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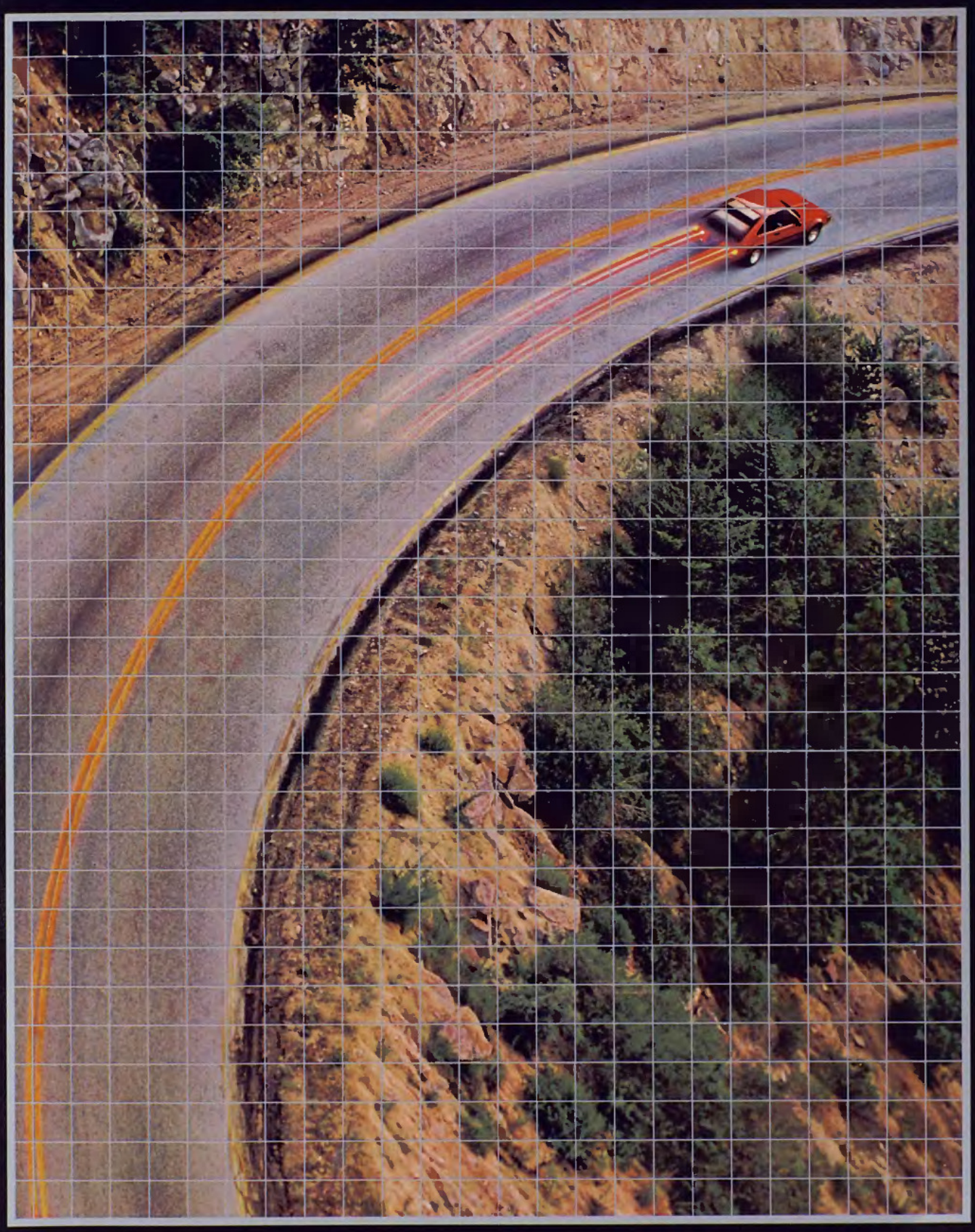
WOMEN OF THE SOAPS: TV'S STEAMIEST FEMMES IN AN EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY PICTORIAL
JOHN DEREK'S PERFECT "30": URSULA, LINDA AND BO
GEORGE CARLIN INTERVIEW
PLUS: JULES FEIFFER ON REAGAN
STEPHEN KING ON ROCK 'N' ROLL
PHILIP CAPUTO
JOHN UPDIKE
RICHARD PRICE
JOHN MATUSZAK
PLAYMATE REVIEW
AND PART ONE OF A MAJOR NEW SERIES ON MEN, WOMEN AND SEX IN THE EIGHTIES
Holiday Anniversary Issue



LIFT→

IT TAKES THE RIGHT STUFF TO MAKE A GREAT CAR.

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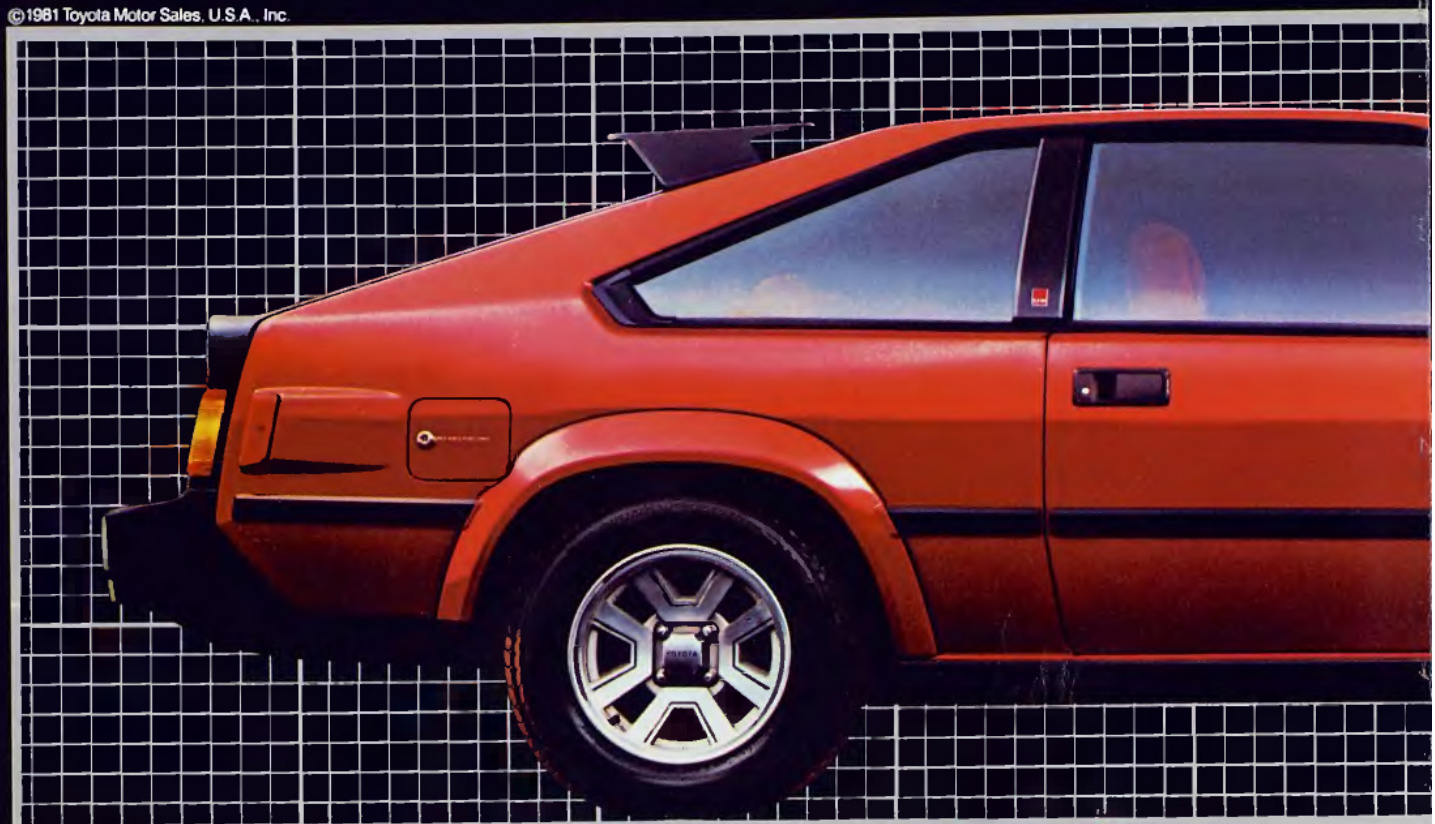
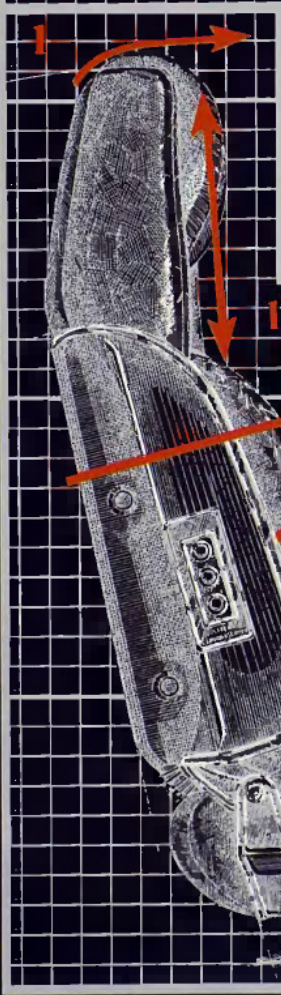
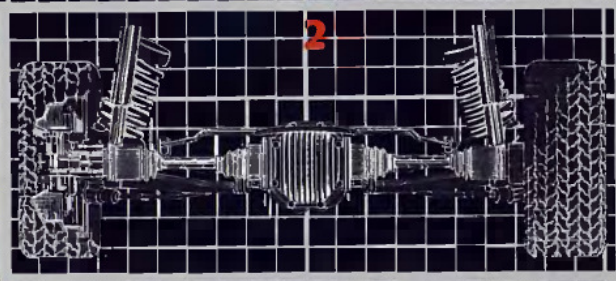
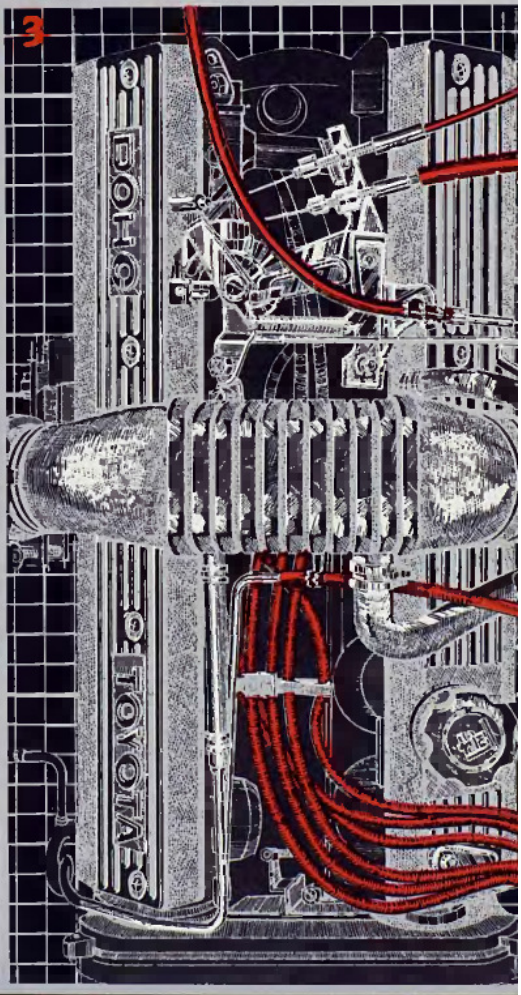


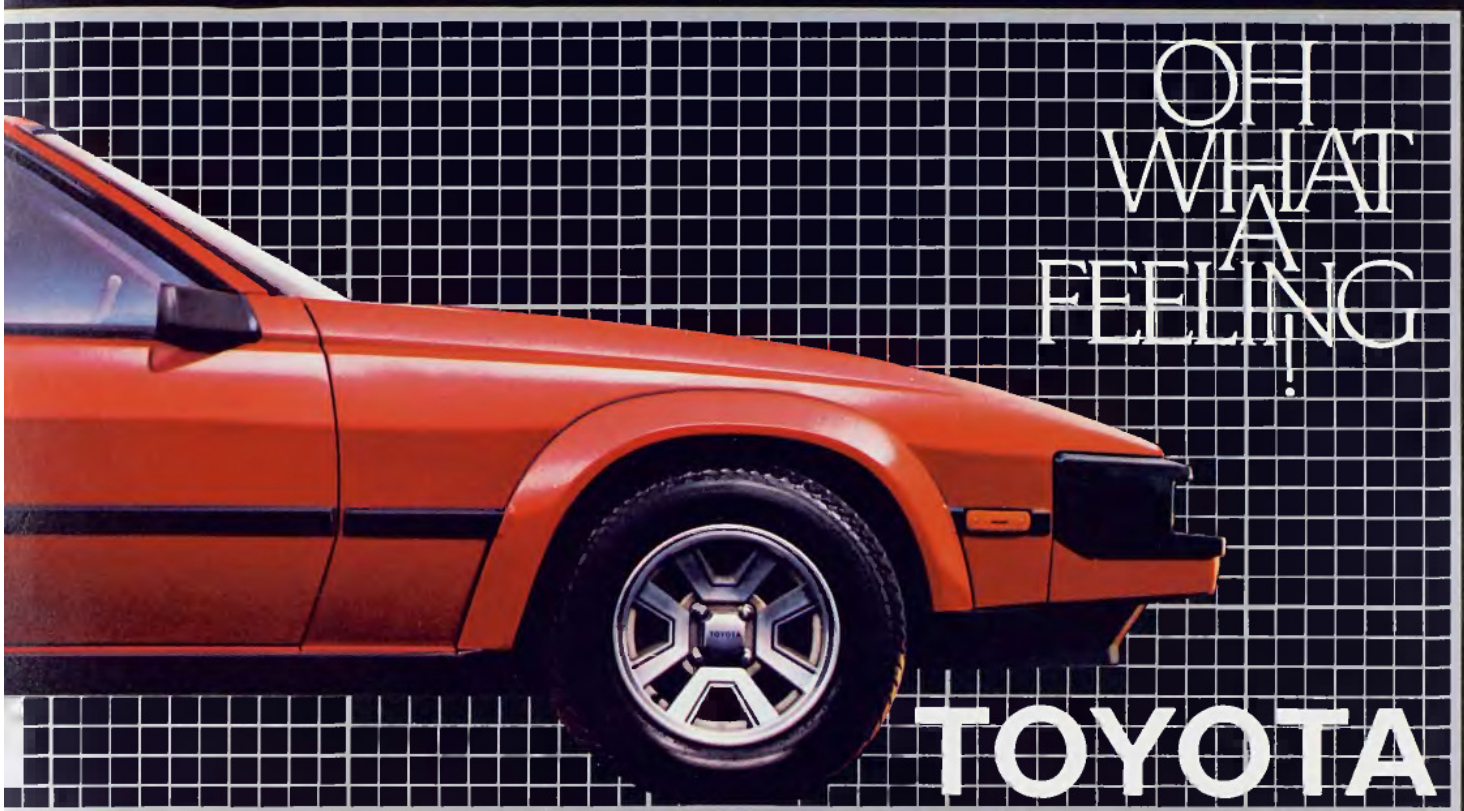






1-8-way adjustable driver's sports seat with pneumatically regulated lumbar support. 2-Independent rear suspension and limited slip differential for more precise cornering. 3-2.8 liter electronically fuel injected Twin-Cam Six.

THE ALL NEW



OH WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

The all-new Celica Supra's aerodynamic wedge design includes retractable headlights, wide front track, and road hugging 225/60 HR14 steel radial tires—the right stuff.

CELICA SUPRA

The right stuff. It's the Golden Gate Bridge. The Mona Lisa. The Space Shuttle. Anything that has what it takes to stand above the rest. To win. To become a classic.

That's why we say the new Celica Supra is the right stuff. It's an all-out effort that brings new meaning to the word "performance." Toyota has chosen the right technologies from the best sports and racing cars ever built. And added many new innovations never before seen in a car of this type.

Supra—it's a full-bore performance machine that truly deserves to be called the right stuff.

The heart of the new Supra is a twin-cam six-cylinder engine. (The twin-cam design is used in virtually all racing cars for its superior power potential.) To this, Toyota has added electronic fuel injection. The result is an engine with the thrust to pin you back in your seat, but without the endless appetite for maintenance common to many sports cars.

As racing great Dan Gurney commented after driving a Supra prototype, "That Twin-Cam Six feels like an airliner taking off. The power just keeps on coming."

Out on the road, Supra's handling is more of the right stuff: ventilated 4-wheel disc brakes for fade-free stopping. And rack and pinion steering for excellent "road feel." Supra. It's a superbly confident road car. In fact, 55 miles per hour in a Supra feels like 30 in just about anything else. Gurney again, after putting the Supra through its paces on a rain-soaked test track: "Even under very difficult conditions, this new Supra doesn't seem to have any flaws."

If you're getting the feeling that Toyota pulled out all the stops to build a car that is the right stuff, wait till you see the inside of this new Supra!

It has the first driver's sports seat installed as standard equipment in any car in its class. Unlike an ordinary bucket seat, you sit in this seat, not on it. Eight different controls allow you to virtually "custom-form" the seat to your own measurements. There's even a lumbar support you regulate with an air pump. (This seat is to a regular seat what steel-belted radials are to bias-ply tires!)

The Supra's totally redesigned interior also includes an electronic AM/FM/MPX stereo receiver with 5 speakers as standard equipment. And you can outfit your Supra with a motorized sunroof, if you wish.

As Dan summed up after driving the Supra almost a full day, "It takes the right stuff to make a performance car. And this is the right stuff."

THE RIGHT STUFF IS HERE.

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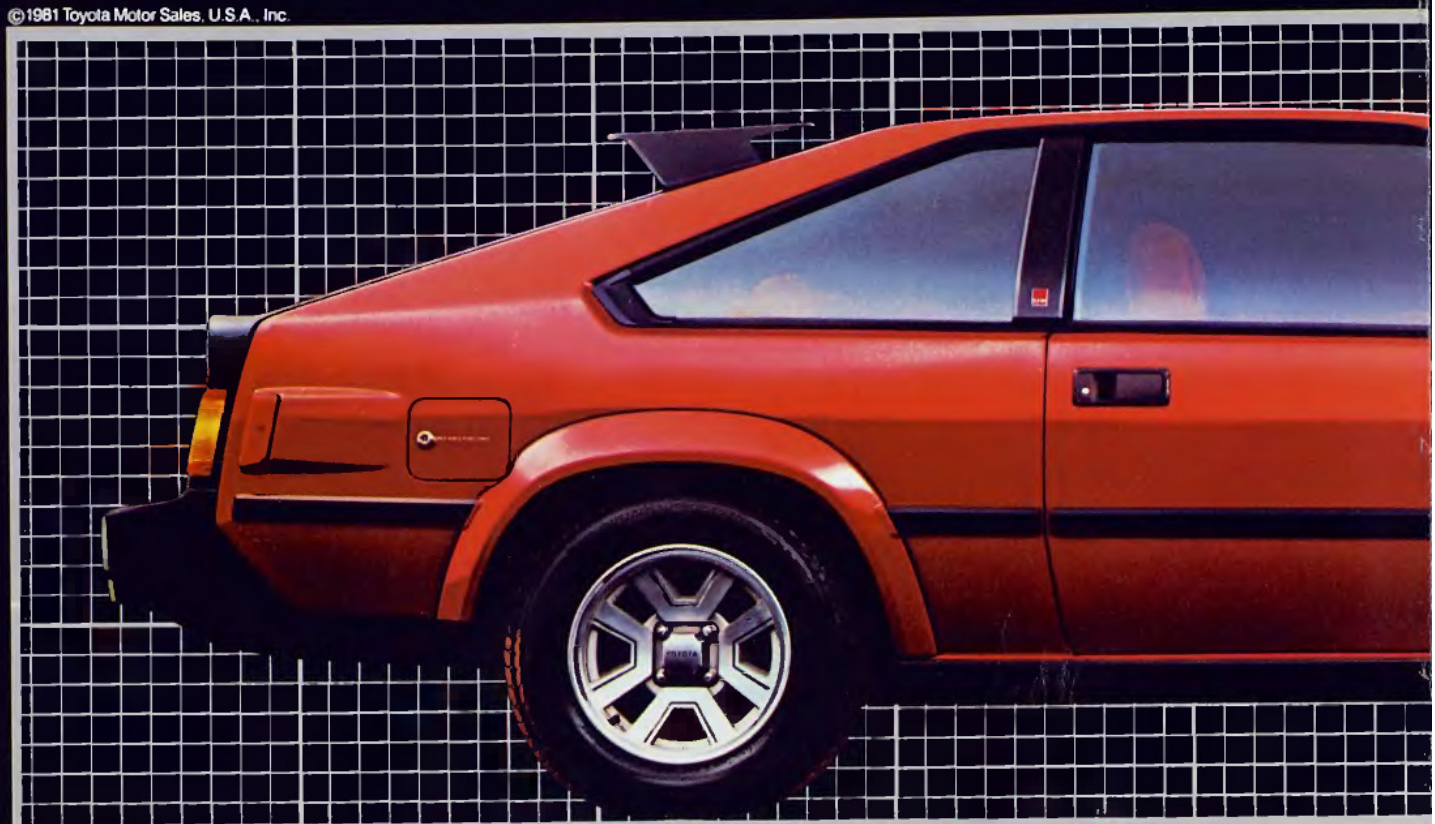

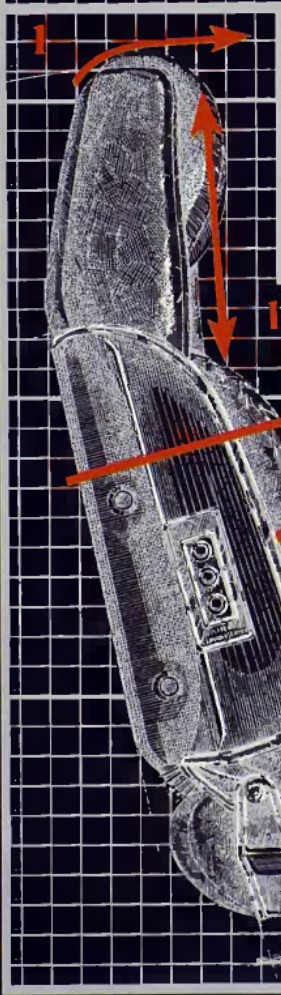

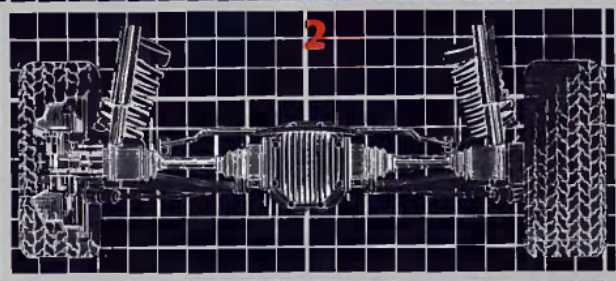

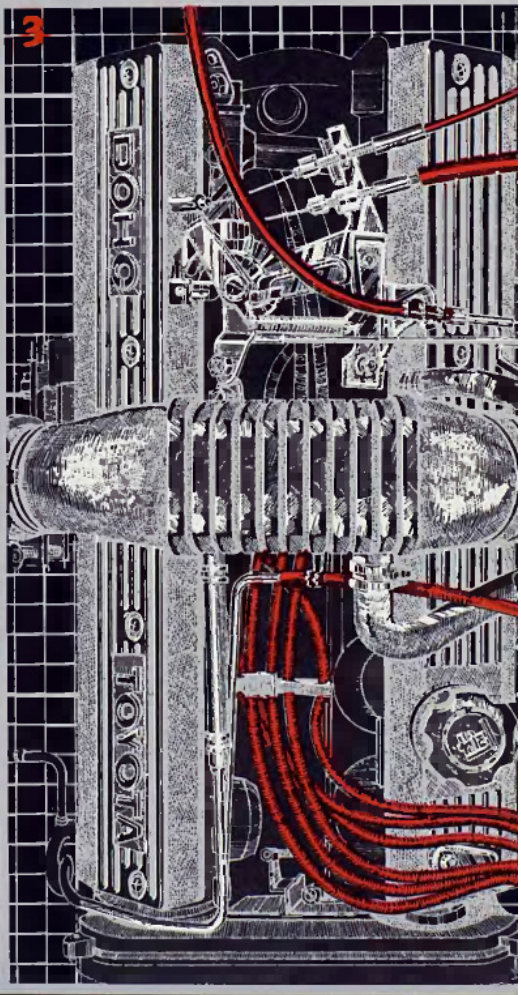

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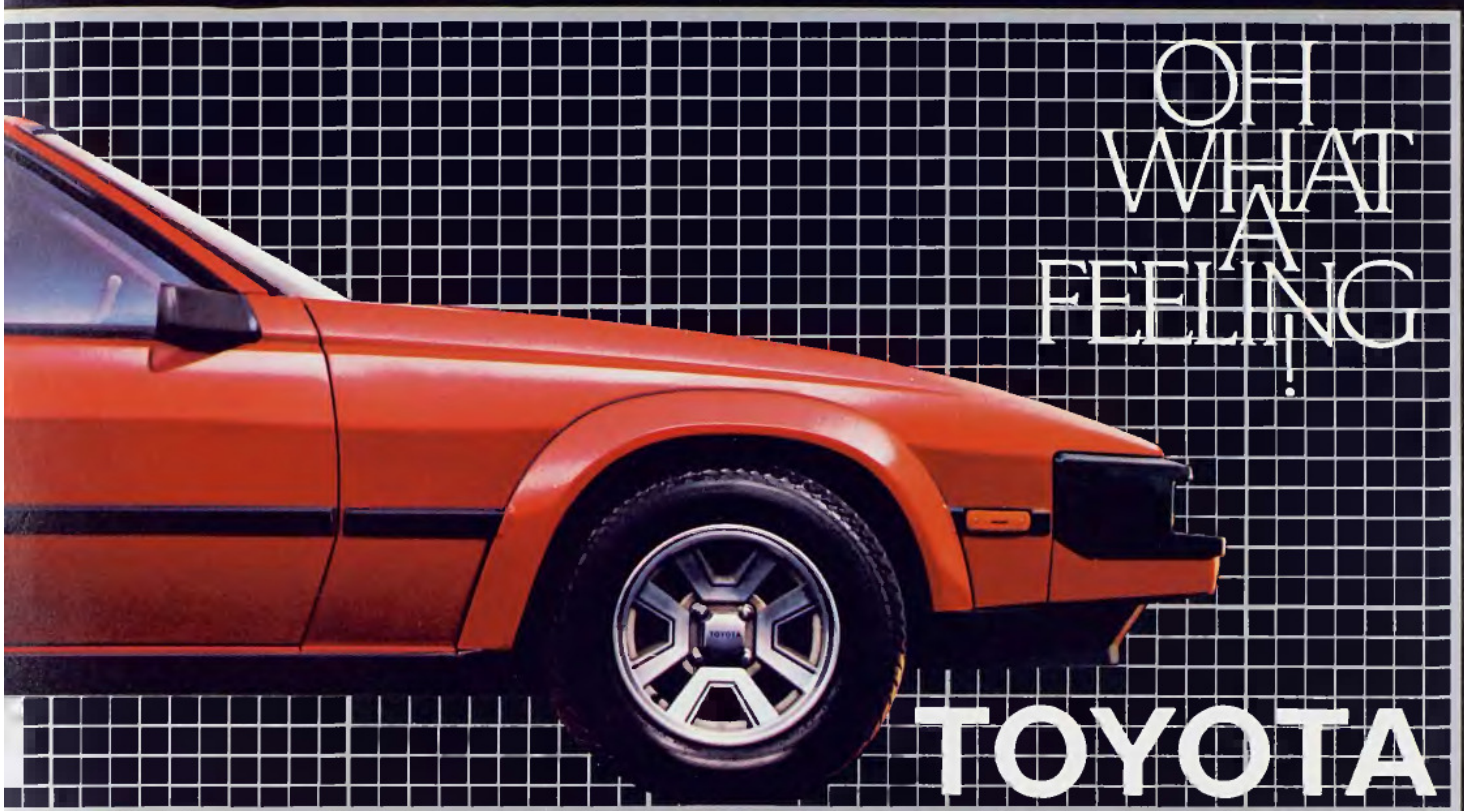

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THE RIGHT STUFF IS HERE.

The season's most distinguished gift list:

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About $15

VSOP
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Napoleon
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VOC
In the crystal
Baccarat decanter.
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For those not satisfied with anything less than everything.

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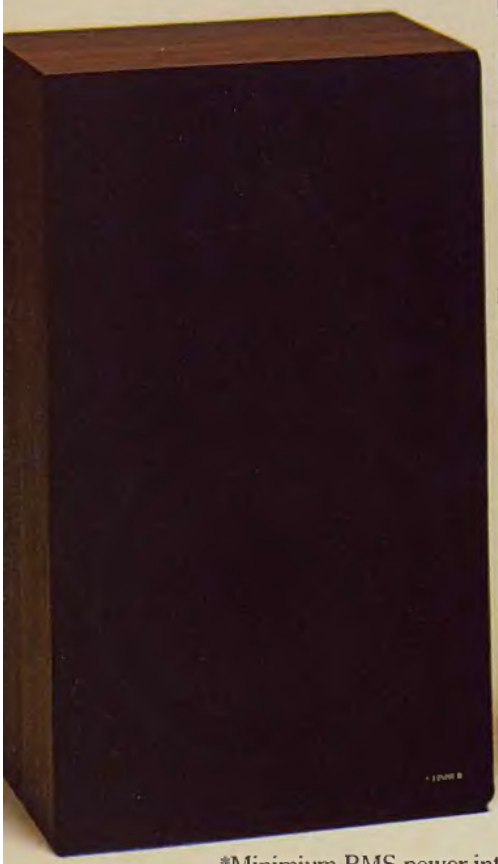

*Minimium RMS power into 8 ohms, 20Hz-20kHz, with no more than 0.01% total harmonic distortion.
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PLAYBILL

IF YOU'RE AT ALL like us, one thing you used to feel pretty sure about was the difference between boys and girls. Then along came the wrestling match over women's rights and roles that characterized most of the past decade. In the aftermath, it was clear that, while no one truly thought the sexes were identical, those deeply etched lines that were supposed to divide them had all but disappeared. Or had they? Word has begun to leak out from the cool, impartial world of scientific inquiry that the pendulum has been boogieing anew. Data is accumulating that indicates that men and women are chemically and behaviorally as different as two sides of the same coin. Not unequal—different. The question before us, class, is: Just *how* different are men from women? It is, you will admit, a question worth pondering. And when we ponder something, there's a good chance you'll wind up reading about it. That's how we came to assign *Man and Woman*, an unprecedented series of articles on just that topic, to **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone**. Their first piece, *The Sexes: A Mystery Solved?*, in this issue, serves as an introduction to the subject. Taking our probe further, we assembled a virtual brain trust of psychologists, behaviorists and sociologists to help us produce the sexual-behavior questionnaire that accompanies the article. If you do your part—fill it out and send it in—in a few months, we'll publish a comprehensive report on what's going on between the sexes.

While you're considering the twists and turns of relationships, one of our favorite fiction heavyweights, **John Updike**, has penned a tale of a threesome in *Killing*, the story (illustrated by **Frank Gallo**) of a woman who loses the two men she loves—her husband and Dad. What would the holidays be without Updike?

Maybe it's just us, but somehow it's gratifying to know that **Stephen King**, whose thrillers have scared us half to death (or at least into insomnia) for the past few years, is really horrified by something himself. What could possibly be bugging Bangor's master of suspense? The state of modern AM radio, that's what. In *Between Rock and a Soft Place* (illustrated by **Lou Brooks**), King praises Sixties d.j.s such as Arnie "Woo-Woo" Ginsberg and publicly cringes at the thought that good ol' American rock 'n' roll just might be dying.

Another writer, **Philip Caputo** (author of *A Rumor of War*), tells the horror story this time—and it's a true one. In *The Unreturning Army*, he cuts to the spiritual core of our Vietnam veterans to find out why they are flipping out all over, with some haunting illustrations by **Kinuko Y. Craft**.

For a lighter look inside the sometimes inscrutable mind of another type of military man, turn to *At Home with the Haigs*, musings on Washington's most famous take-charge guy concocted by skilled practitioners of the screwball send-up **Henry Beard, Christopher Cerf, Tony Geiss** and artist **Frank Springer**. Next, go on to Haig's boss in *Reagan of the Lost Art*, wherein cartoonist-humorist-playwright (his new play, *Grownups*, opens on Broadway soon) **Jules Feiffer** takes a look at the one-liners currently making the rounds at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Then, if you're wondering how all those funny people get away with it, or *if* they get away with it, check out this month's *Playboy Interview*, in which questioner *extraordinaire* **Sam Merrill** leads hippie-dippie comic **George Carlin** through an in-depth, sometimes not-so-funny retrospective on his career as a stand-up guy.

We once met a fellow who hitchhiked across America doing handstands and backflips along the roadside until he got a lift. He was a gymnast back in the Sixties, when the

DURDEN-SMITH, DE SIMONE

UPDIKE

KING

BROOKS

GALLO

CAPUTO

CRAFT

BEARD, SPRINGER, CERF, GEISS

FEIFFER

MERRILL

PRICE

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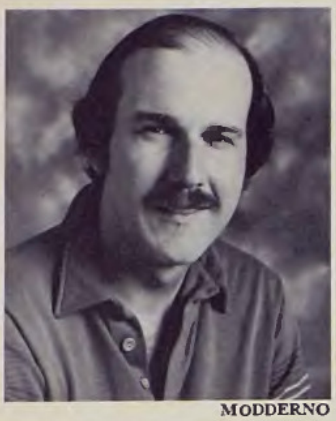

MODDERNO

BIRNBAUM

KOCH

FEGLEY, BEAUDET

WITZENBURG

MALONE

LLOYD

DISCH

FREYTAG

FELIX, ELDER, KURTZMAN, DOWNS

sport was oddball, unknown and the province of loose nuts like our friend the hitchhiker. Nowadays, gymnastics is as oddball as an IBM computer and just about as loose. We sent novelist **Richard** (*Bloodbrothers, Ladies' Man*) **Price** out to the University of Nebraska to observe the training, competition and personal lives of America's best gymnasts (the ones you'll see in the next Olympics), and he brought back *Lords of the Rings*, the offbeat saga of an emerging sport. The Oakland Raiders' **John Matuszak** has already emerged as one of the most notorious defensive ends in football. That's why **Craig Modderno** tackled him for *20 Questions* this month.

What's more fun than grappling with a lineman? Among other activities, we highly recommend reading *Live Like a King*, by **Stephen Birnbaum**, in which our terrific travel tipster charts a course fit for any number of vacationing potentates—some of whom may even appear in **Tom Koch**'s annual homage to the year just ended, *That Was the Year That Was*. If you like verse, you could do worse. Adding to the blessed excess of the holiday season comes our pictorial *The Bad and the Beautiful*, a fast-acting, all-temperature, 99-44/100 percent pure look at the women who bring tears to our eyes both on and off the soap operas. Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** originally broached the subject, and then went on to shoot the feature with Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley**. For more fetching beauties, try **Gary Witzenburg**'s *Cars '82: All Systems Are Go!*, a comprehensive look at what's on wheels this year, which has absolutely nothing to do with roller derby. And that's not all. There are more wheels: *Blue Cadillac* (illustrated by **Peter Lloyd**) happens to be the title of **Michael Malone**'s pixilated short story about love, Thanksgiving and Elvis—yes, *that* Elvis. After you've pieced together those story elements, fiction fans, turn to *In Praise of Older Women*, by **Thomas M. Disch**, who seems to have eavesdropped on an agitated but amusing breakfast conversation between Oedipus and Jocasta, the king and queen of Thebes a few years back.

This month, we give you something that in all our years of presenting the most exciting entertainment you can print on a press, and in all your years of reading it, we've never before offered you—sensory deprivation. That's right; famous girl on the go *Little Annie Fanny* visits a sensory-deprivation center. But, believe us, all the king's horses and all the king's men and all the efforts of Annie's crew of progenitors—**Harvey Kurtzman, Will Elder, Sarah Downs** and **Phil Felix**—won't deprive your senses of a thing, except, perhaps, anything sensible. This being a nice, fat Holiday Issue (put legs on it and use it as a coffee table), you can look for a whole lot in the way of extras. Take, for instance, *Playboy's Playmate Review*, our annual refresher course in Playmates 1981. Here's where you can choose your favorite. Maybe she'll be named Playmate of the Year in June. Speaking of favorites, our picks for 1981's best writing, art and photography have already been made; they appear here in *Playboy's Annual Awards*. **John Derek** always picks winners for wives. We give you a peek at his current spouse and her predecessors in *The Gentleman Prefers Blondes*, who include the likes of **Bo Derek, Linda Evans** and **Ursula Andress**. And we love to watch Ursula undress, don't you?

If you want to entertain with your clothes *on*, try **Emanuel Greenberg**'s timely advice in *Together Again: Bubbly & Black Tie*. And now for those impossibly hard-to-shop-for loved ones you really want to impress: You have just about enough time to check out our gift suggestions in *The Eleventh-Hour Santa*. (How do you think John Derek got where he is today, huh?)

We've run on long enough, so before you deprive your senses any further, please turn to the gatefold for Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag**'s coverage and uncoverage of our January 1982 Playmate, the Southern star **Kimberly McArthur**. Now, don't you think we're starting the new year right?

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF.

PLAYBOY

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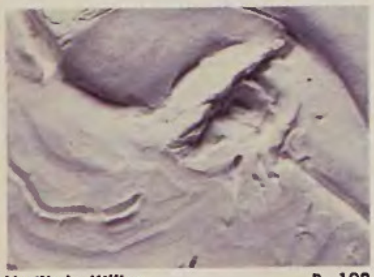

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COVER STORY

The delicacy offered as this month's cover comes not from the nearby patisserie but from the camera of Christian Moser and the office of our French edition in Paris. We think it's the best Franco-American product since SpaghettiOs. The lady is Natalie Levy Bencheton, a *mademoiselle* whose modeling career lasted only six months. Now she lives with her husband in Paris and throws an occasional soiree. We're glad Moser got our cover shot before Natalie got up and slipped away.

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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

The quartet above sure has star quality. Entertaining at PATH's gathering are trombonist Conrad Janis and banjoist George Segal of the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band, joined by guest vocalists Tom Bosley and Scatman Crothers.

BEATING A PATH TO HEF'S DOOR

PATH (Performing Arts Theater of the Handicapped) held a star-studded cocktail party at Playboy Mansion West to honor actor Tom Bosley with its 1981 Humanitarian award. Below, Hugh Hefner plays host to PATH fund-raising chairman (and Bosley's wife) Patricia Carr-Bosley, producer Garry Marshall.

TOP SOAP DIRECTOR

Former New York and Jamaica Bunny (left) Marlena Laird, in the photos above, accepts her 1981 Emmy as director of *General Hospital*. Marlena, first female director at Paramount, also snared the 1981 California Governor's Media Award for *The Baxters*.

HELLO, GET ME REWRITE

And who, disguised as a mild-mannered reporter for a Philadelphia news service, is this? It's Rita Jenrette, sometimes known for her uncoverage in PLAYBOY, filing coverage of the Miss America Pageant from Atlantic City.

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New extras make this unusual device irresistable.

Radar clairvoyance is our term for the ability to receive signals beyond the range of ordinary radar detectors; beyond mere line-of-sight. What may initially seem like magic is actually solid engineering. The result is truly unique—the ESCORT® radar warning receiver.

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EXTRAORDINARY PERSON

The Donald Sutherland interview (PLAYBOY, October) is one of the best you have run in recent months. Sutherland has always appeared to be a good actor whose personality was of far less interest than his craft; now, although my respect for his craft has not diminished, I can see that the actor is also a sensitive, intelligent, perceptive *human being*—a realization that makes my admiration for his work all the stronger. Claudia Dreifus asked all the right questions, and she seems to have asked them in a way that made her subject open up. Congratulations to her—and to you.

Amanda Vaill, Editor
The Viking Press
New York, New York

October's *Playboy Interview* with Donald Sutherland is most revealing. After seeing him perform in many great movies, it is wonderful to gain some insight into his personal life. Sutherland's certainly no "giraffe" or "Boris Karloff"—he's quite distinguished and interesting-looking.

J. G. Hudgins
Hampton, Virginia

How about a red light on interviews with actors and actresses? Who really cares about Sutherland's affairs, his "lachrymose" childhood and his wretched physical state? Let the Donald Sutherlands perform emotional striptease for the *National Enquirer*!

Ted Troup
Saint Albans, New York

In spite of the Motion Picture Academy, Sutherland still has millions of followers. We applaud his versatility as an actor and, lest anyone forget—he was the original Hawkeye Pierce. However, he displayed his rarest form as Oddball, the hippie tank commander in *Kelly's Heroes*. It's hard to believe Oddball and Calvin Jarrett of *Ordinary People* are one and the same. With flexibility like that, I would tell Sutherland's critics (in Oddball's words) to "dispense with the negative waves!"

Phil Fleming
Eastern Shore, Alabama

My compliments for your interview with Donald Sutherland. It shows the hidden side of a fine actor, an interesting man and a fellow Canadian, to boot. One complaint: He says Canadians are "insecure" and are all secretly jealous of their neighbors to the south. Well, Mr. Sutherland, I'm Canadian and I'm damn well proud of it (present government notwithstanding)!

Alexander Depoulianac
Rycroft, Alberta

Sutherland is an accomplished actor and a credit to Canadian culture. However, his observation that "Canadians are so incredibly insecure" reflects his own insecurities and not those of Canadians in general. Sutherland's career and perseverance are admirable, but, as a Canadian, I take exception to his sweeping statement, which must be based on his own childhood traumas. I am a Canadian who feels inferior to *no* American!

Ron Leew
Fort McMurray, Alberta

I thoroughly enjoyed Claudia Dreifus' October interview with Donald Sutherland until I came to the question, "Did you ever think you were in danger of becoming this generation's Boris Karloff?" That enrages me no end. What's wrong with Boris Karloff? Karloff was

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one of the greatest character actors who ever lived, even though he was stereotyped much of the time. I think you should exercise some tact with your questions. I just hope Karloff's good friend Vincent Price doesn't read the interview!

Scott Nollen
Karloff Appreciation Society
Harlan, Iowa

A number of readers objected to the Karloff reference. It seems our innocuous question has created a monster.

MATTERS OF DEATH AND LIFE

Death as a Way of Life, by Christopher Dickey (PLAYBOY, October) is a fascinating account of the situation in El Salvador. I am Guatemalan, and so it's particularly fascinating to me that my pigsty of a country suffers from many of the same problems as El Salvador. Everything done in Guatemala seems to involve graft. From the president to the mayor to the local cop—everyone is paid off. We as Guatemalans appreciate your aid money, but most of it goes into local government pockets.

(Name withheld by request)
Guatemala City, Guatemala

Dickey's *Death as a Way of Life* is like all articles by the liberal left that support Communist take-overs in Nicaragua, Laos, Vietnam, Rhodesia, Angola, Ethiopia, and so on. Dickey convinces Americans that El Salvador would be better off as another Communist satellite nation than as a dictatorship friendly to the United States. Are the economic conditions of Cuba, Nicaragua and Vietnam better today under Communism than under the past regimes? Certainly not. When the Carter Administration allowed Castro-led and Soviet-armed troops to take over Nicaragua, the Soviet Union not only got a foothold in South America, it also may have gotten the confidence to take over El Salvador and then conquer all of South America. Dickey can tell us that communism is the savior of El Salvador, but the fact remains that the U. S. can negotiate and force change in a dictatorship but cannot do so with a Communist government. We elected President Reagan to stop Communist aggression throughout the world but particularly in our own hemisphere. I believe the majority of anti-Communist Americans support America's role in El Salvador.

Kent Ebner
Wynnewood, Oklahoma

DEAR *DEAR PLAYBOY*

Regarding Dr. Goldzieher's comments on the pill in October's *Dear Playboy*: Perhaps it is easier for him to shrug off anxiety about the pill as just another "trade-off, a balance of benefit and risk" because the dear doctor's first name is Joseph and not Mary.

Agnes Howell
Chattanooga, Tennessee

SHOCK OF HARE

We took this picture during a storm over the dorms at the University of Hartford. It appears that the god of thunder may be placing his order for a subscription.

The Ever-Fighting Men of
Fourth-Front Olmsted House
University of Hartford
Hartford, Connecticut

You're right, men, and we understand

he'll be mighty Thor if his PLAYBOY *doesn't arrive in time.*

FEAST OF ST. GEORGE

You people really shouldn't have told us October cover girl Cathy St. George is an upcoming Playmate. She is the most incredibly fine-looking female since Cyndi Wood. The suspense will probably put me into an early grave if the wait is more than a month or two.

Vernon Tonnesen
Gainesville, Florida

Your October cover lady is one of the best-looking women I have ever seen. Cathy St. George is a fox! Thanks.

Martin E. Horn
Roswell, Georgia

The October cover is the finest of the Eighties, and Cathy St. George is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Since I'm an avid reader of PLAYBOY, that's saying a lot.

(Name withheld by request)
Port Charlotte, Florida

PLAYBOY's October cover, featuring Cathy St. George, is fantastic. I hope her Playmate photos appear very soon, so that we may see her uncovered.

(Name withheld by request)
Murphysboro, Illinois

TOUGH TALK

I've always enjoyed PLAYBOY, but since I've seen Kelly Tough, I'll be sure never to miss another issue. She really lives up to her name. Kelly is by far the toughest Playmate in a long time.

David Ray
Prince Edward County, Virginia

Kelly Tough is *tough*! The best this year—so is the beautiful photography by Mario Casilli.

Mark Jackson
Searcy, Arkansas

You totally outdid yourselves this time. Kelly Tough is the most stunning Playmate ever. Congratulations for a job *perfectly* done.

Peter Helms and
the Men of Taft
University of Illinois
Champaign, Illinois

Thank you for October's Playmate, Kelly Tough! I feel the same way about her centerfold as she does: "I love it. It's a work of art."

Bob Flick
Diamond, Ohio

My congratulations to Mario Casilli for capturing the vivid and intense beauty of October's Playmate, Kelly Ann Tough. What an angel! Would you please consider unveiling Kelly just once more?

Thatch Irwin
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

Not only would we consider it, Thatch; we'd do it. Casilli is one of our

most stoic photographers—he never complains about a Tough assignment.

ERASING BATTLE LINES

Laurence Shames's treatise on sexual *détente, Welcome to the Postliberation World* (PLAYBOY, October), is a wonderful view of a facet of the new conservatism, but he forgets to include those of us who never gave up on romance to

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win a woman's heart. It just takes feminists longer than most to realize that romance is the most honest relationship of all.

John Foust
Madison, Wisconsin

I read October's *The Age of Sexual Détente* with both grin and grimace. I'm happy to learn there may still be hope for ending this war of the genders—sad to recall the associated hurts and pain so clearly defined by Laurence Shames and Barbara Grizzuti Harrison. Living in the Midwest, where trends take longer to take hold, I had already deliberated and resolved this issue before it really arrived here. I've been bitter and resentful of the lack of insight by both parties for so long I've all but given up on romance, which at one time was both my primary motivation and my deepest satisfaction. Either the authors are only optimists or they bring me long-sought news.

David Schacht
La Crosse, Wisconsin

DESIGNS ON MAUD

Maud Adams (*Tattooed Woman*, PLAYBOY, October) has the most savagely sexy eyes (and everything else) I have ever seen.

Jim Haley
St. Louis, Missouri

The thing that makes your October PLAYBOY eminently worth while is the pictorial on Maud Adams! I love thin, exotic women, and in my book, she's an "11." I only wish she could be in the centerfold.

Donald R. Tiska
Bridgehampton, New York

As a woman who reads your magazine every month, I must say that I enjoy and respect the way your writers handle most topics. I've always considered PLAYBOY a highly intelligent magazine. But I was appalled with your article on the new film *Tattoo*. With all the interesting people in Hollywood to talk with and write about, why waste your time on an egotist like Bruce Dern? Dern has the maturity of a kiss-'n'-tell high school boy, bragging about his conquests. Who cares what he did on the set with Maud Adams? If I were Maud, I would sue him for every penny he had. If I wanted to read gossipy trash like Dern's comments, I'd buy another type of magazine.

(Name withheld by request)
Stevensville, Michigan

BELLES-LETTRES

I send my deepest compliments to the Contributing Photographers responsible for *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*,

Wear Musk by English Leather when you're feeling bold. Or when you're feeling shy. Either way, Musk by English Leather will speak for you.
We know that the same guy can be outgoing sometimes, laid back other times.
So we created an easy way to communicate without saying a word.
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You see, the original recipe for a Bloody Mary called for the Original Worcestershire Sauce by name—Lea & Perrins. It was a perfect match, and they've been inseparable ever since.

Part II (October). Such in-depth beauty can be found only between the covers of your magazine.

R. Angelo Maines
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

"Rah, rah, rah" for *Girls of the Southeastern Conference, Part II*. I can see for myself that the University of Tennessee has the team to beat. I'd give the game ball to Crystal McTaggart. She's the best of the North, South, East or West, and her photo is worth its weight in gold.

David Portch
Woodfords, California

I had my doubts that you could top Part I of *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*, but after viewing the assets of Crystal McTaggart, Julie Gayle and Devin DeVasquez in October's Part II, I realize you've proved me wrong.

Dave Young
Edina, Minnesota

Just a fine word or two to let you know how much I enjoyed your exquisite display of the *Girls of the Southeastern Conference, Part II*. The moguls here on the U.S.S. Dwight D. Eisenhower agree that a beautiful Southern belle has to be more smashing than R2-D2, 007 or even the inimitable Indiana any day. Just a final question or two. Could the Yankees ever come up with anything as beautiful as a Southern belle? Is it possible to get just one more glance at a beautiful Southern belle?

John Goff
Norfolk, Virginia

To answer your questions, John: The Yankees will never produce anything as beautiful as a Southern belle, but they

do have a good-looking left fielder coming up. And we're glad to present another look at Tennessee's Crystal McTaggart, a clean hit in any league.

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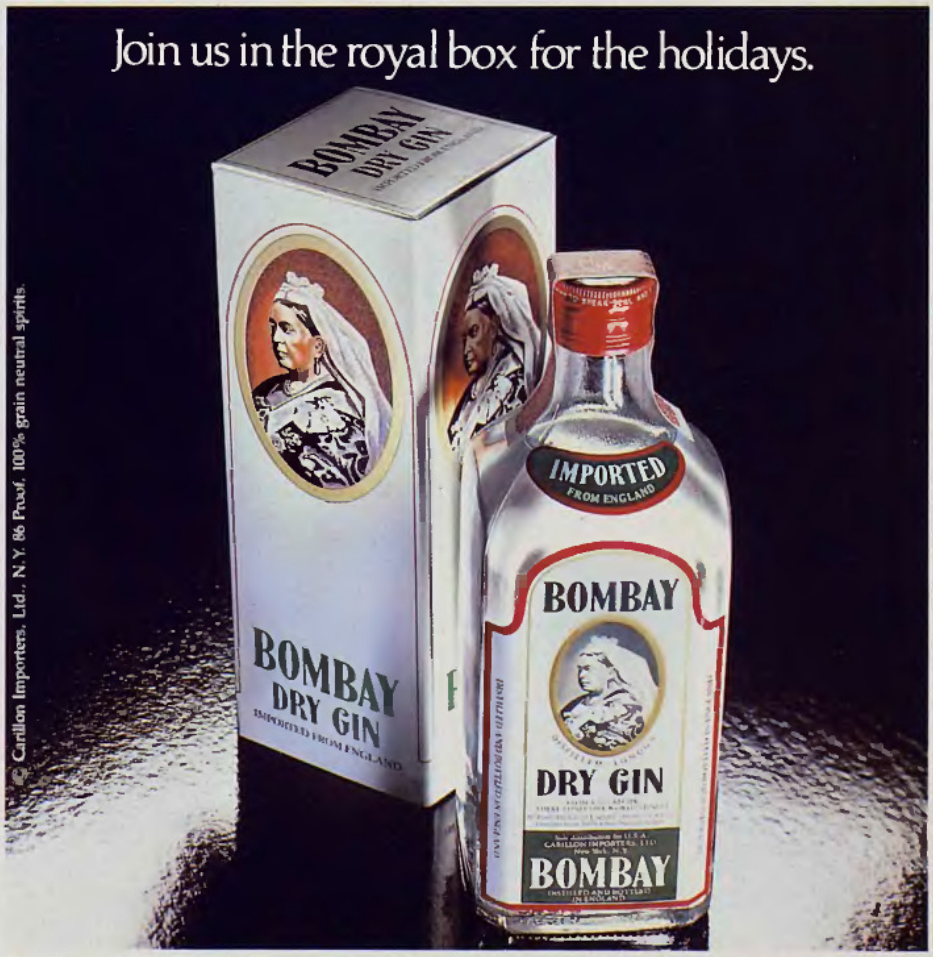

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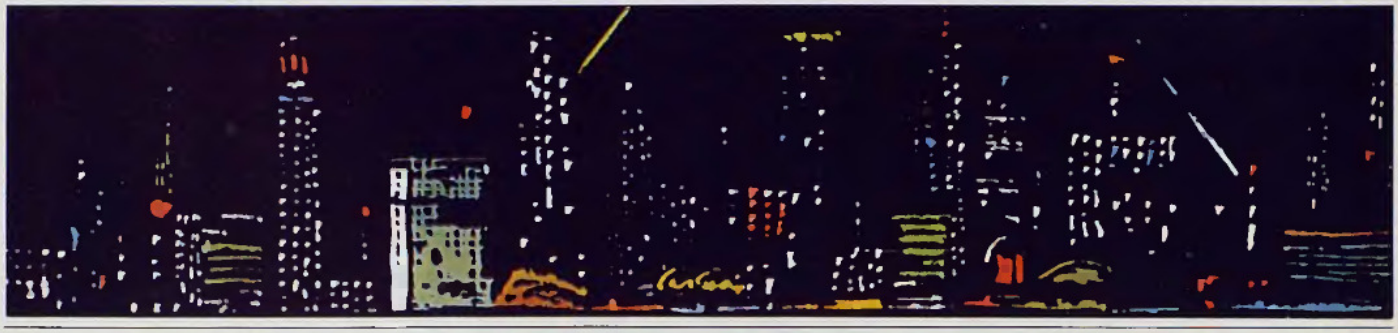
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HAPPY TO SEE ME?

After San Francisco police broke up a scuffle in a Tenderloin District saloon, they ordered the participants to line up. Searching for weapons, one cop noticed a large bulge in a young man's pants. Figuring it had to be a gun, he gave the protuberance a hard squeeze. The young man fell to the floor, screaming, "You've broken it!"

The cops were horrified, and also more than a little amused, when they found out the man had recently received a 19-centimeter anti-impotence insert. They rushed him to a hospital emergency room, where the attending doctor proclaimed the bolstered banger in fine shape. The police, however, still don't know if the thing was ever really loaded.

•

The St. Louis, Missouri, *Post-Dispatch* ran this classified ad: "Jim G., Thanks for a wonderful time this last weekend in Anaheim. Suggest you see your doctor soon. Love, Brenda."

YELLOW PERIL

Maryland narcotics cop Herbert C. Cahalen, who was allowed to use cocaine in order to maintain his cover with drug dealers, decided to have a giggle when his outfit was hit with a surprise urine test. Taking portions of his own sample, he tinkered with three of his superiors' tests—making them all read as drug-tinged as his own. "I did it as a joke," Cahalen explained, "and expected it to be taken that way." It wasn't. In fact, since the urine samples suggested that drug use was widespread within the local force, outside lab technicians were called in to confirm the findings. A full-blown scandal was in the works. At that point, Cahalen confessed to the prank, expecting the whole mess to disappear. He was suspended for three days. He was also kicked off his narc unit. Just goes to show you—some things don't go better with coke.

•

As If We Didn't Know Department: New Haven, Connecticut's gay night club, Cyrano's, features a Tropical Oasis Nite every Sunday. It includes "tropical cocktails and fruits galore."

SAY AAGHH

A 53-year-old woman who refused to pay for her dentures, claiming them to be defective, has filed a half-million-dollar lawsuit against her dentist for his unorthodox method of repossession.

Mrs. Lee Ann Stovall has alleged that Idabel, Oklahoma, dentist Curtis Brookover pounded on the front and rear doors of her home, hooked a pickup to her husband's house trailer and, when she attempted to leave for help, ran after her and hurled her to the ground, twisted her neck, then reached into her mouth and dug out the $600 dentures.

Dr. Brookover said that when he reached into the woman's mouth to take possession of the disputed choppers, she bit him as hard as she could. When he pulled out his fingers, the teeth came with them.

Brookover added that several dentists have called and congratulated him since the incident. "They admire my guts," he said.

HUNGRY FOR LOVE

In case you've been noticing something lacking in today's female singles crowd, *Glamour* magazine has revealed that 35 percent of all American women are sexually starved. According to Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, the unhappy ladies are suffering from "sexual anorexia." According to the article, "Just as the food anorectic rejects food, the sexual anorectic rejects sex, usually in the subconscious struggle to gain control over another person or situation."

Once the disease makes itself known, "relationships may crumble, single people may refuse to date, meet prospective new mates or even go out."

Brian Wilson, are you listening?

CONNED

Look out, bleeding-heart liberals: Illinois Senate Republican staff analyst Phillip Weber is out to unreform prison reform with a few remarkable ideas of his own. He has come up with two ideal ways for prisoners to serve their time: one, in drug-induced comas, wherein they pose no threat to society, and two, working in municipal jobs, wearing Day-Glo orange uniforms and shaved heads so they'll stand out from the law-abiding workers. You know, kind of like most New York New Wave rock bands.

TONGUE IN CHEEK

New York officials have charged 31 people with using French kisses to

smuggle drugs to jail-bound cons. Police say that the ring made more than $10,000,000 by sending women into jails such as Rikers Island and the Bronx House of Detention and having them engage in torrid kissing sessions with prisoners. In the course of a smooch, the femmes fatales would pass balloons filled with everything from heroin to grass into the mouths of their paramours. The inmates would then return to their cells and sell the drugs to their pals. Obviously, police got wind of the plot when someone kissed and told. So much for Love Potion Number Nine.

ABORTED OPINION

New York realtor Harry B. Helmsley: "If I were a girl, I'd be pregnant all the time. When someone comes in with a good deal, I can't say no."

BOOK BOMB

There is *some* justice in this world, after all. Richard M. Nixon's official papers for his final seven months in the White House are the worst-selling volume of any batch of Presidential scrawls since the compilation and publication of such papers began. To date, Nixon's tome has sold only 398 copies. The Government Printing Office is considering sprucing up the final copies by having Fran (*Social Studies*) Lebowitz write an introduction and changing the title of the collection to *Checkers, Dearest.*

BIRD BRAINS

The Golden Nugget casino/hotel in Atlantic City has fired some $12,000 worth of exotic birds from its lobby. The two cockatoos and four macaws were supposed to sing for their supper, but, according to hotel spokesperson Muriel Harris, "Visitors frequently found them dozing on their perches in their three-story cage. They hardly ever sang."

The hotel's solution? "We've hired a former special-effects expert from Disneyland. He's created mechanical birds that will walk, warble and chirp to create the proper aesthetic setting."

They'll be a lot easier to clean up after, too.

BRITISH TACT

A certain San Francisco woman's frequent flights to England are paid for by her wealthy British boyfriend. But on her most recent visit, the customs inspector at Heathrow Airport said, "Sorry, miss, you've had your limit of entries this year."

"But I've got this gentleman waiting," she blurted, whereupon the Heathrow inspector said, "Sorry, miss, you've had your limit of entries this year."

"But I've got this gentleman waiting," she repeated, whereupon the inspector ushered her into a nearby office.

There, he opened a large book and thumbed through a list of names. "Ah, yes!" he said with a sly grin. "There we are—just hand me your passport and I'll stamp it."

Curious about the list, the woman peeked at the book. And there she was, under the heading FOREIGN MISTRESSES. Clearly, the sophisticated Brits are not about to deny entry for their leading citizens.

CHECKING IN

Fred Robbins talked with **Kathleen Turner** *("Body Heat") in Manhattan, where she lives. Robbins reports: "She wore a clinging dress that showed off her astonishingly attractive legs. And even though I was prepared for it, I was surprised by her voice—as deep and sultry as Lauren Bacall's."*

PLAYBOY: A lot of successful movie actors now brag that they began on a soap opera. Did playing Nola on *The Doctors* help you?

TURNER: I left the show more than two years ago, but I learned a lot from it.

PLAYBOY: Your role in *Body Heat* is an extraordinary debut. It deals with a man and a woman having an obsessive, impossible love affair. Do you think people are really like that?

TURNER: Whether or not they're romantics, people believe in overwhelming love, in something bigger than themselves. People have obsessions.

PLAYBOY: Had established film actresses known about the role you play, they would have given their eyeteeth to get it. How did you land it?

TURNER: I was out in L.A. testing on another film and I met the casting director, who asked me to read. Larry Kasdan, the writer and director, handed me a scene and I read it for him. Finally, after a great deal of silence, Larry said, "When I wrote that, I never thought I'd hear anyone do it exactly as I meant it to be." A few days later, I had to meet some people at the Ladd Company. The meeting took place in a room where everything was white: the couch, the rug, everything. I was terribly nervous. One of the women asked me about playing Nola on *The Doctors* and I said I loved it because I got to be drunk. And she said, "Let's see you be drunk." So I threw my script down on the coffee table and watched a huge ashtray full of cigarette butts skid across and spill all over the white rug. I went bright red. Later, my agency called and said, "Well, we don't know what you did, but they called us right after you left and said it's yours." I said it was the ashtray.

PLAYBOY: What were your most difficult problems in preparing to play Matty in *Body Heat*?

TURNER: Matty had an almost showoffness about her sexuality that I've never really had. She was proud of it.

PLAYBOY: Has that affected your awareness of your own sexuality?

TURNER: I have greater confidence now. I dress a little differently; I'm getting out of the jeans-and-T-shirt stage.

PLAYBOY: The love scenes are very hot. Were they simulated or did more happen between you and William Hurt?

TURNER: Oh, no, no, no. We never made love. It was choreographed.

PLAYBOY: There's a story going around that involves Tom Berenger and a well-known actress doing an intense love scene. He's supposed to have said to her, "Darling, if I get excited during this scene, please forgive me. And if I don't get excited, please forgive me, too." Is doing a love scene, even if it's just choreographed, really a turn-on?

TURNER: Well, even if it is, there's no greater cold shower than to hear, "Cut!" Yes, I do get excited. But I don't find that extraordinary. If you're doing a comedy scene, it has to be funny.

PLAYBOY: Do you live alone?

TURNER: No, with my boyfriend [David Guc, her manager].

PLAYBOY: Are you glad he isn't an actor?

TURNER: I think so. I see many relationships where it does seem to work, but I think it's an added strain.

PLAYBOY: You are likely to have an enormously successful career. Will that cause problems with the man in your life?

TURNER: No. He's my biggest fan. Matter of fact, even if a man I love wants to quit whatever work he does and only work in the home, I don't see anything wrong with that, provided we have an income that can allow him to do that. The key is that the guy is productive,

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FRATERNITIES: ARE THEY FOR YOU?

It's tough for a lot of guys to decide whether or not to join a fraternity. A fledgling undergraduate asked some tough questions of William "Chug It" Frattman, sparkplug of Alpha Tau Zeta at seven different colleges and universities.

You know, I wasn't exactly Mr. Popularity in high school. I'm wondering if I'd fit in at a fraternity.

Of course you will. Why, the very word fraternity comes from the Latin *fraternibus hygienist*, meaning "anything goes, even you." The best thing about a frat is the instant camaraderie one feels upon initiation, when one is dubbed a "brother" (or a "guy"). At that moment, when the lights come up and the flame throwers are extinguished, one's heart swells like a bladder at a beer blast. It's awesome.

At a frat, even painful activities can become tinged with wonder. For instance, I bet you don't like throwing up. But have you ever approached it as a sport, like a gastric gladiator? It can be the ultimate stimulant for male bonding.

What about female bonding, if you get my meaning?

Yes, indeedy. Hide that salam. A fraternity is party city, offering many opportunities to mingle, and when a brother passes out, of course, it's only basic politeness to offer to satisfy his date. If the date passes out, well, just use your imagination.

Wow. Now that you mention it, though, I'm a little worried about my drinking.

Not doing enough, huh? We'll fix that. Do you know what a morning lift you can get from a bowl of corn flakes lovingly moistened with Löwenbräu? Fantastic. Join a frat and you'll also learn elegant ways to express what a great time you had at last night's party, phrases such as "Am I dead yet?" "Who perpetrated the punch?" and "Bluuuuggghhhh." A study by Purdue University researchers has, by the way, revealed that joining a frat increases by 236 percent one's chances of landing a role in a beer commercial. (But joining a *Purdue* fraternity is, at best, a serious mistake. Thank God I got kicked out before the legendary Night of the Flaming Daiquiris.)

So which frat should I join?

That depends a bit on religion and race. Whom do you like to discriminate against? Blacks? Jews? Catholics? Perhaps you prefer to bait Episcopalians and assorted preppies. (Personally, I hate Methodists. So methodical.) Remember, it's no fun being "in" unless someone else is "out." You're lucky; you sound like a bit of an asshole, and there are many fraternities that cater exclusively to you.

Now, tell me; I hear lots of rumors about bizarre initiation rites. Why are they kept so secret?

Why does a privately held company not make public its financial data? Because the president might wind up in jail. Frat guys may often get carried away, but they're not as dumb as they look. Besides, being in on a secret is loads of fun and, like owning a submachine gun, it makes you feel nice and special.

What about those intellectual women who say they won't go near a frat guy? Won't I miss my chance of scoring with them if I join?

Kangaroo crap. On a regular basis, most fraternities kidnap such women, often keeping them for weeks, sometimes forever. Doing that on your own is decidedly more difficult and much less socially acceptable. It also reeks of selfishness.

I'm perplexed. I respect women as equals and value their intelligence and sensitivity.

Have you thought of joining a sorority? Just kidding, my unenlightened friend. I think a fraternity could provide you with some much-needed consciousness lowering. For the moment, though, please forget about your hyperactive glands and I'll explain something.

Fraternity brothers can do many terrific things for you. They can come up with bail money. They'll help you avoid the despair that comes from completing an academic task more than 12 minutes before it is due. Frats can prepare you for the outside world, providing you with contacts in business and politics. You can always ask them for favors. (How can they turn you down when you possess so much embarrassing information about them?) Brothers are unswervingly loyal, ask-no-questions kinds of guys, like Nixon aides. They care. They'll give you a nickname. They'll give you the shirt off a woman's back. And around them you needn't worry about any of your disgusting, antisocial habits. Who'll notice? Brothers do not stand on ceremony: During most social encounters, they can hardly stand at all.

But won't joining a fraternity interfere with my academic life, warp my world view and stunt my psychosexual development?

Sure. That's what friends are for.

—ANDREW FEINBERG

not what salary he makes.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in strictly monogamous relationships?

TURNER: I have been involved in this relationship for four years and intend to continue it for the rest of my life. If making love to another man will cost you the relationship, it's not worth it.

PLAYBOY: Why does it have to cost the relationship?

TURNER: I'm not saying it does. I know people who have had marvelous, steady relationships for years, be they married or not, who find it possible to have relationships with other people as well. And, of course, the temptation for an actor gets pretty intense, because you become very close to people. When you're doing a play or a film, you can build a relationship in a few weeks that would take you years to accomplish on the outside. People who can handle more than one relationship are very sure of who they are, obviously, and they know what they want and what they get from the people they care about. Perhaps I'm simply not grown up enough.

PLAYBOY: Do you insist on fidelity?

TURNER: No. I insist that I be absolutely number one in his life as far as other people and other women go. Knowing how he loves me, I don't believe he would do anything to hurt me.

PLAYBOY: If he had an affair, would you be understanding, depending on the circumstances?

TURNER: I don't think I could ever see it as against me. Because I *know* how he feels about me. But if it takes away from the primary relationship, then it's destructive. And, as such, I would never stand for it. If he ever made a choice of another woman over me—for example, if I were home and said, "Darling, I need you. Come home," and he said, "No, sorry, I've got to work late," and then I realized that he was with someone else—that would be unforgivable. Because my need must come first.

PLAYBOY: Was David upset about your *Body Heat* love scenes?

TURNER: Well, yeah, a little. When we saw the film, I think he had a few moments of "Oh, my God!" Because when you see it, it's a different thing. It looks like it's real.

PLAYBOY: Did he ask you how the scenes were done?

TURNER: Oh, yeah. In fact, he was there when we rehearsed the first one you see in the movie. But when we shot it, we didn't want anybody there; it takes away from your concentration.

PLAYBOY: What do you like to do when you're not working?

TURNER: I love to travel. I lived and grew up overseas. I love to read. I love to eat out. I love cooking, too. I love giving dinner parties; we have great ones. And I love being an actress.

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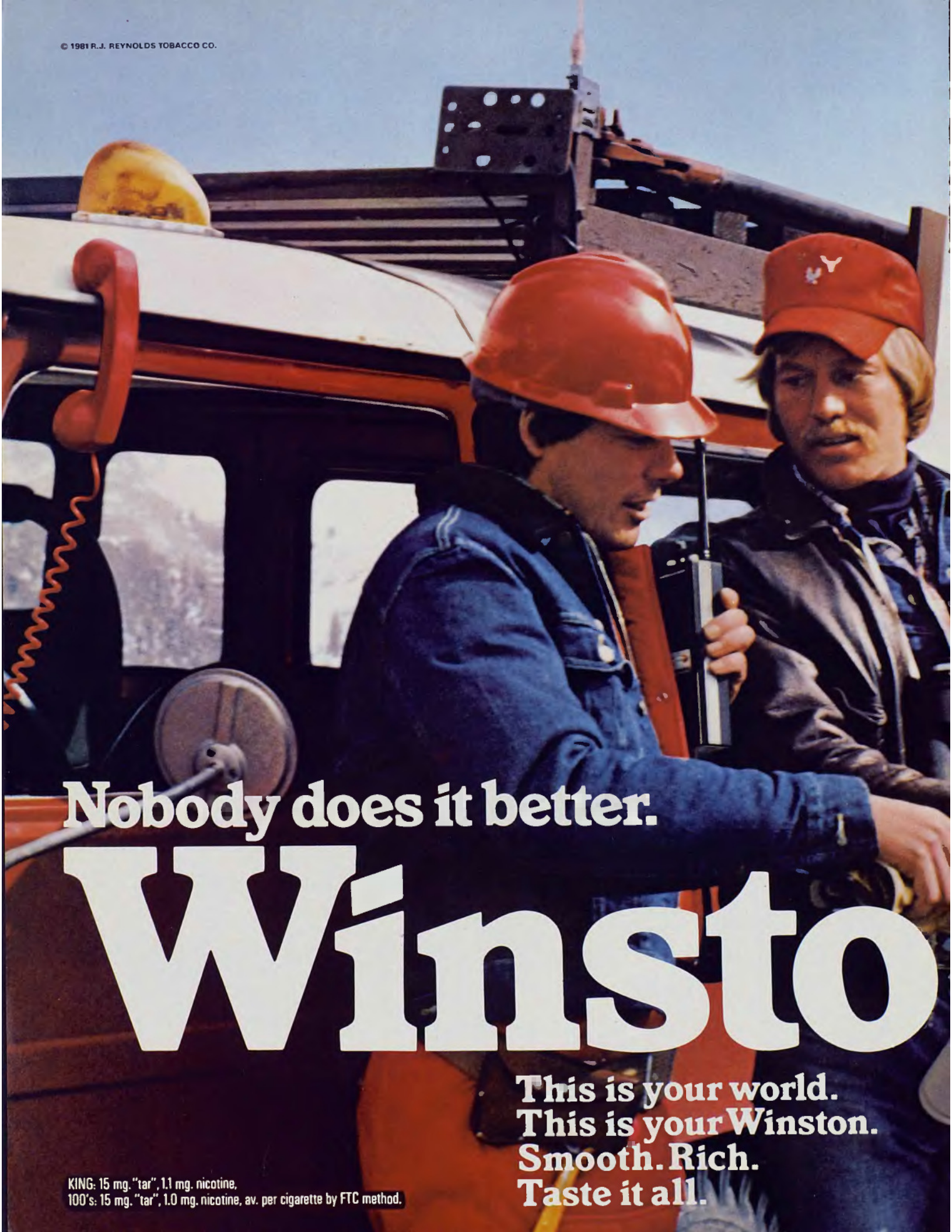

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HEAVY METAL ROUND-UP

If you're a regular FM-radio listener, you may have noticed a strange sound clogging the airwaves of late. Nearly comparable to the sound track of *Earthquake*, it resembles a five-car, one-school-bus collision being regularly programed between cuts by Blondie and Talking Heads.

Relax. There is nothing wrong with either your reception or your perception. You have been encountering the biggest fad to sweep musicdom since New Wave. **Heavy metal**, that subtle motif wherein musicians handle their instruments the way most people use Black & Decker tool kits and singers emulate horses caught in major barn fires, is back.

The *nouveau* heavy-metal movement is actually almost identical to the one generated more than a decade ago. Heavy metal first roared to life during the late Sixties as the sounds of psychedelia began to sour and working-class concertgoers expressed a desire for something a bit more substantial than what The Blues Magoos and The Strawberry Alarm Clock had to offer.

Led Zeppelin was one of the first guitar-Godzilla groups, its popularity soon to be rivaled by such rowdies as Black Sabbath, Grand Funk Railroad, Blue Cheer, Iron Butterfly, Blue Oyster Cult and Aerosmith. The heavy-metal sound was (and is) utterly adolescent, angry and sexual.

As such, it came as no surprise when the fad faded into obscurity during the sanguine mid-Seventies, retaining its grip only in certain strongholds of mid-Americana (such as Detroit, where the sound of chrome crashing is considered symphonic). Today, however, with middle-classism arising, dinosaur-like, in an antisophisticate stance on both sides of the Atlantic, working-class heavy metal is once again beating its chest and howling. Its familiar noises, for the novice listener, can be divided, roughly, into three categories:

The mutants: Sounding and often looking like the first reel from *Planet of the Apes*, this type of heavy-metal performer is raw, crude and vulgar. Melody is sacrificed for volume, lyrics for growling, sophistication for swagger. Among the *crème de la phlegm* in this category are Krokus, Scorpions, Motorhead, Judas Priest, The Michael Schenker Group and Iron Maiden. Special mention should be given to Ozzy Osbourne, late of Black Sabbath. Currently on the comeback trail, he proved it possible to be over 30 and a mutant when, appearing before a group of executives from his new label, CBS, he produced a live dove and bit its head off. Way to go, Oz; a continuing threat to Darwinism.

Crazy but crafty: Still relies on heavy-metalus eruptus but takes into account that there are big bucks to be made by stringing together groups of notes into hummable riffs. Strange but safe are AC/DC, Nazareth, Molly Hatchet, Pat Travers, Whitesnake, Rainbow, Loverboy, Status Quo and Wishbone Ash.

I think, therefore I wham: Among the most popular breeds of raunch alchemists today are the true artistes of the field, who actually perform *pop melodies* (at 747 volume) about things other than babes and blemishes (occasionally, they even include lyric sheets with their records!). At the top of this rock pile are Rush, R.E.O.

Speedwagon, Styx and Journey.

Real music buffs will no doubt want to experience firsthand the rush generated by maximum music in concert. Don't worry. It's quick. It's easy. It causes permanent damage. Simply buy a ticket to a show. Make sure that the hall is the size of a small planet and that your seat is in the orchestra section, where you can enjoy the ambience of the crowd. Most importantly, remember to take two beers and a Quaalude with you. When the music begins, place the 'Lude in your mouth and wash it down with your first beer. Then pour the second beer all over your pants. Grab the empty bottle and pound yourself over the head repeatedly until either the bottle or your head breaks.

There! Now, don't AC/DC and Motorhead sound better already?

—ED NAHA

HOLIDAY RECORD RACK

Giving a friend just the right slice of licorice pizza for Christmas tends to make the good cheer linger; herewith, then, our picks for this season. Anybody into thoughtful, passionate rock 'n' roll should get a solid boot from Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' ***Hard Promises*** (Backstreet); while Santana's ***Zebop!*** (Columbia) is a tuneful blend of Latin and rock rhythms that avoids sounding overly slick. For those who like the harder stuff, Billy Squier's ***Don't Say No*** (Capitol) is one of the most polished heavy-metal albums in recent memory; and, believe it or not, Billy Joel really rocks on ***Songs in the Attic*** (Columbia), a nicely recorded crop of live cuts. Of course, there's The Rolling Stones' comfortably raunchy ***Tattoo You*** (Rolling Stones) and The Who's two-record compilation of hits, ***Hooligans*** (MCA). For songwriters, try Squeeze with ***East Side Story*** (A&M) and the group Any Trouble's ***Wheels in Motion*** (Stiff). On the more purely pop side, Rickie Lee Jones's second LP, ***Pirates*** (Warner), is a moody, expansive, musically adventurous album of jazz-inflected pop-rock that gets better with each listening. Fans of virtuosic pop vocalizing will greatly appreciate Manhattan Transfer's ***Mecca for Moderns*** (Atlantic) and Al Jarreau's ***Breakin' Away*** (Warner). Country music is now so well liked that you could easily wind up giving your shitkicking friends something they've already grabbed, so you might be wise to stay away from the popular artists and try some newcomers. Fans of both bluegrass and rock-a-billy will find them innovatively mixed in Ricky Skaggs's ***Waitin' for the Sun to Shine*** (Epic). Country-rock freaks will appreciate ***For the Sake of the Song*** (Alfa), by the tight and harmonic Corbin/Hanner Band. Moe Bandy–loving traditionalists will be happy to hear George Strait's ***Strait Country*** (MCA), which sports such glorious titles as *She's Playin' Hell (Trying to Get Me to Heaven)*. Country-superstar albums are well represented this year by George Jones's ***I Am What I Am*** (Epic), Don Williams' ***Especially for You*** (MCA) and ***Willie Nelson's Greatest Hits (and Some That Will Be)*** (Columbia). ***Christmas Country*** (Elektra/Asylum) creates some wonderfully incongruous images: Mel Tillis and Nancy Sinatra singing *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer* and those old outlaws Tompall and The Glaser Brothers singing *Silver Bells*. Rounder Records' ***Treasures Untold:***

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The Early Recordings of Lefty Frizzell is the one for *aficionados*.

It's been a good year for rhythm-and-blues: Smokey Robinson's ***Being with You*** (Tamla) and Ray Parker, Jr., and Raydio's ***A Woman Needs Love*** (Arista) are both superb pop-soul LPs. For more overtly funky tastes, Rick James's ***Street Songs*** (Gordy), ***III*** (Mercury) from the Gap Band and Funkadelic's ***The Electric Spanking of War Babies*** (Warner) should do the trick. Some fine R&B reissues have appeared lately, including ***Mardi Gras in New Orleans*** (Nighthawk), which features the late, great Professor Longhair's earliest singles from 1949–1957. ***Raw Blues*** (Stax) is a smoking set of loveman Johnnie Taylor's wailing early sides; and ***Booker T. & The MGs' Greatest Hits*** (Stax) is just that. Who could resist dancing into the new year with Motown's ***Superstar*** series of classic reissues celebrating the label's 20th anniversary.

David Sanborn's ***Voyeur*** (Warner) and ***Free Time*** (MCA) from Spyro Gyra make fine mellow gift fare. More toward the hard-hitting jazz mainstream, Chick

Corea's ***Three Quartets*** (Warner) is a straight-ahead, very swinging set; and breathes there a jazz fan who wouldn't want Miles Davis' ***The Man with the Horn*** (Columbia)? A slew of great jazz reissues dot the landscape: ***Sonny Rollins Vintage Sessions*** (Prestige) from the early Fifties; alto-sax mania on ***Phil Talks with Quill—The Phil Woods Quartet with Gene Quill Sitting In*** (Columbia); a driving Cannonball Adderley double LP ***Alabama/Africa*** (Milestone), which includes the *Alabama Suite* in four movements; ***Mingus at Monterey*** (Prestige), from the 1964 festival; and perhaps most appropriately, ***Jingle Bell Jazz*** (Columbia)—a bevy of yuletide swingers recorded by Duke Ellington, Chico Hamilton, Dave Brubeck and others.

This year, excellent opera recordings abound, most offering the bonus of digital engineering. Claudio Abbado leads the La Scala Chorus and Orchestra in a sumptuous recording of Verdi's ***Masked Ball*** (DG), with Placido Domingo and Katia Ricciarelli. Eberhard Waechter and Anja Silja perform one of the greatest operas of the 20th Century, Berg's ***Wozzeck*** (London), with Christoph von Dohnanyi conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. So you want glamor? Superstars Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti and Marilyn Horne sing famous arias, duets and trios on ***Live from Lincoln Center*** (London), recorded at the time of the PBS telecast. And here's a tip for Princess Di: Sir Georg Solti and his Chicago Symphony offer Sir Michael Tippett's ***Suite for the Birthday of Prince Charles*** (London), a surprisingly, um, charming suite.

REVIEWS

When it comes to best live rock LPs, most connoisseurs' lists include *Live at the Apollo, Vol. I*, by James Brown, *The Who Live at Leeds*, the Stones' *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out* and Bob Seger's *Live Bullet*, which helped break the soulful Michigan belter nationally back in 1976. Now Seger has released his second live double-LP set, ***Nine Tonight*** (Capitol), and it comes respectably close to topping that earlier classic. The Silver Bullet Band no longer plays with the same just-out-of-the-bars street funkiness it sported in the mid-Seventies, but its current musical polish nicely suits Seger's later pop-rock hits; and the band comes as close to authentic barrel-house boogie as world-class arena rock gets these days.

•

The Kinks first made the world safe for primitive three-chord rock 'n' roll in 1964 with their ode to teenage lust, *You Really Got Me*. They've enjoyed a popular renaissance over the past couple of years, and now they've outdone themselves on ***Give the People What They Want*** (Arista). The band is playing with just the right edgy attitude, and Ray Davies is writing at his peak, as in his new paean to paranoia, *Destroyer*, a reworking of his early hit *All Day and All of the Night*: "Girl, I want you here with me/But I'm really not as cool as I'd like to be."

•

Does Gladys Knight still have Pips? Hell, yes—and they sure sound great on ***Touch*** (Columbia). Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson, who produced most of the cuts, always write intelligent songs, and their Gospel-based sound stays pretty much gimmick-free. That's fine with Gladys, who sounds better than she ever has and outdoes herself on *I Will Survive*, a down-to-earth declaration of female independence that she produced and sings the hell out of.

•

In this era of corporately produced records that sound sweet but say nothing—tried the radio lately?—we are grateful for Gil Scott-Heron. And we thank him for ***Reflections*** (Arista), a stimulating set of songs, poems and music that covers a variety of subjects from the realities of ghetto life (*Gun*) to the unrealities of the Reagan Administration (*"B" Movie*). There are no weak cuts, but we like the *reggae*-influenced *Storm Music*, which gets the LP off to a powerful start (and could have provided a stronger cover concept); the swinging *Is That Jazz?*, which celebrates the beauty of the music while taking a swipe at the folks who write about it; and Scott-Heron's sensitive reading of the great Bill Withers song *Grandma's Hands*.

•

Can eccentricity become a tradition? Can there be a "school" of rugged individualists? That would seem to be a contradiction in terms; but the question is raised by ***Blythe Spirit*** (Columbia), the new LP by altoist Arthur Blythe, who is thought of as controversial because, while he disdains neatly manicured arrangements and so-called fusion music, he doesn't really play bebop, either. Rather, in his respect for the roots of jazz (*Strike Up the Band, Just a Closer Walk with Thee*), his ear for odd sounds—the group includes a tuba and a cello—and his unfettered saxophone playing, he recalls Anthony Braxton and Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Like them, he is not a blithe spirit but a heavy one gifted with a sense of humor.

•

Ever wonder who plays those amazingly funky, inventive tenor-sax solos in Doc Severinsen's band during *The Tonight Show*'s commercial breaks? It's Pete Christlieb, the same guy who's taken memorable sax breaks on such Steely Dan faves as *Deacon Blues* and *FM*. He has finally released a solo album showcasing his incredible stylistic range. ***Self Portrait*** (Pete Christlieb Records, P.O. Box 2085, Canoga Park, California 91306) features an impressive array of L.A. studio jazz stalwarts on a wide range of straight-ahead jazz material, carefully arranged to highlight the unique combination of emotional tone, beautiful phrasing and melodic imagination that make Christlieb one of the real unsung heroes in jazz.

•

From a sultry rendition of *Stormy Weather* to the embracing apple-pie standards *Watch What Happens* and *Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered*, ***Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music*** (Qwest), the sound track from the Broadway show, presents Lena at her finest. The music journeys from Harlem to Hollywood to Broadway, a virtual tour through the varied avenues of her career.

•

Back in 1977, critics predicted megastar status for modern rock-a-billy Joe Ely. But four years and four *solid* albums later, Ely (rhymes with wheelie) remains fairly obscure. Perhaps it's because his

albums, exciting as they are, never quite match the high-voltage nature of his live performances. Now a concert album, ***Live Shots*** (MCA), shows what all the critical commotion is about. Recorded in 1979, when Ely was opening for The Clash, *Live Shots* could put him on the map, if not on the charts.

All the cuts but two appear on Ely's studio LPs, but this album presents him at his best. As a bonus, each copy includes an excellent free EP showcasing Ely and his current band.

•

Rodney Crowell (Warner) is the third solo album by the accomplished singer/songwriter. Even if you've never heard of him, you know his songs—more than 40 of them have been recorded by other people, including *Ain't Livin' Long Like This* and *Till I Gain Control Again*, a little masterpiece itself. And except for Willie Nelson's live version of the last, nobody, but nobody does Rodney better than Rodney himself. Most pleasing here are the silvery *Stars on the Water*, the dreamily nocturnal *Shame on the Moon* and *Till I Gain Control Again*. All this talent *and* he's married to Rosanne Cash—some guys have it rough.

SHORT CUTS

Tom Fogerty / *Deal It Out* (Fantasy): Sentiment with guts and two not previously released Van Morrison tunes.

McCoy Tyner / *Reflections* (Milestone): A four-sided tidal wave of music, recorded in the Seventies with various people.

The Concord Jazz Guitar Collection, Volumes 1 and 2 (Concord Jazz): Sophisticated picking by Joe Pass, Kenny Burrell, Herb Ellis, Tal Farlow and others.

Meat Loaf / *Dead Ringer* (Cleveland International): More Wagnerian teen tragedy and trauma from Mr. Loaf.

Manhattan Rhythm Kings (Inner City): Leon Redbone clones? Music to dream you're Scott and Zelda by.

Bolling / *Toot Suite for Trumpet & Jazz Piano* (CBS): Erroll Garner jams with Vivaldi at a cocktail party in music heaven.

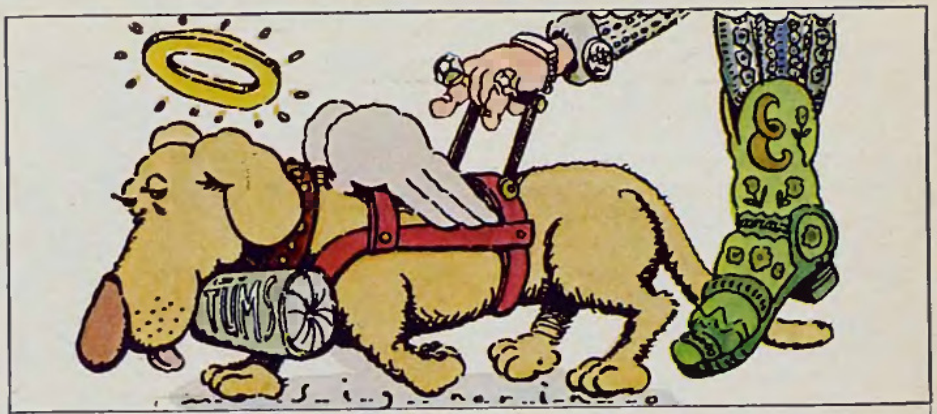
Buddy Miles Regiment / *Sneak Attack* (Atlantic): Buddy meets Santana and Cream in search of his own new groove. You could do worse.

Richard "Dimples" Fields / *Dimples* (Boardwalk): Is this the Eighties R&B reincarnation of Frankie Lymon with holes in his cheeks? Contains the utopian lyric "I've got too many ladies, I've got to learn to say no."

Bernadette Peters / *Now Playing* (MCA): Oldies and goodies, *plus* a delicious Vargas cover and a voice you'd love to hug—nearly as much as Bernadette herself.

Human Sexual Response / *In a Roman Mood* (Passport): These people have been to *college*. One cut here is *House of Atreus*, a rock rendering of Aeschylus' *Oresteia*.

FAST TRACKS



DD YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC? DEPARTMENT: Is there an end in sight to Presleymania? We doubt it. Each week brings another bit of news, from tell-all books to recipe books, from the colonel's alleged wrongdoings to the IRS investigations. As far as The King is concerned, death took no holiday. What's left to say, you ask? Well, British clairvoyant Mike Baker, a guy who has helped the London police with murder investigations, says he and 500 friends contacted Elvis last summer for an extrasensory fan-club meeting. According to Baker, Elvis said he was sorry he'd never performed in England and complained of a stomach condition.

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear tell that **Billy Joel** will make his movie debut in *The Bobby Darin Story*. . . . We also hear that a bio of **John Lennon** called *John Lennon: Death of a Dream*, by **George Carpozi, Jr.**, has been bought for the movies, which will be followed by a TV miniseries. The producers are talking to **Yoko** about playing herself.

NEWSBREAKS: **Dionne Warwick** and **Johnny Mathis** are recording duets. . . . **Stevie Wonder** wrote a song especially for **Tony Bennett** that he sings on his latest album. Bennett describes it as in the **Gershwin** tradition. . . . Get ready for spring: **John Fogerty**'s long-awaited album, *Hoodoo*, will be out on Elektra. . . . Would we lie to you? department: **Iggy Pop** was booked into a place called Spit last fall. But he failed to show up. . . . Now they tell us they aren't mad department: There was a three-month celebration of women artists in Chicago called Some Girls. Are you listening, **Mick**? . . . *Shōgun* is being turned into a Broadway musical with the author, **James Clavell**, coproducing. . . . **Kirk Rogers**, a college senior from Texas, has developed a board game called Nashville, based on the music industry. He's beginning to market the game in cities around the country. Check for it in your home town. . . . **Rod Stewart** is going ahead with his plans to perform in South Africa, despite the British government's stand against South Africa's invasion of Angola. Could it be the reported $2,000,000 he was offered for his appearance? . . . The complete works of superstar conductor **Sir Georg Solti** are retailing for $559. The edition contains more than 200 records. Take *that*, **John Denver**. . . . *Country Close-up*, a weekly series of one-hour specials featuring the biggest names in country music, will be on the radio this month. Some of the stars who will be included are **Loretta Lynn, Mickey Gilley, The Bellamy Brothers, Emmylou Harris** and **Glen Campbell**. . . . Latest medical news: The American Medical Association has named yet another music-related injury. Do you have disco neuropathy? That's when a nerve in the foot gets compressed by a tight-fitting roller skate. *Now* do you have it? The cure? Get off your skates. . . . **Bob Dylan** is reportedly planning to release a 50-minute interview on record. He'll take up nonmusical matters such as abortion and gun control, not to mention his secret desire to be a surgeon. It was my son, the doctor, all this time. It takes a lot to laugh, it takes a train to cry. . . . Two former members of **Yes, Chris Squire** and **Alan White**, have joined **Led Zep**'s **Jimmy Page** and **Robert Plant** for a new quartet called **XYZ Band.**

RANDOM RUMORS: We hear that **Willie Nelson** is now the highest-paid cowboy in Las Vegas at $375,000 per *week*. That's really over the rainbow. . . . **Triumph**'s new tour called The Allied Forces Invasion of North America has been described in a press release as "more spectacular than World War Two, but a lot more fun." Could this be an example of hype? . . . Little-old-lady-in-Maine story: When **Franke & the Knockouts** and **The Marshall Tucker Band** appeared in Portland last summer, a 70-year-old woman asked for a backstage pass and got it. The groups are two of her daughter's favorites, and she was out of town, so Mom filled in. Yea, Mom!

—BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

Some people are afraid of success. For them, Elvis Presley's life was the confirmation of all their fears. In ***Elvis*** (McGraw-Hill), by Albert Goldman, Presley emerges as the nonheroic kind of guy who enjoyed a meal of burned bacon and mashed potatoes, liked to have pillow fights with 14-year-old girls and gifted his one-night stands with .38 Python handguns. More fascinating than the myriad eccentricities of the Sun King, though, is Goldman's portrait of Presley's renowned manager, Colonel Tom Parker. While the county courts scooped Goldman's finding that the would-be corn-pone Parker is really a Dutch immigrant, no one else has ever chipped away so successfully at Parker's favorite fairy tale—that he is the king of the flimflam men. It appears that Parker not only cut Elvis out of a lot of bucks but often settled for less than top dollar for his "boy." Goldman claims an expensive gambling habit placed Parker in a compromising position when it came to negotiating Elvis' contracts. It's probably no coincidence that the old carny wound up marketing America's most famous geek. The colonel worked hard to isolate Presley from anything that smacked of normalcy, placing him in a social limbo that Presley resisted more and more by erratic behavior. Goldman, who has become the Plutarch of modern showbiz, leans heavily on hyperbole; but he did his homework and therefore provides the most readable and detailed Elvis story to date.

•

Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, published in 1963, heralded the beginning of the modern feminist movement in America. Now Friedan offers a follow-up volume, ***The Second Stage*** (Summit), in which she examines the accomplishments and failures of the women's movement and predicts the direction in which we will have to go in order to keep families and relationships alive. This is not a bitter tirade. It is a rational analysis of the past and a plan for the future—for women and men.

•

Femmes fatales are making a comeback. In the past year, we've had deadly lovers in the movies *Body Heat* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Add to that list the unfaithful wife in Tom McGuane's latest novel, ***Nobody's Angel*** (Random House). Claire is a former Oklahoma golden girl, married to a "person of the oil" and trapped on a ranch in Deadrock, Montana. For kicks, she takes on a local boy named Patrick. The affair is torrid but terminal. The cuckolded husband commits suicide. The local boy is baffled. Looking at Claire, he sums it all up: "Beautiful as usual, thought Patrick angrily. In the meanwhile, I've become a laugh." McGuane deals eloquently with grief, lust, jealousy, old age, loyalty, small towns, horse breeding and sex. A remarkable read.

The best yet on Elvis.

Another skillful bio from Goldman; gift ideas for the yuletide season.

•

Each of us has a city in which he feels most at home. And if we were asked to articulate why, we might come up with something very much like the pictures-*cum*-text **Cities** (Clarkson N. Potter), created by John McGreevy. Here we have Peter Ustinov on Leningrad, R. D. Laing on Glasgow, Glenn Gould on Toronto, Studs Turkel on Chicago and Anthony Burgess on Rome. Interesting matching, each of them. We have only two problems with this otherwise pleasant book: No one writes about Paris and George Plimpton is boring about New York.

•

Geoffrey O'Brien's ***Hardboiled America*** (Van Nostrand Reinhold) celebrates the lurid years of paperbacks (approximately 1939–1958), when cover art depicting the three Ss—sex, sadism and the smoking gun—beckoned readers to enter a world of pliant flesh and illicit delights. Beneath those steamy pasteboards, of course, was the work of some of America's best hard-boiled detective writers (Chandler and Hammett), as well as Faulkner, Steinbeck, Caldwell and O'Hara. But who cared about words when there was that bosomy, soft-lipped lady in a slinky negligee awaiting you on the cover? Yes, *Hardboiled America* is illustrated, too.

•

You won't learn who killed Karen Silkwood in ***Who Killed Karen Silkwood?*** (Summit), by Howard Kohn. What you will get is a chronological reconstruction of Silkwood's career at Kerr-McGee's Cimarron facility, her evident discovery that plutonium was missing from the plant and that safety features were neglected, and her bizarre death on highway 74 near Crescent, Oklahoma. A detailed, sympathetic investigation by the reporter who covered the Silkwood case for *Rolling Stone*, this is sometimes a little garbled but often enlightening.

HOLIDAY BOOK BAG

Holiday cheer to all. Here's our annual gift-book selection to aid you in your shopping. As usual, you won't go wrong choosing some of the very special fiction previewed in PLAYBOY during the past year: ***Rabbit Is Rich*** (Knopf), by John Updike, brings Rabbit into middle age and forces him to deal with his own kid's lack of direction; ***Zuckerman Unbound*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Philip Roth, is the story of a writer who wrote a best seller about being Jewish, sexy and plagued by his mom (sounds suspiciously like Portnoy, doesn't it?); ***God Emperor of Dune*** (Berkeley/Putnam), by Frank Herbert, is the fourth of the Dune s-f thrillers. Thomas Berger's ***Reinhart's Women*** (Delacorte), ***A Flag for Sunrise*** (Knopf), by Robert (*Dog Soldiers*) Stone, and another Ed McBain 87th Street Precinct mystery, ***Heat*** (Viking), round out the list.

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with Bacardi rum.

BACARDI Piña Colada
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devote a paragraph to the beautifully made coffee-table books published by Harry N. Abrams, and this year is no exception. ***Hollywood Musicals,*** by Ted Sennett, is a lavish, illustrated valentine to the musical film; Erica Jong's ***Witches,*** illustrated by Joseph A. Smith, explores the witch both as historical subject and as archetype, as Halloween figure and as seductress, in both prose and poetry; ***Champions of American Sport,*** written and edited by Marc Pachter with Amy Henderson, Jeannette Hussey and Margaret C. S. Christman, foreword by Red Smith, is a mixture of paintings, drawings, photographs, posters, caricatures, sculptures and even music relating to 100 outstanding stars of the American sports world; and, finally, ***The Great Detectives,*** by Julian Symons and illustrated by Tom Adams, is filled with the likes of Miss Marple, Sherlock Holmes, Nero Wolfe, Philip Marlowe and Ellery Queen.

The two automotive books we like best this year are Gary L. Witzenburg's history of the ***Camaro!*** (Automobile Quarterly) and ***100 Years on the Road*** (McGraw-Hill), by Raymond Flower and Michael Wynn Jones, with special contributions by Paul Frère.

Under the loose definition of entertainments, we suggest the following: ***The James Bond Films*** (Arlington House), by Steven Jay Rubin; ***The Compleat Beatles,*** a two-volume boxed edition from Delilah Communications/ATV Music Publications (each volume combines sheet music with photographs, interviews, articles and references); ***Jukebox*** (Lancaster-Miller), with text by Vincent Lynch and Bill Henkin, photographs by Kazuhiro Tsuruta; and ***Streetart*** (Last Gasp), a compilation of punk posters from San Francisco by Peter Belsito, Bob Davis and Marian Kester. We also highly recommend ***Eyewitness*** (Morrow), selections from 25 years of World Press photos, edited by Harold Evans and The World Press Photo Foundation; ***Masters of Caricature*** (Knopf), with samples of the art from Hogarth to Levine, introduced by William Feaver; ***Alaska*** (Sierra Club Books), with photographs by Galen Rowell accompanied by excerpts from John McPhee's *Coming into the Country*; and ***The Ultimate Fishing Book*** (Houghton-Mifflin), edited by Lee Eisenberg and DeCourcy Taylor, in which a number of skillful anglers from Vance Bourjailly to Charles Waterman to Geoffrey Norman give you the four seasons of a fisherman's year. We always like to end on a high note. For quality chills, we especially like ***The Playboy Guide to Ultimate Skiing*** (Playboy Press), by Tom Passavant and James R. Petersen; and for quality thrills, we suggest ***The Pillow Book*** (Destiny Books)—130 examples of erotic paintings from the Far East, with text by Nik Douglas and Penny Slinger. Deck the halls and enjoy!

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BOOK ESSAY

In the beginning was The Story. There were many stories. Nobody knew where they came from or who made them up, but the Old Ones would sit around their fires, repeating the stories, adding a bit here or forgetting a bit there, and leaping up every now and again to repel an attack by the saber-toothed flying rhinos that made life so difficult in the foggy swamps where the Old Ones made their home.

It was an age of stupefying innocence. There was no written word, there were no writers, there were just words: about 46 at first, interspersed with some grunting and quite a lot of scratching. So the first stories lacked scope, as we know from the fragments that have been miraculously preserved in the place where they keep those things. For example: "He who was Shorty go down hill and meet she who is WooWoo and them two wunga wunga in bushes when he who called Huge see them and start lashing out, so WooWoo run and Shorty go over cliff."

Thus the oral tradition continued for many a blissful century, until one afternoon, just after both polar icecaps had boiled and about 15 minutes before the continents disintegrated to form their present shapes, someone (a deaf person, we believe) invented writing.

After that, all you had to do was arrange the letters of the alphabet to make things called words, sentences, paragraphs and chapters, and as soon as you grasped those essentials, you were a writer. As to the question of whether writing was invented by a man or a woman, history leaves us in the dark. We don't know, but we do know that once writing was invented, it was only a matter of time before the appearance of agents, publishers, movie rights, lawyers, tax shelters, writer's block and electro-shock therapy.

In the confusion, the thing the Old Ones used to call The Story changed beyond recognition. It became first the short story, then the *novella*, then the novel. A new language had to be dreamed up just to describe the results of writing: "literary masterpiece"; "a colossal work in every way"; "a tale surging with action, intrigue and ecstasy"; "brilliant"; "riveting"; "a major triumph of fiction"; "one of the major triumphs of fiction."

Writers no longer wrote "stories," they wrote in *genres* and produced *oeuvres*.

The Story fought back, but the odds were against it, and by the time most of us had learned how to read, the people who make their living by predicting that things are coming to an end were predicting that the end was in sight for The Word itself, and that the demise of The Story could not be far behind. How can it be otherwise, they said, when we now know so much about electricity that we can kill each other with it *and* reproduce moving pictures in a box?

OK, so you've tried generic pop, soap, even cigarettes. What's next? Generic books, of course.

But in May of 1981, there was an unexpected reprieve. A New York literary agent named Susan Ann Protter was sitting in her office, waiting for a call from the Coast, any coast, when a client walked in with an idea that was both timely and, well, inevitable.

The client's name was Mr. Anon, a direct descendant of the famous Anon literary family that actually invented words, or so many people believe. Mr. Anon's notion was not revolutionary, it was reactionary: He wanted to bring back The Story. No fancy covers, no titles, no blurbs, no authors—just words. In a word (all right, three words), **No-Frills Books.** Miss Protter wasted little time in telephoning Jove Publications of New York, and it went for the idea like a stoat going after a rabbit.

Six months later, four No-Frills Books were offered to the public. They were titled, simply enough, *Mystery*, *Romance*, *Western* and *Science Fiction*. All original, all never-before-published, all written by members of the large and reclusive Anon brood and all on sale at the astounding price of $1.50 apiece.

To a generation that's grown up with Big Books, the first examples of N.F.B. are on the paltry side—only 64 pages in each, and some of them blank. Not so much a book as a longish chapter, one might say, but according to an infiltrator who read every manuscript before publication, each story is an authentic bargain.

In the *Science Fiction* yarn, we have the mystery of the space colony that's been kidnaped by The Council of a Thousand Species, one of whose deadliest members, an Admiral Haigg, poses as a human being. "While creatures like him can roam the galaxy, no civilization is safe," someone says, rather naughtily. This is a story about a space cadet who falls in love with a space cop, meets a robot with a failing memory and lands on a planet where they find the crew of the Marie Celeste and the pilots who vanished in the Bermuda Triangle. Our man would have liked to hear *their* stories, but this didn't happen. Saving them for the sequel, perhaps.

In the *Mystery*, we have 17 murders, references to the Beach Boys and Gurdjieff, an impoverished private eye who gets his cars from Rent-A-Wreck and dispatches a villain by dropping a TV on him from a fourth-story window. We get a lot of useful information about recording studios, while the prose rewards us with lines such as, "He was a tall man with eyes like bad pennies."

The *Romance* is the story of a former nun who falls in love with a Rich Swine who wears a jacket that does nothing to conceal the muscular brutality of his shoulders. "She was only a girl when she left Georgetown, but she came back a nurse." You bet she did. Throw in one small child with a rare heart disease, plus a few heavy-petting scenes that convey eroticism without recourse to intercourse, disengage brain and read on.

Which brings us to the *Western*. "Kid Smith knew he was headed into a town full of trouble when a bearded man came crashing through a plate-glass window, sailed over a wooden sidewalk and landed face down in the red dust of the street a half block away." Of course he knew; hell, we all knew that.

But isn't that one of the best things about The Story, guessing how it all comes out in the end? Well, don't be too pleased with yourself; these Anons have been in the storytelling business a long time and they know a few tricks about ringing the changes. Although they may not have a lot to say, let's be grateful that they manage to say it in 64 pages. Some of their more celebrated colleagues use a lot more paper to say a lot less.

—REG POTTERTON

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Transforming a London-Broadway theatrical hit into a first-rate film is seldom easy, but director John Badham considerably surpasses the stage version of Brian Clark's ***Whose Life Is It Anyway?*** (MGM). From a screenplay expertly Americanized by Reginald Rose (sharing credit with Clark), Badham asserts his identity as a moviemaker whose claim to fame was somewhat obscured by storms of stardust when he steered John Travolta through *Saturday Night Fever*. Here, in a role originated by England's Tom Conti, Richard Dreyfuss also has the part of a lifetime and gives it everything he's got as a quadriplegic sculptor embarked on a right-to-die crusade after he is hopelessly crippled in an auto accident. Arguing that he be allowed to choose death with dignity over a meaningless life as an anguished basket case, the hero runs the gamut from brave gallows humor to impotent rage to pure desperation—which means an Oscar nomination for Dreyfuss or, by God, I'll swear the race is fixed.

"Opened up" cinematically to catch the rhythm of hospital routine, as well as the contrasting rhythm of life outside, *Whose Life* manages to be funny, human, hypnotic and—most amazing of all—hardly ever depressing. There's an argument afoot, of course, which has to be argued with legal counsel in a hospital hearing room, an edge-of-your-seat finale so emotionally charged you are apt to forgive some verbiage. All the characters on Dreyfuss' case become important in their own right, conscientious to a fault—Janet Eilber as the loyal, beautiful dancer he sends away, Christine Lahti as the lady doctor who gets too involved in spite of herself, John Cassavetes as the hospital chief whose sense of duty conquers his compassion, Bob Balaban as the patient's seemingly ineffectual lawyer, with Kaki Hunter and Thomas Carter as other medical personnel whose antics help keep *Whose Life* upbeat. Adherents to Catholic dogma may object to this Christmas message picture about a would-be suicide, though Badham, Dreyfuss and company deliver the message with remarkable warmth and glitter. ¥¥¥½

•

Katharine Hepburn. Henry Fonda. Jane Fonda. Although the cast sounds like a cinematic Mount Rushmore, ***On Golden Pond*** (Universal) merely proves that great actors giving everything they've got can make a so-so film look pretty good. Meticulously adapted by Ernest Thompson from his own play, the basic material is a delicate, often poetic exploration of growing old, growing up, love and parent-child relationships. Then why, oh, why, is it so much less effective onscreen than it was onstage? I'm afraid the primary villain of the piece is director Mark Rydell, who did a yeoman job with Bette Midler in *The Rose*—a flashy act from start to finish—but seems to be all wrong here. More manipulative than sensitive, Rydell pushes the pedal to the floor boards in every scene, understatement be damned. What results is moist-eyed sentimentality, with so many emotional big moments that virtuosity sometimes wipes *Golden Pond*'s eternal verities right off the map, making Thompson's universal human comedy an out-and-out tearjerker in which no tear will be left unjerked.

Hank and Kate *On Golden Pond*.

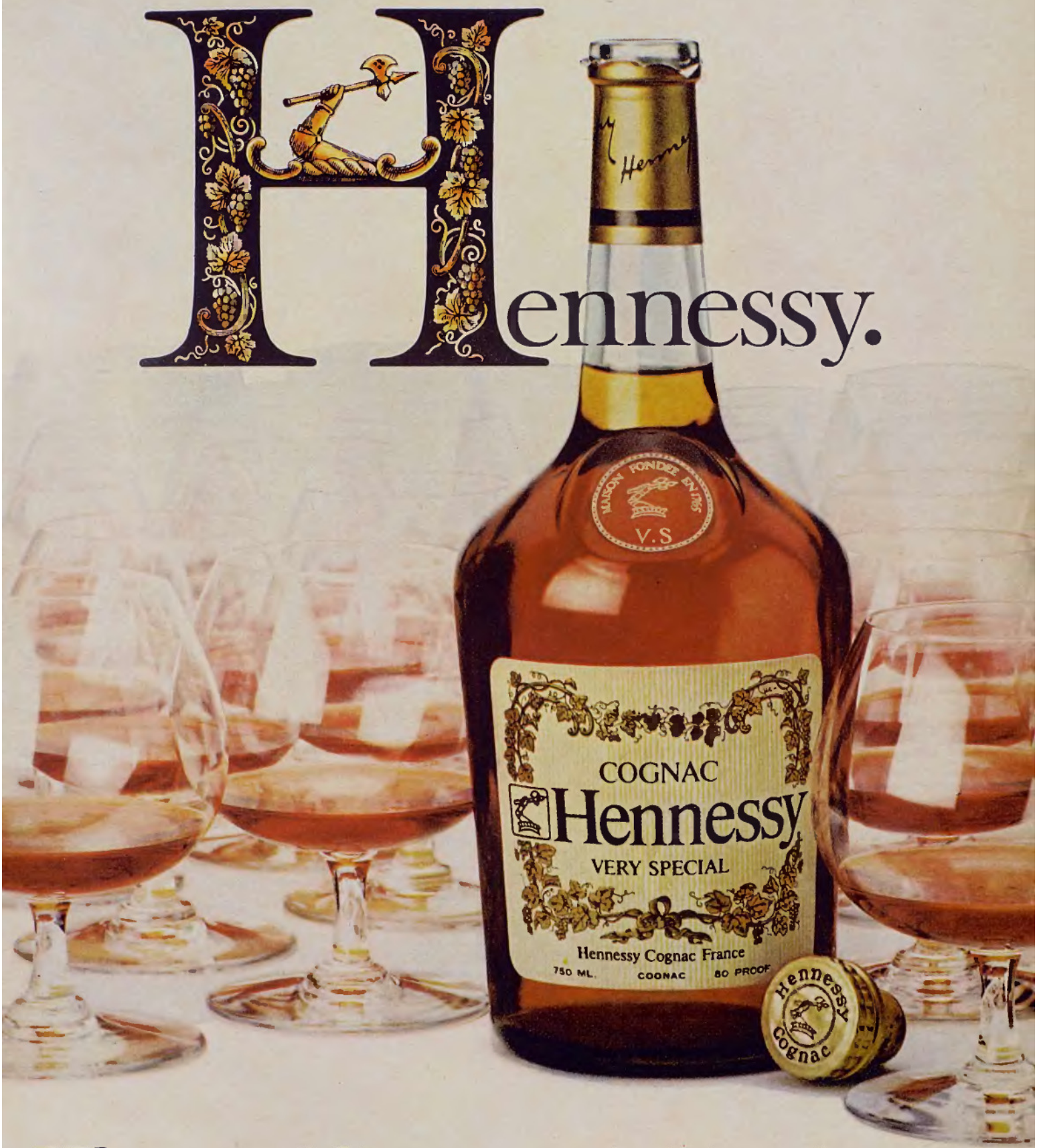
Two stage-to-screen adaptations, plus a real-life adventure.

Williams, as Cooper, deplanes.

That said, let's talk about the actors. As an aged married couple come to Maine for further seasoning in a cottage by the lake where they have spent more summers than they care to count, Hepburn and Fonda are, per usual, superb. Then there's Jane, far too intelligent to be so weepy as their insecure daughter who has often felt rejected by her father. Clearly, *Golden Pond* has resonance to spare. No instant classic. But there's no way to watch it without wondering where fiction overlaps the truth of the Fonda father-daughter duo, or without seeing Kate and Hank as a virtual American institution, warming up their own twilight years with flamboyant geriatric fireworks. The trio gets fine support from Dabney Coleman as the daughter's beau, a dentist with a teenaged son (played with assurance, even in such imposing company, by young Doug McKeon) who's left with the old folks while the middle generation takes off for Europe. Yes, youth and age reach a *détente* of sorts before *Golden Pond*'s sun-dappled summer assumes an autumnal hue, but the overwrought tone has begun to pall by then. The elder Fonda, still a subtle spirit at 76, captures highest honors by resisting excess as a curmudgeonly, angry octogenarian who answers dumb questions about how it feels to turn 80 with a withering glance and a snappish, "*Twice* as bad as it did turning forty." Hank has the right idea, in a memorable performance, but even *he* cannot quite save a movie hell-bent on bathos. ¥¥½

•

On Thanksgiving eve in 1971, a hijacker parachuted out of a 727 jet with $200,000 in ransom money and has not been seen since. Whether he's alive or dead is still debated, but a country ballad was written about the con man known as D. B. Cooper (the nom de hijack he used on the job); and every year in Ariel, Washington, there's a D. B. Cooper Day celebrated by sky divers in business suits, clutching briefcases as they hit the silk. To make a folk hero of a daredevil who commits a victimless crime—insurance companies don't count as victims—is entirely amoral, sure. Yet ***The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper*** (Universal/PolyGram) turns out to be fresh and funny entertainment. Combining some dubious assumptions with the fiction of J. D. Reed's novel *Free Fall*, Jeffrey Alan Fiskin's screenplay—directed by Roger Spottiswood—transforms the Cooper caper into a lively chase comedy about two men and a girl, plus assorted caricatures whose greed and mendacity italicize the movie's cheerful cynicism. Treat Williams, his career booming since he graduated from



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Hair to *Prince of the City*, is a buoyantly cocky Cooper, a wild-assed mountain boy, with Kathryn Harrold as his sexy, oft-neglected wife and Robert Duvall scoring high marks again as the dogged insurance investigator who figures out Cooper's identity and follows the fugitive couple through fire, snow, river rapids and gunshot to get back swag—a fat leather bagful that changes hands more often than a hockey puck. Although I'm reviewing *D. B. Cooper* in an early semifinal version without a finished musical score (Waylon Jennings, Jessi Colter and Rita Coolidge will be contributing to the sound track), this crowd pleaser looks ready to get off the ground and go. ¥¥¥

•

Investigating investigative journalism, ***Absence of Malice*** (Columbia) questions the ethics of editors and reporters—particularly those of a Miami news hen played by Sally Field as if she were Norma Rae with a B.A. in English. Sally's not just the female star, she's also the main obstacle to credibility in *Malice*, since she *will not* project anything but intrinsic Pollyanna warmth and good intentions, though her role as written (by Kurt Luedtke, former executive editor of *The Detroit Free Press*) is that of an ambitious, furtive, untrustworthy little bitch who stops at nothing to get a story. Besides a pathetic teacher (movingly played by Melinda Dillon) Sally drives to suicide with an abortion scoop, there's a warehouse owner named Gallagher, whose legitimate business she mucks up by linking him to a union leader's apparent kidnaping and murder. The man is innocent, of course, though his father before him consorted openly with gangsters. Having Paul Newman as Gallagher helps a lot—those honest blue eyes clearly have nothing to hide. Not to be cute about it, Newman is terrific, tough-minded and aged just enough to keep bland handsomeness from getting in the way of his best work. The ethical issues seem pretty trumped up overall, with the cards so stacked against conniving newspaper people and lawmen that Paul's hard-working son of a crook would appear to be the only honorable man in Miami. Sydney Pollack's direction is high-quality, however, calculated to make audiences think twice and argue about *Absence of Malice*—the norm for Pollack movies, from *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* to *The Electric Horseman*. I just wish he had thought twice about his script and had demanded a little less sunshine from Sally. ¥¥½

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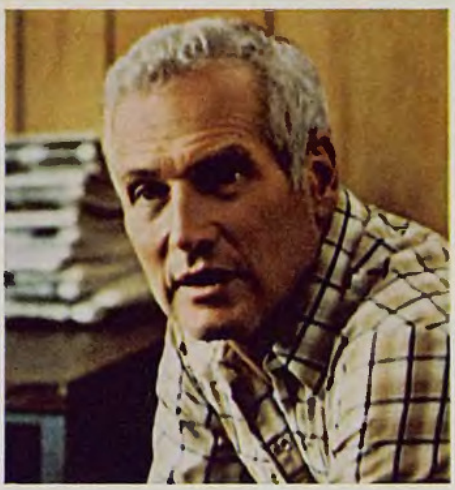
The blue jeans with see-through seat bottoms are actually the best joke in ***So Fine*** (Warner), writer-director Andrew Bergman's zany bedroom farce about a college professor (Ryan O'Neal) and a



Newman without *Malice*.

The underside of journalism, the backside of jeans.

Melato, O'Neal *So Fine*.

gangster's opera-singing wife (Mariangela Melato). Low comedy, to be sure, but Bergman knows how to milk laughs, having served his apprenticeship working on the screenplays of *Blazing Saddles* and *The In-Laws*. The madness occurs in and around New York's Garment District, with Jack Warden as the flustered rag merchant who makes his son forsake the groves of academe for Seventh Avenue. Most of the ideas here are souped-up, second-rate or stolen from other movies, but *So Fine*'s high spirits make up for a lot. ¥¥

•

Star power tries to disguise the inadequacies of ***The Disappearance*** (World Northal), a pretentiously philosophical thriller about a hit man with an itchy conscience. Donald Sutherland plays the killer, whose wife (Francine Racette, Sutherland's offscreen mate as well) mysteriously vanishes for reasons that ultimately make very little sense. Subsequent twists of plot provide entrances and exits for David Warner, Virginia McKenna, John Hurt, David Hemmings and Christopher Plummer, while cinematographer John Alcott (Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange* and *Barry Lyndon* loom among his credits) gives *Disappearance* a deceptive air of originality and class. Lots of talent flickering across the screen, certainly, interesting talent, at that—yet the end product seems arty, dank and dullish. ¥¥

•

The low-budget look of ***Ticket to Heaven*** (UA Classics) turns out to be a substantial asset, adding impact and immediacy to this harrowing contemporary tale about the ruthless religiosity of youth cults. The Reverend Mr. Moon and his Moon-eyed followers aren't mentioned by name, though the screenplay is based on Josh Freed's book *Moonwebs*, and the movie's Heavenly Children employ the same "love-bombing" techniques as the Moonies do to recruit new robots or sell flowers in the streets of San Francisco to defeat Satan and make their messianic, unseen but apparently Oriental "Father" filthy rich. As a handsome, troubled young teacher from Toronto, first brainwashed, then kidnaped and deprogrammed by his best friend and family, Nick Mancuso initially looks almost too hip and knowing to go for the Heavenly Children's summer-camp line of togetherness. That same surface cool, however, makes his capitulation more dramatic—and by the time he is dragged back to normality, praying and sobbing all the way, his performance has the audience hooked to stay. As his friend and organizer of the rescue team, Saul Rubinek is also effective, playing a cornball guy who performs in a grungy night club in his spare time—occasionally impersonating vegetables. There's an implication here that a sense of humor provides some mental stability, and I'll buy that. *Ticket to Heaven*'s largely unknown cast—Meg Foster and Kim Cattrall, playing two of Father's sexually sublimated spokespersons, are the most familiar faces—is quite chillingly credible. Director R. L. Thomas seems more a competent craftsman than a flashy new talent, yet he has picked a topic with consistent punch. It's a good up-to-date B movie, timely as a tabloid headline. ¥¥¥

•

With a script by PLAYBOY contributor Dan Greenburg (from his novel *Philly*), ***Private Lessons*** (Jensen Farley) has been making a bundle at the box office for several very good reasons. The movie isn't especially funny, or sophisticated, or even believable, but it *is* an elemental turn-on that most males understand from the moment Sylvia Kristel appears as

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the provocative European housekeeper charged with keeping a poor, pubescent little rich boy (Eric Brown) in line. Sexy Sylvia—you all remember her as Emmanuelle—teaches the lad a thing or two in bed, and young Brown handles his excited embarrassment with disarming innocence. At 15, the kid's a pro, and does a lot to make *Private Lessons* an exercise in horny nostalgia for any among us who ever lusted after an older woman of 27 or so. Are there any who didn't? ¥¥

•

May-December romance has been burgeoning on the big screen recently. The usual formula is sweet young thing–older man, but Tatum O'Neal and Richard Burton in ***Circle of Two*** (World-Northal) are such a deadly combo they could stop the trend in its tracks. Burton plays a 60-year-old artist who can no longer paint and won't say why, except, "It's a long, dull story." Tatum's a sassy 16-year-old who poses for him and makes the story even duller. When director Jules (*Never on Sunday*) Dassin puts his two stars together, the result is not chemistry but lethargy—no sparkle, no sex, even with Tatum doing her first nude scene as a restless virgin schoolgirl who wheedles, "You've *got* to help me with this burden." In the end, though nothing happens, they promise to remember all of it, always. A bleak prospect in the light of dialog so wretched I kept praying they'd forget their lines. ¥

•

Maybe off-the-wall subjects simply bounce better in French. Writer-director Bertrand Blier's ***Beau Pere*** (New Line Cinema) is a wry, sexy and sophisticated deadpan comedy from the man who made the Oscar-winning Best Foreign Film *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*. Again, the star is Patrick Dewaere, who looks like a Left Bank Stacy Keach and has a wonderfully weary air about him as a 30ish, ne'er-do-well lounge pianist, suddenly widowed, with a sexually precocious 14-year-old stepdaughter on his hands—and eventually in his bed. The girl, played by a fetching newcomer named Ariel Besse, does all the things Brooke Shields does with body doubles, and then some. Blier doesn't fudge an issue, or fake it. After resisting as far as his innate weakness of character allows, Dewaere lets the kid seduce him pretty regularly, at least until her own father finds out and several other surprises occur. To tell too much would spoil it, but Blier is more a humorist than a moralizer, and he also has style—established right at the outset, with Dewaere plinking the ivories and musing about his life directly to the audience in a dingy American-type jazz bar. Any doubt about the movie's sly purposes is dispelled by an ending mined with hints that our antihero is a kind of boudoir Bluebeard with an insatiable instinct for orphaned nymphets. While the matter may be decadent, the manner of it is delicious. ¥¥¥

O'Neal, Burton a *Two*some.

May-December romance?
The French do it better.
Meanwhile, Burt's
baby story is stillborn.

Beau Pere's Dewaere, Besse.

•

Burt Reynolds is far below par in ***Paternity*** (Paramount), directed by comedian David Steinberg, a Reynolds crony. Unconvincingly cute throughout, Burt should know by now that the self-satisfied smirk is his worst enemy as an actor and potentially fine *farceur*. But maybe his best friends are reluctant to tell him. Pert Beverly D'Angelo plays the surrogate mother hired by New York's most eligible bachelor to have a baby for him. He prefers a son, declines a wife. Actually, the screenplay by Charlie Peters has some intermittent charm, and the people are so nice you keep hoping the comedy will jell. It congeals instead, worse luck for the proud parents, as well as for Lauren Hutton, Elizabeth Ashley, Paul Dooley and Norman Fell. Sorry, no cigars. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Absence of Malice (Reviewed this month) Naughty news hen Sally Field *vs.* good guy Paul Newman. ¥¥½

All the Marbles (Reviewed next month) Lady wrestlers à la *Rocky*, onward and upward with Peter Falk. ¥¥

Beau Pere (Reviewed this month) Incest with a fine French flair, starring Patrick Dewaere. ¥¥¥

Chanel Solitaire That designing Frenchwoman on film. Fancy. ¥¥½

Chariots of Fire Olympic effort—in more ways than one. ¥¥¥¥

Circle of Two (Reviewed this month) Oddly square. ¥

The Disappearance (Reviewed this month) Sutherland and spouse pushing suspense in second gear. ¥¥

The French Lieutenant's Woman Meryl has it made, as in the book—but I don't quite buy it. ¥¥

Gallipoli Aussies fight for Mother England, and the best of Peter Weir's antiwar epic is unforgettable. ¥¥¥

Mommie Dearest Faye Dunaway doing Joan Crawford to a turn. ¥¥½

On Golden Pond (Reviewed this month) Beautiful play but, with two Fondas and Hepburn, should've been better. ¥¥½

Paternity (Reviewed this month) Burt wants a baby, but. . . . ¥¥

Priest of Love *Lady Chatterley*'s author, D. H. Lawrence, and his women, with Ian McKellen. ¥¥¥

Prince of the City Treat Williams as a troubled turncoat cop. ¥¥¥½

Private Lessons (Reviewed this month) Boy meets Sylvia Kristel. ¥¥

The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper (Reviewed this month) A lighter Treat, as that famous hijacker. ¥¥¥

Quartet The English take Paris circa 1927, with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith in top form. ¥¥½

Rich and Famous Jackie Bisset and Candy Bergen as literary ladies who lunch between books. ¥¥½

So Fine (Reviewed this month) Ryan O'Neal ogling Calvins. ¥¥

Southern Comfort *Macho* men belly to belly in the bayous. ¥¥¥

Tattoo Bruce Dern, Maud Adams. Got him under her skin, indeed. ¥¥¥

Ticket to Heaven (Reviewed this month) Some blue Moonies. ¥¥¥

True Confessions Duvall with De Niro in a bookish brother act. ¥¥½

Whose Life Is It Anyway? (Reviewed this month) Moving drama about a paralyzed man, played to the hilt by Richard Dreyfuss. ¥¥¥½

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

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Ever since *The Sting* proved a box-office champ in 1973, producer **Jennings Lang** has been trying to put together a sequel. After **Robert Redford** and **Paul Newman** both declined offers to reprise their roles, Lang approached such unlikely combos as **Peter Boyle** and **Walter Matthau, Jackie Gleason** and **Richard Pryor,** but the project never got off the ground. Finally, though, it has, and *The Next Sting,* starring Gleason and **Mac Davis,** will begin with a vow of vengeance from the duped Lonnegan (played in the original by the late **Robert Shaw,** this time by **Oliver Reed**). **David S. Ward,** who wrote the original, will pen the sequel, and **Jeremy Paul Kagan** is set to direct. . . . Home Box Office has commissioned the first made-for-pay-TV feature film. Titled *The Terry Fox Story,* the two-hour biopic involves the much-publicized saga of 22-year-old cancer victim **Fox,** who ran the breadth of Canada. . . . **Oliver Stone,** who won a Best Screenplay Oscar for *Midnight Express,* has been signed to write (and possibly direct) the film adaptation of **P. D. James**'s acclaimed novel

Davis

Gleason

Innocent Blood. . . . Blaming "creative differences," Zanuck/Brown Co. announced that **Robert Redford** will not star in *The Verdict,* based on **Barry Reed**'s novel about a Boston lawyer who takes on a malpractice suit against a Catholic hospital. A replacement had not been chosen at presstime. . . . Despite the death of former Nazi armaments chief **Albert Speer,** ABC plans to go on as scheduled with its five-hour miniseries based on Speer's *Inside the Third Reich.* **Marvin Chomsky,** who made *Holocaust,* will direct.

•

STORMY WEATHER: Freely adapted from William Shakespeare's immortal play, **Paul Mazursky**'s *Tempest* is, in the director's words, "a contemporary comedy with dramatic overtones." Starring **John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Susan Sarandon, Vittorio Gassman** and **Raul Julia,** the film is about relationships and the fragile threads that hold them together. But then, all of Mazursky's films are about relationships. In this one, Cassavetes plays a New York architect who leaves his wife (Rowlands) and settles on a deserted Greek island with his daughter. A series of flashbacks illuminates Cassavetes' past marital difficulties; but, meanwhile, he falls for an American tourist (Sarandon) and creates something of a utopia on his island paradise. Then comes the storm—literally.

Rowlands

Cassavetes

•

SEQUELMANIA: Paramount takes this year's grand prize for falling back on proven commodities. Aside from the long-awaited sequel to *Airplane!* (now in the writing stage but *not* involving the three creators of the original), Paramount is also busy prepping *Star Trek II* (**William Shatner** and **Leonard Nimoy** have agreed to return, **Nicholas Meyer** will direct) and *Grease II* (a **Robert Stigwood–Allan Carr** coproduction that takes place after **John Travolta** and **Olivia Newton-John** have graduated, though it's said they might agree to cameos). The *Star Trek* continuation, which was planned as a two-hour telemovie, involves the return of an old adversary of Captain Kirk's. Interestingly, **George Lucas'** Industrial Light and Magic has been commissioned to do the special effects.

•

BOX-OFFICE WINNERS: Last summer's box-office returns are in and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Superman II* accounted for the lion's share, earning, respectively, around $125,000,000 and $101,000,000. Next was *Stripes,* at a whopping $72,000,000, followed by *The Cannonball Run* ($60,000,000).

•

SIMPLE SIMON: *I Ought to Be in Pictures,* **Neil Simon**'s quadrillionth motion-picture-based-on-a-play-of-the-same-name,

Ann-Margret

Matthau

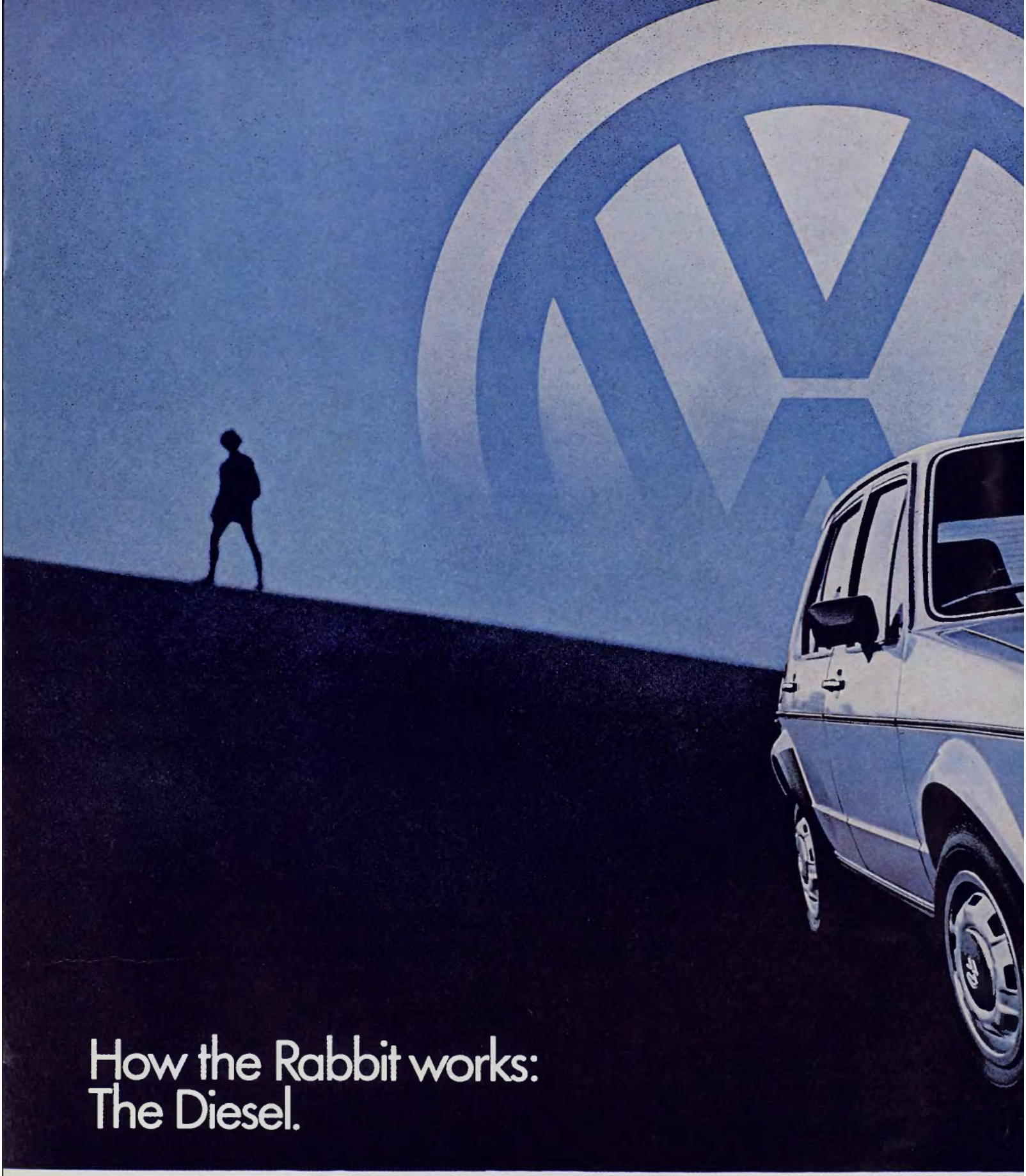
is being touted as something deeper than Doc's usual fare. It is said to be low on fluff and one-liners, a bittersweet story of a girl's search for parental love, Simon at his dramatic best. Maybe. It seems more like Simon at his somewhat jaded best. It may be minus the fluff and one-liners, but it is also minus the substance of Simon's better dramatic scripts. Be that as it may, *Pictures* stars **Walter Matthau** (in his fifth Simon flick) as Herbert Tucker, a washed-up, washed-out Hollywood screenwriter, a man who cannot seem to commit himself to anything or anybody, including his on-again, off-again girlfriend, Steffy Blondell (**Ann-Margret,** in her second Simon flick). Enter Herb's daughter Libby (**Dinah Manhoff**), whom he has not seen for 16 years, having left his wife in Brooklyn shortly after her birth. Libby, it seems, wants to be in pictures and solicits her father's aid. The usual verbal sparks fly at first, but soon father and daughter develop a relationship contrived to make any audience weep with happiness. In spite of *Pictures*' shortcomings, it will no doubt perform handsomely at the box office—a Neil Simon flop seems to be a contradiction in terms.

•

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Producers **Jack Haley, Jr.,** and **David Niven, Jr.,** take this year's prize for title indecision. The film in question has been called at various stages *The Three of Us, Three's a Crowd, Ménage à Trois* and, most recently, *Whose Little Girl Are You?* Chances are, by the time you read this, its title will have changed another half-dozen times, so don't blame me if you can't find it on a marquee. In any case, the film stars **David Niven** as a third-rate English entertainer and **Art Carney** as a down-at-the-heels American photographer, both of whom are offered $50,000 to spend a summer on a yacht in the Riviera with a ten-year-old orphan named Bridget (**Kimberley Partridge**). Seems one of these old codgers is her grandfather, both having had an affair many years back with the girl's grandma. An heiress to a great fortune, Bridget has summoned them both to her yacht in order to determine which one she prefers to have as her guardian. Need I say more? The film co-stars **Maggie Smith** and **Catherine Hicks** and is being directed by **Bryan Forbes.** —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

Carney

Niven



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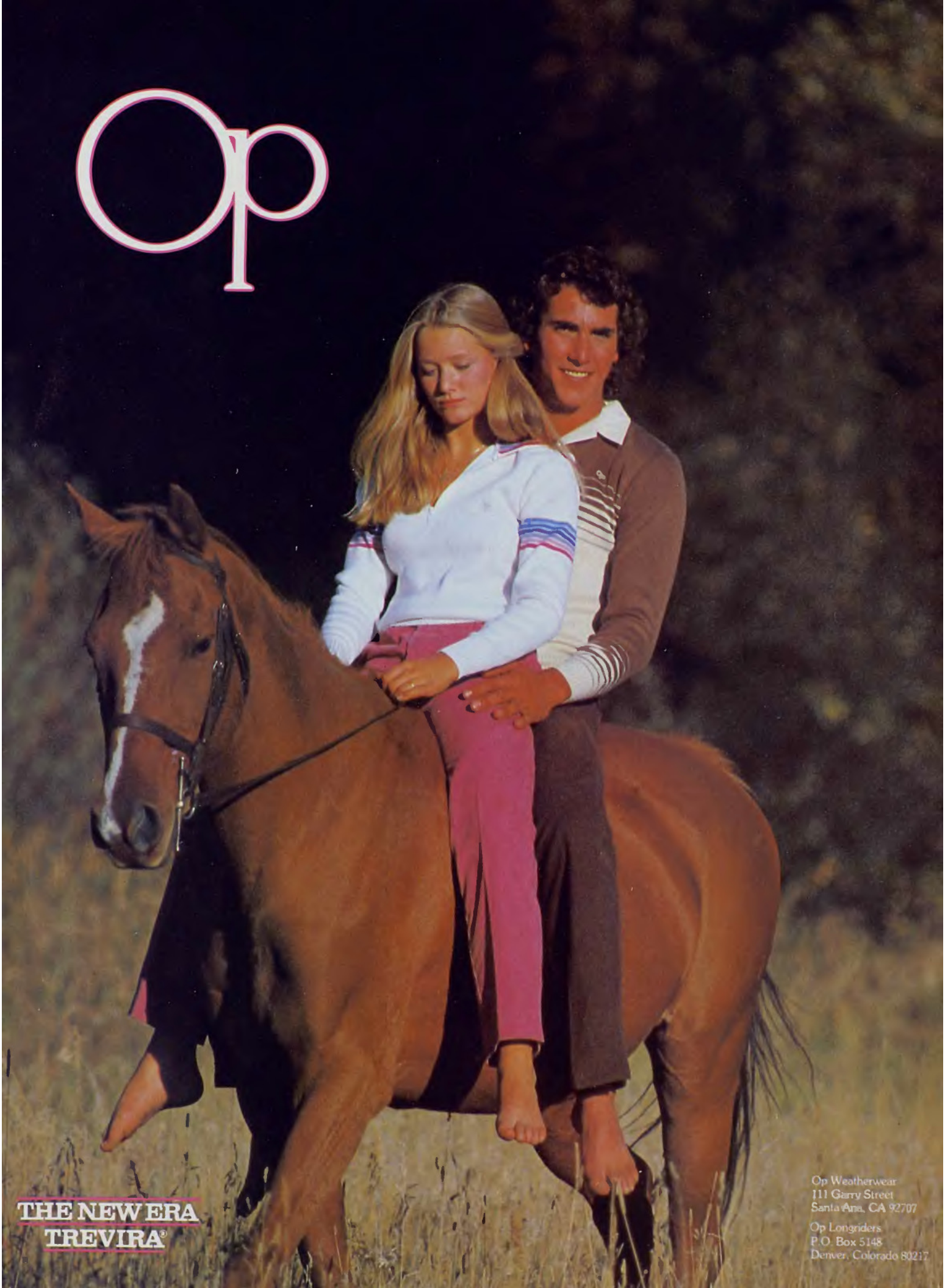
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In a recent *Advisor* letter, someone wanted to know the difference between a natural and a theatrical female orgasm. The honest female orgasm consists of three to 15 rhythmic contractions of the outer third of the vagina at .8-second intervals. Unless those contractions occur, you can dismiss her moaning, groaning, kicking, clawing, begging for mercy and screaming filthy religious epithets as bargain-basement histrionics. The male orgasm is also at .8-second intervals. Small world. Having a problem relating to an .8-second interval? That's the beat of the song *Surfing Safari*.—L. M., St. Louis, Missouri.

We'll take your word for it. Frankly, we're baffled by your attitude about sex. We can't imagine someone who engages in intercourse, merely in search of three to 15 rhythmic contractions of the outer third of the vagina at .8-second intervals. Really, now. Most people we know engage in sex for the obvious: the hug, the contact of skin, the moaning, groaning, kicking, clawing, etc. The body has its own eloquence. Orgasm merely provides the punctuation.

Photography is my latest passion and it's driving me to the poorhouse. Because I'm learning, I waste a lot of film just doing test shots. Isn't there some way to buy film that isn't as expensive?—L. O., Topeka, Kansas.

You might try buying 35mm film in bulk. It comes on 100-foot rolls that will yield about 16 rolls of 36 exposures each. In order to use it, you'll need a bulk-film loader, which costs about $10–$15, and cassettes on which to roll the film, at about 45 cents each. Cassettes can be used two or three times before they begin to scratch the film. Once you have the equipment, though, the savings can be extraordinary. Your first 16 rolls, for instance, will cost about two dollars apiece for black-and-white film when you add the prices of the loader and the cassettes; but after that, the price will drop to about 65 cents a roll. Color film will run you about $2.20 per 36-exposure roll. At those rates, you'll be in the pro class in no time.

I've started dating a woman who seems almost perfect. When it comes to making love, she is sensuous and unrestrained—as long as we are engaged in intercourse. After several loving encounters, I am very conscious of the fact that she never takes control, that she never performs oral sex. I am faced with an interesting contradiction. Could someone so uninhibited in bed have a hang-up about

oral sex?—A. B., Chicago, Illinois.

It takes all kinds to fill the freeways. We recall reading that while 45 percent of wives performed oral sex in a marriage, only 15 percent did so in affairs. We assume that there is a similar breakdown in unmarried relationships. For some women, oral sex is the last gesture—something they perform only from the heart, with someone they are intimate with. For some women, it is an easy way to dispense with strangers without taking their clothes off. There are mixed signals. As someone once said: Life is not fair. When everything is permitted, you take your chances. . . . Our advice: At the next opportunity, raise the issue, preferably, out of bed—over lunch, or Scrabble, or whatever. Take a sexual history. Ask about her experience, her upbringing. You might get a revealing answer.

Over-the-counter pills that look like well-known amphetamines and contain caffeine are selling like crazy in my neighborhood. The police say they're not illegal. But I'd like to know if they can be harmful. What is it that caffeine does to the body?—L. P., Los Angeles, California.

Caffeine by any name is still the most widely used psychoactive drug in the world. It is found in coffee, tea, chocolate, some soft drinks and some foods. Researchers have discovered that caffeine works by blocking the action of the tranquilizer adenosine. Adenosine is a neuromodulator, or activity suppressant, produced by the body. Caffeine occupies a brain receptor that is intended for adenosine and prevents it from doing its job. Megadoses of caffeine, as found in the over-the-counter pills, can cause all sorts of problems, including restlessness, irritability, sleeplessness and gastric disturbances. In other words, the same symptoms you'd get if you drank a large amount of coffee. It is not a pleasant feeling. Large doses of caffeine are not good for anybody, and people with heart or gastric problems should definitely stand clear. You may also be interested to know that the stomach-acid secretions that coffee produces are even more pronounced with decaffeinated coffee. Caffeine used in moderation can be helpful in maintaining alertness; but in megadose pill form, it's just another bad trip.

A few months ago, I met a terrific woman on a business trip. Since then, we have run up incredible telephone bills and have corresponded regularly. I would like to fly her to my city. What is the accepted etiquette? Should I expect her to sleep with me? This is a more expensive version of paying for dinner in exchange for sex. I'm not that kind of guy. I just want to see this woman. What do you say?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

The very essence of discretionary income is that you spend your money on quality. If you simply want to spend time together, fine. If you sense that she senses something more, get it out in the open. Say, "Your mission, if you choose to accept it, is the following. I believe in grand gestures. I don't attend to small details. If you come here, I expect you to be overwhelmed by my charisma, my personal aura, my sense of the spontaneous—and I expect you to fall hopelessly in love with me." It can't hurt. It's one way to increase the energy. It's her job to express her reluctance up front, honestly. You can ask. You can promise restraint or ardor . . . whatever you're capable of.

I enjoy dressing fashionably, but apparently fashion doesn't enjoy me. No matter what I do, I can't seem to look like the models in the ads. Even if I purchase an entire outfit, down to the socks, it always looks different on me when I get it home than it does on the model. Still, I can't figure out what I'm doing wrong. Can you?—L. D., New York, New York.

You haven't given us a physical description, but we'll take a wild guess that you're not exactly a perfect specimen. Perfect, when it comes to fashion, is a 40 regular. That's usually the size of the

designer's and the photographer's model. What you see in the ads is generally clothing proportioned for that size. If your body varies from that standard, you may have a problem. It's important to keep in mind what your particular body shape is, because the proportions do not always transfer. That is especially true of European clothing, which is made for a body far more compact than the average American body. But even American clothing, when the size changes, will change its proportions. You can see that clearly when shopping for boots. Only the foot length changes. The legs, if they are, say, ten inches high, will remain ten inches high, even if the wearer is 6'5". In buying a suit, you'll find that the addition of a few inches can change the lines considerably. Fabric that has a nice drape in a 33-inch inseam simply hangs there in a 30-incher. The secret is in knowing your own body. Are your arms long? Is your trunk longer than your legs? Do low-rise pants look better on you than high-rise? Once you've familiarized yourself with your own proportions, it becomes easier to shop. You can see right away that seldom will you be able to purchase an entire ensemble right off a mannequin. Clothing ads and fashion layouts can give you good ideas on color, fabric and style; but your buying judgment should be based on how something looks on you, not on how it looks on a model.

What is the common etiquette for paying for dates? Is it Dutch treat, or does the man pick up the tab?—J. R., Dallas, Texas.

It depends. An even split has always struck us as arbitrary. Perhaps each person should pay according to his or her ability—i.e., what you make vs. what she makes. But nowadays, we feel that each person pays for the experience of choice—if you want a night on Broadway, you pay for the tickets. You are paying for quality time. This is how you choose to spend your time and money. If she is willing to go along, far out. Primarily, there should not be a scene. If she makes the offer, accept it. If not, don't force the issue.

I just met a woman who's breaking out of an eight-year relationship. I'm in love, but she keeps telling me that she is wrapped up in her past, that she still loves him and wants it to work, that she is damaged goods and can't possibly respond. Is this a lost cause? What do you recommend?—B. Z., Ames, Iowa.

A few years ago, someone coined the phrase transitional woman to describe someone who saw a man through a divorce or a breakup, who restored self-esteem, who was an unsolicited endorsement, in the midst of chaos. Those relationships usually lasted a year and disappeared with no hard feelings. Just consider yourself a transitional man. Be patient. Stand by her. Say what you feel, but realize that there is a limited future—or at least a limited present.

A new stereo system is definitely in the cards for me. All it took was one listen to a friend's expensive setup to convince me that there was good sound out there. The problem is, I don't have the time or the inclination to study components or specifications. Isn't there an easier way to tell if the sound I'm getting is pure?—O. M., Denver, Colorado.

While there is no substitute for raw knowledge on the subject, you can get some idea of how a stereo system sounds through judicious use of a good pair of headphones. The problem with most stereo purchases is that they are made by listening to music over speakers in a showroom. There are so many variables involved in just those three elements that you learn nothing about the system itself. Forget about the music and just listen to the system. Turn up the gain and see how much noise the receiver alone adds; listen to the turntable while it is changing and on a clear passage in the record (say between songs). Play the cassette deck without a cassette and listen to the tape transport and the amount of tape hiss or noise transmitted. No system will be completely free of noise, but by using the headphones as a kind of stethoscope, you'll be able to discriminate among them much easier.

Cable TV is available in my area, but I haven't taken advantage of it, because the television set I have is not the hottest one going. If I buy a new one for cable, what kind should it be?—R. T., Los Angeles, California.

Of course, it depends on the system to which you subscribe, but you'll find that most cable systems pre-empt some of the controls on a normal TV; for instance, your channel selector. Most TVs have only 13 vhf channels. Since cable will give you many more than that, that system becomes obsolete immediately. The same holds true for remote controls, which can add as much as $100 to a new-set price. They are pretty much useless, since your set is permanently tuned to one channel, the cable-access channel. Indeed, some cable companies will rent you a remote channel selector at extra cost. We also think it's a little silly to watch cable movies on a small set. They just don't have the same punch. So opt for the biggest screen you can afford. What you need is a large monitor with no frills. Don't worry about reception; since cable is piped in directly, picture quality is usually improved. But, as a result, that antenna on your roof becomes obsolete. You should also know that occasionally trouble arises in the system. When that happens, you will not be able to watch even conventional TV without disconnecting the cable system.

When I read the *Advisor* letter last March asking about oral sex, I intended to write to you immediately but put it off till I read E.J.'s letter in the July issue. I agree with your response in March. You covered about everything I've found that men like—and I appreciated what E.J. said; but here's a woman's side of it.

I just found out that oral sex *is* fun—I think a lot of women are afraid of it. And I think a lot of men are afraid to ask for it, to indicate that that is what they'd like, when they *should*. Sixty-nine is not my favorite position, because I like to be able to concentrate on what I'm doing without being distracted by what my lower half is feeling. Oral sex is a lot more pleasant than most women are led to believe—the look on a man's face while you suck his cock is one of the *most* beautiful sights in the world. To begin with, for me, starting off slowly is important: slow kisses or brushing my hair along a guy's belly, and then a little tongue around the tip of his cock. Using my hands (as you suggested) is *always* important, to give the man the feeling that his whole cock and balls are involved without doing "deep throat" immediately. As I begin to take more and more of his cock in my mouth, it gets easier and easier to enjoy for both of us. I try to suck and use my tongue at the same time, concentrating with my tongue around the head. And all the time using my hand to either go up and down with my head or (for a little contrast) go up with my hand while going down with my head. When a man gets close to orgasm, he gets harder and the noises he makes say it *all*. Swallowing "it" is not as horrible as we are led to believe. (And I think men are responsible for this belief.) Swallowing and sucking are part of the same reflex, and it works. And it is *delightful*. And easy.

A P.S. for men and oral sex—slow and gentle to begin with is much more stimulating than hard and rough. And fingers should always be included (and inserted)—the clitoris is not the only thing that needs stimulation.—Miss K. A., Detroit, Michigan.

Great sex is all in the head, right folks?

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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DEAR PLAYMATES

Last month, we asked our Playmates if they were able to take the initiative in making a date—to hang their own egos out on the line. This month, we want to do a turnaround: If women can deal with getting rejected, can they also painlessly deflate a man's hopes?

The question for the month:

How do you turn a man down without hurting his feelings?

I would try to be kind. I wouldn't just say no without an explanation; I think that's rude. If I'm out dancing, it's simple. I say, "Not right now; I'm sorry, but thanks for asking." Since I've been a Playmate, I get asked more often and no one can dance every second. So I say no in a polite way. Now, if I'm out on a date and I can see he's thinking about sex and I don't want the evening to end that way, I'm very honest and blunt. I say I don't want things to go in that direction. If he persists, I know I'm not out with the kind of man I want to be with. I get respect and I've never had anyone push too far.

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

I try to make him understand that just because *I* don't think we can have a dating relationship, it's not the entire female sex turning him down. Or that his opportunity to be my friend is in any way affected. I try to make him understand that I don't see any hope for romance, but that's just my view, not necessarily the next woman's. I try to say that he's a terrific person and I appreciate the offer in spite of the outcome.

Vicki McCarty

VICKI MC CARTY
SEPTEMBER 1979

The fact is that even if there is no other man in your life, it's easier—and nicer—to let a man down gently by saying there *is* someone. If a man finds himself up against a lovesick girl, I don't think it matters how well he thinks of himself. No man can deal with a brokenhearted girl and most don't want one on the rebound. Now, if you have a date that doesn't pan out the way you thought it would and he wants to make another date, I might say something like this: "I thought our evening was really fun. I was trying to get out of a relationship by going out with you. I thought it would give me the incentive to start dating again, but this guy still has me by the heart."

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

I simply talk to him and I'm very nice. I give him a chance to be friendly. Then I simply say, "I'm sorry, I can't. I have a boyfriend." Or, "I'd really like to just be friends." I never have any problem with it, because I tell the truth. There's no time for games. I think a lot of men get mixed messages from the kind of women who do lie and b.s., when they'd rather hear honesty. Now, if a man becomes persistent, then I'm forced to say, "I don't want to talk to you anymore." And walk away. But that happens very rarely. Basically, I think it comes down to the way a woman carries herself and looks at a man when she's trying to turn him down *or* turn him on.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

Well, I'm basically honest and not the type to give excuses, but it depends on if I want to leave my options open for another time. Then I'd be likely to say, "I have a man in my life right now, but if you'd like to give me your phone number and my situation changes, I'll give you a call." And, of course, I'd say I appreciated the fact that he asked. If it was someone I never wanted to see, I think I would lie—but not unkindly. I can't stand hurting someone's feelings for no reason. So I'd probably say, "I'm very much in love." Which would never be a total lie, because I'm *always* in love.

Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

I'm not very good at it. Maybe because I have three brothers whom I watched get up the nerve to ask women out. So I know how difficult the thought of rejection is for a lot of *men*. I fall back on the fact that I have a boyfriend and I'm involved. But I always try to make the man who asked me feel that I took his offer as a compliment and that I'm flattered. I don't want him to feel he can never get a date with me, so I don't burn all my bridges. Sometimes a guy I've turned down will later ask if I'm still in the other relationship, and he'll respect me for trying to be straight with him.

Jeana Tomasino

JEANA TOMASINO
NOVEMBER 1980

If you have a question, send it to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll do our best.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CARRIED AWAY

Contrary to popular belief, our Texas courts do render not only interesting but also proper decisions on many cases, as indicated by the following excerpt from the *Texas Lawyer's Weekly Digest* titled "Accidental Death by Hanging During Auto-Erotic Activity":

> There was medical evidence that deceased died, in effect, of hanging, while engaged in using an exercise rope equipped with pulleys so that with his left foot he could increase or decrease pressure of rope around his neck. Purpose of this, according to medical evidence, was to heighten sexual pleasure during masturbation by reducing supply of blood, and therefore supply of oxygen, to brain by gradually tightening rope around neck and producing a state of hypercapnia and a state of hypoxia, which is supposed to increase intensity of orgasm.

The jury's verdict of accidental death was upheld on appeal, because the court decided the victim had not acted in such a way that he should have reasonably known his actions would probably result in fatal injury, nor did his sexual practices and fantasies, while "unusual," constitute a disease.

I'm not sure of the precedent value of the decision; however, it does offer a lesson in the use of exercise ropes.

Robert A. Denson
Attorney at Law
Ingram, Texas

HITE REPORT

Please try not to be too harsh on Shere Hite's *Report on Male Sexuality* (*A Reviewer's Notebook:* "The Hype Report on Male Sexuality," PLAYBOY, September). In order to get our attention and sell books, she did carry her point to an extreme, but there is a good deal of truth in her message. The majority of men in the U. S. are *not* like those who read PLAYBOY; I only wish they were.

Most men want one kind of woman for a wife and another kind of woman for a sexual liaison. The woman a man wants to marry is one he can totally possess. A virgin is best; a woman who is not sexually adventuresome is best; a woman who seldom thinks about sex is best. Best for a wife. Then, when he has such a creature stashed away until death do them part, to be the mother of his children, he has need of another woman to express himself sexually.

With his second woman, this same man is absolutely terrific in bed. Most men by nature are generous and really put the woman's sexual pleasure above their own. They love a woman who puts them at ease sexually, whom they can sexually arouse, one with whom they can actually try out all their fantasies, one who is so comfortable in their presence that she can ask for all the things she likes without any embarrassment for either of them.

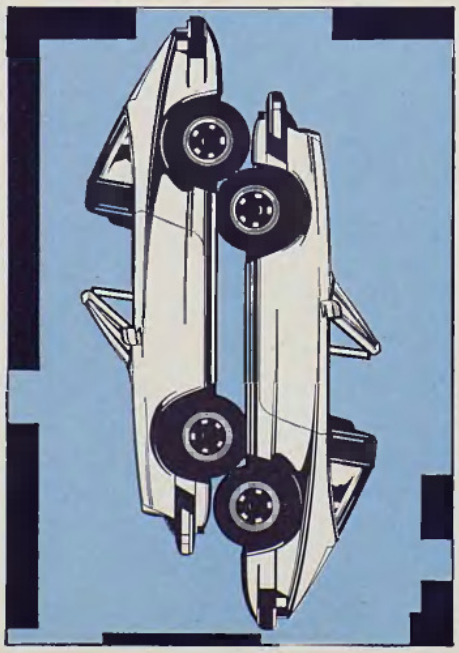
"Most men want one kind of woman for a wife and another kind of woman for a sexual liaison."

I've been in both situations—simultaneously—for quite a few years now and can verify much of what Hite "reports."

(Name withheld by request)
Los Altos, California

LICENTIOUSNESS

Your readers may be amused by my tale of woe concerning personalized license plates in California. I own a 1969 911S Porsche in concourse condition and sought to enhance its beauty by means of personalized license plate MINT 69S. About six weeks after my application, I received a notice from the Department of Motor Vehicles that this number was "restricted for issuance." I figured the 69 must have caused the problem, so I reapplied, asking for LXIX S, figuring the Roman numerals wouldn't raise too many sensitive eyebrows or arouse any lust in the hearts of my fellow motorists.



But no. Two months later, I received another "restricted for issuance" notice. Apparently, it just took them longer this time to figure out my crafty means of disguising the offensive 69.

So I've given up 69 entirely and am presently trying for 911S CPE. Let's see if they can find any filthy implications in that.

Gary Griffiths
San Jose, California

Good luck. A couple of years ago, California authorities turned down the license plate SCHMUCK, *requested by a gentleman with that last name who took offense that the state insisted on translating his name into the Yiddish slang for penis instead of the German word for ornament. He figured he wouldn't have any better luck with his first name, which was Peter.*

SHOCKING THE FLOCK

I fail to see why the newspapers got so upset about the Reverend Dwight Wymer in Grand Rapids, Michigan, just because he used an electric stool to shock his Bible school students into hearing the Word of God. What's all the fuss about? Shock treatments have been used by mental institutions with great success in controlling the behavior of unruly patients in the name of therapy. Needless to say, the differences between normal, energetic children and the mentally deranged are many; but the two groups are similar in that both are often naughty, refuse to listen to reason and so require behavior modification.

Following the good reverend's example, I wish to suggest another approach that was pioneered in mental institutions but could be adapted to religious indoctrination: drug therapy. If the faithful are sleeping through sermons, pass out amphetamines. If they're howling and flailing around, dose them with tranquilizers. Not enough spirituality? A little grass should do the trick. No

profound visions? A hit of acid would fix that.

Once the Church becomes a dependable drug supplier, the faithful will come flocking.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

After the wire services carried the story, the prosecutor in Grand Rapids was deluged with angry phone calls and the local reverend agreed to unplug his homemade hot seat. Satan wins another round.

SELF-DEFENSE IN NEW YORK

We have plenty of law. I'm concerned about the shortage of justice.

Our local papers reported that a tourist from Louisiana came to town, was carrying a pistol under the seat of his car and managed to wound one of three muggers who attacked him. He notified the cops, turned over his gun and was arrested and charged with illegal possession of a weapon. I think we may safely assume that nothing serious will happen to the wounded mugger, who was caught, and that nothing at all will happen to his friends, who split. But our witless tourist will long regret the day that he defended himself and thereafter cooperated with the police.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

Without trying to sound facetious, look at the bright side. Had the muggers been armed in anticipation of resistance, they probably would have killed the poor guy.

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

Five years ago, Robert Randall, a Washington, D.C., college professor, became the first American to legally smoke marijuana—by reason of medical necessity. Charged with growing several plants at his apartment, he demonstrated marijuana's medical value in the treatment of his glaucoma, a blinding disease that afflicts 4,000,000 Americans. The Superior Court of Washington, D.C., ruled, "It is doubtful [marijuana's] slight, speculative and undemonstrable harms could be considered more important than defendant's right to sight."

Since the landmark *Randall* decision in 1976, a few other individuals have received court-ordered supplies of marijuana to treat glaucoma or to reduce the side effects of anticancer therapies. Last year, the Superior Court of Spokane, Washington, ruled that a multiple-sclerosis patient's use of marijuana was a medical necessity after his physician testified that it helped control his spasticity. The Playboy Foundation provided expert witnesses in several of those important legal challenges.

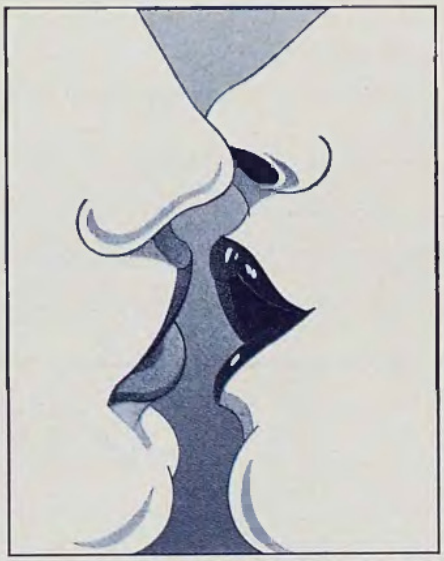
As of this year, 32 states have legislatively recognized marijuana's medical value and tried to establish compassionate programs for providing legal access to

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX AND THE THERAPIST

An investigation into the effects of sexual relations between psychotherapists and their patients indicates that such intimacy is harmful to at least 90 percent of the patients involved and may be bad for the therapists themselves. Reporting to the California



State Psychological Association, president Jacqueline C. Bouhoutsos said the present study tended to confirm earlier findings that between five and six percent of male therapists from the various fields within the mental-health profession but fewer than one percent of female therapists engage in such practices. She declared that "when sexual intercourse begins, therapy ends," and added that while "some of these therapists are ruthless exploiters . . . others have gotten caught in some kind of conflict, a marital problem or a midlife crisis, and need help themselves."

PARTIAL REFUND

ST. PAUL—*A woman who worked to put her husband through medical school before they were divorced can get her money refunded, the Minnesota Supreme Court has ruled, but she is not entitled to part of the value of his medical degree. In the suit brought by the former wife, the value of the degree was placed at $246,000, but the court rejected a claim against that amount and awarded $11,400 for living and direct educational costs because the husband completed his degree and entered practice only after the divorce.*

HOMOSEXUAL STUDY

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA—*A major study by the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University indicates that homosexuality may be the result of strong biological predisposition rather than learned behavior. The research contradicts the traditional belief that homosexuality is usually caused by some early social or sexual influences and maintains, instead, that it seems to be a deeply rooted trait present from infancy and may even involve an imbalance of sex hormones. A major finding of the study indicated that "gender nonconformity"—behavior, preferences that depart from those traditionally associated with one's gender—could prove to be an important predictor of sexual preference.*

Meanwhile, a privately conducted study reported in the American Journal of Public Health *indicates that 60 percent of active homosexual males have contracted at least one sexually transmitted disease. The survey included 4212 homosexual men from every U.S. state, Canada and Europe contacted by 1800 gay organizations and responding to questionnaires published in homosexual publications. Authors of the study said the respondents might not be representative of all homosexuals, but such a survey tended to avoid the problem of focusing only on gays with present medical problems.*

HEALTH HAZARD

Childbirth is much more dangerous than generally believed and may be the 11th leading cause of death of women between the ages of 15 and 44, according to a Federal study. The Centers for Disease Control report new findings that may raise the mortality rate associated with pregnancy from around 9.6 to 14.4 per 100,000 live births. Abortion-related deaths were listed at 3.7 per 100,000 procedures, about the same as for tubal ligation and birth-control pills.

DIVORCE REVIVED

MADRID—*The Spanish Congress has reinstated divorce, more than 40 years after it was abolished by Franco. The legislation leaves the Republic of Ireland the only major European country that does not permit the legal dissolution of marriage.*

RAPE AND THE LOCK

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—*A woman rape victim, her husband and their six-year-old daughter have won an out-of-court settlement of $235,000 in a lawsuit against the builder of their house and the manufacturer of the locks he installed. The suit alleged that the rape occurred because the attacker entered the house with a passkey supplied by the contractor to him when he was hired to finish building interiors. The lock manufacturer was named a defendant because such passkeys were not supposed to work once homeowners had used their own set.*

DOCTORS' DILEMMA

GENEVA—*The World Medical Association has called on American physicians to refuse participation in state executions involving the injection of drugs. Citing the Hippocratic oath, the organization said that "acting as an executioner is not the practice of medicine." A similar declaration was made last year by the American Medical Association. So far, Texas, Oklahoma, Idaho and New Mexico have passed laws replacing other forms of capital punishment with lethal injections.*

ABORTION BY BULLET

CHICAGO—*An 18-year-old girl has been indicted for performing an illegal abortion on herself with a .22-caliber pistol and her boyfriend has been named as an accessory. Police said the girl was six months pregnant, despondent that she could not obtain an abortion at that stage, and shot herself in*

the abdomen. She was expected to recover from the wound; the fetus was removed by Caesarean section and died a short time later. The boyfriend, also 18, was indicted as the owner of the gun.

DIRTY TRICKS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Maryland motorists whose cars are seen parked near massage parlors in Prince Georges County have been receiving letters inviting them to police headquarters for an interview. Ostensibly, the interview's purpose is to determine if the driver happened to observe any "criminal or unusual activities in the establishment" under surveillance. "The letter may be perceived by some as a form of harassment or dirty tactics," the police acknowledged in a statement, "but [the department] feels that the purpose of the investigation is to bring to a close any illicit activities that may be going on under the guise of a massage parlor." The letter adds that anyone not responding will be recontacted in five days but doesn't specify how. The county police chief explained that he wants to see the elimination of every massage parlor that isn't "legitimately helping people with back problems."*

MARRIED COUPLES ONLY

ANNAPOLIS—*Local property covenants barring unmarried couples from buying homes have been upheld by the Maryland Court of Special Appeals, which declared that "such relationships are simple, illegitimate unions" not protected by laws against discrimination. In rejecting the claim that an unmarried couple could be considered members of a family, the court held that "the obvious intent of our legislature is to encourage the proverbial concept that more belongs to a marriage than four bare legs in bed."*

TEST FLUNKS OUT

MADISON—*In a decision that has pleased many prosecutors and defense attorneys alike, the Wisconsin Supreme Court has unanimously ruled that polygraph tests can no longer be admitted as evidence in state courts. Such tests had been declared admissible in 1974 in cases in which lawyers for both sides agreed, but the recent decision found them too unreliable.*

CALMING THE NERVES

PARIS—*A French fencing club has temporarily suspended 23-year-old Olympic contender Christine Fekete after she not only posed topless for a newspaper photo but was quoted in an interview as saying she found it relaxing to have sex before a duel. The Olympic Gymnaste Club de Nice declared, "We're not any more puritanical than anybody else. But this photo and this interview . . . was the final big drop of water that caused the vase to overflow." The offending quote: "I know that for men [sexual] activity is advised against for the hours just before an event, but for women I think it has a tendency to relieve shaky nerves."*

POT LUCK

VENTURA, CALIFORNIA—*The 34-year-old owner of a Santa Monica Japanese restaurant was found guilty of growing marijuana but received an unusual sentence: A superior-court judge ordered him to sell meals to senior citizens at half price for 90 days and to advertise this service in a local newspaper. The judge said the sentence would serve justice as well as the elderly, who "are*

in a terrible economic squeeze, especially in places like Santa Monica."

Elsewhere:

- *An Oakland, California, woman who told her police-training instructors that her estranged husband and a neighbor were growing marijuana at home has lost her job for not turning the culprits in earlier. The 39-year-old woman was about halfway through a 19-week police-training course when she belatedly blew the whistle on her 57-year-old husband, from whom she had separated.*
- *An elderly couple in Columbus, Ohio, have been charged with selling drugs from their home to supplement their $381-a-month Social Security income.*

TV BLOOPER

STOCKHOLM—*A Swedish court granted a divorce to a man who said he determined that his wife was unfaithful by seeing her on TV. The program concerned vacation spots and allegedly included a shot of the wife on a beach kissing another man.*

the drug. Federal law, however, continues to obstruct such efforts: only seven states (California, Florida, Georgia, Michigan, Nevada, New Mexico and Oregon) have operating programs for cancer patients and only one (Michigan) has a program for glaucoma patients. There is virtually no public or political resistance to marijuana's release for medical application; more than 87 percent of the voting legislators in all 32 states supported it. Opposition to marijuana's use in medicine is limited to a few individuals and Federal bureaucracies responsible for maintaining the prohibition.

Angered by Federal efforts to disrupt the state programs and armed with a grant from the Playboy Foundation, Randall founded the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics (ACT) in May 1980. The alliance is a nonprofit organization working for the enactment of a Federal law that would recognize marijuana's medical value and establish a national program of prescriptive access to the drug.

Now Republican Representatives Stewart McKinney of Connecticut and Newton Gingrich of Georgia have introduced a bill that would end the Federal prohibition of marijuana in medicine. This legislation has already received broad, bipartisan support; but passage of the bill will not be an easy task. We need the help and support of many individuals if we are to succeed.

Alice O'Leary, Director
Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics
P.O. Box 23691, L'Enfant Plaza Station
Washington, D.C. 20024

GUIDELINES ON GROPING

By Bob Fuson

Sexual harassment is something few people want and nobody needs. Its implicit prohibition by the Tenth Commandment suggests that it has been with us for a long time and the enactment of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 indicates that it hasn't gone away.

And why won't sexual harassment go away? Is it because Congress has attempted to change a natural law by means of social legislation? Of course not. It is because Title VII reads more like the law of Moses or the U. S. Constitution—there are no listed, specific, unequivocal rules. Bureaucracy requires rules—lots of rules. God gave Moses only ten because government was more manageable in those days. Even the Constitution hangs together with seven articles and 26 amendments. The Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) has more regulations than that posted in its washrooms.

Like a glacier (which, incidentally, retreats sometimes), EEOC swung into action in 1980 and issued "final" interpretative guidelines on sexual harassment under Title VII. But, alas, therein lies the rub. Once every foreseeable "Thou shalt not . . ." has been codified, someone will always discover an omission. Some primordial omission begat the loophole, and the loophole begat the legal profession. It also spawned loophole pluggers and guideline writers, who ofttimes write guidelines for guidelines.

Fortunately, we have a law that explains all of this. Fuson's Law of Absorptive Waste (universally known as FLAW) states that any time there is financial support for a project, a project will appear and soak up the money. In accordance with that law, The Project on the Status and Education of Women of the Association of American Colleges absorbed sufficient funds from the Carnegie Corporation and the Ford Foundation to put together a monumental three-page interpretation of the sex-discrimination section of Title VII (popularly known as 29 CFR, Chapter XIV, Section 1604.11, FR 45, No. 219). Before that study, most men interpreted Title VII to mean (1) don't proposition an employee, (2) if you do, don't hold it against her if she says no and (3) don't give her special favors if she says yes.

From The Project's report, we learn that Title VII is far more complicated than that—and we learn that the Law of Loophole Proliferation is immutable. If you have fewer than 15 employees, for instance, you are not covered by Title VII. "Personal relationships" are OK, and a sexual joke, slur or insult *may* be if not directed at only one sex. Just make sure all jokes are bisexual. Animal jokes seem all right and gay jokes may be. Avoid botanical references, however—pansies, papayas, fruits and nuts may be misconstrued.

Unnecessary patting and pinching is sexual harassment (if done to the opposite sex). But what if the pinching is necessary? Constant brushing against another employee's body is a no-no. Is infrequent brushing allowed? "Friendly" arms about the shoulders are absolutely frowned upon. "Unfriendly" arms are not discussed. Offers of money for sex violate Title VII. What about a steak dinner or a trip to Bermuda?

Even if you abuse The Project's guidelines, you are in the clear if no complaint is filed within 180 days of the action. Students are not covered under Title VII; Title IX protects them from the faculty.

There is one clear lesson to be learned from the new interpretation: It is *not* sexual harassment if you proposition a *superior* of the opposite (or same) sex or if your employees go after you. This could open up an entirely new field of labor-management relations.

MORE MENCKEN

I'm glad, in these perilous times, somebody is remembering the late, great H. L. Mencken (*The Playboy Forum*, October). The quotes on puritanism are OK, but I call your attention to his comments on religion, which seem particularly relevant to the Moral Majority phenomenon. At a time when liberal theology was coming into vogue, he observed:

> There is no possibility of reconciling science and theology. . . . In this field, the Catholic Church, as usual, has been enormously more intelligent than the Protestant. It has rejected so-called Modernism *in toto* and refuses any compromise with it. The Protestants' attempts to compromise have simply made Protestantism ludicrous. No man of any intellectual dignity can accept it, or even discuss it seriously. The only really respectable Protestants are the Fundamentalists. Unfortunately, they are also palpable idiots, and so Christianity gains nothing by their adherence; in fact, it is gravely injured by their adherence, just as spiritualism would be made preposterous, even if it were not so intrinsically, by the frowzy old imbeciles who believe in it.

Amen.

Larry Whitcomb
Atlanta, Georgia

Those of us who seek to skewer the Moral Majoritarian Neanderthals must not misquote our holy prophet, H. L. Mencken, who defined puritanism in a somewhat different fashion than the way you report in your October issue. You

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correct a correspondent's mistaken recollection of Mencken's epigram with your comment: "We remember that Mencken defined puritanism as 'the impulse to punish the man with a superior capacity for happiness.' "

But we must not let the sacred utterance of our venerable iconoclast become defiled, for to misquote the prophet is to commit a blasphemy that brings down upon the infidel the wrath of all precisionistic worshipers of the holy script. Verily, Mencken, son of Philadelphia, declared puritanism to be "the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy."

Marty Frankel
Toledo, Ohio

No misquotes: Mencken had quite a bit to say about puritanism, moralism and religion in general. Two more gems:

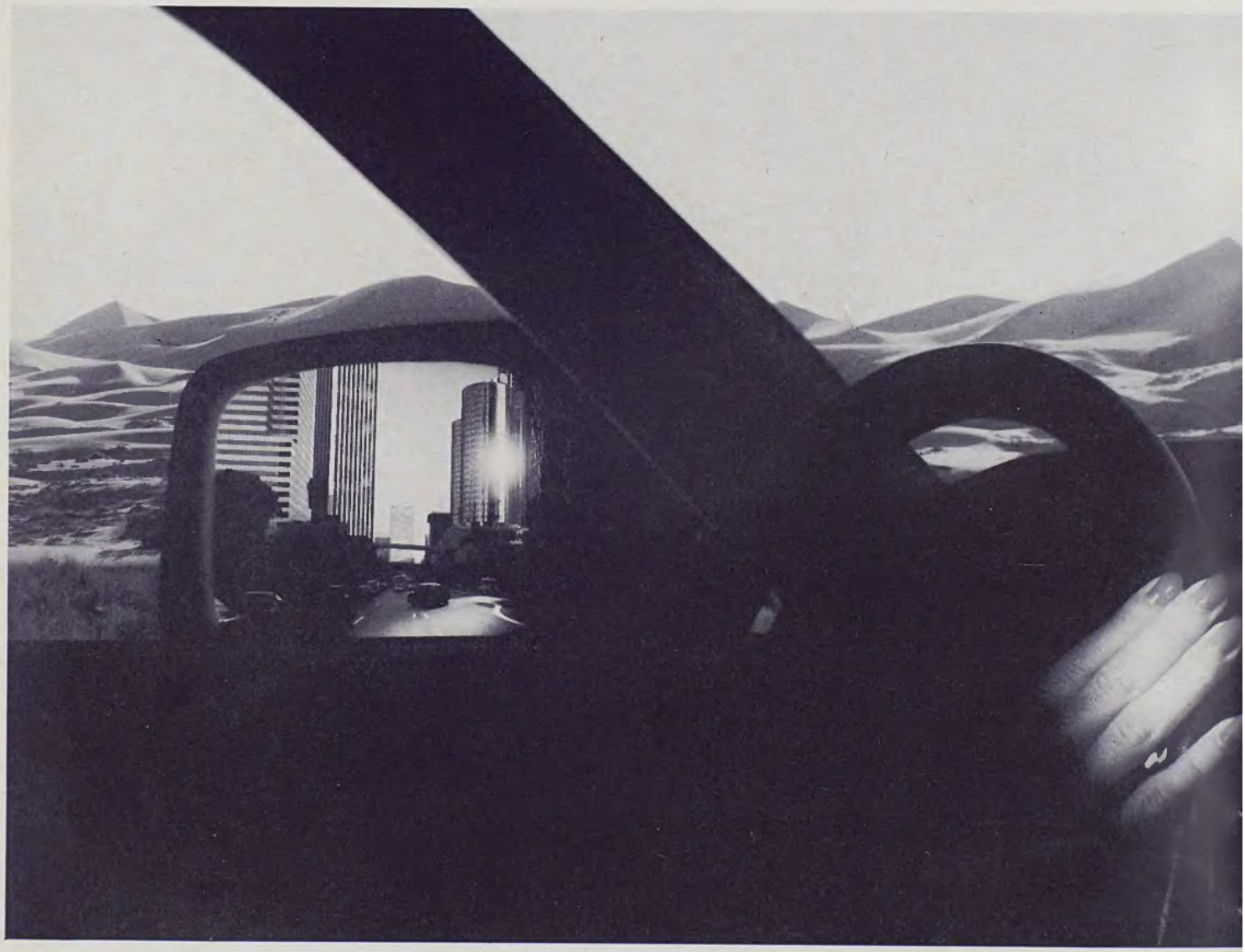
Moral certainty is always a sign of cultural inferiority. The more uncivilized the man, the surer he is that he knows precisely what is right and what is wrong. All human progress, even in morals, has been the work of men who have doubted the current moral values, not of men who have whooped them up and tried to enforce them. The truly civilized man is always skeptical and tolerant, in this field as in all others. His culture is based on "I am not too sure."

The worst government is the most moral. One composed of cynics is often very tolerant and humane. But when fanatics are on top there is no limit to oppression.

ABORTION STUDY

Your correspondent William A. Heisel, Jr., criticized the apparent finding of my research into three abortion clinics that there was an overrepresentation of people claiming to be Catholic and that many of those resorted to abortion after having declined to use birth control on moral grounds (*The Playboy Forum*, August). The report was also criticized at the time by the official Catholic spokesman in Boston, who suggested it was anti-Catholic. I would like to set the record straight.

It does seem that Catholics were overrepresented compared with their proportion in the population. On Long Island, two thirds of the abortion patients had Catholic backgrounds, compared with a 37 percent Catholic population in the official figures for the



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Rockville Center Diocese. Similarly, two thirds of the patients in Boston were Catholic, compared with 35 percent in the Boston Archdiocese. Those figures should, however, be treated with caution, because many patients may have come from out of town.

I would also like to point out that nowhere in my research did I suggest that abortion was considered a lesser sin than birth control by Catholic women. What I did find was that many people were unable to accept their sexuality, and thus neglected birth-control protection. However, once pregnancy occurred, abortion was often chosen. It is this conflict between norms and sexuality that often leads to unwanted pregnancies.

The clearest example of this I had was, in fact, not a Catholic but a born-again Christian. He and his partner went to church each week and had only each other as sexual partners. He said he did not believe in sex before marriage, but on occasions he was overcome by his sexual drive. After the first abortion eight months earlier, he and his partner took the view that they had learned by their mistakes and intended to practice abstinence. They did so for six months, but one day he returned home unexpectedly and they had intercourse again. The young man considered abortion wrong but decided it was the only way out of the situation and he felt he would be forgiven for it. After the second abortion, he said he recognized the problem of controlling his feelings and his girlfriend was going on the pill.

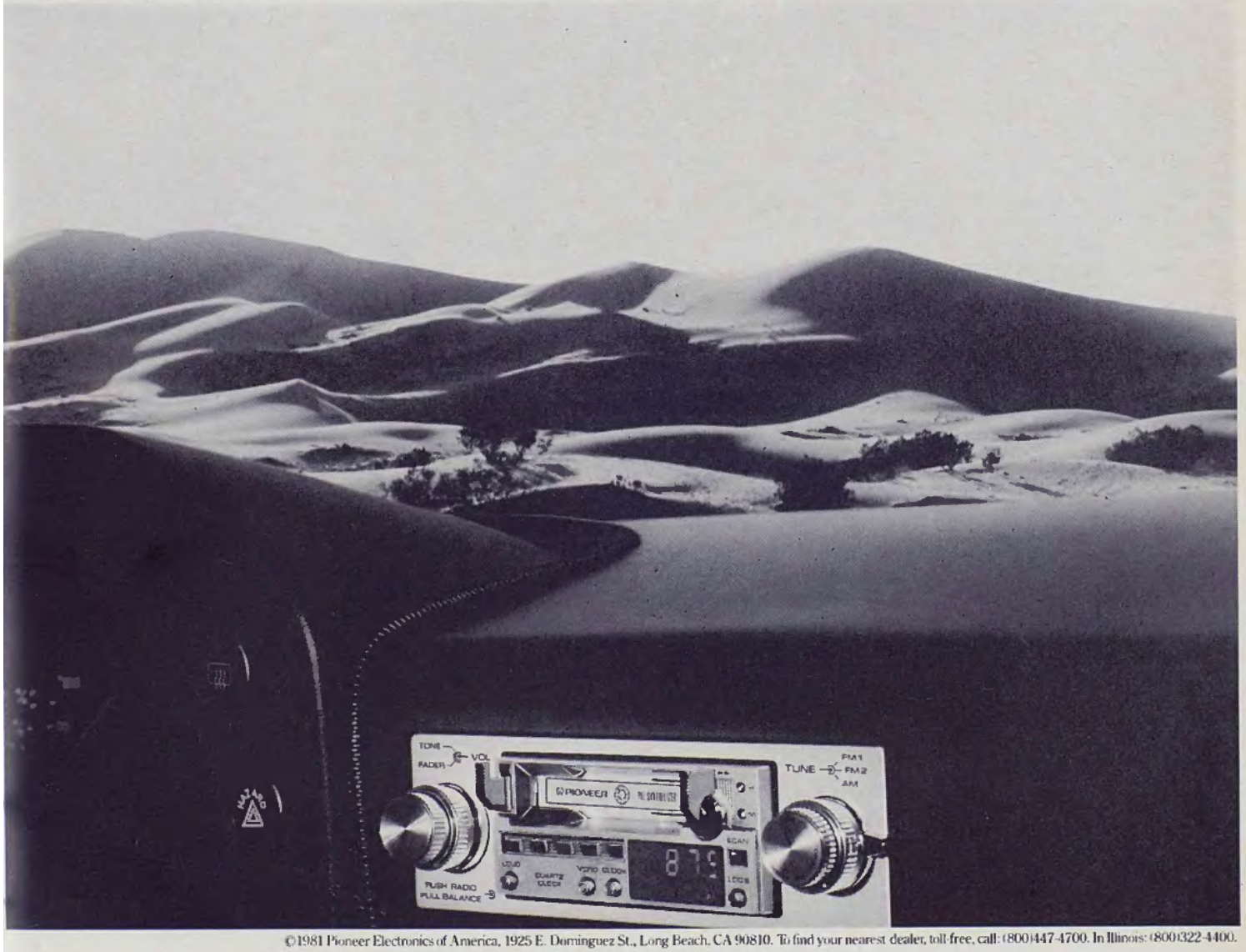
I believe that a more tolerant attitude toward birth control and sex could lead to a 50 percent reduction in the American abortion rate.

Dr. Colin Francome
Middlesex Polytechnic
London, England

Dr. Francome's study was reported in the May 1981 "Forum Newsfront" and it was the director of the surveyed clinics who concluded that many of the Catholic patients elected to abort an unwanted pregnancy rather than sin repeatedly by using birth control.

ABORTION DEBATE

Just to add my two cents to the furor being raised by the anti-abortionists and other moralistic rightists: To my knowledge, nowhere in the Bible is it acknowledged that life begins with conception. I



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believe that is a man-made dictum. On the other hand, *Genesis* 2:7 states:

> And the Lord God formed man *of* the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

I interpret the above to mean that only when an infant breathes its first breath does the soul enter the body. Until that time, the body being formed in the womb is much like a house being built under the direction of the architect. It doesn't become a home until the owners move in.

Jack Joel Carter
Hempstead, New York

I have long marveled at the depth of nonideological rationalization that permits pro-abortionists to reject a simple and rational position in favor of one so costly—to individuals, to society, to themselves—that only the fervor of modern self-centered belief can defend it. Reason means nothing when the real disagreement is between one group that considers the products of sexual relations something worthy of protection and another group that considers its products, such as you and me, discardable, depending on whether they bring pleasure or problems.

Anything worth while and pleasurable involves some risk, be it hang gliding, roller skating, cribbage or sex; most lose their appeal, their inherent dignity and, to some degree, their purpose if the risk is removed. Abortion is just such a method of removing the last element of real risk—of "changing the score" after the game has been played.

Obviously, the last statement is flippant and disregards the powerful emotions involved and the arduous decisions that must be made when an unplanned pregnancy occurs. Yet I feel that, given the options of medical technology, too many people are opting for merely the simplest way out of a difficult situation for themselves. But the heavyweight rationalization is worse: that unwanted pregnancies can be tallied in dollars and cents and abortion spares an unwanted baby from being born into "hostile conditions" or from being subjected to a "living hell of inadequate food, housing and medical care and to actual physical and mental abuse." Honestly, do you know of a person who, because of the horrible conditions he or she was born into or is living in, truly and seriously wishes that he or she had been aborted? Yet this is what the pro-abortionists would have us believe, and that, plus the issue of money, strikes me as convenient and lame rationalization.

John Zimmerman
Tucson, Arizona

Pro-abortionists would have us believe no such thing; you've simply rephrased one side issue to rhetorically ask why more people don't commit suicide. Defenders of abortion would ask you to believe only that no one should be required by law to bear an unwanted child, economic and social questions aside. Your own anti-abortion position is even stranger than the ones we have postulated. We can understand (while disagreeing with) the theological position that procreation is the ultimate purpose of sex and, therefore, abortion is sinful; but defending accidental pregnancy on the basis of risk strikes us as a little weird. And not even sporting, when you consider that the risk is limited to the female players.

SEXOLOGY

Sex-related problems among prisoners and other institutionalized persons and training in the treatment of sexual dysfunction are the subjects of two new monographs by editor-researcher David A. Shore. *Sex-Related Issues in Correctional Facilities* is the first bibliography of books and scholarly articles on the sexual aspects of incarceration, ranging from homosexual rape to conjugal visitation and covering the legal, medical and social aspects of the subject. *Educational & Training Opportunities in Sexology* is a resource manual that reports the various educational, treatment and training programs currently offered by universities, colleges and recognized institutes throughout the U. S. The booklets are available for $5 and $4.50, respectively, from David A. Shore, c/o The Playboy Foundation, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

PAIN PREVENTION

In reading Ted Gilley's letter in the September *Playboy Forum* regarding the use of heroin for dying cancer patients, we can at once share his anguish while we disagree with his conclusions.

Too often, physicians treat pain inappropriately. For the patient dying of cancer, pain serves only as a vicious reminder of his incurable state. Providing complete relief of pain by whatever potent drugs is the only humane course.

Heroin, however, is not necessary to relieve such pain. It has now been shown through the hospice movement in Britain, Canada and this country that such analgesic combinations as Brompton's Mix, which contains both opiates and cocaine, carry the side effects of all drugs within and are no more effective than the single medication morphine when given in appropriate dosages. Morphine, which can be given in forms other than by injection, will provide relief of pain and lowering of anxiety in nearly 100 percent of cases. When given on an appropriate dosage schedule, its undesirable side effects dissipate within 48 to 72 hours, allowing the cancer patient to make the most of his remaining days.

We feel the frustration of Gilley and thousands of others as they watch their loved ones' agony. It is not for lack of appropriate medications but, rather, through the inappropriate withholding of such drugs that they suffer. Physician education and sensitivity, not heroin availability, is the answer.

Robert A. Milch, M.D., President
National Association of Hospice Physicians
Lawrence M. Sherman, M.D.
Hospice Buffalo, Inc.
Buffalo, New York

A study published in the June 1981 issue of the New England Journal of Medicine *found heroin and morphine comparable in their analgesic and mood effects on postoperative cancer patients, with heroin acting more quickly but for a shorter time. The National Committee on the Treatment of Intractable Pain notes studies that have found heroin more effective against intensive pain associated with the last stages of cancer.*

AGENT ORANGE

In the September *Playboy Forum*, you published my letter about Agent Orange. One point I made in that letter needs to be explained.

I wrote that a court had ruled that veterans could not sue the chemical companies. A Federal court has since ruled that only *some* veterans may not have a legal right to sue the companies. Any veteran interested in this type of lawsuit should contact a lawyer about the individual circumstances of his case.

The main point I made in that letter is still true. The Agent Orange issue will be resolved by the political process, not by the courts. Veterans must demand from the politicians their right to health care and compensation. This becomes even more important in light of the Government's recent revelations that the chemical was dumped on thousands of U. S. ground troops.

Lewis M. Milford
National Veterans Law Center
Washington, D.C.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE CARLIN

a candid conversation with the brilliant—and still rebellious—comedian about his new life after years of inactivity and a crippling cocaine habit

It began in 1970 on a typical September night in Las Vegas, as the early show went on at Howard Hughes's Frontier Hotel. The men and the mink-draped women in the theater appeared equally prosperous and provincial. A sign at the theater entrance read, WELCOME, AWARD-WINNING SALESMEN.

The opening act that night was a 32-year-old comedian named George Carlin. Although most had never heard of him, a few members of the audience remembered seeing him on John Davidson's summer replacement TV series—a conventional stand-up performer who did cute voices and jokes about his New York childhood. Vegas regulars knew Carlin better: He'd been an opening act at the Frontier for three years, was a reliable pro who earned $12,500 a week.

On that night, when Carlin glared out at the audience with what appeared to be a combination of loathing and resolve, most people either didn't notice or thought he'd forgotten his contact lenses. When he opened with a dissertation on the number of ways to say "Shit," the audience fell silent. Carlin's next routine was about Vietnam, and that's when people started walking out. Before he'd finished a piece on American business ethics, half the room was empty and the others remained only to heckle him. At a few tables, angry men were restrained from rushing the stage.

In one night, the big-money, mainstream show-business career Carlin had worked ten years to build was over. He went back to where he'd started—to the small clubs and coffeehouses, working for nothing; and with the help of unemployment compensation, he did the routines that had got him thrown out of Las Vegas. But the folk and college audiences loved them. Carlin's dazzling wordplay was lauded by critics, who compared him to H. L. Mencken and Alexander Woollcott, and his withering attacks on religion, big business and the Vietnam war made him a counterculture hero. Between 1971 and 1976, Carlin toured constantly and recorded five albums.

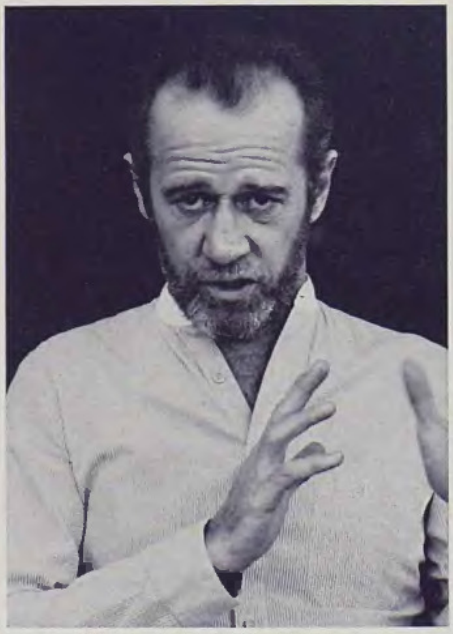
Then, as suddenly as his meteoric "second career" had begun, it ended. At the height of his popularity and income, Carlin took himself out of action. For the next five years, except for an occasional stint as guest host of "The Tonight Show"—where he'd appear competent but uncomfortable—Carlin left his public wondering what had happened. There were rumors of a drug problem and personal problems; a couple of years ago, word began circulating that he had suffered a heart attack.

But in November 1981, a brand-new Carlin album—his first in seven years—was released, quickly followed by the announcement that he had signed a multiyear cable-TV contract with Home Box Office and was writing a book and a movie. As abruptly and mysteriously as he'd disappeared, he returned.

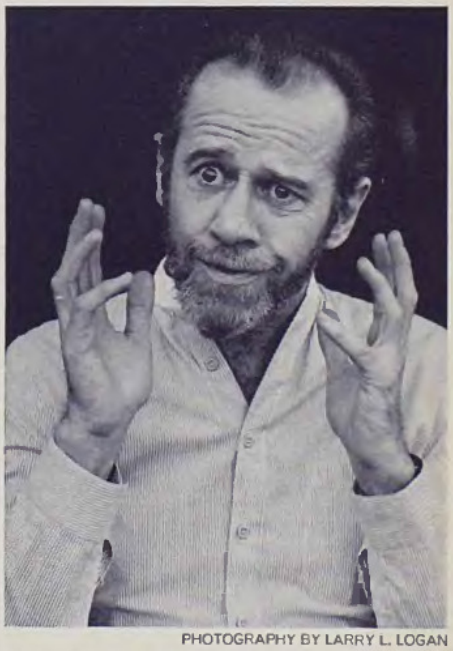
Carlin was born in New York City in 1937 and when he was two months old, his parents separated. He was raised by a working mother, by the other street kids in his "white Harlem" neighborhood, by New York's parochial school system and by the radio. At the age of five, he decided to become a radio announcer, a comedian and an actor.

Always a "discipline problem," Carlin quit high school to join the Air Force, where he was court-martialed twice and eventually discharged 11 months early.

"There must be a therapeutic value to humor, a life force that's enhanced by laughter. It's an observable phenomenon that comics go on forever, though Freddie Prinze did fuck up the curve a little."



"A drug should be self-limiting. It should tell you when you've had enough. Cocaine was different. It kept saying, 'You haven't had enough.' I became an abuser almost instantly."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"People become performers for many reasons. Some do it to get a lot of pussy—and that's a good reason. Some want a bigger car. Mine was that I was screaming to get all this shit out of me."

But by then he'd become a disc jockey at an off-base radio station, and the long-range career plan he had laid out for himself at the age of five was begun.

In 1960, Carlin teamed with a young newscaster named Jack Burns and began doing a comedy act at small clubs and folk rooms. Within months, Burns and Carlin were "discovered" by Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl. Although the team broke up in 1962, Carlin's career continued its ascent. By the late Sixties, he'd appeared on many TV shows, co-starred in a network show and had established himself as one of the top opening acts in Las Vegas. Unknown to Carlin throughout this "straight comic" period was a prediction made by Bruce: George Carlin would one day assume Bruce's throne as king of the social comics.

Then, on that September night in Las Vegas, Carlin abandoned the straight comedy he did so well, but no longer believed in, and finally made good on Bruce's prophecy. And, ironically, that change made him even more successful than he'd been before. But there were problems, most of them stemming from Carlin's obsessive involvement with cocaine. Finally, in 1976, with his 15-year marriage, his 13-year-old daughter and his own 25-year history of drug abuse closing in on him, Carlin, for the second time in his life, reined in a galloping career that had somehow gotten away from him.

Years of therapy followed. Then a heart attack. Finally, at the age of 44, Carlin emerged straight and sober, with his health and family intact. We sent New York journalist **Sam Merrill** *(whose previous "Playboy Interviews" have included those with Ed Asner, Roy Scheider, Karl Hess, Joseph Heller and Roone Arledge) to visit Carlin as he prepared to launch what he himself has called his "third career." Merrill reports:*

"The electronic gates of Carlin's Brentwood home swung back and I cruised up the driveway. Numerous dogs and cats—each with its own unique and somewhat bizarre charm, none a purebred—wandered past. There were three cars in the driveway: Carlin's BMW, his wife's Mercedes and a 1948 Plymouth, an old bomb. Behind the cars, Carlin was shooting baskets. I pointed to the Plymouth and asked if he were a collector. 'Naw, some guy left it here last spring and hasn't been back since.'

"After shooting a few hoops together, we entered his office—a small building between the house and the garage—pulled up a couple of chairs and, before I could ask my first question, Carlin said, 'I've been thinking about this interview and, I don't know, I'm afraid I'm not going to have very much to say.'

"He was right in one sense—Carlin rarely tells biographical anecdotes for their own sake. He is much more interested in what he is thinking than in what he is doing; the events of his life are related only as background to his impressions and opinions. But he is a man with a carefully thought-out opinion on almost everything. So instead of a biography, what emerged was a complex and often comical internal monolog in the voice of the Carlin character speaking. Every time he related his own thoughts, he did so in the voice of the side of himself dominant at that moment: the Irish street kid, the ludicrously self-important performer, the dope fiend, the wide-eyed observer of life. It all poured out with incredible ease. Although most 'Playboy Interview' subjects find it helpful to vary the scenery from one session to another, Carlin and I did seven sessions over two weeks totaling 15 hours of tape in those same two chairs. It's the interior landscape that interests him, and his windows to that panorama are always open."

PLAYBOY: Back in the early Sixties, when you were still a disc jockey and just beginning to do comedy in small clubs, Lenny Bruce supposedly selected you as his heir——

"It's the American view that everything has to keep climbing. No time for reflection. No time to fuck up. But that notion goes against nature."

CARLIN: Apparently, Lenny told that to a lot of people. But he never said it to me and I didn't hear it until years later. Which is probably fortunate. It's difficult enough for a young person to put his soul on the line in front of a lot of drunken people without having *that* hanging over his head, too.

PLAYBOY: Because of what Bruce said about you, are you now overly sensitive about being compared to him?

CARLIN: Yes, and those comparisons are unfair to both of us. Look, I was a fan of Lenny's. He made me laugh, sure, but more often he made me say, "Fuckin' A; why didn't I think of that?" He opened up channels in my head. His genius was the unique ability to investigate hypocrisy and expose social inequities in a street rap that was really a form of poetry. I believe myself to be a worthwhile and inventive performer in my own right. But I'm not in a league with Lenny, certainly not in terms of social commentary. So when people give me this bullshit, "Well, I guess you're sort of . . . uh . . . imitating Lenny Bruce," I just say, "Oh, fuck. I don't want to hear it." I want to be known for what I do best.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, throughout the early to mid-Seventies, with a five-year run of albums and packed auditoriums for an act that viciously ridiculed every nook and cranny of "the establishment," you really did seem to be fulfilling Lenny's prophecy. Then it stopped abruptly about five years ago. No more albums; no more college tours. Why?

CARLIN: I've just now completed a five-year period that can perhaps best be called a breathing spell. A time of getting my health back and gathering my strength. That time also included incredible cocaine abuse, a heart attack and my wife's recovery from both alcoholism and cocaine abuse.

PLAYBOY: It's comforting to hear you talk about that breathing spell in the past tense.

CARLIN: My wife, Brenda, and I are both clean and sober now. I've been doing a lot of writing. By the time this interview appears, my first album in seven years will be out. I'm also working on a series of Home Box Office specials, a book and a motion picture. It's the American view that everything has to keep climbing: productivity, profits, even comedy. No time for reflection. No time to contract before another expansion. No time to grow up. No time to fuck up. No time to learn from your mistakes. But that notion goes against nature, which is cyclical. And I hope I'm now beginning a new cycle of energy and creativity. If so, it'll really be my third career. The first was as a straight comic in the Sixties. The second was as a counterculture performer in the Seventies. The third will be . . . well, that's for others to judge.

PLAYBOY: When and how did you get into drugs?

CARLIN: In my neighborhood—West 121st Street in New York, "white Harlem"—there were only two drugs: smack and marijuana. By the time I was 13, some friends and I were using marijuana fairly regularly. The *Reefer Madness* myth was still very strong then, but I'd been into jazz and those lyrics included so many casual references to pot that it was completely demystified for me. Heroin, forget it. In my neighborhood, I could see what heroin did firsthand and I was definitely afraid of that number.

PLAYBOY: How do you define fairly regular marijuana use?

CARLIN: Oh, I was a stonehead for 30 years. I'd wake up in the morning and if I couldn't decide whether I wanted a joint or not, I'd smoke a joint to figure

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it out. And I stayed high all day long. When people asked me, "Do you get high to go onstage?" I could never understand the question. I mean, I'd been high since eight that morning. Going onstage had nothing to do with it.

PLAYBOY: Are you still a stonehead?

CARLIN: To my surprise, my marijuana use has been tapering off steadily. As we speak, I haven't had a joint in two months.

PLAYBOY: You imply that this has been an unplanned withdrawal.

CARLIN: Completely. The enjoyment has been diminishing. Now, there's no question that it's sort of fun to get high. Let's say I had a little baggie lying around the office. I'd get up, come over here, fuck around, shuffle a few papers, and all the while I'd be thinking about that pot. I'd say to myself, "Well, whatever I'm going to do today, it's obviously going to be more fun if I have a hit or two." But I got to the point where taking those hits made me feel dumber than I'd felt before. I'd say to myself, "Man, you've been high for fucking 30 years and you don't want to be high anymore." [*Laughs*] I always have these little internal monologs. You'll get used to them. . . . I simply decided that dope wasn't worth the ritual.

PLAYBOY: So you were one of those ritualistic dopers.

CARLIN: The ritual was very important to me: cleaning the pot, rolling the pot—I was never a pipe or bong man. That's California stuff. I was an Eastern roller. My daughter had to teach me to use a water pipe, and I'd still fuck it up every time. To me, smoking pot meant sitting with a newspaper on my legs, rolling the seeds down, pulling the twigs out and finally producing a perfectly cylindrical, absolutely wonderful joint that you either locked at both ends or pinched off, or pinched at one end and left open at the other.

PLAYBOY: What was your technique?

CARLIN: We always locked in the East. I got to be a pincher later on.

PLAYBOY: Do you now find yourself lecturing others on the joys of sobriety?

CARLIN: No, never. I don't want anyone who reads this to think it's a message to him. It's not. This is merely an accounting of what I have done.

PLAYBOY: Would it be fair to say that you're not sorry about your 30 years as a pothead but you're glad they're over?

CARLIN: Exactly. Grass probably helped me as much as it hurt me. Especially as a performer. When you're high, it's easy to kid yourself about how clever certain mediocre pieces of material are. But, on the other hand, pot opens windows and doors that you may not be able to get through any other way. Being a very bound-up, Irish Catholic tight-assholed person, I've often thought that whatever negative effects pot had on me, it probably saved me from being an alcoholic and a complete fucking brainless idiot by the time I was 25. So I'd say pot has been a break-even proposition for me.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get into hallucinogens?

CARLIN: I did LSD and peyote in the late Sixties, before I got into cocaine. That was concurrent with my change from a straight comic to the album and counterculture period, and those drugs served their purpose. They helped open me up. You know, if a drug has anything going for it at all, it should be self-limiting. It should tell you when you've had enough. Acid and peyote were that way for me. Cocaine was different. It kept saying, "You *haven't* had enough." I became an abuser almost instantly.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, what was your pattern of cocaine abuse?

CARLIN: I'd go on runs, four and five days without sleep. Then I'd crash and sleep about 18 hours a day for seven to ten days. Then it would take a few more weeks to get over a vague sort of depression. Then I'd be off on another run.

PLAYBOY: How did those runs start?

CARLIN: They began the moment I scored. I'd take a few hits at the guy's house. Then I'd take a few more hits. Then I'd put it away. But before I left his house, I'd take some more hits. And when I'd get in my car, before backing out of the driveway, I'd open it up again and take a few more hits. Then, while driving home, I'd somehow contrive to stop and go to the bathroom and take a few more hits. Later on, when it got *really* ridiculous, I used to snort in traffic.

PLAYBOY: While the car was moving?

CARLIN: Yeah. And the moment I copped, I immediately wrote off that night's sleep, because it was a foregone conclusion that I was not going to put half a gram away at midnight. And I never took reds or Quaaludes to balance out the coke. So when it got to be four in the morning and the gram was three quarters gone, I'd start wishing it was nine o'clock and hoping the guy got up early. But, of course, he didn't sleep either, so there was no sweat. During all those years, I was always looking forward to the next snort or the next guy I could score from.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the fact that Brenda was also a cocaine abuser. How did that mutual interest affect your relationship?

CARLIN: The effect of the coke on our relationship was very sick. Now that it's over, those were actually funny times. Looking for each other's coke, hiding it, finding it, doing some, not telling the other. Then fighting over it.

PLAYBOY: You actually stole coke from each other?

CARLIN: It was the typical paranoid experience. As soon as I knew my hiding place, I thought the whole world knew it. I'd write clues to my hiding places in code, then forget the code and spend the rest of the day looking for my coke.

PLAYBOY: Along with the paranoia, many cocaine users experience a heightened compulsiveness.

CARLIN: Oh, yeah. Sometimes, when I was really loaded, I'd sit on the floor and sort out every nut and bolt in the house. It was just sheer insanity. And often there'd be speed in the cut, so I was a speed freak, too. There are an awful lot of things in the cut of street drugs that eventually make you sick. I reached a point where the skin around the edges of my fingernails used to hurt all the time. And it would peel away easily. Now, that must have been from some poison in the cut.

PLAYBOY: Yet you continued to go on those incredible runs. Why?

CARLIN: It was just a compulsion. In fact, I soon realized that the only thing I really enjoyed was the actual snorting.

PLAYBOY: You mean the initial rush?

CARLIN: No, the act of it. Putting out the line. Inhaling it. That seemed to be what I was looking for.

PLAYBOY: That ritual again.

CARLIN: Exactly. After every hit, I'd look at myself in the mirror and say, "You stupid motherfucker. You asshole." And then I'd reach for it again, because it was more fun to snort it than to be high. It was an adventure to find a bar I could go into and use the bathroom. To take it out of my sock and chop it up without anybody's hearing. The secretiveness. The stealth. Those were obviously the aspects of cocaine use I was addicted to.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to function socially during those periods?

CARLIN: I couldn't even get through a conversation without saying to myself, "How can I get away from this motherfucker and go do me some coke?" I was always saying things like, "Excuse me, but I still have those loose bowels. I'll be right back." Fortunately, along with the speed, there's usually a lot of laxative in the cut, so I was able to say that with some conviction.

PLAYBOY: Did the coke affect your performances?

CARLIN: Two things happened. The creative side of my career was harmed. When I'd sit down and write under the influence of coke, the ratio of pages kept to pages thrown out declined drastically. But onstage, when rapping about a feeling I already owned, I would sometimes get a burst of eloquence. For an entertainer, part of the thing you do is just style. And the coke did help me get into great runs of pure form. But

when I listen to those tapes now, the real cocaine shows; there's just nothing special about their content.

PLAYBOY: Were any of your albums recorded during a heavy cocaine run?

CARLIN: The *Class Clown* album was done totally sober. I'd realized what a hell I'd made for myself and I cleaned up completely for three months. You can hear the clarity of my thinking and of my speech on that album. But by the next one, *Occupation: Foole*, I was right back into the trip again. I'm more frantic, more breathless. You can hear how sick I am. If you want to see a cokehead, just look at the pictures on the *Occupation: Foole* album. The angles of my body show you an awful lot. I started doing coke to feel open, but by that time, the hole had opened so wide that I'd fallen through. The body language in those photos tells you everything.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about astonishing quantities of a very expensive drug. Especially with both you and Brenda abusing it so heavily. How much money did you spend on coke during those years?

CARLIN: I never knew or cared. Of course, it was a lot. A fortune. But when I hear people tell me exactly how much they spend on coke, I think, Shit, man. They care more about the money than the drug. I was making a lot of money then. One hundred, maybe 110 dates a year at $10,000 a date, plus the albums. The money was sailing in and sailing out and somehow it all just about worked. But in terms of coke, the only money I ever thought about was that dollar bill I had stuck up my nose.

PLAYBOY: How did it end?

CARLIN: It ended suddenly for Brenda, more slowly for me. My runs began getting shorter and less pleasurable. I'd feel bad after only one day, or only a few hours, instead of four or five days. And I began to want to stop. One of the proudest moments of my life was at a rock-'n'-roll theater in New Jersey. A guy actually put some coke under my nose and I was able to say, "No, thanks," and turn my head away. I still had periods after that when I slipped back a little, but when that happened, I knew something inside me had taken hold. I was going to get well.

PLAYBOY: And for Brenda?

CARLIN: Because she had a drinking problem along with the coke, she had to hit bottom first. Most alcoholics do. And for her, bottom was an automobile accident that almost landed her in jail.

PLAYBOY: Was anyone hurt?

CARLIN: No. She just drove through a hotel lobby. Now, *that's* bottoming out.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but it's also pretty funny.

CARLIN: Not to me. It was my car.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

CARLIN: Brenda went into therapy and I soon joined her. First we put the drugs behind us, then we began serious work

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on our relationship. And, in time, we got well together.

PLAYBOY: Did you have affairs?

CARLIN: No.

PLAYBOY: Encounters?

CARLIN: Only during our worst period of drug abuse. The coke made me incredibly horny.

PLAYBOY: During your college-concert years, did you have many groupies?

CARLIN: Anyone who's onstage is going to attract a certain number of misguided people. But I was never very interested in groupies. Instead of thinking about the sex, I'd always think about the clap and the crabs those people have.

PLAYBOY: How are comedian groupies different from rock-star groupies? Are they smarter? Funnier?

CARLIN: The women who line up at a comic's dressing-room door are not what you'd call your class groupies. I mean, there are some decent star fuckers, but they all want to fuck musicians and movie actors. To be a comedian fucker is like being a juggler fucker. Can you imagine a girl who wants to fuck only the opening act? It's like watching an animal trainer and then wanting to fuck the chimp.

PLAYBOY: You had an auto accident yourself recently. A bad one, though, fortunately, no one was hurt.

CARLIN: Only the car and my nose were totaled.

PLAYBOY: This is a delicate question, but——

CARLIN: No, I was clean and sober. A tire blew at the wrong time and I lost it. That's all.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure that's all?

CARLIN: Actually, I suspect there really was more to my accident than bad luck. I think it was God's way of punishing my nose.

PLAYBOY: Just when you finally got clear of coke, you had a heart attack. What sort of heart attack was it?

CARLIN: My left descending septal branch artery decided to close without consultation with any of my other organs. It happened on Saint Patrick's Day, 1978. I woke up that morning and my jaw muscles were tight and achy. I thought it was from the way I slept, so I took three Tylenols. But the pills didn't go down right, or didn't seem to. It felt like they'd lodged in my esophagus. I was driving my daughter Kelly to school and the jaw ache and this feeling of a lump in my chest continued. And that's when it hit me, Jesus, I'm having a heart attack. So I got Kelly to school and went straight to my doctor. It didn't show up on the EKG right away, but because of my symptoms, he put me in the hospital for tests. They don't take any chances with comedians. The blood sample confirmed the heart attack and the angiogram supplied the details. I loved the angiogram. They stick a thing in your thigh and it goes all the way up to your heart. Isn't that a thrill? Well, at least the nurse scored thigh.

PLAYBOY: Had you suffered any previous heart problems?

CARLIN: I've always had irregular heartbeats. They're called P.V.C.s—premature ventricular contractions. A lot of people have them, that feeling your heart almost stops for a moment, then starts again. I had a lot of P.V.C.s in intensive care and they became life-threatening.

PLAYBOY: Both you and Richard Pryor suffered heart attacks after years of cocaine abuse. Did any of your doctors suggest that the coke had actually brought on the attack?

CARLIN: I suspect it might have. Sometimes, after I'd gone at the coke like one of those snow plows moving up First Avenue, I'd think my heart was over on the dresser, pounding, and I was watching it. I asked some of the doctors who drifted through the intensive-care unit what kind of effect total cocaine abuse has on the heart and they said things like, "Well, there's not enough valid information. . . ." That kind of answer. But I consider the coke a major cause. Of course, you could also make the argument that because cocaine speeds up the heart, it's good for you.

PLAYBOY: A drug-induced aerobic exercise? That's a unique theory.

CARLIN: But not a very good one. I'll tell you this: When I was really coked up, those P.V.C.s were much more dramatic and more frequent than they are now. Each episode was so apparent. It would go, "*DOONG, DOONG, DOONG*—DUCK-DUCK . . . DUCK-DUCK . . . DUCK-DUCK-DUCK . . . DUCK-*DOONG, DOONG*." And I'd go, "Whoa, Jim. Let's go lie down."

PLAYBOY: What were your worst episodes during those years of cocaine abuse and heart irregularities?

CARLIN: It's worst when you combine coke and fucking with an irregular heartbeat. That's when you *really* feel like you're on the edge.

PLAYBOY: You've been on the edge—of a stage, anyway—since you were a child. As a fatherless Irish street kid from the Upper West Side, it's at least a twist on the typical show-business background. Was there any particular incident or influence in your childhood that sparked your ambition to become a performer?

CARLIN: By the age of six or seven, I was already doing voices and faces, making my friends and my mother laugh. Then I saw Danny Kaye in a movie, and he was doing voices and faces on that big, big screen and making whole audiences laugh. It was just an instant hookup.

PLAYBOY: So you were always funny.

CARLIN: First I was a mimic. Practically from the moment I began talking, I did impersonations of the people in my neighborhood—the storekeepers, the policemen, my teachers. I always knew I could hold people's attention and make them laugh every 30 or 40 seconds, and I got approval and attention for that, so the behavior was reinforced. Later, that became an important skill on the street corner.

PLAYBOY: Did you know your father?

CARLIN: My father and mother separated when I was two months old. Although he lived until I was eight, I literally didn't know him. My mother had been a secretary, and after she and my father split, she went back to work for an advertising executive. So my older brother and I were "latch-door kids." We went home for lunch and after school by ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Were you a lonely child?

CARLIN: My mother didn't get home until about seven most nights and, yes, there was a sense of being very alone after school. She gave me all the proper guidance and influences, but physically, she just couldn't be there. So I became a radio nut. I loved the afternoon serials, and I got into jazz through the radio. I had a subscription to *Down Beat* when I was 12. And I'd spend a lot of time in front of the mirror, miming records.

In my fifth-grade yearbook—it's right up there on the top shelf—the last page says, "What about your future?" and under my name, it says, "When I grow up, I would like to be either an actor, a radio announcer, an impersonator or a comedian." By the way, another item on that shelf up there, next to the fifth-grade yearbook, is a Dodgers program autographed by all my heroes. Being a Dodgers fan led to my first Air Force court-martial, but that's another story.

PLAYBOY: Which we'll get to later. . . . But for now, we're doing today's interview session in the little office next to your house, and it's a fascinating work space: two desks, a typewriter, a lot of recording and video equipment, books, records, tapes, files, all kinds of signs on the walls. Yet despite the clutter, there's an almost archival feeling of order.

CARLIN: My books and records are arranged according to subject, and within each subject, they're alphabetical by author or artist. The music tapes are alphabetical and the performance tapes are in chronological order.

PLAYBOY: Is that something you did on one of your coke runs after all the nuts and bolts were sorted?

CARLIN: There are two types of people: One strives to control his environment, the other strives not to let his environment control him. I like to control my environment, because I feel if I have my physical space in order, then I'm free to dream. So there is some compulsion involved. But the dividend I get is the freedom to be totally disorderly in my dreamworld.

PLAYBOY: What about all these hundreds of signs you have on the walls? Although

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they're all very interesting and funny, they're also obviously stolen.

CARLIN: I guess that makes me part vandal, part museum curator.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy stealing?

CARLIN: I think it keeps the child alive in me. There's a thrill when you steal something in plain view of other people. When you drop a newspaper over a sign and walk away with it, or take something off a wall and the sound of the glue ripping makes people turn around. Your heart is racing, it's a rush.

PLAYBOY: The one in the bathroom is marvelous: THE MACLAINE HOTEL COMMEMORATIVE NIXON VISIT, 1968. And Nixon signed it at the bottom.

CARLIN: Yeah; as soon as I saw it in the hotel lobby, I said, "*That's* going." I guess they'll be after me now.

PLAYBOY: In your routines, you return constantly, almost obsessively, to your parochial education. Did you ever attend public high school in New York?

CARLIN: I went to George Washington High School for six months before my 16th birthday, when I could legally quit. That was an even worse experience than the Catholic schools. I mean, they were still teaching fractions. But mostly, I played hooky. I had one 63-day streak.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a streak.

CARLIN: Yeah, and I didn't count weekends or holidays.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe yourself as a problem student?

CARLIN: I was a discipline problem, and I never did homework.

PLAYBOY: What sort of trouble did you get into?

CARLIN: When I was in seventh grade, I was caught stealing money from the visiting team's locker room during a basketball game. So I was sent to The Brothers. That's what they called this parochial school up in Goshen, New York. I was supposed to get closer supervision there and more "masculine influence," whatever that means. But I was thrown out for telling a couple of really lame kids on the playground that I had heroin.

PLAYBOY: Did you?

CARLIN: It was just a joke, but back I went to my old school, where all the kids I'd been with for eight years were about to graduate. But the sisters wanted me to repeat the whole term; so I went to the principal and pleaded with her to allow me to graduate with my class. She finally agreed on the condition that I write the graduation play. It was called *How Do You Spend Your Leisure Time?* Catchy title, huh? But, once again, I was rewarded for my cleverness, my showbusiness skills.

PLAYBOY: Even before adolescence, the essential themes of your adult life and work were pretty clearly laid out: humor, rebellion and drug use.

CARLIN: And the patterns became even more vivid at Cardinal Hayes High School. That's when I began failing subjects and running away from home for days at a time.

PLAYBOY: What, exactly, were you running away from?

CARLIN: My mother and her plans for my future. She had it all worked out. I would attend a nice college, then get a job in advertising. "You'll be one of those smart-looking fellows in their Madison Avenue suits." She was in advertising and had become friendly with all those assholes from G.M., Procter & Gamble, General Foods. She'd rattle off their names like a litany of deities. And they really were almost like gods to her, gods she tried to foist off on me, along with the gods of the Catholic Church. And I rebelled against her and her values and her plans for my future at every opportunity.

PLAYBOY: That must have made for a tranquil home.

CARLIN: The older I got, the more apparent it became that my mother was losing control over me. She fought back fiercely with black moods, silent treatments and martyrdom. "You're letting me down." "How can you do this to me?" "You hang out with those bums on the corner till all hours. They'll never amount to anything. Water seeks its own level." And, of course, all she did was run my ass out of the house even quicker. The pressure was unbearable.

PLAYBOY: Later, during your college-concert years and on your early albums, that rebellion against your mother's values resurfaced. You were over 30 then. Were you still feeling that anger? Or were you just drawing on the memory of it to please your audience?

CARLIN: Oh, I was still feeling those angers . . . no, let's call them hatreds, because that's what they were. The rebellious mood of the country during those years allowed me to plug right back into my old hatreds. I could scream and holler, as I did on the albums, against religion, government, big business—all those assholes and their values. That hatred was very real.

PLAYBOY: Do you still feel hatred toward the establishment?

CARLIN: The visceral aspect of it is gone now. But I still hold all the values I held when I was screaming more. They just don't take a physical and psychological toll on me anymore. I'm not possessed by an us-versus-them mentality. Well, I still have my days when I'm answering the television with a little more hatred than necessary, when the "Fuck you, Dan Rather" comes out with a harder edge than it should. But that's much less frequent than it used to be. I think I'm getting well on that level.

PLAYBOY: When you came to L.A. in the early Sixties, it was a justifiable career move. But was it also another way of running away from your mother?

CARLIN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Is your mother still alive?

CARLIN: Yeah, she's 85 now.

PLAYBOY: Will she read this interview?

CARLIN: Probably; but it really doesn't matter anymore. I've told her these things and I have what I used to call "the problem with my mother" out of my system now. Occasionally, she'll still push a few of the old buttons, but my anger lasts only a few seconds now, because I recognize them as old buttons. I tell her, "That doesn't work anymore," and we have a much better relationship. She even lives out here now. I no longer have to get away from her physically in order to escape the feelings that made me so unhappy in my teenage years.

PLAYBOY: Of all the values you rebelled against as a child, what was the one you most despised?

CARLIN: Religion. When the Catholics start laying their trip on you, you notice very early in life what a load of shit it is. The hypocrisy is just breath-takingly apparent, even to a child. But what I hated most was seeing those priests and brothers getting so much pleasure out of inflicting pain. I wondered what was wrong with them.

PLAYBOY: Do any other religions interest you?

CARLIN: None of the Christian religions do. They're all outer-directed. "Who can I convert?" "Let's go to this country and make them Christians." "Wear this." "Do that." "No, don't worship *that* way. Worship *this* way or I'll kill you—for the good of your soul, of course." Meanwhile, followers of Eastern religions are sitting in the middle of their minds, experiencing a bliss and a level of consciousness that Western man can't begin to approach. Christianity is all external, all material. Gold. War. Murder. The big churches operate, morally and economically, just like the big corporations. Yet they don't pay taxes. Let them pay their fair share, those fucking religions.

PLAYBOY: Can you see any good at all in Western religion?

CARLIN: The only good thing about Western religion is the music.

PLAYBOY: Do you pray?

CARLIN: I say things that can be defined as prayers. But I don't pray to a power or ask an entity to intercede in the earthly scheme, because I don't believe that happens. But if I see a really unfortunate person in the street, I do pray, yes, though I suppose it's really more like a mantra to ease my own sorrow.

PLAYBOY: You spent your adolescence running away from home, parochial school and the future your mother had mapped out for you. But until you hit 16, you really couldn't go anywhere. Did you take any *positive* action during those years to try to make your life a little freer and more satisfying?

CARLIN: I decided what I really wanted to do was go to the New York High School of Performing Arts, the school that was

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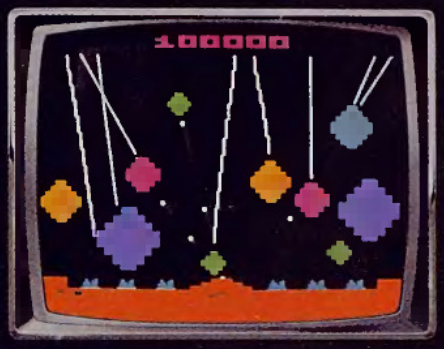

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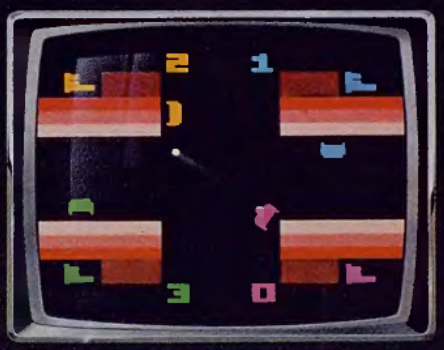

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in the movie *Fame*. So I went down to 46th Street and laid my rap on this lady in the admissions office. "Hi, I'm George Carlin. I'm real funny. I do impressions. I'm gonna be an actor and a comedian and I'd love to come to your school." And she said, "Fine, but you'll have to repeat the last year and a half." I said, "Why?" And she said, "Well, you don't have any background in fencing and speech . . ." and she named about five things that I didn't know had anything to do with becoming a show-business legend. So I said, "Hey, OK, I'm gonna have to get back to you, lady," and I was gone.

PLAYBOY: And that's how you wound up at a public high school for your last six months, studying fractions and running up your streak?

CARLIN: Yeah. I couldn't go back to Cardinal Hayes. I mean, I *had* to get away from those priests and brothers, those maniacs.

PLAYBOY: Then, at 16, you quit school, bounced around for a year and joined the Air Force on your 17th birthday.

CARLIN: In those days, we avoided the draft by enlisting. Now, that's an interesting concept. . . . But I had a plan. See, I was engaged at that time, so I figured I'd join up, marry my girl, live off base, then use my GI Bill to go to disc-jockey school.

PLAYBOY: But you never did get married.

CARLIN: You get away from home for the first time and you're true to your girl for a while, and then you start realizing, Jeez, I'm horny. So we both started dating other people, and eventually we drifted apart.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned having a subscription to *Down Beat* when you were 12, and your record collection is incredible. Yet you don't talk about music very much in your act. Just how important is music in your life?

CARLIN: It used to be more important than it is now. I overdosed on music during my period of cocaine abuse. I'd be playing rock all the time to feed my speed head, until I finally burned out on it. Also, the music took a turn for the worse. Also, I began to get well. I needed peace of mind. I didn't need the fucking amplified levels of rock, and I've never needed heavy-metal music.

PLAYBOY: When you were following rock, how did your tastes run?

CARLIN: I always enjoyed people like John Prine, soloists who wrote their own songs and had a point of view. The bands I liked tended to be soft rock. I've always preferred the gentle approach as opposed to the strident approach.

PLAYBOY: The Beatles as opposed to the Stones?

CARLIN: There are things the Stones did that I couldn't ignore, but I've always listened to the Beatles four to one over the Stones.

PLAYBOY: What do you listen to now?

CARLIN: Classical music, mostly.

PLAYBOY: And when you were a child?

CARLIN: I loved the R&B bands, Budd Johnson and Earl Bostic. The hallway groups—you know, do-wop music. I loved black music that other whites weren't into, and I was jealous of that prerogative. One of the things that bugged me as a kid was when the white music industry moved in on that black music.

PLAYBOY: May we assume that you weren't a Bill Haley fan?

CARLIN: To me, Bill Haley was a horrible phenomenon. When I hear all this nostalgic shit about the Fifties, the image that comes to my mind is of a bunch of really lame white kids with fucked-up clothing dancing to Bill Haley and His Comets. That might have been America's Fifties, but it sure wasn't mine. My Fifties were hanging around Harlem, wearing conservative clothes—a vest, a four-button suit with no peg in the pants, wing tips, eyelet shirts, thin ties—walking like a black dude and smoking grass and going to parties and dancing so slow you'd hardly notice it.

PLAYBOY: Folk music must have gotten to you in the early Sixties.

CARLIN: There was a short period when folk music was of great interest to me. It

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seemed authentic—just like black music was. Most rock 'n' roll struck me as inauthentic. It sounded like it was being created by an industry, not by a people.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get into country music?

CARLIN: Oh, I *loved* real country music. Again, not the kind they manufacture in Nashville. I loved bluegrass and the real country people, you know, like Bill Monroe and Hank Williams.

PLAYBOY: What about today's country music?

CARLIN: There's still some with that real white man's working-class soul in it. I love those strains of stark reality: hopelessness, sorrow, broken love, death. Like authentic R&B, authentic country music speaks for a people, and the similarities and differences between the two forms have always fascinated me.

PLAYBOY: For example?

CARLIN: The very appearance of a black man singing R&B music is full of expression, full of a physical revelation of his feelings—sexual and otherwise. The body is never held back. The freedom that a black expresses by merely walking down the street is even more evident when he sings onstage. By contrast, the white Protestant Southern country man singing onstage barely moves his body. If he's playing the guitar, his fingers will move and his lips will move and one foot will tap—and that's all. He is a tight asshole and that's his hang-up. But the lyrics those two men will write are precisely the opposite. The black man sings in symbolic terms about jelly rolls and sugar pies, while the white man tells you exactly what's on his mind. "Ohhh, a truck ran over my baaa-by in the ro-o-o-ad." It's a marvelous paradox that tells us so much about those two cultures.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your stint in the Air Force, somehow, it just doesn't seem as though signing up for military service was the best way for you to escape the regimentation of a parochial education.

CARLIN: That's true, and by the time my second court-martial rolled around, it had become fairly obvious to both me and the Pentagon that, as they say in a marriage, it just wasn't working out.

PLAYBOY: Your second court-martial?

CARLIN: Discipline has never been my strong suit. But, in the end, the Air Force was a great experience for me. I met a local d.j. at an off-base party, began hanging around the station and eventually, when somebody got sick, I filled in. By the time I was discharged, I had my own show on KJOE, the number-one station in Shreveport, Louisiana.

PLAYBOY: When you weren't getting your show-business career off the ground, what were your military duties?

CARLIN: I was a radar, optics and computer mechanic on B-47s at a SAC base.

PLAYBOY: Interesting job for a future counterculture hero.

CARLIN: Yes, wasn't it? There I was, impeding the war machine just by showing up for work.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that you smoked grass virtually every day of your life for 30 years. Even in the Air Force?

CARLIN: Sure. A friend used to mail it to me from New York—all cleaned and everything. I smoked right on the base all the time. People weren't familiar with the smell then. They thought it was some kind of cigar.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your courts-martial.

CARLIN: The first one came the day after the Dodgers won the world series in 1955. Our SAC unit was in England on a TDY, a sort of mobility drill that's supposed to be fairly serious business. But when Johnny Podres beat the Yankees in that seventh game, I went sailing into this little town off base, got drunk on cooking wine, then went back to the barracks with the intention of celebrating for the rest of the evening. When my tech sergeant expressed his displeasure at my actions—not to mention my noise level—I replied in a manner that he didn't consider in strict accordance with military protocol. I told him to go fuck himself. And to be honest, I don't think my salute was entirely up to standards, either. I didn't do any time for that one, but I did lose a stripe.

PLAYBOY: And your second court-martial?

CARLIN: That was more serious. We were having a simulated combat drill. The whole base was on alert and everybody pulled guard duty. So I was out there one night, and it was cold, you know. And I was tired. So I left my gun on the ground and went up into the crawlway of a B-47, smoked a joint and went to sleep. Fortunately, it was Christmas and I had a really benevolent judge, who said, "I should send you to jail for this, but I don't think any 18-year-old should spend the holidays in prison." So he let me off.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened to you?

CARLIN: Well, I had this d.j. job in town, and the commander of my squadron figured I might be more valuable as a PR tool working full time at the radio station than short-circuiting nuclear bombers and telling everybody to go fuck himself. So he gave me an off-base work permit and took me off the flight line. Eventually, they pulled the permit and another stripe and mustered me out.

PLAYBOY: Which freed you to become a professional disc jockey.

CARLIN: Yeah. I worked in Boston, Shreveport again and Fort Worth—that's where I began to develop my voices.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet Jack Burns, your first comedy partner?

CARLIN: In Boston. Jack was the morning d.j. and we roomed together. We adlibbed off each other and talked vaguely about doing a comedy act. But we split when I got the job in Fort Worth. Then, one night, Jack showed up in Texas in a car with four bald tires and said, "I'm on my way to Hollywood." This time, we did get an act together and began playing a coffeehouse in Fort Worth called The Celler. It wasn't a very good act, but people laughed. So we went to Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: Just like that?

CARLIN: It was crazy, but when we got to L.A., the first radio station we walked into was looking for a morning comedy team. Suddenly, there we were, in the second biggest market in the country, making $350 a week each—which at the time was a fortune—but after three months, we walked away from that to go into night clubs full time. That was the fun of it. We really felt strongly about ourselves and were willing to take outrageous risks.

PLAYBOY: What was your first night-club job?

CARLIN: A coffeehouse in Hollywood called Cosmo Alley. That's where Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl saw us. We did skits and two-man situations about race and religion. Nothing memorable, but most comedy teams of that era did moron stuff. At least we were trying to say something.

PLAYBOY: What, exactly, did Bruce and Sahl do for you?

CARLIN: Lenny got us a contract with a major agency, which was incredible. I mean, we'd been comedians for a month and a half when we got booked into the Playboy Club circuit purely on the basis of Lenny's going to bat for us. And Mort got us into the Hungry i in San Francisco. And because of those bookings, Burns and Carlin got work at a place called the Racquet Club in Dayton, Ohio, where the hostess was a young girl named Brenda Hosbrook. We dated every day I was there, wrote and called each other constantly afterward, and within a year, we were married.

PLAYBOY: You're not exactly a guy to agonize over important decisions.

CARLIN: Actually, it has always been a dreadful flaw in my character to stick with relationships and career plans far too long; but in those days, I was moving very quickly. And Brenda and I clicked on all levels right away.

PLAYBOY: What sort of love life did you have before meeting Brenda?

CARLIN: I did a lot of dating. . . . Well, dating may not be exactly the right word for it. Trying to get laid is a little more accurate. And please notice the word *trying*. I always wanted and enjoyed sex, but I never put much importance on scoring or having an athletic sex life. I guess I define myself more by my career and my commitment to a relationship than by my ability to have a lot of chicks or achieve ten orgasms in an evening.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe yourself as a very sexual person who doesn't consider sex very important?

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ALABAMA

All Stores—Parisian

Birmingham	Goldstein & Cohen
Birmingham	Yeilding's
Dothan	Glawson-Pearce
Dothan	J. Todds
Florence	Otto Speake Men's Wear
Gadsden	Hagedorn's
Homewood	Squire's Shop
Mobile	D. H. Holmes
Montgomery	The Hub
Sheffield	Otto Speake Men's Wear
Tuscaloosa	Schweitzer's

ARIZONA

All Stores—Broadway
All Stores—Diamond's

Green Valley	The Man's Room
Mesa	Goldwater's
Mesa	Hanny's
Mesa	Jalen's Big & Tall
Mesa	Pomeroy's
Nogales	Bracker's
Phoenix	Abbott's
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	Elliott's Big & Tall
Tucson	Goldwater's
Tucson	Levy's

ARKANSAS

All Stores—Dillard's

Fayetteville	Boston Store
Fayetteville	Paul Bunyan
Fayetteville	Trumbo's
Fort Smith	Boston Store
Harrison	Harrison House
Hot Springs	Schrader's
Little Rock	Paul Bunyan
Little Rock	Phillip's Men's Store

CALIFORNIA

All Stores—Dick Bruhn's
All Stores—Buffum's
All Stores—Desmond's
All Stores—Eagleson's
All Stores—Grodin's
All Stores—Harris & Frank
All Stores—Hastings
All Stores—The Highlander
All Stores—Lion's Den For Big & Tall
All Stores—Silverwood's

Alameda	Alburi's Men's Wear
Arcadia	Bruno's
Bakersfield	Brock's
Bakersfield	Casper's
Bakersfield	Harry's King Size
Bakersfield	Seiler's
Bakersfield	Walker-Abbott
Bakersfield	Herb Walkers
Beverly Hills	Beverly Hills Big & Tall
Borrego Springs	Mori's
Buena Park	Bob's Men's Shop
Buena Park	Slomann's Ltd.
Calexico	Casa Montano
Calexico	Garlan's
Cerritos	La Crosse Ltd.
Del Mar	The Men's Shoppe
Escondido	The Wardrobe
Fresno	Ralph Cross
Fresno	G & L Enterprises
Fresno	Gottschalks
Garden Grove	B & C Tailors
Glendale	Bruno's
Hemet	Harris Co.
Indio	Harris Co.
Indio	Bob Williams
Laguna Hills	Kings for Men
Manteca	Mendosas
Marysville	Schneider's
Monterey	Charmak & Chandler
Napa	Wigger Bros.
Palm Desert	Hales
Riverside	Harris Co.
Roseville	Richardson Wagner Corp.
Sacramento	Ferraris
San Bernardino	Black's For Men
San Bernardino	Harris Co.
San Diego	Jacobson's
San Diego	Lion Clo. Co.
San Diego	Rancho Bernardo Men's
San Francisco	Rochester Big & Tall
San Jose	Cris Cassara
San Jose	Howard & Gary Peterson
San Jose	Eli Thomas
San Ramon	Toghotti's
San Ysidro	Casa Avanti
San Ysidro	Casa Montano
Santa Barbara	The Big & Tall Gent
Santa Monica	Campbell's
Santa Rosa	Rosenberg's
Stockton	John Falls
Ventura	The Big & Tall Gent
Yuba City	Schneider's

COLORADO

Aurora	Famous Men's Shop
Aurora	Jerry Leonard
Colorado Springs	Gentlemen's Quarter
Colorado Springs	Osborn's
Denver	Cottrell's
Denver	The Denver
Denver	Joslin
Denver	Kaufman's
Denver	Jerry Leonard
Denver	Man's World
Denver	May D & F
Englewood	K-G Men's Store
Greeley	Otis Bros.
Pueblo	Rosenblums

HAWAII

Honolulu	Kramer's

IDAHO

Rexburg	Verns and Ferreis

KANSAS

Dodge City	Turner's
Fort Scott	Leek's Men's
Great Bend	West Ltd.
Kansas City	Jerry Leonard
Manhattan	West Ltd.
Overland Park	Jerry Leonard
Salina	West Ltd.
Topeka	Ray Beers Clo.
Wichita	Beuttel's
Wichita	Dillard's
Wichita	Jerry Leonard

LOUISIANA

Alexandria	Caplan's
Alexandria	Weiss & Goldring
Baton Rouge	Arthur's
Baton Rouge	Cohn-Turner
Baton Rouge	Four Corners Men's Wear
Baton Rouge	Goudchaux's
Baton Rouge	D. H. Holmes
Baton Rouge	The Varsity Shop
Bossier City	Pope's
Gretna	Jason's
Houma	Earl Williams
Lafayette	Abdalla's
Lafayette	Gaidrys
Lafayette	D. H. Holmes
Lafayette	Emile Joseph's
Lake Charles	Gaidry's
Lake Charles	Love's
Metairie	Rothschild
Minden	McCrary's Men's Shop
Monroe	Haneline's
Monroe	Krauss & Cahn
Monroe	Toggery
Morgan City	Ou Ral's Inc.
New Iberia	Abdalla's
New Iberia	Broussard's
New Orleans	Gemelli's
New Orleans	D. H. Holmes
New Orleans	Maison Blanche
New Orleans	M. Ponce Inc.
Oakdale	Abrusley's
Opelousas	Abdalla's
Ruston	Lewis Stagg Shop
Thibodaux	Johnny's

MONTANA

Billings	Shadoans
Butte	Thomas
Havre	Russell Evans
Kalispell	Haarr Bros.

NEBRASKA

All Stores—Jerry Leonard

Grand Island	Brandeis
Grand Island	Greenberger's
Grand Island	Miller & Paine
Hastings	Magee's
Lincoln	Brandeis
Lincoln	Landon's
Lincoln	Magee's
Lincoln	Miller & Paine
Lincoln	Ben Simon's
McCook	Vogue Clo.
Norfolk	Berle's Men's Shop
North Platte	Hirschfeld's
Omaha	Krug's Men's & Boys'
Omaha	Landon's
Omaha	Magee's
Omaha	Ben Simon's
Omaha	Stuart's Inc.
York	Tom's Clothing

NEVADA

Lake Tahoe	Vince's Men's Room
Las Vegas	Broadway
Las Vegas	Christensen's
Las Vegas	Diamond's
Las Vegas	Grodin's
Las Vegas	Harris & Frank
Las Vegas	Schwartz Bros.
Las Vegas	Silverwoods
Reno	Grodin's
Reno	Patersons

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque	Dillard's
Albuquerque	Goldwater's
Albuquerque	Henry's
Albuquerque	Jalen's Big & Tall
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

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck	American Man
Devils Lake	Glickson's
Dickinson	The Fad
Fargo	Jerry Leonard
Fargo	Straus Co.
Fargo	American Man
Grand Forks	Straus Co.
Jamestown	Straus Co.
Minot	American Man
Valley City	Straus Co.

OKLAHOMA

All Stores—Dillard's

Ada	Black's Men's & Boys' Wear
Altus	Mr. & Mrs. Inc.
Ardmore	Decks Menswear
Chickasha	Hicks Crutcher
Duncan	Ben & Ray
Edmond	S. K. McCall
Frederick	Johnny's Men's Wear
Guymon	D & J Store
Lawton	Fieldson's
Lawton	R. L. Meadors & Son
Lawton	Perkins
Lawton	Surrey Shop
Muskogee	S & O Clothiers
Norman	H. J. Hoelscher
Oklahoma City	Clarke's Good Clothes
Oklahoma City	Hyroop's The Big Tall Place
Oklahoma City	Rothschilds
Okmulgee	L. O. Hammons
Tahlequah	Hind's Dept. Store
Tulsa	Clarke's Good Clothes
Tulsa	Hyroop's The Big Tall Place
Woodward	Ken's Haberdashery
Woodward	Star Model Shop

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen	Mister Men's Wear
Aberdeen	Osborn's
Huron	Hedblom The Clothier
Mitchell	Small's Men's Wear
Rapid City	Gilquist's
Rapid City	Osborn's
Rapid City	Seeley's
Sioux Falls	Hilmoe-Swann
Sioux Falls	Norman's
Sioux Falls	Osborn's
Sioux Falls	Weatherwax's
Sioux Falls	Wilson's
Watertown	Larson's Men's Wear

TEXAS

All Stores—Dillard's
All Stores—Frank's King Size
All Stores—Joskes

Abilene	F & S Clothiers
Amarillo	Blackburn Men's Store
Amarillo	Canterfield Shop
Amarillo	Coal's Clothiers
Amarillo	Colberts-Harry Holland
Amarillo	His-N-Hers Accessories
Amarillo	Hub Clothiers
Arlington	Watson's
Arlington	Eddie William's
Austin	Clyde Campbell's
Austin	Clift's
Austin	MacDouglas
Austin	Wally's
Bay City	Sir's
Beaumont	Hofler's
Beaumont	George Wilson
Big Spring	Gibbs & Weeks
Borger	Denny's
Borger	Hub Clothiers
Bowie	Jim's Men's Specialty Shop
Brownfield	Collin's
Brownsville	J & O Men's Wear
Brownsville	Perl Bros.
Brownwood	Ernest Morris Men's Wear
Bryan	Palumbo's Men's Wear
Canyon	The Carl Wheel
Corpus Christi	Bob's King Size
Corpus Christi	Harris & Frank
Corpus Christi	Winsteads Man Shop
Corsicana	Harris & Jacobs
Corsicana	Morgan Jones
Dallas	Clyde Campbell's
Dallas	Dad & Lads
Dallas	Hyroop's The Big Tall Place
Dallas	L. O. Hammons
Dallas	Irby-Mayes
Dallas	Marvins
Dallas	Sansabelt Shop
Dallas	Tall-E-Ho
Denison	L. O. Hammons
Denison	Lilley's Clo. Mart
Denison	Brian Powell
Denton	Bomar's
Denton	Cravens
Denton	Dunlap's
Denton	McClurkan's
Dimmitt	Cobb-Rice
Dumas	Aldrich's
El Paso	Union Fashion Clo.
Ft. Worth	Clyde Campbell's
Ft. Worth	R. E. Cox
Ft. Worth	Jack Howard
Ft. Worth	The Stag Shop
Ft. Worth	Striplings
Gainesville	Manhattan Clothiers
Graham	Morrison's Men's & Boys
Grand Prairie	Watson's
Henderson	Earl's Men's Shop
Houston	Buck's Men's Wear
Houston	Dudley's Men's Wear
Houston	Fulmer
Houston	Hyroop's The Big Tall Place
Houston	The Man Shop
Houston	The Short Stop
Houston	Zindler's
Humble	Priddy's Men's Wear
Huntsville	Canon & Henry
Hurst	Watson's
Irving	Pauls
Jacksboro	Eds Clothes Shop
Kilgore	Hurwitz Men's Shop
Killeen	Barry's Dept. Store
Killeen	Saxon's Men's Wear
La Mesa	Collin's
Laredo	Joe Brand
Lingston	Kerrs
Longview	Hurwitz Man's Shop
Longview	Terrie's Timeless Fashions
Lubbock	Dunlap's
Lubbock	Hemphill Wells Co.
Lubbock	Lathams
Lubbock	S & O Clothiers
Marble Falls	Salems
Marshall	Bradbury's
McAllen	Albert Man's Fashions
McAllen	Joe Brand
McAllen	The Man's Shop
Midland	Cal's Men's Shop
Midland	Grammer-Murphy
Midland	Ray's Big & Tall
Midland	S & O Clothiers
Mineola	Collins
Mineral Wells	George's Man's Shop
Monahans	Benham's
Muleshoe	St. Clair's
New Braulels	Paul Bruner's
Odessa	James Braddock
Odessa	Dunlap's
Odessa	Jim's Tall and Big Man's Shop
Odessa	The Model Shop
Odessa	Quicksilver Co.
Odessa	S & O Clothiers
Olney	Slater's
Orange	Griffin
Overton	Hodges Man's Shop
Pampa	Brown-Freeman
Pampa	Hub Clothiers
Plainview	Gabriel's
Plainview	Ken's
Plainview	Marse & Son
Plano	Rich's For Men
Richardson	Dad & Lads
Rockdale	Hodges Man's Shop
San Angelo	Crowder's
San Angelo	Gabriel's
San Antonio	Paul Bruner's
San Antonio	Duffy T's
San Antonio	Joseph's
San Antonio	Pate's Men's Wear
San Antonio	Penner's
San Antonio	Pincus Co.
San Antonio	Satel's
San Antonio	Sid Robbins
San Antonio	Todd's
Sherman	The Gentry
Sherman	Hejny's Man Shop
Sherman	Lilley's Clo. Mart
Short Stop	The Short Stop
Stephenville	Hugon's
Temple	Barry's Dept. Store
Temple	Daniel's Men's Wear
Tulia	The Carl Wheel
Tyler	Hurwitz Man's Shop
Tyler	Massad's
Vernon	Clayton's
Victoria	Melvin's
Waco	R. E. Cox
Waco	Goldstein-Migel
Waco	Holt's
Waco	MacDougals
Waxahachie	Lyle Hunt Man's Shop
Weatherford	George's Man's Shop
Wichita Falls	Fieldson's
Wichita Falls	McClurkan's
Wichita Falls	Muehlberger's
Wichita Falls	Perkins
Wichita Falls	S & O Clothiers
Woodlands	The Man's Shop

UTAH

Murray	Frontline Men's Wear
Ogden	Tanner Clo.
Salt Lake City	Arthur Frank
Salt Lake City	Utah Woolen Mills
Salt Lake City	ZCMI

WASHINGTON

Seattle	Pacific Big & Tall
Spokane	The Big & Tall Shop
Spokane	Hamer's
Spokane	Pacific Big & Tall
Yakima	The Big & Tall Shop

WYOMING

Casper	Rich's
Casper	Ruckman's
Laramie	Jon-N-Jax
Rawlins	Karls Mens Store

MEXICO

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CARLIN: No, sex is important to me. I just never lead with my dick.

PLAYBOY: You and Brenda got married and lived the life of a road comic. Where was your home base?

CARLIN: Nowhere. For the first year and a half, we lived in a Dodge Dart.

PLAYBOY: Despite your success, Burns and Carlin broke up in 1962. Why?

CARLIN: We didn't work very hard and the act wasn't growing. I think that was mostly my fault, because after we split up, Jack became a tireless writer with Avery Schreiber and with Second City. I just never wanted to sit down and make up new routines, and I became a bit of a drawback to him. I guess I was subconsciously saving myself for my own act.

PLAYBOY: You saw your future as a single.

CARLIN: Definitely, and Jack always knew that.

PLAYBOY: Did you part on good terms?

CARLIN: Yes, and we've remained close friends for the past 20 years.

PLAYBOY: From 1962 until about 1970, you were a straight comic with a constantly ascending career. You continued working the Playboy Clubs, became a successful opening act in Las Vegas, then broke into TV. By your early 30s, you found yourself becoming rich and famous as a mainstream performer. But, as they say, were you happy?

CARLIN: I was happy about my success, but I was also frustrated, because I was sublimating the long-standing angers that I still hadn't begun to deal with. I mean, the night clubs were full of businessmen, and I hated them madly. But I had to repress my hatred, and that took its toll. I had a number of angry confrontations, including one at a Las Vegas hotel and another at a Playboy Club, and found myself back at the coffeehouses, where I'd started. And the colleges. Before Vegas, I'd been a folk comic on Bleecker Street in New York and Wells Street in Chicago. So when I made my break in 1970, I said, "I gotta go back to those people. They'll understand me. They'll let me sing my song." And those audiences *did* make me feel comfortable. I fed on them. I got out all the anger I'd repressed in my teens and 20s. Looking back on it, I suspect that whole period from 1970 to 1976—the albums, the college tours, the cocaine—was all just a way of completing my adolescence. When I was *really* an adolescent, I was engaged and in the Air Force and making adult decisions. I never really got to finish the angry, screaming, rebellious part of my youth. Then, when I was in my 30s, the country seemed to go through its *own* adolescence. Anger and rebellion and drug experimentation and outrageous music and clothing—all the typical manifestations of adolescent behavior were suddenly present in American society, and I just fell right into it. The country's mood allowed me to finish that chapter of my own life.

PLAYBOY: Despite all the changes you've gone through, one aspect of your career has remained fairly constant: your *Tonight Show* appearances both as a guest and as a guest host.

CARLIN: *The Tonight Show* is one of the few things I do that make me feel I'm really in show business. I used to feel that way on the old Ed Sullivan show. When the band played that theme, my stomach would drop and I'd say to myself, "Well, Ed didn't die, so you're definitely gonna have to go out there and do your monolog." I still feel that way when Ed McMahon announces me as guest host. It's exciting. Suddenly, I'm reminded that I really am part of that thing that was so glamorous when I was a kid—show business.

PLAYBOY: Most *Tonight Show* guests are mainstream-entertainment types—not the sort of folks we'd expect you to choose for five minutes of casual conversation. As a host, did you ever try to get the type of guests you'd really *enjoy* talking to?

CARLIN: The first time I hosted, I asked for Ralph Nader and Jane Fonda and was quickly told no. I asked why and they said, "Well, you know, we have advertisers who wouldn't be too thrilled with them." So I wound up with Dave Meggyesy. That was their sop to me—a radical football player.

PLAYBOY: But do you enjoy *The Tonight Show*?

CARLIN: Yes, and that's something I've found out about myself over the past four years—my getting-well period. As harmless and uncontroversial as those conversations are, there's a side of me that I used to deny that enjoys them. Now I let that side live, and entertain it when it needs to be nourished, and I still have my personal values.

PLAYBOY: But don't those personal values sometimes conflict with the overt commercialism of *The Tonight Show*?

CARLIN: I'd never read a commercial for them. I even have trouble doing the lead-ins. When I have to say, "Hey, Hi-Ho Paste Wax," I feel a little dopey.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a period in the early Seventies, when you were telling your club audiences to go fuck themselves, that Carson blackballed you from *The Tonight Show*?

CARLIN: Well, there was a period of about a year and a half when Carson wouldn't use me, but that was sort of my fault.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

CARLIN: The day before one of my scheduled appearances as a guest, I went in for my pre-interview with the talent coordinator. Now, this was just when I was beginning to go through my changes. My hair was long and I was wearing a tie-dyed T-shirt and sandals and rapping about Muhammad Ali, and at first she didn't even recognize me. I must have looked like I'd dropped all kinds of acid and they probably felt I wouldn't be reliable. So they bumped me off the next night's show and just stopped calling.

PLAYBOY: Did you try to reach Carson personally to explain the changes you were going through?

CARLIN: Sure. I went over there and visited him in the dressing room, but I was loaded up on snort and after listening to about ten minutes of nonstop chatter, he very politely excused himself. He could see I was in trouble.

PLAYBOY: What got you back in Carson's good graces?

CARLIN: As I continued doing my new material on the albums and at colleges and coffeehouses, it became apparent that I was still a reliable, professional performer. So, eventually, *The Tonight Show* invited me back. And from then on, they paid my air fare, which they hadn't done before. I've always taken that as an apology.

PLAYBOY: Now that it's over, have you talked with Carson about that episode?

CARLIN: No, because I've always understood his position. See, it wasn't my politics that bothered him. It was me. He thought I'd become a maniac.

PLAYBOY: Do you like Carson?

CARLIN: I like the person who's interviewing me when I'm on the show, which is really the only way I know him. During the breaks, he usually leans over to share something private with me. Never anything that relates to the upcoming conversation. I love that. He seems always to be opening himself up, showing me he cares about me sitting there.

PLAYBOY: Your most famous piece of material from those album and coffeehouse years is *The Seven Words*. Of course, that piece had a lot to say about censorship, but its impact came from its shock value, a comedic tool you frequently use.

CARLIN: I don't like the phrase shock value. Surprise is essential in comedy, and if people are shocked by what I consider merely surprising, then that's *their* shock. But there is no joke without surprise. For example, if I say, "Isn't it amazing that most of the women who are against abortion are women you wouldn't want to fuck anyway?" it's much more effective than "Isn't it amazing that most of the women who are against abortion are women you wouldn't want to get pregnant anyway?" Although "get pregnant" is the logical phrase in that sentence, because I'm talking about abortion, not sex, the word fuck, because it's a surprise, gives the joke its light and power. If that word shocks you, it's your problem.

PLAYBOY: Was it that love of verbal surprise that caused you to write *The Seven Words*?

CARLIN: Definitely. And my love of language. That piece began when I sat down one day and made a list of all the

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curses I could think of. Then I honed the list by eliminating all the compound words except cocksucker and motherfucker. Finally, I had seven. Seven words I felt absolutely certain could never be used, even in the most learned conversation, on network television: shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker, tits. And over the years, I've written several routines around that list.

PLAYBOY: You became a part of American legal history when, because of an FCC action resulting from the airing of one of those routines, you were summoned for a command performance by the Supreme Court. How did that particular booking come about?

CARLIN: In 1973, WBAI-FM, a Pacifica Foundation radio station in New York, played an 11-minute version of *The Seven Words* as part of a program on language taboos. A gentleman from a group called Morals in Media—a forerunner of the Moral Majority—was driving around Long Island that day with his 13-year-old son and they listened to the whole thing.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone ever ask why he didn't turn the dial if he found the program objectionable?

CARLIN: Of course not. And when this guy complained to the FCC, that august body voted to censure WBAI, which is a serious mark against a station on its license-renewal application. So WBAI fought the censure and won in Federal district court. But that was the Nixon FCC, and they appealed the case to the Supreme Court.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about that?

CARLIN: I felt like I was being called to the big principal's office in Washington. I mean, getting kicked out of school and kicked out of the choir and having a couple of courts-martial—those transgressions suddenly seemed like small potatoes. That these nine men had summoned me into their presence to question my conduct absolutely thrilled the perverse and rebellious side of my nature. I thought, Even if I just become a little footnote in the lawbooks, I'll be a happy footnote forever.

PLAYBOY: How did the case turn out?

CARLIN: We lost. The Supreme Court found that the FCC *did* have the right to restrict a radio station from playing indecent material at a time when a child might be listening. The word obscene was kept out of the case, because obscenity is defined according to community standards. The word indecent has never been defined legally. And the Court never established how old a "child" is or exactly which hours a child might reasonably be expected to be listening. So the FCC still doesn't have the right of prior restraint.

PLAYBOY: In other words, there's still no official list of words you can't say—which is what your *Seven Words* piece was all about.

CARLIN: That was exactly my premise. All I want is a list. When I was a kid, nobody would tell me which words not to say. I had to go home and say them and get hit. As a result of the WBAI case, the Supreme Court has put the FCC in the same position as the parent. It can punish you after the fact, but it can't tell you beforehand exactly what the restricted areas are.

PLAYBOY: So American broadcasters continue to work in constant jeopardy—leading, of course, to self-censorship.

CARLIN: That's right. And they have to be extra careful with those two-way words. I mean, they can prick their finger, but they can't finger their prick.

PLAYBOY: That *Seven Words* case brought you together with Hollywood's left-wing establishment—another group of folks with whom you don't normally associate.

CARLIN: Norman Lear called me up and said they wanted to make me one of the A.C.L.U.'s Persons of the Year or something, because of the *Seven Words* case—which I really didn't have that much to do with. WBAI was fighting all the battles and doing all the work and nobody was throwing testimonials for it. The A.C.L.U. was also honoring Lily Tomlin and Garry Trudeau that night. I mean, what the hell have two comics and a cartoonist really contributed to the cause of freedom in America? But that's Hollywood liberalism for you. And because my ego was obviously involved, I said, "OK, that's cool, I'll go."

PLAYBOY: Who else was there?

CARLIN: The usual sad, stale Hollywood liberal crowd, these tired idealists. I don't have to name them. They're famous performers and you see them at every fucking rally. Only the button in their lapel changes.

PLAYBOY: Did you wear a tuxedo?

CARLIN: I wore a dark suit. That's as far as I go, even for the First Amendment.

PLAYBOY: In addition to being honored, did you perform at that function?

CARLIN: While all the other assholes were speaking, Lily Tomlin and I had fun just doing looks at each other across the table. She's great. But then I got up and actually performed *The Seven Words*. And as liberal as those people were supposed to be, and as interested as they were in the Supreme Court case, they just couldn't handle it.

PLAYBOY: You mean after all that, they didn't laugh?

CARLIN: Oh, they laughed, and at the end they applauded. But I've been a performer for a long time and I know when people are laughing from their guts, from the inside, and when their tuxedos are laughing.

PLAYBOY: Shouldn't a lifelong radical like you be more sympathetic toward liberal activists?

CARLIN: I have no patience for anyone who sits and mouths clichés. Everybody's got a fucking easy answer for all our problems. But there are no easy answers, because you can't change just one thing, you have to change everything. We've come that far in our destruction of this poor green planet. And I just feel removed from that.

PLAYBOY: Which leaves you open to the criticism that you're copping out.

CARLIN: I love that phrase: copping out. It actually means to admit guilt, not to get off the hook. And, yes, I do cop out. I cop out to not having glib and easy answers like all those wonderful professional crusaders.

PLAYBOY: Would you include Ralph Nader and Barry Commoner in that sweeping condemnation of American social activism?

CARLIN: I see them as giving heart to yet another generation of misguided idealists.

PLAYBOY: And is that so bad?

CARLIN: I think, strategically, it *is* bad. Because the function the crusaders and the investigative reporters really serve in this society is to show the true enemies of humanity—the people on top with the power—where their weak spots are. And then the establishment moves in quickly and silently with a little cement and covers up those holes. And the story goes away, and a few people are never heard from again, and the juggernaut rolls on—stronger than ever.

PLAYBOY: What about Watergate? That's at least one instance in which the investigative reporters broke the establishment.

CARLIN: Yes, Watergate. "The system worked." I believe that phrase now represents the official historical verdict on that glorious chapter of our history. Well, bullshit! The system worked because McCord left some tape on the lock. And what's the logical implication of *that* statement? Without the tape, the system *wouldn't* have worked. So fuck the system.

PLAYBOY: Do you vote?

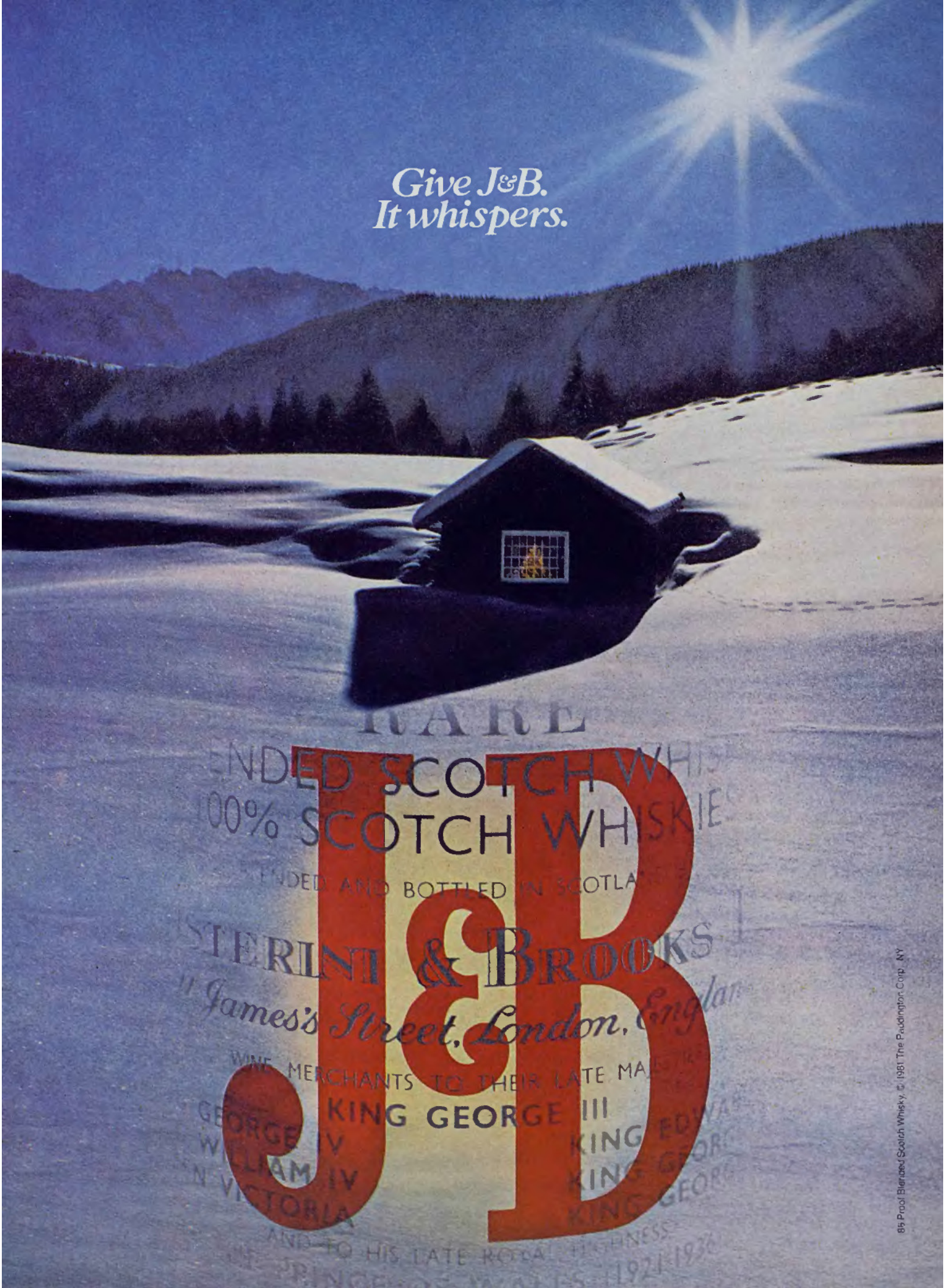
CARLIN: No. We're led to believe we're free through the exercise of ineffective freedoms.

PLAYBOY: But some activists have helped the lives of some people—even without overhauling the system.

CARLIN: I know, I know. It's not that I'm unaware of the accomplishments of, say, Ralph Nader. He has made the lives of a small number of people a little better. But personally, emotionally, I'd rather divorce myself from the world than face the heartbreak of partial success. Because partial success implies overwhelming failure.

PLAYBOY: For a nonvoter, you hold some strong opinions about politics. Have you ever considered adding Will Rogers–style political humor to your act?

CARLIN: Will Rogers said, "I never met a man I didn't like." I say, "I never liked a man I didn't meet." And,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although I never met him. I don't like Will Rogers much, either. He got away with an awful lot because people were more innocent then. His whole bit was that politicians stink, which is a poor substitute for humor.

PLAYBOY: Which comedians *do* you like?

CARLIN: So many brilliant comics have entertained and inspired me throughout my life that no list could ever be complete. The first, of course, was Danny Kaye. Then the Marx Brothers, Abbott and Costello, the Ritz Brothers. I don't know why the Ritz Brothers weren't more popular. It's my belief that Milton Berle and many other successful Jewish comics got their shtick from Harry Ritz. That man invented the moves for a whole generation. As a kid, I loved the radio comedians, especially Fred Allen. And I liked Jerry Lewis' early work. His abandon. That's what I've always admired. The ability to let go.

PLAYBOY: Were you a Steve Allen fan?

CARLIN: I loved his work on *The Tonight Show* in the Fifties. There was a certain power and impact to the phrases Allen used—"I certainly hope so and right in your mouth"—a crashing, cascading brilliance and an instinct for the jugular.

PLAYBOY: Who was the first comedian to influence you whose influence is still evident in your work?

CARLIN: Jonathan Winters. The voices, the characters—at least *I* see his influence on me. But he had something I lack: a window to insanity that he could climb through and really inhabit his characters. My characters just don't have the heights and depths that his do, but he's paid for his genius with several vacations in the Hoo-Hoo Hotel.

PLAYBOY: Does your love of abandon include an admiration for Don Rickles?

CARLIN: The first few times I saw Rickles, he amazed me with his brashness and willingness to cross lines. But I don't like the way he closes his act—by apologizing for what he does. It's insincere. A performer who kisses the audience's ass is full of shit.

PLAYBOY: One of your current projects is a motion picture you're writing. The two modern comics who've gone that route with the most success are Woody Allen and Mel Brooks. What do you think of their work?

CARLIN: In both Brooks and Allen, there's such an overriding theme of their own personal Jewishness that it's not always easy for a non-Jew to appreciate it all. But Brooks makes me laugh a lot—especially when he's being interviewed and giving instant answers to things. The *2,000-Year-Old Man* killed me, just put me away. There are elements of overindulgence in his films that don't quite get to me, but the man himself has a brilliant comic mind. Woody Allen is irresistible: his beautiful observations and the wonderful way he toys with our psychological processes. And to have written so many fine scripts in such a brief period is really, to me, his most magnificent accomplishment. Twenty years ago, as a stand-up comic, Woody Allen wrote the following joke: "I was thrown out of NYU for cheating on a metaphysics exam. I looked into the soul of the boy next to me." If he'd done nothing else for the rest of his life, I'd still love Woody Allen for that one joke. He doesn't always make me roll down the aisle, but he always makes my mind laugh its ass off.

PLAYBOY: You and Richard Pryor started out together in the folk rooms of Greenwich Village, and except for his work as a movie actor, your careers have taken remarkably similar courses—right down to the cocaine and the heart attack. Do you see yourself as the white Richard Pryor? Or him as the black George Carlin?

CARLIN: In the early Sixties, Richie and I would frequently be on the same bill at the Café Au Go Go, and sometimes, while introducing each other, we'd do a few improvs between sets. There was always a rapport, and perhaps we share certain comic viewpoints, but I think Pryor is without peer. The thing he does better than anyone else is represent who he is, where he's been and who has been around him. He doesn't do whole characters in the sense that Lily and Jonathan do, but Richard does fantastic characterizations—an entire personality implied by just a line here, a gesture there. And his white guys *really* kill me. Richard is just a genius. He makes me laugh from the soles of my feet—that's S-O-L-E-S.

PLAYBOY: Does Steve Martin make you laugh?

CARLIN: I don't laugh as much as I do at some of the other people, but I like Steve Martin's mind. I like the attitude he brings to that arrow through his head. And I love the way he mocks the performer's situation and self-image—the way he does that phony asshole onstage.

PLAYBOY: Who else do you like?

CARLIN: Martin Mull. I can't even put my finger on exactly what about Martin I like, I just know that his jokes make me laugh very hard. They're unusual. The twist of his mind is refreshing. And his songs are great.

PLAYBOY: Have you noticed how many comedians keep going into their 70s and 80s? Do you think there's something about comedy that's good for the health?

CARLIN: I seriously have thought that there must be a therapeutic value to humor, a life force that's enhanced by laughter. Because it certainly is an observable phenomenon that comics just go on forever, though Freddie Prinze did fuck up the curve a little.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider it a professional obligation to rush out and see every hot new comic and every film comedy that's released?

CARLIN: On the contrary: I try *not* to see new comics—their acts or their films. Part of that is professional. I don't want to be influenced. But another part is fear and jealousy. I'm afraid to see how good they might be. I don't like that emotion, but it's part of me.

PLAYBOY: You never buy material, do you?

CARLIN: No, and again, this isn't a very flattering thing to say about myself, but I don't want anyone to think I need help. Now that I'm going to try to make movies, I have to open myself up to collaboration, because film is a collaborative art. And that's difficult for me. I have an extreme jealousy of authorship. . . . Folks, we've got a really twisted guy here.

PLAYBOY: You're said to be one of the most stolen-from comics in the business. What was the most blatant theft you can recall?

CARLIN: A comic I admire very much, Joan Rivers, did one of my pieces on *The Tonight Show* just recently. I couldn't believe it, because it was a bit I'd used regularly for years. I said, "When my mother was pregnant with me, she carried me very low. In fact, for the last few weeks, my feet were sticking out." And my follow-up, which Joan also used, was, "However, she did tell me it came in handy on stairs." Theft is one of the risks you run when you buy material, and I'll bet Joan bought that joke. . . . Now that I've said this in public, I guess I'll find out.

PLAYBOY: Any other examples?

CARLIN: Remember I said that Garry Trudeau was also honored at that A.C.L.U. dinner—along with Lily and me? One of the things I said that night was, "I'm into a new lifestyle that doesn't require my presence." Garry later used that line in an interview. Maybe he thought he heard himself say it.

PLAYBOY: In October 1975, you were the guest host on the first *Saturday Night Live* show. What sort of experience was that?

CARLIN: I was totally coked out that week, so my memories are imperfect. And there was so much tension around that nobody was giving off real-life signals. But I do remember being made to feel extremely welcome.

PLAYBOY: Was that tension more than the normal case of opening-night jitters?

CARLIN: There was the pressure of a live performance and the pressure of a new show—both of which are normal. But there was also a certain amount of tension between the technicians and these young, privileged, snotty, satirical kids who were getting this big break.

PLAYBOY: What was your first impression

of the Not Ready for Prime Time Players?

CARLIN: I could see immediately that they were good comic performers and great sketch players. I had trouble personally on that show, because I don't consider myself an actor, and that includes sketch playing. I was so self-conscious and unsure that I eventually made them cancel a whole piece. I was supposed to play Alexander the Great at his high school reunion. I just felt so silly in that outfit and nothing in me could make me believe I was him. I guess I let a lot of people down, but acting has always been a problem for me.

PLAYBOY: Even without you in the sketches, that opening *Saturday Night Live* show had an incredible impact. Were you aware at the time of how strongly people would respond, both pro and con?

CARLIN: Oh, yeah. We even got Cardinal Cooke to call in before the show was over. I was particularly proud of that.

PLAYBOY: As we recall, you did a monolog about God that night.

CARLIN: Yes, and Cooke was so incensed he got right on the phone. All I said was that I'd been taught that I was made in God's image, but it looked more like we had made Him in our image. And if He was anything like me, He was far from perfect. Then I said I thought the whole idea of God's being perfect was out of the question. I mean, just look at His work. He can't make two leaves alike. Every mountain range is crooked. He can't even get two fingerprints the same. . . . And about that time, the phones lit up.

PLAYBOY: What did you think, overall, of *Saturday Night Live*?

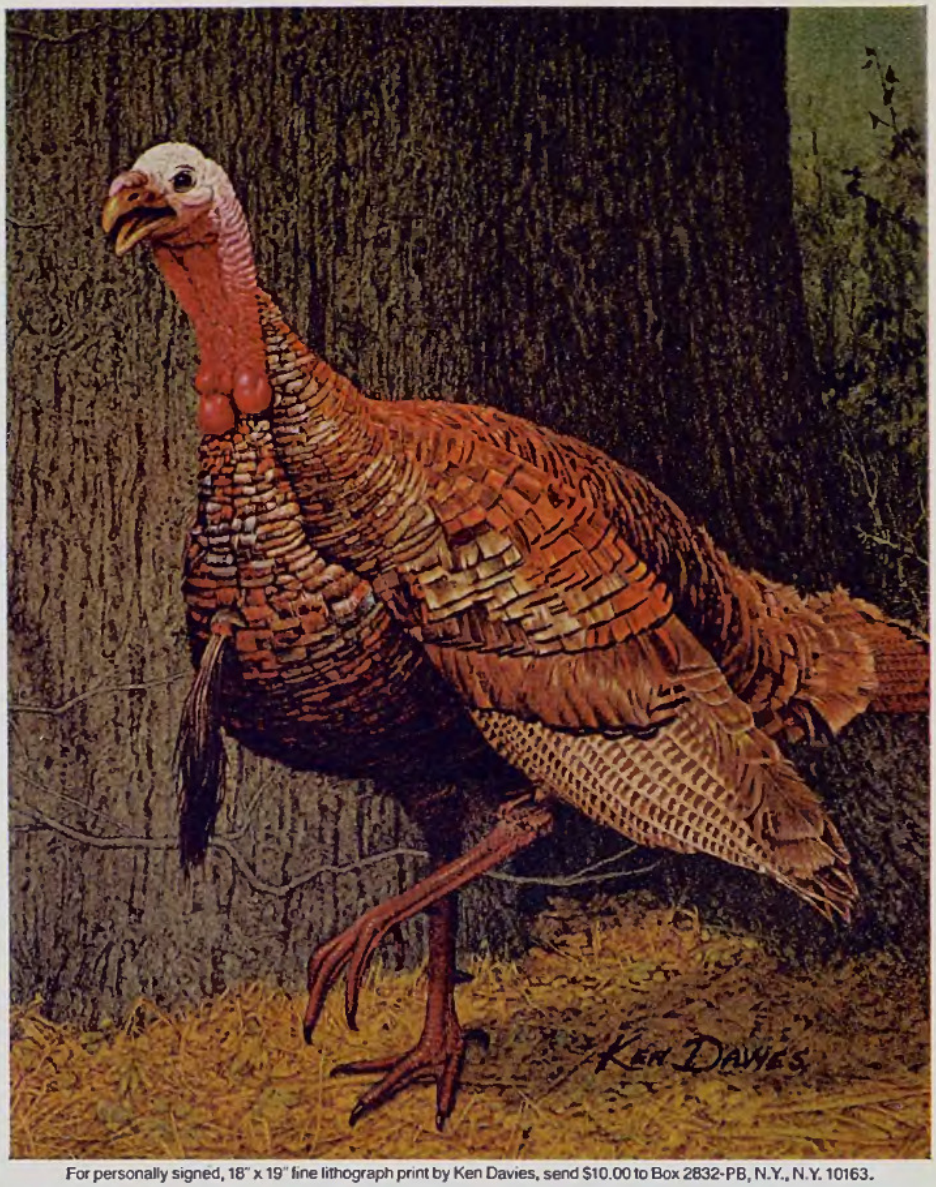
CARLIN: The show made me laugh, but it didn't really take on a lot of issues. It *seemed* daring, and there were things that were sort of irreverent, but mostly they didn't present any alternate ideas, they just tore down. Which is a form of comedy I can live with but I don't love.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your own inability to act. Are you now admiring an ability simply because it eludes you?

CARLIN: Maybe, but so far, I haven't even been able to *try* to act. You see, I believe that ultimately, actors are escaping from themselves. I've spent the first 45 years of my life trying to figure out who I am and how best to expose myself to the world.

PLAYBOY: Is acting something you might like to get into someday?

CARLIN: If I can do what I'd like to do in comedy over the next ten years—a couple of books, a couple of screenplays, some fun on cable, a few more albums—then I think it would be really magnificent, about the age of 55, to begin serious training as an actor. Between 55 and 70, I'd like to play small



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roles in out-of-the-way theaters, then get into films as an older character actor; show up for eight minutes in the bar scene, do my little shtick and disappear. Oh, I would revel in that kind of life, and I'm going to try for it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever fantasized about living in another age?

CARLIN: If I had lived in Babylonian times, I probably would have chiseled my jokes in stone tablets and dragged them from house to house. In the Middle Ages, I'd have been that odd fellow standing in the middle of the square, telling stories. The townspeople would pass and say, "Every Friday he comes in and talks for an hour. We don't know why." I would have loved that.

PLAYBOY: In your performance fantasies, it almost doesn't matter whether or not people are listening to you, as long as you get to do your rap.

CARLIN: People become performers for many reasons. Some do it to get a lot of pussy—and that's a good reason. Some want a bigger car. Other guys want to travel. My reason has always been that I was screaming to let all this shit out of me.

PLAYBOY: Late at night, when the lights are out and the TV is off and Brenda is sleeping but you're not quite asleep yet—what do you think about? What goes through your mind?

CARLIN: I fly. I close my eyes and picture myself making the motions of treading water, and then I start floating over trees and houses and farms and fields that are crosshatched. It all rolls by just like in the penny arcade when you drive the car for a quarter. Occasionally, I'll throw in a lake or a river. Sometimes I let an animal run by. Maybe a dragon. One dragon, that's all. You don't want too many dragons in your fantasy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any hobbies?

CARLIN: No.

PLAYBOY: No?

CARLIN: I have interests and I read a lot, mostly nonfiction, because I'm probably still trying to finish my education. But my primary avocations are to make my family and my household happy, to live inside my brain, to have funny thoughts and to write them down—for myself, mostly.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that desire to live within your own head derives from your lonely childhood?

CARLIN: Probably. My mother would always say of me, "He certainly knows how to entertain himself." So I don't seek a release or an escape in activities.

PLAYBOY: Do you deliberately avoid new activities because they might interfere with the life of your mind?

CARLIN: Yeah; I've never permitted myself to experience the joys of racquetball and I don't feel the loss.

PLAYBOY: But do you feel lonely?

CARLIN: I feel an aloneness, and I relish that. As much as I love my family, I enjoy it when the house is empty, because then I know I'm truly alone, as we all are on the planet, after all. You know, every atom in us is originally from a star. And during my moments of aloneness, I'm most mindful of that; that I'm just another group of matter randomly but wonderfully arranged. That's when I feel my immortality.

PLAYBOY: Your *im*mortality, as in afterlife?

CARLIN: Not in the Christian sense, but I do believe in the survivability of the human spirit. We were all part of a giant explosion once, and we've come a long way. The incredible distances of past and future time, the history of this whole fucking, vibrating, resonating mother mass—that's what I read and think about more than anything else.

PLAYBOY: Do you see much of a future for us?

CARLIN: I don't see much of a future for this planet. I think it's a cursed planet. The boundaries we've drawn between nations and the profit motive—those two factors—have, in my opinion, brought us to the point where almost nothing can stop the utter destruction of the environment and all our earthly life-support systems. Perhaps after a holocaust, the survivors can rebuild on

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a more spiritual level. Perhaps civilizations rose and failed many times on this planet before man arrived.

PLAYBOY: Your opinion of mankind is not exactly reverential.

CARLIN: Man in his finest state is a curious and investigative creature capable of the magic of creativity. In a book called *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, Julian Jaynes argues that man didn't even reach what we call consciousness—that is, the ability to self-inspect—until about 1000 years before Christ; that *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* were written by unconscious humans who had auditory hallucinations from the right side of their brains. Now, if we can come from a state of unconsciousness to consciousness in only 3000 years, imagine what other states we might reach given the time and the freedom to evolve.

PLAYBOY: Maybe we will get that freedom. American cultural influence pervades half the globe, and this *is* the home of the free.

CARLIN: The folks who settled the United States and migrated to it afterward have mostly been narrow-minded religious people, exploiters and frontier-justice types who shot first and asked questions later. We're not a freedom-loving people in the beautiful, spiritual sense. We have an inspiring Constitution, but we're a hardhearted people.

PLAYBOY: We've had a checkered past, at best, including slavery and the exploitation of immigrants and women. But we've made improvements on those fronts. Doesn't that give you hope?

CARLIN: No. When I see blacks and women wanting to gain their freedom so they can become corporation executives, I realize that the situation is hopeless. What's the good of having freedom if you then willingly go off and become a slave to an amoral institution? It's especially depressing to see blacks wanting to dive into the mainstream of American commercial life. They come from a magnificent African culture based on aesthetics, and now they all want to become fort builders like the vicious people who originally enslaved them.

PLAYBOY: You may despise the American corporate structure, which is unabashedly based on greed, but you're now despising it from a beautiful home in a beautiful neighborhood. Earlier today, you were despising it from inside a $35,000 BMW.

CARLIN: My money buys me the freedom not to be a member of the corporate structure. And I certainly don't feel guilty or hypocritical about that. The way our economy is set up, if you don't want to be a corporate moron and you don't want to be enfeebled in the streets, you must earn enough to know that you'll never have to go to *them* for money. And I've been able to do that without selling anything that injures the earth. I sell thoughts, laughs and ideas.

PLAYBOY: You never do commercials. Are you willing to condemn other performers who do?

CARLIN: It seems to me like a perversion of talent for an artist of any kind to further the corporate structure of America or the personal interests of the morons and thieves who run it.

PLAYBOY: Given your tough views about America, how do you feel about Soviet society?

CARLIN: I despise bullies in any guise. Russia offers very little freedom. Its economy is unsuccessful. It can't even get a harvest together. It *appears* to do its war machine well enough to get its geopolitical ends met, but I don't know how it'd fare if it actually had to fight a war. It would probably fuck that up, too. Russia just looks like a total failure to me.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you referred to the U.S. Constitution as "inspiring." Do you endorse all of it—even the right to bear arms?

CARLIN: I have mixed feelings about that. I plan to get a gun if crime gets any worse. I believe my first duty is to survive. And I'm not just talking about criminals coming into my home. I once seriously considered getting a gun to protect myself from the police. If I need a weapon to continue living, I'll get one. And I'll use it.

PLAYBOY: But if violence in our society——

CARLIN: Look, I'm going to interrupt you: There are two ways to think about this existence we have. One of them is that it's Wednesday and it's three fifteen and we're talking here in my home, and at four o'clock I have to leave for another meeting. Now, that's a reality. But there's another reality. We're in the solar system of a second-rate star, three quarters of the way out on a spiral arm of an average galaxy in a thing called the Local Group. And ours is only one of billions of galaxies, each of which has billions of stars. Some star systems are binary, and there could be a planet that revolves around a center of gravity between two binary stars. So you'd have two sunrises and two sunsets every day. One could be a red giant, the other a white dwarf; two different-sized, -shaped and -colored suns in the sky. And there might be other planets and comets. In other words, fuck Wednesday, fuck three fifteen, fuck four o'clock, fuck the United States, fuck the earth. It's all temporal bullshit. I like thinking about being out there and not thinking about the corporate structure, not worrying about freedom and not worrying about guns. I chose a life of ideas. That entertains me. That nourishes me. And that's why I run from this conversation.

PLAYBOY: Returning for a moment to the planet Earth, what have you done with all the money you've earned in your career?

CARLIN: A lot of it went up my nose. As for the rest, well, I won't invest in the stock market, so I've had various business managers—all of them now fired—who've gotten me into limited partnerships in real estate. I don't know how fair or unfair our rent policies are, because, again, I'm a limited partner. Really limited; limited not only by the definition of the agreement but also in terms of my own appreciation of business. I'm a *limited* partner. That's why they wanted me. They said, "This guy's limited. Let's get him into our fucking partnership."

PLAYBOY: Because those business managers are gone, may we presume that in the future you'll be doing other things with your money?

CARLIN: Land still seems relatively harmless, though it would be really nice if there were no ownership. One philosopher has rightly said that property is theft. But I'd like to use my future ownership of property to give something back. You've got to give back some of what you take out—especially when you take wealth out at an unnatural level, as entertainers do. So I think it would be fair and right to use some of my land and wealth for a drug-rehab center or an Indian school.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you've said anywhere in this interview that you wish you could change?

CARLIN: No, but something I said will, I think, change me.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

CARLIN: I was thinking of that conversation we had about my outside interests and it occurred to me that I don't define myself by much more than my career. When I'm not actually doing my work, I'm planning it or thinking about it or reading things that on some level are transformed into performance fantasies. I have no active interests. I never go anywhere or do anything that transports me outside the boundaries of my mind. But because of this interview and the questions this interview has spawned among myselves—now, there's a frightening slip, "among myselves"—well, now I've begun thinking about getting into some extracareer activities.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what they'll be?

CARLIN: I think I'll join a softball team. Drinking beer on the bench with the guys. Shagging flies. Sliding headfirst into third base. . . . Wow, man, sounds great. I can't *wait* to sign up!

PLAYBOY: When will you do it?

CARLIN: In a year or two. I need to develop my reality picture first. Psychocybernetics. Dream something strong enough and it'll happen. . . . Ahhh, softball. I can taste the dust from the base line already . . . someday. . . .

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He knows the old year's final hour offers new beginnings as well as auld lang syne. He takes pleasure in holidays—PLAYBOY readers buy 24 percent of all champagne sold in this country. He doesn't mind playing a supporting role—putting her center stage, giving her star treatment, so that as the clock ticks into the new year, she feels she's the only woman in the world. And he's happy to be playing New Year's Adam to her New Year's Eve.

she loved two men—
and she was losing them both

KILLING

fiction BY JOHN UPDIKE

ANNE'S FATHER'S HAND felt warm and even strong, though he lay unconscious, dying. In this expensive pastel room of the nursing home, he was starving, he was dying of thirst, as surely as if he had been abandoned in a desert. His breath stank. The smell from the parched hole that had been his mouth was like nothing else bodily she had ever smelled—foul but in no way fertile, an acid ultimate of carnality. Yet the presence was still his; his gray face, in its unconscious struggle for breath, flitted, soundlessly muttering, into expressions she knew—the helpless raised eyebrows that preceded an attempt at the table to be droll, or a sudden stiffening of the upper lip that warned of one of his rare, pained, carefully phrased reprimands. A lawyer, lost to his family in the machinations of cities and corporations, he had been a distant father, reluctant to chastise, and the dinnertime joke his most comfortable approach to affection. He had spent his free time out of the house, puttering at tasks he had no son to share. In New Hampshire, over several summers, he had built a quarter mile of stone wall with his own hands; in Boston, there had been the brick terrace to level and weed; in the suburb of his retirement, compost heaps to tend and broken fences to repair and redesign. In the year past, his hand had lost its workman's roughness. There was no task his failing brain could direct his hand to seize. Unthinkingly, Anne had asked him, this past summer, to help one of the children to build a birdhouse; manfully, chuckling with energy, he had assembled the tools, the wood, the nails. His pipe clenched in his teeth as jauntily as ever, he had gone through the familiar motions while his grandson gazed in gathering disbelief at the hammered-together jumble of wood. The old man

SCULPTURE BY FRANK GALLO

stood back at last, gazed with the child, saw clearly for a moment and abandoned such jobs forever. Dry and uncalloused, his hand rested warm in his daughter's.

Sometimes it returned her squeeze; the agitation that passed across his face caused his shallow pulse to race. "Just relax," she would chant to him then, bending close, into his caustic breath. "Re-lax. It's all right. I'm right here, Daddy. I won't go away. Don't fight anymore, Daddy."

Anne was reminded, in these hours of nonsensical holding and cruel waiting, of a childhood episode scarcely remembered for 30 years. It had been so strange, so out of both their characters. She had been a cheerful child—what they called in those years "well adjusted." At the age of 13 or so, the first of three daughters to be entering womanhood, she was visited by insomnia, an inexplicable wakefulness that made sleep a magic kingdom impossible to reach and turned the silhouetted furniture of her room into dragons. Her mother dismissed the terror with the same lightness with which she had explained menstruation, as an untidiness connected with "the aging process"; it was her father, surprisingly, who took the development seriously. As Anne remembered it, he would come home pale from one of his innumerable meetings—the cold of the Common on his face, the weight of the Statehouse on his shoulders—and, if he found her awake, sit by her bed for hours, holding her hand and talking enough to be "company." Perhaps what had seemed hours to her had been a few minutes, perhaps her recollection had expanded a few incidents into a lengthy episode. In her memory, his voice had been not merely paternal but amused, leisurely, enjoying itself, as if this visiting were less a duty than an occasion to be relished, in the manner of the country world where he had been a boy, where sitting and talking were a main recreation. He had not begrudged her his time, and she wanted not to begrudge him her company now. She would put him to sleep.

Yet she hated the nursing home, hated and fled it, its cloaked odors, its incessant television, its expensive false order and its hypocrisy of false cheer, its vulgarity. These common dying and their nurses were the very people her father had raised her to avoid, to rise above. "Well, aren't you the handsome boy!" the supervisor had exclaimed to him upon admittance.

His body, tempered by the chores he had always assigned himself, had stubbornly outlasted his judicious brain, then suddenly it began to surrender. A succession of little strokes had brought him, who a week before could shuffle down the hall between her and a male nurse, to the point where he could not swallow. A decision arose. "The decision is yours," the doctor said. His face was heavy, kindly, self-protective, formal. The decision was whether to move her father to a hospital where he could be fed intravenously and his life could be prolonged, or not. Anne had decided not. The fear that the ambulance ride would compromise her father's dignity had been uppermost in her mind. But from the way the doctor seized her hand and pronounced with a solemn, artificial clarity, "You have made a wise decision," Anne realized that her decision had been to kill her father. He could not swallow. He could not drink. Abandoned, he must die.

Her voice took flight over the telephone, seeking escape from this responsibility. Why had they given it to her? Couldn't they do it themselves? What would her mother have done? Anne called her sisters, one in Chicago, one in Texas. Of course, they agreed, she had made the right decision. The only decision. Their common inheritance, their mother's common sense, spoke through them so firmly she momentarily forgave her sisters the safe distance from which they spoke. Yet their assurances evaporated within the hour. She called her minister; he came and had tea and told her that her decision was right, even holy. After he left, she sat and held in her palms, votively, a teacup that had been her mother's. Her mother had died two years ago, leaving her children her china, her common sense and a stately old man disintegrating from the head down. The cup, with its rim of gold and its band of cinnamon-red arabesques, had become sacred in this extremity; Anne closed her eyes and waited for her mother to speak through the fragile cool shape in her hands. Sensing nothing but a widening abyss, she telephoned her husband, who was estranged from her and living in Boston. He had lodged himself in the grid of Back Bay, a few blocks from where she had grown up.

"Of course," Martin said, "of course, sweetie," his voice grave and paternal, as it had become. "You've made the only possible decision."

"Oh, you can say that, you can all say that," Anne cried into the hard receiver, heavier than the cup had been. "But I'm the one who had to do it. I'm killing him, and I'm the one who has to go watch it happen. It's incredible. His mouth *wants water*. He's drying *up*!"

"Why visit him?" Martin asked. "Isn't he unconscious?"

"He might wake up and be frightened," she said, and the image released a sobbing so great she had to hang up.

Martin called back a judicious while later. Anne was touched, that he had telepathically given her time to cry herself out, go to the bathroom and heat some coffee. But it seemed he had spent the time discussing her with his mistress. "Harriet says," he said, authoritatively, "the other decision would be downright neurotic, to cart him to the hospital and torture him with a lot of tubes. Not to mention the money."

"Tell Harriet I certainly don't want to do anything that would seem neurotic to her. She can relax about the money, though; none of it's going to be hers."

Martin sounded hurt. "She was very sympathetic with you. She started to cry herself."

"Tell her thanks a lot for her sympathy. Why doesn't she show it by letting you come back?"

"I don't want to come back," Martin said, in his new, grave, paternal voice.

"Oh, *shit* to you." Hanging up, Anne wondered at her sensation of joy, of release; then realized that in her anger with this man and his presumptuous mistress, she had for the first time in days thought of something other than the nursing home, and her father's dying, and her guilt.

•

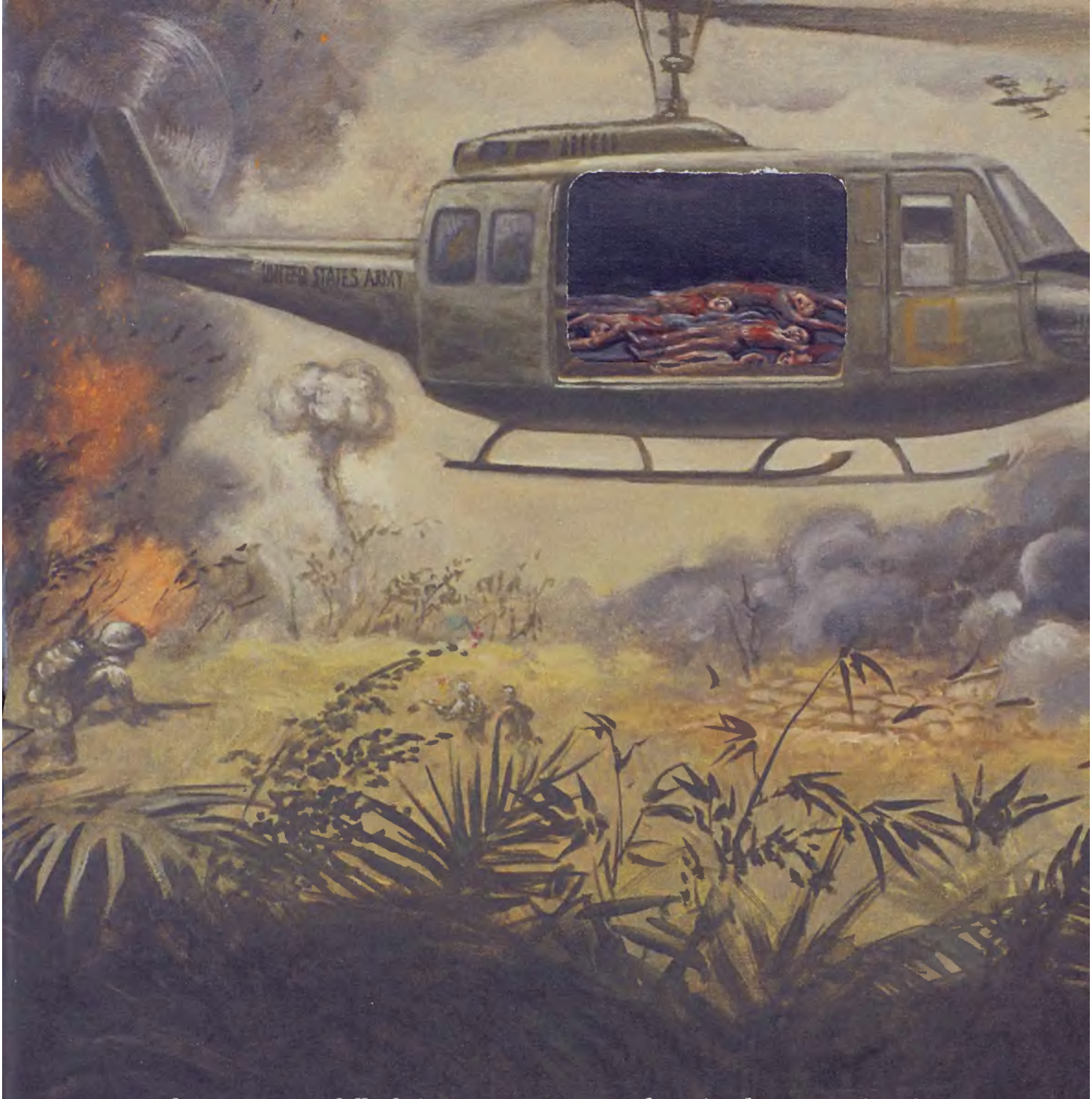
She could not make herself stay. She would hold his hand for minutes that seemed hours, having announced her presence in his deaf ear, having settled herself to wait by his side. His face as it dried was sinking in upon itself, with that startled expression mummies have; the distance between his raised eyebrows and lowered eyelashes seemed enormous. His hand would twitch, or her hand, wandering, would come upon his pulse, and the sign of life would horrify her, like the sight of roaches scuttling in the sink when, in the middle of the night, the kitchen is suddenly lit. "Daddy, I must leave for a minute," she would say, and flee.

Her step seemed miraculously elastic to herself as she strode down the hall. The heads of the dying bobbed about her amid white sheets. The little gauzy-haired, red-faced lady who, locked into a geriatric chair, kept crying "Help" and clapping her hands paused as Anne passed, then resumed. "Help." Clap clap. "*Help*." The barred door. Air. Life. Barberry and pachysandra had been planted in square beds around the entrance. The parking lot was newly paved. The sun burned like a silver sore low in the gray November sky. Anne slid into her car; its engine came alive.

The neighborhood of the nursing home was strange to her. She bought dinner for herself and the children in

(continued on page 222)

"We do all the research and development and he does all the finished-product evaluation."



the papers are full of vietnam-vet-gone-mad stories, but none pinpoints the problem—if we want our soldiers to come home, we have to <u>let</u> them

THE UNRETURNING ARMY

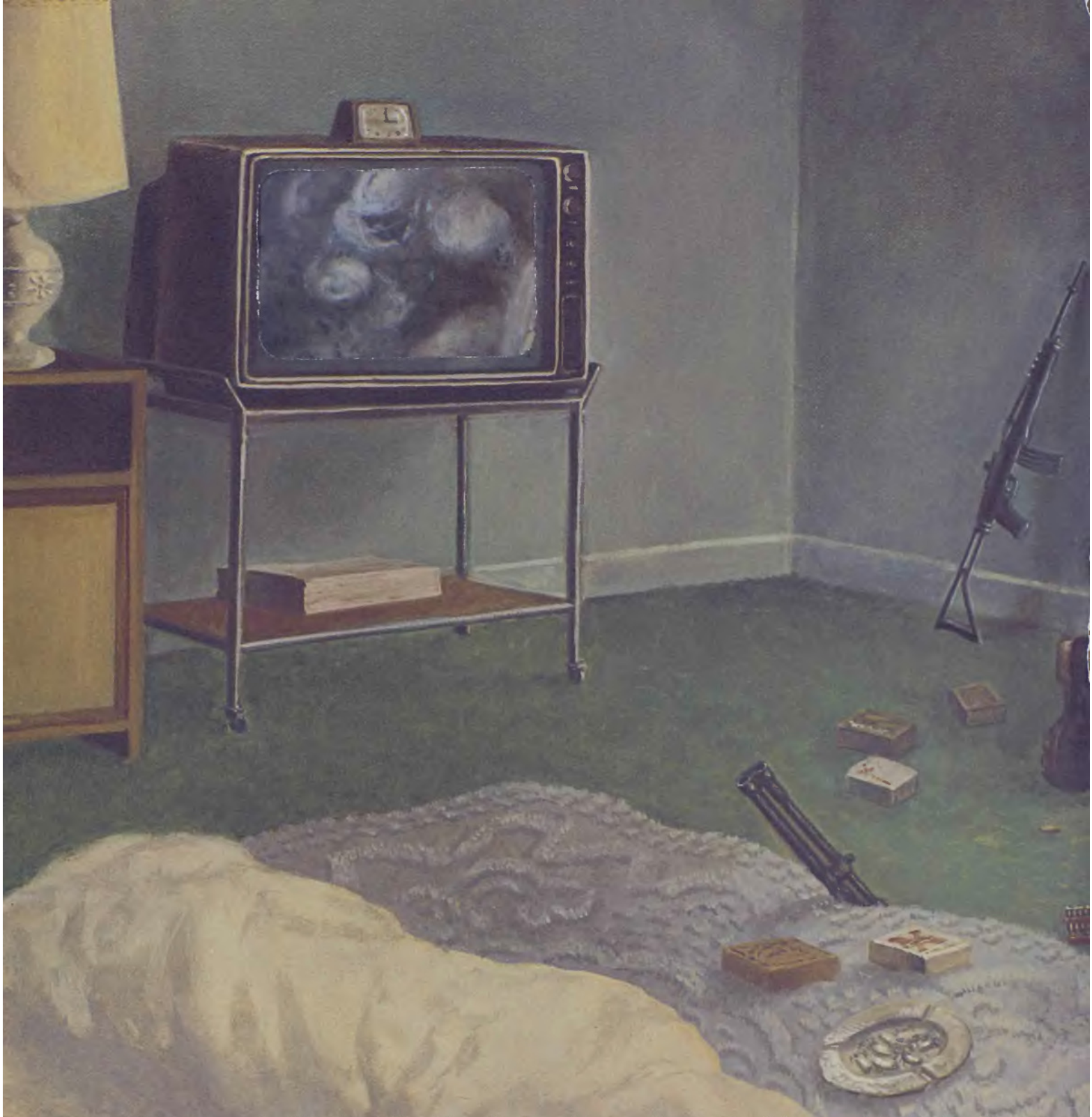
And through some mooned Valhalla there will pass
Battalions and battalions, scarred from hell;
The unreturning army that was youth;
The legions who have suffered and are dust.
—SIEGFRIED SASSOON, *Prelude: The Troops*

HE SITS IN THE CEMENT-BLOCK visitors' room wearing a brace on the leg that had been shattered by a policeman's shotgun, his hands plucking at his shirt or at his scraggly brown beard or at his denim trousers stamped with the initials CCI, which stand

article

By PHILIP CAPUTO

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT



for Caddo Correctional Institute. The prison lies in the pine-and-cypress woods near Shreveport, Louisiana, and Wayne Robert Felde has been waiting behind its walls and barbed-wire fences—fences like the kind that surrounded the fire bases in Vietnam, double-apron and concertina with tin cans strung from the wire to warn the guards that someone is trying to get through—waiting to hear if this, his 33rd year, will be the last of his life. He's waited for death before. He's no stranger to it. He felt it seeping into his body the night three years ago when the cop's shotgun slammed a load of double-0 buckshot into his leg at point-blank range, and it felt real good, dying. Death is peace; death means the nightmare is over. But if it comes this time, it will not be administered by an enemy AK-47, or a booby trap, or a policeman's 12-gauge; an executioner will throw the switch to the electric chair in the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola and Wayne Felde will be high-voltaged into the oblivion for which he longs.

In 1980, Felde was condemned to death for the 1978 killing of a Shreveport police officer, the second man he had murdered since his discharge from the Army in 1970. The jury said it was first degree, but there is some argument about that. Without indulging too deeply in poetic metaphor, you could say that Felde was not at *(continued on page 118)*

video's virtuous and villainous star in our bubbling bath of soap-opera sirens

The Bad and the Beautiful

RIDDLE OF THE MONTH: What's unbelievably popular, largely misunderstood, followed religiously by millions and full of offbeat ideas about sex?

No, it's not the Pope. It's the soap. Once looked upon as mere filler—video Hamburger Helper—soap operas now boast that they're TV's most popular genre. Soaps make millions, shoot in locations from Natchez to Nassau and have fans so loyal they make collies look like traitors.

Why the turnabout? The soaps have rushed from kitchen to bedroom. Sex sells soap, and these days the only turndowns in daytime drama are of bed sheets. Now the brightest daytime stars are the ladies who survive the heroines' fixes and play the villainous vixens. The best of those bubble right here in our pictures.

They're young and restless, and all Ryan ever hoped for. Some are nurses with just one life to live, but they're generally hospitable to the doctors. You'll never see them all together, even by twirling your antenna, except in this, PLAYBOY's special episode of *As the Rabbit Head Turns.*

Most people have no idea how big the soap bubble really is. Fifteen million fans check into *General Hospital* every day. There are magazines devoted to excavating the plots of all the soaps, and bars in big cities used to screen video tapes of *General Hospital* after dark until network lawyers objected. If you're a devotee, you're excused for missing a show only if your daughter has just borne a child by either a Trappist monk or a Doberman pinscher, or if you find that your husband is (A) a transvestite, (B) a mass murderer, (C) actually your sister or (D) all of the above and a Trappist monk or a Doberman pinscher to boot. Even Harvard recently hosted a soap-opera weekend.

Still, some soap scrutinizers think there's too much love in the afternoon. Studies published by the University of Pennsylvania show the soaps have more sex than any other kind of network TV and that it's not all squeaky clean: Only six percent of it is between people married to each other; 49 percent is between unwed lovers. Sex between *total strangers* happens almost *five times* as much as marital sex.

That seems to bother some of the researchers. Maybe nobody told them sex on TV sells, more sex sells more. If the women on these eight pages typify what the soaps are selling, then we're buying.

Three chirps for Lisa Loring (above and right), "Cricket" Montgomery on *As the World Turns.* Those with bats in their belfries may recall Lisa as Wednesday on *The Addams Family.* She left that show in the lurch, and now she says the soap's the thing.

Robin G. Eisenman (right and, above, with pop idol Rick Springfield) checked into *General Hospital* to be put in a cast. A blonde beauty, Robin plays Stacy Rawlins. She describes Stacy as "that new bitch" in *G.H.*, now the hottest medicine show of all.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Above: If you're *General Hospitalized*, these faces and forms from the screen are as familiar as the face in the mirror. They're Jacklyn Zeman (left), as top nurse Bobbie Spencer, Genie Francis (center, the center of Anthony Geary's attentions), as teen angel Laura Baldwin, and Robin Mattson (right), who plays the murderous Heather Webber. This talented trio keeps the show's male emoters running all week long.

Jackie, spectacularly draped at left, isn't just window dressing at *General Hospital*. She has turned her plum role as the *Hospital*'s head nurse from the rottenest of apples to the peachiest person in town in two years. We're proud to report that Jackie used to be a Bunny in our Big Apple Playboy Club—a role she played with unimpeachable aplomb. Genie (above), only 19, is the roughest thing in soaps since Lava. Her Laura character has committed a murder, been married and divorced and gotten roped in a disco. Well, nobody ever said adolescence was easy. Robin Mattson, undressed to kill at right, used to be on *The Guiding Light*. She moved over to *G.H.* last year, and now plays Heather Webber. As the mad, spidery Webber, Robin gets to kill people Genie's character missed.

Kim Zimmer simmers (above ond below); os Nola Aldrich, she's just whot *The Doctors* ordered. Lauro Malone (right) has come a fur piece from college drama in the Pacific Northwest. Now she brings some extro terrestriol beauty to the guys on *Another World.*

That's Laura Malane again at left, designing a new deleterious deed as *Another World*'s Blaine Frame Ewing. Blaine is the calculating, catty kind you count on to purr and then pounce. But Laura is simply the cat's meow. Kristen Meadows (below) is cuddly as can be playing Mimi King. Mimi is the vulnerable sex kitten of *One Life to Live* (she must've lost the eight other lives by being so vulnerable). Kristen bent over forward to be in our pictorial, and we think it was a lovely gesture.

With ladies like Roberta Leighton (left) around, it's no wonder that all those young actors are getting restless. Roberta played Dr. Casey Reed on *The Young and the Restless* for the past three yeors, but she's now moved on to nonsoap emoting. That has left millions of prescriptions and *Young/Restless* fans' fantasies unfulfilled. Roberta (smiling onscreen immediately below) left the youthful and fidgety family last year. Now many other cast members sigh sadly that they never get to play doctor with her anymore.

The final installment in our soap soga is a parting shot from Jaime Lyn Bouer (right). She keeps fans tuning in *The Young and the Restless* with her portrayal of video's most vivid vamp, the vital, inviting Lorie Prentiss. Lorie's a probable winner in the soapbox derby for "Most Frequently Furrowed, Rutted, Sown and Planted Womon Since Mother Eorth." That's she immediately obove, in a somewhat unaccustomed upright position. Jaime Lyn doesn't object to being queen of daytime TV's horizontal hold—Lorie Prentiss has made her one of the most prominent stars in the soap-opera firmament—but she'd really like more moral fiber and less snap-crockle-pop in her serial. She says she would prefer to ploy scenes in which "I'm not on my back in somebody's bedroom." But that just raises another question: Are even the soaps ready for Jaime Lyn on her back in the kitchen?

DWIGHT HOOKER

UNRETURNING ARMY *(continued from page 109)*

"There is no Walter Cronkite to report the weekly body count from this psychological combat zone."

the scene of either crime. He was where he has been for nearly 14 years, at a place called Fire Base Polly Ann, a dusty, sandbagged, wire-enclosed hill near the Cambodian border. It was bad bush, triple-tiered jungle canopy, wet and gloomy green except in the places where Agent Orange had brought those trees the only autumn they'll ever know, the trails sown with mines, N.V.A. soldiers waiting in the elephant grass, bad bad bush, "the jungle of the dead," Felde called it in a letter to a friend. He was there physically from March 1968 until March 1969. His body rotated home in a big silver plane, but the rest of him never came back. The rest of him is still *there*, so there that he cannot eat the rice served in the Caddo prison because its smell reminds him of Vietnam and transforms the faces of his cellmates into the faces of Viet Cong and makes Felde want to waste them right then and there. That's what the war was all about, wasn't it? Kill V.C. Body count. Felde cannot eat rice and doesn't sleep very well, because he has these dreams. He sees muzzle flashes, he hears grenades exploding, he smells bodies burned by napalm, he feels the intestines of a disemboweled soldier slipping through his fingers. Felde's nightmares have the terrifying clarity of hallucinations, but they are not the works of a demented imagination; they are documentaries, if you will, replays of the things he experienced as a 19-year-old machine gunner with the Fourth Infantry Division. And those experiences have dismembered his mind as thoroughly as a B-40 rocket dismembered one of his buddies, a black kid nicknamed D.J.

At his trials, several psychologists and a psychiatrist testified that he was not in touch with reality the night he shot Patrolman Thomas Tompkins in Shreveport, not in touch with reality the day he shot Butch Blackwell in Greenbelt, Maryland. But you don't need a wallful of degrees to know that this man, if not crazy, is about as close to the line as anyone would ever care to get. And you don't have to have had, as I've had, a lot of experience with jailhouse jive artists to know that he isn't faking madness to get off on an insanity plea. All you have to do is spend a few hours with him. His hands fidget constantly. He chain-smokes. Sometimes he talks compulsively; at other times, he falls into long silences, staring off with eyes in which rage and grief fuse to create a tormented expression. He says things like "I hate everybody, I hate myself most of all." And he radiates a violent tension that makes you feel the way you imagine a demolitions expert must feel when he's trying to defuse a time bomb.

War was the card you dealt Wayne Felde, America the Beautiful, and now he's letting you know that as long as it isn't over for him, it won't be over for you, either.

"I don't feel society needs to welcome me back. Just give me help. I'm a sick man. The killings didn't happen because I'm a bad person. They happened because I couldn't help it. If society doesn't want to help me, I want to die, because death means the nightmare will be over. And if it doesn't kill me in the electric chair, I'll kill myself or someone else. There'll be another body."

As we used to say in 'Nam, there it is.

•

Felde's words could be dismissed as ravings if he were an aberration. But according to the Vietnam Veterans of America, a powerful lobbying organization, he isn't. He's in prison; so are 70,000 other Vietnam combat veterans. He's divorced; the divorce rate among this same group is twice that of the rest of their generation. Felde was unable to hold a job for longer than a few months after his discharge; depending on how you break out the sample, Vietnam combat veterans may top 20 percent in unemployment. Felde attempted suicide in prison; his fellow Vietnam combat veterans have a suicide rate estimated as 23 to 33 percent higher than that of nonveterans.

There are people who disagree with the V.V.A.'s numbers. But even the prestigious American Psychiatric Association agrees that what*ever* the figures, they point to a real problem: and in 1980, the A.P.A. recognized the condition Felde and other combat vets are suffering as a bona fide psychological malady. Its name: posttraumatic stress disorder.

Posttraumatic stress disorder. It seems fitting for a war that gave the world such arcana as "protective reaction air strike" to hand us a phrase like posttraumatic stress disorder to describe what was known in the World Wars and Korea as shell shock or battle fatigue. The symptoms are much the same, with this difference: Battle fatigue occurred most often in combat or soon afterward; the symptoms of P.T.S.D. are showing up five, ten and as many as 15 years after the soldier has come home. Every now and then, we read about some French farmer, plowing the fields of Verdun, getting blown up by an unexploded mine or shell that has been buried for decades. Something like that is happening in the minds of Vietnam veterans: experiences and emotions long repressed are detonating unexpectedly, frequently with catastrophic results. There is no Walter Cronkite to report the weekly body count from this psychological combat zone, so here are a few dispatches:

Gerald Highman, a twice-wounded ex-Marine from Columbus, Ohio, returned from Vietnam in 1971, got a steady job and later married his childhood sweetheart. Though troubled by depressions and flashbacks resulting from his war experiences—he was only 17 when he went to Vietnam—he was seeing a counselor and appeared to have his life in order. He didn't. On April 21, 1981, he killed his wife with a shotgun, which he then turned on himself. He died in the hospital a few hours later.

In Philadelphia, Michael Mulchay, an Army veteran, had a reputation among his friends as a devoted father to his two children and as a reliable worker. He installed burglar alarms, a job that allowed him to carry a gun. Although he had no record of mental disturbances, friends noticed that his behavior changed whenever the subject of Vietnam came up. He slid over the edge one recent night in a bar. He and an ex-Marine had been drinking and reminiscing about the war. Mulchay went to play the pinball machine, then, without provocation, drew his revolver and shot a 19-year-old customer in the head.

On January 30, 1981, a Hammond, Indiana, man named Gary Cooper fought his last fire fight—with the police. Wounded twice when he was with the Marines in Vietnam, Cooper had just been laid off and had been unable to find another job. He barricaded himself in his apartment and, suffering from a severe flashback, yelled to his wife to look out for the things he was seeing on the wall—palm fronds, elephant grass, flares. He fired a couple of blasts with his shotgun. The police arrived and he opened up on them, and they fired back and heard him scream, "I'm hit!" He was. Gary Cooper was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital.

It's a big army, this legion of men with hidden wounds. Dr. John P. Wilson, a Cleveland State University psychologist who recently completed a three-year study of the war's aftereffects, says that P.T.S.D. afflicts 500,000 of Vietnam's combat veterans. Other researchers put the number at 700,000, which would give a psychiatric casualty rate among

(continued on page 260)

"Oh, hell. I thought I was going to make it through the year without getting caught."

54...
...90
Brooks

article

By STEPHEN KING

BETWEEN ROCK AND A SOFT PLACE

our writer turned on his radio looking for some hard-driving music, but what he heard was—well, horrifying

I WAS DRIVING NORTH on Interstate 95 outside Boston in May of 1980, just back to America after a week at the Cannes Film Festival, where I had stayed in an overpriced hotel room, drunk beer at the scarifying price of $3.50 a bottle and eaten mostly ham-and-cheese bar sandwiches, because about all I could drag out of the shambles of my high school French vocabulary was "*jambon et fromage*." For me, everything about Cannes had been a bummer. Everyone was talking too loudly. All the men seemed to be wearing white pants and white shoes. There were too many cars, too many desperate-looking women, too much flak, too much hype. There were fat Germans, fat Frenchmen, fat Englishmen and fat Americans, all of them bellowing at one another over stupendous, overpriced drinks.

Flying home, I found myself thinking of the Chuck Berry tune *Back in the U.S.A.* Simple, cheerful, to the point. As the jet headed west, I found I couldn't wait to hit the ground and clear Customs. I decided on the spur of the moment to rent a car and drive up to Bangor from Boston's Logan Airport instead of flying that evening. I wanted to get behind the wheel after a week of cringing in the back of tiny taxis piloted by laughing suicidal Frenchmen; I wanted to stop at the McDonald's on Route 1 and scarf up some fries and a couple of Quarter Pounders with cheese; most of all, I wanted to dial some good rock 'n' roll and turn the volume up until the speakers started to distort.

At first, everything went just as planned. The jet cooled its engines, eased its wings and taxied to the terminal zone (as Berry says in *The Promised Land*, another classic to which no Linda Ronstadt cover could ever do justice). The Avis people were willing to rent me a car. The day was bright and clear. McDonald's

VISIT WITH AN ENDANGERED SPECIES

one of the country's last hard-rock disc jockeys believes he's performing a public service—keeping his generation young

MIGHTY JOHN MARSHALL, who may well be the last great AM rock jock in America, lives with his wife and three kids in a tract-style house in Brewer, Maine. He drives a mongrel of a van, which is always full of sound equipment; most of it looks as if it had seen better days. The oversized speakers have a particularly evil look, and Mighty John explains to me that he used to tie them to the top of the van to make more room inside. One icy January night, they flew off into the passing lane of I-95—and they've never been pretty again.

"They didn't break?" I ask him.

"Naw," Mighty John answers. "They just got funky."

He's nearly a teetotaler—two beers at the Bounty Tavern on Wet T-Shirt Night is a big deal; mostly, he sticks to Pepsi. He doesn't smoke; he doesn't do drugs; he was raised a Catholic and remains devout. And although everyone within a 150-mile radius of Bangor's WACZ knows him as The Humble. Yet Nonetheless Mighty John Marshall, his real name—which, he is quick to point out, sounds *much* more disc-jockeyish—is James Feury. Because his radio name also happens to be the name of America's first great jurist, he used to come on the air screaming, "The *Soo*preme Court of rock 'n' roll is now in session!" Now he simply calls himself "the last of the red-hot rockers"—and in this case, the hype may fit.

His hair is cut so short that even the strictest grandma could not take offense at it. His smile is quick and open. And although he plays the likes of Eric Clapton, The Rolling Stones, The Police and AC/DC (whose brainlessly entertaining heavy-metal rocker *Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap* led the WACZ Top Nine at Nine night after night for most of the summer of 1981), he strikes you immediately as a throwback to a simpler time, when rock 'n' roll was not the almost exclusive property of FM audiophiles with huge sound systems at home and gigantic boogie-suitcase radios for those strolls through town—Mighty John is a survivor of a time when AM was a powerful force blanketing much of the radio dial in all its monophonic splendor. He looks, in fact, as if he just got back from *American Bandstand*—the old one, which came to you live from WFIL-TV, Philadelphia, in living black and white.

But from two to six P.M., mild-mannered Jim Feury becomes Mighty John, rocking nonstop on the radio, picking up the Z-Phone (translation: the request line) steadily as the records play, readying advertising carts, pulling news copy off the A.P. ticker. He plays an extra-long record—*American Pie*, maybe, or *Suite: Judy Blue Eyes*—if he feels a serious call of nature coming on: what we used to call a number two in grade school. Such long records, he tells me, are known as "bowel-movement music" to most jocks—not for their quality but because they give you adequate time to perform the function.

I ask him if he's ever had an attack of diarrhea while on the air, and he laughs heartily. He hasn't, but he tells me of an attack of nausea from a bad hamburger that came on so suddenly it left him just time enough to say, "Donna Summer's rockin' on the Z with *Bad Girls*," and close the mike. Then he leaned over and puked into the wastebasket.

"The rock we play is pretty hard," he says. "I think the important thing a lot of radio stations fail to realize is that there are a lot of people out there like me and you, in their mid-30s and headed for their 40s, people who grew up with rock 'n' roll and who still want to hear it on the radio. You can get away with playing a good rock song at any time, not just after the kids get out of school, because most of those people are still rockin'."

You're somehow not surprised to find out that Mighty John has a fucking *huge* oldies collection and does golden-oldy hops three, four, sometimes five *(concluded on page 244)*

was just where it had always been; some French fries and a burger and I'd know I was home.

Usually, on a drive from Boston to Bangor, I'd tune in WCOZ-FM (where the station break now goes: "WCOZ-FM, Boston . . . kick-ass rock 'n' roll!"), switch over to WAAF-FM ("The rock-'n'-roll Air Force!") in northern Massachusetts, and then, as I approached the Maine–New Hampshire border, I'd go to the end of the dial for WBLM-FM ("You're cruising with Maine's rock-'n'-roll blimp!"). The one fly in the ointment was the rental car's lack of an FM radio, something I automatically specify in advance when renting.

Well, that's not really a problem—AM rock's cool, too, I thought. I tuned first to WRKO/Boston, the station of my misspent teenage years, and discovered a steady cavalcade of M.O.R. (middle-of-the-road) songs, sometimes called elevator music. The new Barry Manilow tune, the new Bee Gees tune, a new country-crossover tune. Nothing even resembling a fuzz-tone guitar. I fumbled for WMEX, one of the stations where I had discovered rock as a kid, mostly at night, wavering in and out like music from a distant jive planet, music that was powered at you by a hoarse-voiced, frantic disc jockey who called himself Arnie "Woo-Woo" Ginsberg and whose main claim to fame was unleashing Freddy Cannon on an unsuspecting world in the early Sixties. In those days, he was known as Freddy "Boom-Boom" Cannon, and he recorded for Swan records (which put the slogan "Don't drop out!" on each and every 45, including its single Beatles release, *She Loves You*). WMEX was still there—but it had gone to an all-news format.

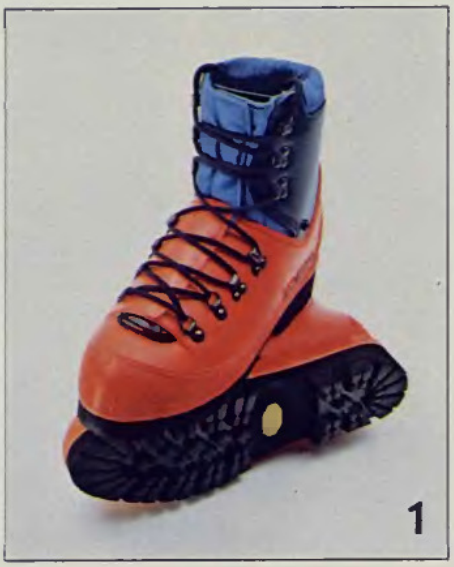
In a mild panic now, I dialed my way straight across the AM band in search of rock 'n' roll, an activity roughly akin to sinking a core rod into an ancient Ethiopian midden. I heard Paul Harvey; Jerry Falwell; Jerry Lewis pitching for muscular dystrophy; Barbra Streisand; three phone-in shows; Jerry Reed singing the theme song from *Smokey and the Bandit*; news; John Denver yodeling *Thank God I'm a Country Boy*; Paul McCartney oiling his way slowly through *Venus and Mars Rock Show*; Community Calendar; ads for restaurants, gas stations, Zayre's, Sears, Budweiser, Busch, water beds, movies and everything else that the FCC says can be sold on the radio.

I reached the bottom of the band, where there was nothing left but faint static and blankness. Among the things I had *not* heard: a Who record. An AC/DC record. A Rolling Stones record. An Eric Clapton record—even something as relatively harmless as *Wonderful Tonight*

(continued on page 238)

THE ELEVENTH HOUR SANTA

rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies



1 Climb every mountain comfortably in rugged San Marco Himalaya Polyurethane Mountaineering Boots featuring an impact-resistant shell and a climbing sole and cleated heel, from Vasque Boots, about $330.

3 For the pedal pusher in your life, a 14-kt. gold-linked bracelet by Goldbar that looks like a bicycle choin, from Trabert & Hoeffer, Chicogo, $700. (No, it doesn't come with a gold-plated bike.)

2 This handsome quartz-movement black-walnut, ebony and rosewood desk clock stands 9¾" high and has sterling-silver hour markers, from Robert McKeown, Hayward, California, about $155.

4 The Chinon Bellami, an ultracompact 35mm camera equipped with an f/2.8 35mm retractable lens, features an ultrafast 1/1000th-second Seiko shutter and an automatic flash, about $230.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OON AZUMA

5 For the bookshelf, 18¾" x 11" System 200 speakers, by Jensen (equipped with eight-inch acoustic-suspension low-frequency drivers), that deliver great sound for their diminutive size, $130 each.

6 Tune in to the world with a Model FRG-7700 high-performance communications receiver that covers the low-, medium- and high-frequency spectrum and has a clock timer, by Yaesu, $549.

7 This one-piece telephone offers melody on hold while you answer another call, last-number automatic redial, on-off tone ringers, automatic memory for 11 numbers and more, by U. S. Tron, $89.95.

8 Sportster minisize cassette player with stereo headphones has a talk switch that lets you hear what's happening nearby without having to turn down the headphones, by Sanyo, about $100.

9 Activision's superrealistic video-game cartridges fit both Atari and Sears systems and include Bridge, $31.95, Boxing, Laser Blast and Dragster, $22.95 each. They're from a line of 12 games.

10 A handy BYO Wine Cooler with a removable chiller that can keep two bottles of vino or up to six cans ice-cold; an easy-locking handle ensures against spills, by Trend Pacific, $40.

11 The famous Italian bicycle-component manufacturer Campagnolo designed this magnum/jeroboam aluminum cork puller (it also works on regular wine bottles), from Turin Bicycle, $159.

Know someone whose slippers look like spaniel ears? Surprise him **12** with a pair of health and bath Adilette sandals with a polyurethane sole and orthopedic foot bed, by Adidas, $19.95.

13 A pint-sized yet powerful component system that includes an AM/FM receiver (20 watts per channel), a cassette deck (it accepts chrome-oxide and metal tape) and speakers, by BSR, $529.95.

For those winter nights, the card game **14** Uno, in which two to ten players attempt to be the first to get rid of all their cards (the winner shouts "Uno!"), by International Games, $5.50.

15 What would Christmas be without a Polaroid? And this Model 640 is virtually goofproof, as it has a fully automatic one-button aim-and-shoot system that focuses and sets light readings, $75.

Two last-minute stocking stuffers—a 4.4-oz. **16** bottle of Nino Cerruti Pour Homme Moisturizer, $18.50, and a 3.4-oz. bottle of Nino Cerruti Pour Homme Natural Spray, $25.50. Very snifty!

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER LLOYO

fiction

BY MICHAEL MALONE

WEST OUT OF NASHVILLE in a red-and-white Mustang, Braxton Cox swung too fast around a curve, and his body remembered old times. All of a sudden, he felt in a sweet slide. He felt the rush again, the gliding just above the asphalt, just free of friction. The Mustang bucking, he toed off his loafers and splayed his bare foot over the accelerator pedal. A sun like money and a moon from a song bounced ahead of him big in the sky together.

"Goddamn! This is goddamn beautiful!" he said aloud.

Braxton was a high-tech sales rep going home to Memphis for his momma's sake to eat Thanksgiving dinner. His wife had left him and married a Brazilian oilman who was, according to her, better in bed than Braxton. His wife had been a stewardess. That's how she'd met the Brazilian, less than a year back.

He was scooting through the woodlands of the Natchez Trace, where Interstate 40 cut across the old Indian trail that pioneers and hunted men had cleared from Natchez to Tupelo and on to Nashville. He was near where Captain Meriwether Lewis of Lewis and Clark had shot himself to death at a place called *(continued on page 130)*

BLUE CADILLAC
that incredible girl!
that gorgeous car!
braxton was in love

Together Again: Bubbly & Black Tie

By EMANUEL GREENBERG *got those holiday blahs in the night? welcome the new year with a champagne gala that's formal yet fun*

PERHAPS IT'S A TURN in the fashion wheel after several decades of studied casualness or the influence of the decorous couple quartered in the White House, but black tie is back. People are slipping into formal threads at the drop of a cuff link and loving the effect. A host is way ahead with a black-tie bash; ritual rags create an aura of elegance and great expectations, spontaneously. Add the mystique of champagne—the only liquid refreshment you need serve—and you're home free.

Ordinarily, you'd weigh the pros and cons of the bubblies of the world before making a choice; but for a black-tie event, only the real stuff will do—the effervescent wine of La Champagne. For utter simplicity, stay with one style all night long, nonvintage *brut*, which is light and quite dry. More ambitiously, you can program a range of champagnes keyed to specific times and situations—from the opening toast to the farewell sip. It does take planning, but your guests will be intrigued by the idea (consult our guide on page 284 for suggestions on a champagne agenda).

Despite its delicate taste, champagne is a hardy wine that travels well. Nevertheless, it pays to shop carefully—especially when purchasing in quantity. You're better off buying from a major liquor store—the choice is broader and the bottlings will have been stored more carefully. A magnum-size container, 1.5 liters, is a wiser choice than the standard bottle; the larger size seems to develop better and adds a gala touch to the festivities. Bottlings from *récoltants manipulants*, grower-producers, can offer interesting opportunities, too. These are estate-bottled champagnes, generally vintage—though not necessarily so labeled, and often priced well below the *grandes marques*. Not too many are exported to the States; those that are usually display the code letters RM somewhere on the label, in small type.

Plan on a bottle of wine per person, plus a few extra for overachievers. To chill the champagne, half-fill a large tub (even your bathtub) with chopped ice and sprinkle it with coarse salt for extra cooling power.

You'll want distinctive fare to buttress the bubbly, sumptuous but unceremonious. Avoid the mistake common to fledgling hosts—overkill. Four or five carefully selected dishes will dazzle the troops yet leave the host loose enough to enjoy his own fete. Goat's-milk cheeses (*chèvres*) make a tasty yet simple nosh, so you might try several types. Pair the *chèvre* with a generous wedge of Italian *fontina*—for taste and textural contrast. A side of smoked salmon is lavish and plays a neat counterpoint to champagne. Have your friendly neighborhood deli slice and reassemble the side on the skin, for elegant presentation. Frozen Alaska king crab meat is another easy-to-handle delicacy. Just defrost and serve with *(concluded on page 284)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OON AZUMA

BLUE CADILLAC

(continued from page 126)

"It was as if Elvis' voice itself had summoned out of the past a dream car to match Braxton's mood."

Grinder's Inn, now a plaque in the wilderness. Pines covered the hills, undininishable. This was God's country, home country.

A view like this had to have a sound track. Braxton's right hand scooped tape cassettes out of the glove compartment onto the seat beside him, then shuffled among them for *Elvis' World-wide 50 Gold Award Hits, Volumes 1 & 2*, a twin pack he'd bought on sale in a spasm of nostalgia like the one that squeezed him now.

Elvis came on loud, moaning, "Any way you want me, that's how I will be!"

Braxton one-handed another curve, a horseshoe, and, panicked, smashed down on the brakes, then swerved out and accelerated all the way to the floor, because he'd come up on a car almost standing still at about 40 mph, which was about half what he was doing.

Palm on horn, hard, he squealed past with his eyes bursting. The car beside him was just incredible! A baby-blue Cadillac convertible with the endless fin fenders of the old profligate days. It was as if Elvis' voice itself, like Aladdin's, had summoned out of the air of the past a dream car to match Braxton's mood.

Braxton was around the curve and hurling along the straight stretch before his brain could get his hand off the horn and his foot off the pedal. In his rearview mirror, the stupendous machine rolled over the hilltop and streamed toward him. He got his window down, back-twirling the handle like crazy.

Elvis yelled, "I'm in love! I'm all shook up!" out the open window.

Even louder, Braxton heard, "*Ooogah! Ooogah! Ooogah!*" Here it came like a tidal wave. Sticking his head out, he opened his mouth to say "Hi! Where'd you get that car?!" But, instead, he gasped and swallowed 100 feet of wind.

A blonde girl, just beautiful, her hair flying like fire, had one hand on the white steering wheel and, with her other hand, just as her car skimmed past his, she *pulled down* her strapless red halter. The elastic popped right down below her breasts, setting them loose, as if she'd all of a sudden decided to give them some air. Then she raised her bare arm and, like a Walt Disney flower, unfolded her middle finger at Braxton Cox! The blue Cadillac varoomed away in a puff of exhaust that probably used up two gallons of gas.

Braxton was 34. He'd been to college in the Sixties, when even at Ole Miss the world had gone wild. He'd horsed around, flying helicopters for the Navy in Corpus Christi, and Texas ports are not shy places. But, *goddamn*, he sighed, he'd never seen anything like what he'd just seen going past him in Tennessee. A big truck roaring up from the other direction almost blew the Mustang off the road, while the trucker had his head out the window, staring in the sideview mirror. His mouth looked as if he were blowing smoke rings.

Ten minutes later, Braxton saw the blue Cadillac in the roadside parking lot of a silver train engine called the Casey Jones Tavern, after the famous local railroad man who'd killed himself trying to bring old 382 in on time. Braxton cut Elvis off in a gurgle, skidded into the lot and, fishing for his loafers, rolled out of his bucket seat. He leaned down into the Cadillac like King Arthur looking for the Lady of the Lake. "I love this car," he said, and sighed, and felt the white dash and white upholstery with powder-blue piping. There wasn't a speck on it, or a thing in it, except. . . . "Lawdy!" whispered Braxton . . . except a pair of pink bikini underpants lying like an orchid on the shiny white seat.

•

Braxton shook down his plaid trousers and smoothed down his yellow V-neck sweater and patted his wallet and patted his zipper. He was thinking he was about to jump backward through his life, like a child in a home movie, sped up and reversed, who's sucked out of the pool and returned to the diving board. The girl from the blue Cadillac looked up from her booth and saw him.

On the check-out counter, a stand-up picture of a little Puritan boy praying said, THANXGIVING DELUX FAMILY DINNER $7.95. Braxton ordered a double Wild Turkey and a Heineken; he pulled a pack of Marlboro Lights from the cigarette machine. The price had gone up since he'd quit smoking and drinking last year, after his best man had driven drunk right into an underpass embankment, gone up since he'd thought he might be able to get his wife back from the Brazilian if he never stank or stumbled.

Seated at the counterstool across from the blonde girl, he could see that her eyes were the same color as her Cadillac, as if she were a part of that world where people had cars made to match their eyes. The red halter was so skimpy she had goose bumps. Somehow, he'd been sure she'd be in shorts, but of course she wasn't, in late November. She had on a short, tight denim skirt and tight boots with thin gold chains around the backs of the heels.

She was sucking the orange peel from a whiskey sour. Her other hand floated deep into a blue Eastern Airlines shoulder bag and brought out menthol Virginia Slims cigarettes.

Braxton leaned out from the counter. "Excuse me. Where'd you get that car?" He topped his glass with beer foam without looking; he'd worked on the act two years in Corpus Christi. "That's one of the prettiest cars I've ever seen."

On the outblow of her match, she said, "Why don't you stop following me, all right?" She had a home-country voice.

"I'm not. It's just luck. Anyhow," he tried a smile, "I thought you left me a message on your car seat."

"Like what?"

"Did you buy that car?"

"My momma left it to me." She'd finished the spikes of orange meat and was now eating the rind itself. "Why'd you keep blowing your horn at me back there for?"

"You're eating the rind."

"You almost killed me, screeching around, blowing that horn."

Braxton smiled sweetly on one side of his mouth. "I'll let you in on a secret; you almost killed me ditto, what you did back there."

"Good!" she said. She giggled. "Sometimes I'll just act crazy. That's what my friends say. They never know what's next."

"I bet." What had she been doing in that car . . . with her panties off?

She lifted her bare arms to twist her hair into a ponytail. A rubber band was ready on her wrist. "I heard Elvis on your radio," she said, "but I couldn't pick it up."

"It was a tape." Braxton took his drink over to her booth. "Lots of people used to tell me I looked a lot like Elvis."

"I don't know why."

"Well, I guess they thought I did."

"I don't much."

"How about if I do this?" He curled part of his upper lip over his teeth, dropped his eyelids and pulled a curl down on his forehead.

"Maybe a little," she admitted.

"Well, how about this?" He sawed his leg back and forth and thwacked the air with his arm. "How about this?" He spun up, chopping space with karate hands, kicking as if he could knock off years with his feet. He couldn't believe he was doing it. Neither could the half-dozen other customers who hadn't stayed home or gone home or had homes

(continued on page 142)

at home with the HAIGS

SECRETARY OF STATE

BOOM!

IT IS SATURDAY, A DAY OFF FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM THE PRESIDENCY, BUT THE DAY STARTS EARLY. BECAUSE SOLDIER-FAMILY MAN ALEXANDER HAIG KNOWS THAT INTERNATIONAL ORDER, STABILITY AND A WILLINGNESS TO PLAY BY THE RULES BEGIN AT HOME....

GOOD MORNING, DEAR!

GOOD PRENOON TIME FRAME, SWEET BEE-DERIVED SUBSTANCE!

WITH A FIRM EXERCISE OF DISCIPLINE AND LEADERSHIP....

GEE, DAD, CAN'T I SLEEP A LITTLE LONGER?

FAMIL MEMBR SLEEP LOCUS #2

THE AERIALLY LOCOMOTIVE CREATURE WHO EXHIBITS A CERTAIN PROMPTITUDE ENJOYS AN ENHANCED WORM-OBTAINING CAPABILITY.

AN UNFLINCHING POLICY OF EXPOSING INADEQUACIES IN THE STATUS QUO....

DAMN IT, THERE'S BEEN A HEMORRHAGING OF TOOTH PASTE FROM THIS TUBE!

CONTROL YOURSELF, AL!

I AM IN CONTROL!

A FRANK AND TIMELY EVALUATION OF UNACCEPTABLE SITUATIONS....

I HAVE A CERTAIN LACK OF ENTHUSIASM FOR THESE SCRAMBLED EGGS!

HOW ABOUT SOME FRENCH TOAST INSTEAD?

GOD BLESS OUR LIVING FACILITY

THAT WOULD PRESENT ANOTHER SET OF PROBLEMS.

AND A FIRM HAND ON FAMILY POLICY-MAKING MACHINERY.

PASS THE JELLY, PATTY, AND THAT'S A DIRECT ORDER FROM YOUR BROTHER IN CHIEF!

YOU HAVE TO VERBALIZE, "PLEASE"!

BRAD, I WOULD CAVEAT YOU TO DISPLAY AN ADHERENCE TO POLITENESS IN YOUR AT-TABLE COMMUNIQUES.

1

WRITTEN BY HENRY BEARD, CHRISTOPHER CERF, TONY GEISS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER

A MINOR ACCIDENT PROVIDES A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR A FAMILY CIVICS LESSON...

WHOOPS!

MOM TRIPPED AND FELL! I'M IN CHARGE NOW!

NO, I AM!

NOT SO FAST! YOU SHOULD CHECK YOUR FAMILY CONSTITUTION!

SPIRIT of HYGIENE

...AND A CLEAR DELINEATION OF THE LINES OF AUTHORITY.

FAMILY CRISIS MANAGEMENT ROOM

YOU HAVE THE FATHER, THE MOTHER AND THE ELDEST CHILD IN THAT ORDER, AND SHOULD THE FATHER DECIDE HE WANTS TO TRANSFER THE HELM, HE MAY DO SO. I HAVE NOT DONE THAT.

BEDROOM

LIVING ROOM

KITCHEN

GARAGE

TABLE OF ORGANIZATION

DAD

MOM

BRAD

PATTY

TIM

HOUSEHOLD PETS

UNRELIABLE NEIGHBORS

POTENTIAL TERMITE ASSAULT LANE

UNACCREDITED EGRESS

THREATENING DIRT BUILD-UP ZONE

OTHER CRISES ARE EXCELLENT OCCASIONS FOR DEMONSTRATING TOUGHNESS....

THE NEIGHBOR'S DOG IS ENCROACHING ON OUR TURF AGAIN! GET HIM, NATO!

VOOF VOOF! ARFFE! BØW-WÖW! BARCH! GROWLSCH!

COOLNESS UNDER FIRE....

RRRRINNG!

HIT THE DIRT!

WILL YOU BUY SOME COOKIES TO HELP THE CHILDREN OF EL SALVADOR?

GOSH, DAD, IT WAS JUST A NUN!

AND A FIRM GRASP OF THE RELEVANT DATA.

YOU MIGHT WANT TO PERUSE THIS VOLUME, BRAD!

HAIG

NUNS DARE CALL IT TREASON

AS THE DAY GOES BY, THE SECRETARY FILLS ALL THE ROLES OF THE "VICAR" OF THE HAIG HOUSEHOLD—STRATEGIC PLANNER....

ONCE I EXIT THE LAWN-MOWING MODE, I'LL TAKE SOME ACTION IN THE SPHERE OF LIMITING HEDGE HEGEMONY BY JUDICIOUS CLIPPING....

RAPID EMPLOYMENT FORCE #1

2

WISE ADVISOR....
AN F IN AMERICAN HISTORY! VERY WELL, WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THIS?
THROW IT IN THE FAMILY SHREDDER?
RIGHT! AND THE NEXT TIME THEY ASK YOU A QUESTION YOU CAN'T ANSWER....
I'LL SAY TO THE BEST OF MY RECOLLECTION, I CAN'T REMEMBER!
THAT'S MY BOY!
B. HAIG
DECISION MAKER....
FATHER, CAN'T I HAVE AN ALLOWANCE LIKE THE OTHER GIRLS IN SCHOOL? YOU'RE VIOLATING MY FAMILY RIGHTS!
FAMILY RIGHTS ARE IMPORTANT, PATTY, BUT THEY MUST TAKE A BACK SEAT TO THE PROBLEM OF COMBATING INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM! THE ANSWER IS NO!
HA! I FOUND YOUR MX, BRAD! BLAMMO!
PROBLEM SOLVER....
I JUST DON'T FEEL LIKE COOKING TONIGHT!
OK, THEN, LET'S CALL IN SOME CHINESE FOOD ON OUR OWN POSITION!
AWK! SQUAWK! CRACKER ME, MISTER SECRETARY!
AND PRINCIPAL EXPONENT OF BASIC FAMILY PHILOSOPHY.
ONCE UPON A POINT IN TIME, THERE LIVED A STEELY-EYED PRINCE WITH A WELL-ORDERED SET OF PRIORITIES WHO WAS PLAGUED BY AN EXPANSIONIST DRAGON WITH A PENCHANT FOR, AND, IF YOU WILL, A PREOCCUPATION WITH, A CLEARLY DELINEATED STRATEGY OF GLOBAL TERROR....
JUNE 20, 1973 WHITE HOUSE
A Child's Garden of Mutually Reinforcing Fables Cry
AND AS THE DAY DRAWS TO A CLOSE, THE SECRETARY PROVIDES FOR THE FIFTH LADY A SUCCINCT RESUME OF HIS ACTIONS DURING THE PREVIOUS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS....
AND, LASTLY, THE IMPLEMENTATION OF A HUNGER-SATISFACTION STRATEGY THAT ENTAILED A BRIEF EXCURSION INTO A PIE-A-LA-MODE MODE.
ZZZZZZ
AND THEN RETIRES TO DREAM OF EVEN GREATER THINGS TO COME.
New York Times
PRESIDENT FIRES EVERYONE IN CABINET EXCEPT HAIG; SECRETARY OF STATE PUT IN CHARGE OF EVERYTHING
"I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS SOONER," ASSERTS REAGAN
Pope Hails Move; Sainthood for Haig Is Rumored
Liberals, Pinkos, Terrorists, Homosexuals Flee Country
Secretary Haig Awarded Nobel Toughness Prize
3

THE GENTLEMAN PREFERS BLONDES

Opposite page, from the top, is a troika of heart stoppers who have shared John Derek's bed and board. They are, of course, Ursula Andress, Linda Evans and Bo Derek. Their striking physical resemblance to one another has not been overlooked by fans, who insist their eyes and their rib cages are identical. Above, Ursula, John and Bo together on a shopping trip *à trois* in Paris. Yes, Ursula and Bo get along quite well, thank you.

JOHN DEREK has the enviable habit of marrying the world's most beautiful women and then taunting the rest of us with wonderful pictures of them. It seems to be his life's work. He didn't start out that way. Born Derek Harris to Hollywood director Lawson Harris and actress Dolores Johnson, it seemed natural that he should become an actor. His boyish good looks condemned him to pretty-boy romantic leads (*All the King's Men, Prince of Players*); later he appeared in *The Ten Commandments* and *Exodus*. Acting bored him, though, and he chose to become a photographer. He had married the French actress Patti Behrs and fathered two children with her, son Russell (now 29) and daughter Sean (25). That marriage ended in divorce in 1955. A few years later, he met Ursula Andress. She spoke only a few words of English—Derek's only language—but the difficulty with verbal communication wasn't enough to squash the affection

Derek's good looks led him into some entertaining situations (below). At left, he played opposite Humphrey Bogart in *Knock on Any Door*. But his career in films also included a few costume epics: At right, he gets into some serious acting as an heir of the Errol Flynn–Douglas Fairbanks tradition in *Rogues of Sherwood Forest*.

that was building between them. He made her his project—changing her hair, changing her eyebrows, encouraging her to lose weight and, in the process, marrying her. Film critics who saw her in *Dr. No* and *She* were appreciative: "The most awesome piece of natural Swiss architecture since the Alps," one remarked. John and Ursula went their separate ways in 1965; Ursula became linked with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ryan O'Neal and others—most recently, Harry (*Clash of the Titans*) Hamlin, by whom she has a son. John didn't stay home and twiddle his thumbs, either. He met

This 1958 photo shows John Derek with a brown-haired Ursula Andress. To a PLAYBOY staffer, she confessed, "I never wanted to be a film star." After a five-year cinematic exile, Andress finally chose a role—that of the bikini-clad beauty in Dr. No—and film history changed forever. How many Bond women have had that impact?

"She is a creature of classic grace and sensual allure, the quintessence of all that is female." So began the text of PLAYBOY's first pictorial on Ursula Andress, photographed by guess who? The photo above ran in June 1965. Superlative.

Derek and Andress collaborated on an unprecedented three pictorials for PLAYBOY. The second (opposite poge) ran in July 1966; the third (above and below), in November 1973. These photos are substantiol proof that some beouty is ageless.

and married Linda Evans, whom we first saw on the television hoss opera *The Big Valley*. John starred her in his own movie, *Wildflowers*. She now drives John Forsythe and Bo Hopkins, as well as several million TV viewers, to distraction in *Dynasty*. While she and John were together filming a low-budget movie on the Greek island of Mykonos, John found himself getting more and more involved with the film's 16-year-old co-star, Mary Cathleen Collins, who used the stage name Bo Shane. When Linda left Greece, John and Bo started living together. The situation was not easy for Linda, and she divorced John, who then, in 1977, married

Even other photographers recognized the quality of John Derek's choice of ladies. The shot at left shows John and Linda Evans arriving at the 1968 Emmy Awards. When Derek photographed his Linda for a July 1971 pictoriol, he described her in glowing terms: "Before a camero, Linda is absolutely naturol and uninhibited—with or without clothing. So often a womon tries to act seductive during a nude shooting. That's never the result with Linda."

Linda Evans had already played rales in television when she turned her talents to film. Cast as the lead in the Derek film *Wildflowers*, she played a young woman who has an incestuous relationship with her brother. PLAYBOY ran some of these shots in 1971. Sweet sibling revelry.

Bo. But eventually, all became friends: For example, on John's 53rd birthday, Ursula, Linda and Bo all showed up wearing T-shirts with John's picture on the back.

John and Bo are currently researching locations in Europe for their new movie projects, *Pirate Annie* and *Adam and Eve*. A lot of men have difficulty keeping one beautiful woman happy; it is astonishing that John is able to manage his embarrassment of riches as successfully as he does—and with the entire world watching, as well. But beauty, after all, is its own reward.

The story of the yeor in 1980 wos Bo ond her relotionship with John Derek. Barbora Walters osked the couple obout the obvious comporison to Svengali ond his protégé Trilby. The Dereks responded by noming their film compony Svengoli Productions.

"Both reviewers and fan-magazine celebritymongers agree that she is magnificent, elusive, breath-taking and more—comparable to Garbo, Harlow, Monroe, Bardot and all the great screen divinities since Gloria Swanson." Thus wrote PLAYBOY's film critic, Bruce Williamson, in our March 1980 Bo spectacular. Derek shot his wife frolicking with a greyhound named China (above and left) and in tune with herself (below).

BLUE CADILLAC

(continued from page 130)

"Her name was Marie. She was 19 and had lived her whole life in Dayton, Tennessee."

for Thanksgiving dinner. Four were startled. Two were glazed.

Ears throbbing, Braxton slid into the girl's booth while she was laughing. A waitress came, a railroad cap high on a blue-black beehive hairdo. Braxton was still breathing through his grin while she took their orders. The blonde girl wanted waffles for supper.

Her name was Marie. She was 19 and had lived her whole life in Dayton, Tennessee, where long ago Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan had fought the famous monkey trial over teaching evolution. Braxton told her, "You live where *Inherit the Wind* happened. I remember when they were making it. With Spencer Tracy?" She hadn't known about it. It was before her time.

She leaned toward him, blue eyes like postcard lagoons. "You like Elvis?"

"He was the king."

The girl said, "My whole life is based on Elvis. Because of my momma. That's why she named me Marie. You know, 'Marie's the name of his latest flame.' That's me."

Braxton said, "You smoke a lot for somebody so young."

"I only smoke menthol."

"You smoke a lot. I used to smoke two packs a day. But I quit." He noticed his burning cigarette in the ashtray. "I cut back. I had a cousin killed himself smoking four packs a day. Emphysema."

"What's that?"

"Your lungs clog up."

She filled hers with air. The red halter swelled.

Cranberry juice wet Braxton's turkey meat. The sight nagged at him, parent to child, relentless. He should drive home at once for Thanksgiving dinner; he could still get there by seven if he scrambled. His mother would still be in and out of the kitchen, to check the oven, check the time. But her mouth would be thinning by the minute. Sullen, he swatted off the guilt by waving his arm for drinks.

He said, "I guess your momma really liked Elvis."

Marie scooped out another orange peel. "She'd laugh if she heard you say that. Liked! Back in school, she carved his name right into her arm, with a pocketknife, E-L-V-I-S. Right across, like that."

"Goddamn! . . . Excuse me."

Marie looked deep into his eyes. "He was the only man she ever loved, that's all. She told me that when she died."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear you lost her."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Was it a while back?"

"Five days ago today."

"That's terrible."

"It was diabetes. But she'd had it a long time."

"That's terrible. I'm sorry to hear that."

Braxton's voice was so sympathetic, the girl's voice thickened. She coughed. "So, anyhow. Momma asked me to do something for her and that's what I'm doing. And that's why I'm sitting here right now, because, otherwise, I'd be going in the opposite direction. But the last thing she asked me was would I drive to Memphis and go to Graceland and let him know she was gone and give him her souvenirs and her hair that she'd never cut?" The girl rubbed her blue Eastern bag as she talked, as if she consoled some creature inside.

"Let who know?"

"Elvis."

Braxton nodded again. He didn't know what to say, and ate some French fries.

"He's buried there at home because of the violence. You know."

She took out of the bag a soft, rumpled paper sack. From the sack she drew a thin shank of brownish-gray hair in a ponytail several feet long. The humanness of the thing jolted Braxton so much he bit his tongue while he chewed.

Marie kept smoothing the hair. "This was my momma's. She made a vow to Elvis and never cut it. Isn't it long?"

Braxton nodded, and moved her new drink closer.

Lagoon water splashed from the girl's eyes in tears. One, two, three in a row. The last hung there too full to drop. Braxton was moved to pat her hand. He could feel the dead hair underneath it.

Marie spoke solemnly. "That last night, she pulled me right down to her face in the hospital bed. 'He was all I had. He was everything. No one will ever understand,' is what she kept trying to whisper."

Braxton grew solemn, too. "Marie. I'm just a stranger. But believe me, in all sincerity, I am really sorry to hear about your loss. I mean, a mother is, well."

Nodding, the girl started to take out dozens of articles from the blue-vinyl bag. She picked through them—pins, buttons, charms, photos—pushing them about on the table like a vendor at Lourdes.

With an index finger, Braxton looped wide circles that ringed their heads, as if to tell the waitress they were angels haloed, or insane. The waitress brought more drinks. She had to clear away all the old ones because there was no room left on the table. Braxton decided it couldn't possibly be as late as the waitress' watch implied. He kept nodding at the objects Marie was holding up.

"This is the ticket, Overton Park Shell, Memphis, that was the first. She saw him there, and at the fairgrounds, and everywhere, long before he got to be anybody. So, that's what I mean, it proves it was true how she felt, way before it got to be the thing. She had over 20,000 pictures of him. All the albums. Everything. Look here, see." She shuffled out a photograph of a teenaged girl of amorphous form and fanatical eyes who sat at a cheap little white dressing table. Its surface was thick with things that said "Elvis Presley" or displayed his face: a mound of novelty hats, plaster-of-Paris busts, trinkets. The mirror was entirely papered over with his face. The girl was clothed in the image of the star; he smiled from her blouse and her toreador pants. She wore the ponytail now in Marie's sack.

"Look here," said Marie. She showed Braxton a stained handkerchief she took out of a velvet box. "You see this spot? And this one? That's *his* perspiration. At one concert, he fell right down on his knees in front of Momma, and when she held this out to him, he used it. He wiped his face on this." She put back the handkerchief and held up a square of laminated plastic. "That's his hair in here. See those strands? Momma ran her fingers through his hair and that much got caught in her ring. At Fort Dix."

Braxton was earnest. "Marie. This is a lot of stuff. There're aspects of sales on these items that you probably aren't acquainted with. If you'll take a stranger's advice, you ought to get in touch with somebody who could offer you an expert's opinion, like an appraisal."

"She had every single one of his 45s; there's a whole garage still packed full of souvenirs. I just locked it all up. I guess somebody probably could open up a museum if they wanted to."

"That's what I mean."

"I just locked it up and left."

On the color television in the corner, two football teams had been getting up and knocking each other down for a long time. It was pitch-black night outside. Braxton had broken his mother's heart.

Marie slid her relics back into their bag. "Maybe I better drink some coffee," she said, and giggled. "I think I'm smashed. When I was in junior high,

(continued on page 278)

REAGAN of the LOST ART

could beau geste whip out a mot juste? hell, no, but ronnie can

satire By JULES FEIFFER

THE SCENE *is the Oval Office.* PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN *sits behind his desk, staring into a TV camera.*

AUDIO ENGINEER: Can we have a level for sound, Mr. President?

REAGAN: Sure. Shucks . . . golly . . . well. . . . That enough?

AUDIO ENGINEER: Once more, please.

REAGAN: Gloryosky . . . leapin' lizards. . . . Is that your nose or are you eating a banana? I've seen better heads on a glass of beer. I don't know what I'd do without Haig—but I'd certainly like to try. "My kind of town, Washington is."

[*Sings, Sinatra impression*]

"Yes, my kind of town. Washington! Washington! Washington!" Did you get that? That was Frank. Frank's one of my best friends, but he's more than that: Frank is a model to me. And you know why? Frank did it *his* way. That's the ticket. Go! Go! Go, Frank! Now, when I think of all the people out there—no get up and go, no gumption. What I mean, people who don't do it their way, but the Government's way, the Government's way, the Government's way. Yich! Well, I see red. It makes me so mad I could puke. But *(concluded on page 254)*

CARS '82: ALL SYSTEMS ARE GO!

there's high adventure on wheels again as we present a selection of stylish automobiles that have the breeding to satisfy the urbane owner

modern living **By GARY WITZENBURG**

REMEMBER WHEN CARS were fun? When gas was cheap and you couldn't wait till the new models came out? When you could still tell them apart? Before the spoilsports of the world told you they were unsafe and polluted the air and were the root of all evil? Maybe you liked to hop them up, or pull the chrome off and customize them, or just drive them from here to there on a warm summer's night. In the Fifties, a lucky few discovered the joys of light, agile European sports cars, and many more thrilled to the awesome power of Detroit-built muscle machines of the Sixties. And then, just at the height of American auto mania, the door was slammed shut.

Overreacting to very real needs to cut the highway death toll and to reduce the levels of dangerous grit in the air, the Federal Government begat the Environmental Protection

VOLKSWAGEN SCIROCCO
RENAULT
FUEGO
quattro
Audi
AUDI QUATTRO

Agency and the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration in the late Sixties to save us all from the automobile.

Pursuing noble ends, they buried the auto industry under mountains of rules and regulations and enormous piles of paperwork. They bombarded the consumer with anticar propaganda and imposed a sluggish 55-miles-per-hour national speed limit on superhighways built for 70–80 mph. In short, they took fun out of cars and driving and substituted social responsibility. It became nearly impossible to build an exciting automobile, and socially unacceptable to enjoy one.

Then came the Arab oil embargo and the resulting fuel panic of 1973–1974, and more overreaction. The public began by snapping up every dull econocar in sight and screaming for more. The manufacturers responded by stressing fuel economy over all other considerations. The Government bureaucracies got into the act by piling fuel-economy rules on top of safety and bumper and emissions rules.

When, in a matter of months, the shortage was over and fuel availability and prices stabilized, the American public quickly tired of boring little cars and began to shop for what they had always preferred—some for big, plush gas guzzlers, others for smaller, faster cars. But Detroit didn't make many fun cars anymore.

Granted, Pontiac had wisely retained its *macho*-look Firebird Trans Am, and sold every one it could build. And rival Chevrolet had looked over its shoulder and quickly revived its once-dead Camaro Z-28. Ford, Chrysler and American Motors had tried to cash in, too, with striped and spoilered Sixties-style performance cars. But it was primarily the Japanese and European importers, not *(continued on page 170)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

DATSUN/NISSAN STANZA
TOYOTA CELICA SUPRA
MUSTANG GT 5.0

eighteen years ago, some people decided this country should grow a better crop of gymnasts—now it's harvest time

LORDS OF THE RINGS

THE ONLY UGLY PART of a gymnast's body is his hands, which are like a ballet dancer's feet—a perpetual challenge to the miracle of tissue regeneration. Once while I was walking around a gymnastics gym, I stopped a roll of tape that was trucking across the floor and returned it to its owner. He extended what was supposed to be a hand but looked more like a catcher's mitt with fingernails. There were more layers of calluses than layers of civilizations in the Holy Land. They *all* have hands like that, the toll of endless hours on side horse, rings, horizontal bar, parallel bars. I once watched a row of pommel-horse performers pass along a jar of hand cream like dopers sharing a joint. Then I remembered a gymnast in high school telling me all his teammates went to bed with hand cream and gloves on.

When I started checking into what people said were big changes in gymnastics, I assumed I was about average for an American in terms of my awareness of the sport. I'd heard of two Iron Curtainettes, Olga Korbut and Nadia Comaneci; an American named Cathy Rigby, who, when last seen, was hawking tampons; and a guy named Kurt Thomas, the only male American gymnast to make international waves. I'd thought of the sport as dominated by Commies and Japanese, something Americans just weren't good at. I'd seen a few minutes of gymnastics on Home Box Office while waiting for some R-rated movie to come on. And there's a photo of a V-shaped guy flying around a pommel horse in both my high school and college yearbooks. That's about it.

But as if out of the blue, America has gone from nothing to a top-ranked world power (third) in gymnastics, a feat comparable to Uganda's becoming an international baseball threat or Switzerland a swimming menace. American gymnastics could actually become a Big Sport. Maybe we could even beat the Commies.

But I have to say that my first live gym meet was a big yawn—at least it started out that way. I began my gymnastics education at the Windy City Invitational, the traditional season opener in N.C.A.A. gymnastics. For two days, I sat in a basketball gym on a roll-out bleacher at the University of Illinois' Chicago campus as 12 Midwestern collegiate teams, working in two shifts, performed simultaneously in the six events: floor exercise, horizontal bar, parallel bars, still rings, vault and pommel horse [see box on page 300].

Sounds great. However, by the time everybody *(continued on page 164)*

sports

By RICHARD PRICE

SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN / PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

SOUTHERN STAR

the dallas cowboys fumbled when they cut kim mc arthur— their miss is our miss january

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

KIMBERLY MC ARTHUR answered the phone in her hotel room at a ridiculously early hour. Before we could ask if she had time for an interview, she was off and running. "Hey," she said, "have you read Woody Allen's *Side Effects*? You have? Well, do you remember this part?" She proceeded to read, in a delightful Southern drawl, a section about UFOs, Government investigations and

"My grandfather came to Texas in a covered wagon when he was nine. He's a neat old guy. He'll listen, then say, 'Things weren't that way when I was a boy.' Wait till he sees this!"

"There were something like 1500 girls trying out for the squad. Eventually, the judges narrowed it down to 50 finalists. I've been trying out for drama competitions all my life, so I was only a little nervous." *The cover photo of the* Dallas Cowboys Weekly *(top) shows a compassionate Kimberly comforting another finalist in the tryouts for the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders. Kim says her prayers (above).*

the notion of traveling at 186,282 miles per second. "It says here your hat would blow off. Which reminds me. You know there is a skill to putting on a cowboy hat. The main trick is to pull it over your ears without getting your thumbs stuck." Such was our introduction to Miss January. She had just flown into Chicago from her current home in Dallas. She was playful, teasing. She suggested that we conduct an interview while walking along the shore of Lake Michigan. "I love long walks along the beach. Or, for that matter, short walks around the bathtub. What would you like to know about me? I tried out for the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders. I didn't make it. Why? I didn't kick high enough. The girls who did make it had kicks that looked like

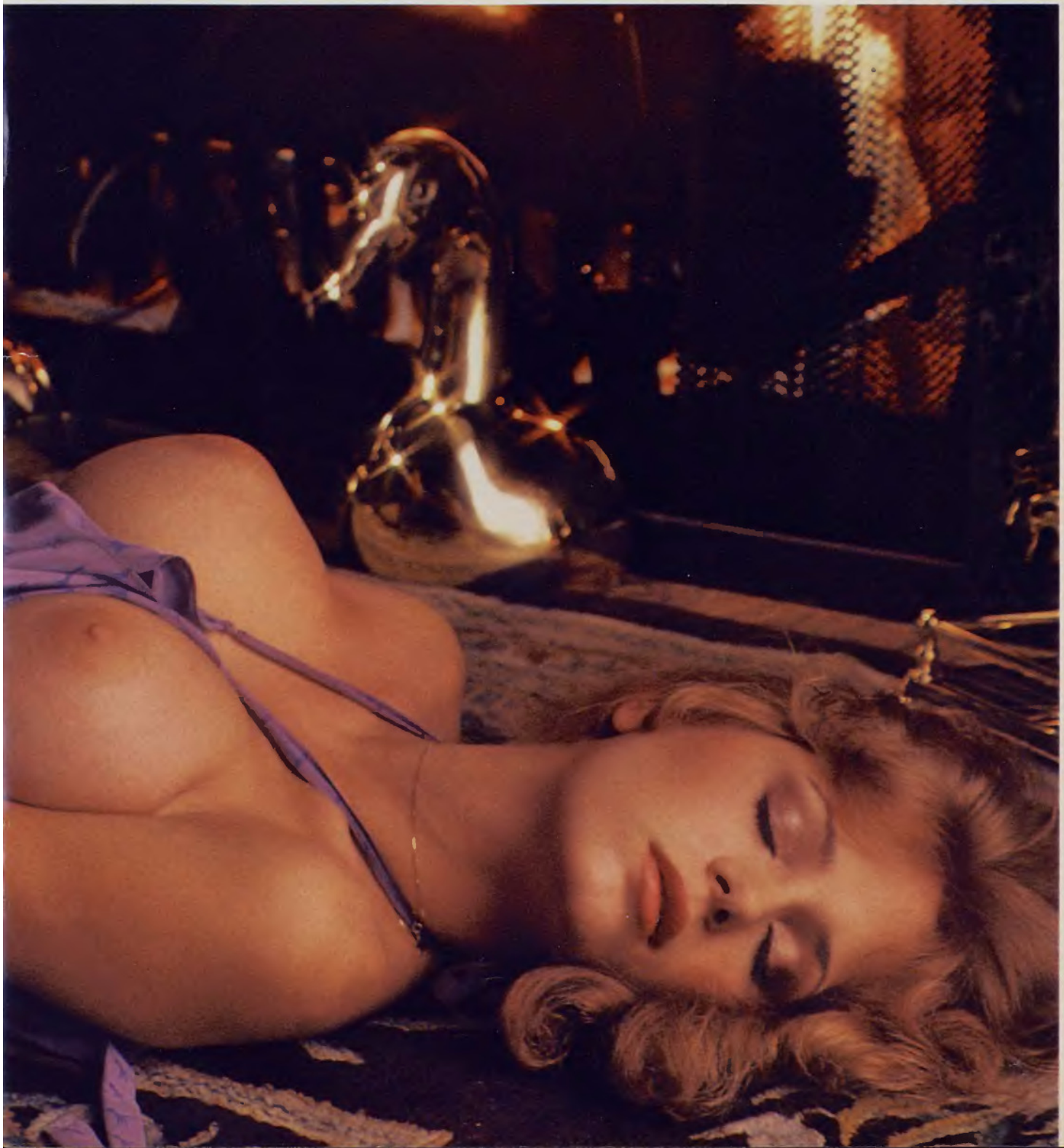
At left, Kimberly sports a souvenir of the tryout—a DALLAS COWBOYS CHEERLEADERS FINALIST *T-shirt. "That T-shirt means a lot to me. It was the first time I had ever gone up against the world. Even if I didn't win, it gave me a lot of confidence. If it weren't for that experience, I probably would never have tried out for* PLAYBOY. *It's not a question of vanity. I don't want you to get the idea that, 'Hey, I'm a Playmate. I don't touch the ground.' I'm just testing myself. Guys do it all the time."*

exclamation points. An average day? Well, I wake up in the morning, turn on the TV and exercise along with Richard Simmons, the weight saint. I practice my kick. I play with my cat. We do cart wheels on the carpet. I go to work at a video-game company. I go home. I cook. I fall asleep listening to Barbra Streisand records through the head-

"Are Playmates perfect? I wish. I once ordered dinner in The Palm in Chicago's Mayfair Regent, then found I couldn't charge it to my room. I said if they trusted me, I'd make them famous." Here they are (right), now famous.

phones. I listen through only one ear—I try to sing along and match her modulation. One of these days, I'd like to sing like that." The interview moved into serious topics, Kim's childhood (she had to drop out of high school in her home town of Fort Worth to help earn money for her family) and her career: She wants to be an entertainer. "It's

"But there are moments of perfection. I live for them. Buying fried chicken and eating it under the stars in the middle of a football field. Lying in front of a fire, roasting marshmallows. If you can't tell, I'm a hopeless romantic."



something I've been doing all my life. If someone I know is really down, I'll launch into a brogue, do a whole skit. You should see me do a five-minute version of *The Wizard of Oz.* I play all the parts." She then proceeded to demonstrate. Several passers-by stopped to appreciate the impromptu performance. "They're probably wondering how long I've been out," Kim laughed. The word for her behavior is irrepressible. "What would your readers like to know about me? This could get very complicated, you know. How does this sound? 'Kim likes the simple things in life: mink underwear. Large sapphires.' " It turns out that she does like the simple things in life. "I like the signals given at dinner. The knowing laugh. Where, just for a moment, you and the person you love step outside the crowd and share something private. I like Fort Worth. There's a place called the Lone Star Chili Parlor, out by the reservoir. You walk out back and it's like being transported to Paris or Venice. I like having dinner with friends, having the evening end with hugs, knowing you've shared something special." We end the walk knowing that we have shared something very special—a few minutes in the life of a very likable lady. A Southern star.

"I learned to ride horses when I was seven or eight. My sister tossed me up on the back of a mare, told me to grab the mane and slapped the horse on the rump. The horse started galloping around the house, with me hanging on for dear life. My first day racing miniature Formula I cars (above) was sort of the same. I just floored it and tore around—and off—the track." Go for it.

Talk about job satisfaction: Kimberly works for a company that deals in video games. A good day at the office means cleaning up at Armor Attack. "Ever looked inside one of those machines?" Kimberly asks. "It's amazing: Those little bits of wire can outwit and destroy you."

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kimberly McArthur

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kimberly McArthur

BUST: 37 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 101 SIGN: Virgo

BIRTH DATE: 9/16/62 BIRTHPLACE: Ft. Worth, Texas

TURN-ONS: My man, autumn, antique clothes, stormy nights, satin sheets and my cooking.

TURN-OFFS: cynical people, having to rush, soap operas, raw oysters and being told "no."

IDEAL MAN: Mature, confident, witty, intelligent, good sense of humor, loving and knows how to please me.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Arthur, Chapter Two and Honeysuckle Rose.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Barbra Streisand, Dudley Moore, Gordon Lightfoot, Steely Dan and Ray Price

FAVORITE SPORTS: Thoroughbred racing, racquetball

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Woody Allen, Trevanian, Ayn Rand and George Orwell

SECRET DREAM: To achieve effortless perfection

IDEAL EVENING: A quiet evening for two, ending with wine and a fireplace, then we wait for the sunrise....

3 yrs. Sitting on Santa's knee.

10 yrs. I'm going to be a star!

16 yrs. Which way to L.A.?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Definitely, there's something to be said for marrying a girl with a serious smoking problem," stated the antitobacco crusader. "By limiting my recent bride's indulgence to a cigarette after we've made love, I feel I've achieved real progress."

"How much progress?" he was asked.

"This much progress," he smiled. "I've got her down to about a pack a week!"

Besides, madam, I can arrange easy credit terms," pushed the door-to-door major-appliance salesman as he covertly eyed the luscious young housewife.

"How easy?"

"Nothing down but your panties!"

Said a Spanish Main pirate named Tate:
"There are eight señoritas *I date;*
And I'm having a ball,
Since I'm banging them all—
Tearing off all those pieces of eight!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alcoholic* as a man who goes into a topless bar just for a drink.

It's really amazing," the girl told her wealthy middle-aged lover as she tenderly played with him. "You have a handsome head of gray hair, and yet there isn't a touch of gray in your pubic bush."

"Why should there be?" the energetic self-made tycoon responded. "That cock of mine has never had a worry in its life."

The newest card game in San Francisco these days is something called pansy poker. Queens are wild and straights don't count.

Just when an audio buff had heated up the foreplay by playing music for his pickup date, he began to be uncomfortably aware of extraneous noises from his loud-speakers. Disentangling himself, he muttered, "I'll have the Dolby on in a flash."

"There's really no need for that," murmured the girl, "because I'm on the pill."

Tell me, Tom," inquired his buddy over drinks, "have you had any success with the water bed you told me you'd bought in a last, desperate attempt to coax some reciprocal sex movements out of your wife?"

"You can judge from the way I've come to refer to it," said Tom.

"What do you call it?"

"The Dead Sea."

I suppose I'm lucky that my girl thinks my hearing is impaired."

"Whatever does that mean?"

"She wears jeans so tight that I can practically read her lips!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *penis envy* as the feeling a teenager experiences in the parking lot when he stumbles on someone else screwing the junior-prom queen.

While attending an ecumenical convention, a priest and a rabbi decided to do some sightseeing in nonclerical garb. Having developed a thirst, they entered a pub that turned out to be decorated in mauve and hot pink and to have fresh flowers on the tables; and while they were sipping their beers, a beautiful young man floated over and asked the Catholic clergyman if he'd care to dance. Embarrassed and upset, the latter roughly shoved the interloper away, which caused the Muscle Beach–type bartender to advance threateningly on the table. He was intercepted by the rabbi, however, and after listening briefly to an explanation, he smiled and waved and returned to the bar. "Whatever did you say to that bullyboy, Aaron?" inquired the relieved priest.

"Not very much, Brendan," replied the rabbi, "just that we were on our honeymoon."

A roguish young cocksman named Hogue
Claimed screwing repeats were in vogue;
So although she cried, "No!
Not another—just go!"
He insisted on one for the rogue.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *siliconed mammaries* as a big drug bust.

I've spent enough on you to buy a battleship!" the admiral said to his mistress during a tiff.

"And you've spent enough *in* me to float one!" she retorted.

You may possibly have heard about the phenomenally hung young porno performer whose rise is starring.

A sex therapist was discussing masturbation as a possible temporary therapeutic practice with a dysfunctional male patient. "But I already derive manual pleasure from my own organ, doctor," the man countered. "I frequently grasp my penis and hold it firmly. It's a habit with me."

"In that case," the therapist continued, "it's a habit you'll have to shake."

I could understand your falling asleep on the job," railed the madam, "but falling asleep on a blow job . . . !"

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.*

"They're just playing on your sentiment—go ahead and shoot the damn thing down!"

LORDS OF THE RINGS *(continued from page 149)*

"In gymnastics, the guts are invisible unless they're spilled all over the mat."

had had a go at everything. I had seen 432 individual routines, eight dozen muscular Jimmy Olsens rocketing, whirling, tumbling and flying through the air. After about 45 minutes, I was comatose, numbed out of my tree.

Part of the problem was my own ignorance of even the gross points, but part of it was the aura of the meet. Every 20 minutes or so, there would be a marching on and off of the two shifts, each team behind a placard-carrying coed as the P.A. system blared a scratchy recording of that Olympic theme music heard on TV every four years.

The crowd, what there was of it, was strictly from bingo night. It seemed as though everybody in the stands was related to somebody on the floor; moms, dads, sibs, grandmoms, squinting into the action, clutching Instamatics, pointing and squawking, "*There* he is!"

There were two 1980 Olympic team members down there, Ron Galimore of Iowa State and Jim Hartung of Nebraska, and any time either of them was about to perform, the announcer would try to drum up some competition; but the crowd seemed too busy trying to track sons, nephews and brothers. The vibes were more high school than Olympian and, at some point, I started hallucinating that I was watching my 11th-grade phys-ed class and the only reason I was in the stands instead of on the mats was that I had a forged note from my parents.

But then, during the horizontal-bar event—while I was momentarily spaced out musing on hand cream and gloves—there was a sudden resounding thud and a gymnast lay flat on his back on a mat under the bar. He had done a somersault *over* the bar, missed his regrasp and come crashing down on his head, a drop of approximately 12 feet. He tried to get up but couldn't, so he lay there for 15 minutes while his coach and a trainer fit him with a neck brace. The hell with the hand cream. This is a goddamn deadly sport. Every time one of these guys leaves the earth of his own free will, the potential for paralysis, broken backs, bones and necks is enormous.

To American sports fans, danger is a left hook, a blitzing defense, a toothless, armed 200-pounder rocketing across the ice at 90 miles an hour: *Contact*. In gymnastics, the guts are invisible unless they're spilled all over the mat. It's one man versus six combinations of steel and wood and padding, and the uninitiated can't readily see the years of pain and strain that go into each 30-second performance. It's a little bit like competitive ballet.

There are two kinds of excitement in watching a gymnast: One is the spectacular moves, the daredevil element, the high-flying, head-over-heels releases; but there is something else that catches your breath and it's much more profound and subtle—the degree to which that gymnast will deviate from perfection. That's what gymnastics is really all about: zip-lock precision, two points off for blinking.

The reason you won't see so much as a sideburn or shaggy hair on a gymnast is that the short hair, the over-all sleekness, is part of his score. A trim, clipped, toes-pointed flab-free image that reflects inner discipline and control is vital. If there were a prototypal gymnast today, he would be roughly 5'6", 125 pounds, have oversized delts, lats, triceps, biceps, back muscles, a somewhat concave chest and tapered everything else. He would be close-cropped and clean-shaven and the collective fat on him and 50 of his teammates wouldn't be enough to fry an egg without having it stick to the pan.

•

Twenty years ago, American gymnastics had about as much in common with today's sport as World War One doughboys had with Jedi warriors. People didn't know what to make of gymnastics back then. It was more of a show than a sport and it attracted another type of athlete. Hot dogs. Maniacs. It was basically a daredevil show, and guys were learning stuff in the gym so they could blow everybody's mind. A lot of them were crazy *way* before gymnastics. They usually started as late as high school, when they finally got it through their heads that they were too small for football and got tired of getting the crap knocked out of them. There was a lot of heavy partying, heavy boozing. They were amazing athletes—they *had* to be to lead the lives they did.

I can understand why a veteran gymnast of the Sixties claimed he'd become addicted to living over the edge, why a good part of his generation of gymnasts would still want to walk on the outside of their skins 24 hours a day. Those were guys who *always* walked up the down staircase, who wound up streaking the N.C.A.A. finals, staging motorcycle races *inside* the house, becoming stunt men, crop dusters, daredevil pilots. One guy eventually developed a trampolin act in a Vegas casino. Another did a porno film in which the climax was leaping nude *in coitus* 12 feet into a stone quarry. Another jumped off the Astrodome onto an air bag. One played beefcake in a Mae West film. I heard stories of Mexican whorehouses, Mexican jails, trashed motel rooms, gang bangs in trashed motel rooms, terrified motel owners blocking the path of team buses as they pulled into the parking lots, marathon drinking bouts.

But among the new crop of gymnasts, there's not even a hint of that kind of excess. They started changing in 1964, when a group of supporters, vying for control of the sport with the Amateur Athletics Union, set up the United States Gymnastics Federation.

In 1969, Masayuki "Mas" Watanabe, who at that time was considered the greatest gymnastics technician in the world, came to the United States from Japan and began conducting clinics for gymnastics coaches. For the very first time, American gymnastics was exposed to a scientific system based on sound mechanical principles. Before Watanabe, every skill was learned by aping footage of the Russians and the Japanese. It was "throw and go," the Dark Ages. Coaches at the first clinic just sat in the bleachers for seven days, coming out with notebooks thick as the Yellow Pages with new concepts—a whole new philosophy of what gymnastics was. They all ran back to their schools and started spreading the new gospel.

In 1974, the U.S.G.F. and Watanabe started a nationwide age-group program, a Junior Olympics and a national training camp for potential Junior Olympic material and for select college gymnasts. Watanabe personally conducted the first camp, which Kurt Thomas and Bart Conner (who have both retired from amateur competition) attended in high school. The reasoning behind the age-group program was simple: The greater the number of kids involved with gymnastics at an early age, the broader the base to work with and the greater the number of potential American starts in international competitions. It would be a simple matter of letting the cream rise to the top.

"The key to the sport is people," says Paul Ziert, coach of perennial N.C.A.A. contender Oklahoma. "Personalities. We have to develop more personalities, get on a good salesmanship program, get more visibility. Gymnasts have to do personal tours, get TV coverage. With more visibility, we'll get more athletes going out for gymnastics. We're already getting a broader base of 12-year-olds and in another five or six years, we'll

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TAILORED FOR '82

five fashion innovators create look-ahead suits and sports coats exclusively for playboy

attire By DAVID PLATT

AS JANUARY is the month that marks new beginnings, we have for nigh onto a decade celebrated by asking renowned menswear designers to give us their predictions of male fashions to come. For this year's prognostications, we approached five leading names—Lynn Novak, Nino Cerruti, Jeffrey Banks, Pierre Cardin and Don Robbie—and gave them a specific request: Define for us the direction you see suits and sports coats (in other words, tailored clothing) taking in the near future. After all, sportswear has had most designers' creative attention, while tailored clothing remains relatively unchanged. Take a look at the illustrations on these pages and see if you don't like what's on today's drawing boards.

LYNN NOVAK

A firm believer in the future of toilored separates for men, Lynn Novak aims her designs at "the bored Ivy Leaguer who wants to update his wardrobe using color and quality imported fabrics." Here, she has broken a few rules by combining a silk windowpane jacket with cotton slacks, a shaker-knit crewneck, a cotton knit pullover shirt and preppie boat shoes.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RIESER

NINO CERRUTI

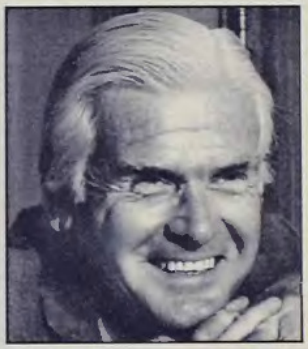
Parisian designer Nino Cerruti chooses to breathe more life into the traditional suit statement by introducing livelier-colored fabrics and reviving a somewhat dated cut. He says, "The suit should reflect a look of richness and elegance while being as *sportif* as possible. This is done by combining colorful materials with the dramatic look of a six-button double-breasted."

JEFFREY BANKS

Energetic Jeffrey Banks likes to emphasize clothes with versatility. He points out that the multicolor Harris tweed sports coat to be featured in his foll 19B2 line con be worn as a loyered country-gentlemon look (as shown here) or with block dinner trousers, white tuxedo shirt and black bow tie for semiformal occasions. Or, we might add, with jeans and a flonnel shirt.

PIERRE CARDIN

One of the leading forces in establishing the role of name designers in menswear, internationally famous Pierre Cardin feels that this year will bring on even greater emphasis on the male physique. His wool tweed suit, illustrated here with a beige cotton shirt and camel-colored knit tie, broadens the shoulders and tapers at the waist and hips to create an inverted triangle.



DON ROBBIE

A cross between Don Quixote and Don Rickles, Don Robbie comes off as outrageously all-American. "My look for '82 is so far right it's outa sight. It includes a natural-shoulder seersucker sack coat, patchwork madras jeans, white buttondown shirt, madras ascot, white tassel loafers and no socks. Add a suntan and an orange-juice smile. What female M.B.A. could resist him?"

CARS '82

(continued from page 146)

"There's a fresh spirit in Detroit. Under Reagan, the crushing regulatory burden is finally lifting."

burdened by programs to meet Federal fuel-economy laws, who were able to move in quickly to fill the fun-car void with zippy, agile *and* economical sports cars, sports coupes and sport sedans.

When the Iranian revolution led to a second fuel scare early in 1979, the importers were ready with lots full of stylish, refined, economical and fun-to-drive small cars. Meanwhile, Detroit, complacent following the public's fast return to traditional buying habits in the mid-Seventies, once again was caught with its pants down.

Since then, the U.S. auto makers have scrambled to catch up and recover some part of the hallowed market they lost to imports. You know the rest: the near collapse of once-proud Chrysler; Ford, A.M.C. and even mighty G.M. hemorrhaging red ink; last year's expected recovery scuttled by the Federal Reserve's continued tight money policies; recession coupled with stubborn inflation.

Despite the gloom and doom, there's a fresh spirit in Detroit. Under the business-oriented Reagan Administration, the crushing regulatory burden is finally lifting. Automobiles are safer, cleaner, more economical and more socially responsible than ever, and people are more than ready to start enjoying them again. Our domestic makers, after more than a decade of almost single-minded pursuit of respectability, have finally sensed the shifting winds. They've doffed their pinstriped suit jackets and set about the business of once again designing and producing automobiles that are enjoyable as well as responsible.

The new fun car for the Eighties may be very different from the fun car of the Sixties, but it's no less enjoyable. Instead of a muscle-bound street fighter, it's an agile, sinewy gymnast. Instead of a zillion horsepower wedged into two tons of steel, it carries maybe 80 to 180 horsepower in a tightly wrapped package that weighs in at 2000–3000 pounds. It won't burn rubber for a block, but it will plant four tires on the road and corner better than the average race car of just a few years ago. It won't cover a quarter mile in less than ten seconds, but it will cover ground over America's most challenging highways with uncanny ease and stability—and all the while delivering 25, 35, even 45 miles per gallon, depending on what it is and how you drive it.

Now sit back and relax for a guided tour through the new, exciting, luxurious 1982 cars, PLAYBOY's pick of the pack!

AMERICAN CARS

The biggest news from General Motors for the family-car set is the advent of front-wheel-drive A-car intermediate sedans in two-door and four-door forms. Known as the Chevrolet Celebrity, Pontiac 6000, Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera and Buick Century, these are really roomier, quieter, softer-riding, more stylish, more luxuriously appointed derivations of the popular X-cars that made their debut two years ago. They share the X-car's Pontiac-built 2.5-liter four-cylinder base engine, electronically fuel injected for 1982 for significantly better economy and performance. There is also a choice of optional V6 engines, the most interesting being a new, highly refined, Oldsmobile-built 4.3-liter diesel V6, which most drivers would be hard pressed to tell from the average gasoline engine. With automatic transmission as standard equipment, these cars can't be considered bags of fun, but they do provide G.M. buyers the best compromise yet between the old-school rear-drive sedan and the New Wave, fuel-efficient small car.

High on our excitement scale are the all-new Camaro and Firebird, known as F-cars in G.M. parlance. These retain rear-wheel drive and their aggressive, American sporty-car character but are considerably smaller and lighter than the models they replace. Beneath their aerodynamic new bodies lurk highly refined suspensions and a choice of engines ranging from the fuel-injected 2.5-liter four to a choice of carbureted or dual-injected 5.0-liter V8s. The aircraft-cockpit look of the interiors, multi-adjustable bucket seats and high-performance chassis options that make them the best-handling F-cars ever built are just a sampling of the features enhancing these pulse-quickening new G.M. fun cars.

G.M.'s already nice X-cars (Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark) benefit from addition of the injected four-cylinder as standard engine, from the wider availability of Chevy's high-performance 2.8-liter high-output V6 from last year's Citation X-11 and from body and chassis improvements resulting from the A-car development program. The slightly smaller and newer J-cars (Chevrolet Cavalier, Pontiac J2000 and Cadillac Cimarron), introduced last spring, get much-needed performance improvements—but still need more horsepower and a good five-speed manual gearbox to classify as fun cars. Both Oldsmobile and Buick are readying high-line sedan versions of the J-car, the Firenza (formerly the Starfire) and the Skylark, for February introduction.

Chevrolet's Corvette, in its last year before a complete redesign, boasts a fuel-injected 5.7-liter V8 engine but (unfortunately) no manual transmission for 1982. There's also a commemorative Collector Edition with a swing-up rear hatch, special paint and trim, and other features. The economical rear-drive Chevette moves one step up on the fun scale with the addition of an optional five-speed transmission mated to either its gasoline or its surprisingly peppy new diesel four-cylinder engine.

Besides developing the 1982 fuel-injected four-cylinder engine, the Firebird and the 6000, Pontiac engineers have been perfecting a new overhead-cam 1.8-liter four-cylinder engine, coupled with a five-speed transmission. This package is intended to give Pontiac's J-cars just the performance and drivability boost they need. When the combination is ready for market—and it should be by spring—it promises to accelerate Pontiac's J2000 solidly into the fun-car realm. Similarly, Oldsmobile and Buick divisions have developed and improved their V6 diesel and V6 turbo gasoline engines for 1982 while grooming their own new A-car and J-car variations. Cadillac has an all-new electronically fuel-injected aluminum-block 4.1-liter V8 engine as standard in all models except limousines and the Cimarron J-car. It's also introducing a Euro-look, dechromed, black-walled, sport-suspensioned Eldorado Touring Coupe that's, well, almost fun, despite its hefty size, weight and price ($20,666).

Ford Motor Company, working hard to change its image from stodgy to youthful, is injecting adrenaline into its product line and especially into its small cars. Last year, the engineers strained and sweated to squeeze the last particle of EPA fuel economy from their new Escort 1.6-liter four-cylinder engine. The result was indeed economical but less than pleasant to drive—a wheezing, weak-kneed sewing-machine motor hobbled by pitifully wide-ratioed transmissions.

One year later, it's a different story. Literally dozens of improvements have been made on the Escort and Lynx and their sporty two-seat derivatives (Ford EXP and Mercury LN7), not the least of which are an optional higher-performance version of the standard engine and a close-ratio four-speed manual gearbox.

(continued on page 228)

"No, no, don't tell me—I never forget a face!"

LIVE LIKE A KING

thirteen majestic hotels for travelers who mind their manors

travel By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

TRAVEL, especially foreign travel, evokes images of romance and glamor. Exotic locales, unfamiliar languages and traditions that span centuries combine to promise an experience both unusual and wonderfully satisfying.

Passing through the gilded corridors of history should, after all, be what foreign travel is all about. Too often, however, the corridors through which we pass are the kind of cookie-cutter creations that make a new hotel in Paris indistinguishable from one in Pomona. But travelers who settle for those precast concrete-and-chrome surroundings have only themselves to blame, for there are still quite a number of extraordinary accommodations that make travel worth while. It's possible to spend a night or two in an elegant fortress—perhaps with shower installed in an archer's turret—or in a castle or a manor house. In the best cases, the conversion of castle or stately home to hotel use has been effected with elegance and taste. In the worst cases, drafts that were once restricted *(continued on page 182)*

Château de Nieuil, built 450 years ago in Charente, France, was made for memorable knights. Today's distractions include swimming, tennis and *haute cuisine*; book a year ahead.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

A million cheered for Di and Charles.
The turnout was convincing.
It proved the biggest thing he's done
Since first he took up princing.

Dave Stockman led a bachelor's life.
The bright young White House staffer
Found women's curves were far too tame
Once he'd seen those of Laffer.

When Begin's bombs struck Lebanon,
The White House gave advice:
Rambunctious boys who want new toys
Must practice playing nice.

Jean Harris launched a weight-gain plan.
She couldn't help but try it.
In stir, one simply can't maintain
A rigid Scarsdale diet.

The baseball season proved to be
A special kind of thriller
For those who cottoned to the sport
Of hearing Marvin Miller.

Enquirer scribes implied Burnett
Drank more than just a dab.
It cost their boss 800 grand
When *he* picked up *her* tab.

Three's Company dropped down to two.
Its year was filled with bummers
As wintry chills were felt throughout
The long, hot Suzanne Somers.

For Congress, Paula Parkinson
Became a new-found hobby,
Once proving that a bedroom suite
Can also be a lobby.

A plan to save our auto biz!
Lee Iacocca found it.
Keep those subcompacts in Japan;
Then build a fence around it.

Dick Nixon bought a new estate
With tennis courts and gardens.
It's nice to see how well he's done
Since begging all our pardons.

Election of a Teamster boss
Created scant excitement
They never fail to pick the one
Who's facing an indictment.

The Indy mark that Unser set
Brought him but passing pain.
He won, then lost the silver cup,
Then got it back again.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

The High Court got a lady Judge.
We'll see what now occurs.
Will rulings be unanimous,
Or come marked Theirs and Hers?

Qaddafi financed terror groups
And pledged there'd be no cuts.
His appetite seemed boundless for
His hard-shelled brand of nuts.

With bated breath did CBS
New rating figures gather.
Had viewers switched to John or Frank,
Or would they say they'd Rather?

A beauty judge found Miss New York
Could simply not be trusted,
And took the step of busting her
On grounds she wasn't busted.

A former Agriculture boss
Was proved a fiscal klutz.
The findings of the IRS
Knocked Earl right on his Butz.

Though Reagan's age was once big news,
It's Nancy's turn of late.
The day she reached the 60 mark,
She said she's 58.

Miss Bergman deemed her newest role
The best she's gotten holda,
And had no doubt a stately Swede
Could play an olda Golda.

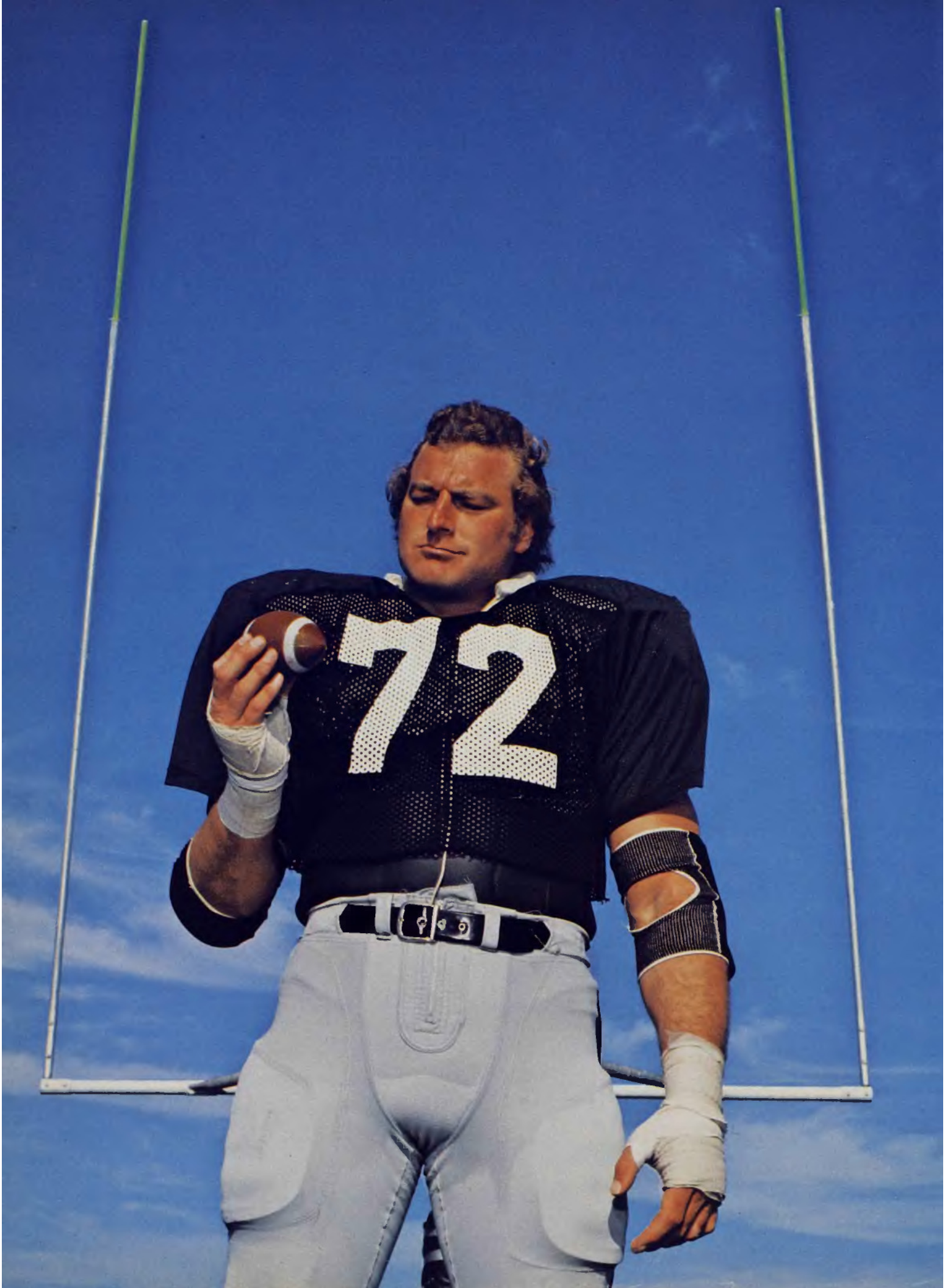
Jane Byrne tried living in a slum.
She found life quite OK there
But failed to say the best part was
She didn't have to stay there.

Though Andy Gibb dropped out of school,
His math technique's invincible.
Victoria, he's found, is both
His interest and his Principal.

Chicago's *Tribune* bought the Cubs.
Some found that act extreme.
The "Greatest Paper in the World"
Now owns the world's worst team.

At NBC, those "bright new shows"
Proved once again a sham.
It's hoped its newest program chief
Will give a Tiuker's damn.

Ted Koppel rose to TV fame
With speed quite superhuman.
To think we'd trust an anchor man
Who looks like Alfred Neuman!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20 QUESTIONS: JOHN MATUSZAK

the notorious defensive end shares his thoughts on liberated ladies, mental masturbation and the joys of kicking ass

When John "The Tooz" Matuszak isn't playing defensive end for the Super Bowl champion Oakland Raiders, he's playing larger-than-life characters in movies such as "Caveman" and "North Dallas Forty." Free-lance writer Craig Modderno met with The Tooz over dinner in Beverly Hills. His report: "A lot of people cower in the presence of the self-proclaimed enforcer of football's renegade Raiders. At 6'8" and 280 pounds, Matuszak is, after all, physically imposing. But he also is intelligent, charming, funny, tough and moody—often within the space of a single sentence. If the Russians ever invade America, I hope they meet up with Matuszak first."

1.

PLAYBOY: What do you suppose the public makes of you?

MATUSZAK: That's a tough question. I have gone over that in my mind once or twice. I think the public thinks I'm a wild brawler, a guy who doesn't put up with any shit at all. I'm also a guy who cares very much about my public—the Oakland Raiders' fans—and they know I do. For me, to show the fans that I love them is pure delight. The general public thinks I'm a little off the wall. But I can only be myself and avoid mistakes. Most of my mistakes, unfortunately, have been brought to the public's attention through the media.

2.

PLAYBOY: Why have the media singled you out?

MATUSZAK: I'm a good-looking guy. I keep my nose clean. [*He covers one nostril and sniffs loudly*] You know what I mean? I do enjoy the attention I get. I very much like being center stage. I enjoyed the Super Bowl and the craziness that happened to me there. Last year, I went out one night four nights before the game and got fined $1000. The next day, Philadelphia's coach said, "If he was on my team, I'd send him back to Philadelphia!" I didn't realize that a $1000 fine would be worth so much publicity. It just goes to prove that The Tooz is big news.

3.

PLAYBOY: Let's set the record straight. Are you an inherently wild and crazy guy or just an all-American boy gone bad?

MATUSZAK: [*Laughs*] The all-American part is right. The gone-bad part has happened on occasion. But every time it's gone bad, it's been a great time. Except when they slammed the jail door shut. That part I wish to avoid in the future. I never even want to see another jail as long as I live. The last time I went to jail, I was just on my way to a fun party. You know the green traffic lights? The ones that say, "Go straight ahead." We're talking traffic lights here, not green lights from spaceships. And there's a little light that gives you a little green arrow that means you can go left. The only thing that irritates me is when that green arrow turns off and it's red while the light for going ahead is still green. I pay too much in taxes not to have the lights work properly. I took a left and, much to my dismay, I was pounced on by the police. The point is, the cops made me miss a good party.

4.

PLAYBOY: Do most people think you're bigger than you really are?

MATUSZAK: You could open a whole can of worms right here. Usually, I surprise people with my size. I've never been underestimated. Mom, forgive me for what I have done, but I cannot tell a lie. I've failed only twice with women. And then my excuse was I worked too hard that day. I couldn't get it up just twice in 30 years. That ain't bad.

5.

PLAYBOY: Do liberated women have a place in your life?

MATUSZAK: I think those are the only kind of women I can deal with. I do like the old-fashioned mixed with the liberated. I like to touch women and be romantic, which is old-fashioned. I'm also for a woman's getting out of the house. Whenever my mom got out of the house, she became much more outgoing. She could see people and talk more. Everyone says a woman's place is in the home, which it is, but it's also a man's place. You've both got to get out and do things, see people and have fun. Having fun doesn't necessarily mean messing around. If you're living with someone, it means respecting her and giving them room to be herself. If a woman loves me and means it, then I wouldn't mind her doing anything. But if she loves me, then she snubs me, I tell her to go kiss my ass. Why hang around?

6.

PLAYBOY: Are you a jealous person?

MATUSZAK: No. I have fought being that. I remember feeling that green monster inside me when I was in high school. It almost destroyed the relationships I had in my early years in college. Now I've gone the other way. I've shut myself off from being jealous. I was kind of married for three years, but I won't talk about that. It would be difficult for me to allow myself to get close to another person like that again. Romance to me is caring a lot about somebody and making each other feel comfortable. It's respecting each other and knowing how to give good head.

7.

PLAYBOY: How hard do you concentrate on intimidating your opponents?

MATUSZAK: I don't concentrate on intimidating them so much as I concentrate on kicking their ass. The fact that my opponents know I'm an ass kicker makes them try a little harder against me. I don't get down on the line and say, "All right, you dirty muthafucker. Your mother wears combat boots." Who needs to hear that shit in a game? When I'm down on the line, it's concentration time. My opponents don't talk to me during a game, either. They know better. And if they don't or they're rookies, I teach them fast. You don't make an angry man angrier.

8.

PLAYBOY: What intimidates you?

MATUSZAK: Being in a deep sleep and having someone come into the room and wake me up rudely. That scares the hell out of me. Women sometimes intimidate me. If I see a woman I like, I get shy right away. Yes, the big guy gets shy. I try to overcome my shyness and intimidation by just being honest. I don't have a game plan for seducing a woman. Every woman, like every game plan, has to be approached differently. My game plan with women is like the Raiders' game plan. In order to keep being successful, we don't give our strategy away. Nobody intimidates the Raiders!

9.

PLAYBOY: Not even Pete Rozelle, the National Football League commissioner?

MATUSZAK: [*Grins*] Pete's been real sweet to me. He *(continued on page 257)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PENNY WOLIN-SEMPLE

"All kidding aside, men, it's great to be back!"

fiction

By THOMAS M. DISCH

beauty, wisdom, grace and a certain statesmanlike cunning—isn't that what every man needs in a wife?

IN PRAISE OF OLDER WOMEN

ONE MORNING, just before breakfast, Oedipus, the king of Thebes, got a letter informing him that quite inadvertently he had married his own mother, Queen Jocasta. At first he suspected this was his brother-in-law Creon's idea of a practical joke, but Creon had no sense of humor, and also, the letter was signed by Tiresias, a blind seer of well-attested probity and independence of judgment. Moreover, the letter was accompanied by an affidavit from the shepherd who'd taken the infant Oedipus from Thebes and given him to another shepherd who, in turn, had passed him on to King Polybus and Queen Periboea of Corinth.

It had been an honest mistake, clearly, but Oedipus dreaded the idea of the newspapers' getting hold of such a juicy scandal. Incest with his own mother, and him the king of Thebes! He wondered whether the wisest course wouldn't be to shred the letter and forget the whole thing. Jocasta was certain to be upset, and what else could be done to mend matters now?

I won't tell her, he decided. But the moment she came down to breakfast, he changed his mind. She looked so beautiful, spreading butter on the flat side of a *croissant*, lifting her coffee cup and blowing ripples in the coffee before she took her first little sip. Hard to believe, looking at her, that she was old enough to be his mother!

"There's something you should know, darling," he said, and passed her the letter.

Jocasta read the letter, then folded it and put it back into the envelope.

"I'm afraid it's all true," she said. "At least as to that child's having been exposed on the mountain."

"That child?" Oedipus gave the words a sarcastic inflection.

Jocasta began tearing her *croissant* to bits. Whenever Jocasta wanted to avoid a discussion, her hands would become busy—with a cigarette or crewelwork. When the *croissant* had been thoroughly disassembled, she looked up at her husband and tried to reconsider him as a son. Impossible! "I suppose you blame me," she said tentatively, testing the water.

"Did I say that?"

"It was Laius' fault. He had this idea, from going to some crackpot oracle, that if he ever had a son, he'd be murdered by him. There was no arguing with him. So I just"—she wiped her buttery fingers with a napkin—"took the initiative. When he saw I was pregnant, he was furious, but I *refused* to have an abortion. Royalty has to set an example."

"A fine example *we're* setting!"

Jocasta sighed.

"We'll have to do something," he said. "We can't just pretend things are the same as before."

She cast up her eyes in the manner of a sacrificial victim and began nervously shredding a second *croissant*.

"Can we?" he insisted.

"You're the king," she said, almost too softly to be heard.

"And what is *that* supposed to mean?"

"I mean that the old busybody who wrote that letter isn't immortal. You could arrange an accident for her."

"Tiresias is a he, my dear."

"I thought he had a sex change."

"He did, and then he changed back."

"The nerve," she said angrily. "I mean, you'd think someone like that would be the *last* person to go around casting aspersions on other people. In any case, whether she's a he or vice versa, *this*"—she tapped the letter—"is blackmail. Nothing more nor less."

"You're suggesting that I murder him."

"Do you know any other way to deal with blackmail? If you put him in prison, the story will get out sooner or later. Unless you cut out his tongue, and I think that's barbaric."

Oedipus held up the shepherd's affidavit. "And what of this?"

"Oh, he's just a shepherd. Sell him to a foreign trader. *He's* not the problem."

"Let us suppose that Tiresias has been eliminated from the picture. The problem remains, my dear, that our marriage is incestuous."

"Why don't you just come right out and say you want a divorce?"

"But we can't go on . . . um . . . acting as man and wife."

"Men," she said witheringly, "are all alike."

"You're my *mother*, Jocasta."

"Please don't *whine*. I hate whiners. And as to that, I'm also the mother of your four children. What's to become of them if we're divorced?"

"Well, I could take Antigone and Ismene, and you could take the boys to the palace in Corinth. It's been standing empty ever since Polybus died."

"I hate Corinth, as you well know, and that palace is a pigsty. I grew up in Thebes. All my friends are in Thebes. I'm *queen* of Thebes, for heaven's sake!"

"Very well, then *I'll* go to Corinth. I'll abdicate and leave Thebes to you. We can't go on as though nothing has happened, as though we didn't know who we are and what we're doing."

"We're royalty and we can do what we like. But divorce, or even a trial separation, would be certain to provoke scandal, which is what we're trying to avoid. And what would we tell the children, have you thought of that? That you're their brother as well as their father?"

Jocasta reached across the table and took her husband's hand in hers. "Oedipus, darling, I understand that you've been upset by all this, and I sympathize. But you mustn't do anything you'll regret later. Thebes needs a king. If you abdicate, my brother Creon will be conspiring against the throne before you can say Mnemosyne. We must face facts."

"Oh, I suppose you're right. Practically speaking."

She patted his hand and got up from the table. "You'll take care of the rest?"

He nodded.

But even with that assurance, she lingered in the atrium until he'd given his guards the order to kill the blind seer and to sell the old shepherd to traders from Crete. Then, avoiding the courtyard, where a delegation of citizens were continuing their sit-in to protest the plague, she went up to her own chamber to be bathed and scented with myrrh and dressed in her best purple robe.

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

LIVE LIKE A KING *(continued from page 173)*

"A call to Burke's stable in town will get you mounts delivered to the castle door."

to the dungeons now whirl through the entire stone edifice. Even in the chilliest of these, however, all you need remember is that this is exactly what knights of old had to endure during nights of old. Perhaps this historic image (and a pair of thick socks) will keep you warm.

Much more often, the level of comfort to be enjoyed in contemporary castle hotels and the cozy inns created from venerable manor houses is considerable. There is also the opportunity to score points in ways never even imagined at a Holiday Inn. Perhaps the single most stirring coup I ever achieved was at an Irish castle. I'd visited a local stable the afternoon before, and there are no words to describe the impact on that memorable morning when the hall porter came to our breakfast table to announce, "Your horses are in the courtyard, sir."

There's something very special about bedding down in a house on a Highland heath that four centuries ago knew the tread of noblemen. Or sitting on a settee in a room decorated with magical mosaics, in which the last private resident was the local maharaja. There's a powerful urge to leap up and exclaim, "Look at me—I'm regular royalty!" If the next best thing to being born rich is to live as though you were, the pinnacle of such experience is literally to be able to live like a king.

What follows are the grandest palaces, the most imposing châteaux and the most stately homes where visitors are made to feel really regal. Because of sharply fluctuating exchange rates, it's difficult to provide price information, but it is safe to say that these spectacular stopping places cost no more than far less impressive hostelries in their respective neighborhoods. So if you're planning to visit an area near one of these regal resorts, a royal detour is very much in order.

THE LAKE PALACE
(Udaipur, India)

The town of Udaipur was a desert village in medieval times and once was an important outpost of India's fabled Rajput warriors. What makes the area (a two-hour flight north from Bombay) worth while now is the single most extraordinary hotel site on this planet. The immense Lake Palace appears to float on the surface of Pichola Lake in a feat of aquatic levitation. However, the pure-white-marble edifice (created on the whim of an 18th Century ruler) has a foundation that has been firmly rooted since then. At that time, immense pilings were sunk in the lake at the command of the maharani of Mewar, and this is the only hotel—perhaps the only building—of its sort in the world. Regrettably, many of its 85 air-conditioned rooms and suites are undistinguished, so it's necessary to make specific room requests if you intend to immerse yourself in supreme splendor. The suites command special attention: One of those, the Kamal Mahal (Lotus Flower Room), has walls inlaid with floral designs, and most of it was part of the maharani's own apartment. The Khush Mahal (Happiness Suite) is where the reigning queen (and occasionally the favorite concubine) reclined in splendid luxury, and even now, the suite is furnished in heirlooms from a royal collection. A marble swimming pool completes the appointments, and the very best part of all these elegant surroundings is that their cost is surprisingly modest.

For information: The Lake Palace, Udaipur, India. U.S. contact: The Taj Group of Hotels, 200 Park Avenue, Suite 426 West, New York, New York 10166. Telephone 212-880-1564.

DROMOLAND CASTLE
(Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare, Ireland)

At a time when accountants seem to be inheriting the earth and the law of diminishing taste has made banality the norm, here is a testament to the fact that style and elegance still do exist. Dromoland Castle was the former seat of the fierce O'Brien clan, and the impressive state of the current castle is a result of its having been continuously occupied for more than four centuries. Today, guests routinely accept as their due the castle's enormous oil paintings, wood paneling and intricate stone carvings, as did Donough O'Brien when the castle was presented to him as a gift in 1570. The surrounding grounds include a nine-hole golf course and trails through the woods. A call to Burke's stable in town will get you mounts delivered to the castle door; since Irish hunters are the norm hereabouts, specify a mild-mannered mare if you don't care for impromptu jumping. Then hire a gillie to keep you on the narrow paths and in the right direction, and I guarantee a sense of serene opulence that is not duplicable elsewhere. There are 67 rooms, and the public rooms are pleasant and bright. This is truly a castle adapted to contemporary life in the most salutary way. The feeling of being a modern-day baron is virtually inescapable, and nowhere in Ireland does a hotel guest feel further from the trials of the times or closer to the soft green landscape.

For information: Dromoland Castle, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare, Ireland. U.S. contact: McDonough Hotels, P.O. Box 1825, Parkersburg, West Virginia 26101. Telephone 800-624-1921.

EASTWELL MANOR
(Ashford, Kent, England)

England boasts a huge inventory of stately homes that accept guests, but, sad to say, most of them have been "Ye Olded" to such a degree that one can get diabetes from the cloying sweetness. Not so Eastwell Manor, which is precisely the sort of building—inside and out—that travelers dream about. The stone mansion bristles with narrow turrets and chimneys; it's reached via a long tree-lined lane, which leads to a narrow aperture in the surrounding stone wall opening onto a central courtyard. Within the snug courtyard, smoke billowing from the chimneys fills the air with the scent of burning hardwood. Not a bad introduction to the British countryside.

Eastwell sits in the center of one of England's most vast park-land properties—3000 acres—which provides substantial insulation for the hotel of only 20 rooms. Five of those are merely comfortable, but the remaining 15 vary from stunning to downright spectacular. The most lush digs are in the Countess of Midleton suite, where the bathroom is only slightly smaller than Madison Square Garden. The walk-in redwood closets are tucked up behind a small set of stairs that are themselves tucked behind the bathtub. The shower water comes not only from the overhead nozzle but from jets cascading from three sides. The suite's sitting room is twice the size of the bathroom, and there are a similarly oversized bed and bedroom. The gorgeous living quarters are complemented by a genuinely first-class dining room; perhaps the only element missing from this enterprise is a brace of barons clanging in the yard.

For information: Eastwell Manor, Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent TN25 4HR, England. U.S. contact: Scott Calder, 152 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016. Telephone 800-223-5581.

INVERLOCHY CASTLE
(Fort William, Scotland)

It was Queen Victoria who brought this Highland castle to prominence

(continued on page 246)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

IN THE 28 YEARS since we published our first Playmate, the delightful process of finding and photographing the world's most attractive women has been much like that of bottling fine wines. There've been good years, very good years and great years. In our estimation, 1981 was a great one, for beauty and talent as well.

Miss July

When we last heard from Heidi Sorenson (left), she had just joined the Playmates singing group. Since then, the group has got its act together (as The Playmates) and is preparing to take it on the road. "My life is centered on the group," says Heidi, "but whenever I can, I spend my free time at home in Vancouver with my family."

Miss January

Asked about her chances to become Playmate of the Year, Karen Price (right) didn't want to think about it: "The competition is too good this year. Besides, I've had a lot of fun just being Miss January." Karen visited 25 states, appeared in two movies and started her own acrobatic act with three men. She's also studying karate.

Miss June

Cathy Larmouth (above right) told us last year that she wasn't interested in becoming an actress, and apparently she meant it. "I turned down a part in a horror film," she says, "because I don't like mass-murder movies." But Cathy *has* visited a dozen states and now happily makes her home in June Lake in the Sierras.

Miss October

British Columbia is an unheralded (until now) gold mine of female vocalists. Kelly Tough (left) joined fellow Vancouverite Heidi Sorenson as a singing Playmate and, since then, says Kelly, "Life's been very hectic. We did the George Burns special, which was aired in November, and we've been rehearsing six to eight hours a day."

Miss September

As you may recall, Susan Smith (below right) is a Las Vegas lady with a mean pair of feet. When we recently called on the 5'8" *karateka*, she was on her way to an international kick-boxing tournament in Alaska. When she's not traveling or snapping her toes into her opponents' foreheads, she's modeling, acting and studying wrestling.

Miss March

"My centerfold showed me standing beside a car, and since it came out during the car-show season," says Kymberly Herrin, "I've done a *lot* of car shows." And that's just for starters. Kym did a television commercial for Nautilus exercise equipment, and she has started her own column called "Sexercise" for *Fit*, a new women's magazine.

Miss February

Texan Vicki Lasseter drives a new Mazda RX-7 with license plates saying MS. FEB. "I've been killing myself having fun," she says. She took her mother to Las Vegas for a week and visited New York for the first time. When she's not on the road, she says, she's camping out at Lake Travis near Austin.

Miss August

When she hasn't been traveling for PLAYBOY, Playmate Debbie Boostrom (above left) has been getting lots of modeling jobs, including one in which she posed for a *San Diego Magazine* cover. One nice thing about being a Playmate, says Debbie: "I've met more movie stars than I ever thought I'd meet — mostly at Hef's mansion in L.A."

Miss May

Gina Goldberg (right) used her Playmate earnings to treat herself to a tour of Europe. She visited her grandfather in Stockholm, then took a boat to Turku, Finland, her home town. "People said I was already a star in Finland. One newspaper wrote that I was a big sexy symbol here," she says with a laugh, "and I can't let them down."

Miss April

"PLAYBOY has opened a lot of doors for me," says Lorraine Michaels (below left). "I have a shot at a good part in a *Monday Night Movie* and I've auditioned for several TV commercials." Lorraine, who resumed acting classes last September, still lives in Redondo Beach and remains an ardent fan of the L.A. Kings hockey team.

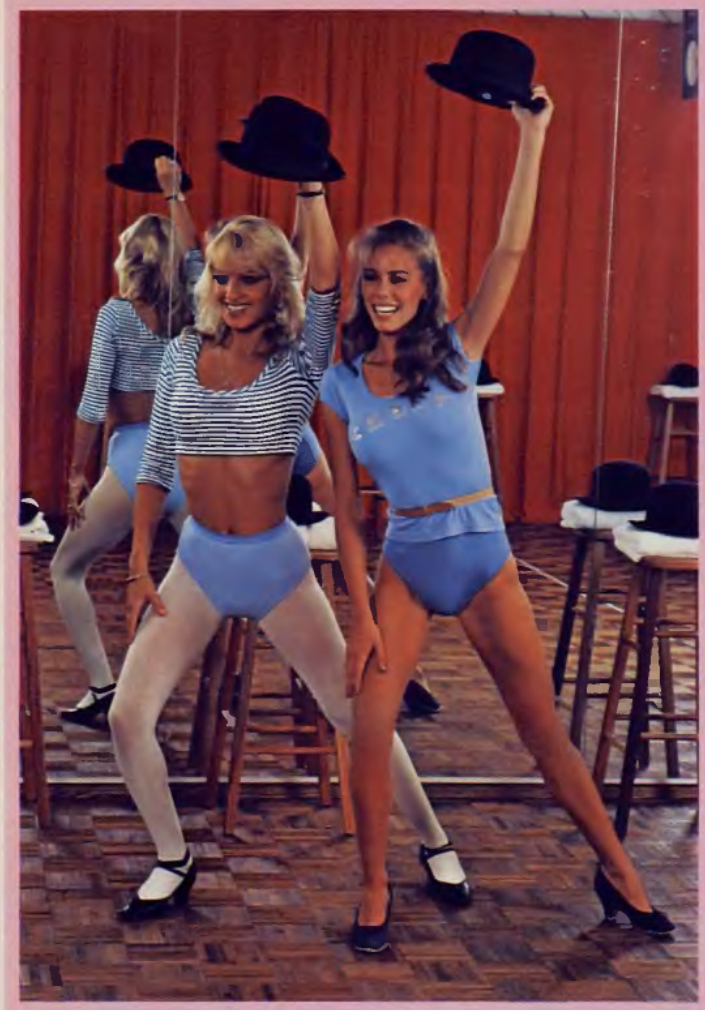
Miss November

"What I love about the U.S.," says Torontonian Shannon Tweed (left), "is that people do everything in a big way. I *like* that, because I'm a big girl." (She's nearly six feet tall.) Shannon plans to move to California, "as soon as I can sell my furniture. I'm not tied down. But I'm not saying I wouldn't like to be, as long as the rope's not too tight."

Miss December

"I just did a movie for Playmate Promotions on the making of a centerfold," says Californian Patricia Farinelli (right), "and it ruined my diet." Patti, who describes herself as "well, hefty," explains, "To do the movie, we recreated not only the gatefold photo sessions but also the dinner at my mother's. Lots of pasta. Ohhh."

PLAYMATES' PROGRESS



Heidi Sorenson and Kelly Tough work on their choreography (above) at the privote L.A. studio where the Playmotes singing group reheorses. "It's a pretty vigorous workout," says Heidi. "We start with a holf-hour worm-up ond then go through our routine again and agoin until it's perfect." Looks good to us, girls.

The leggy lass situated between the two clowns (above) is our Miss August, Debbie Boostrom, who was oppearing on behalf of the Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telethon in Burbank, Illinois. Debbie also traveled to Atlantic City, Dallos, Montreol ond other cities; "The whole year has been great fun." Glad to give you a boost, Debbie.

Tweed's in foshion these days, as you can see above. Where's the Tweed? Wearing the coat, of course. Shannon appeared in fur ads in the August, October and November issues of Vogue. A furocious beauty, isn't she?

Gina Goldberg was swamped by the local press when she arrived home in Finland; and the country's largest weekly magazine, Apu, ran a three-page interview with her. Here, she meets with L.A. ogent David Wilder.

Being a Ploymate has been "reol good to me," says Patti Forinelli, shown above playing her guitar. Patti visited our Chicogo offices last fall, to our delight, and toke it from us, she's music to the eyes.

Since last January, Karen Price has performed in two movies (*Hell Night* and *Swamp Thing*) and has done scads of promotions, including the annual Fur Rendezvous in Anchorage, Aloska (above).

Kym Herrin caught the eye of Bob Anderson, the publisher of *Runner's World*, and to Bob, Kym looked pretty fit. Naturally, he asked her to pose for his new mag (above), as well as his *Skier's World* and *Fitness and Diet*.

Vicki Lasseter dropped by to wish Rick Springfield a happy 32nd (above). She and Rick, recording artist and a star of television's *General Hospital*, are "just friends." (It was Rick's birthday, but Vicki took the coke.)

Cathy Larmouth works at the Frontier Pack Station in June Lake, California. The station supplies horses for explorers. "I've been shoveling hot ones and horsing around," says candid Cathy.

Susan Smith divides her week among karate, modeling, acting and, the last time we talked with her, studying wrestling three hours a day (above), to prepare for a match with Andy Kaufman, which took place at the Playboy Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City.

As Miss April, lovely Lorraine Michaels has been busy making promotional appearances (above, she poses for a Red-White Toyo Valve Corporation calendar with L.A. model Kari Pejovich).

"As I understand it, she's the state god of California."

NOT MANY centuries ago, a certain prince named Shah Baham ruled over India, a man who was ignorant to the last degree. The only things he seemed to understand were the absurd and the unnatural. His only fascination was with the most curious stories of the world.

One day, a thought came to him and, gathering his court, he announced that all would draw lots for a turn and each would tell a story to the assembly. The first lot fell upon an obscure young courtier named Amanzei.

"Sire," he said, "I must begin by confessing that I am not a Moslem and that I acknowledge no other god but Brahma. Thus, it is fitting that I explain to you of the other faith that we Brahmans believe that when the soul leaves the body at death, it enters another body. And it continues to do so with each mortal span until Brahma, in his goodness, considers it purified.

"When a soul enters a new body, it loses all recollection of the past and begins afresh. Brahma has reflected wisely that, for instance, a soul that once animated the body of a king would suffer pangs of despair when it found itself housed in a reptile——"

"By Mohammed," said the sultan, "you are moralizing at me. I have no taste for morals."

"Very well, sire," said Amanzei, "I shall then quickly reveal that Brahma sometimes breaks his rule and inflicts on us some disagreeable memory as a punishment. Thus, I have a clear memory of having been a sofa. I was rose-colored and embroidered with silver and I was just being delivered to a beautiful woman—reputed to be superbly chaste—named Zeinida. But, if I may be permitted to say so, if few men are heroes to their valets, few women are saints to their sofas.

"When Zeinida first came into the room, I was overcome with a thousand delicious sensations. She was all youth and beauty, and I fell immediately in love. It was a hot afternoon and Zeinida drew the curtains. She wore nothing but a transparent shift. She laid herself down upon my soft upholstery—and with what raptures I received her!

"She soon went to sleep. Her shift fell open and, from time to time, she turned over, opening new beauties to my caressing touch. I loved her from head to toe, embracing first the apples of her breasts, then the twin melons of her charming back. My soul was in turmoil. Finally, she turned to lie on her side, with her lips just brushing my surface, and an extraordinary thing happened—as if I were permitted to gratify

my desires, my soul seemed to concentrate in the padding close to her lips. It was as if the power of my impulse could thrust beyond my prison and my soul could glide between those lips.

"And suddenly this ardor seemed to warm Zeinida and a pink flush spread over her cheeks, a blissful smile came to her mouth and her body pressed closer. Her lips parted; she sighed deeply; it was apparent that she was in the midst of a dream. Still sleeping, she suddenly spoke and said, 'Yes, you love me! Can you doubt that I love you?' Then she seemed to surrender herself to a vibrant emotion, which grew stronger and stronger until she uttered three little moans and her body was shaken by a sweet shudder. When she awoke, she lay for a while in a soft languor.

"I tried to find a voice to speak to her. If only I could say, 'Zeinida! It is I who have just made you happy by the union of our souls. Oh, if Brahma would only free me, you would find yourself adored by the most tender and faithful heart in all the world.'

"After a long spell of silence, there suddenly came a soft tapping at the door. Zeinida sat up and pulled her shift more closely about her. Into the room came a handsome young Indian. She greeted him with warmth and yet with a certain confusion. 'Oh, Phlebas,' she said, 'it is not proper for me to be alone with you here.'

"He said nothing at first but dropped to his knees and covered her hands with kisses. And so it went for a time—Zeinida protesting less and less firmly and Phlebas declaring his love and pressing closer.

" 'Shall I never be permitted to take you in my arms?' he asked. 'And make you happy?'

" 'But you have already done so!' she said. And, in her innocence, she went on to tell him that he had made love to her in a dream.

"Imagine my horror at this revelation! In my pride, I had believed that it was the psychic force of my kiss that had made her virgin body tremble with passion for the first time——"

"I am not really sure if I am going to enjoy the next part," interrupted the sultan. "I liked it when you were clinging to the girl's lips through all that upholstery and making her squirm. But, really, it was very silly of you to fall in love when you hadn't got a body."

"Sire, the world falls silent before your wisdom," said Amanzei, and he let a moment go by before he continued his story. "The only sound I could hear then was that of a passionate sighing as the two kissed; and then, gradually, I began to feel a shifting of weight and a stretching out of bodies until, horrible to relate, the two were lying, in an embrace, quite prone upon me.

"And now imagine my agony as I felt the soft curves of Zeinida's body juxtaposed with the bony elbows of Phlebas and his hard, muscular legs. Imagine my pain to feel the tumult of her breathing mingled with his hoarse breath. Imagine my despair when I sensed his awkwardness and inexperience. Even though Zeinida was now in a mood of complete and tender complacence, still Phlebas thrashed and fumbled and bumped in the most ridiculous way!

" 'Oh, Brahma,' I cried out in the depths of my soul, 'thou hast inflicted the most bitter and humbling punishment of all!' For it came to me that my ambition to thrust my soul from the sofa and, by sheer energy of passion, to glide between the lips of Zeinida had angered Brahma.

"And Brahma had even more in store for me, for the bumbling Phlebas finally got himself in hand and worked out how to put two and two together to make one. And then such a posting up and down, such a hearty jumping and bucking! My underside lacing squeaked in pain; my upholstery emitted gasps as the wind was knocked out of it.

"Then, suddenly, it happened. An enormous shaking, shiver, shudder of completion ran through them—and ran through me as well. My soul lost all sense of the present.

"And, behold! In the next instant, I was free, I know not how—just that our simultaneous, triple burst had exploded me out of my sofa prison and left me floating near the ceiling, gazing down on the two naked bodies.

"Then my soul, filled with its love and its sorrow, went repining on its way to receive from Brahma fresh orders and new shackles."

—Retold by Robert Mahieu

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL AWARDS

announcing the prize-winning authors, artists and photographers whose contributions were judged by our staff to be the past year's most outstanding

WRITING

Best Major Work

FIRST LOOK

who would have thought sweet cindy could be such a dirty little thing?

RABBIT IS RICH

BY JOHN UPDIKE

JOHN UPDIKE resurrected his favorite character, Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom, for this year's winner in the Best Major Work category, a September excerpt from his novel *Rabbit Is Rich* (Knopf). The best-selling author counts this as his third PLAYBOY award, including prizes in 1974 and 1978 for Best Short Story. Updike spends his time in Georgetown, Massachusetts, writing and playing golf. His Rabbit trilogy, which includes *Rabbit, Run* and *Rabbit Redux*, will ultimately be expanded, according to Updike, by "at least two more" adventures.

Best Short Story

ASA BABER has just established a record for PLAYBOY awards. His 1977 and 1979 awards for nonfiction, followed by short-story awards for 1980 and 1981, make him the all-time champ. Moving easily between journalism and fiction, Baber captured this year's honors for his March short story *The French Lesson*.

Best New Contributor: Fiction

WILLIAM HAUPTMAN is a Yalie from Texas who is best known as a playwright. *Good Rockin' Tonight* (May), for which he won this year's Best New Contributor: Fiction award, is his first published fiction. The story has already been purchased by 20th Century-Fox and Hauptman himself is writing the screenplay.

THIS IS A SPECIAL TIME of the year for us. It's when we get to encourage and reward the writers, artists and photographers who've made the past year's PLAYBOY such a joy to read. It's a time of hard decisions, too, since whatever appears in these pages has already been culled from the best contemporary work we can find. So these awards are, in effect, for "the best of the best." The award itself—a check for $1000 and a handsome medallion for the mantel—while substantial, is secondary to the honor, because it represents an endorsement of the artisan's good work by the editors of PLAYBOY. We also hope it serves as an inspiration to the winners to continue producing work of superior quality. Without their efforts, PLAYBOY would be less informative, less influential and less attractive. We thank them all.

Best Nonfiction

JAMES BALDWIN, the distinguished author and playwright, was tapped for ane of the year's biggest news stories, that af the Atlanta killings. Baldwin's repart, *Atlanta: The Evidence of Things Not Seen* (December), easily won the tap prize for nonfiction from our editorial staff. Alsa an the docket for Baldwin: a triple biography of Medgar Evers, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X, which should be aut by the end of the year; a play and a film. Baldwin is currently dividing his time between France and New York.

Best Humor

TONY HENDRA shared the 1979 Best Humar award with Christopher Cerf and Peter Elbling for *And That's the Way It Was, 1980–1989.* This year, he capped the prize all alone far December's spaaf *Prayboy: Entertainment for Far-Righteous Men,* a look at how we would fare in the hands of the Moral Majority.

Best New Contributor: Nonfiction

BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON gets the nod for her contribution ta our October article package on *The Age of Sexual Détente, Musings of a Not-So-Angry Woman.* A collection af essays by Harrison under the title *Off-Center* has been published by Playboy Press, and she is completing her first novel.

ILLUSTRATION

Best Nonfiction Illustration

BRAD HOLLAND, whose work usually adorns our *Ribald Classic* feature, takes this year's Nonfiction Illustration award for *Ruthless Mothers: Money, Values and the Gimme Decade* (September). This is his second PLAYBOY award. Soon everyone can own a Holland, since he's just done a stamp for the Postal Service.

Best Fiction Illustration

DON BAUM, a prominent Chicago artist, is chairman of the department of art at Roosevelt University and is a consultant for the Illinois Arts Council. A construction of Baum's was selected for PLAYBOY's first traveling show. His Fiction Illustration award is for his construction that accompanies Andre Dubus' June short story *Anna*.

Best Service Illustration

PAT NAGEL's elegantly severe silk screens hang in all the best galleries, including the collection of the White House. His Service Illustration award is for January's fashion feature *The Tomorrow Show*, but you can see his work every month if you're a regular reader of the Nagel-illustrated *Playboy Advisor* column.

Best Service Pictorial

RICHARD FEGLEY, who usually exercises his considerable talent on girl pictorials, made a switch to fashion photography and picked up this year's award for Best Service Pictorial. His work on November's sweater feature, *Pick of the Knits*, gave Fegley a companion award to the one he picked up last year for Best Service Pictorial.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Best Playmate Pictorial

KEN MARCUS, who is already widely envied for his job as a Playmate photographer, has the audacity to win awards for it, too. His Best Playmate Pictorial award for January's Karen Price is his second: His first was in 1979 for Playmate Janis Schmitt. Marcus' shooting style evidently is on a par with his subject matter.

Best Pictorial Essay

POMPEO POSAR, a veteran PLAYBOY Staff Photographer, got this year's touchiest assignment: to shoot renegade Congressional wife Rita Jenrette for our April issue. It wins this year's Pictorial Essay award. Posar, who has shot innumerable Playmates and PLAYBOY covers, also won 1979's Special Award for photography.

CARTOONS

Best Color Cartoon

ALDEN ERIKSON's first cartoon for PLAYBOY appeared in 1957. Since then, we've been able to laugh almost monthly at Erikson's perpetually optimistic characters (among them, these winners from our August issue). His method is as outrageous as his humor: He drives to an isolated spot and works there.

Best Black-and-White Cartoon

"Brother Antonius will soon be Father Antonius. He just got hit with a paternity suit."

SIDNEY HARRIS considers his craft a difficult combination of writing and drawing, saying that he's "always boffled at how easily other cartoonists seem to accomplish it." Yet we've been loughing at Harris' "work," such as this gem from August, for the past 20 years.

Best Comic Strip

FRANK THORNE, winner of our Best Comic Strip award for *Moonshine McJugs*, is also the creator of Marvel Comics' *Red Sonja* and *National Lampoon's Danger Rongerette*, and an accomplished magician. That's not all: The New Jersey native paid for his art education by playing trumpet with local jazz bands.

MAN

WOMAN

announcing

MAN and WOMAN

from the frontiers of sex and science,
an unprecedented playboy series on what makes
man man and woman woman

part one

THE SEXES: A MYSTERY SOLVED?

if you think the differences between men and women are merely a matter of upbringing, then modern science has some surprises for you

article

By JO DURDEN-SMITH
and DIANE DE SIMONE

WHEN IN THE WHOLE of human history have men and women had so many experts telling them who they are and why? A vast army of sociologists, psychologists, statisticians and market researchers has been let loose upon us and is now prowling through our offices and kitchens and bedrooms and nurseries, eager for some revelation that will bring the next grant, the next book contract, the next satisfied advertiser, the next startling financial figure. Sex is important stuff, everyone agrees. The relations between the sexes are what make our society what it is. So no gender behavior is beneath notice, no sexual stone is worth leaving unturned. We are captive subscribers to a Sexual-Truth-of-the-Month Club.

Everyone, it seems, has the last word—or the last word but one. The divorce rate is climbing because men won't let women into the corridors of power and/or because women are already there and prefer them to home. Women are unhappy because men are becoming more aggressive and/or because they are becoming more effeminate. Men, women and their offspring are the prisoners of sexual stereotypes, says one researcher—which have little effect on what they're actually like, says another. The family is in trouble for the very first time, writes one social scientist—exactly as it was 50 years ago, writes another. The age of enlightenment is upon us, claims one book. Here comes the sad end of men and women as we know them, insists the next. "Seventy-two percent of males . . ." "Sixty-three percent of females . . ." "Are stressed." "Are unfaithful." "Dislike the idea of a woman President." "Do or don't do the laundry."

This welter of conflicting information is the child of a new orthodoxy that science delivered up to us in the Sixties and Seventies. A hundred years ago, scientists in Europe and America produced a pecking order of intelligence based on a careful weighing of human brains and a meticulous evaluation of the hat sizes of dead geniuses, and that pecking order perfectly expressed the orthodoxy of *its* day.

White males led the field, followed at a laggard distance by white females. And far behind them straggled the rest of humanity—yellow, red, brown and black. In terms of the then-new evolutionary theories, this clearly meant that white males were the most highly evolved specimens of all mankind. And they dominated continents, businesses and households by the divine right of their genes. We are who we are, pronounced scientists, because we were born that way. End of story.

That conventional wisdom, in one form or another, ruled virtually all thinking about men and women until the Sixties. It was scientifically respectable and it was built into the language—"Boys will be boys"; "Girls are made of sugar and spice"; "Not bad for a girl"; "The little woman"; "A man's man, a he-man, a *real* man." By these lights, career women were regarded as deviants. Tomboys—a word that originally meant harlots—were frowned upon. And male homosexuals were seen as a diminished form of humanity, the inheritors of "bad blood." These things were "against nature." And nature was all.

All that served the status quo pretty well, of course. Blacks were excluded from the mainstream of society. White males were waited on. And there was no trouble from homosexuals. But then two things happened. First, science, with its presumptions about nature, made its greatest discovery of the 20th Century: *that it was almost completely ignorant, especially about what human nature really was.* So hard science—the science of measurement and experiment—went back to its laboratories, leaving the field of human behavior to the so-called soft sciences: sociology and psychology. These sciences had nothing to say about any inborn nature—indeed, they weren't interested in it. They were interested only in what happened to the human organism after it was born. For them, it was nurture—as expressed in families, educational systems and social institutions—that shaped and misshaped the human being. Nature had nothing to do with it.

There was, in other words, a massive swing of the scientific pendulum from nature to nurture, from the prison of evolution to a complete freedom from it. All we had to do to become who and what we wanted was to change the society, science now seemed to be *(continued on page 286)*

THE PLAYBOY QUESTIONNAIRE

TELL US HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT SEX AND RELATIONSHIPS

IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES, the Playboy Foundation commissioned Morton Hunt and an independent research institute to conduct a nationwide study of the American way of sex. Our intention was to take the nation's sexual pulse a generation after the landmark research of Alfred Kinsey. The questions before us then were clear: Had there been a sexual revolution? How different were our sexual behavior and attitudes at the end of the turbulent Sixties from what they had been in the Forties? That Playboy/Hunt study—a landmark of its own—was published in a book titled *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*. It charted a sea change in what Americans did in the bedroom and what they thought about what they were doing.

Recently, we have seen an increasing number of sex surveys. Just to name a few, *Redbook* and *Cosmopolitan* magazines have polled their female readers on the subject, and Shere Hite has done anthologies of questionnaires asked first of women, then of men. While those studies contain some useful information, we have the disturbing sense that they are talking about someone else, or someone else's friends.

To further cloud the issue, we have watched the leaders of the new right try to sell us on the idea of a moral majority—a creature of mythological proportions that, we are told, does not particularly enjoy sex and certainly doesn't want to talk about it. Yet we feel that the country is not undergoing a conservative backlash, that there are people whose sexual appetites remain healthy and whose sexual curiosity is intact. Significant numbers of those people are likely to be PLAYBOY readers. They are, in fact, likely to be you.

We know that our readers are vitally concerned with sexuality—and we have designed this questionnaire accordingly. There are questions about your behavior, your attitudes, your emotions. There are questions about communication with your partner and about the sort of lover you are. We ask about monogamy, about affairs and about what you think of your peers. There are questions that will allow you to compare yourselves with the men and women who answered the Kinsey and Hunt surveys. And there are questions that no one has thought to ask before.

The questionnaire has been prepared for this introductory installment of our seven-part series on men and women. What could be more natural than asking you, our readers, to help us reach state-of-the-art conclusions about the human condition? We encourage your participation—both the men and the women among you. This might be an appropriate place to point out that while PLAYBOY's audience of nearly 20,000,000 is primarily male, more than 4,000,000 women read us each month. We cherish their attentions; they are our companions-in-arms and can provide a unique source of insight into the sexual equation. This is an equal-opportunity questionnaire—although there is an occasional question designed exclusively for men or for women, most of the questions apply to both sexes.

This series will be reporting on subjects ranging from the brain's role as a sex organ to the gender component of cultural evolution. At the conclusion of the series, we are going to deal with real life as we live it by reporting the findings of this survey. You tell us; we'll tell the rest of the world. Your responses to the questions go on the tear-out answer sheet (page 211).

1. How would you rate your present sex life?
   A. Satisfying
   B. Unsatisfying
2. How does it compare with your sex life five years ago?
   A. Better
   B. Worse
   C. The same
3. Do you think you're a good lover?
   A. Yes
   B. No
   C. I don't know
4. What's the most important quality in a good lover?
   A. Enthusiasm
   B. Staying power
   C. Willingness to experiment
   D. Willingness to cuddle
   E. Gentleness
5. What are the most sensitive parts of your body? Please choose all that apply.
   A. Ears
   B. Lips
   C. Breasts
   D. Ass
   E. Genitals
   F. Legs
   G. Feet
   H. Other (please specify)
6. What are the sexiest features in the opposite sex?
   A. Eyes
   B. Lips
   C. Breasts
   D. Ass
   E. Genitals
   F. Legs
   G. Feet
   H. Other (please specify)
7. Do you think a large penis makes a man a more effective lover?
   A. Yes
   B. No
8. Is breast size important to a woman's sexiness?
   A. Yes
   B. No
9. What is your current social situation?
   A. Single and dating around
   B. Single and dating one person more than others
   C. Single and in a steady relationship
   D. Living with my partner
   E. Married
   F. Other (please specify)
10. If you are currently in a relationship, how long has it lasted?
    A. Less than 6 months
    B. 6 months to 1 year
    C. 1 to 2 years
    D. 2 to 4 years
    E. More than 4 years
11. If you're dissatisfied with your current relationship, what's keeping you from leaving it? Please choose all that apply.

A. I am committed to it
B. No one else loves me
C. Security
D. We have good sex
E. Financial obligations
F. We have children
G. Other (please specify)

12. How do you let your partner know you're interested in sex? Please choose all that apply.
A. By kissing and caressing
B. By flirting and talking suggestively
C. My partner can just tell
D. I say so directly
E. Other (please specify)

13. How often do you have intercourse?
A. At least once a day
B. 4 or 5 times a week
C. 2 or 3 times a week
D. Once a week
E. 2 or 3 times a month
F. Once a month
G. Less than once a month
H. Never

14. Do you find that frequence of intercourse satisfactory?
A. Yes
B. No, I'd like to have sex more often
C. No, I'd like to have sex less often

15. What's the best moment in intercourse?
A. Foreplay
B. Penetration
C. Genital stimulation
D. When my partner comes
E. When I come
F. The cigarette afterward

16. During an evening of lovemaking, how often do you have intercourse?
A. Once
B. Twice
C. Three times
D. More than three times

17. How often are you the one who initiates sex?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
E. Never

18. How long must foreplay last for you to become sexually aroused?
A. Less than 5 minutes
B. 5–10 minutes
C. 10–15 minutes
D. 15–30 minutes
E. More than 30 minutes

19. Do you get enough foreplay?
A. Yes
B. No

20. Do you ever engage in any of the following activities? Please choose all that apply.
A. S/M
B. Golden showers
C. Anal-oral contact
D. Coprophilia
E. Transvestism

21. Which of the following do you consider off limits? Please choose all that apply.
A. Sex in front of strangers
B. Sex with more than one partner at a time
C. Sex with an animal
D. Sex with a relative
E. Sex with someone of my own sex

22. What are your favorite positions for intercourse? Rank your favorite with a 1 and the one you like least with a 6.
A. Male on top
B. Female on top
C. Rear entry
D. Side by side
E. Standing
F. Sitting
G. Other (please specify)

23. How long does it usually take you to reach orgasm?
A. Less than 1 minute
B. 1–5 minutes
C. 5–10 minutes
D. 10–15 minutes
E. 15–30 minutes
F. 30–60 minutes
G. An hour or longer
H. It depends on my mood
I. It depends on my partner's mood

24. How long does it usually take your partner to reach orgasm?
A. Less than 1 minute
B. 1–5 minutes
C. 5–10 minutes
D. 10–15 minutes
E. 15–30 minutes
F. 30–60 minutes
G. An hour or longer
H. It depends on my partner's mood
I. It depends on my mood

25. Can you be sexually satisfied without having an orgasm?
A. Yes
B. No
C. Sometimes

26. How often do you have intercourse without having an orgasm?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
E. Never

27. Can you be sexually satisfied if your partner doesn't have an orgasm?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
E. Never

28. How often does your steady partner reach orgasm when you make love?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Rarely
D. Never
E. I don't know

29. From what activity do you get the most intense orgasm?
A. Intercourse
B. Oral sex
C. Anal sex
D. Masturbation

30. Does it bother you if your partner manually stimulates himself or herself during intercourse?
A. Yes
B. No

31. How would you change your sex life if you could? Please choose all that apply.
A. I'd have intercourse more often
B. I'd have more oral sex
C. I'd have more anal sex
D. I'd be able to act out fantasies more often
E. My partner would be more responsive to my sexual needs
F. I would be more active during sex
G. I would be more passive during sex
H. There would be more foreplay
I. Sex would be more spontaneous
J. My partner would remain aroused longer
K. My partner would initiate sex more often
L. There would be more talking during sex
M. Other (please specify)

32. If you are female, have you ever been so turned on by a stranger that you've offered to have sex immediately?
A. Yes, and we did

B. Yes, but I was refused
C. No

33. Do you and your partner "talk dirty" during sex?
A. Yes
B. No

34. Who do you think in general has had more sexual partners?
A. Men
B. Women
C. Men and women have had about the same number
D. I don't have an opinion

35. If you were about to marry, would you want him or her to have had a number of sexual partners?
A. Yes
B. No
C. I would say yes, but I wouldn't mean it

36. What do you do about contraception the first time you have sex with someone?
A. I use something
B. I offer to use something
C. I ask if my partner is using something
D. I insist on my partner's using something
E. I say nothing and hope for the best
F. I don't worry about contraception
G. I don't believe in contraception

37. What birth-control method do you use?
A. Condom
B. Pill
C. Diaphragm
D. I.U.D.
E. Foam or jelly
F. Vasectomy
G. Tubal ligation or hysterectomy
H. Rhythm
I. Withdrawal
J. None

38. How comfortable are you talking with a partner about sex?
A. Very comfortable—it leads to better sex
B. I'm comfortable if a relationship seems to be developing
C. I'm uncomfortable if it's just a fling
D. I'm always uncomfortable talking about sex

39. How would you tell a partner how to give you more pleasure? Please choose all that apply.
A. Praise the things my partner does that I like
B. Discuss it out of the bedroom
C. Discuss it in the bedroom
D. Talk about great moments in my sexual past
E. Through actions, not words

40. Do you masturbate?
A. Yes
B. No

41. If so, how often?
A. At least once a day
B. A few times a week
C. Once a week
D. Once or twice a month
E. Less than once a month

42. Do you feel guilty about masturbating?
A. Yes
B. No
C. Sometimes

43. Have you ever had fantasies about being sexually molested or humiliated?
A. Yes
B. No

44. Have you ever had sex in public—such as in a taxi or a theater?
A. Yes
B. No

45. Have you ever had oral sex?
A. Yes
B. No

46. How often do you perform oral sex?
A. Every time I have sex
B. Most of the times I have sex, but not all
C. Occasionally
D. Never

47. How often do you receive oral sex?
A. Every time I have sex
B. Most of the times I have sex, but not all
C. Occasionally
D. Never

48. How do you feel about giving oral sex?
A. I enjoy it
B. I do it, but I'd rather not
C. It turns me off

49. Do you get enough oral sex?
A. Yes
B. No

50. If you are female, what do you do if a man comes in your mouth?
A. I swallow it
B. I spit it out

51. Have you ever had anal intercourse?
A. Yes
B. No

52. If so, how often is it part of your lovemaking?
A. Never
B. Less than once a month
C. Once or twice a month
D. Once a week
E. A couple of times a week
F. Every time I have sex

53. How often is anal stimulation other than intercourse a part of your lovemaking?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely
E. Never

54. How did you learn about sex? Please choose all that apply.
A. Friends of the same sex
B. Friends of the opposite sex
C. Lovers
D. School
E. Sex manuals
F. Television
G. Doctor
H. Clergy
I. Parents
J. Brothers or sisters
K. Movies
L. Magazines
M. Books
N. Other (please specify)

55. When did you first have intercourse?
A. I'm still a virgin
B. Before I was 16
C. Between 16 and 19
D. Between 19 and 21
E. Between 21 and 25
F. After 25

56. How did you lose your virginity?
A. I haven't lost it
B. To someone in a serious relationship
C. To someone in a casual relationship
D. To a prostitute
E. Other (please specify)

57. How many sexual partners have you had?
A. None
B. 1 to 5
C. 5 to 10
D. 10 to 25
E. 25 to 50
F. More than 50

58. What is the longest time you've gone without intercourse?
A. Less than one month

B. 1–6 months
C. 6 months–1 year
D. Longer than a year

59. Have you ever pretended to have an orgasm during sex?
A. Yes
B. No

60. If you are male, have you ever experienced impotence?
A. Yes
B. No

61. If so, which of the following applies?
A. I was having sex for the first time
B. I was with a new partner
C. I had been drinking
D. I had been taking drugs
E. I was nervous
F. I was tired
G. I wasn't interested in having sex
H. I am impotent
I. Other (please specify)

62. If you are male, are there times when you feel you come too quickly?
A. Yes
B. No

63. If so, which of the following applies?
A. It happened as a teenager, but I've outgrown it
B. It happens occasionally
C. It happens frequently and it's a serious problem
D. Other (please specify)

64. If there are times when you come too quickly, what is your reaction?
A. It has hurt my sex life
B. I wait and start over
C. I find another way to stimulate my partner
D. Other (please specify)

65. Did you have any homosexual experiences during adolescence?
A. Yes
B. No

66. If so, how often?
A. Once
B. A few times
C. Frequently

67. Have you had homosexual experiences since adolescence?
A. Yes
B. No

68. If so, how often?
A. Always
B. Usually
C. Sometimes
D. Rarely

69. Have you ever had sex with more than one person at a time? Please choose all that apply.
A. One man and one woman
B. Two people of the same sex
C. Two people of the opposite sex
D. More than two other people
E. No

70. Have you ever had sex with a different person at different times in a 24-hour period?
A. Yes
B. No

71. In a stable relationship, could you stay with your partner if your initial sexual passion disappeared?
A. Yes
B. No

72. Have you ever had sex with someone else while you were in a steady relationship?
A. Yes
B. No

73. If so, how did it affect your steady relationship?
A. No effect
B. Improved it
C. Caused serious stress
D. Broke it up

74. How sexually faithful are you and your partner to each other?
A. We are sexually faithful
B. We try to be sexually faithful, but occasionally one or both of us are unfaithful
C. We have an open relationship and don't discuss our affairs
D. We have an open relationship and we do discuss our affairs
E. I don't currently have a partner

75. Have you ever had an extramarital affair?
A. Yes
B. No

76. Do you think an affair indicates a problem in a marriage?
A. Yes
B. No

77. If you had an extramarital affair, what did it offer sexually that your marriage didn't?
A. Sex without commitment
B. Better sex
C. The reassurance that I am sexually desirable
D. A change of routine
E. More sexual variety
F. Other (please specify)

78. What did it offer in nonsexual ways? Please choose all that apply.
A. Less tension than my marriage
B. More understanding than I get in my marriage
C. The reassurance that I am desirable
D. Self-esteem
E. Excitement
F. Spontaneity
G. Friendship
H. Other (please specify)

79. Did it break up your marriage?
A. Yes
B. No

80. Have you ever suspected your partner of having an affair while you were in a relationship?
A. Yes
B. No

81. Could you forgive your partner if he or she had an affair?
A. Yes
B. No
C. I don't know

82. If you are male, have you had sex with a prostitute in the past five years?
A. Yes
B. No

83. Have you ever had an argument with a date or a partner that became physically violent?
A. Yes
B. No

84. Have you ever forced someone to have sex with you?
A. Yes
B. No

85. Have you ever been forced by a date or a partner to have sex?
A. Yes
B. No

86. If so, did you continue to see that person?
A. Yes
B. No

87. About whom or what do you have sexual fantasies? Please choose all that apply.
A. Strangers
B. Movie stars
C. Politicians

D. Rock stars
E. TV personalities
F. Sports figures
G. Co-workers
H. Friends
I. Other (please specify)

88. Have you ever used drugs for sexual stimulation?
A. Yes
B. No

89. If so, which ones?
A. Marijuana
B. Cocaine
C. Tranquilizers
D. Speed
E. Psychedelics
F. Alcohol
G. Other (please specify)

90. Have you ever used drugs to dispel sexual anxiety?
A. Yes
B. No

91. If so, which ones?
A. Marijuana
B. Cocaine
C. Tranquilizers
D. Speed
E. Psychedelics
F. Alcohol
G. Other (please specify)

92. Have you ever used any devices for sexual stimulation?
A. Yes
B. No

93. If so, which ones?
A. Vibrator
B. Oils
C. Penis-shaped objects
D. Bondage equipment (ties, cuffs, etc.)
E. S/M equipment (whips, chains, masks, etc.)
F. Sexy underwear
G. Erotic movies
H. Erotic books or pictures
I. Other (please specify)

94. Do you use them regularly?
A. Yes
B. No

95. Have you ever played the passive role in a partner's sexual fantasy?
A. Yes
B. No

96. Have you had a venereal disease (syphilis, gonorrhea, venereal herpes) in the past five years?
A. Yes
B. No

97. If so, did you inform the person who infected you and/or persons you might have infected?
A. Yes
B. No

98. If you are female, have you ever had an abortion?
A. Yes
B. No

99. Please rank the following elements in the order in which they contribute to your personal happiness. Rank the most important with a 1 and the least important with a 7.
A. Family life
B. Money
C. Leisure activities
D. Work
E. Love
F. Friends
G. Sex
H. Other (please specify)

100. What qualities attract you to a person of the opposite sex? Rank the most important with a 1 and the least important with a 7.
A. Looks
B. Brains
C. Money
D. Power
E. Sense of humor
F. Common interests
G. Sexual energy
H. Other (please specify)

101. What are the qualities you need in a steady lover? Rank the most important with a 1, the least important with a 7.
A. Intelligence
B. Sophistication
C. Trustworthiness
D. High sexual energy
E. Good looks
F. Sense of humor
G. Money
H. Other (please specify)

102. Which of the following would you prefer?
A. Stay single and have no children
B. Stay single and have children
C. Live with a partner and have no children
D. Live with a partner and have children
E. Get married and have no children
F. Get married and have children

103. Who has more advantages in today's world?
A. Men
B. Women
C. Men and women have about the same advantages

104. Do you think women want men to be dominant in relationships?
A. Yes
B. No

105. Who knows more about "affairs of the heart"?
A. Women
B. Men
C. Men and women know about the same

106. To whom do you go for advice when you're having sexual problems? Please choose all that apply.
A. No one
B. A professional
C. My parents
D. A lover
E. A friend
F. My partner
G. Other (please specify)

107. If you are male, what do you envy in women? Please choose all that apply.
A. Nothing
B. Multiple orgasms
C. Their ability to talk about personal things
D. Their friendships
E. Their warmth
F. The fact that it's still more acceptable for them to stay home to raise children
G. The fact that they don't have to take the professional or social risks men do

108. If you are female, what do you envy in men? Please choose all that apply.
A. Nothing
B. Their physical strength
C. Their self-control about personal things
D. Their freedom to walk the streets without fear
E. Their freedom to pick sexual partners
F. The fact that they are usually more readily accepted in a new situation
G. Their professional and financial advantages

109. Who is responsible for a woman's orgasm during intercourse?

This is a self-mailer. Fold this sheet, moisten here, seal and mail.

Fold

ANSWERS

The Playboy Questionnaire gives us an opportunity to find out what you think, feel and do about sex and relationships. It is not a test. Take your time. If you want to compare notes with someone else, terrific. Invite your best friend over for some wine, intimacy and insight. We're interested in her or his response, too. Feel free to run off a second questionnaire to send in, but make the copy before you mark the original.

To use this answer sheet, tear along the perforation. Carefully circle your choice of letter or letters that apply to each question. Skip the ones that do not apply to you. If there are some that you prefer not to answer, simply skip them as well. The value of the questionnaire will depend on your candor. All replies are anonymous.

Please mail your answers to Playboy, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, before January 15, 1982. (This perforated sheet is self-addressed and stamped.) We will discuss the results of the survey in a future issue of PLAYBOY at the conclusion of the Man and Woman series. Thank you for your cooperation and collaboration.

---

1. A B
2. A B C
3. A B C
4. A B C D E
5. A B C D E F G H_____
6. A B C D E F G H_____
7. A B
8. A B
9. A B C D E F_____
10. A B C D E
11. A B C D E F G_____
12. A B C D E_____
13. A B C D E F G H
14. A B C
15. A B C D E F
16. A B C D
17. A B C D E
18. A B C D E
19. A B
20. A B C D E
21. A B C D E
22. A☐ B☐ C☐ D☐ E☐ F☐ G☐_____
23. A B C D E F G H I
24. A B C D E F G H I
25. A B C
26. A B C D E
27. A B C D E
28. A B C D E
29. A B C D
30. A B
31. A B C D E F G H I J K L M_____
32. A B C
33. A B
34. A B C D
35. A B C
36. A B C D E F G
37. A B C D E F G H I J
38. A B C D
39. A B C D E
40. A B
41. A B C D E
42. A B C
43. A B
44. A B
45. A B
46. A B C D
47. A B C D
48. A B C
49. A B
50. A B
51. A B
52. A B C D E F
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54. A B C D E F G H I J K L M N_____
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88. A B
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91. A B C D E F G_____
92. A B
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94. A B
95. A B
96. A B
97. A B
98. A B
99. A☐ B☐ C☐ D☐ E☐ F☐ G☐ H☐_____
100. A☐ B☐ C☐ D☐ E☐ F☐ G☐ H☐_____
101. A☐ B☐ C☐ D☐ E☐ F☐ G☐ H☐_____
102. A B C D E F
103. A B C
104. A B
105. A B C
106. A B C D E F G_____
107. A B C D E F G
108. A B C D E F G
109. A B C
110. A B C
111. A B
112. A B
113. A B C
114. A B C
115. A B C
116. A B C
117. A B C D
118. A B C
119. A B C D E F G H I
120. A B
121. A B C D
122. A B C D E F
123. A B
124. A B C D
125. A B C D E F G H I
126. A B C D E F G H I J K
127. A B C D E F G H
128. A B C D E F G H I J
129. A B C D
130. A B C D E F_____
131. A B C D E_____
132. A B C
133. A B C D E F_____

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A. She is
B. He is
C. They both are

110. Assuming both partners are responsible and finances are not a major issue, who should have custody of the children in a divorce?
A. Mother
B. Father
C. Some version of equally shared custody

111. Would you be distressed if your son had intercourse before the age of 17?
A. Yes
B. No

112. Would you be distressed if your daughter had intercourse before the age of 17?
A. Yes
B. No

113. Should men have a role in abortion decisions affecting their wives or lovers?
A. Yes
B. No
C. It's ultimately the woman's decision, but the man should have his say

114. Is it easier to form and continue a relationship today than it was five years ago?
A. Yes
B. No
C. It is neither easier nor more difficult

115. Are your attitudes about the relations between men and women different from what they were five years ago?
A. Yes, and they reflect changes in society's attitudes
B. Yes, but they do not depend on society at large
C. No

116. Do you think there is more understanding between the sexes today than there was five years ago?
A. Yes
B. No
C. The same

117. Do you and your partner communicate satisfactorily?
A. Yes
B. No, we don't communicate enough
C. No, we communicate too much
D. I don't currently have a partner

118. Are you and your partner more likely to share decisions and responsibilities equally than you were five years ago?
A. Yes
B. No
C. About the same

119. What is your age?
A. 17 or under
B. 18–20
C. 21–24
D. 25–29
E. 30–34
F. 35–39
G. 40–44
H. 45–49
I. 50 or over

120. What is your sex?
A. Male
B. Female

121. What is your sexual identity?
A. Heterosexual
B. Homosexual
C. Bisexual
D. Asexual

122. What is your marital status?
A. Single, never married
B. Married
C. Divorced
D. Widowed
E. Remarried
F. I have a live-in partner

123. Do you have children or stepchildren?
A. Yes
B. No

124. Do you currently live with any children?
A. Yes, with my children
B. Yes, with my stepchildren
C. Yes, I am living with someone whose children live with us
D. No

125. How much formal schooling did you complete?
A. None
B. Grade school
C. High school or equivalent
D. Some college
E. College degree
F. Some post–high school technical schooling
G. Technical school degree
H. Some graduate or professional schooling
I. Graduate or professional degree

126. What kind of work do you do? Please choose all that apply.
A. Professional
B. Executive or managerial
C. Sales
D. Clerical
E. Technical
F. Skilled labor
G. Unskilled labor
H. Volunteer
I. Student
J. Housewife or househusband
K. Not currently employed

127. What is your yearly income?
A. Less than $5000
B. $5000–$9999
C. $10,000–$19,999
D. $20,000–$29,999
E. $30,000–$39,999
F. $40,000–$49,999
G. $50,000–$59,999
H. $60,000 or more

128. What is your live-in partner's (not your roommate's) yearly income?
A. I do not have a live-in partner
B. My live-in partner does not have an income
C. Less than $5000
D. $5000–$9999
E. $10,000–$19,999
F. $20,000–$29,999
G. $30,000–$39,999
H. $40,000–$49,999
I. $50,000–$59,999
J. $60,000 or more

129. Where do you live?
A. City
B. Suburb
C. Small town
D. Rural

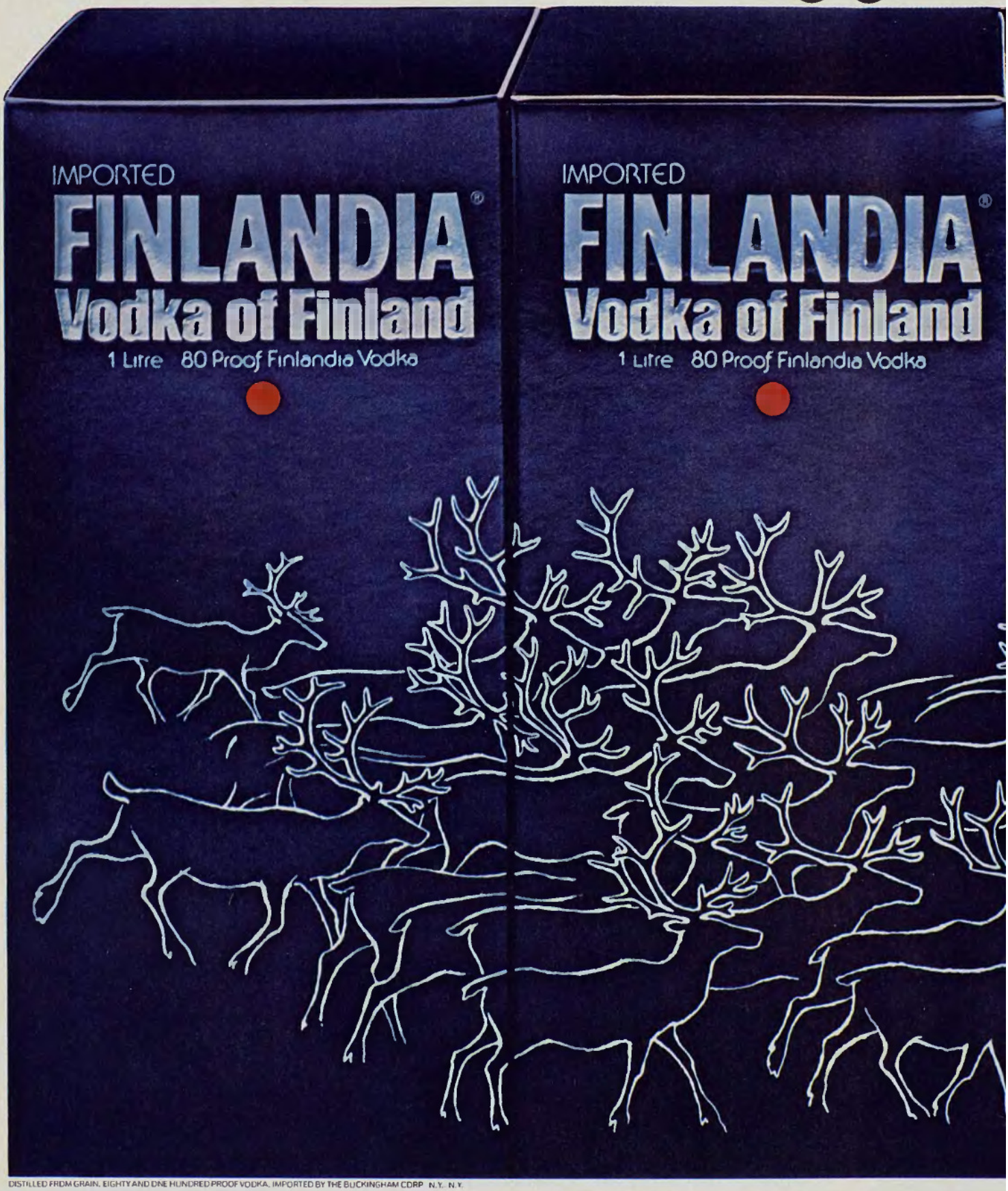
130. What is your ethnic/racial background?
A. White
B. Black
C. Hispanic
D. Oriental
E. Native American
F. Other (please specify)

131. What is your religion?
A. Protestant
B. Catholic
C. Jewish
D. Moslem
E. Other (please specify)

132. How religious are you?
A. Very religious
B. Somewhat religious
C. Not religious at all

133. How would you describe yourself politically?
A. Far right
B. Conservative
C. Moderate
D. Liberal
E. Far left
F. Other (please specify)

Look for reindeer bearing gifts.



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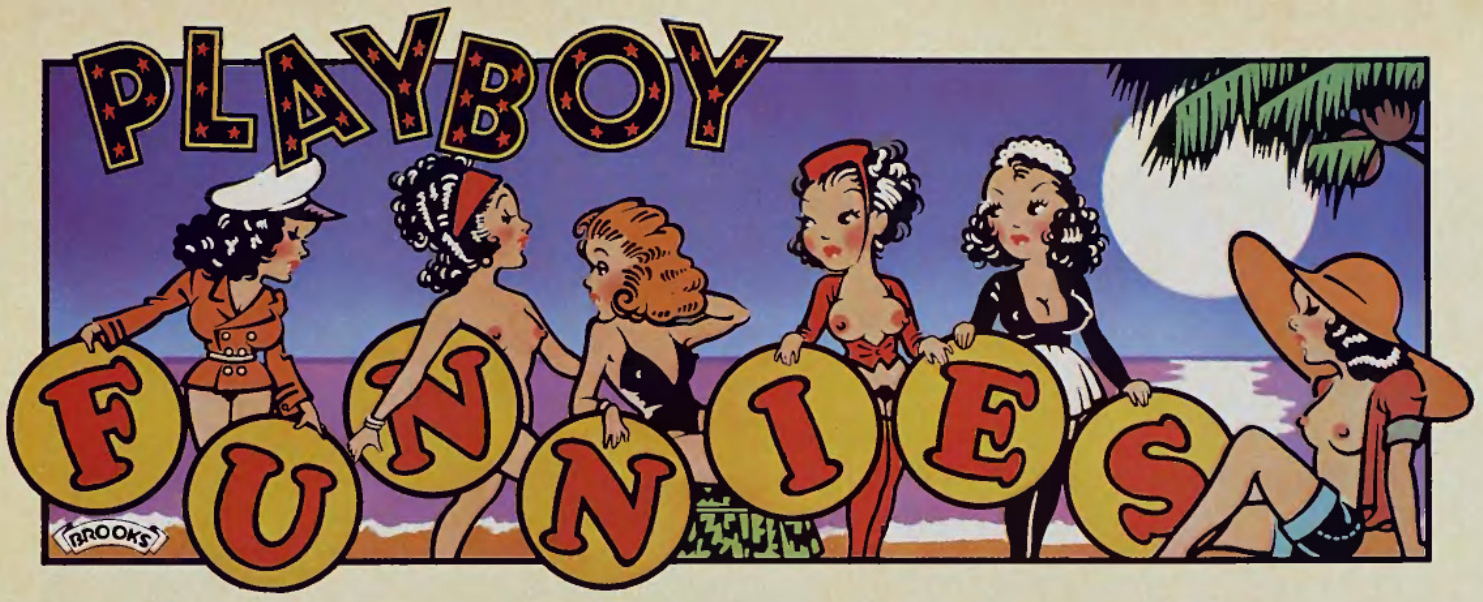
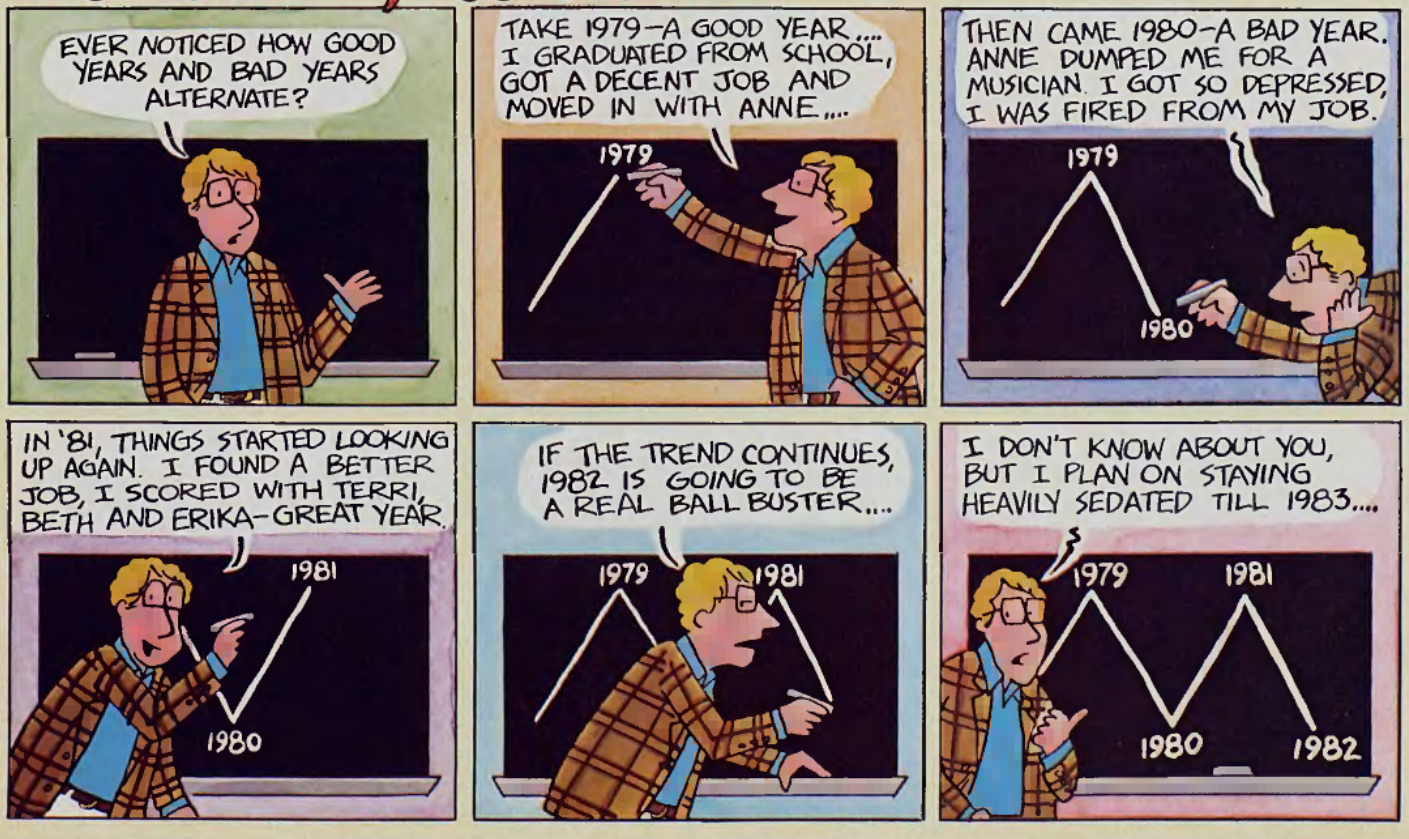


annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard

Saturday Nite Jive

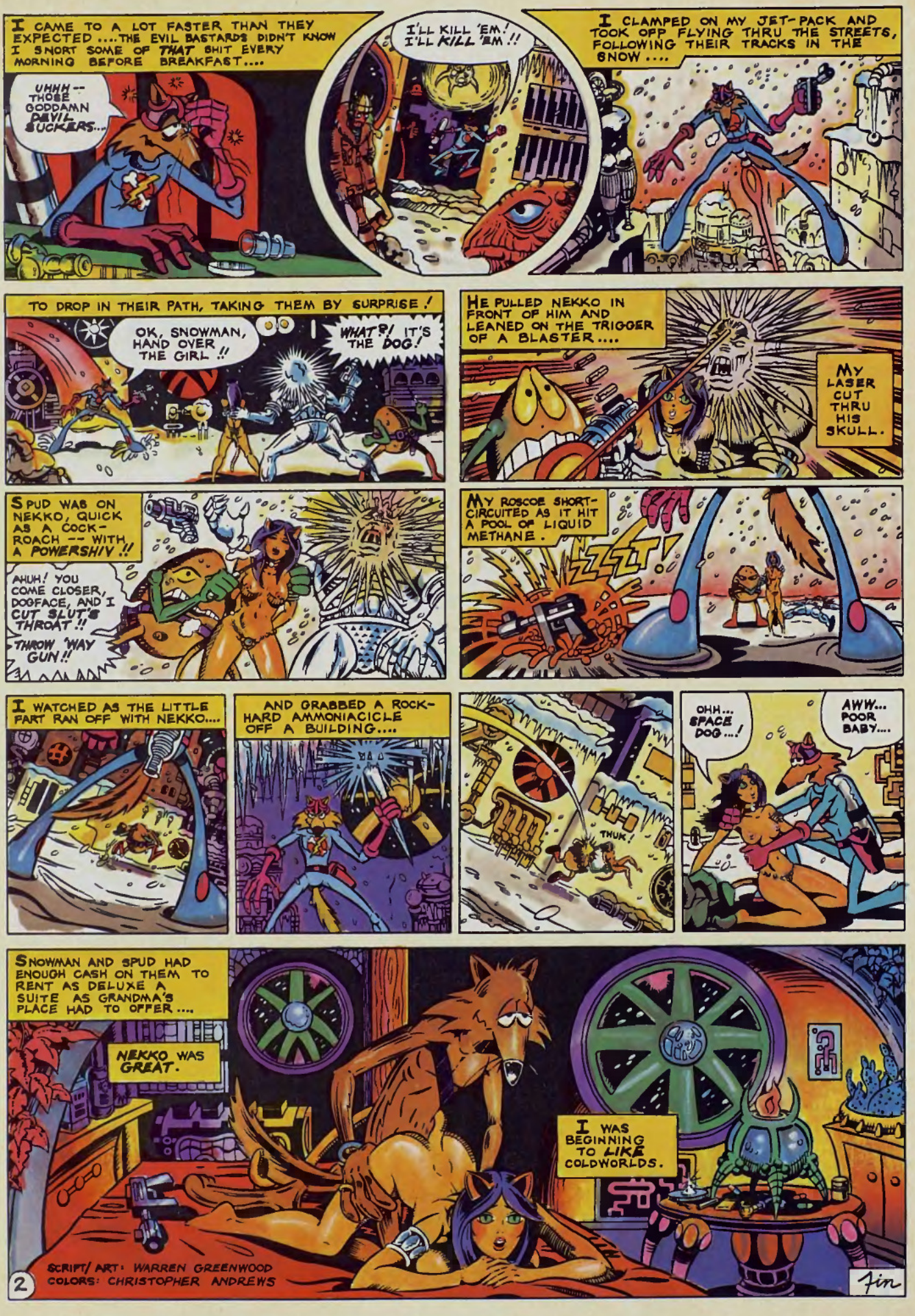
BY BILL JOHNSON



BETSY'S BUDDIES

by Kurtzman and Downs

WARREN GREENWOOD'S
SPACE DOG ON THE "ICEWORLD"
I'VE ALWAYS HATED COLDWORLDS. BUT I'D BEEN LED TO BELIEVE THAT I COULD UNLOAD A SHIPFULL OF "MOEBIAN GOLD" ON A FROZEN HELL CALLED NEW MICHIGAN. IMAGINE MY SURPRISE AT FINDING A SWEET LITTLE CAT GIRL NAMED NEKKO AT A MISERABLE SPACEPORT BAR CALLED GRANDMA'S PLACE....
WE WERE JUST STARTIN' TO GET COZY WHEN....
JUST LOOK AT THOSE LIPS....
JUST LOOK AT THOSE WHISKERS....
>AHEM<
EXCUSE ME FOR INTERRUPTING YOUR TETE-A-TETE. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF....THERE ARE THOSE WHO CALL ME -- THE SNOWMAN. AND THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE, SPUD.
AHHH, WHAT A PITY.... I HAD HOPED THAT YOU MIGHT BE INCLINED TO PURCHASE A LITTLE... 'SNOW'?
YEAH, WELL, LOOK, PAL, WHY DON'T YOU GO COOL SOMEBODY'S DRINK OR SOMETHING?
SURE, SURE -- WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO?
JUST LET ME SAMPLE A LITTLE TOOT, HERE....
OH, SHIT....
THUNK!
HAH! DOGFACE BE OUT FOR HOURS, BOSS!!
AND YOU, MY DEAR, WILL NET A TIDY PROFIT ON THE MOTOR CITY SLAVE MART!!
1
?
EEK!
HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!


I CAME TO A LOT FASTER THAN THEY EXPECTED ....THE EVIL BASTARDS DIDN'T KNOW I SNORT SOME OF THAT SHIT EVERY MORNING BEFORE BREAKFAST....
UHHH -- THOSE GODDAMN DEVIL SUCKERS...
I'LL KILL 'EM! I'LL KILL 'EM!!
I CLAMPED ON MY JET-PACK AND TOOK OFF FLYING THRU THE STREETS, FOLLOWING THEIR TRACKS IN THE SNOW ....
TO DROP IN THEIR PATH, TAKING THEM BY SURPRISE!
OK, SNOWMAN, HAND OVER THE GIRL!!
WHAT?! IT'S THE DOG!
HE PULLED NEKKO IN FRONT OF HIM AND LEANED ON THE TRIGGER OF A BLASTER....
MY LASER CUT THRU HIS SKULL.
SPUD WAS ON NEKKO, QUICK AS A COCK-ROACH -- WITH A POWERSHIV!!
AHUH! YOU COME CLOSER, DOOFACE, AND I CUT SLUT'S THROAT!!
THROW 'WAY GUN!!
MY ROSCOE SHORT-CIRCUITED AS IT HIT A POOL OF LIQUID METHANE.
ZZZT!
I WATCHED AS THE LITTLE FART RAN OFF WITH NEKKO....
AND GRABBED A ROCK-HARD AMMONIACICLE OFF A BUILDING....
THUK!
OHH... SPACE DOG...!
AWW... POOR BABY....
SNOWMAN AND SPUD HAD ENOUGH CASH ON THEM TO RENT AS DELUXE A SUITE AS GRANDMA'S PLACE HAD TO OFFER....
NEKKO WAS GREAT.
I WAS BEGINNING TO LIKE COLDWORLDS.
SCRIPT/ART: WARREN GREENWOOD
COLORS: CHRISTOPHER ANDREWS
2
fin

MOONSHINE McJUGS
BY FRANK THORNE
CLAP McJUGS! YO' CLAN IS GITTIN' A PACK O' BUCKSHOT FROM SANTY CLAUS!
YO' McBUNS IS HAIRY VARMINTS!
HOL' ON, ALL O' YOU!
POW
BLAM
BARF AN' NEWT AN' CROTCH McBUNS! SHAME ON YOU! THIS HERE'S TH' SEASON O' PEACE AN' BROTHERHOOD!
COME IN AN' HAVE A SIP O' CIDER BY TH' TREE!
DANGIT! BARF AN' CROTCH KIN COME IN, BUT NEWT—HE DON'T WEAR NO PANTS. EVEN IN WINTER!
BAD ENOUGH WE GOTTA LOOK AT A McBUN, LET ALONE AT McBUN HOSE!
HUSHA, FLEM! IT'S TH' TIME O' MELLOWIN' 'MUNGST MOUNTAIN FOLK.
'SIDES, NEWT'S GOT A MIGHTY HANDSOME ORGAN.
BIGGEST IN PORK HOLLAR!
FAT AROUND AS YO' WRIST AN' WITH A CURVE INTA IT WHEN IT'S SWELL-UP.
WE KIN HANG SOME TINSEL ON IT SO'S IT BLENDS WITH TH' DECORATIONS.
MOON, HOW COME YO' KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT NEWT McBUNS PRIVATES?
HOW COME?
THET'S WHUT HE DONE GIVE ME FO' CHRISTMAS!
LAST NIGHT.
IN TH' CORN CRIB.
CLIC
CLIC
CLIC
CLIC
CLIC
STAN' ASIDE, MOON!
VARMINTS!
BLAM
KAPOW
KABOOM
BLAM BLAM
THUMP THUMP
POWIE
POW POW
KABOOOM!

TEASERS

by Art Spiegelman & Lou Brooks

ROD HAS QUITE A WAY WITH THE LADIES. HE GETS 'EM FROM C-A-R TO B-E-D IN JUST A FEW MOVES! CAN YOU DO IT, CHANGING JUST ONE LETTER AT A TIME?

C A R

B E D

TAVERN

FORGIVE ME!

"OPTICKLER"

WHICH TWIN'S TITS ARE BIGGER?

DOLLY

POLLY

BOTH ARE THE SAME SIZE! (DOLLY IS WEARING FALSIES)

UH-OH! MR. TWATT HAS UNEXPECTEDLY RETURNED HOME TO FIND HIS WIFE, OPHELIA, ENTERTAINING SOME "HOUSE GUESTS."

HOW MANY "HOUSE GUESTS" ARE HIDDEN IN THIS PICTURE?

ANSWER: 21. A MIDGET LITHUANIAN BASEBALL TEAM IS IN THE CHEST OF DRAWERS!

XMAS XING

J. Michael Leonard

KILLING (continued from page 104)

"Martin's willingness to try living with her father was his last kindness of their married life."

the innocent carnival of an A & P where she had never before shopped. She let herself be fed a sandwich and a Coke in a diner full of strange men. She inhaled the fragrances of a gasoline station where a fat man in green coveralls filled her tank so matter-of-factly it seemed impossible that the life of another man, whose seed had become her life, was draining away, by her decision, beneath this chalky cold sky in this second-rate city where both were utter strangers.

Dying, her father had become sexual. Her mother no longer occluding, his manhood was revealed. For a time, after she died, Anne and Martin had thought to have him live with them. But, the first night of his trial visit, he had woken them, clearing his throat in the hall outside their bedroom; when she had opened the door, he told Anne, his face pale with fury, the top and bottom of his pajamas mismatched, that no one had ever hurt him as she had this night. At first she didn't understand. Then she blushed. "But, Daddy, he's my husband. You're my father. I'm not Mother, I'm Anne." She added, desperate to clarify, "Mother died, don't you remember?"

The anger was slow to leave his face, though the point seemed taken. His eyes narrowed with a legal canniness. "Allegedly," he said.

Martin had laughed at that, and the two of them led him back to his bed. But they were as little able to get back to sleep as if they had, indeed, been lovers, and the man thrashing in the adjacent bedroom the wronged husband. An irony of that night she perceived only later was that the man who was with her didn't want to be. Martin's affair had begun, and his willingness to try living with her father was his last kindness of their married life. She remembered later his great relief when she announced it wouldn't work. While her father, growing more puzzled and rebellious, passed from a succession of housekeepers to a live-in couple to a strong male nurse, her husband confessed more and more, and asked to separate. Once the old man was safely placed in a nursing home, Martin left. Then, abandoned, Anne perceived the gallantry of her father's refusal to submit to dying. As his reason fell away, he who had been so mild and legal had become violent and lawless; his lifelong habit of commanding respect twisted to a tyrannical rage, a defiant incontinence, a hitting of nurses with his fists, a struggle against a locked chair until both toppled. In his pugnacity and ferocity Anne saw the force, now naked, that had carved out of the world a shelter for his four females and had urged respectability upon them. With Martin's leaving, she, too, was naked. Herself helpless, she at last loved her father in his helplessness. Her love made all the more shameful her inability to stay with him, to lull his panic at the passage facing him as he had once lulled hers.

For three days after her commended decision, Anne came and went, marveling at the fury of her father's will to live. His face, parched and unfed, grew rigid. His mouth made an O like a baby's at the breast. His breathing poured forth a stench like a stream of inexpressible scorn. His hand lived in hers. He could not die, she could not stay; as with the participants of a great and wicked love, there was none to forgive them save for each other.

He died unobserved. Shortly a nurse noticed and drew the sheet up over his face and called his daughter. Anne had been raking leaves from her frostbitten lawn, thinking she should be with him. The world, which had made a space of privacy and isolation around them, then gathered and descended in a fluttering of letters and visits, of regards and reminiscences; her father's long, successful life was rebuilt in words before her. The funeral was a success, a rally of the surviving, a salute to the useful and presentable man who had passed away a year ago. Her sisters descended from airplanes and cried more than she could. Elderly faces that had floated above her childhood, her father's old friends, materialized. Anne was kissed, hugged, caressed, complimented. Yet she had been his executioner. There was no paradox, she saw. They were grateful. The world needed death. It needed death exactly as much as it needed life.

•

After the burial service, Martin went home with her and the children. "I'm surprised," Anne said to him as soon as they were alone, "Harriet wasn't there."

"Did you want her to be? We assumed you didn't."

"That was correct."

"She would have liked to be, of course. She admired what you did."

Anne saw that for him the funeral had been an opportunity for Harriet's advancement. He promoted her; in his mind he had leaped beyond their separation, beyond the divorce, to some day when she, his first wife, would be gracious to his second, repaying this supposed admiration. How small, Anne thought, he had grown: a promoter, a liaison man. "I did nothing," she said.

"You did everything," he responded, and this, too, was part of his game: to sell her herself as well as Harriet, to sell her on the idea that she was competent, independent; she could manage without him.

Could she? Not for the first time since the nurse had given her, over the telephone, the awaited gift of her father's death, Anne felt in her new freedom an abysmal purposelessness; she glimpsed the possibility that her father had needed her as none of the living did, that her next service to everyone, having killed him, was herself to die. Martin was lethal in his new manner, all efficient vitality, hugging the children presumptuously, talking to each with a self-conscious and compressed attentiveness unknown in the years when he absent-mindedly shared their home. He even presumed to tap Anne on the bottom as she stood at the stove, as if she were one more child to be touched like a base. In the hour before dinner, he raced around the house changing light bulbs, bleeding the furnace, replacing window shades that had fallen from the temperamental little sockets. His virtuoso show of dutifulness—his rapid survey of the photographs the boys had developed in their darkroom, the brisk lesson in factoring he administered to his younger daughter—to Anne felt intended to put her to shame. His removal, rather than bringing her and the children closer together, had put distance between them. They blamed her for losing him. They blamed themselves. Night after night they sat wordless around the dinner table, chewing their guilt. Now he was here, pulling the wine cork, celebrating her father's death. "Anne, dear"—a locution of Harriet's he had acquired—"tell us all why you can't seem to replace the burned-out light bulbs. Is it the unscrewing or the screwing-in that frightens you?" Lethal, but attractive; Harriet had made of him something smaller but more positive, less timorous and diffuse. Before, he had been in the house like the air they unthinkingly breathed; now he manifested himself among them as a power, his show of energy and duty vindictive, the display of a treasure they had wasted.

Anne told him, "I've been so busy getting my father to die I didn't notice which bulbs were on and which were off. I haven't even read a newspaper for days."

Martin ignored her defense. "Poor Grandpa," he said, gazing about at the

Now that they're ready for a change of pace it's time to give them John Jameson.

Introduce them to John Jameson. They'll like the light, delicate taste. Luxurious and smooth as they would expect a premium whiskey to be. But with a distinctive character all its own. Step ahead of the crowd—give John Jameson, the world's largest selling Irish Whiskey.

children as if one more parental duty fallen to him was to remind them to mourn.

Hate, pure tonic hatred of this man filled her and felt to lift her free; he sensed it, from his end of the table, through the candlelit mist of children, and smiled. He wanted her hate. But it flickered off. She was not free.

Martin helped her do the dishes. Living alone, he had learned some habits of housework: another new trick. As he moved around her, avoiding touching her, drying each dish with a comical bachelor care, she felt him grow weary; he, too, was mortal. In his weariness, he had slipped from Harriet's orbit back into hers. "Want me to go?" he asked, shyly.

"Sure. Why not? You always do."

"I thought, Grandpa dead and everything, you might get too depressed alone."

"Don't you want to go tell Harriet all about the marvelous funeral she missed?"

"No. She doesn't expect it. She said to be nice to you."

So the offer came from Harriet, not him. He was being given a night out like the vulgarest of husbands. And Anne was herself too weary to fight the gift, to scorn it.

"The children are all here," she told him. "There's no extra bed. You'll have to sleep with me."

"It won't kill us," he said.

"Who's us?" Anne asked.

Months had passed since she had felt his body next to hers in bed. He had grown thinner, harder, more precisely knit, as if exercised by the distance he strained to keep between them. Perhaps only at first had it been a strain for him. When with a caress she offered to make love, he said, "No. That would be too much." In her fatigue, she was relieved. Sleep came to her swiftly, even though his presence barred her from the center of the bed, to which she had grown accustomed. In a dream, she was holding her father's hand and he horrified her by sitting up energetically and beginning to scold, in that sardonic way Anne felt he reserved for her, the oldest; he showed her younger sisters only his softer side. She awoke and found her husband twisting next to her. It did not surprise her that he was there. Surprise came the other nights, when the bed was empty. He was up on one elbow, trying to plump his pillow. "Why," he asked, as if they had been talking all along, "have you given the kids all the Airfoam pillows and left yourself with these awful old feather things? It's like trying to sleep with your head on a pancake."

"Can't you go to sleep?"

"Of course not."

"Have I been asleep?"

"As usual."

"What do you think's the matter?"

"I don't know. Guilt. I feel guilty about Harriet. Sleeping with you, and her all alone."

"Don't tell me about it. This was your idea, not mine."

"Also, I feel rotten about Grandpa. I miss him. He was so good. He knew something was wrong, but he couldn't put his finger on it. The way he said 'allegedly' that time. And that day we took him to the nursing home, the way he accepted me as the boss. So brave and quiet, like a child going off to camp. This big Boston lawyer, who had always looked at me as sort of a chump, really. I had become the boss. Remember, how he kept telling me to watch out for the other cars? He had become—deferential."

"I know. It was pathetic."

"He didn't want me to hit another car, though. He wanted good care of himself taken."

"I know. I loved his will to live. It put me to shame. It puts us all to shame."

"Why?"

His blunt question startled her: the new Martin. The old one and she had understood each other without ever trying. She understood him now: He was saying, *Put yourself to shame, put yourself to death, but don't include me, I'm alive. At last.* She tried to explain, "I feel very disconnected these days."

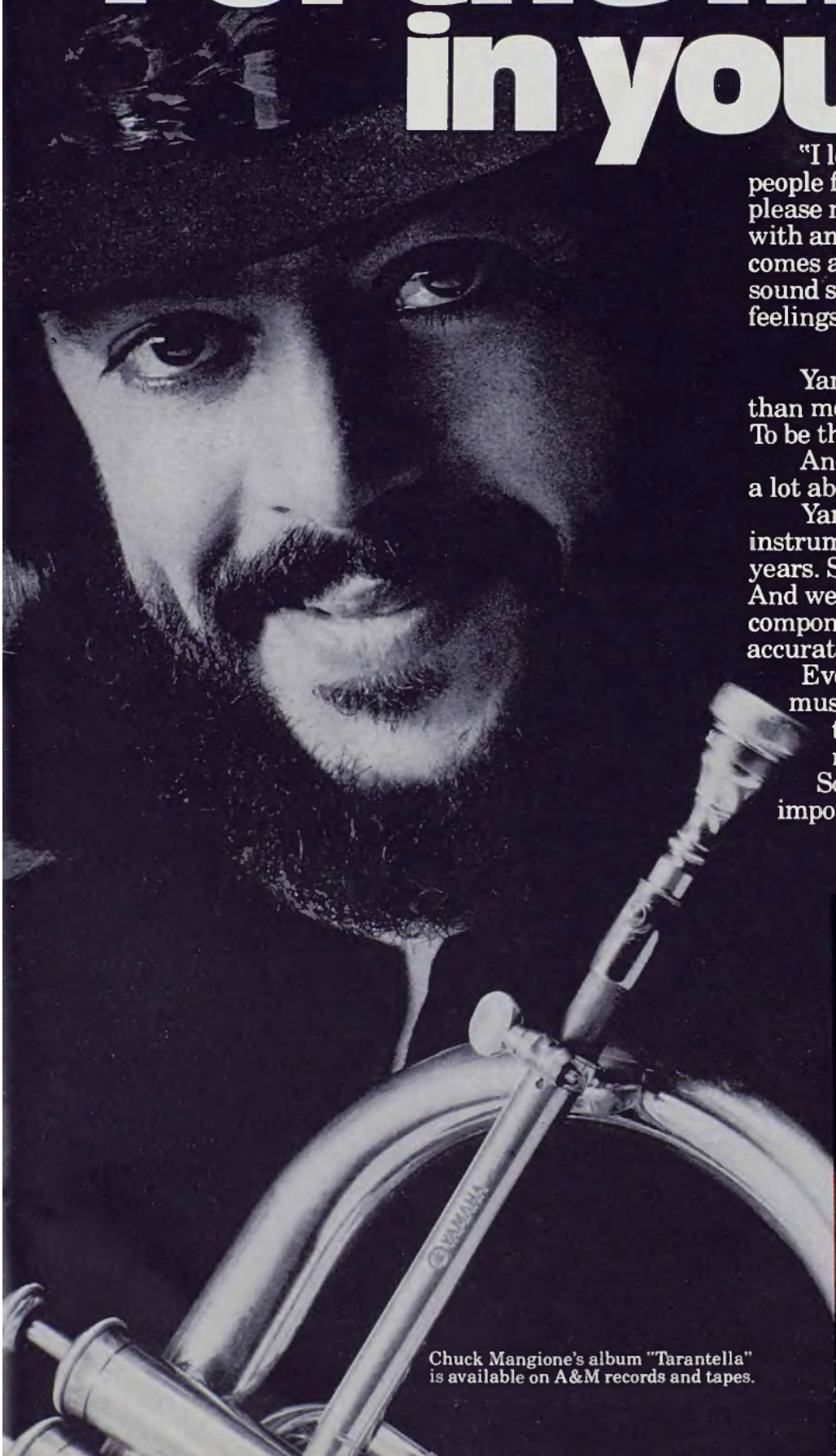
"Well, I guess you are."

"Not just from you. Disconnected from everybody. The sermon today, I couldn't cry. It had nothing to do with Daddy, with anybody real. I couldn't keep my eyes off you and the boys. The way the backs of your heads were all the same."

He twisted noisily, and looped his arm around her waist. Her heart flipped, waiting for his hand to enclose her breast, his old habit. It didn't happen. It was as if his arm had been sliced off at the wrist. He said, in a soft, well-meant voice, "I'm sorry. Of course I feel guiltiest about you. Lying here is very

"In the same joyous spirit of giving that has marked this night, Mrs. Cratchit, I'll give you five guineas for a quickie."

Yamaha. For the music in you.



"I love to play music that makes people feel good. But first it has to please me. I love sharing my music with an audience. That's when it really comes alive. And I love to hear it on a sound system that lets all those good feelings come through. Like Yamaha."
—Chuck Mangione

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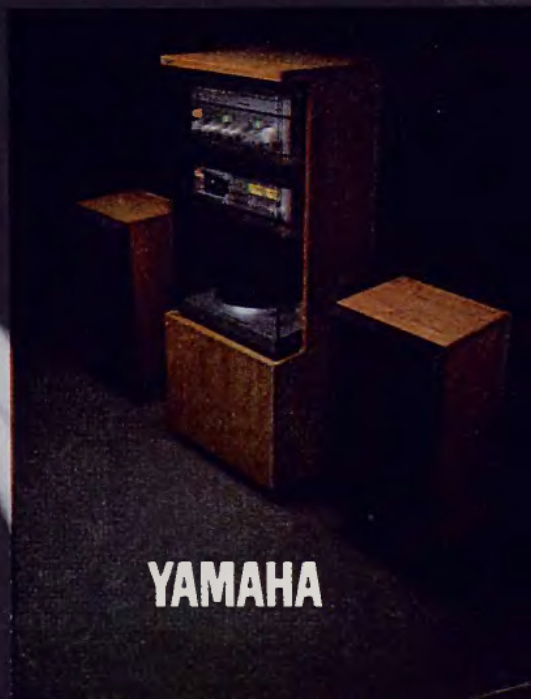

Chuck Mangione's album "Tarantella" is available on A&M records and tapes.

If you'd like a wall poster of our distillery's founder, drop us a line.

MR. CLAYTON TOSH has more good tales about Jack Daniel than most folks can ever believe.

He'll tell you that Mr. Jack promised marriage to two girls at once in 1875; that nobody ever saw him without a coat and tie; and that he perfected a way of manufacturing his whiskey (called charcoal mellowing) that made it uncommonly smooth. Of course, there's no one living who can vouch for the first two tales. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, most everyone goes along with the third.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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conflicting. I felt conflicted all week, you calling me every hour on the hour to say your father hadn't kicked the bucket yet."

"Don't be vulgar. And don't exaggerate."

"You called a lot, it seemed to me. And it went on and on, he just wouldn't die. What a tough old farmer he turned out to be."

"Yes."

"You were in agony. And there I sat in Back Bay, no use at all. I hated myself. I still do."

His confession, Anne saw, was an opportunity another woman—Harriet, certainly—would seize. His taut body wanted to make love. But, as had happened so many nights when they were married, by the same mechanism whereby the television news had lulled her, commercials and disasters and weather and sports tumbling on with the world's rotation, so her awareness of Martin wishing to make love—of male energy alive in the world and sustaining it—put her to sleep, as her father's sitting by her bedside had.

•

When Anne awoke again, he was still fighting with the pillow. By the quality of the moonlight, time had passed, but whether two minutes or an hour she couldn't tell. She knew she had failed once more, but the quality of this, too, was different. It was not so grievous, because everything was steeped and flattened in the moonlight of grief. She asked, "How can you be still awake?"

"This is a very unsuccessful experiment," he said, with satisfaction, of their sleeping together. "You do something to the bed that makes me nervous. You always did. With Harriet I have no problem. I sleep like a baby."

"Don't tell me about it."

"I'm just reporting it as a curious physiological fact."

"Just relax."

"I can't. Evidently you can. Your poor father's being dead must be a great relief."

"Not especially. Lie on your back."

He obeyed. She put her hand on his penis. It was warm and silky-small and like nothing else, softer than a breast, more fragile than a thought, yet heavy. Together, after a minute, they realized it was not rising, and would not rise. For Martin it was a triumph, a proof. "Come on," he taunted. "Do your worst."

For Anne it had been, in his word, an experiment. Among her regrets was one that, having held her dying father's hand so discontinuously, she had not been holding it at the moment he passed from life to death; she had wanted, childishly, to know what it would have felt like. It would have felt like this. "Go to sleep," someone was pleading, "let's go to sleep."

"Thank you for having put the tray outside your door after breakfast, Miss Simpson. May I have my waiter, too?"

CARS '82

(continued from page 170)

"Chrysler plans to produce LeBaron convertibles and may expand ragtop availability to the Dodge 400."

The better gear ratios alone make a world of difference, as does the souped-up engine; but when the two are combined later this year, they will turn the once sluggish little front-drive Fords and Mercurys into real fun cars. There's also a much-improved suspension option and a practical new five-door hatchback Escort/Lynx for 1982. A five-speed-transmission option is expected for next fall.

And don't forget the hottest Mustang since muscle-car-madness days, a new high-output 5.0-liter V8 four-speed version that can rip from zero to 60 in seven-plus seconds. Equipped with the excellent TRX suspension/tire combo and aerodynamic spoilers front and rear, it's almost a street version of the Mustang (and Capri) race cars the company's Special Vehicle Operations group is helping build for independent competitors as part of the new-image program. Of course, there's a corresponding Capri 5.0-liter stablemate for Lincoln-Mercury dealers, who are also pushing their new Continental luxury car. Far from fun but well worthy of comment, the latter nicely combines Lincolnesque luxury, ride and features in a smaller and more fuel-efficient package, powered by your choice of a new 3.8-liter V6 or a 5.0-liter V8 engine.

Well on the road to recovery, Chrysler is expanding its efficient front-wheel-drive lines in two directions for 1982—more luxury *and* more fun. On the upper end, now that the company's large rear-drive sedans have gone to their final rest, are some fine new K-car-based Chrysler LeBaron and Dodge 400 coupes and sedans. These share refined versions of the K-cars' body, chassis and drive train (including a choice of 2.2- or 2.6-liter four-cylinder engine) but are posher, quieter and softer-riding.

Chrysler plans to produce (in conjunction with an outside contractor) a limited number of LeBaron convertibles beginning this spring and may expand ragtop availability to the Dodge 400 as well, which could be the beginning of a serious American convertible comeback. Most fun for 1982, though, are the gutsy little Dodge 024 Charger 2.2 and Plymouth Turismo TC3 coupes, which deliver both spirited acceleration and a delightfully raucous exhaust note through the magic of shorter gearing and a better-breathing exhaust system.

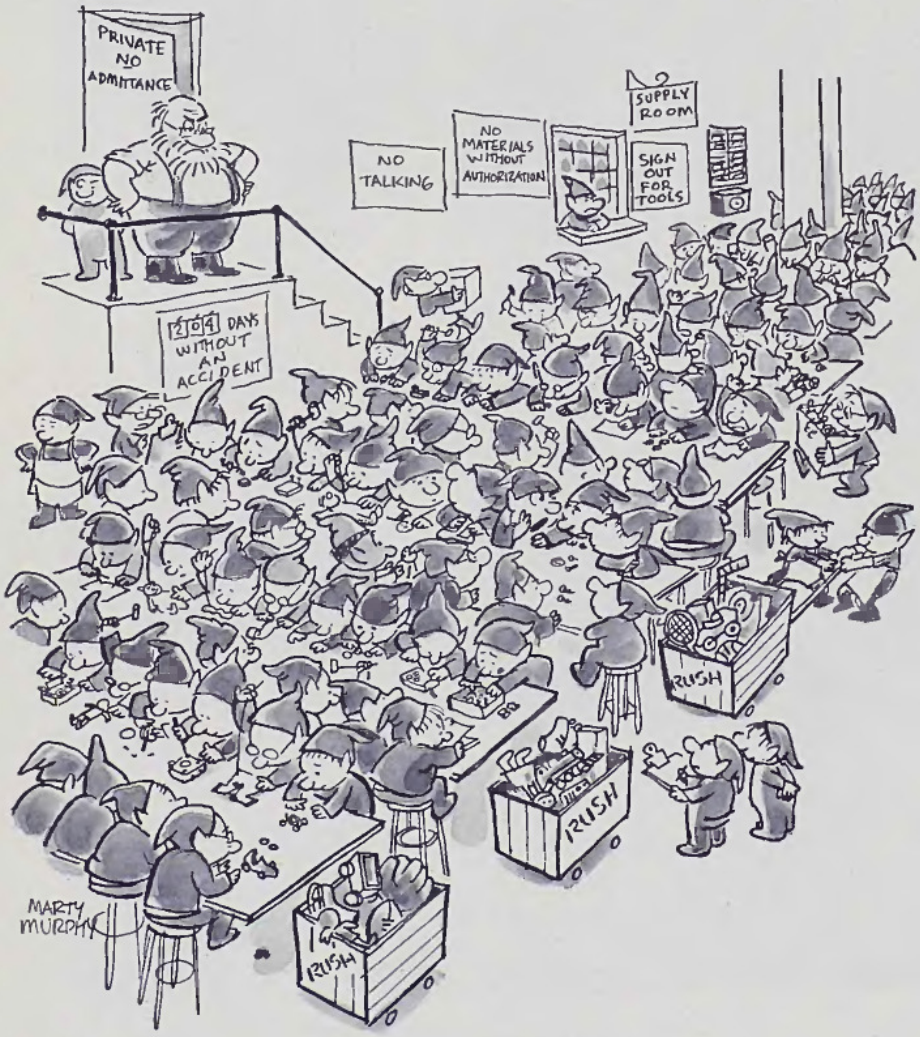
Except for the commendable addition of optional five-speed transmissions across the board and electronic carburetion control for better fuel economy, there's little new from American Motors, as the smallest U.S. auto maker prepares to launch its jointly developed A.M.C./Renault front-wheel-drive series for 1983. There's also little new about the 1982 domestically built Volkswagen Rabbit, save the usual evolutionary refinements and an innovative dashboard light that tells the driver when to shift for maximum fuel economy.

Among the better small-volume specialty builders, Indiana's Avanti has installed a G.M. four-speed automatic transmission in its unique Avanti II sport sedan, and Wisconsin's Excalibur recently added a stunning two-seat roadster to its Series IV line of classic Mercedes-inspired luxury vehicles. Aurora Cars of Richmond Hill, Ontario, has stepped up production of its gorgeous Ford-powered A.C. Cobra look-alike, the Aurora GRX sports car.

JAPANESE CARS

Number-one-importer Toyota's all-new Celica four-cylinder coupe and liftback take up where their highly successful predecessors left off, while the flagship Supra version explores new performance ground with superb handling and a new twin-cam six-cylinder engine. Despite a few incongruous details, the Celica's styling ranges from pleasing to sporty; but the flared-fendered, fat-tired Supra looks downright fast and mean. Its exotic engine could stand a little more horsepower to match the *macho* looks, but otherwise, this Oriental starship is as fine a performance coupe as we have driven. Its other fascinating features include a state-of-the-art driver's bucket that adjusts every which way but loose (it even has a unique air-bladder lumbar adjustment) and a digital/graphic dashboard in the luxury model that looks like a video game.

Archrival Datsun counters with what



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promises to be its most popular new model in years, the front-wheel-drive Stanza. Handsome and thoroughly contemporary in design, it comes in three- and five-door-hatchback and formal four-door-sedan versions. Replacing the old-school, rear-drive 510, the Stanza fits neatly between the front-wheel-drive 310 and the luxury 810 in Datsun's U. S. line-up. It's powered by a lightweight 2.0-liter four-cylinder engine and, like most modern Japanese cars, offers a choice of manual five-speed or automatic three-speed transmission. Interestingly, the manufacturer, Nissan of Japan, wants to phase out its American-market Datsun name and model designations, so this car is officially called the Nissan Stanza everywhere it's sold. Along these same lines, the base-model 810 sedan and wagon are discontinued for 1982, leaving the more popular luxury Maxima versions (the 810 designation is dropped), in which a five-speed manual transmission becomes standard and there's an amazingly pleasant and thrifty six-cylinder diesel-engine option. In the fun-car category, Datsun's 200-SX sports coupe gets a minor face lift and a larger 2.2-liter engine; and the superquick 280-ZX Turbo will soon be available with a five-speed manual transmission.

Honda's popular Accord hatchback is redesigned for 1982 with a longer wheelbase, wider treads front and rear, new and more aerodynamic exterior sheet metal (which doesn't look much different from the old), a roomier interior and some new standard and optional features. There's also an ultra-economy Civic FE five-speed that delivers astounding 41-mpg city and 55-mpg highway EPA ratings.

The excellent Plymouth Sapporo and Dodge Challenger sports coupes (made by Mitsubishi of Japan), which were re-engineered a year ago, are little changed for 1982 but remain the strongest competitors to Datsun's (whoops, *Nissan*'s) 200-SX and Toyota's new Celica. Also, the Mitsubishi front-wheel-drive Plymouth Champ and Dodge Colt lines add handy five-door hatchbacks for the new year. PLAYBOY's other Japanese picks include Mazda's terrific rotary-engined RX-7 sports car and front-wheel-drive GLC series, Subaru's unique four-wheel-drive GL station wagon and newcomer Isuzu's thrifty I-Mark diesel coupe and sedan.

GERMAN CARS

It's getting tougher and tougher to keep track of all the new Volkswagen, Porsche and Audi models these days, but here's the rundown as we see it for 1982. A late-1981 addition was the sleek, quick and agile Audi Coupe—essentially, a two-wheel-drive version of Audi's Quattro four-wheel-drive European rally car that is powered by the luxury 5000's nonturbo 2.2-liter five-cylinder engine and a five-speed transmission. The awesome Quattro itself, desmogged and with less horsepower, is expected to make its U. S. debut by spring. Audi's flagship 5000 Turbo continues as is, but a turbo-diesel variation of the smaller and less expensive 4000 is being prepared for midyear introduction.

The V8 Porsche 928 and both turbo and nonturbo four-cylinder 924 sports cars are little changed, but there's an exciting new 944 on the way with flared fenders and an all-new aluminum 2.5-liter four-cylinder engine. On the European-built VW side are a redesigned Scirocco and a new Quantum—the latter replacing the old Dasher series—the Scirocco with rounder, more aerodynamic body over the existing engine and drive train. Like its cousin, the Audi 4000, the VW Quantum will offer a new turbo-diesel engine later this year. The Rabbit-based Jetta sedans, available in gas and diesel versions, and the ultrafun Rabbit convertible are essentially unchanged for 1982.

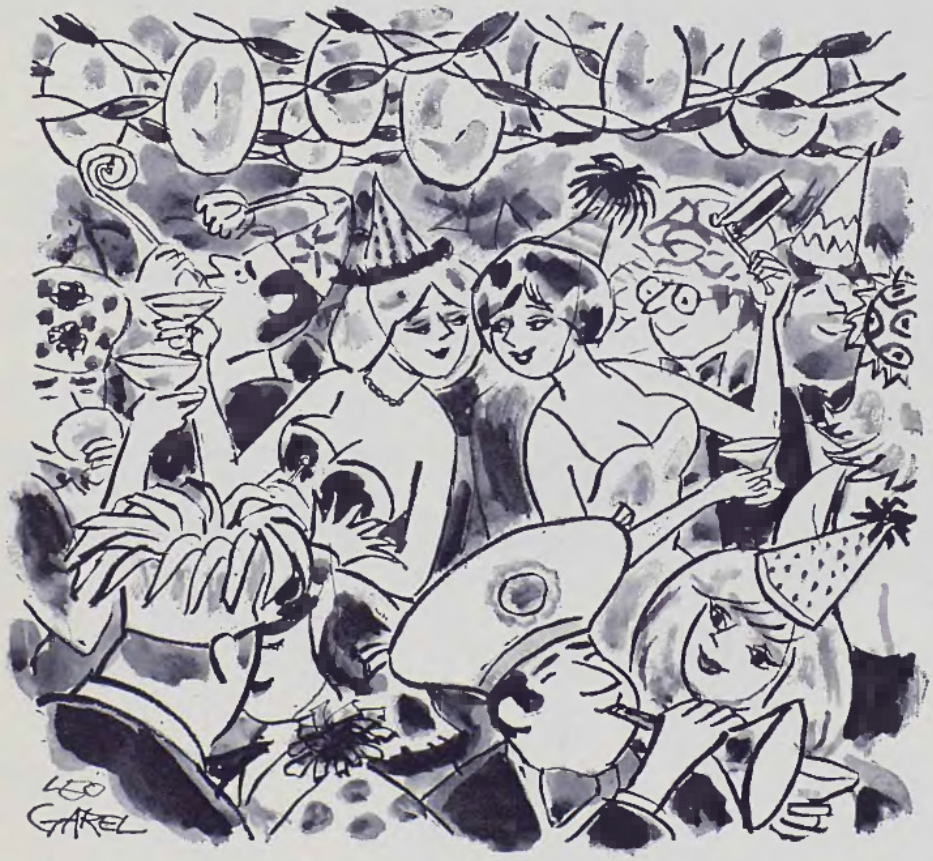
Mercedes-Benz's all new 380SEC luxury sports coupe has replaced the 380SLC at the top of the line. Mercedes' mid-sized 300D sedan and 300CD coupe are now powered by the company's surprisingly spirited 3.0-liter five-cylinder turbo-diesel engine.

Our favorite BMW still is the lovely 633CSi coupe. But new for 1982 is the most sophisticated BMW yet, the 528e sedan; it's roomier and more aerodynamic than the 528i it replaces and is powered by an electronically controlled and injected 2.7-liter six-cylinder engine.

ITALIAN CARS

There's something pulse-quickening about an Italian sporting machine, and easily the most exciting one we've driven lately is Alfa Romeo's GTV 6/2.5. A mating of Alfa's sexy sports-coupe body and 154-hp 2.5-liter overhead-cam V6 engine, this Latin jewel offers a thrill a minute for the serious driver on winding country lanes, as well as docile around-town performance for the less demanding. Unfortunately, the parent company doles out only a couple of thousand GTVs a year to its American importer, so prepare to wait in line.

Also high on fun but low on availability is Fiat's new turbocharged Spider. Prepared by an outside firm, the turbo 2.0-liter four provides plenty of zap, while the venerable ragtop roadster body still gets appreciative looks after all these years. Fiat's ever-improving mid-engined X1/9 also keeps going



"If you have anything in mind, Sheila, it better be tonight. Next year I've resolved to do it only with men."

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PLAYBOY CARS '82–VITAL STATISTICS

SPORTING & LUXURIOUS AUTOMOBILES BOTH FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH	WHEEL-BASE	DRIVE* SYSTEM	ENGINE** (liters-cylinders)	MAX. HP @rpm	0–60 MPH (sec.)	ESTIMATED EPA ECONOMY (city/hwy mpg)	APPROX. BASE PRICE	DESCRIPTION & FEATURES
UNITED STATES									
A.M.C. Eagle	183.2 in.	109.3 in.	F-4wd	2.5-4	84@3600	19.5	23/30	$ 8,700	Standard Select Drive for 2wd or 4wd
A.M.C Eagle SX/4	166.6	97.2	F-4wd	2.5-4	84@3600	17.0	23/30	7,500	Select Drive in small, sporty package
Aurora GRX (Canada)	162.0	90.0	F-R	5.0-V8	169@4200	7.5	19/25	33,000	Hand-built replica of classic A.C. Cobra 289 roadster
Avanti II	197.8	109.0	F-R	5.0-V8	155@4000	10.0	17/24	22,500	Custom-built sport sedan
Buick Century	189.1	104.9	F-F	2.5-4	90@4000	15.5	25/40	9,000	New fwd A-car, EFI 4-cylinder, V6 or V6 diesel power
Buick Skylark Sports Coupe	181.1	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.**	135@5400	10.5	22/34	8,300	X-car with high-performance V6 engine
Buick Skyhawk	174.3	101.2	F-F	1.8-4	88@5100	14.8	26/42	8,000	New Buick fwd J-car sedan
Cadillac Cimarron	173.0	101.2	F-F	1.8-4	88@5100	14.2	26/42	12,500	Cadillac's luxury J-car
Chevrolet Camaro Z-28	187.8	101.0	F-R	5.0-V8	175@4000	8.5	17/26	8,800	All-new, smaller, high-performance Camaro
Chevrolet Corvette	185.3	98.0	F-R	5.7-V8	200@4200	8.0	15/26	17,000	Chevy's traditional sports car
Chevrolet Celebrity	188.3	104.9	F-F	2.5-4	90@4000	15.7	25/40	8,500	New fwd A-car, EFI 4-cylinder, V6 or V6 diesel power
Chevrolet Citation X-11	176.7	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.	135@5400	10.0	22/34	8,000	Chevy X-car with high-performance V6 engine
Chevrolet Cavalier	170.4	101.2	F-F	1.8-4	88@5100	14.5	26/43	7,600	Fwd J-car
Chrysler LeBaron Convertible	179.7	99.9	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	14.3	26/40	8,500	The American convertible returns on K-car base
Dodge 400	179.7	99.9	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	14.0	26/40	8,000	K-car-based luxury coupe
Dodge Aries	176.0	99.6	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	13.8	26/41	6,500	Fwd K-car
Dodge Charger 2.2	174.0	96.6	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	9.6	25/41	7,300	High-performance 024 hatchback coupe, 4-speed transmission
Excalibur Series IV Roadster	207.0	125.0	F-R	5.0-V8	155@4000	15.5	13/20	55,000	New roadster version of Mercedes-inspired Excalibur
Ford Mustang GT	179.1	100.4	F-R	5.0-V8	157@4200	7.5	17/28	8,700	The high-performance Mustang returns, 4-speed transmission
Ford Escort 4-Door Hatchback	163.9	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	70@4600	13.1	30/44	6,300	New, practical body style
Ford EXP	170.3	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	70@4600	13.8	26/46	7,500	Escort-based 2-seater coupe
Lincoln Continental	201.2	108.5	F-R	5.0-V8	126@3400	13.3	17/26	21,300	New down-sized Lincoln luxury, V6 or V8 engine
Mercury Capri RS	179.1	100.4	F-R	5.0-V8	157@4200	7.5	17/28	8,100	High-performance Capri, 4-speed transmission
Mercury Lynx 5-Door	163.9	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	70@4600	13.1	31/47	6,500	New, practical body style
Mercury LN7	170.3	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	70@4600	13.8	29/46	7,800	Lynx-based 2-seater coupe
Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera	188.4	104.9	F-F	2.5-4	90@4000	15.8	25/40	9,000	New fwd A-car, EFI 4-cylinder, V6 or V6 diesel power
Oldsmobile Omega ES 2800	184.0	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.	135@5400	10.0	22/34	9,000	European-look Olds' X-car with high-performance V6 engine
Oldsmobile Firenza	174.3	101.2	F-F	1.8-4	88@5100	15.0	26/42	8,000	New Olds fwd J-car
Plymouth Reliant	176.0	99.6	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	14.2	26/41	6,500	Fwd K-car
Plymouth Turismo TC3	174.0	99.6	F-F	2.2-4	84@4800	9.6	25/41	7,300	High-performance TC3 hatchback coupe, 4-speed transmission
Pontiac Firebird Trans Am	189.8	101.0	F-R	5.0-V8	175@4000	9.0	16/25	9,000	All-new, smaller, high-performance Firebird
Pontiac 6000	189.2	104.9	F-F	2.5-4	90@4000	15.5	25/40	8,800	New fwd A-car, EFI 4-cylinder, V6 or V6 diesel power
Pontiac Phoenix SJ	182.1	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.	135@5400	10.0	22/34	8,700	Pontiac's fwd X-car with high-performance V6 engine
Pontiac J2000 SE	173.5	101.2	F-F	1.8-4	85@5200	13.8	27/39	7,700	J-car with new OHC 4-cylinder and 5-speed transmission
Volkswagen Rabbit	155.3	94.5	F-F	1.7-4	74@5000	11 2	30/42	5,800	U S.-built fwd sedan
JAPAN									
Datsun 280-ZX Turbo	174.0	91.3	F-R	2.8-6T	180@5600	7.5	20/24	18,500	Turbocharged version of Datsun's GT car
Datsun/Nissan Stanza	170.9	97.2	F-F	2.0-4	88@5200	11.5	32/46	7,500	All-new, fwd midrange series, replaces 510
Datsun 200-SX	176.2	94.5	F-R	2.2-4	102@5200	11.2	26/38	8,000	Datsun's sporty coupe, new, larger displacement engine
Dodge Challenger	180.0	99.6	F-R	2.6-4	92@4500	11.5	23/35	7,800	Mitsubishi-built sports coupe

strong, while the lovely front-wheel-drive Lancia Zagato convertible remains our favorite from that Italian maker.

We prefer the outlandishly gorgeous 308GTBi or the Targa-topped 308GTSi, but Ferrari's brand-new Mondial 8 gives 2+2 seating in a more civilized package for those with a kid or two and money to burn. Distinguished by enormous engine-cooling ducts in its flanks, the mid-engined Mondial 8 is powered by the 308's 205-hp overhead-cam 3.0-liter V8 and costs a mere $65,000. Finally, from Italy comes the lavish Maserati Quattroporte (four-door) luxury sedan—a bargain at just $65,000.

BRITISH CARS

Every so often, a real fun car bites the dust, and we're sorry to report the demise of both the Triumph TR7 and the V8 TR8. Those were the only modern British sports cars on the U.S. market and, especially in V8 roadster form, they were almost immorally enjoyable. With the MG marque's discontinuation and Rover's abandonment of the U.S. market, Jaguar Rover Triumph is left with only Jaguars to import. Fortunately, the much-improved XJ-6 sedan

Dodge Colt	161.0	93.7	F-F	1.4-4	64@5000	10.4	39/51	5,500	Mitsubishi fwd subcompact, unique optional twin-stick transmission
Honda Accord	165.8	96.5	F-F	1.75-4	75@4500	13.0	30/41	7,500	Redesigned mid-size Honda, hatchback or sedan
Honda Civic FE	148.4	88.6	F-F	1.3-4	60@5500	15.3	41/55	6,000	New supereconomy version of Honda's subcompact
Isuzu I-Mark Diesel	107.7	94.3	F-R	1.8-4D	51@5000	16.0	39/50	7,500	Coupe and sedan from America's newest importer
Mazda RX-7	170.1	95.3	F-R	1.1-R	100@6000	8.6	21/30	9,700	Mazda's rotary-engined sports car
Mazda GLC	159.1	93.1	F-F	1.5-4	68@5000	11.9	35/46	5,300	Mazda's fwd subcompact
Plymouth Sapporo	180.0	99.6	F-R	2.6-4	92@4500	11.5	24/36	7,800	Mitsubishi-built sports coupe, MCA jet-engine system
Plymouth Champ	161.0	93.7	F-F	1.4-4	64@5000	10.4	39/51	5,500	Mitsubishi fwd subcompact, unique optional twin-stick transmission
Subaru GL 4WD Sta. Wagon	168.3	96.3	F-4wd	1.8-4	71@4400	14.0	26/34	7,000	Wagon version of Subaru's unique 4wd
Toyota Celica Supra	183.5	103.0	F-R	2.8-6	145@5200	8.8	21/34	14,600	New high-tech sports coupe, DOHC 6-cylinder engine
Toyota Celica	176.6	98.4	F-R	2.4-4	96@4800	12.4	24/38	7,200	New 4-cylinder sports coupe
GERMANY									
Audi 5000 Turbo	189.0	105.5	F-F	2.2-5T	130@5400	10.6	18/26	18,000	Audi's turbocharged 5-cylinder luxury flagship
Audi Quattro***	177.0	99.8	F-4wd	2.2-5T	200@5500	7.0	N/A	35,000	Turbocharged high-performance 4wd sports coupe
Audi Coupe	177.0	99.8	F-F	2.2-5	100@5100	10.4	24/37	12,000	Audi's 4000-based fwd sports coupe with Quattro styling
BMW 633CSi	192.7	103.4	F-R	3.2-6	174@5200	8.4	19/29	37,000	Luxury sports coupe, EFI 6-cylinder engine
BMW 528e	188.4	103.3	F-R	2.7-6	122@4250	10.3	22/32	24,000	New, more efficient midrange BMW sedan, electronic engine control
Mercedes-Benz 380SEC	199.2	112.2	F-R	3.8-V8	155@4750	12.0	17/22	50,000	New flagship luxury sports coupe
Mercedes-Benz 300CD	187.5	106.7	F-R	3.0-5TD	120@4350	13.0	27/33	32,000	Mid-size Mercedes coupe with turbo-diesel 5-cylinder engine
Porsche 928	175.7	98.4	F-R	4.5-V8	220@5500	7.5	16/25	40,000	Luxury, high-performance sports car
Porsche 944***	165.5	94.5	F-R	2.5-4	163@5800	8.4	20/30	19,500	Soon-to-debut midrange Porsche with new 2.5-liter engine
Porsche 924 Turbo	170.0	94.5	F-R	2.0-4T	154@5500	9.1	20/33	22,000	Turbocharged version of Porsche 924 sports car
Volkswagen Quantum	183.1	100.4	F-F	1.7-4	74@5000	12.4	28/41	10,000	New fwd sedan, replaces Dasher
Volkswagen Jetta	167.8	94.5	F-F	1.7-4	74@5000	11.2	28/40	7,900	Rabbit-based fwd notchback sedan
Volkswagen Scirocco	165.7	94.5	F-F	1.7-4	74@5000	10.9	28/41	9,900	New, more efficient VW sports coupe
Volkswagen Rabbit Convertible	155.3	94.5	F-F	1.7-4	74@5000	11.2	27/40	10,000	VW's European-built soft-top Rabbit
ITALY									
Alfa Romeo GTV 6/2.5	167.7	94.5	F-R	2.5-V6	154@5500	8.1	18/31	18,000	Sleek sports coupe with OHC V6 power
Ferrari Mondial 8	183.2	106.0	M-R	3.0-V8	205@6600	9.0	10/18	65,000	New Ferrari 2+2 luxury sports coupe, mid-engine OHC V8
Ferrari 308GTSi	174.2	92.1	M-R	3.0-V8	205@6600	7.9	11/19	55,500	Mid-engine, OHC V8-powered exotic sports car
Fiat Spider Turbo	163.0	89.7	F-R	2.0-4T	120@6000	8.5	24/34	14,800	Turbocharged version of Fiat's classic roadster
Fiat X1/9	156.2	86.7	M-R	1.5-4	75@5500	11.0	26/37	11,000	Targa roof, mid-engine sports car
Lancia Zagato	164.6	92.5	F-F	2.0-4	108@5500	11.3	19/27	14,000	Lancia's fwd 2+2 convertible coupe
Maserati Quattroporte	199.6	110.2	F-R	4.9-V8	288@5200	9.3	8/31	65,000	Lavish luxury sedan
GREAT BRITAIN									
Aston Martin Volante Convertible	189.5	102.0	F-R	5.3-V8	N/A	7.5	11/14	114,000	Hand-crafted aluminum body, four-cam V8 power
De Lorean	165.8	95.0	R-R	2.85-V6	130@5500	9.5	19/29	25,000	Rear-engine, stainless-steel sports car, gull-wing doors
Jaguar XJ-S	191.3	102.0	F-R	5.3-V12	262@5000	7.8	14/21	32,100	V12-engine Jaguar flagship sports coupe
Jaguar XJ-6	199.5	112.8	F-R	4.2-6	176@4750	10.6	17/24	29,500	Classic Jaguar sedan, EFI 6-cylinder power
Lotus Esprit Turbo***	165.0	96.0	M-R	2.2-4T	210@6000	5.5	11/19	50,000	Turbocharged version of mid-engine Lotus sports car
Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit	207.8	120.5	F-R	6.75-V8	N/A	11.0	10/13	109,000	New ultraluxury sedan
FRANCE									
Peugeot 505 Turbodiesel	186.7	107.9	F-R	2.3-4TD	80@4150	16.5	27/36	13,500	Turbo-diesel, 5-speed version of 505 sedan
Renault Fuego	176.8	96.1	F-F	1.6-4	82@5500	13.5	26/38	11,500	New fwd sports coupe
SWEDEN									
Saab 900 Turbo	187.6	99.1	F-F	2.0-4T	135@4800	9.5	19/31	16,600	Saab's high-performance fwd sedan or hatchback coupe
Volvo GLT Turbo	192.5	104.3	F-R	2.1-4T	127@5400	9.6	19/29	14,500	Volvo's turbocharged two-door; four-door and wagon versions available

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes and models; it does not list all models nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are 1982 factory-suggested retail; foreign prices are port of entry. They do not include state or local taxes, transportation or dealer-preparation charges. Prices for cars not yet introduced are estimates; price is for auto with engine listed, and all cars are two-door models unless otherwise noted.

*Engine placement/drive wheels (F=front, R=rear, M=mid) **Standard or recommended (T=turbocharged, D=diesel, R=rotary, H.O.=high output) ***European specifications

is selling well and the flagship XJ-S gets a sophisticated and more economical new edition of its unique V12 engine for 1982.

The 1982 Rolls-Royces have hit the beach, complete with new styling, suspension and other features designed to provide more of the hand-crafted luxury, blissful comfort and unexcelled snob appeal that the marque has been selling almost forever. Even if you had the tariff to order a Rolls-Royce, it would probably take forever to get it, since they're turned out at an agonizingly slow pace ("like gold bricks from an oven," in the words of one R-R spokesman). However, most dealers should have at least one $109,000 Silver Spirit in stock. The long-wheelbase, inexplicably vinyl-roofed Silver Spur brings $117,000 (you could buy a nice *normal* car for the $8000 difference), while the Bentley Mulsanne (identical to the Spirit except for its grille) is just $108,370.

Joining the Lotus exoticar ranks sometime this year is a new turbocharged version of the flying doorstop mid-engined Esprit, while the regular Esprit gets a boost in displacement to 2.2 liters. Also from Great Britain, the Irish-built,

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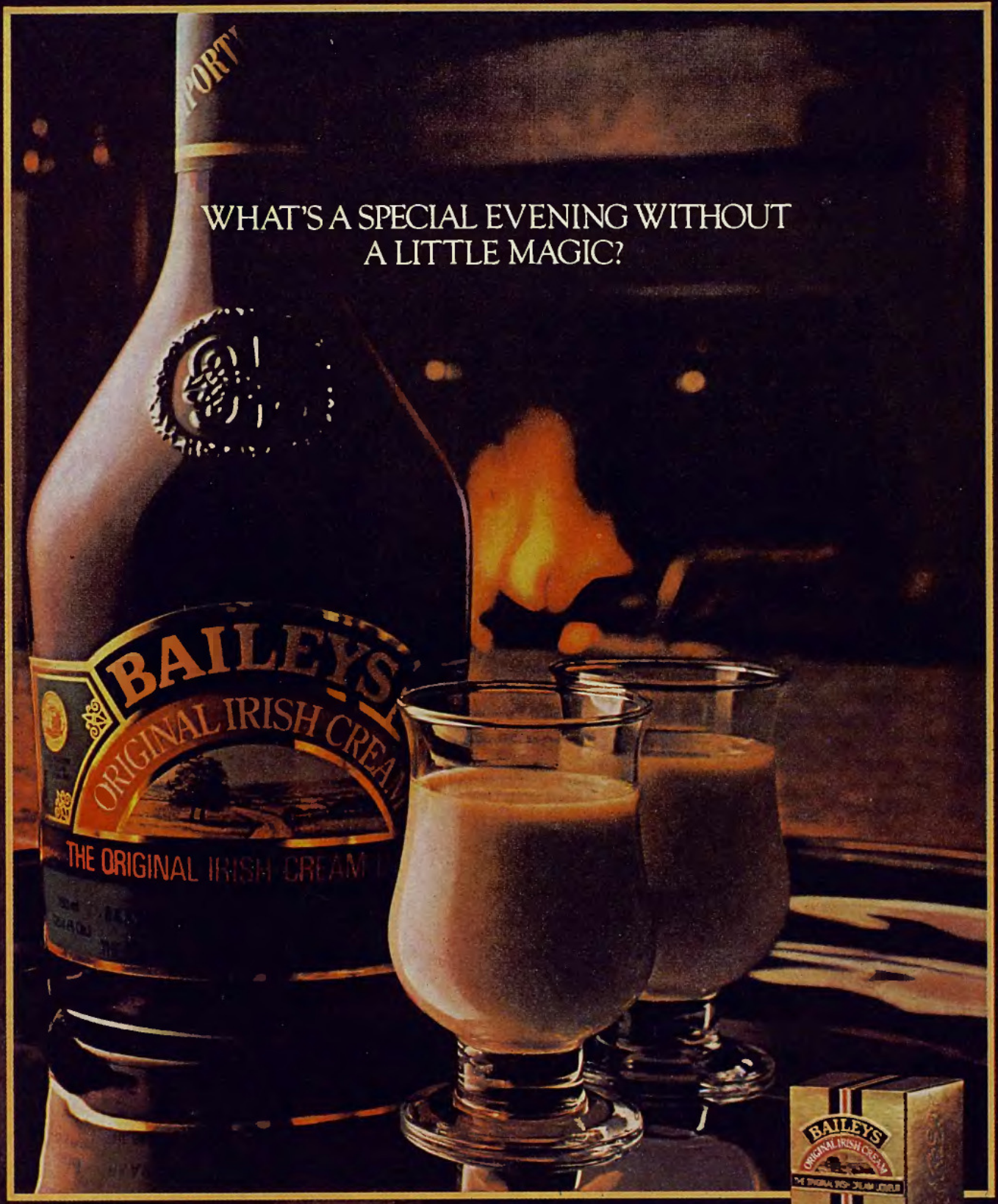

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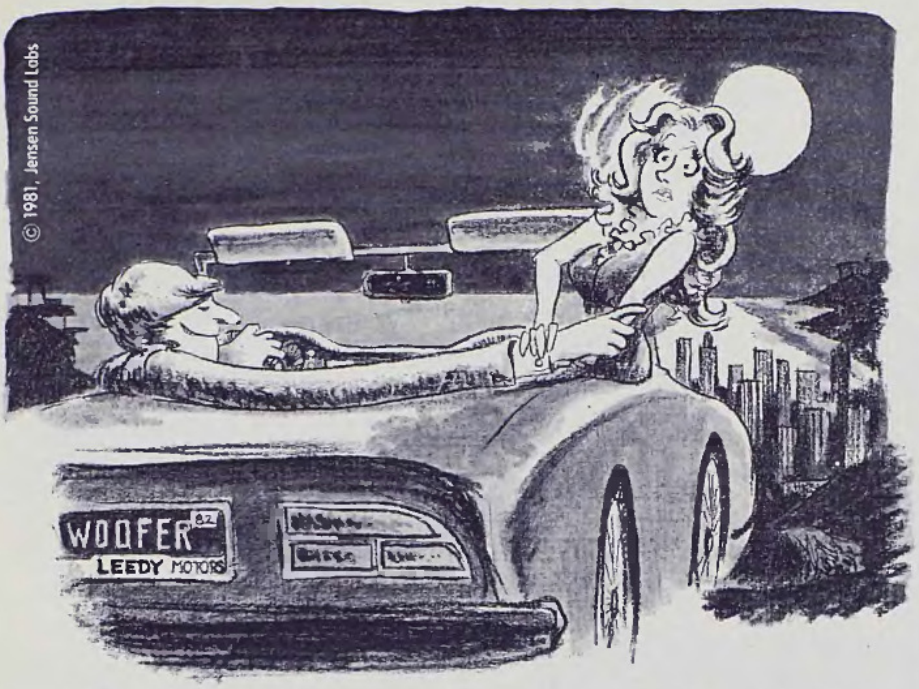

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stainless-steel-bodied, rear-engined De Lorean sports car has finally spread its gull-wing doors at selected dealerships across the land. It, too, promises a high-horsepower turbo package later in the year.

FRENCH CARS

New to America this spring will be Renault's answer to the Japanese Celica/200-SX threat, the 18i-based Fuego. Motivated by the 18i's frugal 1.6-liter aluminum four-cylinder engine, it features excellent French-style front-wheel-drive ride and handling, along with a unique and highly aerodynamic body style. There will also be a turbocharged version at Renault and A.M.C. dealers for those who crave a bit more performance. Following the mid-1981 addition of a five-door hatchback version, Renault's endearing little Le Car continues unchanged into 1982.

Meanwhile, rival French maker Peugeot has reintroduced its luxury 604 model, now turbo-diesel-powered, to U. S. buyers while continuing to refine and improve its handsome 505 sedan series. The 505 turbo-diesel, incidentally, with its standard five-speed transmission, ranks with the turbo-diesel Mercedes models among the world's very few fun-to-drive diesel sedans.

SWEDISH CARS

There's very little new from Saab, maker of somewhat eccentric but excellent front-wheel-drive sports coupes and sedans, and only the happy proliferation of turbo GLT models in Volvo's rear-drive line to report for 1982. Saab dropped its five-door hatchback last year in favor of a more conservative notchback four-door sedan, while rival Volvo is going the other direction with racy-looking and high-performing GLT Turbo versions of its formerly conservative four-door sedan and wagon. Both are looking for larger shares of the still-depressed American market and will probably find them. We like both turbo Swedes, especially in sporty coupe form, and rate them high on the fun scale.

If we've left out your favorite marque or model, don't despair. We've tried to concentrate on the newest and most interesting of the hundreds of 1982 autos available, but rest assured that virtually everything is improved or refined in some way or another. In today's intensely competitive, recession-ravaged market, no serious auto maker can afford to let a year slip by without enhancing its products' appeal.

And if you're in the mood to buy, shop carefully, compare the bottom line with features and value and negotiate the best possible deal. The open road awaits!

FREEZE FRAME ON ORDINARY VCR SYSTEMS.* FREEZE FRAME ON TOSHIBA'S FOUR-HEAD BETA SYSTEM.*

Toshiba freezes without snow.

On an average Betaformat VCR, you simply can't see a still or slow-motion picture without an avalanche of electronic noise.

But thanks to Toshiba's new portable V-9035 Betaformat VCR, the blizzard of interference has been lifted.

The V-9035 has four video heads instead of the usual two. These two extra heads have a single function: to trace the recorded tracks in still and slow motion.

No other VCR has two extra heads designed specifically for this purpose. So it's no surprise the V-9035 gives you totally clear still and slow-motion pictures no other portable can match.

Besides surpassing all others when slowing down or standing still, the V-9035 also lets you make visual searches at either double speed or, with Betascan, at 17 times normal speed. And features the programming capability of handling 8 different programs over 14 days.

And like any Toshiba VCR, it has precise electronic tuning and sensitive solenoid touch controls.

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You shoot with the incredible IK-1850-AF autofocus video camera. Its 2/3-inch Univicon/2 vidicon tube functions perfectly in low-light conditions and is housed in a strong, light magnesium body.

You review your work on America's smallest color television: the CA-045. It's small (the screen measures just 4 1/2 inches diagonally), light and has the input/output terminals you need. All of which make it the perfect portable playback monitor.

Toshiba's new portable Betaformat VCR, autofocus video camera and 4 1/2-inch color television.

Put them together and you can't beat the system. And that's no snow job.

TOSHIBA
Again, the first.

*Actual TV Pictures.

Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

ROCK

(continued from page 122)

"From 54 kilohertz to 160 kHz, what I heard was the audio equivalent of oleo."

or *Promises*. Nothing by the man who seems to me to be the artistic son of Freddy Cannon—Ted Nugent, a.k.a. The Motor City Madman. In short, I heard nothing that simply jumped out at me and belted me in the face; I heard nothing that knocked me back a step in my own mind, the way the guitar riff that opens Berry's *Back in the U.S.A.* knocked me back when I was 12, or the way the headlong boogie of *Bad Moon Rising* knocked me back when I was 22. From 54 kilohertz to 160 kHz, what I heard was the audio equivalent of oleo.

That was when I began to worry—to seriously worry—about rock 'n' roll. First I thought my worries may be groundless; rock was, after all, alive and well on the FM band. WCOZ, WAAF, WBLM—they are only New England examples of hard-rocking FM stations; they have counterparts all across the country. And, I reasoned, even though over-all sales of rock albums are down and sales of concert tickets are also down, rock is still rolling in the clubs: even in Iowa and Nebraska, there's apt to be a roadhouse within driving distance where you can catch a smoking local band on Friday or Saturday night. When the sun goes down, the Fenders and Stratocasters and the Gretsch drums come out. So I rolled on for a while, feeling slightly reassured. Every now and then, I'd glance at the silent and useless—to me, at least—AM rental-car radio and feel a return of my puzzled dismay.

Then I happened to think of my friend Peter Straub, who also writes horror stories for a living.

Peter is a total jazz freak, and has been since the early Fifties, when the girl next door played a Dave Brubeck record for him. Now, Peter can have all the jazz he wants: he has upwards of 2000 albums, he has a cassette system in his car and there is an FM jazz station that he is able to pick up handily from his home. Similarly, there's at least one FM jazz station in or near almost every major market in the country.

But the fact that a musical form is *there* doesn't mean that it is the prevailing musical form. From the late Twenties until the early Fifties, jazz really was the dominant American musical form. If there had been commercial FM radio back in those days, you would not have found jazz there; you would have, more likely than not, found classical music there, and chamber music, country-and-western music, and the first dim stirrings of rock 'n' roll, which in the late Forties and early Fifties was known as race music, bopster music, juke-joint music and, in New York's Greenwich Village, as reefer bop.

This is not to offer you another history of rock 'n' roll—there are now so many that you could line a whole bookshelf with them, I guess—but to suggest that AM radio, with its large geographical reach, has always been and still is the place where broad popular tastes in music are formed. FM is the home of the special-interest groups—the jazz freaks, the chamber-music freaks, the guys who tune in faithfully every week to hear an hour of bluegrass music on the local PBS-radio outlet. And now, as amazing as it might seem at first thought, rock 'n' roll has joined those special-interest groups. Stated even more bluntly: AM stations are the shock troops of popular musical taste; FM is the fallback position.

Something weird happened to rock 'n' roll between the appearance of Donna Summer with her first hit, *Love to Love You, Baby*, in 1976 and the advent, four years later, of Rockpile, the now-defunct superpop group that was unable to put a single into the Top 40. While the rock critics argued about the differences between punk rock and power pop in the pages of *Rolling Stone* and *Circus*, while *Time* and *Newsweek* proclaimed Bruce Springsteen America's next great pop idol (thereby setting his career back three years), while hard-rock mavens plastered DISCO IS DEAD, BUT ROCK IS ROLLING bumper stickers on the back bumpers of their Saabs and VWs, rock 'n' roll quietly died. It happened while the heirs apparent were arguing over the body so vociferously that nobody noticed that the subject of the discussion had begun to cool.

•

Of course, the death of rock 'n' roll has occurred only in one broad sense; in a narrower sense, Danny and the Juniors were right when they sang in 1958 that rock would never die. Any kind of music isn't dead as long as some people play it and others gather to listen to it. But in a cultural sense, rock *is* dead, and any musical form is dead when it has ceased to influence the culture in any broad way. WCOZ in Boston does, indeed, play "kick-ass rock 'n' roll," and *if* you're in the metro Boston area and *if* you have an FM radio, you can listen to it. But the 12-year-old kid who lives in Scarborough, Maine, and who has only a pocket-sized AM transistor . . . well, that kid is stuck with the Maine stations and WRKO, which used to play rock 'n' roll and which now plays the Carpenters and country crossovers such as Eddie Rabbitt's *Drivin' My Life Away*. And even if WRKO breaks an occasional hard-rock single such as Patti Smith's *Because the Night*, it ain't *never* gonna play Adam and the Ants, the Snivelling Shits or The Dead Kennedys. *But it never did*, you're saying.

Oh, yeah?

Think about it this way. Fix the number-one AM pop station in your mind, the one that broke songs like *Bette Davis Eyes* in your area. That is the one you probably wake up to if you have a clock-radio set to AUTO rather than ALARM. It's the one you probably listen to while you're going to work, unless you have an FM converter in your car.

OK, you got that AM station fixed in your mind? The one with the morning man who makes the bad jokes (but tells you how the Phillies did last night, or the Mets, the Knicks, the North Stars, the Packers or whoever), the one to which your kids listen for the no-school announcements on snowy days, the one where you first heard that tune you can't quite remember but that keeps running through your head.

Now ask yourself: Would that station break Little Richard's *Tutti-Frutti* or *Lucille* if Little Richard were starting to record today, instead of in 1955? Would it play *Land of 1000 Dances*, by Cannibal and the Headhunters? How about *Surfin' Bird*, by the Trashmen? *Hang on Sloopy*, by the McCoys? Or the all-time garage classic, often imitated but never duplicated, *96 Tears*, by ? & The Mysterians?

Granted, all radio is carefully programed. And it is perfectly true that most rock stations get a little tougher at night; in between the Carpenters singing *We've Only Just Begun* and the latest Bee Gees tune, you may hear *Renegade*, by Styx, *New York Groove*, by Ace Frehley, or that gorgeous good-time rocker by Steve Miller, *Rock'n Me*.

But you don't hear Rockpile, though its only album consists of one straight-ahead rocker after another; you don't hear punky groups such as the Inmates, The Romantics, the Motels, The B-52s or the Vapors (whose single *Turning Japanese* received little air play in some parts of the country).

The punks got off on the wrong foot and never managed to get it together for AM radio, which has grown fat on profits and sleepily satisfied with ballads by soloists like Neil Diamond and groups like Air Supply. In rock's early days, opponents who were appalled by the new music's life, sexuality, decibel level and pure energy worked their asses off to create some sort of damning mistake. Riots at a Boston rock show put on by Alan Freed were blamed on "young boys and girls whipped into a frenzy by rocking and rolling." Christian magazines showed Elvis Presley, his guitar giving off brimstone vapors and

Whoever wrote 'not a creature was stirring' obviously never received a gift of Seagram's 7. It makes such a great gift because it makes so many great drinks. And give yourself a little gift–moderation.

The Season stirs with

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horns peeking out of his D.A. haircut, leading a parade of jitterbugging teenagers into hell. In the South, it was seen as "subversive nigger race music," because, following Elvis, it was sometimes very hard to tell if the performers were black or white. Milton Berle laughed openly at Elvis (as Dean Martin would laugh openly at The Rolling Stones on *The Hollywood Palace* a decade later) and, following what was essentially a good-ol'-boy brawl at a Memphis filling station, conservative antirock papers (that was almost all of them) tried to paint a picture of the ex–truck driver as a beetle-brained juvenile delinquent.

Rock had its good boys—boys like Frankie Avalon, Tommy Sands and Ricky Nelson—but there were others, alarming-looking people you wouldn't want to have in your living room, people like Gene Vincent, Little Richard (who, in his prime, looked so crazed that he would have made Frank Zappa look like the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit), Jerry Lee Lewis ("Come on ovah, baby," Jerry Lee leered from his Pumping Piano, "we got chicken in the barn!"), whose hair hung in his face like some weird Moorish rugrunner's and whose career cooled when he later ran off and married *his 13-year-old cousin!* For every nice-looking white boy like Bobby Rydell, it seemed that there were two or three lunatics like Screamin' Jay Hawkins, who was wheeled onstage in a coffin and who sometimes wore a bone in his nose. And not even all the white boys seemed completely safe. There was a slightly crazed look in Buddy Holly's eyes when he sang *Rave On*. Eddie Cochran looked like the sort of boy who might try to get to second base—maybe even to third—on the first date. Buddy Knox said he wanted a party doll—now, just what was *that* supposed to mean? Sandy Nelson's *Teen Beat* sounded like music to strip by. And then there was Chuck Berry, who sang: "I boogied in the kitchen, / I boogied in the hall, / I boogied on my finger and I wiped it on the wall."

So the adults watched and waited, and they had their victories from time to time. Alan Freed was fired during the payola scandals, though it can be argued that he was actually the victim of a radio-advertising situation that was changing so rapidly that it seemed a full-fledged hurricane was going on (the crowd that had listened to *The Make Believe Ballroom* and the crowd that listened to Freed were obviously not buying the same products). Jerry Lee Lewis was blackballed and never had another rock Top 40 hit, though he had umpty-ump C&W hits during the Sixties and Seventies. A number of young performers, dazed by sudden success, got heavily into drugs. Some, such as Little Richard, survived; others, such as Frankie Lymon of Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, did not. Some wags joked that Dick Clark himself survived the payola scandals only because there were enough Senators with teenaged daughters to assure his clean bill of health. It was damned hard, these wags argued, to censure a man for payola after you'd asked for his autograph.

But rock survived the Fifties, partly due to parental indulgence, partly due to the unstudied grace of such performers as Fats Domino, Ritchie Valens and Freddy Cannon (whose first big hit, *Tallahassee Lassie*, was written by his mother), partly due to such canny managers as Colonel Tom Parker (who once claimed he sold Elvis mostly by selling Elvis' love for his momma), and perhaps mostly due to good luck.

As the Sixties moved on, rock became stronger, more able to withstand such occasional *gaffes* as John Lennon's remark that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus (the remark, meant to show what a sad state of affairs the world had gotten itself into, was quickly—and perhaps deliberately—misinterpreted by the latent antirock forces, who got busy burning rock records as fast as they could) or Jim Morrison's pants-off act in Miami. I wonder if rock could have survived if Berry had dropped his pants onstage back in 1956, or if Elvis had proclaimed himself bigger than Jesus.

Rock has lived and thrived on a certain amount of outrage since the very beginning, of course. Etta James released a record called *Roll with Me, Henry* (which was quickly changed to *The Wallflower* and covered by Georgia Gibbs as *Dance with Me, Henry*). The Fish Cheer was one of the high points of Woodstock, and The Rolling Stones went the groupie phenomenon one better by singing gleefully about star fuckers.

(A single, rare survival of the tradition is pointed out by Mighty John Marshall, rock disc jockey at Bangor's WACZ, perhaps the last AM hard-rock station in the country [see sidebar, page 122]. "When I was doing a talk on communications at Orono High School," says Marshall, "some little sophomore asked me why we kept on playing *Rapture* by Blondie. I asked him what he meant, and the kid says, 'Don't you know she says something about finger fucking at the start of the record?' "

"*Does* she say it?" I ask; suddenly, I'm a high school sophomore again—drooling over the possibility of Debbie Harry's saying something naughty on the radio . . . and getting away with it.)

The punks, who at first looked like yet another rebirth of rock 'n' roll, wrapped, as always, in the placenta of outrage, were not so lucky. Spawned of a worked-out, dreamed-out and fucked-out English working class (Lennon's song *Working Class Hero* foresees the punk movement with almost eerie prescience), their rise in the clubs of London, Manchester and Liverpool almost exactly paralleled the political resurgence of the Thatcher-style conservatives. The punks, of course, were epitomized by the Sex Pistols, and it seems to me that it was with the Pistols that rock's luck finally ran out.

That their rock is real is doubted by no one who has heard their only album released in the United States, *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*. The social comment in *God Save the Queen* is not funny, or ironic, or witty; it drives over you like a big, fuming truck. *Pretty Vacant* sums up all of the working-class anger of the Seventies; *Holidays in the Sun* offers a bluntly searing indictment of the English middle class; and *Anarchy for the U.K.* is, quite simply, one of the best rock-'n'-roll songs ever recorded.

In a way, the political commentary, the working-class-hero bullshit, the pins in the ears and the nihilism got in the way, obscured the fact that, above and beyond all else, the Pistols—and the punk music of which they were a part—were making incredibly good, incredibly powerful rock 'n' roll.

The Pistols were invited onto a British talk show, where they were repeatedly egged on by the host to say or do something as outrageous as their image. Johnny Rotten finally responded by screaming "Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you!" in the host's face. It was outrageous, all right; outrageous enough to give them an advance reputation that turned their only American tour into a disaster.

In truth, the Pistols might have survived the outrage; a more *bitter* truth was simply that in America they were laughed to death, as were most of their contemporaries. Basic minimalist rock has never really died in England; the fans continue to enjoy its primitive beat and its half-stupid sense of humor (Robert Gordon's version of the rock-a-billy oldy *My Girl Is Red-Hot, Your Girl Ain't Doodly-Squat* peaked at number 83 on *Billboard*'s charts but is a cult classic in the Isles).

American rock fans, as they have moved from AM to FM, have lost their love for the primitive, driving sound. A *Newsweek* article on rock published shortly before Lennon's death complained that the whole top ten had a glossy, flossy, overproduced sound; instead of raw chunks of the rock, American pop had taken on an oddly freeze-dried quality, symbolized, perhaps, by Blondie's *Call Me* (arranged for synthesizer by disco maven Giorgio Moroder). There have been exceptions; The Knack's *My Sharona* was a monster hit, but American rock fans in the past five years seem to have preferred the elaborate quadra-tracking of Boston's

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6:15

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

first album or the echo-chamber-*cum*-cathedral effect of REO Speedwagon's *Hi Infidelity*.

The joys of punk simply never got through to Americans. On several Eddie Cochran cuts recorded in the late Fifties (including that all-time ball buster *Summertime Blues*), there are no drums at all; just a guy whopping away on a cardboard box with his bare hands. There were singers like Fabian, who couldn't sing; guitarists like Elvis, who couldn't play; idols like Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis, who sometimes showed up too drunk to perform—and then performed anyway. Many of them were stupid, and many more were just naïve. But somewhere they were tuned in to an apocalyptic big beat of almost killing force, and they made musical history.

So it was with the punks—except, in the years 1977–1979, Americans decided they didn't want it. In the Fifties, kids risked the derision of their peers and endured the anguished howls of their parents to comb their hair back like Elvis or, in the Sixties, down over their foreheads like the Beatles; kids had bought the albums of Bob Dylan and ritually discussed songs like *Ballad of a Thin Man* and *Like a Rolling Stone* (and surely Dylan's angry bray made Johnny Rotten sound almost like Perry Como); they patched their jeans in the late Sixties until they were nothing *but* patches, they got high, they grew their hair down to the smalls of their backs.

And then . . . somehow . . . it simply ended. And after it ended, they dressed up in ice-cream suits like John Travolta and boogied down to the local disco with *Disco Inferno* by the Trammps playing out of their AM radios; they strapped on roller skates and danced on them to the tune of *More Than a Woman (to Me)*; they necked to *Pilot of the Airwaves* and *Kiss on My List*. What they *didn't* do was get swastikas or upside-down American flags tattooed on their cheeks, or get their ragged crewcuts dyed green or orange or purple. They didn't buy Ramones records by the millions, they didn't sell out the first Clash tour and their knowledge of Elvis Costello probably ended with the news that he had drunkenly called Ray Charles a blind nigger.

When the Stones appeared on *The Hollywood Palace*, a mid-Sixties variety show, they, like the punks, looked like visitors from another world among the tuxes and glitter; everything seemed to stop in shock, horror and amazement. Nothing had prepared America for the sight of a Mick Jagger or a Keith Richard, who capered insanely across the stage like a revival minister on a speed trip. The host, Dean Martin, can be excused his laughter, the audience its boos—the Stones had the last laugh. Their records began to be played on AM radio, and suddenly they were the second-biggest rock band in the world. In spite of their almost unbelievable scruffiness and strangeness—their almost unbelievable *punkiness*—they were a salable commodity and their songs—including *Let's Spend the Night Together* and *Brown Sugar*—were played routinely on the AM.

But Costello, perhaps the most popular New Wave artist in America, has *never* had a Top 40 hit; The Police have had only three; The Clash, only one. Bruce Springsteen may be the only really successful American punk. He combs his hair punk style, he plays a lot of straight-ahead rock 'n' roll and he returns obsessively to the subject of the American working class with its dreams in ruins. Springsteen is tremendously popular, of course—on the FM. But it still takes AM to make a hit record, and Springsteen has had only four Top 40 hits. One, *Hungry Heart*, made it into the top ten. *Prove It All Night* and *Fade Away* peaked in the mid-30s and his anthem, *Born to Run*, topped out at number 23.

"I have seen the future of rock 'n' roll and its name is Bruce Springsteen," Jon Landau is supposed to have said.

He might have added: on the FM, yeah. On WCOZ-FM, where they play kick-ass rock 'n' roll, yeah. But on the AM, where rockers like Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins once woke the teenagers of America and rocked them into the Sixties? Uh-uh. On the AM, you can forget Springsteen; on the AM, the future of rock 'n' roll is Barry Manilow, Juice Newton, REO Speedwagon.

•

Maybe what happened to AM is perfectly simple: It got old. It hung in there through Woodstock, and then it started to run out of gas. Even Dick Clark is starting to show signs of age. It's a sad thought, and it's a little startling, but it fits and it has its own comforting logic. None of us thought we were going to get old when we were 15, and look what happened. If it has to be FM, it has to be—the same way a guy like me says, if it has to be 33 going on 34, with all-of-a-sudden white in the beard and those funny little wrinkles around the corners of the eyes, it has to be. When we were young enough to believe that rock 'n' roll would live forever, we believed the same of ourselves.

So I sit at my desk, trying to put my notes into some sort of coherent order. And suddenly, as *Rapture* by Blondie comes on the radio, I forget everything and turn the volume up. And. . . .

It's on there! It's on there! *She really says it!*

I laugh like a loon! My wife comes in, looks at me, shakes her head and leaves again. It is, after all, only Steve, pretending he's 18 again.

But maybe, like rock 'n' roll itself, that's not such a bad idea.

"Now, before we take off, does anybody have to go pottie?"

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ENDANGERED SPECIES

(continued from page 122)

nights a week. And as rock retreats from the AM band, where he has spent his entire professional life, he strikes you as a man who stands oddly crosswise in time—he's a man who honestly *reveres* the memory of Elvis Presley, but he is also a man who can cry gleefully to me one day when I come to visit, "Listen to *this* baby!" and then play *The Stroke* by Billy Squier at top volume.

Another day he's listening to Shakin' Stevens' version of *This Old House* (WACZ played it steadily for about a month, to good listener response, but the single never took off nationwide) with the volume in the broadcast booth turned up to window-shattering levels, beating boogie riffs on the soundboard with his hands. I mention to him that Alan Freed was reputed to have said that he listened to the music loud because if you didn't, the kids always knew.

He nods. "Sure they know. They always know." He's perfectly serious for once, but a few minutes later, he'll be doing the WACZ "traffic-copter" by beating rapidly on his chest with his hands.

•

A few nights later, he and I are sitting in his living room (beer for me, Pepsi for Mighty John), watching his three-year-old son, Ben, and my just-turned-four-year-old, Owen, scramble around after toy trucks, yelling at each other in that screamy pseudo French that seems to be the language of the very young when they are playing together. Mighty John is telling me about an unfortunate experience he had at WGUY, a tiny "sundowner" station in the Bangor area.

"This was . . . oh, I dunno . . . seven, eight years ago. GUY was experimenting with album cuts then, and the new Harry Nilsson album had just come in. I was auditioning a cut called *You're Breakin' My Heart*. I played the first few bars and it sounded fine. Besides, I thought, Harry Nilsson, what the hell, it'll be OK. So I put it on, and I'm getting up from the board to dig out some oldies, and I'm listening to the monitor, and what I hear going out over the air is, 'You're breakin' my heart / So fuck you.' My heart just *stopped*. And I'm thinking, How am I *ever* gonna get out of this? I decided to make believe the record was skipping. So I picked up the needle a few times, and damn if I didn't hit it every time: 'Fuck . . . fuck . . . fuck. . . .' And, finally, just 'uck-uck-uck-uck. . . .'"

He trails off, smiling, and watches the boys play. I tell him that he looks a little tired this evening—he's been fighting a cold but has still done three record hops this week, including one at a junior high from 6:30 to 9:30. There are dark-brown circles under his eyes.

"Nah," he says, watching as Ben and Owen enthusiastically crash their trucks together. "Rock jocks don't get tired."

The smile, which is almost constant, falters a little, and it occurs to me that more than any of the classic East Coast rock jocks from the late Fifties and early Sixties—guys like Joey Reynolds and Arnie "Woo-Woo" Ginsberg—Mighty John resembles Dick Clark. Like Clark, you can't believe (even when he's tired and fighting a cold) that he's as old as he is; like Clark, he hucksters a wide variety of preposterous products on the air with total sincerity ("The difference between someone who's good in radio and somebody who's not," he says, "is the ability to sell a product for a client over the air"): when Mighty John tells you you want a pizza from The Italian Village *right now*, by God, you want it. Like Clark, he genuinely likes the music and the kids who listen to it, and the kids seem to like him, as they like Dick Clark, because he does not attempt to dress like them or wear his hair like them in a way that strikes them as phony and condescending. Like Clark, Mighty John is a fierce workaholic.

"Mighty John laughs. 'I've been 19 now for. . . .' He does the necessary subtraction in his head. 'I've been 19 now for 17 years.'"

"*Almost* never get tired," he says, and I can hardly hear him.

"How old are you?" I ask him later, as I'm packing Owen up to go.

Mighty John, who is holding a very sleepy Ben *on* his lap, laughs. "I've been 19 now for. . . ." He does the necessary subtraction in his head. "I've been 19 now for 17 years."

I ask him, not necessarily for the article I hope to write but out of real curiosity, what he'll be doing in ten years . . . or 20 . . . or 30. After all, rock has always been a young man's game. "Hope I die before I get old," Pete Townshend sang in the Sixties. Townshend didn't; dozens of other rock singers, from Eddie Cochran to Jim Morrison, did. Similarly, most of the jocks who did it the way Mighty John does it every day on Z-62 are either gone from the air or somehow reduced in stature by the changes in their play lists.

"You know," Mighty John says, "there are a lot of guys in this business who go through what they call d.j. burnout. And they—whew!" He shakes his head, grinning in uneasy amazement. "They just can't rock anymore. I've been waiting to go through it so I can go on to a more adult format." At this he laughs again, as if at a patent absurdity. "I'm getting old, and you don't have any real old rock-'n'-roll jocks. But I enjoy it."

He sits Ben beside him, leans forward, and you see in his face that, yeah, he means it; you sense that his children are real to him, and his pretty wife, and the modest tract house, and the speakers that got funky one cold night on I-95 and now always ride inside the mongrel van. But rock is real to him, too. No big deal; it's just there, a real part of a real life.

"I think the whole thing of it with me—usually you hear just the opposite—was I just had a happy childhood. When I was in high school and the guys would say, 'Gee, man, I can't wait until I'm 21 and I can get out of this town,' I'd think to myself, I don't want to be 21, I want to stay 16, 17, 18 all my life. And I have."

"You really going to be still rocking when you're 60?" I ask him—I'm trying to imagine a white-haired Mighty John, possibly even a *bald* Mighty John, playing the equivalent of ZZ Top's *Tube Snake Boogie*. To my amazement, the picture isn't as difficult to imagine as I thought it might be.

"I'm gonna be rocking when I'm *80*," he says. "They'll have to carry me out of the booth." He hesitates and then quotes Ry Cooder. " 'I'm gonna bop till I drop.' " —STEPHEN KING

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LIVE LIKE A KING *(continued from page 182)*

"One half-expects the waiter to emerge from the kitchen in a suit of mail and a doublet."

when, after a week's stay, she confided to her diary that "I never saw a lovelier or more romantic spot." The 19th Century structure, more a Scottish baronial mansion than a castle, overlooks a lovely small lake. The current hotel configuration accommodates only 18 guests, so there's more a feeling of being a friend at a country weekend than of being in residence at a commercial hotel.

There are 50 acres of wooded park grounds immediately surrounding Inverlochy, and salmon and trout fishing are excellent on both river and loch. Grouse shooting is also a popular local sport, especially on the slopes of looming Ben Nevis, which casts its shadow over the castle building. Water from the mountain's slopes is used in brewing the famous Dew of Ben Nevis Scotch whisky in the distillery nearby.

The bedrooms are mostly decorated in satin and brocade, and everywhere there's the sense of an easier, earlier age. Mary Shaw, the resident *chef de cuisine*, holds an M.B.E. from Her Majesty. Don't be fooled by Miss Shaw's rather dour demeanor; her food demonstrates why she's the first woman in Britain ever recognized for gastronomic services to the crown. A 5000-acre farm surrounds the formal hotel grounds, and most of the staff is recruited from a hotel school in the area. Open April to October.

For information: Inverlochy Castle, Fort William, Inverness-shire, Scotland.

RUTHIN CASTLE
(Ruthin, Clwyd, North Wales)

This structure was begun by King Edward I in 1282, but the ramparts on which he built are even older. Over the years, reconstruction of this medieval border fortress continued, and its site on a ridge of red sandstone is now crowned by a truly regal hotel, with 30 acres of surrounding park land looking down on the Vale of Clwyd. This region of North Wales has been a particular favorite of painters over the years. The current owners take their historic status very seriously, and six nights a week guests are transported back nearly 700 years during medieval banquets at which traditional food is served and the main drink is mead.

The 30 rooms are decorated in particularly comfortable style and the broad beams that span the dining room reinforce the castle's image of strength and longevity. This clearly is no effete structure, and the impression it conveys could hardly be described as delicate. More than one guest has had the urge to wear a suit of armor rather than of blue serge to dinner, and one half-expects the waiter to emerge from the kitchen in a suit of mail and a doublet. On the frequent nights when the townsfolk dress in period costume, you may just find your wishes gratified.

For information: Ruthin Castle, Ruthin Clwyd LL15 2NA, Clwyd, North Wales. U.S. contact: Best Western International, International Department. Telephone 800-528-1234.

KASTEEL WITTEM
(Limburg, Holland)

First built at the end of the 12th Century by the Julement Knights, this turreted structure echoes the atmosphere of nearby Maastricht, the oldest fortified city in Holland. Captured and destroyed many times, the current building was restored early in the 17th Century, and its location near the corner where Holland, Belgium and West Germany meet puts it on a very heavily traveled route. There are only 11 rooms and one suite, so reservations are understandably difficult to obtain, especially since the hotel's restaurant merits *Michelin* praise.

The circular driveway is framed by lovely trees, and swans glide in the moat. Many rooms contain oaken beds; some also have small wooden window seats overlooking the garden. All the guest rooms have been renovated in recent years, to the point where they are among the most comfortable in the Low Countries. Inveterate sight-seers can wander down nearby paths once fought over by medieval armies.

If, as so often happens, Wittem's guest rooms are full, there's the almost equally imposing Kasteel Neubourg only three kilometers away. It's by far the younger of the two structures—it was built in the 14th Century.

For information: Kasteel Wittem, 3 Wittemerallee, Wittem, Limburg, Holland. U.S. contact: Relais et Châteaux, c/o Jacques de Larsay, Inc., Suite 1823, 310 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Telephone 212-986-9431 or 800-223-1510. Kasteel Neubourg, 1 Rijksweg, Gulpen, Holland. Telephone 31.4450.1222.

CHATEAU D'ARTIGNY
(Montbazon, France)

I guess the thing I like best about this opulent, ornate château is that it's a fake. Located among a dense collection of authentic French residential buildings from the 18th Century and earlier, the current structure is strictly *nouveau château*, dating back barely 50 years.

Once upon a time, an 11th Century fortress occupied this site above the Indre Valley. In 1764, it was replaced by a sturdy castle, but even that structure did not measure up to the pretensions of famed perfumer François Coty, who bought the estate in 1912. He pulled down all the old ramparts and spent 20 years creating a residence worthy of his dreams. His monument to excess was turned into a hotel in 1961, and what it lacks in historic heritage it more than makes up in touches that rival the taste of the Sun King.

But even as splendid as the main château is, I'd pass it up and reserve rooms

"But enough about my Swiss bank accounts."

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NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	Less than 0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

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in the adjacent Pavillon d'Ariane (sometimes called The Chapel). The most spectacular rooms here are in the top-floor apartment, where two huge stone columns intrude right into the center of both bedroom and bathroom. The route to the main chamber is up a narrow spiral staircase, and the view from the back window is of gently rustling woodland. Room service is particularly swift in this small building, and it's a special pleasure to walk across the graveled courtyard for a luxurious dinner in the restaurant that rates one *Michelin* star. Open mid-January to mid-November.

For information: Château d'Artigny, 37250 Veigne, Route d'Azay-le-Rideau, Montbazon, France. Telephone 49-26.24.24. U.S. contact: Relais et Châteaux (see above).

CHATEAU DE NIEUIL
(Nieuil, France)

Located in the heart of historic Aquitaine, between Limoges and Angoulême, the Château de Nieuil might well get the nod for "tops in turrets" among this stellar group. Any visitor is likely to be stunned by the dramatic appearance of the 450-year-old façade, with formal gardens adding a touch of splendor to the spectacular scene.

But the fact is that this was considered rather modest in the early 16th Century, when it was built as a hunting castle for Francis I. It has functioned as a hotel since 1937 and was one of the first of the great French châteaux to be so utilized. There's swimming and tennis in summer (the castle is closed to visitors from November to March), and this is a perfect headquarters for tours north into the Loire Valley or south to the Dordogne.

Understandably, reservations here are among the most difficult to come by in all France. There are only ten rooms and three suites, and they are generally reserved a year in advance. Still, the extraordinary level of cuisine, calm and comfort offered by Monsieur and Madame Bodinaud-Faugerat makes early booking a small price to pay for ambience once available only to the royal court of France. To heighten the regal feeling, the rooms are decorated with antique furniture, as well as some lovely paintings and first-class reproductions. Most dramatic of all, however, are the historic Aubusson tapestries displayed on the walls of the château. It's amusing that this grand building ranks in the lowest category (*simplicité*) among the hotels of the august Relais et Châteaux group. Makes a person wonder what its *grand luxe* establishments are like.

For information: Château de Nieuil, 16270 Nieuil, France. Telephone 45-71.36.38. U.S. contact: Relais et Châteaux (see above).

HOTEL CHATEAU GUTSCH
(Lucerne, Switzerland)

Built on the remains of a 13th Century fortress, this romantic *Schloss* overlooks the old walled city and Lake Lucerne. There's even a private cog railway (funicular) that runs up to the hotel from the street and railway station just below. As with many of the most comfortable European castle hotels, this establishment's buildings are of very diverse ages, parts dating from 1829; it has been a hotel since 1888. The entranceway immediately establishes its medieval heritage, with old iron masks, spears and stags' heads; there's even a dining room in a dungeon (now mostly a wine cellar) that is normally warmed by a roaring fire. Most of the rooms are surprisingly rustic, and the hand-hewn beams in the ceilings reinforce the rural image. Try to choose a room with a canopied bed, covered in the kind of down quilts that are a Swiss specialty. Here is as romantic a place for latter-day knights and their ladies as can be found in this setting.

For information: Hotel Château Gütsch, Kanonenstrasse, CH-6000 Lucerne, Switzerland. U.S. contact: Utell International, Inc. Telephone 800-223-9868; New York State telephone 212-757-2981; or E. S. Tours Ltd., 43 Forest

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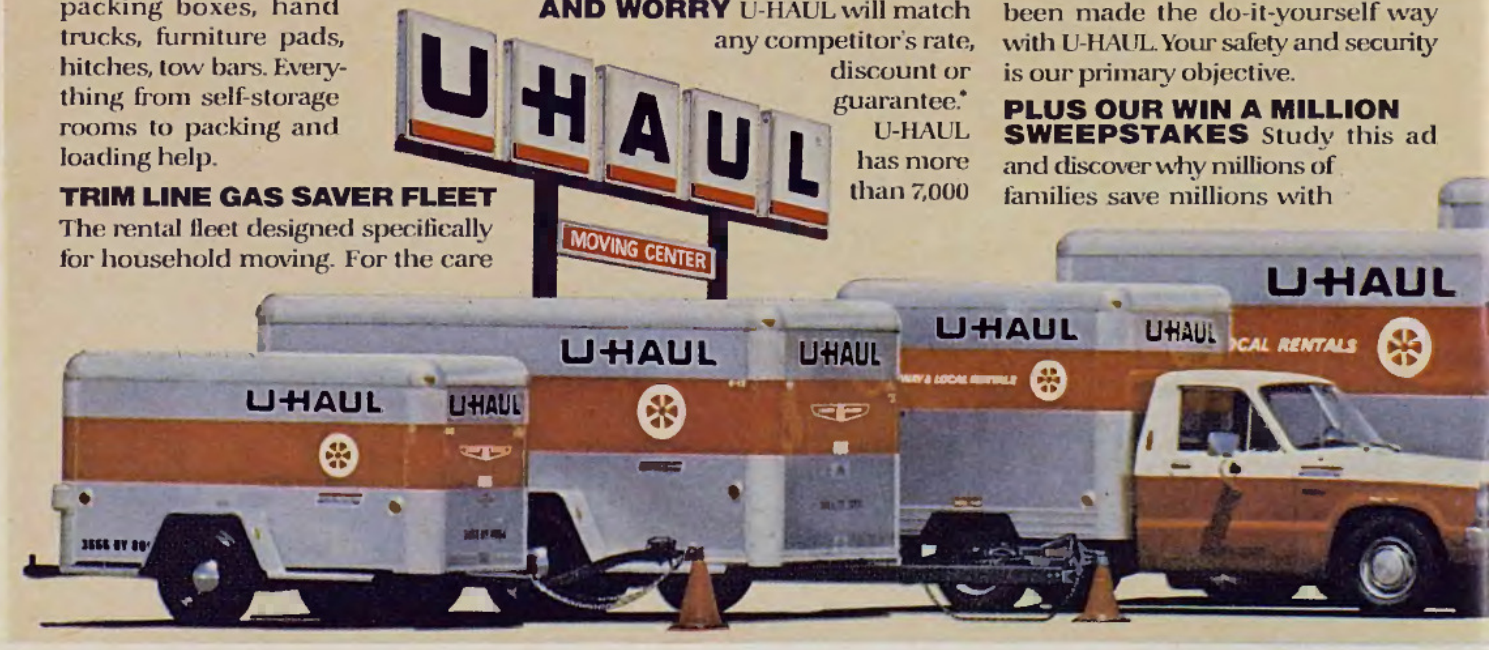

Avenue, Staten Island, New York, New York 10301. Telephone 212-273-8689.

HOTEL IM PALAIS SCHWARZENBERG
(Vienna, Austria)

Although the Schwarzenberg Palace sits only a few blocks off the Ringstrasse in the busiest part of Vienna, it still manages to evoke a more serene setting. The splendid baroque building is set just below the Belvedere Gardens, and its own grounds combine to insulate the palace from the commercial bustle on the surrounding streets.

One wing of this national architectural treasure has been converted into a hotel, and the rooms are modern and tastefully furnished. Little of the old interior remains in this wing, since the palace was virtually rebuilt after it was gutted during World War Two. The subsequent Russian occupation did it little good, yet three of the largest palace rooms survive much as they were in the 15th Century. Designs for the Gobelin tapestries that cover the walls of one room are nearly 500 years old and are currently being rewoven according to the original sketches.

The Schwarzenberg Palace is the only member of the Relais et Châteaux group in Vienna, and that affiliation assures a sophisticated kitchen serving fine French specialties in addition to the city's normal carte of succulent schnitzels. For the full flavor of this palace, try to arrange a stay during a holiday, when the original rooms are in use. One New Year's Eve, we dined in one of those rooms, the walls of which are completely done in bas-relief, with service by footmen dressed in gray-silk knee breeches and long pink coats. With their powdered wigs, they looked supremely appropriate in this majestic setting, and only the guests in modern attire felt underdressed.

For information: Hotel Im Palais Schwarzenberg, Schwarzenbergplatz 9, A-1030 Vienna, Austria. Telephone 0222-725-125. U.S. contact: Relais et Châteaux (see above) or dial Austria, 800-221-4980; in New York State, 212-838-9677.

CASTILLO DE SANTA CATALINA
(Jaen, Spain)

Somehow, castles and Spain go together naturally, and none of those on this list has a longer history than this wondrous building situated on a mountaintop. One of the *Paradores Nacionales*, the beige-stone hotel is part of a complex that dates back to the Moorish kings of Spain of the Tenth Century. The building is set atop the Cerro de Santa Catalina, more than 2000 feet above sea level; the air is clean and smells of the pine trees that cover the surrounding hillside. It's possible to climb the towers and explore the olive groves just below the fortress. The view is superb, and there's the all-too-rare bonus of central heating and air conditioning.

The cuisine of Jaen combines the exotic flavors of Andalucia with the more austere fare of La Mancha, so the menu is marvelously eclectic. The *Parador*'s rooms have high vaulted ceilings and sturdy wooden beds, with animal skins covering much of the Spanish-tile floors. Studded wooden doors enhance the strength of the castle image.

For information: Castillo de Santa Catalina, Jaen, Spain. U.S. contact: Marketing Ahead, Inc., 515 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Telephone 212-759-5170.

PALACIO HOTEL
(Buçaco, Portugal)

This sumptuous structure is said to be the only functioning building in the world of the Manueline style. This unique architecture, which combines Portuguese, Spanish, Italian and Flemish elements, takes its name from King Manuel I, who reigned over Portugal in the late 15th and early 16th centuries.

The premises, once a royal hunting lodge, are surrounded by a cypress forest reputed to be 400 years old. The hotel's 79 rooms, best of which is probably room number one, are really something out of

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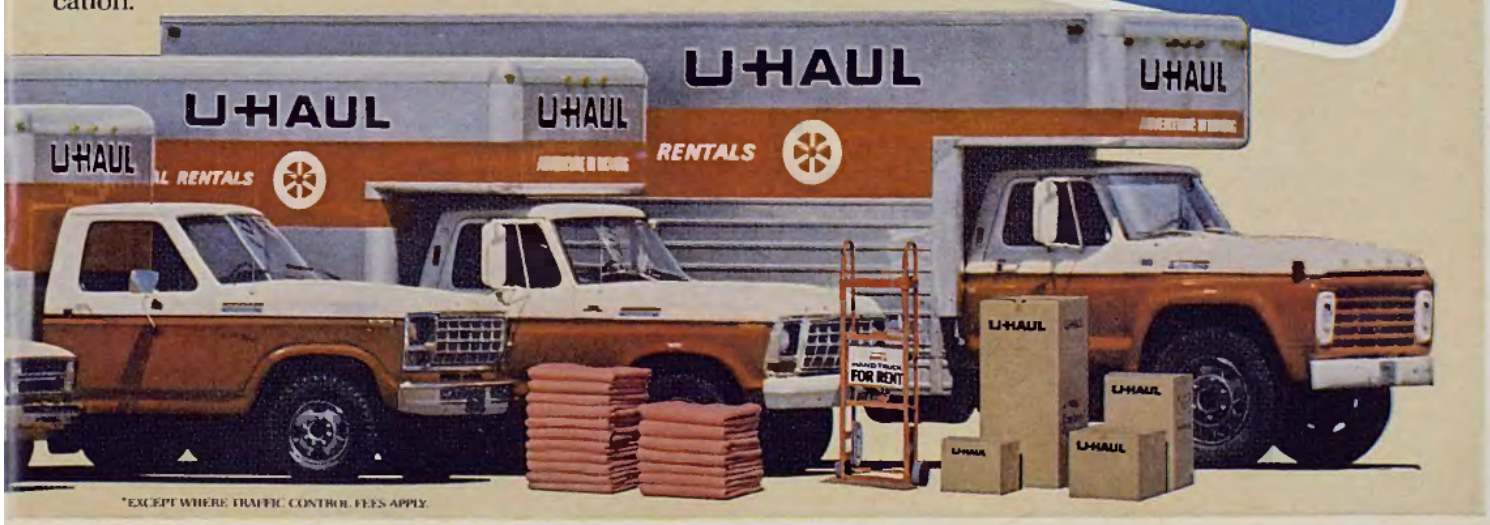

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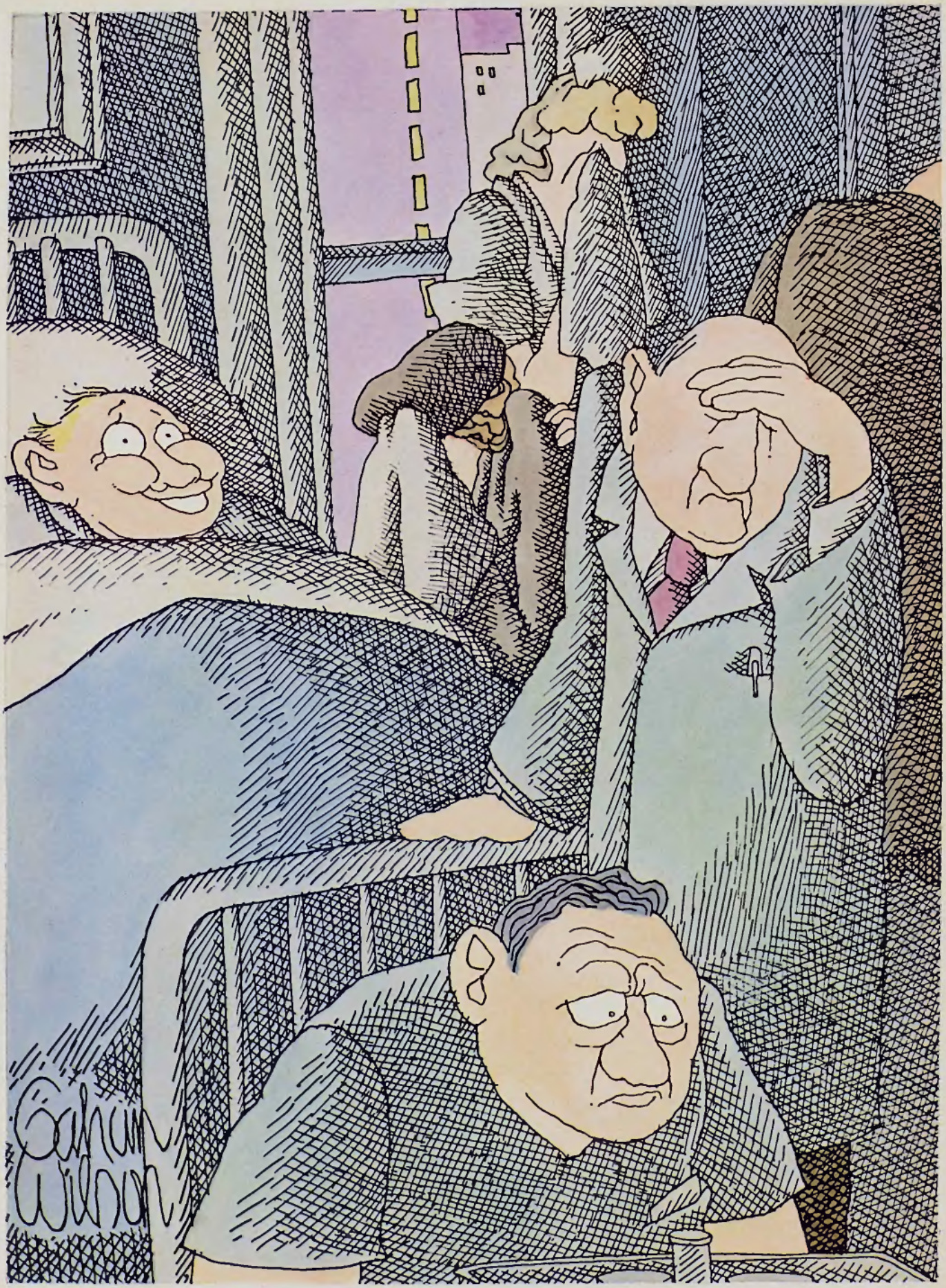

"Well, thank heavens I can still laugh about it!"

We think everyone in the picture, should really be in the picture.

Sunpak 422 D

Vivitar 3500

They don't seem to agree.

Seen here are two pictures taken with the same camera and same lens on consecutive frames of the same roll of film. The time between shots, only the few seconds it took to change from the new Sunpak Auto 422 D dedicated flash to the Vivitar 3500.

Both were taken from 45 feet away, which is two feet *less* than Vivitar's recommended maximum auto distance.

Yet the difference in the two pictures is remarkable. Looking at the Sunpak picture, you can clearly see the young woman in a pink shirt at the extreme right side of the picture. Even make out the graffiti in the background.

In short, the picture enjoys the advantage of full light coverage from edge to edge. And is about a stop brighter over all.

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(Cernobbio, Italy)

Here on the shore of Lake Como in northern Italy, the lessons of the past are imprinted everywhere, dating back as much as 500 years to the time when a Renaissance cardinal built this remarkable villa as a retreat. At one time, the buildings held a small convent, though the villa was more famous in the 16th Century as a country *salon* for the rich, the pious and the creative.

A nephew of the cardinal inherited the villa, then called Garrovo, upon the death of his uncle, and he embellished the already grand residence with marble statuary, friezes and inlaid woods. According to Giovanna Salvadore, who, with her husband, Luca, serves as the hotel's ambassador to the world, a sultan of Morocco went to Como in 1615 just to see this wonder.

Villa d'Este passed through many elegant families over the centuries, but it was Caroline of Brunswick, wife of the future George IV of England, who came upon the villa early in the 19th Century, purchased it and gave it its present name. In 1873, it was turned into a hotel by a group of businessmen, who added garden terraces in front; nowadays, an orchestra plays there for lakeside dancing.

Mario Arrigo, the general manager of Villa d'Este since 1950, operates the 190 rooms and 30 suites with a staff of nearly 200—including resident gardeners, masons, electricians, carpenters and painters. There are indoor and outdoor swimming pools and a sun deck, a *discothèque* and a dining room run with an iron spatula by chef Luciano Parolari. Lunch is served outdoors whenever possible, under a tree that local legend says was planted by the original cardinal; there are even outdoor barbecues when weather permits. Four hard tennis courts are set in the 18th Century park, but I think you'll find it more pleasant to sip champagne as the resident orchestra plays, or perhaps head for bed, to be lulled into restfulness by the music that goes on until midnight. Open April to October.

For information: Villa d'Este, Via Regina 40, 22010 Cernobbio, Italy. Telephone 081-511471. U.S. contact: HRI Leading Hotels of the World, 770 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10021, telephone 800-223-1230; New York State telephone 212-751-8915; or Relais et Châteaux (see above).

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REAGAN OF THE LOST ART *(continued from page 143)*

"'Shove off, Government!' That's what Cagney and Pat O'Brien would say: 'Go peddle your papers.'"

Frank doesn't whine or cheat or expect special favors. No, siree, you betcha! Frank has true grit, as Duke Wayne used to put it, God rest his battered old soul. Duke. Duke did it his way. Drank and cussed a little too much, maybe, but he drank and cussed *his* way—not OSHA's way or the FTC's way. Not Duke. Not Frank. I used to be able to do a great Duke. Let me see——

[*John Wayne impression*]

"Pilgrim, if you don't hightail it out o' here——" No, that's not right. I can do Hank Fonda. Hank did it his way.

[*Henry Fonda impression*]

"Ma, wherever you see a man without a job, or a hungry child, or a cop beatin' up a striker, you'll be a-seein' me." I don't necessarily agree with Hank's sentiments, but they're his. They're not the GAO's or CETA's. His way! Go, Hank!

[*Walter Brennan impression*]

"Johnny, a man wants a piece o' bottom land. That's how a man knows he's a man." Walter Brennan. That says it for me. In spades. Walter—God bless his dear, departed soul—he knew. He was never a major star. Not because he wasn't a great actor—oh, yes, Walter Brennan was a great, great actor. As good as any star in Hollywood. Better! Better than me. And maybe he'd have made a better President.

[*Walter Brennan again*]

"My fellow Americans, a man ain't a man if he got to take Government handouts. If a man don't earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. . . ." No, Walter did it his way. And he was Coop's best friend. In how many movies was Walter Gary Cooper's best friend? And if not Coop's, Bogey's. Bogey. His way. His way. Frank was Bogey's best friend. I wasn't that close to Bogey, but I was president of the Screen Actors Guild. Whose best friend was I? Errol Flynn's. Errol wasn't Coop, he wasn't Bogey, and I wasn't even his best best friend. Alan Hale and David Niven were his best best friends. Who cares? He was lousy to be a best friend of. You remember how Cagney always stuck up for Pat O'Brien? That's what a best friend is supposed to do. Stick up. Stick up! If you have a best friend, he helps you out when you need it. And you help him out when he needs it. And when the Government comes along and says, "Boys—no, no, you don't have to do that. I'll do that," well, then, the strength that comes to you from having a good best friend gives you the guts to say to the Government, "That's bushwa. Shove off, Government! Go peddle your papers, Government!" That's what Cagney and Pat O'Brien would say: "Go peddle your papers." That's what Coop and Walter Brennan would have said: "Go peddle your papers." But not Flynn. Flynn wouldn't say that. Because with Flynn, a best friend never knew where he stood. He was always fooling around with girls. Girls! Girls! Girls! How can you be best friends with a guy who likes girls better than he likes best friends? And I don't mean just me. He liked girls better than Alan Hale, or Bruce Cabot. Well, up yours, Flynn! Where'd it get ya? Where'd it get ya? I don't wanna speak ill of the dead, but he was a crummy best friend. And he couldn't act, either. I mean, if I wasn't any good. . . . I think maybe Nancy dated him once. I asked her, "Nancy, you can tell me. I mean, it was before we were going steady—right?" Who cares? I wish she had gone out with him, because then I'd be better off, because make a comparison—Flynn and me. Say, if you had to vote for Flynn or me, who gets your vote? Me—steady and reliable, easy-going, good-natured, responsible, conservative. And Flynn—spendthrift. You know what Flynn would do? He'd throw dollars at problems. He didn't give a damn. If he had it, he'd give it away. Other people's money! Toss it to this agency and that bureau. Yeah! Sure, he'd beef up the military. But with Flynn, we'd have been at war by now. Twice, three times over. Because Flynn didn't negotiate. He didn't compromise. The son of a bitch always had to do it his way! His way! His way! Stubborn asshole! Well, fuck you, Flynn!

DIRECTOR: We're ready to tape, Mr. President.

REAGAN: I'm not up to it. I think it's the wound.

DIRECTOR: Shall we cancel the taping?

REAGAN: Well, let Bush do it. Bush can do it. He's a friend. Sure. Let George do it. He's my best friend. George? George? Are you there, George?

[*The* PRESIDENT *reaches for his intercom and starts pushing buttons*]

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"I gave at the igloo!"

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JOHN MATUSZAK

(continued from page 177)

always has a real nice smile whenever he sees me. I have nothing bad to say about him. I don't give a fuck what he does as long as he doesn't fuck with me. I think Al Davis, the Raiders' owner, would make a better commissioner. What's Pete Rozelle ever gonna tell Al Davis?

10.

PLAYBOY: You had been cut by three other teams when Davis asked you to join the Raiders. How does he turn N.F.L. rejects into winners?

MATUSZAK: The Raiders love the image of being the bad boys of pro football. That makes us play even harder. Gene Upshaw, our captain, said if coach Tom Flores sent everyone home who had made a mistake, he'd be the only one standing on the side lines. Al Davis is a genius. You don't question genius. You can only look at it and try to learn from it. To me, Al is the closest I've seen to a mature James Dean. He's a rebel with a cause. Al's got something to say to the American public. I don't know for sure what it is. He's very intense, intelligent and private. Al's good with the players, and we give him everything we've got. If you give him one thing less, you won't be there. Another reason the Raiders are champions is we have the best-looking team in the league. Most of the other teams are too ugly for me to even talk about.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you like Gatorade?

MATUSZAK: Yes, on ice. But only the grape and orange flavors. I don't like lime or cherry. Whenever our trainer mixes that in there, I get so pissed off I chase his ass all around the damn block. Trying to trick The Tooz can be dangerous to your health.

12.

PLAYBOY: Is Astroturf the main cause of football injuries?

MATUSZAK: The only injuries I've ever had have been on Astroturf. I've had two injuries in 17 years of football and they've both been on that silly-ass shit. They ought to ban it, get rid of it or use it as a weapon. They should send all our Astroturf to El Salvador and kill all the rebels by having them play football on it. Astroturf works better than bullets. It's already killing off the older players. So now they're bringing in the younger players, who get half as much money and play half as good. All you have to do is fall on that concrete shit and you'll get injured.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's it like cruisin' with The Tooz?

MATUSZAK: It's changed a little lately. It's

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still fun, but it's much more of a natural high. Crown Royal is out. A triple Crown Royal used to be my favorite drink. I love Crown Royals. I love just catching that slight little buzz. Every time it seemed I got that slight little buzz, I got in trouble. Also, I found out I would wake up in the morning next to a girl and ask who she was. Sometimes I'd wake up and ask myself who *I* was. Cruisin' with The Tooz now consists of having a good time without getting thrown in jail. You have a good dinner, check out the ladies, take a few home and have a mellow time in the hot tub. You can get bruised if you try to cruise with The Tooz, but you can't lose. In the old days, I could drink all my teammates under the table. But now I want to play another five years, so The Tooz has become a mellow fellow.

14.

PLAYBOY: What's the most adventuresome sex scene you've ever been in?

MATUSZAK: Rub-a-dub-dub, eight people in a tub. Two were men, six were women. There were three girls to look for each guy's ducky. Actually, I don't like multiple sex. I like multiple parties. Multiple sex isn't as much fun as one on one. You can look into each other's eyes more one on one. You're not worried about what's going on behind you. When I was in college, I lived in a house with eight or ten guys. They were all horny as hell. This one girl who really liked The Tooz was with me in bed. She was twice as old as me. She told me she loved me. I said I liked her and so did my friends. This was way before women's lib, mind you. I opened the door and all my roommates were there. She happily played conductor on the train. We just happened to run into a lovely lady who enjoyed pleasing a lot of horny young college students.

15.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you discovered one of your teammates was a homosexual?

MATUSZAK: One thing for sure, I wouldn't drop a bar of soap near him in the shower. I respect a person's sexual preference as long as he doesn't press it on me. No N.F.L. player would ever say he was gay. There's a *macho* feeling amongst the players that we all maintain. They just wouldn't allow a gay player on the team. We'd make sure he'd get shots for it or he wouldn't stick around. I mean physical shots, man. How would you like to have a fag in your locker room? There's nothing wrong with them, but they don't belong in the locker room. Besides, I don't think there are any homosexuals in the N.F.L. I hope not, for their sake.

16.

PLAYBOY: How do you prepare for a game?

MATUSZAK: I engage in a little mental masturbation. That'll do it every time. I start thinking about my next opponent immediately after a game. The team takes one day off, then we watch game films of our next opponent. I then lay off the things that will affect my performance. Wine, women and song. I cut them out three or four days before the game. I believe, however, quarterbacks should get laid the night before the game. It would help them relax. Quarterbacks are always too nervous close to game time. The owners should hire women for the quarterbacks so they're relaxed. Linemen don't need pregame sex. We have to be fired up but, at the same time, mellowed so we don't waste energy. Wide receivers and running backs need their energy, too, so they should also abstain.

17.

PLAYBOY: Are there types of women you think from experience are bad for you?

MATUSZAK: I once had a woman try to run me over with a car in training camp. I think that's bad for you. I also don't like being around women who are prick teasers. Please me, don't tease me! My ex-roommate Kenny Stabler told me the best thing to do around women is just to watch. Watching him around women was like watching a huge magnet go into a thumbnail factory.

18.

PLAYBOY: In the movie *Caveman*, you play a hostile tribal leader, and in *North Dallas Forty*, you're a tough, crazed football player. Are you being typecast or just in training for future Cary Grant roles?

MATUSZAK: I'd rather play John Wayne parts. To me, acting is as competitive and powerful a business as football. I'm a relative rookie in acting who's just cracked his cherry. I'm comfortable acting but only in movies. I'd be a fish out of water on Broadway, unless I worked at it. The bottom line is you have to kick ass if you want to remain on top in either sports or show business. Someday, on the screen, you'll see the sweet and intellectual side of The Tooz. Sports fans already know I'm more than just another pretty face.

19.

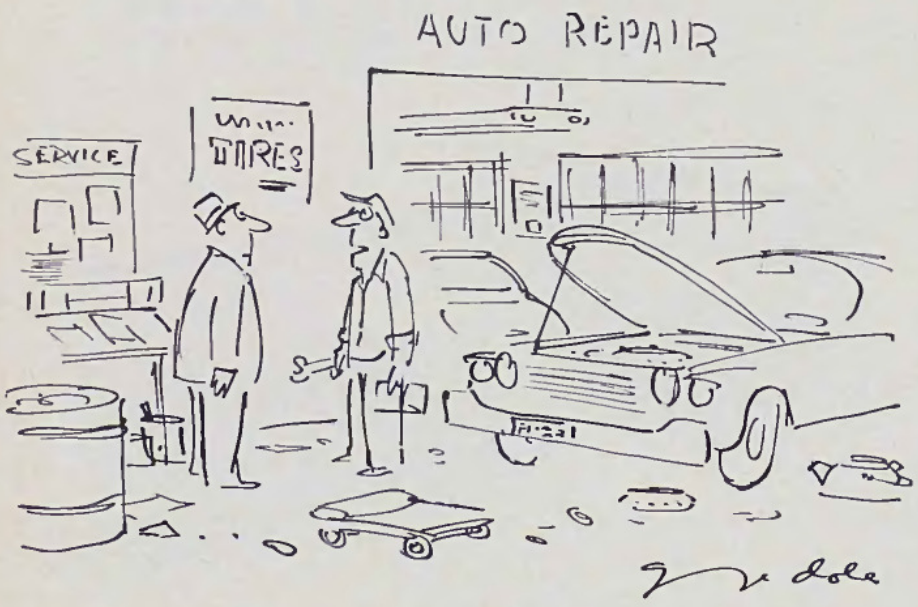
PLAYBOY: From whom do you take no?

MATUSZAK: A lot of people. Women say no; I say OK. The judge says no; I say OK. The Raiders coach Tom Flores and Al Davis. Mom and Dad. They all tell me no and I do what they say. That's about it. I don't take no from my teammates.

20.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever do a nude layout like your ex-teammate Dan Pastorini did for *Playgirl* last year?

MATUSZAK: Not for *Playgirl*. There's something about that magazine I don't like. I just don't like to look at swinging cocks staring me in the face. I think for me to pose nude, it would have to be done tastefully. Face it! Women who want to see The Tooz nude want to see him in person. They know with me there's no substitute for satisfaction. The Tooz delivers the real thing!



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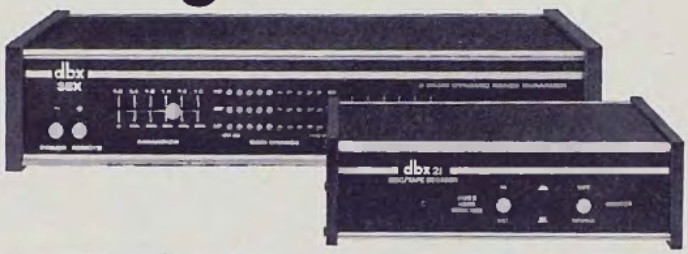

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UNRETURNING ARMY

(continued from page 118)

combatants of 50 to 70 percent. (Only 1,100,000 of the 2,800,000 men who served in the war zone saw action.)

"The combat veteran has a higher level of stress," Wilson tells me in an interview. "Most of these men have repressed the Vietnam experience for so long that it's become an integral part of their personalities. They are in a constant state of stress. Daily stresses they might have been able to cope with—a divorce, or losing a job, or not having enough money, or problems with the kids—may push them beyond their threshold. They become fully symptomatic. They revert back to the warrior."

"Fully symptomatic" means the veteran manifests several of the 25 major signs of posttraumatic stress disorder. Those include prolonged spells of depression or anxiety, outbursts of apparently senseless rage, chronic insomnia, war nightmares, emotional distancing from children, wife or other loved ones, intrusive, obsessive memories of a war experience and flashbacks—hallucinatory re-creations by the former soldier's subconscious of the sights, sounds and smells of the battlefield. Although P.T.S.D. can degenerate into actual psychosis, Wilson and clinical psychologist Dr. Charles Figley of Purdue University (a Marine enlisted man in Vietnam) emphasize that the condition is untraditional as psychological disorders go; for example, it doesn't relate back to the formative years of a person's personality but is, rather, a reaction to the extreme stress of combat. The key word is combat. Rear-echelon types do not suffer from P.T.S.D. at all. As a general rule, the more fighting a man sees, the more likely he is to be troubled afterward, depending on that mysterious, unmeasurable quality called tolerance.

"What was an ordeal for me might not have been one for you," says Frank Terry, a World War Two veteran and information director for the Veterans Administration in Los Angeles. "It's like the tolerance for alcohol. War affects different people in different ways."

But what made Vietnam so different that anywhere from half to three fourths of its combat veterans are, to varying degrees, going haywire? War is war, after all. Getting shot at wasn't any less unpleasant in Belleau Wood or at Normandy or on the Pusan perimeter than it was in Khé Sanh, Hué or the Iron Triangle. Nevertheless, Vietnam was like no other conflict Americans have fought.

You had to have been there to know what it was like, patrolling in those jungles, swamps and rice paddies, mud up to your ass, leeches doing their Dracula act on you, mosquitoes pumping you full of malaria, wet leaves caressing your face, and the trails winding off

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Inaugurating this historic collection will be a superb sculpture of the American buffalo, entitled *Thunder on the Plains*. Finely detailed, crafted in cold-cast bronze and meticulously hand-finished, it is a brilliant study of the bison and an impressive work of art.

This new and original work has been created for the National Wildlife Federation by one of America's most gifted wildlife sculptors — Chapel. It portrays the bison in full charge — wheeling in mid-stride past a clump of prairie sage. The ominous crescent horns, the flaring nostrils, the surprising agility of its powerful body — all are captured with an artistry that is completely true to nature. A quality valued throughout the long tradition of bronze animal sculpture.

To faithfully capture all the rich detail and subtle nuances of the sculptor's art, the work will be crafted in cold-cast bronze — a medium capable of holding even finer detail than traditional hot-cast bronze. Each sculpture will be individually cast from a carefully prepared sculptor's blend of powdered bronze and resins. Once hardened, it will be meticulously finished with a fine patina — hand-rubbed to a soft luster.

Thunder on the Plains is available in a limited edition — reserved *exclusively* for those who order from the Federation's first collection of original wildlife sculptures during 1981. The appointed issuing agent, The Franklin Gallery, will fulfill all valid orders, and then the edition will be permanently closed. A Certificate of Authenticity from the National Wildlife Federation will accompany each sculpture.

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To reserve this important new work, simply return your application by December 31, 1981. No payment need accompany your order, but the attached application must be postmarked by December 31st.

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THUNDER ON THE PLAINS

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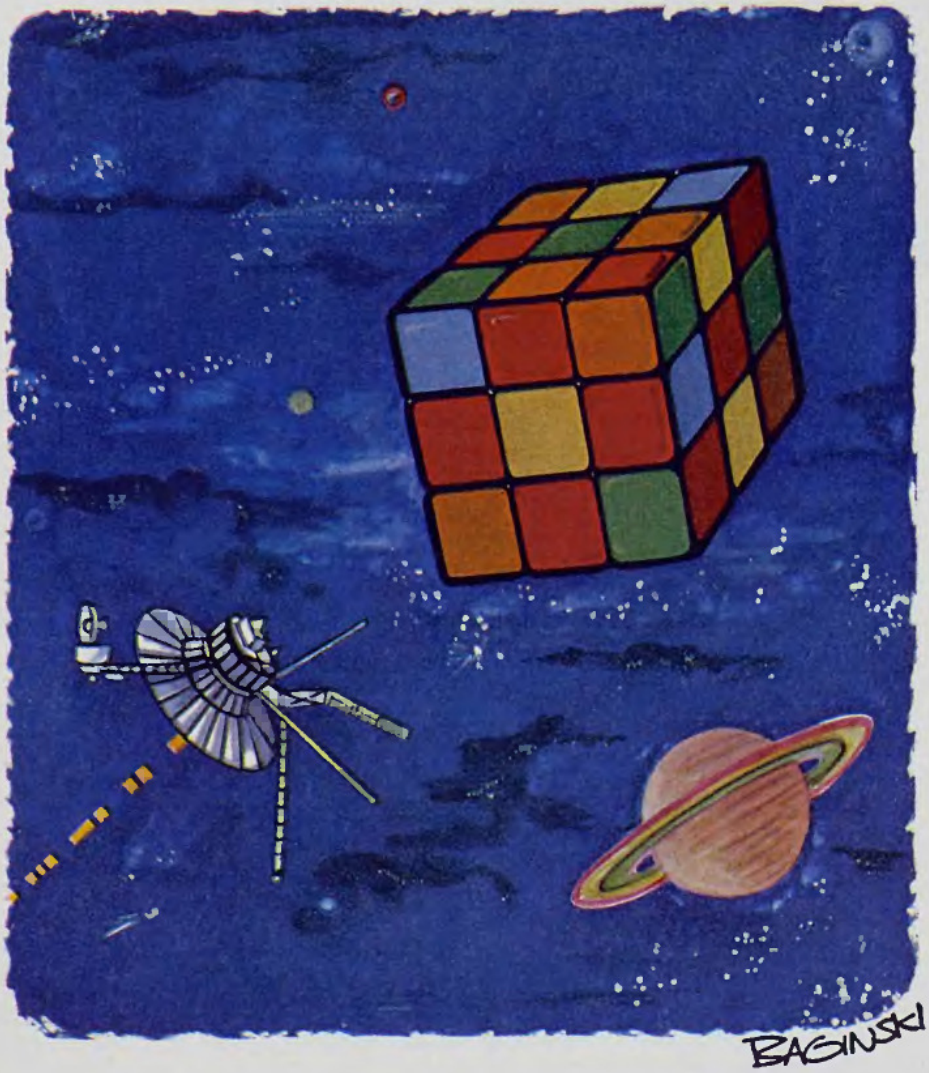
into nowhere, the point man looking for trip wires and ambushes, and the thick silence suddenly broken by an explosion, the point man's on his way home, maybe in pieces, maybe with his legs or his testicles gone. You had to have spent a few nights on perimeter watch at some fire base, waiting for the mortars to start falling, waiting for silence, yes, silence, waiting for the frogs and crickets and other creepy crawlies out there in the malarial slime to stop croaking and chirping, because when they did, it meant an infiltrator was slithering toward you, and then—*crack-crack-crack*—the infiltrator lets off a few rounds, but you don't know if he's some lone, gung-ho Charley looking for the V.C. equivalent of a Congressional Medal of Honor or the point man for a whole battalion massing in the blood-black darkness for a rush at the wire. And if it wasn't a patrol or a perimeter watch, it was a C.A.—combat assault—and, sweet Jesus, that could be something, swooping down at 100 miles an hour, down, down, down, a roller coaster with no up to it, the door gunner's M-60 spitting brass cartridges 700 a minute, the antiaircraft fire going *pop-pop-pop* so that you thought you were trapped in some kind of huge, lethal popcorn machine, down and down, the green of the paddies rushing up at you, green flecked with the gray of bursting mortars, down into the crackling, thudding chaos of a hot LZ.

And if you were a grunt, you did this *all the time*. You stayed in the bush your whole tour except for a five-day clap-catching expedition to Bangkok or Hong Kong—R&R they called it. The rest of the time, you were in combat. Here's a comparison for you: The Sixth Marines, the regiment Leon Uris wrote about in *Battle Cry*, spent only six weeks of its four years in the South Pacific fighting the Japanese. Constant service at the front made Vietnam a very lethal war for combat outfits. The Marines suffered *more* casualties in Indochina than in World War Two, about 102,000 dead and wounded, as compared with 87,000.

This bloodshed would have been tolerable if it had accomplished something. In a conventional army, progress is measured by seizing hills or towns or road junctions. You take this place, move on and take the next place, and the more places you take, the closer you are to victory. MacArthur was right: There is no substitute for victory, because, to the combat soldier, the drive toward victory symbolizes commitment, tells him that the hell he's going through is for something. In Vietnam, the only measure of victory was one of the most hideous, morally corrupting ideas ever conceived by the military mind—the body count. You fought over the same ground again and again, month after month, your only object to kill more of them than they did of you. In 1972, I read an account of a patrol from the 28th Infantry, one of the last line outfits to fight in the war. The patrol suffered two casualties in a fire fight outside a village where I had been in my first fire fight—in 1965. Put it this way: When I got into my scrap, the troopers in that patrol were in seventh grade. It was a long war.

It was also a young one, literally a case of sending boys to do a man's job. Most of the soldiers who went there probably carried Clearasil in their duffel bags. The average age of the World War Two soldier was 26; in Vietnam, it was 19, an age at which a youth is barely equipped to deal with the ups and downs of ordinary life, let alone the incredible stresses of the battlefield.

Finally, it was a guerrilla war, which meant you couldn't tell the good guys (and girls) from the bad guys (and girls), unless you were fighting North Vietnamese regulars. You could tell only when they shot at you, and then it was too late. That did two things to the American fighting man: It knocked his ideological pins out from under him; most went to war believing they were going to help save the Vietnamese and stop communism, but their experience made it impossible to maintain that conviction. The Vietnamese whom they thought they were saving turned out to be indifferent to salvation, American style; and if they weren't indifferent, they were hostile. Lacking a clear demarcation between who was enemy and who was friend, the fighting man became suspicious of all Vietnamese, women and children included. The war was totally unpredictable and treacherous; the soldier had no idea who was going to try to kill him, had no idea if an ambush or booby trap or sniper was waiting for him in that "friendly" village down the trail. This condition eventually induced a kind of paranoia and even a hatred for the very people he had initially wanted to save. All he wanted to do was save himself, to survive. And when you're faced with a choice between survival and death or maiming, you are apt to do some things the folks back home won't want to hear about. For the benefit of those who condemned the American soldier as a homicidal loony, I will tell two



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brief war stories that I did not include in my book *A Rumor of War*.

In 1965, a nine-year-old Vietnamese girl had befriended a Marine company near Chu Lai. She often came up to the perimeter selling odds and ends she kept in a wicker basket: razor blades, condoms, Cokes. She appeared one afternoon and eight Marines gathered around her, not knowing that under the razor blades and Cokes were a couple of pounds of plastic explosive with an electrical blasting cap and a battery. I don't know how the V.C.—excuse me, the glorious freedom fighters of the National Liberation Front—had duped her into a suicide mission, but they had. When she bent down to get something out of the basket, she connected the blasting-cap wires to the poles of the battery. Score: one nine-year-old girl blown to fragments, two Marines killed, six wounded.

A few months later, a communications specialist in my battalion forgot to be paranoid. He was alone, stringing communications wire between two outposts in an area officially classified as secure. Nothing but friendly paddy farmers. Seeing he was by himself, a few of the friendly paddy farmers wounded him with carbine fire, took his rifle and equipment and captured him. One of the farmers was later captured himself and under, shall we say, persuasive questioning told what happened next: The Marine was dragged into a village, where he was beaten with rifle butts and clubs, then executed with a shot to the back of the head. The usual surgery was performed on his genitals, which were then stuffed into his mouth. The body was tossed into a river. Apparently, it wasn't weighted properly; it floated to the surface a few days later and was discovered by one of our patrols.

I would ask those who, from their safe editorial offices, their college campuses and suburban living rooms, condemned the American soldier in Vietnam these questions: How would you have behaved in such an environment? What kind of person would you have become?

Even primitive cultures recognize that war is not a natural condition, that evil spirits enter the warrior in battle. That is why these cultures, such as the Navaho Indians, perform elaborate purification rites for the returning warrior. His soul is cleansed, his feats of arms are passed into tribal lore, he is accepted back into the tribe and forgiven whatever taboos he may have broken in the crisis of combat. In modern society, these rites often take the form of welcoming ceremonies, patriotic speeches, ticker-tape parades with bands and flags and bunting. The veteran is given first choice in the job market, lavished with benefits such as the generous GI Bill afforded the men who fought in World War Two. In psychologist Wilson's words, "These are signs of a societal commitment, signs that your country was behind you."

The Vietnam veteran returned to find that the country was not only not behind him, it was at best indifferent to him, at worst against him. Flown in a jet plane that took him from the front line to his front porch in only 48 hours, leaving him no time to make sense out of what he'd been through, he was ignored by the mainstream of American society, stigmatized by the liberal left and by the media as a dope-crazed killer, an accomplice of a criminal foreign policy. And he lost whatever shreds of faith he had left, shrank into himself, refused to talk about his feelings and experiences, repressed powerful, unresolved emotions. Johnny didn't come marching home from Vietnam; he crept back, furtive, secretive and alone, like a convict just released from prison.

"Vietnam veterans were stigmatized as villains, so they held everything in," Wilson says. "But carrying a problem around is a stress in itself. It must be talked out or acted out eventually."

If my own postwar experiences and those of other veterans I've talked to are typical, the main unresolved problem is guilt, a triple burden of guilt. There is the guilt all soldiers feel for

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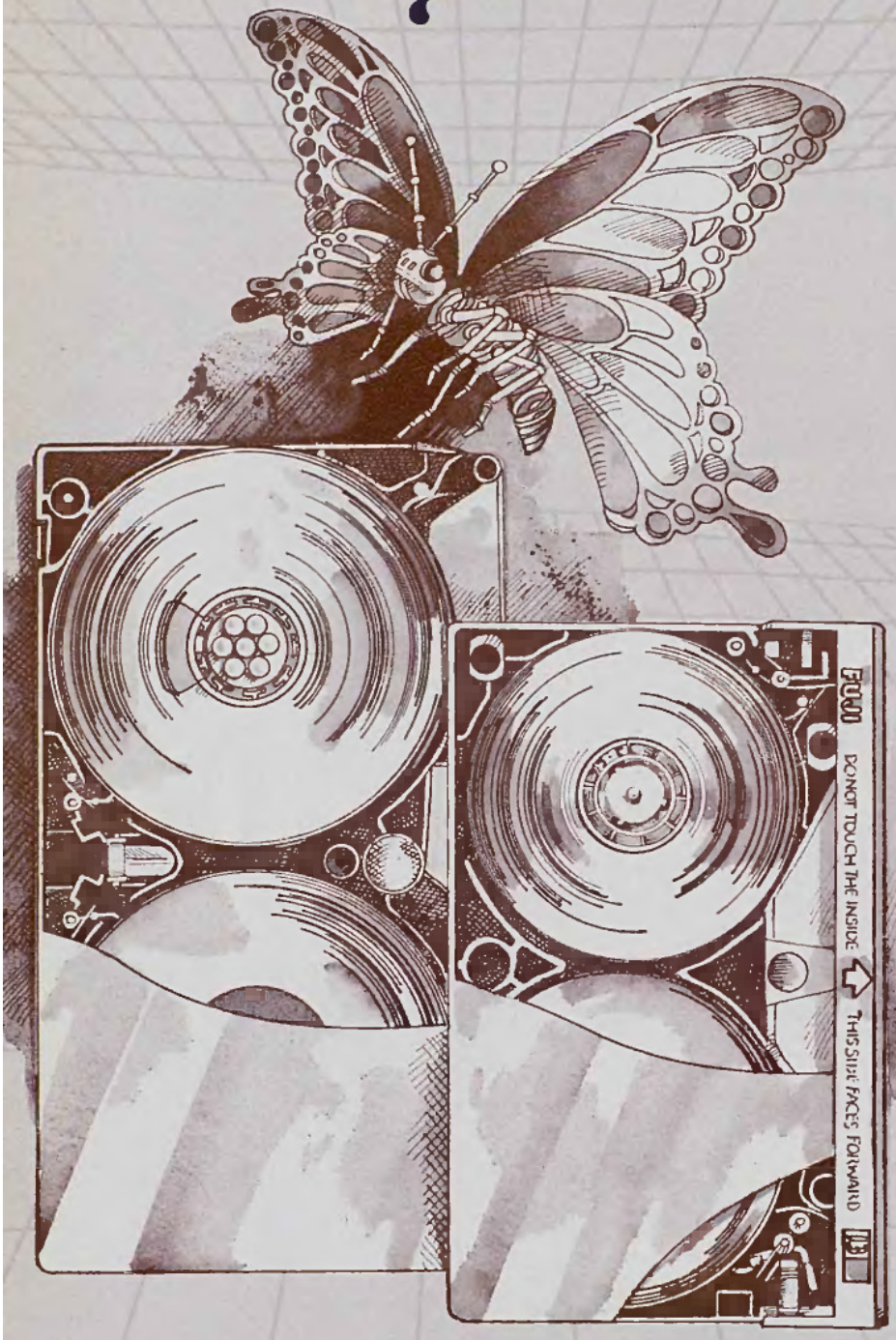

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having broken the taboo against killing, a guilt as old as war itself. In *The Aeneid*, Virgil ascribes these words to Aeneas:

> *In me it is not fit, holy things to bear,*
> *Red as I am with slaughter and new from war;*
> *Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt*
> *Of dire debate and blood in battle spilt.*

Add to this the soldier's sense of shame for having fought in actions that resulted, indirectly or directly, in the deaths of civilians. Then pile on top of that an attitude of social opprobrium, an attitude that made the fighting men feel personally morally responsible for the war, and you get your proverbial walking time bomb. Wilson has noted that some of the crimes committed by Vietnam veterans are violent, hideously violent. Because these men were never allowed to remove the taint in Virgil's "living stream," some are trying, through the commission of terrible acts, to call attention to the evil they perceive in themselves and force society to punish them.

That isn't all. The Yanks came home from World War Two to a generous GI Bill that went a long way toward helping them adjust to civilian life. Lyndon Johnson tried to veto the bill's educational benefits, then reintroduced it under pressure in 1966. In 1972, Richard Nixon successfully vetoed the Veterans Health Care Expansion Act; he said the act was fiscally irresponsible and inflationary, an interesting claim to make at a time when the U. S. was still spending billions to blow Vietnam to bits with B-52s and poison its forests with Agent Orange. And in his initial cost-cutting efforts, David Stockman, President Reagan's budget wizard, wanted to cut out the Veterans Administration Readjustment Counseling Program for Veterans of the Vietnam Era. He argued that it was inflationary, though spending more billions on a fleet of block-long carriers and squadrons of Buck Rogers bombers was not. Bowing to pressure from Vietnam veterans' organizations, the Administration finally decided to leave the program alone—for now.

And if there ever was a generation of American soldiers that needed adequate benefits, the Vietnam generation was it. America sent its most poorly educated sons to Indochina, dug them out of the basement levels of society and gave them rifles, while the privileged bought tickets to Toronto or hid in the bunkers of student deferments. With no marketable skills and a couple of years of high school, thousands of Vietnam veterans returned to an economy that combined inflation

with a tight job market; they went from the firing line to the unemployment line, and the Government's tightwad attitude toward them was another sign that society regarded them as outcasts.

•

Treat a man like a pariah and he'll act like one. That's what Wayne Felde did. He was a postwar baby-boomer, the son of a man who'd been a medic in the South Pacific, of a woman who was a nurse. Born in Wisconsin on March 25, 1949, he and his two older sisters were raised by their mother in Glendale, Maryland, where he graduated from DuVal High School in 1967. His yearbook shows a smiling boy with medium-length hair, dark eyes, a broad nose and mouth, an old-fashioned-looking kid wearing a bow tie. His name appears under the photograph, and beneath his name, this false prophecy: "Wayne . . . go to college to become a veterinarian." But Felde's mother did not have the money to send him to college (his father, haunted by his experiences in the South Pacific, had committed suicide when Felde was 13). Anyway, his grades weren't good enough—a C average. So he joined the Army with the idea of attending college on the GI Bill. Following basic training, he volunteered for Vietnam, though, as an only son, he didn't have to. Why? The prince of Camelot had something to do with it.

"I grew up with Kennedy," Felde says, tapping his leg brace with his cane. "You know, 'Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.' "

Undoubtedly, he had other, more personal motives for volunteering, but he won't say what they were. Perhaps he had inherited a dark legacy from his father. Whatever his reasons, he arrived in Vietnam on March 25, 1968, his 19th birthday. And for a present, he received an almost literal baptism of fire. He was assigned as a machine gunner to Company D, Second Battalion, 35th Infantry, Fourth Infantry Division, then operating off Fire Base Polly Ann near the Central Highlands city of Kontum. This is how he describes his initiation:

"We were flown out to Polly Ann, me and a few other replacements. Company D was running patrols off another fire base out in the bush, and they'd run into an N.V.A. ambush that day. The big guns on the fire base were firing like crazy, there were air strikes, and we heard the napalm was hitting both because the fighting was close up. The chopper couldn't fly us out to the company. The LZ was too hot. We waited around until it was getting close to dark. Another chopper came into Polly Ann. We had to drag four bodies off to get on. They were our own guys and they were all bloody and burned

from our own napalm. The bodies smelled because they were burned, and the smell made me sick. I threw up. The guys with me threw up, too. There was blood all over the floor.

"We made a C.A. on the hill and joined the company. Officers just picked us at random and sent us out. I saw my first fire fight then. I was scared shitless. It lasted on and off all night. The woods were on fire from the napalm. The woods burned for days. You could smell the burned bodies. I was scared. The point man was out in the woods. The N.V.A. had let him through before they sprang the ambush. He was cut off from the rest of the company. He was screaming because he was burned by the napalm. Some guys said he was being tortured by the N.V.A. We couldn't get to him because of the N.V.A. and because the woods were on fire, so some other guys in the company opened up on him and shot him to put him out of his misery.

"Come daylight, the fighting was over. We had to pick up pieces of our guys to send home. Arms and legs and three quarters of a whole person. Me and some guys got to the point man, and when we went to pick him up, his arms came off because he was burned so bad. The smell was bad and we got sick again. We sent him and the other pieces back. I thought about their moms and about my mom, and someone offered me a little reefer. I'd never smoked it before, but I smoked it then and from then on."

For the next seven months, Felde humped his M-60 machine gun on patrols through the spooky mountains near the Cambodian border. It's all a blur to him, with a few incidents that stand out with the kind of clarity that makes a man leap awake in the middle of the night, screaming. The time a helicopter landed and a soldier jumped out right onto a mine that blew him to bloody tatters and knocked the chopper over. The time D.J., the black kid from New Jersey, took a direct hit from a B-40 rocket and Felde was in the landing zone when the medevac brought in what was left—a chunk of D.J.'s arm and a boot with half a leg stuck in it. Then there was the massacre, the horror that gave Felde's psyche a mortal wound.

He was sent out with a makeshift squad on what was to be a routine security patrol in a supposedly safe rear area near battalion headquarters.

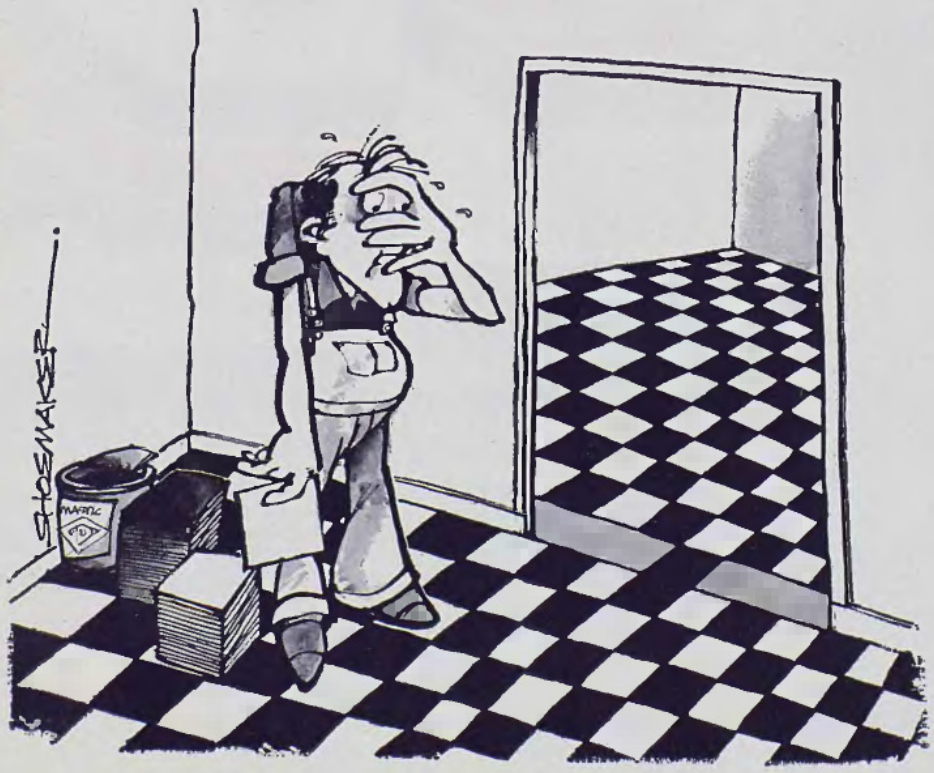
"We were crossing a rice paddy when V.C. mortar fire came in. The shrapnel cut one guy across the middle. His guts spilled out. I grabbed his insides and tried to shove them back. It looked like afterbirth, and it just slid through my hands, and the guy died. It didn't take long. Then we took some small-arms fire from a village. I don't remember if it was much, but we charged the village and started shooting. It was near dusk, and all I could see were muzzle flashes and grenades going off, just noises and flashes, like the Fourth of July. Everyone started shooting. There was total panic. You know how it is when something like that gets started. You can't stop it. There was nobody in charge and everyone was shouting and shooting, shouting, 'Shoot this, shoot that,' and I went into a hut that was filled with people and sprayed it. We wasted everyone and everything in that village. We wasted the women and the kids and the old men and the dogs. I swear to God, the dogs looked like V.C. to me, the dogs had slanted eyes. Then we burned the village to the ground. It was the most awful thing, and I still dream about it. Listen, man, *I dream this shit almost every night.* I see the flashes and hear the gunfire and the explosions, like the Fourth of July, and when I wake up, I don't know where the fuck I am. I don't talk to anyone for hours, days sometimes. I try to block it out of my mind, but I can't."

Serving out the remainder of his tour as a mortar crewman, Felde returned to the U. S. in March 1969. He received the standard homecoming for a Vietnam veteran. After spending his leave at his mother's home in Maryland, he hitchhiked to his new post at Fort Dix, New Jersey. A car stopped. Felde, in uniform, ran up and stuck his head in the window; the driver called him a killer and sprayed him in the face with a portable fire extinguisher.

"I heard that all the time. I couldn't wear my uniform on the street without being called a baby killer, a woman killer, but I'd shrink away, because I knew it was true. It was true, but you had to do it. It was a survival thing and you had to live with it."

He had to live with it, but he didn't know how. Honorably discharged in 1970, Felde returned to Maryland a stranger to his family, a stranger to himself. To see the change in him, all you had to do was look at the boyish graduate smiling at you from the pages of the high school yearbook and then at the driver's-license photo taken of him after he left the Army; the eyes are at once terrifying and terrified, the face pinched and distorted and old. It's like looking at pictures of Jekyll and Hyde. The change in his personality matched his physical transformation. Despite the shock of his father's suicide, he had been a happy-go-lucky student in high school, gregarious and popular. After his discharge, he became withdrawn and angry, drank heavily, got into fights, had nightmares about the butchery in the village. He went to college on the GI Bill and quit. He went to technical school and quit. He held a series of construction jobs, never staying on longer than a few months. He married his high school sweetheart, a girl named Rita. The marriage fell apart very quickly, because Felde would explode in fits of senseless fury. Once, he splattered everything in the refrigerator against the wall because she had bought too many bottles of ketchup. Felde's mother, Ruby, was a registered nurse, and urged him to seek psychiatric help. He refused, afraid he would be judged insane and committed to an asylum.

On November 28, 1972, he was



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Blackwell was 27 and a bad actor, a tough ex-convict quick with his fists. He and Felde were working as carpenters on the same construction project. After work that day, the two men went drinking, then stopped off at Felde's apartment in Greenbelt, Maryland, to talk over a deer-hunting trip they planned to take. Rita was there and she remembers that her husband and Blackwell knocked down quite a few beers, then started arguing about the rifle Felde was going to use, a civilian version of an M-1 carbine. It was in the closet.

Felde recalls the argument, too, and he recalls Blackwell's punching him in the head. He doesn't remember much after that, just an exploding sound inside his skull when Blackwell hit him, and that inner detonation setting off a succession of others, *boom-boom-boom*, like grenades, just like grenades, and he was *there* again, in that village. He was "re-experiencing," a term the psychiatric manuals define as "sudden acting as though a traumatic event was actually occurring because of association with an environmental or ideational stimulus." When you drop the turgid jargon, that means that the tension of the argument and Blackwell's violence and the talk about guns made Felde snap. He heard the grenades and the gunfire, the Fourth of July, and then he and Blackwell struggled for the carbine. Felde got hold of it and sprayed the apartment, the way he had sprayed the hut in the village, shot the place up. Rita escaped somehow, but Blackwell lay dead on the floor, a bullet through one eye. Neighbors called the police. Felde barricaded himself in the apartment and fired several shots over their heads when they arrived. Screaming, "Vietnam! Vietnam!" and making sounds his mother later described as "sounds like an animal would make," Felde held the police at bay for an hour, until his mother was able to talk him into dropping the weapon and coming out. Even then he dared, no, begged the police to kill him; but all they did was handcuff him; and when he felt the steel clamp around his wrists, he returned from the village and was back in Greenbelt. He put his head on his mother's shoulder and cried, "Ma, wipe my tears. Ma, wipe my tears."

Felde's conviction on a murder charge was eventually reversed. He was retried and, promised a light sentence, persuaded to plead guilty to one count of manslaughter for Blackwell's death and three counts of assault for firing over the heads of the police. He didn't get a light sentence. He got 12 years. In 1976, despite a spotless prison record, he was denied parole. He couldn't stand another day behind bars and escaped from the minimum-security prison in Hagerstown, Maryland. That was when Vietnam came in handy. He fled into the mountains, hid in the woods, slept in cornfields, hitchhiked, took to the woods and fields again, traveling only at night, creeping and crawling the way he had through the bush, and made it all the way to northern Louisiana, where Ruby Felde had moved to live with her aged father. For the next two years, the boy who had wanted to become a veterinarian lived the life of a fugitive, drifting from job to job as an oil-field roughneck, an auto mechanic and construction worker. But he always stayed in touch with his mother, toward whom he had drawn closer than he had ever been before.

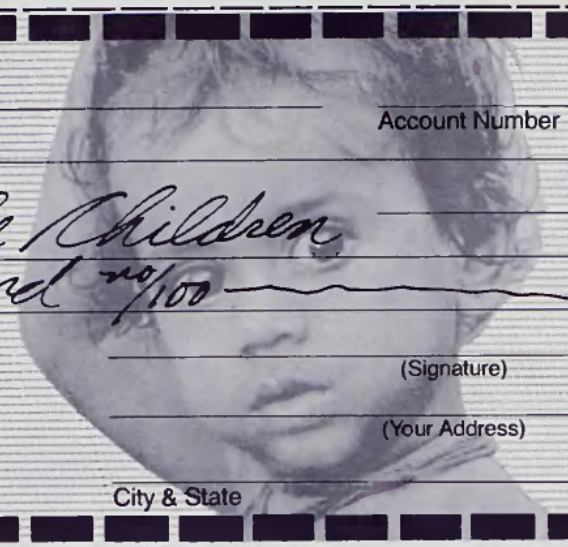
On October 13, 1978, Ruby Felde died of cancer.

Felde was stunned by her death, but he took on a new job as a carpenter for a Shreveport construction firm. Less than a week after his mother's funeral, he learned that the police were looking for him. He made immediate plans to leave the state; he asked a co-worker, Larry Hall, to put together some camping equipment, then pick him up that evening at a pizza parlor and drive him out of town. Wayne Felde wasn't going back to prison, one way or another. Sometime that afternoon, with the help of one of his sisters, he bought a .357 Magnum revolver. "The grave next to mother's is mine," he told her, and she wanted to stop him, because she knew what he meant.

Downing beers, Felde waited at the pizza parlor for several hours. When Hall didn't show up, he checked out a bar next door, the Dragon Lounge, and had a few more beers. Still no Hall. It was all over as far as Felde was concerned. He went into the men's room, drew the .357 and was bringing it up to his mouth when another customer entered. In reflex action, Felde jammed the gun back under his shirt, then returned to the bar and phoned for a taxi, though he had no idea of where he would go or what he would do. As he waited for the taxi, the customer phoned the police, reporting that he had seen a man with a gun. Two squad cars arrived, one driven by Patrolman Tompkins, a rookie. If Felde had bought the revolver with the intention of shooting it out with the police, this was his chance to do it; instead, he submitted to a search. Through policework so bad it's unbelievable, the two officers failed to find the big revolver on Felde. Arresting him on a simple drunk charge, they handcuffed him and put him in the rear of Tompkins' car.

His mother was gone. Butch Blackwell was dead. Rita was gone. He was a fugitive. His life had been a nightmare since Vietnam. He was on his way back to jail. He wanted to die. Working his manacled hands around to his side, Felde gripped the butt of the revolver

"Greetings! I'm your Christmas mugger!"



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☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
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☐ Southern States (U.S.)
☐ Sri Lanka (Ceylon)

3 Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

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4 Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?

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☐ Yes ☐ No

5 Would you like information about the child's community?

When you become a sponsor, your funds are used to help children in the most effective way possible—by helping the entire community with projects and services. For health care, education, food production, and nutrition. Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on these community activities which provide permanent improvements to the child's environment. Would you like to receive such information?

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6 Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?

Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (83.5%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?

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7 Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?

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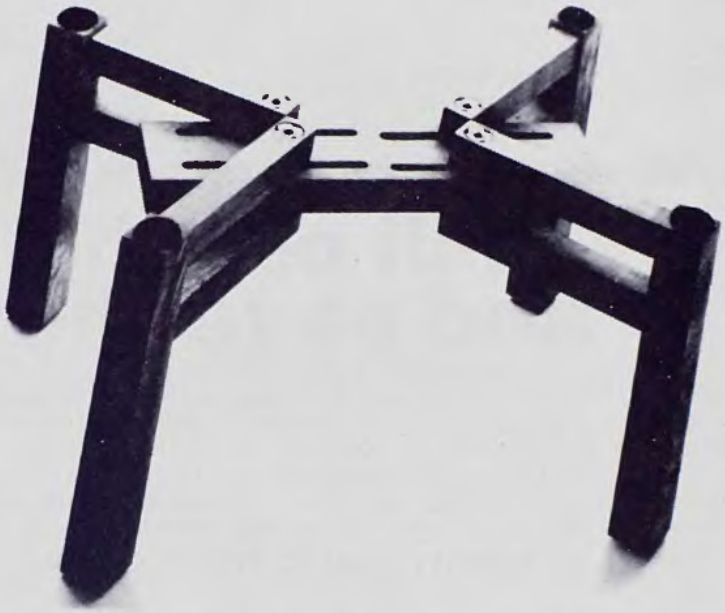

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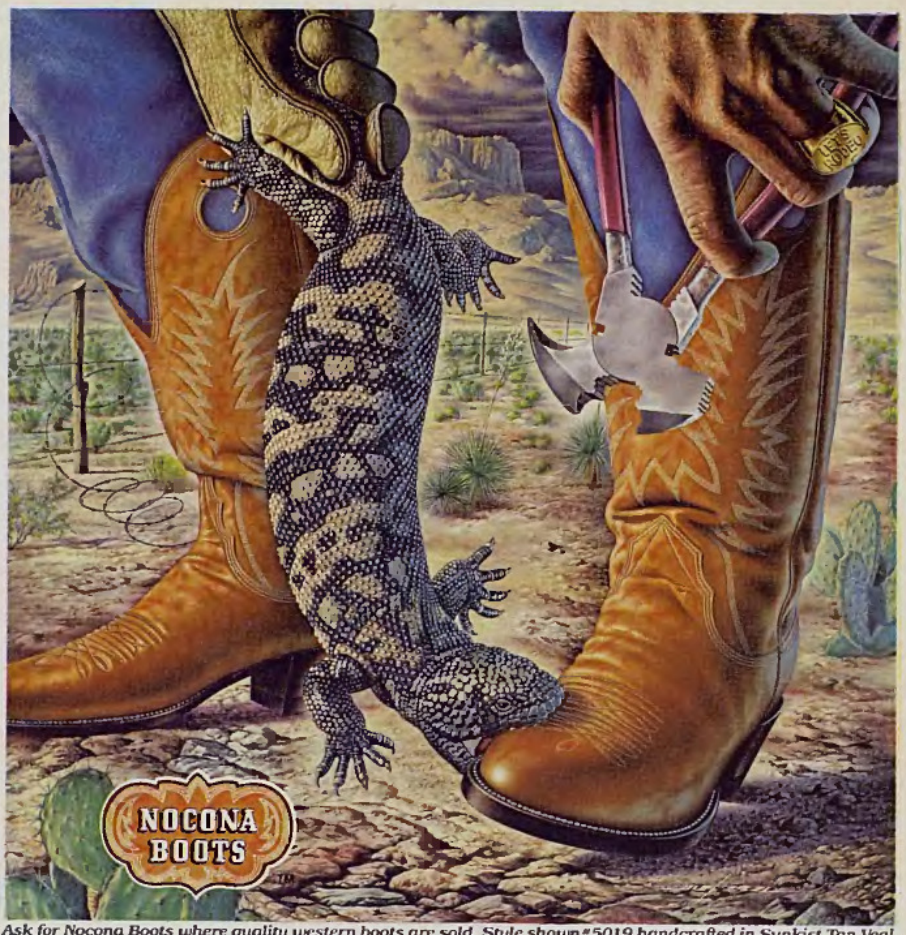
and drew it from his waistband. Tompkins apparently saw the gun through the rearview mirror, because, as far as can be determined, he turned around and grabbed hold of Felde's wrist. The revolver went off twice, both bullets plowing through the roof of the car, and as soon as Felde heard the terrific blast, he was back in the village. Grenades going off. Machine guns. Muzzle flashes. Men shouting: "Shoot this, shoot that." The Fourth of July. The Magnum went off three more times, one through the floor board, two through the front seat, which, according to ballistics tests, ricocheted off a spring and struck Tompkins in the side. He bled to death within minutes.

Still handcuffed, Felde managed to escape from the squad car and took off running. By that time, half the Shreveport Police Department was hunting him. An hour later, he was cornered in a back yard and gunned down by a point-blank burst of double-0 buckshot. Hit in 27 places, he lay there, feeling his life leaking out of him and, for the first time in years, a sense of peace. The nightmare was ending.

But it didn't end. Felde recovered. He spent the next two years in hospitals or jail, and on August 11, 1980, went on trial for first-degree murder in Alexandria, Louisiana. His attorney, N. Graves Thomas, defended him on the grounds that he was temporarily insane at the time of the shooting. Three expert witnesses—psychologists Wilson and Figley and Dr. Joe Ben Hayes, a psychiatrist—testified that Felde was suffering from posttraumatic stress disorder and could not distinguish right from wrong. He was not, they said, in touch with reality.

•

But what does that mean? If Wayne Robert Felde wasn't in touch with reality, what was he in touch with? You had to have been where he had been to fully understand. There are transcendent moments in battle, moments at once exhilarating and terrifying, when a man loses all sense of himself, all sense of control, all sense of limits. Nothing has a hold on him any longer; conventional standards of behavior, fear of death, fear of any consequences—all moorings slip and he soars into another dimension of experience. He becomes both God and Devil, capable of anything. Many acts of great heroism occur in this transcendent state; so do many acts of great brutality. If the village that Felde's squad attacked had been, say, a fortified German position in Normandy, the men would have done something worthy of a decoration; but it was a Vietnamese village, in which civilians and guerrilla snipers were intermingled and indistinguishable, and what the squad did there was probably worthy of a court-martial. Felde refuses to speak of his actions on that day in anything but the vaguest, most abstract



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terms. The most he says is that he went into a hut full of people and sprayed it with his weapon. You don't have to be a Figley or a Wilson to get a little more concrete picture of what Felde did and why: Having been in combat seven months, having just been under mortar and sniper fire, having just had a buddy's intestines slip through his hands, he went into a fury and butchered a hut full of women, children and old men. All bars were down, all taboos broken. The experience must have been both horrifying and thrilling, unbearably repulsive and irresistibly attractive; and the tension between those opposites must have been excruciating. Felde has felt an overmastering guilt, not only for what he did but for having enjoyed it; a guilt for which he was not allowed to atone, a guilt that was, in fact, reinforced by the man who sprayed the fire extinguisher in his face and by every person who ever called him a killer. Lacking forgiveness from others, unable to forgive himself, he is, under certain kinds of stress, compelled to re-enact the horror, partly to experience again the unholy pleasure of it, partly to attempt to master it by behaving differently, mostly to create circumstances that will force society to give him what he thinks he deserves: death.

On August 21, 1980, Felde's jury returned a verdict of guilty and recommended that he be sentenced to die in the electric chair. While awaiting confirmation of his sentence, Felde read about the glorious welcome given the Iranian hostages and tried to kill himself by slashing his wrists. Prison doctors saved him for state-sanctioned doom. On February 13, 1981, Rapides Parish Judge Guy Humphries formally confirmed the sentence. Walking out of the courtroom, Felde said he had a "good feeling" and raised two fingers in a V. The sign meant "victory" in World War Two, "peace" during Vietnam; for Wayne Felde, it symbolizes both.

Horror stories like his are making the headlines, but to put things in perspective, they represent only a fraction of afflicted veterans. Psychologist Arthur Egendorf, who co-authored the study *Legacies of Vietnam*, the most extensive yet done on the problem, says that ten to 15 percent fall into the psychiatric basket-case category—psychotics, drug addicts, incurable alcoholics. Another 15 to 20 percent are, like Felde, in very serious trouble but can be salvaged. Far more common are those men who, thinking they had put the war behind them, built successful careers and marriages only to have their battle experiences reappear like some huge, unpaid emotional bill and begin to unravel the carefully woven threads of their lives.

David Novak is 38 now. If, with his beard, his receding hairline and thickening waist, he looks considerably different from the trim, clean-shaven Marine lieutenant who went to Vietnam in 1967, his appearance is consonant with his station in life as a professor approaching middle age. He has a Ph.D. in mathematics and is coming up for tenure at Simmons College, an exclusive women's school in Boston; he has a contract to write three textbooks that will earn a modest but steady royalty income; he has an intelligent, attractive and loving wife to whom he's been married for 15 years, four bright daughters aged eight to 14 and a handsome Victorian home in Georgetown, Massachusetts, where he counts novelist John Updike among his neighbors.

This is the life Novak has built, but it isn't as pleasant as it appears. He no longer lives in the frame Victorian but in a cheap rooming house full of destitute pensioners. Inside, the Novaks' home looks like a construction project that ran out of money. A couple of rooms are fully renovated, but in the others, door moldings and window sills have been left stripped and unvarnished, paint jobs are unfinished. As for the marriage, his wife, Marian, a lively, articulate woman of 36, has this to say:

"I think it's over, but I want to see as whole a man go out of it as came into it."

It almost sounds like a line out of one of Updike's novels, but the Novaks' crumbling marriage is not a victim of boredom or of suburban adultery. One night two years ago, after a perfect record of sobriety and dependability, Novak failed to come home from work at his usual time. Rather drunk, he staggered into the house at two A.M. When Marian angrily demanded to know where he'd been, he answered, "I was looking for a Marine to talk to."

Although that sounds like a guilty husband's likely story, Novak, in fact, had been looking for nothing more than that. He wanted to talk about the war, really talk about it, not just spin yarns. His drunken late night was followed by a two-day disappearance: He went out shopping and ended up driving to Maine, where he called Marian from a pay phone. On another occasion, he was picked up for drunken driving, then for driving without a license. Once, the Boston police found him passed out in his car in a dangerous neighborhood. Finally, in December 1980, he left home altogether, moving into a five-dollar-a-night room in the rooming house. He'd left Marian a note telling her he loved her, needed someone to talk to but couldn't talk to her; he was mixed up, he wrote, and would come back when he'd straightened himself out.

"He seems to be searching for something," Marian says of him. "He wouldn't do this if he weren't crying for help. When he talks about the war, he's better. He's said nothing for so long."

He's said nothing because, in the academic world, his Vietnam service has often made him feel like Norman Mailer's white Negro. In 1976, when he applied for a teaching job at Simmons College, the chairwoman of the mathematics department phoned Novak's employer at the time and said, "But this person was a Marine."

Novak's boss answered reassuringly, "You can't tell; he doesn't look like one."

The Novaks felt this kind of insidious pressure almost from the day he left the Marines and returned to graduate school at Washington State University. Married to Novak the year before he went overseas, Marian had had a bad time of it, waiting for him to return. But in some ways, his homecoming was more painful. The couple sensed the hostility among students and professors toward the war and were afraid they'd be ostracized if they mentioned that Novak had fought in it. Though proud of his service and of his platoon, he never let on that he'd been to Vietnam, which made him feel like an ex-convict. The war, like prison, was a subject not to be discussed in polite company. What put the greatest strain on Novak, and on his marriage, was pretending that he was the same man he'd been before Vietnam. But when you have been shot through the arm by a sniper and gone rolling down an embankment thinking you were dying, when three of your four closest buddies have been killed in action, when you've been in Hué during the Tet offensive and put in charge of a burial detail for enemy dead and seen hundreds of corpses unceremoniously bulldozed into a mass grave; when, also in Hué, you've seen POWs shot to death because they were trapped inside a flaming hut and had to be spared burning to death; when, after Hué, you're sent up to Khé Sanh and spend every night cowering under the screech and crash of artillery, you can never again be the same man.

The couple's parents saw how drastically he had changed. He had a recurrent nightmare of seeing himself inside a graves-registration tent filled with the corpses of his men. In Washington, the Novaks lived near a fire station, and whenever a siren sounded, David would hit the deck, hollering, "Incoming!" Meticulous about paying his bills before Vietnam, he became careless afterward, to the point that collectors began hounding the couple and Marian had to take over family finances.

"I felt they were unimportant," Novak said. "It was just money. After you've seen POWs shot to death so they won't burn to death, what is important?"

There were other changes, more subtle and more frightening.

"He was a stranger when he got back," Marian said. "Different in a way I cannot define. He got more and more distant, isolated. He would get this funny look in his eye, a look of bitterness and

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anger. I thought it was directed at me."

Nevertheless, David and Marian got on with their life, never breaking their unspoken agreement to avoid talking about the war. And the distance Marian had seen grew and grew until, it seemed to her, her husband was leading a secret life within himself. That's just what he was doing. He couldn't talk to her about his secret life or express to her his hidden feelings, partly because he wanted to protect her from the awful realities he lived with, mostly because he had spent all his emotional pennies in the war. That's why, finally, he had left home.

"I didn't know what to say to Marian, and I still don't," Novak told me in the living room of the house where he is now only a visitor. "I just got used up in the war. There isn't much left to give to other people, even her. She gives me emotional support, but I have this inability to give her the support she needs. When that happens, a sense of failure sets in, and I just don't want to try anymore, because I don't want to fail."

As for Marian, she waited 13 months for him to come home from Vietnam. In a way, she is still waiting.

•

They don't give Purple Hearts for war's psychic wounds, and the art of repairing warriors' minds is today as primitive as battlefield surgery was in the Civil War. Clinical psychologists such as Wilson, Egendorf and Figley, having identified the disease, are now searching for the cure. They are beginning by looking into the histories of those half million combat veterans who are not suffering serious mental and emotional aftereffects. The fundamental question to be answered is, Why were some men able to cope and others not?

Insofar as Vietnam is concerned, everyone I've spoken to agrees on one thing: While counseling services such as those provided by the Veterans Administration's Operation Outreach have gone a long way toward helping veterans adjust, the ultimate cure will not be found by expanding a health-care bureaucracy that is already too big and complex to function well. American society as a whole needs to cure itself of the post-Vietnam syndrome by reconciling the schism created by the war, the schism between moral conviction, as represented by those who resisted the war, and service, as represented by those who fought it. That goal cannot be reached by reopening the tired old Vietnam debate between right and left, between unctuous moralizing on the one hand and chest-thumping chauvinism on the other. President Reagan's attempts to conceal the ugliness of the war under the cloak of a "noble cause" are as suspect as the left's attempts to present it as a crime on a par with the Nazi invasion of Poland.

"The only thing to do is go beyond the debate," Egendorf says. "We're looking at 1981 in terms of 1968. The idea of service is important. This country needs to believe in service. Moral ideals are important, too. There is no reason to keep them separate."

The attention the press is currently focusing on the problems of Vietnam veterans may look like an attempt by the nation to heal the wounds, but it is not. The one thing on which both sides of the traditional debate can agree is that there are an awful lot of screwed-up veterans out there. Once reviled as villains, the men who fought in Vietnam are now being looked upon as victims, often by the very sort of people who reviled them—liberal columnists, actors and actresses, academics, the usual crowd who need some oppressed group to pity and champion. Unfortunately, some veterans are falling into this sentimental trap. Having been denied the laurels due victorious heroes, they are clutching at the sprigs of sympathy offered the victim. Well, the idea of the warrior as victim just doesn't make it. A veterans' hunger strike in Los Angeles last spring offered the rather embarrassing spectacle of ex-Marines and paratroopers and gunship pilots, men who had once faced death without a whimper, sobbing in front of TV cameras.

Most veterans, though, reject this course. One put it this way to Figley:

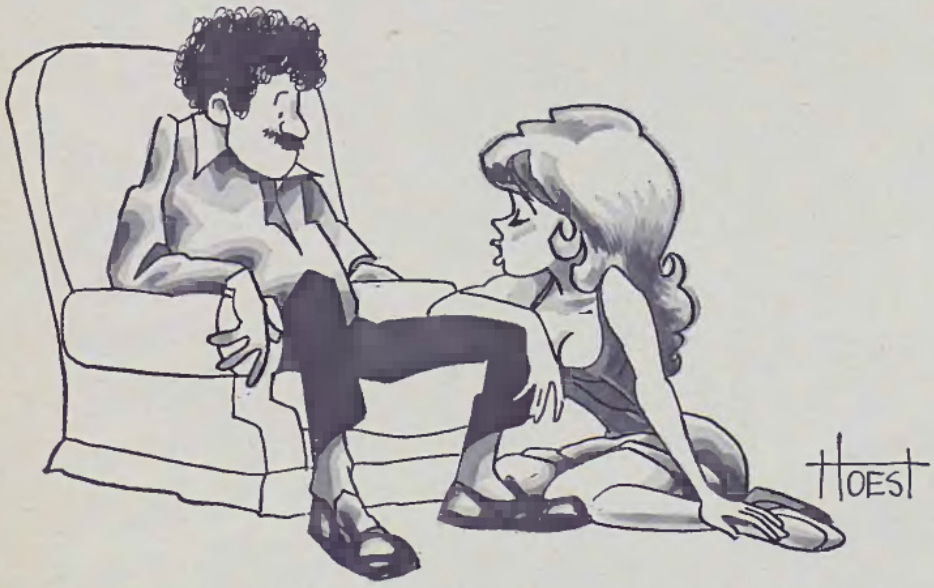
"Doc, I don't want sympathy, because if you look in the dictionary, you'll see that sympathy falls between shit and syphilis, and I don't need any of it."

If America wants its Vietnam veterans to be cleansed, if it wants them to come home, it must give them genuine compassion, dignity and respect: compassion for having been misused, dignity for having answered the call to arms and doing their duty as they saw it, respect for having had the courage and tenacity to survive.

But if American society is to give its forgotten warriors the respect they deserve, those warriors have to learn to respect themselves first. They cannot, according to Figley and Egendorf, wallow in self-pity, carry on passionate love affairs with their own self-destructive guilt. They have to see themselves as survivors, not as victims, for the victim, in Figley's words, is the man who says "I can't," the survivor the man who says "I can."

Richard Ogden, who is now 34, is as typical a Vietnam vet as you're likely to find. Child of a broken home, raised in poverty in rural Washington, high school dropout at 15, combat veteran at 19, he has not sunk into drug addiction or alcoholism or madness. He has educated himself and written a fine memoir of his battle experiences titled *Green Knight, Red Mourning*. He has dedicated the book to his fellow vets, and tells them:

> Be proud; it wasn't your mistake. With the social consciousness concerning humanity that was prevalent in the Sixties and Seventies, any war for any reason, justifiable or not, would have been unconscionable. . . . Our country is not proud of itself; therefore, it is unwilling, if not crippled, in showing us any pride or compassion. . . . Be proud you served and grateful you survived. You know more about life than anyone else around you.



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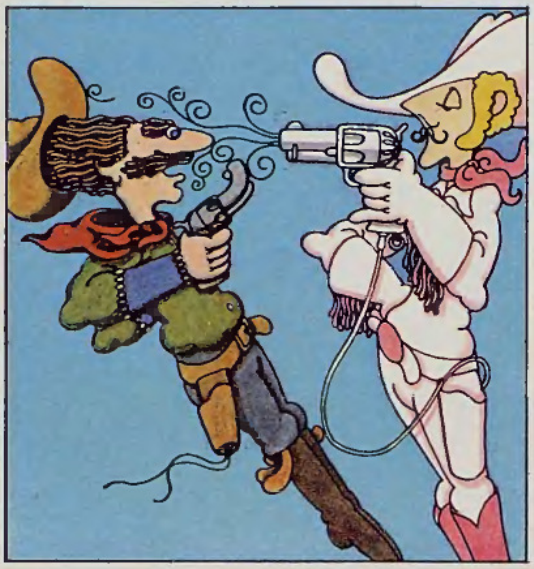

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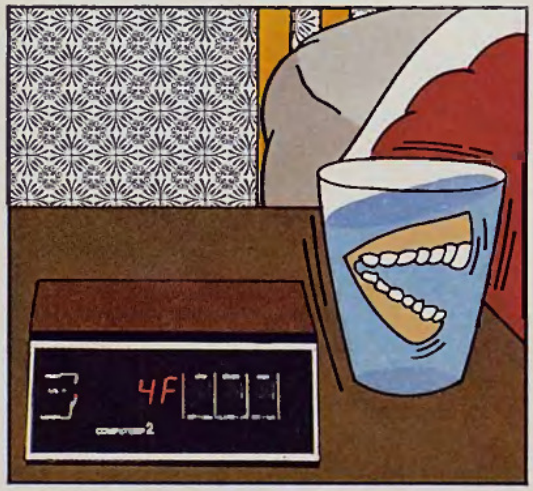
Back in the December 1979 *Playboy Potpourri* section, we ran a crazy-looking Chicken Hat made by a company called United Hats-of-Chicken, at 1514 Adams Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53711. Now that same band of zanies (their company motto is: "When it comes to stupidity, we're state of the art") has created the Glove Hat—the only hat that fits like a glove and doubles as an extra mitt in case you lose one of yours. Glove Hats, which come in one size and cost $11, postpaid, are available in royal and sky blue, kelly green, yellow, red, white and black. (To really make a statement, shove a wad of something in your hat that will make all the digits stand on end.) Maybe this winter you can give someone wearing a Chicken Hat the bird.



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GAMBLERS: THE IRS WANTS YOU

Relations between gamblers and agents of the Internal Revenue Service are always dicey. However, if one is to have a fighting chance in substantiating those times Lady Luck didn't smile, he has to keep a meticulous accounting of wins and losses. Jo-El Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 304, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004, doesn't guarantee that its $10 *Gambler's Tax Diary* will satisfy the IRS, but its business-like format and easy-entry system can't hurt. Lotsa luck, high rollers.

FROM *SCREW* TO STOGIES

Al Goldstein, the publisher of *Screw* magazine, sucks a *big* one—a big cigar, that is—and his passion for a well-rolled smoke has led him to found *Cigar*, a newsletter for the serious puffer. (Recent issues include secrets of smuggling Havanas and the etiquette of cigar smoking.) A 12-issue subscription is $9.95 sent to Blue Smoke Inc., 116 W. 14th Street, New York, New York 10011. Unlike *Screw* magazine, it isn't mailed in a plain brown wrapper.

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Ordinarily, it takes something more original than a long scarf to light up our eyes, but when the muffler we're talking about is decorated with eight octaves of piano keys . . . well, now you're playing our song! To get your very own 62″ knit acrylic Keyboard Scarf, just send $16.95 to Edgerton Enterprises, P.O. Box 480312, Los Angeles, California 90048. For his-and-hers winter fun and games, buy two, take off all your clothes, wrap the scarves around your bodies and tickle those ivories.

A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF MR. BILL

Now, you thought when the popularity of *Saturday Night Live* took a dive, Mr. Bill would end up back where he started—a blob of multicolored Play-Doh—right? Ooooooooooohh, nooooooo, he, his nemesis Sluggo, his faithful dog Spot and a classroom full of baddies are back in Mr. Bill's School Days Calendar, in which our hero gets creamed in full color six ways to Sunday all 12 months of the year. (Wait until you see what happens to Mr. Bill on graduation day and during the annual Easter egg hunt. Oooooohhhh, that smarts!) Ruby Street, Inc., at 125 W. 55th Street, New York, New York 10019, sells the calendars for $8.95, postpaid, and that includes a sound-track record from Mr. Bill, a Sluggo Memorial School I.D. card, Mr. Bill money and more. Ooooooohh, yesssssss!

EATA BITA THIGH

Lilliputian legs, lips, boobs, buttocks and other portions of the anatomy, are yours for the nibbling as Body Bites—a sugarless bubble gum that's just a little naughty—gets off the drawing boards and onto candy counters everywhere. The horny devils responsible for Body Bites are the people at Hornsby Ltd., P.O. Box 1596, Altamonte Springs, Florida 32701, and they tell us that any limb or bit of torso will sell for $2.60, postpaid, or about $2 in stores. At last, here's a sexy product that the manufacturer won't mind having Jerry Falwell and his merry band of Moral Majoritiers blow all out of proportion.

BLUE CADILLAC

(continued from page 142)

"'First thing tomorrow we'll go get married! Want to? I'm free as a bird myself.'"

sometimes I used to get drunk as a skunk every night, throwing up, passing out. Momma cried when she found out I was drinking. Braxton? Braxton, that's a nice name. In Las Vegas with my momma, I met three guys had actually legally changed their names to Elvis. One of them was black. One of them had gotten his fiancée to change her name to Priscilla, and they'd come out there on the bus from Detroit to get married the same place Elvis and Priscilla did. But something went wrong, I forget what."

"Coffee. All righty! Just sit tight."

Braxton sprinted around the corner to the men's room—where he'd been desperate to go for half an hour—and stood skittery at the urinal, worried that Marie would wander out of the tavern alone. A vending machine sold condoms. He couldn't believe how much they cost now.

Back at their booth, the girl sat, bared shoulders and back beautiful, curved like blond bentwood, incredibly naked skin. His wife's skin, he now realized, had been too white; he'd loved her in spite of her very skin.

Marie was talking; she might have been talking the whole time he was gone. "I shut up the house. It's a duplex, you know the kind, and just told the neighbors, 'Look, will you rent it out for me, and I'll send for my stuff,' because I had to get out of there. I was going to start junior college this fall, but Momma was too sick. It was just me and her."

Pity settled in Braxton like cement. "No daddy?"

"D-I-V-O-R-C-E. He went to California. He didn't like Tennessee."

"You going out there to see him?"

"That's a joke." She had wrapped the shank of hair around her wrist. Now she uncoiled it, fed it back into the bag.

Braxton noticed he'd somehow smoked his whole pack of Marlboro Lights. "California has a lot to offer. I used to live in Corpus Christi, Texas. Now I live in D.C."

She said, "I'm trying Atlanta. I don't think I'd like Texas."

"D.C., either," said Braxton. He smiled right at her; the smile floated in her lagoon eyes, and he watched it move. "How's this?" he said, his heart fast. He slid out of the booth, toppled to one knee. "How about we both get off for good in Memphis? I grew up in Memphis, it's OK. Tonight we'll drive over to Graceland for your momma, and then we'll go stand on the bluffs and yell up in the sky at everybody dead. 'Hey, up there, we miss you! Hi, Dad! Hi, Marie's momma! Hi, Elvis!' And then, first thing tomorrow—how's this?—we'll go get married! You and me. Why not? Want to? I'm free as a bird myself."

The girl swiveled her legs away from his. "No, thanks. I'm not totally down on marriage like my friends. But I think marriage ought to be like . . . meeting Elvis Presley. It's nothing to joke about."

Braxton hauled himself up, dusted his plaid trouser leg. "That's for damn sure," he said, drowned all of a sudden in grief. He would have left, but he was too worn out to move. So tired he slumped down on his spine, low in his chair, and closed his eyes.

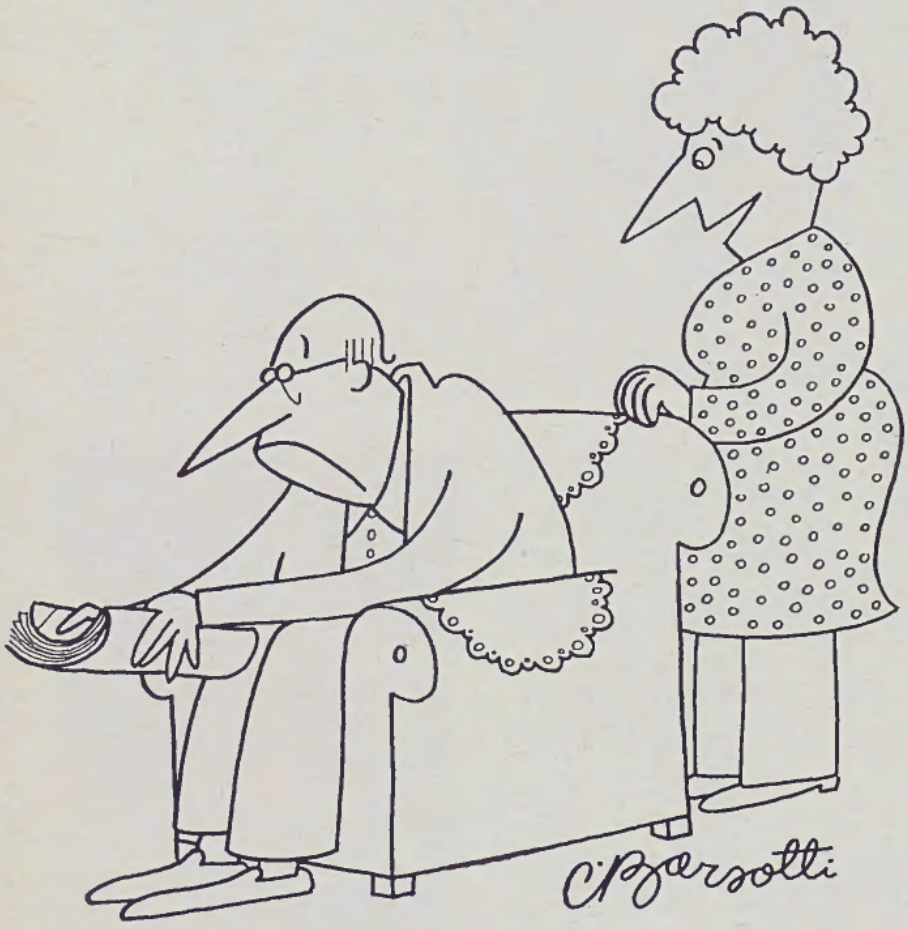
"You know what?" He heard her voice, plaintive, and opened one eye. Slowly, her butane lighter was raised toward her cigarette. She jerked back when its flame leaped at her. "You know what? This is true, let me tell you, Braxton. In 1961, one time my momma got asked inside Graceland. They needed more people. They were horsing around. She couldn't believe she got asked. She and her friends hung out at the gate a lot, but that night, one of them got in, and she got Momma in. This was the story she told me at night and all, when I was little, about Graceland. How there were stars blinking up in the ceiling of the hall. Momma said they were all out back, sitting around the pool, Elvis and all his friends, and girls, even though it was the middle of the night. The guys had a bunch of lighters." She flicked hers on. "They broke off the tips so the flames would shoot out and they shot them at each other's bottoms for a joke."

"Elvis did?"

"No. His friends. He watched. Then, after they used those up, Momma said they threw hundreds and hundreds of new flashbulbs into the pool and shot at them with BB guns so they'd explode. Elvis did that."

"Did the girls. . . . What did the girls do?"

"They sat around and kept their eyes



"Perhaps, Father, if you resolved to get out of the house more, Time *would make you its Man of the Year next year."*

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on Elvis. My momma tried to talk to the two beside her, but she said they looked right through her like she was cheap glass. They sat around, working at trying to ball Elvis."

Braxton sat up and stared at her. In a minute, he asked, "What was he like?"

Marie poured sugar from packets into her coffee. "Momma said he was better-looking than you could ever imagine, and sad as rain."

Braxton and Marie sat, quiet, in their booth. In the television's blue rays, waitresses ran back and forth. On the screen, football players ran back and forth. Braxton felt sad as Elvis, poisoned by blueness, maybe the blue from the crackling rays, and weary from the liquor and the cigarettes. The film of his life had reversed again, gone forward, thrown him—heavy with the years he'd kicked at—slung him back off the diving board, back down into the blue stinging water.

•

Outside in the lot of the Casey Jones Tavern, the blue Cadillac turned the moon blue, turned the gravel silver blue. Braxton read the car's front plate. THE KING LIVES ON. The back plate was Tennessee's. AMERICA AT ITS BEST.

Lights inside the Cadillac's trunk spilled over suitcases, boxes, trinkets and bedding. Buttoning a red-suede jacket over her halter, Marie turned slowly to Braxton. She whispered, "He gave my momma this car."

Braxton's heart tromboned. He whispered, "Elvis? Elvis did? Is that really true?"

The girl handed Braxton the keys and then got in on the passenger's side. Dew was cool in his palm when he slid behind the steering wheel. They sat there, white under the moon.

"Why?"

"Because she started crying right there by the pool that night, and some of the guys tried to hustle her out quick, before Elvis got bummed out, but he said, 'Wait a minute, how come she's crying?' "

Braxton moved his fingers over the instruments on the dash, over the shadowy chrome and white and powder blue, up and down the white steering wheel.

"And she was so scared, he had to get right in her face to hear her. It was because he looked so sad, she was crying. She thought that maybe it was because it was the first time he was living at Graceland since his momma died, and maybe it felt lonesome being home without her. Boy, that makes sense now."

Braxton slid the seat back, moved the mirrors, with his fingers felt for the ignition, held his hand there on the key, waiting, listening.

"He made somebody take her home. Then, in a few days, this comes to the house. The salesman drove it. Momma's daddy blew his top. He thought she must

"Why, Suzette, I believe you knew it was me all the time."

have, you know, for it. And there was a card with it that said, 'Don't feel blue.' That's all it said, 'Don't feel blue.' And it was a blue Cadillac to go with the card."

"Did he sign it?"

"No, but it was him."

"Goddamn. That's really great. They used to say he was always doing that, giving away motorcycles and diamond rings. And imagine that."

"Go ahead," Marie told him. Braxton turned the key. The big convertible moved forward like lake water. One finger on the wheel led it out of the lot.

"Go ahead," she told him.

Slowly his foot pressed down, into the pedal, down, farther down. The pedal went back in hasteless ease. The Cadillac surged over the road's black waves.

Their hair stung at their faces. The wind stung, too. Braxton was crying.

"Do whatever you want!" she yelled, and he laughed in yelps.

"Just don't kill us!" she yelled.

Too far away, too long ago, the bluffs of Memphis jutted out at the moon where the town's lovers had always parked to make love in their cars. There were stories that thwarted lovers had killed themselves by jumping from the bluffs into the Mississippi River below. Chickasaw Indian lovers had lain on the bluffs before La Salle stood there claiming all the land wild beyond him, before De Soto stood there discovering the river below, before the townsfolks stood there watching Yankee gunboats sink their fleet, before Braxton W. Cox stood there with his friends on the night before his wedding, and flung bottles of Wild Turkey up at the moon and called to her to join the party he was sure would never stop.

Now he drew his foot back. The three-point turn was like gliding his finger through lake water. "We better turn around," he said.

"Stop a second," she said. "What do you want to do?"

A dirt road was dark with trees.

"Do you want to ball?" she asked. "That's all right, if you want to."

The woods made almost no sound at all. He saw the lighter's red eye, smelled the cigarette paper.

He said, "You know what we used to do? I mean at first, I don't mean when the Sixties really got going good but before that. We'd neck for a long time. It wasn't actually too often that somebody would come out with what you just said, right off."

She said, "Yeah, I guess so. A lot's happened since then."

Braxton leaned back, his neck on the cool white seat. Stars were everywhere. "Too much for me," he said.

In a minute, the girl crushed out her cigarette and moved over against Braxton. He cupped his hand beneath her ponytail and kissed her for a long time. Then he slid both hands inside the red halter and pulled it down and kissed her breasts for a long time. Finally, they got out of the car and went to the back seat. It was dew-cold, snow-white, so wide and long he hardly had to bend his knees. Her skirt bunched at his stomach. The little chains on her boot heels rubbed at his calves. She said when they finished, "I saw a star fall. That was nice."

•

Back at the Casey Jones parking lot, Braxton said, "Atlanta, hunh?"

"I guess so," she said.

"Listen, that was pretty great back there. I just want you to know that, Marie, OK?"

She said, "That's all right." She opened another pack of cigarettes; he'd seen cartons stacked in the trunk. "Listen, let me just ask you something, OK? My momma loving Elvis so much, do you think she was weird?"

"If it made her happy. . . ."

"It got to be sort of a weird thing with me. Listen, when I was little, she took me to Memphis to see Elvis' momma's grave, and it's got this big statue of Jesus with his arms out and two little angels, and Momma was talking about who it was we were coming to see, she was kind of hoping Elvis would show up at the cemetery, too, and see the blue Cadillac and remember she was the one who'd cried for him and he'd told her, 'Don't be blue.' But I was pretty little and I got it in my head that the statue standing there with his arms out was Elvis. I told my friends, later on. Crazy Marie again."

Braxton was cold, logy-headed, tired, and needed to get back to the bathroom, and needed to have gotten back to his mother's house six hours ago so he could try to make her understand again how he could have lost his wife to a Brazilian. He felt he was hurt somewhere inside him deep and dull.

The girl slid behind the wheel when he got out of the car.

"Yeah, I guess that's a little weird," he said. "Kids think funny things."

"You ever see the Christ of the Ozarks, Braxton? It's huge. You know, on Magnetic Mountain in the Ozarks? Well, the arms stretch out around 70 feet across. I thought that was Elvis, too. The lady at the souvenir shop said that those arms were so big and strong you could hang six Cadillacs from each one with no trouble." Marie looked up at Braxton. "So. That's what I thought. That Elvis had arms 70 feet wide with blue Cadillacs hanging from them on strings, and when he saw my momma so sad, he snapped one of the cars off its string and gave it to her. I really believed that for a while."

Braxton pushed down the lock on her door. "You can't go to Graceland in the middle of the night. Why don't you come home with me? I'll take you over there in the morning."

She buttoned her jacket. "That's all right. You're nice, but don't take it personally, I feel like I want to be on my own now. OK? Thanks, anyhow. See you around, OK? Happy Thanksgiving." The car rumbled awake, backed away from him.

"Sure you don't want to get married?" he called.

"Sorry," she yelled.

"Sure I don't look like Elvis?"

She waved her arm as the blue Cadillac carried her away, enchanted maiden, to its master, the king of Graceland.

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Bubbly & Black Tie

(continued from page 128)

"Adventurous hosts can serve a range of champagnes throughout the evening. . . ."

an aromatic dressing (1 cup mayonnaise stirred with ¼ cup Ricard liquor, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1½ teaspoons tarragon and a heavy dash of pepper). Provide seafood forks or picks so guests can spear crab chunks and dunk away. For something more substantial, consider a roast loin of pork or veal. Both complement champagne and offer no problems of preparation. Specialty butchers will bone, tie and season the meat for you. Serve the crab cold, the meat at room temperature. Dessert can be as simple as ripe strawberries and champagne biscuits—or even jelly beans! You never know who'll drop in at a black-tie-and-champagne blast.

Playboy's Guide to Black-Tie Bubblies

Drinking *brut* champagne all night is certainly no deprivation, but champagne comes in a variety of styles. Adventurous hosts can serve a range of champagnes throughout the evening—depending on the circumstances. It's an intriguing concept and would certainly add flair to your affair. Following is a list of champagnes, keyed to specific situations. Don't attempt to serve all types; pick the ones that work for *you*. Note that a range of prices is given for each category.

WELCOME DRINK: *Blanc de blancs*—light, crisp, refreshing and made only from white grapes. A good opening. Try the following: Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Blanc de Blancs, Charbaut Certificate, Ayala, Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs, Pol Roger Blanc de Chardonnay, Piper-Heidsieck Florens-Louis Blanc de Blancs. (Prices range from $20 to $55.)

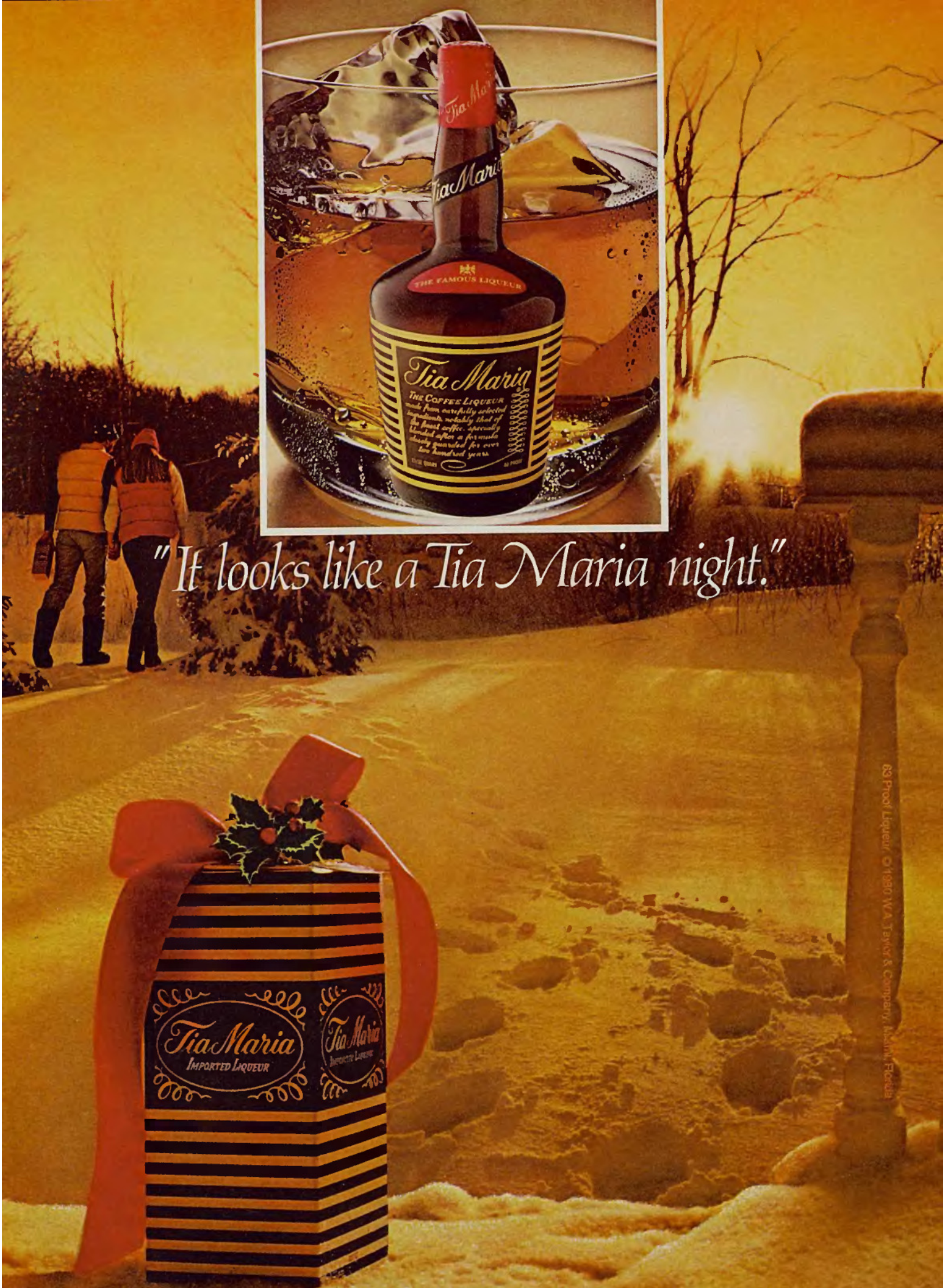
RANDOM SIPPING: Nonvintage *brut*—quite dry, clean, delicate and unassertive. The one to stay with all night! Go for Laurent Perrier Special Cuvée, Moët et Chandon Brut Impériale, Piper-Heidsieck Brut Sauvage, Besserat de Bellefon Réserve, Philipponnat, Lanson Black Label and Pommery et Greno, Bollinger Special Cuvée, Taittinger La Française Brut, De Venoge Cordon Bleu. (Prices range from $16 to $23.)

MIDNIGHT TOAST: Prestige *cuvées*—made from top growths in exceptional years and aged extra-long on the yeast. Some come in impressive decanters. Pick from Moët et Chandon Dom Pérignon, Laurent Perrier Grand Siècle, Bollinger R.D. Tradition (the champagne poured at the royal wedding), Bollinger Vielle Vignes, Cuvée William Deutz, De Venoge Champagne des Princes, Philipponnat Clos des Goises, Perrier-Jouët Fleur de Champagne, Krug Grande Cuvée. (Prices range from $30 to $60.)

DINNER PARTNERS: Vintage champagnes—these are products of superior years, given extra aging. They tend to be fairly substantial, mating well with appetizers, fish, shellfish and light meats. Look for Laurent Perrier, Mumm Cordon Rouge, Salon, Krug, Vve. Clicquot-Ponsardin Gold Label, Pommery et Greno, Piper-Heidsieck, Bollinger. (Prices range from $21 to $32.)

DESSERT DELIGHTS: Sweet champagnes—*sec*, *demisec* or, in some cases, extra-dry. Desserts demand a sweet champagne, since they would wipe out a *brut*. Pick Pol Roger Dry Special—a *sec* despite its name; Roederer Demi-Sec—sweeter than *sec*; Mumm Extra Dry and Bollinger Extra Dry—both moderately sweet, fruity and balanced. (Prices range from $19 to $22.)

THE LAST HURRAH: Rosé champagne—once deemed the drink for lovers, it is coming into vogue again. A cheerful, fruity, pink champagne is the perfect parting shot, a special way to bid guests goodbye. Check out Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Rosé, Charbaut, Henriot, Perrier-Jouët, Roederer Cristal Rosé, Billecart-Salmon, De Castellane, Moët et Chandon Brut Impériale Rosé. (Prices range from $21 to $55.)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"It looks like a Tia Maria night."
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MAN and WOMAN *(continued from page 205)*

"Sex between us became a theater in which we tried to express a new freedom and a new equality."

saying. And this was the second thing that happened. For suddenly, in the Sixties, there was a whole generation that appeared to take this lesson of science to heart. It saw itself as smothered and misled from birth onward. And so it attacked every institution that had directed its fate: the family, the schools, the universities, the Government and the military-industrial complex. It took up the cause of those who had been left out of the social dispensation—the poor and the black. And when this revolution dwindled down to the soft, sweet swan song of the hippies, it gave us the sexual revolution.

This was the final revolt against nature. Women refused to be immured any longer in socially imposed definitions that kept them at home. Homosexuals refused to be locked up in closet and caricature. Men attempted to avoid the excesses of a *machismo* they'd been brought up into. And sex between all of us became a theater in which we tried to express a new freedom and a new equality.

All this rested on what seemed at the time to be a perfectly good and liberating assumption, one rooted in a popular science that was as democratic and available as we ourselves wanted to be. Gender differences could at last be forgotten—beyond the way we reproduced and took our pleasure, they were acquired and incidental to who we were. Male and female roles and behaviors were simply the result of a differential upbringing and a biased educational system. And the jobs and expectations characteristic of the sexes were things that were dinned into us and forced on us. In a just and equitable society, they would be eliminated.

"None of that, buddy—it has to go through channels."

These tenets spelled out the *new* orthodoxy, and it is with us to this day. It is liberal. It is the ideological cornerstone of the various liberation movements—including men's. And in the past 20 years, it has permeated every stratum of our society. We now try to bring up our children in a nonbiased way. We aim for a nonsexist education. We scrutinize ourselves for the slightest sign of the old Adam and the old compliant Eve. And we spend a great deal of time reading confusing dispatches from the front about sex, about the sexes and about what we are or are not doing right. We have swallowed whole, that is to say, this new orthodoxy, just as our great-grandparents swallowed whole the orthodoxy delivered up by science to *them*. And we never stop to think that this may ultimately be just as divisive and self-serving as it was 100 years ago.

For it has cut us off from the past, from nature and from the possibility of finding out any large truths about who we really are as a species made up of two sexes. Instead, it has confined us to a sort of permanent here and now, as if we were brand-new men and women. It has encouraged us to think that the newest, latest, best-publicized revelation might tell us something that we *need* to know. It has made us, as individuals, self-conscious. It has forced us to be acute observers of human *un*happiness—since sociology and psychology find it very difficult to analyze happiness and those relationships that work. And it has made it difficult to see the wood of ourselves for the trees of all the daily arriving studies, statistics and theories. "Forty-seven percent of men . . ." "Fifty-one percent of women . . ." "Are unhappy with their partner." "Have friends of the opposite sex." "Disapprove of homosexuality." "Are jealous." "Want marriage." "Make or don't make big decisions." Never in human history have we had so much information about one another. And we seem none the wiser.

●

The great Danish writer Isak Dinesen wrote shortly before her death: "The mutual inspiration of man and woman has been the most powerful force in the history of the race." In 1982, then, PLAYBOY will be taking a long, hard look at everything that can be known about the source of that inspiration, the complementary nature of male and female. We will go far beyond the confusion of the polls and percentages to something much deeper. We will travel beyond

orthodoxy and try to find where wisdom lies. Men and women, as Dinesen knew, are part of a great mystery, a destiny that has tied them together from their beginning eons ago and continues to tie them to a human nature far older than they are. We have been a long time coming to this place, and we have a long way to go.

Over the next few months, a special PLAYBOY report will be looking at the past, present and future of the partnership between the sexes. And it will help announce the arrival of a new *human* science that is working to unravel the essentials of our nature. In the past five or six years, virtually unbeknown to the general public, a whole gaggle of different scientific disciplines has come together and is fast becoming a broad science of man—of men and women—a science that is trying to find answers to the riddles that lie at the heart of who we are. Why are there two sexes? Why do males exist? What is the separate biological inheritance that makes us male and female? And how is it expressed in our emotions, our skills, our abilities and our couplings? Why did sexual pleasure evolve? And why is monogamy almost universal? Are we prisoners of our gender? Or can we, without stress, change our sexually related institutions and structural relations at will?

It is a long and absorbing road that we'll be taking, and we hope that you'll take it with us. It will take us deep into the brain, the womb, the glands. It will take us through time and space, from the American suburbs to the Trobriand Islands to our living ancestors, the !Kung bushmen of the Kalahari Desert; from the dating practices of San Francisco's homosexuals to the man who fathered and then breast-fed his own child—and on to the children of the Dominican Republic who are born, it seems, as girls and become boys at puberty.

It will take us from monkey colonies in Wisconsin to female singing birds in California to the sex-changing fish of the coral reefs; from the laboratory in England where the first human pheromone is being isolated to the university hospital in Ontario where gender was found to make a difference in stroke recovery; from Twenties sex books to perfume manuals in Sanskrit to the practices of the American advertising industry; from the images produced by our culture to the images produced by the CAT scan. This road will take us into our future, a future, perhaps, of contraceptive sprays and pills for pleasure. But it will always lead us back to our present, to this present point of conflict between our biological evolution and our cultural evolution, between what we are and what we want to be.

It is for this reason that included in this issue of the magazine is a brand-new PLAYBOY questionnaire. For in a few months' time, when the results of the poll are published and this journey through the sexes is over, we hope to be able to see more clearly not only what is going on in our society but *why*.

•

As we were gathering material for this report, we went to see Richard Alexander, a professor of biology at the University of Michigan. He told us, with some amazement, of a class he had recently given. "I asked them," he said, "to name some of the differences between males and females. And after a while, they came to *two* conclusions. Besides making sperm and making eggs, the two organisms of the species have only one difference—women can make

"Please, operator! Either get off the line or stop agreeing with my mother."

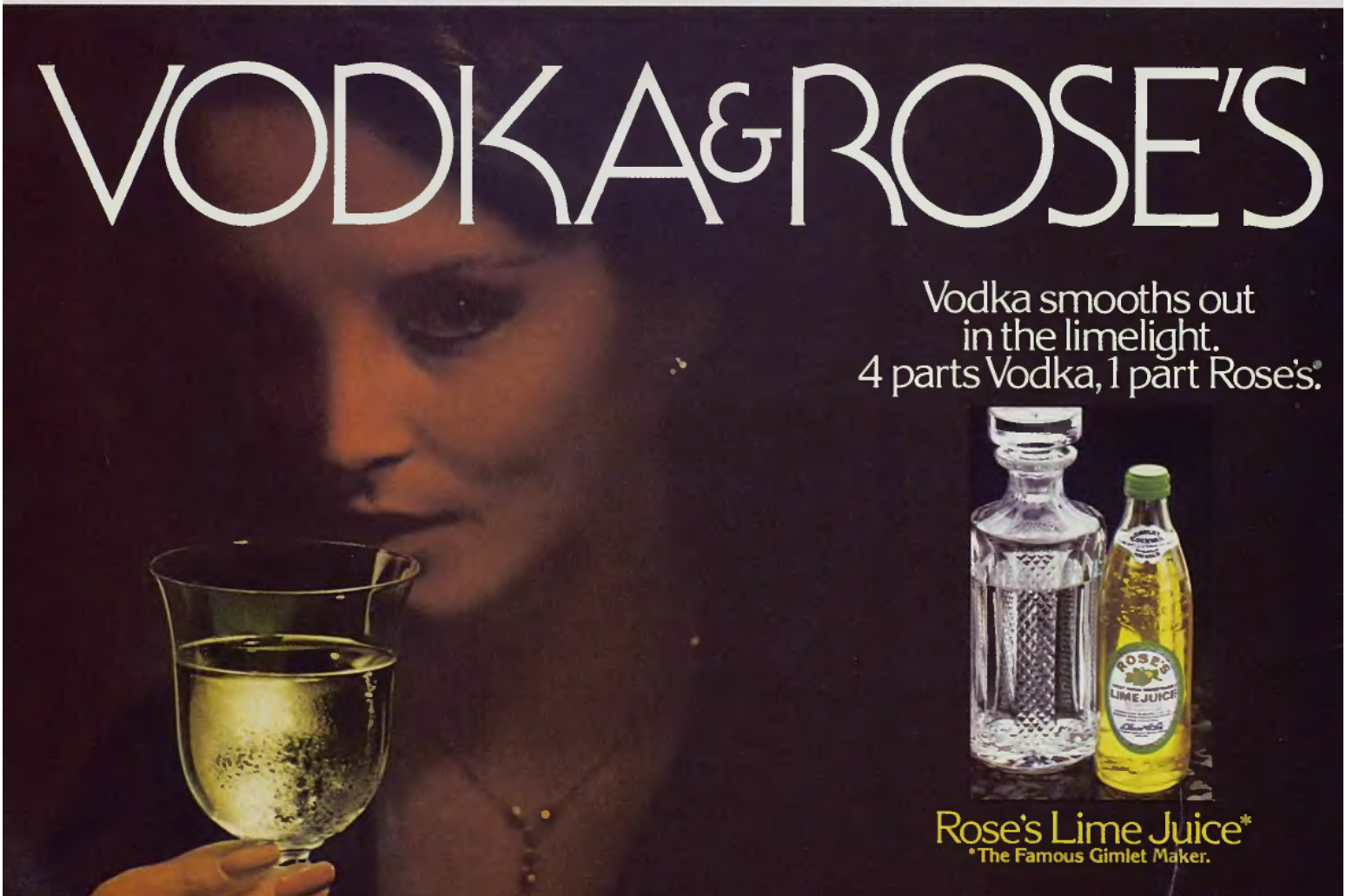
babies and nurse them. Well, there was quite a ruckus about this. The females in the class were angry and offended. And I was puzzled, until someone pointed out to me that they must have thought this denied them *power*. Well, it's unfortunate that they saw power—selfish power—as the point. Because males and females are different, variously different, much more different than the class believed. They are two forms of life, indispensable to each other. And that—surely—is the point."

Alexander's students would no doubt be equally offended by *this* proposition. And there is no doubt that much of the science we'll be talking about is extremely controversial. For it often challenges modern, fondly held beliefs. It is denounced as sexist and antiliberal. It is attacked as militantly feminist and as virulently antifeminist, even though a good deal of the research is conducted by women. One internationally known woman researcher even told us of a grant proposal's having been turned down, not on the grounds that it was a poor proposal—it was highly rated—but on the grounds, in the words of just one referee, that "*This work ought not to be done.*" It was seen as antihumanist.

We disagree. We believe that truth is of fundamental importance. And it is of a struggle toward truth, in the end—toward a new understanding of ourselves—that we'll be writing in the coming months. As a man and a woman, we have been endlessly fascinated by what the various sciences have been able to tell us about ourselves and our inheritance. Some of these sciences will be familiar, no doubt; some of them will not. But when their findings and conclusions are put together, we believe that you will find them as fascinating and as revealing as we have:

- The natural form of the human is female.
- Motherhood, but not fatherhood, is innate.
- In nature, promiscuous males die young.
- Monogamy may be the most important evolutionary step mankind has taken.
- Concealed ovulation is a piece of evolutionary hoodwinkery by which a woman keeps a man around the house.
- The brain is a gland: a thinking gland, even a sex gland.
- In no human society are all sexual relations casual and impersonal.
- So-called female intuition may be a real ability, the result of a distinct biological inheritance.
- Male homosexuals may have a feminized brain in a masculinized body.
- Human males are much less different from other primates than human females.
- The brains of men and women are, in important respects, differently organized—including, perhaps, for pleasure.
- The average time it takes man to reach orgasm in coitus is two to three minutes; woman, eight to ten minutes.
- Males and females may communicate with one another via a system that influences menstruation, hair growth, aggression, attraction, mood and mother-child bonding.
- Males and females are prone to different disorders: males to dyslexia, stuttering, hyperactivity and perhaps to schizophrenia; females to math disability, anorexia, depression and psychosomatic illness.
- Of 849 human societies studied, men were permitted to take more than one wife in 708, women to take more than one husband in only four.

We hope that you will take time to fill out the questionnaire and will join us during the coming months for the PLAYBOY report. In the next issue, we will begin at the beginning: Why do males and females exist, and—given that males are comparatively useless in nature and the most successful organisms on earth use sex very little—why do we have sex at all? We promise you an interesting story.



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LORDS OF THE RINGS *(continued from page 164)*

"As I spend more time with these guys, I learn that loose doesn't mean the same as not serious."

have a solid base of six-year-olds. But it all comes out of visibility. The appeal of gymnastics is that it is a clean-cut sport. If you were asked to describe the average gymnast, you would think of someone who is all-American, a straight-A student, someone who speaks well; it's the perfect image if a politician wanted a young person to represent his campaign.

"Part of the problem is that we don't have enough young people willing to fit that mold—the responsibility of visibility means towing the line."

•

After the Windy City Invitational, I go out to watch the best of the breed, the N.C.A.A. gymnastics champions at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln.

It seems that the only way to get hurt in the gymnastics gymnasium at Nebraska is to shoot yourself out of a cannon and smack your head on the 35-foot-high ceiling. This room, 45 feet wide and 110 feet long, by general consensus is considered the best-equipped, the *safest* gymnastics gym in the country. The joint has more padding than a padded cell; it's a sea of wall-to-wall multilayered spring mats. It has Pyramid-block-sized chunks of foam and there's a seven-foot-deep, $23,000 pit filled with netting and shredded foam, into which gymnasts disappear after vaulting off the long horse to resurface from the neck up, laughing, and occasionally tossing chunks of foam at the next resurfacing head. The pit is like a millionaire kid's ultimate Christmas present. You could fall to your death in there and not get hurt. The plush relative safety of the Nebraska gym is important: A gymnast has to be able to work, as much as possible, without fear.

Danger. Phil Cahoy on the horizontal bar goes into a giant swing, a flyaway, a back flip with a half twist, misses the bar for the recatch and drops 12 feet to the mat. He's wearing a safety harness around his waist attached to a rope that is pulleyed to the high ceiling, the loose end held by Nebraska assistant coach Jim Howard, who, when Cahoy starts his plummet, yanks down to break the fall. The resulting physics exchange jerks Howard a foot in the air, so that he looks like Quasimodo ringing the bells.

Over on the floor-exercise mat is Steve Elliott, a tumbler so phenomenal, so in a class by himself that he has been asked to appear in the *Guinness Book of World Records* and on *To Tell the Truth* for his feats on floor exercise and vaulting. Elliott charges across the mat and does a double—a double somersault with two full twists, which means spinning twice simultaneously on his vertical and horizontal axes and landing on his feet. Elliott started at Nebraska on a swimming and diving scholarship. He is a gymnastics-team walk-on, a gift horse. Howard calls him a motor genius. "Elliott walked into the gym, watched some guys on the vault and said, 'I wanna learn how to do that.' Now he does stuff on vault that no one else in the world can do."

The mood in the gym is loose—looser than I expected. But as I spend more time with these guys, I learn that *loose* doesn't mean the same as *not serious*.

A few guys are wrestling on the foam blocks, some barking encouragement and advice to teammates on the apparatus, some laughing at guys screwing up routines. Francis Allen, the head coach, is sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall, watching the action. Someone drops from a great height. "Wo! How's your kidneys, Bubba?" Allen's life is gymnastics. He was the 1980 U. S. Olympic gymnastics coach. Three members of that team came from his own gym. His Cornhuskers are for the third consecutive year the reigning N.C.A.A. champs. In five days, I wouldn't see him wear an outfit that didn't have NEBRASKA printed on it somewhere. Like most gymnasts, he's short and trim. He has a pointed chin, a huge head of groomed hair ending in enormous rakish sideburns that almost meet at his nose and cackling eyes. He's an R-rated scoutmaster, everybody's favorite risqué uncle. He's part of the Sixties gymnastics generation, a cutup, a flake.

His office has four wall hangings: a sign that reads PISS ON IRAN, a drawing titled POLISH SHOWER that shows a nude doofus pissing into a fan that blows it back on himself, a huge pair of B.V.D.s with NEBRASKA GYMNASTICS emblazoned on the front panel and, last, a laminated plaque that decrees Francis Allen the N.C.A.A. Coach of the Year.

As I sit and watch the practice, the goofing around, the spectacular routines, I'm told that today's practice is sluggish. Allen, Cahoy and Hartung are all ragged out from jet lag. Allen and Hartung had an invitational meet in Japan and Cahoy had one in China, so they all hooked up in Tokyo over the weekend and flew back to Lincoln. That's the price you pay for being Big Pizza in gymnastics these days. If you're good, real good, you get to see more of the world before your 21st birthday than an entire Air Force squadron. In the old days, gymnastics was a short-lived thing—high school, college, maybe a year or two of competition if you were good. But there was really nothing to look forward to except a trip to Denver or Tucson. Hartung went to Russia as a high school senior and has gone back a few times since; he's also gone to Japan, Germany, Hungary, Mexico. Most of the top guys have been on national TV—Home Box Office, *ABC's Wide World of Sports*. Thomas knocked 'em dead when he appeared with Dick Cavett (who himself was a former high school gymnastics champ from Lincoln, Nebraska).

White-bread disco music is pumped through the stereo system. Allen is flat on his belly, his chin in his hands, watching a video tape of one of his gymnasts. A couple of the guys are down on their bellies watching with him, laughing and cheering.

John Scheer, Ph.D.—and U.S.G.F. judge—comes into the gym. Scheer teaches a class at Nebraska called Healthy Lifestyles. He, Allen and Howard have been pals since they were on the Cornhusker team in the Sixties.

"It's loose in here, isn't it?" says Scheer. "They work their asses off, but Francis keeps them loose. It's important with the skills so high and the routines so dangerous. A team picks up its vibes from its coach. Some teams tense up as their coaches tense up, and they clutch. In this gym, it's as loose the day of the N.C.A.A. finals as it is the first day of the season."

Despite the fact that most gymnasts are built like small Greek statues, the over-all *Gestalt* is more androgynous than studly; and although I guess that's kind of hip in a Euro New Wave way, most of these guys are about as New Wave as corn on the cob.

In the primitive Sixties, when the skills, the dangers and the visibility were a fraction of what they are today, there was already that need to blow it out, to walk on the edge of things. It would seem that if anybody had reason to get nuts to preserve his sanity, it would be this new breed. But nothing seems to penetrate their bland façade. I can't buy it—there's gotta be more than meets the eye.

But when I ask some of them how they raise hell, *if* they raise hell, most say they don't have time to. Between workouts and school, there isn't any time left. One guy, when asked if his teammates raise hell, says, "Oh, yeah, we Frenched a guy's sheets last week."

Another says, "I got a girlfriend and all."

I guess the best answer to my wheedling and digging for some secret hysteria, some off-hours madness, reminiscent of Sixties recklessness is one gymnast's blank-faced response: "I risk my life,

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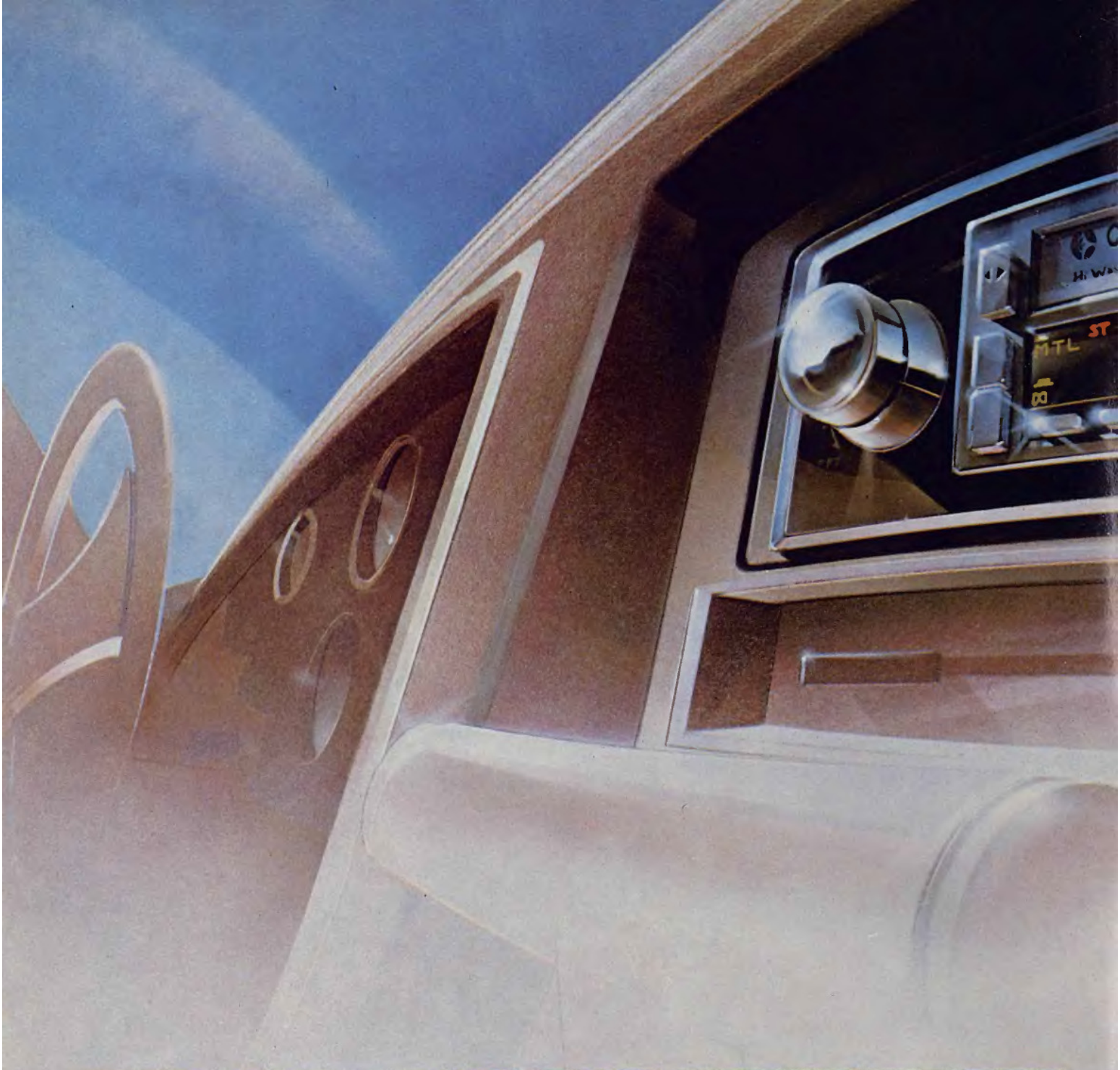

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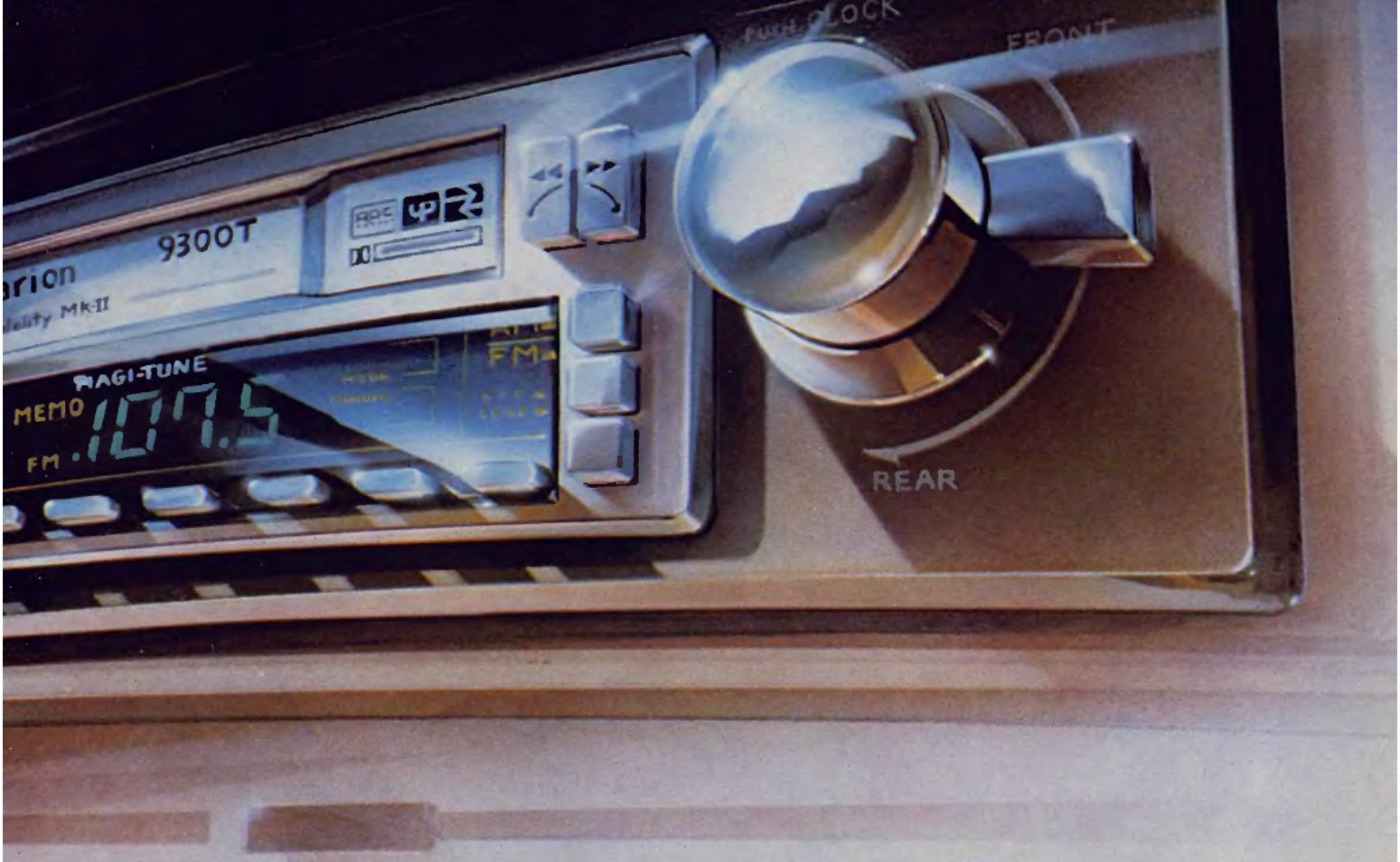

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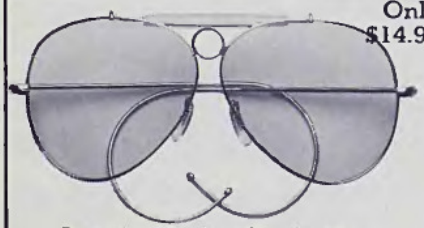

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I'm in some kind of flight for three hours a day, six days a week; what kind of release would you like? All I want to do after that is crawl in bed with a nice safe math book."

Their rooms are typical college-kid rooms with tape cassettes, Nebraska beer mugs and literary classics on the bookshelves with yellow USED stickers on the spines. There are only two jarring sights (other than the trophies and gym photos): Steve Elliott covered his walls with wood paneling except for a cutout square, dead center, where, stenciled against the harsh cinder block, is a dark-blue silhouette of a gymnast on still rings frozen in the eerily crucifixlike position of a perfect Iron Cross. In Hartung's room is a full gunrack. I say, "Holy shit, look at those guns!"

He looks at me patiently and says, "Those are rifles. The guns are in the closet." He likes to hunt.

They're just all-American guys headed for the trenches of international competition. But how do these Midwestern, fifth-in-the-world, corn-fed minors respond to traveling all over the world, being in the international spotlight before they're old enough to buy beer? They all like it, of course, but they don't like it. No one has anything good to say about "the world."

"My kids don't like Russians, Romanians—even the French," says Allen. "The French are assholes. They hate Americans. I can't wait to get back home, either. My kids don't like the Commies, because they cheat like hell. It's built into their system. They don't even think of it as cheating; it's a war situation, it's a war of political ideologies, and they have to win the battle. They put Yuri Titov [the head judge and president of the International Gymnastic's Federation] in there to run the judging and that's his job, to make sure the Communists win. He takes care of them, they take care of him.

"Those athletes are all subsidized. You get a 12-year-old Romanian kid who's got promise in gymnastics. You can offer her father a better job, a bigger apartment, an auto. Take her away, put her in a special government-subsidized training school. In Russia, they'll test kids and push them into sports according to things like hamstring flexibility. They might have three or four potential sports for kids with hamstring flexibility. And they can offer those incentives to the families and, as a result, the Russians have depth. If their number-seven man drops out, their number-15 man is probably just as good. We have maybe four guys at the top, but we don't have any bottom to our pyramid. We need a broader base. We need money and publicity. We need more names known. Kurt Thomas would have been *huge* if we had gone to the Olympics. We lost all that publicity."

"How did you feel about the boycott?" I ask Allen.

"Well, I was the coach, so maybe I'll get a chance to go again, but these kids won't. I dunno. We were told that we were gonna help the free world. The U. S. was gonna make a stand. They had all the Olympic teams up to the White House, and we didn't know the President was going to be there. All of a sudden, Jimmy Carter shows up with 30 fucking guards. He pops out and gives this big spiel about freedom, freedom of choice, and all of a sudden, he turns to the Olympic people and he raises his arms, like *that*, and they didn't do a fucking thing. I was gonna clap, but nobody clapped. None of the kids applauded *at all*, and Carter goes [*he makes a face as if he's torn his pants*]. He just turns back around, says a couple of things and splits.

"It was devastating. It was fantastic. And *I* wanted to clap, because I'm kind of a redneck. You travel the places I've been and you're an automatic redneck. So I was gonna clap just out of respect to the President of the country that I'm proud of. And, if I had, clap clap clap, that's all you would have heard."

•

Cut to somewhere east of Lincoln. Put on an ominous Hollywood, Land of the Rising Sun sound track. As I stand there, talking with Francis Allen, redneck, patriot, Olympic coach, the Japanese collegiate all-stars march steadily across the Midwest, kicking ass at every stop of their American tour. And in just a few days—on December seventh, Pearl Harbor Sunday—they will be hosted by the University of Nebraska Cornhuskers.

The day before the meet with Japan, the local TV cameras come into the Nebraska gym and start setting up their lights as the Cornhuskers go through their last day of practice. Elliott, wearing a pulled-out turtleneck, squints into harsh lights as he adjusts his shorts. Allen looks at him. "What a hambone," he says, laughing. "I'll never forget the 1980 N.C.A.A. finals, Elliott's first appearance. Only about a third of the people there had ever seen him do his stuff and he said to me, 'Well, Coach, what should I do?' I said, 'I'll tell you what to do. Just make one pass, balls-out, and do the hardest thing you can do.'

"So he flexes his wrists a few times, stands in the corner, jumps up, does a round-off back handspring two-and-a-half twisting step-up round-off flip-flop triple twisting somersault! Everybody's chin just hit the floor, just like that, and he won the gold medal right there. He was awesome, just awesome. See, normally, I wouldn't say that to just any gymnast, to go show 'em what you got. Some guys can't do it. But Elliott and Hartung and some other guys, they've got it. It's a pleasure to be around them, kids who

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"I like a kid with balls—daringness. A lot of coaches pick kids who they think are going to gain it. I don't think you can gain it. Either you come in with it or you don't have it. Either you have balls by the time you're, say, 12 or you don't. Rarely after."

Allen whistles the team over for an impromptu meeting. Everybody sprawls on the floor around him and Howard, and a few mild Jap jokes ripple through the crowd. As usual, Allen is loose as a goose:

"Gentlemen," he says, "I heard these guys got off the plane from Japan at one-thirty in the afternoon and they scored a 282 [a 281 score won Nebraska the N.C.A.A. championship the preceding year] against Michigan that same night with no warm-ups and no rest. So them are some bad suckers, but they can trip over their dicks like anybody else, and it would be nice to win."

After the meeting, which consists of more jokes, the kids go back to practice and Allen turns on the disco over the stereo system and does a few dance steps by himself. The team members take charge of one another, barking corrections and approval. A nonstarter is working out on rings and does a good routine. Allen applauds, speaks to him easily but specifically, tells him to try it again. The kid does the routine twice as well. Allen applauds loudly and ambles on, keeping everybody loose with jokes and patter.

"I can't believe this meet is gonna be on Pearl Harbor Day."

"That's nothing," Howard shrugs. "There's gonna be a reception for them at the American Legion hall afterward. You watch, some of them might get falling-down drunk. They usually do—they're heavy drinkers."

My mind exploded with the tableau of drunken Japs and drunken Legionnaires staggering around an American Legion post in heartland Nebraska on Pearl Harbor Day.

"How can they *do* that?" I ask.

"I don't think they do it *before* a meet," Howard says. "The Russians are worse. *They* travel with suitcases filled with vodka bottles. Their star Nikolai Andrianov? He's over the hill now, but we used to swap souvenir T-shirts at meets. Andrianov wanted three bottles of vodka for one T-shirt. He settled for two vodka, one wine. He was amazing. He does exhibitions totally bombed."

"How come *your* guys don't drink? If the Japs and the Russians drink and they're the best in the world, maybe your guys should drink."

"Nah. The drinking is a product of the environment. The Russians have chronic alcoholism. I don't know about Japan today, but back in the Sixties, Japanese gymnasts were so controlled, so segregated, their system was so rigid—these guys couldn't even date girls until they were 18. So whenever they could let loose, they did. We have two rules: No booze, no dope; and if you do, don't get caught. Me and Francis can drink all we want, but they better not. They got four years to get all they can out of our gym. We'll give them everything for those years, but they better give *us* everything. They got the rest of their lives to be drunk."

"And become gym coaches?"

"And become gym coaches."

•

Pearl Harbor Day. There is a giddy weirdness to standing at attention for the Japanese national anthem in the Bob Devaney Sports Complex on this ice-storm Sunday. There's a crowd of 6000 standing as the two teams face each other trim and airtight throughout the strange music. A few people refuse to stand, but everything's cool. They play *The Star-Spangled Banner*. People sing along with gusto. The Cornhuskers and the Japanese exchange token gifts man for man. As the two teams warm up, the P.A. blares disco interrupted by announcements of illegally parked cars.

Early in the meet, it becomes clear that the Japanese are incredible gymnasts. So are Allen's guys. The scores are consistently in the nines all around. The way the meet is set up, Nebraska does pommel horse while the Japanese do floor exercise. They stagger routines, then switch events. There are two judges per event seated diagonally across from each other on either side of the apparatus, one Japanese, one American. Rarely are their scores more than a few tenths of a point apart; in the case of a big discrepancy, they get together for a heads-down and compromise.

There's an excitement in the air that was nowhere in evidence at the Windy City Invitational. People here aren't rooting for Nebraska, they're rooting for the American way, GI Joe, swing music. It's not anti-Japanese; it's just pro-American. Honduras, Canada, Iceland would be the bad guys. It's all one big Them. Sports is the most innocent emotional form of nationalism. When the Cornhuskers do their routines, the crowd yells out, "Go, Scotty! Big Jim! Go, Steve!" And the names have the soul-stirring, heart-warming familiarity of the weary, ironic dogface at the check point in a World War Two movie responding, "DiMaggio, Olive Oyl, Brooklyn" to the questioning sentry's effort to determine if he's a real American.

I think maybe gymnastics is more of a team sport than I imagined. The group support among the Nebraska team is not hard to see. The Japanese are no slouches in the cheering department, either. They shout out the Japanese equivalent of *Rip it up!* to each of their guys on the final "dismount" pass of his floor ex, with its most spectacular twists and flips. After each man has finished his routine, they all run up to do a mass soul-man palm pound.

After every two completed events, there's an awards ceremony, with more pomp and circumstance than at a coronation. Flags, trophies, handshakes, marching. The trophies might be little soldered wire mobiles representing the event, or a commemorative plate or imitation-pewter mug. If they gave real silver or gold, they'd go bust a half hour into the competition.

Once again, the excitement is that incredible combination of daredeviltry and not fucking up. The smallest trip or slip draws a wince from the crowd. Elliott does one of his patented balls-out, gravity-fucking floor-ex passes and brings down the house. Hartung draws howls on the pommel horse. The Japanese are spectacular, too, but no one cheers for them as loudly. The scoring is based on

"I'll have a wing, Frank. The right one, of course."

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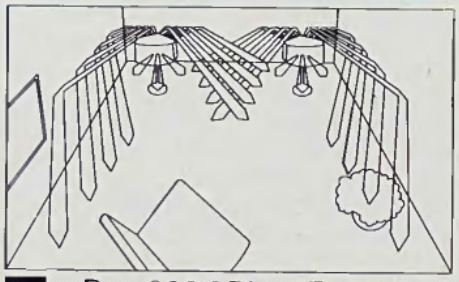

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the top five of six routines in each event. The final score is then the compilation of 30 individual routines judged to the hundredth of a point.

Halfway through the meet, Japan leads by two points.

Allen is as calm and collected as if this were another workout. He strolls around the gym with his hands behind his back. Once, he leans over behind a photographer snapping away and fakes an abrupt sneeze. Turning to me, he makes noises like a berserk out-of-control camera and mumbles, "Screw 'em up. Gotta do something. They're beatin' us."

At the end of five events, with the compilation of 25 scores, Nebraska is ahead by nine tenths of one point. Cahoy has just brought down the house on the horizontal bar with his over-the-bar release somersault and recatch. He gets a 9.9. Hartung snares a 9.8. The Japs have a rough time on the parallel bars, scoring in the low nines. And now, with the last exchange, the mathematical tension is thick.

Pocket calculators are held in sweaty hands, eyeballs fill with decimal points. Japanese on the high bar, Nebraska on the P bars. The Japs match the Nebraska horizontal-bar scores. Nebraska is screwing up just like Japan on the P bars. It's close. I feel as though I'm holding that .9 lead in my hand. After every exchange, heads whip to the judges' placards. Nebraska can score low on the P bars, but not *that* low.

A Japanese gymnast falls off the horizontal bar. The crowd gasps with a combination of fear and relief. He takes his 30-second grace period (the deduction for falling off is not insurmountable) and finishes his routine. False alarm—he scores in the high nines. Meanwhile, the Cornhuskers are flipping around on the P bars as though they're on downers, as though someone greased the wood. The scores are low—that .9 lead is being whittled away. Every Japanese flub, every slip draws cheers. Japan is up in the 9.7–9.8 range on horizontal bar. We're not making it. And when Olympic P-bar virtuoso Cahoy—working with a hand injury—barely scores a nine, it's decimal doom for Nebraska. The final score: Japan 283.85, Nebraska 282.85. It's the closest any American team has come to beating the Japanese on this tour.

At the American Legion hall, the largest of its kind in this country, the Japanese in black suits and short hair march single file to the bar. The place is already crowded with Nebraska rooters, sports personnel and the team. The mood is amiable but awkward. Almost none of the Japanese speak English.

Bob Devaney, the former Nebraska football coach and now athletic director at the university, the man whose name is carved in stone over the block-square sports complex, rises from his table, clasps his enormous gnarled hands in front of his chest and hesitantly gives a half bow in greeting. The Japs order beer and some weird mint-green frothy concoction that comes in a brandy snifter. They chain-smoke. Their suits are disco, but they wear white socks. The Nebraska kids don't smoke and they drink Cokes. They talk loud and slow, as you're supposed to when addressing senile grandparents and people who don't speak English. More effectively, they talk shop by pantomiming somersaults and dismounts with their hands.

The Japanese don't get falling-down drunk, as promised, though their coach is somewhat jovial and boisterous beyond the call of duty.

In the dining room, middle-aged waitresses pass out good old American inch-thick prime ribs and plastic bowls of lettuce heavy on the Thousand Island. Just before I leave, Jim Mikus from Reading, Pennsylvania, a former number-one high school gymnast and now a Nebraska soph, nods at a non-English-speaking gymnast on this waning Pearl Harbor Day. He raises his finger and issues the challenge, "Olympics . . . 'Eighty-four!"

HOW TO WATCH GYMNASTICS

the scoring is simple—once you get the hang of it

On *floor exercise*, there is a mat 12 meters square and one and a quarter inches thick on which the gymnast, within a strict time limit of 50–70 seconds, is supposed to choreograph a combination of multiple somersaults, flips, tumbles and jumps that displays his strength, balance, technique, control and flexibility in several passes across the mat. This is the only event with no apparatus. Says Kurt Thomas: "You've got nothing to hold on to but air."

Pommel horse is the least exciting yet most difficult event. Supporting his body on his hands, the gymnast must constantly swing his legs in lateral circles, interfering with his grip every half second. It's rhythm and balance. A gymnast has to exhibit double leg circles—scissors—straddling the apparatus and, swinging one leg high over the end of the horse, then dropping down and swinging the other leg high over the other end, he has to work all parts of the horse from end to end. Relatively speaking, there is no danger in pommel horse, but the concentration required is mind-bending; there is no stopping from beginning to end.

The *still rings*, suspended from ten feet of cable eight feet from the floor, is the most physically brutal event. A gymnast exhibits a series of strength moves, holding positions and swings, all without making the rings sway. If the cables start swaying through this torturous dance, he loses points. The rings require one of the Cross positions, in which a gymnast, arms extended, body rigid, is held motionless by a minute number of muscles in the shoulder area.

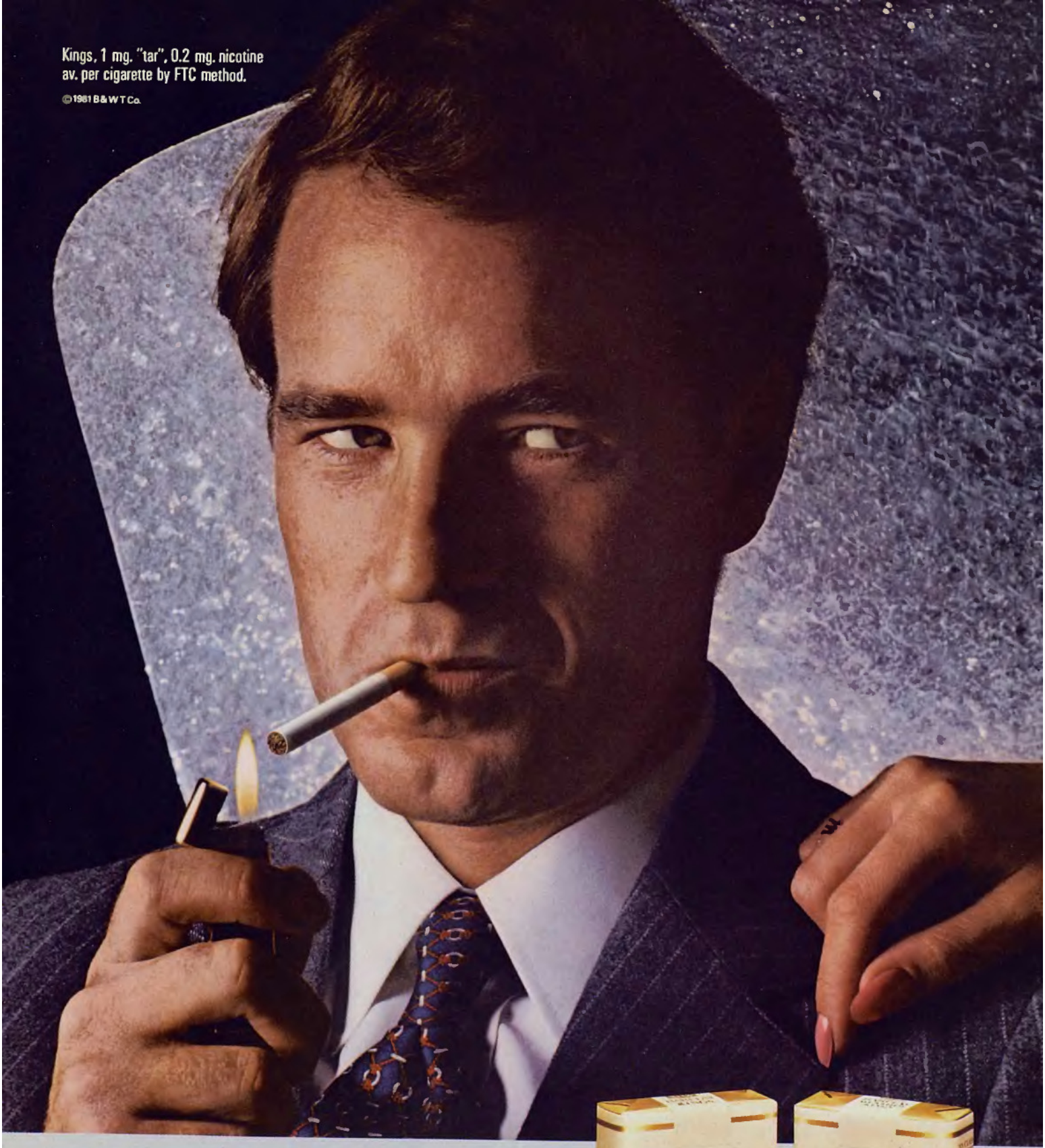
Long horse vault is the quickest event. It involves a 25-meter sprint onto a springboard, from which the gymnast is catapulted onto a long horse (a pommelless pommel horse), from which he then pushes off with his hands into a somersaulting, twisting or handspringing vault. It's all pure dismount.

Parallel bars are two stationary bars 11 and a half feet long, shoulder width and five and a half feet high on which a gymnast will compose a series of hanging swings, as well as arm and upper-arm support swings with a somersaulting dismount at the end. Some parallel-bar exercises can also be done in a perpendicular position, allowing the gymnast the widest range of routines.

The *horizontal bar* is the most spectacular, the most dangerous and the most exciting. The bar is eight feet high. The gymnast is constantly swinging, soaring up to 14 feet at the apex of his swings and releases. The dismounts are always showstoppers.

Judging is subjective, but the mathematical breakdown of a perfect ten tells the tale: Difficulty (the overall technical level), 3.4; execution, 4.4; and combination, 1.6—which adds up to 9.4. The other .6 are bonus points for what's known as R.O.V.—risk, .2 (optional moves that could just as easily jeopardize as enhance a routine); originality, .2 (innovative maneuvers often prepared as a surprise); and virtuosity, .2, which is elusive and refers to a soul-shattering beauty and grace that moves judges' hearts as much as their calculators.

Points are shaved for any kind of bending, wobbling, stopping of momentum, falling, using of hands to prevent falling, failure to hold a position for a required amount of time and, as your mother would say, putting your hands where they don't belong. In other words, there's no such thing as a lucky catch or a Texas-league single. —RICHARD PRICE



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av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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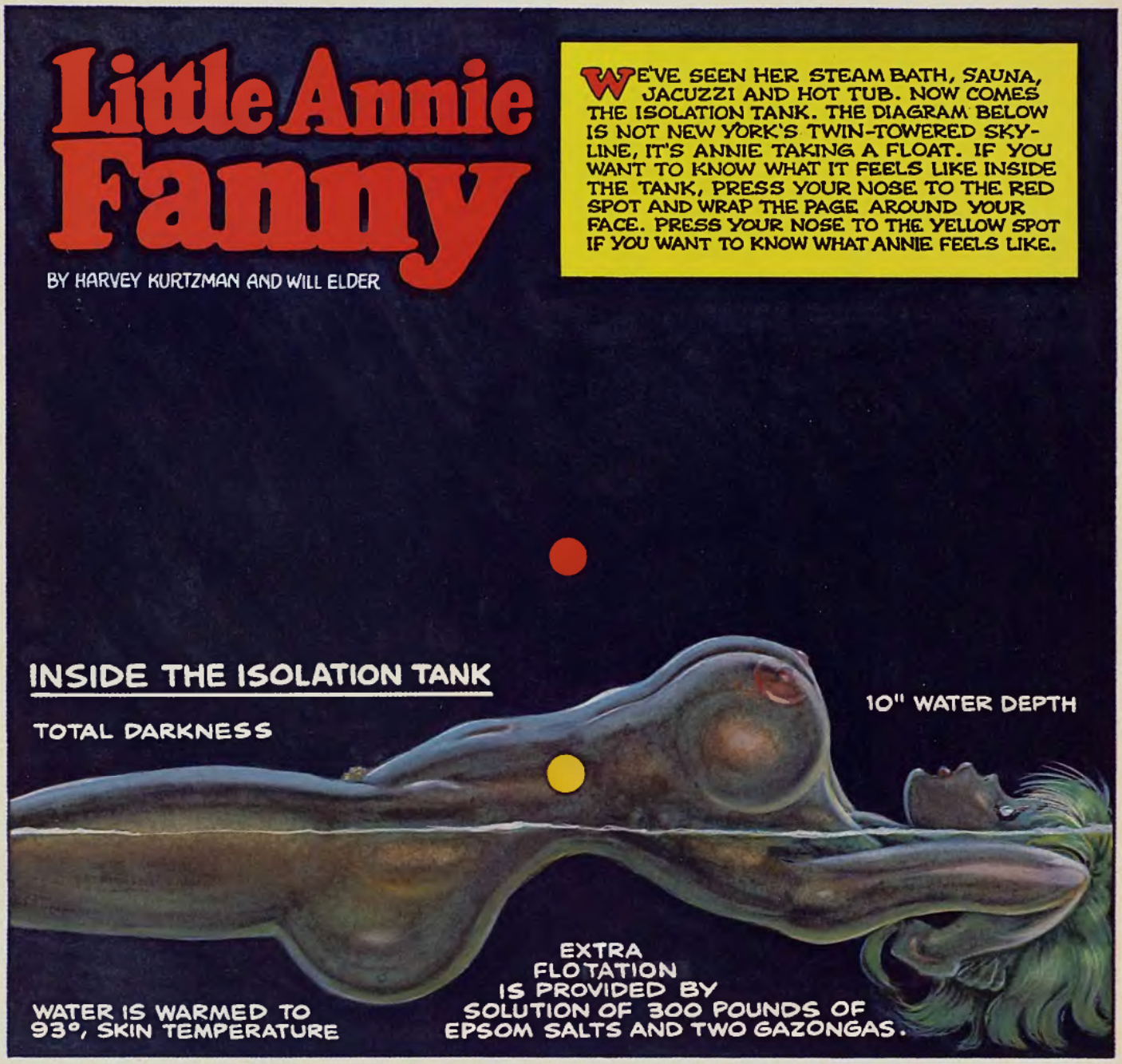
Little Annie Fanny

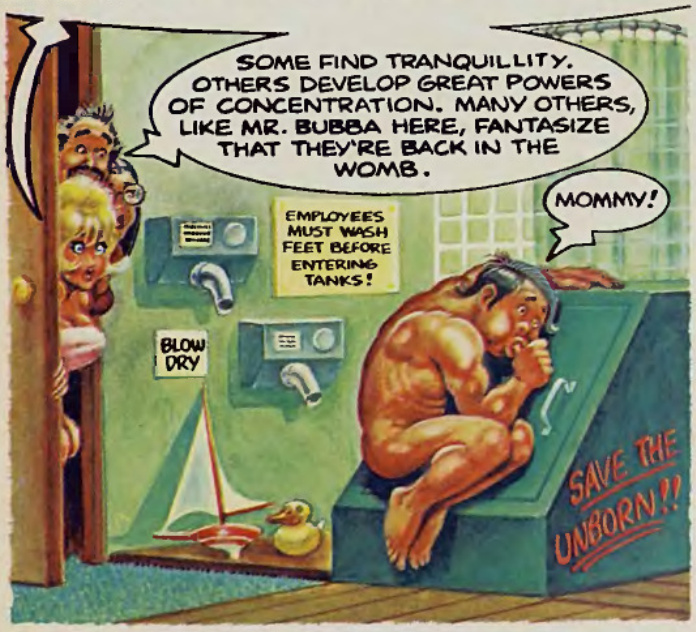
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

WE'VE SEEN HER STEAM BATH, SAUNA, JACUZZI AND HOT TUB. NOW COMES THE ISOLATION TANK. THE DIAGRAM BELOW IS NOT NEW YORK'S TWIN-TOWERED SKY-LINE, IT'S ANNIE TAKING A FLOAT. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE INSIDE THE TANK, PRESS YOUR NOSE TO THE RED SPOT AND WRAP THE PAGE AROUND YOUR FACE. PRESS YOUR NOSE TO THE YELLOW SPOT IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT ANNIE FEELS LIKE.



YOU DECIDED TO TRY THE TANK, EH? ... COSMIC! IT'LL BLISS YOU OUT! BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO SIGN OUR ROUTINE AGREEMENT.
NEED CASH? FLOAT A LOAN
"I AM NOT HIGH...NOT WEIRD... I HAVE NO KAKA DISEASES"—
IT SEEMS AGREEABLE TO ME.
ME, TOO (YOM YOM)!
CONTRACT LAW

YOU'LL HAVE ABSOLUTE PRIVACY IN YOUR TANK ROOM. HOWEVER, SOME OF MY REGULARS WON'T MIND IF I SHOW YOU AROUND.
WHEN MISS FLINCH FIRST ENTERED HER TANK, SHE WAS SCARED OF THE DARK.
I'M NOT COMING OUT!
NOW I'M SCARED OF THE LIGHT!
WASH RINSE DRY


EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU INSIDE A TANK?
SOME FIND TRANQUILLITY. OTHERS DEVELOP GREAT POWERS OF CONCENTRATION. MANY OTHERS, LIKE MR. BUBBA HERE, FANTASIZE THAT THEY'RE BACK IN THE WOMB.
MOMMY!
EMPLOYEES MUST WASH FEET BEFORE ENTERING TANKS!
BLOW DRY
SAVE THE UNBORN!!

HOW LONG DO YOU STAY IN?
YOU FLOAT FOR ONE HOUR. SOME PEOPLE SIGN UP FOR TWO HOURS. MR. RIPPLES HASN'T LEFT THE TANK SINCE THURSDAY.
MAIL

I'D SUGGEST YOU USE OUR "FAMILY ROOM," WHICH IS DESIGNED FOR GROUPS OF TWO OR MORE—
CAN WE, WANDA?
FAR IN!
CAPTAIN KIRK, BEAM ME UP!
BORING
HELLO, SELF!
ARF!

WASN'T THAT INCREDIBLE? JUST LIKE GOING BACK TO THE WOMB!
BIG WOOP!
THE FAMILY ROOM IS READY FOR YOU.
LET'S GO!...FIRST WE TAKE A SHOWER!
JUST WAIT! YOU'LL FEEL LIKE YOU'RE FLOATING IN SPACE.
family room

IT ISN'T WORKING, WANDA. I DON'T FEEL LIKE I'M FLOATING AT ALL!
NOT IN THE SHOWER, NINNY, IN THE TANK!
GET IN! YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.
ESTHER WILLIAMS MOVIE
TONITE

ONE HOUR LATER
OH! OHHH! I THINK I'M ABOUT TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF IT ALL!
SORRY, HON', YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT TOMORROW. OUR HOUR IS UP.
CHECK-OUT TIME 12:00 NOON
try the JACQUES COUSTEAU room!
OUT OF ORDER

I HEARD YOU THROUGH THE WALLS, MOANING AND CRYING. WERE YOU HAVING A DEEP AND MEANINGFUL EXPERIENCE ?
YEAH, REAL DEEP! I COULDN'T FIND THE DOOR.
BUT BEFORE THAT, I HAD A FABULOUS FANTASY!
AERO-SUITOR

I WAS FEELING TRANSPLENDENT... BLISSED OUT-
THEN I CLIMBED INTO THE TANK.
I FANTASIZED I WAS FLOATING THROUGH SPACE WITH BURT REYNOLDS-
I WAS FLOATING PAST THE MOON... SO I GAVE IT A HICKEY!

I FANTA-SIZED I WAS AN INFANT. SOMEBODY WAS SHOVING A BABY BOTTLE INTO MY MOUTH.
THEN I FANTA-SIZED I WAS TEETHING... I WAS SO HUNGRY! ... I MUST HAVE CHEWED IT TO PIECES.
AND THEN IT WAS ALL GONE.

YOU KNOW, WANDA, EVEN THOUGH THERE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY SENSATIONS IN THE TANK, MY FANTASY SEEMED TO SMELL LIKE PORTNOY'S COLOGNE.
OH, WAOW, SO DID MINE!
END

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HABITAT

CELLARS IN THE SKY

Oenophiles who live in Normandy castles have dank cellars in which to stash their choice vinos. Wine enthusiasts who live in high-rises, however, often must make do with bedroom closets where the saunalike temperatures too often prematurely age choice bottles or, even worse, cook them into undrinkableness. So as the price of a good Bordeaux, Burgundy and California wine continues to skyrocket, more and more serious sippers are putting their money into portable wine-storage units that keep bottles at about 55 degrees Fahrenheit and also double as handsome pieces of furniture. They may not be as romantic as a castle, but the taxes are less and there are no servant problems to deal with. Think about it, bibbers.

Left: This lacquer-finished wine-storage cabinet, by Cellar Masters, holds up to 160 bottles of wine at an optimum temperature of about 56 to 58 degrees Fahrenheit, $4950. Right: Although it's only 32 inches high by 24 inches wide, La Cave Petite can keep up to 60 bottles perfectly stored inside its wood-look laminated walls (the shelves also adjust to accommodate half bottles and magnums), by La Maison Edery, $995. Below: No, that's not a hi-fi cabinet, it's a 120-bottle Wine Vault Credenza available in light or dark oak and featuring a unique chill plate that will cool eight bottles of white to serving temperature without affecting the other contents, by Wine Chillers of California, about $2300.

BEDTIME STORY

Things may not have changed much as far as what you wear in bed, but a new sense of style has awakened in the category of loungewear. Call it what you will—a renewed sense of decorum or perhaps the revival of romanticism—the fact remains that for casual at-home entertaining, undershirt *macho* is out. Jogging and warm-up outfits probably started the trend to loose and easy lounge-wear, but whatever the reason, robes (both long and short), kimonos, smoking jackets and dressy pajamas that seldom slip between the sheets have become the order of the night. Thermostats may be down, but with styles such as these, we'll bet breakfast in bed that there'll be something soft and cuddly nearby (and it won't be the dog) to help keep you snug as a bug indoors. —DAVID PLATT

Below: Anyone who thinks he's going to get this kind of action wearing a ratty flannel bathrobe and threadbare PJs had better turn in his nightcap and candlestick. This fellow is in the lap of loungewear luxury (and so's his date) wearing a silk Jacquard smoking jacket with raw-silk lining and trim and featuring a shawl collar, self-belt and patch pocket, $520, along with silk drawstring lounging trousers with side-entry pockets, $180, both by Chevali. Near right: Let's have no jokes, please, about slipping into something more comfortable, as our guy has already hearkened to a comely call to arms and put on a polyester striped kimono with patch pockets, by Bill Blass for Diplomat, about $55; plus a silk broadcloth boat-neck short-sleeved shirt, $88, and matching lounging trousers, $150, both by Sabeth-Row for Men. Far right: Black is the color of her truelove's full-length velour kimono that has a jazzy contrasting shoulder and sleeve treatment, by Christian Dior for State O Maine, $80.

J. VERSER ENGELHARD

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

There is a way to wear a scarf other than simply crossing it at the neck or rakishly throwing one long end over your shoulder. A more interesting cowl-neck effect can be created by wrapping the scarf loosely once (or twice, depending on the length) around your neck before you put on your outercoat, letting one end hang down the back and one down the front. Now put on your coat and, with a little adjusting in front of a mirror, the cowl-neck look is easily achieved.

•

As a new season of cowboy boots in exotic skins (ostrich, eel, turkey, etc.) steps in, you can bet their appeal will influence regular footwear. Already, alligator moccasins in the $1000 range have become a status item among trendies with bucks to burn. If you'd rather put your money on something a bit more practical—such as a good-looking tweed suit or two—excellent imitations of exotic skins in imprinted cowhides are fast coming onto the shoe market at far more reasonable prices.

•

Many hat manufacturers tip their lids to the cowboy hat for helping create a renewed interest in headgear in general. So now that every other person on the street is toting a personal stereo, knit caps (we especially like the simple black watch-cap style) have re-emerged as this winter's most popular headgear. Aside from keeping your noggin warm, they keep portable headphones in place.

•

To spruce up your spring wardrobe, check out cotton poplin suits that soon will be blooming everywhere in a variety of hues from light to dark. One look we like is a chocolate-brown suit worn with a matching poplin shirt and a solid sky-blue tie. Shades of spring.

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INITIAL STATEMENT

Monograms have definitely made their mark in history; Greek and Roman coins were stamped with the initials of rulers and even Chrysler's limited-edition Imperial, the Frank Sinatra special, has an FS discreetly positioned on the front quarter panel. As with most items that are personalized, less monogramming is definitely more. An initialed brass business-card case is classy, but a monogrammed sweater is *déclassé*. Parvenus put their mark where their new money is—on lamp shades, dashboards and anywhere else they think their friends will be impressed. The old guard has the initial good sense to leave well enough alone and monogram only something relatively simple or an item that's truly outrageous, such as a solid-gold swizzle stick. Of course, if your name is Paul Upton Dewey or Andy Sinclair Smith, think twice before monogramming anything, guys.

Above: Monogramming something as prosaic as a bookmark adds a whole new dimension to curling up with a good book on a rainy Saturday afternoon. This sterling-silver bookmark on a ribbon, from Spaulding & Co., Chicago, $24.

Right: Passing out beaten-up business cards that look like losing tickets at the track isn't going to win you new friends or influence business acquaintances. To make the right impression, store your cards in a sleek monogrammed brass case, from Neiman-Marcus, about $27.

Left: If you've got it, flaunt it with the Diamond Edition Pro-Swizzler, a monogrammed 14-kt.-gold swizzle stick capped with a 15-point full-cut diamond (the stick's top can be removed to reveal a secret compartment), by Pure Innovation, $1450, including a rosewood case and a polishing chamois.

Right: For someone with a distinctive signature, a silver-plated address booklet/key chain emblazoned with your signature, by Reed & Barton, $12.50. (Note: None of the prices on this page, except the one for the Pro-Swizzler, include monogramming costs.)

Above: Here's another simple item that grows in importance when you put your monogram on it—a French-made silver-plated magnifying glass, from The Very Thing!, Charlottesville, Virginia, $46.

DON AZUMA

DIRTY TOILET SEATS

According to the Centers for Disease Control, 27,204 cases of syphilis were reported in 1980. That's a 33.4 percent rise since 1977.

Dr. Stuart Brown of the C.D.C. told us that the increase can't be explained away as due to either better reporting procedures or behavioral changes, since other venereal diseases don't show a corresponding increase. So why is syphilis resurfacing in such numbers?

Dr. Brown suggested that it may reflect the trend of public-health programs back in the Seventies to concentrate on eradicating pelvic inflammatory disease. That meant stamping out gonorrhea, a major cause of P.I.D., an ailment that often leaves women sterile. Consequently, gonorrhea and P.I.D. cases decreased, while shifts in funding and staff hampered health agencies' ability to identify and locate sexual partners for treatment of syphilis.

RICHARD KLEIN

The object here is to free yourself from the crossed cords without removing your hands from the loops. There are no rules governing where you *can* place your hands, and that's why this is, uh, bound to be fun. Send $11.20 to Bonds, P.O. Box 1290, New York, New York 10009.

WHISTLE A HAPPY TUNE

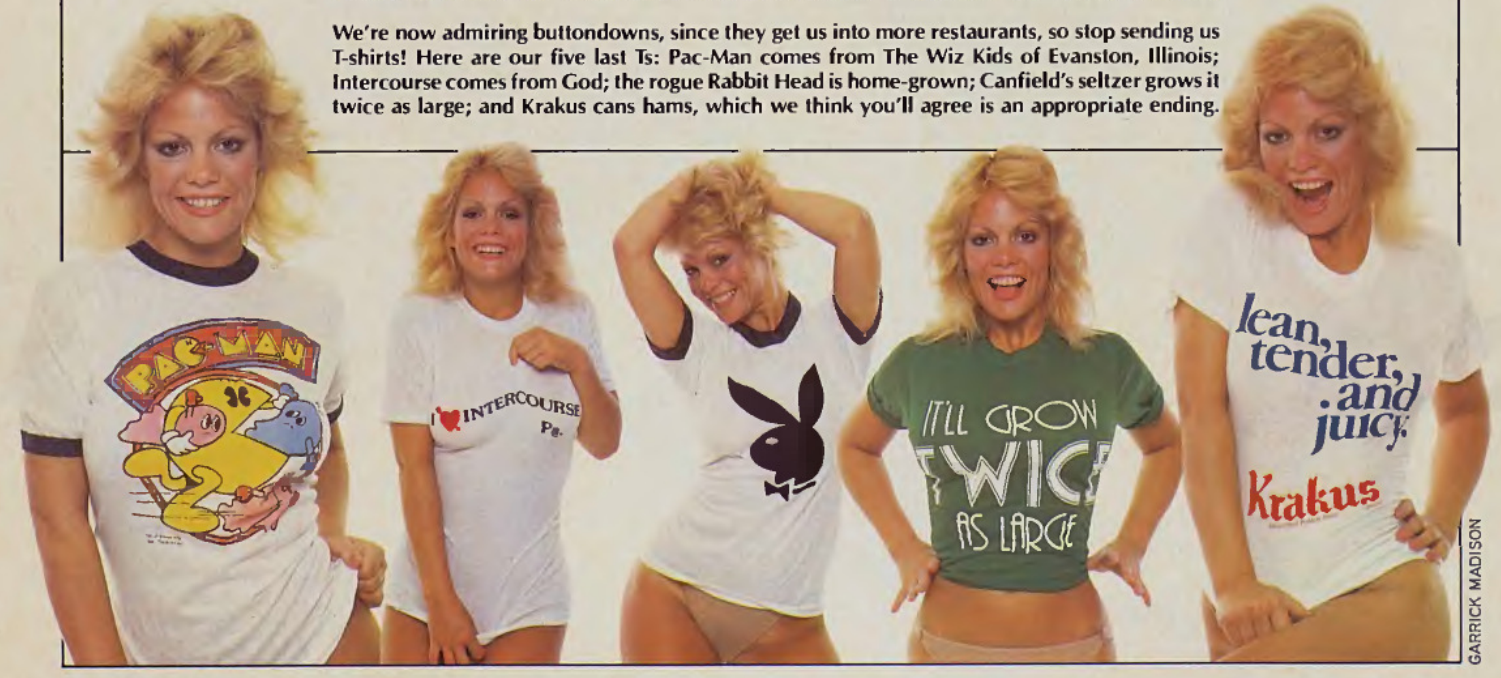
Everyone falls in love—or at least lust—at first sight once in a while. But how do you know whether or not your new flame is interested? You can't exactly just ask her. It could become a classic failure to communicate. Now comes a cue from nature, a clear note, as it were, in the wilderness.

Psychologists have found that the male cowbird, named for its frequent proximity to cows, has a splendid method of assessing its attractiveness to the female flock. In a bird-world "send it up the flagpole" maneuver, the male cowbird emits a mating call that within seconds puts its female *objet d'amour* in a copulatory posture (described by experts as "hunkered down, tail up"). Researchers Meredith West and Andrew King claim that reactions among females vary with the potency of the call. It turns out that male birds raised in isolation elicit the grandest responses with their love songs, described by West as liquid-sounding glug-glugs followed by a shrill whistle. Unfortunately, the other male birds usually get together and thump the one that pleases the females in this fashion. Something about breaking with the pecking order. That's not all. Eastern and Southern cowbirds sing in different dialects. And a male will change its song according to the origin of the female it hopes to spark. In those cases, an Easterner may actually wind up whistling Dixie.

As is often the case, human applications of this information abound. In fact, we've found a remarkable parallel in the world of music. Why do you think Bob Seger has more groupies than, say, Myron Floren?

RESOLUTION OF THE MONTH: NO MORE T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

We're now admiring buttondowns, since they get us into more restaurants, so stop sending us T-shirts! Here are our five last Ts: Pac-Man comes from The Wiz Kids of Evanston, Illinois; Intercourse comes from God; the rogue Rabbit Head is home-grown; Canfield's seltzer grows it twice as large; and Krakus cans hams, which we think you'll agree is an appropriate ending.



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Turner On

Actress KATHLEEN TURNER is hot. Her steamy role in last summer's sexy movie *Body Heat* proves that you can get discovered almost overnight. Turner is a graduate of the TV soap *The Doctors*, but some things—such as great looks—you can't learn. For more on Turner, see this month's *After Hours*, "Checking In," and check her out.

Nobody Shows It Better

What can we say? Looking at CARLY SIMON is a treat. Oh, sure, we've followed the gossip—recurring stage fright, the problems of being a career mother and the on-again, off-again romance with her talented husband, James Taylor. But who really cares about that? Her sounds suit our senses.

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Endangered Species

We have to be honest with you. Sometimes we get an absolutely terrific picture with no special news to go with it. And we run it just because it's good for the eyes. Actress ANN TURKEL fits the bill this month. If this doesn't warm up a January night, we give up.

© 1981 THEO WESTENBERGER

Clean Streep

MERYL STREEP chooses her film roles very carefully, which is why almost everything she does gets both popular and critical acclaim. We predict a sure Oscar nomination for *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and we're waiting for her newest movie, *Stab*, co-starring Roy Scheider. Of course, the best thing about Streep is that she always plays interesting women, just like herself.

Racket Back and Bend Your Knees— Don't Get Behind in Tennis, Please

It's a perfect combination, as you can see: CAROLE MALLORY, an actress in *Take This Job and Shove It*, and ILIE NASTASE, who has often said the very same thing on the tennis court. We're pretty certain that Nasty isn't trying to play tennis here, but he is demonstrating something important to any game. Concentration.

JUDIE BURSTEIN / TOPIX INC.

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Call Me Adam

It's no secret that romance is back in the land and that people are dressing up again. Other parts of this magazine report these trends regularly. But the cutting edge belongs to us: Here's ADAM of Adam and the Ants.

© 1981 JUDY LAWME (CANNA-LIAISON

Yvette? You Bet!

Some of us are old enough to remember the first time we saw her in *Where the Boys Are*. For a while, she made B movies, and then we lost sight of her. It's our pleasure to bring her back, still gorgeous after all these years: YVETTE MIMIEUX.

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NEXT MONTH:

"MAN & WOMAN, PART TWO: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SEXES"—HOMO SAPIENS MAY NOT BE THE LARGEST OR THE STRONGEST SPECIES, BUT WE'RE CERTAINLY THE SMARTEST—WE MADE SEX THE CORNERSTONE OF OUR CIVILIZATION. HERE ARE THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES—BY **JO DURDEN-SMITH** AND **DIANE DE SIMONE**

BILLY JOEL, WHO HAS GONE FROM HICKSVILLE TO HITSVILLE AS ONE OF AMERICA'S TOP POP STARS, TALKS ABOUT HIS LIFE, HIS MUSIC AND HIS FEUDS WITH THE PRESS IN A NOTEWORTHY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"EMMANUELLE GROWS UP"—SEDUCTIVE **SYLVIA KRISTEL** HAS COME A LONG WAY, BABY, SINCE HER FIRST FILM ROLE. NOW SHE'S GIVING *PRIVATE LESSONS*. EXCLUSIVE UNCOVERAGE OF ONE OF EUROPE'S MOST ALLURING GIFTS TO HOLLYWOOD

"A SEA CHANGE"—LATELY, THE ONCE-POWERFUL SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, **TIP O'NEILL,** HAS BEEN RESEMBLING A BLEACHED WHALE. BUT IT'S NOT JUST REAGANISM THAT'S SINKING HIM, IT'S THE SHEER WEIGHT OF AN IDEA THAT NO LONGER FLOATS IN THIS COUNTRY—BY **JAMES WOOTEN**

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—FOR ALL THOSE WHO'VE BEEN WAITING 12 MONTHS FOR THE ANNUAL ROUNDUP OF THE HIGHS AND LOWS IN EROTICA, HERE IT COMES AGAIN

"VIDEO'S SECOND GENERATION"—WHEN VIDEO-CASSETTE RECORDERS WERE INTRODUCED A FEW YEARS AGO, IT SEEMED AS THOUGH ALL OUR PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED. NOT SO, ELECTRON BREATH. THE NEW CROP OF PLAYERS, PORTABLES, CAMERAS, EARTH STATIONS AND VIDEOPHILE SEPARATES DOES EVERYTHING BUT CHANGE THE CAT LITTER

"GIANNI"—G. B. PERGOLESI DIED A NEGLECTED MUSICIAN IN 1736 AT THE AGE OF 26. HOW WILL THIS STRUGGLING COMPOSER REACT TO BEING RESURRECTED SOME 250 YEARS LATER? TWO SCIENTISTS ARE DETERMINED TO FIND OUT. AN IMAGINATIVE TALE BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"THE OMINOUS AGE OF THE VIOLENT FAN"—SOMETHING DARK IS BREWING IN THE LAND, AND IT IS BOILING OVER INTO OUR SPORTS ARENAS WITH ALARMING FREQUENCY. WHAT *IS* THIS THING, AND WHAT DOES IT WANT FROM ITS HEROES?—BY **MARK KRAM**

"STOCKMAN: THE GAME THEY PLAY IN THE OVAL OFFICE"—WHILE THE REST OF US COUGH UP OUR HARD-EARNED QUARTERS TO PLAY PAC-MAN AND THE LIKE, WHAT GAME DO RONNIE AND HIS ECONOMIC ADVISORS PLAY? HERE'S ONE ANSWER

"ULTIMATE SKIING: IT'S A DIRTY JOB, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT"—TWO *PLAYBOY* STAFFERS PULL THE ULTIMATE SCAM AND HAVE A HIGH OLD TIME IN THE PROCESS—BY **TOM PASSAVANT** AND **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

KAREN ALLEN, THE SPUNKY LADY FROM *RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK*, MUSES ON THE ROLE OF THE HEROINE IN THE EIGHTIES IN A PROVOCATIVE **"20 QUESTIONS"**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: LUSCIOUS **BARBARA CARRERA** IN A TOUGH-LADY ROLE OPPOSITE **ARMAND ASSANTE** IN **MICKEY SPILLANE**'S *I, THE JURY*; A CONTINUATION OF *PLAYBOY*'S **MAN/WOMAN SERIES,** INCLUDING **"THE BRAIN AS SEX ORGAN"; RICHARD REEVES** PREVIEWS **"THE COLUMN I'LL BE WRITING AT THE END OF REAGAN'S TERM"; THOMAS MC GUANE** SHARES THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF OWNING LAND IN THE EIGHTIES; **LAURENCE GONZALES** ON **"THE COMING WAR AGAINST DRUGS"; DONALD E. WESTLAKE** SPINS A FUNNY S-F YARN, **"THE LOST COLONIES"; ROY BLOUNT, JR.,** WAXES ELOQUENT ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MALE'S, UH, **"FAMILY JEWELS"; "ANDY KAUFMAN WRESTLES A PLAYMATE"; WALTER LOWE, JR.,** TELLS YOU **"HOW TO BEAT VIDEO GAMES";** A DOWN-HOME PICTORIAL ON **"THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY";** AND VISITS WITH SUCH PERSONALITIES AS **KIM CARNES, STEVIE NICKS, DEBRA WINGER, TREAT WILLIAMS, HARRISON FORD** AND THE WHOLE GANG AT **SCTV.**

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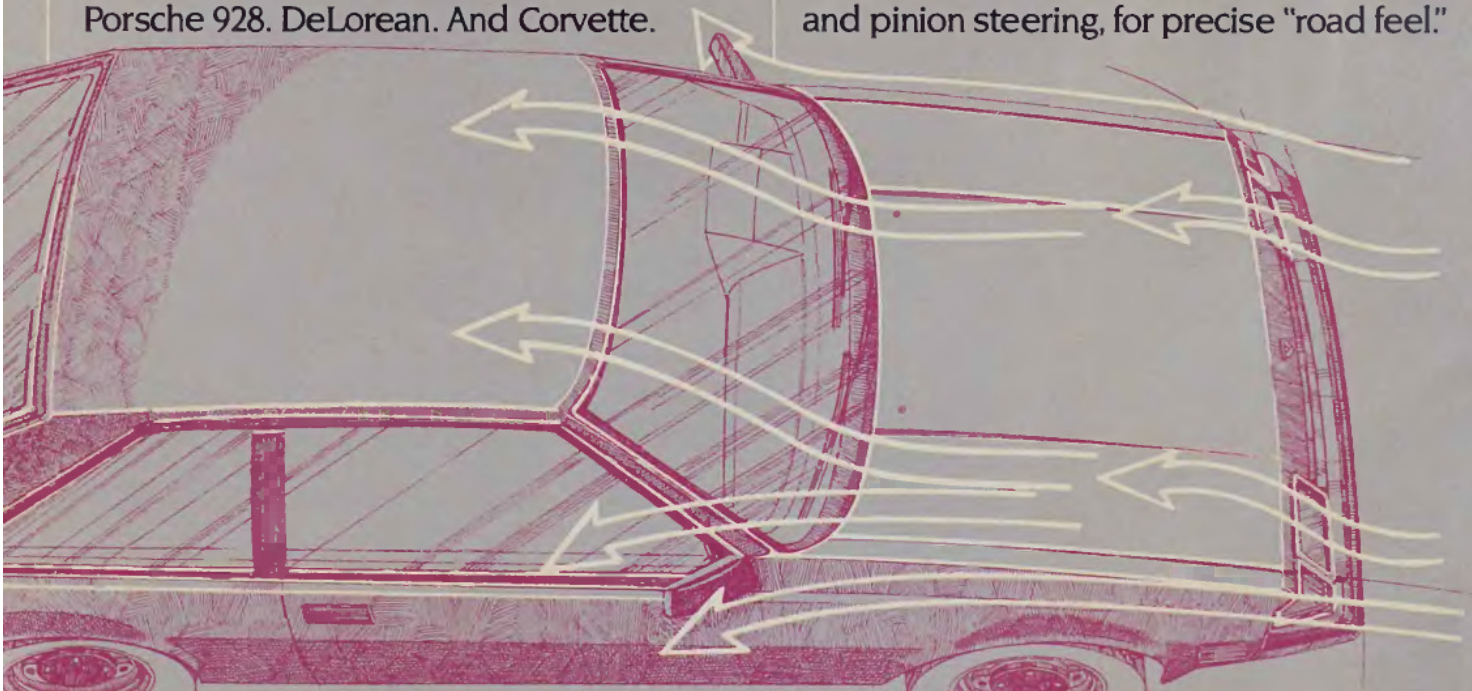
THE NEW TOYOTA CELICA. IT CHEATS THE WIND.

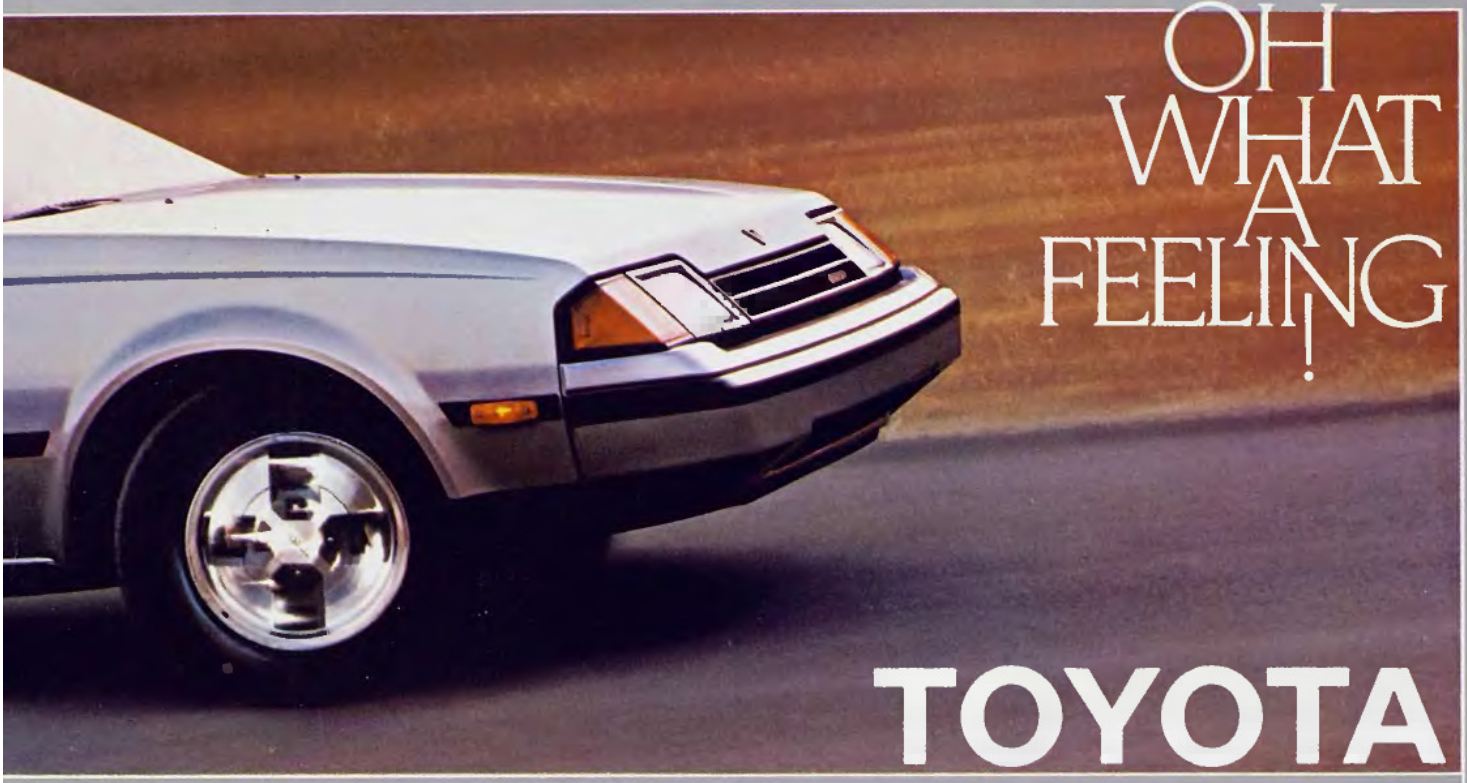
Totally redesigned, this sleek new Celica GT Liftback looks light years ahead of the competition. It's got the right stuff.

The Right Shape. The 1982 Celica GT Liftback is more slippery in the wind tunnel than some of the world's most exotic sports cars. Its drag coefficient of just 0.342 is actually lower than the Porsche 928. DeLorean. And Corvette.

Celica. It's the right shape. With the right details. Like headlights that tilt back, to minimize aerodynamic drag even further. Semi-concealed windshield wipers. Even rear view mirrors that are streamlined into the windshield pillars.

The Right Equipment. The stuff of which true sports cars are made. Rack and pinion steering, for precise "road feel."





Ventilated front disc brakes, to help prevent brake fade. And 185/70 SR 14 steel belted radial tires, all standard.

The Right Interior. This new Celica GT Liftback is as innovative inside as it is outside. With big, easy reading sports gauges monitoring engine functions. Quick-access rotary switches for headlights and other important controls. The new seats provide firm support, with reclining backrests and adjustable rake and travel. And the new Celica GT Liftback is very complete. Even an electronic AM/FM/MPX stereo receiver with 5 speakers is standard equipment.

The Right Engine. A 2.4 liter 4-cylinder overhead cam unit that provides smooth power. Plus dependability you might not expect from a sports car. Backing it up is a 5-speed manual overdrive transmission. Or you might want the convenience of Toyota's 4-speed automatic overdrive. It's perfect for drivers who want an automatic but don't want a big sacrifice in performance or economy.

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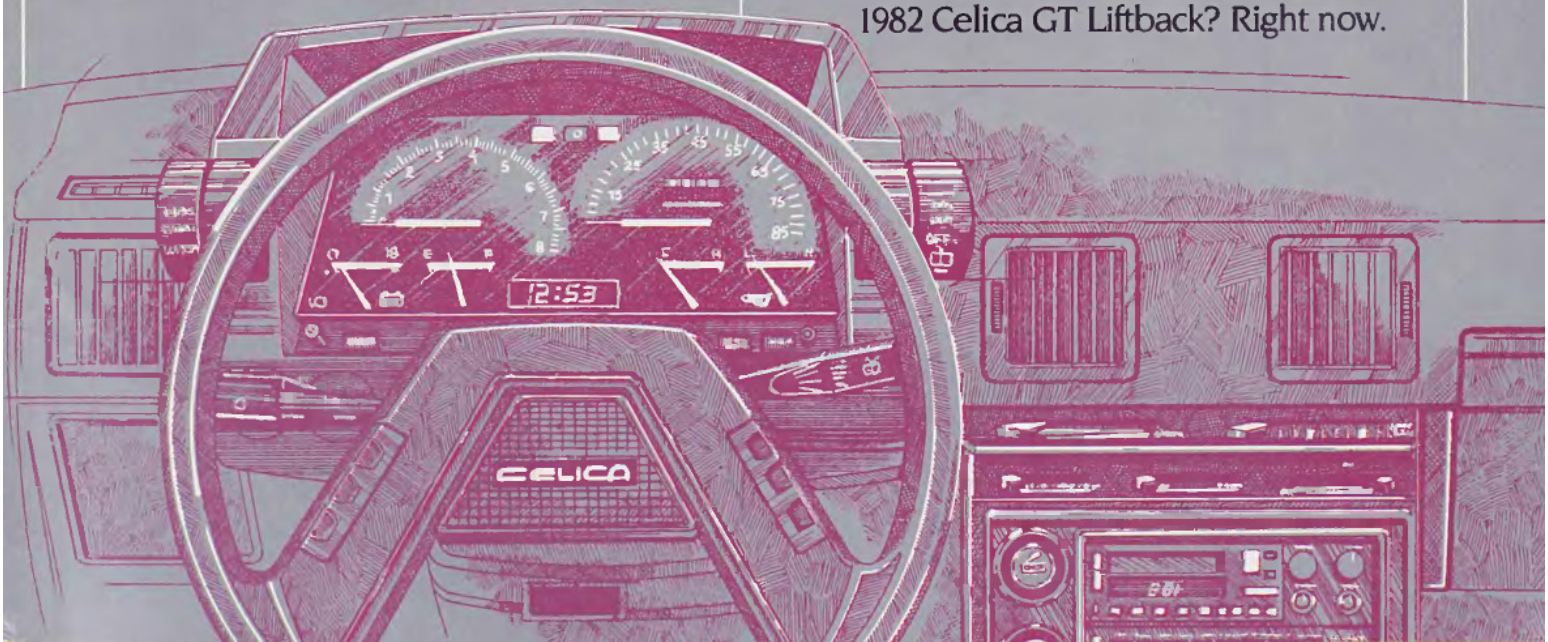
It's the Right Stuff. Why not drive a 1982 Celica GT Liftback? Right now.



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