion of one of these harrowing hegiras is the need for a long vacation to recover from the experience.

In fairness, I should admit that the people I've met on the few adventure trips I've sampled personally have all seemed to be having a terrific time. The camaraderie has been extraordinary (what's that they say about the sudden closeness of a group facing disaster?) and the enthusiasm and excitement level is wonderfully infectious. To tell the truth, my own prime reaction to coming back alive has always been an incredulous, "I really did that?"

But if you're among those determined to put their own limbs in some jeopardy in the months ahead, here's a sampling of the most aberrant travel offerings available. If any of them tempt you, we've included the name of the tour operator from whom you can get more detailed data. We also suggest that you contact your insurance broker prior to departure.

Par for the Floe: The 1981 World Championship of Snowgolf will be played on February 21 and 22, and I'm surprised to admit I once actually participated in this lunatic affair. The site, in one of the frostiest sections of British Columbia, causes its inhabitants to suffer a severe case of cabin fever each winter, and that may explain the bizarre costumes that are much more important to the tournament than the actual scores. We played our round in more than two feet of snow at temperatures near 20 degrees below zero, and survived unfrostbitten only because there was lots of warm rotgut wine available. It was also very hard to congeal completely while we were laughing so hard at the foursome in front of us that was dressed as chocolate-chip cookies. Suffice to say that they were among the most sedately dressed of the competitors. *For more information: Mardi Gras of Winter in Prince George, Box 890A, The Citizen, 150 Brunswick Street, Prince George, British Columbia V2L 2B3.*

Climb Like a Llama: Remember, it's getting to be summer in South America, though you'll need all your warmest gear if you join the 22-day climbing expedition that's headed for the highest peak in the Western Hemisphere. The mountain is called Nevado Aconcagua and its summit is 22,835 feet, above the clouds over Argentina and Chile. Experienced mountaineers consider it one of the world's great climbing challenges; and would-be participants must be possessed of solid high-altitude climbing experience. The tour brochure says that climbers are going to follow "the most aesthetic approach," and it describes the pace as "moderate and judicious, allowing maximum time for acclimatization and conditioning." I'm sure they mean it and are entirely well intentioned: I am, however, made a bit nervous by the note that they intend to follow "the Polish route." *For more information: Andean Outfitters, 703 Market Street, Suite 400, San Francisco, California 94103; 415-495-3113.*

Room at the Top: If you'd rather ski down a mountain than climb up one, helicopter skiing in the Canadian Rockies may be just the ticket. The slopes are steep, deep, untracked and full of virgin powder snow. This description serves equally well for the ski slopes of Eden—or some of the most treacherous avalanche terrain on the planet. That this latter threat is most meaningful is dramatically demonstrated when most of the first morning is devoted to instruction on the use of the small radio device that helps rescuers find buried skiers, plus techniques for combating snow cascading down onto your body. Mechanical mishaps are no less a threat in this high, cold environment, for a full helicopter once fell out of the sky, killing or severely injuring many aboard. *For more information: Canadian Mountain Holidays, P.O. Box 1660, Banff, Alberta; 403-762-4531.*

Get Humped: How often do you get to pay good money ($1850, to be exact) for the privilege of spending 19 thirsty and sweating days in the middle of the wildest stretch of the Sahara Desert—on a camel? The Sahara's Hoggar Mountains are in a seldom-traveled area—for very good reason—and this tour turns otherwise civilized individuals into instant nomads. Tour guides are the blue-robed Tuaregs whom romanticists call the "nobles of the desert," and the route centers on the Atakor Pillar. Shifting sands and arid river beds are an integral part of the trip, and travelers will spend all their days on camelback (or on foot) and all their nights outdoors under the stars. The near-freezing desert temperatures after dark should provide an interesting counterpoint to the more temperate climate of midday. Oh, one last note: The tour brochure advises that "no previous camel-riding experience is required." *For more information: Mountain Travel, Inc., 1398 Solano Avenue, Albany, California; 415-527-8100.*

Going to the Dogs: What better way to cool off from the heat of the Sahara than on a naturally air-conditioned jaunt across Greenland by dog sled? The itinerary includes two full days of dogging it through the barren icescape, and clearly the best part of the projected package is the heavy sealskin robes that provide the only warmth during the dog-powered segment of the tour. I must add that these furs are *leased* to tourers for

pierre cardin

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from $36 to $54 per skin, and I suspect that getting you out on a barren, windswept Greenland glacier provides a powerful sales incentive. By the way, there's also a day-rate "Rent-a-Dog" program for shorter jaunts. One possible negative note: participants must pay in advance for a full seven days' dog-team rental to ensure the return of the Huskies and the sled. I wonder if your heirs get your deposit back if you don't make it. *For more information: SAS, Box ARF, 630 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1465, New York, New York 10111.*

Please Don't Feed the Anacondas: Here's a chance to head upriver from the mouth of the Amazon, through nearly 2000 miles of river basin. The surrounding Mato Grosso is the largest, densest tropical jungle on earth, and one of the least-explored regions of the globe. It's estimated that about 50,000 primitive Indians still live in this uncivilized environment, and you'll doubtless come close to some of them as you make your way via chartered aircraft, river launch, dugout canoe and on foot. According to the official description, tourers will visit a forest that's "subject to periodic flooding" and "at times nearly impenetrable." There is also a good chance you'll see "sloths and tapirs, anacondas and anteaters, monkeys and macaws, capybaras and caimans, hoatzins and howlers." Still interested? Well, the brochure goes on to suggest, "We recommend this tour only for those who are flexible, adaptable and tolerant of other cultures . . . the accommodations will be very simple, with limited bathroom facilities." *For more information: Questers Worldwide Nature Tours, 257 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10010; 212-673-3120.*

Animal Swarm: Not only can you climb up Mt. Kilimanjaro on this trip but you can also float 170 miles down the Kilombero River. The double-jeopardy tour passes through long sections of Selous Game Reserve—the largest in Africa—where untouched wilderness is home to the world's largest elephant population, thousands of hippos, rare black rhinos and countless crocodiles. The lightweight rafts attempt to stop before the Shiguri Falls—a 250-foot cascade—and a portage around them through the *miombo* woodland allows rafters to get by the falls undrowned. The idea is to observe game from the river, where it is hoped that the rafters will go unnoticed by the watchees. Survivors of the river portion go on to climb Kilimanjaro, trekking to more than 19,000 feet above sea level. The terrain includes grazing grounds of everything from water buffalo to leopard. *For more information: Sobek Expeditions, Inc., P.O. Box 761, Angels Camp, California 95222; 209-736-2661.*

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Why is it that a change of scenery can escalate a sexual relationship? I am currently dating a woman who lives in another city. When she visits my place, the sex seems to go one way. When I visit her place, it seems to go a different way. When we meet on neutral ground, such as a hotel room, the sex can go right through the roof. We spent a night at the UN Plaza Hotel in New York that was not to be believed. Chrome, glass, air conditioning and kinky sex. There's something very erotic about room service and a view of the city. It's a style I could become accustomed to—but I don't know if I can afford it on a long-term basis. Is this usual?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Luxury is one of the few FDA-approved aphrodisiacs. A weekend in a local hotel can be romantic. The sex is usually better for a variety of reasons. A hotel room is remarkably free of distractions. There are no dishes to be done, no income-tax forms piling up on your desk. There are fewer ghosts: If she finds some lace underwear under the bed that doesn't belong to her, it speaks poorly for the maid, not for your past. You won't be interrupted with a call from an old flame. A hotel rendezvous sidesteps the power struggle/invasion-of-privacy hassles that always seem to accompany the old question Your place or mine? Finally, there's nothing new about the idea—in fact, it's becoming something of a trend. Many of the hotels in major cities offer weekend rates for couples who want to get away from it all but not too far away. It seems to work.

My nemesis just moved out, taking with her part of our record collection. Some of the albums she walked off with are favorites of mine from the late Sixties and early Seventies—Hedge and Donna, Ray Charles country albums, Janis Joplin, vintage Bob Seger—that have been out of print for years. I don't want a legal hassle and I don't relish spending the rest of my life rummaging through used-record bins. Is there any place that sells unused oldies, so that I can begin rebuilding my collection?—J. R., Indianapolis, Indiana.

You might save yourself some leg work by first checking the Yellow Pages under "Records—Oldies" or "Rare." Many retail record outlets stock cutouts, including out-of-prints, at reduced prices. Some stores even specialize in jazz, blues, rock 'n' roll or other categories, and that can focus your search considerably. Record search services such as those advertised in Billboard *will try to locate*

titles for a commission. To save yourself the cost, follow the route of the services themselves. They attend record conventions, the places to buy rare new and used records at less than retail prices. Conventions are held regularly in hotel meeting rooms in Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. Other major cities are the sites for conventions on a less regular basis. An entrance fee (typically, $1.50) may be charged for the chance to peruse about 50 dealers' wares, which can total more than 50,000 records. It's often possible to barter down the already low prices, and some conventions include special attractions such as guest appearances by rock groups and discount memorabilia. Your local record retailer is likely to have fliers available on upcoming record conventions. Otherwise, consumer publications such as Goldmine *carry advertisements. If conventions don't have what you're looking for, another possibility is catalogs of cutouts and out-of-print records, listed in trade magazines. Many of them are free and list hundreds of titles. Of course, if all this fails, you might try making up with your girlfriend. You evidently share the same taste in music, at least.*

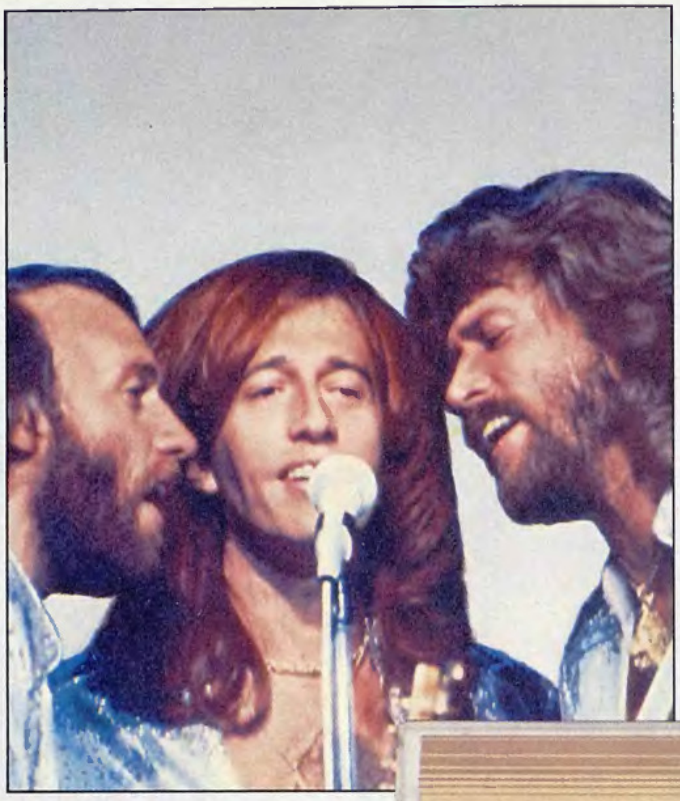
I need your opinion. My girlfriend and I enjoy a fantastic oral-sex life. However, I have a strong taboo against kissing her after she's performed fellatio (for obvious reasons). How do I tell her "Thanks for the oral sex, but there's no way I'm going to kiss you" without hurting her or ending our evening prematurely?—A. S., Towson, Maryland.

If it's just the evening that ends, you'll be getting off lucky. We suspect that your girlfriend might find your revulsion toward kissing a shocking incongruity. If you find part of your body distasteful, how can you realistically expect your partner to continue her performance? The best sex occurs when you meet as equals, taking the same risks and the same pleasures. Examine your taboo. Where did it come from? Does it really deserve to have that much power over your love life? Ask her what she thinks of the taste. The reality is always better than your lack of imagination. If the taste offends her, maybe she would appreciate a glass of water, mouthwash or wine on the bedside table.

Recently, in Puerto Rico, I was approached by some new-found friends with a native mind-altering substance called campana, from a plant that produces large bell-shaped, peach-colored flowers that are dried and smoked, or boiled and the vapors inhaled. Local reports as to the effects range from a mild short-lived intoxication to a week-long freak-out. Before indulging, I'd like to know a little more about it. Got any information?—S. T., Miami, Florida.

New-found friends are not what we'd call a reliable source for drugs. Experts estimate that there are nearly 150 plants around the world used for hallucinogenic purposes. Some victory garden. We can take an educated guess on your powerful flower. Campana, *as you may know, is Spanish for bell. We can find no such plant listed that way, but there is a West Indian plant called campanilla* (Ipomoea triloba), *which is a variety of morning-glory. Some varieties of morning-glory contain a substance not unlike that found in LSD. If this is one of them, you can probably expect the same effects and dangers attributed to morning-glory and LSD. Wear the flower in your lapel, not in your frontal lobe.*

My man and I seem to disagree on two important points concerning our sex life, frequency and quality. I maintain that twice a day, every day, for the past two weeks is too much. Can this continue indefinitely? Are there others out there like him, or is he one of a kind? Second, he recently told me that while he is making love to me, he is fantasizing about other women he knows. I can't believe that there is nothing wrong in this (at least for our relationship)



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and that every guy does it but doesn't confess it. My guy says that he is the way all men would be if they just followed their natural instincts. These questions are really becoming bothersome, since both of us are studying for the bar and he likes to take frequent sex breaks from studying.—Miss R. G., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

If things haven't changed for you between the time you wrote to us and the time you receive this answer, you may be completely exhausted by now. There is no such thing as a "normal" frequency for sexual encounters, but twice a day for two weeks isn't necessarily excessive. However, it's strictly a matter of opinion and personal preference—be it once a day, once a week, even once a month. The pressure of studying for his exam may have driven your boyfriend to seek a sexual release from tension. Other men might actually suffer from temporary impotence under identical circumstances. As for fantasizing about other women, that is not unusual—almost everyone fantasizes about a different partner at one time or another. But if your boyfriend is dreaming about someone else every time you make love, the two of you may have a serious problem. It sounds to us as though both of you need to communicate better and compromise more often.

I had been waiting for the new-model cars to come out before purchasing one in order not to be stuck with a year-old car as soon as I bought one. But a friend claims I can get a better deal by waiting till year's end and getting a close-out price. What *is* the best time to buy a new car?—M. P., Atlanta, Georgia.

Just like any other commodity, cars should be purchased when supplies are high and demand is low. The old saying about buying at year's end has been rendered ineffective since auto makers began regular price increases every three months or so. But there are several things to watch for before taking the plunge: Popular cars usually have fixed prices. If you see a lot of the model you want on the road, you can be sure negotiating room is small. Dealers tend to advertise when sales are slow, so if they are spending a lot on air time, it's a good time to buy. There are also seasonal periods that are traditionally slow. Those are Christmas, when folks are buying other things; February, just before the spring buying binge; summer, midway between new and old models; and fall, about a month after the new-model introduction, when excitement is down. You might also get a better deal at the beginning and the end of a week or month. That's because at the beginning, salesmen think they can make up any losses toward the end; and at the end, they are forced to make quotas. Of course, if you're after a convertible, you'll find prices lowest just before winter sets in—when air conditioners are practically free. The best advice, though, is still to shop around. Competition is the best guarantee of getting a good price.

A first date with a new acquaintance was going fairly smoothly until we stopped at a bar for some drinks. Would you believe she ordered white wine on the rocks? I cringed, the bartender cringed, but she got her drink. Because I felt anyone with so little respect for wine just wasn't worth the trouble, I haven't dated her since. What do you think?—M. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

We think you ought to loosen your tie, slip off your wing tips, put your feet up on the coffee table and give your friend a call. Wine on the rocks is perfectly acceptable under certain circumstances. One, if you like it. Two, if the wine is inexpensive. And, three, if you think you won't offend your host. The trend toward lighter drinks, either diluted or of low alcohol content, seems to be continuing. Wine makers are already fielding wines of five to ten percent alcohol, compared with the usual 11–14 percent. And spritzers (wine and club soda on the rocks) are commonplace in some areas of the country. Face it, there was a time when adding branch water to bourbon was considered an insult to the liquor, if not to the entire state of Kentucky. On formal occasions, the rules of wine consumption should still be adhered to. But sometimes, and especially where your love life is concerned, you can experiment a little.

The other day, after a Sunday brunch, my current (or new) love and I were relaxing on the bed. She pulled up her blouse and I started playing with her breasts. We were observing the changes of erectile tissue in her nipples. She pushed her breasts together and asked me to suck both nipples at once. As I did this, she became very aroused. After a few moments of passionate sucking, she orgasmed. This was without clitoral stimulation. We were both surprised, as we did not know that it was possible. Do you know if it's unique, or have other women experienced the same thing?—D. N., Sacramento, California.

What—no clitoral stimulation? Impossible. Your girlfriend's orgasm was unlawful, a biological mistake, and she'll have to return it immediately. Sorry; just kidding. It has been our experience that anything in sex is possible and, in some cases, even passable. When you begin to believe that only one way (clitoral stimulation) works, you impose limits on your pleasure. We've heard of women who could orgasm from breast stimulation, from fantasy alone and even, in one case, from brushing teeth.

Ever since I moved into my new apartment, I've been experiencing what I consider unusual record wear. The two may sound unconnected, but those are the facts. I've cleaned every part of the system, and I don't think it was damaged in transit. Can you help at all?—R. D., Indianapolis, Indiana.

One of the most overlooked components of a stereo system is the surface it's sitting on. The problem in your case may be that the surface isn't level. Or that the floor your component cabinet is sitting on isn't level. Check out both with a level from your local hardware. For proper operation, any component with moving parts should be trued up, including audio and video-tape machines. Naturally, your turntable falls into that category.

My roommate and I have a very satisfying sex life. However, there is one aspect that you may be able to help me with. She prefers the traditional missionary position, while I find the rear-entry position the most satisfying. It seems to me that when I enter her from the rear, I feel as if I am going into her more deeply. On the other hand, she tells me that face to face provides greater intimacy; i.e., kissing and hugging. My question: Is there any position or variation that will satisfy both of our needs?—B. L., Fresno, California.

A change in attitude might help. Sam Keen, in his book "What to Do When You're Bored and Blue," notes: "In erotic friendships, sex is an expression of a union, a celebration of a meeting that has already taken place. . . . In making love, the trick is to begin at the end. Start when compassion has already been established." In other words, if your girlfriend is depending on mere position to establish the intimacy, you're in trouble. Next time you are in bed with her, you might examine the full imagery of each position: If you can tell her in more detail what it feels like when you enter from the rear—the heart-stopping view, the genital sensation—the sharing of that knowledge will make the pleasure as intimate as a hug.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

RITUAL OF RESISTANCE

William Dillingham's comments on the "ritual of resistance" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), though obviously well meant, reflect the age-old male myth that women *pretend* not to want sexual intercourse, that they act coy or "tease" men. While Dillingham speaks from his own experiences of years ago and notes that times have changed a bit, I cannot understand how any man, faced with a pleading woman who says she doesn't want to go any further, could ignore her and proceed with intercourse. Any perceptive and sensitive person should be truly concerned about the desires and interests of their sexual or potential sexual partner; and to ignore a protest like that, regardless of what a person perceives as the other's motives or intent, is indicative of the rapist's mentality. If a woman says no, then assume that she means it.

S. Newman
Stanford, California

Just as Dillingham says, both men and women are victims of a puritan past that gets in the way of sexual honesty. After a frustrating youth of trying to play courtship games—which often amounted to trying to figure out if the girl was into such games—I finally gave up and developed a new approach to the problem. Soon after meeting somebody, I'd brightly ask, "Do you like sex?" Most of the time, the answer was negative, but it allowed me to cover so much ground so quickly that I managed to get laid with great regularity—to the point that I eventually outgrew the need to prove my sexual prowess and could get on with the business of developing some enjoyable and lasting relationships. Usually with girls who answered, "Well, actually, yes."

Michael Taylor
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

As the consumer advocates always say, to get the best deals one first has to shop around and compare.

WHAT KIND OF MAN . . . ?

While writing an article for *Cincinnati Magazine* on that city's crackdown on prostitution, I realized that my own (and, to some extent, society's) preconceptions regarding Johns were almost altogether wrong. I had thought of the clients as being one of two types: either a guy who had a twisted childhood during which he developed a violent hatred for all women or the "single life" dudes who are strike-outs in the sexual ball park.

So, on stake-out with the Cincinnati vice cops, I kept an eye out for the stereotypes. The contrary reality I observed was that nine out of ten guys busted for solicitation are average, middle-class, otherwise law-abiding—and just as often married—citizens.

I am well aware that the 50 middle-class men from whom I garnered my statistics do not an indisputable truth make; still, because of what else I discovered in my research, I feel the marriage counselors, social theorists and quite a few women might profit if they took note.

"Nearly every one of them was asking the undercover policewoman for the same service: a little oral sex."

Not only were these men's income levels and social standings similar but nearly every one of them was asking the undercover policewoman for the same service: a little oral sex. Lieutenant Harold Mills, the vice-control squad's boss, stated emphatically that "most of the men we arrest for solicitation want what they can't get at home, and in most cases, that's a blow job."

A long conversation with a callgirl, now retired after a successful career, confirmed what to me was a revelation: Evidently, a great many supposedly liberated ladies aren't giving head here in the Midwest. "I just got so I'd cut out all the relaxing patter, get naked and do oral sex," the retired play-for-pay lady said. She laughed. "I often thought that these guys' wives could have saved wear and tear on the family car, and gotten taken out to nice restaurants, too, if they'd only given their men a little oral attention."

I'll never again see a girl working a corner or hustling a lounge without thinking of those legions of supposedly liberated modern American females who look down arched eyebrows toward some poor, average dude's belt line, lips pursed in distaste, and say, "Just what kind of girl do you think I am?"

Dennis Paul Wilken
Cincinnati, Ohio

WELFARE FETUSES

The sincerity of anti-abortionists cannot be doubted. It takes incredible moral certitude to deny a $200 abortion to a poor woman whose unwanted child will cost the taxpayers perhaps $1000 to deliver and $100,000 over the next few years in the food stamps and social services that fundamentalist Christians generally find so repugnant. This demonstrates the awesome power of an abstract theological concept such as "innocent life" and the absolute necessity of maintaining separation between church and state.

(Name withheld by request)
Nogales, Arizona

On television, I watched Representative Henry Hyde, scrubbed and gleaming like a prize porker at a fatstock show, take upon himself the holy obligation of saving "the preborn children of the poor." That guy is incredible. He preaches the sanctity of human life without the slightest idea of what human living is all about. I think we may safely assume that the laws of God and man are supposed to have some purpose beyond their debate value and are intended to benefit mankind. Not only do the doctrines of the Right-to-Lifers fail to benefit mankind, they measurably endanger a human society that is no longer scratching to get a foothold on

the planet but, in fact, is threatening its own survival through overpopulation. These doctrines reduce life to an animalistic level of biological reproduction without regard to spiritual values or the life of the mind. What most distinguishes man from beast is the ability to reason, to assimilate information and make intelligent decisions that serve his interests and those of his fellow creatures. The Henry Hydes seem not to have benefited from either social evolution or experience but to have remained at the intellectual level of the superstitious primitive, bound by taboos and commandments of which they have no understanding.

William Reynolds
Washington, D.C.

May the precious welfare fetuses of today reach the age of 12 or so and proceed to support themselves by holding knives or pistols to the bellies of righteous Right-to-Lifers.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

Men and women, unlike most animals, are free to engage in sex any time they wish, and with that freedom comes great responsibility. Abortion is a decadent attempt to shirk that responsibility. No longer will man accept the consequences of his own actions; he escapes them with the suction tube and the curettage. Since PLAYBOY encourages uninhibited sex, it is its duty to give information about the possible consequences. Abortion cannot be accepted by a thoughtful and moral people.

Michael Monhollon
Baltimore, Maryland

Who says sexual responsibility stems from sexual inhibitions? We'd add that because humans are not like animals, as you say, they should not be compelled to bear offspring against their wishes.

TELEPHONE TITHING

Recently, I discovered that here in Tennessee, if you have a telephone, you are indirectly tithing to the churches. South Central Bell Telephone Company gives a whopping 25 percent discount to any and all "full-time" clergy. That means, of course, that regular customers are subsidizing church telephone service.

I called South Central Bell's district manager in Clarksville and was told, "I think it's a marvelous idea. It makes those people who don't go to church pay at least part of their fair share of church expenses, without even knowing it." And when I asked about atheists, agnostics and other people who don't want to support superstition, he said, "Atheists use our roads, don't they?"

While trying to figure that one out, I have asked an attorney to check the legality of this policy and I intend to do

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FREE-ENTERPRISE SEX

LONDON—*British hookers strongly oppose the efforts of several local government officials to establish legal brothels similar to those already operating in some European countries. At a London press conference, the spokeswoman for the English Collective of Prostitutes said, "We don't want to be*

nationalized and we don't want assembly-line sex. We want a little free enterprise." The hookers' union says the government should do more to encourage job availability for women as an alternative to prostitution.

UNHAPPY HOOKERS

SAN FRANCISCO—*A Federally funded study of 100 San Francisco prostitutes reveals that half are under 16 and most are white, middle class and unhappy. Researchers said that more than half of the subjects had been victims of incest or sexual abuse at an early age and came from families with "excessive amounts of problems." Most of the girls said they engaged in prostitution because they had no job skills and not enough money to live on.*

SYNTHETIC POT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has accused the Government of trying to "defuse the growing public demand for the medical release of marijuana" by supplying in its place a less effective form of synthetic THC in capsules. Alice O'Leary, coordinator of NORML's Medical Reclassification Project, said that medical studies show the synthetic THC to be 30 to 40 percent less effective than marijuana cigarettes, which are 90 percent effective in reducing the nausea associated with cancer chemotherapy. Calling the THC capsule "well-organized hypocrisy," O'Leary declared that certain Government agencies have a vested interest in keeping marijuana illegal "and would prefer to release a drug with severe side effects, major hallucinogenic properties and less efficacy rather than admit that marijuana, or more correctly Cannabis, has medical value." At Congressional hearings last May, physicians and patients testified that natural marijuana was clearly superior to synthetic pot pills. One doctor said, "Giving an oral medication to vomiting cancer patients just doesn't make any sense."*

DRIVING ON THE GRASS

SACRAMENTO—*With an $860,000 grant from the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, California has launched an experimental program to determine the legally acceptable level of impairment for a person driving under the influence of marijuana. Some three dozen volunteers recruited chiefly through California State University will be given measured amounts of marijuana or alcohol or both, and then examined as they drive state-owned cars on a special test track. The drivers will be paid at least $25 for each session and then given a ride home afterward.*

LEGAL LOOPHOLE

BATON ROUGE—*A Louisiana judge has reluctantly dismissed drunk-driving charges against a young woman who told the arresting officer that she had not been drinking, just smoking a little pot. The court found that Louisiana law prohibits driving under the influence of alcohol but says nothing about marijuana. The district attorney said he would immediately call that to the attention of the state legislature.*

ABOVE SUSPICION

PHILADELPHIA—*The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has upheld the firing of a Philadelphia police officer who was discharged more than six years ago, after his commander learned that he and his wife were both having extramarital affairs. The court declared that "a great number of our citizenry would recognize that the [officer's] course of conduct was morally offensive*

and would be contemptuous of police officers engaged in such activity" and concluded that the state has a compelling interest "in the maintenance of public respect for police officers." A police spokesman indicated that such snooping into officers' private lives was no longer department policy.

GROUNDED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*U. S. Defense Secretary Harold Brown temporarily suspended the sale of surplus military aircraft to private citizens because so many are ending up in the hands of aerial drug runners. Of 345 commercial-type planes sold by the Government since the fall of 1978, 125 are reportedly under surveillance by U. S. Customs authorities, who suspect they have been resold one or more times and are now being flown by smugglers.*

TRIPLE THREAT

MADISON, WISCONSIN—*Police aren't sure if the man they're looking for committed a sexual assault, a battery, a theft or some combination of those crimes. A 21-year-old woman reported that her assailant knocked her down, took off her shoes and sucked on her bare toes. Then he ran off, taking her shoes with him.*

SUBSIDIZING SIN

ST. LOUIS—*The tax advantage enjoyed by single people over married couples has been denounced by the Southern Baptist Convention as a subsidy for sin. Delegates to the church's annual conference passed a resolution declaring that the present tax code*

"encourages people to cohabit rather than to marry" and thereby "encourages immorality." The resolution cited reports that 16,000,000 working married couples in 1979 were penalized 8.3 billion dollars in extra taxes by filing joint returns. The Baptists also voted to condemn abortion and called for either laws or a constitutional amendment prohibiting the operation except to save the mother's life.

CHANGING TIMES

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—*A Federal judge has rejected the Internal Revenue Service's argument that a taxpayer cannot claim a live-in lover as a dependent if the relationship is illegal under local law. The court decided that the Missouri law against lewd and lascivious cohabitation is outdated and not applicable in such cases. Ruled the judge, "In this day and age, can it be said that merely living together is open, gross lewdness and lascivious behavior?"*

FINE PRINT

AUSTIN—*The Texas Supreme Court has held that remarriage did not nullify the support a husband was obligated to pay his wife at the time of their divorce. The case arose when a couple divorced in 1969, remarried a few months later and were again divorced in 1977. After the second divorce, the wife sued for $151,961 in past-due support payments that she had not collected during the eight-year period of the second marriage. The court decided that language in the original divorce agreement, stating that such payments were obligated for 15 years even if the woman remarried, would apply even if she remarried her former husband.*

SECOND THOUGHTS

MILWAUKEE—*A Milwaukee man has been ordered to pay support for twins born to his former wife during their marriage even though he is not the father. The woman claimed that her husband had agreed to her becoming pregnant by another man because he had had a vasectomy before they were wed. The husband denied making such an agreement but testified that he had treated the children as his own and had identified them as such to friends and relatives. The court said that Wisconsin law presumes the legitimacy of any child born to a woman while she is married and that the man lost his right to deny responsibility by waiting years to challenge the obligation.*

SEARCH AND SEIZURE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In two opinions, the U. S. Supreme Court has sharply restricted the right of criminal defendants charged with possession of contraband to challenge the legality of police searches. The Court held that trial courts are required to consider claims of illegal search only when a defendant can establish that he had "a legitimate expectation of privacy in the area searched." One case involved the seizure of some checks from an apartment not rented by the defendant; in the other, police dumped the contents of a woman's purse on a table, told her male acquaintance to take what was his, and the man claimed ownership of some illegal drugs. The decisions revised an important 1960 ruling that automatically gave defendants the right to challenge in court any police search that produced incriminating evidence.*

FREE SPEECH

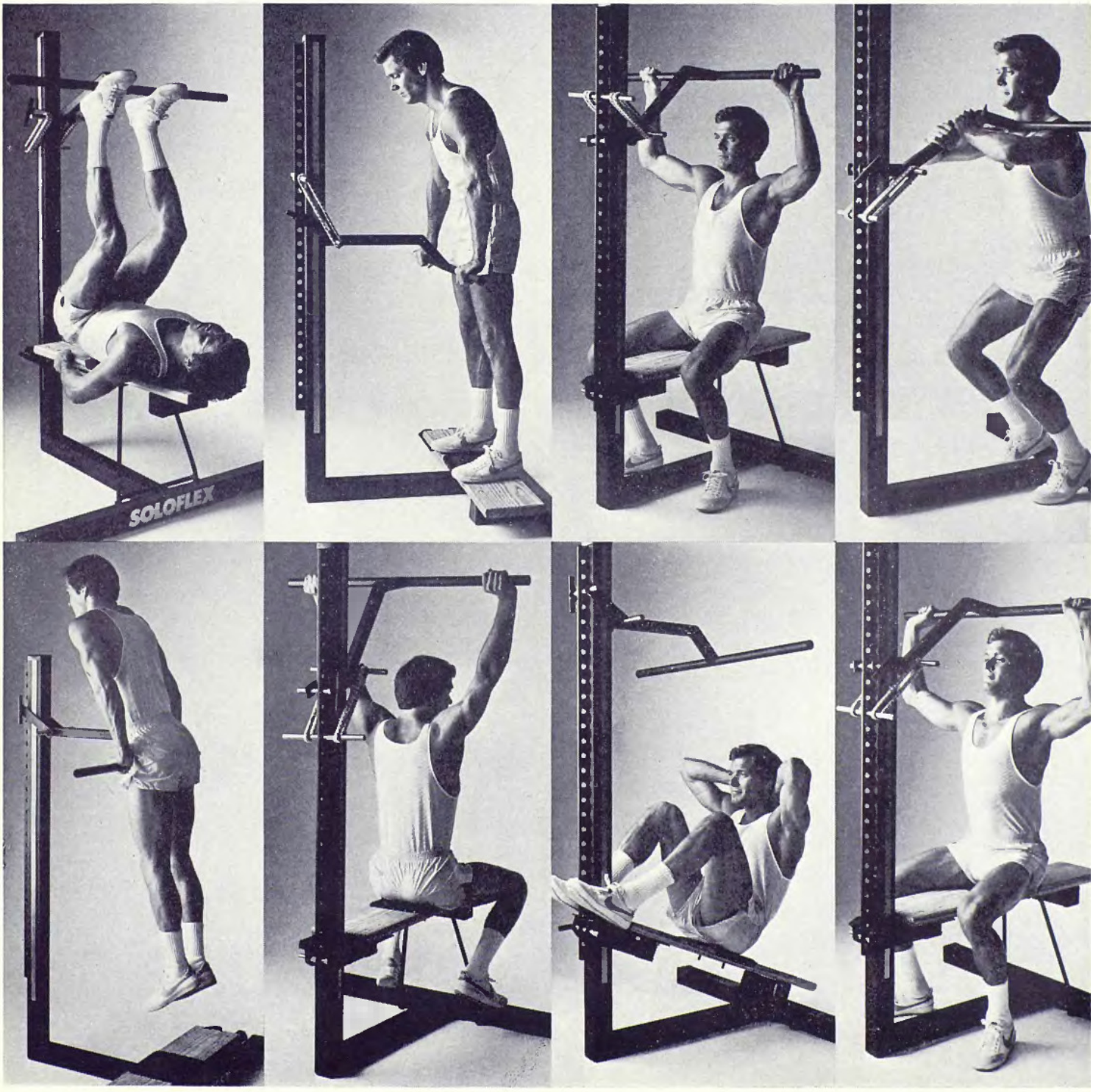
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND—*The Rhode Island Supreme Court has held that four-letter obscenities are protected free speech under the First Amendment, even when they are*

shouted at police. The ruling reversed the disorderly conduct conviction of a teenage girl charged with verbally abusing police officers who were arresting some rock-throwing youths. The court said such language can be prosecuted only when it constitutes "fighting words" that are "inherently likely to provoke violent reaction [or] incite imminent disorder," not when it merely elicits "indignation, disgust or anger."

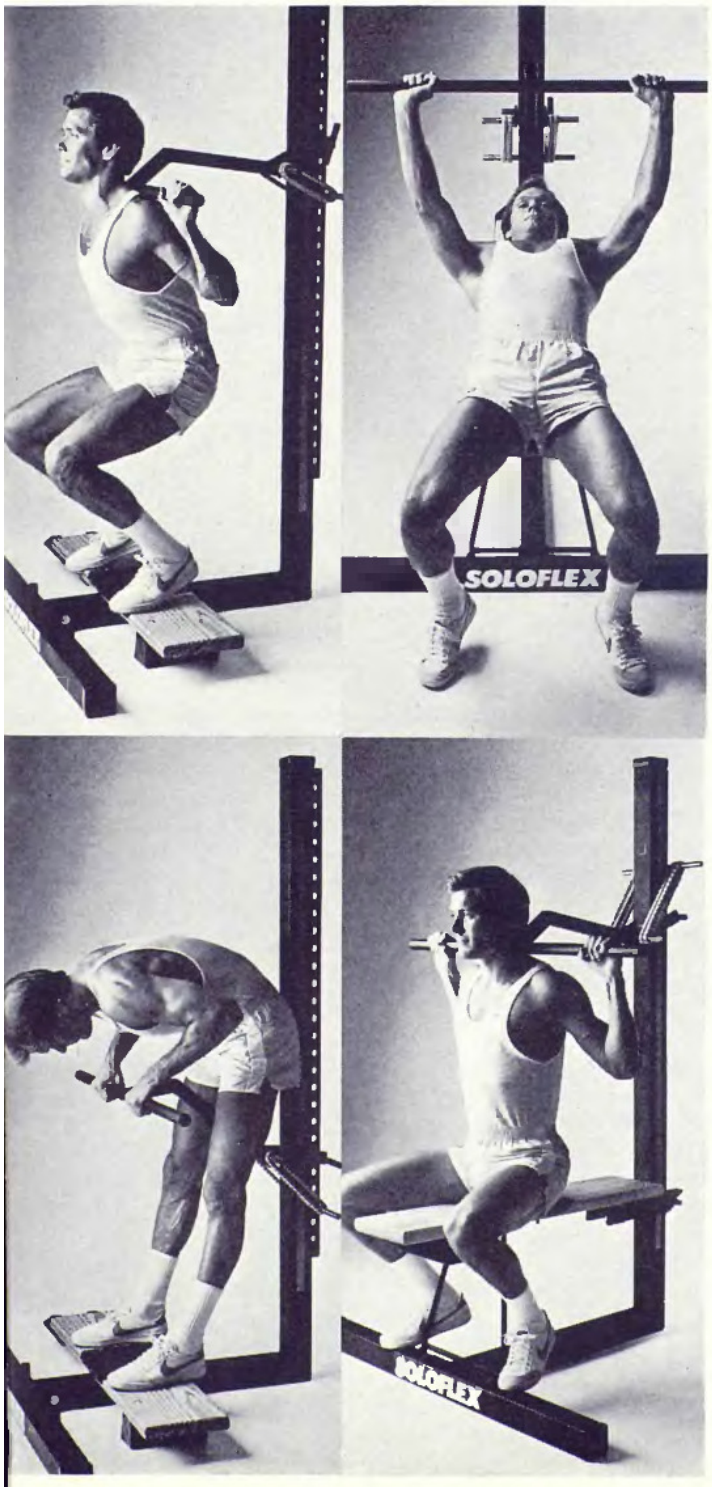
LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

CINCINNATI—*Authorities are trying to figure out how a prankster managed to treat motorists on Interstate 75 to an obscene message flashed on an overhead traffic-control sign. A traffic engineer said the X-rated language had to be the work of a trained computer operator who had access to the equipment and knew how to reprogram it to say* COCKSUCKERS TAKE THE NEXT EXIT.

FOR THE
A HEALTH CLUB ME
OWN THE



PRICE OF MBERSHIP, YOU CAN WHOLE GYM.



Anything you can do with the Nautilus and Universal machines you've seen in health clubs, you can also do with a Soloflex.

All three of them, in fact, base their design on the principles of progressive resistance.

And all of them develop the key muscle groups in the human body, through a system of exercise stations that efficiently direct your efforts.

The real difference is that Soloflex is the one you can own and the others are machines you are likely to only rent.

A Universal, for example, costs around $6,000.

A Nautilus, about $40,000.

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About what you'd pay a health club to use their Nautilus or Universal equipment once in awhile.

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Instead of generating the required progressive resistance with such complicated mechanisms as cams, gears, pulleys and so on, Soloflex uses a simple system. A series of intricately woven rubber rings, each so resilient and reliable that versions of them are used as shock absorbers in the landing gear of a $1,200,000 corporate propjet.

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The Universal you are most likely to see in a health club offers 16 stations.

The equivalent Nautilus, only 14.

The $495 Soloflex offers the 12 you see here, plus at least 12 more.

If you've been putting off getting in shape because you haven't found anything you thought would work that also seemed convenient...well, what could be as effective or as convenient as a gym in your own home?

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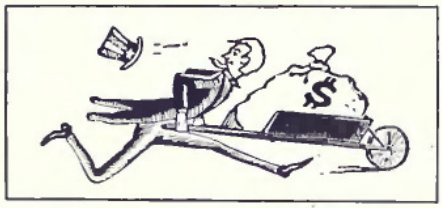
editorial

MANDATORY MOTHERHOOD

saving the "preborn" at any expense



In a convenient exercise of judicial restraint, the U. S. Supreme Court upheld the Hyde Amendment prohibiting the use of Medicaid funds for abortions. By a vote of five to four, the Justices ruled, essentially, that a bad law is not necessarily an unconstitutional law and that Congress has the authority to be stupid. Then they apologized: "It is not the mission of this Court or any other to decide whether [the law] is wise social policy. If that were our mission, not every Justice who has subscribed to the judgment of the Court today could have done so."

A less conservative Court might have determined that the Hyde Amendment gives religious doctrine the force of law, that it denies equal protection and that it violates a constitutional right by withholding from certain citizens the means to exercise that right. Lower courts had so ruled. But here a bare majority of the Justices reasoned that the subsidizing of medical services is a legislative prerogative, not a constitutional obligation, and such health services therefore may be subsidized selectively. Given the one form of health care in question, it would now appear that moral belief is the one ground on which economic, sexual and racial discrimination may still be legally practiced.

The anti-abortionists immediately hailed the Hyde decision with their usual metaphysical cant, as a great "prolife" victory for the "preborn children" who hold the country's future in their prenatal palms. The social and biological reality is less exciting: Thousands of unwillingly pregnant women and teenagers will be swelling the welfare roles with unwanted babies who will not enjoy quite the same precious status that anti-abortionists confer on the developing fetus. Once born, it can be abandoned, beaten, starved, hated, jailed and electrocuted. Its fate is no longer the concern of the Right-to-Lifer—unless it becomes pregnant and must be induced to bear more unwanted children. This includes children who will be mentally or physically defective, even if childbirth threatens the mother's health, short of killing her. Exemptions for certain maternal death and for pregnancy resulting from immediately reported rape or incest are the Hyde Amendment's only concessions to common sense.

If the Court's decision otherwise leaves indigent women the choice between childbearing and the butcher's block, it categorically upholds the right to medically safe abortions for women who can afford them. The Right-to-Lifers find this setback lamentable but not decisive. Proclaimed one, "We have been able to help the unborn children of the poor and with God's help will someday have the Human Life Amendment for those of the affluent." The proposed amendment would certainly try. With logic comprehensible only to the advanced fanatic, it would bestow civil rights on every fertilized ovum. That could lead to some interesting litigation: the I.U.D. as an instrument of homicide, miscarriage through negligence as a case of manslaughter. This new prohibition would hardly end abortions, but both the doctor who performed one and the woman who obtained it could be prosecuted for murder.

The same Congress that caved in to religious pressure groups in passing the Hyde Amendment has so far managed to tiptoe around the Human Life Amendment, leaving state legislatures to vent sanctimonious rhetoric and pass pious resolutions. Many lawmakers have made a practice of humoring their constituents with misguided morality laws for which the courts later could take the flak for dismantling. This time, they were fooled. Now state and Federal legislators will have to consider a little more carefully the implications of investing the fetus with full citizenship. They will have to consider that their own wives and daughters can become pregnant unwillingly. They will have to consider that legal abortion has the strong support of the vast majority of Americans, even Catholics who may have legitimate moral objections to terminating their own pregnancies. They will have to consider that women vote but fetuses don't. We can only hope that in the absence of legislative wisdom, political self-interest will prevail.

what I can to get it stopped. South Central Bell's rates are set by the Public Service Commission in Nashville, and if this discount falls under Government control—as preliminary findings indicate—it is clearly unconstitutional.

It's unnerving to know that, had Jim Jones made his headquarters in Tennessee, I would have helped finance the tragedy in Guyana through my telephone bills.

J. R. Miller
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

THE HICKS CASE

I read with much interest the *Playboy Casebook* in your August issue ("The Man Who 'Didn't Do It' ") concerning the legal problems of Larry Hicks in Indiana. I am sure that the very type of circumstantial factors leading to the arrest and conviction of Hicks occur far more often than law-enforcement officials are willing to admit. The fact that Hicks was saved from execution by the chance occurrence of an attorney walking past him in a prison hallway just two weeks before the scheduled execution date is chilling, indeed.

Brian Finander
Los Angeles, California

I would be willing to bet there are dozens of men on death row who are either innocent or who should never have been found guilty of capital murder because of mitigating circumstances that some public defender had neither the energy nor the inclination to bring before the court. From my experiences as a former assistant district attorney, I can tell you that charges and convictions usually bear little relation to the realities of the offense, and murder cases can be the easiest to try when the defendant is some poor slob who is thoroughly confused by the mess he's in. Just as the person who is basically harmless, ignorant and poorly represented hardly stands a chance in a big-city court system that works like a speeded-up carnival, the really dangerous criminal is hard to put away. He knows the system and can exploit all its weaknesses, including the fact that prosecutors are as swamped with cases, overworked and underprepared as public defenders.

Both sides witness so much mass-produced injustice that they become cynical and calloused game players, willing to trade off anything just to keep the process going.

The police are the same way—so dispirited and fatigued that they must either give up any notion they once had about justice or get out of the business. And the same goes for judges, who see an endless parade of misery, degeneracy and stupidity, and eventually abandon any hope of doing a damn thing about it.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

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Crafted in three handsome styles, every Norwegian Walking Shoe brings together three distinctive elements. First is the double stitched Norwegian Welt, itself. Second, Klondike leather, a thick, rugged steerhide that's extremely pliable and almost velvet soft to the touch. And last is a flexible long wearing quality sole that's built to go the distance.

The Norwegian Walking Shoe. Proof that fashion can survive over the long haul. Try on a pair at your Dexter retailer.

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TEN YEARS OF NORML

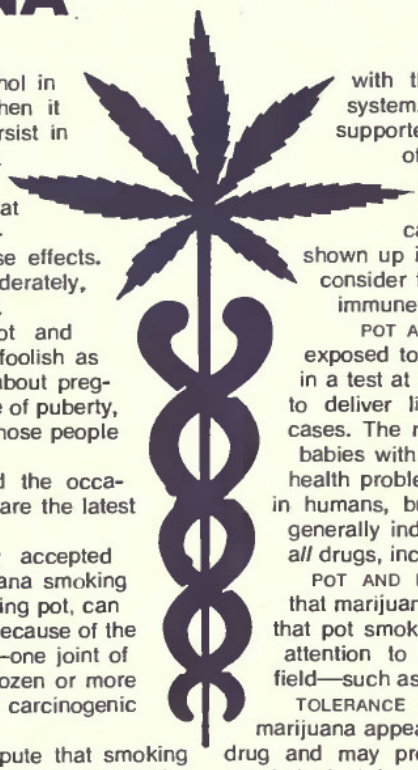
On October first, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) celebrated its tenth anniversary. Since its founding in 1970, NORML has been in the forefront of legal and political efforts across the country to repeal harsh marijuana laws and bring about a public policy that emphasizes education, rather than law enforcement, in dealing with the reality of marijuana use in American society.

A great deal has been accomplished over the past decade. In 11 states, possession of small amounts of grass is now a citable offense, punishable by fine only. In Alaska, all penalties have been repealed for private possession and cultivation of marijuana by adults for their own use. Almost half the states (24) have passed laws recognizing the medical benefits of marijuana. But much more needs to be done before we end the enormous social harm that comes from treating marijuana consumers as criminals. More than 3,000,000 Americans were busted on marijuana charges during the Seventies, with almost 500,000 arrested last year alone. An estimated 20,000,000 Americans use marijuana on a regular basis, but not enough consumers recognize the importance of becoming personally involved in the efforts to change the laws that criminalize them. Especially with an issue as controversial as marijuana, a citizen-action lobby needs a strong and active membership and broad financial base if it is to be effective.

From the beginning, NORML has been fortunate to have the solid support of PLAYBOY and its readers. The Playboy

MICROSCOPE ON MARIJUANA

By JOHN R. DORFMAN



People accept the idea of drinking alcohol in moderation, but that point seems lost when it comes to marijuana. Defenders of pot persist in finding it as beneficial as mother's milk. Opponents paint it as blacker than coal tar. In fact, the latest studies bear out what common-sense smokers have long suspected: Used to excess, grass has adverse effects. When it's been used occasionally and moderately, no adverse effects have been demonstrated.

We're not talking about smoking pot and then driving. That's obviously foolish—as foolish as driving after drinking. Nor are we talking about pregnant women, children near or below the age of puberty, epileptics or heart or lung patients. All of those people would be wise to keep off the grass.

We're talking about healthy adults and the occasional recreational use of marijuana. Here are the latest findings:

RESPIRATORY SYSTEM: The one widely accepted research finding of ill effects from marijuana smoking is this: Chronic smoking of anything, including pot, can lead to bronchitis and emphysema. Partly because of the way it's smoked—often held in the lungs—one joint of marijuana may deliver as much tar as a dozen or more cigarettes, and tar has been found to be carcinogenic in animal tests.

CARDIOVASCULAR SYSTEM: It's not in dispute that smoking grass increases heartbeat; it may also somewhat weaken the force of the heart's contractions. No danger here to a person in good cardiovascular health, but anyone with heart problems should avoid marijuana in any form.

POT AND POTENCY: Foes of marijuana have seized almost gleefully on the discovery that it can lower testosterone levels. They seem to think that on this point they have pot proponents by the balls. Since THC is fat soluble, it does tend to accumulate in the gonads, as well as in the brain. However, it takes daily use of marijuana for a month or more to drop the testosterone levels in healthy adult males to "low normal." The risks would apply mainly to adolescents and to anyone who has difficulty with fertility.

POT AND THE BRAIN: There's no evidence that marijuana use causes brain damage, but there may be a problem of definition. Because brain neurons contain a lot of fat, in which THC is soluble, it may take as little as one joint a week to maintain at least some THC in the brain. More frequent use is cumulative, with the possible effect of dulling the faculties. It could take several months of abstinence for a heavy smoker's brain to rid itself of the chemical.

POT AND IMMUNITY: Some scientists, most prominently Dr. Gabriel G. Nahas of Columbia University, believe that marijuana acts as an immunosuppressant—that is, that it interferes with the effective functioning of the immune system. This finding is highly controversial, supported by some studies and contradicted by others. If pot does weaken the immune system, one logical consequence should be that marijuana smokers have elevated cancer rates, but no such finding has shown up in epidemiological studies. Most scientists consider the question of marijuana's effects on the immune system to be unresolved.

POT AND PREGNANCY: Pregnant rhesus monkeys exposed to the equivalent of one or two joints a day, in a test at the University of California at Davis, failed to deliver live babies in about 40 percent of the cases. The remaining 60 percent typically resulted in babies with low birth weight, hyperactivity and other health problems. There are no such clear-cut findings in humans, but medical studies in recent years have generally indicated that pregnant women should avoid *all* drugs, including aspirin, caffeine and tobacco.

POT AND DRIVING: Researchers unanimously agree that marijuana decreases driving ability. Lab tests show that pot smokers are particularly likely to pay too little attention to stimuli at the periphery of their visual field—such as a child running onto the road.

TOLERANCE AND DEPENDENCY: Chronic heavy use of marijuana appears to increase a person's tolerance of the drug and may produce mild forms of both physical and psychological dependence. Research cannot establish exactly how much it takes to do what to whom, but the evidence is strong enough to suggest that staying stoned isn't good.

MARIJUANA AND MEDICINE: The active ingredients in pot, the cannabinoids, are potent in their effects on many parts of the body, and some of those effects are medically beneficial. Marijuana appears to be effective in relieving the nausea that cancer patients often suffer as a result of taking anticancer drugs. It also looks promising in the treatment of glaucoma.

What seems clear is that the new medical evidence on pot reveals some health risks to some people but does not justify a swing back to harsh criminal penalties. Banning everything that may be bad for us (or for some of us) would deny society pleasures ranging from a bloody mary to a piece of chocolate cake. What users of marijuana need is not a year in jail and a criminal record but, rather, a continuing, accelerating flow of reliable scientific evidence about the effects of the drug. And what the debate over marijuana needs most isn't a hardening of positions on both sides. It's thoughtful recognition, by both users and opponents of the drug, of the distinction between use and abuse.

John Dorfman has written numerous articles and books on health and consumer affairs.

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Foundation has made possible many of NORML's programs and has provided crucial financial and editorial support and assistance in a number of our most important legislative and judicial efforts.

As NORML enters its second decade of fighting for social change and sensible marijuana laws, continued strong public support is essential. We are hopeful that the Eighties will finally bring an end to a criminal approach to marijuana use, which treats millions of otherwise law-abiding citizens as outlaws in their own homes. Until our nation's marijuana policy is changed, our Government's proclamations of belief in individual freedom, personal choice and respect for the right of privacy of adults will continue to have a hollow ring.

Gordon S. Brownell, Acting National Director
National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws
2964 Fillmore Street
San Francisco, California 94123

THE LESSER EVIL

The idea of ballots' having a space marked "None of the above" has been around for a while. But better than that, ballots should be marked to indicate when a vote for one candidate is merely a vote against the other one. That would permit the electorate to choose the lesser evil without giving the winner reason to claim he had some kind of mandate from the people, as Nixon seemed to believe after 1972. The whopping majority that Tricky Dick piled up at the polls was simply a measure of the opposition most voters had toward George McGovern, but it may have contributed to the Nixonian arrogance that led to Watergate. L.B.J. might have been less confident in his ill-conceived Vietnam actions had his victory in 1964 been recorded as primarily a rebuff to Barry Goldwater.

Pam Fuller
Phoenix, Arizona

MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR

My basic and admittedly unrealistic instinct is to oppose the draft, end all wars and killing and disband the entire military establishment (world-wide), so everybody can relax, drink beer and watch television.

Since the above probably is not feasible, I must go on record as supporting the draft. The last thing I want is a military force made up of professionals, volunteers or any other form of mercenary. Those kinds of gung-ho idiots *want* to fight wars. Not me. Not my fellow draftees in the Fifties. All we wanted was peace and love (sex, actually) and to get the hell back to civilian life as quickly as possible.

So I say: Revive the draft to scare all the country's idiot teenagers into getting a college deferment and also to populate the military Services with unwilling civilians who basically don't like the idea of being shot at and only want to get out and go home.

J. Andrews
New York, New York

If young Americans refuse to register for the draft, our country's leaders have only themselves to blame. The stupidity of policies that gave us the Vietnam war has discredited both the Government and the military. The choice of candidates in this year's Presidential election is evidence that such stupidity has become institutionalized, and I cannot blame anyone for not wishing to take up arms in its defense.

Larry Reeves
Chicago, Illinois

Liberals have always given gun owners hell over their opposition to firearms registration. "They'll register their cars and their dogs, why not their guns?" The answer is simple: Nobody is trying to do *bad things* to cars and dogs, like take them away.

"It's their turn in the barrel."

Maybe the liberals can understand the gun owner's feelings a little better now that we have the start of draft registration, and it's their turn in the barrel. They don't seem too enthusiastic about having their kids sign up so the Government can easily find them and take them away.

Jim Morton
San Francisco, California

We're waiting for bumper stickers that read, REGISTER CHILDREN, NOT FIREARMS.

GRASSOHOL?

Let's hear it for Florida, which has come up with a great alternative energy source called grassohol. Moaning about the confiscated marijuana, state authorities are investigating the feasibility of burning pot for fuel, creating what I am sure will be a "stoke and toke" mentality among straight and stoned alike.

Authorities claim marijuana can't be incinerated with ordinary debris, because it burns too hot. If it is dumped into the ocean, it may wash ashore and take root. How to get rid of the killer weed? Heat homes with it! It is estimated that burning 1000 pounds of pot would save a barrel of oil. What's more, tons of pot are seized daily in Florida, which makes this sadly misunderstood drug a convenient alternative to fossil fuels, at least on a limited basis.

To that end, the state authorities are willing to spend $80,000 for a shredder/blower that will do the job right. Guess where the money's going to come from!

(Name withheld by request)
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

COKE TIME

I believe I may have set a record. Last January, I was found guilty of illegally distributing cocaine and of conspiracy to distribute, even though no drugs were actually sold. For that I was sentenced to eight years and ten years of special parole on each charge, to run concurrently. The amount of coke was eight hundredths of a gram. Tell that to the *Guinness Book of World Records.*

William Hensley
Federal Penitentiary
Atlanta, Georgia

CHILD SUPPORT

A bill that I sponsored in the Illinois legislature has been passed into law. As amended, it affects only Cook County, but it may interest your readers and inspire similar measures elsewhere.

House Bill 24 requires all future child-support and maintenance payments to be made directly to the clerk of the court. Payments delinquent by two or more weeks would automatically be noted by the clerk. If payment were not made within the following two weeks, the state's attorney would start enforcement proceedings. A fee and penalty schedule is provided to help defray administrative costs.

This legislation ensures that ex-spouses will receive what the court has already awarded them without having to hire a private attorney. It will also help keep down the state's welfare rolls.

We're now collecting only about $7,000,000 per year of court-ordered child support in Illinois and women in Cook County alone are owed more than one billion dollars in delinquent child-support and maintenance payments. California has implemented a system similar to the one in House Bill 24, and $83,000,000 of child support is collected there annually.

I urge interested persons in Illinois to register their support for extending this law state-wide and those elsewhere to recommend such a much-needed reform to their own legislatures.

Herbert V. Huskey
State Representative
Oak Lawn, Illinois

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JOHN HENRY

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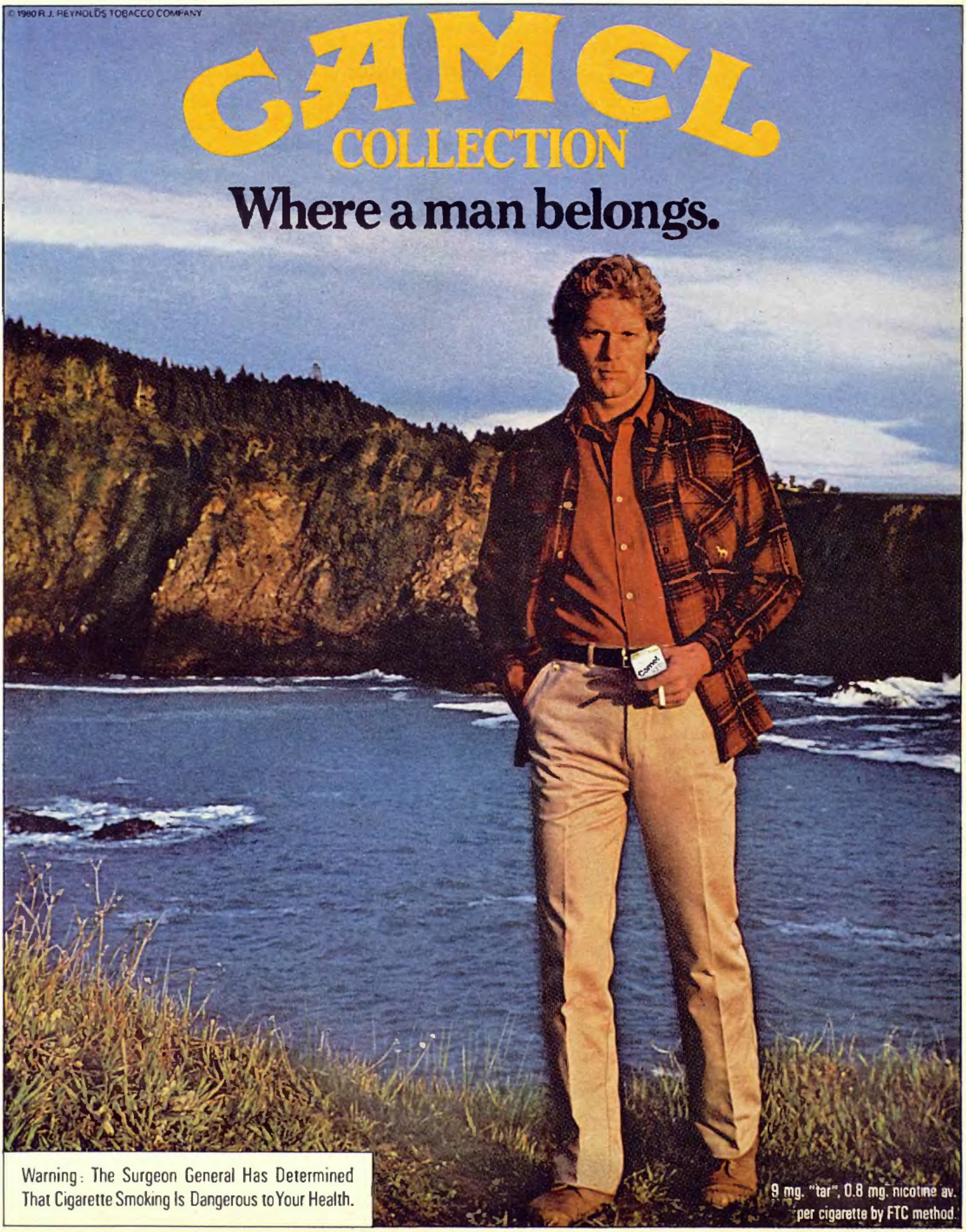


A Reporter's Notebook

HOW I GAVE UP READING FINANCIAL ADVICE

. . . and saved not just money but my sanity as well

opinion **By ASA BABER**

QUESTION: When the price of an ounce of gold fell about $400 this past February and March, did Fed chairman Paul Volcker call and tell you to get out of it? When silver dropped from about $50 an ounce in late January to about $11 an ounce in late March, did you hear from the Hunt brothers? When the house you thought you could sell sat frozen like an ice monster this past winter, draining your pocketbook and attracting no buyers, did your mortgage banker send you flowers? When you put some of your investment nest egg in Conti Commodity's McLean II fund, did you get a letter of condolence from the fund's trading advisor as your equity shrank and the fund was liquidated with about a 75 percent loss of your capital? When the value of the common stocks you bought on a hot tip from your stockbroker didn't even keep up with the pace of inflation, just how often did your broker invite you to lunch to apologize?

I know, I know: Those are ridiculous questions.

Oh, the economic facts are right. Gold and silver did take a Niagara plunge, the housing market has been soft, the commodity fund did fold and the stock market in the Seventies was about as exciting as an obscene phone call from your grandmother; but the odds are that you didn't get much sympathy as you were whipsawed through the troubled winds of our economy.

The accountants didn't call and the investment brokers looked the other way and the tax lawyers had to go to the Bahamas and the financial counselors were: (A) out to lunch, (B) away from their desks, (C) in conference, (D) not available, but can someone else help you?

In short, it's been lonely for most of us. That's the frightening thing about an economy that wobbles from inflation to recession, from high interest rates to high unemployment, from price movement to stagflation: We feel alone.

So what do we do?

Believe it or not, a lot of us go out and buy books about investment strategies. We try to educate ourselves. We try to become self-taught economic wizards, gnomes of Main Street, J. Paul Anybodies. It may not be much, but it's all we have, and the publishing industry is cranking the titles out for us: *How to Survive . . . , How to Profit . . . , Invest in _____ and Double Your Money*. Titles like that, hinting at solutions, techniques, panaceas, approaches—all designed to give us a leg up on the maverick economic beast we are riding.

But about the time we're on our third or fourth book, we'll probably have a basic query: How does a person make sense out of all the conflicting suggestions? There's no consistent pattern of advice. We hear a multitude of voices, each declaiming a way toward economic salvation.

Suddenly, it gets even lonelier. We begin to realize that everybody has a theory these days, the way everybody had a hot stock tip in the Twenties. One writer recommends gold; another advises against it. Both of them look good and both of them look foolish. We would've been happy to ride gold futures to over $900 an ounce last January, but we'd have been sorely pissed to be locked into the market as it fell several hundred dollars in nine weeks. One expert swears that Wall Street is ripe for picking in the Eighties; another predicts that stocks will be more speculative in nature than commodities in this decade. Both of them sound reasonable: The spring of 1980 saw common stocks at relatively low prices, and it's an election year, after all, which means that the Government will do everything it can to batten down the hatches and make the economy appear sound. But then again, we all know that the real price action is going to be in the world's resources, the dwindling supplies, the basic foodstuffs, fuels and metals that keep American industry functioning. Somehow, a glowing annual report from the XYZ Corporation can't match the anxiety that hovers like an inconsistent fever over the silver market.

What follows is a sampling of the books on investment advice that are currently rattling around in the American consciousness. No doubt, the authors' intentions are good, but that doesn't take away from the fact that we are being handed mixed signals, contradictions, puzzlements. The advice being marketed lacks consistency; these people can't *all* be right. And the Eighties will surely be more than an instant replay of the Seventies.

So take a look at the range and variety of proposed strategies and try to remember not to act on all of them: You'll not *only* go broke, you'll go crazy, as well.

•

How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, by Howard J. Ruff, is still on some best-seller lists. Ruff gained great influence in the media, and for good reason: He called a lot of the shots for the Seventies. He (along with other writer/experts such as James Dines and Harry Browne) predicted the rise in gold and silver values, the rush toward collectibles (antiques, stamps, etc.) and coins and small-town real estate. Ruff, a Mormon, also preaches self-sufficiency: Have dehydrated food on hand, keep some gold coins and diamonds ready in case of total civil breakdown, prepare to dump your city holdings and move out to the country. Ruff is quite pessimistic about the stock market: "If you adjust stock prices for inflation, in order to regain the purchasing power equivalent of the 1966 Dow Jones today, the Dow Jones would have to go to almost 2000." Ruff is preparing a book that is not available as of this writing, but it will probably follow some of the predictions in his newsletter *The Ruff Times*: The year 1980 will see interest rates and inflation falling sharply after a fast but deep recession, only to be followed by runaway inflation in 1981; plummeting real-estate prices in the big cities and small towns; mandatory wage and price controls; and perhaps the last opportunities to buy gold and silver.

BOTTOM LINE

Gold: Yes
Stocks: No
Real estate: Only in small towns
Collectibles: Yes

•

The Inflation-Beater's Investment Guide, Winning Strategies for the 1980s, by Burton Malkiel, has a chapter heading that tells most of Malkiel's story: "Common Stocks: The Best Inflation Hedge for the 1980s," and goes on to say, "Between 1968 and 1979, the annual rate of return on common

stocks was a paltry 3.1 percent. During the 1980s, I believe that figure will be around 15 percent—perhaps even more." Malkiel, chairman of the economics department at Princeton University, is not in favor of gold and diamonds and collectibles as investments. He takes the gold bugs to task, writing: "The problem is that gold . . . does not yield dividends and can be costly to store and protect . . . buying gold *at today's prices* is simply not in my judgment a rational investment decision." Malkiel dismisses diamonds ("There are enormous risks and disadvantages for individual investors") and says of stamps and art objects and Tiffany lamps and Oriental carpets: "Contrary to popular belief, the inflation-adjusted value of art objects and collectibles does not generally increase. There are also enormous commissions when you buy and sell."

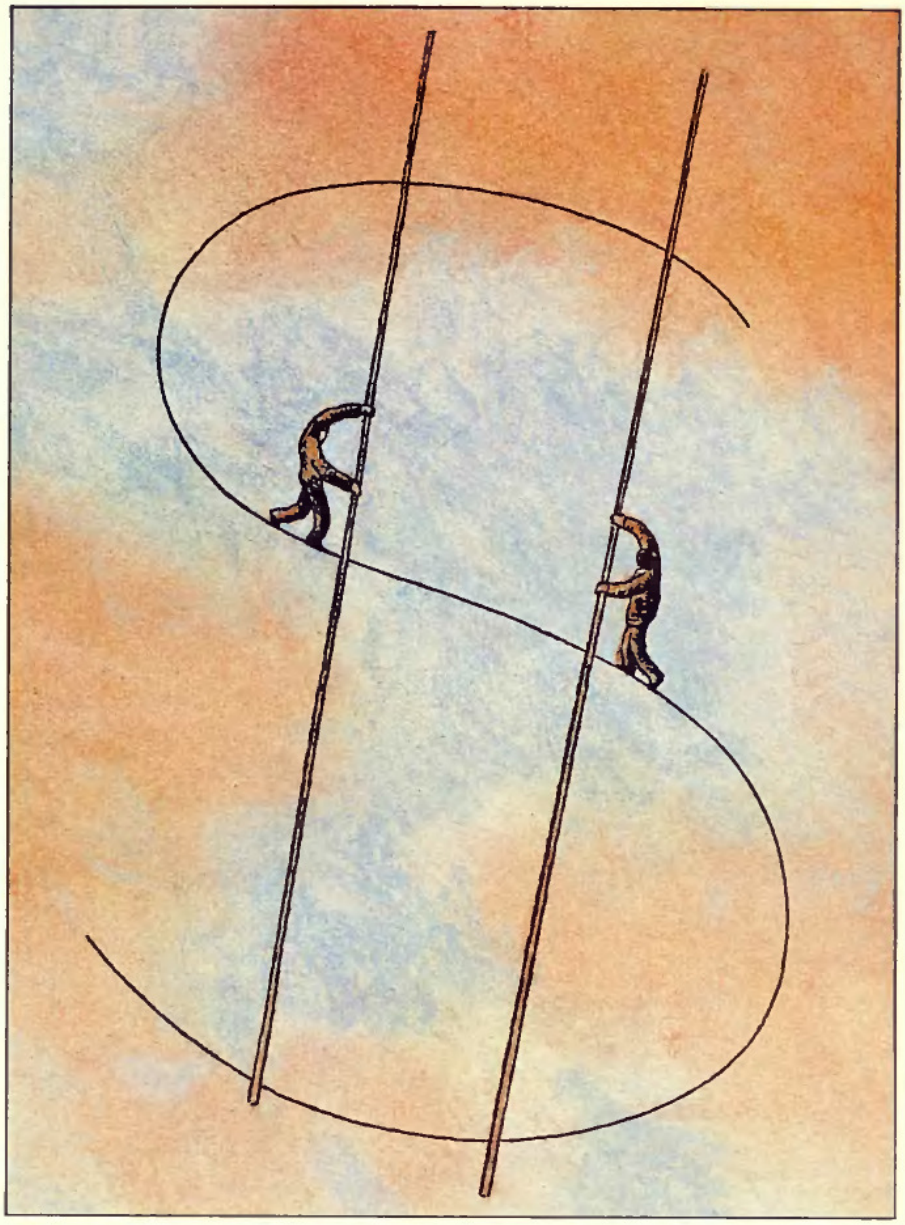
In case you haven't noticed, Malkiel's advice contradicts Ruff's in almost every major investment area. You will also be sorry to hear that when you read both books, each makes impeccable sense and seems chiseled in logic and business savvy.

BOTTOM LINE

Gold: No
Stocks: Yes, with vigor
Real estate: Yes
Collectibles: No

•

OK, you think you're confused now? Wait until you read Morton Shulman's *How to Invest Your Money & Profit from Inflation*. Shulman titles his first chapter "The Old Virtues Are Dead." By that he means that traditional investments such as savings accounts, Government bonds, life insurance, corporation bonds and mortgage purchases are now defunct, given the inevitable rising cost of living. Shulman says that inflation is here to stay. And he is convinced that the stock market is an ineffective, possibly absurd way to hedge your bets: "Well, what stocks are worth buying? Only those that are inflation-proof, and there aren't many of those." Speaking of expert advice, Shulman is contemptuous of stock advisory services and he bluntly charges that all is not legitimate on Wall Street: "You are running the risk of being taken by traders who take illegal advantage of insider information," he says, and concludes, "As for advisory services, forget them . . . the average investor finds it impossible to tell the good from the bad." Shulman is into equity, *things*, for his money-making. He recommends wine and art and antiques and gold and currencies and real estate. He tells of purchases he made that look very good



now, and his book includes photocopies of the profits he made on his ventures. Most importantly, Shulman is willing to commit himself as being correct in his predictions. Inflation, he admits, may rise and fall, "but I know that five years down the road, no one following this advice will regret it."

For those of you not already choked up by the fog of contradiction, please note that Shulman manages to counter both Ruff and Malkiel: he is obviously opposed to Malkiel's optimism about the stock market and he would probably argue with Ruff's low opinion of the value of investing in city and suburban real estate.

BOTTOM LINE

Gold: Yes
Stocks: No
Real estate: Yes
Collectibles: Yes

•

Some of you probably think you see a pattern in spite of the contradictions, right? You've been checking the summaries like good accountants and you've noticed that real estate seems like a pretty popular recommendation. Howard Ruff is hesitant about it, but even he still opts for real-estate investment in rural areas.

Well, just wait until you read *The Coming Real Estate Crash*, by Messrs. Gray Emerson Cardiff and John Wesley English. These two gentlemen make a very good case for the end of the real-estate boom. All real estate: city and country, farm land and suburb and inner urban. Based on some solid historical analogies and some good research, their message is that you'd better get your money out of real estate while you can: "Clearly," they write, "we would be much better off at this point by selling real estate and buying stocks." Their scenario for the upcoming crash is frightening: major difficulties for banks, savings and loans, the building trades, farmers and, finally, the Government itself. At the end of this dark forecast, Cardiff and English predict that

"the Federal Government will be regulating real estate. This regulation will be aimed at preventing another boom. However, even without Government regulation, there will not be another boom in real estate until a new generation [of consumers] matures, untouched by this crash."

If you don't like what you hear from the Cardiff and English duet, you might turn right around and listen to a solo from either Robert G. Allen (*Nothing Down*) or Albert J. Lowry (*How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate*). Lowry's optimistic vision of real-estate investment has been on the best-seller lists for months.

BOTTOM LINE
(Cardiff and English)
Gold: Yes
Stocks: Yes
Real estate: No
Collectibles: Not mentioned

•

Wait a minute! Don't sell your house yet! Read *Moneypower: How to Make Inflation Make You Rich*, by Ben Stein (with Herbert Stein). Real estate is the way to go and stocks are *deadly*. Listen: "We want to own something that rises in value faster than money declines, so that we are actually making money on inflation. For that wonderful goal, a private home is made to order . . . a fine inflation hedge." The Steins suggest that you "borrow, borrow, borrow" to buy a second home that you rent out. How about the stock market? "Unless you have a special situation—a real one, where your wife's sister is married to the board chairman, not a false one, where your stockbroker says his research department knows something that everybody else at Harry's American Bar knows—stay away from the stock market."

BOTTOM LINE
Gold: Yes
Stocks: No
Real estate: Yes
Collectibles: No

•

Now, we never promised you a rose garden, did we? We began this by saying that the advice we are getting in the bookstores is conflicting and confusing and that the more we read, the more wary we become of all prognostications.

But speaking of promises, let's take a brief look at a book with the modest title of *Double Your Dollars in 600 Days Investing and Trading in Gold, Silver, Diamonds, Platinum, Tungsten and Moly*. Moly is not a lady's name, by the way, but the abbreviated form for the metallic element molybdenum. Ira U. Cobleigh is the author of this plan, and he has written an informative book, discussing such details as "how to invest—what to buy, whom to buy from and when to buy and sell." (Where was he when the Hunt brothers needed him?)

Cobleigh doesn't think you can afford to stay with the standard, old-fashioned investments: "We do not believe that inflation will be brought under control until sometime in the 1980s," he writes. "Meanwhile, financial assets such as passbook savings accounts, life insurance, bonds, pensions and paper money will continue to decline in buying power." Cobleigh is strictly a metals and minerals man, and he seems to include almost all of them in his survey, closing his book with a list of minerals to watch in the future: copper, lead, zinc and nickel.

BOTTOM LINE
Gold: Yes
Stocks: Mining and precious-metals issues only
Real estate: Only what's under it
Collectibles: Not mentioned

•

Ashby Bladen isn't exactly against gold and silver. But in his book *How to Cope with the Developing Financial Crisis*, he does warn the reader that "there are no riskless investments . . .

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and no long-term investments left." Gold and silver are OK, he allows, but only if you can get them at a low price in a calm market. (By implication, that may leave out gold and silver for the foreseeable future.)

Bladen's best advice comes in one sentence: "Endemic inflation produces steadily increasing instability and forces you to live by your wits." We might add that endemic inflation forces us to read by our wits and listen by our wits, too. There's an awful lot of advice out there for the purchasing—but how are we to sort out the accurate from the inaccurate, the prescient from the blind?

Bladen writes of the coming crash in house prices. "Considered purely as financial assets," he says, "I would much rather own stocks than houses." He specifically recommends electric utility securities. And, surprisingly, he values savings: "At the very least, we are almost certainly headed for a major financial crisis in the not too distant future, in which liquid savings will prove invaluable."

BOTTOM LINE

Gold and silver: Only when low-priced
Stocks: Yes
Real estate: No
Collectibles: Not mentioned

•

If you want to have some fun—some wheeler-dealer fun, that is, with advice the Mad Hatter might give at an afternoon tea—read *The Penny Capitalist: How to Build a Small Fortune from Next to Nothing*, by Algernon Horatio. That's a pen name, as if you didn't know. There's a picture of Horatio on the back flap. It's hard to tell what he really looks like, because he's wearing sunglasses and a full head of hair that might be a rug and a mustache and goatee that are probably real, but then again, maybe they're not. (See what financial roulette does to our psyches? We don't trust anything.)

In any case, Horatio, who claims he teaches at a university, is an advisor who praises what he calls "the world of alternative investing." He means that you can build a small fortune by myriad investments that he has tried himself. He's particularly fond of garage sales and things found in attics, but his list of successful ventures is as rich as a poor man's fantasy. He suggests you invest in such things as jade, bull semen, empty oak whiskey barrels, whiskey, Navaho rugs, Mexican *retablos* (religious paintings of saints on either tin or copper), Victorian quilts, copper kitchen implements, old cars, paintings and prints, as well as various forms of foreign investment, including foreign stocks and bonds and income accounts and land.

Horatio isn't fond of the stock market. He sees it as peopled by "an endless chain of insiders," and he points out that some sample portfolios printed in the April 1974 issue of *Money* magazine would have lost you between 41 and 65 percent of your buying power had you held the portfolios intact for the next four years of inflation. Horatio also warns us against franchises, mutual funds and fixed-dollar investments such as bonds and savings accounts.

BOTTOM LINE

Gold: Yes
Stocks: No
Real estate: Yes
Collectibles: Yes

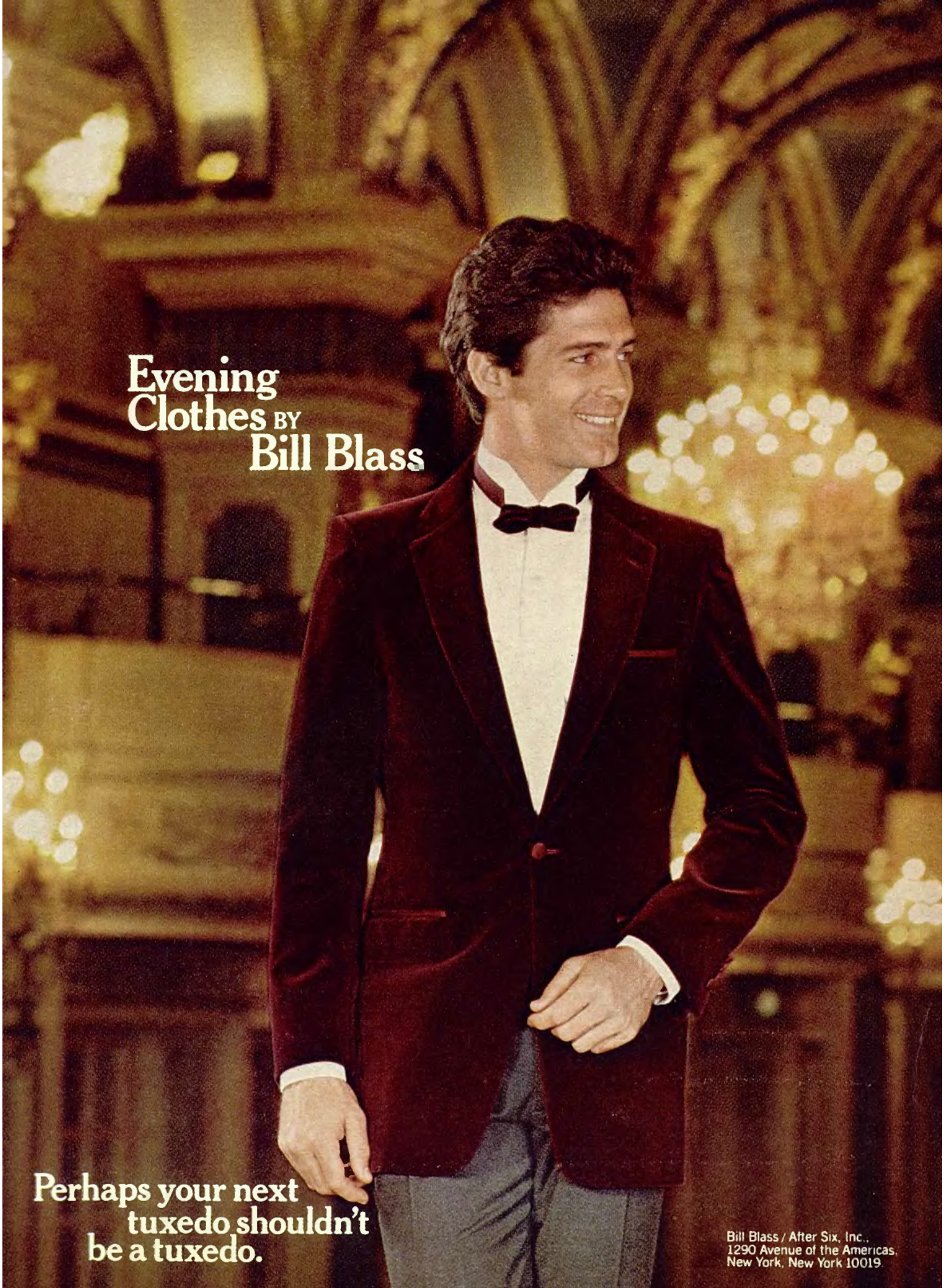
•

The beat goes on. David Dreman, author of *Contrarian Investment Strategy: The Psychology of Stock Market Success*, sees evidence of "a widespread failure of modern money management, in spite of the investment professionals' training, intelligence and experience, as well as the best research money can buy. . . . The most sophisticated generation of financial managers ever has demonstrated an incapacity to manage money effectively." It should be noted that Dreman is speaking primarily about stock-market money managers, but the quote seems to fit others as well.

There are hundreds of books, articles, newspaper columns, investment advisory letters and special reports. You can hear whatever you want to hear. Worse, you can make a case for it. The so-called experts are sorely divided over most categories of potential investment (with the possible exception of gold and silver, but, as you can find above, there are good arguments against them as well). Our present economy seems totally founded on speculation. It's up for grabs, and even the people who make it their profession to advise other people about finances have poor track records.

You probably think we have a solution to this problem, don't you? After all, would PLAYBOY let you down? Well, we hope not. About all we can say is that there are lots of markets the smart investor is staying out of these days, and maybe the bookstore is one of them.

On the other hand, we understand how hard it is for most people to get any good financial advisor to sit down and discuss investments of less than $100,000—the commission just isn't there. So you turn to books. Since there's so much advice out there, and since you can hear anything you *want* to hear, you should at least choose an investment strategy that fits your temperament. For example, if you place a high premium on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security, don't let somebody's provocative chapter on how to make a killing in the commodities market persuade you to throw everything you've got into coffee futures. One man's killing is usually another man's massacre.

But that, of course, is advice you can get elsewhere, and if there's anything we *can* do for you, it's give you some investment tips you won't find duplicated—or, worse, refuted—in the very next book you pick up. The lack of confusion alone ought to be worth something. One further word: As all investment books say somewhere toward either preface or conclusion, we claim no responsibility for any losses you may incur by following this advice. . . .

HOT TIPS FOR THE EIGHTIES

• Talk an oil sheik into adopting you, with the understanding that he'll send you to law school so you can probate his will.

• Buy a lot of air. That's right: air. Surely, one day soon, we'll be told that the air we breathe is not ours by natural right but has to be purchased from one transnational corporation or another. Buy now, or the air you breathe may not be your own.

• Save your plastic spoons. Sometime in the future, they'll be rare collectibles. Don't forget to wash them, though.

• Learn to manipulate time. This should be done only in short bursts—just enough so you can see what's ahead and then come back to time present and corner the market in it. Your best chance to learn how to manipulate time is to volunteer as a guinea pig in a cyclotron. Let them zap you and see what happens as your particles glow. You might learn something. Be sure to make a will first.

• Start a national franchise in something that is very convenient and unnecessary—for example, a Vet & Pet Photo Stand for parking lots and shopping malls. Drop your sick pet off for day care at the same time you leave photos to be developed. This should work particularly well in the West and the South.

• Start a bank. This is self-explanatory.

• Run for high political office. So is this.

• Invent a total energy system for the nation and the world that can be activated only by your voiceprint and no one else's. This should give you a lot of power and make you rich. One suggestion, however: Try not to let Government agents tape-record your voice and then duplicate it. That could lead to bankruptcy.

• Crown yourself king of the U.S.A. and turn the IRS into an agency that can operate only under your charter. You probably won't get audited, and you'll be able to learn a lot about your neighbors.

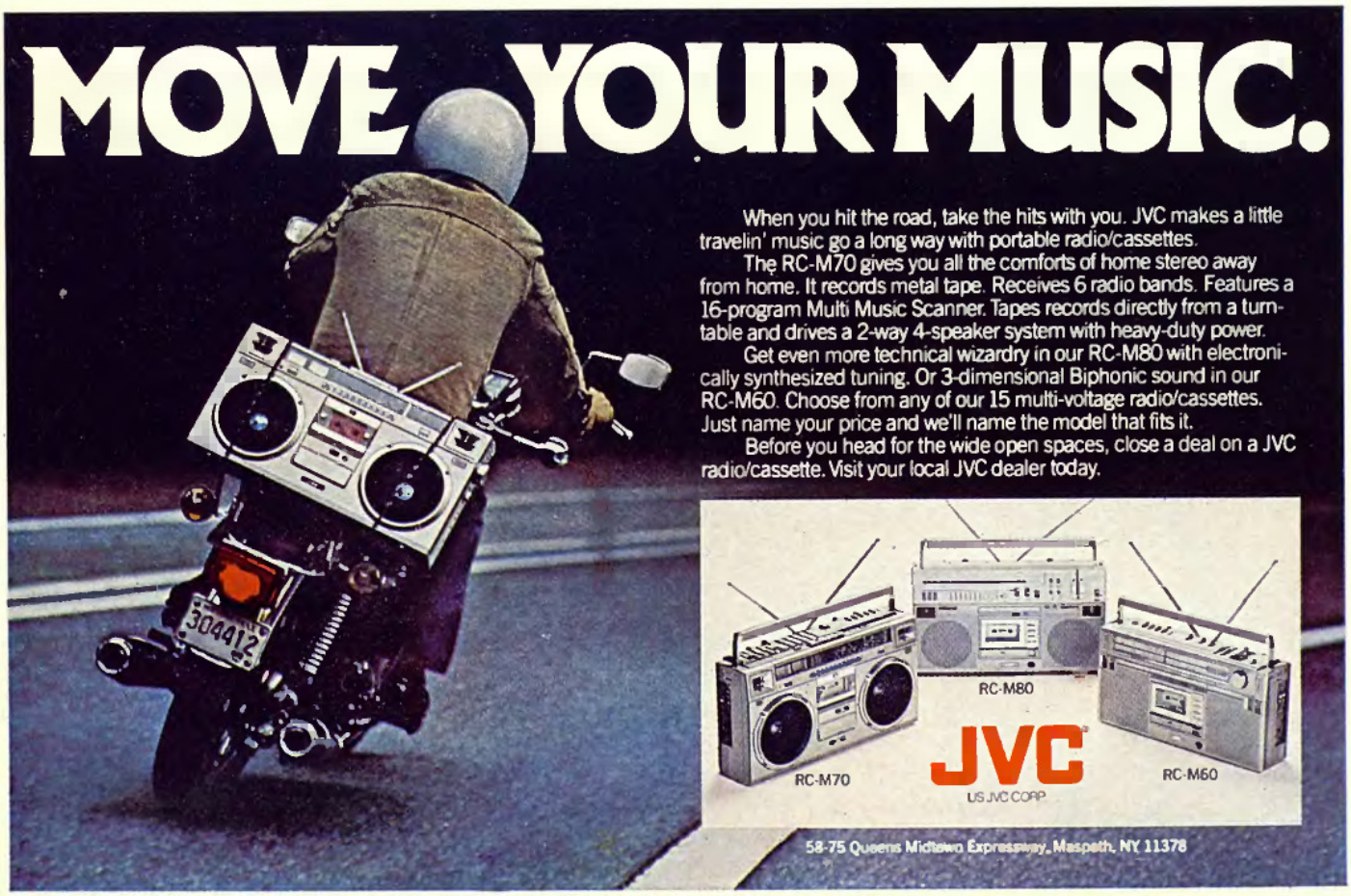
• Live in Bogotá, work in Zurich. A recent report shows that Bogotá, Colombia, is one of the cheapest places in the world to live, but wages and salaries are highest in Zurich, Switzerland. (Interestingly, the report was published by the Union Bank of Switzerland, but let that pass.) You may have a problem with jet lag and you might have to buy an airline to make your commute economical, but practical advice like this shouldn't be ignored.

• Design an ocean plat book, dividing the ocean floor into sections 640 acres square, and auction the whole shebang off on public television. Give book bags to people who buy an underwater township.

• Don't be afraid of failure or rejection or death. This won't make you any money, but it should help you transcend the human condition.

• Write a book of investment advice. Someone is sure to buy it.

• If you meet a man named Horatio who tries to sell you some bull semen, check the credentials of both.



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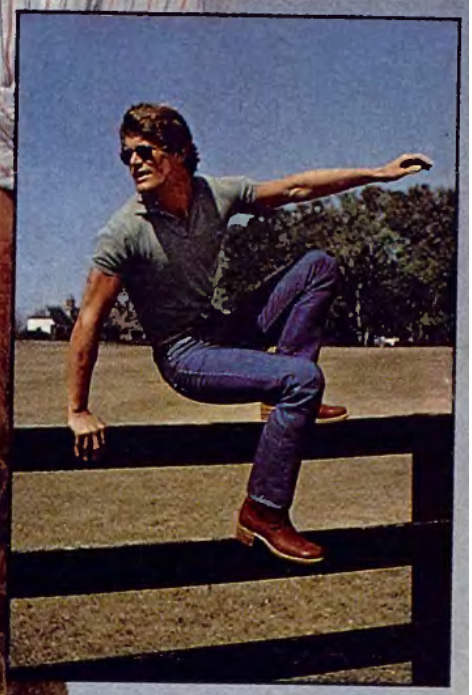

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LARRY HAGMAN

a candid conversation with the evil, dastardly villain of tv's "dallas"

The most hotly debated issue this past summer was not the fate of the American hostages in Iran, how long the recession would endure, which Presidential candidate would do us the least harm or what teams would be in the world series.

It was far more weighty and complex: Ask any one of the 300,000,000 people in 57 countries who were glued to their TV sets that fateful night in March when an unknown assailant pumped two hot lead slugs into the gut of prime-time's premier putz, "Dallas'" magnificently despicable oil robber baron, John Ross Ewing, Jr.

Since "Dallas'" 1978 launch, the latter-day "Peyton Place" intrigues of the Texan Ewing clan have become de rigueur *TV fare. After the attack, the question "Who shot J.R.?" reverberated from rural living rooms to network board rooms and surfaced in the betting pools of London and Las Vegas. And with good reason. Nearly every member of the "Dallas" ensemble had ample motive to want J.R. dead.*

What began as a master stroke of programing also became a merchandising bonanza. The original I HATE J.R. *and* I LOVE J.R. *T-shirts were soon joined by a slew of buttons and bumper stickers touting the elder Ewing brother for President. An English rock group, the Wurzels, scored with its double-sided hit—that's right—"I Love J.R." backed with "I Hate J.R." Apparently one could have it both ways, as actor Larry Hagman, the man behind J.R.'s smile, had long since discovered. "Everyone knows it's fun to be bad," said Hagman, thrilling to his never-never-land notoriety.*

Once best known for his portrayal of Major Anthony Nelson, the harried flyboy love object of an affection-starved Barbara Eden in "I Dream of Jeannie," Hagman seemed almost destined for his current role as an overstuffed Iago in a Stetson. He was born September 21, 1931, in Fort Worth, Texas, to lawyer Ben Hagman and actress Mary Martin. Among other things, the elder Hagman was a legal counsel for large oil concerns.

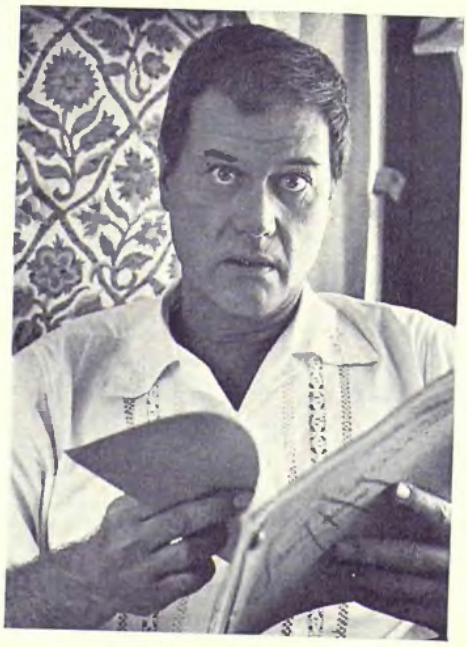
Hagman's parents divorced in 1936. Martin took her son to California. For seven years, he lived with his maternal grandmother and attended a series of private and military schools. Martin went in search of stardom. She eventually found it in "South Pacific" and "Peter Pan." She enrolled her son in a progressive-education school in Vermont, when he was 14. There, Hagman learned about sex, cigarettes and burning down the boys' dormitory. He was asked to leave.

Lured by the "cowboy stories of Zane Grey," Hagman went to live with his father in Weatherford, Texas. He hunted, fished, endured the rigors of manual labor and graduated two years later from Weatherford High. Ben Hagman wanted his son to be a lawyer, but Larry chose his mother's graduation present of a trip to Europe instead.

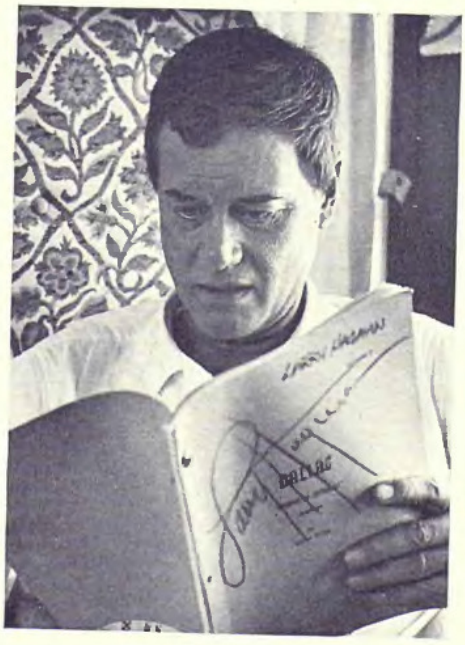
After two months in Sweden, Hagman enrolled in Bard College in New York State. But it was a scholastically unsuccessful effort. "I majored in drinking, wenching, dance and theater—in that order," remembered Hagman, who soon returned to Texas to become an actor.

His first job was with the Margo Jones Theater in the Round, in Dallas. Soon he moved to New York for some regional theater. His next stop was two years with the London production of "South Pacific."

In 1952, Hagman joined the Air Force with the promise of being stationed in England for the duration of his enlistment. There he directed and acted in Service shows. He also met and married



"J.R. does anything he wants, has lots of fun and gets away with it. He has a strange sense of humor. People don't usually have that much glee. Aren't you going to ask me who shot him?"



"I think I know who did it. I'm in a real bind here. It's like having the secret to the nuclear bomb. The Rosenbergs were executed for less important stuff than this. Well, maybe not."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON PHILLIPS

"No, I couldn't possibly say . . . unless . . . I could talk you into coughing up some bucks. Say half a million? I'd split it with you. Wait. A split doesn't mean 50-50. Tell ya what: I'll give you ten percent."

Swedish-born designer Maj (pronounced my) Axelsson.

After his discharge, the Hagmans tried to run Mary Martin's 1000-acre Brazilian ranch but ended up in California in 1965 looking for acting jobs again, when he was offered the male lead in "I Dream of Jeannie." The show is still syndicated world wide.

Hagman followed "Jeannie" with two unsuccessful TV series, "The Good Life" and "Here We Go Again." He also acted in numerous motion pictures, including "Fail Safe," "Stardust," "Mother, Jugs & Speed," "The Eagle Has Landed," "Harry and Tonto" and "Superman." He will next appear in Blake Edwards' "S.O.B." (And not as the s.o.b.)

In 1978, Hagman took the role of J. R. Ewing in Lorimar Production's miniseries "Dallas." Largely due to Hagman's against-the-grain rendering of the duplicitous J.R. as a grinning heavy, the show proved a rousing success. He has been smiling ever since.

But this past summer, Hagman used the shooting episode to press for a contract renegotiation. What followed was a widely publicized battle over wages and other perks that was almost on a par with "Dallas'" own internecine intrigue.

As exterior filming for the new season began in June, in Dallas, Hagman was gallivanting around in England with Maj, attending the Ascot races and joyously suffering the mob adoration of British fans. His high-profile posing was more than a vacation: It was a calculated move of Ewingesque proportions. Hagman was trying to make it both impossible and foolish to kill him off. But Lorimar was not without leverage. It made it clear that it was not unlikely that, in an ambulance crash on the way to the hospital, J.R.'s face could be burned off. And that a month later, emerging from the bandages would be . . . Robert Culp. Three weeks into the shooting schedule, an "amicable, fair" agreement was reached.

Once back in Dallas, Hagman arrived at Southfork to a crush of international reporters to whom he gushed automatic answers like so much Texas crude. (And no answer to "the question.") When the horde finally dispersed and he had retreated to the privacy of his rented Dallas home for a long holiday weekend, PLAYBOY *asked frequent contributor* **David Rensin** *to brave the unseasonable heat and interview the man America loves to hate. Rensin's report:*

"If life is one big party, then Larry Hagman is wearing the lamp shade. In fact, our first meeting was at a party for 200 out-of-town TV editors at the actor's Malibu home. Our introduction was necessarily brief. Although Hagman circulated constantly, and thoroughly enjoyed the attention, the barrage of questions was endless. It was my first of many exposures to the frenzy Hagman regularly encounters.

"Three days later, in Dallas, it was the same, only this time fans waited outside the Southfork-set gates and police guard, in 107-degree-plus heat. When Hagman drove up, sweaty hands clutching pens and papers smeared against the car windows. He distributed handfuls of special Larry Hagman $100 bills he'd had printed to appease his autograph-hunting fans.

"Except for a persistent crank caller, life was calmer at Hagman's secluded home. Our first sessions took place while standing chest-deep in the swimming pool to escape the murderous temperatures. We drank—no, consumed—bottles of Hagman's staple: ice-cold champagne. Hagman was casual, talkative, often boisterous. His favorite expression of 'Shitfire!' was appended to most sentences. My first sure sign that he was warming to our conversations was when, around sunset, he suggested we take the Golden Fish Tour.

"The tour began with a leisurely cruise in Hagman's steel-gray Mercedes turbo diesel, past various Dallas nonlandmarks. The main attraction was spinning reckless circles in a parking lot surrounding twin reflector sunglass buildings the color of Duracell batteries. Vivaldi screamed on the tape deck; the windows, sun roof and mouths of amazed bystanders were wide open

"It's almost too easy to say that Hagman's a devoted husband and father; a wonderful guy; just like you and me—only richer. It's true that he's perched on the highest peak of his life, but he views his precarious position philosophically. He's aware of the debt he owes his fans, his family and himself; that he's worked damn hard.

"But what best sums up the essence of Larry Hagman happened as we were leaving a Dallas rancher's annual Fourth of July party. Cushioned by a few drinks and a wonderful evening of home-cooked food and Texas hospitality, Hagman, Maj, Maj's sister, her husband and I settled into the Mercedes and headed down the long driveway of the E-bar-S ranch. Hagman opened the windows and sun roof to the cool, 95-degree evening and turned on the radio. To our surprise, the d.j. introduced the 'Theme from Dallas.' Hagman cranked up the volume over our laughter. He took a deep breath, like a hit on a primo bomber. He punched the gas and, as we sped away, yelled, 'Whooo-eeee' long and hard into the night.

"When we began our conversations, Hagman unexpectedly turned on a tape recorder of his own. Remembering his apparent facility and rapport with the press, it seemed an uncharacteristic move. I asked him about it immediately."

"How do you refute a reporter's lie? Act like old J.R.? Time wounds all heels, as far as I'm concerned."

PLAYBOY: Why do you have your own tape recorder on?

HAGMAN: Because often reporters' stories don't say what their tapes say. They prefer to say whatever *they* want and if that happens, I like to have some recourse; maybe contact their editors and let them know I have a transcript of what was said.

PLAYBOY: Don't you trust people?

HAGMAN: Yeah, pretty much, until they prove otherwise.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever called an editor?

HAGMAN: Yes. There was a reporter from San Francisco who said I'd called *Dallas* "a piece of shit," though he used "S, dot, dot, T." I never said that. I would never say it about a production even if I thought it. That's shitting in your own rice bowl. CBS was upset about it. Lorimar, too. But how do you refute it? Act like old J.R. the next time you see the guy? Time wounds all heels, as far as I'm concerned. So I called his editor. He stood by the reporter. I mailed a transcript, then called again. The editor said he'd read the transcript but would "still stand by what was printed in the paper." I hadn't doctored my tapes and obviously things didn't jibe, so I asked for a retraction. The editor said it wasn't the policy of his paper to do that.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

HAGMAN: I told him I hoped he knew I wouldn't grant his reporters any more interviews. He said, "Frankly, Mr. Hagman, I don't give a damn." Now, I like press people. I have some really good friends in the press. Fine, responsible people. But you've got to take the good with the bad. There are those who will take advantage of your candor, or your lack of it. In the end, there's nothing you can do about it unless you're someone nonpress like De Niro or Redford, who make a film every three years. It's part of the action. The press is part of my living. I have some friends who just fucking *hate* any press and will go out of their way to make their lives [*screams*] MISERABLE! But, hell, the press is just people looking for copy.

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Dec. 4 thru 10

And if you don't give it to them, they're going to make it up. And once it's in print and picked up all around the world, there's nothing you can do about it.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you just refuse interviews?

HAGMAN: Well, Jesus Christ! I suppose I could, but then I'd be living in a jailhouse. The press is always there, anyway. It's their job to find out something. So what's the difference? At least if they have a chance to know you, they might be a little kinder. They might print part of the truth.

PLAYBOY: What other erroneous stories have been published about you?

HAGMAN: A lot of reporters ask, "Would you say you resented your mother, Mary Martin, for being a big star when you were not?" I'd say, "No. I don't resent her." And they'd print, "Larry Hagman resents his mother for being a big star when he wasn't." When I confront them and play the tape back, they say, "Well, Larry, it was such a dull interview. We wanted to make some good copy." And recently, there was a report that I'd won $63,000 betting at Ascot when I was in England. Where does that come from? It's bullshit. I couldn't believe it. I mean, holy shit, if I won that money, you'd hear about it. It would be a fucking windfall. And who the hell wants the IRS coming to your door, saying, "Where's the money you owe us?" What really happened was that I *lost* $16—and that's not including the rental of the suit and car. It cost me $2000 just to get there.

PLAYBOY: Well, this is your opportunity to set the record straight.

HAGMAN: It's always been relatively straight. I'm not going to say reporters are full of shit or sue them for putting words into my mouth. It's a business, like anything else.

PLAYBOY: That's a rather philosophical attitude.

HAGMAN: Not entirely. There *are* people who have printed lies about me. Absolute fucking lies that could hurt my career. That's the difference. Them, I go after. But never legally, and never in an obvious way.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like J.R. talking. Do you have the *National Enquirer* in mind?

HAGMAN: I'm not going to mention any names. That would put them in a position to retaliate against a retaliation that hasn't even happened yet. I'll only say that there is a paper in the U.S. that goes out of its way to make lives miserable, to revile people. I'm not going to fool with their reporters. I'm going straight to the people who own it.

PLAYBOY: How will you retaliate?

HAGMAN: Harassment, embarrassment, humiliation, lying, cheating, stealing, vandalism.

PLAYBOY: What tactics do you exclude?

HAGMAN: Just physical violence. Totally. There are ways of making people pay who fuck you up. I'd be more specific, but that will take all the fun out of it when I do it.

PLAYBOY: Let's try to be specific, anyway. One quote from the *Enquirer* reads, "He [Hagman] swims in his pool with rope tied around his waist—and the other end tied to his house." Is that true?

HAGMAN: I've got a little pool that's not long enough to do laps in. Esther Williams told me how she works out. She attaches a shock cord to the side of her house and swims in place in the middle of the pool. She can do laps in one place. But the *Enquirer* didn't want to get into that.

PLAYBOY: It also claimed, "He dug a hole on Malibu beach, because, he said, 'Every beach should have one.' "

HAGMAN: It was a fire pit. We were tearing down part of my house and burning the stuff up. I even had a fire permit—I don't do things halfway. What I said was, "Every beach ought to have a hole in it *for a fire*."

"There are ways of making people pay who fuck you up. I'd be more specific, but that will take the fun out of it when I do it."

PLAYBOY: So you've been misquoted. But the accurate quotes would still suggest you're quite an eccentric.

HAGMAN: Well, I am eccentric to the extent that I collect funny hats and costumes and flags and have marches on the beach. But what the fuck? I mean, eccentric more than what? Outrageous is more like it. I just like to live out my life a little more than most people.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HAGMAN: I just like to attract attention, I suppose. It seems to be a fun way of doing things. I suppose I could come up with a lot of bullshit for you, but it would just be bullshit. I could give you four to five hundred different *reasons*, but they wouldn't be valid. I just *do*. The real point is that what's been printed is all lies specifically designed to sell copy. But in that *Enquirer* article, they also said I'd had tantrums on the set——

PLAYBOY: We were going to get to that——

HAGMAN: That I had boozed, held up production and cost the series hundreds of thousands of dollars. And it was absolute fucking lies. I mean, I've had a few drinks on the set at the end of the day, but, Jesus Christ, do you think Lorimar would let me direct the show—which I've done and will continue to do—much less act in it, if things were that way? No fucking way. Another thing: The *Enquirer* said they got their information from members of the crew and from an actor who worked on the show. I asked who those people were so I could confront them, but the *Enquirer* said that under the First Amendment, they didn't have to tell me. I asked them how I was going to defend myself and they said, "Get a lawyer and prove that we're wrong."

PLAYBOY: But you're avoiding legal recourse.

HAGMAN: Right. I investigated it and found it would cost anywhere from $50,000 to $1,000,000. And if you win your case in court, they will print a retraction on the 17th page under the hemorrhoids ad. Two small lines saying, "We're sorry. We made a mistake." The problem is that not only is this story in the *Enquirer* but it's also picked up in five London newspapers and 30 more around the world. Five years from now, a producer will see my name on a list of actors he wants for a film and say, "Jesus, *I don't know where I heard it*, but I understand Larry Hagman is difficult to work with, a pain in the ass, throws tantrums, drinks on the set. Let's pass him over." *That's* where this can hurt you. My agents have already called me about it a couple times, saying it was getting in the way. People don't pick up that I've been happily married for 25 years, have a stable family and that my mother's a wonderful actress. So that's where I'm going to get back. In fact, I know several people who are part of a world-wide group banding together to make a fund to combat this sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Are you contributing?

HAGMAN: No. All it does is make lawyers rich. I like direct action. I'm a firm believer in revenge. [*Long pause*] It's all going to be part of a film I'm doing. It's my film. I'm writing it, and in it I will retaliate. It's called *Vendetta Inc.*, and it will make their life as miserable as they've made others'. I won't have to be rich to get satisfaction. Just imaginative.

PLAYBOY: Do you play the poor guy screwed by the paper?

HAGMAN: No. The owner—a guy who gets the shit kicked out of him with every justification in the world.

PLAYBOY: A J.R. character who gets it in the end?

HAGMAN: Why not? That's what everybody wants.

PLAYBOY: There's been lots of armchair analyzing of J.R. How much do you mind talking about him at this point?

HAGMAN: It's almost impossible to avoid, so I go with the flow.

PLAYBOY: What kind of guy is J.R. to you?

HAGMAN: He's not someone who does evil things for the thrill of it. Oh, he's led astray now and then; likes a little strange pussy now and then; but, generally speaking, the guy's just taking care of business, the family. It's the American ethic. And if people get in the way, they've got to take their lumps. If J.R. feels Bobby can't take care of things as well as he does, he's got to be aced out. And that's just the way it is. He doesn't do *despicable* things.

PLAYBOY: What about wrestling with Pamela and causing her miscarriage?

HAGMAN: He didn't do that purposely; no way. He was drunk and asking her forgiveness and she fell off the goddamn roof. It was written as if he caused it, but he didn't. I didn't play it that way. Pamela was just having hysterics when she fell.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a rare moment—for J.R. to be asking forgiveness?

HAGMAN: [*Laughs*] Yeah. It was early in the season.

PLAYBOY: J.R. has been the man America loves to hate for more than three years. How do you account for his having so fascinated the American public?

HAGMAN: [*Nefarious chuckle and J.R. smile*] Well, obviously, it's the way I act him, don't you think?

PLAYBOY: There *have* been other villains. Why J.R.?

HAGMAN: He's so cute. Lovable. Charming. He's a real nice guy lots of the time. When he wants to shaft you, he's even nicer. I think it's because everybody's got an asshole like J.R. somewhere in the family or at work. I've had people come up to me and say, "You son of a bitch. You've got it down absolutely fucking right! That's my boss." Then their wives come up and say, "Larry, he's lying. That's not his boss, that's him." The guy's everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Anthropologist Ashley Montagu, interviewed for a *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* article, said that J.R. "represents the covert character of America: that he makes a mockery of the adage 'Crime doesn't pay.'" A clinical psychologist suggested in the same article that he provides us with a means of "seeing our own evil." Is J.R. the underbelly of the traditional American ethic?

HAGMAN: Right. Right. Well, print that. They said it better than I could. Shitfire! I don't even understand what they said, but sure, use that.

PLAYBOY: What makes J.R. appealing to you?

HAGMAN: He does anything he wants, has lots of fun and gets away with it. J.R. has a strange sense of humor. People don't usually have that much glee. Aren't you going to ask me who shot him?

PLAYBOY: Later. You've recently had occasion to meet some *real* J.R.s. What were they like?

HAGMAN: Well, a lot of them are really good businessmen. They're a lot smarter than you think. They come on as Texas hicks, but they're brilliant as crackers. Basically, I think they would just like to have my business. Self-interest is at the core of just about *all* our conversations. They don't treat me like J.R. To them, I'm Larry Hagman the actor, who they think is making $20,000,000 a fucking minute.

PLAYBOY: How much *do* you make?

HAGMAN: Ten million a minute.

PLAYBOY: That's another topic we'll have to pursue. First, do you think any of J.R.'s fans *really* hate him?

HAGMAN: No. Not at all. I think *love* is the predominant four-letter word here. I've never had anyone come up and say, "I really don't like you." It's always, "I hate you. Give me a kiss." Just the women on that one. Last night, a woman followed me around the Playboy Club all evening. Finally, as I'm getting into the car with my wife, stepmother and friends, she screams, "So long, asshole. I love you!" It's one of those moments that are so indicative of the character. There are a million others.

"J.R. likes a little strange pussy now and then; but, generally speaking, the guy's just taking care of business, the family. It's the American ethic."

PLAYBOY: You seem to be handling it all pretty well.

HAGMAN: Sure. It'll all be gone in another 30, 40 seconds.

PLAYBOY: What's your fan mail like?

HAGMAN: I sure get a lot of it. Sacks of it. Fortunately, the post office is just across the street. They bring it over and just ask that I return the bags.

PLAYBOY: Do you get any suggestive pictures from women?

HAGMAN: [*Casually*] Oh, I get a few of those, but not really many.

PLAYBOY: We have a quote here——

HAGMAN: Yeah, yeah. I know. I just said that at one time I'd gotten letters from ladies who made certain sexual propositions and sent pictures, and so forth.

PLAYBOY: Do you keep them?

HAGMAN: Hell, no! I looked at them when I opened the things, but it doesn't interest me. I don't answer that kind of letter.

PLAYBOY: Take us back to the beginning. How did you develop the J. R. Ewing character?

HAGMAN: Well, Lorimar and the writers came up with J.R., but I'd been working on a character like him for years. In the Seventies, I did an English rock-'n'-roll film called *Stardust*. In it, I played Porter Lee Austin, a feisty, fast-talking American businessman who ended up managing a Beatleslike rock group called the Stray Cats. Marty Balsam was supposed to do the part, but couldn't, so my agent sent me the script. Originally, it called for a guy with a Boston accent—some *mafioso* who had gone to Harvard. So I got both my Boston and Italian accents down, went over to England and studied for three weeks. Sat in a hotel room getting the whole fucking character ready. Then I went to meet the writer and the director for lunch at an Italian restaurant in Soho. I wore a pinstriped suit. Gave 'em my whole thing. Finally, they asked me where I was from. I told them Weatherford, Texas, and they asked if it would be possible for me to play the part with a Texas accent. I ended up doing an early J. R. Ewing in Porter Lee. You know: "Don't worry about a *goddamn* thing, boy. Everything's gonna be all right. Meanwhile, we're gonna fleece the shit out of you. But you're gonna enjoy every minute!"

PLAYBOY: In *Stardust*, Porter Lee seemed to enjoy life a little more than J.R.

HAGMAN: Bigger budget. I also based J.R. on a guy who lived in Weatherford. But I can't tell you too much about him, because it might hurt his family, whom I've known fairly well for the last 30 years.

PLAYBOY: Was he an oilman?

HAGMAN: Yeah. He was into oil. I guess I can say that. There were a lot of oilmen in Weatherford.

PLAYBOY: What was it about him that impressed you?

HAGMAN: Good-natured ruthlessness. He really enjoyed what he was doing and had no qualms about hurting anyone. If they couldn't defend themselves, then that was *their* tough luck. He did things with such abandon it was a joy to see.

PLAYBOY: Did he have any redeeming qualities?

HAGMAN: He was a survivor. Also a deacon in the church—heavy, heavy into religion. A well-respected man. His ruthless abandon was just what was expected in that era, the late Forties.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever his victim?

HAGMAN: Not at all. He used to come and visit my dad. I only remember him as sort of crazy fun. He was someone who would drive his jeep straight up your stairs, through the front door, into your living room, and park it there at

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two in the morning. When you were home. And *leave* it for two or three weeks. I found that kinda interesting.

PLAYBOY: Did the townspeople love to hate him, too?

HAGMAN: Well, he didn't have the exposure I have. There weren't 50,000,000 people watching him every Friday night.

PLAYBOY: It's been written that you regularly slip back and forth between Larry Hagman and J. R. Ewing. Yet there are some actors, Henry Winkler is one example, who go to great pains to insist they are *not* their character. How closely do you identify with J.R.?

HAGMAN: Well, I'm enough of J.R. to know what *he* is and what *I* am. It's too much fun to take seriously. And nobody calls me Mr. Hagman. It's either Larry or J.R. Swear to God. I kind of slip in and out and I don't particularly know when I'm doing it—especially when I'm in Texas. It's an unconscious thing. I'm J.R. when people expect it and ol' Lar when I feel that ol' Lar should be out there. But, like I said, it's pretty close to my personality, anyway. The line is very fine.

PLAYBOY: There must be lots of pressure from fans to be J.R.

HAGMAN: I tell people more or less what they want to hear.

PLAYBOY: What goes through your head when you switch back and forth that way?

HAGMAN: I fake it. If I don't know what I'm doing, I can fake it. I really don't have time to dwell on these thoughts, to tell you the truth. I'm just too fucking busy. It's an esoteric question and it requires an esoteric answer. So: Half the time I don't know what I'm doing and half the time I don't care to know what I'm doing. I just go with it.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel capable at this point of reflecting on your incredible success?

HAGMAN: It's awful hard to be reflective when it's going on. You have to be looking either backward or forward. I'm in the eye of the storm, so to speak. I'm just having fun. I've learned to deal with the attention and it's not that bad, you know. About the time it starts to get on my nerves, it will be dying down, anyway.

PLAYBOY: When you can reflect on it, given all the craziness of your life now, is it difficult to keep track of who *you* are—your core?

HAGMAN: Well, whenever that happens, it happens below the belly button and above the pubic bone. Whenever I get any kind of white light, it's there. That's my core. I know where the center is and how to center. If I ever get upset, I know how to find that warm, comfortable place. And that's all I need. I guess you could say I was self-ish. With

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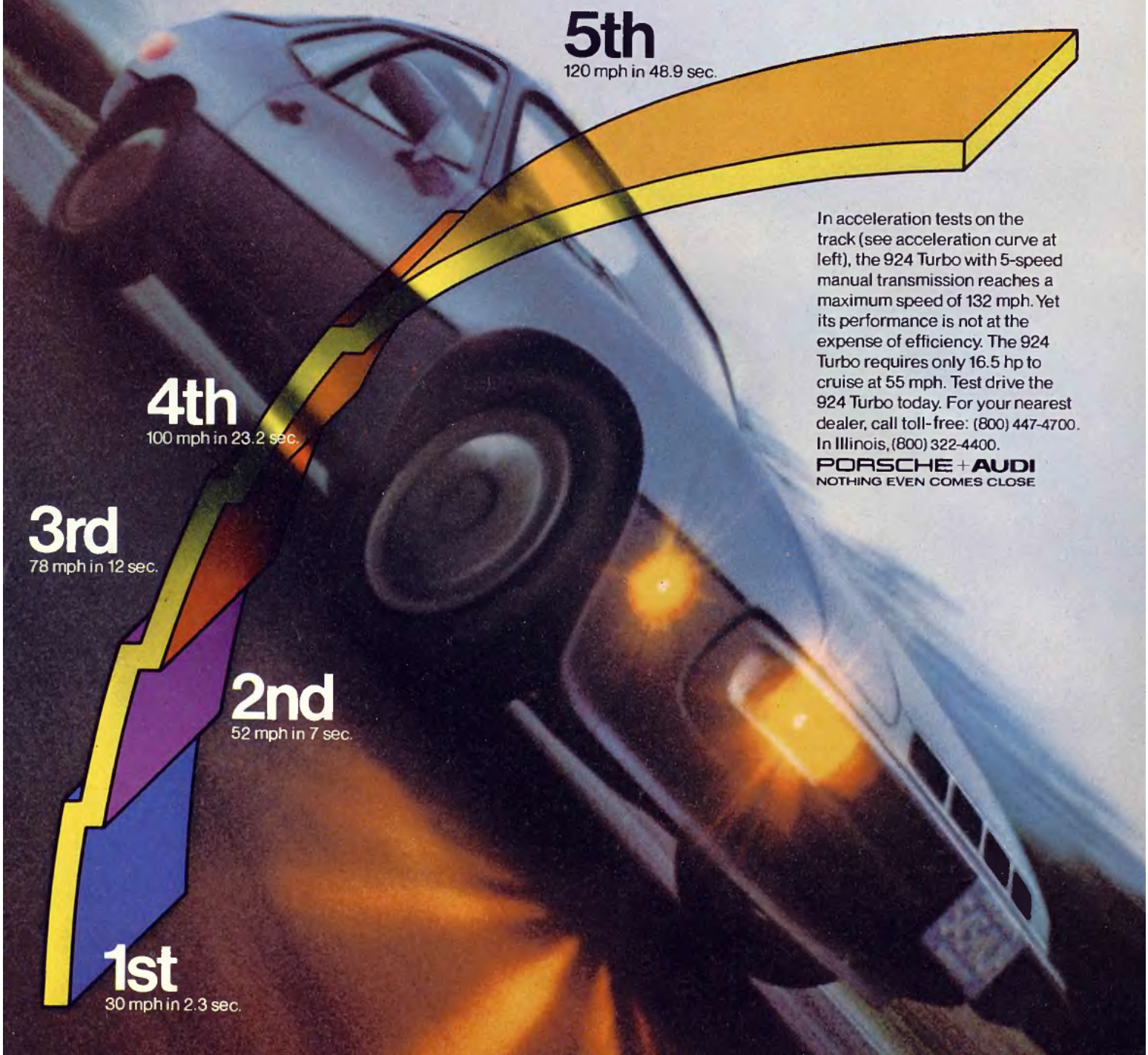

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a hyphen. When I find peace in myself, I have no problems dealing with other people and they have no problems dealing with me. I'm a firm believer in self-ishness.

PLAYBOY: Where did that come from?

HAGMAN: I think maybe Alan Watts. He's one of my heroes. I kind of like his philosophy—whatever the fuck it was. It kept wandering around.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet Watts before his death?

HAGMAN: Yeah. I was on a jaunt with my son, Preston, and we just happened to walk into the Esalen Institute, and there was Alan Watts giving a seminar. I'd read his book, *The Joyous Cosmology*, the week before, but didn't understand it. After listening to him for half an hour, I understood it.

PLAYBOY: Did you continue your relationship?

HAGMAN: I met him only once again, at the house of a friend of mine, a successful businessman who asked Watts to come down and drop acid with him. My friend asked me over, since he knew I liked Alan so much. Well, Alan comes down two hours late for this thing. When he opens the front door, somebody says, "What would you like?" I figured this supersophisticated, aesthetic, charming man would ask for herb tea. Instead, he says, "I would like a very, very dry martini. Make it a double; straight up." Well, I nearly shit. He asks for a jolt. And after that, I loved him even more, because I thought, *Here* is an interesting dude.

PLAYBOY: Anything else stand out about that meeting?

HAGMAN: I asked him if he would describe his ideal room for me and where he would like to be in it. He said, "I would like to be in a room full of hundreds of thousands of drawers, in each of which is an experience. Perhaps a Japanese tea ceremony in one, a dry martini in another, the study of the Tao in a third."

PLAYBOY: What kind of room would *you* like?

HAGMAN: The same. Only mine would also have to have a Jacuzzi.

PLAYBOY: So the real Larry Hagman emerges.

HAGMAN: I've got Jacuzzis all over my house. My wife, Maj, builds them. The family that bathes together stays together. [*Pause*] See, the thing is, perhaps what you see here is what you get. Maybe this is *it* for me. I know how unexciting and boring I might seem, but maybe this is the real me. Most people have never heard of Alan Watts and don't know what the fuck his philosophy is. I'm not sure I do, either. I just think he was an absolute hedonist who liked to enjoy life. So do I. Although I doubt I will ever attain his intellectualism, I'm living my philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Watts was something of a hero to the Sixties hippies. Was that part of your life? Did you drop acid for instance?

HAGMAN: Four times, about ten years ago. Just before I met Watts.

PLAYBOY: Ten years ago, you were playing Major Anthony Nelson, the clean-cut astronaut in *I Dream of Jeannie*. What would the public have said if it had known you were taking LSD trips instead of space trips?

HAGMAN: I honestly don't know. I was more private then, for sure. I've since learned the usefulness of being public. As long as you're dressed properly and playing the game as everyone expects it, you can walk in anywhere in the world and blend in with the situation. Etiquette is the big trip. I'm a chameleon. Most actors are.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember best about your LSD experience?

HAGMAN: I guess it was just about the best thing that ever happened to me. It changed my way of looking at life and, more important than anything else, it changed my way of looking at death.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

HAGMAN: Life is terminal. Death is not. I think death is just another stage of

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our development. I honestly believe that we don't just disappear. We don't go into a void. I think we're part of a big energy curtain, an energy wave in which we are like molecules. The wave has always been here. For example, look at our prayers. They say, "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." When we say that, we are speaking of God, right? We are all God. We *are* God. Acid took the fear of death out of me, the fear of heaven and hell.

PLAYBOY: In what religion were you raised?

HAGMAN: I was confirmed in the Episcopal Church. I did it all—catechism, confirmation, but I lost interest at the age of 12 because I'd taken Communion—which was the goal that had been set for me. The idea of something representing the body and blood of another person is fine, and I'm not knocking it, but frankly, it seemed a little ghoulish to me. Did you read *Stranger in a Strange Land*? You know how they cooked the guy up in the end and had a little soup? *That's* my kind of philosophy. It seems like a great waste to throw all our bodies away. Putting them in the earth in bronze caskets is a waste.

PLAYBOY: So you advocate eating people?

HAGMAN: No. I don't even eat meat. My lawyer asked me how I want to be buried so it could be put into my will. I said I wanted to be minced. Have you ever seen those machines they put cut tree limbs and stuff into? It all comes out in little cubes? Well, I'd like to be minced and spread over a field so that worms could get at it. There ought to be a service that would mince you up and plow you under. Then, wouldn't it be nice to give a party and serve a cake baked from grain raised on the quarter acre of property you were spread over? A Larry Hagman cake? Best damn tasting cake you ever had! And in another year, I could come back again. [*An evil smile*]

PLAYBOY: Don't you think people would find *that* a little ghoulish?

HAGMAN: I don't know. It's just recycling. I'd donate any healthy organs left, and the mincer would take a few minutes, tops. Cremating uses a lot of energy, fuel, that we can't spare. I have a friend, though, who makes ashtrays out of peoples' ashes. Calls them "ashtrays."

PLAYBOY: When asked what he'd like for an epitaph, Johnny Carson said, "I'll be right back." What about yours?

HAGMAN: "How would you like a piece of Larry Hagman cake?"

PLAYBOY: So, to finish with the topic, have you taken acid recently?

HAGMAN: Nope. Ten years ago. It was just one of those little drawers. I had my experience and was ready to go on to something else.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to something else, too. How about politics? J. R. Ewing is being touted as a Presidential candidate, isn't he?

HAGMAN: If elected, I'll serve.

PLAYBOY: What would J.R. do as President?

HAGMAN: The first thing I would do would be to raise the salaries of the President and Vice-President. They shouldn't get less than any of this country's major industrialists. They ought to have a salary that allows them some sort of lifestyle after they get out of office—$5,000,000 a year. You could say what you wanted about public officials, but at least they couldn't be bought off. Shitfire, man, the President gets—what—$200,000? *I* already make more than that.

PLAYBOY: What would President Ewing do about the Iranian crisis?

HAGMAN: He would say, "Fuck the hostages!" When they sign up for that kind of thing, they are like Marines. It's combat and they take their chances. Of course, they ought to get hazardous-duty pay, but they also ought to know full well what might be in store.

"Since I was playing a major in the United States Air Force, the press was not fond of my belief that the Vietnam war was a criminal act."

PLAYBOY: What would Larry Hagman do?

HAGMAN: Larry says get them out as soon as possible and in the easiest manner. I mean, really *do* something. Set up some kind of dialog with those people. Shitfire, if I were President, I would have gone over there and said, "Let my people go or I'm moving in with them."

PLAYBOY: Do you think the oil companies are ripping us off?

HAGMAN: As J.R., I would say, "Our great petrochemical firms are being terribly held back by the restraints put upon them by Government. After all, automobile companies are getting support from Washington!"

PLAYBOY: And Larry's opinion?

HAGMAN: Personally, and seriously, the only alternatives I can see are letting prices float to natural market levels or nationalization. And I have observed during my short life—especially through living in England and having a Swedish wife—that every time you nationalize something, you fuck it up.

PLAYBOY: Would you say J.R.'s opinions are more in tune with the times than Larry's?

HAGMAN: I just tell people what they want to hear. And they want to hear J.R., that's for sure. It's easier for them, believe me. Easier for me, too. J.R. is what we're selling these days. Fifteen years ago, it was Major Anthony Nelson. And I'll tell you, I'm a lot easier to handle now than as Major Nelson.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HAGMAN: At the time of *I Dream of Jeannie*, from 1965 to 1970, the Vietnam war was going full tilt, and I was very much against it. Since I was playing a major in the United States Air Force, the press was not fond of my belief that the war was a criminal act and that those responsible should be put in jail. A lot of them thought I was crazy and, in fact, many journalists I knew personally would not print what I said because they liked me. I knew I might be damaging a product I was trying to sell, but, frankly, I thought it was less important than killing our own children, Servicemen and a lot of others for no reason I could comprehend.

PLAYBOY: How did *Jeannie*'s producers react?

HAGMAN: They told me to shut up. They asked me to go to Vietnam and entertain the troops. I couldn't. And didn't.

PLAYBOY: Would you have served in Vietnam if required?

HAGMAN: No. I would have gotten out somehow.

PLAYBOY: Would prison have been acceptable?

HAGMAN: No. I do not like to be with butt-fuckers. Nope, I would not have done that.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about prison. What about homosexuality outside prison walls?

HAGMAN: Different strokes for different folks. If somebody wants to stick his cock up somebody's ass, and the other person agrees to it, it's OK with me. It has no influence on my life.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been propositioned?

HAGMAN: Plenty of times. I say thanks, but no. Once, when I was in England, I got invited to a party only to find out that *I* was the party. I was 19 and taking ballet over there and it was basically a misunderstanding. Some very prominent actors and directors assumed I was in the homosexual world. I had to, if you'll excuse the expression, bow out. Walking backward, quickly, toward the door.

PLAYBOY: Before we get off the track here, how do you explain your feelings about Vietnam in light of the fact that you were a gung-ho Air Force Serviceman in the early Fifties?

HAGMAN: At the time, I thought yellow-skinned people should be exterminated from the face of the earth. That's what I'd been taught during the Japanese and German wars. I was brainwashed

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into thinking the yellow peril was upon us and that we ought to exterminate them like cock-a-roaches. However, I joined the Air Force to stay away from Korea. I was assured I would remain in England for four years. I was a coward. But a smart one.

PLAYBOY: Is there any issue you feel as strongly about today as Vietnam?

HAGMAN: Not really. I thought Vietnam was solvable, and I don't think any of the issues now are. I don't see how we can make energy cost less, because we've been shitting on the Arabs and now they've finally discovered that oil is very important. I think we fucked up by constantly taking advantage. I think what we all ought to do is go down to a nice island someplace and talk about it. Maybe Hefner would build a Hugh Hefner Disneyland somewhere so we could all have fun and be happy. All the countries in the world would be run by caretaker governments composed of conglomerates and businessmen and artists. The political leaders would go to the island and work something out. And if they couldn't within a year, we'd blow the fucker up and start over again.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you're saying our future in this country looks pretty bleak.

HAGMAN: No. It looks great. For as long as it lasts. Which is maybe five years—that is, before we no longer have much impact, before world-wide anarchy gets out of hand.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the choice between Reagan and Carter?

HAGMAN: Listen. Everyone I've ever voted for has promised to do one thing and then turned around and done the opposite. Carter is a nice man. I don't want to hurt his feelings. Reagan may be damned good for this country.

PLAYBOY: So you'll vote for him.

HAGMAN: Shit, no! [*His best J.R. smile*] Back somebody else besides myself for President? Surely you jest! Christ, I'm probably the best bet everybody's got right now in this country. Me and Walter Cronkite.

PLAYBOY: Will Cronkite be J.R.'s running mate?

HAGMAN: Yeah. We met at a CBS affiliates' meeting. We were talking in line while about 300 stars were being introduced. He said, "I hear you're up for President." And I said, "Yes, sir, and I hear you're up for Vice-President." He said, "That's true." So I said, "Well, Mr. Cronkite, if you want to be President, I'll step down. Besides, I think *Vice*-President is a much more appropriate office for J. R. Ewing." And he said, "You know, kid, we just might win." Goddamn! Such a nice man. And it occurs to me that even if we couldn't win, we could certainly divide the vote.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, whom will you vote for?

HAGMAN: I don't know if there's any real choice, but in the last three elections, I voted for Dr. Spock. I figure anyone who will admit to fucking up two generations of children gets my vote. I think in the end we'll get whatever we deserve.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about *Dallas*. Do you watch it?

HAGMAN: I tape it. It's on too late for me. I watch it Sunday morning, and since I don't talk on Sundays, I can't comment on it. That makes it even better.

PLAYBOY: Fortunately, this isn't Sunday. What do you think of the show?

HAGMAN: I'm pretty pleased with it. I've gotten out of the business of trying to influence the writers or the cutting like I did on *Jeannie*. It's exactly what it's designed to be: entertainment. It's a real good comment on a mythical country.

PLAYBOY: Mythical?

HAGMAN: Absolutely. A lady I know here in Dallas, who's right in there socially, told me that the first time she saw *Dallas*, she thought it was "the cutest little science-fiction story she'd ever seen." And she's right. If you ever put what Dallas was really all about on

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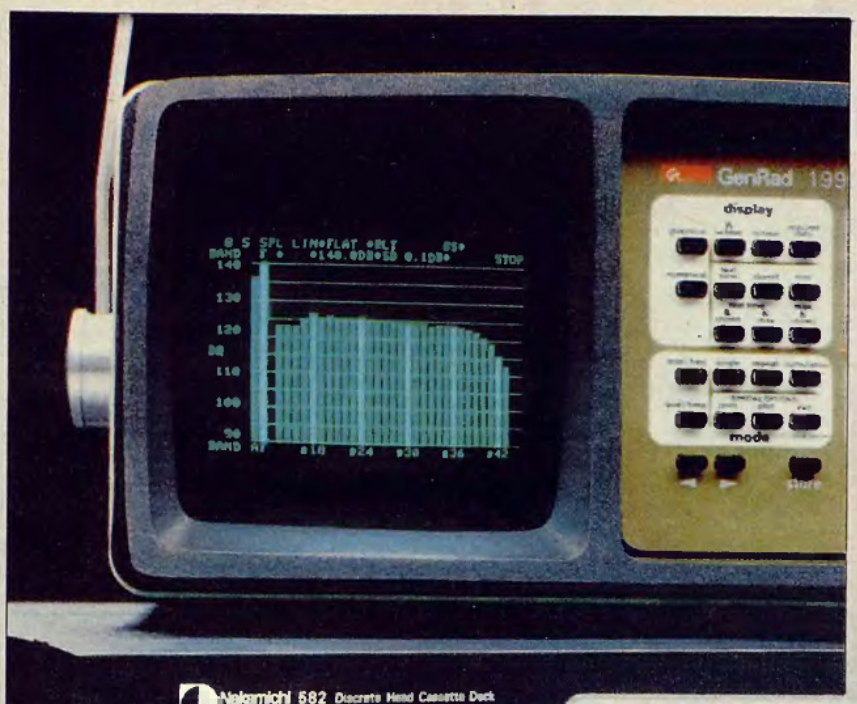

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television, they wouldn't run it.

PLAYBOY: For example?

HAGMAN: Ever hear about H. L. Hunt and how he had three families at one time? Or T. Cullen Davis? It's bizarre. People would not believe the level of intrigue and family feuding that goes on down here. It's endemic, pandemic.

PLAYBOY: That kind of intrigue doesn't sound above the *Dallas* writers.

HAGMAN: Well, they're learning just from being here. They're finding out that all those things they thought about Dallas are just Milquetoast compared with what the reality is. Texas is air-conditioned street theater. It's all Greek stories. Texans are the Greeks of America.

PLAYBOY: What would you change about the show?

HAGMAN: I'd probably get into more social problems. We have no blacks and only two Hispanics. I don't know if they're Mexicans or not, because they're never allowed to say anything. Plus, there are no Jews, Indians, Chinese. Dallas has a surprisingly big Vietnamese population, you know.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't that detract from what makes *Dallas* work?

HAGMAN: You could work it in. Lucy falls in love with the Mexican waiter. Or Ray could have a Vietnamese girlfriend. Nah—he's got enough problems already.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

HAGMAN: He's going to be revealed as Jock Ewing's son. But *not* Miss Ellie's.

PLAYBOY: What else can we expect this season?

HAGMAN: Ray's the big one, but I think maybe Lucy gets married, too.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for *Dallas*' appeal?

HAGMAN: It's got lots of glitter and it's about rich people getting fucked up. Mistakes they make. That seems to cut across all social barriers. It's got a certain kind of panache and drive and sex and greed that people find interesting. It's huge in England, and I hope one day it goes to Germany, because the Germans are a lot like Texans: hard-workin', hard-eatin', hard-drinkin', like pretty women and flashy cars.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you afraid for your career—that you'll be type-cast forever?

HAGMAN: God, I hope not. Don't say that. Bite your tongue. [*Pause*] You mean this would be the end of my career, that I'd be stuck with this character?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

HAGMAN: I don't think so. I'm a versatile actor. I've got other roles in me. Just haven't discovered them yet. See, I figure you never know in a television series. Either it catches on or it doesn't. It goes through a cycle. I never really thought this show would go, but now it's gotten hysterical. And I'm sure there are thousands of people in other segments of the industry trying to figure out why, especially at NBC and ABC. CBS just wants to perpetuate it. Lorimar wants to duplicate it.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying, "TV is crowd control." What did you mean by that?

HAGMAN: It's the perfect element for this era. Think of what people would be doing if they weren't watching television. If they weren't sitting in a little room watching a little box, they'd be out in the streets kicking ass.

PLAYBOY: On what do you base that conclusion?

HAGMAN: It's just a theory. But people sit at home from six at night till God knows when, in a controlled environment. There're not enough moviehouses in America to consume all their energy, so TV is the opiate of the people. It's where religion was 100 years ago.

PLAYBOY: With Fred Silverman and Bill Paley as high priests?

HAGMAN: The stars like me would be the high priests. I'd be a bishop or something. Cronkite would be the Pope. Look, suppose the Government, as it often does, comes out and says that TV causes cancer of the eyeballs, and to protect the American populace, TV is being canceled. We're no longer allowed to watch. The networks would go under and millions of people would be out of work. What do you think they're going to do with their time? Read? Bullshit! They haven't been taught to read for the last 30 years. They're going to be in the streets yelling, "Let's get television back" or "Let's change social conditions." If you were the Government, wouldn't you think it was better to keep people in their homes than to cope with their social demands?

"Texas is air-conditioned street theater. It's all Greek stories. Texans are the Greeks of America."

PLAYBOY: What does it feel like to be a pacifier?

HAGMAN: I'm very grateful. If people started getting into what it's all about, how they're controlled, they'd be out doing something about it. I don't want that. Everything is working just fine.

PLAYBOY: What happens when people read this interview and learn the truth?

HAGMAN: They won't believe it. I've been saying it for ten, 20 years, and no one believes it. No one's taken me seriously. But I think TV is better than the alternatives: crowds in the street, getting shot down, chaos.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute; *you* get shot in *Dallas*.

HAGMAN: I didn't particularly like that. I thought it could have been something more imaginative.

PLAYBOY: It seemed to us a *very* imaginative stroke, at least in terms of publicity.

HAGMAN: Well, it was smart, and it was the best thing to suck people in for the next season. But I think I could have gotten into an elevator and fallen 13 stories.

PLAYBOY: So, instead, we'd have heard all year long: "Who cut the cable?"

HAGMAN: It's just that guns are so immediate and available. If you really wanted to do someone in, you could think of something more elaborate. But it seemed to work out OK. Do you want to know who shot me yet?

PLAYBOY: Soon. What do you think of all the *Dallas* rip-offs? *Oil, Texas*. . . .

HAGMAN: It's a big airwave out there.

PLAYBOY: Has there been any talk about *Dallas: The Movie*?

HAGMAN: Not to me. We'd probably never get cast in it, anyway. They'd get the latest hit stars.

PLAYBOY: What would *Dallas* be without the original cast? Who else could play J.R.?

HAGMAN: What was *South Pacific* without Mary Martin? Believe me, if I hadn't come back this year, they would have found someone else.

PLAYBOY: You almost didn't make it back because of your contract negotiations. Was what you wanted just more money?

HAGMAN: I wanted something fair.

PLAYBOY: What's fair?

HAGMAN: That's right. What's fair? That was the crux. We came to an amicable agreement.

PLAYBOY: Most reports have it that you're making $75,000 an episode. True?

HAGMAN: I wouldn't be interested in confirming or denying anything. I don't think it's anyone's business. Let 'em speculate. It's better that way. Anyway, if you're really interested, I'm sure there're 25 C.P.A.s who worked on the deal. You could find out.

PLAYBOY: What else did you want?

HAGMAN: Future things like *Movies of the Week*, opportunities to do them through my own company. I'm on a roll now and people will watch something I'm in. I also want it to be interesting and good, so I want to have some control over it instead of working a regular job like an actor. Plus, there're tax incentives. You can keep a lot of money if you do it yourself.

PLAYBOY: How involved are you in merchandising yourself?

HAGMAN: It's part of the game. Why deny yourself an opportunity that is going to be there only periodically, spasmodically? I may never get another chance like this in my lifetime. See, *everybody* takes advantage of the character, and the character is what I've

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developed. So if somebody is going to make $10,000,000 off bumper stickers, T-shirts, posters, pins, coffee mugs, I'd be a damn fool if I didn't say, "Hey, wait a minute, boys. I want a piece of that. It's *my* face on there." And I don't even have a very big piece of it. I also wanted to be able to use my name and J.R.'s in context with public appearances. They didn't want to give that—and I don't blame them—but eventually they came around. I mean, if I advertise J.R., they get proceeds from it, too.

PLAYBOY: We heard you made a $230,000 deal to advertise some British jeans.

HAGMAN: It's not firm yet.

PLAYBOY: But you'll do it?

HAGMAN: Hell, yes! Wouldn't you? For a day's work making a commercial? Jesus!

PLAYBOY: And you're going to make a record?

HAGMAN: A single. I'm not really a singer. I was thinking of something like *Some of My Favorite Things*. J.R.'s favorite things. I'm not sure if I can use J.R.'s name on it; otherwise, everybody gets a piece of it. I certainly want the lion's share.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you offered quite a bit of money to make some personal appearances at the London Palladium?

HAGMAN: Yeah, $200,000. For a Larry Hagman retrospective or something like that. The idea seems to intrigue a lot of people. There's also a book offer, but I don't want to think about that until I've done this personal-appearance tour. I get offers from colleges, supermarkets, clothing stores.

PLAYBOY: You certainly have your fingers in a lot of pies.

HAGMAN: No one else's pies. Just Larry Hagman pies.

PLAYBOY: Just how important is money to you?

HAGMAN: If you've got a chance to make it, make it. Frankly, I don't think *anyone* is worth this kind of money, but they say they can make $10,000,000—maybe lots more—off my face and personality. And that's just this year! I think it's ridiculous, except that's also the *way it is*. It may be out of proportion, but I'd be a fool not to take advantage of it. Five years ago, I would have thought the whole idea obscene.

PLAYBOY: Why not now?

HAGMAN: Because they didn't offer it to me then. Now they do. When I was doing *Jeannie*, I was working steadily but making only about $150,000. I *like* working. I like doing the things I'm doing. So why not go with it? Go with the roll. It's like a crap shoot—good for eight or ten passes, maybe.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered merchandising overkill?

HAGMAN: What am I supposed to do about it? Sooner or later, some merchant is going to be *eating* J.R. T-shirts. If they end up hating me for it, there's nothing I can do about it.

PLAYBOY: You're lucky you have a character they hate already.

HAGMAN: [*J.R. chuckling*] You're right. They hate the son of a bitch from the get-go. Never thought of it that way.

PLAYBOY: Did you experience any resentment from the *Dallas* cast for holding out? There were reports that the other actors were saying that you ought to have cut it out and gone back to work.

HAGMAN: I think they did that more out of love and respect. We really have a good time together and there is no bullshitting. We've all worked hard—and everybody got raises—and that's the most important thing. Fuck the acting. That comes automatically. Anything about my having to get my ass back there was probably misinterpreted by the press. I haven't felt anything of the sort. They probably just didn't want me to blow it.

PLAYBOY: What was the hardest point to squeeze out of CBS and Lorimar?

HAGMAN: That I was absolutely serious about what I was doing; that I was not going to work unless I got what I wanted.

PLAYBOY: You mean they didn't take you seriously?

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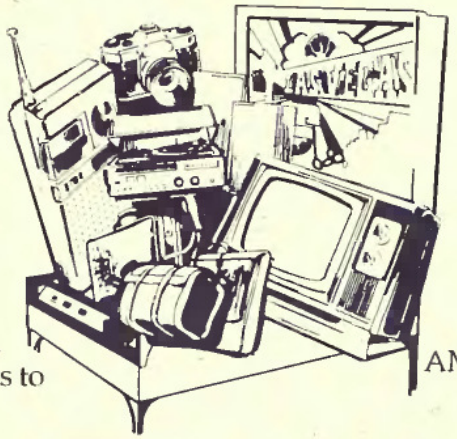

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Mesa — Hanny's
Phoenix — Hanny's
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ARKANSAS
Benton — Bryan's Store For Men
Fayetteville — Trumbo's
Hot Springs — Schrader's
Little Rock — Paul Bunyan
Little Rock — Phillip's Men's Store
Rogers — Branam's
Springdale — Camp's Men's Store

CALIFORNIA
All Stores — Grodin's
All Stores — Harris & Frank
All Stores — Hastings
All Stores — Silverwoods
All Stores — Paul Wagner Big & Tall
Campbell — Berg's Private Stock
Fresno — Walter Smith
Los Angeles — Eagleson's
Merced — Steven's Men's Wear
North Hollywood — Big Fella Men's Wear
San Jose — Berg's Private Stock
Santa Barbara — Laufer's Big & Tall
Smyrna — Hyroops

COLORADO
Denver — Joslin's
Denver — K-G

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport — Skydel's

FLORIDA
All Stores — Ivey's
All Stores — Wallachs-Dick Richmond
Altamonte Springs — Big Men's Store
Ft. Lauderdale — Frankel's Big Man-Tall Man
Ft. Meyers — Hogan's Men's Store
Ft. Pierce — L. K. Smith's
Jacksonville — Halpern's
Jacksonville — Rosenblum's
Lakeland — Regency Men's Wear
Miami — Baley Men's Wear
Miami — Bardon Clothing
Miami — Berna Men's
Miami — Frankel's Big Man-Tall Man
Miami — Laepoca Dept. Store
Miami — London Shop
Miami — Monte Carlo Men's
Miami Beach — Cye Bernard
Miami Shores — Paulsen's
N. Miami — The Place
N. Miami Beach — Frankel's Big Man-Tall Man
Newport Richey — O'Henry's Men's Wear
Orlando — Big Man's Store
Orlando — Tropical Men's Wear
Pensacola — Gayfer's
Plant City — Earl's Men's Wear
St. Petersburg — Egerton & Moore
South Miami — Garber's Men's Wear
Sunrise — The Place
Tampa — Kirby's
Winter Haven — K-C Station

GEORGIA
Albany — Rosenberg's
Albany — The Stag Shop
Atlanta — Davison's
Atlanta — Hyroops
Atlanta — Zachry's
Augusta — Belk Regency
Augusta — Davison's
Brunswick — Harold's Men's Wear
Dawson — Maloof's
Doraville — The Gentlemen's Shoppe
Gainesville — Frierson-McEver
La Grange — Mansour's
Lilburn — The Gentlemen's Shoppe
Macon — Davison's

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Honolulu — R. Sutherland Ltd.

IDAHO
Boise — Riley's
Nampa — Howard Nafziger's
Twin Falls — Roper Clothing

ILLINOIS
All Stores — M. Hyman & Son
Belleville — Imber's Men's Wear
Belleville — Don Roger's For Men
Bloomington — Robert's Men's Wear
Calumet City — Jimmy's Men's Wear
Centralia — Jim Ford's
Chicago — Bradford Clothing Co.
Chicago — Brighton Clo.
Chicago — Central Men's Wear
Chicago — Cohn & Stern
Chicago — Wieboldt's
Chicago Heights — Kline's Dept. Store
Collinsville — Imber's Men's Wear
East Chicago — Mill's Store For Men
Edwardsville — Imber's Men's Wear
Evergreen Park — Park Men's Shop
Franklin Park — Franklin Clo.
Geneseo — The Raquet
Granite City — Trattler's
Hickory Hills — Lew Bass & Sons
Joliet — Cass & Ottawa
Lombard — Wieboldt's
Marion — The Village Square
Matteon — Jack & Bill's
Moline — Mosenfelder's Inc.
Mt. Prospect — Wieboldt's
Niles — Harold's Place
Normal — Robert's
O Fallon — J. A. Severn
Palos Heights — Bud's Store For Men
Palos Heights — Jac's Men's Wear
Rock Island — Mosenfelder's Inc.
Rockford — John Carlson's Men's Wear
Schaumburg — Mister Big
Sieger — Steger Clothing Co.
Tinley Park — Jimmy's Men's Wear
Waukegan — Storey's
Western Springs — For Men
Worth — That Guy

INDIANA
Anderson — Clair Call Men's Store
Angola — Strock's Men's Wear
Bedford — The Toggery
Bluffton — Licking Men's Wear
Brazil — Leffler's
East Chicago — Lewin's
Elkhart — Myer's Men's Wear
Evansville — Mr. Fashion Big & Tall
Greenwood — David Williams Men's
Hammond — Arnold J's Fashion For Men
Highland — Highland Dept. Store
Highland — Lewin's
Indianapolis — Arnold's Men's Store
Jasper — Siebert's
Kokomo — Golightly's
Kokomo — Knight's Toggery
Lafayette — Batimore Men's Shop
Lafayette — Gents Big And Tall
Merrillville — Superior Tailors
Michigan City — Blake's
New Albany — P. A. Niemaier
Noblesville — Zeckel's Men's Wear
Princeton — Siebert's
South Bend — Gilbert's
Tell City — Siebert's

IOWA
Ankeny — Sitzmann's Men's Store
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's Clo.
Davenport — Mosenfelder's Inc.

KANSAS
Coffeyville — Weinberg's Western Wear
Great Bend — Brentwood Ltd.
Topeka — Ray Beers Clothing Co.

KENTUCKY
Central City — The M & R Shoppe
Murray — Corn Austin

LOUISIANA
Alexandria — Caplan's
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner Co.
Baton Rouge — Four Corners Men's Wear
Baton Rouge — Goudchaux's
Crowley — Nichol's
Houma — Gentlemen's Corner Inc.
Lafayette — C.J.'s
Lafayette — Emile Joseph's
Morgan City — Du Rat's
Natchitoches — Caplan's
New Iberia — Men's Fashion Shoppe
New Orleans — Gemelli's
New Orleans — Hesse's Sportswear
New Orleans — M. Ponce

MARYLAND
Baltimore — Gage Clothes
Lexington Park — The Captain's Walk

MASSACHUSETTS
Brockton — Grand Gent
Stoughton — Martin Edwards Ltd.

MICHIGAN
Alpena — Harry's Haberdashery
Grand Rapids — Wm. Klein's Men's Store
Grand Rapids — Rogers Dept. Store
Hastings — Cleveland's
Kalamazoo — Etienne's
Livonia — Stephen Bruce Ltd.
Marshall — Miller-Aalbregtse
Muskegon — Robert's For Men
Owosso — Storror's
Rochester — Mitzelfeld's
St. Clair Shores — Wales Big & Tall
Traverse City — The Captain's Quarters
Traverse City — P. A. Jacob's
Wyandotte — Chelsea Clothes

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis — Donaldson's
Minneapolis — Eklund's
Roseville — Donaldson's
Winona — St. Clairs
Worthington — Leuthold

MISSISSIPPI
Canton — Perlinsky's
Gulfport — Carter Men's Wear
Gulfport — Hewes Bros.
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St. Louis — Famous-Barr
St. Louis — Herman's Toggery
St. Louis — Wolff's

NEBRASKA
Omaha — London's

NEVADA
Lake Tahoe — Vince's Men's Room
Las Vegas — Grodin's
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Reno — Grodin's

NEW HAMPSHIRE
W. Lebanon — Ed's Men's Shop

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City — Barclay Men's Shop
Hackensack — Kartch's
Livingston — Hahne's
N. Caldwell — The Forum
Ringwood — Jacks Casual Clo.
Rockaway — Hahne's
Trenton — Elon Shop
Trenton — Jack's Custom Shop
Union — Ponti Bros.
Westfield — John Franks
Woodbridge — Hahne's

NEW YORK
Brooklyn — Davinci Men's Wear
Buffalo — Riverside Men's Shop
Rochester — Rabin's Clothing Center
Utica — Schecter's Men's Wear

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — The Man Store
Gastonia — Warren Gardner's
Raleigh — Coleman-Womble
W. Jefferson — Jefferson House

NORTH DAKOTA
Minot — Mr. D's

OHIO
Cleveland — Harry Weinraub
Columbus — Walkers
Defiance — The Squire Shop

OKLAHOMA
Altus — Surrey Shop
Ardmore — Agnew & Smartt
Ardmore — Harper's Men's Wear
Bartlesville — Den's Men's Shop Ltd.
Lawton — R. L. Meador's
Lawton — Surrey Shop
Miami — B&K Men's Wear
Muskogee — Teel's Men's Wear
Norman — H. J. Hoelscher
Oklahoma City — J. R. Dickey's Men's World
Oklahoma City — Hyroops
Oklahoma City — Mr. Dales
Oklahoma City — Rothschilds
Okmulgee — Topper's
Tulsa — Hyroops
Tulsa — Topper's
Woodward — Ken's Haberdashery
Woodward — Star Model Shop

OREGON
Bend — Roberts On Well
Milwaukie — John's Gentry
Newport — The Threadmill
Salem — Shyrocks

PENNSYLVANIA
All Stores — Morville
Altoona — Fishers
Dunmore — Philip Friedman
Greensburg — Carlton Shops
Greenville — Wasser's Men's
Harmony — Casual Male
Hallboro — Jack Men's Shop
Hershey — Lawn's
Johnstown — Miller's
Lebanon — Lawn's
Lock Haven — Hoy's
Meadville — Weldon's
Monroeville — Carlton Shops
Uniontown — Daniel's
Washington — Victors
Williamsport — Trois Tailors

RHODE ISLAND
Providence — Dino's Clothes
Woonsocket — Landies

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston — Reynold's Men's Wear
Columbia — Davison's
Greenville — Heyward-Mahon
Orangeburg — Rennicker's
Sumter — Gentlemen's Corner

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen — Mister's Men's Wear
Sioux Falls — Hilmoe-Swann
Sioux Falls — Norman's

TENNESSEE
Kingsport — White's
Memphis — Lensky
Memphis — Wilbanks & Everett
Paris — Corn Austin
Signal Mt. — Lee Campbell's
W. Memphis — Saig's

TEXAS
All Stores — Dillard's
Abilene — Grissom's
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Amarillo — Canterfield Shop
Amarillo — Coat's Clothiers
Amarillo — His-N-Hers Accessories
Arlington — Watson's
Baytown — Mister B's
Beeville — H & S Clothier's
Borger — Denny's
Brownsville — J. & O. Men's Wear
Brownsville — Perl Bros.
Bryan — Gentleman's Quarters
Cleburne — Twaddell's
Corpus Christi — Sarman's
Corpus Christi — Winsteads
Corsicana — Morgan-Jones
Dallas — Hyroops
Dallas — Topper's
Denison — L. O. Hammons
Denison — Brian Powell
Denton — Craven's
Denton — McClurkan's
El Campo — R. B. Dept. Store
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — A. Davis Co.
Ft. Worth — Jack Howard
Ft. Worth — Monnig's
Ft. Worth — Stripling's
Galveston — Schwartz's
Gainesville — H & S Clothiers
Grand Prairie — Watson's
Harlingen — The Man's Shop
Hereford — The Brogue
Houston — Craig's Shops For Men
Houston — Dudley's Men's Wear
Houston — Hyroops
Houston — Rodney's
Humble — Craig's Shops For Men
Humble — Priddy's Men's Wear
Hurst — Watson's
Irving — Paul's Clothing
Jacksonville — Ron Moores
Kilgore — Hurwitz Man's Shop
La Mesa — Collin's
Levelland — Tipp's
Longview — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Longview — Terries Timeless Fashion
Lubbock — Dunlap's
Lubbock — Hemphill-Wells Co.
Lufkin — Parker's
McAllen — Louis Albert
McAllen — Christopher's
McAllen — Ken's Shop For Men
McAllen — The Man's Shop
McAllen — The Squire Shop
Mesquite — Bill Wolfgang
Midland — Grammer-Murphey
Nacogdoches — Mize Dept. Store
Odessa — Dunlap's
Odessa — Melvin's Clothiers
Odessa — The Model Shop
Overton — Hodge's Man's Shop
Pampa — Brown-Freeman
Paris — L. O. Hammons
Plainview — Morse & Son
Rockwall — Lee Wolfgang
San Angelo — Mr. Sam's
San Angelo — Tindalls
San Antonio — Duffy T's King Size
San Antonio — Frank Bros.
Sherman — The Gentry
Sherman — Topper's
Stephenville — H & S Clothier
Sweeny — Priesmeyer's
Tyler — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Tyler — Massad's
Waco — R. E. Cox
Wharton — Priesmeyer's
Wichita Falls — McClurkan's
Wichita Falls — Muehlberger's
Wichita Falls — S & O Clothiers
Woodlands — The Man's Shop

UTAH
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

VIRGINIA
All Stores — Shulman's
Danville — Sater's Men's Shop
Hampton — The Hub
Norfolk — The Hub
Virginia Beach — The Hub

WASHINGTON
Bremerton — Charley B's
Mt. Vernon — Leitner's
Port Angeles — Widsteen's
Seattle — Don's Men's
Tacoma — Osllund's
Walla Walla — Sporleder's

WISCONSIN
Green Bay — Carl Putzer
LaCrosse — Newburg's
Menomonie — Yankee Peddler
Milwaukee — Gieringer's
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Orlow-Stumpfs
Oshkosh — Carl Putzer
Racine — Jorgensen's
Reedsburg — Village Fashions
Sauk City — Riverside Fashions Ltd.

PUERTO RICO
All Stores — Gonzalez Padin Co.

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HAGMAN: Yeah. You know, people have ideas of actors as flighty-brained butterflies. But at some point, you have to convince them you'll go for broke. I just turned 49, and I figured this was my chance to make an inroad for my future—however short that may be. If I hadn't gotten it, my life would have still gone on. I'm still going to make money. I'm an established actor. I've got a good character right now. If I don't work for a couple of years, I've got enough money to sit on it. As it worked out, I'm very satisfied with the results and I think they are, too. I *like* Lorimar. They've been nothing but honest with me and I want to be honest with them. They pay me what I think I'm worth and, God knows, they're not hurting for it.

PLAYBOY: How did you ascertain what you're worth?

HAGMAN: Took a theoretical number, doubled it. They halved it and I was back to the status quo.

PLAYBOY: How involved were you in the negotiations?

HAGMAN: Not at all. My agents handled the whole thing. I took my wife's advice and got out of the country. I didn't want to be on the scene to get the pressure from all my friends. One's friends and family panic first. They keep saying, "Goddamn, Larry, don't blow it! Christ, you've got a great opportunity and there's no reason to blow it because of your being greedy this year." They don't know it's a game everyone plays. So we went to England. I talked to my agents twice a week. If I didn't like an offer, I said so. Besides, I needed the vacation. It turned out to be a beautifully well-orchestrated trip. I got international publicity, which filtered back to the U. S. in the best form. When things got down to the wire, I went to the Bahamas, so I could be back in Dallas in a day.

PLAYBOY: What were your instructions to your agents?

HAGMAN: I told them I wanted it carried on in a very professional way. No yelling or screaming. If it got to that point, write it off. Before I left Los Angeles, I went to Nudie's, a Western tailor who's also a national institution, and got my team white Stetsons for their meetings. I told them they were the white-hat guys.

PLAYBOY: Have you wondered if the shooting of J.R. on the show had any relation to your coming renegotiation?

HAGMAN: That's pretty Machiavellian. I don't remember any early conversations, but it might have been an idea on their part. I only know that it made me so happy I could hardly wait. I mean, what a perfect opportunity for an actor to say, "OK. I'm dead. Perfect. You guys got the out. You can write me off any time. I'm dead." I think negotiating from a dead man's position was the perfect plot. All I knew was that I was prepared to die. God knows, I could make a couple of million bucks in England and South Africa just based on the character—even if I had died.

PLAYBOY: But did you think they might have *let* J.R. die? Even for a moment?

HAGMAN: I honestly don't think so. Our relationship is great. I sensed this. The writer-producer-director, Leonard Katzman, is probably the smartest man in the business. There's no goddamn way in the fucking world he would be crazy enough to write J.R. out of the script. So I guess you could say I was confident.

PLAYBOY: Would the show work without you?

HAGMAN: Absolutely. It's hot. It's got the roll.

PLAYBOY: So you *were* bargaining from an odd position.

HAGMAN: No. I was bargaining from the best. I didn't give a shit. I've already got it made. I've got everything I want: a house, a woman, wonderful children, enough money for about five years. It made no difference except that I would be richer and more famous. And I don't care about that.

PLAYBOY: Of course, once we know who shot you, the onus will no longer be on J.R. Do you look forward to the attention slacking off?

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HAGMAN: If somebody else gets it, I'm all for it. The show's going great. I'm on it. I think it would be fine for somebody else to carry the ball. Maybe six months from now, it will be "Save Sue Ellen" T-shirts.

PLAYBOY: OK, OK. Everyone's waiting for us to ask: Who shot J.R.?

HAGMAN: *There* you go! [*Devious grin*] I don't know.

PLAYBOY: By now, you must have figured it out.

HAGMAN: I still couldn't tell you. What about the transcribers, your editor, the printers—everyone who would see this early? If I told one person, pretty soon 20,000,000 would know.

PLAYBOY: The magazine has kept tight security on a lot of political news breaks. Surely, this can't be that important. Is there any way to convince you?

HAGMAN: Can I do the centerfold? I've been working out on Nautilus equipment. [*Big laugh; thoughtful smile*] I couldn't *possibly* say . . . unless . . . I could talk you into coughing up some bucks. Say half a million? I'd split it with you.

PLAYBOY: Two hundred and fifty thousand doesn't sound bad.

HAGMAN: Wait. A split doesn't necessarily mean 50-50. It could be 30-70. Or 20-80. Tell ya what: I'll give you *ten* percent.

PLAYBOY: And we'd get the low-down?

HAGMAN: At least who *I* think shot J.R.

PLAYBOY: We can talk money only if you actually *know* who did it.

HAGMAN: Aren't you willing to take a chance?

PLAYBOY: We think you ought to give us your *guess* for free.

HAGMAN: No way. I've already been offered £100,000 by a British newspaper syndicate to tell.

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

HAGMAN: I'm being absolutely serious. PLAYBOY's got the money. Are you listening Hugh? Everybody's got his price.

PLAYBOY: But your guess may not be right.

HAGMAN: Life's a gamble. [*Terrible grin*]

PLAYBOY: Wish we could get that smile on tape.

HAGMAN: They see it out there every Friday night.

PLAYBOY: This has gone far enough. *Do* you know?

HAGMAN: You can bet that if you paid me, I'd find out. Might have to give up little chunks along the way, but I'd find out.

PLAYBOY: We're obviously wasting our time.

HAGMAN: Thing is, I really think I know who did it. The producers throw in a lot of red herrings, but I think I know.

PLAYBOY: Linda Gray, the actress who plays your wife, Sue Ellen, also thinks she knows. Have you compared notes?

HAGMAN: Well, I've never discussed it in anything other than a one-to-one situation. We're all being really careful about this, because we've all made good deals this year. I wouldn't want to jeopardize my relationship with Lorimar or CBS on a simple speculative deal like this that could screw up their promotional number. They want a really big ratings share for the show and it's more important for me to be ethical and honest in the long run.

PLAYBOY: Noble words. How about a cool million?

HAGMAN: Now you're talking.

PLAYBOY: You say you know. Are you making any bets?

HAGMAN: It's not really part of my personality. I might have someone lay off about $100,000 in Vegas for me—if I was a bettor. It's tempting, but not ethical. I guess I'm just a schmuck in that area.

PLAYBOY: Well, while we wait to see if any Hefner-Hagman negotiations develop, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling us what reasons each suspect might have for shooting you.

HAGMAN: I'm in a real bind here. It's like having the secret to the nuclear bomb. The Rosenbergs were executed for less important stuff than this. Well, maybe not.

"I'd tape the crucial moments, hold everybody on the set, lock it up and have a big fucking party."

PLAYBOY: How about it?

HAGMAN: I'll tell you what. I don't think my mother, Miss Ellie, did it. Anything else would be too easy to cross-reference with my other comments. That's all I'm going to say.

PLAYBOY: How about your dad?

HAGMAN: OK. That's two. I don't think it's in their personalities. But I don't think we ought to pursue this any further. I'm ambivalent about it. I jokingly say I'd sell you the information, but I wouldn't.

PLAYBOY: We also think it would be safe to assume that Dusty, Sue Ellen's cowboy lover who supposedly died in a plane crash, but whose body was never found, can be eliminated on the basis of wishful thinking.

HAGMAN: Yes. But with all his notoriety, and so forth, I think it would be wise to bring that dude back.

PLAYBOY: Sue Ellen is too obvious.

HAGMAN: Sue Ellen could have done it, since she had the gun in her purse. But I think it's just a red herring.

PLAYBOY: That leaves Kristin, Sue Ellen's sister and your mistress; Alan Beam, the lawyer; and Cliff Barnes, Pamela's brother.

HAGMAN: I don't think Cliff would ever do it, because, again, it's too obvious. I mean, I know I knocked a half million dollars off his income, and he was filmed getting caught . . . but I think it's another red herring. But you never know.

PLAYBOY: Vaughn Leland, the banker, is too unimportant. It looks like Kristin or Beam.

HAGMAN: Kristin? My little mistress? Christ, I don't know. The writers are so devious. I suppose it could be her. Remember, I tried to get Beam on a rape charge. It could be three, four, five other people. Look, I can't go any further, except to say that the person I think could have done it is not a major character, but a good character. But then, fuck, *I* don't know.

PLAYBOY: We're partial to the two-gun theory: ABC and NBC.

HAGMAN: Wait a minute. How about this: I was shot twice, right? Maybe the person missed with one bullet. Someone else could have come in, seen me on the ground and plugged me again.

PLAYBOY: It's certainly a complex question. How do you think the crucial moments are going to be filmed and put on the air?

HAGMAN: I think they're going to film the fucking thing ten hours beforehand and feed it straight out. Maybe even live television. I don't put anything past the *Dallas* people. They're so circumspect.

PLAYBOY: How would you do it?

HAGMAN: I'd tape it, hold everybody on the set, lock it up and have a big fucking party. No phone calls going in or out until it was aired.

PLAYBOY: Have you sat around and giggled about how great this all is for you?

HAGMAN: Every day. Two full minutes of giggling at yourself in the mirror each morning is as good as two miles of jogging.

PLAYBOY: We meant all the way to the bank.

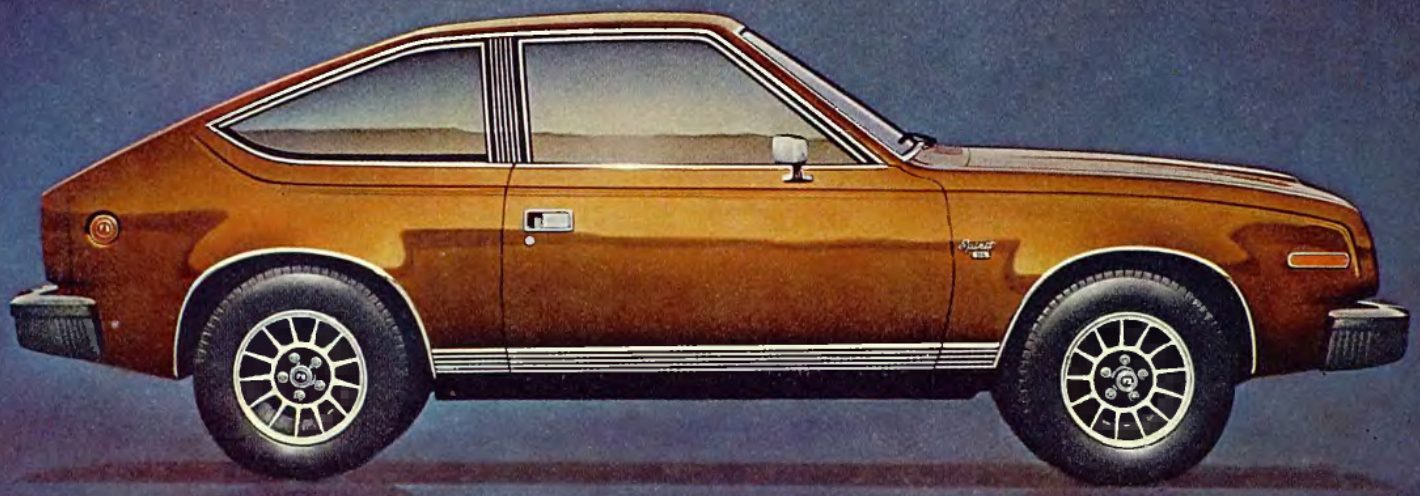
HAGMAN: That's relative. It sure as shit is more than what I made off *Jeannie*—which is still playing all over the world and I don't get one penny for.

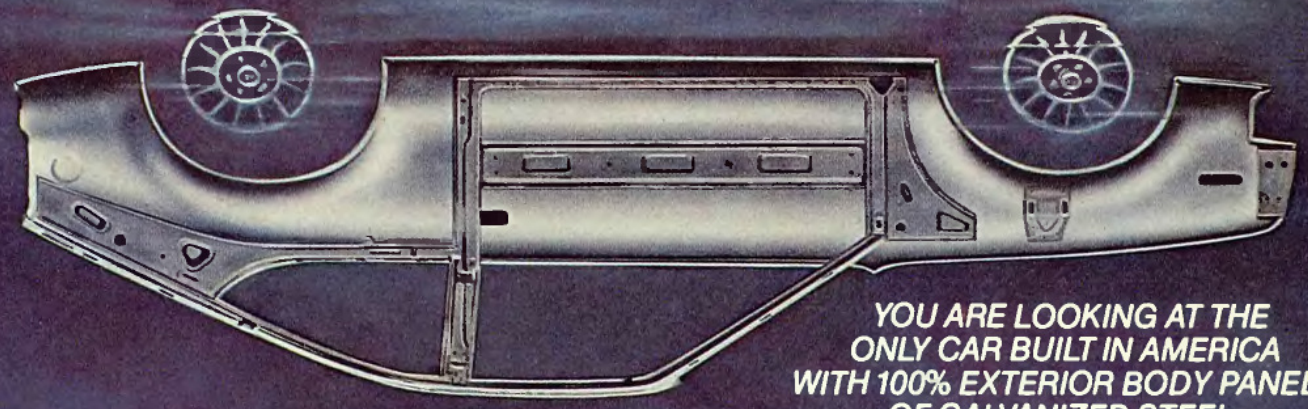
PLAYBOY: Why?

HAGMAN: It wasn't in the Screen Actors Guild rules that actors got any piece of the action after a limited period of time. I think six or ten runs. I've since decided that it wasn't going to happen to me anymore. See, I figure I'm competing with the Larry Hagman of 15 years ago. When producers say, "Let's get Larry Hagman," they want a young one. The next stage is "Who is Larry Hagman?" I don't want to be competing at 60 with someone ten years my junior, who is also me, for which I'm not getting paid.

PLAYBOY: You're not getting paid for

SPIRIT





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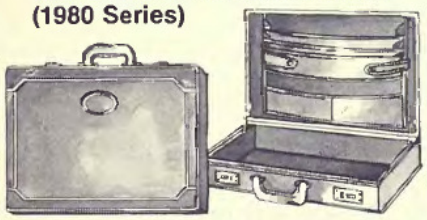

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creating a boom in cowboy fashion, either. Do you take any credit for that?

HAGMAN: Well, I don't know, but about eight months ago, I was down here for a men's clothing thing and a guy came up to me and shook my hand and said, "J.R., I wanna thank you. I sold out ever' damn piece of clothin', hats, boots, that I had contracted for for the first three months of the year. Now I've got special orders and I just don't know how to fill 'em." And he pegged me as partially responsible, along with the show. Now, Jim Davis, who plays my daddy, wears strictly Western-cut clothing, but I wear Brooks Brothers and Carroll's with Western boots and a Stetson. I hate Western boots, though. You got to get that pointy toe. The human foot wasn't made for it.

PLAYBOY: Talking about people coming up to you, what about women? Do a lot of them come on to you?

HAGMAN: Sometimes it gets pretty wild. The other night, for instance, I was out with the family—went to get a beer at a local C&W club, and these two pretty little girls came up and said [*high voice*], "Mr. Hagman? Would you like a Texas sandwich?" I said, "I didn't know they served food in here. What's that?" And she said, "It's not food. It's my sister and me." Oh, my God. Why now? Why not when I was younger and unmarried? Forty-nine years old and—a Texas sandwich! Holy mackerel!

PLAYBOY: What did your wife do?

HAGMAN: She just turned her back. She's learned to deal with it.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle the come-ons?

HAGMAN: Well, you're just real nice, you know? I don't like rejecting people, especially for that. But I'm a happily married man, for Chrissakes. What am I going to do? I don't think it would be worth the trouble or the effort to fool around. I don't lead a very duplicitous life and to start now would be a waste of time. I wouldn't feel good about it. I'd feel guilty. God knows, it's out there, more than any one man could deal with, but it's just not the time. I wouldn't feel right.

PLAYBOY: But there must have been some real temptations.

HAGMAN: Sure. I'm only human. There've been plenty. I was in Oklahoma City recently. And there was this gorgeous blonde lady, about 35, whom I'd met. She was luscious. In real good shape. And she'd somehow gotten into my bed. When I walked into my hotel room about two A.M., there she was, waiting for me. With champagne, music on and the lights turned low. I guess she'd told the desk she was my wife or something. She'd put on a diaphanous, beautiful peignoir. She was a fan, a lovely lady, and I had to say, "I really appreciate this, it's very nice. I hope you don't think I'm rejecting you, but I'm sorry, darling, I have to get up at six in the morning and go to church." I had a glass of champagne with her.

PLAYBOY: How did she take it?

HAGMAN: She was real nice about it. She understood. She got out of bed, I took her to the door, kissed her good night and sent her on down the hall.

PLAYBOY: Did you tell your wife about that one?

HAGMAN: No, I didn't. I don't think she has to know all that kind of nonsense. And, frankly, so many things happened that weekend, it just sorta slipped my mind.

PLAYBOY: Do these women want Larry Hagman or J. R. Ewing?

HAGMAN: I don't know. They might be the same person for them. So they never get *any* of it except a handshake or a peck on the cheek. I just show 'em a picture of my family.

PLAYBOY: You've said that J.R. is the kind of man most women want to tame. Wouldn't most of them be unsuccessful and end up like Sue Ellen?

HAGMAN: A lot of ladies like to change men and vice versa. There're plenty of motivations. There's something in the character of J.R. that definitely appeals to women. I guess power is sexy, and I think the fact that lots of women like to be abused is another factor. But a guy like J.R. can be a thoroughly despicable prick, so why any woman in her right mind would want him is beyond me.

PLAYBOY: Basically, you're a faithful family man.

HAGMAN: Maj and I are partners on this trip. She's my best friend. There's plenty of room for experimentation in a marriage—not necessarily sexual. That's just one area I prefer to keep sacrosanct. Maybe it's morally derived from the things I learned in catechism; maybe it's because I'm just a lazy person and being faithful is easier. The point is that Maj is a part of me as much as I'm a part of her. I've been married longer than I've done anything else; longer than I was single.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about that short span of being single. What was your first sexual experience?

HAGMAN: Oddly enough, it's got something to do with smoking, which I hate. When I was 14 and going to the Woodstock Country School in Vermont, everybody was smoking. It was the real big thrill. I mean, that was *it*, man. Everyone's parents were against it, but we just thought they were old fuddy-duddies. But I had never smoked a cigarette. So we were out on the school's back porch one day and a girl asked me if I wanted to smoke. And I said, "Oh, no. No way, smoking a cigarette." She said, "If you smoke this cigarette, I'll let you put your hand on my tit." Well . . . I started smoking right that minute and I never

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quit until I was 32 years old. It was the nicest experience I'd ever had.

PLAYBOY: The cigarette?

HAGMAN: No. Her tit was the nicest, softest thing. . . . I don't know if I've ever felt a tit quite so nice as that. Boy, I tell you, she really turned me on. Beautiful girl. Felt my first nipple.

PLAYBOY: If you'd smoked a cigar, what would she have let you do?

HAGMAN: Well, in those days, you could only get up to sticking your hand in a girl's crotch—and with panties on. There was always fear of pregnancy. Boy, they were tough times—and they're coming back now, with the pill kind of falling out and I.U.D.s being dangerous and all that. It's coming back to the same old dilemma. Anyway, I smoked a *lot* of cigarettes for the next 15 or 20 years.

PLAYBOY: So you began sleeping with girls at what age?

HAGMAN: When I was 14, 15 . . . there was no real overnight thing. That was in Vermont. But when I moved to Texas a couple of years later, it was a whole different kind of promiscuity. A lot of petting but not a lot of fucking. When a girl said no, you didn't pursue it any further—well, a *little* further. When I joined the Air Force and went to England, you'd go out on a date with a girl and then say, "Do you want to come back for a cup of tea?" because you couldn't afford any liquor. And she'd say, "Thank you." You'd make the tea and be sitting on the couch, and you'd give her a little kiss and then pretty soon you'd say, "Do you want to go to bed?" And she'd say, "I thought you'd never ask!" Maybe not on the first date, though, but on the second or third. My theory was that after two wars, English manhood had been absolutely decimated. They didn't have enough to go around.

PLAYBOY: Was that before you met Maj?

HAGMAN: Yeah. I was also a working actor on Drury Lane, making £12 per week, which was a lot of money in those days. And there were a lot of ladies around—beautiful, intelligent, smart, fun.

PLAYBOY: Did they want relationships?

HAGMAN: Not necessarily. They liked to fuck. Liked it. Enjoyed it.

PLAYBOY: Needed it?

HAGMAN: Needed it. Whatever. If you enjoy it, do it. In Texas, there was more of a religious background, for some reason; they got sex and religion mixed up somewhere along the line. But then again, I may just have been with the wrong crowd. England turned me around. I found the women wonderfully aggressive over there. I like women who know what they want.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet Maj?

HAGMAN: I was in the Air Force, in England. She was an acquaintance of my roommate—he may have been dating her—and he brought her home one night for tea. She didn't like me very much right away. In fact, many people in England at the time didn't like Americans in uniform. Well, I asked for a date, anyway. About a year later, we got married.

PLAYBOY: What have you learned about women from your wife?

HAGMAN: She's taught me lots of things: how to be kinder to women; that they are real people. A lot of men don't think that. I used to think of them as servants. Now we all serve one another.

PLAYBOY: Thinking of women as servants is sort of a J.R. attitude.

HAGMAN: Absolutely. Of course, J.R. thinks *everybody* is a servant: his momma, daddy, brothers, women, whatever.

PLAYBOY: Would you say treating women like servants stems from distrusting them?

HAGMAN: No. I think the women in my life have probably been the people I've trusted most. I trust women more than men. By the time I married Maj, we'd already spent a year together, and I knew women were real people.

"When I moved to Texas, it was a whole different kind of promiscuity. When a girl said no, you didn't pursue it any further—well, a little further."

PLAYBOY: What are your feelings about women's lib?

HAGMAN: The more liberated they are, the more liberated *we* are. You can't have a slave society. Now I just tell my wife, "Darling, you can go out and build your Jacuzzis and do your work all day, just as long as I can come home to dinner on the table."

PLAYBOY: Don't you think most women would resent that?

HAGMAN: Maybe. But I do a lot of the cooking myself—at least as much as Maj does. Actually, I was being J.R. about dinner on the table—which is what John Wayne said when he was given the Brass Balls Award by the *Harvard Lampoon*. I was actually brought up in a liberated atmosphere. My mother was certainly equal to most male stars, if not more than their equal. She had the deference, she made the money, she had the creativity. So liberated women aren't anything new to me. The John Wayne attitude comes from living in Texas.

PLAYBOY: Do you think women's lib has brought on the so-called indecisive male? Men who lack backbone?

HAGMAN: Tough shit. [*Chortles*] Listen, why do you have to be a male-chauvinist pig to have backbone? What is backbone? Just a spine. Women have one, too.

PLAYBOY: A recent *Esquire* spread referred to you—or to J.R.—as an example of the new "hard-line hero" of the Eighties: "mean, effective, revels in his freedom." Do you agree?

HAGMAN: That's interesting. That's ol' Lar. Yeah, I'm strong. Nobody fucks around with me. I've had situations where my back's been put against the wall and I always come out for what is right and let everybody know about it. And if they don't like it, fuck 'em. That's my stand, and I don't make stands just because I have money or position. I do it if I think someone is fucking up.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your mother's influence. As the son of a major Broadway star, you couldn't have avoided some of the problems associated with that upbringing, could you?

HAGMAN: I never really had any problems. I lived with her for only about a year after she got divorced. I never resented her. I didn't know any different. She was never around. I had her mother in California to take care of me. In fact, as far as I was concerned, I enjoyed my youth very much. I got to travel to lots of places, meet different people, go to different schools. Maybe you can resent something like that later in life, but at the time, it *was* my life. It was fun. There were plenty of people who loved me. Another thing, I was living in a society where there usually weren't mothers or fathers around. Everybody was divorced. And parents always came to visit.

PLAYBOY: All right, but how do you view things in retrospect?

HAGMAN: In retrospect, it just doesn't seem to have been that difficult for me. Look, as I grew older, there *were* times it was difficult for me, and I'd just cut the relationship off for two or three years. I couldn't go any further at that particular level. But the point is that I just wasn't very mature at the time. Nor was she. Hell, she's only 17 years older than I am, for Chrissakes. She's just a kid herself. Sometimes we didn't communicate, but on inspection, I find that a lot of people don't communicate with their mothers and fathers for long periods of time, until everybody matures.

PLAYBOY: You seem particularly resistant to this discussion.

HAGMAN: Not really. What happened was just part of the action. Mother and I have a real good relationship now. We've been able to look back on things as kind of a folly. And, to tell you the truth, my stepmother and I also had our stormy periods. No one asks about that. I love her equally. She's a wonderful

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woman who's also had a lot of influence on my life. Over the long run, the animosity I've had with them, generally speaking, is a lot less than many people I know have had. Gosh, I start asking people how they really feel about their mothers and fathers and, holy mackerel, there's a *lot* of animosity out there, and mostly for no good reason.

PLAYBOY: Why did you cut things off with your mom for two or three years?

HAGMAN: It's really not valid for this interview. There were a lot of reasons that are really none of your business. I don't care about setting the record straight. Most people don't know what the fuck they're talking about, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you resent being asked the question?

HAGMAN: No. Do you resent being given a straight answer?

PLAYBOY: No. Let's talk about your father. Did you have much contact with him after your parents were divorced?

HAGMAN: Very little. I got interested in my dad when I was about 14. And, of course, he was living out in Texas. He was hunting and fishing and doing all those things that are fun while I was in Vermont reading Zane Grey and Hemingway. Those were my literary gods and he was living that life.

PLAYBOY: What was your first meeting like?

HAGMAN: Pretty good. Met me at the train station. I had my hair in a pompadour. He wore a crewcut, like everyone in those days. He said, "The first thing we're going to do is get that hair cut." And I said, "No, sir. Unh-unh." Soon as I got off the goddamn train. Well, he let me keep it until I decided to cut it.

PLAYBOY: Did he try to be a father, after so long?

HAGMAN: He was real nice. He was always real nice. Juanita, his wife, and I had some problems. They'd just gotten married, she was his secretary, and she worked all the time—with him. Poor woman, it was a full-time job. But there wasn't any big deal about his exerting his authority. He was kind and strong and he knew I was coming from a different world. He always bent over backward to be kind and understanding. He was a real smart dude. A lot of wisdom.

PLAYBOY: Did you two ever sit down and actually talk about those things?

HAGMAN: Fathers and sons don't often sit down and talk about it. We never had a real heart-to-heart, but it was sort of all included in our hunting and fishing together. That's where we really enjoyed each other. Shit, we'd hunt and fish, drink beer, smoke cigarettes and bullshit all night long. Goddamn, we must have smoked 8,000,000 cigarettes. We had a nice relationship the last 17, 18 years of his life.

PLAYBOY: When did he die?

HAGMAN: When I was 32 or 33.

PLAYBOY: Since you never had a verbal heart-to-heart, what would you say to your father now, if you had the chance?

HAGMAN: I appreciate what you did. Thank you. You let me do what I wanted to do and you backed me in my mistakes and supported me in my decisions.

PLAYBOY: Is that the attitude you take with your own children?

HAGMAN: Yeah. Also, we've been together a lot longer. And, as an actor, I'm able to be with my children a lot more than some fathers. I used to not work for two, three months at a time, so I could pick 'em up at school, talk to them, really be with them. It's much nicer to be closer to your children, because they are the only things that you are really going to do of any value in your whole life. I believe that the family that stays together stays together. I suppose that attitude might come from being the child of a split marriage, though, like I said, there are lots of advantages to that, too. Frankly, that stuff about my mother supposedly rejecting me for all those years—I consider myself lucky. What if she had terrible guilt feelings and smothered me with love all that time when she didn't really *have* the time? I might have turned out like Joan Crawford's kids. I'm fortunate that my mother followed her heart, her psychic energy or whatever.

"Being a lawyer takes a lot of preparation and bullshit. So does acting. The professions are very similar. Both teach you how to lie."

PLAYBOY: Why *did* you turn to acting? Was it your mother's example?

HAGMAN: Well, she was and is a huge star, and she did offer me a chance to go out on the road with her in *Annie Get Your Gun* when I was 14—which I turned down because I thought I'd be hanging out with a bunch of sissies; besides, I wanted to go to Texas and be a cowboy for a while—but that's not the reason. I just never knew anything different. When I was in the Air Force, I acted in and directed road shows. I had tried ranching and farming in Texas and found that to be just grueling, backbreaking work: I dug latrines; I worked for Weatherford Oil Tool, making springs for oil pipes by hand while a machine right behind me did it a million times faster; I baled hay; worked a pneumatic hammer; dug a swimming pool . . . I told my dad that no one in his right mind would do that stuff for a living. It was slave labor. He asked me if I wanted to be a lawyer like him, but I said no.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HAGMAN: Lawyers are just guys who find a way to get around justice. And law and justice are two totally different things. Lawyers are just bona fide crooks. It's like having a license to steal. But, of course, you've got to have lawyers. My dad, my grandfather, my half brother—all lawyers.

PLAYBOY: Isn't acting also a license to steal?

HAGMAN: Sure.

PLAYBOY: So?

HAGMAN: It was laziness. Being a lawyer takes a lot of preparation and bullshit. So does acting, only I thought it would be easier. The professions are very similar. Both teach you how to lie. Only in acting you say someone else's lies, not your own.

PLAYBOY: Why do we keep getting the impression that lies make up a large part of life for you?

HAGMAN: I certainly think they're part of it. I mean, if we could read each other's mind, if we knew what the other one was thinking, how could we have a conversation? I talk to people who are lying, and I know it, and sometimes they do, too. Or they don't because they haven't gotten around to looking at that particular part of their personality yet. I have friends who know when *I'm* lying. I can read body actions, I can read eyes. I know exactly when someone's lying.

PLAYBOY: Do you tell them you know?

HAGMAN: Of course not. I wouldn't want to hurt them or destroy their illusions of themselves at the time. God, if you were to confront me about lying, it would put me into a panic. I might roll up into a fetal ball or something.

PLAYBOY: Really?

HAGMAN: No, not really.

PLAYBOY: Larry, you're lying right now.

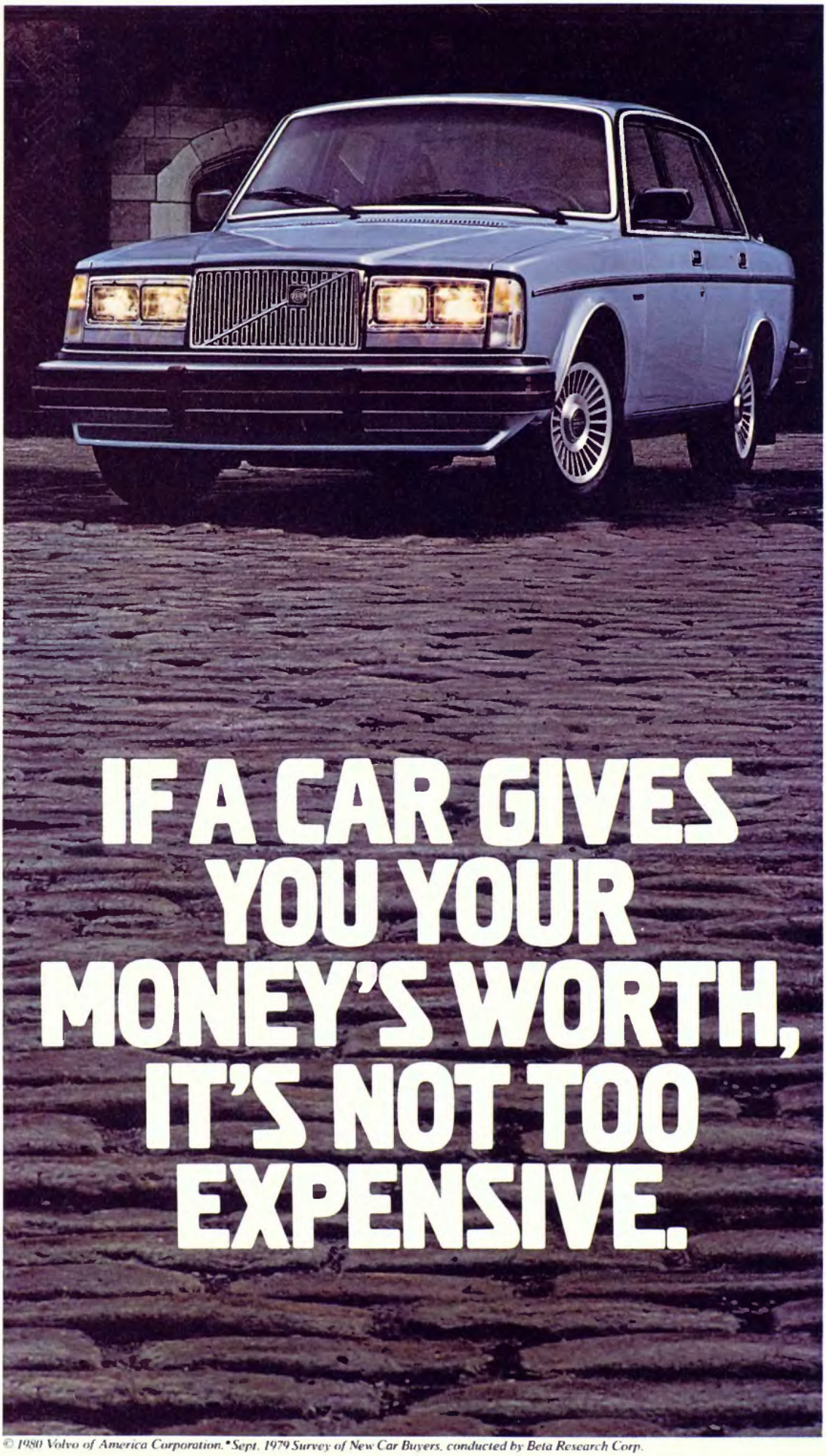
HAGMAN: [*Huge laugh*] Of course!

PLAYBOY: When you finally decided to take up acting, did your mom open doors for you?

HAGMAN: Sure. People saw me and actually gave me jobs based on that. I believe in nepotism. But ultimately, I had to prove myself, had to deliver the goods. And I was never aware of any problems along those lines. I just went ahead and did my business and didn't worry about what people might or might not be saying.

PLAYBOY: Your daughter, Heidi, is an actress. Are you concerned that people will say she rode on your coattails?

HAGMAN: I don't give a fuck what people say. I rode on my mom's. That's what it's all about. If you have a shoe factory, where do you think the kids work? Why should it be any different in show business? I have no doubt that my daughter can ultimately prove herself in my field,



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and if I can help my daughter become a successful actress, super.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the role in *I Dream of Jeannie*?

HAGMAN: Well, I was acting in New York and I could see the handwriting on the wall that things were falling apart there as far as jobs for television actors. So I went out to L.A. to look for work, but it wasn't during pilot-casting season. I got very discouraged, went back to New York, went to bed for three days. Well, a couple of days after that, I got sent a script from some people I'd met in L.A. It was for the Alfred Hitchcock series and the offer was $2500 and a round-trip ticket. I went back to L.A. knowing full well, inside, that they would never actually get to do the script.

It was about a young couple who had just gotten married and moved from Illinois to Los Angeles. But because of an injury in the Korean War, he could not consummate his marriage sexually. So the guy hooks up with a bunch of people who are looking for a virgin to sacrifice. Then they supposedly drugged him and made him watch while they carved his wife's heart out and then burned the house down over the both of them. Like I said, I figured no way were they going to be allowed to do this. And sure enough, we rehearsed the first act, broke for lunch and were told, "Ladies and gentlemen, we're sorry, but the network has read the script and refused to allow it on the air. All of you will be paid anyway. Thank you." I sent my $2500 home right away and took some time to look around again. In the next week, I was offered five pilots. *Jeannie* was the one I selected.

PLAYBOY: Do you still get star-struck around great actors?

HAGMAN: I suppose if I ever met Alec Guinness, I'd be tongue-tied, but I understand he's tongue-tied, too. Most of the time. I guess he's my favorite actor, along with Olivier. But then, De Niro, Jesus Christ.

PLAYBOY: Do you aspire to act on the same level?

HAGMAN: No fucking way. I don't take myself that seriously. I mean, they really work at it. I just kind of float along. Acting is like a game to me. I mean, it's fun. I enjoy it. I've learned how to be fairly proficient at it. It's a rush—I get a shot of adrenaline when things are going really well. But those guys are superduper actors.

PLAYBOY: Maybe they don't take themselves seriously, either.

HAGMAN: I can't believe that. I think they really work on their art as a 24-hour-a-day job. I have too much fun for that.

PLAYBOY: Would you reject a meaty part like they play if it were offered?

HAGMAN: That commitment is beyond me. I just don't think I could ever get as involved as they do. I tell you, I like the immediacy of television. I really like having to do eight or ten pages a day. Then it's over.

PLAYBOY: Some producer will read this and pass you over.

HAGMAN: Something else will come along. I mean, look at *Dog Day Afternoon* or *The Deer Hunter*. I couldn't do those kinds of roles. It's the commitment; the subject matter.

PLAYBOY: Could you do comedy—as opposed to *Dallas* melodrama?

HAGMAN: Sure. I'd love to work with Burt Reynolds, for instance. He's a marvelous actor. I just don't go in for all the blood and killing and maiming.

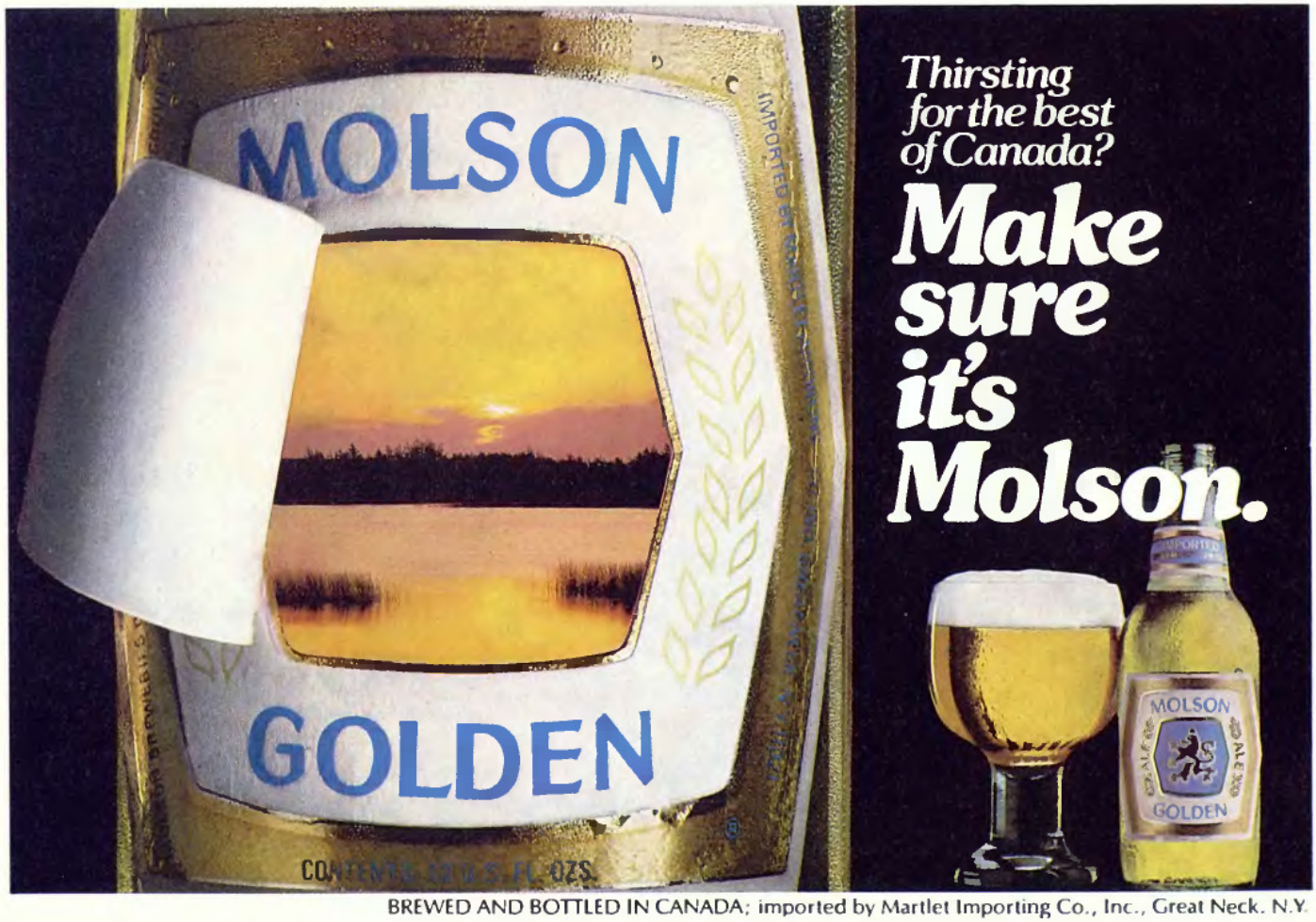
PLAYBOY: What about something like *Kramer vs. Kramer*? Serious role, no gore.

HAGMAN: I've played that role before in a TV series called *Here We Go Again*. That was after *The Good Life*, which was after *Jeannie*. It bored the shit out of me. Besides, Hoffman did it so well, I don't figure anyone's going to do it again for a while.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a leading man?

HAGMAN: In *Jeannie*, yeah. But that was 15 years ago. Then I got into character acting, which to me is the most fun. And now, all of a sudden, I'm back to leading-man roles. I'm being approached for that sort of thing more and more.

PLAYBOY: More J.R. characters?



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HAGMAN: Not one of them so far. I'm absolutely amazed. In fact, they're all pretty dull. That's why I haven't taken any. Like I said earlier, I'm writing my own.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe for us a typical day's routine when you're working on *Dallas*?

HAGMAN: Sure. I get up at 5:30 A.M., go outside and take a pee over the bulkhead onto the beach at Malibu. I always like peeing outside. I like to mark off the corners of my property. Then I take a three- or four-minute Jacuzzi. Then I have a little fruit juice before Maj and I run two miles. When I come back, I have some tea and then I drive to work. On the way, I tape-record all my lines and all the scenes I have to do that day. I refresh my memory with what I studied the night before. When I get to work, I go into my dressing room—which, by the way, is a real crummy dressing room, so I draped it in flags—and I review my lines for another ten minutes. Then it's into make-up. By now, it's a quarter to eight. I see the cast. We bullshit, then go into rehearsal for however long it takes. We start shooting around 8:30, usually, and shoot and shoot and shoot. At lunchtime, I have a salad or something I've brought from home. After that, there's usually an interview two or three times a week—though I'm going to cut down on that, because I think I've been a little overexposed.

PLAYBOY: You won't have to do any more after this.

HAGMAN: Right. I can just hand this one out. Then, let's see, I work till about 7:30 P.M. at the latest, then drive home and review the next day's lines on the way. When I get home, I take another pee over the bulkhead to mark off my territorial domain.

PLAYBOY: You mean the way a dog stakes out his turf?

HAGMAN: Exactly. A lot of dogs on the beach come and sniff around. And they will piss all over your bulkhead, your stairways, and if they can piss all over your plants, they'll do that. So I like to mark my area so when they come around, they'll say, "Oh, shit. This dude's serious."

PLAYBOY: It actually works?

HAGMAN: Sure. When I'm pissing, I'm saying, "Dogs, don't piss on my place." They can be a real pain in the ass. Especially the males. Anyway, after that, I hang out with Maj and the kids—if they're around—and ask what their day's been like. During this period, I take a Jacuzzi. I have this big wooden bucket and I soak down and take off my make-up and pour these buckets over my head. Kind of Japanese fashion. Then it's back into the Jacuzzi for more talk and a bottle of champagne before a light dinner and bed. I'm asleep by a quarter to ten.

PLAYBOY: You recently lost about 40 pounds. How?

HAGMAN: A sort of protein-vanilla-milkshake diet. No food. Now we don't eat meat anymore, either. I've found my blood pressure significantly lower. I'm not too wild about killing things, but I figure if you're going to eat 'em, kill 'em yourself. Otherwise, it's like hiring executioners. Of course, you do kill vegetables, and I'm sure they scream, but they're not on my frequency, so I don't really give a shit. I'd been a vegetarian on and off for years and I knew that somehow it made me feel better. My shit didn't smell. My body odor went down. You know, I went to China last year and Maj and I suddenly realized, while standing in the midst of all these Chinese, that they didn't smell. And, of course, it was because they eat very little meat. Also, in the past six months, I've gotten into running—I do two miles every day, work out on Nautilus, play racquetball, throw the Frisbee, do t'ai chi.

PLAYBOY: How had you gained all the weight?

HAGMAN: Living the good life. Not exercising. Eating and drinking and doing all the things that people do when they're successful. When I was in England recently, Maj and I were visiting with this rich guy. He makes 8,000,000 pounds a week; lives on the Isle of Man, where there are no taxes. Anyway, at dinner one night, we were at his table. We consumed maybe 100 bottles of Louis Roederer Cristal, which goes for $65 a bottle. And over ten pounds of Beluga caviar served in crystal bowls. I never thought I'd get sated with caviar and the best champagne, but after that, I just didn't want any more. By the second day there, I just wanted a beer. We've quit that. It's leafy green vegetables, yogurt, fish and fowl, now.

"I always like peeing outside. I like to mark off the corners of my property."

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you made a reference to your practice of not speaking on Sundays.

HAGMAN: I can only say that you've got to try it to appreciate how nice it is.

PLAYBOY: Is it a form of meditation or discipline?

HAGMAN: No. Neither of those. I just find it kinda makes my day easier. It has no religious connotation, as far as I know. But it has a subconscious benefit for me psychically. It's just nice to lay out for a day.

PLAYBOY: How do those around you react?

HAGMAN: Well, my family is no problem. I've been doing it for ten years and they know all about it. I realize it's a totally selfish thing to do, but it seems to work for me in the end. Once people realize what I'm into, they understand it. Most of them can deal with it. In fact, more and more people I meet who observe it end up saying it's a pretty good idea. They say they wish they could do it. And I intimate to them that all they have to do is *do it*. It's sorta hard for me to describe, because I'm looking at it from a totally different perspective.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to do that?

HAGMAN: Oh, I came home one day and I'd been doing a scene in some film or something where I had to scream and holler and yell. I woke up the next morning and couldn't talk. So I just stopped talking for the rest of the day, and the next day, too. It was nice. Now I have one day a week when I can at least not do something that is normally expected of me. I don't have to answer phones, which is wonderful. If my wife doesn't want to answer them, either, we don't for the whole day. If there's an emergency, we have a special line. If I'm home alone, I'll answer it and whistle. If there's some sort of problem, I'll talk. Of course.

PLAYBOY: What about the people who just won't understand? Ever had anyone hassle you about your silence?

HAGMAN: Yeah. Usually, I can handle it. I use sign language to make myself understood. There was a lady last Sunday who wanted me to speak and was real aggressive about it. Fortunately, I managed to keep from saying "Fuck off."

PLAYBOY: But you must occasionally be tempted to break your vows of silence.

HAGMAN: I did on one occasion. I was in Oklahoma City. It was my day to shut up. It got to be midnight and I'd signed about 2000 autographs already at a country-and-western clothes store—something I'd been paid to do. And I shut off at midnight. I was in a disco at the time and I had my stand-in and bodyguard, Tim O'Connor, with me. Everybody at my table understood and Tim was there to explain it to anyone else. Anyway, this girl came up, actually several girls. They wanted my autograph. They understood about my not talking. But one girl also asked me to say something like hello. I shook my head and smiled. So she says, "I'm going to *make* you talk." And for 20 minutes, she bugged the shit out of me. I mean, she bugged me and bugged me. I was trying to visit with other people and she was tugging at me and making faces and doing all kinds of obnoxious things. Finally, she says, "What's the matter with you? Are you too good to talk to me?" She took it as a personal affront, as if I weren't doing it for anyone else, only her. And I said, "No." And she says, "I got you to talk!" And I said,

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"OK, what would you like me to say?" And she says, "Anything." And I said, "You want to fuck?" And she went, "Oh, my God, you're disgusting!" And she went away.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about breaking your silence?

HAGMAN: I felt really bad about what I said to her. It was an aggressive thing, something that I didn't actually mean, said to hurt her. It ruined the next day for me. I felt shitty. It was like I had hit her. It was not me—well, it must have been me or I wouldn't have done it, but I mean, she just bugged me and bugged me until I was helpless.

PLAYBOY: Silence sounds like one of the centering techniques you've talked about. What are some of the others?

HAGMAN: Lots of things help. A good "Ommmm," hyperventilation. It can be a bathroom or a closet that helps you get away from the madding crowd, so you can just sit down, close your eyes and think of nothing.

PLAYBOY: Do you actually retreat to closets?

HAGMAN: Yeah. Sometimes when everybody wants your attention, you just have to take ten minutes to be alone. I get in a dark room and think of a huge clover field with a red rose right in the middle and I go and try to be that rose.

PLAYBOY: Do you find yourself resorting to those techniques more often these days?

HAGMAN: Yeah. In crowds, I always have to remember to just slow down. I want to be very kind to people. See, there comes a time that I call shark-feeding frenzy. Have you ever seen sharks fighting over the carcass of a whale? It's terrifying. They go absolutely mad over the whale and end up striking at themselves. Well, a crowd can get like that when they're denied something. You saw them out at the gate on the Southfork set, the hands reaching into the car in a kind of hysteria, afraid they're going to miss something unless they get to you. So I just have to go very slow, because if I panic, they'll panic. It's easier to be gracious, but I don't like to get kicked around, either.

PLAYBOY: You've said you're quite a collector.

HAGMAN: Yes. I collect hats, flags, pieces of cut glass, necklaces, lots of things.

PLAYBOY: Anything else you'd like to collect?

HAGMAN: Jet planes. Helicopters. *Not* submarines.

PLAYBOY: Where do you keep all that stuff?

HAGMAN: At home. But I'm running out of room, and Maj says she wants to simplify our lives. Maybe I'll build an underground house—we've been thinking of that. Anyway, it's real easy to collect stuff and when people find that out, they're always giving you stuff, mailing it to you. I guess I've gotten almost 200 hats just in the last year. And there's no place to put them. So I may just give them away. Or establish a Larry Hagman museum.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about autograph hounds?

HAGMAN: Signing autographs takes a lot of time. So I've printed up some Larry Hagman $100 bills and pass them out instead. I'm going to up it to $1000 on the next run. Inflation.

PLAYBOY: You must get tired of it if you've gone to such lengths.

HAGMAN: You know, I once had a guy come up to me right in the middle of dinner and say, "My wife wants your autograph." Now, I figure if somebody wants something, he ought to put himself on the line. So I say, "Thank you very much, but I'm in the middle of dinner." He said, "She wants your autograph now and she wants you to come to the table." I said, "I'm right in the middle of dinner. I hope she'll understand. But if she wants to come and get my autograph . . . if she wouldn't mind waiting." And he started fuming. He said, "You want *my wife* to come over to *you?*" I said, "Yes, I do." He said, "You arrogant prick." Well, I thanked him and told him that was just the way it was, and he split. On the way out, I passed his table and went over to him and said, "I don't give a fuck what you think of me, you little prick. You wanna step outside, I'm going to kick the shit out of you?" So he stands up and I see that his wife . . . is in a wheelchair! Christ! She was a paraplegic. It was the first time I'd noticed. He just assumed I knew. So I never say anything nasty anymore—until I know all the facts.

"Have you ever seen sharks fighting over the carcass of a whale? It's terrifying. Well, a crowd can get like that."

PLAYBOY: You have to figure the guy was just expecting a certain attitude from J. R. Ewing.

HAGMAN: That's what's funny about it. It was during my *I Dream of Jeannie* period. Hah!

PLAYBOY: Are you wary of making mistakes these days?

HAGMAN: Well, yeah. You can't take advantage of every deal that comes along just because there's money involved. It might be too much exposure in the wrong direction. I'm new to the game, so I want to be a little cautious.

PLAYBOY: In the beginning of this interview, you claimed the press had to make up copy because your real life was so dull. In retrospect, we can't agree.

HAGMAN: I live a nice, easy life. I don't have a lot of difficulties. I don't get into fights. I don't blow ether up in my face—Richard Pryor, that poor son of a bitch, he's so talented, but he must be horribly hurt somewhere inside. People think, How exciting to be Larry Hagman. But we're sitting here in Dallas in the middle of a heat wave, trying to keep cool. I'm not a guy who's out in a whirlwind of champagne or caviar, though that's there when I want it. When I'm home in Malibu, I never go out anyplace other than to about three restaurants. I'm just a normal guy, maybe more normal than most. Excitement is in the eye of the beholder. This whole J.R. thing will be gone before you know it.

PLAYBOY: You sound as though you don't take the whole thing too seriously.

HAGMAN: I don't. If I do, it will lose its magic. I take my wife, my marriage, my children's lives seriously. But, generally, I don't have to take anything else seriously.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there something you feel you have to say in life?

HAGMAN: You want me to say something to the world? Love each other. It's a lot better than hating each other. Easier, too.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that sums up your approach to life?

HAGMAN: My approach to life is the same as my approach to acting: Be as outrageous as you possibly can.

PLAYBOY: What's the most outrageous thing you've gotten away with?

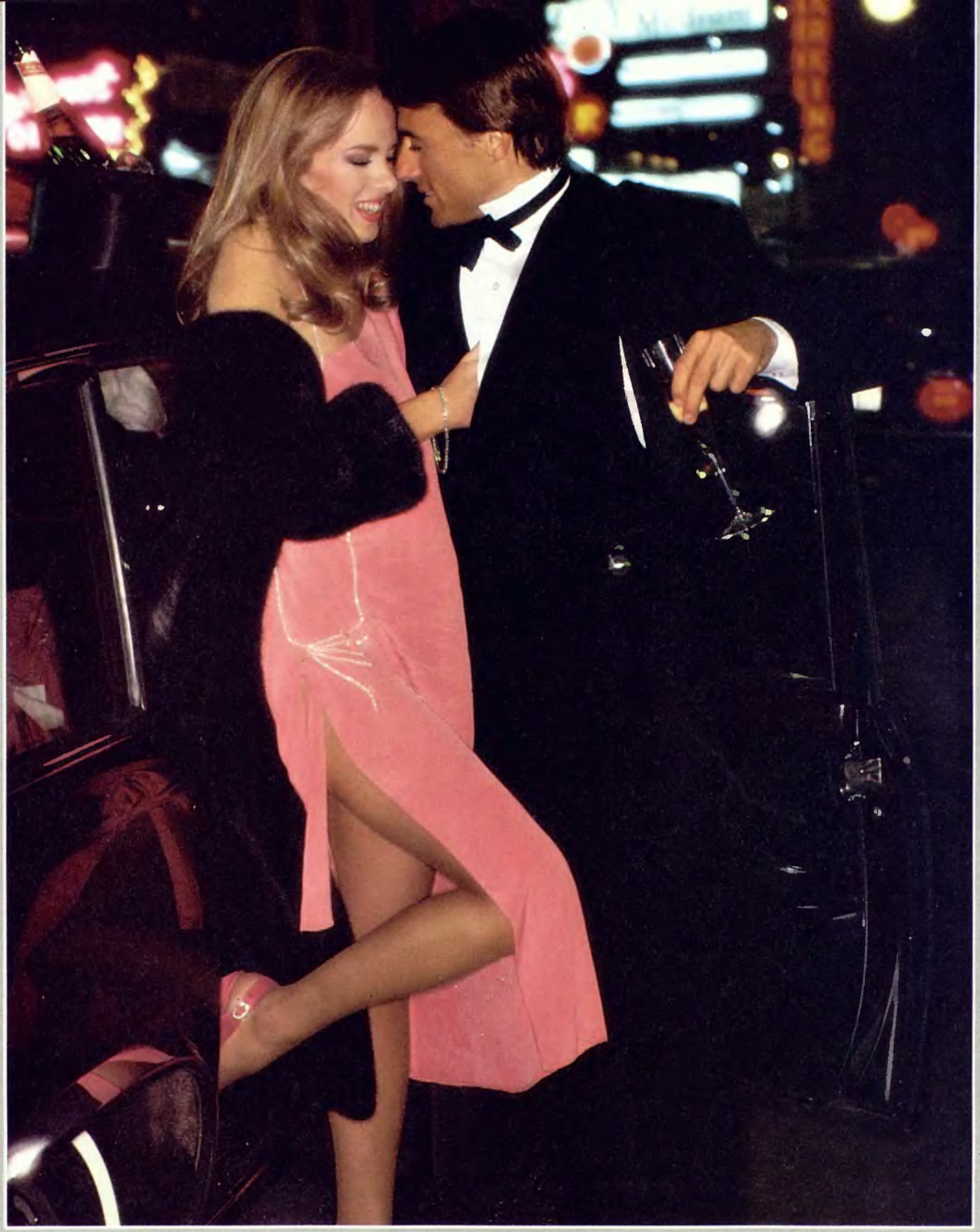
HAGMAN: J.R. Because I got away with it and because it's become what it's become.

PLAYBOY: What's the toughest thing about being Larry Hagman?

HAGMAN: Finding the time to *be* Larry Hagman.

PLAYBOY: And, finally, how, in the midst of all that's happened to you, do you remember who you are?

HAGMAN: There was a film I saw, or something I read once, in which there was a story about a Roman general entering the forum after conquering Gaul and slaughtering 2,000,000 men, women and children. The crowd was going apeshit. The general was a great hero. He had his 100,000 troops marching behind him. But riding in his chariot was someone they call the Public Conscience. And all the time, this guy is whispering in the general's ear: "Only Caesar is godlike. Only Augustus is the Emperor. You are only human. Do not forget. You are only human."



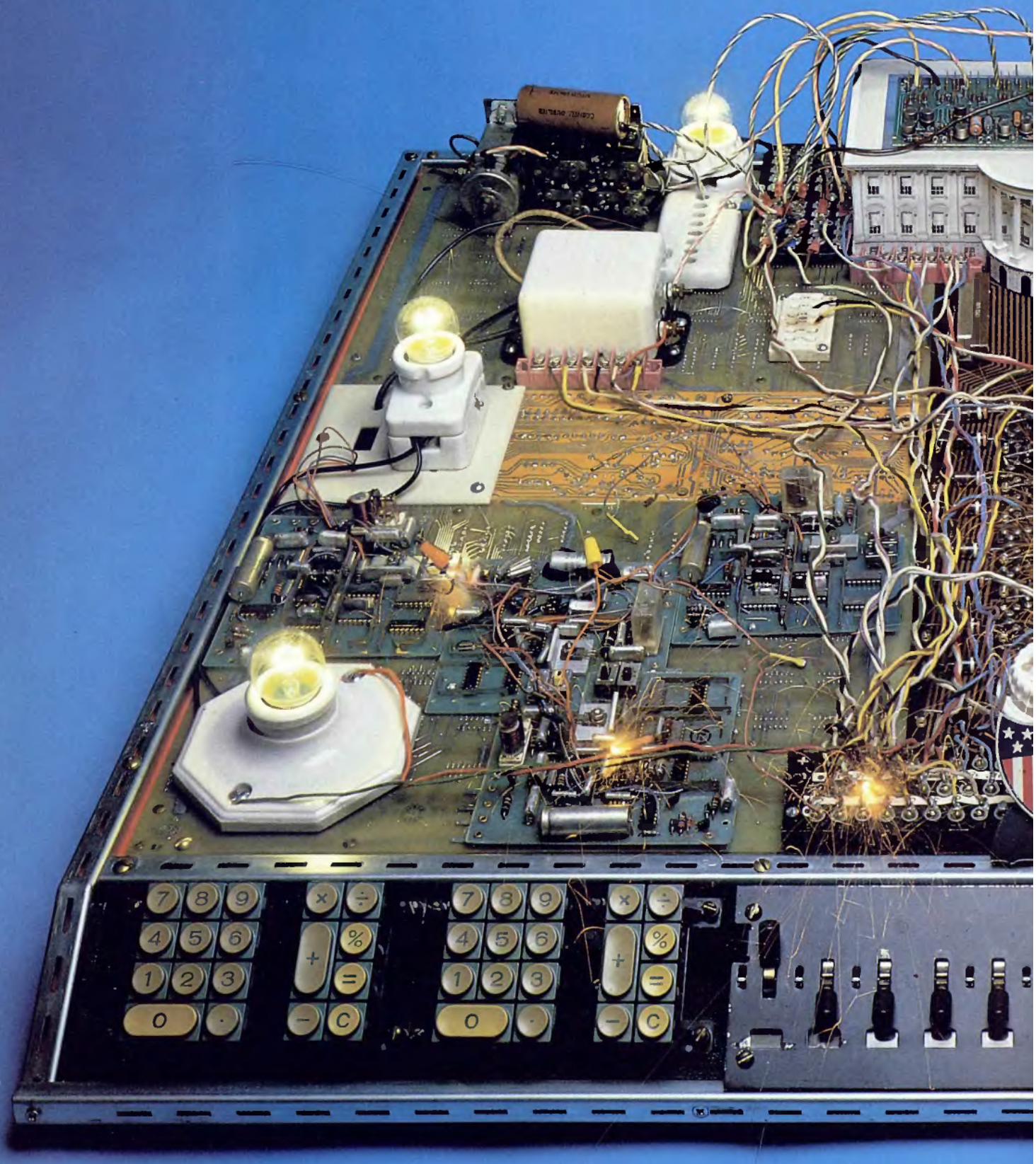
WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He hires a limousine to take her to dinner and brings a bottle of chilled champagne with just two glasses. Just for the fun of it. He cares about the quality of his life. He reads PLAYBOY because he appreciates its quest for the excellent. When it comes to dining, over a quarter of American men who eat out read PLAYBOY. He is a man who differentiates between the extraordinary and the mundane. What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? One who wants the best out of life.

HOW WASHINGTON WORKS: WHAT

article By NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN *if the chief executive thinks*

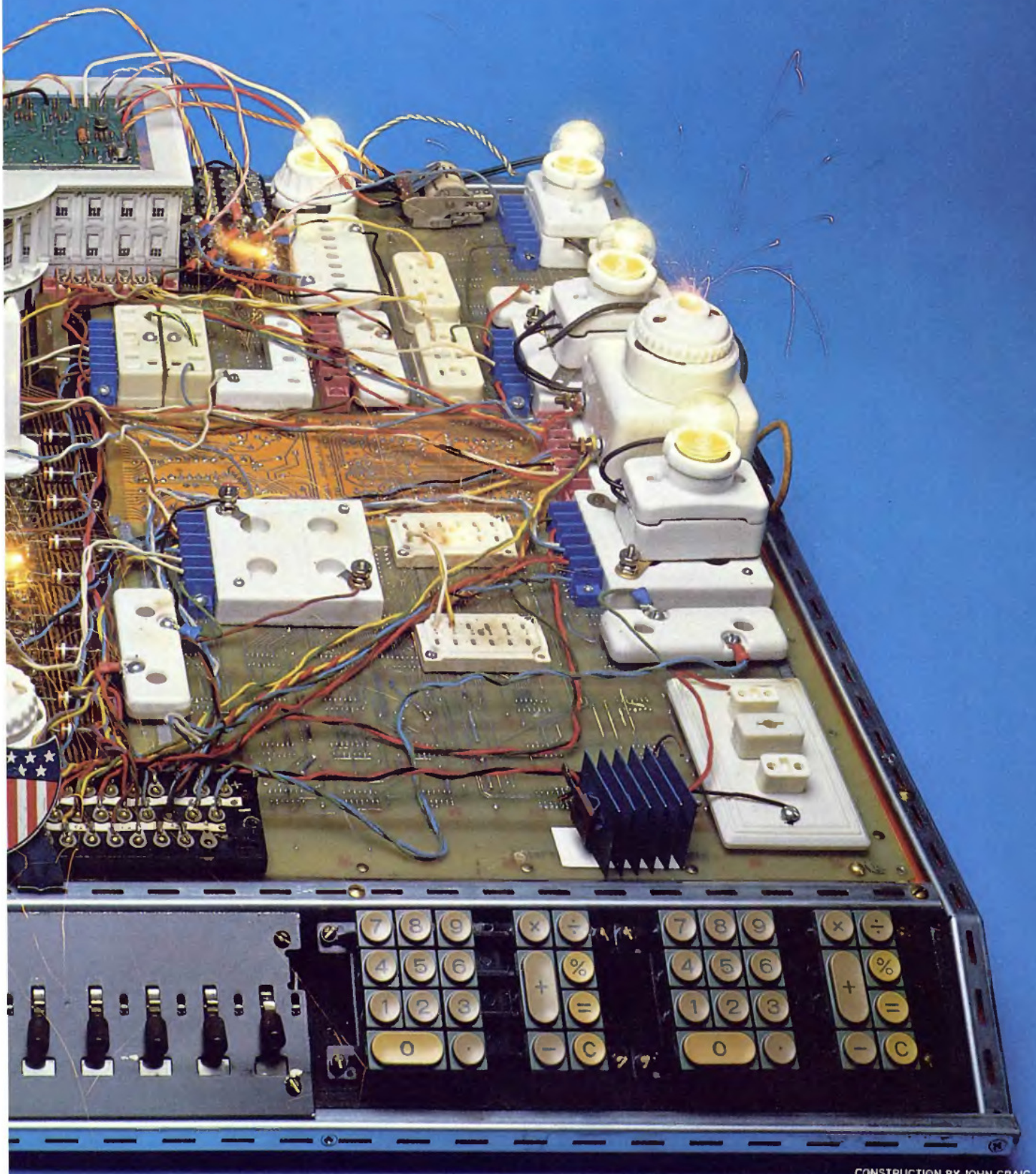
"I'LL REAM your ass out, you son of a bitch," Tip O'Neill told Hamilton Jordan shortly after Jimmy Carter's right-hand man hit town—and that was before the President had even been sworn in. O'Neill, who functions as the Speaker of the House of Representatives when he isn't playing political proctologist, was angry and embarrassed because the seats he'd ordered for his family and friends for Carter's Inauguration Gala were in the back of the



EVERY PRESIDENT SHOULD KNOW

he controls the power circuit in this town, he's really got his wires crossed

hall at the Kennedy Center. Jordan (pronounced Jerdin in Georgia) had cheekily offered to give the Tipster a $300 refund on his tickets if he didn't like the seats. For that, O'Neill, ever the Boston pol (who can be just as colorful as those Southern son-of-the-soil types), hung the name on Jordan that is still used on the Potomac. Around the National Democratic Club, snuggled back down behind the House office buildings or wherever else lobbyists and



CONSTRUCTION BY JOHN CRAIG

GREASING WASHINGTON'S WHEELS

advice to the next president—whoever he is—from a few tough natives

Sally Quinn, *journalist*

You get along in Washington like you get along anywhere else. Pretend you were a newcomer to a small town somewhere—say, Plains, Georgia. You'd try to meet as many people as possible. You'd look up the Carters. A lot of people would be friendly and bring over a pie or a covered dish. The smart, natural, spontaneous thing would be to reciprocate their hospitality.

If you were going to set up a business in that town, you'd make friends with the other business people and establish some form of communication with them. If you had a problem with your business, you could ask them for advice. In Washington, the businessmen are the Congress. The church people, social people, the local sewing bee or theater group—that's the "downtown" crowd in Washington: the lobbyists, the lawyers, the press.

The real work of this town is accomplished by communicating. You don't just send your people wandering around Capitol Hill. It all boils down to human contact and communication. A lot of it has to do with social life. Selling the Presidential yacht Sequoia was the most stupid thing Jimmy Carter has done. That boat was a place where you could get away, have a few drinks or dinner with some Congressmen and their wives. It was neutral territory, a pleasant environment where you could have a good time and relax for two or three hours. And afterward, everybody would be glowing!

But if you prefer to drink milk and read a book at night, don't complain when your bills don't get passed.

James Abourezk, *former Senator from South Dakota, now Washington lawyer and columnist*

All we've got coming into politics nowadays is technicians—Sanforized, preshrunk Senators. Carter is the kingpin of the technicians.

Whoever is in the White House ought to take the issues very seriously and *never* take himself seriously—that's the key to successful politics. Jimmy Carter did just the opposite.

If the President can lead the nation rather than follow, he won't have to worry about re-election. If he didn't worry about re-election so much, he wouldn't *have* to worry about re-election so much.

Morris Udall, *Congressman from Arizona*

Most Presidents have a tendency to spread themselves too thin. They don't recognize that history is going to judge them on only three or four or five things—a half dozen at the most. A new President ought to focus on the three or four things he wants to change. He ought to write down a list and look at it every few days.

He should avoid the idea that if he works 18 hours a day, he's a better President than if he puts in 14-hour days. He should also have a small staff. In many cases, the White House staff is just going to dig up more things for him to do, more demands on his time.

The President needs people around him not only who know him, and have a similar background, but who know Washington. He's got to know Capitol Hill, got to have someone who knows Russell Long's habits and what might tick off the Senator from West Virginia [Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd].

Outsiders who enter the race often think Washington is dumb and overcomplicated and all you need is someone with a clean broom and good old American common sense to shake a fist and knock a few heads together and everything's going to be lovely. But it's not that simple.

There are a lot of egos in Washington—some demand more attention than others. If there are moments when a Senator and his wife want to go to Kennedy Center, you might as well get the hell on the phone and get the tickets for them. And get his vote.

Art Buchwald, *columnist*

If the next President is Jimmy Carter, he should take the limo from the Capitol to the White House this time—the walk won't work two times around.

And if it's Ronnie . . . [at this point, Buchwald burst into prolonged laughter] he should ride down Pennsylvania Avenue on a white horse in his cowboy suit with a white hat.

Whoever the President is, he should get out of town as fast as he can. I'd *(concluded on page 224)*

legislators meet to drink, they still call him Hannibal Jerkin.

Washington operates like Hollywood. It's a city full of people who depend on front and face. They're only as powerful as they seem, so when public deference isn't paid to them, they worry; or, as Tip put it, "When a guy is Speaker of the House and he gets tickets like this, he figures there's a reason behind it."

On this occasion, the reason probably was that Hannibal was too full of himself. It often happens when the new President and entourage hit town. They think they've licked the world, elected their guy President; and the President thinks that way, too. One man in 223,000,000, but Washington greets Presidents the way the city of Rome has greeted conquerors for 3000 years. First they give him a parade, and then they begin to suck away his strength.

Those January inaugural days of glory are the most misleading. They put the President in the reviewing stand while the Army gives him a 21-cannon salute and the 50 states march, and it's better than Pasadena on Rose Bowl day. The new Caesar, the latest and the last of those who capture the city every four years, sits in his imperial chair and can't see the reality for the glory of the show. The next day, when he walks into the Oval Office and sees those rows of buttons on his desk, he'll press one—but it'll be months before he figures out that the wires have been snipped.

In Washington, the final decision is always made on the other end of the power alley, on top of Capitol Hill. Congress is a uniquely powerful legislative body. No other industrial democracy has granted its parliament and the members thereof the control the U. S. Congress enjoys, and any President who doesn't see that the city's abiding patterns of power are rooted in Congress' running the entire Government will leave office broken, personally and politically.

A few have understood, and one of those still chose to do battle. Woodrow Wilson considered the office of the President so inherently weak that he believed it should be abolished and replaced with the English prime-ministerial system. Nevertheless, he took on Congress over the question of America's joining the League of Nations after World War One; he lost his fight and left office crippled by stroke, half paralyzed in a drooling, paralytic bloody rage. Nixon got off lucky—he merely came down with phlebitis, though for a while it looked as though he might die of it.

(continued on page 198)

"I yield to the distinguished delegate from the great state of New York."

BEAUTY & BUREAUCRACY

we went to washington in search of uncle sam's prettiest employees, and take it from us: you can find your thrill on capitol hill

While Washington, D.C.'s spectacular annual July Fourth fireworks blaze over the Potomac River (opposite page), Krista Rae White (left), a secretary in the Department of the Navy, and Theresa Reuss, a computer operator for the U. S. Senate, celebrate the holiday. Above, Noreen Susan Ryan, an administrative assistant in the Department of the Interior's Office of Surface Mining, wheels her shiny new ten-speed bike past the White House.

ON THE EVENING of last May 18th, David Chan, PLAYBOY's internationally famous Polaroid paratrooper, slipped unobtrusively through Washington, D.C.'s National Airport and sped via taxi to his suite in the Georgetown Inn. There are 740,000 women employed by the Federal Government and Chan was looking for, say, 20 of them headquartered in the Washington area. The day before his arrival, a full-page ad in *The Washington Post* had announced the beginning of PLAYBOY's search for the prettiest women in the U. S. Government. For the next week, Chan and PLAYBOY were the subjects of dozens of newspaper, radio and television features—and the objects of demonstrations by women's organizations. When it was over, Chan returned to our Chicago office with 400 snapshots of Federal distaffers, some of whom, like flight attendants, Servicewomen and Baylor coeds before them, were willing to risk jobs (or scholarships) to appear in PLAYBOY's pages. We immediately put our In-House Subcommittee on Pictorial Affairs to work on selecting the most attractive of the 400 applicants and, in the process, discovered that visually, at least, our Government isn't taxing at all. But that shouldn't be surprising, because, as Chan says, "Wherever there's power, there's glamor." Sometimes the two qualities come together to everybody's benefit, as in the case of lobbyist Paula Parkinson (pictured on the following page). "The advantage of being a pretty woman lobbyist is that you have a slightly better chance of getting into a Congressman's office," she says. "Just 15 years ago, there weren't more than 40 female lobbyists; now there are more than 500, so it helps to be noticeable." Other women agree with Parkinson that it's easier for women to get ahead in Washington if they're good-looking. Theresa Reuss (opposite page), a computer operator for the U. S. Senate, says, "Looks are a great advantage in Washington. Frankly, while they want somebody who can do the job, the Congressmen and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

Senators would prefer having pretty women working around them. If you're pretty *and* competent, it's easier to get a job than if you're just competent." But, Paula adds, "A pretty woman who isn't very bright is at a disadvantage in Washington. If I met a Congressman and couldn't talk legislation with him, I'd be out of his office right away. Also, a lot of Congressmen are rather sensitive about being accused of hiring and working with women who aren't qualified, if you know what I mean." Even a beauty with brains can have difficulties with Washington men, she says, "Washington is basically a very horny city. For one thing, there are more women here than men. And men can be jerks with women and get away with it, because men are so scarce around here." Darlene Aubrey, a Navy yeoman working at the Pentagon, can attest to what *(text concluded on page 236)*

In a costume she's unlikely ever to wear on Copitol Hill, registered lobbyist Paula Porkinson (obove) poses with little more thon her briefcase ("Can't you see me going to work each morning like this?"). Poula is also a professional political consultant. "I hope to stay in politics for the rest of my life," she says. "My biggest thrill would be to help poss a piece of legislation I really core about."

Sandy Funkhouser (above left) is an office assistant in the Department of the Army. Linda Maisel (right) is a secretary for the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. Jeannette Wulff (opposite page) is an administrative assistont for the Joint Maritime Congress, a shipping-industry lobby.

Yeoman Darlene Aubrey (above and inset) pounds a typewriter for the Navy in its Pentagon offices. Darlene is French-Japanese and her hobbies are dancing, jogging and sketching. She says she was told she might be disciplined if she posed for PLAYBOY, but "I don't care. It's the chance of a lifetime." Julie Shorter (right) is a park technician for the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, and she's stationed at the National Visitor Center in D.C.'s historic Union Station. Julie's a science-fiction buff whose favorite pastimes are playing her mandolin and singing. She has performed in several historical dramas put on by the Park Service, often for visiting foreign dignitaries. For our photographer, she posed by a quiet swimming hole at Great Falls, Virginia.

Frĕda Cax (below), a statistical clerk for the Department of Cammerce, learned she may be dismissed for having posed for PLAYBOY, but she figures, "You only live once." Frĕda, an amateur gymnast, has five alder sisters and one younger one who, she says, are all prettier than she is. "I'm the black sheep of the family, compared with my sisters. I'm also the shiest ane." No need ta be shy, Frĕda. You're pretty enough for PLAYBOY.

Heidi Rewwer (above) is an industrial engineer for the Department of Transportation whase hobby is photography. Her favorite models: lifeguards.

Brenda Girillo (frolicking in the reflecting pool behind the Capitol, above) was a secretary for the Internal Revenue Service in Washington when this picture was taken. She has since become an office audit clerk for the IRS in York, Pennsylvania. Marcia Jordan (below) is a secretary in the State Department's Bureau of Politico/ Military Affairs. She says, perhaps undiplomatically, that her idol is Anwar Sadat.

Annette Barefoot (below), a Washington postal clerk, is a native Pennsylvanian who likes sewing, drawing and giving parties. She also likes visiting New York City and prefers her men rich and witty.

Danita Bolden (abave) works as an affice assistant in the U. S. Patent Office. Danita, who describes herself as "autgaing," spends her free time skating, swimming and playing tennis. She likes musicals and jazz, has studied acting and hopes for a career in the theater. Anne Arsenault (belaw) is a clerk-typist far the U. S. Army Matériel Development and Readiness Command but says she'd love ta wark on Capitol Hill, perhaps for a Senator. She likes scuba diving and racquetball and hapes ta be a prafessianal madel. Here's a start an *that* ambitian.

Barbara Budholdt (abave) is a magazine-production specialist far *America Illustrated*, a U. S. Government–published Russian-language feature magazine that's sent ta the Soviet Unian. In the inset above, Barbara pastes up same Russian type far the next issue. Robyn Tittle (oppasite page) works as a secretary for the Marine Corps. She heard about aur U. S. Gavernment girl hunt on a radia newscast and haped that being selected would "open some doars far me." Well, she's already opened some eyes.

Cheryl Jones (above) is a clerk-typist for the U. S. Department of Labor. An outdaors type, Cheryl pased in one of her favorite sectians af the Maryland countryside. Molly Hamiltan (right) is a staff assistant far the Hause Committee on Foreign Affairs. Molly, wha attended the University of Maryland, likes tennis, sailing and golf and paints in her spare time.

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG TAYLOR

PUTTIN' ON THE ZITS!

sweet talk about that sinful, sensuous dusky delight—chocolate

food and drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG** The ancient Toltecs and Aztecs considered chocolate a food of the gods, bestowed on earthlings by the great god Quetzalcoatl. To Madame Du Barry, chocolate was the food of love, which she fed to suitors to fan their ardor. Actor James Coco, a confessed chocoholic, has a delicious fantasy—being immersed in a vat of Godiva chocolate and having to eat his way out. Almost as fanciful, a Chocolate Lovers Tour of Switzerland offers nine caloric days of sampling the nation's famed confections for $1354. If all this suggests an excess of passion, then you don't know chocolate freaks. They eat, drink and breathe chocolate; they cook with it, discuss it, read about it avidly—and volumes

have been written on the subject. Indeed, a newsletter, *Chocolate News*, was launched this year, with plenty of subscribers. To many zealots, chocolate is not just a good gobble but a sensuous experience as well. They respond to packaging, presentation, the artistry of a pattern and design of a particular piece. They have definite tastes, preferring dark to milk chocolate, bittersweet to sweet, imported to domestic, filled rather than solid, and they want a high proportion of chocolate to filling, not a thin robe. Buffs look for chocolate with rich, delicate and costly Criollo cocoa beans from Venezuela and Guatemala represented generously in the blend. Such absorption inevitably brings to mind the wine lover's obsession with vintages, vineyards and grape varieties. But there's one significant difference. When tasting, an oenophile sometimes swishes wine over his tongue, then expectorates. It would take a Heimlich maneuver to make a chocophile surrender a mouthful of chocolate.

Devotees are always pleased to learn that the cocoa bean is native to our hemisphere—a beautiful American. It was prized by Mexican Indians as a source of energy, wisdom, strength, courage and a rare aphrodisiac. Aztec honcho Montezuma II invariably quaffed *xocoatl* from a golden chalice, as he ambled to the harem. Records indicate that Montezuma downed 50 cups of the stuff a day. Casanova and the Marquis de Sade also believed in chocolate's erotic properties, while clerics denounced it as "immoral and provocative of immorality." But it was not too long ago that a couple of hip medics at the New York State Psychiatric Institute detected a logical connection between chocolate and amour. Cocoa beans, it seems, are rich in phenelethylamine, a mood-altering chemical that can induce giddy feelings akin to love.

Though a sensation in its day, the crude early chocolate was not in the same league with the suave confection produced by modern refining techniques. After the pod is severed from the tree, it is steamed and split. Then the cocoa beans, actually seeds, are fermented, dried, roasted, cleaned, shelled and ground to a paste. This "chocolate liquor" is kneaded and tempered until lustrous and velvety. In effect, they have to beat the hell out of it before cocoa will release its heady treasures.

European confectioners go in for extended "conching," a process of kneading the paste with heavy rollers that imparts the supple elegance enthusiasts prize. Belgian and Swiss chocolates are generally regarded as best of breed. The Belgians are artisans, hand sculpting diminutive pieces that combine visual grace with intense cream and praline centers. Swiss chocolates, containing more milk and cocoa butter, are silky, light and fairly sweet—dissolving easily on the tongue. Italian and Dutch chocolates, on the other hand, are dark and pungent. The Dutch are alkalized to deepen color and flavor and increase solubility. Italians are innovative *chocolatiers*. They formulated the first solid chocolate—appropriately, in the shape of a salami, and the Gianduiotto—a crunchy mixture of hazelnuts and caramelized sugar, usually layered and swathed in chocolate. English chocolates are very sweet, often with garish centers. Cadbury is the world's largest chocolate supplier, but Bendicks products have more appeal. For all their flair with other fare, the French produce undistinguished bonbons. Another melancholy note—some smashing European chocolates are banned from these shores because of their spirit content. The rationale is that we're protecting kiddies who might inadvertently sample them and become instant alcoholics.

Even without this bonanza of imports, the United States is no chocolate wasteland; not with such confectioners as Le Chocolatier, a Swiss tailor who fashions superb confections in the back of his store, and Godiva, Krön, Edelweiss and other local specialty shops. Nor is it a punishment to munch the likes of Heath's milk chocolate, Wilbur's Buds, See's Peanut Crunch and Fannie May's black nougat or maple nut. Serious chocologists should also investigate Peter's Viking Bar, a ten-pound item out of Nestlé—and a superior piece of chocolate.

While confections, pastries and cocoa drinks will satisfy most chocolate hungers, chocolate junkies also get off on Pichónes Estofados, Turkey Mole and Chicken Sebastopol, birds zapped with tangy chocolate sauces; New Yorkers crave egg cream, a synergistic mélange of chocolate syrup, milk, seltzer and nostalgia; chili heads know grated bitter chocolate is the secret of a great chili; Giordano, a spiffy Manhattan bistro, has homemade chocolate pasta in a creamy, nutmeg-flecked Alfredo sauce showered with walnuts; and some votaries insist the ultimate chocolate experience is a voluptuous chocolate liqueur. These potions, called *crèmes* because of their high sugar content, may be enjoyed neat and on the rocks but are reserved primarily for mixed drinks. You'll find ample proof of chocolate's versatility and allure in the food-and-drink recipes that follow.

CHICKEN ANDALUSIA
(Serves four)

An adaptation of a Spanish dish usually made with small game birds.

2 or 3 whole chicken breasts (depending on size), split
Flour, seasoned with salt, pepper
¼ cup olive oil
16–20 medium-size mushroom caps
2 medium-size onions, coarsely chopped
2 cloves garlic, very finely chopped
1 cup chicken broth or bouillon
¼ cup cocktail sherry
1 bay leaf
½ oz. (½ square) unsweetened chocolate, finely chopped
2 tablespoons tomato paste
Salt, pepper, to taste
2 canned pimientos, rinsed and slivered

Remove skin from chicken-breast halves. Dust chicken with seasoned flour. Heat oil in large, deep skillet and brown chicken pieces and mushroom caps; remove from pan. Add onion and garlic; sauté just until softened, 2 or 3 minutes. Add chicken broth, sherry and bay leaf; bring to boil. Return chicken pieces to pan and spoon liquid over them. Cover pan, reduce heat and simmer about 25 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Remove chicken pieces to heated platter and keep warm. Discard bay leaf. Add chocolate, tomato paste and mushroom caps to pan. Stir over low heat until chocolate has melted; do not boil. Salt and pepper to taste. Spoon sauce and mushroom caps over chicken and garnish with pimiento slivers. Good with rice.

Note: If you prefer chicken thighs and drumsticks, increase cooking time by about 10 minutes.

CHOCOLATE TRUFFLES
(About three dozen)

A different kind of truffle, served only at Cellar in the Sky—a different kind of dining room—at New York's Windows on the World.

9 ozs. semisweet chocolate
1 cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons sweet butter
2 tablespoons sugar
1 oz. Grand Marnier or other liqueur
¾ lb. semisweet chocolate, for coating

Melt chocolate over hot (not boiling) water. Be very careful not to get drops of water in chocolate. Temperature of chocolate should not exceed 96° Fahrenheit. To test, place drop beneath lower lip. At correct temperature, you should not feel heat or cold. Combine cream, butter and sugar in saucepan; bring to boil. Remove from heat immediately. Stir in liqueur; fold in chocolate. Chill just until mixture stiffens. Remove from refrigerator and stir until color lightens. Put mixture in pastry bag with plain round tip and squeeze out onto wax paper in small balls, or portion out by taking heaping teaspoonful of mixture

(continued on page 209)

UNCOMMON SCENTS

modern living By HENRY POST

a snifty guide to six types of men's colognes—plus info on when to wear them and which is best suited to you

YEARS AGO, manufacturers of men's toiletries dealt with the American male's aversion to cologne by diluting it and calling it after-shave. Today, American men are spending $600,000,000 a year on fragrance alone. Regardless of whether you're just getting into colognes or have been splashing the scented stuff on for years, you should know

Following the numbers (cologne type is given in parentheses after each name): 1. 4711 Eau de Cologne (citrus), by Colonia, $13.50. 2. English Leather (citrus), by Mem, $6.50. 3. Sport Scent for Men spray (fougère), by Jovan, $12. 4. Eau de Guerlain (citrus), by Guerlain, $22.50. 5. Macho (fougère), by Fabergé, $11.50. 6. Eau Sauvage Pour Homme (citrus), by Christian Dior Perfumes, $16.50. 7. Colorado Sage Cologne (fougère), by Jess Bell, $7.50. 8. Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne (spicy), by Jacqueline Cochran, $25. 9. Chanel for Men (spicy), by Chanel, $12. 10. British Sterling (spicy), by Speidel, $7.50. 11. Givenchy Gentleman Eau de Toilette (spicy), by Parfums Givenchy, $15. 12. Patou Pour Homme (woody leather), by Jean Patou, $45. 13. Halston 1-12 (green), by Halston Frogrances, $16. 14. Devin Light Sporting Cologne natural spray (green), by Aramis, $15. 15. Geoffrey Beene Grey Flannel (green), by Jacqueline Cachran, $30. 16. YSL Natural spray atomizer (chypre), by Yves Saint Laurent, $10. 17. Blend 30 eau de toilette (woody leather), by Alfred Dunhill, $18. 18. Kanon (woody leather), by Scannon, $14.50. 19. Aramis Super Cologne (chypre), by Aramis, $18.50. 20. Ted Lapidus spray (woody leather), by Speidel, $16.50. 21. Polo (woody leather), by Ralph Lauren, $16.50. 22. Denim cologne (chypre), by Lever Bros., $7.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

that all fragrances are derived from three sources: animal (secretions of the male musk deer, the Canadian beaver and the civet cat, for example), botanical (flowers, fruits, roots and herbs) and man-made substances (synthetic oils called aldehydes that mimic nature or have their own scent). Colognes may contain any of these substances in as many as 200 combinations. It takes an expert, however, to balance the formula. Master perfumers are called noses in the trade. They learn to distinguish among thousands of scents while serving long apprenticeships at perfume houses. When a manufacturer or a designer wants to develop a new fragrance, he provides the nose with a profile or a basic description of the scent he wants to create. The process of developing a new cologne is time-consuming and costly; therefore, the formula is carefully guarded.

A cologne develops during a four-hour cycle following application. The first notes are zingy but short-lived. They evaporate to reveal the longer-lasting middle notes that are the cologne's signature. These notes last several hours and the better the cologne, the longer they stick around. Toward the end of the cycle, the bottom notes dominate. These are the longest-lasting elements of the cologne. They're called fixatives and they combine with the skin's chemistry to produce a fusion of fragrance that is the wearer's own.

To determine whether or not a cologne suits you—experiment. Don't smell the cologne in the bottle. Apply a different scent to each arm, allow it to dry and then sniff. Test your reaction during the cologne's four-hour cycle; but since the sense of smell is most acute in the afternoon, plan to experiment at the end of the day.

Colognes are intensified by heat and humidity. The chypre, woody-leather and spicy scents, dominated as they are by animal ingredients and the more pungent botanical essences, tend to have a seductive, lulling effect. They are best worn at night or during the daytime in the winter. Sharp citrus or green colognes have an invigorating tonic effect. Wear these when it's warm.

The way a cologne smells is also affected by skin type: Colognes smell different on dark, oily skin than they do on fair, dry skin. Fragrance is also affected by diet, nicotine and the environment. For example, a cologne may smell stronger in clean country air than it will in polluted city air.

Colognes are not the only scented men's toiletries. Soaps, shaving creams, moisturizers and deodorants all may contain some fragrance. Make sure they support your cologne—not sabotage it—either by using unscented products or by using those that are scented with your cologne.

Don't settle for just one fragrance. Not only are some more suitable for evening than morning, town than country, but manufacturers are constantly developing new products. The newest colognes are more concentrated and longer-lasting than ever before, with an essential oil content of ten to twelve percent, compared with six to eight percent in the colognes of yesteryear. Many of the newer products are synthetic and combine diverse scents such as citrus and leather. Such complex fragrances demand experimentation. Cologne can and should support a man's style. The imagination used in dressing should complement that used in selecting and wearing cologne.

GREEN COLOGNES

These fragrances bring to mind clean, woodsy, invigorating and mossy smells. They're bright, sharp and suitable for both summer and winter wear.

Aqua di Selva (Victor)
Devin Light Sporting Cologne (Aramis)
Geoffrey Beene Grey Flannel (Jacqueline Cochran)
Halston 1-12 (Halston)
Sargasso (Perfumer's Workshop)

CITRUS COLOGNES

One of the traditional men's scents, citrus fragrances are made of lemons, oranges, limes and other refreshing fruits. They're usually (but not always) light and better suited to summer or warmer climates.

Aston (De Markoff)
Chaps (Ralph Lauren)
Courrèges Homme (Courrèges)
Eau de Guerlain (Guerlain)
Eau Sauvage Pour Homme (Dior)
English Leather (Mem)
4711 (Colonia)
Signor (Victor)

SPICY COLOGNES

Usually complex in make-up, these masculine scents combine everything from cloves to lavender in varying strengths. Musk is often a key component of spicy colognes. All are suitable to both summer and winter use.

British Sterling (Speidel)
Chanel for Men (Chanel)
Derrick (Orlane)
Equipage (Hermès)
Givenchy Gentleman Eau de Toilette (Givenchy)
Ho Hang (Balenciaga)
Jovan Musk Oil for Men (Jovan)
Lagerfeld (Parfums Lagerfeld)
Lamborghini No. 6 (Parfums Lamborghini)
Male Factor (Max Factor)
Mennen Millionaire (Mennen)
Monsieur Jovan (Jovan)
Musk (Yardley of London)
Musk Monsieur (Houbigant)
Old Spice (Shulton)
Pierre Cardin (Jacqueline Cochran)

FOUGERE COLOGNES

Aggressive combinations of citrus, greens and herbal scents, these colognes are darker and more mysterious than others. They're best worn in the winter or at night.

Azzaro Pour Homme (Loris Azzaro)
Bogart (Jacques Bogart)
Brut (Fabergé)
Canoe (Dana)
Colorado Sage (Jess Bell)
Jade East (Songo of Maine)
John Weitz (J. W. Toiletries)
Macho (Fabergé)
Paco Rabanne (Paco Rabanne Parfums)
Revillon Pour Homme (Alfin Fragrances)
Sport Scent for Men (Jovan)

CHYPRE COLOGNES

Containing ingredients such as oak moss, these scents have a citrus top note and a mossy base. They're rich yet not overbearing and are good for winter days or summer nights.

Aramis Super (Aramis)
Chaz (Revlon)
Denim (Lever Bros.)
Eau Cendrée (Jacomo)
Gucci Pour Homme (Gucci)
Halston Z-14 (Halston)
Monsieur Houbigant (Houbigant)
YSL (Yves Saint Laurent)

WOODY-LEATHER COLOGNES

The darkest and richest of men's scents, woody leathers are often mixed with tobacco in a deep, Oriental base, frequently with patchouli, sandalwood and musks. They're best worn sparingly or during the winter.

Blend 30 (Dunhill)
Foulard (Perfumer's Workshop)
Kanon (Scannon)
Lanvin for Men (Lanvin Parfums)
Leather (Yardley of London)
900 Herbal (Aramis)
Oleg Cassini for Men (Jovan)
Patou Pour Homme (Jean Patou)
Polo (Ralph Lauren)
Royal Copenhagen (Swank)
Ted Lapidus (Speidel)
Van Cleef & Arpels (Van Cleef)

Just as American men discovered the romance and sophistication of a refined taste in fine wines, we have abandoned the taboos against colognes and are now developing a heightened scent sense. Our reward: refreshing ourselves and those closest to us with products of this ancient art of sensuous attraction.

fiction **BY ANDY STONE**

RAT TOWN BOOGIE

welcome to straight city, u.s.a.—the wrong place for this technicolor, star-studded, neon-filtered freak

"RAT TOWN, boy."

"What?" I was confused.

"Rat Town. Rat. Town. You want me to spell it? They'll have your muffler there. Forty miles west on the interstate." The parts man leaned over the flyspecked truckstop counter, his hands adding another layer of grease to join the smears that already reduced the stale candy and K-Whopper belt buckles below the glass to distant blurs. Then I looked up and realized that everything in the room, whether behind glass or not, was also a distant blur . . . except for the parts man. He was outlined in an intense purple glow, his teeth gleaming, his skin green.

A clear-cut case of too many drugs. Too many for me, that is, not for him. I doubt that he'd been into any drugs at all, but I could feel the LSD beginning to boil up my spine. Five of the little orange tablets had definitely been too many.

"Something wrong, boy?" He leaned even farther over the counter. I was staring, openmouthed. I'd lost all track of the conversation. "You got a problem?" I was badly confused and this was no place for blatant confusion. They eat *(continued on page 204)*

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR CLARKE

The Playmates steppin' and singin' at rehearsal: Right, Jeana and Sondra Theodore; below, Sondra, Rosanne Katon (currently on movie leave), Jeana and Terri Welles, who's due on the gatefold next month.

this charter member of our playmates singing group measures her success in shoes and stocks

READY ON THE SET

Jeana Tomasino is ready. Just name the occasion; she'll be there. On time, fully prepared and looking good. In spaced-out Los Angeles, where she now lives, that's a standout characteristic. So standout, in fact, that she doesn't fit Hollywood's institutionalized numerical rating system. Jeana is quite simply an A.

You don't get to be an A by just being pretty, though Jeana could give lessons in blinding flash. For the A, you've got to do your homework. And that's what Jeana's been doing since she left her Milwaukee homestead several years ago to seek fame and fortune (her fame, anybody's

"I need a lot of romance. That extra phone call, flowers or something silly in the mail. And first thing in the morning I need a massage, just to wake my skin up. I really think I'd be happier married and I keep setting deadlines. But, somehow, the deadlines are always put off."

fortune). Her first stop was Chicago, where, in only a little more time than it took the Great Chicago Fire, she had consumed the city. In a first-class whirlwind tour, she established her credentials as a model, sometime actress and full-time *bon vivant*. "I loved the mix of people in Chicago," she says, "the doctors, the lawyers; at a party, you could learn something. Here in L.A., it's movies, movies, movies." Jeana is nothing if not social. An irrepressible people lover, she draws out the shy with queries and muzzles the arrogant with her sincerity. Most of the time, the party doesn't begin until Jeana gets there.

With the ashes of Chicago—and a few of the hearts—still smoldering, Jeana attacked L.A. It was no contest. She

"I don't have to be in love to enjoy going to bed with someone, but I'm real choosy. Young men do nothing for me. I like mature men. Not necessarily gray, but they have to be mature. My boyfriends have all been very wise."

parlayed her modeling experience into several national TV commercials. You've seen her tout Dittos, Lincoln-Mercury, The Gap and Coppertone, to name a few. As an actress, she has collected a raft of small parts, notably one in Mel Brooks's upcoming flick *The History of the World—Part I*. As a *bon vivant*, she hits the best parties, including those celebrated galas at a certain Holmby Hills mansion.

All the while, Jeana was doing her homework: making contacts, taking singing and dancing lessons, reading voraciously. Getting ready. The money she was making went partly into the stock market, partly into shoes. "I snort Charles Jourdan shoes," she says. "My stockbroker gets angry when he sees them all, telling me how much I could have invested in stocks instead. I give the extras to my mother or my sister, though I don't know what they do with rhinestoned high heels in Milwaukee." After all the work she'd done, it was

no wonder that when PLAYBOY went looking for a few talented Playmates to form a singing group, Jeana was one of the chosen few. The same sparkle that put her on PLAYBOY's centerfold will soon put smiles on the faces of stage audiences.

Such a rapid rise would fog the brains of lesser mortals, but not Jeana's. Everything is falling into place and success is somehow inevitable. While some would say she's leading a dream life now, Jeana assures us, "I have lots of dreams left; I'm just starting." One hell of a good start, we'd say.

On a Tinseltown trek (above), Jeana shoots stars on Hollywood Boulevard, yuks it up on the set with Mel Brooks (above right)—"He's crazed," she says. "Who knows what he's going to do?"—and poses in costume (below right) for Brooks's new epic.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jana Tomasino

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'7 WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Virgo

BIRTH DATE: 9-18-55 BIRTHPLACE: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

TURN-ONS: Diamonds, men in tight jeans, brown eyes, exercise, romance, cats and dogs

TURN-OFFS: Cigarettes, Chicago winters, waiting for people, answering machines

FAVORITE MOVIES: La Cage aux Folles, The Godfather, Seven

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Dallas, 60 Minutes, The Tonight Show (with Johnny Carson), Wall Street Week

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Kenny Rogers, Earth, Wind & Fire, Bill Cosby, Barbra Streisand, Hall & Oates

FAVORITE SPORTS: Snow skiing, Scuba diving, horses

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Shel Silverstein, Mary Higgins Clark, Robert Ludlum, Jack Higgins

SECRET DREAM: To make a million dollars before I'm 30

IDEAL EVENING: Sunken bathtubs, mirrored ceilings, candlelight, champagne & caviar

age 5

Queen of the kindergarten.

age 7

Just one of the boys.

age 18

Someday my prince will come!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Having some sort of trouble?" inquired the male motorist as he pulled up alongside the girl sitting dejectedly in her car in the parking lot.

"In this weather, I could use a jump," she replied.

"You're in luck—I've got the apparatus," said the good Samaritan, "but first let's try to get your car started."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *paramour* as a mistress who's pretty good at golf, too.

"Just between us, Harvey, what are the plans for my bachelor dinner next Friday?" the groom-to-be asked his best buddy.

"There'll be plenty of drinks, Cliff," revealed Harvey, "and then we'll sit down to lobster cocktail, steak Diane, chocolate cheesecake and coffee, followed by brandy. After that, we'll roast you—and then, naturally, show a stag film."

"It sounds great, except for one thing," replied Cliff. "Isn't a stag film a bit inappropriate in this day and age?"

"Not when it features your fiancée."

Said a post–Civil War belle named Gwen:
"In defeat, Johnny Rebs lost their yen
To impale Dixie tail,
Since impalers would fail—
But the South, suh, is rising again!"

"Now, you just cut it out, Adam!" Eve said crossly. "I happen to have a headache, and if there really are any aphids on my fig leaf, I can pick them off myself!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mountain climber's vasectomy* as dry sack on the rocks.

"Martha, I simply must tell you that I dickered for the services of a gigolo yesterday afternoon," the still-lusty widow confided to her best friend, "and I got him for only ten dollars an hour!"

"Was he—well—satisfactory?"

"Indeed he was! That young man certainly drove a hard bargain!"

Pressed into emergency service in a tiny role in a costume play, the would-be actor was receiving last-minute instructions from the director. "All you have to do," he was told, "is approach the leading man in foppish fashion, raise the rose you're carrying to your nose and declaim, 'Ah, the lovely fragrance of my mistress!' Then you exit stage left. Got it?"

"Sure, sure," said the replacement.

Minutes later, he made his entrance, did the sniffing bit and delivered his line . . . which was greeted by a roar of laughter from the audience. "Did I do something wrong?" he asked in embarrassment when he was back in the wings.

"Did you do something wrong?" mimicked the director sarcastically. "You meathead! You weren't carrying the flower!"

There are female police in our nation
Who play house with the guys at the station;
Which is saying, of course,
That they screw with the force—
After all, folks, the term's copulation.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *obese hooker* as a roly holer.

"Ever since my boyfriend used a French tickler," announced the girl, "I've had a special feeling for interior decoration."

We have difficulty believing that there's an artificial-insemination enterprise in the Middle East called Seeders of Lebanon.

During a body-painting session, the fellow asked the girl to make his genitals a lemony color. That done, he urged, "And now let's have sex *Wizard of Oz* fashion!"

"*Oz* fashion?"

"Yes, yes! What I want you to do is swallow the yellow prick's load!"

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.*

"He's not going to have to jump into icy water and retrieve dead ducks anymore, and that's final."

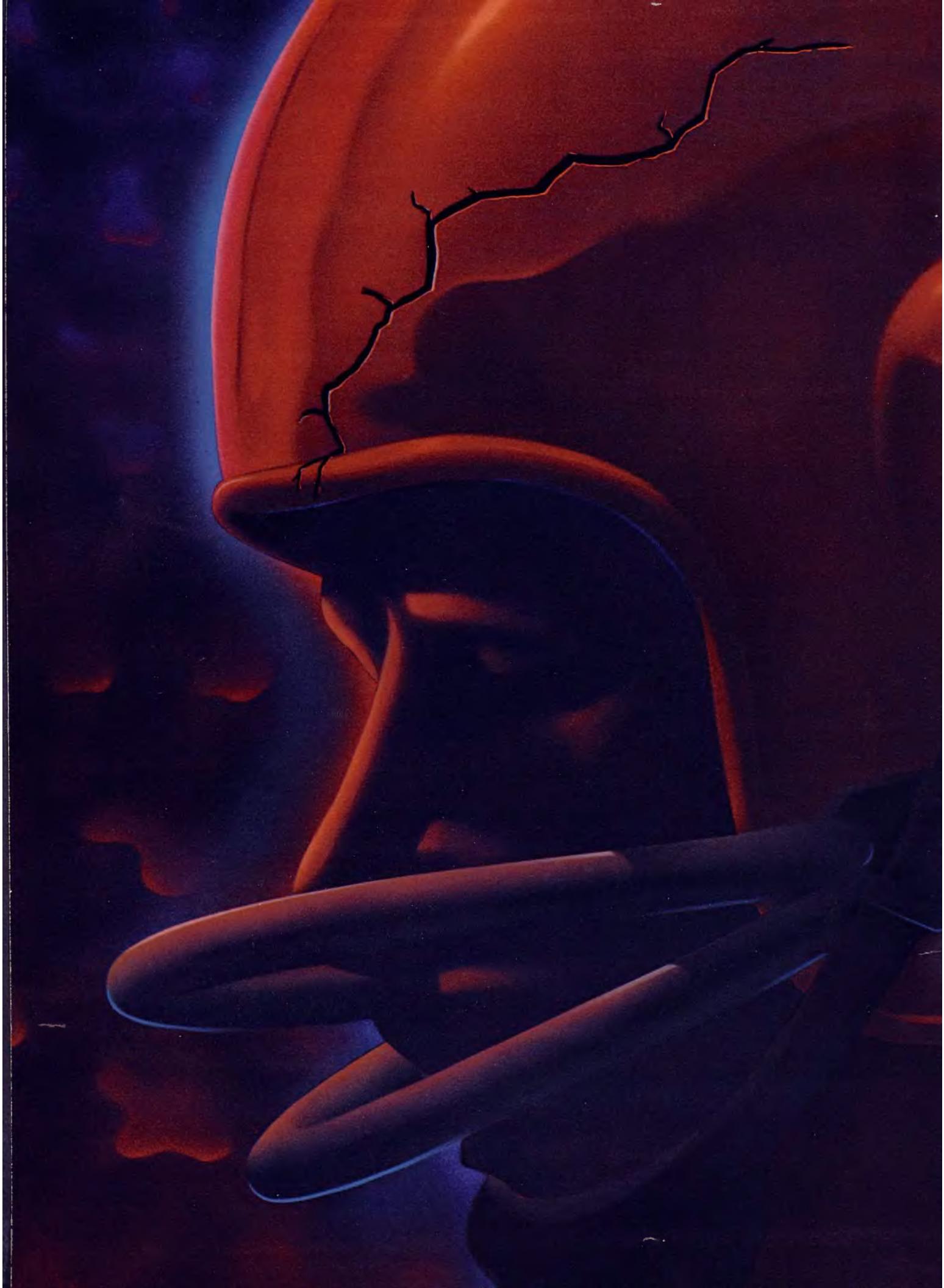


ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER HUYSSEN

PLAYING WITH PAIN

they say that what you don't know can't hurt you—but pettis norman, in his lawsuit against the dallas cowboys, claims otherwise

sports BY **RICHARD MACKENZIE**

PETTIS NORMAN was 11 when he stood in the shade of the tree and watched those bad-ass boys with that weird-looking ball. It was the first football he had ever seen. One of ten children, the son of an impoverished black sharecropper, Pettis could not understand why they were fighting so hard for that piece of leather.

He had five miles yet to walk home from school, across the tracks to the rough side of Charlotte, North Carolina, but the game and the laughter and the ball now had him intrigued. Each afternoon for the next three days, he stopped at the park and stared, absorbing every move. When he finally joined in the game, he caught on quickly. Now he was beginning to understand.

The bad-ass boys stared as the barefoot newcomer streaked across their field, dodging them and the broken ground. They had never seen anyone so fast and so agile. Many years later, there would be times when Pettis Norman would sob with pain and regret that he had ever stopped at that park.

•

By the time he was ready to graduate from high school, Norman was a handsome, trim young athlete. But with his father dead, he was the sole means of support for his ailing mother and the young members of the family. He worked all his spare time in the Esso station down the street from his

high school. As graduation approached, he decided to join the Air Force.

He was washing old rags in the back of the garage when the coach for Johnson C. Smith University in North Carolina drove up at the front to fill his sparkling blue 1958 Bonneville with gas. One of Norman's friends worked the pump for the coach and asked him what he was doing in town.

Recruiting for the college, the coach said.

"The best football player in the state is out back," Norman's friend boasted.

"Well," said the coach, laughing, "bring him out here."

At first, neither he nor Norman took the encounter seriously, but then, a few weeks later, the coach offered Norman a football scholarship. It proved to be a smart move for both parties. Norman was small-college All-American his senior year and, in his entire college career, dropped only one pass.

He majored in physical education and excelled in science. With a few more credits, he could have had a premed degree. Pettis Burch Norman was the only child in his family delivered by a doctor, and he was named for that physician. Like his mother, he was in awe of the medical profession.

But he was also in awe when the front-office man from the Dallas Cowboys sat across the table from him in the Charlotte café, thumbing a stack of 500 one-dollar bills. It was more money than Norman had ever seen.

"That's just the bonus," the front-office man said.

Norman's mind raced and he couldn't stop himself from grinning. "Just a bonus?"

"We know your mother's sick and you've got a lot of doctor bills."

So, after graduating, Norman turned pro. Beginning in 1962, he played eight years with the Dallas Cowboys and won the city's heart. He had his share of pain, of course—a separated shoulder, broken bones, sprains, torn muscles, nagging knee problems—but he accepted them as part of the exercise. He was renowned for his ability to play with pain and he liked that reputation. He liked the praise from his teammates and the roar from the crowd. But his left hand had been smashed so badly so many times that his third finger now grew out at a weird angle from a grotesque hump that had once been his knuckle.

By 1970, it was becoming increasingly hard for him to crawl out of bed in the morning, let alone take those first few steps. The nights were as bad, often worse. But Norman was a man now, a professional football player, one of the best. Strength was all that mattered. Pain could not count.

He worked at a bank in the off season. A feeling in his gut somehow told him he was about to be traded when coach Tom Landry walked up to him at the bank one summer afternoon. Even before Landry spoke, Norman's only questions were where he was going and why.

•

It was during a pre-season game of 1973, for all intents a meaningless match-up between San Diego and Los Angeles. Johnny Unitas was in the twilight of his career, throwing a few final balls for the Chargers. Norman was one of his prime receivers, yet he wondered how much longer he himself had left. He was beginning to dread the future. But on that golden afternoon in Southern California, the crowd roared and Norman felt good. He leaned into the huddle and his mind snapped into gear as Unitas called the play: "Red right, fire forty-nine, O, Y across, wing drag, X fly."

It was Norman's play and he ran to the line of scrimmage. On the last *hut*, the backfield split, the line faked a running play and Unitas dropped back. Norman had already streaked out between the Rams' linebacker and defensive end. He was eight yards out and turning back inside when Unitas unleashed the ball—an easy catch over his left shoulder. But at that same moment, a Rams defender broke free, read the play and headed straight for Norman, hitting him in the chest with his helmet, knocking him unconscious and grabbing his left leg. As he blacked out, Norman felt a strange, twisting sensation in his left knee. Still, he tried to dive and crawl after the ball, which now was bouncing away. The next thing he remembered, he was on the side line, the doctor and the trainer hunched over him. When he tried to stand, his leg gave way.

The San Diego physician, Dr. E. Paul Woodward, examined Norman's knee after the game and again the next day. It was badly bruised, he said, and he told him to rest it, then cleared him to play again. Woodward told Norman it was a bruise each week that he played until the end of the season. Then he told him the knee needed surgery.

"About two days after the operation," says Norman, "he came to see me in the hospital and said he had cleaned a lot of old gook out of my knee and that I was going to be better than new."

Even before Norman left San Diego for the off season, his knee swelled up like a small watermelon. The doctor drained the knee, injected it with cortisone and sent him home. A month later, he was in Chicago at a Players Association meeting. Twice in 48 hours, his knee swelled again. The first time, he hobbled down to a cab and rode across town to the Chicago team doctor's office. The doctor drained his knee and sent him back to the hotel.

That night, Norman lay half naked on his hotel bed, unable to draw a sheet over his body because the weight of it was unbearable on his knee. Awash with sweat, quivering and moaning with pain, he watched the knee swell once more. His hands shook as he dialed the airline and booked a seat on the last flight home. Slowly he dressed, checked out of the hotel and took a cab to the airport. He stumbled out of the taxi and started for his gate. Finally, the agony overwhelmed him. His knee was so large now it was bursting at his pants. He stood trembling, then started to cry.

He wished he had a gun or a knife. In the middle of a crowd in O'Hare airport, Pettis Norman desperately wanted to kill himself. It was the only time in his life that he had even considered it. Now it seemed the only solution. Fighting the tears, he slowly found his way to the plane.

The knee was infected, the doctors said. The problem could be solved with drugs and an immobilizing cast.

Norman did not report to training camp in 1974, because the Chargers had not sent him a new contract. He wasn't surprised, because he knew the games that were played at contract time. He played them himself. Finally, however, he gave in and called the Chargers' head office. An official first told him the team thought he had retired but then asked him to meet them at their second preseason game in Houston, saying he could have his checkup there.

"You need another operation on that knee," Norman recalled the doctor saying. "Something's wrong with it. The Chargers told me they would pay for the operation if you would agree to retire."

"Wait a minute, doc," Norman said. "This isn't an either-or situation. I don't know that one has anything to do with the other."

"Well, Pettis, I don't have anything to do with that. I'm just telling you what they told me."

Norman never played football again. Most of the time, it was doubtful he could have *walked* across a football field, let alone broken out of a line of scrimmage.

At best, he had a shred of cartilage in his left knee. His right knee had none. The bones in his legs had ground away against one another and his joints resembled chipped stones. Parts of the

(continued on page 278)

WINNING THE COLD WAR

great-looking outerwear that's sure to keep old man winter at bay

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

LONG THE NEGLECTED stepchild of fashion, the outercoat has suddenly been rediscovered by designers. Whether or not the neglect was due to a general feeling that men didn't care about style as long as they kept warm inside their dull cloth coats, attitudes began changing last winter, when the quilted look in outerwear caught on in a big way. (So much so, in fact, that quilting has spilled over into a host of other types of apparel.) Thus, the good news for this season is that there's a wealth of exciting outerwear looks from

Above: Black is the color of her true love's great-looking leather double-breasted quilted overcoat with self-belt, stand-up collar, angled pockets and a button-through center vent, about $770, that's worn over a wool shaker-knit turtleneck with ribbed trim, about $105, and wool tweed pleated slacks with belt loops and cuffed straight legs, about $130, all by Bill Kaiserman/Rafael.

Below left: This happy fellow has more than just an iridescent cotton/nylon fiber-filled overcoat, by Lee Wright for Monti, about $260, to keep him warm. Underneath it, he's wearing a wool single-breasted suit, also by Lee Wright for Lanerossi, about $400; a cotton oxford shirt, $65, and a crepe de Chine bow tie, $10, both by Howard Partman for San Francisco. Below right: The lady pays lip service to good fashion taste—a loden coat, by Howard Partman for San Francisco, $295; coupled with a wool/mohair suit, about $250, checked shirt, $22, and silk tie, $18, all by Pierre Cardin; plus a wool muffler, by Manos del Uruguay, $42.

which to choose. Styles in polished leather, suede, down and other puffy fills, fur, various types of quilting and, of course, wool herringbones, tweeds, etc., abound in extensive looks from single- and double-breasteds to trenches, wrap-arounds and reversible models. This has brought about a change in the role played by coats, and it's an alteration we heartily applaud. Previously, a dressy-looking coat was reserved for just what you'd expect—dressy occasions; and a casual-

Above left: A nylon/cotton poplin outercoat that reverses to a nylon quilted style, $280, is worn over a multicolor wool striped shoker-knit turtleneck, $67.50, and corduroy slacks, $47, all by Colvin Klein; plus deerskin gloves, by Gates, $27. Above right: Our guy is braced for the elements in a cotton fiber-filled topcoat, $687, alpaca/lamb's-wool turtleneck, $378, and wide-wale corduroy pleated slacks, $225, all by Gianni Versace; plus a pair of suede/wool lined hand-stitched gloves, by Yves Saint Laurent Gloves, $43.

looking item of outerwear was worn only with casual clothes. Now, however, both dressy and casual coats are being mixed as well as matched with the types of outfits with which they're worn. For example, Bill Kaiserman's double-breasted black-leather coat pictured on these pages looks terrific dressed down with sweater and slacks, but it's also elegantly at home worn over formalwear. Conversely, Calvin Klein's casual reversible parka goes as well with black tie as it does with jeans.

Above left: Leather coat with self-belt, by Adolfo for Stratojac, $395; worn over a cashmere jacket, $300, and flannel slacks, $60, both by Givenchy for Chequers Ltd.; multicolor wool/acrylic V-neck, $75, and a cotton shirt, $27, both by Gianfranco Ruffini; plus a silk open-mesh hand-woven fringed muffler, by Jeffrey Aronoff, about $85. Above right: Suede double-breasted topcoat, by Bert Paley, about $485; flannel suit, about $225, cotton shirt, about $45, silk tie, about $25, all by Country Britches; plus a muffler, by Bert Pulitzer, $22.50.

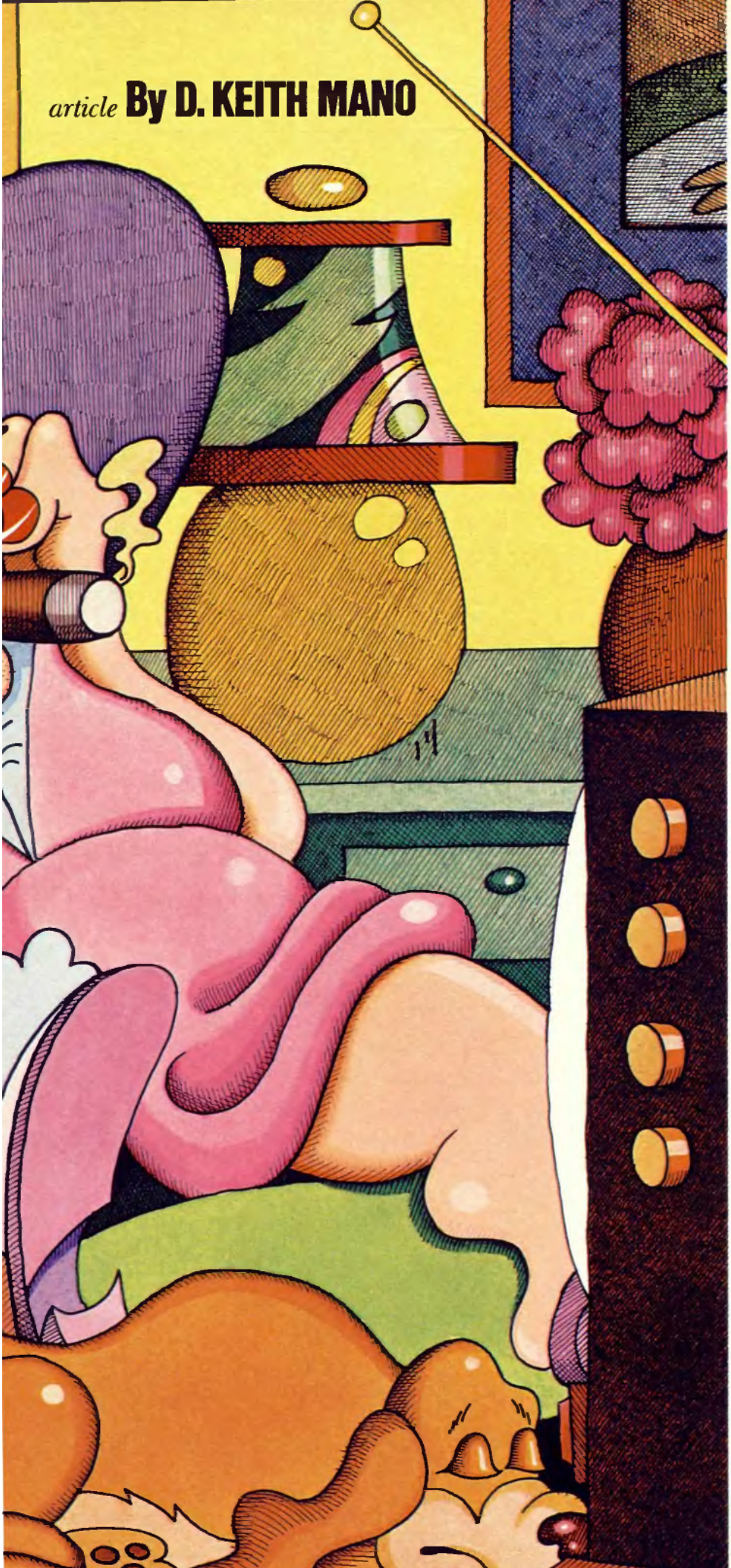
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EWERT

Right: We'd be stepping out with our baby, too, if we owned this wool single-breasted overcoat with notch lapels and raglan sleeves, $265, that's shown with a wool tweed two-button suit, $425, cotton muted-stripe shirt, about $50, and a silk tie, $27.50, all by Alexander Julian; plus a wool/mohair muffler, by Vicky Davis, $30.

IT'S NO FUN BEING A GIRL

OUR REPORTER SHOULD KNOW—
HE SPENT A WEEK IN DRAG DURING
THE ANNUAL TRANSVESTITE
CONVENTION CALLED FANTASIA FAIR

article **By D. KEITH MANO**



GLADYS TALBOT, across the room, is warming my left tit in her hands. The skin-pink silicone form trembles with absolute lack of desire: virginal and very detached. Gladys will lend me some body heat. She presses, palm over palm, as you would pack a B-cup-size snowball. She has my boob and the charming, kindly old bandit is gonna milk me but good. Me, Deirdre.

"There. It's warm now. Let me slip it in your bra."

"Ah—how much are those over there? The cloth-covered plastic ones?"

"Thirty-five dollars. But they're too hard, dear. You should have these soft silicone ones. They're more like a normal breast. You'll get a better feeling."

"Yes. I suppose. But it's only for one or two days, after all."

"Well, you're here for a purpose, aren't you? You want to be like most of the others. I carry those plastic prostheses for poor kids who come and can't afford better."

"But the silicone ones cost a hundred and five dollars."

"Yes. A hundred and five dollars each."

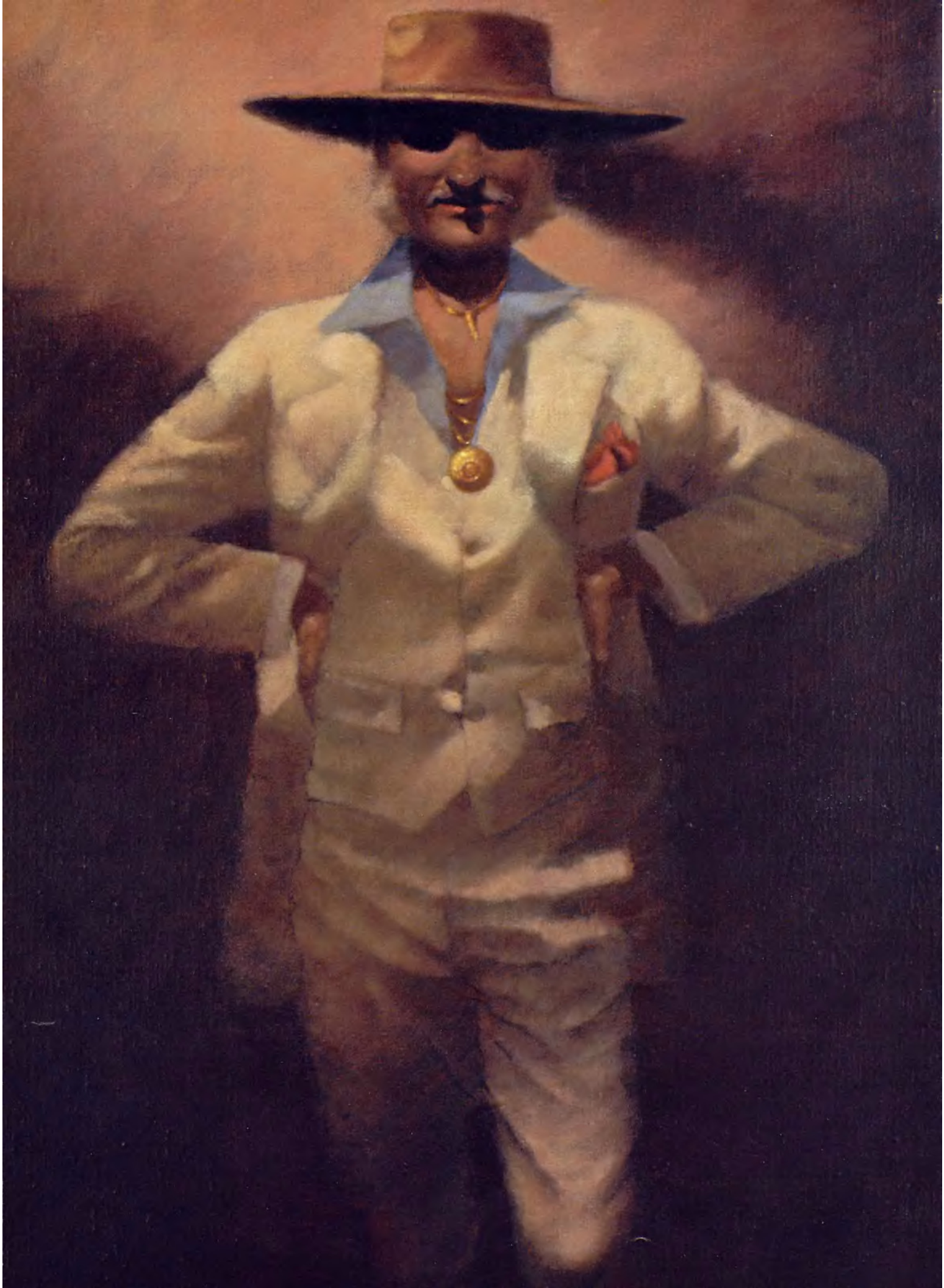
"Each?"

"You want to look your best, don't you? That's very important. You don't want to have hard breasts."

"Uh. No."

Poor Deirdre. She never could cope with authority figures. Gladys is coming on tough, as my grandma used to when she read aloud from Mary Baker Eddy: dogmatic, fervent. Gladys has the foundation-garment franchise here at the fifth annual Fantasia Fair in Provincetown, Massachusetts, where annually more than 100 well-off transvestites convene to enjoy being a girl. Her hotel-room furniture is sheathed with mighty corsets: cartilaginous, white, like the bleaching skeletons of some tubular fish. Gladys, I figure, has to have better hand strength than Dr. Death. Since Truman, she's been latching girdles shut around 200-pound men. At the age of 60-plus, she hangs silicone prostheses on a 6′4″ gentleman the way, next Christmas Eve, she'll trim a lumpish tree.

Hell, how can anyone argue rationally with a corset and panty hose on? My 40-33-39 figure has been doled out—stomach flesh ebbs around to kidney space, so sausage tight I feel like someone else is standing up for me. I creak at each inhale. The cotton bust of My First Bra is wind-sock empty, waiting for developments. I'm well unstacked. Deirdre looks down, past the euphemizing nylon swimsuit. (Gladys required me to wear it—she's modest about everything but her price list.) My toes are crushed, *(continued on page 170)*



California C's

By Shel Silverstein

Perched on a purple plastic stool
At the Hollywood-Mexo-Eato,
Tryin' to talk my way into
A free beef/bean burrito,
When a shriveled old man in a brown straw hat,
He sits down next to me—
He says, "Kid, I see you're kinda short
On California C's.
Now, you're new in town, and your stock is down,
Advice is what you need,
And I been here since the Strip was a path
And the air was fit to breathe.
And you can beat the odds in Vegas, son,
And the law of gravity,
But you'll never beat L.A.
Without some California C's.
Now, the very first C, it stands for Cash;
For reasons too obvious to mention,
And the next is that expensive Car
To get this town's attention.
The third C is a Canyon Crib
With picket fence and roses,
And the fourth C is some flake Cocaine
For all your new friends' noses.
Then Chains of gold from Cartier's
To hang around your Chest.
Then learn that Cunnilingus, son,
To ensure your *true* success.
And once you get them Gucci Clothes
And Credit Cards galore,
That Classy California Cooze
Will soon be at your door.
And then you need your teeth Capped
By our most expensive dentist
And a Chump to play you backgammon
And a Champ to teach you tennis.
'Cause it's the Cut of your hair
And the Cut of your jeans
And the Cut of your Cocaine, too,
That's gonna put you a Cut above all the slobs
And make a Celeb out of you.
Yeah, this town's a great big orange, son,
You can grab it hard and squeeze,
But you'll never get no juice
Without some California C's."
Then he orders six tacos and pays his tab,
And tips a C-note for the meal,
And he walks outside to this Custom-made
Chrome-Covered Cadillac Cuntmobile.
And a Chauffeur jumps out and opens the door
And just before it closes,
I spy five Candy-Coated Cuties inside
With starry eyes and runny noses.
Then off they drive in a Cannabis Cloud,
Leavin' me here in the grease,
With a Coffee, a Clap and a Cigarette,
My three California C's.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAO HOLLAND

NO FUN BEING A GIRL *(continued from page 167)*

"All this silicone up front makes me feel prowed. Good place, I muse, to rest a book when you're reading."

choked by the down-slant squeeze of my three-inch-high strap footwear. Size ten and a half, also EEE—which is both my width and a sound I want to make. Yet, you know—can it be?—the champ's leg doesn't look half bad. A shapely milk bottle upside down.

See—golly, this is embarrassing—last night, Deirdre depilated her legs. Much Southern Comfort in one hand, much aerosol Neet in the other, I sat on my motel-room couch and mowed down my leg hair (plus some carpet shag). Then, with white jodhpurs of hair-munching gunge, I went to shower off.

And faster than you can Morse-code B-A-L-D, my leg hair turned to crummy black soot: gone like doodling on a Magic Slate. I felt myself up down there. Hello, who is this chick? The one with the soft, glossy, pink calves? Be understanding: Last I saw my legs was 1954.

"I'm glad you chose the silicone prostheses," says Gladys.

"I did?"

Splack. Splack. Guess I did. Gladys has just performed two reverse radical mastectomies. All this silicone up front makes me feel prowed: the little tugboat that could. Good place, I muse, to rest a book when you're reading. Wait, though, we have to test-drive a falsie *tochis*. Most T/V men wear them—sort of a breeches buoy with ribbed vertical padding at sides and rear. Unlike your average male, however, I'm already built like Phil Esposito in full face-off gear. My behind has sales resistance: It won't. Even. Ungh. Go. In. So I weave down, stair after unbalancing 45-degree-angle stair, to the make-up person, Carlotta, below. My feet are hammered home, wedges into firewood. The girdle has been practicing a Heimlich maneuver on my solar plexus. Over one arm, the blue jeans—livery of another self—seem desolate. I'd give my left boob to be back in them. Hosed thighs chafe and sing a cricket sound. I am woman, da-de-dah! Double-U, Oh, Em, Ay, Ennn!

Let's get it straight. Gladys is a GG (genuine girl; i.e., real broad). Carlotta is a CD (cross-dresser, transvestite, male). Someday Carlotta means to go whole hag: to have a new fixture put on her drainage and turn TS (transsexual). There are, you realize by now, as many initials in this trade as there were in the 1932 New Deal Administration. Carlotta has cordially volunteered to make me up: facial slum-clearance work. First, from the Fantasia Fair consignment boutique, we select a Miss Grundy dark-blue suit and blouse handed-me-down, I hazard, from some weirdo meter maid. My cleavage is more an overgrown gulch; kind Carlotta will donate her scarf to censor chest hair in it. Last night, I Schicked my sideburns off so that the wig, a brunette artichoke, won't have its cover blown. But my head is 7⅞ inches and casserole shaped. Each half hour or so, the wig will squidge up, like a rubber suction dart losing its suck. Moreover, I begin to get wig-band headache syndrome. And I think: Deirdre, honey, it's gonna be a one-night stand for us.

Carlotta can pass. That is, she won't be read as male by beer-can and cherry-bomb-flinging yahoos out on Straight Street, U.S.A. Unusual right there: Not one T/V in ten could dupe even Stevie Wonder. At snap glance, Fantasia Fair might be a lavish open call for *Charley's Aunt*, but Carlotta—who spends half his/her life being her "brother" Carl—is feminine, vivacious and otherwise atypical, too. Ninety-five percent of T/V men, I am told, consider the ultimate operation at some time; yet fewer than one percent ever pawn their family jewels. Carlotta will. Already, (s)he has had a silicone breast implant. And his/her Adam's apple has been scraped down, almost a half inch taken off surgically. (The oafish male neck fruit is of less purpose than ear hair.) We chat about *her* psychic *ménage à deux* and that final trip to the T/V repairman.

"It [castration] can't happen right away. I have a daughter who's only about ten and I'm apprehensive about that. And I have my own business—slowly I'll have to incorporate Carlotta into it. She'll be in a predominantly male field. It'll be interesting to see whether she survives or not. You should do something about that stubble, deary. Too bad you didn't wax it off." Carlotta plasters neutral beard cover on. Then—dab, dab, dab, five-finger typing—she will blend it in. "Actually, Carlotta makes a better presentation than her grubby old brother does, anyhow. There's certainly more reassurance in this role. You know: I get up to speak to college audiences as Carlotta, and talk about the most intimate things—it doesn't faze me a bit. But five years ago, my brother couldn't get up and talk in a group of five or six people—and on a technical subject that he's known all his life—without stuttering. Some of this has rubbed off on him—he's much better now. Far more outgoing."

Yaaah; something unearthly about that matter-of-fact speech. It might just frighten me. Carlotta is happy, rational, attractive; how could Carl be so different? I stare at the mirror. Deirdre reminds me of Tony Curtis in *Some Like It Hot*—nervous and on the lam. My red lips smack. Puh, a taste of *après* make-out. Deirdre smiles—naughty and, um, cocksure. I hope she has no intention of taking D. Keith over. She couldn't afford my lifestyle.

"Well, deary, you're done. Your petticoat is showing, but you'll do fine."

I reach up to resuction my wig and hit myself a good one in the bazoom. What're these things doing here? I'm flustered and girlish. It's a big moment for any CD—even a CD on consignment like I am—the debut, the first time out in public. Will I be read? Of course I'll be read. I couldn't pass in a Hasty Pudding revue. I step to the door and . . . and . . . someone opens it for me. Oh, cool. This woman gig isn't bad. Think I'll go find a guy to collect alimony from.

"Have a nice time," Carlotta calls. "And, dear, don't forget to put the seat down."

•

Out. Into Provincetown—where, this October afternoon, it is cold as a witch's prosthesis. P-town: the foreskin on old Cape Cod, that bent and flaccid peninsula. Sanctuary five years running now of Fantasia Fair. An open town: Dodge City for sexual hard cases. Last night, I found myself boogieing with three hetero T/V men in a lesbian disco. Downstairs, below Gifford House—G.H.Q. of Fantasia Fair—there is a gay S/M bar: You can order men on the rocks or straight up. Around P-town, T/V people could feel almost bourgeois, prosaic. And police will protect, not hassle them. To the indigenous P-town population, Fantasia Fair is just another bunch of strange conventioneers. Only local P-town women seem irked. Since this year's fair began, the straight tourist trade has given them an ironic, you-don't-fool-me look. But Massachusetts is not known for beautiful women. Already, I've heard someone call a mother with two children "You dumb faggot." Few Bay State women can pass in their own gender. It doesn't surprise me that Massachusetts went for McGovern.

Fantasia Fair is sponsored by the Human Outreach and Achievement Institute—groin child of one Ariadne Kane. Ari, whom I have met beforehand in Boston, is tall, dark and winsome: an

(continued on page 238)

"Smoking or nonsmoking?"

SEX IN CINEMA 1980

THERE WAS PLENTY OF IT ONSCREEN, BUT THIS YEAR WAS ESPECIALLY JUICY IF YOU WERE YOUNG AND/OR GAY

article **By ARTHUR KNIGHT** LOOKING BACK at the films of 1980, one might guess that movie audiences were heavily peppered with pederasts and pedophiles: If a film didn't feature gays, it revealed some budding Lolita. To be sure, homosexuals have been fairly bounding out of their closets lately, but still it's a bit surprising to realize how completely they have been assimilated into the cinema—either as central characters (*Nijinsky*) or as subsidiaries (Paul McCrane's sympathetically drawn gay student in *Fame*, Alan Rosenberg's sexually uncertain Harvard undergrad in *Happy Birthday, Gemini*). Not coincidentally, last year's rollicking *La Cage aux Folles*, which based most of its fun on the plight of two aging homosexuals attempting to appear straight, has become one of the most successful foreign films ever released in this country.

At the same time, 1980 has produced a bumper crop of child stars—and not of the Shirley Temple variety. Tatum O'Neal, Jodie Foster and Brooke Shields have been joined by such nymphets as Linda Manz, Diane Lane, Kristy McNichol, Mariel Hemingway, et al.; in roles not scripted by Louisa May Alcott. *Little Darlings*, for example, finds O'Neal and McNichol in hot competition at summer camp to see who can be first to lose her virginity. In *Circle of Two*, made in Canada, Tatum sets her pubescent cap for world-weary painter Richard Burton, posing for him in the nude and tempting the poor man to distraction (though when the girl pursues him to New York, Burton finally gets cold feet and calls the whole thing off). *Foxes* surveys the coming of age of a quartet of *(text continued on page 192)*

STEAMIN' UP THE SCREEN: If romance is returning to the cinema, it's epitomized by this lyrical shot of Sylvia Kristel and Rutger Hauer from *Mysteries* (opposite). In *A Change of Seasons* (top left), Bo Derek sparks Anthony Hopkins' mid-life crisis; Jane Seymour enchants Christopher Reeve in *Somewhere in Time* (top right). Debra Winger's bull ride inflames *Urban Cowboy* (that's Scott Glenn looking on, center left); Jaclyn Smith and James Franciscus commit adultery—and murder—in *Nightkill* (center right); while *Penitentiary* inmate Leon Isaac Kennedy wins the favors of hooker Hazel Spear (above left). Burt Reynolds, a Cary Grantesque jewel thief in *Rough Cut*, falls, understandably, for the equally larcenous Lesley-Anne Down (above right).

SWINGERS: Fooling around is fashionable again, at least on-screen. In *Serial* (above), Martin Mull stumbles through a friendly orgy. *Willie & Phil*'s Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder and Ray Sharkey mix it up in a *ménage à trois* (left); and in *The Last Married Couple in America* (below), a *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* clone, Sondra Currie peels for Natalie Wood and George Segal.

SHIVERS: Gore and sex still mix. In *The Shining* (above left), Jack Nicholson fantasizes Lia Beldam; in *Fade to Black* (above right), Dennis

Christopher plays Dracula to spy on Linda Kerridge, his vision of Marilyn Monroe; Elizabeth Brooks is hot stuff in *The Howling* (below), a werewolf tale.

SONGS: Musicals are back—big. *All That Jazz* (starring Roy Scheider, above) scored at Cannes and at the cash register. *Fame*, about talented teens (including Antonia Franceschi and baaad Gene Anthony Ray, right), was a sleeper hit. Splashiest of all (but less successful) was *Can't Stop the Music*, the saga of the Village People (starring Valerie Perrine and Bruce Jenner, entangled below).

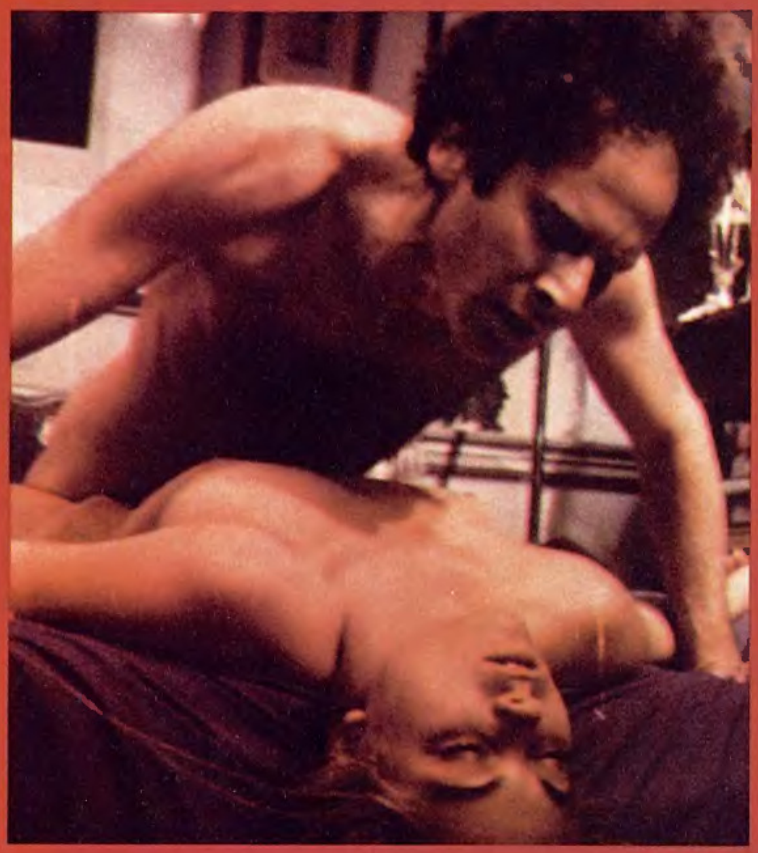
SEX WITH A SMILE: There's carnality in comedy these days, as evidenced by (clockwise from top left) *Wholly Moses!*, with Dudley Moore and unidentified friend; *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu*, starring Helen Mirren and Peter Sellers; *Being There*, with Sellers opposite Shirley MacLaine; *The Jerk*, with Steve Martin making use of a canine cover-up; *Airplane!*, with

Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty in several send-ups, here of *Saturday Night Fever*; *In God We Trust*, with Marty Feldman sneaking Louise Lasser into a porno palace; *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood*, wherein Martine Beswicke charms Adam (*Batman*) West out of costume and into bed; and the forthcoming *Caveman*, which kindled a real-life romance between its stars Barbara Bach and Ringo Starr.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE: Imports offered something for every taste in '80, including (clockwise from top left) Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Prucnal in Fellini's *City of Women*; David Bennent watching his dad (Mario Adorf) hump his young housekeeper (Katharina Tahlbach) in *The Tin Drum*, an Oscar winner; cuckold Klaus Löwitsch surprising wife Hanna Schygulla with George Byrd in *The Marriage of Maria Braun*; Laura Antonelli bewitching Terence Stamp in *The Divine Nymph*; Sydne Rome letting it all hang out in *Forbidden Dreams*; Angela Molina, Giancarlo Giannini and Ritza Brown enjoying a communal moment in *Good News*; and Ninetto Davoli, as the Chaplinesque character Peterkin, dancing at a fantasy wedding in the late Pier Paolo Pasolini's just-released film *The Canterbury Tales*.

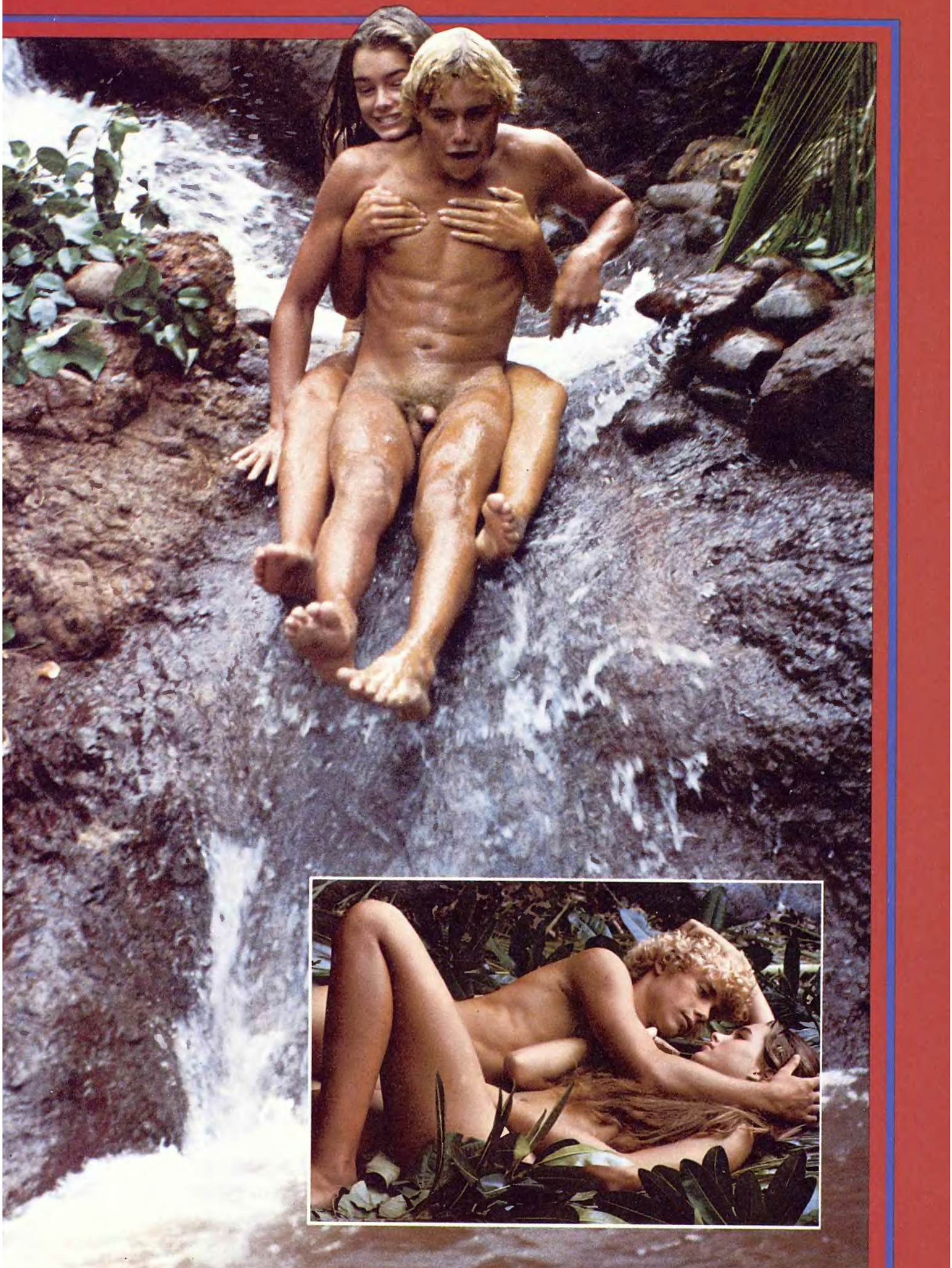
PORN AGAIN: *Caligula* finally made it to the screen, with Malcolm McDowell raping both Mirella Dangelo and Donato Placido at their wedding feast (above). And that's one of the *tasteful* scenes. At right, Serena and Marilyn Chambers, who came back to hard-core fare in *Insatiable*.

TRES GAY: Al Pacino (left), a cop investigating gays' murders, ends *Cruising* unsure of his own leanings; *Nijinsky*'s George de la Peña, in the title role, weds a countess, Leslie Browne (above), after a rebuff from his male lover Diaghilev.



DEATH WISHES: Self-destruction is a theme shared by *Bad Timing a Sensual Obsession* (above left), in which Theresa Russell O.D.s on drugs—and Art Garfunkel bangs her rather than call an ambulance; *Your Ticket Is No Longer Valid* (above right), which features Richard Harris—here with Jennifer Dale—hiring a hit woman to kill him because he's impotent; and *Natural Enemies* (below), wherein Hal Holbrook engages five hookers to fulfill a final fantasy before killing his family—and himself.

SEX ED 101: Kids learned a lot onscreen in 1980, even if their real-life counterparts had trouble getting past the M.P.A.A.'s R-rated entrance requirements. *Luna* (above) treated us to mother-and-son messing around by Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry. Matt's kid brother Neill was replaced as Sylvia Kristel's pupil in *Private Lessons* by Eric Brown (below left). *Out of the Blue* deals with the more-than-fatherly affection of Dennis Hopper for Linda Manz (below right), while innocent sexual awakening is the whole story of *The Blue Lagoon* (opposite), starring Brooke Shields and a new discovery, ex–sailing instructor Christopher Atkins.



"Remember Uncle Freddie who slept over last night? Well, this is Uncle Freddie's cousin Paul and he's missed his train to Bridgeport."

THE YOUNG Count de Rosambert, who for three months had been my companion, reproached me for the retired life I led. "Why do you, at your age, bury yourself alive in the house of your father? Why do you not hasten your entrance into the world, where you could not fail to be favorably received? Be advised," said the count, "I will tomorrow conduct you to a charming ball, and you will there see good company."

I hesitated. "You are cautious, like a girl," replied the count. "Do you fear that your chastity will run some hazard? Dress yourself as a woman, then; in this garb you will be safe." The idea of the disguise quite intrigued me, so I agreed.

The next day, an expert tailor, whom Rosambert had spoken to, brought me the complete dress of an English lady. An experienced milliner dressed my hair, consistent with my new character, and placed on my virgin head a little hat of white beaver. The disguise was so perfect that I had no doubts of passing the scrutiny of those at the ball.

I was soon to discover, however, that the Count de Rosambert had a more ambitious role for me to play. He unfolded his scheme as we rode to the ball. "I am going to present you," said the count, "to a young lady whom I esteem very much. It is full two months since I have sworn an eternal attachment to her, and more than six weeks that I have proved it to her. But I want to torment her," continued he. "Assume an air as if you loved me very much. We'll see what effect it will have on her!"

I passed myself off well at the ball, inciting the general attention of the men and the universal disdain of the women. Rosambert presented me to his mistress as a relation, come from a convent. The lady (the Marchioness B – – –) welcomed me in the most obliging manner, offering a seat beside her. The count endeavored to incite her jealousy by showing a marked preference for me. The marchioness, equally adept at the game, dealt with him by redoubling her politeness toward me. We talked and my remarks seemed to please her. She loaded me with the caresses which the women lavish on each other, told Rosambert he was fortunate to have such a charming relation and finally gave me a tender kiss that I politely returned.

This was certainly not what Rosambert had wished. Hurt by the marchioness' conduct and my willingness to receive her caresses, he whispered into her ear the secret of my disguise.

"A very likely tale!" cried the marchioness, after regarding me for a moment. The count protested. She looked at me again. "What folly! It cannot be!" Turning to me, she said, "He insists you are a young man in disguise." I answered timidly that he said the truth.

The marchioness darted a tender look at me and squeezed my hand, again denied the possibility and scolded the count for continuing his protests. "I beg your pardon, madam," said I, in a more serious tone. "I have, perhaps, badly explained myself; I am not what I appear to be. The count has told you the truth."

"I do not believe you any more than him," she replied, and again squeezed my hand. The count was stupefied but restrained for fear of covering himself with ridicule. The marchioness took this opportunity to speak with her friend, the Countess C– – –, who shortly attached herself to Rosambert and did not quit him the whole night.

I contrived my name as Mademoiselle du Portail, and it was to this person that the marchioness and her roué of a husband, the marquis, attached an affection. I was invited to their residence for supper and placed at the table between the lady and her gallant spouse. I applauded all the foolish things the marquis chose to utter, which greatly enchanted him. The marchioness continued to pay me much attention, possessing herself of my hand. I abandoned my other hand to the marquis, who seized it with inexpressible transport.

At length, the marchioness said, "Mademoiselle du Portail, it is late; you were to have passed the whole night at the ball, and they do not expect you home before morning. Stay, therefore, with me. I will order a little bed made up for you, near mine——"

"And why make up a bed?" interrupted the marquis. "There is quite room enough for two in your own. When I come to you there, do I incommode you?" Having said this, he gave me an amorous swat beneath the table.

"Well, come, then," said the marchioness, and, holding out her hand, she led me into her chamber.

Her maids wished to assist me, but I hid behind a screen, as if from modesty, and, with considerable difficulty, stripped myself of the dress. I jumped into bed and the marchioness soon followed me.

A profound silence reigned for some moments. "Are you asleep already, my sweet child?" said the marchioness gently.

"No," replied I. She threw herself into my arms and pressed me to her bosom.

"Oh, heaven!" cried she, with an astonishment very naturally assumed, if it *was* assumed. "It is a man!!" She quickly repulsed me.

"Madam," replied I, trembling, "I told you so."

"You told me so, sir, but was it to be believed? You must leave the house. You must go immediately."

"Very well, madam, I'm going."

She then took hold of my arm. "Where are you going? And to do what? To wake my maids? To hazard your life in jumping from the window? To expose to the servants that I have had a man in my bed?"

"Be not angry, madam, I will recline in the armchair."

"Yes, undoubtedly you must—but what a fine resource, fatigued as you must be! To remain in the cold and injure your health! See how cold your hand is already." And, out of pity, she put it on her ivory bosom. Guided by nature, and by love, this happy hand descended a little. Her arms, which had at first repulsed me, gently drew me toward her. Presently, we were so close to each other that our lips came in contact, and I was emboldened to print a burning kiss upon hers. Her hand strayed downward; a raging flame circulated in all my veins, but I was motionless.

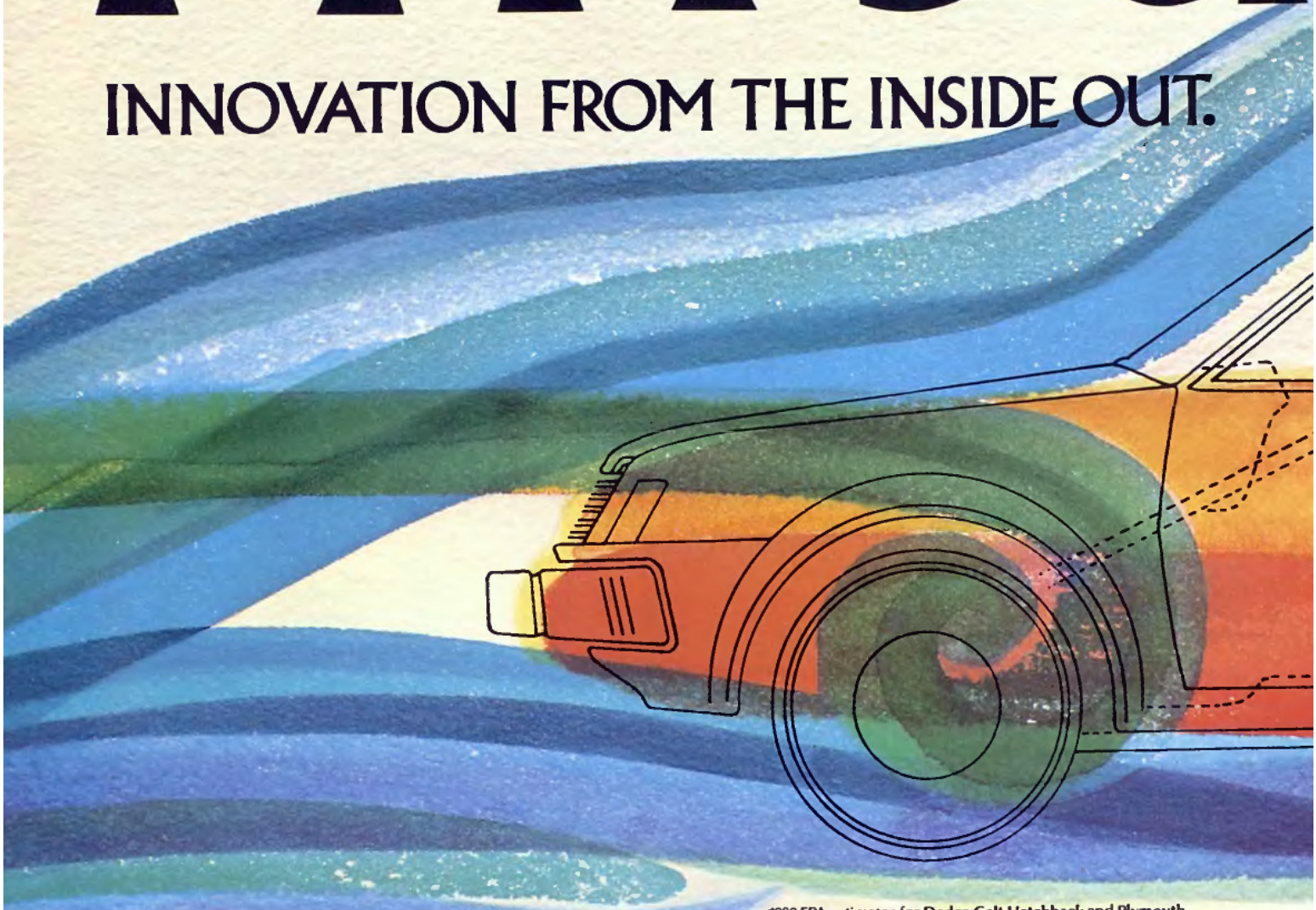
"Ah! Madam! Pardon me."

"Ah! My dear Faublas!" The marchioness recognized my inexperience, which did not displease her. She kindly aided me, and I received, with as much astonishment as pleasure, a charming lesson, which I repeated more than once. —*Retold by Chris Dubbs*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

MITSU

INNOVATION FROM THE INSIDE OUT.



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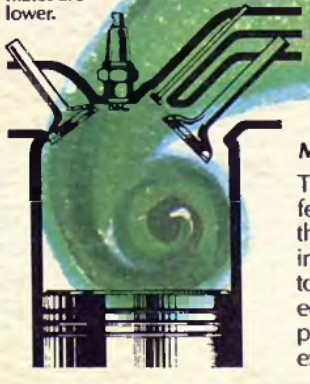
37 EST. MPG.
47 HWY. EST.



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a comedian in the white house?
it wouldn't be the first time

FRED WILLARD

WHY SHOULD *you* support Fred Willard for President this Election Day? For starters, let's examine the competition. Reagan's a two-bit actor, Carter's inept and Anderson's boring: Vote for Fred and you can get all those qualities in *one* man! Does Fred have any experience, you ask? What does a comedian who played sidekick to Martin Mull in *America 2Night* and co-stars as a Presidential advisor in Buck Henry's forthcoming political comedy *First Family* know about foreign policy? "I once had a sizzling romance with a Puerto Rican girl," Fred says. "So I know a thing or two about foreign affairs." How does he stand on inflation? "I'm for it," says the candidate, "if we could just keep those prices down." On defense? "I think it's time America showed a little muscle. As President, I'd make all those guys in the Pentagon work out with weights for two hours a day." On Iran? "Let's cut off our oil to them." On taxes? "I've never been there, but I hear Houston is lovely." On the Afghan situation? "I prefer poodles myself, but I think Americans should be allowed to have any kind of dog they want." On food stamps? "I've tried them. They could use a little salt."

Those are Fred's stands on the issues; but what, you ask, is his over-all philosophy of government? "I believe in a government of the people, by the people, for the people, to the people, around the people, through the people, over the people and below the people. I also agree with Thomas Jefferson that the best government is the least government. That way, I'll have a lot of time to improve my golf game."

FRED HAS THE PERFECT FIRST FAMILY—1 WIFE AND 2.5 KIDS

If you haven't got a model family, rent one. I did and look where it's gotten me. I don't know this woman or these kids from a hole in the head, but they photograph well and make voters think I'm a regular family man. My real family is out campaigning for John Anderson.

HE'S A REAL CAMPAIGNER...

As you can see, I don't slobber all over little babies like most politicians. Let's face it, babies can't vote, so who needs them? Besides, I've got enough two-year-olds on my staff as it is. I'm much more interested in Mommy. She's a registered voter.

FOR PRESIDENT

FRED'S GOT THE BEST MAKE-UP MAN

Since image is more important than brains, experience and character, make sure you get a first-rate make-up artist. If he's any good, he'll be able to make you *look* as if you have brains, experience and character. Just see what he's done for me.

...A HELLUVA FUND RAISER

Aside from this approach, I've tried others—our 99-cent-a-plate dinner at Joe's Deli was a smash, as was our big benefit concert featuring the Allman Brothers' manager's cousin's barber.

HOW TO BE A STANDOUT AT THE DEBATE

Kennedy didn't have a chance here. Sure, he made a lot of points, but I was the one who really scored. With the audience, that is. While Teddy boy was talking about banning strip mining, I was strip mining. Get the picture?

FRED APPEALS TO ALL VOTING BLOCS

Indians, ornithologists and friends of the Village People

Blacks, d.j.s and musicians

Blue- and white-collar workers

Liberals and conservatives

Jews, energy conservationists and Liberace

The elderly and hearing-impaired

Poles, Italians, Germans and porno stars

Women, transvestites and Scottish men

Today's teens

Construction workers, homosexuals and farmers

WILLARD: I'm a liberal.

PLAYBOY: Why should anybody vote for a comedian for President?

WILLARD: I tell better ethnic jokes than Reagan.

PLAYBOY: Why are you running?

WILLARD: To help lower the unemployment rate.

PLAYBOY: You mean you have a plan to curb unemployment?

WILLARD: No, I'm unemployed.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you've chosen a ventriloquist's dummy to be your running mate?

WILLARD: Yes. I wanted someone of real Presidential timber.

PLAYBOY: ... fact that the polls ... ever heard of you?

WILLARD: So what do ... Hungarians probably ... thing. I'm not running ...

PLAYBOY: From what ... expect your heavyweight ... vember?

WILLARD: Midgets ...

PLAYBOY: Why ...

"I'm also against prostitution. If elected, I'll have all the hookers taken off the streets. In fact, I've already begun by personally taking two or three of them off the streets nightly."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY

...know? The ... the same ... Poland. I'm ...es. ...g bloc do you ...pport this No-

...sional bill. it's ... then. Congress is often ...

PLAYBOY: What will you do if you ... the election?

WILLARD: That's no problem. The problem is, what will I do if I *win* the election?

...in women's rights. After all, ...er is a woman, as is my wife. ... quite a large segment of the ...tion is made up of women. In my ... as a candidate, I've noticed this."

"I've got two major foreign-policy priorities. First, to forget World War Two and patch up our differences with Germany and Japan. Second, to try our best to develop a helicopter that flies." 69

THE CANDIDATE'S MEDIA EXPOSURE

Getting maximum media exposure is particularly difficult if you're a dark-horse candidate and nobody's heard of you. But I managed to solve the problem anyway. I promised PLAYBOY's editors I'd say quotable things, so they agreed to interview me (above left). Knowing that scandal is newsworthy, I invited a group of *National Enquirer* photographers and reporters into my bedroom one evening as I was consummating a tryst with a willing campaign worker (above right). This resulted in a cover story titled "Fred's Goal: To Get on Top and Stay on Tap."

PATRIOTIC POSE

As a patriotic American, I could think of no finer gesture than to wrap myself in the flag. I guess you could say I'm *that* kind of guy. When this was published in a women's magazine, millions of ladies wrote to ask about the flag and a few expressed interest in the flagpole, which utterly confused me.

CLAIM VICTORY, NO MATTER WHAT

I picked up this little gimmick from Jerry Brown and Ted Kennedy. It's a cinch. All you have to da is predict, before the primary, that you'll lose by a wide margin. Then, after you've been totally decimated, you tell the press you won because you got more votes than you figured you'd get. It works still better if you're not even on the ballot—then one vote is a landslide. In this primary (left), I predicted I'd get minus 8000 votes and I ended up getting no votes, so naturally, it was a hell of an upset.

HOW YOU CAN VOTE FOR FRED

Unfortunately, my name won't be on any ballots this November. If you want to vote for me, just write in my name, Fred Willard.

SAMPLE
PRESIDENTIAL BALLOT

- ☐ JIMMY CARTER—Dem.
- ☐ RONALD REAGAN—Rep.
- ☐ JOHN B. ANDERSON—Ind.
- ☑ Fred Willard

Make sure you spell it right.

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 172)

"Exploration—or exploitation—of youthful sexuality isn't confined to American releases."

nubile teenagers headed by Jodie Foster, the only one of them with the will and intelligence to stay out of trouble—something that she fails to do in her subsequent film, *Carny*, where she enters into a steamy *ménage à trois* (complete with seminude love scenes) with co-star Gary Busey and his carnival partner, Robbie Robertson. For sharp-faced, pint-sized Linda Manz (of last year's *The Wanderers*), there's the sudden recollection of having been molested by her father (Dennis Hopper) when he drunkenly offers her to a pal in *Out of the Blue* (which Hopper also directed). She retaliates by killing her father, then blowing up her mother and herself; could one call that incesticide?

But the most notable (or notorious) of the year's teenaged revelations was Randal Kleiser's *The Blue Lagoon*, which made it abundantly clear that sultry-faced Brooke Shields was, indeed, growing up. Although the studio (Columbia) insists that in shots showing the girl nude from the waist up, her long hair was carefully glued to her breasts, and that a stand-in was used for moments of full nudity (odd that after her *Vogue* layouts and *Pretty Baby* exposure, Shields should turn shy), the film nevertheless reveals that her childlike form is beginning to match her sensuous features. What immaturity remains is in her acting.

Blue Lagoon, based on a novel by Henry De Vere Stacpoole that was popular around the turn of the century, has to do with a couple of very young children who are shipwrecked on an island in the South Seas. Left alone, they gradually learn to fend for themselves—building shelters, growing food, fishing and doing lots of swimming. But as they grow older (i.e., as the young performers of the early reels become Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins), they feel the first stirrings of their sexuality. Shields surprises Atkins masturbating behind a rock, panics at the sight of blood from her first menstrual period and becomes alternately coy and petulant with the bewildered boy. But then his maleness begins to assert itself and their childlike play turns serious as he talks about "doing it" with her. (Just why the scriptwriter, Douglas Day Stewart, felt the need for such an anachronistic euphemism remains unclear.) But they do "do it," with obvious relish, then look on in wonder as the girl's body changes and swells and leads them to the mystery of childbirth.

Although the picture had been made once before, in 1949 (with a radiant Jean Simmons in the Shields role), the conventions of that era prevented its being done in what director Kleiser chooses to describe as "the modern way, where you can see the exploration of human relationships freely." Too freely for some. The Los Angeles County Commission on Obscenity and Pornography is said to be in the process of re-examining existing obscenity statutes, looking for ways to ban the production of films, at least in Hollywood, exploiting teenage nudity. Kleiser, himself only 34, views *The Blue Lagoon* not only as tasteful but of positive educational value for teenagers experiencing the same stirrings as his protagonists—a point he has made to youth groups throughout the country in expressing his displeasure with the M.P.A.A.'s R rating.

Ironically, every one of these coming-of-age films (to which might be added *A Small Circle of Friends*, an evocation of Harvard life in the late Sixties) that has received an M.P.A.A. classification has been R-rated, meaning that the very audiences to whom they would be most relevant may see them only when accompanied by a parent or an adult guardian. For whom, then, are these movies made? Are they intended as object lessons for parents with problem teenagers? Is the moral of *Out of the Blue* that incest may be harmful to your health? Is *Little Darlings* designed to alert parents to the sexual snares of summer camp? Certainly, it's impossible to ascertain whom *Foxes* writer-producer Gerald Ayres considers more culpable, the overly permissive parent or the one who is overly strict. The only thing that's ringingly clear in all of these pictures is that the kids are considerably more knowledgeable than the adults—which is not precisely the message that most parents or adult guardians want to hear. Or are these films merely a safe form of titillation for all those dirty old men who get their jollies from looking at seminaked teenagers and hearing them use foul language?

Nor is exploration—or exploitation—of youthful sexuality confined to American releases. Perhaps the most prestigious import of the year, winner of the Oscar as Best Foreign Film, was Germany's *The Tin Drum*. Based on the well-known Günter Grass novel, it's a parable of Germany between the wars, centering on a boy who wills himself never to grow beyond the age of three. But while he remains childlike physically, he matures emotionally—to the point of taking to bed the lubricious teenager his brutish father has made his concubine and drudge. (There is also an incredibly erotic sequence in which his mother, forced against her will to choke down a plateful of eels, begins cramming her maw insatiably with fish, fish and more fish, until she dies of the surfeit. Well, maybe you have to see it.)

From France comes *Rascals* (*Les Turlupins*), set during the German Occupation of World War Two, in a remote schoolhouse where postpubescent girls bare their all—to the consternation of the adolescent boys housed in the school across the way. Or consider the Dutch *Spetters* (which means sputtering fat but also connotes an ejaculation). Directed by Paul Verhoeven (of *Turkish Delight* and, more recently, *Soldier of Orange*), it details the adventures of five teenagers whose main interests are sex and motorcycles, in that order. One of the girls will sleep with anyone to get ahead in the fish-and-chips business (hence the title); another gives up on promiscuity to become a Jesus freak; one of the boys commits suicide after becoming sexually incapacitated in a motorcycle crash; another who has been making a living by blackmailing homosexuals turns gay himself after being gang-raped.

One might wonder even more at the intended audience for homosexual films. Throughout the shooting of *Cruising*, based on a novel by Gerald Walker, the company was constantly harassed by New York's gays, who strenuously contended that the script, dealing with an undercover police investigation of a series of murders in the gay community, could only do them a disservice. (In *Cruising*, Al Pacino, the cop sent into this nether world to uncover a sadistic killer, gradually finds himself being sucked into the chains-and-leather lifestyle and ends up doubting his own sexuality.) Even before critics had had an opportunity to preview the movie, gays were out on picket lines protesting it. Clearly, this film, written and directed by William Friedkin, wasn't for *them*.

Not only did *Cruising* upset the gay community, it also stirred up no little controversy within the industry itself. Many theater owners, who had booked the film blind months before its release, refused to play it, claiming that despite

(continued overleaf)

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •

Revisiting Bimini, I found the island in no danger of overpopulation and still free of pollution. The primary interest in ecology revolves around big-game fishing: the never-ending quest for the blue marlin. For the most part, the natives don't know the legendary tales of Hemingway's Bimini exploits, nor do they remember Winslow Homer, who painted these environs so magnificently. It's strange working here. Like Homer, I stay with my water colors, ideal for painting the deep blue/green seas and the billowing blue skies.—L.N.

its R rating, it was really X merchandise and far too strong for their houses. To make matters worse, it soon developed that the prints that went into distribution in mid-February still contained three scenes that, through mutual agreement by the producers and the M.P.A.A.'s Classification and Ratings Administration, were to have been either eliminated or toned down to qualify for the R. (One portrayed a particularly vicious and gory knifing; the two others were specifically sexual, involving the graphic depiction of both oral and anal sex acts.) For the summer drive-in trade, cuts were made and some of the sexual grapplings obliterated.

Jerry Weintraub, the producer of *Cruising*, at first maintained that he regarded the controversy as so much free publicity and a boon for business; but when, after an initial flurry from the curiosity seekers, the picture began to falter at the box office, he became notably less voluble.

Despite the classification squabble, the ratings system is still going strong. Its chairman, Jack Valenti, points out that in the 12 years of his board's existence, during which time more than 5500 pictures have been previewed, there has been only one incident similar to the *Cruising* case. "Two out of 5500," he said, "is a pretty good record."

If the gay world of *Cruising* is sordid, the world of *Nijinsky* is one of European elegance and refinement: Sergei Diaghilev's empire of the ballet, peopled by the most gifted dancers, composers and artists of the era. But despite its glamorous settings, there is an underlying harshness in this biographical account of the great impresario and his youthful protégé; the film makes it quite apparent that Nijinsky was just one in a procession of Diaghilev's lovers, all of them gifted young men to whom he gave fame in return for their favors. What gives this film its bitter aftertaste is the cynical ease with which the older man can dismiss his loves and the spite that creeps in when Nijinsky, more or less on the rebound, marries the aristocratic Hungarian ballerina Romola de Pulsky. Indeed, by his cold rejection of the young man, Diaghilev seems to have precipitated the madness that kept Nijinsky in an asylum for the next 33 years.

In effect, *Nijinsky* is the tragedy of a great artist, a man of rare taste and sensibilities, whose finer instincts are eroded by his passion. Ironically, that man isn't Nijinsky—it's Diaghilev, played subtly yet eloquently by Alan Bates. In the title role, dancer George De La Peña has surprisingly little to do except look beautiful (which he does) and perform in a sparse handful of excerpts from the Diaghilev repertoire. Outstanding is his interpretation of *L'Après-Midi d'une Faune*, climaxing in a passage of onstage auto-eroticism that presages Nijinsky's descent into madness.

What makes *Nijinsky* so important at this time is that it neither condones nor exploits homosexuality—it merely accepts it as a fact of life, or a way of life. In much the same manner, young Montgomery (Paul McCrane), one of the students at New York's High School of the Performing Arts, comes to terms with his homosexuality in *Fame*, a musical that, much like *A Chorus Line*, interweaves the life stories of its eight aspiring principals among the songs and dances. In a long, unbroken monolog, gazing straight at the camera, he describes his beautiful actress mother who's always on the road, the military academies he's been sent to, his shyness, his fear of girls. Since they open the film, his revelations make a profound impression, as do his later encounters with an equally shy girl (Maureen Teefy) and a raging Puerto Rican bully (Barry Miller). "Gay used to be such a happy word," he says at one point, feeling himself very much the outsider. But it's one of *Fame*'s many virtues that by film's end, he's no longer an outsider; he's as much a part of the group as the Puerto Rican, the black, the nice Jewish girl from Brooklyn and the spoiled brat from West End Avenue. He's just one more color on the rich palette of life.

Unfortunately, not all film makers share this sensitivity; some may even be blind (perhaps willfully) to the true import of their own pictures. When both the National Gay Task Force and the National Association of Lesbian and Gay Film Makers, plus the Women Against Violence Against Women, protested the showing of *Windows* earlier this year, they claimed that it "sensationalizes the most pernicious ideas about lesbianism and rape." Barry Siegel's original screenplay calls for Elizabeth Ashley, in love with neighbor Talia Shire, to hire a cabdriver to rape the girl—and to tape-record her protestations while doing so. After which Ashley rents a loft from which she can observe, by telescope, the reactions of her thoroughly frightened prey. Producer Michael Lobell, when apprised of the dust storm his movie had kicked up, termed it "a hysterical reaction to a film that doesn't say one word about lesbianism. It's just the story of a crazy woman obsessed by another woman. At the end of the film, she tells her she loves her, but it was never intended in the sense these people are taking it." But, as they say in the law courts, ignorance is no excuse. It would be nice to report that all of these sincerely motivated protests helped scuttle the movie, but the truth is that *Windows*, like *Cruising*, sank through its own dramaturgical failings.

Lesbianism appears to be a far more difficult subject to treat adequately on the screen today than male homosexuality. No American movie to date has tackled it head on, but this past year has seen two worthy, if inadequate, attempts from Holland. *A Woman Like Eve* might be characterized as a kind of distaff *Kramer vs. Kramer* in which beautiful Monique van de Ven, after a protracted sojourn with Maria Schneider in a hippie commune in the south of France, returns home to claim possession from her husband of their two children. The court battle is prolonged; but even though the sentiments of Holland's only female director, Nouchka van Brakel, clearly favor the wife, the husband is never put down. The main trouble is that Schneider is so phlegmatic that you can't understand why Van de Ven would give up such a nice guy for her in the first place. There's a similar difficulty in *Twice a Woman* (Dutch made but with an English sound track). Bibi Andersson, a museum curator recently divorced from critic Tony Perkins, casually picks up a hairdresser's assistant (Sandra Dumas), takes her home and in no time they're in the sack together. Dumas, though playing a teenager, has the ripe beauty that Renoir used to paint; but conversationally, the character she plays is a drag, emotionally so unstable that she runs off to have a child by Perkins whom she can share with Andersson; it all ends in *kitsch* melodrama. Both films manage to suggest—probably unwittingly—that their lesbian liaisons were a mistake. Oddly enough, I can't think of a single movie that has taken the same attitude toward a heterosexual coupling. But, like the male gays, the lesbians are leaving their closets, and no doubt their concerns will soon be more positively reflected on the screen.

Of all the film forms, the most astonishing comeback of 1980 was staged by movie musicals—and the most astonishing of all was *All That Jazz*, which racked up a slew of Academy nominations (including Best Picture), then went on to share top honors at the prestigious Cannes festival. What makes this resurgence so surprising is the fact that the major companies had chosen to

(continued on page 262)

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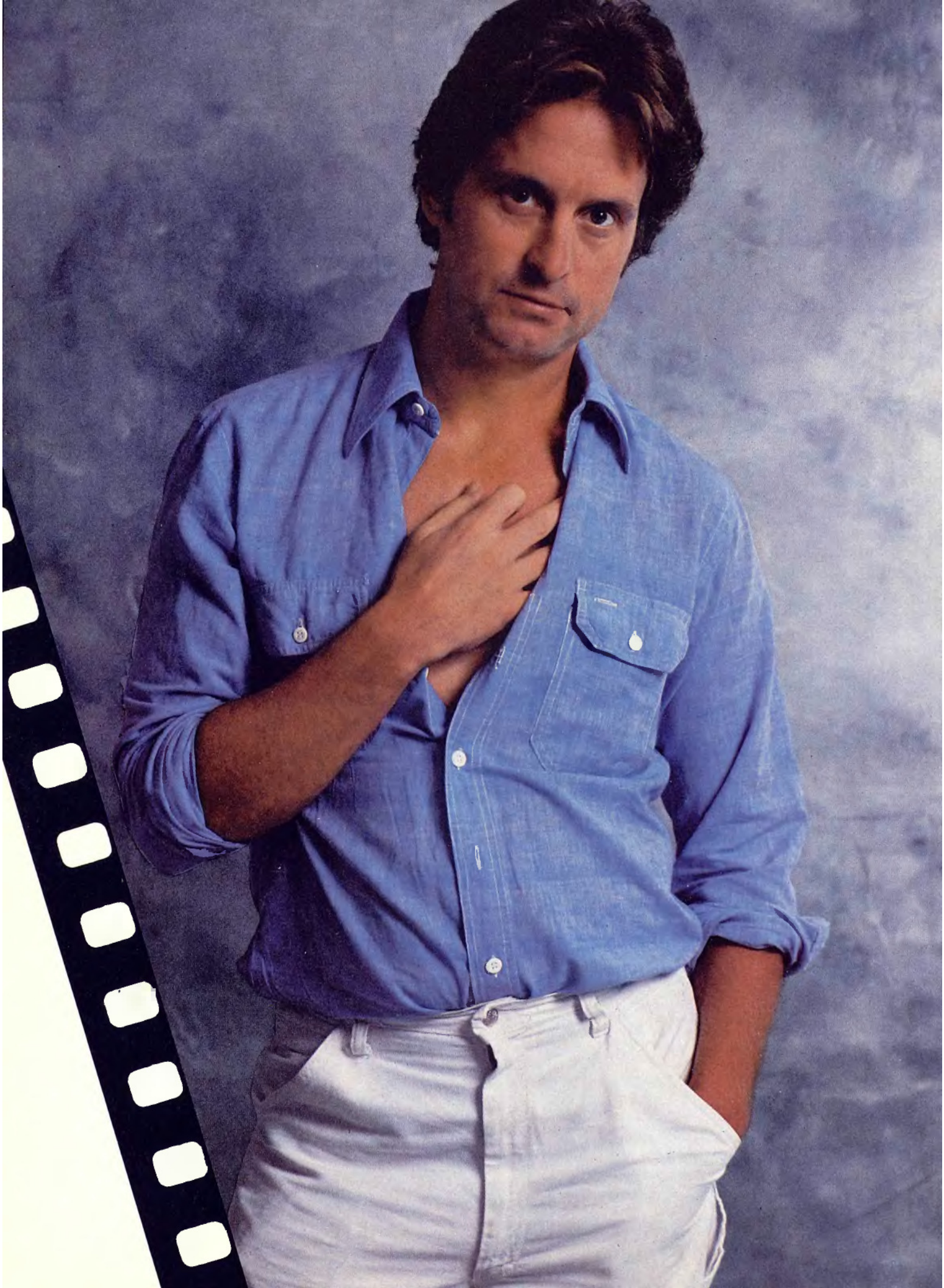

20 QUESTIONS: MICHAEL DOUGLAS

the producer and actor explains the joys of talking dirty to jane fonda

Syndicated television reporter Nancy Collins caught up with Michael Douglas in a limousine on the way to The Watergate Hotel in Washington, D.C. Collins, who has long since ceased to be impressed by either limousines or movie stars, told us: "He's a sweetheart, without being oppressive about it. He's intelligent, ambitious and driven, and yet he's a man who has retained the capacity for recreational laziness."

1.

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give to an aspiring young film maker?

DOUGLAS: I'd tell him or her to begin by making porno flicks. My own first film—and, of course, this *is* a little-known fact—was something called *Jew Gone Bad*. Incidentally, it was never released. In fact, it has never been seen outside my home.

2.

PLAYBOY: The American male seems to be very confused nowadays. He doesn't seem to have a role anymore. How do you explain that?

DOUGLAS: The American male today doesn't know whether to be the sensitive man or the *macho* man. He's torn between dominance and supersensitivity. On the one hand, there's all the pressure about equal rights and a sense of fair play toward women, while on the other hand, women are complaining that men are getting too easy, too soft.

3.

PLAYBOY: Where do you put yourself in that framework?

DOUGLAS: A sensitive young man who likes to knock them around.

4.

PLAYBOY: What do you find sexy in a woman?

DOUGLAS: Intelligence and a sense of humor. And as far as dressing goes, I like something left to the imagination. I'd like to think maybe half the people missed what I saw.

5.

PLAYBOY: Is there a difference between what is sexually attractive in an actress and what is sexually attractive in a woman who is not an actress?

DOUGLAS: Yes. Basically, an actress is being paid a lot of money to be sexy, attractive and charming and intelligent. That's her job. It's almost a Western example of a geisha. I generally find a woman who is not in the business more attractive because she's not on. I find people the most attractive when they're not on, when they can't help themselves, when their appeal surfaces unconsciously.

6.

PLAYBOY: How far would you go in a sex scene in a movie?

DOUGLAS: I firmly believe in wearing a cardboard roll in my pants. In fact, I have no standards other than frontal nudity. Actually, if you're playing a part, you can't let your own views come into it. If a nude scene were an integral part of a character and not there solely for titillation purposes, then there's no problem. Just take your own towel with you.

7.

PLAYBOY: What is your worst fault?

DOUGLAS: I love carrying grudges. And I'm particularly jealous when it involves anybody I feel possessive of. Like my wife. But I think my worst fault is probably hostility. Keeping score. Tit for tat. If I've been screwed, if I've had a formal shaft—and usually it has to do with something that happened earlier in my career—I don't forget. If I get a jab, I don't turn the other cheek.

8.

PLAYBOY: Have you always gotten revenge when you've wanted to?

DOUGLAS: No, but I have a good list. Keeping grudges gives you a lot of energy. It's a great motivator. And I can wait it out. I like finding devious ways to get back. Sometimes it's actually like I'm totally sick: you know, "Four years ago, you son of a bitch, you did this to me, and now. . . ."

9.

PLAYBOY: What else are you excessive about?

DOUGLAS: Anything that makes me giggle.

10.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of giggling, you've worked with Jane Fonda. She seems so *earnest* about everything. Does the woman have *any* sense of humor?

DOUGLAS: Yeah, she does. If you talk dirty to her, she likes it. She's got a great giggle.

11.

PLAYBOY: You like working with her?

DOUGLAS: I admire her a lot. She can juggle her life, as active as it is, between politics, her career and her family. It's extraordinary the amount of work she gets done in a day. It's an example for a lot of people.

12.

PLAYBOY: Your new film, *It's My Turn*, is about a woman—played by Jill Clayburgh—who is in love with two men. Do you think you could be in love with two people?

DOUGLAS: I think it's hard enough to be in love with *one* person at a time. However, I think you could be in love with someone and be having fantasies about another person. But that gets complicated. Then you're not so much in love as in confusion.

13.

PLAYBOY: How does working with a female director differ from working with a male director?

DOUGLAS: I loved working with Claudia Weill. Almost every guy will tell you there comes a moment when the director takes the leading lady, grabs her by the shoulders, takes her for a walk and says, "Honey, what's bothering you?" In other words, she gets pampered. Most guys would tell you they would like to be treated like that. Well, during *It's My Turn*, I got asked what was bothering me all the time, and I loved it.

14.

PLAYBOY: You live in California, the home of hot tubs and hard drugs. You read that Government officials are accused of using cocaine. Does the idea that politicians—even young ones, who are, like you, products of the Sixties—indulge in cocaine bother you?

DOUGLAS: In cocaine? Yeah. It's not the kind of drug I would like to see any major judgment calls made on. In a time of crisis, I definitely do not want to think that the President is snorting anything while making decisions that affect my life. On the other hand, I also don't understand the publicity that this gossip generates.

15.

PLAYBOY: Last year, we saw a rash of male-bonding films—all about men finding themselves through sports or war. Why is the movie industry—or, perhaps, American audiences—so obsessed with the themes of male bonding and fraternity?

DOUGLAS: I once heard someone say that the one thing men and women have in common is that they both like the company of men. I think that is true.

16.

PLAYBOY: After *(concluded on page 234)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAUREEN LAMBRAY

HOW WASHINGTON WORKS *(continued from page 124)*

"One of the first things Presidents discover is that they must appoint whoever Washington gives them."

Long before a President realizes that the central problem facing every administration is how to handle Congress, Washington has got a piece of him without his even guessing that it's happened. That's because modern Presidents are skilled practitioners at getting elected, while Washington has a monopoly on the skills of governing.

•

Successful Presidential candidates gather their teams about them. Jimmy Carter has his Georgia crackers, John Kennedy his "Irish Mafia," Warren Harding "the Ohio gang." The team is exquisitely able when it comes to election tactics, advancing a candidate, arranging for the balloons to drop onto the convention hall at the moment best calculated to cause goose-pimples and get the excited peasantry to shoot their Polaroids.

But with victory comes the problem of governing, something neither the President nor the hustling boys and girls who put him over the top have given much thought to—or have much competence in. Hannibal Jerkin would not work as Secretary of State, just as Jerry Ford learned that the dear dray horses he'd dragged through a dozen dreary Michigan campaigns had no talent to take over high places. For the most part, Ford served out his term relying on Nixon's appointees.

Washington controls the sources of skilled labor, Republican or Democratic, and not infrequently the same guy will work for either party. James Schlesinger served as the head of the Atomic Energy Commission under Nixon, then as Secretary of Defense under both Nixon and Ford, and next as Secretary of Energy under Carter. His career in high public office was suspended when Congress, angry over his department's misallocation of gasoline supplies, forced him out of office. But other men who date from the Nixon era, such as Deputy Energy Secretary John Sawhill, dot today's Government. Before Carter's election, Jordan said he'd throw in the towel if Cyrus Vance or Zbigniew Brzezinski were hired by the incoming Administration.

One of the first things that Presidents discover, however, is that they must appoint whoever Washington gives them. Most Americans don't realize it, but Presidents have barely *met* most of the men and women they pick for the topmost jobs—Cabinet positions—and for practical purposes, they have no idea at all who they're appointing to the critical sub-Cabinet posts. Under the European system, a premier's political party pretty well dictates who gets which top jobs, but our parties are too weak for that, so Presidents fall back on Washington's talent pool. These are the deluxe think tanks, such as the Brookings Institution or the American Enterprise Institute or the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, where establishment-certified talent is parked, sharpening its skills and waiting to be tapped.

Physically removed from the District of Columbia but functionally connected to Washington are organizations such as the Council on Foreign Relations, which has contributed Henry Kissinger and battalions of other personnel to the State Department. It is exceedingly difficult for any President even to locate, much less appoint, people outside that organized talent pool. That's the reason so many high Treasury officials come from a few firms such as Wall Street's Dillon, Reed, & Co.; or that Secretaries of Agriculture must come from the major agribusiness groupings; or that Federal judges have to be checked out by the American Bar Association. Carter made one attempt at the beginning of his term to appoint someone outside the Washington orthodox, and couldn't do it: He nominated John Kennedy's speechwriter, Theodore Sorensen, a man suspected of peacenikian tendencies, to be the head of the CIA. The Senate, whose members interconnect and criss-cross with Washington's talent-pool organizations, refused to confirm the appointment.

Outlanders romanticize Washington by imagining that the city is controlled by a few master fixers, superlobbyists with specific lists of goodies they want to land for their clients. There are a few, such as Harry Truman's old protégé Clark Clifford, a Missouri kid with an oily tongue and a clever brain. Washington legend has it that he once charged a corporate client $1,000,000 for one phone call. And in the oil industry, they still talk about Smokey Joe Califano, who functioned as Lyndon Johnson's political hit man. In amendments to energy bills before Congress in the early Seventies, Califano sneaked through legislation subsidizing small, inefficient "teakettle" oil refineries at a cost of many millions to the car-driving public. Durable as a J. C. Penney work shoe, Califano later appeared as Carter's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, where he immediately made news by putting a guy on the payroll as his private chef. Too arrogant and independent for the Carter family, Califano has since returned to the humble practice of law, at which he makes not less than half a million a year.

But above and beyond the superlobbyists are the policy lobbyists, who don't go to Washington to scarf up million-dollar bonbons; it's the general direction of Government they wish to guide and control. The most powerful of the policy lobbies is The Business Roundtable, membership in which is restricted to the chief executive officers of America's largest corporations. This year's chairman is Clifton C. Garvin, Jr., the boss man at Exxon.

Democratic Presidents since F.D.R. have done acrobatic tricks worthy of Kurt Thomas to show they're not anti-business. None more than Carter. DuPont's Irving S. Shapiro, a former head of the Roundtable, has indicated that all his little group has had to do to get an appointment with this populist President is pick up the phone. In some of Carter's public utterances, he's been so obsequious he's demeaned himself, as with his speech to The Business Council a few years ago. With the chief operating officer of Ma Bell sitting in the chair, the President of the United States said that when he was but a small peanut of a businessman back in Plains, "You were the leaders in our nation that I looked to and admired. . . . [I] thank you very much for what you've contributed to our country. I hope that I can perform my job in such a way that will make you proud."

He may have made them proud, but he didn't make them grateful. After giving them everything they wanted, including their tax-deductible three-martini lunches, they said thank you by putting millions into Ronald Reagan's campaign.

•

The latticework of control nullifying Presidential authority begins not with the lobbyists but with Congress, an institution Carter and his friends don't know how to work. Sometimes the fault has been monumental bad judgment, as when Frank Moore, *El Presidente*'s chief lobbyist, told him he had to sign the retrogressive bill upping the Social Security tax on the hard-working majority—or else lose all respect in Congress. No sooner had Carter announced he would sign the bill that was to hurt

(continued on page 218)

"Experts say Paul Masson Cabernet Sauvignon is a mature, complex wine, with nice wood. What they're trying to say is...it tastes good."
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PAUL MASSON
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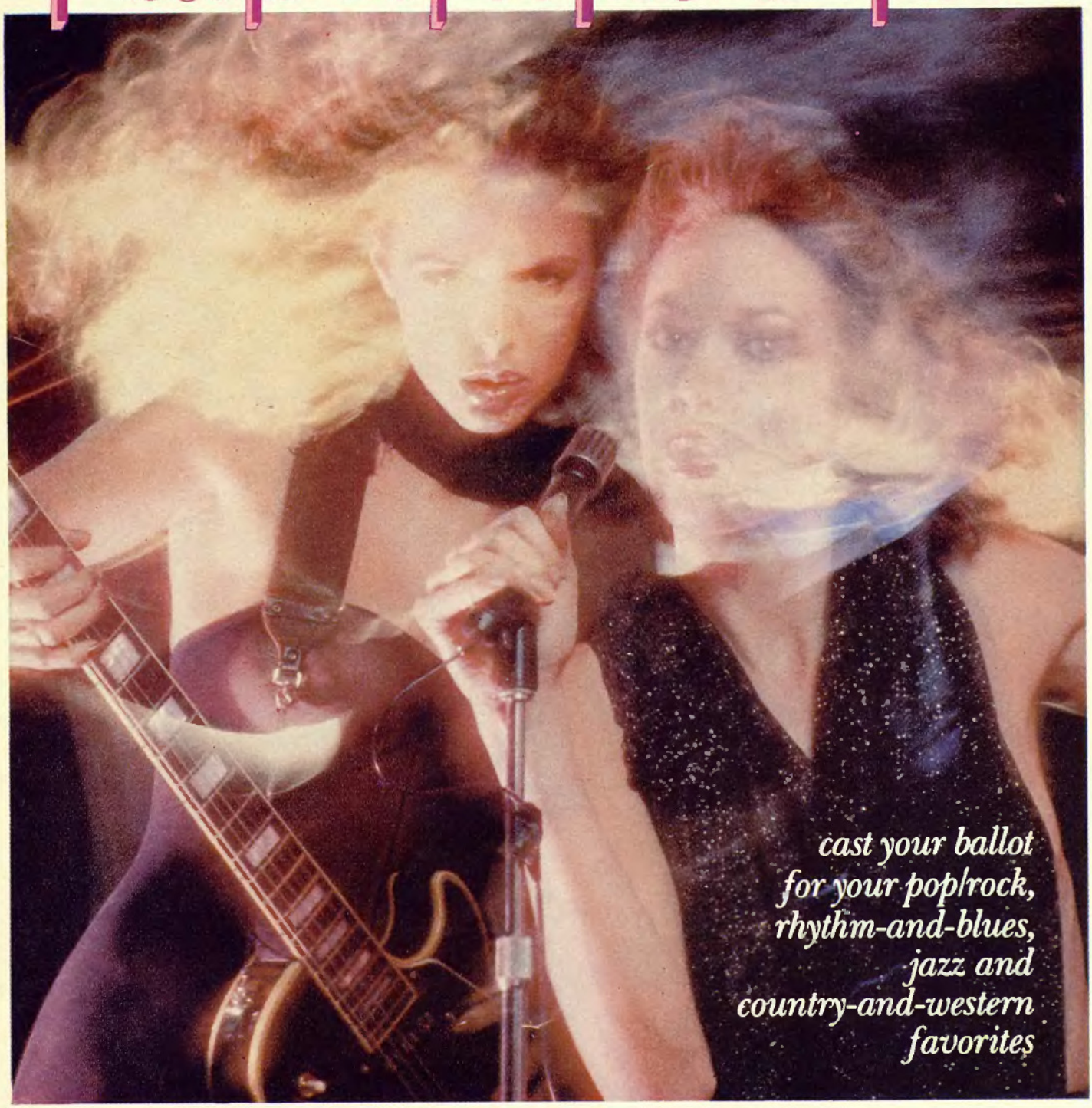
The 1981 Playboy Music Poll



IT'S TIME AGAIN for the Playboy Music Poll, your annual opportunity to thank your favorite music aces for another year of terrific sounds. Let's face it—without them, your stereo system would be just a pile of hardware. Our list of first-round draft choices is printed here just to jog your memory. All you have to do is vote. To those musicians we missed, our space- and face-saving apologies. Artists pay special heed to the PLAYBOY poll, because it's one of the few major music polls in which winners are chosen by the fans, not by the industry. If your choices don't appear, just enter their names in the space provided. Chances are, next year they'll make the list. But, please, if you are voting for someone who's listed, help our ballot counters by using the number beside the name. When you've finished side one, flip the ballot over to make your selections for the Hall of Fame and Best LP categories. Only official ballots count and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 1, 1980.

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1981 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

1. Jackson Browne
2. Jimmy Buffett
3. Joe "King" Carrasco
4. Ry Cooder
5. Elvis Costello
6. Roger Daltrey
7. Ray Davies
8. Neil Diamond
9. Bob Dylan
10. Dave Edmunds
11. Steve Forbert
12. Joe Jackson
13. Mick Jagger
14. Billy Joel
15. Elton John
16. Mark Knopfler
17. Kenny Loggins
18. Nick Lowe
19. Barry Manilow
20. Paul McCartney
21. Eddie Money
22. Willie Nile
23. Ted Nugent
24. Robert Palmer
25. Tom Petty
26. Robert Plant
27. Iggy Pop
28. Lou Reed
29. Tom Robinson
30. Leon Russell
31. Boz Scaggs
32. Bob Seger
33. Bruce Springsteen
34. Rod Stewart
35. James Taylor
36. Pat Travers
37. Peter Wolf
38. Neil Young
39. Warren Zevon

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Baez
2. Pat Benatar
3. Karla Bonoff
4. Bonnie Bramlett
5. Carlene Carter
6. Judy Collins
7. Marianne Faithfull
8. Deborah Harry
9. Chrissie Hynde
10. Rickie Lee Jones
11. Nicolette Larson
12. Lene Lovich
13. Melissa Manchester
14. Christine McVie
15. Bette Midler
16. Joni Mitchell
17. Olivia Newton-John
18. Bernadette Peters
19. Bonnie Raitt
20. Linda Ronstadt
21. Carly Simon
22. Grace Slick
23. Patti Smith
24. Phoebe Snow
25. Barbra Streisand
26. Donna Summer
27. Rachel Sweet
28. Jennifer Warnes
29. Dionne Warwick
30. Ann Wilson

Guitar

1. Jeff Beck
2. Chuck Berry
3. Dickey Betts
4. Eric Clapton
5. Steve Cropper
6. Dave Davies
7. Peter Frampton
8. Glenn Frey
9. Jerry Garcia
10. Lenny Kaye
11. Mark Knopfler
12. Rick Nielsen
13. Ted Nugent
14. Jimmy Page
15. Bonnie Raitt
16. Keith Richard
17. Carlos Santana
18. Boz Scaggs
19. Bruce Springsteen
20. Stephen Stills
21. Mick Taylor
22. Peter Townshend
23. Robin Trower
24. Miami Steve Van Zandt
25. Waddy Wachtel
26. Joe Walsh
27. Johnny Winter
28. Ron Wood
29. Frank Zappa

Keyboards

1. Gregg Allman
2. Brian Auger
3. Roy Bittan
4. Booker T.
5. Jackson Browne
6. Keith Emerson
7. Andrew Gold
8. Nicky Hopkins
9. Garth Hudson
10. Joe Jackson
11. Billy Joel
12. Elton John
13. Robert Lamm
14. Chuck Leavell
15. Jerry Lee Lewis
16. Barry Manilow
17. Bill Payne
18. Kate Pierson
19. Billy Preston
20. Todd Rundgren
21. Leon Russell
22. Allen Toussaint
23. Rick Wakeman
24. Edgar Winter
25. Gary Wright
26. Neil Young

Drums

1. Carmine Appice
2. Ginger Baker
3. John Bonham
4. Bill Bruford
5. Jim Capaldi
6. Bobby Colomby
7. Stewart Copeland
8. Peter Criss
9. Aynsley Dunbar
10. Mick Fleetwood
11. Levon Helm
12. Johanny "Jaimae" Johanson
13. Bill Kreutzmann
14. Russ Kunkel
15. Nigel Olsson
16. Carl Palmer
17. Danny Seraphine
18. Ringo Starr
19. David Teegarden
20. Charlie Watts
21. Max Weinberg
22. Pick Withers

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Jack Casady
3. Peter Cetera
4. Rick Danko
5. Donald "Duck" Dunn
6. John Entwistle
7. Wilton Felder
8. Freebo
9. Larry Graham
10. John Illsley
11. John Paul Jones
12. Greg Lake
13. Phil Lesh
14. Paul McCartney
15. John McVie
16. Chuck Rainey
17. Gene Simmons
18. Lee Sklar
19. Chris Squire
20. Garry Tallent
21. Klaus Voormann
22. Willie Weeks
23. Martina Weymouth
24. Bill Wyman

Composer

1. Becker/Fagen
2. Stephen Bishop
3. Karla Bonoff
4. Jackson Browne
5. Jimmy Buffett
6. Bruce Cockburn
7. Elvis Costello
8. Ray Davies
9. Neil Diamond
10. Bob Dylan
11. Steve Forbert
12. Bob Geldof
13. Barry Gibb
14. Billy Joel
15. Elton John
16. Tonio K.
17. Mark Knopfler
18. Kenny Loggins
19. Nick Lowe
20. Paul McCartney
21. Michael McDonald
22. Joni Mitchell
23. Randy Newman
24. Ric Ocasek
25. Graham Parker
26. Lou Reed
27. Bob Seger
28. Paul Simon
29. Patti Smith
30. Bruce Springsteen
31. Bernie Taupin
32. James Taylor
33. Peter Townshend
34. Stevie Wonder
35. Neil Young
36. Frank Zappa
37. Warren Zevon

Group

1. Abba
2. Aerosmith
3. Allman Brothers Band
4. B-52's
5. Bad Company
6. Beach Boys
7. Bee Gees
8. Blondie
9. Boomtown Rats
10. Buzzcocks
11. Cars
12. Cheap Trick
13. Chicago
14. Clash
15. Christopher Cross
16. Devo
17. Dire Straits
18. Doobie Brothers
19. Eagles
20. Electric Light Orchestra
21. Fleetwood Mac
22. J. Geils Band
23. Grateful Dead
24. Heart
25. Jefferson Starship
26. Journey
27. Kinks
28. Kiss
29. Knack
30. Led Zeppelin
31. Graham Parker & the Rumour
32. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
33. Pink Floyd
34. Police
35. Pretenders
36. Public Image Ltd.
37. Ramones
38. Rolling Stones
39. Roxy Music
40. Santana
41. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
42. Specials
43. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
44. Steely Dan
45. Styx
46. Supertramp
47. Talking Heads
48. Toto
49. Van Halen
50. Who

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. George Benson

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM VAUGHAN

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Ballot

Put down the *NUMBERS* of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

GUITAR

KEYBOARDS

DRUMS

BASS

COMPOSER

GROUP

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

COMPOSER

GROUP

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

BRASS

WOODWINDS

KEYBOARDS

VIBES

GUITAR

BASS

PERCUSSION

COMPOSER

GROUP

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

FEMALE VOCALIST

PICKER

COMPOSER

GROUP

THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES.

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or deed, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duene Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name

Address

City State Zip Code

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

2. James Brown
3. Peabo Bryson
4. Ray Charles
5. George Clinton
6. Bootsy Collins
7. Marvin Gaye
8. Larry Graham
9. Isaac Hayes
10. Leon Haywood
11. Jermaine Jackson
12. Michael Jackson
13. Rick James
14. B. B. King
15. Curtis Mayfield
16. Teddy Pendergrass
17. Billy Preston
18. Smokey Robinson
19. Jimmy Ruffin
20. Sam & Dave
21. Sly Stone
22. Sylvester
23. Barry White
24. Bill Withers
25. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Joan Armatrading
2. Jean Carn
3. Linda Clifford
4. Natalie Cole
5. Roberta Flack
6. Aretha Franklin
7. Gloria Gaynor
8. Thelma Houston
9. Phyliss Hyman
10. Chaka Khan
11. Gladys Knight
12. Patti Labelle
13. Stephanie Mills
14. Melba Moore
15. Maxine Nightingale
16. Esther Phillips
17. Bonnie Pointer
18. Diana Ross
19. Donna Summer
20. Dionne Warwick
21. Deniece Williams

Composer

1. Nicholas Ashford–Valerie Simpson
2. Thom Bell
3. Johnny Bristol
4. James Brown
5. George Clinton
6. Kenny Gamble–Leon Huff
7. Berry Gordy
8. Isaac Hayes
9. Willie Hutch
10. Bob Marley
11. Curtis Mayfield
12. Eugene McDaniels
13. Ray Parker, Jr.
14. Smokey Robinson
15. Allen Toussaint
16. Barry White
17. Norman Whitfield
18. Bill Withers
19. Bobby Womack
20. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Bar-Kays
2. Blues Brothers
3. Brothers Johnson
4. B.T. Express
5. Commodores
6. Con Funk Shun
7. Earth, Wind & Fire
8. Emotions
9. GQ
10. Isley Brothers
11. Gladys Knight & the Pips
12. Kool & the Gang
13. Bob Marley & the Wailers
14. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
15. O'Jays
16. Parliament/Funkadelic
17. Peaches & Herb
18. Pointer Sisters
19. Raydio
20. Sister Sledge
21. Spinners
22. Temptations

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. George Benson
4. Ray Charles
5. Sammy Davis Jr.
6. Bob Dorough
7. Billy Eckstine
8. Michael Franks
9. Johnny Hartman
10. Jon Hendricks
11. Al Jarreau
12. Milton Nascimento
13. Lou Rawls
14. Gil Scott-Heron
15. Frank Sinatra
16. Leon Thomas
17. Mel Tormé
18. Joe Williams
19. Jimmy Witherspoon

Female Vocalist

1. Angela Bofill
2. Dee Dee Bridgewater
3. Betty Carter
4. Urszula Dudziak
5. Ella Fitzgerald
6. Roberta Flack
7. Lena Horne
8. Rickie Lee Jones
9. Cleo Laine
10. Peggy Lee
11. Carmen McRae
12. Liza Minnelli
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Melba Moore
15. Anita O'Day
16. Flora Purim
17. Della Reese
18. Esther Satterfield
19. Phoebe Snow
20. Barbra Streisand
21. Sarah Vaughan
22. Nancy Wilson

Brass

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Lester Bowie
5. Randy Brecker
6. Donald Byrd
7. Don Cherry
8. Miles Davis
9. Jon Faddis
10. Art Farmer
11. Maynard Ferguson
12. Dizzy Gillespie
13. Wayne Henderson
14. Freddie Hubbard
15. J. J. Johnson
16. Thad Jones
17. Chuck Mangione
18. James Pankow
19. Doc Severinsen
20. Woody Shaw
21. Clark Terry
22. Junior Walker
23. Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

1. Anthony Braxton
2. Joe Farrell
3. Benny Goodman
4. Dexter Gordon
5. Johnny Griffin
6. Woody Herman
7. Bobbi Humphrey
8. John Klemmer
9. Yusef Lateef
10. Hubert Laws
11. Ronnie Laws
12. Herbie Mann
13. James Moody
14. Gerry Mulligan
15. Sam Rivers
16. Sonny Rollins
17. David Sanborn
18. Wayne Shorter
19. Zoot Sims
20. Stanley Turrentine
21. Grover Washington, Jr.
22. Edgar Winter
23. Paul Winter
24. Phil Woods

Keyboards

1. Muhal Richard Abrams
2. Kenny Barron
3. Eubie Blake
4. Dollar Brand
5. Dave Brubeck
6. Chick Corea
7. Eumir Deodato
8. George Duke
9. Bill Evans
10. Jan Hammer
11. Herbie Hancock
12. Barry Harris
13. Earl "Fatha" Hines
14. Ahmad Jamal
15. Bob James
16. Keith Jarrett
17. Ramsey Lewis
18. Les McCann
19. Sergio Mendes
20. Thelonious Monk
21. Oscar Peterson
22. Patrice Rushen
23. Cecil Taylor
24. McCoy Tyner
25. Mary Lou Williams
26. Joe Zawinul

Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Victor Feldman
4. David Friedman
5. Terry Gibbs
6. Lionel Hampton
7. Bobby Hutcherson
8. Milt Jackson
9. Mike Mainieri
10. Buddy Montgomery
11. Red Norvo
12. Emil Richards
13. David Samuels
14. Cal Tjader
15. Keith Underwood
16. Tommy Vig

Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. Jeff Beck
3. George Benson
4. Kenny Burrell
5. Charlie Byrd
6. Philip Catherine
7. Larry Coryell
8. Al DiMeola
9. Herb Ellis
10. Eric Gale
11. Jim Hall
12. Barney Kessel
13. Earl Klugh
14. John McLaughlin
15. Pat Metheny
16. Tony Mottola
17. Joe Pass
18. Bucky Pizzarelli
19. Melvin Sparks
20. Gabor Szabo
21. Ralph Towner
22. Phil Upchurch

Bass

1. Keter Betts
2. Walter Booker
3. Ray Brown
4. Mike Bruce
5. Joe Byrd
6. Ron Carter
7. Stanley Clarke
8. Bob Cranshaw
9. Art Davis
10. Cleveland Eaton
11. Jim Fielder
12. Eddie Gomez
13. Bob Haggart
14. Percy Heath
15. Dave Holland
16. Carol Kaye
17. Gary King
18. Monk Montgomery
19. Jaco Pastorius
20. Steve Swallow
21. Carl Radle
22. Rufus Reid
23. Miroslav Vitous
24. Eberhard Weber

Percussion

1. Art Blakey
2. Willie Bobo
3. Jimmy Cobb
4. Billy Cobham
5. Jack DeJohnette
6. Steve Gadd
7. John Guerin
8. Stix Hooper
9. Elvin Jones
10. Jo Jones
11. Mel Lewis
12. Ralph MacDonald
13. Harvey Mason
14. Steve McCall
15. Airto Moreira
16. Joe Morello
17. Alphonse Mouzon
18. Buddy Rich
19. Max Roach
20. Mongo Santamaria
21. Lenny White
22. Tony Williams

Composer

1. Toshiko Akiyoshi
2. Carla Bley
3. Anthony Braxton
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Ornette Coleman
7. Chick Corea
8. Miles Davis
9. Eumir Deodato
10. Herbie Hancock
11. Bob James
12. Keith Jarrett
13. Antonio Carlos Jobim
14. Quincy Jones
15. Thad Jones
16. Michel Legrand
17. Chuck Mangione
18. Thelonious Monk
19. Gil Scott-Heron–Brian Jackson
20. Wayne Shorter
21. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
2. Art Ensemble of Chicago
3. Count Basie
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Ray Charles
6. Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House
7. Crusaders
8. Maynard Ferguson
9. Jan Hammer
10. Herbie Hancock
11. Heath Brothers
12. Chuck Mangione
13. John McLaughlin
14. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '88
15. Oregon
16. Return to Forever
17. Buddy Rich
18. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
19. Doc Severinsen
20. Spyro Gyra
21. Weather Report

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

Male Vocalist

1. Moe Bandy
2. Glen Campbell
3. Johnny Cash
4. Roy Clark
5. Charlie Daniels
6. Mac Davis
7. John Denver
8. Freddy Fender
9. Larry Gatlin
10. Mickey Gilley
11. Merle Haggard
12. Waylon Jennings
13. George Jones
14. Kris Kristofferson
15. Jerry Lee Lewis
16. Gordon Lightfoot
17. Ronnie Milsap
18. Michael Murphey
19. Willie Nelson
20. Johnny Paycheck
21. Ray Price
22. Charley Pride
23. Eddie Rabbitt
24. Jerry Reed
25. Charlie Rich
26. Marty Robbins
27. Johnny Rodriguez
28. Kenny Rogers
29. Joe Stampley
30. Ray Stevens
31. Mel Tillis
32. Ernest Tubb
33. Conway Twitty
34. Jerry Jeff Walker
35. Don Williams
36. Hank Williams, Jr.

Female Vocalist

1. June Carter Cash
2. Jessi Colter
3. Rita Coolidge
4. Lacy J. Dalton
5. Donna Fargo
6. Janie Fricke
7. Crystal Gayle
8. Emmylou Harris
9. Jeannie Kendall
10. Brenda Lee
11. Loretta Lynn
12. Barbara Mandrell
13. Anne Murray
14. Tracy Nelson
15. Olivia Newton-John
16. Dolly Parton
17. Stella Parton
18. Jeanne Pruett
19. Linda Ronstadt
20. Connie Smith
21. Tanya Tucker
22. Dottie West
23. Tammy Wynette

Picker

1. Chet Atkins
2. David Bromberg
3. Roy Clark
4. Ry Cooder
5. Pete Drake
6. Amos Garrett
7. Johnny Gimble
8. Lloyd Green
9. David Grisman
10. John Hartford
11. Sonny James
12. Leo Kottke
13. Charlie McCoy
14. John McEuen
15. Roy Nichols
16. Jerry Reed
17. Ricky Scaggs
18. Earl Scruggs
19. Ralph Stanley
20. Tut Taylor
21. Doc Watson
22. Reggie Young

Composer

1. Hoyt Axton
2. John Denver
3. Merle Haggard
4. Tom T. Hall
5. Waylon Jennings
6. Kris Kristofferson
7. Gordon Lightfoot
8. Roger Miller
9. Michael Murphey
10. Willie Nelson
11. Dolly Parton
12. John Prine
13. Marty Robbins
14. Johnny Rodriguez
15. Kenny Rogers
16. Billy Joe Shaver
17. Shel Silverstein
18. Sonny Throckmorton
19. Mel Tillis
20. Jerry Jeff Walker
21. Don Williams
22. Hank Williams, Jr.

Group

1. Asleep at the Wheel
2. Moe Bandy & Joe Stampley
3. Johnny Cash & the Tennessee Three
4. Charlie Daniels Band
5. Dirt Band
6. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
7. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
8. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
9. Kendalls
10. Oak Ridge Boys
11. Statler Bros.
12. Tompall & the Glaser Brothers
13. Ernest Tubb & the Texas Troubadours
14. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band

RAT TOWN BOOGIE

(continued from page 143)

"I walked through the door, into a circle of hostile faces, opened my mouth and started to babble."

hippies for breakfast out there in the New Mexico flatlands and my eyeballs were beginning to melt. "I'm talking to you, boy!"

He narrowed his eyes and his face began to deform right in front of me, like a Popsicle in a microwave. His eyes shrank, his nose got longer, his teeth pushed forward, and suddenly he became a Rat Town rat himself. A 250-pound mean-eyed rat, chewing on the stub of a burned-out cigar and just about ready to come over the counter and start chewing on me.

I should never get involved in running drugs across the country. Oh, I can set things up with the best of them. I've got all the connections at both ends of the deal. But I can't ever resist sampling the merchandise. It's a question of integrity. Shouldn't deal anything you wouldn't take yourself, right? Just a simple matter of honest business practices. And as long as you're testing something, you might as well take enough to make sure. I had. If there was one thing I was sure of, it was that I was carrying high-quality merchandise. If the five tabs in my blood stream were a fair sample of the 10,000 orange pills back in the truck, I was carrying LSD-25 potent enough to make any chemist proud, especially if he liked his customers to find themselves face to face with enormous rats wearing greasy GMC baseball caps.

I headed for the door. My pickup truck, a '47 Chevy with a cracked block and a dragon painted on the side, took its usual 30 seconds to start and I could feel Technicolor sweat running down my back as I listened to it wheeze and cough. I let out the clutch and headed for the highway, peering through a shifting haze of color that oozed across the windshield like an amoeba with gland problems.

I drove west in the dark, the roar of the engine right in my ear, coming out of the rusted stub of tail pipe where the muffler had once been connected. Now the connection was broken, and if this acid didn't get to Frisco on time, it wouldn't be the only connection that was broken. And connections wouldn't be all that got broken, either. I had an uncomfortable feeling that my legs would be high on the list of things to be broken if this deal got fucked up. As fucked up as I was, for example. Indeed. Cheerful thoughts to keep me company as I turned off the interstate into Rat Town.

And if ever they named a town right, this was it. One dead-end street, maybe four blocks long. Railroad tracks at one end and the interstate at the other. The first building in town was an abandoned gas station—broken windows, rusty pumps. I could imagine it in better days: neon lights cutting the night while half a dozen hipster rats lounged against the sides of their hot rods, flipping quarters on their evil little claws and sniffing the darkness for action.

Jesus, I thought, how did it get this bad? I have got to get into another line of work.

There was an auto-parts store down the block. Closed for the night. In fact, everything in town was shut down tight. Except for the Ace-Hi Bar. I should have turned around and gotten right back on the interstate, but the thought never crossed my mind. The acid was calling for action. Onward with the mission! So onward I went, though I was more than a little confused as to exactly what the mission was.

I headed straight for the Ace-Hi. Who knows what I was thinking? Actually, I wasn't doing very much thinking at all. I walked right through the door, into a circle of immediately hostile faces, opened my mouth and started to babble. I couldn't keep quiet, because they'd think I was strange if I just stood there. So I started talking, only I didn't have anything to say. And it all got much worse real quick when I gestured with my right hand and discovered that I was clutching the beat-up leather satchel filled with 10,000 hits of acid. I got really incoherent then.

And, you know, I almost pulled it off. I mean, I may have been crazy, but I was damn sure friendly. The strangest, friendliest thing they'd ever seen. "Well, good evening, folks. How y'all doing tonight? Just passing through, you understand, and my horse broke a leg. Whoops! Who said that? Not at all, of course, not at all. Blew a muffler off my truck, actually. Up on the interstate, you see. Shifting into third. Double-clutched and blew that baby right out the back of the truck. A Chevy. Right. With a 327—fuel injected, of course—out of a '63 Corvette me and my brother used to race on Sundays back in St. Louis. Yessir. Anyhow, that muffler's forty miles back and I was hoping maybe one of you's got a muffler to spare. Used to take that truck to the drive-in back in high school. Mattress in the back. Ahem. Yes. Mighty fine little truck. One time I was coming out of Muncie . . . and that reminds me, it's got a Muncie four-speed with the eight-bolt top cover and, anyhow. . . ."

All lies, of course, but I had to say something. And I think I was getting away with it. I mean, those Rat Towners had never seen anything like me and they didn't have any idea how to deal with me. Things were looking good. And then I slammed that leather satchel down on the bar to emphasize some point and the damn thing broke wide open, spilling out a cascade of little orange pills. Clearly illegal drugs, and that was something they did know how to deal with. It wasn't going to be pretty.

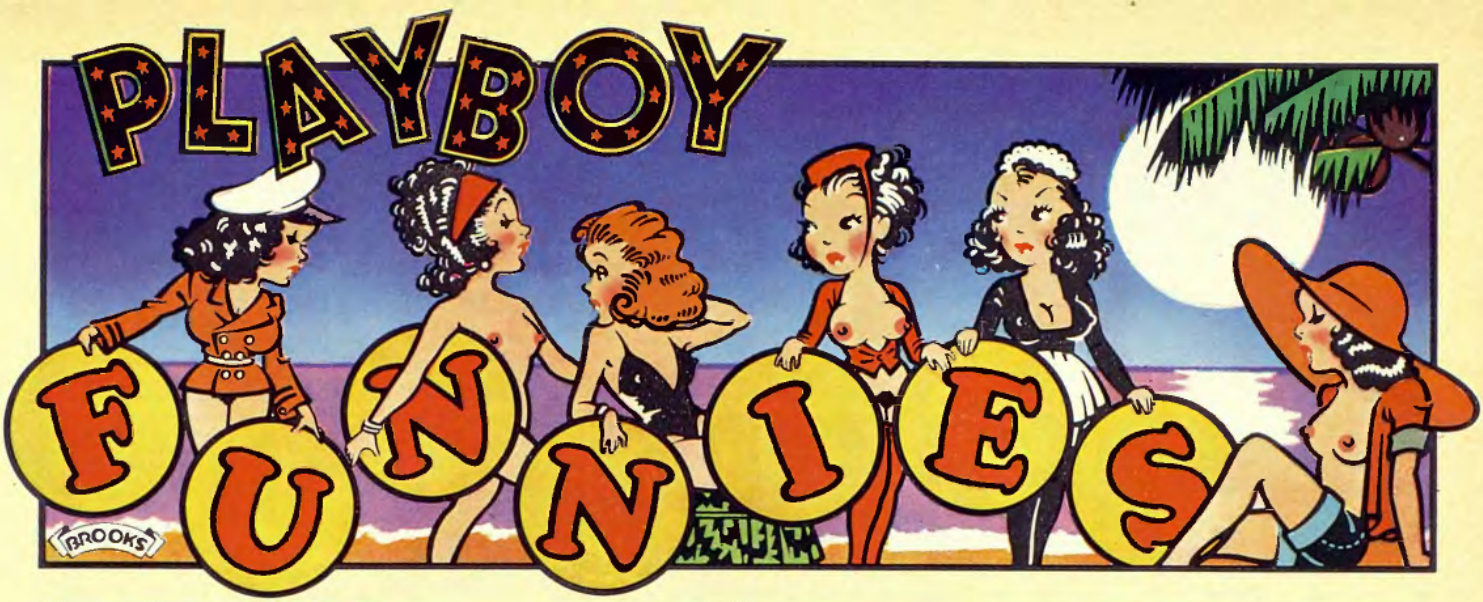
"Jesus motherfucking son of a bitch *shit*!" There wasn't time for any more of an explanation, because I was in motion before the last pill had stopped rolling across the bar. The I Ching says, "Perseverance furthers," and I persevered out the door and down the street at a dead run, picturing a mob of blood-crazed rats pouring out of the bar behind me. I was moving fast, but it wasn't doing any good, because I couldn't remember where I'd parked the truck. Everything was starting to come apart in a very nasty fashion. And right through it all, one part of my mind was calmly thinking, You know, I really do have to get into another line of work.

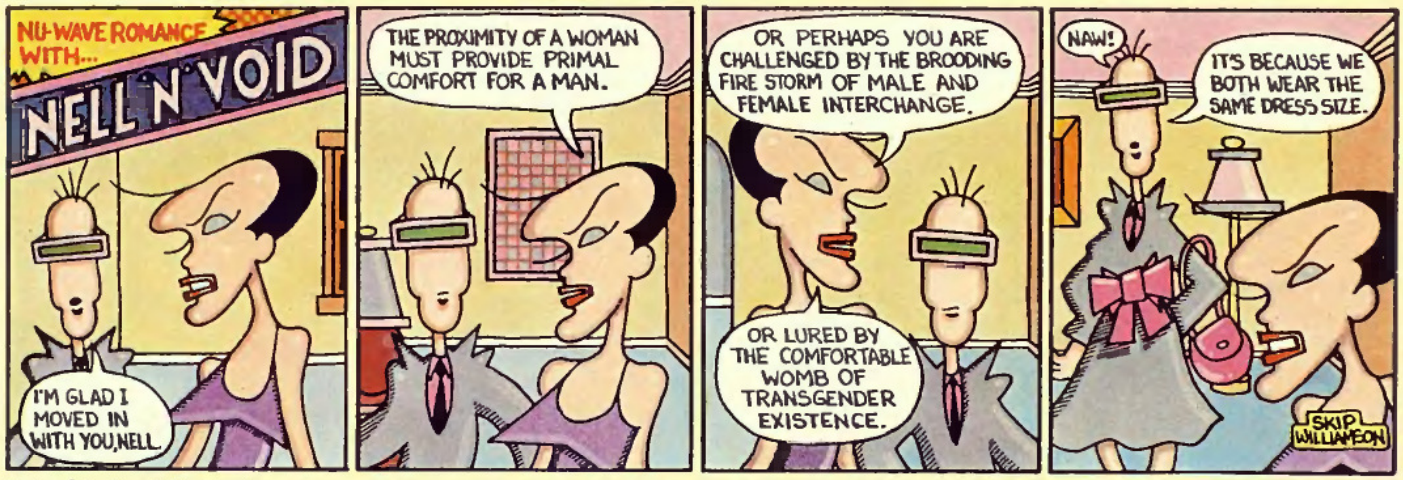
I turned a corner without thinking, heading into the alley that ran behind Main Street, and almost ran right into the grille of my truck. As I dove for the cab, I had a moment to wish my stories about a Corvette engine had been true. As things were, 40 miles an hour was going to be top speed for my escape. I could hear shouts behind me as the engine started, and I realized that it was going to be one mighty flashy dash. The only way out of that dead-end town was down the alley, right behind the Ace-Hi Bar, and the missing muffler was going to make it very clear exactly where I was.

I tried to focus on the alley, but the acid that was making the escape necessary was also threatening to make it impossible. The alley was an endless warped passage, thrashing around like the inside of a snake. I took a deep breath, put my foot to the floor and aimed for the middle of things, trying hard to figure out which parts of the shifting pattern were safe to drive through and which parts played a solid role in everyday Rat Town life.

One small mistake cost me a headlight and nearly my mind along with it when I caromed off a garbage can and sideswiped a telephone pole. As I passed behind the bar, some of the crowd rushed out into the alley to block my

(continued on page 253)



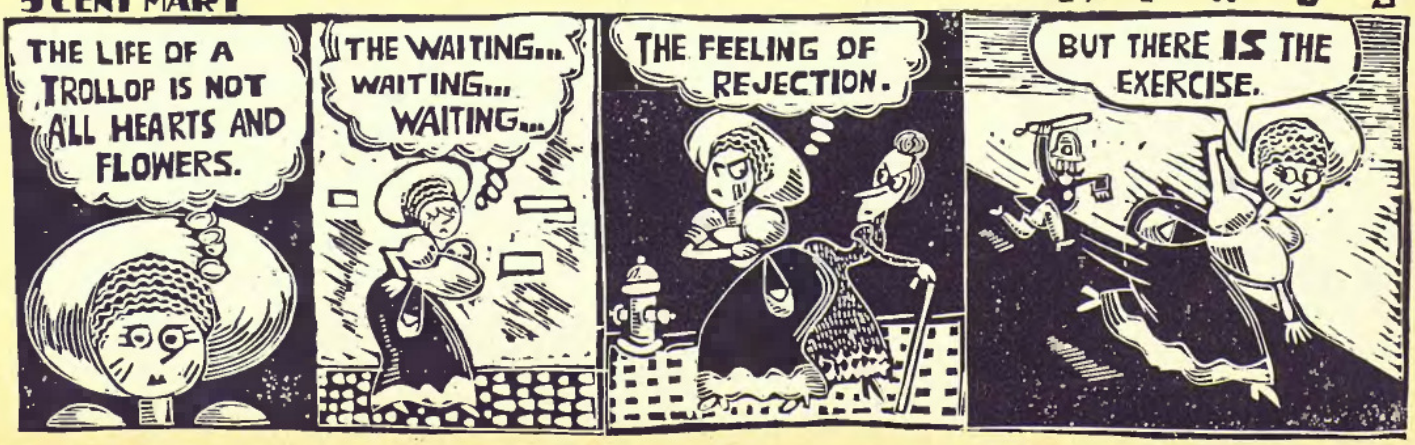


annie & albert

by J. Michael

5 CENT MARY

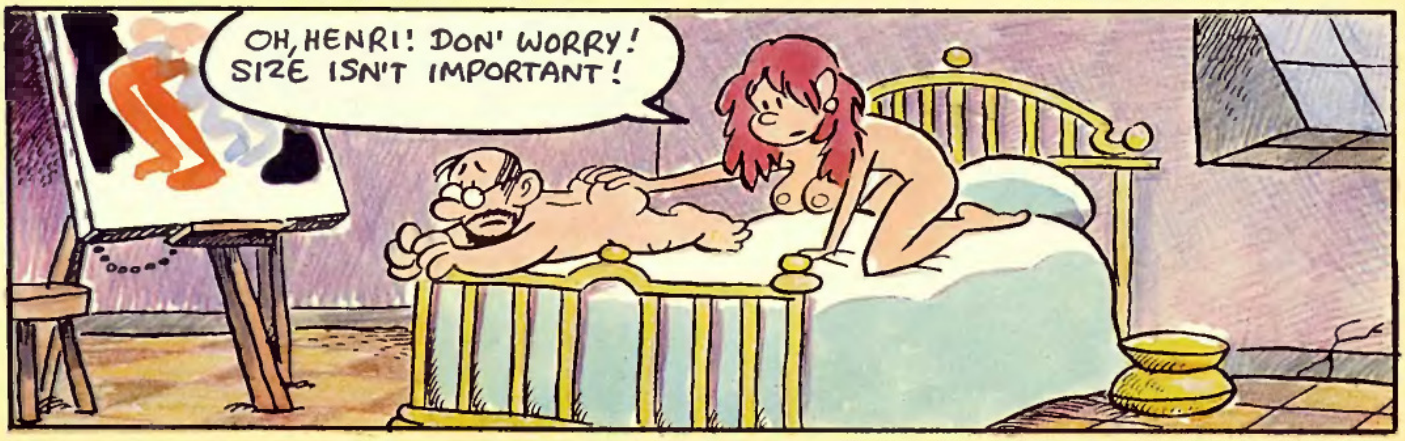
BY E N O S



THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES
by Randy Jones & Eugene Allen Schwimmer
THIS MONTH: "HEROES"
TODAY, WE FIND OUR HEROES ON THE PLANET BLOG, WHERE A CIVIL WAR RAGES! THEIR MISSION: SLIP BEHIND ENEMY LINES, CAPTURE THE REBEL LEADER AND RESTORE ORDER — WHICH THEY WOULD HAVE DONE HAD THEY NOT CHEATED THEIR WAY THROUGH MAP READING 101 WHEN THEY WERE CADETS!
WHERE THE HELL ARE WE?
HERE! LEMME SEE THAT!
NO, NO,! YOU'VE GOT IT UPSIDE DOWN!
IS THAT A MOUNTAIN OR A...?
TELL ME — IS IT INCONVENIENT BEING A MORON? HOW DO YOU FUNCTION IN SOCIETY?
I DON'T KNOW — I JUST DO!
BRING THE PRISONERS!
SOON OUR HEROES ARE BROUGHT BEFORE SELVINA, THE BEAUTIFUL LEADER OF THE REBEL ARMY....
WE GOT A PROBLEM HERE!
YOU GUYS ARE THE HEROES OF THE STRIP, SO YOU HAVE TO TRIUMPH! HOWEVER, WE ONLY HAVE SIX PANELS LEFT AND I WAS WONDERING... HOW DO YOU WANT TO WORK THIS OUT?
COULDN'T WE JUST FIGHT IT OUT?
UH-UH! THE ODDS ARE TOO UNEVEN! THE READERS WON'T BUY IT!
WELL, WHAT IF YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH ONE OF US?
NAH — TOO CLICHEED!
WAITAMINUTE! I GOT IT! EVERYONE EXCEPT JONES AND ME GET ON THAT SIDE OF THE ROOM!
NOW EVERYONE THROW DOWN HIS WEAPON!
CLATTER! CLANK! THUD!
I HEREBY DECLARE THE END OF THE WAR, THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL ARMY AND RESTORATION OF ORDER TO THE PLANET BLOG!
WHEW! FOR A MINUTE THERE, I THOUGHT WE'D WRITTEN OURSELVES INTO A CORNER!
BEER

BORN TOULOUS

Chris Browne



STATION BREAK

by

FRANK BAGINSKI
AND
REYNOLDS DODSON

PUTTIN' ON THE ZITS!

and pushing it off with another teaspoon. Place in refrigerator until firm. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and round each ball by rolling between palms. Melt chocolate for coating in double boiler, observing procedure given above. Spoon melted chocolate on hands—about 1 tablespoon for each palm. Roll formed balls around in palms until coated with chocolate. The thicker the outer covering, the better the truffle will taste. Place on wax paper to dry and cool. If you like, chocolate-covered balls may be rolled in unsweetened cocoa or confectioners' sugar.

Note: Windows prefers Peter's Viking chocolate for both center and coating. If that's unavailable, it suggests Tobler's semisweet or other good solid chocolate, such as Krön or Van Leer. Do not use chocolate bits, which are better for other purposes.

MOUSSE D'HIVER

(Serves four to six)

A rather unusual white mousse that takes its name from the snows of winter.

- 2 bars (3 ozs. each) Toblerone white chocolate
- ⅓ cup milk
- 2 egg whites
- ½ teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 oz. crème de cacao, white
- 1-oz. square semisweet chocolate

Break chocolate bars into small pieces and place in heatproof bowl. Add milk. Melt slowly over hot (not boiling) water, stirring with wooden spoon. When melted, remove from heat and cool to room temperature. Beat egg whites with lemon juice until stiff. With rubber spatula, gently fold in chocolate mixture. Whip cream with white crème de cacao until soft peaks form. Very slowly, fold into chocolate-and-egg-white mixture. Transfer to serving bowl or individual dessert dishes. Chill 2 to 3 hours. Have semisweet chocolate at room temperature. Shave off curls with vegetable peeler. Garnish mousse with chocolate curls before serving.

CHOCOLATE RASPBERRY FONDUE

(Serves four to six)

Variation on a theme performed at the Swiss Center Restaurant in Manhattan.

- 8 ozs. semisweet chocolate, chopped
- ⅓ cup heavy cream
- 1 oz. raspberry liqueur or other fruit liqueur
- Bite-size fresh fruit: strawberries, raspberries, orange segments, banana chunks, apple or pear wedges, pineapple cubes, etc.

(continued from page 138)

- Pitted dates or prunes, dried apricots, small figs
- Cake cubes

Put chocolate in fondue pot. Add cream and liqueur. Melt over low heat, stirring until smooth. Keep warm over very low heat. Provide fondue forks or bamboo picks for dipping fresh fruit, dried fruit and cake cubes into chocolate. (Moist napkins are a thoughtful accessory.)

CHOCOLATE LAGNIAPPE

Chocolate and pears have a marvelous affinity for each other, readily apparent in this simple, elegant dinner finale. Serve chilled pear brandy and/or pear liqueur with an assortment of chocolate pieces—perhaps milk chocolate, bittersweet chocolate and truffles. It's

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO RICH CHOCOLATES

You won't find the more interesting chocolate offerings at local supermarkets or newsstands; they're rather delicate and costly. However, those listed below can be ordered by mail. Shipping charges run about three dollars per unit, but write for a catalog with descriptions and precise mail-order instructions. Caution: Don't order between May first and September 30, as chocolate is susceptible to heat and humidity. (Favorite items listed for each source.)

Belgian Chocolates

BRUYERRE: Amboise—white coating, ground hazelnut fill; Almondine—almond-crunch fill, almond-chip garnish; Diane—chocolate basket, caramelized sugar and nut fill. $14 lb. R. H. Macy, Herald Square, New York, New York 10001. Attention: Candy Department.

CORNE DE LA TOISON D'OR: Marzipan fill; praline creams; coffee creams. $19 lb. Bloomingdale's Au Chocolat, 1000 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

GODIVA BELGIAN CHOCOLATES: Bûche ("Log")—dark-chocolate coating around filbert butter and milk-chocolate fill. $1.75. Cartridges—rich, trufflelike chocolate laced with ground filberts. $16. Golf Balls—crisp, chewy confection robed in milk chocolate. $9. Godiva, 701 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

SAVERNIER: Fruit de Mer—white and dark-chocolate swirl with a buttercream fill. $14 lb. R. H. Macy, Herald Square, New York, New York 10001. Attention: Candy Department.

Swiss Chocolates

TEUSCHER'S: Creamy champagne truffles; nougat truffles; dark truffles dusted with cocoa. $18 lb. 25 East 61st Street, New York, New York 10021.

TOBLER: Milk, dark, mocha-flavored bars—solid or filled; Toblerone—dark or white triangular bars, laced with almond-and-honey nougat. Tobler is available at better sweet shops.

Italian Chocolates

PERUGINA: Gianduiotto—like Gianduja (ground hazelnuts and caramelized sugar); Baci ("kisses")—chopped and whole hazelnut center. $10 lb. Louisa Bar—intense dark chocolate. 636 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

American Chocolates

GODIVA AMERICAN CHOCOLATES: Lion of Belgium—caramels and a hazelnut filling; Open Oyster—praline and soft chocolate center. Ballotin assortment contains one imported Gianduja. $12 lb. 701 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

KRON CHOCOLATIER: Solid-chocolate scallop shells; chocolate-covered macadamia nuts; cherries in Grand Marnier. $20 lb. Chocolate-dipped fresh fruits are not shipped, but try rolling your own with Krön's chocolate brick. $9 lb. 506 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Also in Chevy Chase, Maryland; Chicago, Illinois; Beverly Hills, Costa Mesa and San Francisco, California.

LE CHOCOLATIER: Gianduja Praline; Carmen—layered marzipan, praline, dark-chocolate center; Java—espresso chocolate fill. $15 lb. 843 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10021.

NESTLE BULK CHOCOLATE DIVISION: 100 Bloomingdale Road, White Plains, New York 10605. Write for local sources of 10-lb. Peter's bars.

VERMONTI: Chocolate Imperial—dense, moist, cakelike chocolate confection. $12 lb. 35 Jane Street, New York, New York 10014.

interesting to compare various combinations of spirits and chocolates to find the pairing most pleasing to you. To get the most out of the bouquet, the brandy and liqueur should be lightly chilled, not icy, and served in small wineglasses rather than the thimble-sized pony glass customary for liqueur.

ALEXANDER THE GREATEST

1 oz. crème de cacao, dark
1 oz. brandy
1 scoop vanilla ice cream
¼ cup finely crushed ice

Combine all ingredients in chilled blender container. Buzz until barely smooth. Pour into large stemmed goblet. Sprinkle lightly with cocoa powder, if desired.

CHOCOLATE JULEP

1 oz. crème de cacao, dark
¼ oz. crème de menthe
1 oz. bourbon
Strip lemon peel
Club soda, chilled

Pack highball glass with crushed ice. Combine liqueurs and bourbon and pour into glass. Stir well. Twist lemon peel and add to glass. Add light splash of soda, to taste. Stir once and serve.

BROWN BELT

1 oz. crème de cacao, dark
1 oz. vodka

Shake briskly with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

Note: For a drier drink, increase proportion of vodka.

CHERRY VELVET

1½ ozs. chocolate-cherry liqueur or Cheri-Suisse
½ oz. crème de bananes
1¼ ozs. light cream

Shake vigorously with cracked ice. Pour unstrained into chilled goblet. Garnish with cherry, if desired.

WHITE HAT

2 ozs. crème de cacao, white
Cold milk, to taste
Cinnamon

Pour liqueur over ice in highball glass. Stir. Add 2 or 3 ozs. milk, or to taste. Stir well. Dust lightly with cinnamon.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

1 bottle (200 ml.) crème de cacao, dark
1 bottle (200 ml.) crème de cacao, white

Stow small bottles in pockets, one on either side. For sustenance and comfort at ball games, fishing expeditions and other sporting situations.

NUTTY COCOA PUNCH
(*Serves six*)

¼ cup unsweetened cocoa powder
½ cup sugar
1 quart milk
8 ozs. chocolate-amaretto liqueur
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup whipped cream

In saucepan, combine cocoa, sugar and 1 cup milk. Cook to simmer over medium heat, stirring constantly. Cool, then chill. Pour cocoa mixture into pitcher; beat in remaining milk, liqueur and vanilla. Serve in chilled glasses, topping each portion with heaping tablespoon whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE STING

1 oz. Vandermint or other chocolate-mint liqueur
1 oz. California brandy

Shake vigorously with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

UPPER-INCOME EGG CREAM

1½ ozs. crème de cacao, dark
½ oz. Swiss chocolate-almond or chocolate-amaretto liqueur
½ oz. milk
Seltzer or club soda, chilled

Pour both liqueurs over ice in highball glass. Stir. Add splash of milk, to taste. Stir well. Top with seltzer from siphon bottle, or club soda. Stir quickly and serve.

BITTERSWEET MIST

Orange zest
2 ozs. bittersweet-chocolate liqueur
½ slice orange

Pack champagne *coupe* with finely crushed ice. Cut small piece orange peel, zest only; twist it and poke under ice. Pour liqueur into glass and agitate carefully with small spoon or stir rod. Garnish with half slice orange. Serve with short straws.

In Mayan society, ten cocoa beans bought the services of a woman for lustful purposes. Imagine what you can do with a ten-pound Peter's Viking Bar or an assortment from "Playboy's Guide to Rich Chocolates"!

"In lieu of capital punishment, may I suggest that convicted murderers be incarcerated in a facility near a nuclear-power plant?"

A new intelligence in a metal tape deck. After it senses the bias and EQ levels, it precisely controls the recording levels.

Making an accurate and faithful recording on most cassette decks requires a lot of practice, a lot of patience and a lot of jumping up and down. After all, with conventional decks, you have to adjust the recording levels as the music varies. But not with Technics RS-M51.

The first thing the RS-M51 does is select the proper bias and EQ levels for normal, CrO_2 or the new metal tapes, automatically. That makes life easy.

So does our Autorec® sensor. Just push a button and wait seven seconds while the RS-M51 seeks the proper recording level. 16 red LED's tell you the deck is in the "search" mode. When the green LED lights up, you're ready to go.

For manual control of the recording level, there's also a fine-adjust switch which raises or lowers levels in precise 2 dB steps. While the RS-M51's two-color peak-hold FL meters show you the signal being recorded.

With the RS-M51's record/playback and sendust/ferrite erase heads, you'll not only hear superb dynamic range, you'll also get a wide frequency response: 20 Hz to 18 kHz with metal. And with an electronically controlled DC motor and dynamically balanced flywheel, wow and flutter is just a spec (0.045%), not a noise.

Technics RS-M51. Don't be surprised if its intelligence goes right to your head.

Technics
The science of sound

REMY MARTIN INTRODUCES THE GAME THAT HAS KEPT OUR MASTER DISTILLERS AWAKE FOR CENTURIES.

The name of the game is *Le Passe Temps*.

If you are a connoisseur of fine cognac who happens, as well, to enjoy stimulating games, it may appeal to both your sensibilities.

First and foremost, *Le Passe Temps* is an exceptionally challenging game of skill and strategy for two players with a deceptively simple premise of play: *The first player to get four balls in a line—horizontally, vertically or diagonally—wins.*

For the beginner it is easy-to-grasp and fun-to-play from the start.

But, as expertise comes with practice, it offers degrees of difficulty and extremes of possibility which make *Le Passe Temps* a game played in the more sophisticated corners of the gaming world with the same fervor and dedication as Backgammon.

Second, and of particular interest is the history of the game.

The name derives directly from the fact that the game was originally created by the Master Distillers of Remy Martin to help them "pass the time" as they kept their vigil beside the pot-still during the critical period of distillation.

Since 1724, the artful manner and unsurpassed care employed by them in the making of the world's finest cognac has remained unchallenged and unchanged.

Then, as now, judging, capturing and casting only the very "heart of the spirit" at that single, fleeting moment when it emerged from the still, depended entirely on our Master Distiller and the diligent practice of his art.

During distillation it required that he virtually live beside the still.

Moreover, it demanded that he remain constantly alert, awake and aware so that, regardless of the hour—day or night—he could seize the moment when it came.

Le Passe Temps is the game the distillers originally whittled from Limousin Oak to play as they waited.

Now, in honor of their art, we are pleased to make available, in a very limited offering, replicas of the original *Le Passe Temps*. Made of hand rubbed hardwoods, elegantly embossed with the Remy Martin Centaure.

The price is $39.95. (Add state tax where applicable.)

It can be ordered only through your local spirits merchant. Look for the order forms on the display wherever Remy Martin Fine Champagne Cognacs are sold.

Then, as you savor our cognac, you can play the game that kept us ahead of the game for over 250 years.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Foreign Vintages, Inc. Jericho, N.Y. Cognac 80 Proof
Offer is void where prohibited by state law.

Rémy

THE FIRST NAME IN COGNAC SINCE 1724.

WINTER BIKING: BOON OR BANE?

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Motorcycling, contrary to popular opinion, is not simply a summer sport. Winter biking is a flatland equivalent of bumpless bobsledding: Half the pleasure is in the suffering. Buzzing the pikes at a smooth 70 on a crisp, 20-degree day with sunbeams painted on the landscape like drying oils is the cool part of heaven.

Most people will think you're crazy, whipping along in what looks like a quilted fire fighter's suit with moon goggles and Hippo Hands covering your gloves and handle bars. You may have some doubts about your sanity yourself. But when your kneecaps start aching and you find the nearest cold-weather oasis, the *Glühwein* or Irish coffee will taste as if you had just finished three schusses on the pro slopes of Vail or Davos.

EASY RIDING IN WINTER

Like sex to humans, riding the motorcycle is the best thing you can do to it. It obviates the need for the winter storage procedures explained on this page. But it requires some special equipment and a large dose of common sense.

There are two things to worry about: the bike and you. The motorcycle will be all right if you ride it at least ten minutes once a week during the winter. If the roads are impassable, then run the engine seven to ten minutes a week, getting past choke to idle for a few minutes; but be careful *not to overheat* the bike. Trickle charge the battery once a month. Occasionally, turn the rear wheel manually to keep the gearbox and drive chain evenly lubricated.

You can bend both the bike and yourself if you ride on slippery pavement. Stay on four wheels in snow or ice and be very careful of heavy rains. When riding on a sunny but subfreezing day, beware of bridges and shady areas on the road—they may conceal ice patches.

Winter biking's only other health hazard is unnoticed hypothermia and possibly frostbite, though we have never heard of a case of it. Maybe that's because frostbite gives ample warning as your toes, knees and finger tips begin to tingle. Then it's time for a rest stop.

Hypothermia is a lowering of your body temperature. It shows itself insidiously; your reactions and alertness become dulled. The moment you notice yourself having to strain to perform simple functions—shift gears, apply brakes and stop for coffee and calories.

What makes winter biking so cold is not the air temperature but the wind-chill factor. Seventy miles per hour is gale force, remember, and that is what you reach on an open bike at that speed. Hence, the single most useful—almost absolutely essential—piece of winter biking gear is a good windshield or fairing. This drastically cuts down the wind hitting your face and body. Fairing lowers, to protect your legs, can also be very helpful if they are fully molded rather than single ply. Finally, a pair of $42 vinyl Hippo Hands that fit over the handle bars and almost up to your elbows are more effective than *any* gloves alone at keeping your fingers attached to your hands.

DRESS WARM

It is still critical to dress properly—in layers. The layers should be loose enough to maximize the pockets of dead air that will adjust to your body heat. A fully rigged, arctic-ready outfit would start this way: thermal underwear, top and bottom; jeans and T-shirt; flannel shirt or sweater; quilted vest, plus riding jacket or, more conveniently, a Minnesota snowsuit, ankle to neck, which combines the quilted layer with the windproof outer polyurethane-coated nylon layer. There are also a variety of electrically heated vests, pants and snowsuits that connect to the bike's battery.

Likewise, you can in some places buy electrically warmed gloves. For the feet, oversized boots can be helpful, because you can get two pairs of thick wool socks into them.

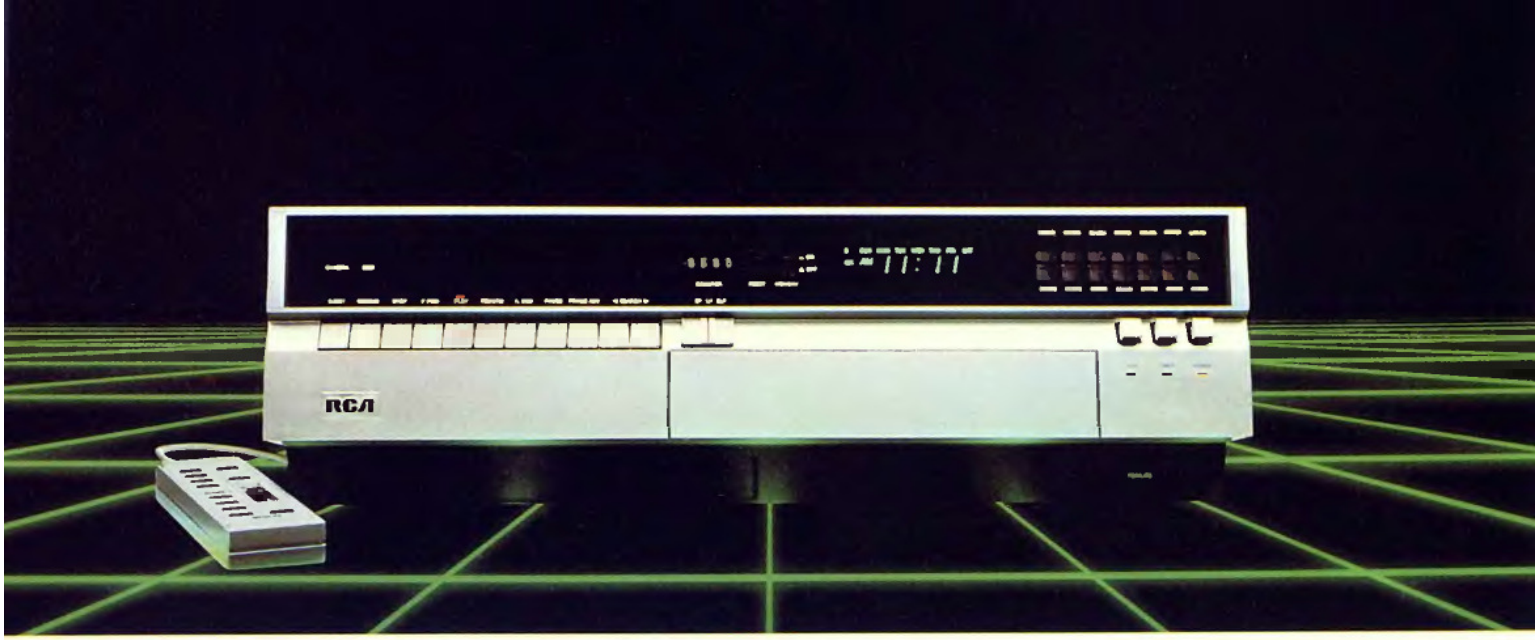
ALL ABOUT COLD STORAGE

There are obviously some places where the amount of snow and ice forces you to put up the bike for the winter. Besides the danger, there is the corrosive effect of road salts and chemicals. But you've got to store it with care.

Here are ten basic steps for winterizing your bike that will keep it in one shiny piece. (Check your owner's manual for manufacturer's variations.)

1. Park the bike on center stand, then block up crankcase so both tires are off the ground. Deflate tires to 14–20 p.s.i.
2. Thoroughly clean grime and dirt from the entire bike. Wipe plastic, vinyl and rubber surfaces with protectant such as Armor All. Cover unpainted metal with chrome polish or rust-resistant oil. Wax painted surfaces.
3. Liberally lubricate the chain and all cables.
4. Drain the fuel tank and carburetors (Suzuki recommends draining carburetors, adding fuel stabilizer and filling tank to the top; Kawasaki recommends coating tank with oil).
5. Change the oil (and change it again in the spring).
6. Remove sparkplugs, pour one or two tablespoons of motor oil into each cylinder. Replace plugs without leads and turn over engine a few times.
7. Remove and clean the battery. Store it off the floor, away from direct sunlight and extreme temperatures. Trickle charge (one amp) every month.
8. Tape plastic bags over exhaust pipes to keep them dry.
9. Turn over the engine every week or two.
10. If outdoors, cover the bike with a material that breathes, to avoid heavy condensation.

Follow these steps religiously and, come spring, you'll hit the road astride a healthy bike that's bursting with energy, not one that needs a complete overhaul. —PETER ROSS RANGE



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6-hour recording time, 14-day memory, slow motion, fast motion, frame-by-frame advance, stop action, Automatic Rewind, Remote Control and *Picture Search*—all important performance features. And all available with the RCA SelectaVision 650.

6-Hour Recording Time—The Maximum Available Today.

This is the big time. The new RCA SelectaVision 650 can record up to 6 hours on a single cassette.* That means fewer interruptions because you change cassettes less often. It also means saving money on tape because you can put more shows on a single cassette.

An Unsurpassed 14-Day Memory.

Just program your selections into the timer up to two weeks in advance. Your RCA SelectaVision 650 will automatically turn itself on and off—and even change

channels—up to eight separate times. So now you can be missing from home without having missed your favorite programs.

RCA Remote Control Special Effects—More Than Ever Before.

You can expect a VCR to let you control *when* and *what* you watch on television. RCA SelectaVision 650 lets you control *how* you watch it, too—without having to leave your chair.

Thanks to an advanced headwheel system, our new remote control unit allows you to view cassettes in ***slow motion*** at 1/30 to 1/4 normal speed. Or ***fast motion*** at twice the normal speed. You can also advance the picture ***frame by frame*** and ***freeze*** it at the moment of your choice.

But that's not all. This year we've added a new ***Picture Search*** mode that enables you to review cassettes in forward or reverse motion at high speed so you can locate footage you want without having the picture go dark.

There are even Remote Pause and Channel Control features for editing out unwanted programming and changing channels—even if your television set isn't equipped with remote control.

Etcetera. Etcetera. Etcetera.

You'll also find a new ***Automatic Rewind*** that resets the cassette when the tape reaches the end of either the recording or playback sequence. Illuminated soft-touch controls. And exclusive new styling that proves a VCR this smart can also be beautiful.

We'll let your RCA Dealer tell you the rest. Just ask to see the new SelectaVision 650. You can ask for something less. But you can't ask for anything more.

Simulated TV picture.

*RCA Tape is made to our own high standards to insure picture quality and long life. Ask your RCA Dealer for VK-125 (3 hr.) and VK-250 (6 hr.) video cassettes.

RCA

Let RCA turn your television into

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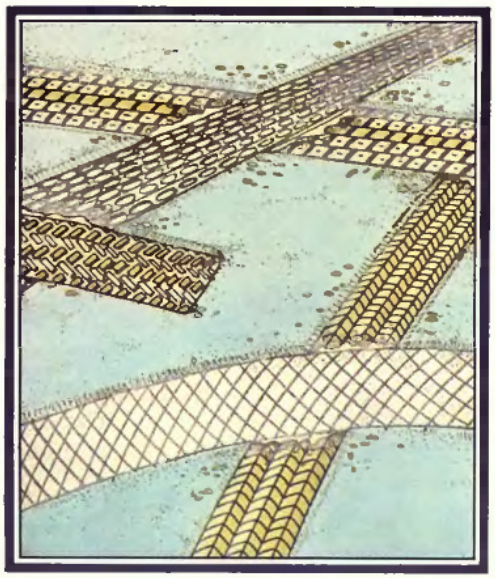
TIRES MADE EASY

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Not long ago, a "good" tire was one that stayed on the wheel, held air most of the time and lasted more than a few thousand miles. Today's good tire will likely run trouble-free for half the life of your car if you keep the tire's pressure up. Tomorrow's good tire will perform equally well in rain, snow and ice and on dry pavement, will seal its own punctures and probably outlast your car. And that tire of tomorrow is a lot closer than you might think.



TYPES AND SIZES

Passenger-car tires used to be mostly bias-ply, constructed of crisscrossed layers (plies) of fiber-reinforced rubber under the tread. Hot setup in the Sixties was the bias-belted tire with strengthening belts wrapped around the inner bias plies. But taking over almost entirely in the past decade was the radial, which eliminated crossed plies in favor of from four to six circumferential belts, reinforced with fiber or fine steel wire. Since radial construction is superior in traction, fuel economy and tread life, most buyers opt for radials unless initial cost is a prime consideration.

A tire's properties are also determined by its compound (blend of rubber and other substances) and its tread pattern. Very soft compounds are terrific for traction and ride but lousy for wear, and vice versa. The ultimate dry-pavement grip is produced by a racing slick—low, wide and no tread at all. But the best tire design for wet-surface traction is tall and thin, with an open-tread pattern that has deep, wide passages to channel water out from underneath. So each specific tire is a compromise of characteristics slanted in one direction or another to please its prospective buyer.

As for size, new tires are increasingly going to the metric system and dealers have charts to help you convert from one of the older systems. The P in P205/70R13, for example, means passenger car; 205 is maximum width (in millimeters) sidewall to sidewall; 70 is the aspect ratio (cross-section height to width); R says it's a radial; and 13 is the wheel diameter in inches.

O.E. AND AFTERMARKET

Ever since the oil sheiks tightened their taps, the major push in O.E. (original equipment) tires has been toward fuel economy. It takes less energy to move radial rubber down the road, so all but the very lowest-priced new cars are so equipped. And beginning in 1979, a lot of domestic cars have been shod with high-pressure P-metric radials, with even less rolling resistance than ordinary radials.

While the base-line tires on most new cars are above average these days, you may want to order optional tires. Besides run-of-the-mill whitewalls and white-letter models, Ford offers a superhandling Michelin TRX tire and wheel package on certain cars, and both Ford and G.M. have self-sealing O.E. tires available on most mid-size and large cars. Or take the standard fare and then switch it for something more exciting purchased at a local dealer.

HIGH PERFORMANCE

European tiremakers may have invented cornering traction for passenger cars, but it was B. F. Goodrich that brought it home a decade ago in the form of low-profile, high-performance radial T/A's in domestic-car sizes. Now there's a wide variety from both sides of the Atlantic: Goodrich's latest T/A, Goodyear's Wingfoot and Eagle GT, Firestone's HPR, Pirelli's P6 and P7, Phoenix' Stahlflex, Michelin's TRX and XWX, Dunlop's SP4 and G/T Qualifier, Sears's RoadHandler TR, or something from Continental, Kléber or any number of other suppliers. Each has its own character traits in terms of wet and dry handling, braking, ride and wear—better than most in some areas and not as good in others.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration recently came up with a uniform-tire-quality grading system to make choosing a bit easier by rating relative tread life, traction (wet braking) and temperature resistance; but check magazines such as *Car and Driver* and *Road & Track* if the ultimate is your goal.

ALL-SEASON AND MORE

People in snowy climes used to change to snow tires every fall and many still do. Radials have better snow traction than bias tires in general, but they're no substitute for snow treads when the going gets tough. The latest aftermarket fad is the all-season radial, designed with special compounds and tread patterns to operate satisfactorily year round—not as good as snow tires or chains in the rough stuff, but the next best thing. Look for Goodyear's Tiempo or Arriva, Firestone's Trax 12, Goodrich's Lifesaver, Pirelli's P-77, Dunlop's Elite, Uniroyal's Tiger Paw, General's VSR or others if the all-season compromise sounds good.

Uniroyal's Royal Seal self-sealing tires are already available in most domestic sizes, and Dunlop recently had a car driven across the country with one tire flat to demonstrate its De-Novo 2 run-flat system, which is available on some cars in other countries but not expected from U. S. car manufacturers until there's a suitable low-pressure warning system to go with it. Self-sealing and run-flat capabilities move us ever closer to eliminating the spare to save both weight and cargo space. New constructions and compounds; punctureproof, airless tires; colored tires for styling effect . . . almost anything is possible in the future.

Meantime, protect your current skins (and yourself) by keeping them up to recommended pressure. Low pressures not only waste gas (by increasing rolling resistance) and accelerate wear, they also cause heat build-up and often sudden failures that can land you in a ditch or worse.—GARY WITZENBURG

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16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine
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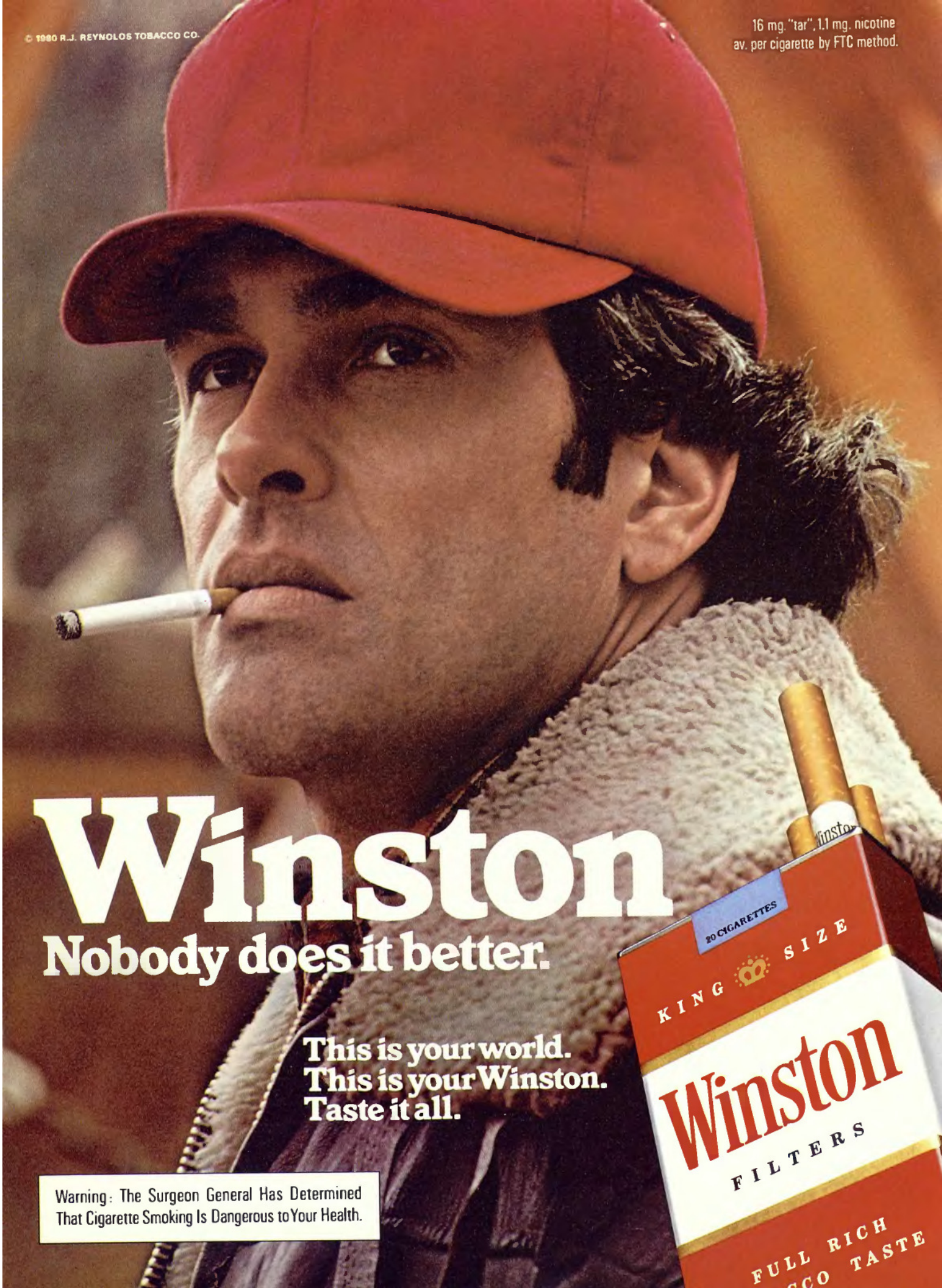
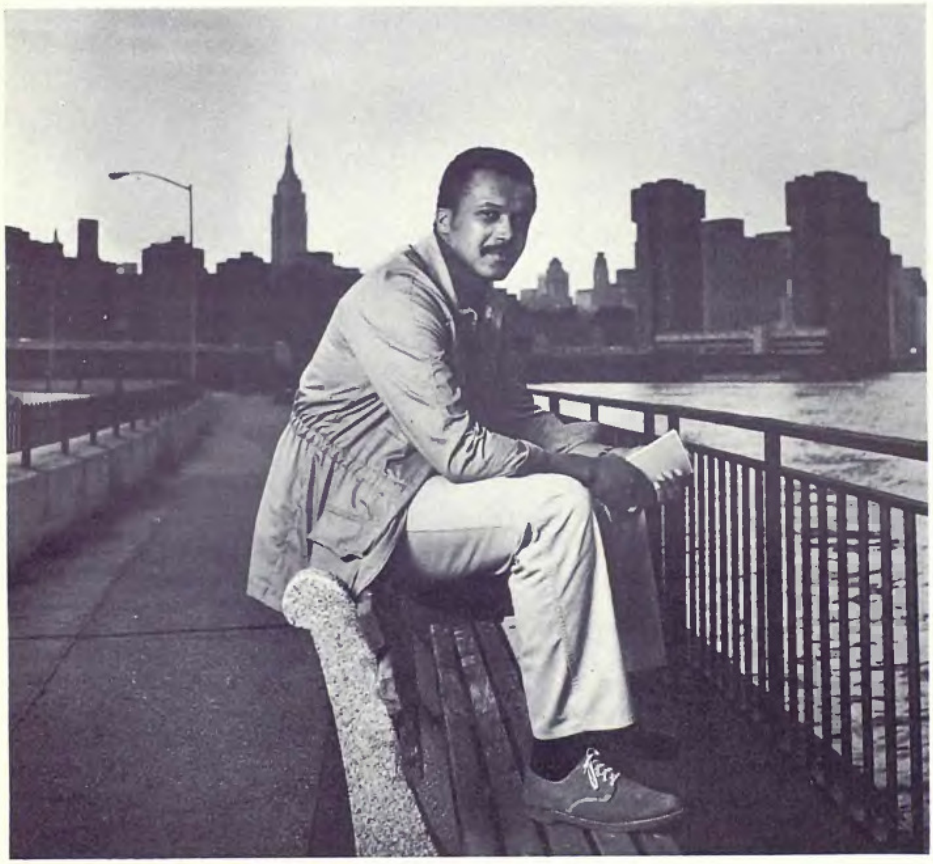


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"Was it good for you, too?"

DEWAR'S® PROFILE

A thirst for living... a taste for fine Scotch.



DAVID HARDY

BORN: Plainfield, New Jersey, 1942
HOME: West New York, New Jersey
PROFESSION: Investigative/political reporter, *New York Daily News*.
RESPONSIBILITY: "To share reality with others, even though I'm mindful that reality is not always an inspiring spectacle."
STORY: "Be it a homicide, a zoning fight, a political scandal, or simply a tale of a compassionate Jersey City hot dog vendor, my job is sometimes thrilling, often onerous, occasionally perilous, but always interesting."
QUOTE: "Every human being should possess a sense of morality about society and accept personal responsibility for his or her role."
SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."® "On the rocks with a splash, when relaxing with my chess computer."

David W Hardy

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HOW WASHINGTON WORKS

(continued from page 198)

his popularity so badly through the next several years than Moore turned around and told him it was politically safe to veto the measure after all. Hill people put the blame for Carter's Congressional bungling on his "zone men," the Presidential lobbyists assigned to the care, feeding and stroking of Congresspersons from different geographic zones.

Yes, the Chief Executive has to lobby, too. As far as Congress is concerned, he's just one more special-interest group. According to legend, Lyndon Johnson's lobbyists were incomparably good—and Carter's are plain lousy. "When L.B.J. was in the White House, the zone man always dropped by to see what he could do for you," says one Congressman who spans both eras. "So when the time came, you wanted to see what you could do for *him*."

Apart from telephone calls unanswered, egos left unplacated, appointments broken, Carter also is a political Calvinist, a form of piety the boodle boys and gimme-gimme girls on the Hill don't share. The Georgia Baptist expects people to vote his way because it's right and, although the members of his party in Congress aren't opposed in principle to voting for what's right, they do it faster when there's something in it for them. House Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas, who knows how much his colleagues do like their goodies, laments that the President "has an instinctive aversion to patronage."

Or, in the words of one of Wright's fellow members, the man "deals with issues on a vertical plane. He won't say to you, 'I need your vote on the Mideast arms sale, and therefore I will give you the dam you want in your district.'" Worse, a blundering Carter, early in his Administration, tried and failed to cut hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of dams, canals, irrigation projects and boondoggly water schemes on the preposterous—but technically correct—grounds that they were useless. Congress never forgave him.

Even Presidents who *do* play swapsy for votes can't get around the reality that the guys who wrote the Constitution loaded the power balance in favor of Congress. It was the tyranny of kings, not the assininity of legislatures, that they were frightened of. Hence, they made sure that Congress controls the money, that it makes war, that it has the power to veto the Presidential appointments, that it goes halvesies with the White House on foreign policy and that, as Nixon can tell you, it'll sack a President who ignores Rayburn's rule. It was Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House in the Eisenhower-Kennedy era,

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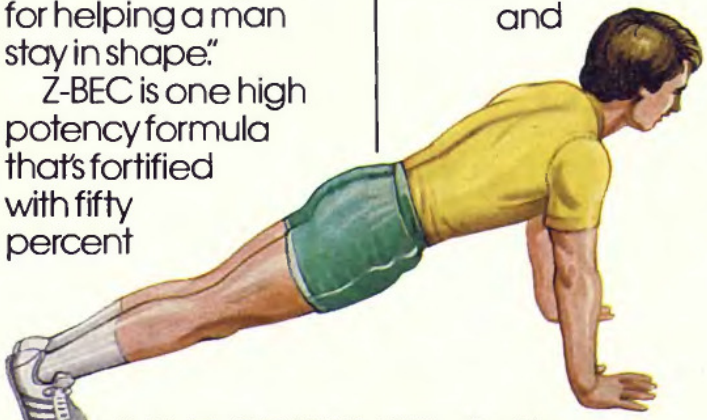

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who formulated the Washington dictum "To get along, go along."

For the past 80 years, Congress has been extending its power over the Executive branch. It has honeycombed the Government with boards, commissions, agencies and administrations run by people whose appointments it can veto but whom the President can't fire. Typically, they hold office for fixed terms, so they often are hanging on and on under a President of the opposite party. A member of the Federal Reserve Board appointed to a full term this year will still be clinging to office in 1994.

More recently in its ongoing, bipartisan plot to take over the whole of the Government, Congress has come up with a new gimmick. It's passing laws that give it a veto power over the specific administrative decisions of Government agencies. In short, it has met, checkmated and defeated the Executive-branch bureaucracy, nominally under the direction of the President, with the world's first legislative bureaucracy. With thousands of employees and a budget of almost a billion and a quarter, Congress is so bureaucratized that one of the Senate's computers will even tell you what first names or nicknames to use in sending informal notes to the 99 gentlemen and one lady who make up that august body.

The degree to which Congress now performs nonlegislative chores can be seen by the ironic process of examining what rogue members get indicted for. Seldom is it for selling a vote on the floor; more often than not, the Congressmen are charged with rigging contracts, arranging grants or monkeying around with regulatory commissions—that is, taking bribes to do things that political-science courses tell us they have no power to do.

If you want to see part of the power grid at work, go down the street from the Cannon Office Building to the bar called Bullfeather's. The place is patronized by lobbyists, but only those from certain industries and geographic areas, by Congressional staff from the same areas and by higher-level departmental executives who administer programs also in the same industries and geographic areas. For the convenience of this group of unusual customers, the management has put in a phone at the bar so they can take care of emergencies such as unforeseen amendments to bills they're sheepdogging through the perilous legislative process. One day last summer, someone accidentally poured a sticky liquor onto the phone's buttons. A crisis materialized and one of the lobbyists, panicked at being unable to call his buddy over in the bowels of the Department of the Interior, shorted the phone out by dousing it with soda water in an attempt to

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make the sticky instrument work.

Come suppertime, the boys and girls drift out of Bullfeather's to go to fund raisers. In an election year like this, a busy lobbyist may make five or six a night. Tickets run from $50 to $1000. With the legalization of corporate political contributions through company political-action committees, to which executives "voluntarily" give money that will be disbursed to candidates, lobbyists are beginning to conduct hearings just like Congresspeople. At those hearings—which, as you might imagine, don't get much publicity—a Congressman up for re-election or a person running for Congress from Lansing, Michigan, or San Mateo, California, appears before a group of Washington lobbyists with his campaign materials and his *curriculum vitae*—and pitches them as to why they should back him with money.

The power pattern is one of indescribable specialization and complexity. No one understands its extent, because no one can get to know the names of all the players, much less the games they play. Every industry, every interest and every concern is represented here. The lobbyists' yearbook contains 170 pages of small type listing the firms and organizations that care to let the public know they have Washington representation. Others operate unlisted through lawyers, of which the city has many thousands, not including the capital offices of the great regional firms such as Los Angeles' Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro; Chicago's Kirkland & Ellis; or New York's Sullivan & Cromwell. The latter is the firm that put together the legal and financial package enabling Teddy Roosevelt to build the Panama Canal.

What this means for a President is the discovery that while the power of the Federal Government has increased over the decades, the power of the White House to control it has not. So great is the penetration and capture of the departments and agencies that even Cabinet members join the other side. As John Ehrlichman, Nixon's domestic-affairs man, put it: "We only see them at the annual White House Christmas party; they go and marry the natives." In short, you send a woman over to run the Department of Education and six months later she comes back as the ambassador from Education to the White House. The Cabinet member or agency head who is supposed to be the President's agent, confidante and team ballplayer is turned around to become the chief spokesman to the President from a complex of industries, regions and interests.

•

The realities of power in Washington as opposed to empty glory in the White House have produced three basic types of Presidents. The least interesting but often the ones who leave office the happiest are the go-with-the-flow boys, Coolidge, Eisenhower, Ford and Carter. Ford was delighted to follow whither his old Congressional buddies led.

Carter has learned from experience that you can't go with the flow if you don't know where the flow is going. With tax and economic policies, for example, instead of a direction and a flow, there's a whirlpool. On those topics, *both* political parties are divided within themselves—as are the academics and the business people. A President who tries to follow the flow under such circumstances will find, as Carter has, that the vortex will take him down the drain. But Carter has a sluggish flow detector, anyway: Entering office, as he did, when the country was sniffling with guilt over Vietnam, over Chile, over bribing foreign-government officials and 1001 other assorted skulduggeries, he told the world that henceforth America would not only talk ideals but also act on them. The new human-rights foreign policy was promulgated at the exact hour when the flow was reversing. If your timing is off, going with the flow looks to the people who answer public-opinion polls like flipping the flop. Instead of appearing to be the national leader taking America where she wants to go, a President who waits too long to reverse his field is marked off as unsteady, confused, naïve and unsure of his purpose.

The two other types of Presidents are the manipulators, such as Truman, Kennedy and, above all, Johnson, and the rarer—only three in this century—but infinitely more exciting fighters: Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt and Nixon.

"Ah never trust a man unless Ah got his pecker in mah pocket," L.B.J. would say, and never has there been a better pecker picker. They'll still tell you how skillfully Johnson's legislative agents could work Congress, how the good boys were rewarded with exact punctilio and the bad boys punished by having dams, canals, youth projects and other goodies denied. No one knew better than Johnson how to set up a White House staff to juice the last bit of leverage out of the Presidential office. Under him, it did seem to swell to imperial proportions, and Johnson, whether by intuition or by calculation, knew that acting like an emperor can sometimes get you obeyed like one.

The story circulated around Washington for years—but never confirmed by the embarrassed objects of the alleged demonstration—is that L.B.J. would receive some of the city's most important

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power people naked, sitting on the crapper. That is supposed to have happened to Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon (he of the aforementioned Dillon, Reed) and Katharine Graham, chairman of the board of The Washington Post Co. L.B.J. believed that rubbing their noses in it was a good way to keep dangerous folks cowed and obedient. Mrs. Graham's paper continued to back his war to the point that its editor, J. Russell Wiggins, was rewarded with an appointment as American Ambassador to the UN. Johnson, as Ol' Foul Mouth himself might have put it, always mixed bonbons with the shit.

Behind his posturing, his barnyard egomania and his vindictive caprice, there was policy, the manipulation of forces to produce political consensus. Johnson the manipulator created light shows of glory and gold, but he understood the limits of his office as well as if not better than anyone who has held the job in recent times. That is why, whenever he moved, he did it not only with Congress backing him but with unofficial Washington—business, labor, the press, whoever and whatever—enlisted, too. No one was more adept at putting together a power parade than Lyndon Baines Johnson.

GREASING WASHINGTON'S WHEELS

(continued from page 124)

suggest he go to Camp David the next day. When he gets back from Camp David, he should mulch the Rose Garden. Then everything else should fall into place.

Ralph Nader, *consumer advocate*

A President has got to view the office metaphorically, as a man in a strait jacket would. The strait jacket is composed of well-organized special-interest lobbies—15,000 of them in this town.

The first thing the President has to do is take his little finger that is still free and try to get the people to come to his aid to break the chains. To do that, he has to increase the tools of citizen participation.

It doesn't matter what a President does in terms of being suave or being sensitive to certain powers that be, such as Tip O'Neill. That is not where his power is going to come from. It comes only from people who are victimized—taxpayers, Love Canal residents, workers, minority groups, people concerned about their children.

The President has *got* to rearrange his schedule. If he wants to know what he's done as President, all he has to do is look at his daily schedules. They say you are what you eat. Well, the nonphysical equivalent is, you are what you've scheduled. It's almost demeaning, the conformity and standardized scheduling that afflicts one President after another. He has to have a two-track Presidency—one track that deals with the usual problems and ceremonies that a President goes through every day, and the other track that is the empowerment of the citizens.

Jack Anderson, *columnist*

A new President should make his peace very early with Tip O'Neill, who is sort of the bear of the mountain on Capitol Hill—and he's a grizzly bear. He is a charmer who practices the political law of Boston: "Don't get mad, get even." He will cordially cut your throat without so much as a growl. Jimmy Carter, who paid no attention to a list of little political projects Tip O'Neill sent him to be taken care of, almost had his head lopped off before he learned that.

I would suggest that the President attend the annual Gridiron Club dinner. All the big press people in the country are there—it's kind of their fun night. If he snubs it, as Jimmy Carter did this year, it is regarded as a snub of Washington. It means, I can get along without you and I don't have to pay attention to the little amenities.

A President can quickly convert Washington's old-line cave dwellers to his side, because he is automatically the center of their social sphere. All he has to do is let them in. The White House is located figuratively on a high mountain. It's the big house on the hill in Plains—if they had a hill. If a new owner moves into the big house and all of Plains society has been revolving around it for 100 years, the new owner is going to inherit that social position. He becomes the country squire. The new President needs to understand that he is now the center of social life in Washington and should go out and meet his neighbors.

A new President has to learn to operate in the back rooms, to press the flesh, slap a back, tell a political joke and toss down a cordial drink or two with the inner circle. These are the raucous back-room rituals in Washington. It's a good idea to become one of the boys very quickly.

Charls Walker, *dean of Washington lobbyists, economic advisor to Ronald Reagan*

A President has no real power—except the fundamental power to press that button and get those missiles going. If he thinks he can just send a bill up to Capitol Hill and that's it, well. . . .

What it takes to be successful in Washington is entirely different from what it takes in business. A businessman can pick up the phone and tell somebody to do something and it's done. The reason George Shultz was so successful in Washington was that he used to be a college dean. College deans have no real power. A professor friend of mine once said, "A dean is to a faculty what a lamppost is to a dog." A dean—like a President—has to persuade. He is a leader in that sense.

Jack Valenti, *president, Motion Picture Association of America, former Special Assistant to President Lyndon Johnson*

A new President should forget about being a manager or administrator. He should concentrate on being an educator/communicator.

He should go on TV at carefully spaced intervals with one single issue—whether it is unemployment or inflation or the demise of the American capacity to produce competitively. Finally, after the sixth time he's repeated it, somebody out in Dubuque is going to say, "Yeah, I understand what he means."

He should make sure everybody on his staff understands that the single most important call he will get every day is from a Congressman or a Senator. Every call ought to be answered the same day it comes in. The President should say to them, "I don't want you to leave your office, even if it takes until midnight, until you've answered every Congressional call. And you treat the caller with respect, yessir and nosir, and you break your ass to see how fast you can respond to whatever it is he is asking. And if you have to say no, do it with tenderness and affection, so you don't rile him."

The President can't isolate himself from the town. He has to demonstrate to the power brokers here that he has people surrounding him who are people of quality. This is a very ego-centered town. Congress, the press, the press lords, the top opinion makers all have very fragile egos. The President should try to do things for them. He can't always ask without giving.

No President is going to find this job easy. As L.B.J. used to say, "If the job was easy, you wouldn't need a President. You could run this country with a part-time committee of shitkickers."

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Look at the "controversial" civil rights and War on Poverty legislation of the Sixties and what leaps out is the near unanimity of support Johnson marshaled. In retrospect, he has been tagged with an arrogant indifference toward public opinion, but it wasn't so—not even concerning the issue that ruined him: Vietnam. "Men," he said, "worry about heart attacks. Women worry about cancer of the tit. But everybody worries about war and peace. Everything else is chickenshit."

He understood how people felt, but his understanding of the weakness of his office, his manipulative brilliance playing Washington power games, pushed him toward the war that has scarred our era. It's ironic that Franklin Roosevelt gained a seat in the American pantheon by pushing the country toward a war it didn't want; Johnson lost his chance of a seat by going into a war the country *did* want. Since history is used as a weapon in contemporary political debate, it's not surprising that the actual state of American public opinion prior to those two conflicts has been misrepresented. Until the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, preponderant sentiment had been intensely antiwar. In an unheard-of display of unity, major elements of the American left and right formed an alliance to keep us out. The reverse was true about the prospect of military intervention in Vietnam. In World War Two, antiwar demonstrations, which had been large and frequent, ended on December 7, 1941; with Vietnam, they began in 1965, only a year after we'd been engaged in large-scale fighting.

Manipulators, though, can't say no. The pressure on Johnson in the early Sixties was to save Vietnam and not "lose" it, as Truman had been accused of losing China. The Tonkin Gulf Resolution, the document giving Congressional authorization for war, was passed with only two dissenting votes. There were none in the House of Representatives. Only two nays, by Ernest Gruening of Alaska and Wayne Morse of Oregon, were cast in the Senate, both by men punished by the voters and retired to private life in the next election. Vietnam became Johnson's war when it went sour, and the politicians, the newspapers and other businessmen who wanted it were looking for someone to blame for a decision they had taken part in. If Johnson had opposed American participation in that war, his consensus probably would have been smashed long before he left office.

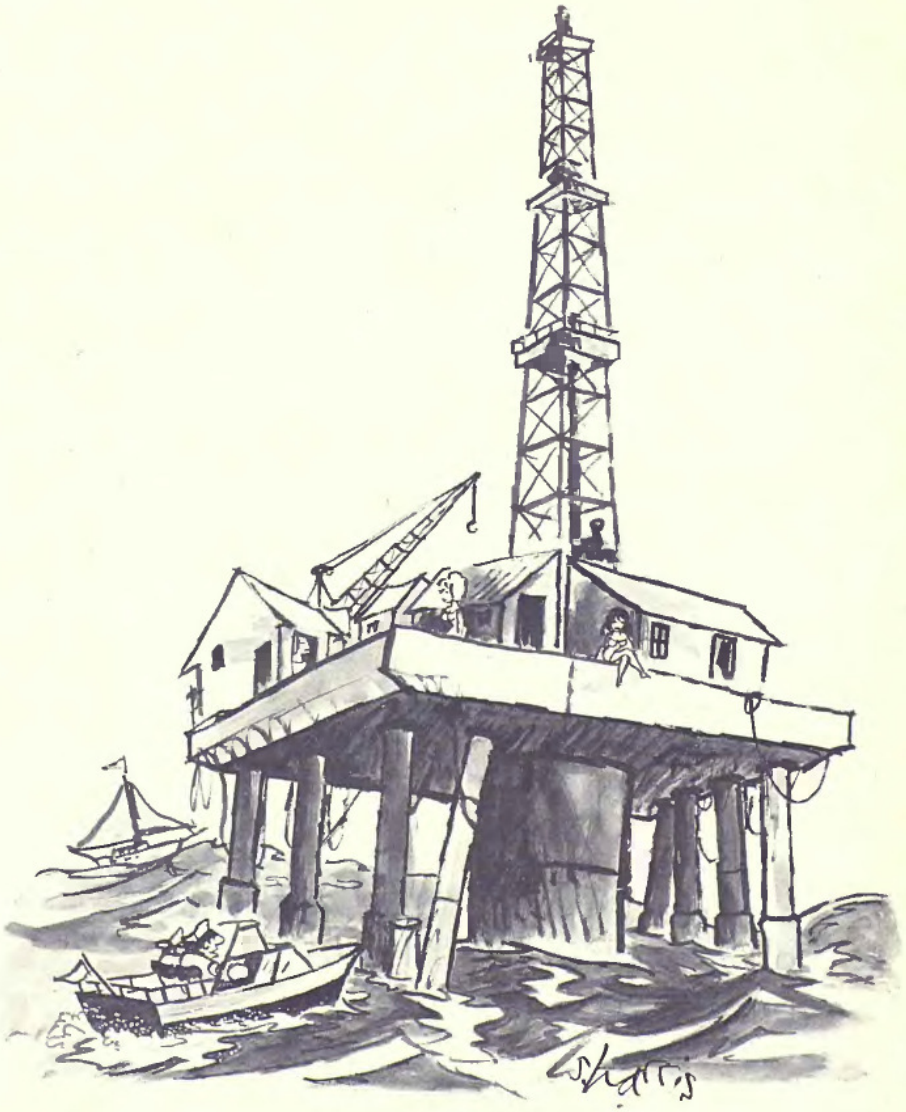
Roosevelt and Nixon never gave in to Washington. Instead of manipulatively exploiting the Presidential office for what it was worth and then accepting the limitations, they fought to expand Presidential power and control. Not that they didn't employ the political arts. F.D.R. was the charm king, the master of *shmoose*. Nixon also tried to gain territory by small, awkward acts of ingratiation—such as the time Senator Charles Percy, the Illinois Republican, went to report to him on his findings after a trip abroad. At the end of the meeting, Nixon thanked Percy and, diving into the office drawer, came up with a pair of cuff links on which the Presidential seal was enameled.

"Thank you, Mr. President, but you gave me a pair of those cuff links the last time I was here."

A confused smile played on the Nixonian visage, and then, the light bulb over his head illuminating, he asked, "Well, do you have the tie tack?"

One of Carter's biggest failings is his insensitivity to Congressional courtesies. One very senior and very popular Western Democratic Senator was called to the White House three times, and no fewer than three times after the old man had taken himself down there, he was told that pressing business had come up and the appointment was canceled. Such fouled-up protocol is no way to treat a touchy, proud order of eccentric egomaniacs.

Complaints encompass not only such acts of gratuitous rudeness but also a spectrum of slights and snubs ranging from the trivial to the substantial. The people on the Hill are forever bitching that they can't get VIP White House tour passes, tickets they love to hand out to their visiting constituents because it makes them look like they have an in at the Casa Blanca. The grousing reaches levels of eloquence never attained in debate on foreign affairs when they do their laments about White House failure to let Congresspeople announce new public-works programs to



"This is all just a front. Actually, it's an offshore massage parlor."

be started in their districts. And the *kvetching* among the Democrats gets positively earsplitting on the subject of Carter's allowing *Republicans* to keep profitable morsels that by tradition belong to the party holding the Presidency. Normal people have never heard of some of them, but they include such juicy tidbits as Federal attorneyships that allow a lawyer to continue in private practice while being paid to foreclose on defaulted Government-issued mortgages. For each foreclosure, which consists of having a secretary take five minutes to type in the blank spaces on a boiler-plate form, Mr. Good Party Worker gets $1500. You get 30 or 40 of them a year, and there's your swimming pool, your Hawaiian vacation and orthodontia for your daughter.

Unhappily for him, Carter regards all such transactions in the same smarmy light as we civilians do. Such hauteur is doubtless good for his soul, but it's rotten for party building and party control and wonderfully bad for losing close votes on important issues that should have gone the other way.

Not that doling out minor perks and privileges will save you. Nixon did all that and still got himself impeached. But historians are going to find the reasons for Nixon's fall more complex and less obviously one-sided than our generation does. To some degree, they're going to look at it as a straight Washington power struggle over who shall rule.

It took them the better part of their first terms to learn it, but both Roosevelt and Nixon saw that chaos and divided authority made it impossible for the President to carry out his duties, and both men used many of the same tools to try to gain control. They used gunners, men such as F.D.R.'s Postmaster General Jim Farley and Nixon's Fred Malek, to knock out the insubordinates and replace them in the apparatus of Government with persons loyal and responsive to the boss. F.D.R. created the Executive Office of the President as an administrative tool; Nixon tried to do the same thing by restyling the old Bureau of the Budget into the Office of Management and Budget, to make it an instrument that could prevail over the Cabinet Secretaries whose departments will procrastinate and prevaricate with the White House as though the President were one more impotent, enraged taxpayer.

On their second-term tries, these two men who were so similar and so dissimilar both scored unimaginable victories. In 1936, F.D.R. carried 46 out of 48 states; in 1972, Nixon bagged 49 out of 50. Both men used their victories to try to clip Congress and the power of particular interests.

Roosevelt's sweeping but intelligently crafted Government reorganization bill failed in the House, which was 75 percent Democratic, which just goes to show that in Washington the two important parties aren't Democrat and Republican but Congressional and Presidential. Thirty-six years later, Nixon would resurrect the Roosevelt reorganization plan almost intact and get the same treatment that the vastly more skillful politician, F.D.R., got.

Roosevelt comes down to us as jaunty, charming, eloquent and always poised, a dramatic figure in the antique admiral's naval cape he sometimes wore, the hated hero. Nixon is Quasimodo in the White House, hunched over, flipping his V-finger signs, cackling, talking to himself, conspiring to break the law in halting, unfinished sentences. The difference may be owing to the job that the Washington press corps did on Nixon and wasn't able to do on Roosevelt, though it gave the destruction of F.D.R. its best Sunday shot. Calling the President a "blood brother of Lenin," H. L. Mencken wrote, "I am advocating making him a king in order that we may behead him in case he goes too far beyond the limits of the endurable. A President, it appears, cannot be beheaded,

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"If you think this is great, wait until we hit the rapids!"

but kings have been subjected to the operation from ancient times."

One of the ordeals politicians who are inclined to fight the powers that be hate is lunch at *The Washington Post* or *The New York Times*. The Nixon people found being squinted at over metaphorical teacups by a squinch-faced editorial board as irritating as did F.D.R., who once said, "About 15 years ago, I attended one of the famous luncheons in the French mahogany-carved sanctum of *The New York Times*. In that rarefied atmosphere of self-anointed scholars, I had the feeling of an uneducated worm under the microscope." That is the Harvard-educated, patrician Roosevelt speaking; how much worse for the lower middle class, nerdly Nixon nibbling sandwiches in those private media dining rooms.

An able Press Secretary can't save a President from the realities of overmatched power, but when the situation is touch and go, when things are teetering, he can give his boss an edge if he can sing a sweet song for the righteous grumpies scribbling notes in front of him. Standing in front of the White House press room's blue curtain one day, Jody Powell looked at the highly paid, romping miscreants who do the media's work and remarked, "Everybody has a cross to bear. I'm yours and you're mine." Powell is generally considered to be one of the best, the equal of L.B.J.'s Bill Moyers, Kennedy's Pierre Salinger and Eisenhower's Jim Hagerty.

"It sounds ridiculous, but charm is what does it," says a reporter for one

IN PRAISE OF THE OLD DAYS

"Washington is a town filled with people who think they are celebrities."—David Brinkley, circa 1960

Sure, David—which must have been why your telephone was unlisted when I first came here 20 years ago and, for that matter, still is. Who did the pre-Camelot pols think they were—network anchor men?

But, to be fair, you had a valid point. Arrogant, maybe, but every celebrity to his own shtick. Washington before 1960 was, indeed, a worksite for uncelebrated old pols, a town not at all like the Hollywood East it's become in recent years. The monuments and statues were here, yes, but back then, there were no Gucci liberals from Hollywood West regularly ensconced at the plush Madison Hotel, either studying scripts for political morality flicks or calling news conferences on behalf of ecological purity, solar power or whatever cause of the month they could fit into their shooting schedules.

No, two decades ago, Washington was a capital city of, by and for political bosses who wore baggy suits bought off the racks in home towns such as Billings, Montana, and Gordo, Alabama. Those were pols who, metaphorically speaking, were aged in old barrels. You didn't find any white wine or daiquiri dilettantes among the pros who gathered afterhours in Speaker Sam Rayburn's inner office for a few quick pops and a legislative horse trade or two. Just bourbon and branch or Scotch and soda, easy on the ice.

Later that evening, there might be a Washington-style reception, a social mingling that, by Manhattan or L.A. lights, would be Dullsville and, by 1980 standards of celebrity catering, untrendily gauche. Not a soul wolfing the cholesterol canapés at Perle Mesta's power bashes had a thing to say about jogging, skiing at Aspen, aerobic sex or any other greening aspect of the virtuous life. If your lady happened to be among those unfortunate allergics who couldn't abide cigar smoke by the roomful, tough shit. Your move, young hustler, was to find a new allergist, leave her at home next time or go into a different line of work, because among the offending stogie lovers were a House committee chairman, a Senate whip, a Cabinet member and a heavy-metal lobbyist you'd be doing business with somewhere down the line.

True, we still had a celebrated amateur in the White House. But, in sharp contrast to the current incumbent, Ike surrounded himself with old pols who, when necessary, could find their way to Capitol Hill without a Magic Marker-ed map of the city—and, more important, knew what to do when they got there. Ike's syntax didn't always mesh, but looking back, he ran a fairly efficient shop, and even when his deputy Sherman Adams got caught with his hand in the vicuña jar, the old general gave the grimy business of running a country the patina of decency.

But *decent* the town wasn't. Not in the smug, self-righteous way the new political amateurs who now run the show are fond of flaunting that word. For whatever conceits Brinkley might have perceived from high atop his network aerie on Nebraska Avenue Northwest, the prereform political professionals harbored no illusions about the nature of their chosen trade. They viewed the day-to-day operation of the machinery of government not as a divine calling but as tedious labor for clay-footed humans. As for the lure of national celebrity—other than being recognized by the doormen at the Mayflower and Carlton hotels and the maître de at the Senate/House dining room—who needed it?

When Mr. Sam, the pol's pol, was cracking his patronage whip to keep the House in order, and L.B.J. and oleaginous Ev Dirksen were hacking out the trade-offs of civil rights legislation in the Senate cloakroom, the last things they had in mind were strobe-lit "photo opportunities" and media events.

What changed all that, of course, was the advent of supermedia politics, which brought with it to Washington the same wonderful high-mindedness that's given us our new, improved method of nominating Presidential candidates. In the national capital today, as on the campaign trail, there are no more closed doors, no bosses to fear, no need for the political novice even to learn how the Federal system works in order to grab the gold ring. If you have a candidacy or a cause to push, why bother soiling your hands on the grimy machinery when, if you play your cue cards right, you can take your case directly to the multitudes via the magic box?

Instant celebrities—we have a national capital filled with them now, new political superstars ready to lead, but who have yet to learn the fundamentals of their trade: eternal amateurs who spurn the grub work, preferring instead to polish their on-camera manner toward the day when Barbara Walters calls to offer them that special guest interview.

They call it reform, as if there were something wrong with the old politics. To be fair, like Brinkley, they have a valid, if arrogant, point. There *was* something wrong with the noxious stench of cigars, the indecent trade-offs, the clay feet, the closed-door deals and all the other elements that go into the sludge-heap chemistry of democracy in action. As a system, it was an ungodly son of a bitch. But, as the old pols used to say, it was *our* son of a bitch—and, what's more, it worked a damn sight better than what we've got now.

—VIC GOLD

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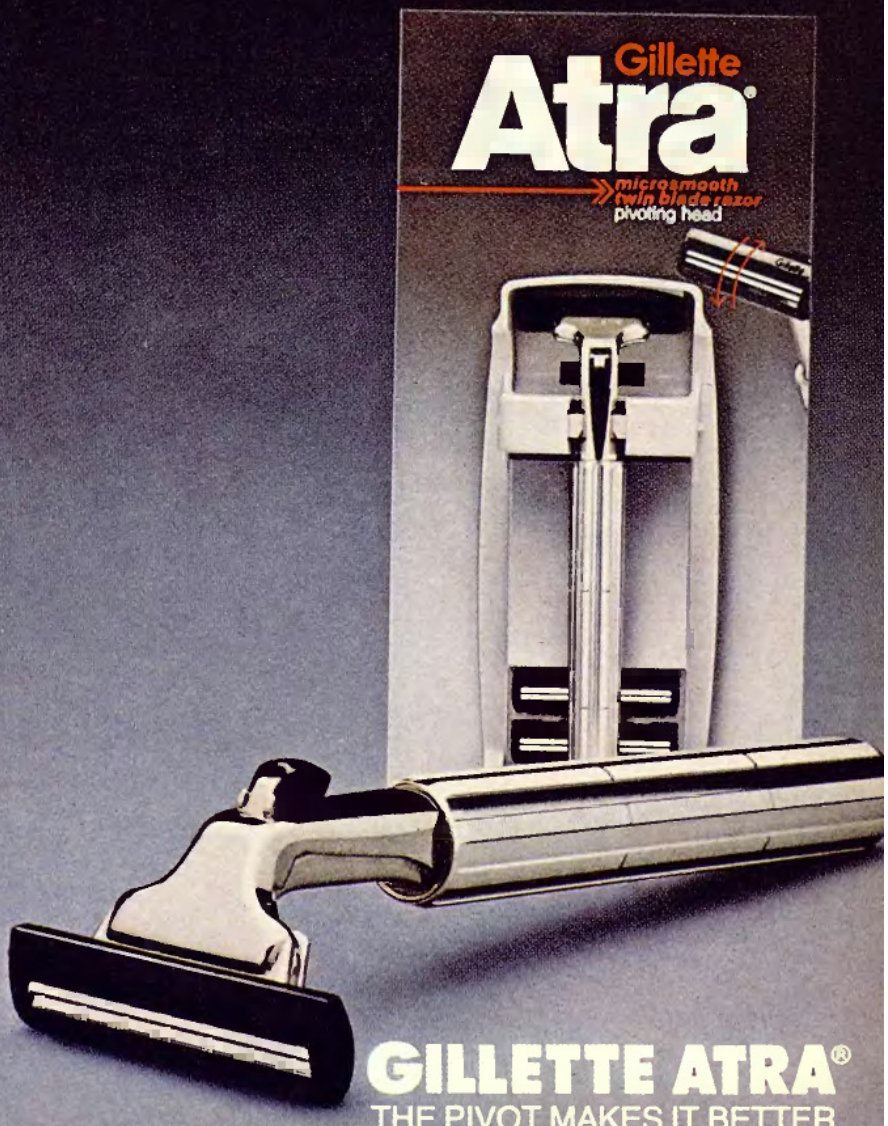
"DO YOU PIVOT EVERY MORNING?"



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of the nation's largest papers. "I know Jody lies and evades as much as the others, but he's likable and he's funny. When Ron Nessen took over as Ford's Press Secretary, a friend of mine standing next to me shook his head and whispered, 'He won't make it. He's too grim.' And Nessen didn't."

Carter himself is rather good at handling the media. He systematically invites its more important members to dinner and is adept at charming and impressing them. He may come across to you as a bumpkin, but everyone who has spent as much as an evening with him will say he has an impressive, if perhaps chaotic, amount of information about Government and politics in his cerebral main frame.

He's not like Nixon, who had his staff under orders to be nasty to the fourth estate. "Try to control it, stage everything," said H. R. Haldeman, Nixon's old Chief of Staff. "They'll hold back and the second you forget and scratch your ass—that's when they take the picture." Theodore Roosevelt, who had good press relations, warned his protégé and successor, William Howard Taft, never to let the newsies take a picture of him playing golf or doing anything that would lessen the dignity and distance a President needs in order to conduct the office successfully.

Carter has never understood that. The nation may enjoy seeing home movies of Uncle Hank swinging a baseball bat at the family picnic *cum* softball game, but an effective President has to be just a bit formal and frightening. A TV clip of an exhausted Chief Executive of the United States, white from overexertion and being assisted from a marathon race, is precisely the kind of publicity a President can do without. There's no escaping self-revelation in that office. Whether you're a nerd or noble, your character will shine through. A paraplegic in a wheelchair, Franklin Roosevelt was the epitome of power and grace in the Presidential office. All of us see James Earl Carter, Jr., with his Evelyn Wood speed reading, as an overachiever who gets the job done in scrambling, pawing, panting awkwardness.

•

Of course, the Presidency may look quite different to its occupant than it does to us, but there must be times in each one's administration when he laments his utter lack of clout. Consider this story of a world leader and his dog as recounted by President Fumble-Bumble Jerry Ford.

> About three o'clock . . . I was awakened from a sound sleep by a very wet kiss. I opened my eyes. Liberty was wagging her tail, and I knew what *that* [the italics belong to Liberty's master] meant. Groggily, I slipped on my robe and my slippers, took the elevator to the ground floor and walked outside. There I waited until Liberty was ready to return. We stepped inside again, and I pressed the button for the elevator. Nothing happened. Someone had just cut back the power, I figured, so I said, "Liberty, let's walk." I opened the door to my left, and we climbed the stairs to the second floor. At the top of the stairwell was a door that led to our family quarters. I turned the knob, but it was locked. . . . I must have walked up and down those stairs several times. This is ridiculous, I thought, so I started pounding on the walls.

There you have the quintessential Presidential metaphor—though Thomas Jefferson could have told Gerald Ford that Liberty is a bitch.

In the end, all Presidents leave office dead or disappointed. Even Good King Ike found the 18th hole of the long golf game of the Fifties something less than smooth putting. This marble city has its way with all of them; it is, after all, a city planned for Government and politics, nothing else. It is Brasília North, the Western New Delhi, a city without any other occupation or preoccupation than to contend with its chief magistrate. If the capital had been allowed to remain in New York or Philadelphia, great metropolises populated by people who must spend their days in honest and useful work, there would have been an adoring populace to hail Presidents and support them on their field of action. From Henri IV to Charles de Gaulle, Paris has known how to uphold its greatest national leaders against lesser politicians, lawyers and functionaires, the sterile totality of Washington's population mix.

That is why this city has defeated the greatest and the worst men who have come to rule over it—why it has not yet met its master or its match.

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MICHAEL DOUGLAS

(continued from page 197)

finishing *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, you spent a year just kicking around, hanging out. You've described it, basically, as a year of debauching—a year in which you and Jack Nicholson went everywhere and did most everything to excess. Would you recommend that experience to all men?

DOUGLAS: Yeah, I'd recommend it. I think we all have to let loose once in a while. Men are under a lot of pressure. You can't, for instance, be a pig anymore—that's out. You have to struggle and work hard to be this gentle, balanced man, only to have women then find you boring. So it's confusing and debauchery can, at least, take your mind off things for a while. Now, I'm not promoting that life for a married man. But I waited a good long time before I got married. And with all the fun or good that debauchery seems to offer, it is also, when you're doing it, quite possibly one of the lowest times in your life. Well, you have to reach that point before you start pulling yourself around and up. But still, for a short period, I'd recommend a little debauchery.

17.

PLAYBOY: How did becoming a father change your life?

DOUGLAS: I found out I enjoy responsibility. I'm a guy who ducked responsibility all my life; and now I'm finding that with a wife and a baby, I'm getting more work done than ever before. I've got a great fantasy life and I don't feel like I'm missing anything. Families are real nice.

18.

PLAYBOY: You always make movies about women who work and have careers. Why doesn't your own wife work?

DOUGLAS: Well, she's raising a child right now and has been kind enough to address herself to my career right at this time. With my job, we travel a lot and have to go all over the place. So, if she were working, she couldn't travel with me. Right now, the kid is young enough not to be in school, so he can travel with us, too. But she speaks five languages and when I met her, she was studying to be in the diplomatic corps, so I'm sure she will be using that later on.

19.

PLAYBOY: Who are your heroes?

DOUGLAS: I like Johnny Carson a lot. I admire my father a lot. And I think Benji's pretty impressive, too.

20.

PLAYBOY: If your life were a country-and-western song, what would be its title?

DOUGLAS: *Love Ain't Hard, It's Warm.*

Like this kazoo a conventional speaker has a paper cone.

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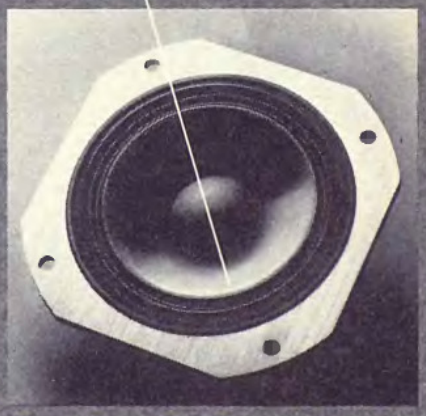
Pioneer's new speaker has a polymer graphite cone.



Blow into a kazoo and what do you hear? A buzzing noise you'd expect from a toy that costs about fifty cents. But just as the paper cone in a conventional kazoo creates a buzzing noise, the paper cone in most conventional speakers creates distortion.

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BEAUTY & BUREAUCRACY *(continued from page 128)*

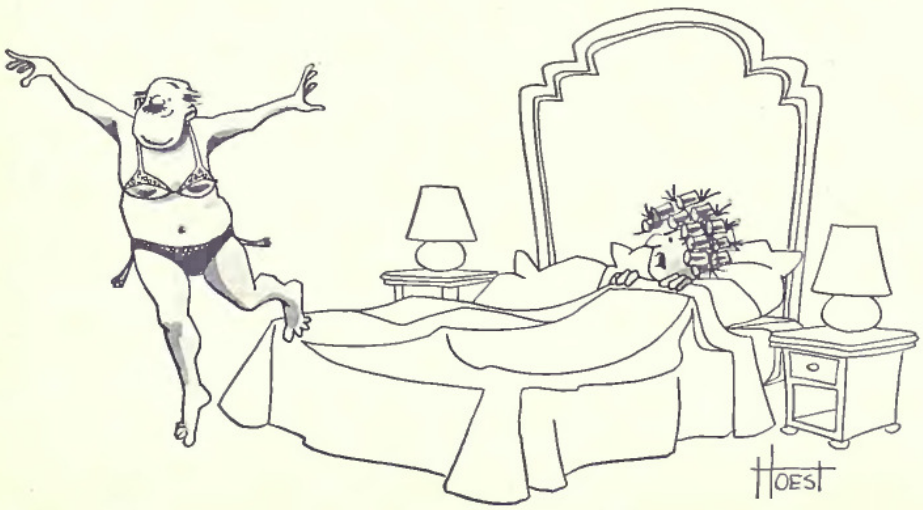
"Chan responded, 'What women do on their own time is their business, not the Government's.'"

jerks some Washington men can be. She claims she's been the victim of sexual harassment on her job, and while she concedes that that happens in offices all over the country, "I think it happens a little more in Washington." Darlene says she has been pinched, gotten "vulgar" notes in the mail and has overheard people discussing having her do jobs for them "because she's got big boobs." She says she reported a man who grabbed her breast to her division officer, but nothing was done about it. She then put in for a transfer out of her office, but it was denied. Asked whether she might be imagining some of the harassment, she says, "Either it's a pass or it's not. People tell me to forget it, but then the same guys will do it again with some other women."

Darlene isn't the only woman with whom we talked who feels the office behavior of Washington men exceeds the limits of good taste. Heidi Rewwer, an industrial engineer in the Department of Transportation, says when she first went to Washington on a work-study program from Purdue University, "I was really shocked at how the married men acted in my office. It was like when they were at work, they were single. Then, when they went home, they thought it was nice to have someone fixing dinner. Even a lot of top officials, whom people look up to, are fooling around." Heidi says Washington's male chauvinism extends into all areas of business. As an example, she says she applied at a local modeling agency and the head of the agency suggested that if she did him "some favors," he could help her career. She turned him down and thinks it cost her the modeling job.

On the plus side, most of the ladies we photographed agreed that working for the Government increases one's chances of meeting famous personages. For instance, secretary Linda Maisel currently works for a subcommittee headed by Senator Edward Kennedy, whom she describes as "a very nice man and a very hard worker." Generally, however, Maisel says she isn't particularly attracted to political types. "I've gone to lunch with a few Congressmen, but I find most of the men on Capitol Hill too straight, not very adventurous. Also, they're usually so self-important." Julie Shorter, a park technician for the National Park Service, agrees. "People in Washington, especially in politics, are all so serious. They're all so worried about what everybody thinks of them." The self-importance of politicians and the boorishness of men in general aren't the only things that make a job in the capital less than a thrill a minute. Krista Rae White, a secretary in Naval Supply Systems Command, says, "It's a very routinized city, with a million codes to follow, particularly if you work for the Government." One of those codes was the main issue raised by the 20 or so pickets from a group called Federally Employed Women (FEW) that marched, placards in hand, outside the Georgetown Inn while Chan was photographing applicants upstairs. Lynne Revo-Cohen, a lobbyist for FEW, told reporters she thought "PLAYBOY is being less than honest about risks to Federal employees who pose for them." She then pointed out a paragraph of the Federal Personnel Manual: "Misconduct generally. Criminal, infamous, dishonest, immoral, or notoriously disgraceful conduct," for which the maximum penalty is "removal." One wonders in this day and age what's disgraceful, let alone notoriously so, about posing for one of the nation's most popular magazines; but the unflappable Chan responded, "It seems to us that what women do on their own time is their business, not the Government's." Most of the applicants felt the same way. As Linda Maisel put it, "I don't know how my boss will react, but as far as I'm concerned, if Jimmy Carter has been in PLAYBOY, it's a bit hypocritical for the Government to tell female employees they can't pose for the magazine." And yet, within weeks after Chan's departure from Washington, some applicants were already feeling official repercussions. Frĕda Cox, a statistical clerk for the Bureau of the Census in the Department of Commerce, says, "I felt pretty good about appearing in PLAYBOY until a bulletin was circulated suggesting that anyone who posed might be risking her job." And Darlene Aubrey says, "Ten men in my office suggested that I try out for the pictorial. I did, but then Admiral Hayward, the Chief of Naval Operations, sent down word that I could be court-martialed for posing. I hear he wants to make me the first and last example, and I dare him to. For me, it's the chance of a lifetime. I live a very quiet, unglamorous life. This is the first glamorous thing that's happened to me, and I don't feel I'm doing anything wrong." Regardless of how the various Federal agencies respond to seeing some of their employees in PLAYBOY, all of the women who posed were sure of one thing: This issue will sell out on Washington newsstands.

Unlike many of those who've appeared in previous *Girls of* pictorials, few of the beauties of the bureaucracy aspire to modeling careers, most preferring careers in civil service. Those who do hope to model consider an appearance in PLAYBOY an important boost. Darlene Aubrey wants to go into fashion modeling; tall (5'11") Jeannette Wulff wants to be a runway model. All of our Washington discoveries will be glad to know that Associate Photography Editor Jeff Cohen, who supervised this pictorial, says there's a chance one or two of them might appear again as Playmates. If you have any favorites you'd like to see again, write and let us know. In the meantime, if looking at this pictorial has given you Potomac fever and lust in your heart, there's only one cure: You'd better run for office. Here's hoping you get elected.



"Sometimes I think you married me for my clothes!"

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FTC Report DEC. '79.

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

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Jeremiah had quiet spells. Really *quiet*. Usually, he had been having a fight with a lady. Or with himself. Then, he'd be flamboyant. Show off. He was much better when he was quiet.

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NO FUN BEING A GIRL

(continued from page 170)

exuberant, articulate transgenderist androgyne (hold on, I'll define that later). Ari doesn't deceive many people: If maleness were metal, she'd make airport security detectors scream. Now and again, Ari can remind me of Uncle Milty in drag on the *Texaco Star Theater*. No Bostonian, though, will harass us—out of courtesy or (more likely) pure indifference. Ari is exceptional; your standard-brand T/V would never dare walk along Commonwealth Avenue in—hum—broad daylight. But T/Vism is Ari's vocation; she has often been on TV as a T/V. Her Outreach Institute was founded to provide services and information both for the helping professional and for the "paraculture" (i.e., T/V, CD, TG, A, TS). Think this over: They estimate that one percent of adult Americans are paracultural. A subnation: 1,600,000 people who dry off with either the HIS or the HER towel.

Between October 12 and October 21, 1979, at Fantasia Fair *en femme* there are:

A stockbroker.
A banker.
Three or four lawyers.
A sheriff.
A police chief.
A good half-dozen corporate executives.
A political-campaign manager.
A gynecologist.
Several officials in local, state and foreign government.
One engineer (who had been a *Luftwaffe* pilot).
One engineer (who had been a Royal Navy destroyer commander).

In fact, the military seems to recruit men for whom dress parade can mean more than just dress parade. Ari told me about Naval Commander X: Some years ago, this person decided on a surgical sea change. Problem: The Navy didn't want to pay for it. Problem: X had a lot of very strategic and potentially embarrassing nuclear-submarine data. End problem: Not only did the American taxpayer subsidize his sexual discharge but—enjoy this—when last seen, X was a female three-striper. Talk about your classified military operation.

At Hargood House, I listen as the computer-company president leans into an expensive credit-card call. "Three million . . . bid . . . contract." Hang up. "Hah," he asks me, while spangling on a beauty spot, "what d' you think he'd say? I mean, hah, if he knew he'd been talking to a six-foot-three drag queen?"

These are influential men—phone-in-the-Mercedes men. Intelligent and articulate, very civil. They accept D. Keith and his poor waif friend, Deirdre, with quick grace. Men of all ages, from 28

"You've grown quiet all of a sudden, John. What's happened to your tongue?"

to 84. (Yes, 84. And 77. By that time, nature, I suspect, has done some kind transgenderizing of its own.) The sample here, no doubt, is skewed somewhat. Lower-middle-class TG men would probably find Fantasia Fair prohibitive. Per room, per week, it costs an arm, a leg and the stuffing in your hubba-hubba heinie. (Ariadne: "We support the Outreach Institute that way. You can't just ask people to make donations. The paraculture doesn't operate that way. It has a lot of self-centered individuals.")

TG men, at Fantasia Fair, anyhow, function under great job stress. Gender change serves as a blowoff valve. This statement is typical: "I couldn't get through the week if I didn't know I could become Diane on Saturday."

Ari put it another way: When *en femme*, "I can't be touched by any of the trivia of the world. I was using cross-dressing as an incredible tension mechanism."

Some likened TG to the preparation that actors work up. "I was out walking," Jo Beth told me, "and I really looked good. Or I thought so. I was into the part. Then some kid called me a queer, and it all broke—my concentration went. I had trouble remembering where I was." What we have here, I would suggest, is a controlled and useful schizophrenia. Carl, Carlotta: separate people. And only one has to show up at the office tomorrow morning.

Even Deirdre, with her hire-purchase feminine intuition, can sense it. A door opened. My coat held. Small deferences extended. I loll around in a novel passivity. My usual assertive, loud, death-of-the-party temperament is on furlough. Also, Deirdre prods awake my native voyeurism—she is a one-way mirror, a keyhole. I can observe people on the streets of P-town and they can't see me—not me, Keith, anyhow.

I understood then what Deirdre understands now: that a handy, reversible schizophrenia is as refreshing as five days and seven nights at the Hasta Mañana Hotel in Acapulco. No deadline. No rent payment. Ward of the state. TGs can commit mental mitosis and then return pretty much at will (though T/V is, in its way, compulsive). By taking French leave of gender, emotional and occupational tension will be bypassed. Moreover, in this state, "brother" is seen with a healthful third-person objectivity.

"Hello, may I speak to Carl?"

"He isn't in at the moment. This is his sister, Carlotta; can I take a message?" Sure beats hiding on the floor with your Venetian blind drawn. I could get jealous.

o

Here, to enlarge your consciousness, I append a glossary.

Cross-dresser (CD): Someone, anyone, who wears the laundry of another sex. Your wife, with her Gloria Vanderbilt jean set, is CDing.

Transvestite (T/V): A heterosexual male CD, and particularly one who is more responsive to feminine livery than to feminine behavior. E.g., some troglodyte who chews Red Man while wearing a peignoir.

Transgenderist (TG): Any T/V who has also plagiarized the social and cultural effects of womanhood. (Strictly speaking, then—and hereafter our speech will be strict—Fantasia Fair is a transgenderist, not just a transvestite, conclave.)

Woman: Any person—male or female—who acts as women, conventionally, are supposed to act. (This will put Gloria Steinem and Germaine Greer in some yet-undisclosed phylum.)

Female: A biological broad.

Genuine girl (GG): Ditto.

Transsexual (TS): Someone who has had the definitive operation and can now sew all his pants flies up. (I know; there are many female-to-male TSs, but I have to save something for the next article.)

Androgyne (A): Ariadne Kane.

Ariadne was seven when female raiment first made sheep's eyes at him/her. This is quite typical: the precocious, prepubic passion for Mom's or Sis's chifforobe. Then, for a while, feminine attire is just a quickie, with fetishistic or masturbatory uses. After that—also typical—there is a big parental confrontation: Who's been taking the stretch out of my girdle? Major melodrama ensues, no-son-of-mine-is-gonna-be-a-fruit, etc. The family g.p., who can't tell T/Vism from cradle cap, will be called in. Shame and confusion.

Years then drag out, with only sporadic cross-dressing—one patent-leather pump here, half a bra there. In adulthood, though, some kind of primitive size-44 trousseau is accumulated: Ariadne or Carlotta or Diane begins to evolve as a parallel persona. Most T/Vs progress no further than this. But, given luck, gall and usually a fortunate contact with veteran parapeople, group cross-dressing is essayed. At last, 100 or so reach the $64,000 pyramid: Fantasia Fair and a chance to let Atlantic breezes puff up under their dirndl.

The plot outline may be similar; the causes, however, are not. One thing is crystal-dark—nobody has even half an inkling why men cross-dress. T/Vs and TGs represent the most diverse sexual or social subgroup I have ever wandered into. As Dr. Stan Rosenberg, who led a TS seminar at Fantasia Fair, told me: "There is no characteristic family constellation of living patterns. The kind of thing you find, say, in homosexuals—the dominant mother and the father who is passive. Or certain kinds of deprivation in childhood. These have not shown up with TGism or TSism." TG is mysterious and incurable. Most T/V men have quit wondering why (though guilt can't be taken off with Nair). They're at Fantasia Fair to learn—and hone—the coping strategies of how.

"Oh, I do get a sort of twinge sometimes when some dude I'm packaging goes up against some dude I formerly packaged."

Ariadne is atypical in this: She has a compassionate and even accommodating wife. (Change that to *spouse*: We start talking about *her* wife and my mind will go FZXYT!) They shop for clothes together; they walk arm in arm, a sorority of two. (Ariadne and "brother" share their mutual spouse; brother is IN roughly four days out of seven.) As you might guess, cross-dressing doesn't improve marital shelf life. The divorce rate among T/V men is immoderate. A wife, after all, would appreciate knowing who wears the panties at home.

And children get spiritually confused: It's a wise kid who can recognize his own father *en femme*. What boy would want to say, "My daddy can scratch your daddy's eyes out"? (Male children, in general, are aghast, as though father were trying to confuse their Oedipus complexes. Female children are somewhat more nonchalant.)

When the revelation comes late on, even a magnanimous wife will feel fearful or inadequate. Or jealous. Madeleine—a first-time Fantasia Fairer from Texas—described her spouse's apprehensive and rather poignant send-off. "She was crying at the Dallas airport. She said, 'Please, I want my man to come back.'" You can sympathize; 20 years of marriage and all at once her husband is a spouse.

Picture a TG. It isn't hard. Someone, say, who looks like Lee J. Cobb with a golf-course divot on his head. Free-association time: What word comes to mind? Poove! Nance! Thrip! Fag! Foop! Queer! Queen! Quite wrong. The large majority of TG men are heterosexual—just like you. In fact, transvestite—as described by clinical psychologist and sexologist Magnus Hirschfeld—meant *only* "heterosexual men who wear clothing of the opposite sex." Gay street queens and gay female impersonators, though, have debauched transvestite. Which is why Ari will prefer the neutral term cross-dresser. In truth—sorry about this—Fantasia Fair has little or less to do with sex. It's an exploration of gender role.

Ariadne is to gender role what Lewis and Clark, both, were to the Louisiana Purchase. "My behavior would best be described as bigenderal. Not transgenderal. That is, I can live comfortably in either role for long periods of time. I've got freedom and I love it. The course that I've followed leads to a dissolution of the dichotomy in gender roles. Androgyny gets you out of the bullshit of saying 'I'm a guy' or 'I'm a girl.' There is nothing I haven't done as a woman—short of sexual encounters, which is not what I'm into. Being a woman doesn't require having a specific anatomy. Best thing to do is go in front of a supermarket and see all the women filing through on a Saturday. You'll find that there are so few different characteristics between males and females—unless they really effect them. Of course, it's very hard, in the absence of some visual cue, for a man to express his femininity. So I wear feminine attire. That's a superficial first stage. I've grown now to expose the repressed part of my personality—the feminine. I've allowed it to emerge and become part of a person that is neither totally masculine nor totally feminine, but totally human. An androgyne."

Inveigling pitch, no? A golden age when men can weep and women can goose each other. A grade-A homogenization of the sex roles: no plug, no socket, just one androgynous universal joint. "Gender is a fragile thing," another TG cautioned me. Naturally, the triumph of this CD-T/V-TG-A platform plank will engender the obsolescence of that plank. When men and women look alike, there won't be any reason—or any way—to cross-dress.

•

And all at once—cue the string section—I'm in love. D. Keith is, I mean. That slut Deirdre can eat her liver out, for all I care. It's dark here, the music and the bourbon are custom-blended; romance has stolen in. I flip a possessive look at Barbie, my disco date. Just try cutting in on us, buster—I'll break your metacarpal bones. Barbie is fetching, marmot cute—petite, with unstoppable legs and a power-pack 34-22-34. The most plausible TG in Provincetown. We've been *Y.M.C.A.*ing it, man and woman, for more than an hour now. I suspend disbelief, suckered by sheer finesse. Amazing what a little sleight of breast can do.

God, the preparation. You need at least six rough drafts to make one woman. TGism is marvelously expensive—in cash, in time. You have to stay fashionable for two people and the IRS won't let you file a joint form. (Barbie's "brother" is employed by local government; not what she'd call a great sugar daddy.) As we drive back to the motel, Barbs will debrief me—a double agent behind enemy lines. Although a debutante (first time out in P-town), Barbie has the love for realistic detail that we usually associate with a prostitute pretending to have an orgasm.

"A month ago, I started slapping

"Well, that's about it!"

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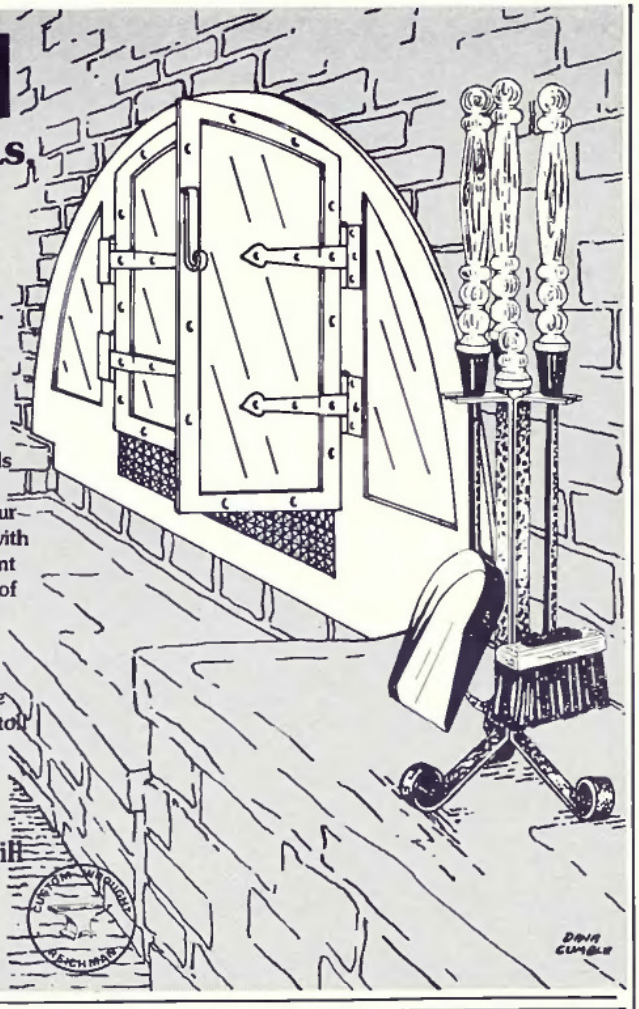

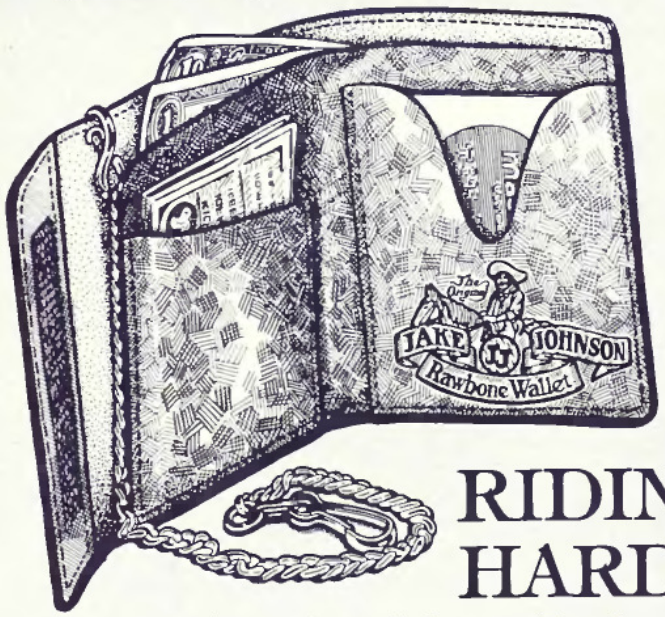

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myself with this real foul after-shave lotion at work. See, I'll need time to deperfume when I get back home. The lotion will give me cover. Also, I have to wear long-sleeved shirts even in summer. You can't have hair on your arms, then no hair, then hair again—like Mr. Hyde. And then there are the kinetics of it. For example, this afternoon—walking down the street—I almost stepped aside to let a woman pass. Tennis, too. I wanted to play tennis *en femme* and in public up here. So I practiced a Tracy Austin two-hander. That's funny. After practicing, I went out to play as brother. First swing, I almost fell down. I wasn't used to playing without that extra weight upstairs. And, you know, five pounds of breast gives you a lot more hitting power."

For the record, I ask her about transsexuality. "We all think of it—at some time or other. But, well . . . my experience is that only TGs with a very strong sex drive should have the operation. They want sex with a man: but heterosexual sex. Gay relationships put them off. As for me, I'm celibate pretty much. I haven't had sex in seven or eight years. It's, oh, kind of dead down there. I don't know why. It just doesn't seem important."

Urchin sea breezes coax: The long swerve of Cape Cod is permissive now. My car has pulled up outside Barbie's room. Time, in the normal course of a normal night, to recognize and seal our closeness here. Take inventory, Keith: a spill of close-kinking brunette hair, the catchy upstart nose, one chipped and vulnerable tooth. To be frank, I haven't felt so heavily male before—protective and hung like Florida. Responding, ever the Pre-Raphaelite, to art rather than to desire. This adroit new person knows more about femaleness than any GG I can recall. Being woman has to be a full-time transaction with the world, which is why most women aren't. I cheat near, arm on the seat back; my pulse ticks 100, 110. After all, this is our first date. Barb may not be that kind of girl. And if she slaps me, I'll probably end up on North Queer Street. Lean down; kiss her good October night.

Well, why not?

One snide remark, friend, just one, and you'll have deciduous teeth again.

•

For the rest, a fat and yellow nausea gripped at me. It was like being above, then below deck on some roller-crazy sloop. Above, aware: I see waves and can match my balance with them. (I think, Well, this is a man wearing feminine getup, and so what?) But below deck, caught unaware: invisible and sleazy sea motion stirs puke in me. (I glance up to see, all at once, the

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nightmarish aspect of men seized by deforming femaleness.) I have had such dreams: dreams of my father, captive, possessed by a mincing lady ghoul. And my esophagus is open. I want to barf all over their high-heeled feet.

Because they are, there is no tender word for it, grotesque. Saddle-of-beef hands that a dainty, dwarfed engagement ring will satirize. The burlesquing horse-lip mouth. Cheekbones, low and male, dished out with hectic rouge. A comprehensive lack of style. ("Unfortunately," Ari has sighed, "many TG men tend to dress the way their mothers did. In 1948.") Do they know how they look? Yes, I think. As you know the inevitability of your own death—not as a pressing matter. Here at P-town, they are mirrors for each other. Yet not often do they accept the pessimistic image back. Jo Beth did mention one man, class of '78, who saw a TG his own shape high-stepping down Commercial Street. Six foot four and cellar-door-backed. That was group validation enough: He rolled up his negligee and left.

Voice. Voice is the Wassermann. Doesn't matter how often Ari might insist, "Oh, Tallulah Bankhead's voice was deeper than mine," I still register her insecurity. When in public—at the restaurant, on television—she will begin to speak with a silly, lilting falsetto. Then give it up after five or six words. Deepness isn't the big mumbling block: timbre, pitch, quality are. Somehow, moreover, your natural male voice, set in the context of lip gloss and base, comes out a gawkish bray. Dissonance has been set up between eye and ear. One or two TGs could pass a close inspection; none, I think, could pass long distance.

And hair.

Seen along the kidneys in a low-backed gown. On hand, finger, toe. On nape. Around the pocky tattletale craters in cheek growth that catch make-up and store it away. TG men waste more time coping with hair than a chronic lycanthropist would. There are four procedures: (1) Close shave: up and down, east and west, over and over, with and against the grain. (2) Depilation, which can foment attractive dermatitis. (3) Wax, a painful hair-razing method. "You apply runny wax. Then, after the wax has set, you rip it off in inch-wide strips. Quite a slap. But it'll last about ten days." (4) Electrolysis: A fine needle is inserted along the follicle, then slid down to its root. R & D at Auschwitz must've come up with this one. Zzzzat! Turn high-frequency current on. To bald the entire face and body, figure 150 to 200 hours of tweezing pain at, oh, $30 per. And still your bearded face will look like a bearded face, only without the beard.

Nonetheless, they stick it out. Why? Because TGism is the moral equivalent of nymphomania: because they have to. This is not an idle pastime. Panties are addictive—once in command, your female persona is more tenacious than a Genovese loan shark. Every TG can recall that moment of sinking remorse and guilt when a bra was burned in shame. Still the obsession would return like a psychic malaria. Fantasia Fair, understand, was never meant to be therapeutic. It is an extension course in nubility. Each morning, Carlotta will hold her make-up-and-deportment class. Ari has a seminar program: "Legal Aspects," "Transsexuality," "Being Yourself in Public." And there are examinations, so to speak: Fashion Show, Talent Show, Swimsuit Pageant. It's as though paranoids had met to learn a better way of being afraid.

Granted their concept of womanliness is somewhat pre-Flood—girls just like that girl who married dear old Dad. As more and more lib women desert the conventional homemaker role, more and more TG men come out of the trunk to fill it. If you want your socks sewn and your back rubbed—no lip about

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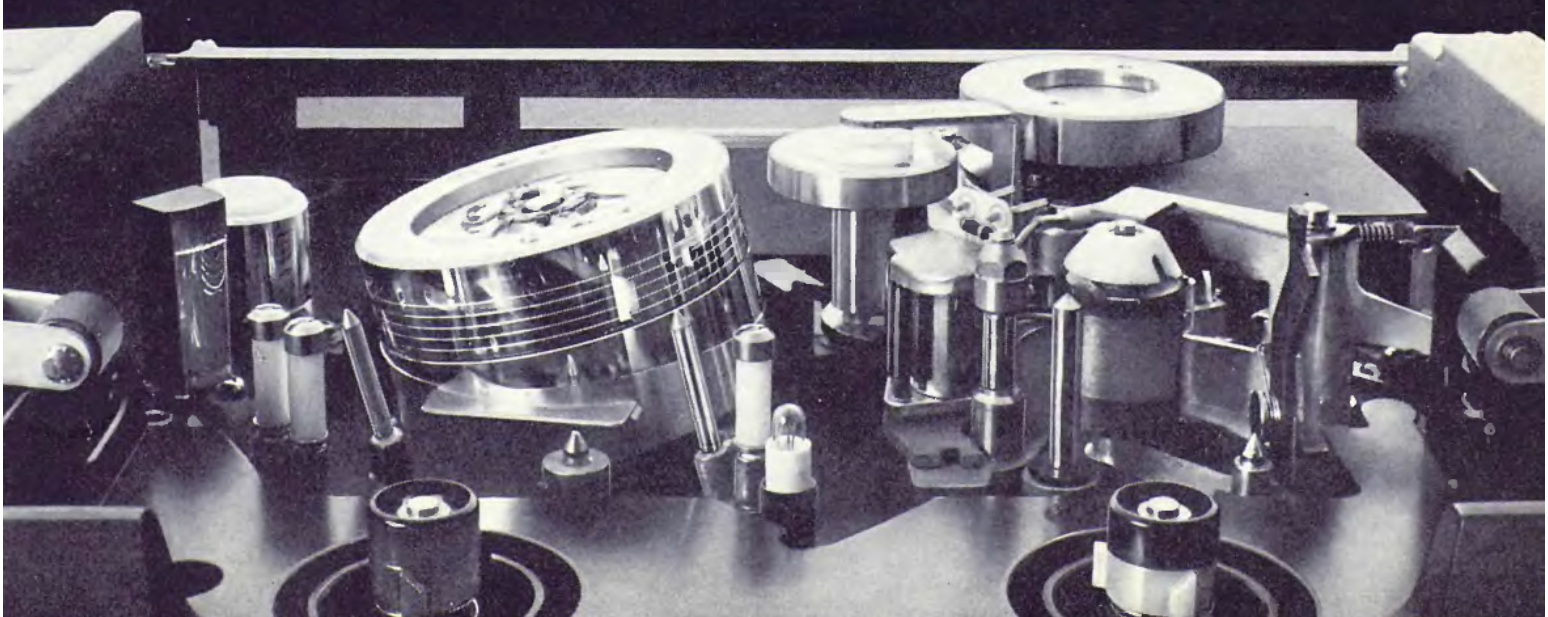

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self-expression and consciousness raising—marry a transgenderist. One TG, to point up the cartoon cliché, told me she couldn't parallel park her car when *en femme*. Another dropped a lighted match so that D. Keith could ignite her Virginia Slim. You've taken a giant step backward, baby. Listen to Liza's opinions of this male-chauvinist-pig nonsense. Liza is a beautiful transsexual. Ari had invited her to speak at the TS seminar.

"I just don't understand them. I think transvestism is morbid. I never dressed as a woman before my operation. That never crossed my mind. I was a woman trapped in a man's body. My male genitalia never developed fully. [Castration—for those of you who think your balls are valuable—is done on an outpatient basis. One-day service, like dry cleaning. In and out the same afternoon, with an ice pack on your crotch.] And their idea of women is sheer caricature. For instance, they insisted that I wear a skirt to the seminar. It would, you know, reflect badly on transsexuality if I didn't. Ridiculous. Listen, they hold pajama parties here at night. What woman over 13 would go to a pajama party?"

They do, indeed, have pajama bashes. Most every night, I was given a standing invitation to lie down at one. Why pajama parties? Use your brain, Fred. What fun is unusual nightwear if nobody can see you wearing it? Try to imagine the scene: five or six pink, satiny men in a motel room, drinking ladies' drinks and mentioning their unmentionables. Any TG will know more about female apparel—fabric, cut, size, price—than Halston. Hair small talk. Make-up small talk. Small talk about the last time a cop pulled "sister" over for speeding. But never militant T/V-lib talk. TGs, I suspect, don't particularly want equal rights or social acceptance. Since most of them pass about as well as a wimp-armed quarterback, acceptance would only mean being seen through. "Oh, go over and tolerate him." Not much turn-on there. T/V is, to some considerable degree, a noncontact sport. The gusto grabbing comes in adventure, in risk—to walk "unread" through your local supermarket frozen-food section, say. A kind of clothed streaking.

Sip. Gossip. And plant your photo album on anyone with a vacant lap. This is yet another irreducible element of TGism: narcissism with a capital I. Only bank tellers get photographed more often. Each TG has an elaborate picture portfolio. Any posed snapshot is worth a thousand disappointing face-to-face encounters. Ari has also brought video-tape equipment along; before it, they model the latest in themselves. Practice a pelvic walk; learn to cross

OUR FAIR LADY GOES SHOPPING

face to face with a lingerie salesman, our reporter decides it takes real balls to be a girl

How do T/Vs shop? Not the way I did. I went purposely disguised as me: with dabs of testosterone behind each ear, like a walking male gonad. T/Vs either will shop in full drag (if they look gynecomorphous enough—which is to say, seldom, seldom) or will let wife/girlfriend front for them. Or even their mother.

John/Joan, at the age of 12, bought his/her first bra by counterfeiting notes from Mom: *Please give Johnny a 40 DD Maidenform. I am sick and can't get out.* Forty double D? Poor young John—he could've sublet space in it to another T/V or used it for a change apron. So back to the bra boutique: *Please give Johnny a 38 D Maidenform. I am sick and can't get out.* "This went on through five bras, plus all my paper-route money," John/Joan told me. "The salesgirl must've thought Mom had some kind of terrible wasting disease. They got smaller and smaller."

Most T/V men—those who live in Akron or Ogallala or any of eight Springfields—purchase through mail order. After all, a Yokeltown negligee emporium might well be owned by someone on the bowling team. T/V people have to be as clever, as sneaky as angel-dust pushers. Not only do they cross-dress, they cross-*ad*dress, too; phony name, phony P.O. box. "Several mail-order houses ship on consignment," says John/Joan. "I'll send away for dozens of items, using 'sister's' name, and have a real home fashion show. Then I U.P.S. back what I don't want."

These frill seekers represent a considerable pink-market underground commerce. Ari guesses that more than half of Lane Bryant's oversize *femme*wear trade is done with T/V men. I can believe it. I mean, what kind of name is Lane, anyway?

•

Want to know the prime biological difference between men and women? Wrong again, Dr. Raunch. It's foot size. Just try hustling ten-and-a-half EEE Tinker Bell pumps. Then try stepping out in them. I've heard that some T/V men amputate their little toes to improve fit. Well, as the old Chinese joke goes, "No need for amputate—it fall off next week anyhow." If you can walk even *that* long in lady feet.

I was shown a lot of Aunt Jemima–style orthopedic coal scows and no respect. Lord Byron brand, I think they were, with a cutout in the top for your best bunion to peek through. After 11 no-gos, Foot Saver on 34th Street saved my pro-tem womanhood—if not my tender self-esteem.

"D' you have open-strap shoes in ten and a half triple E?"

"What style does your ladyfriend desire? Then I can tell you which floor to look on."

"It's not for her. It's for me."

"Downstairs."

"Which section?"

"Downstairs. Down. Go down. Down."

"Ah——"

"Down. Down. Down."

Humpf. Guess he didn't want Deirdre to queer his main-floor walk-in trade.

My PLAYBOY editor didn't want me giving advice ("*Our* readers don't do that sort of thing," he said), but I insisted. There are always a few guys who want to get into their girlfriends' pants *literally*, I said, and where else can they get this kind of information?

So here: One, remember to wash your feet—women don't wear white sweat socks while shoe-sorting the way you do. Two, take along some Peds. I didn't. It's hard enough lock-picking your foot into broadwear without sweat friction to boot—and a shoehorn won't work on open-back ballroom slippers. Three, look forward to exquisite mortification.

The Down, Down, Down floor manager gave me one Ped as though it were a sloppy-third Trojan. After that, severe moral glaucoma afflicted the entire staff. Deirdre was less visible (and less welcome) than nerve gas. My shame was succulent: One lady customer blindfolded her four-year-old son's eyes; my girlfriend began to sob and laugh like a shell-shocked Boche at Passchendaele. I bought this rather sexy black-strap pair—straps were the only hope for my iguana-shaped feet—with a three-inch lift. Finally, expect lower back pain within 24 hours. The human foot wasn't meant to walk downhill on flat surfaces—otherwise, God would've made earth at a 45-degree angle. And He'd have rested His arches on the seventh day.

•

God, God, God. Oh-oh-oh. The piercing, ripe embarrassment of it all. After three hours of bra shopping, I broke out in this runny nervous rash around

their legs without showing what they haven't got. Ari: "Well, it could be narcissistic. When I'd look in the mirror during childhood, I'd say, 'You're just ravishing.' I could imagine myself looking like a dreamboat."

The ex–R.N. destroyer commander was rather more emphatic: "If any T/V says he isn't narcissistic, he's lying. And we all think we look a hell of a lot better than we do." Narcissism: Even my beautiful Barbie is carrying a torch for herself.

"Keith?"

"Uh?"

"Who're you voting for? In the Miss Femininity Competition."

"What? Not you, too? You don't need that kind of validation."

"Oh, yes I do. I do. Oh, yes."

Where does this conversation take place? At a pajama party in the gynecologist's motel room. I lean back; one hand fumbles out to put my pink lady on the bed table and I touch. . . . Ach. What in geek's name have I touched?

A *fershlugginer* Modess pad is what!

"Oh, excuse me." The lady doctor is perturbed. "I'll just get that out of your way. De-dum. There."

"Barbie," I whisper. "Pssst, Barbie."

"Yes."

"Did you see what I saw?"

"Well. It makes some of them—of us—feel more comfortable."

"Please. Spare me. No one—I'm sorry—no one needs a Modess pad to express his femininity. Come on, Barbie, that's just bullshit."

"All right. It bothers me, too. It's a reasonable question—I have to think about it myself. We do use too much equipment. I think next year I'm going to dress without false breasts."

"Jesus. I hope so."

And, sorry, this is where I get off. Where I pass Ari—and other TG apologists—going UP on the DOWN escalator. Their argument is seductive; their Doin' My Own Thing generation credentials are chic and impeccable. I don't disavow the secret ingénue in me. Heck, we all hatched from sperm and egg: Given a different coin flip of the genes, I might have been my sister. But can't femaleness—*shouldn't* femaleness—be expressed by men in a male context, through tenderness, sensitivity, whatever? Why is this complete syllabus of outward and visible signs needed? Needed, in particular, by TG men. Women cross-dress often enough, yet you meet few if any who assert their inner jockhood by co-opting male physical traits. Even your best bull dyke doesn't wear, oh, synthetic five-o'clock shadow.

Ari herself insisted that "being a woman doesn't require having a specific anatomy." Checkmate: Then why the gay deceivers, the counterfeit hip fat? I know what Ari would answer: "It's very hard, in the absence of some visual cue, for a man to express his femininity." OK, I'll grant that premise—if the man must signal his maidenhood to others. But, question: Does Ari wear an ersatz bust when alone? You bet. So who is she trying to signal, then? No one. Or herself. In truth, TGs have a very immature and stereotypic sense of womanness. One that has to depend on the prop department, on a fraudulent mirror image. They are less assured, by implication, than any male who can acknowledge the mother in him without trick lighting. They are, I'm afraid, a crude parody, as outrageous and uptight

my left eye. T/Vism is grim enough, but suppurating T/Vism is—gag. Yet, degradation and shame and pus aside, I've had more trouble buying high-rise pants for my low-rise crotch. No one blew me away with Mace; no one screamed. It was a waste of time memorizing my lawyer's phone number.

I tried Saks, Bloomingdale's and both Lord and Taylor. I arrived around ten A.M. before the floor traffic had built up. I thought extravagant: I avoided feeling up those slightly defective (only one cup) bras on the REDUCED table. A pervert is a pervert, but a cheap pervert is *déclassé*. Miss Rakin at Saks was austere, yet helpful; I recommend her. I had my chest set on a $45 Christian Dior honey bun in eggplant shade. Unfortunately, my garden was too large for eggplants.

"Uh, I like this off-purple thing. I'm looking for a forty B."

"I'm afraid we only have forty B in minimizer bras. Your wife will find they give very good support."

"It's for me. Not my wife."

"Well, they'll give *you* very good support. Here."

"Uh. Can I try it on?"

"Sure."

"Really? Yes? Which way is the dressing room?"

"Not in the dressing room. I can't let you in there. Right here. Take your jacket off right here. You can hide behind that potted fern if you want. It only has two fronds, but. . . ."

A mannequin is outraged; she makes O with her plastic mouth. Damn Vassar women, you meet them everywhere. Imagine standing buttondown-shirted, tied and bra'd in front of six women in Saks's lingerie department. I've had dreams like this before, where I have to speak at the P.T.A. lunch and suddenly I'm pantsless, with a tonking cowbell on my clapper. Minimizer bra? I wish it'd minimize me out of here. The fit is perfect, but now it won't come off. My fingers are doing a Polish civil-defense drill. Old Johnny Quick Flick, who popped Barbara Gerstadt's 24 A open with one hand in the sixth grade, can't even take advantage of himself now. Snopp! My right cup goes off, a Roman catapult sling. But—guess what, Elfreda?—no one is in the slightest bit interested.

"We get one or two T/Vs a month," Miss Rakin told me. "They're very well behaved. Though in another store where I worked, they would sometimes come in dressed as women and demand to use the dressing room. And when we'd say no, they would get very huffy and indignant."

But when it came to dresses, there was no hassle whatever. Deirdre liberated the dressing room at all three department stores. As long as no flesh is flashed, the salespeople don't care. They don't get a commission on prudishness. At Saks, I bought this charming mauve-gray knitted suit by Marc D'Alcy for $150. The typical interchange went thus and so.

"D' you think this will fit me?"

"Ha, that bag would fit anyone."

"Oh? [*Voice break*] Would it be—heh—all right if I tried it on?"

"Certainly. I'll go back and find an empty room for you."

"You mean you don't mind?"

"Oh, no. I think it's marvelous. I come from a very liberal family. Sexual distinctions are old-fashioned and silly. Why should anyone mind?"

"Why? Oh, why? Yes. Why?"

Want to know what the ladies' dressing room at Saks is like? Like the men's dressing room at Barney's, Dumbo. What should it have, a bidet? For once, at least I didn't need to get my legs shortened.

•

Time for the final touch—lipstick. Did you know they never wipe off or shave down the tester sticks in a department store? Mouth after mouth; great way to pass your lip chancre around New York. Although the lady in Bloomie's cosmetic department giggled and blew a cake crumb at me, no one said boo when I spread Wild Cinnamon and Barbizon Bronze and Botticelli Blush on my mouth. Deirdre finally chose, yes, Au Chocolat. Which made us look like we'd been eating a boiled Ring Ding.

In conclusion, I must say I was astonished at the lack of sales resistance. Ralph, my bail bondsman, is still waiting for a call. In New York, anyhow, almost no one will be shocked or offended when some guy asks for the bridal department. So, if you can stand much inner mortification, go buy yourself a nice trousseau. Me, I'm glad this article is over.

—D. KEITH MANO

"By gosh, Mrs. Armitage, I darned near forgot to give you your telegram."

and hollow, in their way, as your worst posturing *macho* asshole.

And all the rationalization, though stylish, is just so much make-up. A local anesthetic for guilt, which every TG—no matter how far along the yellow-brick road he may be—continues still to feel. TGism is benign: I'll defend any man's right to wear a tutu; as avocation, deer hunting and loud rock music are much less attractive. But TGism is not an avocation. Nor does it exist because men—in philosophical protest—want to advertise their ladylike better half. It exists because it is a demanding and irresistible compulsion. No one can say what the etiology of this compulsion might be, but perhaps TG men are in some way deficient, less able to get at the female pronoun in their sexual vocabulary than "normal" men. Ari isn't an androgyne: Androgynous and androgyny mean "uniting the characteristics of both sexes." Ari had disjoined, not united them; separated them into Ariadne and whoever she is when she isn't.

•

Watch Deirdre eat. She's at a—oh, dear, I can't resist—she's at a T/V dinner. Hosted by Fantasia Fair each year at the Provincetown Universalist (*very* Universalist) Church—in connection with their Encounters of a Fifth Kind alternate-life-pattern symposium.

Ugh; what have we here? How unhygienic—someone has left lipstick on my glass. Guess who, schmuck. No wonder the three-bean salad has a castor-oil-and-beeswax taste. My fellow ladyfriends—my lady fellow friends—are supportive; they know what this debut has cost me, though several, Deirdre can tell, don't recognize her at first. It's not that I pass; it's more that I've taken my horn-rimmed glasses off. I'd wear them—I'm not being vain—but one earpiece has a tendency to stir my wig up. I'm afraid it'll spring off and pounce on the soup like an excited rodent. Deirdre leans back in a svelte feminine pose: cigarette pointed up, legs crossed. Zippp! Left leg has slid off right knee. Hup again: Zzzzipp again. Panty hose are slippery. I see now why women have trouble keeping their legs closed.

"Deirdre. Have you got your car?"

"Sure, Ari. Need a lift?" Deirdre doesn't like driving. Somehow, her high heel hits the accelerator 15 mph faster than her shoe tip. "Shall I get it?"

"Well. I don't want to put you out."

"No problem." What is this? I spend six hours practicing womanhood and still I have to go get the car? Are there women and then women, a *double* double standard? "It should only take me about ten minutes. I'm parked six or seven blocks away. Wait outside the church door."

Heeeere's Deirdre! Bumping and grinding down the libertarian main drag of P-town. I dream I am a woman in my Maidenform bra: No, a Jewish-American princess (why not dare to be great?). It's cold out, and who opened the big trap door under my crotch? I understand now why Admiral Byrd didn't wear a dress. My make-up rises, montane, on rugged goose-pimpling. Carlotta has shown me how to walk: Dip and rise, dimple the buttock—sort of like I'm shoveling manure with each step. I touch my left breast—dab, sneak—the way some Italian in a crowded subway would. It seems flesh authentic; my hand is impressed. But not the rest of me. The rest of me has no sensation. It's like, hum, feeling up your shoe. But I'm into the fantasy now. I've got that pelvic downbeat going and——

"Transie!"

"Lookit the fag-got!"

"We're gonna get you, queer."

A white something buzzes my wig, then crack! against the building wall. Jesus, Mary and Ralph: I didn't pass; now I'm gonna be killed for my artistic ineptitude. They line up behind me for a strafing run: five unlibertarian teenage children on bicycles. I hurry; my grinds bump into my bumps. They peel out and dive, Messerschmitts on the tail of an ungainly Flying Fortress. I have a black belt in fear. My ankles are sprain loose, I feel helpless. If they make one miscalculation, I'll have a Schwinn mark up my back. Can't *run* in these shoes, can't throw a left hook off them.

Why me? I'm innocent—a sexual UN observer here. They execute linear Immelmanns and zoom in for another pass. My one chance is to walk absolutely straight: no wobble. Here it is—ssssss from behind—whish! A jab in the shoulder. I'm on my last heels—time for action. Time to kick off these asinine stilts and the hell with a run in my panty-hose feet. On their next pass. And, if they've got knives, remember to lead with your chest: You can afford damage there, even a massive silicone hemorrhage.

But nothing. With a hearty "Hi-yo, faggot," they ride off. And Deirdre is left alone.

•

She must've died some time that night, doc. It's just a big goose egg t' me; I don't remember anything. All I can tell you, her room was a Christ-awful slaughterhouse. You bet old Deirdre fought like the horse marines, hairy bitch that she could be. Frankly, I don't envy the guy. Coroner said she hadda know her assailant: There's no sign of a jimmy on the door. But God, doc. He was a psycho, for sure. A real Mr. Goodbar. I mean, he *scalped* her. And her tits: They found one under the porch lounge and one on the kitchen table wearing a hat. Kind of spread her around, he did. Clothes were all torn off, but they say he didn't bother to rape her. Tell you the truth, doc, I can understand that. Worst part was . . . Jesus, her face. He didn't leave any of it: Just erased. Gone, goodbye. Little red-pink smears on the bathroom mirror and around the sink. Y' gotta figure he hated her face.

"He's older than he looks. Also hornier."

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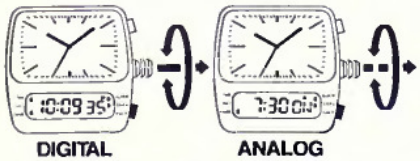

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RAT TOWN BOOGIE

(continued from page 204)

way and then turned and fled in panic when they saw what was heading toward them. Suddenly, I yanked the wheel to the right, throwing the truck into a sideways skid. A surprise maneuver—it surprised me for sure—but one that turned out to be a perfectly executed four-wheel drifting turn between two telephone poles at the end of the alley and out onto the interstate access road. I gave myself a cheer as I hit the highway.

I was in terrible shape and things got worse very quickly. I crested the low rise that sheltered Rat Town from the flatlands wind and saw the highway stretching out in the moonlight for a good 100 miles, a perfectly straight line across the desert. It was going to be two hours before I was even out of sight of Rat Town. I hadn't begun to escape.

It seemed hopeless. But, on the other hand, the acid was beginning to switch sides. I still blamed it for touching this drama off, but now it was getting behind the whole escape scene, conjuring up infallible escape plans. There was no time to think. I went straight into action.

I unhooked the elastic cord that held the passenger door shut and used it to lash the steering wheel straight ahead. Then I wedged the gas pedal down with a waterlogged copy of the *Whole Earth Catalog* from under the seat. And then, without a thought, I opened the door and dove out.

Shit!

Somewhere in that moment of inspiration that had launched me, I had completely forgotten what I was doing. Luckily, the truck wasn't going much over 30, but it was quite a shock to find myself the sudden center of an explosion of arms and legs, thrashing down the center of the highway, decelerating rapidly. A small flaw in the plan. Still, by the time I stopped bouncing, realized I wasn't dead and remembered what was going on, the truck was two miles down the road, humming right along. With any luck at all, the police would follow it forever. A culvert offered shelter just a few feet away. The plan was working. A few flaws, admittedly, but working.

I crawled into the dark of the culvert and drifted toward unconsciousness. My mind was filled with the grim image of a huge prairie dog gnawing on my bleached bones.

•

I awoke hours later in pain and confusion, and quickly added despair to my condition when I remembered the situation I was in: stuck in a highway culvert, bloodied and crazed, and barely past the city limits of Rat Town. Not

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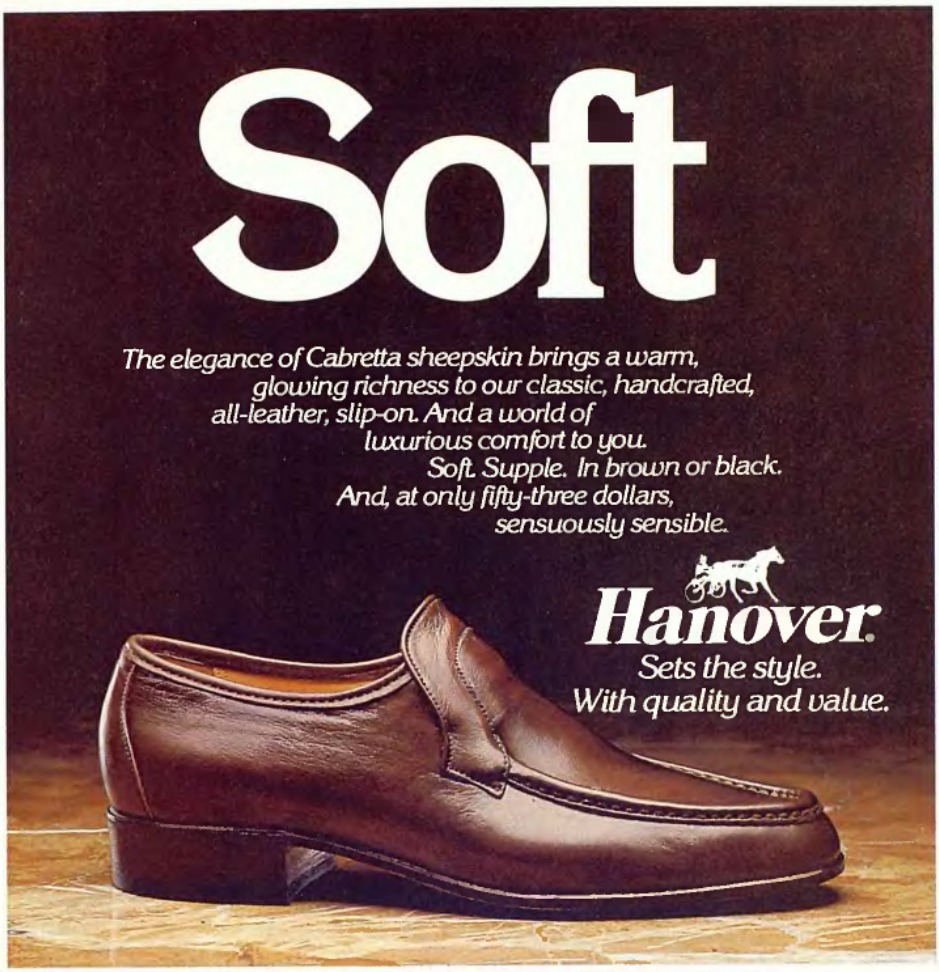

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promising. Not promising at all.

I knew that part of the game is to take more drugs than anyone can possibly handle and then try to get away with something very tricky in a very public place . . . for high stakes. But this time I thought maybe I'd gone a little too far. And then I heard the voices. Real voices, not hallucinations.

"I think it's the carburetor again, Fishy. Same as in Pocatello."

"It's karma, man. Bad karma. We must've done something terrible in our last incarnation to deserve this."

A third voice. A woman. "Maybe it was the carb that did something terrible to deserve *us*. Like, maybe it was an automatic transmission in its last life and died on the George Washington Bridge in the middle of rush hour. Reincarnated as a school-bus carburetor as a lesson in humility."

"I think we should get rid of it."

"The bus?"

"The carburetor."

"Then what?"

"Maybe we could get the engine to run on brown rice."

They didn't sound like Rat Towners. I crawled to the open end of the culvert. Day had dawned. The voices belonged to two men and a woman standing just a few feet away from me. All had hair hanging below their shoulders. One of the men was bare-chested, while the other wore a shirt patched together from a dozen small American flags. The woman wore a T-shirt with a picture of Minnie Mouse getting it on with Goofy. Behind the three mechanics, a woman in a flowing white dress blew soap bubbles into the air. A man in a rainbow-striped shirt and orange pants walked through the grass on his hands. Two children giggled and chased each other in circles around a man who sat and chanted to himself, oblivious.

They didn't look like Rat Towners.

Above them all loomed a bright-red school bus, an old one. Along the side was painted an enormous fire-breathing black stallion jumping over a rainbow. The black of the stallion's body was the black of a night sky with stars, moons and comets shining across it. A tin stovepipe stuck out one window of the bus. The hood was propped open. It looked like home.

I eased out of the culvert and headed for the door of the bus. The mechanics broke off their discussion to watch as I limped by. Inside, I found an overstuffed armchair and collapsed into it. Strange gentle hands cared for my wounds. Unknown eyes stared at me in loving concern. No questions were asked. A soft voice said, "I'm Flo."

The drugs, at last, began to wear off.

Eventually, the engine started and a small cheer went up. I opened my eyes to find the man in the flag shirt sitting next to me as the bus chugged back onto the highway. Flo, she of the gentle hands, sat on my other side. The flag man ran his fingers through his beard. "Well, my friend," he said, "what's your story? And, first of all, what's your name?"

"Pogo," I told him, because of all the names I use, that's the only one I really like. Then, slowly, I ran through the action from the moment I'd eaten the acid to the moment I'd passed out in the culvert.

When I finished, he ran his fingers through his beard again and said, "Sounds like you've got about enough trouble. Trouble where you're coming from, trouble where you're going to and trouble where you're at right now." He laughed. "My name's Train and I think we might be able to help. Hate to see good drugs fall into the wrong hands. 'Sides, we could use some acid around here to liven things up."

He walked forward to talk to the driver and a few minutes later, the bus turned off the highway onto a dirt road. Eventually, it stopped. Someone began making peanut-butter sandwiches and herbal tea for lunch. Train headed for the back bunk, where he sat silently, rolling a lumpy joint and smoking thoughtfully. I dozed in the armchair.

It was nearly dark and a pot of brown rice was boiling on the stove when Train jumped off the bunk. "All right, boys and girls," he shouted, "gather round! Here's the plot."

•

Jim Bob Booney, Rat County deputy sheriff and the only lawman in town, sat dejectedly in his office, wondering how in hell that damn hippie had gotten away. Jim Bob had been in the men's room at the Ace-Hi, taking a leak, when all those drugs had spilled out onto the bar, so he hadn't been very far behind the drug runner when he started in pursuit. And he'd found the long-hair's truck upside down by the side of the road less than five miles from the edge of town. There'd been no sign of the hippie, but Jim Bob had been sure his quarry couldn't have gotten far on foot. He'd covered miles of desert in four-wheel drive before he'd finally realized that the fugitive was gone.

The best damn arrest he'd ever had a chance at and the son of a bitch had gotten away. He stared miserably at the box full of orange pills on his desk. What good was evidence without someone to arrest?

Jim Bob was about to open his first beer of the morning, when there was a sharp knock at the door and a man walked in, dressed more formally than

anyone Jim Bob had seen in Rat Town in a long time. Dark suit, white shirt, narrow tie, dark glasses. He looked official and Jim Bob tried to straighten up a little, glad he hadn't opened that beer.

The newcomer was the first to speak. "Morning, deputy. I'm Ross Fink, Federal drug investigator, and I understand you're having some trouble running down a certain drug smuggler." As he spoke, he pulled out a thin wallet and flipped it open, flashing a gold badge. If Jim Bob had been a little sharper, he might have seen that the badge was inscribed SAFETY PATROL, CHESTER A. ARTHUR JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, POINSBITT, ILLINOIS; but Jim Bob saw only the badge. He was impressed. He was even more impressed that the Federal agent already knew about the escape.

"That's right," the deputy admitted reluctantly. "We got the evidence right here, but the damn hippie got clean away." He wiped his forehead.

"Those hippies never do anything clean," answered the agent, flashing a tight smile, "and this one didn't get away, in any case." He stuck his head back out the door. "Bring him in, Fred."

Another man in a suit entered the room, escorting a battered and unwilling Pogo. Jim Bob leaped to his feet. "Hot damn!" he shouted. "You got the son of a bitch!" He scanned the drug runner's bruises, scrapes and cuts. "Had to rough him up a little, I see."

Agent Fink flashed another mean-spirited smile. "He fell down getting into the car." Jim Bob laughed. "This is my partner, Fred Fish," the agent continued. "Now, why don't you throw this dirt-bag in jail, deputy, so the three of us can sit down and figure out how to keep him there?"

Jim Bob grabbed Pogo and dragged him toward the cell in the back of the building. "Hey!" yelled the long-hair, desperation in his voice. "Don't I get a phone call?"

"He's right," said Fink. "We've got to do everything by the book. And then lock him up." He laughed. His laugh was even less pleasant than his smile.

A short while later, the three law officers were sitting together in Jim Bob's office. "Well, deputy," said Fink, "just exactly what drugs did he have?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, was he carrying LSD, STP, DMT, PCP, MDA, or what?"

"Gosh, I didn't know there were so many drugs," admitted Jim Bob. "You fellas sure know your stuff."

"We have to keep up to date on these things in our line of work," said Fink. "We have to know exactly what drugs that hippie was carrying or the judge'll throw our case right out of court."

"Well, I sure don't know," said Jim Bob, pushing the box of pills across the desk. "Here. Take a look for yourselves."

Both agents grabbed for the box. Fink took one pill in his hand. For a moment, he seemed about to pop it into his mouth. Then he sniffed it instead.

"What is it?" Jim Bob asked.

"Hard to tell. Could be almost anything." Fish and Fink both frowned.

"Got to be certain," said Fink. "If we're wrong, we'll be in for a nasty suit for false arrest. These drug dealers get the best lawyers their dirty money can buy. One small mistake and—wham!—they turn the whole thing right around and we're the ones in trouble."

"Listen, deputy," said Fish, "we'd better taste . . . I mean, test this stuff right away. Have you got a back room we can set up our test lab in?" He held up a small leather case.

Jim Bob showed them to a room near the cell and, with the 10,000 orange pills firmly in their control, the two agents swept into the room and slammed the door in Jim Bob's face. "Sorry, deputy," Fish called through the door, "this is all top secret." Jim Bob shrugged and walked away, smiling.

He was daydreaming of a citation and still smiling when the agents rejoined him an hour later, but he dropped the grin as soon as he saw their frowns. "What's the matter, boys?" he asked plaintively.

"Shit!" Fink tossed the box of pills carelessly onto the desk. A few tablets bounced out and rolled onto the floor. "That's aspirin, deputy. Ten thousand orange aspirin. If I were you, I'd take a handful. You'll need them for the headache this is all going to give you."

Fink sagged into a chair, his eyes invisible behind the dark glasses. Fish leaned against the wall. "Sorry, deputy," he said, "but that's about the size of it. That's aspirin and you're screwed."

Jim Bob was still trying to digest the bad news when the door of the office flew open and a woman in a tailored dress marched in. She wore a small pillbox hat and looked like an apparition straight out of a Fifties television show. She started shouting the moment she was inside. "All right, you pigs!" blowing her Fifties image completely. "Where's my client?"

"Who're you?" asked Fish, looking uneasy.

"Florence Microgram. Of Microgram, Milligram, and Dose, attorneys at law. San Francisco and New York. And Cleveland." She scowled. "Now, where's my client?"

"Who's your client?" asked Jim Bob, though he had a sinking feeling he knew exactly who her client was. He had only one prisoner.

"My client is Mr. Percival Archibald

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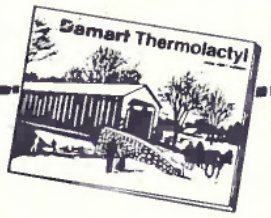

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Fotherington Galesworthy the Third. I believe you have him incarcerated here on some sort of trumped-up drug charge. I would advise you to release him immediately and then to begin preparing yourselves for a multimillion-dollar damage suit for false arrest. Mr. Galesworthy is extremely well known in the highest circles of society on both the East and West coasts. I can assure you he has friends in the highest of places and I can also assure you that the idea of his being involved with drugs of any kind is laughable. Although I doubt that the three of you will find very much to laugh about when I get through with you. Now take me to see my client. Immediately!"

Jim Bob led her to the cell and then returned to the office. "Things don't look good, boys," he whined. "Are you sure it's just aspirin?"

"Just aspirin, deputy," said Fink, "and you're right. Things don't look good. But we'll try to get you out of this one. The first thing you'd better do is let that damn hippie out."

•

The five of them—Fish, Fink, Pogo, Microgram and Jim Bob—just about filled the office. Flo was still shouting about false arrest when Fink cut her off. "I'm Agent Ross Fink, ma'am," he said, "of the Federal Bureau of Dangerous Drugs. It is possible that these pills are harmless"—he waved his hand toward the box on the desk—"but we've been following your client for some time on other matters. Acting directly on information from FBI files. We know a lot of things that your client probably wouldn't want dragged out in court——"

"Wait a minute! Are you trying to blackmail my client?"

"No, ma'am. Just saying that everyone'd be a lot happier if we let things drop. Right here. Right now." Fink gave Pogo a hard look. "Tell your lawyer lady, boy. Are you ready to go to court?"

Pogo blanched. "Hey, Flo," he said, "maybe he's right. Maybe we should drop the whole thing. Let's just get out of here."

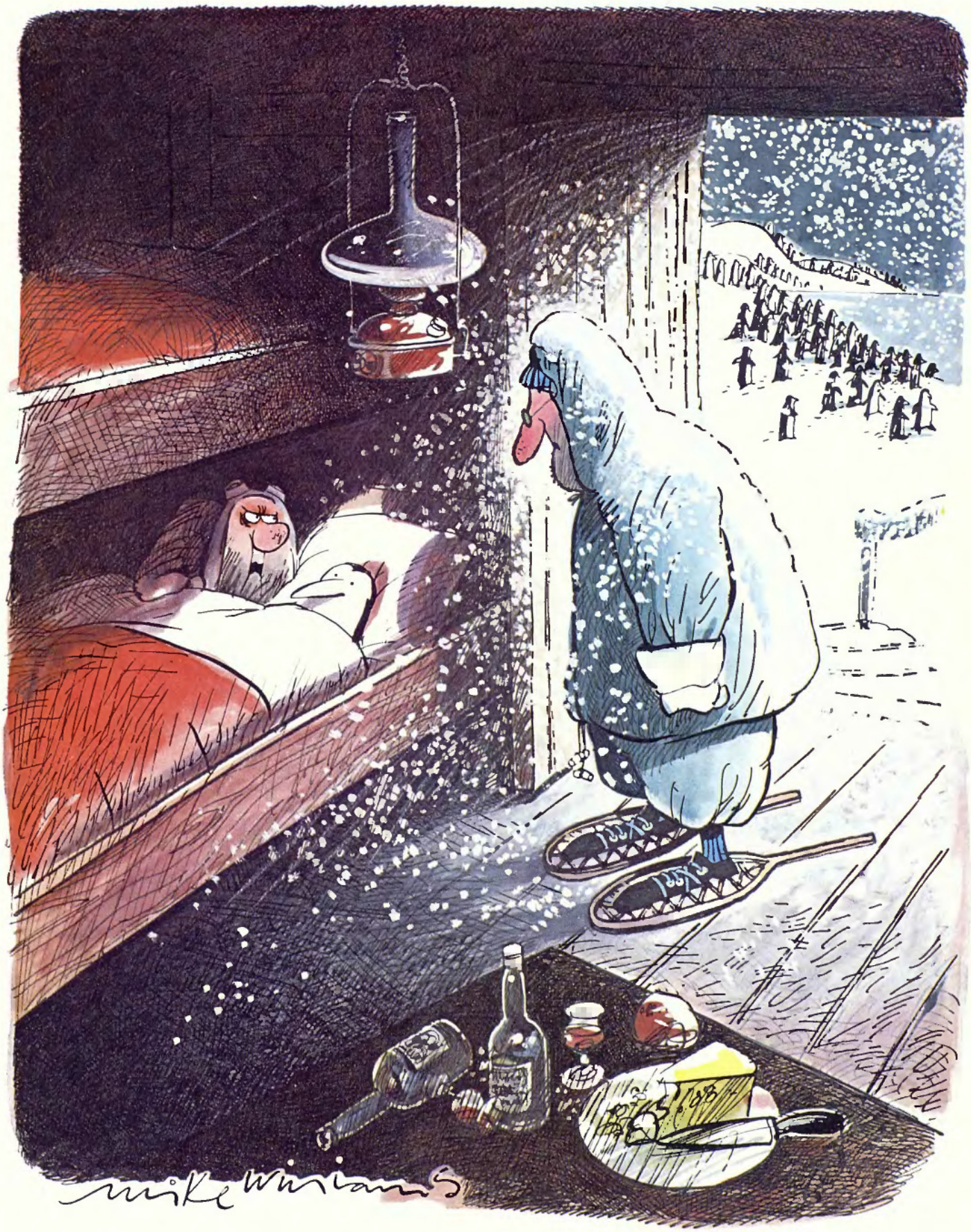
"I hate to let these pigs off easy," she snapped, "but you're the boss. Come on. Let's go." Pogo smiled and together they marched out the door.

Jim Bob gave a heartfelt sigh. "Doggone. Glad we've seen the last of those two. Wasn't easy getting them out of here."

"No, it sure wasn't," Fish agreed.

"Listen, boys," Jim Bob went on, "I reckon I owe you two a whole lot. You saved my ass for sure. What can I do to even things up?"

The two agents stared at each other and then looked back at Jim Bob. Fink smiled. "You know what, deputy? There



"Oh, yeah? Well, how do you know it's your penguin?"

"I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT EVERYONE ELSE IS DRINKING THESE DAYS."

Sure, in school I drank beer. Because everyone else drank beer. Crushing the cans was real important, too. And then there was what I call my "wine phase." You know, wine with everything. And everyone.

The funny thing is, there are still people out there who order what everyone else orders. That's fine with me... but I'll have an I.W. Harper. Because the only "smart" thing to order is what you like.

So, like I said, I have no idea what everyone's drinking these days. Except me and a few friends.

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WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE.

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is something we could use. Those orange pills."

"Of course!" chimed in Fish. "They'd be perfect."

"I don't understand," said Jim Bob.

"Well, deputy, we can't really tell you too much. Just a little operation we've been setting up. And we could use some bait. If you know what I mean."

Jim Bob let out a great guffaw and winked. "Sure, boys. I understand. Hell, yes! Take those damn pills. They've been nothing but trouble to me. Take 'em with my thanks. And happy hunting!"

•

"'Rat Town. Flatlands Museum. World's Largest Petrified Prairie Dog. Turn back five miles.'" Flo was reading the highway signs. "Hey, Train. We missed the world's largest petrified prairie dog. Come on, let's go back."

"No way, Flo." Train rubbed his newly shaved chin. "Not even with my new clean-cut look." He wasn't wearing the dark glasses anymore and his dilated pupils were proof of the rigorous testing program he and Fish had run on the orange pills back in Rat Town. "Hey, Pogo," he called toward the back of the bus. "I want you to know that our testing program gives your acid the highest possible grade. Five stars."

"Make that ten stars," yelled Fish.

"Twenty!" put in Flo, who had started her own testing program as soon as they were back at the bus.

They all giggled and continued westward. And upward.

Back in Rat Town, Jim Bob sat at his desk. Glum. He'd blown the big arrest after all. He'd nearly gotten his ass sued. And somewhere in the back of his mind there was a little nagging doubt, though he couldn't put his finger on exactly what was bothering him. "How'd that lady lawyer get here so fast?" he finally said aloud to no one in particular. "She fly in on a helicopter, or what? Wonder where that hippie got hold of her. Wonder who he called on my phone."

Just then, the door to the office opened and a small man with dark curly hair stuck his head inside. "Hi there, Jim Bob," he said. "It's me, Jerry, from the pizzeria. Someone here called in an order for a large anchovy pizza to go. It's six eighty-five. Who's paying?"

Jim Bob stared at him. Nothing made any sense. He couldn't figure out what was going on. All this thinking was giving him a headache. He glanced down and saw three of the orange pills that had spilled onto the floor earlier. What the hell? he thought. Might as well take some aspirin and get rid of the headache. And he popped the three pills into his mouth.

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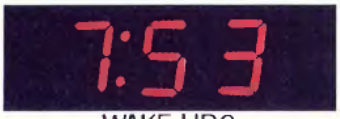

WAKE-UP 2

Then it comes back on to wake up your better half to Beethoven at 7:53. All with push-button ease.

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WINGS AND THINGS

In April 1979, *Playboy Potpourri* celebrated the rites of spring in a silly style by featuring caps from a Vermont company called Freemountain Toys that had ram horns, curved horns, feelers and even lightning bolts sticking out of them. What could Freemountain do to top its foolishness? Manufacture terrycloth headbands with satin wings and horns for one thing. Also create a satin heart-shaped winged belt with an I.D. pouch for fleet-footed types to wear while jogging. And even manufacture metallic-silver arm or ankle wings that would fit everyone from MacKenzie Phillips to The Incredible Hulk. Headbands go for $4.50; the I.D. pouch is $7.50; and the ankle/arm bands tally up to only $7.50 a pair (all postpaid). Orders should be sent to Freemountain Toys, 23 Main Street, Bristol, Vermont 05443. All are definitely clown material.

GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE

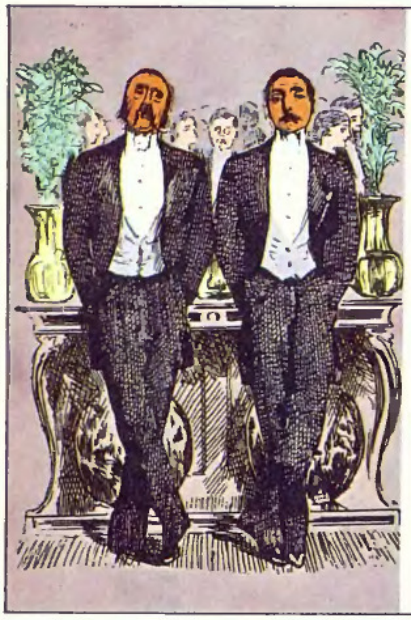
Cigar, the first consumer-oriented magazine for well-heeled puffers, has hit tobacco-store counters nationwide and, judging from the first issue, we'd say the concept isn't likely to go up in smoke. *Cigar*, which is published by Haworth Press in Manhattan six times a year, sells for $1.25 a copy at cigar stands or for $10 annually sent to *Cigar*, 149 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

PROS AND CONS

To satisfy your killer instinct, Southold Game Corporation, P.O. Box 1650, Southold, New York 11971, has just come out with Assassin!, a nasty board game in which professional thugs move about the world buying illegal commodities and hiring assassins to bump one another off. It's available at game stores or from the manufacturer for $16. Or you can do time with Parole, a board game available from Andromedia Games, 16308 San Gabriel Street, Fountain Valley, California 92708, for $14.95, that was originally created by cons. First inmate out is the winner.

THE BEAST IN YOU

We usually save weird masks for our October issue, but this full-head rubber model of a multitoothed lunatic alien who's the star of the forthcoming low-budget flick *Nightbeast* is so spectacularly hideous, we thought you'd like to join us in terror. The lovingly handcrafted Nightbeast is available from Cinema Enterprises, 12 Moray Court, Baltimore, Maryland 21236, for $152, postpaid. Scream, baby, scream.

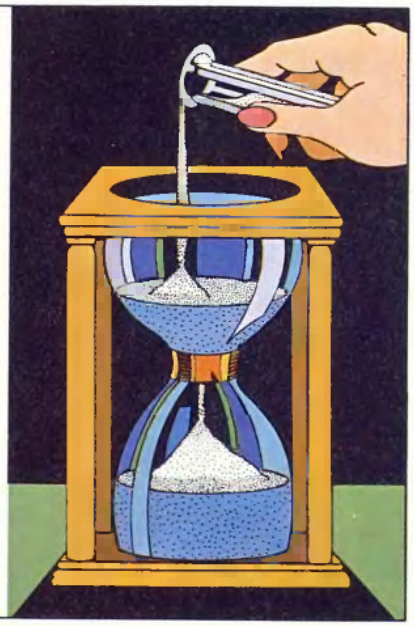


VALLEY OF THE DULLS

"We're out of it and proud of it" is the motto of the Dull Men's Club, an organization (yawn) proclaiming that the meek shall inherit the earth—if they can stay awake to enjoy it. Just $5 sent to Mr. Excitement himself, Joe Troise, the club's president, at 3364 22nd Street, #7, San Francisco, California 94110, will get you a membership card and an official bumper sticker. Upon joining, you'll want to participate in the club's Circle of Nickels chain letter—and visit its Museum of the Ordinary.

LIVE AND LET LIVE

With world conditions being what they are, we're not sure if anyone wants to live to be 120 years old anymore. But assuming you do, here's the book to read: *Secrets of Life Extension*, by John A. Mann, a $7.95 softcover that details techniques for prolonging human life expectancy, from megavitamin therapy to proper diet and exercise. And/Or Press, Inc., P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley, California 94702, is the publisher and we've no doubt that the book's contents will improve your life expectancy. But will you be having any fun?

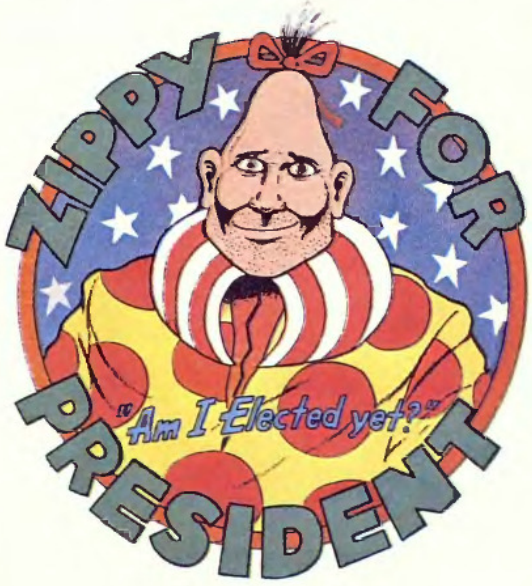


BUTTON YOUR DOOR'S LIP

How many times have you been on your office phone sounding like you've got laryngitis because you were too lazy to get up and close the door? Whisper no more, Mr. Big, because P.S. Accessories, P.O. Box 180, Palm Springs, California 92263, is distributing the Executive Door Closer, a privacy device that, at the push of a button, breaks the circuit on an electromagnet, allowing a hydraulic closer to gently shut the door. The price is $299.50—plus about $75 for installation. Relax.

PINHEAD POWER

Given their choices in the election this month, many voters are opting for a third-party candidate, cartoonist Bill Griffith's Zippy the Pinhead. Zippy for President T-shirts (AM I ELECTED YET? and PUT A REAL PINHEAD IN THE WHITE HOUSE are his slogans) are available for $7.50, postpaid, from Last Gasp Comics, 2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, California 94110. To prove he's a common pinhead, Zippy eats Ding Dongs three times a day.



PANTY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

B.J.'s for Men, a clothing store at 404-G Northside Drive, Valdosta, Georgia 31601, has come up with a new wrinkle in ways to communicate. For $13, postpaid, it will monogram a message—*any* message—of ten words or fewer on the front of a pair of small, medium or large black or white panties (add $1 per word over ten). And, yes, girls, it will also monogram your thoughts on a pair of white boxer shorts at the rock-bottom price of $11 each.

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 194)

"Musicals have returned, underscoring the durability of this most American of all film forms."

ignore musicals for almost a decade. With the exception of a few films like *Cabaret* and *Hair*, they've been a failure overseas (to which the studios look for at least 50 percent of their income). Musicals are devilishly expensive to make and dubbing has always been a further stumbling block to foreign distribution. People both here and abroad go to hear their favorite stars perform. Can you dub in an Italian voice for Streisand?

Perhaps the big reason musicals are back is that they're no longer totally tied to the big-name syndrome. They're not constructed around Astaire, Crosby or Garland; even Streisand hasn't done one since the disastrous *A Star Is Born*.

For whatever reason, musicals have returned, and in a profusion and variety underscoring the durability of this most American of all film forms, that extraordinary amalgam of sex, song and cinematics. Top honors, of course, have already gone to Bob Fosse for his semi-autobiographical *All That Jazz*—the first open-heart-surgery musical. Roy Scheider (Fosse's electric alter ego in the film) is a workaholic, revving himself up with pills, booze and cigarettes to maintain the killing pace he's set for himself: cutting a movie, rehearsing a Broadway musical and still finding the time to see his ex-wife and daughter, satisfy his mistress and bang most of the girls who come to his apartment in search of a stage career. It all leads up to a heart attack—but not before Fosse has staged a "come fly with me" ballet that is as outrageous and erotic as anything that ever singed celluloid.

No less outrageous is the scene in which, lying on his deathbed, Scheider reviews his career—the bare-breasted burlesque chorines who made him come in his pants when he was just starting out, the mistress with a key to his apartment who blundered in while he was in bed with another date, the enigmatic Angelique (Jessica Lange), who appears as a symbol of death—a particularly sexy one. When Scheider finally succumbs (in the course of an elaborate production number, *Bye Bye Life*), there's no real reluctance on his part: He's got another beauty waiting for him on the other side. Fosse was criticized in some quarters for the egoism of his endeavor, but no one questioned for a moment his monumental inventiveness.

Similarly, some critics questioned both the sociological and the dramatic validity of several of *Fame*'s numerous case histories (particularly the one involving street-wise Irene Cara and the shabby porno-film maker who lures her to his even shabbier digs), but no one denied director Alan Parker's ability to mold this material into a bold and original musical form, bursting with energy and talent. What makes *Fame* so fascinating as a musical is that, while spinning out the tangled lives of his young performers from their auditions through four years of high school, Parker lets the musical numbers flow out of their stories. *Hot Lunch Jam*, for example, is a wild, frenetic dance, but it begins with a student noodling some notes on a piano in the school cafeteria. Another picks up the rhythm, beating it out with spoons. Soon others are opening their instrument cases or dancing around the tables. And then they're all over the place, dancing on tables, the piano, the lunch counter, while the instrumentalists improvise without inhibition. When the proceedings finally grow too uninhibited, a shy girl grabs her books and an apple and edges out the door—and back into the story. Also notable is a number in which the kids pour out of the school in response to some amplified rock and are soon cavorting over the cars stalled along 46th Street, just off Times Square.

Obviously, with its cast and concerns (yes, and its R rating), *Fame* is yet another of the youth-oriented movies that have been crowding the screens this year—but that is true of every one of this year's musicals. It's as if the success of *Saturday Night Fever* and *Hair* had turned up a new demographic, one with a pronounced predilection for a disco beat. Producer Allan Carr had noted that earlier, when his film version of *Grease* soared through the roof of the nation's box offices. *Can't Stop the Music*, featuring the Village People, is his glitzy contribution to 1980's festivities. A film buff himself, Carr knowingly patterned his script along the lines of Metro's old Judy Garland–Mickey Rooney musicals—"Why don't we all put on a show?!" Only here, with a bow to the times, it's not a show but a demo record that Valerie Perrine wants to put together for Steve Guttenberg, the aspiring pop composer who shares her flat (Platonically). In a cleverly devised sequence, she enlists her performers literally off the streets, auditions them in her back yard and, *voilà*—the Village People.

Unfortunately, the script becomes increasingly more plod than plot: It's not helped by *double-entendres* that never quite make it, nor by a cast (including ex–Olympic decathlon champion Bruce Jenner) that's more at home in other fields. Even so, just as in the

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old Metro musicals, you're never that far from the next production number, and that's mainly what you go to a musical for, anyway. Never one to stint, Carr keeps coming up with showstoppers that are lavish, stylish and fun, including a take-off on a milk commercial that's guaranteed to turn every director of TV commercials green. P.S.: Guttenberg gets his demo, Jenner gets Perrine and the Village People have one another.

At $20,000,000, *Can't Stop the Music* is clearly the Big Daddy of the year, but there are plenty of others in there trying. From Germany (though filmed in English and for an American company) comes a large, gaudy package called *The Apple*, heavy on the production side, light—as well as lightheaded—on plot. It's set in a futuristic world of 1994, which is dominated by evil Mr. Buggalow (Vladek Sheybal), who runs pop concerts. For some reason, he wants to add to his talent list Catherine Mary Stewart and George Gilmour, even though they sing only love ballads. The girl is swayed by his promises of fame and fortune; but the boy resists despite the enticements of Buggalow's hottest star, a beating from his goon squad and a mind-bending variety of drugs that he's forced to swallow. Some book! But it's all sandwiched in among an almost ceaseless procession of songs, dances and production numbers (some of them surprisingly suggestive, considering the *Hansel and Gretel* nature of their connecting tissue).

Then there's a trio of recent British imports featuring some of their most notable (or notorious) home-grown punk groups—*Quadrophenia* (The Who), *Breaking Glass* (with the group of the same name) and *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* (the Sex Pistols minus Johnny Rotten). All offer considerably more than concerts, *Glass* exposing the cynicism of the record business (while introducing a magnetic newcomer, singer-songwriter Hazel O'Connor); *Swindle*, with even greater cynicism, explaining how the Sex Pistols clawed their way to notoriety in the Seventies. It's a funny, ingenious film that combines stock footage (including the late Sid Vicious rendering *My Way*), clever animation (to cover things that happened when no cameras were around, such as the Pistols' alleged destruction of A & M Records' London offices) and new footage incorporating the band's urbane manager, Malcolm McLaren, who narrates—hilariously. The Pistols never seemed so endearing.

On this side of the Atlantic, films have tended to view the music scene with a greater solemnity. Jiggly Bette Midler would, of course, be difficult to

"To tell the truth, I wish this place hadn't caught on with the werewolves!"

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subdue in any milieu; but in *The Rose*, cast in the mold of Janis Joplin, there was no way to go but down. She did it well, though, creating a persona quite apart from that of the brassy lady we've come to know and love through her concerts, and fully merited her Oscar nomination. The industry is already considering next year's nominees—and many are willing to place bets that among them will be Sissy Spacek for her impersonation of country singer Loretta Lynn in *Coal Miner's Daughter*. It's a rags-to-riches story, though rarely have the rags been so raggedy; and while the riches bring their inevitable problems, at least Lynn has a husband (beautifully played by Tommy Lee Jones) who stands by her. The film comes off as immensely heart-warming and appealing—largely through a sense of deadly accuracy in Spacek's performance as "the queen of country music." For extra measure, she herself sings from the Lynn repertory, and very well.

And then there's *Roadie*, which looks at the contemporary rock scene through the wide, innocent, benevolent eyes of Meat Loaf, a rotund and genial man who's so innocent he thinks Alice Cooper is one of Charlie's Angels. So what is he doing with a touring rock band? Alas, not performing. He's the gofer and driver for the group, until promoter Don Cornelius promotes him to a kind of resident sage so he can mingle with the likes of Roy Orbison, Blondie and—yes—the real Alice Cooper. As directed by Alan Rudolph, *Roadie* offers an amusingly off-the-wall, but not at all unkind, view of rock egos and eccentricities away from the public eye. And newcomer Kaki Hunter contributes a nice bit as Meat Loaf's pal—a groupie virgin who's saving herself for Alice.

Nor does the teenaged parade stop there. Spurred on by the unanticipated grosses of such movies as *Animal House* and *Meatballs*, the studios have been flooding the market with willfully zany follow-ups, hoping for a second coming of the mazuma. The list is practically endless—*Foolin' Around* (with Gary Busey and Annette O'Toole), *Gorp* (described by *Variety* as "*Meatballs* with overdone meat"), *The Hollywood Knights* (a rough assembly of every scrap of scatological humor that writer-director Floyd Mutrux could remember), *Midnight Madness* and *Where the Buffalo Roam* (Bill Murray in a vain attempt to capture the rapture that once was Hunter S. Thompson). And let's not forget *Gas Pump Girls*, in which Kirsten Baker and her bosomy friends disco with their partners in their bikinis but uncover their assets to build business. All of this would be depressing if there weren't also *Airplane!*, a truly

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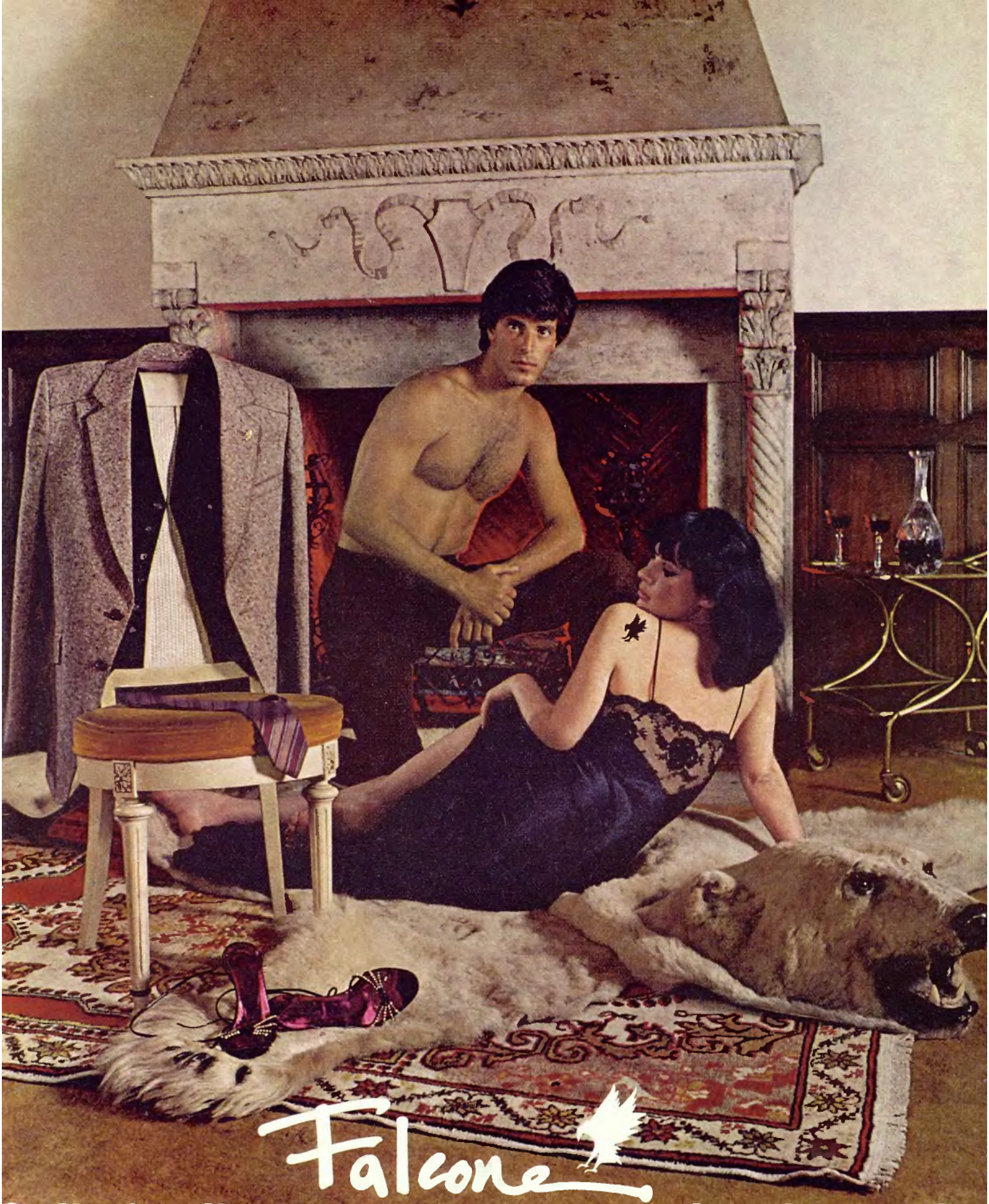

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While many of these admittedly junk movies were racking up solid grosses, the really big pictures on which the industry had been pinning its hopes—and its stars—were dying on the vine. The summer holidays and Christmas week are traditionally the most profitable times to release a movie, and all the studios hoard their best shots for those periods. By midsummer of 1980, however, it was clear that some of their biggest films, starring the likes of Clint Eastwood, Steve McQueen, Robert Redford, Burt Reynolds and John Travolta, simply were not performing as expected. Ironically, the front runner throughout the summer—and by a wide margin—remained George Lucas' sequel to *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, which has *no* stars.

There is small point in belaboring the fact that the presence of a star in a movie doesn't guarantee the presence of an audience to see it. One need only recall the disastrous *Missouri Breaks* of a few years ago, which co-starred Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson: Still, nobody went. To be sure, there were large audiences for Redford and Jane Fonda earlier this year, when they appeared together in *The Electric Horseman*, but word had gotten around that it was a fun movie, with a different kind of premise and a lot of great scenery. But Redford and Jane Alexander in *Brubaker* this past summer—well, the number of people who didn't want to see Redford being heroic in a grim prison drama was astronomical. Similarly, Steve McQueen and the usually astute Clint Eastwood seem to have misjudged their audiences when they went Western in *Tom Horn* and *Bronco Billy*, respectively.

What the presence of a star *does* guarantee is that the picture will be made. A producer's ability to announce that he has a top-level star committed to a script—any script—is like money in the bank; he can get financing, distribution, percentages, the works. And some of the summer's biggest flops had deal written all over them. Redford, with his penchant for scripts of social significance, can perhaps be forgiven for wanting to play an upright warden in a brutal and corrupt prison system, and especially since the script for *Brubaker* was based on the life of a noted prison reformer, Thomas O. Murton (whose views first gained wide public attention in a February 1971 *Playboy Interview*). Nevertheless, one had the feeling that the producer would have changed the character into Baby Face Nelson if that would have made Redford happy. The script for *Rough Cut*, an overly familiar caper film involving a $30,000,000 diamond heist, was so specifically tailored to the bemused charm of Burt Reynolds that producer David Merrick waited three years in order to use him as a slightly over-the-hill jewel thief with the urge to pull off one more big one. *Rough Cut* itself doesn't quite pull it off as a movie; the fact that four endings were shot (with two different directors) tells a lot.

Trade talk has it that Steve McQueen didn't want to do *Tom Horn* in the first place, that he was forced into it by a contractual obligation. If so, he certainly got his revenge. Playing a Western gun fighter hired by cattlemen to kill off rustlers, he walks through the film stoically, barely moving a muscle in his craggy face. Eastwood, on the other hand, is one actor who doesn't have to make deals. Heading his own company, Malpaso, he can put into production just about anything he chooses. If one studio won't put up the cash, he

can always find another that will. With that as a basis, Eastwood has traveled far since his spaghetti-Western and *Dirty Harry* days. Last year, he tried his hand at comedy with *Every Which Way but Loose*, which was immensely successful. This year, he switched roles again with *Bronco Billy*, which wasn't. At Christmas, we'll see if the *Loose* sequel, *Any Which Way You Can*, can reap the rewards earned by its predecessor.

In all fairness to both McQueen and Eastwood, it should be noted that Western-oriented themes (and titles) have not been particularly popular this year. Industry people are even blaming the disappointing returns of *Urban Cowboy* on its title, because what else is there? John Travolta registers effectively as a redneck refinery worker who dances his nights away at Gilley's, a Houston hangout best known for its mechanical bull that challenges all riders (and practically meets its match in cute Debra Winger, who rides it as if she were in heat). It's an exceptional showcase for Travolta, who marries Winger for her bod, then takes up with Madolyn Smith because she's rich. There's also lots of country music, performed mainly by Bonnie Raitt and the Charlie Daniels Band. Small wonder the people at Paramount are wondering what went wrong.

Equally puzzling was the fate of *The Long Riders*, which is an authentic Western telling once again the tale of the James, Younger and Miller brothers. It had the highly publicized advantage of the brothers Keach, Carradine and Quaid in the central roles (plus Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the dastardly Fords), and a script that effectively alternated the action between bank robberies and brothels and some genuinely funny lines. When Cole Younger (David Carradine) follows Belle Starr (Pamela Reed) to Texas, he challenges her half-breed husband to a deadly knife duel. "What does the winner get?" Cole asks her. "Nothin' you both ain't already had," she replies. If Westerns are going out of fashion, they're going out with style.

Since so much of today's audience has been weaned on television, the studios are inevitably looking to TV personalities as suitable replacements for their own fading stars. (Besides, they're less expensive.) Sometimes the magic happens (Steve Martin in the otherwise abysmal *The Jerk*); sometimes it doesn't (Farrah Fawcett in *Saturn 3*). And sometimes the transition from small screen to large is so tasteless, so horrendous that one almost wishes the network censors were still calling the shots. The most egregious example is *The Gong Show Movie*, with Chuck Barris doing a Pagliacci bit as himself pondering whether or not the show should go on and Jaye P. Morgan taking advantage of the new freedom of an R-rated movie to flash her boobs in public. Suzanne Somers posed prettily for the cameras but hardly convinced anyone that she was a Harvard *magna cum laude* law grad bent on helping Donald Sutherland prevent the destruction of Canada's baby seals in *Nothing Personal* (a comedy!). And *Gilda Live* gave us Gilda Radner (of *Saturday Night Live*) in a virtual reprise of her one-woman Broadway show, directed by Mike Nichols, with the added attraction of Don Novello's Father Guido Sarducci, gossip columnist of the Vatican's newspaper. It's broader and raunchier than anything NBC would ever permit, but is the difference worth four or five dollars?

That's a question that might as well be asked of Radner's *Saturday Night* cohorts John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, in their $30,000,000 demolition derby, *The Blues Brothers*. Filmed in Chicago, this has size, scope and more spectacular car crashes than a decade of Indy 500s. But it's notably shy on humor as the brothers go through the time-honored tradition of putting on a show to raise money for their old parish house. Along the way, they pick up Cab Calloway, Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin, all of whom perform to your heart's content. So does the Blues Brothers Band. But Belushi and Aykroyd, wearing shades, are swamped not only

by their rival talent but by the enormous technical resources that went into the production. They're a lot funnier when doing their shticks in NBC's venerable studio 8-H.

Youth may be having its fling in today's flicks, but so are the restless middle agers. As the year began, one of the most popular comedies with audiences of all ages was Blake Edwards' fun-filled fantasy *"10"*. In it, diminutive Dudley Moore plays a successful composer of what one character describes as "elevator music." He may be rich, but he's not happy—not with the age of 42 staring him in the face. He wants youth, romance, vivacity; he wants, in fact, Bo Derek, even though she has just wed a bruiser twice his size. But the pursuit is on and, in this instance, at least, getting there is more than half the fun. When Moore finally gets Derek in bed, his image of the perfect 10 is shattered and he settles for Julie Andrews (which can't be all that bad). Because Edwards' script not only is witty and filled with surprises but has some sensible things to say about coming to terms with imperfection, it remains the best of a rather large bunch of social comedies dealing with middle-aged would-be swingers that appeared during the year. Often they seem to have the same plot—only the locations were changed.

For *Serial*, based on Cyra McFadden's popular novel, the venue is ritzy Marin County, just beyond San Francisco, where pill popping and mate swapping vie with vegetarianism, religious cultism, disco dancing and Oriental sex techniques as the fad of the day. Martin Mull is terrific as the family man who stands alone, fighting off the faddists, and Sally Kellerman is outstanding as a neighbor who has to try it all. In *Middle Age Crazy*, the city is Houston (at least some of the exteriors are of Houston; the film was shot in Toronto), and this time it's Bruce Dern, married to Ann-Margret, who can't accept the fact that he's approaching 40. Despite her assurances that he's still as sexy as ever, he feels he has to prove himself—and does by shacking up with Dallas Cowboy Cheerleader Deborah Wakeham. New York and Hollywood provide the backgrounds for *Just Tell Me What You Want*, with Alan King as a mogul married to dipso Dina Merrill and Ali MacGraw as his independent-spirited mistress. *The Last Married Couple in America* is virtually a replay of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* in which George Segal and Natalie Wood wonder why all their Beverly Hills friends are breaking up. Then Valerie Harper moves in on George, Richard Benjamin attempts to move in on Natalie—and they understand.

Interestingly enough, all of these swinging comedies lead to the same conclusion: It's back to the nest, back to the home, back to the wife (or fiancée) who always understands and forgives. This lends not only a certain sameness to the proceedings but also an odd, old-fashioned feeling, as if moviemakers were still looking apprehensively over their shoulders at the Hays Office. To be sure, they use four-letterisms more freely, are not averse to a glimpse of nudity and have few inhibitions about showing unmarried couples in bed together (how much they show depends on whether they are shooting for a PG or an R rating); but for all their freewheeling talk and their show of breaking the rules, these are essentially conformist films. That's also true of the year's straight dramatic tales. *American Gigolo* broke new ground of sorts by focusing upon a male prostitute (Richard Gere); this time the swinger is the woman who pays for his services (Lauren Hutton, as the bored wife of a Senator). And how does this sordid romance end up? Improbably, Hutton leaves her husband for Gere, and the finale suggests that he will be redeemed by her love.

Perhaps the only thoroughly nonconformist film of the year—certainly the most iconoclastic one—was Hal Ashby's *Being There*. Based on the novel by Jerzy Kosinski, it introduces Peter Sellers as an innocent, a cipher of a man whose sole contact with the world is through his television set. Forced out of his sheltered existence, he thinks he can make the bad things go away by changing channels and manages to inspire impassioned (and hilarious) love in the breast of Shirley MacLaine while keeping one eye on the TV set. Because he is such a zero, prattling on about flowers and gardens, his words are taken as the wisdom of a sage by tycoons, TV personalities—even the President of the United States. In his innocence, Sellers reveals them as the fools they are. *Being There* offers a new, subdued, subtle Sellers in the most impressive work he's ever done. Death put a period to the brilliant career of this hard-working, hard-loving comedian in July, at the age of 54, just weeks before the release of his final film, *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu*.

And perhaps the most thoroughly disappointing film of the year was Stanley Kubrick's long-awaited *The Shining*. Horror was big in 1980 and, backed by an extensive TV ad campaign (complete with blood gushing out of an elevator), the movie did well enough in its initial engagements—but whether well enough to offset its reported $18,000,000 negative cost the people at Warner Bros. aren't saying. Kubrick, with his customary perverseness, has taken what is essentially an old haunted-house horror tale and transplanted it to an elegant, palatial and brightly illuminated hotel where Jack Nicholson, accompanied by wife Shelley Duvall and son Danny Lloyd, is working as a caretaker for the winter. Before departing, the resident manager advises Nicholson of a previous caretaker who had gone stir crazy in this remote spot, murdering his wife and their two children. That's all Nicholson needs. Before long, he's glimpsing strange things and being lured into a forbidden room by a luscious nude in her bath. The lovely lady turns into a hag, covered with suppurating sores, and Nicholson is off on a rampage of his own, ax in hand, pursuing his wife and child.

Not since his halcyon days at the old

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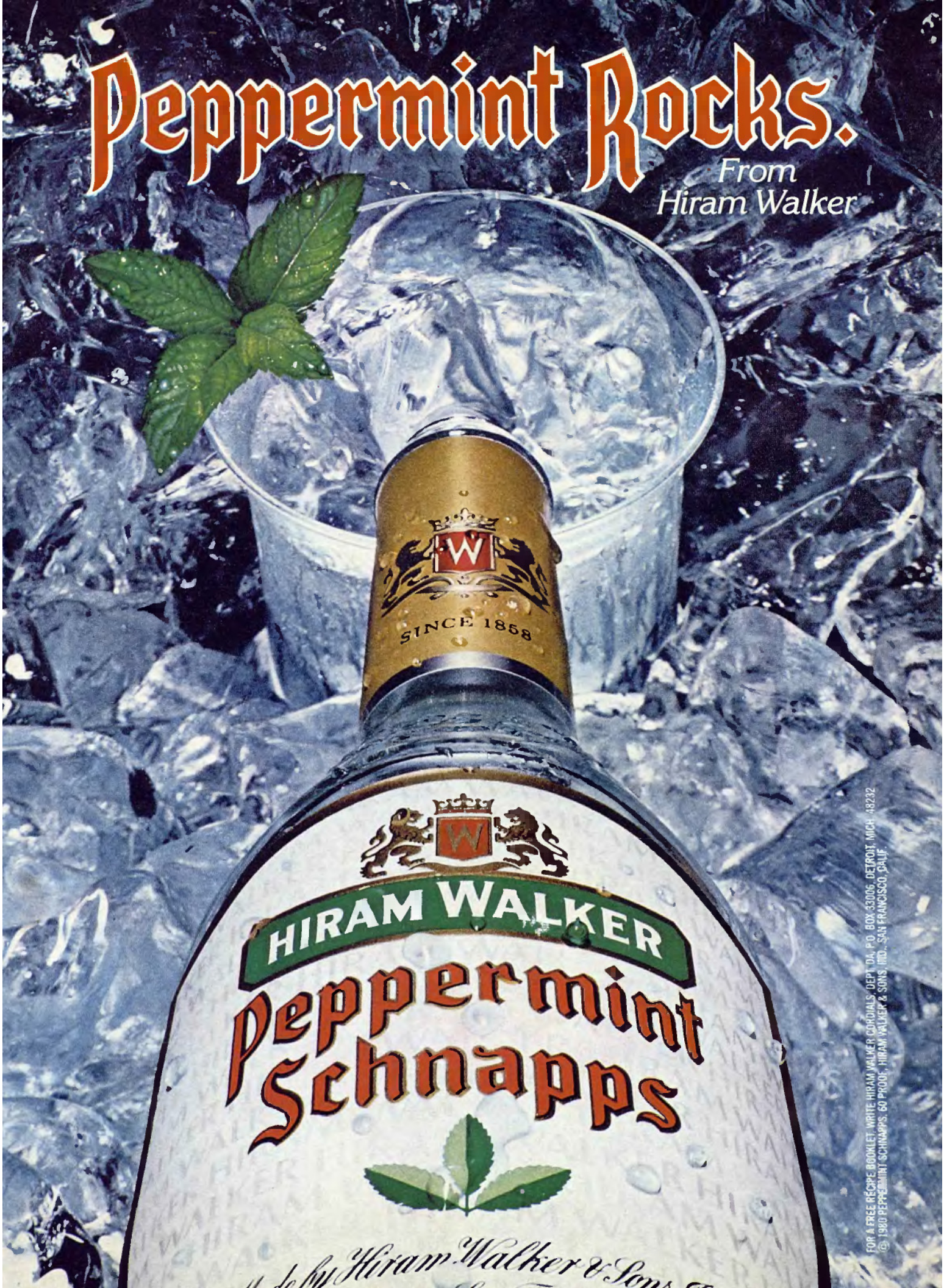

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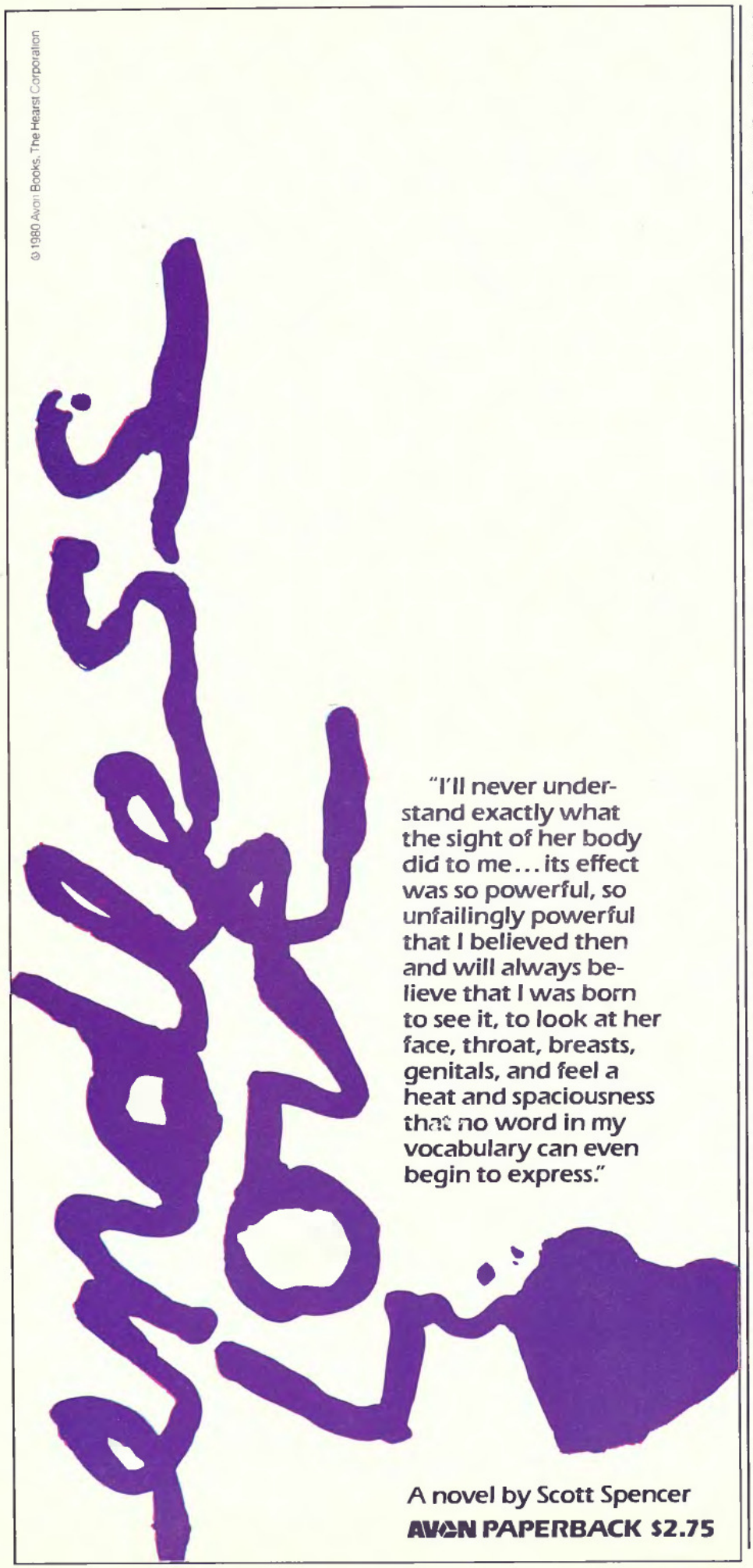

American International studios has Nicholson been called upon to give a performance like this one. Eyes glittering, lips curled into an evil grin, laughing maniacally, he seems as if he's out to scare the hell out of the kids on Halloween. What's so puzzling in this nightmarish tale is that Kubrick doesn't seem at all sure just whose nightmare it's supposed to be. Duvall also begins to see strange sights (including two gentlemen, one in a pig's mask, doing something beastly to each other in an upstairs chamber). Worse yet, the "shining" of the title—the boy's clairvoyant understanding of the evils afoot—has nothing at all to do with the film's resolution. As a matter of fact, it's a power that he shares with Scatman Crothers, a summertime chef at the hotel, and it doesn't do Crothers much good, either. He rushes to the rescue all the way from Florida, only to be felled by Nicholson's ax. Ultimately, *The Shining* rattles around in its fancy settings like a pea in a shoe box.

While *The Shining* may have been the most disappointing, it was by no means the worst of the chillers that abounded in 1980. (Could the unanticipated success of *The Amityville Horror* have had anything to do with it?) Certainly, the cheapies were out in full force. There's *Friday the 13th*, set in a spooky summer camp that's been closed for 20 years after some unexplained deaths. Now it's about to reopen, and six counselors show up to get things ready; only one of them survives the knives, hatchets, spears and arrows hurled at them by their shadowy assailant. *Don't Go in the House* is a warning to young ladies not to take up with the likes of Dan Grimaldi, a victim of child abuse whose mother used to hold his arms over a stove as punishment. Now that Mommy's dead, he's out to get a little of his own back by luring girls to his room, stripping them, then putting them to the torch. Gruesome. *The Visitor*, with overtones of *The Omen*, offers Mel Ferrer as an Atlanta sportsman in league with some demonic force that wants him to impregnate his wife because she has the genes to create new demons. When he refuses, all hell breaks loose. In *The Fifth Floor*, disco waitress Dianne Hull is imprisoned in a loony bin presided over by sadists and rapists. *The Fog* is John (*Halloween*) Carpenter's version of the old dark house, a lonely lighthouse from which Adrienne Barbeau broadcasts warnings about the encroachment of what is literally a killer fog. And in Brian De Palma's *Dressed to Kill*, Angie Dickinson and the real-life Mrs. De Palma, Nancy Allen (both prolongedly undressed, by the way), are stalked by a

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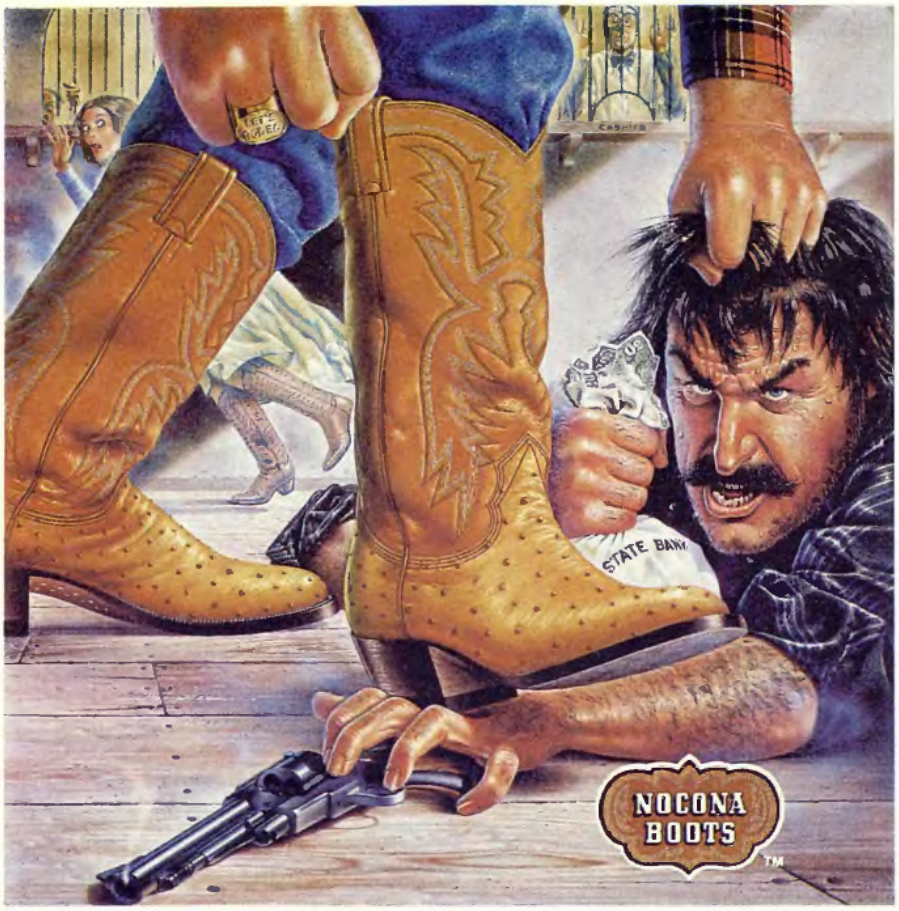

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psychotic transvestite wielding a gleaming straightedge razor.

Scraping the bottom of the barrel, however, is the Israeli-made *I Spit on Your Grave*, in which writer Camille Keaton moves to a lakeside summer house to work on her novel. Instead, a trio of local yokels goes to work on *her*, beating her, kicking her and knifing her in the course of a graphically depicted gang rape. Camilla gets her revenge, though, hanging one, axing another and castrating as she goes. Grisly.

Working on somewhat larger budgets, Roger Vadim assayed the form (and formula) in *Night Games*, wherein Beverly Hills housewife Cindy Pickett, alone in her mansion and terrorized by her memories of a childhood rape, is accosted by a mysterious, erotic intruder. *The Changeling* finds musicologist George C. Scott in a similar setting. When things begin to go bang in the night, he turns to Trish Van DeVere for explanations. It seems that there's a ghost, all right—a boy murdered to save his parents from shame. For an exorcism, the mansion goes up in flames, which doesn't solve anything, and George nuzzles up to Trish, which doesn't change anything. Substitute a Caribbean pirate lair for the old dark house and you have *The Island*, with Michael Caine as an investigative reporter trying to find out what happened to all those ships that disappeared in the Bermuda Triangle. It's pirates wot done 'em in, according to Peter Benchley's screenplay (from his own novel), and Caine lets go with a final fusillade that should settle the Triangle problem forever (unless you happen to remember that planes have disappeared there as well).

There are those who argue that such a display of naked violence is obscene, that mowing down some two dozen people with machine-gun fire deserves something stronger than an R. The M.P.A.A., however, continues to reserve its Xs for what it regards as hard-core sexual activity. Thus, *The Happy Hooker Goes Hollywood*, with Martine Beswicke fighting off wicked movie producers, ends up with an R because the action is implied rather than shown (for example, when Beswicke invites her chauffeur to share some champagne, the camera moves outside to show the limo practically rocking off its hinges). No such visual euphemisms are resorted to in the world of the hard Xs, of course; there the trend continues to be dirtying up the better-known movie classics. *The Budding of Brie* is a thinly disguised *All About Eve*, with Hillary Summers and Jennifer Jordan in the Anne Baxter–Bette Davis roles—not as witty or

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sophisticated as the original, perhaps, but far more specific about the sexual shenanigans suggested in the story. *Talk Dirty to Me* bears more than a passing resemblance to *Of Mice and Men*—only it's not rabbits that big, dumb Lenny wants George to tell him about. *Insatiable*, another successful entry in the X genre, has the twin virtues of bringing back Marilyn Chambers and surrounding her with outstanding production values.

But the porno event of the year was the release of Bob Guccione's monumental *Caligula*—three years in the making (and almost as long delayed in the release) at a cost, reputedly, of over $17,000,000 and with a cast headed by the likes of Malcolm McDowell, John Gielgud and Peter O'Toole. This is the movie that Gore Vidal wrote, then demanded that his name be excised from. (The credit now reads, "Adapted from an original screenplay by Gore Vidal.") Guccione fired the original director, Tinto Brass, then proceeded himself to direct additional hard-core footage to, you might say, pump up his production. When it opened in New York and Los Angeles, without benefit of press previews, the ticket price was $7.50—highest ever for a nonreserved-ticket run; it was banned in Boston (and also in Italy, where it was shot).

In releasing *Caligula*, Guccione not only bypassed the press, he also did an end run around the M.P.A.A. *Caligula* doesn't carry an X, because it was never submitted for a rating. (The M.P.A.A. covers itself in these instances by issuing an automatic X.) But there's no question about what its rating would have been, because, in addition to the totally explicit detailing of just about every sexual aberration known to man (or woman) in the film's several orgy sequences, Guccione has incorporated stomach-churning scenes of maimings and torture that would turn off all but the most ardent sadist. And the irony is that this sumptuously mounted overview of Roman decadence becomes, by its own excesses, less erotic—indeed, even anti-erotic—than the less ambitious pornos, a fact that Guccione himself noted in his defense of the film when it was seized in Boston. "I maintain that the film is actually anti-erotic," he told the Boston Municipal Court. "In every one of its explicit scenes, you'll find a mixture of gore and violence or some other rather ugly things."

The man should have been a movie critic.

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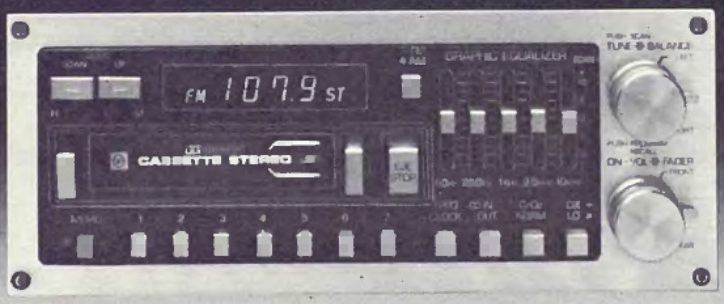

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PLAYING WITH PAIN

(continued from page 160)

bones were growing spurs as a hopeless self-healing mechanism. The insides of his kneecaps also were grinding away.

He sued the San Diego Chargers' doctor for malpractice but lost. Then the decision was vacated on the basis of jury misconduct. Affidavits showed that in the late Seventies, at least one juror didn't like the idea of a "nigger" football player suing a white doctor. The judge quickly ordered a new trial.

By the time Norman's story reached the courtroom the second time, the once-proud athlete was already a defeated man. Through both trials, he sat quietly beside his attorney, listening and scribbling an occasional note. But when a former Dallas Cowboys physician, Dr. John Gunn, was called as a defense witness, Norman practically fell out of his seat. His mouth dropped as he listened to Gunn answer the defense lawyer's questions. They were talking about a time 15 years before:

Q.: Did you conduct a physical examination of him [Pettis Norman in Dallas] and signed by you for the year 1963?

A.: Yes.

Q.: And what did you find in July of 1963, when you examined him?

A.: I found that he had bilateral chondromalacia.

Q.: How much disability did you find in the year 1963?

A.: Twenty-five percent.

Norman leaned over to his attorney, sputtering, but the lawyer's concentration was fixed on the Dallas doctor. Gunn went on to describe Norman's knees and what he said had been their degenerated state in 1963. He said he had examined them again in 1964 and found the left knee even worse. He said he had twice informed Cowboys general manager Tex Schramm.

In 1965, the right knee also was worse. Quoting from a warning to Schramm, Gunn read from a copy of a letter: " 'This [right] knee should be watched carefully and very probably he should not run any excessive amounts other than it is absolutely necessary. He should probably be rested at least on each Tuesday of the week.' "

"What?" Norman said. Disability? Rested? He wanted to shout a protest. "Why didn't someone tell me?"

According to testimony, the doctor thought as far back as 1964 that Norman's career was "in jeopardy." Asked by the athlete's attorney if the player had been given cortisone injections in his knees so he could continue to perform, the doctor first said no. Then:

Q.: The result of the cortisone

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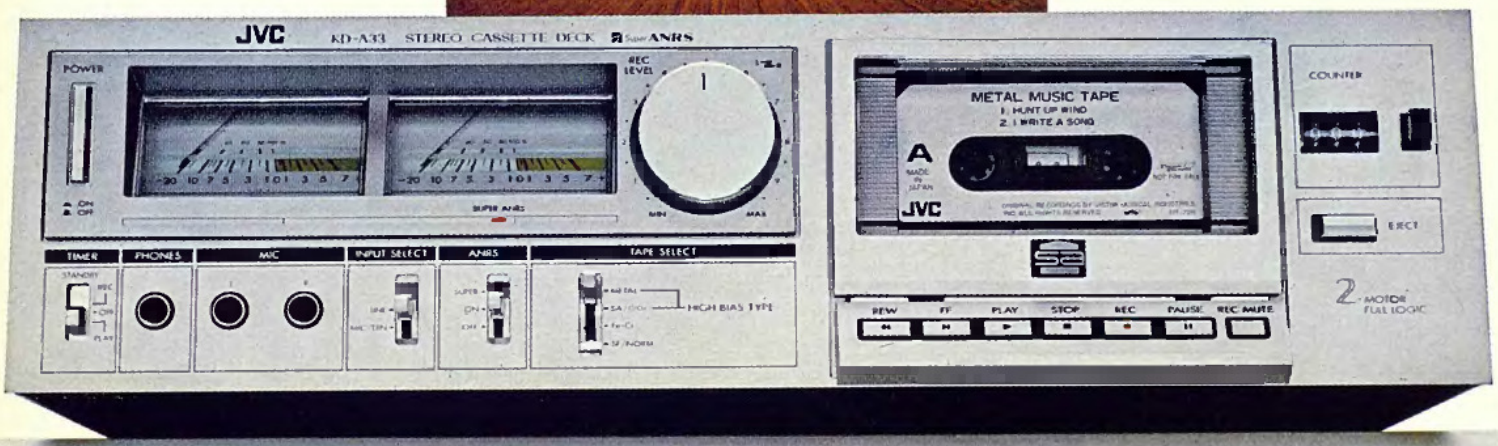

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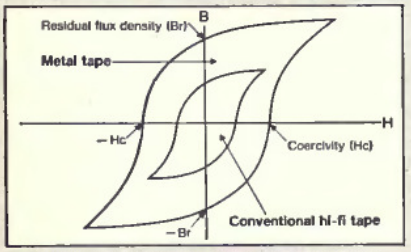

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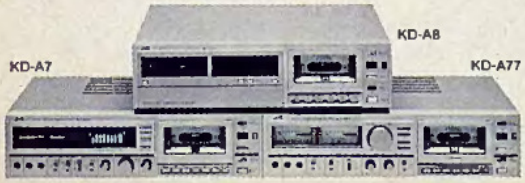

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injection was to take down the inflammation and permit him to play on a diseased joint, wasn't it?

A.: Yes, sir.

Earlier, the attorney had asked the doctor:

Q.: Was that [the disability discovered in 1963] communicated to Mr. Norman?

A.: I don't think so.

The Dallas doctor's testimony worked well for the San Diego doctor. It clearly showed that Norman had knee trouble long before he went to the Chargers, so San Diego's doctor could not be held responsible for his medical problems. The suit again was dismissed and Norman returned to Texas, where he bought into some hamburger stores and worried for months whether or not he should sue the Cowboys and their doctors, the people who, according to the testimony, had not told him about his knee problems in the first place.

Ultimately, Norman did decide to take the Cowboys to court for physical pain and suffering, mental anguish, disability and loss of earnings and earning capacity. The case is expected to go to trial soon, and it could change the face of football.

•

At the heart of the Pettis Norman–Dallas Cowboys lawsuit is one question that threatens to overturn a basic philosophy, a way of life in the National Football League. Play with pain. Win at all costs. Don't ask questions. Live by the Vince Lombardi philosophy: "No one is ever hurt. Hurt is in the mind." If Norman were a lone voice in a forest of mute John Wayne types, his contentions would be easy enough to dismiss. But such is not the case. Behind the *macho* façades are a multitude of serious questions, many of them recognized—if reluctantly—by some of the biggest, bravest names in the business.

Everyone agrees that the basic rule in football is that you just don't play if you're not prepared to play with pain. No argument. The disagreement comes when the line must be drawn between absorbing punishment and risking an aggravated injury that could lead at least to a lifetime of agony and at most to crippling effects. It is there that the role of the supposedly objective team doctors comes into focus. Are the doctors supposed to treat the players as patients and help them recuperate—or are they there to patch them up enough to struggle onto the playing field the next week? Depending on whom you ask, team doctors are the most dedicated, selfless collection of human souls since the good Samaritan, or they are the most unethical horde of butchers

(continued on page 285)

CAN THIS MAN SAVE FOOTBALL?

BY JAY STULLER

anybody with new ideas takes flak, which must be why byron donzis invented his flak jacket first

Byron Donzis did not start out to save football by intention. Indeed, it was more a chance accident, the result of an offhand comment. The inventor had been talking to the Army in the early Seventies about an air-inflated combat boot, but those discussions had turned to something more practical—an undercushion for a bulletproof flak jacket. "What they had could stop the bullets," explains Donzis, "but not the shock." He came up with a nylon-coated urethane device that looked like black Swiss cheese. Lightweight, it had numerous interlocking spaces for air pockets, it could be filled to a comfortable pressure and, best of all, it absorbed shock and transferred it around the jacket. He named the system Donzis Variable Pressure.

One fall day in 1978, a friend spied one of the flak vests hanging in the garage of Donzis' Houston house. "I'll tell ya," said the friend, "Pastorini sure could of used that last Sunday."

Indeed, Oilers quarterback Dan Pastorini was at that moment lying in a Houston hospital, nursing broken ribs. Most people would have laughed and brushed off the remark, but not Donzis. He approached the Oilers team physician, Dr. Tom Cain, and asked if the team might be interested in the flak jacket for Pastorini. Dr. Cain thought it might have promise and said he'd mention it to the quarterback; but through a mix-up, Donzis headed to see Pastorini before Dan knew he was coming.

Donzis and a friend marched into Pastorini's room. If nurses had spied them carrying a baseball bat and that black gear, they'd have thought for sure he was a Steeler assassin, but no one, fortunately, stopped Donzis. The groggy Pastorini looked up.

"I've got something to show you, Dan," said Donzis. "Just watch." Donzis lifted his arms in the air, his friend choked up on the aluminum bat and swung away, bash, right into Donzis' ribs. Pastorini cringed. Donzis didn't blink. Pastorini didn't know what the hell was going on but was aware enough to mumble, "I got to get me one of those."

"I knew that was stooping to dramatics," Donzis confesses. "But it sure gets your attention." Indeed.

It took a couple of games to work out the bugs, but the jacket seemed to give Pastorini protection without hindering his throwing. After a play-off game, a writer from *Sports Illustrated* noticed the unusual piece of equipment and asked where Pastorini had gotten it. "Suddenly, from that mention in *Sports Illustrated*," says Donzis, "I was an interesting story."

And it started Donzis on an interesting line of thought. If the flak jacket worked, why not a whole set of pads made with the stuff: shoulder pads, thigh pads, kidney pads, the works? It would be at least ten pounds lighter than the average N.F.L. gear, offer more mobility and absorb greater shock. If it could cushion a bullet, why not pit it against Jack Lambert?

•

"I think this stuff may prevent 85 percent of football injuries," Donzis says. Eighty-five percent? "Yeah, and I see no reason why we can't go for 100. But that would mean going to work on a new helmet. You'd have to have a series of straps and such to hold the helmet in place to the rest of your equipment, so the head couldn't be pulled to a crucial point." Wouldn't that be a bit much? Donzis shrugs. "It's something I've just started on."

Get Donzis warmed up and the ideas roll forth like the Crimson Tide over Lubbock Christian College. Using Donzis Variable Pressure, he toys with protective sports equipment for nearly every sport imaginable. There is an inflatable saddle for cowboys. He's thinking of applying his system to luggage, automobile bumpers and God knows what.

Donzis also launches into his idea for an inflatable field, which is not as wacky as it initially sounds. It

would be an undercovering for an artificial surface. "You can inflate it so it's as hard as concrete," he explains, "but you'd want to find just the right pressure for the pros. They wouldn't know they were playing on an inflated surface. For younger players, you could make it softer and it still wouldn't affect performance."

N.F.L. officials decided they could pass on some of these latter ideas, but they did have enough presence of mind to take a look at the pneumatic equipment. They signed a contract providing Donzis with $40,000 in research money, and later chipped in an additional $50,000.

"I've been around football for 40 years," says Bill Granholm, the man in charge of special projects for the league. "I've seen lots of guys come down the pike with new ideas and new inventions. There have been some real weirdos. But Byron's stuff is not that far out. In fact, it's quite practical. You can protect a guy completely, bulk him up with so much equipment that he's never going to get hurt. But then you're not going to have very interesting football." Granholm says the league does everything it can to prevent injuries. They can't legislate that players wear certain types of protective gear, but they can certainly encourage its development.

"Byron's gear is light, and that's perhaps its most important feature," says Granholm. "And it does seem to stop the shock, absorbs blows real well. No, I wouldn't let Byron hit me with his baseball bat."

The Donzis pads are, in fact, extremely light, which he feels will give the players greater mobility. "That means they are going to run faster, hit harder and play a better game of football," says Donzis. But if they hit harder, won't players be hurt more often? "The pads more than compensate for the shock," he stresses. "I'm making these so the boys can bang into each other full speed, every play, and walk away from it. It means the teams will have lower medical bills, players will be healthier more of the time and play to their potential. I want it to take away the injury factor that can sink a great team come play-off time."

•

The players may come through better, but there are some concerns about the pads. "What bugs me about Byron," says one N.F.L. trainer, "is that he never finishes the detail work on something before he goes into a new idea. We've been hearing his promises about this fabulous new stuff for two years and we've yet to see something that's right."

Indeed, his first generation of equipment was something of a failure because, for one thing, the pads didn't look much like traditional pads. Says Granholm, "They looked like something you'd wear on Mars. Players won't try something unless it looks familiar, and it's got to be something they can get on and off easily."

"I've heard they haven't held up very well," adds Otho Davis, trainer for the Philadelphia Eagles. "When you're paying $250 for a pad, you expect it to hold up, 'cause you can't afford to have another set sitting on the side line." Other trainers mention the costs as prohibitive.

Donzis is aware of the complaints, some of which he takes well and others of which he doesn't. "You can fix a pad in 45 seconds and pump it right back up," he says. "And as for cost, once we start manufacturing, we have a die where we just stamp out the urethane, put in a valve, put on the plastic covering and it's ready. We can make thousands of them in a day. And the cost will be competitive, or even cheaper than the pads players are now wearing."

Tex Schramm, president and general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, is a member of the league's competition committee, which is reviewing the pads and OKing them for trial use this season. Schramm feels the pads have potential, but not the 85 percent injury reduction that Donzis foresees. "I think that's a bit optimistic," he laughs. "But, hey, I want to have Byron optimistic. It's just that the pads aren't going to stop broken bones or the knee injuries that are so common to football. When a guy falls on his elbow and separates his shoulder, nothing is going to stop that, so you're always going to have injuries."

He does see a benefit in the blow-type injuries, the hip pointers, Charley horses and cracked ribs that can be stopped if players will wear the pads. But getting them to wear extra protection is the rub, says Jerry Rhae, trainer for the Atlanta Falcons. "Our players are so psyched about weight that they will strip a thigh pad to bare nothing, or not wear it at all. They won't wear it until they're hurt. It's like a seat belt in a car. So I really wonder if guys will wear Byron's stuff, like the flak jacket, until they've got cracked ribs."

Rhae does admire Donzis and his work. "I'm skeptical until I see it mass-produced and see it holding up through game after game, but I've got one wide receiver who's a walking testimonial to the flak jacket. He had some serious rib and internal injuries, but with the jacket, he's not afraid to go across the middle and take his shots."

•

It's a spring day in Houston and the Oilers headquarters is abuzz with the trade of Pastorini to the Raiders for Ken Stabler. But in coach Bum Phillips' office, another acquisition is being considered. Donzis is showing off his "almost complete" set of pads. "Coach," says Donzis, "I guess I'm just not smart enough to figure an easier way to fasten the pads on. The ties will work for now; maybe next year I can get something out."

Phillips, between spitting big drools of tobacco juice into a wastebasket, tells Donzis not to worry. He holds a shoulder pad in one of his meaty hands, lifting it lightly. "Damn, this is light," says Phillips. "And I like the way you can replace some of the padding instead of the whole thing."

"You can do a repair in 45 seconds, coach," says Donzis, who's primed to allay any of the objections the trainers might have. "Look at the material. I've come up with a solution that you spray on the pads after the game; and when it's dry, in a couple of hours, the stuff is clean and disinfected. And the stuff lets heat out, too. You know what a three-degree difference in temperature can mean to a player on the field. This thing actually pumps air across the player's body."

Phillips appears impressed. "I was a little leery at first, Byron," he tells the inventor, " 'cause that stuff you sent us looked like it was from the moon. I thought, That old boy is smart, but maybe too smart. But this here looks like a real pad. You know, I like the way it absorbs shock, but I got to see it in action. Gawd, get me a pair, Byron, so I can put it on two big ol' hogs and let 'em butt each other. Put one on Mauck [Carl Mauck, the Oilers' Neanderthal center] and let him grunt it out. That'll be the proof."

"You'll have it for the minicamps, coach," says Donzis. Phillips then looks down at Donzis' feet. He and all the Oilers assistants who have gathered in the office are wearing cowboy boots. Donzis has bare feet in loafers.

"Like your socks, Byron," says Phillips, shaking his head.

"Thanks, coach," says Donzis, knowing that football coaches, like businessmen, are baffled by the flippant and unencumbered mores of an inventor who's under a full head of steam with his ideas. Indeed, Phillips may never know what makes Donzis tick, but when he lays the pad over his knee and slaps a palm against the outside plastic shell and feels no jolt against his leg, *that* is something he can understand.

"Byron," says a satisfied Phillips, "this is going to make a lot more mommas let their kids play football."

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San Diego attorney Robert Baxley spoke for many when he said, "A cancer exists in the N.F.L." It was Baxley's line of questioning during depositions for another N.F.L. case in 1973 that helped reveal some aspects of the football drug-abuse scandal at that time. "Without the use of numbing drugs and loose medical treatment," he said, "professional football could not exist in its present form."

Dan Pastorini knows that story. He had often wondered why he played football when his whole body ached and it was tough just to make it to the locker room *before* a game. His ribs had been broken 34 times. On an X ray, his calcium deposits looked like ornaments on a Christmas tree. At one point, three ribs on his right side were mangled. Two were snapped in half. Another was drooping down inside him, connected only by a sliver of bone.

The bursa, the source of lubrication for his right elbow, was chronically burst. The last time, the doctors had drained a tenth of a quart of blood and muck from the joint. He had long ago lost the ligaments on the outside of his right ankle, and he was secretly battling a rare disease in a nerve that controlled the muscles in his right shoulder, his throwing arm. His left knee was locked in a brace and his lean body was covered with a mass of purple-and-yellow bruises.

He stretched out on the table in the locker room and the doctor inserted the first shot of novocaine into his side. Eleven more injections would follow, each one deeper, until the point of the needle reached to the wall of his lung. Minutes later, numbed and wearing a specially designed flak jacket, the then–Houston quarterback was ready for action, ready to earn his $379,000 salary. At half time, he would crawl back onto the table for 12 more injections.

In fact, at 31, Dante Pastorini is a paradigm of the play-with-pain philosophy. At 6'3" and a little more than 200 pounds, he is considered a vulnerable figure, but few players in the league have shaken off more injuries and agonies to take the field than he has. As far back as 1970, his senior year at Santa Clara University, he was known for that attitude. He played the last three games of that year with torn knee ligaments. "I was desperate," he says. "I wanted to play professionally. I wanted to show the scouts I could do it, play football." And he did, too. He was named Most Valuable Player in the East-West Shrine game and Most Valuable Offensive Player in the Senior Bowl.

But now the years of pain show in Pastorini's generally friendly, open, California-handsome face. They show most of all in his eyes. "Sometimes I wonder why the hell I do play with pain," he says, frowning with concentration. "A lot of us aren't in it just for the money. We're not glorymongers. We're not Joe Macho. It's just an inner drive, an inner satisfaction—a harmony that only you yourself know. If I died playing football, or if I died in a race car, or if I died saving the life of a friend, I'd die happy—because I was doing something I wanted to do."

But in the 1979 season, before he was traded to Oakland, Pastorini was fighting not only the pain but also many of the Houston fans. The rumors spread daily. *He gets hurt too much. He's getting old. His arm's gone.*

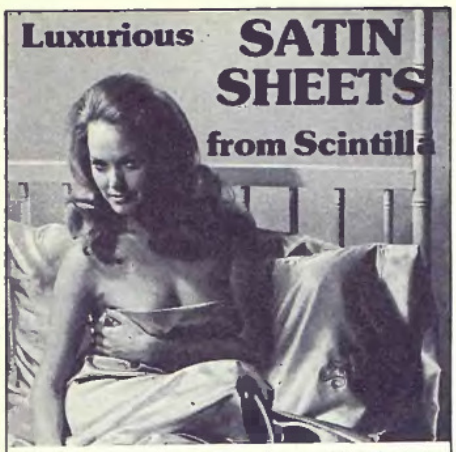
Nursing a bruised shoulder along with his other wounds, he sat in coach Bum Phillips' office. He wanted out of the game completely. "That's it," Pastorini said. "I've had it. I can't do it anymore. I quit."

Phillips would not listen. He persuaded Pastorini to keep playing and, in turn, Pastorini dedicated his game to the coach he had grown to love—a man he considered a father figure. Ten months later, when Phillips called Pastorini at his parents' home in San Jose on a rainy Friday afternoon in March to tell him he was about to be traded to Oakland, Pastorini was both elated and depressed. At least he could then say what he wanted to the dissident Houston fans: "Fuck you."

Former pro Pete Gent, the author of *North Dallas Forty*, believes the very thrust of football's objective has been warped. "The idea was that athletics was for the athlete. It improved the individual. It was meant to improve social relationships within the team."

Now, says Gent, it's the audience that matters. "The player is performing for the audience rather than communing with himself as an athlete and a human

"You look like a crazy person. I wonder if I could interest you in a new cult."



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being. We're now saying the show must go on and that we're going to have casualties. As soon as one athlete starts to suffer, we must start considering the game again. The concern is, 'Does the audience enjoy it? If the audience doesn't enjoy it, there's no value to the game.' "

The question falls back finally not only to the coaches, owners and players but also to us, the sports fans. How much do we have the right to expect from our modern-day gladiators? How much punishment and injury is enough?

Some of the answer came when Captain America, Roger Staubach, retired from Dallas earlier this year. Part of Staubach's rationale was a series of concussions he had suffered during the 1979 season. In effect, he was saying that five concussions in one season were enough for a 38-year-old man. But even Staubach himself downplayed the importance of the injuries, despite the fact that medical tests had shown he had lost reaction in his left side. Staubach made up his own mind. If he had listened to some of his coaches, doctors—and, above all, the fans—he'd still be on the field, facing a more serious injury.

An injury, maybe, such as the one Mel Renfro sustained. Renfro was a professional football player for 14 years. He was picked for the Pro Bowl ten times and named N.F.L.-N.F.C. All-Star in five seasons. From the moment he tried to struggle out of bed in the morning, Renfro forgot what it was like to live without agony. He grew to think it was normal to take sparrow steps on his way to the bathroom, stopping in doorways to brace his body against the stabbing pains. Optimistically, he always told himself it was the worst he was going to feel all day. It *had* to get better. Sometimes it did.

In the first game of his third season with the Dallas Cowboys, Renfro caught a pass from Don Meredith and ran 30 yards. He was past the mass of diving, clawing bodies and was two strides from a touchdown when one last New York Giant defender dived at him from behind. Renfro says he will always remember the sound that he heard from his right ankle.

The team doctor diagnosed the injury as a sprain. Five weeks later, he sent Renfro back into the game. The next season, Renfro was returning a kickoff when he was tackled and heard the same sharp popping sound from his bad ankle. It would be another year before he was told what really was wrong, that surgery was needed to remove a mass of chipped bones.

The next time, it was his left knee. Bruised, the doctors said.

As the years passed, Renfro started slowing down. "You're getting old," a doctor said.

It was after he helped win the 1977 Super Bowl that Mel Renfro retired, 36 years old and barely able to walk up a flight of steps. It's now more than two years since he quit. Some of the aches and pains have gone. He has no regrets that he played football; he just wishes someone had told him what was really wrong with him, so he could have made his own decision. He wishes that because he has just been told that for the past five years, the cartilage in his left knee has been grinding into sawdust—ever since it was "bruised."

•

Predictably, a high-ranking N.F.L. official defends the manner in which team doctors treat players. But despite the deluge of self-righteous answers and explanations, it becomes increasingly apparent that all is by no means well in pro football. There is no standard for medical care or treatment throughout the league and studies of injuries incurred are rare. Yet statistics show that by the end of the 1979 season, more than 17 percent of all professional football players were on "injured reserve."

The latest N.F.L. study of injuries was made in 1974 by the Stanford Research Institute. It showed that more than 13 percent of almost 1200 injuries ended players' seasons; more than a third caused them to miss two or more games. Twenty percent of all injuries were to knees, almost 50 percent to legs. And no similar study has been done since.

But statistics are one picture, human lives another. The most tragic victim of professional football in recent years is New England Patriots receiver Darryl Stingley, paralyzed from the neck down after he was tackled in a game against the Oakland Raiders. It was, most agreed, an awful accident. Then along came Jack Tatum, the Raiders' safety who had made the tackle.

In his now notorious book, *They Call Me Assassin*, Tatum paints a shocking image of the game. Saying that he wants to think his own tackles bordered on "felonious assault," he recounts a point-scoring system that he and another artist of the game played. The winner was the one who could come up with the most "knockouts" or "limp-offs." *Los Angeles Times* columnist Jim Murray, says the question of blame in the Stingley incident is academic. He sees both Stingley and Tatum as victims of the system and the game.

Since publication of his book, Tatum has had time to reflect, and now he tends to agree with Murray. One morning last February, while sipping orange juice and dragging on a borrowed cigarette, Tatum narrowed his threatening eyes and said that football players are

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"exploited from the beginning."

"It starts," he said, "in college." There the pressure to play while injured is worse on the younger players. "They could make a decision not to play [in particular games], but there's so much pressure on them, they won't do it. It's pressure for your job, mainly. A young guy gets the chance to play, to start. Then he gets hurt. If someone comes along when he hasn't really established that position, the new guy may play better and the kid's on the bench again. The pressure comes from everywhere—the coaches, the owners, your teammates, the fans. But most of all, it comes from upstairs—the owners and management.

"You learn to cope with it in your head. I've seen a lot of guys who couldn't walk on Thursday go out and play on Sunday."

Speaking of the Pettis Norman case, Tatum said, "It's been happening for quite a while. A lot of team doctors are more worried about getting a guy out to play than about his welfare. I think that all comes down to the owners again. A lot of times, a guy will think he can't play, but the doctor says he can. Then, if he doesn't, he's out."

Why would a doctor forget his Hippocratic oath and ignore the welfare of an athlete? Tatum says the answer is partly money. "And the doctor is often caught in the middle. The owner wants the player to play. And the player *wants* to play."

Tatum says players should "not even be allowed to suit up" if there is a question about their condition. "It's too easy to be asked to go out—and it's too hard not to go."

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Dr. W. Norman Scott is a respected orthopedic surgeon at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York. He is the team physician for the New York Knicks, assists in treating the New York Jets and is a consultant to the Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma. Like Tatum, he believes that "part of the sickness" is that the athletes themselves are responsible for some of the pressure. Yet he does not understand "the antagonism and mistrust" that have developed in sports in recent years.

The situation has so alarmed the N.F.L. Players Association that officials there are studying a system under which a union doctor would be appointed in each city to oversee the players' treatment. He would have final say as to whether or not a player was fit to play.

"There are all sorts of pressures on team doctors and we don't think they should be in that position," says Ed Garvey, executive director of the Players Association. Of course, the proposed system would probably meet vehement opposition from the owners and the league.

The average team doctor gets about $5000 a season, generally on retainer, often with extra fees for surgery. That closely guarded figure hardly seems enough to buy a man's soul, but as Pete Gent notes and several in the medical profession agree, assignment as a team doctor is good publicity and inevitably boosts a practice overall.

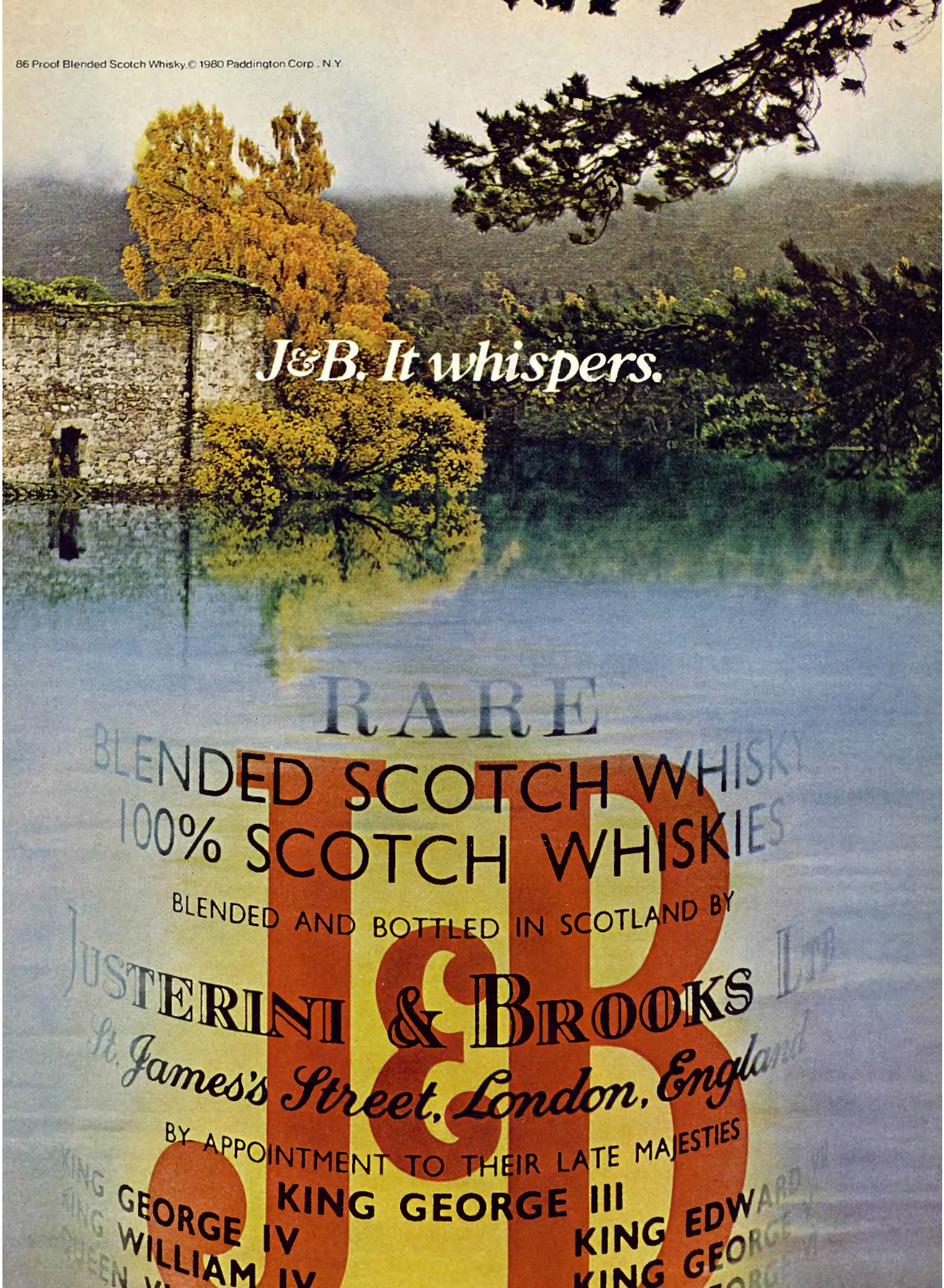
Garvey discussed the problem with former U. S. Supreme Court Associate Justice Arthur J. Goldberg, who was also a former U. S. Secretary of Labor. Goldberg told Garvey he had already wondered about the system. He said he was shocked when he saw a player hit on the head in a game, leave the field, vomit on the side line, then return on the next play. He asked a neurosurgeon friend if the player should have been allowed back onto the field. The answer, expectedly, was no.

Gent remembers visiting a pro team doctor's office one season and watching a score of high school and college students shuffle in and out with crutches and neck braces. When Gent took his turn, the doctor smiled broadly and waved his arm toward the waiting room. "I *love* football season," he said.

Dr. S. Harvard Kaufman is a psychiatrist in Seattle, and he has become recognized as an authority on violence in sports. His interest in the subject began when he saw a psychiatrist friend run onto a field in the middle of a little-league football game and abuse his own son because he had ducked an offensive player. Kaufman says good clinical psychiatrists and psychologists are needed but are practically unheard of in all areas of athletics. The players, he says, are like slaves on an auction block. "Gladiators in ancient Rome were never more viciously brutalized."

Kaufman made the same observations to a recent seminar of sports doctors at a conference of the American Medical

"Another thing, the Mrs. and I want you to stop hanging around here all the time."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Association. His address was greeted with a deathly silence.

Which is the way most football doctors greet anyone asking them to discuss their work or their attitude toward it. New York's Dr. Scott, however, speaks openly of the problem.

"First of all," he says, "football is 22 people trying to hurt one another—22 people who are very big, very fast and very coordinated. Just from seeing the New York Jets, I can safely say there is not one football player who, after the first scrimmage, doesn't have some pain someplace. From a physician's point of view, playing hurt should mean he can play provided he is not going to cause himself any further injury."

But Scott is not naïve. He knows enough to realize such is not always the case. "I'm sure it isn't. There's good and bad in every profession. If a particular team wants a front doctor who's going to inject and do everything else to get a player going, I'm sure it can find him. It doesn't surprise me that, in the line of sports medicine, you can get somebody who will—literally, as they did in *North Dallas Forty*—inject them up before the game."

So how much on track is San Diego attorney Robert Baxley when he says that professional football could not exist in its present form without the use of numbing drugs to keep injured athletes playing?

"I suspect, in a way, that's true," says Scott, "but it depends on what you call painkilling drugs. The anti-inflammatories, for instance, are not painkilling drugs per se. They decrease inflammation in certain areas, which [subsequently] reduces the pain. That's totally different from giving the same player morphine. You couldn't give a running back a high dose of morphine and expect him to function. The only thing you could possibly do is give him an anti-inflammatory [injection] to decrease the inflammation in the area that's hurting him. That in itself is not going to eliminate the pain, but it probably is going to make it more bearable."

Part of the problem, Scott says, is that football physicians seldom deal in black-or-white situations. "Everybody asks, 'When can he play? When can he play?' That's not really the question. It should be, 'When can he play so he won't do any damage to himself?' At that point, I turn it over to the player. He knows. He knows very well."

•

"You always play hurt," Pastorini says. "Playing injured is different. That's where the mind takes over. It's how much the mind convinces the rest of your body that you can do it, that the pain is not as bad as it seems. You'd be surprised at the power of the mind sometimes. When you get your adrenaline flowing, you forget a lot of things.

"Sometimes when you're 70 percent, you feel that, chemically, you can make yourself 100 percent by shooting yourself up or taking pills. You take that chance. But is that the player's fault? Should the pressure be put on the player—especially when he's only 70 percent and everyone knows it, and the guy behind him happens not to be as good as he is? Should the player have to jeopardize his welfare by going out to play? Or is it management's fault for not getting a guy behind him who's qualified? The answer is for every team to be like the Pittsburgh Steelers—they have great backups everywhere."

Almost everyone you talk with about the situation finally turns the conversation to children.

"I don't agree with the little-league program," says Pastorini, sitting in a darkened bar in San Jose, still wearing the black-and-purple badges of courage halfway through the off season. "I think it's too dangerous, number one. I think it puts too much pressure on a kid at too early an age. I don't think winning should be forced on a child."

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overtaking life in the fast lane thumps the table as he describes a documentary film he saw on *60 Minutes*. "There was this coach shaking the shit out of a kid because he had done something wrong. If I saw a coach do that, I'd get out of the car and beat the hell out of him. I don't believe in that. It's totally unnecessary. It's such a traumatic thing for a kid. Winning is stressed so much at that age. If he fails, it can screw up the rest of his life."

Pete Gent agrees. He says we are *all* responsible for the instilled attitude that athletes should shake off injuries and risk others for our entertainment. "Think of the little children all over the country watching television on Sunday afternoon, being told over and over again, 'That's a great hit. This is what a great man does; here's a great human being.' Now it's down to the level that even young athletes believe you're supposed to play hurt."

He cites the Coca-Cola television commercial in which the Steelers' Mean Joe Greene encounters a young fan in a stadium tunnel after a game. Greene is battered and limping one step at a time. "*Goddamn*," says Gent, re-creating what he says is the real message of the ad: " 'Sonny, listen. For this Coke, I'm gonna give you this jersey and someday, someday in your life, you may be able to beat the fuck out of yourself like I'm doing—make yourself into a total, fucking lunatic.'

"It's chilling," says Gent. "*That's* what it is."

Gent speaks from experience. He was severely injured in his earliest days as a professional. "You suddenly see what they think of you, so the first thing you don't do is ever show them when you're hurt. When they find out you're hurt, you say it doesn't hurt."

He did that as his knees disintegrated and chunks of bone the size of thumbnails broke off inside his legs. "I was surprised how I took pride in the reputation I got for playing with pain. I was surprised because I really knew how it hurt. I was there when I was crying myself to sleep. Then I'd go out the next day and tape myself from ankle to hip and do it all over again."

Why? Lamar Hunt, the millionaire owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, sees a simple answer. "It's an inbuilt pressure for players. They're employees and have to perform. If they don't play, that's not what they're being paid for."

Pastorini laughs bitterly. He was Houston's number-one draft choice in 1971. In the nine years he played there, football sent him to the hospital "maybe 20 times." He long ago stopped wondering if anyone really cared. Especially the owner of that team, K. S. "Bud" Adams, Jr.

"I never once got a phone call [in

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the hospital] from my owner, or a card expressing any concern for my well-being or anything else. The majority of the owners don't give a shit about the players. They really don't. It's the southeast corner of the ledger sheet. Money. That's all they give a shit about."

•

There is more than a little irony in the fact that the very future of the game could, in part, be decided in a lawsuit against "America's team," a lawsuit filed by the son of a black sharecropper from North Carolina who had once dreamed of being a doctor.

Norman's present attorney, civil rights activist Frank Hernandez, is a graduate of Texas A & M University, where he was Bear Bryant's freshman team manager and then Jim Myers' head manager for three years. Hernandez sees the suit as having broad ramifications. If he wins, he feels it will lead at least to larger squads, to allow more relief for injured players. It also could lead to stricter, enforced controls over medical attention. More importantly, he hopes that it will lead to a change in attitude toward the game.

On its face, the suit addresses the key question of doctors' responsibility. It charges that the Dallas doctors showed "wanton and willful" disregard for their physician-patient relationship. It says they informed the team but not Norman. Then it claims the team ignored that medical advice. Further, the case has been filed as a class-action suit, covering anyone who has ever played for the Cowboys. Mike Gaechter, Willie Townes and Leon Donohue, all former Cowboys, have so far joined the suit.

The team is fighting back. So are the doctors, Marvin Knight and John Gunn. They say in their filed responses that a physician-patient relationship "did not exist as a matter of law" between them and Norman.

The suit is a source of annoyance to Dallas coach Tom Landry. "The one unfortunate thing we have in this country today is that every time something happens, someone sues somebody. It really is a weakness in the country, not a strength. Not that a guy doesn't have a right to have that kind of legal action, but there are certain things you do that you know you're doing. You know the price you're paying and if you want to do it, you do it. Ten years later, you don't turn around and sue somebody because something went wrong."

Landry, who dismisses pain he still has from his own days as a New York Giant, becomes paternal when he discusses Norman as an individual. "We could have cut him because he couldn't play 100 percent or he wasn't well, but he was a determined guy and we went out of our way to help him become the player that he was."

Asked about Norman's contention that he was not told what was wrong with him, Landry says he should not comment on pending litigation.

The case is unusual because, although similar suits have been filed by other players, few ever reached the courtroom; thus, little precedent has been set. Houston Ridge, a defensive end for San Diego, sued that club in 1970, claiming he was so doped up on amphetamines that he didn't know when his hip was broken in a game. In the spring of 1973, he settled for about $300,000.

Ironically, Tatum says that Norman's suit could bring about changes he has long wanted. "When I came in," says Tatum, "we were playing with 47 people, a five-man taxi squad, and we played 14 games in the pro season. Now we're playing with 43 people, we're playing 16 games and four exhibitions, plus they've now added another post-season game. That's a lot more games and people are getting injured more. And we've got fewer people.

"The answer is, you put on either more people or fewer games. The owners cut the size of the teams to save money and they added more games to make more money. They talk about player safety. They ain't doin' nothin'."

•

Pettis Norman walks slowly now and not a day goes by that he is not forced to remember the price he paid for football. His knees continue to worsen. Doctors have told him that one hope might be found in a new frontier of medicine—total knee transplants. They have warned him that it's only a hope. Pettis' 15-year-old daughter dreads her father's future and it angers her. She is also confused: She cannot understand how he can remain such a devoted Dallas Cowboys fan—even to watching the team on television on Sunday afternoons.

Last year, the Cowboys held their 20th-anniversary reunion in the middle of the season. It was a festive weekend and a colorful gathering of some big names from the past. Don Meredith was there; so was former Olympic gold medalist and Cowboys wide receiver Bob Hayes. Once known as "the world's fastest human," Hayes was on a weekend pass from the state penitentiary, where he was serving five years for selling narcotics.

Pettis Norman was not invited. Naïvely, he wondered why, since he had been one of the original organizers of the reunion. He asked Tex Schramm, the Cowboys' general manager. Thinking about it later, Norman wasn't really surprised by the answer.

"You," said Schramm, "have impugned the integrity of the Cowboys."

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GEAR

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A 35mm single-lens reflex camera is only a camera, but add a Cokin Creative Filter System and you've got the stuff that professional-looking dream photos are made of. The beauty of the Cokin System, which was designed by Jean Coquin, a French photographer, is that it fits all 35mm SLR cameras, thus giving you a bag of over 75 accessories in the form of filters, frames, lenses, prisms and masks. (All drop into one adjustable holder that will accept several filters at a time.) The system sells for $1030—but shutterbugs can also purchase each component separately; thus, anyone can tailor his own system to his needs.

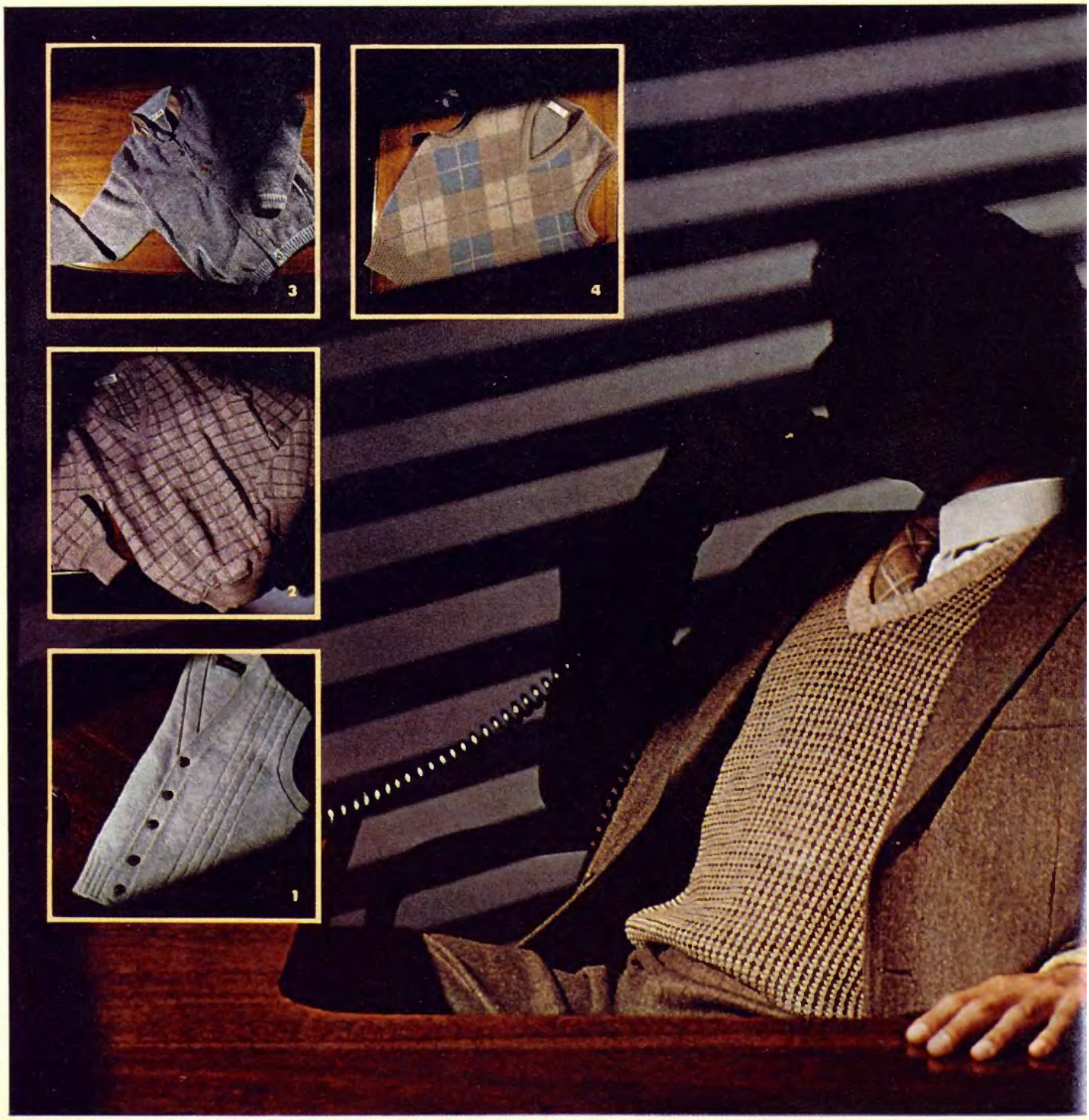
Distributed in America by the Minolta Corporation, the French-made Cokin Creative Filter System starts off with a filter holder ($3) that fits most lenses of 35mm SLR cameras (adaptor rings are available) and a 40-page brochure that contains dozens of examples of the beautiful and crazy effects you can create. Pick a sepia filter, for example, and your shots will have an instant antique tint to them. Graduated filters can dramatically alter the character of foregrounds and backgrounds. Complementary color back filters, one used at the lens and one over the flash, impart wild colors to backgrounds while foregrounds remain natural. And there are even shaped masks and color spot filters for multiple-exposures. Prices range from $7.50 for a plain filter to $35 for a flash filter. (The entire system with more than 75 filters, masks, lenses and prisms costs $1030.) Incidentally, the Minolta XD-5 camera with a 50mm f/1.4 lens is about $617.

DON AZUMA

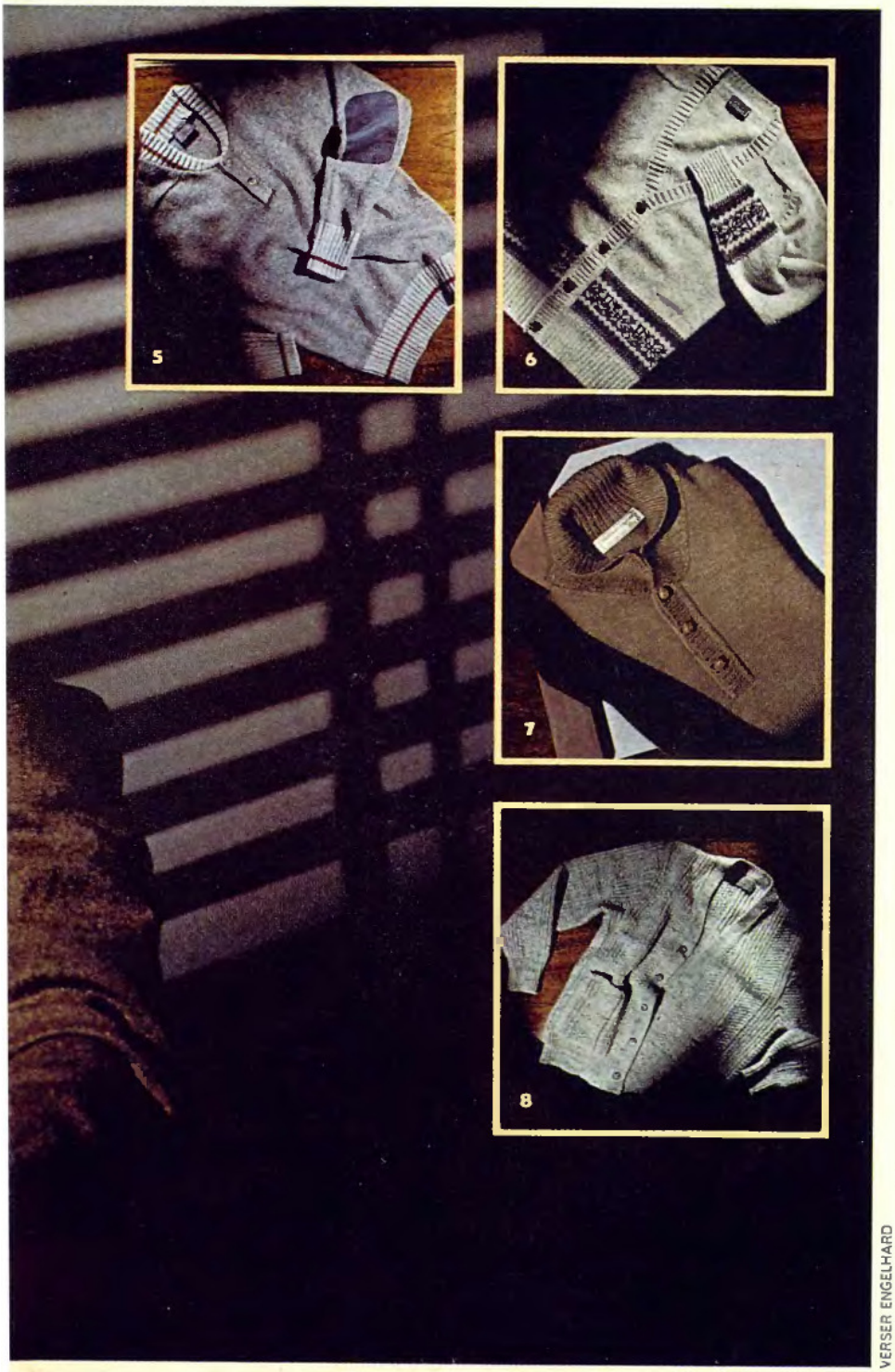
LEAVE IT AT THE OFFICE

This season, V-necks, cardigans, placket-front pullovers and other types of sweaters are among the most interesting items of apparel, which is a good thing, considering the temperature at which many office thermostats are kept. Few Scrooges will complain if you replace your jacket with something warm and woolly. (Some might even give you brownie points for initiative.) However, to avoid being mistaken for the assistant bookkeeper at the end of the hall who wears a baggy buttonless cardigan summer and winter, you'll want to keep your executive-on-the-rise image by sweatering in style. A drawer in your desk or a cubbyhole in a cabinet could hold an updated cardigan to wear as a jacket, a pullover sleeveless vest, a long-sleeved pullover or a sleeveless sweater vest as a variable for warmth and stylish comfort. Naturally, the more sweaters you have on hand, the greater will be your ability to coordinate with the day's clothing and accessories. And by adding styles with interesting detailing such as shawl collars, buttoned plackets, elbow patches, stand-up collars and side-entry or patch pockets, you'll more than likely find you are leaving your jacket at the office and wearing the sweater out for the evening.

—DAVID PLATT



Below: Our Mr. Big has lost his cool and is glad of it, having traded the vest from his tweed three-piecer, by Kasper, $235, for something warmer—a wool/acrylic pullover, by Gianfranco Ruffini, $52. (His other accessories include a cotton/polyester muted-check shirt, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, $27.50; and a wool plaid tie, by Close Ties, about $15.) Check the numbered photos below for more ways to cut the chill on cold winter working days. **1.** Wool/polyester knit five-button sleeveless cardigan with front cable-stitch design and rib trim, by Jantzen, $22. **2.** Multicolor wool/acrylic/camel checked long-sleeve V-neck with knit trim, by Abbracci, $135. **3.** Acrylic/alpaca knit seven-button long-sleeve cardigan sweater with stand-up leather collar and placket trim, plus side-entry pockets, by Gary Miller Associates for Nani Bon, $165. **4.** Wool Argyle-patterned sleeveless V-neck, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, $38.50. **5.** Wool/acrylic knit two-button placket-front pullover with striped rib trim and cotton elbow patches, by Jockey International, $26.50. **6.** Wool four-button cardigan sweater with multicolor Fair Isle design, by Gant, about $36. **7.** Wool knit three-button placket-front pullover with shawl collar and rib trim, by Tricots St. Raphael, $60. **8.** Wool-flecked five-button cardigan, by Pendleton, about $55.



VERSER ENGELHARD

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

We find the concept of fashion color charts and guides pretty unimaginative and inhibiting. But there is a service springing up in major department stores across the country that you might want to check out if you're *really* having a tough time getting your wardrobe act together. Information on your hair and eye colors and your skin tones is fed into a computer and—quicker than you can say haberdashery and pay a nominal service fee—out comes a list of shades and hues best suited to your coloration.

•

The question we get asked most often is, "What do I wear to a . . . ?" The answer is if you have to ask, then you probably don't have the necessary confidence to carry off the avant-garde look you were tempted to try. In other words, use common sense: Find out how dressy the occasion will be and then stay conservative with an outfit in which you feel comfortable.

•

More specifically along these lines: Say you've asked a client's secretary out on a first date. You plan on dinner and a movie. Avoid coming on strong with the heavy power look of a three-piece pinstripe suit, as she'll think either that you're trying to impress the boss through her or that you're a stiff and don't know how to unwind after hours (when she wants to). On the other hand, the latest "in" space look will be a disaster if she laughs and you find your face changing to the color of your cherry-satin jeans. The best idea is always to start out with a tie, which can be worn in the most casual manner. Combine a narrow knit style with a chambray work shirt, Fair Isle sweater vest, tweed sports coat and corduroy slacks and you'll relate comfortably to whatever she might wear, as well as be ready to unwind (lose the jacket and tie) as the evening dictates.

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

9 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.

Take the road to flavor in a low tar cigarette.

The low 'tar' with genuine tobacco flavor.

© 1980 B&W T Co.

RALEIGH LIGHTS

LIGHTS, GAUGES AND BATTERY ACTION

Left: This curious Italian-made hi-fi speaker screws into a light socket that's connected to your stereo; or hook it up as shown here to a track-lighting unit, from Art et Industrie, New York, $34 per speaker. Right: The Bone Fone, a cloth-covered stereo AM/FM radio that can be slung aruund the neck, by JS & A Group, about $70.

DON AZUMA

Left: The Mini-Panel, a pint-sized instrument cluster, by Stewart-Warner, that's so compact it can be mounted atop a car's dashboard and has gauges for oil pressure and water temperature, plus a voltmeter, $59.95.

Above: Let there be lights—or hot coffee in the morning—simply by pushing the appropriate button on the BSR System X-10 control panel, a wireless remote-control hookup that plugs into existing electrical outlets, by BSR (U.S.A.) Ltd., $95 for controller and three appliance modules.

Below: Braun's high-tech battery-powered Domo Flex quartz clock is attached to the wall by a flex neck that permits the clockface to be adjusted up to 15 degrees in all directions, $45 with either a black or a white clockface.

BETTY BURKE GALELLA

Because the Wine Remembers

How come we've never seen *this* commercial? Actor and sometime race-car driver PAUL NEWMAN takes a break for a lube job. His new movie, *Fort Apache, the Bronx*, due in February, has already caused enough controversy to drive any man to drink.

© 1980 RON GALELLA

Heavy Artillery

Actress DYAN CANNON has a couple of good reasons for feeling this feisty: her movie duets with Willie Nelson and her coproducer stint in *Coast to Coast*, during which she managed to survive working with Robert Blake. Next up is a director's chair all her own.

Here's Looking at You, Kidder

Those eyes! Those celebrity breasts! MARGOT KIDDER is hot. First there was *Willie & Phil*, the movie ménage of the year, and now come the Australian and British openings of *Superman II*. We won't see Lois and Superman "do it" over here until 1981, but we're definitely ready!

Hook, Line and Sinker

We could make up a story about this picture and we considered doing it, but truth speaks louder than fiction. Here is DR. HOOK, folks, hanging out unstage at Denmark's Roskilde Festival.

© 1980 ANGIE COQUERAN / LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC.

If They Could See Us Now

No, these are not the Raylettes, but what a backup group this would be! When LINDA RONSTADT made her debut in *The Pirates of Penzance* at the New York Shakespeare Festival, the rock clan showed up for moral support. Linda is flanked here by two ladies who can also shake the leaves off the trees, ANN WILSON and PHOEBE SNOW. We'd book this group any time.

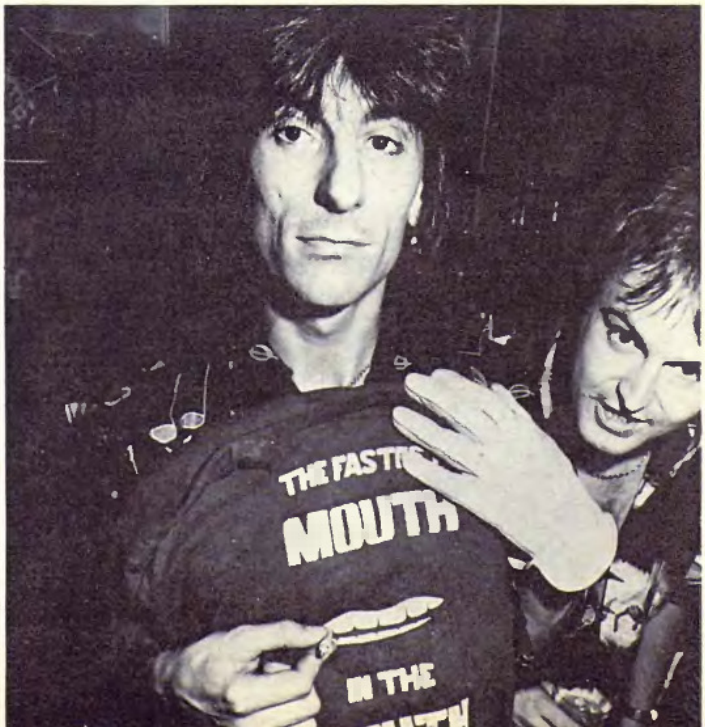
Mirror, Mirror on the Wall....

RAQUEL WELCH has got it all. She celebrated the big 40 last September with a magnificent photo exhibition shot by Victor Skrebneski, a new marriage and a TV movie on American Indians scheduled soon. Should give a lady time for reflection.

SAUER / PARIS MATCH / SPECTRUM PRESS

One of the Boys in the Band

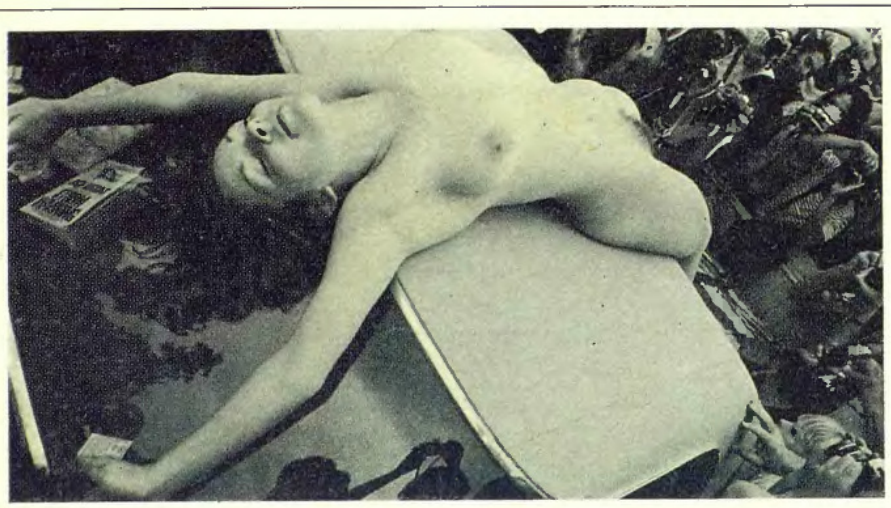
The critical reception of the latest Stones album, *Emotional Rescue*, is cause for revelry, as you can see. Stone RON WOOD lights a cigarette for his date's lips. The rest of her has gone off to powder her nose.



DAVID MCGOUGH / RETNA LTD.

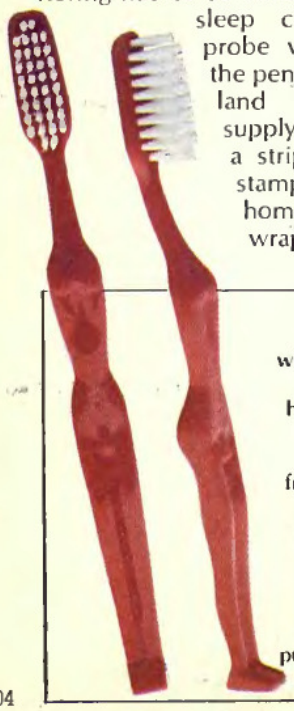
WE ALWAYS THOUGHT PHILATELY SOUNDED KINKY

What to do with those old 13-cent stamps you were stuck with last time postal rates rose? Use them as a test for impotence? That's what a group of Portland, Oregon, urologists are doing with rolls of postagelike stamps. To find out whether a fellow's impotence is caused physiologically or psychologically, doctors monitor his penis during sleep. (Healthy males regularly have erections during REM sleep.) If the patient develops a nocturnal erection, the problem is in his head. If he doesn't after repeated testing, the patient may be suffering from arteriosclerosis, *diabetes mellitus* or a spinal-cord lesion, among other maladies. Until now, monitoring had to be done in an overnight sleep clinic, where a probe was attached to the penis. Now the Portland doctors merely supply the patient with a strip of four blank stamps and send him home. Before bed, he wraps the stamps around his penile shaft and it's off to dreamland. If during the night he experiences normal tumescence, the pressure will burst the stamps along the perforations. If after three nights of this activity he hasn't ripped through the stamps, his impotence is suspected of having an organic basis. The doctors say ordinary postage stamps will work, but they cost more than the ten-cent stamps used. We have a feeling if you ask the right person to lick the stamps, you may be able to scrap the test.



HARVEY STEIN

No, it's not the latest in erotic hood ornaments—it's one entry in an offbeat and humorous national photography exhibition. Highlights of the show are in a two-dollar catalog from The Catskill Center for Photography, 59A Tinker Street, Woodstock, New York 12498.



RICHARD KLEIN

Even tooth paste with sex appeal has nothing on these his-'n'-hers toothbrushes. They're five dollars each from The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011. We find it amazing what some people will put in their mouth.

PIECEWORK

First, women push their way into the job market. Now—wouldn't you know it—they're foisting their affections on the guys at work. Next thing you know, they'll be joining exclusive clubs and going on golf outings. UCLA psychologists who studied working men and women in Los Angeles report that, according to preliminary findings, nearly as many men (45 percent) as women (47 percent) have experienced sexual overtures from co-workers or superiors of the opposite sex. Researchers found discrepancies, though, in male and female attitudes toward on-the-job propositioning. While only 35 percent of the men objected to it, 65 percent of the women did. A quarter of the men didn't mind the extra attention compared with 14 percent of the women. Maybe that's because men were generally approached by good-looking women under 40, while women were hit on by over-40 men assessed as somewhat unattractive. It figures. Since the increase in the female work force is reflected mostly in the younger population, there are simply fewer women over 40 working. We wonder, though, with all this activity in the romantic sector, who's minding the store.

WORKING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH

An expert in women's occupational safety recently claimed that the male reproductive system is more vulnerable to chemical dangers than the female. We called Katherine Hunninen, director of the Occupational Health Program at the University of Tennessee, for an update on male reproductive hazards. She told us a recent study has shown that up to 80 percent of all birth defects may be attributed to fathers. Sperm is highly susceptible to damage—it's being produced every 72 hours and is manufactured close to the body's surface, rendering it less protected than eggs. Of the few toxic substances whose side effects are known, lead, manganese, synthetic estrogens and some pesticides are proved to cause impotence and/or sterility. Suspected but not proved to cause infertility are gases used by anesthesiologists, hospital sterilization chemicals and radiation. While occupational-health experts would like to see more research done on male fertility and potency risks, a stumbling block seems to be the collection of sperm specimens. A health professional we consulted pointed out that it's not easy to round up workers who will gladly provide semen samples by masturbating and ejaculating into a small jar. They're just not thinking creatively—why not take the subjects to a massage parlor?

GARRICK MADISON

Let your fingers do the walking across The Braille T-shirt from P.O. Box 522, La Mirada, California 90637. A portion of the shirt's $15 price goes to help the blind.

"In 1978, the fruit was right, the flavor was right, the color was right, and I was right."

Myron Nightingale, Winemaster, Beringer Vineyards

It took a lot more than great grapes to make Beringer's '78 Chardonnay our best ever. It took Myron Nightingale.

It was Myron who made us stay up half the night picking the grapes so they wouldn't ripen that extra day. It was Myron who insisted on the $280-apiece French Nevers Oak barrels. It was Myron who refused to release the wine until it was just right.

And it was worth it.

One wine critic said: "It will be very difficult to find any Chardonnay from '78 to meet it in quality and very, very difficult to exceed it."

Beringer's '78 Chardonnay. Don't settle for anything less. Myron wouldn't.

Beringer. 104 years at the same address: St. Helena, Napa Valley, California.

Some Americans go through life without discovering Bombay.

They assume one great imported English gin is like another.

Really now.

According to many discerning gin drinkers, Bombay is a gin without peer. A gentle gin, made from a recipe that goes back to 1761 (even before that little fracas) and from a unique method of unhurried distillation we have been in no hurry to change to this day.

A suggestion – have your next drink made with Bombay. Taste the difference. If your verdict is favorable, think of the nice life you have ahead of you.

Bombay
The gentle gin.

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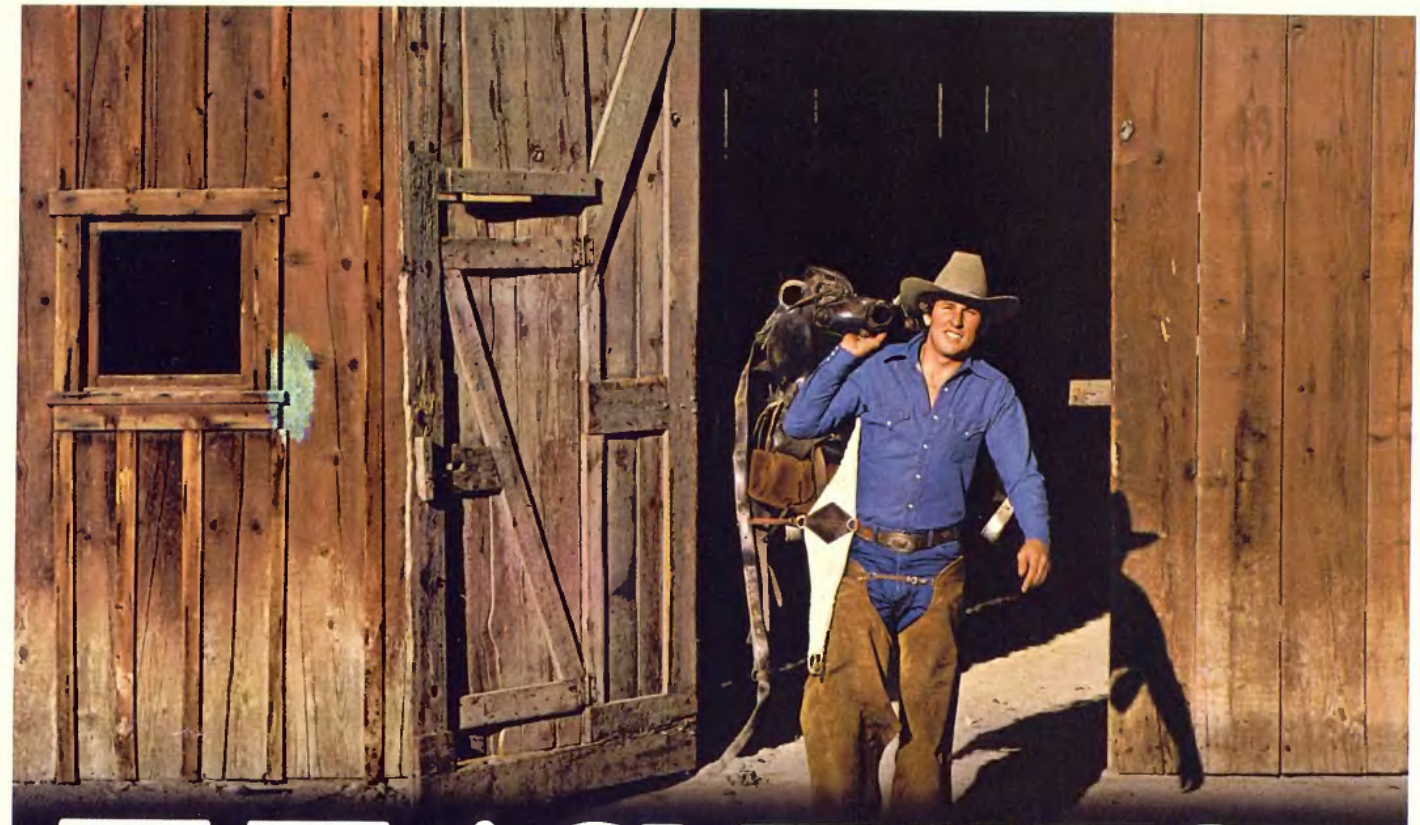

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Carlton Box (lowest of all brands)	**less than 0.01**	**0.002**
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Carlton 100's Soft Pack	**less than 6**	**0.5**
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Merit	8	0.6
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King—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic. 100's—Only 5 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nic.

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