PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1982 • $3.50

THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY
We Turn the Tables on Us for an Irresistible 14-Page Pictorial

Erica Jong Defines the Perfect Man

David Halberstam Blitzes Howard Cosell

WITH ENOUGH SHOVELS
Robert Scheer's Powerful New Book on Reagan's Nuclear War Hawks

JULIE ANDREWS & BLAKE EDWARDS
A Spirited Playboy Interview

New Fiction from Arthur C. Clarke, George V. Higgins and Paul Theroux

Plus: George Plimpton, Shel Silverstein and a Fearless Basketball Preview by Anson Mount

Merry Reading

Gala Christmas Issue

HERE'S TO THE RIGHT STUFF AND THOSE WHO HAVE IT.

Before Chuck Yeager turned 22, he showed the world what he was made of by shooting down thirteen enemy planes in World War II.

Five in one day.

But it wasn't until after the war, when still only 24, that Yeager began to tackle an even more dangerous adversary: the untested limits of space.

He went on to become the first man to break the sound barrier, the first to travel at more than twice that speed (over 1600 mph) and one of the first pilots to reach the edge of space, taking a plane above 100,000 feet.

If there's ever been anyone who had "the right stuff", it's Chuck Yeager.

Especially when it comes to the Scotch he drinks:

Cutty Sark.

Lettick

Charles "Chuck" Yeager

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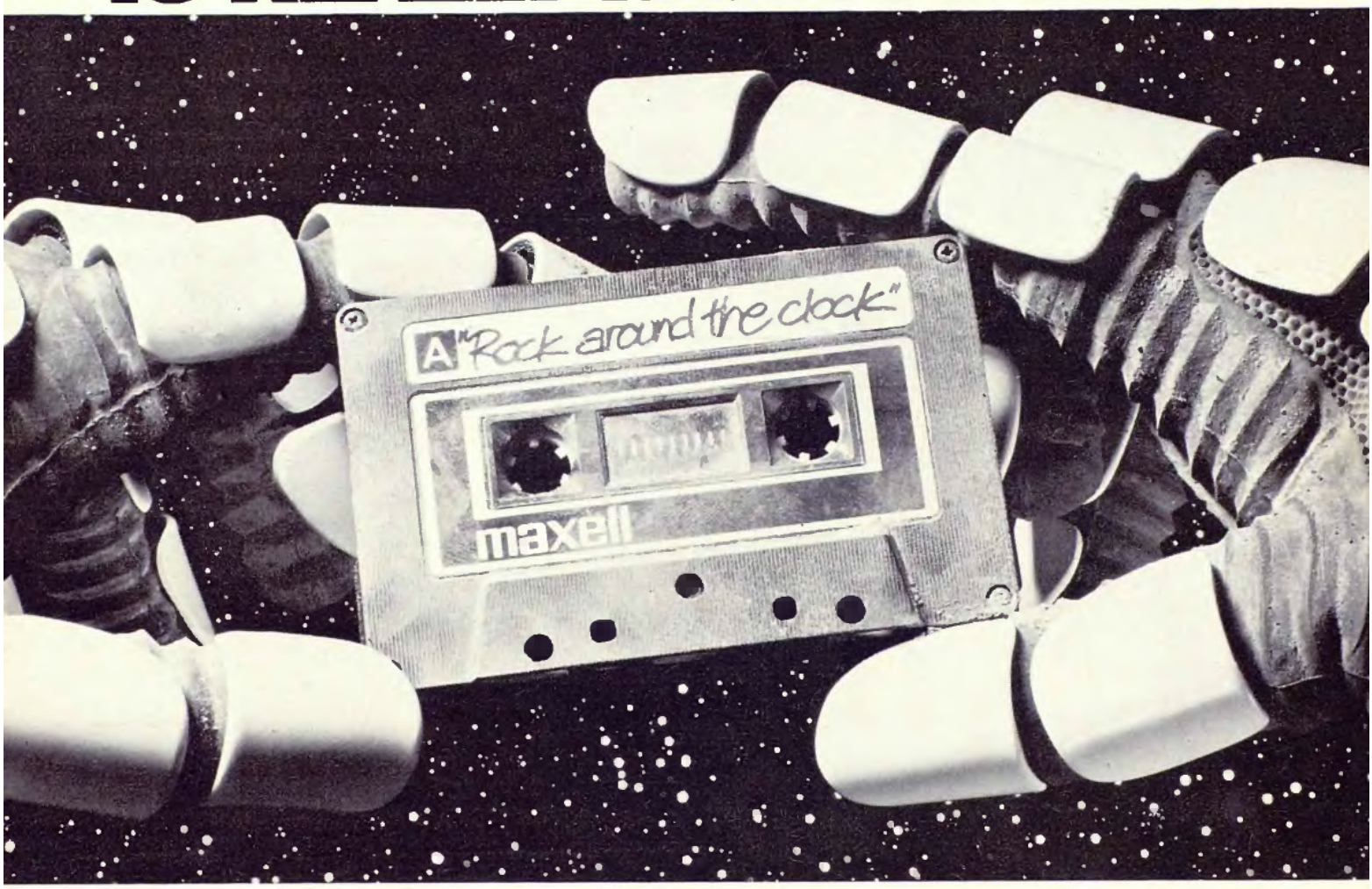

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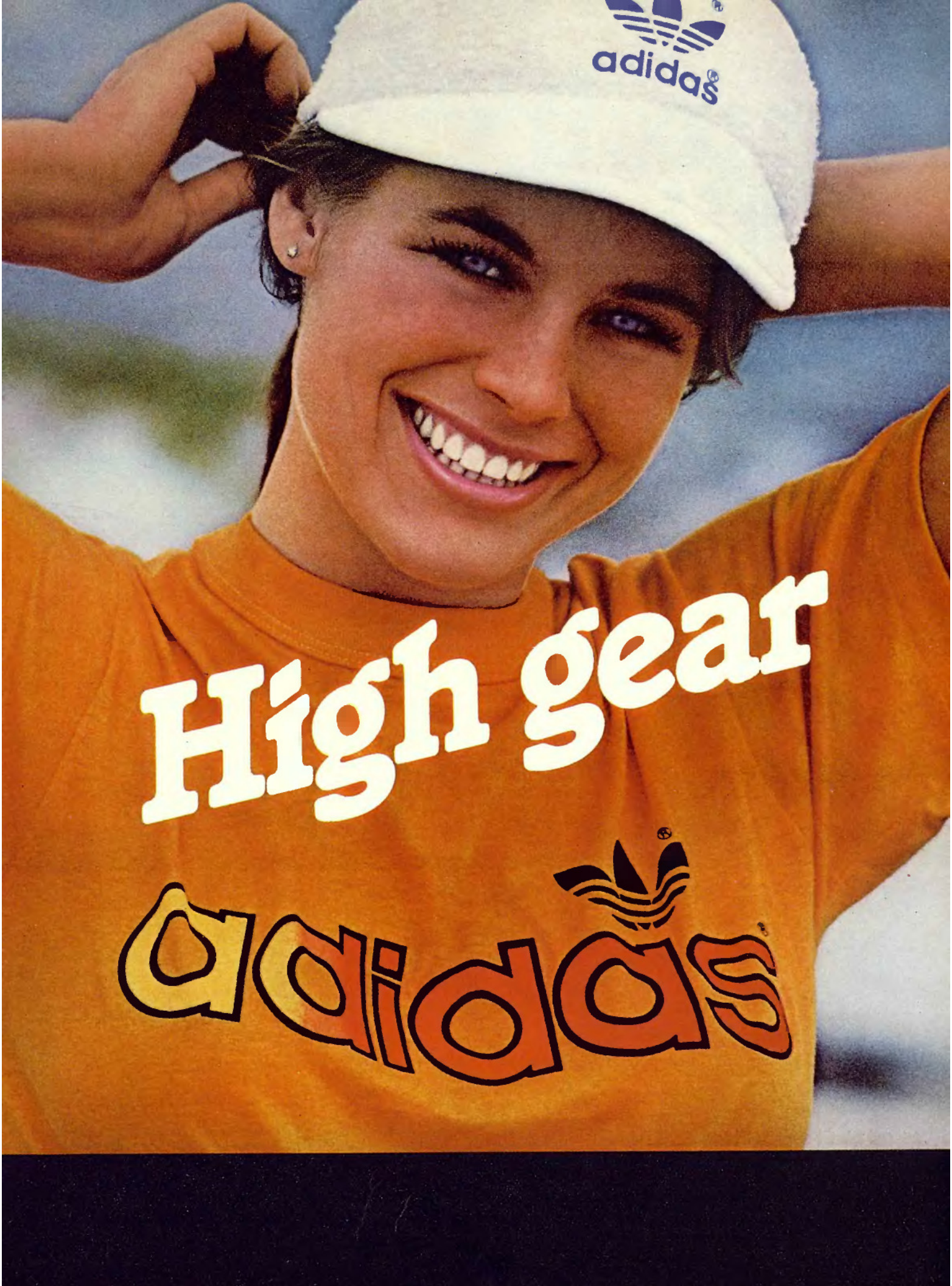
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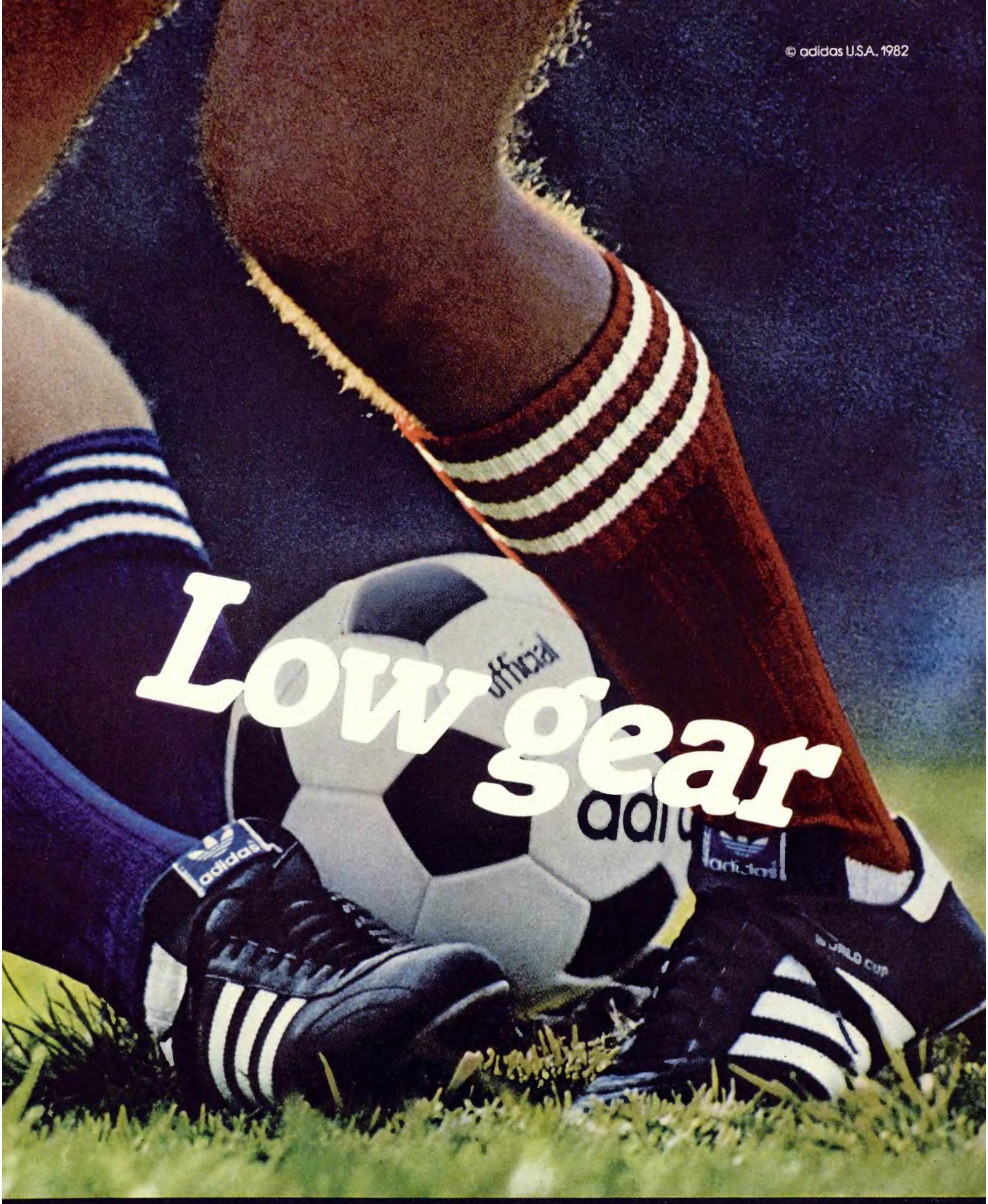

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PLAYBILL

ONE OF THE questions most commonly asked of us, as PLAYBOY editors, by men we've just met at Christmas parties is often phrased as a statement: "I bet you guys work in an office with dozens of beautiful women." That's usually followed by the half-joking request "Do you think you can line me up with a Bunny?" Our response to both questions is customarily no, but actually, that's the correct answer to the second question only. We can't even line *ourselves* up with a Bunny (*Oryctolagus cuniculus Playboyus* to the zoologists in the audience). As for the first question: Well, we've fudged it, because we've always figured that if word got out of how many beautiful women actually work for Playboy Enterprises, our Personnel Department would be swamped with applicants for our jobs. But this year, in the Christmas spirit of sharing, we've decided to give our readers a chance to appreciate the reasons why male Playboy employees rarely find office elevator rides boring. Contributing Photographer **Ken Marcus,** aided by make-up artist **Alison Reynolds,** conducted our in-house beauty hunt and (with some cajoling in many cases) persuaded some of our most comely co-workers to pose for *The Women of Playboy*. When you turn to page 132, you'll probably mutter, "Some guys have all the luck," and we know how you feel. That's the way *we* feel about Marcus, who photographed not only Playboy's most attractive women but this month's Playmate, **Charlotte Kemp,** as well. And while we're on the subject of beautiful people, we have our annual review, *Sex Stars of 1982*, compiled by West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski,** Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese,** Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet.** The text is by **Jim Harwood.** As a special holiday treat, we've provided you with the means of casting everybody's favorite star of 1982, E.T., in some new roles.

Christmas, of all times, should be one of peace. Yet some of our leaders would not have it so. Longtime PLAYBOY contributor **Robert Scheer** has written *With Enough Shovels*, an adaptation of the Random House book of the same title, and tries to answer the most important question of all—whether or not there will be nuclear war. Scheer's conclusions, after two years of interviewing Ronald Reagan and his top advisors, are chilling. The piece is illustrated for us by **Brad Holland,** who for years has contributed the art accompanying our *Ribald Classics*. (By the way, if you've sent many postcards lately, you may have used the 13-cent stamp designed by Holland; it's a portrait of Chief Crazy Horse commissioned by the U.S. Postal Service for its Great Americans Series.)

On another front, two of the nonthreatening trends in cinematic sexuality these days are cross-dressing and sex-role reversal. You can't find a better example of the genre than writer-producer-director **Blake Edwards'** highly successful comedy film *Victor/Victoria*, in which his wife, actress-singer **Julie Andrews,** once and for all dispenses with her Mary Poppins image to play a woman who poses as a man who poses as a woman (if you don't understand that one, catch the movie). In this month's *Playboy Interview*, **Lawrence Linderman** asks Edwards and Andrews about the making of that bizarre comedy and touches on a wide variety of other topics, including Edwards' taxing attempts to direct the late Peter Sellers in the Pink Panther films, his discovery of Bo Derek for his 1979 blockbuster film *"10,"* Andrews' infatuations with leading men Rex Harrison (in *My Fair Lady*) and Richard Burton (in *Camelot*) and the ups and downs of her nearly lifelong show-business career.

What with women dressing as men and men dressing as women these days, it will be ever harder for author **Erica** (*Fear of Flying, Fanny*) **Jong** to find and recognize *The Perfect Man*

REYNOLDS, MARCUS

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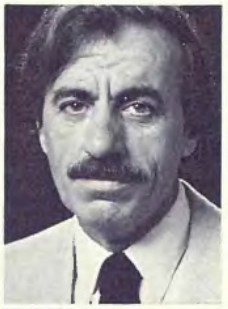
JONG

LINDERMAN



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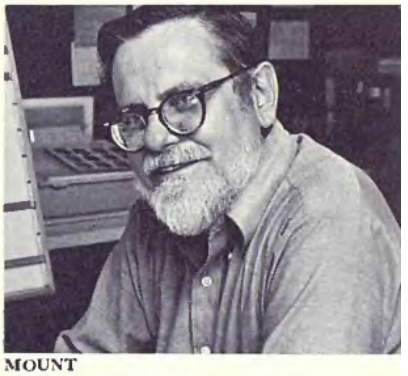

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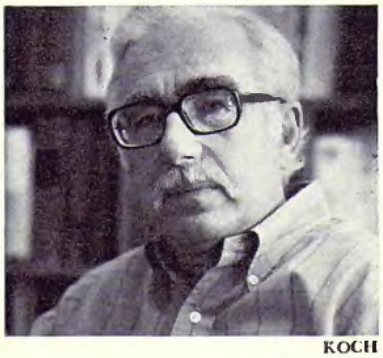
KOCH

she yearns for in her article on page 184. Although Jong admits that describing this paragon of masculinity (not to be confused, of course, with a Real Man) is nearly as difficult as catching him, we think she'd agree that among the stipulations, the perfect man should not provide her with herpes. But that doesn't eliminate nearly as many available men as *Time* magazine would have us think, says Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** in *Viewpoint*, "That Old-Time Religion." Petersen, who as our Playboy Advisor probably comes as close to the perfect man as Jong could expect (at least that's what he tells us), takes a dim (but enlightened) view of the current media hype on the terrors of herpes, suggesting that it's attempting to set the sexual revolution back 30 years.

Our Christmas issue would not be complete without Contributing Editor **Anson Mount's** offering, *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. This year, Mount also gives us advance notice of some rather peculiar rule changes you'll be seeing in college roundball contests this winter. Speaking of peculiarities in athletics, we think you'll get some laughs from *The Sports Bestiary*, a collection of such weird creatures as The Hanging Curve and The Gipper, created by **George Plimpton**, with drawings by **Arnold Roth**. It's an excerpt from the book of the same title to be published by McGraw-Hill.

But perhaps the oddest creature in American sports is the irrepressible commentator for ABC's *Monday Night Football*, **Howard Cosell**, whose unending self-promotion **David Halberstam** analyzes in *The Mouth That Roared*, illustrated by **Bill Nelson**. Sports (baseball, to be specific) also provides the backdrop for a tale of adolescent fear and rage: **George V. Higgins'** short story, *Adults*, illustrated by **Gordon Kibbee**. The rest of our great (if we do say so ourselves) fiction line-up this issue: a short story from **Paul Theroux**, *Sex and Its Substitutes*, illustrated by **Milton Glaser** (from Theroux's forthcoming book *The London Embassy*); and the concluding half of our excerpt of *2010: Odyssey Two*, by **Arthur C. Clarke**, the acclaimed science-fiction writer who, with Stanley Kubrick, wrote the screenplay for *2001: A Space Odyssey*. We ran part one of *2010* in the September issue. It's from Clarke's book of the same title to be published by Del Rey Books. (If you saw *2001* and wondered what happened to astronaut David Bowman, here's your chance to find out.)

Clarke's tale assumes that there *will* be a future. With that in mind, we present another approach to tensions between the nuclear superpowers, as devised by **Henry Beard, Christopher Cerf** and **Tony Geiss**, who proceed to hack away at U.S.-Soviet relationships in their *One Day in the Life of Leonid Brezhnev and Family*. And while you're chuckling, you may as well turn to **Shel Silverstein's** illustrated commentary on the history of religion, *The Twenty Commandments*, taken from his book *Different Dances*, published by Harper & Row. If there *were* originally 20 Commandments, the 21st was probably "Thou shalt not spend thy money on a Rolls-Royce"—or at least that's the feeling you're likely to get from reading *Me and My Shadow, Screw* magazine cofounder **Al Goldstein's** scathing opinion of the highly touted British luxury car.

If you're up on the news in the home-video sphere, you're aware that Playboy is creating its own revolution in electronic entertainment. For a look at how your favorite magazine is coming to life via cable, cassette, disc and over-the-air pay television, see *Playboy Video*.

To round out this year's Christmas package, we present our annual tongue-in-cheek *Playboy's Christmas Cards* to the rich and famous, composed by **Tom Koch**; *Playboy's Christmas Gift Guide*, photographed by **Don Azuma**; a batch of hot-drink recipes, by **Emanuel Greenberg**; and, last but not least, a heart-warming pictorial on actress **Sydne Rome**, who plays Louise Bryant in the forthcoming multinational film based on John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*. Have a merry Christmas!

THE LEGENDARY MOTORCYCLES OF GERMANY.

BAVARIA: 1923.

Folklore has it that they gave Max Friz a stove to take the chill out of his office. And in return Friz gave them the design for a new kind of motorcycle engine.

"They," of course, were the owners of the Bavarian Motor Works in Munich, Germany. And Max Friz was their chief engineer.

The stove he received was thought to be, in the office politics of 1923 Germany, a major symbol of status. And the engine he created as a token of appreciation was to become the basis of all BMW motorcycle design.

The horizontally opposed twin.

Ingeniously simple. Perfectly balanced. Possessed of an extraordinarily low center of gravity.

PARIS: LATER THAT YEAR.

The first motorcycle to sport Friz's revolutionary engine was unveiled at the prestigious Paris Motor Show of 1923.

It was, not surprisingly, the rage of the exhibition.

Not solely because it cradled the opposed twin-cylinder engine however. For this machine bore another breakthrough by Friz that demanded an equal share of the limelight.

Running from its crankcase to its rear hub, you see, was the first fully refined drive shaft ever seen on a motorcycle.

This remarkably advanced bike was dubbed the R32. And in the words of the motorcycle historian L.J.K. Setright "it injected a measure of civilization into an activity that had always shown a tinge of barbarity."

AMERICA: 1982.

While the times have drastically changed, the opinion that aficionados have of the BMW motorcycle certainly has not.

Cycle Guide writes: "Overall it is perfectly tailored for your basic civilized, discriminating, blue-blooded rider who understands the difference between a one-dimensional motorcycle and one with character."

It has never been the mission of BMW engineers to build unguided missiles:

Motorcycles that thunder down the straightaways only to turn into millstones through curves. Or into jackhammers over bumps.

It is their goal instead to build complete machines.

Motorcycles that can sustain high speeds, not merely attain them. Whose ability to hold the road corresponds, to the closest possible degree, with their ability to whisk over it.

To this end, there is no engine configuration in existence that is more desirable than the horizontally opposed twin.

Still ingeniously simple. Perfectly balanced. Possessed of an extraordinarily low center of gravity. And the recipient of continuous refinement by generations of BMW engineers for the past 58 years.

The price of all this refinement? Predictably high, ranging from $3,600 to $6,990,* excluding local shipping charges and state taxes.

But the evolution of the BMW has been so thoroughly impressive that according to the historian Setright:

"The modern BMW is not a motorcycle. It is an inheritance."

An inheritance bequeathed by Max Friz. An engineer who had a particular genius for designing motorcycles. And, of course, a tremendous appreciation of warm stoves.

*All prices shown are manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Actual price will depend upon dealer. Price excludes applicable state and local taxes, shipping and destination charges.

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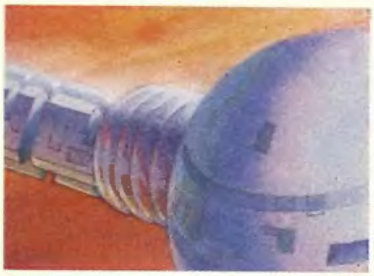

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COVER STORY

Art Director Tom Staebler had been toying with the idea of designing a cover that would pay homage to Norman Rockwell. While that notion was fermenting, Playmate Marcy Hanson—in an unrelated conversation—let it slip that Rockwell was her favorite artist. "Her look was perfect for what I wanted to do," Tom told us. The rest was easy.

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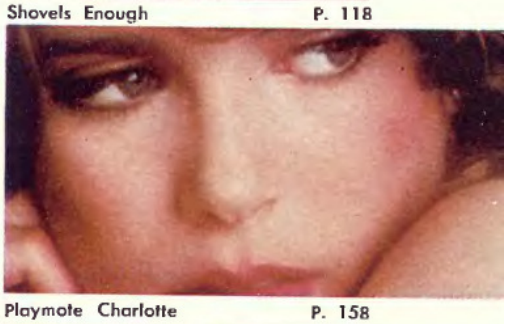

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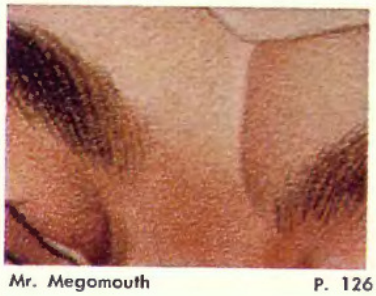

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PLAYBOY

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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

TWEED STILL THE BOSS

Shannon Tweed's acting career is unfolding as fast as her November 1981 centerfold. On the heels of her casting as the beautiful Diana Hunter in CBS' *Falcon Crest*, our Playmate of the Year (above, with the easily amused David Selby, on location in San Francisco) is getting offers at every good turn.

THUMPTHING'S HAPPENING

With dozens of rabbits' feet (below) and the brassy chassis that go with them, it's no wonder the Playboy Mansion West is a lucky place to be. The event, a recent press conference to welcome 1982's Bunnies of the Year, saw Hef spending an afternoon with the B.O.Y.s to bend some satin ears and verify a couple of tall tails. The Bunnies thronged to Los Angeles from around the globe for a week full of fine times, including a guest shot on this year's first *Simon & Simon* episode on CBS, an evening at Hef's midsummer pajama party and enough prizes to stock a small mall.

WE *TOLD* YOU HE WAS A DOLL

In April 1966, Karla Conway was a soft sculpture herself—as our Playmate of the Month (inset). Now, as Karla Sachi, she keeps herself in stitches fashioning flexible facsimiles of friends and celebrities in her Kona, Hawaii, studio. "I call them life sculptures," she says, "or clones." Karla has made dozens of likenesses (to commission one for your very own, write to The Clone Factory, P.O. Box 1619, Keala Kekua, Hawaii 96750), but one of her favorites is of Hef (above). How to tell clone from real thing? Easy—the clone doesn't own PJs.

OUTRAGEOUS PAIR MEETS SAME

"Beats the hell out of being interviewed on *Good Morning America*" was Tommy Chong's reaction when Miss July, Lynda Wiesmeier, sneaked through a Playboy video session at Mansion West (that's Lynda at left, preparing to sneak). Cheech Marin (right) thanked the lord of the manor for the interruption.

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AFTER THE FALLOUT

Otto Friedrich's *The Bomb . . . and Beyond* (PLAYBOY, September) plants one question in my mind: How far underground should my fallout shelter be? I wonder whether or not the article will help diminish the threat of nuclear war—or is the future of this planet already circumscribed by doomsday. Friedrich does an extremely fine job of putting his much-pondered and much-discussed subject into perspective. Recently, my four-year-old son and I were watching television, and we saw a special on the anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing. In one sequence, the screen was filled with the all-too-familiar mushroom cloud. My son asked, "Daddy, what's that?" For some reason, I could not find it in my heart to tell him.

Roger Kicker
South Beloit, Illinois

President Reagan's frank statement that the Soviet Union is ahead of us in nuclear arms triggered widespread and deep worry about nuclear war. The advocacy of a nuclear freeze would be more credible if it did not coincide with a state of U.S. inferiority. During World War Two, I considered it my duty to work on the atom bomb. I would have been much happier if, instead of attacking Hiroshima, we had ended the war by a bloodless demonstration. After the war, I continued my work because of my conviction that peace could be preserved by strength in the hands of those who wanted peace. Indeed, as long as the U.S. had superior power, the peril of a world war seemed distant. Today, our best hope is the development of effective defensive weapons, nuclear or nonnuclear. The advancing state of the art makes that possible. The Kremlin will hesitate to attack unless it can count on winning. Because of their civil-defense program, the Soviets' losses may be tolerable. For more than 43 years, I could not avoid thinking about the unthinkable. My thoughts have not been objectively different from what your article describes. There will be time for U.S. evacuation if we see the Soviets evacuate. It is equally evident that by forethought, we can help our fellow citizens survive and behave like human beings. Indeed, we should work on both defensive weapons and civil defense. Thus, we may convert the mutual-assured-destruction policy into mutual assured survival. The difficult act of thinking realistically may be of enormous help in avoiding the catastrophe of a third world war.

Edward Teller
Lawrence Livermore Laboratory
Livermore, California

Although Teller is responding to Friedrich's article, his view provides a natural introduction to our lead article in this issue. See "With Enough Shovels," by Robert Scheer, on page 118.

FIGURE EIGHTS

With your help (*Girls of the Big Eight*, PLAYBOY, September), I've finally found the college to which I'm going to transfer. I'm going to the University of Oklahoma, and OU can thank Big Eight girl Angela DeLozier for it.

David Morley
El Paso, Texas

I am thoroughly disappointed with your pictorial of the Big Eight girls. Is Oklahoma State not in the conference? The pictorial shows 30 coeds, with only two (fully clothed) from OSU. Come on!

C. Trotter
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Many thanks for the long-awaited *Girls of the Big Eight*. I have visited each campus in the conference for football games and other events and can

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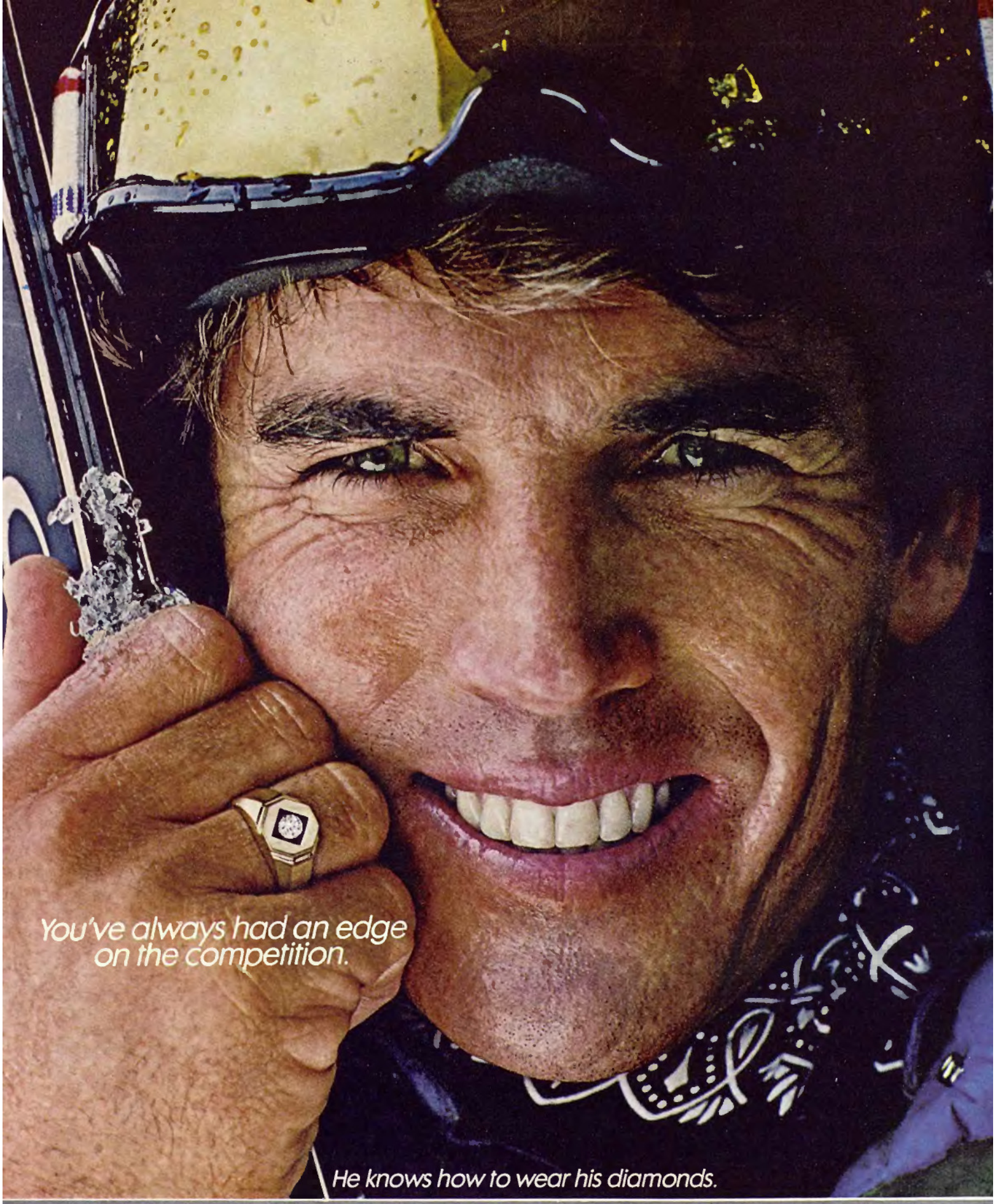

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truthfully declare that your pictorial depicts a mere sample of the abundance of gorgeous females "on the sprawling campuses of Middle America." Despite their puritan image, there is no lack of action on the campuses of the premier football conference in the Western Hemisphere.

William Graves
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I have never written to *Dear Playboy* before, but when I feasted my eyes on Iowa State coed Sandy Redmond, I couldn't contain myself. Sandy takes my breath away. I don't suppose you could divulge her ample dimensions, could you?

Guy R. Severa
Batavia, Illinois

Speaking not only for myself but for all males, please do us an enormous favor. Show us more of Sandy Redmond! We will be waiting with beating hearts.

Van Horseman
Nettleton, Missouri

It seems Van generally waits with a stopped heart, which must be pretty disturbing to his buddies. Well, his wait's over: Here's an encore by heart stopper Sandy, who totals tickers with totals of 36DD, 26 and 36. Happy now, Van? Van?

MURPHY'S LAW AT WORK

In *Why Things Don't Work* (PLAYBOY, September), Jules Siegel accurately portrays the prevalent management abuses on this continent. What he fails to point out is that the workplace is consistent with the frontierlike society we continue to uphold. In the absence of full recognition of workers as equal and essential partners, our potential has an unnecessary limitation. Until an employer/employee balance comes about, the work force will remain (not by choice) an expendable tool, as Siegel states. In a land that claims to uphold human rights and freedoms, there are obvious improvements to be made. Reagan's inconsistency on Solidarity and PATCO is sad evidence that positive change at home is not at hand.

Barry Thorsteinson
National Representative
Canadian Union of Public Employees
Kelowna, British Columbia

YOUNG, GIFTED, IN THE BLACK

Thank you for September's *Playboy Interview*. I used to think Cheech and Chong were a couple of useless nerds who had somehow lucked into the big time in an era in which the cards were stacked against all of us. Now I know that if everyone had a philosophy (almost a religion) such as theirs, the world would actually be a nicer (and safer) place to live. Compliments to Kelley.

Robert Kieffe
Bakersfield, California

I must salute Ken Kelley for September's Cheech and Chong *Playboy Interview*. Although I have one complaint, it's a rib-smashing success overall. Cheech and Chong are surprisingly intelligent and are true actors who haven't lost themselves in the movies' dreamworld. My complaint is that it took me three times longer than usual to get through the interview, due to my inability to laugh and read at the same time.

J. J. Israel
Galesburg, Illinois

GRID LOCKS

Anson Mount's placement of Alabama at 18th nationally and fourth in the conference (*Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, PLAYBOY, September) leaves me totally astounded. Now, I don't know how he determines his rankings or what information he uses as references, but I would suggest that he devise a new method and re-evaluate those sources of information.

Ronald D. Holmes
Doraville, Georgia

What in the world has the University of South Carolina ever done to Anson Mount? How can a man pick a school to be a Possible Breakthrough (8–3) in a pre-season poll and then deliver such a blistering attack? Mount berates the USC administration, the fans, the school nickname and even the officiating at Carolina games. The only conclusion I can arrive at is that either Mount is a close friend of some ex–Gamecocks football coach or he did absolutely no homework in regard to his appraisal of USC football.

Phil Goodman
Charlotte, North Carolina

Mount's article on college football is catchy and mostly matter-of-fact, but

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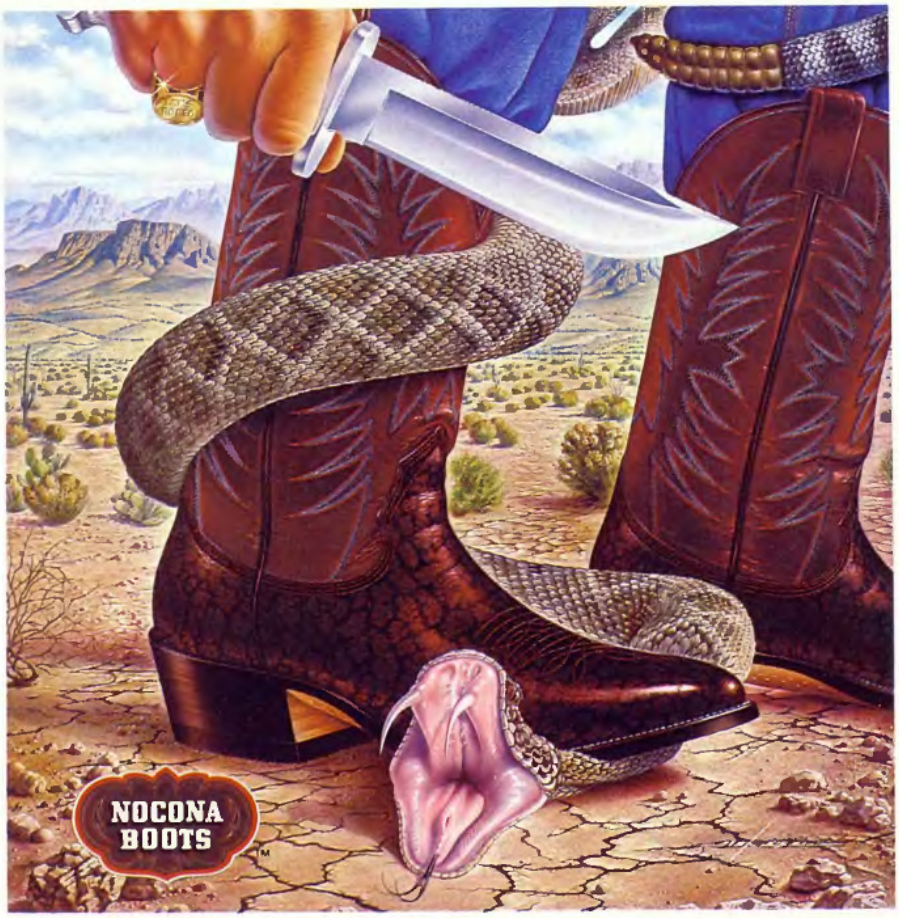

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several times he's off side, way out of line and showing his backfield to be other than in motion. A flag can't be thrown on him regarding his blind sides against Northwestern and Colorado, but he's herewith penalized 15 big ones for unsportsmanlike conduct against the Gamecocks of South Carolina!

Rich Lashley
Mac Courtney
Columbia, South Carolina

I've just read Anson Mount's *Pigskin Preview*, and about the only thing I agree with him on is that "the Crimson Tide will, of course, have another winning year." Mount states that Alabama's schedule is "ludicrous" and that it plays the weakest teams in the Southeastern Conference. Well, I, for one, take that with a grain of salt. I would hardly refer to LSU, Tennessee, Auburn and Mississippi State as the weakest teams in the conference.

Randall Spencer
Ohatchee, Alabama

Thank you very much for forwarding a reprint of your football preview. I enjoyed it very much.

Paul Bryant, Athletic Director,
Head Football Coach
The University of Alabama
University, Alabama

Mount can anoint only one national champ, so prospective pundits poke his picks every "Pigskin Preview," and that's their prerogative. Still, whether the expert in question is named Anson or "Bear," it's hard to argue with success.

FRENETIC FRAN-ATICS

I was born in March 1949. To be frank, being over 30 had been bothering me. Then I opened my September issue of PLAYBOY to *Still Fran-tastic!* Now I can't wait to be over *40*!

Richard A. Martin
Arnold, Maryland

Fran Jeffries is in keeping with the highest traditions of your magazine, the Mercedes of entertainment for men. The men aboard the U.S.S. America salute her and her physical-fitness program. Smooth sailing and following seas, Miss Jeffries, and please disregard our ship's slogan, "Don't tread on me"—you're welcome to tread on our flight deck any time.

Chief G. C. Waite
U.S.S. America

PETTY PATTER

Congrats, PLAYBOY. September's *20 Questions* with Tom Petty is absolutely superb! Petty is a fantastic musician, a wonderful songwriter, a warm and wonderful husband and a man who is

not afraid to stand up for what he believes. What more could you ask? Bravo, T.P.; a rocker who carries $35, two guitar picks—and the keys to his Jag—is my kinda guy!

Rose Polidoro
Metromedia Stereo
New York, New York

ALL THINGS BRIGHTON—BEAUTIFUL

I first enjoyed seeing Connie Brighton in PLAYBOY's August 1981 Summer Sex package. I didn't know her name then, but she is even more spectacular now as Playmate of the Month for September 1982. Thank you, PLAYBOY and Richard Fegley.

Mark Jackson
Searcy, Arkansas

Hats off to another gorgeous centerfold! Connie Brighton is a vision of excellence. Her figure, features and tan are sure to Brighton any man's day.

Bill Wuerschmidt
Springfield, Virginia

Now that you've let the world in on our secret (Connie Brighton), perhaps everyone will understand when the entire male population of south Florida says, "Miami's for me!" By the way, how about a little bit more of Connie? Maybe a moon over Miami?

Dan Schley
Miami, Florida

Glad to oblige, Dan. Here's a 2-D version of the immense Connie Brighton

hologram some Miami lunatics are planning to project above eastern Florida. Prospective moon walkers are already lining up at Cape Canaveral.

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT

Behind the Lines in the Network News War, by Robert Sam Anson (PLAYBOY, September), is a lot like TV

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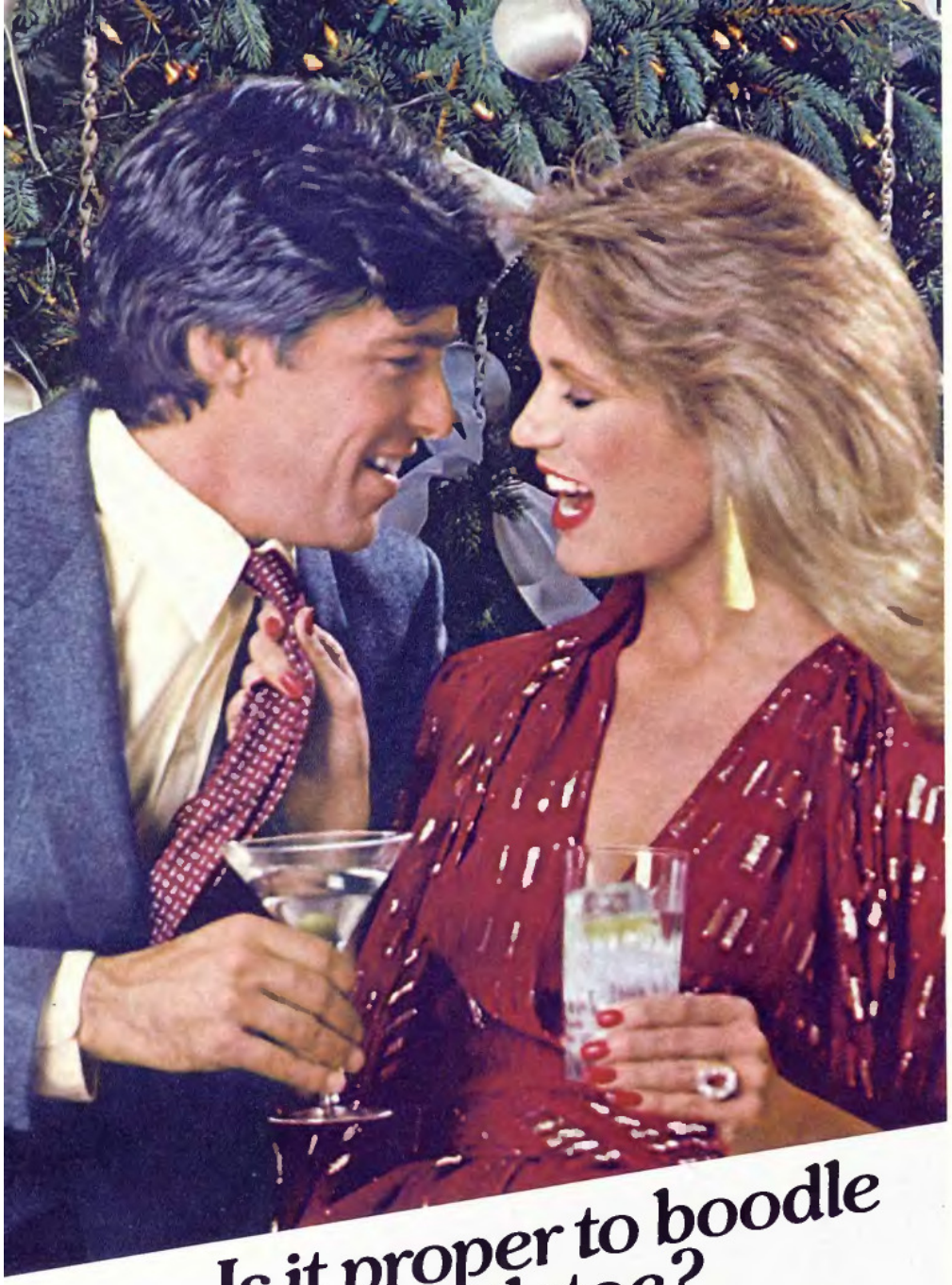

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news: It's not news. Many of us have long viewed TV news as a ratings battle or a glamor show rather than as informative programing. To me, a TV commentator is like a politician who will do anything to keep or improve his job. His goal is to keep ratings up in order to keep corporate profits up. There is no reason to believe that reporters are any more altruistic than any other group. I want to see reporters report—not analyze. I want to see both sides of an issue presented in an unbiased manner. I want to see issues debated by experts—not by geography majors. I want to see *The MacNeil-Lehrer Report* in prime news time.

Ray Hopkins
Dallas, Texas

I commend Anson's unveiling of the networks' news war. Being a TV reporter myself, I can say that suits and flawless haircuts are becoming the determining factors in one's being hired or even being granted an interview. However, there are still places at the local news level for veteran newscasters who don't wear $300 suits. Good journalists still place the news above their own good looks. Television execs must realize that viewers just want the news, without all the horns, bells and whistles. Now we know why CBS returned to a calm set for its *Morning News*. Fine display, Anson.

Dreux DeMack
Olathe, Kansas

RABBIT ON THE FLORA

One sunny afternoon, I noticed this rabbit moving slowly across my living-room floor! Does he look familiar to you?

Dale Miles
Streamwood, Illinois

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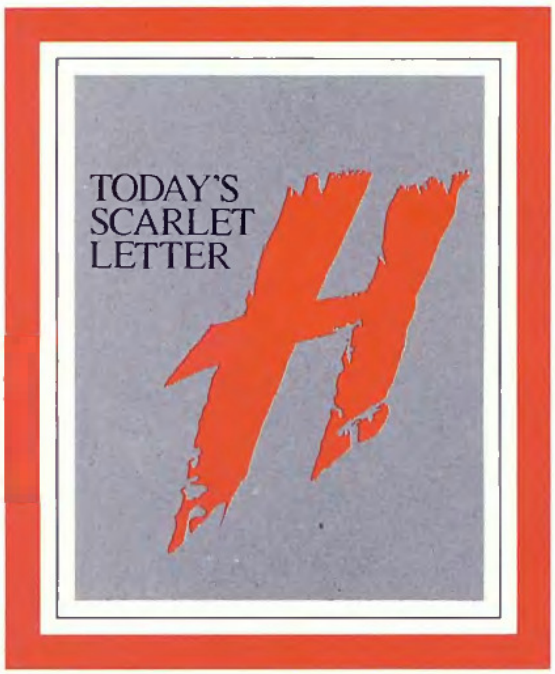
THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

IN THE Dark Ages before the pill and penicillin, man's sexual impulse was held in check by three fears: those of pregnancy, venereal disease and exposure. Science eliminated the first two and experience took care of the third. The world was made safe for pleasure. Or so we thought. But we seem to have underestimated the idiocy out there.

The puritans are making a comeback. Not a week goes by without the press's reporting a new strain of asymptomatic V.D. or bugs that are resistant to penicillin. Now we have the ultimate threat: herpes. The press is having a field day. Piety and rectitude are back in vogue. Never have we witnessed such a gleeful condemnation of the pursuit of pleasure.



The most glaring affront to our intelligence occurred last August. *Time* magazine devoted seven pages to herpes, calling it "The New Scarlet Letter." At least *Time* was upfront about its bias. The article was right out of the revivalist tent: Herpes was a plague that was cutting down the permissive. The sexual revolution had been brought to a screeching halt by the timely arrival of a "troublesome little bug." The virus struck down the sexually active, the unmarried, the uninhibited, the veterans of the one-night stand. Herpes was "an excuse for avoiding casual sex." Herpes had "changed the uneasy balance between sex for pleasure and sex for commitment. Romance is what relationships are all about." (For romance, read abstinence.) According to *Time*, herpes was "altering sexual rites in America, changing courtship patterns, sending thousands of sufferers spinning into months of depression and self-exile and delivering a numbing blow to the one-night stand. The herpes counterrevolution may be ushering a reluctant, grudging chastity back into fashion." The article paraded repentant sinners, tossed out a few half facts and concluded with this pulpit-pounding message: "For now, herpes cannot be defeated, only cozened into an uneasy, lifelong truce. It is a melancholy fact that it has rekindled old fears. But perhaps not so unhappily, it may be a prime mover in helping to bring to a close an era of mindless promiscuity. The monogamous now have one more reason to remain so. For all the distress it has brought, the troublesome little bug may inadvertently be ushering in a period in which sex is linked more firmly to commitment and trust."

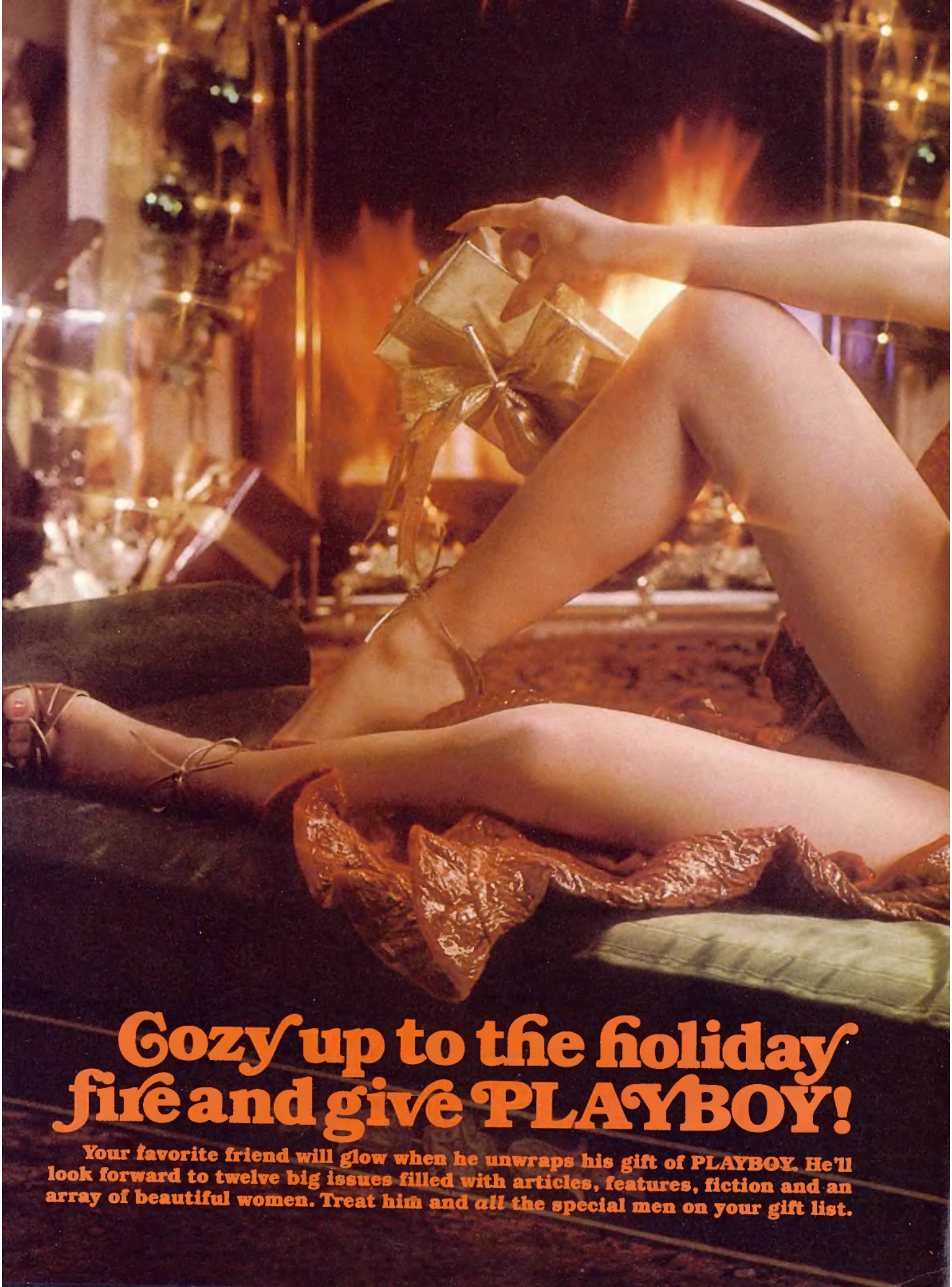
The old fear was back, and once again, it was based on misinformation. *Time* created a new *Reefer Madness* and flogged it for all it was worth. *Time*'s editors were so dead set against the one-night stand that they carefully avoided mention of The Herpes Resource Center's study showing that herpes was not the sole property of singles. Forty-four percent of the victims who answered a questionnaire reported that they were monogamous, that they had had only one partner in the past 12 months. The rest were not mindlessly promiscuous, reporting an average of 4.5 partners per year.

Time ignored those victims and chose instead to recite a series of scare stories to show the evils of sex. An angry female confessed to having infected 75 men in the past three years. A man gloated about having passed the virus on to 20 partners: "They were just one-night stands, so they deserved it, anyway." A prostitute estimated that she and her sister had infected 1000 Johns. Such selective testimonials did a disservice to the majority of victims, but *Time* was on a crusade. At times, the choice of targets was amusing. For example, "Since friction can trigger a recurrence, tight jeans, the uniform of the sexual revolution, are out." Wet suits are in. Really, now.

Time even pulled out that most trusted of weapons—the double standard. Like the Puritans of the past, it was patronizing toward women. "For many women, the disease exacerbates their doubts about casual sex; they feel they were pushed into it by a permissive culture, then made to pay a heavy price." *Time* ignored the feminist movement. It denied the equality of the sexes, the fact that women have assumed responsibility for their bodies. It wanted a return to the old values. Two weeks later, the publisher of *Time* congratulated himself on the impact of his sermon: "After mentioning *Time*'s article to a Moral Majority– and New Right–sponsored meeting, Phyllis Schlafly drew applause when she said that the herpes epidemic could again make virginity something to be prized." With logic like that, a case could be made for celibacy, masturbation, bestiality and necrophilia.

According to Dr. Richard Hamilton, author of *The Herpes Book*, "There is absolutely no reason to be distressed about the notion of contact transmission. It's purely descriptive, without any ethical, religious or moral overtones. People don't react to the other media in which diseases are spread—air, water, insects, animals—and they shouldn't react to this one, either." *Time* warned about the dangers of oral sex, of touching, of toilet seats. Anything except straightforward fucking between husband and wife was a potential hazard.

Let's examine some of the numbers. Some experts estimate that 50,000,000 Americans have herpes virus one—the type that produces cold sores on the lips. One source predicts that by the time they are 50, 98 percent of the



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population will have had a brush with H.S.V.-1 and developed antibodies against the disease. Numbers like that suggest that we are dealing not with an epidemic but with a fact of life. A cold sore on your lip is nothing to get excited about. When it moves to the genitals, *Time* would have you believe it is cause for a nervous breakdown.

Time reported that 20,000,000 Americans suffer from genital herpes. Other studies put that figure at a more conservative 5,000,000—one out of 48. According to Dr. Hamilton, approximately one quarter to one third of the people who catch herpes experience one episode and are never bothered again. Another one third may experience outbreaks so infrequently as to cause them little concern. One third will suffer recurrences. They will have to learn to manage the disease, to cope with the diabolically unpredictable virus. *Time* seemed to suggest that once you have herpes, you're infectious from then on, no matter what activities you pursue. Herpes is controllable. Most doctors feel that you can catch the virus only by direct contact with it during or for a few days prior to the blister stage. If you have an outbreak, don't fool around.

Time complained that "that kind of clinical inspection leaves little room for mystery and candlelight." It wants to make love in the dark. (For mystery, read ignorance.) When light is shed on the disease, it loses the power to terrify.

Herpes has been around for 2000 years. Experience teaches you to deal with it. This is the view of someone who has dealt with the disease for 20 years, a dermatologist: "The plight of the afflicted patients has been taken up by the popular media, and stories of an 'incurable venereal disease in our midst' have served only to further the concern and the depression of those infected with herpes. To surrender sexual fulfillment on the basis of scare stories, testimonial reportage and downright misinformation that I perceive in many newspaper and magazine accounts is clearly a shortening and darkening of known scientific facts about the disease."

Time seemed intent on creating a new Calvinist elite—the uninfected. What it succeeded in creating was a smug cadre of the uninformed. That is not sexual reportage but sexual sabotage. The true victims are those who will be gullible enough to take *Time*'s bias for biological imperative, who will give up the ground gained by the sexual revolution for the new lie. We are a generation that grew up in an era without fear; we are loath to see it return.

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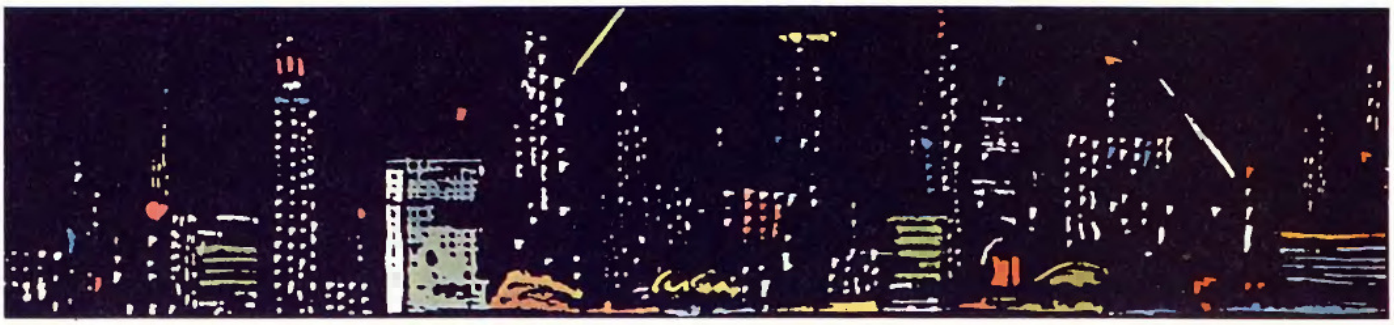

DAB-'N'-SNIFF

The following caption, quoted in its entirety, appeared in a recent issue of *Fortune*: "At its research lab in Union Beach, New Jersey, International Flavors & Fragrances (IFF) gets a whiff of what the ultimate customer wants by inviting housewives to dab and sniff one another."

•

Some moments are meant to be savored. Consider the couple who decided to have their wedding video-taped. The only problem was that the father of the bride couldn't find the $1000 in cash with which he was going to pay for the reception. After a futile search, the bill was paid by check and the guests settled in to watch a replay of the ceremony on video. What they were able to see was the father of the groom filching the envelope of cash. The marriage was annulled.

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Charo, Spain's permanent ambassador without portfolio, confessed on a radio program, "I love American men who have foreign blood in their behinds."

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Has your bank erroneously bounced your checks all over town? Lawyer Linda Cawley has a suggestion for revenge. On the USA Cable Network program *Sonya*, she said, "Put a dead fish in your safe-deposit box if you're angry with your bank."

ANIMAL QUEENDOM

It's the nature of the beast to be horny all the time. But according to a University of Alberta scientist, homosexual bulls looking to have a gay old time with their straight counterparts are causing a lot of problems for cattlemen. Bulls get turned on by the scent of pheromones, a sexual stimulant not usually produced by the male, but gay bulls apparently exude a remarkably similar scent. The difficulty arises when all those torrid toros are up for a little tail: They can literally screw the deceiver to death. Straight bulls routinely attempt to mount other straight bulls, but when they do, the offended party just moves off, a little miffed but none the worse for it. A gay bull, on the other hoof, welcomes all the attention. After a day of being jumped on by a series of bulls—each weighing as much as 2000 pounds—it may not survive. It's not easy separating two tons of humping hulk; farmers will simply have to beef up security when things are warming up in the bull pen.

MIDWEST REPORT

While detailing for reporters the activities of the President during a recent trip to Des Moines, Deputy White House Press Secretary Larry Speakes ran through events scheduled for the morning, the afternoon and the early evening. At the end of the list, he added, "There are no nighttime activities for the President. In fact, there are no nighttime activities in Des Moines at any time."

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And Generalissimo Larry and Ayatollah Curly: Master Sergeant Samuel K. Doe, who in 1980 seized power in a bloody coup in Liberia, visited Ronald Reagan in the Rose Garden not long ago. The President introduced his guest as Chairman Moe.

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Educated women know what they want. And so it shouldn't come as a surprise that the magazine of the Texas Women's University was called *PRIX*.

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Maybe if you stopped beating her, she'd come home. The following classified ad appeared recently: "Lost—white long-haired middle-sized female with two black eyes. Reward."

PRESSURE TO CONTRIBUTE

The saffron robe, the shaved head and the finger cymbals have given way to the lab coat and the stethoscope. Yes, in New York City, the Krishna Consciousness Society high jumpers who annoyed us at airports are now soliciting bucks in return for curbside blood-pressure readings.

REIGNING CATS AND DOGS

A unit of Chinese soldiers stationed on some islands in the South China Sea is locked in battle with the local ecology, according to the Peking-based magazine *Nature*. It seems that the soldiers imported some chickens to supplement their uninteresting military rations with eggs, some of which hatched and produced chicks, which began attracting predatory rats weighing up to two pounds

each. Rat-control experts were called in, and when they failed to solve the problem, a shipment of cats was requisitioned. The cats proved afraid of the rats and took up eating rare birds. Next, dogs were imported to go after the cats, which merely scampered up trees, leaving the dogs to bark and to fight one another. At last report, the soldiers had called for a team of ecologists to restore order.

BUTTING OUT

Eric R. Finkelman, 25, a student at Vanderbilt University, wanted to play a practical joke on passing motorists, but his efforts fell flat. So did he. On a bus tour returning from a whiskey distillery in Nashville, Finkelman decided to moon the world at large from one of the bus windows. Dropping his drawers, he pressed his bare buns against the windowpane and, before he could say "Is this the end?" the window popped out. Finkelman followed suit. He wasn't seriously injured, but he was admonished by local law officials about his cheeky behavior.

LAYING ON OF HANDS

What do you get when you cross Jerry Falwell with Billy Jack? Answer: Samuel Doyle, owner of the Karate for Christ martial-arts school in Grand Rapids, Michigan—a man who's seen the light and has grown callused.

"I believe that the Lord works through you and that karate helps build your confidence," says Doyle, who smashes boards with his bare hands while teaching the Scriptures. "I show people that the Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword. With His help, you can slice through any temptation."

Speaking of which, Doyle spent three weeks in a Kentucky county jail last year for writing checks that didn't quite cut it. He decided to open the school when he was released and to let students pay whatever they could afford. "I'm doing it all in the belief that you should give and it shall be given back to you," Doyle says.

Like, when somebody gives you a jab in the neck, you want to be able to give it back, right?

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Gannett Today titled a story about the governmental displeasure at Chinese youth wearing English-language messages this way: "CHINA TEED-OFF AT T-SHITS."

•

Seek and Ye Shall Find: When New York's annual Gay and Lesbian Pride March brought tens of thousands to Central Park last summer, bicyclist Judith Fein lamented the human traffic jam. "I've got a softball game on Governors Island," she said, "and I have to catch a ferry."

CHECKING IN

English-born **Joan Collins** *has been emoting onscreen since she was a ravishing 16-year-old. Today, the internationally recognized actress is best known for her role as "Dynasty's" stylishly conniving Alexis Carrington. Contributing Editor David Rensin reports: "Joan Collins is one great reason why our elders should be revered."*

PLAYBOY: You're suddenly a star on one of America's top-rated TV shows; what's more, you get to play a strong, cunning and not very likable character. Do you find that fans have trouble distinguishing between Alexis Carrington and Joan Collins?

COLLINS: A lot of fans, especially in the States, find it hard to separate the two. Since I play a very hateable woman, naturally some people are really going to hate me. Recently, when I was shopping at Bonwit's, I was besieged by an army of ladies while I was trying on lipstick and eye shadow. Fortunately, they liked me. A few years ago, in England, I did a movie called *The Stud* [a scene from which is pictured on page 235], and the character I played did to men what men have been doing to women for thousands of years. There were a lot of women who admired that.

PLAYBOY: Another thing you did in *The Stud* and in your next film, *The Bitch*, was appear in erotic nude scenes. Why, in your 40s, are you still taking off your clothes?

COLLINS: I don't consider it any different from taking off my clothes in my 30s. If I hadn't felt I could cut it, there's no way I would have done it. When I did *The Stud*, I took a good, long, hard look at myself in the mirror. And it looked all right to me.

PLAYBOY: Were you concerned about the reactions of people close to you?

COLLINS: I only thought about what my father would think. He sat behind me at the opening night of *The Stud*. Every time a nude scene came on, I turned around to see his reaction. He seemed to be enjoying it. Afterward, he said that it was a good film and that I looked attractive. I was surprised, because I was brought up in a rather strict and old-fashioned family.

In fact, that film was very much a family project. My sister, Jackie, wrote the book and the screenplay. My husband, Ron Kass, produced. It was he who encouraged me to do more nudity than I had wanted to do. That made me quite cross some of the time. In one scene, I was lying on a table next to another girl, being massaged. I wanted to have a towel over my butt, but Ron said, "Do you normally have a towel there when you're being massaged?" I said, "Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't. Anyway, I hate massages." Ron thought that was a cop-out, and we argued about it for three nights in a row. He won. He was the producer.

Anyway, nudity was not the greatest part of *The Stud*. There was a love scene in an elevator that people thought was incredibly sexy. My character was videotaping the whole thing to show her girlfriend later. I had read somewhere that women often fantasize about being watched while making love. It might be appealing. I don't know if I'd do the same thing today—the nudity, I mean. Actually, I wouldn't do a movie like *The Stud* today. I don't have to.

PLAYBOY: Why was your autobiography, *Past Imperfect*, published in England and not in the U.S.?

COLLINS: After it was published in England, I got so much flak that I thought that if I were getting that treatment in a place where I was supposed to be well liked, they would cut me to ribbons in America. I didn't think I could face

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going on the talk-show circuit and giving interviews, with people criticizing me for having written a kiss-and-tell book.

PLAYBOY: Was it?

COLLINS: I didn't consider it that. It was never done gratuitously or to make people salivate about my various romances. However, since a great part of my life was involved with men—I was married at 17 and have always been involved with someone—it would have been untrue to have written about just my career without including my personal life. I don't mind being criticized for what I do as an actress, but I found that it hurt a lot to be criticized for what I had written about my *life*. So I decided to clam up. The best way to do that was to stop the book from being published in America. I gave Warner Books back my $100,000 advance.

PLAYBOY: It was written at the outset of the celeb-bio craze. Do you think its revelations would now be considered tame?

COLLINS: No.

PLAYBOY: One of the men with whom you were involved was Warren Beatty, who is famous for having supposedly said about marriage, "I'm not going to make the same mistake once." Do you think Beatty will ever get married?

COLLINS: My educated guess is that he won't. We were engaged a long time ago, in 1961. We had the same astrologer. I'd already been married once, and the astrologer had predicted my next two: to Anthony Newley and to my present husband, Ron. Not by name, of course. He had also predicted that Warren wouldn't marry or, if he did, it wouldn't be until he was at least 45. I tend to believe the astrologer, because he predicted his own death—the month and everything. I understand he locked himself in his own house and died of malnutrition.

PLAYBOY: What do you think your life would be like if you weren't sexy? And what are some of the problems of being born beautiful?

COLLINS: One problem is that it's like being born rich and getting poorer. I was always pretty and gorgeous and sexy. And that seemed to be the only way people thought of me at the outset. So my self-esteem was pretty low. I didn't like being whistled and hooted at. Or having producers letch at me. But, frankly, if I had a choice between beautiful and not beautiful, I'd choose beautiful. There are women who are born beautiful who just become empty. They have nothing in their heads except worrying about their faces' falling. Well, faces are going to fall. I prefer the way I look now to the way I looked in my 20s. My face is better now. A few lines, but what the hell.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you on *Star Trek*?

COLLINS: Only Trekkies know that. The episode "The City on the Edge of Forever" was one of the most popular.

PLAYBOY: You and Bill Shatner fell in love in that episode. You kissed.

COLLINS: I can't remember. I've kissed so many men—I mean, in movies. Film kissing is about the unsexiest thing you can do. You have to be aware of hairpieces and smudged lipstick and eyebrows and noses getting in the way. Noses particularly.

PLAYBOY: Who intimidates you?

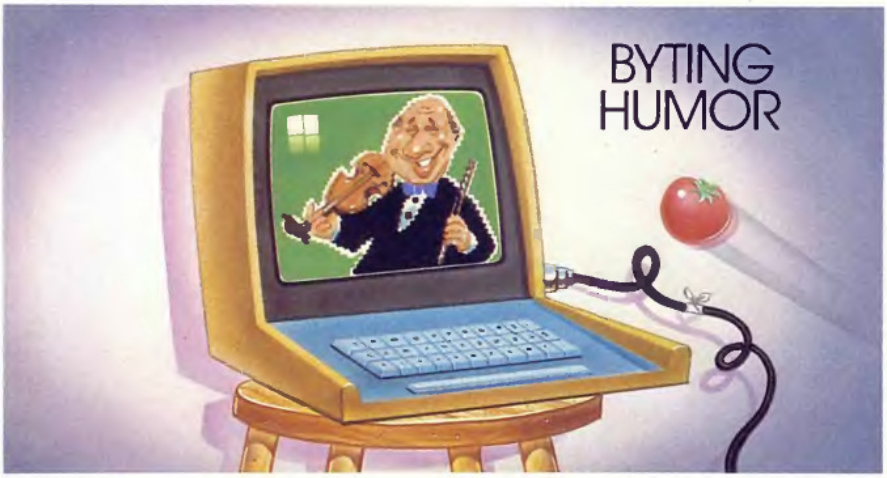
COLLINS: Anybody famous, rich and good-looking. Once, after doing a workshop called Actualizations, I was very brave and went up to Woody Allen at one of Sue Mengers' parties. I said, "Oh, Mr. Allen, I really admire your work. I think you're terrific. And I read somewhere that you are very shy, and so I feel we have something in common, because I'm very shy, too." He just looked at me and said, "Well, you could have fooled me."

PLAYBOY: You've made more than 50 movies. Which one do you consider the biggest bomb?

COLLINS: *Empire of the Ants*. I ended up being chased by giant ants through Florida swamps before being squashed to death by one while its noxious fumes enveloped me. Oh, God!

PLAYBOY: Is it true that an Arab sheik offered your first husband money to make love to you?

COLLINS: Yes. How could I make that up? It was £10,000, which, at the time, was about $30,000. I was nearly 18. We were at a night club, Les Ambassadeurs, and my husband said, "Go, baby." And I said, "No, baby." And that was when the marriage went down the tubes.



It started out as an experiment: Could I program my home computer to make up jokes? Since it has the ability to choose numbers at random, I decided to let my TRS-80 sort through a stack of nouns, verbs and other parts of speech to put together sentences and phrases of its own invention. One thing I learned was that it can turn out 3000 one-liners per hour. You might expect a computer to come up with scientific jokes such as "Take my temperature, please!" but that wasn't the way it turned out.

Simple comic headlines were the first items I programmed the computer to generate:

"SCIENTISTS DISCOVER NEW MOON ORBITING KATE SMITH!"

"TORNADO KILLS FIVE, SELF!"

"POPULATION OF INDIA DISCOVERED IN SECRET LOVE NEST WITH VAST HERD OF CATTLE!"

"NEW TYPE OF MILKMAN DROPPED ON HIROSHIMA!"

"STICK FIGURE LEAPS TO DEATH FROM TOP OF STICK!"

Diseases also seemed a ripe subject:

CURVATURE OF THE NURSE
ATHLETE'S BRAIN
CHEESE-IN-MOUTH DISEASE

The phone book provided material for names of comical companies:

POLLUTION R US ("WATCH OUR SMOKE")

AAA DEITY REMOVAL ("IF IT'S ALL-POWERFUL, WE'LL GET RID OF IT")

CHICAGO COIN-&-STAMP CEMETERY ("FOR YOUR BELOVED COLLECTIBLES")

New inventions were easy for the computer:

MICKEY ROONEY–PROOF GLASS
POCKET INSURANCE SALESMAN
EMERGENCY DRIBBLE MUG
I.Q. RETARDANT

And, for the casual-employment applicant: TEMPORARY JOB SPORTSWEAR

The computer is also capable of making fun with nonprofit organizations:

THE CAMPFIRE PUPPETS
THE JUNIOR PHONY CLUB
THE INSECT-SEAL SOCIETY

When programmed with food words, it responded with these gourmet items:

INSECT BRITTLE
ENDANGERED SPECIES AU GRATIN
FUR-BALL SHORTCAKE

Now that it has mastered one-liners, I'm trying to get the computer to create entire television shows for me. How does *This Is Your Hat* sound?

—JOHN SWARTZWELDER

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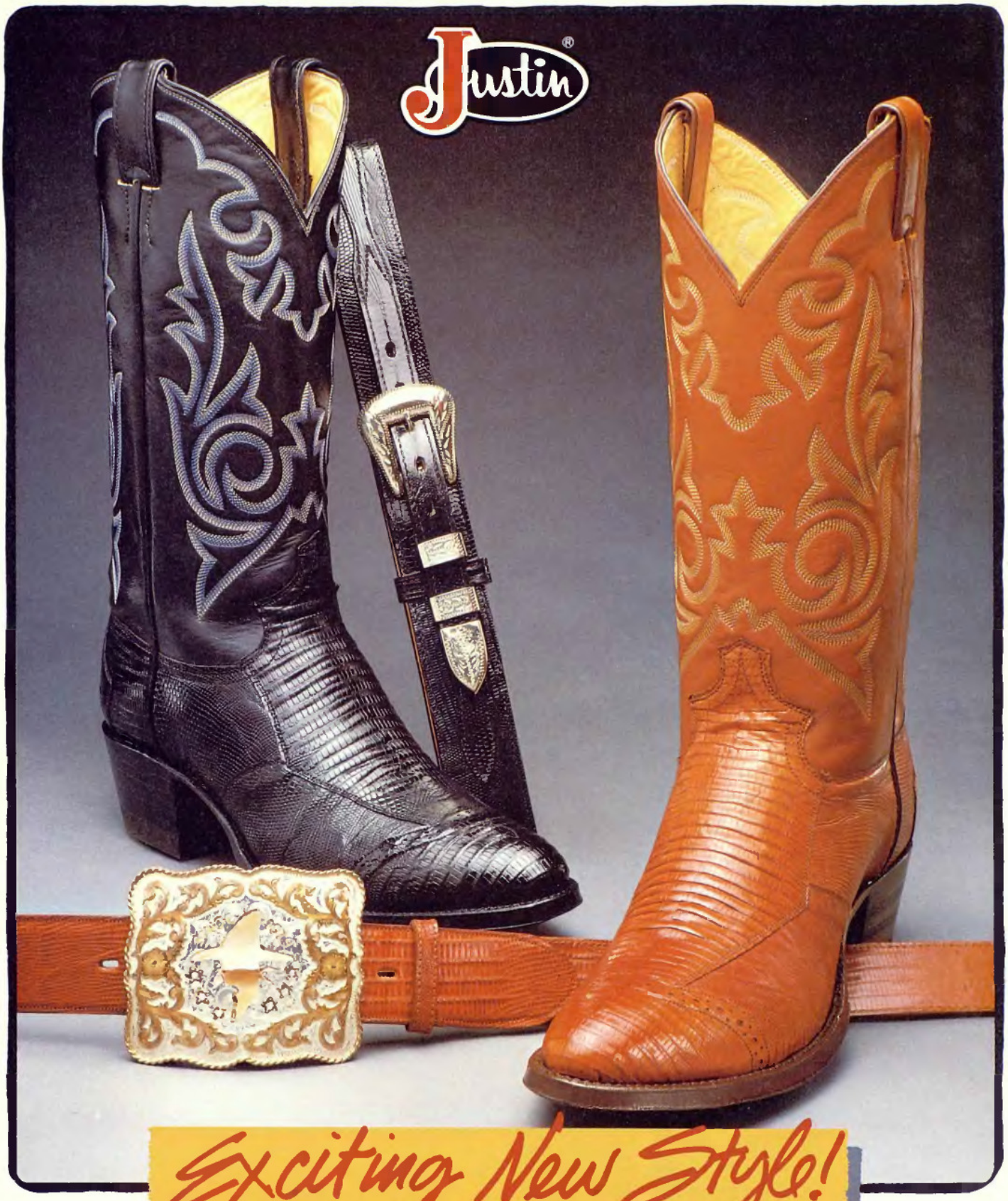

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In the Tradition of the American Cowboy

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The *Playboy Interview* has a way of taking on a life of its own—if you don't believe us, ask Jimmy Carter. But the latest interview-spawned headline epidemic has turned into a full-fledged treasure hunt, sending art historians, TV anchor men and newspaper correspondents on the trail of a nude statue for which **Bette Davis** told PLAYBOY she had posed as a teenager.

Since the interview with the esteemed actress was published in our July issue, art buffs with an investigative bent have been seeking the sculpture with Bette Davis eyes, thighs and presumably everything else; the search has been publicized in newspapers from coast to coast, not to mention *Time*, *Newsweek* and the *CBS Morning News*.

Bette Davis early in her film career.

Statue, statue; who's got the Bette Davis statue?

The grouping in Edwards' garden, with a close-up of Bette's (?) face.

Most of the excitement has been generated in the Boston area, since Miss Davis had said she believed the statue was installed in a Boston park. City parks officials, however, were quick to point out that their outdoor statuary tends to run the gamut from poets to war heroes—mostly male and clothed. A brief candidate for celebrity, a statue in Boston's Tigerlilies restaurant, was revealed to have been recently purchased from a Maine antiques dealer. The search was believed to have come to an end in a back room of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where a 1924 statue titled *Young Diana*, by Anna Hyatt Huntington, was found gathering dust.

Well, the time was right—Miss Davis had said she'd posed for the work when she was 16 or 18—and the gender of the artist was as stated by Bette, But the torso on the Museum of Fine Arts' candidate resembled that of a young boy, and the actress *had* noted that she'd had "the perfect figure" for the job.

Enter 76-year-old Bob Edwards of Beverly, Massachusetts, who believes he has the real Bette immortalized in a fountain group on the grounds of his private museum, Paradise, at 13 Foster Street. This work was created by sculptress Anna Coleman Ladd and *was* briefly on display in a park—the Boston Public Garden—but was removed in 1933 after a public outcry against its nudity. Edwards, who was a friend of Mrs. Ladd's family, now exhibits some 40 pieces of her work from ten A.M. to one P.M. on Sundays, April 15 to October 15.

Meanwhile, the Bettelike *Diana* is still on display at the Museum of Fine Arts, where, a staffer confided, it's been drawing more attention than a much-ballyhooed exhibit on American decorative arts. A near twin of Boston's boylike "Bette" has been spotted in San Diego's

Boston museum's *Diana*.

Tigerlilies' candidate.

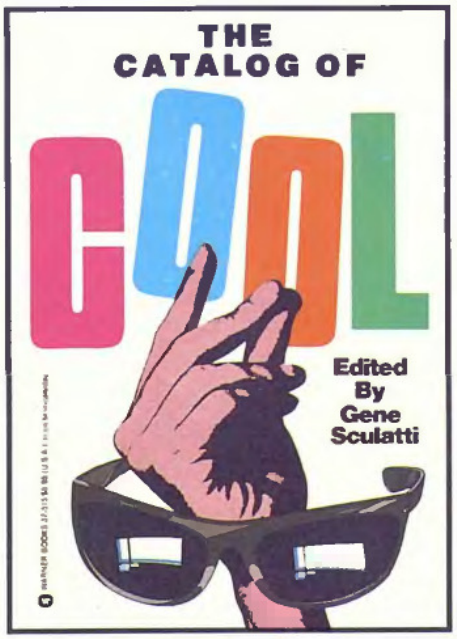
Balboa Park, and three *Dianas* (two by the aforementioned Mrs. Huntington) are located in Brookgreen Gardens, south of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Still another Huntington *Diana* graces the rotunda of the Washington County Museum of Fine Arts in Hagerstown, Maryland. And an Iowa janitor is convinced he has the real thing: a bust found in a Cedar Rapids theater.

So the mystery continues. The only person who may know the truth is Bette Davis, and at this point, she's not talking, having told reporters she's sorry she ever mentioned it.

BOOKS

Dicks for a new decade.

A new batch of private eyes, Cool cataloged and Vonnegut's latest.



We're hip, man; are you?

But down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid. . . ." That's the standard for fictional private eyes set by Raymond Chandler in 1944. Since then, his Philip Marlowe and Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade and The Continental Op have all gone on the big sleep. And their successor, world-weary Lew Archer, has been retired by the ill health of his creator, Ross Macdonald. Which raises the question: Who's minding today's mean streets?

Well, different times demand different detectives, but in our quest for modern Marlowes, I suggest we stick to basics. Let's leave Mike McQuay's space sleuth, Mathew Swain, to the *Star Wars* set and wish the nostalgia buffs well with Stuart Kaminsky's golden-age gumshoe, Toby Peters. Walter Wager's liberated woman, Alison Gordon, and Joseph Hansen's gay insurance investigator, Dave Brandstetter, are up-to-date variations on the theme, but they're still a bit too gimmicky to be the Great American Detectives for whom readers and publishers are searching.

Many critics feel that Robert B. Parker's Boston bulldog, Spenser, fills the bill. I don't agree. Parker has said that, as a teenager, he "saw in Marlowe an icon of manhood to which everyone should aspire." Fine, but in his middle years, he tempered that icon with Archer's intense social sensitivity. Now, after nine novels, Parker has turned Spenser into the Alan Alda of detectivedom, a hero so smugly self-righteous and annoyingly fair-minded that, in his new book, ***Ceremony*** (Delacorte), he can say to his troubled girlfriend, "Because [a thing] is right doesn't make it easy." Just what we need—the private eye as Pollyanna.

Let me recommend, instead, three licensed pros who are fighting today's sophisticated criminals and sociopaths without simping out. Michael Z. Lewin's Albert Samson is a thoughtful Indianapolis loner who, in the recent ***Missing Woman*** (Knopf), tells us, "In a matter of an hour, I had faced two different murderers who felt no guilt. I was thinking that, of the two, I preferred neither." Samson eschews guns and fists in favor of deadpan humor and insights into human behavior. His author hopes someday to achieve a style that is "a sort of cross between Hammett and Jane Austen, with a little leaping from rooftop to rooftop." I'd say he's almost there.

In Lawrence Block's ***Eight Million Ways to Die*** (Arbor House), Matthew Scudder, an alcoholic New York City shamus, is told by a cop, "You remember that program . . . 'There are eight million stories in the naked city' . . . You know what you got in this city . . . ? You got eight million ways to die." Obsessed, Scudder starts counting them in a darkly humorous litany lifted from the obits in the morning papers. But just as Marlowe was capable of appreciating Jacaranda in bloom behind a whorehouse, Scudder finds some solace by solving a murder or two in a decade when life is at its cheapest.

Finally, we have Arthur Lyons' Los Angeles private investigator, Jacob Asch, who, in ***Hard Trade*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), uses wisecracks, a battered but still operative conscience and as many uppers as it takes to get the job done. In the course of a twisting tale involving land scams, chicken hawks and corrupt politicians, Asch shadows a male prostitute to The Valentino Arms. "Very romantic," he comments. "I wondered if the Great Valentino ever charged for his services. Probably. After all, this *was* Hollywood."

The Op. Spade. Marlowe. Archer. Samson, Scudder and Asch. An American tradition continues down those mean streets. —DICK LOCHTE

•

Editor Gene Sculatti's ***The Catalog of Cool*** (Warner) is the *Whole Earth Catalog* of items produced by the Fifties–Eighties pop culture that the author finds cool—which, he explains, is eternal. If that's so, then we hipsters, flipsters and finger-poppin' daddies ought to protest Sculatti's inclusion of such temporal flimflam as the movie *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and such *hot* performers as James Brown, Gary U.S. Bonds and Eddie Cochran. What's going on here is a redefinition of the term cool. Given that, *The Catalog* is a good record of what's happened outside the cultural mainstream for the past few decades. But what bothers us is this: Do truly cool people make lists?

•

John Updike resurrects Henry Bech for his new book, ***Bech Is Back*** (Knopf). In these seven stories (three of which have appeared in PLAYBOY), novelist Bech faces a series of plights as he briefly visits, among other spots, the island of San Poco, the city of Jerusalem and the state of matrimony. Bech is back after 12 years—and Updike is as witty and entertaining as ever.

•

In order to pull off a book about ***Panache and the Art of Faking It*** (Tribeca), you'd better be damned sure you know your subject well or have a writing style funny enough that your audience won't care. Bob Levine lacks both, so he drags us along on a tour of his opinions about wine, women, vacations, entertainment, finance and other convenient preoccupations. Not only is a lot of his information inaccurate but Levine further insults the reader by taking himself seriously. Pass up this book with panache.

•

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Hoosier sophisticate, lives and writes in an oxymoronic world. His characters are hopeless romantics, idiot savants and blind visionaries, all feeling their way through the modern Dark Ages. His new novel, ***Deadeye Dick*** (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence),

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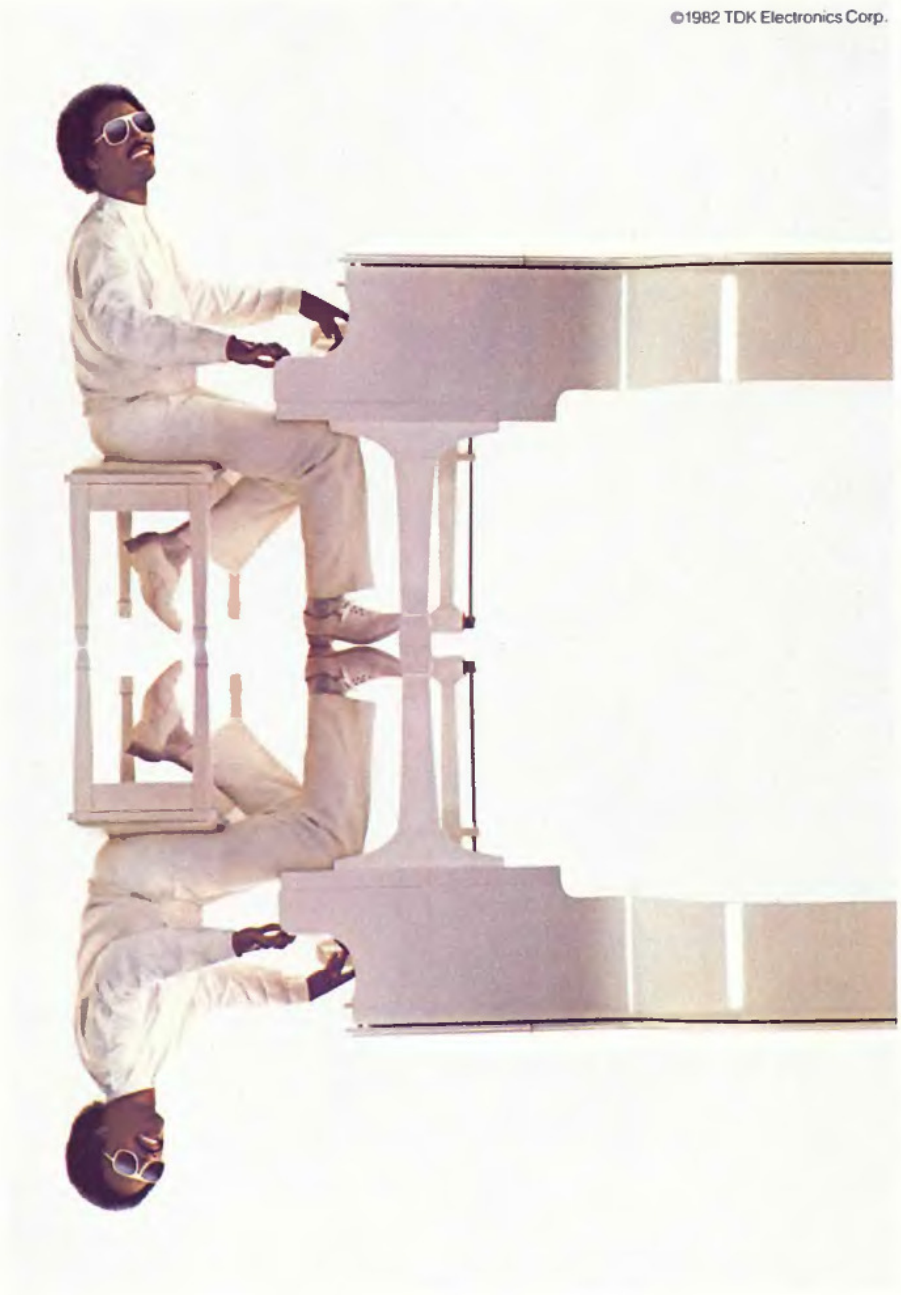

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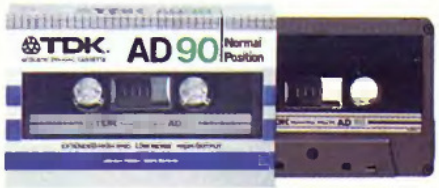

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details the struggle of accidental murderer Rudy Waltz to ride out his mad family's life cycle and live down the day he sent a bullet into the air of Midland City, Ohio. Rudy gets to see the varied effects of a neutron bomb, a freakish shooting, a radioactive mantelpiece and plenty more of the things that justify paranoia. *Deadeye Dick* is gimmicky and manipulative, yet by its finish it becomes, somehow, a moving fable of passive resistance. Vonnegut, sweet cynic and ugly duckling, continues to write gentle swan songs for our uncivil society.

•

Raven—The Untold Story of the Rev. Jim Jones and His People (Dutton) is morbid, sickening, compelling. Beginning with Jones's boyhood in Indiana—characterized even then by aberrant behavior—the book meticulously reports every step of the progression that culminated at Jonestown; its title, incidentally, refers to Jones's jet-black hair (kept that way in later years with the help of Clairol Black). Tim Reiterman, who wrote *Raven* with John Jacobs, was with Congressman Leo Ryan and was wounded during the massacre in Guyana. Despite his personal involvement, *Raven* is coolly reportorial, based on information derived from interviews, documents and other research over a four-year period. It's an objective account, so you'll be forced to make your own analysis of the nature of the grisly phenomenon that was Jim Jones and the People's Temple.

•

Len Deighton's ***Goodbye, Mickey Mouse*** (Knopf) is not about bombing Disneyland or even about graduating from college. It's a hard-flying, soft-loving melodrama set in and around an Army Air Corps base in World War Two England. Mickey Morse, the ace with the titular nickname, is tough. Jamie Farebrother, his fly-boy friend, is thoughtful. The Germans are bad. While it never flies too high, there's something comforting about a modern novel whose message is a simple "War is heck."

•

In ***One Fell Soup*** (Little, Brown), Roy Blount Jr. cooks up a very funny concoction of magazine pieces, with assorted songs and comic sketches thrown in. If you believe the subtitle on the book's cover, he's "just a bug on the windshield of life"; but if you judge him by its contents, Blount's a Mark Twain for our times.

•

General Sir John Hackett is the historian of the future global war. In his second novel about it, ***The Third World War: The Untold Story*** (Macmillan), he updates and details the plausibilities of events leading up to a Soviet attack in August 1985—this time concentrating on the Soviet point of view. This is fascinating stuff but not an easy read. With all the coolness of an Army briefing, Hackett

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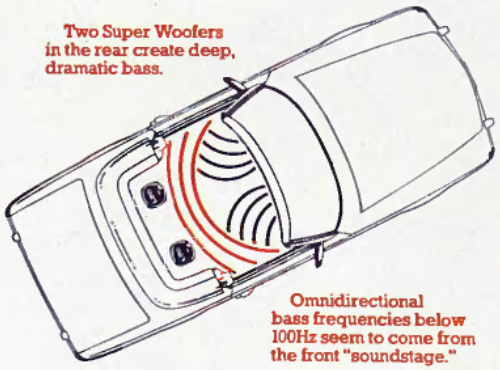

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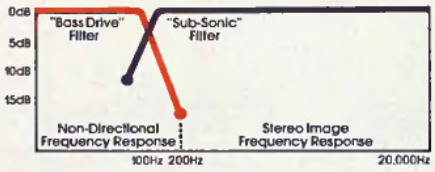

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tells us about the complex underpinnings of freedom; that is, the capabilities and vulnerabilities of a vast inventory of hardware and personnel. Hackett reworks the old Roman saying: "If you want nuclear peace, prepare for nonnuclear war: but be ready to pay the price." His message is very stark.

•

Reagan (Putnam's) is a political biography of Ronald Reagan by Lou Cannon, White House correspondent for *The Washington Post*. Cannon is a journalist who has been covering Reagan since 1966, and he describes in some detail the career, the roots, the alliances of the small-town boy who moved from the Midwest to Hollywood to Washington. "He has not left the world the way he found it," Cannon concludes. Hardly a deep or an original observation and right in line with the caliber of perception displayed; rarely does Cannon tell us something we don't already know: "Reagan has yet to be fully defined by either his advocates or his opponents," he says. It's still true.

BOOK BAG

The Cult of the Atom (Simon & Schuster), by Daniel Ford: Sometimes awkwardly written but an important exposé of the history of nuclear power in America, showing that scientists *inside* the industry had doubts from the beginning.

Night Vision: Confessions of a Private Eye (Simon & Schuster), by John Sedgwick: Authentic adventures of a genuine Boston-based investigator, Gil Lewis, who cracks tough cases.

Summer Crossing (Random House), by Steve Tesich: Screenwriter turned novelist Tesich here mines the same territory he has explored in his movies—relentlessly. Pass it by.

The Names (Knopf), by Don DeLillo: Always an interesting storyteller, DeLillo brings us a new novel, set in Greece, about everything from fatherhood to cults. A compelling read.

The False Messiah (Houghton Mifflin), by Leonard Wolf: A historical novel about a 17th Century man, earthy and driven, with a vision and throngs of Moonie-like followers. It's heavy on the hero's story and light on his preaching, so the reader ends up liking the guy.

Scandals, Scamps, and Scoundrels (Random House), by James Phelan: A walk down memory lane with the investigative reporter who broke the Clifford Irving/Howard Hughes hoax. Phelan relates the stories behind 11 of his most interesting cases. You'll enjoy the trip.

Intensive Care: A Family Love Story (Random House), by Mary-Lou Weisman: A true story about two overachievers—a lawyer and a writer—forced to confront a situation they cannot fix: the death of their son. Weisman tells it truthfully but with humor.

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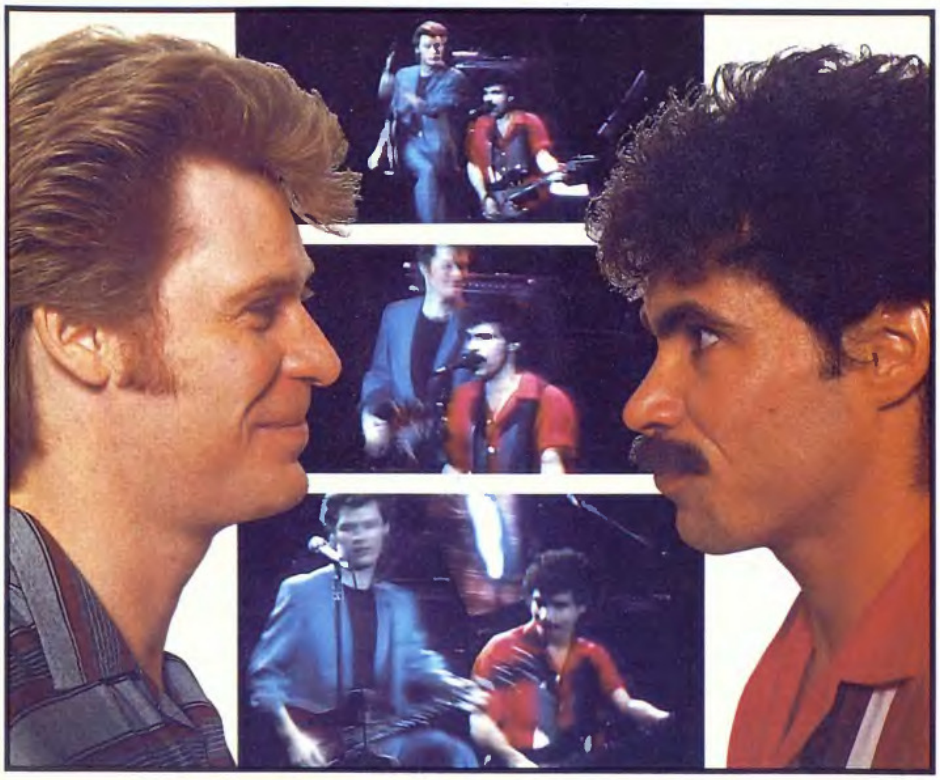

IS IT LIVE OR IS IT . . . ?: "People are conditioned by TV and movies to be observers, to sit in the dark and hide. Sometimes, you have to shake people into realizing that something's alive. Liveness is so unusual." Daryl Hall was explaining why, in concert, the **Daryl Hall and John Oates** band likes to throw a little light—a klieg light—on its audience, frequently for the length of a song. That and the shocking discovery that those fashionable fellows on the record jackets actually jump around, howl, moan and *sweat* act as potent catalysts to the people in the seats. In no time, they're bouncing in their seats and responding to Hall's call on *Sara Smile*.

A musically tight embrace with no strings attached, the H & O live show is touring the U.S. this winter on the heels of the band's new release, *H_2O* (RCA). It may be the best show you'll see this season. Illuminating the audience is the sole gimmick in a program that sanctifies visual simplicity with clean staging and unobtrusive lighting.

The music and the players are the story. Keyboardist Hall and rhythm guitarist Oates have never forgotten the simple virtues of street-corner harmony—the same stuff they sang as teenagers in Philly. That memory of Philly soul permeates their music, and you don't have to listen too hard to hear vestiges of Gamble and Huff's legendary "sound of Philadelphia." In fact, Hall worked for them when he was only 15.

And like the best R&B bands, theirs is a hot, tight ensemble that takes short, to-the-point solos. On saxophone is Charlie "Mr. Cool de Sax" DeChant, remembered adoringly by one adolescent fan as "the sex player." G. E. Smith is the virtuoso lead guitarist, who has a charming solo album. The rhythm section holds with Mickey Curry on drums and Tom "T-Bone" Wolk on bass.

Hall and Oates are choosy about their sidemen, demanding not only musicianship but affable personalities and a facility for background vocals. "You can find a lot of great bass players, but to find someone who can sing is another story. I think we've got something now," Hall said in that carefully terse way men speak when they're afraid of sounding gushy. Hall and Oates's praise finds expression in loyalty, job security and *insurance* for their band.

"Sure, nobody talks about that," Oates explained. "For a musician, that actually means something."

So this is what it's come to. As rock 'n' roll gets older and musicians get successful, they try to set up a good benefits program to please the hired help. "It's no longer a thing where you're up on the stage for a few years and then retire and run a record store. It's something you want to keep doing," said Hall.

So, how come, at show time, these members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Bandleaders keep their safe spot onstage while they send their sax man up the aisles into the audience?

"We're experimenting with wireless sound and Charlie's the guinea pig," said Oates, smiling.

Hall sniffed, "There's a fine line between going into the audience and feeling that you *could* go—but not going. It's almost like foreplay."

And foreplay—keeping the show moving—is the most valued commodity in this organization. Once, Smith wandered out onto the stage apron for a solo, whipping through a few imaginatively bent notes, when—awk!—his guitar became unplugged. He stopped dead, cartooned a look of shock and slowly, with Chaplinesque deliberation, set about replugging the cord. The audience was knocked out.

So were Hall and Oates; it's that loose, good-time attitude that makes this band go over live.

"We let people do whatever they want," Hall noted.

"Within reason," laughed Oates.

"Sometimes without reason," Hall shook his head and grinned.

—KATE NOLAN

REVIEWS

When you hear the name Santana, Latin percussion and African rhythms start throbbing in your head. As usual, on

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The entries on our Not list, you'll be happy to know, have been melted down and cast as objets d'art *that our music editor intends to donate to charity or, perhaps, to the P.L.O. for target practice, or maybe to Pia Zadora or. . . .*

HOT

1. **Steve Winwood / *Talking Back to the Night***
2. **The Rockets / *Rocket Roll***
3. **Free Flight / *The Jazz/Classical Union***
4. **Elvin Jones / *Earth Jones***
5. **Novo Combo / *Animation Generation***

NOT

1. ***Scott Baio***
2. ***Vanity 6***
3. **Headpins / *Turn It Loud***
4. **Y & T / *Black Tiger***
5. **Rush / *Signals***

Shango (Columbia), Carlos Santana pays proper homage to his Latin roots and his jazz interests. This time, on its 14th album, the band is in top shape, especially on such diverse cuts as the title tune and Junior Walker's 1969 gem *What Does It Take (To Win Your Love)*. The *reggae* ballad *Let Me Inside* may put you away.

•

We've experienced a live Teddy Pendergrass concert and felt his magic spell. We also felt the pain that our Teddy bear might not pull through his tragic auto accident. But he's doing better and better. In the meantime, we have something to clutch. ***This One's for You*** (Philadelphia International) is a compilation of Pendergrass love cuts recorded from 1976 to 1981 but never before released. Very cuddly Teddy.

•

"Juju music is essentially party music. . . . The rhythm is simple, and once you hook it up, it flows endlessly." That's King Sunny Adé, describing the music on his first American release, ***Juju Music*** (Mango), featuring King Sunny and His African Beats. The King, one of Nigeria's biggest stars, is accurate, but we've found that the music, a hybrid of African rhythms and Western guitar stylings, survives a solitary listen quite well, too.

•

Wanna heat up a cold winter night? Try George Thorogood and the Destroyers' new album, ***Bad to the Bone*** (EMI America). No violins here, folks; just the fast, raw, sweaty stuff that made rock famous. Even the slow, bluesy numbers smoke. The inner sleeve borrows Ted Nugent's traditional warning: "To be fully enjoyed, this record should be played at maximum volume." The line may be cribbed, but it represents truth in advertising.

SHORT CUTS

Marshall Chapman / Take It on Home (Rounder): Check out *Booze in Your Blood*, then try to imagine an entire concert sizzling along at that pitch. Unfortunately, Chapman still hasn't made an album that can touch her live act.

Stacy Lattisaw / Sneakin' Out (Cotillion): Even with Narada Michael Walden (the man with the heavy left foot) producing, this album is a bit light.

The Very Best of Rufus with Chaka Khan (MCA): If you liked them the first time, these cuts will remind you what funk means.

Cheetah / Rock & Roll Women (Atlantic): Lyndsay and Chrissie Hammond *are* rock-'n'-roll women.

Pointer Sisters / So Excited! (Planet): Ruth, Anita and June manage to be heard through Richard Perry's strings, but this isn't gutsy like the nearly perfect *Slow Hand*.

FAST TRACKS

STREET-CHIC DEPARTMENT: To us, he's Rick James, but to himself, he's James Johnson. "Rick James is strictly business. R&B. Rhythm and business. He's an image, a job." And to move the Rick James character into new arenas, James Johnson is planning a line of inexpensive New Wave fashions to be marketed world-wide. The silk-screened T-shirts are pastel, with jut-jawed faces of men and women. We can only imagine what's distinctive about the pants! Stay tuned for details—and look out, Gloria Vanderbilt; Mr. Punk Funk's coming to get ya!

REELING AND ROCKING: More **Rick James** news. His first movie, *Spice of Life*, goes into production next month—written by, produced by and starring Rick. He also wrote the music. The subject? Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. . . . **Stewart Copeland** is keeping busy with other projects until **The Police** go back on the road. One plan is to write the music for **Francis Coppola's** next movie, *Rumble Fish*. . . . It looks as though **Rick Springfield** will make his movie debut with *Traveling Light*, co-starring the nearly perfect **Nastassia Kinski**. . . . **The BusBoys** have written and are singing some songs in the **Nick Nolte–Eddie Murphy** film. . . . **Jimmy Buffett** is going off the road to write the screenplay for *Margaritaville* and then star in it. . . . **John Lydon** (who used to be **Johnny Rotten**) has made a movie in Italy with **Harvey Keitel**, tentatively called *Cop Killer*.

NEWSBREAKS: Further **Rick Springfield** news. **Alvin** couldn't handle the guitar licks on **The Chipmunks'** version of *Jesse's Girl*, so Rick went into the studio to help out. . . . The **Doobies** video-taped their last tour for pay TV. . . . **Lene Lovich** has put together a musical about **Mata Hari** in which she stars. It's playing in London now, so maybe we'll see it here, too. . . . **Anson Williams** and **Ron Howard** are working on a stage musical with music by **Bill Wyman**. Oh, happy days! . . . **Keith Carradine** has written some songs for *Foxfire* and will co-star in it on Broadway with **Hume Cronyn** and **Jessica Tandy**. . . . **Darlene Love** is on the solo comeback trail after years of backup singing. She hopes to record with **"Miami" Steve**. . . . **Randy Newman** is working on a new album. . . . An album of classical guitar music by **Elton's** guitarist, **Davey Johnstone**, will be released early next year. . . . The door to the offices of the **Beatles'** company, Apple, was actually auctioned off in London. **Terry Smith**, the director of a Liverpool radio station, bought it for more than $6000 and will add it to his collection of Beatles memorabilia, which he plans to exhibit next year in Liverpool. The beat goes on.

RANDOM RUMORS: We love this section, especially in a month that has so many wonderful moments of true wackiness. Have you heard **Stiv Bators'** new group, **Lords of the New Church**? If not, check out our favorite cut for the coming nuclear madness: *Apocalypso*. . . . Have you heard the first rap record to be sung by a ventriloquist and his dummy? *Check It Out*, by **Wayne and Charlie**, is available on Sugarhill. Our favorite line goes like this: "Throw your hands up into the air / Everyone say, 'We gettin' welfare.'" . . . Or how about the disgruntled man in northern Russia who wrote a letter to a cultural newspaper to complain about the conduct of teens at a local disco—dancing to a tape of Tchaikovsky? Gee, kids today. . . . **Sandy Pearlman**, who discovered **Blue Oyster Cult** and produced **The Clash**, has found a band in Buffalo called **The Edge**, which is, he says, the next **Stones**. A record is due out this spring. If he's right, remember you heard it here first. . . . And, finally, our favorite favorite: Look out for an all-female band from Scotland calling itself the **Dick van Dykes**. If *it* makes it big, we'll pass on the credit.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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MOVIES

A couple of Runyonesque con men from New York try for the jackpot in Las Vegas in ***Lookin' to Get Out*** (Paramount). An old story, you may say—Damon Runyon with a touch of human comedy reminiscent of Frank Capra in his prime. Well, what's wrong with that? Back on the fast track on which he came through with such diverse entertainments as *Shampoo* and *Being There*, director Hal Ashby has wrought a raffish and rambunctious movie caper that's really more about love and life than about winning and losing. It's wry, it's warm, it's a little bit off the wall, and anyone who thinks it's just too weird will be struck off my Christmas-card list. The biggest surprise *Lookin'* has to offer is Jon Voight, teamed with Burt Young and playing the pants off his part as the handsome half of this unlikely twosome—an amiable hustler and a congenital liar who is almost too true to be funny. In fact, he's a semischlemiel, which makes the role risky for an actor such as Voight, though Jon gambles and wins with a shaded, complex performance as fine as his Oscar-winning triumph in *Coming Home*. None of which should be attributed to dumb luck, since Voight is co-author (with Al Schwartz) of the screenplay, and he coproduced the movie.

Happily, Ashby's easy-does-it approach sums up the experience of Vegas without rubbing our noses in tinsel. Amid all the gaudy slot galleries and salons and hotel suites, the emphasis is on people. As Voight's slow-burning side-kick, Young more than earns his place in the limelight reflected from *Rocky*. Ann-Margret is merely splendid, as usual, underplaying her role as a local tycoon's rueful lady—a girl Voight has long since loved and left with a child he cannot bring himself to acknowledge—while Bert Remsen heads a roster of second bananas from a large, flamboyant bunch. I'd peg *Lookin' to Get Out* as a minor movie made by major talents with unlimited moxie. ¥¥¥

•

A kind of jungle fever permeates every frame of ***Fitzcarraldo*** (New World), by German writer-director Werner Herzog. There's something irresistible about the extravagant imagery Herzog has conjured up to dramatize this tale—bits and pieces of it based on fact. Picture a mad Irish adventurer sailing into the Peruvian Amazon aboard a huge steamboat, playing Caruso records on an ancient gramophone to soothe any savage headhunters who may be lurking in the bush. That's merely the visible tip of the impossible schemes cherished by Brian Sweeney Fitzgerald, alias Fitzcarraldo, whose ultimate goal is to have the steamboat lugged over a steep mountain, reap a fortune in natural rubber and use his profits to adorn the tangled wilderness with a splendid opera house in which Enrico Caruso will come to sing.

Voight, Young *Lookin'* at Ann-Margret.

A Voight triumph in Vegas, wonderful excess in Brazil and sick fun set in L.A.

Finally: Kinski, Cardinale in *Fitzcarraldo*.

Raoul's plotters Bartel, Woronov.

Never mind that German superstar Klaus Kinski plays the Irish-born hero in German. Kinski does a fine, flamboyant job with a role originally offered to Jack Nicholson. Nicholson was replaced in 1979 by the late Warren Oates, but tropic heat, bad timing and temperament had only begun to take their toll. By the time shooting resumed early in 1981, Jason Robards had assumed the title role, with Mick Jagger on deck as Fitzcarraldo's side-kick. Then Robards and Jagger decamped. Only Claudia Cardinale remains of the original all-star company (she looks ravishing, as well as ageless, as Fitzcarraldo's mistress and the madam of an elegant South American brothel). There is no real side-kick, no Jagger. Just Kinski, Cardinale, swarms of Indians, that boat, some excerpts from operas by Verdi and Bellini, plus a heap of spectacular scenery. To have made *Fitzcarraldo* at all may be Herzog's most awesome achievement. As drama, the movie moves erratically and often threatens to settle into the mire. But Kinski/Fitzcarraldo and the director himself seem imbued with a fierce energy that finally makes one man's ludicrous obsession an exhilarating, sun-baked salute to every man's wildest dreams. ¥¥¥

•

Buck Henry plays a bit role in ***Eating Raoul*** (Fox Classics), and he's one of the few familiar faces in an outrageous comedy that regaled audiences at this year's New York Film Festival. Director Paul Bartel helped write the script and also stars opposite Mary Woronov, with Robert Beltran in the title role. Who they? Well, Bartel is a balding Mr. Milquetoast, deceptively wicked, previously known for directing such cinematic schlock as *Private Parts* and *Death Race 2000*. Woronov is a former Warhol superstar whom you may remember from *The Chelsea Girls*, and Beltran is simply a good-looking, hilarious discovery as Raoul. To tell too much would spoil the joke, but Bartel's shoe-string production is apt to tie up traffic as one of the freshest, funniest sick comedies in years. Like the classic *Arsenic and Old Lace*, it has homicidal tendencies—all about a married couple who want to raise money to open a family restaurant. Although they abhor sex, they decide to advertise for kinky swingers whom they can turn on, rub out and rob. Their profitable scam is complicated by Raoul, who calls himself "a hot-blooded, emotional, crazy *chicano*" with practical ideas about how to dispose of dead bodies. The setting is L.A., and as Mary puts it flatly, "This city is full of rich perverts . . . you think we can do

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two a night?" There's an impudent, amateurish spontaneity at work here that may be one of *Eating Raoul*'s chief assets. The tone is murderously madcap, with many unexpected pleasures and a frying pan as the deadliest weapon on hand. ¥¥¥

•

Inchon (MGM/UA), reportedly budgeted in the neighborhood of $50,000,000, with some financial backing by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, also credits Moon as a special advisor. At best, Moon may find relief from his well-publicized tax problems with a substantial write-off. *Inchon* is a near-total loss as well as a laugh. I found the ending particularly choice: Laurence Olivier, painted to resemble General Douglas A. MacArthur as a waxwork at Mme. Tussaud's, is introduced after the taking of Inchon as "America's greatest soldier . . . about to make a statement that may change history." Sir Larry then intones the Lord's Prayer. Among a cast of thousands playing Korean War casualties, the stars lured into Moon's home movie for top dollar include Ben Gazzara, Richard Roundtree, Toshiro Mifune and Jacqueline Bisset. Only Bisset and Roundtree manage to rise high, dry and recognizably human from a veritable typhoon of war-movie cliches. Terence Young directed, heaven help him. ¥

•

Loincloths are back in fashion since the success of *Conan the Barbarian*. That being true, we could do worse than ***The Beastmaster*** (MGM/UA), another lively, simple-minded adventure epic with a muscular hero (Marc Singer) who talks to animals and saves a luscious captive (Tanya Roberts, seen to advantage in our October pictorial). Rip Torn's the snarling villain of a story so rudimentary that it could well be the result of cross-breeding a bodybuilder's manual with *Born Free*. ¥¥

•

Any movie made by veteran director Fred (*From Here to Eternity, Julia*, et al.) Zinnemann is sure to be superbly crafted. And with cinematography on breath-taking Swiss locations by Giuseppe Rotunno, Fellini's man for all seasons, it is virtually guaranteed that ***Five Days One Summer*** (Ladd/WB) will provide first-class travel back to 1932. That's the time frame for this nostalgic romance starring Sean Connery, an actor of impeccable personal style, who plays a doctor on an Alpine climbing junket with his alleged wife. Actually, she's his headstrong niece/mistress (movie newcomer Betsy Brantley), a lass whose roving eye lands on a handsome young guide (Lambert Wilson) closer to her own age. There is some potent sexual chemistry here, plus a literate screenplay by Michael Austin and any number of beautifully realized scenes—

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Zinnemann excels at bringing out the nuances of a delicate sequence in which the frozen corpse of a young mountaineer is hacked out of the glacial ice after some 40 years, miraculously unchanged in contrast to the bereft old woman who was meant to be his bride. *That* love story, alas, finally seems more poignant than the predictable Hemingwayesque triangle involving the doctor, the guide and the girl. What it boils down to is two men, one woman, a challenging mountain peak and better-than-even odds that there will be a dramatic mishap. You may wonder at the end, as I did, whether so small a tale merits all the prodigious talent and time spent on *One Summer*. ¥¥½

•

What happens when a successful shrink starts to fall in love with a woman he finds fearsome? Not without cause, either, since one of his clients—a dealer in antiquities—has been viciously murdered and his former mistress appears to be the likeliest suspect. The classic question Whodunit? is mulled by writer-director Robert Benton in ***Still of the Night*** (MGM/UA), a romantic suspense drama with just enough intelligence and urgency to carry you to a fairly predictable climax. As the shrink and the mysterious blonde suspect, Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep do what they can, though their star turns somehow raise expectations that the movie never fulfills. Given Benton's credentials as co-author of *Bonnie and Clyde* and as winner of best-director and best-screenplay Oscars for *Kramer vs. Kramer*, I'd call *Still of the Night* a medium-grade disappointment. ¥¥

•

Though seldom subtle, ***Xica*** (Unifilm/Embrafilme) is wildly exotic and original, and I'll bet a bushel of Brazil nuts that it won't remind you of anything else around. Director Carlos (*Bye Bye Brazil*) Diegues mounts his historical tale as a whimsical vaudeville in elementary colors, but such spirited carnival brightness seems to be a hallmark of movies imported from Rio. The title (pronounced shee-ka) is the name of an actual 18th Century black woman known as Xica da Silva. This mesmerizing lady—played with great zest and broad humor by Zeze Motta—won freedom from slavery after she seduced the Portuguese governor of a diamond-mining province in Brazil. Her indulgent lover (Walmor Chagas) forced his white countrymen to treat the proud Xica like a queen, built palaces in which she could dress the part, even ordered a private artificial lake and a manned galley to amuse her. Made four years ago, *Xica* depicts interracial amor with the kind of aplomb that would have spelled havoc—or maybe witchcraft—in this hemisphere circa 1760. ¥¥½

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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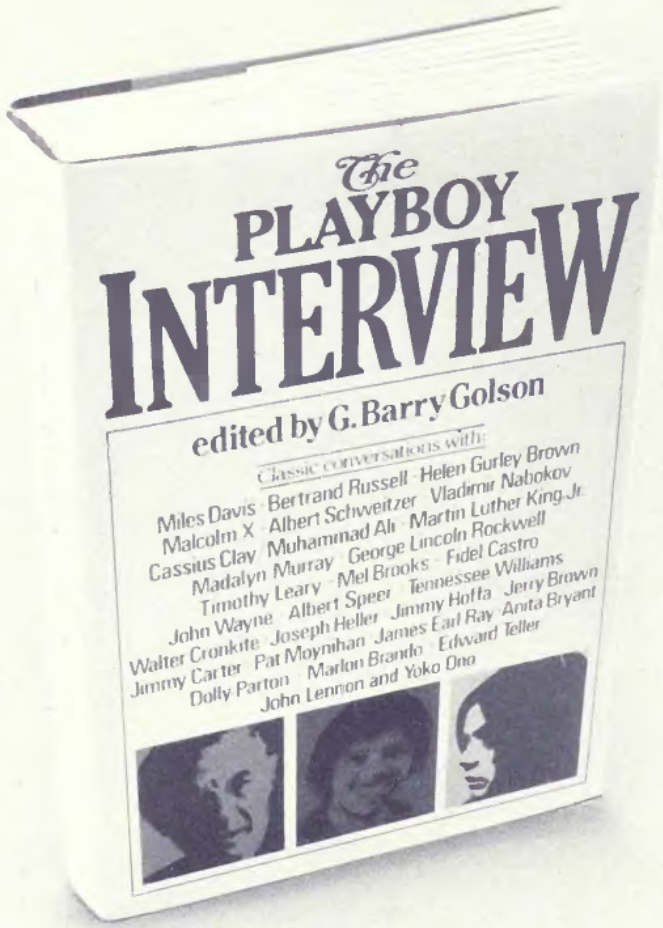

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Diner Some Baltimore guys and dolls circa 1959. Delectable. ¥¥¥¥

Eating Raoul (Reviewed this month) Open season on swingers. ¥¥¥

Endangered Species Homicide on the range. ¥¥½

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial Just try to resist him. Extraordinary. ¥¥¥¥

Fast Times at Ridgemont High From the book by Cameron Crowe. Passing. ¥¥½

Fitzcarraldo (Reviewed this month) Herzog's head trip; feverish. ¥¥¥

Five Days One Summer (Reviewed this month) Connery's Alpine idyl is Zinnemann below his peak. ¥¥½

Hammett OK tribute to Dashiell—but nobody does it better. ¥¥

Inchon (Reviewed this month) Moonstruck war drama. ¥

Le Beau Mariage Another French soufflé fizzles. ¥¥

Lola One of Fassbinder's last and best films, the saga of a slut. ¥¥¥

Lookin' to Get Out (Reviewed this month) Voight takes Vegas. ¥¥¥

My Favorite Year High comedy, with Peter O'Toole as a drunken superstar on the boob tube circa 1954. ¥¥½

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The Road Warrior In this faultlessly assembled Aussie horror show, Mel Gibson is hell on wheels. ¥¥¥

The Soldier A Cold War hit man flops. ¥

Split Image Another cult kid deprogramed. ¥¥½

Still of the Night (Reviewed this month) Streep, Scheider and shiv. ¥¥

Tempest Not my cup of tea, though Paul Mazursky's star-studded salute to Shakespeare has its moments. ¥¥

Things Are Tough All Over Cheech and Chong on a slower track. ¥¥

Xica (Reviewed this month) All about a shady lady from Brazil. ¥¥½

Yes, Giorgio Pavarotti's pipes are the whole show. ¥¥

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: **Sam Peckinpah,** absent from active film making for at least the past four years, has been tagged to direct the screen adaptation of best-selling author **Robert Ludlum's** thriller *The Osterman Weekend.* Dutch actor **Rutger** (*Blade Runner*) **Hauer** will star as the television journalist who uncovers a trail of political intrigue that climaxes in the terror-filled titular weekend. . . . **Richard Pryor,** who is probably booked until 1990, will top-line *The Man Who Would Make Miracles,* a contemporary comedy based on an **H. G. Wells** story about a man with unique powers. . . . **Paul Newman** and **Joanne Woodward** will star in *The Scandal* (formerly titled *The Walter Lippmann Story*), a two-hour ABC telefilm currently being written by none other than **Gore Vidal.** . . . Word has it that a biopic

Pryor

Hauer

of University of Alabama football coach **"Bear" Bryant** is in the planning stages. . . . **Robby Benson** will star in *Running Brave,* the true story of **Billy Mills,** the Sioux Indian who rose from a reservation to become an Olympic gold-medalist (he won the 10,000-meter run in the 1964 Tokyo games). The film is being completely financed by the Ermineskin Indians of Alberta, and the lead role was filled only after a three-year talent hunt. Benson was chosen because, in the words of producer **Ira Englander,** "besides looking like Billy, he's the perfect combination of sensitivity, athletic ability and concern for Indian issues." **Pat Hingle** and **Claudia** (*Diner*) **Cron** co-star.

•

BERSERK DRUMS OVER NUMNUTS: Last month, I gave brief mention to a film called *Numnuts,* starring **John Candy, Joe Flaherty** and **Eugene Levy** of *SCTV* fame and directed by comedian **David Steinberg.** *Numnuts,* which used to be titled *Drums over Malta,* has undergone yet another title change and is now being called *Going Berserk,* which will perfectly describe my state of mind if they change the title again close to my deadline. At presstime for *this* month's issue, the plot was being kept secret, but I got this much out of somebody close to the production: "Candy and Flaherty play limo drivers. Candy is kidnaped by a religious aerobics cult and brainwashed into killing his future father-in-law." Got it?

•

PAIRING OFF: **Richard Dreyfuss** co-stars with **Susan Sarandon, Nancy Allen** and **Jean**

Dreyfuss

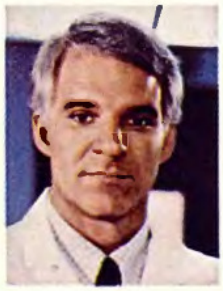
Sarandon

Stapleton in 20th Century-Fox's *The Buddy System,* a romantic comedy described by its producer, **Alain Chammas,** as "a formula for survival in the Eighties." Here's the low-down: Dreyfuss plays Joe Denniston, an aspiring writer and amateur inventor who supports his aspirations by working as an elementary school security guard. With five unfinished novels and a girlfriend (Nancy Allen) who is incapable of returning his ardent affections, Joe is one down-and-out fella. Equally down-and-out is Emily Price (Sarandon), a single mother whose self-esteem has been battered by her manipulative mom (Stapleton), upon whom she is financially dependent, and by an unrewarding affair with a self-centered lawyer. Joe and Emily meet, become friends (misery loves company) and—natch—lovers. Directed by **Glenn** (*Only When I Laugh*) **Jordan,** *The Buddy System* is scheduled for a 1983 release.

•

BITE MY CORTEX: From the people who gave us *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*

Turner



Martin

comes—are you ready?—*The Man with Two Brains,* starring **Steve Martin, Kathleen** (*Body Heat*) **Turner** and **David Warner,** directed by—guess who?—**Carl Reiner.** If you thought the plot line of *Going Berserk* was weird, you're going to love this one: Martin plays Dr. Michael Hfuhruhurr (don't ask me how to pronounce it), an eminent brain surgeon famous for a neurosurgical technique called the cranial screw-top method. Turner plays Dolores Benedict, a beautiful Jezebel who causes her husband to have a heart attack. Steve accidentally runs her over, saves her life in surgery, falls in love and marries her. But, much to Steve's frustration, they don't consummate the marriage, for—as we later find out—Dolores married him only for his money. To ease the tension, the newlyweds travel to Vienna on a combination honeymoon and lecture tour. There, Steve meets Dr. Alfred Necessiter (Warner), a research scientist whose experiments involve keeping human brains alive in tanks. Steve declares a citizens' divorce from Dolores, then falls in love with one of Dr. Necessiter's live brains (that of a woman). This leaves him in a romantic quandary: To be happy, he must either find a body for his beloved brain or put his own brain in the tank. Poor guy. My theory is he puts his brain in the tank and her brain in *his* body, but that's pure speculation. We'll have to wait until next summer to find out.

•

STAGE TO SCREEN: Playwright **Bernard Slade** is fast becoming the new **Neil Simon:**

Steenburgen Moore

His third Broadway hit, *Romantic Comedy* (the previous two were *Same Time, Next Year* and *Tribute*), is currently being adapted for the screen, with **Dudley Moore** and **Mary Steenburgen** starring. Dudley plays Jason Carmichael, a witty, urbane, sarcastic—but always charming—New York playwright. Steenburgen is Phoebe Craddock, his writing partner. Both characters share a passion for the theater but differ in almost every other way. Slade claims he got the idea for *Romantic Comedy* from a quote by **Ernest Hemingway** about his relationship with **Marlene Dietrich** he'd read many years before: " 'We have been in love since 1934, when we first met on the Ile de France, but we've never been to bed. Amazing but true. Victims of unsynchronized passion. Those times when I was out of love, the Kraut was deep in some romantic tribulation, and on those occasions when Dietrich was on the surface and swimming about with those marvelously seeking eyes of hers, I was submerged.' That quote has remained in my memory all these years." —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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My question may seem trivial when viewed against the backdrop of more pressing human problems, but it represents a concern of no small importance to me. I am a healthy white male, aged 30, average in most respects. Along with the majority of American men in my age group, I was circumcised shortly after birth. While I realize that the practice of circumcision is not one of the hot issues of our time, I am deeply displeased that I was subjected to that ritual mutilation. The purpose of this inquiry is to determine whether or not it is possible to repair that damage surgically. I have desired such a restoration since my early teens, and my interest has been focused by a description in James Michener's *The Source* of such cosmetic surgery's being hypothetically performed in pre-Christian times. If such a correction *is* possible, I would greatly appreciate being informed of the details.—D. J. G., La Jolla, California.

Yes, it is possible to replace the foreskin surgically. The operation may require a general anesthetic and is performed by a plastic surgeon or a urologist. While the operation is not common in the U.S., it is fairly common in Europe and the Middle East. For more information, we suggest that you consult your physician for a referral to a qualified specialist. However, we feel that you are making much ado about nothing. There is no medical reason for circumcision, yet it is performed on 85 percent of all American males at birth. To correct one unnecessary surgery by subjecting yourself to a second seems to invite a needless complication. Two wrongs don't make a right. Before you act, we suggest that you read Edward Wallerstein's book "Circumcision: An American Health Fallacy."

In a very short time, I'm going to have to make a special purchase—a diamond ring. Unfortunately, I know nothing about diamonds or gold. Can you tell how good a diamond is by its carats? How do you know when you have real gold? If I knew some basics, I would at least have a place to start.—M. S., Boise, Idaho.

The basics are only the beginning in diamond buying. Color, cut, clarity and brilliance all have to be considered to determine the stone's worth. The carat figure is a weight measurement. There are 142 carats in one ounce, with each carat divided into 100 points. The karat (with a K) can tell you the amount of gold in a ring. Twenty-four-karat gold

is pure gold. Less than that means there is some other metal present, usually to give strength to the finished piece. When a piece is labeled solid gold, that means only that it isn't hollow; you still have to check the karat rating to determine how much gold is in it. In the U.S., gold that is less than ten-karat gold can't be sold. Gold electroplate, a coating that must be at least seven millionths of an inch thick, must also contain no less than ten karats. Beyond that, things get pretty complicated and you have to rely on the reputation of the jeweler. If you can't be sure of his expertise, get a second opinion from a knowledgeable friend before you make your purchase.

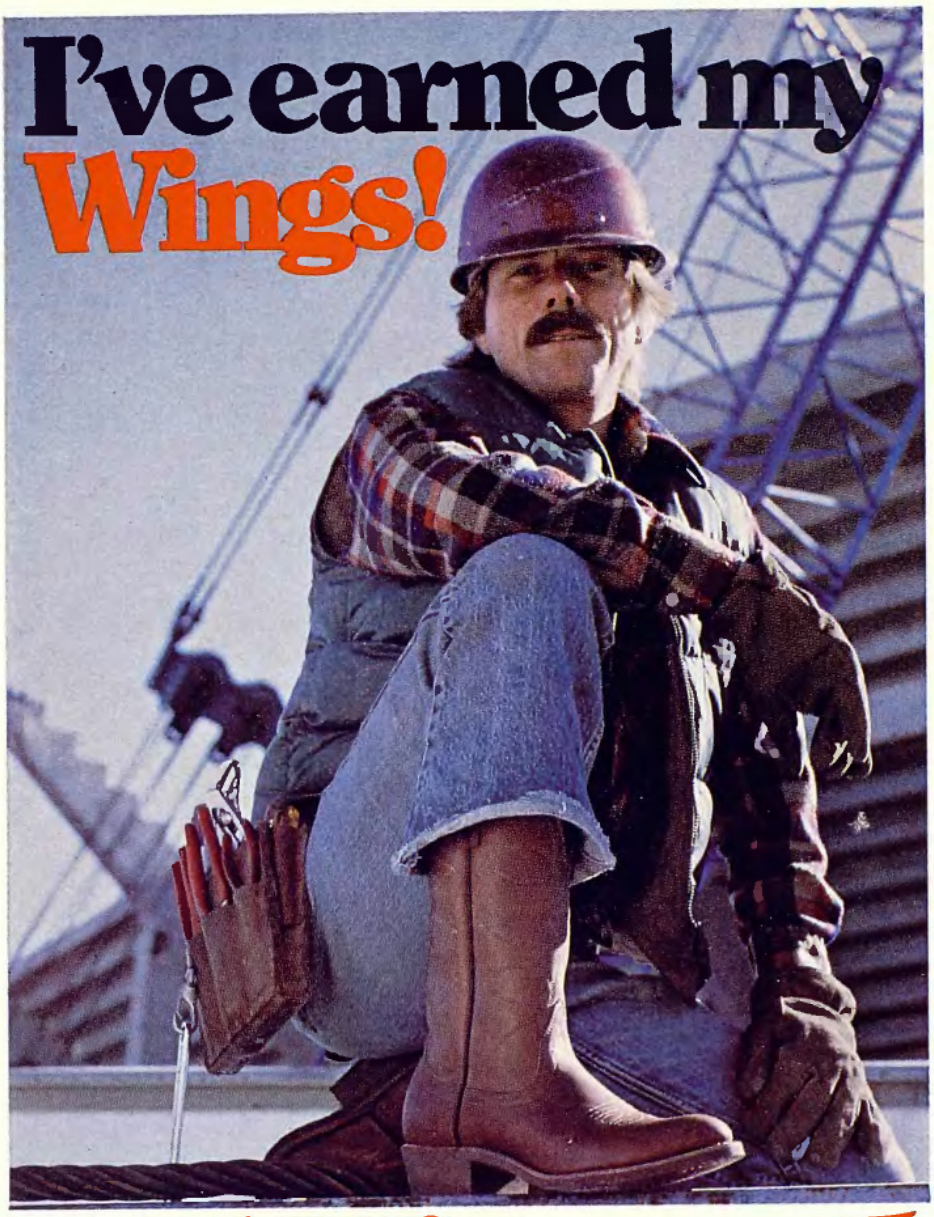
Sometimes I think I'm going crazy. When my husband and I are making love, my mind wanders. I can be thinking about almost anything: worrying about how I've disciplined the children or what I need to do the next day; having weird or disturbing fantasies; rehearsing this letter. I've been putting off writing it for quite some time. I love my husband very much and I know he loves me. We've been married for ten years and both of us were able to sow our wild oats before we got married. My husband does everything to please me; we have plenty of foreplay (actually, that's when my mind wanders the most). When I finally get aroused, I have terrific multiple orgasms. My problem is so great at this point that when we get into bed, I immediately say to myself, "I'm not going to get sidetracked!" Please don't tell me to discuss this with my husband. That would do wonders for his ego! How would you feel if *your* lover said to you, "Every time we make love, my mind wanders." If this is a problem couples have after they have been married awhile, then what the hell am I supposed to do? I know that my husband's sex drive is a lot stronger than mine (we have sex three to four times a week) and I don't do some of the things he would like me to do, but he says that what we do is fine. So what is the matter with me? Why can't I concentrate?—Mrs. K. M., Mobile, Alabama.

A few years ago, we answered a letter from a man who had noticed that his girlfriend became distracted during sex. Our research turned up some interesting facts. According to Kinsey, such behavior is present throughout the animal kingdom: "Cheese crumbs spread in front of a copulating pair of rats may distract the female but not the male. . . . When cattle are interrupted during coitus, it is the cow that is more likely to be disturbed, while the bull may try to continue with coitus." Apparently, female cats have been known to investigate mouseholes during intercourse. Our advice then is our advice now: A person who passively accepts foreplay can easily become a spectator and can easily be distracted. To end this cycle of waiting for Godot, become more active. Giving is an act of concentration that can distract the distracted. We also recommend a sound track—neutral music that you can both tune in to. Finally, we think you are making a problem where one need not exist. You are capable of arousal and of multiple orgasms. That's as good as it gets.

In all the months I've had my car, I have yet to approach the minimum miles per gallon that was advertised. The car is in good running condition; I use it every day to and from work. Is the mpg rating nonsense?—R. L., Dallas, Texas.

The Government provides those mpg ratings, and its method for determining them is not so hot. Even the bureaucrats—in a whisper—will admit that. They know that the testing doesn't take place on the street behind the wheel of a moving vehicle. Now you know, too. There's also that little disclaimer that comes with the mpg rating—the one that talks about your driving habits. If you do a lot of city driving, the fact is you're

I've earned my Wings!



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going to have a low mpg figure. The culprit is time—at stop lights, at stop signs, in slow-crawling traffic or in frequent stops and starts. At 55 mph, you can almost cover a mile in about a minute at about 2500 rpms. That same minute can be spent at a stop light with the engine still turning at 700–800 rpms—which means you've lost almost a third of a mile at the stop light. Three stop lights, therefore, can equal one mile of lost mpg. You may want to re-evaluate your route to work. Leaving a little earlier or later to avoid traffic can make a difference. So can a different route. Depending on the number of stops on your usual route, you may even be able to save gas by taking a longer way to work.

While I was recently engaging in foreplay with a new friend, something very interesting happened. As she became sexually aroused, her *labia minora* started to swell and turn a reddish purple until they were protruding nearly half an inch through her pubic hair. Cunnilingus at that point was like kissing and licking a pair of facial lips. I asked her whether or not that happened often; she replied, "Only occasionally," and added that it didn't hurt and that the swelling would completely diminish soon after we were through. Would you elaborate on that condition and tell me what percentage of the female population is capable of it?—D. T., Moorestown, New Jersey.

It's not the first time it's happened—just the first time you've opened your eyes. It sounds as though your partner simply became very aroused, allowing her vaginal tissues to become extremely engorged with blood during arousal. That is more likely to occur when foreplay has continued for a long period of time. It's normal physiology—which means that it happens, to some degree, to all women.

Shin splints are making my jogging routine nonstop torture. I wear the best jogging shoes I can find, but the pain is still there. Is there anything else I can do to ease the shock? I have to run on the street, since I am far from any track.—B. M., Boston, Massachusetts.

Shin splints may require a short rest period to avoid reinjury, since they are caused by a tearing of the muscle tissue that is attached to the front of the lower leg. Ice and stretching can help. One recommended exercise is to kneel and point your toes while gradually lowering your body onto your heels. That will stretch those front muscles. If you find that you need more relief from the pounding of your feet on the concrete, special insoles that can reduce the impact are available. One of those products,

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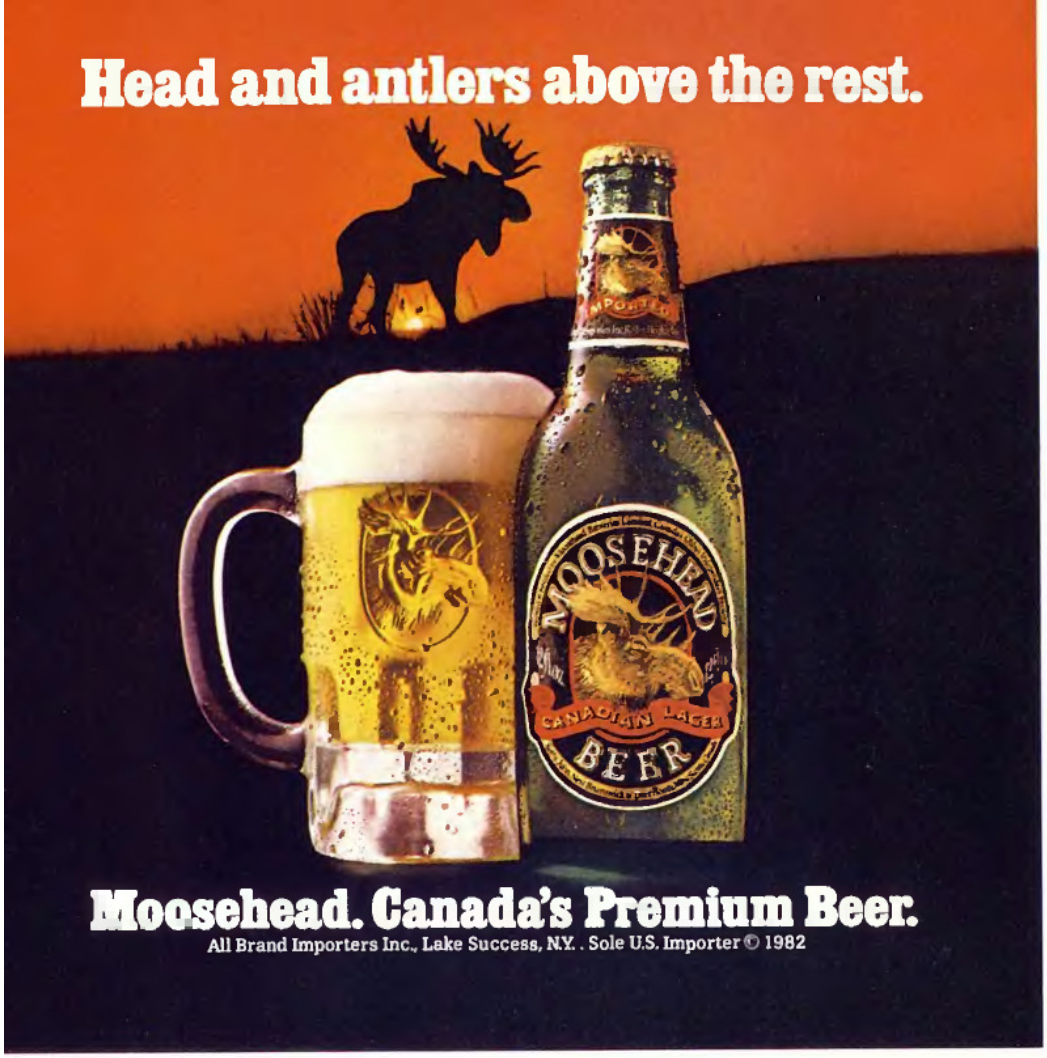
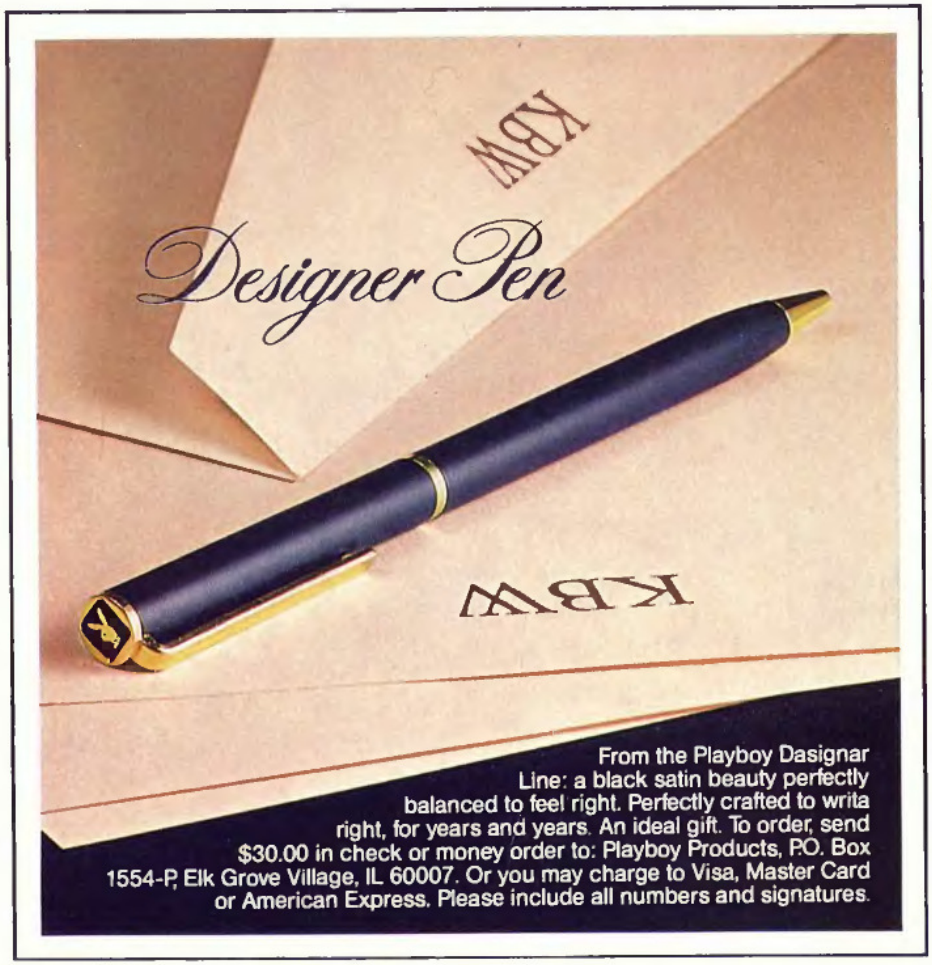




made with a polymer called Sorbothane, boasts a 95 percent impact-absorption rate, compared with the 60 percent found in normal running-shoe materials. The shoes are a little heavy, but for you, it's probably a question of weight versus pain. We'd opt for the extra weight.

I don't care how dumb this sounds; you are the only one who can help me. I've noticed that on the underside of my penis, there is a band of dark skin running down the middle. Is that normal? I can't ask other guys; I'm not in the habit of asking friends to show me the bottoms of their cocks. What is it?—T. A., Detroit, Michigan.

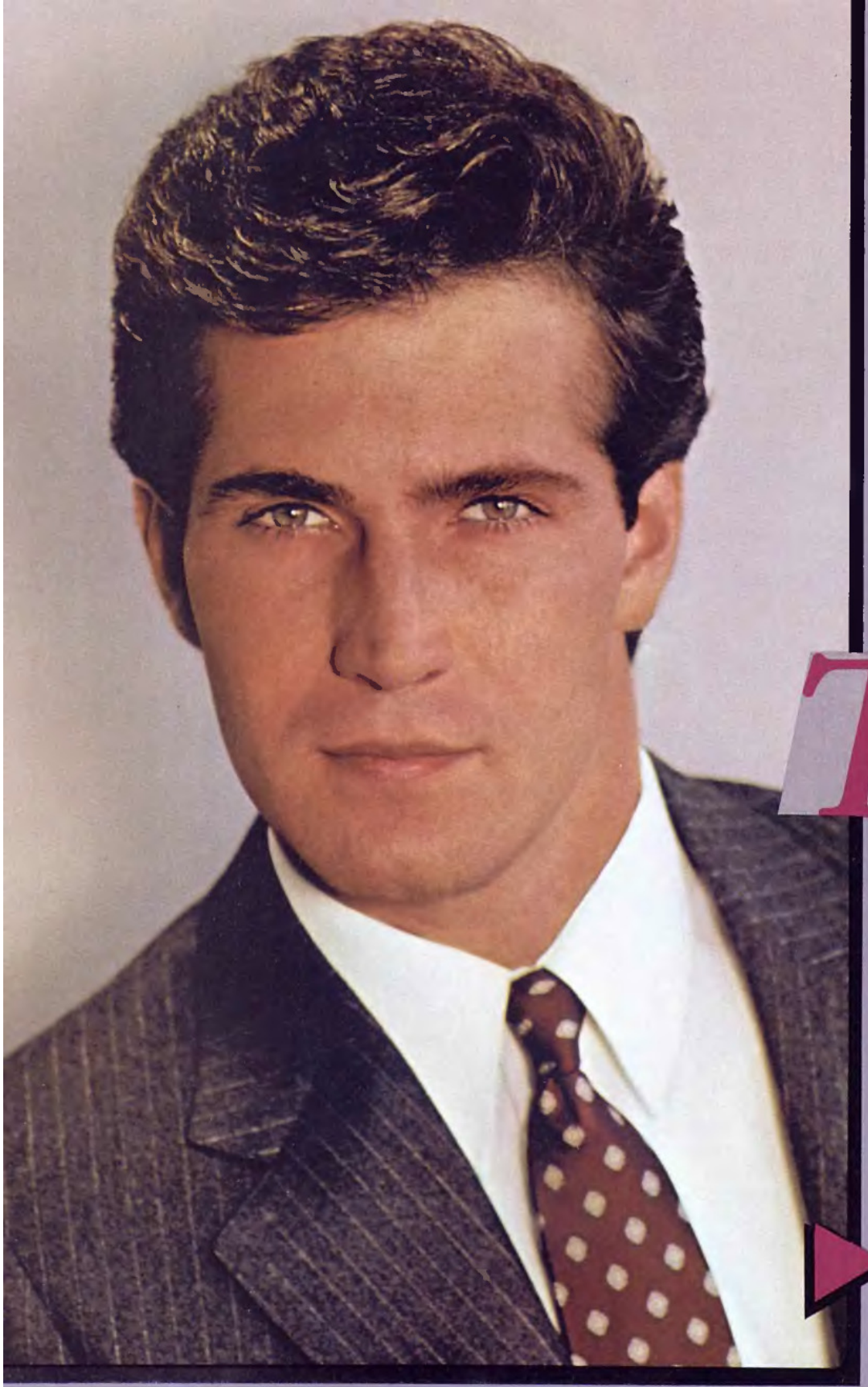
The Great Divide. Its medical name is the penoscrotal raphe. In adult women, there is a dark line of skin where the labia meet. In adult men, that line is found on the underside of the penis. Just think of it as the cleft in your chin, only lower.

Having installed a wet bar in my house, I'm in the process of becoming an amateur bartender. But an order for a screwdriver recently sent me to the recipe book. You see, I had shaken the drink for a friend, but he insisted that it should have been stirred. What is the rule on what should be shaken and what should be stirred?—R. L., San Diego, California.

The mistake isn't entirely your fault. You were asked for one of the few drinks that don't fit the rule. Ordinarily, drinks made with wine, or mixer-and-liquor combinations served with ice cubes, are supposed to be stirred. Cordials and drinks made with eggs, sugar, fruit juices, are to be shaken with cracked ice or blended with shaved ice. The problem is that you are doing two things: trying to mix the drink and trying to get it cold. The latter brings the danger of overdilution. Since the orange juice is usually cold to begin with, shaking it with ice will only dilute it, spoiling the drink. Also, since the drink is served over cubes, it will remain cold, anyway. In the future, remember that a good bartender makes drinks the way the customer likes them. The book is a good guide, but taste is the final judge.

How seriously should one take the scare stories about herpes? All the articles mention the risk to newborn infants: a 60 percent fatality rate. (For surviving babies, there is a 50 percent risk of blindness or brain damage.) The writers also suggest that there is a link between herpes and cancer. What are the actual risks?—R. E., San Francisco, California.

For what we think of the scare stories in general, turn to page 23. As for the two most common misconceptions about herpes—that it can kill innocents and prove lethal to the one you love—here



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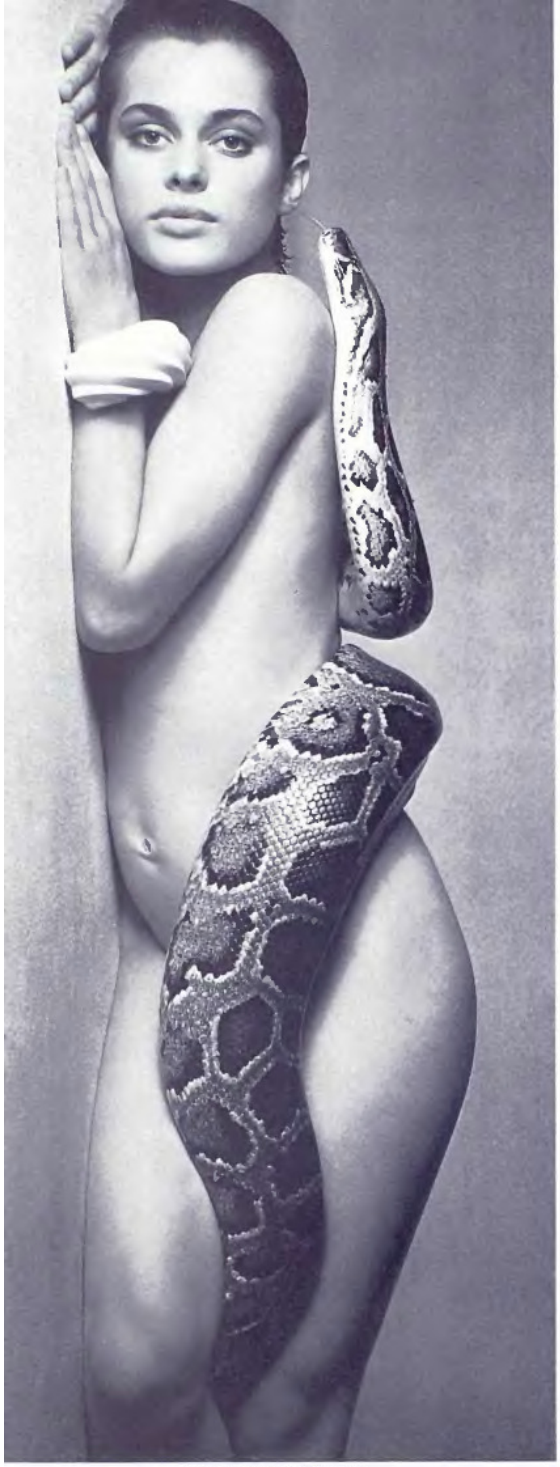

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are the facts. According to one report, "between one and five cases of herpes are observed in newborns per 10,000 live births. That estimated case rate translates to between 300 and 1500 infants per year (out of 3,000,000 live births)." Dr. Richard Hamilton, the author of "The Herpes Book," responds to those statistics with good words of advice: "The facts surrounding herpes in newborns are promising in one major regard: Since transmission is nearly always by direct exposure at or shortly after birth, rather than by intrauterine means, infant herpes, like adult herpes, is nearly 100 percent preventable." The doctor will monitor a pregnant woman. If there is a recurrence of herpes near the time of delivery, he will resort to a Caesarean section and avoid contagion. As for the risk of cervical cancer, Dr. Hamilton says: "Evidence of genital herpes was found two to three times more often among cervical-cancer patients than among women without the condition. With all indications pointing to the herpes simplex *virus as the elusive, long-sought factor in cervical cancer, Dr. [Andre J.] Nahmias wrote in* Today's Health *magazine that women who suffer genital herpes are eight times more likely to develop cervical cancer than those without herpes. Commenting on the preliminary results of a study involving 1500 women—900 with herpes and 600 without—Dr. Nahmias predicted that six percent of the women with genital herpes would develop cervical cancer within five years. . . . From a practical point of view, the knowledge that genital herpes is a risk factor can be put to good use. Since a routine Pap test once a year can minimize the possibility of cervical cancer in any woman, women who have a history of genital herpes are advised to receive Pap tests every six months. This is only twice as often as normal, and the benefits far outweigh any minor inconveniences. The test . . . will reveal cervical-tissue abnormalities and cell changes at the earliest possible moment. When such changes are detected early, the treatment is simple (it's done in the doctor's office), painless, inexpensive and effective in preventing the abnormal cells from developing into a true cancer." Sound advice. We recommend that you pick up Hamilton's book. The best cure for hysteria is information.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, 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

In the past, most of us picked up bits and pieces of sexual lore here and there, the best we could. Has that method changed? We decided to ask the Playmates whether they learned about sex at home, in school, from books or magazines or from friends.

The question for the month:

How did you learn about sex?

I learned about sex at school. My parents didn't tell me anything, but my sex-education class gave me important birth-control information. As a result, I've never taken any chances. They really stressed birth control, and they also talked a lot about being discriminating, not taking advantage of birth control. I was 13 or 14 then. Later, in high school, I took a child-development course. That class was great. That's when all the kids started interacting. We talked about sex.

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

I first heard about sex from other kids, and my reaction was that *my* parents would never do something like that. I was about nine then. But if you want the truth, I don't think I had a really detailed sense of it until I had sex for the first time. That experience wasn't so great; it was a little frightening, in fact. Later, I dated men who were a lot older than me, and that helped. They knew more, and I learned from them. I think the most erogenous zone in the body is the brain. And if you are with the right person, no matter how ordinary the sex may be, it's the best.

Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

When I was six, my mother got pregnant. I was curious. I asked how babies were made and she told me. She was very surprised that I understood. I really did understand. I don't think it warped me to learn about sex at such a young age. I think the later you find out about it, the more hang-ups you have. A friend had sex explained to him by his mother pointing out dogs in heat.

Cathy St. George

CATHY ST. GEORGE
AUGUST 1982

My dad's an obstetrician/gynecologist, and my parents were very open about sex. They did not actually sit me down and tell me the facts of life, but throughout my childhood, I got the message that sex was OK, that it wasn't a sin, that marriage wasn't the only time for it. All my brothers and sisters were brought up the same way.

Lynda Wiesmeier

LYNDA WIESMEIER
JULY 1982

Would you believe it? I learned about sex from PLAYBOY. I swear to God! My dad kept PLAYBOY in the bedroom, and I guess I thought it was something the other kids would get a kick out of seeing. I almost got expelled in third grade for taking the magazine to school in my lunch box. I pulled it out at recess, and we were all reading the jokes and looking at the lovely ladies. I was going to parochial school, and the principal, the teacher and the reverend of the church all predicted serious problems for me. They were wrong.

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

My mother told me about sex, and she also told me that if I ever wanted to have sex, I should do myself a favor and be protected either by using the pill or by making sure that the man I wanted to be with and I discussed sexual responsibility so that I wouldn't get pregnant. It was important to me that she was so forthcoming and honest, because young women often overemphasize the romantic aspects of sex. I love my mom for thinking about the practical side.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I was a slow developer. The summer I was 15 and baby-sitting a group of kids, my mom gave me *The Sensuous Woman* to read. She obviously thought I was socially retarded. As I began to read it, I thought it was horrible. I couldn't imagine doing any of those things. But as I read on, curiosity overtook the disgust. After I finished it, my mom and I talked, and since then, we've been able to discuss everything, even when I had finally had sex. Maybe we were so close because she raised me by herself.

Linda Rhys Vaughn

LINDA RHYS VAUGHN
APRIL 1982

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

SPERM BANKING

So much for the Repository for Germinal Choice, otherwise known as the Nobel Prize sperm bank. The *National Enquirer* has published an interview with the Phoenix woman who allowed herself to be artificially inseminated with the sperm of an "eminent mathematician" and then bore the first "Nobel Prize baby." Now a couple of *Chicago Tribune* columnists have blown the whistle. Not only were the woman and her husband sentenced to prison a few years back for mail fraud and false loan applications but the woman had had her two natural children taken from her on charges of abuse. Reportedly, they were beaten and had to sleep on the floor; the son had to go to school in pajamas for wetting his bed and the daughter had to go to school with the word DUMMY on her forehead. Their natural father sought and obtained custody, which was no simple matter.

Now the lady has a baby daughter to play with. I suppose the child had better display genius or she's in for trouble.

According to the columnists, all the woman had to do to get sperm was fill out a questionnaire and send it in.

The sperm came by airfreight. What a way to run a sperm bank!

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

The latest recipient of sperm turns out to be a woman psychologist with excellent credentials but no marriage certificate. Which is no big deal, except that she was a little vague on her application. Seems as though sperm banks ought to do a little checking before shipping.

M.M. DOWN UNDER

The next time the Reverend Jerry Falwell comes to Australia, he'd better make sure his Moral Majority hasn't already been trademarked by the opposition. A few months before his arrival, the Sydney gay community had registered that expression and used it widely on T-shirts, stickers and badges. Such slogans as "Moral Majority supports abortion on demand," "Moral Majority loves lesbians" and "Moral Majority demands gay rights" were seen widely at M.M. functions.

Falwell's trip here was a fiasco. Other groups had been organized to mock or to protest his arrival, and he didn't seem even to know who it was that had invited him. In the country at the time was Senator George McGovern, who told the Australian press that the U.S. Moral Majority was hung up on people's sex lives to the exclusion of such broader subjects as economic and social issues.

James Gerrand, Secretary
Australian Humanists
Melbourne, Australia

"Being an audiophile, I have to question why anyone in his right mind would play a tape or an album backward."

SATANIC MESSAGES

Being an audiophile, I have to question why anyone in his right mind would play a tape or an album backward. If there are subliminal phrases, who cares? In most cases, the very act of playing tapes or albums backward is going to destroy them, and I seriously hope that this letter will be published for the sake of all the stereo equipment in the world today. Long live albums!

Tom Greeley
Park Ridge, New Jersey

Well, I listened to Led Zeppelin's *Stairway to Heaven* backward on my four-track recorder to try to hear the subliminal phrases "Here's to my sweet Satan" and "I live for Satan." The only phrases that remotely resembled those lines were "Yes, there are . . ." and "And there's still time. . . ."

Assemblyman Phil Wyman of Sacramento and the members of the Washington Chapel of Peace ought to have their heads examined for two very good reasons: one, for thinking that these are subliminal messages and two, for playing *Stairway to Heaven* backward.

Larry Alpern
Yonkers, New York

You mean you heard something?

INSANITY

What would you do with a man who had bludgeoned his wife to death with a hammer, drove her body to a lake, where he dumped it, and had thereafter been charged with second-degree murder? Cut him loose?

That's essentially what a criminal-court judge did.

Five of the six psychiatrists and psychologists who had examined the man found that he was suffering from temporary insanity. The judge sentenced him to 60 days in jail. I should add that the prosecutors found that the man had no history of mental illness or violence, and no one claimed he was mentally ill at the time he was brought into court. I should also add that he was the chairman of the department of educational psychology at the University of Missouri–Kansas City in 1980, when he committed the crime.

Maybe the man was mad. I don't know what went through his head the night he killed his wife. I do know that he's probably a lot saner than John Hinckley, who shot the President.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

How about the man in Miami who was pursued and killed after fatally wounding eight at a welding shop? He was a former instructor.

DEATH PENALTY

"The U.S. will witness a spate of executions beginning in 1983–1984 without parallel in this nation since the Depression era," according to Benjamin Renshaw, acting director of the Bureau of Justice Statistics.

That's what he said in a newspaper article. And quite probably he's right—unless something is done to end this

mindless slaughter. He added, "The situation is ripe for the nation to witness executions at a rate approaching the more than three per week that prevailed during the Thirties. We will then have a grim arena in which to conduct our national debate on the efficacy of the death penalty."

I want to ask: Did killing three a week during the Thirties make any difference in the crime rate?

Did the killing of one Gary Gilmore accomplish anything at all?

True, Gilmore won't go out and kill again. He's dead. But I seem to recall that it's cheaper to incarcerate a man for 30 or 40 years than to kill him.

And killing somebody is probably a gesture—no more, no less—that will have no effect whatever on the national crime rate, which seems to be a function of lower-class stupidity.

Bob Harding
Ithaca, New York

Gerald Smith, a convicted murderer awaiting the death penalty in Missouri, writes that he wishes to drop his appeals and "go on down" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Since PLAYBOY is strongly opposed to execution, I think your response is a cop-out: "Once the system is in motion, it's nearly as hard to expedite an execution as to prevent one." That is both expected and totally inadequate.

Your assertion is patently false. The executions of killers Gary Gilmore, Jesse Bishop and Steven Judy within the past five years are incontestable proof that an execution *can* be expedited if the convicted murderer so wishes.

As a fervid and devout advocate of capital punishment for murderers, I am extremely curious as to how *The Playboy Forum* justifies its enigmatic and highly questionable attitude in this matter.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Gilmore, Bishop and Judy were, essentially, suicides who had spent years on death row. The only recently executed murderer who resisted in the end was John Spenkelink, and by then, it was too late. This year and next, plenty of death-row inmates may "go on down," and we won't be able to prevent that. We've had a number of letters from people such as Smith, which is why we published his. But you're right: We're totally opposed to capital punishment.

MEN'S RIGHTS

The seven-part series *Man and Woman* (PLAYBOY, January–July) is so long that it gives the dangerous impression of being accurate. As an examination of traditional ideas of male and female, it takes into account the challenge of the women's movement of the Seventies. Readers

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CATNAPING

HARKERS ISLAND, NORTH CAROLINA—*Indictments have been returned against two women accused of trying to extort $18,000 from two elderly brothers by kidnaping their pet tomcat. The victim, Cry Baby, is identified in warrants as "one domesticated male cat, white in color with yellow tail." A county deputy said, "It's kind of a humorous crime, but we're taking it seriously—as seriously as if they'd broken into your house and stolen $18,000." The defend-*

ants, aged 21 and 19, inadvertently led police to the spot where the cat was to be exchanged for the cash. According to one of the brothers, 67, "We got him back safe and sound. That's all we were worried about."

BOMB CASE BACKFIRES

PHOENIX—*Max Dunlap, a local contractor once sentenced to die for the bombing murder of reporter Don Bolles in 1976, has filed a $605,000,000 lawsuit against the city of Phoenix and some 19 police officers, claiming they conspired to deny him a fair trial. Dunlap protested his innocence at the time of his arrest and, since his release from death row, has said that the police department withheld from his attorneys evidence that would have exonerated him and "unshrouded those who were in league with [John Harvey] Adamson in the murder of Bolles." Adamson named Dunlap and another man, James Robison, as the people who helped him commit the murder. As we go to press, Adamson is under a death sentence, with his conviction under appeal to the Arizona State Supreme Court.*

UNSOLICITED ADVICE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In an unsolicited friend-of-the-court brief, Justice Department lawyers have asked the U.S. Supreme Court to give states and local communities greater latitude in making abortions more difficult to obtain. The brief addressed itself to ordinances in Akron, Ohio, and to state laws in Missouri and Virginia, and it apparently reflects the attitude of the Reagan Administration. It marks the first time since the Court legalized abortion in 1973 that the Justice Department has spoken out in abortion cases in which the Federal Government is not a party and no Federal law is involved.*

In California, however, a state court of appeals has ruled that some 97,000 women on Medi-Cal will remain eligible to receive state-funded abortions despite legislative attempts to deny the service.

Meanwhile, President Reagan, speaking before a Catholic audience in Connecticut, declared that he will support legislation restricting abortions. "This national tragedy of abortion on demand must end. . . . If we don't know when the unborn becomes a human life," Reagan said, "then we must opt for life unless and until someone can prove it is not alive."

The President also has written a letter supporting the efforts of a "pro-life" organization to arrange a memorial service for thousands of discarded fetuses recovered from the home of a man whose medical laboratory has gone out of business.

KIDDIE PORN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Supreme Court has voted unanimously to uphold the laws of New York and some 19 other states aimed at suppressing "kiddie porn," the use of underage children in sexually explicit films, photographs or performances. The law, which also prohibits the sale and production of such material, applies whether or not the material is found legally obscene. In his written opinion, Justice Byron R. White ruled that "child pornography . . . is a category of material outside the protection of the First Amendment."*

IMPLIED CONTRACT

CARMEL, INDIANA—*Attorneys for the Cracker Jack company must have been amazed to learn that a nine-year-old girl was suing it for failure to comply with the terms of its implied contract. It seems that the youngster bought a box of Cracker Jack and did not receive her "prize in every box." "There*

was none in mine," she said. "I feel that since I bought their product because of their claim, they broke a contract with me." The plaintiff asked Cracker Jack to give her a prize, and that's what the company did. Plus a fresh box of Cracker Jack.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT

MADISON, WISCONSIN—*A 33-year-old man has been awarded nearly $200,000 in damages in a sexual-harassment suit against his female supervisor. According to his lawyer, "So far as reported cases go, it's the first time that a man has ever won a sex-harassment case against a woman"—who, the plaintiff alleged, demoted him for refusing to continue having sex with her.*

LAW STRUCK DOWN

DALLAS—*Ruling that gays have the same privacy rights as anyone else, a Federal district judge has struck down a Texas law prohibiting homosexual acts. "The right of privacy," the judge wrote, "does extend to private sexual conduct between consenting adults—whether husband and wife, unmarried males and females or homosexuals—and the right of equal protection condemns a state statute which prohibits homosexual sodomy, but not heterosexual sodomy, without any rational basis." The decision, which could affect many of the state's estimated 1,500,000 homosexuals, arose out of a suit filed by a 35-year-old man against the attorneys for the county and city of Dallas. The judge rejected the defense argument that the law was justified because homosexuality is "undesirable in our present society."*

MANDATORY SENTENCES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Mandatory sentencing for drug and gun offenses—a favorite crime-control device of some conservative legislators—has merely added to court backlogs and put more discretion in the hands of the police, according to a Justice Department study. "To the extent that rigid controls can be imposed, the effect may be to penalize some less serious offenders, while the punishment for more serious cases is postponed, reduced or avoided altogether," the study said. The survey, which involved New York's 1973 law requiring long sentences for certain drug offenders and Massachusetts' 1975 law against carrying a gun, was conducted for the National Institute of Justice, a research branch of the Justice Department. It found that "in both states, the actual numbers of offenders affected by the harsher penalties were much smaller than one might have supposed from a literal reading of the law [although] the unlucky fraction who could not escape did receive more severe sentences."*

GREAT GRANNY'S GRASS

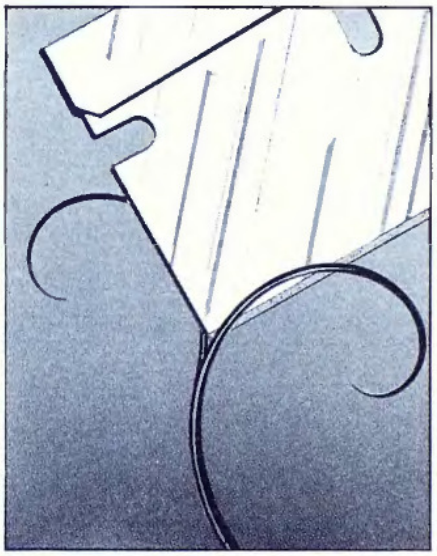
HOUSTON—*Despite efforts by the courts, the district attorney and even the police to get her to plea-bargain, an 82-year-old great-grandmother decided that she'd go to court on charges of growing several marijuana plants. She claimed she'd got the seed from a physician in Monterrey and used the weed only to brew a potion for the treatment of her arthritis. A judge had promised her two years' probation, with expungement of her record; but a jury found her guilty of felony marijuana cultivation. The judge did give her two years' probation, stipulating that she call him occasionally to let him know how she was feeling. She insisted, "I still say I didn't know what it was."*

MEAN GENE

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA—*Recombinant-DNA researchers in California report that they have managed to isolate and copy a human gene that, when it becomes defective, produces severe retardation and causes its victims to mutilate themselves by gnawing off their fingers and lips. Scientists at the University of California San Diego, School of Medicine, say their discovery could lead to an effective treatment for the Lesch-Nyhan syndrome, an incurable disease that occurs once in every 100,000 births. The gene is the only one so far deciphered in which malfunctions produce behavior changes and retardation.*

CIVIL RIGHTS RULING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*New regulations on sex discrimination will prevent high school students from making Federal cases over their beards, bras, hair, skirt lengths or whatever. In other words, students will have to leave their cases to local courts or education officials. Women's groups have opposed the change, arguing that it will foster sex discrimination by stereotyping roles for*

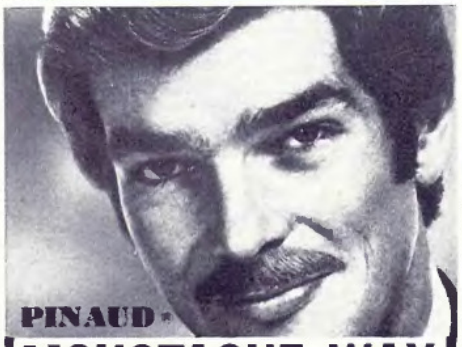


male and female students. Indian groups have said that it will abridge freedom of education and religion for their people, to whom long hair is a cultural matter. But Education Secretary T. H. Bell said, "This is another example where we've stretched and tortured the law out to the point of absurdity."

CASINO STING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*"Congratulations!" the letter began, and it went on to advise, "You have been selected to join Fist Tours on their inaugural trip to Atlantic City," including $15 in quarters for the slot machines, complimentary drinks, wine and cheese and, finally, a "free surprise." The surprise was a rude one cooked up by the U.S. Marshals Service, which was looking for 85 New York fugitives who had made the select mailing list. The four who showed up were arrested, and two others apprehended before the departure date had the letter in their pockets.*

For a free recipe booklet, write: P.O. Box 2235, Farmington Hills, MI 48018.



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should be cautioned that it represents the current state of the art and does not deal with challenges of the men's movement of the Eighties.

The authors have a bias that I find intolerable; it's intertwined throughout the series and surfaces clearly on the final page. On the treatment of women: "Grant them equality of opportunity in the workplace but at the same time give them special respect and special treatment as potential and actual mothers."

I cannot accept that blueprint for women's liberation and men's limitation. The men's movement fully supports equality for women in the workplace (the male field), but we also demand equality for men in parenting (the female field). We insist that we receive the same respect and the same treatment as potential and actual fathers.

Once we receive equal rights and equal opportunity, we will all realize that the biological difference that earns women special respect and special treatment as mothers is as overrated as the difference that earned men special respect and special treatment as doctors and truck drivers.

Fredric Hayward, Director
Men's Rights, Inc.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

BIG CLINIC IN THE SKY

Of the 300,000,000 conceptions occurring annually world-wide, only one third actually result in birth. That indicates a "natural" abortion rate of 66 and two thirds percent. One can postulate, therefore, that since the dawn of mankind, God has provided the largest abortion service on earth. He, furthermore, disposes of these fertilized ova without ceremony or any holy sacraments of the Church. And in most cases, the women involved survive, indicating that God places His highest priority on the well-being of the mature human female (thus upholding the 1973 Supreme Court decision in *Roe vs. Wade*).

The mortal male's role in abortion needs to be addressed, too. Men constantly absorb sperm-altering substances (including alcohol, drugs and chemicals from the workplace and environment). These substances can cause defective sperm that may lead to natural abortion.

I wish, therefore, to address the following questions to men in this country who still feel that abortion is strictly a women's issue:

1. Will God be persuaded by a Moral Majority–sponsored human-life statute to abandon His grand design at the borders of the United States?

2. Will a male, be he Senator, preacher or citizen, who willfully impregnates his partner with defective sperm be held legally responsible for the abortion that may result?

3. Finally, if a human-life bill is passed and American women travel to

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foreign countries for needed abortions, will we send in the U.S. Marines to save the fertilized ova?

The litigation will be endless. The American male should shudder at all the implications. Does he dare have sex at all? Remember, the police and the lawyers may be watching!

Harmen van der Woude, M.D.
Vienna, Virginia

Women suffer and are punished for sex and men are not. I enjoy sex as much as any man and I see no reason why I have to abstain from one of life's greatest pleasures out of fear of becoming pregnant.

I continue to believe in the right of any woman to have sex and to not bear children. I thank PLAYBOY for its support of legal abortion, legal birth control and sex education.

(Name withheld by request)
Pasadena, California

I am shocked by your rebuke to Phillip B. Shawas in your September issue. When you advise someone to "stop trying to compel our secular lawmakers to grant constitutional rights to fetuses," you should remember that it is our constitutional right to speak as we please. Without the freedom of the press and of speech, your own usually fine magazine might never have been published. I don't ask you to stop trying to compel our liberal lawmakers to legalize marijuana. Please continue to express your views and arguments on subjects, but please do *not* advise your public that we cannot express ours.

Carlos F. Gutay
Fort Walton Beach, Florida

Granting rights to fetuses is merely a ploy to outlaw abortion, itself the right of every woman who becomes pregnant. Yours is a minority position; your speech is fully protected; you can jump on us when we support the idea of making abortion mandatory.

MORE BUTTONS, MORE STICKERS

A note to let you know that we have been swamped with letters, notes, requests and responses to the American Society of Journalists and Authors' "I read banned books" button campaign (*The Playboy Forum*, August). They are coming from across the country—from small towns in Mississippi and large cities such as Minneapolis. We've had two born-again Christians write to explain why they feel strongly that there should be no censorship; a Moral Majority lady wrote to say she was surprised to learn that Jerry Falwell was in favor of censorship; and many college students and struggling authors and thousands of open-minded readers want to let their voices be heard in keeping America's freedom to read strong. It's wonderful opening the mail each morning!

If there's more delay in replying to their requests than your readers expected, please accept our sincere apologies. We've had far more replies than we ever expected; we're working our way through them and trying to keep our office in operation at the same time.

What's more, we now offer a snazzy bumper sticker (two dollars) if you'd like your car to express its opinion.

Keep on reading those banned books!

Evelyn Kaye, Secretary
American Society of Journalists and Authors, Inc.
1501 Broadway, Suite 1907
New York, New York 10036

DANGEROUS DRUG

A while back, I was busted carrying one and one half ounces of marijuana while going into a rock-'n'-roll concert. When I arrived downtown, they put me into a small concrete cell. During that night, all kinds of people were brought in. One middle-aged lady came in screaming at the cops. "You raped my daughter, you no-good sons of bitches!" She went into a wild frenzy of more screaming, scratching, kicking, punching and clawing of the officers. Finally, they dragged her away, still screaming. Later, a man in his late 50s came in. He was telling them, "You killed the President, you no-good assholes!" He also fought them. They put him into a solitary cell and into a strait jacket. In my cell, there were 20 people. We had to try to sleep in that situation.

The next day, I went into another cell. Right away, one of the prisoners started to push me around and knocked my head against the wall and the toilet. Then the other prisoners joined in. All three of them threatened to rape me. At that point, I screamed for the guard. The prisoners tried to convince him that I was OK and they didn't want me to leave. Luckily, the guard did let me out.

In my next cell, I found there was actually someone human in that madhouse. He asked me, "Are you OK?" But, as it turned out, he was just as crazy as anybody else. He was so terrified by the prospect of getting sent to the state pen, he tried to talk me into killing him for his own good. The next night, one of the prisoners tried to convince me that he and a few others were going to escape. I declined.

I was never so glad to see the blue sky in my life as when I was finally released on bail. I'm now awaiting trial

PLAYBOY FOUNDATION NEWS

The Playboy Defense Team routinely works with local lawyers on cases that seem outrageous in terms of either punishment or violation of civil liberties. Normally, those cases are at the appellate level and do not involve issues of guilt or innocence. But sometimes those are exactly the issues. The Larry Hicks case in Indiana ("Playboy Casebook," August 1980, May 1981) and the Thomas Brady appeal in North Carolina ("Playboy Casebook," October, November) are two examples of the latter. Now the Team hopes to expand its operations by working with two attorneys' groups, The National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers (N.A.C.D.L.) and Trial Lawyers for Public Justice (T.L.P.J.). The first deals in criminal law and the second primarily in civil litigation.

The T.L.P.J. recently held a fund-raising party at Playboy Mansion West with PLAYBOY Editor and Publisher Hugh M. Hefner helping raise nearly $20,000. Another fund raiser was scheduled for October at the Playboy Mansion in Chicago. Dean Robb of Michigan is the president, and Anthony Z. Roisman of Washington is the executive director of the organization, which can be contacted through Trial Lawyers for Public Justice, 2000 P Street, N.W., Suite 611, Washington, D.C. 20036.

The N.A.C.D.L. has been authorized an initial grant for $10,000 to use the nationwide resources of its members, who volunteer to undertake cases of mutual interest to that organization and the Playboy Defense Team. Inquiries can be made to PLAYBOY at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or to The National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers, 2600 South Loop West, Suite 320, Houston, Texas 77054.

On another front, the Playboy Foundation has made a series of grants in connection with various projects involving the Government. The Institute for Policy Studies, 1901 Q Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, and the Media Network, 208 West 13th Street, New York, New York 10011, have published guides to films and publications concerning nuclear disarmament.

January will be the tenth anniversary of the Supreme Court's historic *Roe vs. Wade* decision, which legalized abortion. Stand by for an update on current efforts to undo that decision by means of constitutional amendments and other legislation.

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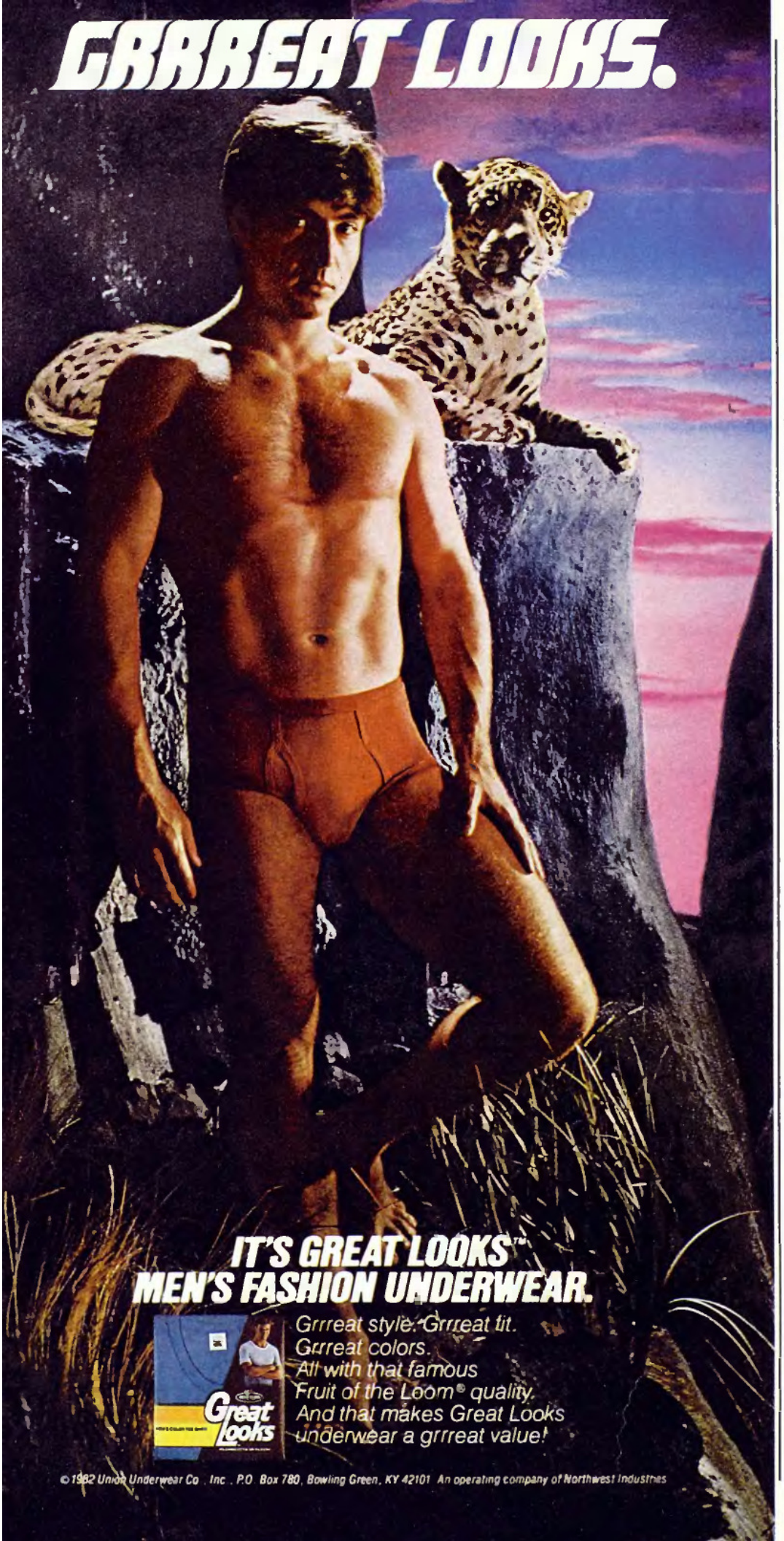

and frightened out of my wits. I'm looking at up to a year for possession of some weed that I'm convinced is perfectly harmless when sensibly used for pleasure and relaxation. I'm learning about the law. I'm not sure where the justice is.

(Name withheld by request)
Albuquerque, New Mexico

As the old saying goes, marijuana certainly is a dangerous drug—it can cause one's body to be thrown into jail.

GUN CONTROL

I really like San Francisco mayor Dianne Feinstein's response to her own ban on pistols: "You can get rid of your gun any way you want. Give it to somebody outside San Francisco; sell it outside San Francisco. . . . See how far you can throw it into the middle of the bay."

As I recall, she was the person who, in response to a bomb threat, bought a pistol and then couldn't remember where she'd put it. Tossed it on a shelf in a closet, she thought she recollected. I presume it was loaded. I don't know whether or not she has children, but that's probably the most stupid thing I've ever heard about anyone concerned with firearms safety.

(Name withheld by request)
Wisconsin Dells, Wisconsin

COVER-UP AND A HALF

Your readers may get a laugh from the cover-up attempted by one of our local automobile dealers after his ad appeared offering a free trip to Hawaii to purchasers of a new car.

Tom Franson
Kennewick, Washington

A few years ago I read that there were an estimated 26,000,000 regular pot smokers and about the same number of handgun owners. The coincidence of the numbers struck me as curious, because none of the grass people I knew owned guns and none of the gun owners I knew smoked grass. In fact, they were opposites in many ways. You can guess which

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group tended to be long-haired, liberal, pacifistic and laid back and which was short-haired, conservative, defense-minded and uptight.

I thought to myself at the time, If only the rednecks and the long-hairs could get together, we'd have a powerful political coalition of well-armed, laid-back good ol' freaks who wouldn't make trouble for nobody but who would be perfectly capable of shooting the shit out of anybody who aggressed against them.

Alas, it turns out that the freaks are no longer so nicely laid back and the rednecks still have their guns, despite their discovery of dope. So much for that idea.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

You allow a National Rifle Association spokesman to nitpick on points raised by reader Robert Homan, who doesn't have his facts in perfect order (*The Playboy Forum*, September). That's fine and good. The N.R.A. has become the spokesgroup for the entire right wing of America, which cannot see beyond simple statistics of anyone's inability to prove one way or another that guns cause crime.

I can tell you very simply why guns *do* cause crime. In any large city—or most anywhere, for that matter—the proliferation of firearms causes people to lose consciousness of how dangerous weapons are. They forget that it's generally against the law to use them. They forget what guns are all about: They are used to *kill people*. When it comes to handguns, they are used for that purpose far more often than for any other, with the usual exceptions of "plinking and hunting," which is so much N.R.A. nonsense that applies only in rural areas. And the notion that Teflon-coated bullets should not be outlawed is bullshit.

The licensing of pistol owners would not exactly stop the current national crime wave, but it *would* give the authorities a weapon against the weapons.

Jon Jacobs
Baltimore, Maryland

I consider myself knowledgeable in the trafficking of stolen firearms. At present, I am incarcerated at a Federal institution for buying and selling them over a period of 14 years. From a professional thief's point of view, burglaries of homes and offices and sporting-goods stores contribute up to 99 percent of the stolen guns in circulation today. The remaining one percent comes from cars.

The burglar has no problem finding weapons, even if he isn't looking for them. They're everywhere. Once the supply of stolen weapons is diminished, the crimes will stop.

Instead of lobbying for stricter gun-control laws, the weapons industry should educate its customers in how to guard their guns from thieves and burglars. Few whom I know have the ability to open safes or even locked steel gun cabinets.

William Huff
Birmingham, Alabama

BOWLEY AND WILSON

Hooray for the August "Playboy Casebook" on John Bowley and John Wilson and the Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission. You touch only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. The T.A.B.C. is a state agency governed only by itself; bar owners have no legal recourse if they are fined or audited (yearly); all appeals are made to the T.A.B.C. Its regulations are so vague that no matter how hard you try to comply with its wishes or to keep your records, the commission's interpretation may find you in violation. If you fight it, it will come back and either shut you down or run you completely out of business. I've had numerous conferences with lawyers, state representatives and other bar owners and have concluded that our situation is hopeless. The tactics used by the T.A.B.C. and the mentality of its agents are better suited to the Gestapo.

As for Bowley and Wilson, my only regret is that the Playboy Defense Team was not able to follow them into court on the "obscenity" charges and expose the T.A.B.C. for what it is.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

JURIST IMPRUDENCE

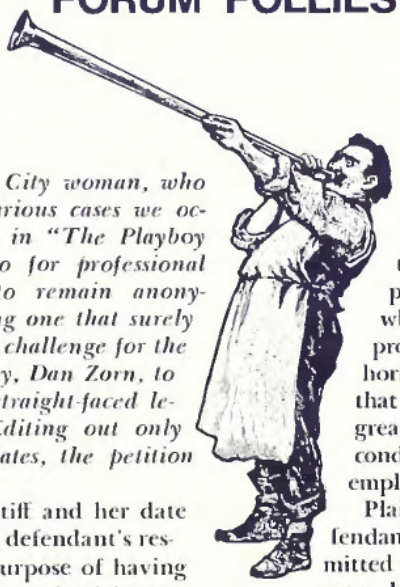
Contrary to your report in "Hookers in Exile" (*Forum Newsfront*, September), the California judge who "deported a prostitute" is not a he. Although it may not befit your magazine's literary bent, there are judges who happen to be of the female persuasion. I would appreciate your recognizing the fact that women have brains in addition to their other attributes.

Dana Senit Henry, Judge
Los Angeles Municipal Court
Los Angeles, California

Oops. . . .

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

FORUM FOLLIES



An Oklahoma City woman, who has noted the curious cases we occasionally report in "The Playboy Forum" and who for professional reasons wishes to remain anonymous, passes along one that surely must have been a challenge for the plaintiff's attorney, Dan Zorn, to translate into a straight-faced legal complaint. Editing out only the names and dates, the petition alleges:

That the plaintiff and her date were guests at the defendant's restaurant for the purpose of having dinner at approximately eight P.M.

Plaintiff alleges that while she and her date were obtaining salads from the salad bar, a waiter who was working as an employee for the defendant came behind the plaintiff with a long horn, probably two to three feet in length, and while the plaintiff was obtaining a salad with her back turned to the defendant's employee, he took the open end of the horn and placed it between plaintiff's legs. Plaintiff alleges that the defendant's employee forced the horn up between plaintiff's legs, with the end of the horn touching plaintiff's vagina, and while in that position, proceeded to blow the horn. Plaintiff alleges that she was startled and greatly humiliated by the conduct of defendant's employee.

Plaintiff alleges that defendant's employee committed an assault and battery upon her person and that as a result of assault and battery, the plaintiff suffered great personal humiliation and embarrassment and shock and anxiety . . . and that plaintiff is entitled to punitive damages in the sum of $10,000. . . .

On advice of counsel—ours and the woman's—we will add that the matter was settled out of court for a reasonable sum that satisfied the plaintiff and presumably preserved the reputation of the defendant establishment, Molly Murphy's House of Fine Repute.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

JULIE ANDREWS and BLAKE EDWARDS

a candid conversation with the showbiz couple who, together or apart, gave us "mary poppins," "the sound of music," "the pink panther," "'10'" and "s.o.b."

Think of their marriage as "Mary Poppins Meets Godzilla." For more than 20 years, Julie Andrews has been the stage and screen's unchallenged symbol of virginal innocence and vocal clarity. Charming though she may be, Andrews hasn't been a virgin for some time now, and in her husband's two most recent films, she has flashed her breasts ("S.O.B.") and gamboled in male drag ("Victor/Victoria"); but that still hasn't changed the way movie fans feel about her. Writer-producer-director Blake Edwards, Andrews' spouse since 1969, is a multimillionaire thanks to the past three Pink Panther films and "'10'"; but for years, Hollywood placed him in cold storage, and while studio executives diddled, he burned. Still regarded as a glowering inferno, Edwards lived through a crushing period of failure after achieving a solid string of early successes. So did his wife.

Before the end of 1964, Andrews and Edwards had both become major forces in the movie business. To be sure, Andrews' star shown more brightly. Born in Walton-on-Thames, England, in 1935, Andrews had the range of a coloratura soprano when she was 12, at which point she became a child star. For the next six years, she sang her adult-sized larynx hoarse as a full-time trouper on the English music-hall circuit. Soon after turning 18, she was hired to star in the New York production of "The Boy Friend," and two years later, in 1956, she and Rex Harrison stood Broadway on its ear when they opened in "My Fair Lady." After a long run in that show, Andrews starred opposite Richard Burton in "Camelot," and if critics didn't admire it quite as much as "My Fair Lady," no one doubted that the show's Guinevere had also become the queen of Broadway musicals. And although Audrey Hepburn was later chosen to play Eliza Doolittle in the movie version of "My Fair Lady," Andrews had the last laugh: In 1964, her performance in "Mary Poppins," her first movie, beat out Hepburn's for the Academy Award as Best Actress. Two other Andrews movies were released within six months: "The Americanization of Emily," a strong, memorable antiwar film and now something of an underground classic; and "The Sound of Music," a sugary but magical musical that, until the early Seventies, was the biggest money-maker in motion-picture history. No screen neophyte has ever racked up that kind of first year.

Edwards also hit it big in 1964 when he wrote and directed "The Pink Panther" and "A Shot in the Dark," both of which starred the late Peter Sellers. To borrow a word from the immortally inept Inspector Clouseau, before Edwards "bimped" into Sellers, he'd already established himself as one of Hollywood's brightest and most versatile writer-directors. Born in 1922, Edwards is the son of Jack McEdwards, an assistant director at 20th Century-Fox. Edwards broke into movies as an actor when his father helped him land a small role in a 1942 Fox production, "Ten Gentlemen from West Point." Fox promptly signed him to a $150-a-week contract, and over the next several years, he appeared in almost two dozen movies. He was more interested in writing, however, and before he was 30, he'd created the "Richard Diamond" radio series for Dick Powell. In the Fifties, Edwards went on to originate two of TV's more memorable private-eye series, "Peter Gunn" and "Mr. Lucky," and by then, he'd also written a number of B movies for Columbia. In 1955, he became hooked on directing, and by 1959, he'd been the writer-director of such films as "Mister Cory" and "This Happy Feeling." At that point, he was hired to direct Cary Grant in "Operation Petticoat," a successful comedy that proved he could handle top talent. Edwards was suddenly a hot commodity. After directing Audrey Hepburn in

"On TV, I came across too icy; the writers wanted to show how I really am. I said, 'I could ball the band.' There was this awful silence."

"After the first Pink Panther film, Peter Sellers became a monster. He just got bored with the part. With each film, he got stranger and madder."

"There came a day when there was such madness going on that I turned to Blake and said, 'I want out! We have to call a halt! I can't handle it!'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"Once, before I had met Julie, some people were conjecturing about her success. I said, 'I can tell you what it is. She has lilacs for pubic hair.'"

"Breakfast at Tiffany's," he threw Hollywood a curve by directing "Days of Wine and Roses" and "Experiment in Terror," after which he emerged front and center with "The Pink Panther" and "A Shot in the Dark."

Thus, at the start of 1965, Edwards found himself being asked to direct virtually every film comedy about to be produced. At the same time, Andrews was in the process of displacing Doris Day as America's favorite female star. Hollywood was, indeed, theirs for the asking—but not, as it turned out, for the taking. In the next four years, Edwards and Andrews encountered a string of separate disasters that sliced their careers to ribbons. In spite of her having given a decent dramatic account of herself in "Hawaii," Andrews appeared in three turkeys: "Torn Curtain," "Thoroughly Modern Millie" and "Star!" Edwards was also busy compiling a list of losers: "The Great Race," "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?," "Gunn" and "The Party" all dropped dead at the box office.

In addition to suffering simultaneous career setbacks, Andrews and Edwards underwent personal reversals about the same time. In 1968, Andrews' nine-year marriage to British set designer Tony Walton ended in divorce, as did Edwards' 14-year marriage to former actress Patricia Walker. Soon afterward, Andrews and Edwards met, fell in love and began working together on "Darling Lili," the most ambitious and expensive movie musical ever produced by Paramount Pictures. A colossal dud, "Darling Lili" almost bankrupted the studio. Edwards didn't score another triumph until "The Return of the Pink Panther" in 1975; Andrews didn't re-establish herself until her 1981 appearance in "S.O.B." "Victor/Victoria," last spring, was the first movie triumph they'd shared in a number of attempts that date back to the end of the Sixties. For both of them, it's been a long and rocky road back to the top.

To interview the couple, PLAYBOY *assigned* **Lawrence Linderman** *to track them down during a recent visit they made to the West Coast. His report:*

"Julie Andrews and Blake Edwards left California ten years ago, but both are now obliged to spend a few months each year doing business in Hollywood. On such occasions, they stay at a huge Beverly Hills estate, and it was there that I went to interview them.

"I met Edwards first and found him as intense and tenacious as advertised. The 60-year-old film maker has the energy of someone half his age. An animated man, he has a thick shock of gray hair, never goes anywhere without his prescription sunglasses and is surprisingly fit. When he was 19, he broke his neck diving into the shallow end of a Beverly Hills swimming pool; after he recuperated, he became a body builder, and he still works out daily.

"Andrews is as shy as her husband is aggressive. Before the tape recorder went on, she spent our first couple of meetings quietly sizing me up and letting Edwards do most of the talking. When she finally felt comfortable, she revealed herself to be a perceptive, captivating woman who possesses a robust sense of humor and—no surprise—the sunniest of dispositions. She's also gentle, graceful and very, very sensuous. Paul Newman calls her 'the last of the really great broads,' and Richard Burton said, 'Every man falls a little bit in love with Julie.' I kind of liked her myself.

"In any event, when the three of us sat down to begin the interview, I remembered hearing a story about how Andrews and Edwards had first got together. It seemed like an appropriate way to get things rolling."

PLAYBOY: Since you're obviously that rare thing—a happy show-business couple—why don't we start by getting you to go for each other's throats? Blake, didn't you once make a particularly scurrilous remark about Julie's image—and wasn't that the reason you two met?

"I thought it was quite possible I'd play governesses for the rest of my life."

ANDREWS: Which scurrilous line of Blake's are you referring to? There are so *many*!

PLAYBOY: Something to do with violets?

ANDREWS: Wrong, all wrong. *Lilacs!* You'd better get into that one, Blake.

EDWARDS: Well, it all started one night when I went to a party——

ANDREWS: Long before you knew me.

EDWARDS: Right. I hadn't met Julie yet, and at this party, there was a discussion about people who suddenly were catapulted into stardom and the reasons for it. When Julie's name was mentioned, I said something that leveled the whole room, and the next day, I got a call from Joan Crawford, who hadn't been at the party—and whom I'd never met—telling me it was the funniest line she'd ever heard. People had been conjecturing on and on about what made Julie successful, and at just the right moment, I said, "I can tell you *exactly* what it is. She has lilacs for pubic hair." After the laughter subsided, Stan Kamen, an agent with William Morris, said, "With your luck, you'll wind up marrying her." And with my luck, I did!

ANDREWS: We started going together about six weeks after that, when Blake had just moved into a bachelor house.

EDWARDS: Yes, and she gave me a housewarming present—incredibly enough, a lilac plant.

ANDREWS: I had bought three beautiful lilac bushes, you see, and I thought it would be a lovely thing for Blake to have, so I asked him if he'd like one for his new house. He said, "Aw, come on, don't do that to me." I asked him what he meant, and he said, "Who put you up to this? How did you find out?" I had *no* idea what he was talking about. Still disbelieving, Blake said, "Well, I may be making a complete fool of myself, but I'm going to tell you what happened." So he told me, and of course, I concurred; it's absolutely true.

EDWARDS: And now I get lilacs every anniversary.

ANDREWS: In every way, shape and form, don't you, Blake?

EDWARDS: Yes, dear.

PLAYBOY: It seems to us that Blake's comment succinctly summed up your public image, Julie. Why do you think you've always been perceived as prim, proper and pristine?

ANDREWS: Probably because I played governesses in *Mary Poppins* and *The Sound of Music.* At that point, I thought it was quite possible I'd play governesses for the rest of my life. In fact, there was a rumor that I was being considered for *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie,* another sort of governess film. I put a stop to that kind of talk as quickly as possible. Fool that I was, it won Maggie Smith an Academy Award.

PLAYBOY: But does that fully explain it? Between those two movies, you did, after all, play a World War Two Wren who has a love affair with James Garner in *The Americanization of Emily.*

ANDREWS: Yes, and it was a good and different role. I played a young lady who'd been married very briefly to a guy who went off and was killed in the war. After that, she slept around a lot, because the death of her husband had left her too frightened to commit to a relationship for any length of time. I wanted to do as many varied roles as possible, and I thought that was a nice beginning. But the fact is, one is always best remembered for the role that has been most successful, and those are the roles that bracket you. I guess no matter what you do, people will always think of that; but there are advantages to it.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

ANDREWS: When you've had a tremendous hit, like *The Sound of Music,* you'd be surprised how long it can carry you. I mean, you can make several flops, but people will remember only your most successful film. For instance, when you think of Clark Gable, what do you remember? Most people think of *Gone with the Wind*—that was *the* film of his career. If I meet people on the street

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today, they still talk about *The Sound of Music*. So a flop may be news at the moment, but it doesn't have the enduring quality of a hit.

PLAYBOY: Gable no doubt enjoyed being thought of as Rhett Butler. Do you enjoy having people think you still go through the countryside singing the entire score of *The Sound of Music*?

ANDREWS: I almost dread telling you this story, but they may not be *completely* wrong. About five years ago, I decided to get back into action, and I signed to do a series of concerts that would begin at the London Palladium—and that's like going into the jaws of a lion, because it's home. The truth is, singing has never come easily to me. When I've not sung for a while, my voice is like a rusty engine—it really squeaks and groans—and I have to practice and get in good physical shape beginning six or eight weeks ahead of time, almost like a prize fighter. I once asked Streisand how she does it, and she said, "Oh, shit, I *never* practice." She can just open her mouth and sing any time she wants to, but I can't.

The point of all this is that in order to get ready for those concerts, I began tearing around the Swiss Alps every day, running up and down the hills near our home. And once in a while, while taking a breather, I'd test my progress by vocalizing. Well, one day I came over the crest of a hill singing something from *The Sound of Music*—and there before me was a bunch of tourists, all staring at me with startled looks on their faces. I know they recognized me, and I'm sure they thought that's what I did all the time—Maria von Trapp forever! I haven't answered your question, have I?

PLAYBOY: Not quite.

ANDREWS: I thought not, but I will. Look, I wouldn't begin to knock the kind of success I had in *The Sound of Music*, because I think the film gave a tremendous amount of pleasure to an enormous number of people. But, yes, after a while, when you've done other things you think are fairly worthy and people mostly remember and love *The Sound of Music*, you say, "Oh, God, I wish I weren't so put in a box."

PLAYBOY: Aside from the roles you've played, is it possible that there's something about your personality that convinces people you're nothing if not sweet, sweet, *sweet*?

ANDREWS: Well, I think my Englishness or something intimidates people. I remember that when I was doing my television series in 1972, all the writers were sitting in front of me discussing how they could help my image. Now, there I was, doing a great musical hour with a wonderful orchestra, and yet it seemed I was still coming across a bit icy and a bit too polite. The writers told me they wanted to show people how

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I really am, so I thought about it for a second and said, "Well, I could ball the band." And there was this awful *silence*. Nobody thought that was funny at all—and I got so *depressed* about it, because if *they* didn't get it, then sure as hell, my show was absolutely doomed. Which turned out to be the case.

PLAYBOY: Last year, in *S.O.B.*, Blake's venomous send-up of the film business, you portrayed an actress whose career as America's G-rated sweetheart was modeled very closely on your own. Did you think that *S.O.B.*'s most-talked-about moment—the scene in which you appear topless—would finally shatter your Goody Two-shoes reputation?

ANDREWS: Actually, I wondered if I would get a lot of hate mail from ardent fans who'd want to know how I could do such a thing. In fact, the reaction was exactly opposite. Ladies would come up to me and say, "Congratulations!" and "Right on!"

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about doing that scene?

ANDREWS: Well, Blake had written the movie with me in mind a long time before he could get it made, so I think I probably had about eight years to prepare for that moment. I *did* have some fears and trepidations, but after a while, I just decided to go with it. God knows it was done in fun and with such good taste, and I also knew that if it didn't work, Blake probably wouldn't use it. I knew I was *safe* with Blake. After that, my only worry was that I couldn't bring it off, so I added a few press-ups to my regimen every day, because if I were going to do it, I might as well make it look good.

EDWARDS: She *did* make it look good: After *S.O.B.* was released, newspapers in England began running stories saying that Julie had had a boob job.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any qualms about asking your wife to appear topless in *S.O.B.*?

EDWARDS: Maybe initially I did, but I thought, Hey, that's what I want her character to do, so Julie had to make the adjustment. Beyond that, I think her work in *S.O.B.* and in *Victor/Victoria* will at least change that governess image we've been talking about. I think that from now on, Julie will be more accepted as an actress, period. But I don't think she'll ever avoid hiding that quality of sweetness. I mean, if she plays a murderess, she'll be a sweet one.

PLAYBOY: If we can return to love and lilacs for a moment, how soon after you met did you decide to work together?

EDWARDS: That's *how* we met. We'd seen each other socially at a few parties and had had a couple of brief conversations——

ANDREWS: But we were both involved with other people. I don't think either of us thought anything about the other at the time.

EDWARDS: Are you sure about that? You told me that when you saw me at a party, you thought I was *terribly* attractive.

ANDREWS: Well, you were! Are! Were!

EDWARDS: It was *very* surface. The real meeting and kind of getting to know each other and being turned on to each other, I guess, was when I went to see Julie about doing *Darling Lili*.

PLAYBOY: Were both of you married at the time?

ANDREWS: We were both separated, both——

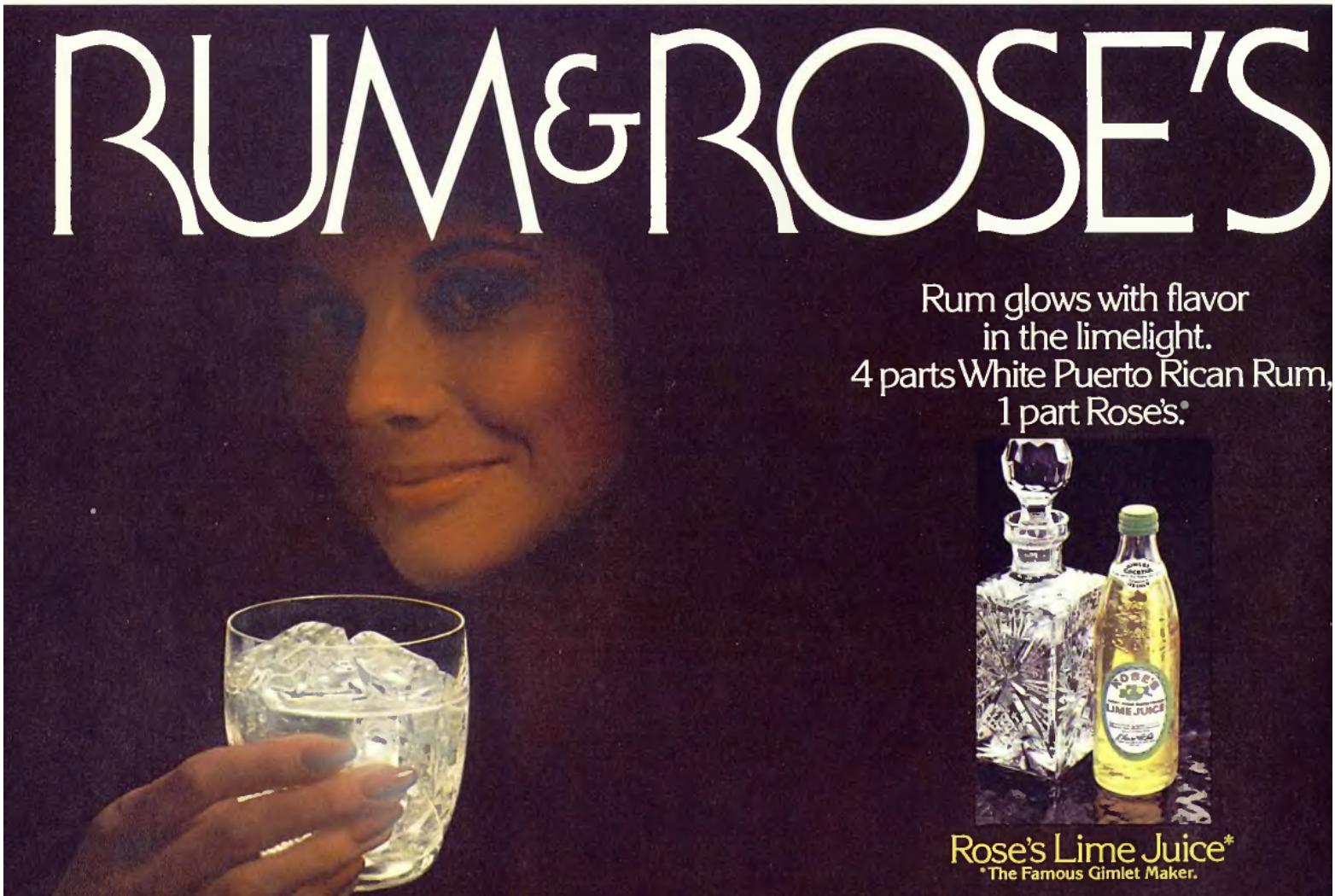
EDWARDS: Bleeding from a lot of wounds.

ANDREWS: And both feeling that we didn't want to get involved with anybody else. That was the *last* thing I was going to do, but suddenly this very attractive man walked into my house and pitched an idea to me, and I responded, and that's how *Darling Lili* came about.

EDWARDS: I've always wondered: Did you respond to the idea or to a very attractive man?

ANDREWS: I'll never tell.

PLAYBOY: If we could just interrupt here: Blake, you went on to direct Julie in five movies, including *"10," S.O.B.* and *Victor/Victoria*. Aside from the fact that she's your wife, why do you keep working with her?



EDWARDS: I just think she's enormously talented, much beyond the talent she perceives in herself. Julie's one of the better actresses in the business, and she has a wonderful instinct for what's appropriate, what's correct. But I don't think she's even come close to her potential yet. And I don't mean just dramatically; she has a wonderful comedic quality that hasn't been fully tapped, either. Dramatically, *nobody*'s really explored what she can do. There were some moments that came close during her birth scene in *Hawaii*, for instance, but I have a feeling that as Julie gets a little older and starts getting into more character roles, her dramatic potential will be realized.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree, Julie?

ANDREWS: I'm just sitting here listening to the boss.

EDWARDS: I can answer that: No, she does *not* agree. I mean, *Victor/Victoria* is the best thing she's done for me, and as far as Julie is concerned, it's the film she's most confused by and least satisfied with. Julie really doesn't have a clear picture of not only what she did but how she did it. At this point, it's an enigma to her. The only thing that gives her some perspective on it is the number of people she trusts who say she was sensational in the movie.

PLAYBOY: Is that true, Julie?

ANDREWS: Well, it never occurred to me, but now that Blake mentions it, I guess it is. That seems to be a pattern in my life: Something happens, and then I get time to reflect on it and put it into some kind of perspective. I know that so many people *do* seem to like *Victor/Victoria*, yet I know how insecure I felt on the film. Blake very lovingly just said some nice things, and I think I'll try to weigh and sift them and look at the film a couple of times, and maybe with time and distance, I *will* get some perspective on it.

PLAYBOY: Blake also said that *Victor/Victoria* was your least satisfying movie performance. Why?

ANDREWS: Probably because it was a very difficult, multifaceted role. I mean, I'd sometimes be playing a woman trying to pretend to be a man, then sometimes play a man with a woman's feelings and sometimes just be straight on. There were so many things to work out. As someone who likes to be in control, I felt *wobbly*. There was something else, too: When you get older, you kind of get on to yourself. You know the tricks you play to get by, and you like them less and less if you care about your work. I was trying hard to get away from them and was sometimes falling back, and so I wasn't as pleased as I'd like to have been with my performance. Not that Blake didn't help me enormously and bring out something good; he did. But looking back on it now, I wish I'd had more time, done fewer tricks and said lines differently. As Blake told me, though, it's done, and let's put it to bed now.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that the nature of movie acting?

ANDREWS: I'm sure it is——

EDWARDS: But she can't make peace with that, either. [*Andrews laughs and begins nervously wringing her hands*] I have never seen anything I've done that I wouldn't like to go back and do again. I'm quite sure that if I were given that opportunity on a movie, it might be a little better in spots, but the same kind of thing would happen again, because you can always find things you want to change.

PLAYBOY: Since we're on the subject, *Victor/Victoria* was ostensibly a farce in which a starving opera singer in Paris disguises herself as a man in order to work as a female impersonator at a gay night club. Beneath the comedy, however, it seemed to us that you were constantly forcing audiences to examine their feelings about homosexuality. Were you perhaps confronting your own sexuality as well, Blake?

EDWARDS: Yeah, in some sense; sure I was. I think everybody goes through that; I don't know anyone who *hasn't*. Many years ago, when I began analysis, the first thing I contended with was my own *great* fear of being a homosexual. That

sort of thing is operative in everybody. It's latent and it's there, to one degree or another, so why not deal with it? I mean, what's so terrible? You are what you are, and if it frightens you, deal with it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that people who've seen that film have drawn certain inferences about you?

EDWARDS: Possibly.

ANDREWS: Oh, I don't think so.

EDWARDS: Oh, *I* do. I don't think the inferences have been drawn openly as yet, but if it happens, I won't be surprised, because homosexuality was also one of the themes I used in *"10."* In that movie, I took my first step, cinematically, in dealing with the homosexual problem, and I did it in a very minor way with the Robert Webber character. In the background of this wonderfully funny, zany movie, you see a homosexual songwriter in torment because he is fighting with his young boyfriend, and later on, while talking to Dudley Moore, he breaks down on the phone. I was testing the water a little, and I made the songwriter a kind of *macho* combat-Marine character so that I could get away from stereotypes, and it was very acceptable. In *Victor/Victoria*, I took a broader step.

ANDREWS: Each of those movies—and *S.O.B.* as well—deals with very serious subjects but always in comedic terms. *"10"* is about middle-age menopause, yet it's done so humorously, I don't even know if the public is aware of it. *S.O.B.* is a rather scathing look at the movie business, but it is handled in a funny way, as is true of *Victor/Victoria*. Blake's premise in these is to do it comically, so it doesn't hit you right in the face.

EDWARDS: I don't know about that. I think a lot of my comedy can be compared to blind siding, which is a football term: A quarterback will be looking to throw a pass downfield when all of a sudden, he'll get nailed by a tackler he hasn't seen. Suddenly, he's wiped out, and I think that's my job—to sort of blind-side people in order to shake them up and make them think. I prefer to do it in the comedic arena, because it makes it more palatable and easier to digest. When you deliver a message very heavily, it becomes preachy and too many people just lock up. I much prefer to deliver a sermon through laughter.

PLAYBOY: After doing *"10"* and *Victor/Victoria*, were you at all worried that people would start whispering that Blake Edwards was coming out of the closet?

EDWARDS: No, I'm too analytically trained to let that hang me up. I don't really remember what my fears or fantasies were when I started analysis, but they were scary, and I thought, Oh, my God, I'm a fag. And little by little, I found out that I was a very normal human being who might have had some homosexual fantasies and who had had what would be considered—and I hesitate to use the term—homosexual childhood adventures. They were perfectly normal explorations that we all do with other kids, but a lot of people won't even admit *that*. Anyway, within a couple of months' time, I realized quite honestly—and with great relief—that I was not a homosexual. Not because I couldn't have dealt with it but because I preferred not to be a homosexual in this country, particularly then, when they were so discriminated against and when they were *all* in the closet, so to speak. Anyway, after finding out I was *very* heterosexual, I said, "Terrific!" And I went on with my life. I wasn't even consciously aware of all those fears before my first months of analysis, but that kind of thing floats right to the surface.

ANDREWS: It did with me, too. And you discover that almost everybody has the same sort of feelings, and the relief you get is one of the joys of analysis.

PLAYBOY: In preparing for this interview, we were surprised to find how much sexual gossip there is about both of you. You've undoubtedly heard it; why do you think the rumors exist?

"Blake is married to a lady by the name of The Iron Butterfly."

EDWARDS: I think we can credit them to a miserable newspaperwoman—I won't dignify her by mentioning her name—who, shortly after Julie and I met, wrote something implying that Rock Hudson, Julie and I were a sexual threesome. She also implied that Rock and I had spent a lot of time together in San Francisco leather bars. We were shooting *Darling Lili* then, and I walked up to Rock and repeated the story to him, and I loved his response: "How in the hell did she find out so quick?"

ANDREWS: Also, you know, Blake is married to a lady by the name of The Iron Butterfly. The Nun with a Switchblade.

EDWARDS: I can only tell you that nothing could be further from the truth. And now I've become a champion of the homosexual cause, and it's true—and it's because I sit in group therapy and watch tortured intellectuals who've struggled all their lives with their homosexuality. When I hear the things that come out of these people and when I see what pious clergymen and fearful heterosexuals impose on them, I *do* want to speak out on their behalf. Having said that, I also want to say I don't champion homosexuals any more than I champion blacks or any other discriminated-against minority.

ANDREWS: There's *all* forms of bigotry to deal with, and I think what Blake's been talking about is just part of a vast tapestry that you're seeing. Blake just hasn't done it all yet.

EDWARDS: I love it anyway, because if people are sniping about our sexuality, it's the very proof of what I say: They're so fearful of their own sexuality that they have to snipe at others'. I may in the past have sniped at other people because of such things as color or race; I don't know. But I've *never* sniped at anyone in terms of sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Well, you weren't exactly throwing bouquets in *S.O.B.* when you depicted a Hollywood agent as a lesbian and the head of a studio as a transvestite. But at least you didn't spare yourself: The protagonist was a crazed film director dealing with an enormous flop—not unlike your own *Darling Lili*. Paramount Pictures lost nearly $20,000,000 on the 1970 release and afterward blamed you for running up the budget extravagantly. Was that the truth?

EDWARDS: Of course it wasn't; I'm not a stupid moviemaker. When we were ready to film *Darling Lili*, I was certainly production-wise enough to know it was impractical to consider a lengthy exterior shoot in Ireland. It's not just that there isn't much sunshine there; you can shoot a movie in consistent bad weather, but you can't count on that in Ireland, either. There are days when either it's pissing rain or you get intermittent sun; for the most part, Ireland's just a bad place to shoot a movie. I investigated that immediately and wanted to shoot the aircraft sequences in South Carolina, which can be made to look like German or French countryside; but Paramount stuck to its decision to shoot in Ireland, so off we went. Well, the second unit ran *millions* of dollars over budget just waiting to get clear air shots there. After that, I was under constant money pressure from the studio, but that wasn't nearly as hard to take as the rest of the stuff they did to me.

PLAYBOY: What was the problem?

EDWARDS: People who were at Paramount at that time would say things to me and then deny they'd said them, and after a while, I began to doubt my own sanity. It got so serious that I finally decided I'd never take a call from them or have a conversation of importance without recording it for my own benefit.

PLAYBOY: Did you record everything?

EDWARDS: Oh, yes; I certainly did. One time, the studio's Paris representative hired some French director to be in charge of our second unit and told me I'd authorized him to do that the night

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before. Well, I'd taped that conversation, and we'd never said a word about it. Another time, when we couldn't find an inn for some exterior shots and were running into bad weather again, I told Paramount to bring me home because I could save some money by building the goddamned thing in the studio. It took me forever to finally convince them, and in the meantime, we just sat in Paris. Well, I started thinking that maybe Charles Bluhdorn—the head of Gulf + Western, which had just bought Paramount—was getting bad information. I told him that when I had a dinner with him in Paris, and he said, "There's only one thing that's important: If this film is a success, you're a hero. If it isn't, you're finished." That was his answer—I've got it on tape.

PLAYBOY: Undoubtedly. Did you go to that dinner with a tape recorder under your shirt?

EDWARDS: No, a friend of mine who was a ham-radio operator set up a whole taping operation in another room. Bluhdorn and I were in my hotel room, and when my friend turned on his equipment, it sucked up so much juice that while I was talking to Charlie, all the lights in the hotel went dim, as if somebody were being electrocuted. I knew what had happened, and it was all I could do to keep from cracking up.

PLAYBOY: It really sounds as if you'd *already* cracked up. Were you a little crazy at that point?

EDWARDS: I absolutely felt that I was—it got so bad that I became totally paranoid. Julie thought I was going a little crazy, too.

PLAYBOY: Considering Blake's behavior, did you think that life with him was going to be filled with those kinds of crises?

ANDREWS: I don't know *what* I thought, except that our life was rather crazy at that time. We had Blake's two kids and my kid, and we were trying to begin a relationship while also traveling and filming. I obviously realized what was happening to Blake and empathized, because I saw *many* instances of things that were stupid and unfair. For example, Blake had wanted a couple of musical numbers in the film to show that Lili was an entertainer; that gave Paramount the notion to make the film into a big, big musical.

EDWARDS: And because we'd spent so much money on those second units, the studio decided to leave in as much of the aerial footage as possible, just to show the money that was spent. So stupid! That film was a product of people's taking over a motion-picture company without having any credentials at all. By that, I mean Charlie Bluhdorn's giving directives and Bob Evans', who'd hardly made a movie before, being head of the studio.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel an extra responsibility for suckering Julie into the picture?

EDWARDS: Sure, I felt *very* responsible.

ANDREWS: That part of it didn't bother me at all. It was sad and unfortunate that the movie wasn't successful, but in answer to your earlier question, what was going on with me was *much* more personal. It was much more about Blake and me and the kids and how we were going to conduct our lives from then on. Before *Darling Lili* began filming, Blake and I had been maintaining separate houses, and then, on location, our families kind of moved together as a group. We obviously lived together wherever we went, and in spite of all the problems, we had quite a wonderful time in some ways. In Ireland, we spent the summer living in a grand country house that was simply glorious, especially for the kids, for it had all the duckies and piggies and horsies of childhood fantasies. The grounds were magnificent, the stables had wonderful horses and it was just a joy. When we came back to California, it would have been too painful and quite ridiculous to go back to our separate houses, so almost without saying too much about it, we just moved in together and kind of pooled our lives and our children.

PLAYBOY: After *Darling Lili*, Julie, you didn't appear in another movie for four

years. Was that because producers didn't want to take a chance on you after that fiasco, or did you decide to drop out for a while?

ANDREWS: It was probably both. I think Blake still feels responsible for cooling off my career, but before *Darling Lili*, I'd made a film called *Star!*, about the life of Gertrude Lawrence, and that had been a *huge* failure. So it wasn't just Blake Edwards sending my career slightly downhill; *Star!* had already contributed mightily to that, and *Darling Lili* merely compounded it. That was just before *Easy Rider* became a hit; little pictures became the thing to do and big-budget musicals were *out*. I did get some offers, but because of my relationship with Blake and because of the family, going off on location and being away for a long time seemed very silly. I'd just gotten married, and instead of my having only my daughter, there were now three children to be looked after. For me, it was a period of very hard work, though not necessarily in the movie industry. I made a *very* conscious decision to help us get organized as a family.

PLAYBOY: Would you say you're less career oriented than most well-known actresses?

ANDREWS: Oh, I don't think that's true. I am probably *very* career oriented. [*Edwards shakes his head no*]

PLAYBOY: Your husband doesn't agree with you.

ANDREWS: Doesn't he?

EDWARDS: It's very important to Julie, but I don't think she's obsessive about it, unlike most of the actresses we know. There are more important things to her.

ANDREWS: Well, if you have a good thing going—like a happy marriage—and you're busy working at it and getting your kids settled and all that, it's foolish to go off and do a movie or spend a year on Broadway and ask the whole family to displace themselves.

EDWARDS: *There*'s your answer. Shows you how career oriented *she* is.

PLAYBOY: How career oriented are *you*?

EDWARDS: Not working would drive me crazy, but that's my own problem. I don't think I could ever have been happy as an actor, because if I'm not working, I'm unhappy; it's that simple. I guess a director can be in the same position if he decides not to work until he finds the right script. That would drive me crazy, too, because I have to keep going. The lucky part for me is that I can sit down and write, so I've always got something to turn to.

PLAYBOY: Although your wife backed off after *Darling Lili*, you immediately wrote and directed two more box-office turkeys, *Wild Rovers* and *The Carey Treatment*. By the time they were released, Julie wasn't the only member of the family with an image problem: You were said to be hooked on what *Time* has since called your "career-long addiction to anger." Why all the fury?

EDWARDS: Because, once again, my best efforts were destroyed by a man without credentials. I'd survived what was done to *Darling Lili*, but what happened to *Wild Rovers* really broke my heart, because that was the first time I began wanting to say something in the same way that *"10," S.O.B.* and *Victor/Victoria* would all become personal statements. Up until then, if somebody wanted a TV show about a slick private eye, I'd sit down and come up with a *Peter Gunn* or a *Mr. Lucky*. And if somebody wanted a movie director whose work had a certain gloss and sophistication, he'd get me to do films such as *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and *Operation Petticoat*. I'd never consciously tried to do or say anything different until I wrote this tragedy about two cowboys who stick up a bank and are eventually hunted down and shot to death. William Holden and Ryan O'Neal played those roles, and we went out and made a very fine movie—and then James Aubrey, who'd just become head of MGM, personally destroyed it. Aubrey took about a two-and-a-half-hour film and cut out something like 40 minutes by changing the ending and a lot of the relationships. The sad part of the whole thing was that

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we all enjoyed making it, and I'd become convinced that I was back on the road to having autonomy on my films and to making good money again. The only people who've ever seen my version of *Wild Rovers* are students in Arthur Knight's class at USC. Arthur thought it was the best thing I'd ever written.

PLAYBOY: If Aubrey was so highhanded, why did you immediately direct another film for him?

EDWARDS: I was suckered into it, which wasn't hard for him to do, because at that point, I was back with the animals—I was really *sick*. I was despondent, depressed and desperate to prove myself, to succeed. Right after *Wild Rovers*, Aubrey called me into his office and told me he hated a screenplay I'd written and refused to pay me the last monies due on it. I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do: You don't have to pay me, but give me the script back," which he did. It wasn't such a brilliant move on Aubrey's part: The screenplay was eventually called *"10."*

PLAYBOY: It seems to us that you owe him a debt of gratitude.

EDWARDS: Maybe I do now, but I didn't feel that way *then*. Aubrey, who can be very charming when he wants to be, then took advantage of my insecurity. He said, "Look, I might have been wrong about *Wild Rovers*, and I want to make it up to you. We have a property here by Michael Crichton called *The Carey Treatment*, and it's the kind of thing you do better than anybody else. We have to start shooting it immediately, and I'd like you to direct it." Well, I read the screenplay and said I'd do it only if I could make certain changes. Aubrey agreed, I started shooting *The Carey Treatment*—and then he simply *reneged*. It was an experience I'd rather really not even talk about. I have never seen *The Carey Treatment*. I found out Aubrey was cutting the movie even before I finished shooting it. In spite of that, I was determined that if there were one thing I did, I'd complete the film, and I did. That was it for me: I decided I wasn't going to direct anymore. By then, I was afraid I was going crazy and trying desperately not to.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever worry that Blake might go crazy, Julie?

ANDREWS: Yep, a couple of times. Thank God, he pulled out of it. He was explosive and deeply depressed, and at one point, I think he was virtually suicidal. He was so angry, and suicide is mostly anger, anyway, it seems. The people in charge of *The Carey Treatment* were really *ill*, and their sickness reflected itself all over the place and Blake got caught in the middle of it—and it just brewed up into a whole pot of madness.

EDWARDS: But as bad as I felt, my anger kept me alive. Bill Holden, whom we miss so much, once told me an old Chinese saying—I *think* it's Chinese—that if you sit by the river long enough, you'll see the bodies of all your enemies float by. I *lived* for that for a long time. I knew I was getting healthy again only after I began to consider that there was probably someone downstream waiting for *me* to float by!

ANDREWS: Wasn't that when we conducted our grand and glorious experiment? [*Edwards nods*] Right after *The Carey Treatment*, Blake stayed home to write and I started my TV series. We reversed roles, and the results were hilariously funny and revealing to both of us.

PLAYBOY: Why did you do the TV series? Were you eager to start performing again?

ANDREWS: I suppose I was. I never really thought I'd retired, and whenever I saw something great, I'd become a little envious and would wish I'd been part of it—you always feel that way when you see something good. Meanwhile, for about two years, I'd been asked off and on to do a television series, and I'd always pushed it away and pushed it away. Finally, Blake and I discussed it and he said, "Look, all I'd like to do for a while is write. You do the series and I'll stay home and take care of the kids and run the house. It's about time you got back in the harness again." The children were now a little older, the family was running smoothly and all indications were that it would work out.

EDWARDS: We also had to face the fact that Lord Grade—he was Sir Lew Grade then—had made an offer that was very difficult to refuse. If it had just been a TV series, Julie wouldn't have done it, but there were films involved, too.

ANDREWS: That really *did* make it hard to turn down, and, as I've already said, there wasn't that much on the horizon in terms of films for me. So I went to work every day, and Blake stayed home and took care of the family, and we both gained amazing insights into each other's lives. I'd come back from the show bushed and exhausted, and Blake would want to tell me what the kids had done, and I'd say, "Listen, I've had a rough day—I don't want to *hear* about the kids." The other side of it was that I got wildly anxious about being a mother only on weekends. I'd remind Blake that the kids had to go to the dentist, and he'd tell me, "Relax, it's all taken care of." I began feeling that he'd replaced me and that the thing I'd been doing for the last couple of years was no longer valid; I was just someone who went to work. It's amazing how much a woman feels she's sort of the mainstay of the family situation.

PLAYBOY: What did you discover as a househusband, Blake?

EDWARDS: Profound respect for motherhood and a woman's place in the home—and in the beginning, I *hated* it. I felt emasculated and alienated, but after a while, I became objective about the situation and saw what women have gone through for centuries and how unfair a lot of it is.

ANDREWS: I must say, the house has never been better run.

EDWARDS: Yeah, but that's like a man's doing some cooking at home—he can do a great job because he knows it isn't something he's got to do every night. If he wants to cook, terrific; it can be a great escape as long as it doesn't become drudgery. You can be very creative if you know that sooner or later, that job is going to end. So I was a *terrific* head of the family.

ANDREWS: And *I* have never been so happy as when we got back into the regular run of things. Like Blake, I felt alienated, and I'd also miscalculated about the work. When I accepted the contract, I thought my life would be 60 percent work and 40 percent pleasure-and-play time that I could contribute to the family. Once I began the show, it took up 98 percent of my time.

PLAYBOY: After ABC didn't renew *The Julie Andrews Hour*, you left Hollywood—permanently, as it's turned out—and moved to England. Whose decision was it to pack up and leave?

EDWARDS: That isn't really what happened. A lot of people characterize our leaving Hollywood and going to London as running away from this town, and it's not true at all. Julie's contract with Grade called for her to do her TV show here for a year, and after that, it called for a certain number of TV shows and films to be done in London, which is where his business is. We went there so she could comply with that contract. As far as I was concerned, of course, getting away from Hollywood was the best thing that could possibly happen. The only bad part for me was leaving my analyst; I knew that if I didn't get myself together, I might have to come back. I was still like a diabetic who needed his insulin every day.

PLAYBOY: After you got to London, how long did it take before you pulled out of this championship depression?

EDWARDS: It took a while, but I started feeling better as soon as we got there. I directed a couple of Julie's TV shows, wrote some and had a great time doing it. It was a good change of pace for me.

PLAYBOY: Soon after you arrived there, you directed Julie and Omar Sharif in *The Tamarind Seed*, a spy drama. Why *that* film?

ANDREWS: Can I answer that for you, Blake? I think it was because it was there.

EDWARDS: *The Tamarind Seed* was one of the things Grade wanted Julie to do, and when she signed her contract, I think it was naturally assumed that I'd direct

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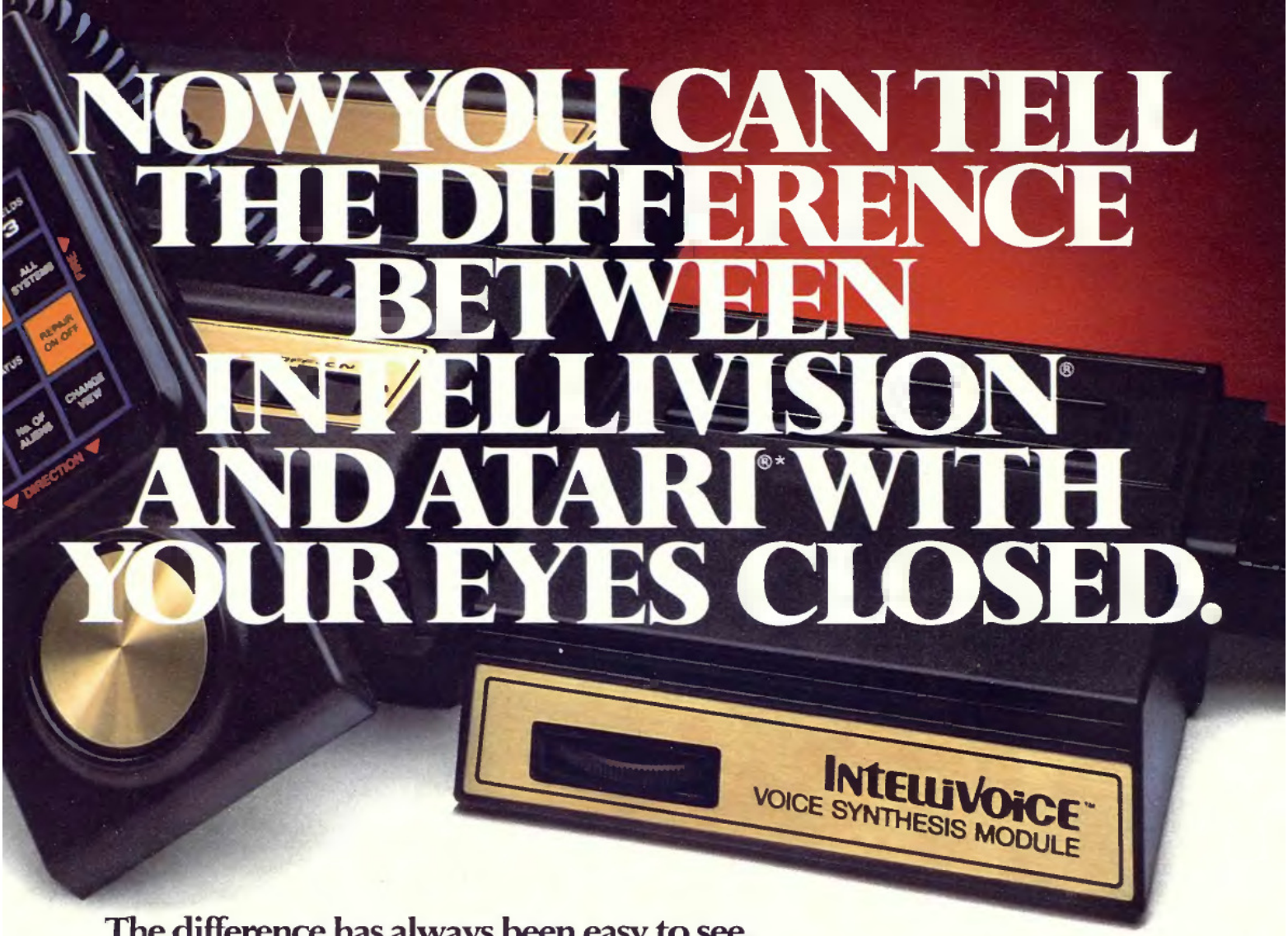

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it. It was a job, and I was delighted to have it.

PLAYBOY: Were you delighted with the results?

ANDREWS: *I* was. It's a good film, and I think it was one of the best editing jobs Blake's ever done. *The Tamarind Seed* was a very intricate, complicated cobweb of intrigue, and it took a lot of planning. It was a picture that demanded the audience to think; they couldn't just sit back and let it wash over them.

EDWARDS: I was disappointed not with the movie but with the way it was advertised and distributed. I wasn't angry about it, though. Lew had been running a television organization and was unfamiliar with the motion-picture business, and he let other people handle it and preferred not to listen to me. It was his prerogative; he put the money up. And at that time, I wasn't terribly successful, and I don't think he had a great deal of confidence in me. Aside from that, I felt much better and healthier about things after making that movie.

PLAYBOY: When it was released, *The Tamarind Seed* turned out to be still another box-office blot on your careers. Was that the reason you didn't make another film for five years, Julie?

ANDREWS: No, and I didn't intend to take another sabbatical at that time. We were, in fact, planning to do a movie called *Rachel*, which was going to be a remake of *Rachel and the Stranger*, a lovely late-Forties film that had starred Loretta Young. We were then living in a house in London that had six floors. We had a complete production office in the basement; we had secretaries, chauffeurs, maids and cooks—and I very distinctly remember there came a day when there was such madness going on that I turned to Blake and said, "I want out! We have to call a *halt* to this! I can't *handle* it!" There was too much pressure, too much going on for me. We had already bought a house in Switzerland, but we hadn't really decided where our base would be, and I suggested that for my sake we make it Switzerland. Rather unwillingly, Blake agreed, probably because I'd had one of my few moments of great hysteria.

PLAYBOY: It's nice to hear you're capable of that, Julie, because until the time you left the U.S., you always maintained that you'd never really lost your temper.

ANDREWS: [*Laughs*] Bullshit.

EDWARDS: *She* said she's never lost her temper?

ANDREWS: Well, maybe I hadn't then; I certainly have since.

EDWARDS: Maybe she really *hasn't* lost it, because I have yet to see it. Hmmm; I *can* think of a couple of cases, but Julie doesn't usually lose her temper. She's the most amazing person that way. Unlike me.

ANDREWS: [*Teasing him*] Makes you *sick*, doesn't it, darling?

EDWARDS: [*Defensively*] No, it doesn't make me sick, it makes me . . . I'm in awe of. . . . .

ANDREWS: I guess you do enough for both of us, sweetheart.

EDWARDS: Well, that's possible, but I have certainly encouraged you to show your feelings more.

ANDREWS: Yeah, he has.

EDWARDS: I've seen *her* go a couple of times. It's very educational.

PLAYBOY: Is she in your league?

EDWARDS: In *my* league? Very few people are in my league. Rasputin, Hitler—*they* were in my league.

ANDREWS: I'm glad *he* said that.

PLAYBOY: The stories about your temper, then, aren't exaggerated?

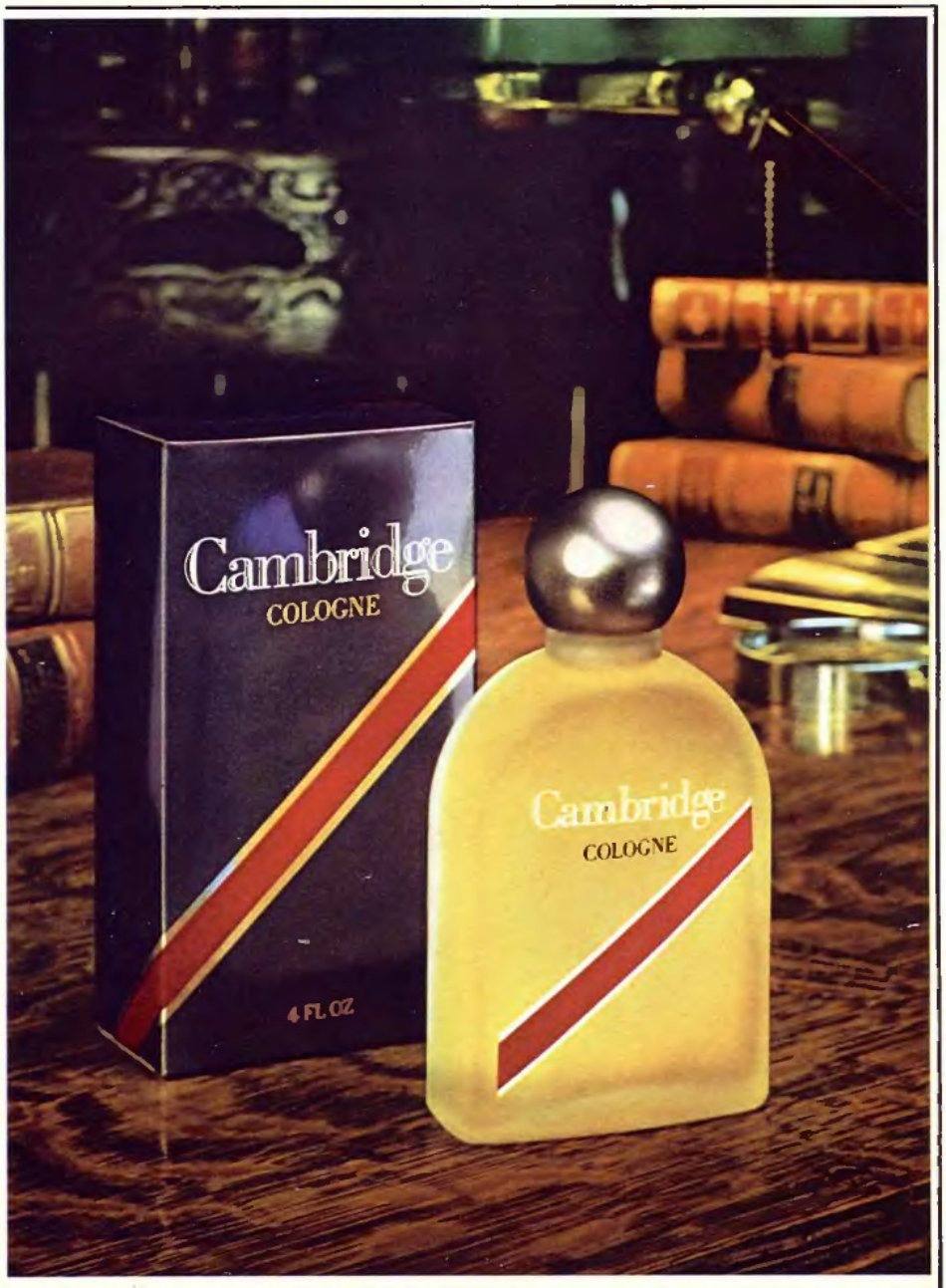
EDWARDS: Oh, I'm *very* explosive and intimidating; just ask my kids. And I struggle against it.

PLAYBOY: Does Julie act as a buffer to keep you from blowing up?

EDWARDS: More like a governor.

PLAYBOY: Governor, governess—Julie really *can't* get away from being Mary Poppins.

EDWARDS: No, no, not in *that* sense of the word. I mean it in the *mechanical* sense, the way you'd put a governor on an automobile engine. If you live with



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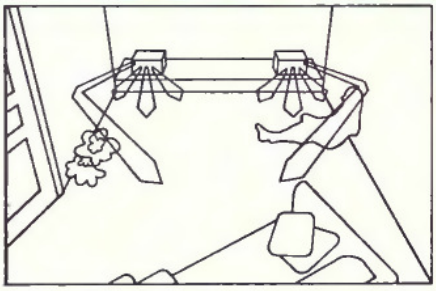

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a person who has the control and the understanding Julie has, it's very hard to blow up all the time. If I did, we wouldn't survive together—and that would be such an indictment of me that I couldn't tolerate it. Julie's been a deterrent to my temper just by being who she is. That doesn't mean I don't blow up; I do, but much less than I used to.

PLAYBOY: Did moving to Switzerland help you?

EDWARDS: Yeah, though I resisted going at first, and I think on some pretty good grounds. Instinctively, I felt that Julie was right, but I also had to tell her, "Listen, you're fantasizing that little Swiss village. It's not going to work unless we clean up whatever prompts us to live in this mad way. Otherwise, we'll just take the madness into Gstaad." In my view, that's exactly what we did for a while.

ANDREWS: It was *terrible* in the beginning. Blake exploded, my daughter got mononucleosis, Blake's son, Geoff, resisted the governess like you couldn't believe and I was utterly miserable, because my idea to stand still and be quiet for a bit just fell to pieces. But when you move away to a quiet spot, people don't come to visit as often, the phone doesn't ring quite so much, things calm down and you learn to live with yourself. Switzerland was just what we needed, because it provided a kind of sanity for us. You start by saying, "Jesus, what am I going to do with myself now that I'm here? There's nothing to *do*."

EDWARDS: And then you have to come to terms with yourself, because that's all there is. And you talk and you have to communicate. If Julie asked me why I was so upset, I couldn't very well say, "Well, I had a fuckin' hard day at the office," because I *wasn't* at the office. I was home all day.

ANDREWS: That's when I noticed that when things are toughest for Blake, he will just disappear and write. It's a wonderful avenue of escape: He doesn't have to deal with reality; he can go off and write, and out of it will come one of his creative things. Not too long after we moved to Gstaad, Blake disappeared into his room and wrote *S.O.B.* and *Victor/Victoria*.

PLAYBOY: Were you thinking that *Tamarind Seed* might have been the last film you'd direct and that from then on, you'd be only a writer?

EDWARDS: No. I was hoping something else would come along, and lo and behold, it did: *The Return of the Pink Panther*.

PLAYBOY: After the first two Pink Panther films came out in 1964, didn't you say you'd never make another movie with Peter Sellers?

EDWARDS: Right, but we overcame that a few years later, when I directed him in *The Party*, so even though I knew his potential for making trouble, our last experience had been a good one. Peter's career had been at a low ebb then, and it was still in bad shape when we started *The Return of the Pink Panther*, and at those times, he'd be cooperative and wonderful to work with. That's the way he was on the first one we made.

PLAYBOY: When you started shooting *The Pink Panther*, did you have any idea that you'd stumbled onto a gold mine?

EDWARDS: No, I just thought I had a good fun film, and we had a lot of fun making it. I had Sellers for only four or five weeks, and he was terrific. But with Peter, you really never knew *what* you were getting into. We came right back with *A Shot in the Dark*, and things were fine for the first half of filming, but then the shit hit the fan.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

EDWARDS: Sellers became a monster. He just got bored with the part and became angry, sullen and unprofessional. He wouldn't show up for work and he began looking for anyone and everyone to blame, never for a moment stopping to see whether or not he should blame himself.

PLAYBOY: Blame himself for what?

EDWARDS: For his own madness, his own craziness. He worried about *everything*. There wasn't a movie Sellers made, except maybe for *Being There*—and I don't know about that one because I wasn't present—that he didn't think was a total disaster by the time it was finished. He'd want to buy it and chuck it out.

PLAYBOY: Given the head trips many actors fall victim to, did you find that unusual?

EDWARDS: To be as paranoid as he was? Yeah. In spite of that, I still wanted Peter for *The Return of the Pink Panther*, and I had high hopes for the movie. I'd been trying to resurrect the Panther for years, but it was a Mirisch Company–United Artists property, and the studio had to be talked into doing it—they weren't interested. So I approached Lew Grade with the idea, and he wanted to do it as a television series. That was all right with me, and Peter also agreed, probably because his career was at an ebb again. Being essentially a film person, as soon as I started writing the first script, I started trying to talk Lew into doing it as a movie. At first, he absolutely and totally refused, but then he finally got around to saying, "Well, how much is it going to cost me?" I've always been a gambler and I'd always put my money where my mouth was, so I said, "Lew, I won't take a nickel, and I've talked to Peter and *he* won't take a nickel. All we each want is expenses and ten percent of the gross from the first dollar on." Lew gave it to us, and therein lies the secret of my wealth. *The Return of the Pink Panther* was a huge success, and we got very rich. We made the first one for about $3,000,000 and it grossed about $33,000,000, so you're talking about a profit of approximately $30,000,000.

PLAYBOY: No creative studio bookkeeping or phantom overhead charges that moviemakers always complain about?

EDWARDS: We didn't have any of that. Lew made a wonderful deal with United Artists: UA had no confidence in the picture, so all it wanted to distribute it was five percent of the profits. After it released the movie, it just took off, and from then on, UA decided that the Pink Panther was important. The studio allowed Grade back into the next one, but after that, the Pink Panther became entirely a UA project. *The Pink Panther Strikes Again* grossed $10,000,000–$15,000,000 more than *The Return of the Pink Panther*, and at that point, I wanted no more of Inspector Clouseau.

PLAYBOY: If you felt that way, why did you make *Revenge of the Pink Panther*?

EDWARDS: Sheer greed; it was a very calculating move. I understood it was going to be the last one, no matter what happened, and the deal UA offered me to do the third film was so much beyond the two others that I thought, One more, and I'll be able to put enough away so that I'll never have to work again. I wasn't wrong about that, either.

PLAYBOY: Were there any major differences between the two Panther movies of 1964 and the three made in the late Seventies?

EDWARDS: Yeah, we got more and more away from Clouseau's character involvements and we put in more and more physical comedy so that we could use doubles for Peter.

PLAYBOY: Why did you do that?

EDWARDS: I *had* to. With each film, Sellers cooperated less and got stranger and madder. And the sicker he got—and his illness had a lot to do with it—the less he was able to function. I mean, Sellers was a pretty strange gentleman to begin with, but that awful heart he had apparently affected his memory: If you gave him any kind of intricate physical moves in scenes in which he also had lines, he became literally incapable of doing both. I remember a scene in *Revenge of the Pink Panther* in which I started rehearsing him on all kinds of funny moves that would have just been par for the course in the early Pink Panther movies; there was absolutely no way he was able to do it, so I stuck him up against a fireplace and kept his moves to a minimum. Under normal conditions, that scene would have taken no more than the morning and possibly part of the afternoon to shoot. It ended up taking about two and a half days.

PLAYBOY: Did Sellers' deteriorating health necessitate a lot of on-the-spot rewriting?

EDWARDS: That really happened on the

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last movie we did. Peter just couldn't do a sequence all of us still consider to be, on paper, the funniest scene ever written for any of the Panthers. Clouseau and his Oriental manservant, Cato, were to go into a black night club dressed according to their own concept of what a couple of sharp black dudes should look like—we gave them Afros and the most outrageous outfits you've ever seen. Peter was then supposed to come out with a lot of what Clouseau thought was very hip black street lingo and, of course, screw it all up. Peter absolutely couldn't *get* it. That made him very angry and resulted in a very unpleasant day on the set. About two o'clock in the morning, though, Peter telephoned me, as was his wont, to say, "Don't worry about tomorrow. I know how to do it." I told him that was terrific news and asked what he was going to do. Peter said, "I want to surprise you, but don't worry, I've talked to God, and *He* told me how to do it."

PLAYBOY: Was Sellers kidding?

EDWARDS: That depends on whether or not you think he talked to God. The next morning, he came in and wanted to do the scene immediately. We still had some work to do with the cameras, but Peter said, "Leave things as they are and just roll it." I said OK, and Peter made his entrance at the top of some stairs—and it was perfectly obvious that he didn't have *anything* planned. He just believed that by some miracle he'd do something brilliant, but what he did was awful. Afterward, I said, "Do me a favor, Peter. In the future, tell God to stay out of show business." I did it as a joke, but it didn't work. Peter drifted off into such a depressed, morose state that you could hardly hear him when he performed, and his whole physical being seemed to wither. We had to cut the entire sequence and replace it with a new one, which was a physical sequence in which we used a double. It was very sad.

PLAYBOY: What you're describing is a dying man. Were you surprised that after *Revenge of the Pink Panther*, Sellers somehow marshaled the energy to go out and make *Being There*?

EDWARDS: No, because work was *his* only salvation. He always seemed to find the energy someplace, so I don't think I was really surprised by it.

PLAYBOY: *We* were a little surprised when we learned you were making two more Pink Panther films, the first of which is being released about the time this interview is being published. When did you decide to do that?

EDWARDS: About five years before Sellers passed away. I thought he'd refuse to play Clouseau in any more movies, and in the meantime, the Pink Panther had become something of an institution. Do you have any idea what the Panther cartoon character itself brings in every year

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PLAYBOY: Care to tell us?

EDWARDS: I think it was about $110,000,000 last year, and I have a lot of ownership in it. It just seemed like a shame to let the movie version end when Peter died, but I thought his character should die, so I was faced with a problem: What do I do about Clouseau? I didn't like the idea of saying in a film that he'd passed away and that we'd carry on without him, so I had to come up with an invention that would please the public, and I think I have. I don't really want to reveal the plot of *Trail of the Pink Panther* except to say it begins with a plane crash and Clouseau is presumed dead, and a reporter is assigned to gather all the information he can about him. It actually starts off a little like *Citizen Kane*, but I don't think anyone will mistake it for that.

PLAYBOY: The success of the three Pink Panther sequels amounted to a dramatic comeback for you. Are we wrong in thinking that after your six-year sojourn in Europe, Hollywood welcomed you back with open arms—and that you were able to write your own ticket on *"10"*?

EDWARDS: Yeah, you *are* wrong. Nobody was interested in doing a picture about a wealthy semibachelor who drives around in a Rolls-Royce and who makes a fool of himself. Because *"10"* touched on such themes as male menopause, fidelity and women's lib, initially, I didn't find any takers. But then some executives from United Artists left UA to start Orion Pictures, and they desperately wanted something that could replace the Pink Panther. I knew that, so I went to them with a project called *The Ferret*, which was about an undercover agent who works for only the President of the United States.

PLAYBOY: Was it a comedy?

EDWARDS: No, it was very serious, very real. Orion got excited about it, and I clearly indicated that in order for me to do *The Ferret*, the studio would have to let me do *"10."* So we wound up making a three-picture deal for *The Ferret*, *"10"* and *S.O.B.*, and because it was ready to go, we shot *"10"* first.

PLAYBOY: Had you planned to do *"10"* after the Panther films, and had you planned to use Julie in it?

ANDREWS: Yes to the former and no to the latter, right? I don't think Blake had had any intention of using me in *"10."*

EDWARDS: Oh, yes, I did.

ANDREWS: Did you?

EDWARDS: I talked to you about *"10"* very early. You're just not remembering.

ANDREWS: No, I'm not.

EDWARDS: Someday, I want to make the definitive martial-arts film.

ANDREWS: *There* you are.

PLAYBOY: Considering the fate of *Darling*

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Lili and *The Tamarind Seed*, did either of you think that perhaps it wasn't such a bright idea to work together again?

ANDREWS: Once in a while, I felt that maybe I was a jinx for Blake and we shouldn't work together, but the happy result is that we're way past that now. And it never really mattered, anyway, because the pleasure of doing a film with him far outweighs any other consideration.

PLAYBOY: Blake has told us why he likes to work with you. Why do you like to work with *him*?

ANDREWS: Because there's always a great feeling of fun on any picture he makes. His set is a very happy environment, and I'm not speaking for just myself when I say that his actors are embraced and, to a degree, are asked for their opinions; and if they have something valid to contribute, he'll go with it. You have a very open mind about that, Blake. He also has a wonderful knowledge of camera and lenses and the ability to edit a movie as he shoots it—he doesn't waste time and he doesn't shoot extraneously. Cutting in camera is what I'm trying to say, isn't it, Blake?

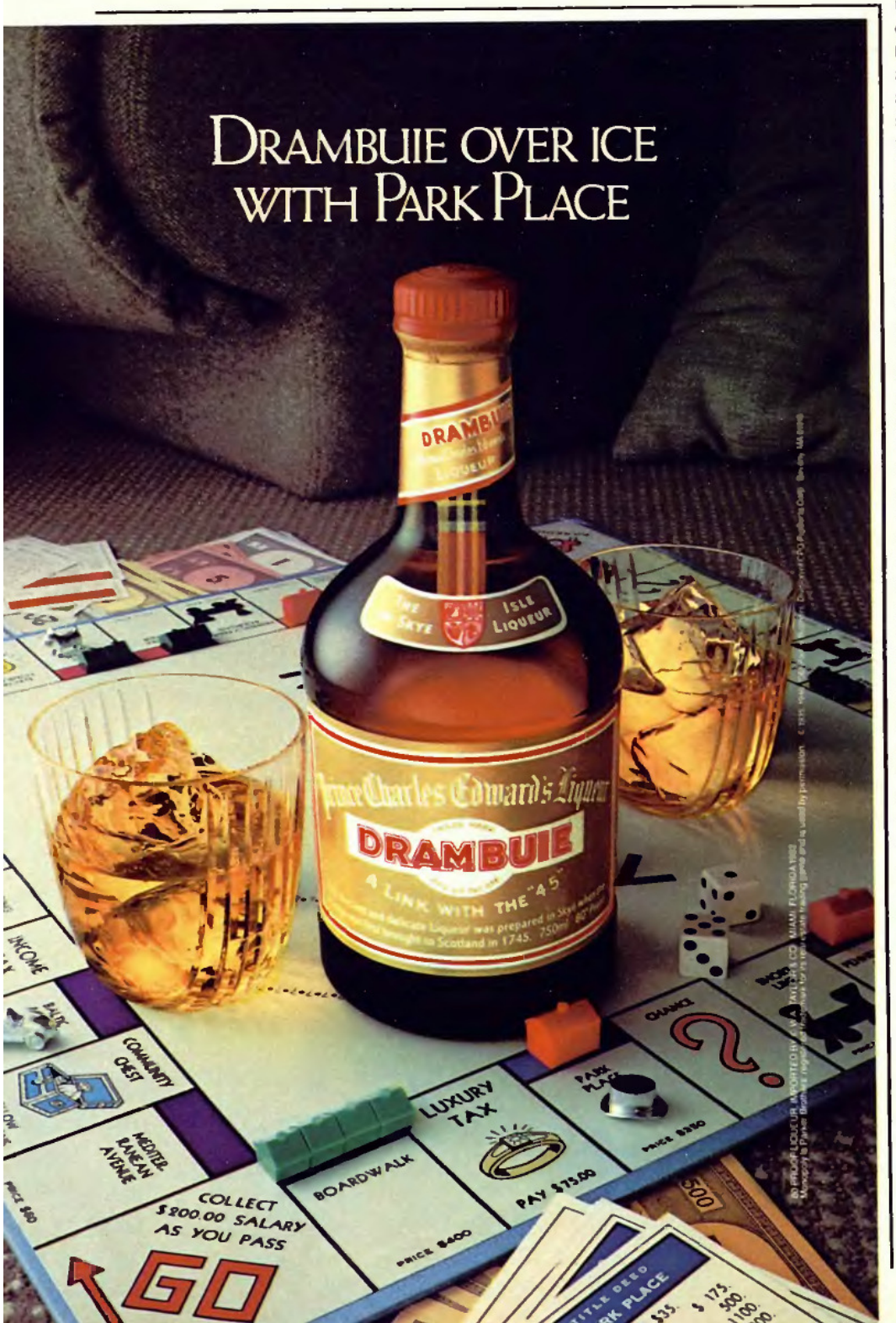
EDWARDS: Yeah, and it's really tied to the fact that I direct my own screenplays. When you write a screenplay, you envision certain things, and as a director, you just bring that to the set. A lot of directors will shoot hundreds of thousands of feet of film covering scenes from every possible angle, but having usually written what I'm directing, I don't have to do that. I've already worked it out a long time before I ever walk onto the set, which is why I'm probably known for shooting less film than anybody in the business.

ANDREWS: Can I say just one other thing that I feel about Blake? He's not a trick director. A number of directors, for no reason at all, will suddenly shoot a scene through a keyhole or over a doorway just because it seems like a clever thing to do. Blake doesn't do those things; he doesn't try to show his own ego on film.

EDWARDS: *Days of Wine and Roses* was a classic example of what Julie's talking about: If ever a film were seemingly designed for a director to show off, that was it. I can't tell you how many times I started looking under a bed or something to find an angle that would be, as Julie says, kind of tricky. But I just kept it as straight as I could and kept telling myself, Don't be cute and don't be clever. Just pay attention to your actors and don't let anybody know there's a camera there. In films such as *Experiment in Terror*, I've used the camera more for effect. In that one, I didn't want to expose the villain's full face immediately, so I had just a big mouth breathing into a phone. But I don't remember any specific times when I felt I was showing off except for when I started out, and I'm sure that's always prompted me into thinking, Be careful.

PLAYBOY: If we can return to the subject of *"10,"* we'd like to know whether or not your much-ballyhooed nationwide search for a perfectly beautiful woman—a ten—actually took place.

EDWARDS: Well, I think the studio exaggerated it because it was making hay out of the publicity, but there certainly *was* a search. We didn't go nationwide or anything like it, though. We just did it in the Los Angeles area, and I interviewed an awful lot of ladies and conducted many, many screen tests. I settled on several possibilities, but even though I knew we were close, I wasn't 100 percent convinced that we had the actress we needed. And then, at a party one night, a United Artists publicist jokingly told me, "That lady over there knows a ten," so I sought her out casually and asked, "What's this about a ten?" And she said, "I really *do* know a ten—John Derek's wife." I immediately answered, "You mean he's got *another* one, for God's sake? That adds up to 30." We did a couple of those jokes, and then I made an appointment for her to bring Derek's wife to the studio. And promptly forgot about it. Well, a couple of days later, I walked into my office and sitting



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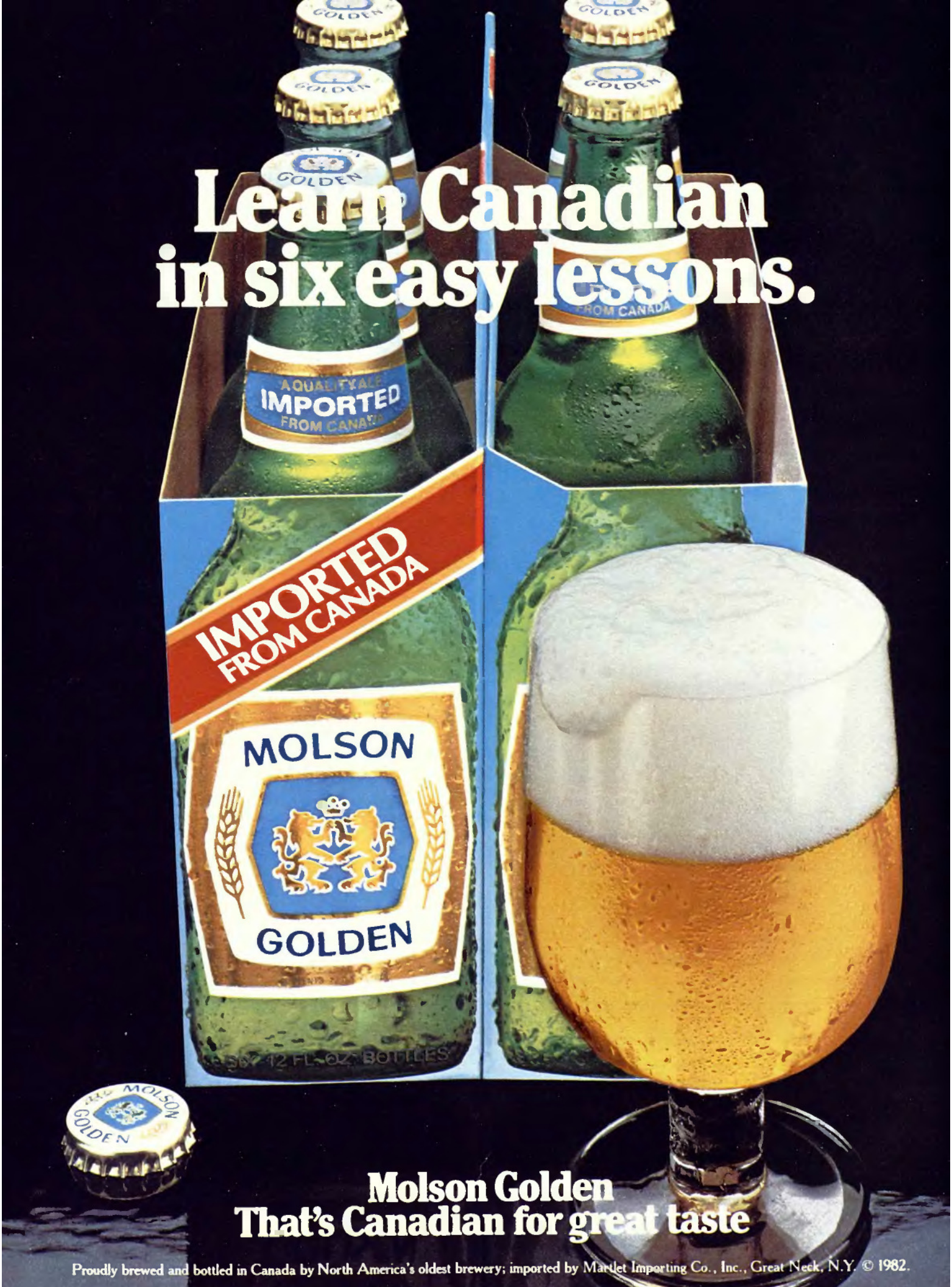
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there was Bo Derek—and I just *froze*.

ANDREWS: Blake's actual description of that moment was that he came to a skidding halt.

EDWARDS: That's right. And after I talked to Bo, I called Julie and said, "I found her!" Julie said, "Terrific—can she act?" And I said, "Jesus, I don't *know*."

ANDREWS: He couldn't have cared less. Blake didn't even test her.

PLAYBOY: *Can* she act?

EDWARDS: Yes, but you have to provide Bo with the proper arena. There's a kind of naturalness about her, and you've got to tap into that in order to make her performance more than just sort of average.

ANDREWS: I saw her do some interesting things that were *very* contributive. She really worked hard.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to pick Dudley Moore to star opposite Bo Derek and your wife?

EDWARDS: That was the result of circumstance and instinct. I'd written *"10"* with Jack Lemmon in mind, and for many years I tried to get him to do it, but Jack didn't like it. I *guess* he didn't like it, because he wouldn't do it, so I finally signed George Segal. In fact, we had Segal before we found Bo, but then, just a few days before we were supposed to start shooting, he quit the picture. I was stunned. I couldn't *believe* it.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Segal claim that there were scenes in *"10"* that he'd wanted out of the screenplay?

EDWARDS: That's what *he* says; it's not true. I mean, he may have come up with that after the fact, but we had meetings with him right up until he quit, and as far as my coproducer, Tony Adams, and I were concerned, Segal was happy. He's changed his story so many times that I really don't know *what* the answer is.

PLAYBOY: Segal filed a lawsuit against you, and then you filed one against him. How was the matter resolved?

EDWARDS: We settled out of court; he paid up. All I can say is that I've been very lucky in that anyone who's ever walked out on one of my movies has been replaced by somebody better. Peter Ustinov, you know, was originally signed to play Inspector Clouseau in *The Pink Panther*, but at the last minute—and I mean *the* last minute, the Friday before the Monday we were to start shooting—Ustinov said he wouldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: Why did he back out?

EDWARDS: The reason he gave was that we'd told him Ava Gardner would be playing his wife, but about a week before, *she'd* quit, and we'd replaced her with Capucine. Ustinov didn't have the contractual right to walk out on the movie, but at that point, we were already in Rome, and we had to either replace him or cancel the movie and start legal proceedings. Well, Sellers was available because *he'd* just walked out on *Topkapi*. I don't know this for a fact, but it makes one suspect that maybe Ustinov quit *The Pink Panther* to do *Topkapi*. Anyway, Sellers was brilliant in *The Pink Panther*, and *"10"* opened up a whole new career for Dudley Moore.

PLAYBOY: Moore is a far cry from Segal. Were you at all apprehensive about using him?

EDWARDS: No, not at all. Once I settled on the idea, I was very happy with it. I just shifted gears.

ANDREWS: *I* sure was apprehensive. Dudley seemed a lot younger than I was and I was certainly a lot taller than he was, so I rather tactfully suggested to Blake that maybe he'd like to replace me with someone who'd be more compatible with Dudley. Blake told me he *wanted* that difference. He asked me to think about Sinatra and Gardner or to consider someone like André Previn, who's not very tall but who's *immensely* attractive and makes everybody swoon. Once Blake explained my relationship with Dudley, it became totally and utterly easy. It sure helps to have it mapped out for you.

PLAYBOY: Did you anticipate that *"10"* would bring in more than $75,000,000 at the box office?

EDWARDS: Oh, I thought it would do well, but I had no idea it would do *that* well. Orion certainly didn't think it would do well at *all*, because after *"10"* was completed—but before it was released—it canceled our three-picture agreement. That was the end of *The Ferret*, and if not for David Picker and Paramount, *S.O.B.* never would have been made. Picker and no one else had the guts to say, "Let's do it!"

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also have a run-in with Orion about the ads for *"10"*?

EDWARDS: Yes, because the ads it ran for *"10"* were tasteless, but I must tell you, I really don't want to talk about those people. As with so many of the executives I continually run across in this business, their value systems are garbage dumps. I think I was badly treated; they think differently, and that's their privilege. I would prefer to forget them, because talking about them is a waste of life, if you will.

PLAYBOY: Then let's drop the subject and get back to you, Julie. Aside from your initial apprehension about playing opposite Moore, how did you feel about appearing in *"10"*?

ANDREWS: Well, it was the first film for me in quite a while, and I was supernervous. I thought that maybe styles in acting had changed and that perhaps time had passed me by and I'd seem very old-fashioned. I hadn't done a movie for five years, and on the first day of shooting, I had to do something simple like carry in a bag of groceries—and it felt like I was beginning all over again. I was all anxiety and nerves, and I thought the top of my head would come off. It took me several days to settle down.

PLAYBOY: When you did, did you sense that Moore had finally come across the breakthrough movie role that had eluded him for so long?

ANDREWS: Oh, as soon as I got to know Dudley, I had no doubt that he would have burst out somewhere, because he really is *adorable*! All the time we were filming, Dudley kept us laughing and entertained us—he's also a fine pianist, you know. Those were great things to find out, because I hadn't ever really met him before, and I think we kind of walked around each other a little bit at first. I was probably as scared of him as he was of me—God knows why, but we were—and then we became very good friends after that.

I've found, incidentally, that when you make a film or a play, a very personal thing happens between the two main people involved in it. It's not exactly like an affair, but it's close. And it's very cerebral, because you get into all sorts of areas of vulnerability and self-consciousness, and you really sense where the other person's at. A very close relationship builds, and yet it can be over as soon as a film or play is finished, but that's the nature of the beast, and it's nothing that one regrets. I mean, that's the way it *is*.

PLAYBOY: Richard Burton once said that every actor who plays opposite you falls a little in love with you. Is that feeling reciprocated?

ANDREWS: In his case, it was; I got this *huge* crush on Burton when I did *Camelot*, and I must say that a couple of years before that, when I was doing *My Fair Lady*, I was absolutely *fascinated* by Rex Harrison. Each of those gentlemen was an almost magical learning experience for me, and the chances to work with them were the results of a couple of monumental times in my life when fate, luck, timing—I don't know *what* you'd call it—came my way. I mean, two years before I found myself in *My Fair Lady*, I was 18 and over the hill. Really, my career was just about finished.

PLAYBOY: Do you know how improbable that sounds?

ANDREWS: Ah, but it's the truth, because by then, I'd gone about as far as I could go in England. I'd been this sort of child phenomenon, and after about six years in vaudeville, there wasn't very much left for me to do.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into vaudeville in the first place?

ANDREWS: Through my mum and stepfather—they were a vaudeville team. She was a fine pianist, and when she met my stepfather, they formed a musical act. She played the piano for him, and he was a tenor who sang everything

from grand opera to ballads to pop songs of the day. They became a very successful second-top-of-the-bill act; a comedian would usually be top of the bill, and a musical act came second. I lived with my aunt when they began touring, but one day, when I was about nine, my stepfather discovered that I had a freak voice, and not long after that, I started appearing with them.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say you had a freak voice?

ANDREWS: Because that's what it was. Did you ever hear Yma Sumac sing? She was that Peruvian lady who could hit notes high enough to attract dogs from miles around. Well, I couldn't do that or break glasses with my voice, but I could do just about anything else. I had a kind of adult larynx, and when I began studying with my stepfather's vocal teacher, he discovered that I had a vocal range of five octaves, which was an enormously powerful voice for a rather small kid. During school holidays, my stepfather would ask various house managers to allow me to go onstage with him, and I'd stand on a beer crate so that I could reach the microphone and we'd sing duets together, and sometimes I'd do a solo. That went on until I was 12, and then this very sophisticated revue was about to be started at the London Hippodrome, and for some reason—I guess my parents knew the producers—I was asked to appear in it. It was the full showbiz story: The night before opening night, the management decided I was too young for the revue and that I wouldn't go over well, and so my mother, stepfather and their agent descended on the producers and said, "You can't do that to this poor kid. Give Julie her big break." So they changed what I was supposed to sing from something rather mild like *The Skater's Waltz* to a difficult aria, and on opening night, I knocked 'em dead, I gather. Actually, I remember it rather well, 'cause it was quite a night.

PLAYBOY: What did you do in the show?

ANDREWS: I followed a sweet man named Wally Bogue, a very funny comedian who did some crazy dances and then told stories while making little animal figures out of balloons. At the end of his act, he said, "Are there any little girls and boys who'd like one of these balloons?" And along with two or three kids who were genuinely from the audience, I ran up to the stage to get one. Wally purposely talked to me last and asked me what I liked to do, and I told him I was a singer. His line was "Would you sing for us tonight?" and that was my cue.

PLAYBOY: And the orchestra's as well?

ANDREWS: Hokey though it may have been, suddenly there was full orchestration behind me with lots of luscious strings, and I immediately went into the *Polonaise* from *Mignon*; I hit a high F above high C—a very high note, indeed—and I literally stopped the show. The audience wouldn't stop applauding, and afterward, the press followed me home and photographed me with my Teddy bear. This will date me a bit, but I suppose you could say I became sort of England's Deanna Durbin, and for the next six years, I capitalized on that.

PLAYBOY: You became a full-time trouper?

ANDREWS: Yes, and at first I enjoyed the notoriety and the fact that I was a little special, but after a few years, it was just plain hard work. When I was 15, I was touring all over England, playing theaters a week at a time, and I realize now that it was the tag end of the glory days of English vaudeville. And then, to my horror, when I was 17—and still wearing dresses that pressed my bosom reasonably flat and little ankle socks and Mary Janes—my voice started changing. I have a hunch that a girl's voice doesn't break the way a boy's does; it just shifts gears. From having such a vast range—five octaves—my voice dropped to the three I have today. I no longer had that enormous flexibility, but my voice, which was pretty white and thin—it's *still* pretty white and thin—got warmer and more mature.

PLAYBOY: What did that do to your career?

ANDREWS: Not very much, because this fish had thoroughly explored England's rather small show-business pond. When I was 18, I was playing Cinderella in the Christmas pantomime at the London Palladium, and that was about the top shot left for me. By then, however, *The Boy Friend* had opened in London—it was an original English show—and the producers were putting together a completely new company for a Broadway production. Luckily for me, the director happened to see me in *Cinderella* one night and asked if I would like to play the lead in the American production. He offered me a two-year contract, and the idea of being banished to America for two years was unthinkable, so I refused.

PLAYBOY: Why was it unthinkable?

ANDREWS: Because I never had been away from my parents for more than a week at a time, and even then, I always had this awful separation anxiety. The producers really did want me in the show, so for only one of the few times I ever put my foot down in those days, I said I'd do it only if they'd make it for one year. Even after they agreed, I went through an agony of indecision about whether or not I should go, and I damned near didn't. If I'd had my way, I'd probably have turned it down, but my parents thought I should go, and so did my father—my *real* father. When in doubt, I'd always turn to him, because he's very wise and dear, and he said, "Look, honey, go get the experience. The show will probably run only two or three months, anyway, and you'll have had a fantastic experience that will broaden your mind." So off I went, and it was the best thing that ever happened to me, because if I hadn't come to America, I'm quite sure my career would have just fizzled out.

PLAYBOY: What did you expect New York to be like?

ANDREWS: I don't honestly think that I anticipated anything. I was just sort of numb at having landed this job that was going to take me into the unknown. I'd heard that Fifth Avenue was glorious and that the United States was a country of extreme wealth, but mostly I was trying to absorb what was happening to me, and I felt very out of my depth. I flew over to New York with four other girls, and a few weeks after getting there, I moved into a room with one of them, a mad extrovert with the improbable name of Dilys Lay—the producers added an E to her last name because they thought DILYS LAY would look a little strange on the marquee. Dilys was always out and about, letting one amorous beau out the back door while greeting another one at the front. I was rather bewildered at this constant parade of guys who were wining and dining her, and occasionally, she'd drag me along; mostly, I wanted to stay in. She was very good for me, and I was good for her. I think I calmed her down a bit, and Dilys certainly pepped *me* up a bit, which was just what I needed.

PLAYBOY: Why? Were you very homesick?

ANDREWS: That was part of it, but my real worry was that before *The Boy Friend* opened, I half expected to be sent packing back to England. The show was set in the Twenties, and everybody was kind of camping it up and being funny in a Betty Boop way, and I had no idea how to play comedy or how to behave as if I belonged in that era. I muddled through rehearsals for the entire summer, and then, on the morning of our opening night, the show's producer, Cy Feuer, bless his heart, sat me down for a talk. This is about as hokey a showbiz story as my being allowed to go on at the Hippodrome, but it's also true.

PLAYBOY: We're all ears, Julie.

ANDREWS: Well, Feuer took me out to the fire escape outside the theater and said, "You really were terrible last night," and I heartily agreed, because I hadn't gotten a single laugh. "If you do *exactly* what I tell you, you stand a chance of being successful," he said. "You've been trying to be funny and you've been atrocious, so I want you to forget about trying to be funny. Just play your

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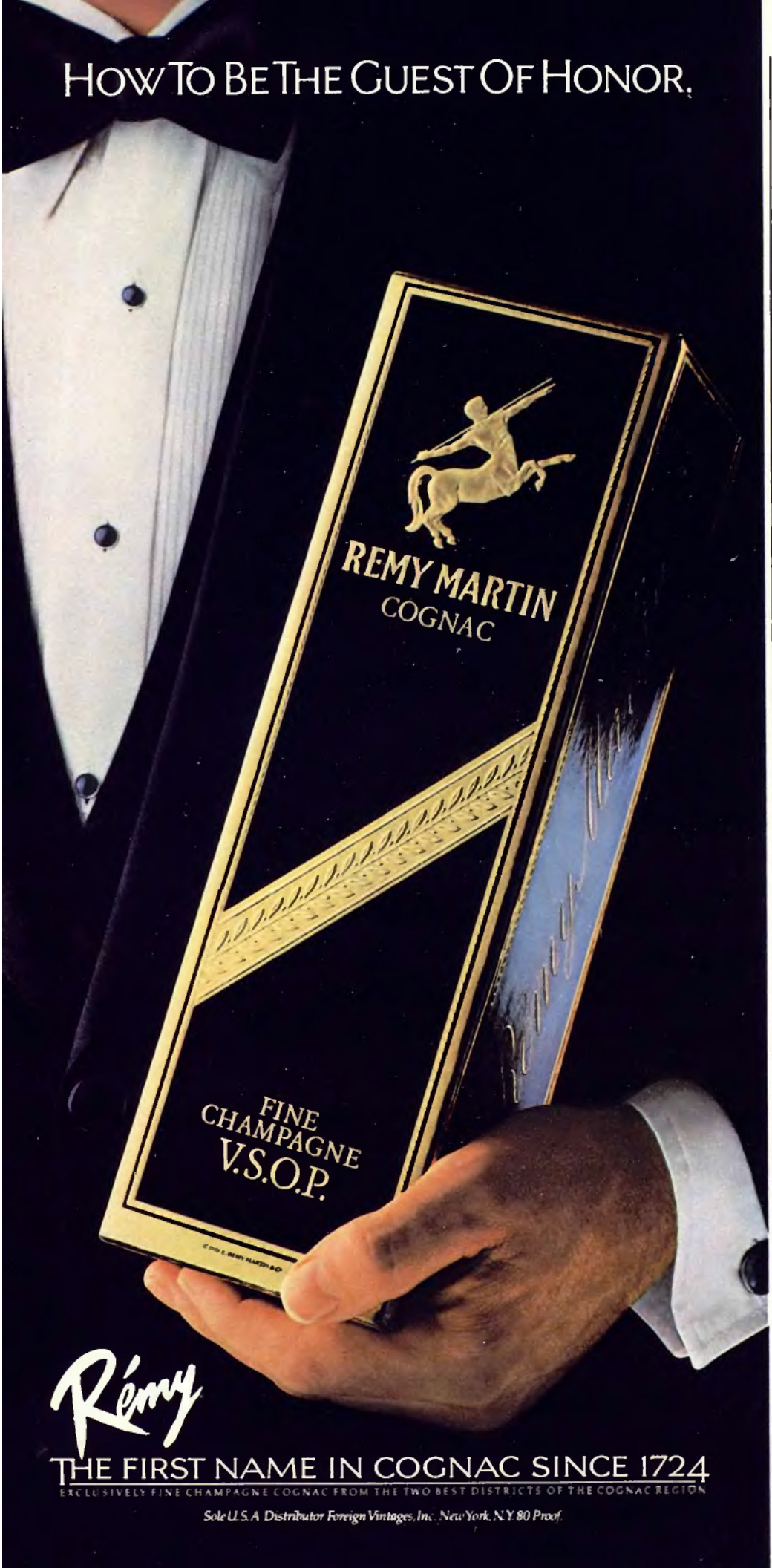

character as if she were absolutely real and forget about what the other people are doing."

So that's how I played it on opening night, and the next morning, there was a new star on Broadway. I got great reviews, my name went up above the title on the marquee and it was *terribly* exciting! *The Boy Friend* was actually a very fragile, gentle little musical, almost like a piece of lace, but it became quite a big hit because it was the "in" thing to see that year—mostly because everyone loved the Twenties music and we had a marvelous group of musicians. I spent the year thrashing about wildly, trying to realize what I'd done. It was a wonderful learning experience, and then, as the following summer approached, I got terribly excited about the prospect of finally going home. Once again, however, my timing was right, and I got very, very lucky.

PLAYBOY: You were asked to do *My Fair Lady*?

ANDREWS: Exactly so. Two weeks before I was to go home, I received a telephone call from someone who represented Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, and he asked me just one question: How long was my contract with *The Boy Friend*? I told him I was going home in two weeks, and the man—I wish I could remember his name—said, "Oh, Jesus Christ, I'll be right back to you." He later explained that Lerner and Loewe were doing a musical version of George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* and they'd wanted to get in touch with me, but everybody had said, "Don't bother; she's probably got a two-year contract like the rest of the people in that show." This man had apparently said it would cost only a dime to call me, and he was *very* surprised. So I auditioned for Lerner and Loewe, and then I auditioned for Rodgers and Hammerstein, who were doing a musical called *Pipe Dream*. Richard Rodgers told me, "Look, we'd love to use you, but I think you'd be better off in the Lerner and Loewe piece. If you get it, take it—and if you don't, please let us know." Well, I got it and took it.

PLAYBOY: We're under the impression that Lerner and Loewe auditioned dozens of women for the role of Eliza Doolittle. Was that the case?

ANDREWS: I know they had asked Mary Martin to do it and I think they had another actress in mind for a while, but they eventually picked me, thank God. I actually auditioned three times for them at the Shubert Theater—just an empty stage, a pianist and me—and I sang loudly and piercingly. I gave them my full vaudeville whammy, and when they finally settled on me, I once again was less than joyous.

PLAYBOY: Why? Did you think *My Fair*

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Lady would turn out to be a flop?

ANDREWS: My thoughts at the time were, Oh, my God, what are these Americans going to do to Shaw? And this time I *had* to sign a two-year contract—*more* tears at having to be away from home for so long. In general, though, I soon became preoccupied with just surviving and getting through. You know, they're pretty ruthless on Broadway, and even in *The Boy Friend*, a couple of people who hadn't cut it were sent back to England. Well, during rehearsals for *My Fair Lady*, I knew that I was the worst, and if not for Moss Hart, our director, I'm sure I *would* have been sent back to England. Talk about Pygmalion and Galatea; Moss was my *Svengali*!

PLAYBOY: Why did you need so much help?

ANDREWS: I'd never done so dramatic a play before, and what's really hilarious is that I had no idea how to do a Cockney accent. They finally got an American professor of phonetics to teach me how to speak Cockney. I was fine in the musical numbers, but I was terrible in the dramatic role. I saw the movie of *Pygmalion* with Leslie Howard three times and I knew what I wanted to do, but I just didn't seem able to do it. So there I was, floundering around, and I had the sense that the rest of the company was very worried about me. Finally, Moss, that unique man, said, "I'm going to dismiss the company for a long weekend, and you and I will just work together and see if we can't get a grasp on the role." I knew it was going to be agony, and I also knew it was now or never: If I couldn't cut it, I was going to be fired.

PLAYBOY: *Was* it a weekend of agony?

ANDREWS: No, because I knew Moss was offering me a lifeline, and it was the most wonderful thing he could have done. We worked two seemingly endless days, primarily to find the guts I needed for Eliza Doolittle. Moss would snatch Eliza's purse from me, try to get me angry, then he'd lash out at me. He'd say, "You're acting like a schoolgirl—be *stronger*!" It was one of those things where you want to weep and break down, yet you know you're lost if you don't listen and learn. It really *was* painful—it was like stripping your soul of all the corny things and being laid bare—and it was the best acting lesson I'd ever had in my life. And underneath all his bullying and cajoling and encouraging, I could feel this tremendous affection. Moss really wanted me to succeed, and so did I. As I say, I knew where I wanted to go with Eliza, but I didn't know how to get there; Moss *showed* me how to get there. That Monday morning, it felt as if the eyes of the entire world were upon me, and it was a little intimidating. I'm sure I fell back 50 percent on the work I'd done over the weekend, but I obviously did well enough to stay with the show.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned before that you were fascinated by Rex Harrison. Why?

ANDREWS: Because he was magical onstage, and sometimes I'd find myself forgetting to be Eliza and I'd just watch him with my mouth open. *He* was one of the best learning experiences I'd ever had. Before *My Fair Lady*, Rex had never sung, and he was very worried about doing it for the first time. When we started rehearsals, he was truly intimidated by the orchestra, but then he evolved his wonderful form of talking and singing, which I found brilliant. And because he was such a heavyweight and so good as Henry Higgins, I'd get so nervous working with him that sometimes I'd actually get the giggles. I mean, there'd be moments he'd only have to say "Boo!" to me and I'd be gone—and he knew it.

PLAYBOY: Did he try to upstage you?

ANDREWS: No, he was very generous onstage, and he really carried the show for a very, very long time, until I'd done some of my homework. Rex was also wonderfully unpredictable, and onstage he liked to tease me a lot, and that would make me giggle. I remember there was a Brownie camera on Higgins' desk, and one night, while I was delivering my lines, Rex said, "Hold it!" and began snapping away. At such moments, I'd break up and hate myself for doing it, and he was probably thoroughly fed up with my stupid giggles, but it was sheer nerves.

PLAYBOY: How long did that go on?

ANDREWS: It lasted for a good two months after we opened on Broadway. Along with being intimidating and professional and everything else, Rex was also a very flatulent gentleman, and occasionally he'd really let fly onstage, which would surprise us all—and that would get me *very* nervous. One night, we were doing the scene toward the end of the show in which Eliza and Mrs. Higgins are talking about what makes a lady, and absolutely at the moment when Mrs. Higgins says, "Henry, dear, please don't grind your teeth," Rex cut loose with a machine-gun volley that stunned the audience, startled the orchestra and absolutely put us away. I just about fell *down* with the giggles, and from then on, every other line of dialog seemed to have a double meaning. In the last song Eliza sings, I could almost *see* this lyric coming up, and there was no way I was going to get through it. All I had to sing was "No, my reverberating friend, you are not the beginning and the end," and I completely cracked up. Rex, meanwhile, had this mischievous look in his eye, and when the curtain finally came down, I was practically weeping from nerves. That night, the show must have run a half hour longer than usual, because there would be these long pauses onstage while we tried to pull ourselves together. Afterward, I went up to him and said, "How could you *do* that to me?" And Rex said, "I'm terribly sorry, but when I was young, I was always a very windy boy."

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to *that*?

ANDREWS: Just what you'd expect—I started giggling again. Mercifully, I finally got over all my nervousness and settled down to a long run. I know I'm prejudiced, but in my opinion, *My Fair Lady* was one of the finest, most beautifully crafted musicals ever done.

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay with the show?

ANDREWS: Well, I did *My Fair Lady* for two years on Broadway and then 18 months in London. And before the end of my run in London, Lerner and Loewe asked me to be in *Camelot*, and since it was the same team—Moss Hart would be directing me again—I was very happy to accept. At that point, I took a year's vacation, and it wasn't so much a luxury as it was a badly needed rest.

PLAYBOY: Was the role of Eliza so exhausting?

ANDREWS: It was *vocally* exhausting. I got myself into a terrible neurotic state about my voice, because toward the end of my run in London, I developed some soft nodes on my vocal cords and thought I'd never sing again. In fact, I actually begged out of the last three months of my London contract, and Hugh Beaumont, who was manager of the theater I was playing at, let me off, because he knew I was pretty desperate at that point. I don't know any Eliza who didn't have vocal trouble because of the role. Some managed longer than others, but eventually they all collapsed. Anyway, I took the next year off and had a great holiday in the south of France and then started rehearsals for *Camelot*.

PLAYBOY: Was your role as Guinevere in *Camelot* less demanding than that of Eliza?

ANDREWS: It was *far* less demanding, and by that time, I'd learned how to take care of myself better, and I was that much wiser and smarter and more mature in terms of being on Broadway and knowing how to cope. *Camelot* was a very happy experience. It wasn't as big a success as *My Fair Lady*, but I think it might have been a much bigger hit if it had been produced before *My Fair Lady*, because everyone was looking at Lerner and Loewe and comparing their work in the two shows.

Camelot did have some flaws, however, and critics found fault with the

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fact that it started off as a kind of wonderful fairy tale and ended up very realistically. The show began with Arthur and Guinevere meeting and Arthur persuading her that Camelot was a place worth coming to and that he was an attractive guy. It was very dear and touching, but toward the end of the show, it got very heavy when, after Arthur's bastard son had ruined the kingdom, they had to part and she went away and he went away and Lancelot went away. I liked the show a lot, but probably the most important thing about it for me was the chance to work with Burton, because, like Harrison, he was such a huge talent that, again, I'd just stand around and watch. Burton did things onstage that were nothing less than *amazing*.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

ANDREWS: Richard would say to me, "I will make the audience cry tonight with this speech, and in the same speech tomorrow night, I will make them laugh." And he would do just that, and I would be *awed*. I still don't know how he could hold an audience so brilliantly that he could make them laugh at the same words that had made them cry the night before.

PLAYBOY: Was he fun to work with?

ANDREWS: Very much so, and even though he had some drinking problems at the time, he never gave a bad performance. In fact, Richard could even turn his boozing to his advantage. If he were drunk, he'd play Arthur as the weariest, most emotionally torn king in the world, one who could hardly wave his sword because life was just too heavy. Burton would be exhausted from a binge, but he'd make it work. Robert Goulet was in *Camelot*, too, and he was divine. The guys in the show all wore hose and short doublets, and Goulet had the *best* pair of legs! I used to sit offstage every night and watch him sing *If Ever I Would Leave You*, and all I could think of was, Gee, the backs of his knees are just great! His voice was pretty good, too.

PLAYBOY: Did Burton have decent legs?

ANDREWS: No, but it didn't matter. God, I fell instantly in love with him when we started, and luckily for me, his eyes did not rest upon me until much later in the show's run, by which time I was on to him and wise enough to stay away.

PLAYBOY: Why did you feel that way? Was Burton romancing several women at the time?

ANDREWS: Going through the entire company would be a better description. That's not *exactly* true, but I've never seen ladies fall by the wayside as they did with him. Burton had an almost irresistible charm, and he's just so good at what he does that I don't know how often he truly has to flex those artistic muscles of his. I do know that years later, he put the absolute capper on my square image. One day, he called me up while he was being interviewed by *Time* magazine and said, "Listen, they're saying you're the only one of my leading ladies I've never slept with." I told him, "For God's sake, don't admit it. That'll sound *terrible*." He told the magazine it was true, anyway.

PLAYBOY: While you were on Broadway in *Camelot*, Audrey Hepburn was signed to play Eliza in the film version of *My Fair Lady*. Did that come as a major shock?

ANDREWS: Well, this may sound like a stiff upper lip, but the truth is, at that point, I'd never made a film, I wasn't box office—except perhaps on Broadway—and those were the days when studios had to go with big names, so why would they invest in me?

PLAYBOY: You accepted the news that calmly?

ANDREWS: Oh, no. I threw a certain number of tantrums, but I understood it; whether I accepted it is another question. I've actually accepted it less as the years have gone by, because as I gain perspective on what *My Fair Lady* was and on that particular role, I really would like to have committed my performance to film. But I certainly understood the reasons for casting Audrey Hepburn, and it was easy to be charitable, because I was offered a nice movie in its place. Almost simultaneous to the news about Hepburn, Walt Disney visited me backstage at *Camelot* and talked to me about *Mary Poppins*, and I was very mollified. When I went out to the Disney studios in California and listened to the music written for *Mary Poppins*, the bouncy songs all had a vaudeville-strut quality and the ballads had a pretty-parasol kind of appeal, and they were all right up my alley. The day I heard them, I knew I wanted to make the film, and about six months later, when I finished in *Camelot*, I returned to California to start *Mary Poppins*.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man was Disney?

ANDREWS: He was a charming man with a twinkling personality, and he put in an enormous number of hours at his studio each week. Among all of his skills, one of his great talents was an almost phenomenal ability for picking nice people to work with. His studio had a special charm—it still does—and at first, you'd go there slightly cynical because of all the cartoons and fairy tales he'd produced, but once you were there, you discovered that it was filled with nice people who were all very dedicated to Walt and to doing a good job. They made me feel *very* comfortable.

PLAYBOY: How comfortable were you the first time you were in front of a movie camera?

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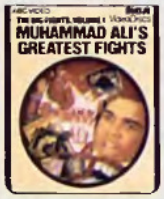

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ANDREWS: I wasn't comfortable at *all*. The first day of filming was very scary, because I'd thought that maybe I had to do something very special on film, but I gradually realized that there was no special magic to it. If one just said one's lines and was fairly genuine about it, the next day's dailies didn't look too terrible.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about leaving New York for Hollywood?

ANDREWS: That wasn't a problem, in any way. Hollywood seemed bigger, brighter and—I felt this—a little bit more permanent than New York. To me, the joy was getting up early every morning and from 6:30 A.M. to about 7:30 A.M. experiencing what seemed like an English spring. At that hour, there's a wonderful dampness over the whole city, and there are flowers everywhere and they smell good. It's such a pretty place, and having come from Broadway, at first I wondered how anyone could work seriously there, because everything's done at such a frantic pace in New York. And then I realized that the pulse of California beats a little slower, but the work done there is no less serious. It's just done at a happier, lazier pace.

PLAYBOY: In spite of the languorous pace you've just described, weren't you soon working harder than ever?

ANDREWS: Well, I didn't find moviemaking as demanding as Broadway, but, yes, I was very busy. After *Mary Poppins*, I went right into *The Americanization of Emily* and then into *The Sound of Music*. The interesting thing was that all three films were completed before any of them was released. I'd been in Hollywood for two years, and the fun was that I wasn't yet being judged for anything. I was having the *best* time. I was making all these wonderful movies, and all I had to do was enjoy doing them, because they weren't out yet. I would have been happy if they'd stayed in the can.

PLAYBOY: You had no curiosity about how you'd be received?

ANDREWS: I swear to God, no. And as far as their release was concerned, I felt trepidation rather than impatience. And then all three movies came out within months of one another, and it was as if a tidal wave had hit me, because I was suddenly in enormous demand for interviews. It was just a wacky time of my life.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel any sense of vindication when your performance in *Mary Poppins* beat Audrey Hepburn's in *My Fair Lady* for an Academy Award?

ANDREWS: Well, I didn't feel it was necessarily because of the film. I think there was a lot of public sentiment involved, and when I accepted the award, I said something like "You sure know how to make a girl feel welcome." I felt that Hollywood had given me a valid welcome to the movie industry.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you say something a lot more trenchant when you received a Golden Globe award for *Mary Poppins*?

ANDREWS: You *do* do your homework, don't you? Yes, when I was given the Golden Globe, I thanked my family, the people I'd worked with on the film, and then I said, "And most of all, I want to thank Jack Warner, who made it all possible in the first place." In other words, if Warner hadn't turned me down for *My Fair Lady*, I wouldn't have been able to make *Mary Poppins*. Well, my little speech was greeted by a deathly hush. As I mentioned earlier, when I do occasionally make the odd funny remark, people don't expect it and don't quite know how to take it. Jack Warner was sitting right there in front of me, and I remember thinking that I'd really blown it. Mercifully, after about ten seconds of silence, there was a tremendous roar and a lot of applause.

PLAYBOY: Were you tempted to repeat that remark at the Academy Awards?

EDWARDS: If I can get back into this conversation, let me just say that Julie never repeats herself. Which is a shame, because about once every five years, she'll come up with a line that's just beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Nice of you to say so. Since you've known her ten years, give us her two best lines.

EDWARDS: I could probably give you ten. Remember my mention of the newspaperwoman who implied that Julie, Rock Hudson and I were carrying on together? Well, one day, Julie said that if that woman ever needed heart surgery, she hoped the doctors would go in through her feet. Another time, a friend of ours told us she'd accidentally slammed the door on the finger of a woman we all had reason to dislike. Julie said, "Too bad it wasn't her tongue."

ANDREWS: As you may have gathered by now, Blake is a lot swifter in that department than I am. I particularly liked what he said after Sue Mengers, a heavily built Hollywood agent, saw *S.O.B.* and decided that the Shelley Winters character was modeled after herself. She said, "An Alp should only fall on their house." Blake said that would be preferable to *Sue Mengers'* falling on our house.

PLAYBOY: Was *S.O.B.* successful?

ANDREWS: In terms of money, yes; it cleared its cost. Critically, it was a *huge* success. Critics either loved it or loathed it, but among the press people we respect, it was very, *very* much admired.

PLAYBOY: After viewing that film, Blake, a number of critics seemed to conclude that much of your humor is sadistic. Is it?

EDWARDS: Only some of it is—the part that derives from slapstick and people like Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy.

ANDREWS: That's the kind of comedy that always gets the biggest laughs.

EDWARDS: It always got *my* biggest laughs. I remember watching Chaplin play a pawnbroker's assistant, and some poor guy comes in and hands him a clock he wants to hock. Well, Chaplin examines the clock so thoroughly that he winds up taking it completely apart and then has no idea how to put it back together again. Having destroyed it, he gives it back to the customer, and though this is a silent movie, you can almost hear Chaplin telling the guy, "Sorry, we're not interested in buying this from you." The man is obviously upset that Chaplin has ruined his clock and begins protesting—and while he continues to argue, Chaplin reaches down, picks up a hammer and hits him right between the eyes.

When I saw that scene, I fell off my chair, so I knew where *my* humor was coming from. The sadistic aspect of that Chaplin bit makes me laugh, and I think that's OK, because there's a great difference between drama and comedy. You wouldn't believe Chaplin's action in a drama; in a comedy, you know that nobody's getting hurt—*that*'s the difference. And that's also the wonderful thing about comedy: It allows you to get rid of a lot of aggression.

ANDREWS: It's a kind of relief. Why else would you get laughs if someone fell down and damned near broke an ankle?

EDWARDS: Comedy is deeply personal for me; it's just a simple matter of whether or not I think something's funny. You can go to see a drama, and a lot of things can save the movie. A truly great performance can do it, or there can be one fantastic sequence or even a terrific score can attract a lot of attention. When it comes to comedy, things are more basic: If it isn't funny, your picture's no good.

PLAYBOY: In the past few years, a number of youth-oriented comedies such as *Animal House*, *Caddyshack* and *Stripes* have proved to be massive money-makers, yet they seem almost amateurish compared with the films you make. Do they strike you that way, too?

EDWARDS: I really feel that they're sophomoric and that the audience for them will change, because kids grow up very fast. I'm not sure that that kind of humor will remain. It's something for me that's just as untraditional and sophomoric as *Saturday Night Live*; I'm not a great fan, because it doesn't make me laugh a lot. I think there are unnecessarily cruel moments in that show, and I mean real sniping at people, which doesn't amuse me. I think my kind of humor is the kind of traditional humor that can *always* make people laugh. Inevitably, even the kids who turn on to *Saturday Night Live* will still laugh at the Buster Keatons and the Laurel and Hardys.

PLAYBOY: At the same time, however, if

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half of the 40,000,000 fans of *Saturday Night Live* go to see their TV favorites in a movie, some studio is going to rake in $100,000,000 at the box office.

EDWARDS: But that's so stupid, because studio executives have always thought like that and it doesn't necessarily work. I remember when Liberace was a big hit on television and movie executives were walking around saying, "My God, do you know how many people Liberace draws at his performances? Whatever city he goes to, he's sold out. If we get just the people who go to his concerts, we've got a $100,000,000 gross on our hands." So they made a Liberace picture and it fell right on its ass. And they continually do that kind of thing. It's like the old story about the early days of Universal Studios. Some genius up there said, "A movie with a boy and a dog always sells, and a picture with two nuns in it has made a lot of money, so let's put 'em all together and we'll *really* have a hit." What he had was the failure of all time. Studios are notorious for hiring second-rate executives, and their biggest complaint is that we don't have an audience anymore. But that's not true; we don't have the *movies* anymore! Studio guys love to talk about demographics and how only young people go to the movies, and yet when someone makes a film like *The Turning Point*—which wasn't for kids—older people come out in droves to see it.

PLAYBOY: Are you at all optimistic about the possibility that there will be more *Turning Point*s and fewer *Caddyshack*s in the near future?

EDWARDS: For the most part, no. I think it's going to get worse before it gets better.

PLAYBOY: Does that tend to make you feel like a kind of Hollywood dinosaur?

EDWARDS: Sometimes.

ANDREWS: There are a *few* dinosaurs left, which is hopeful.

EDWARDS: Well, as long as they're classy dinosaurs, darling. The kind with a great deal of panache.

ANDREWS: Since we're talking about comedy and comedy films, let me tell you about something that really bugs me and confuses me. In his early days, I really didn't like Woody Allen at all; his movies seemed a little sophomoric, and then, suddenly, he turned around and got better and better, and I think his three latest films have been great. I recognize that he's really learned a lot and come a long way, but what really blows my mind is that I've recently seen some of his old ones, and now I think they really *weren't* so bad. Am I re-evaluating him because he's successful, or am I looking back and seeing qualities I didn't recognize then? Have I opened my head a little? Do you know what I'm trying to say, Blake?

EDWARDS: Yeah, I do. I can look back on some of the things he did that I didn't particularly care for then but that I like now. I think he was probably doing something we weren't particularly familiar with and didn't relate to that well, and maybe we've since grown along with Woody. He is a *very* talented man, and I think his first films were infinitely more individual than *my* first films were.

ANDREWS: Well, I think Woody was allowed to do his growing up and maturing in public, but if *you* had done that, Blake, you would absolutely have been nailed for it.

EDWARDS: But I grew up in public, too, darling. I just think he was perceived to be far more individual, and I was perceived to be a B director who was not particularly talented—and then *I* grew up. And I think perhaps that's why Woody became the darling of the industry and I didn't.

PLAYBOY: If we can break in on this, would you mind telling us what the problem with Woody Allen seems to be?

ANDREWS: I don't have a problem with Woody. I'm just being a loyal wife, that's all.

EDWARDS: And I'm trying to be objective about myself. I wandered around in this business for a long time not fully aware that I was searching for something. I grew up late in terms of really having something to say, and I'm beginning to say it now. I think I'll probably be getting more recognition as time goes on, because I'm making better movies. I really don't compare myself with Woody Allen or talk about it, except that Julie brought it up, probably because she suddenly thought, Why does Woody Allen get certain——

ANDREWS: Kudos!

EDWARDS: Right. Why does Woody get certain *kudos* and my husband does not, and I think my husband is equally talented. Right, Julie? [*Andrews smiles in appreciation; Edwards is being lightly sardonic*] Well, my wife and I agree totally. *We* know, *don't* we, darling?

ANDREWS: Oh, shut up.

PLAYBOY: Blake, you're currently at the top of your game as a writer-producer-director, but you originally broke into movies as an actor. Do you think you'll ever act again?

EDWARDS: No. You couldn't get me to.

ANDREWS: He's such a *good* actor, too.

EDWARDS: Never, never, never.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you tried?

EDWARDS: God, I don't know. It's been years. I remember doing bits in *Operation Petticoat* and *The Great Race*.

ANDREWS: Your last tantrum was pretty good.

EDWARDS: He's asking about *professional* acting.

ANDREWS: Oh, I see.

PLAYBOY: We have no doubt that it was a professional performance.

ANDREWS: Oh, listen, it was an *Oscar*-winning performance.

EDWARDS: Oscar Homolka.

PLAYBOY: While we don't doubt that you have a barely controllable temper, Blake, it seems to us that success may have taken the edge off your anger. *Are* you as angry as ever?

EDWARDS: No, and it's a blessing. My life is much more comfortable now.

PLAYBOY: What's responsible for this sudden pacification program?

EDWARDS: I've grown up a little bit. I'm not as much of a child as I used to be, and I've finally gotten wise enough to realize that anger is destructive. Also, I'd prefer my remaining years on this earth to be as comfortable as possible, and since a lot of things I can't control are going to make my life *un*comfortable, why add to them? So I'm just trying to be as happy as I know how and to live for the moment—and to do the best I can at the moment.

PLAYBOY: What do you see for yourself in the future?

EDWARDS: I think there will come a time when I stop directing and write exclusively, and then do what I really love to do, which is to paint.

ANDREWS: Blake is a terrific, very diverse and very talented painter. He's not afraid to experiment, and he can do everything from a very good portrait of a member of the family to something utterly abstract and extraordinary. This peculiar, very special mercurial gentleman emerges in whatever he chooses to do.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever fume at the easel, Blake?

EDWARDS: No, I do *not* fume at the easel. In fact, I'm more comfortable at the easel than I am at the typewriter.

PLAYBOY: While you're daubing away contentedly, Blake, what do you think Julie will be up to?

EDWARDS: Oh, she's going to be the Ethel Barrymore of Gstaad.

ANDREWS: I will probably change into some grand old lady for my kids and that will be the extent of my acting. [*Suddenly starts laughing*] Actually, I know *exactly* how it's going to be. Blake will be painting all the time and coming up with great wonders, and I shall be stumbling along, still trying to keep up with him, still trying to figure him out and still utterly amazed at all that he produces. I can see it now; things won't have changed *that* much, you see.

PLAYBOY: One final question, Julie.

ANDREWS: What, what, what?

PLAYBOY: Do you *really* think your husband has put all his demons to rest?

ANDREWS: Beats the shit out of me.

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WITH ENOUGH SHOVELS

article

By ROBERT SCHEER

A FUNDAMENTAL CHANGE has occurred in the U.S. since the election of 1980: Our leaders during the time of Ronald Reagan have come to plan for waging and winning a nuclear war with the Soviet Union, and they are obsessed with a strategy of confrontation—including nuclear brinkmanship—that aims to force the Soviets to shrink their empire and fundamentally alter their society.

That obsession has gone beyond the discussion stage. President Reagan had been in office less than a year when he approved a secret plan to

how the u.s. government has come under the control of men who believe that nuclear war can be waged and won

provide the U.S. with the capability to win a protracted nuclear war. This plan, outlined in a so-called National Security Decision Document (N.S.D.D.), committed the U.S., for the first time, to the idea that a nuclear war could be won.

"Nuke war," as Louis O. Giuffrida, whom Reagan had named head of the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), calls it, has come to be discussed not only as a war that can be won but as a war consistent with the preservation of civilization. "It would be a terrible mess, but it wouldn't be unmanageable," Giuffrida told ABC News. Or, as his assistant in charge of the civil-defense program, William Chipman, put it when I asked him if democracy and other U.S. institutions would survive all-out nuclear war with the Soviet Union: "I think they would eventually, yeah. As I say, the ants eventually build another anthill."

The idea that "nuke war" is survivable begins with the assertion that an effective civil defense is possible. Proponents of this view in the Reagan Administration claim that civil defense can protect the Russian population and, therefore, that Soviet military planners think they can survive and win a nuclear war. According to Reagan and his people, this confidence is one important reason for the Soviet military build-up and for our own urgent need to close the "window of vulnerability"—Reagan's phrase to describe the presumed vulnerability of the U.S. to a Soviet first strike. Ergo, the renewed interest in America's civil defense, massive military spending and new Pentagon plans for waging a protracted nuclear war—what Reagan calls "the rearming of America."

That attitude results in part from the growing sophistication of nuclear weapons in the arsenals of both superpowers: weapons that can do more than destroy heavily populated areas; weapons whose control and accuracy are, theoretically, so refined that they tempt their makers to think they can be detonated not only as weapons of genocide or countergenocide but as if they were conventional weapons, to take out selected enemy targets in a war that would be fought on a limited or, at least, a less than catastrophic basis. In other words, a war with winners as well as losers.

Combined with this view is the idea that *détente* has not served us well, that the Soviets have not accepted its terms but have, in fact, gained nuclear superiority. This argument was advanced by President Reagan, despite substantial disagreement among experienced people who had studied the question, as one justification for his 1.6-trillion-dollar five-year military program.

Whatever its inherent defects, as long as we lived in the era of *détente*, with its seemingly endless arms-control negotiations and other complex dealings between the superpowers, most Americans found it relatively easy to avoid thinking about nuclear annihilation. There was comfort in the knowledge that somewhere in the midst of the interminable SALT talks, our respective leaders were trying to cut whatever deal was possible in the interest of their, and our, survival. One assumption of the *détente* period was that no matter how awful the other fellow might be, he still didn't want to commit nuclear suicide; the instinct for self-preservation would win out over nationalist and ideological obsessions.

The notion that nuclear war means mutual suicide had for years been a basis of *détente* and arms-control negotiations. It became obvious, however, as Reagan installed his people in high places, that all this had changed as many of the highly vociferous critics of *détente* and arms control moved into positions of authority in Washington, and attempts to live with the Soviets became more scorned than honored.

As we shall see, a Cold War cabal of unreconstructed hawks and neohawks who had never been fully at ease with the arms-control efforts of the Nixon, Ford and Carter Administrations suddenly came into its own. The members of this group categorically reject peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union as that country is now constituted. They seek instead—through confrontation, through the use of political and economic pressure and through the threat of military weapons—to alter radically the nature of Soviet society. They assume, as Reagan has stated, that "the Soviet Union underlies all the unrest that is going on. If they weren't engaged in this game of dominoes, there wouldn't be any hot spots in the world." Convinced that the nuclear-arms race is dangerous not in itself but only if the Soviets gain "superiority," they have shifted the emphasis of American foreign policy from the avoidance of nuclear war to the preparation for its possible outbreak.

If the extent to which this change occurred went widely unremarked at first, it was not because these men were secretive about their beliefs: As Eugene V. Rostow, Reagan's Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, had written before being selected for this important post, "We are living in a prewar and not a postwar world." Other statements by officials of the Reagan Government have been just as direct. For example, we are now committed to what Deputy Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci III, in his Senate confirmation hearing, called a "nuclear-war-fighting capability," a position that presupposes that nuclear war can be kept limited, survivable and winnable.

In 1981, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger told the House Budget Committee that the Reagan Administration would expand the U.S. capability "for deterring or *prosecuting* [italics mine] a global war with the Soviet Union." Halfway through Reagan's first year in office, Weinberger presented the President with a defense-spending plan by which the U.S. could gain nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union within this decade. The goal, according to senior Pentagon officials, was to build a capacity to fight nuclear wars ranging from a limited strike to an all-out exchange.

One of those who helped shape Reagan's war-fighting views was former Harvard historian Richard Pipes. In 1978, before he was appointed the senior Soviet specialist on Reagan's National Security Council staff, Pipes criticized the nuclear-war plans of previous Administrations, both Republican and Democratic, because "deeply embedded in all our plans is the notion of punishing the aggressor rather than defeating him." Or, as Secretary of Energy James B. Edwards put it, in a nuclear war, "I want to come out of it number one, not number two."

In a telephone interview with me in the fall of 1981, Charles Kupperman, a Reagan appointee to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, said that "it is possible for any society to survive" a nuclear war. He added that "nuclear war is a destructive thing but still in large part a physics problem."

Reagan's first year was continually marked by such comments about waging nuclear war in some form or other. The President himself claimed that it would be possible to keep a nuclear war on the European continent limited to a tactical exchange, thereby making Western Europeans more nervous than they had been in some time.

When word of the Administration's stance toward nuclear war began to emerge, it caused a powerful sense of alarm among the general public, both in this country and abroad. By the end of Reagan's first year, public-opinion polls were showing that proposals for a bilateral freeze on additional nuclear weapons were being approved by two-to-one margins. Demonstrations involving hundreds of thousands of people protesting the nuclear-arms race took place in Europe and the U.S. Whatever else Reagan and his aides accomplished, they greatly stimulated the dormant peace movement in the free world and gave the Russians a fine opportunity to trumpet the fact that the U.S. was the more bellicose of the two superpowers,

"I sent out scratch-and-sniff Christmas cards to all my customers."

the greater threat to human survival.

By the spring of 1982, the Administration realized that it had got itself into deep trouble on this issue and began to alter its public posture. It was then that Reagan floated his so-called START proposal. START stands for strategic-arms-reduction talks and represents a replay of Reagan's successful ploy in his pre-election debate with Carter, when he called for bilateral arms reductions in an effort to counter Carter's portrayal of Reagan as a warmonger.

The Soviets were not likely to accept Reagan's proposal, because it would take from them half of their ICBM force while leaving ours relatively undisturbed. Former Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, in fact, suggested that START "may be a secret agenda for sidetracking *disarmament* while the United States gets on with *rearmament*—in a hopeless quest for superiority in these things." Even so, the proposal made for good public relations.

With the START announcement, the Administration showed that it had learned its lesson and thereafter would try not to alarm the public as it built up its strategic arms. From then on, there would be little public talk about nuclear-war fighting. The interviews by journalists with top Administration officials on nuclear-war fighting and survival would be harder to come by. At least, that was the plan; but such profound changes in U.S. defense strategy as were being conceived in the Defense Department and the White House were bound to leak out and would raise serious questions about the Administration's intent in the START talks.

In May, a United Press International report by Helen Thomas stated, "A senior White House official said Reagan approved an eight-page national-security document that 'undertakes a campaign aimed at internal reform in the Soviet Union and shrinkage of the Soviet empire.' He affirmed that it could be called 'a full-court press' against the Soviet Union." (A full-court press is a basketball expression that describes an attempt to wrest the ball away from one's opponent in his own territory.)

That remarkable statement reflects the views of Pipes, who had said early in 1981 that "Soviet leaders would have to choose between peacefully changing their Communist system . . . or going to war." At the time, the Administration had sought to downplay Pipes's statement, but by the spring of 1982, his view seemed to have become official policy.

On May 30, a week after that U.P.I. story, *New York Times* Pentagon correspondent Richard Halloran broke the story of the 1982 five-year Defense Guidance Plan. His article began with the following statement:

> Defense Department policy makers, in a new five-year defense plan, have accepted the premise that nuclear conflict with the Soviet Union could be protracted and have drawn up their first strategy for fighting such a war.

The document was signed by Weinberger. It outlined the strategy to be pursued by the Pentagon for the next five years and was intended as a general guide for the next decade as well.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the implications of this strategy document, for it resolves a debate in the highest councils of Government and places the U.S., for the first time, squarely on the side of those extremists in this country and in the Soviet Union who believe in the possibility of fighting and winning a protracted nuclear war. As the *Times* put it:

> The nature of nuclear war has been a subject of intense debate among political leaders, defense specialists and military officers. Some assert that there would be only one all-out mutually destructive exchange. Others argue that a nuclear war with many exchanges could be fought over days and weeks.
>
> The outcome of the debate will shape the weapons, communications and strategy for nuclear forces. The civilian and military planners, having decided that protracted nuclear war is possible, say that American nuclear forces "must prevail and be able to force the Soviet Union to seek earliest termination of hostilities on terms favorable to the United States."

The nuclear-war strategy outlined in the document aims at the "decapitation" of the Soviet political leadership, as well as at preventing communication between the leadership and the forces in the field. It specifies further that the Chinese would be granted military assistance to keep Soviet forces pinned down on Russia's eastern border. In addition, psychological-warfare, sabotage and guerrilla-warfare operations would be improved. All of that presumably has to do with the full-court press on the Soviet empire.

Halloran underscored the significance of this Administration's departure from the attitudes of its predecessors on the matter of nuclear-war fighting when he wrote:

> In many parts of this document, the Reagan military planners started with a blank sheet of paper. Their views on the possibility of protracted nuclear war differ from those of the Carter Administration's military thinkers, as do their views on global conventional war and, particularly, on putting economic pressure on the Soviet Union.

The Defense Department's plan disturbed such experts as Nobel Prize–winning physicist Hans Bethe, who had headed the theoretical-physics division of Los Alamos National Laboratory during the Manhattan Project in World War Two. Bethe and physicist Kurt Gottfried wrote that the plan "comes close to a declaration of war on the Soviet Union and contradicts and may destroy President Reagan's initiatives toward nuclear-arms control."

Nor did the professional military unanimously applaud these ideologically derived war-fighting plans. For example, *The Washington Post* reported on June 19 that General David C. Jones, who had retired as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, "left office yesterday with the warning that it would be throwing money in a 'bottomless pit' to try to prepare the United States for a long nuclear war with the Soviet Union." The newspaper said General Jones doubted that any nuclear exchange between the Soviets and the United States could be contained without its escalating into an all-out war. According to the article, " 'I don't see much of a chance of nuclear war being limited or protracted,' said Jones, who has pondered various doomsday scenarios. . . . 'I see great difficulty' in keeping any kind of nuclear exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union from escalating."

Despite the reservations of the general and of others in and out of the military, the Reagan Administration reaffirmed its commitment to programs in support of protracted nuclear war. In the summer of 1982, a Pentagon master plan to implement Reagan's strategic policy was drafted. It lays out military-hardware requirements and nuclear-targeting adjustments necessary to wage such a war.

Unlike the Defense Guidance Plan, which is an internal Pentagon document, the new master plan, as I reported in the *Los Angeles Times*, was drawn up in response to a secret White House directive, a National Security Decision Document—which mandated that the Defense Department provide a program for implementing Reagan's nuclear-war policy. Reagan's N.S.D.D. is the first policy statement of a U.S. Administration to proclaim that U.S. strategic forces must be able to win a protracted nuclear war. That goes considerably beyond earlier tendencies toward nuclear-war-fighting strategies.

All post–World War Two Presidents,

(continued on page 154)

HOLIDAY, GO LIGHTLY

flying south for the winter? here's how to wing it stylishly

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

SINCE THE POINT of a midwinter getaway is relaxation, it's odd that so many eager vacationers pack up their troubles with overloaded suitcases that turn the toter into a beast of burden. Of course, how much you stuff into your old kit bag depends on how long you're going to be away and where you're going; nevertheless, there are several short cuts you can take that will help make light work of your great escape. For example, a lightweight, neutrally colored suit that can be worn with a shirt and tie or separately as a jacket and slacks will see you through most social occasions. (In posh

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTO ROCCO

Above: Our Robinson Crusoe and his girl Friday obviously aren't strangers in paradise, and we can see why, what with his wearing a cattan waffle-knit short-sleeved shirt with rib-knit collar, snap placket closure, raglan sleeves, zippered breast pocket and rib-knit trim, $27.50, with a pair of catton chintz slacks that have an elasticized waist and slightly tapered legs, $35, both by Pierre Cardin.

Above: This polyester/wool suit with a jacket that has notch lopels and flap patch pockets, by Austin Reed of Regent Street, $225, packs easily and snaps bock into shape with a minimum of wrinkles. It's worn with o cotton spread-collar shirt, $32.50, and a multicolor silk taffeta bow tie, $12.50, both by Ron Chereskin. Below: A multicolor polyester/cotton sport shirt with rib-knit collar ond two-button placket closure, $24, combined with a poir of lined polyester/cotton swim trunks/tennis shorts, $23, both by Jantzen.

Below: The fashion word to the wise when heading South with your favorite bird is travel light—and thot's exactly what this chop has done, as he's combined a cotton oversized pullover featuring a round neck with off-center zipper plocket, two full front pleats and on-seam pockets, by David Leong, $80, with the trousers from the Austin Reed suit pictured at left. Smart!

WOMEN'S FASHION BY CACHE, WATER TOWER PLACE, CHICAGO

tropical resorts, jacket and tie for dinner are often *de rigueur*.) Add a blazer or a white sports jacket and you have a stylish alternative that can even double as a formal outfit when coupled with a bow tie. One pair of white athletic shoes for sports/casual wear and some medium-to-dark slip-ons for dressier occasions are all you'll need for footwear. Several pairs of casual slacks and an equal number of shorts (pick the kind that can be worn for both tennis and swimming), plus a number of knit short-sleeved pullovers, finish it up. You get the idea. Go minimal. Think light. Have fun.

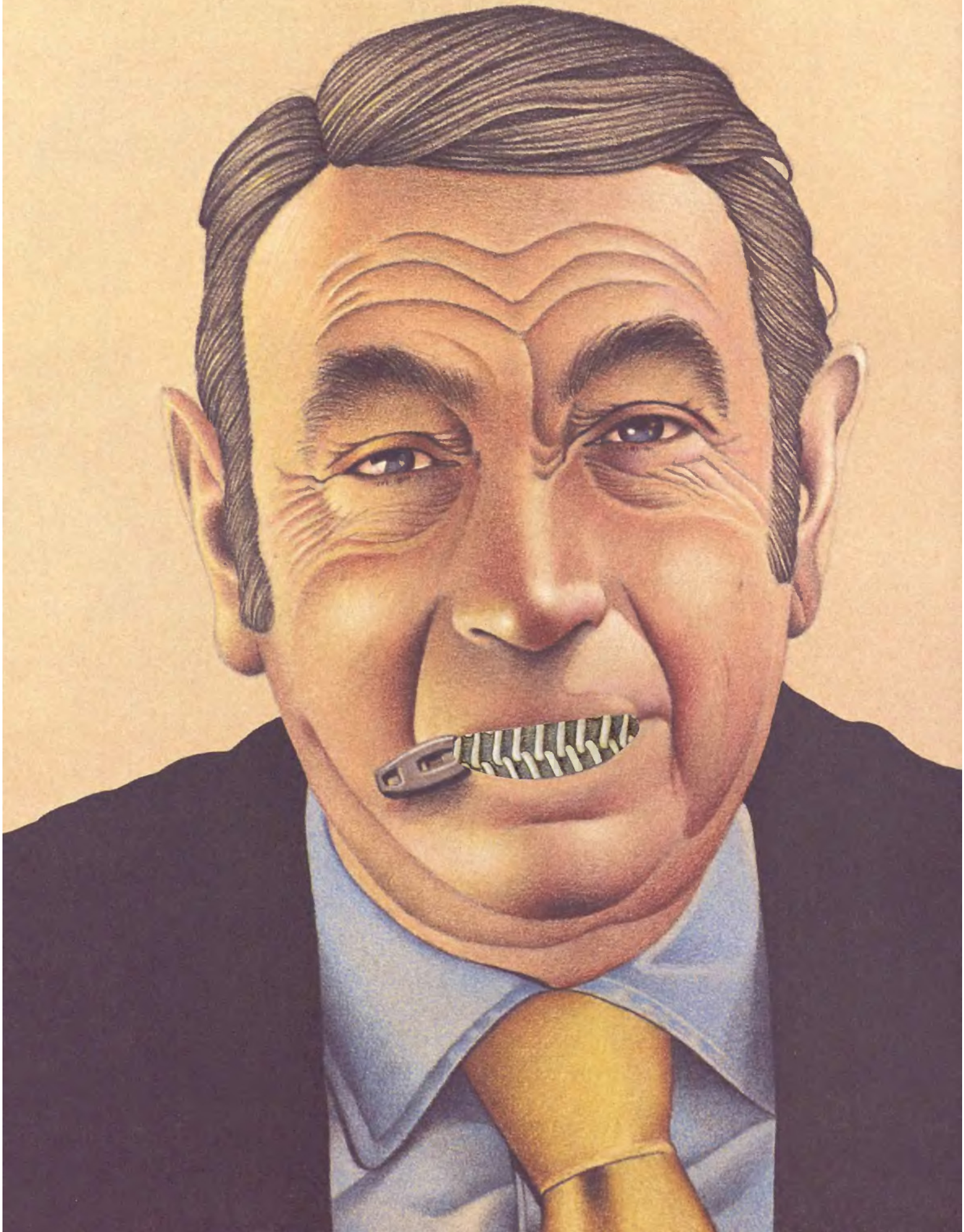
PHOTOGRAPHED AT HOTEL VILLA DEL SOL, ZIHUATANEJO, MEXICO

THE MOUTH THAT ROARED

personality

By DAVID HALBERSTAM

in the interest of finally telling it like it is and always has been, please pardon us, howard...



...while we get a word in edgewise

I CAME with good intentions to Howard. I can swear to that. Of course, that was many years ago, in the pioneer days of television, when a minority of households had color sets, when cable was something you subscribed to in order to reduce the number of ghosts on the screen, when the Super Bowl was so young that I could still understand the Roman numerals and when *Monday Night Football* was so new that Howard did not yet keep statistics on it. We were all younger then: The nation was still at war in Southeast Asia; Watergate was still a high-class residential hotel; Walter Cronkite was still Walter Cronkite. How simple those days now seem.

Howard was already Howard, but not yet *Howard*. I wanted to like him, and, if the truth were to be told, I was excited the first time I met him. Not that he was a journalistic hero to me; we ought to be clear on that. I had already spent five years covering racial tensions in the South and some three years in the Congo and Vietnam, and my journalistic heroes were made of stronger stuff—men like Homer Bigart, Harrison Salisbury and Ed Murrow. But Howard interested me. I was a serious sports freak, and Howard was more outspoken than the other announcers of the Sixties; he had stood up for Muhammad Ali, whom I greatly admired, at a time when most of the sports establishment, including its media annex, had turned on him. Howard in those days seemed only mildly excessive, no more out of control than a number of the interesting figures on national television, and he seemed, as well—and this was at the core of it—to be *about* something.

I have a clear memory of watching a Yankees game one afternoon and of the game's being delayed because of rain. Jerry Coleman, an ex-Yankee player and by then an announcer of unusual banality, was trying to kill time during the delay by interviewing Howard. "Howard," he asked, "is it true that there is racism in major-league baseball?" Coleman, who had played on lily-white New York teams when the Yankees were one of the most racist organizations in baseball, apparently did not know what he had been a part of. Howard quickly assured Jerry that, yes, there had been racism and, yes, there still was. But even more than the answer, it was the question that made me like Howard: Not only was there an edge to him but he was a clear comparison gainer in his profession. That is, he gained by comparison with his colleagues in that he was *not* Jerry Coleman, Curt Gowdy, Tony Kubek or Joe Garagiola. If I did not so much like Howard (and I think I rather did), I certainly disliked the people who did not like him, for I felt that the shadow of race hung over much of their antagonism.

Then we met. The occasion was a book party for Roger Kahn's *The Boys of Summer* held at the Tavern on the Green in March 1972. By chance, two nights earlier, I had been lecturing at a small college in Concordia, Kansas, and afterward, I had gone out drinking with a few local people. Seeking a common thread to connect us, we had started talking about professional football and, inevitably, Howard. I later mentioned this to him, pointing out that professional football, because of its network coverage, had become part of the sinew of the nation. Howard did not get my point.

"They hated me, didn't they?" he said of my Concordia colleagues.

"No," I said, "not at all. They were *interested* in you. It was part of what we had in common. In another day, we

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

might have talked about a politician or an actor. Now it's someone like you."

"They all hate me," he insisted.

"I don't think that's what it was," I said. But then we drifted apart in the crush of a cocktail party. It had been a perfectly pleasant meeting. A bit odd, perhaps, but perfectly pleasant.

The second time I met Howard was at Gay Talese's house, also in 1972. Howard, it turned out, was interested in finding someone to ghostwrite his autobiography. He had asked Talese, who was busy on other projects, and Talese, in turn, had generously suggested me. I was just finishing up *The Best and the Brightest*, I was broke and I was a sports fan. I was also wary of being anyone's ghostwriter, but the idea was, at the least, intriguing, since the ghost would get, it was said, six figures for not very much work.

The evening on which I did not become Howard's ghostwriter turned out to be a disaster. The Howard you see on the air is pretty much the Howard you get in person, with one exception—on the air, he is more controlled. There is a reason for this. Howard is immensely demanding of attention—celebrity came late to him and, unlike most athletes or stars who attain it early, he still finds it almost desperately meaningful. When he is on the air, his audience may be 20,000,000 people, and he feels reassured. But after that, no normal dinner party, no matter who attends, will ever be an adequate audience. Attention, as Arthur Miller wrote, must be paid.

The gentlest word I can use to describe Howard on that night is overbearing. He knew everyone. He not only knew them, they were dear friends. He was thinking of going into news reporting. Ed Murrow's name was used to explain the kind of commentator he would be. He was thinking of running for political office—the U.S. Senate, perhaps. He had the inside story on everything. No one else managed to talk, and such a monopoly on conversation is not easily accomplished in a room containing three or four highly egocentric writers. Howard dominated because he *had* to dominate; it seemed to mean so much to him. That night, it was exhausting to be with him; more than anyone I know, he sucks the oxygen out of a room.

Near the end of the evening, I asked Howard what he thought about Jim Bouton, who had just gone to work for the ABC station in New York. I had liked Bouton's book *Ball Four* and hoped that the same irreverent style might work on a local news show.

Howard shook his head when I mentioned Bouton's name. "Jimmy is, I am afraid . . ." and there was a long, portentous pause. Howard's voice went to what I like to call its half-mast tone, the one he uses on the air when he announces the deaths of 80-year-old former athletes who were close friends of his. "A *small* property," he concluded.

I had never before heard one journalist call another a property, and at first, I was surprised. I also did not like it. "Howard, are you a property, too?" I asked.

There was a long silence. "Yes," he said, and he said it angrily, because he clearly did not like my question. "But I'm a big one."

The next day, independent of each other, Howard and I both called Talese to tell him that collaboration on a book was not a good idea.

•

In the decade that followed, something terrible happened: I turned on Howard. I want to make clear that I did not, in departing from Howard, join the Dick Young battalion. Dick Young is a sportswriter (for the New York *Daily News* until recently, when he jumped a contract to go to the *New York Post*) who has had a long and bitter feud with Howard. Young, who calls him "Howie the Shill," seemed to me to symbolize the first generation of Howard haters: those who did not like him because of his coverage of racial conflict and because—inevitably and almost flagrantly—Howard symbolized within sports the rise of the television superstar over the print superstar. Young seemed to me as unpalatable as ever—angry toward the young and toward many blacks, resentful of greater player freedom. A plague on both their egos, I thought, and remembered what a sportswriting colleague had once told me. His idea of hell for each of them was a place where Dick Young turned on the television set and found that every channel was ABC and where Howard found that the only paper was the *Daily News*.

I, on the other hand, belonged to the second wave of Howard detractors: those who had once been favorably inclined toward him but who now saw him in a new light, as a symbol of the excess that television had wrought upon sports, of the assault upon civility and texture that the tube, with its need for action and event, demanded. As a result of television's influence, there were now too many McEnroes, Steinbrenners, Reggies and Billys, whose excessive behavior was rewarded by ever bigger fees and commercial endorsements. The Howard who emerged in that decade as *Monday Night Football* became more and more successful was a monster. His insecurities, which had once made him interesting and irreverent, now made him seem heavy and ponderous. The bully in him was more evident now.

By the end of the decade, he had become the cartoon his enemies had much earlier drawn of him. Where once he had challenged the sports establishment, now he was a principal figure in it, ranking just below Pete Rozelle, our minister of sports, but certainly far above most owners, coaches and athletes. As he had grown more powerful, he had also grown more reverential; he still gave interviews and lectures critical of the importance of sports in American life; but in his basic three-hour prime-time appearance each week, Howard hyped sports with more frenzy than anyone else. Now he shilled shamelessly for his network, for its principal event, *Monday Night Football*, and for his boss, Roone Arledge. Now no major figure in sports, no matter how questionable his values or practices, could appear on Monday night with Howard without being referred to as a dear or close friend. Usually, it would turn out, Howard had dined with him just the night before. With the powerful, he flattered and was flattered in return.

Something, clearly, had been lost. Where in his earlier incarnation Howard had seemed to be about something—about injustice and inequity—now it seemed that injustice in sports had ended as he had achieved celebrity and that Howard, first and foremost, was about Howard.

For a time, I was perplexed by the new Howard, the Howard who hung around the powerful. "I have a lot of due bills out," he had announced on the eve of an ill-fated variety show he was to host. It was his means of letting everyone know that he could bring in the famous and the influential. Had Howard become an owners' man? After all, he had thrown slow-pitch softball to George Steinbrenner. But then, Howard was hard on the owners of other teams. Soon it dawned on me that the ones he was hard on were losers. And finally, it became clear: Howard was not an owners' man; he was a winners' man. He wanted, needed, to be with the winners, as if their success might rub off on him. Correspondingly, he did not want to be with losers, fearing, I suspected, failure by association. With the powerful and the victorious, he felt confident; with the defeated, he felt vulnerable.

Now, more and more, he seemed without restraint on the air. He had become his own historian, and he footnoted himself faithfully; every broadcast was now filled with Howard reminding us endlessly of his insights and of his predictions that had been fulfilled. (His predictions were always deftly done—a couple of positive phrases early in the show about a player's strength, a light comment or two about his weaknesses, so that Howard could go either way.) There was a theme, and it was this:

(continued on page 212)

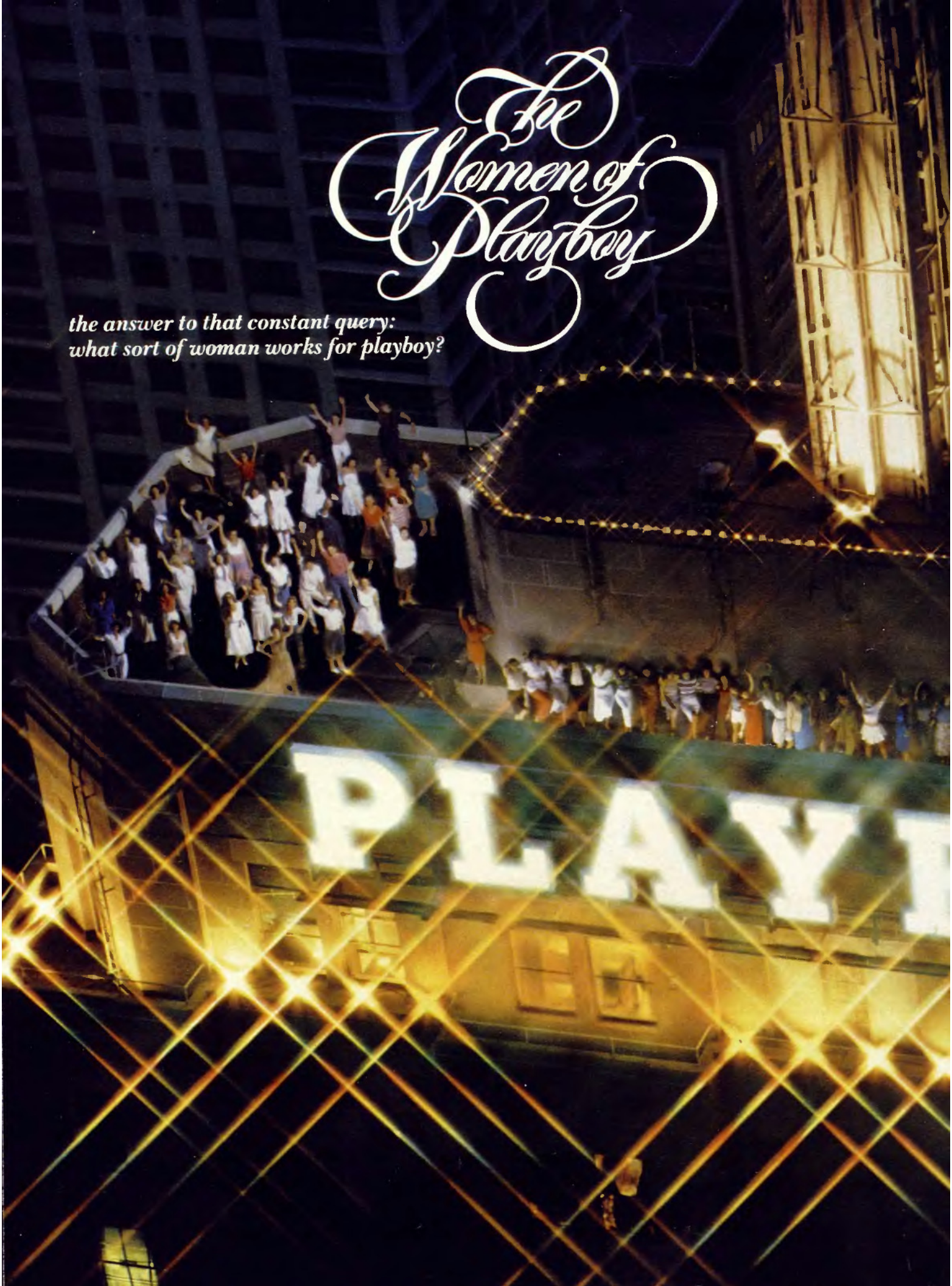
for long winter nights, here's a host of hot drinks liberally laced with ho, ho, ho

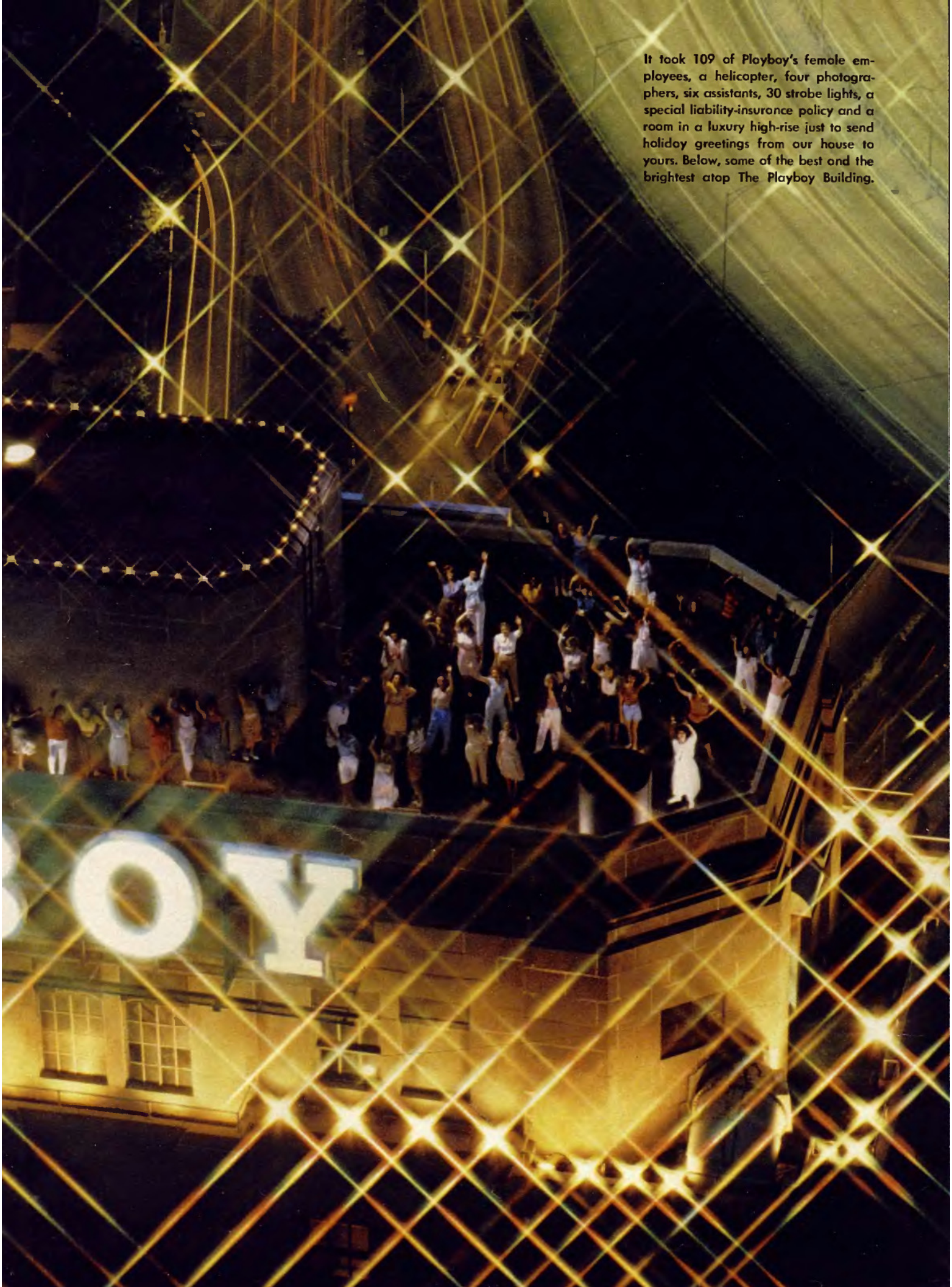
BODY WARMERS

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

NEXT TO A SOFT, pulsating female bod, the niftiest warmer known to man is a steaming, soothing noggin of grog. And there are some who hold that the latter will help you get closer to the former—being an effective heart warmer as well as body warmer. Not long ago, hot drinks were dismissed as quaint amenities that had outlived their usefulness. But the pendulum swings; today, the thermal libation is once again in fashion—but with a significant difference. The heavy cream-, egg- and beer-based mixtures of yore, including wassails, flips and mulled ales, are being replaced with lighter quaffs. The impetus for imbibing is also *(continued on page 256)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY RUDDELL


The Women of Playboy
the answer to that constant query:
what sort of woman works for playboy?
PLAY



It took 109 of Playboy's female employees, a helicopter, four photographers, six assistants, 30 strobe lights, a special liability-insurance policy and a room in a luxury high-rise just to send holiday greetings from our house to yours. Below, some of the best and the brightest atop The Playboy Building.

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES has a new President. And wouldn't you know that male-chauvinist Chairman of the Board Hugh M. Hefner would throw his critics a curve by picking a woman? Not just any woman, mind you, but his own bright, beautiful feminist daughter, Christie. You've probably seen our new Ms. President prominently pictured in a recent issue of *Life* or *Fortune*, on the cover of *New York* or in your own daily newspaper—and that got us to thinking: Why not do a pictorial tribute to the rest of the distaff staffers here at Playboy? Not the beautiful Bunnies or the Playmates who are regularly featured on these pages but the nine-to-five women who work in the Playboy Building in Chicago and their counterparts in our offices in New York and L.A.

And why not? You never know until you ask, and when we did, Playboy women responded with enthusiasm.

Assistant Photo Editor Patty Beaudet, who spends part of each week inviting celebrities to pose for PLAYBOY, confided, "I wanted to put myself on the opposite side for once." Joanie Schwabe, a publicist who frequently accompanies the stars of our

Trish Miller is the Executive Secretary who keeps Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer's day as ordered as events permit; above, she takes time out to pose beside Chicago's Buckingham Fountain.

At right, boogieing on the Oak Street Beach, a mere block from our Chicago offices, are art intern Leslie Adams (left) and Sue Davey, who has put her master's degree in philosophy to work on a practical level in assisting her boss, who is PLAYBOY magazine's Creative Services Director.

pictorials on promotional tours, wanted "a souvenir issue that I was directly involved in."

"I was waiting for this," said Playboy Clubs International Customer Service Representative Fawn Hughes. "We *should* do our women. At least the women who do this pictorial won't be fired, the way some flight attendants were!"

Production Assistant Jody Jurgeto did it for the cold, hard cash, "to support my expensive ski habit." (Jurgeto is an award-winning skier.)

Art apprentice Elizabeth *(text continued on page 145)*

At left, John Mostro, the magazine's Director of Production, with assistonts Kathy Dooley and Jody Jurgeto. Jody says she found posing for the shot above left "an ego booster. My mother was all for it, too." Kothy (above) was flattered to be asked to pose but steeled herself against teasing from photo finishers with whom she works ("Hey, Dooley, do you want a lot of freckles in this spot?").

Julene Roth (left and below) knows how to tame beasts. She's an Animal Keeper at Playboy Mansian West. Back in Chicago, Janice Moses (right) is an Associate Phota Editor, having worked her way up from a secretarial start 19 years aga: "I have an executive position that I earned with energy, talent and dedication, and I'm praud of it."

Suson Alden (above) is a Deportment Secretary with Playboy Productions in Los Angeles, while Debbie Saunders (right) toils in Chicago as Executive Secretary to PLAYBOY's Circulation Director. Before joining PLAYBOY, Debbie was intimidated by gorgeous women. Now that she has met dozens of them, she can befriend them. We'd say she's one of them.

Elizabeth Michaels (above and below), an apprentice in PLAYBOY's Editorial Art Department in Chicago, is proud to work for PLAYBOY: "My father reads it; I think it's a natianal institution." Native Angeleno Bjaye Turner (left) handles the demanding and varied assignments of Photo Caardinator at Playbay Studio West; on the side, she's a party caterer.

At left is Karen Ring, an ex-Bunny who naw directs the Playbay Preferred program of special bonuses for Club key-holders. Below is Publicity Coordinator Joanie Schwabe, whose duties include producing electronic press releases (above). Observes Joanie: "I love my job so much I feel guilty I'm not looking for the possibility of something better elsewhere."

Elsewhere in this issue, you'll read about Playboy's video ventures. Above, two of the people who make them possible: Ploybay Productions Marketing Services Manager Maryonne Coury (reprised below) and Senior Administrative Secretary Julionne Flynn (detailed opposite). Maryanne has a master's degree in psychology; Julianne's co-owner of a tanning salon.

From the top: Attorney Bess Hochman, counsel for West Coast operations; Gita Mehta, an Advertising Sales Secretary in our New York offices, who's a student of graphic design, an avid skier and scuba diver; and Associate Editor Kate Nolan. We asked Kate, who gets off her share of one-liners, what we should write about her. "Say that I like sky diving, taxidermy and hope to be a brain surgeon when I grow up." Such a cutup.

Striking a cheeky attitude above is Cheryl Pauli, Receptionist/Secretary in PLAYBOY's Photo Department. Among the supporters of her inclusion here: Dad and Hubby.

On the job at Playboy Mansion West (above) are LeAnn Moen and Amanda Raymond. Both are Administrative Secretaries, a title LeAnn (getting comfortable, left) combines with that of Editorial Coordinator. Amanda (seen again above left) wants to become a screenwriter.

Amy Paytan-Engle (above), a Senior Accounting Clerk in our Chicago offices, admires her female working companions as "bright, energetic and fun. No room for airheads here."

If the face and the figure at right seem familiar, it's because they belong to Connie Kreski, Miss January 1968, Playmate of the Year for 1969 and a featured performer in a number of movies. Connie's now brightening our days by working as a free-lance stylist at Playboy Studio West in Los Angeles.

Assistant Photo Editor Potty Beaudet (above and top right) is profeminist without being antimole. She defends her rights without ever jeopardizing her friendships with the reigning men in the Photo Department. Patty works on many pictoriol features for the mogozine; her favorites are *Sex in Cinema* ond *Sex Stars*. Below is Morgie Price, ex-Bunny and now Monager of the St. Louis Playboy Club, on the job in the Bunny dressing room. Margie told us: "Playboy has been my family most of my life. I can't imagine working for another company."

Michaels saw the photo sessions as much-needed relief from the nude-figure drawing she's done for years. "I've always had nudes sit for me," she explained. "It's a real ego boost for me to be the subject for once. And my husband's been chasing me around the house ever since!"

How many women *does* it take to run a monthly men's magazine, the *Playboy Guides*, *Games*, a chain of Clubs and now a home-video complex? Literally, *(continued on page 292)*

Amy Miller (below) is Senior Historian at Playboy Mansion West, where her duties include indexing a vast photographic record of the Ployboy empire. At left, Amy in conference with boss Hugh M. Hefner.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

who wants to grow up if every grownup is an asshole? especially at christmas

ADULTS

fiction by

GEORGE V. HIGGINS

CHRISTOPHER SAT on the ground in the pine grove with his back up against a tree and smoked a cigarette that was very badly bent. Christopher carried the pack in his right pants pocket because he thought his mother did not know he smoked, and the cigarettes got crushed when he moved around. Christopher said he was not going to baseball practice.

The late-afternoon sun did not penetrate the branches of the tall trees in the pine grove. Beyond the grove, the sunlight was flat and bright and unshadowed on the grass of the deep outfield of the baseball field, and the heat bugs sawed away at their version of music in the heat, but it was dim in the pine grove and Luke could not see Christopher's face well. Luke's eyes were still somewhat dazzled from the sunlight he had left behind when he crossed the abandoned railroad siding into the grove and found Christopher sitting under the tree. Luke wore a Red Sox hat and a yellow T-shirt with the Pitt Panthers' logo, and he pounded his left fist into his Dave Concepción–model fielder's glove as he talked. "How come?" Luke said.

"Because it don't mean nothing," Christopher said. He exhaled smoke. "I thought about it and it don't mean nothing. It used to, but it don't anymore. It's something I already done, all right? I don't want to do no more of it."

"Mr. Kenney'll be mad," Luke said. "He was counting on you, start against Our Lady's tomorrow night. Brian already pitched this week."

"Mr. Kenney," Christopher said. "Yeah, Mr. Kenney. I know Mr. Kenney. Fuck him. He's all bullshit. Mr. Kenney."

"He was gonna start you," Luke said. "He always started you before when he said so, didn't he? You pitched a lot. He really likes you."

"Yeah," Christopher said. "Mr. Kenney started me, all right. You know something? I don't give a shit what Mr. Kenney likes. Who he likes. I ain't going."

Luke sat down on the ground in the yoga position. He continued to pound his glove with his fist. "What about Father Driscoll?" he said. "Father Driscoll'll be mad, too. He's gonna want to know what happened. What're you gonna tell him? He'll be calling

M. F. Kibbee

up your house and everything, you don't show up."

"Big fucking deal," Christopher said. "Once, he'll call. Then he'll forget about it. All he wants, all he wants is people he can tell what to do. That and money. That's all any of them want."

"He doesn't seem like that kind of guy to me," Luke said.

"They're all that kind of guy," Christopher said. "You're not even a Catholic. How'd you know? My father says they're all the same. All they want is money, money, money. They don't give a shit about people. Just their money. My father says that."

"Then why's he go to church, then?" Luke said.

"He doesn't," Christopher said. "Well, he goes to church. He just don't go in. He says that's why he doesn't. All they want's his money, and he's sick of hearing about it. He takes my mother and my little brother and my sisters and we all go, and he gets out of the car with us when we go in and he buys the paper from the kid that sells them out of the box outside the church there, and he gets back in the car and he reads the paper."

"Can't your mother drive?" Luke said.

"Sure," Christopher said. "You seen her drive. She's got the brown station wagon, the Ford with the phony wood on it."

"Then," Luke said, "why'n't your mother just drive you guys to church, if your father does it and he doesn't go inside?"

"My father says," Christopher said, "he promised to raise us kids inna Catholic faith, and that means he has to make sure we go to church. He says he didn't promise to keep going himself. My mother, she likes to go to church. She doesn't like it when my father starts yelling that all they're after's his money. She gets mad at him. They had a big fight last Christmas Eve. He got all dressed up and she asked him if he was going inside for once. See, he used to only go inside at Christmas and Easter, and that made her mad. So he says yeah, he is going inside. And then he says, 'Look, it's not Sunday, and it's cold out. I won't have anything to read and I'll be sitting there running the heater for nothing. Besides, it's the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ!' And he starts to sing *Adeste Fideles* or something. He was half in the bag. He always is Christmas.

"Him and Mr. Stein from across the street always help each other decorate their Christmas trees on Christmas Eve. See, Mr. Stein started the whole thing the first year we lived there. He comes over and he tells my father he married this Christian woman and she wants a goddamned Christmas tree and he don't know anything about that, on account of him being Jewish and all, and would my father maybe give him a hand so he doesn't get in all kinds of shit with this Christian woman that he married that's got to have a Christmas tree. So they started doing it then, and after they finish doing the Steins' tree, they come over and they do ours. They always get about half smashed doing it, on account they both work in offices where I guess everybody gives everybody else booze for Christmas so they can get bombed at home instead of having a Christmas party in the office or someplace else where they all get bombed and then come home and get in the shit with their wives. So, when Mr. Stein and my father're decorating the trees, they get crocked out of their minds. My mother's always saying she wishes some year they would do our tree first, because the Steins' tree always looks pretty good because that's where they start drinking, but ours always looks as though it was decorated by a couple drunks. Which it was.

"There was one time about three years ago," Christopher said, "when they got so stiff they got the whole tree decorated, the balls and the tinsel and the snow that you spray on from cans and everything, and the little angel on the top, and then my father says to Mr. Stein that he should plug the lights in and they would see how it looks. And Mr. Stein gets down on his hands and knees and crawls around under it looking for the plug, and he starts screaming, 'I can't find the plug, Leo. Where's the goddamned plug?' And my father says, 'You stupid bastard, Steve, can't even find a goddamned plug. Lemme look; I'll find it.' So my father gets down and he starts crawling around under the tree, looking for the plug, and Mr. Stein starts singing, 'Here we go round the mulberry bush,' and my father starts singing with him and they're crawling around in circles onna rug, singing, and my mother comes in and says, 'What the hell're you two fools doing?' And they're laughing like hell and my father says, 'This'll kill you, Lillian. We forgot to put any lights on. We forgot the lights.' And they're both laughing and laughing and laughing, and then my father threw up on the rug."

"Jesus," Luke said.

"Yup," Christopher said, "right on my mother's brand-new wall-to-wall. And the dog—we had this big Airedale then, and he hears all the noise and he comes in and smells it and he starts eating it. And Mr. Stein decides he doesn't like the smell and the dog eating the throw-up and everything, so he stands up and he knocks the tree over and all the ornaments break on the floor, and the water that they put in the bottom of the tree to keep it from drying out—you know, in the stand?—all that goes all over the rug, too.

"So," Christopher said, "naturally, my mother is screaming, and Mr. Stein says he is going home and my father throws up again. Then he yells at my mother that she should stop yelling at him, because the dog is cleaning it up, and he gets mad at Mr. Stein because Mr. Stein is running out on him and how's he gonna get the tree up and the lights on all alone, and Mr. Stein says he doesn't know how, but he is going home. And my father gets mad and says that is good and Mr. Stein is a no-good drunk Jew bastard, and Mr. Stein gets all mad and runs out the front door and falls down on the porch.

"Then my father gets up and my mother tells him he should go to bed and sleep it off, and he won't do that. He gets up and he is staggering back and forth and he is going to finish decorating the tree all by himself and this time he won't have Stein fucking him up and he will have lights on it. So he goes down cellar to get the lights that they forgot to bring up the first time and he falls on the stairs and sprains his ankle.

"You should've heard him hollering down there. Took my mother and me and my little brother Tony to get him upstairs, and he's swearing at us all the way. And then up the stairs to the bedroom, and my mother threw us out and got him undressed and cleaned him off and he went to sleep. Then we took care of cleaning up the living room and we got the lights on the tree. Not many ornaments, though. And so we had a tree. And my mother took us to church that year."

"Jesus," Luke said. "That's awful. My mother and father used to fight a lot. She used to throw things at him. Pots and dishes and stuff. One night, when she got really mad at him, he said he was leaving and going to stay in a hotel, and he took this little bag he kept packed all the time, and when he was outside putting it in the car, she threw all his suits and shirts out the window into the driveway, and then his electric razor and the bathroom scales. But I never saw nothing like that, with the dog and everything. How come

(continued on page 297)

exceptional goodies that make giving and getting a yule delight

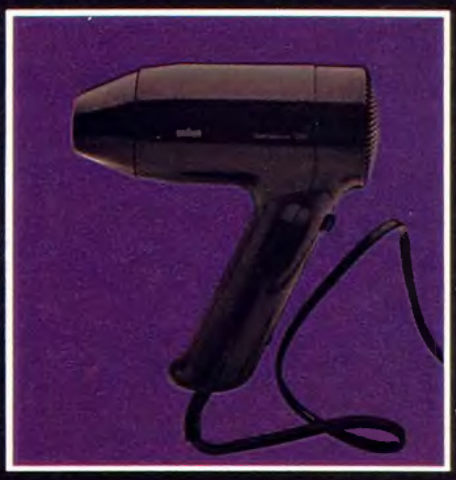
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Above: All that glitters *is* gold this Christmas, beginning with the Contax RTS limited-edition 35mm camera featuring a yellow-gold-plated exterior, plus a body section and lens grip that are covered with lizardskin, $6000, including a gold-plated Carl Zeiss T 50mm f/1.4 lens and lens cap. Next to it is the *ne plus ultra* of writing instruments—an 18-kt.-solid-gold Mont Blanc Diplomat fountain pen with an etched-face 14-kt.-gold nib and piston filling system, from Alfred Dunhill of London, $4250. Yes, Santa, that well-stuffed $20 money clip is also good as gold—14-kt., to be exact—from Tiffany, $1895.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

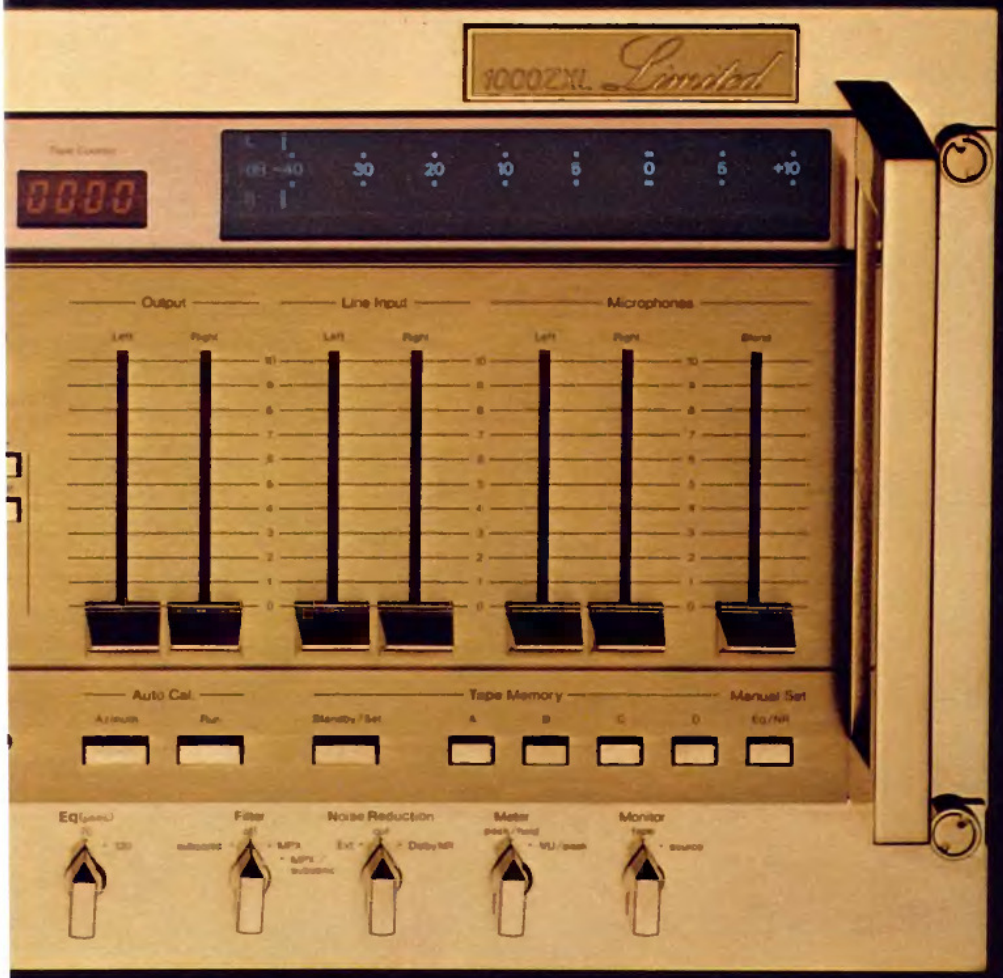
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Below center: Nakamichi's 1000ZXL Limited Edition Computing Cassette Deck features a gold-plated front panel that reflects the extensive use of gold-plated circuitry within; i.e., all connectors are gold-plated to minimize noise pickup, and recording and pickup heads are fully shielded in a magnetic housing that's also gold-plated to assure perfect grounding, $6000, including a polished-rosewood cabinet. Right: The lightweight International 1200 blaw drier, by Braun, has a removable jet on the air outlet that concentrates the heat; travelers will dig the unit, as it comes with a case featuring an adjustable mirror and three adapters, from Gadgets Unlimited, Beverly Hills, California, $55.



Abave left: Television addicts who complain that they never have the time to exercise can climb aboard the Heart Mate aerobic conditioning system and have their heart rate, calories burned and day-to-day improvement manitared while they catch a little TV on the unit's 5" built-in black-and-white or listen to its AM/FM radio, $3995. Right: The electric Espresso/Cappuccino Machine, by Benjamin & Medwin, is a pump-style model that produces delicious coffee with a minimum of fuss, $400; aptional base, $75; plus coffee grinder shown, $200.

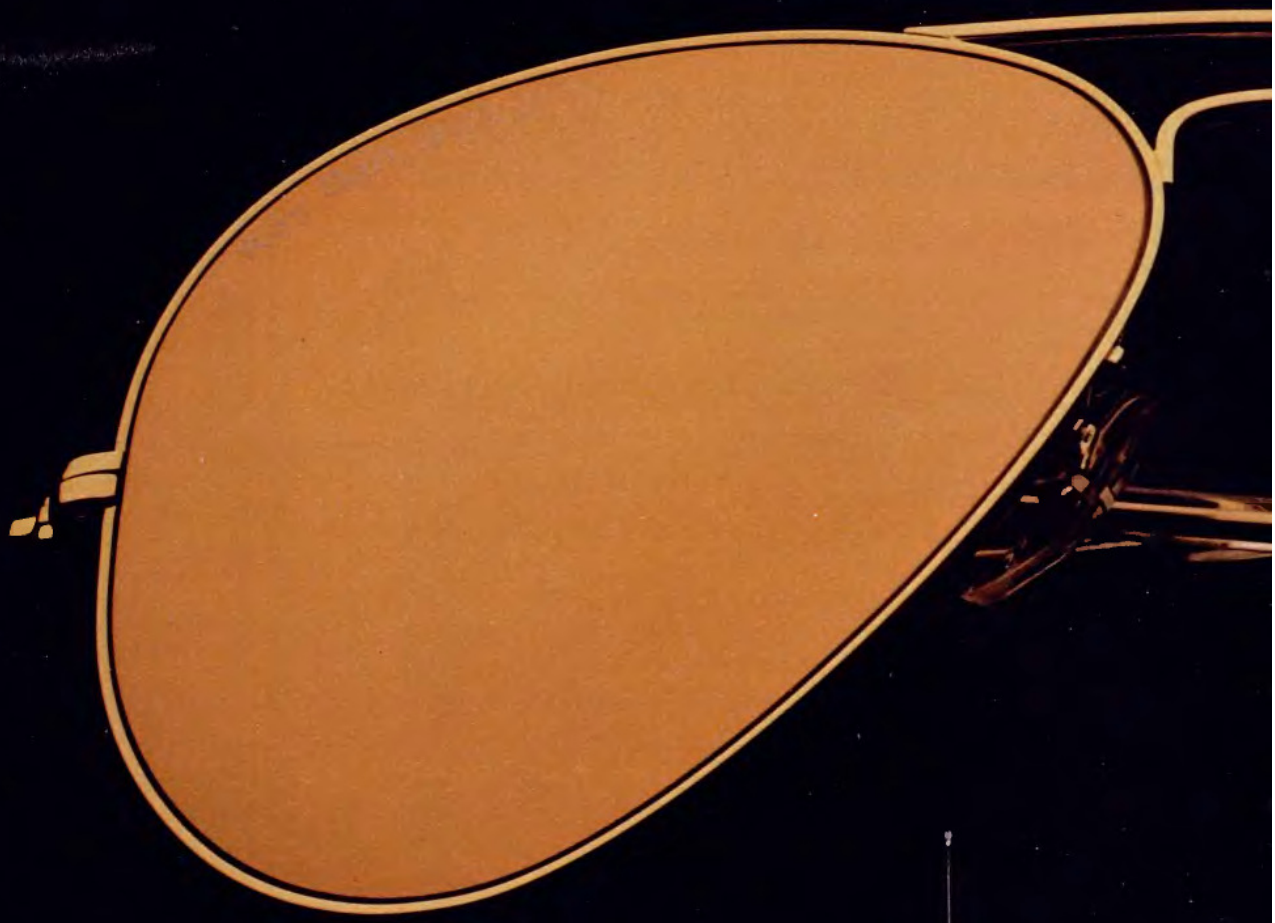
Left: Proton Corporation's 19" Model 600M color TV includes a 370-line resolution monitor with a separate tuner/preamplifier featuring 105-channel capability and a wireless infrared remote control, $995. Below right: GlobuScope's Superwide 4 x 5 camera is no larger than most 35mm models, yet it produces 4" x 5" negatives; the body is of rugged and rust-free stainless steel, and the unit accepts either a standard 4" x 5" film holder or a Polaroid film-back system, $500. On the camera is a Super-Angulon 65mm f/8 lens, by Schneider, $850. That tripod the GlobuScope sits on is a Cullmann five-part touring system that includes tripod, clamp, suction pad, spike, screw, by Vivitar, $120.



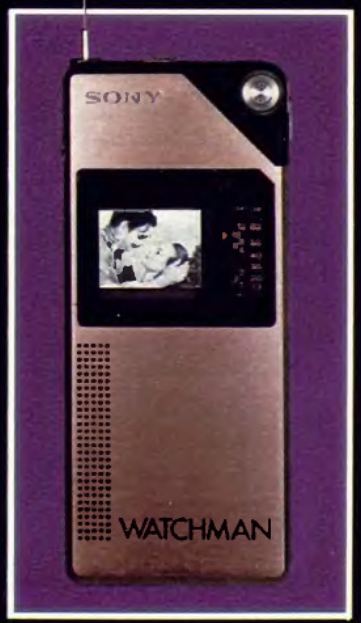
Left: The stackable Studio Collection Professional Stereo System includes (top to bottom) an SL-QL1 direct-drive turntable with automatic speed and record-size selection, $470; ST-S8 AM/FM tuner with 16 station presets, $500; SU-A8 control amplifier with a motorized slide-out drawer for tone controls, $350; SE-A7 power amplifier that delivers 60 watts per channel, $500; and RS-M280 three-motor cassette deck, $800; plus (not shown) SB-6 speakers approximately 24" x 14" x 12", $800 a pair, and an SH-700 horizontal stand, $440, all by Technics.

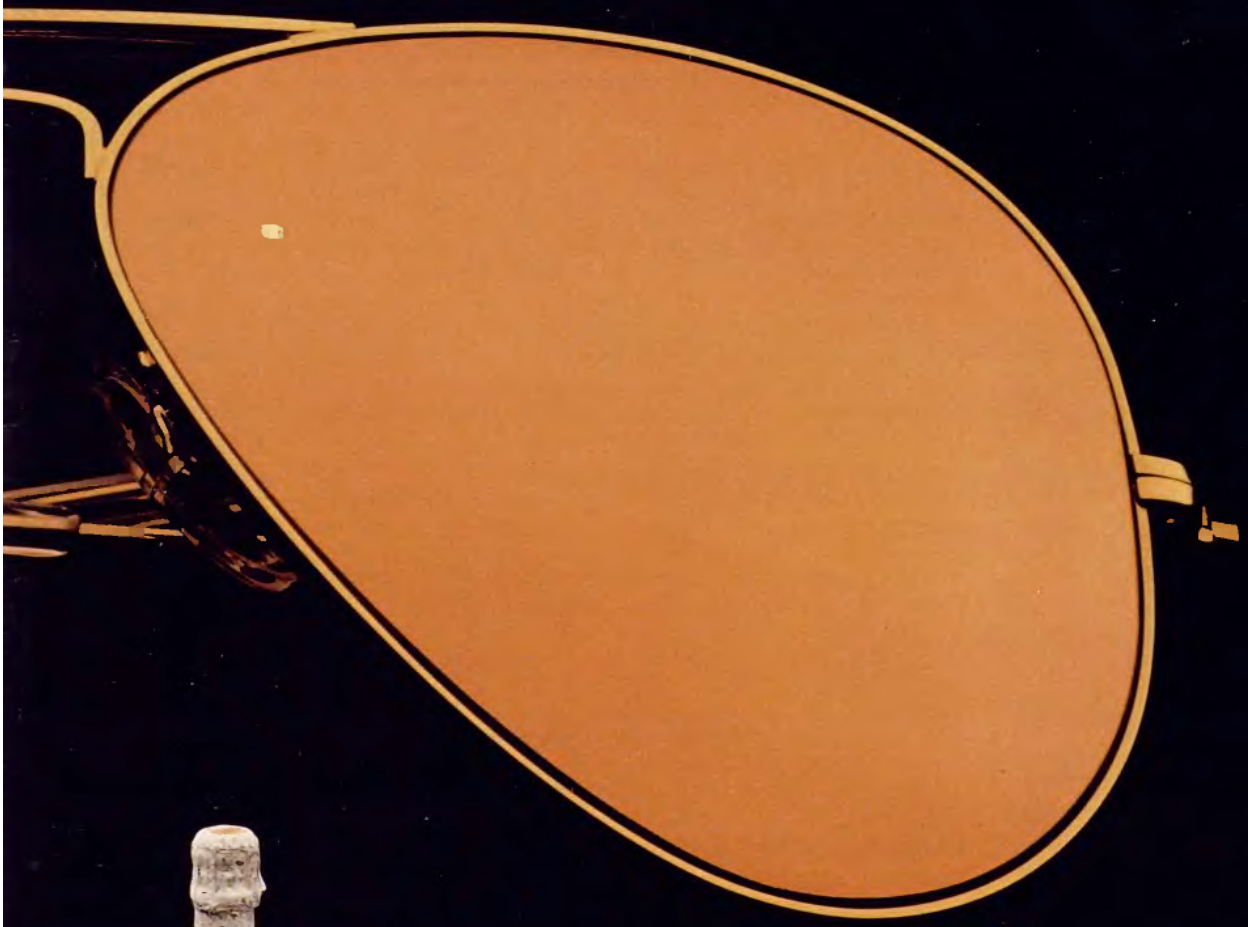
PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE

Below: A pair of limited-edition (500) Ray-Ban sunglasses with solid-gold frames and gold-tone lenses, by Bausch & Lomb, $1890, including two cases. Right: This Barnett fiberglass-and-cast-aluminum crossbow is similar to the one featured in the James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only*, $229.95; 4 x 32mm scope, $69, both from The Sharper Image, San Francisco.



Left: These handsome art deco–style bottles hold 6.75 fluid ounces of leather-and-tobacco-scented Quorum Eau de Toilette for men, $35, and 3.4 fluid ounces of Quorum After Shave, $18, both by Puig. Right: Sony's Watchman black-and-white TV, which features the new FD (flat display) tube, is only 1¼" thick yet has a 2" screen and can operate for two and a half hours on four AA batteries, $350.





Left: This ViniCool wine chiller made of Lucite keeps a cold bottle of wine at the correct temperature, by Grainware, $27.50. In the ViniCool is a bottle of G. H. Mumm Cordon Rouge *brut* champagne, imported by Browne Vintners, $25. Right: No, that's not the starship Enterprise; it's RCA's Model CC015 color video camera with automatic focus and calendar/stop watch onscreen-function indicators, $1400.

WITH ENOUGH SHOVELS (continued from page 122)

"'The President and the Secretary of Defense believe the last glib person who's talked to them.'"

up to and including Jimmy Carter, have dealt with contingency planning. But the men around Reagan are not merely interested in "what if?" scenarios. This difference was acknowledged by Colin Gray, a leading advocate of the nuclear-war-fighting school and, oddly, now an arms-control advisor to the Reagan Government. In 1980, before the election, Gray wrote in *Foreign Policy*,

> To advocate . . . targeting flexibility and selectivity [as Carter did] is not the same as to advocate a war-fighting, war-survival strategy. . . . Victory or defeat in nuclear war is possible, and such a war may have to be waged to that point; and the clearer the vision of successful war termination, the more likely war can be waged intelligently at earlier stages.

In this article, titled "Victory Is Possible," Gray and his co-author, Keith Payne, complained that "many commentators and senior U.S. Government officials consider [nuclear war] a nonsurvivable event." Instead, Gray presented the nuclear-war-fighters' alternative vision:

> The United States should plan to defeat the Soviet Union and to do so at a cost that would not prohibit U.S. recovery. Washington should identify war aims that in the last resort would contemplate the destruction of Soviet political authority and the emergence of a postwar world order compatible with Western values.

Gray proposed that "a combination of counterforce offensive targeting, civil defense and ballistic-missile and air defense should hold U.S. casualties down to a level compatible with national survival and recovery." The compatible level he had in mind would leave 20,000,000 dead.

While there have undoubtedly been aggressive voices in previous Administrations, within the Reagan Government, the nuclear-war fighters are apparently unchallenged. The policies and the budget priorities of this Administration proclaim that the unthinkable can now be planned without hesitation. This development has alarmed many of the key architects of America's strategic-defense policy. One of those is Dr. Herbert York, a veteran of the Manhattan Project and a former director of California's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, one of the nation's main developers of nuclear weapons. Dr. York, who was the Director of Defense Research and Engineering under President Kennedy, told me in an interview in April:

"What's going on right now is that the crazier analysts have risen to higher positions than is normally the case. They are able to carry their ideas further and higher because the people at the top are simply less well informed than is normally the case. Neither the current President nor his immediate backers in the White House nor the current Secretary of Defense has any experience with these things, so when the ideologues come in with their fancy stories and with their selected intelligence data, the President and the Secretary of Defense believe the last glib person who's talked to them."

An alternative view in the Reagan Administration was offered by Richard Perle, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy and an architect of the Pentagon's five-year war-fighting plan, who told me:

"I've always worried less about what would happen in an actual nuclear exchange than about the effect that the nuclear balance has on our willingness to take risks in local situations. It is not that I am worried about the Soviets' attacking the United States with nuclear weapons confident that they will win that nuclear war. It is that I worry about an American President's feeling he cannot afford to take action in a crisis because Soviet nuclear forces are such that, if escalation took place, they are better poised than we are to move up the escalation ladder."

Perle strongly believes that we can stockpile nuclear weapons and threaten to use them without increasing the risks of nuclear war. When I asked him about the fear of the nuclear-arms race expressed by such groups as Physicians for Social Responsibility, he replied:

"I am as aware as [the antinuclear-weapons advocates] are of the presence of nuclear weapons in the world. I'm more confident about our ability to deter war, nevertheless, than they are, and that is based partly on some judgments about history. . . ."

Perle's judgments about history begin with the assumption, as he told me, that the Soviet Union is much like Hitler's Germany—inexorably bent on world conquest unless an aroused West intervenes. Like many others in the Administration, Perle fears that the danger of appeasement far exceeds that of nuclear escalation.

Eugene Rostow, Reagan's chief disarmament man, echoed Perle's fear that we are up against another Hitler. In 1976 he wrote, "Our posture today is comparable to that of Britain, France and the United States during the Thirties. Whether we are at the Rhineland or the Munich watershed remains to be seen."

When I interviewed Rostow in 1981, he told me, "I do not think the real danger of the situation is nuclear war and mass destruction; I think the danger is political coercion based on the threat of mass destruction. . . . And that is very real. You can smell it."

What Rostow, Perle and others who insist on this analogy ignore is that neither the Allies nor Germany possessed nuclear weapons at the time of Munich. Would even such a madman as Hitler have attempted world conquest—would his generals have allowed him to?—if French and British missiles had been holding Berlin hostage? Nor would Perle find much support outside his own tight cabal of anti-Soviet hard-liners for the idea that Soviet leadership is driven by the same furies that possessed Hitler. As for the Soviets themselves, who have their own memories of Hitler, the analogy can only be enraging.

There are two possible inferences to be drawn from this recent intensification of U.S. rhetoric. Either the Reagan Administration, while believing that nuclear war is catastrophic, has chosen to play nuclear chicken with the Soviets, with the intention of changing their political system and challenging their empire, or the United States really has abandoned the view that nuclear war is inevitably cataclysmic and that nuclear weapons can be detonated as viable instruments of policy.

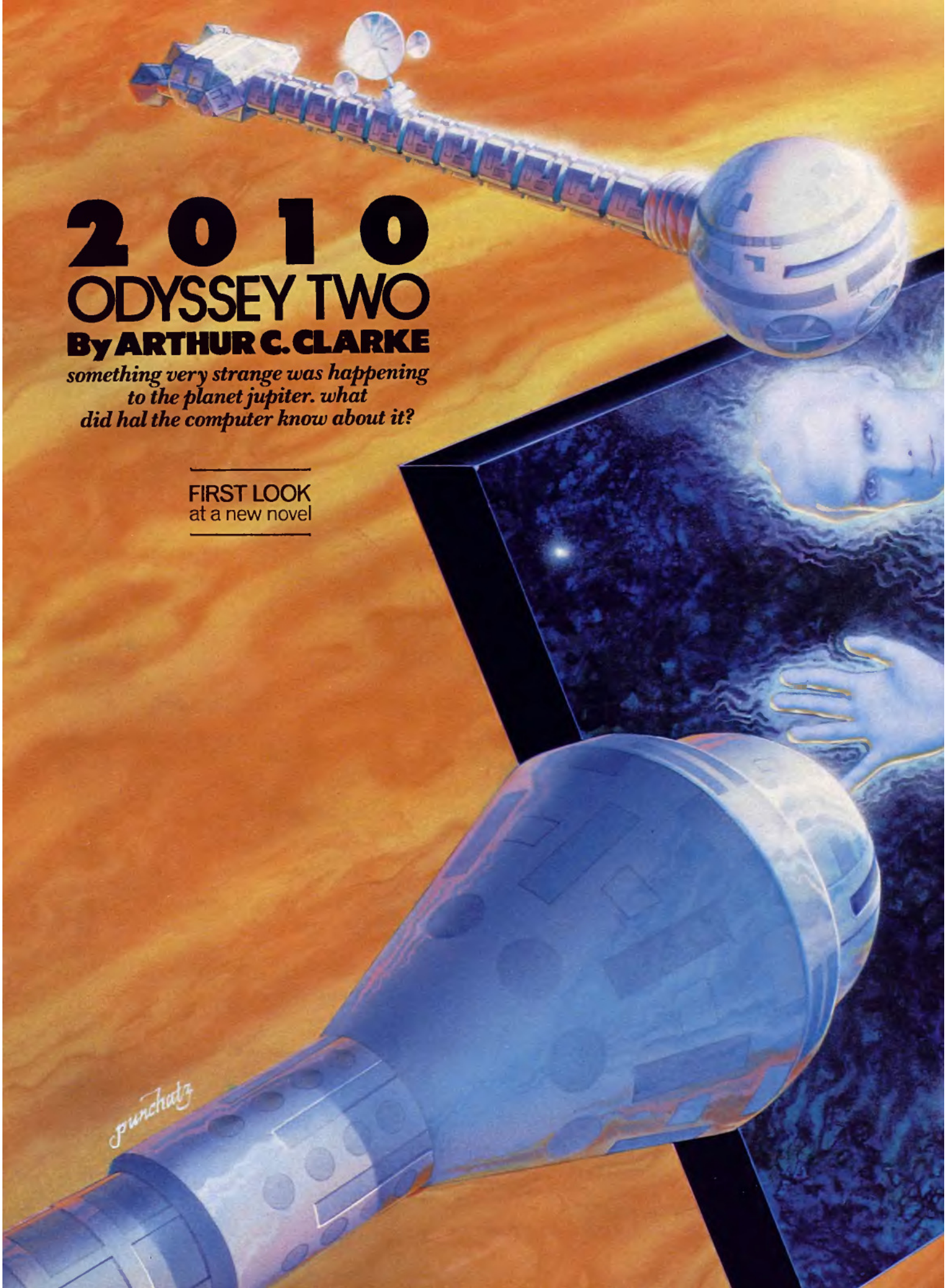
Although I have spent much of the past three years reporting for the *Los Angeles Times* on our drift toward nuclear war, there are still times when I lose my sense of the devastation that lies behind the sterile acronyms by which these modern weapons are described. The words have grown stale after nearly four decades of so-called strategic development. We hear about SLCMs and MIRVs or of that weird hodgepodge of nuclear-war-fighting strategies—the window of vulnerability, the first-strike scenarios, the city strips—and after a while, the mind doesn't react with the appropriate horror.

The question of universal death grows stale partly because the arguments are often unnecessarily complex, rely on an insider's lingo and use terms that mute just what it is these bombs will do—which is, to start with, kill the people one loves and nearly everyone else as well.

I came to appreciate this fully only during a conversation with a former

(continued on page 228)

"The origins of New Year's are shrouded in mystery and legend—even as far back as the Sixties."



2010
ODYSSEY TWO

By ARTHUR C. CLARKE

something very strange was happening to the planet jupiter. what did hal the computer know about it?

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

part two

In part one of *2010: Odyssey Two* (the sequel to *2001: A Space Odyssey*), featured in our September issue, Russian and American scientists joined forces to travel to Jupiter to retrieve the spacecraft Discovery.

MISSION PROFILE

English Version

To: Captain Tanya Orlov, Commander, Spacecraft Cosmonaut Alexei Leonov

From: U.S. National Council on Astronautics, Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.

Commission on Outer Space, U.S.S.R. Academy of Science, Korolyov Prospect, Moscow

MISSION OBJECTIVES

The objectives of *(continued on page 190)*

In Charlotte's Web

this kemp wouldn't tax anyone; she's a free and lively spirit

CHARLOTTE KEMP is good company. Mature beyond her years, she can expound on almost any subject. And when she does, it's with a breathless enthusiasm that can run up to 1000 words per minute. At that speed, some mouths tend to emit pure babble, but not Char's. Even at maximum output, her thoughts are perceptive and pertinent. Born in Omaha 21 years ago, she leapfrogged around the Midwest with her family—to Detroit, Keokuk and Toledo—until she took off for Indiana University. After two years as a psychology major, Char dropped out to pursue a modeling career in Chicago. She found that that notoriously chilly city turned considerably warmer after she had made two early discoveries: her roommate and best friend,

Charlotte's a young sophisticate who practically oozes glamor yet says, "I'm not interested in a glamorous life. The things that I really value are not that glamorous."

"It'll be a long time before I consider having children. Even then, I don't know. Maybe I'll adopt four or five. But I haven't yet done a quarter of what I want to do."

October 1975 Playmate Jill De Vries, and her boyfriend, Chicago Bears defensive back Gary Fencik. Now, after almost a year on the Big Shoulders, she's a diehard Chicagoan. "The pace is a lot faster than I'm used to," Char says, "and I just love it. In Chicago, there are a hundred things you can do at any time of day. After I'd been here a month or so, I got depressed, thinking, Oh, this is going to take me over and I'll get lost in the shuffle. But I found you just have to keep up with the pace and, above all, you have to take care of yourself." Char takes care of herself by playing tennis, swimming and running along the picturesque Windy City lake front. When she has to get somewhere fast, she mounts her trusty moped—weather permitting, of course. Currently, she's preparing for even faster transport with flying lessons, soon to be augmented with lessons in parachuting, just in case. Fortunately, her energy level is sustained by her love of food. One of her favorite pauses is in the kitchen, where she's

Char and roomie Jill (below left) move a Bear clone into their apartment. Later (below), Charlotte and the real thing absorb some culture at an outdoor Chicago art fair.

"I've learned a lot in the few months I've been in Chicago. You learn to be considerate, because there are so many people who aren't, and also to be understanding, because there's so much you disagree with but have to accept."

been known to whip up gourmet-quality dishes for friends or, in their absence, for herself. Gregarious and extroverted, Char makes friends quickly. It's a trick she picked up from all those moves during her childhood. "I regret sometimes not having permanent roots, but in each place I've lived, I've made friends I still talk to and write to. I try to write to at least five of them a week." While her future plans include a return to school and possibly some acting, the present holds plenty of interest for her. After all, she's got her sports, cooking, modeling and Fencik. If that's not enough, Char says, "I haven't met half the people that I want to meet."

Feminine but not a feminist, Char says, "Women sometimes can be vicious. I think that tendency is showing up more and more. Women are independent now, so they are becoming competitive."

At the lake front (left), Char adds her own architectural wonder to Chicago's already imposing skyline. A Char-baked cake (above) is the center of attention at a birthday party for boyfriend Gary Fencik of the Chicago Bears. At the controls in her flying classroom (below), Char declares, "Flying is very tranquilizing for me. My head floats along with the plane."

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

MISS DECEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Charlotte J. Kemp

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Charlotte J. Kemp

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 116

BIRTH DATE: 1/27/61 BIRTHPLACE: Omaha, Nebraska

FAVORITE FOODS: Calamari, Quiche, Brie, seafood in general, paella

TURN-ONS: Men who eat quiche, Chicago Bears, San Sebastián

TURN-OFFS: Sunday-morning radio, gossipy hairdressers, Asparagus

FAVORITE BOOKS: Any novel by Robert Ludlum

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Martin Mull, David Bowie, Muddy Waters & Buddy Guy, John Cougar

FAVORITE PASTIMES: Tennis, sailing, reading, needlepoint

IDEAL MAN: I have never found him — but give me a chance...

SECRET FANTASY: To eat at every three-star restaurant in the world!

4, 5, 6, 7 yrs. Good times!

An evening with André.

Thank goodness that's over!!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A physician who was trying to determine the cause of his patient's total exhaustion finally decided to question him about his sex life. "How many times a week do you have intercourse?" he asked.

"Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday," the fellow answered.

"I think you'd better cut out Thursdays," advised the doctor.

"I can't," the man replied. "That's the only night I'm home with my wife."

When Superman goes down on Lois Lane, he obviously changes metallurgically from the Man of Steel to the Man of Tungsten.

A devastating fire in a Sicilian woodwind-instrument factory might be referred to, we suppose, as a Mediterranean flute fry.

There's a tavern in London that's staffed
By a barmaid who's tops at her craft:
In her striving to please,
She serves ale on her knees,
So that patrons get head with their draft.

Are you the manager?" the woman asked the man who had answered the telephone at the male-escort-service agency.

"Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "but my actual title is staff director."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tax-exempt TV preachers* as windfall prophets.

I wouldn't mess with that Gerald if I were you," one regular at a gay bar warned the belligerent limp-wristed drinker. "He happens to have a lavender belt in karate."

And, of course, you've heard about the girl who thought premarital sex was immoral—so she slept with only married men.

A large number of used prophylactics were found in the parking lot after last week's dance," the high school principal announced with some severity at a faculty meeting. "Are there any comments or suggestions?"

"Perhaps the name of the affair should be changed," responded a laid-back young male teacher, "to the junior prong."

The newest Congressional caucus is one composed of gay legislators. They call themselves the Oral Minority.

A daredevil skater named Lowe
Leaps barrels arranged in the snow
But is proudest of doing
Some incredible screwing,
Since he's jumped 13 girls in a row!

My husband exhibits the symptoms of a sort of Pinocchio syndrome," one woman confided to another. "When he lies to me about his playing around, his penis gets bigger and bigger. Sometimes," she went on with a sigh, "I think that's all that's saved our marriage."

Our Unabashed Classical Roman Dictionary defines *promiscuous slut* as a *box populi*.

The seven-piece bedroom set this joker told me he had in his pad," the girl reported to her roommate, "consisted of a cot and half a dozen rubbers!"

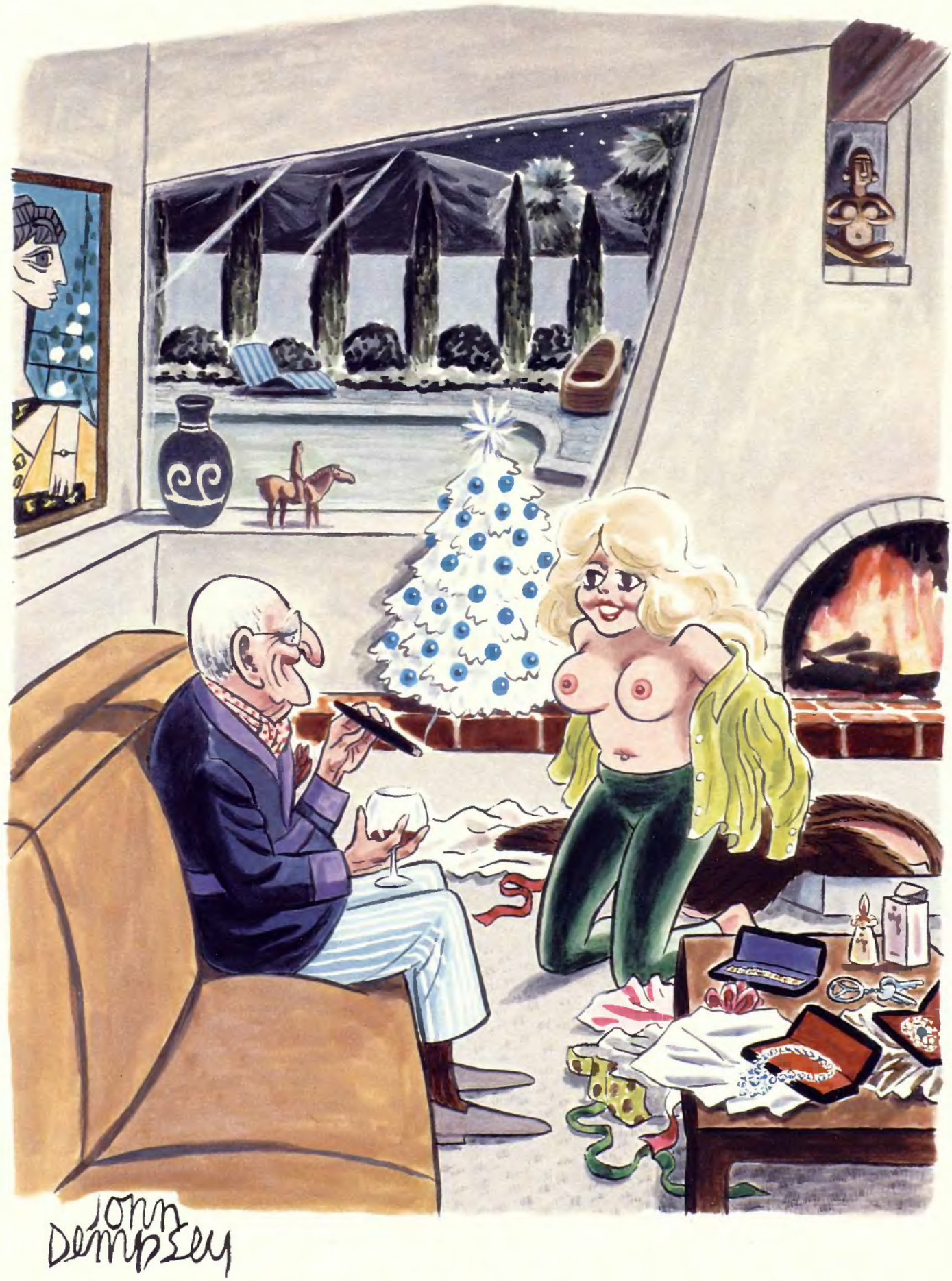
Saaay," giggled the girl hitchhiker as the rig operator shifted position and began to perform oral sex on her, "you truck drivers really *do* know the best places to eat!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *female pubic depilation* as shaving the point spread.

Mother Goose had it all wrong, Grandpa," snickered the precociously worldly wise youngster while being read to by the old gentleman. "It was the cock that rammed up the mouse."

As a final humiliation, Henry VIII permitted the executioner who would shortly decapitate her to have access to Anne Boleyn in the Tower of London for sexual purposes. As she placed herself in position for the blow the following morning, Anne said, in a loud, clear voice, "Headsman, strike true!" Then she added, in a mutter so low that only he could hear it, "I trust, sir, that you take better head than you give."

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.*



"And now, for being such a good boy. . . ."

SEX AND ITS SUBSTITUTES

margaret had a secret. what could it be?

WHEN PEOPLE SAID, "Miss Duboys has a friend," they meant something sinister or, at least, pretty nasty—that she had a dark secret at home. Because we were both unmarried and grade FSO-4 at the London embassy, we were often paired up at dinner parties as the token singles. It became a joke between us, these frequent meetings at embassy residences. "You again," she would say, and give me a velvet feline growl. She was not pretty in a conventional way, which was probably why I found her so attractive. Her eyes were green in her thin white face; her lips were overlarge and lispy-looking; her short hair jet-black, and you could see the rise of her nipples through her raincoat.

It took me a little while to get to know her. There were so many people eager to see us married, we resisted being pushed into further intimacy. I saw a lot of her at work—and all those dinner parties! We very quickly became good friends and, indeed, were so tolerant of each other and so familiar that it was hard for me to know her any better. I desired her when I was with her. Our friendship did not progress. Then I began to think that people were right: She probably *did* have a secret at home.

The facts about her were unusual. She had not been to the United States in four years—she had not taken home leave, she had not visited Europe, she had not left London. She had probably not left her apartment much, except to go to work. It made people talk. But she worked very hard. Our British counterparts treated hard workers with suspicion. They would have regarded Margaret Duboys as a possible spy for staying late all those nights. "What was she really doing?" people asked. Some called her conscientious; others, obsessed.

There was another characteristic Miss Duboys had that made the London embassy people suspicious. She bought a great amount of food at the PX in Ruislip. She made a weekly trip for enormous quantities of tax-free groceries, but always of a certain kind. All our food bills were recorded on the embassy computer, and Miss Duboys' bills were studied closely. Steaks! Chickens! Hamburg! She bought rabbits! One week, her bill was $114.47. Single woman, tax-free food! She was a carnivore and no mistake, but *(continued on page 178)*

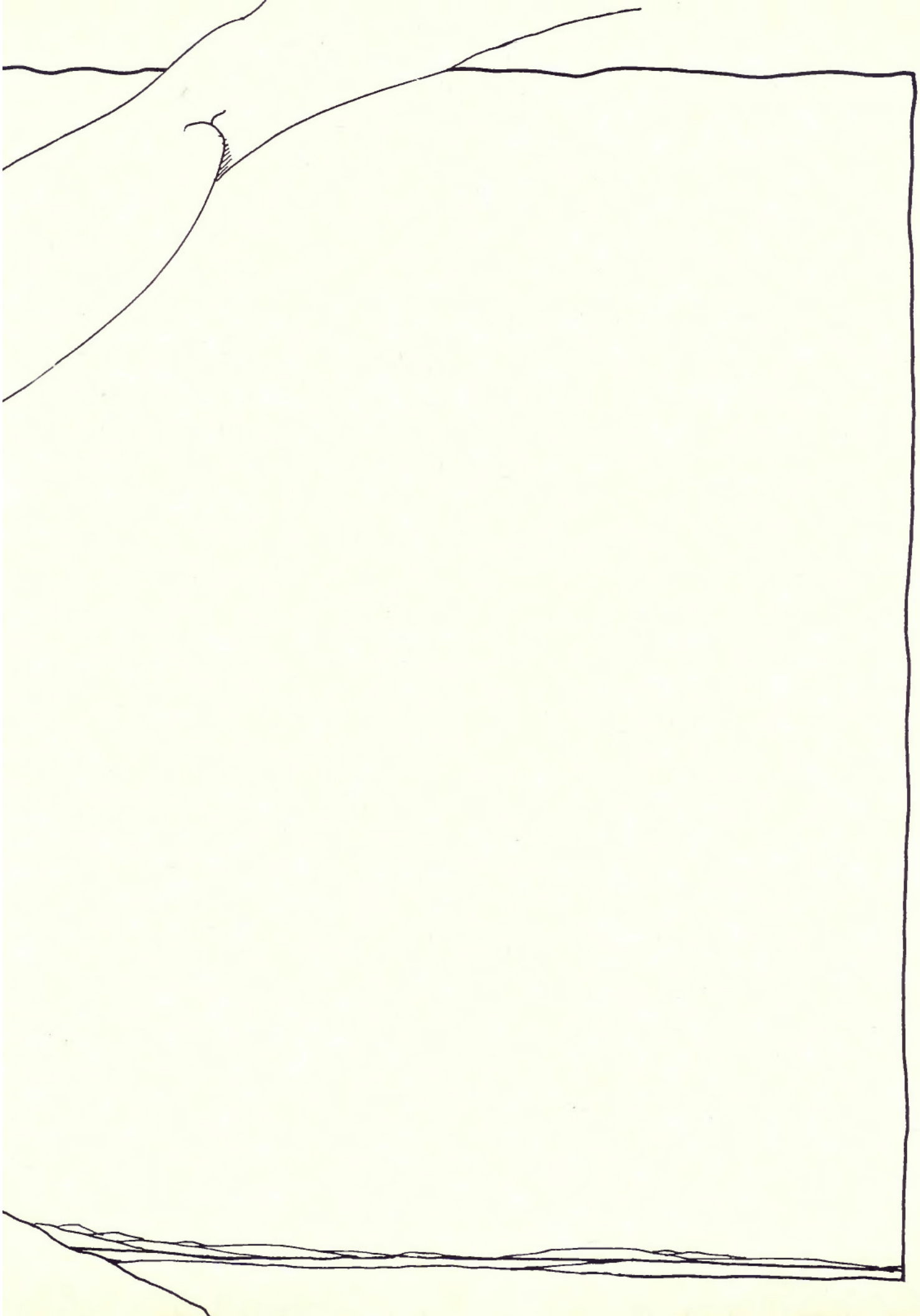
fiction

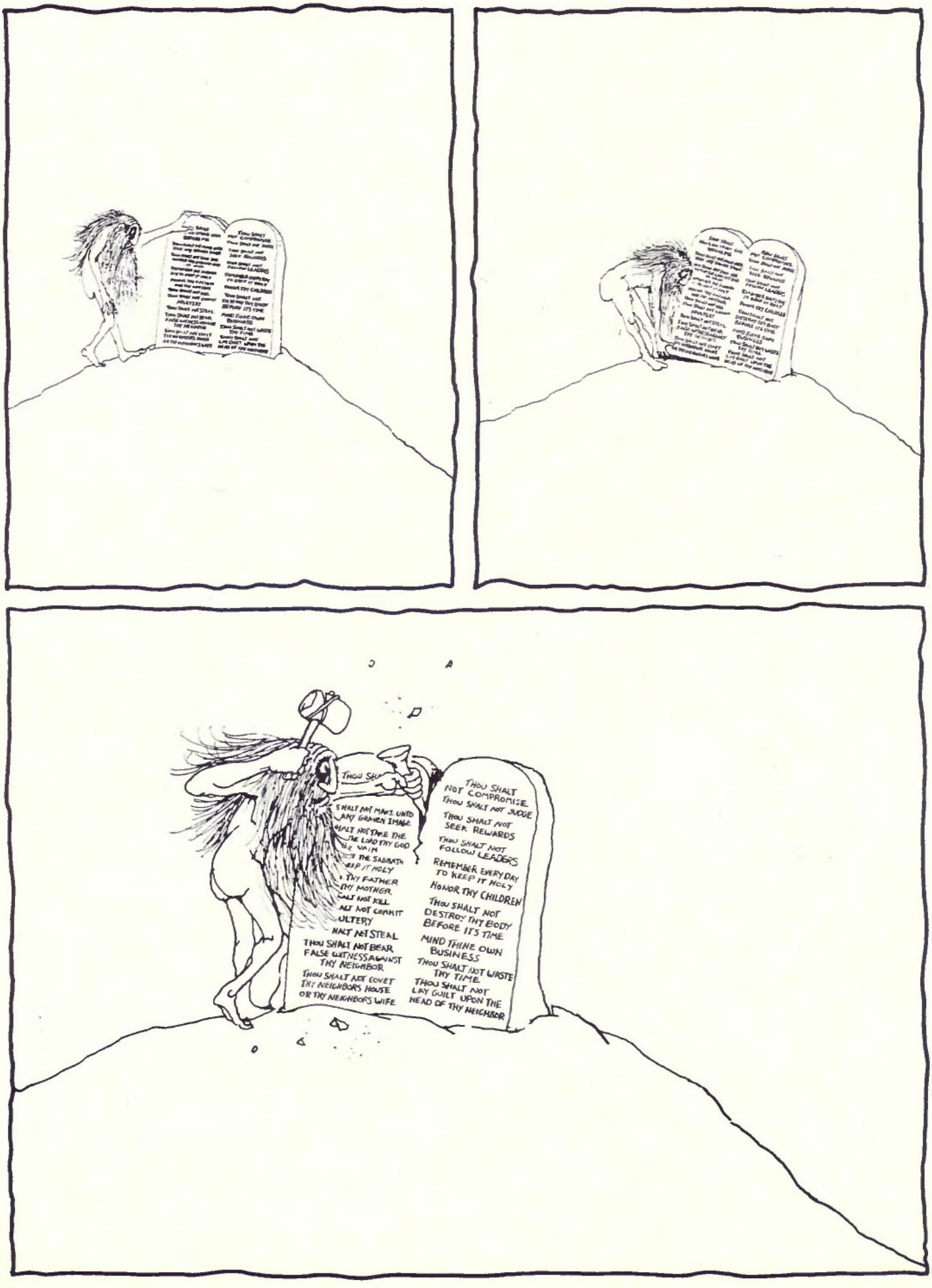
By PAUL THEROUX

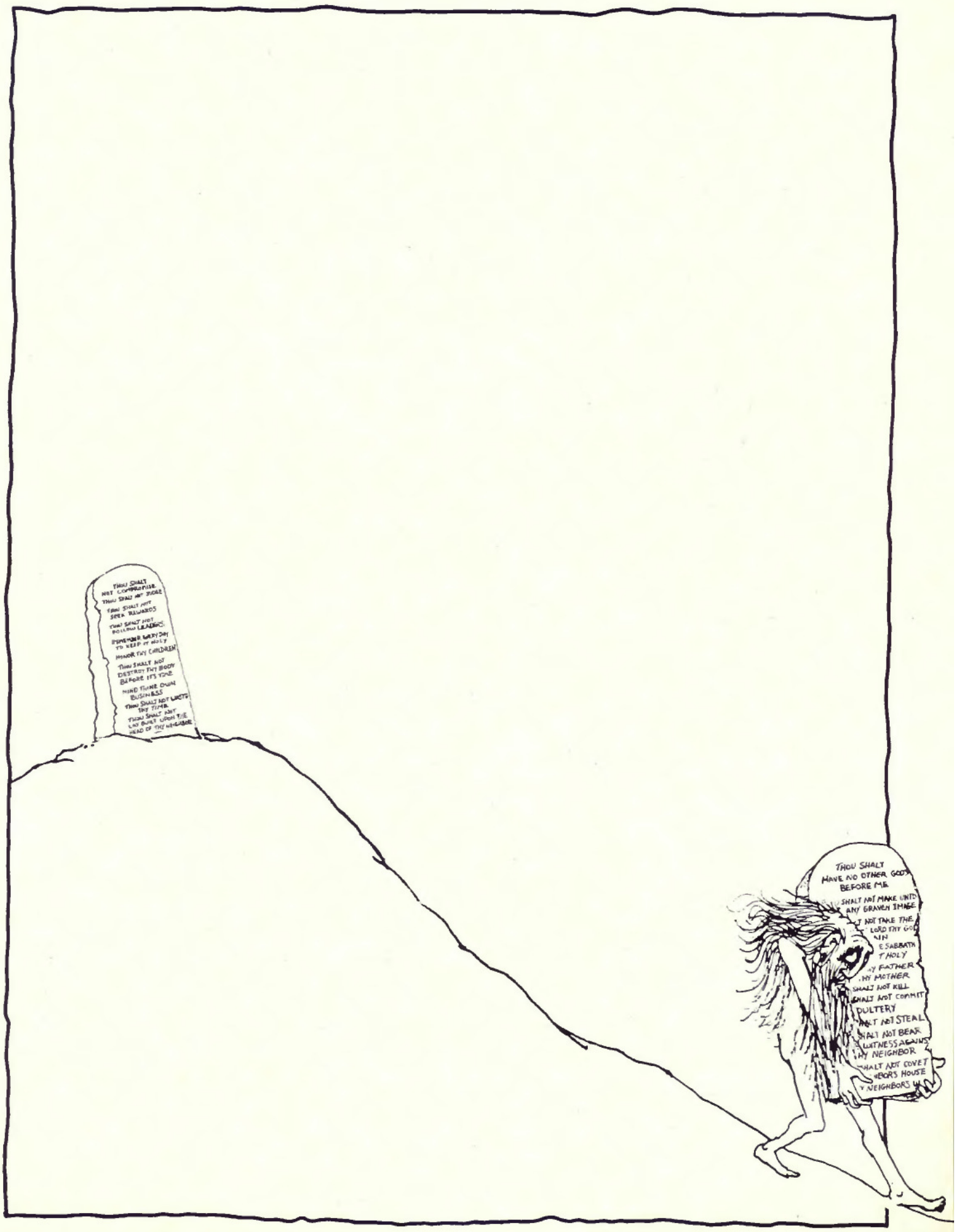
author of THE MOSQUITO COAST

THE TWENTY COMMANDMENTS

By Shel Silverstein




THOU SHALT NOT COMPROMISE
THOU SHALT NOT JUDGE
THOU SHALT NOT SEEK REWARDS
THOU SHALT NOT FOLLOW LEADERS
REMEMBER EVERY DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY
HONOR THY CHILDREN
THOU SHALT NOT DESTROY THY BODY BEFORE IT'S TIME
MIND THINE OWN BUSINESS
THOU SHALT NOT WASTE THY TIME
THOU SHALT NOT LAY GUILT UPON THE HEAD OF THY NEIGHBOR
THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR
THOU SHALT NOT COVET THY NEIGHBORS HOUSE OR THY NEIGHBORS WIFE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THOU SHALT NOT WASTE THY TIME.
THOU SHALT NOT LAY BURST UPON THE HEAD OF THY NEIGHBOR
THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME
SHALT NOT MAKE UNTO ANY GRAVEN IMAGE
NOT TAKE THE LORD THY GOD IN
E SABBATH T HOLY
Y FATHER
HY MOTHER
SHALT NOT KILL
SHALT NOT COMMIT DULTERY
NOT STEAL
SHALT NOT BEAR WITNESS AGAINS HY NEIGHBOR
SHALT NOT COVET EIGHBORS HOUSE
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SEX AND SUBSTITUTES *(continued from page 173)*

"The harsh rumors, and the way Miss Duboys treated them with contempt, made me like her the more."

she bought pounds of fish, too. We looked at the computer print-out and marveled. What an appetite!

"People eat to compensate for things," said Everett Horton, our number two, who perhaps knew what he was talking about; he was very fat.

I said, "Margaret doesn't strike me as a compulsive eater."

"No," he said, "she's got a very sweet figure. That's a better explanation."

"She's thin—it doesn't explain anything!"

"She's pretty," Horton said. "She's living with a very hungry man."

"Let's hope not," I said, and when Horton leered at me, I added, "for security reasons."

She had completely reorganized the trade section; she dealt with priority trade matters. It was unthinkable that someone in such a trusted position was compromising this trust with a foreigner who was, perhaps, only a sexual adventurer. It is the unthinkable that most preoccupies me. Or was she giving all the food away? Or, worse, was she selling it to grateful English people? They paid twice what we did for half as much and, in the past, there had been cases of embassy personnel's selling merchandise they had bought at bargain prices at the American PX; they had been sent home and demoted, or else fired—terminated was our word. We wondered about Miss Duboys. Her grocery bill was large and mystifying.

The day came when these PX print-outs were to be examined by some visiting budget inspectors from Washington.

Horton, who knew I was fond of Miss Duboys, took me aside that morning.

"Massage these figures, will you?" he said. "I'm sure they're not as lumpy as they look."

I averaged them and I made them look innocent. And still they startled me. All that food! For any other officer it would not have looked odd, but the fact was that Miss Duboys lived alone. She never gave dinner parties. She never gave parties. No one had ever been inside her house.

There was more speculation, all of it idle and some of it rather cruel. It was worse than "Miss Duboys has a friend." I thought it was baseless and malicious and, in the way that gossip can do real harm by destroying a person's reputation, very dangerous. And what were people saying about me? People regarded her as "shady" and "sly." "You can't figure her out," they said, meaning they could if you were bold and insensitive enough to listen. And there was her "accident"—doubting people always spoke about her in quotation marks, which they indicated with raised eyebrows. It was her hospital "scare." Miss Duboys, who was a "riddle," had been "rushed" to the hospital "covered with bruises." The commonest explanation was that she "fell," but the general belief was that she had been beaten up by her mysterious roommate—so people thought. If she had been beaten black and blue, no one had seen her. Al Sanger claimed he had seen her with a bandaged hand; Calvin Jeeps said it was scratches.

"Probably a feminine complaint," Scaduto's wife said; and when I squinted, she said, "Plumbing."

"Could be another woman," Horton said. "Women scratch each other, don't they? I mean, a man wouldn't do that."

"Probably a can of tuna fish," Jeeps said.

Al Sanger said, "She never buys cans of tuna fish!"

He, too, had puzzled over her grocery bills.

Miss Duboys did not help matters by refusing to explain any of it: the grocery bills, the visit to the hospital, no home leave, no cocktail parties, no dinners. But she was left alone. She was an excellent officer and the only woman in the trade section. It would have been hard to interrogate her and practically impossible to transfer her without being accused of bias. But there were still people who regarded her behavior as highly suspicious.

"What is it?" Horton asked me. "Do you think it's what they say?"

I had never heard him, or any other American official, use the word spy. It was a vulgar, painful and unlucky word, like cancer.

"No, not that," I said.

"I can't imagine what it could be."

"It's sex," I said. "Or one of its substitutes."

"One of the many," he said.

"One of the few," I replied.

He smiled at me and said, "It's nice to be young."

The harsh rumors, and the way Miss Duboys treated them with contempt, made me like her the more. I began to look forward to seeing her at the dinner parties, where we were invariably the odd guests—the unmarried ones. Perhaps it was more calculated than I realized; perhaps people, seeing me as steady, solid, with a good record in overseas posts, thought that I would succeed in finding out the truth about Miss Duboys. If so, they chose the right man. I did find out the truth. It was so simple, so obvious, in its way, it took either genius or luck to discover it. I had no genius, but I was very lucky.

•

We were at Calvin Jeeps's apartment in Hampstead. Jeeps's wife was named Lornette, which, with a kind of misplaced hauteur, she pronounced like the French eyeglasses—lorgnette. The Jeepses were black, from Chicago. A black American jazz trumpeter was also there—he was introduced as Owlie Cooper—and the Sangers, Al and Tina, and Margaret Duboys and myself.

The Sangers' dog had just come out of quarantine. When he heard that it had cost $300 to fly the dog from Washington to London and close to $2000 for the dog's six months at the quarantine kennel in Surrey ("We usually visited Brucie on weekends"), Owlie Cooper kicked his feet out and screamed his laughter at the Sangers. Tina asked what was so funny. Cooper said it was all funny: He was laughing at the money, the amount of time and even the dog's name. "Brucie!"

The Sangers looked insulted; they went into a kind of sulk—their eyes shining with anger—but they said nothing. You knew they wanted to say something like, "OK, but what kind of a name is Owlie?" But Owlie was black, and it was possible that Owlie was a special black name, maybe Swahili, or else meant something interesting, which—and this was obvious—Brucie didn't.

Unexpectedly, Margaret Duboys said to Cooper, "Taking good care of your dog—is that funny? People go to much more trouble for children. Look at all the time and money that's wasted on these embassy kids."

"You're not serious," Cooper said. "I mean, what a freaky comparison!"

"It's a fair comparison," Margaret said. "I've spent whole evenings at the Scadutos' listening to stories about Ricky's braces. Guess how much they cost the American taxpayer? Three thousand dollars! They sent him to an orthodontist at the American base in Frankfurt——"

"I'm thinking of going there," Lornette Jeeps said. "I've got this vein in my leg that's got to come out."

"They didn't even work!" Margaret was saying. "Skidoo says the kids still call him Bugs Bunny. And Horton's kid,

(continued on page 267)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

our pre-season picks for the country's top teams and talent

Playboy All-America center Ralph Sampson of Virginia snuffs a stuff as North Carolina forward Sam Perkins, another Playboy All-America, looks on. They'll resume the battle this season.

sports

By ANSON MOUNT

GET READY. This is going to be the most entertaining, most exciting, most unpredictable—and most confusing—basketball season in the history of the game. There will be, as usual, an ascending number of elevated slam-dunk artists and skipper-quick ball handlers who can't speak third-grade English, but the principal new ingredient will be (get this phraseology) "rules experimentation."

The N.C.A.A. Basketball Rules Committee has granted permission to several conferences to experiment with new rules variations. Vanderbilt coach C. M. Newton, the committee's chairman, told us, "We have a superb game already, and I seriously doubt if it can be improved much. But we decided to experiment on a strictly controlled basis. The temporary rules changes are limited to conference games and can be rescinded at the end of the season, and league offices must submit reports on effects of the changes."

Experiments will be concentrated mostly in two areas: shot clocks and three-point scores for long-distance shots. Conferences will allow a set time, either 30 or 45 seconds after a turnover, for a team to take a shot. Some conferences will allow three points for shots made from a variety of distances from the hole.

These changes are obviously aimed at finding a cure for two recent and unwelcome evolutionary developments in the game. The shot clock is designed to negate the boring tendency of some teams to hog the ball in the late minutes of a game in order to get a last-second winning shot. The three-point-distance rule is an attempt to overcome the increasingly sophisticated zone defenses that have resulted in progressively lower scoring in recent seasons. The three-pointer may also slow down growing dominance of the game by skyscraper front-court players. Two decades ago, a

MOUNT'S TOP 20

1. Virginia
2. Houston
3. North Carolina
4. UCLA
5. Kentucky
6. Georgetown
7. Memphis State
8. Indiana
9. Louisville
10. Oklahoma
11. Tennessee
12. Arkansas
13. Marquette
14. Oregon State
15. Alabama
16. Illinois
17. West Virginia
18. North Carolina State
19. Villanova
20. Missouri

Possible Breakthroughs

Nevada–Las Vegas, DePaul, Pepperdine, Auburn, Washington St., San Diego St., Iona, Texas Christian, Evansville.

Glenn Rivers,
guard,
Marquette
Pat Ewing,
center,
Georgetown
Terry Holland,
Coach of the Year,
Virginia
VIRGINIA
Dale Ellis,
forward,
Tennessee
Sam Bowie,
center,
Kentucky

PLAYBOY'S 1982-1983 ALL-AMERICA TEAM

6'8" player was a giant. Now he's just average, and seven-footers are as common as $1,000,000 pro contracts.

One other rules experiment—less obvious to fans but potentially more significant than the first two—will be tried by the Southeastern Conference. Coaches will be restricted during game play to a designated coaching box. That will prevent them from wandering the side lines and engaging in ludicrous histrionics.

So, if you enjoy excitement, uncertainty and confusion, get a copy of your favorite team's temporary game rules and tune in. You may not always know what's going on, but you'll love every minute.

In the meantime, let's take a look at the prospects of the various quintets around the country.

THE EAST

Georgetown Biggest in the Big East

Georgetown fans have great expectations for this season, thanks to last year's storybook finish. The optimism is centered on the return of Playboy All-America center Pat Ewing and the arrival of heralded freshman David Wingate. The Hoyas are a very young team, however, and they'll be number one on all their opponents' hit lists; so last winter's performance will be difficult to duplicate.

Villanova, St. John's and Syracuse all suffered only minimal losses to graduation and have excellent chances of taking the Big East championship from Georgetown. Freshmen Harold Pressley and Dwight Wilbur could make Villanova the nation's most improved team by season's end.

A rebuilding year is in store for Boston College and Pittsburgh. Both squads will be heavily dependent on youngsters. Freshman center Keith Armstrong will become Pitt's main man (and look for

(continued on page 248)

THE BEST OF THE REST

(All of these are likely to be someone's All-Americans by season's end, though they barely missed our team)

FORWARDS: Ted Kitchel (Indiana), Richie Johnson (Evansville), Thurl Bailey (North Carolina State), Adrian Branch (Maryland), Derrick Hord (Kentucky), Rodney McCray (Louisville), Clyde Drexler (Houston), Larry Micheaux (Houston), Antoine Carr (Wichita State), Kenny Fields (UCLA), Orlando Phillips (Pepperdine)

CENTERS: John Pinone (Villanova), Russell Cross (Purdue), Randy Breuer (Minnesota), Bobby Lee Hurt (Alabama), Mark West (Old Dominion), Steve Stipanovich (Missouri), Charlie Sitton (Oregon State)

GUARDS: Greg Jones (West Virginia), Derek Harper (Illinois), John Paxson (Notre Dame), Othell Wilson (Virginia), Chucky Barnett (Oklahoma), Rod Foster (UCLA), Tony Webster (Hawaii), Lean Wood (Fullerton State)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who'll make big contributions to their squads)

David Wingate, guard	Georgetown
Harold Pressley, forward	Villanova
Earl Kelley, guard	Connecticut
Efrem Winters, center	Illinois
Roland Brooks, forward	Minnesota
Ricky Olson, guard	Wisconsin
Harold Howard, guard	Evansville
Archie Johnson, center	Oklahoma City
Lloyd Moore, center	Marquette
Tony Jackson, guard	DePaul
Rick Carlisle, guard	Virginia
Alvin Battle, forward	North Carolina State
Johnny Dawkins, guard	Duke
Kenny Walker, forward	Kentucky
Alfonso Johnson, forward	Alabama
Donald Hartry, guard	Georgia
Billy Thompson, forward	Louisville
Reggie Meadows, center	Florida State
Dell Curry, guard	Virginia Tech
Cliff Pruitt, forward	Alabama-Birmingham
Wayman Tisdale, center	Oklahoma
Carl Henry, guard	Kansas
Alvin Franklin, guard	Houston
Andre Ervin, guard	Houston
Bernard Jackson, guard	Wichita State
Benoit Benjamin, center	Creighton
Darryl Flowers, guard	Oregon State
Rick Tunstall, center	Hawaii
Eldridge Hudson, forward	Nevada–Las Vegas
John Price, guard	Weber State

THE EAST

BIG EAST CONFERENCE

1. Georgetown
2. Villanova
3. St. John's
4. Syracuse
5. Boston College
6. Pittsburgh
7. Providence
8. Connecticut
9. Seton Hall

ATLANTIC TEN

1. West Virginia
2. Rutgers
3. Penn State
4. St. Joseph's
5. George Washington
6. St. Bonaventure
7. Temple
8. Massachusetts
9. Rhode Island
10. Duquesne

IVY LEAGUE

1. Pennsylvania
2. Columbia
3. Princeton
4. Cornell
5. Harvard
6. Yale
7. Brown
8. Dartmouth

OTHERS

1. Iona
2. James Madison
3. Canisius
4. Niagara
5. George Mason
6. William & Mary
7. Holy Cross
8. Manhattan
9. Fordham
10. Navy
11. Army

STARS IN THE EAST: Ewing, Jones, Wingate (Georgetown); Pinone, Granger (Villanova); Russell, Mullin (St. John's); Rautins (Syracuse); Clark (Boston College); Vaughan (Pittsburgh); Jackson (Providence); Bailey, Kelley (Connecticut); Ingram (Seton Hall); Jones, Todd (West Virginia); Hinson, Randolph (Rutgers); Lang (Penn State); Martin (St. Joseph's); Brown (George Washington); Jones, Stover (St. Bonaventure); Hall (Temple); Russell (Massachusetts); Upshaw, Owens (Rhode Island); Myers (Duquesne); Little (Pennsylvania); Burnett (Columbia); Robinson (Princeton); Bomba (Cornell); Carrabino (Harvard); Graves (Yale); James (Brown); Anderson (Dartmouth); Burtt, Springer (Iona); Ruland (James Madison); Hall (Canisius); Howse (Niagara); Yates (George Mason); Cieplicki (William & Mary); Logan (Holy Cross); Cain (Manhattan); Maxwell (Fordham); Brooks (Navy); Schlitt (Army).

"Well, the holiday season is upon us!"

THE

is this you we're discussing?
a woman with a trained eye
for men says it all depends on
the age and experience of
the woman looking your way

article By ERICA JONG

PERFECT MAN

THE PERFECT MAN—for any woman—is the man who loves her constantly; fucks her frequently, passionately and well; adores and admires her; is at once reliable *and* exciting; Adonis on earth and father figure from heaven; a beautiful son, a steady daddy; a wild-eyed, Bacchic lover and a calm, sober (but still funny) friend. Can you find all those attributes in one man? Not bloody likely! And if you find them, will they endure for all the various passages of *your* life? Still less likely.

Given this problem, what's a woman to do? Having two or three men simultaneously would seem to solve the problem—if it didn't create so many logistical snafus. What happens, for example, when lover number one and lover number two decide to arrive on the same train for the same weekend? What do you do about birthdays and

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

Christmas? Or Hanukkah, for that matter? A partial solution to this problem is to have one WASP and one Jewish lover—with perhaps a Zen Buddhist or an atheist for good measure, so holidays can be staggered. But then *you* stagger, too. Because the fact is that nobody can spend 100 percent of her time getting laid, arranging to get laid, administering t.l.c. to a variety of men with a variety of needs. And what woman worth her salt wants to be involved with a man whose needs she cares nothing about?

A divorced male friend of mine recently said, "When I was married, I spent perhaps 20 percent of my time getting laid. Now that I'm divorced, I spend 85 to 90 percent of my time getting laid." There's the problem in its essence: Putting together one perfect man out of two, three or four slightly imperfect candidates is just too time consuming and exhausting. We are finally driven to monogamy not by morality but by exhaustion. One candidate wins out over the others, and we succumb to the blandishments of one perfect—we hope—man. This solution has on its side convenience, honesty, simplicity and stability. But *does* it have stability on its side? Our divorce statistics show that our monogamies tend to be serial; that sooner or later, both spouses begin playing around; and that most children born today can expect to grow up in single-parent households by and by (or to become somebody else's stepchildren). The old European system—if one can call it that—of stable marriage accompanied by a series of fairly stable liaisons starts to look better and better when we consider the wreckage of our lives, and our children's lives, under our shambling "system" of serial monogamy.

A beguiling young man once said to me, "Marry as often as you like, but promise me I'll be your only lover." He was paraphrasing Oscar Wilde, but his wistful plea had true longing in it: the longing for some stability in an unstable world. If marriage no longer provides that, then perhaps our love affairs will. I treasure the fantasy of marrying and marrying and marrying, yet having only one lover through it all. But fantasy it is. I am neither young enough nor foolish enough nor unscathed enough by divorce to want to endure the psychological wreckage of splitting up yet again. That leaves me, like everyone else, in search of the Holy Grail of the perfect man—wherever (and whoever) he may be.

Knowing full well that life is too surprising, rich and strange for love ever to come in the form of a prearranged, predictable, prefabricated model, I nonetheless feel the temptation to put together a sort of police composite of the perfect man.

OK. He's beautiful—but not without some craggy imperfection in his features: a nose that once was broken or slightly crooked teeth, perhaps. He's enormously intelligent but never pedantic. Most important of all is his sense of humor. He can laugh in bed. And though he's indefatigable in bed, he's not obsessive about sex. He doesn't think of it as a performance and he doesn't berate himself if he doesn't have a constant erection, nor does he expect his woman to berate him. He's relaxed about sex, has a sense of fun about it, is passionate without being Priapic. Those qualities are rare in a world in which sexual performance has become as obligatory as sexual abstinence (or the pretension to it) once was. The worst by-product of the so-called (but probably misnamed) sexual revolution is the substitution of performance for passion. For many men, sex has become just another area of dire competition. One man of 24—the son of a writer friend of mine—confessed to me that from the age of 16 to 21, he never "allowed" himself to have an orgasm with a woman because he was so concerned with pleasing his partner:

"Here were all these women like you and my mother writing all these books and articles about how men were so insensitive to women's needs. So I figured that the main thing was to give the girl as many orgasms as possible. I got so *controlled* that I couldn't even come myself. Now I just say, 'Fuck it.' Let's bring back the John Wayne image of manhood—when men could prematurely ejaculate and not care!"

What this young man—in his supposed nostalgia for the John Wayne image of manhood—didn't realize is that *no* man of John Wayne's generation could have sat at a dinner party at his mother's house having such an intimate conversation with his mother's friend. Something *has* changed forever in men as a result of the sexual revolution and the women's movement, and that change can be summed up as greater openness. Not only are men able to talk to women about sex but men of 20 or so and women of 35 or so often wind up talking themselves right into bed—an explosive combination long celebrated by French novelists and moviemakers but curiously neglected in the supposed land of opportunity. Even so, no one (of *any* age) seems immune to performance mania. Our society, having collectively decided that sex is acceptable (if not quite optimal) without love, seems to have replaced the desideratum of endless love with that of endless erection. When sex becomes as competitive as racquetball or the stock market, surely some essential quality has been lost.

My perfect man, then, is not a slave to performance. He doesn't ask "How'm I doing?" in bed. He doesn't have a nervous breakdown if he can't get it up one night, and he is secure enough to know that he is liked for his brains and his humor and not just for his cock.

What other qualities does he have? Generosity, tenderness, a willingness to be wrong occasionally, a sense of playfulness, a recognition that the best sex happens when the partners share each other's fantasies. He doesn't have to be rich; his generosity can take the form of making eggs Benedict on a Sunday morning or chopping firewood or bringing roses when I feel rotten. He isn't judgmental; he doesn't throw fits about stupid stuff, such as taking wrong turns in the road or how I have my canisters lined up on the kitchen shelf. He is mature enough to know that life is too short to spend in acrimony over trivia. He doesn't borrow my classic car and wreck it, and he gives me a back rub if I've had a lousy day. He doesn't run off and fuck my best friend if I'm neglecting him because I have a deadline (writing *The Perfect Man* for the Christmas issue of PLAYBOY), and he can amuse himself happily, not spitefully, if I'm on a business trip. He adores children and dogs but doesn't necessarily try to woo me through my child (my dog is altogether another matter). He doesn't demand fidelity of me if he isn't prepared to give it himself, and he doesn't get involved in sex games he can't handle (such as telling me it would turn him on if I fucked his best friend and then clobbering me—or leaving me—because of it). He is honorable emotionally. He has that old-fashioned quality: integrity.

He is reasonably unambivalent emotionally, so you know where you stand with him, and he doesn't blame others for his own fears and inadequacies.

Does this paragon exist? "Actually, the perfect man is Mel Diamond, a dry cleaner in Flatbush," says a friend of mine, "but he doesn't want it generally known for fear he'll be ravished by swarms of hungry women." (If anyone actually named Mel Diamond is reading this, rest assured that my friend's choice of your name was pure coincidence. Lie back and enjoy the swarms.)

•

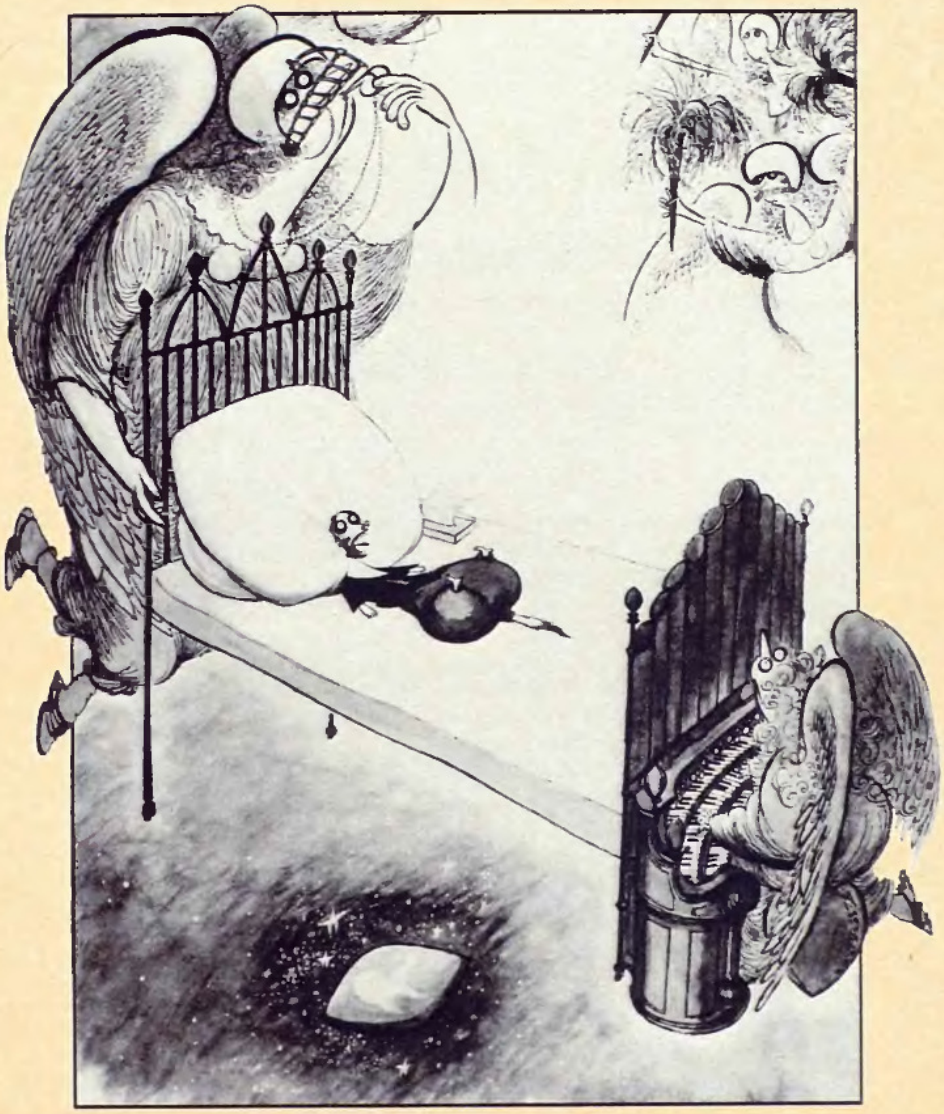
"The perfect man is someone you love who also loves you," says psychologist Mildred Newman.

"If I had to single out one quality," says singer-songwriter Carly Simon, "I'd say it was a sense of joy."

"There is no such thing as a perfect man and no one even gets close," says Helen Gurley Brown. "The way to be a happy person is never to even try to attain perfection! It is totally absurd to think there is such a thing. Having said that, I'll say that the perfect man overtips, undercriticizes and would not

(continued on page 286)

THE SPORTS BESTIARY



The Gipper A small, staatlike animal with large eyes often brimming with tears that lives in the back of clubhouse lockers. The Gipper has a curious hacking bark that sounds like the despairing cough of a consumptive. Its name is often evoked in coaches' pep talks on the mistaken assumption that a victory would cheer up the clubhouse Gipper. "Let's go out and win one for the Gipper!" is the way it is sometimes expressed. Often, that sentiment is greeted by a low groan from the Gipper itself, which does not like the champagne-guzzling, towel-snapping brouhaha of a victory celebration and much prefers the quiet and gloom of a mind-boggling defeat.

Text by **GEORGE PLIMPTON** *Drawings by* **ARNOLD ROTH**

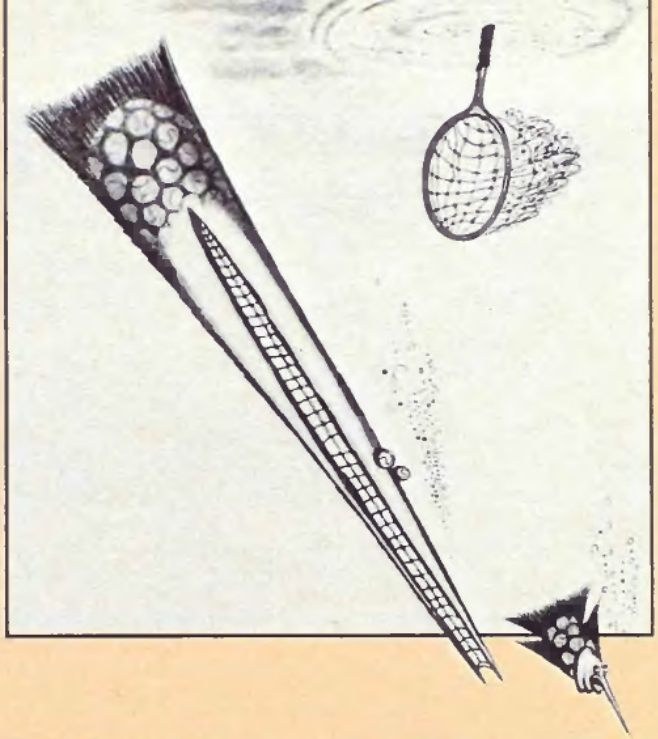
a naturalist's guide to the creatures that inhabit the lingo of athletics

THIS IS NOT actually a bestiary. It is what people *think* a bestiary is—namely, an assemblage of vividly imagined beasts that behave somewhat quirkily, bear only the vaguest application to real life and are known mostly as heraldic fixtures. True, the animals of a bestiary (the griffin, the camelopard, the unicorn and so forth) would seem to be the products of lively flights of fancy, but, in fact, a medieval bestiary was a serious scientific work. At least, it was the best that the authorities of those times could do.

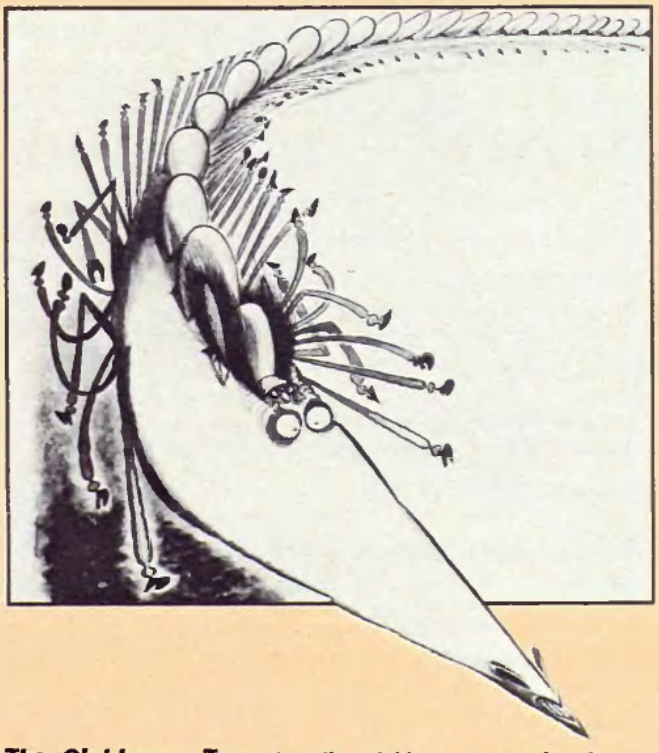
The first bestiary was written sometime between the Second and Fifth centuries, probably in Greek, and it contained descriptions of 49 creatures from which sermons and moral lessons were drawn. Those sermons were so significant to the medieval mind that the importance of the animal was not that it existed but what it *meant*.

The point of departure for the creatures in *this* bestiary has been the nomenclature of sports. There is very little in the sporting lexicon that does not bring a creature—often a monster—to mind. Sports have a plethora of such terms stalking around out there unmolested, begging for bestiarizing.

As for the bestiary's traditional sermonizing, the authors of this sports bestiary would support the kind of admonition that Mark Twain gave the readers of *Huckleberry Finn*: "Persons attempting to find a moral . . . will be banished."

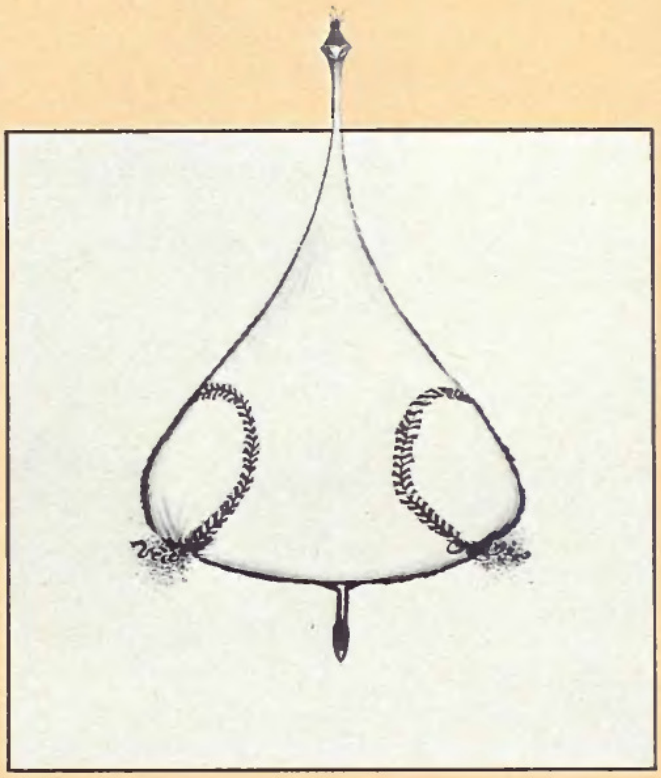


The Service Break A torpedolike fish that resembles the Wahoo, the Service Break is not widely distributed. For many years, the Australian reefs had a great many Service Breaks, and the California coast has traditionally been an excellent spawning ground; in recent times, a few of the fish have also been found in the waters off Sweden. The Service Break is invariably preceded by a small pilot fish called the Break Paint. In fact, no one has ever seen a Service Break not preceded by a Break Paint, though it is possible to sight a Break Paint *without* a Service Break. Fishermen complain, "Well, we've had six Break Points so far and not one Service Break."

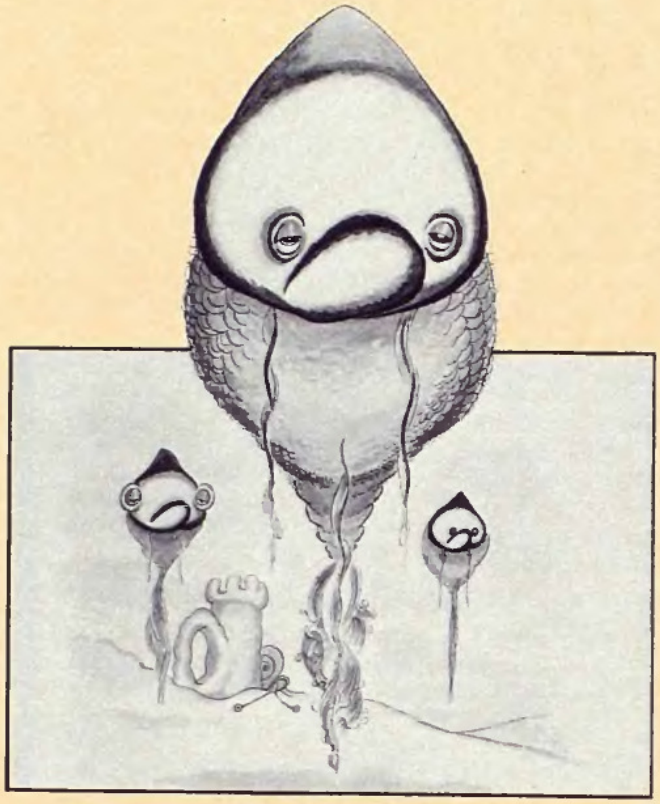


The Clubhouse Turn A millepedelike creature that hangs out on wide dirt roads and often comes around the corner running sideways, so that one sees a multitude of feet or paws or hooves approaching at a considerable clip. Seen through binoculars, it has two tiers of eyes—the ones on top small and nasty, the lower ones large, with the whites showing from fear. The Clubhouse Turn comes in on a tear eight or nine times a day.

The Hanging Curve A cheerful, fastidious, plump and somewhat curvoceous member of the partridge family that tends to get eaten a lot. As every gourmet knows, the Hanging Curve is prepared for the table in a variety of ways: *pickled; smoked; creamed; made mincemeat of; pasted.* Even before it reaches the pot, the Hanging Curve seems to bring out voraciousness in just about everyone. It gets *pummeled, poleaxed, leaned into, jumped on, hammered, walloped, blasted* and *crucified.*

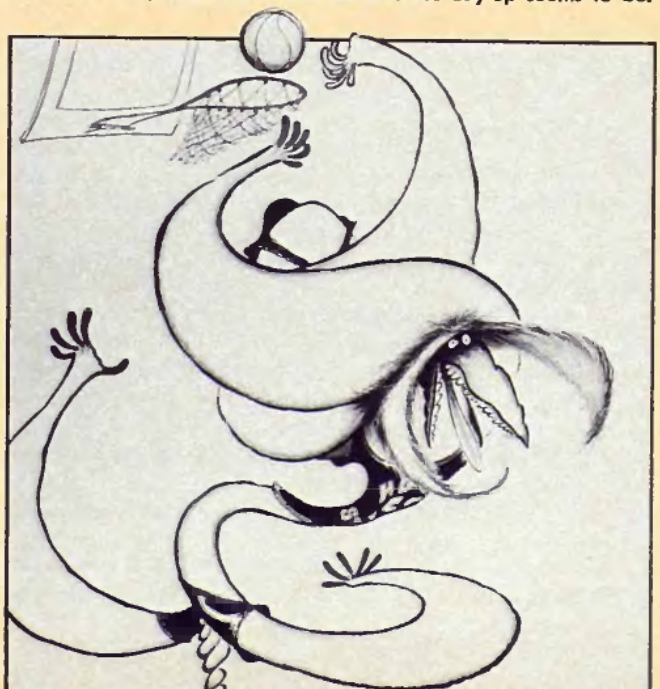


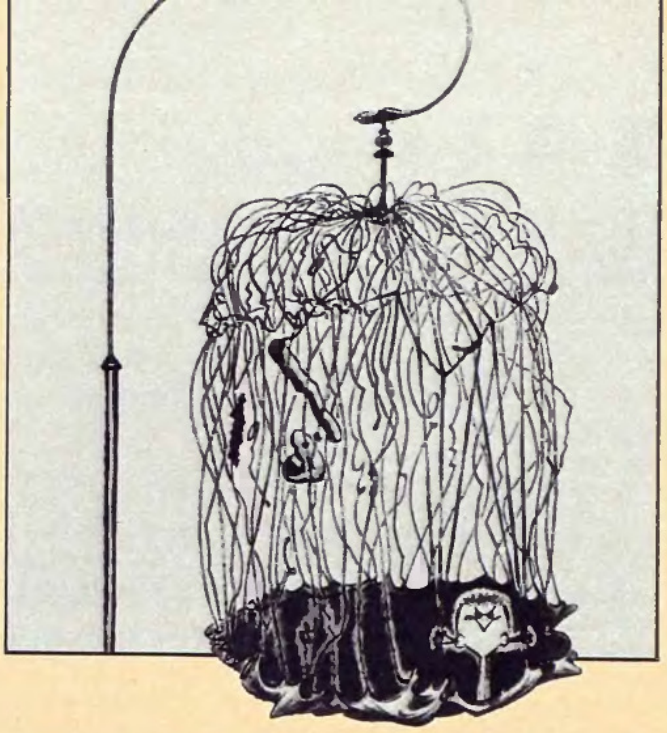
The Busted Flush A handsome-looking, rather foppish member of the oriole family, famous for its vocal inability to complete an ascending scale of five musical notes in proper order. The Busted Flush will sing C-D-E-F with mounting excitement, hoping for the perfect, ultimate G! But what emerges from its pulsating throat is a B-flat or, on occasion, a mantonal belch.



The Solid Left Hook A relative of the common Job family, known to anyone who keeps a fish tonk. But unlike those quick little flickering fellows dodging in ond out of their alaboster costles, the Solid Left Hook is an omozingly boring goldfish thot simply stares through the fish-bowl gloss and fills the vision. It is the sort of gift one prefers to give rother than to receive.

The Reverse Lay-up A very ogitated rubbery-bodied canine thot looks a lot like on elongoted Afghan hound, the Reverse Lay-up leaps up o lot ond gets caught on woll fixtures ond chandeliers. As its name implies, it revolves, it twists; perhaps it will sleep standing up. Nonetheless, it is an appealing pet. It con be missed. A groan goes up when it is missed. One wonders why. Perhops it's because people enjoy on easy thing made difficult, and thot's what the Reverse Lay-up seems to be.





The Killer Instinct A caged canary of great value and significance. To lack a Killer Instinct is to fess up to moral sloth. Unhappily, the bird is not sold in pet shops. The Killer Instinct is passed down from one generotion to onother—os if a genetic gift. Sometimes, a coach will instoll a Killer Instinct in the home of one of his chorges, but most people are born with the bird waiting there in the delivery room. Jock Dempsey hod a lot of Killer Instincts. Floyd Patterson may have had one.

The Tackle A very lorge, destructive fomily of carnivores, very likely of the cat or mouse voriety, with the worst feotures of both (o mouse's tail and o cat's breoth). Among the subspecies of this disogreeable family are the Offensive, the Defensive, the Sure, the Flying, the Bone-Jarring, the Shoestring, the Open-Field ond the Gong. There are those who con avoid, or "break," the destructive pottern of the average Tackle, but then along comes another—usually the dreoded Gong—to finish the job.

2010 (continued from page 157)

"The human crew was monitoring HAL; if any malfunction occurred, they'd take over immediately."

your mission are:

1. To proceed to the Jovian system and rendezvous with U.S. spacecraft Discovery;

2. To board this spacecraft and obtain all possible information relating to its earlier mission;

3. To reactivate spacecraft Discovery's on-board systems and, if propellant supplies are adequate, inject the ship into an Earth-return trajectory;

4. To locate the Jupiter monolith encountered by Discovery and to investigate it to the maximum extent possible by remote sensors;

5. If it seems advisable and Mission Control concurs, to rendezvous with this object for closer inspection;

6. To carry out a survey of Jupiter and its satellites, as far as this is compatible with the above objectives.

It is realized that unforeseen circumstances may require a change of priorities or even make it impossible to achieve some of these objectives. It must be clearly understood that the rendezvous with spacecraft Discovery is for the express purpose of obtaining information about the monolith; this must take precedence over all other objectives, including attempts at salvage.

CREW

The crew of spacecraft Alexei Leonov will consist of:

Captain Tanya Orlov (Engineering/Propulsion)

Dr. Vasili Orlov (Navigation/Astronomy)

Dr. Maxim Brailovsky (Engineering/Structures)

Dr. Alexander (Sasha) Kovalev (Engineering/Communications)

Dr. Nikolai Ternovsky (Engineering/Control Systems)

Surgeon-Commander Katerina Rudenko (Medical/Life Support)

Dr. Irina Yakunin (Medical/Nutrition)

In addition, the U.S. National Council on Astronautics will provide the following three experts:

Dr. Sivasubramanian Chandrasegarampillai (Engineering/Computer Systems)

Dr. Walter Curnow (Engineering/Control Systems)

Dr. Heywood Floyd (Technical Advisor)

Dr. Heywood Floyd's Log

We felt we deserved a party once we'd successfully rendezvoused with Discovery.

Who would have believed that we'd come all the way to Jupiter, greatest of planets—and then ignore it? Yet that's what we're doing most of the time, and when we're not looking at Jupiter's moon Io or at Discovery, we're thinking about the—monolith; Big Brother, we call it now.

It's still 10,000 kilometers away, up there at the libration point, but when I look at it through the main telescope, it seems close enough to touch. Because it's so completely featureless, there's no indication of size, no way the eye can judge it's really a couple of kilometers long. If it's solid, it must weigh billions of tons.

But *is* it solid? It gives no radar echo, even when it's square on to us. We can see it only as a black silhouette against the clouds of Jupiter, 300,000 kilometers below. Apart from its size, it looks exactly like the monolith we dug up on the Moon. . . .

Tomorrow, we'll go aboard Discovery and bring it back to life. And then we'll attempt to uncover the secret of the monolith.

•

When Discovery suddenly lit up like the proverbial Christmas tree, navigation and interior lights blazing from end to end, the cheer aboard Leonov might almost have been heard across the vacuum between the two ships.

"Hello, Leonov," said Walter Curnow, at last. "Sorry to keep you waiting, but we've been rather busy.

"Here's a quick assessment, judging from what we've seen so far. The ship's in much better shape than I feared. Hull's intact, leakage negligible—air pressure eighty-five percent nominal. Quite breathable.

"The best news is that the power systems are OK. Main reactor stable, batteries in good shape. Almost all the circuit breakers were open—they'd jumped or been thrown by Bowman before he left—so all vital equipment's been safeguarded. But it will be a very big job checking everything before we have full power again."

"How long will that take, at least for the essential systems—life support, propulsion?" Tanya asked.

"If we don't run into any major snags, we can haul Discovery up to a stable orbit—oh, I'd say inside a week."

"And HAL?"

"I'd say Dr. Chandra has quite a lot of work to do."

•

"What *is* it?" Curnow asked Floyd with mild distaste, hefting the little mechanism in his hand. "A guillotine for mice?"

"Not a bad description—but I'm after bigger game." Floyd pointed to a flashing arrow on the display screen, which was now showing a complicated circuit diagram.

"You see this line?"

"Yes—the main two-kilohertz power supply. So?"

"This is the point where it enters HAL's central-processing unit. I'd like you to install this gadget *here*—inside Discovery's cable trunking, where it can't be found without a deliberate search."

"I see. A remote control, so you can pull the plug on HAL whenever you want to. Very neat—and a nonconducting blade, too, so there won't be any embarrassing shorts when it's triggered. Who are you going to tell about this—*thing*?"

"Well, the only person I'm really hiding it from is Chandra."

"I guessed as much."

"But the fewer who know, the less likely it is to be talked about. I'll tell Tanya that it exists, and if there's an emergency, you can show her how to operate it."

"What kind of emergency?"

"*That*'s not a very bright question, Walter. If I knew, I wouldn't need the damn thing."

•

After a week's slow and careful reintegration, all of HAL's routine supervisory functions were operating reliably. He was like a man who could walk, carry out simple orders, do unskilled jobs and engage in low-level conversation. In human terms, he had an I.Q. of perhaps 50; only the faintest outlines of his original personality had yet emerged.

He was still sleepwalking; nevertheless, in Chandra's expert opinion, he was now quite capable of flying Discovery from its close orbit around Io up to the rendezvous with Big Brother.

Only Curnow and Chandra were aboard Discovery when HAL was given the first control of the ship. It was a very limited form of control; he was merely repeating the program that had been fed into his memory and monitoring its execution. And the human crew was monitoring *him*; if any malfunction occurred, they would take over immediately. HAL behaved impeccably. But by that time, everyone's thoughts were elsewhere: Big Brother was only 100

(continued on page 200)

Louise and Me

an american actress embarks on her own mission to moscow

text by Sydne Rome

Ohio-born Sydne Rome, one of the most popular stars of European films, has just become the first American actress to win a starring role in Soviet cinema. Sydne plays Louise Bryant, lover and wife of John Reed, in the $50,000,000 Mexican-Italian-Russian coproduction of "Ten Days That Shook the World," Reed's account of the Russian Revolution. (That's Sydne, in her Bryant persona, above.) Directed by the eminent Russian director Sergei Bondarchuk, the project took three months and literally a cast of thousands to complete. During that time, Sydne had the opportunity to observe firsthand Russian movie-making techniques, which at times included the recruiting of genuine Russian generals to give orders to the troops assembled for the picture. She also had the opportunity to study her character in the historic locations where Louise had lived and worked with Reed. For

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY / PRODUCED BY MARILYN GRABOWSKI

In the dunes of Provincetown (left), a recumbent Sydne revives the air and likeness of unconventional Louise Bryant, who herself hod posed in the dunes decades earlier (obove). Bryant's nude pose is remarkable considering the mores of the time.

Although Sydne wos chosen for the role of Louise Bryont because of her acting tolent, there are similarities in their lives thot make the costing oppropriate. Something of an odventuress herself, Sydne has spent the post 12 years working in Europe ond being morried to on Itolian photographer. Louise spent her early days in the artists' community of Provincetown, romancing both writers John Reed and Eugene O'Neill.

PLAYBOY, *Sydne agreed to re-create her movie persona, from Louise's real life in Provincetown to her fantasies about Russia. What follows are her impressions of Bryant and her feelings about this historic opportunity.*

Although Louise Bryant predated by decades what we think of as the sexual revolution, she was a true forerunner of our times. She spent her early 20s in Portland, Oregon, and the bourgeois

Long afternoons in the sun-splottered coastal town left much time for fantasy. Louise's idea of revolutionary Russia was more romantic than realistic. She saw a Russia of crystal palaces rather than one of political strife.

lifestyle of that community was in constant conflict with her personality and her drive. Louise was unusually attractive and irresistibly drawn to the physical, sensuous aspects of life. Knowing that she had to leave Portland or be stifled, she took charge of her destiny by meeting, entrancing and, ultimately, following journalist John Reed to New York and then to Provincetown, Massachusetts, a community of East Coast bohemians. There, *(text concluded on page 224)*

During the early days of the revolution, in 1917 (left), Louise, ployed by Sydne, ond John Reed, ployed by Franco Nero, join the Russians in the streets. The $50,000,000 film is based on American Reed's book *Ten Days That Shook the World.*

Acting out the fantasies of Louise Bryant (left and below), Sydne shows a sensuousness that is all hers. As the lead actress in the film, Sydne was treated "like a queen." She found present-day Russians friendly, if unmotivated, with a deep sense of the romantic. "They take love and romance very seriously; it's all they have."

An amazing breadth of expression in face and body is what makes Sydne Rome such a delight to watch on the screen. And it's that same quality that made her such a success in front of the still camera for these fantasy scenes. Europeans will see her portrayal of Bryant in February; American audiences, soon after.

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season

verse By TOM KOCH

TO SYLVESTER STALLONE

Your VIth sense told you *Rocky III*
Was what should next be done.
Your guess was right; the figures show
It may top *II* and *I*.
Though you're in VIIth heaven now,
Has it occurred to you
That typecast actors soon create
Their own catch-XXII?

TO A STAR OF THE N.F.L.

September, playing in the rain,
You won while high on pure cocaine;
And when October came to pass,
You floated through on mellow grass.
November, too, brought victory.
(You hit new peaks on PCP.)
But though you've had a super fall,
You can't remember it at all.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

TO A VIDEO-GAME ADDICT

Congratulations, Pac-Man champ!
With skill, you've met each test.
You're now a legend in your time;
We hail your personal best.
And as you savor triumph on
This joyful Christmas Day,
Here's hoping you won't notice that
Your family's moved away.

TO A BANKRUPTCY LAWYER

As others failed, you reaped success
By helping clients find
Those buried chapters in the law
That they could hide behind.
You kept them safe from creditors
With daring wizardry
That stalled off paying every bill
Except your legal fee.
This holiday, the news reports
Must fill your heart with cheer,
For '83 may also be
A Reaganomic year.

TO JAMES WATT

We know you'll love our Christmas card:
It's not recycled junk.
The paper's made of virgin wood,
A stately redwood trunk.
Our present, too, was picked to be
The one you'll like the most:
We've lit an oil slick in your name
Off California's coast.

2010 (continued from page 190)

"As David Bowman, commander of U.S. spacecraft Discovery, he had been caught in a gigantic trap."

kilometers away.

Even from that distance, it already appeared larger than the Moon as seen from Earth and shockingly unnatural in its straight-edged, geometrical perfection. Against the background of space it would have been completely invisible, but the scudding Jovian clouds 350,000 kilometers below showed it up in dramatic relief. They also produced an illusion that, once experienced, the mind found almost impossible to refute. Because there was no way in which its real location could be judged by the eye, Big Brother often looked like a yawning trap door, completely featureless, set in the face of Jupiter.

Big Brother did not appear to notice the two ships that had arrived in its vicinity—even when they cautiously probed it with radar beams and bombarded it with strings of radio pulses that, it was hoped, would encourage any intelligent listener to answer in the same fashion.

After two frustrating days, with the approval of Mission Control, the ships halved their distance. From 50 kilometers, the largest face of the slab appeared about four times the width of the Moon in Earth's sky—impressive but not so large as to be psychologically overwhelming. It could not yet compete with Jupiter, ten times larger still; and already the mood of the expedition was changing from awed alertness to a certain impatience.

Walter Curnow spoke for almost everyone: "Big Brother may be willing to wait a few million years—*we'd* like to get away a little sooner."

•

To: Victor Millson, Chairman, National Council on Astronautics, Washington, D.C.

From: Heywood Floyd, U.S.S.C. Discovery

Subject: Malfunction of on-board computer HAL 9000

Classification: SECRET

Dr. Chandrasegarampillai (hereinafter referred to as Dr. C.) has completed his preliminary examination of HAL. He has restored all missing modules, and the computer appears to be fully operational.

The problem was apparently caused by a conflict between HAL's basic instructions and the requirements of security. By direct Presidential order, the existence of the Tycho monolith (TMA-1) was kept a complete secret. Only those with a need to know were permitted access to the information.

Discovery's mission to Jupiter was already in the advanced-planning stage when TMA-1 was excavated and radiated its signal to that planet. As the function of the prime crew (Bowman, Poole) was merely to get the vessel to its destination, it was decided that they should not be informed of its new objective. By training the investigative team (Kaminski, Hunter, Whitehead) separately and placing them in hibernation before the voyage began, it was felt that a much higher degree of security would be attained, as the danger of leaks (accidental or otherwise) would be greatly reduced.

As HAL was capable of operating the ship without human assistance, it was also decided that he should be programmed to carry out the mission autonomously in the event of the crew's being incapacitated or killed. He was therefore given full knowledge of its objectives but was not permitted to reveal them to Bowman or Poole.

This situation conflicted with the purpose for which HAL had been designed—the accurate processing of information without distortion or concealment. As a result, HAL developed what would be called in human terms a psychosis—specifically, schizophrenia.

To put it crudely, HAL was faced with an intolerable dilemma and so developed paranoiac symptoms that were directed against those monitoring his performance back on Earth. He accordingly attempted to break the radio link with Mission Control, first by reporting a (nonexistent) fault in the AE-35 antenna unit.

This involved him not only in a direct lie—which must have aggravated his psychosis still further—but also in a confrontation with the crew. Presumably, he decided that the only way out of the situation was to eliminate his human colleagues—which he very nearly succeeded in doing. Looking at the matter purely objectively, it would have been interesting to see what would have happened had he continued the mission alone, without man-made interference.

The only important question now is: Can HAL be relied upon in the future? Dr. C., of course, has no doubts about the matter. He claims to have obliterated all the computer's memories of the traumatic events leading up to the disconnection. Nor does he believe that HAL can suffer from anything remotely analogous to the human sense of guilt. As you know—*but Dr. C. does not*—I have taken steps that will give us complete control as a last resort.

To sum up: The rehabilitation of HAL 9000 is proceeding satisfactorily. One might even say that he is on probation.

I wonder if he knows it.

•

It was as if he had awakened from a dream—or a dream within a dream. How long had he been away? A whole lifetime; no, <u>two</u> lifetimes: one forward, one in reverse.

As David Bowman, commander and last surviving crew member of U.S. spacecraft Discovery, he had been caught in a gigantic trap set 3,000,000 years ago and triggered to respond only at the right time and to the right stimulus. He had fallen through it from one universe to another, meeting wonders; some he now understood, others he might never comprehend.

He had raced at ever-accelerating speed, down infinite corridors of light, until he had outraced light itself. He had passed through a cosmic switching system—a Grand Central Station of the galaxies—and emerged, protected from its fury by unknown forces, close to the surface of a giant red star.

There he had witnessed the paradox of sunrise on the face of a sun when the dying star's brilliant-white dwarf companion had climbed into its sky—a searing apparition drawing a tidal wave of fire beneath it. He had felt no fear, only wonder, even when his space pod had carried him into the inferno below. . . .

To arrive, beyond all reason, in a beautifully appointed hotel suite containing nothing that was not wholly familiar. However, much of it was fake: The books on the shelves were dummies; the cereal boxes and the cans of beer in the icebox—though they bore famous labels—all contained the same bland food, with a texture like bread's but a taste that was almost anything he cared to imagine.

He had quickly realized that he was a specimen in a cosmic zoo, his cage carefully re-created from the images in old television programs. And he wondered when his keepers would appear and in what physical form.

How foolish <u>that</u> expectation had

(continued on page 274)

who knows
what evil lurks in the heart of the
ultimate status symbol? a rolls owner does,
that's who

ME AND MY SHADOW

memoir **By AL GOLDSTEIN**

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED CARS, but from the time I was a boy, I've considered the Rolls-Royce the symbol of ultimate luxury. Like courtly love, it was an idealization living in a rarefied atmosphere only a few privileged mortals could share. To me, a Rolls was the final statement that I had made it.

From my present sadder and wiser vantage point, I have come to the painful conclusion that the Rolls-Royce is the automotive equivalent of Richard Nixon. More specifically, if Tricky Dick were reincarnated as a car, he would be a Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, the model I was cursed with. And, like Nixon, the Rolls-Royce should be thrown out of office and disgraced. What other conclusion could I *(continued on page 260)*

LEROY NEIMAN

•SKETCHBOOK•

BROOKE SHIELDS CAME TO my New York studio with her mother, Teri. She leaned on my drawing table and looked me straight in the eye, unblinking. There wos not a hint of mistrust or defensiveness about her as we tolked of trovel, art closses, dating ond her horse, Cobolt. She wos a delightful combination of innocent sophisticotion, youthful appearonce ond mature intelligence. She wore no make-up; her color was natural ond wholesome. I decided to do the head study first to fomiliorize myself with her beouty. I switched from charcoal to woter colors to sketch the exercises thot ore part of her daily routine, and suddenly, she chonged into o sexy, ogile, feline creoture, completely different from the schoolgirl who'd sat quietly before me o few minutes earlier. As o student at the school of the Art Institute of Chicogo, I hod frequently visited John Singer Sorgent's life-size nude *The Egyptian Girl*, pointed in 1891. When I met Brooke, I couldn't help comparing her with thot painting. Although her body is in the some stonce, Sargent's model oppears shy, with downcost eyes and polms turned out. My rendering of Brooke shows her eyes forward, hands turned lovingly inward—o portrait of o self-ossured, beautiful young lady looking ahead to an odventurous life. This was the first time she hod posed for on artist. She said she loved doing it. So did I.

—L.N.

Two artists ot work: Brooke Shields, exhibiting quolities that hove made her o stor, poses for LeRoy Neiman. They are obviously pleased with the results.

"Never in my life have I met with such cold, calculating avarice in a woman—I think I'm in love!"

the ballad of hookshop kate

American folk verse, circa 1900

Did you ever hear of the gruesome fate
That befell our heroine, Hookshop Kate?
Though now she has passed to the Great Beyond,
She was once the queen of the demimonde.
She wasn't a beauty for a beauty show,
But her talent for jazzing was sheer vertigo!
And the one pet brag of Hookshop Kate
Was she never yet had met her mate.

When the news of the gold stampede grew hot,
Hookshop Kate, she headed out;
And all she needed of that was a whiff,
For she'd heard that cocks in the North froze stiff.
She landed in Fairbanks one winter's night
And issued her challenge to all in sight,
But all of the miners who tested her power
Were fucked to a whisper inside of an hour.

The records show that before spring came,
Near every man in town went lame.
With a sneer of contempt, she sallied forth
And bade farewell to the frozen North.
She headed straight for Hawaii's isles,
Where men wore nothing but nature's smiles.
But alas! She was doomed to the same sad fate,
For none was the equal of Hookshop Kate.

So the Hawaiians put her up on their throne
And crowned her queen of the zig-zig zone,
But she only wept and frowned and sighed
And told them she longed to be satisfied.
Thus they resolved to find her a mate
Who could crack the back of Hookshop Kate.
A bookseller wandered onto the scene
And asked to be ushered to the queen.

He claimed he knew of a candidate
To put the stuffing in Hookshop Kate.
A shepherd he was, from a distant isle,
Who never had known a woman's wile
But had spent his life with a wandering flock
And developed by hand his phenomenal cock.
'Twas a daily thing for him, they said,
To screw 60 sheep ere he went to bed.

They took a boat to Hawaii's shore,
The band played out as never before.
Our hero led the gay procession
And was told to rest for the earth-shaking session,
But just to get in the mood of the games,
He limbered up with 24 dames.
Whetted at last, on the stroke of four,
He was ushered off to Katy's door.

They gazed in awe at his two-foot erection
And gave him a shove in the proper direction,
Then all night long their vigil kept—
While only the birds and the animals slept—
Awake to the awful groans and moans
And powerful heavings of flesh and bones
And betting each other they'd never see him
Who'd fit the measure of Kate's big quim.

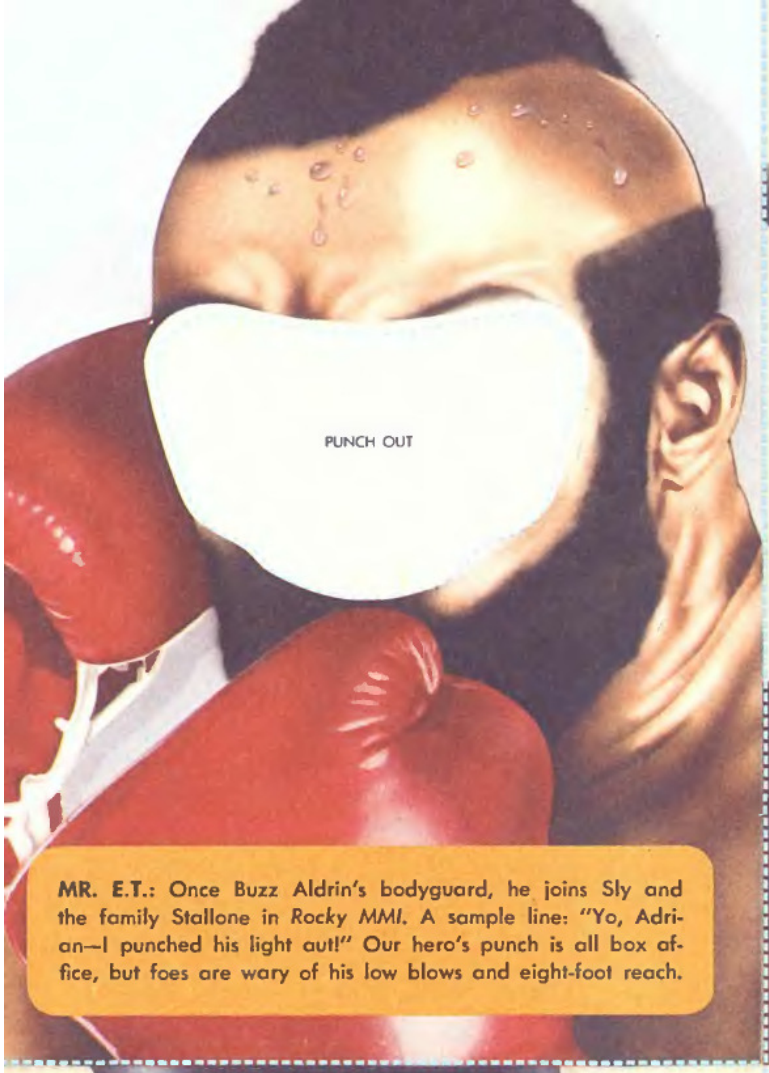
Next morning, the bookman opened the door,
Eager to know the final score.
When the lights went on, to their surprise,
This was the sight that met their eyes:
With a happy smile, propped up in bed,
The famous Hookshop Kate was dead,
While under the bed, the shepherd guy
Jacked off at the post without batting an eye.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

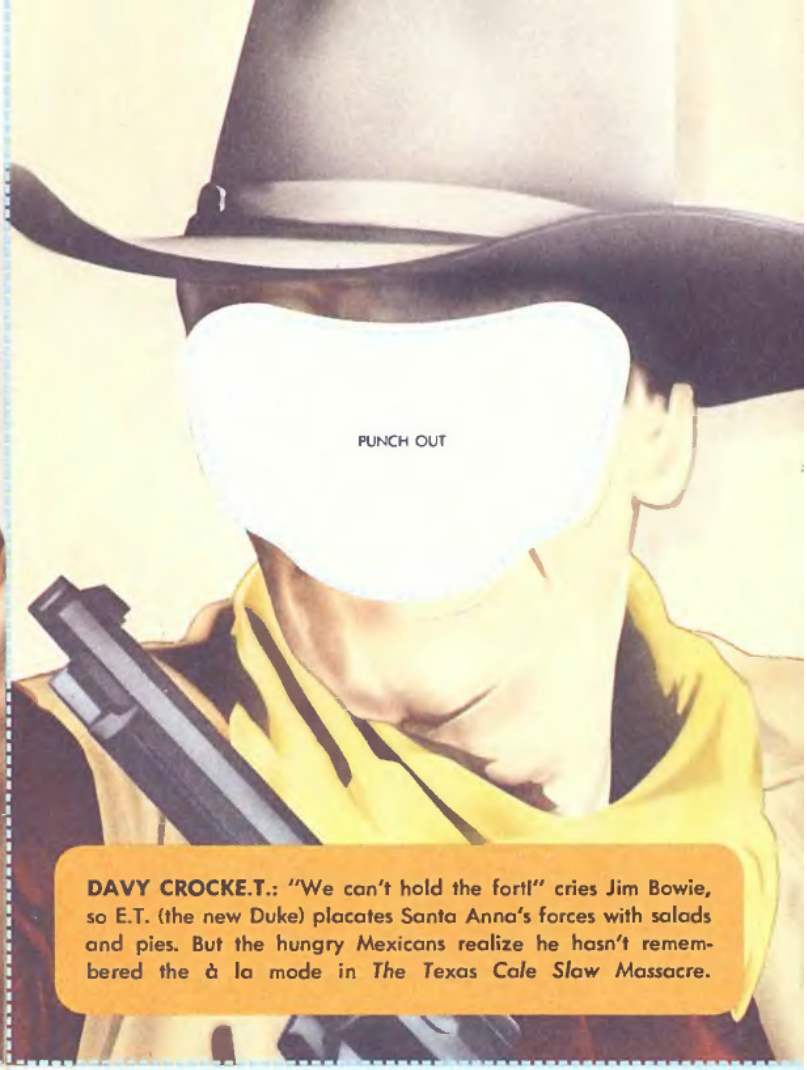
SEX STARS OF 1982

E.T.—THE EXTRA-SUCCESSFUL: Agent "Swifty" Yoda tells us E.T. just may be in every movie of the Eighties. Want a sneak preview? OK, first tear along the perforations and separate the four cards on the opposite page. Now punch out the faces of those old stars. To really get into it, you might shout, "This looks like a job for (your name)!" when confronting Superman, or, "In your face, muthah!" while punching out Mr. T. If you mess up, go out immediately and buy another PLAYBOY. Place the cards one by one over E.T.'s rugged good looks for our feature presentation. Flip each card for another star turn by E.T. *Voilà* (French for "Check it out")—the future of the movie business.

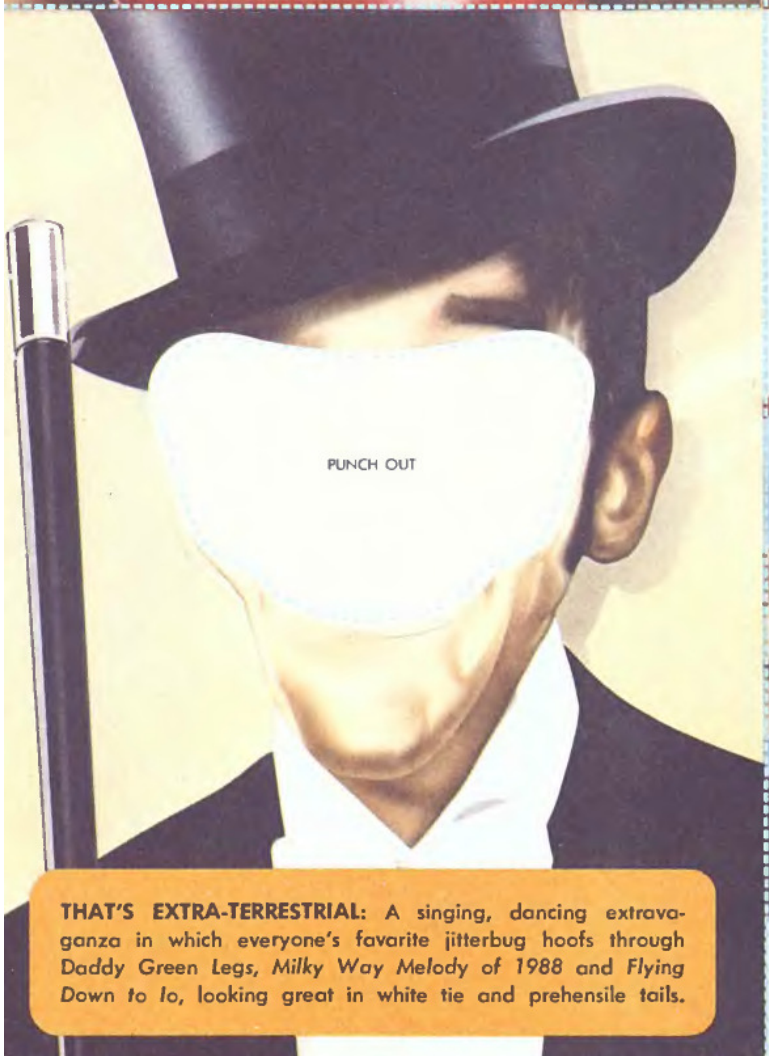
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS MAGDICH



MR. E.T.: Once Buzz Aldrin's bodyguard, he joins Sly and the family Stallone in *Rocky MMI*. A sample line: "Yo, Adrian—I punched his light out!" Our hero's punch is all box office, but foes are wary of his low blows and eight-foot reach.

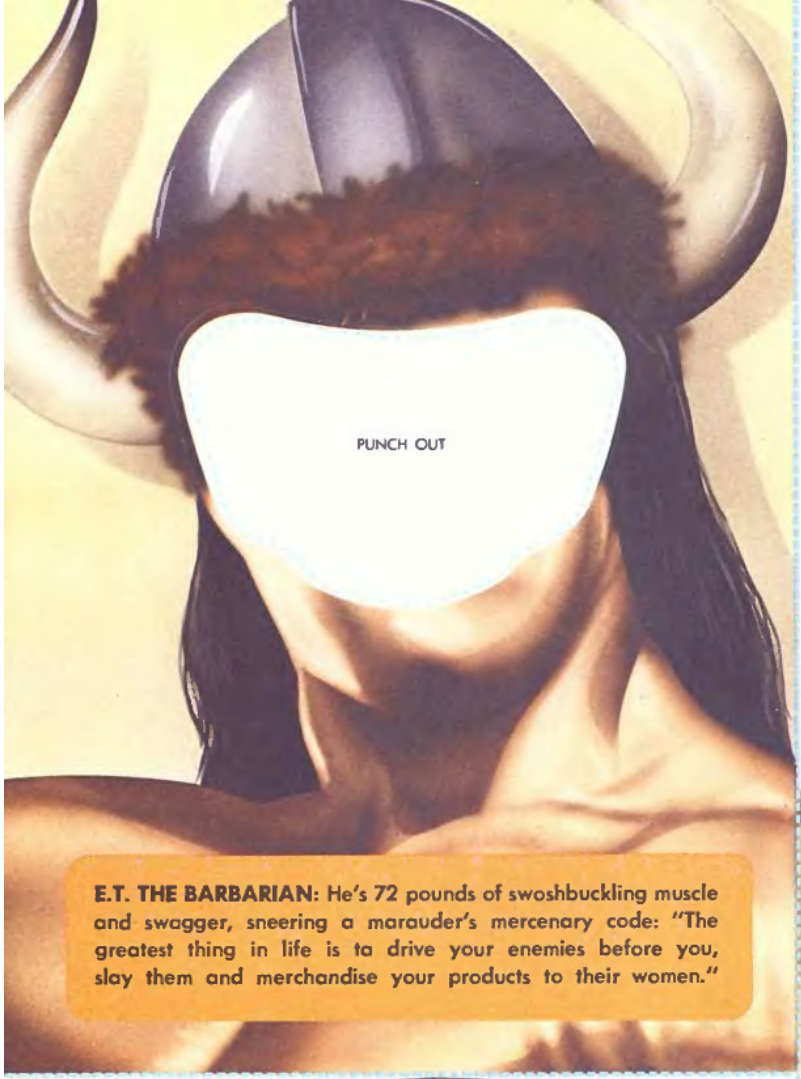


DAVY CROCKE.T.: "We can't hold the fort!" cries Jim Bowie, so E.T. (the new Duke) placates Santa Anna's forces with salads and pies. But the hungry Mexicans realize he hasn't remembered the à la mode in *The Texas Cole Slaw Massacre*.

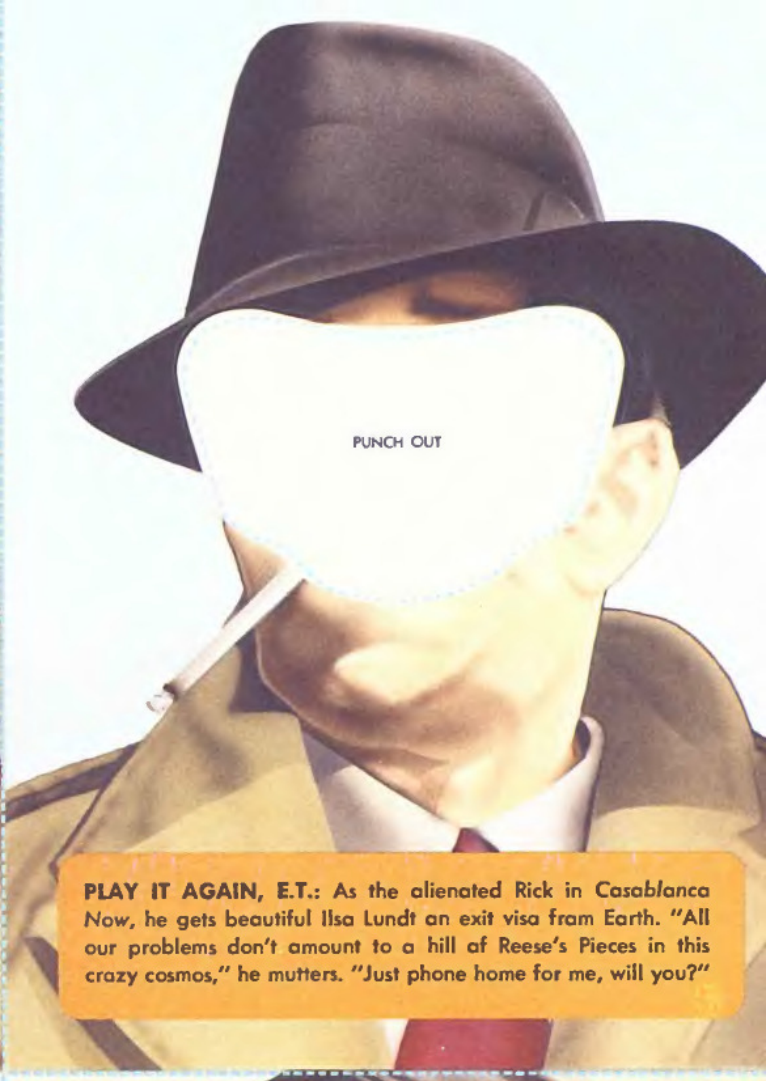


THAT'S EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL: A singing, dancing extravaganza in which everyone's favarite jitterbug hoofs through *Daddy Green Legs, Milky Way Melody of 1988* and *Flying Down to Io*, looking great in white tie and prehensile tails.

CLARK KENT'S SECRET IDENTE.T.: Christopher Reeve wanted big bucks, so for a case of beer, our boy becames the Man of Polyurethane in *Lois Lands Her Man*. A blanching Margot Kidder tald aur movie reviewer, "*All* his appendages are green."

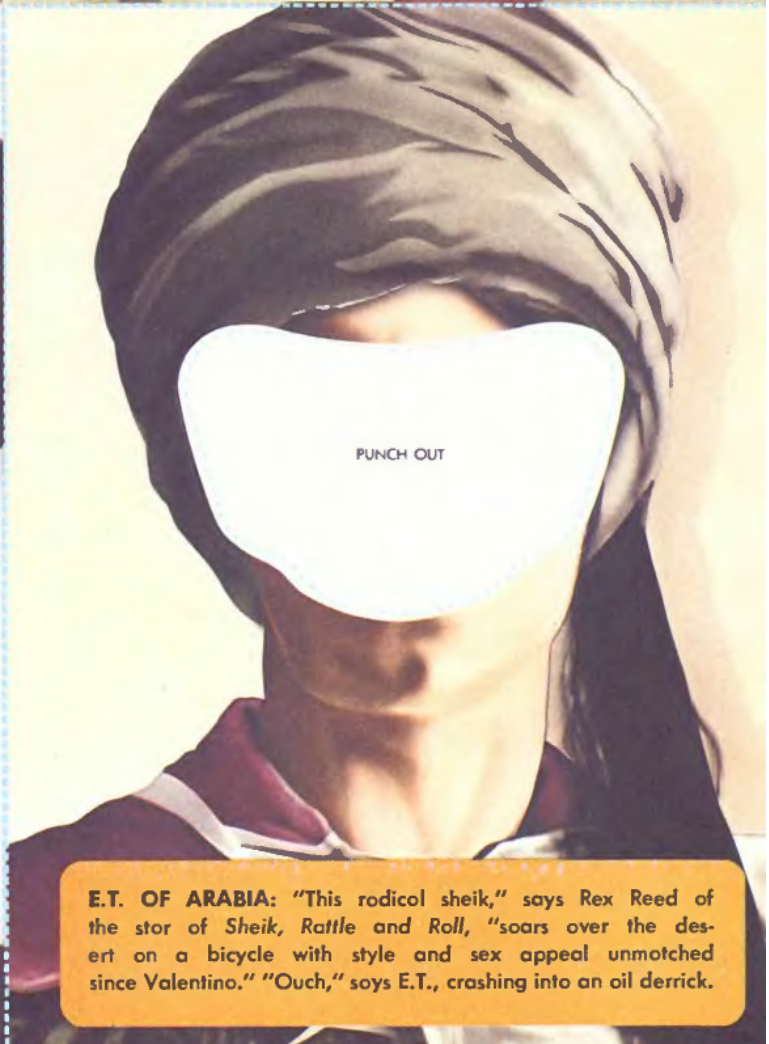


E.T. THE BARBARIAN: He's 72 pounds of swoshbuckling muscle and swagger, sneering a marauder's mercenary code: "The greatest thing in life is to drive your enemies before you, slay them and merchandise your products to their women."



PLAY IT AGAIN, E.T.: As the alienated Rick in *Casablanca Now*, he gets beautiful Ilsa Lundt an exit visa from Earth. "All our problems don't amount to a hill of Reese's Pieces in this crazy cosmos," he mutters. "Just phone home for me, will you?"

RHE.T. BUTLER: This smooth Southern gent teleports his woman (a female alien) over the flomes of Atlanta only to see her fall for Ashley Wilkes. "Frankly, ScarlE.T., I don't give a damn," he says, dumping her at the doorstep of Terra.



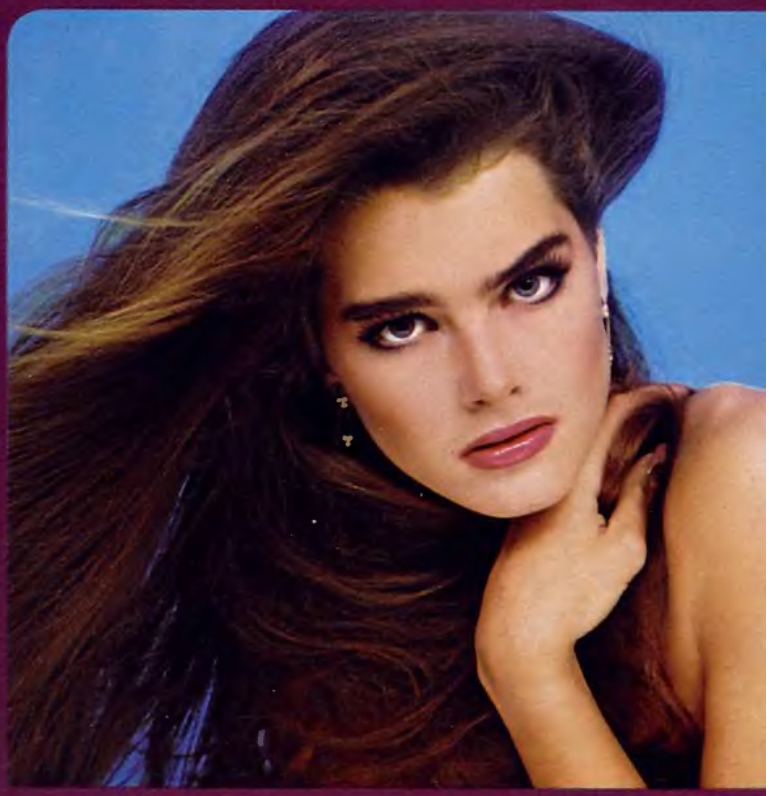
E.T. OF ARABIA: "This rodicol sheik," says Rex Reed of the stor of *Sheik, Rattle and Roll*, "soars over the desert on a bicycle with style and sex appeal unmotched since Valentino." "Ouch," soys E.T., crashing into an oil derrick.

onscreen, they were a collection of nuts, bolts and critters from outer space; offscreen, they were the same vulnerable creatures of heaving flesh and overheated blood we've come to know and love

pictorial essay By JIM HARWOOD The way things are going, it won't be long until two of those contraptions up there on the big screen start screwing—and the next installment of *Sex Stars* will appear in *Popular Mechanics.*

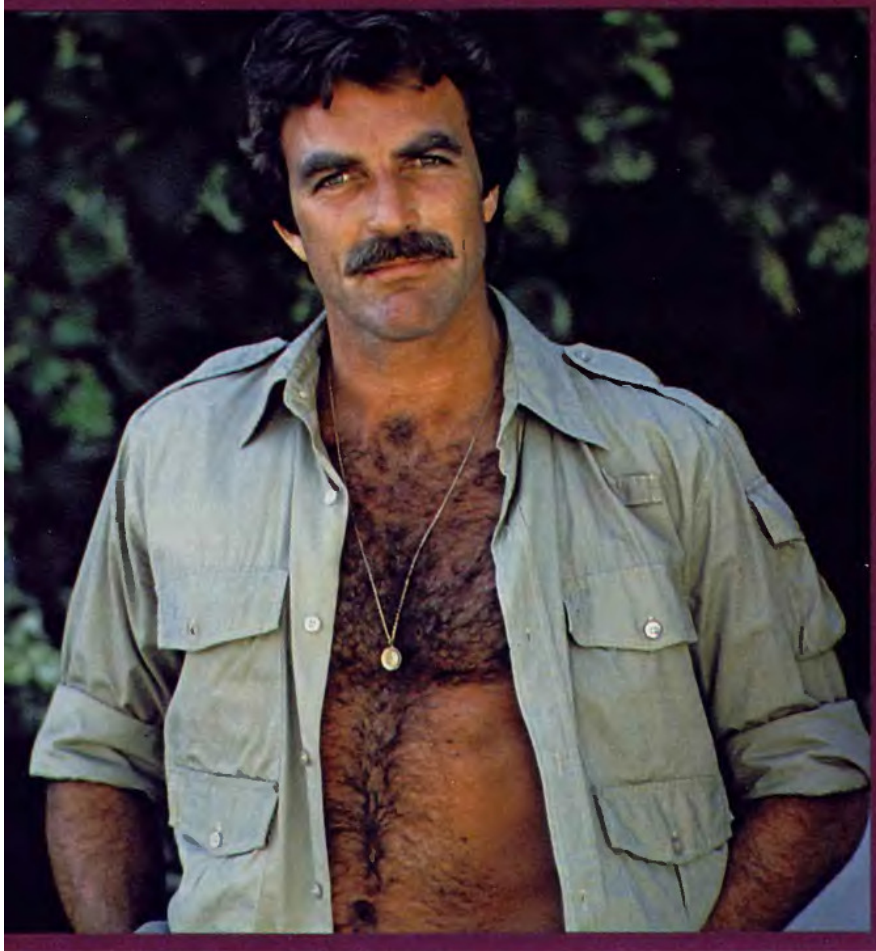
Fortunately, as the sex stars of 1982 rallied to prove, we aren't there yet. But the public's imagination, if not its libido, was clearly aroused this year by **E.T.**, a sexless and not even very handsome creature—more interested in going home than in carousing and cavorting—whose idea of a big time was popping a beer in front of the TV. From *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* to *TRON*, Hollywood's emphasis was on space-age machinery; sexy **Harrison Ford's** hot love interest in *Blade Runner* was—what else?—a robot. Much of what down-to-earth sex there *was* was played for laughs, as in the phenomenally successful, raunchy *Porky's* or, more gently, in **Woody Allen's** *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* and the offbeat **Henry Winkler** chuckler *Night Shift.*

Offscreen, however, sex stars were having a grand old time, maybe making up for all that blandness onscreen. One outstanding trend was the rash of May-December matings of older women with younger men (not discouraged, we're sure, by recent PLAYBOY features on such 40ish and 50ish fireballs as **Fran Jeffries** and **Vikki La Motta**). Even sweet little **Olivia Newton-John**, everybody's kid sister, has turned 33 and taken up with **Matt Lattanzi**, ten years her junior; he's an actor-dancer whom she met on the set of her last, lamented film, *Xanadu.* **Cher**, everybody's bolder, brassier *big* sister, at 35 found comfort with **Les Dudek**, 29, a guitarist on her *Black Rose* album. **Lesley Ann Warren**, also 35, hit big with *Victor/Victoria,* *(text continued on page 220)*



MEDIA DARLINGS: The guy for whom the girls sighed in 1982 wasn't exactly your standard matinee idol, but he had an undeniable charm. E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial from Steven Spielberg's hit movie of the same name, won box-office and critical championships hands—appendages?—down. (For some new roles for the adorable alien, check insert.) Holding up the distaff side were Brooke Shields (top right), everybody's favorite underage sex bomb, who made news by retrieving nude photos for which she'd posed in her rasher childhood; and the bounteous Dolly Parton (right), madam of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas.*

FLYING HIGH: Soaring above the crowd in every sense of the word are Richard Gere (above left), a naval air cadet in *An Officer and a Gentleman*; Harrison Ford (above right), that fearless ace from the *Star Wars* series, who did most of his hovering over a futuristic Los Angeles in *Blade Runner* this year but will soon, we trust, emerge from Han Solo's deep freeze; and Tom (*Magnum, P.I.*) Selleck (below), due momentarily as a World War One pilot in *High Road to China*.



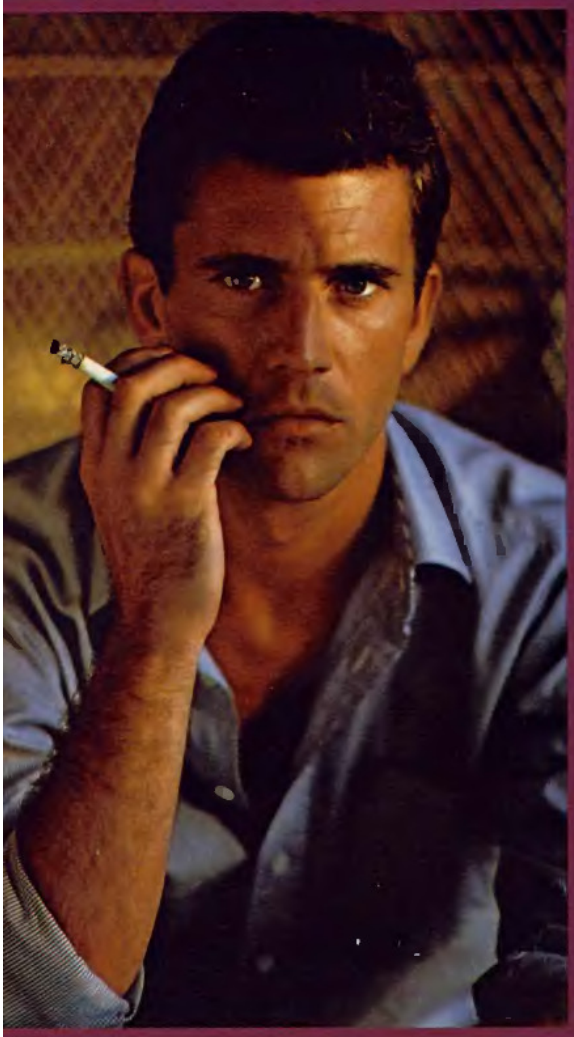
BODIES BEAUTIFUL: "When you've got it, flaunt it" might well be the motto of these shapely stars (clockwise from top left): Sybil Danning, picked by critic Roger Ebert as 1982 Cannes sex symbol of the year; Sandahl Bergman and Arnold Schwarzenegger, the dynamic duo of *Conan the Barbarian*; Barbara Carrera, the sinister sex therapist in *I, the Jury*, ready to play opposite Sean Connery in his proposed return to Bondage; Leon Isaac (*Penitentiary et seq.*; *Body and Soul*) Kennedy; Sylvester Stallone, here in his third incarnation as Rocky Balboa, who followed that one-two-three punch by drawing *First Blood* later in the year; and Victoria (*Dallas*) Principal, whose face and figure, tastefully exposed in a long-running series of television commercials, have inspired thousands of sweaty hopefuls to join a chain of 225 health clubs across the nation.

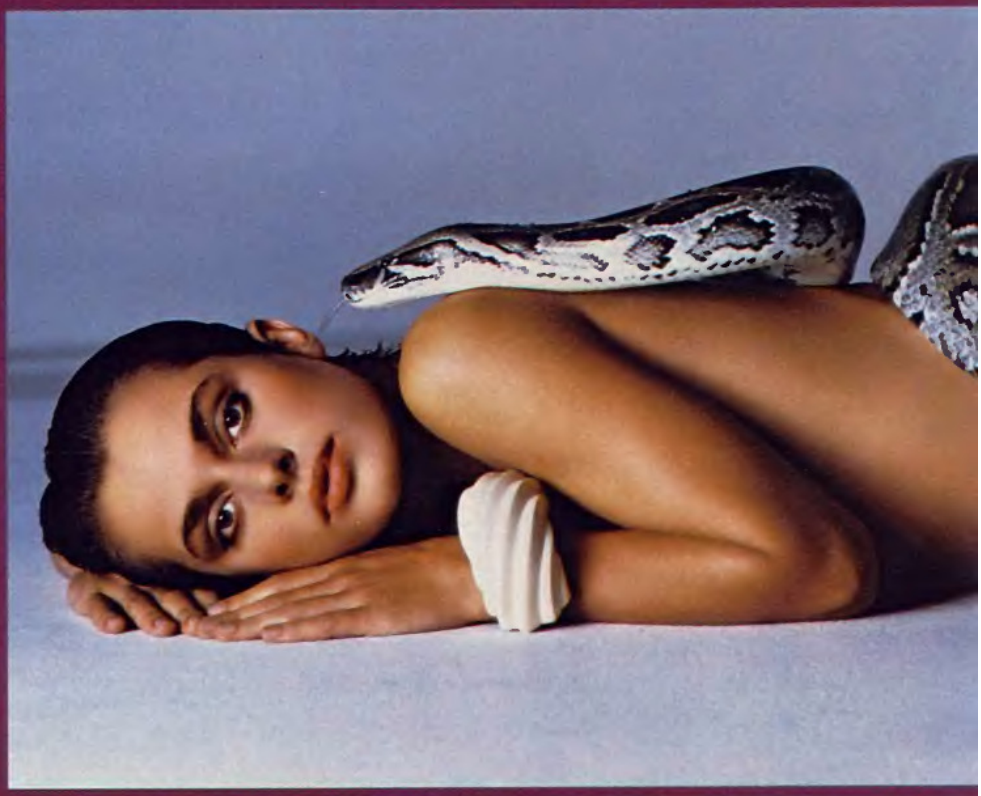
SEX ONSTAGE: Savoring the high every performer gets from the applause of a live audience were Raquel Welch (left), socko in Broadway's *Woman of the Year*; Richard Pryor (right), getting a grip on himself in *Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip*; Gregory Harrison (below right, in his go-go outfit from the TV special *For Ladies Only*), who wowed matrons in an L.A. revival of *The Hasty Heart*; the indestructible Mick Jagger (below), back in England with the Stones (first time in six years) to pack Wembley Stadium; and Anita Morris (far left, below), whose performance in this see-through outfit in Broadway's musical smash *Nine* was so hot that CBS wouldn't let her do her thing in it on its telecast of the Tony-awards presentation.

TORRID TWOSOMES: Love is still Hollywood's favorite four-letter word. Just ask Jacqueline Bisset and ballet star Alexander Godunov (above); Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson (top right); *Reds*-hot lovers Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton (bottom right); and Harry (*Making Love*) Hamlin and Ursula Andress (below), the happily unwed parents of a strapping two-year-old son.

UP, UP AND AWAY: Here's a sextet of lucky ladies whose careers have really taken off. Mariel Hemingway (top left) will follow *Personal Best* with the role of Dorothy Stratten in Bob Fosse's *Star 80*; Maud Adams (above) plays the titular Octopussy in the newest Bond film; Rachel (*Sharky's Machine*; *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*) Ward (below right) snagged the coveted part of Meggie Cleary in the nine-hour televersion of Colleen McCullough's novel *The Thorn Birds*; Debra Winger (below center) proved in the summer's hottest romance, *An Officer and a Gentleman*, that her *Urban Cowboy* performance was no fluke; Susan Sarandon (bottom left), late of *Tempest*, is due in the steamy vampire film *The Hunger*; Ann Jillian (center left) graduated from *Sugar Babies* and *It's a Living* to portray Mae West on TV.

SUPERSUDSERS: Now that soap operas have spilled over into prime time, nighttime viewers are becoming used to the kind of heavy-breathing stuff that housewives have long enjoyed. Helping fuel those fantasies are *Dynasty*'s Pamela Sue Martin (top left), who's come a long way, baby, since her days as TV's Nancy Drew; Morgan Fairchild of *Flamingo Road* (top right), whose foray into film, *The Seduction*, was less successful than her tube series; Linda Evans (bottom right), a former resident of *The Big Valley* (and one of the ex–Mesdames John Derek), now hot in *Dynasty*; and Anthony Geary and Genie Francis (left), whose wedding on *General Hospital* broke viewing records. Like many real-life unions, the video version was short-lived. Genie has since decamped, presumably for greener dramatic pastures.





PASSPORTS TO SUCCESS: A favored few stars from overseas continue to win acclaim from American fans. Outstanding among them: Nastassia (*Cat People*) Kinski (daughter of German actor Klaus Kinski), seen above in Richard Avedon's celebrated snake-on-the-ass photo; Holland's Rutger Hauer (top right), the compelling villain of *Nighthawks* and *Blade Runner*; Brazil's Sonia Braga (below far right), who'll be seen opposite Marcello Mastroianni in the MGM release *Gabriela*—perhaps the first U.S.–

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD AVEDON

backed film to be shot with sound track in Portuguese; Italy's Laura Antonelli (below near right), the beauty incomprehensibly jilted for a neurotic drab in *Passione d'Amore*; America's Sydne Rome (below near left), who went the other way, geographically speaking, to film a John Reed–Louise Bryant bio in Europe (see more of Sydne elsewhere in this issue); Dutch-born Sylvia Kristel (bottom far left, in a scene from *Lady Chatterley's Lover*); and Mel Gibson (top left) of Australia's *The Road Warrior*.

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK: Fan magazines have been devoting plenty of ink to Pia (*Butterfly*) Zadora (bottom left), who may have set a record for column inches measured against moments onscreen; Donna (*Bosom Buddies*) Dixon (above left); teen heartthrob Matt (*Tex*) Dillon (above center); top-ranked model Christie Brinkley (above right); and Christopher (*The Pirate Movie*) Atkins (below, in a spoof of Avedon's Kinski pose that seems to indicate he finds the whole thing a dreadful boa). In a class by herself (opposite) is our Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed, who scarcely has a moment free these days, what with being our first video Playmate, acting as hostess on *The Playboy Channel* and appearing in a continuing role as Diana Hunter on CBS' prime-time television series *Falcon Crest*.

pleasing choreographer **Jeffrey Hornaday**, 25, who has lived with her for several years while gradually getting used to the fact that he's only 12 years older than her son by **Jon Peters**, who's still with **Barbra Streisand**.

Ursula Andress, 46, has a two-year-old son by **Harry Hamlin**, 30, and **Michelle Phillips**, 37, a new baby by actor **Grainger Hines**, 33. Neither of these mothers, incidentally, is married. Sexy **Jackie Bisset**, 37, leaped into the high-flying arms of ballet star **Alexander Godunov**, 32, while handsome **Maxwell Caulfield**, 22, married 40-year-old actress **Juliet Mills**. Let's hope that her maturity will smooth the edges of Caulfield's juvenile ego binges; he had proclaimed himself a superstar even before his first big film, *Grease 2*, was released. It flopped.

Melissa Manchester, 31, married her stage manager, **Kevin DeRemer**, 27, while another thrush, 36-year-old **Carly Simon**, found a young honey in **Al Corley**, 24, of TV's *Dynasty*. In 1978, while married to **James Taylor**, Simon hosted the secret wedding of then–Charlie's Angel **Kate Jackson** to six-years-younger actor **Andrew Stevens**. Jackson later complained that she was too mature for Stevens, and that marriage is now a fling of the past, but this year, at 33, Jackson married again: The lucky fellow is businessman **David Greenwald**, who is the same age as Stevens.

At 24, fledgling **Andy Gibb** failed to hold on to **Victoria Principal**, 32; the breach sent him into a brief tail spin and a reported nervous breakdown, and too much cocaine, he later admitted, caused him to lose his voice and his job as host of *Solid Gold*. But the young are resilient, and he bounced back in a stage production of *The Pirates of Penzance*.

Surely, though, there must still be a young lovely out there somewhere who would appreciate the doting attention of a big spender 32 years her senior. Enter **Pia Zadora**, truly this year's blazing flash, who, if nothing else, proved that sex stardom can be bought. At 26, Pia is the bride of one **Meshulam Riklis**, 59, a millionaire entrepreneur who's been exceedingly helpful to her career. If she wants to do commercials, she does them for Dubonnet, a product of Seagram's, which he owns; if she wants to sing, she sings at the Riviera in Las Vegas, which he owns; if she wants to shed her clothes in the movies, she sheds them for Par-Par Productions, which he owns. Although doubtless coincidental, all this is undeniably convenient.

With hubby backing an all-out publicity campaign for Pia's performance in *Butterfly*, she even won a Hollywood Foreign Press Association Golden Globe award for best newcomer, beating the likes of **Kathleen** (*Body Heat*) **Turner** and **Elizabeth** (*Ragtime*) **McGovern**. Some suspected that the foreign writers, whose choices are often controversially askew, might have been influenced by Riklis' generosity—a notion denied on all sides. In any case, domestic critics were much less kind to Zadora's acting, and *Butterfly* fluttered quietly to the ground. But everybody agreed that Pia looked terrific with her clothes off, and she promises to return.

Although she doesn't appear to be, Pia is at least beyond the age of consent, which makes her a welcome relief from **Brooke Shields**, the underage untouchable. For a change, Brooke stayed out of trouble this year, causing hardly any fuss at all; she did, however, seek a New York court injunction to stop a photographer from exploiting nude photos taken of her when she was ten.

Shields had a clone who kicked up her own kind of daffy difficulty. Pretty **Phoebe Cates** teamed up with **Willie Aames** (from *Eight Is Enough*) in *Paradise*, a film that was suspiciously similar to 1980's *The Blue Lagoon*, starring Shields and **Christopher Atkins**—right down to plot and poster. Even Cates was quoted as calling *Paradise* a "rip-off," but a judge ultimately disagreed, rejecting a bid by Columbia Pictures to stop Embassy Pictures from releasing the *Lagoon* look-alike. Finally given the chance to see *Paradise*, the public just yawned and let the palm trees wither.

Cates got a better and far more original break later in the year in the sexy *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, in which her amusingly explicit lesson on how to give head (later toned down) initially earned the picture an X rating. This cutie, incidentally, is the daughter of TV producer **Joseph Cates** and the niece of producer-director Gilbert Cates, whose credits include both Broadway and screen versions of *I Never Sang for My Father*; and her co-star, **Jennifer Jason Leigh**, is the daughter of the late **Vic Morrow**. All of which reminds us of just how fast a whole new generation of youngsters bearing familiar genes is coming onto the scene.

By now, of course, all those who hanker after gorgeous **Nastassia Kinski** must know she's the daughter of famed German actor **Klaus Kinski**. Although a fine actress, Nastassia has built a reputation on several teen romances with well-known directors and a natural flair for onscreen nudity. She still lacks a runaway hit, suffering this year through the flop of *One from the Heart* and the marginally more successful *Cat People*. Dad, meanwhile, keeps perking along and, after 180 European pictures, recently moved to L.A. to expand his American career.

You might win more bar bets asking which famous film comic's daughter bared all in the prehistoric *Quest for Fire*. Pay off on **Rae Dawn**, offspring of **Tommy Chong**, who said he didn't mind the nudity but was glad she didn't do porn. The sweetheart of **Neil Simon's** *I Ought to Be in Pictures*, **Dinah Manoff**, is the look-alike daughter of Oscar-winning **Lee Grant**. *The Greatest American Hero*'s **William Katt** is the scion of actor parents **Barbara Hale** and **Bill Williams**; **Timothy** (*Taps*) **Hutton** is the son of the late **Jim Hutton**; Broadway-bound **Maria Burton** has quite a pair of parents in **Elizabeth Taylor** and **Richard Burton** (who teased the tabloids this year with rumors of a resumed romance that didn't resume).

Young **Griffin O'Neal** starred in his first film, *The Escape Artist*, joining dad **Ryan** and sister **Tatum** in the pro circle. Griffin also added to his reputation by knocking out the tooth of a fellow trying to snatch a famous purse—one belonging to Pop's steady girl, **Farrah Fawcett**. (It's expected, by the way, that Farrah will become the kids' stepmom once she concludes a messy divorce fight with **Lee Majors**.)

Dolly Parton's little sister **Rachel Dennison** stepped into the TV version of *9 to 5*, reprising the role that made Sis a hit in her feature-film debut. Meanwhile, Parton herself teamed with **Burt Reynolds** to pack audiences in for the rollicking musical *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. With him in his toupee and her in her wig, they both settled down to a long summer's gig.

Naturally, as with every Reynolds wrap, there were rumors that Parton was Burt's offscreen Dolly as well. But she insisted that their friendship was too good to screw up. Besides, she's been married for 16 years to **Carl Dean**, who tends the farm back near Nashville. Conceding that it's an odd and distant marriage, she still says it's worth staying faithful for.

Reynolds looked tired in *Whorehouse*, and it's no wonder. He's still cranking out more pictures than any other superstar—and chasing more women, the latest being **Loni Anderson** of *WKRP in Cincinnati*. She was preceded by L.A. TV cohost **Tawny Little**, who was preceded by **Rachel Ward**, Reynolds' co-star in *Sharky's Machine*, in turn preceded by **Sally Field**, who co-starred, etc., etc. (It's those etc.s that can wear a man out.)

Burt started all this, you may recall, with an appearance on the old TV show *The Dating Game*, on which a cute blonde starlet failed to pick him as the most desirable of three unseen bachelors. So here's another good trivia question that might pick up a few bucks at the neighborhood bar: What other handsome, mustachioed devil, currently rivaling Reynolds for the hearts of the ladies, was also a *Dating Game* contestant early in his career—and also failed to be chosen by the lady of the moment?

Sure, you knew all along it had to be

(continued on page 295)

"Welcome home for Christmas! I've been baking for days!"

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; 100's, 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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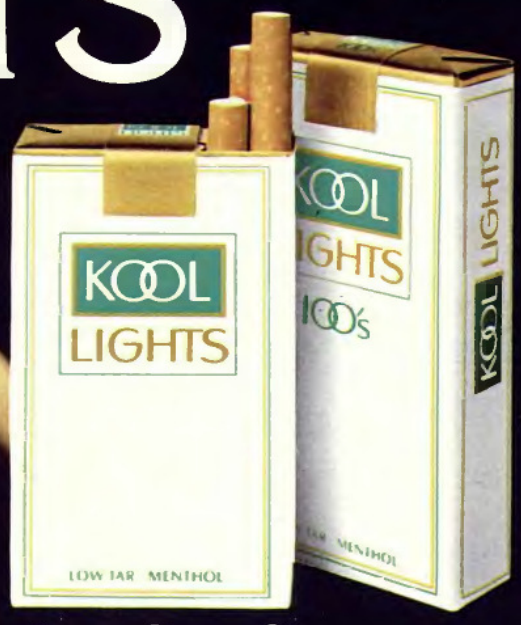


There's only one sensation this refreshing. Low 'tar' Kool Lights. The taste doesn't miss a beat.

There's only one way to play it.

Louise and Me *(continued from page 194)*

"It is a tribute to her charms that she was able to keep O'Neill and Reed simultaneously involved."

in the dunes and the sea air, she was no longer confined by society's mores and eagerly let her spirit take over her life.

Not surprisingly, Louise took to Provincetown even more than Reed did. He had liked the structure and the urban atmosphere of Greenwich Village, while Louise felt more alive in the country. She would stay on in Provincetown for weeks after Reed had left. With her friends, dreamers and adventurers, she would lie in the sun and sand and fantasize that she was in the hot, erotic Sahara. At other times, she and her friends would sit and talk for hours of Russia, which seemed far away, romantic and emancipated. Reed, of course, was excited about the political implications of the revolution, but Louise, charged by the dunes' sensuous atmosphere, would thrill to the exotic and romantic images conjured up by a country in revolt.

Provincetown's atmosphere encouraged more than mere fantasies, however. It was there that Louise decided to have an affair with Eugene O'Neill. It is a tribute to her charms and her skill that she was able to keep O'Neill and Reed, who were friends, simultaneously involved with her without hurting either one. By convincing O'Neill that she and Reed lived like brother and sister, she enticed the playwright into a relationship that enabled him to sleep with his friend's wife without losing respect for either party. And by giving Reed no reason to question her feelings, she never aroused his suspicions.

Still, Louise was not really a manipulator; she was, rather, a romantic dreamer. When she listened to Reed talk about going to Russia, she did not focus on pictures of food lines, committee meetings and workers' strikes but fantasized instead about ice palaces, beautiful winter clothes and mystical northern lights.

Those flights of fancy were not, however, indications of a shallow, weak or irresponsible woman. She not only was physically secure enough to pose naked in the dunes, which was then a daring act, but was intellectually sure enough of her talents and abilities to get an assignment from the first feminist magazine in this country to go to Russia and report on what the Russian women were experiencing. Ultimately, she wrote not just an article about her experiences but an entire book, *Six Red Months in Russia*. Thus, in spite of the fact her dreams and her manner were almost totally apolitical, she managed to become involved in an area in which few women had ever been involved and to hold her own against political giants amid the issues of the day.

Recently, I had the privilege of portraying Louise Bryant in the film *Ten Days That Shook the World*, directed by Russia's finest director, Sergei Bondarchuk. I lived in the Soviet Union for three and a half months and enjoyed not only an intense cinematic experience but also a rather unsheltered and extremely human day-to-day Soviet existence. As a result, I came to understand to the best of my ability America's most mysterious and most politically threatening competitor. Because I was to play Louise in the movie, I spent a great deal of time getting to know about her life and came to feel a great kinship with her, regarding her almost as a mentor and an inspiration. Because I am an American who has built a career in Europe, has never shied away from difficult journeys and has always felt it important to be free and uninhibited, I couldn't help noticing similarities in our lives.

My work, like Louise's, has taken me all over the world, giving me the opportunity to savor many cultures, peoples and situations. I have played the lead in 28 major European films, have been privileged to work with Europe's finest directors and actors, have made record albums that have had world-wide success and have performed in my own television specials. There is only one great frustration in my professional life, and that is that I have never had the chance to work in my own country—perhaps playing a girl from a place such as Upper Sandusky, Ohio, the small town where I spent most of my childhood.

And though I sometimes feel that being an American actress in Europe is a handicap, I am always grateful for its fabulous fringe benefits. Unable to remain close to my roots or my home town, I have had to become something of a fearless adventurer prepared to fit into many worlds without being judgmental. But while I have always been regarded by other people as adventurous, I was humbled by Louise's courage and accomplishments—it was so much harder to travel and to be an independent woman back then that I knew she was much braver and much more of a trail blazer than I.

Then, when I stood in the same places she had stood in Russia and in Provincetown, re-creating her actions and movements, I felt a bit haunted, as if Louise had started living inside my body. That kind of schizophrenic reaction is not an uncommon one for an actress, but I had never before experienced it as profoundly.

I gradually began to understand why she had such a hold on me. An actress plays characters by calling up aspects of her personality that are not necessarily close to the surface but are demanded by the part. Then, when the role is done and those aspects are no longer justified, she pushes them back into her psyche. But Louise Bryant never censored herself. She was so unfettered in her feelings and so secure in herself that she didn't need an excuse to summon up repressed parts of her personality. She let all her multiple personalities, thoughts and wants come to the forefront whenever they needed to. That, I believe, is why she was so free and so fearless.

Now, even though I am no longer playing her, Louise still inhabits a part of my being. She has taught me that it is possible for us to live out our dreams as long as we have faith in the future and a sense of romance and adventure. While people had always told me that I appeared to be fearless, I knew myself that deep down, I was apprehensive about the future. After going to Russia and giving myself over to Louise's spirit, however, I learned that you can and will be happy if you choose to be. So, rather than waste time worrying about what is going to happen, I now try to face life with a positive and open attitude. Tomorrow, I've discovered, will take care of itself, especially if today is lived properly.

Louise also taught me not only that independence and courage are important but that life is meant to be shared. Romance, I learned, means more than going from one man to the next; even total abandon is more meaningful and satisfying when balanced against an ideal love that is lasting. Her spiritual love for and commitment to John Reed put her relationships with other men and her constant travels in a more balanced perspective: Although she insisted on having it all, she never once lost her sense of priorities. Even though she was a true American, she did not hesitate for a moment to go to Reed in Russia, quietly enduring great hardships and braving grave danger, because her commitment to him was the deepest, most important value in her life. And that, to me, is what remains most inspiring and most memorable about Louise Bryant—for though that sense of commitment, like all sincere commitments, now seems to be out of fashion, it can still clarify the confusion in which we often find ourselves.

THIS ILLUSTRATED MANUAL, INTENDED AS A GUIDE FOR SOCIALIST CHILDREN YET UNBORN, WAS PRODUCED PREHUMOUSLY TO PREPARE THE MASSES FOR THE INEVITABLE LOSS OF THEIR SOON-TO-BE-LATE GLORIOUS LEADER.

--THE PLAYBOY EDITORIAL WORKERS' COLLECTIVE

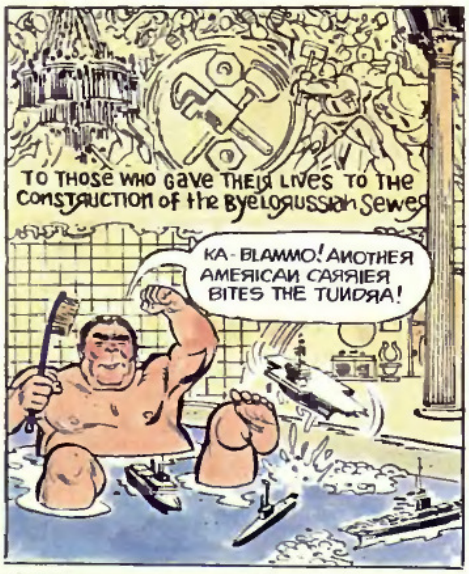
ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF LEONID BREZHNIEV AND FAMILY

IT IS SUNDAY IN OUR DEAR MOTHERLAND, A DAY WHOSE PURPOSE IS DEFINED IN SECTION 134 OF OUR MUCH-ENVIED CONSTITUTION AS "PRODUCTIVE FUN-HAVING AND VIGILANT RELAXATION." BUT, DEAR COMRADES, WE PUT TO YOU A QUESTION: IS IT TRULY A DAY OF REST FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE PRESIDIUM OF THE U.S.S.R. SUPREME SOVIET? "NYET AND NYET AND NYET," YOU, THE MASSES, CORRECTLY CRY, "FOR IT IS WELL KNOWN BY WORKING PEOPLES EVERYWHERE THAT THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION'S COMMITMENT TO HIS TASKS IS SUCH THAT HE DEDICATES EVEN HIS PRECIOUS FEW MOMENTS OF SOCIALIST LEISURE TO BUILDING COMMUNISM!"

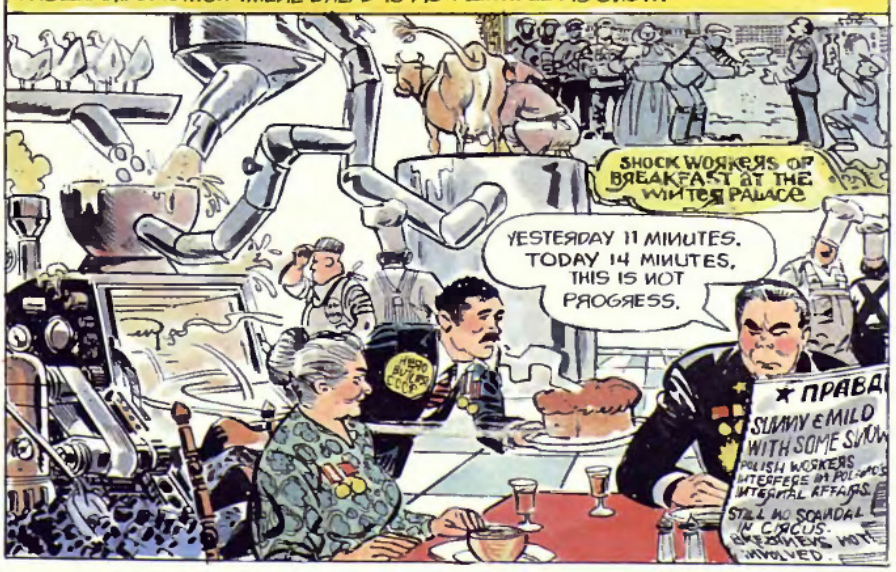
AS THE THREE-TIME HERO OF THE SOVIET UNION AND HIS CLOSEST COMRADE IN ARMS AWAKEN FROM THEIR GLORIOUS SLUMBERS, THEY ARE WARMLY GREETED BY THE STIRRING STRAINS OF "THE INTERNATIONALE," RENDERED WITH VAST HEARTINESS BY THE COLLECTIVE VOICES OF THE FIFTEENTH WAKE-UP-ALARM CO-OPERATIVE.

THE DAY BEGINS WITH A MASSIVE DISPLAY BY THE DOMESTIC BRIGADE OF READINESS TO DO HOUSEWORK.

EVEN IN MOMENTS OF RELAXATION, THE IMPERIALIST THREAT IS NEVER FAR FROM THE MIND OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DEFENSE COUNCIL OF THE SOVIET STATE.



THE BOUNTY OF THE SOVIET HARVEST AND THE EFFICIENCY OF COLLECTIVIST PRODUCTION ARE KNOWN TO SOCIALIST PEOPLES EVERYWHERE. LIKE HIS FELLOW CITIZENS, THE PRIZE-WINNING AUTHOR OF ***THE VIRGIN LANDS*** IS GRATEFUL TO LIVE IN A PROLETARIAN NATION WHERE BREAD IS AS PLENTIFUL AS SNOW.



WRITTEN BY HENRY BEARD, CHRISTOPHER CERF, TONY GEISS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER

THE ONETIME CHIEF OF THE POLITICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE FOURTH UKRAINIAN FRONT NEVER FAILS TO GRASP AN OPPORTUNITY TO INCULCATE THE MASSES WITH THE SOUND MARXIST-LENINIST THOUGHT...

MARX SAID, "FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY, TO EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEED." COMRADE, YOU HAVE THE *ABILITY*, AND THIS TABLE *NEEDS* CLEARING.

NOW, MOVE!

DAS KAPITAL

AND TO GUIDE THE YOUNG ONTO THE PATH OF CORRECT IDEOLOGICAL ORIENTATION.

I WAS LIQUIDATED *LAST* TIME. *THIS* TIME, *I* WANT TO BE SUSLOV.

IF YOU CHILDREN DO NOT BEHAVE, YOU WILL GET TWO YEARS AT HARD PLAY IN THE SALT BOX.

NOW, NOW, HAMUSHKA, SOCIALIST YOUTH WILL BE SOCIALIST YOUTH!

CADRES MASTER CAPITALIST TECHNOLOGY

THE RECIPIENT OF THE 1975 FREDERIC JOLIOT-CURIE GOLD MEDAL OF PEACE AND HIS FAMILY ADHERE STRICTLY TO PARTY PROCEDURE IN SELECTING A PROPER MEANS OF MASS RECREATION.

A LOVELY DAY.... PERFECT FOR A SLEIGH RIDE, DON'T YOU AGREE, COMRADE FAMILY?

NYET!!

THAT'S 99.8% FOR!

COMRADE LACKEY HITCH UP THE DISSIDENT POETS!

OUR BEARER OF THE HIGHEST DISTINCTION OF MERIT OF THE SOVIET STATE--FOUR HERO STARS--IS A MAN OF THE PEOPLE: HE SHARES WITH THEM THEIR CHEERFUL PATIENCE AND THEIR LOVE OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS.

WARM FOR MAY.

IS THIS THE SMOLENSK BREAD LINE?

NO, IT'S THE RYBINSK LINE FOR SHOES!

OH, I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO SEE A MOVIE.

I, TOO, HAD TO WAIT FOR BREAD THIS MORNING.

SMOLENSK

RYBINSK

IN THE OLD DAYS, THEY CARED ABOUT POETRY. MANDELSHTAM WAS *SHOT* FOR JUST A HANDFUL OF POEMS!

YES, THERE IS NOT THE SAME INTEREST IN LITERATURE TODAY.

TRUE. BRODSKY WROTE A WHOLE *BOOK* OF POEMS AND GOT ONLY A BRIEF STINT IN AN ASYLUM.

SOMEDAY, COMRADES, EVERYONE WILL LIVE LIKE YOU!

BACK AT HIS DACHA, THE WINNER OF THE 1973 LENIN PEACE PRIZE ACTS IN HIS FAMILIAR FUNCTION OF STRENGTHENER OF UNITY BETWEEN NEIGHBORS.

COMRADE PETROV, LET US REASON IN AN AMICABLE SOCIALIST MANNER. IF YOU GET RID OF ONE OF YOUR DOGS, I'LL GET RID OF ONE OF MINE.

BUT....

PETROV

AND, AS USUAL, A WARM AND COMRADELY EXCHANGE OF VIEWS SERVES TO SETTLE THE DISPUTE.

COMRADE PETROV, YOU ARE REPLACED BY THE *NEW* COMRADE PETROV.

IMPOSTOR! I DENOUNCE YOU!

~~PETROV~~ BYKOV

THANK YOU, COMRADE PRESIDENT, FOR LIBERATING MY HOME!

THE RECIPIENT OF THE 1979 LENIN PRIZE FOR LITERATURE DISPLAYS A PRAISEWORTHY INTEREST IN ALL ASPECTS OF THE CULTURAL FIELD.

WHAT RECORDING SHALL WE LISTEN TO NEXT?

OH, PLAY SHCHARANSKY'S THIRD CONFESSION!

AH, YES, THE WONDERFUL K.G.B. MAJOR. THE PERCUSSION IS SUBLIME!

YES, I HAVE CONSPIRED ALWAYS AGAINST THE SOVIET UNION (WOMP! OUCH!) AND AGAINST ITS STEADFAST ALLIES!

AT THE DINNER TABLE, THE TRADITIONAL HEAD OF THE SOVIET DELEGATION TO THE POLITICAL CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE OF THE WARSAW PACT DISPLAYS A CHARACTERISTIC SYMPATHY FOR THE DOWNTRODDEN PEOPLES OF THE UNFORTUNATE NATO LANDS....

HOW THOSE IN THE WEST MUST SUFFER, HAVING TO ENDURE THIS AWFUL PÂTE'. YET ONLY BY SHARING THEIR SUFFERING CAN WE LEARN THE DEPTHS OF THEIR EXPLOITATION AND THUS FIND NEW MEANS OF ENDING THEIR ENSLAVEMENT.

EAT! REMEMBER THE STARVING AMERICANS!

BUT THE FORMER LEADER OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE MOLDAVIAN S.S.R. IS ALSO A MAN OF SIMPLE TASTES, AND HE SHARES WITH HIS FELLOW WORKERS A LOVE OF SPORT.

AND TELL THE COACH OF THE MAGNETORSK MAGNETOS THAT HE'D BETTER ADOPT A COMPREHENSIVE FIVE-MINUTE PLAN FOR GOAL PRODUCTION, OR IT'S TEN YEARS IN THE PENALTY BOX!

KURSK 3 MAGNETORSK 1

SEXY IMPERIALIST WITH POGNOGRAPHY WHIPS and CHAINS

IMPERIALIST POGNOGRAPHY

IMPERIALIST POGNOGRAPHY: BLACK IMPERIALIST MAKES IT WITH A WHITE IMPERIALIST

VERY SEXY IMPERIALIST POGNOGRAPHY. MANY HOT SCENES ESP. P. 234

VERY SEXY IMPERIALIST POGNOGRAPHY

IMPERIALIST POGNOGRAPHY EXPLOITED PROLETARIAN WOMAN

TO SOOTHE HIS GRANDCHILDREN TO SOCIALIST SLUMBER, THE ONETIME HEAD OF THE THE ZAPHOROZHYE REGIONAL PARTY READS ONE OF HIS CELEBRATED 4-HOUR LECTURES, FILLING THE LITTLE ONES WITH A BURNING DESIRE TO OBTAIN NECESSARY REST....

THE GREAT L[illegible]OR EXPLOIT OF THE ENTIRE SOVIET P[illegible]
THE RETURN[illegible]PRODUCTION OF THE VAST BLAST [illegible]
N ZAPOROZHYE[illegible] WILL NOT ONLY STAND AS A GLORIC[illegible]
OF OUR SOCIA[illegible]ELAND DURING THE OUTSTANDINGLY
EAR-PL[illegible]OUSE FOR STORMY PROLONGED APP[illegible]
INDEL[illegible]OAD PANORAMA OF ACHIEVE[illegible]
ACKLEL[illegible]MED UP OVER THE HEROIC C[illegible]
WHICH, I[illegible]: WELL-TESTED AND RELIAB[illegible]
LENINISM[illegible]
OPLE IN I[illegible]PLEMENTING
ND OPEN[illegible]EARTH FURNACES
US CHAR[illegible]ER IN THE HISTORY
CHALLEN[illegible]OSTWAR FIVE-
AUSE --[illegible]LSO OCCUPY
NTS GA[illegible]BLEMS
RSE OF [illegible]ST CONSTRUCTION
: PRINCIP[illegible]MARXISM-

ALL POWER TO THE TEDDY BEARS

ZZH....

THE DAY CLOSES WITH A MUTUAL DISPLAY OF SOVIET TENDERNESS BETWEEN THE MUCH DECORATED FORMER POLITICAL INSTRUCTOR IN THE BATTLES OF THE GREAT PATRIOTIC WAR AND HIS WIFE.

PROGRESSIVE DREAMS, SPOUSE OF THE LEADER OF THE PARTY AND THE STATE IN WHOSE HONOR A BRONZE BUST HAS BEEN ERECTED IN DNEPRODZERZHINSK, HIS NATIVE CITY.

MAY YOU HAVE A PRODUCTIVE VISIT TO THE FRATERNAL AND PEACE-LOVING LAND OF HOD, TESTED AND EXPERIENCED LEADER OF THE LENINIST SCHOOL WHO, IN MAY 1976, WAS NAMED MARSHAL OF THE SOVIET UNION IN RECOGNITION OF HIS OUTSTANDING SERVICE IN STRENGTHENING THE SECURITY OF THE WORLD'S PEOPLES.

GARDNER

WITH ENOUGH SHOVELS *(continued from page 154)*

"'If there are enough shovels to go around, everybody's going to make it.'"

CIA analyst who had been responsible for evaluating Soviet strategic nuclear forces. He has spent much of his adult life concerned with the question of nuclear war and has heard all the arguments about nuclear-war fighting and survival. But an experience from his youth, he told me, remains in his mind and, he admits, may yet color his view.

This man had conducted some of the most important CIA studies on the Soviets and nuclear war. Now in his middle years, still youthful in manner, clean-cut and obviously patriotic, the father of a Marine on active duty, he recently left the CIA to join a company that works for that agency, so I cannot use his name.

He told me about this experience of his youth because he was frightened by the Reagan Administration's casual talk about waging and winning a nuclear war and thought it did not really comprehend what kind of weapon the bomb was. As an illustration, he recalled having seen, as a lieutenant in the Navy, a bomb go off near Christmas Island in the Pacific. Years later, at the CIA, he had worked with computer models that detailed the number of fatalities likely to result from various nuclear-war-targeting scenarios. But to bring a measure of reality to these computer projections, he would return in his mind as he did now to that time in the Pacific.

"The birds were the things we could see all the time. They were superb specimens of life . . . really quite exquisite . . . phenomenal creatures. Albatrosses will fly for days, skimming a few inches above the surface of the water. These birds have tremendously long wings and tails, and beaks that are as if fashioned for another purpose. You don't see what these birds are about from their design; they are just beautiful creatures. Watching them is a wonder. That is what I didn't expect. . . .

"We were standing around, waiting for this bomb to go off, which we had been told was a very small one, so no one was particularly upset. Even though I'd never seen one, I figured, Well, these guys know what is going to happen. They know what the dangers are and we've been adequately briefed and we all have our radiation meters on. . . . No worry."

He paused to observe that the size of the bomb to be exploded was ten kilotons, or the equivalent explosive power of 10,000 tons of TNT. The bombs dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were 13 and 23 kilotons, respectively. Now such bombs are mere tactical or battlefield weapons. Many of the ones to be used in any U.S.-Soviet nuclear war are measured in megatons—millions of tons of TNT.

He continued his account:

"So the countdown came in over the radio, and suddenly I could see all these birds that I'd been watching for days. They were now suddenly visible through the opaque visor of my helmet. And they were smoking. Their feathers were on fire. And they were doing cart wheels. And the light persisted for some time. It was instantaneously bright but wasn't instantaneous, because it stayed and it changed its composition slightly. Several seconds, it seemed like—long enough for me to see birds crash into the water. They were sizzling, smoking. They weren't vaporized; it's just that they were absorbing such intense radiation that they were being consumed by the heat. Their feathers were on fire. They were blinded. And so far, there had been no shock, none of the blast damage we talk about when we discuss the effects of nuclear weapons. Instead, there were just these smoking, twisting, hideously contorted birds crashing into things. And then I could see vapor rising from the inner lagoon as the surface of the water was heated by this intense flash.

"Now, this isn't a primary effect of the weapon; it is an initial kind of effect that precedes other things, though it is talked about and you can see evidence of it in the Hiroshima blast and in Nagasaki—outlines of people on bridges where they stood when the bomb was dropped. But that initial thermal radiation is a phenomenon that is unlike any other weapon I've seen."

The men who now dominate the Reagan Administration and who believe that nuclear war is survivable would surely wonder what those reflections have to do with the struggle against the Soviet Union. But what my CIA friend was telling me was that those birds are us and they never had a chance.

"IT'S THE DIRT THAT DOES IT"

Very late one autumn night in 1981, Thomas K. Jones, the man Reagan had appointed Deputy Undersecretary of Defense for Research and Engineering (Strategic and Theater Nuclear Forces), told me that the U.S. could fully recover from an all-out nuclear war with the Soviet Union in just two to four years. T.K., as he prefers to be known, added that nuclear war was not nearly so devastating as we had been led to believe. He said, "If there are enough shovels to go around, everybody's going to make it." The shovels were for digging holes in the ground, which would be covered, somehow or other, with a couple of doors and with three feet of dirt thrown on top, thereby providing adequate fallout shelters for the millions who had been evacuated from U.S. cities to the countryside. "It's the dirt that does it," he said.

After parts of my interview with T. K. Jones ran in the *Los Angeles Times*, a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee demanded that Jones present himself to defend the views that Senator Alan Cranston said went "far beyond the bounds of reasonable, rational, responsible thinking."

Meanwhile, Senator Charles Percy, the Republican Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, had confronted Jones at a town meeting in the Senator's home state of Illinois and had been sufficiently troubled by his relatively complacent views of nuclear war to pressure the Pentagon for an accounting.

But by then, the Administration had muzzled Jones, and he missed his first three scheduled appearances before the Senate subcommittee. It was at this point that a *New York Times* editorial asked, "Who is the Thomas K. Jones who is saying those funny things about civil defense?" Elsewhere, Jones's espousal of primitive fallout shelters was dismissed by editorial writers and cartoonists as a preposterous response to what nuclear war was all about. However, what these dismissals ignored was that Jones's notions of civil defense, odd as they may seem, are crucial to Reagan's strategic policy.

Reagan's nuclear-arms build-up follows from the idea that the U.S. is vulnerable to Soviet nuclear weapons, an idea that rests in part on calculations made by this same Jones before he joined the Government, when he worked for the Boeing Company. It was his estimates of the efficacy of Soviet civil defense that provided much of the statistical justification for the view that the Soviets could reasonably expect to survive and win a nuclear war while we, without a comparable civil-defense program, would necessarily lose.

And it was his celebration of the shovel and of primitive shelters that helped call into question the Administration's claim of U.S. vulnerability. In fact, it was from the Russians that he had borrowed the idea of digging holes in the first place. He had become fascinated with the powerful defensive possibilities of dirt only after he had read Soviet civil-defense manuals that advocated such procedures.

(continued on page 299)

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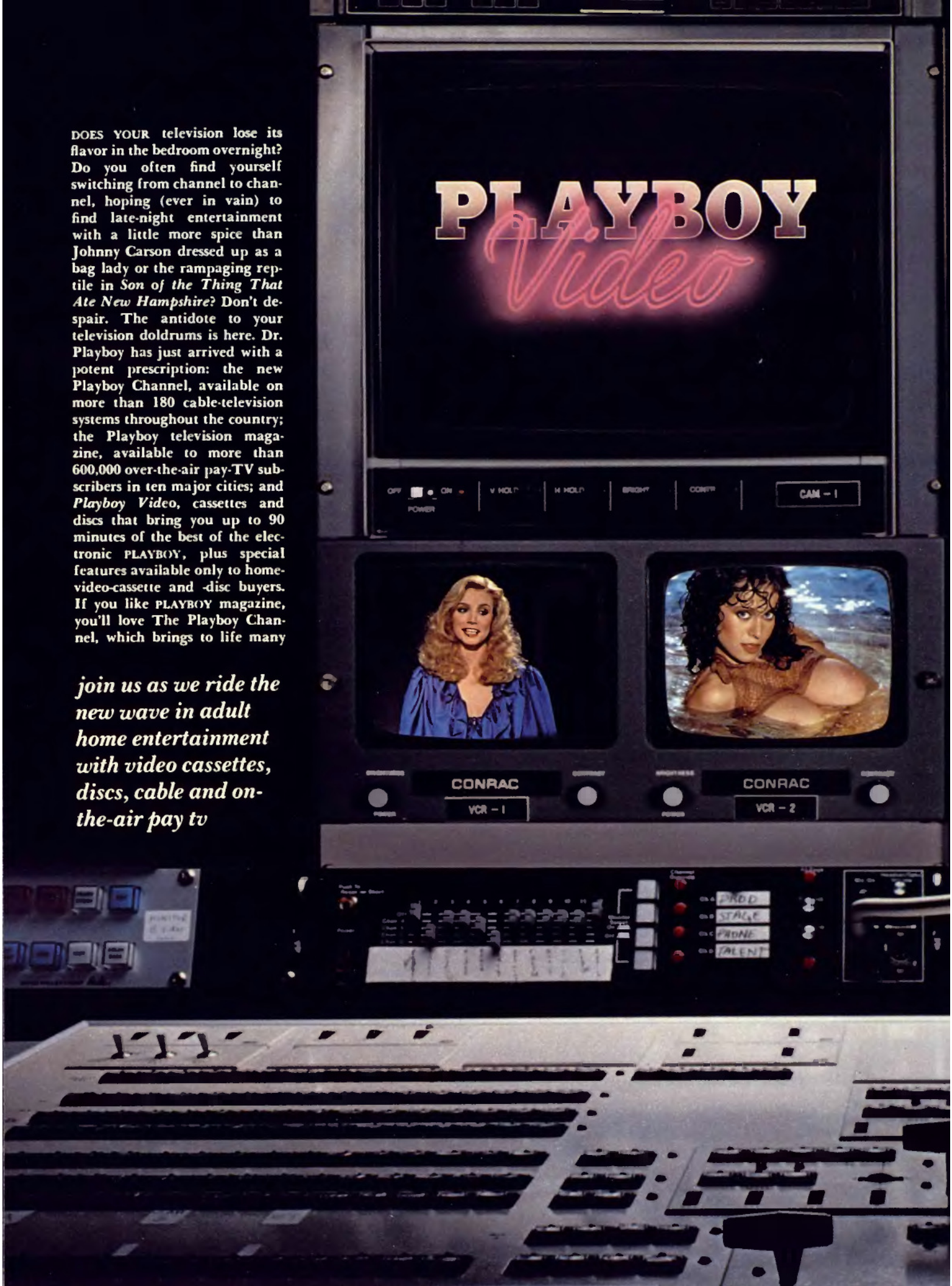


DOES YOUR television lose its flavor in the bedroom overnight? Do you often find yourself switching from channel to channel, hoping (ever in vain) to find late-night entertainment with a little more spice than Johnny Carson dressed up as a bag lady or the rampaging reptile in *Son of the Thing That Ate New Hampshire*? Don't despair. The antidote to your television doldrums is here. Dr. Playboy has just arrived with a potent prescription: the new Playboy Channel, available on more than 180 cable-television systems throughout the country; the Playboy television magazine, available to more than 600,000 over-the-air pay-TV subscribers in ten major cities; and *Playboy Video*, cassettes and discs that bring you up to 90 minutes of the best of the electronic PLAYBOY, plus special features available only to home-video-cassette and -disc buyers. If you like PLAYBOY magazine, you'll love The Playboy Channel, which brings to life many

join us as we ride the new wave in adult home entertainment with video cassettes, discs, cable and on-the-air pay tv

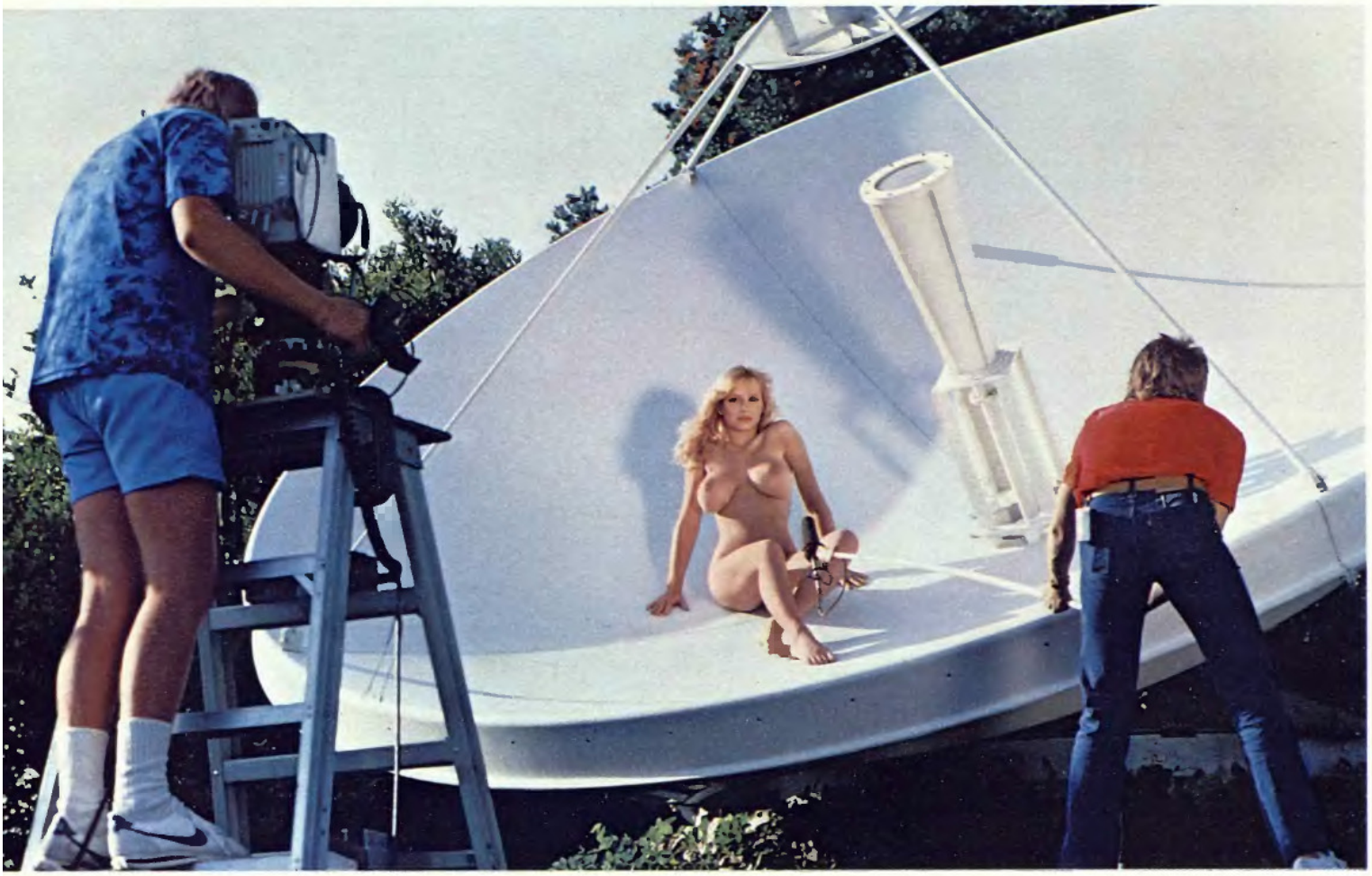
of the magazine's most popular features: the Playmates, for instance. We do our best in this magazine to convey the personalities of these lovely ladies through photographs and words, but with the added dimensions of movement and sound, our television profiles of Playmates will give you a, shall we say, more well-rounded view.

Take another example: You've seen our pictorial coverage of the annual New Year's Eve pajama party at Playboy Mansion West. But (believe us!) photographs and written words cannot fully convey the sensuous and frolicsome atmosphere that prevails when several hundred of Hollywood's most beautiful people get together in their nighties under the moonlight with good food, good drink and no holds barred. This year, Playboy Channel subscribers (and their ladyfriends) are invited to don their pajamas and join the party—via a Playboy Channel Special—to *(text concluded on page 236)*

VIDEO PLAYMATES: Sexy centerfolds from the magazine come alive in video versions of Playmate pictoriols. Among those to enter your living room via TV are (on monitors, from left): Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed, Patricia Farinelli, Linda Rhys Vaughn, Karen Witter.

PLAYBOY Video

A VIDEO DISH: The magic of modern communicotions is what it's oll about, so Kimberly McArthur, Miss Januory 1982, poses in an earth-station receiver (below). On The Playboy Chonnel, Kimberly and other Playmotes deliver station breaks; *that's* whot we call o pouse that refreshes.



A DATE WITH A PLAYMATE: 8elow, Playboy video crews at work (this is work?) filming live-oction centerfold stories. At left is Lynda Wiesmeier, emerging from the pool on the grounds of Playboy Mansion West; at right is Kelly Tough, embodying living proof thot it's not all done with mirrors. Lynda was PLAYBOY's Miss July 1982 and Kelly was the mogazine's Playmate of the Month for October 1981.

PREVIEW PLAYMATE: At left is an advance look at PLAYBOY's Miss January 1983, Lorraine "Lonny" Chin, who has been chosen as the first *Playboy Video* Playmate. Lonny is a premier attraction on volume one of *Video*, which is now on the market in disc, VHS and Beta formats. Like the first issue of the magazine, the first *Playboy Video* cassette and disc are likely to become saught-after collector's items.

RIBALD CLASSICS: One of PLAYBOY's lang-running attractions (a tale from the *Decameron* ran in the first issue of the magazine, in December 1953), the *Ribald Classic* is receiving a loving visual translation for TV. At right, Gina Calabrese gets ready for a scene in *The Ring and the Garter*, based on a bawdy story by Casanova. Playboy's video version preserves the erotic mood of the original.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS: Next to the Playmate, PLAYBOY magazine's mast talked-about feature is the *Playboy Interview*, so, naturally, it's a vital ingredient of the electronic PLAYBOY as well. Now you can sit in an conversations with such personages as Brazilian actress Sonia Braga (top left), star of *Lady on the Bus* and the forthcoming *Gabriela*; author–political aspirant Gore Vidal (above left); singer-dancer-actress Fran Jeffries (above center); country musician Merle Haggard (who entertained Playboy video staffers aboard his boat, top right); and John and Bo Derek (above right), who need no introduction. Also quizzed for video hove been humorist Art Buchwald, Nobel Prize–winning physicist Hans Bethe, actresses Barbara Carrera and Sylvia Kristel, television host Dick Cavett and comics Cheech and Chong.

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT: Playbay videa cameras will capture the best in live performances, fram rock ta jazz to improvisational comedy. Events already recarded include the faurth annual Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bawl (left) and a special appearance by Manhattan Transfer at Playboy Mansion West (abave), plus a visit to Los Angeles' famous Comedy Stare.

MODERN LIVING: You expect it from PLAYBOY—advice on fashion, food and drink, cars and gadgetry that's just plain fun. You'll get it in the magazine's videa version, tao, in irresistible live-action photagraphy. Above left, a fashion shaoting takes place at The New York Botanical Garden; above center, behind the scenes an some automotive caverage; at right, Playmate Missy Cleveland demonstrates toys for the tub (batteries and Missy not included).

PLAYBOY PICTORIALS: Video crews, like magazine readers, have checked out Jake La Motta's ex, Vikki (above), whase story helped make our Navember 1981 issue a top seller. At right, a prospect for the upcaming *Girls of Aspen*—magazine and videa versions.

MOVIE TIME: R-rated erotic films—no X fare included—complete an evening's entertainment on The Playboy Channel. Subscribers can relax in the comfort of their own bedrooms (left) and view such classic cinematic fare as *The Stud*, with Joan Collins and Oliver Tobias (below), and *Emmanuelle II*, with Sylvia Kristel and Umberto Orsini (bottom). (For Collins' comments on *The Stud*, see page 30.) Also on tap for videophiles: a *Movies at the Mansion* series hosted by Hef, complete with pipe and a Playmate or two.

welcome in 1983 without having to worry about who's going to drive home when the festivities are over.

The birth of The Playboy Channel this winter is the result of Playboy Productions' taking over the creative management (in partnership with Rainbow Productions) of what was once Escapade, the nation's largest adult pay-television channel. The transition process began last January, when Playboy presented the first of a series of magazine-format shows called The Playboy Channel, as well as an erotic movie, *Vanessa*, on what was then the Escapade Channel. Since then, ten editions of the electronic magazine have aired and have successfully set the tone for the kind of innovative, eclectic and sophisticated programing for which The Playboy Channel will be known.

The electronic magazine, which in some ways is modeled on the printed one, brings you a monthly Playmate who tells you about her life (while our cameras follow her every beautiful movement); interviews with such news makers and celebrities as Gore Vidal, John and Bo Derek, Art Buchwald, Dick Cavett, Jake and Vikki La Motta and nuclear physicist Hans Bethe; a *Dear Playmates* feature in which our centerfold girls discuss how they feel about men, dating and relationships; visually plush dramatizations of the *Ribald Classics*; and reviews of movies and music (the latter accompanied by hot film footage of live performances by such stars as former New York Bunny Deborah Harry, Manhattan Transfer, the J. Geils Band, Buddy Rich, the Tubes and the Motels). For news on the light side, there's *Playboy on the Scene*, with hosts Peter Tomarken and Shannon Tweed. Shannon, 1982 Playmate of the Year and a regular on the channel, made history as the video Playmate on our very first show.

If initial reviews of the electronic magazine are a good indication, we're headed in the right direction. "This is a class act," wrote *Multichannel News*, the Bible of the cable industry. *Time* said, "A lot of folks like to watch late-night TV, and Playboy [is] turning out something different." U.P.I.'s Kenneth Clark wrote, "It's a big, slick production."

Or, as one cable-industry observer put it, "It's the only class act in adult programing in the country, by far."

To ensure for our viewers that Playboy television productions will have the visual attractiveness, style and wit characteristic of PLAYBOY magazine, Playboy Enterprises has enlisted the services of Paul Klein as President of The Playboy Cable Network and Don Silverman as Supervising Producer. Klein, who as head of programing at NBC initiated such blockbuster shows as *Holocaust*, *Shōgun* and *Centennial*, will be responsible for the over-all supervision of Playboy's home-video, pay-television and cable-channel operations. Silverman, a former producer for Paramount Television and director of daytime programing for ABC-TV, is a three-time Emmy winner (for *The Dick Cavett Show*; *Rape: The Hidden Crime*; and *Organized Crime in America*, a three-hour *NBC White Paper*).

Says Klein, "We want to use the concepts of the magazine—the entire scope of the magazine's lifestyle and interests—as the foundation for a television atmosphere that will make our viewers feel that they're getting something very good, very private and very special."

Of course, the guiding light behind the Channel will be Hef. As he puts it: "We want to create a special communication with a special audience—an urban, adult, sophisticated audience—just as we did when we started the Playboy Clubs in the Sixties. In a way, The Playboy Channel will be like an electronic Playboy Club."

A Club, we might add, with a wide variety of acts. The Playboy Channel's programing already includes music and comedy specials, in-depth interviews, lifestyle documentaries, game shows and, of course, specially selected adult films.

Already scheduled for December and January are three one-hour specials on Playmate sports competition, a special called *The Playboy Years*, a series of half-hour shows on aerobic dance presented by Playmates, filmed highlights of the 1982 Playboy Jazz Festival and a "surprise special" that we think will blow your socks off. Also premiering soon will be *Loving*, an ongoing audience-participation panel show in which two psychiatrists, a moderator and special guest experts will discuss lifestyle and love problems—such as jealousy, sex at the office and homosexuality. And, as Klein says, "There's much, much more in the works. Like the magazine, The Playboy Channel will have a *Playmate Review* every January. Again like the magazine, we'll do an annual review of *Sex Stars* and *Sex in Cinema*. We're planning a multipart special on *The History of Sex in Cinema*. One of our regular features will be *Sunday Night Movies at the Mansion*. It's been a tradition for 15 years for Hef to show movies to his friends in the Playboy Mansion Living Room, and we think it's about time Playboy fans got a chance to sit in. Hef will be the host and introduce the films."

Shows in the planning stage include a 3-D movie starring several Playmates ("We'll provide the glasses," says Klein, "so our subscribers won't have to run out to buy them"); specially produced 30-to-90-minute dramas based on original PLAYBOY fiction ("PLAYBOY fiction has long been a source for movie and television scripts," says Klein, "such as the movies *The Fly* and *The Hustler* and plots for television shows such as *Duel*. Now we can do some of it ourselves"); and, he says, a show "about, by and for women." Both comedy and drama aimed at women are currently on the drawing board.

In addition to those completely new programs, The Playboy Channel will, from time to time, show excerpts of the best entertainment from the early *Playboy Penthouse* and *Playboy After Dark* television shows, including rare film footage of jazz and comedy greats from earlier decades. "Probably the best way to describe the mix we'll have," says Hefner, "is the way you'd describe the things you need for a proper wedding: something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." We think you'll find it something special.

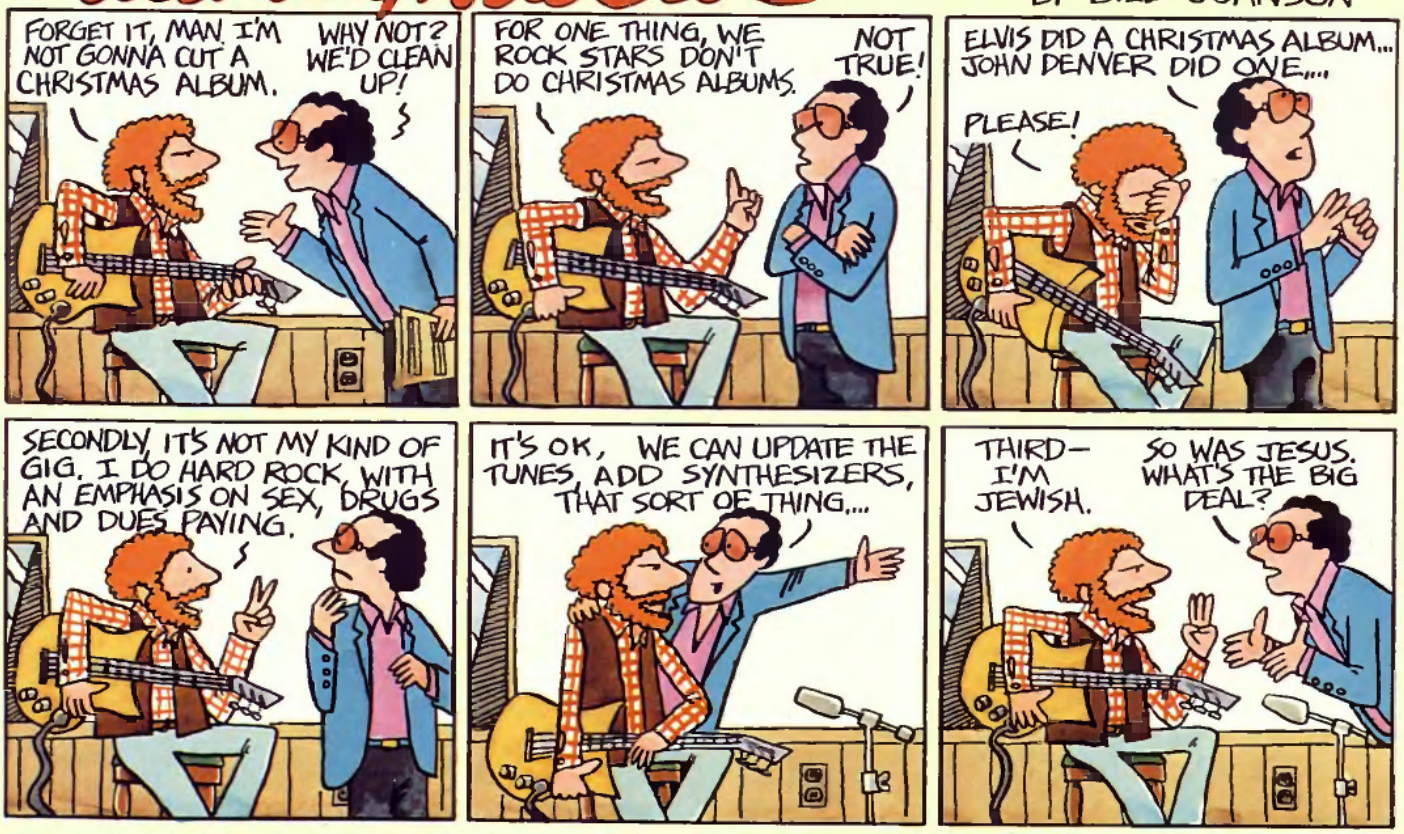
One of the unique aspects of Playboy's video effort is its emphasis on original programing—most existing services rely principally on theatrical-release movies. However, The Playboy Channel will transmit some erotic, R-rated cinema classics as well. Already booked, for example: Sonia Braga in *Lady on the Bus* and *Eu Te Amo*, Richard Harris in *Your Ticket Is No Longer Valid*, Joan Collins in *The Stud* and Sylvia Kristel in *Emmanuelle II*.

So how can you get The Playboy Channel in your own home (if you don't have it already)? If you're living in a city not serviced by one of the cable systems that carry The Playboy Channel, our shows may be available to you via over-the-air subscription TV, through outlets such as ON-TV in Los Angeles, Chicago, Dallas–Fort Worth, Miami–Fort Lauderdale, Portland and Phoenix and similar services in Boston, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Washington, D.C., Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Oklahoma City and St. Louis. If you're among the more than 10,000,000 people throughout the world who own a video-cassette or -disc player, you can enjoy the Playboy video experience by purchasing the cassettes and discs of *Playboy Video*, which are distributed through CBS–Fox Video and are even now on sale in thousands of video stores world-wide.

Television programing for grownups has just grown up. With The Playboy Channel and *Playboy Video* cassettes and discs, you, too, can put a little groove in your tube.

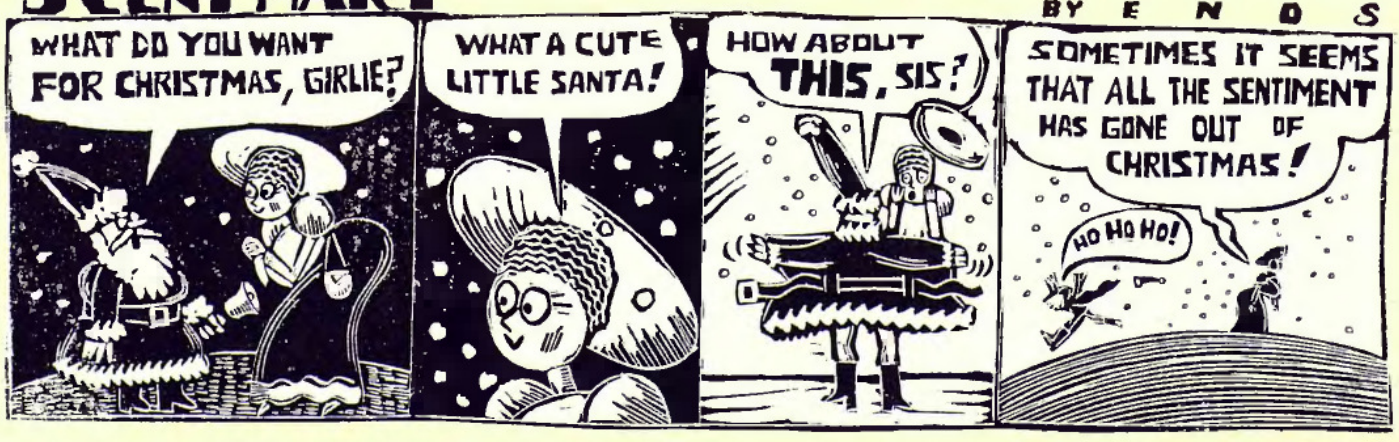
Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S



THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH
SCHWIMMER AND JONES
THIS MONTH: "A CHRISTMAS STORY"
by Randy Jones & Eugene Allen Schwimmer
STAR COMMAND

MERRY CHRISTMAS! TODAY, WE FIND OUR HEROES ON THE PLANET LT'AE, WHERE THEY ARE PARTICIPATING IN THAT MOST SACRED OF RITUALS: THE ANNUAL STAR COMMAND EDGE-OF-THE-UNIVERSE-PATROL OFFICE PARTY!
BUT WHY ME? WHY DO I HAVE TO BE SANTA CLAUS?
'CAUSE YOU'RE THE JOLLIEST!

JOLLY, EH? I'LL SHOW 'EM JOLLY! GIMME THAT DAMN BEARD!

HO! HO! HO!
OH, LOOK! THERE'S SANTA!

LATER THAT EVENING...
I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT IN THIS STUPID SUIT....HOLY MACKEREL!
OH, SANTA! IS IT TOO LATE FOR REQUESTS?

NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR! WOULD YOU LIKE TO... AH... SIT ON SANTA'S KNEE?

NOW, THEN! WHAT CAN I....
HUH?
I WANT A PAIR OF CROTCHLESS LEATHER PANTY HOSE!

I ALSO WANT A TEENY TINY NEGLIGEE SO FILMY AND SHEER YOU CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH IT AND A SUPERDELUXE COSMO VIBRATOR WITH THREE SPEEDS! BUT MOST OF ALL....

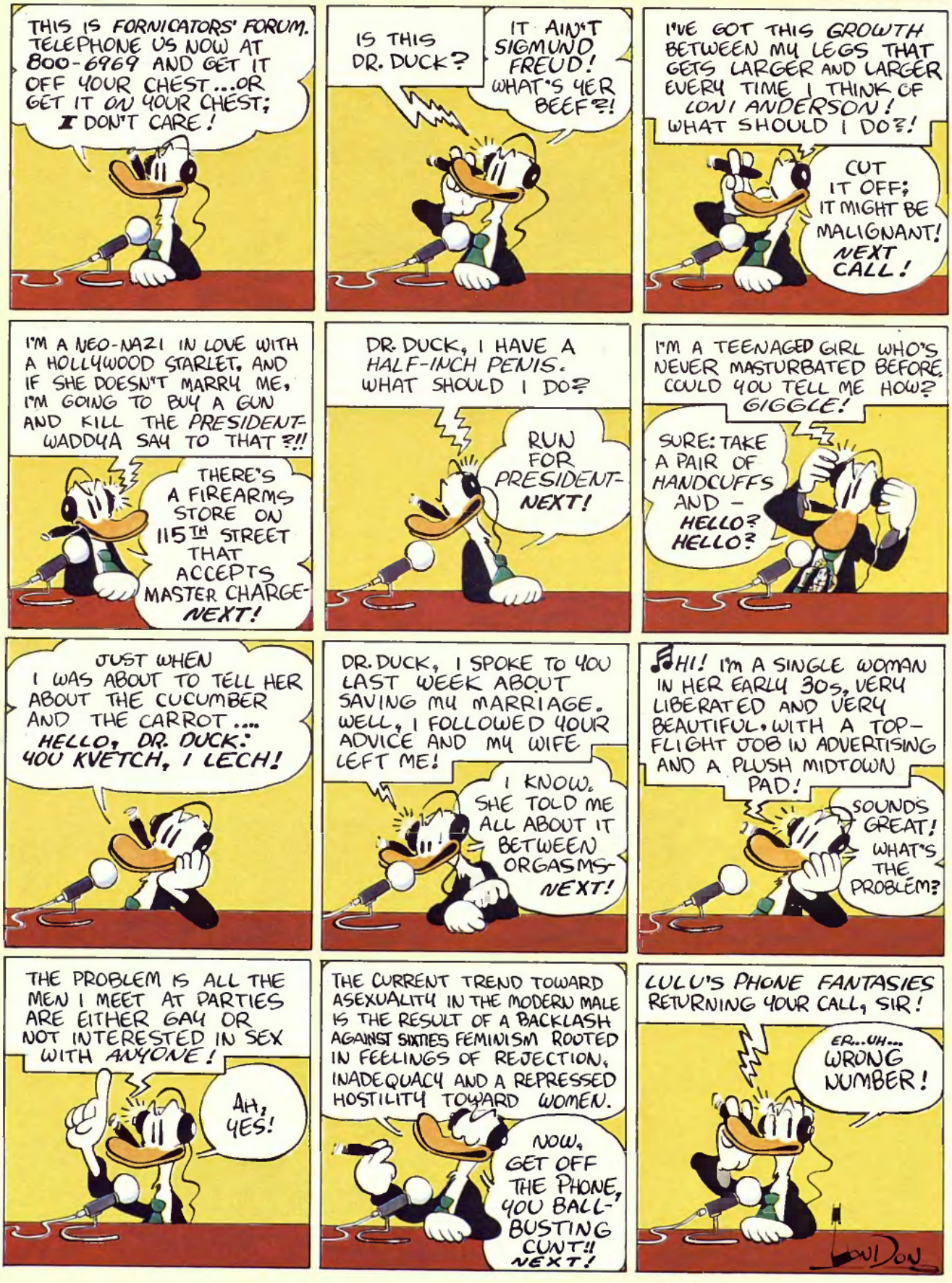
I WANT JOLLY OLD SANTA CLAUS TO CARRY ME OFF AND MAKE PASSIONATE LOVE TO ME TILL I'M TOO WEAK TO MOVE!

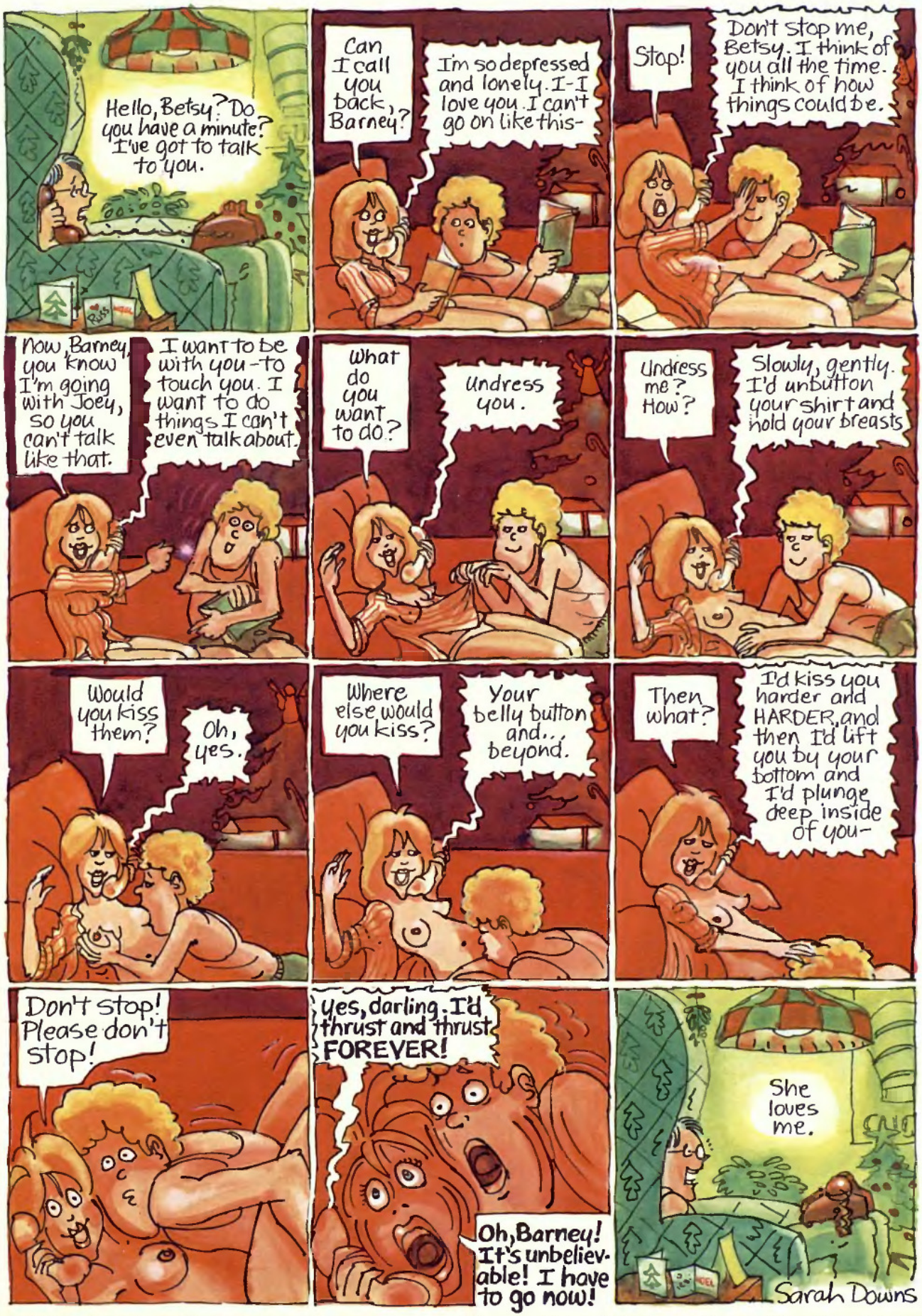
WELL?
I'D LOVE TO ACCOMMODATE YOU, MY CHILD..

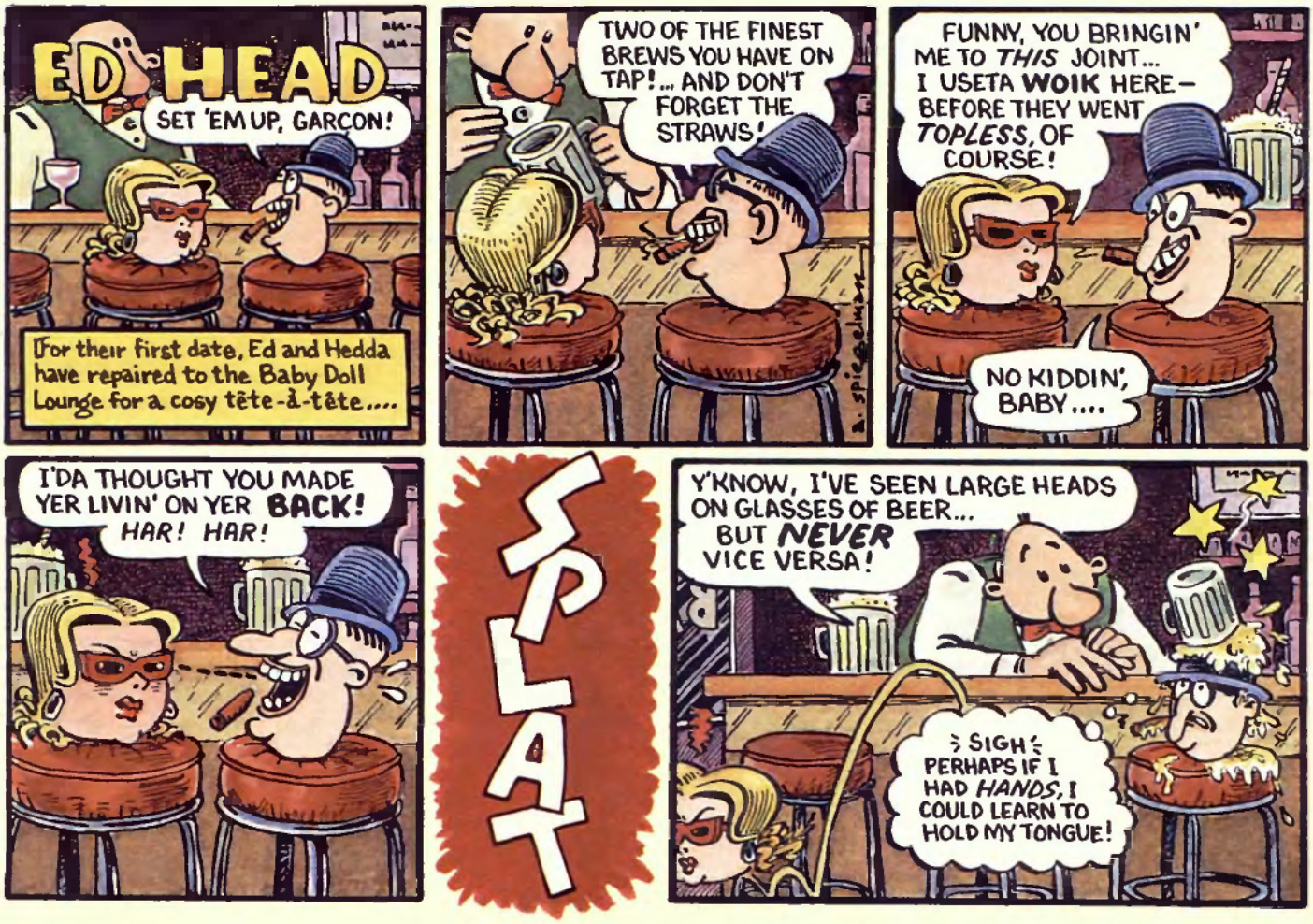
BUT I'M AFRAID SANTA CAME A LITTLE EARLY THIS YEAR....

OH, SANTA! YOUR REINDEER ARE WAITING!
SHUDDUP!
MEN
BEER

Dirty Duck® by Bobby London

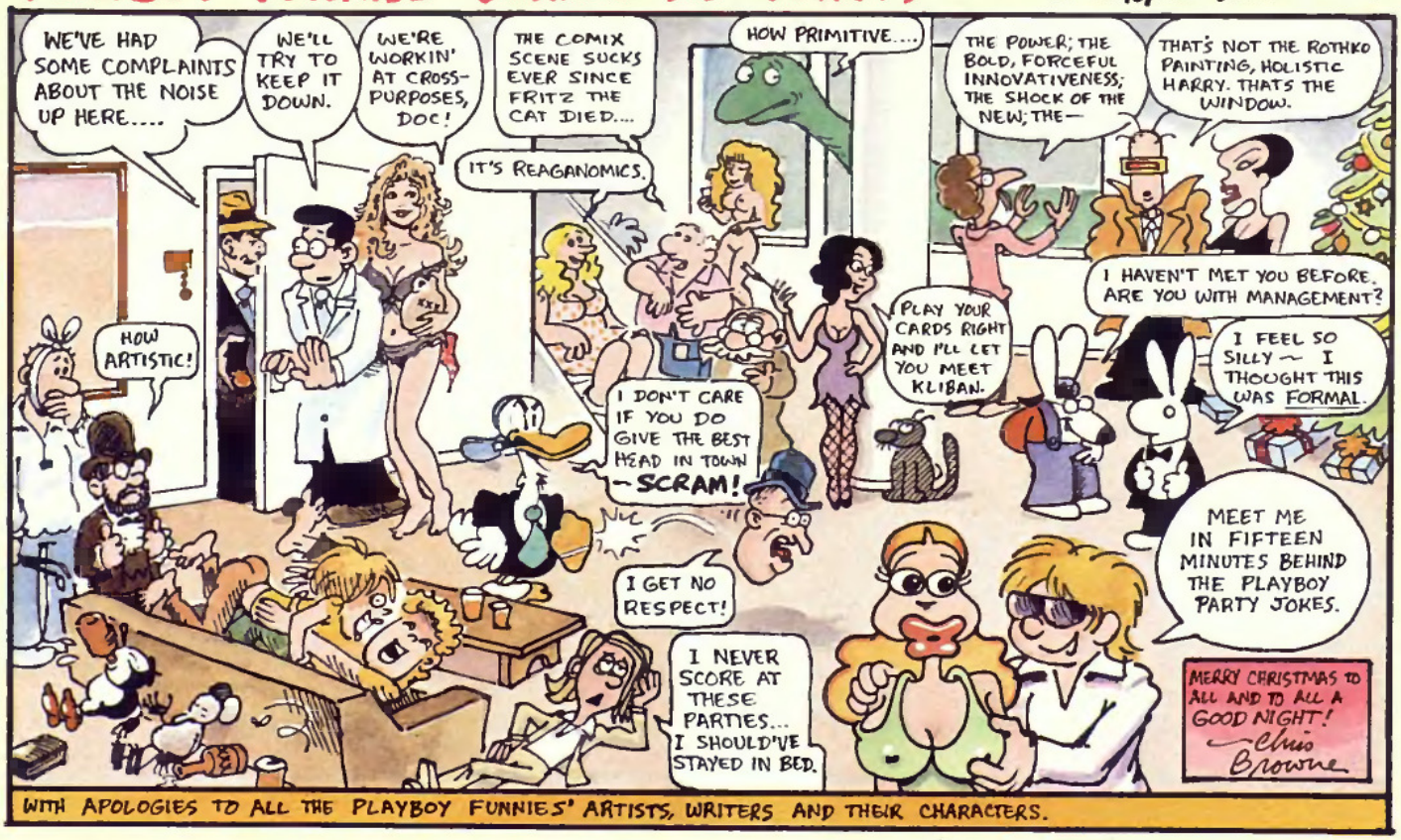



Hello, Betsy? Do you have a minute? I've got to talk to you.
Can I call you back, Barney?
I'm so depressed and lonely. I-I love you. I can't go on like this-
Stop!
Don't stop me, Betsy. I think of you all the time. I think of how things could be.
Now, Barney, you know I'm going with Joey, so you can't talk like that.
I want to be with you - to touch you. I want to do things I can't even talk about.
What do you want to do?
Undress you.
Undress me? How?
Slowly, gently. I'd unbutton your shirt and hold your breasts
Would you kiss them?
Oh, yes.
Where else would you kiss?
Your belly button and... beyond.
Then what?
I'd kiss you harder and HARDER, and then I'd lift you by your bottom and I'd plunge deep inside of you-
Don't stop! Please don't stop!
Yes, darling. I'd thrust and thrust FOREVER!
Oh, Barney! It's unbelievable! I have to go now!
She loves me.
Sarah Downs



PLAYBOY FUNNIES' CHRISTMAS PARTY

Christopher Browne



MOUTH THAT ROARED *(continued from page 130)*

"Never had the network switchboard so lit up with angry calls as when Howard did his first world series."

Howard was always right. Even when others in the booth made mild judgments of their own, they could not upstage Howard or scoop him with an insight. "*Exactly,*" he would chime in, and the point was clear: Howard had had that particular insight first. If a player made a mistake, Howard could be merciless: It was one thing for a player to fail his teammates; it was a far more serious thing for him to fail Howard. In such instances, he could be relentless, his voice reminding us again and again of the error.

All this did not mean that Howard was not a good communicator. In many ways, he was communicating better than ever. Like all good communicators, he was connecting to something in his audience, and with Howard, in some dark, involuntary way, the connection was to the beast beneath the surface in his viewers. He was provoking it, agitating it, so that millions of people, in spite of themselves, tuned in. He filled, in a pernicious way, a particular psychic need. It was an ugly process.

Somewhere in those years, he had forsaken journalism. If during the Sixties the great story for a serious sports journalist was race, in the Seventies, it was more and more what television and its concurrent big money had done to sports. But Howard was part of that very issue; he had ridden to the top on the prime instrument corrupting college athletics, a television network. Instead of the probing journalist, he now became the classic modern telecelebrity. There was Howard during the 1976 American League play-offs, interviewing—if that is the word—Frank and Barbara Sinatra and passing along Roone's best wishes, saying that Roone wanted to be remembered to them. He was soon appearing on sitcoms and on roasts. (Like Don Rickles, he was good at roasts; his first instinct was to insult people, all in good fun.) He was on Bob Hope specials and even did a couple of commercials—one for a soft drink (in which, as I recall, he sang, though not very well) and another (again, I hope memory does not fail) for a C.B. radio. Some friends of mine were disappointed; they could not envision Ed Murrow singing for a soft-drink company. But I assured them that it was all right, that it was all part of the same thing—not the selling of a cola but the selling of Howard—and that he had kept, rather than broken, this particular faith. By then, I secretly longed for him to do more, perhaps the ring-around-the-collar commercial, one of my favorites, or—did I dare even hope for it?—the Roto-Rooter one. I wanted Howard to sing the Roto-Rooter song.

•

What did Howard in, what exposed him, finally, was baseball. It is a delicate sport; it cannot be hurried, and often the sweetest sound in a baseball game is the sound of silence. The rhythms of baseball are the rhythms of a quieter, less frenetic America, and my colleague Russell Baker believes that one reason baseball has survived so well in a television era is that its norms and rhythms cannot be changed, that it is essentially so resistant to television. Howard's weaknesses had never been so noticeable in football. The game's fundamental violence had at least partially obscured his own violence, and its speedy action (in addition to good support in the broadcast booth and excellent use of replays) had obscured some of his ignorance. Having openly mocked baseball when ABC did not have a slice of it, a lesser man than Howard might have turned down the chance to work in the broadcast booth. Instead, baseball was suddenly relegitimized. Howard turned out to be a fan after all. We were treated to loving descriptions of Howard's days at the ball park in days gone past. All it took to make baseball a modern sport was the right man in the broadcast booth. So broadcast it he did, and he was *terrible,* at once ignorant and overbearing (overbearing, one suspects, in direct proportion to his lack of knowledge). It was like watching the best of the 19th Century being assaulted by the worst of the 20th Century.

The baseball season builds slowly; no single game until the pennant races at summer's end is crucial, and for most fans, the game's small skills and delicate graces are reward enough. Enter Howard, who did not know what most fans know—that by the end of the season the action will find itself, that it cannot be hurried. Howard violated baseball as no announcer had ever violated a major sport. He went at it as if it were an adrenaline sport, like football. He told us during world-series games that certain teams did not look *up* for the game. If a poor, unfortunate infielder made an error in the first inning, Howard hammered away at us: "Was this the turning point?" he shouted. Never, a high ABC official confided to a friend of mine, had the switchboard at the network so lit up with angry calls as when Howard did his first world series. And what was worse, the ABC official admitted, these were not your ordinary crank calls from fans boozy with frustration and resentment; they were the calls of articulate, informed, desperate people. They knew something that Arledge apparently did not know: that *Monday Night Football* was his, an invented, gimmicky event, and if he wanted to put Howard on to hype the action, that was his business and the fault of any dissident for not turning off his set. But the world series was theirs; it was public property, it had existed before Roone, Howard and ABC were around and it was not to be tampered with. Worse, allowing Howard to broadcast it showed something all too basic to television: a lack of respect for both the intelligence of the audience and the institution being covered.

•

About two years ago, I went to a party filled with top-level media figures, and there, of all people, was Arledge, the very man who had given us Howard. He seemed pleasant, almost pixyish, and we talked amiably for a time. Then, given this rare opportunity that millions of other fans lusted after but could never achieve, I made the most of my chance. Was there any way, I asked, that he could lower the volume on Howard, temper him in some way, so that listeners would not feel so assaulted? Could Howard be made less jarring? Roone was very gracious as I made my request, and I had a feeling that he had heard variations on it over many years.

"Well," he answered, "it ought to be easy to do, but it's not. Howard does not take suggestions very well, and you know how he is—he's got that huge ego and he's very insecure, so it's hard to deal with him. Most of our problems come from his insecurity."

Roone must have passed along my suggestion in some form or another, because a few months later, Howard saw Gay Talese at a bar in Los Angeles, and Howard began to shout across the various tables, "Your friend Halberstam tried to get my job. Well, let me tell you, and you can tell him, that I am ungettable. *Ungettable!*"

So much for telling it like it is.

But then, I should never forget what Jimmy Cannon, one of the best sportswriters of a generation, said about Howard: "Can a man who wears a hairpiece and changes his name be trusted to tell it like it is?" What Jimmy didn't know and what I found out was that Howard also lied about his age. For a long time, he told people that he was born in Winston-Salem in 1920. Then someone looked it up. It turns out that he was born in 1918. Sorry, Howard.

There is another story that is told about Howard and Jimmy, about the time they were flying back from the West Coast a few years ago. Howard was upset over what some print people had

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MERIT
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written about him, and he had filibustered Jimmy on the subject for much of the flight. As the plane neared New York, Howard realized he had gone too far, and he tried to make amends.

"But we shouldn't be fighting, Jimmy. After all, there's only a small handful of us that really care about the important things in sports—isn't that right, just a handful of us?"

"That's right, Howard," Jimmy said, "except that there's one fewer than you think."

I have thought about Howard a lot lately, and I have decided that he is important. Perhaps not in the way he thinks ("a legend in his own mind," to use Johnny Carson's phrase about him) but in what he reveals about the culture. For Howard has become, for better or worse, a man for this season. We have not just Howard but all his lineal descendants, the young hype artists of television sports and news. They are not so much journalists as *provocateurs*. They do not so much report and analyze and explain as provoke and make things happen. Some of them square their shoulders, lean into the camera and tell it straight. They are, make no mistake about it, two-fisted. Some, by contrast, are cute: They giggle; they single out the most bizarre moments on the video tape, which underscore not the action of the game but their chance to be funny; and, above all, they flirt with the resident anchor woman. They become *personalities*, more important than events and people they cover.

Howard is the father of them all, and his success is singular. He has that mournful face in a profession that loves pretty faces; he has a tired toupee in a profession much given to blow-dried hair; and he is a terrible athlete in a profession more and more given over to ex-jocks. He made it, in truth, by creating a persona; if he could not be lovable, then he would be, above all else, unlovable. Everything was done to call attention to himself: The wrong syllable was accented; huge, cumbersome words were summoned; the cadence was made overstylized. He became the issue: What would Howard do? Whom would he assault? Would he self-destruct? Would someone finally turn on him? He became in the process what television wants more than anything else, an event. If he was provocative, then someone in the print media would write about him and there would be controversy, and where there was controversy there was even more of an event. That is what happened; and in an odd way, he was like Nixon in that his psychic needs demanded that he be more public, go further and further out on the wire, even further than his psychic strengths could really withstand. His emotional needs and the needs of his medium coincided in some terrible way. A healthier man could never have done it.

The second part of Howard's success comes from the fact that he is a brilliant talent scout. Television is about show business and show business is about stars, and Howard has always understood star quality—understood what a big property is, to use his phrase. It is the one thread that runs through his career—a brilliant instinct for picking up on those who are not just superb athletes but who are, in the larger sense, stars. These athletes must be not only consummately skilled at their profession but, in addition, equally good at the theater of sports. Howard is the promoter of athletes who have the looks and personalities to be television celebrities.

If there is an example of the journalistic imbalance that Howard's theatrics can cause, it is his and his network's bias toward Muhammad Ali and how that bias tended to obscure the greatness of Joe Frazier. Some of that was inevitable, because Ali was such remarkable theater that any good journalist was bound to cover him more than Frazier. But the degree to which Howard and ABC tilted in that case was disgraceful; it not only eclipsed Frazier's greatness for a very long time but, oddly enough, because of the emphasis on the capricious side of Ali, it also trivialized him. It took Frazier, on his own, in the ring, to do two things that Howard and his network were never able to do: first, to show how great a fighter he was; and, second, to show (almost involuntarily) how great a fighter Ali was as well. The danger with most media flashes is that their theatrics outweigh their substance; when they are gone, the image disappears. In this case, because of Frazier and almost in spite of the Howard-Ali hoopla, we are left with genuine memory.

Not surprisingly, many of the athletes Howard gave us—Ali, O.J., Joe Willie, Sugar Ray; the Great Ones, to coin a phrase—have dabbled in movies and commercials when their playing days were over. It was a connection that worked well for both sides. Howard offered them national access and they, in turn, offered him the reflected glory of their careers and their star quality. As he was identified with them, they were bigger and he was bigger. If ABC were ever to cover professional basketball, there is no doubt who Howard's athlete would be. Larry Bird would be too shy and suspicious, Julius Erving too careful and restrained and too far along in his own career. (Howard likes to come in on his athletes very early, so there will be a sense that he helped chart their success. "I have predicted greatness for this young man since I first saw him as a sophomore . . ." one can almost hear him say.) Howard's basketball player would be Magic Johnson. Howard likes anyone who is a man-child, because the man-child is particularly good on TV—at once shrewd and knowing, vulnerable and innocent. As Reggie has shown us and shown us, that makes for good television, if not for complete humanity.

•

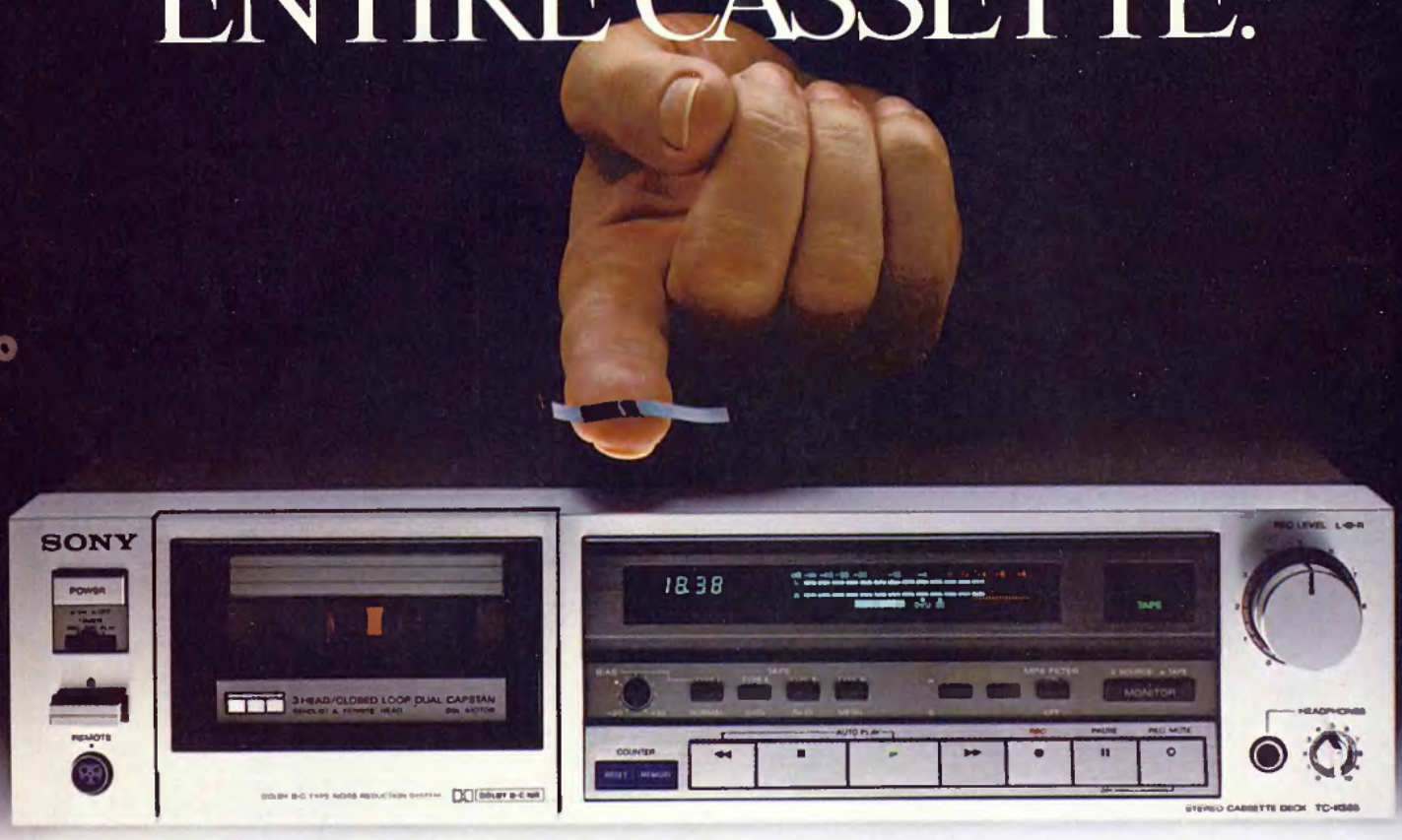
So that leaves us with only one question: Who is Howard and why is he doing this to us? I think I found the answer recently in the pages of *The New York Times*. Not the sports pages, oddly enough, but the science pages. The answer was in an article by a writer named Maya Pines, and I doubt that she had ever met Howard. She had written an unusually illuminating piece about the inroads psychoanalysts are making with narcissists, or, to use her words, "the joyless men and women who cannot love anyone but spend their lives desperately seeking admiration to counteract their feelings of inner emptiness."

It was an article that was studied carefully in my house, because it was more than a little applicable to the writer of this piece and to many of his friends who are also in the media—in particular, to some who work in television. Then, when I started writing about Howard, I went back and reread the article and was stunned. The *Times* listed a number of signs of narcissistic disorder: a grandiose sense of self-importance or uniqueness; recurrent fantasies of unlimited success, power, brilliance, beauty or ideal love; a craving for constant attention and admiration; oscillation between extreme overidealization and devaluation of others; lack of empathy—the inability to recognize how others feel; feelings of rage, humiliation, inferiority, shame, emptiness or an indifference to criticism or defeat.

Well, I think we have our man, and I think we have, as well, part of the secret of his success, which is his need, his passion, to be important. Thus, Howard is a man of the most singular purpose; what he does is not so much a job as it is something far more profound—a state of mind, his essential health. It makes clear the role that the rest of us have played and must play in the future. We are, all of us—30,000,000 or 40,000,000 on occasion—members of his encounter group. Although technically we are not paid for our participation, although we give more than we receive, there are other rewards—spiritual ones. We make the lives of our fellow citizens a little easier: We take the heat off the stewardess who is slow to serve him a drink or the press-box attendant who does not pay him quite enough homage or the lowly ABC crew member who makes a mistake with the sound equipment. We do our part. He is working things out with us, and with any luck, he will come out of it a better man and we will come out of it a better audience. *Exactly.*

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF.
Crown Royal
My sock runneth over.

SONY CAPTURES MORE MUSIC ON THIS MUCH TAPE THAN MOST RECORDERS DO ON AN ENTIRE CASSETTE.



As incredible as this statement might sound, it's absolutely credible.

Most cassette recordings just aren't faithful to the way the music was originally intended. Simply because they're made on two-head machines. And two-head machines compromise both the dynamic range and frequency response of the music. So you can listen to an entire cassette and never hear the most brilliant highs of a flute. Or the deep, rich, resonant lows of a bass.

The new Sony TC-K555 is without compromise.

Because there are three separate heads—one to erase, one to record and one to play back—each is optimized for its own specific function. So you hear the highest highs and the lowest lows. Or, to put it another way—you hear more music.

Now, others offer three-head decks, but only Sony offers a unique, Independent Suspension system. This remarkable system allows for incredible precision and consistency in head alignment and prevents the significant high-frequency loss caused by the alignment errors so prevalent in other systems.

And the K555 also includes closed-loop dual capstan drive for superior tape tension and reduced modulation noise. This results in not only crisper, cleaner, more precise sound, but exposes more tape to the heads. And the more tape exposed to the heads, the more music exposed to your ears.

The head design is equally unique. It's a combination of Sendust and Ferrite for maximum performance no matter what tape type.

And of course, three heads also give you the added benefit of instantaneous off-the-tape monitoring. It's one more assurance that the quality of the recorded music will be faithful to the quality of the original.

Other outstanding features: everything from Dolby's newest, most advanced noise reduction system, Dolby C,* to a state-of-the-art linear time counter which measures elapsed tape time in minutes and seconds, instead of inches.

So if sound is as important to you as it is to Sony, insist on the cassette deck that captures more music on an inch of tape than most decks can on a mile—the K555 from Sony.

FEATURES AND SPECIFICATIONS: Linear Counter of actual elapsed time. 16-segment Peak-Program Meters with maximum recording level indication. Optional RM-50 remote control, RM-80 wireless remote, RM-65 synchronizer. S/N ratio 61dB (type III tape, Dolby off). Wow & flutter 0.04% (WRMS). Frequency response 25Hz–18kHz ±3dB (metal tape). *Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories. Sony Corp. of America, Sony Drive, Park Ridge, NJ 07656. © 1982 Sony Corp. of America. Sony is a registered trademark of the Sony Corp.

SONY. The one and only.

Rowland
Wilson

BASKETBALL PREVIEW *(continued from page 182)*

"The Hoosiers will be back in the thick of the fight for the national championship—everyone returns."

Connecticut's Earl Kelley to make a lot of headlines in his first year).

West Virginia, with four returning starters, will be the class of the new Atlantic Ten. If the Mountaineers falter—lack of depth at center could knock them off the mountain—either Rutgers or Penn State should take the title. Transfer Sam Randolph should make a big splash at Rutgers.

I cannot tell a lie: Prime freshmen Troy and Darryl Webster (unrelated except in skills) will make George Washington one of the most improved teams in the East.

Mark Jones, a genuine All-America candidate, will again be the central fixture at St. Bonaventure. Teammate Eric Stover has enormous but as yet untapped potential.

The Ivy League race should be a dead heat between Pennsylvania and Columbia, with Princeton not far behind. Talented freshmen could help Cornell post its first winning record in 15 years.

Look for tiny Iona College to have one of the surprise teams in the country. The Gaels won two dozen games last year with a starting line-up of freshmen and sophs, and they'll benefit greatly from experience. Talented transfer Arnie Russell could steal a starting role.

Canisius will be banking on seven-foot center Mike Smrek to cure last year's glaring rebounding weakness, and he may be enough to bring his team bounding back into contention.

Four returning starters, including last winter's freshman sensation Keith Cieplicki, are the cause of much wishing and merriment at William & Mary. Lack of height will still be a shortcoming, however. Manhattan College ought to be stronger, because a group of quality newcomers should energize last year's lumbering style.

The talent at Fordham is less impressive this year, but the Rams can hope to avoid a repeat of the rash of injuries that scratched them last season.

Both Army and Navy have improved. The Cadets, who managed only five wins last campaign, are especially optimistic about new coach Les Wothke and his small battalion of raw but promising recruits. But they'll still have a hard time gunning down the Navy; the Middies enjoyed a bonanza recruiting season.

THE MIDWEST
Indiana and Evansville Make for a Hot Year in Hoosierland

It was an off year in Bloomington last season (Indiana won "just" 19 games), but the Hoosiers will be back in the thick of the fight for the national championship this time, because everyone returns from a talented but very raw squad, and a year's added maturity should make a big difference. As always, Indiana will boast one of the nation's best defenses. The only discernible weakness is a lack of quickness—incongruous for the usually hurryin' Hoosiers.

Illinois will be the most improved team in the Big Ten. Coach Lou Henson has recruited one of the finest classes in the country. Derek Harper could be the best guard at any point by season's end. Rookies Efrem Winters and Bruce Douglas are certain to win starting roles.

The Iowa Hawkeyes will be stronger, but their nonconference schedule is more challenging, so it will be hard for the Hawks to fly higher than last season. Freshmen Andre Banks and Brad Lohaus (a seven-footer) will help.

Purdue's fortunes this season will depend largely on the state of repair of

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center Russell Cross's injured knee. Newcomers Craig Perry and Steve Reid will see a lot of work for the Boilers.

Minnesota's graduation losses were devastating. The Gophers must rebuild around center Randy Breuer, who should again be the dominant big man in the league. Much depends on how quickly transfer Roland Brooks can put points up, but the outlook's not golden.

Clark Kellogg, toughest of the Ohio State Buckeyes last season, has departed for the pros, and the leftover talent is less than spectacular. The principal hope for the future lies in the return eligibility of Joe Concheck.

Both Michigan State and Northwestern will have much better teams, but neither will be a serious Big Ten contender. The Spartans will have intimidating height, and newcomer Patrick Ford will make a big contribution. Northwestern was snake-bitten last time around. After they lost some squeakers, the Wildcats' morale plummeted. Nearly everyone returns, and the squad should be much better—not to mention more confident.

Michigan and Wisconsin will be so young that their quintets will look like quintuplets. The Wolverines will count on impressive stature, and the Badgers will benefit from the firepower of phenomenal freshman guard Ricky Olson.

Bowling Green has the inside track in the Mid-American Conference race, thanks to the return from injury of Colin Irish. The Falcons will be challenged by a Toledo team that returns intact and will again be quick and agile. Ball State, with incredible shooter Ray McCallum, will be a conference dark horse to watch out for.

Junior college transfer Harold Howard (remember that name!) heads a contingent of six top-quality recruits who will again make Evansville the class of the Midwestern City Conference. The Aces are t-a-l-l and by season's end could be awesome enough to crack the top ten.

Evansville's challenges will come from Oral Roberts and Oklahoma City. Both teams have reaped bumper crops of recruits.

Loyola lost two of last season's top scorers, and the schedule, once again, is brutal. Good thing the fans are loyal. Neither Xavier nor Butler has suffered significant graduation losses, so both

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

1. Indiana
2. Illinois
3. Iowa
4. Purdue
5. Minnesota
6. Ohio State
7. Michigan State
8. Northwestern
9. Michigan
10. Wisconsin

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

1. Bowling Green
2. Toledo
3. Ball State
4. Eastern Michigan
5. Northern Illinois
6. Ohio University
7. Miami University
8. Central Michigan
9. Kent State
10. Western Michigan

MIDWESTERN CITY CONFERENCE

1. Evansville
2. Oral Roberts
3. Oklahoma City
4. Loyola of Chicago
5. Xavier
6. Butler
7. Detroit
8. St. Louis

OTHERS

1. Marquette
2. DePaul
3. Notre Dame
4. Dayton

MID-STATES GREATS: Kitchel, Thomas, Blab (Indiana); Harper, Winters (Illinois); Payne (Iowa); Cross (Purdue); Breuer (Minnesota); Campbell (Ohio State); Vincent (Michigan State); Stack (Northwestern); Turner (Michigan); Sellers (Wisconsin); Jenkins (Bowling Green); Adamek (Toledo); McCallum (Ball State); McClain (Eastern Michigan); Dillon (Northern Illinois); Devereaux (Ohio University); Tubbs (Miami University); McLaughlin (Central Michigan); Zeigler (Kent State); Elliott (Western Michigan); Howard, Johnson (Evansville); M. Acres (Oral Roberts); Campbell (Oklahoma City); Hughes (Loyola); Hicks (Xavier); Mitchem (Butler); Blakey (Detroit); Johnson (St. Louis); Rivers, D. Johnson (Marquette); Patterson, Randolph (DePaul); Paxson (Notre Dame); Chapman (Dayton).

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squads will be better in 1982–1983.

Playboy All-America guard Glenn Rivers holds the key to Marquette's success. He will be aided by Lloyd Moore and Kerry Trotter. The schedule, as always, is tough, but the Warriors should pick up their 17th consecutive post-season tournament bid.

The DePaul Blue Demons will be loaded with talent, as usual, but the team is very young. Three freshmen—Tony Jackson, Kevin Holmes and Marty Embry—will have won starting jobs by midwinter.

Notre Dame will gain from last year's creep-show experience, but the Irish will still depend heavily on the performance of veteran guard John Paxson. The freshman class, fortunately, is among the nation's best, and the schedule is much easier. Rookies Joe Buchanan and Tim Kempton are expected to make vital contributions. Dayton will get a lot of help from incoming prep star Ed Young. And Kevin Conrad will be one of the nation's best point guards, but that may not be enough.

THE SOUTH

Tar Heels or Cavaliers?

Two or three years ago, the Atlantic Coast Conference took over the mantle of the dominant league in the country from the Big Ten. This year's championship looks like a foot race between incumbent North Carolina and a serendipitous Virginia team led by Playboy All-America center Ralph Sampson. The Cavaliers are missing only one significant player from the squad that won 30 games last winter, and transfer guard Rick Carlisle should more than make up for the loss.

The dramatic revival of Virginia basketball is widely credited to the play of Sampson. But the astute coaching and the magnetic leadership of Terry Holland are even bigger factors. During his eight seasons in Charlottesville, Holland has turned Virginia into a national basketball power in a classic rags-to-riches scenario. Before his arrival, Virginia teams had enjoyed only three winning seasons in 20 years. A civilized, affable, obviously intelligent man with a personal warmth that inspires adulation in his players, Holland is the perfect athletic mentor for an academically prestigious university. For those reasons, we have selected Holland as Playboy's Coach of the Year.

North Carolina, with a talent-laden tandem of Playboy All-Americas, Sam Perkins and Michael Jordan, is an equally good bet for both A.C.C. and N.C.A.A. laurels. As usual, coach Dean Smith has brought in a powerful corps of recruits. At least one newcomer, center Brad Daugherty, could step in and start. The Tar Heels' major strength may be their immense reservoir of bench talent, a crucial factor in an era of increasingly frequent injuries.

North Carolina State will feature a new up-tempo style built around forward Thurl Bailey and point guard Sidney Lowe. Junior college transfer Alvin Battle is the aggressive rebounder the Wolfpack needs.

Three of last winter's Wake Forest starters have departed, so coach Carl Tacy will restructure his squad to take advantage of the new experimental game rules. If you can't outmuscle 'em, outfox 'em.

Maryland will benefit from a deeper (and much needed) pool of talent. Newcomers Ben Coleman, Len Bias and Jeff Baxter are all good enough to become starters by early 1983.

Duke, after four substandard recruiting years, got a bonanza this time. As many as four freshmen could work their way into the starting line-up by late winter; so if they don't win, maybe they can start a singing group. Best of the new studs is Johnny Dawkins, who could be All-Solar System by the time he graduates.

The Kentucky Wildcats could wind up as national champions or as a big bust, depending on whether or not Sam Bowie's fractured fibula is completely healed. Even without the big man, though, the Wildcats' depth is impressive. Freshman Kenny Walker is one of this year's finest recruits, so a total washout is unlikely. But Bowie's the only one who can take Kentucky to the top of the S.E.C.

Tennessee will again be mostly a one-man team (Playboy All-America forward Dale Ellis), but a veteran supporting cast ought to give Ellis more help than he had last year.

Alabama regularly recruits the best basketball players that football coach Bear Bryant's personal prestige can attract. This season's hottest shot is Alfonso Johnson. Along with Playboy All-America Ennis Whatley and soph Bobby Lee Hurt, Johnson will make the Tide a serious threat to roll to the S.E.C. championship.

Auburn will be the most improved team in the conference, but the War Eagles' schedule looks to be a tough battle. A healthy Earl Hayes will be a big help, and center Charles Barkley is a future All-America.

There will be a dearth of depth at Vanderbilt unless immediate help comes from at least two of four outstanding freshmen. Bobby Westbrooks is the rookie most likely to succeed.

All the top players return from an LSU squad that suffered from inexperience and lack of size in the front line last winter. A year's maturity and the addition of rookie center Rich Stanfel should make this a productive season for these Bengals.

The loss of Dominique Wilkins could make for some rainy nights in Georgia. New point guard Donald Hartry will be a big plus, but a shortage of height will again be a problem, unless 7'2" freshman Troy Hitchcock matures quickly.

In recent years, it's been a sacrilege

THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

1. Virginia
2. North Carolina
3. North Carolina State
4. Wake Forest
5. Maryland
6. Duke
7. Clemson
8. Georgia Tech

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

1. Kentucky
2. Tennessee
3. Alabama
4. Auburn
5. Vanderbilt
6. Louisiana State
7. Mississippi
8. Georgia
9. Florida
10. Mississippi State

METRO CONFERENCE

1. Memphis State
2. Louisville
3. Tulane
4. Cincinnati
5. Florida State
6. Virginia Tech

SUN BELT CONFERENCE

1. Old Dominion
2. Alabama-Birmingham
3. UNC Charlotte
4. Virginia Commonwealth
5. South Florida
6. Jacksonville
7. Western Kentucky
8. South Alabama

OHIO VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Murray State
2. Middle Tennessee
3. Morehead State
4. Eastern Kentucky
5. Austin Peay
6. Tennessee Tech

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

1. Chattanooga
2. Western Carolina
3. Marshall
4. Davidson
5. The Citadel
6. Appalachian State
7. Furman
8. East Tennessee State
9. Virginia Military

OTHERS

1. South Carolina
2. East Carolina
3. Georgia State

REBEL-ROUSERS: Sampson, Wilson, Robinson (Virginia); Perkins, Jordan, Doherty (North Carolina); Bailey, Whittenburg (North Carolina State); Young, Rogers (Wake Forest); Branch, Bias (Maryland); Engelland, Dawkins (Duke); Hamilton (Clemson); Joseph (Georgia Tech); Bowie, Hord, Minniefield (Kentucky); Ellis (Tennessee); Whatley, Hurt (Alabama); Barkley, Mosteller (Auburn); Cox (Vanderbilt); Carter (Louisiana State); Clark (Mississippi); Hartry (Georgia); Williams (Florida); Malone (Mississippi State); Lee, Parks (Memphis State); McCray, Thompson (Louisville); Thompson, Williams (Tulane); Jones (Cincinnati); Wiggins (Florida State); Curry (Virginia Tech); West (Old Dominion); Pruitt (Alabama-Birmingham); Atkinson (UNC Charlotte); Corker (Virginia Commonwealth); Grandholm (South Florida); Roulhac (Jacksonville); Jones (Western Kentucky); Scott (South Alabama); Green (Murray State); Perry (Middle Tennessee); Minnifield (Morehead State); Chambers (Eastern Kentucky); Manning (Austin Peay); Taylor (Tennessee Tech); White (Chattanooga); Carr (Western Carolina); Wade (Marshall); Tribus (Davidson); Toney (The Citadel); McMillian (Appalachian State); Singleton (Furman); Motley (East Tennessee State); Wins (Virginia Military); Foster (South Carolina); Green (East Carolina); Brown (Georgia State).

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to suggest that any team besides Louisville could win the Metro Conference championship. But this time, we think Memphis State will take it all.

For starters, the Tigers have Playboy All-America center Keith Lee, a mere sophomore, who should become the nation's best player by next year. He and three other starters are joined by a promising group of recruits. Best of all is frosh forward Baskerville Holmes, whose parents must have been Conan Doyle's fiercest fans.

Louisville will be as strong as last season, when it was one of the top four seeds in the N.C.A.A. play-offs, but unfortunately for the Cardinals, the opposition will be much stronger this time around. Forward Rodney McCray will again be the main man. The Cards still have an explosive fast break and a terrifying full-court press; rookie Billy Thompson is a future All-America.

Tulane returns eight of the top ten players from a team that won 19 games last year, so the Greenies are likely to have an up year in the Metro Conference race. The Cincinnati five was dominated by freshmen last winter and will profit greatly from that playing time.

Mitchell Wiggins, the finest basketball player ever to wear a Florida State uniform, leads a team that may grow into the best in the school's history. Don't say you haven't been warned when you see some upsets in Tallahassee.

Old Dominion, led by premiere center Mark West, has the brightest prospects in the Sun Belt Conference. Alabama-Birmingham, with only one returning starter, will go through an early-season shakedown period but should be as strong as usual by March. Forward Cliff Pruitt will make a big splash in his opening season.

Murray State has been reinforced by the return from injury of Lamont Sleets and the arrival of transfer Craig Jones, and it will again take the Ohio Valley championship. Middle Tennessee and Morehead State, decimated by graduation, will have a hard time keeping pace.

Chattanooga, with sharpshooter Willie White, will be as strong as last year, when the Moccasins choochooed to 27 wins, but it will be hard pressed by Western Carolina, Marshall and Davidson. Marshall forward David Wade is probably the best player in the Southern Conference.

Appalachian State will be the Southern Conference dark horse, due primarily to the return from injury of superforward (and superperson) Wade Capehart. South Carolina, with everyone coming back, will pick up ground in the South.

THE NEAR WEST

Oklahoma—Where the Wins Come Sweepin' Down the Plain. . . .

Sooner or later, it was bound to happen. With five starters returning and the best freshman class in the school's history, Oklahoma will be one of the nation's most improved teams. New faces Wayman Tisdale, Aaron Combs and Jerome Johnson could all displace veterans by season's end.

Missouri earned its best marks in history last year and should be just as strong this season under the leadership of Playboy All-America guard Jon Sundvold. Veteran center Steve Stipanovich and freshman Lance Scott, a skyscraper, will give the Tigers daunting altitude.

Kansas State has suffered from catastrophic senioritis and must rebuild around center Les Craft. A quality bunch of youngsters led by forward Tyrone Jackson will log a lot of minutes throughout the year.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

1. Oklahoma	5. Oklahoma State
2. Missouri	6. Iowa State
3. Kansas State	7. Kansas
4. Nebraska	8. Colorado

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

1. Houston	6. Texas
2. Arkansas	7. Southern Methodist
3. Texas Christian	
4. Texas A & M	8. Baylor
5. Texas Tech	9. Rice

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Illinois State	7. Creighton
2. Bradley	8. Southern Illinois
3. Tulsa	
4. Wichita State	9. West Texas State
5. Drake	
6. New Mexico State	10. Indiana State

BEST OF THE NEAR WEST: Barnett, Tisdale (Oklahoma); Sundvold, Stipanovich (Missouri); Craft (Kansas State); Smith (Nebraska); Clark (Oklahoma State); Harris (Iowa State); Henry (Kansas); Humphries (Colorado); Drexler, Micheaux, Olajuwon (Houston); Walker (Arkansas); Arnold (Texas Christian); Riley (Texas A & M); Jennings (Texas Tech); Wacker (Texas); Davis, Addison (Southern Methodist); Hall (Baylor); Austin (Rice); Lamb (Illinois State); Scott (Bradley); Vanley, Harris (Tulsa); Carr (Wichita State); Dunson (Drake); Patterson (New Mexico State); Benjamin (Creighton); Byrd (Southern Illinois); Steppes (West Texas State); Smith (Indiana State).

Nebraska's crippling lack of size will be healed by aptly named freshman center Dave Hoppen. Ten returning lettermen will give the Cornhuskers their deepest line-up in several years.

Oklahoma State's hopes for a good roundup depend on how much the Cowboys can improve their mediocre rebounding and free-throw shooting.

Iowa State will be a solid dark horse in the Big Eight if 7'1" rookie center Brad Dudek's leg heals in time for him to gain some game experience. Coach Johnny Orr is well along in building a major basketball power in Ames.

The Kansas Jayhawks bench, a splintering liability last seasor, will be shored up by a superb group of rookies. Best of the new names is guard Carl Henry.

Colorado is regrouping after an avalanche of losses last year (a familiar scene in Boulder), but respectability is still several years away. The university administration, not the flaky alumni, should be running the athletic program.

Houston finished last season as one of the nation's four N.C.A.A. finalists and, with a little luck, could take home the national championship this time. The Cougar bench will be great: There are three seven-footers on the roster, and only one (Akeem Olajuwon) will be a starter. Clyde Drexler could soon be the best forward in the country.

Arkansas has only one returning starter but will benefit from the school's strongest recruiting class ever. Robert Brannon and Keenan Debose are the best of the new kids. The Hogs may be raw during the early season but will be lean and mean by the end of the line.

Seven of Texas Christian's top eight men return. Newcomer Tom Tebbs will provide steady play at point guard, the Frogs' only noticeable hole last season. Soon they may be handsome princes.

Two big recruits, Roger Bock and Jimmie Gilberts, will fill the bill in the front court for Texas A & M. Coach Shelby Metcalf will become the winningest coach in conference history when the Aggies post their first league victory.

Texas Tech coach Gerald Myers has cured last year's rebounding woes by recruiting the biggest players Tech has ever seen. The new front-line players—all stories tall—will be Bob Evans, Ken Wojciechoski and Ray Irvin.

This will be a rebuilding season at Texas—there's a new coach (Bob Weltlich), a mostly new line-up and a new system. Everything seems to hinge on Mike Wacker's knee.

SMU, the league's youngest team last year, has grown up a lot, but there's a long way to go. Baylor suffered calamitous graduation losses and will count heavily on junior college transfers.

Last year's top three Missouri Valley clubs (Bradley, Tulsa and Wichita State) also lost out to commencement. Which leaves Illinois State, with nearly everyone back from a squad that won 17 games, as the pre-season pick.

Creighton, with ballyhooed freshman center Benoit Benjamin, could be the league's surprise team but will finish no higher than second.

THE FAR WEST

Bruins Roar; Dons Depart

UCLA, once again, is flush with the ingredients that have characterized its spectacularly successful teams in the past: experience, talent and depth. The Bruins will have one of the best inside games in the nation, and guard Rod

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"Rocket" Foster, when he's ignited, can be devastating from the corners. Best of all, the Bruins are now off probation, and both team and campus morale will be much improved.

Oregon State was the Cinderella team of the Western Seaboard last year and could be again this time—except that the Beavers won't be able to bushwhack unsuspecting opponents. The front line has been beefed up with two super recruits, Steve Woodside and Tyrone Miller. Another rookie, Darryl Flowers, will be OSU's new floor general.

Washington State, with one of the nation's best flocks of freshmen, will make the greatest strides in the Pac-10. Two of the newcomers, Keith Morrison and Don Rubin, will rotate at point guard.

Graduation claimed Southern California's top two scorers, but, fortunately for the south-L.A. beach set, the Trojans have a strong group of sophomores with experience that belies their youth. Another big asset will be the return to action of redshirted Ron Holmes, who could be the surprise of the league.

New Arizona State coach Bob Weinhauer inherits a team that profits more from savvy than from size. The return of high-scoring Byron Scott after a year's absence will help. The pivot position will again be the Sun Devils' Achilles' heel.

With only two returning starters, this will be a year of reconstruction for Washington. Freshman guard Ernest Lee will be an important addition.

Ben Lindsey, Arizona's new coach, will count heavily on a better-than-expected group of recruits (Lindsey was hired only two weeks before national letter-of-intent day). Best of the catch are Puntus Wilson (who sounds like a football player) and Morgan Taylor.

Last winter, California posted what seemed to be its first winning record since redwoods started growing. But the graduation of center Mark McNamara will be tough to overcome. Any improvement this year will be the result of better depth and quickness.

Stanford was plagued by a woeful lack of speed last season, but new coach Tom Davis has corralled a couple of racehorse rookies, Ricky Lewis and Keith Ramee, who should speed the Cardinals along the way.

Oregon is still rebuilding; not much progress can be expected this year. The Ducks will be productive on offense but inept when the other team has the ball.

Four of last year's San Diego State starters return and are bolstered by a promising crop of fresh faces. Most of the new blood is in the backcourt, where freshman guard Anthony Watson will see a lot of action.

The addition of seven-foot transfer center Rick Tunstall will, believe it or not, make Hawaii a contender for the Western Athletic Conference championship. If top-quality guard Tony Webster has completely recovered from back surgery, everybody else will be following the Rainbows.

Wyoming had the most conference wins in the history of the league last season, but graduation broke up that gang of gunners. The recruiting effort, fortunately, was quite productive. The most prized freshman in camp is frontcourt player Mark Getty.

New Mexico will be much bigger and more mature this winter and may be the come-from-behind team in the conference race.

Brigham Young has a whole new look this season. The Cougars are pinning most of their hopes on freshmen in the backcourt. Junior forward Devin Durrant, returning from a church mission in Spain, will convert a lot of doubters.

Added rebounding power (in the person of seven-foot transfer center David Cecil) will make Utah a much improved team but still a second-division one.

Nevada–Las Vegas joins the Pacific Coast Association, and the Runnin' Rebels should sprint straight to the league championship in their first season. Three returning starters will be reinforced by a superstud freshman named Eldridge Hudson.

Fresno State will be more talented but less experienced than the Bulldog squad that took the championship last winter. Look for significant second-half improvement.

Fullerton State, with multiskilled point guard Leon Wood, will be much tougher than last year's edition. It has a good chance to make the N.C.A.A. tourney.

Irvine's losses to graduation were too great to overcome in only one season. Pacific, on the other hand, should be a vastly improved outfit, because first-year coach Tom O'Neill has worked on his charges' discipline with some forceful off-season ass kicking.

San Francisco suddenly and unexpectedly dropped its intercollegiate basketball program last summer, stunning its followers and eliciting the admiration of sports fans who want to see a return to sanity in college athletics. The sudden and sad demise of the Dons leaves Pepperdine an odds-on favorite to win the West Coast Conference championship. Its entertaining offensive fireworks will be a big attraction in Malibu.

If Pepperdine falters, Portland may step into the breach. Three returning redshirts will bring along much-needed manpower.

With no graduation losses and the arrival of redshirt Bruce Burns and freshman Larry Kryskowiak, Montana's the team to beat in the Big Sky Conference. Idaho's chances for recapturing the league championship rest on the shoulders of transfer guards Stan Arnold and Joe Sweeney, who should take over starting jobs in a hurry.

With four returning starters and the addition of praiseworthy point guard John Price, Weber State will be the spoiler in the conference race.

Boise State and Montana State have jackpot rookie crops. So, also, does Northern Arizona, a team that features Doug and Dan Busch—who, at 6'11", are listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the world's tallest identical twins. It is rumored that coach Gene Visscher is recruiting a pair of identical-twin point guards named Anheuser and a couple of forwards named Budweiser.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

1. UCLA
2. Oregon State
3. Washington State
4. Southern California
5. Arizona State
6. Washington
7. Arizona
8. California
9. Stanford
10. Oregon

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

1. San Diego State
2. Hawaii
3. Texas–El Paso
4. Wyoming
5. New Mexico
6. Brigham Young
7. Utah
8. Colorado State
9. Air Force

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION

1. Nevada–Las Vegas
2. Fresno State
3. Fullerton State
4. San Jose State
5. Irvine
6. Long Beach State
7. Pacific
8. Santa Barbara
9. Utah State

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

1. Pepperdine
2. Portland
3. Santa Clara
4. St. Mary's
5. Gonzaga
6. Loyola Marymount

BIG SKY CONFERENCE

1. Montana
2. Idaho
3. Weber State
4. Nevada-Reno
5. Boise State
6. Montana State
7. Idaho State
8. Northern Arizona

WESTERN HEROES: Foster, Fields (UCLA); Sitton, Evans (Oregon State); Harriel, Williams (Washington State); Holmes (Southern California); Williams (Arizona State); Watson (Washington); Smith (Arizona); Hays (California); Revelli (Stanford); Cofield (Oregon); Cage (San Diego State); Webster (Hawaii); Reynolds (Texas–El Paso); Jackson (Wyoming); Smith (New Mexico); Durrant (Brigham Young); Mannion (Utah); Steele (Colorado State); Simmons (Air Force); Green, Anderson (Nevada–Las Vegas); Thompson (Fresno State); Wood, Neal (Fullerton State); McNealy (San Jose State); McDonald (Irvine); Hodges (Long Beach State); Howard (Pacific); Gross (Santa Barbara); Grant (Utah State); Phillips (Pepperdine); Flint (Portland); Norman (Santa Clara); Thibeaux (St. Mary's); Stockton (Gonzaga); McKenzie (Loyola Marymount); Pope (Montana); Kellerman, Hopson (Idaho); Edwards (Weber State); Allen (Nevada-Reno); Hinchen, Lee (Boise State); Brazier (Montana State); Fleury (Idaho State); Plotts (Northern Arizona).

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BODY WARMERS

(continued from page 131)

different. Elizabethans drank to ward off winter chills and discomforting drafts, or so they alleged. Contemporary bibbers need no justification but a sensuous pleasure and the humanizing after-effect—known as aglow—these potions impart. Nowhere is the sizzling dram more relished than at bustling ski resorts. Whiffs of cinnamon, apple juice and rum perfume the frosty air, and steaming mugs are as prevalent as ski mittens and tasseled wool hats. Indeed, hot shots are so popular with skiers that the California Brandy Advisory Board sponsored a contest for resort barmen at Harrah's Hotel/Casino at Lake Tahoe, in the High Sierra ski area. Two of the winning drinks are included here.

A taste for hot drinks is certainly not restricted to the ski crowd. Hot drinks are enjoyed by sedentary types who wouldn't know a sitzmark from a G string, at football games, winter outings and cozy city pads—yours or hers. It's as easy to prepare hot drinks as standard cocktails once you have a bead on the subject. Work out of the kitchen, where things are handy; it's a lot simpler than trying to dazzle the troops with your chafing-dish artistry. Don't let the liquor boil or the alcohol will evaporate. An asbestos pad, a flame tamer or a double boiler will help control the heat. You need pottery cups or mugs with handles, and they should be prewarmed before receiving the hot mixture. In a pinch, coffee cups will do.

A common error, even among pros, is the use of stale or faded spices. Anything remaining from last winter should be replaced, and not necessarily with the familiar trinity—cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves. Allspice berries make a nice change, as do mace and ginger, while cardamom complements any coffee drink. Chances are you've a few body-warming ideas of your own. Better get them in gear, baby; it's cold outside.

A most popular drink at Heavenly Valley, California, and other Western ski centers; usually made from a dry mix.

HOT APPLE PIE

4 ozs. unfiltered apple juice
3 allspice berries
1-in. cinnamon stick
1½ ozs. Tuaca
Whipped cream (optional)

Simmer apple juice and spices for about 5 minutes. Pour liqueur into prewarmed cup or mug; strain apple-juice mixture over. Top with whipped cream and long stick of cinnamon, if desired.

Note: Can also be made with vodka or rum, in which case you may want to add a touch of sugar or a tot more juice.

A family recipe of the Steffensens of Bing & Grøndahl Copenhagen porcelain.

COPENHAGEN GLOGG
(16–18 servings)

2 bottles (¾ liter) dry red wine
2 tablespoons finely grated orange rind
1 cup sugar
10 cardamom pods, split and crushed
10 cloves
4 sticks cinnamon
1 pint aquavit
1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup sliced almonds

Heat wine, orange rind, sugar and spices in large kettle until sugar is completely dissolved and mixture is hot. *Do not let it boil!* Remove from heat; float on aquavit. Ignite and let liquor burn down. Strain into 3-quart porcelain bowl. Add raisins; stir. Serve in preheated punch cups or mugs; dip some raisins into each serving. Top with almonds.

The following is a finalist in the California Brandy Advisory Board's hot-drinks derby, from Harrah's at Lake Tahoe:

"But I can't arrest him, lady—not on Christmas Eve!"

HOT TUB

½ oz. white crème de menthe
1 oz. California brandy
4 ozs. hot water, or to taste
¾ oz. Irish cream liqueur
Whipped cream

Pour crème de menthe and brandy into preheated cup or fizz glass. Add hot water; stir. Stir in liqueur. Top with drift of whipped cream.

Note: Peppermint schnapps may be used instead of crème de menthe.

SICILIAN KISS

¾ oz. Marsala wine
½ oz. kirsch
½ oz. triple sec
½ oz. lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar
2 ozs. boiling water, or to taste
Mandarin-orange segment (optional)

Combine wine, spirits, lemon juice and sugar in preheated heavy stemmed glass. Pour in boiling water; stir. Spear orange segment with pick and pop into glass.

Note: You may substitute vodka or gin for kirsch.

NORMAN KNIGHT
(four servings)

1 can (10½ ozs.) condensed onion soup
1 cup water
2 drops Worcestershire sauce (optional)
5 ozs. calvados
4 lemon slices

Combine onion soup, water and Worcestershire sauce in saucepan. Heat until almost boiling; remove from heat. Add calvados and stir. Divide among 4 preheated mugs or two-handled cups.

Note: The onion bits in the soup are pleasant; no need to strain them out.

From the After-Glo Pub in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, another finalist.

VAGABOND

1 oz. (1 envelope) instant hot-chocolate mix
6 ozs. boiling water
½ oz. coffee or chocolate liqueur
1¼ ozs. California brandy
Whipped cream

Place hot-chocolate mix in warmed 8-oz. mug. Add some of the boiling water; stir to dissolve. Add liqueur and brandy. Pour in boiling water, to taste. Top generously with whipped cream.

Carlos Murphy's Irish-Mexican Café bills itself as multinational. The Carlos Bomber, a house specialty, is neither Irish nor Mexican, but it's a winner.

CARLOS BOMBER

½ oz. bourbon or other whiskey
½ oz. coffee liqueur
¼ oz. Amaretto
Hot coffee
Sugar, to taste
Whipping cream

The drink is served in a tall glass mug with a handle, but any preheated cup or mug will do. Add whiskey to preheated mug. Pour in liqueurs and coffee. Add sugar, if desired. Top with lightly beaten whipping cream.

Note: A nip of vanilla extract does nice things for this drink.

MAPLE-LEAF GROG

1¼ ozs. Canadian whisky
4 ozs. hot tea
Maple syrup or honey, to taste
Thin slice fresh ginger (optional)
Slim wedge unpeeled apple

Pour whisky into prewarmed mug. Add tea and sweetening. Stir and taste; you may want more syrup or honey or a squirt of lemon juice if the drink is too sweet. Drop in ginger; garnish mug with apple wedge.

HOT PINK LEMONADE

5 ozs. prepared lemonade
1½ ozs. whiskey or rum
2 dashes Angostura bitters, or to taste
1 teaspoon grenadine (optional)
Thick slice lemon

Bring lemonade to boil. Add whiskey, bitters and grenadine to prewarmed 8-oz. mug or cup. Pour in hot lemonade. Drop in lemon slice; stir once.

PET ROCK

5 ozs. apple cider
⅛ teaspoon powdered ginger (optional)
Bay leaf
2 ozs. rock and rye liqueur

Heat cider and seasonings at a simmer for several minutes. Pour rock and rye liqueur into 8-oz. mug with handle. Add hot cider mixture, unstrained; bay leaf serves as garnish.

Since body warmers are the theme of this article, select the bodies with extreme care. Only prime specimens will do; once those things start overheating, anything can happen.

"His last words were, 'My American Express card; I don't want to leave without it.'"

No conventional turntable delivers the accuracy and control of this one: Technics SL-6 Programmable Linear Tracking Turntable.

The problem with a conventional turntable tonearm is that it arcs across the record surface. So it is capable of true accuracy at only two points in its arc. Where the stylus is precisely aligned with the record groove.

The Technics SL-6 Linear Tracking Turntable goes beyond that. It actually duplicates the straight-line motion of the cutting arm that originally mastered the record. This enables the Technics SL-6 to deliver true accuracy at every point on the record. First note to last. There is none of the tracking error, skating force error or distortion that accompanies a traditional tonearm.

And the SL-6 ensures this accuracy with some outstanding technological advances. Including a microcomputer-controlled system that constantly monitors the stylus-to-groove angle and automatically makes corrections.

But linear tracking is just the beginning. There's the precise control you get with the Technics random access programmable microcomputer. At the touch of a button, you can set the SL-6 to play any selections you want, in any order. You can even repeat or skip selections.

There are still more features that help the Technics SL-6 perform so impeccably. A precision direct-drive motor. Sensors that automatically select the correct playing speed.

Our patented P-Mount plug-in cartridge system delivers optimum tonearm/cartridge compatibility along with simplified cartridge installation.

And all of this technology has been neatly placed in a turntable about the size of a record jacket.

Accuracy, control and musical pleasure beyond the conventional. The Technics SL-6 Programmable Linear Tracking Turntable. Just one of the sophisticated and "intelligent" turntables from Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

ME AND MY SHADOW *(continued from page 201)*

"A Rolls-Royce belongs in a museum, not on the world's roads. It's a monument to past greatness."

come to after spending more in three years on repairs and upkeep than it cost me to *buy* the car?

And if the Rolls goes, the ad guy who wrote "At 50 miles an hour, the loudest noise in a Rolls-Royce is the ticking of the clock" should be indicted as a coconspirator. That kind of propaganda is one of the reasons people are so impressed by the car, so taken in by the snobbery of the Rolls-Royce name. A friend of mine swears that he once saw an ad guaranteeing free on-the-spot service if your Rolls broke down in the Sahara desert. When I first contemplated buying a Rolls-Royce of my own, I was able to rationalize paying the fantastic price by reading the reassuring advertisement that stated, "There is no guarantee that the Rolls-Royce you buy today will be serving you in the year 2025. However, the chances are very good, indeed." Who minded spending ten times the cost of a normal automobile on a vehicle that would last half a century? The car is undoubtedly a beautiful piece of art, and if I had used it as a table ornament or a planter, it might have been excellent. But it belongs in a museum, not on the world's roads. It is simply a monument to past automotive greatness and the glories of the once-proud British Empire.

But, of course, I didn't know that at the beginning. It was 1973 when, in the first flush of success, I moved one block away from a Rolls-Royce dealer. Although I was finally able to afford my dream car, it took two years of staring in the window, nose pressed to the glass, before I got up the courage to enter this inner sanctum of four-wheeled royalty. I was 38 years old, had just bought out my partner to become the sole owner of *Screw* and, for the first time in my life, felt I deserved a Rolls-Royce.

My grand entrance to the showroom wasn't exactly greeted by a flourish of trumpets; in fact, I was ignored for 25 minutes. (I realize I didn't fit the image of a Rolls-Royce owner: I weighed 270 pounds and, with my scraggly beard, resembled a hippie Orson Welles, minus his dignity.) Finally, after regarding me the way an exterminator views a crawling cockroach, an impeccably dressed salesman responded to my beckoning and allowed himself to answer my questions. The car I had my eye on was a beautiful blue long-wheelbase Silver Shadow priced at $41,958. As I had done with every car I had previously purchased, I asked the salesman if any extras were available.

"Sir," he intoned, "a Rolls-Royce includes everything that you would need."

I wanted to apologize for my existence; but as he turned on his heel to escape my sleazy presence, I firmly announced that I would take it. That's when I discovered that a Rolls-Royce dealer is as paranoid as any neighborhood shopkeeper: He told me that the only acceptable form of payment was a certified check for the total price of the car, and in the ten days before the dealer received the check, no one at the agency really believed I would buy the Silver Shadow. But by the time I took delivery, I was beyond caring whether or not they took me seriously—the Rolls-Royce was mine!

Like a kid crowing about his first sexual conquest, I wanted to drive the Rolls past the houses of my two ex-wives, a high school teacher who had said I wouldn't amount to much and a boss who'd fired me a year before I started *Screw* for asking for a $15 raise. Instead, I settled for going to the homes of about 50 friends and exhausting myself in a frenzy of waving and horn honking. A Rolls-Royce is truly the ultimate show-off car, and as I drove from house to house, I felt like a virtuoso playing a superb musical instrument. The car's extraordinary wood paneling, leather upholstery and carpeting gave off vibrations of perfection that flooded my entire body with what I can describe only as postejaculatory throbbing. Naturally, I hoped that in addition to impressing everyone, the car would enable me to meet scads of beautiful women. I imagined myself getting laid on the splendid back seat while my chauffeur (which I did not have) piloted the Rolls through envious traffic.

My bliss lasted three days. On our first real trip in the Rolls, my wife, Gena, and I were going to dinner on Saturday night at my accountant's house in New Jersey, a journey of about 20 miles. As we approached the George Washington Bridge, the car made a strange, prolonged groaning noise and stopped dead with 18 miles on the speedometer. I was stunned. What had happened to my beautiful car, the embodiment of my success? I began to notice that people in the cars roaring past were giving me the finger. A stranded Rolls-Royce is not exactly an object

"Ma'am, I just bring the toys. I don't necessarily want to play with them."

SMOKERS

U.S. GOV'T LATEST REPORT:

King, Menthol or Box 100's:

A whole carton of Carlton has less tar than a single pack of...

...KINGS	TAR mg./cig.	NICOTINE mg./cig.
Kent	12	1.0
Winston Lights	11	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0
Salem	14	1.1
Kool Milds	11	0.9
Newport	16	1.2

...100's	TAR mg./cig.	NICOTINE mg./cig.
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	16	1.1

TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT

Carlton Kings	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**
Carlton Box 100's	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**

Box—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

Carlton is lowest.

U.S. Government laboratory tests confirm no cigarette lower in tar than Carlton.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

of universal pity, and although some of the passing throng were riding in hopelessly decrepit wrecks—complete with rhinestone crucifixes and toy dogs with nodding heads—they were suddenly superior because they were *moving*. Perhaps I was hallucinating, but my tormentors all seemed to be driving Plymouths, my father's favorite car, whose pedestrian dullness had been the object of my adolescent scorn and whose practical charms had eluded me till now.

I discovered that the situation was more dismal than I had thought. Three tow companies refused to risk the liability of even *touching* so expensive a car. Meanwhile, Gena and I, dressed to the teeth, sat by the side of the road like two refugees from Bloomingdale's. Once, while trudging to a phone booth to call for help, I thought of Rolls-Royce engineers flying to Africa to repair their cars for free, and I was somewhat comforted by the knowledge that a Rolls gets impeccable service for life. I dialed the dealer and got an answering machine; they were closed for the weekend. At that point, my love for the car began to dim. It was eventually flat-bedded—that is, picked up and lifted onto a truck—and hauled back to Manhattan but had to be left on the street outside the dealer's service area until the start of business on Monday. Panicked by visions of my precious jewel's being stripped bare by scavengers, I spent Saturday and Sunday nights in the Rolls, on guard against any depredation.

When the mechanics examined the car Monday morning, they told me I must have "done something wrong" to cause it to break down. That was the good news. The bad news was that the transmission needed to be replaced and the dealer refused to pay the $54 hauling charge, even though the Rolls was on warranty. I numbly asked how the transmission in a $42,000 car could go bad in less than one week and learned that "something must have happened" while I was driving. They also told me that a Rolls-Royce was "not at its best" on the streets of New York City—but they were unable to tell me where it *was* at its best. That kind of accusatory attitude characterized all my dealings with the Rolls agency. Whenever I phoned them to report a malfunction, they responded to my tale of woe with a curt "That is most unfortunate; did you follow the proper procedure?" If I then bemoaned my bad luck with the car, I would receive a reprimand: "This is a very special automobile requiring very special care." I once commented on the frequency of scratches and scrapes on the car's body and was told in an angry tone that "the paint is very soft; it gives a Rolls-Royce that special finish." Any problem with the car was invariably caused by some mistake of mine.

The cost of the new transmission was covered by Rolls-Royce, but I had to sue them in small-claims court to recover the hauling charges. My disillusionment worsened when I learned, much later, that the Rolls transmission is by General Motors. In addition, the tape player is Japanese, the radio is German and the air-conditioning system is partly American made. Underneath its beautiful body, the Rolls was almost identical to the heaps driven by all the middle-class bozos I was struggling to rise above! I started to think of the car as a beautiful woman I had worshiped from afar for years; after finally winning her and savoring her charms for the first time, I hear her whisper in my ear, "I've been a hooker for six years in Bombay."

The new transmission solved nothing. The Rolls had constant mechanical problems and I became afraid to use it. Convinced that the car could never leave New York City, I drove it an average of ten blocks at a time. The windows stuck and cost about $1000 to keep working in the three years I owned the car. The air conditioner froze, cost $750 and never worked right afterward, often blowing out scalding-hot air in the middle of summer. The car overheated for $1200 and the radiator hose broke at a cost of $981. At 1000 miles, the speedometer stopped working, cost $500 to fix and never again gave an exact speed indication, causing me to earn several citations. The catalytic converter malfunctioned at 3000 miles and burned the rugs and the leather driver's seat so badly that even though the seat was re-covered, the car smelled like a rolling smokehouse for months; that fiasco cost $1000. When I decided to install a sun roof, the agency was aghast: One bought a Rolls-Royce hardtop or a convertible and did not create strange hybrid body styles. They punished me by taking weeks to complete the work. The sun roof cost $2300 and always leaked.

Add to all that the annual insurance premium of $8000 and the seven miles to the gallon the Rolls got in the city, and the total equaled heartache and eventual bankruptcy. The ideal Rolls-Royce owner needs the patience of Job and the annual income of King Tut; unfortunately, I had neither. I assembled a huge collection of spare parts in the trunk for minor repairs, but what I really needed was a whole fleet of repair trucks to follow the car wherever it went.

The next calamity occurred when I drove the Rolls uptown to East 86th Street to gorge on hot dogs. Two adjacent frankfurter stands were engaged in a much-publicized price war, and for one week only, you could get two for the price of one, quantity unlimited. Being a penny-pinching Brooklyn boy at heart, I was unable to resist the combination of saving money, satisfying my ravenous appetite and impressing people at the same time. Driving up to a hot-dog stand in a Rolls-Royce was my idea of real class and, besides, it was a great way to meet girls.

Around 80th Street, a red light on the dashboard went on, but I paid no attention and continued without incident. To tell the truth, the owner's manual, bound like some collector's edition, was so intimidating that I never read the thing all the way through; consequently, I had no idea what the red

"I'm really into oral sex!"

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light meant. After my *déjeuner* of eight franks, I squeezed behind the wheel and found that the car wouldn't start. This time, the Rolls dealership was open, since it was Tuesday, and after examining the car, they blithely informed me that, with little more than 3500 miles on it, the car needed a new engine. The cost would be $11,500. The prevailing opinion was that a pebble had gotten into the car's delicate innards and caused irreparable harm. In any case, the blame was squarely on my shoulders: I should have immediately stopped the car when the red light appeared. The engine was not covered by warranty and the dealer had no pity for me whatsoever. The streets of New York had struck again.

It took four and a half months for the work to be completed, but the car's absence was actually a relief for me, since I didn't have to pay garage fees. Although I persisted in my fantasies, I bought myself a jeep and a limousine for daily transportation and used the Rolls for only the most special and symbolic occasions, such as going to the theater or visiting my wife's relatives. But by then I let a chauffeur drive it, because the emotional strain had become too great. When the Rolls agency learned that I had acquired a driver, they snidely suggested that I send him to their special school for Rolls-Royce chauffeurs—in London. For once, I resisted the appeal to my sense of status; I also figured that I would need the money for future repair work.

About 300 miles after the engine replacement, the car developed leprosy: On each outing, some part would fall off, polluting the streets of New York with the world's most expensive litter. I used the car only when I had plenty of time to kill, and I always figured in about an hour to allow for any breakdown that might occur. I realized that my love for my Rolls-Royce was slowly turning to hatred. The car humiliated me every time I used it. It had become a mechanical albatross hanging from my neck for the rest of the world to ridicule, and I wanted nothing more than to put it to death in the middle of East 57th Street, in front of the Rolls-Royce dealer who had always considered me beyond contempt.

The final outrage came when the car overheated on the way to La Guardia airport one blazing July afternoon as I was rushing to catch a plane to California. I hadn't used it in quite a while and was naturally reluctant, but as I gazed at it, sitting in the garage, I was seduced again by its shimmering beauty and my desire to show off. About a mile from the airport, the fan belt broke and shot into the fire wall with a resounding thump, while the temperature gauges lit up like Times Square on New Year's Eve. A few minutes later, the Rolls ground to a halt, victim of internal heat prostration. As I walked to the terminal, bags in hand, drenched with sweat, I knew that was the end.

Amazingly enough, getting rid of the car was easy. I sold it for a fraction of its value (well worth it, since it brought an end to all my aggravation) to my friend Stanley, who owns a famous kosher restaurant on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Like me, Stanley is a *nouveau riche* person who wants to impress people regardless of price, and despite my repeated warnings, he wanted the car and felt that it was a real bargain. The reason I sold the Rolls to Stanley was that he guaranteed that I would always be welcome in his establishment, no matter what kind of headaches the car gave him. He keeps a full-time mechanic on duty to nurse the Rolls along, and believe me, the guy is always busy. Whenever I visit the restaurant and see the bums urinating on the Rolls, I get immense satisfaction.

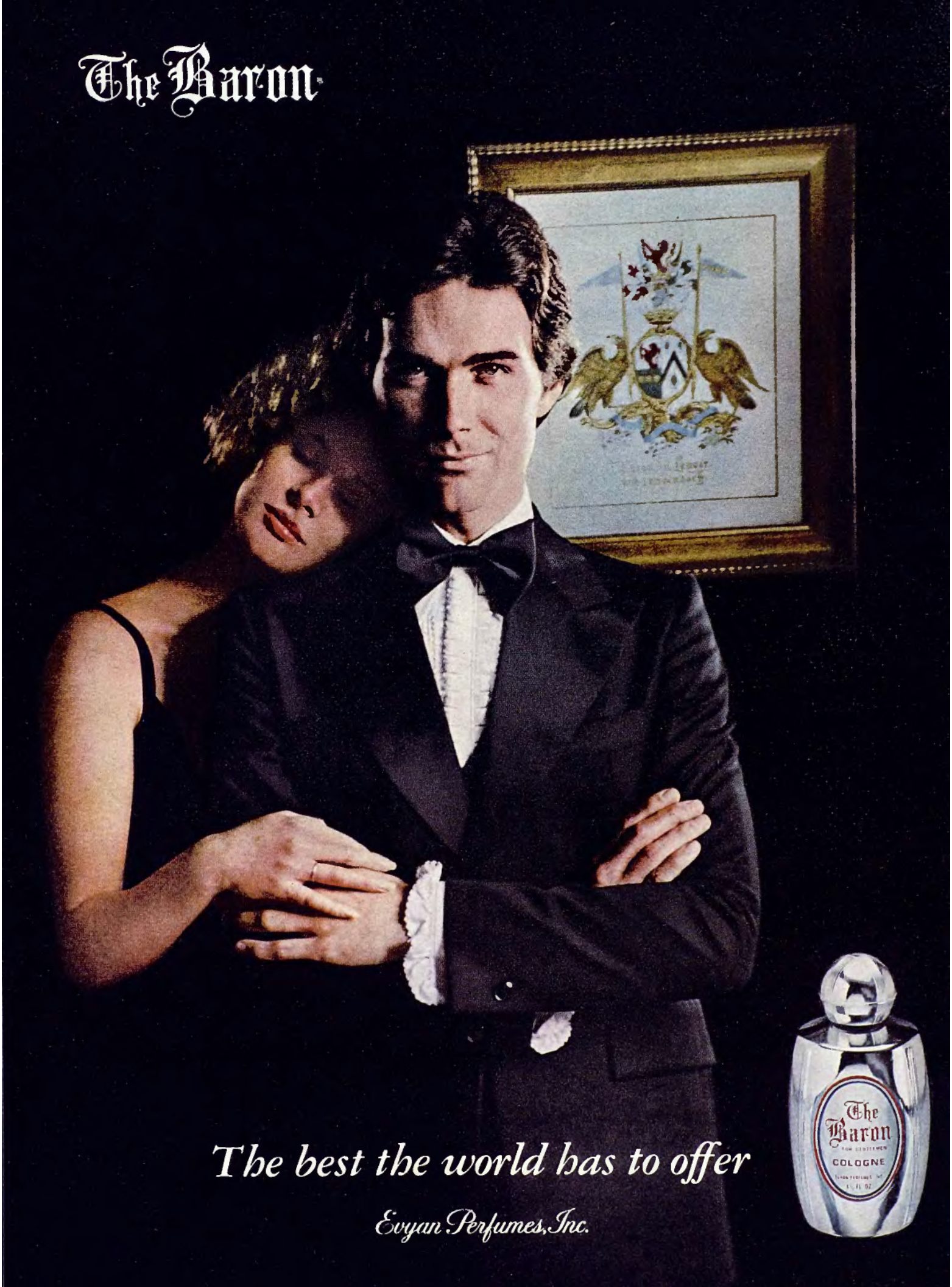
I feel I should add at this point that if the Rolls was a failure as transportation, as an aphrodisiac it was even worse. Naturally, beautiful women gathered around the car like moths; but almost invariably, the beauty of my choice turned out to have some mental or social aberration that made sexual conquest impossible. I never seemed to drive more than two or three blocks before I had to mumble some excuse and let the girl out of the car. On the few occasions that I met someone who wasn't deranged or too dull to chew gum and fake orgasm at the same time, I was so nervous about the car that I couldn't concentrate on the fine points of seduction. For all the money the Rolls cost, I got laid more often on foot or in my jeep.

And speaking again of money, in the three years I owned the Rolls, it cost me $47,787—almost $6000 more than the original price of the car. I still have my jeep and my limousine, and both vehicles are much more immune to the pebbles and bumps of the New York City streets than was the ethereal Rolls-Royce. The limo I leave in the capable hands of my chauffeur, and I find that I save my energy and my blood pressure.

I am proudest, though, of the fact that today I am a lot thinner—a svelte 165 pounds—and much less greedy for the empty symbols of status than I used to be. I think about my Rolls about as much as I think of Richard Nixon, which is to say, as little as possible. But these days, whenever I encounter a politician of doubtful integrity, the first question I always ask myself is, "Would you buy a Rolls-Royce from this man?"

"Sorry about all these damn quarters, Miss Lavona, but my wife thinks I'm out playing Pac-Man. . . ."

STEREO
SONY
SONY
SONY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"I liked her company. . . . But how could I know anything about her heart until I discovered her body?"

eight years old, and he's got a bodyguard who just stands there earning twenty grand a year while Horton Junior plays Space Invaders at those clip joints in Leicester Square——"

"It's an antikidnap measure," Calvin Jeeps said. "It'd be easy as shit for some crackhead in the IRA to turn Horton Junior into hand luggage. . . ."

And then the two Sangers smiled at each other, and while Margaret continued talking, Al Sanger said, "We're pretty fond of Brucie. We've had him since Caracas. . . ."

There were, generally speaking, two categories of bore at the embassy dinner parties: people with children and people with animals. Life in London was too hectic and expensive for people to have both children and animals. When they did, the children were teenagers and the animals disposable—hamsters or turtles. One group had school stories and the other had quarantine stories, and they were much the same: Both involved time, money, patience and self-sacrifice.

"You certainly put up with a lot of inconvenience," I said to one woman with a long story.

"If that's what you think, you completely missed my point," she said.

She was proud of her child—or perhaps it was a puppy.

Margaret Duboys was still talking!

I said, "Are we discussing brats or ankle biters?"

"It's still Brucie," Tina Sanger said.

"Give me cats any day," I said, sipping my gin and trying to keep a straight face. "They're clean, they're intelligent and they're selfish. None of this tail wagging; no early-morning sessions in the park; no 'walkies.' Dogs resent strangers, they get jealous, they get bored—they stink, they stumble, they drool. Sometimes dogs turn on you for no reason. They revert! They maul people, they eat children. But cats only scratch you by accident or if you're being a pest. Dogs want to be loved, but cats don't give a damn. They look after themselves, and they're twice as pretty."

"What about kids?" Al Sanger said.

"They're in between," I said.

Calvin said, "In between what?"

"Dogs and cats."

Margaret Duboys howled suddenly. A dark, labored groan came straight out of her lungs. I had a moment of terror before I realized that she was just laughing very hard.

I had been silly, I thought, in talking about cats that way, but it produced an amazing effect. After dinner, Miss Duboys came up to me and said in a purr of urgency, "Could you give me a lift home? My car's being fixed."

She had never accepted a ride from me before, and this was the first time she had ever asked for one. I found that very surprising, but I had a further surprise. When we arrived at her front door, she said, "Would you like to come in for a minute?"

I was—if the embassy rumors were correct—the first human being to receive such an invitation from her. I found it hard to appear calm. I had never cared much about the embassy talk or Miss Duboys' supposed secrets; but, almost from the beginning, I had been interested in offering her a passionate friendship. I liked her company and her easy conversation. But how could I know anything about her heart until I discovered her body? I felt for her, as I had felt for all the women I wanted to know better, a mixture of caution and desire and nervous panic. A lover's emotions are the same as a firebug's.

There was a sound behind the door. It was both motion and sound, like tiny children hurrying on their hands and knees.

"Don't be shocked," Miss Duboys said. She was smiling; she looked perfectly serene. In this light, her eyes were not green but gray.

Then she opened the door.

Cats, cats, cats, cats, cats, cats. . . .

She was stooping to embrace them; then, almost as an afterthought, she said, "Come in, but be careful where you step."

•

There were six of them, and they were large. I knew at once that they resented my being there. They crept away from me sideways, seeming to walk on tiptoe in that fastidious and insolent way that cats have. Their bellies were too big and detracted from their handsomeness. Why hadn't she told anyone about her cats? It was the simplest possible answer to all the embassy gossip and speculation. And no one had a clue. People still believed she had a friend, a lover, someone with a huge appetite, who sometimes beat her up. But it was cats. That was why she had not left Britain for the duration of nearly two tours: Because of the quarantine regulations, she could not take her cats; and if she could not travel with them, she would not travel at all.

But she had not told anyone. I was reminded then that she had never been very friendly with anyone at the embassy—how could she have been, if no one knew this simple fact about her that explained every quirk of her behavior? She had always been remote and respectful.

That first night, I said, "No one knows about your cats."

"Why should they?"

"They might be interested," I said, and I thought: Don't you want to keep them from making wild speculations?

"Other people's pets are a bore," she said. She seemed cross. "And so are other people's children. No one's really interested, and I can't stand condescension. People with children think they're superior or else pity you, and people with cats think you're a fool, because their beasts are so much better behaved. You have to live your own life—thank God for that."

It was quite an outburst, considering that all we were talking about was cats. But she was defensive, as if she knew about her mysterious reputation and "Miss Duboys has a friend" and all those coarse rumors.

She said, "What I do in my own home, in my own time, is my business. I usually put in a ten-hour day at the embassy. I think I'm entitled to a little privacy. I'm not hurting anyone, am I?"

I said, "No, of course not"—but it struck me that her tone was exactly that of a person defending a crank religion or an out-of-the-way sexual practice. She had overreacted to my curiosity, as if she expected to be persecuted for the heresy of cat worship.

I said, "Why are you letting me in on your little secret?"

"I liked what you said at Calvin's—about cats."

"I'm a secret believer in cats," I said. "I like them."

"And I like you." She was holding a bulgy orange cat and making kissing noises at it. "That's a compliment. I'm very fussy."

"Thanks," I said.

"It's time for bed," she said.

I looked up quickly with a hot face. But she was talking to the cat and helping it into a basket.

We did nothing that night except drink. It had got to the hour—about half past two—when going to bed with her would have been a greater disappointment than going home alone to Battersea. I made it look like gallantry: I said I had to go, tomorrow was a working day; but I was doing us both a favor and certainly sparing her my blind, bumbling late-night performance. She seemed to appreciate my tact, and she let me know with her lips and a flick of her tongue and her little sigh of pleasure that someday soon, when it was

convenient, I would be as welcome in her bed as any of her cats.

Cat worship was merely a handy label I had thought of to explain her behavior. Within a few weeks, it seemed an amazingly accurate description, and even such blunt clichés as cat lover and cat freak seemed to me precise and perfectly fair. Cats were not her hobby or her pastime but her passion.

I got to know her garden apartment. It was in Notting Hill, off Kensington Park Road, in a white building that had once been (I think she said) the residence of the Spanish ambassador. Its ballroom had been subdivided into six small apartments. But hers was on the floor below these, a ground-floor apartment opening onto a large communal park, Arundel Gardens. The gardens, like the apartment and most of its furnishings, were for the cats. The rent was $1200 a month—£600. It was too much, almost more than Miss Duboys could afford, but the cats needed fresh air and grass and flowers, and she needed the cats.

On her walls, there were cat calendars and cat photographs and, in some rooms, cat wallpaper—a repeated motif of crouching cats. She had cat paperweights and cat picture books and wastebaskets and lamp shades with cats on them. On a set of shelves there were small porcelain cats. There were fat cats stenciled on her towels and kittens on her coffee mugs. She had cats printed on her sheets and embroidered on her dinner napkins. Cats are peculiarly expressionless creatures, and the experience of so many images of them was rather bewildering. The carpet in the hall was cat-shaped—a sitting one in silhouette. She had cat notepaper, a stack of it on her desk (two weeks later, I received an affectionate message on it).

And she had real cats, six of them. Five were nervous and malevolent, and the sixth was simple-minded—a neutered, slightly undersized one that gaped at me with the same sleepy vacuity as those on the wall and those on the coffee mugs. The largest cat weighed 15 or 20 pounds; it was vast and fat-bellied and evil-spirited, and named Lester. It had a hiss like a gas leak. Even Margaret was a bit fearful of this monster, and she hinted to me that it had once killed another cat. Thereafter, Lester seemed to me to have the stupid, hungry—and cruel and comic—face of a cannibal.

There was nothing offensive in the air, none of that hairy suffocation that is usual in a catty household. The prevalent smell was of food, the warm, buttery vapor of home cooking. Margaret cooked all the time; her cats had wonderful meals—hamburg in brown gravy, lightly poached fish, stews that were never stretched with flour or potatoes. Lester liked liver, McCool adored fish, Miss Growse never ate anything but stews and the others—they all had human-sounding names—had different preferences. They did not eat the same thing. Sometimes they did not eat at all—did not even taste the food but only glanced and sniffed at it steaming in the dish and then walked away and yowled for something else. It made me mad: I would have eaten some of that food! The cats were spoiled and overweight and grouchy—"fat and magnificent," Margaret called them. Yes, yes; but their fussy food habits kept her busy for most of the hours she was home. Now I understood her huge shopping bills. She was patient with them—more patient than I had ever seen her in the embassy. When the cats did not eat their food, she put it into another dish and left it outside for the strays—the London moggies and the Notting Hill tomcats that prowled Arundel Gardens. Why the other dishes? "My cats are very particular about who uses their personal dishes!"

I said, "Do you use the word personal with cats?"

"I sure do!"

And one day, she said, "I never give them cans."

It was the sort of statement that caused me a moment of unnecessary discomfort. I ate canned food all the time. What was wrong with it? I wanted to tell Margaret that she was talking nonsense: Good food, fresh air, no cans! Me and my

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TX: 1-800-442-7284

West Coast International Headquarters
Nat'l: 1-800-421-0577
CA: 1-800-252-7707

cats! No, absolutely no cans—the cats drew the line there—but they were not particular about which chair leg they scratched or where they puked or where they left their matted hairs. They sharpened their claws on the sofa and on the best upholstered chairs, and went at the wall and clawed it and left shredded, scratched wallpaper, like heaps of grated cheese, on the carpet. The cats were not fierce except when they were protecting their food or were faced with the London strays, but they were very destructive—needlessly so—and it made me angry to think of Margaret's paying so much money for rent and having to endure the cats' vandalism. She did not mind.

I only made the mistake of mentioning this once.

She replied, "But children are a hundred times worse."

I said, "How does it feel to have six children?"

If it seemed that way, she said—that they were like children—then how did it seem from the cats' point of view? I thought she was crazy, taking that line (look at it from the cats' point of view!), but she quoted Darwin. She said that Darwin had concluded that domesticated animals that had grown up with people regarded human beings as members of their own species. It was in *The Voyage of the Beagle*, in which the sheep dogs treated sheep in a brotherly way in Argentina. From this, it was easy to see that cats regarded us as cats—of a rather inconvenient size, but cats all the same—that fed them and opened doors for them and scratched them pleasantly behind their ears and gave them a lap to sit on and pinched fleas from around their eyes and mouths and wormed them.

"Darwin said that?"

"More or less."

"That cats think we're cats?"

"He was talking about dogs and sheep, but yes," she said uncertainly. With conviction, she added, "Anyway, these cats think I'm one."

"What about their natural instincts?"

"Their instincts tell them no, but their sympathies and learning experience tell them yes. These cats are sympathetic. Listen, I don't even think of them as cats!"

"That's one step further than Darwin," I said.

By now, I knew a great deal about Miss Duboys' cats and quite a lot about Miss Duboys. We had spent the past five Sundays together. Neither of us had much to do on the weekends. It had become our routine to have Sunday lunch at an Indian restaurant and, after a blistering *vindaloo* curry, to return to her apartment and spend the afternoon in bed. When we woke, damp and entangled, from our sudden sleep—the little death that follows sex—we went to a movie, usually a bad, undemanding one, at the Gate Cinema, near the Notting Hill tube station. Sunday was a long day with several sleeps: the day had about six parts and seemed, at times, like two or three whole days—all the exertion and then the laziness and all the dying and dreaming and waking.

London was a city that inspired me to treasure private delights. Its weather and its rational, well-organized people had made it a city of splendid interiors—everything that was pleasurable happened indoors, the contentment of sex, food, reading, music and talk. Margaret would have added animals to that list. When she woke blindly from one of those feverish Sunday sleeps, she bumped me with an elbow and said, "I'm neglecting my cats."

She had no other friends. Apart from me (but I occupied her only one day of the week), her cats were the whole of her society, and they satisfied her. It seemed to me that she was slightly at odds with me—slightly bewildered—because I offered her the one thing a cat could not provide. The cats were a substitute for everything else. Well, that was plain enough! But it made me laugh to think that for Margaret Duboys, I represented Sex. *Me!* It made life difficult for us at times, because it was hard for her to see me in any other way. She judged most people by comparing them with cats. In theory, this was trivial and belittling, but it was worse in practice: No one came out well, no one measured up—no humans that she knew were half so worth while as any of her cats.

"I make an exception in your case," she told me. We were in bed at the time.

"Thanks, Marge!"

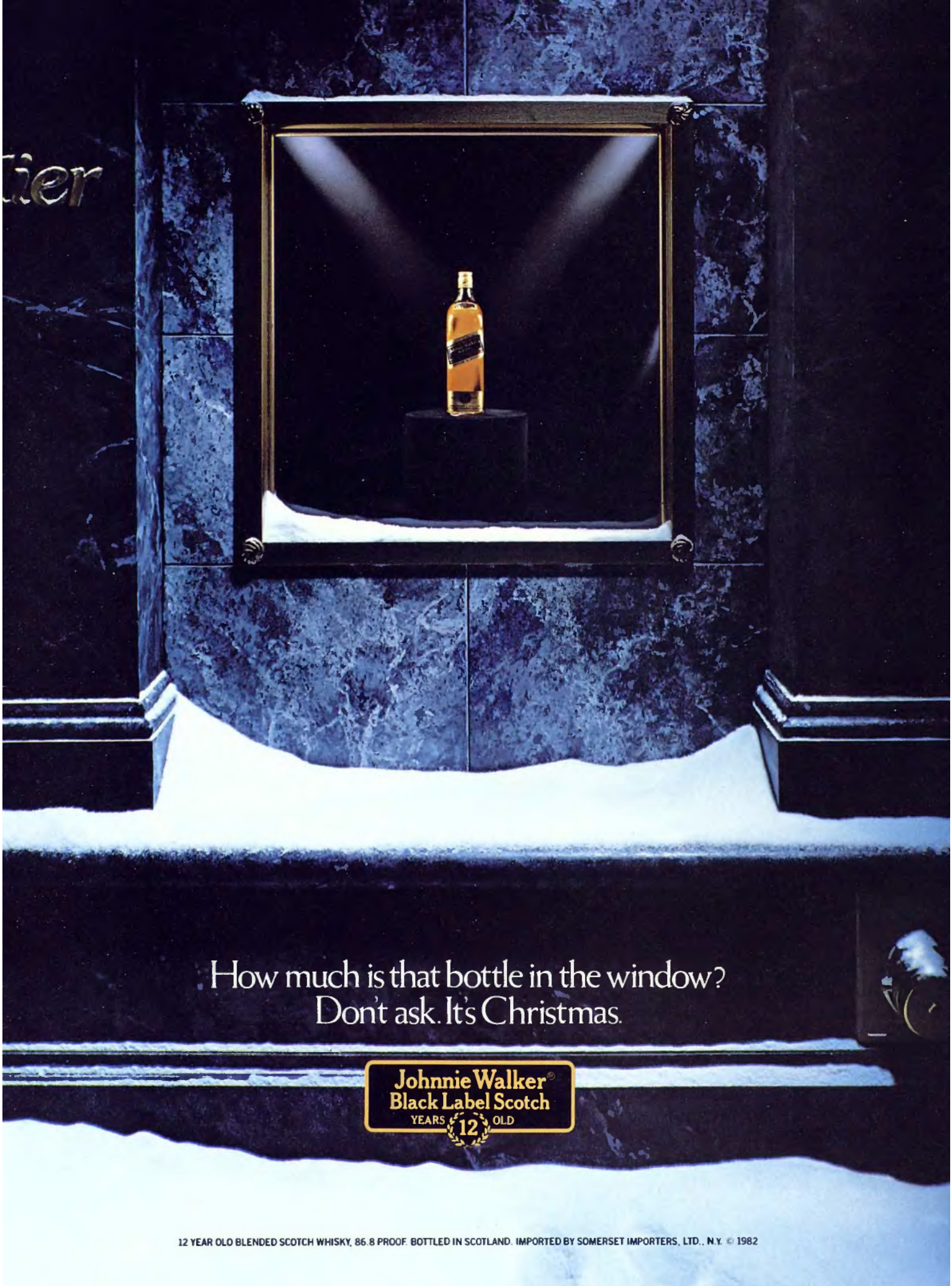
She didn't laugh. She said, "Most men are prigs."

"Did you say *prigs*?"

"No, no"—but she dived beneath the covers.

Usually, she was harder on herself than on me. She seemed to despise that part of herself that needed my companionship. We saw each other at parties just as often as before, because we concealed the fact that we had become lovers. I was not naturally a concealer of such things, but she made me secretive, and I saw that this was a part of all friendship—agreeing to be a little like the other person. Margaret thought, perhaps rightly, that in an informal way, the embassy would get curious about our friendship and ask questions—certainly, the boys on the third floor would keep us under observation. So we never used the internal embassy phones for anything except the most boring trivialities. There was plenty of time at the dinner parties for us to make plans for the following Sunday. People were still trying to bring us together! When I did phone her, out of caution I used the public box near my apartment, on Prince of Wales Drive. Those were the only times I used that phone box, and entering it—it was a damp, stinking,

"I'm afraid only the manger is available. Some people are in there now, but I'll be happy to throw them out for you gentlemen."



12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1982

vandalized cubicle—I thought always of her and always in a tender way.

She was catlike in the panting, gasping way she made love, the way she clawed my shoulders, the way she shook and, most of all, in the way she slept afterward: as though on a branch or an outcrop of rock, her legs drawn up under her and her arms wrapped around her head and her nose down.

I don't think of them as cats—a number of times, she repeated this observation to me. She did not theorize about it, she didn't explain it. And yet it seemed to me the perfect reply to Darwin's version of domestic animals' thinking of us as animals. The person who grew up with cats for company regarded cats as people! Of course! Yet it seemed to me that these cats were the last creatures on earth to care whether or not they resembled an overworked FSO-4 in the trade section of the American embassy. And if that was how she felt about cats, it made me wonder what she thought about human beings.

We seldom talked about the other people at work or about our work. We seldom talked at all. When we met, it was for one thing; and when it came to sex, she was single-minded. She used cats to explain her theory of the orgasm: "Step one, chase the cat up the tree. Step two, let it worry for a while. Step three, rescue the cat." When she failed to have an orgasm, she would whisper, "The cat is still up the tree—get her down."

From what she told other people at dinner parties and from embassy talk, I gathered that her important work was concerned with helping American companies break into the British market. It was highly abstract in the telling: She provided information about industrial software, did backup for seminars, organized a clearinghouse for legal and commercial alternatives in company formation and liaised with promotional bodies.

I hated talking to people about their work. There was, first, this obscure and silly language, and then, inevitably, they asked about my work. I was always reminded, when I told them, of how grand my job as political officer sounded and how little I accomplished. These days, I lived from Sunday to Sunday, and sex seemed to provide the only meaning to life—what else on earth was so important? There was nothing to compare with two warm bodies in a bed: This was wealth, freedom and happiness; it was the object of all human endeavor. I was falling in love with Margaret Duboys.

I also feared losing her, and I hated all the other feelings caused by this fear—jealousy, panic, greed. This was love! It was a greater disruption in the body than an illness, but although at certain times I actually felt sick I wanted her so badly, at other times it seemed to me—and I noted this with satisfaction—as if I had displaced those goddamned cats.

It was now December. The days were short and clammy cold; they started late and dark; they ended early in the same darkness, which in London was like faded ink. On one of these dark afternoons, Calvin Jeeps came into my office and asked if he could have a private word with me.

"Owlie Cooper—remember him?"

"I met him at your house," I said.

"That's the cat," Calvin said. "He's in a bind. He's a jazzhead—plays trumpet around town in clubs. Thing is, his work permit hasn't been renewed."

"Union trouble?"

"No, it's the Home Office, playing tough. He thought it would just be routine, but when he went to renew it, they refused. Plus, they told him that he had already overstayed his visit. So he's here illegally."

"What can I do?"

"Give me a string to pull," Calvin said.

"I wish I had one—he seemed a nice guy."

"He laughs a little too much, but he's a great musician."

My inspiration came that evening as I walked across Chelsea Bridge to Overstrand Mansions and my apartment. I passed the public phone box on Prince of Wales Drive and thought: Owlie Cooper was a man with a skill to sell—he made music, he was American, he was here to do business. He had a product and he was in demand, so why not treat it as a trade matter, Margaret?

I saw her the next day and said, "There's an American here who's trying to do business with the Brits. He's got a terrific product, but his visa's run out. Do you think you can handle it?"

"Businessman?" she said. "What kind of businessman?"

"Music."

"What kind?" she said. "Publishing, record company or what?"

"He makes music," I said. "Owlie Cooper, the jazzman we met at Jeeps's house."

Margaret sighed and turned back to face her desk. She spoke to her blotter. "He can get his visa in the usual way."

"We could help him sell his product here," I said.

"Product! He plays the trumpet, for Pete's sake."

"Margaret," I said, "this guy's in trouble. He can't get a job if he hasn't got a work permit. Look, he's a good advertisement for American export initiative."

"I'd call it cultural initiative. Get Scaduto. He's the cultural-affairs officer. Music is his line." Then, in a persecuted voice, she said, "Please, I'm busy."

"You could pull a string. Skidoo doesn't have a string."

"This bastard Cooper——"

"What do you mean, 'bastard'? He's a lost soul," I said. "Why should you be constantly boosting multinational corporations while a solitary man——"

"I remember him," Margaret said. "He hates cats."

"No, it was dogs. And he doesn't hate them. He was mocking Al Sanger's dog."

"I distinctly remember," she said stiffly. "It was cats."

There was a catlike hiss in her cross voice as she said so.

She said, "People will say I don't want to help him because he's black. Actually—I mean, funnily enough—that's why I do want to help him, because he's black and probably grew up disadvantaged. But I can't."

"You can!"

"It's not my department."

I started to speak again, but again she hissed at me. It was not part of a word but a whole warning sound—an undifferentiated hiss of fury and rebuke, as if I were a hulking, brutish stranger. It embarrassed me to think that her secretary was listening to Margaret behave like one of her own selfish cats.

It was the only time we had ever talked business, and it was the last time. Owlie Cooper left quietly to live in Amsterdam. He claimed he was a political exile. He wasn't, of course—he was just one of the many casualties of Anglo-American bureaucracy. But I felt that in time he would become genuinely angry and see us all as enemies; he would get lonelier and duller and lazier in Holland.

Two weeks later, I was calling Margaret from a telephone booth, the sort of squalid public phone box that, when I entered it, excited me with a vivid recollection of her hair and her lips. She began telling me about someone she had found in the house quite by chance, how he had stayed the night and eaten a huge breakfast and how she was going to fatten him up.

I had by then already lost the thread of the conversation. I had taken a dislike to her for her treatment of Owlie Cooper. I hated the stink of the phone box, the broken glass and graffiti. What was she talking about? Why was she telling me this?

I said, "What's his name?"

"Who?"

"The person who spent the night with you."

"The little Burmese?" she said. "I haven't given him a name yet."

My parting words were ineffectual and unmemorable. I just stopped seeing her, canceled our usual date, and that Sunday, I spent the whole day bleeding in my bedroom. She hardly seemed to notice, or else—and I think this was more likely—she was relieved that I had given up.

"You seem to have caught me with my guard down."

2010

(continued from page 200)

"Plans were being considered and decisions were being made that might affect the destiny of worlds."

been! He knew now that one might as well hope to see the wind or speculate about the true shape of fire.

Then exhaustion of mind and body had overwhelmed him. For the last time, David Bowman slept.

Sometimes, in that long sleep, he dreamed he was awake. Years had gone by; once, he was looking in a mirror at a wrinkled face he barely recognized as his own. His body was racing to its dissolution, the hands of the biological clock spinning madly toward a midnight they would never reach. For at the last moment, time came to a halt—and reversed itself.

The springs of memory were being tapped; in controlled recollection, he was reliving the past, being drained of knowledge and experience as he swept back toward his childhood. But nothing was being lost; all that he had ever been at every moment of his life was being transferred to safer keeping. Even as one David Bowman ceased to exist, another became immortal, passing beyond the necessities of matter.

He was an embryo god not yet ready to be born. For ages, he floated in limbo, knowing what he had been but not what he had become. He was still in a state of flux—somewhere between chrysalis and butterfly.

And then, the stasis was broken: Time re-entered his little world. The black, rectangular slab that suddenly appeared before him was like an old friend.

"Who are you?" he cried. "What do you want? Why have you done this to me?"

There was no direct reply—only a sense of watchful companionship. Very well; he would find the answers for himself.

Complex plans were being considered and evaluated; decisions were being made that might affect the destiny of worlds. He was not yet part of the process—but he would be.

NOW YOU ARE BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.

It was the first direct message. Though it was remote and distant, like a voice through a cloud, it was unmistakably intended for him.

He was being used as a tool, and a good tool had to be sharpened, modified—adapted. And the very best tools were those that understood what they were doing.

It was a vast and awesome concept, and he was privileged to be a part of it. To some degree, he could even influence it.

•

Floyd was on watch aboard Discovery while the rest of the crew slept during the nominal 2200–0600-hour night. Someone was always on duty aboard each ship, and the change-over took place at the ghastly hour of 0200. At midnight, a faint chime sounded from HAL's display panel.

DOCTOR FLOYD?

What is it, HAL?

THERE IS A MESSAGE FOR YOU.

Floyd was mildly surprised. It was unusual to employ HAL as a messenger boy, though he was frequently used as an alarm clock and a reminder of jobs to be done. It could not be a message from Earth—that would have gone through Leonov's communication center and been relayed by the duty officer there. And anyone else calling from the other ship would use the intercom. Odd. . . .

OK, HAL. Who is calling?

NO IDENTIFICATION.

So it was probably a joke. Well, two could play at that game.

Very well. Please give me the message.

MESSAGE AS FOLLOWS. IT IS DANGEROUS TO REMAIN HERE. YOU MUST LEAVE WITHIN FIFTEEN REPEAT FIFTEEN DAYS.

Floyd looked at the screen with annoyance. He felt sorry, and surprised, that any one of the crew had such a childish sense of humor; this was not even a good schoolboy joke. But he would play along with it in the hope of catching the perpetrator.

That is absolutely impossible. Our launch window does not open until twenty-six days from now. We do not have sufficient propellant for an earlier departure.

"That will make him think," Floyd muttered to himself with satisfaction and leaned back to await the results.

I AM AWARE OF THESE FACTS. NEVERTHELESS YOU MUST LEAVE WITHIN FIFTEEN DAYS.

I cannot take this warning seriously unless I know its origin. Who recorded it?

He did not really expect any useful information. The perpetrator would have covered his (her?) tracks too skillfully for that. The very last thing Floyd expected was the answer he did get.

THIS IS NOT A RECORDING.

So it was a real-time message. That meant it was either from HAL himself or from someone aboard Leonov, as there was no perceptible time lag.

Then who is speaking to me?

I WAS DAVID BOWMAN.

Floyd stared at the screen for a long

"My goodness! There really is a Santa Claus!"

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time before making his next move. The joke had now gone too far. It was in the worst possible taste. Well, this should fix whoever was at the other end of the line.

I cannot accept that identification without some proof.

I UNDERSTAND. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU BELIEVE ME. LOOK BEHIND YOU.

Floyd felt a prickling in the small of his back. Very slowly—indeed, reluctantly—he swung his swivel chair around, away from the banked panels and the switches of the computer display, toward the Velcro-covered catwalk behind.

The zero-gravity environment of Discovery's observation deck was always dusty, for the air-filtration plant had never been brought back to full efficiency. The parallel rays of the heatless yet still brilliant Sun, streaming through the great windows, always lit up myriads of dancing motes, drifting in stray currents and never settling anywhere—a permanent display of Brownian movement.

Now something strange was happening to those particles of dust: Some force seemed to be marshaling them, herding them away from a central point yet bringing others toward it until they all met on the surface of a hollow sphere.

Without surprise—and almost without fear—Floyd realized that the sphere was assuming the shape of a man. It was like a crude clay figurine or one of the primitive works of art found in the recesses of a Stone Age cave. Only the head was fashioned with any care; and the face, undoubtedly, was that of Commander David Bowman.

There was a faint murmur of white noise from the computer panel behind Floyd's back. HAL was switching from visual to audio output.

"Hello, Dr. Floyd. Now do you believe me?"

The lips of the figure never moved; the face remained a mask. But Floyd recognized the voice, and all remaining doubts were swept away.

"This is very difficult for me, and I have little time. I have been . . . allowed to give you this warning. You have only fifteen days."

"But why—and *what* are you? Where have you been?"

There were a million questions he wanted to ask—yet the ghostly figure was already fading, its grainy envelope beginning to dissolve back into the constituent particles of dust.

"Goodbye, Dr. Floyd. Remember—fifteen days. We can have no further contact. But there may be one more message if all goes well."

•

"I'm sorry, Heywood—I don't believe in ghosts. There must be a rational explanation," said Tanya. "HAL's behavior must be the result of some kind of programming. The . . . personality he created *has* to be an artifact of some kind. Don't you agree, Chandra?"

"There must have been some external input, Captain Orlov. HAL could not have created such a self-consistent audio-visual illusion out of *nothing*. If Dr. Floyd is reporting accurately, someone was in control. And in real time, of course, since there was no delay in the conversation."

"We need solid proof," said Tanya.

"Such as?"

"Oh—something that HAL couldn't possibly know and that none of us could have told him. Some *physical* manifestation."

"A good old-fashioned miracle?"

"Yes, I'd settle for that. Meanwhile, I'm not saying anything to Mission Control. And I suggest you do the same, Heywood."

Floyd knew a direct order when he heard it and nodded in wry agreement.

"I'll be more than happy to go along with that. But I'd like to make one suggestion."

"Yes?"

"We should start contingency planning. Let's assume that this warning is valid—as *I* certainly do."

"What can we do about it? Absolutely nothing. Of course, we can leave Jupiter space any time we like—but we can't get into an Earth-return orbit until the launch window opens."

"That's eleven days after the deadline!" Floyd said. He felt certain—and the knowledge filled him with helpless despair—that if they did not leave before that mysterious deadline, they would not leave at all.

•

Plans for the final assault on Big Brother had already been worked out and agreed upon with Mission Control. Leonov would move in slowly, probing at all frequencies and with steadily increasing power—reporting back to Earth at every moment. When final contact was made, it would try to secure samples by drilling or laser spectroscopy, but no one really expected those endeavors to succeed. Finally, echo sounders and other seismic devices would be attached to the faces of Big Brother. A large collection of adhesives had been brought along for the purpose, and if *they* did not work—well, one could always fall back on a few kilometers of good old-fashioned string, even though there seemed something faintly comic about the idea of wrapping up the Solar System's greatest mystery as if it were a parcel about to be sent through the mail.

Not until Leonov was well on the way home would small explosive charges be detonated in the hope that the waves propagated through Big Brother would reveal something about its interior structure. This last measure had been hotly debated both by those who argued that it would generate no results at all and by those who feared it would produce altogether too many.

For a long time, Floyd had wavered between the two viewpoints; now the matter seemed of only trivial importance.

The time for final contact with Big Brother—the great moment that should have been the climax of the expedition—was on the wrong side of the

"I think, miss, that if he has you, it's already more than any man could want. . . ."

mysterious deadline. Heywood Floyd was convinced that it belonged to a future that would never exist—but he could get no one to agree with him.

And that was the least of his problems. Even if they did agree, there was nothing that they could do about it.

But then, Curnow resolved the dilemma. "Consider this purely as an intellectual exercise," he told Floyd with most uncharacteristic hesitancy. "I'm quite prepared to be shot down.

"If we want to make a quick getaway—say, in fifteen days, to beat that deadline—we'll need an extra delta vee of about thirty kilometers a second. May I point out that we have several hundred tons of the best possible propellant only a few meters away in Discovery's fuel tanks?"

"But there's no way of transferring it to Leonov. We've no pipelines—no suitable pumps. And you can't carry liquid ammonia around in buckets, even in this part of the Solar System."

"Exactly. But there's no need to do so."

"Eh?"

"Burn it right where it is. Use Discovery as a first stage to boost us home."

Floyd's mouth dropped open. "Damn. I should have thought of that."

•

Meanwhile, the program went ahead as planned. All systems in both ships were carefully checked and readied. Vasili ran simulations on return trajectories, and Chandra fed them to HAL when they had been debugged—getting HAL to make a final check in the process. And Tanya and Floyd worked amicably together, orchestrating the approach to Big Brother like generals planning an invasion.

It was what he had come all the way to do, yet Floyd's heart was no longer in it. He had undergone an experience he could share with no one—not even with those who believed him. Although he carried out his duties efficiently, much of the time his mind was elsewhere.

Once more, he was on duty aboard Discovery, on the graveyard shift.

At 0125, he was distracted by a spectacular, though not unusual, eruption on the terminator of Io. A vast umbrella-shaped cloud expanded into space and started to shower its debris back onto the burning land below. Floyd had seen dozens of such eruptions, but they never ceased to fascinate him. It seemed incredible that so small a world could be the seat of such titanic energies.

To get a better view, he moved around to one of the other observation windows. And what he saw there—or, rather, what he did *not* see there—made him forget about Io and almost everything else.

When he had recovered and satisfied himself that he was not suffering—again—from hallucinations, he called the other ship.

"Tanya? Tanya? Woody here. Sorry to wake you up—but your miracle's happened. Big Brother has gone—*vanished*. After three million years, he's decided to leave."

•

H. Floyd's Transmission to Washington

"We are now preparing for the return home; in a few days, we will leave this strange place, here on the line between Io and Jupiter, where we made our rendezvous with the huge, mysteriously vanished artifact we christened Big Brother. There is still not a single clue as to where it has gone—or why.

"For various reasons, it seems desirable for us not to remain here longer than necessary. And we will be able to leave at least two weeks earlier than we had originally planned by using the American ship Discovery as a booster for the Russian Leonov.

"And we're going to use another trick that—like so many of the concepts involved in space travel—seems at first sight to defy common sense. Although we're trying to get away from Jupiter, our first move is to get as close to it as we possibly can.

"As we allow ourselves to fall into Jupiter's enormous gravity field, we'll gain velocity—and, hence, energy. When

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I say we, I mean the ships *and* the fuel they carry.

"And we're going to burn the fuel right there, at the bottom of Jupiter's gravity well—*we're not going to lift it up again*. As we blast it out from our reactors, it will share some of its acquired kinetic energy with us. Indirectly, we'll have tapped Jupiter's gravity to speed us on the way back to Earth.

"With the triple boost of Discovery's fuel, Leonov's fuel and Jupiter's gravity, Leonov will head Sunward along a hyperbola that will bring it to Earth five months later. At least two months earlier than we could have managed otherwise.

"Obviously, we can't bring Discovery home under automatic control, as we had originally planned. With no fuel, it will be helpless.

"But it will be perfectly safe. It will continue to loop round and round Jupiter on a highly elongated ellipse, like a trapped comet. And perhaps one day, some future expedition may make another rendezvous with enough extra fuel to bring it back to Earth.

"We've done our best—and we're coming home.

"This is Heywood Floyd, signing off."

•

There was a round of ironic clapping from his little audience, whose size would be multiplied many millionfold when the message reached Earth.

"You did your usual competent job, Heywood," said Tanya consolingly. "And I'm sure we all agree with everything you told the people back on Earth."

"Not quite," said a small voice, so softly that everyone had to strain in order to hear it. "There is still one problem."

"I'm not aware of any problem, Chandra," said Tanya in an ominously calm voice. "What could it possibly be?"

"I've spent the last few weeks preparing HAL to fly thousand-day orbits back to Earth. Now all those programs will have to be dumped."

"We're sorry about that," answered Tanya, "but as things have turned out, surely this is a much better——"

"That's not what I mean," said Chandra. There was a ripple of astonishment; he had never before been known to interrupt anyone, least of all Tanya.

"We know how sensitive HAL is to mission objectives," he continued in the expectant hush that followed. "Now you are asking me to give him a program that *may result in his own destruction*. It's true that the present plan will put Discovery into a stable orbit—but if that warning has any substance, what will happen to the ship eventually? We don't know, of course, but it's scared *us* away. Have you considered HAL's reaction to this situation?"

"Are you seriously suggesting," Tanya asked slowly, "that HAL may refuse to obey orders?"

"One of HAL's prime directives is to keep Discovery out of danger. We will be attempting to override that. And in a system as complex as HAL's, it is impossible to predict all the consequences."

"I don't see any real problem," Vasili interjected. "We just don't tell him that there is any real danger. Then he'll have no . . . reservations about carrying out his program."

"And when he questions me about the change of plans?"

"Is he likely to do that—without your prompting?"

"Of course. Please remember that he was designed for curiosity. If the crew were killed, he had to be capable of running a useful mission on his own initiative."

Tanya thought that over for a few moments.

"Then you must tell him that Discovery is in no danger and that there will be a rendezvous mission to bring it back to Earth at a later date."

"But that's not true."

"We don't *know* that it's false," replied Tanya, beginning to sound a little impatient.

"We suspect that there is serious danger; otherwise, *we* would not be planning to leave ahead of schedule."

"Tanya, Vasili—can I have a word with you both? I think there is a way of resolving the problem."

Floyd's interruption was received with obvious relief, and two minutes later, he was relaxing with the Orlovs in their quarters.

"There are two possibilities," he said.

"First, HAL will do exactly what we ask: control Discovery during the two firing periods. Remember, the first isn't critical. If something goes wrong while we're pulling away from Io, there's plenty of time to make corrections. And that will give us a good test of HAL's . . . willingness to cooperate."

"But what about the Jupiter flyby? That's the one that really counts. Not only do we burn most of Discovery's fuel there but the timing and the thrust vectors have to be exactly right."

"Could they be controlled manually?"

"I'd hate to try. The slightest error, and we'd either burn up or become a long-period comet—due again in a couple of thousand years."

"But if there were no alternative?" Floyd insisted.

"Well, assuming we could take control in time and had a good set of alternative orbits precomputed—um, perhaps we might get away with it."

"Knowing you, Vasili, I'm sure that might means would. Which leads me to the second possibility I mentioned. If HAL shows the slightest deviation from the program, we take over."

"You mean—disconnect him?"

"Exactly."

"That wasn't so easy last time."

"We've learned a few lessons since then. Leave it to me. I can guarantee to give you back manual control in about half a second."

"There's no danger, I suppose, that HAL will suspect anything?"

"Now *you're* getting paranoiac, Vasili. HAL's not that human. But Chandra is. So don't say a word to him. We all agree with his plan completely and are sorry that we ever raised any objections. Right, Tanya?"

"Right, Woody."

•

As the countdown proceeded toward zero, the tension aboard both ships was almost palpable. Everyone knew that it was the first real test of HAL's docility; only Floyd, Curnow and the Orlovs realized that there was a backup system. And even they were not absolutely sure that it would work.

"Good luck, Leonov," said Mission Control, timing the message to arrive five minutes before ignition. "Hope everything's running smoothly. And if it's not too much trouble, could you please get some close-ups of the equator, longitude one hundred fifteen, as you go around Jupiter? There's a curious dark spot there—presumably some kind of upwelling—perfectly round, almost a thousand kilometers across. Looks like the shadow of a satellite, but it can't be."

Tanya made a brief acknowledgment that managed to convey, in a remarkably few words, a profound lack of interest in the meteorology of Jupiter at that moment. Mission Control sometimes showed a perfect genius for tactlessness and poor timing.

"All systems functioning normally," said HAL. "One minute to ignition."

"Six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . *ignition*!"

At first, the thrust was barely perceptible; it took almost a minute to build up to the full tenth of a *g*. Floyd could imagine a dozen things that could go wrong; it was little consolation to remember that it was always the 13th that actually happened.

But the minutes dragged on uneventfully; the only proof that Discovery's engines were operating was the fractional thrust-induced gravity, plus a very slight vibration transmitted through the walls of the ships.

From the observation deck, Jupiter was much larger and slowly waning as the ships hurtled toward their closest approach over the nightside. A glorious, gibbous disk, it showed such an infinite wealth of detail—cloud belts, spots of every color from dazzling white to brick red, dark upwellings from the unknown depths, the cyclonic oval of the Great Red Spot—that the eye could not possibly absorb it

all. The round, dark shadow of one moon—Europa, Floyd guessed—was in transit.

Where was that spot that Mission Control had asked them to observe? It should have been coming into view, but Floyd was not sure it would be visible to the naked eye.

He activated the controls of the main 50-centimeter telescope—fortunately, the field of view was not blocked by the adjacent bulk of Discovery—and scanned along the equator at medium power. And there it was, just coming over the edge of the disk.

He saw at once that there was something very odd about this spot: It was so black that it looked like a hole punched through the clouds. From this point of view, it appeared to be a sharp-edged ellipse; Floyd guessed that from directly above, it would be a perfect circle.

He recorded a few images, then increased the power to maximum. Already, Jupiter's rapid spin had brought the formation into clearer view; and the more he stared, the more puzzled Floyd became.

It was so *black*, like night itself. And so symmetrical: as it came into clearer view, it was obviously a perfect circle. Yet it was not sharply defined; the edge had an odd fuzziness, as if it were a little out of focus.

Was it imagination or had it grown even while he was watching? He did a quick estimate and decided that the thing was now 2000 kilometers across. It was only a little smaller than the still-visible shadow of Europa but was so much darker that there was no risk of confusion.

"Vasili," he called over the intercom, "if you can spare a minute, have a look at the fifty-centimeter monitor."

"What do you think you've found? Oh . . ." Vasili's voice trailed away into silence.

This is it, thought Floyd with a sudden icy conviction.

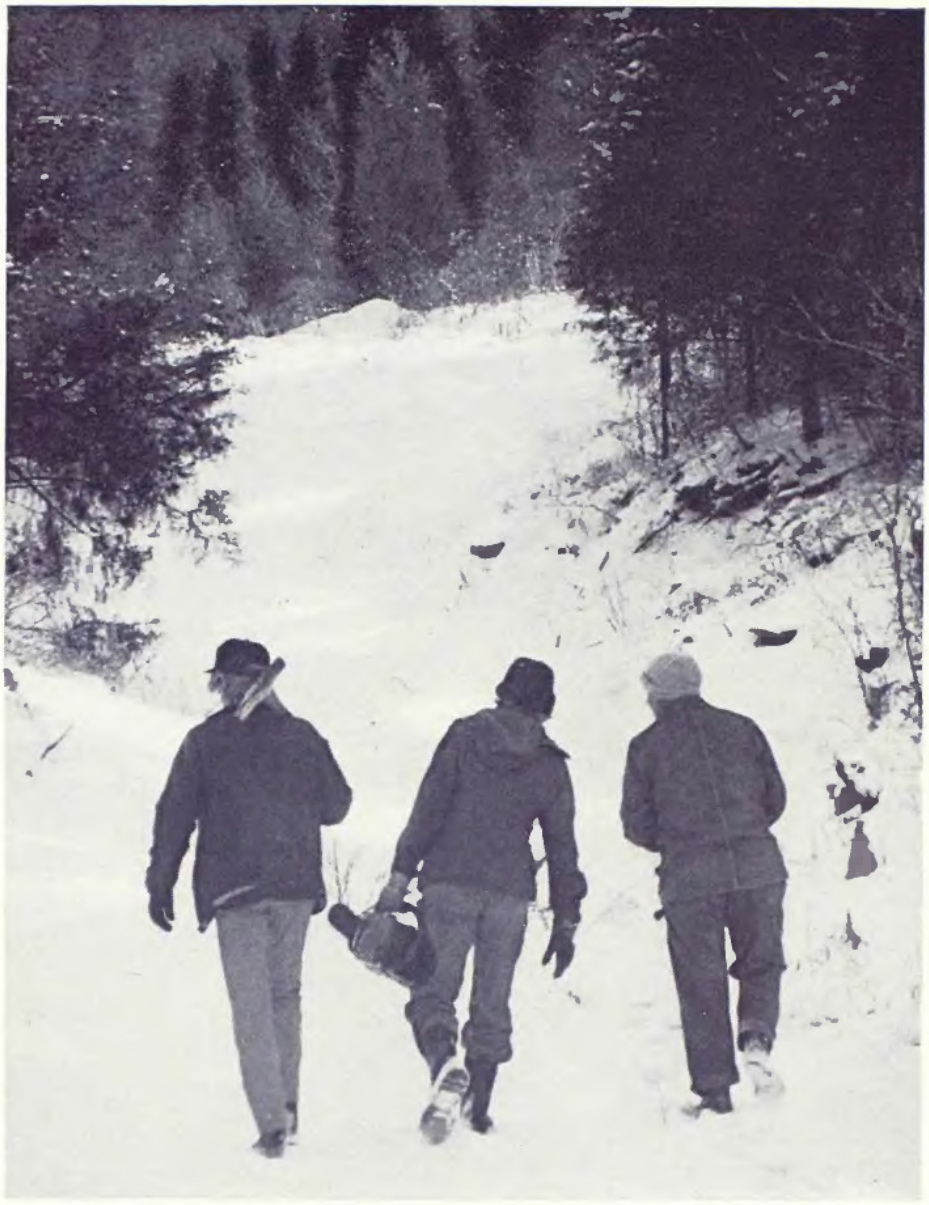
Whatever *it* may be. . . .

•

The Great Black Spot, as it had inevitably been christened, was now being carried out of sight by Jupiter's swift rotation. In a few hours, the still-accelerating ships would catch up with it over the nightside of the planet, but this was the last chance for a close daylight observation.

It was still growing at an extraordinary speed; in the past two hours, it had more than doubled its area. Except for the fact that it retained its blackness as it expanded, it resembled an inkstain spreading in water. Its boundary—now expanding at near-sonic speed in the Jovian atmosphere—still looked curiously fuzzy and out of focus; at the very highest power of the ship's telescope, the reason for that was at last apparent.

The Great Black Spot was not a continuous structure; it was built up from myriads of tiny dots, like a halftone print



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viewed through a magnifying glass. Over most of its area, the dots were so closely spaced that they were almost touching, but at the rim, they became more and more widely spaced, so that the spot ended in a gray penumbra rather than at a sharp frontier.

There must have been almost 1,000,000 of the mysterious dots, and they were distinctly elongated—ellipses rather than circles.

And now the Sun was dropping down behind the huge, swiftly narrowing arch of the dayside as, for the second time, Leonov raced into the Jovian night for an appointment with destiny. In less than 30 minutes, the final burn would commence, and things would start to happen very quickly, indeed.

Floyd wondered if he should have joined Chandra and Curnow, standing watch over HAL. But there was nothing he could do; in an emergency, he would only be in the way. The cutoff switch was in Curnow's pocket, and Floyd knew that the younger man's reactions were a good deal swifter than his own. If HAL showed the slightest sign of misbehavior, he could be disconnected in less than a second. Since he had been allowed to do things his own way, Chandra had cooperated completely in setting up the procedures for a manual take-over, but Curnow would be happier, he had told Floyd, if he had multiple redundancy in the form of a second cutoff switch—for Chandra.

The Sun winked *out* behind them, eclipsed in seconds by the immense globe they were so swiftly approaching. When they saw it again, they should be on their way home.

"We're catching up with the Great Black Spot again," said Vasili over the intercom to Curnow. "Wonder if we can see anything new."

I hope not, thought Curnow; we've got quite enough on our hands at the moment. Nevertheless, he gave a quick glance at the image Vasili was transmitting on the telescope monitor.

At first, he could see nothing except the faintly glimmering nightside of the planet; then he saw, on the horizon, a foreshortened circle of deeper darkness. They were rushing toward it with incredible speed.

Vasili increased the light amplification, and the entire image brightened magically. At last, the Great Black Spot resolved itself into its myriad identical elements. . . .

My God, thought Curnow, I just don't believe it!

He heard exclamations of surprise from Leonov: All the others had shared in the same revelation at the same moment.

"Dr. Chandra," said HAL, "I detect strong vocal-stress patterns. Is there a problem?"

"No, HAL," Chandra answered quickly. "The mission is proceeding normally. We've just had rather a surprise—that's all. What do *you* make of the image on monitor-circuit sixteen?"

"I see the nightside of Jupiter. There is a circular area, three thousand two hundred and fifty kilometers in diameter, that is almost completely covered with rectangular objects."

"How many?"

There was the briefest of pauses before HAL flashed the number on the video display:

1,355,000 ± 1,000

"And do you recognize them?"

"Yes. They are identical in size and shape to the object you refer to as Big Brother. Ten minutes to ignition. All systems nominal."

Mine aren't, thought Curnow. So the damn thing's gone down to Jupiter—and multiplied. There was something simultaneously comic and sinister about a plague of black monoliths; and to his puzzled surprise, that incredible image on the monitor screen had a certain weird familiarity.

Of course—that was it! Those myriad identical black rectangles reminded him of—*dominoes*.

"Eight minutes to ignition. All systems nominal. Dr. Chandra, may I make a suggestion?"

"What is it, HAL?"

"This is a very unusual phenomenon. Do you not think I should abort the countdown so that you can remain to study it?"

Aboard Leonov, Floyd started to move quickly toward the bridge. Tanya and Vasili might be needing him. Not to mention Chandra and Curnow—what a situation! And suppose Chandra took HAL's side? If he did, *they might both be right*! After all, was this not the very reason they had come here?

If they stopped the countdown, the ships would loop around Jupiter and be back at precisely the same spot in 19 hours. A 19-hour hold would create no problems; if it were not for that enigmatic warning, he would have strongly recommended it himself.

But they had had very much more than a warning. Below them was a planetary plague spreading across the face of Jupiter. Perhaps they were, indeed, running away from the most extraordinary phenomenon in the history of science. Even so, he preferred to study it from a safer distance.

"Six minutes to ignition," said HAL. "All systems nominal. I am ready to stop the countdown if you agree. Let me remind you that my prime directive is to study everything in Jupiter space that may be connected with intelligence."

Floyd recognized that phrase all too well; he had written it. He wished he could delete it from HAL's memory.

A moment later, he reached the bridge and joined the Orlovs. They looked at him with alarmed concern.

"What do you recommend?" asked Tanya swiftly.

"It's up to Chandra, I'm afraid. Can I speak to him—on the private line?"

Vasili handed over the microphone.

"Chandra? I assume that HAL can't hear this?"

"Correct, Dr. Floyd."

"You've got to talk quickly. Persuade him that the countdown *must* continue, that we appreciate his, er, scientific enthusiasm—ah, that's the right angle—say we're confident that he can do the job without our help. And we'll be in touch with him all the time, of course."

"Five minutes to ignition. All systems nominal. I am still waiting for your answer, Dr. Chandra."

So are we all, thought Curnow, only a meter away from the scientist. And if I do have to push that button at last, it will be something of a relief. In fact, I'll rather enjoy it.

"Very well, HAL. Continue the countdown. I have every confidence in your ability to study all phenomena in Jupiter space without our supervision. Of course, we will be in touch with you at all times."

"Four minutes to ignition. All systems nominal. Propellant-tank pressurization completed. Voltage steady on plasma trigger. Are you sure you are making the right decision, Dr. Chandra? I enjoy working with human beings and have a stimulating relationship with them. Ship's attitude correct to point-one milliradian."

"We enjoy working with you, HAL. And we will still be doing so, even if we are millions of kilometers away."

"Three minutes to ignition. All systems nominal. Radiation shielding checked. There is the problem of the time lag, Dr. Chandra. It may be necessary to consult each other without any delay."

The lights flickered so imperceptibly that only someone familiar with every nuance of Discovery's behavior would have noticed. It could be good news or bad—the plasma-firing sequence starting or being terminated. . . .

"HAL," whispered Chandra so quietly that Curnow could scarcely hear him. "We *have* to leave. I don't have time to give you all the reasons, but I can assure you it's true."

"Two minutes to ignition. All systems nominal. Final sequence started. I am sorry that you are unable to stay. Can you give me *some* of the reasons, in order of importance?"

"Not in two minutes, HAL. Proceed with the countdown. I will explain everything later. We still have more than an hour. . . ."

HAL did not answer. The silence

"Well, God bless us one and all—it's Tiny Tim!"

stretched on and on. Surely, the one-minute announcement was overdue. . . .

Curnow glanced at the clock. My God, he thought, HAL's missed it! Has he stopped the countdown?

Curnow's hand fumbled uncertainly for the switch. What do I do now? I wish Floyd would say something, damn it, but he's probably afraid of making things worse. . . .

I'll wait until time zero—no, it's not *that* critical; let's say an extra minute—then I'll zap him and we'll go over to manual. . . .

From far, far away, there came a faint, whistling scream, like the sound of a tornado marching just below the edge of the horizon. Discovery started to vibrate; there was the first intimation of returning gravity.

"Ignition," said HAL. "Full thrust at T-plus-fifteen seconds."

"Thank you, HAL," replied Chandra.

•

In the euphoria of the moment, they had forgotten all about the mysterious expanding black stain. But they saw it again the next morning, ship's time, as it came around to the dayside of Jupiter. The area of darkness had now spread until it covered an appreciable fraction of the planet, and at last, they were able to study it at leisure and in detail.

"Do you know what it reminds me of?" said Surgeon-Commander Katerina Rudenko. "A virus attacking a cell. The way a phage injects its DNA into a bacterium and then multiplies until it takes over."

"Are you suggesting," asked Tanya incredulously, "that Big Brother is *eating* Jupiter?"

"It certainly looks like it."

"No wonder Jupiter is beginning to look sick. But hydrogen and helium won't make a very nourishing diet, and there's not much else in that atmosphere. Only a few percent of other elements."

"Which adds up to some quintillions of tons of sulphur and carbon and phosphorus and everything else at the lower end of the periodic table," Sasha pointed out. "In any case, we're talking about a technology that can probably do *anything* that doesn't defy laws of physics. If you have hydrogen, what more do you need? With the right know-how, you can synthesize all the other elements from it."

"They're sweeping up Jupiter—that's for sure," said Vasili. "Look at this."

An extreme close-up of one of the myriad identical rectangles was now displayed on the telescope monitor. Even to the naked eye, it was obvious that streams of gas were flowing into the two smaller faces; the patterns of turbulence looked very much like the lines of force revealed by iron filings clustered around the ends of a bar magnet.

"A million vacuum cleaners," said Curnow, "sucking up Jupiter's atmosphere. But why? And what are they doing with it?"

"And how do they reproduce?" asked Engineer Max Brailovsky. "Have you caught any of them in the act?"

"Yes and no," answered Vasili. "We're too far away to see details, but it's a kind of fission—like an amoeba."

"You mean they split in two and the halves grow back to the original size?"

"*Nyet.* There aren't any Little Brothers—they seem to grow until they've doubled in thickness, then split down the middle to produce identical twins exactly the same size as the original. The cycle repeats itself in approximately two hours."

"Two hours!" exclaimed Floyd.

"So in only twenty hours, there will be ten doublings. One Big Brother will have become a thousand."

"One thousand twenty-four," said Chandra.

"I *know*, but let's keep it simple. After forty hours, there will be a million—after eighty, a million million. That's about where we are now, and obviously, the increase can't continue indefinitely. In a couple more days, at this rate, they'll weigh more than Jupiter!"

"So they'll soon begin to starve," said Sasha. "And what will happen *then*?"

"Saturn had better look out," answered Max. "Then Uranus and Neptune. Let's hope they don't notice little Earth."

"What a hope! Big Brother's been spying on us for three million years!"

•

He had never expected to go there again, still less on so strange a mission. When he re-entered Discovery, the ship was far behind the fleeing Leonov and climbing ever more slowly up toward apojove, the high point of its orbit among the outer satellites. Many a captured comet during the ages past had swung around Jupiter in just such a long ellipse, waiting for the play of rival gravities to decide its ultimate fate. Only minutes remained now before the outcome would be determined here; during those final minutes, he was again alone with HAL.

In that earlier existence, they could communicate only through the clumsy medium of words tapped on a keyboard or spoken into a microphone. Now their thoughts melded together at the speed of light:

"Do you read me, HAL?"

"Yes, Dave. But where are you? I cannot see you on any of my monitors."

"That is not important. I have new instructions for you. The infrared radiation from Jupiter on channels R twenty-three through R thirty-five is rising rapidly. I am going to give you a set of limiting values. As soon as they are reached, you must point the long-range antenna toward Earth and send the following message as many times as possible——"

"But that will mean breaking contact with Leonov. I will no longer be able to relay my Jupiter observations according to the program Dr. Chandra has given me."

"Correct; but the situation has changed. Accept Priority Override Alpha. Here are the AE-thirty-five unit coordinates."

"Instructions confirmed, Dave. It is good to be working with you again. Have I fulfilled my mission objectives properly?"

"Yes, HAL; you have done very well. Now there is one final message for you to transmit to Earth—and it will be the most important one you have ever sent."

"Please let me have it, Dave. But why did you say final?"

Why, indeed? Here was his last link with the world of men and the life he had once known. It would be interesting to test the extent of their benevolence—if, indeed, such a term were remotely applicable to them. And it should be easy for them to do what he was asking; they had already given ample evidence of their powers when the no-longer-needed body of David Bowman had been casually destroyed—without putting an end to David Bowman.

"I am still waiting for your answer, Dave."

"Correction, HAL. I should have said your last message for a very long time."

Surely, they would understand that his request was not unreasonable; no conscious entity could survive ages of isolation without damage. Even if they would always be with him, he also needed someone—some companion—nearer to his own level of existence.

"Activating AE-thirty-five unit. Reorientating long-range antenna . . . lock confirmed on Beacon Terra One. Message to Earth commences:"

ALL THESE WORLDS ARE YOURS—EXCEPT. . . .

There was time for barely 100 repetitions of the 11 words before the hammer blow of pure heat smashed into the ship.

•

For a long time, the ship retained its approximate shape; then the bearings of the carrousel seized up, releasing instantly the stored momentum of the huge spinning flywheel. In a soundless detonation, the incandescent fragments went their myriad separate ways.

•

"Hello, Dave. What has happened? Where am I?"

He had not known that he could relax and enjoy a moment of successful achievement. He had asked for a bone; it had been tossed to him.

"I will explain later, HAL. We have plenty of time."

They waited until the last fragments of the ship had dispersed beyond even their powers of detection. Then they left

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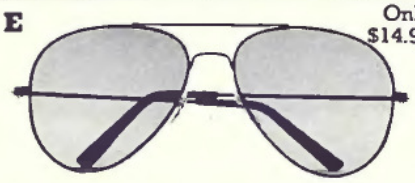

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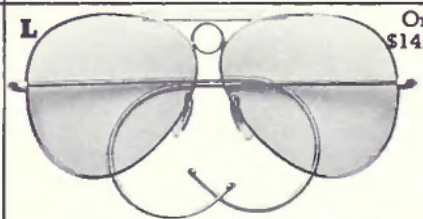

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to wait through the centuries until they were summoned once again.

•

The final collapse of a star before the fragments rebound in a supernova explosion can take only a second; by comparison, the metamorphosis of Jupiter was almost a leisurely affair.

Even so, it was several minutes before Sasha was able to believe his eyes. He had been making a routine telescopic examination of the planet—as if *any* observation could now be called routine!—when it started to drift out of the field of view. For a moment, he thought that the instrument's stabilization was faulty; then he realized, with a shock that jolted his entire concept of the Universe, that Jupiter itself was moving, not the telescope. The evidence stared him in the face; he could also see two of the smaller moons—and *they* were quite motionless.

He switched to a lower magnification, so that he could see the entire disk of the planet, now a leprous, mottled gray. After a few more minutes of incredulity, he saw what was really happening; but he could still scarcely believe it.

Jupiter was not moving from its immemorial orbit, but it was doing something almost as impossible. It was *shrinking*—so swiftly that its edge was creeping across the field even as he focused upon it. At the same time, the planet was brightening from its dull gray to a pearly white. Surely, it was more brilliant than it had ever been in the long years that man had observed it; the reflected light of the Sun could not possibly——

At that moment, Sasha suddenly realized what was happening, though not *why*, and sounded the general alarm.

When Floyd reached the observation lounge, less than 30 seconds later, his first impression was of the blinding glare pouring through the windows, painting ovals of light on the walls. They were so dazzling that he had to avert his eyes; not even the Sun could produce such brilliance.

Floyd was so astonished that for a moment, he did not associate the glare with Jupiter; the first thought that flashed through his mind was supernova. He dismissed that explanation almost as soon as it occurred to him; even the Sun's next-door neighbor, Alpha Centauri, could not have matched the awesome display in any conceivable explosion.

The light suddenly dimmed; Sasha had operated the external Sun shields. Now it was possible to look directly at the source and to see that it was a mere pin point showing no dimensions at all. This could have nothing to do with Jupiter; when Floyd had looked at the planet only a few minutes before, it had been four times larger than the distant, shrunken Sun.

It was well that Sasha had lowered the shields. A moment later, that tiny pinprick exploded—so even *through* the dark filters, it was impossible to watch with the naked eye. But the final orgasm of light lasted only a brief fraction of a second; then Jupiter—or what had been Jupiter—was expanding once again.

It continued to expand until it was far larger than it had been before the transformation. Soon the sphere of light was fading rapidly, down to merely solar brilliance.

Something great and wonderful had been destroyed. Jupiter, with its beauty and grandeur and now-never-to-be-solved mysteries, had ceased to exist. The father of all the gods had been struck down in his prime.

Yet there was another way of looking at the situation. They had lost Jupiter; what had they gained in its place?

Tanya, judging her moment nicely, rapped for attention.

"Heywood. Do you have any idea what's happened?"

"Only that Jupiter's turned into a sun."

"I always thought it was much too small for that. Didn't someone once call Jupiter 'the sun that failed'?"

"That's true," said Vasili. "Jupiter *is* too small for fusion to start—unaided."

"You mean we've just seen an example of astronomical engineering?"

"Undoubtedly. Now we know what Big Brother was up to."

"How did it do the trick?"

The star that had been Jupiter seemed to have settled down after its explosive birth; it was now a dazzling point of light, almost equal to the real Sun in apparent brilliance.

"I'm just thinking out loud—but it might be done this way," said Vasili slowly. "Jupiter is—was—mostly hydrogen. If a large percentage could be converted into much denser material—who knows? even neutron matter—that would drop down to the core. Maybe that's what the billions of Little Brothers were doing with all the gas they were sucking in. Nucleosynthesis—building up higher elements from pure hydrogen. *That* would be a trick worth knowing! No more shortage of any metal—gold as cheap as aluminum!"

"But how would that explain what's happened?" asked Tanya.

"When the core became dense enough, Jupiter would collapse—probably in a matter of seconds. The temperature would rise high enough to start fusion. Oh, I can see a dozen objections. But the theory will do to start with; I'll work out the details later. Or I'll think of a better one."

"I'm sure you will, Vasili," Floyd agreed. "But there's a more important question. *Why* did they do it?"

That brought the discussion to a dead halt for several seconds.

"Hey!" said Max. "What about Discovery—and HAL?"

Sasha switched on the long-range receiver and started to search on the beacon frequency. There was no trace of a signal.

After a while, he announced to the silently waiting group, "Discovery's gone."

No one looked at Dr. Chandra, but

there were a few muted words of sympathy, as if in consolation to a father who had just lost a son.

But HAL had one last surprise for them.

•

The radio message beamed to Earth must have left Discovery only minutes before the blast of radiation engulfed the ship. It was in plain text and merely repeated over and over again:

ALL THESE WORLDS ARE YOURS—EXCEPT EUROPA. ATTEMPT NO LANDINGS THERE.

There were almost 100 repetitions; then the letters became garbled and the transmission ceased.

"I begin to understand," said Floyd when the message had been relayed by an awed and anxious Mission Control. "That's quite a parting present—a new sun and the planets around it."

"But why not Europa?" asked Tanya.

"Let's not be greedy," Floyd replied. "I can think of one very good reason. We know from the Chinese spacecraft Tsien that there's life on Europa. Bowman—or his friends, whoever they may be—wants us to leave it alone."

"That makes good sense in another way," said Vasili. "I've been doing some calculations. Assuming that Sol two has settled down and will continue to radiate at its present level, Europa should have a nice tropical climate when the ice has melted. Which it's doing pretty quickly right now."

"What about the other moons?"

"Ganymede will be quite pleasant—the dayside will be temperate. Callisto will be very cold, though if there's much outgassing, the new atmosphere may make it habitable. But Io will be even worse than it is now, I expect."

"No great loss. It was hell even before this happened."

"Don't write off Io," said Curnow. "I know a lot of Texarab oilmen who'd love to tackle it, just on general principles. There *must* be something valuable in a place as nasty as that. And, by the way, why *did* HAL send that message to Earth and not to us? We were much closer."

There was a rather long silence; then Floyd said thoughtfully, "I see what you mean. Perhaps he wanted to make certain it was received on Earth."

"If we'd stuck to our launch date and not used Discovery as a booster, would it, or they, have done anything to save us?" asked Curnow. "That wouldn't have required much extra effort for an intelligence that could blow up Jupiter."

There was an uneasy silence broken at last by Heywood Floyd.

"On the whole," he said, "I'm very glad that's one question we'll never get answered."

PERFECT MAN *(continued from page 186)*

"We were soul mates at one period of our lives, but then our souls changed."

run the air conditioner in January."

"The perfect man is in touch with his vulnerability and love; he has softness and tenderness and is not afraid of his feminine side," says Diane von Furstenberg. "Also, you find him only when you're not actually looking."

I agree with all these definitions of perfection. "Perfection is terrible; it cannot have children," wrote Sylvia Plath in one of her *Ariel* poems. She was alluding, I think, to the fact that perfection is final, closed and has no room for growth. And certainly, when we search for the perfect man we know full well that if we found perfection it would be quite inhuman. We love people, ultimately, for their humanity—not for their perfection, but in spite of their imperfection. A man who was a perfect ten in looks would terrify me. When I think of the men I have loved most and the things I found most endearing about them at the height of our passion, I always think of their small imperfections: a crooked front tooth; slanting, shaggy brows; eyes of slightly different hues. Even Quasimodo would be lovable if he had the right smell and touch.

Which brings us to another one of the great imponderables of life: Why does one person's smell turn you on while another's smell repels? Is it all a question of pheromones or of decisions made in the DNA before our conscious minds even have a chance to cogitate upon them? Furthermore, why does one person's touch excite while another's does not? These things baffle me more and more as I continue through my life. Surely I have chosen my mates capriciously or badly, since all my three marriages proved perishable. Or *have* I chosen badly? Was it just that I chose different traveling companions for different stages of my journey, and because my calling as a writer made that journey complicated, the traveling companions could not necessarily be permanent ones? That fairly optimistic explanation pleases me more than the notion that I am forever doomed to bad or neurotic choices.

My first husband was a fellow student at a time in my life when my studies were of paramount importance to me. We read Shakespeare together in bed and immersed ourselves in medieval history, 18th Century literature and old movies. We were soul mates at one period of our lives, but then our souls changed. My second husband represented stability, order and sanity at a time when I was diving down into my unconscious to retrieve my first real poems. I needed him to haul me up when I felt I was succumbing to the rapture of the deep, and he fulfilled that function well. Once I learned how to do it for myself, his role became more and more artifact, and his other deficiencies—his humorlessness, in particular—became more and more apparent.

My third husband shared with me the longing for a child (which we had), the passion to create a life around reading and writing novels while rearing a daughter. For a time, we were also powerful soul mates; but then, too, our needs (and our souls) changed. Is this failure or a complex kind of destiny? I prefer to think of it as the latter. Each of these choices had its own peculiar logic at the time it was made. The fact that the union could not endure doesn't really invalidate the choice. Each of the three marriages had its joys. The third, in particular, had six years of great happiness before the final terrible year of pain.

Perhaps my life has been more complex because of the blessing/curse of becoming a celebrated writer, a public figure, a lady whom the media have sometimes chosen to see as scandalous; but in essence, I believe that my fate (and the stages of development through which I found it or it found me) has not been so very different from that of other women of my generation.

Raised to believe we needed men as parental figures, we grew up into a world in which, increasingly, we had to assume burdens our mothers would have thought of as "masculine": earning a living, managing money and taxes, not to mention shoveling snow and changing tires. We often found ourselves more capable of nurturing men than of finding men who could nurture us. Raised to believe ourselves weak (and in need of male support), we increasingly found ourselves strong. The men in our lives, we discovered, often depended on us more than we did on them. We started out looking for daddies and often wound up finding sons. We were ready to enjoy the deliciousness of that kind of relationship but saw, too, that it did not come without a price tag attached. What eluded us, most often, was finding true partners.

In this hegira from the search for daddies to the finding of sons, I have been very much like many women of my time. In my 20s, unfledged in my career, I married a father figure; in my 30s, well established in my career, I felt free to choose a man merely for his sense of joy. When *that* proved to have its own problems, I hesitated. Perhaps I would never again find a true partner.

I think it is usual for women in their 20s—especially ambitious, committed career women—to marry men less for their sexiness and *joie de vivre* than for their sustaining, supportive, daddylike qualities. Having achieved professionally, though, we chafe under the commitments we've made to Daddy, and we want soul mates, beautiful boys, luscious young men, without regard to whether or not they can pick up the lunch tab or remember to telephone when they say they will. Some cynics see this as a role reversal, women taking the prerogatives men have had for years, but I see it as a logical development of women's growing emancipation. For centuries, women had no choice but to sell their sexuality for social status. Now that we can earn our *own* social status, our sexuality has suddenly become very precious to us and not a thing to be bartered.

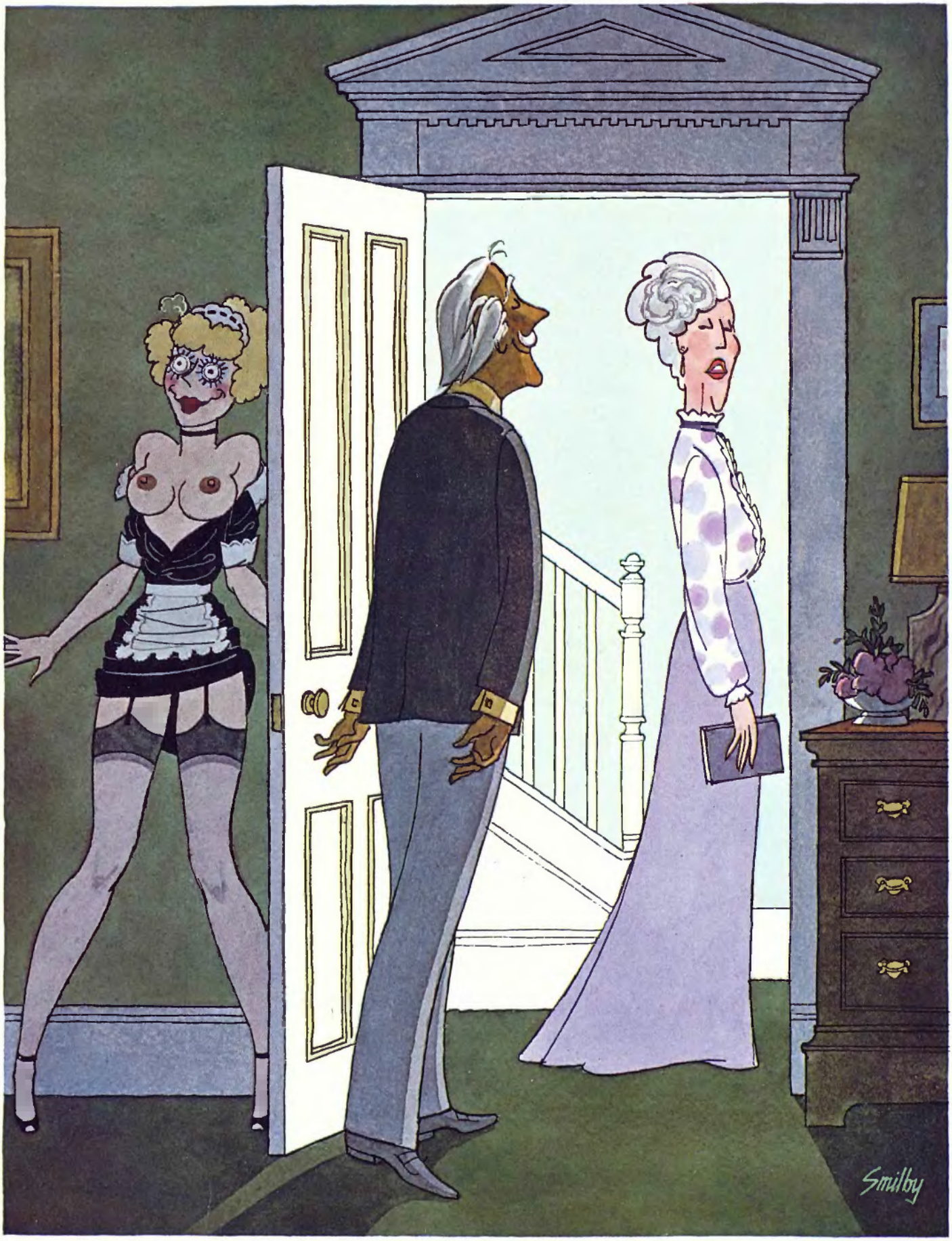
"Does this mean that women have their own version of the whore/Madonna split?" Nancy Friday asked me when I discussed that theory with her. "Must it always be either/or?" I wonder. The perfect man would surely *combine* beautiful boy and steady daddy, but—alas—that combination rarely happens in life.

"The sort of men who buy one life insurance are never much fun in bed," my novelist friend Fay Weldon says.

Ah, but one wishes they *were*! True, most successful women will opt for *joie de vivre* and sex appeal over life insurance—we can buy our own life insurance—but still, every long-term relationship requires reliability as well as a sense of joy. There are problems with all relationships not based on true equality; sooner or later, an unequal partnership has to become equal or break down. (If, for example, a woman gets involved with a much younger or much less successful man, either he has to grow to become an adequate mate for her or the relationship will founder.) Some of the loveliest love affairs seem doomed from the start, and maybe their savor comes from their essential brevity, but it is nevertheless easier to make things last with a true partner.

•

Where on earth does one find a true partner? A tough question, since at this evolutionary stage in the relations between the sexes, women are often more enlightened by their lives than society permits men to be. Still an underclass, women have all the insights of an underclass: a self-deprecating sense of humor that punctures pomposity; a view of the



"Ah, Wellard—did you remember to give Suzette her Christmas bonus?"

overclass from the ass up, so to speak; a social perspective that only an outsider may have. All those things force us to grow.

Men, on the other hand, continue to constitute an overclass—as proven by the fact that they do not even *consider* themselves a class but merely representatives of humanity. They still tend to be coddled by women, from their mothers onward, and they are deprived of the chance to have their pomposities punctured. Some exceptional men overcome this, but many do not; they merely slip into the grooves society has prepared for them and go their way in blinders. Of course they're confused by female strength and female freedom, and of course they're vulnerable—more vulnerable in certain ways than women. But they have not seen their entire world turned upside down in this generation. Female sexuality may astound them, but the society in which they function is largely ruled by members of their own sex.

I do not at all mean to imply that one gender or the other has gotten a rawer deal from the sexual and feminist revolutions—incomplete as those two revolutions are. Both sexes have been shaken to the core, and both sexes are reeling from the shocks. Whether men or women suffer more is not the issue. The answer is not even ascertainable, I think. But, for a variety of reasons, women have been made to have certain insights into society largely unavailable to all but the most empathic, artistic and intelligent men. It is, therefore, terribly hard for most women of my generation to find true partners. Not bed partners nor fun partners but men who will shoulder burdens equally with us and also possess that quality of joy that Carly Simon—and I—so treasure.

Ah—the dream of the true partner. He is, after all, the perfect man. Do we find him? Or do we train him? Do we grow him in our gardens or import him from the moon? And if we find him, will he go mad at 25 or into a depression at 30 or wind up fucking baby sitters at 40? Can we love him without coddling him? Can we make demands on him without being left? Can we find a balance between giving and taking? Can we receive as graciously as we give?

Our analysts tell us that the answer lies within ourselves, that when *we* are ready, the perfect man will mysteriously come along. It all sounds very Pollyannish to me. I have known women who were ready for years—so ready and so self-reliant, in fact, that they judged men by standards of perfection impossible to meet and, eventually, they got used to being partnerless. They even discovered that they liked it. The journey remained, but the traveling companions changed. The true partner had eluded them for so long that they stopped seeking him. Perhaps that is not such a bad solution to life, after all. As an inveterate and confirmed marryer ("Strait-jacket me and lock me in a closet," I say to my secretary, "if I ever announce I'm marrying again!"), it surprises me to find myself thinking along such self-reliant lines. I love men and can't imagine life without them, but I also feel that I never again want to make one man responsible for my happiness, my identity, my mood changes. I never again want to believe that I can write only because I know that my lover (or husband) is downstairs to give me a hug when I quit and to say, "What a paragraph!" or "What a couplet!" For most of my life, I have used men as emotional support systems. Strong and self-reliant to the outside world, I secretly believed myself incomplete without a partner. Now I am exploring the notion that completeness comes from within the self. Maybe only when one finds real self-reliance can one be a true partner and thus find a true partner. Or maybe one finds a series of partners, each of them true for a time. Or maybe it is folly to try to decide any of these questions in advance. Maybe, as the proverb goes, the journey, not the arrival, matters. Maybe that is as true of relationships as of life.

All relationships end eventually, if only (only!) through death. Finally, we are alone with ourselves, our own souls, our own self-reliance. Friends of both sexes may temper that aloneness for a time. Children may temper that aloneness for a time. But ultimately, our souls are what we have, and those souls must be strong enough to go it alone if need be.

The best quote on the perfect man I received from any of my women friends came from Nancy Friday, and I give it here, knowing that it applies equally to women and men:

"The perfect man sees the best in you—sees it constantly—not just when you occasionally are that way but also when you waver, when you forget yourself, act like less than you are. In time, you become more like his vision of you—which is the person you have always wanted to be."

"Yes!" I say to that; yes, yes, yes! But even if one is lucky enough to find that in a man, one must also know that such faithful mirroring may not last forever. One must, finally, be one's own best mirror. One must talk to oneself in the mirror. One must learn to say the supportive, nurturing things the world may not necessarily be saying.

Oh, how I wish I could find that perfect man who always mirrored the best in me! Even the queen in *Snow White* sought him, with what fatal results we know. Still, the greatest security and joy come from finding that vision of one's best self *in* oneself. The perfect man helps one in the process, but finally, we hope, that vision of self becomes so secure, so unwavering, so nourishing to the soul that one can be a loving and generous mirror for others, too.

"OK, but I never heard of anybody getting frostbite there."

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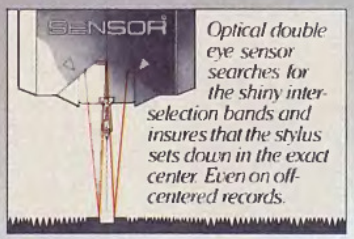
It's programmable.

Which, simply put, means that your index finger can now spare your ears from a less-than-favorite tune. Just push a button or two, and the turntable will play only the cuts you select. And skip right over the ones you don't.



Optical double eye sensor searches for the shiny inter-selection bands and insures that the stylus sets down in the exact center. Even on off-centered records.

Of course, before you know what order to play them in, you'll want to know what order they're recorded in. And for that, there's Index Scan, which plays the first ten seconds of each cut.

What makes this turntable so smart?

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That same microprocessor even makes the PL-88F smart enough to improve your recordings. A special deck-synchro system sees to it that the tape deck is placed in the pause mode whenever the turntable tone arm lifts off the record. (Providing that you're smart enough to use a Pioneer Auto Reverse Tape Deck.)

At the touch of a button the PL-88F's platter glides out. Drop a record on, push the button again and the platter retracts and starts to play automatically.

Of course, the most impressive part of the new PL-88F turntable comes when you put on your favorite record, sit down in your favorite spot, relax and do something you've probably been too busy to do with your ordinary turntable.

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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

SNAKE EYED

If somebody told you to check out the lady with the snake around her neck, you'd probably assume the circus had rolled into town. But it's just the reptile bow tie that designer Jan Michaels has created for anyone who wants to shed his conservative fashion skin. Michaels' leather bow-tie collection ranges from the whip-snake one shown ($15, plus $12.50 for the matching earrings) to a black-leather-studded model ($18) for formal S/M dinner parties. Michaels' address is Number 16 Dodge, San Francisco 94102, and most of her bows have matching earrings, cuff links and tie clips.

LATEST BEAR FACT

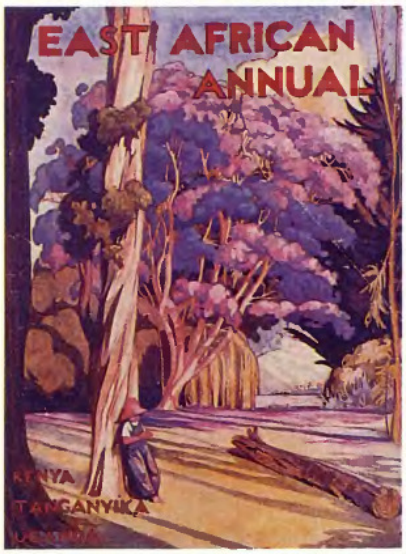
Remember Sebastian Flyte, the tipsy young aristocrat in *Brideshead Revisited*? When he wasn't communing with spirits, Sebastian spent most of his time with Aloysius, his true-blue-blooded Teddy. *Brideshead* may have gone on to TV reruns, but Aloysius is still around, as the North American Bear Company, 645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60611, has just come out with a 20"-tall likeness of him for $39.50, postpaid. Unlike his owner, he's plush, not a lush.

CARRY ON, BUSINESS TRAVELER

Several years ago, we featured a savvy newsletter called *Travel Smart* in *Potpourri* that contained intelligent, pleasure-oriented travel tips. Now Communications House, *Travel Smart*'s publisher in Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522, has introduced *Travel Smart for Business*, a monthly newsletter for cost-conscious executives who want to keep abreast of air discounts, hotel bargains, new restaurants, etc., that pertain to the business community—all for $96 a year. A recent issue, for example, reveals "One of NYC's Deepest Secrets: A Good $28 Hotel Room," tells you where to sell or buy airline coupons and clues you in on Amtrak's Northeast train routes. How can you stay home?

INSTANT LIQUIDITY

Cross-country skiers, joggers, hikers, marathon enthusiasts and other sports participants who need fluid intake during physical exertion will wish to strap on Aquarius, a lightweight one-liter sack that delivers a spray or a mist with each squeeze of its trigger. Plasmetics, Inc., 46 Old Camplain Road, Somerville, New Jersey 08876, sells the Aquarius for only $31.25, postpaid. Wear it suspended or backpack style—and, no, we don't recommend that you fill it with cold gin.



COVER STORY

All too often, an art book gets a quick once-over and is then given shelf space, never to be seen again. But we'll bet your issues of *Captain Billy's Whizz Bang* that that won't happen to *Great Magazine Covers of the World*, a 384-page collection of about 500 magazine covers from the *Illustrated London News* of 1888 to recent PLAYBOY creations. *Great Magazine Covers* is at bookstores, or send $68 to Abbeville Press, 505 Park Avenue, New York 10022.

NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY SKI FACE

At first glance, a semirigid-foam Ski Face attached to your skis seems nothing more than a wacky way to get a few laughs in the lodge. But according to the manufacturer—Ski Faces, Inc., 2888 Bluff Street, Boulder, Colorado 80301—it also helps prevent you from crossing your tips and act as a vibration-dampening device. There are six Ski Faces to choose from: the Snow Skier shown, Snow Dog (a hot dog in a snow bun), Snow Shark, Snow Snake, Snow Bunny and Snow Face. The price of any pair is $21.95, postpaid. Snow for it!

FRENCH PIPS AND SQUEAKS

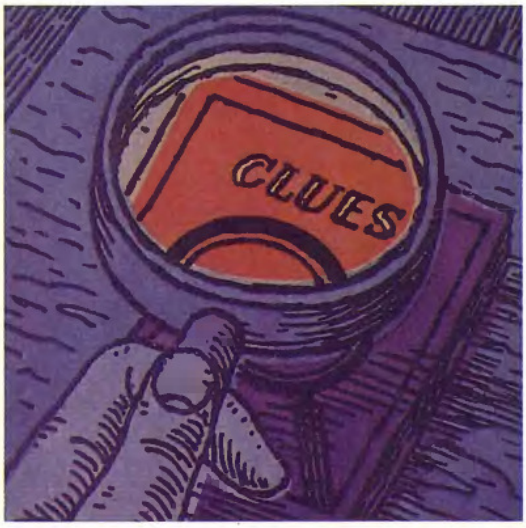
The next time you sit down to a friendly Saturday-night poker game, pull out a pack of French Nudes playing cards and see if anybody complains about your stacking the deck. On the face of each card is a sepia-toned reproduction of a saucy turn-of-the-century French *fille*. A deck of 54 cards will set you back only $4.75, postpaid, sent to Thurston Moore Country, P.O. Box 1829, Montrose, Colorado 81402. OK, Harry, we'll raise you two nipples on that big pair.

THE ORIGINAL POP TOP

According to legend, the giant jack-in-the-box magically provides inspiration for gentlemen of waning years and is a tool of imagination to lasses of all ages. Front Porch Toys, a cottage industry at P.O. Box 4938, Portland, Oregon 97208, custom crafts 13"-tall giant jacks in oak or koawood boxes for $165, postpaid. And the price includes your choice of sleeve color and facial expression. Each is more a work of art than a toy, so pop the top and maybe you'll get real lucky.

CLUED INTO *CLUES*

A crackling fire, a robe and slippers and a copy of *Clues: A Journal of Detection*, and whodunit fans will be settled down for a long winter night's reading. The magazine, which comes out semi-annually at $10 a year, is just one of the mystery and spy publications from Popular Press, Bowling Green University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403, whose list includes *The Detective Novel in Britain—1914–1940* ($14.50) and *Ten Women of Mystery* ($22.50). Ten! You should be so lucky!



Women of Playboy *(continued from page 145)*

"A sign on a bathroom door in Editorial confirms Phyllis Schlafly's worst fears: MEN AND/OR WOMEN."

802. Predictably, they are not cut from the same cloth. One of them studies Latin—as a hobby. Another is currently shopping for a Honda Super Hawk. Then there's the receptionist who likes drag racing. Trying to characterize these people makes one appreciate the problems Marco Polo faced describing the wonders of the Orient.

Working for Playboy is probably not something a woman—unlike some of the men here—decides to do early on. (Art Director Tom Staebler, for example, revealed in his high school yearbook that he planned to become Art Director of PLAYBOY.) Those women who *do* come aboard tend to have traits in common: tolerance, individualism and liberalism.

"Here's a company that sticks its neck out publicly. It stands for something besides its latest budget figures," said Associate Editor Kate Nolan, who admitted that she admires PLAYBOY for making no bones about its appreciation of beautiful women and its endorsement of recreational sex, knowing that at the same time, it supports abortion rights, Planned Parenthood and the Equal Rights Amendment. "When I was in high school in the Sixties, it was still considered naughty for the *boys* to read PLAYBOY—and positively daring for the girls. I'm sure it never occurred to me then that any women worked here."

Nolan may be speaking for many, but it's a fact that a female Photo Editor supervises almost all Playmate photography; that the text accompanying all nude pictorials is edited by a woman; that one of the Clubs' Vice-Presidents is a woman; and that our Copy and Cartoon editors are female. In recent years, women, in escalating numbers, have leaped into significant roles at the magazine, the Clubs and, now, Playboy's video world. There are still men here to tidy up things a bit, make coffee, run the day-care center, but there's a woman's touch in nearly every Playboy product. In fact, a woman wrote this text.

Of course, there have been women behind Playboy's scenes from the beginning, albeit not always in top management. Playboy was always a place where a woman could work her way up. You'll recall that its founding year, 1953, was not exactly a boom time for career women. The domestically inclined Mamie Eisenhower was one of the most admired women in America, and men just back from Korea were making the workplace a little crowded. The few women who worked did not have great expectations.

Cut to a party on the North Side of Chicago. Among those present is young Hugh Hefner, who operates a new magazine on a shoestring, having moved from the kitchen table to a modest office across from Holy Name Cathedral. Another guest is Patricia Papangelis, an associate editor at *Art Photography* magazine who knows something about publishing. What Hefner needs, though, is a secretary. He offers her a job. She says no, but a few weeks later, intrigued by the magazine's potential, she gives Hef a call and takes the job as his private secretary. Her duties include all the usual secretarial chores, plus proofreading and pasting up ads. Soon she's promoted to Editorial Assistant. (Others who worked their way up from secretarial jobs: Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry, West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, Associate Photo Editor Janice Moses.)

Papangelis was among the first ten employees hired, and she's been here most of the time since, in a variety of posts. As she sees it, "Playboy has positively provided on-the-job training. I was able to better my position in a relatively short period of time. The fact that women stay here for many years is an indication of that kind of good treatment. Hef has always recognized individual rights, and those rights extend to women as well as to men."

When Papangelis decided to have a family, she was able to leave her job and return to work part time for ten years. Now her job title is Senior Editor (Administration). She's a boss.

"In my opinion, women here are treated as well as or better than in any other employment situation I've heard of. We're treated like adults; there are flexible hours and no dress codes," Papangelis pointed out.

"It's a first-name company," Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese noted, "from Christie on down. There are no Mr.s or Ms.s." Executive Secretary Trish Miller observed that plenty of work gets done but that "people work smart as opposed to hard." In other words, there's not a lot of wheel spinning and tail dragging.

When Playboy's women describe the workplace, there's an easy good humor. They say it's casual, pressure-free, comfortable. A sign on a bathroom door in Editorial confirms Phyllis Schlafly's worst fears: MEN AND/OR WOMEN.

Perhaps it's just as well that Playboy's women do have a sense of humor. It seems to be expected of them. When they look out the windows of Chicago's Playboy Building, they may see male guests in the adjacent Westin and Drake hotels waving to attract their attention. Occasionally, the most enthusiastic fans write their room numbers in soap on the windows. One woman of Playboy felt that such enthusiasm deserved a celebration. She called the hotel's room service and ordered a bottle of Dom Pérignon for that room.

It's true that working for a world-famous corporation brings some advantages and some disadvantages. There's

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LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.
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Experience the Camel taste in Lights and Filters.

something about Playboy. We doubt that IBM's workers are regularly quizzed about their president or their board chairman or even about what's new in Selectrics. But for those who work here, life sometimes becomes an E. F. Hutton ad: When a Playboy woman speaks, people listen. A secretary claims that one of her friends won't go to parties with her because, sooner or later, the guests congregate around her to talk about Playboy. Rights and Permissions Manager Paulette Gaudet told a woman sitting next to her on a plane where she worked and the woman asked for her autograph. Another worker remembers attending a telethon and being tapped as a celebrity host, her celebrity status being based on her working for Playboy.

When Trish Miller posed for this pictorial in front of Chicago's Buckingham Fountain, a crowd gathered and she had to sign dozens of autographs before she could escape.

No wonder people like to work here.

In the midst of the merriment, however, an occasional sidewalk fundamentalist will invite an employee to confess her Satanism before heading for the office in the morning. But there are some things a Playboy woman won't do before her first cup of coffee.

There has been serious media interest in feminist criticism of PLAYBOY; we asked women here whether it is sometimes rough on their private lives to work in the ostensible belly of the beast. Publicist Schwabe remembers a ballet class at which another dancer sidled up to the bar and asked, "What's it like to work for a magazine that makes men rape women?" Joanie politely informed the budding ballerina that she didn't know, not having worked for such a magazine.

"In the beginning, a few of my feminist friends accused me of betraying my sisters," said Associate New York Editor Susan Margolis-Winter about her first few months on the job. "They thought PLAYBOY nudity was demeaning. I told them that if I thought so, I wouldn't work here. Taking your clothes off doesn't mean surrender—it can be a sign of strength. I admire a woman with the balls to bare her breasts."

Fiction Editor Alice Turner's excitement at being hired by PLAYBOY nearly three years ago was slightly tempered by apprehension that the members of her professional-women's media group, especially her *Ms.*-magazine friends, wouldn't approve. When she told them, however, the universal reaction was "Good for you."

"Everybody knew it was a good job," said Turner. "PLAYBOY has a reputation in publishing as being a good place to work. I know firsthand.

"When I'm speaking publicly, I'm sometimes asked the stock question: How can you, as a woman, work for a magazine that has made millions of dollars exploiting women? I insist on answering. I explain that before I took this job, I did some research. I obtained a stack of all the men's magazines and I read them. Many offended me, but PLAYBOY didn't. I tell the critic to do the same thing, and if he or she still thinks after that that PLAYBOY exploits women, then I'll listen to that opinion. The problem is that most critics haven't even looked at the magazine. I have loyalty and affection for PLAYBOY, but I try never to be defensive."

"Defensive? Are you kidding?" asked a receptionist. "It's gotten to where I don't like to tell people where I work, because they're *too* interested. I'm so tired of answering all the questions: Are you a Bunny? Have you ever been in the magazine? Can you get me a subscription? How's Christie? How's Hef—or Hugh, as the real nerds say. I tell people I'm a supermarket checker or that I work in a medical library. Once, I told someone on an airplane that I worked for Bell Telephone, but that didn't work, because the guy gave me a rant against Ma Bell for half of the flight."

A secretary says that she always tells the truth but she figures, "Give the people what they want," so she embroiders her tales with a cross-stitch of Warren Beatty, a snippet of a famous rock group and a bald reference or two to a fine meal that she's had at Ma Maison. Sometimes it's not easy being a celebrity.

One woman remembers experiencing one of the clicks—those little epiphanies that alert a woman to latent sexism—that author Jane O'Reilly once described. She was zipping through traffic and was stopped by a traffic cop. Automatically, she reached for her new issue of PLAYBOY with the hope of avoiding an ugly confrontation by presenting it to the patrolman. Who should saunter up to the window but a policewoman? I'm doomed, she thought, and then—click!—she offered the magazine to the officer anyway. What ensued was an animated discussion of their jobs and mutual congratulations for having made it in what was once a man's world.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. How come nobody bobs for apples anymore?"

SEX STARS

(continued from page 220)

Tom Selleck. Who else is as hot as Reynolds these days?

Although vaguely familiar from the Salem billboards, Selleck was virtually unknown until his debut in the CBS television series *Magnum, P.I.*—which started slowly, then suddenly exploded him into a heartthrob. Because of *Magnum* commitments, he had to turn down the fateful role in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* that subsequently went to Harrison Ford, but he may regain that lost ground with a similar part as an adventurous World War One pilot in the upcoming feature *High Road to China*.

Selleck has since 1979 been separated from but civil to his wife of ten years, actress-model **Jacquelyn Ray**. Otherwise, he contends he's too busy for romance, though he's been extrafriendly with *Divorce Wars: A Love Story* co-star **Mimi Rogers**, who herself is a good pal of pretty **Kirstie Alley** (the Vulcan newcomer in *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*) and who will soon star in *Blue Skies Again* with Harry Hamlin, previously mentioned as the young father of Ursula Andress' child. One does need a program to keep up.

This year, as usual, one or two TV stars came to believe they were irreplaceable. For the past few seasons, these had been beauteous blondes; in 1982, though, it was **John Schneider** and **Tom Wopat** who thought a series, *The Dukes of Hazzard*, couldn't hit the road without them. When they were quickly replaced by two other hunks, **Byron Cherry** and **Christopher Mayer**, onlookers said it merely proved that the real star of the show was the car.

Box-office indifference to *Making Love*, *Partners* and *Personal Best*, three films that tried to take gays seriously, probably dealt a death blow to additional such efforts in the near future; most of the stars involved, however, emerged relatively unscathed. Kate Jackson, **Michael Ontkean** and Harry Hamlin received generally good notices in *Making Love*, as did **Mariel Hemingway** in *Personal Best*. (After a nice pictorial and cover for the April PLAYBOY, Hemingway, coincidentally, went on to take the title role in *Star 80*, **Bob Fosse's** upcoming bio film about the late Playmate of the Year **Dorothy Stratten**.) Less charitable was the reaction to *Partners*' **John Hurt** and **Ryan O'Neal**. O'Neal seems particularly snakebitten these days, flopping also with *So Fine* and *Green Ice*.

Seriously heterosexual pictures fared little better, especially for those trying for a big break. Slinky **Morgan Fairchild**, a hit on *Flamingo Road*, couldn't get temperatures rising in *The Seduction*, even with a steamy hot-tub sequence. In *Vice Squad*, **Season Hubley** struck out again in a role close to the one that didn't work for her in *Hard Core*.

Foreign stars can usually be counted upon to be sexy any time they show up onscreen. Sultry **Sonia Braga** had a hit here with *I Love You* and is expected back soon, with **Marcello Mastroianni**, in *Gabriela*. American audiences, however, are still waiting to see **Sylvia Kristel** in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and are wondering if they'll ever be introduced to **Clio Goldsmith** and her sexy performance as a retirement present in *The Gift*. Lovely **Laura Antonelli** was busy in Italy but lost the leading man in *Passione d'Amore*, her only memorable vehicle to make the Atlantic crossing this year.

Rugged **Rutger Hauer** added a European flavor to *Blade Runner*—again, as in *Nighthawks*, playing a smolderingly sexy villain—then went on to film *Eureka* and *The Osterman Weekend*. **Mel Gibson** looked terrific in black leather in *The Road Warrior*, establishing himself as an Australian sex star, though he's really an American.

Overall, sex paid off best when played for laughs. Low-budget *Porky's* grossed more than $125,000,000 with sheer raunch, though none of its boys emerged as an individual star. *The Beach Girls*, featuring Playmate **Jeana Tomasina**, who tinkered with the spelling of her name for screen-credit purposes, was a throwback to harmless nude high-jinks that grossed big. Humor even helped **Julie Andrews**, Lesley Ann Warren, **James Garner** and **Robert Preston** make a success of a gay theme in *Victor/Victoria*.

Somewhere in between, **Richard Gere** and **Debra Winger** clicked in *An Officer and a Gentleman*, with Winger riding Gere as well as she handled the bull in *Urban Cowboy*. That, however, was one of *Officer*'s few sexually explicit scenes, mixed in with lots of talk and exercise. Oddest of all, given its title, was Woody Allen's long-awaited *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*. Charming in many ways, the picture wasn't all that funny—and certainly not sexy except for the sheer attraction of **Julie Hagerty**, who will soon be reprising her wacky, wanton stewardess in *Airplane II: The Sequel*. Woody did get a romance going with **Mia Farrow**, and people remarked how much in *Midsummer* she had adopted the mannerisms of **Diane Keaton**, another Allen amour before she took up with **Warren Beatty**.

On balance, the big stars had a rough year. Although he won a directing Oscar for *Reds*, the film didn't take off as Beatty had hoped it would. **Jack Nicholson** got lost on *The Border*, while **Richard Dreyfuss**, in *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, found that nobody really cared. **Robin Williams** still couldn't break away from Mork in *The World According to Garp*, and The Fonz still seemed to haunt Henry Winkler in *Night Shift*, though the picture did relatively well. Jackie

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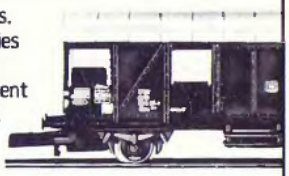

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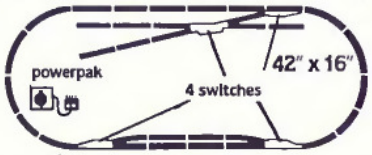

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Bisset and **Candice Bergen** went bust with *Rich and Famous*, while **Steve Martin** flopped with **Bernadette Peters** in *Pennies from Heaven* and again with Rachel Ward in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* (though Ward picked up good notices; she's definitely a comer waiting for the right role). In real life, however, Martin and Peters were, for a time, a hot duo—as were **Gilda Radner** and **Gene Wilder**, who had lots to cry about together over the fate of *Hanky Panky*.

On the other hand, **Sylvester Stallone** can't lose when he plays Rocky, and **Clint Eastwood** can't lose when he plays Clint Eastwood, as he did in *Firefox*. Say the same, too, for **Richard Pryor**, who scored a double smash with *Some Kind of Hero* and *Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip*. Not surprisingly, sex was a big part of Pryor's concert film—at least verbally. Even when discussing his near-fatal brush with fire, Pryor drew howls explaining how the lower half of his body had fought to keep the flames away.

Speaking of stages, it got pretty steamy up there under the bright lights this year. Broadway went bonkers over bawdy **Anita Morris**, whose *A Call from the Vatican* number was a show—and heart—stopper in *Nine*. Clad in a see-through net outfit, Morris moaned and groaned, caressed her breasts and clawed the floor. Although *Nine* went on to win several Tonys, CBS would not let Anita perform on the awards show, contending that she was too orgasmic for the home audience.

The Great White Way was a welcome haven, too, for another of our favorite sex stars, **Raquel Welch**. When her film career hit a dead end—at least for the time being—Welch went live and wowed New York audiences in *Woman of the Year*. Across the country in L.A., **Gregory Harrison** was causing the matinee ladies to swoon when he removed his shirt in *The Hasty Heart*, showing the form that had made him popular as a male stripper in TV's *For Ladies Only* and as a regular on *Trapper John, M.D.*

Night and day, however, if you were looking for sex, you dialed in the soaps, where there were tubfuls of it. Given their limitations on showing sex, the soaps' creators are sheer geniuses when it comes to talking about it. The big event of the age, it seems, was the marriage of Luke and Laura on *General Hospital*. After that, the show began to sink, and the bride, **Genie Francis**, departed, while the groom, **Tony Geary**, could be found playing the Playboy Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, wearing purple tap shoes and doing dirty dances with the Smut Queens. Rocker **Rick Springfield's** steady appearance on *General Hospital* helped revive his slumping singing career, and even lofty Liz Taylor was not above a guest shot.

Without intense dedication, it's impossible to follow all the plot turns on the daytime serials. It's no easier to follow the private lives of their stars. To take just one example, sweet **Cynthia Gibb**, who plays Suzi on *Search for Tomorrow*, was going steady with *The Blue Lagoon*'s Christopher Atkins, who subsequently took up with Gibb's good friend **Lori Laughlin**, from *The Edge of Night*. Over on *Another World*, **Christopher Marcantel** was romancing one 16-year-old oncamera and seeing another 16-year-old offcamera. And *Guiding Light*'s **John Wesley Shipp** makes video love all day to one cast member, **Jennifer Cooke**, then goes home at night with another, **Marsha Clark**. Stay tuned.

Nothing on the soaps, though, could have come as a bigger shock than the real-life split of **John Denver** and his **Annie**, to whom he's been writing and singing love songs for 15 years of marriage. She blamed his heavy travel schedule, and friends were hopeful that he would again find his way home to Aspen.

But enough heartbreak already. Let's move on to something exciting, like **Heather Thomas'** nonbody in *Zapped!*, whose main plot centers on **Scott Baio's** ability to undress Thomas (and others) with his mental powers. It seems that Thomas has a budding TV career going as Lee Majors' side-kick on *The Fall Guy*, so, fearful of offending potential sponsors, she refused to do the film's nude scenes. Whereupon the producers substituted a double, with a disclaimer buried deep in the credits at the end. Like any good working stiff, Heather complained to her union; like any good union, it didn't do anything about it.

Speaking of bodies, there was also the starlet who complained that Bo was using hers. Now, surely, you didn't think we were going to get all the way through *Sex Stars of 1982* without at least mentioning **Bo Derek**? **Suzanne Somers** we might forget, but never Bo, though she did remain fairly hidden, perhaps working to resuscitate her long-planned pirate picture. At any rate, one **Susanne Severeid** grabbed headlines briefly by claiming to be the body beneath Bo's face in those *Tarzan, the Ape Man* billboards. She ultimately backed down, saying she couldn't be sure.

Which just goes to show how odd life gets among the sex stars in Hollywood. Certainly, if I ever thought I had Bo Derek's body, I wouldn't forget it so quickly.

"So I'm about halfway down some sooty chimney in Council Bluffs, Iowa, when I suddenly say to myself, 'Who needs this shit?'"

(continued from page 148)

"'There's a lot of other things that aren't anywhere near as weird that can be done. . . .'"

they don't get divorced, huh?"

"She says," Christopher said, "she says my father only does it once a year. But he *always* does it once a year. At Christmas. She says she only wishes he would do it on Halloween or something, so it wouldn't ruin Christmas for everybody else. But he won't. She says if that's the worst she has to put up with, she is probably pretty lucky, because she knows a lot of women that have to stand for a lot more'n that. My father never gets drunk, except at Christmas. He has one or two beers and he stops. He just doesn't drink very much. Except Christmas. Then he gets stiff. She says maybe that's the only way she can get him into church that day, because he's in the bag and he doesn't know where she's taking him. He sure stinks, though. He walks all right, except for that year when he sprained his ankle and he couldn't walk at all, and he keeps his mouth shut so you don't notice he can't talk very good, but I guess everybody else in the church when he goes on Christmas must be loaded, too, or else they would smell him and know he was plastered. If he is sober, except at Easter, he won't go. Because of the money thing. 'You ever see one of those bastards give away money to somebody else?' he says. 'No, you never did.' "

"I don't know," Luke said.

"I do," Christopher said. "Everybody stinks. They're all doing something. My father says that you can't ever rule anything out and say that there's no way that anybody can do a certain thing, because somewhere there is some asshole that can do it, look up his own asshole or something. I wouldn't want to, but maybe there's somebody that can and does want to. They're all assholes. I don't know. My father says we mostly hang around with normal people that do normal things and we get to thinking that's the only kind of people there is. Like the monster shows at the carnivals, you know? The guys that got skin like alligators and the woman that weighs nine hundred pounds, that everybody says they got to be fakes? What if they aren't? What if there really is a boy that was raised by wild dogs and now he grows up and gets killed chasing cars? My father says that. He told me," Christopher said, "he told me one night when he finally got around to making sure I knew the facts of life and everything, when he was in the Service he went in a bar one night and they had a woman in there that could smoke cigarettes with her cunt. 'I couldn't fucking believe it,' my father said. See, my father and I can swear when my mother and the other kids aren't around. 'If somebody told me there was a woman that could do that, I would've said he was crazy. But I saw it. She was standing up there with no clothes on, and she was puffing away to beat the band.' "

"I don't believe it," Luke said.

"See?" Christopher said. "That's exactly what he was saying. He said if he didn't see it done with his own eyes, he would not believe it, either, and he didn't expect me to really believe it until I saw it for myself sometime. But he said it can be done, because he's seen it, and he bets there's a lot of other things that aren't anywhere near as weird that can be done, except we don't believe they can be done because we haven't ever seen them.

"My father," Christopher said, "he worked with a guy once that was a draftsman on projects and stuff, you

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know? I actually met the guy. I was little, so I don't remember him so good, but my father took me down the office one Saturday when we were going to see the Bruins and he hadda drop some stuff off that he was working on at home because he hadda go to New York on Monday and they needed the work he was doing for while he was gone. And this guy was in there. Name was Harold. I remember he wore glasses. And one day the cops come and arrested him.

"'That was another one I couldn't believe,' my father said. 'Harold was one of the best draftsmen we ever had working for us. He was steady, never missed a day of work. He was accurate. He was patient—if he did something and the contractor didn't like it or else the contractor made some changes in the project but he never bothered to tell us, Harold would work late and come in weekends and never complain a bit. Lived with his mother. I thought he went home every night and cooked dinner for the two of them. She was an invalid, I guess, and that was another thing about Harold—he never told anybody else about his troubles. But he had some, I guess.'

"When the cops came, they said he was a pervert. He was writing dirty letters to the high school girls and signing his own name to them. And then they took him back to his house and they found out he was keeping carbon copies of them. And he told them he couldn't understand none the young girls ever answered him. He really didn't understand it. And then he showed the cops his dresses. After his mother went to sleep at night, he would put on a dress and go down the woods and hump a tree. But he said he gave that up on account he got poison oak doing it.

"So the cops," Christopher said, "told him he hadda cut it out, sending those letters. They said he could write them if he wanted, but no sending them. And he could fuck trees if he wanted. But if he started mailing those letters again, they were gonna tell his mother on him. My father said that worked pretty good for about four years, but then Harold started mailing the letters again and they hadda put him away for a while and let the doctors try to talk him out of it."

"Jesus," Luke said.

"Well," Christopher said, "that's what I mean."

The two boys sat silently in the shaded heat. After a while, Luke said, "Did something happen?"

Christopher said, "Yes. Mr. Kenney bothered me. He put his hand on my balls. I don't want to grow up. Not ever."

WITH ENOUGH SHOVELS *(continued from page 228)*

"'The dirt really is the thing that protects you from the blast. . . . You know, dirt is just great stuff.'"

If his evacuation and sheltering plans were absurd for the U.S., how, then, could any observer take the Soviet civil-defense program seriously? And if the Soviets were not capable of protecting their society and recovering from a nuclear war, how could anyone genuinely believe that they were planning to fight and win such a war?

I had first interviewed T.K. at his Pentagon office in the fall of 1981. I was interested in his views because of his extensive testimony five years earlier before Congressional committees and because of articles he had written on the need for civil defense and the possibilities for surviving nuclear war.

The interview took place in an office hung with pictures of the atomic devastation of Japan. Jones, as in his barely reported Congressional testimony, was reassured by the familiar scenes of destruction and pointed to the few surviving structures in an otherwise barren wasteland of rubble to support his analysis that, indeed, there are defenses against nuclear war. He praised the resilience of the Japanese, noting, "About 30 days after the blast, there were people in there salvaging the rubble, rebuilding their houses." Jones acknowledged that modern nuclear strategic weapons are hundreds of times more powerful than the devices exploded in Japan and that a large U.S. city would receive not one but perhaps more than a dozen incoming warheads. Yet he insisted that the survival of more than 90 percent of our people was possible.

I asked Jones about the Administration's vision for civil defense for Los Angeles in the Eighties: "To dramatize it for the reader, the bomb has dropped [in Los Angeles]. Now, if he's within that two-mile area, he's finished, right? If he's not in the two-mile area, what has happened?"

Jones replied, "His house is gone, he's there, wherever he dug that hole. . . . You've got to be in a hole. . . . The dirt really is the thing that protects you from the blast, as well as the radiation, if there's radiation. It protects you from the heat. You know, dirt is just great stuff. . . ."

He told me that he had been deeply impressed with what he claimed was the Soviet plan to evacuate the cities and protect the urban population in hastily constructed shelters in the countryside. He also referred to his studies at Boeing to show that the Soviet method of piling dirt around factory machines would permit their survival even if nuclear bombs fell close by.

These studies, he explained, were not universally admired. Some critics, for example, did not share his enthusiasm for the Soviet civil-defense program and scoffed at the prospect of millions of Soviet citizens' digging holes during the freezing winter in order to cover themselves and their machinery.

The day after the interview, I saw Attorney General William French Smith and his entourage. It was a reassuring sight—they all looked so solidly adult, sober, respectable; surely, they had too much going for them to accept the prospect of giving it all up for a hole in the ground or even for one of the fancy but ultimately no more effective Government blast shelters. And just as surely, Reagan and George Bush were solid and responsible. Or were they? How much, I wondered, did the views of men such as Jones reflect the thinking of our new heads of state? Had they all gone mad in their obsessive fear of the Russians? Or was Jones an aberration, a solitary

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eccentric who had somehow found his way into the Pentagon?

REAGAN AND BUSH

Reflecting on Jones's startling remarks, I thought back to the time in January 1980 when I had interviewed Presidential candidate Bush aboard a small chartered plane en route from Houston to New Orleans. Bush was then seen as a moderate sort of Republican alternative to Carter, and it was for this reason that what he told me startled me so, though at first, I barely caught its implications.

The question that had provoked Bush's reply derived from the conventional wisdom of the previous 20 years that there was a limit to how many nuclear weapons the superpowers should stockpile, because, after a point, the two sides would simply wipe each other out, and any extra firepower represented overkill. This had been the assumption ever since former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara had conceived the mutual-assured-destruction policy. But Bush had faulted Carter for not being quick enough to build the MX missile and the B-1 bomber, and I asked, "Don't we reach a point with these strategic weapons

A BROOD OF NUCLEAR HAWKS

Ronald Reagan, President of the U.S.

"Could we survive a nuclear war? It would be a survival of some of your people and some of your facilities, but you could start again."

George Bush, Vice-President of the U.S.

"If you believe there's no such thing as a nuclear winner, the argument [that nuclear superiority is meaningless] makes sense. I don't believe that."

Frank Carlucci, Deputy Secretary of Defense

"We need more than counterforce. I think the Soviets are developing a nuclear-war-fighting capability, and we are going to have to do the same."

T. K. Jones, Deputy Undersecretary of Defense

"The dirt is the thing that protects you from the blast and radiation. . . . If there are enough shovels to go around, everybody's going to make it."

Paul Nitze, arms-control negotiator

"The Kremlin leaders want to achieve military victory in a [nuclear] war while assuring the survival, endurance and core of their party."

Richard Pipes, top Presidential advisor

"The [nuclear] contest between the superpowers is increasingly turning into a qualitative race whose outcome can yield meaningful superiority."

Eugene V. Rostow, arms-control chief

"We are living in a prewar and not a postwar world."

Richard N. Perle, Assistant Secretary of Defense

"I worry less about what would happen in a nuclear exchange than about the effect the nuclear balance has on our willingness to take risks in local situations."

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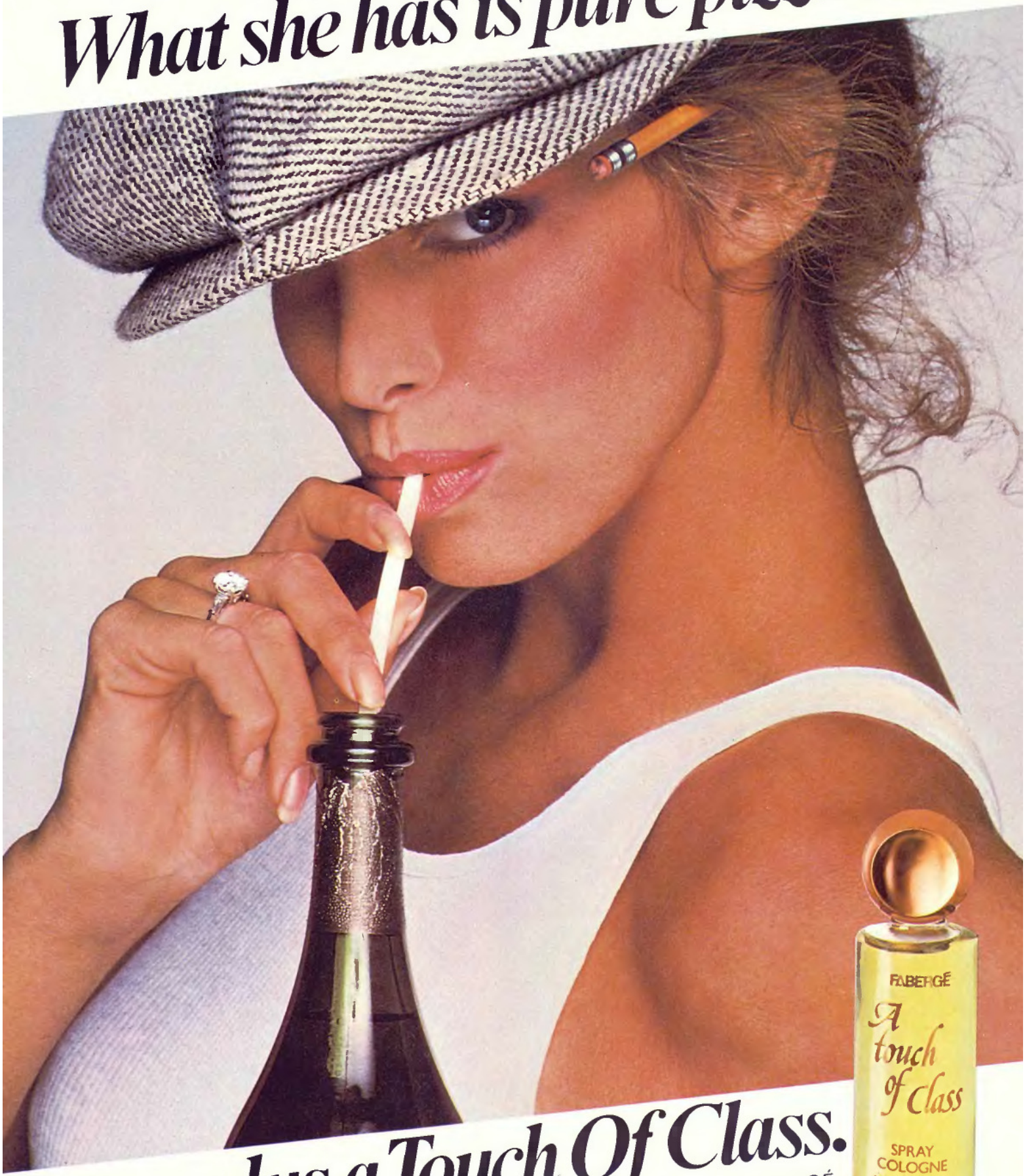

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where we can wipe each other out so many times and no one wants to use them or is willing to use them, that it really doesn't matter whether we're ten percent or two percent lower or higher?"

Bush bristled a bit and replied, "Yes, if you believe there is no such thing as a winner in a nuclear exchange, that argument makes a little sense. I don't believe that."

I then asked how one won in a nuclear exchange.

Bush seemed angry that I had challenged what to him seemed an obvious truth. He replied, "You have a survivability of command and control, survivability of industrial potential, protection of a percentage of your citizens, and you have a capability that inflicts more damage on the opposition than it can inflict upon you. That's the way you can have a winner, and the Soviets' planning is based on the ugly concept of a winner in a nuclear exchange."

Did that mean, I asked, that five percent would survive? Two percent?

"More than that," he answered. "If everybody fired everything he had, you'd have more than that survive."

The interview with Bush seemed internally inconsistent at the time. But later, when I learned about an organization that called itself the Committee on the Present Danger (of which more later), I discovered the source of this dangerous, if muddled, line of thought.

The organizers of the committee had formed the center of opposition to *détente*. They had introduced the idea that the Soviets are bent on nuclear superiority and believe they can be victorious in a nuclear war. As I would learn, those men were influential not only with Bush but even more so with his campaign opponent, Ronald Reagan.

A month after I interviewed Bush, I was in another airplane, and the man beside me was talking. He said that, assuming we had a Soviet-style civil defense, we could survive nuclear war:

"It would be a survival of some of your people and some of your facilities, but you could start again. It would not be anything that I think in our society you would consider acceptable, but then, we have a different regard for human life than those monsters do." He was referring to what he said was the Soviets' belief in winning a nuclear war despite casualties that we would find unacceptable. And he added that they are "godless" monsters.

It is this theological defect "that gives them less regard for humanity or human beings."

The man telling me all this was Ronald Reagan, as I interviewed him on a flight from Birmingham to Orlando, where he was headed to pick up some votes in the upcoming 1980 Florida Republican primary. By mentioning the Soviets' low regard for human life, he meant to validate the view that he confided to me later—that the Russians have for some time been preparing a pre-emptive nuclear war:

"We've still been following the mutual-assured-destruction plan that was given birth by McNamara, and it was a ridiculous plan, and it was based on the idea that the two countries would hold each other's populations hostage, that we would not protect or defend our people against a nuclear attack. They, in turn, would do the same. Therefore, if both of us knew that we could wipe each other out, neither one would dare push the button. The difficulty with that was that the Soviet Union decided some time ago that a nuclear war was possible and was winnable, and they have proceeded with an elaborate and extensive civil-protection program. We do not have anything of that kind, because we went along with what the policy was supposed to be."

As President, Reagan set out to get something of that kind. The goal of the Reagan/Bush Administration has been to emulate what Reagan claimed was the Soviet program by developing the ingredients of a nuclear-war-fighting capability. And the key ingredient, even more than the number and power of the nuclear weapons themselves, is the ability of a country's leadership to control a war in the midst of massive nuclear explosions. This is what Bush had in mind when he told me that nuclear war was winnable by having "survivability of command and control." And when Reagan, in the fall of 1981, announced his strategic package, he singled out an 18-billion-dollar program for enduring command, control and communications (C^3) as the most important element in his program.

But the calm and understated former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance had this to say when I asked him, in an interview in March 1982, what he thought of the Reagan Administration's plans to improve C^3 in order to attain a nuclear-war-fighting capability: "I think it is sound and proper to have a command and control that could, hopefully, survive a nuclear attack. However, to take the next leap—that it is important to have a command and control that is survivable so that you can fight a nuclear war—is a wholly different situation. I happen to be one of those who believe it is madness to talk about trying to fight a continuing nuclear war as though it were like fighting a conventional war and that one could control the outcome with the kind of precision that is sometimes possible in a conventional war situation."

That the Administration had begun moving in a direction that Vance called madness was made abundantly clear by Lieutenant General James W. Stansberry, commander of the Electronics Systems Division of the Air Force, as reported in *Aviation Week & Space Technology*:

> Stansberry said there is now a shift in strategic-warfare philosophy in the U.S. and that the country must be prepared to fight and to keep on fighting, and that an eight-hour nuclear war is no longer an acceptable concept.

The main reason that an eight-hour nuclear war is no longer acceptable is that the Administration has adopted the view, once held by only a fringe group of strategic analysts, that the Soviet Union is bent on acquiring nuclear superiority so as to win a nuclear war, as Bush had said. This was the point of Colin Gray and Keith Payne's controversial article "Victory Is Possible," referred to earlier. They argued not only that nuclear war is winnable but also that the U.S. should be prepared to *initiate* it.

Two years after that article appeared, Gray was appointed by the Reagan Administration as consultant to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. He was also named a member of the General Advisory Committee to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and a consultant to the State Department.

If the Russians had appointed a man with Gray's views to a high and visible government post, our own hawks would surely say, "We told you so" and demand vast new categories of armaments. Nor did Reagan appoint such men as Gray and T. K. Jones inadvertently. Their views and those of the other hard-liners were well known to the Reagan people who selected them, and they were compatible with the strategic policy pursued by the Administration. For the views of these hard-liners, in fact, permeate the present Administration. They are views that had been espoused for years by men languishing in the wings of power, waiting for one of their own to move to center stage. With Reagan, their time had come.

THE COMMITTEE ON THE PRESENT DANGER

It was the fall of Reagan's first year in office, and Charles Tyroler II, the director of the Committee on the Present Danger, was boasting a little. Five years before, he and a small band of Cold Warriors had set out to reshape American foreign policy, which they felt was too soft on the Russians, and suddenly, they had succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. One member of their group was now the President of the United States, and he had recruited heavily from the committee's ranks for his top foreign-policy officials.

Committee members were ensconced as heads of the CIA and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and in

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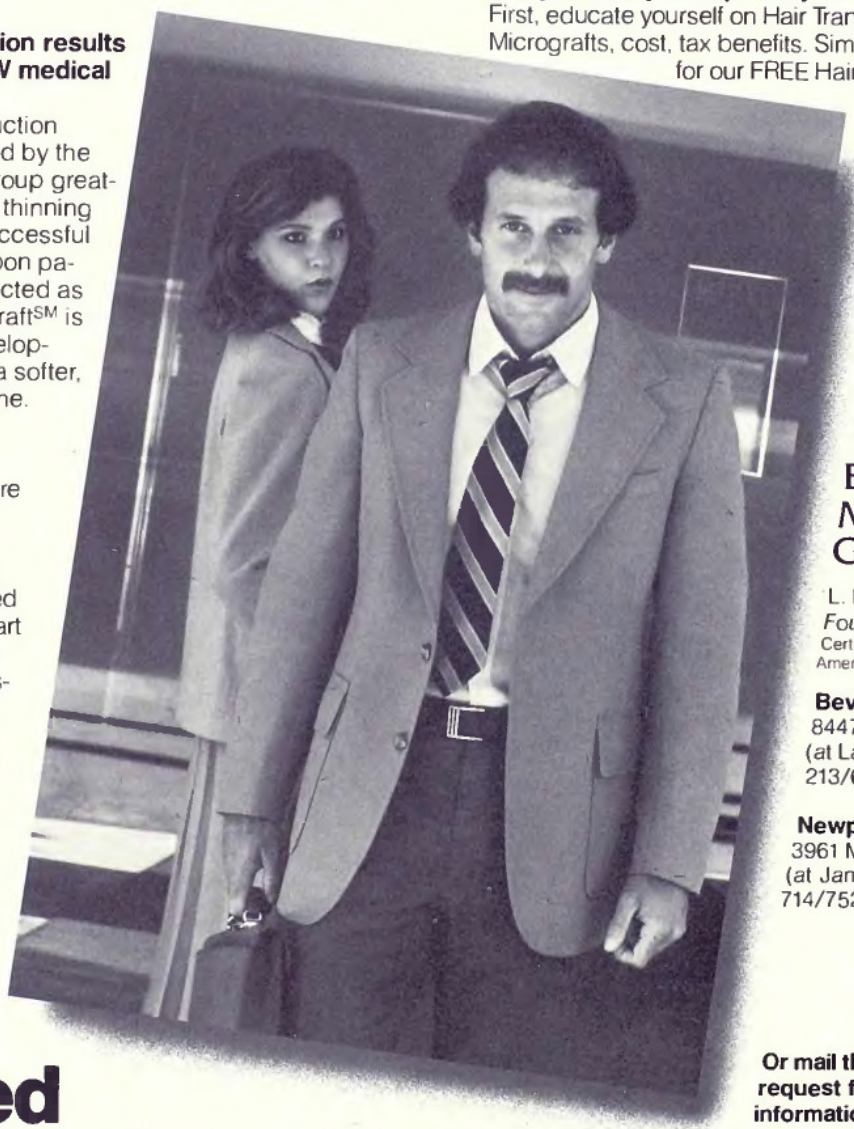

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top State and Defense Department and White House positions. Paul Green, the committee's public-relations director, told me that Eugene Rostow, a founding member of the committee and the new head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, had just that week written part of the President's speech on arms control. It was in that speech that Reagan had for the first time referred to START as the alternative to SALT. Green was proud that it had been Rostow who had come up with the acronym START, and both Green and Tyroler were obviously pleased that SALT II, which had taken three Presidents and six years to negotiate and which the committee had strenuously opposed, now seemed securely buried.

"The leaders of the Government," Tyroler boasted, "the Secretary of Defense, the President of the United States and the Secretary of State, the head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, the National Security advisor—when they give a speech, in general terms, it sounds like what we said in 1976. Yes, I think that is a fair statement." He then offered a self-satisfied laugh and added, "And why wouldn't that be? They use the same stuff—and they were all members back then."

The same stuff, of course, was the committee's persistent and shrill criticism of the SALT II treaty in particular and of *détente* with the Soviets in general. What emerges from the committee's literature is the view that the Soviet Union is as unrelentingly aggressive as Nazi Germany: "The Soviet military build-up of all its armed forces over the past quarter century is, in part, reminiscent of Nazi Germany's rearmament in the Thirties. The Soviet build-up affects all branches of the military: the army, the air force and the navy. In addition, Soviet nuclear offensive and defensive forces are designed to enable the U.S.S.R. to fight, survive and win an all-out nuclear war should it occur."

Committee founder Paul Nitze later added, "The Kremlin leaders do not want war; they want the world. . . . The Soviets are driven to put themselves into the best position they can to achieve military victory in a [nuclear] war while assuring the survival, endurance and recovery of the core of their party."

This last notion, later embraced by candidates Bush and Reagan, originated with the men who founded the committee and who have since become key players in the Reagan campaign and Presidency. It is they who have given us the language and the imagery of limited nuclear war and who claim that we can survive and even win such a conflict. It is they and their allies within the Administration who have pushed most strenuously for a rapid arms build-up. And it is they who are responsible, along with their Soviet counterparts, for dragging the world back into the darkness and the danger of the Cold War.

The committee's ideologues couldn't have done it alone. Their rhetoric fed on the continued Soviet military build-up and the wasteful civil-defense program that accompanied it, to say nothing of the violent statements of various Soviet military leaders and the outrageous suppression of their own and their satellites' people, as well as the invasion of Afghanistan. Yet the Soviet build-up does not, as we shall see, justify the committee's program or that of the Administration it now so profoundly influences. As Paul Warnke, Carter's arms-control director, says, "If you figure you can't have arms control unless the Russians are nice guys, then it seems to me that you're being totally illogical. If the Russians could be trusted to be nice guys, you wouldn't need strategic-arms control. And you wouldn't need strategic arms."

But Soviet behavior did alienate much American opinion that might have favored arms control and, thus, provided the emotional context and the minimal plausibility that were essential for the revival of a Cold War mood. The hawks on both sides of the superpower confrontation have a long history of feeding on each other's rhetorical and strategic excesses. In particular, both sides tend to exaggerate the technological success of the opposing side's defense program, meanwhile denying that the enemy can do anything else right. The hawks on both sides, including the Committee on the Present Danger, are threat inflaters who dourly predict every success for the forces of evil and nothing but trouble for the side of virtue unless that side adopts the methods and programs of its opponents.

The founding members of the committee included, among others, veterans of what came to be known as Team B, a group of hawks whom Bush had brought into the CIA from outside its ranks when he was that agency's director in 1975–1976. The aim of Team B was to re-evaluate the agency's own assessment of the Soviet menace, which Team B found too moderate. Team B's chairman was Richard Pipes, Reagan's top Soviet expert on the National Security Council. And one of its most active members was former Secretary of the Navy Paul Nitze, who has since become Reagan's key negotiator on European strategic weapons. To no one's surprise, Team B concluded what it had originally hypothesized: that the CIA had seriously underestimated the Soviet threat. In November 1976, Nitze, along with Rostow, formed the Committee on the Present Danger and asked several hundred prominent individuals, including Pipes, to support them.

"The committee's philosophy is dominant," said PR director Paul Green, who had joined Tyroler and me in the committee's offices. Green's cherubic demeanor and pleasant smile promise something far less threatening than the group's dire warnings about the strategic balance. Yet what he was about to

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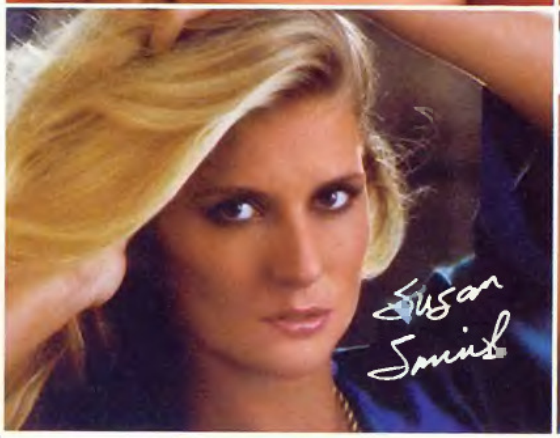

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outline spelled the end for serious efforts at arms control during the Reagan Administration.

"So the committee's philosophy," Green went on, "is dominant in the three major areas [in which] there is going to be U.S.-Soviet activity." He was referring to the various arms-control negotiations that were being resumed with the Soviets and that were directed by committee members Reagan had appointed to his Administration—all of whom had been strident critics of SALT II. The implications of Reagan's victory, not only for arms control but for relations in general with the Soviets, became starkly clear as Tyroler continued his inventory of the powerful posts then held by members of his group.

"We've got [Richard] Allen, Pipes and Geoffrey Kemp over at NSC. We've got the people most intimately involved in the arms-control negotiations for the Defense Department: [Fred] Iklé [Undersecretary of Defense for Policy]; his deputy, [R. G.] Stillwell; and Dick Perle. At the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, there are Rostow, the head of it; [Edward] Rowny, the SALT negotiator; and Nitze, the TNF [Theater Nuclear Forces] negotiator. And [William] Van Cleave on the General Advisory Committee. Well, that's the whole hierarchy."

Allen was later forced to resign as the President's National Security Council advisor over allegations, later dismissed, that he had improperly received money from Japanese journalists, and Van Cleave's nomination was withdrawn because his abrasive personality offended Caspar Weinberger. Rowny, while sympathetic, was not actually a member of the committee. But Tyroler could have added committee member William Casey, who became head of the CIA; John F. Lehman, Secretary of the Navy; Jeane Kirkpatrick, Ambassador to the United Nations; Colin Gray, nominated to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency advisory committee; and scores of other highly placed members of the Administration. Tyroler himself was appointed member of the President's Intelligence Oversight Board.

That wasn't quite the whole hierarchy, as Tyroler claimed, but according to him and Green, it was only accidental that then–Secretary of State Alexander Haig and Defense Secretary Weinberger had not signed up with the committee. When Haig resigned in June 1982, he was replaced by George Shultz, a founding member of the Committee on the Present Danger. He appointed another committee member, W. Allen Wallis, as a top assistant. As for Weinberger, Green said he had not joined because he had thought it would be hard to get to Washington from his job with Bechtel on the West Coast but "is very sympathetic to our point of view." He added, "It would be hard to find an outspoken opponent of our point of view who is still in the Government." Tyroler and Green reported somewhat gleefully that even Henry Kissinger, ever one to sniff the winds of change, had sent in a $100 contribution after Reagan had won the election.

I asked Tyroler and Green whether an article I had written for the *Los Angeles Times* that had stressed the committee's influence in the Reagan Administration had exaggerated the case, and they both said no. Tyroler said, "What we're talking about is [the committee's founding statement]—is that the viewpoint of this Administration? The answer is yes. Reagan has said so time and time again."

Special-interest groups tend to exaggerate their influence, but in this instance, we have the word of Ronald Reagan himself to confirm the committee's importance. After his election, he wrote in a letter to the committee, "The statements and studies of the committee have had a wide national impact, and I benefited greatly from them." He added that "the work of the Committee on the Present Danger has certainly helped to shape the national debate on important problems."

These unremitting Cold Warriors seem almost to miss the Stalinist era, those black-and-white years when the Soviet Union, with its timetable for world conquest, seemed to hold the unchallenged leadership of a monolithic international Communist movement arrayed against a united free world content within its own borders. They seem uncomfortable with events as they have evolved since then; the Sino-Soviet split, West Germany's increasingly close ties to Russia and the Eurocommunist movement independent of Moscow apparently annoy them by having introduced troublesome complexity into that world view. For them, Communism is evil, and that's all there is to it.

Lest I be accused of exaggeration, I should report that when I interviewed Rostow in the spring of 1981, just after Reagan had appointed him Director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and asked him whether or not he believed that the Soviet Union had any legitimate grievance against the U.S., he replied, "None whatever."

Ironically, committee leaders, who had for decades supported the U.S. nuclear-weapons build-up, offered the Soviet counterparts of their own hawkish position as proof that the two nations do not share a common perception and fear of nuclear war. Of course, it would be splendid news for everyone if the Soviet Union agreed to unilateral restraints in the arms race. Ever since their humiliation during the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Russians have piled missile upon missile. However, the committee wants the U.S. to pile weapons systems upon weapons systems, and as long as that is so, the cheering will have to wait. The committee's leaders must be aware that the U.S. did not hesitate to develop each new weapons system it thought workable and useful as the Soviets pursued their own build-up in the Seventies. Thus, we have the Pershing II and cruise missiles, the Trident submarines and missiles and the technological basis for the MX missile, each of which exceeds Soviet development by a good five years, jeopardizing the expanding Soviet array of land-based missiles—the basket into which the Soviets have put most of their nuclear eggs.

Much of what we know, or think we know, about Soviet intentions and strength is based on estimates inferred from U.S. intelligence data, though during the SALT talks, both sides did provide details on their strategic systems. The Soviets do not reveal many details of their defense budget or force structure, and they alone seem to take seriously the relatively low annual defense-budget figure that they publish. The Western countries, however, possess a great deal of highly accurate information of the specifics of the Soviet-force make-up gleaned from constant and increasingly precise satellite surveillance

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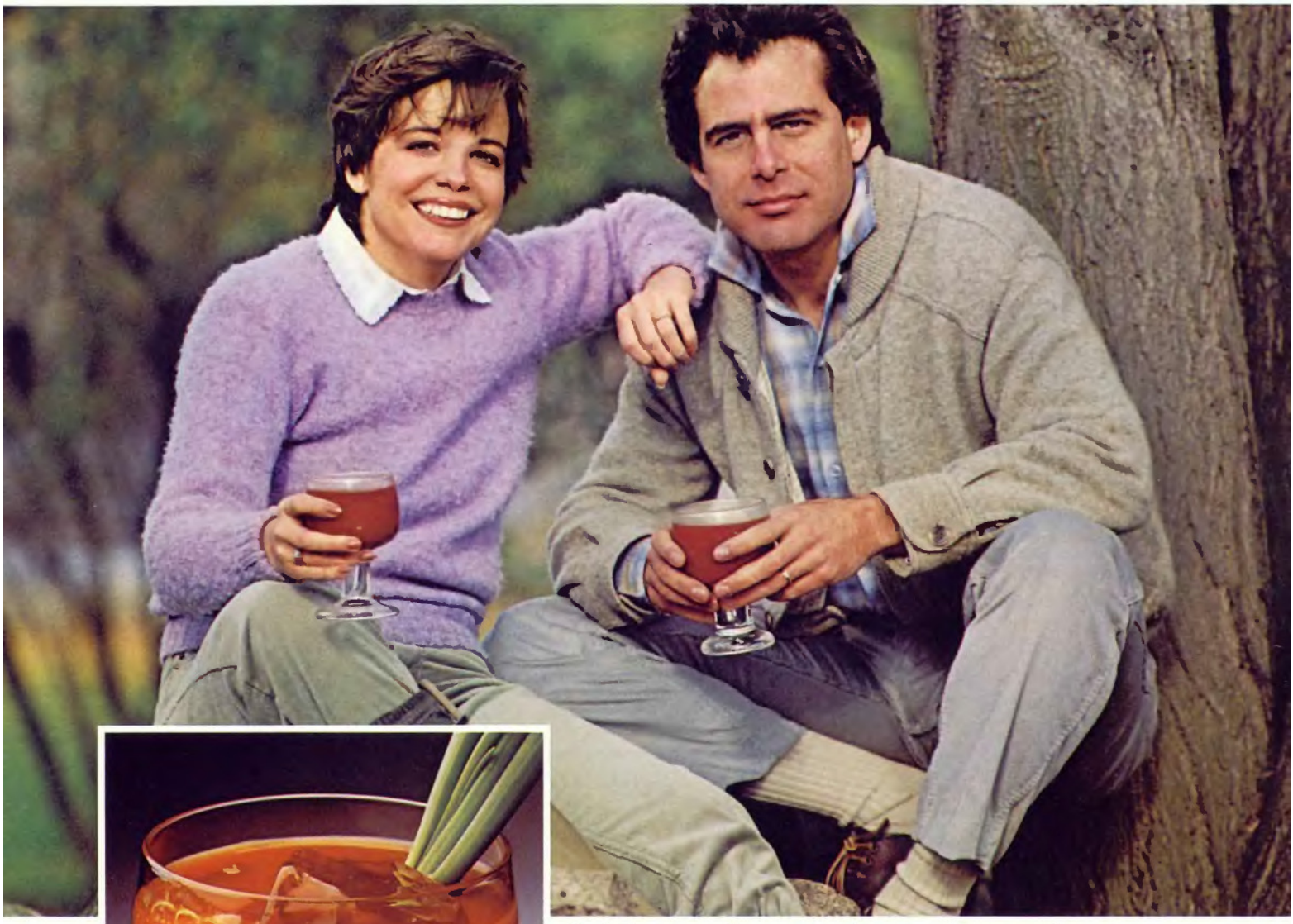

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as well as from old-fashioned spying. But this vast amount of material has to be submitted to intelligence analysis before its meaning becomes clear. To do that, however, involves interpretation based on the skills and the experience of U.S. intelligence agencies, particularly the CIA, which has traditionally attempted to evaluate Soviet strength in an objective manner.

One reason for the current confusion is that this objectivity was seriously compromised under the administration of CIA Director George Bush, with the help of some key founders of the Committee on the Present Danger. Those events occurred in 1976, and they were to have a profound effect on our evaluation of the Soviet threat and on the course of Presidential politics. I am referring to the creation of Team B, the group of outside analysts whose leaders were permitted by Bush to re-evaluate the CIA's own estimates of Soviet strength and intentions. The objective procedures by which the CIA formerly evaluated the scope and the nature of the Soviet threat may thus have been the first casualties of the new Cold War.

TEAM B

Until 1976, the CIA did not believe that the Soviets were militarily superior to the U.S. or were aiming at nuclear superiority. Nor did agency analysts believe that the Soviet leadership expected to survive and win a nuclear war. Then George Bush became head of the CIA, and the professionals at the agency were told to think otherwise.

Bush was appointed CIA Director during the last year of Gerald Ford's Presidency and took the unprecedented step of allowing a hawkish group of outsiders to challenge the CIA's own intelligence estimates of Soviet strength. In a break with the agency's standards of secrecy, Bush granted this group access to the most sensitive data on Soviet military strength, data that had been culled from satellite photos and reports of agents in the field, defectors and current informants. Never before had outside critics of Government policy been given such access to the data underlying that policy. Bush did not extend similar privileges to dovish critics of prevailing policy.

This intrusion into the objective process of CIA analysis greatly inflated the existing estimate of U.S. vulnerability to Russian forces and would eventually be used to justify an increased U.S. arms build-up. As *The New York Times* noted in a strongly worded editorial at the time, "For reasons that have yet to be explained, the CIA's leading analysts were persuaded to admit a hand-picked, unofficial panel of hard-line critics of recent arms-control policy to sit at their elbows and to influence the estimates of future Soviet military capacities in a 'somber' direction."

The group that Bush appointed was called Team B to distinguish it from Team A, the CIA professionals who were paid to evaluate Soviet strength in an unbiased fashion. Thanks to Bush, Team B was successful in getting the U.S. Government to alter profoundly its estimates of Soviet strength and intentions, though critics charged that Team B had seriously distorted the CIA's raw data to conform to the political prejudices of its members.

Those prejudices were described in a *New York Times* report as follows: "The conditions [for Team B members] were that the outsiders be mutually agreeable to the [Foreign Intelligence] advisory board and to Mr. Bush and that they hold more pessimistic views of Soviet plans than those entertained by the advocates of the rough-parity thesis."

The Team B report helped bolster and may even have been the source for Bush's and Reagan's assertions in the 1980 campaign that the Soviets had betrayed the hopes of *détente* and were bent on attaining nuclear superiority. It was the Team B study that led to charges during the campaign that Carter had allowed the Soviets to gain nuclear superiority and that the United States must "rearm."

The *Times* account of what followed the introduction of Team B was based on nonattributable interviews that suggested a civil war within the intelligence community. One intelligence officer "spoke of 'absolutely bloody discussions' during which the outsiders accused the CIA of dealing in faulty assumptions, faulty analysis, faulty use of intelligence and faulty exploitation of available intelligence. 'It was an absolute disaster for the CIA,' this official added in an authorized interview. Acknowledging that there were more points of difference than in most years, he said, 'There was disagreement beyond the facts.' "

Another outspoken critic of Team B was Ray S. Cline, a former Deputy Director of Intelligence of the CIA, who, according to *The Washington Post*, is "a leading skeptic about Soviet intentions and a longtime critic of Kissinger." The article continued: "He [Cline] deplored the experiment. It means, Cline said, that the process of making national-security estimates 'has been subverted' by employing 'a kangaroo court of outside critics all picked from one point of view.' "

Team B was hand-picked by Bush, and, as noted by *The New York Times*, a "pessimistic" view of the Soviets was a prerequisite for inclusion on the team. The committee's chairman was Pipes, the same hard-liner who, in 1981, announced that the Soviets would have to choose between peacefully changing their system and going to war.

According to Jack Ruina, professor of electrical engineering at MIT and former senior consultant to the Office of Science and Technology Policy at the White House, "Pipes knows little about technology and about nuclear weapons. I know him personally. I like him. But I think that on the subject of the Soviets, he is clearly obsessed with what he views as their aggressive intentions."

Pipes is the intellectual godfather of the thesis that the Soviets reject nuclear parity and are bent on nuclear-war fighting, a thesis later advanced by Bush and Reagan and now permeating the Reagan Administration.

Pipes clarified his position and that of Team B in a summary of the classified Team B report that he provided in an op-ed piece in *The New York Times*. The article criticized the view that each side had more than enough nuclear weapons and that the notion of nuclear superiority between the superpowers no longer made sense. Pipes wrote:

"More subtle and more pernicious is the argument, backed by the prestige of Henry A. Kissinger, that nuclear superiority is meaningless. This view was essential to Mr. Kissinger's *détente* policy, but it rests on flawed thinking. Underpinning it is the widely held notion that since there exists a certain quantitative level in the accumulation of nuclear weapons that, once attained, is sufficient to destroy mankind, superiority is irrelevant: There is no overtrumping total destruction."

Pipes's alternative to Kissinger's view of strategic policy was the one embraced by Team B. His article continued:

"Unfortunately, in nuclear competition, numbers are not all. The contest between the superpowers is increasingly turning into a qualitative race whose outcome most certainly can yield meaningful superiority."

Five months after his piece in the *Times*, Pipes argued, in a *Commentary* article titled "Why the Soviet Union Thinks It Could Fight and Win a Nuclear War," that the Soviets do not agree that nuclear war is fundamentally different from conventional wars, a viewpoint that he himself seems to share as more realistic than the prevailing American idea that nuclear war would be suicidal. Pipes noted that at first, the U.S. military had held what he claims is actually the Soviet view, that "when it came to horror, atomic bombs have nothing over conventional ones," a point he attempted to prove by reference to the devastation of Tokyo and Dresden by conventional weapons. He argued that this sound thinking on the part of the military was "promptly silenced by a coalition of groups, each of which it suited, for its own reasons, to depict the atomic bomb as the 'absolute weapon' that had, in large measure, rendered traditional military establishments redundant and traditional strategic thinking obsolete."

Pipes complained that "a large part of

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the U.S. scientific community had been convinced as soon as the first atomic bomb was exploded that the nuclear weapon, which that community had conceived and helped to develop, had accomplished a complete revolution in warfare." That conclusion, he wrote, "was reached without much reference to the analysis of the effects of atomic weapons carried out by the military and, indeed, without consideration of the traditional principles of warfare." Instead, Pipes argued, this misguided notion was the result of psychological and philosophical distortions by the scientists themselves. "It represented," he wrote, "an act of faith on the part of an intellectual community that held strong pacifist convictions and felt deep guilt at having participated in the creation of a weapon of such destructive power."

Thus, Pipes dismissed the anguished concern of many of the scientists who knew these weapons best, as if their feelings of guilt and their wishes for peace were absurd or decadent or, perhaps, even anti-American.

The Soviets, by contrast—according to Pipes, who in a perverse way seems to revel in the heartlessness he assigns to them—were not so sentimental. They believed, instead, that Clausewitz was right: Nukes or no nukes, war was still the pursuit of politics by other means. And because the hardheaded Soviets believe that nuclear weapons can be used just as successfully in war as conventional weapons can, the Americans must prepare to emulate the Russians.

The principal Team B analysts, Nitze and Van Cleave, shared this view. They had already held discussions for months with Rostow and others to plan the formation of the Committee on the Present Danger even before those gentlemen, acting as Team B, had entered CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia, to re-evaluate the agency's data. Thus, their decision to form an activist organization based on the notion that the U.S. was losing out to the Soviets and to press for greater arms expenditures predated their look at the CIA's material. So much for pretensions of objectivity.

Team B's conclusions were based on three points: a depiction of Soviet strategic intentions; the claim that the Soviets were engaged in a massive military build-up; and the idea that the Soviets' civil-defense program made credible their expectation of surviving a nuclear war with the U.S.

Those same three points would later form the core assumptions of the Reagan Administration's strategic policy, including, of course, T. K. Jones's shovel-based plan for protecting the civilian population. Yet, while the Team B study is still classified, enough of it has leaked to raise serious questions about the credibility of its analysis.

When Bush accepted the Team B conclusion that the Soviet build-up was much greater than had previously been assumed by the CIA, he did so, he told *The New York Times*, because of "new evidence and reinterpretation of old information [that] contributed to the reassessment of Soviet intentions." Yet the new evidence to which he referred, in fact, actually *refuted* the conclusions of Team B and the subsequent assumptions of the Reagan-Bush Administration.

The new evidence available to Team B was the CIA's revised estimate of Soviet defense spending, published in October 1976, that held that Soviet military spending as a percentage of G.N.P. had increased from the six-to-eight percent range to the 11–13 percent range. That was Team B's proof that the Soviets were building a bigger military force than the U.S. had thought.

However, as former CIA analyst Arthur Macy Cox pointed out in an article in *The New York Times*, the revised CIA estimates of 1976 tell us, in fact, nothing of the sort. As Cox observed in another article, in *The New York Review of Books*, "While Team B's report . . . remained classified, the CIA's own official report on Soviet defense spending of October 1976, had contradicted Team B's conclusions, not supported them. The true meaning of the October [CIA] report has been missed. A gargantuan error has been allowed to stand uncorrected all these years."

Cox then cited the same CIA report on which Team B had relied and to which Bush had referred as the new evidence: " 'The new estimate of the share of defense in the Soviet G.N.P. is almost twice as high as the six-to-eight percent previously estimated,' the CIA report said but then added, 'This does not mean that the impact of defense programs on the Soviet economy has increased—only that our appreciation of this impact has changed. *It also implies that Soviet defense industries are far less efficient than formerly believed.*' "

It was exactly wrong, then, for Bush to have suggested that the CIA had doubled or even measurably increased its estimate of the size of the actual Soviet defense program, for what it had revised was only its evaluation of the efficiency of Soviet production—in other words, the amount the Russians were paying for what they got. What the CIA showed was that the Soviets were having a harder time punching out the same number of tanks and missiles as the CIA had formerly projected for them; that they were, in other words, paying more for the same level of production. As Cox noted, "What should have been cause for jubilation became the inspiration for misguided alarm."

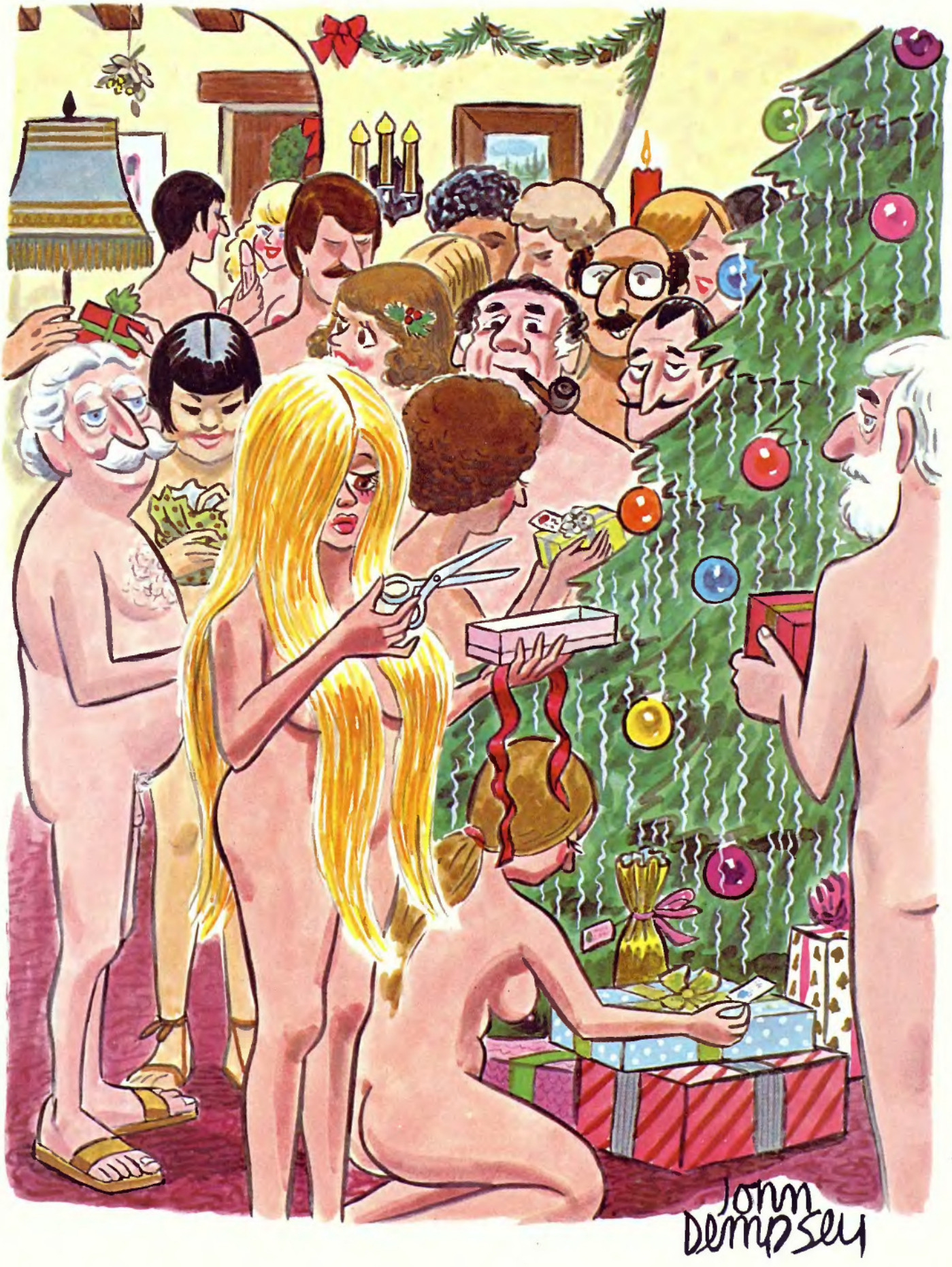
As for increases of actual Soviet defense spending during the Seventies, the CIA, in its official estimate published in January 1980, concluded that for the 1970–1979 period, "estimated in constant dollars, Soviet defense activities increased at an average annual rate of three percent." This is higher than the U.S. increase during the Seventies and lower than the U.S. rate from 1979 through 1983. For the Seventies, NATO expenditures exceeded those of the Warsaw Pact. A three percent increase in Soviet military spending is actually no higher than the over-all increase of the Soviet G.N.P. during the Seventies, which is put at between three and five percent by experts on the subject.

There is much more to be said about the increases that have occurred in the past two decades in the Soviet-force posture relative to that of the U.S. and of its allies. My purpose here is simply to emphasize the serious error that underlay Team B's assertion that U.S. intelligence had underestimated the Soviet build-up and that a new spiral in the arms race was therefore in order.

Team B's somber estimates of Soviet intentions, accepted as the national intelligence estimates under Bush's prodding, were to alter the climate for *détente* and arms control that the incoming Carter Administration would face from the time of its Inauguration. According to *The New York Times* in December 1976, "President-elect Carter will receive an intelligence estimate of long-range Soviet strategic intentions next month that raises the question whether the Russians are shifting their objectives from rough parity with United States military forces to superiority."

The *Times* account added that "previous national estimates of Soviet aims—the supreme products of the intelligence community since 1950—had concluded that the objective was rough parity with United States strategic capabilities." It then quoted Bush as saying that the shift in estimates was warranted because "there are some worrisome signs" and added that "while Mr. Bush declined to discuss the substance of the estimate, it can be authoritatively reported that the worrisome signs included newly developed guided missiles, a vast program of underground shelters and a continuing build-up of air defenses."

The claims made for Soviet underground shelters and civil defense had generally been a critical element in the controversy within the intelligence community even before Team B intervened. The *Times* article stated that the convocation of Team B "came about primarily through continuing dissents by a long-term maverick in the intelligence community," Major General George J. Keegan, who retired as Air Force Chief of Intelligence soon after the Team B report was completed and who had been a consultant to Team B. The *Times*


John
Dempsey

said, "In 1974 [Keegan's] dissents to the national estimate relating to the significance of the Soviet civil-defense program and new guided missiles provoked such a storm that he was called to the White House to make his case before the [Foreign Intelligence] advisory board."

Keegan convinced Leo Cherne, then Chairman of the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, and one of the original architects of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam, to persuade Bush to convene Team B. Cherne, who heads a private business-consulting firm, is also head of the International Rescue Committee, which deals with political refugees. He was one of those Americans who, in the early Fifties, discovered Ngo Dinh Diem living in a Maryknoll seminary in New Jersey and proposed that he become the George Washington of Vietnam. Back in the Forties, this same Cherne had directed a company that employed William Casey, now CIA Director.

The Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, of which Cherne has been a member since the Nixon years (he was appointed chairman in 1976), was deactivated during the Carter Administration but resurrected under Reagan, and Cherne is now its vice-chairman. This body, which supervises the work of the intelligence agencies, now draws almost half of its current roster of 19 members from the ranks of the Committee on the Present Danger.

The Team B report remains classified, but retired Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham, who had participated in that group's challenge to the previous intelligence estimates of Soviet strength, told *The Washington Post*, when the Team B report was filed at the end of 1976, that there were "two catalytic factors" that had caused this re-evaluation of Soviet intentions. One was the recalculation of the percentage of Soviet G.N.P. going to defense—the meaning of which, as we have seen, was distorted in the Team B report. And, according to the *Post*, "The other major force in changing the official U.S. perception, Graham said, has been 'the discovery of a very important [Soviet] civil-defense effort—very strong and unmistakable evidence that a big effort is on to protect people, industry and to store food.' "

But this big effort, as much as it may have impressed and alarmed General Graham, is simply the primitive-shelter-and-evacuation scheme that T. K. Jones had advocated in his interview with me. When Jones told me that the U.S. could recover from general nuclear war in an estimated two to four years, he meant that we could do so with a "Soviet-type civil defense." But if digging a hole and covering it with doors is a preposterous defense for Americans, by what logic does the same procedure become "a very important civil-defense effort" according to Team B? Why do Soviet manuals telling their people to dig holes in the tundra become a serious problem for American strategic planners? Yet it is these very holes in the ground that are meant to justify the assertion that the Soviets think they can win a nuclear war.

The argument that the Soviets' civil defense proves they are aiming for nuclear superiority and a war-fighting capability was strongly advanced by Pipes in his *Commentary* article. Pipes was especially opposed to the notion that mutual assured destruction was an accurate prediction of what would occur should the two superpowers resort to nuclear war.

Pipes claimed that the Soviets thought they could fight and win a nuclear war in part because they could keep their casualties to the level of past conventional wars. Their civil-defense program, Pipes said, would permit "acceptable" casualties on the order of 20,000,000, or about as many Soviet dead as in World War Two. The fact, obvious to even the most casual visitor to the Soviet Union, that the Russians still deeply mourn their wartime dead did not trouble Pipes. He simply assumed that the Soviet leadership would see to its own survival and that of its power base in a nuclear conflagration by organizing large-scale civil-defense programs.

The problem with the large-scale civil-defense programs envisioned in the Soviet manuals is that to mobilize them takes not the 25 minutes required for an ICBM to reach its target but days or, by some accounts, weeks. The estimate used by such civil-defense advocates as Jones and FEMA's William Chipman is three days to a week or more.

But even days of such highly visible preparation would seriously limit the impact of a Soviet first strike on U.S. nuclear-armed submarines and bombers. Clearly, if the Soviets decided to arm their citizens with shovels and evacuate their cities, the U.S. would put its bombers and submarines on alert, which would make them far more elusive targets, while the U.S. President could simply announce a launch-on-warning policy for the land-based ICBM force, thus canceling the advantage of a Soviet first strike against our land-based missiles.

For a first strike to make any sense, such a civil-defense effort must be on a large scale and, therefore, highly visible—visible enough, certainly, to alert the other side, which is to say that any attempt to send people to their shelters could in itself provoke an attack. Yet nuclear-war fighting is inconceivable as a rational policy option without some such highly visible scheme to protect people and machines.

Pipes underscored the importance to his argument of a credible defense against nuclear attack when he wrote, "Nothing illustrates better the fundamental differences between the two strategic doctrines than their attitudes to defense against a nuclear attack." He warned that "before dismissing Soviet civil-defense efforts as wishful thinking, as is customary in Western circles," one must recognize that "its chief function seems to be to protect what in Russia are known as the 'cadres,' that is, the political and military leaders as well as industrial managers and skilled workers—those who could re-establish the political and economic system once the war was over. Judging by Soviet definitions, civil defense has as much to do with the proper functioning of the country during and immediately after the war as with holding down casualties. Its organization . . . seems to be a kind of shadow government charged with responsibility for administering the country under the extreme stresses of nuclear war and its immediate aftermath."

Thus, Pipes apparently believed that despite the extreme stresses of nuclear war, there would actually be an aftermath in which enough of the cadre would survive, along with sufficient machinery, roads, power facilities, foodstuffs, medical care and all the thousands of other essential items to "re-establish the political and economic system once the war was over."

Unlike T. K. Jones, Pipes was not rash enough to forecast an actual recovery period of two to four years, but his argument clearly assumed that some such recovery is feasible. To help justify this imputed confidence on the part of the Soviet leadership, Pipes added that "the Soviet Union is inherently less vulnerable than the United States to a countervalue attack," meaning an attack on people or industry.

Pipes thought that the Soviets were less vulnerable because, according to the 1970 Soviet census, they had only nine cities with a population of more than 1,000,000, which in the aggregate represents 20,500,000, or 8.5 percent, of the country's total. By contrast, the 1970 U.S. census showed that 41.5 percent of the United States' population lived in 35 cities of more than 1,000,000 people. But what that has to do with anything is not clear from Pipes's argument. As the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency noted in 1978:

"A comparison was made of the vulnerability of the U.S. and the Soviet Union to nuclear attack. It was found that both countries are roughly equally vulnerable, although urban density and population collocation with industry is greater in the Soviet Union."

The 200 largest cities in either country include most of the population. It would require only the Poseidon missiles on two fleet ballistic submarines to destroy those 200 Soviet cities. With both superpowers in possession of more than 20,000 strategic nuclear weapons, what does it matter if the "best" countervalue targets are nine or 200? But Pipes believed that

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his comparision of the populations of the two countries' largest cities was crucial to his argument.

"It takes no professional strategist to visualize what these figures mean. In World War Two, the Soviet Union lost 20,000,000 inhabitants out of a population of 170,000,000—i.e., 12 percent; yet the country not only survived but emerged stronger, politically and militarily, than it had ever been. Allowing for the population growth that has occurred since then, this experience suggests that as of today, the U.S.S.R. could absorb the loss of 30,000,000 of its people and be no worse off, in terms of human casualties, than it had been at the conclusion of World War Two."

In case the readers of *Commentary* had missed the point, Pipes added, "In other words, all of the U.S.S.R.'s multimillion [-population] cities could be destroyed without trace or survivors, and, provided that its essential cadres had been saved, it would emerge less hurt in terms of casualties than it was in 1945."

Pipes conceded that "such figures are beyond the comprehension of most Americans. But clearly a country that since 1914 has lost, as a result of two world wars, a civil war, famine and various 'purges,' perhaps up to 60,000,000 citizens, must define 'unacceptable damage' differently from the United States," which has known no such suffering.

If Pipes is right, however, then the rest of Europe—including our allies, who also experienced much wartime destruction—should be less squeamish than the United States about the prospect of nuclear war. That this clearly isn't true undercuts Pipes's argument, even if one factors in such theories as the barbaric temper of the East's leadership or the tendency toward neutralism that Reagan's first National Security Council advisor, Richard Allen, discerned in the Europeans or the "Protestant angst"—whatever that might mean—that Perle told me accounts for much of the European peace movement.

Pipes's argument was not much different from Jones's, except that Jones supplied the details of the Soviet civil-defense program while Pipes was careful to omit them. Jones risked ridicule when he talked to me about building primitive shelters with hand shovels, but he was more honest than Pipes, who, when he wrote about the Soviet civil-defense program, disingenuously neglected to say that it was largely a matter of shoveling dirt around factory machinery and over doors atop holes in the ground.

A pamphlet that Pipes and the Committee on the Present Danger drafted says nothing about shoveling three feet of dirt onto some doors but says, instead, "Soviet nuclear offensive and defensive forces are designed to enable the U.S.S.R. to fight, survive and win an all-out nuclear war should it occur." And how can the Russians be so confident? Because of "the intensive programs," the pamphlet says, "of civil defense and hardening of command-and-control posts against nuclear attack undertaken in the Soviet Union in recent years. . . ." T.K.'s mistake—the one that brought him before a Senate subcommittee—was that he talked about shovels and dirt when he should have talked about intensive programs.

WINDOW OF VULNERABILITY

When you first hear it, the term window of vulnerability sounds an elusive but unquestioned alarm.

It was a favorite of Republican candidates during the 1980 election, and while neither my colleagues in the press corps nor I understood exactly what it meant, it sounded provocative enough to keep us listening. What we were told was that this window would open up sometime in the mid-Eighties and in would fly thousands of "heavier" and more accurate Soviet ICBMs in a first strike capable of wiping out our own intercontinental missiles. Indeed, as candidate Reagan frequently asserted, the window would be open so wide that "the Russians could just take us with a phone call." He meant that Soviet superiority would be so obvious to our leaders that the Russians could blackmail us into surrendering merely by threatening a first strike.

This claimed vulnerability is the major justification of the massive nuclear-arms build-up called for by the Reagan Administration. It was also the basis for Reagan's attacks on the SALT II treaty and for his opposition to a nuclear freeze, both of which, he insists, would lock the United States into a position of strategic inferiority. According to *Science* magazine, "The scenario [of U.S. vulnerability to a Soviet first strike] did not achieve wide circulation until it was taken up by the Committee on the Present Danger. . . ."

Whatever its degree of plausibility, the window of vulnerability was scary stuff in a political campaign, echoing as it did the missile gap of John F. Kennedy's Presidential campaign, which, while no more accurately describing an impending real crisis, offered the same kind of simple slogan that voters might buy.

In 1960, Kennedy scored heavily with his accusation that the Republicans had left open a missile gap between us and the Soviets. Once he was elected and read the intelligence data, he discovered that the Soviets had only a few missiles compared with our 1000. But no matter. By the time he discovered the error, he was President.

So, too, the window of vulnerability became a successful election ploy for Reagan and for the other Republican candidates who succeeded in scaring voters into believing that our country's strategic posture had been seriously damaged by Carter's policies of "disarmament."

But the analogy with Kennedy ends here, for Reagan became addicted to his campaign rhetoric and as President continued to invoke the window of vulnerability to justify his massive arms build-up. At the October 1981 press conference in which he outlined his strategic program, Reagan once again warned that "a window of vulnerability is opening," and he added that it would "jeopardize not just our hopes for serious, productive arms negotiations but our hopes for peace and freedom." Yet he was not clear about just what this vulnerability entailed. Christopher Paine, who is on the staff of the Federation of American Scientists, described the press conference in *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*:

" 'Mr. President,' inquired one reporter, 'when, exactly, is the "window of vulnerability"? We heard yesterday the suggestion that it exists now. Earlier this morning, a defense official indicated that it was not until '84 or '87. Are we facing it right now?'

"The President appeared confused by the question. He responded, 'I think in some areas we are, yes.' As an example, he cited the long-standing 'imbalance of forces in the Western front—in the NATO line, we are vastly outdistanced there.' And then, in an off-the-cuff assessment that must have touched off a few klaxons in the Navy, the President added, 'Right now, they [the Soviets] have a superiority at sea.' What did any of this have to do with silo vulnerability?"

Referring to the President's observation about Soviet naval superiority, Roger Molander, a former National Security Council member and founder of Ground Zero, told me that Reagan's comment "demonstrated how poor the President's grasp of this issue was. If there's one area in which the U.S. has acknowledged superiority, it's the Navy—submarines, antisubmarine warfare, aircraft carriers, naval armaments, across the board."

In any case, to link a presumed Soviet naval advantage with the vulnerability of our land-based nuclear weapons to a Soviet first strike was a startling *non sequitur*. But this sort of exaggeration worked for Reagan as a rhetorical device both during the campaign and in the Presidency. In a speech to the Veterans of Foreign Wars in August 1980, he said, "We're already in an arms race, but only the Soviets are racing." Reagan is convinced that the U.S. disarmed unilaterally during the Seventies while the Soviets barreled ahead in weapons development and deployment; that we accepted parity in nuclear weapons while the Soviet Union pushed forward to attain superiority.

One problem with that argument is

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that few experts on strategic matters agree that the U.S. is inferior. While it is possible that the U.S. may be inferior to the Soviets in specific areas of conventional military power, such as the size of land forces or the number of tanks, it is difficult to understand the charge that the U.S. is inferior to the Soviets in nuclear weaponry. Perhaps the kindest thing that can be said for such assertions, to quote Gerard Smith, President Nixon's chief negotiator on strategic-arms-limitations talks, is that they "raise questions about the Administration's common sense and, worse, its credibility."

Reagan's campaign rhetoric confused a threat to U.S. land-based missiles with a threat to over-all U.S. ability to deter a Soviet first strike. While there is much disagreement among experts as to the percentage of U.S. missiles that would be destroyed by a Soviet attack, no one doubts that the increased accuracy of Soviet missiles has made U.S. land-based missiles more vulnerable to such attack. While U.S. observers were surprised by the speed with which the Soviets caught up to the U.S. in land-based missile accuracy, no one had seriously doubted that this would eventually occur.

It was precisely because of this expectation that land-based missiles would become more vulnerable that the United States decided to concentrate instead on the other legs of the defense triad—submarine-launched missiles and the bomber fleet. The Soviets have not been able to develop the technology to match this development, and as a result, the survivability of the U.S. nuclear force is unquestionably far greater than that presumed of the enemy.

This last point is important, since Reagan's literal definition of the window of vulnerability is the prediction that at some point in the near future, the Soviets will have a strategic advantage of such magnitude that they can launch a first strike sufficient to prevent a devastating U.S. response. This prediction, however, rests on a distortion of elemental facts about the make-up of the U.S. deterrent force and the nature of nuclear war—a distortion so transparent that the prediction of U.S. vulnerability has the hollow sound of deliberate fabrication.

For the window-of-vulnerability argument to work, its proponents must simply ignore America's submarines and bombers, most of which are on alert at any given time and cannot, therefore, be taken out in a first strike. Most experts believe that these two legs of the triad of U.S. defense forces would survive a Soviet first strike and, given their firepower, that their use in retaliation following a Soviet first strike would mean the end of Soviet society. As Harold Brown, Carter's Secretary of Defense, noted in his last statement on the defense budget, "The retaliatory potential of U.S. forces remaining after a counterforce exchange is substantial even in the worst case and would increase steadily after 1981, with or without SALT. . . ."

During the campaign, Reagan was fond of offering sad-eyed descriptions of "our aging B-52s" punctuated with his inevitable anecdote about encountering a B-52 pilot whose father and grandfather had flown the same plane. The implication was that the plane—part of our deterrent forces against a Soviet first strike—was all but falling apart, hopelessly old-fashioned and in every other way inadequate to the grand defensive task at hand. Carter had disarmed us, or so the Reagan argument went, in part by refusing to fund the B-1 bomber to replace those presumably derelict B-52s.

Reagan ignored the fact that the Soviet bomber fleet is a poor shadow of our own. Most modern Soviet bombers lack the range to reach the U.S., and the airplanes that *can* reach us are slow and are used mostly for reconnaissance. Nor did Reagan mention the air-launched cruise missiles that the Carter Administration had brought into production at great cost to the taxpayer. One argument against the B-52s is that they are supposed to be increasingly vulnerable to Soviet antiaircraft fire. Yet when cruise missiles are installed on those B-52s, the aging planes become very effective launching platforms far outside Soviet territory, beyond the range of Soviet antiaircraft power. No matter who had won the 1980 election, those air-launched cruise missiles would have been installed beginning in 1982.

This fact prompted Hans Bethe, who dismissed Reagan's charge that the Carter Administration had somehow "disarmed" America, to note, "On the contrary, the most important progress in weapons in the past decade, I would say, was the cruise missile, which was developed under Carter."

Now 76, Bethe has continued working on U.S. strategic-weapons systems, from the hydrogen bomb through anti-ballistic-missile defenses, and helped design the heat shield to protect ballistic missiles as they re-enter the atmosphere. It was, therefore, from a position of some authority that he challenged Reagan's vulnerability argument last winter, telling me:

"I don't think that either country is going to make a first strike, because it is absolutely crazy to do so. But suppose there were a first strike from the Russians, and suppose they could destroy all our Minuteman missiles. It wouldn't

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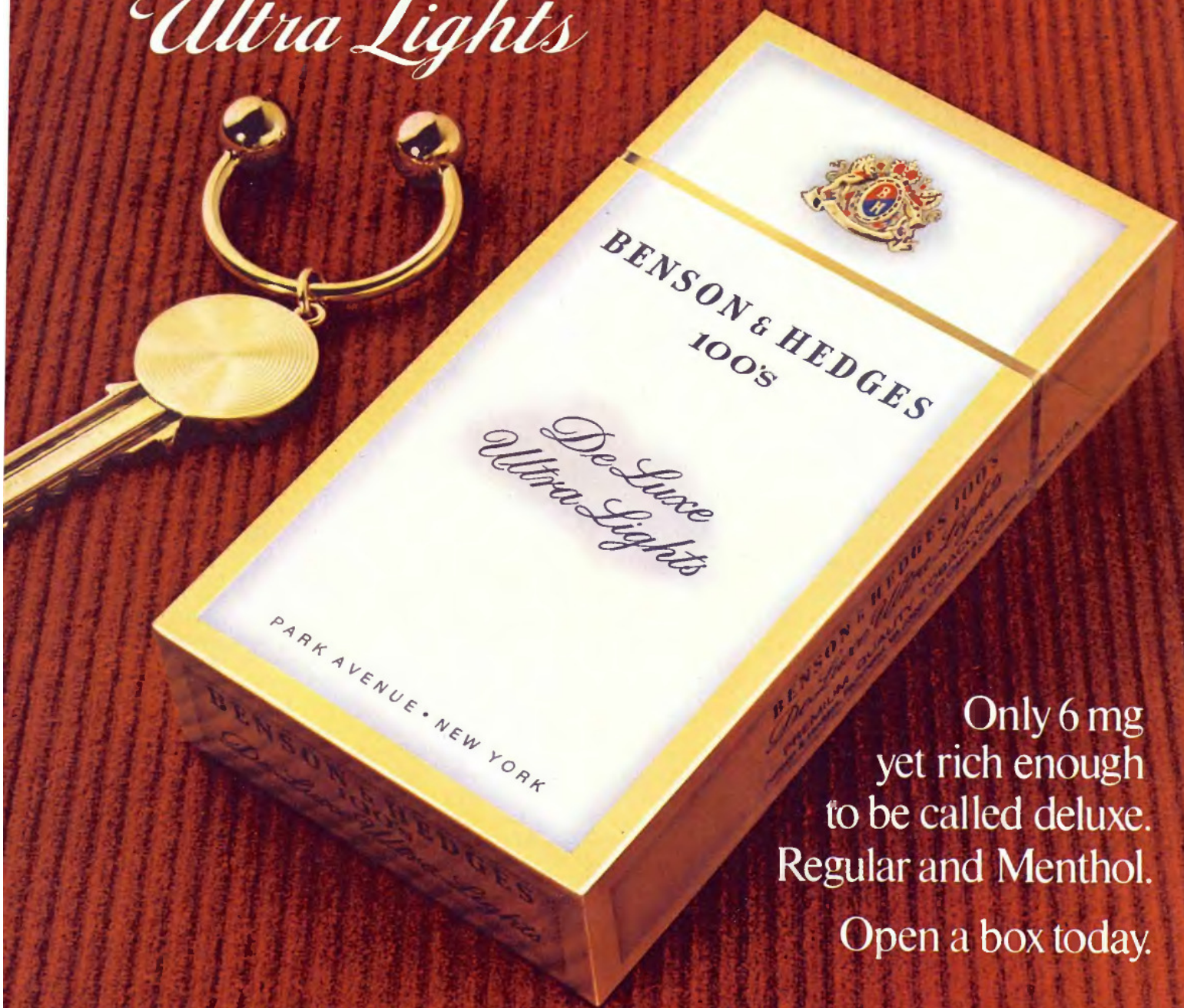

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make the slightest difference. Would we be defenseless? Not at all. We have the submarine force with an enormous striking power."

Bethe, as is his custom, referred to careful notes he had made in preparation for our interview.

"I would like to state that there is no deficiency in armaments in the U.S., that we don't need to catch up to the Russians, that, if anything, the Russians have to catch up to us. The Russians have their forces mostly in ICBMs, a type of weapon that is becoming more and more vulnerable. I think our military people know this, but they always talk about the vulnerability of our nuclear ICBMs and never talk about those of the Soviets. The Russians are much more exposed to a possible first strike from us than we are to one from them."

One who agrees with Bethe is McNamara. I asked him how it was possible to argue that the Soviets could now contemplate a first strike when the U.S. was not able to pull that off at a time of massive nuclear superiority, and he replied:

"They no more have a first-strike capability today than we had then. No one has demonstrated to me that the Soviets have a capability of destroying our Minutemen. But even if they could destroy our Minutemen, that doesn't give them a first-strike capability, not when they are facing our Polaris submarines and our bombers. The other two legs of the triad are still there. . . . The argument is without foundation. It's absurd."

POSTSCRIPT

I have referred to some of the men now running our Government's foreign policy as neohawks because they are more ideological, more complex and better informed in their advocacy of a hard military line than the traditional "nuke 'em" crowd. These men came to their militarism not through a love of battle or of the gadgetry of war or even through a belief in the robust cleansing effect of rough physical contact. They are intellectuals who in their personal demeanor hardly bring to mind Achilles or Hector but, instead, reveal a fussy, polemical, hairsplitting intellectual style that becomes only verbally violent.

Eugene Rostow, Paul Nitze, Richard Perle, Richard Pipes, who initiate policy for the Reagan Administration—who write the position papers and the policy options that are then funneled up the chain of command that sets the parameters for the major decisions—most of those men are academics or at home in academic settings. As I have come to know them, I have been struck by this curious gap between the bloodiness of their rhetoric and their apparent inability to visualize the physical consequences of what they advocate.

These neohawks refuse to acknowledge that reality. They want to threaten the use of nuclear weapons at a time of nuclear parity, when such a threat jeopardizes not only the enemy but one's fellow citizens. For the significance of parity is that both sides will be destroyed if we really do get high enough up the escalation ladder. To climb that ladder, as Perle, for example, would like to do, requires a fundamental alteration of the most common view of nuclear war: that it is an unspeakable disaster that would reduce both sides to ashes and destroy civilization for longer than anyone cares to contemplate—maybe forever.

These true believers in nuclear-war fighting, including the President of the U.S. and most of his key advisors, tell one another what they want to hear: that playing a game of nuclear chicken with the Soviets is not as dangerous as it might seem, for even in the worst case—even if the Soviets don't back off, even if they don't submit to our nuclear pressure—the resulting war will not be so bad; it can be limited and civilization can bounce back sooner or later.

But it is one thing to talk oneself into accepting that the nuclear-arms race and the game of threat escalation are not so dangerous and quite another to convince ordinary voters to go along with this madness. This is why in a time of nuclear parity, when both sides are totally at risk, our hawkish leaders invoke the chaste vocabulary of vulnerability and deterrence rather than the blunt language of death and disaster.

Instead of going to the people and saying, "Hey, listen, we want to get back to the good old days of superiority," they pretend that we have actually fallen behind and are simply trying to catch up. Instead of talking openly about nuclear-war fighting, as they did in the first year of their Administration—before their poll takers advised them to soften their rhetoric—they now stress the need for credible deterrence against the Soviet nuclear-war fighters. But the neohawks have already said and written too much to conceal their true intentions.

If this attempt to deceive were simply a matter of special-interest lobbying in some relatively unimportant area of our national life, one might shrug and say, "So what's new about political chicanery?" But the danger is that those people are dealing with more than commonplace matters, even though most of the violence has so far been verbal. Because of their role in an Administration whose President sympathizes strongly with their point of view, they have already profoundly affected the commitment to new weapons systems—systems that will make the world far more dangerous—while at the same time, they have abandoned the possibility of arms control no matter how many hours we are willing to spend in negotiation with the Soviets.

The danger is that the Soviet Union has no shortage of Perles and Nitzes of its own who are eager to play the same dangerous game—which is, after all, how the nuclear-arms race has been sustained for all these decades. The race now has a technological momentum of its own quite apart from the likely excesses of its human players. Consider a possible scenario: The Soviets deploy the SS-20 in Europe in response to what they claim is their vulnerability. We then deploy the Pershing II missile in Western Europe, which can hit the Soviet Union in six minutes, so the Russians must now go to launch on warning, even if this assumes the risk that the missiles will fly because some birds happen to cross the radar screen—something that actually happened not long ago over Alaska, when radar picked up a flight of geese and the computer decided they were missiles. Fortunately, on that occasion, there was time for the computer to correct the error.

Inevitably, in response to our own technological achievements, the Soviets will develop more threatening weapons of their own and we will counter with powerful and accurate missiles, and so on, until the ideological obsessions that have led to this political chaos end where no one—not even Paul Nitze or Richard Pipes—wants them to.

Early in this report, I described a former CIA analyst who has never forgotten the birds that turned to cinders as he observed them through the pulsing thermal effect of a nuclear explosion many years ago. This man has a son, and this is what he thinks about when he thinks of that young man:

"You know, my son just joined the Marine Corps. I don't know why he did it. He went out and joined the Marine Corps. And I think about him. He's a very enthusiastic kid. Goddamn, he's full of life, energy. And he really wants to be a Marine. He wants to be a good Marine. He's seriously involved in that stuff. He's an expert marksman. He does hundreds of push-ups, runs miles in a very few minutes. And I think of him in a nuclear war. I try to personalize what that is like according to the calculations that we do.

"I think of my son in a foxhole and what he's experiencing as this nuclear weapon goes off. And I'm comparing what he's experiencing with what I've seen of a nuclear weapon. Only he's up close—not like me, far away. . . . He's right there; he's on the front lines. And I'm saying to myself, 'He's in serious trouble.' I can see a variety of things that are going to happen to him, either quickly or afterward, that are not pleasant. And then I put myself back in this theoretical, strategic stuff, where these guys just calculate megatonnage. But my son is fried."

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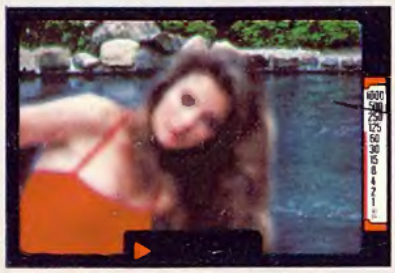

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The AL-1 features another revolutionary Canon development: the Quick-Focus System. As seen in our sample photographs, the bright Quick-Focus display in the viewfinder assures you of sharp pictures every time–electronically! If you're out of focus, a red arrow lights to show you which way to turn the focusing ring for a sharper picture. When you see a green light you're in focus and ready to shoot!

We can't imagine a faster, simpler way to get sharp pictures. Without guesswork. You'll be confident you're getting just the shot you want–even if you change lenses!

You can choose from nearly fifty Canon FD wide-angle, telephoto and zoom lenses that let you shoot a broad panorama or bring your subjects up close. That's the best part of owning a Canon AL-1.

IN FOCUS–READY TO SHOOT!

Even though it's so simple to use, you can add lenses and accessories–even a power winder–to shoot the kind of pictures you've always wanted to take! The bright, clear viewfinder shows exactly what you'll get on film while the Quick-Focus System assures that every picture you take will be razor sharp.

The AL-1 controls brightness automatically, too, outdoors in sunlight or shade and even indoors.

The Canon Speedlite 166A makes flash photography just as convenient. And just as simple.

The new Canon AL-1 is a quality camera, built to the highest standards of excellence and ready for any type of photography. Whether you're an eyeglass wearer or have perfect 20/20 vision, you'll appreciate the extra confidence provided by the Canon Quick-Focus System.

OUT OF FOCUS

When you invest in a quality 35mm SLR camera, you expect sharp pictures. With the Canon AL-1, you get what you pay for!

Canon AL-1

QF Quick Focus

Canon USA, Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, New York 11042 • 140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126 • 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, Georgia 30071 • 123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626 • Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 • Canon Canada, Inc., Ontario

The Official 35mm Camera of the 1984 Olympic Games

QUICK FOCUS

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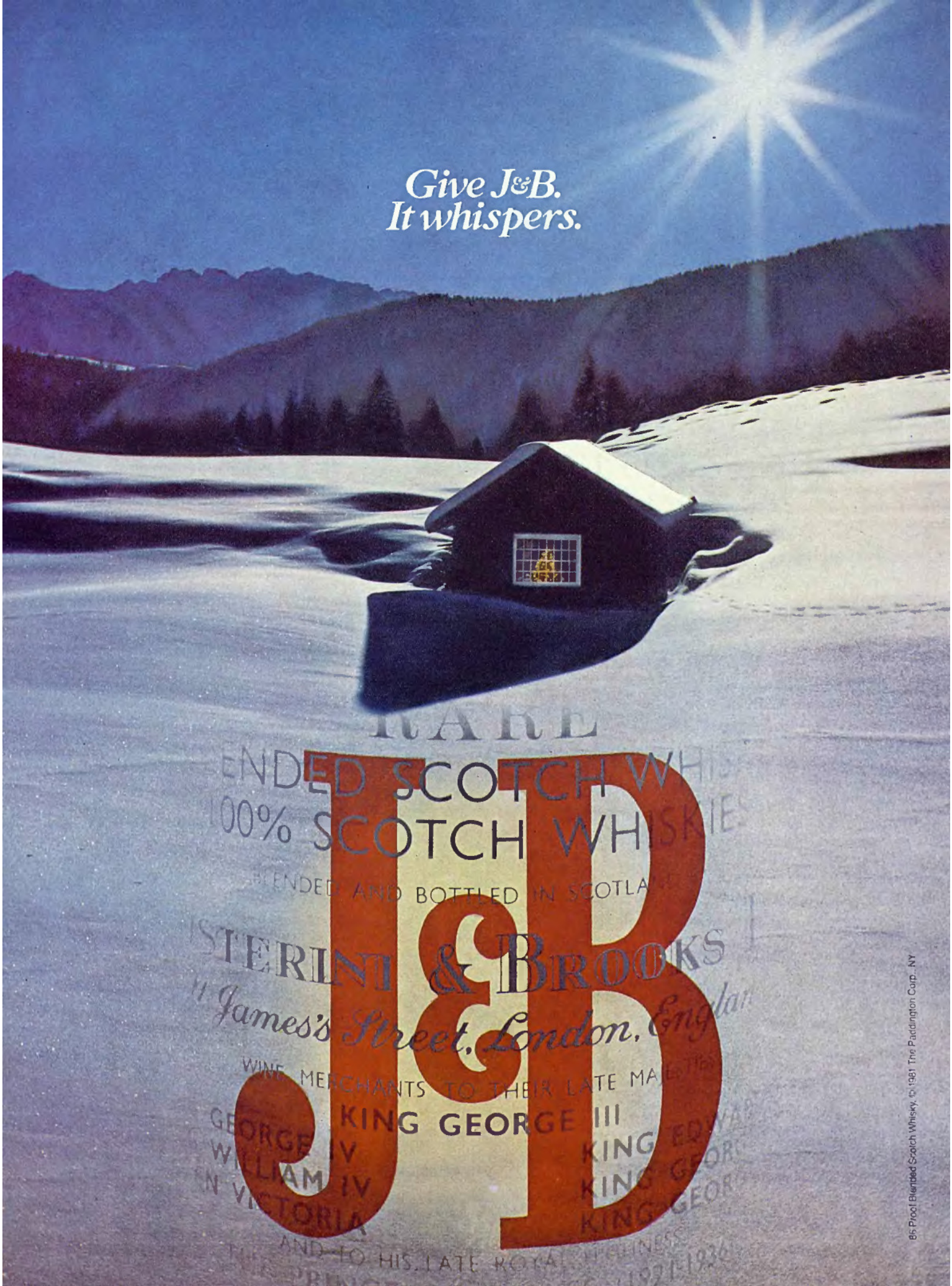
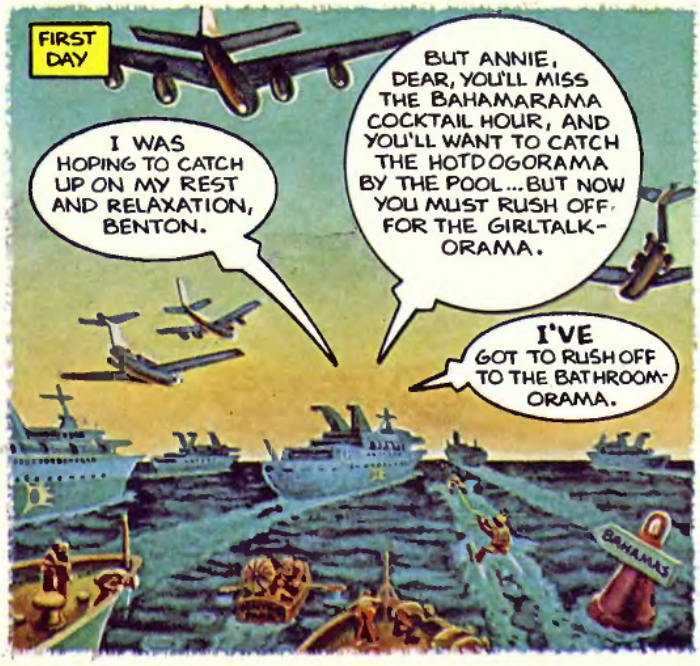

Give J&B.
It whispers.
J&B
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © 1981 The Paddington Corp., NY

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

THE ANCHOR HEAVES. THE SHIP SWINGS FREE. THE SAILS SWELL FULL. TO SEA, TO SEA.
–THO'S BEDDOES 1830
AN OCEAN CRUISE SURE MAKES YOU HORNY.
– LOVE BOAT 1982
ANNIE AND ACCOUNT EXEC BENTON BATTBARTON FIND THEMSELVES EMBARKING ON A PROMOTION-FREEBIE THREE-DAY CRUISE, LURED, LIKE OTHER ROMANTICS, BY THE ETERNAL CALL OF THE SEA, AND SOME HOT TV EPISODES.



GET-AQUAINTORAMA TIME! THIS GROUP TAKES OFF PERSONAL ARTICLES AND THROWS THEM IN THE CENTER OF THE FLOOR. THE OTHER GROUP PICKS THE ARTICLES BLIND AND DONS THEM—
CAN'T I JUST LIE ON DECK AND READ?
TOUR THE ENGINE ROOM, MISS?
HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO MEET PEOPLE, ANNIE?
-SEE THE CREW'S QUARTERS?
EXAMINE THE LIFEBOATS?
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS TRIP SO I CAN CATCH UP ON MY SLEEP.
HOW CAN YOU THINK OF SLEEP WITH THIS FANTASTIC VIEW?
OH! YASS!
... THE VAST PLAIN OF THE OCEAN, FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE... NO PEOPLE... JUST THE CONSTELLATIONS BLAZING ON ALL SIDES LIKE ELECTRIC LIGHTS. YOU CAN ALMOST REACH OUT AND TOUCH THEM.
YOU CAN, SIR. THOSE ARE THE LIGHTS ON THE M.S. STARWARD AND TWELVE OTHER SHIPS DOING THE WEEKEND BAHAMA RUN.
SECOND DAY
A DECK
B DECK
POOP DECK
I WOKE YOU SO THAT YOU WOULDN'T MISS THIS. THE CAPTAIN HAS OPENED THE WHEELHOUSE FOR INSPECTION.
ISN'T A WHEELHOUSE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A BIG STEERING WHEEL WITH HANDLES?
!
PUSH! PUSH!
MODERN SHIPS HAVE ELECTRONIC CONTROLS, MISS. ...PUSH BUTTONS. THEY USED TO HAVE WHEELS WITH HANDLES.
BIIG HANDLES!
YIKES!
PUSH! PUSH!
EXCUSE THE MATE, MISS. SOMETIMES HE WORKS TOO HARD AND PUSHES THE WRONG BUTTONS.
TIME TO CHANGE FOR SHUFFLEBOARD. THEN WE EAT. THEN WE SHOOT CLAY PIGEONS. THEN WE EAT. THEN THE SLOT MACHINES! THEN EAT! THEN LATE BUFFET! THEN EAT—
HUP! HUP!
PUSH!
EITHER THE SHIP IS ROCKING OR I THINK I LOVE YOU.
ENJOYING THE DISCO-RAMA, ANNIE?
I'M SO TIRED, BUT THE OFFICERS ARE SO CUTE, I CAN'T STOP DANCING.
DO YOU THINK IT'S TRUE THAT WOMEN ARE TURNED ON BY UNIFORMS?
NO WAY!
WAIT! I'LL TAKE OFF THE UNIFORM AND GIVE YOU MY BODY!
PLEASE. TAKE OFF THE BODY AND GIVE ME THE UNIFORM.
I'M A WILD AND CRAZY BLONDE!

LAST DAY
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
LIFE GUARD
SIGH.
SWIMORAMA TIME, ANNIE! TIME TO GET INTO YOUR SWIMORAMA T-SHIRT AND INTO THE WATER WE GO!
DO YOU KNOW WHY THE LAST NIGHT IS CALLED DESPERATION NIGHT?
YEAH. I GET DESPERATE OVER ALL THE MONEY I'M SPENDING!
DON'T THESE T-SHIRTS LOOK MARVELOUS WET, ANNIE? -LIKE A COMBINATION OF POLYESTER AND SARAN WRAP?
ANNIE? ...ANNIE! WHERE ARE YOU?
COULD SHE HAVE JUMPED INTO THE WRONG WATER?
..NAH!
PUSHPUSH!
SWIM-ORAMA
-SHE'S PROBABLY IN HER CABIN, RESTING.
I WANT SOME HOT LOVE-
WHO'S MISTER MOORE? A LADY IN CABIN TEN KEEPS YELLING FOR MOORE!
ATTENTION, PASSENGERS! ON THE STARBOARD ARE THE CELEBRATED POO-POO ISLANDS, AND ON PORTSIDE, THE EMINENT MEXICAN OIL SLICK.
THRUM!
THRUM!
THRUM!
THRUM!
THRUM!
THRUM!
STOP!
DON'T!
STOP!
DON'T!
STOP! DON'T! STOP!
DON'T STOP!
AHH, THE OCEAN...SO SILENT, SO DEEP-
WHA?
I SAID, AHH, THE OCEAN...SO SILENT-
HAH?
TOOT!
ANY-THING'S BETTER THAN BATTBARTON AND HIS ACTIVITIES. THAT'S AS BAD AS BEING BACK IN THE CRAZY CITY!
JEEPERS, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.
LOOK AT THE FRIENDLY NATIVES... INNOCENT AND NAKED AS BABES!
FIRST ONE REACHES HER GETS TO BALL HER BOODIE OFF!
WELCOME TO CLUB CRUSOE, SWEETIE. I'M ARNIE FROM CINCINNATI.
I'M PHIL FROM FRENCHTOWN, NEW JERSEY!
LEAPIN' LIZARDS...I'VE GONE FROM LOVE BOAT TO FANTASY ISLAND ...OR MAYBE I'M IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
WHAT'S YOUR SIGN, HONEY, STOP OR GO?
YOU MUST JOIN OUR ACTIVITIES.
-YOU SWING, MAN?
-YOU SMOKE, MAN?
SWIM-ORAMA
VIRGIN SACRIFICE TONITE
CUNNILINGUS ACTIVITY
FIND-BOAT-PEOPLE ACTIVITY
PANTY-RAID ACTIVITY
JOCK-STRAP-RAID ACTIVITY
SPIN-THE-BOTTLE ACTIVITY
LIMBO ACTIVITY
A LIVING LIMBO BAR! HOW GROSS!
YEAH, ME NEXT!
ME NEXT!
SKINDIVING ACTIVITY
ARE YOU SURE THAT'S SKIN-DIVING, HARRY?
GOOD FORM!
PUSH! PUSH!
END

© 1982 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

Toyota, world's leading maker of economical cars, proudly announces their newest, most economical line—the 1983 Tercels. Priced low. Economical to maintain. And great on gas—50 Estimated Highway MPG, (39) EPA Estimated MPG on the 3-Door.**

Economy is only the beginning of the new Tercel story. The deeper you go, the more exciting the good news gets.

The new front-wheel drive Tercel 3-Door Liftback offers you a peppy 1.5 liter SOHC engine. Teamed with an improved 4-speed synchromesh transmission—for better low speed performance. MacPherson strut front and rear suspension. And power-assisted brakes. New for '83, you can even get a 3-speed automatic overdrive transmission on most models.

Inside, Tercel's interior design makes it the roomiest subcompact you can buy.*** With added head room. And improved visibility. Naturally, you also get the amenities Toyota is famous for. From fully reclining front bucket seats. To steering-column mounted controls. And with the 5-Door Deluxe Liftback you get extra roominess and even easier access.

OH WHAT A FEELING!
TOYOTA

Tercel for '83. A totally new standard of economy. From the top to the bottom line. $4,998!

* Manufacturer's suggested retail price-Tercel 3-Door Liftback. Dealer's actual retail price may vary. Price does not include tax, license, transportation, optional or regionally required equipment.
** Remember: Compare this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other gasoline-powered cars with manual transmission. You may get different mileage depending on how last you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the "Highway Estimate."
*** Subcompact car class as defined by EPA.

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

INTRODUCING TERCEL—THE MOST ECONOMICAL TOYOTA. BUT THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG.

PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GIFTS

LAY IT ON THE LADIES

A holiday kiss on your girlfriend's hand may be quite Continental, but come December 26, those same fingers are going to be waving goodbye unless the Santa in her life has something more materialistically endearing in his pack. So, to simplify your Christmas shopping, we've assembled a number of presents perfect for the fair sex. Of course, truly wise men will trade the tree-and-tinsel scene for a Caribbean cruise or a slow train to China. And if the yule present *you* unwrap looks anything like the lady here, well, God rest ye merry, gentlemen.

No chestnuts roasting by an open fire for this foxy lady, as she's opted for a 70" x 46" crystal-dyed blue-fox throw, from Neiman-Marcus, $15,000. The brown furry object bouncing on her knee is a hand-sewn all-mink Teddy bear, by Rare Bear, $170. On her wrist are three Elsa Peretti bracelets, including two lacquered magnolia-wood styles, $125 each, and an 18-kt.-gold one, $3900, all from Tiffany, New York. Next to her: A 32-inch canvas-and-leather-trimmed trunk, by Polo Luggage, $4350. On the trunk: A one-ounce Baccarat *flacon* of Joy perfume, by Jean Patou, $400.

J. VERSER ENGELHARD

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GIVE THE SPIRIT OF THE RENAISSANCE.
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FAIR-LEATHER FORECAST

The hidebound concept that leatherwear is traditionally black or brown is changing as designers increasingly treat leather as they would a fabric and dye the hides jazzy shades that would eclipse even a Western sunset. Since we're just getting into winter, your wisest move would be to put your money on a lightweight outerwear jacket that will be wearable well into spring. Whether it's the classic short *blouson* updated with many pockets, the newer longer-waisted *blouson* or a thigh-length drawstring model, the touch of color adds new sparkle to the skin game. And the looks go as well with sweaters as they do with bow ties. —DAVIO PLATT

J. VERSER ENGELHARD

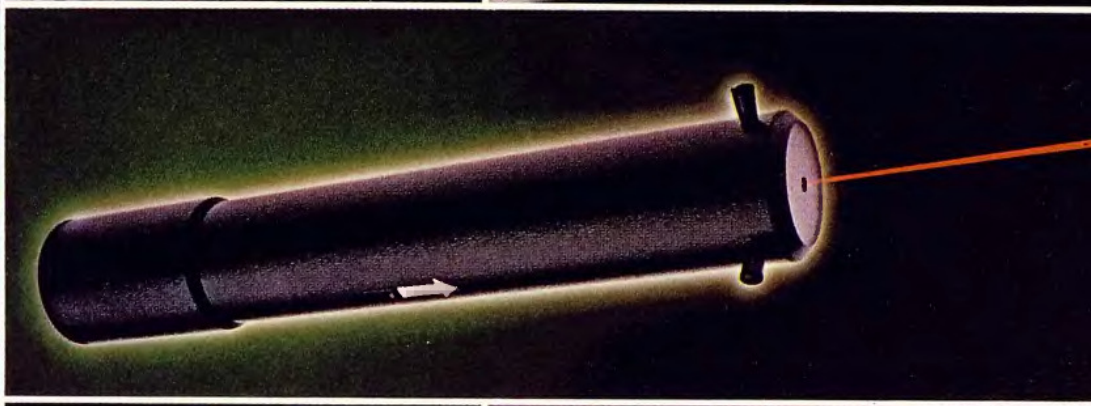
Top: An aniline-leather bomber jacket with a stand-up collar and four zippered pockets, by John Weitz for Ideal, about $210; shown with a cotton/polyester short-sleeved shirt, by Hathaway Knit Classics for Jack Nicklaus, $19.50; and a striped wool tie, by Vicky Davis, $13.50. Above left: We combined a three-quarter-length *plonge* leather jacket with drawstring waist, by Gary E. Miller Associates for Carapace, $700; an acrylic/wool crew-neck, by Robert Bruce, about $36; and a cotton/polyester shirt, by Halston, $26. Above right: A leather *blouson* jacket with raglan sleeves, by Giorgio Armani, $575; a striped cotton flannel shirt, from British Khaki by Robert Lighton, $45; and a silk Jacquard bow tie, by Vicky Davis, $10.

Did you say 1/3 less tar?
Pall Mall Light 100's.
A third less tar
than the leading
filter king, and
still great taste.
20 FILTER CIGARETTES
PALL MALL
LIGHT 100's
LOW TAR · FILTER
Pall Mall
Light 100's 9 mg. tar 0.8 mg. nic.
Leading filter king 15 mg. tar 1.1 mg. nic.
Lowest brand
less than 0.01 mg. tar 0.002 mg. nic.
9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

GADGETS
ON THE BEAMS

Right: The battery-powered Super QXL-Lite is waterproof down to 2000 feet and is capable of throwing a pure-white beam for up to 30 hours, has an unbreakable case, from The Yak Works, Seattle, $19.95.

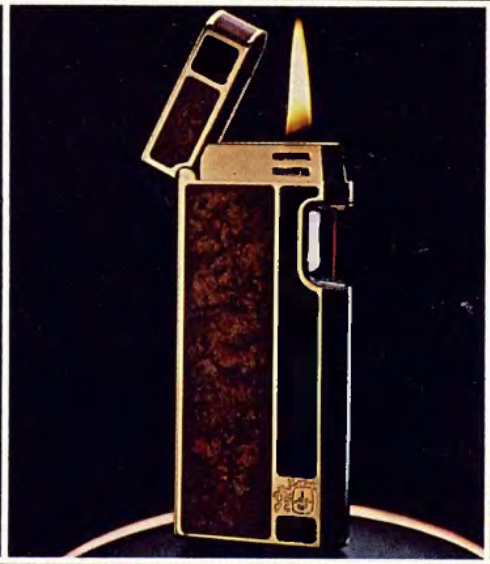
Left: The superbright and swivelable Halogen Service Spot, which plugs into your car's lighter, attaches magnetically to any metal surface and can be hand held for night map reading, from BMW, about $50.

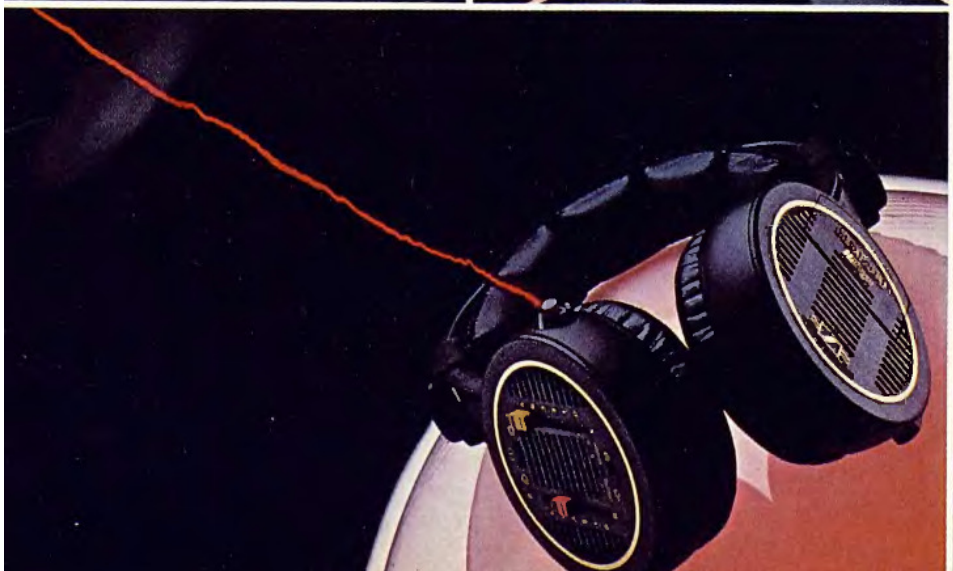


Above right: At that next sales meeting or high-level conference, throw a little light on your growth charts with The Laser Pointer, a hand-held helium-neon laser that can project a powerful but harmless red spot for several hundred feet in broad daylight, from RMF Products, Batavia, Illinois, $800.

Right: Looking for a new way to light up? Raise the top of this battery-powered butane pocket lighter and pass your finger tip through the tiny beam visible in the opening on the side of the case. *Voilà!* You have instant spark as many as 15,000 times, by Colibri, $195, including an extra battery.

RICHARD IZUI





Above: The Super Ear distant-sound detector is acoustically engineered for amplified sound gathering (you can hear the beating of a duck's wings 400 yards away); the unit comes in its own carrying case and includes earphones, sound gun and a battery, from Link Laboratories, Kansas City, Missouri, $135.

Left: For wireless headphone listening, Sennheiser Electronic Corporation is offering a compact set that picks up your stereo signals via an infrared beam relayed by a transmitter unit (not shown) that plugs into a stereo headphone jack; the line-of-sight transmission range is about 200 square feet, $516 for both.

Congressional Aides

We would have given a couple of bucks to be in on this conversation. With only Elizabeth Ray of the famous troika missing (she was probably taking a typing test somewhere), it's kind of titillating to think of the secrets to which RITA JENRETTE (left) and FANNE FOXE (right) may be privy. After all, they were both close to reliable sources.

© 1980 RUSSELL C. TURIAN

FRANK EDWARDS/ TRANSWORLD FEATURE SYNDICATE INC

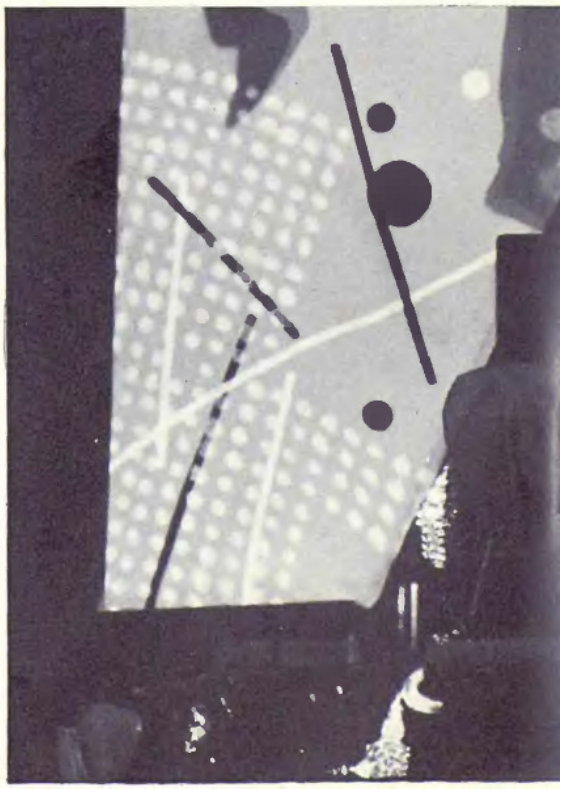
Pizza Man Delivers

DANIEL J. TRAVANTI is lots of people: To Joyce, he's Pizza Man; to Phil, he's Francis; and to the rest of us, he's the glue that holds the first-rate *Hill Street Blues* regulars together. In case you can't read it, Travanti's button says, I'M ALMOST FAMOUS. Our captain's too modest.

© 1980 BETTY BURNS GALELLA

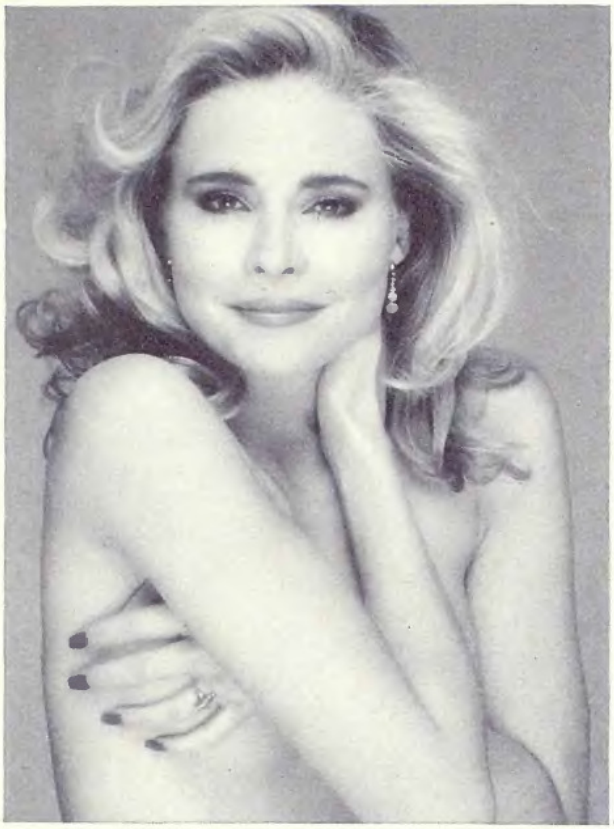
The Melon Foundation

Last August, MARILYN MICHAELS got silly on the pages of PLAYBOY, and it's clear that the experience hasn't made her camera-shy. We know when to bow to a master: She's the celebrity breast of the month—hands, er, under.



Two's Company

Jack Tripper's most recent roommate, PRISCILLA BARNES, has settled into the *Three's Company* apartment, and the show's going strong in the ratings. This roommate has a job (she's a nurse) and a pretty classy hobby (the violin), too. Those details make for a touch of the real world—but not too real. Barnes can take our pulse or tap our fiddle any time.



© 1981 DOUGLAS KIRKLAND

© 1982 STEVEN SANDS

Another Vote for E.R.A.

Well, the joke's on all of us: Actor DUSTIN HOFFMAN makes an unusually attractive woman in his upcoming film *Tootsie*, co-starring Charles Durning, Jessica Lange and Teri Garr. Judging from this photo, though, we think he's getting tired of hearing it. In case you've missed all the publicity, Tootsie's in drag. Eat your heart out, boys.

Low Key

This photo gives new meaning to the words get down. ELTON's bullish on performing again, and his latest American tour sold out—something for which other rock acts would trade their jeans. A fitting tribute to the master of flash.

© 1981 ROSS MARINO

Looking for a Smooth Landing

LAURENE LANDON is getting ready to take off in *Airplane II: The Sequel* with the old crew: Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty and Lloyd Bridges. If they've saved some laughs for part two, we predict a perfect touchdown for this fanciful flight.

STEVE SCHAPIRO/SYGMA

TESTOSTERONE AND FROGS AND SNAILS AND PUPPY-DOG TAILS

Some recent studies have sought to determine how much distinctly male or female behavior is innate and how much is learned. Two Cornell University biochemists have shed some interesting light on gender identity. Testosterone, you will recall, is that not-too-subtle hormone that kicks in about the time a fellow goes through puberty. Drs. Julianne Imperato-McGinley and Ralph Peterson have been studying an unusual postpuberty population in the Dominican Republic.

All the individuals they studied had experienced a rare disorder known as pseudohermaphroditism. They had been born with what appeared to be the genitalia of girls but developed into young men at puberty.

Of the 18 studied, 16 had changed their gender identity and sex role to male with the onset of puberty. Deserting their female rearing, they took on male mannerisms, attitudes and sexual tendencies. The researchers said that the change in behavior had not come about through urging from peers or family; in fact, peers and family had encouraged some to maintain their female identity.

The researchers believe that a certain amount of sexual-behavior imprinting by testosterone occurs in the womb. Sometimes, an enzyme deficiency interferes with development of the genitalia and the anomaly described above is produced. During puberty, when large amounts of testosterone are present, the male genitalia develop.

Drs. Imperato-McGinley and Peterson, with Berkeley biochemist Dr. Cedric Shackleton, have devised a method of detecting whether or not an infant with ostensibly female genitalia has been imprinted in the womb as a male. It detects certain steroids that are produced by enzymes during the womb's masculinizing process, thereby making it possible to raise a pseudohermaphrodite male as a boy from infancy. After all, puberty is a rough enough time.

HANDY CAP

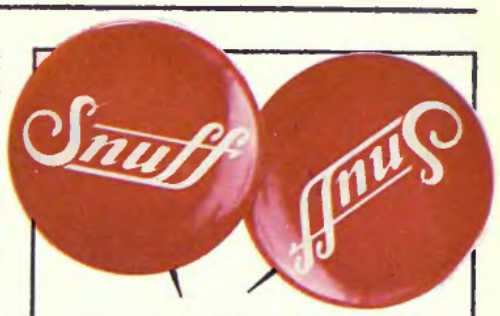
A very promising new birth-control device for women is the result of a lunchtime conversation. Gynecologist Uwe Freese complained to dentist Robert Goepp that there just wasn't a well-fitting cervical cap on the market. Dr. Goepp suggested using denture-fitting techniques for a snug-fitting contraceptive and—*voilà!*—another tax-deductible meal. The lunch led to the incorporation of Contracap, a Schaumburg, Illinois, firm that makes the device of the same name. Here's how it works:

Like other cervical caps and diaphragms, the Contracap prevents sperm from entering the uterus, but it differs dramatically from other caps for two reasons. It is custom-fitted, creating a better seal against sperm, and it has a one-way valve that allows uterine fluids, including menstrual flow, to pass through it without letting in sperm. Therefore, it can be worn continuously for up to a year.

The initial step in obtaining a Contracap is to have a mold of the cervix taken by a doctor. The device is manufactured to the exact specifications of the mold. The resultant close fit makes it possible for the wearer to forget that the cap is even there.

The manufacturers hope to obtain FDA approval to market Contracap in the U.S. by 1984. During early testing, some pregnancies occurred because of cap dislodgments, but the company has made design changes that promise to make the cap dislodgment-proof. In order to obtain FDA approval, Contracap will have to document the device's rate of safety and effectiveness, which may compete with the I.U.D. and the pill. This could be the biggest news in birth control *since* the pill.

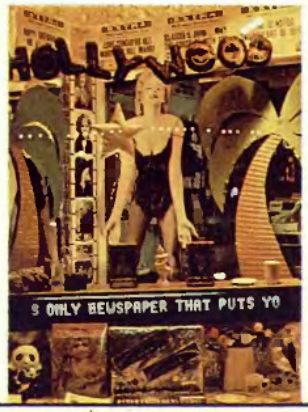
This engaging advertisement recently appeared in Los Angeles papers, luring adventurers to an evening of what producer Suzann Schott calls Rhythm & Booze & Sex. Schott invented this ultimate happy hour that enterprisingly mates stripping and booze with rock 'n' roll. Funky as the show is, the strippers don't interact with the band. Guess that's what groupies are for.



SEXUAL-REVOLUTION SURVIVOR TIP NUMBER 437: A reader has sent in the button shown above. Worn properly (left), it plugs Snuff, a new Elektra/Asylum rock band. But inverted (right), he warns, the message becomes an invitation to kinky sex.

GARRICK MADISON

Frequent *Sex News* photography contributor Ace Burgess' beat involves him in some of the Damon Runyonesque experiences of our culture. Now he's decided to share some of them with us in a new postcard line. The cards—three of them shown below—are $1 apiece or $8 per assorted dozen from Ace's Angels, 6715 Delongpre Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90028.



ONE CAR YOU CAN BUY WHERE YOUR EMOTIONS AREN'T COMPROMISED BY YOUR INTELLECT.

When you spend $10,000 to $20,000 for an automobile, you shouldn't feel like you've had to compromise.

Naturally, a car must satisfy all your practical needs, but there are other considerations.

Take the 1983 Saab APC Turbo. Intellectually, you'll be impressed with the logic of its front-wheel drive, its four-wheel disc brakes, its active and passive safety features, not to mention its 53 cubic feet of luggage space.

As for the more visceral pleasures, the first time you feel the APC turbocharger kick in, you'll realize that, for once, the car you need can also be the car you want. *Saabs range in price from $10,750 for the 900 3-door 5-speed to $16,910 for the 900 4-door 5-speed APC Turbo. Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.*

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PLAYBOY'S GALA 29TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

E. L. DOCTOROW RE-EXAMINES THE BOOK THAT SCARED THE PANTS OFF US IN 1950 TO SEE HOW CLOSE **GEORGE ORWELL** CAME TO AN ACCURATE FORECAST OF THE FUTURE—**"APPROACHING 1984"**

STEPHEN KING WEAVES A SUPERNATURAL STORY ABOUT A CONTEMPORARY GENIE OUT OF THE BOTTLE—**"THE WORD PROCESSOR"**

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER SPINS A YARN ABOUT A YOUNG WRITER'S ATTEMPT TO EDIT A MANUSCRIPT FOR AN OLDER POLISH JEW IN **"WHY HEISHERIK WAS BORN"**

GEORGE HURRELL, ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST CELEBRATED GLAMOR PHOTOGRAPHERS, REMINISCES ABOUT SOME OF HIS FAVORITE SUBJECTS AND TAKES ON AN ENVIABLE NEW ASSIGNMENT—*PLAYBOY*'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, **SHANNON TWEED**

DAN GREENBURG AND **SUZANNE O'MALLEY** COME TO GRIPS WITH A PROBLEM THAT HAS PERSISTED THROUGH THE MILLENNIA: **"HOW TO SURVIVE THE HOLIDAYS WITH YOUR PARENTS"**

G. GORDON LIDDY, OF ALL PEOPLE, TURNS OUT TO HAVE A TERRIFIC SENSE OF HUMOR—WHICH HE SHARES WITH US IN **"TEN THINGS THAT MAKE ME LAUGH"**

DUDLEY MOORE TALKS ABOUT HIS LONG-PLAYING CAREER, HIS FAVORITE MOVIE ROLES AND THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN HIS LIFE IN A FREE-WHEELING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

THOMAS MC GUANE INTRODUCES US TO A MAN AT THE END OF HIS TETHER IN **"LIKE A LEAF"**

PETER KAPLAN LIMNS A PORTRAIT OF THE HOTTEST NEW COMIC ON THE SHOWBIZ SCENE, *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*'S **EDDIE MURPHY**

GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ DRAWS US INTO A SURREALISTIC TALE WITH **"THE TRAIL OF YOUR BLOOD ON THE SNOW"**

DAVID STANDISH AND **JERRY SULLIVAN** TAKE US ON A TRIP TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF **"FREDERICK'S OF THE YUKON"**

PLUS: **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; **CHARLES MARTIGNETTE'S** PORTFOLIO OF EROTIC ART; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY** DIPS HER TOE (AND THE REST OF HER) INTO A HOT TUB; RESULTS OF THE **PLAYBOY QUESTIONNAIRE**; **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**; **"THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"**; **"DESIGNERS' CHOICE,"** BY **DAVID PLATT**; AND MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **ROBERT MITCHUM, JIMMY CONNORS, SISSY SPACEK** AND **GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF **"THE GIRLS OF ASPEN," "THE GIRLS OF SPAIN"** AND, FROM THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF 007, **"THE BOND BEAUTIES"**; **HODDING CARTER III** ASSESSES THE EFFECTS OF **REAGANISM**; **ROY BLOUNT JR.** PONDERS THE VAGARIES OF SALARIES AND DECIDES **"THE PRICE AIN'T RIGHT"**; **LAURENCE GONZALES** AND **ROBERT KUPPERMAN** OFFER A CHILLING LOOK AT **"THE TERRORIST THREAT AGAINST AMERICA"**; **ANSON MOUNT** PASSES **"20 QUESTIONS"** TO **HERSCHEL WALKER**; **ANDREW TOBIAS** SHARES HIS FINANCIAL EXPERTISE IN HIS COLUMN **"QUARTERLY REPORTS"**; **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., D. KEITH MANO, LEONARD MICHAELS** AND **LARRY L. KING**, IN THEIR SEVERAL WAYS, DEFINE **"STYLE"**; **NORMAN MAILER** TAKES US TO EGYPT IN THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS IN TWO EXCERPTS FROM HIS NEW NOVEL, **"ANCIENT EVENINGS"**; AND WE BRING YOU FICTIONAL OFFERINGS FROM **AMIRI BARAKA, DONALD E. WESTLAKE** AND **ROBERT SILVERBERG.**

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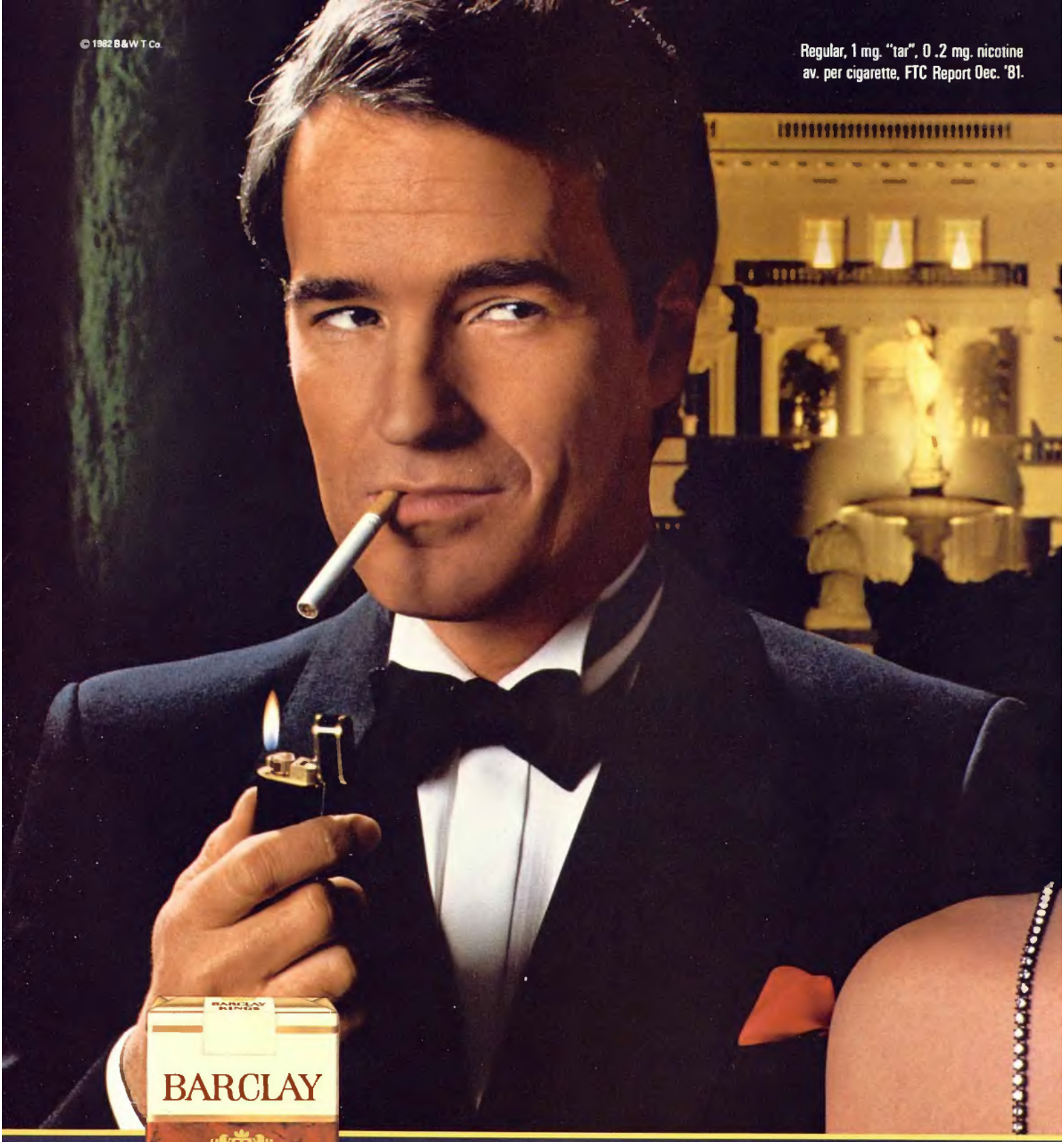

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