PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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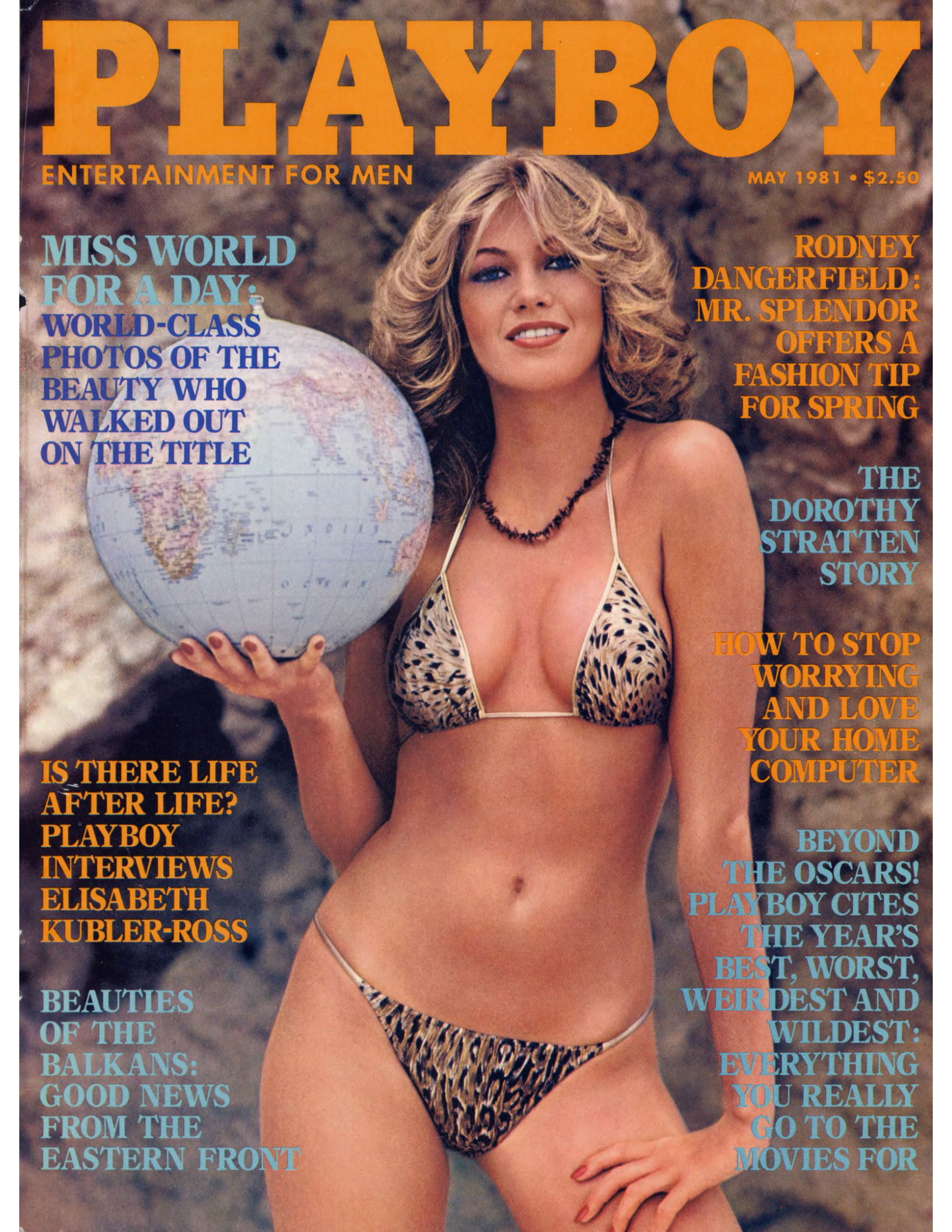

MISS WORLD FOR A DAY: WORLD-CLASS PHOTOS OF THE BEAUTY WHO WALKED OUT ON THE TITLE

RODNEY DANGERFIELD: MR. SPLENDOR OFFERS A FASHION TIP FOR SPRING

THE DOROTHY STRATTEN STORY

HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE YOUR HOME COMPUTER

IS THERE LIFE AFTER LIFE? PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS ELISABETH KUBLER-ROSS

BEYOND THE OSCARS! PLAYBOY CITES THE YEAR'S BEST, WORST, WEIRDEST AND WILDEST: EVERYTHING YOU REALLY GO TO THE MOVIES FOR

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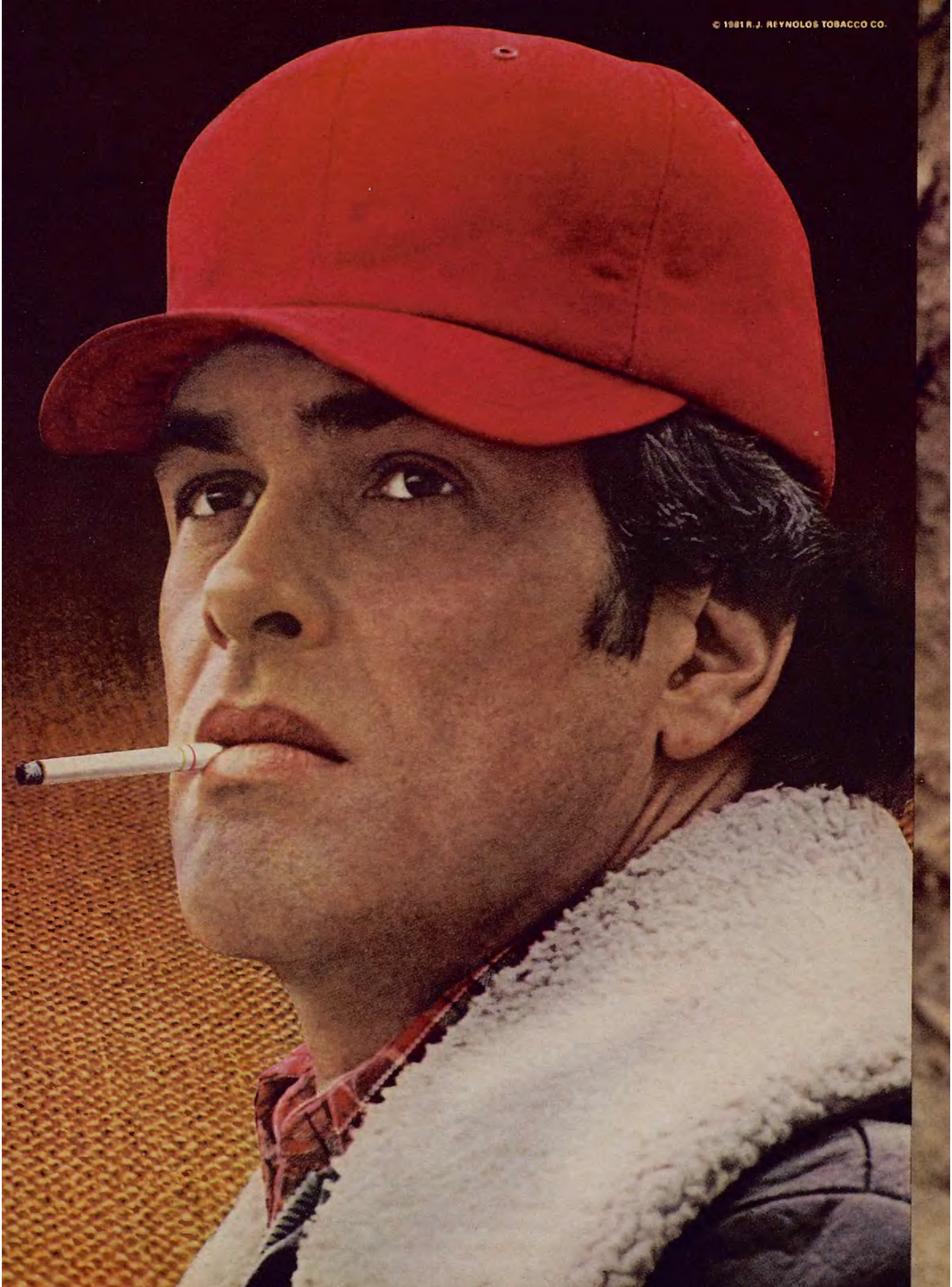
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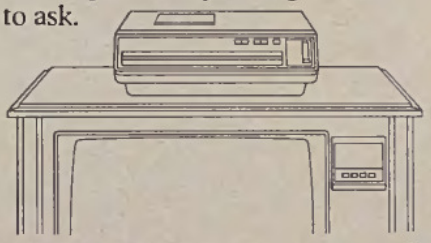
Get ready. The next movie you see may be on a record.

Introducing the RCA VideoDisc System.

Imagine. Now you can watch the magic of the great entertainment you want to watch, just by playing a record. Because now RCA is introducing the biggest home entertainment breakthrough ever: the RCA SelectaVision VideoDisc System.

And we want you to know all about it. So we've answered some of the questions you might want to ask.



What is RCA VideoDisc anyway?
RCA VideoDisc is a system that combines an extraordinary player with extraordinary records. Records that play pictures and sound through your own TV.

What can I see?
Right now, there are nearly a hundred titles available. Recent movies like "Grease," "Saturday Night Fever," "The Godfather," "The Muppet Movie," and "The Black Stallion." Classics like "Casablanca," "Singin' in the Rain," and "The Ten Commandments."

There are also concerts by some of the world's best performers. As well as children's shows, documentaries and instructional films. In addition, CBS will soon be selling videodiscs that will be compatible with the RCA VideoDisc Player as well. Which means you will have even more titles to choose from.

How is that different from TV?
RCA VideoDisc offers you the movies you want to see, in the way they were meant to be seen: uninterrupted. And you see them when *you* want to see them, not when someone tells you to see them.

How does it work?
RCA VideoDisc uses an extraordinary technology called the "Capacitance Electronic Disc" System. It combines a uniquely engineered diamond micro-stylus with a remarkable conductive disc. The stylus glides over the disc and electronically reads the information encoded in the grooves. This electronic information is then played through your TV. With normal use, the stylus is designed to provide years of service. And because the discs contain 38 times the grooves of an ordinary audio record, you get *up to an hour per side* playing time.

What kind of picture quality can I expect?
Excellent. It's a picture that's clean, sharp, colorful. Here's why: The RCA VideoDisc plays directly into your TV. So there are no ghosts. And no weak pictures because of weak signals. You've just got to see it.

Is it hard to operate?
No. The player hooks up easily to your TV. The discs are easy to play, too. Just insert the protective disc sleeve into the slot on the player. The disc is automatically removed from the sleeve, and plays when you flip the "play" switch. Your hands never touch the disc.

How about special features?
RCA VideoDisc has the features you want and need. A Rapid Access button that lets you skip to any place in a program in seconds. A Visual Search button that lets you visually find the part of the program you want at 16 times normal speed. And a Pause button that lets you stop a program to answer the phone or the doorbell.

What will the RCA VideoDisc Player cost me?
Less than $500. Which is surprisingly low for what you're getting. That's because RCA has put in the features people want and need while keeping it at a price they can afford. The discs are surprisingly inexpensive as well. About half the cost of a prerecorded video cassette tape.

What will the RCA VideoDisc System do for me?
RCA VideoDisc is an extraordinary new form of home entertainment. It may well change the way you see movies and change the way you watch television.

With RCA VideoDisc, you can gather a collection of fine entertainment to watch whenever you want to watch it. With RCA VideoDisc, you can watch the best in family entertainment, at home, with your family. With RCA VideoDisc, you can see those movies you used to miss.

With RCA VideoDisc, you can see outstanding stars in concert, watch sporting highlights, take cooking lessons, and so on. In short, when you find there's nothing on television you want to see, RCA VideoDisc will give you access to many things you want to see very much.

So visit your RCA VideoDisc dealer. Have him demonstrate

the remarkable RCA VideoDisc System. And bring the magic home.

Here are some of the titles available on RCA VideoDisc.

The Godfather	French Connection
Grease	20,000 Leagues Under the Sea
Heaven Can Wait	The Love Bug
Escape from Alcatraz	Fiddler on the Roof
Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid	The Graduate
M•A•S•H	Elton John In Russia
Saturday Night Fever	Singin' in the Rain
Rocky	North By Northwest
Casablanca	Foul Play
The Muppet Movie	Boys From Brazil
Starting Over	and many more

RCA

SelectaVision VideoDisc System

*Price optional with dealer; actual price may vary.

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PLAYBILL

THERE ARE SOME TRAGEDIES that we must live with for a while before we can begin to truly understand them. Such was the case when 1980 Playmate of the Year **Dorothy Stratten** was murdered by her estranged husband last August. We decided that we needed to share her story—not only because we kept bumping into our bruised personal feelings but also because who she was is inextricably connected with who we are. We set out to answer the succession of small questions that would lead to an explanation. We already knew that in addition to her remarkable beauty and a potentially successful film career, Dorothy had become one of a generation of contemporary women who pursue their ambitions and independence as vigorously as they express their femininity. That promise of freedom became the target of a man who could not deal with it. We called upon Contributing Editor **Richard Rhodes** to write the story, with assistance from members of our editorial staff. Parts of the narrative are based on research provided by Los Angeles writers **John Riley** and **Laura Bernstein** and on selections from Dorothy Stratten's journals, copyright 1981, Dorothy Stratten Enterprises.

Playwright **William Hauptman** (he won an Obie for *Domino Courts*) premieres in this issue of PLAYBOY with his first short story, *Good Rockin' Tonight*. About an Elvis imitator in Texas, it has already been bought by 20th Century-Fox, for whom Hauptman is writing the screenplay. Not bad for the first time out. The illustration was done by **Don Vanderbeek.**

Even though we swear at computers, they will be indispensable in the coming information revolution. Associate Editor **Robert E. Carr**—a man who enjoys punching buttons—provides us with *A Guerrilla Guide to the Computer Revolution* and tells us that it's best to get on the good side of the microchipped beasts. **Charles Shields** did the paramilitary illustration.

It is, of course, a woman's prerogative to change her mind. So when **Gabriella Brum,** Miss West Germany, was crowned Miss World in 1980, she considered the obligations that went with her title and concluded it wasn't worth it. She abdicated the next day. Photographer **Sebastian Giefer Bastel** caught up with Brum in Jamaica and took some loving shots of her in and out of the surf, and in and out of her clothes.

The possibility of life after death has always intrigued man. Today's best-known scholar of the subject is **Elisabeth Kübler-Ross,** who has studied the reports of those who "came back" from clinical death. Journalist **Marcia Seligson** interviews Kübler-Ross in what is, we feel, one of the most thought-provoking interviews we've published.

One of **Pompeo Posar**'s first assignments for PLAYBOY, back in 1961, was to photograph *The Girls of Rome*. Trouble was that every beautiful woman he saw there was from out of town. When he suggested that we do the *Girls of the Adriatic Coast*, we could see from his enthusiasm that he could make the project work. So he chartered a yacht, which flew a large Rabbit Head flag; as it docked in each port along the Adriatic, it caused quite a stir. Associate Photo Editor **Jeff Cohen** and freelance make-up artist **Elenka Záboynikova** helped out on the feature; and Travel Editor **Stephen Birnbaum** explains how to explore the coast firsthand.

Brock Yates, who wrote the screenplay for *The Cannonball Run*, which will be released in June, test-piloted *Playboy's GT Weekend Boat*. Yates found the 30-foot twin outboard quite a handful—and a relative miser when it came to gas.

Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen,** Associate Art Director **Skip Williamson,** Editorial Assistant **Janet Adelman,** Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** (who also did the photo research for the Dorothy Stratten tribute) and Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson** all helped bring us *The Year in Movies*. See it from the beginning.

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SELIGSON

BIRNBAUM

COHEN, ZABOYNIKOVA, POSAR

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PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), MAY, 1981, VOL. 28, NO. 5. 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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COMPUTER REVOLUTION—article .....ROBERT E. CARR **120**
To arm yourself against the inevitable computer invasion, you'll need to know as much about them as they do about you. Our colleague ventured into the alien world of electronics to report on the state of the art of home computers and what we can expect from them in the very near future.

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COVER STORY

Gabriella Brum has the world in her palm, so that's where we put it. Anybody who gets crowned Miss World one day and returns her crown the next because she has *other* plans is not your typical beauty-pageant winner. As you can see from Sebastian Giefer Bastel's photo, this lady has a lot on the ball. For more of Gabriella, see her out-of-this-world pictorial on page 113.

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When we asked this comedian to model some snazzy new designer neckwear, we should have known he wouldn't need any loosening up.

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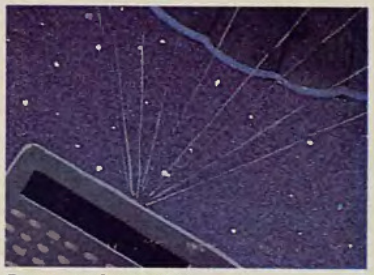

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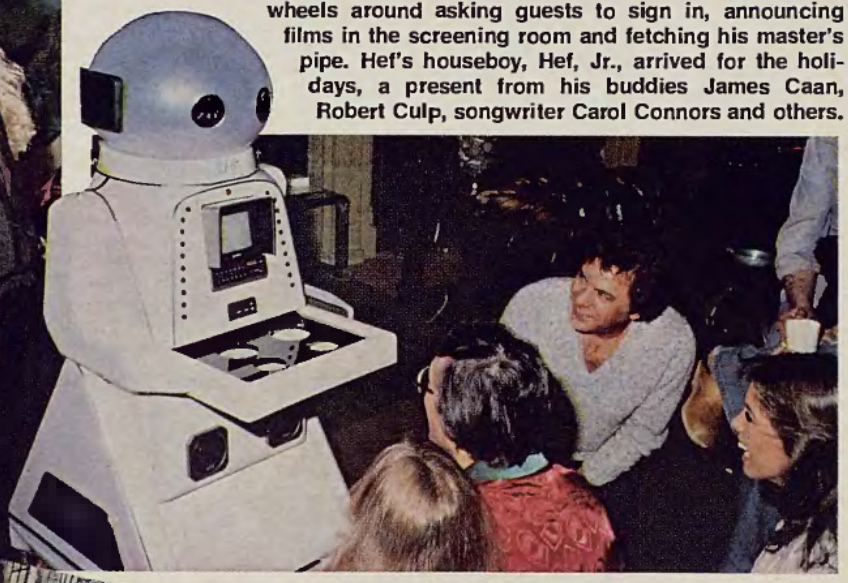
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

RUNNING ON HOUSE CURRENT

New Year's Eve, as you all know, means jammy time at Playboy Mansion West. During Hef's annual blast (left), Playmates Vicki McCarty and Terri Welles nuzzle the host. A new Mansion West staffer (below) wheels around asking guests to sign in, announcing films in the screening room and fetching his master's pipe. Hef's houseboy, Hef, Jr., arrived for the holidays, a present from his buddies James Caan, Robert Culp, songwriter Carol Connors and others.



HOW TO MAKE A PERFECT ALBUM BETTER

June 1980 Playmate Ola Ray has it covered—an album, that is. She appears with former Raydio member Jerry Knight on the jacket of his second solo disc, *Perfect Fit* (right), waxed for A&M. Below, we reprise Ola perfectly *un*covered, as she appeared in her Playmate shooting.

PLAYMATES IN HARMONY

After months of rehearsal, The Singing Playmates have gone public. Debuting at Danny's Apple near L.A. are (below, from left) Heidi Sorenson, Lorraine Michaels, Kelly Tough, Sondra Theodore and Jeana Tomasino. Now they plan to get their act together and take it on the road.

THE MICHELOB LIGHT SNOW-PATROL HEAVIES

Below, world's top-ranked pro ski racer André Arnold nearly matches grins with 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre in Aspen at the first of three $60,000 Michelob Light Cup Races featuring unique Monique as hostess.

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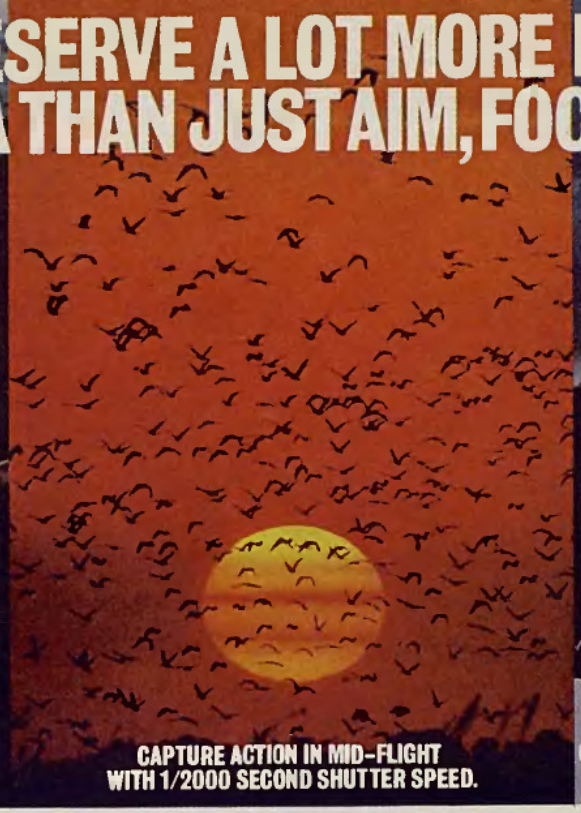

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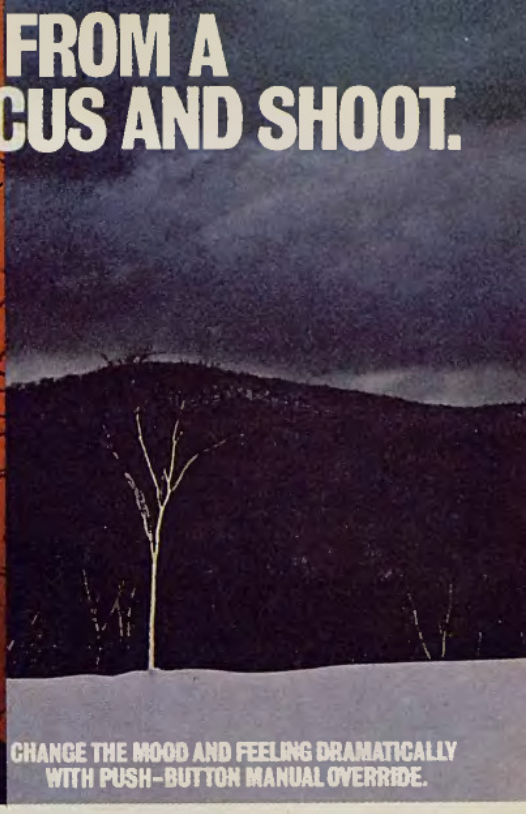

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

CLOCK STOPPER

Having an hour to kill before I was to meet a friend for dinner on New Year's Eve, I sat down in my den with a good smoke, my headphones and the February issue of PLAYBOY. When I checked the clock to make sure I was on schedule, I was surprised to see that it was five in the morning. I called my friend to apologize, explaining that Peter Ross Range, Hodding Carter III, Laurence Gonzales and Ron Powers had been responsible for completely putting me away for the evening. Never have I read a more enjoyable combination of articles in a single publication. The authors are to be congratulated for their crystal-clear perceptions. I'm not sure if I actually lip-read every word of every article or just reread each of them five or six times. It doesn't matter. As for my friend, she good-naturedly accepted my open confession that a better New Year's might never be had, commenting that next year things might be different: Perhaps she can spend it with my magazine. I really can't blame her. Happy New Year.

Samuel Donato
Binghamton, New York

A YEN FOR QUALITY

I really enjoyed your February article *The Technology War: Behind Japanese Lines*, by Peter Ross Range. We here in America should take a good look at how a densely populated country like Japan can make it work successfully. If we could put our efforts into being creative instead of money-hungry, we might see things start turning around here also.

(Name withheld by request)
Little Ferry, New Jersey

I spent $1500 at the Chrysler dealer to have my transmission fixed but it still won't go into reverse. My last unanswered letter of 40 days ago—a naïve effort to get relief from the manufacturer in Detroit—makes it obvious that Chrysler's interest and responsibility cease the moment its car leaves the plant. And they wonder why they are in financial trouble and lose business to the Japanese.

Martin A. F. Dekking
Plano, Texas

If Range thinks he's driving a superior and safer car when he's driving Japanese, he's just part of the big brainwash. Knocking Detroit is the fashion, the "in" thing. Buddy, give me a Cordoba or a Riviera at half the price and twice the luxury and safety.

Harold Harwood
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

Range left out one of the most fundamental differences between Japanese society and those of the West, particularly the U. S. That difference strikes anyone who enters Japan from the West as unique and, in many ways, enviable. The Japanese society is the closest to a homogeneous one in the free world today. The Japanese culture is not multiracial, multicultural nor composed of persons from significantly disparate historical backgrounds. Any stiff can readily see that that fact has to be one of the fundamental reasons the Japanese favor and succeed at coordination and conciliation in business and public life.

Scott Lukehart
Los Angeles, California

Range is absolutely right. All the Japanese automobiles I have owned have made their American counterparts look second-rate. But while the Japanese cars are better engineered and better detailed, they are also better at rusting! Ask anyone who lives in an area of our country where salt is used in the winter. I'd love to have another Celica GT; but

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), MAY, 1981, VOLUME 28, NUMBER 5. 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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Easy, effortless entertaining. This guide helps you do it. Strain out the stress with outdoor entertaining. You've earned some Comfort.®

Top ten drinks.

Can you rank them? Answers are shown on the following pages with their recipes.

- ☐ Manhattan
- ☐ Whiskey Sour
- ☐ Gin 'n Tonic
- ☐ Margarita
- ☐ Old-Fashioned
- ☐ Martini
- ☐ Bloody Mary
- ☐ Daiquiri
- ☐ Screwdriver
- ☐ Tom Collins

The Grand Old Drink of the South.

Like many other festive things, Southern Comfort first came to light in New Orleans. Gentlemen of the time (well over a century ago) sought out something better than the harsh firewater that then passed as whiskey.

They found it in Southern Comfort. It was smooth and deliciously different. It had a rich amber glow. It just plain tasted better . . . on the rocks or as a mixer.

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 like the warm glow of a sip of Southern Comfort.

Although it's used just like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different from any other basic liquor.

Discerning drinkers like it all by itself. Since it tastes so good alone, it stands to reason it makes a great change in any drink recipe.

Try Southern Comfort. On the rocks. Or in any recipe in this guide.

You'll like the change. After all, if a drink can change the South, it's bound to make a change in your life.

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Comfort® time is anytime guests gather for an informal garden or patio party.

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

Create your own Comfort® with these drink recipes.

Comfort-On-The-Rocks

Famous at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston.

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.

Comfort Old-Fashioned

Famous fashion at the Gaslight Club in Chicago.

Dash of Angostura bitters.
1/2 oz. sparkling water.
1/2 tspn. sugar (optional).
1 jigger Southern Comfort.

Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, Southern Comfort. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, cherry. Superb!

Rank **10**

Old-Fashioned

Use 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or blended whiskey instead of Southern Comfort.

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 **4**

Manhattan

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Bourbon or blended whiskey.
1/2 oz. sweet vermouth.
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional).

Stir with cracked ice and strain into glass. Also popular on-the-rocks. Add a cherry.

Get even more Comfort®able and use Southern Comfort and dry vermouth instead of Bourbon or blend.

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.

Give your screwdriver a new twist. Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

Rank **1**

Dry Martini

4 parts 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. For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin and a splash of vermouth. Serve with pearl onion.

Comfort Collins

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort.
Juice of 1/4 lime
7UP.

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7UP.

Best-tasting—and easiest to mix—Collins of all!

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.

Pina Colada

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) rum
1 oz. Creme of Coconut.
2 oz. pineapple juice.
Shake with 1/2 cup crushed ice or use blender. Pour into a tall glass filled with ice cubes. Add a cherry. A drink with a great coconut accent.

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.

For a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only 1/2 tspn. sugar.

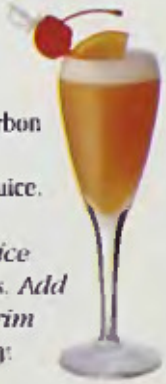
Rob Roy

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Scotch.
1/2 jigger sweet vermouth.
Dash Angostura bitters.

Stir with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. Add a cherry or twist of lemon peel. (This drink's often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")

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.

For a Comfort®ing change, enjoy Southern Comfort instead of Bourbon or blend. Use only 1/2 teaspoon of sugar.

Down at the shore,
under sun or stars,
it's always smooth sailing
with good friends and Comfort.

Yacht furnished by
Loe's Highport Resort, Pottsboro, TX

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 salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.

Lemon Cooler

Terrific tall one, as served at Brennan's Restaurant, Houston.
1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) Southern Comfort.
Schweppes Bitter Lemon.
Pour Comfort over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir.

Comfort 'n Mixers

The simple drinks are the most popular *. . . and Southern Comfort makes the best tasting ones! Its delicious flavor enhances the taste of any mix you use.*

Try Comfort and:
Cola • 7UP • Club Soda • Ginger Ale
Tonic • Squirt • Lemonade • Milk
Juices: orange, pineapple, grapefruit, apple, apricot nectar, Cranapple.

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.

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.
For a change of pace, skip the gin and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.

Stinger

1 jigger (1-1/2 oz.) brandy.
1/2 jigger white creme de menthe.
Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.
Southern Comfort instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger.

Southern Comfort Food & Punch Recipes

Southern Comfort Piglets

1/2 cup Southern Comfort.
1/2 cup dark brown sugar.
3/4 cup prepared yellow mustard.
3/4 cup currant, plum, or any tart fruit jelly.
1 lb. (approx. 50) smoked, kosher or regular cocktail wieners.
Combine Southern Comfort and brown sugar in a chafing dish or large fry pan. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened (3-5 mins.). Add mustard and jelly; stir until dissolved. Add wieners, and heat thoroughly, stirring occasionally. Serve on toothpicks or cocktail rye bread. Serves 15-20.

Baked Ham Gourmet

10-12 lb. smoked ham.
3/4 cup Southern Comfort, cloves.
1 cup brown sugar.
2 tbsp. dry mustard.
Cook ham according to directions. 30 minutes before ham is done, remove rind and score fat. Cover with mixture of 1/4 cup Southern Comfort and brown sugar; stud with cloves. Add mustard to remaining Southern Comfort; pour over ham and continue baking, basting occasionally.

Cherries Jubilee

1 16-oz. can pitted black Bing cherries in heavy syrup.
1 tsp. cornstarch.
1 cup Southern Comfort.
1 quart vanilla ice cream.
Pour cherry juice from can into bowl. Add cornstarch, mix thoroughly, and pour into chafing dish. Stir continuously over medium heat until mixture has thickened (3-4 minutes). Add cherries and stir 1-2 minutes. Add in Southern Comfort, ignite and stir thoroughly. Ladle, while flaming, over individual servings of ice cream. Serves 6-8.

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 (optional); 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!

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since I keep a car more than two years, I'll stick with the American-made product, inferior as it is. At least my rims won't rust so badly that the tires won't hold air.

Robert Smith
Greenville, Pennsylvania

The American people are on a Japanese buying kick because they think the Japanese have a better product than we have. Open your eyes, America, and see what a farce you have perpetrated upon yourself. You'll realize the sad joke is on you (not American industry). You claim to look for value when buying a car, then buy what your friends buy or what is considered in style by your peers.

Brian Bixler
West Lafayette, Indiana

IN TOO DEEP?

Laurence Gonzales' February article, *Deep In with David Carradine*, is one of the best pieces of descriptive journalism I have ever had the pleasure of reading. Unfortunately, it reveals a sad and shocking personality. Carradine's disrespect for law and order and the welfare of others transcends his Hollywood appeal to reveal the true nature of a man bent on self-destruction. If Carradine is an American idol, we have, indeed, misplaced our priorities. Kung-Fool!

Gary R. Thalman
Wheeling, West Virginia

As a 56-year-old woman who has lived a good life minding her own business, I have very little fury to vent on those whose lifestyle, morals, religion, cleanliness, etc., don't meet my own standards. But *Deep In with David Carradine* really brought to the fore my deep-seated death wish against criminally careless drivers. I am not interested in Carradine and read the article only because I read *everything* in PLAYBOY. The early yawns about his personal filth in body, clothing and home, and his consumption of booze and whatever, simply bored me. But I started seeing red as I read about his "weaving across lanes," no seat belts, 123 mph, no license since 1977, all while "deep in." The hit-and-run and its cover-up ("I'm not gonna let a little thing like the law stop me") were utterly sickening. I lived through an episode that wiped out half a family related to me (two dead, four hopelessly, helplessly crippled) because some damn fools were out having a good time, and I'll never get over it. I wish David Carradine an early, one-car death, and all his ilk with him.

(Name withheld by request)
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Although many may decry David Carradine as certifiably insane, I cannot help but admire the man. I believe there is a little Carradine in all of us, but few have the courage to get *that* deep in. Thank you, Laurence Gonzales, for a truly fine article. It is heartening to know that there is, indeed, life (though a somewhat precarious one) after nonconformity.

M. C. Hiett
San Jose, California

TENANTS, ANYONE?

Thank you for your February pictorial *Playmate Roommates*. You did an outstanding job. You couldn't have picked three more luscious Playmates to pose. All three send chills up my spine.

Pat Clerkin
Columbus, Indiana

We have never seen three such lovely-looking ladies featured together in one pictorial. Sondra Theodore, Candy Loving and Terri Welles possess good looks, charm and sophistication. We would feel honored to have such beautiful women as our own roommates.

Gary Thorne
Peter Clifford
Studley Men's Residence
Dalhousie University
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Congratulations on your *Playmate Roommates* pictorial, truly outstanding. It's always nice to see Sondra Theodore. The North End of San Bernardino has truly lost one of its most beautiful and intelligent residents. We attended the same high school, Ra Ra Cajon, so Sondra has a special place in my heart. She has made us proud. And Terri Welles is one of the classiest ladies I have ever seen. She is obviously very intelligent and sensitive and, fortunately for the male population, very beautiful as well. And Candy Loving is always a welcome sight. I hope you do more of this kind of pictorial. I doubt you can top this one, but do try.

Jeff Osborn
San Bernardino, California

Would they like 65 more roommates?

The men of Kappa Sigma
Wabash College
Crawfordsville, Indiana

I'm convinced. Your pictorial *Playmate Roommates* has made me a believer. Terri Welles is *the* most beautiful girl I have ever seen! In my view, she tops even Patti McGuire and Debra Jo Fondren—which I didn't think was possible. The divine Terri has my vote for Playmate of the Year. She is one lady I'd love to see more of!

Richard G. Hall
Battle Creek, Michigan

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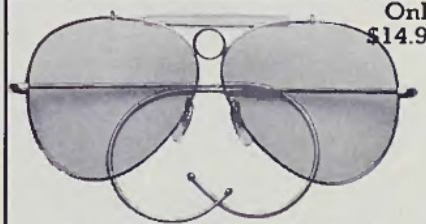

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missile launcher all the way out here in the Indian Ocean! Looks as if Kilroy has taken a back seat. To our additional surprise, among all the ammo, we found

another bombshell in the form of Lisa Welch (September Playmate of the Month). Our salute goes to you, PLAYBOY, and it's good to have you here.

Robert Reagan
Jamie VanHook
WF Division U.S.S. Ranger (CV 61)
Gonzo Station
FPO San Francisco, California

Too bad all your missiles can't be misses like Lisa. We appreciate the honor.

TALKING WITH TOM

After reading your February interview with Tom Snyder, I found out what Tom's really like: obnoxious, egotistical and a bore. Glad to know I was right all along.

Leonard Olk
Rockville, Connecticut

Tom Snyder is a man with guts, a rare quality in today's movies and television. He proves that a man can be himself and still succeed in that rotten industry. Keep pluggin', Tom. We love you!

Buck Quantrell
Burns Flat, Oklahoma

Tom Snyder? Forget it! I tried to list all the contradictions in his interview but ran out of paper. Suffice it to say, What a pompous ass!

Robert Alvey
Sturgis, Michigan

WRONGING A WRITER

In the December issue of PLAYBOY (*Playboy After Hours*), there is an error in the credits for the IPC Films production of *Nine to Five*: the error being the omission of Patricia Resnick, who received story credit and co-wrote the screenplay with director Colin Higgins. I would greatly appreciate your correcting this mistake for your readers.

Bruce Gilbert, Producer
IPC Films
New York, New York

Always happy to give a fellow scribe her due credit. Thanks for the correction.

BAILEY'S WIFE

David Bailey's Model Wife in the February issue is lovely! It proves once more how great black-and-white photos can be. I find those pictures extremely erotic and Marie to be beautiful, sexy, cute and desirable! I am her fan for life!

Mayland Harriman
Port Arthur, Texas

VIVA VICKI

I'm lost for words when I try to describe the beauty and perfection of your February Playmate, Vicki Lynn Lasseter. As a part-time glamor and figure photographer, I carefully scrutinize and judge each monthly Playmate; and not since DeDe Lind graced your magazine some 13 years ago have I seen a more perfectly proportioned and beautiful woman than Vicki Lasseter. Two gold stars are in order: one to the state of Texas and the other to Arny Freytag for a job "above and beyond."

T/Sgt. Alan J. Talacek, U.S.A.F.
Washington, D.C.

I love it. She never owned a pair of cowboy boots or a hat and she reads Richard Bach. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, surrenders to the Texas Vicki Lasseter. As I tell my wife, "I love the articles," and I do. Keep up the good work.

Louis J. Borgia, Jr.
Sewickley, Pennsylvania

I am not an avid reader of PLAYBOY. I glance at the pictures from time to time, but the pictures of your women never turn me on. You see, I am a homosexual. But when I opened February's issue and saw your centerfold, Vicki Lasseter, I was shocked at the hard-on I received. As a result, I plan on getting a five-year subscription to PLAYBOY.

(Name withheld by request)
Mansfield, Ohio

Girls like Vicki Lasseter are not only great beauties; they are also a great inspiration to poor students like myself. Vicki was in my personality class at TCJC a few semesters back. The class itself sucked, the teacher sucked, the book sucked, the pencil sharpener sucked. It was terrible; but I would make that long drive twice weekly just to watch one of the most physically perfect women I've ever seen. Fifty minutes just didn't seem long enough, nor did ten pages. Thank you, PLAYBOY.

Charles Cai
Fort Worth, Texas

That does it. I'm moving back to Texas.

Doug Hawkins
Girard, Ohio

As a former Buffalo Jill (1978) turned housewife and mother, I have, at times, begun to feel that I am "over the hill." In light of that, a recent experience was very refreshing. In the midst of a normal, hectic day, I tried to escape for a few minutes, sneaking downstairs to read your February issue. Alas! In no time at all, my 14-month-old daughter followed me and climbed onto my lap. Resigning myself to the fact that I would have to read later, I let her flip through the pages. She came to the centerfold, opened it, pointed to the lovely Vicki Lasseter and firmly announced, "Momma!" It made my day!

Debra Dewey
Honeoye Falls, New York

I have always admired a woman with a nice ass. Vicki Lynn gets my vote as the best ever.

Bob Flury
Baltimore, Maryland

She takes my breath away. What an excellent job PLAYBOY has done again. Thanks, Arny Freytag. Could I see one more picture of this beautiful lady?

B. Powell
Dunwoody, Georgia

At the risk of aggravating your respiratory problems, here's one more

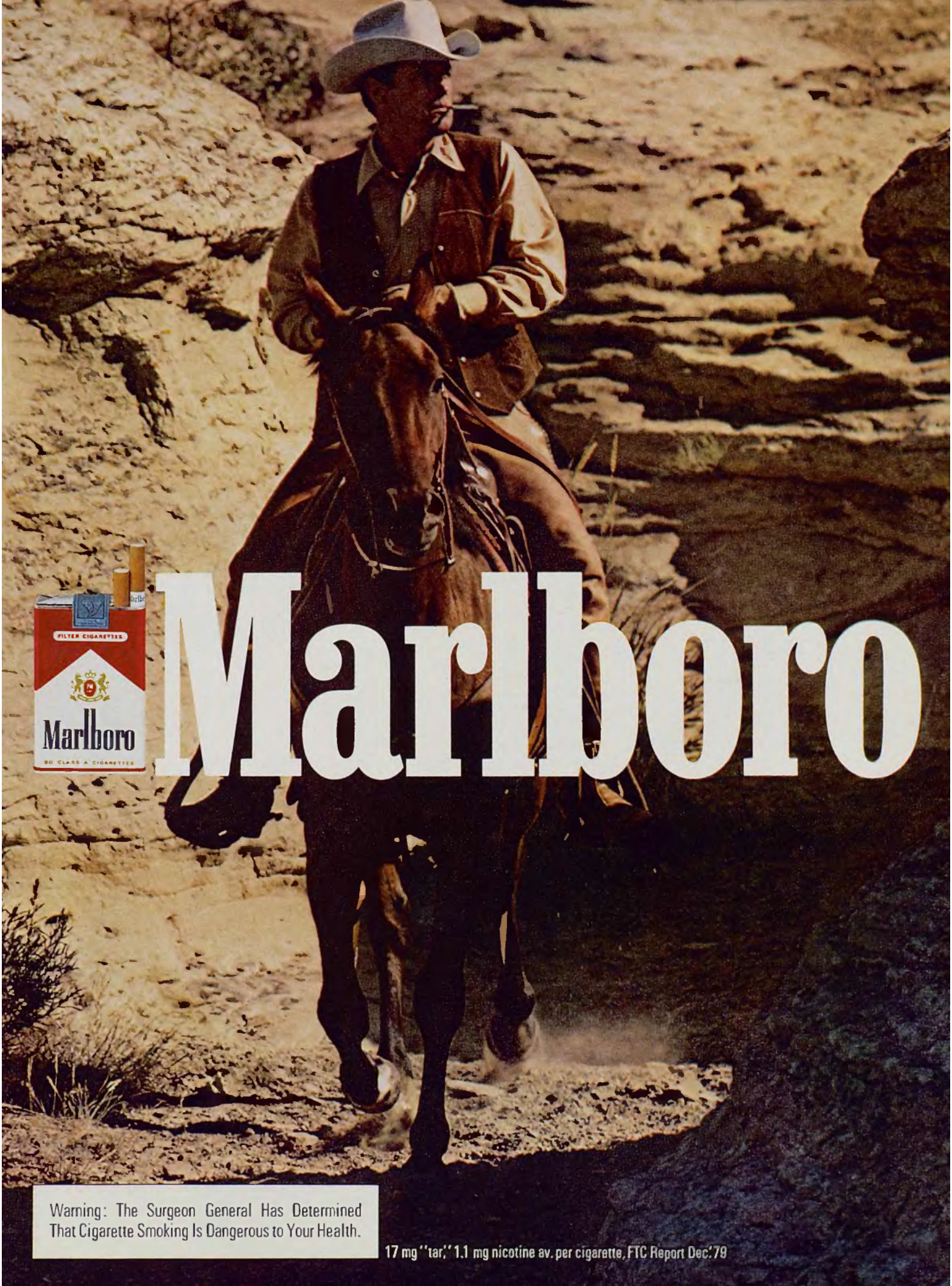
breath-taking view of the lovely Miss Lasseter.

BLUNDERWEAR

I enjoyed your *Informed Source* on cross-country skiing (PLAYBOY, January). I was particularly impressed with the shot of the polypropylene underwear. Women look wonderful in it, and I'm very glad it also keeps them warm.

Mo Brown
Chicago, Illinois

One thing we forgot to mention, Mo, was that one of the outfits, the hot red one, is made by LIFA/Northsport, Inc. of Williston, Vermont—a company that spends long hours making people look good and stay warm.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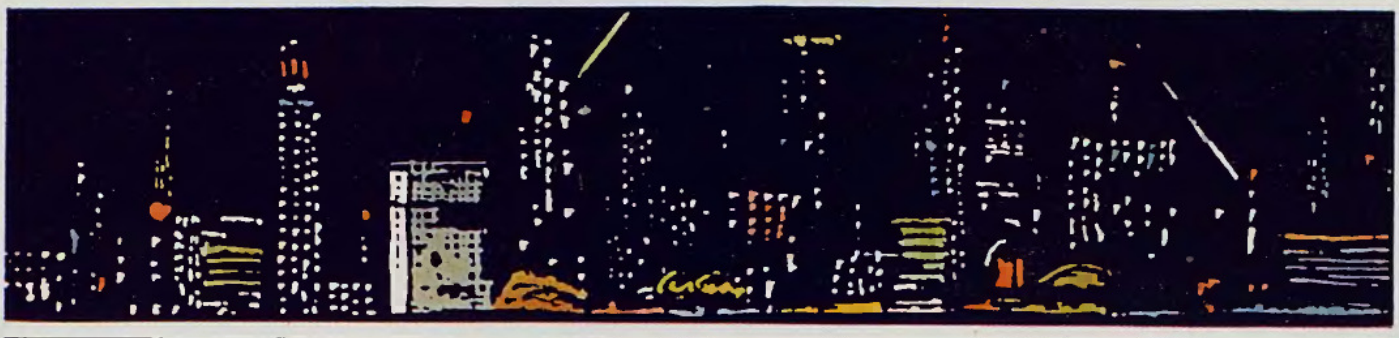
WHEN YOU'RE HEADING HOME,
EVEN THE SKY SEEMS TO SAY
IT'S TIME FOR RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



STROKE OF GENIUS

Two years ago, workers at the Herrick Hospital in Berkeley, California, treated an anonymous stroke victim—a mysterious fellow with an artificial leg. Dubbed Long John Silver by the staff, the paralyzed patient has been able to communicate with hospital employees only by blinking. Hearing of the poor pirate's plight, the Holiday Project Mid-Peninsula Committee raised $4000 to buy him a special computer with a video screen bearing selected basic sentences. Each phrase, such as "I'm thirsty," can be summoned to the screen by the lightest touch on a keyboard. Presented with the newfangled machinery, Silver delivered his first message to his expectant benefactors: "Leave me alone."

•

Yep, the Sixties *are* really over. Charles Lankins wanted to do his part to help during a water shortage in his home town of Norfolk, Virginia. He donated the 250 gallons from his water bed to the city council.

WOODY IT BE LOVERLY

If you think you've got problems, imagine what it must be like to be a woman plagued by dreams about Woody Allen. New York psychologist Dee Burton says the phenomenon is so widespread and so interesting that she's putting together a book of Woody dreams. Some of them are real beauts, too. One young lady dreamed she was a roommate of Allen's former companion Diane Keaton. When Woody returned to the fold, the lass feared she'd be given the boot by Diane. Instead, a *ménage à trois* ensued. When Diane left for a trip, the nervous lady and Woody were faced with each other—alone. On their first night as a twosome, Allen immediately invited intimacy by asking the dreamer, "How do you take your soup?"

Another woman dreamed of starring in a film with Woody as a pair of clarinet-playing Siamese twins. Yet another dreamer envisioned Woody saving her from a shark attack.

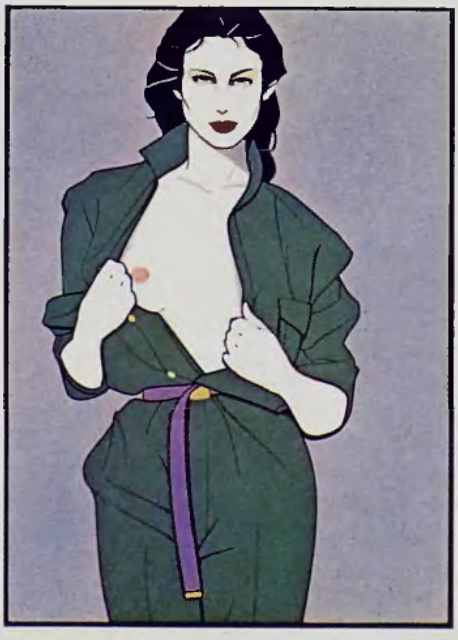
Bizarre? Unreal? Totally stupid? Next month: women's dreams about Ed Meese?

GRAY PANTHER

Minnie Mitgang of St. Louis may look like a helpless old woman with her shawl and cane, but if she totters up to you, run. She is a deputy sheriff who has served court orders and subpoenas on unsuspecting victims for more than 20 years.

Mitgang, who carries a toy gun because she is afraid of handling her real one, explains her success: "I don't advertise who I am; I never display authority; I come on like a nice, subtle old lady—with young ideas."

Once, she served divorce papers on brewery magnate August A. Busch, Jr., by sneaking past his mansion's security people. Busch, realizing he'd been had, asked her, "Would you like a beer?"



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And now for a closer look between those tulips: Helen Singer Kaplan, a respected authority on human sexuality, recently let us all know that "vaginal secretions contain the same chemicals found in daffodils."

•

Attention, beer drinkers: Canada's *Vancouver Sun* reports there's a new game afloat. It's called Whizzers and is played with little paper battleships and bull's-eye targets that you put in your toilet bowl. The object, as we understand it, is to sink them.

BLUE BEARD

Men only snicker at women sans knicker was the lesson learned recently by Liz Taylor. Leaving a hotel in Switzerland with husband Senator John Warner and daughter Naomi, Liz flashed photographers a smile and a lot more when a breeze blew open her slit skirt and revealed panty hose—but no panties. Newspapers had a field day with the photo, and with good reason: It's the most of Liz the public has seen in quite a while. It's nice to know that, despite all her success, Liz is still the same warm person deep down.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Chicago socialite Abra Anderson, whose mother was a good friend of Nancy Reagan's mother: "Everyone makes Nancy out to be a quiet worshiper of Ronnie, but she's really a fun broad."

DOWN-SCALE JEANS

Thrift shops in Boston are striking a blow against overpriced designer fashions. Nine Morgan Memorial Goodwill

Industries outlets in the city are selling the down-and-out alternative: Morgie's—secondhand jeans priced at $3.25 and boasting on the back a *très* cheapo chic MORGIE'S label. Morgie's are named not for a designer but for the Reverend Henry Morgan, a Methodist minister of the late 1800s. And in the Boston college community, the Methodist Morgie's show signs of unseating their Calvinist counterparts from the most-popular-threads throne.

MEDIA GET THE MESSAGE

Representative John Myers of Indiana proved himself unfashionably unliberated during a recent Appropriations Joint Conference. Unable to hear the proceedings, ABC Washington correspondent Catherine Mackin conferred with a colleague on what was happening, when Myers suddenly announced: "Will you stop yakking? Senator [Warren] Magnuson, there are two ladies behind me *yakking*!"

Outraged, Mackin shot back: "That's a sexist remark and I resent it. Yakking? That's what we were doing?"

An embarrassed Senator Jim Sasser tried to explain. "Congressman, those are reporters!"

And, as we all learned in school, yakking is protected under the First Amendment.

MEA CULPA, INC.

Mr. Apology feels sorry for you and wants to let you know it. Mr. Apology is a new phone service begun by an anonymous New York artist that lets people get their problems off their chest with no strings attached. Unhappy souls dialing 212-255-2748 are greeted with the following message: "Hello, this is Apology. Apology is not associated with the police or any other organization but, rather, is a way for you to tell people what you have done wrong and how you feel about it. All statements received by Apology will be played back to the public, so please do not identify yourself. Talk for as long as you want. If you prefer a taped interview with me, leave a number. Thank you."

So far, hundreds of sorry people have called: muggers, druggies, robbers, people who don't call their moms, even a killer or two. But who are the most interesting callers so far?

How about the psychiatrist who said, "I'm admitting people to the hospital and I don't know what I'm doing"?

Our personal favorite is the contemporary fellow who blurted: "I want to apologize all the time. I feel sorry all the time. I walk down the street and feel sorry. I'm sorry I made this call."

We're sorry we brought it up.

CHECKING IN

***Jake La Motta** met with journalist Anne Bardach at her apartment in New York. She reports that he will do the "On the Waterfront" speech "I coulda been a contendah" at the drop of a hat.*

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that *Raging Bull* represented you fairly and accurately?

LA MOTTA: I felt it was accurate, but I was shocked. I mean, the greatest parts, the fights, the middleweight championship, I felt good about. The parts that made me sad were when Vickie left me and when I was broke and I took the jewels out of my championship belt so that I could sell them.

PLAYBOY: You were selling the jewels to hire an attorney to beat a Florida morals rap. How much did you get for them?

LA MOTTA: I think it was $1500.

PLAYBOY: If you weren't Jake La Motta but just an ordinary moviegoer, what would you think about the character Robert De Niro portrays in the film?

LA MOTTA: I don't like him. *I* wasn't too nice a guy. But the picture ends 20 years ago. In time, I started to better myself. I started going to church.

PLAYBOY: What about De Niro?

LA MOTTA: I spent a year with De Niro, mostly boxing, before we even shot a foot of film. After the boxing sessions, he would walk around with me, wherever I went. He always had a tape recorder with him. He knows more about me than I know myself. He could make a hell of a psychiatrist. What that guy does to you when he wants you to tell him something is unbelievable. He learns fast. As a boxer, he started off green. I to'd him not to hold back with me and he gave me four black eyes. He damaged my nose. I can't breathe so good. I have to get another operation. He knocked out my uppers. It cost the producers $4000 to have them fixed. He infected my chin and I had to have surgery. That cost another $600. And he gave me a fractured rib.

PLAYBOY: Did you give *him* anything?

LA MOTTA: I gave him love and affection and a bloody nose.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate De Niro as a boxer?

LA MOTTA: Compared with Sylvester Stallone? No comparison! I rate him in the first 20. Don't forget, I fought some very good fighters, but I'd rate him with maybe half the fighters I fought at the time.

PLAYBOY: The big scandal of your career was when you took a dive in the fourth round in a fixed fight with Billy Fox. You were taken before the New York State Athletic Commission and wasn't your license taken away?

LA MOTTA: No. After the fight, I was suspended for seven months. They couldn't prove that I threw the fight. Later, I admitted it before the Kefauver Committee.

PLAYBOY: You admitted you threw the fight for $100,000?

LA MOTTA: No. For a chance to fight for the middleweight championship. They offered me $100,000, but I wouldn't take it. I didn't need the money. I wanted a chance to fight for the title. That's the way they ran the ball game at that time.

PLAYBOY: When you were suspended for the Fox fight, were you afraid that "they" would break your deal and never let you fight again?

LA MOTTA: Well, they promised me the first opportunity and they kept their word. And they gave me a championship fight. I was uncrowned champ for five years. Nobody wanted to fight me. I had a lot of money at that time. I wasn't getting any younger. That's the main reason why I purposely lost to Billy Fox. I thought by doing "bad," I would get a chance to fight for the title. But things had changed in that length of time, and I still had to pay $20,000 under the table to get that chance.

PLAYBOY: Where were your mobster friends later, when you got busted on the morals charge in Florida?

LA MOTTA: I know what you're going to say: When the ship sinks, the rats run away. Well, that's the way it is. They made money on one fight, that's it. The other times they wanted me to throw fights, I wouldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: Who would you say was the best all-round fighter—middleweight or heavyweight—in history?

LA MOTTA: Sugar Ray Robinson. No question about it.

PLAYBOY: Better than yourself? Better than Muhammad Ali or Joe Louis?

LA MOTTA: Well, at the time, I thought nobody was better than me. There are different weights, different classes, but Ray was a better fighter than anybody.

PLAYBOY: Did you resent the fact that you were not a heavyweight fighter?

LA MOTTA: Yeah, I did. That little bit

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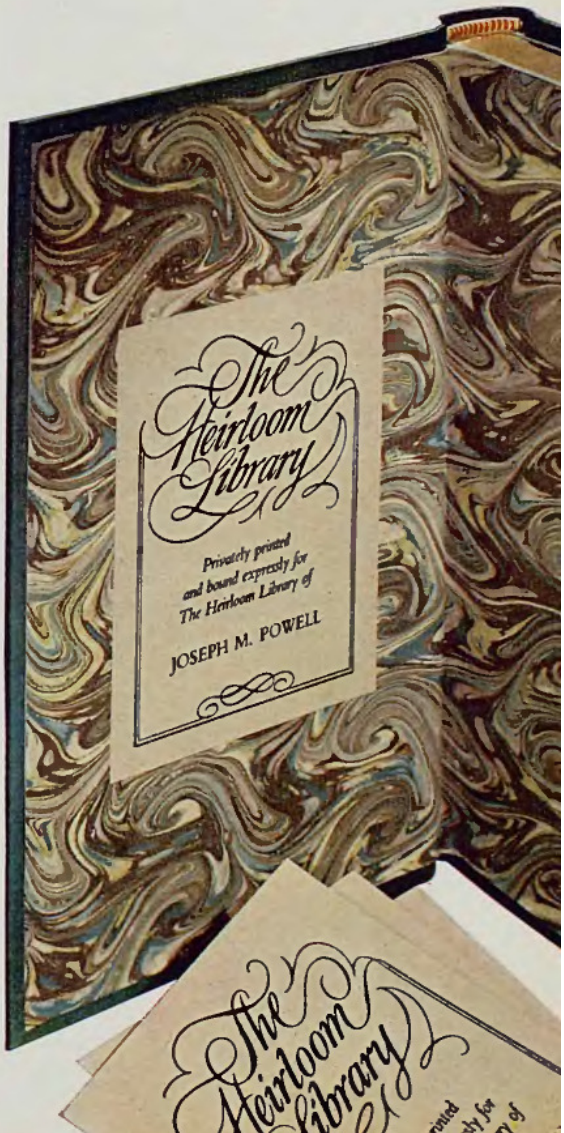

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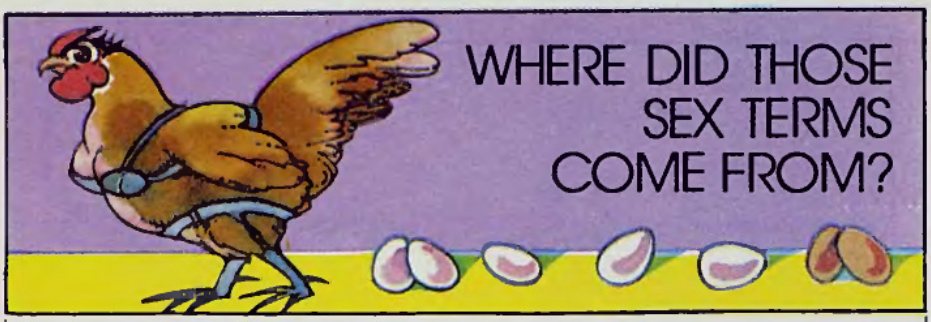

WHERE DID THOSE SEX TERMS COME FROM?

Afterglow—From the Bantu phrase *afro glow* (also *afro sheen*), which refers to the diffused light cast upon a bed by a lighted cigarette.

Aphrodisiac—Vincent Aphrodeze was an enormously successful French oyster wholesaler and convicted swindler. Vincent's brother was the demented tailor "Three Sleeves" Aphrodeze, inventor of the Alsatian crotch and the Spanish fly.

Blue balls—Named for the notorious Prudesca Bluebaltz, who, after reading the world's first and most inept sexual glossary, stubbornly confused foreplay with intercourse. Intriguingly, Prudesca was married 37 times.

Clitoris—From the Latin *Clitter is?* meaning "Where did it go?"

Come—This word's sexual usage originated in Elizabethan England and was first spotted in the common exclamation "Come, posthaste, reach the height of your passion, my darling, precious, fragrant marinated mushroom of my heart!" Sir Walter Raleigh, being slow of tongue, shortened this to "Come, posthaste," then, as his memory started to lapse, simplified it even further to "Compost," which is still widely used today by those with an excessive sense of history.

Dildo—From the everyday Finnish phrase *Dilduh ohboy stupendum*, which means, "Oh, you king-sized thing that makes no demands, leaves no mess, cracks fewer bad jokes than my boyfriend and is always of heavenly firmness." (N.B.: In Finnish, the Bible runs only 46 pages.)

Headlights—From *Edellytze*, a word coined by the great Swedish tennis star Bjorn Volvo to congratulate his opponents. Loosely translated as "That's quite a set."

Masturbation—Masturbation was one of the first great pinball machines, an ancestor of Space Invaders. (One of the objects of the game was not to be caught playing it.) Because whacking its flippers and jostling its balls was so much fun, even when one was alone, its name became transferred to other solitary amusements.

Melons—Derived from the wealthy Pittsburgh banking family, the Mellons, doubtless because they are so well endowed. Andrew Mellon is said to have helped form Pittsburgh's first community chest.

Nymphomaniac—From *Nymphomane plaze Kringlewatz schtup*, a Welsh phrase used by bands of roving adolescent boys. It means, "This year, what I'd really like, Santa Claus, is. . . ."

Orgasm—From *Orgasmo!* the Serbo-Croatian word for "Zippity-doo-dah-doo-dah-day."

Refractory period—From the Greek *Refractoric perious waitasec*, translated as "The pause that refreshes."

Singles bar—A place where people go to learn the definitions and derivations of particular words.

Stud—From *Studboffer*, the German word for a man who lies a lot.

Throbbing member—Was never supposed to be a sex term. Pulp-fiction writers began to use it after Harold Robbins' publisher misplaced the phrase in the first edition of his classic steamer *Initiation at the Elks Club*.

To get laid—This phrase comes from the term a good lay. Farmers used that expression to describe a hen that would put out ten eggs a week. When the happy farmers migrated to the putrid cities, they took the lively expression with them, and it has helped foster the strange sexual confusion of quantity with quality. Ever since 1867, dreamers like farmer Waldo Fert have prayed that "a wild chick" would turn into "a good lay."

To give head—Comes from the reign of the infamous Queen Gunnaling the Moist, who during the Ninth Century terrorized Norway. When upset, she would order one of her courtiers to decapitate a fishmonger and give her the head on a silver platter. Midway through her messy tyranny, the country ran out of fishmongers, so a desperate young courtier, Sven Moses (whose nickname was Go Down), devised a new way to please his queen.

Well hung—Another fascinating connection between sex and death. One of the reasons upper-crust British crowds once flocked to public hangings was to observe a phenomenon that took place if the party to be dispatched was male. Hanged men sport erections. If this protrusion was sizable, the well-dressed crowd would yell to the executioner, "Well hung, well hung!"

—ANDREW FEINBERG

in the movie with my brother Joey was true. I told Scorsese that story. I cried like a baby because I was small and didn't have big hands and would never be able to fight Joe Louis.

PLAYBOY: At the end of the movie, you and Joey are not on speaking terms. You beat him up because you think he's slept with Vickie, right?

LA MOTTA: Yes. Right. I thought *everybody* was sleeping with Vickie.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you put Vickie in the hospital a few times after beating her?

LA MOTTA: Yeah. I hit her a few times. A few times I don't remember. I never closed my fists or anything like that. One time I hit her—I wanted to miss her—I grazed her nose and I caught the tip of her nose and I broke it. I saw the bone come out of her nose. I grabbed her nose and pushed it back. Left a little bit of a bump. I said, "Oh, my God, what can I do?" God answered me. "Snap it back."

PLAYBOY: You're quite a husband. You've been married five times. Do you want to fall in love for a sixth time?

LA MOTTA: Don't think I don't have many opportunities because I'm older. I have telephone calls, but I just avoid it. I'm celibate right now.

PLAYBOY: And you're not even in training. By the way, did you really stay celibate when you were fighting?

LA MOTTA: In the old days, I thought sex would weaken me, so I didn't indulge while I was in training. Sex is relaxing and to keep it pent up will make you tense enough to fight with anybody. It does give you that vicious drive.

PLAYBOY: And legend has it you were one of the most vicious fighters of all time.

LA MOTTA: Well, that was my style. People in the fight game know that. I just disregarded defense and went all out. I always gave them their money's worth. I always wanted to put on a great show. And I either got killed or I killed. That's the way I was brought up and that was the only thing I knew for years.

PLAYBOY: Your hands look so small and unscarred for a fighter.

LA MOTTA: Maybe I missed my vocation. I should have been a fag.

PLAYBOY: Your fifth wife divorced you last summer and, according to the *New York Post*, blamed the breakup of your marriage on Robert De Niro, saying that when De Niro began hanging out with you, you changed your personality and began reliving your old glory. Could that be true?

LA MOTTA: It's a long story and that's not true.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about De Niro after spending two years of your life with him?

LA MOTTA: He's a gentle man, a nice man. I said to him over the phone, "I love you, Bobby." He said, "Me, too." He came into my life when things were bad. Somebody up there must have sent him.

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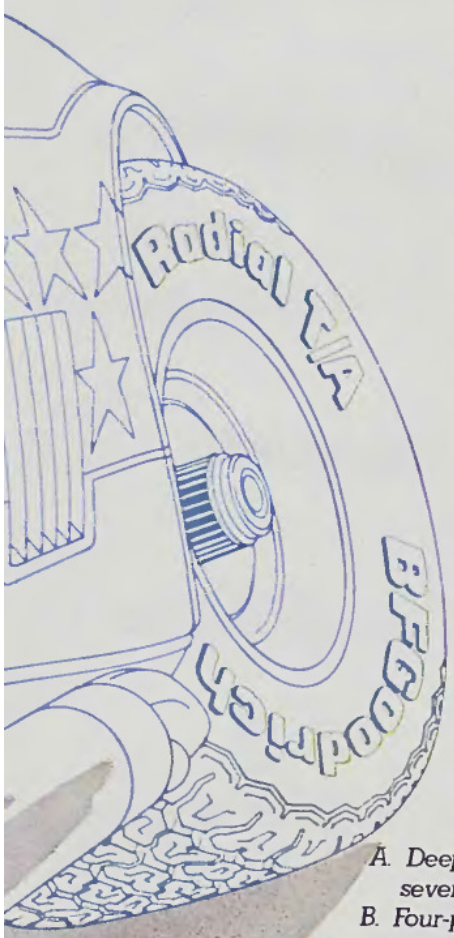

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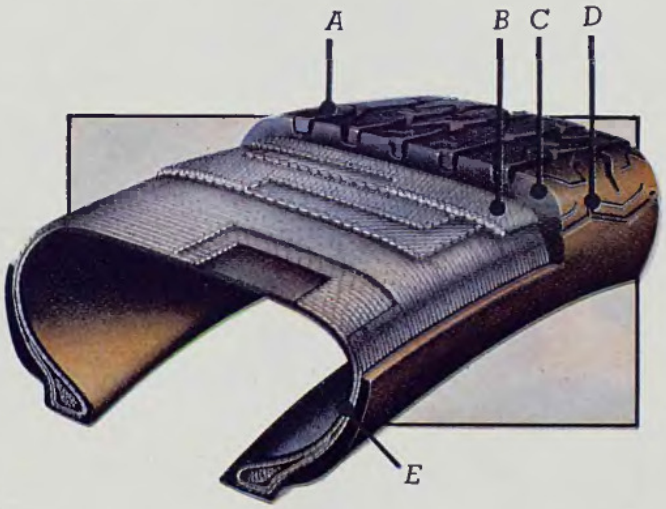

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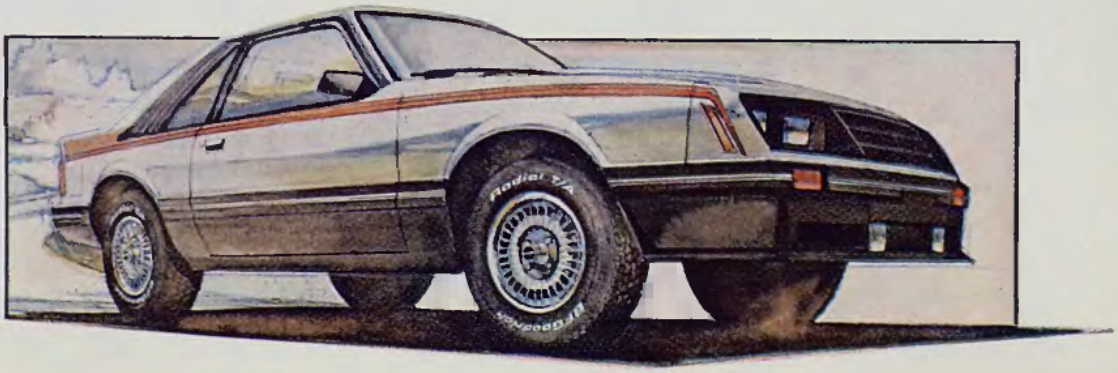

ABSOLUT PERFECTION.

BOOKS

Two new books of interviews with Vietnam veterans are just coming out, and the differences between them are as wide as the Pacific Ocean. ***'Nam*** (Morrow), edited by a nonveteran named Mark Baker, has no journalistic credibility whatsoever. Since the interviewees are anonymous, the stories told could be either fact or fiction. On the other hand, ***Everything We Had*** (Random House), edited by Al Santoli, who was a rifleman with the 25th Infantry Division in Vietnam, gives the names, ranks, places, dates of service and present locations of all the people being interviewed, from Lieutenant Colonel Gary Riggs, advisor to Special Forces in Laos in 1960–1961, to Stephen Klinkhammer, Navy medical corpsman on the aircraft carrier Midway stationed off Saigon during the fall of that city in April 1975; a total of 38 detailed and thoughtful interviews, each disturbing in the best way.

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Barry Holstun Lopez is a writer who is more concerned with the wondrous mysteries of nature than with the rules of man. In his nonfiction books and essays, he has shown how vividly one can perceive an unfamiliar and/or unsettling landscape and its creatures. In ***Winter Count*** (Scribner's), he has illuminated that reality with the devices of fiction. There are ten short stories in this slim volume (Lopez does not produce books by weight), and most of them read like Lopez' nonfiction: they offer information, as well as subtle drama, about buffalo, birds, sea shells, Indians, men in search of an elusive truth. Throughout, Lopez' intelligence and skill lead us his way, to perceptions we might not have had without him.

•

General George S. Patton, who did very little to hide his contempt for the British, once remarked about King George VI: "Just a shade above a moron, poor little fellow." For his part, British Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery didn't think too much of the American Dwight Eisenhower nor of his D-day invasion plan: "[Ike] has never commanded anything before in his whole career; now . . . he has elected to take direct command of very large operations and he does not know how to do it." France's Charles de Gaulle didn't like *anybody* very much: "Although it is now necessary to make pro-English propaganda, fundamentally the British, like the Germans, are hereditary enemies of the French; it is the Russians who will win the war . . . and the French should flatter them and obtain whatever gains may be possible from their difficulties with the Anglo-Saxons; finally, after gaining control of France, I will not stand in the way of allowing the Russians to occupy Germany temporarily." An exasperated Eisenhower said: "If they can't get together and stop quarreling like children, then I'll tell the Prime Minister to get someone else to run this damn war." This backbiting would be amusing if it were about, say, literary luminaries showing us the regrettable pettiness to which all of us are prone. But these men were Allied generals, each of whose decisions—based on bias, prejudice or vanity, as they often were—affected the lives of thousands and thousands of men. David Irving's excellent account of this, ***The War Between the Generals: Inside the Allied High Command*** (Congdon & Lattès), illustrates how ignoble inclinations can muck up the most noble of purposes. We should be happy that our gaggle of prima donnas was able to win the war.

Vietnam's soldiers of misfortune.

Impassioned accounts of combat and fine novels exploring domestic warfare.

Shelly's Leg: a hit.

•

In Shelly's Leg (Knopf), by Sara Vogan, introduces us to Sullivan, the kindly bartender who loves Shelly beyond her death; Birdheart, the wild ex-Marine; and a musician named Woody who sleeps with Rita when he should have the sense to stay with Margaret, the lady at the center of this powerful first novel. There are also a women's softball team, the beauty of the Montana countryside and bar talk that makes you wish these people were your friends. Vogan writes with precision, depth and feeling, and she hands us a book full of warmth and toughness: a novel for and about men and women. Equally.

•

Adam Smith reminds us in ***Paper Money*** (Summit) that economists used to be writers, not folks who hid behind the language of computers and equations. Smith *is* an entertaining writer and he takes us on an anecdotal guided tour of some landscapes that probably have been obscured to most of us: the birth of the Eurodollar (invented by the Russians), the effect of the 1973 oil-price increases, the fact that there is more money invested in single-family housing than there is in the New York Stock Exchange. He does all this not to tout a strategy but to educate, to teach us how to think about money.

•

If you're interested in New Wave music, ***Volume*** makes it simple to wade through the zillions of recordings in that brave new world—10,000, to be exact. International in scope, this discography ranges from commercial successes such as The Clash and Pere Ubu to the less familiar Dickheads, Gonads and Human Sexual Response. It's published by One Ten Records, 110 Chambers Street, New York, New York 10007, for $7.95.

•

The Book of Ebenezer LePage (Knopf), by G. B. Edwards, is a first and only novel, published posthumously (Edwards died in 1976). It is purportedly the autobiography of a Channel Islander, a Guernsey

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man who, writing in his later years, remembers friends and family and the former beauty of Guernsey. Ebenezer is a wise and cranky man, full of tales about the way things were before the Germans invaded during World War Two and the tourists and bankers invaded after that. He writes of the women he has loved and the women he has feared, of the sea and the land, of his few men friends—the best lost in World War One. He searches for someone, anyone, to whom he can give his small estate at his death. At the end of his autobiography, Ebenezer writes: "I want to write another." Would that he had, because this is first-rate fiction. So good, in fact, that you have to wonder if there isn't something of a literary joke here: John Fowles wrote the introduction, and he might have had something to do with the rest of it, too.

•

Love, Dad (Crown), a novel by Evan Hunter, describes the love and eventual disaffection of a father and his daughter between 1968 and 1971. That sounds like a decent plot, but the book reads like a soap opera: The father has to be the most *un*hip free-lance photographer who ever lived; the daughter is a superficial bitch who milks him for money and then rejects him forever; and the dialog is lightweight and obvious. Hunter wrote the screenplay for *The Birds*, which is exactly what this book is for.

•

Everyone talks about television, but nobody does anything about it? Not quite. One exception is the *New Yorker*'s TV critic, Michael J. Arlen, who conducted an investigation of his own into a *60 Minutes* investigation and found that the lads back at CBS had got their facts Rather wrong. His account of the episode appears in ***The Camera Age*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a collection of Arlen's *New Yorker* pieces from the past several years, many of them revised and all written with rueful, muscular elegance. Arlen reports that his piece on the *60 Minutes* probe (about dirty politics in Wyoming) evoked a "thin-skinned and belligerent response" from the network, but no retraction and no attempt to set the record straight. He also tells us that he sometimes watches the loony tube while working out on his rowing machine and that the *Today* show and reruns of *Ironside* are especially conducive to healthy exercise. Of course, few people think that criticism of television has any effect on its producers (by the time you've complained, the show's over, so why bother?), but the rarer critics, such as Arlen, carry on the noble battle to insist on quality in larger doses. Arlen has his own views of the true nature of box watching. "What it resembles most," he says, "is masturbation." Without an orgasm to make it all worth while.

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DOUBLE BOILER: *Hot Wacks Quarterly*, a Canadian record-collectors' magazine, recently ran shots of a picture disc by the British disco duo Blonde on Blonde, which has scored a couple of hits in Japan and Europe. *Hot Wacks* surrendered its own fingerprint-smudged edition to us and for your edification, here it is. Listening to it turned out to be a tactical error; it has somewhat dampened our enthusiasm for the smashing Britons Nina Carter and Jilly Johnson, who have appeared nude in British tabloids, album covers and our magazine. Take it from us—some records are made to be seen, not heard.

TRUE DEVO-SHUN: As *Billboard* had it, "Officials in Devon, Pennsylvania, could not understand it. Highway exit signs, road signs, the local rail-station signs and the Devon Elementary School were all losing the final N in the town's name. Someone in town was turning Devon into Devo. But what does that mean? Finally the kids in town explained about the tribute to the Akron, Ohio, New Wave group. 'Unless you have kids, it doesn't ring a bell,' the township's police superintendent told U.P.I."

REVIEWS

Guitar madness can strike anyone, anyplace, any time. The only known cure is an immediate dose of well-played guitar music applied directly to the frontal lobe by way of the ears. Fortunately, relief is in plentiful supply this month, in the form of four new albums—three of them solo efforts—by masterful jazz guitarists.

Ralph Towner's ***Solo Concert*** (ECM) is about as close to pure guitar bliss as you can get: a brilliant musician going one on one with his instruments (six- and 12-string guitars), recorded live in concert. The tunes vary from ballads to jazz waltzes to flights of finger picking, and Towner is equal to them all, fusing technical virtuosity with a deep musical intelligence. The result is stunning.

Steve Khan, a versatile session guitarist with strong jazz roots, has used his knowledge of recording techniques to produce a tour-de-force solo album of a different kind. Khan plays all the music on ***Evidence*** (Arista/Novus), skillfully overdubbing various guitar parts to create lushly melodic arrangements of jazz compositions of the Fifties and Sixties that are at once contemporary and classic.

Larry Coryell was the first major guitarist to emerge from the jazz/rock movement in the late Sixties and, stylistically, he has never quite recovered from that early brush with pop stardom. ***Standing Ovation*** (Arista/Novus), his all-acoustic solo LP, evinces yet again Coryell's split musical personality. Well-thought-out tunes played with great technical artistry are followed by slight riff rockers, excuses for Coryell to churn out endless ragged choruses of blues-based solos. Too bad.

If it's elegantly understated jazz you're after, John Scofield is your man. ***Bar Talk*** (Arista/Novus), with Steve Swallow on bass and Adam Nussbaum on drums, features Scofield's delicately nuanced, lyrical guitarwork at its best. Swallow's playing deserves special credit: It complements Scofield perfectly and functions

PAIRS OF THE STARS

Question: What have you been listening to lately?

PAT BENATAR BAND: 1. Stevie Wonder / *Hotter Than July*. 2. The Police / *Zenyatta Mondatta*. 3. Bruce Springsteen / *The River*. 4. Ultravox / *Vienna*. 5. The B-52's / *Wild Planet*.

LARRY GATLIN: 1. George Jones / *He Stopped Loving Her Today*. 2. The Doobie Brothers / *What a Fool Believes*. 3. Mac Davis / *Texas in My Rear View Mirror*. 4. Anne Murray / *Broken Hearted Me*. 5. The Charlie Daniels Band / *In America*.

DELBERT MC CLINTON: 1. Frankie Miller / *Easy Money*. 2. Frankie Miller / *A Perfect Fit*. 3. Hank Crawford / *Tico Rico*. 4. Heart / *Tell It Like It Is*. 5. Freddie King / *Texas Cannonball*.

MICHAEL HENDERSON: 1. Aretha Franklin / *Aretha*. 2. Prince / *Dirty Mind*. 3. Teena Marie / *I Need Your Lovin'*. 4. George Benson / *Love X Love*. 5. Hiroshima / *Odori*.

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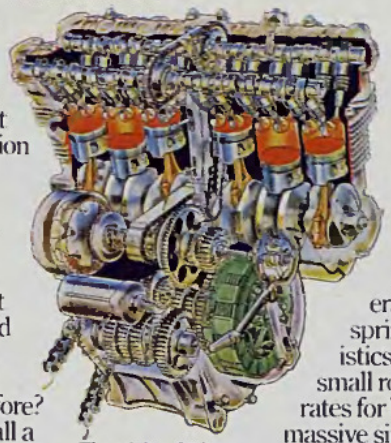
Well, what would you call the sculptured form you see on the left hand page? What would you call a machine that takes sport touring to a place it's never been before?

What would you call a motorcycle as breathtakingly beautiful yet technologically sophisticated as the 1981 CBX?

Most likely, you'd call it art.



The mighty CBX six-cylinder engine.

How poetry in motion gets moving.

At Honda, form without function is not considered a virtue. High-performance machinery is built to do just that—perform. Then it is styled to look good doing it.

Stainless steel, internally ventilated front disc brakes.

So beneath the sleekly flowing lines of the CBX is everything you would expect in a high performance sport touring bike. And considerably more. Six, count 'em, six cylinders.

Each with a four-valve Pentroof™ combustion chamber for high combustion efficiency. That's twenty-four in all, in case you're counting valves, too.

Each cylinder is fed by a 28 mm CV carburetor. An accelerator pump aids smooth, no lag acceleration. Ignition is low maintenance transistorized.

And the mighty double overhead camshaft engine exhausts through mighty impressive six-into-two high performance pipes with interconnected chrome megaphone mufflers. For increased mid-range power.

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Anything as beautiful as a CBX deserves special handling.

An engine as technologically advanced as a CBX deserves nothing less than the very latest in sophisticated suspension.

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A result of Honda racing technology, Pro-Link suspension delivers truly progressive spring and damping characteristics. Low initial rates for small road irregularities. Higher rates for bigger bumps. The massive single shock is both air assisted (with a low pressure warning light) and adjustable with three distinct rebound damping settings.

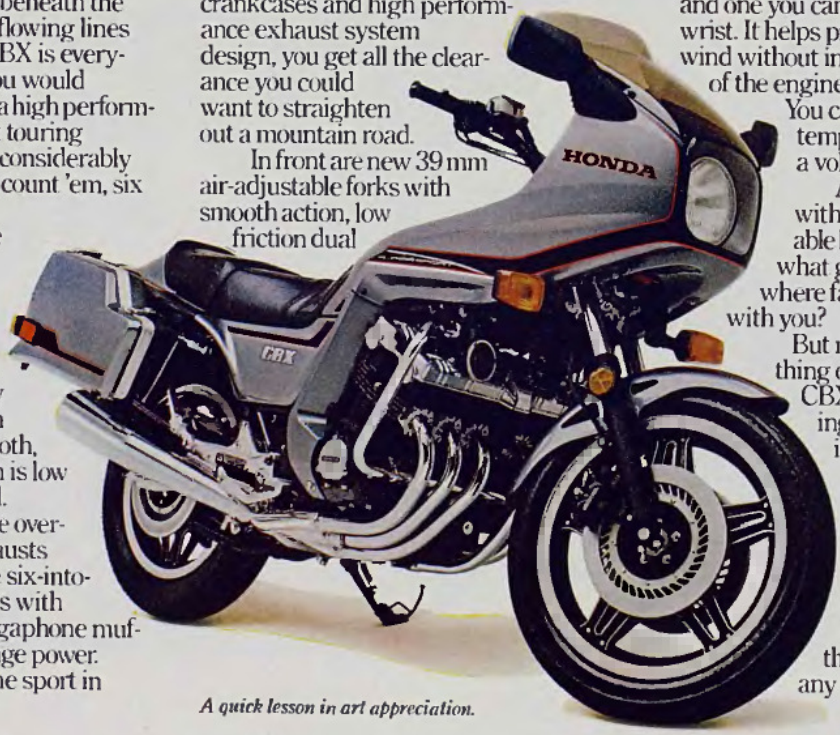
The large extruded aluminum alloy swing arm pivots on ball and needle bearings for long life.

And the unique design of the Pro-Link system allows it to be mounted low in the motorcycle, lowering the center of gravity and improving mass centralization. But don't be mislead, lower c.g. doesn't mean less cornering clearance for the CBX. With its beveled crankcases and high performance exhaust system design, you get all the clearance you could want to straighten out a mountain road.

In front are new 39 mm air-adjustable forks with smooth action, low friction dual Syntallic™ bushings. A new frame design utilizes different steering head geometry and decreased trail.

The rubber on the road is V-rated, tubeless and wrapped around wider-than-ever, highlighted aluminum alloy ComStar™ wheels.

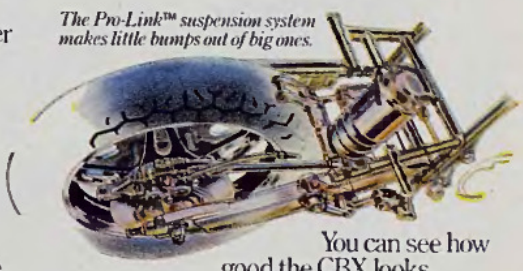
And for the very important part of going, stopping, new stainless steel, internally ventilated disc brakes. A Honda exclusive with new twin piston calipers.



A quick lesson in art appreciation.

Now for the most beautiful part, the beautiful part.

The Pro-Link™ suspension system makes little bumps out of big ones.



You can see how good the CBX looks.

But what's really beautiful is that all those handsome pieces aren't just there for looks.

The sport touring fairing was designed with an air spoiler for both rider comfort and aerodynamic efficiency. It has one storage compartment you can lock, and one you can open with a flick of the wrist. It helps protect you from the wind without interfering with the cooling of the engine.

You can order options like an air temperature gauge, altimeter, a voltmeter and a quartz clock.

And the CBX even comes with color matched, detachable locking saddlebags. Because what good is getting somewhere fast if you can't take anything with you?

But maybe the most beautiful thing of all about the 1981 CBX is that it is a piece of rolling artwork. Who knows, it may even appreciate in value as you appreciate it over the years.

But whether it does or not, you have the security of knowing that there's one thing you can do with this piece of art that you can't do with any other.

You can ride it.

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more as a second lead voice than as accompaniment. Well done.

•

Rock-movie sound tracks are turning ugly. What started with *Blackboard Jungle* has slowly evolved into last year's *Times Square* and now this year's ***The Decline of Western Civilization*** (Slash). No longer content with rockin' around the clock, the collection of West Coast punk groups involved in this one seems hell-bent on stomping the clock's face and then taking out after the clockmaker with a straight razor. The music reflects that anger, ranging from totally outraged (Black Flag and Catholic Discipline) to mad as hell (X and Circle Jerks). And they're not gonna take it anymore—royalties notwithstanding.

•

These days, if you give your regards to Broadway, you stand a good chance of getting either propositioned by male hustlers or mugged by junkies. The Jim Carroll Band's ***Catholic Boy*** (Atco) reflects the new New York in word pictures of its seamier side. Carroll's lyrics, backed by straight-ahead rock 'n' roll, are some of the most powerful to come out of that city since Lou Reed was in his heyday. It figures: Carroll lived the life he sings about, having been a hustler/junkie. The result is a celebration of sex, drugs and death that is as unsettling as it is intriguing.

•

In the tradition of The Soul Sisters, a pair of Amazonian ladies who had some R&B hits in the early Sixties, come The Two Tons, a similarly savage twosome. Their growls, yells, moans and raps on ***Backatcha*** (Fantasy/Honey) are some of the earthiest sounds we've heard in this era of champagne disco/soul—and there's plenty of musical muscle in the backup sounds.

•

A nitpicker might say that everything McCoy Tyner plays comes out the same—but that's bound to be the case with any musician whose conceptions are so personal, poetic and powerful that they transcend the limitations of material and the accidents of circumstance. The four guest stars who fill out the McCoy Tyner Quartets on the four sides of ***4 x 4*** (Milestone)—trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, vibist Bobby Hutcherson, altoist Arthur Blythe and guitarist John Abercrombie—all wind up adapting themselves to the pianist's style and becoming ornaments in his musical landscapes. Believe us, they have nothing to complain about.

•

Musicians like to scoff that it's only because of economics that record companies reissue so much classic jazz; it's cheaper than recording new stuff. And, of course, dead men collect no royalties. They can, however, accrue greater

glory—and since Eddie Jefferson got so little exposure during his lifetime, ***There I Go Again*** (Prestige) is an especially welcome four-sided sampling of his genius. A professional dancer who invented "vocalese"—the art of adding lyrics to previously recorded instrumental solos—Jefferson became its greatest exponent before he was shot to death in Detroit two years ago in an incident strikingly similar to the John Lennon assassination.

•

Genius is quickly apparent in three other double albums by jazzmen who left us all too soon. The early ideas of John Coltrane shine brightly on ***Rain or Shine*** (Prestige), a collection of blues and standards recorded when Trane was still working as a sideman. The Wes Montgomery of ***Yesterdays*** (Milestone) is not the stylized, orchestrated pop/jazz superstar too many of us remember but a daring improviser who's well showcased in an organ-trio setting. Meanwhile, Montgomery's gypsy ancestor can be heard on ***Django, Volume 1*** (Inner City), a cheerful compendium of tracks recorded by guitarist Django Reinhardt and the Quintet of the Hot Club of France in the mid-Thirties.

SHORT CUTS

T. S. Monk / *House of Music* (Mirage): Who would have expected the children of the great Thelonious to sound like Chic?

Russell Garcia / *"I Lead a Charmed Life"* (Discovery): Brief but brilliant jazz themes that leave plenty of solo space for Bill Watrous, Teddy Edwards and Chuck Findley.

Carl Burnett Quintet Plays Music of Richard Rodgers, Vol. 1 (Discovery): Nonpareil pianist George Cables and sax star Eddie Harris, performing nobly as a sideman, help give Rodgers more than his due.

Michael Wycoff / *Come to My World* (RCA): Anyone who enjoys romantic soul ballads will accept the invitation.

The Whispers / *Imagination* (Solar): Say it loud: The Whispers and Dick Griffey are what's happening in R&B.

Paul Butterfield / *North South* (Bearsville): A sad effort, showing that the man who blew the meanest blues/rock harmonica in the Sixties now just sucks.

Jan Garbarek, Kjell Johnsen / *Aftenland* (ECM): Darkly Nordic church-organ/saxophone duo, a perfect sound track for your next nervous breakdown.

Keith Jarrett / *The Celestial Hawk* (ECM): Overblown, pompous junk. Jarrett has become the jazz version of Billy Joel.

Carlos "Patato" Valdez / *Bata y Rumba* (Latin Percussion Ventures): Afro-Cuban music stripped to the essentials.

Echo and the Bunnymen / *Crocodiles* (Korova): Rock 'n' roll with a bite to it from Liverpool's current Fab Four.

Chico Freeman / *Peaceful Heart, Gentle Spirit* (Contemporary): Strong jazz statements that aren't always so peaceful.

FAST TRACKS

HERE COMES THE JUDGE DEPARTMENT: A 19-year-old Chicago woman, Joyce Hart, tried unsuccessfully to get her burglary conviction overturned on the ground that the judge at her trial committed an error when he suggested she should listen to Donna Summer's hit record *Bad Girls*. Hart's lawyers claimed the judge's remark was prejudicial and implied she was a prostitute, but the Illinois Appeals Court rejected that argument. We thought His Honor was giving *Bad Girls* an 85 because it's got a good beat and you can dance to it. . . .

REELING AND ROCKING: *Countryman*, a film by **Bob Marley and the Wailers**, will have its world premiere on video cassette and video disc rather than in a theater. Then, after release to the home market, a movie-distribution deal will be negotiated for later this year. . . . Don't get mad at us; we read this item in *Los Angeles* magazine: Apparently, there are now two very explicit video cassettes for sale of **Elvis** romping around Graceland with five young ladies. The tapes were reportedly lifted from Graceland by an ex-girlfriend and sold to a porn syndicate. Tape price? Five hundred dollars and up.

NEWSBREAKS: Three of the four members of **Creedence Clearwater Revival** are planning to record again. The missing link is **John Fogerty**, who has been living in Oregon and working on a solo album for the past five years. . . . By the time you read this, **Grace Slick** should have rejoined the **Starship**. It was lonely off the charts. . . . **The Monkees** have become one of the most popular American acts in Japan following the rerelease of their 1967 hit *Daydream Believer*. . . . Other news from around the world: Number-one album of the year in Russia? **Pink Floyd**'s *The Wall* was chosen by the readers of a Russian youth newspaper. Ironically, *The Wall* had never been released for sale in the U.S.S.R. but received heavy airplay on European and Asian radio and inspired a widespread black market for homemade tapes. Other acts that were highly rated: **Blondie, Michael Jackson** and **Elton**. . . . Capitol Records is being sued by a musician who claims he owns the rights to the name The Knack. **The Knack** has been one of Capitol's most successful groups. **Michael Chain** says he registered the name with the musicians' union in 1966, for a completely different group.

RANDOM RUMORS: When **The Police** held a "blondes only" concert in Los Angeles and filmed it for a movie the group plans to release this year, the blonde-hair policy was strictly enforced—but wig merchants were on hand at the door for fans who didn't have the real thing. . . . Now we've heard everything: Dancing the New Wave pogo may be hazardous to your eyes, says a Massachusetts doctor. **Dr. Robert Caspari** says that a normally healthy patient showed up after a night of pogoing with what was diagnosed as eye hemorrhages. This kind of thing would never happen to someone doing the funky chicken. . . . City officials in Fremont, California, have finally managed to put an end to the all-night benefits at the Phase Three disco-church, at which 1000 dancer-worshipers boogied until dawn. Owner **Sam Conti** found religion (and a mail-order divinity degree) when the city fathers required him to comply with an ordinance that closed discos at two A.M. but let church affairs go on till morning. Ten cents of the five-dollar admission charge went toward membership in the disco-church. . . . And, finally, another "human radio" has showed up, this one in Miami. People have picked up broadcasts in their dental fillings before, but this time a veteran in a psychiatric ward said he was hearing music and news in his head. After an examination, doctors found that the vet was picking up WQAM via small shrapnel fragments in his skull. The man, who was being treated as an outpatient, simply went north, out of WQAM's signal range, for a rest. That's all, folks.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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MOVIES

Whatever else may be said or written about it—and you're going to be seeing plenty—director Bob Rafelson's grindingly authentic new version of ***The Postman Always Rings Twice*** (Paramount/Lorimar) is a cinch to weigh in as one of the hottest movies of the year. Come to think of it, hotter than any uncurbed passion to hit the screen since *Last Tango in Paris* and *Shampoo*. There is virtually no nudity but plenty of explicit scratch-and-grapple sex between Jessica Lange and Jack Nicholson, an odd couple whose sexual chemistry takes some getting used to. Once they connect, though—like a rutting stag and a doe in heat, locked together amid loaves of fresh-baked bread on top of the kitchen table—they generate an air of danger worthy of Bonnie and Clyde. A forceful presence, as usual, Nicholson seems to be playing studied accompanist to Lange, who is a revelation in this role. Not only can she act up a storm but the girl who began her screen career in *King Kong*'s clutches seethes with a kind of feral animal magnetism as Cora, the bored wife of a Greek hash-house owner (John Colicos), so drugged with desire for a horny drifter that she and he devise a plan to kill her husband. She's terrific, no less.

While *Postman* was considered a sizzler with Lana Turner and John Garfield back in 1946, the late James M. Cain—a modern master from the school of hard-boiled fiction—supposedly detested the slick, star-struck adaptation of his controversial first novel, published in 1934. I happen to have a sneaking fondness for that earlier *Postman*, in which Lana was never lovelier nor so reeking of dime-store glamor, Garfield never more gutsy. (Forget about French and Italian film versions of the book, seldom seen here.) To his credit, Rafelson makes the story utterly real. Unlike such semi-classic Cain movies as *Double Indemnity* (filmed in 1944) and *Mildred Pierce* (which brought Joan Crawford a 1945 Academy Award), *Postman* can bear upgrading. A cryptic screenplay by David Mamet sticks close to the book without emphasizing the obvious. There's an interlude between Nicholson and a lady lion tamer (played by his offscreen lady, Anjelica Huston) I could do without, but such quibbles are overwhelmed by the raw energy Rafelson harnesses. Sven Nykvist's cinematography captures rural California during the Great Depression in a collage of peeling paint, weathered wood and drabness that brings the story to life sociologically as well as physiologically. Now we *know* why an illicit couple would commit murder to retain title to their ramshackle love nest in a roadside gas station–diner. Trashy folk, yet we cannot pull our eyes away. Better not: Here's the first across-the-board slate of Oscar candidates for 1981. ¥¥¥½

Nicholson, Lange deliver in *Postman*.

Postman rings the bell; Walken, Berenger score in a chilling war movie.

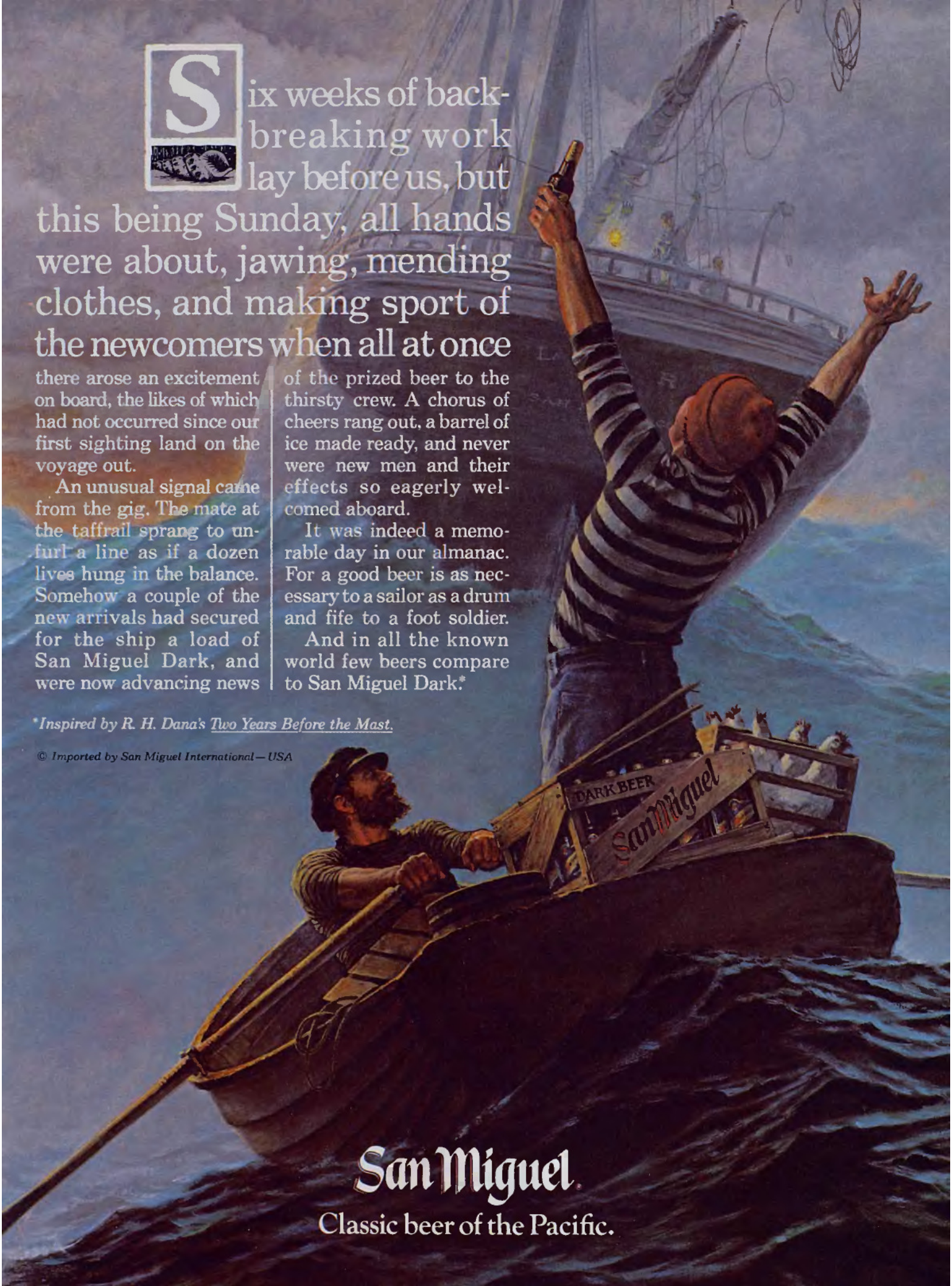
Berenger making *War*.

•

Paris during the German Occupation, 1942. A celebrated actress operates the theater formerly managed by her Jewish husband, who is in hiding in the cellar. She hires a new leading man and gradually falls in love with him, while the entire company is harassed by a vicious collaborationist drama critic. That's about all there is to ***The Last Metro*** (UA Classics), a French wartime fable so graceful and civilized that director François Truffaut seems to be quietly saying "Places, please" as he brings up the lights. Catherine Deneuve, as the actress-manager Marion Steiner, has her best movie role in more than a decade and plays it with romantic warmth, authority and an elusive star quality that very few of today's great screen beauties can match. French cinema's top *macho* man Gerard Depardieu, Heinz Bennent and Jean-Louis Richard portray, respectively, the new leading actor, the frustrated husband and the craven critic. All are superb, for *Last Metro* on its own terms is virtually flawless. Except for a taut moment when Gestapo men come to search the theater's cellar, there is no high adventure or Nazi-inspired hysteria. Truffaut seems to be looking into the past in a mellow mood to discover small acts of heroism, the way people managed to carry on, or to fall in love, or simply to survive with honor. *Last Metro* appeals to very special tastes. If the French could put this sort of thing in bottles, I'm afraid I'd be tempted to call it "a brave little wine." ¥¥¥

•

Decades ago, if Hollywood had got its hands on a book like ***The Dogs of War*** (UA), Bogart or Gable would have been signed to top-line an entertaining, richly romanticized drama about a tough mercenary soldier with a nasty job to do. Well, that's still the story. Only the romanticism is missing in director John Irvin's exciting tale (adapted by Gary DeVore and George Malko from Frederick Forsyth's best seller), with Christopher Walken as Shannon, the American professional killer hired to take a commando unit into a West African nation and knock off the black dictator for a fee. I suspect *Dogs of War* might have been more fun done the old way, with all that good-guy warmth behind every pistol shot and never much blood showing. It's a helluva lot more honest as shown here, and Walken—who at times has the cool futuristic look of a handsome being from a distant planet—pumps lead into his victim with chilling detachment. Whatever he does seems exactly right, for there are no real good guys in Forsyth's saga of power struggles and treachery, with platinum mines as the prize that far outweighs any residual idealism about freedom. We learn to admire Walken, if grudgingly, and root for his recruited helpers—particularly Tom Berenger as Drew, who seems to take the gig because it sounds better to him than hanging around the States watching his pregnant wife swell up. The women in these men's lives are dismissed quickly or ignored. A true mercenary isn't in love with love, he's in love with danger. Filmed on three continents—with Belize in Central America substituting nicely for the fictional sun-baked state of Zangaro, West Africa—*Dogs of*



Six weeks of back-breaking work lay before us, but this being Sunday, all hands were about, jawing, mending clothes, and making sport of the newcomers when all at once there arose an excitement on board, the likes of which had not occurred since our first sighting land on the voyage out.

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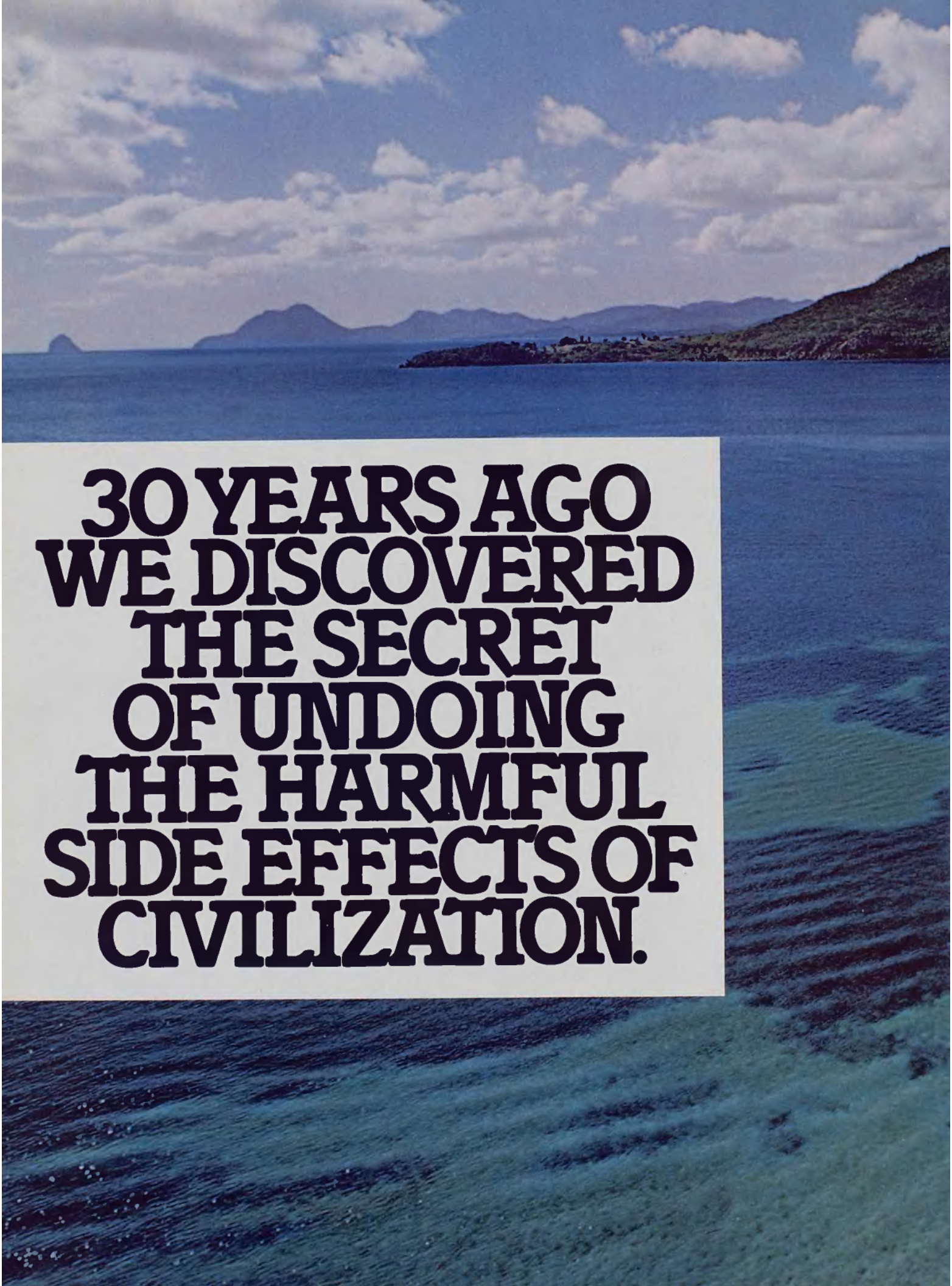
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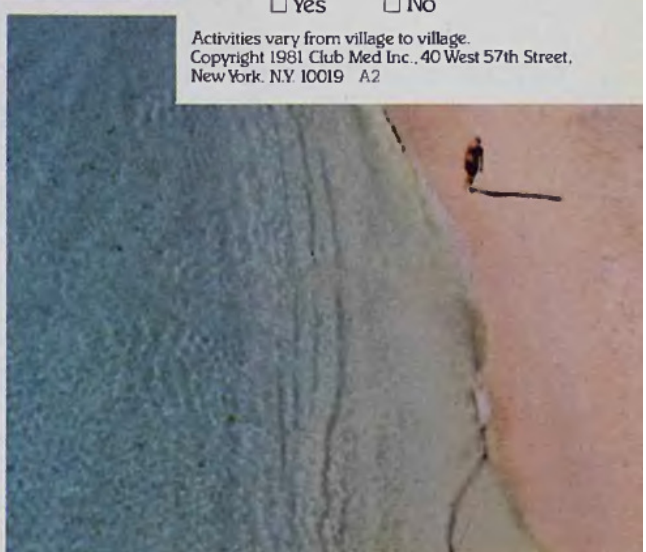

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Roger Moore directed by England's Bryan Forbes, Lino Ventura directed by France's Edouard Molinaro, Ugo Tognazzi directed by Italy's Dino Risi and Gene Wilder directed by himself make up ***Sunday Lovers*** (MGM/UA), a four-part comedy about philandering of one kind or another. The premise is strained, the film generally slight and foolish. If I were picking favorites—and I am—Moore's bit would be funniest, with Roger cast in *An Englishman's Home* as a roguish chauffeur who pretends to be the lord of the manor and seduces stewardesses (Priscilla Barnes on this occasion) at the stately 'ome while his lordship's away. The game gets complicated when a horny titled lady (Lynn Redgrave) shows up in full sail. Another sequence, titled *The French Method*, almost makes it, with Ventura playing a businessman who gets a vulgar American colleague (Robert Webber) fixed up for the night with a vulnerable part-time secretary (Catherine Salviat). As for the other *Lovers*, Wilder's outing with Kathleen Quinlan is the dreariest, and he wrote it himself. Scrawled on the back of an envelope, or I miss my guess. ¥¥

•

On the evidence sent over here, there's only one ranking Dutch film maker—Paul Verhoeven, whose *Turkish Delight* and *Soldier of Orange* well deserved the attention they drew. ***Spetters*** (Goldwyn), a scrambled story of flaming youth on motorcycles in modern Rotterdam, looks to be too little, too late for American audiences who had their fill of *The Wild One* way back in the Fifties. Nevertheless, Verhoeven's actors are excellent, from Rutger Hauer as a racing champion to Hans van Tongeren as a hopeful young biker who has a crippling accident to Toon Agterberg as a lad who makes a career of mugging homosexuals (until they rape him in retaliation and help him discover that he's one of them). *Spetters* also boasts a new nonstop sex symbol named Renee Soutendijk, who reminds me of early Valerie Perrine, playing a blonde with scruples so sketchy she peddles over-the-counter sausages made from canned dog food. It must be said for Verhoeven that even his second-best films exude a certain rough vitality and credibility, and he seldom pulls his punches whether dealing with violence, four-letter words, fellatio, straight sex or frontal nudity. ¥¥

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Fans of David Bowie ought to be ready for the unexpected, and ***Just a Gigolo*** (UA Classics) more than fills the bill. This moody, ironic period piece about Berlin during the turbulent Twenties resembles *Cabaret* without the

Lovers' Moore and Barnes.

Lovers dishes up feeble fourplay; Bowie and friends revel in *deutsch* decadence.

Gigolo's Novak, Bowie.

song cues, though there's music, too, in an atmospheric score of golden oldies. The melancholy title song is sung by Marlene Dietrich—herself an 18-karat golden oldie making her first movie appearance in 17 years. Dietrich is the baroness who manages a stable of young gentlemen for hire, among them Bowie as a German World War One hero. Decadent Berlin is painted so wickedly as a city of lurid fleshpots that you'll almost wish you were there, going to hell handsomely. If Bowie has anything, it's style—as he proved in his flashy first starring role in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, and again when he took over the dramatic leading role in *The Elephant Man* on Broadway. I can't think of any rock star whose screen presence conveys such cool authority plus a kind of unisex appeal. Directed with finesse by actor David Hemmings, who doubles in a supporting role, the movie offers relatively straight sex appeal in the person of vivacious Sydne Rome—conjuring memories of *Cabaret*'s Sally Bowles as a performer named Cilly who has a penchant for Hollywood producers and princes. Nor should we forget to ogle Kim Novak, in great shape for her role as a general's widow who seduces Bowie on the floor of the family crypt, only inches from her late spouse's coffin. Made mostly in Germany, *Just a Gigolo* is a cinematic curio, but a compelling one for moviegoers ready to explore bizarre byways far off the safe, smoothly paved middle of the road. ¥¥¥

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You may feel you're hallucinating as ***Space Movie*** (International Harmony) gathers the real thing—a head trip based on NASA documentary footage, some of it grainy, most of it spectacular, much of it never before shown, with additional film from the Soviet space program. Music by rock composer Mike Oldfield enhances this audio-visual essay about the first moon walk, the Soyuz-Apollo rendezvous in space and numerous rocket launches viewed from a splendid new perspective that makes most cinematic science-fiction look silly. American astronauts gamboling boyishly on the lunar surface or reveling in their weightlessness in orbit are typical of the adventurous exuberance projected by director Tony Palmer, who put *Space Movie* together with minimal narration. The message is implied, enthralling and cosmic, more show than tell, less a lecture on man's magnificent achievements in space exploration than a salute to the spirit that moved us. How soon we forget. How mind-blowing to remember. ¥¥¥

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The mixture of a boy, a dog, a bear, a wild boar and a drunken Indian who mends his ways sounds like a recipe for conventional family entertainment. ***Fish Hawk*** (Avco-Embassy) soars far beyond expectations, because the title role is played powerfully by Will Sampson, the Indian actor who was unforgettable in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Again, he's a loner who seems to sense he belongs to a dying breed. He is the stuff of which legends are made in this sensitive Western adventure film, directed by Canada's Donald Shebib, with a largely Canadian cast. Shebib makes everyone's work look easy, because he does his own job so well. As the boy Corby, young Charlie Fields plays an expert second fiddle to Sampson's majestic *macho profundo*. They are wonderful together in a small-scale "buddy" movie that has more honesty, authenticity and excitement per running foot than most saddle-soap operas with budgets 20 times greater. ¥¥¥

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Horror-film *aficionados* are unlikely to confer cult status on ***The Howling***

(Avco-Embassy), set in a kind of Esalen retreat frequented by werewolves. The heroine is a comely TV anchor woman (Dee Wallace) who's sent away to recuperate from a hairy close encounter and finds herself exposed to shocks far worse than group therapy and hot tubs. Despite director Joe Dante's poker-faced approach, there are clues throughout that *The Howling* was not meant to be taken seriously—for example, a tongue-in-cheek appearance by writer-actor John Sayles as a morgue attendant. Sayles, whose *Return of the Secaucus Seven* last year established him as a young film maker of particular promise, rewrote this script (with Terence H. Winkless) and obviously knows how to play it—in a spirit of mischievous fun. ¥¥

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At first glance, ***The Boss' Son*** (Lagoon) appears to be a movie about the generation gap—a sensitive young man launched on a classic Arthur Millerish guilt trip when he goes to work in his father's carpet factory. Actually, with an effortless leap from obvious autobiography to universality, this minibudgeted ($214,000) feature says plenty about several more cogent subjects: American business, the haves and have-nots, racial enmity and the sad limitations of brotherly love. The titular hero, whom writer-director Bobby Roth has named Bobby Rose—lest we mistake his purpose—is played slickly but well enough by Asher Brauner. The casual touches, fresh personal insights and secondary characters are the movie's strengths. Bobby befriends the black workers at the plant and tries to date a strong-minded black woman (Michelle Davison), who tactfully puts him straight in a muted love scene of particular tenderness. Bobby's mother is a sometime lush (played with almost cruel precision by Rita Moreno, who usually explodes onscreen like a Mexican *piñata*). Rudy Solari as the boss-father, James Darren as an arrogant in-law, Henry G. Sanders as Bobby's friend the truck driver and Richie Havens as a dispatcher are all fine in a movie richly endowed with cooperative talent, if not with funds and bankable marquee names. Perhaps because of competition from TV, such perceptive, small-scale, well-made movies have trouble finding adequate distribution. This one's a sleeper worth going out to see. ¥¥½

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The tough new police captain who governs by the book and the easygoing veteran officer who *knows* the street people on his beat are clichés familiar from countless cops-and-robbers epics in all media. Even so, ***Fort Apache, the Bronx*** (Fox)—with ethnic roots in New York's infamous 41st Precinct—has a double advantage in TV's Edward Asner as the stubborn captain and Paul Newman as the likable cop, playing a good guy who's never too good to be true. Oh,

Paul Newman in *Fort Apache*.

he'll blink at minor police corruption; he'll even offer to obtain drugs for a nurse he likes well enough to help her shake the habit. He stops at cold-blooded murder, however, when he knows the killer is one of New York's finest. Gritty realism and gutsy performances save *Fort Apache* from mediocrity—Newman on top of it all the way, oozing charisma from every pore. As his partner on patrol, Ken Wahl registers like a rising star. So does newcomer Rachel Ticotin, vulnerable and credible as the Puerto Rican nurse; and there's a really knockout, if bloodcurdling, series of sneak attacks by Pam Grier as a deranged prostitute. Director Daniel Petrie (a pro whose previous credits include *Resurrection* with Ellen Burstyn, *Eleanor and Franklin* for TV) takes a fair-minded approach to this sociological slice of life, assuring equal time to everyone—rich or poor, honkie or Hispanic, Serpico or hardened sinner. Fair's fair, but it's no guarantee of movie excitement. ¥¥½

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Sooner or later during 1981, in many major cities, there will be special showings of ***Napoleon*** (Zoetrope), a 1927 silent masterpiece by French director Abel Gance. This reconstituted four-hour epic now boasts musical accompaniment composed and conducted by Francis Coppola's father, Carmine, commanding a 60-piece symphony orchestra. But the movie's the thing. Gance, still alive and well and living in France at the age of 91, proves himself a dazzling innovator whose work dramatizes not how much moviemakers have learned since 1927 but how much they have forgotten. Split-screen and triptych effects, including a smashing tricolor climax, are as spectacular in their way as anything done by the special-effects geniuses behind *Star Wars*. There are slow spots, repetitive stretches, but *Napoleon* overall is an authentically great historical drama, perhaps the most comprehensive treatment of the French Revolution and its aftermath ever caught on film. Any bona fide movie buff should consider *Napoleon* a must. ¥¥¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Altered States An exhilarating head trip marred by moments that smack of *The Wolf Man Goes to Harvard*. ¥¥½

The Boss' Son (Reviewed this month) Family business makes good. ¥¥½

The Dogs of War (Reviewed this month) Thrills, spills in the Third World à la Frederick Forsyth. ¥¥¥

Eyewitness An expert comedy-thriller by Peter Yates, with Sigourney Weaver and William Hurt finding love at the scene of the crime. ¥¥¥

Fish Hawk (Reviewed this month) Will Sampson stars as a reformed drunken Indian whose heart's as big as all outdoors. ¥¥¥

Flash Gordon More flicker than Flash, but fine comic-strip villainy by Sweden's Max von Sydow. ¥¥½

The Formula Brando, George C. Scott and Big Oil set off sparks. ¥¥¥

Fort Apache, the Bronx (Reviewed this month) Helped by Paul Newman as a good cop in a bad part of town. ¥¥½

Hard Country It's *Urban Cowboy* revisited, with Jan-Michael Vincent and Kim Basinger raising dust. ¥¥½

The Howling (Reviewed this month) Werewolves of Esalen. ¥¥

Inside Moves Warm human comedy in a gin mill, with John Savage. ¥¥¥

Just a Gigolo (Reviewed this month) David Bowie, Dietrich and decadent old Berlin. And that's a lot. ¥¥¥

The Last Metro (Reviewed this month) François Truffaut's graceful valentine to showbiz in wartime France. ¥¥¥

Lunch Wagon Fast food and low comedy featuring Playmates Rosanne Katon and Pam Bryant, both gourmet dishes. ¥¥

Napoleon (Reviewed this month) An unforgettable 1927 masterwork, lovingly and meticulously restored. ¥¥¥¥

Ordinary People Let's hear it for director Robert Redford. ¥¥¥¥

Popeye An irresistible Swee'pea and Shelley Duvall's Olive Oyl are the eye-popping assets of this comedy. ¥¥

The Postman Always Rings Twice (Reviewed this month) Hot remake. ¥¥¥½

Scanners People who need people for a kind of brain drain in David Cronenberg's eerie s-f shocker. ¥¥½

Space Movie (Reviewed this month) Surreal adventure, straight from NASA files. ¥¥¥

Spetters (Reviewed this month) The Rotterdam Dutch on motorbikes. ¥¥

Sphinx Lovely Lesley-Anne Down as an Egyptologist beset by evildoers who know a lot about tombs. ¥¥¥

Sunday Lovers (Reviewed this month) Slightly senior sex games. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: **Richard Dreyfuss** will play the role of the young Albert Einstein in a new Disney film scheduled to start sometime this year. Animation will be used to illustrate Albert's thought processes. . . . **Margot Kidder**'s latest film project, *Heartaches*, represents an image change for the actress. She's going blonde to play the role of Rita, a lusty, whiskey-gulping earth mother. Says Margot: "I took this part because it was as unlike Lois Lane as I could find." A Canadian

Dreyfuss

Kidder

film, *Heartaches* is about two girls who go off to the big city to seek love, jobs and control over their own destinies. . . . 20th Century-Fox TV is currently developing *Nine to Five* as a half-hour sitcom in association with **Jane Fonda** and the film's producer, **Bruce Gilbert**. . . . Universal has cast **Fred Astaire, Melvyn Douglas, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., John Houseman** and **Patricia Neal** for the film version of **Peter Straub**'s best-selling novel *Ghost Story*. . . . In their third motion picture, *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*, the raunchy duo play madcap ice-cream salesmen in hot pursuit of their fantasy woman, sexy **Evelyn Guerrero**. Both of C & C's previous films have been huge box-office successes. Their secret? "The key is that Cheech and I are really a good audience," says Tommy Chong. "If we think our stuff is funny, most people who like Cheech and Chong will think it's funny, too." . . . **Jack Lemmon** and **Sissy Spacek** co-star in Universal's *Missing and Presumed Dead*, to be directed by **Costa-Gavras**. Universal also has three remakes on its schedule—*Scarface*, *The Thing* and *The Cat People*, the last to be directed by **Paul Schrader**. . . . **Peter Falk** plays the fast-talking manager of two female tag-team wrestlers (**Vicki Frederick** and **Laurene Landon**) in MGM's *All the Marbles*. Frederick, by the way, starred in the Broadway productions of *A Chorus Line* and *Dancin'*.

•

DERRING-DO: **Lesley Ann Warren** and **Ken** (*The Wanderers*) **Wahl** kept actor-turned-director **David Hemmings** far from bored when they insisted on doing their own stuntwork for *Race to the Yankee Zephyr*, a comedy-adventure about a race to retrieve a $50,000,000 payroll lost years before in the crash of a World War Two plane. Hemmings had few hesitations when Wahl—an avid motorcyclist and dirt-bike rider—asked to do his own stunts, but it was a slightly different matter when Lesley offered to do the same for a high-speed jet-boat dash through white-water rapids. The only casualties were Hemmings' face—which reportedly turned blue as he held his breath—and a few of his hairs . . . which turned gray.

•

ORDER IN THE COURT: **Walter Matthau** and **Jill Clayburgh** star in Paramount's *First Monday in October*, set for release on—you guessed it—the first Monday of next October, in Washington, D.C. Based on the play by **Jerome Lawrence** and **Robert E. Lee** (**Warren Burger** saw it three times), the film is about the Supreme Court and what happens when the first lady Justice is appointed to the bench. Matthau plays a crusty, liberal judge (modeled after the late **William O. Douglas**) and Clayburgh plays his counterpart—a conservative, hard-nosed jurist from Orange County, California. The Odd Couple with gavels, you might say. They first come to verbal blows when an obscenity case involving an X-rated film titled *The Naked Nymphomaniac* comes before the Court. Matthau cites the First Amend-

Matthau

Clayburgh

ment, while Clayburgh holds that pornography is a damaging influence on morality. Neither budges. Two interesting notes: One, director **Ronald Neame** is said to have bought stock footage from a real porno film for the scene in which *Nymphomaniac* is screened for the Justices. When it gets too raunchy, he cuts to the shocked faces of the audience. It all became so boring that Neame ran footage of *Urban Cowboy* upside down to break the monotony. Interesting note number two: Actor **James Stephens**, who plays Matthau's law clerk, Mason, also plays the role of law student Hart in the TV series *The Paper Chase*. It's nice to know he was graduated.

•

TOP SECRET: For months, the subject of **Steven Spielberg**'s next film, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, was kept very, very quiet. We knew it starred **Harrison Ford** and **Karen Allen**, that it was being produced by **George Lucas** and that it was due out this summer, but that was about it. The ostensible reason for all the secrecy was Spielberg's fear that somebody might make a quickie TV flick out of his project; but now that the cat's out of the bag, it seems more likely that Lucas was just up to his old trick of keeping everybody curious till the last minute. Whatever the reason, here's the poop: The titular ark is the Old Testament's ark of the covenant, the chest in which Moses is supposed to have placed the

Ford

Allen

tablets on which the Ten Commandments were inscribed. In the film, the ark has magical powers so potent that whoever is in possession of it literally has God on his side. Ford plays an archaeologist sent to find the lost ark during World War Two, and Allen, whose father was the last link in the search for the artifact, aids in the pursuit. The rub is that Hitler has also sent a team to locate the magical ark and whoever gets there first wins the war.

•

CASTING CALL: At presstime, producers of *Rocky III* were looking for someone to play the role of a heavyweight boxing champ opposite **Sly Stallone**. They needed a black actor, about 6'1", who could be "tough, mean, disgusting, ugly and believable in the role." Former heavyweight champion **Joe Frazier** and actor **Jim Brown** were being considered, along with World Boxing Council light-heavyweight champ **Matthew Saad Muhammad**, who read for the part in Hollywood. But when the character was described to Muhammad, he replied: "I can be mean, tough, disgusting and believable as a heavyweight champion, but ugly? Can't look ugly." —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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We're about to change that. And we've started at the bottom.

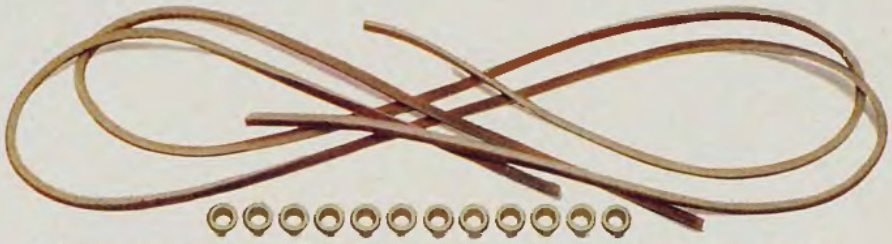
The sole on Sperry's biggest-selling boat shoe is made of a soft rubber compound. Timberland's is a rugged Vibram® sole.

Theirs is anti-skid, anti-slip; excellent on boats. So is ours.

But where Sperry's sole falls down is on land. Sperry's sole is stitched directly to their uppers. When the stitching breaks, Sperry's sole flaps. Timberland's sole is bonded to a mid-sole. Ours doesn't flap.

But the heart of a Timberland boat shoe isn't just the sole. Unlike Sperry's, Timberland's uppers are made only of waterproof leathers which are impregnated with oil.

Timberland uses waterproof leather impregnated with oil. It remains soft and supple. Sperry Topsiders leather has a painted-on pigment finish. It eventually dries out and cracks.



Our laces are rawhide. To prevent rusting and resist salt, our eyelets are solid brass. Sperry's are painted metal. Once the paint goes, so does the protection.

An abrasion count measures a sole's resistance to wear and tear. The higher the number, the better. Sperry's abrasion count is about 70. Timberland's is twice that.

We use only solid brass eyelets. They use painted metal ones.

Finally, Timberland boat shoes are completely handsewn. They're so comfortable, the breaking-in period ends the day you put them on. And they're handcrafted in New England, by people whose families have been practicing this art for generations. While Sperry Topsiders are often made by machine, a long boat ride away.

So what it comes down to is this: You can get a pair of boat shoes designed to hold up well just on a boat. Or a pair of boat shoes designed to hold up.

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By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

REFUND RESEARCH REDONE

The field's newest entrant delivers the lowest foreign performance.

TRAVELER'S CHECKS are very big business—about 35 billion dollars at last count—and the industry continues to grow. On the surface, everyone seems to be happy. Travelers profit because the checks are replaceable and usually yield better exchange rates than dollars overseas. The companies that issue the checks profit because they get to hold your money, without paying you any interest, until you get around to cashing the checks.

But the profits that companies can make during this holding period—normally called the float in the trade—have led to a barrage of conflicting advertising claims and lots of raucous rhetoric that can make it difficult for unwary travelers to tell which check is the best—or, in fact, if any difference exists at all. You may recall that over a year ago we tried to find out firsthand.

Since the time of our original research, the competition for travelers' dollars has grown enormously, and there is one important new player in the traveler's-check sweepstakes. Barclays Bank, once the issuer of its own checks, has joined the new Visa group and is selling checks under the Visa name. So this seemed a perfect time to go back into the field to see how the current crop of competitors—American Express, Citicorp (which issues First National City and/or Citicorp checks), BankAmerica, Thomas Cook and Visa—compares today.

First the good news: All of the traveler's-check companies have maintained or improved their refund capacity *within the U.S.* We chose the Thanksgiving weekend to "misplace" all five of the leading brands, and by the conclusion of Thanksgiving Eve, our researcher had called all five companies and arranged to receive refunds. We are able to advise, therefore, that any traveler headed for a domestic destination will have little difficulty in choosing from among the rival brands. We think the wisest course is to acquire those checks that are available at least cost (free is even better), since every one of the competitors seems to offer equal refund service.

That is not at all true when you travel abroad, however. I personally took all five brands to London between Christmas and the New Year, "misplaced" them and found significant differences in obtaining refunds. Results for four of the brands that we had investigated previously—American Express, Thomas Cook, BankAmerica and Citicorp—were just as before. American Express is clearly the easiest firm from which to obtain a refund on weekends and holidays, because it has offices that are open during those periods. Thomas Cook again was a close second, since it has branches open for a half day on Saturday. While Citicorp and BankAmerica are just fine when it comes to making refunds during normal business hours on normal business days, they are nearly hopeless on a weekend or a holiday in a foreign country.

Which brings us to the question of Visa, the newest entrant in the traveler's-check competition. Based on our domestic research, we had high hopes for the Visa system, but getting a refund from Visa in a foreign country turned out to be a long-running nightmare.

I made my first call to the Visa folks at approximately 9:30 A.M. on Saturday, December 27. The number I called was one I found in the London telephone book and, regrettably, I was first confronted with that infernal recorded voice that requested that I leave a message. Since I'd be out of my hotel most of that day, that was not particularly practical. Next, I followed the suggestion on the slip that accompanied my Visa checks and called collect to a number in San Francisco. That number is billed as a 24-hour refund referral service, but two calls made that Saturday went unanswered.

To double-check the Visa telephone number, I called a friend in New York on Monday morning and had her call Visa's main number in San Francisco. She was given a different number from that printed on the check form; but to keep this research consistent—we were comparing refund capacity on weekends and holidays—I didn't try the new number until New Year's Day. Turned out it didn't much matter, since the second number didn't answer, either.

On a last desperate hunch, I tried the original number again, and that time the phone was answered. Someone named Charlotte took down reams of information and then calmly informed me she could not authorize a refund because I was reporting my loss more than 72 hours after it had occurred. It would be necessary for me to call Chicago the next day.

Why Chicago? you might ask. Well, Visa traveler's checks are an odd amalgam. I had purchased mine from an office of Deak-Perera (the international currency firm) in New York, but the checks also bore the name of the First Chicago Cheque Corp., which (it turned out) was the prime issuer.

Remember, I was calling on Thursday, New Year's Day, and I pointed out that the six-hour time difference between Chicago and London would mean that even the earliest possible call (nine A.M.) to Chicago the next day would nearly coincide with closing time at most London banks. Charlotte could do nothing but give me the Chicago number and say I should ask for a Mr. Serpico.

At precisely three P.M. London time, I called Mr. Serpico, and although Charlotte was to have notified him about my loss, he knew nothing whatever about it. He told me he would have to call San Francisco himself to check the details. At 3:40 P.M. in London, San Francisco called me, and "Ella" told me my refund had at last been authorized. Since the last banks close in London at 3:30, that was of little help, though Ella said London's Bank of Credit and Commerce would give me a refund on Saturday.

The conclusion of what was fast becoming The Great Visa Refund Caper was no more productive than its start. A very nice Indian gentleman at the Bank of Credit and Commerce calmly told me it didn't make refunds (it only *sells* Visa checks) and put me on to the Barclays Bank refund center in Northampton. He told me that there were only two refund centers near London that were open on Saturday—one in distant North London and the other at even more distant Heathrow Airport. Since I was leaving for home from Heathrow the following day, I decided to pick up my refund then—which I did.

Foreign conclusion: It looks as if Karl Malden knows whereof he speaks.

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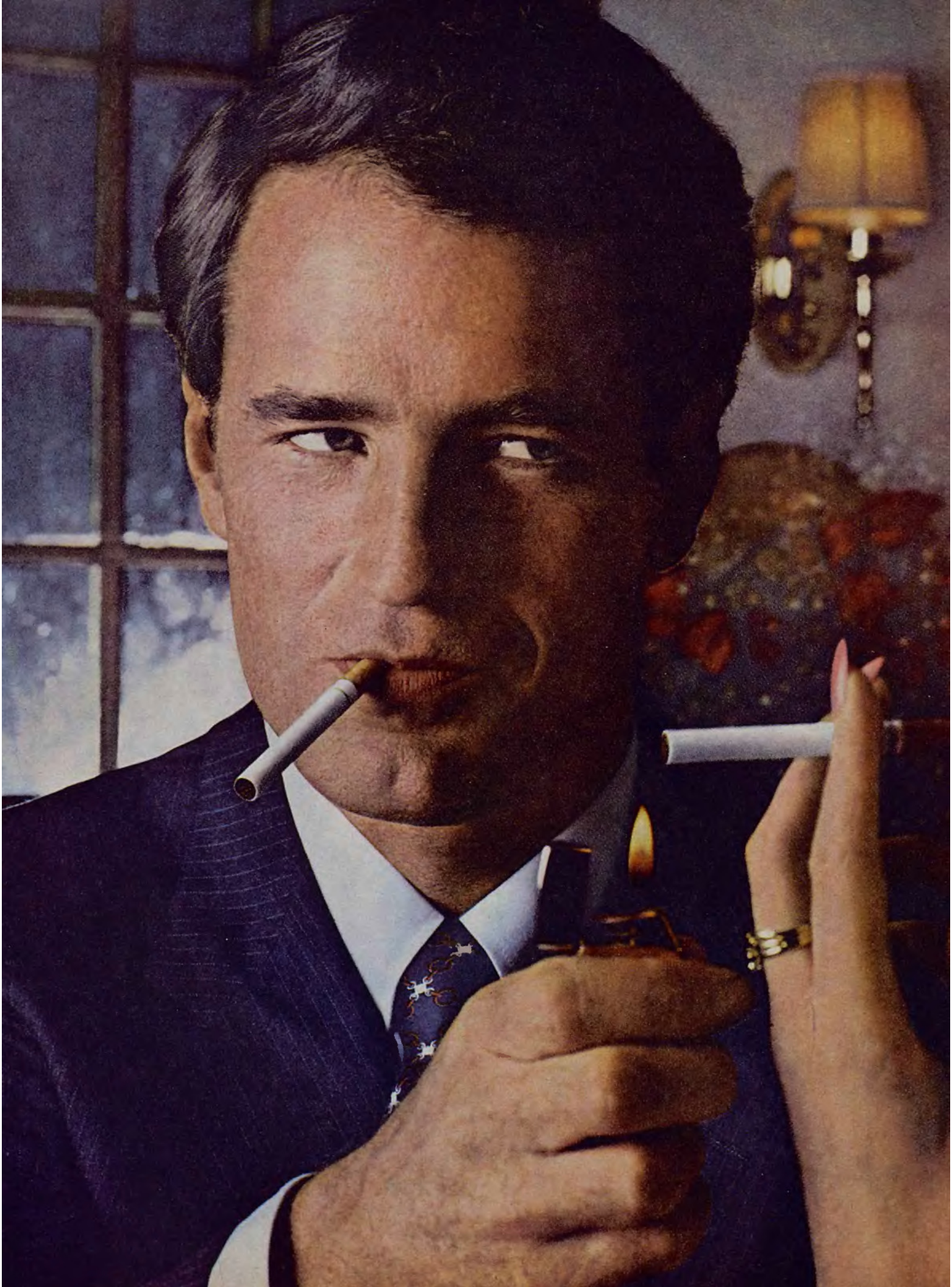

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How do you go about restoring sexual interest in a relationship? My husband and I seem to have reached an impasse. We still make love once or twice a week, but there is no spark. He doesn't seem to be open to changing the routine. I gave him a copy of *The Joy of Sex* for Christmas. He told me that he didn't have time to read it but that I should read it and give him a summary. Is our situation hopeless?—Mrs. D. K., Los Angeles, California.

If you can figure out a way to summarize "The Joy of Sex," you might have the ultimate quickie. As for the situation you describe: It may not be hopeless, but it's certainly fucked up. Many men are reluctant to discuss sex with their wives, and vice versa. They may feel that their fantasies are too bizarre to be realized in their own homes, so they retreat into silence and apathy. If you try to disregard the heat of your own fantasies, you will soon find yourself trapped in routine, dutiful sex. And that is no sex at all. Sex therapists have spent the past decade trying to find ways to break down the communication barrier between partners. Michael Castleman describes one exercise in his book "Sexual Solutions." Each person makes a list of all the things he or she wishes the other person would do in bed, then ranks the list in terms of "least difficult for your partner" to "most difficult." Start with the easiest (and you may be surprised at just how simple some of the suggestions can be—kissing, hugging, snuggling, etc.). Don't try to rush through the list in one night. It can take months before you are at ease with the give-and-take of lovemaking. Of course, if the list starts with spiked heels, whips or chains, or a complicated maneuver involving the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders, you may have a problem.

Although my current phono cartridge is seven years old and I have replaced the stylus many times, I have been advised to buy a new cartridge. I see no reason to do that, since I still get great sound and apparently the company has no plans to take replacement styluses off the market. Will a new setup improve the sound quality enough to justify the high cost of a new cartridge?—O. P., Tucson, Arizona.

Subjectively, you may not notice a radical improvement; but the fact is, nothing lasts forever. Frequent stylus replacement is a good idea, but what you are doing is similar to putting new tires on an old auto suspension. It improves traction but not the ride. Disc cutting

has become so sophisticated in the past few years that new cartridges and stylus shapes are required to best reproduce music from the new groove configurations. Most older cartridges will not track the new digital discs well nor accept the new stylus shapes. Take the plunge and give your old cartridge a decent, if long overdue, burial.

I recall reading that one of the symptoms of herpes was cold sores or canker sores in the mouth. I have had canker sores off and on for several years. Does that mean I have herpes?—D. F., Portland, Oregon.

According to an article in The Helper, *canker sores share many of the symptoms of cold sores, but are not the result of the herpes virus. Researchers report, "It is estimated that anywhere from 20 to 50 percent of the population suffers from these sores, which, like herpes, break out in burning, painful ulcerations, singularly or in groups. Unlike herpes, though, canker sores rarely appear on the immovable mucosa (hard palate, attached gum)—a characteristic sufficient to differentiate them from primary or recurrent oral herpes lesions (which may occur concomitantly). Still, the small, oval, light yellow sores are painful enough that eating and drinking can be difficult. . . . Though the physiologic events that lead to canker sores are uncertain, physical trauma, slight injury, eating abrasive foods, emotional stress and nutrition all seem to play some role. As with herpes infections, it would appear that controlling stress and paying attention to proper diet may be of some benefit in decreasing the frequency and severity of outbreaks." If you are concerned about herpes as well, you should contact Help, P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302. Membership costs ten dollars a year. In addition to publishing the newsletter above, the group has chapters that offer counseling in several major cities.*

Because the cost of new cars has risen so much in the past few years, I have considered buying a used model in good condition. The question is one of maintenance costs. I don't want to have to restore a car, yet I want the benefit of the lower cost of a used one. At what point do the maintenance costs become prohibitive?—L. T., Washington, D.C.

Cars experience the greatest depreciation the first three years of their lives. If you drove about 10,000 miles a year, you could cut every $100 you spent on owning and operating a new car nearly in half if you bought a three-year-old automobile, largely because of differences in depreciation and insurance. After six years or 60,000 miles, maintenance costs begin to rise sharply. At eight years, according to a study done by Hertz, they exceed the car's value. Naturally, those are averages and depend a great deal on the original maintenance and current condition of the used model. It is important to note, however, that with a used car, you are not making an investment that will pay high dividends, since an eight-year-old car will have little if any resale value.

I am 22 years old and, for some reason, I'm horniest during my menstrual period. To satisfy my desires, I enjoy having sex frequently during my monthlies. In order to make an otherwise messy situation a bit more tidy, I insert my diaphragm before intercourse to stop the flow of blood, and then remove it after lovemaking. Although I value the results of that technique, I've begun to question its safety. Are you aware of any harmful side effects that may result from it?—Miss W. C., Atlanta, Georgia.

It's quite common for women to feel turned on during their period. During arousal, blood flows into the pelvic region. The peak of desire is thought to be caused by pelvic congestion. The same thing happens during menstruation, and the two feelings may be similar. We see no harm in your use of the diaphragm. If you continue to use contraceptive jelly and leave the diaphragm

in place six hours, you shouldn't suffer any ill effects. If you make love for longer than that, then you should start worrying about exhaustion, malnutrition, losing your job, missing rent payments, etc. Enjoy.

Recently, I was scared into signing up for one of those stolen-credit-card notification services. The pitch was that I could be held liable for up to $50 in penalties per card, should someone use it illegally. A friend tells me that's hogwash; that no one can legally enforce such a penalty. What's the scoop?—R. T., Chicago, Illinois.

Your friend is half right. According to the Truth in Lending Act, the issuer of the card can charge you a penalty only if it has sent you a self-addressed, postage-paid notification form. Nobody wants to incur the expense of sending all its cardholders those forms. If they don't send the forms, they can't charge the penalty. But don't feel you've been taken. Depending on how many cards you have, you could save the subscription cost in toll calls alone to the various companies. And you really can't beat the convenience of having only one call to make. Most of those services cost less than $15 a year, and that's a small price for the peace of mind they give you.

I have a feeling that I am a little bit behind the times concerning anal sex. I had never heard of heterosexual anal activity until my fiancé (now my husband) proposed it. I put him off until I could find out enough information to be comfortable with the act, but I still don't know anything. I tried asking my doctor and he just got uncomfortable and did not say anything. Help! My husband is getting impatient. Do I have to make any special preparations? I know I must sound rather innocent, but actually, I am rather eager, too. Would you just tell me a little bit about it?—Mrs. F. L., Seattle, Washington.

The key to enjoying anal sex is relaxation on the part of the woman. A good lubricant is essential. K-Y jelly or various oils are most frequently recommended, but avoid petroleum jelly, because it isn't water-soluble. The male should use a well-lubricated finger to gently probe and prepare the female anus for penetration. When the anal sphincter has relaxed sufficiently, penetration can be attempted, but that, too, should be done slowly and gently. If there is anxiety or pain for either partner, stop at once. You will need to experiment with different positions to see which is most comfortable. You might start with the common one of the female kneeling and bending slightly forward. Or the male can lie on his back, with the woman sitting astride him, which allows her to control the depth of penetration. In any case, do not move from anal to vaginal penetration without first thoroughly washing the fingers or the penis. If caution is exercised, there should be no bleeding during or after anal intercourse. Take your time, and we hope the experience is pleasant for both of you.

My VCR outfit is one of my real joys. I can watch what I want when I want. Unfortunately, I still have to rely on the same old TV sound. I see a lot of advertisements for TV-sound enhancers. The problem is the prices range all over the board, with differences of as much as $100. How do those machines differ?—M. P., Altoona, Pennsylvania.

TV sound is FM sound, the same kind you get over your FM radio or receiver. The main problem is in the TV speakers; they're just too small to achieve any kind of presence or depth. The simplest of those sound enhancers and the cheapest is little more than a wire that you hook up to your TV-speaker terminals and then to your home stereo to play through its speakers. The controls on your receiver can then modify the sound to your liking. Farther up the ladder are systems that provide "simulated stereo," electronically separating signals to give the impression of stereo. Some of those come with their own speakers and some play through your music system. It's not real stereo and doesn't sound like it. It's simply monaural sound coming through two speakers. Lastly, there are the separate TV tuners, radiolike devices that pick up the TV FM band. Theoretically, they should provide the best fidelity, since they don't depend on your TV's tuner for the initial gathering of signals. What you get from all is louder sound and some control over the highs and lows. The catch is that they all depend on the sound quality of the telecast. You can make your decision based on your wallet.

Can you tell me if this is a fact or a fine figment of our imagination? When my husband and I have sex with me sitting on top, it lasts a lot longer than other positions (and we've tried a few). Is that common?—Mrs. C. L., Boise, Idaho.

It's not your imagination. Most men last longer when their partner is on top. For one thing, they are more relaxed (tension usually accelerates climax). In addition, since the female is in control, she can set the pace. She often chooses to prolong both her and her mate's pleasure. This is one of the finer aspects of the Equal Rights Amendment.

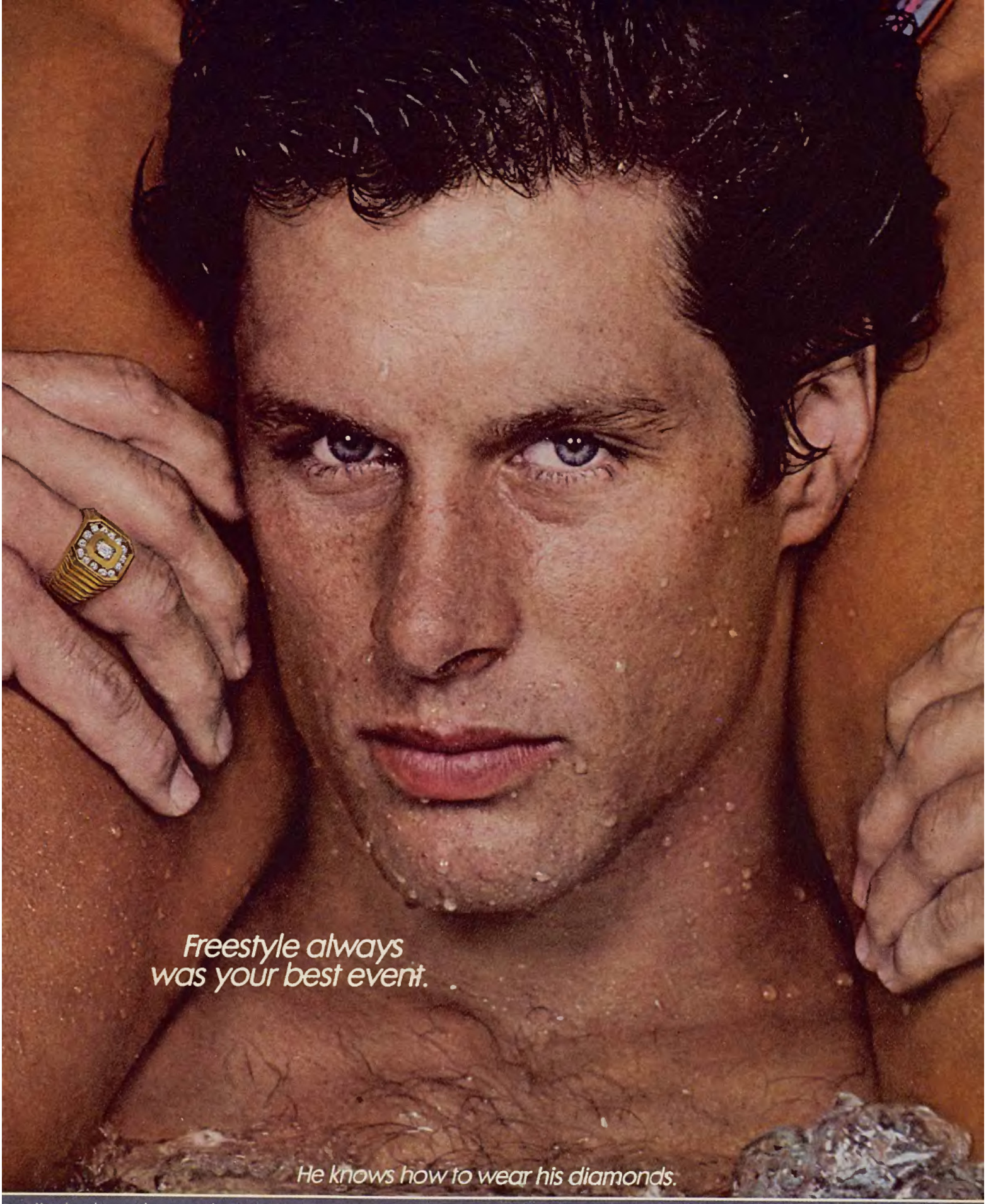
When Cole Porter wrote "I get no kick from cocaine," he could have been talking about me. What I do get is a runny nose, occasional bleeding, the kind of irritation that makes you want to rip your honker off your face and constant trips to the bathroom. Is that all there is?—M. P., Los Angeles, California.

Face it; you're a music lover, not a coke sniffer. Taking your problems one at a time: First off, the runny nose comes with the territory. Cocaine dries out the mucous membranes of your nose. Your body, in defense, sends as much moisture as it can to the area. It has no way of knowing when it's sent enough or if you're going to send another load of coke in, so it just keeps running. Assuming—and that's making a pretty big assumption—that what you have is primarily cocaine, the bleeding comes because the coke has not been chopped sufficiently; that is, reduced to powder. A large chunk of coke simply eats through your flesh. That's also what may be causing the irritation. If it is, a water douche in the nose is the answer. Finally, you've become very good friends with your john because coke has been known to be a natural laxative and diuretic. The upshot is that cheap thrills don't come cheap and can be somewhat less than thrilling.

I'm trying to understand soccer, I really am. But with the advent of indoor games, I'm more confused than ever. Aren't there any rules about the size of the field? I've seen it played on football fields and on soccer fields that look somewhat bigger. Now, with indoor soccer, they're smaller. What gives?—R. D., Dallas, Texas.

The international nature of soccer has played havoc with field sizes. The original dimensions of the soccer "pitch," as stated in the rules, indicate it should be no more than 130 yards nor less than 100 yards long and no more than 100 nor less than 50 yards wide. As you can see, that's a lot of leeway. International matches, according to the soccer commission, should be played on a pitch a maximum of 110 x 75 meters or a minimum of 100 x 64 meters. Indoor soccer can be played on a pitch the size of a hockey rink. It is not, therefore, regulation soccer. Because of the smaller size of the indoor court, however, the goal-post width, ordinarily eight yards, has been reduced proportionately. It's no wonder, then, that the international rules of soccer demand that the home team inform the visitor in advance of the size of the pitch it will be playing on.

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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All Stores—Broadway
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Mesa — Hanny's
Mesa — Jalen's Big & Tall
Mesa — Pomeroy's
Nogales — Bracker's
Phoenix — Abbott's
Phoenix — Biltmore Hotel
Phoenix — Goldwater's
Phoenix — Hanny's
Phoenix — Jalen's Big & Tall
Scottsdale — Goldwater's
Scottsdale — Hanny's
Scottsdale — Lavin's
Sun City — Abbott's
Sun City — Pomeroy's
Sun City — Quinn & Loe
Tucson — Dave Bloom & Sons
Tucson — Elliott's Big & Tall
Tucson — Goldwater's
Tucson — Levy's

ARKANSAS
All Stores—Dillard's
Blytheville — Day's
Clarksville — Halls Men's Wear
Fayetteville — Boston Store
Fayetteville — Campbell-Bell
Fayetteville — The Man Size Shop
Fayetteville — Trumbo's
Forest City — Taylor-Casbeer
Fort Smith — Boston Store
Fort Smith — The Man Size Shop
Fort Smith — S & Q Clothiers
Fort Smith — Suit Shop of America
Hot Springs — Schrader's
Little Rock — Paul Bunyan
Little Rock — Rhymcliffe's
Magnolia — Talbots
Nashville — Robinson's
Rogers — Campbell-Bell
Rogers — Dean's Men's Wear
Russellville — Cowan-Goodwin
Springdale — Camp's Men's Store
Texarkana — Belk-Jones

CALIFORNIA
All Stores—Dick Bruhn A Mans Store
All Stores—Buffum's
All Stores—Cahle's Big & Tall
All Stores—Desmond's
All Stores—Elms
All Stores—Gordin's
All Stores—Harris & Frank
All Stores—Hastings
All Stores—Lion's Den for Big & Tall
All Stores—Mr. Big
All Stores—Rochester Clo.
All Stores—Silverwoods
Alameda — Albert's Men's Wear
Arcadia — Bruno's
Bakersfield — Seiler's
Buena Park — Bob's Men's Shop
Calexico — Casa Montano
Carlsbad — Laufer's Big & Tall
Cathedral City — Don's For Men
Chula Vista — The Highlander
Concord — Dashkos Bros.
Cupertino — Roy Moses
El Centro — George R. Harris
El Centro — Samaha's
Escondido — Ken Roberts Men's Wear
Fresno — Walter Smith
Garden Grove — B. & C. Tailors
Glendale — Bruno's
Indio — Bob Williams
Lafayette — Daskalos Bros.
Lancaster — The Fitting Room
Livermore — The Squire
Long Beach — Little Barney's
Los Gatos — C Partan
Marysville — Kauffman's
Merced — Steven's Men's Wear
Milbrae — Michael Roberts
Modesto — Kauffman's
Monterey — Charmak & Chendlin
Oakland — Alders
Oceanside — Elm's
Palm Desert — The Clothes Horse
Palm Desert — The Desert Shop for Men
Palm Desert — Hale's
Palm Desert — Al Stutz Men's Wear
Palm Springs — Joe Dante
Palm Springs — Gerry Meloof's
Palm Springs — Robert Ltd.
Palo Alto — Wideman Clothing
Petaluma — Mattei Bros.
Redding — Kauffman's
Roseville — Richardson Wagner Corp.
Sacramento — Kauffman's
Sacramento — Wagner Big and Tall
San Bernardino — Big Guys
San Bernardino — Black's For Men
San Diego — I. A. Goodman
San Diego — Jacobson's
San Diego — Laufer's Big & Tall
San Diego — Lion Clo.
San Diego — Al Rivera's
San Jose — Cris Cassara
San Jose — Eli Thomas
San Leandro — Omar's Men's Wear
San Ysidro — Casa Assanti
Santa Ana — Sussman Bros.
Santa Barbara — The Big & Tall Gent
Santa Rosa — Rosenberg's
Sherman Oaks — Mr. Big
Stockton — John Falls
Vallejo — Lewee's

COLORADO
Arvada — Duane's Men's Store
Arvada — Jerry Leonard
Aurora — K-G Men's Store
Colorado Springs — Gentlemen's Quarter
Colorado Springs — The Regiment
Denver — Morris Albert
Denver — Cottrell's
Denver — The Denver
Denver — Wm. Frost Inc.
Denver — Joslin's
Denver — K-G Men's Store
Denver — Kaufman's
Denver — Jerry Leonard
Denver — May D & F
Englewood — K-G Men's Store
Greeley — Hibbs
Greeley — Otis Bros.
Pueblo — Rosenblum's

HAWAII
Honolulu — Kramer's Big & Tall
Honolulu — Liberty House
Honolulu — Ross Sutherland Ltd.

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

KANSAS
All Stores—Calhoun's
Atchison — La Saters
Colleyville — Wolnberg's Western Wear
Colby — His Shop
Dodge City — Long's Big N' Tall
Dodge City — Turner's
El Dorado — La Saters
Fort Scott — Look's Men's
Great Bend — Brantwood Ltd.
Great Bend — West Ltd.
Hays — The Village Shop
Junction City — Long's Big N' Tall
Leavenworth — Toffler's
Liberal — Kelly's Men's Wear
Manhattan — West Ltd.
Overland Park — Louis Barry
Overland Park — The Jones Store
Overland Park — Spencer's Big & Tall
Parsons — Lambert-Duffy-Melone
Prairie Village — The Jones Store
Salina — Long's Big N' Tall
Salina — Smith's
Salina — West Ltd.
Shawnee — Garrett's
Topeka — Ray Beers Clo.
Topeka — Spencer's Big & Tall
Wichita — Beutter's
Wichita — Dillard's
Wichita — Jerry Leonard

LOUISIANA
All Stores—Beall's
Abbeville — Gary's
Appevelle — John T's
Alexandria — Caplan's
Alexandria — Weiss & Goldring
Baton Rouge — Cohn-Turner
Baton Rouge — Four Corners Men's Wear
Baton Rouge — Todd Garland
Baton Rouge — D. H. Holmes
Baton Rouge — McLavy & Easterly Ltd.
Baton Rouge — The Varsity Shop
Bossier City — Pope's
Covington — The Toggery Shop
Ferriday — Brantons Pref
Gretna — Jason's
Hammond — The Toggery Shop
Houma — Gentlemen's Corner Inc.
Houma — Godchaux's
Jennings — Ivans
Lafayette — Abdalla's
Lafayette — C. J.'s
Lafayette — Gaidry's
Lafayette — D. H. Holmes
Lafayette — Emile Joseph's
Lake Charles — Love's
Lake Providence — Galantys
Metarie — Rothschild
Minden — McCrary's Men's Shop
Monroe — Haddad's
Monroe — Haneline's
Monroe — Krauss & Cahn
Monroe — Toggery
Mt. Pleasant — Greg Heinz Men's Wear
New Iberia — Abdalla's
New Iberia — Broussard's
New Orleans — D'Avanti
New Orleans — Gemelli's
New Orleans — Godchaux's
New Orleans — Hesse's Sportswear
New Orleans — D. H. Holmes
New Orleans — M. Ponce Inc.
New Orleans — Porter-Steven's
New Orleans — Rubenstein Bros.
New Orleans — Zoller's
Oakdale — Abrusley's
Opelousas — Abdalla's
Rayville — Albert's
Ruston — Lewis Stagg Shop
Shreveport — Jordan & Booth
Shreveport — Lodestro's
Shreveport — The Male Shop
Thibodaux — Johnny's

MISSOURI
Cape Girardeau — Howard's
Chesterfield — Roy Alu
Columbia — Harry Smith Men's Wear
Florissant — Deve's Clothing
Higginsville — Harry Smith Men's Wear
Independence — Peter's Custom Tailoring
Jefferson City — Czarlinsky's
Jefferson City — Thomas Jefferson's
Joplin — The Closet
Joplin — Shannon's
Kansas City — The Jones Store
Kansas City — Jerry Leonard
Kansas City — Michael's
Kennett — James Kahn Dept. Store
Kirksville — Mister Jim's
Lebanon — Clark's Men's Wear
Moberly — Duvel and Reid
St Charles — Rosenblum's
St Joseph — Spencer's Big & Tall
St Louis — Aronson's
St Louis — Big Men's Shop
St Louis — Boyd's
St Louis — Famous-Barr
St Louis — Napoli Men's Wear
St Louis — Plattners Modern Man
St Louis — Squire Shop
St Louis — Stix, Baer & Fuller
St Louis — Wolff's
Sedalia — Weller's Men's Wear
Sikeston — Falkoff's
Springfield — Coles
Springfield — Dillard's
Springfield — Mr. D's

MONTANA
Butte — Thomas
Great Falls — Kaufman's
Kalispell — Haarr Bros.

NEVADA
Lake Tahoe — Vince's Men's Room
Las Vegas — Broadway
Las Vegas — Jon Dante
Las Vegas — Diamond's
Las Vegas — Goldwaters
Las Vegas — Gordin's
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Las Vegas — Silverwoods
Palm Springs — Jon Dante
Reno — Gordin's
Reno — Kauffman's

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — Dillard's
Albuquerque — Goldwater's
Albuquerque — Henry's
Albuquerque — Jalen's Big & Tall
Albuquerque — Mr. Casuals
Albuquerque — Stromberg's
Artesia — Collin Gerrell's
Carlsbad — Collin Gerrell's
Clovis — Hub Clothiers
Clovis — Town & Country
Farmington — Nygren's Men's Wear
Hobbs — B & J Clothiers
Roswell — Ball & Ray

OKLAHOMA
All Stores—Dillard's
Ada — Black's Men's & Boys' Wear
Altus — Austin's
Altus — Surrey Shop
Ardmore — Classic Men's Wear
Ardmore — Decks Menswear
Bartlesville — Dan's Men's Shop Ltd.
Blackwell — Gary Hulse Men's Wear
Claremore — The Men's Shop
Duncan — Ben & Ray
Edmond — S. K. McCall & Co.
Enid — Austin's
Guymon — D. & J. Store
Lawton — Fieldson's
Lawton — R. L. Meadors & Son Inc.
Lawton — Perkins
Lawton — Surrey Shop

Miami — The Hub
Muskogee — Teel's Men's Wear
Norman — H. J. Hoelscher
Norman — S. K. McCall & Co.
Oklahoma City — Clarke's Good Clothes
Oklahoma City — Cutchall's
Oklahoma City — Hyroop's
Oklahoma City — Lathams Men's Shop
Oklahoma City — S. K. McCall & Co.
Oklahoma City — Mr. Dale's
Oklahoma City — Rothschilds
Okmulgee — L. O. Hammons
Ponca City — Castillo's Men's Wear
Ponca City — The Hub
Seminole — Hammon's Men's Wear
Shawnee — Shephard's Men's Wear
Stillwater — Gary Hulse Men's Wear
Tahlequah — Hind's Dept. Store
Tulsa — Ed Beshara
Tulsa — Clarke's Good Clothes
Tulsa — Hemington's
Tulsa — Hyroop's
Tulsa — Read's Dept. Store
Tulsa — Topper's
Tulsa — Vandever's
Woodward — Star Model Shop

OREGON
All Stores—Frederick & Nelson
All Stores—Kloplensteins
Eugene — High & Mighty
Eugene — Baxter & Henning
Portland — High & Mighty
Portland — House of Sound
Portland — Lion's Den
Portland — Portland Pant Shop

TEXAS
All Stores—Beall's
All Stores—Dillards
All Stores—Foley's
All Stores—Frank's King Size
All Stores—Graham's
All Stores—Joske's
Abilene — F & S Clothiers
Abilene — Grissom's
Abilene — Minter's
Alvin — Stickler's
Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Amarillo — Canterfield Shop
Amarillo — Coat's Clothiers
Amarillo — Colberts-Harry Holland
Amarillo — His-N-Hers Accessories
Amarillo — Hub Clothiers
Aransas Pass — Kulman's Kloset
Arlington — Watson's
Arlington — Eddie William's
Austin — Clyde Campbell's
Austin — Clift's
Austin — MacDougals
Austin — Slax
Bay City — Sir's
Beaumont — Dryden's
Beaumont — Butch Hofler's
Beaumont — S & Q Clothier
Beaumont — The White House
Bellaire — Bellaire Men's Wear
Bellaire — Benjamin's
Borger — Denny's
Borger — Hub Clothiers
Brownfield — Collin's
Brownsville — Aziz Bros.
Brownsville — Europa Men's Fashion
Brownsville — Perl Bros.
Brownwood — Ernest Morris Men's Wear
Canyon — Town Shop
Conroe — Cochrans Man's Shop
Corpus Christi — Bob's King Size
Corpus Christi — Harris & Frank
Corpus Christi — S & Q Clothier
Corpus Christi — The Sportsman Center
Corpus Christi — Winsteads' Men Shop
Corsicana — Harris & Jacobs
Dalhart — Choice's Men's Wear
Dallas — Big & Tall Men's
Dallas — Clyde Campbell's
Dallas — Dad & Lad's
Dallas — Gene Ellis Clothiers
Dallas — L. O. Hammons
Dallas — Hyroop's
Dallas — Irby-Mayes
Dallas — Murray's
Dallas — Sanger-Harris
Dallas — Tall-E-Ho
Dallas — Turman & Reynolds Ltd.
Dallas — Jos. K. Wilson
Denison — L. O. Hammons
Denison — Lilley's Clo. Mart
Denison — Brian Powell
Denton — Bomar's
Denton — Cravens
Denton — McClurkan's
Dumas — Aldrich's
Edinburg — Brumley's
El Campo — R. B. Dept. Store
El Paso — Big & Tall Men's
El Paso — Union Fashion Clo.
Ft Worth — Clyde Campbell's
Ft Worth — R. E. Cox
Ft Worth — David's King Size Clothes
Ft Worth — L. O. Hammons
Ft Worth — Tall-E-Ho
Fulton — Jack's Landing
Galveston — Schwartz's
Gatlam — Morrison's Men's & Boys'
Grand Prairie — Watson's
Groves — Dryden's
Harlingen — The Men's Shop
Hereford — Gaston's
Hilsboro — Herring's Men's Wear
Houston — Dudley's Men's Wear
Houston — Floyd's Men's Wear
Houston — Fulmer-Frilsche
Houston — Harold's Men's Wear
Houston — Hyroop's
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rols
Houston — The Man Shop
Houston — Mr. Z
Houston — Norton Ditto
Houston — Walter Pye's
Houston — Rodney's
Houston — Tall-E-Ho
Houston — Zindler's
Humble — Priddy's Men's Wear
Hurst — Watson's
Kilgore — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Killeen — Barry's Dept. Store
La Mesa — Collin's
Laredo — I. Alexander
Laredo — Joe Brand
Levelland — Tipp's
Littlefield — Wares Inc.
Longview — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Longview — Terrie's Timeless Fashion
Lubbock — Dunlap's
Lubbock — Hemphill Wells
Lubbock — Lathems
Lubbock — S & Q Clothiers
Lubbock — Lena Stephens
Luhen — Blackstock's
Lufkin — Parka's
Marble Falls — Jordans Men's Shop
Marshall — Bradbury's
McAllen — Louis Albert
McAllen — Joe Brand
McAllen — Christopher's
McAllen — The Man's Shop
McAllen — Mike's Man's Shop
McAllen — Squire Shop
McAllen — Valley Mercantile
McKinney — McKinney Style Shop
Mesquite — Bill Wolfgang
Mexia — The Stag Shop
Midland — S & Q Clothiers
Mineral Wells — Georges Man's Shop
Missouri City — King James Fashion
Nacogdoches — Mize Dept. Store
Nacogdoches — Jimmie Simm's
New Braunfels — Paul Bruner's
Nocono — Jim's Men's Wear
Odessa — Dunlap's
Odessa — English Tweeds
Odessa — Jim's Tall and Big Man's Shop
Odessa — Melvin's Clothiers
Odessa — The Model Shop
Odessa — D. R. Nichol's
Odessa — Quicksilver Clothiers
Overton — Hodges Man's Shop
Pampa — Brown-Freeman
Pampa — Hub Clothiers
Paris — L. O. Hammons
Pasadena — Nolan's Men's Wear
Perryton — Saied's Men's Wear
Plainview — Gabriel's
Plainview — Ken's
Plainview — Marse & Son
Plano — Bill's Apparel
Richardson — Dad & Lads
Rockdale — Hodges Man's Shop
Rockwall — Lee Wolfgang
Rosenberg — His Closet Mens Wear
Rotan — Hind's
San Angelo — Crowder's
San Angelo — Gabriel's
San Angelo — Mr. Sam's
San Antonio — Paul Bruner's
San Antonio — Duffy T's
San Antonio — Frank Bros.
San Antonio — Hemphill-Wells
San Antonio — Joseph's
San Antonio — Joskes
San Antonio — Pate's Men's Wear
San Antonio — Penner's
San Antonio — The Pincus Co.
San Antonio — Sid Robbins
San Antonio — Satel's
San Antonio — Todd's
Sherman — Henry's Man Shop
Sherman — Lilley's Clo. Mart
Spearman — Baker's Dept. Store
Stamford — Hind's
Temple — Barry's Dept. Store
Temple — Daniel's Men's Wear
Texarkana — Belk Jones
Texarkana — Collins R. Williams
Texas City — Pheip's Men's Shop
Tulia — The Cart Wheel
Tyler — Hurwitz Man's Shop
Tyler — Massad's
Vernon — Clayton's
Waco — R. E. Cox
Waco — Holi's
Waco — MacDougals
Weslaco — Michael's
Wichita Falls — Fieldson's
Wichita Falls — McClurkan's
Wichita Falls — Perkins
Wichita Falls — S & Q Clothiers
Woodlands — The Man's Shop

UTAH
All Stores—Dahle's Big & Tall
Ogden — Fred M. Nye Co.
Ogden — Tanner Clo.
Salt Lake City — Castleton's
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank
Salt Lake City — The Rafter Shop
Salt Lake City — Utah Woolen Mills

WASHINGTON
All Stores—Frederick & Nelson
All Stores—Kloplensteins
Burien — Continental Tailoring
Chehalis — Bartel's
Everett — Bon Marche
Kennewick — S. L. Sterling
Longview — Guy Millers Men's Wear
Moses Lake — S. L. Sterling
Seattle — High & Mighty
Seattle — LeRoux
Seattle — Bon Marche
Seattle — Pacific Big & Tall
Spokane — The Big & Tall Shop
Spokane — Brook's Clothiers
Spokane — The Crescent
Spokane — Harvey's
Spokane — Bon Marche
Spokane — Pacific Big & Tall
Tacoma — Baker Bros.
Tacoma — Bon Marche
Yakima — Lee Semon

WYOMING
Casper — Rich's
Casper — Woods for Men
Riverton — Her & Sirs

John Brodie speaks up for Jaymar comfort and style.

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Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana

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You know that sinking feeling that can come over you when you stop on a hill with a standard shift automobile?

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When your foot is removed from the brake, the car will not roll backward.

In fact, it will remain motionless until the clutch is released and the accelerator depressed to proceed up the hill.

No drifting back. No white knuckles. No sweat. You no longer go downhill on your way uphill.

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INEXPENSIVE. AND BUILT TO STAY THAT WAY.

*AVAILABLE ON CERTAIN MODELS.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

ZIPLESS

In your February interview with Tom Snyder, he says, "I've had little 'zipless fucks' on the air on a number of occasions. On one occasion, I desired that it would be more than zipless, but, unfortunately, she [Liv Ullmann] brought an entourage with her, and when I raced out to the elevator . . . she was there with 18 people. And so it remained zipless."

Hmmm. In *Fear of Flying*, Erica Jong introduced the concept of zipless fucking thus: "The zipless fuck was more than a fuck. It was a Platonic ideal. Zipless because when you came together zippers fell away like rose petals, underwear blew off in one breath like dandelion fluff. Tongues intertwined and turned liquid." And so on.

I guess I'd better start tuning in to the *Tomorrow* show more often. Sounds like I could save a lot of the dough I've been spending on X-rated cable TV and video cassettes.

Bob Murray
New York, New York

SIMPLE SOLUTIONS

Arthur L. Dunne, a circuit-court judge here in Illinois, has ruled that any sex-education course that teaches methods of birth control must also include lessons in abstinence. Great idea, I say, but why stop there? Let's extend this fascinating concept and solve some of our other pressing problems.

Instead of designing smaller, fuel-efficient cars to save energy, why not just give people lessons in staying at home? And speaking of the home, this ridiculous need for everyone to have a bed of his own has created a terrible housing shortage. Let's double up and sleep every other night. That should be plenty for anyone.

And while we're at it, let's take all those cartons of canned food and powdered milk headed for Bangladesh or wherever and slip inside each one a copy of *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*. After all, if those folks stopped eating, they wouldn't need nearly as much food.

(Name withheld by request)
Moline, Illinois

SEE NO EVIL

With the country's political climate apparently changing, I hear more and more opposition to the idea of sex education for young people. The argument is made that informing children, even teenagers, about sex implicitly condones or encourages it, which is about the same as arguing in favor of the proposition that everything not mandatory is forbidden. Human beings don't operate that way, of course, or any other consistent, predictable or necessarily intelligent way. We're human, after all—to the dismay of simplistic moralists and idealistic intellectuals alike.

My own sex education occurred in rural Tennessee nearly 30 years ago, and

"I looked out the window and saw a bull mating with a cow in a field."

it took me about 20 of those years to start getting a lot of basic facts straight, which calculates out to a good ten years after I became pregnant first and married a few months later, at the age of 18. I didn't learn much from my otherwise caring and loving parents. One time, when we were driving home on a country road, I looked out the window and saw a bull mating with a cow in a field, its front legs up on the cow's back. I said something like, "Look, Ma! Lookit how that bull's trying to climb up on that cow!"

She said to me, "Don't pay it any attention, dear. He's just standing up that way so he can see farther."

(Name withheld by request)
Memphis, Tennessee

BORN-AGAIN PORN

Last year, as a joke, one of my friends sent my name to Jerry Falwell. Since then, I've been receiving enough of his junk mail to kindle my fireplace well into the winter.

Out of curiosity, I occasionally open some to see just what filth the righteous reverend is cleaning up these days. Imagine my surprise recently when an inner envelope tumbled out with ADULTS ONLY!—SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL marked in headline-sized letters. Drooling and fumbling, I ripped it open. Inside were excerpts from *Life and Health*, a dry college textbook that apparently is widely used in schools. Stamped at the bottom was the warning PLEASE DESTROY IMMEDIATELY. With literature from Falwell, that seemed an unnecessary order. Then I began to think.

I seem to remember that, a few years ago, a magazine publisher named Ralph Ginzburg went to prison. If I remember correctly, the advertising material he mailed from some towns with naughty names [Intercourse and Blue Ball, Pennsylvania] wasn't very spicy, nor was his fancy magazine, *Eros*, but Ginzburg was convicted of pandering because he *said* it was.

Now, those paragraphs from *Life and Health* aren't very titillating, either, but Falwell *says* they're sexually explicit. So I'm going to load up the whole shebang and send it on to the Postmaster General. I think a short jail sentence—say, six months or so—might be just the thing to teach Falwell to stop pandering to my prurient interests.

(Name withheld by request)
Lafayette, Indiana

GOD'S ARMY

The right-wingers seem to believe they have a new opportunity to pull the wool over America's eyes, this time behind the votes of lonely, frightened, desperate followers of evangelists and demagogs. I say, as a word of warning, those people are on the move, converging on positions of power. If we don't stop them now, it will be even harder to stop them in the future.

As I write this letter, I am watching the Christian Broadcasting Network from Norfolk, Virginia. The preacher is dressed in battle fatigues. He is calling on "all patriotic Americans" to join God's army, "for it is all voluntary; He has no conscription."

"For God promises us," he continues,

"that if we fight for Him, ours shall be the right to rule His minions. You cannot be, as Pilate was, neutral in this battle, for the battle lines are drawn. And God's armies, the armies of the cross, shall be saved; they shall have destroyed the enemy and exacted retribution for disobedience to the commanding general, Jesus Christ. And, friends, sacrifice is the order of the day. Our expenses are increasing, so sacrifice for the good of the fight. We're praying for you. Good day."

People, sit up and take notice! Or America will be needing all the prayers it can get.

Gene Cavanaugh
Knoxville, Tennessee

SCIENCE LESSON

Before we put theology ahead of science in conducting our national affairs, let us remember the pronouncement made by some Aristotelian professors who were 17th Century contemporaries of Galileo. They declared, "Jupiter's moons are invisible to the naked eye, and therefore can have no influence on the earth, and therefore would be useless and therefore do not exist."

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

NEW BILL OF RIGHTS

Anybody remember Hitler? Tyranny, authoritarians, Fascism, World War Two? Well, if you are for a rather spooky serving of *déjà vu*, consider the proposals of the Moral Majority's favorite son, the Reverend Jerry Falwell. I've seen his two-page ads in *TV Guide* promoting his "Christian Bill of Rights" and I'd like to interpret some of them:

• "Amendment III: We believe that, apart from justified capital punishment, no medical or judicial process should be introduced that would allow the termination of life before its natural or accidental completion." Women who become pregnant shall be required by law to bear children.

• "Amendment IV: We believe that no traitorous verbal or written attack upon this beloved nation advocating overthrow by force be permitted by any citizen or alien living within this country." Retract the Declaration of Independence and repeal the Bill of Rights.

• "Amendment VII: We believe in the right to influence secular professions, including the fields of politics, business, legal, medical, in establishing and maintaining moral principles of Scripture." Restore the Roman Empire and the power of the Pope. Or the Ayatollah.

• "Amendment VIII: We believe in the right to expect our national leaders to keep this country morally and militarily strong, so that religious freedom and Gospel preaching might continue

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MOONING MENACE

PENACOOK, NEW HAMPSHIRE—*The Merrimack Valley school board has decided to crack down on students who practice mooning from school-bus windows. The penalty for mooning, suspension of bus privileges for 20 days, came about after a woman bus driver*

reported that she had nearly had an accident while following another bus in whose back window suddenly appeared a student's bare buttocks. During the board's discussion of the problem, one member had to be advised what mooning meant.

CONTEMPT OF COURT

MONROE, FLORIDA—*A Marathon Shores attorney received a six-month suspended sentence for contempt of court after telling reporters, "I think it's obscene," referring to the two-year prison term given a client convicted of possessing 26 grams of marijuana on his first offense. To the astonishment of the local legal community, Dade County judge Ellen Morphonios Gable held that lawyers do not have the same freedom of speech as other citizens. She ruled that attorney Leonard J. Cooperman, as an officer of the court, "bore a heavier burden in exercising his freedom of expression. He owed a duty to curb his tongue in order to avoid bringing into scorn and disrepute the administration of justice." Asked by the judge if he didn't think his remark was "a bit disrespectful," Cooperman answered, "I felt there was a difference between disrespectful and contemptuous." After the decision, other lawyers made a point of responding to reporters' questions with "No comment" or insisting on anonymity. Cooperman is appealing the contempt conviction with the support of the A.C.L.U. of Florida and the Criminal Defense Attorneys Association.*

MINIMIZING SIN

BOSTON—*A two-year survey of abortion patients at three clinics revealed that 66 percent were Catholic women, mostly single, who had elected to abort their pregnancies rather than "sin repeatedly by using birth control." The study was conducted by a British sociologist and involved 1162 abortion patients at Bill Baird Centers in Boston and Long Island, New York. Baird, a longtime birth-control crusader, said the findings confirmed "what I already knew from years of observation—that the vast majority of patients were Catholic and 90 percent could not tell their fathers." He added, "Catholic youngsters tell me if they use the pill for 21 days, that's 21 sins. But if they have an abortion, that's only one sin." The study also found that 70 percent of those who had had a second abortion were Catholic.*

FINE PRINT

NEW ORLEANS—*The Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has upheld an Atlanta court's ruling that an insurance company does not have to pay benefits in the case of a man who died from chugaluging two thirds of a bottle of Scotch at a 1978 Christmas party. The company argued that the death was not, as specified in its policy, "a direct result of accidental bodily injury and independent of all other causes, as evidenced by a visible contusion or wound on the exterior of the body." Cause of death was listed as aspiration pneumonitis due to acute ethanol intoxication, a condition similar to suffocation.*

CONSUMER PROTECTION

MINEOLA, NEW YORK—*A 61-year-old Baldwin man was fined $10,000 on a reduced charge of attempted fraud after customers received soft-core pornography instead of the "dazzling hard-core" magazines promised by his mail-order company. The district attorney said the little six-page booklets were as "tame" as anything on the local newsstands and did not qualify as obscene.*

DIET BABIES

PARIS—*After 20 years of studying the effects of diet on the sex of unborn children, a French pediatrician has decided that women who want boys should eat salty foods and those who want girls should eat cheese. Speaking before an international scientific group at UNESCO headquarters, Dr. Joseph Stokowski said that "more than 80 percent of pregnant women determine the sex of their baby without even knowing it." He suggested that a salty, potassium-rich diet, including such foods as meat, potatoes and tomatoes, invites the conception of males, while a diet rich in milk products and green vegetables is more likely to produce females.*

CONTENTED COWS

BETHLEHEM, SOUTH AFRICA—*Farmers are being cautioned to watch what their animals eat after reports that horses and herds of dairy cows have gotten stoned on marijuana. State agriculture officials issued the warning after one farm was forced to stop production temporarily, when its cows wandered into an illegal pot field and grazed on*

the grass. The cows became excessively content and wandered around aimlessly for three days, and their milk was destroyed because of possible contamination. According to a departmental bulletin, horses that ate the marijuana stood stiff-legged in their paddocks, "not to be moved by beating or an extended carrot."

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*More than 9000 women responding to a confidential survey of Federal civil-service employees reported that they had been raped or sexually assaulted by either bosses or co-workers while on the job, and 42 percent said they had experienced other sexual pressures ranging from off-color jokes to pinching and fondling. About 15 percent of the males surveyed said they also had been subject to some form of sexual harassment within the past two years. The study was ordered by the chairman of the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee following hearings last fall that indicated widespread sexual harassment in Government offices.*

DEBAPTIZING

AUSTIN, TEXAS—*For a ten-dollar donation, Madalyn Murray O'Hair's American Atheist Center is now offering "debaptism certificates" establishing that a person has "accepted the supremacy of reason" over "arbitrary assumptions of authority or creeds." In addition to the certificate signed by A.A.C. founder O'Hair, the center says it will register a formal notification with the church where the original baptism took place.*

WRONG NUMBER

PITTSFIELD, MAINE—*A simple dialing error led police to the arrest of a local marijuana dealer after a customer calling a 442 prefix instead reached a 443 number that happened to belong to the Pittsfield Police Department. Thinking the officer who answered was putting him on, the caller persisted in his efforts to score some pot. The cops figured out his mistake, dialed the other number and arranged to make their own buy—plus a bust.*

ANOTHER WRONG NUMBER

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—*A woman motorist with the license plate GPG 666 has filed suit in U.S. district court to obtain a new number, contending that the one she has wrongly identifies her as the Biblical Antichrist. Citing "Revelations" 13:18, which associates the number 666 with "the beast," the woman said that because of her license, other members of her fundamentalist church "won't have anything to do with me."*

IRREVERSIBLE JUSTICE

MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE—*A 23-year-old man sentenced to 20 years in prison for rape has been denied a new trial, even though the alleged victim later recanted her testimony. In a sworn statement and later in court, the 18-year-old woman repeatedly denied that any rape had occurred, but circuit-court judge John Crawford responded that "a criminal offense is not a lawsuit between a victim and a defendant" and denied a motion for a retrial. Prosecutor Steve Hawkins said, "We do not drop cases on the whim of the victim."*

X-RATED COOKIES

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND—*The executive director of the Maryland Moral Majority has failed to persuade local police that they should arrest a bakery owner for selling sexually explicit gingerbread men and women. James Wright claimed that the baker violated state law by selling two minors, sent into the store by the M.M.M., items*

representing humans with sex organs. He insisted, "These are obscene cookies, and there's no way you can get around that." After police shrugged the matter off, Wright went to an assistant state's attorney, who said, "All I saw was a visual representation of a gingerbread man, not a visual representation of a person." The bakery manager said, "If somebody comes in who's 17 and a half years old, they don't ask if he's 18. I don't think they card a person to sell a cookie." The manager also called the entrapment effort "outrageous," but added, "We expect to triple our sales after this free publicity."

Meanwhile, Maryland lawmaker Robin Ficker is blaming an unknown prankster for filching some of his official stationery to introduce a bill titled the Pornographic Cookie Control Act in the state legislature.

BALLOONING BREASTS

Women with silicone breast implants could be in trouble if they were in a high-altitude aircraft that suddenly lost cabin pressure. Writing in The Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA), *Dr. Charles Gullett of Atlanta notes that the silicone bags inserted into women's breasts are designed for sea-level air pressure and that, at 30,000 feet, the implants could triple in size if depressurization occurred. "This," Dr. Gullett says, "might create some discomfort."*

unhindered." Create a President's Commission on Semantics and Bullshit to figure out what that means.

And, probably most near and dear to the Reverend Falwell's heart:

• "Amendment X: We believe in the right of legally approved religious organizations to maintain their tax-exempt status, this right being based upon the historical and scriptural concept of church and state separation." The Tenth Amendment hardly requires explanation. Taxing the churches would put Falwell out of business.

(Name withheld by request)
Michigan City, Indiana

CONSERVATIVE CONTRADICTIONS

The views of the far right pose disturbing contradictions. Traditionally, conservative elements favor less Government intrusion into citizens' lives, yet they would amend the Constitution to ban abortion. Similarly, organizations with Freedom and Liberty in their titles seem to believe in selective application of those principles. Hopefully, it is not unreasonable to think such terms should be used literally, protecting the responsible exercise of free choice.

Paul Sullivan
San Francisco, California

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

Here's one you'll love (from no less a source than the *Federal Register*).

> Where employment opportunities or benefits are granted because of an individual's submission to the employer's sexual advances or requests for sexual favors, the employer may be held liable for unlawful sexual discrimination against other persons who were qualified for, but denied that employment or benefit.

If I correctly understand that ruling, it could have a far-reaching effect on my sexual behavior. For example, do I have to limit my relationships to those employees who show no appetite or aptitude for advancement? If I'm caught porking a female employee, can gay male workers file grievances? Or if I bed *all* my subordinates (whew!), am I then immune to prosecution?

But what about Affirmative Action? (I'm a bit concerned about one rather fat female typist, G.S. 7, with B.O. and buck teeth, who doesn't turn me on.)

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

REEFER MADNESS

Here in Nashville, our police chief, Joe Casey, wants to impose the death penalty—but not just for murder, mayhem or selling atomic secrets to the Russkies. Nope, the chief wants to wipe out, once and for all, what he considers to be the country's number-one problem—reefer smoking. According to the paper:

> I think the penalty ought to be the electric chair and it ought to be used. People may call me horrible, cruel and a hard old chief, but it's hard to see parents look at their child and go through what they have to go through because some no-good scum of the earth has got their child hooked on drugs.

Hooked on pot? If you're one of those liberal types who think marijuana is relatively harmless, Casey has some news for you:

> People say one won't hurt, but before they know it, they are hooked. It takes people a little bit longer to get hooked on marijuana, but these people who sit there and tell you it's not harmful and won't hurt you don't know what they're talking about.

If it's any consolation, community reaction to the chief's crusade has been totally unfavorable. Casey has been under pressure to resign and the general feeling around here is that he's slipped a gear. Keep up the good work and please, please give the Libertarian Party some ink. I think the founders cribbed some from your *Playboy Philosophy* series of the early Sixties. They're certainly saying a hell of a lot that needs to be said and in a most compelling manner.

(Name withheld by request)
Nashville, Tennessee

FILM GUIDE OFFERED

On behalf of Cine Information, I wish to thank the Playboy Foundation for its generous support of our new book, *In Focus: A Guide to Using Films*. This how-to book answers an important public need for information about how to select and order films, as well as how to best publicize a screening for groups of any size. The great variety of documentaries, shorts, animated movies and features available today demands such a practical guidebook, which critic Amos Vogel praises as "an *absolute* must for anyone interested in promoting or using films."

A companion service to *In Focus* is also in operation: the computerized Film Users' Network, another project generously contributed to by the Playboy Foundation. Membership is free and each person or organization simply signs up to receive brochures or catalogs on new films and audiovisual material in selected areas of interest. More than 40 categories of subject material range from Ecology and Energy and Women's Issues to general films on the visual arts.

In Focus may be ordered directly from Cine Information for $9.95, postpaid.

Barbara Margolis, Executive Director
Cine Information
419 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016

SEX LAW VOIDED

As you may already know, the New York Court of Appeals ruled in our favor in *People vs. Onofre* and declared the New York consensual sodomy law unconstitutional. The decision is based, in large part, on the creation of a fundamental right to privacy that protects intimate sexual relations between heterosexuals and homosexuals. We hope to be able to use that decision as a basis for future litigation.

We would like to thank the Playboy Foundation for its support of that litigation. Its generous assistance made it possible for us to undertake the legal work necessary to achieve this important victory.

Rosalyn Richter, Executive Director
Lamda Legal Defense &
Education Fund, Inc.
New York, New York

DEATH-PENALTY DEBATE

A legal execution may not prevent the first murder, but it will most certainly prevent a murderer from killing again. That is a guarantee to which innocent citizens are entitled.

David A. Johnson
Bar Harbor, Maine

Amen to those who defend capital punishment and a sonorous flatus to your confused and illogical position that it has no known deterrent value. As long as we continue turning murderers loose to repeat their deeds, we are failing one of the primary tasks of a civilized society.

R. W. Rees
Wilmington, Delaware

Who's in favor of releasing killers to kill again? That's an issue totally apart from the pros and cons of capital punishment and one that questions the operation of our criminal-justice system itself. We'll be getting into that in future issues. Meanwhile, see our second report on the case of former Indiana death-row prisoner Larry Hicks on pages 66 and 67.

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

Panasonic Stereo-to-Go: Nobody gives you more ways to fill the room inside your head.

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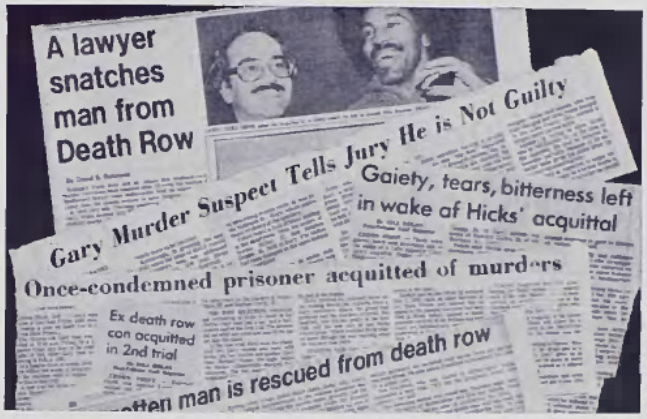
Playboy Casebook

THE ORDEAL OF LARRY HICKS

even when a death-row prisoner wins a new trial, the question is: how much justice can he afford?

After two years in prison and facing execution, Larry Hicks leaves court a free man with PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill Helmer.



JERRY STRAIN

Newspaper headlines tell the story of Indianapolis attorney Nile Stanton's efforts to make the criminal-justice system work.

Two weeks before he was scheduled to die in the Indiana electric chair, Larry Hicks, age 21, found someone who would listen to him. That was in May 1979, when Indianapolis attorney Nile Stanton was visiting another prisoner at the state prison, heard Hicks's unusual story and decided to check it out. A year and a half later, after an intensive investigation supported by the Playboy Foundation and a new trial that had all the elements of a television melodrama, Hicks walked out of prison a free man, acquitted of the double murder for which he was nearly executed. PLAYBOY *reported the case last August ("The Man Who 'Didn't Do It'") to illustrate the alarming ease with which a person who has no money, family or knowledge of the legal system can be wrongly sentenced to death.*

When police found two male bodies in the snow-filled alley of the Gary, Indiana, ghetto on a Sunday morning in February 1978, it didn't look like a case for Sherlock Holmes. A trail of blood led to the back door of a shabby apartment in which officers found an intoxicated man splattered with blood and two women who had been trying to clean bloodstains from the floors, walls and curtains. Under questioning, the three first denied all knowledge of the killings, then blamed them on an acquaintance, Larry Hicks. Finally, the bloodstained man, Bernard Scates, admitted helping stab the victims after a night of drinking and quarreling. But Hicks remained implicated and was arrested that afternoon at his apartment a few blocks away. He readily acknowledged having been at the murder scene earlier the previous evening with the two victims, helping move some heavy appliances, but he denied any knowledge of the killings. Four days later, Scates died in his cell, declared a suicide, after telling other inmates that Hicks was not involved.

Six months later, Hicks was tried, convicted on the testimony of Scates's wife and sentenced to die, all in a day and a half. His court-appointed attorney did not challenge the conflicting stories of the two women, called no witnesses to confirm Hicks's claim that he'd gone home hours before the killings and had not filed for a routine stay of execution until reminded by a call from the county prosecutor, who himself had been called by a concerned prison warden after Stanton was on the case.

At his own expense, Stanton arranged for two polygraph tests that confirmed Hicks's version of the events: that he had reluctantly helped Scates and his wife and a friend of hers move appliances from the duplex next door to a new address on Saturday evening but had gone home around midnight, put off by all the drunken arguing over money and girlfriends. (Medical evidence placed the time of the killings at close to daybreak Sunday morning.) Next, Stanton called Burt Joseph of the Playboy Foundation. After Senior Editor Bill Helmer and investigator Russ Million of the Playboy Defense Team interviewed Hicks at length in prison, the Foundation agreed to assist in the case and the conviction was reversed on what amounted to a legal technicality, with a new trial granted at the discretion of the Lake County prosecutor, Jack Crawford.

To prepare Hicks's defense, Stanton secured the services of Martin Bell, an Episcopalian "worker priest" whose unusual work is that of a licensed private investigator for the prestigious Wittlinger Agency of Indianapolis. Bell spent several weeks in Gary with his partner Carol Tewksbury, tracking down leads and witnesses. As the trial date neared, they were joined by paralegal aide Kiki Breunig and law clerk Lesa Lux of Stanton's office, and by PLAYBOY Editorial Assistant Marta Carrion-Haywood. Bell discovered the following:

- That the knife in evidence was not the murder weapon;
- That Scates was almost certainly not a suicide but apparently had been murdered in his cell;
- That the police had found no physical evidence connecting Hicks with the crime and, in fact, had somehow lost most of the evidence collected at the crime scene;
- That the police had not only failed to check out Hicks's story but, along with the prosecution, had ignored the personal efforts of the chief homicide detective to reopen what he described in a report as a completely bungled investigation;
- That other persons had been at the apartment the night of the murders but had not been questioned by the police;
- That witnesses to the removal of the bodies probably

existed but were concealing their knowledge because of death threats, presumably from those involved in the killings;

• That one of the victims had not been killed where Scates's wife claimed, nor had he been stabbed in the back, as the prosecution claimed;

• That Hicks neither drank nor smoked, had no criminal record, had a good employment record, had made a conscientious effort to finish high school, had consistently supported his children born to a girlfriend; and that the only plausible and consistent account of the evening's events was that told from the start by Hicks, whose story was independently verifiable in many small ways and was contradicted only by Scates's wife and her friend, who also contradicted each other on numerous major points.

Armed with that information, Stanton and his associate Kevin McShane appealed to the Lake County prosecutor to drop the charges against Hicks and reopen the case. When that was rejected—presumably because dropping charges against a death-row prisoner could be politically awkward—Playboy, through Stanton, suggested that the case be returned to a county grand jury that would hear the new evidence and possibly free Hicks, with no embarrassment to anyone. That, too, was rejected.

"I was honestly surprised at the insistence on a retrial," Stanton says. "I know they must have had serious doubts about Larry's guilt. They knew their witnesses were totally unreliable and probably lying to save their own skins. But they also knew how impressive supposed eyewitnesses can be. I hate to think anyone would knowingly try to fry an innocent man, but I'm afraid that these things tend to become a contest, *Us vs. Them*, and it's easy to forget that the objectives of the system are truth and justice. I do my best for a client even if he's a son of a bitch. They do their damnedest to get a conviction. They weren't after Larry. They were after me and Kevin and you guys from Chicago. . . . And don't forget, it *is* a little embarrassing to put a man on death row and then later admit, 'Well, gee, I guess we made a little mistake, no hard feelings, OK?' That's just not the way the system works."

Hicks's second trial lasted nearly two weeks and was enough to convince any layman that when the system works, it does so because a jury is sometimes able to pull small grains of truth out of the dense thicket of legalistic procedure that often permits facts and honest recollections to be revealed only obliquely, by means of tortuously worded questions that cannot be honestly answered with a simple yes or no.

Just as the defense would do in behalf of the accused, the prosecution used every available legal tactic to deny the jury information favorable to Hicks. It invoked an established rule of law to suppress the fact that Hicks had passed two polygraph tests administered by the state's acknowledged expert in the field, John O. Danberry, and confirmed by a nationally recognized polygrapher, Leonard Harrelson of the Keeler Institute in Chicago.

The prosecution also:

• Excluded medical records indicating that one of the woman witnesses against Hicks was a former mental patient and highly unreliable;

• Excluded psychiatric testimony that Hicks had been found to display no violent or psychopathic tendencies;

• Excluded the report of the chief homicide detective, who had since died, indicating that his own subordinates had not properly investigated the case and that the prosecution witnesses were probably not telling the truth;

• Concluded the final and closing argument with statements to the jury that were patently false or, at best, in dispute, at which point the defense could no longer offer rebuttal.

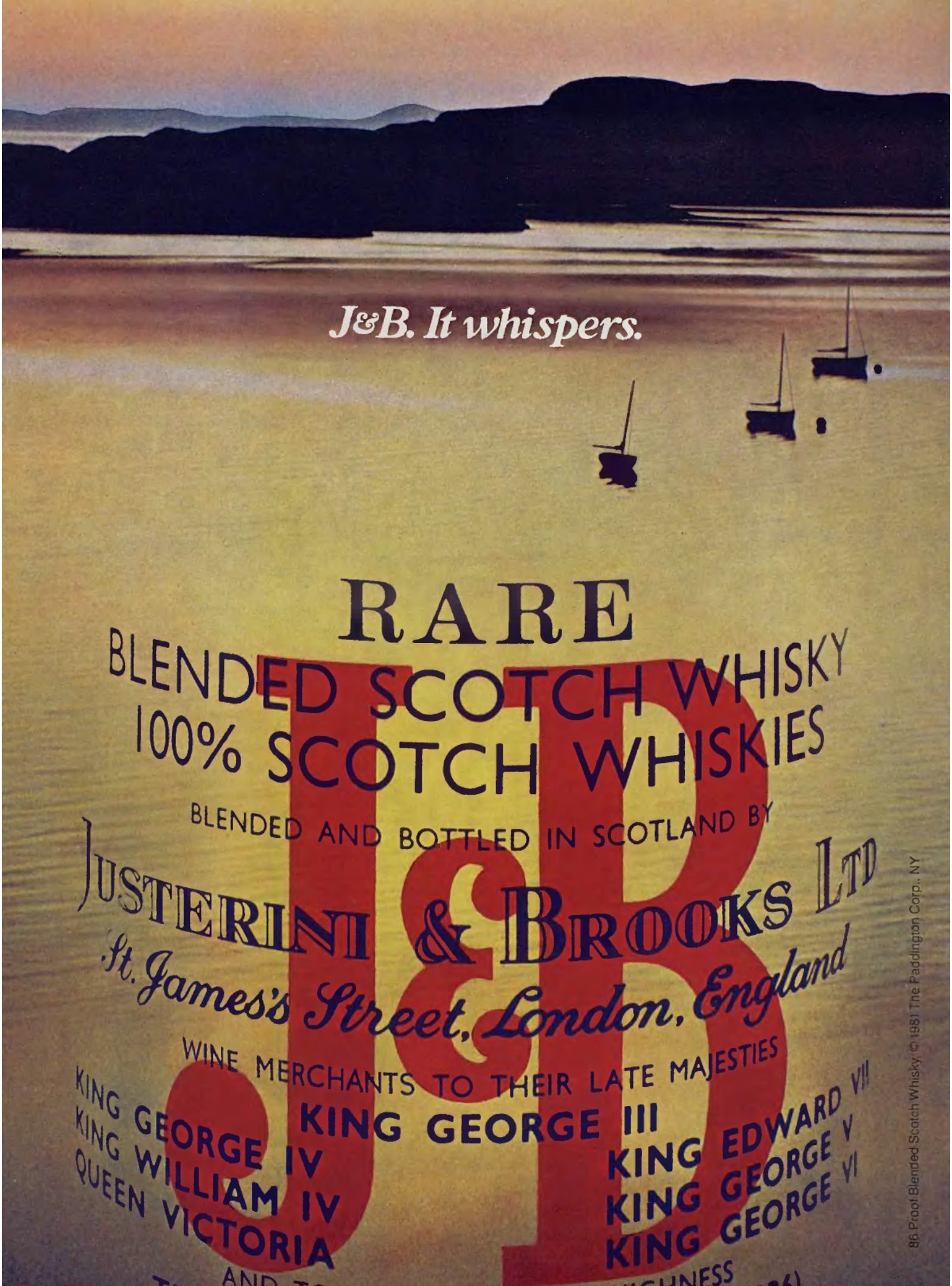
The defense *was* able to establish, in cross-examining police officers earlier, that the prosecution had passed on to the police none of the documents or reports it had that might have supplied them with new leads in the case, exonerating Hicks and leading to charges against other persons (either prosecution witnesses or others who were in the apartment at the time of the killings).

The jury deliberated six hours and returned a verdict that Hicks was not guilty, but his acquittal was hardly a tribute to the criminal-justice system. The jury could not convict Hicks primarily because the prosecution's witnesses were so obviously confused or lying or both, and because the defense had done so much of the policework, short of naming the man now strongly suspected of the stabbings—who remains free, unquestioned by the police and presumably a continuing threat to any witnesses against him. The trial ended in considerable chaos when the verdict came in at midnight. Along with cheers and tears and congratulations were shouted threats of retaliation from relatives of the murder victims, the mother of one of them collapsing. Bailiffs tried to maintain order and take Hicks back to the lockup, over loud objections from attorneys Stanton and McShane, while a detective in the courtroom kept his hand near his revolver. As the confusion sorted itself out, bailiff Murray DeLong took Helmer aside and gave him the papers to obtain the release of Hicks, away from the shouting in the courtroom.

The deputy prosecutor who tried the case, Marilyn Hrnjak, had no comment for the press, represented by PLAYBOY and newspapers from Chicago and Indiana, but an agitated Stanton told her outside the judge's chamber, "This case should never have gone to trial." The unsmiling reply was, "I agree."

The cost of this case to the taxpayers of Indiana's Lake County won't be calculated; the prosecutor's office was doing its perceived duty, and has publicly stated only that it believes the original guilty verdict was correct, evidence and defense witnesses notwithstanding. Had Hicks not obtained the support of Playboy and the services of one of Indiana's top legal firms and private detectives, his defense costs would have ranged between $50,000 and $75,000. The way attorney McShane put it later, "Larry was one lucky slum kid, and it just makes you wonder how many unlucky ones will be going to the chair, or be locked up for 20 years. And Larry was *clean*. I mean, he didn't do *anything* to deserve what happened to him, especially his years on death row, and that's scary."

Larry Hicks at the Indiana State Prisan, where he was housed on death row until a second jury trial found him innocent.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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ELISABETH KUBLER-ROSS

a candid conversation with the renowned expert on death and dying whose beliefs in afterlife and spirits led her to an unlikely guru and the taint of scandal

As Masters and Johnson have changed the world—shaking up our mythology about human sexuality, launching sex into the modern age—so has Elisabeth Kübler-Ross altered the consciousness of the world in her area of work: death and dying. Before this Swiss-born physician and psychiatrist began lecturing all over the globe, working with thousands of terminally ill patients and writing (her 1969 book, "On Death and Dying," is the classic study in this field), the topic of death was, in our Western culture, the ultimate taboo. Doctors, nurses and medical personnel, well trained in the science of life but lacking in the capacity to deal with death, frequently could not tell patients the truth, could not listen to them, ignored their emotional needs and truly abandoned them. Families, too, were ill-equipped to handle a loved one's impending death. So terminal patients were left to face the last, most profound act of their lives in a nightmare of loneliness and pretense.

Kübler-Ross has transformed all that; she has revolutionized the care of the dying, to allow us to perceive death and the process of dying from a more enlightened and humane point of view. For the past 12 years, she has traveled more than 250,000 miles a year, lecturing to health professionals and laymen, visiting dying patients, spreading her credo that "dying can be one of the most beautiful, incredible experiences of life if it is shared with loved ones," conducting five-day workshops called Life, Death and Transition for the terminally ill and their families. People who have heard Kübler-Ross speak are generally moved to weep; thousands consider her a saint.

The medical establishment is not so sure. Although she is applauded for her pioneering work—including her identification of the five stages of facing death—her recent journey into mysticism has raised eyebrows among her conservative peers. Through her work with people who had been resuscitated from clinical death—primarily accident and heart-attack victims whose vital signs had ceased temporarily—she discovered a similarity of near-death experience that proved to her the existence of a happy afterlife. With this work, she began to head down a spiritual path, away from her strict scientific orientation. In the past few years, her lectures have described her own out-of-body experiences and her relationships with spirit guides who materialize before her and do such things as sing "You Are My Sunshine" into her tape recorder. Although last year Kübler-Ross was named one of the 11 Women of the Decade for the Seventies by readers of the Ladies' Home Journal, *she is considered a highly controversial figure.*

Born in a small town in Switzerland 54 years ago, she was one of a set of triplets, in what she terms a "straight and square" upper-middle-class family. Her father was authoritarian and wanted Elisabeth to go into the family business. But she was always a rebel. So, at the age of 18, as World War Two was ending, she took off for war-torn Poland with a rucksack and two dollars. She slept on the ground, learned primitive emergency medicine, delivered babies, worked as a cook, a mason and a roofer while setting up typhoid and first-aid clinics for the thousands of homeless streaming through Europe. In those years, she discovered the mission to help devastated people that would propel her for the rest of her life.

She returned to Switzerland for her formal medical training and spent every

"I'm still an uptight, logical, square Swiss doctor, a hillbilly, and until a few years ago, I didn't believe in ghosts. But I've had some experiences, personally, that have just blown my mind."

"It would be the greatest tragedy to do away with cancer. Visualize what it would be like: Every house would be full of paralyzed, incontinent old people. All illness fulfills a function."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"In the headlines, I have lost my marbles, I've had venereal disease, I don't respond to pleas of dying patients and my workshops are sex orgies. They say that about my beloved workshops!"

summer doing relief work throughout central Europe. She married Emanuel Ross, a young neuropathologist, and reluctantly came to America, where they did their internships and residencies and began raising a family. Her real desire was to be a "country doctor" and live in Africa or India, but circumstances pushed her into psychiatry and work with chronic schizophrenic patients at state hospitals. "It was an incredible challenge," she says, and her thrust was to motivate them to have pride, dignity and responsibility. Later, she did the same thing in Chicago, taking time from her schedule at the University of Chicago Medical School to work with blind and retarded children.

Because of this tiny, determined woman, America is finally beginning to view death as the mass of the world always has—an inevitable piece of the process of life itself. There are now 125,000 courses in death and dying taught in medical and nursing schools; and the hospice movement—where the ill can live out their final days in a loving nonhospital environment—has flourished.

But in the fall of 1979, a scandal involving Kübler-Ross swept through the national press. She was living in the mountains of Escondido, California, outside San Diego, separated from her husband and children and closely connected with a couple named Jay and Martha "Marti" Barham, "healers" and "spiritualists." In private sessions held at the Barhams' ranch, a cult of followers gathered regularly to materialize spirit guides into human form. Barham was ostensibly the "channel," or medium, used. When group members began smelling transcendental rats, they defected in large numbers, speaking of odd sexual activities involving the "spirits" and the guests. The San Diego district attorney's office entered the scene to investigate the story of a ten-year-old child sexually abused by a spirit entity who may or may not have been Barham in disguise. The press followed quickly and what ordinarily would have been just another California booga-booga tale became—because of the revered Kübler-Ross's involvement—national headlines. Although most investigators have viewed her as a naïve victim, Kübler-Ross's reputation and credibility have been gravely undermined.

To explore this fascinating woman's work, the scandal and her extraordinary life, PLAYBOY *sent journalist* **Marcia Seligson** *to her home in Escondido. Seligson reports:*

"About six months before the assignment, a friend had taken me to hear Elisabeth lecture at a church in Los Angeles. The room was packed, and within five minutes, this diminutive, tired-looking woman, with a heavy Germanic accent and a first appearance of extreme toughness, had transfixed the audience. What shone through her and hypnotized more than 500 people was her compassion, her deep vulnerability and her love of human beings. There was not a dry eye in the house, and my friend and I agreed that Elisabeth was the most powerful speaker we had ever heard.

"I made several trips to her home—a comfortable, sprawling, funky house in the woods. She was quite guarded at first, especially since the press had been lacerating her, but always warm and motherly—plying me with homemade cookies, knitting while we spoke, speaking tenderly about her garden and her love of domesticity, her passion for hiking in the mountains. But it quickly became clear that the real thrust of her life has always been her work. She is a woman who has never allowed herself the luxury of being carefree.

"On one of my visits, she had just returned from a week in the Alaskan wilderness, lecturing to a group of Eskimo women and ministering to the dying. (Wherever she speaks, she takes time to see patients and has never charged them for it.) A few weeks later, I caught her right after a trip to a priory in Vermont, where she had spoken to the monks. Her travels and her service to others truly elate her. On the other hand, she seems terribly alone and fatigued, grieving over the loss of her 20-year marriage and the lack of any network of support and love.

"It was inevitable for me to play silent psychoanalyst, to interpret her connection to the Barhams and the spirit-guide clan as a lonely woman's desperate need for caring and contact. After several days together, we visited the Barhams and my suspicions were confirmed. I know that gurus come in a variety of shapes and sizes, but I became distinctly uneasy in the presence of this homely, inarticulate ex-sharecropper and aircraft worker whom Elisabeth had assured me was 'the greatest healer the world has ever known.' I was perplexed by her emotional and financial involvement with the Barhams, and the increasing surrender of her life to them. I found myself, during the parts of the interview in which we talked about the scandal, wanting to grab her shoulders and shake loose her blindness. But I settled for being a tough-minded reporter, hoping she would see some light. She did not. I found the experience of being with Elisabeth emotionally stirring, indeed, and more than a little disturbing."

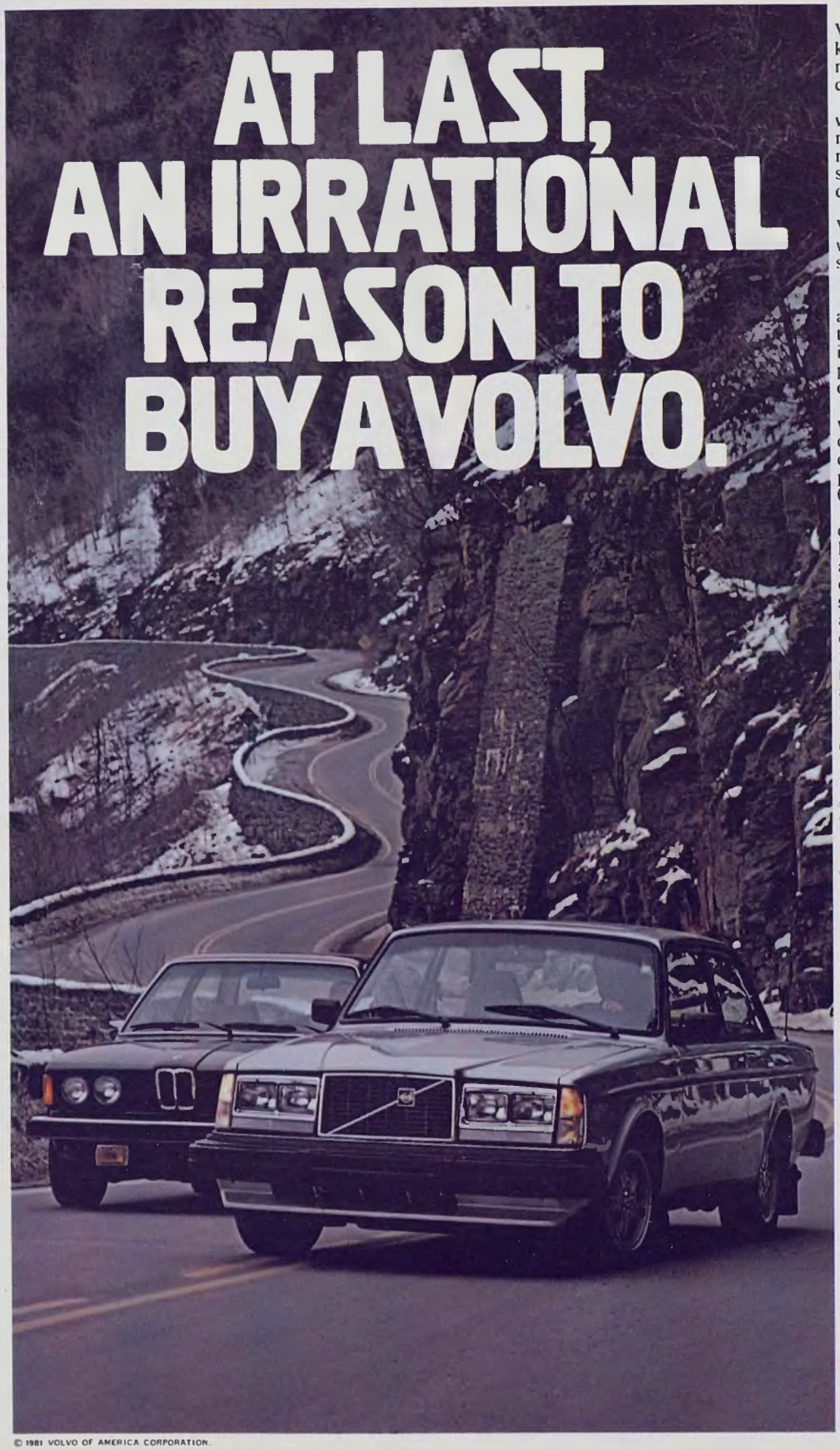
"Whether or not my discoveries are acceptable or whether society adores me or hates me or labels me psychotic is irrelevant."

PLAYBOY: Let's just dive into the thorniest thicket. For more than a decade, you have been celebrated as a physician and scientist, a woman who won the respect of the scientific community through her pioneering work with terminally ill patients. Then, nearly two years ago, your name made surprising headlines because of your involvement with a so-called guru and his followers, who claimed to be able to make spirits materialize. Since you were the one to apply rational analysis to the stages of death, many of your scientific peers were shocked that you appeared to have taken up with fringe believers in life after death. The scandal that erupted also charged bizarre sexual practices and fakery. What can you say in general about this?

KUBLER-ROSS: Obviously, this is a long and complicated story, and I can't answer it simply. But I want to say, first, that I am a scientist. And, to me, a genuine scientist is a curious person who investigates and uses whatever means are available to find answers to increase our knowledge and our understanding of what the world is like, of what human beings are all about. I have always been skeptical, a superskeptic. It's part of my nature to check out every experience I have, over and over. I always experiment on myself first, and I never publish anything I haven't experienced myself. You understand, I'm still an uptight, logical, square Swiss doctor, a hillbilly, and until a few years ago, I didn't even know words like higher consciousness and I didn't believe in ghosts or poltergeists. All that stuff wasn't for me. I never meditated, I never had a guru or went to India. But I've had some experiences, personally, that have just blown my mind. And I need to keep researching and studying. I do this for my own need; I need to know answers.

PLAYBOY: But as the person who revolutionized the Western world's attitudes toward treatment of the dying, you may have shattered your credibility as a scientist and thus destroyed your life's work. How do you feel about that?

KUBLER-ROSS: I totally don't care. I am not interested in pleasing anybody or in accommodating anybody or in being loved or in being found credible. I literally don't care about that. I would do this research if nobody in the whole world were to know about it, or accept it. Whether or not my discoveries are acceptable or whether society adores me or hates me or labels me psychotic is irrelevant. I am not doing research to be



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more of a big shot and get more honorary degrees or to be woman of the year or woman of the century.

PLAYBOY: Truly, you don't care about any of that? About becoming a joke?

KUBLER-ROSS: No. Absolutely not, and I have never cared. The world scorned my work with dying patients in the beginning, and then my research into near-death experiences—what happens to people who have supposedly died for a little while and then are revived. So I expect my research into the world of spirit guides will be scorned also. To me, it's a huge reward if normal people begin to open up to even consider what I'm saying. But when that doesn't happen, I continue on just the same. To me, a decent scientist shares whatever answers he finds and is willing to share how he came to his conclusions. I would be totally unbelievable, and the cheapest form of prostitute, if I would publish only what pleases the public. And I should never try to convert or convince somebody. My job is merely to share. Those who are ready will believe and those who are not will come up with incredible intellectualizations and rationalizations.

PLAYBOY: You've been torn apart especially by the press for these adventures with the spirit world, haven't you?

KUBLER-ROSS: My God, yes. When I started this work, mind you, I was fully aware that I was going to be cut to pieces. The newspapers have printed everything imaginable about me. But so what? You know what welcomed me when I went home to Switzerland for Christmas last year? Headlines asking what happened to "our formerly famous Swiss psychiatrist we were all so proud of, who has now ended up in the gutter. . . ." In the headlines, I have had cancer, I have lost my marbles, I've had venereal disease. They say I don't answer my mail or telephone calls anymore, that I don't respond to the pleas of desperate dying patients and my workshops are sex orgies. They say *that* about my beloved workshops, where we work our rear ends off from eight in the morning till one A.M., for five days and five nights in a row. You understand how reality can get distorted? But it doesn't really matter, because I will continue my work as long as people sign up for the workshops. All this controversy is only a reflection of the fact that we have to continue our work *because* it's very threatening to a lot of people.

PLAYBOY: We'll talk about your research in detail later on. First, will you explain briefly what spirit guides are?

KUBLER-ROSS: The first thing you have to understand is that spirit guides are not new. I didn't discover them. As you know, the Bible talks about guardian angels. Children always talk to and about their imaginary "playmates" and then get reprimanded by their parents and teachers and told that they are too old for this childish stuff. Those are nothing but spirit guides—people who have once lived in our physical world and then have died. Then they decide to help a person during *his* physical existence. So one or more of them may assign himself to you, for example, from the time you take your first breath until you die—or, I prefer to say, make the transition, which is what death is, making the transition to another realm. The guide's sole purpose is to love you, to direct you, to make sure that everything is done to get you to achieve your objectives in your lifetime. Spirit guides really exist; they are never more than two feet away from you, day and night. Usually, they come to you sometime just before falling asleep or when you are about to wake up. When all your defenses are down, you're more available to them. If you live 100 years, they are always with you. I've been blessed to have a very direct communication with my guides over the past few years.

PLAYBOY: You realize, of course, that that sounds mighty peculiar.

"I would be totally unbelievable, and the cheapest form of prostitute, if I would publish only what pleases the public."

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes, of course I do; but you see, in our society, people are no longer in touch with their own spirituality. They laugh at you when you say you have your own spirit guide inside you. They wouldn't know what you are talking about, naturally. But talk to some old people in the bushes. Aboriginal people know about their guides. All their paintings and drawings are full of their spirit guides, and they communicate with them. American Indians in their tepees, when they chanted together and the medicine man was in the middle under a blanket, what do you think they did? They materialized their guides, who touched them and healed them. All the things I have learned have existed for thousands of years in all cultures. But then, we say, "Well, those were primitive people."

PLAYBOY: Why does it seem so foreign to us?

KUBLER-ROSS: It seems alien to us only since the beginning of this century, as a result of urbanization, of a very mobile kind of life. You live in a city one year, then you move to the next. You have no roots, no religion, no rituals or spirituality. If you still visit people who have not been contaminated by all the greed, materialism, televisions, cars, moving from place to place—all these people still know what I am talking about.

PLAYBOY: Is the guide's only function to watch over you?

KUBLER-ROSS: There is apparently a vast army of thousands of guides whose purpose is to help us human beings on the planet who are in great danger of self-destruction from nuclear weapons. They are here to help us change the tide, to work against the negativity that now threatens our survival. Then there are the personal guides, who are there for each one of us open to them, to direct us to become more positive. For every person who becomes more positive, the chances of the planet's self-destruction are minimized. Right now, there are hundreds of groups of people all over the world, people who are in a spiritual search to see if we cannot change this greedy, destructive, war-oriented civilization. They are in contact with their spirit guides and can, under certain circumstances, have the guides materialize. I'm very lucky that I am able to be in touch with them, to see and talk to them, to tape-record them. And, on occasion, they have come in physical form.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think we'll accept what you're saying at face value?

KUBLER-ROSS: My question to you is, Why do you need to accept this? Why is it important? It is my experience, not yours, my life and choice, not yours. Whatever I have learned, I am trying to share with those who want to hear it. And all I can tell people is, if you are open and if you get rid of your own negativity, all this information is available to you when the time is right. That is all I want to communicate. Those who are ready will hear it and those who are not will not.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned "negativity" several times. How do you define negativity?

KUBLER-ROSS: Anything that drains your energy and prevents you from living in peace, love and harmony. Anything that makes you sick physically or emotionally, or makes you hateful or greedy. You see, the degree of negativity that is triggered in the press and in other people by our work is in direct proportion to the negativity in human beings in the whole world. All my work, my whole purpose is to make people aware of those negative parts of themselves and how they distort their lives and their relationships with it. The whole planet Earth, the whole family of mankind is destroying itself because of negativity.

PLAYBOY: So your purpose in life is no longer to work with dying patients.

KUBLER-ROSS: No. That is just a step. I was taught by my own guides that I had an illusion that death and dying

was my work, my contribution to the society in which I have lived for more than 20 years. I truly believed that if I worked hard enough, I would deserve to retire and go back to pottery and weaving, writing, gardening and mountain climbing. And the guides just laughed in my face. They said my death-and-dying work was only a test to see if I could take negativity and hostility. My work has just begun.

PLAYBOY: When did they tell you that?

KUBLER-ROSS: About five years ago. So my sole purpose is to fight the negativity, to help people become aware of what they do to themselves, their fellow man and the planet because of fear and guilt.

PLAYBOY: What has actually happened to your life since all the publicity about your dealings with spirit guides?

KUBLER-ROSS: Oh, God, it's incredible. My husband of 20 years walked out on me. I simply couldn't believe it. I never dreamed in my wildest dreams I would ever be divorced; nobody in my family ever has. I grew up in a world where when you made a commitment, you made it for good or for bad. And when he walked out on me, I thought it was temporary. But he never came back. And the friends I really counted on have broken off, one after the other. The ones I loved the most, all of them. Not because of the work that we're doing but because of what was in the magazines and newspapers. I lost my beautiful dream house and my garden. I can't say that I'm attached to those things, but I still have a lot of grief about it. Then my relatives wrote to my sister, about the disgrace I had brought to the family. *I* think they should be very proud of me.

PLAYBOY: How about your workshops and lectures? Was there any detrimental effect on them?

KUBLER-ROSS: It has hurt a lot. For six months after the stories broke, we had cancellations of around $30,000 and had to refund the money to people who had already registered and then backed out because of the publicity. A lot of my lecture dates were canceled, one week before, but I have so many requests—dating back two years—that there were always replacements within 24 hours. From groups that have faith and trust in who I am. But my income dropped drastically, and suddenly I went from famous to infamous. All this at the same time. I had no security of any kind left in my life.

PLAYBOY: That's an enormous price to pay for doing your spiritual "research," don't you think?

KUBLER-ROSS: Of course. The loneliness has been the worst part. That's my biggest problem. Not a single shoulder to lean on, not a hand to hold. I literally hang in there only because I know this is just part of the process and the work has to be done no matter how much pain it causes, no matter what people say about me. I believe absolutely that I will have to make great sacrifices to bring what I've learned to the world. So I just continue on, I see the fruits of my work, and I'm very pleased and proud of our workshops. And the rest—I'm trying hard to take all the b.s. and turn it into fertilizer. But it reaches a proportion where I begin to wonder why it has to be so difficult always.

PLAYBOY: We'll return to the topic of spirit guides and the scandal, but let's go back to the beginning. It should be interesting to follow your track from conservative Swiss psychiatrist to where you are now, in what appears to be a highly spiritual, mystical state of mind. It was in the mid-Sixties that you began your work with death and dying. How did you get into that field of study?

KUBLER-ROSS: I was living in Denver with my family. I had everything: a nice home, two gorgeous children, a loving husband, a good job. But I was bored and unhappy. I had already come to some conclusions about my work with terminally ill patients in Denver and I was asked to give my first lecture in psychiatry for the medical students. That's when I gave the lecture on death and dying that became famous and changed my whole life.

PLAYBOY: Why that subject?

KUBLER-ROSS: I was very nervous about what to talk to them about, especially because these students always sat in class drinking Coca-Cola and chewing gum, with their feet up on chairs, being bored by everything. Then I thought to myself, If these kids are going into orthopedic surgery or obstetrics, they could care less about the origins of psychosis and all that stuff. So I was thinking my brains out to see what I could talk about that didn't even *smell* of psychiatry. The only thing I could come up with was death and dying, because I thought that would touch upon feelings, anxieties, defenses—everything that has to do with human behavior. I thought it was a brilliant idea. My problem came when I looked for material. I couldn't find a single book. So I looked into anthropology and came up with the strange rituals people have surrounding death. Why we wear black veils, where gravestones came from, where burial rules came from. I thought it would be really intriguing to put this together and I put all my love and efforts into this one lecture. After two minutes, the room was dead silence, I had all their attention. Then I put out my theory that most people who are terminally ill know about their dying whether they have been told or not. And they need to communicate; they are willing to share if you are not afraid of them. Then you can actually learn how people cope with

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dying and their death. You must remember that, at that time, patients and doctors *never* talked about this subject. It was taboo. So then I brought into the lecture hall this gorgeous 16-year-old girl who was dying of leukemia.

PLAYBOY: How did they react?

KUBLER-ROSS: You could hear a pin drop. Nobody moved, and I asked for volunteers to interview her on the stage. They were so scared, not one student budged, so I picked six students, but none of them could open their mouths to ask any questions. So I started the interview. It was incredibly beautiful. She did not have any pretenses and was very comfortable talking to them. When they finally started questioning her, they switched to irrelevant stuff, like how high her fever ran and what her symptoms were. She just put them straight and said, "Yes, I know that physicians ask those kinds of questions, but I am trying to convey something else to you." She was so happy and eager to stop playing games, but they were distant and defensive.

PLAYBOY: Those medical students were reacting in the traditional way that physicians often dealt with terminal patients, weren't they?

KUBLER-ROSS: Oh, yes, the callousness of it, the playing games, the downright lying. I have seen a specialist tell his patient she was free of cancer when she was full of cancer and had to ask for a psychiatric consultation because she thought she was *imagining* pain. That kind of stuff really bothers me. The physician's own fears and anxieties prevent him from listening to a dying patient or communicating with him. Medical training makes him that way. We train them to be detached, not to get personally involved, so they will know everything about your liver and nothing about you as a person. This is much more so in this country, where we train doctors to feel like powerful gods, than it is in Europe. So inhuman.

PLAYBOY: What happened during the lecture?

KUBLER-ROSS: The child finally exploded at all the people who had been lying to her—including her mother. She was just thrilled that she had a chance to do that. She talked about how it was to be alone when her girlfriends stopped visiting her and nothing in her life was like it used to be. The students were completely moved. They had never talked or listened like that with a dying patient. This lecture became so famous that copies were sent all over. Later, when my husband and I moved to Chicago, I got a job teaching psychiatry at the university, but on the side, my real love was to go and visit dying patients. I would teach the nurses, medical students and the social workers how to listen to them, to draw closer instead of back away, to tell the truth and to have a real relationship with the dying.

PLAYBOY: Was your goal to heal or save those patients?

KUBLER-ROSS: Oh, no. My goal was simply to have them live fully until they died, and not just lie there and vegetate, pretending, not being able to share anything. And being doped up until they would finally die. I mean, that is just not how one should end a life.

PLAYBOY: Did you find the work depressing?

KUBLER-ROSS: Never! Every patient recharged my battery. Well, *almost* everybody. I mean, there were some grouches and sourpusses who wouldn't. But usually, after a visit or two, we would be in an animated sharing of some of this person's life. And I always found what an incredible life each individual had. I became really intrigued by this man or woman, and I felt like I had really achieved something.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel when you lost them?

KUBLER-ROSS: When they died? It was never a terrible loss over any long period of time. It was like, for everyone who died, there were ten waiting to be taken care of. I felt I had no claims to them or any attachment. I was very involved with them while we had the communication going, but no expectations. I mean, you couldn't work with 1000 dying patients and have expectations.

"I thought that heaven and guardian angels were nice stories for children to shut them up."

PLAYBOY: At that stage, what were your feelings about afterlife? Did you believe that death was the end?

KUBLER-ROSS: I thought that heaven and guardian angels were nice stories for children to shut them up. Nobody had ever proved anything and I think I left the subject very wide open. My sole understanding was that since there was nothing I could do about whether there was life after death or not, the only thing I could do was to make *this* life more comfortable and positive. What happens after was somebody else's specialty. If you had asked me at that time if there was a God, most likely I would have said, Well, there must be *something*, but it always had to do with nature. You can't look at a baby or a sunset or a million snowflakes when no two are alike without knowing that there is somebody who decides such ingenious things.

PLAYBOY: At that time, did you view death as a tragedy?

KUBLER-ROSS: No, never. The only thing I viewed as a tragedy was that we spend our lives like sourpusses and never see the beauty of it, and the miracle of it. Even when a child died, which is supposed to be the greatest catastrophe, I saw tragedy only in *how* he died, not *that* he died. I felt the parents had a loan of the child for, say, six years, the glory of having a child for that period. How many couples don't have a child of their own, who would give anything in the world to have one! I felt that at least they were given that gift for six years.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have a powerful connection to children. Your face lights up when you talk about them—even about their death.

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes, that's true. Children are the only living creatures, besides psychotics and dying patients, who are totally honest and are the way God created them. If you are full of baloney, they know that instantly and just turn away from you. They live on an intuitive level. And dying patients have that kind of openness and honesty, because they know they have just a short time left and are not willing to fill their last days with nonsense and irrelevancies. That's not true for everyone who is dying, but it's always true of the ones we work with.

PLAYBOY: The work that made you famous and for which you are still the most acclaimed was your identification and description of the five stages of dying. Let's explore those. How did you arrive at them?

KUBLER-ROSS: You have to understand I did not learn this from dying patients. I learned it from all my years of working with blind people and multiple-handicapped, retarded patients, first in Switzerland and then here. So later, when I was working extensively in Chicago with terminal cases, I first wrote an article for a seminary magazine on my observations. Then, about a year later, the Macmillan publishing house asked me to write a book about my work. This was to be *On Death and Dying*. I wrote it between midnight and three A.M., and it was simple, like talking to my students. What I put together I had learned from all my patients—such as a blind retarded child and her family's reaction to her. Then, afterward, I discovered that dying patients go through the same stages. And any natural, normal human being, when faced with any kind of loss, will go from shock all the way through acceptance. You could say the same about divorce, losing a job, a maid, a parakeet. Some people go through it if they only lose their contact lens. And even though I called it the stages of

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dying, it is really a natural adjustment to loss.

PLAYBOY: Describe the stages, one at a time. What is the first?

KUBLER-ROSS: Say you have just been told by the doctor that your abdominal pains are not appendicitis, or something harmless, as you had assumed, but cancer. Your first reaction usually is shock. Why me? I'm only 36 years old, I have three children in preschool, why me and why now? With the shock is a tremendous numbness, like it's a nightmare that you can't think about. You walk home in a daze; you want to push it under the rug. This is the stage of denial. You won't tell the family, maybe the doctor made a mistake, you'll go to another and be retested, maybe you have to go to the Mayo Clinic. It's all an attempt to deny the reality of this criminal verdict. Denial is used not only during the first stages of illness or after the confrontation with the truth but throughout the illness from time to time. Someone said, "We cannot look at the sun all the time; we cannot face death all the time."

PLAYBOY: Is denial healthy?

KUBLER-ROSS: Absolutely. Some patients have to live for a long time with the knowledge that they're dying, and sometimes they have to deny in order to go on with their daily lives. It allows them to mobilize their defenses. Later on, they will not want to deny anymore: they will want to admit the truth and talk about it and have people listen. Patients rarely deny their condition to the end; I have seen that only a very few times. The shock and denial can't last forever, because some reality of life keeps them from burying their head in the sand. Either they can't hold a job anymore, or lose weight, or start hemorrhaging. Then they have to re-evaluate their financial situation to make provisions for their family. Very realistic issues prevent most people from maintaining denial.

The next stage is one of anger: "I had a thorough physical six months ago and the cancer must have been there; and if the doctor had done a more thorough examination, he would have discovered it before it was too late." The tendency in our society is to blame other people for our miseries, so the patient blames the doctor or the wife for not paying attention to his complaints earlier, or he blames God. People get *furious* at God. Along with the anger goes envy and resentment toward other people who are healthy. If the person is hospitalized while in this stage of anger, he is the most difficult patient, because the diet isn't right, the way somebody talks when he comes in to take blood is not right, the nurses aren't right. The clergy have a hard time with patients who are angry at God and call Him a bastard. The clergy very quickly try to shut the patient up and I always say to them, "What's the matter with you? Why do you feel a need to come to God's defense? He can take it." When you begin to make the ministers aware of what they're doing, some of them—not many, mind you—finally begin to realize the damage they are doing to their patients to tell them implicitly that it's all right to be angry with their wives or doctors but not with God.

PLAYBOY: What stage follows anger?

KUBLER-ROSS: If they are allowed to externalize the anger, then they go through a stage of bargaining. Bargaining looks like peace on the surface, but it's a temporary truce: "I will be a good patient if you'll give me one more year to live." Or, "Just till my children get out of high school." Or, "Just until they get married." It's merely to put a later deadline on the inevitable. But the beauty of the bargaining stage is that this is the ideal time to finish unfinished business. Because they're not so angry that you feel like staying away from them and they're not so depressed yet that everything is a drag.

PLAYBOY: What does "unfinished business" mean?

KUBLER-ROSS: Anything that is incomplete in your life and deprives you of a sense of peace. It is almost always about relationships. During the Vietnam war, the unfinished business was that the parent wanted to stay alive long enough to see his son come home. Or if it's a divorced parent, he won't die until he has found a place for his children. But sometimes the unfinished business is a symbolic "Thank you" that he has not said yet.

PLAYBOY: Is the bargaining stage peaceful? Does the patient think he's going to get better?

KUBLER-ROSS: In this stage, the patient is in a transient state of peace, and for the family and staff, this is the ideal time. But you have to know it's not a genuine peace, it's just temporary. It's a postponement. Let me tell you the story of a young man, 28 years old, who had acute leukemia, with three small children. He had two weeks between the actual onset of his illness and his death.

PLAYBOY: Did he know he had only two weeks?

KUBLER-ROSS: Oh, yes. They always know it. It's not conscious, but they are very aware of it. If you have an accident and only a short time until death, then you go through all the stages much faster than if you have multiple sclerosis that lasts 20 years. And that is how I know that they realize how long they have—they just do their work faster. If they get help, they can go through the stages in one night, but on their own in a negative environment, they can't do it.

Anyway, a nurse asked me to go talk to Larry, this young man, about his approaching death. Even though I usually wait for a request from the patient, I went in and said, "Larry, would you like to talk about it?" "It," you understand, could be the weather or anything, if he didn't want to talk. I could see he was rapidly deteriorating. He said, "No, my lips and tongue are too sore." I asked if he wanted me to come back the next day and he said, "Fine, if you like." That left the door open. The next day, the same. He never asked what we would talk about, so he obviously knew, and knew that I knew, and we kept it on that discreet level. I tried once more. My rule is, you never challenge anybody more than three times. More than that, you are imposing your own needs. The next day, when I saw him, he was sitting up in bed, much more alert than before. I was stunned. Then he told me about his beautiful dream, which is a classic example of bargaining with God. He said, "Last night, I had a dream where I saw this big train going rapidly down the hill toward the end and I had a big fight with the trainmaster. And I demanded that he stop this train one tenth of an inch short." And Larry said to me, "Do you know what I'm talking about?" And I said, "Yes. The train that's speeding down the hill is your life. And your argument was with God." Now, what does that tell you? That he knows he has only a tiny bit of time left and is asking for just a little more.

PLAYBOY: Do people always get the bargain they request?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes, generally. At that moment, Larry's mother walked in and I said to him, "How can I help you with the tenth of an inch?" He said, "Mother, go home and make my favorite vegetable soup and bake a loaf of bread." She was afraid to leave and he said, "Don't worry, I'll wait for it." And when she brought it back, he took a tiny taste and smell of that warm bread and a half teaspoon of the soup—he could hardly open his mouth. That was the last food he had in his mouth. He died a few days later.

PLAYBOY: What is the next stage?

KUBLER-ROSS: Depression, in two distinct parts. The first one is a reactive depression, a mourning of all the little losses of things—his job, energy, the fact that he can't eat anymore. All the losses from being a self-sustaining individual to becoming dependent. The second type of depression I call preparatory grief. He stops mourning all the small deaths and begins to conceive the final death, the final loss. He is in the process of losing everything and everybody he ever loved. Losing life. That is a grief beyond words, because he does not need or wish to communicate that. He withdraws. And at that time, he knows absolutely that he is dying. There is no denial left, the awareness is now totally conscious. The grief during this stage

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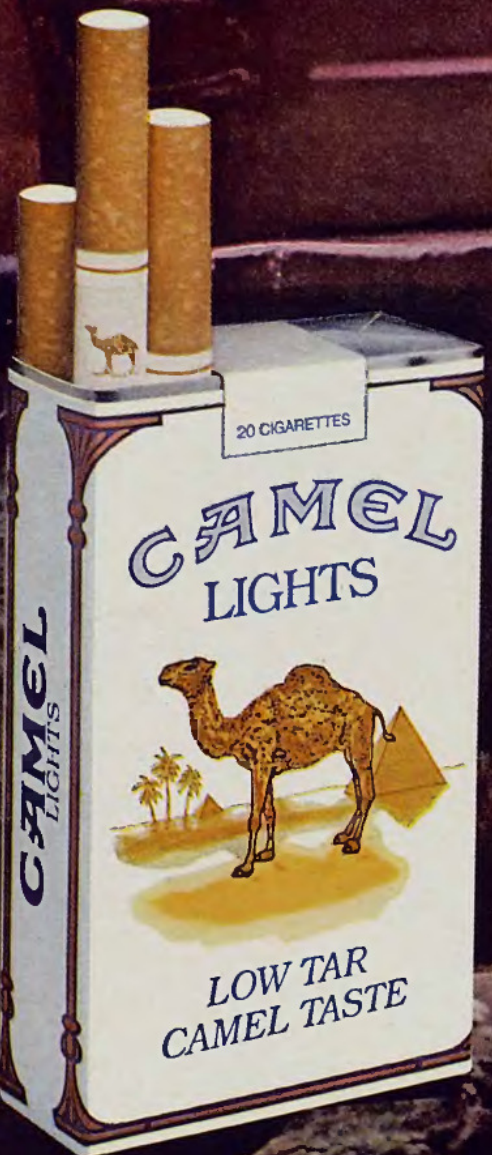

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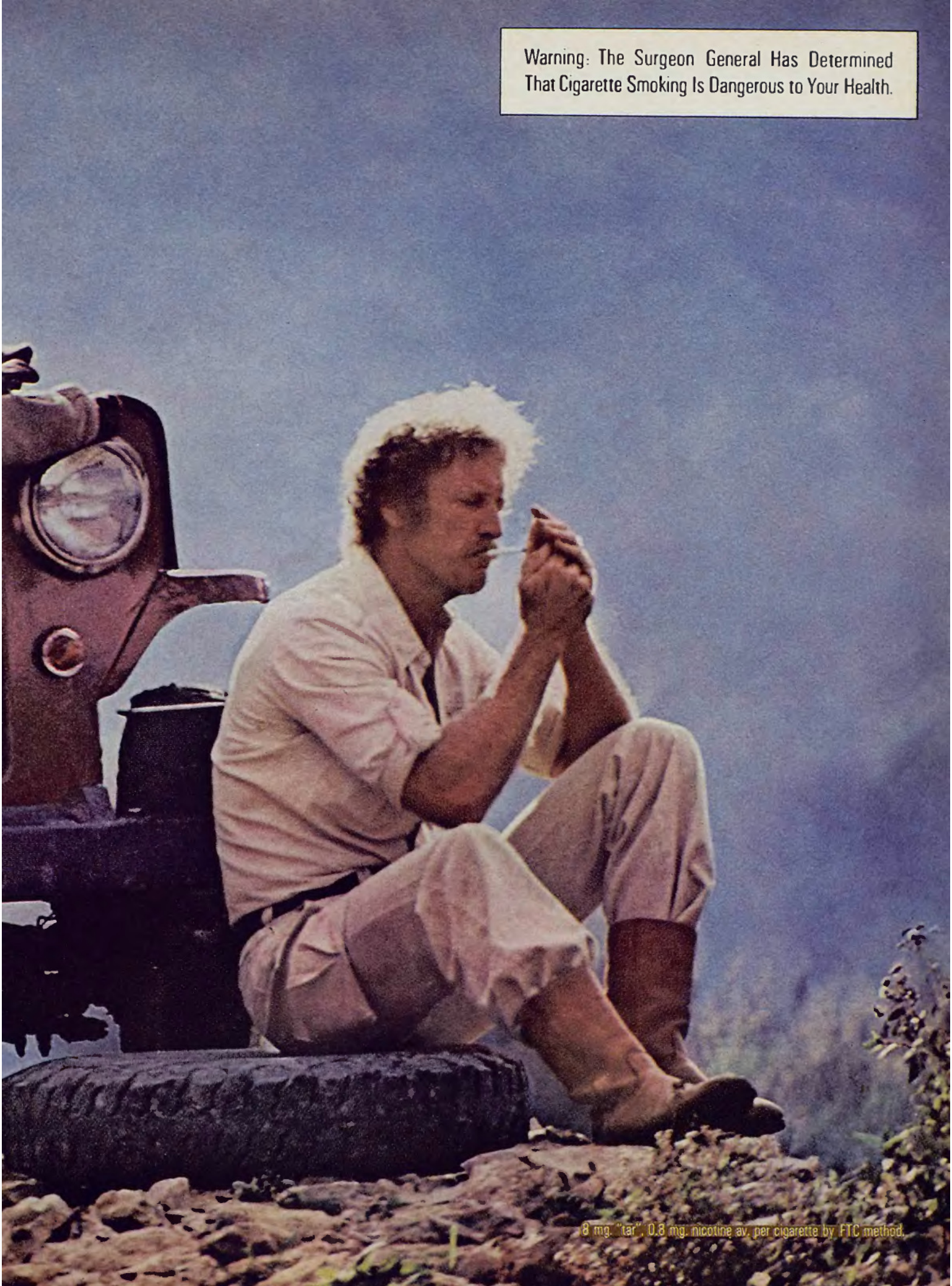
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is very important—it's a tool for preparing him for the ultimate peaceful acceptance. This is much more a silent stage than the reactive grief, where he wants to be cheered up and reassured to know that his family is being taken care of, things are being handled. In this second phase, if I'm working with him and he looks at a picture of his grandchild and tears come to his eyes, I can say, "It must be very sad to realize you'll never see your grandchild grown up." And he'll say yes. So he'll cry with you and mourn all those experiences he's going to be deprived of. So now he faces the reality fully. And eventually, he doesn't want to see neighbors or business associates or friends anymore. At the very end, he wants to see only one or two people, his children or his mate. During this time, he is concerning himself with things ahead, rather than behind.

PLAYBOY: The final stage is acceptance, then?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. You could call this the stage of positive submission, of accepting what you can't change with a sense of peace and serenity. If he's not allowed to grieve or express anger, he'll never reach this stage. In this last stage, he's neither depressed nor angry, he will have mourned his losses already, and generally he will be tired and weak and will sleep a lot. Not a sleep of avoidance or relief from pain but just extending his sleep time until the final sleep. This is not a "happy" stage, but it is almost without feeling, a void. The struggle is over. The patient wishes to be alone or silent much of the time; communication is mostly nonverbal. A few patients keep struggling to the end, denying, and then it becomes very difficult for them to die with peace and dignity. Sometimes families, for their own needs, encourage their loved one to fight to the end and not to surrender, as if it were cowardly or a rejection of the family.

PLAYBOY: Do those stages always follow in the same order?

KUBLER-ROSS: No. Many people skip stages entirely. Many have been conditioned never to get angry and they suppress it. Nuns and priests have a terribly hard time getting angry. So they often stay stuck in grief, but it's an impotent kind of grief, because what they really need to do is scream and curse. But they've been so conditioned as good Christians that the preconscious wish to scream causes them guilt. So their guilt and grief dominate them. The biggest help you can give these people is to get them into a screaming room—which all hospitals should have, not only for the patients but for the staff—and say, "Listen, my friend, you were a human being before you were a nun and anger is a God-given gift. Scream and curse and then I promise you'll feel better." And, boy, when they hit it, they can take a whole house apart.

PLAYBOY: Does each stage signify a deepening of the experience?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. Dying is a growth experience. The last big growth experience the human being has in this lifetime. But you understand, you'll see many patients who never go through the stages, because they haven't had any help and are being lied to by the doctors and ignored by their families, who can't listen to them. That is the essence of my work and my relationship with them. And in a sudden death, like an accident or stroke or heart attack, they are in a stage of physiological shock and have no conscious way of dealing with all the stages. The reason it's a growth experience, or can be, is that for most people, going through the stages is their great chance to learn something they have never learned before. For instance, many people have been rebels all their lives. When they die in character, they die rebelling and fighting until the last. If they get a little help and are not judged or condemned for being nasty patients, they may be able to replace their rebellion with a genuine positive submission, and may have learned the lesson that was the sole purpose of their being born into that physical body.

"No patient should be deprived of free choice. To me, that is a sacred, universal law. But there are patients who do not want to know they're dying, and that has to be their choice."

PLAYBOY: In your book, you write, "Death is often seen by a child as an impermanent thing and therefore has little distinction from a divorce." Why?

KUBLER-ROSS: I never read my books, so that doesn't sound familiar. But, anyway, normally all children understand is separation, separation from Mommy or Daddy, so that is what death is to them. Later on, they see death as a mutilation—like when they see a dead cat on the pavement or they see a cat tear up a bird, so they naturally associate that with their own life experiences and think of death as a bloody mess, a mutilating thing. That is why they scream bloody murder when they cut their finger and bleed a little tiny bit. Later on, they begin to personalize death and see it as a boogeyman. They don't want to sleep with the lights off or go into the dark cellar. Normally, in preadolescent years, they will grow out of those fantasies, depending on how much fear and guilt they have been fed by adults. But, for example, when my daughter was four years old and we buried her first dog, she wasn't sad. I couldn't understand it, because she was very attached to that dog. When I asked her about it, she said, very casually, "Mom, don't you understand? Next spring, when your tulips come up, he'll come up again and play with me."

PLAYBOY: What happened to her when he didn't?

KUBLER-ROSS: By then, the attachment had already begun to wear off. But it would be very sadistic to a four-year-old child if I had said, "Well, your dog is dead and you'll never see him again." A confrontation with something that she can't conceive of yet. All I said to her was, "Wouldn't that be lovely?" That leaves it open. So if she needs the denial at that time in her chronological development, then she hears my answer as an affirmation of her need to believe that.

PLAYBOY: That brings us to a basic question: Do you tell a patient that he is dying? Or even that he has cancer?

KUBLER-ROSS: Well, yes and no. It doesn't matter as much *that* you tell him as *how* you tell him and *what* you tell him. No patient should be deprived of free choice. To me, that is a sacred, universal law. That is the greatest gift that human beings have—free choice. But you have to understand that there are patients who do *not* want to know, and that has to be *their* choice. So the obvious question is, How do you answer a patient honestly when he asks you? One percent of our American population are what I call deniers. They deny anything, using denial as their main defense. To them, to die with dignity would mean to be able to keep up that stoical front and pretend they don't have cancer. They are proud to appear unaffected. To die with dignity, to me, means to be allowed to die in character, and I have to respect that free choice.

PLAYBOY: How can you tell if someone wants to know the truth or wants to deny?

KUBLER-ROSS: I can usually pick that up when I talk to him for five minutes. Recently, a woman asked me, "How sick am I?" and I said, "You are very sick." She immediately started to talk about the tragedy of her life, that she was deprived of adopting a child. I agreed that was a very hard thing to accept. You see, she was telling me symbolically that she knew she would be deprived of life and that was difficult knowledge to accept. The art of communication to me is saying the truth in a way that one who is ready to hear it will and one who is not ready won't. That is what physicians and

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clergy have to learn if they don't want to go around damaging people. You can't go to a patient and say, "You're dying." That's stupid. But if you've done a biopsy and the result comes back and it's malignant and the patient asks you if he has cancer, you *have* to say yes.

PLAYBOY: You would never lie about that?

KUBLER-ROSS: No. And I would always associate it immediately with hope.

PLAYBOY: Even if there is no hope?

KUBLER-ROSS: There is *always* hope. But, you see, hope for us the living, for the well, for the nonterminally ill, is something totally different than for a patient who is beyond medical help. When a patient reaches a stage of acceptance and you ask him, "What is your hope now?" You will never hear, "My hope is to get cured or to prolong my life." You will suddenly hear a shifting of gears. One woman said to me, very philosophically, "I hope God accepts me in His garden." Now, I would be a stupid psychiatrist if I said, "Oh, come on, now, we're going to get you well." She would just throw me out of the room. Or she would stop talking to me, because she would know that *I* couldn't take the truth. But, instead, I said to this woman, "Let's talk about this garden. What does it look like in your imagination?" So she knew that I knew and that we were speaking the truth.

PLAYBOY: If a dying patient asks you what his odds are, what do you tell him, since you want to tell the truth but associate it with hope?

KUBLER-ROSS: I tell him 50 percent the first year, less the second, and so on, but I never add it up to 100 percent. Those who really want to know say, "Hey, doc. When I add that up, it makes only 99 percent." And I say, "Yes, I always keep one percent for hope." Because there *are* miracles. I never predict to a patient how long he will live, because it is never accurate, never, ever, ever. There are some young men who contemplate starting a business or a family, a young woman who wants to have a child. Their time is very important. I will level with them as to what the statistical probabilities are, but I very much exaggerate anything else because of how incompetent we really are at predicting.

PLAYBOY: In *On Death and Dying*, you write, "The more we are making advancements in science, the more we seem to fear and deny the reality of death." Would you explain that?

KUBLER-ROSS: In our society, we have discovered an incredible number of things. We have been able to lick infectious diseases that eradicated millions of people at one time. We've been able to transplant organs. We are very close to a time, I believe, when scientists and medicine will believe that they can conquer death itself. People have believed in nothing else but science and money, and that if you would get enough money and brain power together, you could conquer cancer absolutely, and then death itself—as if there is no limit to human capability. We have such an enormous fear of cancer that you can get thousands and thousands in grant money to study it. What people don't understand is that it would be the greatest tragedy to do away with cancer.

PLAYBOY: How do you justify that statement?

KUBLER-ROSS: Well, just visualize what it would be like if all malignancies were eradicated. People would live up to 100, 130, and almost all of them would have strokes. Every house would be full of paralyzed, incontinent old people unable to speak. About a third of the population would be able to earn a living, but they couldn't continue to do that, because they would have to take care of all these incapacitated stroke patients. Don't you think they would be better off to have cancer, which helps them make the transition within a reasonable time, or would you rather they die after six years in a hospital ward unable to speak or urinate or move a finger? Do you understand?

"There are miracles. I never predict to a patient how long he will live, because it is never accurate, never, ever, ever."

PLAYBOY: So cancer, to you, fulfills a function.

KUBLER-ROSS: Naturally. All illness fulfills a function. In the old days, if it weren't for epidemic diseases, people would have starved to death, which is infinitely worse.

PLAYBOY: What about the pain of cancer?

KUBLER-ROSS: You do not need to have pain anymore; we can keep all our cancer patients pain-free and alert and conscious. My work is to use the science of medicine and the art of medicine to help them finish whatever unfinished business they have in life. And to convey all this to the medical people who are responsible, so that 70 percent of our terminally ill don't have to die in institutions, which is totally unnecessary, but can die at home. And that children under 14 who cannot visit hospitals and are deprived of being with their family members will be permitted to see and be involved with the death of a loved one.

PLAYBOY: But because of your work, aren't the treatment of terminal patients and the medical establishment's way of dealing with death changing?

KUBLER-ROSS: God, yes. Last year, 125,000 courses in death and dying were taught in this country alone, and that's not including Europe and Australia and Japan. Not all of them are good, mind you, but at least it's now a valid subject; and nurses, social workers, priests, medical students can learn how to minister to a dying patient. Medicine is now irrevocably moving in the direction of healing and spirituality—the way it was 100 years ago, before doctors became exclusively scientists.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a bit about cancer, with which most of your work seems to be. What do you think causes cancer?

KUBLER-ROSS: I believe it is a slow-growing virus, and under certain circumstances, and especially when there is enough anguish and pain from recent personal loss—it is statistically verifiable that such loss is a precipitating factor in the onset of cancer—that latent existent virus becomes fulminating, grows rapidly and becomes symptomatic. And I believe that if people could be in total harmony, without all the negativity that we've been talking about, cancer would be extremely limited. I also think that society itself causes more cancer than it cures by spreading fear tactics, and you know we always get what we're most afraid of. We create our own.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of getting cancer?

KUBLER-ROSS: Heck, no. If I could choose between cancer and a sudden death or a stroke, I would definitely choose cancer.

PLAYBOY: You smoke incessantly and have a hacking persistent cough. Aren't you afraid of smoking?

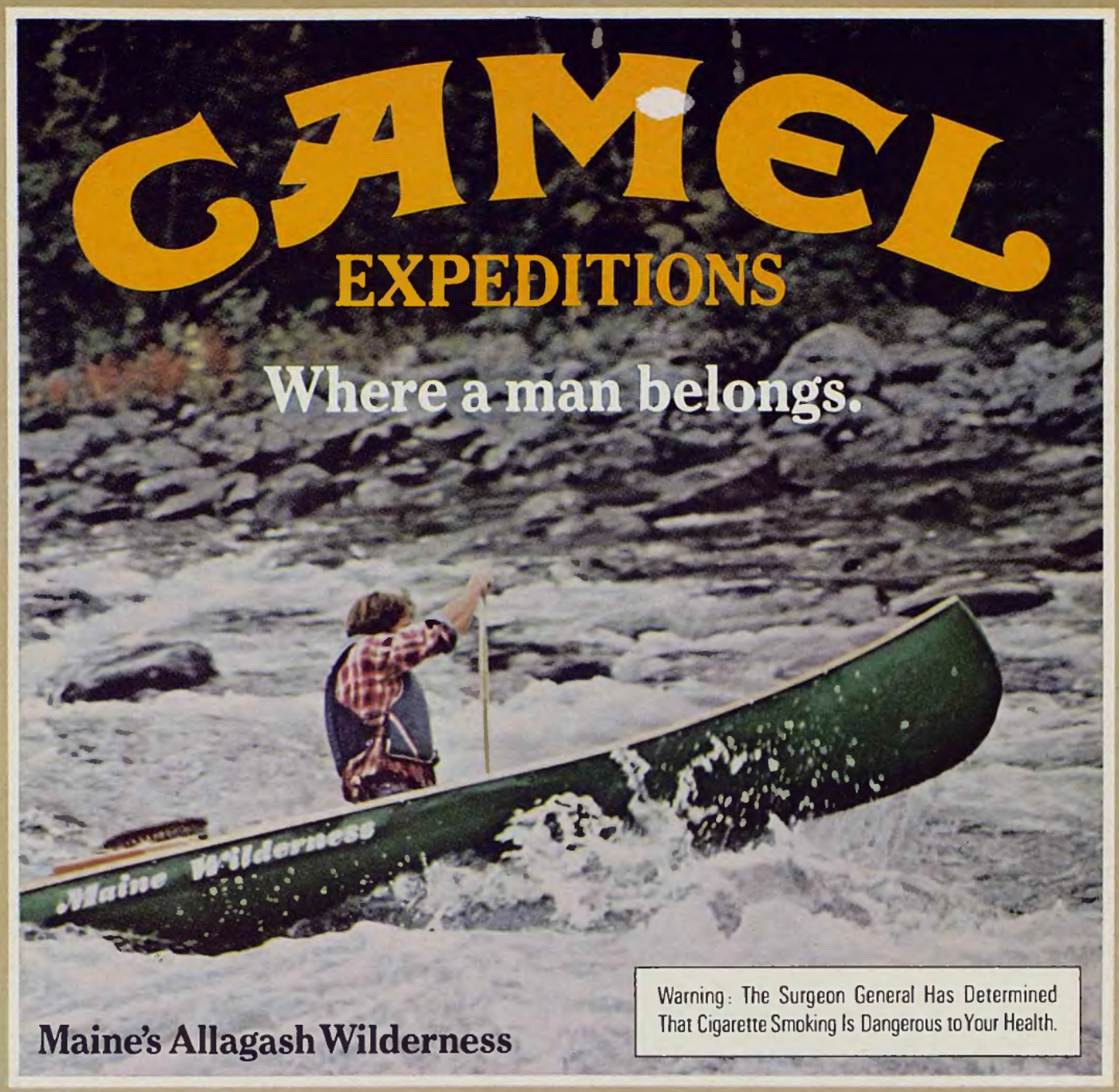
KUBLER-ROSS: No. I enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Everybody who smokes enjoys it. That's not the point.

KUBLER-ROSS: I have been telling you that nothing can touch you if you're not afraid of it. Voodoo death cannot kill you if you're not afraid; cigarettes cannot touch you if you're not afraid of them. You can only be damaged by those things you fear.

PLAYBOY: What is your opinion of Laetrile?

KUBLER-ROSS: As I've said, the greatest crime we commit in our society is that we deprive people of their own free choice. If I had cancer, I would evaluate carefully the results of chemotherapy—the loss of hair and the nausea and the vomiting. All that to get, say, an extra three months' life, because chemotherapy does not cure 99 percent of the patients. It only prolongs their life. So if I want to choose to take Laetrile instead, for my own needs, even if they are only psychological, no one in the world should be able to make that choice for me. I would greatly resent anybody telling me what I can or cannot do with my own life. All I can say about Laetrile is that anything helps if you believe. I can



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PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on euthanasia?

KUBLER-ROSS: I believe very much in euthanasia. The word literally means "a good death." I do *not* believe in mercy killing, because in the universal law, it is a very grave crime to take another person's life or your own life. All the positive experiences you've ever had in this lifetime—every one—are annulled for all your future lifetimes if you take a life. My mother once begged me, while she was totally healthy, that if she ever became a vegetable, I would give her an overdose. It was the most unpleasant dialog I have ever had with my mother. I said, "I will never be able to kill you. If it should happen, all I can do for you is what I do for my patients. I will help you live until you die. But I cannot help you die or speed up your death."

PLAYBOY: It is difficult to find a definition of death that satisfies everybody—physicians, clergymen, the law. Do you have one?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes, I do. And the truth is I really got into studying near-death cases because I was obsessed with finding out what death really is, what an accurate definition is. I was asked to write a chapter on death for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and when I did elaborate research, I discovered that *all* the definitions were exclusively about the physical body. So I said, if that is what medicine is all about—they are only interested in the physical body and they are the ones defining death—then I must come up with something that will include what human beings are besides the physical body. I knew it was crucial to know at what point it was all right to take a kidney or a heart out. Or when not to bother with life-prolonging procedures, because we would know when a person was actually dead. My definition of death extends beyond, way beyond, the physical body: There is an invisible energy cord between the real immortal you and your physical body. You are not born into eternal life—if I may use that language—until the cord is severed. When you are hanging between life and death, like some comatose patients, you are out of the physical body most of the time, but that cord is not severed yet, so you are not dead. What we need to develop, and probably some physicist will do that eventually, are people who are attuned to see the cord, or some photographic technique that can record it. Probably something like a geiger counter will be used to measure the energy concentration that is the cord. So the final, permanent, irreversible death is when the cord between the immortal entity and the physical body has been severed. And what's missing now is either a photographic technique or an energy-measurement machine.

PLAYBOY: So death to you has nothing to do with brain waves or heart function.

KUBLER-ROSS: Heck, no. That only describes the level of functioning of the physical body, the cocoon.

PLAYBOY: The next phase of your work was your research with people who had had near-death experiences. That was when you became convinced of the existence of an afterlife. You began to move down a path of mysticism, away from your rigid scientific history. How did that begin?

KUBLER-ROSS: About 13 years ago, while I was working extensively with dying patients in Chicago, I started to think deeply about my involvement with my patients. I would get very close to them; I loved most of them deeply, but my own experience was that the moment they died, for me it was like a shell was in the bed—and I had no more relationship with that shell. I would walk out and all I would feel was that I had done my best and goodbye, it's finished, despite all the special and profound moments we'd shared. I asked my colleagues what was wrong with me, was I a cold cookie because I didn't grieve? But that didn't feel right; I knew I would have given my *life* for some of my patients. So I started to consider that there must be something more than just the physical body and that was why I wasn't experiencing loss or grief when they died. You cannot work with dying patients for long without asking intelligent questions. But my first step was simply an intellectual curiosity; it had nothing to do with spiritual needs or awareness. Trying to find the answers to life after death was the last thing on my mind.

PLAYBOY: How *did* you find a way to research that topic?

KUBLER-ROSS: There is an old saying that when the pupil is ready, a teacher will appear. Within five days of asking those questions, I got my first case. Mrs. Schwartz came into the hospital and told us how she had had a near-death experience. She was a housewife from Indiana, a very simple and unsophisticated woman, you understand. She had advanced cancer, had hemorrhaged and was put into a private hospital, very close to death. The doctors attempted for 45 minutes to revive her, after which she had no vital signs and was declared dead. She told me later that while they were working on her, she had an experience of simply floating out of her physical body and hovering a few feet above the bed, watching the resuscitation team work very frantically. She described to me the designs of the doctors' ties, she repeated a joke one of the young doctors told, she remembered absolutely everything. And all she wanted to tell them was relax, take it easy, it is all right, don't struggle so hard. The more she tried to tell them, the more frantically they worked to revive her. Then, in her own language, she "gave up" on them and lost consciousness. After they declared her dead, she made a comeback and lived for a year and a half. I took her to my medical class and she shared that experience. She was quite upset and afraid maybe she was crazy.

PLAYBOY: What did you tell her?

KUBLER-ROSS: I said I didn't know what to call her experience, because I had never heard of that. But I accepted it as a reality, that it had actually happened to her. My students attacked me. Why didn't I call this a hallucination, a delusion, they said? I said, "What's the matter with you arrogant, grandiose guys? What interest would this woman have in lying? Can you understand that there are a million things that you don't know yet?" I tried to convey to them that it was time to just be open. The students were very, very upset, so the man I was working with—this beautiful black minister—and I decided that we would embark on a top-secret mission and collect 20 cases, and if we could find those—20 people with similar experiences—then there must be another 20 somewhere in the world, and then we would publish them.

PLAYBOY: Why did you assume you could find 20 other cases and that that wasn't Mrs. Schwartz's unique experience?

KUBLER-ROSS: I can't really answer that. I just *knew* intuitively. I was totally sure that if we would just keep the door open and not judge and label everything, we would find other people. The woman was much too authentic and genuine, and she could recall all those things while she had a flat EEG [electroencephalogram]. You must understand that medically there is no possible explanation for that. And we checked out every bit of her story with the doctors. We've had people who were in severe auto accidents, had no vital signs and told us how many blowtorches were used to extricate them from the wreck. And we verified all of it. Or a person knocked down by a hit-and-run driver, had no vital signs and gave us the license number of the car. And they were all watching the scene from a distance, seeing themselves in the wreck or lying on the highway, like watching a movie. They were very peaceful and serene while they observed. That is, by the way, what we call an out-of-body experience—where you leave your physical body and observe yourself from another place. In a near-death experience, the body becomes perfect again. Quadriplegics are no longer paralyzed, multiple-sclerosis patients who have been in wheelchairs for years say that when they were out of their bodies, they were able to sing and dance. Mrs. Schwartz, who had had a breast removed and had had

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a colostomy, experienced her physical body as whole and undamaged.

PLAYBOY: But that could be a projection of wishful thinking.

KUBLER-ROSS: OK, so if you are a very skeptical, choosy scientist, which I have always been and always will be, you take totally blind people who don't even have light perception, don't even see shades of gray. If they have a near-death experience, they can report *exactly* what the scene looked like at the accident or hospital room. They have described to me incredibly minute details. How can you explain that?

PLAYBOY: We can't.

KUBLER-ROSS: The next step, after the floating experience that they describe, is that the person then goes through a tunnel. It may also be a mountain pass or down a beach. That symbol is a variable in different cultures. This is actually the transition from the physical body, the passing from this life to the next life. Everybody reports that he sees a light, brighter and more beautiful than anything he has ever seen. And they head toward the source of the light. The closer they get to it, the more they are engulfed in an indescribable sense of love and compassion. This light is what people call Christ or God or spiritual energy—there are different labels for it. Waiting for them are their loved ones who have preceded them in death. They are very happy, content, loved and feel no urge to return to life. Many report that they are then given a choice to return or not, but they feel they have to come back to complete some task or unfinished business.

PLAYBOY: Even if we accept what you are reporting——

KUBLER-ROSS: But you don't have to accept it. That's not my intention or hope and it's not my purpose.

PLAYBOY: All right, but let's take it a step further. A near-death experience is still not death itself; so how can you make a leap to an assumption about what actually happens to people after they *die*?

KUBLER-ROSS: You don't have to be critically ill to experience this, and I have had those experiences many times. You see, you *really* don't even need to work with dying patients to get this information. All we are talking about are the out-of-body experiences, which millions of people have had. I have made the transition to the other side many times, going through a mountain pass with wildflowers. I can sit in a chair in California and with the speed of my thought be with my sister in Switzerland, out of my physical body. A man named Robert Monroe is doing this research in Virginia and thousands of people have created these trips for themselves. I'll tell you about mine, if you like.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but let's stick with this for a moment. What, then, is the difference between an out-of-body experience, a near-death experience and death?

KUBLER-ROSS: Simple. When you are permanently dead, you do not re-enter your body on the bed. Your soul—or call it your entity, your immortal self—does not come back to this life. And the first step—shedding your body, going through the tunnel or mountain pass, seeing the light—is the same for all of those. To use the most simplistic language: Before you are in heaven, you have to leave your body. In order to free the butterfly, your soul, you have to shed your cocoon, the physical body. And in order to leave your body, you have to have an out-of-body experience. When you ask 1000 people what it was like at the moment they thought they were about to die, they all share the same out-of-body experience.

PLAYBOY: How many cases have you actually researched?

KUBLER-ROSS: After a few hundred, we stopped counting because it dawned on us that we could present 100 or 100,000 cases and we would always get the same objections.

"When you ask 1000 people what it was like at the moment they thought they were about to die, they all share the same out-of-body experience."

PLAYBOY: Some of the research that has been done by other people into near-death experiences results in conclusions opposite to your findings. There are stories, for example, of people who go kicking and screaming into death, and it is apparently a horrible, terrifying experience for them. Or a near-death situation where the people remember nothing, have no awareness.

KUBLER-ROSS: The latter is very true. You know that you dream every night and mostly can't recall the dreams. You also have out-of-body experiences every night and have no awareness of that. I would say that probably nine out of ten people who have a temporary cardiac arrest and then live again have absolutely no recall. I don't take that as any kind of meaningful evidence. As for the negative experiences, I know that research, from a cardiologist in Florida. If you know that coronaries are the result of repressed anger and fear, and that all the subjects of his research not only were coronary cases but were from that area of the country—the southeast tip of the Bible Belt—you will understand why these patients saw hell and brimstone and Satan. They are raised in a church that teaches guilt and condemnation and sin. So when someone like that is near death and his defenses fall apart, he becomes a very frightened child again, and all the stories from Sunday school come back. The Devil is going to take him. It is a projection of his lifelong fears. If you study 1000 Hindus who never heard about fire and brimstone, not one of them will see Satan.

PLAYBOY: What that suggests is that *all* near-death reports may be a projection. One person with a certain acculturization will see hell when he is about to die and another person with a different history will see grandma at the end of a long tunnel greeting him. What's the difference? Why is your research any more real than the other?

KUBLER-ROSS: You are exactly where I was years ago; you are asking the same questions I asked. So you should go and check it out yourself.

PLAYBOY: But you even said a moment ago that to accumulate more case studies was pointless. What makes it unquestionable reality for you that death is what you say it is?

KUBLER-ROSS: My own experiences. I have had all those experiences that precede permanent death, as I told you. And once you have had those experiences, you know, beyond a shadow of a doubt and no matter what the whole world will say. And all you feel like doing is smiling and saying, Just wait until you make the transition and you'll know.

PLAYBOY: Would you admit that what you just said is not scientific?

KUBLER-ROSS: Not scientific in the way that you define science, yes.

PLAYBOY: And you know, as a scientist, that it is not enough to say it is a fact because you say it's a fact.

KUBLER-ROSS: Not for you, but it's enough for me. There are many things I know as fact that I don't understand. I just know they are true.

PLAYBOY: Well, that stops this line of dialog in its tracks. We have nowhere to go with that. So knowing now how you define "scientific evidence," let us go on with the "facts," and we won't constantly ask for verification. At least, that seems to be the only choice you leave us.

KUBLER-ROSS: But you see, *you* could verify everything I say. You. It has been duplicated by dozens of scientists and people from all over the world. But you yourself could go and sit with dying children and listen to them. Find out for yourself. Take blind people and see what they can see when they are supposedly dead, have them tell

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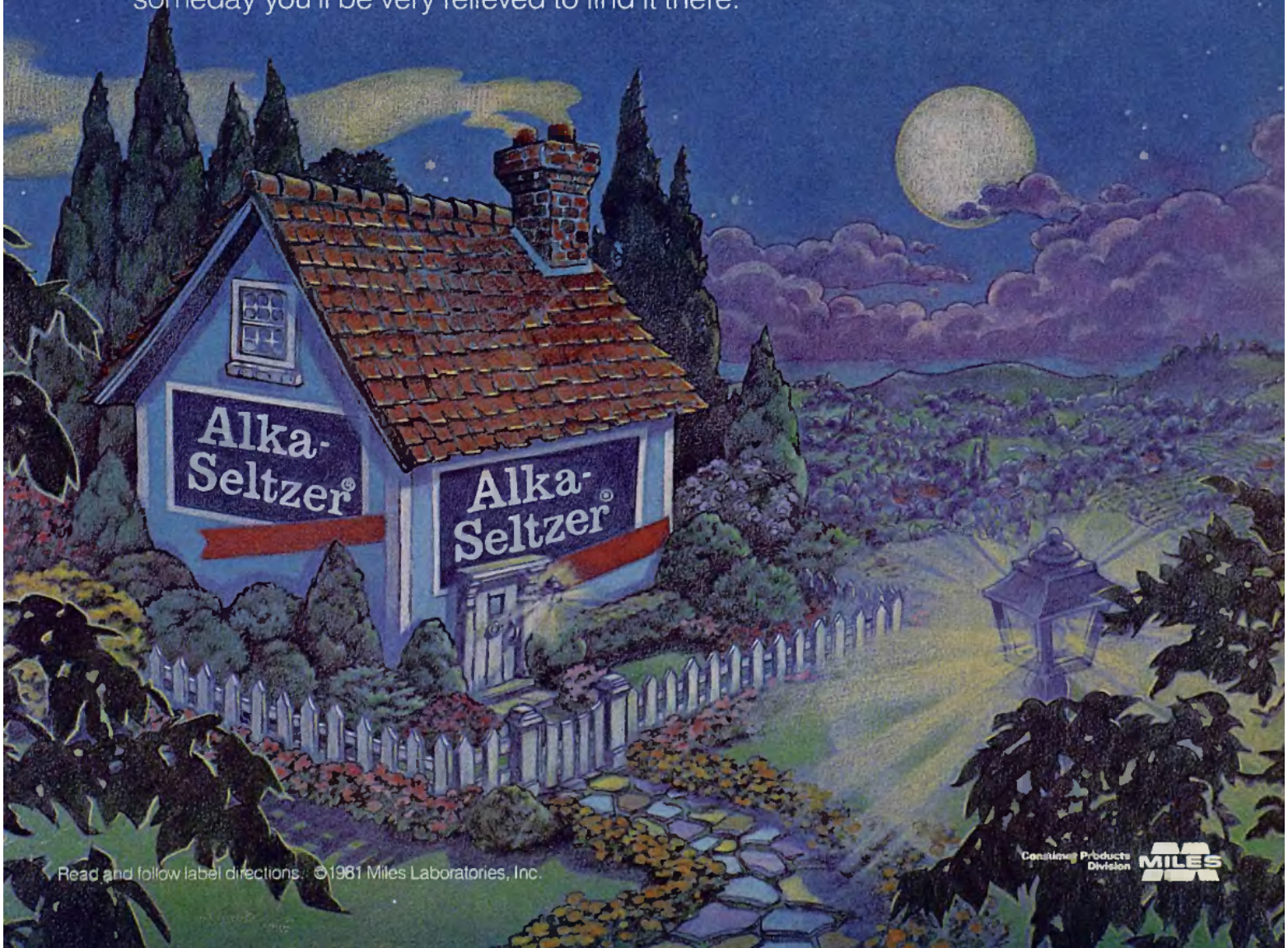

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you how many people are in a room and what they wear.

PLAYBOY: But you have also said that if we spoke with people who saw fire and brimstone, we should discount those.

KUBLER-ROSS: No, no. You design your own research project that is satisfactory to your criteria, not to mine. Do it with someone in a lab in an out-of-body experience, which is the same as near death. Make a shelf right under the ceiling and put a book way up there, while the person lies on a couch. Then have that person tell you the name of the book. If you really want to know the answers, invest the time and the energy and investigate. You'll find the answers. That is all you can do in order to realize that I am not crazy and I am not confabulating. But you see that I cannot do that for you. I cannot tell you how many months of my life I have spent verifying my findings for other people's needs. I supplied them with data, with everything, and the moment I did, they said, "But this could be something *else*." And no matter what I supplied, they always came up with another intellectualization. So I have stopped doing that for other people.

PLAYBOY: What happens, in your view, after death?

KUBLER-ROSS: After you shed your cocoon, you are temporarily in a transient, nonphysical state called the ethereal body. Then you lose that ethereal body and become the pure form of a soul. We call that the entity or self. The self is an energy pattern and exists where there is no space and no time. It is immortal and eternal. That is the real you, the you that cannot die. So after you have this experience of being in the ethereal body, you are placed in an environment that is comfortable and familiar to you, in order to make the transition in a nonfrightening, nonprovoking way. So that will be the tunnel or, for me, my beautiful mountain pass. It could be the image of anything that separates or connects. Like a river, a gate, a wall, a door.

PLAYBOY: Is there any time attached to that phase?

KUBLER-ROSS: It is probably hours, maybe days. I don't know. At any rate, then you shed the ethereal body and become this incredibly beautiful energy pattern. There are hundreds in the room right now. Very few human eyes have ever seen that, but I have twice. I don't know why that gift was given to me.

PLAYBOY: Can you experience their presence right now?

KUBLER-ROSS: Right now, no, I only know that they are here. But sometimes I can tune into that, like tuning into a wave length. It's an incredible mystical experience, but it's much easier to see them when it's dark. Each energy, soul, has a different pattern. Exactly

like snowflakes—billions of them and no two alike, no two human beings ever exactly alike on this whole planet.

PLAYBOY: Is this soul, or energy pattern, a higher form than we are?

KUBLER-ROSS: It is not higher nor is it lower. It is just you, the real you. When you are born into a physical body, you need that body to have all the experiences in a physical world that you could not have without a body and a limiting brain, and your amnesia, which causes you to forget all your past lives. That is for the purpose of your growth. You have to be in this temporary prison that we call physical life, and you stay in this form until you have all of the positive experiences that this existence can afford you. But when you are in an energy pattern, you have access to all knowledge, understanding, compassion and unconditional love. You have all the wisdom of the universe.

PLAYBOY: How long do you stay in that phase?

KUBLER-ROSS: Until you have completed your destiny, and then you return to the source from which you came. You return to God.

PLAYBOY: When do you come back in another human form?

KUBLER-ROSS: If you have not passed the test, if you haven't completed all the lessons that you need to learn in the physical world. Then you come back before you return to God. Needless to say, you choose the time of history, your parents, the country, the environment that is most conducive to the fulfillment of your own destiny. You make the commitment of what you will do with your existence this time. You pick your own major and minor and your school, so to speak.

PLAYBOY: Can you move back and forth in time?

KUBLER-ROSS: No, you can't. That's the universal law. There are three universes. One is the physical in which we live right now. It is very dense, created out of physical energy, terribly limited. Then there is the unobstructed universe where we go after we die, and where we continue our growth and learning experiences. In that universe, there are guides and guardian angels who look after us so we can complete and graduate. Then there is the third and that is synonymous with what the churches would call heaven. That is the source and God to whom we all return. Only after you have graduated from the second universe, the unobstructed universe, can you even see that absolutely final one. Every step higher gives you more love, compassion and wisdom.

PLAYBOY: When Hitler died, would he have experienced all this love and compassion? Didn't he have to pay for his evil doings?

KUBLER-ROSS: Now you are getting to the evaluation. In the unobstructed

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world, in the presence of this guidance and unconditional love, you are asked to evaluate your life. No one can do that for you, and you review every word, thought, every deed of your total existence—and that includes your past lives if you have had past lives. So your example of Hitler is a good one, because to me, Hitler is the most negative person who ever lived. But negativity can only exist in the realm of the physical person. In the realm of spiritual energy that is God-created, negativity cannot exist. It is all unconditional love. Therefore, when Hitler stands in the presence of his life and does his evaluation, he watches, with compassion, the death of the 1,500,000 people he killed at Maidenek concentration camp. He will watch the results of the constant choices in his life. He will watch this not with grief, agony and guilt, because these negative emotions do not exist. Instead of self-pity or self-loathing, he will have compassion.

PLAYBOY: For himself?

KUBLER-ROSS: And for all the tragedy he has caused. He will have an incredible understanding of why he became the man he did, what he needed to learn; he will understand the time of history in which he lived and that supported him and pushed him in that direction. He will probably gain in understanding of human behavior far more than most human beings ever gain. And that, you must understand, will be a huge asset when he chooses how he will return in order to become a *great* leader.

PLAYBOY: Will he inevitably come back as a great leader?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. He misused his powers for destruction and failed to lead a nation to its more positive, fulfilled existence. For this, by the way, he may have to wait 3000 years or 5000 years, in order to find a nation that offers the opportunity to undo all his misdeeds. Then he will probably be the greatest leader who ever existed.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps he's back already.

KUBLER-ROSS: No.

PLAYBOY: How do you know that?

KUBLER-ROSS: Well, that is a very private thing that I asked. My whole early life was shaped by Hitler and Nazi Germany, so I wanted to know. Now, when he is reborn, he will not carry the burden of guilt or the awareness of who he was. *Never*. But he will choose parents who will create in him the qualities that a great leader needs—self-love, self-trust, assertiveness, confidence. And the right time and place in which to become that.

PLAYBOY: Could you say, then, that Gandhi or the Dalai Lama was possibly a Hitler in another lifetime?

KUBLER-ROSS: It is very conceivable, but not necessarily true. Some make it the first time. God creates everybody to fulfill his destiny in one lifetime, but very few make it, maybe one in a billion. I don't know the percentages; I'll have to ask that one. The shortest time between the creation of a human being and his return to God was 43 years. The longest has been 2,000,000 years and he is still in this universe and has not made it yet. Just to give you some idea of what the options are. Whether it is an endless journey of thousands of years or one lifetime depends on whether we have been raised with discipline and unconditional love, so that you become a spiritually aware human being and can spend your life with a partner who is fulfilling and gratifying.

PLAYBOY: That certainly doesn't apply to a lot of people, does it?

KUBLER-ROSS: No. But you will always have another chance. There is nobody who doesn't make it, because God doesn't know punishment or condemnation.

PLAYBOY: Nowhere in this picture is there a hell or a purgatory or damnation.

KUBLER-ROSS: Of course not. Those things do not exist. I have always known that. But most Western societies preach sin and condemnation, which is why there is so little room for real spiritual development.

PLAYBOY: Now for the obvious question: How do you know all this?

KUBLER-ROSS: From my spirit guides. From our very direct communication.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your first experiences with spirit guides.

KUBLER-ROSS: I had my first one in a laboratory, about nine years ago. I happened to find a book called *Journeys Out of the Body*, and although I found it dreadfully boring, I began to see that there were hundreds of people having these spontaneous experiences. So I wrote to the author, Bob Monroe, who is an inventor and a sound engineer, who had a laboratory in the mountains in Virginia. He invited, for me, a group of physicians, psychiatrists, people from the Menninger Foundation and engineers, to come together to do these experiments. And he invited me to stay in his little guesthouse on the edge of the forest. The way it worked, he had me lie on a tiny water bed in a little cubbyhole in his laboratory, and I was hooked up to polygraphs and wearing earphones through which I heard tapes of the sound of something like waves and a combination of waves superimposed onto one another. The purpose of those tapes was to have you go into a nonnormal reality state, and then he would give you instructions in relaxation. All of a sudden, I was *on the ceiling*. I was so excited that you couldn't believe it. It was really the highlight of my life up to that point. Then the lab chief called me back through the earphones. She said I was going too fast, or too soon. Later, when everybody discussed what they had experienced, I gave her hell and said, "Don't

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interfere with me." I explained that I am a procrastinator, but once I do something, I go all the way, further than anybody else, and I am not afraid of it. That's my personality.

PLAYBOY: Did you do that again?

KUBLER-ROSS: The next day. I told myself that I was going to go faster than the speed of light and further than any human being has ever been. Well, the second I was hooked up, I went wheeetttt—literally faster than the speed of light. One second I was on a horizontal course, then a vertical one. Then I saw that you can be anywhere you want with the speed of your thought. When I came back, everybody stared at me. I did not know what they saw, but they said I looked like an altered person. Incidentally, I was a very sick girl, close to critically ill when all this happened. I had almost a total bowel obstruction. I couldn't do anything that lasted over an hour and a half because of the abdominal pains, and I was living on Pro-Banthine. When I came out of the lab, it took me about three hours to be aware that I was healed. I touched my stomach and there was no pain or tenderness.

PLAYBOY: How long did that trip last?

KUBLER-ROSS: Maybe 15, 20 minutes. When I awoke, I couldn't remember exactly where I had been, but I knew that every molecule in my body had changed. I felt unlimited. And the staff said I looked illuminated, rejuvenated, like I had had a transcendental experience. And it lasted days and days. I was dying to know where I had been, but the only thing that came back to my consciousness was two words: Shanti Nilaya. All that anybody knew was that Shanti means peace in Sanskrit. They tried hypnosis and everything they knew so I could remember, but I had blocked out all conscious awareness. About one in the morning, walking back to the little house, I suddenly knew that I had gone too far with my awareness and the thought crossed my mind that it was too dangerous to be there alone that night. Then another thought that it was useless to worry, because I had already stepped beyond a certain barrier. So I kept the night light on, but I couldn't sleep, because I knew the moment I did, it would happen. No idea what *it* was, but I just knew that something horrendous was going to happen.

I tossed around for about a half hour, and then it hit me like lightning. I went through an experience that is really beyond description; I can only share it in inaccurate words. I had become *every* patient I ever attended, and I went through the deaths of *every* single person whose life I had ever touched. It was excruciating physical agony; I was doubled up in pain and felt there would be no release. I went through a thousand deaths, one right on top of the other, like labor pains but with no time to catch my breath between. But it wasn't just physical agony, it was also spiritual, emotional, every aspect that a human could experience. And there was nobody to call for help. I begged for a shoulder to lean on, specifically a man's left shoulder for me to put my head on in the agony. Suddenly a voice came from nowhere and everywhere, a very deep, loving but firm voice, a man's voice. Three and a half years later, when I met the guides, I recognized the voice. He said, "You shall not be given." And the agony continued.

PLAYBOY: So that was your first contact with the spirit guides.

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How long did your agony continue?

KUBLER-ROSS: I'm not sure, but I think about three and a half hours. Then I asked for a hand to hold and the same voice came: "You shall not be given." The agony was unthinkable, indescribable. Suddenly, it stopped. Stopped. Then everything in the room started this high-speed vibration, everything I touched with my eyes turned into a million molecules vibrating. My belly was vibrating at the same speed and there was the bright incredible light that my patients described moving toward. I merged into that light and all I can tell you is, it was like 10,000 orgasms. Everything became one and I merged into it. Two sentences came to me; one was, "I am acceptable," and the other was, "I am part of one." I fell into a trancelike sleep and later, when I walked down the hill, I was totally in love with the universe. I couldn't talk about that experience to anyone for a long time, until a few months later, I gave a lecture in Berkeley, to a group of transpersonal psychology students. I knew that was the place I could share what I had experienced. They greeted my story with reverence and respect. They told me that was a very well-known phenomenon called cosmic consciousness. And they told me Shanti Nilaya means "the final home of peace." That is why I have called my beloved healing center Shanti Nilaya.

PLAYBOY: So that was the turning point for you.

KUBLER-ROSS: The greatest turning point of my life. Until a few years ago, when I met my guides.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting to see the path you've taken in your life; there seem to be several threads from your childhood: Even as you call yourself a "straight, square scientist," you have always chosen unconventional arenas to play in, always worked on the fringes of society. Why?

KUBLER-ROSS: You really have to go back to how I was born, if you want the whole story. I was a triplet, probably the greatest tragedy you can imagine. Nobody wants a whole litter, for one thing. Then, one of my sisters and I were identical and our parents couldn't tell us apart. So, although I had everything—good parents, all the material things in the world, I was pretty and intelligent and had lovely dresses—but I had absolutely nothing. My parents didn't know which one of us was sitting on their laps or who they were bathing. And that beginning is the only reason I'm in this work, I'm sure. Because it taught me that if you aren't acknowledged as a unique human being, you have nothing. So 30 years later, there I am, working with chronic hopeless schizophrenics who have no name, no identity. I've worked with blind, retarded, multiple-handicapped children who were only numbers in institutions. And I've worked with dying cancer patients who were outcasts and ignored. Without my upbringing, where I had everything but nothing, I would never have gotten into this work.

PLAYBOY: There was obviously a deep sense of identification between you and humanity's "outcasts."

KUBLER-ROSS: Oh, yes. All of those miserable people, I know every one of them like a book. And they always know that. Our communication is unique. They trust me.

PLAYBOY: And you've always had a loathing for traditional middle-class life, haven't you?

KUBLER-ROSS: Absolutely. I never even wanted to come to this country; I wanted to practice medicine in Africa or India. But my husband got a job as an intern in a hospital on Long Island, so I had to go there. I was miserable. When I was 16 years old, after the war, I was working in ravaged Poland, wandering like a gypsy, organizing soup kitchens and typhoid stations and running a tiny clinic, and I was supercontent. Every day we were able to help so many people and it was complete happiness for me. There were no doctors, people came in with shrapnel wounds, and they would give me a chicken for payment. That's where I really got my medical training, you understand. And I could have lived like that forever, with nothing in my pocket. And here I was in this fancy hospital, hating those spoiled brats and those parents who indulged them so. It was so boring, that work. So then later, when I got the chance to work with chronic schizophrenics, it was a challenge for me. I got on very well with psychotic patients, I was totally motivated and had great success with them. But I didn't even know how to talk to a neurotic.

PLAYBOY: Since you have traveled so much of the time over the past decade, seeing patients and lecturing and conducting your workshops, how has that affected the quality of your family life?

KUBLER-ROSS: I wasn't home very much, of course, since I've been traveling about 250,000 miles a year, especially recently. But when you are married to me for 20 years, you get used to a lot of things. I

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am not a very easy woman to live with, because I am impulsive. If I have an intuition that I have to go to Switzerland, I go. If I feel that I have to make a house call to a patient in Anchorage, Alaska, I go. Not many men can tolerate that, even though I made *the* money in the family. But he was very tolerant of my traveling. Our values were as different as night and day. He hated what I call old-fashioned happiness, hiking in the mountains, and I hated going to hotels. We usually compromised.

PLAYBOY: How about your children? You have two?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes, a boy and a girl. My kids are very beautiful and special, and because I wasn't home much, our times together were very intense. I love to cook and bake, so on weekends I cooked all the meals for the family and put them in the freezer so they could always have a home-cooked meal. And my kids never got on my nerves, because if you see your children only two days a week, you never get tired of them, and the moment they made me crazy, it was time to pack my suitcase again. When I was home, my daughter and I would can vegetables together or we would bake cookies. It was like Christmas.

PLAYBOY: When you began having mystical experiences, how did your husband react?

KUBLER-ROSS: At first he listened to them kind of patiently. He didn't knock them, but he couldn't really understand or empathize. Later on, of course, when I became so immersed, he left.

PLAYBOY: So, in a sense, your belief in spirit guides ended up destroying your family life. You said your very first encounter was during that hair-raising experience. When was your next one?

KUBLER-ROSS: It happened five years afterward. There was this group of people in Escondido, California, right outside San Diego, who worked together for years and years with spirit guides. It was their private search for answers, their seeking of guidance and help.

PLAYBOY: Was that the group of Jay and Marti Barham, the couple who are now your partners? The people around whom the scandal erupted?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. These were called darkroom sessions, and the people who came ran the gamut from physicians and policemen to housewives. There are a hundred other groups in America that do that. So, at one of their sessions, the guides told a nurse that I would soon be meeting them. She wrote me a letter telling me, even saying the date on which the guide predicted I would be there. Now, I get lots of kookie letters, as you can imagine. I just put it away, but it bothered me like you wouldn't believe and I went back and read it again. I looked to see where I was booked that weekend, to see if I would be in the

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same town and, if not, then I knew it was a kook letter. And darn, it was a weekend when I was at home. Within one hour, I got an emergency phone call begging me to come to California to give a lecture. It was in San Diego, on the same date! I was very open-minded and I felt that if it were real, it was probably the greatest miracle of my life; if not, at least it wasn't a wasted trip.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet Jay Barham that weekend?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. He was there. And the nurse, who told me what to expect in the session. I was very excited. There were 75 people in the room, sitting in chairs, and the moment I walked in, they started to sing. The room was illuminated just enough to see clearly, but the guides cannot materialize with bright lights, so it was pretty dark. I sat in the front row, and just to have 75 people who were willing to drive from all over California for me was a very touching moment. About five minutes later, this huge figure suddenly appears, 7'10" exactly, walks by me and starts talking to the group.

PLAYBOY: A male?

KUBLER-ROSS: A male. Black. Dressed in a flapping white headdress, like a Bedouin, and a long white robe. The first words he said, in this deep baritone, were: "You are here to support this lady by creating positive energy and to continue to support her in the pursuit of her destiny." It was the same voice that I had heard in Virginia several years before. He turned to me and called me Isabelle and said that that was my name. I didn't understand what he meant. He talked for a while and people asked him questions. I was so nervous I asked him dumb things like, "What shall I talk about in my lecture tomorrow?" His answer was, "Tell them I exist." Which I did.

PLAYBOY: What was the group's response?

KUBLER-ROSS: I was so high they knew I was telling the truth. So then Anka—that's his name—said, "Your own special friend is ready to come and visit you now," and Salem appeared an inch in front of my knees. And I thought, If this guy touches me I'm going to drop dead. The second I had that thought, he disappeared and I was furious at myself. So Anka said we should take a break and when we came back, he told me that I needed this experience in order to remove the last doubts from my mind that what I already believed about life after death was true. That is why, he said, I had to have my own experiences of the moment of death. And he asked if I was willing to continue with this work, because the death-and-dying work was just a test, the real pain and hostility from the world was yet to come. He asked me three times and I said yes three times. Then Salem reappeared and he touched my sandals for a long time. He stroked my hair very gently and held my hand. Then I knew

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what my patients talk about when, after you come out of the tunnel, you are engulfed in total, absolute love. You feel like a baby after it has been nursed and lies in the arms of its mother. The tenderness and peace are indescribable.

PLAYBOY: When he touched you, did he feel like a real man?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. There is no distinction. Salem took me into the next room and told me that we, the people at that session, were chosen to be present because we had worked together in Jerusalem 2000 years ago with Christ. And that we had made a commitment to him that if there was another moral crisis, when mankind was on the edge, we would all come back and help. And Christ called me Isabelle. Salem told me this society will try anything to discredit me. They will ridicule me and mute me and render me incapacitated. And was I willing to accept this task? I said yes once again.

PLAYBOY: What other messages did Salem give you?

KUBLER-ROSS: He said that all people are guided this way—if only we knew it—and that we are protected and loved beyond any comprehension. Then he left. And the group of us sat and played guitars and sang. By then it was about two in the morning. After a few minutes, Willy appeared.

PLAYBOY: Who was Willy?

KUBLER-ROSS: The guide who sings and looks like an American country-music singer. He sang one song after another and I felt very nostalgic. God, I thought, if my parents could only have lived long enough to know this miracle. Their little black sheep, Elisabeth, getting a great gift like this. Now, my father's favorite song when I was a child was *Always*; and while I was having those melancholy thoughts, Willy stopped his song in the middle, looked at me and began to sing, "I'll be loving you always." Tell me, how can anybody fake that? We sang for God knows how many hours that night.

PLAYBOY: How does one materialize a guide?

KUBLER-ROSS: It takes two forms of energy. Number one, it takes an enormous amount of positive energy, more energy than to shoot a rocket to the moon. So it is not an ordinary kind of occurrence. If anybody in the group is destructive or negative, no guide can possibly materialize. It is very complicated. Second, it takes channel energy. A person—like Jay Barham—acts as the channel, and the guides take actual molecules out of him to clone a human being, in which form they appear. The bulk energy to create the guide who comes to visit comes from us, the group. It is a true cloning. And the more people there are in the group, the faster the materialization happens. Jay is the best channel I know, not the only one but the best. Not only does he have a huge amount of positive energy but he has the ability to put himself into this trancelike state where the guides can work on him without waking him up.

PLAYBOY: When Barham is a channel, does the guide cloned from him look like him?

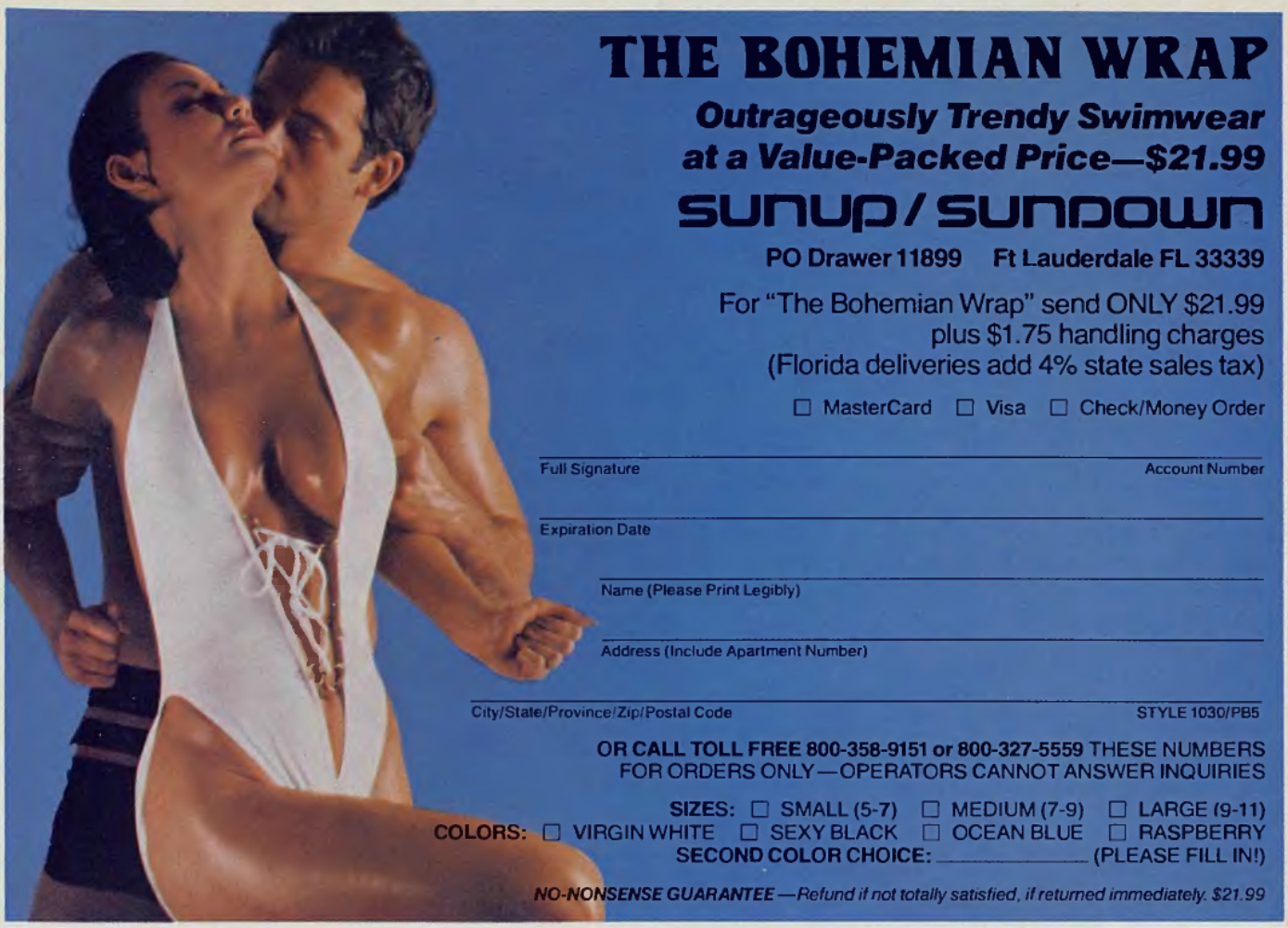
KUBLER-ROSS: Oh, no. Anka materializes from Jay and he is pitch-black and 7'10". You see, they can create anything they want, and they can change in one evening. One Christmas, I told Anka jokingly he should come as a Santa Claus with a beard, and he actually did. With a real beard that we all pulled on.

PLAYBOY: You have claimed that you've scientifically verified the existence of spirit guides. How?

KUBLER-ROSS: Remember in one of the first questions you asked, I told you that I'm blessed that I'm able to be in touch with them, to see and talk to them, to tape-record them. They know everything about my life.

PLAYBOY: If you heard that answer from somebody else, would you consider that "scientific verification"?

KUBLER-ROSS: You see, my definition of verification might be thrown out by a hundred scientists. But when something happens like my trip to Georgia, where Mario appeared, only from the waist up, and massaged me and weeks



later, when I saw him again, just to test the truth, I said, "What in the world happened in Georgia?" He played insulted and said, in that gruff voice, "Don't you remember? I gave you a back rub for 15 minutes." So, you see, I've had hundreds of these experiences. That's my verification.

PLAYBOY: Whatever else it is, it's not the slightest bit scientific. Has it occurred to you that all of this stuff about spirit guides might be your way of dealing with the chronic depression that apparently affects many professionals in your field—constantly having to cope with death and suffering, families losing their loved ones, grief, tragedy, horror? You are obviously a compassionate woman and perhaps you've invented jolly tales of eternal bliss in order to manage this work you do.

KUBLER-ROSS: But, you see, I have *never* viewed death as a tragedy, nor have I been afraid to die. Death is very natural to me and it is terribly misunderstood in our society. It is a fact that nine out of ten people go into this field in order to cope with their own fears of death. But if you don't have a pool of unexpressed and repressed pain and fear, you do not get depressed or burned out. You can only get burned out if you do not have the courage and the technique to work with your own personal unfinished business and finish it. My work brings me contentment and satisfaction. It brings me happiness. I love to sit with a dying child and see the parents find peace before she dies. And see the brothers and sisters being able to talk with that child. And to listen to that child of four or five who is so wise. That nurtures me and makes me feel very good about myself.

PLAYBOY: All right, tell us about Barham. Who is he?

KUBLER-ROSS: The world thinks he is a nobody. He was a sharecropper and a mechanic and doesn't even have a high school diploma. But he has a greater gift for healing than anybody I have ever met. In all my traveling and the hundreds of talented people I have seen, I have never met anybody with more humility or a greater gift. I knew right away that he was obviously the person I should be working with, even though my husband and my so-called friends said I should be joining up with somebody of the same caliber as me, someone with fame and all the honorary degrees that I have. But all that is as useless as an old dishrag to me. I see my teaming up with the Barhams as predestined, part of our commitment before we were born. Each one of us has our own gifts—Marti is a very good teacher of psychodrama—so we each contribute what we are in a very comfortable symbiosis.

PLAYBOY: Are the Barhams involved in your Shanti Nilaya "healing center"?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes, they are on the paid staff, and they give 99 percent of the workshops now with me. All of our money goes into Shanti Nilaya; of course, I contribute much more than they do so far. But someday Jay will be so famous that people will be happy to pay him $10,000 for a visit. Right now, I spend $50,000 a year just on the upkeep.

PLAYBOY: Does Shanti Nilaya have anything to do with the darkroom sessions and the spirit guides?

KUBLER-ROSS: Nothing at all. That took place at Jay's ranch, which is down the road.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss the scandal that was unearthed by the press two years ago, centering on those darkroom sessions. There were several charges made by people from your group who had participated in the materializations of the spirit guides—or "entities," as you also call them. They claim three things: (1) that there are no real spirits present, only Barham masquerading as an entity; (2) that Barham, in disguise, had frequently lured the female members into sexual activities with him; and (3) that he enlisted other women members to pretend to be guides and seduce the male participants. You are not considered part of the fraudulence but a dupe of the Barhams. What do you say?

KUBLER-ROSS: I have spent more than 200

hours in the darkroom sessions, and I have had no such experience or ever seen any sex take place. This small segment of people defected because they were confronted with their own perversions, their own unnatural behavior and negativity and couldn't take it. But that is a very small group. To me all those stories—every one—are a projection, an attempt of people to deal with their own fears and guilts by projecting them on somebody else in an attempt to revenge and destroy.

PLAYBOY: A woman who was a close friend of yours went, at your invitation, to participate in a darkroom session. According to an article in *New West*, she said that her entity told her he would help her, in private, with the sexual problems she was having with her husband. Later, she tore the tape covering off the light switch, turned on the lights and found that the entity was none other than a naked Barham with a turban. Everybody shrieked and shut the lights off quickly, and there was tremendous upset over what she had done.

KUBLER-ROSS: This was a woman whose greatest ambition was to become famous with me and work with me. One day, I decided that the greatest gift I could give her was the experience of the darkroom. She was a very, very uptight woman, but that is none of my business and I have never involved myself in the study of sexuality or homosexuality. Well, she met her guide and he made her aware of some problems she had. She became very upset, because he hit the nail on the head. So she was out for revenge and wanted to believe this was all a fraud. When she switched the light on, it could have killed the channel, Jay, who was in the next room. Or it makes him very sick with vomiting for days. That's why everybody was upset and why the entity just bent down and covered his head from the bright light. She was, of all the people present, the *only* one who supposedly saw Barham, who wasn't even in the room. She kept switching it on and somebody would switch it off. This was devastating to me. She had this glorious messiah complex that she was going to save me from this fraud, when I wanted to share with her what was the greatest gift of my life. For 50 years, I have gone my own path and certainly don't need a jerk like her with all her own hang-ups to tell me what to do.

PLAYBOY: You were there during that incident?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes, and I have the whole thing on tape. After she was asked to leave, every person in the room shared the experience. Then Mario came and dealt with our anguish and disappointment.

PLAYBOY: We'd like to hear that tape.

KUBLER-ROSS: No. I want to keep those things for my autobiography. If I give everything away to you now, I might as well forget writing my book. After that incident, by the way, she wrote long letters to my husband. And that is when he started to turn away and thought I was hooked on some fraudulent group. She is really responsible for my divorce.

PLAYBOY: Your claim that you're saving your tapes for a book doesn't help your credibility, but let's go on. Another serious charge was brought to the San Diego D.A.'s office, involving a ten-year-old girl who said an entity led her into a private room and sexually molested her. What about that?

KUBLER-ROSS: [*Smiling*] Oh, *that* I love to talk about. Every Christmas, Mario comes and allows the people to bring their children. If you had spent an hour with Mario and those children, you would never forget it as long as you live. This little girl sat next to me, a very old wise soul, and she held my hand during the whole evening. She whispered to me, "I hope my guide comes for a few minutes," and the guide came and stood for a long time silently. They are not allowed to touch you and you are not allowed to touch them without permission. That is one of the universal laws. She said, "Is that you?" and called him by name, which I can't remember. He tapped her on the head, which means yes. She asked him if she could go visit with him in the little private back room, and he put his arms out to her and they left. About ten minutes later, she came back and pressed my hand. She was the happiest little girl, totally content.

PLAYBOY: Where did the story of sexual molesting come from?

KUBLER-ROSS: Months later, when the group defected and tried to destroy us, the mother thought that would be the one way to get even with us or with Jay. What a humdinger accusation! What she doesn't know is that I have everything on tape, everything the child said to me before and after.

PLAYBOY: Would you let us hear *that* tape?

KUBLER-ROSS: I have to find those things. They are all in the safe. Not now, but when I get to those things.

PLAYBOY: To the degree that your credibility has been severely damaged by this scandal, it might be a good idea——

KUBLER-ROSS: Please don't try to establish my credibility. Because the truth will prevail whether we talk for another 100 hours or not and whether PLAYBOY readers believe me or not.

PLAYBOY: OK, then. If you don't care, that's up to you. Have you ever seen an entity that looked like Barham?

KUBLER-ROSS: No. Never. Some had features of Jay, but looked like Jay, no.

PLAYBOY: What about the reports by women who were asked by Barham to pretend that they were spirit guides and have sex with men participants? Specifically, the woman who swore that she was pretending—at Barham's command—to be an entity for your dying patient Louise?

KUBLER-ROSS: It's not true. I was there. She really *was* the channel. But when you are in a trance, you can dream of anything and really experience those things. I don't think she is lying deliberately; I don't want to believe that. I think all those women who made that silly claim were frightened that they had gotten involved in something that they had absolutely no control over. And to alleviate their guilt, they confessed to something that their minds had created. You see, say I would be a female channel: When I am in my trance, I have no idea what the guides that were created out of my tissue do in the other room. That is a horrendous responsibility, and if you have any fear that something goes on that is fishy or dirty, you have to justify this burden of responsibility. I can very well understand that someone who has a lot of his own unfinished business would create a story like that, that they were pretending to be guides.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean to say that *all* the stories of sex between the entities and the participants are untrue?

KUBLER-ROSS: I don't have the slightest idea if anybody had sex, if you mean intercourse. I am sure the guides worked with people on those problems.

PLAYBOY: You never saw it?

KUBLER-ROSS: [*Agitated*] Are you kidding? No, I never saw that!

PLAYBOY: Why do you say it like that—so shocked?

KUBLER-ROSS: Do you actually believe that the guide would have intercourse with somebody? I mean, that is going a bit too far. It is so inconceivable. But then, I am coming from a prudish background.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had sex with an entity?

KUBLER-ROSS: No! As I told you before, I have no doubts that they deal with sexual hang-ups. In what way they do that, whether they talk about it or make the person aware of where his frigidity or uptightness comes from to help him, I don't know. I just know they will help you with anything that you need. My life is totally work-oriented, so I get all the help I need for my work. And nobody witnesses the private visit of another person.

PLAYBOY: Why did the whole group of avid followers defect and turn against you if those things weren't really happening?

KUBLER-ROSS: It was a very small group of people who went totally the other way; maybe 20 out of 200 became really destructive. A much bigger group just stayed away and don't want to be dragged into the negativity. But they write us beautiful letters of how much growth there was. They're just—I want

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to say chicken; they kind of sit and wait and see.

PLAYBOY: But why defect at all?

KUBLER-ROSS: The only reason people defect and write dirty sex stories is because they get very close to their own filth and hang-ups. I must say in all fairness, if you have any weak spots in you, the guides put you through hell. You have to be very strong to take it; they have no mercy. You see, they are very, very hard on you to do your own growth work. And, by the way, they didn't really turn against me, they tried to destroy Jay Barham.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the sole explanation for all those stories, and all the people who have given scalding statements to the press about the shenanigans in the darkroom is that they were too frightened by the confrontation of their own hang-ups? Is that what you're claiming?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. You see, you cannot be offended if you have no fear or guilt. But when things get too close to the truth and you are very insulted about this confrontation, the easiest way is to destroy the people who make you aware of that. Many of them actually believed it was a fraud, because then they don't have to buy it. But everything is based on fear.

PLAYBOY: What if the stories are true? What would that mean to you?

KUBLER-ROSS: You would have to come and explain to me how Mario can materialize to me from the waist up, then I will buy that this is not all a reality.

PLAYBOY: What if both are true? That you have spirit guides who have appeared to you and that Barham is a charlatan who set this all up for his own venal purposes?

KUBLER-ROSS: *That* is totally impossible. The entities can never materialize if there is negativity. And if people were being misused sexually, no Mario or Anka could ever materialize. It is against the universal laws. The only possibility is that none of this exists and our minds are being manipulated by a universal mind. OK? Say *that* was a fact. The growth has been so positive for so many people, the compassion is so beyond human understanding, I would be grateful if Jay was such a genius to create such love and compassion.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any tinge of fear that you might be wrong? That Barham might be a charlatan?

KUBLER-ROSS: No. I have gone through many struggles and checked out every experience I have had a thousand times. But even if that were so, I would say I have no regrets for the past three years. Because what I have learned outweighs all the agony and accusations. I can tell you honestly I would do it all over again.

PLAYBOY: Could you have saved your marriage if you had been willing to end your relationship with the Barhams?

KUBLER-ROSS: Oh, instantly. But I wouldn't. I still have so much pain about this. I still don't understand if you follow what needs to be done, why the price is so high. I am very much of a mother hen; I love to feed and cook and take care of people, and this is a horrendous adjustment for me.

PLAYBOY: It was reported that you said if you found out that Barham were a phony, you would have to commit suicide.

KUBLER-ROSS: It was also reported that I have cancer and that I am psychotic. It's possible that I said that about suicide in one of my angry moments, but I really have no recollection.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand how truly puzzling this is? You have done significant work, made a contribution to science. Yet this incomprehensible saga of spirit guides suggests one of four possibilities: First, that everything you are saying is true and the rest of us need to expand our minds to embrace it all; second, that you have gone crazy; third, that you yourself are a fraud; and, fourth—the thing that most of the people who know you believe—that you have been taken in by this strange team of charlatans who are out to soak you. Did we leave out any possibilities?

KUBLER-ROSS: There are 4,000,000 possibilities, but there is a very simple way of verifying whether Jay is phony-baloney.

PLAYBOY: What way is that?

KUBLER-ROSS: Look at the patient we had here, as my house guest for three months. She was a broken woman when she came. She had had epileptic seizures for nine years. Her husband was dead, her child taken away because she couldn't care for it; she never slept for more than a half hour at a time. For nine years, she had a catastrophic existence, running from doctors to hospitals to institutions for more tests. For three months, Jay worked with her, together with a physician and my support. Through psychic energy alone, we sealed off her brain lesions and made an orifice to discharge the energy from the lesions, attached it to the carbon dioxide in the blood vessels, so that she could exhale it through her respiration. She is working now full time as a nurse and lives a normal life. You see, Jay is the healer and I am the catalyst for his work.

PLAYBOY: So you say that if he is capable of performing miraculous healings, he couldn't be capable of those other charges?

KUBLER-ROSS: Of course. This man helps more people than you can ever imagine. A bad person who spends his energy on fraud would never be able to do such good work. If you see the rest of the workshops that we do together, you could never question his motivations. I know that our work is good, and that is all I need to know.

PLAYBOY: That may not be enough for most people—even those who wish you well. What are your emotional outlets? What do you do to free yourself of all the bitterness you talk about?

KUBLER-ROSS: When I am really at the point of despair, I usually call on Mario and cry for a couple of hours or bitch or just share all the unfairness. Or I work in my garden—two acres of land. If I am in the mountains, I like to hike and climb.

PLAYBOY: How about friends?

KUBLER-ROSS: I am alone now. I do not share my private pains with many people. That is true of only the last couple of years, because I was so disappointed in the ones I counted on the most, people whom I loved unconditionally who proved that they loved me, *but* . . . or *if* I would sever my communications with those people. They said I'd be better off to just forget my work now and continue on as I did ten years ago. That to me is not a friend. To put it bluntly, I cannot even have an affair with anybody. No matter how much I would need that.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

KUBLER-ROSS: Because I would never know if a magazine would come six months later and offer that guy $50,000 for a dirty story and if he was angry with me at the time, he would tell them about my behavior. I could never do that. That would really destroy my work. Anything I say or do, how I dress or how much I smoke, a few months later, it is somewhere in a magazine, usually distorted.

It's very unfair. But it is also very necessary and that is why I can take it. With all the negative publicity, there are 1,000,000 people now who know of Shanti Nilaya who didn't before. Something in the stories—even the distorted ones—touches a lot of them and they connect with us, writing pleas for help. So it is also a degree of free publicity. But, as I told you, when all this negativity in the world doesn't need to exist anymore, then my whole work will be unnecessary and finished.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you will accomplish your task before you die?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: And you won't die before that happens? Until you do what you were put here to do?

KUBLER-ROSS: That's right. I am very clear about that.

PLAYBOY: Do you look forward to your own death?

KUBLER-ROSS: Oh, yes. Then I will have the knowledge that I've finished my job and I can retire.

PLAYBOY: By retire do you actually mean die?

KUBLER-ROSS: Yes. I will not retire unless I die. Then I will finally be taken care of and pampered.

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brother bubba really did sound exactly like elvis. and now that the king was dead, bubba had a chance at the crown

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fiction **By WILLIAM HAUPTMAN** The year Elvis died was a strange year, and I remember it not only because of what happened to my brother, Bubba, but because that was the year we had our first transsexual here in north Texas. Bobby Joe Pitts, who worked for Builders' Supply, told the wife and kids he still loved them, but he couldn't stand it any longer: He'd always felt like a woman in a man's body and wanted to go to Houston for a sex-change operation.

He'd been saving money for years in a secret account and was all ready to go through with it. But the doctor in Houston was cautious. He told Bobby Joe he should try wearing women's clothes for six months before the operation, since there would be no going back. So Bobby Joe came to our church, First Methodist, looking something like Mary Tyler Moore. His

family took it hard. The preacher suggested, after the services, that he go to the Unitarian Church instead, where they took homosexuals and drug addicts. Bobby Joe stormed out, saying we were hypocrites and had no spirit of Christian love.

The first nice day rolled around, he was out at Skyline Country Club, just like every other year, for his 18 holes of Saturday-morning golf. Harley Otis told me when I walked into the locker room. Said Bobby Joe expected to play in the club tournament, but against the women. Harley was disgusted. "I guess it had to happen here," he said, snorting and throwing his shoes all the way across the room, where they hit the big picture of Arnold Palmer on the locker-room wall.

I felt sorry for Bobby Joe and went out to where he was teeing off alone. He said he was no different from that doctor who became a lady tennis pro. "They're just threatened," he said primly. About that time, Harley drove past in his electric cart and shouted out, asking Bobby Joe if he was for the E.R.A. Bobby Joe shot him the finger.

That night, I sat on my patio, drinking Jack Daniel's and looking up at the stars. Through the sliding glass doors, I could see my wife watching her favorite program. Hell, I could see Bobby Joe's point of view. I might like being a woman myself if I looked like Mary Tyler Moore. Trouble was, I wouldn't; and neither would Bobby Joe. I doubted any amount of plastic surgery could do the trick. My wife, alone there in the den, laughed at something on television, and I felt like a ghost. I decided the world was changing so fast nobody could keep up with it.

I'm a doctor myself, obstetrics and gynecology, and I've got a little office across the street from the hospital. Who should come see me the next day but my old high school sweetheart, Nadine MacAfee, whom I'd seen no more than two or three times in all the years since graduation. But my heart still stopped when I saw her there in the reception room.

In my office, she told me she'd like to get off the pill and try some other form of contraception. She dropped hints about her loneliness and talked nostalgically about the days when we'd gone steady; and I soon realized she was looking for romance. I was so nervous I thought I was going to stammer for the first time in years, and resorted to a trick the speech therapist had taught me: flipping my pencil up and catching it, not thinking too much about what I was saying.

"Look, Nadine," I said finally, "if it's all the same, I'd rather not examine you. But I can recommend another doctor."

"That's all right, Ross," she said. "I understand."

She had once been so shy, and this was a pretty bold thing for her to do. But I had never gone all the way with Nadine in high school and I wasn't about to now. I wanted to keep her the way she was in my memory—full of innocence and mystery. So I took out the bottle I keep in my desk drawer, we had a drink and I got her talking about her kids, my pencil flipping just like old Johnny Carson's.

When I showed her out, my brother, Bubba, who was a big wheel with the Prudential Insurance Company, was sitting in the reception room with a long face on. When I asked him what was wrong, he told me Elvis had died and we had to celebrate his passing away. "The King is gone," he said, "and nobody will ever replace him." I sent the rest of my patients home.

I hadn't known Elvis was so important to my brother, but then, I really didn't know Bubba anymore. We played golf now and then, but our wives hated each other, which seems to be the rule, not the exception; so we never saw each other socially, not at all.

We drove out to a bar in the new shopping mall, where neither of us had ever been. Thank God It's Friday's it was called, and I think it was supposed to look like Greenwich Village.

"What the hell has happened here?" my brother said.

"How do you mean, Bubba?"

"What's happened to this town? Why is everyone pretending they're in New York City?"

"I don't know, Bubba; I guess it's television."

To me, the whole shopping mall was a depressing place. Nobody had been able to rest until we got one, just like every other town. There must have been a thousand editorials in the paper about it. On the way in, we'd passed droves of sad-looking teenagers hanging out around the fountain, and I'd thought how much happier we looked out at the Pioneer Drive-In, in our cars. But everyone was proud of the mall as they could be, and who was wrong, them or me?

Harley Otis was there, right in the thick of it, wearing polyester pants, white loafers with gold chains, a leather jacket and a Dacron shirt with the collar spread out on his shoulders. There was also a little gold chain around his neck.

"Who you tryin' to look like, Harley?" my brother asked. "The Six Million Dollar Man?"

Harley took it as a compliment and started telling us how he'd just gotten back from a Successful Life course in Dallas where he'd learned the importance of a Positive Mental Attitude. "You've got to set goals for yourself," he said.

"What's your goal, Harley?"

"Right now, I'm buckin' for president of Kiwanis. But my immediate goal is to get into Tina Eubank's pants."

I looked over and there was Tina, twice divorced, standing by the jukebox. It didn't look like he'd have too much trouble. "Y'all have a nice day," Harley said, and slid toward her.

Then we drove out the Fort Worth Highway, my brother talking about everything he hated, from women's lib to *People* magazine. I hadn't seen him like this for years. There had been a time, when I was in med school and my brother driving a truck, when he developed all sorts of theories about why this country was going to pieces. He also claimed to have seen UFOs and talked to them on his C.B. I finally diagnosed the problem when I discovered he was taking "L.A. turnarounds"—those biphetamine capsules truckers use on long hauls. Once he started working for the Prudential, he settled down and that side of him disappeared.

But now he was driving too fast and talking crazy, like he used to; looking around at everything and not liking what he saw. Just then, I heard a siren and saw flashing blue lights and a highway-patrol car pulled us over.

It was Floyd Beer, whom I hadn't seen in maybe 15 years. "Could I see your operator's license?" he asked, all business, holding his metal clip board.

"It's Bubba Moody, Floyd."

"You were exceeding a posted speed limit of fifty-five miles per hour, and it looks to me like you got alcoholic beverages in the car."

"Floyd, don't you remember? We took shop together?"

"Yeah, I remember. But shitfire, Bubba, you were driving like a bat."

"Floyd, Elvis died today."

"I heard."

"My brother and I are drinking to his memory. Don't give me the cold shoulder, Floyd. Have a drink with us and let's remember all the good and bad old days."

"Well, I do get off duty in half an hour," Floyd said, looking across the car at me and grinning. "That really you, Ross?"

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Then the three of us went out to the old colored man's place. It was my brother's idea. You could have knocked me over with a stick when I saw it was still there, the little red-brick building with the sign that said, HOT PIT COOKED BAR-B-QUE.

The old colored man himself, who was coffee-colored and had a pencil mustache (Fats Domino, we had called him), opened the counterweighted lid of the stove. Inside was at least a chine of beef. He cut off slabs and put them on bread. Then he added half a green onion and

"Please, Howard . . . don't do anything foolish!"

a wedge of longhorn cheese and wrapped it all in butcher paper.

We carried out sandwiches to a table and the other customers, all colored (black, I corrected myself), sort of looked at us without looking at us, for Floyd still wore his highway-patrol uniform; then got up and left, dropping their trash in the garbage can on the way out.

"See, big brother?" Bubba said. "The past is still here, all around us."

I couldn't take my eyes off my sandwich. It sat there on the tabletop, which was bare except for a Louisiana Hot Sauce bottle full of toothpicks. Grease spotted the butcher paper. I took a bite and it ran down my chin. Lord, it was good.

Bubba returned from the cooler with three bottles of Royal Crown Cola, the old-style bottles with the yellow pyramids on them. "Look at that," he said softly, staring at his bottle. "Would you look at that?" Then he drank it.

"What are you up for, Floyd?" he said.

"My wife's going to be wondering where I am," Floyd said, and when Bubba gave him a sour look, added, "Shitfire, Bubba, there's a good program on tonight. About Vince Lombardi."

I nodded. "My wife's not home. Tonight's her yoga class. Y'all could come over and watch it." What was I saying y'all for? I hadn't said y'all in years.

"What's so important about Vince Lombardi?" Bubba said. "You never knew him. A night like this comes once in a lifetime, and tonight the three of us are going to the Cotton Bowling Palace."

So we drove on down to the long, low building on Holiday Creek, full of the odor of paste wax and the thunder of balls; and the same people were there who had always been there, roughnecks and refinery workers and railroad brakemen. I was clumsy at first, dropping the ball on the lane with a thud; but Bubba was greasing them in right off. We didn't bother to keep score. None of us could remember how. We just bowled, and I relaxed, for by now the evening was lost, anyway, watching Bubba cut up, bowling like Don Carter, and so forth. He could always impersonate anyone he wanted. Mom said his version of me was deadly. When he came over and dropped down beside me in one of the green-plastic chairs, I felt a stab of brotherhood and socked him on the arm, the way I would have in the old days.

"Hey, Bubba," I said. "You old son of a bitch."

"You're not sorry you're not home watching the life of old Vince Lombardi?"

"No, Bubba. I genuinely enjoyed this night."

"Life is a road."

"Yes, Bubba. Life is a road." I waited for him to finish, so drunk the bowling balls sounded like they were rolling through my head.

"Once I thought I knew who I was and where I was going. I could see the road ahead. But I lost my way."

Floyd was out on the lane, yelling. A pin had fallen outside the gate, and when nobody appeared to help, he walked up the lane, slipping and falling down, and got it himself. People were laughing at him.

"There was only one person of our time who never stopped. Who became the person he dreamed of becoming."

"Who's that?"

"Elvis," my brother said.

Do you know what he did then? He stepped up to the booth where you got your shoes and where they called your number when your lane was ready. He grabbed the microphone away from the fat lady who was sitting there and sang *Love Me Tender* to her. It started as a joke, but this was the day Elvis had died, and when he finished, the place was dead quiet. Then everyone applauded and started shouting, "More, more," and I was shouting, too. And he did sound exactly like Elvis, although I never thought he looked like him at all. I thought he looked more like Conway Twitty.

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One year later to the day, I was riding down highway 281 in a white Cadillac Eldorado. The oil-well pumping jacks nodded in the fields, the blacktop shimmered in the heat, and in the front seat was my brother Bubba, wearing a white jump suit with silver studs, his hair dyed black. The sign on the side of the car read:

EL TEX AS
BUBBA MOODY KING OF ROCK AND ROLL
NORTH TEXAS' OWN ELVIS

Floyd Beer was driving, wearing Las Vegas shades and the Robert Hall suit Bubba had bought him at the Hub Clothing Store.

Bubba had done better than I would have believed, perfecting his act at Kiwanis and Rotary dances. He'd also done benefits for the crippled and retarded children, which people liked, and borrowed enough money to lease this Eldorado just like the one Elvis had. Now we were on our way to the first stop on Bubba's summer tour, which was to end at Six Flags Over Texas. There was to be a convention of Elvis Presley impersonators and Bubba intended to prove he was the best in the world.

"This is the life, isn't it?" he said, looking back at me and grinning. "Man, sometimes I feel so good I've got to go out and take a walk through K mart to bring myself down."

We stopped at the Cow Lot in Nocona, where Bubba bought a pair of ostrich-hide boots and gave the owner an 8 x 10 autographed glossy photo, which he thumbtacked on the wall next to the photos of Willie Nelson, Arthur Godfrey, Howard Hughes and all the other celebrities who, down through the years, had bought Nocona boots.

When we got back in the car, Bubba said, "Floyd, I think I'm going to ask you to dye your hair red so I can call you Red West." That was Elvis' bodyguard. Bubba really wanted to make the act authentic.

We came to a billboard that said we were eight miles from Decatur, home of Dico Sausage, and showed a pair of rolling dice. "Pull over, Floyd," Bubba said.

He struck a karate pose in front of the billboard and Floyd took his picture with the Polaroid Swinger. I was getting back in the car when I heard a buzz just like an electric alarm clock going off.

"Christ, Bubba, what the hell you doing?" Floyd said. Bubba had picked up a baby rattlesnake out of the ditch and was making like he was going to kiss it, holding it inches away from his lips.

"Get a picture, get a picture," he shouted, laughing like an idiot.

We drove on through more north Texas and finally into Decatur, where a banner across the street proclaimed Bubba's show. "The King is here," my brother said.

Floyd parked and we walked into the high school, across the street from the red-granite courthouse. The band was already setting up. Down in the dressing room, Bubba put on his make-up and I sat on a box of textbooks in the corner and watched. Already you could hear people filling the auditorium upstairs. "Sounds like a good crowd," Bubba said, gluing on his fake sideburns.

Then a local disc jockey appeared with a tape recorder and Miss Billie Tucker, president of Bubba's north Texas fan club. She'd brought along a list she'd compiled of characteristics Bubba and Elvis had in common. The disc jockey held up his microphone and she read it, perspiration on her upper lip.

"Both Elvis and Bubba are Capricorns," she said. "Both were truck drivers, both stationed with the Army in Germany, and both were devoted to their mothers. Both are overweight, both like Cadillac Eldorados and both like to stay up all night. Both have fantastic sex appeal. . . ."

Good Lord, I thought. These people are serious.

Upstairs, I found myself in an ordinary high school auditorium. There were flags of the United States and Texas on either side of the stage. The ceiling was high, yellowish globes shedding down a dim light. Probably the Pledge of

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WORLD CLASS

gabriella brum, miss west germany, took the crown—then said, "stop miss world, i wanna get off!"

IN LONDON, the moment had come. The judges had decided. Anticipation swept the crowd as it waited to hear who the new Miss World would be. The envelope was opened, the contestants held their collective breath—the winner was . . . Miss West Germany! Gabriella Brum could not believe her ears. There were cheers and tears as the new Miss World took center stage to receive the crown and begin the endless walk down the runway of fame. In the midst of all the hoopla, one thought was plaguing Gabriella: How on earth do I get out of this? *(continued on page 213)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEBASTIAN GIEFER BASTEL

It really takes a lot to improve on the scenery of Jamaica, but during this recent location shooting, the ex–Miss World gave the Caribbean island some real competition. Gabriella abdicated in favor af her personal life and her love for a man nearly three times her age. She says, "I never thought things could ga so well with someone af his age, but they do."

Newspaper accounts gave her 52-year-old boyfriend's "grumbling" as the reason Gabriella gave up the crown, but she says it was her own decision. "He was unhappy because I would have had to live in London for a year, but on the other hand, he was proud." Wasn't he a little jealous? "Perhaps, but jealousy doesn't bother me if it's not too much. It's nice to know the other person cares."

Gabriella met her man only a year ago, when she was 17. Was it love at first sight? Gaby laughs. "For him, yes; for me, no." Will this fantasy romance end in marriage? She is noncommittal. "Sometimes I think we should get married; then I think it's not so important. It's just a paper." Is she too young? "Maybe, but it's always dangerous to get married. The danger for me is that I would not be free. It's funny—if I have freedom, I don't care about it. But when I'm with someone, I want just the opposite." It *is* funny, Gaby; we know just how you feel.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SHIELOS

if it tells you what to eat, what movie to see, how much you should weigh and whom to marry, it's either your mother or your new home computer speaking

A GUERRILLA GUIDE TO THE COMPUTER REVOLUTION

article **By ROBERT E. CARR** THE WAR IS OVER and they have won. The large-scale invasion everyone had feared was accomplished with very little difficulty. In fact, they had our full and enthusiastic cooperation. Now it's too late. The computer people are in control.

Don't look so innocent, you filthy collaborator! When you were first contacted, you could have given just name, rank and serial number. But no, you had to elaborate. You told them where you lived, how many kids you had, what your favorite TV show was, what your test scores were in high school. Face it; you gave them your authorized biography and a complete

psychological profile.

That was the first wave. The information gathering. The reconnaissance. You went along because that was the system. Help them so they could help you. You did want that loan, didn't you? You did want to go to college. And you couldn't have done without all that insurance, could you? How could you have known back then that, in the Eighties, the most valuable commodity would not be gold or oil or even food—it would be *information*? Pure, raw knowledge. By the time you found that out, it was too late. And the information, our lifeblood, had been hidden away, stored in computer memory banks. They had access, you didn't. The coup had begun. It was now time to launch the second wave. That came in 1974.

You probably recall that attack. The computer people sent out thousands of drones. They were so small and harmless-looking that everybody welcomed them into their homes. Disguised as pocket calculators, these drones swept the nation—and the world. They hit us where it hurt the most—in our basic laziness. Like some sinister narcotic released in the water supply, they created a dependence in young and old. By the second year of their occupation, there were few among us who would even attempt long division anymore without their aid.

The success of the second wave was all that was needed. The computer people were encouraged. If the little drones encountered no resistance, who would be tough enough to withstand the onslaught of their big guns? So it was that the computer people constructed the Altair 8800, destined to be the most devastating weapon in the arsenal of drones, the first home computer. Home computer. Say it to yourself. It almost has a ring of respectability. Like family car. "Put one of these babies in your house and you got Fat City, son," they told us. "It's just a machine, a slave, really. It'll do all those menial tasks you wouldn't dirty your hands with. Don't you understand, I'm talking Easy Street?"

We didn't understand, but some of us bought the line—as well as one of the computers that succeeded the 8800. Now there are about 550,000 of them in our homes and businesses, and the number is growing. Even so, that half million or so represents the end of life as we knew it. Things are going to be radically different from here on. The computer people have us by the short hairs and they're not going to let go, not till every one of us is paired with a drone. The only thing left to do is to start some sort of underground, a guerrilla force of concerned people. We've got to learn everything we can about these drones in order not to be *their* drones. Starting yesterday.

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Learning about computers isn't easy, because neither the computer people nor the drones speak English. Home computers speak BASIC, which isn't English. The computer people speak a dialect known as Acronym. It sounds like English but is peppered with unintelligible gibberish. A typical exchange might go:

"How much RAM and ROM in your PET?"

"Eight K in ROM, sixteen K in RAM, expandable, of course."

While a good deal of information is contained in that conversation, there are few people outside Silicon Valley, California, who could decipher it. Silicon Valley is ground zero in the computer explosion. It's located in Santa Clara County and contains one of the major complexes of computer manufacturing. Sort of a Stonehenge for the worship of the microprocessor chip. To understand computers, you must understand microprocessors. Luckily, they are very simple devices.

A microprocessor is a quarter-inch-square slice of silicon containing upwards of 20,000 transistors. Each is either a conductor or a nonconductor. That means, at any given time, some of them are off and some of them are on. In a happy coincidence, this on-off, positive-negative configuration corresponds to the binary system, a way of writing numbers using only two digits, 1 and 0. For example, seven in the binary system would read 0111, 50 would be 110010. Thus, it's possible to record numbers on a microprocessor chip simply by leaving some transistors on and some off. Those are the kind of chips in your pocket calculator. For a computer that reads words, you have to go a step further. You need the system for writing letters in the binary system. That is known as the American Standard Code for Information Interchange (ASCII). It gives every letter in the alphabet a binary counterpart of seven digits; A becomes 1000001, B becomes 1000010, and so on. ASCII (Asskey) also includes counterparts for things such as # and &, as well as codes for basic computer instructions.

You can probably deduce one computer problem already. Even with 20,000 transistors to the quarter inch, using the binary ASCII code, you can just about fill up a chip with your name and address. The amount of space available in a computer's chips, therefore, is what determines its over-all power.

The unit of space needed to store one binary digit, a 1 or a 0, on a chip is called a *bit*, which is a short form of BInary digiT. Eight bits amounts to a *byte*; 1024 bytes equal a *kilobyte*. Kilobytes are abbreviated as K. The quantity K is the power or capacity of a computer. You can store about a page of text in one kilobyte. If your computer has a power of, say, 32K (which is, in fact, a good amount), that's only 32 pages. Obviously, that's unacceptable. So most of a computer's resident capacity (memory) is used for basic information storage. Those are of two fundamental types: Read Only Memory (ROM), which amounts to a permanent memory; and Random Access Memory (RAM), which is changeable, or, in the language of computers, programmable. For more bytes, you simply use additional storage systems.

Currently, two kinds of outside storage systems are in use in home computers. The first is ordinary cassette tape. Bits of information can be stored on the tape as electrical impulses and read by the computer just as they are read by a tape player. In the case of cassettes, however, the computer is a pretty slow reader. In the fastest mode, it would take a computer 15 seconds to read a tape. In the high-speed world of computers, that's about walking speed. To really fly, you need *floppy discs*, five- to eight-inch circles of Mylar plastic coated with a magnetic substance similar to that on tape. Those discs, like 45-rpm records, are used with a turntablelike device called a *disc drive*. A floppy disc can hold from 90,000 to 500,000 bytes. It can be read by the disc drive at a rate of about 100,000 bytes per second, compared with the fastest cassette time of about 540 bytes per second.

What that boils down to is: Take a microprocessor, turn some transistors on and some off with a typewriterlike keyboard, add a TV screen, so you can see what you've done, and—*voilà!*—you have a computer. In fact, knowing what you now know, you can already decipher the conversation between the computer people mentioned earlier (that is, once you know that PET is short for Personal Electronic Transactor, the newspeak name for a brand of home computer).

Now comes the fun part—getting the computer to do what you want it to do. Anybody who tells you computers are smart machines has been chewing yohimbé bark. They are categorically, pragmatically dumb. They will do only what you tell them to do and only if you say please. While they, as yet, have no feelings, they do have a personality. That personality is most like that of a goat or a mule. You have not known frustration or impatience until you try to deal with a computer.

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For a good look at computer mentality, you have only to try one of the

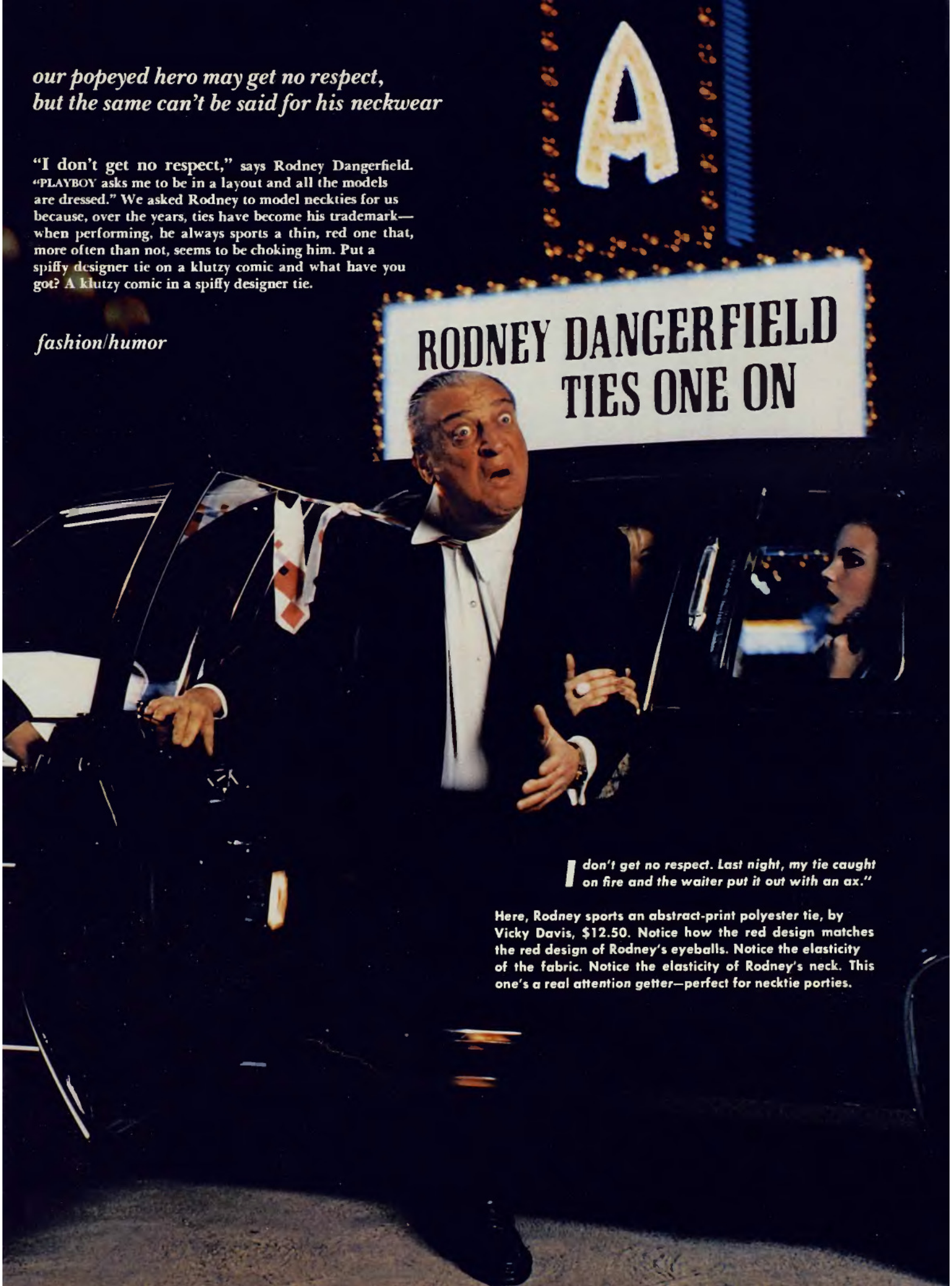
(continued on page 126)

our popeyed hero may get no respect, but the same can't be said for his neckwear

"I don't get no respect," says Rodney Dangerfield. "PLAYBOY asks me to be in a layout and all the models are dressed." We asked Rodney to model neckties for us because, over the years, ties have become his trademark—when performing, he always sports a thin, red one that, more often than not, seems to be choking him. Put a spiffy designer tie on a klutzy comic and what have you got? A klutzy comic in a spiffy designer tie.

fashion/humor

RODNEY DANGERFIELD TIES ONE ON



I don't get no respect. Last night, my tie caught on fire and the waiter put it out with an ax."

Here, Rodney sports an abstract-print polyester tie, by Vicky Davis, $12.50. Notice how the red design matches the red design of Rodney's eyeballs. Notice the elasticity of the fabric. Notice the elasticity of Rodney's neck. This one's a real attention getter—perfect for necktie porties.

The way these girls took me over, I shoulda gone with a hooker. You know what a hooker is? That's a girl who can't whistle while she works."

Right: This versatile striped silk tie, by Resilio, $18.50, is perfect for gambling, because when you lose your shirt, as Rodney is doing, the tie will still go very nicely with the colors of your chest.

I'm too old for this. At my age, if I squeeze into a parking space, I'm sexually satisfied."

Far right: What could be more appropriate for lounging around with two female admirers than this knit neckpiece, by Calvin Klein, $13.50? Pajamas? Nothing? Rodney believes in being dressed for every occasion—even those that call for not being dressed.

They're probably looking for a guy with a bigger putter."

Above: Rodney's golf game and attire have improved considerobly since *Caddyshack*. This silk tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $13.50, really makes him stand out on the golf course. Unfortunately, he's been standing out on the golf course for about six hours.

I tell ya, I had a terrible time that night in that bathtub. I lost four of my best ships!"

Right: This paisley-figured silk tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $17.50, is ideal for all black-tie underwater activities—everything from snorkeling to underwater golf. Rodney has singlehandedly set the style for this activity, since he's the only participant.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

COMPUTER REVOLUTION *(continued from page 122)*

"The home computer, at its worst, was meant to be the center of our lives, our link to the outside world."

many electronic games that have appeared since the development of the microprocessor. These games are escort drones the computer people sent out to entice you to accept the larger, more obnoxious scourge of the home computer.

In a fit of collaborationist fervor, I allowed one of those to come into my house. It calls itself, with no modesty at all, the Chess Challenger. It's made by an outfit courageously named Fidelity Electronics. The particular model I have is the Sensory Chess Challenger; you move a piece from square to square and sensors below the board record the move. Then the machine analyzes the position and shows you its move via a small light on each square. You must then move the machine's piece to the designated square. (A similar chess-playing drone called Boris Handroid actually has one of those science-fiction robot arms that moves its pieces, but that's a little overdesigned for my taste.) The Challenger has eight levels of play, ranging from beginner to the chess equivalent of hara-kiri. You can tell a lot about a person by the way he plays a game. Watch a golfer miss a two-inch putt and you'll get a good idea of how he'll handle any crisis situation. Chess, because it is a "pure" game, with no chance involved, and because it is easily reduced to simple logic, is the perfect game for learning how computers handle problems and how *you* may react to computers.

My own reactions ranged from furor to rage. When the drone arrived, I sat for several hours playing game after game. I was enthralled. The machine not only played a good game, it played a perfect game. I lost, constantly. Now, chess is a game that taxes ego as well as intellect, physical stamina as well as mental endurance. In a top-level game between grand masters, the defeated party is often physically exhausted, mentally drained and humiliated just short of suicide. But at least he was beaten by the better *man*, not by a box of chips and wires. I am no grand master, but the stakes are the same. To add insult to injury, I was playing at level one, the sandbox level. It didn't take me long to realize why I was losing. I was playing casual, friendly chess; the machine was playing hardball, by the book. I'd make what I thought was a devastating, intimidating move. The machine would sit there coolly, blinking the little light that says it's "thinking," and when it had analyzed the board and all possible combinations, it would make the perfect move for that situation. Crunch! Pow! I began to think of my opponent in such terms as sadistic, mean and ruthless. Now we were getting somewhere. Mentally, I took off the gloves. I, too, can be sadistic, mean and ruthless. I can also play by the book. Two days and 30-odd games later, I whupped the sucker at level eight. It was beautiful. It was orgasmic. It was the ultimate triumph of man over machine. It was 4:30 A.M.

When you beat the Challenger, in humble acknowledgment of its defeat, it flashes all 64 lights on its sensor board. I must have sat watching that joyous display in those early-morning hours for a good 15 minutes before shutting it off. And that's when I learned the truth about the machine: It was brutally logical and cold as a handshake at the door. It was neither mentally nor physically exhausted as I was. It had no feelings, so it was certainly not humiliated. The damn thing did not even *care* that it had lost! My glorious triumph was unceremoniously erased by the pressing of the RESET button.

Granted, my reaction to a simple machine may be considered by some to be irrational. I plead guilty. To multiple offenses. I admit I have been known to kick a vending machine or two when it steals my quarter. I pound on the steering wheel when my car won't start. And I once had a television set that, I swear, would not work properly without a good shot just to the left of its channel selector. Maybe you don't know what I'm talking about. Maybe things work for you. So send yourself a Candygram.

If, on the other hand, you understand, as I do, that machinery in general is usually awkward, bothersome, inefficient and the spawning ground for untold evil, then surely you will appreciate the grim prospects in store for a machine that can "think." For those of us in the know, the idea of having one in our home is a fate worse than a tax audit. Besides, this is not just any machine we're talking about. Microprocessors were developed only ten years ago; home computers, only six years ago. By 1985, the seers tell us, 20 percent of all American homes will have some kind of microprocessing unit in them. The sheer speed at which this juggernaut is moving and its potential power in our society are enough to send waves of insecurity, even paranoia, through the strongest of us.

The phenomenon is *not* like the advent of the car or the television set. Those were merely adjuncts to our lives. The home computer, at its worst, was meant to be the center of our lives, our friend, our helper and our link to the outside world.

•

The raw material for microprocessor chips is sand. Not counting what the Arabs are currently hoarding, we have a supply adequate for the next few centuries, at least.

It would appear, then, that the odds are in favor of the computer people. But before they can complete their takeover, they're going to need something further from us. Our money. That's going to be a little hard to get with their present offerings. The much-heralded drones are simply far too complicated for casual use. You've got to really *want* to use one to put up with the complexity of the most simple programs.

Part of the problem is that the prototypes were originally designed by computer people for computer people. Nobody really bothered to retool for the common folk. Computer people are a weird lot. First off, they're puzzle junkies by vocation and, in most cases, by avocation as well. They get off on complexity, while the rest of us crave simplicity. They're also pretty whimsical. There is little attempt made to standardize computer manufacturing. Each manufacturer has his own idea of what one should look like and how it should operate. If some jokester decides that it would be nice to have a bud vase built into the central processing unit, all subsequent machines from that maker will have one. And it's up to *you* to pluck the daisies for it.

That fact has not escaped the attention of the computer people, however. That's why current marketing practices include selling the sizzle and not the steak. The sizzle in this case is computer games. Everybody has them. Most have what amounts to an electronic penny arcade. The idea is: Suck them in with the games and later they'll learn how to do real work with the machines. Truth is, few of us can resist a rip-snorting, buzz-whir electronic pinball package. And by the time the infiltrator is unmasked, you've plunked down a couple of grand for a baby sitter. So forget the games and let's look at a bona fide, no-nonsense drone:

The Commodore PET 2001 is such a machine. It's a top-of-the-line, state-of-the-art home computer. There are simpler computers; there are more involved models, too. But the PET is typical of

(continued on page 197)

"Show me a teetotaler and I'll show you a man who's never used his liver."

may playmate gina goldberg is a lively nomad who's about to put down some roots

FINNISH LINES

LET'S TALK about the future," says Gina Goldberg, nee Virenius. "My past has just been too depressing." Born in the seaport of Turku—Finland's third largest city—she was raised by her grandparents. "It was an unhappy childhood" is all Gina cares to offer on that subject. At 16, she moved to Helsinki to seek her fortune—but wasn't thrilled by the job she landed as a supermarket clerk. "I lasted about six months," she says, "and then moved on to Stockholm." There—and subsequently in several other European cities—she dished up Big Macs at McDonald's. She lived in Hamburg, Munich, Athens—

Gina poses in front of a Hollywood Boulevard store that specializes in old movie stills and posters. "Don't get the impression I'm interested in marrying a millionaire," she says. "I'm not."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

acquaintance

where she joined a Swedish dance company—London and Paris, where she became an *au pair* girl for an American family and studied at the Sorbonne. At the end of six months, the family she was working for went back to the States. "Since I'd heard so many good things about America, I decided to go there myself. It was summer and New York was hot and rainy," she says, "and I was all alone. I decided I needed some sunshine, so I took a Greyhound from New York to L.A. What a trip! I spent nearly a week on the bus." Arriving in downtown Los Angeles, she went directly to Hollywood, expecting glitter and stardust. What she found was a creep following her down the boulevard. "I was really scared, so I jumped into the first cab I saw, which turned out to be a lucky

"Actually, I was named Tina. But I've always preferred to call myself Gina, because I think it's a more exciting name. Tina just doesn't have any bounce, and I need bounce. I plan to spend the rest of my life as an independent woman."

"What do I do in my spare time? Read, read, read. Even as a child, I would devour books, mostly self-help and educational books, books on psychology, science, language. My latest kick is business administration."

break, because the driver was very nice and helped me locate a place to stay." Her luck continued to improve. She found her own place, made friends, got married (briefly) and signed with a talent agent. "He booked me as an extra in a few films—just minor stuff, like playing a Vegas showgirl in the upcoming movie *Jayne Mansfield, an American Tragedy*—and I put together a modeling composite." Then a friend with an eye for beauty got her an appointment at PLAYBOY's Studio West, with the results you see here. Gina would like to become an actress, but unlike many star-struck beauties, she is sensibly pursuing a plan B. "I can't go back to McDonald's anymore. I need to do something creative. So if acting doesn't work out, I'd like to start my own business, perhaps a boutique or a beauty salon. I'm going to study business administration, just in case I need something to fall back on." That, we suspect, is the attitude that has kept this high-spirited nomad landing on her feet.

"I'm picky about the men I choose. I prefer intelligent men you can have a decent conversation with. I like older men because, let's face it, they know how to behave with a woman." Above and right, Gina's pleasures include Finnish costumes and fashion magazines.

MISS MAY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Gina Goldberg

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: GINA GOLDBERG

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: CANCER

BIRTH DATE: 6-30-59 BIRTHPLACE: TURKU, FINLAND

GOALS: TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL SINGER-ACTRESS AND TO OPEN MY OWN CLUB FOR ASPIRING ARTISTS.

TURN-ONS: MUSIC, NATURE, ANIMALS, GOOD FOOD, HEALTHY LIVING, CARS, SUNSHINE, CARING PEOPLE, FREEDOM.

TURN-OFFS: DRUGS, VIOLENCE, SMOKE, POLLUTION, CRUELTY TO ALL LIVING THINGS, SELFISH, CYNICAL PEOPLE, WAR.

FAVORITE BOOKS: LES MISERABLES, BOOKS ON SCIENCE AND PSYCHOLOGY, ALSO SELF-INSTRUCTIVE BOOKS.

FAVORITE MOVIES: BEN-HUR, THE DEER HUNTER, SOME LIKE IT HOT, LA DOLCE VITA, ELMER GANTRY, MOST 50'S MOVIES.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: STEVIE WONDER, THE BEATLES, BILLY JOEL JANIS JOPLIN, DONNA SUMMER, BARBRA STREISAND, BEE GEES

FAVORITE SPORTS: SWIMMING, JOGGING, SKIING, ICESKATING, TENNIS, HORSEBACK RIDING, BASEBALL, CAMPING.

BIGGEST JOY: TRAVELING, TAKING CARE OF ANIMALS.

EATING CANDY
AGE 5

PERFORMING ALREADY
AGE 11

X-MAS WITH REX
AGE 16

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having given his name to the divorce attorney, the client began by saying, "I live in a two-story house——"

"I'm a busy man and that's irrelevant information," interrupted the counselor.

"But I *do* live in a two-story house," persisted the man. "One is that she has a splitting headache. The other is that it's the wrong time of the month."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *douche* as an aquapuncture.

Hey, Max," yelled a researcher on psychologically induced interspecies breeding as a large rabbit mounted a small cat, "come and see the hare on this pussy!"

The morning after they had spent the night together, the pickup lovers had a falling out.

"Look, you creep," snapped the girl, "I stretched the truth pretty far when I said you were a great lover."

"But I beat you to the punch," the fellow snapped back, "when I told you I had had a vasectomy."

Perversion in the Women's Army Corps! An attractive young recruit has brought charges against her platoon sergeant for persistently chewing her out.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *foreplay* as an organ prelude.

Do you have a special scientific name, doctor," the man asked his psychiatrist, "for compulsive masturbation while fantasizing about one's past mistresses?"

"Yes, I do," replied the shrink. "I call it whacking nostalgic."

A buggering Texan named Skelly
Likes boyish butts under his belly.
When a catamite foil
Hears him brag, "I'm in oil!"
What is meant is petroleum jelly.

Word having reached him of hanky-panky in the stock room during coffee breaks, the personnel director asked, "What was your work, Miss Jones, before you joined us?"

"I was a toll collector."

"Can you be more specific?"

"Before any guy entered my tunnel, I collected twenty bucks."

I know you yelled that all systems were go," the disappointed female snapped at her astronaut lover, who had ejaculated prematurely, "but I assumed there would at least be a countdown before blast-off!"

A Catholic female named Trent
Refrained from the sex act for Lent.
Although she kept feigning
She liked the abstaining,
She was eager to come when Lent went.

That's the last time," sighed the callgirl as she staggered out of the Indian convention manager's suite, "that I'll agree to do it for sixty bucks."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotence* as zero copulation growth.

A handsome young man, delighted by his untroubled first sexual experience with his virgin girlfriend, wondered why his news wasn't greeted more enthusiastically by his friend.

"What's wrong with you?" he inquired. "Are you jealous or something?"

"No," calmly answered the fellow, "you just didn't remember what I told you before."

"What was that?" demanded the youth.

"If at first you do succeed," replied the second, "you weren't first."

It strikes us as logical that executives of laxative-manufacturing firms should put in irregular hours.

Say, Harry, your fly's partly open."

"I know it. The love my girl and I had for each other died last night, so I'm wearing my zipper at half-mast."

Naturally, I knew what he was after," the typist confided to a group of her sister employees, "but my date last night was so casual and obvious about it! I'm not putting words in his mouth, but during the evening, he began referring to his John Henry, and then to his organ, and then to his tool and his cock . . . !"

"And did you end up by letting him," giggled one of her listeners, "put one of those words in *your* mouth?"

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.*

"The doctor says it's OK if you're very, very careful."

TWO TO GO

a reinterest in sport shirts and casual slacks (shorts, too) is making for lightweight, loose living in the good old summertime

attire **By DAVID PLATT** JEANS AND T-SHIRTS may still be a guy's best fair-weather friends, but sport shirts and comfortable, easygoing slacks and shorts are making a strong comeback on the fashion scene. Fresh colors, sinfully soft fabrics and a modest touch of prints are the top-drawer reasons guys are rediscovering the pleasure of a comfortable sport shirt. And casual slacks are showing up in a greater variety of styles than we've seen in years. Pleated front, plain front, straight leg, tapered leg, belted, beltless or pull-on—you name it, somebody's manufacturing it. All this seems to indicate an appetite for casual looks beyond the ubiquitous blue jeans. Not that jeans are likely to fade from your casual wardrobe, but it does feel good to have an alternative outfit to jump into—one that's comfortable *and* good-looking.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ULI ROSE

Above left: Pleeza no squeeza that tomato, muscles, even though the lady con't get enough of your multicolor rayon short-sleeved abstract-print shirt with a pajama collar, $28.50, that's worn over silk/wool/polyester slacks, $50, both by Roland. Above right: He's obviously dressed for a swinging affair in a rayon gabardine long-sleeved shirt with button-through potch pockets, $37.50, and pleated and tab-waisted cotton slacks, $55, both by Alan Flusser.

Below: The heat's coming on—ond so is our guy in cotton/silk walking shorts, $100, plus a crepe de Chine shirt, $210, both by Pinky & Dianne Ltd. His buddy likes a crepe de Chine pullover, by Effects, about $50; linen/cotton slacks, by Valentino Uomo/Chesa, $120; and a snakeskin belt, by Calvin Klein, $29.50. Bottom: An easygoing outfit that includes a silk shirt, about $90, and silk slacks, about $70, both from Gary Miller Assoc. for Morgan Ayres; plus a python belt, by Justin Belts, about $35.

GOOD ROCKIN' TONIGHT *(continued from page 112)*

"From a distance, it made no difference at all that he wasn't a carbon copy of Elvis."

Allegiance had been said here thousands of times. Tonight, it was full of more middle-aged women than I'd ever seen in one place, and the clicking of high heels and pocketbooks was a constant roar.

Then the house lights went down and it got dead silent. The curtain rose in the darkness and a spotlight stabbed down and my brother leaped into it. He tore into *Heartbreak Hotel* like a man possessed. My brother, who had been good, had gotten better. Maybe he really was the best. He had all the moves down, and from this distance, it made no difference at all that he wasn't a carbon copy of Elvis.

He sang *Blue Suede Shoes* and *Don't Be Cruel* and *Jailhouse Rock* and spoke of the series of miracles that had brought Elvis to the top in so short a time. He said Elvis had loved black music and made a plea for integration and sang *In the Ghetto*. All this time, he was throwing scarves into the audience and women were fighting for them. Then he said, "There's been a great loss of faith in this country. Maybe it was Nixon, maybe Vietnam. I voted for Nixon, but he betrayed us. He thought he could get away with fooling us rednecks." He looked around, his face incandescent in the spotlight. "That's right. I'm a redneck. So are you. And so was Elvis. We're the people who kept the faith."

There was more, but I don't really remember all he said; and he didn't write it down, he spoke right from the heart. He asked for a moment of silence for the boys who had died in Vietnam and sang *How Great Thou Art*. Then he ripped right into *Hound Dog* and disappeared without an encore. The lights came up and we were back in that shabby little auditorium with flags on either side of the stage.

The audience went wild, like they'd just woke up, and I ran downstairs to Bubba's dressing room, where you could hear them stomping on the floor overhead.

Then Floyd said, "Here come the autograph hounds," and opened the door and they poured in. Bubba signed his own glossies as fast as they could shove them at him, and pretty soon a woman grabbed his gold chain and tore it right off his neck.

"We'd better get out of here, Bubba," Floyd said, and we shoved through the crowd. But they had our way blocked and we had to detour into the girls' rest room. Bubba was still laughing, but to tell the truth, I was scared. We climbed out the window and ran across the parking lot, where someone from the band was waiting in the Eldorado. We all piled in and drove off, a crowd of women following us all the way to the corner.

"They shoulda had cops there," Bubba said after a while. "I told them we'd need cops. Floyd, you'd better start packing a rod. You're gonna need it if there's any more crowd scenes like this."

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At Six Flags, Bubba demolished the other Elvis impersonators. What surprised me was how many there were. They came in all shapes and sizes, and one had come from as far away as Nebraska. There was only one who was serious competition: Claude Thibodeaux, from New Iberia, Louisiana, who billed himself as the Cajun Elvis. He had flash, but nobody could beat Bubba for sheer impact.

Right after his performance, Bubba was approached by someone who wanted to manage him. Elvis Presley's manager, as everyone knows, was Colonel Tom Parker. This was Bud Parker, late a colonel in the U. S. Air Force. The coincidence tickled them both. He promised Bubba in one year he'd be playing Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

I was packing my suitcase when Bubba came into my room and said, "Big brother, you and me are going to Houston."

"What for?"

"Looka here at this telegram."

The telegram was from Nancy Jo Miller, who'd been Bubba's high school love. She was married now and lived in Houston. She said she'd read about his act, congratulated him and hoped they could get together sometime.

Sometimes my brother dumfounded me. But I couldn't say no, and anyway, he was paying for the tickets. So instead of going home, we flew to Houston on Trans Texas, got a rented car and a room at the Holiday Inn.

Nancy Jo lived in a $200,000 brick colonial on the edge of Houston, with pine trees growing in the front yard. Bubba had this idea he wanted to drop in and surprise her, so we didn't phone ahead. He slipped on his shades and I rang the doorbell. I felt sorry for Bubba: He was as nervous as a kid on his first date.

Just for a moment, I saw Nancy Jo as she really was, a little faded around the eyes and mouth. But the years had been good to her. I suppose you could say she resembled Angie Dickinson—which, in a way, was a hell of a lot better than she'd looked in high school.

"Oh, my Lord," she said, when she saw Bubba in his white Elvis jump suit, and gave a short, embarrassed laugh that was cut off as if by a knife. Then she said, "I'll make y'all bloody marys," and disappeared into the kitchen.

"This was a mistake," Bubba said. He was trembling so hard I had to hold him up.

Nancy Jo came back and we sat in the tiny front room with the big picture window, which I knew was almost never used except for guests. What with the baby grand piano and the big sofa and the glass-topped coffee table, there was hardly room for the three of us; but from the first, I don't even think they knew I was there. They were totally absorbed in each other. She poured out the story of all that had happened since they'd seen each other last, and I stared at the celery stalk in my bloody mary and tried not to listen.

Nancy Jo had intended to marry Bubba, but he had to do his Army service, and there seemed to be all the time in the world; so she went to Dallas and enrolled in stewardess school. She pictured herself wearing that cute uniform and doing favors for the passengers, bringing them pillows and playing with their kids.

She lived with some other stews on Gaston Avenue and there were some pretty wild parties; but Nancy Jo locked herself in her room and did crossword puzzles and wrote love letters to Bubba.

It was the airplane that did her in. The other stews hung out in the galley, where you could meet pro-football players and rich oilmen. Nancy Jo didn't want a rich oilman: She was going to have Bubba. So she fought it.

But the airplane was the most boring place in the world. The kids were snotty and their parents were cross and didn't appreciate the favors you did for them. There was nothing to do but look out the window, and when you did, what did you see? Clouds.

In the end, she went to the galley, which was like a nickel-plated singles bar, so tiny you couldn't turn around without bumping into some horny guy. There she met Calvin Sloate, a corporate lawyer for Texaco; and they drank Scotch out of tiny bottles while the galley roared like a sea shell, rocking slightly in the rough air 20,000 feet over Indianapolis.

"I'm sorry, Bubba," she said. "But you were going to be in the Army for another year and that seemed like forever. I had to get off that airplane." So she had

(continued on page 189)

KISS OF THE HOPS

a beer lover's brewdeker to the latest lights, imports and premiums

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MAGDICH

drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

IF YOU BELIEVE champagne is the only beverage linked with revelry and romance, chances are you've never been to an Oktoberfest, Munich's annual 16-day beer frolic. But the fact that beer can generate warm and jolly sentiments is certainly no recent discovery. Man's lust for lager predates written records and may well be the most durable entente in history.

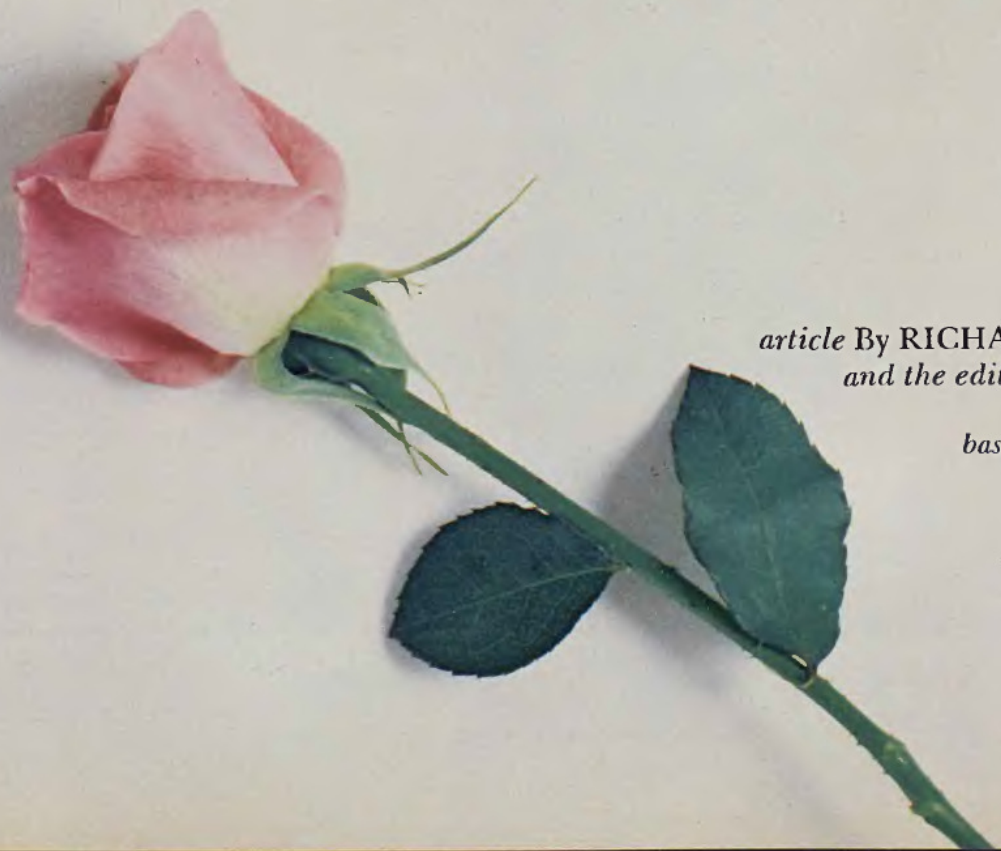
The annals are strewn with tales of beer's impact *(continued on page 252)*

The worst is public knowledge: Dorothy Stratten, 1980 Playmate of the Year, was murdered. Her estranged husband fired a round from a 12-gauge Mossberg pump shotgun close to her face. Paul Leslie Snider murdered Dorothy and then used the same weapon to kill himself, on August 14, 1980, two years and a day after her arrival in Hollywood. That much you knew, more or less. Her life you don't know. Her life and death are one now, at the end: abruptly stopped. Her life is what she left, and it is worth knowing.

Holland. 1940. Peternella Füchs, five years old, played alone at home. Her father had been arrested by the Germans and taken away. Her mother was at work. The house was unheated and there wasn't any food, so the neighbors called the police. The police came and took Peternella to an orphanage. Her mother wanted her back, but the court wouldn't release her. She grew up at the orphanage. It was wartime and the orphanage served the most basic food. Mashed potatoes with vegetables stirred into them, a drizzle of bacon grease for taste. A meatball with the potatoes on Wednesday and on Sunday a small piece of meat. The children went out from the orphanage in groups, walking three in a row: one, two, three. Once a year they went

the life and death of playboy's playmate of the year

DOROTHY STRATTEN: HER STORY



article By RICHARD RHODES
and the editors of PLAYBOY

based in part on the research of John Riley and Laura Bernstein

to the beach on the streetcar. For weeks afterward, they relived the streetcar trip.

The world entered the orphanage through the front door. Peternella won the important work of opening that door to visitors. She opened the door one day in late adolescence to a woman looking for an orphanage girl willing to work at a dentist's office. The woman chose Peternella, who was blonde, blue-eyed, with a broad Dutch forehead, not tall, innocent. She was filled with gratitude for the choice.

At the dentist's office Peternella met a young man, Simon Hoogstraten. He was tall, with dark hair and glasses and strong hands. He was a carpenter, well trained, a craftsman. In time he asked Peternella to marry him. She was 18 and she hardly knew him, but she wanted out of the orphanage. She would not normally be released, not even for marriage, until she was 21. Hoogstraten thought he could win early release for her if he arranged for them to emigrate. She accepted his proposal.

He went to the orphanage and met with its board—men of the cloth, churchmen. He passed out cigars. Where did he intend to emigrate? Canada. Why Canada? The country was seeking people with skills, he was a carpenter, they would pay passage one way. The churchmen liked the cigars. Feeling good, they agreed.

Simon Hoogstraten and Peternella Füchs were married at the orphanage in the spring of 1954. The new bride was not allowed to leave the orphanage until the day of her departure from Holland, two weeks after the wedding. She joined her husband at the airport.

They huddled with other Dutch emigrants in transit at Heathrow Airport in London. None of them spoke more than a few words of English. When one ordered orange juice, they all ordered orange juice. When one ordered eggs, they all ordered eggs.

The rare combination of vulnerability and feminine allure that gave Dorothy her special, undeniable appeal is evident even in this, her formal high school graduation photograph.

On arrival at Vancouver, British Columbia, the Hoogstratens had $40 between them, but Simon found work. He was a carpenter and there is always work for carpenters. He built houses.

Peternella decided that her name was confusing. She shortened it to Nellie. Nellie Hoogstraten, a young Dutch woman in Canada. Vancouver was like Holland, cool and green, but the people were different. Even the people in the Dutch community. They wanted to get things fast. In the Old Country you couldn't get things fast.

After five years of marriage the couple still hadn't started a family. Nellie returned to Holland with a girlfriend. The girlfriend rented a car and they spent two weeks touring. Nellie had never seen her country. She was reunited with her mother and the change did her good. Not long after she got back to Vancouver, she became pregnant.

Simon bought four building lots on a green hillside in Vancouver's East End, planned four houses, drew his own blueprints. He built the houses entirely on his own. One he rented; two he sold. The fourth was for him and Nellie and the baby. While he was building it, he installed his expectant wife in a tiny cottage across the street. She kept a garden and waited.

The baby, a strong, healthy girl, was born at the Salvation Army hospital in Vancouver on February 28, 1960, near midnight. The Hoogstratens named her Dorothy Ruth.

The house wasn't ready and Simon worked hard to finish it. It had three bedrooms, a nursery, central heating, a picture window and red-tile steps. Nellie would nurse the baby while she watched Simon build it.

Dorothy's younger brother, Johnny, was born two years later, but neither family nor prosperity kept Simon home. He worked long hours. He worked at night. He was always working. Nellie became disillusioned. She was alone so much. She told her husband he ought to be a horse, he worked so hard.

Nellie's next child was stillborn. She discovered she was an Rh-negative mother.

When Dorothy was three, her father abandoned them. There was another

The hard times of growing up poor in western Canada were eased by the warmth of Dorothy's closely knit family (left to right), sister Louise, mother Nellie, Dorothy and brother John. Dorothy was 16 when this photograph was taken. The family's harmony turned to discord when Dorothy met small-time hustler Paul Snider and proceeded to date him despite her family's strong objections. Dorothy's apparent happiness with husband Snider on the occasion of her 20th birthday (below right) gave no hint of the tragedy that would follow.

The newly crowned 1980 Playmate of the Year posed proudly with a life-sized blowup of herself (below) and with Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner (above left) at a press luncheon in April 1980 at Playboy Mansion West. Later that day, a radiant Dorothy (center) dazzled both the audience and host Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show*. At right, during the filming of *They All Laughed* on location in New York, Peter Bogdanovich directed the ingénue actress with whom he was falling in love. Their relationship had been a well-kept secret.

woman in his life. Nellie had been given only a grade school education in Holland and her English was still halting. Abruptly and unexpectedly, she had children to support. Simon offered grudgingly to come back to her, but Nellie said no. If he didn't want her, she didn't want him. She was still young and able to work. If she had known then how difficult it would be, she would have taken Simon back.

Nellie found employment as a housekeeper. She moved to an upstairs apartment in the poorest part of the East End. One night, when it was raining, Nellie walked to a nearby bridge and looked down into the black water. She was despondent. She might have jumped, but she slipped and fell on the wet sidewalk. A couple passing in a car saw her fall and stopped, coaxed her into their car, drove her home. Her downstairs neighbor made tea for her and then she went upstairs to her children. The children were sleeping. Nellie thought: They didn't ask to come into this world; I can't leave them here alone.

She went to see a psychiatrist at a mental-health clinic. He gave her a little bottle of pills. The pills were supposed to help her, but they put her to sleep. She would wake in the middle of the evening and find the refrigerator door open. The children had been trying to reach the milk. There would be corn flakes spilled on the floor. This can't go on, Nellie told herself. It was time she smartened up. She stopped seeing the psychiatrist, stopped taking the pills. She meant to survive, meant to keep her children and to raise them. She had grown up in an orphanage. Her children

would grow up with a mother and a home.

Nellie went on Social Assistance and worked as much as its income limitation allowed. She managed to make a down payment on a house—a cottage not much bigger than an average American living room. Whatever happened, she always wanted to have a house. Making the mortgage payments was hard. Better to eat dry bread and pay the mortgage, she told herself. There were stores in Vancouver that sold horse meat. The children couldn't tell the difference. To them it tasted good.

When Dorothy was six, Nellie became pregnant again. Nellie worked for the father as a housekeeper. She believed he loved her and might marry her. She told him at Christmastime, after he had given her an expensive gift. "You'll have to prove it's mine," he shouted angrily. "You'll have to prove it!"

Nellie considered abortion.

Because of her previous problems, her Rh-negative condition made it a legal choice in Canada. Approval took four months. Nellie lay in bed in the hospital. The abortion was scheduled for that morning. The baby kicked. It was the first time she had felt it move inside her. She got up, walked down the hall, called a cab. Her doctor came running. We've gone to all this trouble, he argued with her, and now you want to keep it.

She did. Louise, Dorothy's younger sister, was delivered by Caesarean section and survived a complete blood exchange.

Nellie loved her three children with an orphan's fierce, determined love. They moved to a cabin in the mountains, but it was dangerously isolated in winter. After a frightening blizzard, Nellie moved them back to Vancouver. They moved six times that year. They were living again in Vancouver's East End. It was a rough part of town.

Dorothy missed having a father. She knew her father had walked out on them and she dreamed of being famous someday, so that he would know and notice her and be sorry.

She was the oldest; she took that responsibility seriously. She helped her mother whenever she could: made sure Johnny got up for school, helped Louise dress. In school Dorothy studied nutrition. She and her classmates were supposed to keep daily diaries of what their families ate so the teacher could show them how to eat better. Dorothy kept a diary for her family and showed her mother what she had learned.

Exhibition Park beside Burrard Inlet was an easy walk in summer from their house. Dorothy took her brother and little sister to the park for the day. They rode the roller coaster. Dorothy watched the people coming and going from the race track and the big stadium. Sometimes the three of them walked down to the water and watched the boats.

In the winter, Nellie took them to Burnaby Mountain Park, east into Burnaby on Hastings Street. They took cardboard boxes or saucer sleds and sledded down the mountain. There was an observation deck on the roof of the park restaurant where they could stand and look out over the trees to the mountains on the other side of the inlet. Around them were fresh dark evergreens weighted with snow. Burnaby Mountain was fun.

Dorothy collected costume jewelry, but she didn't have a jewelry box, so she decided to make one out of plywood, with wire for the hinges. She painted the box pink and painted a big red heart on the lid. She brought her girlfriends home from school and Nellie made them Dutch pancakes. Then the girls played. Dorothy came out in a big hat and one of Nellie's dresses. She wobbled trying to walk in her mother's high-heeled shoes.

When she was 14, Dorothy and her best friend, Cheryl, went up and down the East End looking for jobs at places like Ernie's Take Home and Fabric Lane. They stopped in at the Dairy Queen brazier restaurant on Hastings Street. The owner was a burly, black-bearded man named Dave Redlick. While they waited for him to interview them, they bounced on the couch in his office and giggled. He almost caught them. Dorothy was tall for her age and looked older than her years. Redlick liked her and hired her. He hired Cheryl also. He showed Dorothy where they kept the red-and-brown-plaid smocks the girls wore and introduced her to the girl she'd be working with. After that, Dorothy worked at the Dairy Queen on weekends. She was a hard worker. She never missed a day.

She liked school. A lot of the kids in the East End cut classes. She never did and she made sure Johnny and Louise didn't, either. But the kids who did were out there when she walked home. They taunted and teased her. Because she was tall and skinny, they called her a bean pole. Because she was shy, they said she was stuck-up. They said she had big lips, beady eyes, no tits. She tried to ignore them, but it was hard to do. When they were hanging out together in the street at night, she'd be studying her lessons or helping Nellie at home and they hated her for it.

Then an older brother of one of the girls who teased her caught Dorothy one afternoon after school. He spat in her face and slapped her. He knocked her down. He kicked her. When Nellie came home from work, Dorothy told her mother what had happened. It made Nellie angry and behind the anger it frightened her. "Mum," Dorothy said proudly, "I didn't cry."

About that time Johnny started getting into trouble and someone broke into their house and stole most of their belongings. The neighborhood was so bad that Dave Redlick started driving Dorothy home on the back of his motorcycle when she had to work late at the Dairy Queen. Nellie decided they had to move.

She found a house in Coquitlam, a suburb east of Vancouver. By then Nellie was studying for her secondary school equivalency, training in practical nursing and working in a hospital. They were still on Social Assistance. Coquitlam wasn't fancy, but it wasn't poor, either.

The house in Coquitlam was bigger than any the four had ever lived in. Finally, Dorothy had her own room. It was only eight by ten feet, but it had a closet with sliding doors and a window that looked out onto a back yard. It was beautiful.

Dorothy took the bus into Vancouver on weekends to work at the Dairy Queen. At night Dave would put her on the bus to Coquitlam and then call Nellie, who would drive to the bus stop to meet her daughter and take her home.

It was hard to pay the mortgage for the larger house and Nellie had her hands full. She didn't have much time to talk to her children. Sometimes she would pass the door to Dorothy's room and hear her daughter crying and not know what to do. Dorothy was 15. It was near the end of the school year when they moved. She didn't know anyone at the new school.

Dorothy collected stamps. Stamps told stories of other people and other places. She liked mounting them in the album and then dreaming about the people and places.

She started a hope chest. She learned to knit and made sweaters for it. She learned to crochet and began crocheting a throw. She made doilies for the furniture she would one day have in her own home.

For her last two years of high school, Dorothy went to Centennial Senior Secondary. She liked Centennial, but she was so shy that most of her classmates hardly noticed her.

"I never wore make-up or fancy clothes," she would later recall. "And I was scared to death of people."

She got good grades and did best in her creative-writing and secretarial courses. There was a rumor around school that one of their teachers had once appeared in PLAYBOY. Dorothy thought it was strange, because the teacher wasn't very pretty.

Then Dorothy began to blossom. Her striking 5'9" frame—all awkward angles in adolescence—began to fill out with sexual maturity. Her Dutch heritage showed in her fine features and clear

LEROY NEIMAN

•SKETCHBOOK•

I'VE ALWAYS LIKED the Eiffel Tower as a subject. I once had an apartment-studio in the Passy section of Paris and, from my balcony, I had a splendid view of the tower. I sketched its skeletal structure in all kinds of weather, all seasons and all hours of the day and night. Last spring, while visiting a friend who lives near the *Champ de Mars*, I began to sketch the tower again. As I drew, I noticed a shapely French *soleil* worshiper enjoying the spring's first rays on a ninth-floor *balcon*—and, from *his* balcony directly across the way, a motionless secret admirer, binoculars in hand, quietly zeroing in on her unclad charms. *Vive la France!* —L.N.

luminous skin. Her long blonde hair became lustrous and set off hazel-blue eyes. The cool Vancouver air put color in her cheeks. The bean pole was on her way to becoming a beautiful woman, but she would be the last to realize it.

In her junior year, Dorothy began dating her first serious boyfriend. What impressed her most about him when they met was his car, a Camaro.

"He was good-looking," she would write later, "but a little much. He had an apple and a carton of milk in one hand and a burger in the other, trying to get them all in his mouth at the same time. When he tried to say 'Hi,' everything came spurting out of his face and I broke up laughing."

It was a rocky romance. She reflected on it later in a notebook of personal reminiscences and poetry that she started writing after she arrived in Hollywood.

"I don't know what attracted me to him. . . . I had to keep making myself believe that I really loved him. I thought I loved him because he was my boyfriend and we went out for a long time and we slept together. I knew something wasn't right. If that was love, then love was a pretty big letdown. I was always afraid of breaking up, because I thought I wouldn't know what to do without him. But I'm sure a lot of my troubles and problems were my own fault."

Dorothy's fear of being without a boyfriend kept the relationship going for more than a year. She even bought him a ruby ring. It cost $70. She paid for it in installments out of earnings from her part-time job, five dollars at a time.

On odd weekends, when she wasn't baby-sitting or working at the Dairy Queen, they would go out to a movie or dinner—pizza or Chinese. More often, they spent the evening at her house or his, drinking and watching TV.

Sex was a constant conflict. Sometimes Dorothy thought it was all he wanted her for. He never saw her naked. She took her clothes off under the covers.

"I don't know what there was to be ashamed of," she wondered later, "but I was."

Sex with him included none of the romance she longed for. Not yet valuing her own worth, she blamed herself: "There was nothing wrong with him. It was me."

Dorothy tried to break up the relationship at the start of her senior year, but she felt so empty and alone she went back to him. They fought continually that fall and winter. On a weekend of skiing at Whistler Mountain, a good-looking boy named Craig paid attention to her and it made him mad. He argued with her on the long drive home. He'd had it with her, he said. He took off the ruby ring she'd given him and crushed it with a pair of pliers. After that, she didn't go out with anyone for more than a month.

II

Dorothy turned 18 in February of 1978. It was embarrassing to still be working at the Dairy Queen at 18: "At first I was 14 years old. It was great to get work that young, but I turned 15 and 16 and 17 and at 18 I was still working there, wearing a little red uniform with my hair in pigtails."

One weekend a black Datsun 240Z with red-leather upholstery pulled into the Dairy Queen parking lot. A guy got out with a blonde on his arm. He came in and sat in one of the pink-and-tan booths. Dorothy couldn't help noticing him. He was all flash. He was wearing a long, blond fur coat and lizardskin boots with spurs. His black hair was carefully groomed; he had sideburns and a mustache. Dorothy served him.

"What's *your* name?" he asked her. The big bad wolf. He wanted a Strawberry Sundae Supreme.

"I was in a good mood," Dorothy remembered, "so I made a huge tower out of it. I didn't even realize what it would make him think. I wasn't the type to make passes at guys."

A few days later, one of Dorothy's girlfriends phoned her. Some guy had called the Dairy Queen and said he had a date with Dorothy that evening. He wanted her number. The girlfriend wouldn't give it to him, so he gave her his. He wanted Dorothy to call him.

Dorothy thought about it and mentioned it to her mother. Nellie told her not to call. Dorothy didn't often disobey her mother. This time she did.

When the guy mentioned the Sundae Supreme, she remembered him. His name was Paul Snider, he said, and he wanted to take her out. She told him she was sick. He said he'd phone the next day and he did. She was still too sick, but the day after that she got up enough nerve to say yes.

The time finally came:

"He pulled into the driveway in the 240Z. I couldn't believe my eyes. I opened the door and watched him walk toward me. I was stunned, but also embarrassed. I knew I wasn't the girl he expected to see. 'You—look nice,' he said, but I could tell he was trying to cover his shock. I was wearing gray pants and a black top. He had on a long leather coat with a fur collar, two of the biggest diamond rings I'd ever seen, a necklace with a huge, diamond-studded star and a gold bracelet with his initials picked out in diamonds, PLS. I wanted to disappear."

But she didn't disappear. She put on her coat and walked out to Paul Snider's car and got in. He did all the talking as they drove. Twice he touched her hand. He took her to his apartment on 15th Avenue. It was a glitzy, fake-opulent bachelor pad in a modern building with a balcony outside a sliding glass door. Dorothy was wide-eyed: "It had plants everywhere, almost like an indoor jungle, and a huge skylight, fur rugs, a closet with a full mirror and a big platform bed." It reminded her of beautiful homes she'd seen on TV. It reminded her of big stars and famous people. She couldn't believe she was actually there.

Paul cooked dinner for them and served his favorite wine—*asti spumante*. He told her he was a big promoter. He put on car shows, he said. In awed silence, Dorothy wondered what he was doing taking out a waitress from a Dairy Queen.

He asked her if she had any nice dresses to go out in. She didn't reply, but she guessed he knew the answer.

In the living room after dinner, he played the guitar and sang songs he said he'd written himself. He moved closer. They kissed. He told Dorothy he felt the same things she did; she didn't have to say them; he knew. He said their lips were made for each other.

"I was being sweet-talked by an expert," she would write, "but I wanted to hear more." Paul was saying all the romantic things that the boys she'd dated at Centennial had never said. She wished this evening would never end.

Nellie had disliked Snider on sight. She thought he looked like trouble. When Dorothy didn't come home as expected, Nellie became frightened. She drove to the police station. She told the officer on duty she was afraid her daughter had been kidnaped by the Mafia. The officer calmed her and suggested she call home. She did and Dorothy was there.

"You shouldn't have worried, Mum," Dorothy told her mother, "we just drove around." Nellie was so relieved to find Dorothy safe that instead of scolding her, she promised her daughter she'd give up smoking.

Dorothy felt guilty about her first date with Paul, because she had started seeing Craig, the boy she had met at Whistler Mountain. She didn't know if Paul would ever call her again, but if he did, she intended to tell him she already had a boyfriend, sort of, and she couldn't see him anymore.

Paul called and Dorothy told him. But Paul wasn't the sort to take no for an answer. One afternoon he drove her to tiny Como Lake, not far from her house.

"If we like each other, we should be able to see each other," he told her. "Let your heart take you where you want to go. Don't fool yourself with logic. Happiness comes from the heart, not the brain.

(continued on page 180)

"This is our new spring line. They're showing these in all the best houses."

pictorial essay By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

Sooner or later, the Western world was bound to find out about the many-splendored young things crowding the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea. But why wait for word of mouth when you've got an eyewitness? And we have one—Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar, born in Trieste and raised in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Having found and photographed women from all over the world for our *Girls of . . .* features, Pompeo turned his eye to the sites of his own youth for this one. In fact, the whole thing was his idea: He would combine the scenic landscapes of Yugoslavia's Adriatic *(text continued on page 204)*

GIRLS OF THE ADRIATIC COAST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

In the scenic island town of Hvar (below), Vinka Skansi kneels beside Bobo Zuvic, o member of one of Yugoslovia's most populor entertoinment attractions, the Lokice dance troupe. At right, a 200-year-old grapevine forms a canopy over Suzona Rodulovic, perched above a norrow street in the romantic old city of Dubrovnik.

the best-kept secrets in the east. we found them— and their hiding places— and now it's your turn

Rijeka law student Mirjana Vulic stands in front of a Yugoslavian version of the outdoor barbecue. Zagreb's Vesna Vrabec (left), a physical-education student, is well equipped to teach by example. She's planning to be a sports reporter. Below, youthful vagabonds from all over Europe collect on the steps of a church in Dubrovnik.

Her basket loaded with Balkan goodies, Mima Campara (above) motorbikes around her native Dubrovnik, stopping to confer with a friendly police officer. Vacationing Polish dancer Ewa Marczuk (above right) partakes in topless sun-bathing, a common delight at the resort town of Porec. Although economics student Marina Gruja (below) is a receptionist at a nudist hotel, she actually weors clothes to work.

As newsstands (above) show, PLAYBOY is a Yugoslavian staple. But asking women there to model was a challenge. Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar found them curious but shy, an expression he captured on Zagreb economics student Rajna Opacic, below.

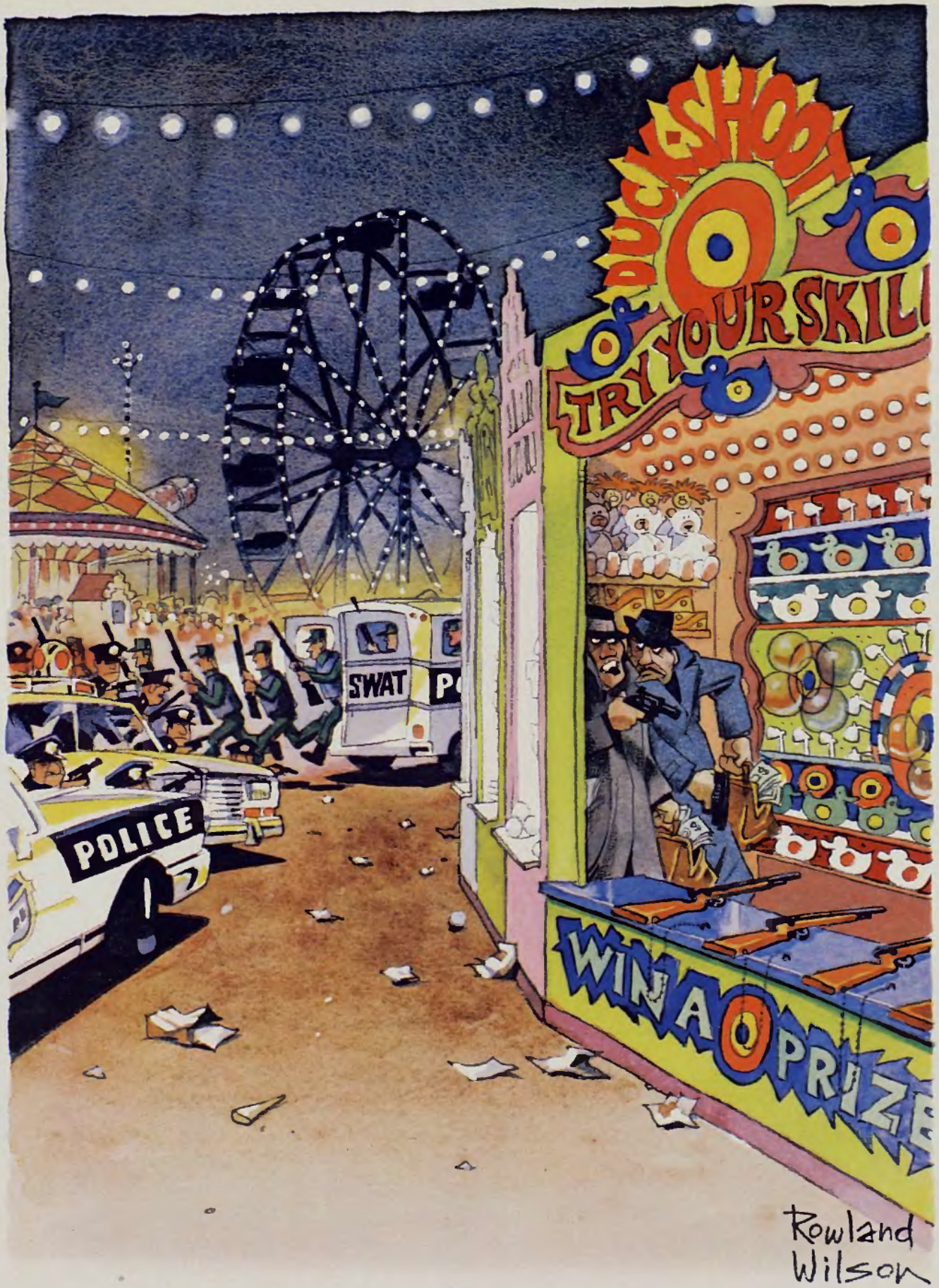
Belgrade law student Dragana Stanic showers along the rocky Hvar shore line (above), where she and fellow vacationers sun-bathe nude. At left, Jasna Vojinovic af Belgrade reinfarces Eastern Eurape's reputation for intrigue. The casino, below, at Zagreb's Inter-Continental Hotel is strictly for tourists. Natives can enter casinos only with an escart bearing a foreign passport.

Biserka Petrovic's first name translates roughly as pearly, as in pearly gates. Her heavenly portrait was shot in the Belgrade studio of Radovan Trnavac, one of Yugoslavia's better-known painters. Photos at right of a Porec disco and a café in Dubrovnik illustrate the broad span of activities available to travelers and residents.

The walled city of Dubrovnik creates a backdrop for Tresnja Neral, shown at a naked lunch, above. Like most of her compatriots, Tresnja is an active sports participant, especially in tennis and basketball. Below, Dijana Becirovic testifies as to why she's been chosen Miss Adriatic for three consecutive years. She's a model by profession.

Zagreb's Anica Djurovic (abave) says she's a little conceited but believes most people her age (20) are. In her case, it's with good reason. Below, Romanian ballerina Rodika Candelatto holidays in Hvar. The building with arched doorway across the harbor has housed a theater since 1612.

Milena Petkovic's middle-of-the-raad appearance on the autskirts af Zadar (above) could cause someone to miss the Bosnia-Herzegovina turnoff. In Pisok, near Split, Jagada Simic wades in a notural pool, at right, ta give us a last loak at the dual beauty of Yugoslavia and its wamen.



"Of all the damn places to get cornered!"

the tale of madonna modesta

Ribald Classic

from *Le Tredici Piacevolissime Notti*, by Giovanni Straparola, 1550

MADONNA MODESTA—what a bad joke it was on Fortune's part to give her such a name! On the other hand, he brought things back into balance when he caused her husband to be named Tristano Zanchetto, which means zany. They lived, not long ago, in Pistoia, an ancient city of Tuscany.

Each of them had an obsession. His was trade—he was a merchant who imported all sorts of goods, filled his warehouse, then sold them off piece by piece, until he was ready to begin the process anew. He cared little for anything else.

His wife, on the other hand, had always been something of a philanthropist before she was married. She was a pretty girl, with a rounded body, breasts like peaches and a face that made men in the street turn their heads. Indeed, she met many a young man in the street and, being of that warmhearted habit of giving, she would take him home and offer him a lesson in the game of in and out.

Marriage with Zanchetto not at all changed her habits or cooled her blood. Instead, she now had everything convenient about her—a house whose master was away much of the time and a fine balcony overlooking the street. There she sat often in the afternoon and amused herself by choosing some handsome gallant who chanced to be passing by. By means of a smile and an inviting posture, she would tempt him to knock at her door. And many did.

Zanchetto knew nothing of this, of course. But one day he grumbled at her, "I don't know what you do all day long. How can anyone possibly find life worth while without ever selling, trading or marketing something?"

She simply sniffed at this, but it did give her an idea.

Thereafter, just as her young man of the hour gave up her embrace, sat up on the edge of the bed and reached for his clothes, she exacted a payment. She told him that it was a token to remember him by, something very personal and yet not excessively valuable, something that was expressive of the way he wanted to appear in the world. Swayed by this logic and glad to get off so cheaply, each young man left his shoes for her. She stored them in an empty warehouse she borrowed from her husband.

The shoemakers of the town prospered. Noblemen bade farewell to their wives and set out from home in slippers of fine new velvet. Burghers went out for a stroll in the evening wearing excellent new shoes of cloth. Young artisans left their doorsteps shod in stout leather. And, to the intense curiosity of wives, sweethearts or mothers, each one came home barefooted.

Messer Tristano one day had a shipment coming in from Syria and no place to store it. He suddenly thought of the warehouse his wife had begged of him some time ago. He wondered again at this whim of hers, found the key and, expecting nothing but dust and bare shelves, opened the door. He gasped. Before his eyes was something more lavish than the best-stocked shops of Venice. He walked up and down, looking at the neat rows on the shelves, marveling at the extent and variety of the stock. There were not only Tuscan-made shoes but many of a foreign style.

Zanchetto went to find his wife and took her back to the room. He shook his head and asked her whence came this abundance of footwear.

Madonna Modesta laughed prettily, then drew herself up and spoke in a serious and impressive voice. "Messer Tristano, do you set yourself up as the only merchant in this city? Do you think that we women don't know how to buy dear and sell cheap?"

"You've got it wrong," Zanchetto said. "One must do just the opposite—buy cheap and sell dear."

"Yes, yes, of course, that is what I meant," Madonna Modesta replied. "In any case, while you are a great merchant used to weighty affairs and wont to deal in whole shiploads, I content myself with commerce on a smaller scale. I do not offer my merchandise publicly and I keep my stock of shoes safely here under lock and key. I pray thee attend with all diligence to your own trade and I shall attend to mine."

Zanchetto was much gratified with the cleverness of his wife. He had never suspected her of such gifts. He complimented her and swore that, far from interfering, he in all ways favored her carrying on her business as she pleased.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

When he had gone, Madonna Modesta sighed with relief. The collecting of shoes had begun as a fancy or a whim, but now it had become a need. It was as if she dreamed of making the whole race of men happy and barefoot. And in the years following, her collection grew—first large enough to shoe every man in Pistoia, then vast enough to fit all Rome.

But now comes into my story cruel Time, master of all things and all men. He began to deal sharply with Madonna Modesta, slackening that fresh, round figure, tracing wrinkles on that delightful face. Only the fires in the belly are slow to wane before his cold breath.

There came a day at last when no lover sought her out, no men glanced her way in the street. And there were no more shoes to add to her store. She lamented bitterly and looked back on her dainty pleasures and libidinous ways, but she could not find the grace to give them up. Her appetite was as violent as ever; the sight of a fine gallant still quickened her senses. And so she ordered her plans in a new way.

Powdered and extravagantly dressed, she went back to her balcony and, smiling, gesturing and leaning out, she spread her net to catch porters, plowboys, footmen, chimney sweeps or any other common fellows passing by. And when she could lure such a one into her house and into her bed, she would give him as a parting present a fine pair of shoes from her stock. This became known in the wineshops and taverns of Pistoia, and an ostler or a butcher's boy who went out tatter-footed in the morning came home at night neatly shod.

In the end, it was no longer the servants and the workmen who came to her door but the thieves and drunkards who took what they found in her bed.

It so happened that one day Messer Tristano took it into his head to visit the shoe storehouse to determine how his wife's business was going. Without telling her, he took the key, unlocked the door—and found the shelves nearly empty. At first, he was amazed. Then a new thought came to him and he went to seek his wife.

"I see," he said, "that your stock of shoes has now almost been sold out. I congratulate you, my dear. You must have traded at great profit. You must have amassed a large store of gold."

The lady gave a desolate sigh and was silent. At last, she said in a hollow voice, "All the shoes you saw in my warehouse have walked away in the fashion they came. Let me tell you this truth above all—everything ill got will in brief while ill go."

—Retold by Carlo Matteo

20 QUESTIONS: JOHN DE LOREAN

this hard-driving automotive maverick talks about detroit, the romance of the road (including back-seat sex!) and the gull-winged namesake he hopes will fly

New York writer Warren Kalbacker fought rush-hour traffic in his nine-year-old Pinto to meet with John De Lorean in his Park Avenue penthouse office. "It looked like a marble, chrome and glass cathedral," Kalbacker told us later. "De Lorean comes across like a blasphemer in the midst of automotive orthodoxy. He also refers to taking a leak as a pit stop." De Lorean's car, which will cost in the $25,000 range, is being introduced this spring.

1.

PLAYBOY: You're bringing out an automobile with your own name on it. Isn't that the dream of every true car lover?

DE LOREAN: For years, I dreamed that someday I'd get the opportunity to build my own car. I've thought about this project for 10 or 12 years. It's the ultimate extension of my background as an engineer. While I was working for General Motors—first as an engineer and later as a manager—I accumulated an inventory of ideas that I wanted to incorporate into one car, but, of course, I couldn't for economic and other reasons. So this car is a fulfillment for me.

2.

PLAYBOY: Is there room in this energy-conscious world for a new dream car?

DE LOREAN: Driving for fun is always going to be something that people will do. In spite of all the oil-price increases and everything else that's happened to the automobile industry, cars like BMW and Mercedes have emerged unscathed because they're sold to people who love cars and who love to drive. In fact, BMW is still building new plants, while other companies are closing them down.

3.

PLAYBOY: Just a few years ago, you were in line for the top spot at General Motors. Wasn't it hard to leave for such a long-shot venture?

DE LOREAN: Sure. They throw so much money at you, you can't stand it. But it wasn't really satisfying for me. I watched how the president of G.M. squirmed under pressure himself, how he was unable to accomplish things he wanted to do, and I decided I wouldn't want his job—no matter what. I had quite a few years left in my career and I didn't want to wind up like that. And I wanted to start this car project.

4.

PLAYBOY: What did your wife, fashion model Cristina Ferrare, think of your walking away from G.M.?

DE LOREAN: We talked and I told her I wanted out. I said I wanted to start this car project and that my income would probably go down to nothing. She told me that if I had to do it, then go ahead and do it. She told me not to worry about the family. And for a certain amount of time, she actually supported us.

5.

PLAYBOY: Was it a hand-to-mouth existence during that period?

DE LOREAN: Well, Cristina was making between $300,000 and $350,000 a year.

6.

PLAYBOY: Did General Motors try to squash your project right away?

DE LOREAN: Big organizations certainly seem capable of hostility. I did a market survey among a few dealers to find out whether or not they were interested in supporting my sports-car project. The minute G.M. heard about that, they terminated my bonus, taking something like $600,000 away from me. I thought that was unfair. No one had worked harder for them than I had. Some of the records I set while running the Pontiac and Chevrolet divisions still haven't been equaled.

7.

PLAYBOY: How much of a car can one design? Is there a little John De Lorean in the fenders as well as in the transmission?

DE LOREAN: Yeah. A lot of it is me. Of course, with anything as complex and difficult as an automobile, you have people helping you. But when you get down to it, just about every great car ever built belongs to an individual, such as the Ferrari and the Bugatti.

Besides, you have to take into account the fact that optimum solutions to many design problems now exist. You don't have to build everything from scratch anymore. For example, the disc brake is the standard of the world. Anybody who's using anything else does so to cut costs. Today automotive design is mostly a matter of integrating components into a balanced machine.

8.

PLAYBOY: But don't you specialize in a particular area of automotive design?

DE LOREAN: My background is in drive trains, transmissions and chassis design. And I'm very fussy about handling characteristics. I've tried to design the De Lorean in a way that it will be very responsive to an outstanding driver but not intimidating to the ordinary driver.

9.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been intimidated by an automobile?

DE LOREAN: I sold my Porsche Turbo. It was more than I could handle. I think Porsche is one of the world's sensational cars. But I always felt as though I should have been a little better driver than I was to handle a Porsche. That's all right, though. It's part of the Porsche mystique.

But I just love to drive. I love to get out there on the road when I have something to think about. I'll get in my 6.9-liter Mercedes and do about 400 miles. It's a wonderful experience. You have your own completely controlled environment. You turn on the kind of music you want. You drive through your favorite scenery. By the time I come back, my head is nice and clear.

10.

PLAYBOY: Sex has certainly played a role in America's romance with the automobile. Has it figured in your own relationship with the car?

DE LOREAN: Well, when I was young, you just didn't check into a hotel or a motel. I haven't had sex in a car more than 11,000 or 12,000 times. Sex would be extremely difficult in a De Lorean, though. You'd have to be a real acrobat.

11.

PLAYBOY: Does the Edsel's ghost haunt the launch of any new-car enterprise?

DE LOREAN: The Edsel *should* have failed. Number one, it was so ugly it was almost a joke. It also had a number of new mechanical devices that just didn't work. It had an automatic-transmission shift mechanism that was spectacular in its inability to function. And, of course, momentum had a lot to do with it. The Edsel was going down the tubes so fast, nobody could do much about it.

12.

PLAYBOY: Does momentum ever work the other way in the automobile business?

DE LOREAN: The Volkswagen Beetle was a sensation. It *(continued on page 258)*

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR PLAYBOY BY ARNOLO NEWMAN © 1981

The rest

12-Month Unlimited Mileage Warranty

*Offered only in the 48 contiguous United States and Alaska. Refer to U.S. Suzuki "GS Model Limited Warranty Policy" at Suzuki dealerships. A similar warranty is offered in Canada.

of the 650 class may now be dismissed.

When Suzuki decides to step into a class, other folks can only sigh. And step aside.

Case in point: The new GS-650E, G and GL. Friends, these bikes aren't just new, they're tomorrow-new.

For instance, the G and GL Shafts are outfitted with a unique transmission/shaft system. Get this: When these bikes are shifted into high gear (5th), the power is transferred directly from the engine to the shaftdrive, thus bypassing the transmission reduction gears. Result: More compact engine, less driveline lash.

You think that's something? Listen to this: The sporty E model comes with an automatic dual damping shock system. So damping rates are automatically adjusted within the shocks as loads and roads change.

You think that's neat? Well, hear this: All three bikes are powered by Suzuki's new Twin Dome Combustion Chamber engine. Without getting into a lot of technotalk, we'll just say that this 4-cylinder, 4-stroke is a powerhouse. Yet, it is extremely fuel-efficient and clean-burning.

We could go on and on about these extraordinary bikes. All three are appointed with CV carbs, transistorized ignition, Quartz Halogen headlight, digital gear indicator, top-mounted choke and accessory terminal.

And each has its own special features. Like tubeless tires and air forks on the G model. Tubeless tires with raised white letters on the GL. And dual slotted front disc brakes with a rear single disc on the E and G.

Also, of course, each of these beautiful machines is backed with a beautiful 12-month unlimited mileage warranty.*

Sure, you've seen 650 bikes before. But you've never seen 650 bikes like these before.

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PLAYBOY'S GT WEEKEND BOAT

article **By BROCK YATES**

here's how you can still go down to the sea or the lake in style and not have your bank balance turn into a donation to opec

IN THIS AMAZING age of OPEC blackmails and big-car blues, the possession of a so-called gas guzzler can plummet one to social grottoes formerly occupied only by the Baader-Meinhof gang, skid-row regulars and high-ranking members of the Nixon Administration. That once-celebrated act of American patriotism wherein a solid citizen climbed aboard his car, boat or plane powered by a monster engine and

Even when beached, the 30-foot Scarab II cuts a mean swath through the briny. And the boat's price tag won't leave its brand-new skipper broke; Wellcraft Marine Corporation, the manufacturer, lists the Scarab II at less than $25,000 (minus the twin outboards). Below the foredeck, there's a two-person V berth forward and a small lounge area that can be converted to sleep two more close friends, plus a small head.

Look, Ma, there's no gas-guzzling inboard engine to weigh this boby down, as the Scarab II features a modified transom and rear deck area that takes a pair of light (410 pounds each) compact 235-hp Evinrude outboards capable of delivering a cruising speed of 45–50 mph. And on a clear day, with the water calm, you can really play wave jockey and poke the Scarab II up to just about 60—if you've got the nerve.

In addition to the usual instrumentotion, we opted for two more electronic goodies that would further enhance the Scorab II's usefulness as a weekend sports boat. They included a Datamarine Sandpiper III digital depth sounder and a Datamarine digital speedometer log (a device that measures speed and distance). And, of course, we also tacked on a marine VHF radio and a C.B. for short-range skipper-to-skipper chats.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

joyously consumed various petrochemical distillates is now looked upon with the same revulsion as turning redwoods into roofing shingles for fast-food emporiums or clubbing baby seals for their coats.

Why, then, you might ponder, is PLAYBOY trying to lure you into reading a story about a high-powered speedboat? Surely, one does not have to be a charter member of the Sierra Club to know that those awesome devices are designed only for wastrels and throttle-mashing sybarites. Those *macho* boats, as they are referred to in some circles, appear to have no redeeming value other than to thrill, titillate and sometimes terrify their passengers with wondrous bursts of wave-hopping speed. Yet within the dimensions of their rakish hulls—ranging from about 24 to 35 feet in length, depending on the manufacturer—there is potential for substantial utility.

First of all, these boats, with their deep-V hulls bred for offshore powerboat racing in nasty, turbulent water, are amazingly seaworthy. Moreover, their narrow beam (eight feet) permits them to be legally trailered in all states. That means the craft can be hauled by land-borne vehicles to the desired cruising grounds and launched for a weekend of sport without the expenditure of massive amounts of time (and fuel) trying to reach the same destination by water. Beyond that, boats of this type can accommodate a couple for two or three days of reasonably comfortable living. Certainly, the levels of luxury will never be confused with those of the QE II, but then, with on-board head, small galley, cozy berthing, stereo, refrigerator, etc., one is not exactly tented in an open field, either.

Yes, boats of this genre can be useful and pleasurable pocket cruisers, provided their one bad habit can be tamed; i.e., in stock form, they literally inhale gasoline. Equipped with their customary big-displacement V8 engines, a short ride around the bay can bring tears to the eyes of the most affluent boaters and cause gasoline credit cards to shrivel and melt. We speak not of miles per gallon but of *gallons per mile*. We are talking about gasoline-consumption levels in the context that opening the throttles is akin to flushing a toilet. Bad mileage gains a whole new dimension when discussing this subject. Therefore, in this fuel-fevered time of booming prices and shaky supplies, a boat of this type seems an anathema to anyone with an ounce of sense or social conscience.

But the problem lies not with the boat but with the engines that power it. Deep-V hulls are among the cleanest, most efficient in the world. However, their traditional mode of power has been big-displacement versions of Detroit-built V8 passenger-car engines. The motors, ranging in size from 350 cubic inches to 455 cubic inches, are heavy iron units, and when connected to standard marine outdrives, can weigh from 1200 to 1600 pounds each. Mount a pair of those brutes in the stern of your 30-footer and they will supply you with between 660 and 740 horsepower in short bursts, but the fuel costs will be awesome. Moreover, the great lumps of dead weight in the stern make the boat sluggish and cumbersome to operate at low speeds.

Since the price of gasoline began to spiral upward, boat manufacturers have been looking for smaller, lighter, less avaricious power sources for motorboats of all types. In the course of their search, outboards were largely ignored, because it was believed that they were as gluttonous as the big V8s. Then Outboard Marine Corporation, the manufacturer of Evinrude and Johnson outboard motors, developed an amazing experimental boat that obliterated the old industry superstitions.

It modified a 28-foot Bertram deep-V sports convertible hull to accommodate a pair of 200-hp Evinrude outboards, replacing the standard 233-hp V8s in the process. The results were staggering. The outboards not only upped the boat's speed from 34 mph to more than 48 mph but increased fuel economy by as much as 83 percent. What's more, the cruising range of the boat was increased from 200 to 500 miles. The massive improvements were attributed to weight reduction (less than 700 pounds for the two outboards *vs.* more than 2500 pounds for the pair of V8s), as well as better weight distribution and more efficient drive angle (i.e., better bite for the propellers as they pass through the water). The Evinrude folks were also quick to point out that the outboard-equipped boat could run in shallower water, would run 28 mph on a single engine and encouraged simple maintenance because of the accessibility of the power plants.

With the results of that demonstration pulsing in our brains, we decided that the world was waiting for a truly contemporary weekend GT boat—a craft that could carry a couple (or a very friendly foursome) on a few days of cruising, water-skiing, skindiving or general hedonism without affecting the international monetary fund.

To do this, PLAYBOY solicited the cooperation of the Wellcraft Marine Corporation of Sarasota, Florida, one of the most aggressive and successful young companies in the boating industry. Under a new, promotion-minded management, the company has been transformed from the maker of a line of undistinguished small runabouts to a top-line manufacturer of high-performance sports boats and middleweight family cruisers. Its magnificent 38-foot Scarab has won the World Offshore Racing Championship, as well as numerous major powerboat races. Smaller 30-foot versions of the arrow-shaped, 90-mph 38-footer are also manufactured, and it is one of those models we chose to develop into our energy-conscious, environmentally responsible but still-thrilling superboat. Our chosen hull was the Wellcraft Scarab II, a 30-footer with a slightly raised foredeck to permit more interior headroom. With an eight-foot beam, the Scarab II is able to be trailered. It carries a Coast Guard–approved head (no overboard discharge), a refrigerator, fresh-water supply and the provision for light electric cooking utensils. There is a large two-person V berth forward and a small lounge area that can be converted to sleep two more.

Working in concert with the Evinrude engineers, the folks at Wellcraft modified the transom and rear-deck areas in order to position a pair of light (410 pounds each), compact 235-hp Evinrude outboards in place of the original-equipment 330-hp V8s (actually Mercruiser-modified, 454-cubic-inch G.M./Chevrolet passenger-and-light-truck engines).

The results were splendid. For openers, the boat was substantially easier to handle at modest speeds, thanks to the elimination of nearly a ton of weight lumped in the stern. While it lost a few mph in outright speed, our Evinrude-powered Scarab II would still nibble at 60 mph, depending on sea conditions, and would cruise at 45–50 mph for hours on end. The economy was excellent. While two miles to the gallon would trigger complete mental breakdown for a normal car owner, it is a quite satisfactory figure in marine terms (remember that a boat, being shoved through liquid as opposed to rolling across a hard surface, requires a great deal more energy to propel it than a comparably sized land vehicle). Our Scarab II consumed gasoline and oil (the standard two-cycle outboard mixture) at the rate of 2.2 miles per gallon at a steady 35 mph. When the speed was bumped to 50 mph, mileage dropped to an even two mpg. If those numbers sound shocking, consider that a stock Scarab II with 330-hp V8s gets 1.9 mpg at 35 mph and a mere 1.6 mpg at 50 mph. It should also be noted that Wellcraft offers the 30-foot Scarabs with optional 370-hp V8s, and the mileage numbers with those brutes are truly staggering. At full bore—over 70 mph—a Wellcraft equipped with those monsters will get in the neighborhood of 1.1 to 1.2 miles to the gallon!

(concluded on page 202)

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THE YEAR IN MOVIES

here we go again with the good, the bad and the gory: magic moments from the cinematic output of the past 12 months

FACE IT. It was a very bad year for movies. In Chicago, critics found themselves going back to 1979 for films to complete their ten-best lists (citing the incredible *Black Stallion*). In New York, one theater made money by running the 1979 hit *La Cage aux Folles*—a quaint movie about flaming gay-ety in France—for 82 consecutive weeks. L.A. film critic Charles Champlin resigned from his beat in disgust, saying that he could not write about films if there were nothing to write about. How did we find enough films to rave about? Well, like the man said, "It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it." Our staff diligently sought out the best and the worst. At times, it got confusing. A diet of B movies can result in brain damage. When it actually came time to make an award for favorite film, our staff was divided between Robert Redford's *Ordinary People* and the Zucker brothers and Jim Abrahams' *Airplane!* Class and glorious trash. There were some good things in the movies. Magic moments. Ray Sharkey doing his moves offstage in *The Idolmaker*. Leslie Quickley in *Fame* imitating O. J. Simpson waiting for the elevator in *The Towering Inferno*. All of *Coal Miner's Daughter*. The fight scenes in *Raging Bull*. The special effects in *Altered States*. The camp creativity of *Popeye* and *Flash Gordon*. Probably the only film that had fun with itself this year was *Airplane!*, which had taken five years to get onscreen. We asked its producers if any parts had been left out. They answered: "The following is a list of scenes that were cut from the final version of *Airplane!* (1) A ten-minute scene of Bob Hays riding a mechanical bull (cut because in several frames you could see pubic hair). (2) A half hour of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Lloyd Bridges swimming naked underwater and discovering natural love (cut because it was too violent). (3) A flashback where the autopilot goes into a sensory-deprivation tank (cut because studio chiefs felt it was too unrealistic). (4) A huge production number with 100 disfigured dancers dressed as the Elephant Man singing *Put On a Happy Face* (cut because the lyrics got muffled through the slurping). We hope these will be helpful. Please let us know if you need more." Believe us, we do need more.

HEROES AND VILLAINS

Goldie Hawn gets our vote for Best Heroine for producing and starring in *Private Benjamin*. She deserves an Oscar just for one scene, when she listens to her parents telling the Army why their princess must go home with them. Doing so little and saying so much, Goldie demonstrates that the purest screen acting is, indeed, photographed thought.

There are moments in film in which you see the raw stuff of life. **Donald Sutherland** gets our vote for Extraordinary Person, the man responsible for the best moment in the year's best film, *Ordinary People*. The confrontation between Sutherland and his son's psychiatrist (Judd Hirsch) is electric. He peels away stiff upper lip and rigid demeanor to get at his character's open wounds.

In a year in which box-office stars bombed, the best work was done by relative newcomers such as William Hurt, Ray Sharkey, Sam Shepard, Tim Hutton, Robert Hays and Yoda. Our favorites? Wanted for Grand Theft Movie are **Dolly Parton** and **Levon Helm**—three of the best things to hit Hollywood in years. By doing what comes naturally, they achieve professional performances.

MAGIC MOMENTS

WHO IS THE OTHER ONE? In 1980, we learned that *Star Wars* was a triple trilogy. Two down, seven to go—and with each episode taking three years to complete, we can expect to sit down for the final chapter in the year 2001. Neat. That's one reason to support *détente*. In the meantime, speculation about the epic saga has become as popular as Dungeons and Dragons. Our favorite rumor: Yoda is not a special effect but merely the first extraterrestrial to sign with the William Morris Agency. Elsewhere in the news: In the December 1980 issue of *Fantastic Films*, reporter Bill Hays suggests that cloning is the key to the *Star Wars* puzzle. According to Hays, Darth Vader is *not* Luke's father, but The Dark Lord and Luke's father come from the same genetic donor (that's why Luke saw his own face behind the mask). Dad is not dead but in hiding (he is the other one Yoda refers to). His disguise: Boba Fett, the masked bounty hunter. Obi-Wan Kenobi is also a clone (OB-1), whose twin is the emperor himself (that was Alec Guinness behind those Foster Grants, right?). Only George Lucas knows for sure, and he's not telling.

WRETCHED EXCESS, OR HOW HOLLYWOOD SAVED CHRYSLER: A few years ago, in *The Boys in Company C*, a sergeant in Vietnam asked one of his soldiers if he had ever spent $1,000,000. The guy said no, so the sergeant had him call in an air strike for the hell of it. We suspect that the sergeant now works as a film director. *Smokey and the Bandit II*, for example, spent $10,000,000 and trashed 118 vehicles. *The Blues Brothers* dropped $27,500,000 while wiping out 73 vehicles. *Used Cars* messed with about 200 cars and cost $7,000,000. And all Chrysler wants is $400,000,000. The award for truly wretched excess goes to Michael Cimino, the director of *Heaven's Gate*. It seems that he wanted to film a scene on the Oxford campus, under a tree. He dug one up and had it transplanted for a reported $60,000. Then the leaves fell off and had to be pinned on. Only Cimino can make a tree.

All Darth Vader has is a breathing problem and that fancy choke hold. Marlon Brando is oily in *The Formula*, but any man who eats Milk Duds can't be all bad. Our vote for Best Villain goes to **Max von Sydow,** alias Ming the Merciless, in *Flash Gordon*. Any man who would feed his daughter to bore worms is *bad*. Then again, kids *do* need discipline.

Jake and Elwood, the notorious Blues Brothers, deserve a special award for Civic Pride and Fiscal Patriotism. Perhaps the mayor of Detroit should give them the keys to the city—not for demolishing American-made cars but for rediscovering **Lady Soul**. Aretha's song in the diner has more fire than the rest of the year's crop of movie musicals.

In 1980, Hollywood rediscovered kids. Film makers took the likes of Brooke Shields, Tatum O'Neal, Kristy McNichol and Jamie Lee Curtis and introduced them to precocious sex, skin display and ax murders. Out of this chaos, **Jodie Foster** emerged as the class act of the decade. She has beauty, brains and grace and two stunning 1980 performances in *Carny* and *Foxes*.

THE CURIOSITY CORNER

THE *TACO* JOKE: In *Divine Madness*, the film of Bette Midler in concert, an impassioned fan screams out a request for "the *taco* joke." Bette turns him down, saying she wants the film to play in Cleveland, but we won't. The joke? "If God hadn't meant man to eat pussy, why did He make it look like a *taco*?" You heard it here first.

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAN WILL WEAR: It was a year of role reversals. In *American Gigolo*, Richard Gere played a prostitute with a heart of gold and a wardrobe by Armani. Suddenly, it became chic to show a man selecting ties and shirts to set a mood for the evening. If it gets you Lauren Hutton, that's terrific.

THE ANSWER IS BLOWING IN THE WIND: Perhaps the strangest story to come out this year concerned the fate of the cast and crew of *The Conqueror*, shot in 1954 near St. George, Utah—a mere 137 miles downwind from Yucca Flat, site of the U. S. atomic tests. Of the 220 people who worked on the film, some 91 have contracted cancer. Fatalities include John Wayne, Susan Hayward and Dick Powell. It would not be beyond Hollywood tastelessness to do a TV movie on the affair, *How I Stopped Living and Learned to Worry About the Bomb.*

BEST LINES

"Here's Johnny!"
(Jack Nicholson, *The Shining*)

"How can you talk to a guy like that? Next thing you know, he's got you hypnotized, and you're standing on a corner in Hollywood, dressed like one of the Pointer Sisters."
(Friend warning Jodie Foster about talking to a pimp in *Foxes*)

"I had a virgin once, had to go to Guatemala for it. She was blind in one eye and had a stuffed alligator that said WELCOME TO MIAMI BEACH."
(Sam the scriptwriter in *The Stunt Man*)

"I'm about as flamboyant as a bagel."
(Maureen Teefy in *Fame*)

"I want to go out to lunch. I want to be normal again."
(Goldie Hawn in *Private Benjamin*)

"What were my son's last words?"
"I'm coming."
(Goldie to mother-in-law in *Private Benjamin*)

"Woman, if you wanna keep that arm, you better take it offa my husband."
(Sissy Spacek as Loretta Lynn in *Coal Miner's Daughter*)

"Are you boys the police?"
"No, ma'am. We're musicians."
(*The Blues Brothers*)

"Have you ever been in a cockpit before? Have you ever seen a grown man naked? Joey, did you ever hang around a gymnasium? . . . You like movies about gladiators? . . . Have you ever been in a Turkish prison, Joey?"
(Peter Graves to boy in *Airplane!*)

"What a week to give up sniffing glue."
(Lloyd Bridges in *Airplane!*)

"Darling, you've not only kept your fabulous figure, you've added so much to it."
(Kim Novak to Elizabeth Taylor in *The Mirror Crack'd*)

"If you ever say another word about me, *or* make another indecent proposal, I'm going to get that gun of mine and I'm going to change you from a rooster to a hen with one shot."
(Dolly Parton in *Nine to Five*)

"If you are doing it, either you do it or you do it."
(Mafia thug to Ray Sharkey in *The Idolmaker*)

"Never tell me the odds."
(Han Solo in *The Empire Strikes Back*)

"Andrew, it costs extra to carve SCHMUCK on a tombstone, but you would definitely be worth the expense." (Lee Remick to Sam Wanamaker in *The Competition*)

HOLLYWOOD HORROR STORIES

QUIZ TIME: All right, perverts. Can you name the movies at right? From left, top row: The first three corpses are from *Friday the 13th*, the masked madman from *Terror Train*. Bottom row, from left: A sausage maker from *Motel Hell*, tropical head from *He Knows You're Alone*, Excedrin headache #89, *Scanners*, and perforated throat from *The Awakening*.

YEAR OF THE PROTEST: Toward the end of the summer, critics began to complain about the crop of teenage-violence movies. They deplored the random gore, the permissive sex, the brutality against women. We think they missed the point. In movies such as *Halloween*, *Prom Night*, *Terror Train*, *He Knows You're Alone*, *Mother's Day*, *Don't Answer the Phone*, *Friday the 13th*, there was a method to the mayhem. For one thing, women had at last obtained equal rights: They were just as likely as the men to be chopped up, blown up, strung up, made into sausages, whatever. In most of those pictures, the sole survivor was a woman, a virgin, usually played by Jamie Lee Curtis, who showed resourcefulness and/or followed the cardinal rules of trash films: Don't sleep around, don't sleep, don't open the door and, if you do, don't drop the butcher knife. Elsewhere in the news, it was a year of protest. Gays attacked William Friedkin for his treatment of homosexuals in *Cruising*. Parents questioned the use of kids in *The Blue Lagoon*. Students in the Midwest protested the violence against women in *Dressed to Kill*. Jake La Motta's brother sued Martin Scorsese for the way he had been portrayed in *Raging Bull*. Country-music stars protested the credits to *Honeysuckle Rose*, which seemed to list Willie Nelson as author of all the songs in the film (including *Help Me Make It Through the Night*). You'd almost think the movies were as important as real life. Trouble is, lately they've been even dumber.

BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S HIT LIST

The Ten Worst Movies of 1980
(in alphabetical order)

Any Which Way You Can: An orangutan in heat, Ruth Gordon as Bo Derek, Clint Eastwood in decline. Who could ask for anything less?

The Blues Brothers: The *1941* of 1980, taking the rap for all the big, bad movies with *Saturday Night Live* alumni. Better luck this year, gang.

Caligula: Gross, repulsive—and if you think PLAYBOY-*Penthouse* rivalry influenced my choice, you musta missed the movie.

Cruising: William Friedkin blew it, with Pacino miscast as a decoy cop playing queen in the gay underworld.

Heaven's Gate: As in Watergate; a.k.a. Cimino's Folly. Slammed shut and sent back for overhaul as the best-publicized fiasco of 1980.

The Jazz Singer: Claptrap but a landmark in 1927, aimlessly remade with Neil Diamond swimming in Jolson's shoes.

Raise the Titanic: A costly Low Grade epic from Sir Lew Grade. They're still searching for survivors.

Stardust Memories: Woody Allen weary of it all in a whining noncomedy.

Tribute: Fine work in a slight play when Jack Lemmon did it on Broadway; terminal boredom on the big screen.

Xanadu: The LP has gone gold; the movie went nowhere. Insiders swear Olivia Newton-John was *not* played by a Barbie doll.

The Ten Best Movies of 1980
(in alphabetical order)

Airplane!: Tops 'em all for pure fun and outrageous spoofery, though this year there wasn't much competition.

Breaker Morant: Searing indictment of military injustice from down under.

Coal Miner's Daughter: A country high, with Sissy Specek wonderful as Loretta Lynn.

The Empire Strikes Back: Yoda weighs in on the side of the good guys to rewhet appetites for *Star Wars* episodes ad infinitum.

Mon Oncle d'Amérique: The rat-race as romantic comedy, innovatively rendered by France's Alain Resnais.

Nine to Five: At last, some blithe spirits plugging women's lib. A special double-barreled salute to Dolly Parton.

Ordinary People: Win, place or show, director Robert Redford's poignant family drama is the pacesetter in the Oscar race.

The Shining: So let diehard Stephen King fans sue me. In *my* book, Kubrick is king.

The Stunt Man: Peter O'Toole's razzle-dazzle performance hypes a movie-movie chock-full of surprises and terrific special effects.

Tess: Out of Thomas Hardy, Roman Polanski has wrought a slow but splendid star vehicle for Nastassia Kinski.

Runners-down: *Fatso*, *Wholly Moses!*, *The Island*, *Smokey and the Bandit II*.

Runners-up: *The Great Santini*, *Private Benjamin*, *Resurrection*, *Inside Moves*.

HOLLYWOOD PAIRS: Something strange and un-American has been happening in Tinseltown. Rumor has it that certain actresses have taken to using doubles for their nude scenes. Is nothing sacred? Jane Fonda, who won our hearts and private parts in *Barbarella*, apparently let someone else sacrifice herself to art in *Coming Home* back in 1978. Politics does make strange bedfellows. This year, there were two blatant uses of stand-ins. The producers of *The Blue Lagoon* wanted to avoid the kid-porn issue, and so substituted a lithe lass of legal age in the underwater-aquatics scenes. Brooke Shields fans had to make do with her Calvin Klein ads. What we don't understand is the use of a substitute for Angie Dickinson, still one of the sexiest ladies in cinema, in the *Dressed to Kill* shower scene.

THEN AGAIN: *Dressed to Kill*'s pickup scene in the art museum, culminating in backseat shenanigans in a taxi, is Hollywood's first flirtation with the zipless fuck. Unfortunately, it terminates when Angie opens the desk drawer of her perfect stranger to find a V.D. report. We had two movies about *ménages à trois*—*A Small Circle of Friends* featured Karen Allen and *Willie & Phil* had Margot Kidder—and two (*A Change of Seasons*, *Loving Couples*) on the same subject (adultery), with the same star (Shirley MacLaine), from the same studio (Fox). *Déjà* view?

CUTEST COUPLES

Once again, Hollywood avoided the heterosexual. The best chemistry occurred not between men and women but between best friends, brothers, fathers and sons. Above, Robbie Robertson and Gary Busey

were side-kicks in *Carny*. *The Long Riders* cast the Carradines, the Keaches and the Quaids as the James-Younger gang (above). Paternal instinct distinguished *One-Trick Pony*, *Popeye*, *Tribute*, *Ordinary*

People, *The Empire Strikes Back*. Our favorite father-and-son duo was from *Shogun Assassin* (above): *Kramer vs. Kramer* with swords instead of French toast.

IT'S NOT THE MEAT, IT'S THE MOTION: We recently saw an ad announcing the first Miss America Bikini Bull Riding Contest. It will never replace the original. Debra Winger's *pas de deux* with the bull at Gilley's in *Urban Cowboy* was the sassiest unassisted sex act in the history of cinema. Perhaps we should donate the bull to the Smithsonian. Already there are signs that the country-and-western movement is fading. A bar in Chicago has removed its Gilley's bull. We can see a cattle drive, with drovers on Harleys herding mechanical bulls down Main Street. Head 'em up.

Dealing

OR HOW TO BE A HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER:

A BOARD GAME FOR THE TERMINALLY BORED: Why was it Hollywood didn't deliver in 1980? A lot of films went right into the toilet critically or financially. Each year, approximately 6000 feature scripts are registered with the Writers Guild of America. Maybe 3000 properties are optioned. Only 300 of those are shot. And only 100 to 150 films ever make it to the theaters. For every 40 movie deals announced in *The Hollywood Reporter*, only one film gets made. The bottom line is distribution. If you wanted to get a movie released this year, you had to have (1) a Not Ready for Prime-Time Player; (2) a box-office star; or (3) a sound track. These accounted for most of the bombs. The few successes came from breaking the rules, casting kids and just having fun.

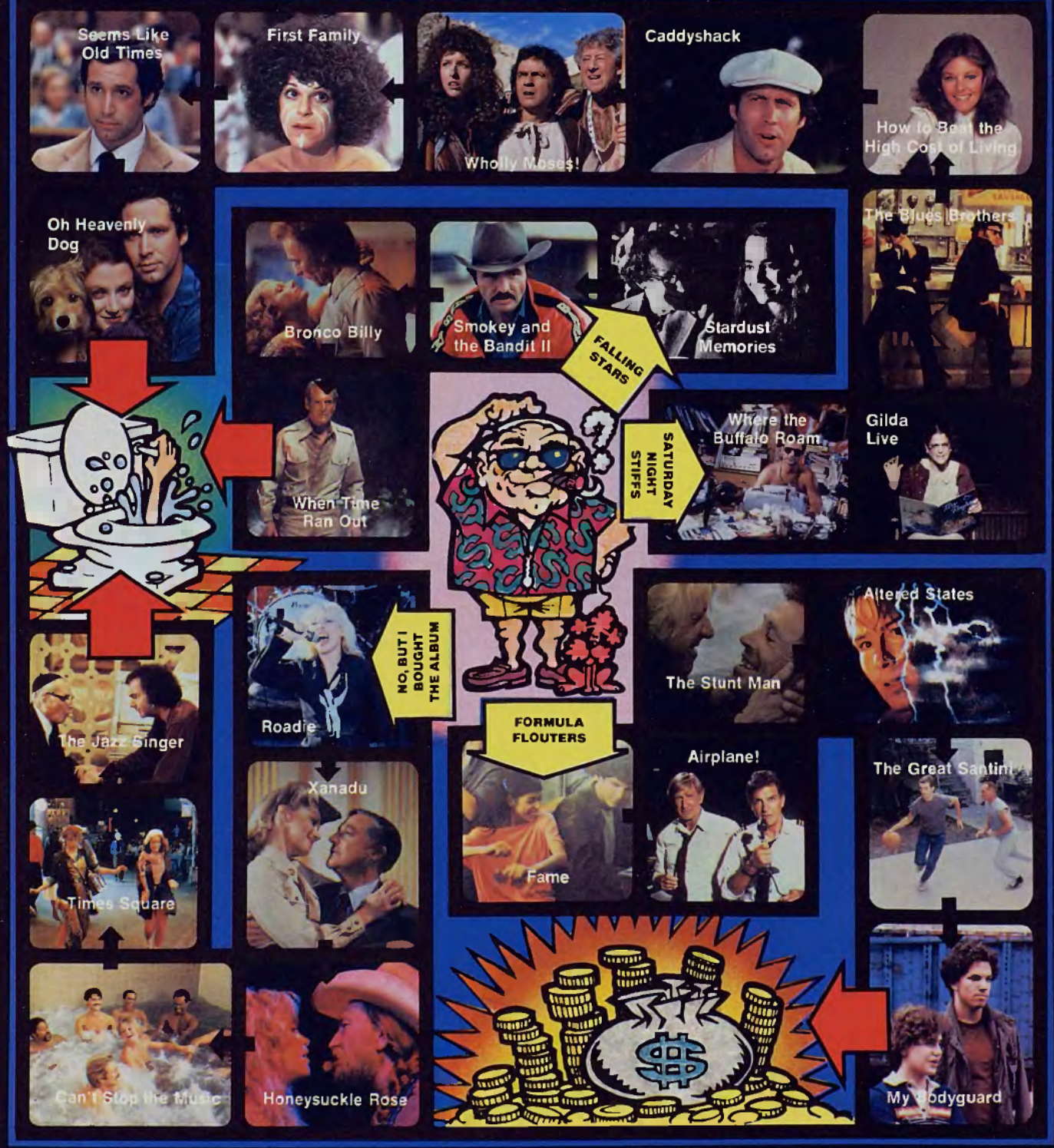

ILLUSTRATION BY DON GLASSFORD

DOROTHY STRATTEN (continued from page 152)

"Dorothy's family thought Paul was rude, self-centered and obnoxious, and they said so."

You can see both Craig and me until you know who you really want. By being 'fair' and 'faithful' to Craig, you're actually cheating yourself."

Dorothy listened in silence, but she knew Paul was right. She didn't love Craig and thought there must be more to life and love than what she had discovered so far.

"I just followed my heart," she would remember. "For the first time in my life, I worried about myself without worrying about hurting somebody else."

She had one more date with Craig, and when he parked his car on a small mountain road and started kissing her, she told him she wanted to go home.

Dorothy knew she wasn't the only girl in Paul's life, but she stayed at home waiting for him to call. At first the calls came infrequently, but they increased as Paul's interest in his latest teenage conquest grew.

He gave her presents. Dresses. Panty hose. High-heeled shoes. He bought her make-up and got angry if she forgot to put it on when they were going out.

Dorothy's family hated Paul. They thought he was rude, self-centered and obnoxious, and they said so. The more Nellie and the two younger children argued against Paul, the more Dorothy defended him.

Paul banged the door against Johnny's bicycle coming into the house. He made himself at home on Nellie's couch, parked his boots on her coffee table. Nellie thought he must be into something crooked. He always had money to spend without working for it.

Ten-year-old Louise couldn't understand why her sister was spending so much time with Paul instead of the family. One night Dorothy tried to explain, but Louise became angry and started to cry. Dorothy persisted. Even though the family disliked Paul, she said, she loved him and he made her happy. He was the first person ever to make her feel attractive or important, she said.

Dorothy asked Louise if they cared for her happiness or if they were only thinking of themselves. Louise said she understood, and she was sorry. They hugged each other and Dorothy helped her sister dry her tears.

Dave Redlick saw Snider talking to Dorothy at the Dairy Queen one day. From then on, Snider waited for her outside in the car. Dave knew the bastard and didn't want him hanging around. They'd both been part of the heavy-duty biker crowd in their younger days around the East End, members of a cycle club called the Trojans. Dave had gone into the bar business and now he owned and managed his own Dairy Queen. Snider had dropped out of school when he was 14 and he'd been in trouble ever since.

Paul Snider grew up in an unhappy, hostile home. His parents fought constantly with each other and with their children. Paul's father, who operated clothing stores and, according to some observers, a sweatshop, regularly told his three sons that they'd never amount to much.

As the eldest son, Paul was the most resentful of his father's domination. He was short and thin, and he lifted weights until his biceps bulged. In his teens, he went to work for his father as a leather cutter. He hated the work. His father divorced his mother after 31 years of marriage and replaced her with an attractive sportswear buyer. According to a family member, after the divorce, when Paul asked his father for money to pay for an operation for his mother, his father refused.

Paul quit working for his father when he turned 21. By then, he would later tell a friend, he had been married and divorced. His wife walked out on him and took their child. He swore no one would ever do that to him again.

He started hanging out in Vancouver's night world, Hornby Street and Gastown, districts of discos, bars and strip joints, studying the pimps. When he thought he was ready, he started small-time pimping himself, a girl here, a girl there. Pimping and promoting: He groomed girls to become strippers. Paul backhanded one of his girls in a club called Oil Can Harry's one night and got slugged in turn by the bouncer. He burst into tears.

Snider sought out the company of the city's black pimps, who bought him drinks and tried to woo his girls away. He liked flashy cars and began promoting car shows in and around Vancouver. He acquired a Cadillac with etched windows; he acquired a Bentley that he "converted" to a Rolls-Royce with a switch of the radiator grille. He was handy at metalworking—he'd customized motorcycles in his biker days. One of his scams was duplicating metal sculptures from photographs of serious artists' work and hawking them out of a lobby salesroom in a north Vancouver hotel. He also worked a couple of girls out of rooms upstairs.

One of Snider's girls was also the girlfriend of a narcotics dealer who was serving a short jail sentence. Snider and the girl ran through $15,000 of the man's money. When the dealer got out, he hung Snider by his heels from a top-floor window of a downtown hotel. Snider paid the dealer with borrowed money and left town fearing for his life. He spent the next year in San Francisco and Las Vegas, then drifted down to Los Angeles. During the summer of 1977 he promoted two car shows in L.A. They both flopped, leaving a number of unhappy investors. When Snider returned to Vancouver, he concentrated on car shows and similar promotional schemes, avoiding any serious trouble. He was afraid someone would have him taken care of if he didn't.

Dave Redlick figured Snider for a thoroughly bad guy. He warned Dorothy to stay away from him. Dorothy looked up to Dave, but she didn't see how he could be right about Paul. The Paul Dave told her about wasn't the Paul she knew. She thought people misunderstood him. If Paul had made mistakes, they were a thing of the past.

Dorothy's friend Cheryl disagreed. One night at Pharaoh's, a Gastown disco, she watched Dorothy sit quietly at their table while Paul danced with one woman after another. Cheryl joked that when Paul told Dorothy to jump, she asked how high. Paul told Dorothy to stop seeing Cheryl and Dorothy complied.

"In a year we're going to find Dorothy dead in an alley," Cheryl predicted.

Just before graduation, Dorothy quit the Dairy Queen. Dave Redlick expected she would. Most of his girls did when they graduated. On her last day, he gave her a bouquet of roses.

She graduated from Centennial in a long, white, low-cut dress Paul had given her. Nellie didn't like the dress. Her standards of modesty were Old World standards. She hadn't seen her daughter naked since Dorothy was a little girl. The dress, and Paul's rudeness, ruined the graduation for Nellie.

On the way to her graduation dance, Paul took Dorothy to the studio of photographer Uwe Meyer and she posed for her first formal portrait.

The British Columbia Telephone Company hired Dorothy as a clerk-typist in early July. She was proud of her new job at B.C. Tel, but she was beginning to take steps toward a life beyond Vancouver.

In the summer of 1978, PLAYBOY was engaged in The Great Playmate Hunt—a highly publicized search for the girl to be featured in the centerfold of the magazine's 25th Anniversary Issue. Dorothy didn't really believe she was beautiful. When people stared at her on the street, she wondered if her make-up was smeared or her dress torn. Paul convinced her to take the chance. One

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afternoon she posed for a nude test shooting by Meyer at Paul's apartment.

Paul had promised Meyer the $1000 Playmate Finder's Fee if Dorothy was accepted, but he later reneged on his promise. He used Meyer's photographs to interest the better-known Vancouver photographer Ken Honey in shooting her. Honey had already discovered several Canadian girls who had become Playmates.

Ken would agree to a test shooting only if Dorothy's mother cosigned the model release. Nellie was away at the time, visiting her mother in Holland, but Paul returned with a signature and Ken proceeded with plans for the test.

Dorothy liked Ken Honey. She couldn't believe he was a photographer. He was dignified and polite; she thought he looked like somebody's grandfather. They scheduled the shooting for late afternoon, after she finished work at B.C. Tel. Paul couldn't be there. He was busy setting up one of his car shows.

Posing for Honey was easier than Dorothy had expected. She wasn't nervous this time. Paul's absence helped. The only anxious moment came when Ken suggested trying some shots on the balcony before they lost the late-afternoon light. They attracted the attention of a couple of guys in the next building. Dorothy panicked, covering herself with a towel.

"It took Ken ten minutes to persuade me to take the towel off again," she remembered.

Ken had the film processed. The next day he mailed a dozen color transparencies to Marilyn Grabowski, PLAYBOY's West Coast Photo Editor, in Los Angeles.

Marilyn's secretary logged in the package on Friday, August 11, 1978. Along with the photographs, Ken sent a standard Playmate Data Sheet filled out by Dorothy. She described herself as shy, very sensitive, romantic, fussy. She said she hoped the Playmate experience would help her gain more confidence in herself.

In the space intended for her father's name, she wrote: "Parents divorced." For her father's occupation she put: "Whereabouts unknown." Her career ambitions were simple: "I would like to become a star of sorts."

Marilyn was impressed by the photos. She thought Dorothy deserved serious consideration in the 25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt, which would end on August 31. Glamor photographer Mario Casilli, who had photographed more Playmate centerfolds in the previous two decades than any other man in the world, was available that weekend. Marilyn called Ken Honey in Vancouver and asked him to arrange for Dorothy to fly to L.A. on Sunday morning.

Ken found Dorothy working as cashier at Paul's car show. When he told her the news, she was ecstatic. Not Paul. He was annoyed. He was in the middle of a show and he couldn't trust anyone but Dorothy to handle the cash. He didn't want her to go to L.A. alone, as Ken advised she should. Paul never liked a deal unless he had control. He thought Dorothy's career was his deal.

It was the biggest decision Dorothy had ever faced. Her mother wasn't there to help her decide. She asked her 16-year-old brother, John, without telling him the offer came from PLAYBOY. John, who despised Paul, was suspicious. He told his sister not to go. She drove down to the East End and talked to a friend of her mother's who was like an aunt to her. The talk helped. Dorothy made up her mind. She decided to go to L.A.

III

On Sunday morning, Dorothy flew to Los Angeles. She had never been in a plane before. When the jet took off, she pressed her face to the window, and it was still pressed to the window when she landed at LAX two and a half hours later. A long, black limousine was waiting for her. She had never seen a limousine up close, much less ridden in one. She couldn't believe this was happening to her. The chauffeur tried to make conversation, but Dorothy just got quieter and quieter.

Marilyn Grabowski arrived at the Playboy Building on Sunset Boulevard just as Dorothy's limousine was pulling up. As impressed as Marilyn had been with Ken Honey's test shooting, she wasn't prepared for the real thing.

"Dorothy was very blonde and very tall. She wore a simple but quite smashing black jump suit," Marilyn remembers. "My first impression, as she got out of the limousine, was that this was not an unusual experience for her. As I walked up to her and introduced myself, I realized I was wrong. I remember thinking: Here is a very young woman playing grownup. Her vulnerability drew an immediate, protective response from me.

"We went into my office and chatted while we waited for Mario Casilli to arrive. Actually, I chatted. Dorothy hardly said a word except in response to direct questions. I certainly didn't see any of the unique personality that would emerge in the months ahead. But whatever her inner feelings were, there was always that wonderfully engaging smile."

Mario and Dorothy spent the afternoon shooting at his studio in a converted public-library building in Altadena, a suburb of Los Angeles. Dorothy wrote in her journal: "I was a little shy standing stark-naked in front of a stranger, but after a while, I became more relaxed and got into it. I could even say it was fun." She napped on the drive back into L.A.

Marilyn had asked Casilli to return Dorothy to her office after the photo session. Dorothy would be staying at the Guest House of Playboy Mansion West. Because of her shyness, Marilyn wanted to accompany her there and help with introductions.

"The big iron gates slowly opened," Dorothy would write, remembering her first visit to the Playboy Mansion. "The scenery was incredible. There was a forest surrounding the winding drive. Then I saw the Mansion. I had never seen anything so huge. I felt like I had just walked into a storybook." The Mansion is a gothic castle on a wooded hill, with marble statuary, fountains, waterfalls. There is even a wishing well. Dorothy in Oz about to meet the Wizard.

It was late Sunday afternoon, a time when Hefner and his friends customarily gather for an afternoon buffet, to be followed by a movie in the spacious Living Room. Several dozen guests were already on hand, mingling at the bar and at tables on the poolside patio.

Dorothy met three Playmates who were also staying in the Mansion Guest House. She also met Hefner's social secretary, Joni Mattis, a former Playmate who has worked for Playboy for 20 years.

Hefner appeared, wearing pajamas and a tailored robe. He held a pipe in one hand and a Pepsi in the other. He worked his way slowly through the crowd, greeting guests and talking casually with friends.

Marilyn introduced him to Dorothy. Hef thought she was poised and pretty. Her nervousness didn't show. She remembered later: "As I was shaking his hand, I thought my knees were going to go out from under me. He was the first famous person I had ever met." He didn't act like a celebrity, she decided. "He was a human being. He had hands and arms and legs and a face just like everyone else. It took me a while to get over that."

Dorothy was introduced to Patrick Curtis, a former child actor (*Leave It to Beaver*), now a producer, who was once married to Raquel Welch. Marilyn had a dinner engagement elsewhere. She asked Patrick to look after Dorothy that evening. Recently divorced again and lonely, Curtis was delighted. He guided Dorothy through the buffet line and sat with her during dinner. Afterward he took her on a tour of the property. On a secluded path in the redwood forest that covers one side of the estate, he moved to kiss her. "I told him I wasn't there for that purpose," Dorothy would record. "He smiled and we walked back up to the house. There was a movie playing in the Living Room. We started to watch it. The day seemed like a lifetime by then. I was so exhausted I asked Patrick to walk me to my room. He did and said good night at the door and I was soon into sweet

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dreams, awaiting the morning."

Dorothy spent all day Monday shooting with Mario. She decided he was "the sweetest man in the world." Marilyn told her at the end of the day that her appearance as a Playmate was assured. They would need at least two weeks to complete principal photography for her centerfold and the picture story that went with it.

Dorothy flew home to Vancouver on Tuesday—"Maybe I was leaving a dream or maybe I had just started walking into one"—to try to arrange a leave of absence from B.C. Tel. The company would allow her only a week, and that wasn't enough time. Her excitement irritated Paul. "I think he got a little jealous and maybe he was worried," she decided. Dorothy had another difficult decision to make, and again she made it herself. She quit her job and returned to L.A. on Thursday.

"So I lived at Hugh Hefner's Mansion for three weeks, and worked with Mario almost every day." The hardest part was posing for the centerfold, shot with a stationary 8 x 10 camera in a studio. The photographer disappears behind the camera, lights are adjusted, make-up improved, accessories changed, poses modified. The process is long and often tiring, but Dorothy rarely complained. She seemed to enjoy the challenge.

The small-camera sessions were pure pleasure, with Dorothy changing poses almost as rapidly as Mario could shoot them. "We had a lot of good times while we worked," she said. "We made each other laugh."

Casilli thought she enjoyed being photographed. She reminded him of a little girl playing make-believe. Secret dreams and fantasies, long locked inside her, found expression in front of the camera. With training this girl could be a damn good actress, Mario thought.

On her first morning at the Mansion, Dorothy had felt uneasy with the casual nudity of the other Playmates dressing in the Guest House. At breakfast it had taken a long time for her to work up enough courage to give her order to a butler. But within a week, a different Dorothy began to emerge—more confident, more outgoing and very much at home in this new environment.

"I was living a wonderful life in the warm sunshine," she wrote in her journal, "being catered to 24 hours a day, butlers to feed me, maids to clean my room. I could have anything I wanted and more.

"Usually, when I got home, I ate and went straight to bed. Sometimes I would stay up for a while and talk to Hef and his friends in the Living Room or play pinball in the Game House with the girls. On Friday and Sunday nights there was a buffet and movie. Friends would come over and visit and have a good time."

Paul Snider phoned constantly. He called Dorothy; he called Marilyn Grabowski; he called Mario. He called two, three and sometimes four times a day. He couldn't understand why the photography was taking so much time. He was suspicious; he thought someone must be doing a number on Dorothy's head. He asked Mario how she liked it there. Mario told him he thought she was more excited by the limousine that drove her to and from his studio each day than anything else. When Mario and his crew took Dorothy to Vancouver in early September to shoot on location, Paul met them at the airport with a rented limousine. "You guys take a cab," he told Mario. "The limousine is for Dorothy and me."

Dorothy told Nellie that she was modeling. She didn't tell her yet that she was modeling for PLAYBOY. She didn't think her mother would approve.

After Mario left Vancouver, with her Playmate appearance confirmed, Paul told Dorothy he wanted to get married. She hesitated; she wasn't certain she was ready to marry yet. But Paul persisted and she agreed to an engagement.

Patrick Curtis had become a good friend. He'd shown Dorothy around L.A. while she was there and she had lived for a brief time at his house. Now she called him from Vancouver. Could she and her boyfriend stay at his house until they found an apartment? Patrick, who imagined Paul to be someone special if Dorothy loved him, agreed. When they arrived, he was appalled at the pushy, crude hustler who moved in with her. Curtis was happy that he was kept away by business much of the time they were there. The couple stayed two months, and in all the time they lived with him, Patrick never saw any sign of genuine affection between them.

The decision on the 25th Anniversary Playmate was made in mid-September. From several thousand candidates, the choices finally came down to two stunning women: Candy Loving and Dorothy. Candy was chosen because she was a senior in public relations at the University of Oklahoma, and better able to handle the promotional responsibilities that went with the title.

Dorothy, who shortened her name to Stratten for professional reasons, was scheduled to appear as the August 1979 Playmate. By then, it was felt, she would have enough poise and self-confidence to appear before the public and the press.

Hefner first met Snider at a Halloween costume party at the Mansion. Hef hadn't seen Dorothy since her return to L.A. and he greeted her warmly. She introduced him to Paul. They were an incongruous couple. She a shimmering angel in white satin. He, several inches shorter even in lifts, was dressed as a pimp. Hefner was appalled.

He was concerned enough about the relationship to have Snider checked out with the Vancouver police, but they had nothing on him in their computers.

Dorothy went to work as a Bunny in the Los Angeles Playboy Club in November. She wanted to study acting, hoping for a career. Patrick Curtis sent her to an agent friend who gave her the names of three teachers. Meet with all three, he advised, and go with the one you like the best. Dorothy and Paul chose Richard Brander, whose class of ten met twice weekly in Sherman Oaks.

Brander found vulnerability under Dorothy's obvious sexual appeal, vulnerability that reminded him of Marilyn Monroe. He thought Dorothy had star quality. She learned quickly; she could learn to act. Brander was surprised to discover that Paul had talent, too, but Paul wasn't interested in acting. He confessed that he came to class only to watch over Dorothy.

Paul and Dorothy took a small apartment in Westwood. To help with the rent, they asked a young actress they'd met in class named Molly to share the apartment with them. She agreed. A devout Lutheran, Molly blessed the apartment when they moved in.

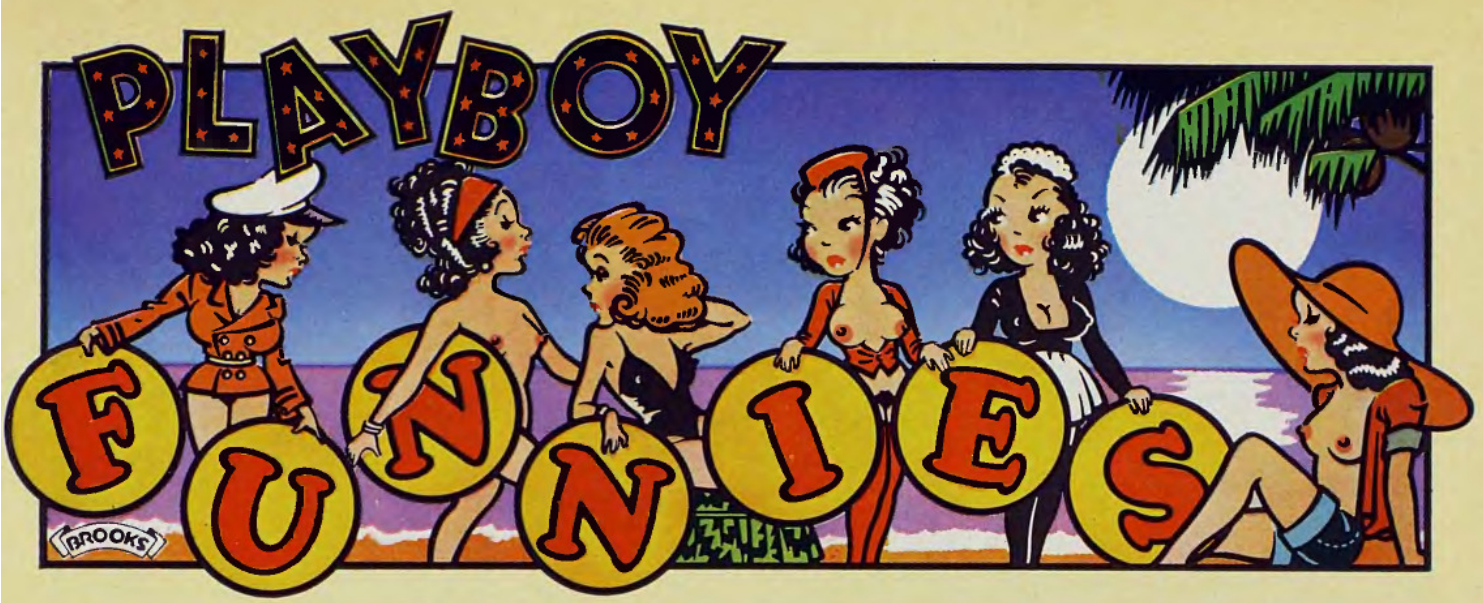
Paul didn't look for work. He was too busy planning new deals. But nothing he touched worked out. He came close once in a scheme that involved a West Los Angeles disco called Chippendales. He approached manager Steve Banarjee with a promotion. Disco was dying, and Banarjee was ready to try anything. Paul got his idea from Misty's, a club in Vancouver: male strippers for female audiences. He supplied the strippers in exchange for the admission proceeds; Banarjee took the bar business.

To Banarjee's surprise, women mobbed the place. But he and Snider soon had a falling out. In the past, Snider's business partners invariably wound up losers, but this time it was Paul who got stuck—netting only a few hundred dollars after expenses.

Dorothy was earning money from her part-time job as a Playboy Club Bunny. Paul spent it. It worried her to have to support them both. She and Molly would go home in the middle of the day and Paul would still be sleeping. Or they'd find him lying on the couch, watching TV with the drapes drawn. He kept the apartment dark, even in the daytime. Other times he'd be on the phone for what seemed like hours, talking new deals. He was pushing wet-T-shirt contests, wet-underwear contests, a "handsomest man in L.A." contest. But nothing was working.

Paul constantly bullied Dorothy and routinely berated her. When she wasn't

(continued on page 216)



REG'LAR RABBIT

by E N O S

HI-JINX
"AMPS IN HIS PANTS"
BY GRAY MORROW
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Z-Z-Z-T!
SMASH!
FROG FOOD
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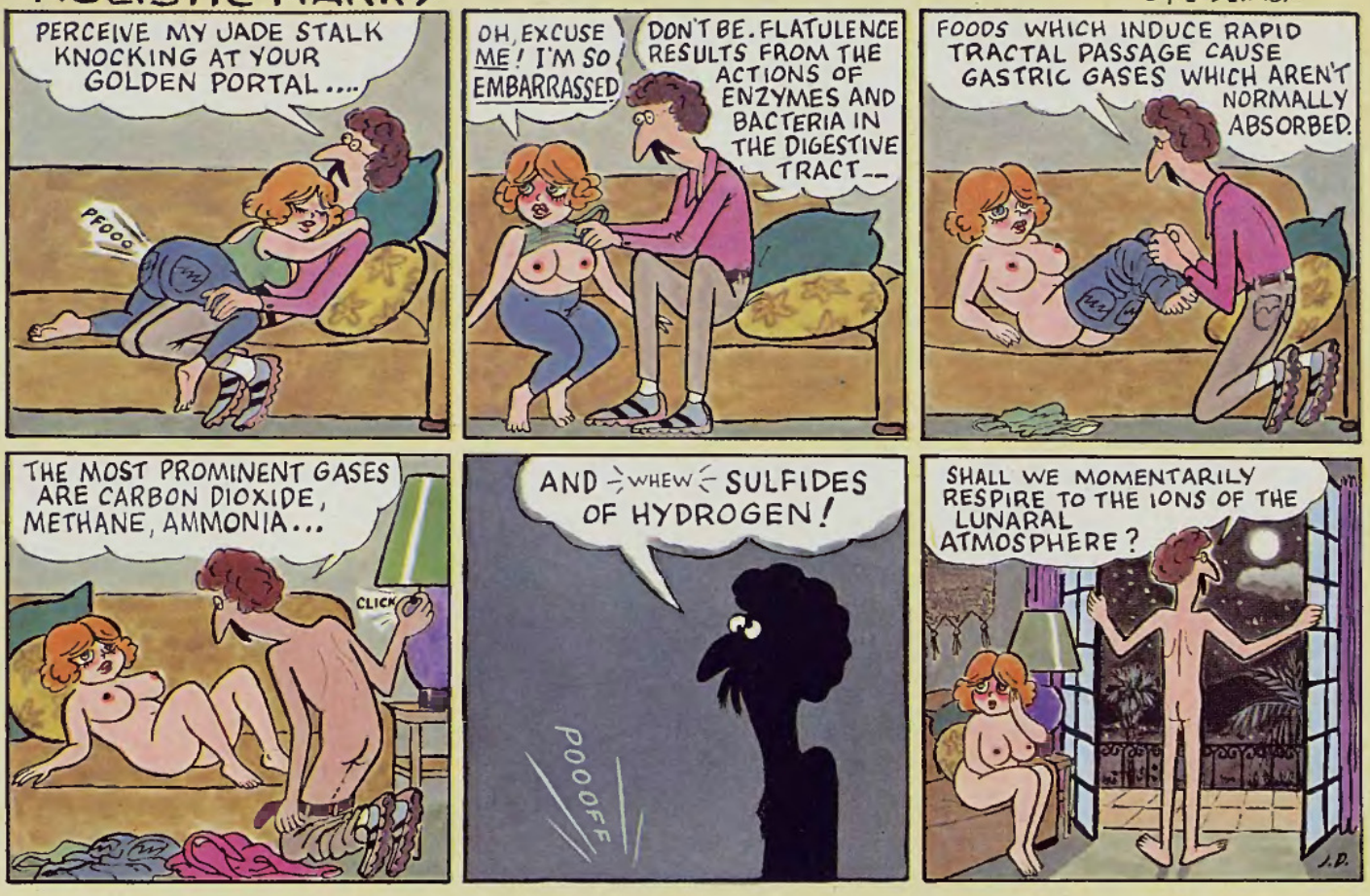
SLAM!
ZIP!

HOLISTIC HARRY

By J. Delmar



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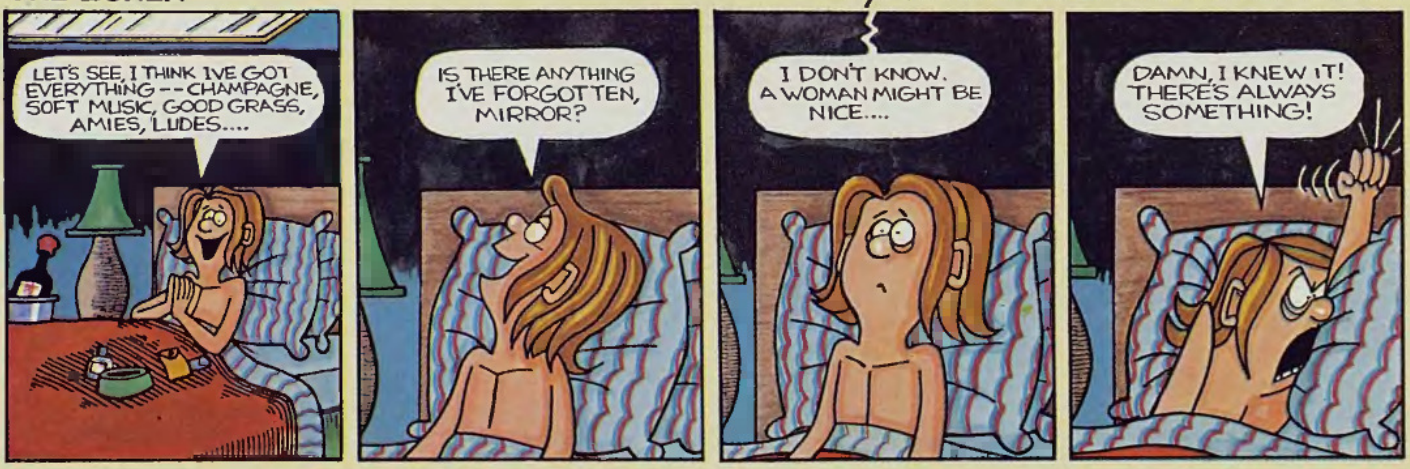

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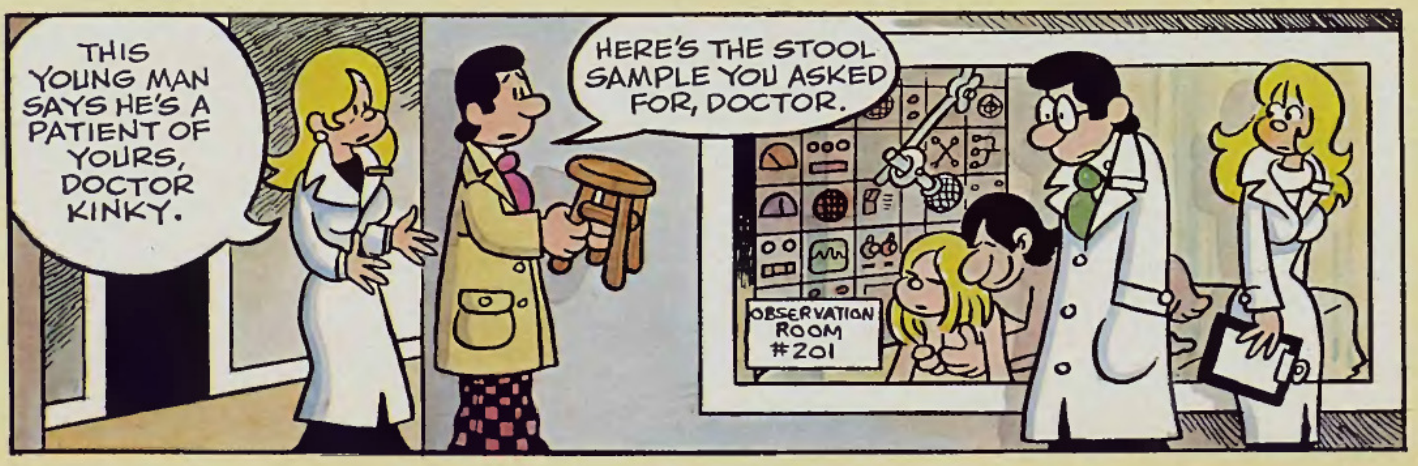

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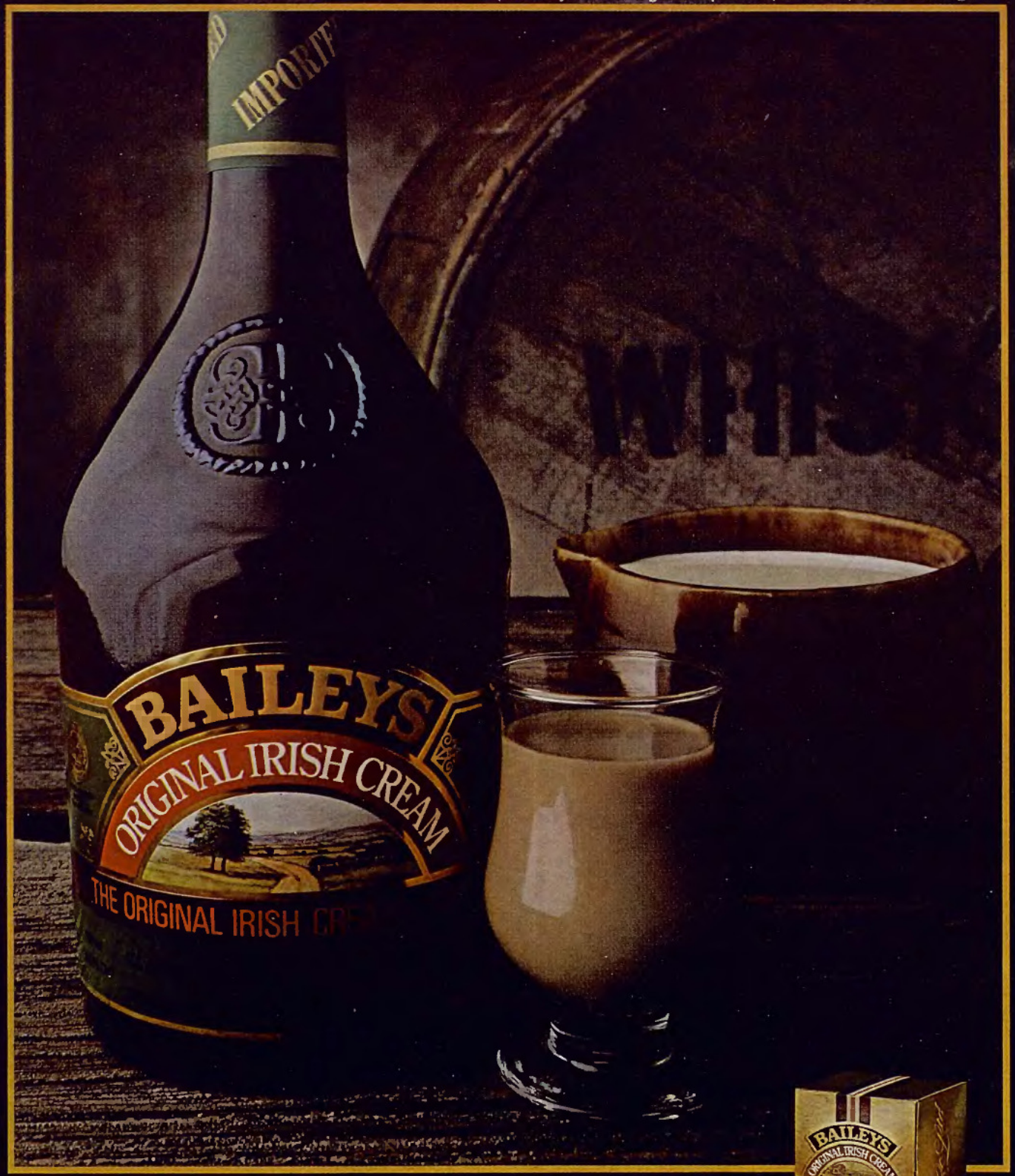

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"'She's leaving her husband and I'm leaving my wife, and everything's going to be like it was.'"

married Calvin, and now 17 years had flashed by like nothing at all.

"We've got a condo in Vero," she said, "and one in Aspen, and last year we went skiing at Sundance and Lisa had her picture taken with Robert Redford."

"Lisa?" Bubba asked in a flat voice.

"My daughter," she said, showing us another picture. "That's her with her Arabian stallion. She loves horses."

She showed us the rest of the house. We stood for a moment at the door of Calvin's study, like visitors at a museum looking into one of those rooms closed off with a velvet rope. Calvin had a collection of beer cans, one from every country in the world; a pair of expensive shotguns; and a lamp shade made of PLAYBOY centerfolds. I had already noticed his radar-equipped bass boat in the driveway.

In the bedroom, she slid back the closet door and showed us her $500 Italian shoes. Bubba just looked at her and said, "You know you broke my heart, don't you?"

"Oh, Bubba, don't say that. It sounds so horrible. And, anyway, how could I know you cared that much? Look here."

She took from under her costly shoes the old high school yearbook; and there, on the same page, were their pictures. Their faces were soft and unformed but shining with a sort of light. Bubba had a flattop with "fenders"—long on the sides and short on the top. Over his face he had written, in blue ballpoint pen: "Had a lot of good times with you and hope to see more of you next year. Bubba."

"Couldn't you have said more than that?" she asked, tears in her eyes. "How was I to know I was so important to you?"

"In those days," Bubba said, "you won the game of love by pretending you didn't care. Yeah, that's all we thought love was, a game. But it turned out to be a more serious game than we thought."

At this point, I left the room, phoned a cab and went back to the Holiday Inn. I don't think they missed me. It rained, and there I spent the rest of the afternoon watching *Return to Earth*, a TV movie about the life of an astronaut, and drinking Jack Daniel's. Later, Bubba came back. "Well, big brother," he said, "it's all settled. She's leaving her husband and I'm leaving my wife, and everything's going to be like it was." He'd been walking around in the rain and his clothes were soaked.

But I was skeptical that Bubba could so easily turn back the clock. Now that he'd become a star, he thought anything was possible. To me, he was like that astronaut who'd achieved his boyhood dream and went to the moon; but sooner or later, he had to come back down to earth and be an ordinary person like the rest of us. On the plane home, Bubba turned to me and said, "Big brother, I'm going to tell you something. You're the only one who'll understand."

"Yes, Bubba?"

"My whole life, I've felt like I was in the wrong body or something. But when I'm Elvis . . . I got it right. I'm the person I should have been, the person I've always known I could be."

Now it struck me that this was what Bobby Joe Pitts, the would-be transsexual, had said. Like Bubba, he only felt like himself when he was somebody else.

"Do you know what I'm saying?" Bubba whispered, holding my shoulder in an iron grip.

Yes, I knew. At the best moments of my life—when I hit a good golf shot or had a woman I adored—I felt like someone else. A version of me, maybe, but a version that was to Ross Moody what a Cadillac Eldorado was to a Ford Pinto. I doubted you could totally become that perfect version of yourself. Bubba felt that way now, but he could not be El Tex As for the rest of his life.

But that was the happiest I ever saw Bubba. On this flight, we had, instead of a stewardess, a male flight attendant. Ordinarily, Bubba would have made some sarcastic comment; but on that day, he seemed at peace with himself. I slept most of the way, but once I woke up. Bubba, in the hollow roar of the cabin, was looking through the porthole and smiling down at the dark world below.

•

When he broke the news to his wife, Jan, she knew just how to take it: like Jill Clayburgh in that movie about the New York woman, nodding, her eyes closed, finishing his sentences for him.

"And so," he said, "I am going to——"

"Move out. All right, buster, go ahead. Do yourself a big favor."

They were standing in the den, and she poked through the big glass bowl on top of the television set full of matchbooks from every restaurant they'd ever been to.

"You'd just better get yourself a good lawyer," she told him.

The strange thing, he said, was that she seemed almost glad. Here it was, the crisis predicted so often. Now she would learn to think of herself and be happy (like Rhoda once she got rid of that slob, Joe), maybe even write a book. The possibilities were endless.

"There is one more thing," Bubba said. "Here is a list of our close friends whom I do not want you to sleep with, as they would be laughing at me behind my back."

"Thank you," she said. "I know just what to do with it."

She slept with the first one, Bubba's boss at the Prudential, that very night; and spent the rest of the week working her way down the list.

Nancy Jo also left Calvin Sloate but, on the advice of a girlfriend, went to a therapist, and the first thing he did was tell her not to make any more sudden moves.

She phoned Bubba and said, "I'm living in an apartment complex with plastic ivy on the walls. There's nobody here but kids; and my lawyer says I won't get any kind of settlement, since I moved out. Bubba, I'm having second thoughts."

So Bubba sped down to Houston, even though he was starting another tour in a few days. Nancy Jo wouldn't see him right away: She had to look through her appointment book and set a date. When they finally got together, all she would do was talk for hours. She had a whole new vocabulary and she wouldn't drink bloody marys anymore, just white wine and something called Amaretto, which Bubba said tasted like Log Cabin syrup.

She was changing, slipping away; but Bubba was desperate to prove he could accept her under any conditions. He went to see her therapist himself and even took her to a Woody Allen movie.

•

I didn't see Bubba for months. At the end of his tour, he phoned from Abilene and asked if I'd come down. I found him that night at the Cross Plains Motel, a real dump.

His appearance shocked me: He'd gained maybe 40 pounds. He said, "Did you bring your little black bag?"

"Yeah. What for?"

"You got any speed in it?"

I was offended and told him to forget it. He said it was hard for him to keep his weight down, being on the road and all and eating nothing but junk food. But I wouldn't be talked into it. Then I went right into the john and flushed all my pills down the toilet.

When I came back out, Bubba was talking to Floyd, who had his hair dyed red. I sat down and noticed my chair had a Rocking R brand on the arm. It was Roy Rogers furniture, probably bought for some kid 30 years ago, and it had ended up here in this terrible motel. For the first time, I glimpsed the sadness of being on the road singers talk about, and thought it was getting to Bubba.

Floyd said he had a girl for Bubba. "Tell her I'll meet her in one hour,"

Bubba said. "The usual conditions."

The conditions under which Bubba met his fans were these: They had to be between the ages of 35 and 45, they had to provide their own car and they had to park on a dirt road on the edge of town. When Bubba appeared in the Eldorado, they flashed their lights if it was safe. Then Bubba parked and came ahead on foot, bringing his own bottle.

I thought this was a foolish, adolescent thing to do, and told him so.

"You know, big brother," he said, "I feel sorry for you. You been fooling around with women's private parts for so long you've forgotten what they're for."

Like everything Bubba said, there was some truth to this. In my years as a gynecologist, I'd examined most of the girls I'd worshiped in high school, and it meant less than nothing to me. It made me wonder about my choice of profession.

"When are you playing Las Vegas?" I asked him.

"Colonel Parker says I'm not ready for Vegas. I need one more thing to put me over the top—plastic surgery, so I'm identical to Elvis. 'Course, there'll be no goin' back—but it's worth it if it gets me to Caesars Palace."

"No," I said. "No, Bubba. You can't do that."

"Why not?"

I couldn't exactly say, but I was thinking: If he loses his face, he loses himself.

"Bobby Joe Pitts decided not to," I said.

"Bobby Joe Pitts?"

"You know. The plastic surgeon told him he should try living like a woman. Well, he joined a women's group, and now he's changed his mind. He says he thought men were boring, but women have the most boring conversations in the world."

This got my brother furious. "Are you comparing me to some miserable little pervert? Christ, Bobby Joe . . . why, he wore a brassiere under his football jersey the whole senior year. And we thought he was joking!"

"Will Nancy Jo love you if you don't have your own face?"

He took a pistol out of the desk drawer, a Colt Python, and spun it around his finger and said, "Nancy Jo doesn't know what she wants. Last time I talked to her, she said she wanted space. I said, 'Hell, you can have all the space you want, once we're married.'" He aimed the pistol at the television screen, where Elvis was singing to Ann-Margret. It was a reshowing of *Viva Las Vegas* on cable TV.

"His voice sorta went to pieces, didn't it?" Bubba said. "Frankly, I think I'm better now than he ever was."

"Bubba, put down that gun."

"Come on," he said. "I'm going to get some nooky."

So Floyd drove us out to the edge of town, where we parked on a dirt road and could see ahead, dimly, the outline of another car.

"She's not flashing her lights," Floyd said. "It must not be safe yet."

I rolled down the window. There was a full moon that night and I thought I could hear the distant yip of coyotes.

When I mentioned it, Floyd said, "Ain't no more coyotes in this county. Farmers wiped them out with traps and poisoned bait."

Still, I thought I could hear them, as I had on so many nights when we'd driven out on Red River Road.

"Do you have to do this, Bubba? What about Nancy Jo?"

"A man's got to get his satisfaction. And if you can't be near the one you love, love the one you're near."

The headlights of the other car flashed.

Bubba opened the door.

"Don't go, Bubba."

"You know, big brother," he said, "you ought to come with me. It would do you good to see how those ladies give me all that good X-rated sex they been holding out on their husbands all these years." He came around and opened my door. "Just stand outside and listen. She won't mind. Thrill to the days of yesteryear, big brother. Come along with me and I'll show you how good that low-rent lovin' can still be."

And, God help me, I did. My heart was pounding, but I stepped out of the car and followed my brother down that road in the moonlight.

"You know, Bubba, you are a devil. You have the damnedest way of getting people to do what you want."

"Don't I know it?"

"You were right about me being a gynecologist and all. Somehow, I lost interest in women. It just slipped away from me like everything else."

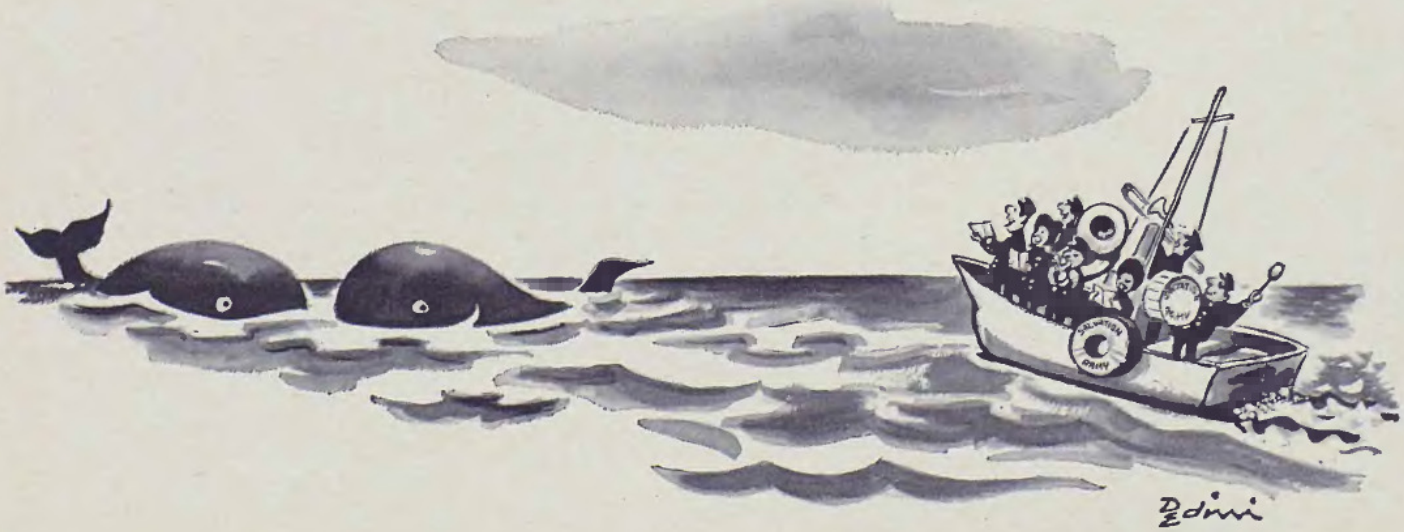
"The things closest to you go first," he said. "They slip away so softly you don't notice. You wake up one morning the stranger in a strange land."

"You're right," I said. "But women are . . . everything."

"Yeah, verily, good buddy."

"Sex may be the secret of American life. In fact, I see now. . . ."

But I don't know what I saw, for what happened next drove everything out of my head. The headlights of the car came on, blinding us, and we heard a male voice say, "Try to screw my wife, will you, you sons of bitches! I'll kill you!" Then a shotgun went off and I heard the shot rip through the air right over our heads. The car was rolling toward



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Drake. In oats, also brown, camel, black and white.

us and Bubba and I were running back down the road.

"The fence, big brother," Bubba shouted, "hit for the fence." And I dove under it, the barbed wire tearing the coat right off my back. Then we were stumbling through the prickly pear, the shotgun still going off and one pellet stinging the back of my neck like a yellow jacket.

Bubba grabbed me and threw me down. The car stopped and a spotlight probed around until it found us. Bubba leaped up, his fists balled, a foolhardy, magnificent sight. I thought: This is the end of your life, Ross.

Then we heard Floyd laughing and barking like a dog. "Come out, come out, wherever you are, Elvis."

It was all a big joke.

Bubba picked up a clod and threw it at the car, but Floyd only laughed harder. The band had been in on it—I could hear them laughing, too. My face was scratched and my palms were full of cactus thorns, and I could feel cold air on my back where my jacket had been ripped off.

Bubba climbed over the fence and threw himself at Floyd. They circled in the headlights, Bubba throwing wild punches and Floyd dodging them, shouting, "Shitfire and save matches, Bubba. Can't you take a joke?"

"Joke! We coulda been hurt running around in that goddamned cactus patch."

"Oh, hell, you're just pissed off 'cause we pulled that same trick on you in high school. I never thought you'd be stupid enough to fall for it twice."

That stopped Bubba. "All right," he said. "So I did. But this time it wasn't funny. We're grown men now, not high school kids."

Floyd kept laughing.

"All right, Floyd, you're fired. That's right. I'm giving you notice."

Somebody from the band stepped forward and said he thought Bubba was being too harsh, and Bubba fired him, too. He looked around and said, "Anybody else?"

Then everybody said it was fine with them; they were getting fed up with Bubba, anyway. There were some bitter words. It ended up with us going back to the motel and them going off to a honky-tonk to get drunk.

On the way back, Bubba began wondering where he was going to get another band. His troubles were multiplying and he said, "Maybe I should just shoot myself."

"Don't talk that way, Bubba."

At the motel, the television was still on, nothing showing on the screen now but snow. I went into the bathroom, threw my torn jacket in the trash can and started putting iodine on the scratches on my face. The shot lifted me right off the floor.

He was sitting on the bed, holding the pistol. The television was exploded, a bullet through the picture tube. "I always wanted to know how he felt when he did that," Bubba said. "Now I know."

•

Things went downhill fast after that. My brother never found another band. The bookings dried up and Colonel Parker lost interest. The IRS was now investigating Bubba's income taxes and, in the middle of it all, he got a Dear John letter from Nancy Jo saying she'd fallen in love with her psychiatrist.

He went down to Houston with the idea of confronting her but, instead, went to Calvin Sloate's house. Calvin himself answered the door and Bubba said, "I'm the son of a bitch who ran off with your wife."

"I know," Calvin said. "You're Bubba Moody. Come on in and let's let it all hang out."

Bubba, feeling numb all over, walked into Lisa's room. She was lying on her bed under a John Travolta poster.

"Your mother doesn't love me anymore," he said.

"I know. I think she's making a big mistake."

"You're the closest thing to her, the way she once was," Bubba said. "You're beautiful."

"Thanks, Bubba. I like your looks, too."

"Will you marry me?"

"Are you serious?"

"Dead serious," he said, and kissed her on her teenage lips.

When he turned around, Calvin was standing in the door.

•

Bubba phoned from Houston and said he'd been shot in the leg. It was nothing serious—Calvin had used a .22 target pistol. Before I left, I went over to tell Jan, who'd just gotten back from a trip to Las Vegas with Harley Otis. When I got there, she was gluing silver dollars to the top of the coffee table.

"Look here at all the money I won," she said. "Seems like my luck just won't quit."

When she heard about Bubba, she said, "That's his problem. All that's behind me now. I'm starting over."

She disappeared into the kitchen and I was left alone with the television. Tom Snyder was interviewing a judge in California who'd started divorcing 50 people in a group. There were no lawyers required, he just asked everyone if they had irreconcilable differences. When they said they did, he pronounced them divorced and they headed for the door. The men moved slowly, but the women were smiling and hopeful, and I thought how much better women seemed to adjust to modern life. "So would you say this is . . . the coming thing?" Tom Snyder asked, and the judge said it was.

"Notice anything different?" she said, coming back into the room.

"No. Is your hair shorter?"

She told me she'd had silicone injections. "Come on, Ross, you know my breasts always drooped."

"No, Jan. I've never noticed."

She put down her glass of white wine and lay on the floor. "See? They're nice and hard. They're the same standing up or laying down. They're just like doorknobs."

"I honestly can't tell the difference, Jan."

She leaned so close I could feel her breath on my cheek. "Go ahead and put your hand on them. I don't mind. Feel the difference for yourself."

I excused myself and drove home, the whole side of my face burning like I'd stood too close to a hot stove.

•

So Bubba never got his plastic surgery or a trip to Las Vegas (although his wife did). He ended up driving a truck again, but to me he seemed happier, and I found I enjoyed knowing him more than I had since we were kids. He still, however, had his problems with the IRS, and one night, in the dead of that winter, he tapped on my patio doors. We sat outside, in the darkness, while my wife watched *Family Feud*. (She seemed to draw strength from that program: She never missed it.)

"The Government lawyers are coming Monday," Bubba said, "and I'm liable to do a couple of years in prison."

I told him I'd lend him money, but he said after the divorce he couldn't face going to court again.

"Let's take one last ride out Red River Road," he said, "in case I never see it again."

So we took a six-pack and drove out and parked on the edge of town, where the pumping jacks rose and fell in the fields on either side.

"You know," he said, "Elvis himself couldn't make it today. Everything today glorifies the loser, the person who can't help himself. Someone like me doesn't stand a chance. Yeah, it's the decade of the loser; and it's the losers who did me in. Come on, big brother, let's go ride those pumping jacks."

So we did. He could always talk me into anything. He sat on one end and I on the other, hanging on for dear life, and we rose and fell like two kids on a gigantic seesaw.

"Well, if that's the way this country's going to be," he shouted over the roar of the diesel, "they can have it. I want no part of it. I'll go right on, trying to do the impossible. Look, big brother," he said, reaching over his head as the pumping jack rose, "I can touch the moon."

Then he fell off. I thought he was dead. But he groaned and threw up in

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the weeds, and I cleaned him off as best I could.

"We'd better go home, Bubba," I said.

"He never died," Bubba said. "Not really."

"He did die, Bubba. Of a heart attack. We've all got to get older and die."

"No, big brother. I'll let you in on a secret. You and I are going to be the first people in history who don't."

•

The men from the IRS came on Monday, but Bubba was gone. Floyd, who was now back with the highway patrol, found his truck parked by the side of the road near Electra. There'd been lots of UFO sightings the night before. A farmer near Bowie found his cows dead, emptied out; nothing left of them but horns, hooves and hide, and not a drop of blood on the ground, either. The lights of Bubba's truck were still on, and his C.B. radio, the key turned to SEND. Floyd found one footprint in the sandy soil just the other side of the fence, apparently headed for a strange depression in the ground, where all the grass was dead. It made the front page of the papers, and the sermon that Sunday was "A Close Encounter with Your God."

•

Then things got more or less back to normal here in north Texas. Bobby Joe Pitts started a marriage-counseling service. He saw himself as someone who'd known the problem from both sides, a sort of Kissinger in the war between the sexes. Harley Otis got a divorce and married Jan, but it wasn't long before she showed up at Stolen Hours, a new bar for housewives where they could drink all afternoon, watch the soaps and perhaps have a casual affair. Floyd forgot his grudge against Bubba and we spent several nights talking about all that had happened. "I'll tell you one thing," he said. "Your brother was the most remarkable person ever born around here."

In October, I finally made love to Nadine MacAfee. But we both discovered that what we had looked forward to for so long took only moments to do, and, naturally, this was a disappointment. We parted friends, but it confirmed my idea that the past is a closed book: You don't tamper with it.

But that night I couldn't sleep, and long after they played the national anthem on television, and showed the airplane and the prayer, I was still pacing the floor and feeling like a ghost. Then the phone rang.

"Hello, big brother."

For a moment, I couldn't see or speak. "I just wanted to let you know," Bubba said, "that I was still on the planet Earth. In fact, I'm in Globe, Arizona."

"It's good to hear your voice, Bubba."

"It's good to hear yours. Hey, this is great country out here. Leaving that town was the best thing I ever did." He told me he was working as a disc jockey, but he had big plans: There was an old, abandoned drive-in out on the edge of town, and he was going to renovate it and call it Bubba's Fifties Burger.

"You know," he said. "Carhops on roller skates, neon lights and, on the jukebox, some of that great old rock 'n' roll."

"Better keep a low profile, Bubba. You're still a wanted man."

"Don't worry about that," he said. "The road's right out my back door. And if I have to split, well, that won't be so bad, either. If there's a prettier sight than an American blacktop road goin' nowhere in the moonlight, I don't know what it is."

There was a click, then nothing but echoes along 1000 miles of telephone cable.

Well, goddamn. I took three or four shots of Jack Daniel's and did a sort of dance out there on my patio, hopping around under the stars. Then I got in the car to go tell Floyd the good news: that the King was still with us.

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COMPUTER REVOLUTION

(continued from page 126)

the drones the computer people say we're going to have to learn to live with. It's an impressive-looking piece of hardware. You wouldn't be surprised to find it sitting on the command deck of the Starship Enterprise. It looks powerful, well designed, clean and efficient. The model I was privileged to experiment with came with a cassette drive, a disc drive and a printer. The printer types at high speed anything you punch into the typewriter keyboard. It also has software, or programs. Software is a disc or a cassette tape that contains the programming for various computer functions. Because I fancy myself a man of letters, the word-processing software seemed a good place for me to begin. But the PET also has software for myriad other uses. It comes with a 400-page owner's manual that rivals any trigonometry textbook I've had the displeasure to look at. But that's mostly for doing your own programming. To operate using prethought-out programs, you simply pop a disc into the disc drive. Then the fun starts.

First you type in the BASIC code:

LOAD"*", 8

That instructs the machine to search the disc until it finds the program you are "loading." This will appear on the screen:

SEARCHING FOR *
LOADING
READY

You then type RUN, which is the BASIC code for "run the program." This appears on the screen:

THE CBM Text Editor
Lines available: 382

Then it asks you a series of questions about how you want the text to be processed:

How many [lines] for main text?
Printer Device #?
Printer: PET, ASCII OR Spinwriter?
Disc Drive Device #?

When those questions are answered, the following appears:

CBM Text Editor
:X:I:S:C:N: C=1 L=1

It is then necessary to tell the computer how you want the page of text to look when it is printed out. The instructions would look like this:

√ lm10:rm70:jul:pp 56:pg 50←

The machine is then set up for you to use.

It is possible in the word-processing mode to insert words into already written text, change paragraphs around, search and replace one word for another, delete sentences, words or whole paragraphs and perform a host of other niceties. Each is accomplished by using equally mysterious commands. That will give you an idea of what you are up

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against. You will, after some time and practice, memorize the various input codes and the process will go fairly quickly. It is, however, essential that every input code be given the way you're supposed to give it and in the order it should be given. Screw up one, or press the wrong button at the wrong time, and you'll be obliged to start all over again. As I said, you've really got to *want* to use the damn thing.

What manner of man would deliberately put himself under that kind of pressure? I talked with several. Most gave every outward appearance of being in control of their faculties. A family man, for instance, told me he had purchased his machine to balance the family books. He hasn't been able to get near the thing. The kids play with it all the time. It seems that children have a bizarre affection for it. It's as new to them as it is to their parents, but then, everything in their lives is new to them. They've not existed long enough to know the natural perfidy of machines. "I bought them educational programs," the man told me, "and they are actually using them. Their grades have improved, anyhow. I never have to remind them to do their homework. Of course, they get a lot of use out of the game cassettes, too."

Of course. What's more fun to play, Space Invaders or Boolian algebra?

Another gentleman, who seemed somewhat on edge, is in the process of recording every aspect of his life. If he loses his credit cards, he has account numbers, current balances and the phone numbers of the cancellation offices. He has the birth dates of all extant relatives, with notations on appropriate remembrances. He can tell you to the penny how much he paid for deodorant last year. Or gas. Or heating oil.

Here, obviously, is a programmer. A renegade at that, since by day he brokers stocks. He had no formal training beyond that which came with his job. He learned by reading and practice on his home equipment. His programming is done at night (presumably with the shades drawn). His mission is simple: "I want to know as much about my life as I possibly can. I want to know what the patterns are. People do that when they buy stocks. They investigate and they wait for a trend to emerge. And they act on that information. I want to do that with my life. There are trends there that must be identified and acted upon.

"You laughed about the deodorant. But insignificant things like that are where the money goes. Add 'em all up and they're not so insignificant. I have a candy bar every day I work. It's just a habit. It costs 25 cents. If I eat one every day for the 50 weeks I work, that's $62.50. Suddenly, that candy bar becomes significant. Not that I say, 'Oh, I've gotta stop eating candy bars,' but I do have a useful piece of information. You know where you stand and where you're likely to go. Sure, you could do it with a calculator or with paper and pencil, but the computer can *analyze* it and you see it in color right on the screen in front of you. Really, when you do it successfully, it's kind of a thrill."

Seeing one's weaknesses itemized in living color may provide thrills for some, but it could prove injurious to the self-indulgent. Especially the enthusiastically self-indulgent. Clearly, though, the home computer can be a boon to some. While checking out a computer at a local shop, I saw an excited old lady coming at me, talking without introduction, as certain old ladies are wont to do, pointing at the machine. "This is it," she said, wagging her finger at the display. "This is just what I needed. I do trees, you know. Genealogy. This will be perfect."

She turned from me and just stared at it. In ecstasy—60ish—and ready to do battle against the forces of revisionism with the latest in high-tech weaponry. It's positively inspirational.

And a little sad. Because few of the people I talked with had the endurance to work out the kind of program she needs. Most relied on preprogrammed systems.

The difficulty of programming has given rise to an all-out battle in the software field. A good program is gold to the computer people. The masochist who developed one of the best chess programs, Microchess, is now a millionaire. It's been estimated that a good program for the strategy board game Othello represents more than a year's work, four to eight hours a day. Since all you need do to rip off somebody's program is type LOAD, it's no wonder piracy is common and a black market has developed. Computer people have taken to putting access codes on their material so it can be read only by those who have the code.

But as valuable as programs, as I alluded to earlier, is information. Just about everything imaginable in terms of raw information has now been converted to computer files. Those libraries, called data bases, have sprung up all over the country. Using a computer and a modem (modulator-demodulator), which amounts to a telephone hookup, you can dial into a data base and your machine will absorb whatever it has in its memory banks. Not surprisingly, you pay for the privilege.

One such public-access data base is called The Source. The Source has in its banks everything from the daily wire services to your horoscope, including movie reviews, market reports and flight schedules. It also has an electronic bulletin board so you can leave a message for a friend across the country, provided he also has a computer, a modem and the price of membership. If you can see

the beginning of electronic mail there, you're not alone.

It's obvious the phone lines will soon be humming with rapidly exchanged information. It's also clear that those who have access will have a decided advantage over those who don't. Picture, for example, a scientist working out a new formula. He wants to know if it will work, so he dials into a scientific data base, where, with a simple code, he calls up the work of other scientists who have pondered the same problem. Now he has the benefit of the other scientists' labors, and he has it in the twinkling of a chip. No more will he have to search through volumes of dusty information in ordinary libraries. He won't even have to leave his laboratory. His information is also up to the minute, not sitting in some publisher's mailbox. If the scientist works for a commercial firm, he has saved it time and money. His "computer literacy" makes him a superemployee.

Let me reiterate: This computer explosion is not science fiction. It is happening now, and it's happening at such an incredible rate of speed that new products are often obsolete before they hit the stores. There is no market for used computers. Nobody wants last year's model. The only saving grace is that any computer you buy will still perform the functions for which you bought it, even though a better or different model comes along. Already, for instance, the computer people have developed voice-synthesizer units that allow the computer to talk and voice-recognition systems that allow you to talk back to it.

Keyboards are gradually being simplified, so it's not necessary to use complex commands for simple functions. Disc technology is being combined with laser technology to allow computers to read new high-capacity metal-surfaced discs faster and more efficiently.

Even the basic microprocessor will soon be changed. The speed with which computers can now operate is dependent on the speed of electric signals. Currently, that's about one third the speed of light. In the complexity of a microprocessing board, that speed adds up quickly, sometimes to seconds. We obviously can't wait seconds for something to happen. So a British scientist named Brian Josephson has developed superconducting circuits that make ultrahigh-speed switching between transistors possible. The Josephson Junction switches will allow computers to be made both faster and smaller, because they do not generate as much heat as ordinary switches, and so can be put closer together. IBM calculates that a Josephson computer seven inches on a side would have all the computing power of one of its top-of-the-line, main-frame computers, such as the 370-168, but could do 70,000,000 instructions a second compared with 3,500,000 for the 370-168. A commercial version of that computer may be on line within ten years. Bet you can't wait.

One group of people who can't wait is the Japanese. If you want to scare the wits out of any American, especially an American businessman, all you have to do is whisper two words into his ear: "Japanese technology." We admire German technology, scoff at Russian technology, ridicule French technology, but deep down, we know that no matter what we produce, the wily Japanese can make it faster, better and cheaper. Already, Japanese-made silicon chips are being touted as having far fewer problems than American chips. The Japanese are organized. Private companies, often backed by matching funds from the government, are focusing the fabled Japanese technological expertise on semiconductor research. They've taken the Josephson Junction one step further by finding a way to manufacture it that not only is simpler but results in a more durable product. The real problem with the device in any configuration is that it will operate only at temperatures approaching absolute zero (−273° centigrade). That much ice is a bit unwieldy, so the smart money in Tokyo is on the Fujitsu company's gallium-arsenide circuits. They don't have to be cold to work. Even at room temperature, they can process at a rate of 20 billion units per second. But if you should cool them a bit, that's OK; they will simply work at twice the speed. Fujitsu is aiming for a switching time of about half that of the Josephson Junction. Its factory should be churning them out by 1983.

The cramming of large amounts of information into very small spaces may seem an esoteric, if not useless, exercise to the untrained eye; but the smaller a computer is, the more portable it is. By the time this technology filters down to home computers, there will be no excuse for anyone not to have his own private drone. Won't it be lovely?

•

How is one *supposed* to react to this influx of drones? What will the impact be on our personal lives, our businesses, our educational system, our pocketbooks? Like any sane neurotic, I went to the head doctors to find out. I talked with two psychologists who are also computer experts. Such a combination is not unusual. The workings of a computer brain can tell us much about its human counterpart. The first was Dr. Herbert Simon of Carnegie-Mellon University. Dr. Simon is a Nobel laureate and the creator of the computer language BACON. He writes books using his home-computer word processor. The second was Peter Frey, a Northwestern University

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psychology professor who writes computer programs for Othello.

Simon, at least, was reassuring enough to work in anybody's psycho ward. The question of psychological adjustment to the drones was addressed first.

He didn't see any real problem in that. "We're going to get used to computers. We got used to Mr. Darwin telling us we weren't different from other species. I don't think we're going to suffer any permanent deflation of our egos from being told that there are nonhuman beings that are pretty good at certain kinds of thinking. It's partly a question of whether we think of ourselves as participants in the whole business or we just think it's being done to us. I don't think we should get upset just because a machine can do arithmetic better than we can. I believe most of us will interact with computers as things that will help us with the tasks we face in our lives. When I get up in the morning, I can use my computer to dial in the A.P. wire, if I want. I don't usually want to, but I can. I don't look at that as imposing on me any more than the newspaper boy is when he throws the paper on the porch."

Will we become dependent on them as we have become on calculators? Why not? says Simon. "If you go to India, you'll find a whole lot of people who can do all kinds of arithmetic in their heads that you wouldn't want to attempt. The reason is that paper and pencils are so scarce people have to learn to do things the hard way. I've never been good at addition, so I'm pleased to have the little pocket calculator to do it for me. I carry one around with me all the time."

One of the major concerns people have about the computer revolution is what it's going to do to our privacy. Will all that information stored in computer banks come back to haunt us? Simon isn't worried. "For as many years as I've been an adult, people have been keeping track of whether I pay my bills. I don't know who it is, but somebody! And they've been keeping it on little scraps of paper somewhere. I've never seen those little scraps. Now they're converting it to computers. I could get real worried about that and say these people are going to invade my privacy, keep a dossier on me, blackmail me! Well, all those are possibilities. And since they are possible, the society should do something about it. For example, the society should regulate what can go into such files and it should regulate what access to them should be allowed. Some such regulations have already been passed not only for private files but for Government files as well. I had the pleasure of getting my FBI record recently just to see what the hell was in it.

"So you could say that things are pretty much the way they've always been. But, no, they've changed in one respect: You can establish some kind of reasonable regulation over what a computer has in its files just because it's so systematic and orderly. But you'd have a heck of a time establishing a comparable regulation over those little scraps of paper. I do think, though, that one of the policies we ought to have with computers is to make sure that on important matters, the information they provide is widely available."

But isn't it likely that a great number of people will find it profitable to circumvent any regulations or restrictions? Computer crime is not unheard of. What kind of safeguards can we adopt? Simon scoffs at the prospect of computer criminality. "Sure, there have been some dandy embezzlements, but there were embezzlements long before computers. Any security professional knows that security is measured in hours. You can keep some things more secure than others, but sooner or later, it all leaks out. Our society is full of games like that. We put bars on windows, but somebody has a saw. We'll have crime with or without computers."

The drones invaded our schools long ago as teacher's helper and as the teacher itself. One nightmare vision has students sitting row upon row, staring blankly at their cathode-ray tubes. We've always held that a certain amount of human contact was beneficial in the learning process. Are these kids going to be alienated from their peers—uncommunicative and withdrawn from the lack of this contact? Simon admits there may be a problem. "We should be concerned about anything that would radically change the balance of close, human, one-on-one contact. But I really don't know of anything that says the socializing effect of sitting in a classroom full of students is any greater or any less than sitting in a classroom with students and computers."

Frey takes a slightly different view. "Young people are going to start growing up in an environment that includes computers as a daily tool. They're going to find it a comfortable thing that they can carry under their arms just as they now carry books. True, if you look at the individuals who have been involved in the development and use of computers, there is a tendency for the introverted personality to be the one that's most comfortable in that environment, as opposed to a person who enjoys interacting with other people. But one of the things you must keep in mind is that the new computer revolution goes hand in hand with the revolution in telecommunications. It may be that we'll have to modify extensively the way we define social interaction. We may be communicating less and less on a face-to-face basis. But there will still be some very rich communications. The meeting of minds will occur but on a different level.

"It's also true that the culture shock may be occurring more rapidly than that associated with the auto or the TV. But take the TV. Everybody has been so upset about the fact that Johnny can't read that no one has taken into consideration the fact that that's the older generation's idea of what it means to be an intelligent person. Anyone who can't read is thought to be uneducated. But what's interesting is that we have a whole generation of people growing up in a television environment and it turns out that's the way they learn about the world. The way they're getting their information is very different from the way a person who's 40 or 50 years old gets his. For them, the book is the ultimate source of knowledge. Yet these young people are very savvy and a large portion of their knowledge comes from the TV.

"The major problem in education right now is that very few institutions have started to restructure the way they impart information. We're trying to force kids to use a horse-and-buggy method when they've already had a chance to ride in a convertible.

"I read recently that in Boston, one out of three kids is not in school. They think they can learn more from the television than they can in school. Johnny probably *can't* read and he can't add, either. But he doesn't need to. There are a lot of skills we have now that are going to be unnecessary in the future. But there are also a lot of skills we have now that we never thought of having. We're going to have to learn to communicate, to educate in a number of ways. We're going to have to modify the basic concept of education. The people on top in the education hierarchy are going to have to scramble to keep up with the people who are coming in to learn or the institution of learning is going to go the way of the dinosaur. After all, the question is, Why should people get together to go to a university when they have computers in their homes hooked up to the Library of Congress through telecommunication devices?"

One of the current catch phrases in computer circles is computer literacy. The implication is that being able to use and talk with a computer will soon be its own exclusive brand of knowledge. The implication is also that a new class will surface among us, a computer class, a new division between the haves and the have-nots. Simon doesn't see the problem as unique. "I don't see this revolution as splitting society into people who have computers and those who don't. You can already divide it into people who have books and people who don't, those who have newspapers

and those who don't, people who talk to their neighbors and people who don't."

Frey, on the other hand, sees far-ranging problems. "There will be culture shock involved for a lot of people. If you're concerned about your economic worth to society, whether you're in journalism, business, education, medicine or whatever, those people who have computer skills are going to be a lot more valuable than people who don't. Those who don't will be like someone on a bike competing with someone in a car. There are going to be more and more problems with people who are uneducated. There may be two classes in the end—a welfare class and those who are productive citizens. The computer will increase even the present dichotomy, because there will be less and less use for unskilled labor."

What's the upshot? Should we all go out and buy ourselves a drone? Simon takes a passive view. "Some people should have them. Some may stay away from them. I, for example, haven't looked at a television in I don't know how long. What we have is another technological alternative in the world that we haven't had before. Just like the steam engine in the last century. On the whole, we'll be a lot better off having a wider range of technological possibilities. I like the world better today than I think I would have liked it before steam engines. And I think our descendants will say the same thing about computers. It'll be a more productive world, there'll be less poverty. Maybe computers will help us better understand how the mind works. I don't think we have any more right to be frightened of another computer's being born in the world than in another person's being born."

Frey's outlook is slightly more ominous. "I think everyone *will* have a computer, not *should*. The price doesn't matter. Just as it was once thought that only the wealthy would have cars, now there is no one who would think of going around without a driver's license. The computer is going to be an indispensable part of our daily life. In a very short time, people are going to be able to communicate with it by voice. They'll call it Charley. 'Charley, what do you know about the market report for today?' 'Charley, what's the weather going to be like?' Individuals will not be decreased in value; they will be increased, because there will be more they can do. As it turns out, there's nothing we can do about these changes. They are going to occur and the question is whether we adjust to them or fall by the wayside. We've already witnessed what can happen in the American auto industry. For years, unions resisted automation, sometimes with sabotage. Now they're going out of business and cars are coming in from Japan, where they had the foresight to deal with the problem years ago."

•

To buy a home computer now is to get in on the ground floor. The home drone is not going to go away. It will be essential that you have some facility for the multitude of products and services that are going to include this technology.

The fact is that anything and everything can be activated with a memory chip. Some new articles will be useful and some will simply be exploitive. Witness the rash of silly products that came after the introduction of the calculator. Have you ever really found a use for that AM/FM calculator pen you bought several years ago? Already, there is a dishwasher on the market that lets you program it up to six hours in advance. Now, there's something we've been waiting for.

If you decide that you want to become a full-fledged collaborator, there are a few things you should know:

• Computers are expensive. They cost anywhere from $200 for the stripped-down model to several thousands for the top-of-the-line drone with all the *peripherals* (modems, printers, drives, etc.).

• Software is expensive, $20–$100 per program disc or cassette.

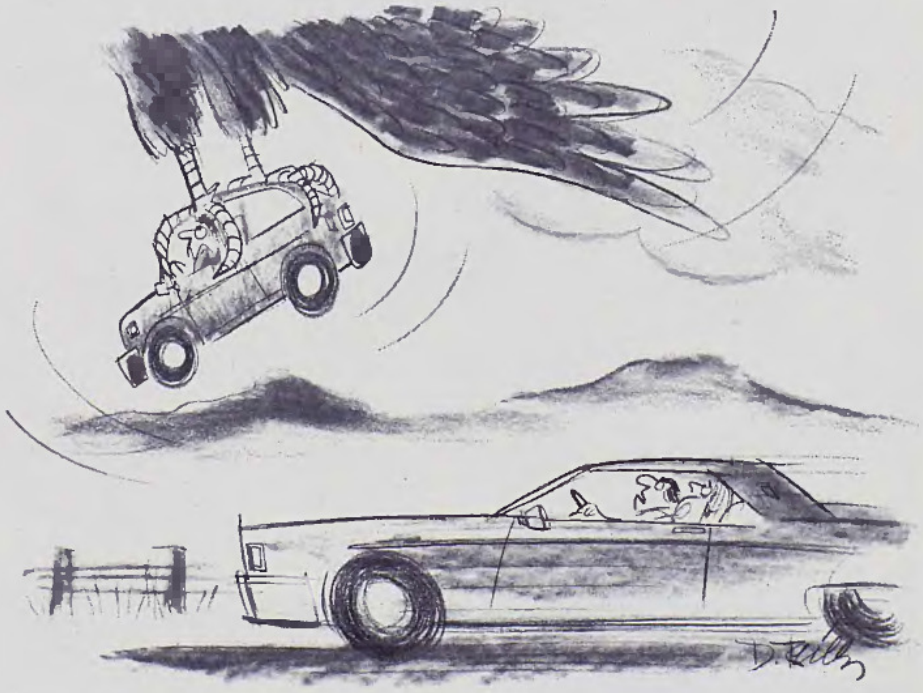
• Repair is expensive. If you liked TV repair, you'll love computer repair. Some of the fastest-growing and highest-paid professions in the world right now are computer programmers and computer-repair people. And fear not; your drone *will* break down.

If you go to look for one, therefore, stay out of department stores. They seldom have the backup personnel to help you. Instead, go to a reputable outlet. Get friendly with someone there. In fact, if your brother-in-law sells computers, buy one from him and then make the bed in the guest room. For the first few weeks after you get your drone, you're going to need someone around to help get the kinks out of it and you.

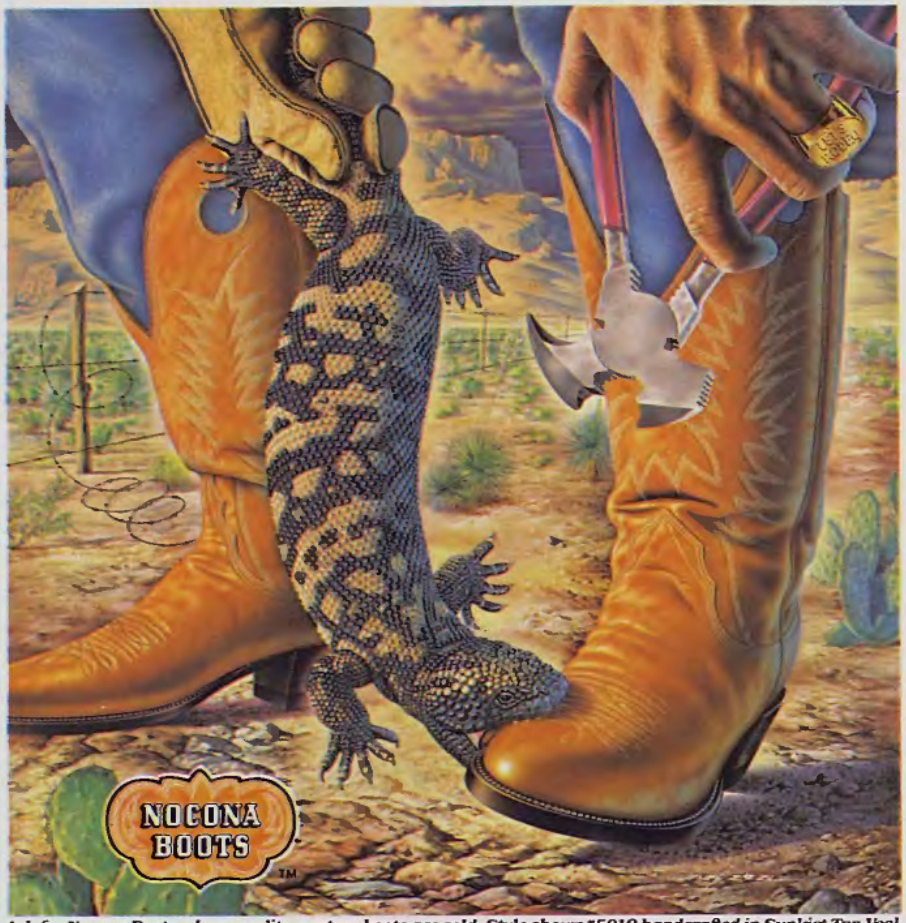
• Before you choose a computer, have in mind some specific use for it. Don't depend on games! It might be word processing, or household accounting, or you might want to dial in a data base. Whatever it is, you can then shop around and *read* around to find the machine that best fits your needs.

• Buy from an established, multifaceted computer company. Right now, there are hundreds of companies operating out of garages. They won't be able to stand the heat in the economic kitchen in the near future. The shakeout should occur sometime in the next couple of years. You don't want to be stuck with a nifty piece of hardware that can no longer be repaired. And you don't want a central processing unit that doesn't interface with new peripherals.

There are still a few battles going on, but the war is technically over. By the end of this decade, the computer revolution will be history. If you're going to survive the occupation, you'll do well to arm yourself now.



"That's just one more reason why I'm always gonna stick with a lot of car."



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GT WEEKEND BOAT

(continued from page 172)

Also take note of the fact that our figures are preliminary and appear to hold substantial potential for improvement. The Wellcraft engineers commented that the lightweight outboards reduced the hull's running angle somewhat, which affected both mileage and top speed. A 100-gallon auxiliary fuel tank will be installed in the vacant engine bay and should provide three payoffs: (1) speeds in the mid-60-mph range, (2) somewhat improved fuel economy, perhaps over 2.5 mpg at 35 mph, and (3) coupled with the present 160-gallon stock fuel tank, a range of nearly 500 miles. Moreover, further experimentation with trim tabs and different propellers for the outboards may further add to the boat's over-all performance.

We also equipped the boat with two state-of-the-art electronic instruments to enhance its usefulness as a weekend sports boat. A Datamarine Sandpiper III digital depth sounder and a Datamarine digital speedometer log (for measuring speed and distance) were considered important for safe navigation, as were a standard marine V.H.F. radio and a C.B. for short-range, informal communication on the water. Those items, plus beer and ice cubes, liquor and mixers, suntan lotion, stereo tapes and some light foodstuffs, made us ready for sea.

If anything has been proved by this exercise, it is that great potential for relatively economical but high-performance boating lies ahead. Our Wellcraft Scarab II–Evinrude is just the beginning of a whole new generation of energy-efficient sports boats. Wellcraft will soon announce a production version of the outboard Scarab, to be powered by 200-hp Mercurys or 235-hp Johnsons or Evinrudes. Smaller outboard setups can also be used, but with a serious penalty in performance. The interesting bonus in this new boat is that it will be not only considerably more economical to operate but significantly cheaper to buy. Wellcraft officials claim the outboard Scarab will cost less than $25,000 without engines, whereas a fully equipped version with 330-hp V8s will cost over $50,000. Add to the $25,000 approximately $10,000–$13,000 for two big outboards and the price advantage is still clear.

It isn't bargain-basement cheap, and the mileage won't win any awards from the EPA, but our Wellcraft/Evinrude indicates that the exquisite kick of riding a thoroughbred hull across the waves at 50 mph may be one thing the Khomeini crazies and the Saudi sheiks won't snatch away from us after all.

Gentlemen, start your outboards.

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ADRIATIC COAST (continued from page 154)

"In exchange for an ample supply of fresh figs, they flashed their bare breasts at him."

coast with the beauty of its women, both of which have missed being fully appreciated in the West. Posar combed the area for more than two months, selecting and cajoling its frequently somewhat shy lovelies to pose for the pictures on these pages. There was the girl who missed her photo shooting because her father had locked her in her room for staying out dancing too late the night before. There were others who made appointments but canceled at the last minute. But, in the main, Yugoslavian women showed they've come a long way from the dirndl and the babushka. That's not surprising: Female college enrollment has increased by more than 1500 percent since 1939. Virtually all careers are open to women, many of whom wear the same fashions as their Parisian or Roman counterparts. Indicative of those trends were the two girls Pompeo met who invented a new barter system at one of the open-air markets. Hitchhiking around and short on cash, the vagabonds made a deal with a geriatric fruit peddler. In exchange for an ample supply of fresh figs, they flashed their bare breasts at him. Women like those undo certain popular myths about what's lurking behind the iron curtain.

The greatest bane to the Yugoslavian travel industry has probably been Mel Brooks. Returning in 1969 from months spent in the Yugoslavian countryside making his film *The Twelve Chairs*, Brooks delivered talk-show jabs that became near-classic foreign-travel putdowns. "We couldn't get around much," he'd routinely say to Carson or whomever. "Tito had the car." His jokes didn't do much to enhance Yugoslavia's reputation among American tourists, who are timid enough about venturing behind the iron curtain. That is too bad, because there's much to see and do over there.

With miles of craggy beaches (popular with ladies from all over Europe) and cross-cultural artifacts dating back centuries, Yugoslavia measures up well against most other earthly versions of paradise, and you can get there via a simple direct flight to Zagreb, Ljubljana or Belgrade from Chicago or New York City aboard JAT-Yugoslav Airlines, the national carrier.

The Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia is far from a monolith, composed, as it is, of six republics, two autonomous provinces and the cultures of a dozen empires. English is not widely spoken, and there Posar had a clear advantage. In addition to English, French and Italian, he speaks the three main languages of Yugoslavia: Croatian, Serbian and Slovenian. At least 14 languages exist in that nation, which stretches from its borders with Italy, Austria, Hungary and Romania down the eastern coast of the Adriatic Sea to Albania, Greece and Bulgaria. That turf was at one time or another ruled and/or influenced by everyone from the ancient Celts to the relatively modern Ottomans; from the marauding Goths to the more stately Austro-Hungarians; and from Zeus and Jove to Mohammed and Christ. Monuments and ruins attributed to each of those former conquerors and spiritual influences are visible in virtually every part of the country, and the visitor is confronted with an inexhaustible potpourri of language, celebration, religion, costume and cuisine.

Yugoslavia as a nation is very much a creation of the 20th Century, and historic boundaries have not faded in the eyes of the local population. Just as U. S. citizens are apt to describe themselves as Californians, Texans or New Yorkers, Yugoslavs routinely describe themselves as Serbs, Slovenes or Croats. For a country of just under 99,000 square miles, slightly bigger than the state of Wyoming, the land itself is remarkably varied, ranging from the snowy Julian Alps to the warm Adriatic coast, with a host of islands, plus dense forests and a lush, fertile central plain. The interior is full of large, clear lakes and warm mineral springs.

Most travelers, however, head for the coast, which has become a sort of fledgling Riviera, right down to topless sunbathing, a growing fad all over, but

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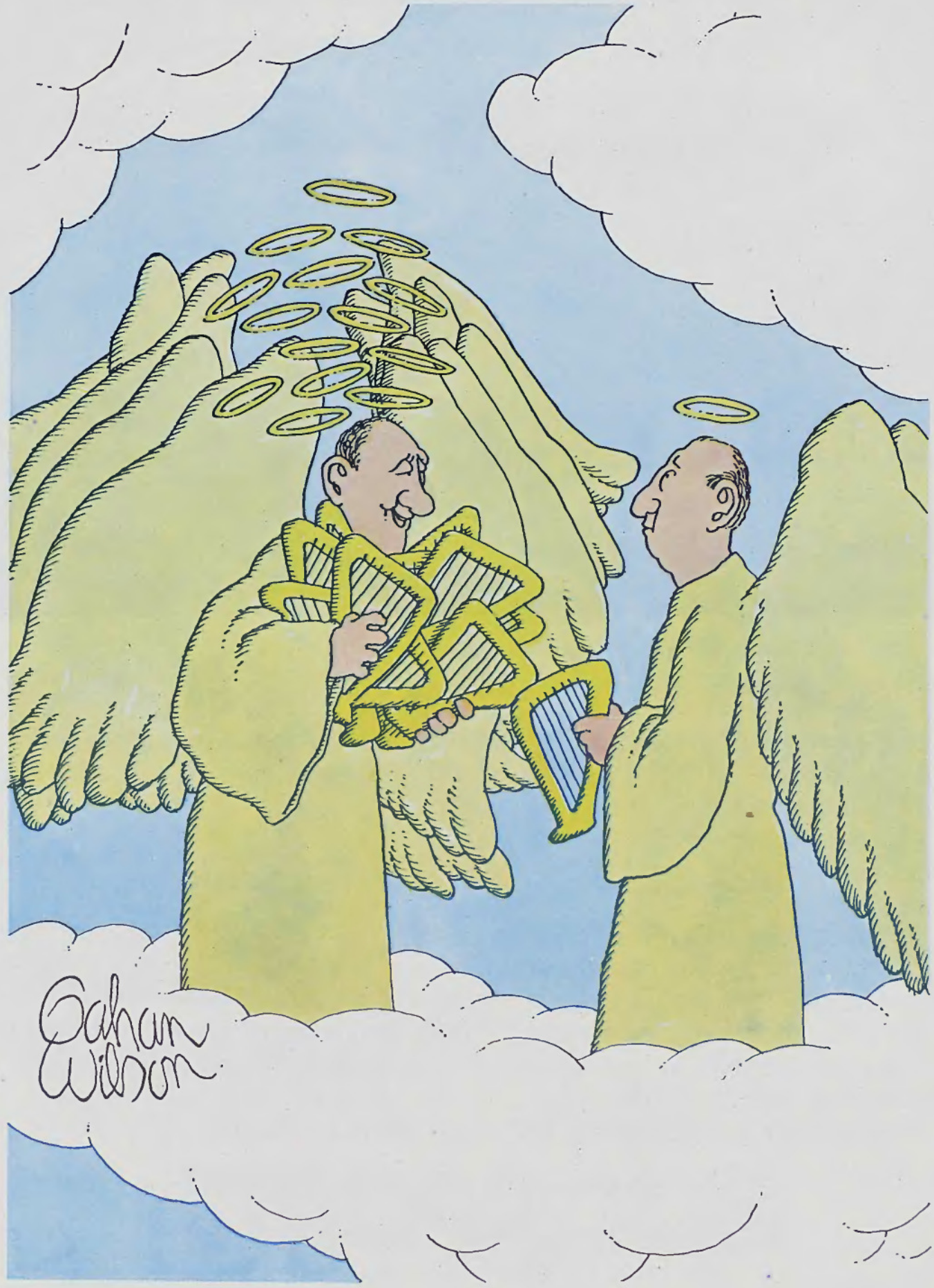
especially in Porec. In the summer months, hotels and beaches along the Adriatic swarm with tourists from all over Europe. It's not a bad idea to hire a boat and cruise the beaches. On the shore, the wary traveler walks over bodies or not at all. Territorial types leave their blankets on the beach overnight to reserve a place for the next day's sunbathing. Quite remarkably, no one steals the blankets. The prime vacation season runs from June through August, when many Europeans take their monthlong leaves; the rest of the year, the resorts are deserted. Depending upon whether you want to meet someone or enjoy the sheer beauty of the scenery, choose your season—the weather's always good.

Getting around Yugoslavia, especially by car, can be an adventure in itself, since the roads and the Yugoslavian driving demeanor are considered crazy and dangerous even by their mad Italian neighbors (themselves no slouches in the confrontation style of driving). The major national highways have been improved considerably in recent years, however, and the Adriatic Highway (Jadranska Magistrala), which runs along the coast, is one of the most scenic routes on the entire Continent. Don't be surprised to be passed by Porsches and Mercedes driven by stylishly attired youths who tend to fancy the Western wares available in nearby Trieste.

As a matter of fact, one of the finest of all European driving tours winds down the coast beginning just south of Trieste and continues southeast along the Adriatic Sea. This coastal area is full of beach resorts, Roman ruins, steep bluffs, great cultural diversity and some of the best seafood anywhere. It's enough to make you wonder why socialist countries have been characterized in shades of gray.

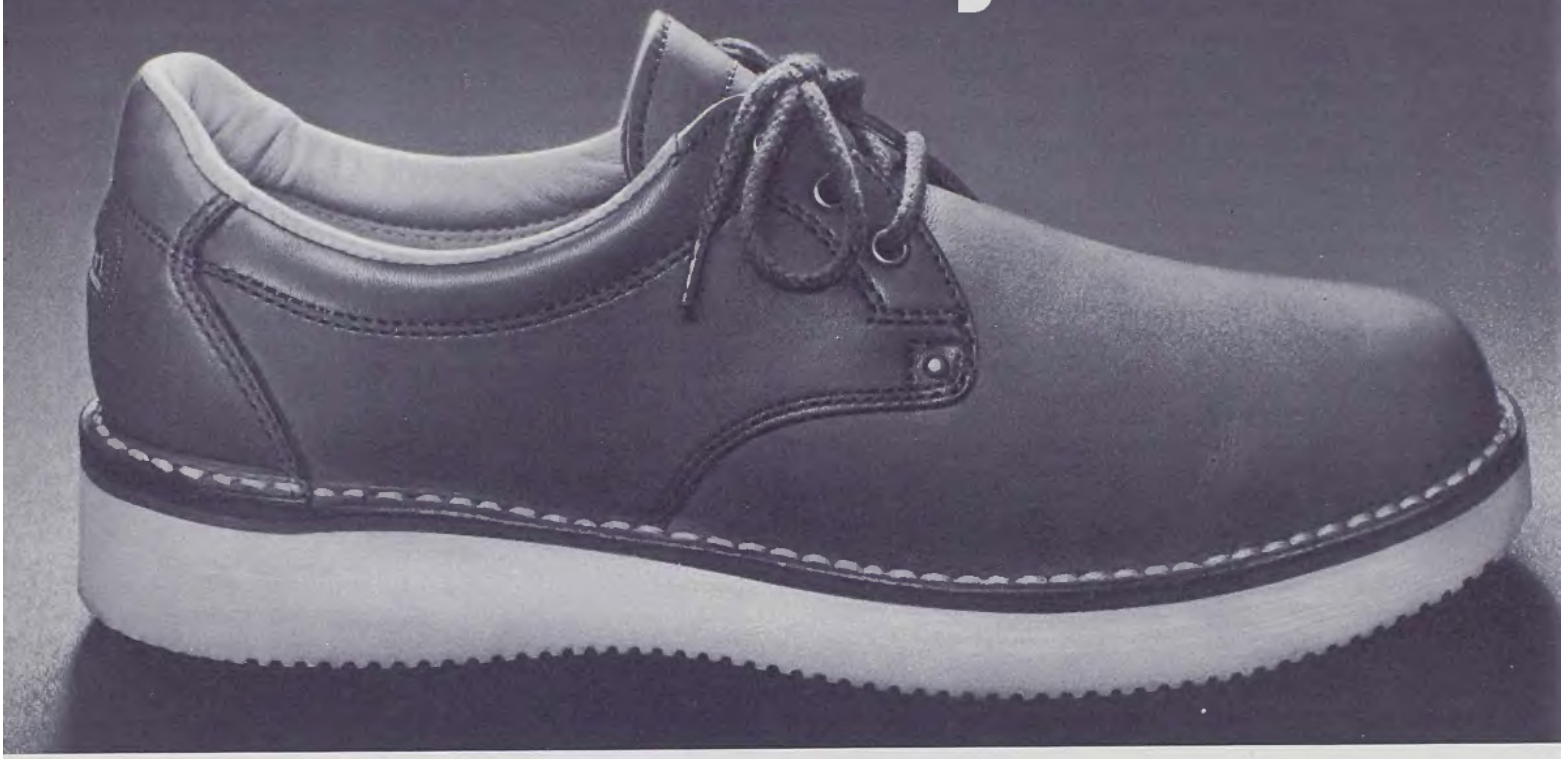
Although most of the area is known as the Dalmatian coast, the first few miles after you leave Trieste are actually part of Slovenia. The next 600 miles mark the coast of Croatia, except for a ten-mile corridor ceded to Bosnia-Herzegovina. The southernmost coast down to the Albanian border is part of Montenegro. This coast line is one of the most irregular in Europe—about 400 miles as the crow flies, but nearly ten times that long when every bay and peninsula is included. And that doesn't count the more than 1000 offshore islands.

A tour down the coast begins at the Istrian peninsula, which juts out into the Adriatic roughly parallel to Venice on the other side of the Adriatic shore. The peninsula, in fact, saw its best days during its era as a Venetian outpost; that dominance by the merchant soldiers of Venice continued until the early 19th Century. The coast line of wooded limestone hills slopes down to a dramatically blue ocean, and the landscape is dotted with picturesque old fishing towns and



"Yes, I must admit I've done rather well here."

If you were a foot, this would make you drool.



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modern holiday resorts, with a sprinkling of medieval reminders attesting to the long Venetian dominance. Istria's towns are well equipped for travelers, especially nudists. The second largest nudist colony in the world lies just a few miles from the Istrian town of Vrsar. Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast is, in fact, more or less the center of organized clothes leaving—called naturism by its most ardent adherents—for all of Europe. Germans, especially, head south for bare vacations. The nude resorts are in great supply and are open to everyone. Their heavy family orientation keeps hanky-panky at a, uh, bare minimum. Be advised, though, that virtually every seaside village has its own informal nude-bathing area.

The number-one tourist center of this part of Yugoslavia is Opatija, a notable seaside resort located where the south shore of the peninsula joins the mainland. It's a great place to meet fellow adventurers. Every evening, thousands of young tourists stroll the shore line, mixing and mingling. A good hangout is the café in the Adriatic Hotel, one of several fine hostelries. Grabbing a boat out of Opatija or neighboring Rijeka, you can head off to the sunny islands of Krk (pronounced Kirk, and also accessible by bridge from the mainland), Cres and Rab. Rab is one of the sunniest oases in Europe, boasting abundant foliage and a particularly mild climate. The main urban center on the island is a town also named Rab, which once was a Roman settlement. In midsummer, it becomes a very crowded beach resort, with tourist attractions including the Church of Saint John (built in the Seventh Century), a 14th Century palace and four striking bell towers that rise above the town. For devotees of indigenous atmosphere (rather than modern discos, restaurants and rock music), the island of Pag, just southeast of Rab, is as pretty as any of the trio of tourist islands noted above, but far less crowded. Its main claim to fame is its wonderfully tangy sheep-milk cheese (called Paski), which is sold at surprisingly high prices.

The real Dalmatian coast begins in Zadar, at the southernmost point of the Kvarner Bay area, and it's a typical Yugoslavian paradox. It's an ancient place, settled well before the First Century—with the requisite surviving buildings, gates and other relics of the Roman occupation. But Zadar is also a center of 20th Century activity, bustling with commerce and a substantial tourist industry. It has become the fulcrum for transportation to all of Yugoslavia, and there are ferry and hydrofoil services to just about any place off the coast. Commercial fishing is a major offshore industry, and Zadar is hardly a quiet place. The hotels are mostly high-rises and the beaches endure an overflowing population on the warmest summer days.

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areas of Europe (where the idea is to escape the tourist centers), Yugoslavia's best hotels thrive in the well-known resort areas. Generally, they tend to be less rigid than, say, Belgrade's Hotel Metropole, which, hewing to Eastern European tradition, won't allow guests to invite friends up to their rooms. So it's wise to set up headquarters in Opatija, Split, Hvar or one of the other tourist towns and rent a car to explore one of the hundreds of less-crowded coves.

Another way to get away from the crowd is to hire a water taxi (or make a deal with an enterprising fisherman) to take you to one of the uninhabited Kornati Islands for a day, a week or longer. With a tent, you can camp out under the stars as long as you like, uninterrupted except for the sounds of the gently lapping Adriatic. A word of warning: If you haven't rented your own boat, make sure you have firm arrangements for being picked up. And you'll have to take all your own supplies, including fresh water.

Continuing south along the coast, the next major stop is Sibenik, a city that dates from the Tenth Century, located at the estuary of the Krka River. The best view of the city is from the sea, and it's obligatory to take a tour of the port by boat. The view of Sibenik's white-domed medieval and Renaissance palaces is especially stunning from the harbor; and if you have time, make the excursion to Skradin to see the waterfalls of the Krka. One other worthwhile digression is the trip to the so-called museum town of Trogir, where the animals in the carvings and bas-reliefs on the Cathedral of Saint Lawrence are so vividly lifelike that you think they'll drool on you at any moment.

Farther along the coast, you'll find the city of Split, where you may want to drop a few comments about Hajduk, the local soccer team, of which residents are fiercely proud. In summer, the boardwalk at Split is a mass of people. You may choose to view them from Parisian-style sidewalk cafés or from restaurants located on boats in the harbor, where the world-class yachts come and go. Local literary and theater talent, of which there's a wealth, pours into the streets every summer to present plays and ballets, all open to the public for a minimal fee.

The Roman emperor Diocletian founded the city in the Fourth Century as his vacation home, and the dramatic palace and enclosed town he built around it now make up the old quarter of Split. But the new quarter is the real resort center, with a fair share of hotels, heated swimming pools and other manifestations of modern holiday life.

The road from Split to Dubrovnik is filled with shimmering blue coves, sandy and pebbled beaches, sheltered by pine trees and fringed by balmy offshore islands. The ideal place from which to observe these serene scenes is the hillside of one of the 5000-foot peaks towering over the seaside region. Known as the Makarska Riviera, this is the most lush and sunny part of the coast, and it's full of resort towns and simple fishing villages to provide a respite from the 20th Century pace.

The islands off this section of the coast are the main tourist attractions in this area. Their consistently warm, sunny climate, good beaches and vegetation make the islands of Brac, Hvar and Korcula, among others, musts on your itinerary. Brac is one of the more popular, with extensive pine woods (perfect for walking and hiking) covering its hillsides. There's a gem of a baroque church in the village of Bol, and a beautiful sand beach called Zlatni Rat (Golden Cape).

Hvar is a year-round resort, where lavender grows in wild profusion. You can walk over a hillock, seeing and smelling it all around you. You can pick it, tuck it behind her ear and, best of all, you can take it with you in a two-ounce bottle of lavender oil, for sale on the island for about four dollars. The island's main town, also called Hvar, has the oldest active theater in Europe, housed in a structure built in 1612. Hvar's hotel managers are so confident of their fine weather that they do not bill guests for any day that the temperature goes below freezing—and take 50 percent off the room rate when it rains for three hours or more.

The island of Korcula claims Marco Polo as a native son, and the town of Korcula has its own cathedral (constructed between the 13th and 16th centuries) containing paintings by both Tintoretto and Bassano. More out of the way is Mljet, very wild and densely forested, and considered by many the most beautiful of all these islands. It has only one small hotel but lots of private houses with rooms for rent. There's also a national park, a particular favorite of hikers and climbers, on the island.

Closer to Split lies the island of Solta, which is pretty much off the beaten path and, therefore, seldom crowded. Most accommodations are in boardinghouses, where you can get to know the island citizens and engage in discussions of

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The brightest gem of Yugoslavia, and perhaps of all the Adriatic, is the walled city of Dubrovnik, which retains much of the magnificence it enjoyed when, in the 15th Century, as the Free Republic of Dubrovnik, it rivaled that other notable city-state on the Adriatic, Venice.

The first thing to do in Dubrovnik is to amble around the city on top of its thick fortress walls. For the most part, the buildings surrounded by those walls are constructed on a huge scale, with rows of pillars and arches, imperious towers, gorgeous stone façades and impressive fortifications bristling with cannons. From the top of the walls, the roofs of the town look like a sea of orange tile; when you finally make your way through the streets, you will be pleasantly surprised by the frequency with which you'll find fountains, courtyards, gardens and beautiful bell towers. It's also not a bad idea to take the cable car to the hills above the city to see all the bright colors of the landscape from above. If you want to meet Europeans, there is no better place than Dubrovnik after six. The smart traveler's itinerary eventually leads there. Its ancient walls, pillars and arches promise romance.

Dubrovnik's summer festival takes place from mid-July to late August. Performers of symphonic and chamber music, opera, ballet, drama and folkloric pageants play in the palaces, gardens and courtyards. Otherwise, Dubrovnik's night life can be bohemian, cosmopolitan or just expensive, and frequently all three. There's a gambling casino in the city and several first-class restaurants at which to sample Continental favorites or the much-favored local fresh-water trout or lamb roasted on a spit. If you're game for a short nighttime drive, make it to the Orsan restaurant just north of the city; it's in a converted old stone peasant house and is just about the best restaurant in the country. The seafood served there is world-famous.

During the day, you can take a launch to the nearby island of Lokrum. Round trip costs about $1.10, which may turn out to be the best investment of your life. On one end of Lokrum is an unofficial nude sun-bathing area where, experts agree, you'll find the most enchanting women in all of Europe, and, generally speaking, they come from all over Europe. After a day in the sun, you and your new friend or friends can return to the city, where, in the evening, everyone strolls, musing over the historic surroundings.

Although Dubrovnik is the highlight of any trip down the Dalmatian coast, you may feel like completing the coastal journey by driving all the way to the Albanian border. Cavtat, just south of Dubrovnik, has some worthwhile Greek and Roman ruins and one of the swankiest hotels on the Adriatic. The main appeal of this journey, however, is the chance to stop along the way at whatever small beach attracts your interest, and there is a small resort at Tivat that's worth poking into. The town of Budva, which, unfortunately, was badly damaged by a 1979 earthquake, still boasts Greek and Roman ruins and long, sandy beaches.

But of all the attractions of this southern end of Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast, the most compelling is Sveti Stefan, a tiny medieval village on an island that's connected to the mainland by a narrow causeway. Virtually the entire island's housing has been converted into accommodations for visitors and, compared with other Yugoslavian hotels, these tend to get pricy. But the environment is well worth the extra dinars.

Whether it's romance, sun or Roman ruins you're looking for, you stand a good chance of finding all three along the Yugoslavian coast of the Adriatic. Americans are very welcome there; visas, a mere administrative detail, are promptly available at the borders. If you have a hankering to go there, contact the Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10111. Phone 212-757-2801.

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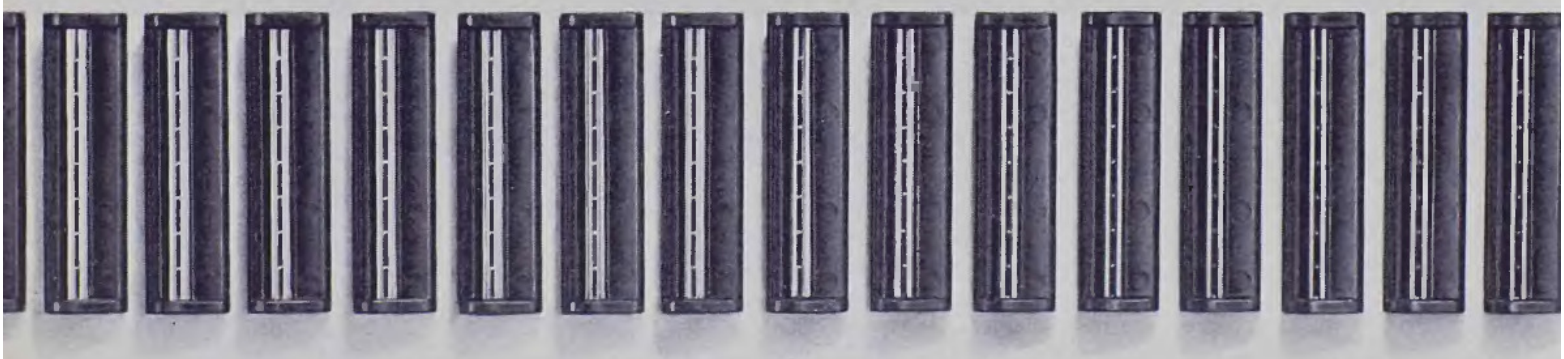

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WORLD CLASS *(continued from page 113)*

"She is understandably angry at the press. 'They wrote so many stupid things that are not true.'"

Here she was, the envy of women world-wide, about to embark on an international tour as the symbol of feminine pulchritude, and all she wanted was out!

Within 24 hours, Gabriella Brum had her wish. Thanks, but no thanks. She turned in her crown and it was given to Miss Guam, Kimberly Santos. Gabriella was once again just Gaby.

The shock waves ran round the globe. From Greenland to Argentina, the media pounced on the story. The question was why, and speculation ran wild. Gabriella, they learned, was the girlfriend of a film producer and cameraman who was, horror of horrors, 34 years her senior. From there it was just a small jump to portraying Benno Bellenbaum as a jealous Svengali bent on denying Gabriella her place in the sun. The truth was a little short of that but no less interesting.

The imposing (5'11") Miss West Germany was born 18 years ago in Berlin. She last saw her father at the age of three; her mother has since remarried. Quiet, introspective and fiercely independent, Gabriella had had no boyfriends and no interest in having one until, at 17, she met Benno. She speaks German, naturally, a little French and a clipped English with an accent as ingenuous as it is endearing. As she talks, it becomes obvious that she is as unconcerned about the flap she has caused as she is about her world-class body. Only Benno is important to her.

She is understandably angry at the press. "They wrote so many stupid things. Things that are not true about me and my boyfriend. And if you tell them the truth, they don't want to hear. The real story was that I quit because I wanted to go to school for costume design. I didn't want to take a whole year off. If I want to quit, I quit. If Benno asks me to quit, OK, but only I decide."

Her odyssey began when she was asked to take part in a film-festival pageant in her native Berlin. She won the pageant and then was asked to try for the title of Miss Berlin. She won that, too, which led to the Miss West Germany preliminary of the Miss World contest. To her surprise, she also won that and found herself in London for the big show.

She was not an enthusiastic contestant. "I hate these contests. I just wanted the money. I have to make a living."

Actually *winning* the Miss World title was a possibility she did not even consider. And after reading the Miss World contract, she wondered exactly what it was she had won.

"I would have gotten about $50,000. Because my father was English, I have dual citizenship. So 40 percent of that would go to taxes in Britain, and then 25 percent after that would go to the Miss West Germany corporation, because of *that* contract. Then I have to pay accommodations for myself in London. If I travel for them, I pay my own flight costs. I couldn't believe my eyes when I read the contract. I called Benno. He said, 'No problem; just quit and go away.' So I did."

Part of the reason it was so easy for Gabriella to say goodbye to the somewhat dubious honor is that she doesn't really think she deserved it. "I never expected to win. There were so many *beautiful* girls. I don't think I'm really beautiful. Maybe I have something; I don't know. Maybe I was more natural than the others. It's so important for

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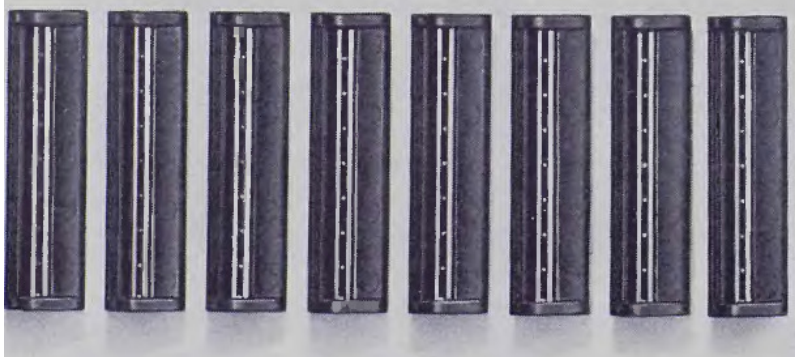

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some girls that they forget to be natural. But I really can't say. You never know yourself."

Not long before the pageant, Gabriella had followed Benno to Los Angeles, where she began a modeling career. She's not too keen on that, either.

"When I came to L.A., everyone said, 'Oh, you've got to be an actress or a model.' So I went to the agencies and one said, 'You're too young,' and another said, 'Well, you've got to lose weight.'" She sighs heavily. "Modeling is not what people think it is. It's hard work and it can get boring. I can model for two days and be fine. But four days . . . it gets boring. Then I don't always want to look good and when you're famous, you have to care what you look like, even when you go shopping. I don't like to be always beautiful . . . always the make-up . . . and the hair. I'm just not born for it."

Press reports said that Gabriella had done some nude modeling. She scoffs at that. "They said I did nude pictures, but I only did topless, for Benno, as a test; but the press, they try to spoil my image. So after the contest, I decide, OK, now I *really* do nudes—for PLAYBOY. If they are—do you have the word?—aesthetic. Yes, if they are beautiful."

Since her Miss World experience, Gabriella has changed her mind about her future. As it stands now, she has little desire to be in front of the camera or to study costume design. In fact, she wants to go to school to be a make-up artist. "I don't want to be an actress. As an actress, if you find someone, you never know who he loves—you or the person you are to the public. It's a lonely life.

"You know, I have this side and then that side . . . maybe it's because I'm young. When I get older, maybe I'll be one way. But right now, I'm this . . . and this . . . and this. What I think I want my life to be is a *little* modeling. I'd like to do television commercials, because they don't take up so much time and the pay is good. Meanwhile, I will go to school for make-up and the rest of my life . . . just like anybody else. I love L.A. I have the sun. Everything. When I go back, I will buy a cat.

"The most important thing for me is to be happy with Benno and that I have my work, and be myself. Maybe later I be housewife and have children, who knows? I am very simple."

After thinking for a second, Gabriella concludes, "But . . . it changes, what I want, from month to month"; and then she laughs. "I think this opinion will last for at least half a year."

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DOROTHY STRATTEN *(continued from page 184)*

"People responded not only to Dorothy's beauty but also to her naivete, warmth and charm."

around, he made passes at her girlfriends. He opened her mail. He tried to bully Molly, too, but with less success. Molly wondered why Dorothy put up with it. Love certainly is blind, she thought.

Once, when Paul went back to Vancouver for a few days, Dorothy seemed a completely different person. Spirits soared and sunshine filled the apartment. She smoked cigarettes—forbidden by Paul—and joined Molly in safaris for cookies and chocolate ice cream at the Westward Ho market. From their fourth-floor window, laughing uproariously, Dorothy and Molly threw all of their grapefruit at Iranian students passing below. Then Paul returned to L.A. and everything was back to normal.

Paul pressured Dorothy to marry him as her Playmate appearance drew closer.

"I don't even like blondes that much," he told an acquaintance, an older man. "I really prefer brunettes."

Paul's dark days were almost over, he thought. Dorothy would receive the rest of her $10,000 Playmate fee and begin earning money from Playmate promotions. But she was more than just a meal ticket to him. Dorothy was going to be his passport to the world that had thus far eluded him, especially here in Hollywood: the big time. The big deal. The big score.

Paul knew, as Dorothy did, that she was likely to be chosen the next Playmate of the Year. That would mean $200,000 in cash and prizes. More important, Dorothy would be famous. Paul envisioned a Dorothy poster. A Dorothy book. Dorothy perfume. After that, the movies. Dorothy could become a star. If Dorothy was a star, why couldn't he be her producer? Anything was possible.

One morning, at exercise class, Dorothy talked to Marilyn Grabowski about marrying Paul.

"I owe it to him," Dorothy said. "I was a nobody when he found me."

Marilyn disagreed. "You were never a nobody. You just thought you were a nobody. Whatever you become will be because of who you are, not because of someone else. The next year is going to be an adventure. Don't spoil it. Don't do something you may regret later. Live with him if you want to, if you feel you owe it to him. But don't get married."

Paul increased his pressure. "This is a partnership," he told Dorothy. "It's a lifetime deal, 50-50. I just want to make it legal." When she remained indecisive, he threatened her: "If you don't marry me, I'll leave you. Then what'll become of you?"

Dorothy went to see Hefner and told him she was going to marry Paul. Since Hefner had become as much of a father to her as she'd ever had, she wondered if he'd be willing to give her away at the wedding.

Hefner was touched and flattered. He was fond of Dorothy and concerned about her welfare. But a role at her wedding would be inappropriate, he said, since he really was opposed to her marrying Paul.

When she wondered why, all Hefner could think to say was: "Paul has the personality of a pimp." He was sorry as soon as he said it. It was insensitive and improper, he knew, and he started to apologize, but Dorothy was laughing.

"Hef," she said, "that was just his costume at the Halloween party." And she meant it.

Kim Desmond, the girl Dorothy trained as her replacement at the Playboy Club, went with her to pick out a wedding dress. Kim expected the shopping to take all afternoon. Dorothy picked the second dress they looked at in the first store they tried. The dress was white, tight-fitting, floor-length. It was slit up the side and had abalone-colored sequins sewn on the bodice. Very pretty, Kim thought. Dorothy was being practical. She wanted something she could wear more than once.

Dorothy's first Playmate promotion was scheduled in Las Vegas at the beginning of June. Paul flew to Nevada at the same time and they were married in the Silver Bell Wedding Chapel. Paul chose the Reverend James Whitehead's $65 wedding package, which included a short ceremony, a corsage for the bride from the floral refrigerator, photographs and a cassette recording of the ceremony. Jake Mastran, a pal of Paul's, was best man.

Although the newlyweds spent three nights in Las Vegas, Dorothy later confided to a girlfriend that they didn't consummate their marriage until two weeks after the ceremony.

The wedding reception was held on June fourth at the Van Nuys residence of actor-producer Max Baer, Jr. The bride seemed tense; a friend of Paul's, a doctor, gave her a Quaalude, then dispensed one to Paul and took one himself. With the exception of 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren, no one from the Playboy organization attended, though several had been invited. Paul's father flew down from Vancouver and posed proudly beside his new daughter-in-law in a white suit. Molly was there, though she no longer shared the apartment with Dorothy and Paul. While cooking dinner one evening she'd popped off at Paul and he'd raged at her, turned over the kitchen table. He'd scared her badly. None of Dorothy's family attended either the wedding or the reception. Dorothy would wait weeks before mustering enough nerve to call Nellie and tell her that she had married Paul.

That summer Paul and Dorothy found a house in West Los Angeles. It was two stories of pale-yellow stucco with a flat, tile-trimmed roof. One small window beside the front entrance was guarded with a spiked, wrought-iron grille. The house had a double garage and on its roof was a deck for a second-floor living room with a sliding glass door. There was a small bedroom on the first floor at the back of the house. The street was almost a cul-de-sac. Across the street, and elevated above on concrete pylons, partly blocking the sun, pounded the Santa Monica Freeway. The house was new. It rented for $650 a month. Paul invited Steve Cushner, a young doctor, to share it to lay off part of the rent. Cushner agreed and took over the upstairs quarters.

Paul's father helped the newlyweds move in. He stayed at the house with them while he was in town. His clothing business had shut down. Paul told a friend that during the visit his father asked him for a loan and he took delight in turning him down.

July 1979 began Dorothy's whirlwind. With her August issue on sale, she flew off to Canada to promote the magazine. She was one of the few Canadians ever chosen to be a Playmate. It made her an instant celebrity. She would tour Canada for most of the month.

Elizabeth Norris, Playboy's Playmate Publicity Manager, rendezvoused with Dorothy in Montreal. From there they worked back west across the country. Dorothy frolicked in a park for photographers, appeared with Candy Loving at a football game to kick out the first ball and gave interviews on talk shows.

Elizabeth was impressed with Dorothy's dedication and with how quickly she caught on. The public adored her. People responded not only to her exceptional beauty but also to her naïveté, warmth and charm. At personal appearances, crowds would swarm around her. "You're so *beautiful*," someone would say, and Dorothy would be delighted. She could sign autographs by the hour.

"Come on, Dorothy," Elizabeth would say, "it's time to go."

Dorothy would shake her head: "I'm not done yet." She wanted to sign every

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Lee Trevino

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one. She was having the time of her life.

Vancouver was their last stop. Elizabeth was introduced to Nellie. To Dorothy's surprise, her mother seemed genuinely pleased with her success with PLAYBOY and her new celebrity. Nellie was worried about Dorothy's marriage to Paul, however, and she said so.

On her return to L.A., Dorothy wrote her mother a letter:

> Dearest Mom:
>
> Thank you so much for being so good to me and understanding of my schedule in Vancouver. I remember your tears as I was leaving. It was so sad. Please don't feel bad, Mom. The family's got each other. That's all that matters. Don't ever worry about anybody else. I'll try to get home again as soon as possible for a longer visit. . . . Please try and take care of yourself, Mom, and be proud of yourself. I'm proud of you. You're beautiful.
>
> Love always,
> Dorothy
>
> P.S. I miss you.

IV

When Dorothy was hired for a walk-on in the movie *Americathon*—she escorts Meat Loaf on stage to give blood to help save America—she decided she needed an agent. She signed with David Wilder, who represented several other Playmates also pursuing acting careers. Wilder immediately found Dorothy a small speaking part in *Skatetown, U.S.A.*

In September, Hefner hosted a Playmate Reunion. Dorothy Stratten was one of the most recent of the 136 Playmates of the Month who attended. Each of them received a jeweled Rabbit pendant to commemorate the occasion. It was an emotion-filled day for Hefner and for the women—who spoke of sharing a sense of lasting identification with one another and with PLAYBOY. Hefner stood on a stage welcoming three decades of PLAYBOY centerfolds.

"Without you," he cracked, "I'd have a literary magazine."

Seated next to Dorothy at the Reunion luncheon was a reporter for *The Washington Post*. During lunch they talked.

"Tell him about your film career," Paul whispered from his seat on the other side of Dorothy.

"I'm interested in acting in films and television," said Dorothy to the reporter.

"Mention *Americathon*," Paul intoned again.

"I'm in a movie called *Americathon*," said Dorothy. "It's about a telethon to save the country."

"Tell him about *Skatetown*," prompted Paul, his asides growing more obvious.

"And I just finished making a movie called *Skatetown, U.S.A.*," said Dorothy dutifully. "I roller-skate in that one."

"Really?" said the *Post* correspondent, fascinated by this amateur Svengali act with the beautiful blonde and the man in the black shirt open down the front, neck chains and a leather jacket, who looked like someone who hung out on street corners.

Dorothy found more film and television work throughout the fall and winter. Because Canada allows tax credits for motion pictures made in that country with Canadian citizens, she offered advantages for Canadian film makers beyond her obvious beauty and her novice acting skills. Immediately after *Skatetown*, Wilder placed Dorothy in a Canadian picture, *Autumn Born*. It was to be a low-budget drive-in feature, but it would be Dorothy's first lead. Wilder set the deal to give her a learning experience, actual acting time in front of the camera.

Learning was what Dorothy proposed to do, because she had settled by now on an ambitious goal: She wanted to become a serious actress. Her beauty opened doors. She meant for her acting to carry her through. She made the round of casting calls. She read scripts and plays on her own, outside class, and acted out parts with friends. When she got a part, she arrived at the set on time, was always prepared.

An episode of *Fantasy Island* turned up next. Money was starting to come in. Wilder noticed that it was Paul who cashed the checks. Dorothy's husband might have been helping her manage her money, but Wilder also noticed that he was spending more on himself than he did on her. The couple bought a 1974 Mercedes 450SE from Paul's pal Jake for $13,000, but Dorothy complained to Casilli that she never got to use the car, because Paul had it all the time. She made do with a beat-up 1967 Mercury Cougar.

Marilyn Grabowski had dinner with Paul and Dorothy one cold, wet evening. Paul carried a mink coat over one arm when they arrived and Marilyn thought, Well, occasionally he can be considerate. He's carrying her coat. When they left the restaurant, there was a light rain. Paul put the mink on himself.

In October, executives from ABC-TV went to Hefner with a problem. The Nielsen ratings for the new season showed the network losing its lead in prime-time programing to CBS. Playboy Productions had given ABC a 25th Anniversary show that had done well in the ratings the previous spring. They needed a similar special—something with a Playboy party theme—and they needed it for November.

Hefner put together *The Playboy Roller-Disco and Pajama Party* in record time. Richard Dawson was the host. Chuck Mangione played by the pool in the afternoon, and the Village People held forth in the Great Hall at night. Playmates were on camera throughout. A special film segment featured the Playmates of the Eighties. Dorothy did a brief comedy bit with actor James Caan, a pet squirrel and Caan's dog Rooter. When Hefner looked at the tape, he was so taken with the way Dorothy came across on camera that he gave her a running part with Dawson throughout the show.

Someone else was impressed with Dorothy Stratten that day: film director Peter Bogdanovich. Hefner had been an executive producer on Bogdanovich's latest film, *Saint Jack*, which had been adapted from a PLAYBOY story. Bogdanovich was casting a new comedy titled *They All Laughed*. He was looking for a beautiful ingénue to play a featured part in the film. Dorothy might be a possibility if she could act. He told her he was interested in hearing her read.

Dorothy called her agent. She'd heard so much gossip about Peter Bogdanovich and his previous romance with Cybill Shepherd. She wondered: Was he serious about having her read for the part? David Wilder checked. Bogdanovich was serious. Dave drove Dorothy to the director's house in Bel Air. She read for him. He asked her back for a second reading. This time Paul drove her to Bogdanovich's—in the Mercedes. He sat parked outside the director's gate the entire evening.

In late November Dorothy learned that she would be the 1980 Playmate of the Year. Official notice would come later, but she and Mario Casilli needed to begin work immediately on the photography. Mario hadn't seen Dorothy for a while. He was struck by how much she'd matured from the shy, insecure kid who first stepped off the plane from Vancouver 15 months before. He was fascinated by the way people responded to her. When they walked through an airport together, people would turn and stare. She had the stately blonde thing, he thought, even in baggy corduroy slacks and a shirt. Part of it was the way she walked. She was nearsighted and, like a lot of nearsighted people, she carried her nose a little in the air. But she wasn't at all standoffish or a snob. In all the years he had been photographing Playmates, he'd never met anyone quite like her.

Paul's plans were expanding with Dorothy's career. He'd made a deal with photographers Bill and Susan La Chasse to photograph Dorothy on roller skates wearing a sexy skating outfit. From this Snider hoped to market a poster that he figured would sell 1,000,000 copies and earn, by his calculation, $300,000. He wanted John Derek to do a book on Dorothy similar to the one he was doing on his actress wife Bo. He had

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plans for a book about himself as well and he paid a writer $1000 to write the first draft of a biography.

One of Paul's few friends in L.A. was a former Floridian named Chip Clark, a health-spa manager and the boyfriend of June 1979 Playmate Louann Fernald. They'd met earlier that fall, Chip and Louann's first weekend in town, when Dorothy and Louann worked a Playmate promotion together. Since Paul had so much free time, he spent a lot of it with Chip.

Chip was a laid-back guy who could get along with almost anybody, but he couldn't believe Paul. He'd never met a more impulsive, hostile individual in his life, with a real propensity for violence. In the short time they'd known each other, he'd seen Paul fly off the handle and swing at strangers, chase cars, kick doors, push people down who provoked him and throw food onto the floor in restaurants if the service didn't suit him. He embarrassed Chip a lot of times in public, but when just the two of them were together, Chip found him good company. Chip talked Paul into working out at the health spa, and they hung out there that winter, while the two women were away on promotions. Chip and Louann were among the first to sense the trouble building in Paul and Dorothy's relationship.

Dorothy took her sister, Louise, who was now almost 13, to Los Angeles for Christmas. She'd started sending money home to Nellie to pay for Louise's braces and other things the family needed. She gave Louise a tour of the Mansion and introduced her to Hefner.

Two days after Christmas Dorothy shot an episode of *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* in which she played Miss Cosmos, the most perfect woman in the universe. When she found her name listed in *TV Guide*, she rolled on the floor in excitement. Then she called her mother to share the thrill of the discovery.

Bogdanovich invited Dorothy back for a third reading. Her agent sent her on a casting call to Crown International Pictures. Producer Marilyn Tenser, a tough-minded woman, not easily impressed, was looking for a beautiful young actress to play the title role in *Galaxina*. Crown's first big-budget film, *Galaxina* was a science-fiction satire about a stunning female robot. Avery Schreiber and James David Hinton were to be the male co-stars.

"Director William Sachs and I had interviewed more than 300 girls for the part," Tenser remembers. "The girl we wanted not only had to be an actress, she had to be a knockout. Unfortunately, most of the girls who could act weren't pretty enough.

"When Dorothy came in, she was absolutely exquisite—and she read very well. You wouldn't expect a girl who looked like that to be able to act, but she could. She was convinced she was going to be a major star and I think she would have been."

Dorothy got the part. Paul ordered new license plates for their cars: GAL-X-INA for the Mercury and STAR-80 for the Mercedes.

Mario and Marilyn Grabowski both noticed a change in Dorothy near the end of the Playmate of the Year photography in January. She would arrive at the studio tired and puffy-eyed. She seemed moody and distant, a new experience. Paul would interrupt the photo sessions with a phone call, an argument would ensue and Dorothy would go into her dressing room and cry.

Marilyn surprised Dorothy one afternoon with a gift, a purebred Tibetan Shih Tzu puppy. She thought it might cheer her up. Mario photographed Dorothy playing with her new pet for the Playmate of the Year pictorial, scheduled for the June issue. Dorothy named the dog Marston—Hefner's middle name—and that evening she took it to the Mansion to show him.

Later that week Mario asked Dorothy about the puppy. She said Paul kept it with him all the time, so she couldn't play with it. Three days later the dog died.

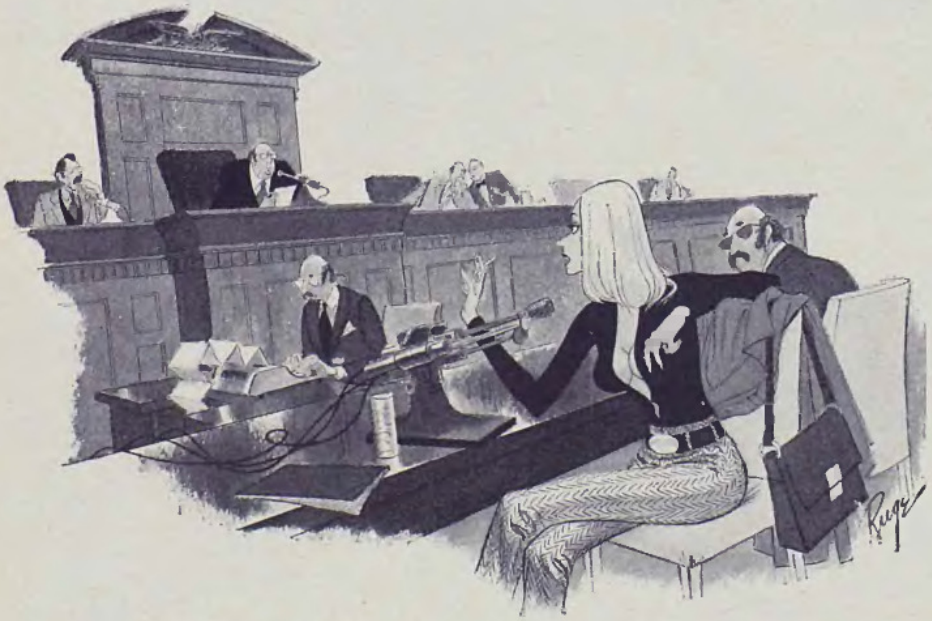
Marilyn saw that Dorothy needed to get away for a few days and suggested the two of them spend a week at La Costa, a health resort near San Diego. The two women worked out, played tennis, swam, took massage and whirlpool treatments, ate lightly and slept well. Dorothy was good company, but she didn't reveal what was troubling her.

Dorothy returned to L.A. five pounds lighter. She looked sensational. Her agent called with good news. Bogdanovich wanted her for a part in *They All Laughed*, which would star Ben Gazzara, John Ritter and Audrey Hepburn. The film was to be shot on location in New York and Dorothy would have to leave at the end of March, as soon as she finished *Galaxina*. She was days away from her 20th birthday and well on the way to her dream of stardom.

It was a process Hefner had seen repeated in different ways many times over the years. When a young woman was chosen Playmate of the Month, it was more than simply a modeling assignment. It was an opportunity that could lead to a dramatic change in her personal and professional life. What each Playmate did with that opportunity depended a great deal on her own individual motivations and talent, of course—and none had come so far in so short a time as had Dorothy Stratten.

Equally remarkable to Hefner was how much she had grown as a person in self-awareness and assurance—without losing her unspoiled sensitivity.

For Dorothy, growing up also meant struggling toward independence from Paul's domination. Somewhere along the way, she had realized that although she still cared for Paul, still felt obligated to him and concerned about his welfare, she no longer wanted to live with him. She talked about this change in her feelings with Louann Fernald and other close friends. Louann remembered



"I'd estimate, Mr. Chairman, that I've been a Congressional aide ever since I reached the age of consent."

Christmas as the time when Dorothy started thinking seriously about leaving Snider. Louann understood that she meant to move slowly because she was afraid of hurting him and possibly afraid of what he might do.

One of Dorothy's first assertions of independence was her decision to hire a business manager. With an accelerating career, she needed one. Actor Vince Edwards, television's Ben Casey of the Sixties and a friend she'd met at the Mansion, suggested Robert Houston. Houston's firm handled such clients as Warren Beatty, Farrah Fawcett, Paul Newman and Goldie Hawn. Dorothy made an appointment to meet with Houston and Paul went along.

To Bob Houston Dorothy seemed like a young woman starting out on a promising career who sincerely wanted to establish responsible controls over her financial life. Paul preferred pontificating, theoretical discussions of how their affairs ought to be arranged. Partners was the key word. Paul wanted equal authority over her finances and half of all her income. Dorothy didn't openly disagree. But from her expressions, Houston read a message to appease Paul now and talk to her later. At which point Houston would mumble something about legal difficulties or the problems of Canadian citizenship.

Houston discovered that Paul had no real income of his own. He wasn't Dorothy's agent and he wasn't her manager—though he imagined he was and liked telling strangers about "their" career. Houston understood what Paul was, and did his best to help Dorothy deal with him.

For tax purposes, Houston set up a corporation called Dorothy Stratten Enterprises to receive whatever money she earned. She was its president, Houston's partner its treasurer, Houston its secretary. She owned 100 percent of its stock. The corporation's income went into a separate account from which Dorothy, but not Paul, could draw funds. The corporation paid Dorothy a salary that was deposited in a joint checking account on which both she and Paul could sign.

Paul Snider chafed at this unexpected curtailment of his easy access to Dorothy's earnings. What upset him even more was Dorothy's heeding counsel other than his own.

Before beginning *Galaxina*, Dorothy started shooting another pictorial for PLAYBOY with Mario Casilli. It was an unusual feature, an idea Hefner suggested to her; a tribute to the famous blondes of Hollywood, in which she would portray such classic sex stars as Jean Harlow, Betty Grable and Marilyn Monroe. The theme intrigued Dorothy and she read biographies of each of the stars to be depicted.

Galaxina was shot at a ranch in the

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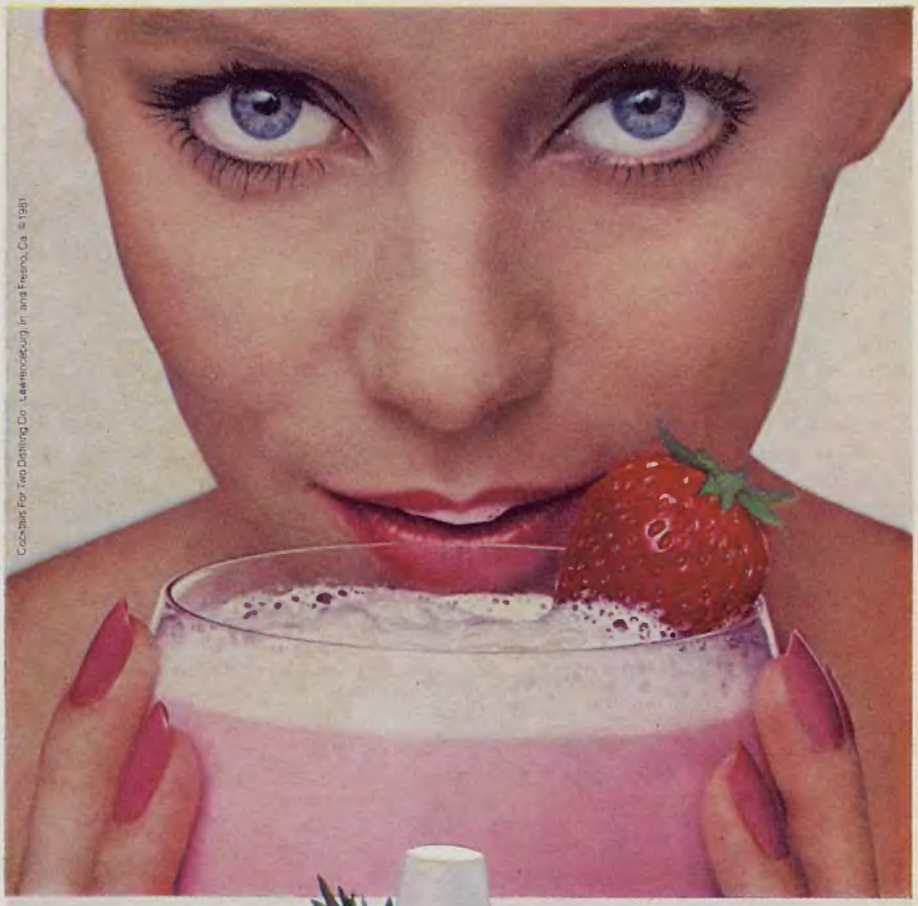

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mountains above Malibu, a long drive from their house. Paul drove Dorothy to work in the morning, drove back to keep an eye on her at lunchtime and sometimes drove back again in the evening to pick her up. He'd burn a full tank of gas a day. Between visits he called the *Galaxina* set as he'd called Mario's studio, and the calls reduced Dorothy to tears. He badgered and brutalized her. Dorothy found a friend in co-star James David Hinton, an easy-going Texan and a Baylor graduate. They worked together into the evening; in the camaraderie of filming, they spent time together and Hinton fell in love. But he discovered to his surprise that Dorothy was straighter than the girls at Baylor. She always called Paul to let him know where she was. He rewarded her with angry demands that she come home.

"I don't know why he wants me at home," Dorothy said to Hinton after one call to Paul. "When I get there he'll be out at a night club somewhere."

Paul wanted to go with Dorothy to New York for the filming of *They All Laughed*. She would be gone for three weeks. She wanted the time to sort out her feelings, away from Paul's pressure. Boldly she told him no, and she made the decision stick.

In New York, she showed up on time, as always, and quietly watched the production taking shape. She was especially fascinated with Audrey Hepburn and studied her as she worked. Sometimes Dorothy read—*A Farewell to Arms* or a diet book. Bogdanovich treated her gently. "She was a darling little girl," the make-up specialist, Fern Buckner, later told a reporter. "Very beautiful, of course. Whatever you did to her was all right."

Paul was suspicious from the beginning. He couldn't imagine Dorothy functioning independently, so he assumed someone else must be manipulating her. She was working 12 hours a day because Bogdanovich was pushing to stay on a tight production schedule. She was dieting strenuously, which gave her headaches, and returning each night to her room at the Wyndham Hotel to study her lines. Paul called her in the middle of the night to vent his displeasure at her absence, to threaten and cajole, and especially to complain that he needed money.

He worried as much about his worsening financial position as he did about the prospect of losing Dorothy's affection. He appeared almost daily at the Union Bank in Century City to check on the deposits and withdrawals in Dorothy's corporate trust accounts. Once, he showed up with a brunette girlfriend and tried to convince the teller that she was Dorothy Stratten. He wanted to cash a check for $2000 on the corporate account. When the teller refused to honor the check, Paul stomped out of the bank in a rage.

He called Bob Houston one afternoon with the news that Dorothy had changed her mind and wanted him to have half the stock and become an officer in the corporation and a signer on the corporate bank account. "What the hell, Bob," he shouted at Houston in feigned anger, "you're managing both of us, not just Dorothy. What the hell!"

Another day he walked into the office and announced, "Bob, we've got to do it. This is the way it's got to be. We're partners in this thing. She'll share 50 percent in my income and I'll share 50 percent in hers."

Houston called Dorothy in New York to talk it over. "I just can't believe two people can fight so hard over business matters and still maintain a romantic relationship," he said along the way.

"Bob," Dorothy told him sadly, "there hasn't been a romantic relationship between Paul and me in over a year."

Exactly when Dorothy's relationship with Peter Bogdanovich became more than professional is unclear. Bogdanovich has been understandably reluctant to discuss the matter since her death. They may have been interested in each other before New York: Dorothy's refusal to allow Paul to accompany her suggests that they were. But her lifelong preference for single relationships strongly suggests a later flaring of the romance with Peter—in New York during the filming of *They All Laughed*, after her marriage to Paul had deteriorated beyond repair.

Dorothy returned to Los Angeles in mid-April during a break in production. When they next visited the Mansion, Paul was even more inattentive to her than usual. He spent most of his time hitting on other women guests. Dorothy sat quietly in a corner, talking with friends. She found reasons to visit Bogdanovich at his Bel Air home, telling Paul that Peter was helping her with her part in the picture.

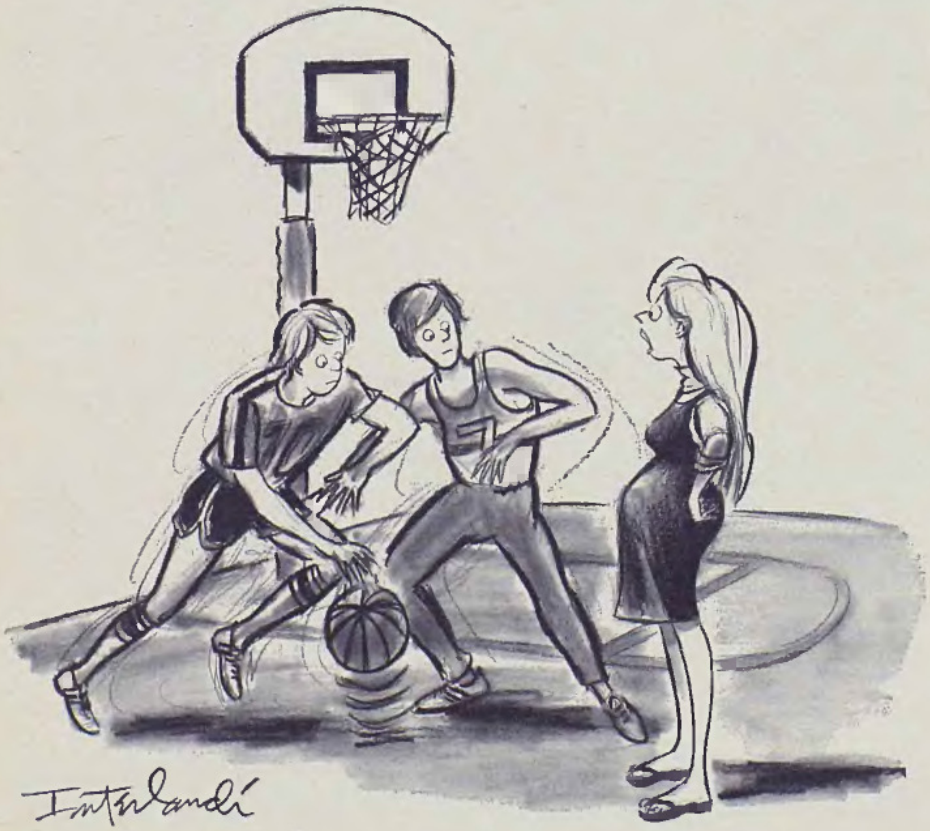
Louann noticed that Dorothy didn't confide in her anymore, probably because she was afraid Louann would tell Chip and Chip would tell Paul. On the way to exercise class one morning, Louann noticed that Dorothy had taken up smoking again. She scolded her for it.

"I don't know what to do about Paul," Dorothy replied forlornly. "I wake up in the morning and I'm so unhappy. He makes me so nervous. I need a cigarette to calm down. It's all I have."

At home Paul had become a tyrant. When Dorothy suggested the possibility of a separation, he threatened her with an echo of her father's abandonment:

"Once you walk out that door," he ranted, "you can never come back." Louann heard the threat. It made her angry.

"You treat your women just like you'd



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treat a horse," she said.

"Well," Paul replied defensively, "that keeps her in line."

At the end of the month Hefner introduced Dorothy Stratten as the 1980 Playmate of the Year at a press luncheon in her honor. A tent was erected on the Mansion lawn to handle the crowd. Art Buchwald flew in from Washington to emcee, and the *Washington Post* reporter was once again on hand. Dorothy, breath-takingly beautiful in a gold gown, stood at Hef's side trembling in anticipation. He put an arm around her in reassurance.

Buchwald convulsed the crowd with a fanciful explanation of how the Playmate of the Year is chosen. Then Hefner introduced Dorothy.

"She is someone quite special," he said. He told about her first flight from Vancouver and her promising acting career. He mentioned the $200,000 in cash and prizes she would be receiving as Playmate of the Year and handed her a check for $25,000.

"For you, Dorothy," he said, "with a great deal of love."

Dorothy thanked Mario Casilli, Marilyn Grabowski, Elizabeth Norris, Miki Garcia of Playmate Promotions and Hef for their friendship and "for helping to make so many of my dreams come true."

"I'm sure I must be the happiest girl in the world today," she said, beaming.

Dorothy responded easily to the reporters' questions and posed for photographers on the stage. Paul stood at the bar at the rear of the tent, drink in hand, and glared into the middle distance.

The reporter from *The Washington Post* remarked on how polished a performer Dorothy had become since the Playmate Reunion the past September, when her every word had been the result of Paul's prompting.

After the luncheon Dorothy was scheduled to tape a guest appearance on *The Tonight Show*. Paul followed with his own entourage. Dorothy barred him and his pals from her dressing room.

With poise and good humor she described her Playmate of the Year gifts to Johnny Carson. Her $13,000 brass-lined rosewood bathtub seated ten people, she said.

Carson winked a quick response: "What are we going to tell the other eight?"

For the next two weeks Dorothy toured Canada again with Elizabeth Norris. As Canada's first Playmate of the Year, she was a major celebrity there. Elizabeth noticed the new polish in both her appearance and her performance, but she also realized Dorothy was working under terrific stress. Paul called constantly. Elizabeth heard her sobbing in her room long after midnight.

A few days into the tour Dorothy decided to write Paul a letter. She let Elizabeth read what she had written and then sent it off by courier.

I want to be free, the letter said. *Let the bird fly. If you love me, you'll let me go. If what we had was right, I'll come back.*

And then the agony of waiting for a reply. Sitting through interviews. Meeting the public. Appearing on talk shows. Smiling all the while, Elizabeth noticed with admiration.

Paul called in a rage. Freaked out. Threatening. But he caught himself in midsentence, thought better of it and hung up. Ten minutes later, when he called back, he managed to sound calm.

Elizabeth knew there was someone else in Dorothy's life. She didn't know who. In the middle of the tour Dorothy begged the weekend off to go to New York. She came back Sunday night, hopping happily down the hall, carrying her own luggage, kicking the hotel-room door: "Elizabeth, I'm home!" She went in, set down her bags, stood at the foot of the bed, deliriously fell backward, feet flying. "Oh, Elizabeth," she said, "I had such a wonderful time!"

The phone rang. Elizabeth answered. New York was on the line. "I don't know who you are," Elizabeth said, "but thank you for making Dorothy so happy." It was Peter, calling to make certain Dorothy had returned to Toronto safely.

The Canadian tour was once again scheduled to end in Vancouver. The timing had been arranged to get Dorothy home for her mother's wedding. Nellie was marrying a broad-shouldered, soft-spoken master mechanic named Burl Eldridge. Burl restored classic automobiles for a living. He'd admired Nellie from a distance for weeks, and finally asked her out. A month after they started dating, he proposed.

Paul announced he was going to Vancouver for the wedding, though he hadn't been invited. Dorothy reluctantly agreed to meet him there. She told Elizabeth that the meeting worried her. She seemed afraid of Paul. Elizabeth offered to arrange for a bodyguard. The offer surprised Dorothy. "I can handle Paul by myself," she said.

Snider barged in on Nellie's wedding reception and disrupted the day. When he wasn't following Dorothy around the house arguing, he was on the phone setting up promotions for her with club owners he knew.

Everybody at the reception wanted Dorothy's autograph and to have his picture taken with her. Dorothy's brother, John, tended bar. Her sister, Louise, sat on their new father's lap.

Paul tried to tell Burl how to open a bottle of wine. Eldridge knew his way around fine cars and their wealthy owners. He'd been big-game hunting in Africa and he didn't need advice from Paul Snider.

"I was opening these things before you were born," he told Paul, who disappeared from the kitchen. There was something furtive about him, Burl thought. He never looked you straight in the eye.

Paul dragged Dorothy off to her suite at the Four Seasons Hotel and ranted and raved at her most of the night. "He was so mean, Mum," Dorothy told her mother afterward. "So *mean*."

Paul insisted that Dorothy remain in Vancouver several more days. He had his own plans for promoting her. Despite her strenuous two-week tour of Canada for the magazine, he ordered her to make appearances at night clubs along Hornby Street. He charged the club owners for each appearance and pocketed the fees.

Dorothy returned to New York, to Peter and the filming of *They All Laughed*. She was still undecided about whether or not to end her marriage. She wanted a separation. She was sure of that. But she also wanted to be fair to Paul. And Paul insisted that she "owed" him.

On a rainy Manhattan morning early in June, she wrote to Nellie and Burl about the confusion she felt:

> Thank you very much for all your concern and advice, but as you know, my problem goes much deeper than money, and as you also know, I don't intend to use money as an excuse. Everyone needs money to live, but I won't decide about my marriage on that basis. All I want is to be happy, no matter how rich or poor, and if it makes me happy to give everything away for my freedom, then that's what I'll do.

Throughout the month, Paul found it increasingly difficult to reach Dorothy on the phone. She had all her calls screened now and spent less time at the Wyndham and more with Peter at the Plaza.

By the end of June she'd made up her mind. She sent Paul a letter declaring their physical and financial separation.

Paul had several responses to the separation. He cleaned out their joint bank account, buying some $1500 worth of new clothes and the gear he needed to install Dorothy's Playmate of the Year stereo equipment in his living room. He called an old girlfriend in Vancouver and talked her into flying down for a few days to console him. And he went to see a divorce lawyer, J. Michael Kelly, who took him as a client. Since Paul considered himself Dorothy's personal manager, he believed he might have grounds for a suit against Bogdanovich for encouraging Dorothy to leave him.

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Paul went to see Bob Houston about financial arrangements. Dorothy had instructed Houston to pay Paul's rent and other living expenses. She also agreed to several lump-sum payments, including one to repay a loan Paul had received from his mother.

"Dorothy's going to pay all your bills," Bob told Paul, "plus a cash settlement. Under California law, you're entitled to half of everything earned to date. What could be fairer than that?"

After taxes, Houston calculated, that would come to about $40,000. Enough, in his estimation, for a healthy young man to buy himself a new start.

Snider had other ideas. He was thinking about alimony. Maybe 50 percent of Dorothy's gross income for the next three years.

"That's not realistic, Paul," Houston said. "You've taken enough from this woman. You're not going to extort any more."

But Paul wasn't listening. He collected more than $5000 in cash advances in the month of July, but he told Chip Clark that Dorothy had cut him off.

Dorothy and Peter kept their relationship quiet in New York. The New York press missed the story entirely. Each had occasion to call Hefner during production, but neither mentioned it to him.

Dorothy called to ask Hefner's advice. Peter had suggested she switch agents and sign with William Morris, a major talent agency. Hefner thought she ought to wait until her return to L.A., when they could discuss the change at length.

Peter called to tell Hefner how well Dorothy was doing in the picture. He'd given her additional lines, he said, and added a roller-skating sequence. He was enthusiastic about her performance, but he neglected to add that they had fallen in love.

New York *Village Voice* reporter Teresa Carpenter discovered later that not even the production crew really noticed the romance until near the end of shooting. Then Peter and Dorothy began coming to work holding hands. "One day Bogdanovich walked over to a couch, where Dorothy sat chewing gum," Carpenter would write. " 'You shouldn't chew gum,' he admonished. 'It has sugar in it.' [Dorothy] playfully removed the wad from her mouth and deposited it in his palm." By that time, Bogdanovich had affectionately begun calling her D.R. for Dorothy Ruth; she, in turn, had begun calling him P.B.

Dorothy's role in *They All Laughed* isn't a big one, but as Carpenter wrote in *The Village Voice*, "Dorothy, by all accounts, emerges as a shimmering seraph, a vision of perfection clad perennially in white. In one scene she is found sitting in the Algonquin Hotel bathed in a diaphanous light. 'It was one of those scenes that could make a career,' recalls a member of the crew. 'People in the screening room rustled when they saw her.' "

The film wrapped in mid-July. Peter flew with Dorothy to London on the Concorde for a short vacation. They registered at the Dorchester Hotel under assumed names. He bought her a new wardrobe and proceeded to show her the town.

Paul Snider had always found time for other women. At a Mansion party the previous summer, a startled guest had come upon him on a lounge chair by the pool screwing someone else's date. Now Chip noticed that he was seeing several different girls. They all had sympathetic, comforting natures. Paul would spend the whole evening talking about Dorothy and the girls would console him.

One regular overnight guest was a student at Loyola Marymount named Lynn Hayes. Paul had picked her up at the Max 151 disco in Beverly Hills. Lynn took Paul's obsession with Dorothy personally. It made her jealous. When Paul talked about Dorothy, she got mad.

Paul asked Chip if he'd like to move into the spare bedroom. He could use the money, he said, so he wanted to sublease it. Chip wasn't interested, so Paul offered the room to Patti Laurman, who lived way out in Riverside. He'd met Patti at an auto show in November 1979 and was grooming her to be a second Dorothy Stratten. A young, blonde check-out girl who modeled on the side, Patti was no Dorothy. Snider had tried to interest Casilli in photographing her for PLAYBOY, but he had declined, because, at 17, she was still under the age of consent. Patti agreed to take the room and moved in with her water bed, her clothes and her record collection.

To earn money that summer, Paul and Chip built weight benches with the metalworking tools Paul had assembled in the days when he customized motorcycles in Vancouver. He sold the benches to Chip's customers at the health club and through ads in *The Recycler*, a local newspaper.

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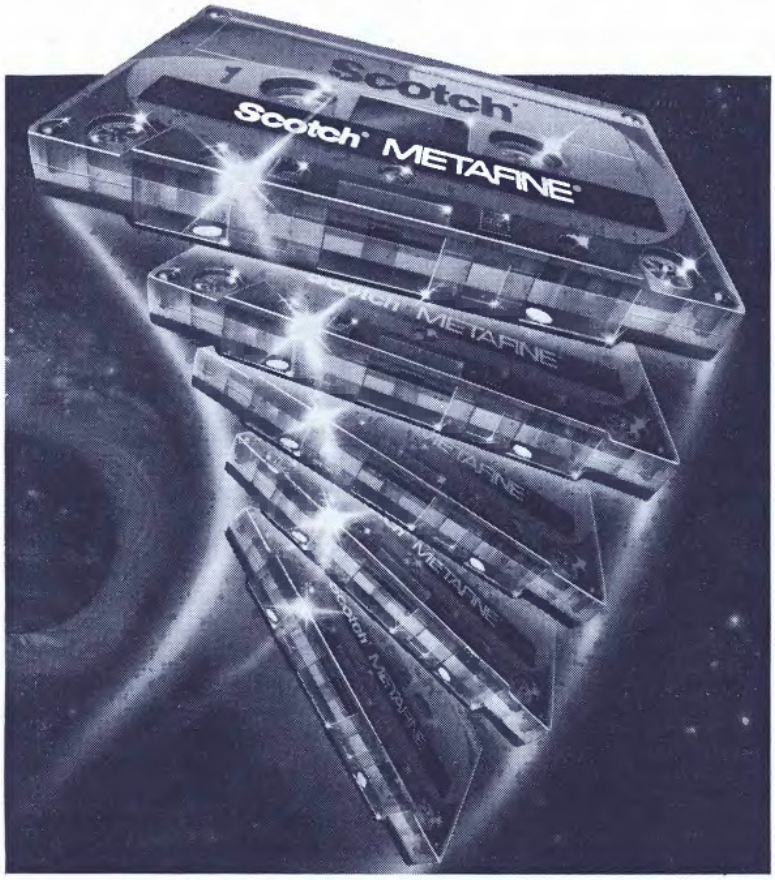

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One day he took Chip to the Pleasure Chest, a sex shop on Santa Monica Boulevard, and showed him an S/M chair—a bondage bench—that sold for $300. Back at the house they put together their own version of a bondage bench—steel frame, padded boards, Velcro restraints—with the same materials used in the weight bench. Paul talked about selling bondage benches to sex shops through ads in sex magazines, but Chip didn't think he was serious. Weight benches accumulated around the house—a dozen or more by late summer. The bondage bench sat in a corner of Paul's bedroom.

v

Paul Snider's moods grew darker in the last days of July—alternating between anger and despair. The doctor who shared the house found him sitting alone in the living room one evening trying to compose a letter to Dorothy. "This is really hard," he said. He started to cry. Paul felt Dorothy might now be so cut off from him by her lawyers and Bogdanovich that he would never see her again.

He called their former roommate early one morning, crying, and asked her to intercede for him with Dorothy. "I've lost her mind," he said. "She won't listen to me anymore. You're her best friend. You've got to talk to her. We've got to get her back in tune with me again."

Molly had no intention of helping Paul. She was pleased that Dorothy might finally be free of him. He talked about killing himself and the young actress thought he sounded spaced out. He told her to come over, he wanted to talk, but she refused. She was too afraid of him to consider being with him alone.

Dorothy and Peter quietly returned from London to Peter's home in Bel Air in late July. The night Paul learned that Dorothy was back, he drove to Bel Air in the Mercedes with a .38-caliber police special Chip had lent him. "I need it for protection," he'd said. He sat outside Bogdanovich's front gate for two hours with the weapon. He then drove up to the hills above Bel Air, parked and thought about killing himself. He fired the revolver twice before he drove home.

Dorothy had never been happier or busier, though she still had nagging concerns about Paul. She flew to Houston and Dallas on a three-day promotion the first week in August. She had been approached to play Marilyn Monroe in Lawrence Schiller's TV movie about the famous actress but was still working on

"All right, then—but only if my boyfriend can watch."

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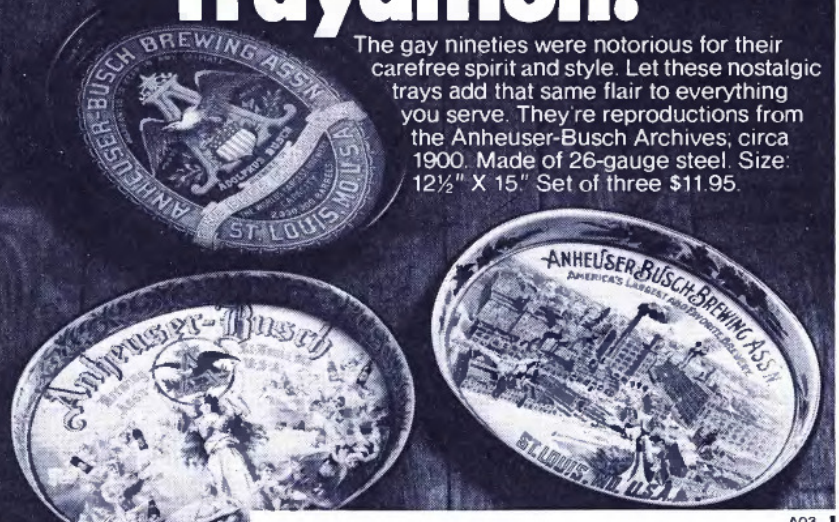

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In Houston, Dorothy threw out the first ball at an Astros game. She wanted to work out a final separation from Paul, and she felt a strong sense of responsibility about doing it herself. She called him from Houston and agreed to have lunch with him on Friday, August eighth.

"The queen is coming back," he boasted at dinner with friends Thursday night.

Patti cleaned the house for Dorothy's visit. Paul bought champagne and red roses. He put on the three-piece fawn suit he'd worn at their wedding. He'd predicted she would wear something dressy to their meeting. She arrived in casual clothes and the reunion went downhill from there. Dorothy didn't read the card on the roses and barely sipped at the champagne. They went out for lunch. She patiently explained to him that the relationship had run its course. She was serious about a separation and wanted to proceed with a settlement.

When Patti Laurman returned to the house, she found Paul and Dorothy there, smiling and talking. At first Patti thought they'd reconciled.

"Should I leave?" Patti asked.

"Naw, she's leaving," Paul said dejectedly.

The telephone rang. It was Bogdanovich's secretary, Linda Ewing. Dorothy spoke to her briefly, then chatted with Patti and went through her clothes. She took some, left the rest for Patti. After Dorothy left, Linda called again to make sure she had gone.

"I couldn't get through to her," Paul told Patti. "Bogdanovich has got her in the palm of his hand. Nothing I say to her sinks in anymore."

Paul's girlfriend Lynn Hayes refused to go to the house that day after his meeting with Dorothy. She was jealous and angry. Paul never bought her champagne or roses. When they went to the beach or roller-skating, he asked her to pay for the hot dogs.

Friday evening Chip and Louann dropped by Paul's house to pick up Chip's .38. Chip was moving back to Florida and wanted Louann to have the gun for protection, he said. Paul went to get the gun, walked outside with Patti, raised it over his head and fired it, laughing strangely. Noise from the freeway masked the sound.

Sitting in the living room upstairs with Louann, Chip thought he heard a shot.

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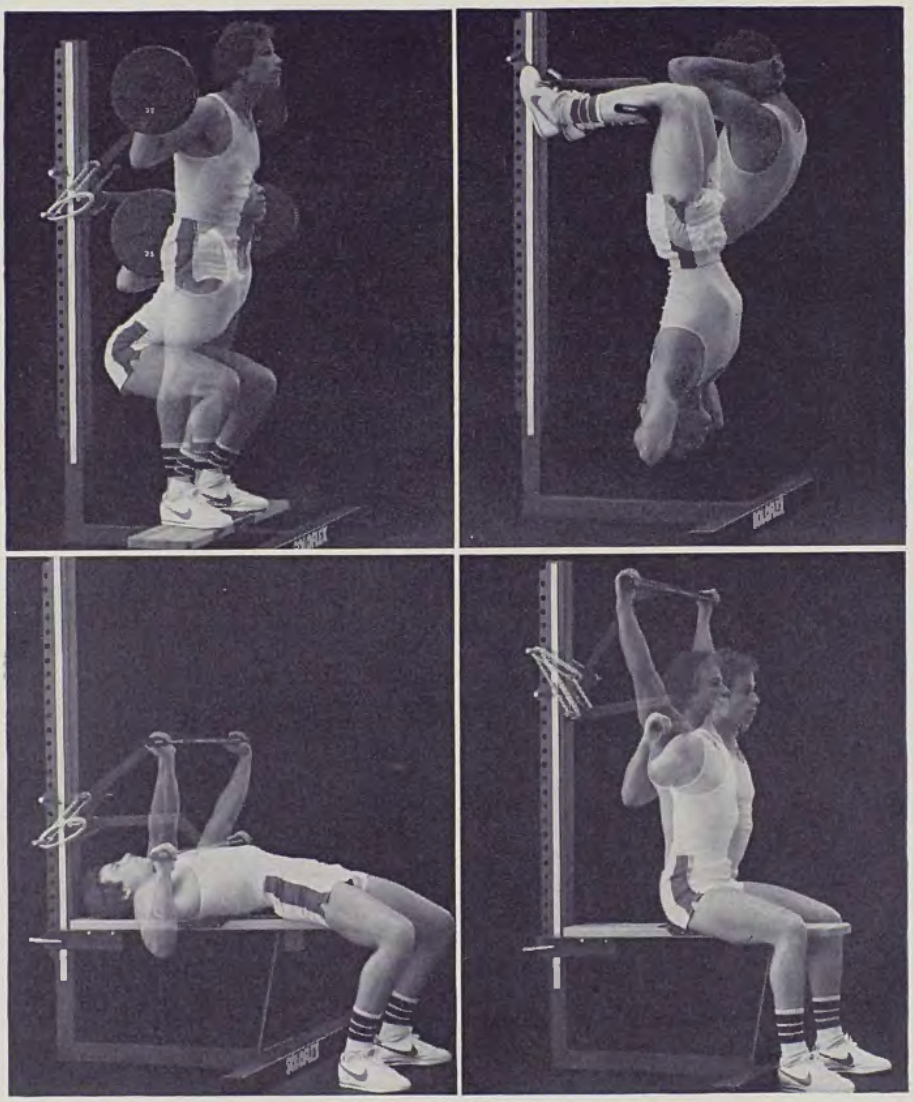

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thought he heard a shot.

"Are you shooting down there?" he called to Paul.

"No," Paul called back, "that was a backfire on the freeway."

When Paul handed him the gun, Chip checked the cylinder and found that not just one but three shots had been fired. He asked Paul about it in private. "I sat out there in my car the other night and thought about straightening things out my way," Paul said. "It's a sobering experience to sit there and really contemplate the end."

Paul told one of the women in his life something more: that he'd thought about killing Dorothy and then himself.

On Saturday, August ninth, Paul and Patti went to a gun store, where Paul tried to buy a $300 semi-automatic rifle. "For protection," he said. The dealer couldn't sell the rifle to Paul because of his Canadian citizenship. Paul asked an acquaintance to buy the rifle for him but without success.

On Sunday, the tenth, Paul wanted a party. He gave Patti a list of 20 names. He had strawberry daiquiris, barbecued chicken, a tossed salad, rolls, Jell-O and jug wine. Fewer than half the people Patti called showed up. Dorothy was supposed to call him to confirm a meeting on Thursday to talk about the settlement. When he didn't hear from her, he was furious.

Dorothy had gone with Louise to the desert northeast of L.A. for a sunglasses promotion shooting for Optyl. She would be there two days. She called Paul on Monday from her motel and agreed to see him at the house on Thursday, after a morning meeting with Bob Houston. Then she and Louise called Nellie. Dorothy told her mother about the lunch with Paul three days before. "His eyes looked so sad, Mum," she said.

It worried Nellie. She thought Paul was being too quiet. It wasn't like him. "Don't go and see him again," she advised her daughter. "It's dangerous."

"Oh, Mum," Dorothy said, "what could he do?"

"He could hurt you," Nellie warned.

Paul found a shotgun for sale in *The Recycler*. On Monday, he called the owner and arranged to drive out to the San Fernando Valley to see it. Patti went along for the ride. They stopped at Richard Brander's to enroll Patti in his acting class. Paul bitched at length about Bogdanovich's turning Dorothy against his poster deal while he was there. On his way out, he slammed his fist into the side of Brander's jeep. He drove off toward the valley, got lost, drove back to Beverly Hills, called the owner of the shotgun and arranged to meet him two days later. On Tuesday, August 12, he went roller-skating on Rodeo Drive. Patrick Curtis saw him there and stopped to talk. Something was wrong. Patrick thought: Paul was talking, but he wasn't making sense.

The writer Paul had commissioned to do his biography got an unexpected phone call. "Hang on to my story," Paul said. "It's going to be worth something." The writer didn't know what he was talking about.

On Tuesday evening, Bogdanovich dropped in on Hefner at the Mansion. It was the first time they had seen each other in months. They sat together on a couch in the Living Room. Peter couldn't stay seated. He kept jumping up as he spoke of Dorothy and the picture.

"She's wonderful in it," he said, pacing about. "You're going to be very proud of her."

"I already am," Hefner replied.

Peter then told Hefner about his relationship with Dorothy.

Hefner chided him for their secrecy.

"We're trying to keep a low profile until after the film is released," Peter said. "I don't want Dorothy to go through what Cybill and I did in the press."

"I hope this isn't a casual affair," Hefner said. "Dorothy deserves better than that."

Peter grew serious, shaking his head. "I'm in love," he said, "but I mean *really* in love. I've never felt this way about anyone before in my life."

Marilyn Grabowski took Dorothy and Louise to lunch at Le Dome on Wednesday, August 13. The French menu confused Louise and Dorothy helped her young sister order. Louise finally decided she wanted a hamburger.

Marilyn couldn't get over how good Dorothy looked. She was always lovely, but at lunch that afternoon she was luminous. Marilyn asked about her London holiday and commented on how happy she seemed. Dorothy nodded, then actually blushed.

She was pleased with the layout she'd been shown for her Hollywood-blondes pictorial. They discussed her schedule for the rest of the week. She was meeting with Bob Houston on Thursday morning. On Friday she was to see Marty Krofft to talk about the part in *The Last Desperado*. She had a good chance at it. She was also scheduled to appear on *The Merv Griffin Show*. Over dessert, Marilyn asked about Paul. Dorothy said she thought they could work things out and remain friends. She didn't mention that she planned to see him the next day.

Snider met the shotgun owner at a construction site. The man showed Paul how to load and fire the weapon—it was a short-barreled 12-gauge Mossberg pump—and advised him to buy heavy number-four buckshot if he meant to use it for personal protection. Although he noticed that Paul was wearing a diamond bracelet, he let him talk the price down from $150 to $125. Snider put the gun in its case, put the case in the trunk of the Mercedes and drove off to buy a box of shells.

That same day Paul met with his lawyer, J. Michael Kelly, and talked about a house he wanted Dorothy to buy with him in North Hollywood as an investment for $185,000. A little later, he called Houston. "You're meeting with Dorothy tomorrow," he said. "Ask her about the house." Houston hadn't heard about any house. He thought Snider might be setting him up for something, so he decided not to talk houses with Dorothy unless she brought the subject up.

"Sometimes a Playmate dies," Paul told Bill and Susan La Chasse at their studio Wednesday night. He'd stopped by to look at publicity photographs of Patti. The La Chasses had been Paul's partners in the ill-fated Dorothy Stratten poster project. A poster had been Snider's idea for a big score; he unrealistically estimated that it might net him several hundred thousand dollars. Eventually, from New York, Dorothy had turned the project down. Paul had angrily blamed Bogdanovich.

Now, in a strangely jovial mood, he mentioned Claudia Jennings, 1970 Playmate of the Year, whose career as an actress had been cut short by a fatal car accident the previous fall. "Some Playmates get killed," he said. "Some actresses die before their films come out. When that happens, it causes a lot of trouble."

His comments were curiously inconsistent with his jocular manner, Bill thought. Paul told the La Chasses he'd just bought a shotgun. "I'm going to take up hunting," he said with a smirk.

Patti went home from her first acting lesson to find Paul standing alone in the kitchen staring into space. Later, with Lynn, they watched *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. It was one of Dorothy's favorite films.

Thursday, August 14, 1980. At breakfast, Paul made a list of points he meant to raise with Dorothy. In addition to a cash settlement, he wanted an income. He wanted her help in obtaining a work permit. She could have a legal separation, but he didn't want a divorce. Patti vacuumed. Lynn watched television.

Dorothy decided that it would be better not to tell Bogdanovich she was meeting with Paul. She asked Louise if she wanted to go along. Louise said no, she'd rather stay at Peter's with his two daughters. Dorothy asked her sister not to mention to anyone else where she was going and then left for her ten-o'clock appointment with Bob Houston.

Dorothy and her business manager met in his conference room. They discussed the possibility of getting her a

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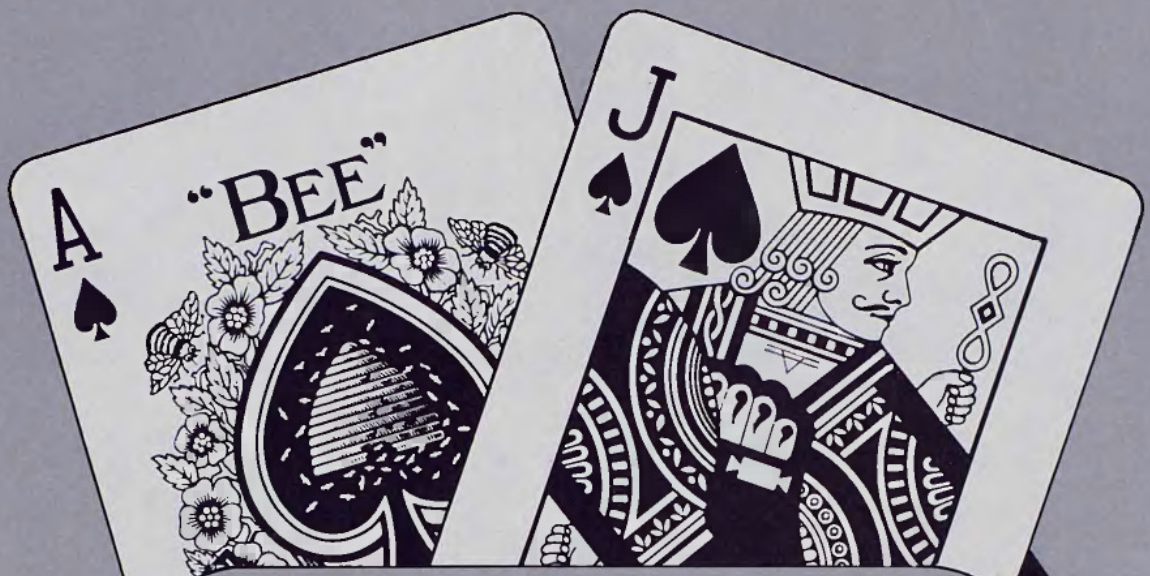

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new agent. Her lawyer had suggested William Morris or Creative Artists. Houston gave her a box of checks for her new bank account and had her fill out an application for an American Express card. She asked about buying a car. Paul had sold the Jaguar XJ-S and a few of the other gifts she'd received as Playmate of the Year. He wouldn't give up their Mercedes and the 1967 Cougar she'd been driving was falling apart. She wondered if she could afford a used Fiat.

"You don't want to drive a second-hand car," Houston said. "Let me arrange a lease on a new BMW 320 i or an Alfa Romeo."

"Can I really afford that?" she asked.

"Yes."

She smiled.

"But what if I have to give all the money to Paul?" she asked, the smile fading.

"You won't have to give all the money to Paul," Bob assured her. He reminded her that the part she would be meeting Marty Krofft the next day to discuss was a $100,000 leading role. "Don't worry so much," he said. "You're doing just fine."

Paul called. Houston took the call in his office and Snider was cloying: "How are you today, Bob? Dorothy's there, huh? Oh, good. How are things going? You talk about the house yet?"

Bob told him they hadn't talked about any houses yet.

"OK," Paul said. "Well, when do you think Dorothy will be leaving there? Half an hour or so? Well, why don't you have her give me a call before she leaves?"

Back in the conference room Bob told Dorothy about the call. She said that she'd agreed to meet Paul again because he was being nice about everything and she wanted to keep it that way.

"There's really no need for you to go see him," Bob said. "It's none of my business, but you don't have to put yourself through that. It's at the stage where the lawyers should be doing the talking."

"It's better this way," Dorothy said. "I want a divorce, but I don't think Paul can handle it yet." She wanted to proceed with the property settlement and the separation now, and the divorce later. She was convinced that everything would be easier if she met and talked with him in person. "I'd like to remain his friend," she told Houston.

Dorothy called Paul to say she was on her way and then she left.

Snider called Houston again about five minutes later. "Hey," he said, "I understand she's on the way. Did you get to talk about the house?"

Bob said, "No, we didn't talk about any house. We talked about a settlement, you know, a property settlement."

"Oh, good," Paul said. "OK, nice talking to you." And he hung up.

VI

Paul was alone in the house when Dorothy arrived, shortly after 12 noon. Patti and Lynn had left at 11 to go roller-skating in Venice and Paul had agreed to meet them at two.

Sometime earlier, Snider had considered secretly taping the meeting and trying to get Dorothy to say something about taking care of him, something he could use in a claim for financial support. He gave up on the plan when he couldn't assemble the necessary gear.

Lynn and Patti called the house around two o-clock. No one answered. They called several more times during the afternoon. No response.

They called several more times during the afternoon. Goldstein began calling about 2:30. No response.

Nellie phoned Louise from Vancouver that afternoon. She asked to talk to Dorothy. Remembering her sister's instructions, Louise replied, "She's downstairs at the pool, Mum. She's swimming. She can't come to the phone."

Lynn and Patti returned from skating at five P.M. and noticed the two cars outside the house, Dorothy's GAL-X-INA Cougar and Paul's STAR-80 Mercedes. The door to the downstairs bedroom was closed. They assumed Paul and Dorothy wanted to be alone and went upstairs. They found Dorothy's purse in the upstairs living room. They watched the evening news. Paul's phone rang and kept on ringing and no one answered it. At 6:30 the two girls went off to have dinner together.

Steve Cushner, the doctor, Paul's housemate, came home an hour later and also noticed the closed door as he

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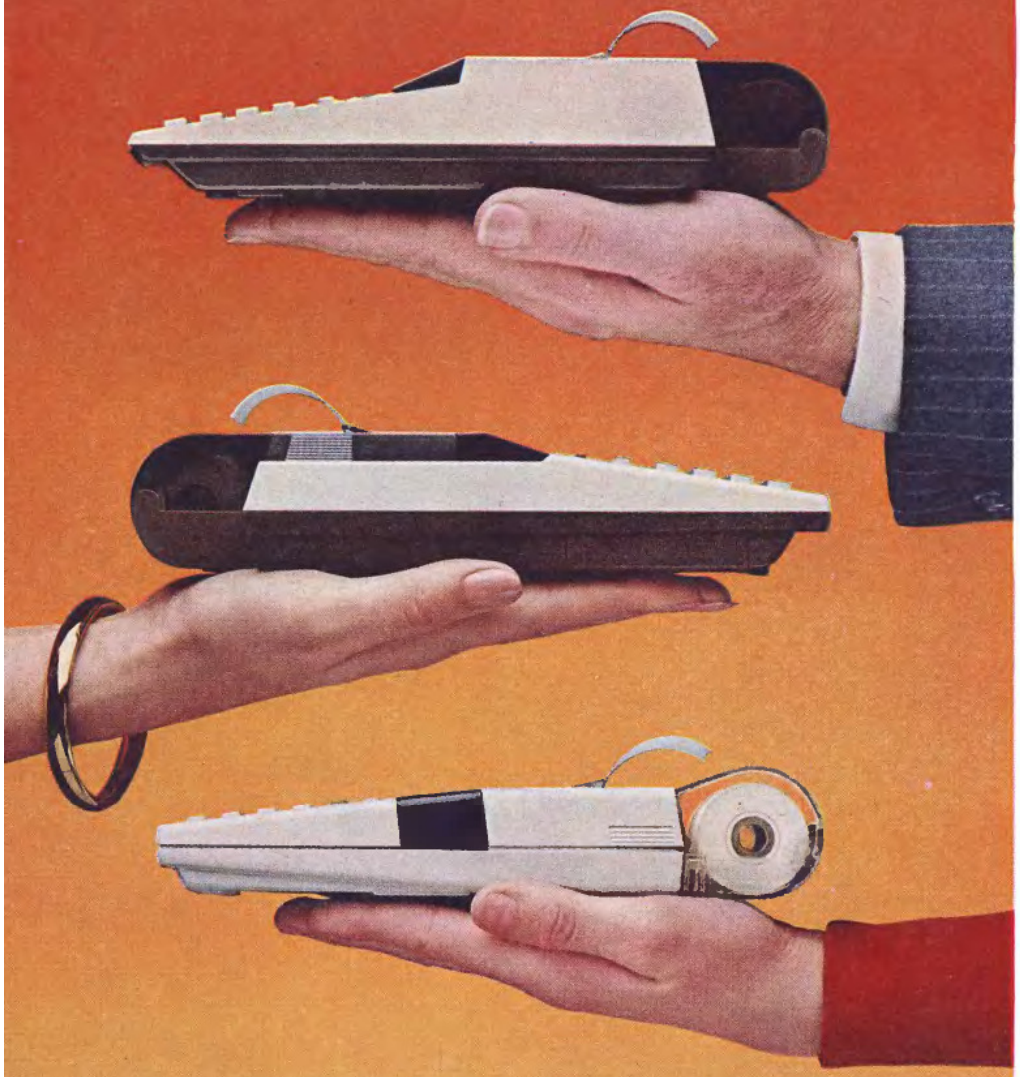

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went upstairs. The ringing bedroom phone bothered him as it had bothered the girls. His German shepherd seemed restless in the back yard.

At eight that evening Lynn dropped Patti back at the house. "Call me as soon as they come out," Lynn said. "I want to know everything that happened." Lynn drove angrily to her family home in Canoga Park, jealous that Paul was still with Dorothy.

Patti and Steve watched television together in the living room upstairs and listened to the intermittent ringing of the phone. Cushner went down to investigate, but Patti was afraid to go. He knocked and there was no response. He opened the door, saw two naked bodies, an arc of blood and tissue sprayed across the wall and ceiling, and closed the door again. He was a doctor. He knew the look of death.

The police weren't notified until 12:15 A.M. They arrived at 12:20.

When Lieutenant Glenn Ackerman came onto the scene soon after, he decided he was dealing with a murder-suicide, a conclusion confirmed by further investigation and the coroner's report. Paul's and Dorothy's clothes were strewed on the floor at one side of the bed. Paul's body lay nearer the door, face down on top of the shotgun in a pool of blood, his head shattered by a massive, powder-burned wound.

Dorothy's body lay across one corner of the bed, her knees on the floor, her face turned down and away from the door, so she almost appeared to be asleep. She had been killed by a shotgun blast into the left side of her face. She had raised her left hand in defense and the shot had taken off the tip of her left forefinger. Death was instantaneous.

There had been a struggle. Strands of Dorothy's long, blonde hair were found clutched in Paul's hand. She had been sexually assaulted, apparently before and after she was killed. The police believed that she had died at least an hour before Paul Snider took his own life. There were bloody handprints on her left leg, her buttocks and her left arm and shoulder. Paul's hands were covered with blood. At the end of the room beyond the two bodies sat the bondage bench Paul and Chip had built, Chip thought, as a joke. Several strips of tape hung loosely from the wall and from the TV set, used and unused, some having served as ligatures to bind her.

On the table next to the bed was a five-page letter to Paul from Lynn complaining about his brooding obsession with Dorothy and his daily exploitation

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of Patti as domestic help.

Hefner was playing pinball with a few friends in the Game House when the phone rang that night. His secretary, Cis Rundle, said that a man wanted to talk to him on a matter of some urgency. Hefner suggested she take a message. A few moments later she was back. "I think you'd better talk to him, Hef," she said. "It sounds important."

Hefner took the phone. A few seconds later the color drained from his face. He grew ashen. All activity in the Game House ceased as the awareness spread among his friends that something terrible had occurred.

"What happened?" Hefner asked after a long silence. "Is it . . . a murder-suicide?" Hefner knew nothing of Paul's proclivity for violence, but it was the first thought that occurred to him.

Hefner spoke to an Officer Michael Woodings. Not until the police officer had given him his name and badge number did Hefner fully believe this wasn't a hideous joke, the sort of obscene prank that Paul might pull.

"What have you got there?" Hefner asked. Woodings said that the investigating officer hadn't arrived yet but it appeared to be a murder-suicide.

When Hefner put down the phone, his hand was shaking. The friends in the Game House were also Dorothy's friends and the shock of what had happened stunned them. The women were all crying and consoling one another. The men were shaking their heads in disbelief and cursing Snider. Hefner decided he'd better call Peter Bogdanovich.

"Something terrible has happened, Peter," he said when the call went through. "Dorothy is dead. . . ." Hefner heard a moan, heard the telephone drop. Then the line went dead. He dialed a second number at Peter's residence and a houseman answered. Hef could hear Bogdanovich sobbing in the background. "This is Hefner again," he said. "I just wanted to make sure Peter had someone with him."

Cis Rundle, who is a part-time member of the Mansion staff, knew that the crisis required more experience than she had. She called Hefner's Executive Assistant, Lisa Loving. Cis was so upset when she called that Lisa had trouble understanding her. She understood only that someone was dead. "My first thought was that something had happened to Hef," Lisa said later. "I hung up the phone, grabbed a robe to cover my nightgown and jumped in my car. I don't think it took me two minutes to get back to the Mansion. I ran two red lights. I was shaking the whole way. I left my car in the middle of the driveway with the motor still running. I ran as fast as I could to the Game House. God, I was scared. Then I saw Hef; he was standing, he was OK. I went up to him and touched his arm. It was the strangest thing. It was like his skin was moving, he was shaking so hard, and he didn't look good at all. Hef put his arm around my shoulder and told me Dorothy Stratten was dead.

"All the girls in the Game House were crying," Lisa remembered. "Cis and Victoria Cooke were holding each other. Heidi Sorenson seemed to be in a daze." Lisa suggested they all go back into the house; on the way Hefner told her what little he knew about what had happened. He wondered if he ought to call Dorothy's family in Vancouver. Lisa said the authorities would send someone to the house in person, and she would see to that.

Hefner, badly shaken, went upstairs. Lisa ordered hot tea from the kitchen,

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told the staff to direct all incoming calls to her and went into the dining room, where she did her best to calm the girls. Heidi, an upcoming Playmate, who was also from Canada, had started to cry and couldn't stop.

"I told them how lucky we were to have known Dorothy in the first place," Lisa would recall. "Dorothy had touched a lot of people and we were lucky to have been a part of that. She had left a great deal behind for all of us to remember."

Then Sondra Theodore and Kelly Tough arrived home after a rehearsal for The Singing Playmates. Lisa met them at the door. Sondra started laughing and hugged her.

"This time you've gone too far, Loving," Sondra said. "Just because Hef works in his pajamas doesn't mean you can come to work in your nightgown!"

"Go upstairs," Lisa told them. "Hef needs you."

"I didn't want them to wander into the dining room and see everyone crying," she said later. She thought Hefner was the one who should tell them the bad news—Sondra because she was Hefner's girlfriend; Kelly because she had known Dorothy since high school in Vancouver.

"I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep," Lisa remembered, "and that I had a very long, hard day ahead of me. It was 4:30 A.M. and, as far as I was concerned, time to start waking the world of Playboy. I think I was tired of being the only one awake and working. I've never had to tell anyone about a death before, much less get them out of bed to give them the news. I called our people in New York and Chicago first; then I started in on Los Angeles: Marilyn Grabowski, the head of security, the director of public relations and on down the line. Every person I called seemed to understand what I was saying, but every one of them called me back to ask if I had really just called and to repeat what I had told them.

"After that, the phone never stopped ringing. Newspapers called asking for a statement. The county coroner called requesting information on Dorothy's next of kin. At about eight A.M., Mansion office staffer Judi Bradford came in. Her eyes were still puffy with sleep. Her brother works for a radio station; he'd called and told her the news. She came immediately. I was sitting at my desk feeling a little numb. She said, 'Are you still here, or here again?' Then she saw that I was still wearing my nightgown. She hugged me and said, 'Oh,

(continued on page 212)

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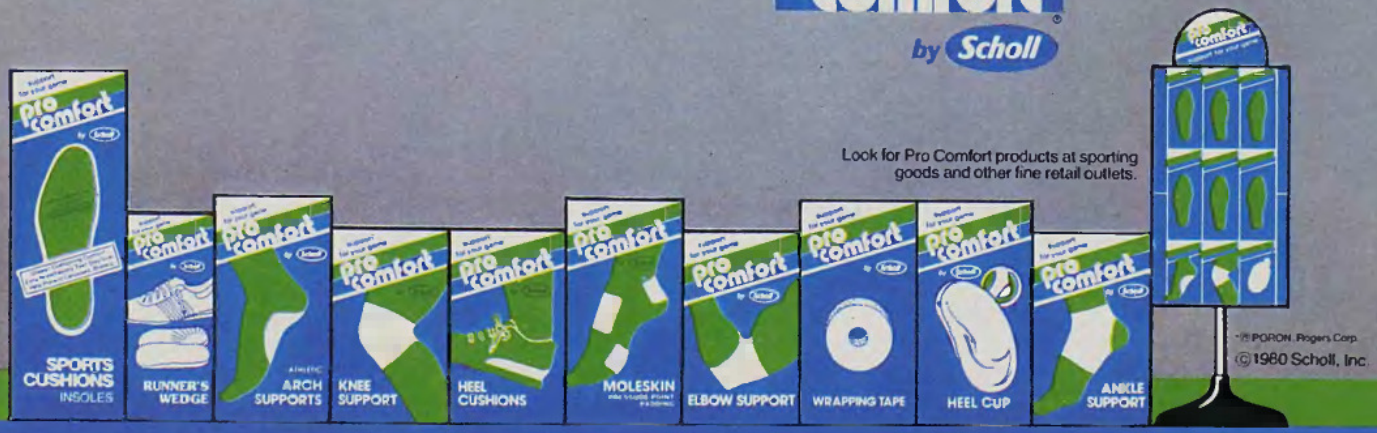

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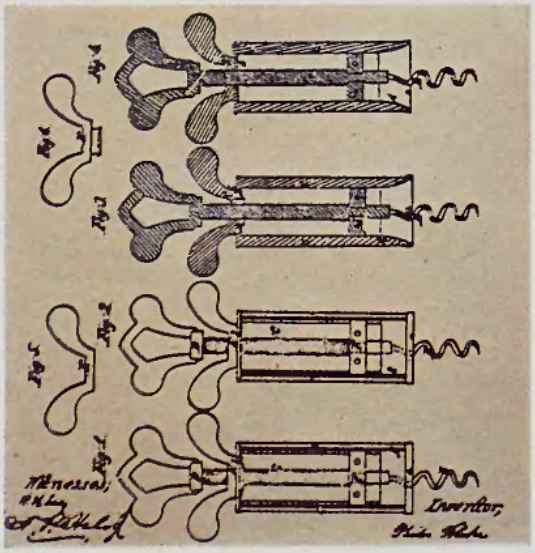
For such a utilitarian object, the corkscrew has fascinated inventors for generations. But here's the real corker—a limited-edition softcover book, *Guide to American Corkscrews*, available for $10.95, postpaid, from Bottlescrew Press, 5 The Strand, New Castle, Delaware 19720. The book contains more than 200 patent drawings of corkscrews, extractors, etc., registered by American inventors from 1860 to 1895. You take the cork, we'll take the contents.



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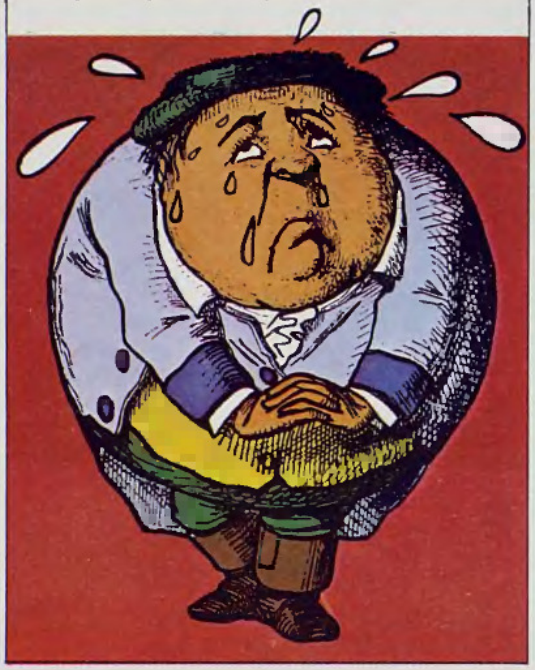

LEARNING THE ABC'S

Searching old newspapers and periodicals for Reagan memorabilia is rapidly becoming the national pastime. So far, we've seen a picture of Reagan standing on his head next to Bonzo the irrepressible chimpanzee, Reagan posing in a bathing suit for an art-studies class and, now, fresh from a 1948 advertising campaign, we have the star of Warner Bros.' *The Voice of the Turtle* endorsing Chesterfield cigarettes. Apple of the Earth, P.O. Box 17711, Denver, Colorado 80217, is selling 11"x17" black-and-white reproductions of this now-famous ad for only $2.50 each or three for $5.50. Since nonsmoker Reagan claims that the Chesterfield agency painted in his cigarette, his accompanying statement that "It takes ABC to satisfy me" is more mystifying than satisfying.

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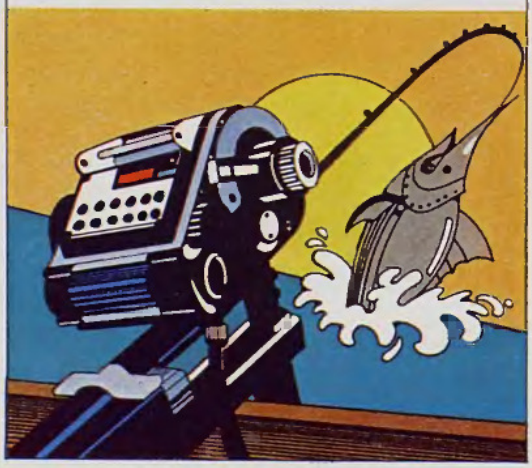

PET NUKE

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DOROTHY STRATTEN

(continued from page 238)

God, why did this happen? Why dear, sweet Dorothy?' We held each other for a moment. I cried for the first time that long night."

VII

Early Friday morning, a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman pulled his car into Nellie's driveway in Coquitlam. She saw him through her kitchen window and watched him getting out. John, she thought as she went to her front door; what's he done? Maybe his license has expired. Something to do with the car. The Mountie knocked on the door. Nellie opened it. He stepped inside and removed his hat. "Your daughter's been shot, ma'am," he said.

Nellie didn't know what to do. She went back into the kitchen and started washing dishes. The Mountie didn't know what to do, either. He followed her into the kitchen and started drying them.

"You mean she's dead," Nellie said after a while.

"Yes, she's dead."

He didn't mention Paul's suicide. Nellie thought, I hope they put Paul away for the rest of his life. And then and later, she thought: She was so young.

Dorothy would have celebrated her 21st birthday on February 28, 1981. She died exactly two years and one day after her arrival in L.A.

The staff at Playboy's West Coast Photo Studio began arriving well before working hours that Friday morning. Most had been awakened early by phone calls informing them of Dorothy Stratten's death. Susan Hall, Marilyn Grabowski's assistant, sat by the phone in the still-darkened reception area. Marilyn called her into her office. Susan had never seen her look so distraught.

"Someone has to take Louise back to Vancouver," Marilyn told her. "I want you to do it."

Louise, little Louise, Susan thought. She'd forgotten about Louise. "All right," she said. "Tell me what needs to be done."

She was told that a limousine would be waiting at the Bogdanovich home, where Louise had been staying. The plane reservations had already been made. She was to leave at once.

As Susan started out the door, the phone rang. It was Lisa Loving.

"Louise doesn't know what's happened," Lisa said. "Her family requests that we let them tell her when she gets to Vancouver."

"OK," Susan said, staggered. "Shit."

She looked for something to distract a 13-year-old and found a copy of Kurt

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Victor A. Lownes

Victor A. Lownes, President
Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

Vonnegut's *Welcome to the Monkey House* on a bookshelf. She also took a notebook and pens—they could draw, play dots, ticktacktoe. Anything.

She reached Bogdanovich's house in minutes. The limousine was already there.

The young man who took care of the children met her at the door. "You know she doesn't know," he said as he ushered her through the house.

Louise was packing furiously. She turned, saw Susan and recognized her. She glared. "What are you doing here? Where's Dorothy?"

"Well, what did they tell you?"

"That Dorothy had to go away and I'm supposed to go back to Vancouver."

"Oh, now I know, too. Well, I'm to make sure you get back OK."

"Why didn't she call? Nothing's happened to her, has it?" Louise was angry. "She was supposed to call yesterday."

"Well, I don't know. She probably didn't have time. I don't know exactly what's going on—just that I'm to be your escort home."

Louise studied Susan for a long moment, then resumed her packing.

"I flew down by myself. I don't need an escort," Louise announced. She studied Susan suspiciously. "Is anything wrong?"

"No. Everything's OK. But we'd better hurry or we'll miss our plane."

Susan would forever love Bruno, the limousine driver, for his reassuring calm. He didn't play the radio. He didn't talk. His look through the rear-view mirror lent her support as Louise continued to pummel her with questions.

"Are you sure Dorothy is safe?"

"I'm sure."

"You know she went to see Paul yesterday. I told her not to, but she wanted to go. That man is crazy. I hate him. I was afraid he'd kidnaped her or something."

"No, she hasn't been kidnaped."

"And you're sure she's OK."

"Yes. A lot of people love Dorothy. She will always be OK."

Louise thought about that. "It's not like her not to call," she said then. "I've been so scared. Even Peter seemed scared. This morning he looked sick. You know, Dorothy was supposed to take me shopping."

At the airport, Bruno took care of the luggage and kept Louise close at hand. So far, so good. They moved through the ticket line, one agonizing step at a time.

Susan noticed a woman studying Louise. Sensing trouble, she sent Bruno and Louise to sit down while she waited for the tickets.

The woman approached her. "That's Dorothy Stratten's sister, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," Susan said pleasantly, in the hope she would disappear. "She doesn't know what happened. Please don't say anything."

"I'm with Hoffman Travel," the woman said. "I thought I recognized her. I saw them together when she flew in last Saturday." She said she'd do what she could to help.

She made some calls, then led Louise and her escort to a VIP lounge from which the television set, radio and all newspapers had been removed. The woman arranged for Susan and Louise to board early. The plane was cleared of newspapers and they were seated at the front of the first-class section, with no one else seated nearby.

The flight was difficult for Susan. She tried not to actually lie to Louise but phrased her words so that later they'd have a deeper meaning. By the time they landed, Louise seemed convinced that Dorothy was OK. Susan told her that she could call her any time. She knew that Louise was about to be wrenched from the false security that had been created for her. Then she'd be even more confused and shocked, because earlier in the day, at Bogdanovich's, she'd *known*.

They deplaned in Vancouver. All of Louise's family was there and she was delighted. She hugged her brother. Nellie took Susan's hand to thank her. She looked steadily into Susan's eyes, so that Susan had to look directly into hers. They were Dorothy's eyes, deep and sincere. When Louise turned away, Nellie showed her grief for just a moment. Susan would never forget that look.

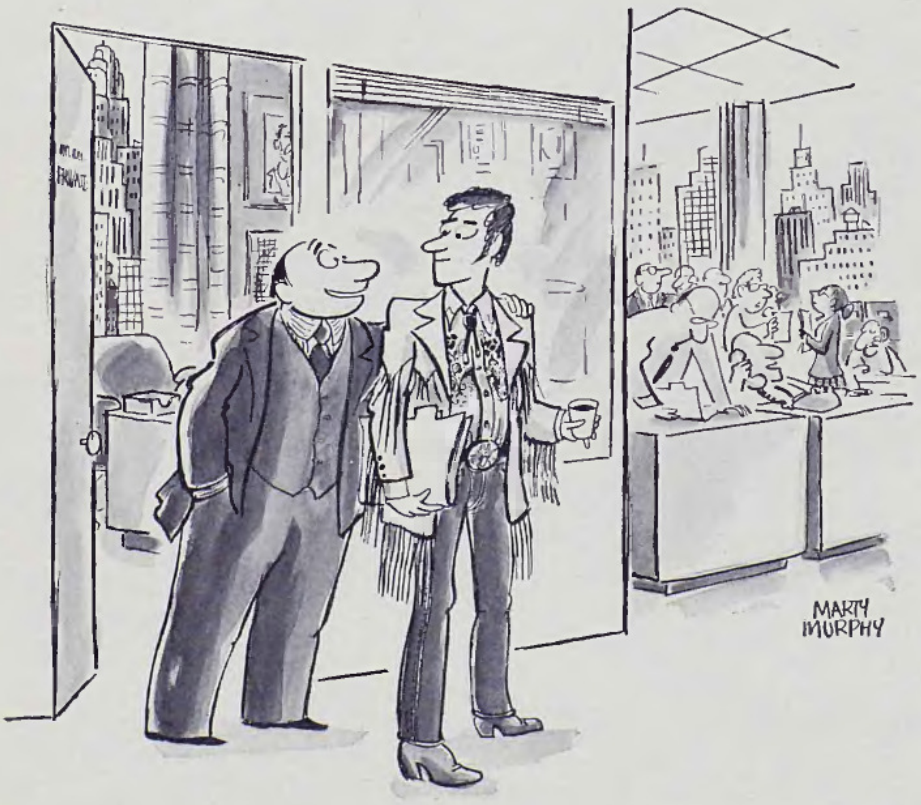
As Susan started toward her return flight, Louise ran after her. Hugged and kissed her. Then she told Susan to take good care of herself.

VIII

Dorothy's death was front-page news throughout the United States, in Canada and abroad. Colleen Camp, an actress who worked with Dorothy in *They All Laughed*, saw her picture in an Italian newspaper in Brindisi, an Italian seaport on the Adriatic. She was traveling with director François Truffaut. "Why, that's Dorothy," she said. Then she noticed the word *morta* in the headline.

In Los Angeles, the first sketchy radio reports Friday morning simply said that a PLAYBOY model and her husband had been found dead in their West L.A. home. By 11 o'clock the murder had acquired a righteous motive. The media were reporting erroneously that "police said Paul Snider was despondent over his wife's decision to pose nude in PLAYBOY." Walter Cronkite set the record straight on the *CBS Evening News*:

"A beautiful young woman living what was described as a Hollywood fairy tale," Cronkite said. "But fairy



"Hey, pardner, why don't you mosey on back to your spread and throw on some city duds?"

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tales don't always have happy endings. Sometimes they turn ugly and violent. This time, say police, the tragedy apparently was written by a husband despondent over the breakup of his marriage."

Incredibly, newspaper columnist Liz Smith used the occasion to attack Bogdanovich:

"Some of those who witnessed Peter Bogdanovich's ongoing love affair with Dorothy Stratten are blaming the movie director for not protecting the Playmate of the Year from being killed. . . .

"Bogdanovich, everybody's favorite megalomaniac, drew almost violent reaction from one bitter insider: 'He knew that her husband was threatening to kill her, but he refused to back off. Personally, I think the husband shot the wrong person.' "

The *Chicago Tribune* and others, noting Dorothy's GAL-X-INA license plates, found a connection with the much-trafficked cliché "Life in the fast lane" and condemned PLAYBOY and Hollywood indiscriminately for Dorothy's death.

A more discerning examination came from scholar and columnist Max Lerner, a friend of Hefner's who had known Dorothy and Paul. Lerner told their story briefly in his column and then concluded:

"One thinks of Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, but there has been a shift. The upward-mobile Paul killed not the woman who stood in the way of his career (as in Clyde's case) but the one on whom his hopes for his own life had been centered.

"This is part of the glowing new America that has opened careers for women like Dorothy and threatens their men."

On Saturday, the California public administrator inventoried Dorothy's and Paul's possessions.

Paul Snider's father arrived in L.A. to claim his son's body. He also tried to claim the STAR-80 Mercedes but had to return to Vancouver without it.

Burl Eldridge informed Bob Houston that Nellie wanted Dorothy buried in the United States. It was a country she had learned to love, he said, and the place where she had been the happiest.

Hefner sent Elizabeth Norris to Vancouver with tickets to fly Dorothy's family to L.A. for the funeral. Not only Nellie and Burl, Louise and John would be attending but also Simon Hoogstraten, the natural father whom Dorothy had wanted so much to impress. Hoogstraten had first learned of his daughter's success when he read Vancouver newspaper reports of her death.

The family flew to Los Angeles to attend the funeral at Westwood Memorial Cemetery. The site had been chosen by Bogdanovich. It is, coincidentally, where Marilyn Monroe's body is also interred. This was as close as Dorothy would ever get to her dream.

The funeral was held privately on Friday, August 22, eight days after Dorothy's death. Four limousines took Dorothy's family, Hefner, Bogdanovich and his two daughters, Elizabeth Norris, Marilyn Grabowski, Mario Casilli, Bob Houston, her lawyer Wayne Alexander and agent David Wilder into the park. The gates were briefly locked for the 3:15 P.M. service.

At the funeral Nellie met Hefner for the first time. She noticed that his hands were cold and could see that he was still as shocked as she was. Mario didn't know what he was going to say to Louise; she resolved the problem by hugging him. The minister recited the *23rd Psalm* and verses from the books of *John*, *Ephesians* and *Romans*. Twice, referring to the Biblical author of two of those books, he had to use the name Paul. Everyone winced.

At her family's request, Dorothy's body had been cremated. Peter had wanted Dorothy buried, and to spare his feelings the urn was placed within a full-sized coffin for burial. After the service, Nellie and Burl stood together, well away from the gravesite. She couldn't watch the burial. At graveside, the others, each in turn, threw a single rose onto the lowered coffin before it was covered with earth. Tears were running down Louise's and John's faces. Hefner put his arms around both of them and held them tight.

There was a wake afterward at Peter's house, but Hefner was too emotionally drained to attend. The others drank and talked of Dorothy and watched her rushes from *They All Laughed* in the screening room downstairs. Nellie couldn't watch the film. She and Peter stayed upstairs and talked, and cried a little more. The next day the family had lunch at the Playboy Mansion. They toured the grounds. Nellie stood apart from the others in the Aviary. She had tears in her eyes, but she was smiling. Elizabeth Norris went to her. "I'm so pleased to see the place where Dorothy was so happy," Nellie said. "This is where Dorothy felt safe and really loved." The family flew back to Vancouver.

Some Jehovah's Witnesses went to see Nellie the week after she returned to Canada. They had heard about her daughter's death, they told her. Nellie said she believed Dorothy was in heaven and they said no, she was still in the ground. "People aren't resurrected until the Day of Judgment," they insisted.

"But what makes you so sure of that?" Nellie asked.

"It says so in the Bible," they explained. Nellie went and got her Bible. "Ah," they said, "that's an old-fashioned Bible." They read to her from their up-to-date Bible, quoting a verse here and a verse there, to prove that Dorothy would remain where she was buried until the end of time.

Nellie listened amazed. When they finished she said, "Here, I can do that, too." She found the verse that says, Judas went and hanged himself, and then she found the verse where Jesus says, "Go, and do thou likewise." "You see," she said, "Jesus wants us to go and hang ourselves." The Jehovah's Witnesses looked at her very strangely. Then they gathered their materials and went away.

Later, Nellie would fall into fitful sleep, only to awaken in the middle of the night, crying. Dorothy is dead, she would tell herself in the dark, Dorothy is dead.

She trusted Paul, Nellie thought, and he betrayed her. You want to save your children from so many things, but you can't. God, who knows everything, must know why she was killed. There must be a reason.

If she had only played the actress with him that afternoon, Nellie thought. Pretended. But she couldn't. She was too honest.

Nothing seemed to matter anymore. Nellie listened to other people talk and none of it mattered. Crying: "It should have been me. I would have been glad if it had been me. Dorothy was so young, so young."

Back in California, Hefner was remembering Dorothy. He was certain the last two years of her life had been the happiest she had ever known. She had been growing at an incredible rate, not only professionally but as a person. The first decisions she ever had a chance to

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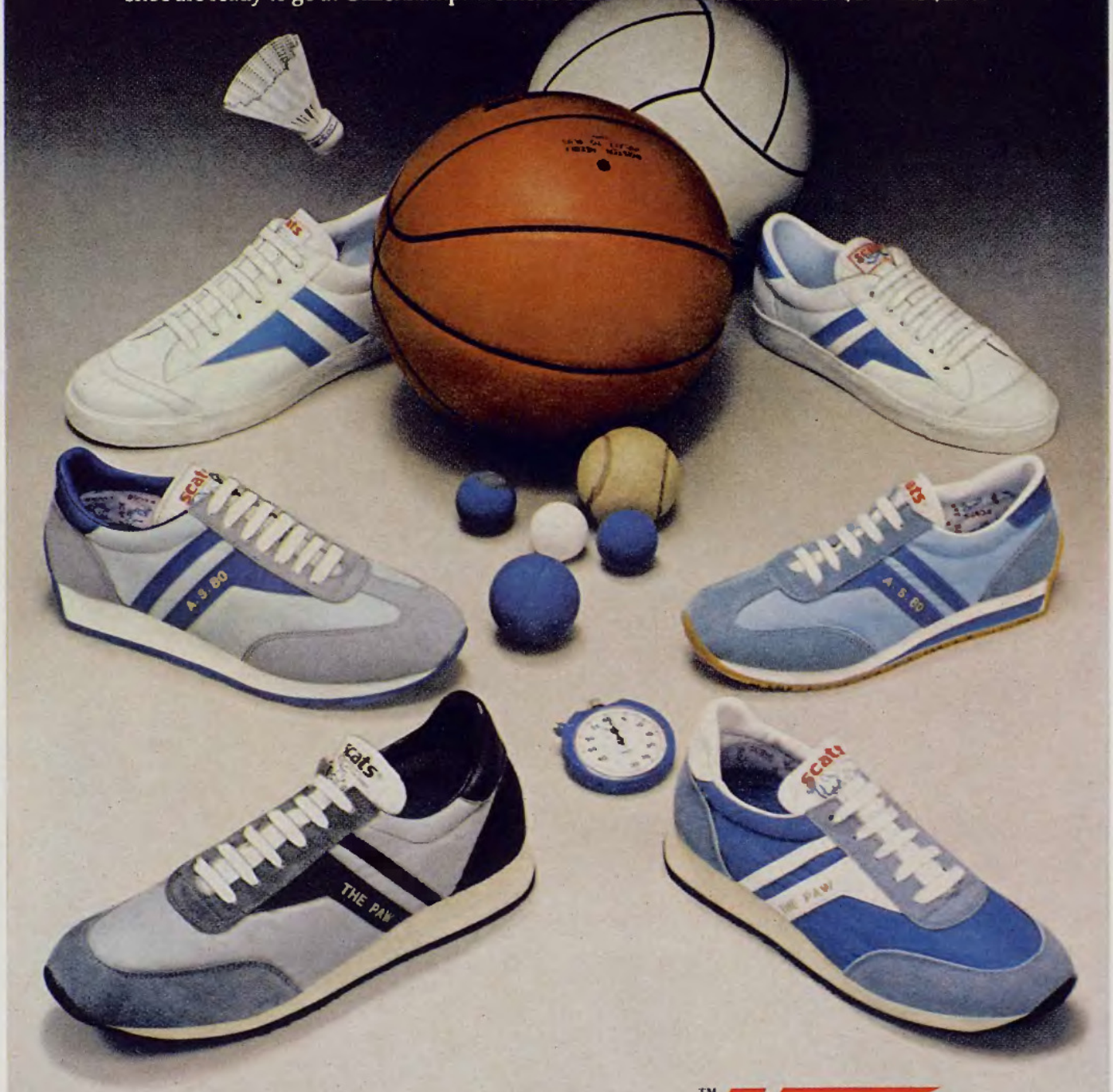

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make for herself were those she made in pursuit of her career and her future after coming to L.A. She was just beginning to be a complete human being, escaping from the pain of near poverty and acquiring the ability to take care of herself and her family. Unfortunately, the sickness that was Paul Snider followed her. He used her, without concern or compassion for what was best for Dorothy. When he couldn't use her anymore, he killed her.

For a long time Hefner had maintained that society's traditional values, secular and religious, were designed to keep women in a state of subjugation. Now, finally, women were being liberated—economically, socially and sexually. They were discovering alternatives, coming into their own. That was the issue that had proved too much for Paul Snider. He couldn't stand to see Dorothy become an independent human being, with a mind of her own, a body of her own, a life of her own.

Bogdanovich threw himself into postproduction work on *They All Laughed*. Editing the film surrounded him with images and memories of Dorothy. He chose an epitaph from *A Farewell to Arms* for the red-granite stone that was set on Dorothy's grave:

DOROTHY STRATTEN
FEBRUARY 28, 1960–AUGUST 14, 1980
IF PEOPLE BRING SO MUCH COURAGE TO THIS WORLD THE WORLD HAS TO KILL THEM TO BREAK THEM, SO OF COURSE IT KILLS THEM. IT KILLS THE VERY GOOD AND THE VERY GENTLE AND THE VERY BRAVE IMPARTIALLY. IF YOU ARE NONE OF THESE YOU CAN BE SURE THAT IT WILL KILL YOU TOO BUT THERE WILL BE NO SPECIAL HURRY.
WE LOVE YOU, D.R.

The media continued to show interest in the story of Dorothy Stratten's life and death. Bogdanovich was pressed for interviews. He decided not to give any, at least until *They All Laughed* was finished and released. He meant the picture to be his own personal tribute to Dorothy. In lieu of interviews, he issued the following statement several weeks after her death:

"Dorothy Stratten was as gifted and intelligent an actress as she was beautiful, and she was very beautiful indeed—in every way imaginable—most particularly in her heart. She and I fell in love during our picture, and had planned to be married as soon as her divorce was final. The loss to her mother and father, her sister and brother, to my children, to her friends and to me is larger than we can calculate. But there is no life Dorothy's touched that has not been changed for the better through knowing her, however briefly. Dorothy looked at the world with love, and believed that all people were good down deep. She was mistaken, but it is among the most generous and noble errors we can make.—Peter Bogdanovich."

Playboy people helped Dorothy's family however they could during the difficult weeks following the funeral. Elizabeth Norris sent John Hoogstraten the Houston Astros shirt and cap given Dorothy when she threw out the first ball at the Astrodome, and pictures of Dorothy wearing them. John replied:

> Dear Elizabeth: Thank you very much for the baseball shirt and the pictures. The shirt fits me perfect. We couldn't find the hat though, unless Louise doesn't want to give it to me.
>
> I am up in Dawson Creek now. Today was the first day in my course. I haven't seen too much of the town yet, but from the campus the hills are a golden prairie color with patches of green trees. It's really beautiful country. It's getting ready for winter now. Last night we had a light snow.
>
> At home things are still the same. Mom is having a hard time accepting what happened, and now me going away to school. She was very happy that I got the chance though.
>
> I was thinking of sending Hugh Hefner a letter thanking him for all that he's done for us. I was wondering if I might send it to you, Elizabeth, and you could forward it. I can imagine all the mail he must get. My letter could sit around for a long time.
>
> Well, it's getting late. I'm saying hi from everyone at home as well as myself. We all love you. Take care. Love, John.

Nellie was shocked to discover that Paul Snider's family had filed a claim against the assets of Dorothy's estate. It seemed incredible to her that the Sniders intended to benefit financially from the murder of her daughter by one of their own. She called Hefner in panic. If Dorothy died first, then the Sniders might claim the entire estate—with Dorothy's assets passing to Paul on her death and to his next of kin when he killed himself an hour later. "In all of this, there must be some *justice*," Nellie cried. Hefner agreed and promptly hired lawyers to represent Dorothy's family in the fight.

Smelling a profit in the story, a correspondent for *The Globe*, a sleazy Canadian tabloid, wrote a piece for the October 14 issue titled "SLAIN PLAYMATE LINKED TO CELEBRITY CALLGIRL RACKET," with the subtitle "Was She Murdered to Keep Her Quiet?" It was a double-murder fantasy packaged in with a fictional callgirl story added for extra reader interest.

"And remember that the way to a man's heart hangs just below his stomach."

"It looks like a Tia Maria night."

The sun is big and low. The golden light it casts on the sky-line makes the city look like make-believe. It reminds you another night is ripe.

It reminds you of Tia Maria, the delicious imported liqueur that's the color of a delicious sunset.

Tia Maria—smooth, mellow and incomparably delicious. Its color is to its taste what twilight is to night. A golden promise of a great experience.

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But more legitimate entrepreneurs were also showing interest in exploiting the Stratten story.

Other publications were planning articles about Dorothy, including New York's *Village Voice*, California's *New West* and several U. S. and Canadian newspapers. Hefner met with Teresa Carpenter, who was researching a cover story for the *Voice*. He was anxious to put to rest the notion Dorothy died because PLAYBOY or Hollywood exploited her. "That appeals to a popular prejudice of our time," Hefner said, "but it simply isn't so. PLAYBOY and Hollywood were an escape for Dorothy—from poverty and from the subjugation she suffered in a relationship with a very sick guy. When Snider saw his meal ticket and his connection to power slipping away, he killed her."

If Hefner had hoped for objective reportage from Teresa Carpenter and *The Village Voice*, he was due for a disappointment. *Death of a Playmate* proved to be a viciously anti-PLAYBOY, anti-male diatribe in which Carpenter linked Snider, Bogdanovich and Hefner as three of a kind. Since Carpenter had no evidence to support such an assertion regarding Hefner, she simply fabricated facts ("His chief preoccupation nowadays is managing the Playmates") and invented imaginary motivations ("Yet with all of those beautiful women at his disposal, he has not one Marion Davies to call his own. Dorothy exposed that yearning, that ego weakness . . ."). On the other hand, Carpenter perceived Snider to be "one of PLAYBOY's most honest apostles. He acted out dark fantasies never intended to be realized. Instead of fondling himself in private, instead of wreaking abstract violence upon a centerfold, he ravaged a Playmate in the flesh." Snider's sin, Carpenter concluded, "his unforgivable sin, was being small-time."

Nellie's response to the Carpenter comparisons was contempt. "That's not true," she said. "Hefner helped Dorothy and the family." She found it beyond belief that people credited Dorothy's success to others but blamed Dorothy for her own murder. Nellie saw the accusation in people's eyes, the accusation that her daughter was dead because she'd appeared in PLAYBOY, because she was a bad girl. It was yet another cruelty added to the pain of her daughter's death. "People here say that it was too much for her," Nellie said. "Well, she was doing fine. It was too much for Paul."

Teresa Carpenter's *Death of a Playmate* was illustrated with several photographs, including a semi-nude of Dorothy shot when she was under the age of consent (19 in Vancouver). The article was syndicated in newspapers throughout America and abroad. Motion-picture rights went to director Bob Fosse for a price reportedly in excess of $125,000. Dorothy's family received no part of those revenues. So much for the exploitation of Dorothy Stratten.

Dorothy's exceptional beauty, her rapid rise to fame and her premature, violent death are the stuff that cult figures are made from. Early evidence suggests that a Dorothy Stratten cult may be emerging. In feature stories following her murder, newspapers referred to Dorothy as a "goddess for the Eighties" and there were frequent comparisons to the tragic life and death of blonde superstar Marilyn Monroe. Back issues of PLAYBOY with photographs of Dorothy were reportedly much in demand in used-book stores. *Galaxina* premiered in Kansas City on the day Dorothy died. In the weeks that followed, the film was advertised across the country as "Introducing Dorothy R. Stratten, PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year." It did unexpectedly strong business at the box office. One young fan, the son of Mansion secretary Cis Rundle, explained, "The movie was nothing special, but Dorothy was a queen." The TV docu-drama and Bob Fosse film were both referred to in the Hollywood trade papers as "hot properties."

In a sincere tribute, the rock group Prism recorded a single for Capitol Records called *Cover Girl* and included it in a greatest-hits LP, *All the Best from Prism*, dedicated "To Dorothy":

Five years in eighteen months
She got everything all at once
She moved out, that's when he moved in
Cover girl, it's such a damn waste
You were more than just a pretty face
I never thought I'd never see you again.
I saw her picture on the six o'clock news
Just read about the cover girl blues
Goodbye my cover girl.

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From the outset, Hefner had been concerned with not exploiting the tragedy. He ordered a reprinting of the cover of the 1981 Playmate Calendar, replacing Dorothy's picture with that of another Playmate, at a cost of $180,000 and a delay in the on-sale date of several weeks. He similarly scrapped a Christmas subscription ad, a Christmas card and several other promotional pieces that featured pictures of the 1980 Playmate of the Year.

Dorothy's final, favorite pictorial on the famous blondes of Hollywood was pulled from a holiday issue. It had seemed too soon after her death and the pain of her passing was still acute for too many at PLAYBOY. The pictorial was rescheduled for the March issue with plans to accompany it with an editorial tribute. But the passage of time didn't dim her memory, or the hurt of it, and the pictorial was once again postponed. Instead, Hefner commissioned an in-depth biography for the May 1981 issue, so that PLAYBOY readers would know and remember Dorothy as she was. It was his way of saying, We love you, D.R.

IX

Some time after the first black weeks of loss and bitterness, Nellie remembered a play Dorothy had talked about on one of her visits to Vancouver. Nellie mentioned the play to Peter and he sent her a copy. It was *Our Town* by Thornton Wilder. Dorothy had learned the part of Emily to read at casting calls. Emily grows up in Grover's Corners, marries, dies young in childbirth. Dorothy had loved the role. She'd told Nellie about it and recited her lines.

In the cemetery where she is buried, Emily greets the others of Grover's Corners who have died. She isn't ready to give up life and she asks the stage manager who narrates the play to let her go back for a little while. The dead warn her against returning to life. She won't like it, they tell her. It isn't wise. Emily goes anyway, back to her 12th birthday, and reunites with her mother and father, and tries with mounting urgency simply to make everyone *see* everyone, to make everyone stop and *look*. But, busy with living, they don't, and Emily calls to the stage manager:

> "I can't. I can't go on. It goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another. . . . Take me back—up the hill—to my grave. But first: Wait! One more look."

Nellie read the lines she heard for the first time from her daughter:

> "Good-by, Good-by, world. Good-by, Grover's Corners . . . Mama and Papa. Good-by to clocks ticking . . . and Mama's sunflowers. And food and coffee. And new-ironed dresses and hot baths . . . and sleeping and waking up. Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you."

Dorothy had then said to her, Nellie remembered, "*You know, Mum, if we knew that we were going to die, let's say tomorrow, God bless us, we'd absorb everything we could in the few hours we had left. Everything! We wouldn't waste time.*"

"If only that kind of energy could be harnessed."

KISS OF THE HOPS

(continued from page 145)

on humankind. An Assyrian tablet of 2000 B.C. lists it among the provisions taken aboard Noah's ark. During the Middle Ages, beer became the basis for a variety of festivals. "Give ales," the block parties of their day, were fund raisers for worthy causes; wakes were called "grave ales" and "bride ales" obviously were wedding celebrations. Queen Elizabeth, who never needed a bride ale, was positively finicky about her beer—sending couriers ahead to grade the local ferments when she traveled.

English colonists brought beer and brewing techniques to the New World. Young John Alden made the Mayflower's passenger list only because of his skill at barrelmaking. A poignant entry in the ship's log reveals why the vessel stopped short of its planned destination, to land in Massachusetts. "We could not now take time for further search," it notes, "our victuals being spente, especially our beere." After getting a piece of the rock, it didn't take the Pilgrim Fathers long to remedy that situation. Accounts of the first Thanksgiving feast suggest the wild bird was sluiced down with Colonial home-brew. And during our War of Independence, General Washington—no teetotaler he—lamented the scarcity of beer for his troops.

The word beer is derived from the Latin *bibere*, to drink. It's a generic term embracing all fermented beverages brewed from malted grains. Over the millennia, the mash has been made from such diverse items as barley, corn, wheat, rye, rice, oats, millet, potatoes—even pumpkins and tapioca. Almost any starchy vegetable will work, but barley is the traditional grain.

Understandably, one finds differences in raw ingredients, formulations and practices, depending on where the beer is made and the objectives of the *Bräumeister*. But it is those variations that generate the diversity of flavor, aroma, density and appearance in beer that intrigues the dedicated buff. Nevertheless, most malt beverages can be classified under two broad headings. *Lager* has been the favorite of American beer drinkers since the post-bellum period. The name comes from the German *lagern*, to store or mature. American lagers tend to be light in body and hue, dry, bright, well carbonated and crisp. Flavor is subdued, though the d rks have more taste. Effervescence is often the natural CO_2 given off during fermentation, captured—and restored prior to bottling. Lagers in the Pilsen style, "Pilsners," are usually light, tangy and aromatic. Pilsner Urquell, the prototype, is highly regarded by *aficionados*, though neophytes might deem it too bitter.

The other major grouping, *ale*, was the choice in early America—reflecting England's dominance. Ales are quite aromatic and have more body and alcohol than lagers. Stout, porter and bock beer are made from deep-roasted malt; hence, the dark color and rich, malty taste. Malt liquor is a light, lagerlike brew with a robust alcohol content. And for something esoteric, try chung, the Tibetan brew made from millet or grim—a type of barley that grows at high altitudes. One small detail: You have to travel to Tibet to get it.

In the past, beer has been given the Rodney Dangerfield treatment in this country, dismissed as the aqua vitae of college kids and proletarians. But pundits can feel the winds of change. Beer is being served at such notable culinary establishments as Chicago's Le Perroquet, San Francisco's Washington Square Bar & Grill and New York's Le Vert-galant and The Four Seasons. Gourmet societies are sponsoring beer tastings, along with wine tastings, for their discriminating membership. Even more telling: Consumption of costlier premium beers,

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL BEER SAMPLER

You don't have to hop down to Mexico for a Dos Equis or to Germany for a St. Pauli Girl—they're here, part of the overwhelming choice of foreign beers available to the American consumer. With such treasures to draw on, take an armchair tour of the world's fine beers, starting with the listings below:

Australia: Foster's is dark, medium-bodied, somewhat malty—akin to pre-Prohibition American beers. The tall, 25-ounce Foster's can is more than a mouthful. Also worth trying: Swan and Tooheys.

Canada: Molson's is the number-two imported beer. Although pale and fairly light, it has more body and alcohol than American beers. There's a hint of sweetness in the finish. Labatt's and Moosehead also get a play. Molson makes a decent ale, which is lighter than Eng'ish ales.

Czechoslovakia: Pilsner Urquell sets the style for today's lighter beers, but it is sturdier, hoppier, smoother and less carbonated than most—with a somewhat bitter finish that connoisseurs admire.

Denmark: Carlsberg lager is mellow, well carbonated and medium-bodied. Carlsberg Elephant Malt Liquor is dark, rich, slightly sweet, with a nine percent alcohol content. Giraf Malt Liquor is a new Danish import. Tuborg, formerly made in Denmark, is now produced domestically.

England: England is ale country—fairly heavy, bitterish, very lightly carbonated brews, made with top-fermenting yeasts. Bass and Whitbread & Mackeson are characteristic English ales. Watneys Stingo Dark Ale is full, winy, aromatic and bittersweet. Ales shouldn't be served as cold as lagers.

France: Kronenbourg, from Alsace, is a light lager with some substance and a pleasing grainy taste.

Germany: The country is noted for its roundish, mellow, malty brews—though, today, most German beers are ti ting toward the Pilsner style. Beck's, from Bremen, the leader, is a smooth Pi sner type. St. Pauli Girl and Grenzquell are smooth, light, mouth-fi ling and nicely hopped. The St. Pauli Girl is a favorite oncampus. St. Pau i dark is a particularly pleasing beer. The famed Würzburger Hofbräu, brewed in Germany, is shipped in large, airtight tanks and bottled Stateside by Anheuser-Busch. Löwenbräu is now made and bottled here by Miller. Also worth trying: Spaten, Hofbrau Bavaria and Dortmunder Union.

Holland: Heineken is our most popular import, by far. It's light, active, with a zestiness that most people find refreshing. Gro'sch is amber, hoppy, lightish and balanced. It finishes bitter but clean. Also worth trying: Oranjeboom and Skol.

Japan: Kirin is the longtime Japanese leader here. Rice is added to the mash for lightness; however, Kirin is not flabby. It is dry, with characteristic beer bitterness. Also worth trying: Asahi and Sapporo. Asahi Draft in a one-sixth-gallon bottle is an interesting new arrival.

Mexico: Dos Equis is dark, smooth, full in taste and body. Superior is quite light—the biggest seller in Mexico. Carta Blanca, Tecate, and Bohemia are other good, light-bodied Mexican beers, Bohemia being a shade fuller. There's also a rich, black, luscious Noche Buena, made by the Dos Equis people, available only for the Christmas season.

Philippines: San Miguel brews a light, dry Pilsner-type beer and a richer dark that is based on the tasty Bavarian darks.

You can a'so find Tsingtao from China, Fix from Greece, Ringnes from Norway, Krakus from Poland, Guinness Stout from Ireland, Mackeson's Stout from England and Brahma from Brazil, if you look around. Happy hunting!

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including Budweiser, Miller High Life, Pabst Blue Ribbon, Coors, Schlitz, Stroh's, Olympia and Heileman's Old Style Lager, has been growing rapidly. And we've been quaffing the lofty superpremiums such as Michelob, Andeker, Erlanger and Prior Preferred Double Dark with similar enthusiasm. Together, the two top grades account for better than 60 percent of all the beer drunk in this country.

Another augury of the gentrification of beer is the emergence of a lively new category—light beer. To be precise, it's more a matter of being born again than of being new. About 14 years ago, a light beer labeled Gablinger's was launched . . . but sales went flat. By all reports, it was not a particularly inviting drink. Perhaps the current crop of light beers has more appeal, perhaps it's timing, but lights are currently going through the graph. Starting from zilch in 1975, they took off; today, one of every nine beers imbibed in the U. S. is light beer.

What's all the shouting about? Just what *is* light beer? Simply put, it's a lager type with a lower caloric content—roughly two thirds the amount of regular beer. As with all brewing processes, there's quite a bit of secrecy involved. Dr. Joseph Owades, director of The Center for Brewing Studies and developer of the aforementioned Gablinger's for Rheingold, suggests that four methods are in common use. A natural enzyme, derived from micro-organisms, is added by some breweries to break down grain starches into simple sugars that ferment to alcohol. Alternatively, the brewing process may be lengthened, or simple sugars that are completely fermentable may be added to the brew. The least desirable process is simply to dilute a regular beer. The object is to reduce the proportion of nonfermentable starches, which ordinarily make up about one third of the total. Alcohol, which contributes more than half the calories consumed with regular beer, is often slightly reduced as well. Stimulated by the heady success of Miller Lite, Anheuser Busch Natural Light and Michelob Light, some brewers have attempted a "light light," with only 75 calories—half that of regular beer. As a contrast, standard beers run about 150 calories per 12-ounces. Almost all light beers list calorie and carbohydrate content on the package.

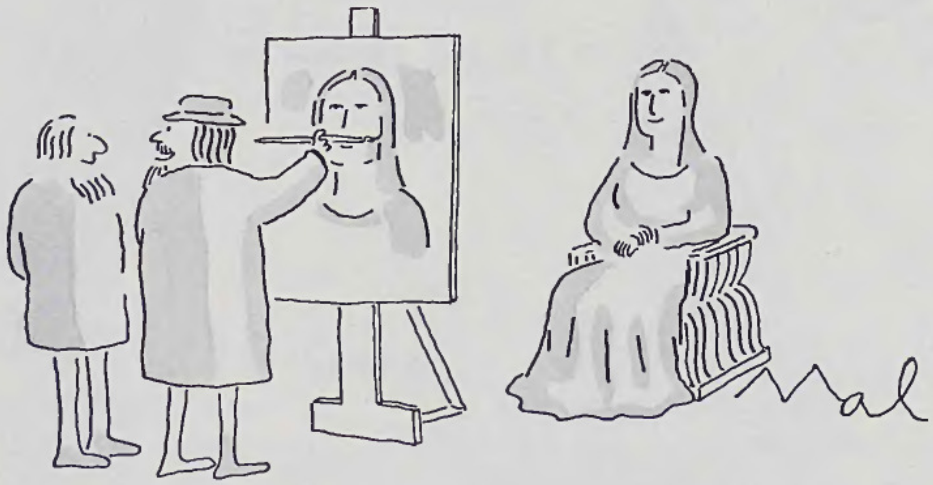
At the other end of the taste spectrum from the lights are the patricians of beerdom, the imports. They're on the generous side in both body and flavor; richer, softer and zestier than domestic brews—but also more filling. Perhaps more than 100 brands from many foreign countries are available to the adventurous American beerophile. At one time, he had to search in fancy delis or specialty shops for a decent choice of imports, but these days they're stacked in the aisles and crowding the cooler in most supermarkets. Although still small in total, sales of imports have been increasing at a furious rate, despite the fact that many sell for upwards of four dollars a six-pack. There are exceptions: Canadians are much cheaper near our northern border, Mexican beers are lower in the Southwest—if you're fortunate enough to live close to either boundary. For insights into the range of import brands in the United States, see "Playboy's International Beer Sampler" on page 252.

No matter what's being poured—premiums, superprems, lights, imports—a lot of us are enjoying beer; but we might enjoy it more if we paid attention to handling and serving. While there's something to be said for chugging a can or two of stinging-cold beer after some tough tennis or a five-mile lope, that's simply assuaging a thirst. It's no way to savor the singular pleasures properly brewed beer offers. As implied, temperature is a factor. We like beer chilled in this country, but it shouldn't go lower than 40 degrees Fahrenheit for the pale amber, a bit higher for the darks. Refrigerate beer on the bottom shelf and the temperature will be about right. British and European beers can turn cloudy and precipitate their solids when overiced. For that reason, foreign brewers often modify their export products to accommodate American drinking habits.

Glasses for beer come in a variety of shapes and sizes. The tapering pilsner glass and the hollow-stemmed goblet are both attractive and graceful, though the latter may be tricky to wash. Some beer fanciers insist on a Seidel, or on a *Steinkrug*—a 16-ounce stoneware mug. They find its heft pleasing and appreciate the quantity it holds. Finicky types demand a covered stein, "to keep the flavor in and the flies out." But no matter what kind of container you choose, make sure it's impeccably clean. Wash glasses with detergent (never soap) and rinse them very well. Don't dry with a towel; drain on a rack, so that air circulates in the glass. A dishwasher will do the job perfectly. The pour is critical in bringing out the delightful properties of beer. There are many cherished methods, but we know this one works. First, rinse the glass with cold water, to remove stray odors and help the head form. Tilt the glass and slide beer down the side until about one third full; then straighten the glass and splash beer into the center. This should give a generous head, up to an inch and a half, so allow for that when pouring. The ultimate pour is the *Hauber*, a head that creams up over the top of the glass; it takes a knowing hand. Beer should be gulped, not sipped, since the essentially bitter flavor registers primarily on the taste buds at the base of the tongue, near the throat. When the glass is drained, you should see a distinct ring of foam down the side of the glass for every swallow.

Beer is perishable. If a can or a bottle of a brand you've always liked is disappointing, it may be over the hill. Since freshness is a virtue, don't lay beer down as you would wine. Most brands have a *maximum* shelf life of six months, so if you come across a forgotten bottle or two at the bottom of a closet, give it the deep six. Shop for beer in an outlet that does a brisk business in the brew. Dusty bottles are to be shunned. Handling and exposure to light or heat also affect quality. Like wine, beer keeps better in a cool, dark place; but unlike wine, it should stand upright so the smallest possible surface is exposed to the air immured in the bottle. Avoid shaking.

A German proverb says there's no bad beer, but some kinds are better than others. So hop to it and explore the better kinds indicated in this article with a few friends who share your tastes. Cheers!



"Mona always has that enigmatic smile whenever she's wearing her ben-wa balls!"

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PLAYBOY PUZZLE

PLAYBOY COLLAGE EXAM

By Nicole Gregory

Over the years, PLAYBOY has become embedded in the landscape of American culture. But in the landscape of this puzzle page, things may have gone too far. The words play and boy seem to be everywhere. In fact, if you look carefully, you'll find them in 30 of the names of the people, objects and events pictured below. See what we mean?

COLLAGE BY JOHN CRAIG

Answers on page 258

JOHN DE LOREAN

(continued from page 167)

was a cult car that sold nearly half a million units a year in the United States. But I thought that the Beetle was one of the biggest pieces of junk of all time from certain standpoints. Its handling was pathetic, performance mediocre, braking almost nonexistent; and the buffeting and noise level inside the car were enough to make you sick. On the other hand, it was fabricated by real craftsmen. They turned out a quality product in spite of a mediocre design.

13.

PLAYBOY: America does seem to be having a quarrel in its romance with the automobile. What do you see as the problem?

DE LOREAN: There hasn't been a lessening in the romance, it's just that the object of the romance right now is a little less attractive. For many, many years, American auto manufacturers had no competition at all. They didn't worry about the public. They worried only about one another. It was all, "G.M. is coming out with a new model. We'd better bring out one just like it."

I think the tragedy of the auto industry is that it was all located in one place. It would have been much better if G.M. had been in Detroit, Ford in Los Angeles and maybe Chrysler in Houston, or something like that.

But the romance will flourish again. In the past few years, the Japanese have been building cars that are much more responsive to the demands of the American public. American manufacturers have finally recognized that and aren't arguing about it anymore. And, of course, Americans are capable of building anything at any quality level they want.

I think we're going to see a creative age in the auto industry unlike anything experienced since the Twenties. Progress in fuel efficiency alone will be incredible. I predict fuel economy will double in the next ten years.

14.

PLAYBOY: Won't there be some permanent changes in our relationship with the automobile?

DE LOREAN: The long vacation trip will probably disappear. I think it will be hurt by the reduced speed limit. To be honest, I think that 55 mph is maybe five miles per hour below where it ought to be. Now that cars are becoming more fuel efficient, it may be time for the Federal Government to look at raising the speed limit, even if only on the interstate system.

15.

PLAYBOY: So what's so special about the De Lorean?

DE LOREAN: First, it's essentially made of components that represent the high state of automotive art. The PRV [Peugeot, Renault, Volvo] engine, with its twin overhead camshafts, is the lightest, strongest power plant in the world. It's a very elegant piece of machinery, beautifully designed. And it has very solid reliability. It's been used in Volvos, Peugeots and Renaults for years. Also, the car is unique in that it's designed to be light in weight. We use the same lightweight plastic materials, for example, that are used on fighter planes. In addition, we've designed the car to be totally noncorrosive. Most cars in the U. S. are scrapped not because they're worn out but because they rust and corrode. So all the body panels are stainless steel. We're going to guarantee it for 25 years.

Also, the tires we're using are much too large and much too expensive by American-car standards. But, with normal driving, they could easily last 100,000 miles. We're not looking at their durability, however. We designed them for maximum cornering power. The car will stick on as well as any car ever has.

This combination of characteristics will permit the car to have a very high retained resale value and be an outstanding value to the consumer.

16.

PLAYBOY: What about the "Monday-morning syndrome"? Should we buy a De Lorean that's been assembled on the day after the weekend?

Answers to puzzle on page 257.

1. Ploying card
2. Ploying the violin
3. Boy Scout
4. Dutch Boy points
5. Playpen
6. Playmates
7. Boy Wonder
8. Boyfriend
9. *The Blue Boy*, pointing by Thomas Gainsborough
10. Foreploy
11. Ploymote, Morilyn Monroe
12. Ploy-Dōh
13. Bellboy
14. Ploytex Living girdle
15. The Beach Boys
16. *The Boys of Summer*, book
17. Record player
18. "Ploy it, Sam," scene from *Cosablanca*
19. "It's a boy!"
20. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee con
21. Cowboy
22. A ployboy, Hugh Hefner
23. Ployer's cigorettes
24. Pageboy haircut
25. World War One doughboy
26. Playwright
27. A play
28. Ploying the ponies
29. Plow Boy tobocco
30. Poor-boy sandwich

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Gentlemen of the old South often carried a hollowed walking stick that hid the family jewels or important papers. Our ebony-colored metal walking stick holds five glass vials to tote your favorite beverages. Polished brass handle is inset with Southern Comfort steamboat medallion. ***30553. $42.75***

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The kit is made of solid alder wood with green velvet lining. Contains 200 poker chips (actually silver-colored and gold-colored metal coins embossed with Southern Comfort® steamboat); two decks of poker-size playing cards, custom-made for the Paddle Wheel Shop; and a 3/4" pair of hand-filled inlaid dice. An 8-page folder weaves tales of the Riverboat Gambler and the rules of poker. ***30551. $80.00***

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"He fought for what he believed in, Lord, tryin' to protect what was his'n. But you know ol' Granny—she don't take no for an answer!"

DE LOREAN: Well, that reputation is deserved. People do have trouble getting to work on Monday if they've had more than a normal amount of fun over the weekend. But there are ways to work around that.

As far as assembly lines go, there's nobody who knows more about the job than the worker, and in America, we haven't let him be part of the equation. The Japanese have. As soon as we wake up to that in this country, Monday-morning problems will disappear.

Our whole assembly line is designed differently. For example, in most automobile companies, the chassis components are assembled from underneath—in a pit; and I will tell you that it's stoop labor at its absolute worst. I worked in a pit one summer during a college break. By the time I got out at the end of the day, it took me two hours to stand up.

So we don't have any pits in our plant. At De Lorean, everything is designed to be done above the floor, in such a way that the workers' comfort and convenience are protected. We allow the work force to divide various tasks in the way they think they can be accomplished the most logically. We're trying to let the worker make a contribution of both his intelligence and the application of his own individual characteristics to the job.

Obviously, in the end, somebody's going to put it together, but we try to do it so that it's not only pleasant but also a job in which each person can take pride.

17.

PLAYBOY: What are your predictions of your success?

DE LOREAN: It's an experiment. I honestly didn't think things would go as well as they have. Most of the world never thought we had a chance. They're all flabbergasted to see how far we've come. We've built a dealer organization and the world's most modern auto plant—for its size. We have a product that does all the things it's supposed to do. I hope, if we are successful, it will serve as a stimulus for others to do the same thing. If we can do well in a basic industry like automobiles, then other managers and smaller companies can prove wrong those people who always say it's impossible to go into basic industries like computers or steel or whatever. I think that's the key to the industrial rebirth of America. We've got to get the momentum back. And smaller outfits can do it—as opposed to the gigantic, lethargic organizations that just can't be as responsive to the real conditions of the market place.

18.

PLAYBOY: What are the De Lorean Motor Company's future plans?

DE LOREAN: We're adding a sedan version of the car we're building right now. I think we need to round out our line. And we're looking at other opportunities. I think that as the price of oil continues to escalate, mass transit is going to become more important in this country. So we're looking at the possibility of building a bus.

My long-term dream would be to build the next Model T—if there is going to be such a thing. I can't visualize exactly what it would be, though I do have a few ideas. I really would like to provide a new kind of basic transportation to the world. It's got to be something unique, though, something different from any car that's being built in the world today.

19.

PLAYBOY: From what kind of person would you buy a used car?

DE LOREAN: I don't buy used cars myself, but if you're going to buy one, try to find somebody who has a genuine respect for machinery. People like that take such good care of cars that it might even be better than new.

20.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever owned a lemon?

DE LOREAN: Yeah. I've owned quite a few. I usually sell them or give them away. I bought the first XJ-12 Jaguar that came into Detroit. Today their reliability is infinitely better. Back then it was unbelievably bad. I took the car out five times and never managed to get it home. The last time, I took a taxi back to my house and called the dealer. I told him where the car was, that he could go get it and give me a credit. I just refused to accept it and paid nothing.

"The rent is way overdue, there are doctor and dental bills owing, the payments for the car and furniture are late, plus I'm horny as hell."

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HABITAT

PITCHING TENTS

Sleeping in a pint-sized canvas pup tent may be fine for the Boy Scouts of America and Marines on bivouac, but when the rest of us take to the great outdoors, we like to do so with a modicum of ease. First on our list of campsite creature comforts is a lightweight waterproof and bugproof tent that collapses into a size that's easy to tote. And because of clever structural design, many tents don't need stakes or guy lines to stay up—and can even be moved from one location to another without having to be collapsed. Of course, the ne *plus ultra* of tentdom is the Optimum 350 (below), with room enough for your harem *and* their camels. Yeah!

J. RICO EASTMAN

Left: Lawrence of Arabia, eat your heart out! Moss Tent Works' Optimum 350, made of cotton duck with aircraft aluminum framework, stands 12 feet high at center, weighs only 85 pounds and provides 351 square feet of living space. The price is $1500 as shown—and for an additional $1300, you can have an optional cotton liner that includes a floor, netting and inner walls.

Above: The $450 Oval II, a stable and roomy nylon tent by a company called The North Face, weighs only 11 pounds and can sleep three comfortably in its 48 square feet. And here's more good news: Once set up, the Oval II can still be moved in a jiffy—such as when the wind shifts at three A.M. and the fire starts smoking you out.

Below: The Aireflex, an arch-bow supported mountain tent for two, weighs only six pounds and is almost as small as a breadbox when stuffed into its own carrying sack. The tent's 100 percent nylon and the floor and fly closure have been urethane coated to ensure that the interior stays dry in a downpour, by Sierra Designs, $280.

RICHARD KLEIN

PUT IT IN REVERSE

Not long ago, the reversible coat hung in the same stuffy closet with the two-pants suit; i.e., it was strictly an item of function rather than fashion that no one with any sense of style took seriously. Today, the reversible coat may still be a two-for-one, but smart designers have brought the idea into the fashion mainstream by creating looks that are appealing to the eye as well as the pocketbook. The reversibles that we like best are ones that utilize different materials (leather to cotton, ciré to terrycloth, etc.) for switches in mood. And while the idea is keyed mostly to jackets, many other manufacturers, including those who make warm-up outfits, bathing suits and even socks, are about to slip into reverse gear, too. It's an easy way to double your fashion fun.—DAVID PLATT

Below, far left: Now you see this navy nylon ciré jacket featuring a self-hood, snap-front closure and two patch pockets and now you don't when it's been reversed to its red nylon ciré side, $75, worn over a striped combed-cotton crewneck, $55, and straight-legged khaki slacks, $45, all by Cesarani. Below center: There's gold on one side of that thar cotton reversible jacket and olive on the other, $135, plus a cotton knit short-sleeved shirt, $55, and cotton slacks, $60, all from Crash by Marzotto. Below right: This easygoing yellow cotton poplin jacket reverses to a navy-blue leather one with a snap-front closure, side-entry pockets and elasticized cuffs and waist, by Comstock, $250. It's been combined with a short-sleeved three-button cotton knit pullover, by Bert Pulitzer, $22.50; and a pair of cotton denim Western jeans with contrast-stitch trim, by Jordache, $40.

STEVE EWERT

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Remember Bermuda shorts in the Fifties, when *the* look was over-the-calf black hosiery? Fortunately, we've come a long way, guys, and shorts and socks are now available in multiple lengths and more interesting colors. After you've determined which is the most flattering style for your legs (if your calves look like Ichabod Crane's, for example, try a pair of bulky knee socks), think in terms of colorful combinations—and be adventuresome. A pink knit shirt, olive-drab shorts, yellow socks and beige-linen shoes with red soles all work surprisingly well together—and won't turn you into one more preppie type attempting to resurrect the Fifties.

•

To put a little zip in your summer-suit and sports-coat wardrobe, try a white-linen vest. This easygoing—and inexpensive—accessory can do double duty when worn open in the manner of last winter's sleeveless down vest with, say, a plaid sport shirt and jeans.

•

Believe it or not, the country-club bold-plaid-trouser look (usually coupled with a navy-blue blazer) espoused by Ted Knight in the movie *Caddyshack* is getting a lot of play from a wild and crazy fashion minority who are teaming the slacks with offbeat shirts and shoes (madras slacks, a patterned Western shirt and two-tone spectator shoes, for example). It's a look that's not easy to pull off, but when you do, you can be sure you won't be overlooked or forgotten.

•

Lightweight scarves are becoming one of summer's most important casual accessories. We especially like them long and narrow in mesh "dishrag" looks that can be worn cravat style with a shirt, loosely knotted—minus a shirt—at the neck of a cotton sweater or slipped under the collar of a sports jacket for a touch of color.

Heineken Beer
Heineken Beer
Heineken Beer
Heineken Beer
Heineken Beer
IMPORTED
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HEINEKEN BEER FROM HOLLAND HEINEKEN BEER FROM HOLLAND HEINEKEN BEER FROM HOLLAND
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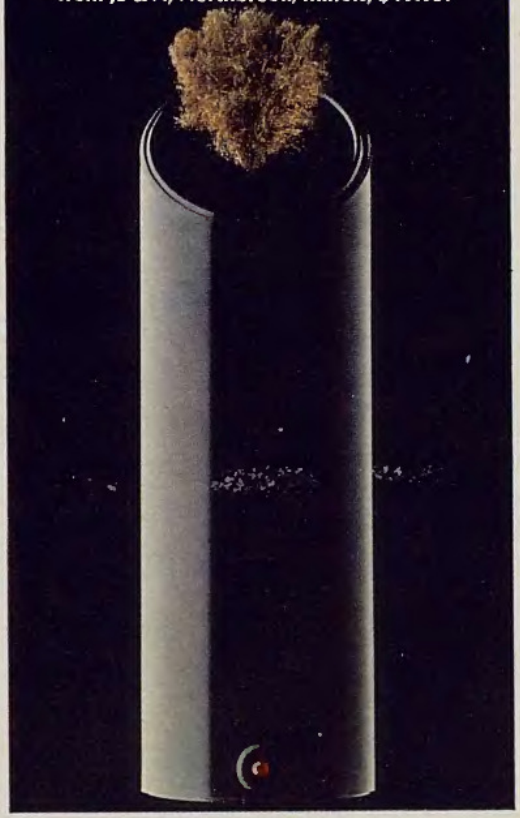
CLEANUPS, CALCULATIONS AND COFFEE

Right: For jiffy computations while on the go, slip this ultracompact calculator/watch into your pocket and—surprise!—the timepiece has an alarm and shows day and date, as well as minutes, hours and seconds, by Sharp, $34.95, including fob.

Below: Energaire, an oxygen generator, emits negatively charged electrons that clean the air and keep you feeling perky, from JS & A, Northbrook, Illinois, $49.95.

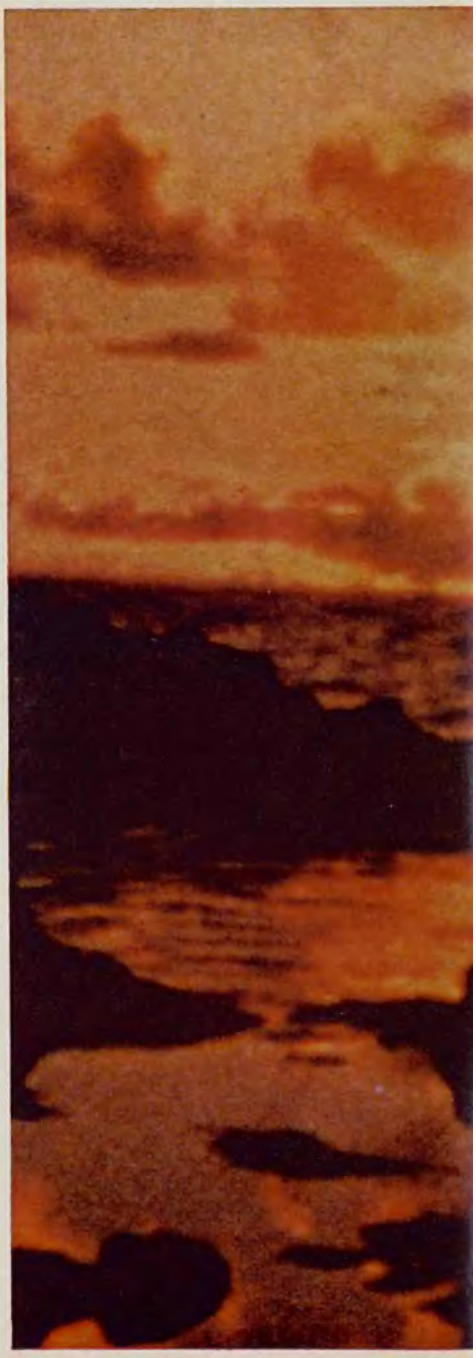


Above: This professional Waxmaster Orbital Polisher, by Waxcoa, gives cars, boats, cabinets, appliances, floors and anything else you want to see glisten the brightest shine since graduation day at boot camp, $150, including wax, buffers and cleaning solution.

Right: Melitta's traveling drip coffee maker has created quite a brewhaha; just plug it in anywhere you wander and enjoy delicious Java, $39.95, including cup, various containers, filters and a handy carrying case.

Adventures in the Skin Trade

It almost sounds like the script of a Mickey Rooney/Judy Garland movie. In the halcyon days before the movie *"10"* changed Western civilization as we know it, two struggling kids—John and Bo Derek—decided to scrape some funds together and film an erotic movie, a visual fantasy called *Love You*. Sorry, guys: The Dereks worked behind the camera, John as cinematographer, Bo as producer. They left the serious acting to such underground stars as Annette Haven and Lesllie Bovee. After three years on the shelf, the work is now available in video cassette for, uh, serious students of cinema. As the stills here reveal, it was worth the wait.



The Dereks have a thing for beaches. For the filming of *Love You*, they flew two couples to a deserted section of Kauai. The film explores the consequences of sexual curiosity, following Annette Haven (above) as she discovers the full dimension of her own sexuality through a weekend of experimentation and switching partners. The film is graphic and sensuous. Says John: "We don't call it porno. We call it hanky-panky."

John Derek told us that making the film was a struggle. "Everybody said, 'You can't do it, John; you can't get sex stars to act and you can't get straights to do hard-core. So what are you going to do?' We went and we made it. There is a marvelous innocence to these girls, you know. And now the people who said it was impossible are the ones who are giving it the greatest applause."

Have Your Agent Call My Agent

JOHN TRAVOLTA has a lot of clout. Maybe he can help the familiar-looking guy on the right, who happens to be out of work. They could call the show *Welcome Back, Carter.*

© 1980 RON GALELLA

Camera Ready

Anyone who saw *The Mirror Crack'd* last winter knows that KIM NOVAK came out of retirement. We should all look so good.

© 1981 ALAN BERGMAN / OUTLINE

Loose Ends

Actress ANN JILLIAN has uncovered a streak of patriotism, much to our delight. And after rave notices in Broadway's *Sugar Babies* and TV's *It's a Living*, Jillian has the right to wave a flag.

Vice Is Nice, but Nietzsche Is Pietzsche....

Just ask DOUG FIEGER and PRESCOTT NILES of *The Knack*. These guys don't need the classic comic version. They can *read.*

© 1980 ROBERT A. MATHIEU

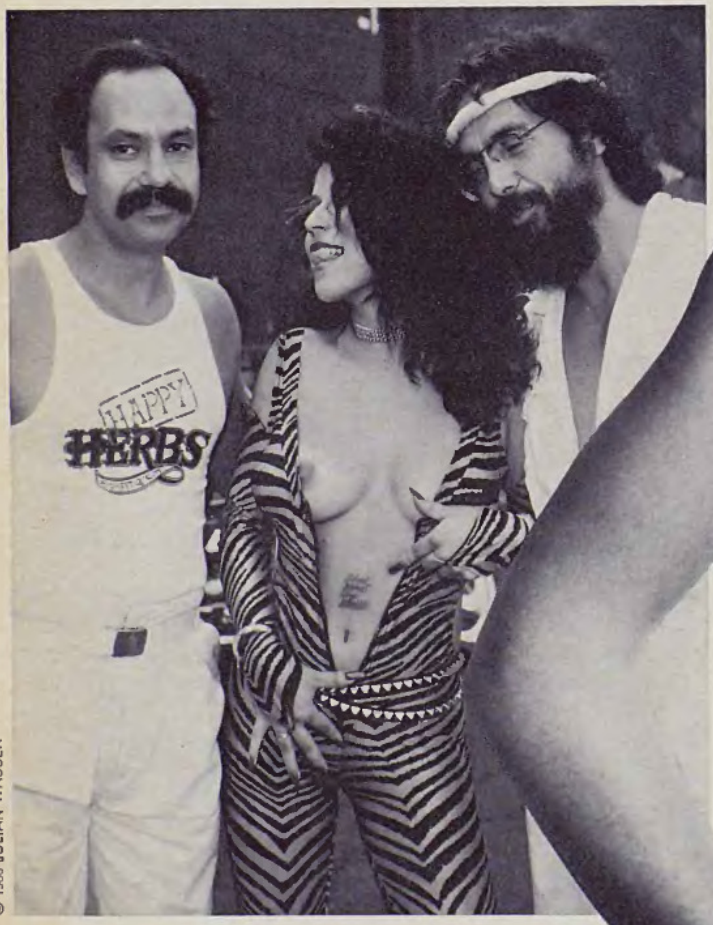
JOEL RIEMAN

Poking Fun

These are the facts: About 20 photographers sent in this same picture of BRUCE JENNER and his bride, LINDA THOMPSON. That's reason enough to vote Linda our celebrity breast of the month.

Muti's Mufti

Italian actress ORNELLA MUTI played around with Flash Gordon in her role as Princess Aura, and now she's playing around with Ray Sharkey in *Love and Money*. When she takes a break from making movies, she can play around with us, any time.



© 1980 JULIAN WASSER

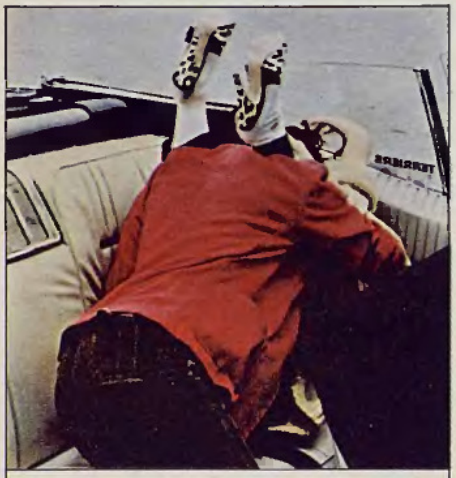
Herbs and Spices

What will those wacky boys think of next? CHEECH & CHONG limbered up for their latest movie, *Nice Dreams*, by autographing EVELYN GUERRERO's tummy.

© 1981 LYNN GOLDSMITH / LGI

FROM BOOBS TO TUBES: SILICONE STRIKES AGAIN

Everyone knows one kind of miracle silicone can do for women. Now it appears there's another—"tubular occlusion," a possibly reversible method of plugging the Fallopian tubes with silicone so the egg can't reach the uterus, where fertilization occurs. Doctors in eight medical centers around the country have performed more than 300 successful tubular occlusions without any harmful side effects. The procedure is done in the physician's office with the woman fully conscious. A small amount of Novocain is injected around the cervix to ease the pain while a surgical tool stretches the uterus to expose the opening of the Fallopian tubes. A small amount of liquid silicone is shot into the openings and quickly hardens. After the procedure, an X ray is taken to check the silicone's position. No hospitalization is needed. The whole procedure costs from $450 to $650. Unlike silicone injections used for breast enlargement, the tiny tube implants stay put and don't react with nearby tissue. Doctors have performed tubular-occlusion reversals on animals and are working on the procedure for humans. Widespread use of tubular occlusion is likely to be OK'd by the Food and Drug Administration in about two years.



It's convertible weather again and time for outdoor sports as shown above on a card (one of 15 you get for $10) from Cold Flash Graphics, 606 Robson Street, Vancouver, British Columbia V6B 2B9. Ah, springtime.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER, BUT MICROCHIPS COME IN HANDY

Scientists have developed various means for women to detect their own fertility periods. First there was the heat-sensitive brassiere, then a mere brassiere insert. Now comes a tiny microchip that can be worn on a necklace. It works in concert with a special thermometer that transmits a woman's daily temperature to the microchip for storage. A rise in body heat signals ovulation, or fertility. When the woman returns to her infertile period, a green light is illuminated. In reverse, the device could work as an indicator for women who are trying to become pregnant, too—just go when the device says stop. The invention, developed for the World Health Organization, will soon undergo testing at family-planning clinics in England, where it was developed.

THE CORRECT ANSWER: NONE OF THE ABOVE

As rape is discussed more and more openly, it's unsettling to hear high school students parrot outmoded views of the crime. As part of a large not-yet-completed study, University of California researchers asked 432 male and female teens, "When is a man justified in forcing a girl to engage in sex?" Fifty-four percent of the boys felt that it was OK if she led him on, got him sexually excited, if they'd fooled around a little or if she first said yes and then changed her mind. Amazingly, 42 percent of the girls agreed. Sounds like a casebook of successful defenses for accused rapists before courts and police became more sensitive to the ordeal of the rape victim.

Sign of a new Reformation? The sentiment of a Seattle church, above, clashes with certain statements Pope John Paul II has uttered regarding weakness of the flesh.

T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, title of a 1974 PLAYBOY article, later a Broadway musical and soon a film, celebrates the Chicken Ranch, a defunct bordello in LaGrange, Texas. Chicken Ranch Associates, P.O. Box 13684, Arlington, Texas 76013, memorializes it with the items here: cap ($7.50), glasses ($10), shirt ($9.95) and token ($3.95).

YOU CAN COME DOWN FROM YOUR WOOFERS AND TWEETERS

Some people have a fine ear for music; but a crotch? That's incredible, or ridiculous. A New York inventor named David Lloyd has introduced Rock 'n' Roll Pants, a black-Lycra unisex bikini outfitted with a minispeaker and a 15-foot cord for attachment to a stereo. They can be purchased for $19.95 from Lloyd, 22 West 38th Street, New York, New York 10018. Lloyd claims the sensuous effect will vary with the music played and with the settings on your amp's treble and bass controls. Suggested below-the-belt listening: *The Fire Down Below*, by Bob Seger.

OWN THE ROAD

NEW DATSUN TURBO-ZX

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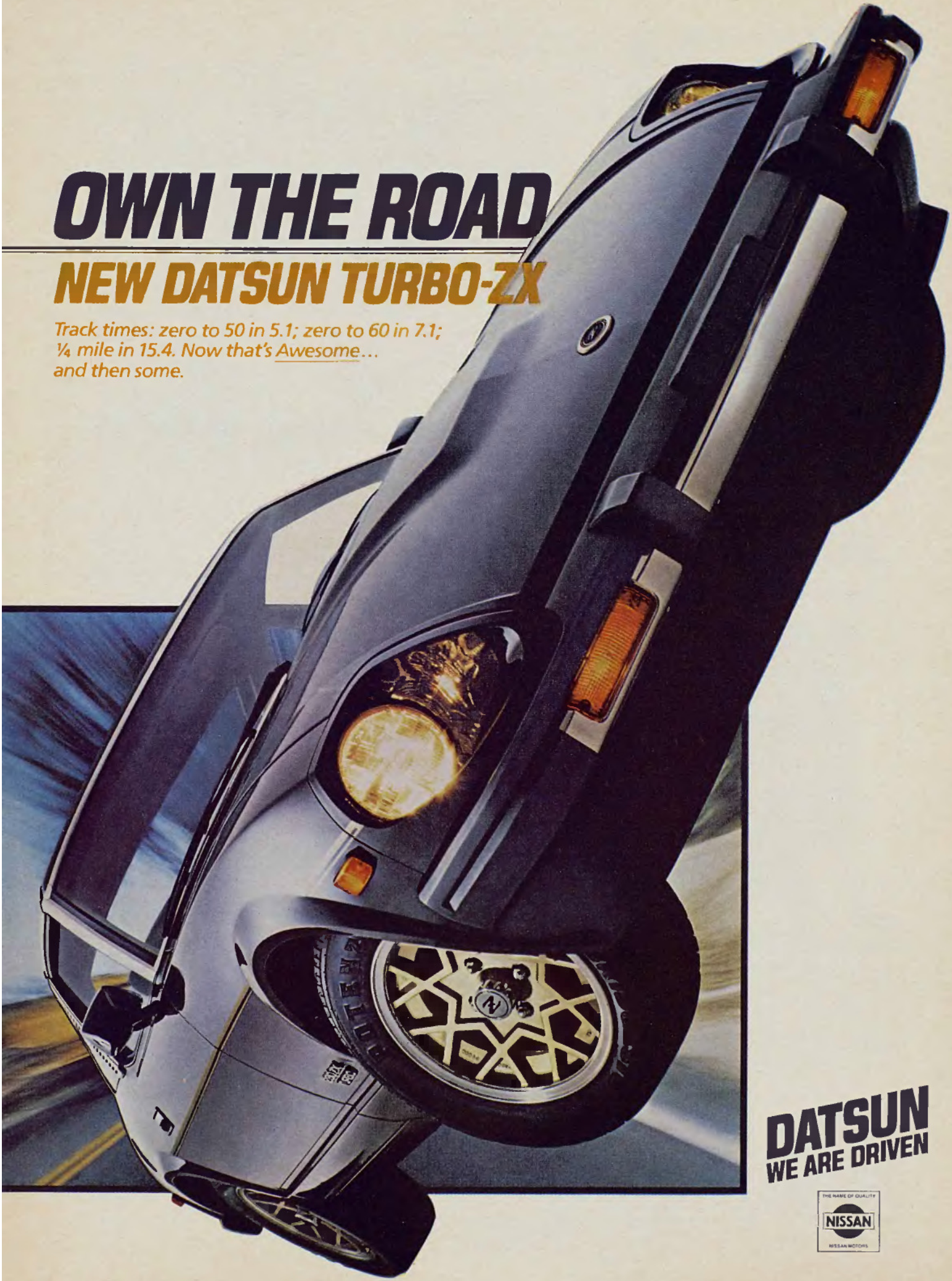

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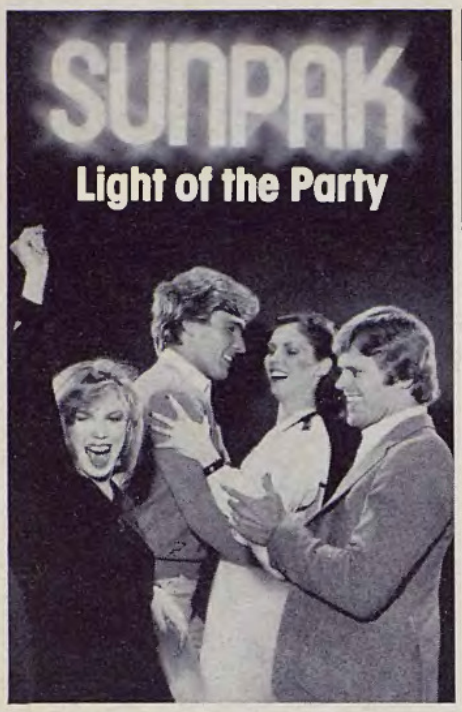
NISSAN MOTORS



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NEXT MONTH:

BOND BELLES

ANNA'S ADVENTURES

TOP PLAYMATE

VIBRATOR HISTORY

"NUKES AND THE POLITICS OF FEAR"—IS IT TRUE THAT WE LAG HOPELESSLY BEHIND THE RUSSIANS IN ARMAMENTS? EXPERTS FROM THE CENTER FOR DEFENSE INFORMATION, A THINK TANK FULL OF MILITARY TYPES, SAY IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO. A THOUGHTFUL REPORT—BY **ASA BABER**

"A SHORT HISTORY OF THE VIBRATOR"—HOW THE FIRST CAVE WOMAN GOT HER ROCKS OFF, AND OTHER LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT AUTOEROTIC AIDS—BY **RANDY COHEN**

"ANNA"—SHE WORKS AS A CHECK-OUT GIRL; HER LOVER IS A BURGER COOK. WHAT THEY DO TO CHANGE THEIR LIVES IS THE BASIS OF THIS STORY BY **ANDRE DUBUS**

"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS, OUR ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN OF THE PAST TWELVEMONTH'S GATEFOLD GIRLS

"THE POSITIVES OF POWERFUL THINKING"—FROM THE AUTHOR OF *POWER!*, TIPS ON HOW TO BE A SURVIVOR IN THE DOG-EAT-DOG WORLD OF OFFICE POLITICS—BY **MICHAEL KORDA**

"THE BELLES OF BOND"—FROM THE NEWEST 007 FILM, *FOR YOUR EYES ONLY*, LOTS OF LUSCIOUS LOVELIES, INCLUDING **ROBBIN YOUNG,** WINNER OF *PLAYBOY*'S BOND BEAUTY CONTEST

"20 QUESTIONS: JACK LEMMON"—THE VETERAN CHARACTER ACTOR TALKS ABOUT MARRIAGE, MATURITY AND WHY HOLLYWOOD HAS A HARD TIME MAKING LOVE STORIES THESE DAYS

"PLAYBOY'S SUMMER TRAVEL PLANNER"—TIPS ON NEW GEAR AND HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR TOURIST DOLLAR, PLUS THREE WILDERNESS VACATIONS—BY **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**

"A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER"—SO YOU HATE IT WHEN IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS? CHEER UP. IT COULD BE WORSE. A LOT WORSE. FANTASY BY **GARDNER DOZOIS** AND **JACK DANN**

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