PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1982 • $2.50

Playmate of the Year

FOR A LONGER LOOK AT SHANNON TWEED,
OPEN THIS GATEFOLD COVER,
THEN TURN TO HER FABULOUS PICTORIAL INSIDE

A KNOCKOUT INTERVIEW WITH SUGAR RAY LEONARD

"HOLY TERROR" HOW FANATICS USE THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION TO CONTROL VOTES—AND MINDS

MAN AND WOMAN WHY SEX FEELS THE WAY IT DOES

SHAME OF HOLLYWOOD! HOPE OF A NATION! PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE "GOOD PARTS" IN THOSE KISS-'N'-TELL CELEBRITY BIOS

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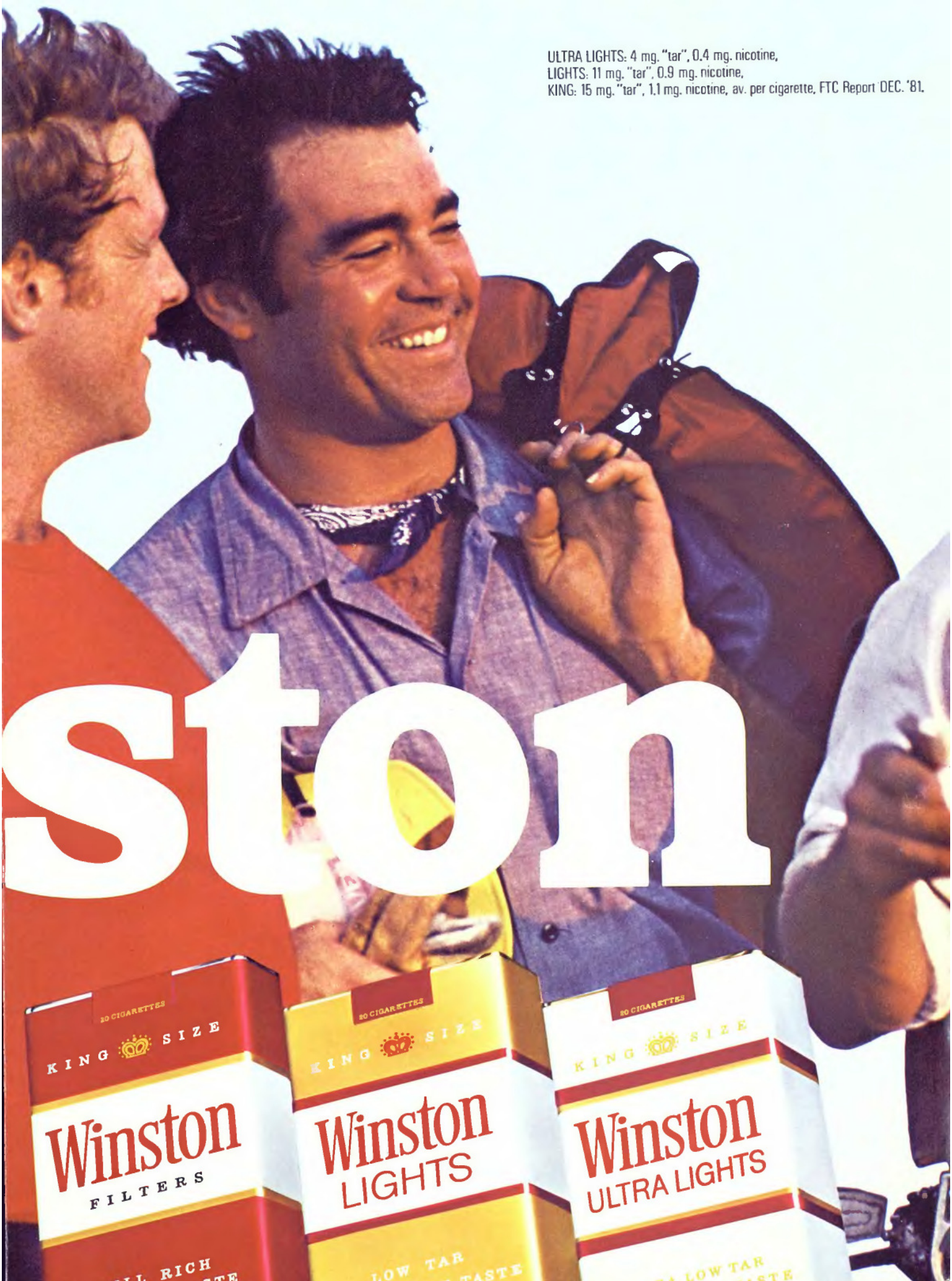

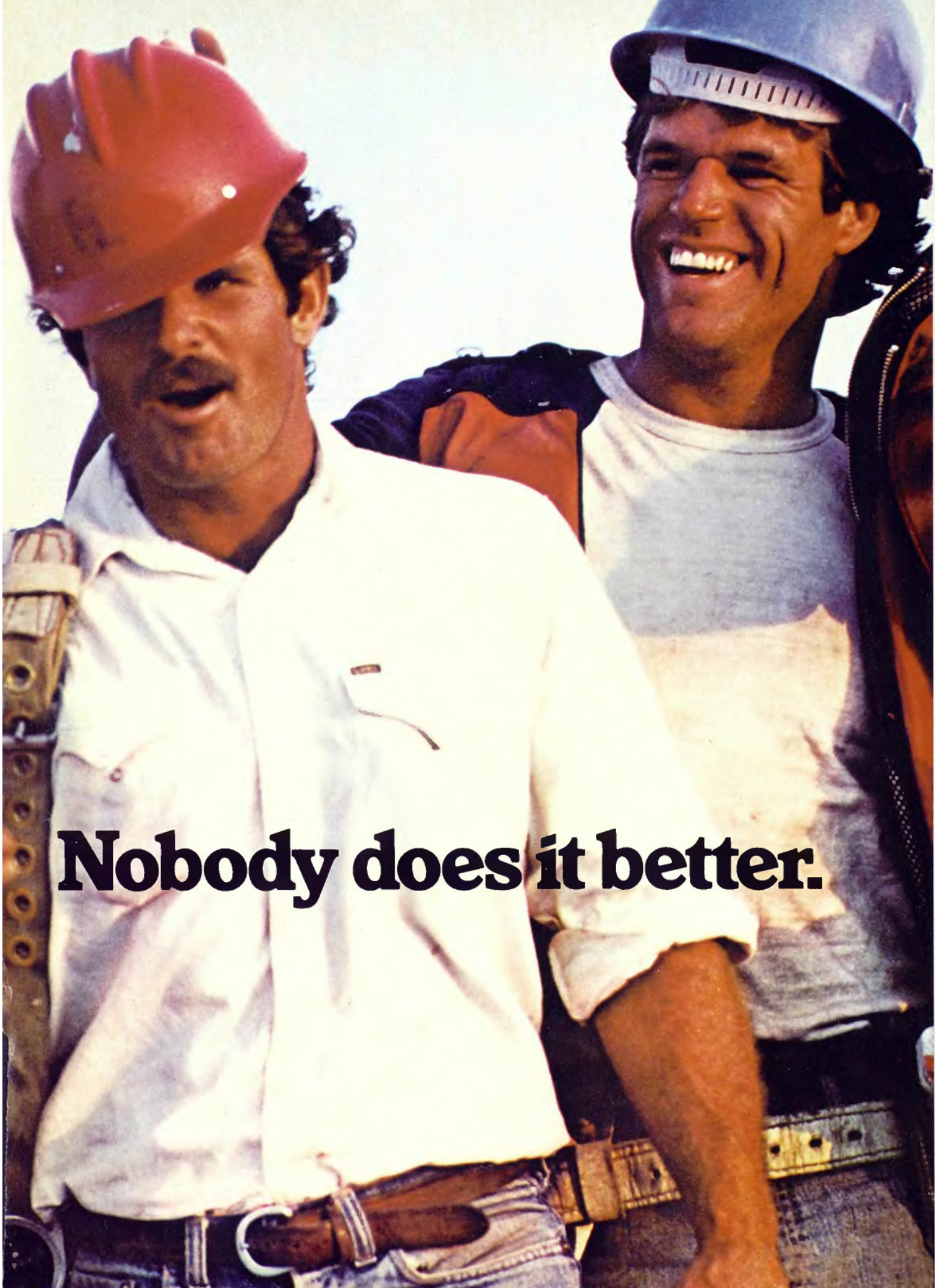
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PLAYBILL

THE WORD OF GOD is being heard over the land, but just who's doing the talking and what does it mean? **Flo Conway** and **Jim Siegelman** traveled 10,000 miles, crisscrossing America, researching what they call Holy Terror—the use of religion to intimidate and manipulate for social and political ends. Their article is called *Holy Terror* and is excerpted from their thorough new Doubleday book of the same name.

To hear her tell it, Playmate of the Year **Shannon Tweed** is living a charmed life. She is delighted, of course, to have been chosen and graciously accepts our $100,000 check and a $45,000 Porsche—a break with our tradition of an avalanche of gifts. Your reward is 14 pages of spectacular views of Shannon (shown here with West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**).

In this month's installment of our *Man and Woman* series, authors **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** focus on *The Main Event*: analyzing how we experience sex itself and why. On a lighter side of the same issue, **Shirley Sealy**'s *The Celebrity Sex Register* (an adaptation of the book to be published by Simon & Schuster) tells us which celebrities slept together.

Of course, the entertainment industry does get down to business every once in a while, and one of its most successful executives is **Brandon Tartikoff**, who, as president of NBC Entertainment, is one of the youngest honchos calling the shots on TV. **Sam Merrill** shared Tartikoff's breakneck pace and came back with this month's *20 Questions*. Another risk taker, **Dan Aykroyd**, is profiled by **Carol Caldwell** in *The Aykroyd Chronicle*. We learn—among other things—about this wild man's love of uniforms and props. **Ed Paschke** did the Conehead illustration for the piece.

We confess to having a glass jaw for hard-hitting stories such as **Sugar Ray Leonard**'s domination of welterweight boxing. **Lawrence Linderman** went a few rounds with the soft-spoken champ in our June *Playboy Interview*. We are also suckers for excessive behavior, the kind exhibited by the participants in the Western States Endurance Run, in which marathoners run 100 miles! Writer **Lee Green** trained for six weeks and logged at least 15 miles scurrying after the runners with recorder in hand to produce *The Masochists' Marathon*.

Speaking of destruction, does the U. S. need an armed conflict to pull itself out of its current economic woes? Well, maybe it's beginning to *think* it does. Contributing Editor **Asa Baber** argues the issue in *Take This War and Shove It*.

Among the fiction this month is *To the Letter, Harry*, by **James McClure** (illustrated by **Will Northerner**), in which the San Diego Police Department is made to look stupid when it can't solve two similar murders with obvious clues. In *Lee and Me at the Open* (illustrated by **John Craig**), our in-house jock, Assistant Editor **Kevin Cook**, tells the story of an inventor whose computerized golf ball can be programmed to play any course—until he meets up with Mr. Trevino.

Just in time for summer, the auto industry has rediscovered convertibles. In *Return of the Ragtop*, **Gary Witzenburg** assesses the new models; **Richard Izui**'s photographs let you drool over some of them. Continue your shopping spree with the wonderments in *Playboy's Gifts for Dads & Grads* (don't forget a gift subscription to PLAYBOY).

The Japanese, no slouches in making wonderments themselves, are masters at retooling Western notions to suit their own tastes: beers, wines and liquors, for example. **Emanuel Greenberg**, in *The Japanese Connection*, brings us up to date on what the rising sons are brewing and distilling.

And let's not forget the ladies: Playmate **Lourdes Estores**, a Hawaiian bird of paradise, and ex–disco singer **Flower**, a familiar voice abroad on her way to assembling a pop audience in the U. S. Here's looking at you, kids.

CONWAY, SIEGELMAN

DESIMONE, DURDEN-SMITH

SEALY

MERRILL

CALDWELL

PASCHKE

LINDERMAN

GREEN

BABER

MCCLURE

NORTHERNER

COOK

CRAIG

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IZUI

GREENBERG

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COVER STORY

It's a special month when we have a coverfold as well as a centerfold, but Shannon Tweed is a rare Playmate of the Year; she merits the extended welcome. Shannon, who is almost six feet tall, was inclined to recline for her cover shot, so Executive Art Director Tom Staebler suggested a two-pager to photographer David Goldner—that way, Shannon gets double coverage. For some uncoverage of Shannon, make your way to page 174.

HOLY TERROR—article . . . . . FLO CONWAY and JIM SIEGELMAN **126**
Fundamentalist sects are using a spider's web of cult psychology to draw more and more converts into their clutches.

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Our smoldering lady of the volcanic isles represents the Hawaiian ideal.

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By careful concatenation of all the kissers and tellers in Hollywood's mummery bank, the author constructs a daisy chain of just who planted whom.

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THE MASOCHISTS' MARATHON—sports . . . . . LEE GREEN **160**
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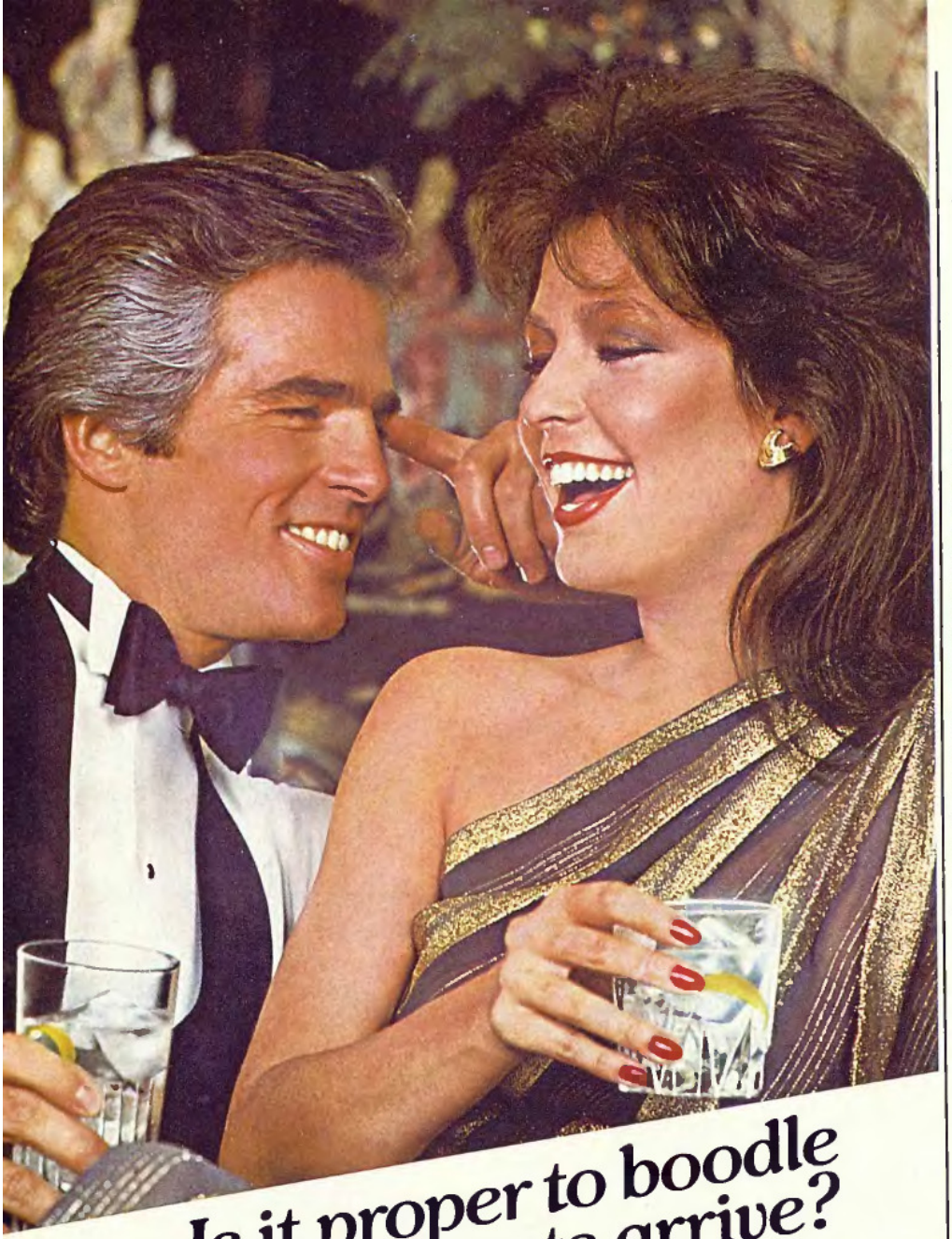

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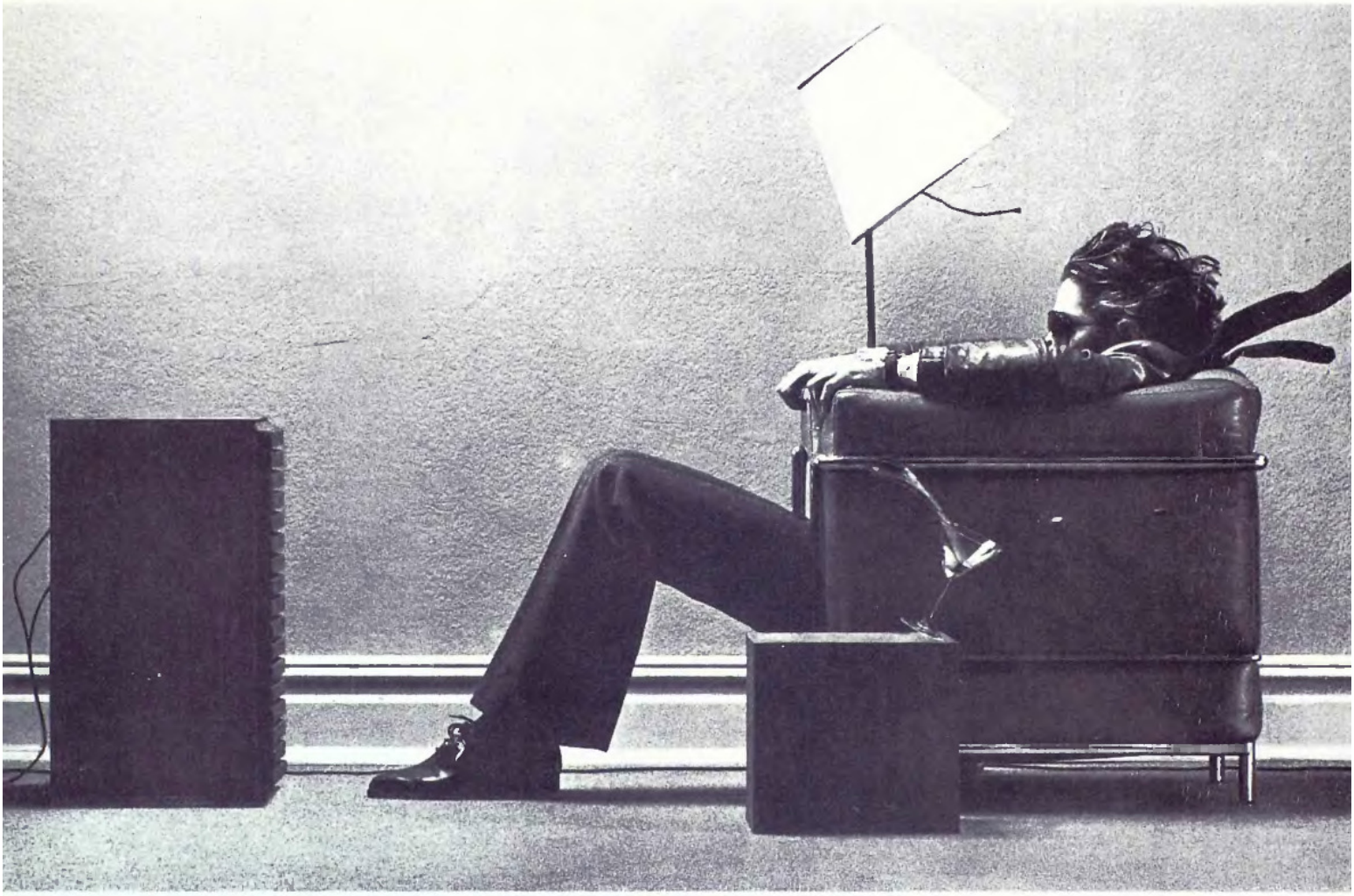

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

THE WORLD'S FAIREST

Among the primary civic boosters of the 1982 World's Fair, which opened in Knoxville May first, is June 1978 Playmate Gail Stanton, shown above in front of the fair's Sunsphere. A native of Tennessee, Gail is on the fair's promotion staff.

REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE

Who needs a telephone? Novelist James Baldwin lands a friendly hand upside the face of writer/cartoonist/playwright Jules Feiffer at Playboy's Writers Awards bash at Elaine's in New York City. Our editors voted Baldwin best nonfiction contributor for *Atlanta: The Evidence of Things Not Seen.*

PLAYBOY JAZZ BOWL IV

At Mansion West (below), Hugh Hefner, producer George Wein and trumpeter Wild Bill Davison, with Bunnies Jeannie, Eileen and Stephanie, announce the line-up for this year's Playboy Jazz Festival, set for June 19–20 at the Hollywood Bowl and to be video-taped for later showing on The Playboy Channel.

PLAYMATE UPDATE: LESLIE SHOWS HORSE SENSE

Former Bunny and January 1969 Playmate Leslie Bianchini (below) has started a modeling career and has become vice-president of a corporation that owns several stores and eateries. Above, she saddles up at her Santa Rosa, California, ranch, where she breeds and trains Arabian horses for show.

With The Playboy Channel (see logo above) comes the first video Playmate—Shannon Tweed, our current Playmate of the Year. She's shown onscreen, below, with Peter Tomarken. The duo regularly co-hosts the channel's newsy *On the Scene* segment.

THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL DEBUTS NATIONWIDE

We haven't figured out yet how you're supposed to turn the pages, but epparently that's no problem for video executives Ann Shanks, Bob Shenks and Hugh Hefner, shown here during the planning stages of The Pleyboy Chennel. Our magazine-style ceble offering hes since been launched to wide acclaim and has found an eager audience in many major pay-TV markets. The channel roughly follows the format of your favorite magazine, complete with *The Playboy Advisor*, *Interview*, Playmate, *Ribald Classic* and other feetures in the rich ebundence that is generally associated with our name.

DIVER DON PICKS UP HIS CHIPS

Don Whitmer of Columbus, Ohio, and LaVant Carey of the Playboy Casino in Nassau shake hands over part of Don's Playboy Clubs Treasure and Pleasure Sweepstakes Grand Prize: a $25,000 treasure of Playboy Casino chips. Whitmer also won a two-week vacation for four in the Bahamas.

EX-BUNNY IN PHOTO FLASH

That's former Chicago Bunny Michele Fitzsimmons, above, with photos from an exhibit in which she appears nude against such Chicago cityscapes as an Illinois Central Gulf Reilroed pedestrian tunnel (below). It was Fitzsimmons' idea, Diane Schmidt's photos.

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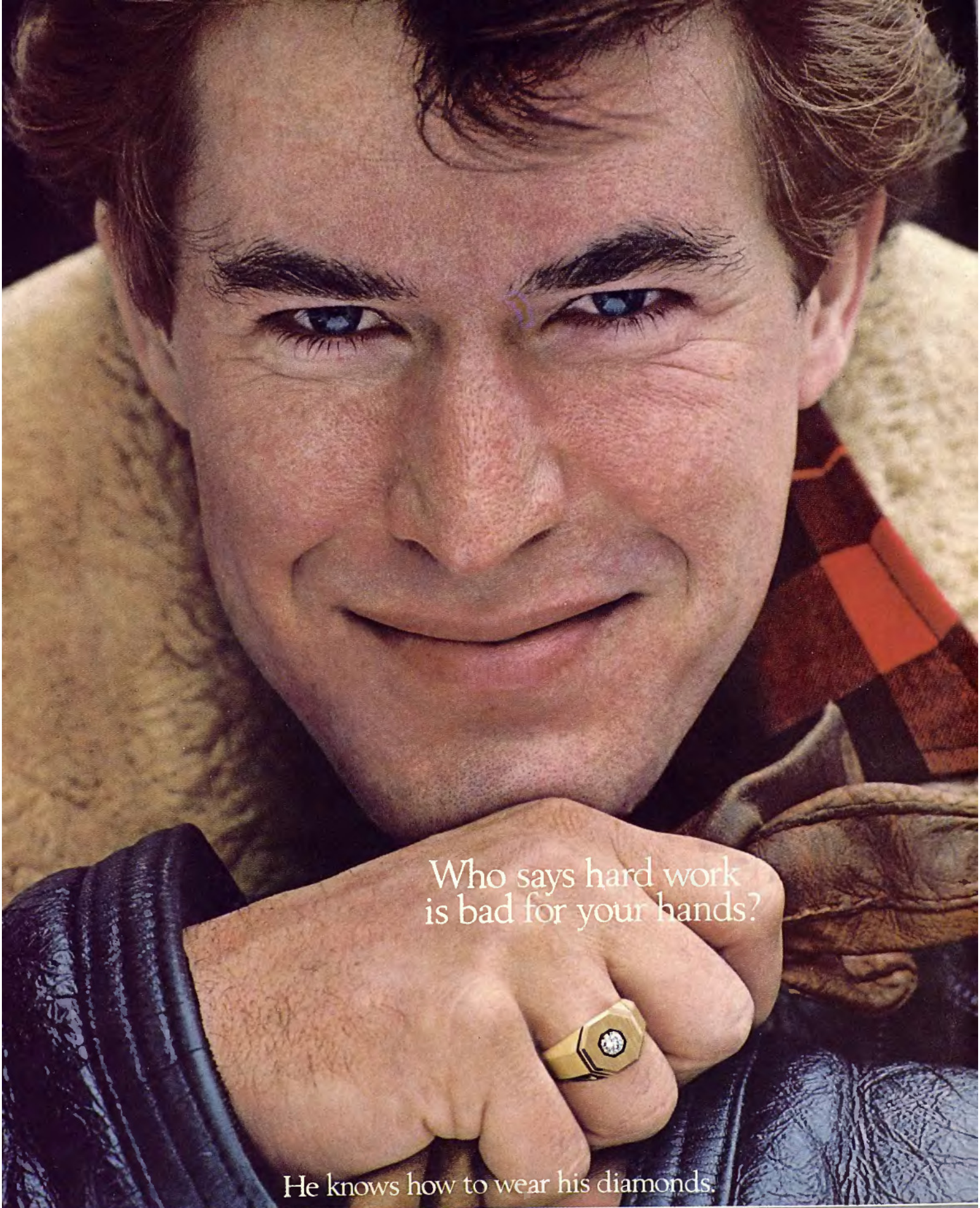

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TELLING SECRETS

One might think Patricia Hearst (*Playboy Interview*, March) would have seen at least some legitimacy in the ideology of the S.L.A., if not in its methods. But she is still the far-right bourgeois girl she was prior to her kidnaping. The form has changed, but the content remains the same. Patty should go ahead and take over the Hearst empire. She's a whole lot more likely to cure societal ills as a corporate magnate than as a reluctant revolutionary.

Lee Polack
Monclova, Ohio

In Patty Hearst's every response to Lawrence Grobel, I come face to face with myself. In contrasting my deep identification with Patty with what I feel toward such truly revolutionary heroes as Dietrich Bonhoeffer and the Berrigan brothers, I have found fear. Perhaps, along with Patty, I can overcome that fear. Although I have denounced your magazine many times, I am often struck by the humanity in the *Playboy Interview*. This one could not go unheeded.

Susan Plowden Jones
Birmingham, Alabama

Patricia Hearst is a demanding, selfish, angry little girl who never grew up. Some people *like* being controlled—it gives them an opportunity to bitch later.

William R. Lee
Richmond, Indiana

Having just read the interview with Patricia Hearst, I have to add my two cents' worth. What makes Lawrence Grobel think he is James Browning resurrected? His interview is another interrogation that Patty was forced to sit through just to get her story told. I can't understand why she didn't just smack him in the nose. I was looking forward to an insightful interview, not a rehash of the trial transcript. The woman has suffered more than we'll ever understand. How about a little compassion for her?

Mark Stulberger
New York, New York

Patty Hearst is someone who happened to be in the wrong place at the right time. It is unfortunate that those to whom she owes her notoriety are not around to share the limelight. It is also unfortunate that the needs of the public are such that exploitation flourishes so easily and to such a degree.

Richard Jester
Saginaw, Michigan

ON THE BALL

Roy Blount Jr.'s treatise on *The Family Jewels* (PLAYBOY, March) is a testament to the tenacity of the testicle. Balls have long been hanging around, helping mankind, especially during hard times. They should be elevated to their rightful place.

Jim Mitchell
Joliet, Illinois

The Family Jewels fails to mention one expression used mainly by Air Force fighter jocks (such as myself): "Balls to the wall." The reference is to the knobs atop an aircraft's throttles when they are pushed against the fire wall—for maximum thrust.

Chris Singalewitch
Mountain Home AFB, Idaho

The Family Jewels is amusing, informative and provocative. Blount's essay holds special interest for me, since I was born with, and still carry, three testicles. I have never experienced any adverse effects from being "triple blessed." Quite the contrary—ladies I have bedded down with over the years have invariably been

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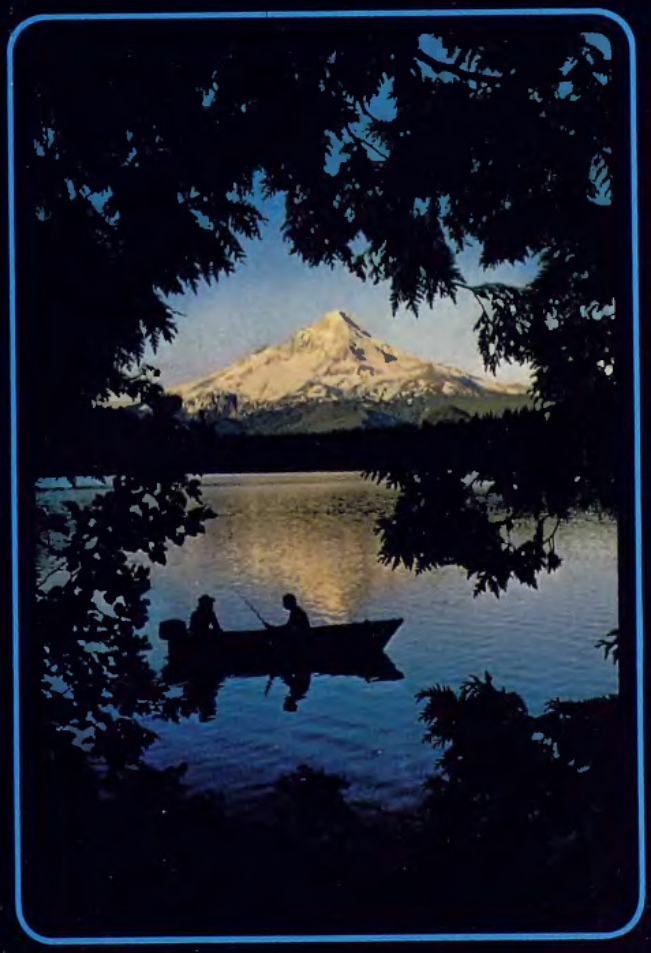

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fascinated and captivated. One young lady was so entranced, she dubbed me The Pawnbroker.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Regarding *The Family Jewels*: I think Blount misses one important point. Any physiologist can tell you that the reason the testicles are outside the body is that viable sperm cannot tolerate the normal deep-body temperature (37 degrees Celsius).

W. Marvin Davis, Ph.D.
Professor of Physiology
University of Mississippi
University, Mississippi

BALLISTIC MISSIVE

The Trouble with Guns, by William J. Helmer (PLAYBOY, March), is the most sensible piece I have read on that subject in many years. It is a pity that so many of the truly important topics (those involving the lives and safety of our citizens) cannot be discussed without the propaganda, lies and distortions we see proffered by both sides in the debate over the banning of handguns. Despite the complexity of this issue, the argument over gun control has been reduced to two major viewpoints. The antigun fanatics see the gun as the problem—take it away and you stop violence; the progun fanatics see the gun as the solution—give everyone one to protect his home and crime will disappear. Regardless of whether or not either of these viewpoints has any merit, one thing is certain: The banning of handguns will not take them out of the hands of the lawless and will create a new source of black-market income for both organized and disorganized crime. The resultant policing headaches would easily rival the current drug-enforcement fiasco and would make criminals out of the millions who refused to surrender their weapons. Simply taking the gun out of the hand of the angry young man in the street does not make him any less angry. That also applies to jealous lovers, psychopaths and bored children. Violent crime stems from social, economic and human considerations, and it is those root causes that must be addressed.

James Christopher Kirk
Washington, D.C.

That's easy to say when you carry a phaser. Actually, this James Kirk is not the captain of the Enterprise, and we shouldn't make light of his name. For a closer look at the shoot-out over Helmer's piece, beam over to this month's "Playboy Forum."

TURBO CARRERA

Barbara Carrera (PLAYBOY, March) is Nicaragua's finest export!

R. S. MacDonald
Isla Vista, California

Marco Glaviano's photographs of the supercharged Barbara Carrera in *Aye, Barbara* are beyond compare. With that lady around, here's a gentleman who will *never* prefer blondes.

Chris Rhoades
Danville, Illinois

I've got to congratulate you on your fantastic March cover with Barbara Carrera. That tawny beauty, exquisitely proportioned . . . a classic! Yes, sirree, there's nothing like a Burberry trench coat. And Barbara is pretty amazing, too.

Greg Johnson
Williamsburg, Virginia

Barbara Carrera is phenomenal. *Webster's* hasn't the words to describe her, nor have I, but you have uncovered absolute perfection in Barbara. Encore!

Flip Arns
Lake Buena Vista, Florida

Barbara sends thanks for your kind thoughts, gentlemen. Even with her

looks and her accelerating career, the lady is unaffected. Maybe it's because she does exercises (above) to keep her head from swelling.

GILLETTE RAISERS

We've had all we can stand and can't take it anymore! We have just finished Craig Vetter's *Boom Dreams* (PLAYBOY, March), which is set in Gillette, Wyoming. His article consists of bias and misinformation. He "streaked" through Gillette like a horse with blinders on, seeing only what he chose to see. This is not a barren and desolate place; beauty is in the eye of the beholder. The residents of Gillette are the true pioneers of this age. We are not smothered by the bureaucracy and the businesses that so petrify urban areas. We are not ensnared in a complicated stairway to success. Our dreams are not those of any board of directors. True, we don't have prestigious cathedrals and landmarks. But we have energy, tangible and intangible. The energy of our youth and of our region will make a better tomorrow.

Kathleen A. Millette
Gloria Bentley
Gillette, Wyoming

Boom Dreams reminds me of my own introduction to Gillette, Wyoming, in 1974. I pulled into town with a set of piggybacked trucks destined for the oil fields. Just after sunset, I started the four-block walk to catch my bus home. After buying my ticket, I walked across the street to the Stockmen's Bar to wash down the dust. I turned to the roughneck next to me at the bar and made a comment about the barmaid: "Boy—wouldn't mind getting next to that." His reply came with a scowl: "Listen, fella, there's ten guys for every gal in this town, and we don't like any outside competition!" With that, I shut my mouth, drank my beer and went to catch my bus back to civilization.

S. Kilgore
Denver, Colorado

SAMURAI SLIP, LOWE SCORES

In reference to the cartoon depicting two samurai playing Asteroids (PLAYBOY, March, page 185), we would like to make the following observations: The frustrated look on the right-hand player's face is probably due to the fact that he is holding his controller wrong. Please inform him that he would be more successful if he held the controller with the firing button at the upper *left*. As avid players, we don't like to see anyone at an unfair disadvantage. Speaking of unfair disadvantages, we feel that the quality of competition could be vastly improved by supplying the second player's joy stick with a firing button. Finally, we would like to add that we are dismayed to find this "rigged" Asteroids contest in the same issue as Walter Lowe, Jr.'s excellent article on video games (*How to Survive in the Video-Game Jungle*).

Jordan M. Corn
David G. Wonnacott
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

I recently received a long-distance phone call from my son, Jordan, a sophomore at Princeton University. His first words were, "Turn to page 185 in the March issue of PLAYBOY." Intrigued, I took the magazine to the phone and learned that his interest was directed at a cartoon illustrating two samurai playing a video game. He proceeded to tell me that he had written to you about it. I am concerned. Why did my son make no mention of your more-to-the-point photographic displays? He is certainly a living example of a man who reads

PLAYBOY not for its photographs but for its other high-quality material. Tell me, is this behavior normal?

Ronald M. Corn
Denville, New Jersey

Since "Dear Playboy" is no place for Corny dialog, we'll simply inform Corn père that his son's letter, which we had to abridge for space considerations, also comments on Playmate Karen Witter's control panel.

How to Survive in the Video-Game Jungle is a super article. The second I finished it, I grabbed a fistful of quarters, ripped the Pac-Man pattern out of the magazine and bolted for the nearest arcade. After claiming a machine and getting ready for the kill, I realized that the pattern leaves the two energy dots on the right side "uneaten." Please help; I'm running out of quarters.

Brian Kathenes
Milltown, New Jersey

Lowe tells us you do, indeed, have to free-style the last two Pac-Man energizers. Gobble your way over to eat the lower-right-hand one. The ghosts will run the other way, leaving you free to clear the upper-right-hand dot.

EMERY ABOARD

Confusion on the high seas! That sailor with Playmate Karen Witter on page 123 of the March PLAYBOY *is not a girl, Teresa Bill, but a guy, Chris Emery. We hope our error didn't cause inconvenience for either of them.*

HAWAIIAN EYED

Ahoy! We plebes at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy would like to extend our appreciation for your beautiful sailor, Miss March. Karen Witter is going to help us make it through our difficult plebe year with the hope of meeting such women on the high seas. Any Kings Pointer would be happy to pilot her craft any time. Please allow us one more look at Karen before she sets sail.

Second Company, Murphy Hall
U.S. Merchant Marine Academy
Kings Point, New York

It is now more than a week since my roommates and I received your March issue featuring Playmate Karen Witter, and we're still ogling in amazement. We would like both PLAYBOY and Karen to know that she hangs in glory in virtually every room in our dorm. We'd be forever grateful for another shot of our most beloved sailor girl.

The Boys in Company C
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Your March issue has captivated our office. Is it only wishful thinking that Karen might be one of *the* Witter family? If so, please have her stop by our office for an appointment. Furthermore, for the 15 admiring guys in the office, you've got to publish one more picture.

Michael G. Grimes
Dean Witter Reynolds, Inc.
Clayton, Missouri

Gee—looks like we just heard from Dean Witter. We're glad you all enjoyed

our portfolio on Karen. We've granted your request in hopes of avoiding a ticker-tape tirade.

GET OFF MY CASE

I enjoyed Andrew Tobias' March PLAYBOY article *(Three Horribly Unfair Jokes You Can Tell About Lawyers)*. It would be even funnier if it weren't so damn true. Attorneys are strangling due process, disrupting the tranquillity of the nation and nitpicking our system to pieces.

Robert Radovich
Lincoln, California

You wasted two pages of an otherwise fine magazine to give Andrew Tobias a forum to slander the legal profession. His ignorance on the subject is appalling. Based on more than ten years' experience in big cities and small communities, I am convinced that more than 99 percent of the attorneys in this country work long and hard to serve their clients. For Tobias to criticize the entire profession based on his paltry examples is equivalent to saying that all physicians are crooks because some defraud the Medicare system. The Tobias article, publicizing stories about ambulance chasers and crooked attorneys, undoes much of the good service done by attorneys.

Michael L. Bauchan, J.D., B.E.E.
Licenses-Patent Attorney
Houghton Lake, Michigan

Did you hear about the lawyer who couldn't take a joke? He lost his appeal.

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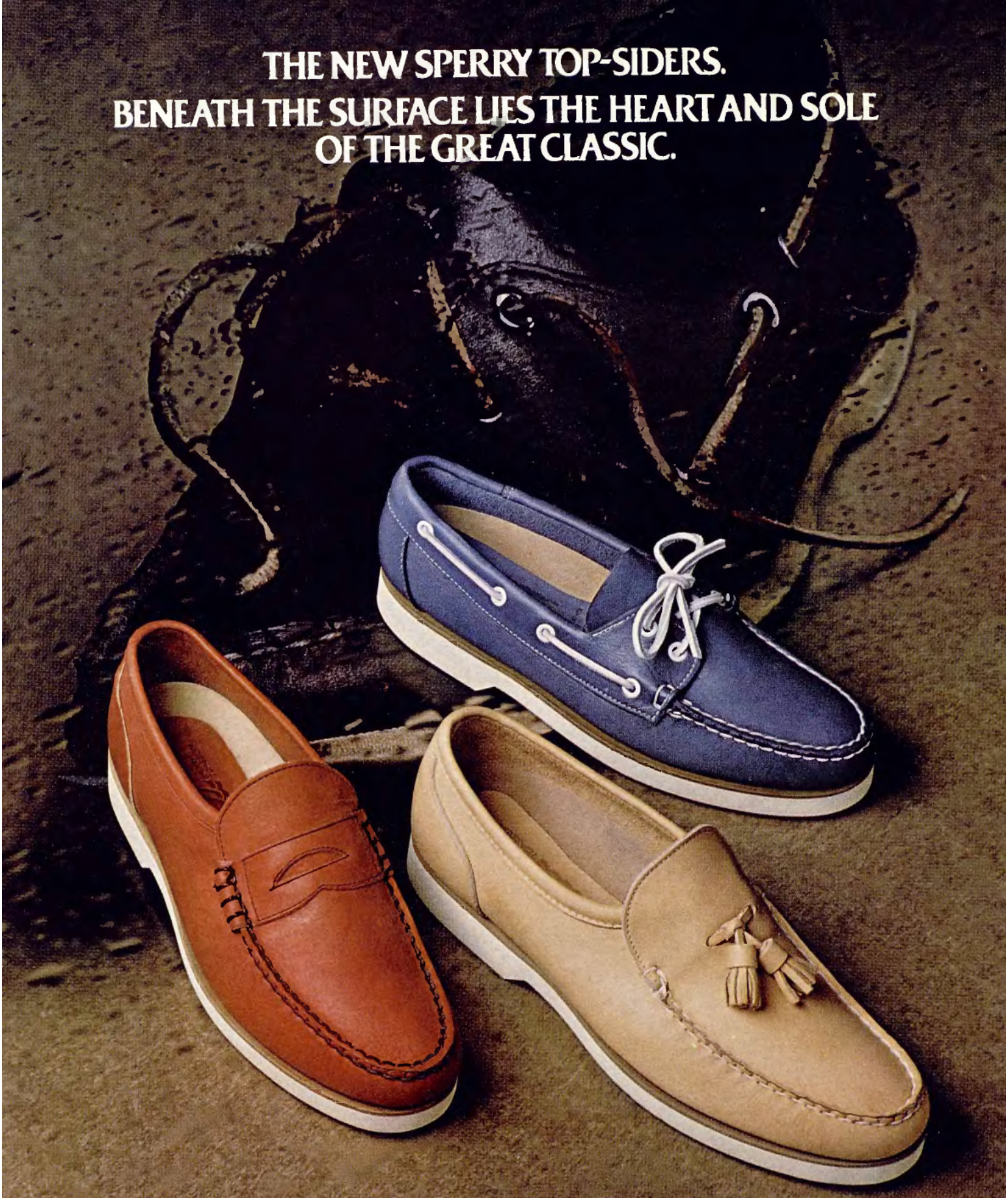

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TAKE THIS WAR AND SHOVE IT

By ASA BABER

SCHOLARS in the Middle Ages had extended arguments about how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. The count went up into the thousands, but you have to wonder whether such debate explained very much about life and death. In much the same manner, I suppose we will hear a great deal of talk about the nature and extent of our next splendid little war, wherever it is. Some will compare it to Vietnam, some will bridle at the suggestion. It doesn't matter.

Let the scholars and commentators and politicians—none of whom will be doing the actual fighting—wrestle in the garden of historical analogy. Let them quibble while the war is orchestrated. They can talk while advisors are committed and an incident occurs and honor is at stake and we go to war. (Not declared war, of course; we haven't *declared* war in more than 40 years, though we've had a few hundred thousand combat casualties since then.) We'll be somewhere in force with a Marine battalion landing team, either shortly before or shortly after the next Presidential election. The hairsplitting we then engage in here at home as to what we call the event (Police action? Incursion? Aggressive defense?) and what analogy fits (Korea? Vietnam? The Mexican War? The Battle of Hastings?) will mean very little to our men who fight and die.

All of this will probably happen in El Salvador. Our policy there is sterile and deadly. Robert White, former U. S. Ambassador to El Salvador, writes: "The Reagan Administration's whitewash of the brutal and corrupt Salvadoran military machine transcends the importance of El Salvador. It awakens the specter of past administrations that chose to justify unpopular policies by concealing the facts from the American people. . . . The Reagan Administration has given a blank check to the military, cast aside human rights, emasculated reforms . . . rejected negotiations." So El Salvador seems the next likely killing ground; but you ought to understand that we have advisors in a lot of places; the ante can be upped elsewhere. There's a North America and a South America, and the twain are about to meet in a splendid little war.

Just for a moment, let's consider the advantages of such a war. Citizens, common and ordinary, are not supposed to think clearly about the origins of war, but what the hell; let's cheat a little and talk about the subject without any sentiment or flag waving or wistfulness.

Are there any advantages? You bet your haversack there are. Splendid little wars (A) allow taxes to be raised for patriotic reasons; (B) increase the defense budget without too many arguments; (C) silence dissent and allow the Government to challenge freedom of assembly; (D) give power to incumbents because people do not like to change leaders midwar; (E) cut unemployment; (F) boost certain businesses; (G) channel the young men of the underclass into the military and off the streets; (H) serve as a laboratory for the Armed Forces as they try out new weapons and strategies on people; (I) focus a worried populace on one issue rather than on several discomfiting issues—such as equal rights and economic injustice; (J) can even get the Fed under control; (K) add to research-and-development budgets; (L) fuel commodities-price action; (M) establish an efficient system of conscription; (N) fulfill a simplistic, conspiratorial view of history that says it is Communists who are evil and who must be met and destroyed; (O) preserve unjust economic structures in the territory under siege; and (P) build up military juntas throughout the region. Given world enough and time, we could have a full alphabet soup of advantages. As a matter of fact, the arguments are so numerous and logical that it's a wonder we ever have peace.

I was in on the beginning of our last splendid little war, and I will never forget how it was explained to me. On New Year's Day, 1961, I received a call at dawn from First Marine Division Headquarters at Camp Pendleton, California. A man claiming to be a general told me to report immediately if not sooner; he had a letter written in French that he wanted me to translate for him. I laughed and asked which one of my drunken friends had thought a wake-up call was funny. The voice on the phone announced that he was General So-and-So and if I didn't get my butt into headquarters within

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the hour, I would be court-martialed.

I got there in half an hour, combat gear and .45 and utilities at the ready. I was led into a conference room full of Marines. There was a map of Laos on the wall. A bird colonel stood before it, pointer in hand, and announced that we would probably be leaving for Southeast Asia that morning: Laos was about to fall to the Communists and the U. S. could not permit that. Each of the Marines in that room was both a language and a tactical specialist, and we had been assembled into teams to do special work.

I asked what value a landlocked country such as Laos had to us. The colonel paused for a moment, and then announced that Laos was "a gateway to a gateway." That is a quote. The gateway to all of Southeast Asia was Vietnam, the colonel said, and Laos was the gateway to that gateway: Vietnam was the rice bowl of Asia, and if it fell, all of Asia would fall; and that was why they were planning to send us to defend the gateway to the gateway.

As it turned out, we were not sent overseas that New Year's Day. No, that happened a little later, and nothing we did was very important, and that particular Laos flap cooled down momentarily. But the war was heating up, and a lot of the fine men I served with were casualties later. The President I voted for in 1964 promised us he would not get us involved in a land war in Asia and then proceeded to do just that. All told, it took 14 years from the time I first knew about it to wind that war down. In short, I've seen this movie before.

I am reminded of a moment in my past: 1961 again, somewhere over the Pacific Ocean, riding in a military air transport, uncertain of what lay ahead, talking with my first sergeant, a salty Marine who was a walking history book—a man who had been captured by the Japanese on Wake Island in one of the first battles of World War Two, who had spent years as a POW building bridges over rivers like the Kwai, who had stayed in the corps for Korea and had marched back with the First Marine Division from the "Frozen Chosan" Reservoir, who had served as an advisor to the French at Dien Bien Phu and who was now on his way to hustle the East again. "Lieutenant," he said to me, "they can take this next war and shove it up their ass."

To which I say—to President Ronocchio and all the others who will soon be explaining to my two sons why they must destroy a country to save it—"Right on, Top, wherever you are."

XG-M

IF YOU'RE NOT USING YOUR CAMERA ENOUGH...

Maybe you're not using the right camera. Minolta can put you behind a photographic instrument of nearly limitless possibilities: the XG-M.

DUAL OPERATIONAL CAPABILITIES

Switch your XG-M to automatic and click-in the aperture setting. The camera calculates and locks in the matching shutter speed. Automatically. All you do is compose, focus and shoot. Dial to Metered Manual. And express yourself. You can back-light, freeze action, be pinpoint sharp or deliberately soften the focus. The XG-M offers you a whole new world of creative control.

DUAL COMMAND MOTOR DRIVE

This XG-M option gives you two shutter releases—one for horizontal, one for vertical framing. And it lets you fire at a blistering 3.5 frames per second. What's more, you can expand your talents with more than 210 other Minolta accessories and lenses—a complete professional system that helps you achieve breathtaking results with your XG-M. Cradle this extraordinary camera in your hands. Notice its comfortable Ergonomic design. Discover the mind-boggling technology that makes it an exceptional value, and that enables Minolta to offer the longest combined camera/lens warranty of any major camera manufacturer. Now you know why the XG-M will wind up around your neck, rather than in your closet. Minolta designed it that way.

XG-M shown with Motor Drive 1 and 135mm f/2 Minolta lens.

MINOLTA

ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA

See the XG-M at your Minolta dealer or, for more information, write: Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta, Ontario, L4W 1A4.

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TO COLLECT . . . TO ENJOY . . . TO DISPLAY IN YOUR HOME

The Ducks of North America

William J. Koelpin, dean of American wood carvers, creates a definitive collection of hand-painted miniatures—the first ever to portray every species of duck in North America.

Thirty-six intricately detailed miniatures in all—available by subscription only.

Hand-painted duck decoys have a beauty and fascination all their own. Crafted according to traditional skills passed down from generation to generation, decoys today are admired and sought after by collectors as unique expressions of American folk art. Yet never has there been a collection portraying *all the species* of North America's ducks—until now.

For now, the dean of American wood carvers, William J. Koelpin, has accepted a commission from The Franklin Gallery to create just such a collection. A collection of *miniature decoys* portraying all of the 36 different kinds of wild ducks native to North America. Each decoy will be superbly detailed—hand-painted in its full natural colors. Together, they will form an unprecedented display of sporting art in a uniquely American collecting tradition.

Classics—by an acknowledged master

The art of William J. "Bill" Koelpin has won numerous awards and can be seen in major museums and private collections throughout the country. In 1974, Koelpin was chosen "Best in World" at the World Championship Wild Fowl Carving Competition in Salisbury, Maryland. He has been named "Master of the Guild" by the International Wood Carving Guild. And our nation's most prestigious wildlife museum—the Lehigh-Yawkey-Woodson Art Museum in Wausau, Wisconsin—has called him "one of America's premier artists."

Bill Koelpin's enormous talent—his artistic mastery, his accuracy and complete authenticity—will be in evidence throughout The Ducks of North America Miniature Decoy Collection.

Working directly in miniature, he has hand-carved an original master for each species of duck. From these master models, expert craftsmen take special molds, so incredibly detailed that they capture every line and curve of the sculptor's art. Each decoy in the collection is then crafted from these molds in a blend of resins and wood to create a perfect miniature. A

work so lifelike, in every respect, that you will actually be able to see the *attitude* of the bird . . . the *texture* of its wing plumage . . . and the true-to-scale *proportion* of each species—from the majestic Mallard and King Eider to the compact Surf Scoter.

The rich colors and shadings of nature

To add to the life-like realism of the collection, each miniature decoy is then individually hand-painted in as many as twelve colors. These colors are carefully chosen and painstakingly applied to accurately define the rich hues and subtle shadings found in nature.

The iridescent green hood of the Mallard, for example. The steel-blue head and muted speckled breast of the Blue-winged Teal. And the brilliant plumage of the Wood Duck —a rainbow of purple, green, burgundy and bronze. Indeed, this individual hand painting of each miniature is the only way to achieve the *authenticity* that distinguishes the most desirable decoys. The result of all this

Miniature Decoy Collection

BY William J. Koelpin

meticulous craftsmanship is a collection of 36 miniature decoys that represents a truly remarkable achievement. For each one is faithful to nature. Crafted with the precision and detail that would do credit to a full-size decoy—in a miniature that rests comfortably in the palm of your hand.

To complete the presentation, the base of each decoy will bear the signature of William J. Koelpin, together with the name of the waterfowl portrayed. And each decoy will be accompanied by a specially written commentary, describing the duck, its seasonal markings and its habitat.

A dramatic display to showcase the collection

So that these superb hand-painted miniatures may be displayed to their best advantage, a handsome display rack will be included as part of the collection.

This fine hardwood rack will provide a dramatic accent for the walls of a study, den or office. Its design allows ample room for the collection to be arranged in any of several ways.

Enter your subscription by June 30th

The Ducks of North America Miniature Decoy Collection will be crafted exclusively for subscribers. It is available only by direct subscription from The Franklin Gallery. It will not be sold through stores.

If you appreciate the beauty of nature's most spectacular waterfowl . . . and its expression in the uniquely American tradition of finely crafted decoys . . . this collection of hand-painted miniatures will provide you with rich and lasting satisfaction.

To subscribe, please reply by June 30, 1982.

Decoys, at left, shown reduced. Average length is 3 inches. The base of each decoy will bear the name of the species portrayed, the signature of the artist, and the copyright of The Franklin Gallery.

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The Ducks of North America

MINIATURE DECOY COLLECTION

Please mail by June 30, 1982

The Franklin Gallery
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for The Ducks of North America Miniature Decoy Collection by William J. Koelpin, consisting of 36 hand-painted miniature decoys, to be issued to me at the rate of one per month.

I understand that the original issue price is $27.50* for each miniature decoy and that this price will be guaranteed to me for the entire collection. The hardwood display rack will be sent to me at no additional charge.

I need send no money now. I will be billed for each decoy in advance of its shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1. for shipping and handling.*

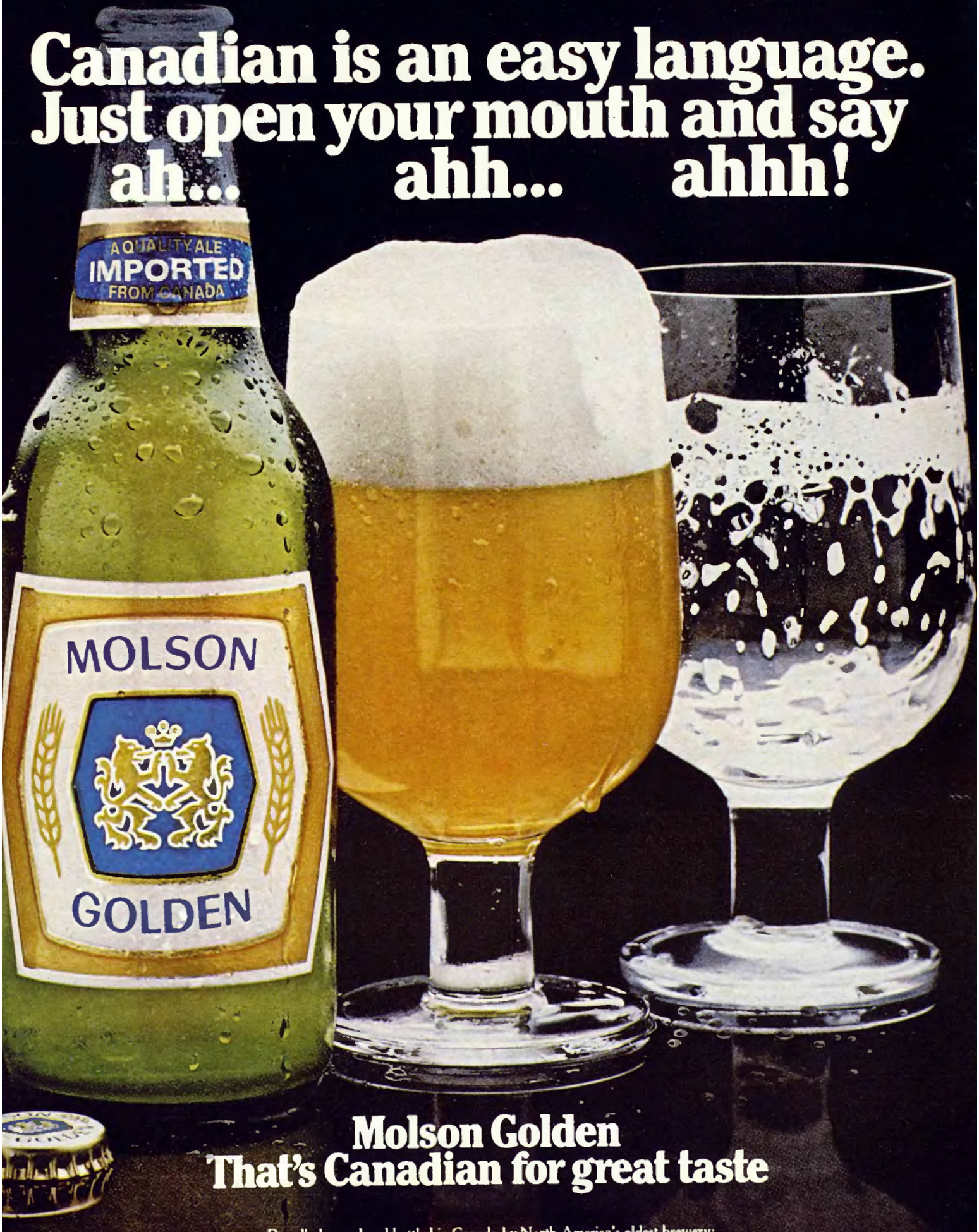
Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Canadian is an easy language. Just open your mouth and say ah... ahh... ahhh!



Molson Golden
That's Canadian for great taste

Proudly brewed and bottled in Canada by North America's oldest brewery;
imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1982 Martlet Importing Co., Inc.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

FEED READING

We could have told them that! The Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with adding ground newspapers and magazines to beef-cattle feed. The paper doesn't provide much protein but "is mostly an energy source. It's filled with carbohydrates," said Dr. Paul Moe of the U.S.D.A. The cattle thrive on PLAYBOY, finding it more nourishing than other publications, e.g., the *Christian Science Monitor*. "PLAYBOY was more digestible," Dr. Peter Van Soest of Cornell University said. "*The Washington Post* was middling but not as bad as the *Christian Science Monitor*."

•

David M. Grundman, a 27-year-old resident of Phoenix, liked to go out to the desert with his shotgun to blast away giant saguaro cacti. He was killed, however, when a 23-foot section of one he was abusing fell on him and crushed him to death. James Watt, consider yourself on notice.

•

Now that we know where they meet, maybe we can get help to them. This from the Dickson, Tennessee, *Herald*: "Chapter 727 of the National Association of Retarded Federal Employees will meet at noon at the East Hills Restaurant for their regular monthly meeting."

A REAL WINER

A 29-year-old Columbia Business School student, Tom Feitel, has just won the French Wine Tasters Open with a bizarre style that still has his international peers puzzled. "The night before a tasting," says the connoisseur, "I drink a lot of beer, which more or less gets me drunk. When I wake up in the morning, my mouth is dry and I feel I can taste things better." Yet another of Feitel's quirks that upset some folks was his refusal to spit out the wine sample after he tasted it. "They were really good wines," he explains, "and I just couldn't see spitting them out." Especially when winos are dying of thirst in China.

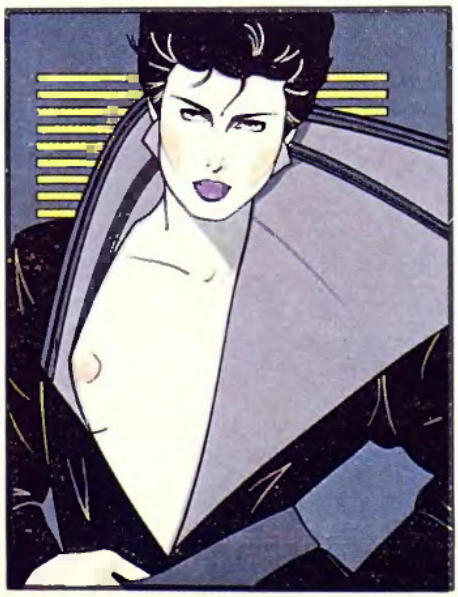
•

We thought *Family Weekly* summed it up nicely in an article about irritable-bowel syndrome (I.B.S.): "There is no diagnostic test available . . . the only way to confirm [I.B.S.] is via the process of elimination."

COUP COUP

Daniel Samper Pizano, a columnist for Bogotá's *El Tiempo*, noting that Latin-American governments collapse with alarming frequency, has concocted an all-purpose coup story that can be used over and over again. It reads:

"Last night, General _____ declared a state of emergency in _____ for reasons of national security. . . . The exact whereabouts of _____, president of the principal workers' group, were unknown. After dissolving the unions, General _____ went on TV to explain the martial law. . . . The army interrupted all communications to the outside and suspended publication of _____, _____ and _____. . . . The president of neighboring _____ gave his clear support to the new government and warned other nations against anyone opposing General _____, his 'old friend and ally.' "



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Attention, pocket fishermen: The 1982 Idaho Fishing Seasons and Regulations pamphlet carried a blurb for "Nongame Wildwife Programs." If they're not game, why bother with them?

•

Now you can not only look dopey, you can smell dopey, too. Pippo Inc. (Box 1628, Burbank, California), offers Stash—a cologne that smacks of Maui Wowie. Keen, huh? At $20 for almost four ounces—a considerable saving over the real thing—you can elicit probing questions from your parents or your local police officer. Keeping current is never *easy*.

FUNNY MONEY

You've got to admit that they have a sense of humor at San Francisco's Atlas Savings & Loan, the new financial institution owned by and catering to gays. As part of an opening-week promotion, Atlas handed out three-dollar bills to all who dropped by. Of course, the bills are not negotiable, not even in San Francisco's abundant gay watering holes. They can, however, be used to open an account at Atlas. Queer, indeed.

SUDS

Canadian beer lovers are thirstily quaffing a new premium beer, Yukon Gold, which comes from British Columbia and sports a label adorned with Mounties, miners and dog sleds. The six-pack also bears a slogan: PUT A BEAVER

TO YOUR LIPS. Now, we remind you that the beaver is Canada's national animal. We also remind you that it's better to sip than to guzzle. Unless, of course, it's an emergency.

CREATIVE WRITING

Members of the New York Police Department recently listed some examples of drivers' descriptions of their accidents in 30 words or less. Here are some of the smashing replies:

"An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle and vanished."

"The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran over him."

"The indirect cause of the accident was a little guy in a small car with a big mouth."

"I saw the slow-moving, sad-faced old gentleman as he bounced off the hood of my car."

"I was on my way to the doctor with rear-end trouble when my universal joint gave way, causing me to have an accident."

Makes the subway look safe, don't you think?

•

At a Washington, D.C., party for former intelligence officers, we overheard one woman explain how her children are doing in Iowa. Another woman at her table corrected her, saying, "Oh no, dear, in the East we pronounce that 'Ohio'." OK; then how do you pronounce Teheran?

SUCCESS STORY

Folks laughed at David Merkatz when he decided to open his Precision Lock and Auto Glass outfit in Brooklyn, until the mysterious Windshield Wacko began to stalk the neighborhood, shattering windshields with a pellet gun. Distraught car owners began flocking to David's shop. "Punk kids," he would nod sympathetically. "What can you do? That's New York. You're the fifth guy today."

On some nights, the Wacko would ping as many as 40 cars. David's business boomed. He moved to a larger store. Then he opened a second.

Meanwhile, local police stepped up their efforts to capture the Wacko. After nearly six months, they caught their man—you guessed it, 22-year-old David Merkatz, pellet gun in hand. Hell, he was only trying to make sure his business was a smashing success.

X RATING

Although a local gallery was displaying his work, Norfolk artist Ed Roebuck was broke. Only one painting had sold during his show. In desperation, he marched into the Artful Framer gallery and spray painted black Xs all over his paintings.

Shortly thereafter, his paintings began selling like crazy The Artful Framer extended the run of the exhibit. Some art lovers who had previously bought canvases from Roebuck called to ask him to spray black Xs on *their* paintings. One entrepreneur even called Ed at home to ask if he'd allow one of his X'd paintings to be reproduced on a T-shirt.

Needless to say, Roebuck is not at all pleased with his new-found fame. He called the sales of his paintings a "shame" and a sign of a national "sickness."

But his future is secure. If his popularity as an artist wanes again, he can always design sets for *The Hollywood Squares.*

CHECKING IN

***Kenneth Moffett,** the 50-year-old director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, has helped avert or settle innumerable labor conflicts during the past 20 years. His handling of last year's major-league baseball strike is just one example. We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to interview Moffett at his Washington, D.C., office during a break in the mediator's busy schedule.*

PLAYBOY: The number of strikes is down so far this year. Why?

MOFFETT: Our heavy strike period is from April to September. People don't like to go out when the snow flies. Also, right now, with the economy what it is, the parties are reaching accommodations—not always what they want, but anything now is better than a strike. Negotiations are very tough these days, because management is taking away a lot of things just so it won't go bankrupt. And labor seems to understand. We're pretty much a middle-class America now: two-car families, big mortgages, a cottage at the beach and maybe both parents working. People are not trying to save a lot of dough; they're just trying to break even. Labor *and* management sense that they're in the same boat.

PLAYBOY: Is there a lot of posturing in full-blown mediation sessions?

MOFFETT: Oh, sure. There's always posturing, even when you have separate sessions, because of committee people on the make. So the chief bargainer is likely to posture all the time. It's very hard to cut away the bullshit when people are taking a political stance.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line, put your foot down and say "Enough!"?

MOFFETT: When people start yelling at one another. Sometimes I get angry, but I try not to show it. If I lost my temper very often, I wouldn't be effective. I bite my tongue a lot when I find myself getting really upset—like when I see people blatantly lying. It's difficult to call them on it in a joint session. I don't want to embarrass anyone. But in a private session, I don't hesitate to be a tough guy. You have to prove, through your reputation and integrity, that you're a fair person.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that sometimes your sympathies lie with one side or the other?

MOFFETT: Not really. You don't get sympathetic. However—and this may sound like bullshit—you get to the point where you admire someone professionally. For instance, when Ray Grebey and Marvin Miller would joust over their respective issues in the baseball strike, I'd come away thinking that Grebey did well with his press conference or that Miller scored a lot of points in that argument. I'm not taking sides, but I am making mental notes on these professionals' abilities to conduct themselves. If you're a mediator, you have to be a game player. But, of course, there are lots of people's lives and jobs at stake. When people on either side are losing money, I take it very seriously.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between big business and big labor, in 25 words or less?

MOFFETT: In most instances, democracy is on labor's side. Big business can call whatever shots it wants to. There are no laws to prescribe its autocratic system. Unions have rules and regulations, most of which are legislated in Congress. So unions are very democratic; management is very loose.

PLAYBOY: Who will eventually win, big business, middle management or the blue-collar worker?

MOFFETT: I hope everybody wins. I hope we have a flourishing economy and I hope there is fair play. I'm idealistic enough to believe the free-enterprise system is going to work and that our standard of living is going to go up and that everybody's going to live happily ever after.

PLAYBOY: Do *you* believe you can negotiate anything?

Pioneer LaserDisc

IF YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT PICTURE AND SOUND, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

Today, there are all sorts of video systems to choose from. So the choice would seem to be confusing. Until you consider the quality of picture and sound. Then, all at once, your choice becomes abundantly clear: Pioneer LaserDisc.

WHY IT'S BETTER.

The reason is simple. The LaserDisc, the sight-and-sound record, is read not by a video head, and not by a needle, but by a laser beam. And therein lies the difference.

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The LaserDisc system offers *picture resolution* that's better than normal home-TV reception has ever been. And actually 40% better than home VCR. In fact, the laser picture is the equal to what you'd see if your TV were in the TV studio itself.

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Movies from major motion picture studios are now on LaserDisc. There are rock and folk concerts, opera, NFL football, cooking, even discs created especially for children.

And because of Pioneer's built-in microcomputer, you can skip to your favorite scene in a movie or song in a concert at will.

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The wonder of this new technology can only be appreciated in person.

Call us at 800-621-5199* and we'll give you the name of the Pioneer Video Showcase Dealer nearest you to arrange a free demonstration. And while you're there, he'll show you the Pioneer 50" Projection Television. An idea as big in its own way as LaserDisc itself.

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† Pioneer Artists™

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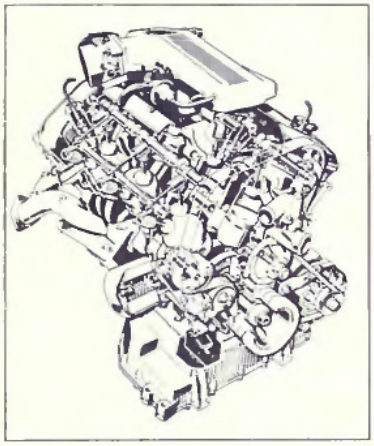
"There are a lot of good sports cars on the road. I know, I pass them all the time."

GTV 6/2.5 Coupé

Throughout the years you own your Alfa Romeo GTV 6, you'll continually receive reminders of the wisdom of your choice. Because long after your friends have traded in the cars they settled for, you'll still be re-discovering the joys of the GTV 6.

"Best Sports GT"—Road & Track

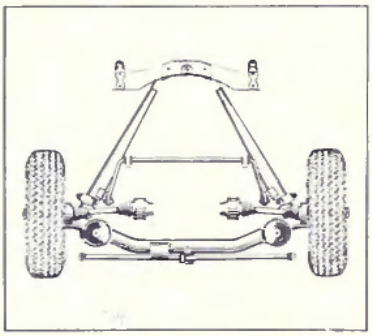
There's a lot to love about the GTV 6. When Road & Track tested it against the Datsun 280ZX Turbo and Porsche 924 Turbo, the GTV 6 won handily. Later, they called it, "the best Sports GT for the '80's."



The engine is as logical a place as any to start. It "is a joy, revving and pulling smoothly through its range...". To be more specific, it's a muscular 2.5 litre V6 with Bosch L-Jetronic fuel injection to give you punch instantly when you want it. Also, as you would expect from a car in the classical GT mold, the GTV 6 has over-sized 4- wheel disc brakes for when more power isn't the answer.

The suspension is a finely balanced application of everything we've learned since 1910, with independent suspension up front and the rare deDion design in the rear. Taken as a total, the GTV 6 system is unique, and provides handling qualities well-known for impressing drivers the first time they get behind the wheel.

Which leaves its looks. There are no two ways about it, the GTV 6 is a stopper, no pun intended. The word "classic" is thrown around far too casually, but there is no other that describes the obvious GTV 6 grand touring heritage. The interior is the renowned Alfa Romeo blend of sensibility and sensuality. You are nestled in rich leather. Every instrument is where it should be. And every convenience is placed for maximum convenience. Road & Track summed up the GTV 6 thusly, "No twist, no wiggle, no rattles, no bad habits. Real quality."



A cautionary note, there aren't many of them.

We would suggest an early visit to your Alfa Romeo dealer if you don't want the GTV 6 to pass you by. A car of this quality cannot be stamped out like others that have compromised themselves into a less than GT class. But if you become one of the few thousand drivers who get to own one, every road will remind you that the GTV 6 is genuine automotive art.

Particularly when you pass all the other cars that aren't.

Alfa Romeo

Engineered to Excite

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Everyone Needs a Little Comfort®

Getting comfortable sometimes means getting away from it all. And then settling back with the smooth, easy taste of Southern Comfort.

Its uniquely delicious flavor was created in old New Orleans almost a century ago. And it has been enjoyed ever since.

Try this world famous liquor straight, on the rocks, or mixed with fruit juice and a slice of something nice.

It's one of the real comforts of life.

Southern Comfort

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. 63132. © 1981.

Remember summer camp? Mosquitoes, beaded wallets and Kool-Aid? It's not like that now, you know. Today's camps are classrooms with leaves, serious learning experiences for kids on the way up in life. From Camp Occupant, the lovely resort for teenaged direct-mail enthusiasts, to Concentration Camp, where kids learn to stop their minds from wandering, the range is enormous. Here are a few of extra-special interest.

CAMP NAGURSKI

For the preschooler who *still* doesn't know the difference between a swing pass and a trap block, two weeks of two-a-days that'll have the little shaver tackling like Dick Butkus and holding like Conrad Dobler. Evenings, he'll memorize his playbooks and study sports clichés.

CAMP FORTUNE

They have a saying on the shores of Lake Laffer: If youngsters can add, subtract, multiply, divide and cheat, they're ready to learn accounting. Then it's down to the lake shore, where counselor Milton Friedman will teach them to sink or swim. Afternoons, campers will try to sell acorns to squirrels and make up invoices to send to their parents. Rates vary from six dollars a day for brush huts to $125 a day for a six-room tent done up like a Saudi sheik's. Options include fresh air ($22.50 a day), bird songs (75 cents per bird), frog choruses at twilight ($2.35 per hour).

CAMP BEDFORD-STUYVESANT

Forget Outward Bound: this is a *real* survival camp for ten-year-olds and under. Campers spend two weeks in Bed-Stuy with no money, no place to live, no food stamps and a $75-a-day drug habit.

CAMP DEM-O-GRA-FIX

On the shores of bell-shaped Lake Nielsen, this is—with a 92 percent probability, plus or minus four percent, based on 100 households surveyed—the finest preteen market-research camp you'll find anywhere. The day begins with a survey of how each camper slept, followed by interviews with a random sample on how they liked breakfast. There's a daily nature walk, led by Executive Director George Gallup, during which campers learn census techniques by counting birds, wildflowers, trees and undecided frogs that might jump either way.

CAMP FORTRAN

The ultimate for the young computer whiz. The only camp on the 63rd floor of the World Trade Center. Surrounded by holographic images of lakes and woods—and even holographic mosquitoes—kids program an IBM 3250 to make beaded wallets, sing songs around a campfire and learn to swim.

CAMP MONTRACHET

Located right on the barren hilltop behind the stony vineyards that give the most celebrated of white Burgundies its name, smack in the middle of the Côte-d'Or, this is a distinctive little wine camp with tremendous bouquet, flavor and class, dry but with an underlying trace of luscious softness. It's a tough program, with rigorous sequences of tastings at the most distinguished vineyards in France from dawn to midnight, and a three-day field trip to Paris. Not for everyone. Some of the little tykes have to be propped up for the after-dinner tastings. Fee: for six weeks, $34,000, plus air fare.

CAMP WELTSCHMERZ

Existentialism camps may be a dime a dozen, but one still stands out. Camp Weltschmerz continues its long tradition of introducing children to angst, ennui, despair, anxiety, the absurd, fear and trembling and other useful existential concepts in a healthy outdoor atmosphere. Weltschmerz nestles at the foot of Mount Sisyphus; there's also a good view of Mount St. Helens. Campers enjoy a wide range of meaningless activities, highlighted by the ongoing *No Exit* baseball tournament that began in 1947 and is now in its 465,000th inning. Also special facilities for solipsists, with individual cabins and no group activities.

—DAVID STANDISH and JERRY SULLIVAN

MOFFETT: Hell, yes. I'm a hopeless optimist. In this business, you'd better be. If you walk around thinking there's a black cloud over everything, you'll get an ulcer.

PLAYBOY: How would you negotiate a prenuptial agreement and still keep the romance intact?

MOFFETT: [*Laughs*] I'm a bad guy to answer that one. [*Long pause*] Well, I think it can be done. First, the worst thing to do would be to put it in writing. Of course, handshake-and-kiss agreements are not legal. They're just something the parties will be living by—unless you're dealing with property. *That* you're going to have to put into writing and hope for the best. I once heard a guy refer to his prenuptial agreement by saying, "If I lose her, I'm not going to be losing much, because it's only in dollars and cents." I don't think there could have been a hell of a lot of romance involved.

PLAYBOY: Do friends ever ask you to mediate their domestic problems?

MOFFETT: Never. They know what my track record is on that personally. I've been divorced since 1975. Interestingly enough, my ex-wife is in the labor-relations business.

PLAYBOY: Are you a fair guy at home? Who wins the fights?

MOFFETT: I'm very fair with my ex-Marine son, because he's liable to beat the shit out of me. On the serious side, I'm very fair—even with my 17-year-old. And there are no fights. Basically, I'm a piece of cake. When you're a single parent, you just want to be loved. So I compromise all over the place. That includes long-distance calls I find on my phone bill and charges I find on my gas credit cards.

PLAYBOY: Is organized crime involved in labor?

MOFFETT: I can think of four men whom I've dealt with closely in the past 13 or 14 years who are in jail right now. I had no idea that would happen when I was dealing with them. You don't know what's going on behind the scenes. All you know is how they conduct themselves at the bargaining table. What's interesting is that the unions they say are the most influenced by organized crime are the easiest to deal with at the bargaining table.

PLAYBOY: Which ones are those?

MOFFETT: I'm not going to mention them, but you can use your imagination. They're not sweethearts or anything, but they really know what they're doing when they're involved in collective bargaining. Now, you can read anything you want into that. This is liable to come out fuzzy, because I am being guarded. It's just interesting that the people with the most horrible reputations are some of the most decent people to deal with.

MOVIES

Jill Clayburgh, seems to me, spends an awful lot of screen time talking to psychiatrists. She's back on the couch in ***I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can*** (Paramount), adapted by her husband, playwright David Rabe, from Barbara Gordon's harrowing autobiography. That best seller described how a successful producer of TV documentaries more or less lost her mind when she abruptly withdrew from the massive doses of Valium authorized by her shrink. That's a gross simplification of Gordon's story, but so is the movie. Actresses suffer gloom gladly, and Clayburgh depicts agony with great skill, though Rabe's wildly uneven screenplay turns the first half of *Dancing* into an overwrought psychological horror show. Gifted Nicol Williamson, playing Barbara's lover, comes on as a one-dimensional creep who ties her up, beats her and won't let her have medical attention when she's plainly going to pieces. I fully expected he'd be brought to trial after the heroine was hauled off to the relative safety of a mental hospital. Instead, he disappears from the story altogether, filed and forgotten during the *Snake Pit* period of Gordon's slow return to normalcy. I'm afraid the movie on the whole looks like two indistinct halves, though the jumble occasionally begins to jell under the direction of Jack Hofsiss, who picked up a bundle of prizes for bringing *The Elephant Man* (the play, not the movie) to Broadway. *Dancing*'s most dazzling scenes—evidently Rabe's invention, since they don't occur in the book—feature Geraldine Page as a dying cancer victim submitting to a TV docudrama about her fight for life. With just a few extraordinary scenes, Page steals the movie and briefly transforms this downbeat catalog of woes into luminous art. ¥¥

•

Written, produced and directed by Richard Brooks, ***Wrong Is Right*** (Columbia) is all about global politics, oil, television, Arab terrorists and a dastardly plot to blackmail the U. S. with a couple of atom bombs positioned to pulverize New York City. Despite all that, it's a comedy—black, apocalyptic, brimful of energy and entertainment value. Sean Connery plays a star TV newsman in the world of the very near future, in which, appropriately, "nothing happens until it happens on television." *Wrong Is Right* mocks our contemporary fears in a tradition that goes back to *Dr. Strangelove* and *Network*. Although it lacks the sustained brilliance of those classic modern satires, Brooks has belted it out in broad strokes, with George Grizzard as the U. S. President, a sort of composite nonentity who looks good in sweaters; Robert Conrad as General Wombat, a

Clayburgh *Dancing*.

Jill stubs her toe
Dancing; *Dinner* delights;
a very *Little Sex*.

Wally and André at *Dinner*.

Capshaw, Matheson can't enliven *Sex*.

Pentagon hawk dedicated to the philosophy of "peace through war"; G. E. Spradlin as a shifty CIA chief; Henry Silva as a latter-day Arafat, whose favorite bomb targets would be Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Katharine Ross, Rosalind Cash, Hardy Kruger and John Saxon fill other key roles that might be spoiled if too much were told about them. Need I add that *Wrong Is Right* aims to be much more than just funny? A movie that confronts the dread prospect of war in the Middle East obviously has some larger ideas in mind. They don't all work, yet Brooks forces laughter while skirting the abyss, ultimately gaining the pace, momentum and class of a James Bond adventure, with Connery in rare form as your genial host on the yellow-brick road to Armageddon. ¥¥¥

•

Wally is a playwright who sometimes acts to keep his bills paid; André is an avant-garde theater director whose search for himself has taken him to Tibet, Scotland and some wilder shores of human experience. All they do is eat and talk during ***My Dinner with Andre*** (New Yorker). Sounds dull, right? That's what I thought beforehand. But director Louis Malle, in a minor stroke of genius, fortunately saw—and has brilliantly brought out—all the potential excitement that's generated when a movie camera strips away masks to reveal character. Wallace Shawn and André Gregory, who more or less play themselves, wrote *Dinner with Andre* and talk nonstop, disarming us as they go. What results is one of the craziest, saddest, most surprising and original movies of this or any other year. After a slow start, it has also been building a reputation as an awesome box-office hit. I went in a skeptic, stayed on to laugh and cry and really *think* about life and walked out kicking myself for not having gotten to *Dinner* sooner. A total treat. ¥¥¥¥

•

The teasing title is the main attraction of ***A Little Sex*** (Universal). There's *very* little sex in this humdrum romantic comedy with Tim Matheson, the lusty young hero of *National Lampoon's Animal House*. Here, he is a lusty young married New Yorker, whose brother (Edward Herrmann) bets him $82 that he won't remain faithful to his bride (Kate Capshaw, a charming movie newcomer who appears to be packaged in the image of Julie Christie). Matheson keeps a notebook on his erotic responses, whimsically refers to his feverish brain and his unruly penis as Albert and Duke. His wife goes for cute euphemisms, too, and isn't at all happy when she walks in on her male-chauvinist pig "with his choo-choo in somebody else's tunnel." That's the kind of sexy-wexy giggle that makes this little piggy want to jump into a taxi and go bye-bye. ¥

•

Among the offbeat foreign films imported recently, my dark-horse favorite

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is ***Passione d'Amore*** (Putnam Square). The complex period tale, which won a Silver Hugo at last year's Chicago International Film Festival, describes how a handsome young cavalry officer (Bernard Giraudeau), having an affair with an incredibly beautiful married lady (Italy's prima donna of sex appeal, Laura Antonelli, in a relatively minor role), is wooed and won away by an incredibly ugly but passionate shrew—whose most striking attributes are a hooknose, bad teeth and a tendency to throw hysterical fits on slight provocation. Valeria D'Obici gives a hypnotic performance as the homely Fosca, a creature so repugnant I was relieved to read in the production notes that she played the part wearing a putty nose and false teeth. Writer-director Ettore Scola proves himself an Italian maestro by making this perverse romance not just believable but altogether gripping. Jean-Louis Trintignant, as a meddlesome army doctor, subtly calls the tune for these ill-met lovers doing an elegant *danse macabre* in waltz time. ¥¥¥

•

It's an odd sensation to feel that you want to root for the German sailors aboard a U-boat during World War Two, but you will in the course of ***Das Boot*** (Columbia), or *The Boat*. Subtitled—though an English version dubbed by three of the four leading stars, including Captain Jürgen Prochnow, may be available by the time you read this—*Boot* is adapted from a classic modern German antiwar novel. This exercise in undersea claustrophobia is much like many other submarine movies of yore. But better than most. Marvelously directed by Wolfgang Petersen, perfectly acted by actors unknown over here and impressive for camerawork that whisks you from end to end of a submarine in one long take like nothing else I have ever seen, *The Boat* is a knockout. ¥¥¥

•

The second film version of Mickey Spillane's first novel, ***I, the Jury*** (Fox), is a rowdy, raunchy, moving-right-along private-eye thriller of the old school. There are new twists, of course, since Biff Elliott played Mike Hammer in the original 3-D B movie in 1953. In our permissive age, Armand Assante (memorable as *Private Benjamin*'s suave French beau) brings more steely, sex-wise humor to the part. "I'll get right on top of this. . . . I'm bustin' my balls," he barks into the telephone while humping a client's wife. That's how it goes. Assante is good and would be even better but for his bad habit of sloughing off dialog as if he had taken mumbling lessons. There're sex and violence to spare, with Richard T. Heffron directing tongue in cheek while sustaining the blunt manner of such *macho* movies as *Sharky's Machine*. Beautiful Barbara Carrera generates warmth in a smooth performance as a villainess in charge of a sex clinic (Carrera and company were revealingly previewed in our March cover story), with screwball comic relief provided by Laurene Landon as Hammer's secretary, Velda, plus strong bits by Judson Scott and Paul Sorvino. This revamped Spillane classic, all about CIA skulduggery and a maniac who murders redheads, is occasionally farfetched, even tricky to follow, but exciting all the same. If you want your Mickey with fewer slips, the *crème de la crime* remains Robert Aldrich's 1955 stunner *Kiss Me Deadly*. ¥¥½

Passione's Giraudeau in Laura's bonnet.

Passione, *Das Boot*
compelling imports;
porn grows up.

U-boat men charging batteries.

Roommates: porn transcended.

•

More imitative than creative, the makers of ***Paradise*** (Embassy) obviously set out to borrow from Bo Derek and Brooke Shields in one fell swoop. The two frolicsome chimps at large here are reportedly the same simian duo hired for Bo's *Tarzan* epic. The two pretty young people on display appear to be dropping pebbles into *The Blue Lagoon* almost constantly—when they are not swimming nude or discovering the wonders of Young Love, they are being photographed in silhouette against many glorious desert sunsets. She's Phoebe Cates, a top teen model making her film debut as the nubile English girl coveted by The Jackal (Tuvia Tavi), a rabid Middle Eastern sheik who wants her for his harem. The boy is Willie Aames, of the TV sitcom *Eight Is Enough*, as the teenaged missionary's son who flees with the girl after losing his parents in a brutal massacre. Nice kids. They pretend it's 1834. Consulting a book of anatomy for hints about what to do until the bad guys catch up with them, they settle down in a little thatched hut by the sea and she gets pregnant. Alas, their birds-and-bees miracles are so mundane even the chimps look bored. ¥

•

It is more than a fluke that producer-director Chuck Vincent's rueful, hard-core ***Roommates*** (Platinum) was booked to premiere in a small Manhattan theater generally considered off limits to porno. The movie earns this prestigious launching by offering something markedly superior to the stock quota of wall-to-wall orgies. There are hard-core scenes aplenty, yet Vincent's stylish, sympathetic and well-acted drama about three girls sharing a New York apartment is a breakthrough sex film because, on close scrutiny, it is no more prurient than *Body Heat*. Which does *not* suggest that the two movies are equal in quality. *Roommates* nevertheless bridges the gap between excellent and X rated with solid performances by three hard-core actresses whose personal stories have been woven into the script with unusual sensitivity. Veronica Hart, a talented performer with or without sex scenes, plays Joan, the small-town ingénue who leaves her unfeeling married lover to try her luck on or off Broadway. Samantha Fox, as Billie, is a former hooker who gets a straight job and begins a tough uphill fight to erase her past. Kelly Nichols plays Sherry, a dazzling model with a near-fatal fondness for heavy drugs and fast living. Many so-called straight movies say much less about men, women and making it in the Big Apple. For every

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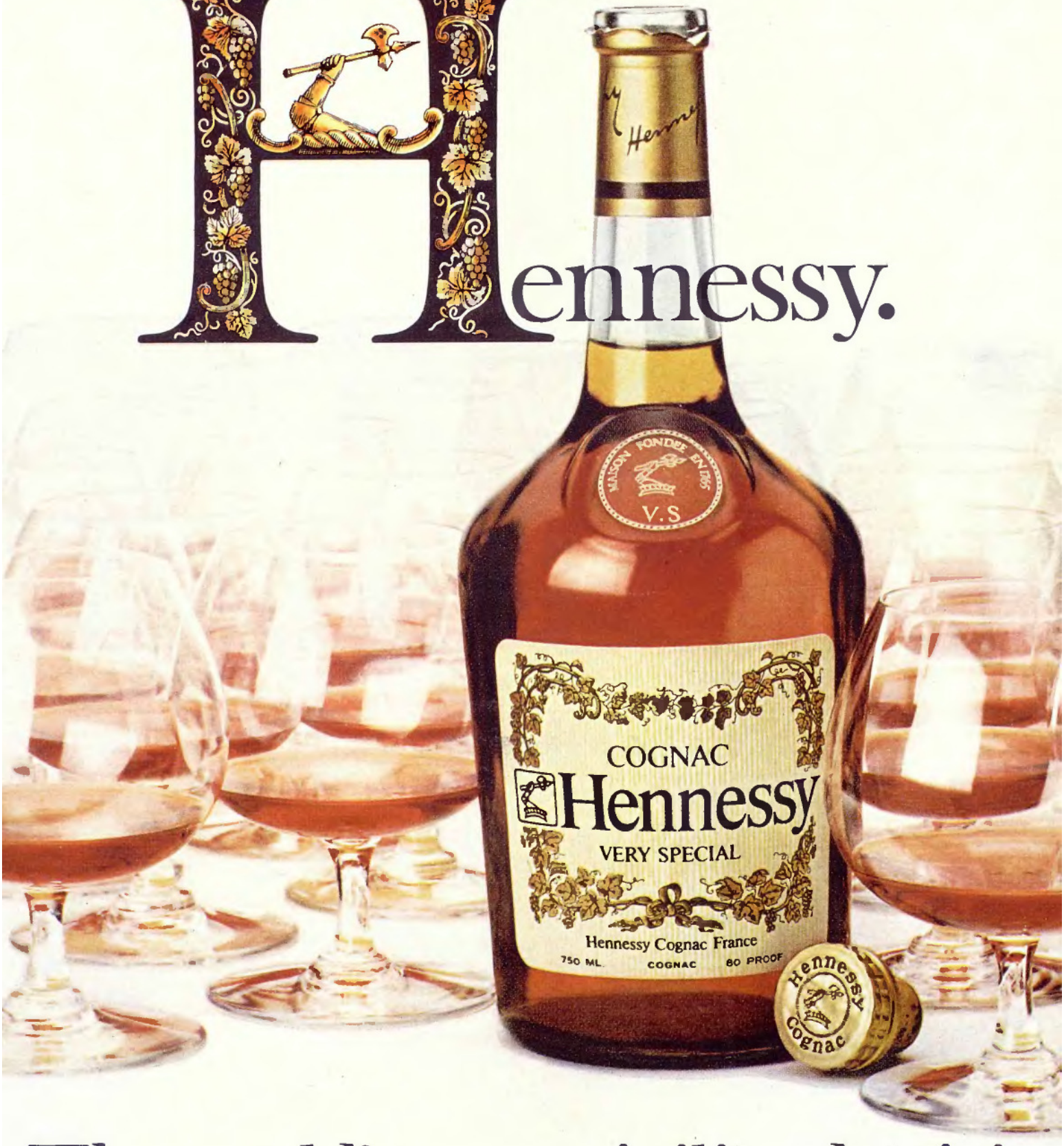

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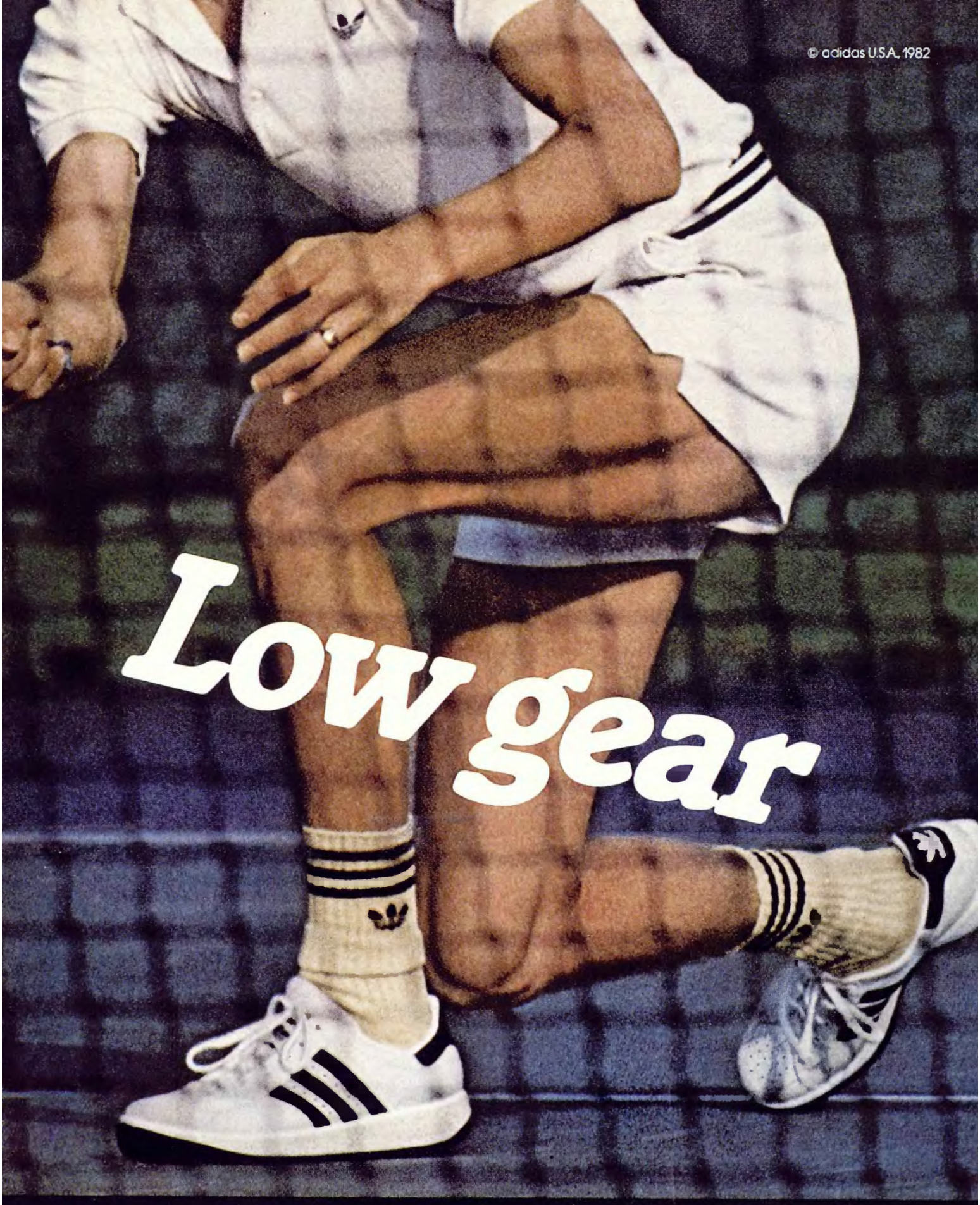

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lapse into silliness (the would-be actress burbles, "I want to do something serious . . . like Euripides"). *Roommates* has a compensating tremor of heart and soul, as when the callgirl, coerced into one more trick, runs into the man she wants most (Jack Wrangler) while servicing his friends at a stag party. Scheduled for eventual release in hard, soft and R versions, *Roommates* deserves to be judged as a real movie—rare on the porn scene in recent years—that places credibility above crotch level. ¥¥

•

An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano (Corinth) is an exquisite jewel of a film by writer-director Nikita Mikhalkov, who may be the best thing we have got from Russia since vodka. His *Oblomov* and *A Slave of Love* were delectable recent imports in the classic mold, and *Player Piano* has equal beauty, lyricism and pathos. Never mind the odd, bookish title. This limpid, flawless period piece is quintessential Chekhov, based on stories created by the great Russian playwright about Platonov, a provincial schoolmaster (perfectly played by Alexander Kalaigin; but then, all of Mikhalkov's players are perfect). During a languid summer weekend in the country, everyone comes to terms with his or her inevitable disappointments. Although "a wee bit married," as he puts it, Platonov has been having a clandestine affair with his hostess, Anna Petrovna, and discovers that the one woman he *really* loved, the glorious Sophia (Elena Solovei, who'd be a reigning romantic heroine in any country), has just married Anna Petrovna's cloddish stepson. Like a lot of Chekhov, it's social comedy with an undertone of rueful tragedy—as effortless as a snooze in a hammock but full of small bruising truths and topped by an unforgettable catch-in-the-throat fade-out. I call that terrific. ¥¥¥¥

•

Bernardo Bertolucci's ***Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man*** (Ladd/WB) stars the *macho* half of *La Cage aux Folles*' gay duo, Ugo Tognazzi. Coming on strong as a well-to-do middle-aged Italian whose rebellious son is kidnaped by terrorists, Tognazzi apparently always performs at his peak. I can't say quite as much for Bertolucci, and this elusive, elliptical exercise is one of my least favorite movies by a director whose work I generally admire (though he also lost me with Jill Clayburgh in *Luna*). The search for a son who may or may not be alive, who may or may not have conspired in his own abduction, invites unfavorable comparisons with *Missing*. In the end, Bertolucci bombards his audience with existential hokum, capriciously turning a timely thriller into an unanswerable riddle that's not nearly as deep as he presents it to be. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Das Boot (Reviewed this month) Sailors going sour on World War Two in a U-boat. ¥¥¥

Deathtrap Michael Caine as a writer plotting a murder; Christopher Reeve as the man in his life. ¥¥

Diva Gallic thriller, with *beaucoup de* flair, about a music lover, an opera singer and some mobsters. ¥¥¥

I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can (Reviewed this month) Jill on pills. ¥¥

I, the Jury (Reviewed this month) Hammer nails Carrera. ¥¥½

A Little Sex (Reviewed this month) Precious little and not much else. ¥

The Long Good Friday Cockney crooks jousting on London turf in a crackerjack British gang drama. ¥¥¥

Making Love Michael Ontkean, Harry Hamlin and Kate Jackson in a sudsy, serious boy-meets-boy love triangle in which everyone drops the soap. ¥¥¥

Missing Director Costa-Gavras' superlative drama about the aftermath of the rightist coup in Chile, with Sissy Spacek and Jack Lemmon. ¥¥¥¥

My Dinner with Andre (Reviewed this month) Cinematic *haute cuisine*. ¥¥¥¥

One from the Heart And maybe shot from the hip; a.k.a. Coppola's folly. ¥¥

Paradise (Reviewed this month) A pale *Blue Lagoon*, swamped. ¥

Passione d'Amore (Reviewed this month) Ugly lady gets her man. ¥¥¥

Personal Best The Olympic trials and romantic tribulations of a girl runner (Mariel Hemingway), directed deftly by Robert Towne. ¥¥¥

Porky's Deep-fried graffiti about Dixie teens, low-down but funny. ¥¥

Quest for Fire Cave men on a superscenic mission impossible. ¥¥½

Roommates (Reviewed this month) Hard-core with heart and soul. ¥¥

Shoot the Moon Diane Keaton jostling with Albert Finney in an uneven movie about a bad marriage. ¥¥¥

Sleeping Dogs New Zealand uprising. ¥¥

Three Brothers Fine Italian family. ¥¥¥

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man (Reviewed this month) Good Tognazzi but far from the best of Bertolucci. ¥¥

An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano (Reviewed this month) Caviar. ¥¥¥¥

Victor, Victoria Julie Andrews and Robert Preston take Paris as female impersonators in a *très* gay musical soufflé by Blake Edwards. ¥¥¥½

Wrong Is Right (Reviewed this month) Apocalypse on the flip side. ¥¥¥

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

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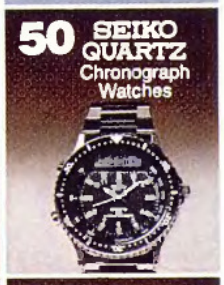

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BOOKS

Ronnie Dugger's biography of Lyndon Johnson, ***The Politician*** (Norton), is the first of two volumes and may not get rave reviews. Dugger, who knew Johnson personally, is both a journalist and a historian, and purists might object to that mix. But this book should be required reading for the nation, now that we have another pseudo cowboy in the White House, because what Dugger does better than anybody else is describe the psychology of the frontier politician as President. The Vietnam war was inevitable, Dugger claims, once L.B.J. saw himself as the sheriff who had honor and mother and country to defend from screaming Asian hordes. A vital, prophetic book.

•

Who Killed Sal Mineo? (Wyndham), by Susan Braudy, sounds as though it should be a dark but fun romp through the seamy underbelly of Hollywood—*everything* you wanted to know about the kinky sex lives and the fragile fates of the movie industry's almost-rans. Wrong. It's embalming-fluid breath! Braudy writes so dreadfully, her naïve sense of detail so boring and dreary, that it's impossible to get the cheap thrill one expects from a subject this ripe for exploitation. Even Sal Mineo deserves better.

•

John Gregory Dunne's new novel, ***Dutch Shea, Jr.*** (Linden Press), is, like his earlier *True Confessions*, a tough look into crime, Irish Catholicism, sex and love by one of our most gifted writers. Dutch is an attorney whose adopted daughter, Cat, is the victim of a terrorist bomb in London. His life, along with its carefully scripted defenses and *nolo contenderes*, unravels from the weight of his grief. His estranged wife, Lee; his mistress, Judge Martha Sweeney; and an assortment of pimps, prostitutes, crooked politicians and Protestants offer occasions for Shea to dig further into his moral despondency. Yet he continues to try to uncover the secrets that muffle his life: Cat's true parents, the reasons for his father's suicide in prison, the causes of the land-development scandal that put him there, the reason Cat was killed and his wife was not. Dunne pulls this exercise off with grit and a sense of irony that keep the book more like life than sermon.

•

Ready for the best episode of *As the Underworld Turns* since Puzo's *Fools Die*? OK: Charley Partanna's a strong-arm man for the Prizzi clan. He throws knives through people's throats but is basically such a nice guy the Mob calls him "that straight-arrow Boy Scout." In Richard Condon's ***Prizzi's Honor*** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), Charley's in a scrape—Don Corrado Prizzi wants him to off the only woman Charley has ever loved. She's a real looker, a dish with a head on her shoulders and a .22 under her garter, so it makes for a real Romeo and Juliet scene, complete with multiple weddings and an all-Italian cast. Sound like a cliché carnival? That's 'cause it is, see? But ya gotta unnerstand: This Condon is a strong-arm himself—works with a typewriter. His book's gonna bore into you like a bullet between the baby blues.

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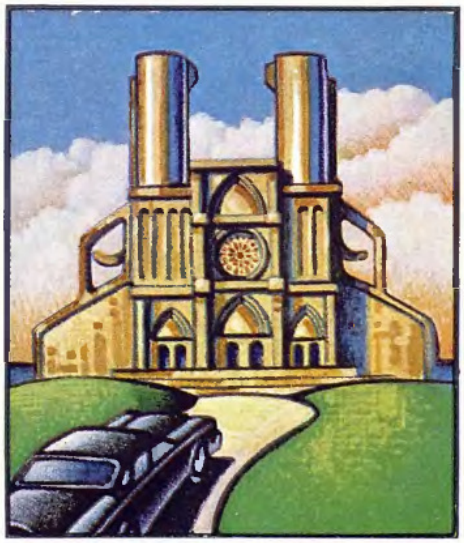

Prizzi's mafiosi, matrimony and murders.

•

Artie is 12 when his older brother Roy—high school football star and make-out artist—joins the Marines to avenge Pearl Harbor. The rest of Dan Wakefield's ***Under the Apple Tree*** (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence) gives us Artie's view of how his family and a small Illinois town survived World War Two. We experience Artie's long rite of passage: how he busies himself with helping the war effort and feels he is never really doing enough; how he tries to look after Roy's girlfriend, Shirley, and struggles with her infidelity; how he watches his idolized brother come home with fresh scars and fears. He comes to realize that Roy is brave in the way it is easy to be brave—in the face of danger, as a calculated response to risk. What Roy cannot deal with is the vaguer, more awesome responsibility: what he's going to do with the rest of his life. Like most of Wakefield's work, this is a book of lessons being learned; and, while pleasant, *Under the Apple Tree* contains lessons we have already endured.

•

If you're one of those people who tune in to *The MacNeil/Lehrer Report* on PBS to get the real news after the commercial networks' superficial coverage, ***The Right Place at the Right Time*** (Little, Brown), by Robert MacNeil, is a book for you. In it, MacNeil writes about his career, including assignments in most of the world's hot spots, and he discusses in depth the obligations and the hazards of television journalism. Competent, energetic, informative, gracefully written.

•

The Great Divide (Rawson, Wade) is a political thriller by Frank M. Robinson and John Levin. Robinson, a former PLAYBOY Advisor, is the man who wrote one of the novels upon which *The Towering Inferno* was based. *The Great Divide* works from an interesting premise: A massive Arab oil shutoff in the late Eighties has torn the U.S. apart as different regions fight for what little oil is left. Add a ruthless governor of California, a sincere Vice-Presidential aide, a courageous newspaper editor and a Second Constitutional Convention that is about to allow the Western half of the nation to secede, and you have a new version of the Civil War. Let's hope it never happens, but it's a story efficiently told.

•

No doubt John Reed, author of *Ten Days That Shook the World*, was a hell of a guy. He observed and wrote about the Russian Revolution, and his life had

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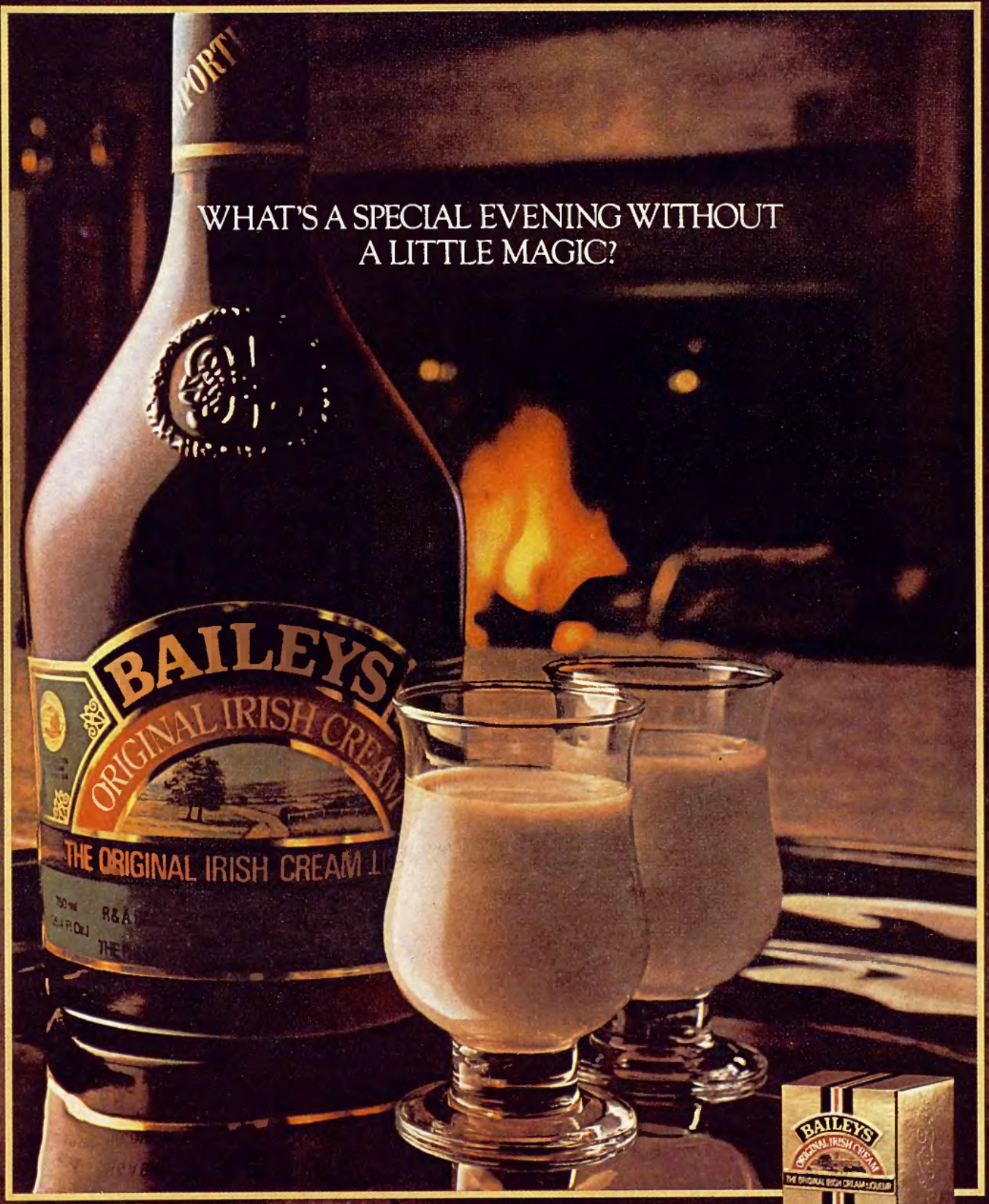

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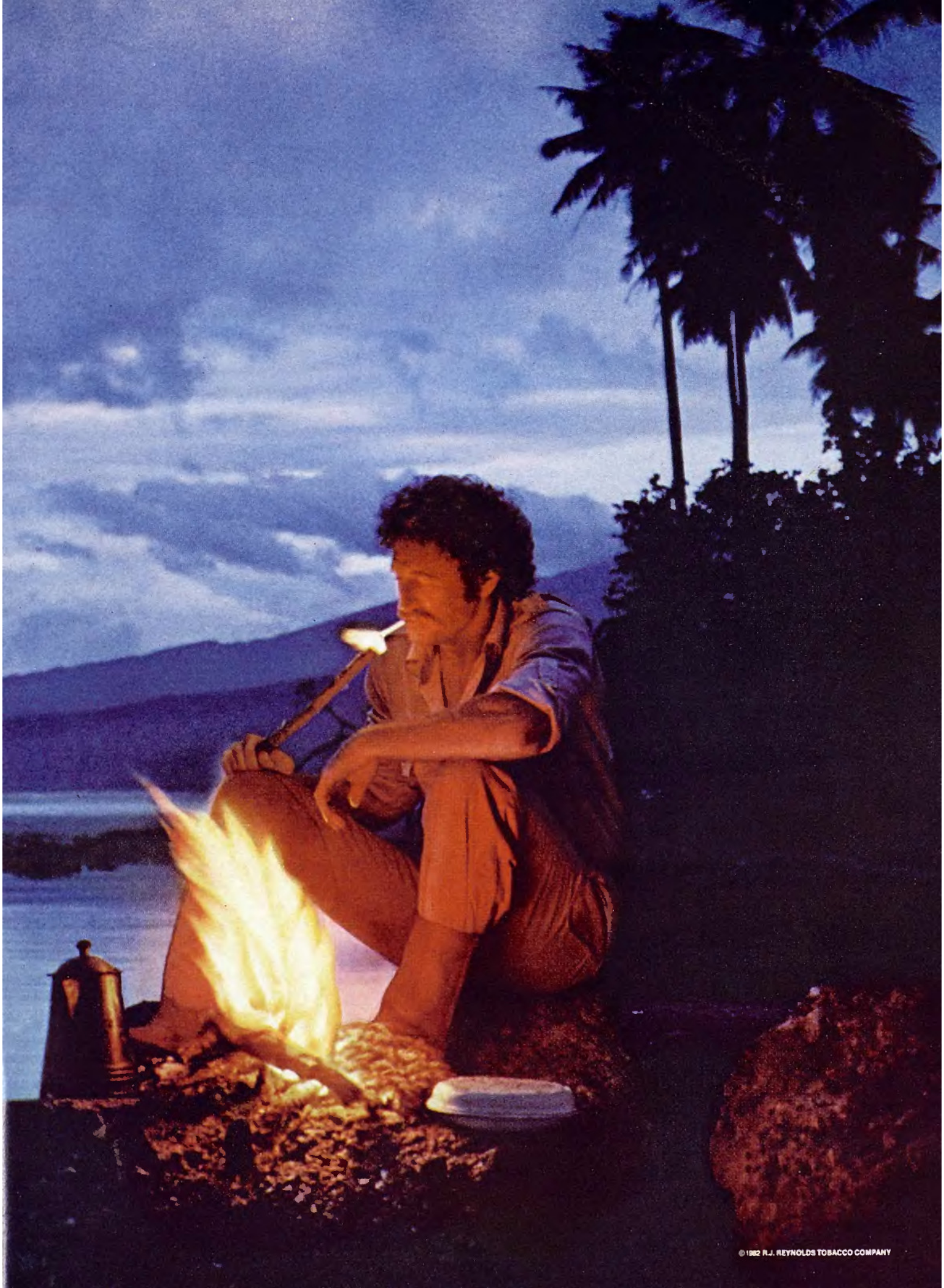

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a certain manic energy to it. Now that Warren Beatty has made *Reds* (or, as someone here titled it, "The Warren and Diane Show"), there's a flood of books to follow, one of them being ***The Bohemians*** (Apple-wood Books), a novel by Alan Cheuse. Like Beatty's film of Reed's life, however, Cheuse's book seems pale and tame and limited, and you leave it feeling that whoever Reed was and whatever he did that merited burial beneath the Kremlin wall, nothing we've seen so far comes close to encompassing either the times or the person.

•

Somewhere out in space, there is a hall-of-fame scoreboard for video-game writers. Craig Kubey should step right up and put his name at the top of the list. He has written the best video-game volume in the universe, ***The Winners' Book of Video Games*** (Warner Books). It's well researched, well written and often hilarious, and it belongs in every serious game player's pocket right next to the roll of quarters. Now there's one commandment for anyone who aspires to galactic glory: Follow Kubey's rubrics.

•

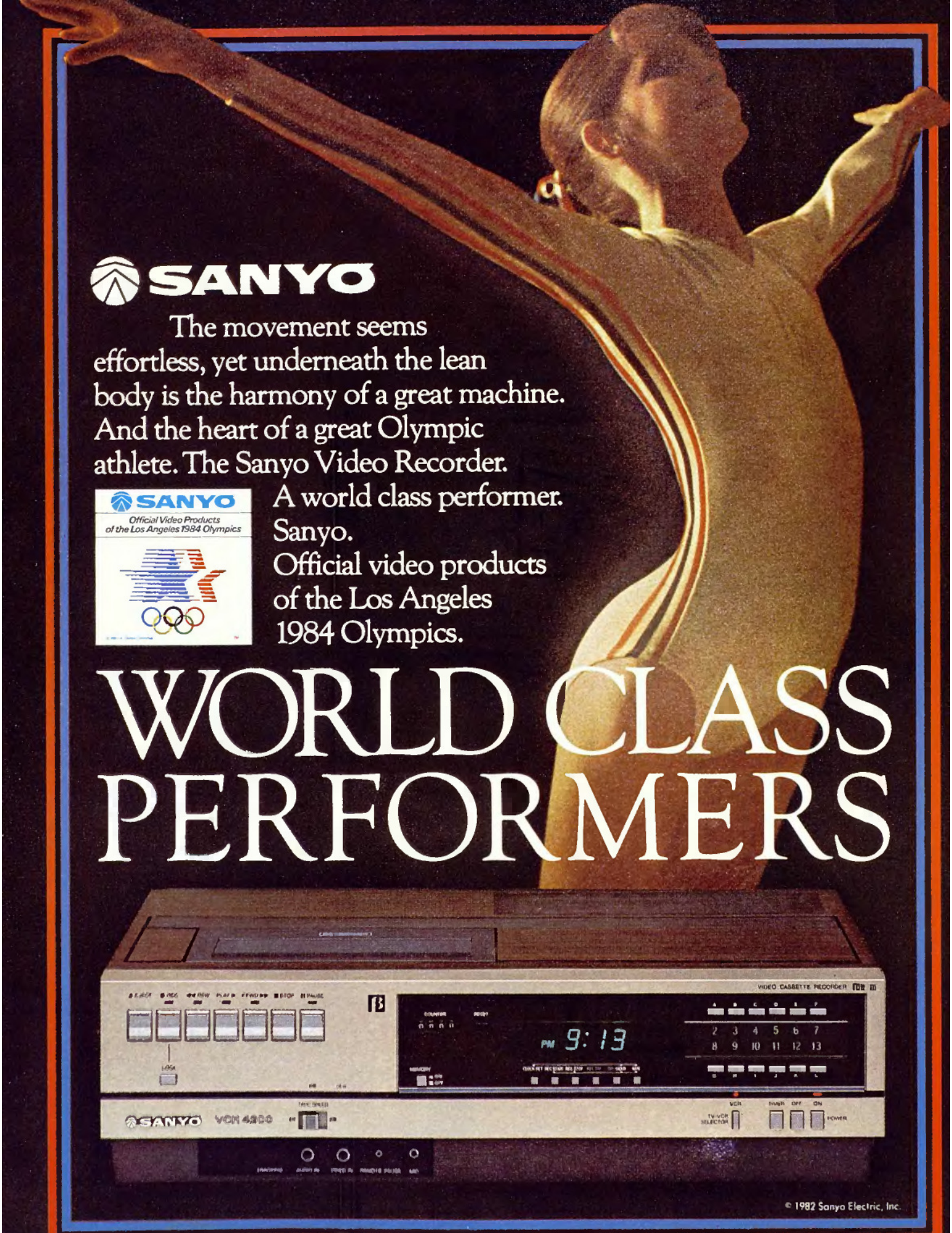
Andrew M. Greeley, in his second novel, ***Thy Brother's Wife*** (Warner Books), combines sex, violence, clerical machinations and political intrigue in a quick-moving, sensational tale about two brothers: one an ambitious priest, the other an ambitious politician. Greeley's first novel, *Cardinal Sins*, was a best seller. *Thy Brother's Wife* will undoubtedly be one, too.

•

V. S. Pritchett has done everyone a favor by gathering 29 of the short stories he has written over the past 50 years into a new anthology, ***Collected Stories*** (Random House). Age has not caused Pritchett to lose his touch; his most recently written stories are as skillfully crafted as his earliest ones.

•

If you want to learn how different the rich are from the rest of us, read ***Beyond Greed*** (Viking), by Stephan Fay. A fine piece of investigative journalism, this book outlines how Herbert and Bunker Hunt tried to corner the silver market in 1979 and 1980. There's a movie in here somewhere: The fast action moves across the globe, from Texas to the commodities markets in Chicago and New York, from this nation's capital to Saudi Arabia and France and Switzerland. "There is no superlative of 'rich' adequate to describe the billions of dollars accumulated by members of this select group," Fay writes of the Hunts and their partners. He traces their various manipulations with a shrewd eye, shows us how "gingerly" they were handled by our Government and the banks and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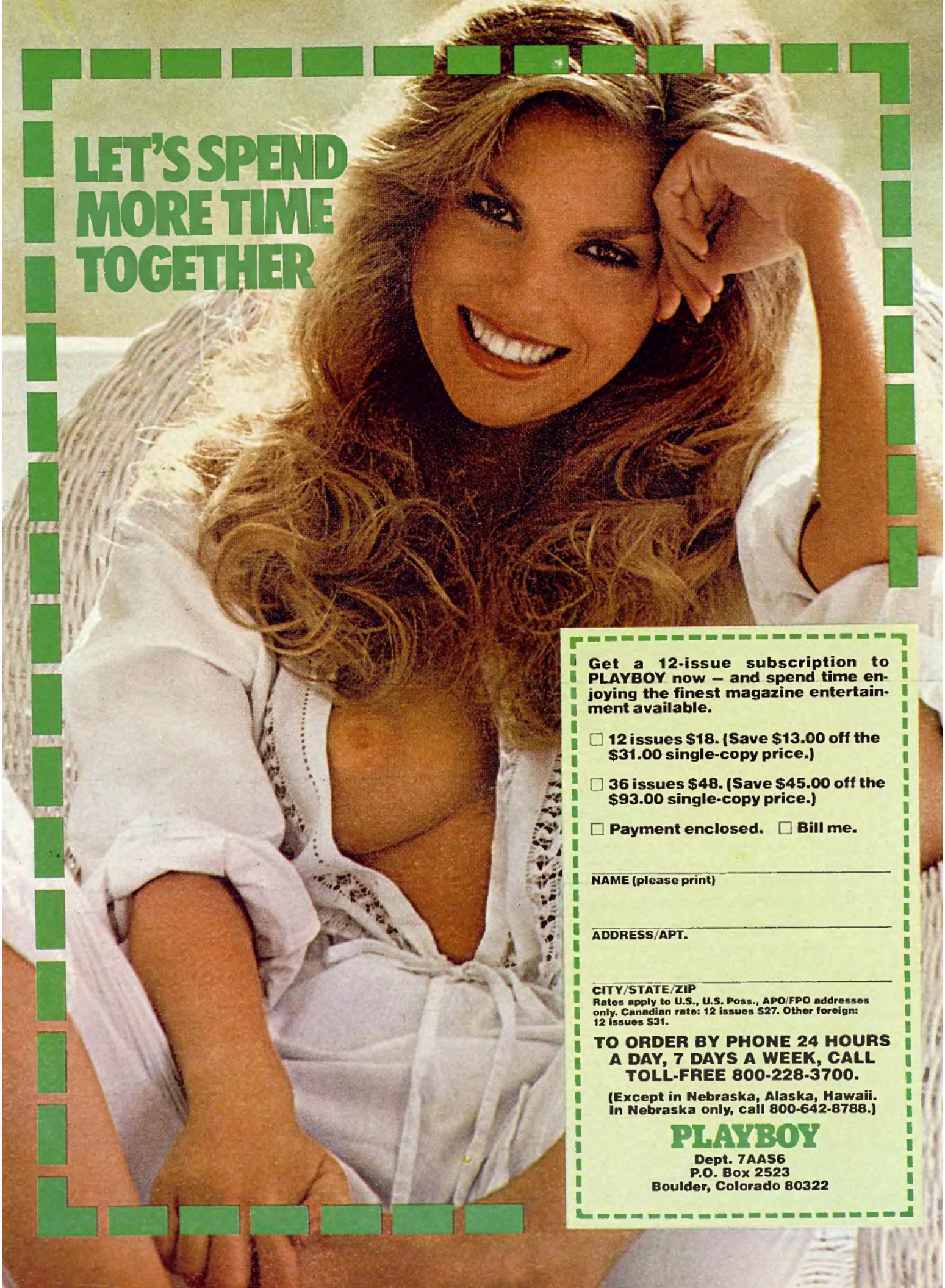
brokerage houses while the brothers managed to collect a total debt of 1.825 *billion* dollars and 80-plus *million* ounces of silver. "The ingredients still exist," Fay suggests, for similar speculative nightmares today or tomorrow. Not a pleasant thought but probably a truthful one. After you read *Beyond Greed*, you'll want to run right out and get a rich person to adopt you. So maybe you won't be happy; at least you'll be safer than the rest of us.

•

The shift of values in our culture has been amply illustrated in recent years by the impressive price tags attached to certain items heretofore considered trash. Baseball cards, pop recordings and comic books all rival in worth those traditional collectors' items—first editions and stamps. In another reflection of the change, most of the careers our parents told us to prepare for—aerospace engineering, public administration and banking—have proved less reliable than rock stardom. In this twisted, out-of-kilter framework, no one can claim surprise that certain academics actually get paid to study our lowbrow mass culture. And why not? That seems to be the operating inquiry behind the three-volume set, edited by M. Thomas Inge, titled ***Handbook of American Popular Culture*** (Greenwood Press, 88 Post Road West, Box 5007, Westport, Connecticut 06881).

This work marks the first attempt to create a bibliographic data bank as a first step in studying nearly 50 widespread areas of pop culture ranging from animation to the Western. Each category includes a short history of the subject and a critical guide to further readings. The writing is tight and to the point but well laced with fascinating detail: In the "Automobile" section, we find that early cars carried warning signs stating MEN AND BOYS ONLY, and the expression "It's a doozy" originally referred to the classic Duesenberg. Drag racing is an American hobby invented when California municipalities placed traffic lights at the sleepiest of intersections, giving drivers a signal to race.

Each of the sections is written by someone who has studied the area. Of course, anyone who sets himself up as an expert on pop culture is setting himself up for a fall—after all, we're all experts. We just wanted, therefore, to point out that the Mitchell Brothers, Art and Jim—producers of such porn epics as *Behind the Green Door*—are a San Francisco duo, rather than an L.A. firm, as stated in the "Pornography" section. Fortunately, editor Inge has kindly indicated where to write to inform him of corrections for future printings. A fascinating set for your reference shelf, these volumes constitute a distinctly American book of lists.



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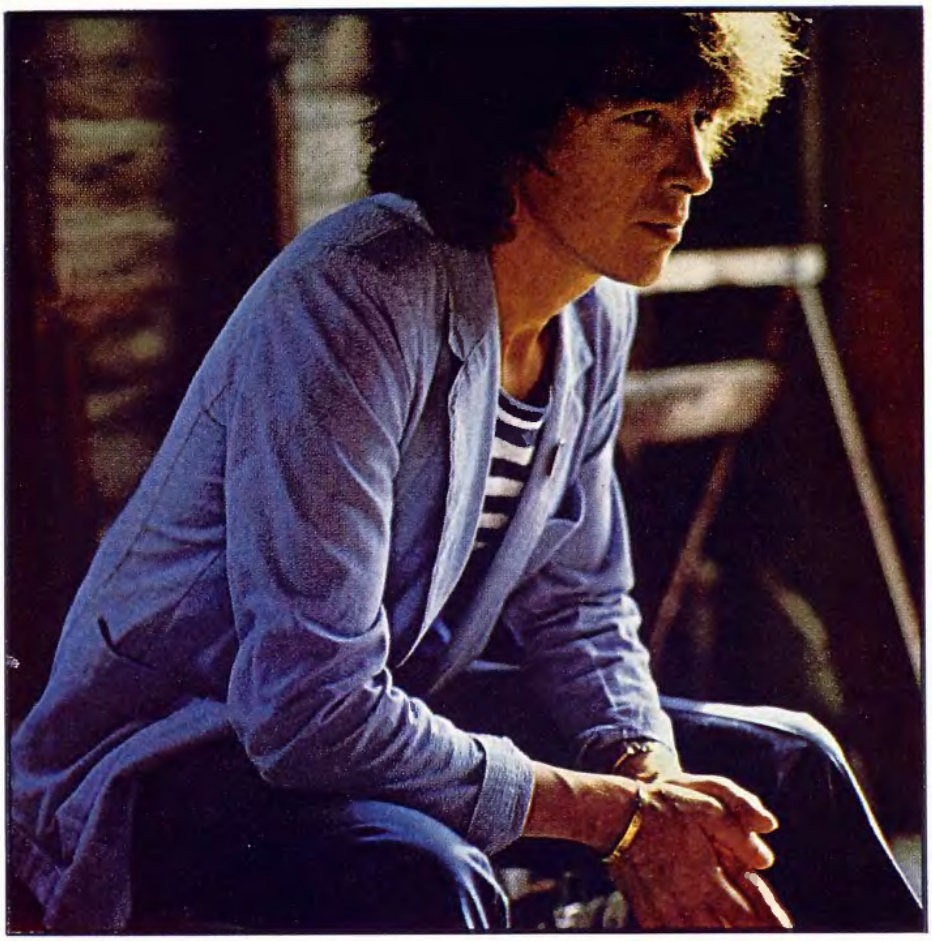

NOT FADE AWAY: *You'd think that millionaire rocker, founding member of The Rolling Stones and superbassist* **Bill Wyman** *would just take it easy at his home in the south of France after the Stones' exhaustive U.S. tour last year. But noooooooo; Wyman's busied himself preparing a photo book, recording a new solo album, "Bill Wyman" (A&M), and writing a film sound track. Stan Hyman and Vicki Greenleaf spoke with Wyman about his various projects and found him witty and energetic.*

PLAYBOY: What's your new album like?

WYMAN: It's all very, very different. There's a *reggae* song, a song about space, a love song and a New Wave kind of song on it. My earlier solo albums showed off the music I liked—New Orleans R&B and early jazz—rather than the music I was able to do. I decided I would never make that mistake again.

PLAYBOY: You've recently scored the Ryan O'Neal adventure film *Green Ice*. How did you do that?

WYMAN: I did it pretty differently from the way Marvin Hamlisch and Henry Mancini do. They write the score after they see the rough cut. I couldn't do that, because I don't read or write music. So, after being told the story for about ten minutes, I started to work out the themes in my little eight-track studio at home. I assumed there had to be a romantic scene and a chase sequence. I wrote some Mexican-flavored songs and some South American–flavored songs. Then I saw the script and it all fit—I was ecstatic.

PLAYBOY: You recently completed photography for *Chagall Méditerranée*, a book on Marc Chagall. How did that evolve?

WYMAN: I met him through a French poet friend who was writing a book on him. Chagall hates photographers and interviewers, so I was asked if I would do it. He said, "Yes, the Rolling Stone. He can do it. He's a nice person."

When we met, he looked at me and touched my hair, which was shoulder length at the time, and said, "You must change this; it's not original." And I said, "But I'm one of the musicians who began this style in 1962." He said, "Oh, well, it's OK, then."

PLAYBOY: Did you have any training in photography?

WYMAN: None whatsoever. When we started touring the world, I picked up a camera and started taking pictures. I had the occasional picture in an English newspaper or magazine, but I never did anything seriously in a professional way. I was always waiting for *National Geographic* to call me up and say, "How 'bout doing a project for us?" But nobody ever did.

PLAYBOY: We hear you're keeping a Rolling Stones diary.

WYMAN: I've kept a diary of my own life, and it involves the band, because I'm there. I've also kept all the memorabilia over the years, because nobody else could be bothered. Now my collection is locked up, because everybody is trying to get it back. I use two computers—one in England and one in France—to keep up with the enormous volume. I took one on the U.S. tour.

PLAYBOY: What do the other band members think of your project?

WYMAN: They find it quite amusing. Every gig we went to on the tour, Mick would come up to me about ten minutes before we went on and ask when we last played there and in what location. Then we'd go onstage and he'd say, "Hi, we haven't seen you since 1972, when we played at So-and-so."

PLAYBOY: Do you plan to publish your material?

WYMAN: If I do, it'll take two books. A factual book of details, facts and figures for the historians, the Stones freaks and the collectors; a kind of dictionary of The Rolling Stones. And a book of amusing stories and amazingly strange things that have happened to us over the years—a very nice sort of paperback to buy at the airport.

PLAYBOY: How does the band get along?

WYMAN: We all live in different places, but when we come together, we're very good mates. Keith says, "We're a tough, strong fighting unit" [*laughs*], and that's the way it is.

PLAYBOY: Why did you come to be called the quiet Stone?

WYMAN: Because I never said anything. The reason I never said anything was because nobody asked me.

PLAYBOY: What's Charlie Watts like?

WYMAN: Charlie's pretty much the same as me. Charlie's very nice. He's my best mate in the band, if you like. He has a very dry kind of humor. He doesn't say much, but when he does, it's really important or really funny. He's my favorite drummer to play with.

PLAYBOY: Ron Wood?

WYMAN: He's always fun—laughing, joking, bouncing about, doing silly things. He's a good catalyst between the strong-willed people—Keith and Mick—and the laid-back people—myself and Charlie. He's the clown, the knucklehead.

PLAYBOY: Keith Richards?

WYMAN: He tries to be a bit more flamboyant than he really is to cover that little bit of shyness and insecurity that he has. He's like a gypsy or a pirate. He lives like one and acts like one. There's no changing him. He's great the way he is.

PLAYBOY: Mick Jagger?

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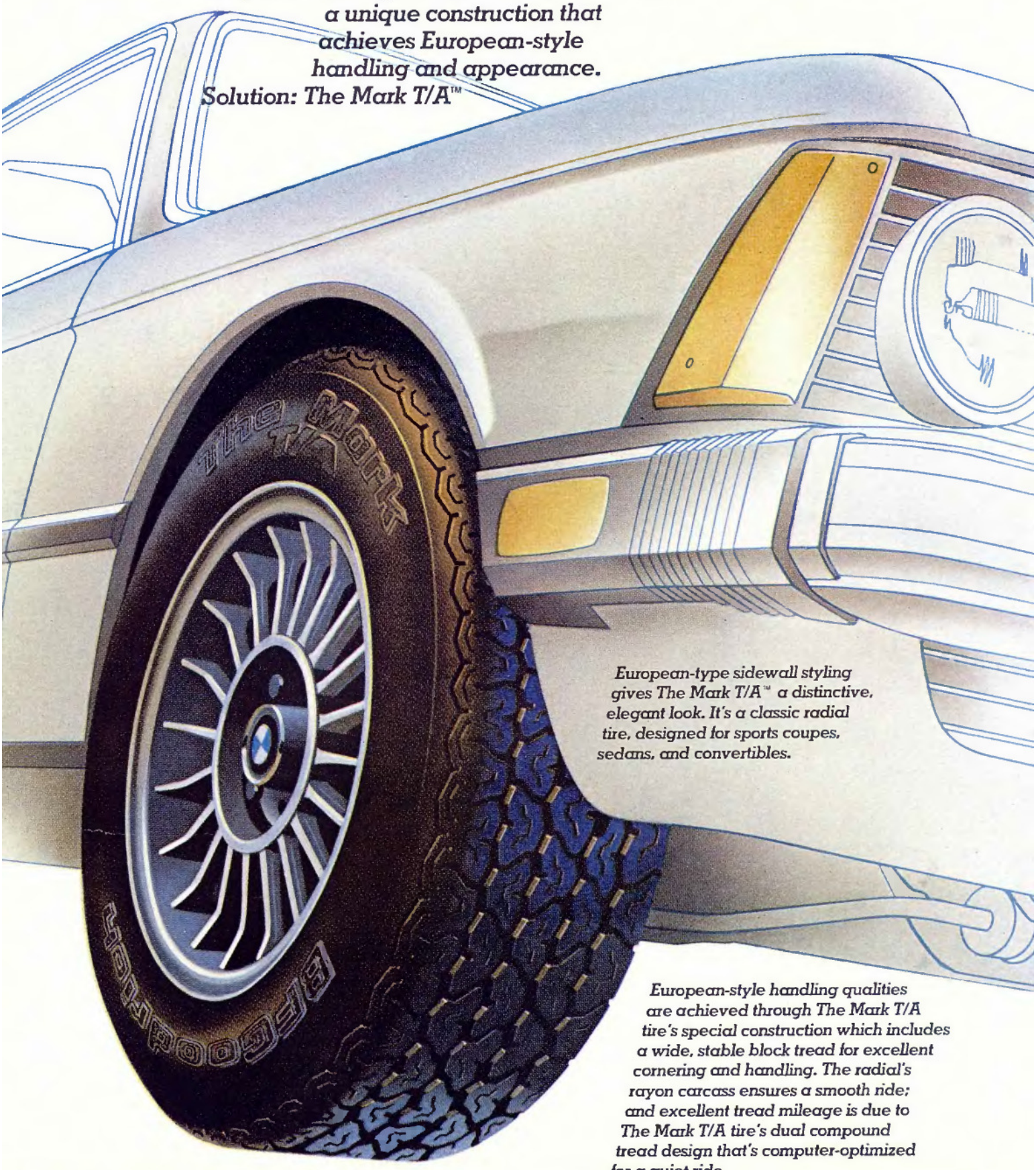

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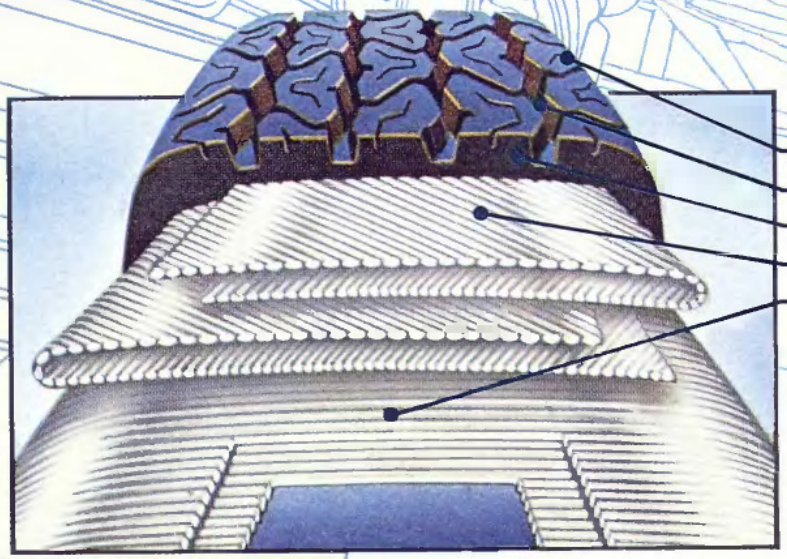

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WYMAN: He does all the planning and organizing for the band. He's very good at finding the right people for the right project. He's all right and he's a good vocalist.

PLAYBOY: Do the Stones remain a priority in your life?

WYMAN: Absolutely. These other things have happened only in my spare time. The band is the biggest thing in my life, apart from my family.

PLAYBOY: When you look back at your career, are there still things you'd like to do?

WYMAN: I'd like to talk with some of the great astronomers and scientists, like Isaac Asimov. I've got friends in the tennis fraternity—Gerulaitis and McEnroe. I'd love to go out on a court one day and beat one of those guys [*laughs*]. Keep your eyes open—one day, I'll get Gerulaitis, even if I have to wait until he's 50.

REVIEWS

Conway and Loretta, as they are known to their fans, aren't likely to be recording together much more, since Twitty left MCA records, where Lynn remains. Their latest solo LPs indicate that little else has changed, though. Lynn's ***I Lie*** (MCA)—especially its A side—is a nice mixture of contemporary and traditional styles, with a slight accent on the latter; Twitty's ***Southern Comfort*** (Elektra) offers quite a bit of his usual steamy, sometimes hilarious, straight-faced *double-entendre*. Brand-new example: *Something Strange Got into Her Last Night*.

•

Harry Warren had a long, gifted career as a pop composer; he died last year, at the age of 87. Dave McKenna is a two-fisted jazz pianist with a talent for illuminating the music of any era. So when ***The Dave McKenna Trio Plays the Music of Harry Warren*** (Concord), there's little margin for error. McKenna, bassist Bob Maize and drummer Jake Hanna glide happily through *Nagasaki*, *42nd Street*, *I Only Have Eyes for You*, *Lulu's Back in Town* and a batch of other Warren melodies. It all amounts to more than accessible jazz—McKenna's playing is always accessible. It's solid evidence of what a skilled musician can do with first-rate material.

•

We saw Talking Heads live during their initial rise to fame as the practitioners of a new minimalist rock 'n' roll. That night, bad acoustics and dysfunctional stage monitors contributed to murky, out-of-pace playing and singing, and we left thinking this was a band that would have to exist for us on records alone. Now ***The Name of This Band Is Talking Heads*** (Sire), a two-record live set, convinces us that there have, indeed, been nights when we *shoulda* been there. This is a neatly recorded mix of the band's hits, including its soulful remake of Al Green's *Take Me to the River* and the appreciably less soulful *Psycho Killer*. The cuts are culled from concerts given between 1977 and 1981, but audience noise and applause have been tastefully minimized, leaving nearly studio-quality sound and a near-complete history of a significant band.

•

One of the more persistent rumors of late, on all levels of the music business, is that swing is back. It certainly lives on ***Tour de Force*** (Concord), a four-sided replica of a concert given in Japan by a sextet featuring three tenor men—Buddy Tate, Al Cohn and young Scott Hamilton—who breathe new fire into *Soft Winds*, *Broadway*, *Rifftide* and other certified toe tappers. The rhythm players make the most of their opportunities—especially Cal Collins, who contributes some swinging guitar choruses, and Dave McKenna (again), who shows off his remarkable solo piano style on *If*.

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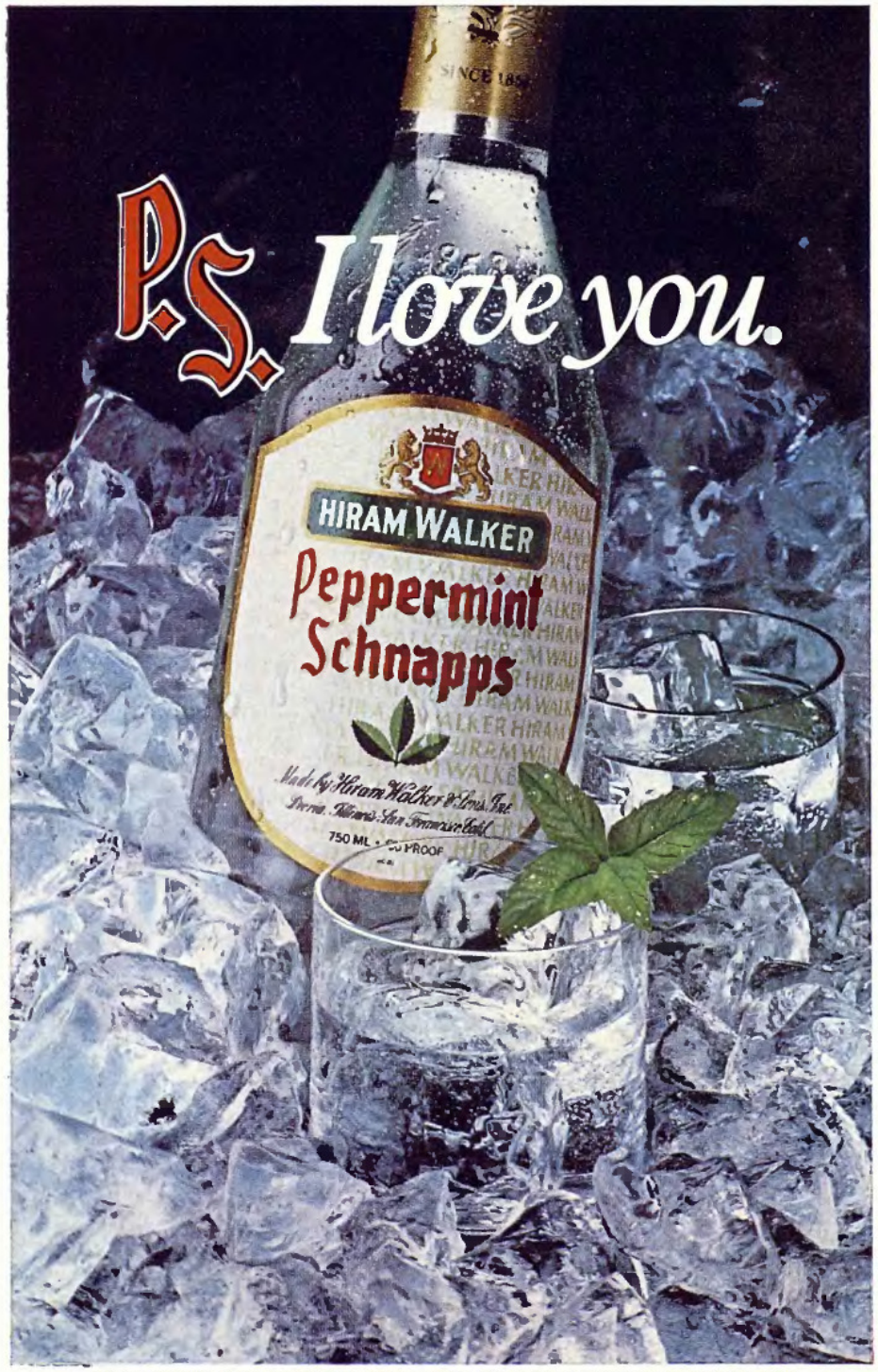
It's a rare superstar jam that exceeds the expectations raised by the names on the marquee, but such is the case with ***The New York–Montreux Connection*** (Columbia). Side one has altoists Phil Woods,



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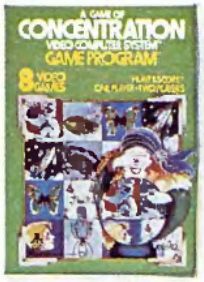

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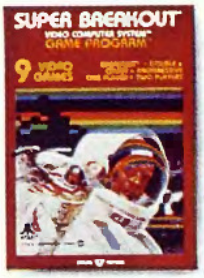

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•

Bigger than the sum of its parts, sharper than its critics, leaping musical categories in flights of fancy—it's ***Weather Report*** (ARC), with more of the group's patented electrofunk grooves accented by crashing fanfares (*Volcano for Hire*), more ballads with space for Joe Zawinul's fantastic keyboard architecture (*Speechless*), more wry tone poems (*N.Y.C.*) that convey the bedlam and the beauty of our times.

•

The superbly melismatic singing of Etoile de Dakar is the most stunning entry on ***Sound d'Afrique*** (Mango), a collection of tracks by groups from various African countries; but all six tunes—with their bubbling high-life guitar, hypnotic rhythms, fleet horn lines and skintight vocal harmonies—show why contemporary African music is enjoying such a vogue in Britain. Be forewarned that some of the tracks may wear out their welcome, since they have no real harmonic development; if that didn't keep you from enjoying *reggae*, it won't bother you here.

SHORT CUTS

Walter Norris, *Aladar Pege* / *Winter Rose* (Enja): A concert of rippling, impressionistic jazz by an accomplished pianist and an accomplished bassist.

John Neptune, with Arakawa Band / *Bamboo* (Inner City): Fusion has everything now that it's got its own Lafcadio Hearn.

Linda Clifford / *I'll Keep On Loving You* (Capitol): Sometimes she seems to be screaming on cue, but the uncluttered band tracks are right in the pocket.

Eye to Eye (Warner): Chuck Rainey and Rick Derringer are among the stars providing accompaniment for these rock songs that hover between New Wave and fusion. It's silly but nice.

Moon Mullican / *Seven Nights to Rock* (Western): Seminal slices of hillbilly piano from a guy who pioneered Western swing, brought boogiewoogie to the Grand Ole Opry and showed Jerry Lee Lewis how to properly pound his pumpin' piano.

Lou Ann Barton / *Old Enough* (Asylum): The Irma Thomas–ish growlings of the vocalist, the master touch of producers Glenn Frey and Jerry Wexler and, of course, the Emerald City quality of the Muscle Shoals studios add up to a winner.

FAST TRACKS

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT DEPARTMENT: The McCartneys are rock's F. Scott and Zelda. They are rich and famous and no fan begrudges Paul the fruits of his labor. But maybe a few fans begrudge Linda, who has become one half of the best-loved songwriting team in popular music without really contributing all that much. So when we see an item announcing the Linda McCartney calendar, filled with her photos of things like coat hangers, we have to laugh. Members of Paul's fan club are being offered this prize for *only* six dollars. We call that Winging it.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Thin Lizzy**'s bass player, **Phil Lynott**, has been talking with producers about starring in a movie about **Jimi Hendrix**. Jimi, one of Lynott's heroes, could be played sick and drugged or intense and creative. Lynott prefers the second way, and when asked if he could do an American accent, he said, "I could if I had to." . . . The film shot by **Hal Ashby**'s crew of the **Stones** jamming with **Buddy Guy, Muddy Waters** and **Junior Wells** at a Chicago club, the Checkerboard Lounge, during the Stones' tour is so hot that **Jagger** is holding it for the movie. . . . **David Bowie** is going to play a vampire opposite **Catherine Deneuve** in a film called *The Hunger*. We wouldn't mind nibbling on her neck ourselves. . . . Keep an eye open for a new book, *Rock on Film* (Delilah), by **David Ehrenstein** and **Bill Reed**. The book includes casting credits and songs for 483 movies. Everything you ever wanted to know about rock movies, from *High School Confidential* to *No Nukes*, plus photos, rare stills and posters.

NEWSBREAKS: Look for **Bob Seger**'s new album, *The Distance*, coming soon. . . . The Kool Jazz Festival (formerly The Newport Jazz Festival), which opens May 30, is a series of festivals this year, instead of just one. From then until November, you can hear the best jazz in the country in a state near you. . . . And speaking of jazz, it's hoped that the Playboy Jazz Festival, due June 19 and 20 in Los Angeles, will be video-taped this year for The Playboy Channel. So if you can't make it to the Hollywood Bowl, you'll be likely to catch all the action, including **Weather Report, Spyro Gyra** and **McCoy Tyner**, on cable. . . . Superproducer **Richard Perry** is going to work with both **Tina Turner** and **Bill Medley** on new albums. . . . **Laura Nyro** is working on a record, her first since 1977. . . . **Willie Nelson** has finished his made-for-TV movie *Coming Out of the Ice*. It's the story of a young American confined to hard labor in Siberia in the Thirties. CBS expects to air it any day now. . . . **Quincy Jones** is writing his autobiography. . . . Aside from his own solo album, **The Doobies' Michael McDonald** is working on projects with **Diana Ross** and **The Crusaders**. He also appeared at **Al Green**'s church to sing a ten-minute version of *People Get Ready* with The Reverend Al. We wish we had been there. . . . *Mickey Mouse Disco* sold 3,000,000 copies and **Disney** is launching another biggie, *Mousercise*. **Mickey** is going out on a promotion tour. . . . You do know that the only way to buy **Kinky Friedman**'s record *Live from the Lone Star Cafe* is through a TV ad? Kinky calls it "the first made-for-TV record." We'll give you a break: The phone number is 1-800-453-9000. Operators are standing by. . . . **Country Joe McDonald** has proposed holding benefit concerts every year on **Janis Joplin**'s birthday and using the proceeds to establish a scholarship in her name for young music students. We'll keep you posted on what develops. . . . **Zack Starkey** has a heavy-metal band, **The Next**, which has been playing clubs in London. Says Zack about his family connections: "I want to prove I can do it myself. I don't want any help from him." . . . A New York record producer who released an album of songs by street musicians last year is planning a *Stars of the Streets Encore*. **Eric du Faure** says he'd next like to tackle Boston and San Francisco. Keep humming in the alley. —BARBARA NELLIS

☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Former Wonder Woman **Lynda Carter** has been tagged to portray **Rita Hayworth** in a three-hour telefilm of the legendary actress' life story. "It's important for me to have Rita Hayworth's approval," Carter was recently quoted as having said. "I want her to realize that the film we're going to make is not going to be exploitive or in bad taste." **David Susskind** and Carter's husband-manager, **Ron Samuels,** will produce the picture for CBS-TV. . . . Following production of their latest film, *Things Are Tough All Over,* **Cheech** and **Chong** plan to interrupt their movie schedule for a stint on Broadway. They're currently putting together a musical comedy geared to appeal mainly to young folks. . . . Director **Michael Cimino**'s first film since *Heaven's Gate* was shut is *Nitty Gritty,* a black comedy about the electronic news media. You can bet executives at CBS Theatrical Films will be keeping a close eye on the budget. . . . **Mark** (*On Golden Pond*) **Rydell** will direct the film version of **Tom Topor**'s stage drama *Nuts.* . . . Writer-producer-director **Robert** (*Personal Best*) **Towne**'s next work is likely

Hayworth

Carter

to be *Tequila Sunrise,* a romantic thriller set in San Pedro, California. Rumor has it that Towne's buddy and onetime collaborator **Warren Beatty** may agree to appear in the flick. . . . **Diana Ross** will produce and star in *The Josephine Baker Story,* now in development at Paramount. The biopic has been a pet project of Ross's for years. . . . CBS-TV has unveiled a slate of upcoming telefilms. Among them are *Svengali,* starring **Peter O'Toole** and **Jodie Foster;** *The Rosemary Clooney Story,* in preproduction; and *Cold Reading,* an **Agatha Christie**–type thriller top-lining **Lynn Redgrave** and **Robert Preston.**

•

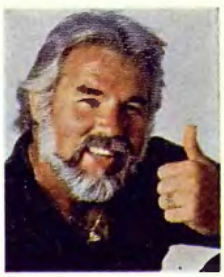
YOUR CHEATIN' HEART: Offbeat is probably the best way to describe Universal's *Tender Mercies,* starring **Robert Duvall,** newcomer **Tess Harper** and *Eight Is Enough* star **Betty Buckley.** As plots go, the film seems ordinary enough—Duvall plays Mac Sledge, a down-and-out country singer who falls for and marries a young widow (Harper) and is then tested by the temptations of renewed fame and the intervention of his bitter ex-wife (Buckley)—but *Tender Mercies* is anything but ordinary. For starters, the film represents the American directorial debut of Australian director **Bruce** (*Breaker Morant*) **Beresford,** who chose *Tender*

Harper Duvall

Mercies over no fewer than 150 other projects. Says he: "The people living in isolated areas of Texas are very similar to those living in outback Australia. It's all a matter of understanding behavior. And country-and-western is one of the most popular forms of music in Australia." Even more offbeat is the fact that Duvall will be *singing* his way through the role, which ought to be an interesting change of pace for his fans. It won't, however, be a change of pace for Duvall—offscreen, he's an avid writer and singer of C&W.

•

CUTE: If **Kenny Rogers**' two TV movies are any indication (*The Gambler* and *Coward of the County* both swept the ratings), his feature-film debut, *Six Pack,* ought to perform admirably at the box office. It's a cute idea for a film—one that could easily appeal to a large cross section of the moviegoing public. Rogers plays Brewster Baker, a traveling stock-car racer. One night, during a stopover at a sleepy Texas town, his Sting Ray is stripped clean by six kids who make their living dealing stolen parts. Brewster nabs them, but the kids are quick to point out that it takes automotive ex-



Rogers

Lane

pertise to strip a car's engine, transmission, fenders and steering wheel in 60 seconds; to make a long story short, they become his pit crew. Like most films of this ilk, *Six Pack,* in the breathless words of the press release, "winningly combines the high-speed excitement of racing and the warmhearted humor of Brewster's relationship with the unpredictable, enterprising youngsters." Co-stars are **Diane Lane** as the eldest kid, **Erin Gray** as Kenny's main squeeze and November 1980 Playmate **Jeana Tomasino** as a waitress.

•

FALLING STAR: Some time ago, I ran an item in this space about **Jessica Lange**'s longtime desire to play actress **Frances Farmer,** an up-and-coming star of the Thirties who was ruthlessly churned up by the Hollywood system and ultimately committed to an asylum by her own mother. Lange's dream of seeing this tragedy made into a film has become reality and *Frances,* produced by *Elephant Man* producer **Jonathan Sanger,** is currently in postproduction awaiting release. The movie represents something of a triumph for the tenacious Lange, who first tried to get **Bob Rafelson** or **Bob Fosse** to direct, then had to beat out such

Stanley

Lange

femme heavyweights as **Diane Keaton, Goldie Hawn, Jane Fonda** and **Tuesday Weld** for the role. Co-starring **Sam Shepard** and **Kim Stanley** (in her first film role in 18 years) as Frances' mother, **Lillian,** *Frances* covers roughly 30 years of the actress' life, beginning when she was 16 and growing up in Seattle and ending ten years after her release from a mental institution. Because of the make-up job required for such an age span, the film was shot entirely in sequence, not the usual method of filming but one that tends to increase intensity. Directed by **Graeme Clifford,** who edited *The Postman Always Rings Twice, Frances* is set for a September release. Coincidentally, CBS also has a Frances Farmer project in the works. The TV movie, *Will There Really Be a Morning?,* stars **Susan Blakely.**

•

RUSSIAN DRESSING: Bound to be the hot love story of the decade is *Ten Days That Shook the World,* the Soviet Union's own version of **Warren Beatty**'s *Reds.* Starring, of all people, **Franco Nero** as outlaw journalist **John Reed** opposite **Sydne Rome** as Louise Bryant. The flick is actually a Soviet-Mexican-Italian coproduction (though, rumor has it, Cuban advisors are actually training the crews).

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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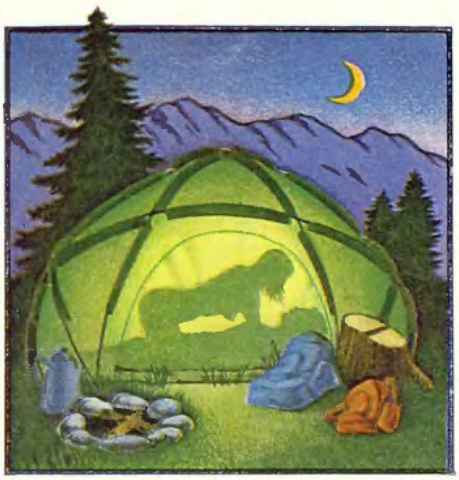

There's nothing like an outdoor excursion to kindle romance.

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

THE ATTRACTIVE young woman in the front row had been trying to muster the courage to raise her hand throughout the question-and-answer period. I'd spent an hour talking about the nuances of "single" travel, and the Q & A time was drawing to a close. Finally, her arm shot skyward, and her question was obviously the one that was on everyone's mind: "Sure, I'm interested in saving money and seeing the world, but where is the best place to meet someone nice?"

I surprised myself by answering, "On an adventure holiday," without any hesitation and realized only afterward that I'd been collecting a lot of information from tour operators who organize adventure-oriented travel. Many of them had mentioned that, in addition to being exciting, those trips are also some of the best singles' meeting grounds of the Eighties. About as many women as men sign up for each journey, which is convenient for all concerned.

It really makes sense when you think about it, since participants are sharing an unusual and occasionally stressful experience, a romantic setting and few outside distractions. Sometimes there's even an element of survival to bring parties closer together. No matter what the site or the stresses, those trips increasingly represent paradise for single sojourners.

If there's any negative aspect to that kind of holiday hunt for a meaningful relationship, it has to do with physical conditioning. It would, for example, disrupt any romantic roundelay if you were constantly gasping for breath on an otherwise entrancing bicycle trip around the Hawaiian Islands while the prospective object of your passions went pedaling past. It's strongly advised, therefore, that you make a frank appraisal of the state of your lungs and your musculature before embarking on such a pilgrimage.

Still, if your femurs are truly fit, you can do worse than that bicycle *schlep* around Hawaii's outer islands. There's a 23-day tour (July 31–August 22) that covers Kauai, Maui and the big island of Hawaii and runs through some of the most beautiful scenery on the planet. It's operated by Bicycling West, Inc. (P.O. Box 15128, San Diego, California 92115; 714-583-3001), which has several other pedaling packages in its inventory. Vermont Bicycle Touring (Box 711-BG, Bristol, Vermont 05443; 802-453-4811) offers the same kind of trip through the Green Mountain State, and this tour is a special pleasure in late September and October. For the genuinely intrepid, China Passage (302 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10001; 800-223-7196) offers four different cycling tours around the People's Republic.

If earth-bound adventure seems just too tame, you might try to make your move on a balloon floating over the French château country. The French invented ballooning, and the Bombard Society (10100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90067; 213-277-1058) has gone Gallic for an adventure that truly rises to the occasion. Ascents lift off from some of the finest vineyards in the French countryside, and the fine wine flows freely. Closer to home—but retaining the vineyard orientation—are several balloon groups in the Napa Valley of California. The local wine will keep your head lighter than the balloons, and arrangements are easy to make through any inn or hotel in the area.

From the heights to the depths is a natural progression among adventure travelers, and scuba diving has become an important tour focus, whether at Club Med on Eleuthera, where first-class diving instruction is provided as part of the single package price, or in Truk Lagoon in the South Pacific, where See & Sea Tours (680 Beach Street, San Francisco, California 94109; 415-771-0077) organizes trips whose sunken treasure is World War Two wrecks. The buddy system inspires close companionship under water.

Back to the heights. Mountain Travel, Inc. (1398 Solano Avenue, Albany, California 94706; 415-527-8100), is one of the top outfitters leading trekkers and climbers to remote corners of the world, and its summer-1982 schedule offers China, Tibet, Mongolia, New Zealand, Japan, Nepal, Kashmir, Sikkim, Bhutan and lots of less exotic destinations. For the truly courageous, there's Everest and Annapurna; for the tourists, Great Britain and Ireland. For the scenery-struck, there's climbing in Hawaii. Anyone who has ever seen the sun rise over Haleakala crater knows that dawn is the most romantic moment of the day, and it's worth any number of blisters to perch on the volcano's rim just before the Pacific explodes with a tropical dawn.

The equine-inclined may find just the right atmosphere and a sympathetic companion on one of the pack trips that abound throughout the Western United States in summer. Adventure Guides, Inc. (36 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022; 212-355-6334), offers a 14-day trip that visits Yellowstone and Grand Teton national parks and includes eight days on horseback through the high country between Jackson Hole and Cody. The itinerary covers 90 miles of mountain trail in one direction, which will be uncomfortable going for all but those with the steadiest seat. Tenderfeet are advised that exaggerating their riding experience is likely to mean that postsunset liaisons will be conducted in a vertical position.

Few trips inspire more after-dark affinity than those during which the day has been spent crouched over cuddly animals and their adorable offspring. The New York Zoological Society (Box 108, Bronx, New York 10460; 212-220-5085) has organized trips for 1982 that explore seven continents, and while we can't comment on the ooh-and-aah quotient of each one, be warned that one is a jungle safari to Zaire in search of rare mountain gorillas. International Zoological Expeditions (210 Washington Street, Sherborn, Massachusetts 01770; 617-655-1461) focuses on wildlife excursions to Central America, where the wildlife may very well include Cuban-sponsored insurgents and an American advisor or two.

Space hardly permits a complete summary of all the adventure-travel opportunities for the coming summer and fall. But the magazine *Outside* is a valuable source for hundreds of special jaunts, and just running your eyes down its index may increase your pulse rate. There's the lure of the wild, the rush of adrenaline inspired by danger and the surge of strength that accompanies the conquering of personal fear and unfriendly elements. And if none of that really tempts you, think about the two of you huddled in your sleeping bag.

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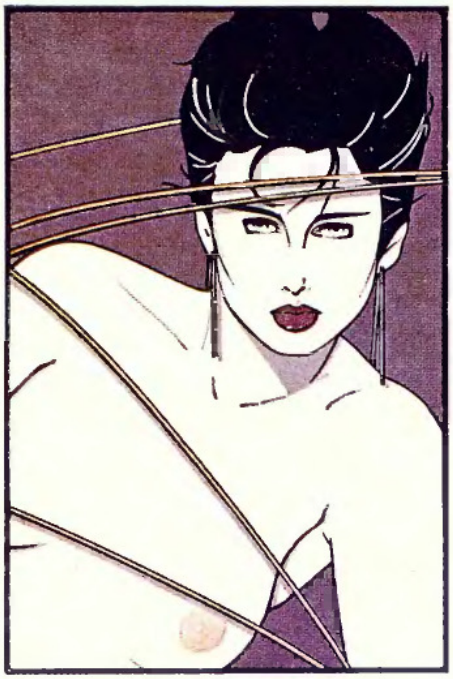
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Not long ago, I brought a new lover home for a weekend of sexual delights beyond my wildest expectations. So much for the good news. The morning after she left, as I was brushing my teeth, I noticed a cut, or sore, on the underside of my tongue (on the tiny vertical fold of skin that attaches the tongue to the mouth). I'm afraid to go to the doctor. Is it herpes or some other dread venereal disease?—W. L., Chicago, Illinois.

Bite your tongue. It's not a case of the dreaded Tyrolean waffle stomp or of the black rose of Calcutta. It's something better. Not long ago, a PLAYBOY *reader (who happens to be a dental student) sent us a copy of an article published in* The Journal of the American Dental Association *titled "Lingual Frenum Ulcer Resulting from Orogenital Sex." Don't you wish you got our mail? It seems that in the heat of passion, a man sometimes extends his tongue in such a fashion that said tongue is lacerated by the mandibular incisors. (Down, Fang.) The first cut is the deepest—the phenomenon you noticed is mechanical, not infectious (like catching yourself in your zipper). The wound should heal within seven to ten days. Of course, long before then, you should invite the woman back, show her the damage and invite her sympathy. It's not the same as a Prussian dueling scar, but in this day and age, it comes close.*

I thought that open-reel tapes had gone the way of the dinosaur and that cassettes were the wave of the future. Now, all of a sudden, I've been hearing about new open-reel systems for the home that may change all that. I can't go changing systems every time the audio industry coaxes one more decibel out of a recording. Are the changes in open-reel recording significant enough for me to dust off my deck again?—R. D., Dallas, Texas.

Band wagons in the audio industry are like buses; if you miss one, another will be along shortly. So there's no reason to panic every time a new machine hits the stores. The latest rage in open-reel is the result of new and continuing developments in tape formulation and reproductive accuracy. E.E. (extra-efficiency) tapes are the current development in this case, and their biggest selling point is their ability to record at much slower speeds than previous tapes (about half as fast). Unfortunately, such sensitivity requires changes in recording equipment, too. So dusting off the old deck simply won't do; you've got to buy a new one that will handle E.E. tapes. While the changes in the new tapes are significant from an audio standpoint,



remember that they are taking place within a category—open reel—and have nothing to do with other formats. In other words, the reasons you buy an open reel or a cassette (basically, fidelity and editing ease vs. *convenience) remain the same. If you like recording on open reel, you'll like recording on the current tapes and decks that much better.*

My wife and I have a very good sex life. We are liberated and adventuresome. We both like to take chances. And we both like to enjoy sex in the great outdoors. We are not ashamed of our bodies and we are interested in taking a vacation in an appropriate atmosphere. Can you recommend a list of free beaches?—T. K., Springfield, Illinois.

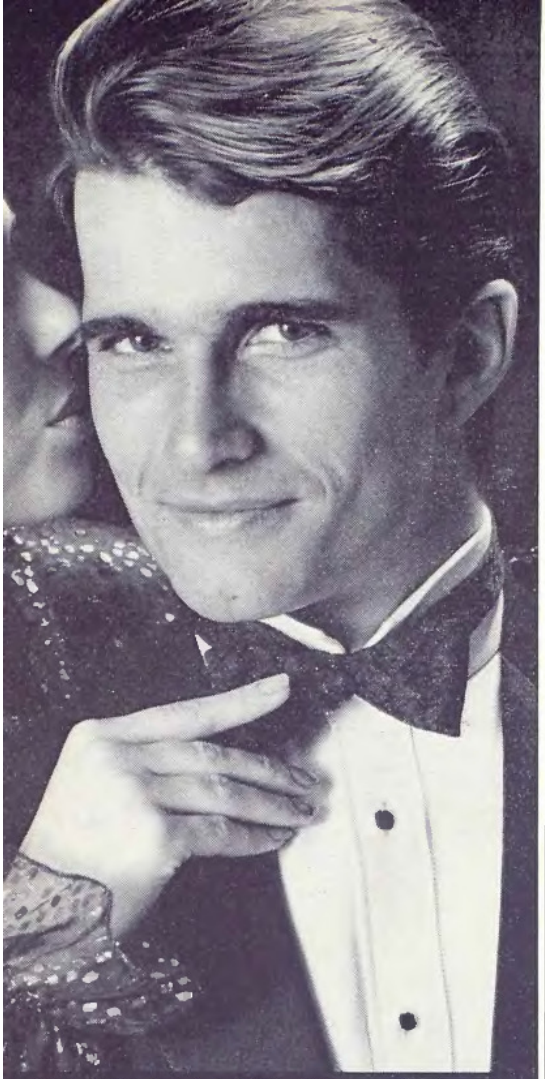
It depends on what you're looking for. In the past year, we've seen two guides to free beaches: "World Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation" and "Nude Beaches of California." Your request is not unusual about this time of year; this kind of letter accounts for a sizable chunk of our mail. But our question is: Are you sure you'll meet the kind of people you're looking for? As Groucho Marx once said: "I wouldn't belong to any club that would have me as a member." A recent study by Dr. Marilyn Story of the University of Northern Iowa suggests that nudists have different attitudes about sex from the rest of us: When it came to premarital sex with a person other than an intended marriage partner, only 45 percent of the nudists surveyed had indulged (compared with 85 percent of the nonnudists). Only 30 percent of the nudists had had a group-sex experience (compared with 62 percent of the nonnudists). More nonnudists than nudists had had extramarital sex experiences. And more nudists than nonnudists had difficulty forgiving themselves for past sexual behavior. On the other hand, nudists were more inclined than nonnudists (34 to 14) to wish they had experienced behavior they had not. Our verdict: If you go to a free beach or a nudist camp, you'll encounter a lot of optimists looking for an excuse to engage in something they've always dreamed about.

Four years ago, I had a vasectomy. Since that time, I have married; now, for the first time in my life, I want to have children. I understand that some vasectomies can be reversed. What are the odds?—J. M., Seattle, Washington.

Before you attempt a reversal, you should visit a doctor and determine whether or not you have developed sperm antibodies. (When a vasectomy is performed, the sperm cells remain in the body. In some cases, the natural immunity system treats the sperm cells as foreign bodies and develops defenses against them.) Sperm antibodies provide a reliable indicator of future fertility status. According to a report by the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, "Following reversal surgery in 13 men who showed no evidence of sperm antibody in their semen, 11 of 13 wives became pregnant. Following reversal surgery in seven men whose semen showed the presence of such antibodies, only one wife of the seven became pregnant." Those are the odds. If you go against them, you could win.

Instead of warming up before a racquetball game, my partner likes to play while wearing his warm-up suit. He claims that by starting slowly that way, he warms up faster and stretches just the muscles he needs. I say he's headed for an orthopedic ward. What do *you* say?—L. M., Shreveport, Louisiana.

We'll take the charitable view and suggest that maybe your friend is just trying to psych you out. Exercise without a proper warm-up is worse than sex without foreplay. Quick sex is just unsatisfying, but quick exercise can hurt! What you're trying to do is gradually extend the limits of the connecting tissue (muscles themselves don't stretch). Repetition and gradually increased tension are the ticket here. You should avoid actual combat wearing a sweat suit—it should be used to warm the



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body before and between workouts. Otherwise, you run the risk of overheating, especially on a warm day. In fact, your suit should be used only to slow the dissipation of heat, not to eliminate it, so it should be made of a porous material with ample openings for air circulation. The amount of time needed to warm up depends on your personal condition, but there is no one in such good condition that he can eliminate it.

Nowadays, it seems that you can't pick up the paper without finding another reason not to have sex. Recent headlines proclaim the rise of a new, penicillin-resistant gonorrhea. I'm on the verge of becoming celibate. What's your opinion on these so-called super-V.D.s?—S. K., Hartford, Connecticut.

This time around, there's safety in numbers. If you examine the statistics, it turns out that the "drastic rise" in penicillin-resistant gonorrhea entails an increase from 328 cases in 1979 to 1930 reported in the first nine months of 1981. What that figure actually means is that in 1930 cases, the doctors were taken by surprise—they had assumed that what they were treating was the same old same old. There are effective cures for the new strains of V.D. Don't give up your lifestyle on the basis of a few doom-and-gloom headlines. The risks are still the same—give or take—you simply have to be more informed, more aware of the possibilities. It's your job to make sure that your doctor does his (or her) job.

One of my friends is an additive nut. He'll buy every little can in a gas station and loves it if they come out with a new one. He's put a friction reducer in the crankcase, a detergent in the oil and a leak stopper in the transmission. He claims that they will add life to his car. He almost has me convinced. Will those additives extend car life?—L. B., Salem, Oregon.

The only difference between your car and your friend's car is that he is paying for his additives and you're getting yours free. All the advantages claimed for additives are the same as those in your regular auto fluids, if you use first-class products. The thing to remember about additives is that if they work, there's something wrong with your car. You're a lot better off fixing what's wrong than trying to cover it up. Only regular care and maintenance will increase your car's life.

My tennis partner uses a piece of lead tape on the head of his racket to significantly increase the weight of the head. He says that it gives him more power through his stroke. If so, why are rackets usually made with an even balance?—N. B., New York, New York.

The configuration of a racket is generally a trade-off between power and control. Your friend may be getting more power through his stroke, but he is also decreasing his chances of ever getting that stroke started. Ideally, an even weight distribution between the head and the neck of the handle gives you enough control to get the racket up and moving or to make quick minor changes during the stroke. If your racket is so heavy in the head that it has a mind of its own, you won't have that facility. Your friend doesn't notice the racket's sluggishness because he probably compensates for it in other ways, such as running harder and faster and beginning his stroke when he gets out of bed in the morning.

This letter expresses a very important problem. My girlfriend and I have been dating for the past three months. I live at my parents' house, so we usually meet at her one-bedroom apartment. Since she occupies the apartment by herself, there are just the two of us present. Here's the problem. Being male, every time I go to the bathroom, I put the seat up. Upon leaving the facilities, however, I refuse to put the seat back down, because I really don't know who the next person to use the bathroom will be. If I leave the toilet seat up, my girlfriend feels I'm being inconsiderate. But if I put the seat back down, as she says I should, I feel she is being inconsiderate of me. So there you have it. Every time we get together, this situation precipitates a 30-minute argument. Is there an accepted etiquette for us to observe?—M. M., Las Vegas, Nevada.

Since she occupies the apartment alone, you can be reasonably sure that the next person to use the bathroom will be female. If you have to leave the seat up, you are proving your masculinity in the wrong arena. Enough said. Before the rest of our readers think we've lost our mind, we should point out that Cosmopolitan *ran an article counseling "How to Tell if Your Man Is a Ten." One of the criteria: "Does he put the seat down after using the bathroom?" (Whenever you get to wondering how the opposite sex got to be that way, pick up a women's magazine.) Save your energy for the important stuff. Put the seat down, or leave it down and develop your aim. We are reminded of an old joke about a Harvard graduate meeting a Yalie in the men's room. The Harvard guy asks, "Didn't you learn to wash your hands after going to the bathroom?" The Yalie answers, "I was taught not to piss on my hands." All etiquette boils down to common sense and basic courtesy. Don't fight it.*

I recently spent the night at a man's house. In the morning, his two daughters

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came running into his bedroom. I did not know how to react. I studied my lover for clues, figuring that if he wasn't freaked out, I shouldn't be, either. But now I wonder: How does one handle kids and sex?—Mrs. J. D., Detroit, Michigan.

Funny you should ask. Attentive readers may have noticed that the "Advisor" almost never mentions the existence of kids. We've always assumed that if you were taking care of your own life, you would be able to pass the information along to your kids, but we may have been wrong. We've just read a study suggesting that the sexual revolution is like the Vietnam war—it happened, but no one talks about it. We may be liberated, but when it comes to talking about sex with our children, we resort to familiar models—we do what our parents did. Regarding your specific situation, we can offer the following: A recent article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality *stressed that "accidental exposure to parents engaging in sexual relations is not especially rare and is usually not damaging or traumatic for children, although their initial response is often one of confusion or transient distress. . . . Deleterious effects usually result only under certain circumstances—repeated exposures, disturbed family relationships, brutality between the parents, seductiveness toward the child. . . . How the parents react to the child will do much to determine the effects of the event. Angry or shameful responses will convey the idea that something wrong or dirty was going on. Denial will only make the child more confused, making him or her wonder what was so unspeakable. . . . Most important is that the child be made to understand that the activity was loving and enjoyable, so that he or she won't interpret what was seen or heard as the parents' attacking or hurting one another. . . . Especially with younger children, it may be good to reassure them that they are loved and not rejected, even if they are not welcome for the moment. . . . Parents may find it helpful to initiate a little chat about 'what we were doing the other night.'" That is the advice of Michael F. Hoyt, assistant clinical professor of psychology at Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute at the University of California at San Francisco. It makes sense.*

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

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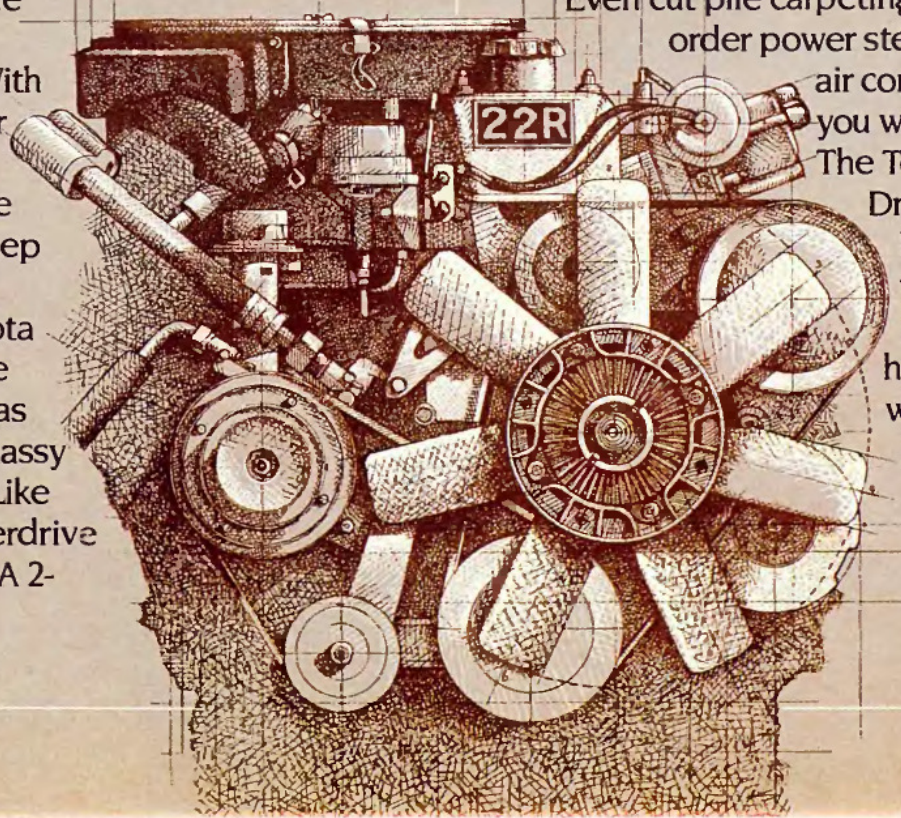

The Toyota 4-Wheel-Drive Sport Truck. It has "class" written all over it. Because it has "Toyota" written across the tailgate!

DEAR PLAYMATES

This month we tried to find out a little bit about the meaning of apartment politics. What exactly should a date expect from an invitation to visit your apartment or what would be expected of you if you went to your date's house? We asked the Playmates to respond.

The question for the month is:

What does it mean when you invite a man home and what does it mean when you accept an invitation to his place?

I feel safer in my own home, because I can tell a man to leave whenever I want him to go. At his place, I'd feel more helpless. And because I feel more comfortable at my house, I'm able to make him feel comfortable. When a man asks me to his house, it depends on what he says. If he says, "Do you want to come over for dinner?" that's fine. I'll go for dinner. And if I want sex, I'll have sex. If I don't, I won't. I'm in control of that part. No one takes advantage of me.

Patricia Farinelli

PATRICIA FARINELLI
DECEMBER 1981

A man who has his own home is probably secure. He's not freeloading off anyone else. And he's comfortable enough about himself to let me see how he lives. It also means he doesn't have a wife or girlfriend stashed away whom he's trying to hide. I think an invitation to go over for dinner is much more romantic than "How about a drink in a bar and then let's go to your place." When I invite a man into my home, it means he's special to me and I am ready to pamper him and show my domestic side.

Michele Drake

MICHELE DRAKE
MAY 1979

Well, it depends on the situation. If it's a first date and he wants me to go over and watch TV, I'll take my car. On a first date, I'm usually blunt about *my* intentions, so he won't get the wrong idea. I can't help thinking that *most* men invite you home with bed in mind, but I try to act like I don't believe it—you know, I act innocent, and that makes them hesitant about leaping on me. When I invite a man to my house, I always make it clear what the invitation is for—a cup of tea, an evening of TV. Something simple. Whether I'm visiting someone or having company in, I try to be clear about my plans. It's only fair. If I decide that it's time to get sexual, I'll let him know. Otherwise, I'm liable to get caught and I don't want him to say something like, "Well, then, why did you come over?" Often, I get sexually interested way before I make it clear to him. Because I want respect first and foremost.

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

Early in a relationship, I'd rather go to his house. I don't want a man in my space until I know him very well. It means more to me to invite a man to my house, because I'm allowing him to come into my environment and be part of me—and I don't do that with many people. I don't feel that an invitation to his house *or* to my house necessarily means that either of us is ready to have sex. I'll go to see a man's house out of curiosity, but if I don't want to do anything sexual, I don't and I say so. I feel safe wherever I am. I really do.

Anne-Marie Fox

ANNE-MARIE FOX
FEBRUARY 1982

There could be a variety of meanings and I don't always think it's just sex. A lot of guys are lonely. Personally, rather than go out, I like to have people over. It doesn't mean we're going to have an orgy or anything like that. It just means I like company, whether it's several people or just one. For the most part, I think if I'm invited to a man's house, I can expect something intimate to happen; if I don't want it to go that way, I will say, "I'll be there for dinner, but I'll have to leave afterward," and then I find out fast if I'm still invited.

Shannon Tweed

SHANNON TWEED
NOVEMBER 1981

Often, I think, when a man invites me into his apartment, it is because he would like me to become familiar with the surroundings so that he can try to take me into the bedroom before the evening is over. When I invite a man to my apartment, that same thought might cross my mind, but that's not the only reason I invite him over. I want him to see how I live, because it's important information for him to have about me. At the beginning of a relationship, I'm more likely to go to his house than to let him come to mine. I don't know why that is, exactly.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

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

HOLOCAUST REVISITED

The *Forum Newsfront* in your February issue includes a brief reference to my lawsuit against the so-called Institute of Historical Review to collect $50,000 offered for proof that the Nazi holocaust actually occurred. The item notes that the judge granted formal recognition of the holocaust as historical fact while taking under consideration other issues of contract law. In fairness to the facts and to me, the item should have gone much further. It should have noted that, having offered such an award publicly, the organization troubled itself to contact me directly as a lecturer on the subject and to issue the challenge to me personally. I was advised that my failure to supply proof would be widely publicized.

I am a survivor of the Auschwitz camp and at the age of 17 saw my mother and two sisters and thousands of others killed there. My proof is incontrovertible, and the refusal of the group to honor my claim is what led to the suit. Concerning the judge's finding that the holocaust is a historical fact not reasonably open to dispute, it is important to understand that this had not been previously established in a domestic court of law, and it recognizes the validity of my evidence. Should it be found that the offer made to me and formally responded to by my attorney constitutes a contract, as I insist it does, any damages awarded would be donated to an appropriate charity. My efforts are solely in behalf of the millions killed by the Nazis and of their survivors, who should not be caused the further anguish of being called liars by the spiritual descendants of our families' murderers.

Melvin Mermelstein
Huntington Beach, California

BURYING E.R.A.

The death of the Equal Rights Amendment can be blamed less on such opponents as Phyllis Schlafly than on its supporters. They indulge themselves to ridiculous extremes, preaching like true believers oblivious to reality.

How many American women can relate to national trend setters, politicians, successful professionals and other glamorous people? How many American women look at the supporters of E.R.A. without figuring out very easily that they are in no position to become independent, articulate, successful feminists?

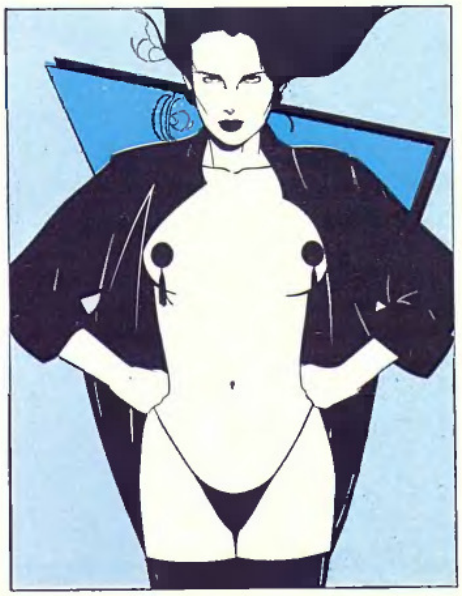
The E.R.A. enjoyed success because men were made to feel guilty. Their wives and girlfriends may have contributed to that guilt but could themselves do nothing. And they are given nothing to encourage them except foreign feminist rhetoric out of New York or California from possible lesbians, probable man-haters and a few female ball busters from whom they have, in fact, nothing to learn that would be relevant to their lives.

Jan Lewis
Portland, Oregon

ORAL AGREEMENT

A couple of local vice-squad officers and one of our best hotels are being sued for $260,000 in damages in one of the most interesting cases I've seen filed around here lately. It seems that the plaintiff accepted $157 to go to a room and perform a striptease for the two officers. She claims that as she prepared to leave, the two persuaded her to perform fellatio on them and then arrested her for prostitution. In a two-day trial, a jury decided that she was paid for dancing and stripping, not for sex, and acquitted her of soliciting and of performing sex for hire. The suit claims, "Such acts of fellatio were not bargained for nor contracted for nor paid for but were performed solely for the gratification of the defendants . . . at their request and were done willingly by the plaintiff without charge." The hotel is named in the action because it allegedly provided the officers with the room free of charge.

"'Such acts of fellatio were not bargained for nor contracted for nor paid for but were done . . . by the plaintiff without charge.'"



I'm not an attorney involved in this case, nor do I wish to address the original legal issue of prostitution. It's the question of oral agreement that interests me. Evidently, our vice officers considered $157 a bit stiff for a mere strip act and thought that the blow jobs were included in the price. The fact that the plaintiff can now claim otherwise and pronounce the fellatio merely a voluntary bonus indicates a need for our law enforcers to bone up, so to speak, on their contract law.

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

SHURDEN RIDES AGAIN

Here in Oklahoma, State Representative Frank Shurden has come up with another dilly of an idea. He wants to do away with the traditional sixth-grade museum visits and, instead, send Oklahoma's tots on a trip to the slammer.

"We need to show these kids that crime doesn't pay, and there's nothing like experiencing that for yourself. When they hear the door lock behind them, they'll realize that it's not a nice life," says Shurden.

If Frank gets his way, think of the rich educational experience in store for our kiddies. Firsthand, they'll get to see rampant drug abuse, homosexual rape, perhaps even a colorful throat slashing or two. Heck, if they're real lucky, they might even be taken hostage. Shurden sure does get stranger and stranger.

Skip Rodriguez
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Representative Shurden last made news by proposing a law offering convicted rapists shorter sentences if they submitted to castration.

MODERN PHARISEES

I want to express my appreciation for your *"Prayboy": Entertainment for Far-Righteous Men* feature, in the December issue. It was the best piece of satire on

the so-called New Right that I have yet seen. One good sign of spiritual and emotional health is the ability to laugh at oneself, and it is unfortunate that few in the New Right would appreciate the satire.

In recent months, you have published a good deal of material critical of the Moral Majority and others of the New Right, and for the most part, I believe you have had excellent reasons to be critical. I would like to point out to your readers, however, that there are hundreds of thousands of devout, church-going Christians who do not support the fanaticism of Jerry Falwell and his ilk. The truth is, thank God, that the vast majority of Christians do not share the

800-368-5664

The Eisenhower Foundation for the Prevention of Violence has established the nationwide toll-free number given above to help citizens learn basic crime-prevention techniques and coordinate their efforts with those of other residents and businessmen in their community. The service is aimed especially at middle-class and inner-city neighborhoods, whose members are finding it useful in organizing citizen patrols, establishing block-watch groups, assisting victims, involving senior citizens and cooperating with local police in reporting crime. Helping citizens organize and sustain such groups (by neighborhood, by block or even by building) is the hotline's primary function. Specific information is available on personal responses to muggers and rapists as well as on dwelling security. In Washington, D.C., call 202-463-0708.

The Eisenhower Foundation is a privately funded, nonpartisan organization that has grown out of the Presidential commission on violence established during the Johnson Administration. That commission's chairman was Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, and its vice-chairman was Federal Court of Appeals Judge Leon Higginbotham. Both hold similar positions with our new foundation, which includes other members of the original commission from the academic, legal and political communities.

This hotline is the first of a number of community-oriented projects that the foundation is in the process of establishing to help citizens help themselves and the police in combating crime at the neighborhood level, where the need is most urgent.

Lynn A. Curtis, President
Eisenhower Foundation for the Prevention of Violence
1666 K Street, N. W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FOWL PLAY

MARTINSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA—*At the request of the Martinsburg police chief, a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates has introduced a bill to outlaw sex with animals—especially chickens. According to newspaper accounts, the delegate said that the chief had had a case of suspected chicken abuse, and he couldn't make hen houses safe until such a law was adopted. The chief denied that the problem was reaching epidemic proportions, but he*

noted that when the legislature revised West Virginia sex laws in 1977, the prohibition against bestiality was somehow deleted. He recalled that there had been a celebrated case of someone's having sexually molested a llama at the National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C., where he had served on the police force. However, the director of the zoo, contacted by reporters, said that while the story was, indeed, celebrated, he'd never been able to confirm it.

Meanwhile, police in Miami Springs, Florida, found a badly injured duck near a parked car containing numerous feathers and took the dying bird to the Dade County medical examiner, who pronounced the injuries "compatible with sexual assault." The cops later arrested a man whose clothes were covered with duck feathers and charged him with cruelty to an animal.

SECOND THOUGHTS

The national trend toward harsher penalties for rape has prompted The National Law Journal *to warn that such an approach could backfire. According to the legal publication, the prospect of a defendant's receiving an extremely long sentence could deter juries from convicting in certain cases, and some rapists might even be encouraged to kill their victims rather than risk their testimony in the event of capture. The* Journal *noted that since 1975, more than 40 states have changed their rape laws, with many increasing penalties and requiring mandatory minimum sentences.*

LAWYERS AT LINE-UPS

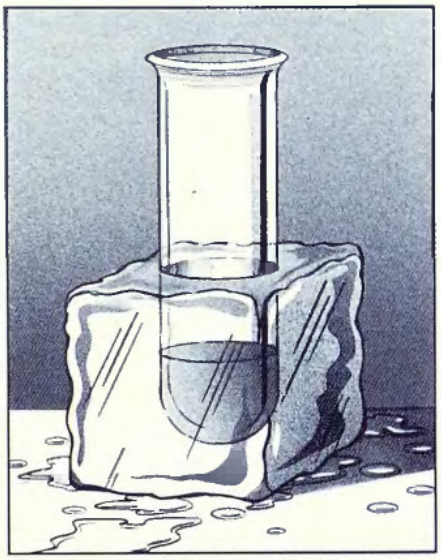
SAN FRANCISCO—*The California Supreme Court has ruled that a person accused of a crime has the right to have an attorney present any time he is asked to appear in a line-up, whether or not criminal charges have been filed. The court noted that an identification line-up is an "invaluable police technique" and a "critical stage in the prosecution," and therefore "the presence of counsel can contribute significantly to the protection of his client from misidentification" through witness error and "invalid suggestion." The court specified that its ruling should not be used to overturn previous convictions and appears to exempt certain on-the-scene identifications.*

RIGHT OF PRIVACY

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—*In separate cases concerning abortion and venereal-disease treatment, the Illinois Supreme Court upheld the confidentiality of certain medical records in physician-patient relationships. In one case, the court overturned the contempt conviction of a doctor who had refused to turn over records of 62 women treated at his abortion clinic, but it ruled that he could be held in contempt if he refused to supply records in the case of a woman who died and whose relatives authorized the disclosure. Here, the court reasoned that the purpose of records' confidentiality was to protect the patient, not a doctor involved in a criminal investigation. In a second ruling, the court rejected the demands of a local state's attorney to obtain reports on individual cases of venereal disease for the purpose of prosecuting a health-department employee accused of sexual misconduct.*

FROZEN FETUSES

LONDON—*The idea of freezing test-tube embryos for delayed use or for donation to infertile women is causing an uproar among groups ranging from anti-abortionists to the British Medical Association. Such a plan was explored in a television documentary involving British test-tube-baby pioneer Dr. Robert Edwards, who suggested that embryos conceived in vitro from the male*



sperm and female egg might be successfully frozen for implantation at the most propitious moment of a woman's menstrual cycle and that "spares" could be donated with the original women's permission. An anti-abortion spokesperson said that the idea "raises horrendous legal and moral implications," and the chairman of the B.M.A.'s ethics committee called for a moratorium on any such experiments until the committee could investigate the issue. Since the birth of the first authenticated test-tube baby, in 1978, 12 others have been born in England, 14 in Australia and one in the United States.

CRIME GENE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A psychologist at the University of Southern California reports new evidence that some people may be genetically predisposed to criminal behavior. Speaking to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Sarnoff Mednick, who is also director of Copenhagen's Psychological Institute, described several research projects conducted among the relatively homogeneous population of Denmark:*

• A study of 14,427 adopted children found that those whose biological fathers were criminals were themselves two to three times more disposed to commit crimes than other adoptees.

• A study of 3687 twins found that if one was a criminal, an identical twin had a 35 percent chance of being one also.

• A study of 32,000 men found that 4 percent were responsible for 43.4 percent of that group's violent crimes.

Mednick rejected any "bad seed" theory of criminality but said the research showed that, just as alcoholism and other traits appear to be in some degree genetically controlled, there may also be a genetically controlled factor in antisocial behavior.

BURGLARY VICTIM GUILTY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A Federal jury has found the National Rifle Association liable for more than $2,000,000 in damages because a gun stolen from its headquarters was used in a murder. The case arose from a 1979 burglary in which four young men broke through a metal grille that covered a window and stole four antique pistols, a modern semiautomatic pistol and some ammunition they found in a closet. The award was made to the wife and the daughter of a man killed in a street holdup with the modern pistol, but an N.R.A. attorney said he would appeal on the ground that the plaintiffs had failed to demonstrate negligence on the part of the organization.*

HIGH ROLLERS

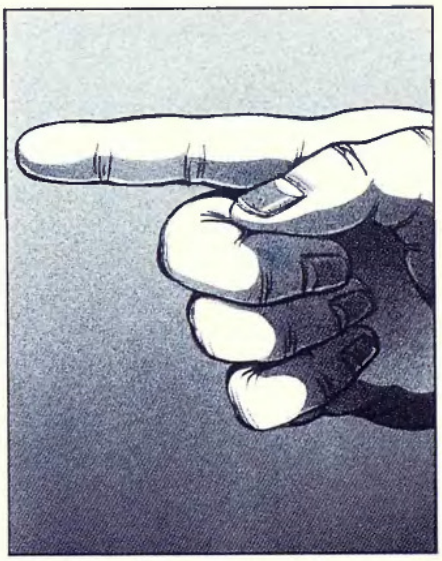
LARGO, FLORIDA—*Eight retired men, ranging in age from 63 to 70, were found guilty of playing nickel-and-dime poker at their mobile-home village in violation of Florida's gaming laws. Undercover police officers said that they seized $24, a deck of cards and poker chips. The infamous "Largo Eight" became six on the second day of the trial, when two of the defendants were hospitalized, one with heart trouble and the other for cataract surgery. The judge withheld adjudication of guilt and put the gamblers on one month's probation, after which they can petition the court to have their records expunged.*

STILL ON THE HOOK

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—*A physician who was attacked and robbed by two men allegedly hired by his estranged wife still must pay her $1500 a month because she has no other means of support, a superior-court judge has ruled. The ex-wife-to-be has been charged with soliciting the commission of a felony. The doctor was quoted as saying, "I guess I'd better stick to medicine, because I sure don't understand the judicial system."*

BANISHMENT

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA—*A 22-year-old hooker has been banished from Broward County for five years by a judge who ordered the sheriff to use part of her fine money for a one-way ticket to Los Angeles. The woman had been arrested 47 times since 1978 on prostitution and related charges and agreed to plead guilty to 21 counts and accept exile in return for suspension of an 1800-day jail term. In addition to the ticket, the judge authorized $42 to ship her cat to Los Angeles and $100 in spending money. He said, "She has total freedom to travel the highways and byways of the United States, as*



long as those highways and byways don't lead to Broward County."

Meanwhile, a 34-year-old man arrested for carrying a gun at a Houston rock concert was given a two-year probated sentence on the condition that he leave the state. The judge said, "His home is someplace else. . . . It happens with some people. When they leave home, they get in trouble." Texas law provides penalties of up to ten years in prison and $5000 in fines for carrying a firearm anyplace liquor is "sold, served or consumed."

JILTED

PINELLAS PARK, FLORIDA—*A 56-year-old woman who claims that she had an affair with a Catholic priest has filed a $5,000,000 lawsuit against her lover, his bishop and the U. S. representative of Pope John Paul II. The suit alleges that the priest gave her a wedding band, bought her a house, gave her an official Church marriage certificate and promised to leave the priesthood but, instead, moved out of town, leaving her "abandoned, deserted, compromised."*

playboy casebook

ABORTION BY BULLET

anyone else would have called it attempted suicide, but an illinois prosecutor charged an 18-year-old girl with aborting her fetus

Last fall, Chicago newspapers devoted a few column inches to the bizarre case of an 18-year-old girl who became pregnant, shot herself in the abdomen and was charged by the Cook County prosecutor with performing an illegal abortion—on herself.

Why the press did not pursue the story is one of those minor journalistic mysteries; this must have been one of the few times in legal history that a woman was charged with aborting herself and almost certainly the first time the abortion was performed with a .22 pistol. Another minor mystery is why none of the organizations devoted to women's causes and abortion rights even investigated the case. Perhaps it seemed *too* unusual: Surely, the girl must have been a certifiable nut; surely, the state would not use the abortion law to prosecute what sounded like an obvious attempt at suicide.

Wrong. The Playboy Defense Team contacted the girl's attorney, Michael Welsh of Tinley Park, Illinois, and learned that the state's attorney not only was prosecuting and refusing to reduce the charge but had Welsh over a legal barrel. Unless Welsh dropped his motions to dismiss the criminal-abortion charge, the prosecutor threatened to file even stronger charges of murder and feticide. Welsh was astonished. The abortion charge was ridiculous and might well have been dismissed on grounds that the law was obviously intended to apply to illegal-abortion practitioners. But a murder charge might well stick, because the fetus, delivered by Caesarean section, lived several hours before dying of the gunshot wound. And the state's curious feticide law, enacted only a few months earlier to placate anti-abortionists, provided the same penalties as for murder in the case of someone causing fatal injury to an unborn child.

Why the Cook County authorities were so intent on punishing his client still puzzles Welsh. The girl was a good high school student from a solid working-class family and had no criminal record or reputation for promiscuity. After she discovered that she was pregnant, she had hoped to marry her 18-year-old boyfriend, who, Welsh says, became increasingly apprehensive at the prospect of fatherhood. By the time he sought to break up the relationship, the girl was well into her second trimester and becoming desperate. The two went to an abortion clinic but were turned away, because state law requires that abortions after 12 weeks be performed at a hospital. The girl then learned that a hospital operation would cost about $1000, far beyond her personal means. She also learned that, thanks to anti-abortionists, public funds could no longer be used for such a purpose. "To make a sad story even more grim, she panicked," says Welsh. "She told her boyfriend that she'd do anything not to have the baby, and for reasons I don't understand, he gave her a loaded .22 while they sat in his car parked in a local forest preserve. I don't know what he expected her to do with it. But she took the gun, pointed it at her stomach and shot herself. I would have called it a suicide attempt, but our state's attorney chose to call it an illegal abortion."

Welsh faced a difficult choice. He could place his client, now recovering from her wound, at the mercy of the court and hope for a suspended sentence. Or he could expose her to possible conviction on charges that she murdered her baby.

In an uncontested bench trial, the girl was found guilty of performing an illegal abortion, but some measure of justice was done. Circuit-court judge Dwight McKay gave the girl and her boyfriend, similarly charged, two-year sentences suspended without supervision.

As anti-abortionists would point out, it's not their fault that some teenager engaged in sex on the mistaken assumption that it would lead to marriage. But we have them to thank for the laws that nearly killed her or sent her to prison, because of panic at the idea of becoming an unwed mother.

problems and the ethical/political credo of those groups.

As a professional theologian and Bible scholar, I have been most interested in this controversy. I believe that Jesus Christ himself would be critical of the New Right because it is a modern version of the Pharisees. The main characteristic of the Pharisees was their legalistic rigorism. Their concern for interpreting the law and their scrupulous adherence to it and to their elaborate system of legal traditions were the hallmarks of this group. The parallels are limited but striking. The Pharisees mixed politics and religion wherever it suited their purposes, and as time wore on, there was an increasing gulf between the so-called leadership of the Pharisees and the bulk of the religious population. The Pharisees experienced a religious backlash not unlike the one now occurring against the New Right, and eventually they fell from influence.

My personal concern is that the New Right is doing significant damage to the body of Christ known as the church, and my hope is that eventually the media will leave it to do its raving alone. Then it will die on the vine.

Dr. James J. Stewart
First Christian Church
Glendora, California

One right-wing tabloid managed to find a full-blown conspiracy: RCA owns NBC, which carried a George Burns special featuring a group of our Playmates; RCA advertises in PLAYBOY *and, therefore, "contributed several thousand dollars . . . to help develop, print and distribute the anti-Christian section." We love the headline but are less amused that the paper reprinted the "Prayboy" feature in disregard of copyright laws.*

RCA/NBC, PLAYBOY JOIN HANDS TO BELITTLE, DEMEAN, RIDICULE, MOCK CHRIST AND CHRISTIANS

Action
INFORMER
January 1982
Hallmark
Playboy Section, Network Mock Christian Faith
Playboy Article Reprinted On Pages 3-10

LATEST SCAM

The following recently came over our police teletype from the sheriff's department in Androscoggin County, Maine, addressed to all police departments and correctional facilities:

POLICE INFO
THIS DEPT RECENTLY DISMANTLED A RUBIK'S CUBE WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT FOR AN INMATE
FOUR CORNERS WERE FOUND TO BE HOLLOW AND CONTAINED MARIJUANA
FOR FURTHER INFO CONTACT. . . .

How's *that* for criminal cunning?

(Name and address withheld by request)

Justin
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6/82 PB

GUN CONTROL

William J. Helmer's "The Trouble with Guns," in our March issue, generated so much mail that we were not able to do it justice in the limited space available in "Dear Playboy." Because gun control has been an ongoing "Forum" topic, we continue the dialog here. Although Helmer's piece succeeded in offending both sides, we must report, with some surprise, that letters are running about ten to one against stricter gun laws while calling for better enforcement of those currently on the books.

Three cheers and a gasp of astonishment to Helmer and PLAYBOY. A target shooter for some 20 years, I bitterly resent the tactics of antigun fanatics, yet I have also resigned membership in three different progun organizations, because I felt that they, too, stubbornly resisted even reasonable legislation. With increasing dismay, I've watched the controversy *become* the issue, with the popular media responding by staging meaningless cockfights between the most strident opponents they can find. Against that background, Helmer's article is a triumph of sanity. He may be the first person ever to set down both sides of the issue clearly and fairly. He even offers a workable solution! What a novel idea. My sincere thanks for taking a much-needed "step in the right direction," so they say.

Steve Wilson
Reseda, California

I find Helmer's article satisfying to no one and insulting to everyone. How an article describing "faggoty intellectuals" and "black or brown slum dwellers" found its way into PLAYBOY is beyond me.

When deaths from handguns in the U. S. total 10,000 annually and countries such as England have fewer than 25 deaths a year from handguns, I find little correlation between guns and birth-control pills. How one death in 100,000, let alone five, can be shrugged off is a complete mystery to me.

It's time our spineless national Government stood up to the N.R.A.

Viva Morton Grove!

(Name withheld by request)
Yuma, Arizona

I oppose any type of Government scrutiny of handguns, not because I like guns but because I distrust the Government. Government never stops where it is but invariably continues in the same direction. When "adequate" registration of handguns is achieved, the people who advocate only that and nothing more may well be satisfied and desist. But Government control of weapons will continue to grow.

Let me suggest that, as with all our problems, more Government is the cause, not the solution. Perhaps we should abolish Government.

Sam A. Milam III
San Jose, California

To my mind, the two dangerous aspects of firearms are carelessness and their use by criminals. Therefore, a Federally mandated "incarceration surcharge" should be added to the basic sentence of any individual convicted of any crime involving any weapon. Purchase of a firearm should be dependent upon the successful completion of a firearm-familiarization/safety course. Passage of the course could be noted on the individual's driver's license. (Persons restricted from the use or ownership of firearms could have that designation noted.) Such designation would be required before a firearm could be purchased or carried. The course would be available to any citizen not specifically restricted by law.

Additionally, individuals who, through carelessness or intent, caused death, injury or property damage with their firearms could have their designation suspended or revoked and would be automatically subject to some sort of judicial/legal review. The matter could be handled in a manner similar to that of drivers' licenses: Just as a driver may lose his right to drive because of carelessness or intoxication, so might a hunter or a homeowner lose his right to possess weapons.

PRODUCT-FAILURE REPORT

PRODUCT IS PIN-ON-TYPE BUTTON FOR ATTACHMENT TO THE OUTER CLOTHING, PRESUMABLY IN THE AREA OF THE LEFT BREAST, OVER THE HEART. PURPOSE IS TO PROTECT AGAINST HANDGUN VIOLENCE. IN A SERIES OF TESTS CONDUCTED AT THE M. D. ORDNANCE WHISKEY-TASTING AND BALLISTICS-TESTING LABORATORY, THESE BUTTONS WERE FOUND INCAPABLE OF STOPPING BULLETS IN CALIBERS .22 AND LARGER AT ANY DISTANCE.

Val H. Christmann
M. D. Ordnance Company
McHenry, Illinois

In closing, I would like to say that gun control must come from firearms owners themselves, by self-policing. I do not trust Government or special-interest groups to provide sane regulation. Sanity must be a grass-roots effort.

Gene Willett
Newport, Oregon

Helmer believes liberals should give up their "melodramatic 'body counts'" and propaganda. Those statistics are essential to indicate our national gun problem, which conservatives like to ignore. The best deterrent to violent crime is not a gun but the abolition of guns.

Alex J. Llorente
Pasadena, Texas

Handguns may or may not be a sensible means of home defense, but one thing they're extremely good for is freaking out my liberal friends. All I have to do is admit I own a gun and they tremble, swoon and wet themselves on the spot. When they recover sufficiently to start spouting violent-crime statistics, I worriedly nod and then brightly suggest that I know of a pool hall where they can pick up a pistol cheap. For the typical metropolitan cocktail-party liberoid bleeding-heart do-gooder, as Helmer implies with a devilish snicker, firearms are a fine freak-out—sort of an intellectual version of the whoopee cushion. I love it. With a perfectly straight face, I can explain that I'm not one of the right-wing, redneck gun nuts who go around shooting people, because I never shoot what I can't eat.

I could have a lot more fun along those lines, but for some reason, I'm not invited to parties anymore.

(Name withheld by request)
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Comparisons between handguns and pot, birth control, booze and abortion only confuse the issue. And comparisons with other weapons are also worthless; other weapons exist for useful purposes. Except for limited use by the Armed Forces, there does not seem to be a use or need for handguns other than for the killing of human beings. With that as the sole justification of their existence, why continue their manufacture?

James W. Cruse
Reynoldsburg, Ohio

The only difference between a handgun and a long gun is a hack saw and ten minutes. Are we talking about just handguns or about all guns?

Terry McFadon
Muscatine, Iowa

(concluded on page 78)

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Helmer's clarion call for moderation and common sense in the battle over gun control may have the salutary effect of bringing the fanatics on both sides into agreement on one point—that the author should be lynched.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

I'm not sure I appreciate being characterized as a knee-jerk, liberoid, limp-wristed do-gooder just because I support gun control; but for the first time, I understand some of the emotional and legitimate objections that gun owners have to being characterized as redneck ignoramuses. If both sides don't learn a good deal from the writer's "little tirade," at least they'll be offended equally.

Marge Wilson
New York, New York

I've always been pro-choice on the issue of abortion. Now you can put me down as pro-choice on the lawful ownership of firearms. I don't need a gun, don't own one and don't want one, but nobody is going to tell me I can't have one.

Bob Wills
Los Angeles, California

I can remember how outraged the gun people became many years ago after reading letters in *The Playboy Forum* suggesting that they were somehow sexually inadequate. To twist that traditional insult around and use it against the antigunners is a stroke of wit and genius that allows me to forgive your irascible writer some of his other intemperate remarks, most of which I found myself agreeing with.

Bob Walker
Nashville, Tennessee

Chicago has provided a classic example of just the kind of firearm lunacy denounced by Helmer. A celebrated local commentator, Walter Jacobson, went on the air howling that the state's fool legislators had accidentally legalized machine guns for Illinois residents, who now could walk into a gunshop, sign a meaningless paper and walk out with their very own chopper, much to Walter's sarcastic dismay. Local papers took the same approach, reviving the image of Al Capones racing through the streets, tommy guns blazing.

In fact, all the new bill did was bring state law into conformity with Federal law, meaning that once a citizen complied with state requirements for gun ownership and went to a Federally licensed machine-gun dealer, he could then do the paperwork—fingerprints, photo, written consent of the local chief law-enforcement official—pay a $200 tax and wait two months for records checking to own a Federally licensed and registered automatic weapon, just like citizens in some 35 other states. *That's* what the bill did. What Jacobson did was freak out liberals and conservatives alike with his incredibly goofy report.

A few days later, as if to match Jacobson's stupidity, the National Rifle Association took out a full-page ad in a local paper addressed to Polish-Americans suggesting that if the Poles had had weapons, they could have fought the army.

J. Hall
Chicago, Illinois

Even when Helmer tries for facts, he gets them wrong. The warden, not Cool Hand Luke, made the statement about a "failure to communicate."

Earl Braud
Florissant, Missouri

Cool Hand Luke repeated the statement at the end of the movie, just before he was shot—and you spelled Helmer's name wrong, but we fixed it.

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SUGAR RAY LEONARD

a candid conversation with the biggest gate attraction in boxing history

In his November 1975 "Playboy Interview," Muhammad Ali predicted that after he retired, no fighter would ever again earn as much as $5,000,000 for a single bout, and most ring observers agreed with him. They couldn't have foreseen that boxing in America would enjoy such a tremendous resurgence that by the end of the Seventies, a welterweight named Sugar Ray Leonard would be pulling down purses twice the size of Ali's largest.

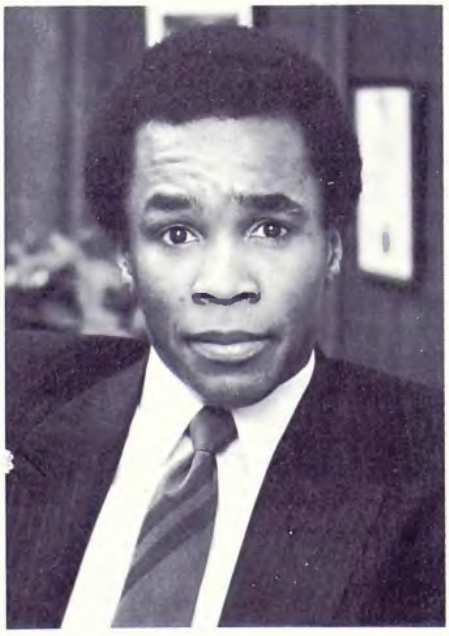
Much of the nation's heightened interest in boxing can be traced to the performance of America's 1976 Olympic team. In Montreal that summer, five U. S. boxers walked off with gold medals, and all of them eventually turned professional. Since then, Leo Randolph and Howard Davis have both been ranked among the top five fighters in their respective junior-featherweight and lightweight divisions; the feckless Leon Spinks briefly held the World Boxing Association heavyweight championship after decisioning Ali; and his brother Michael is the current W.B.A. light-heavyweight champion.

The fifth gold medalist on that team, Ray Leonard, was its most fluid and stylish boxer, but he had no intention of fighting for a living. Instead, Leonard announced his retirement from boxing and returned home to Palmer Park, Maryland. He had planned to enter the University of Maryland, but several months after the Olympics, he changed his mind—and turned pro.

Leonard's first professional fight, a six-round decision over one Luis Vega, was televised nationally by CBS, and for his efforts, Leonard received $40,000—the most money ever paid to a debuting pro pugilist up to then. In the next two years, Leonard ran up 24 consecutive victories, and on November 30, 1979, he won the World Boxing Council welterweight championship with a 15th-round TKO of Wilfred Benitez. After winning against Davey "Boy" Green, he then lost a close 15-round decision to Roberto Duran in June 1980; but five months later, he avenged his only professional defeat—and regained his title—when Duran, apparently unhurt, quit cold in the eighth round of their rematch. Last June, Leonard won the W.B.A. junior-middleweight title by knocking out Ayub Kalule; and in September, he became the undisputed welterweight champion of the world by stopping W.B.A. titleholder Thomas Hearns in the 14th round of their fight. All told, Leonard had fought four champions five times in 22 months. In addition to being the riskiest ring odyssey in boxing annals, it was the most rewarding. Leonard earned $1,000,000 for dethroning Benitez, $2,500,000 for KO'ing Kalule, $17,000,000 for his two fights with Duran and nearly $12,000,000 for beating Hearns. Even before Ali retired, Leonard had become the biggest box-office attraction in boxing history.

The reasons behind Leonard's popularity are easy to understand. Clean-cut and unfailingly polite, he combines the looks of an altar boy with the speed and striking power of a cobra. He turns 26 on May 17 and is at least a year away from reaching his potential, but boxing experts are already complaining that no one on the horizon seems remotely capable of testing him for either of his titles. To put it more succinctly, Sugar Ray Leonard is in a class by himself.

To interview the young champion, PLAYBOY *sent* **Lawrence Linderman** *(who conducted Ali's 1975 "Playboy Interview," among others) to meet with Leonard in*



"Duran always disturbs me. The guy is just weird. Before our first fight, both Duran and his wife gave my wife the finger. Juanita had never experienced anything quite like that."

"I wanted to do in boxing what Bruce Lee was able to do in karate. Lee was an artist, and, like him, I try to get beyond the fundamentals of my sport. I want my fights to be seen as plays."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"In Italy, some kids surrounded me on a hill and one little girl touched my skin to see if the color rubbed off. I think they told one another I was the reason their moms said to use soap."

Scottsdale, Arizona, where the boxer was training for his recent title defense against Bruce Finch. Linderman reports:

"Although the Finch fight—an easy three-round knockout for Leonard—was held in Reno, Nevada, Leonard did all of his training for it (save the last two weeks) in Scottsdale, a quiet resort town just outside Phoenix. He chose to train in Scottsdale because it's a lot more placid than Reno, and it's also a much better place for a family vacation. Leonard doesn't like to be separated from his wife and son, and both were with him at the hotel when I turned up.

"It was difficult for me to avoid comparing Leonard with Muhammad Ali. Ali, for example, had a large and boisterous retinue, members of which weren't above pulling out a .38 and firing several shots in the air just for the hell of it. Aside from his sparring partners, Leonard had only two employees with him in Scottsdale: his trainer, Janks Morton, and Ollie Dunlap, a former Michigan State football player who functions as his chargé d'affaires. Both men had worked with Leonard when he began boxing, at the Oakcrest Community Center near Palmer Park, Maryland.

"On my first morning in Scottsdale, I had breakfast with Leonard's lawyer, Michael Trainer, who'd stopped off to visit with his only client. A 41-year-old who works out of Silver Spring, Maryland, Trainer is Leonard's de facto *manager and has put together a series of astute business moves that have enabled Leonard to become his own promoter. Trainer told me how he goes about signing up Leonard's opponents.*

" 'I just ask them how much money they want to fight Ray,' he said. 'When Tommy Hearns's people told me they'd be happy with $5,000,000, I said fine. I knew Ray could bring back more than twice that for himself, and he deserved it. Ray has the drawing power to make any major opponent rich overnight.'

"After talking with Trainer, it was time to meet Leonard. The champion stands 5'10" tall and was already within a pound or two of his fighting weight of 147. Unlike most boxers I've met, Leonard carries himself so casually that you'd never know that he was a fighter.

"When he gets near a ring, however, he undergoes a startling transformation. When I went to watch him work out, the quiet, reticent young man I'd spoken with the day before had somehow become a regal, imperious figure who was every inch a champion. A very poised champion: At his workouts, Leonard addresses the crowd, makes sure children in the audience are seated close to the ring and always spends a few minutes mingling among them.

"His sparring sessions are crisp and often fascinating to observe. Leonard is so lightning fast that one morning he nailed a sparring partner with several left jabs and then tagged his adversary with a right hand that he threw behind his back. (It was delivered the same way a semipro softball pitcher would wing one in behind the back, and if you think the crowd was stunned, you should have seen his sparring partner's reaction.) Leonard ends his workouts with a showy, rope-skipping routine done to an uptempo version of 'Sweet Georgia Brown,' and his footwork's a lot fancier than anything you'll ever see on 'Soul Train.'

"After one of our taping sessions, I went to dinner with Dunlap, Leonard and his wife and their eight-year-old son, Ray, Jr. Juanita Leonard, 25, is a beautiful woman who's as candid and open as her husband. Their child has the family's sharpest sense of humor, is remarkably unspoiled and, all in all, is a sheer delight. If you get the idea that I like these people, you're right. You would, too.

"Still, I wasn't about to let that deter me from throwing whatever journalistic punches I felt I had to. Before starting the interview, it seemed to me that Leonard, like O. J. Simpson, had become less preoccupied with his sport than with becoming a corporate symbol. That provided the opening question."

> *"Boxers were always considered illiterate and I wanted to break through that barrier."*

PLAYBOY: You've been a media hero ever since you won an Olympic gold medal in Montreal, but lately you've been referring to yourself as "a marketable commodity"—and people are starting to think that, outside the ring, Ray Leonard is now as carefully packaged a product as those he endorses. Are they wrong?

LEONARD: Sure they are. To me, becoming a marketable commodity meant only that I couldn't be stereotyped the way boxers always have been. Boxers were always considered illiterate and I wanted to break through that barrier, and I came along at a time when that was possible. When I turned pro, Muhammad Ali was laying back and I was able to fill up an area that was empty. Ali had a major impact on me, because he was a guy who said, "Hey, don't just look at me as a fighter. I'm a great entertainer, a great personality, and I can help sell a product."

PLAYBOY: Do you consider *yourself* a great entertainer and a great personality?

LEONARD: Well, I think at least 45 percent of my success has to do with my personality, because until I came along, the big money in boxing always stayed in the heavyweight division. I also think I bring a form of entertainment into the ring and into the gym, to the point where a mother will feel it's OK to bring her little daughter to watch me work out. Those kinds of things pretty much came to me from Ali and what he exemplified as an athlete and as a man. Ali's belief in himself was also something I picked up on, and it's become my own philosophy: If you don't believe in yourself, no one else will. Without realizing it, Ali put that belief in me, and it's carried me through major fights when no one but myself thought I could beat guys like Tommy Hearns or Roberto Duran.

PLAYBOY: You may be selling your fans short. In fact, we're still surprised that you believed that most of the public wanted to see you lose to Hearns, or so you stated at a prefight press conference. Why did you feel that way?

LEONARD: I think that was a misconception. When I said people wanted to see me lose, I meant only *certain* people—people in the boxing establishment. I apologize to the public if they thought I felt they were against me.

PLAYBOY: Why would the boxing establishment want to see you defeated?

LEONARD: Because of what I stand for. I'm a free agent and I haven't allowed any promoters to have exclusive options on my fights, mainly because I don't think I need a promoter. That's never really happened before, but I always thought I could promote myself, and I've pretty much been able to do it. Although others tend to say they deserve credit for making various fights as big as they were, title bouts like Ray Leonard *vs.* Tommy Hearns or Ray Leonard *vs.* Roberto Duran didn't *need* to be promoted. They were natural match-ups that the public wanted to see. I've also never believed in tying myself up in a long-range contract, and I've been very outspoken on that subject. You know, a lot of young fighters come from low-income families, and if you flash a few thousand dollars in front of a young, naïve guy, he's gonna take it—and I don't blame him for taking it, because money's hard to come by nowadays. What happens, though, is that a young prospect usually doesn't have an attorney to go over the contract he signs with a manager and a promoter, so he can wind up signing his life away. People in boxing don't like to hear me talk about that, and I think they've tried to get back at me for it.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

LEONARD: Champions don't lose close

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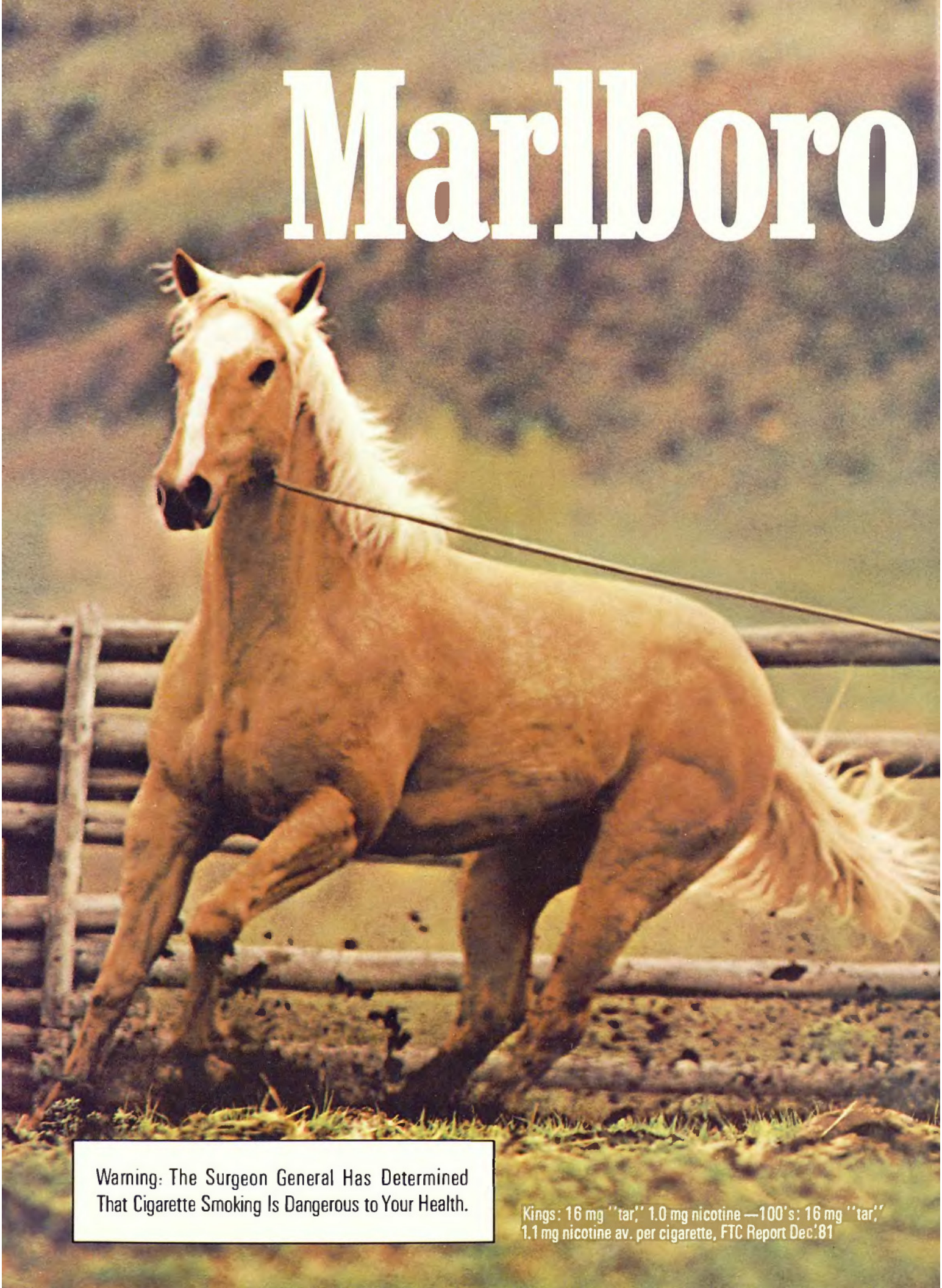
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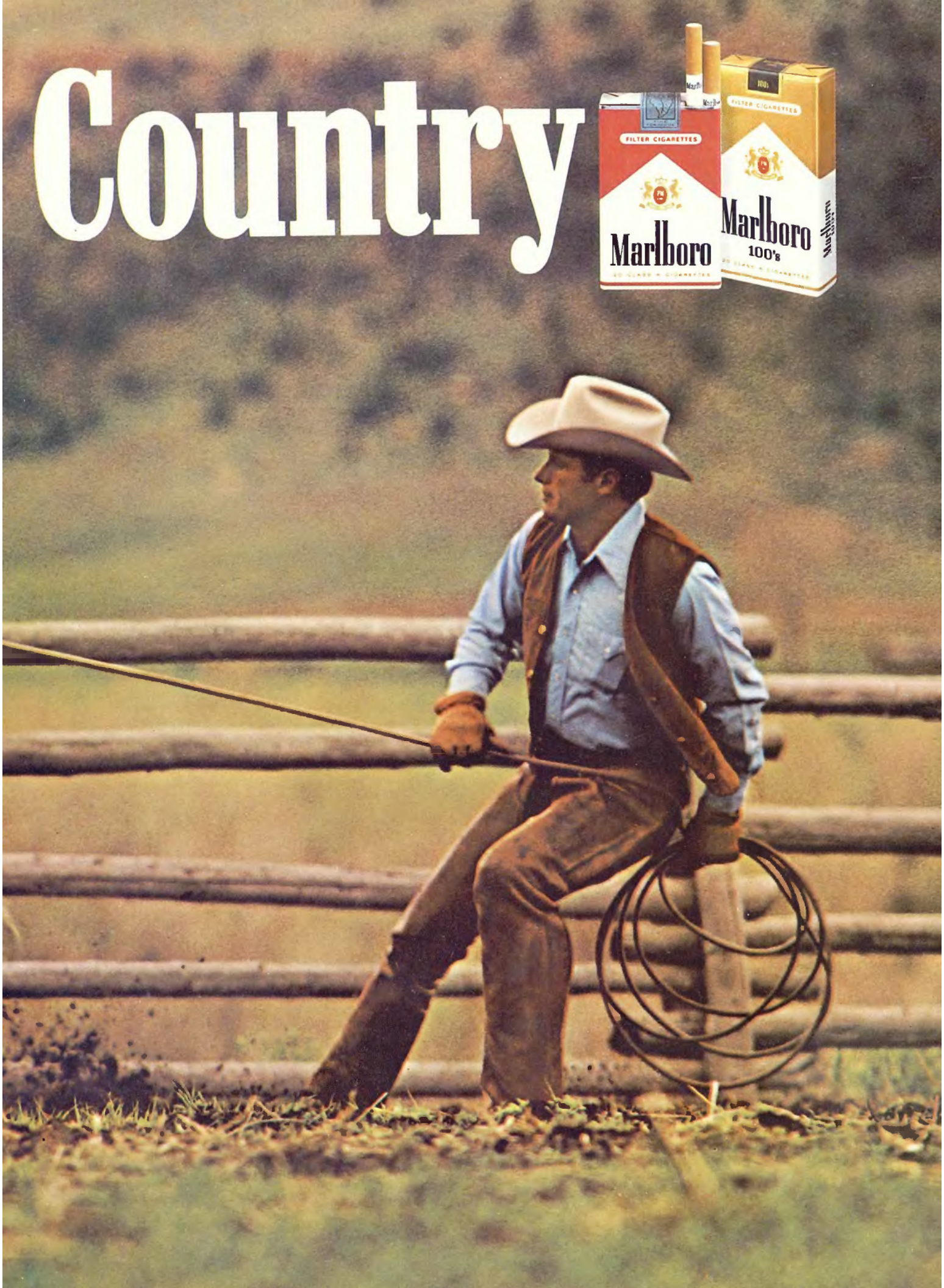
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fights, but that doesn't seem to apply to me. If Roberto Duran had been the champion in our first fight and we'd switched places, he would have maintained his title; I didn't. In a close fight—and the Hearns fight was close—the last three rounds are usually the deciding factor, especially when a championship is at stake. Well, I really came on strong in the 13th round, and it's a good thing I knocked Tommy out in the 14th round, because, according to the judges' score cards, there was no other way I could have won the fight. I mean, I could have knocked Hearns down 20 times in the 15th round and I *still* would have lost the fight! There were only three rounds in that bout that weren't close—the sixth, the seventh and the 13th—and in all of them, I hurt Tommy and had him in real trouble. The judges scored those rounds ten points for me, nine for Hearns, the same way they scored the close rounds Tommy had won. After the fight, a reporter went up to one of the judges and said, "Sugar Ray won those rounds big—how could you give Hearns nine points for them?" The judge said, "What's the matter, is that little brat complaining?" That tells me something—that I've got to go in there and do a job early.

PLAYBOY: Did you intend to do that against Hearns?

LEONARD: No. Basically, I planned to move, dance, make Tommy mad and capitalize on his mistakes. Tommy's taller than me and has a reach advantage, but I knew that my speed—mainly lateral movement—would be a major factor in annihilating him. In other words, I wanted to hit him and not be there when he went to hit me back. I tested Tommy in the sense of daring him to throw that big bomb, that big right hand; and after a while, he knew that if he threw that punch, I wasn't going to be there—and he was gonna pay for it when I countered. Tommy even said so after the fight. Somebody asked him why he stopped throwing right hands and he said, "I didn't want to throw my right anymore because Ray wasn't there."

PLAYBOY: Before meeting you, Hearns was undefeated and had knocked out 30 of his 32 opponents. He was regarded as such a heavy hitter that most boxing experts didn't disagree when his manager, Emanuel Steward, said, "If Thomas lands his right on Ray's chin, he'll turn Ray's lights out with one switch. It'll be like a fuse box blowing in a house." Did that worry you?

LEONARD: It didn't faze me at all. I didn't have any doubts whatsoever about beating Tommy Hearns; it was just a matter of what round and how devastating it was going to be. Tommy's credentials were very strong, but I'd experienced being hurt, I'd experienced speed and I'd experienced going against guys capable of fighting different ways. I felt I had the psychological advantage, mainly because I'd been there before. I also knew full well that Hearns had never really been tested and that when I hit him, I'd take something from him.

PLAYBOY: What made you so sure Hearns couldn't put you away with one shot?

LEONARD: Well, I just couldn't imagine any welterweight hitting me harder than Marcos Geraldo, a big middleweight I fought in the early stages of my career. Geraldo hit me solid, and man, I'd never been hit that hard.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to that?

LEONARD: When he nailed me, I got paranoid. I felt like I was kneeling down at the guillotine and someone was going to pull on a rope and chop my head off. I mean, I was *hurt*, and Geraldo sensed that, because boxers know when they hurt you and they try to take advantage of it. Geraldo hit me so hard that I actually saw three of him. I thought, Oh, wow, this can't be it. And I half expected to get knocked cold. I knew that the only way to avoid that was to maintain my composure—that was the key—and I was able to do it. I came back strong and won a ten-round decision, and to me, that was on-the-job

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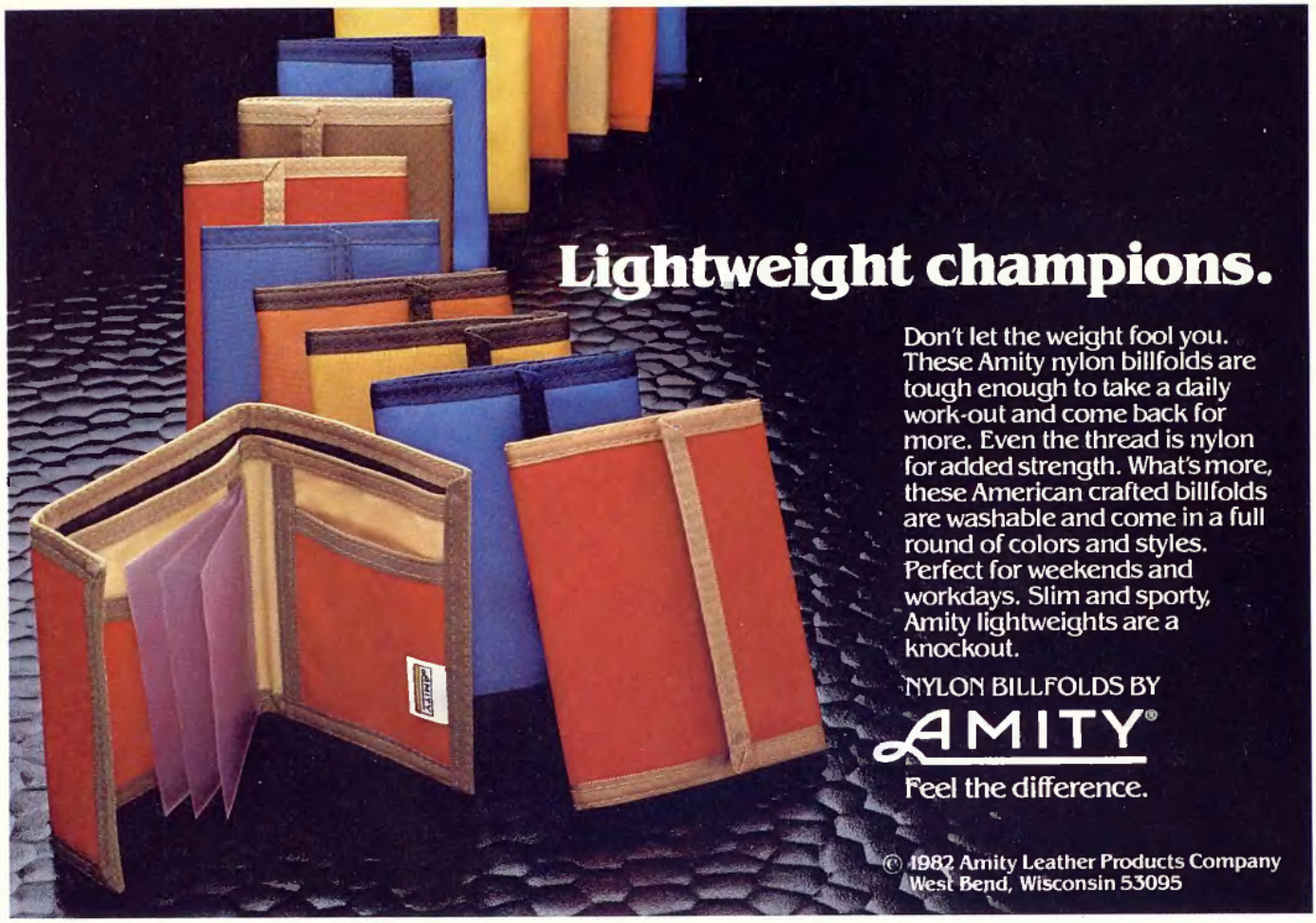

training that would stand me in good stead for Hearns.

PLAYBOY: Hearns nailed you with a solid right in the second round of your fight. What effect did it have on you?

LEONARD: Tommy hit me with his best shot and he didn't hurt me.

PLAYBOY: What effect did that have on *him*?

LEONARD: It blew his *mind*! Once Tommy hits a guy with his right hand, he's ready to pack his bags. He looks over to his corner and wants to know when the next plane is leaving, 'cause the fight's always over. But when he hit me and saw that I was still standing—and then, when I hit him back—it totally shook him up. I could almost see him thinking, Hey, who wrote this script? This isn't supposed to happen. Certain fighters have a mystique to them, and with Hearns, it was his reputation of invincibility. He'd knocked out and really just *destroyed* so many guys that all the fighters he faced were scared of him. I knew that once I took that away from Tommy, that would be it. Believe me, it required a lot of concentration and cockiness to do that. Tommy was able to land some shots, but because I didn't fall into his hands, it really *did* blow his mind. I'd watched films of his fights and I didn't spot any physical weaknesses, but I felt he could be turned around psychologically and mentally. I thought his confidence could be destroyed easily, and that happened when he saw he couldn't knock me out. I also wanted to make him lose his cool, which happened.

PLAYBOY: How were you able to manage that?

LEONARD: Well, I never had any direct animosity toward Tommy, but after the first couple of rounds, you saw a lot of hitting after the bell, and I caused him to do that. After the first round ended, I tapped Tommy on the forehead and said, "I gotcha now, turkey!" I knew that would make him swing at me, and it did. Now, that's bad sportsmanship, so right away I had the crowd on my side. That, in turn, really got Tommy hot and upset with me, which was my aim.

PLAYBOY: To what end?

LEONARD: I wanted to bring the street out in Tommy, because when fighters react in the ring like they did when they were kids and someone teased or insulted them, they tend to lose their composure. They forget all about basic boxing fundamentals and almost revert to tactics they learned in the street. That happened to Tommy, and that's when I started to nail him.

PLAYBOY: You didn't really tag Hearns until the sixth round, and up to that point, he'd clearly outboxed you. He'd also jabbed at your left eye so often that it was starting to close. Level with us: Did you see your title slipping away?

LEONARD: No. I still felt I was in complete control; but, yes, I was *very* concerned about my eye. Two weeks before the fight, one of my sparring partners accidentally elbowed me just under the eye, and I took a few days off to let the swelling go down. I knew it would flare up during the fight, but I never thought it would get as bad as it did. My eye started to swell up right away, and it hurt so much every time Tommy touched it that I was reluctant to let him get near it. That's why the fight went the way it did during the early rounds. Hearns *didn't* box well; he did only what I let him do.

PLAYBOY: While he was piling up points, what were you doing?

LEONARD: I was adapting to his style, protecting my eye and getting ready to move inside and go to work on him. I went after Tommy in the sixth round, and what really surprised me was how easily I was able to hurt him. I caught Tommy with a good left hook, but it wasn't my best, by any means; and when I saw that he was hurt, I lost *my* cool. I wanted to put him away, and I chased him and kept throwing big punches in the sixth and seventh rounds, and when the eighth round started, I was winded and arm-weary. That's when Tommy started boxing again, and my eye got

worse—by the end of the fight, I had less than a quarter of my normal vision out of my left eye. It took me a few rounds to get my second wind, and when I did, I came back. I put him down at the end of the 13th round, and in the 14th, my adrenaline was flowing and I forgot how tired I was and just went after him. I don't know how many punches I hit him with, but Tommy was defenseless, and the referee stopped it with a minute and 15 seconds left in the round. What really upset me was that Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, who did the closed-circuit-TV commentary, said that the fight shouldn't have been stopped, because there was too much money at stake and Hearns was probably ahead on points. [Pacheco stated to PLAYBOY that he at first felt that Hearns was capable of continuing the fight but changed his mind when he saw the tapes later. The money at stake did not influence his decision, he said.] Those things are really irrelevant. If you let a fight go on for another round or two because the guy who's getting hammered might be ahead on points, you know what can happen? All of a sudden, the fighter can go into a coma, and *then* what are you going to say? That he'd been ahead on points? That there was a lot of money at stake? In the 14th round, Tommy Hearns never threw a punch at me, and I don't know *how* many punches he received to the head. His manager later told me the fight was stopped at the right time.

PLAYBOY: Hearns has asked for a rematch. Will you give him one?

LEONARD: I think Tommy's a nice guy and a very good athlete, but I think he should be honest with the American public and admit that there was no way he could have continued past the 14th round. Tommy told Howard Cosell that he wasn't hurt and that he was under control. Under control? All he has to do is look at the tape of our fight to see the shape he was in. I've talked to Tommy since then, and I told him, "Pal, if you're talking about a rematch, why don't you be honest? I know you're a very proud man, but how proud can you *be*?" I mean, it was quite evident what happened in our fight.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you won't give Hearns a rematch unless he publicly admits that he feels you really beat him last September?

LEONARD: Well, it bothers me that Tommy won't be sincere. That disappoints me, because I think an athlete should be honest. I know it's difficult, but if a guy knocked me on my can and someone said, "Ray, did you get knocked down?" I couldn't very well say, "No, I slipped." I mean, there were people out there *watching*.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure you'd be willing to do the same if the situation were reversed? You've lost only once—to Duran—but you've just told us you don't think you deserved to lose that fight.

LEONARD: I said that and I feel that way, but I had to accept the fact that the judges saw it for Duran and that they were authorized to judge the fight. If they felt I lost, OK; I accept that. It's just not supposed to happen.

PLAYBOY: The reason you lost to Duran the first time out may well have been your decision to abandon your usual ring tactics in favor of slugging it out with him. What caused you to do that?

LEONARD: I kind of lost perspective on the fight. Some members of the press were saying I couldn't take a punch, others were saying that I couldn't really deliver a punch, and I just didn't do what I meant to do against Duran. I let it become a *macho* thing.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Duran was able to bring out the street in *you*?

LEONARD: Oh, no question about it. I've never told this to anyone, but, yes, the street came out in Ray Leonard and Ray Leonard very much wanted to nail Duran. Unfortunately, *he* nailed *me*.

PLAYBOY: Why did you lose your temper? Did Duran disturb you?

LEONARD: Duran *always* disturbs me. He's a bad man. Duran walks around thinking he owns the world and that when he puts his foot down, everything should come to a halt. The guy is just *weird*. We both used to fight a lot in Vegas, and he always seemed like a nice guy, but once we signed a contract to fight, all that changed. Duran says he must hate you in order to beat you. To each his own, but I sure didn't like a lot of the things he did to get his message across.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

LEONARD: I think Duran really believes he possesses animalistic instincts—maybe he does—and at the weigh-in, he growled and shook and hoped I'd just crumble with fear. One thing I really found distasteful was that before the fight, both Duran and his wife gave *my* wife the finger, and Juanita had never experienced anything quite like that. That was tough on her, and I didn't like them for doing it.

The Duran fight was the biggest of my career up until then, and it really was *different*. When I got into the ring and looked over to the other corner, I saw this crazy person, this monster just about waiting to *bite* me! I mean, Duran's a psycho, and when the referee was giving us instructions, Duran was looking at me like, "I can't wait to getcha! I can't wait to getcha!" When the first round started, I got him moving and I was having a pretty good time in there, but in the second round, *boom!* He hit me with a left hook and then a right hand, and oh, man, that *hurt*. I was dazed, really stunned, but conscious. I saw Duran coming in for the kill, so I covered up and protected myself, but my head didn't clear up for a couple of rounds. By then, he'd hit me with a lot of punches and my face had started to swell up, and I didn't like that at all. I wanted to get him back, and that's the reason I stuck to that *macho* fight plan.

PLAYBOY: If nothing else that night, you certainly proved you could take a punch.

LEONARD: Thanks a lot. After the fight, my face was distorted and I looked like the hunchback of Notre Dame. Guys were slapping me on the back and saying they were proud of me because I took some great punches. Hey, I *knew* that, and who needs it? No way I was ever going to do *that* again!

PLAYBOY: You earned a reported $9,000,000 for that fight. After your loss to Duran, did you give any thought to retiring from boxing?

LEONARD: Yes, I did. I took my wife on a vacation to Hawaii, and I didn't want to talk to anybody. I knew I was financially established and I was proud of myself for fighting Duran so hard, and I started thinking, Who needs it anymore? But then I wondered what would've happened if I'd fought Duran my way instead of his, and that bothered me. While I was over there, I started doing road work every morning, and I remember giving Juanita one of my credit cards and telling her to go shopping. She said, "I know you're doing this for a reason. You're trying to butter me up because you want to fight again." I don't think I really made a decision to fight again until after we got home. I'd go down to our basement every day and watch tapes of the fight over and over, and I'd just get angry. I finally told Juanita, "Look, I gotta get that turkey back." She said, "OK, go ahead and do it, if you really want to."

I then called up Janks Morton, my trainer, and Mike Trainer, my lawyer, and David Jacobs, my other trainer, and told them I wanted another shot at Duran. David said, "Ray, you don't *need* to fight anymore." I told him I really wanted to, and David said, "If you fight him, I'm gonna resign." He did, too.

PLAYBOY: Duran disgraced himself in your second fight when, during the eighth round, he suddenly shouted, "No *más*," and retired to his corner, claiming he had a stomach-ache. Did you buy his version of why he quit?

LEONARD: I didn't then and I don't now. I think Duran quit because he didn't want me to knock him out. He was frustrated and being humiliated, and as the rounds went on, I was getting closer and closer to knocking him out. When he started to walk away, I was sort of hesitant, because I thought it was a trick, so I punched him in the

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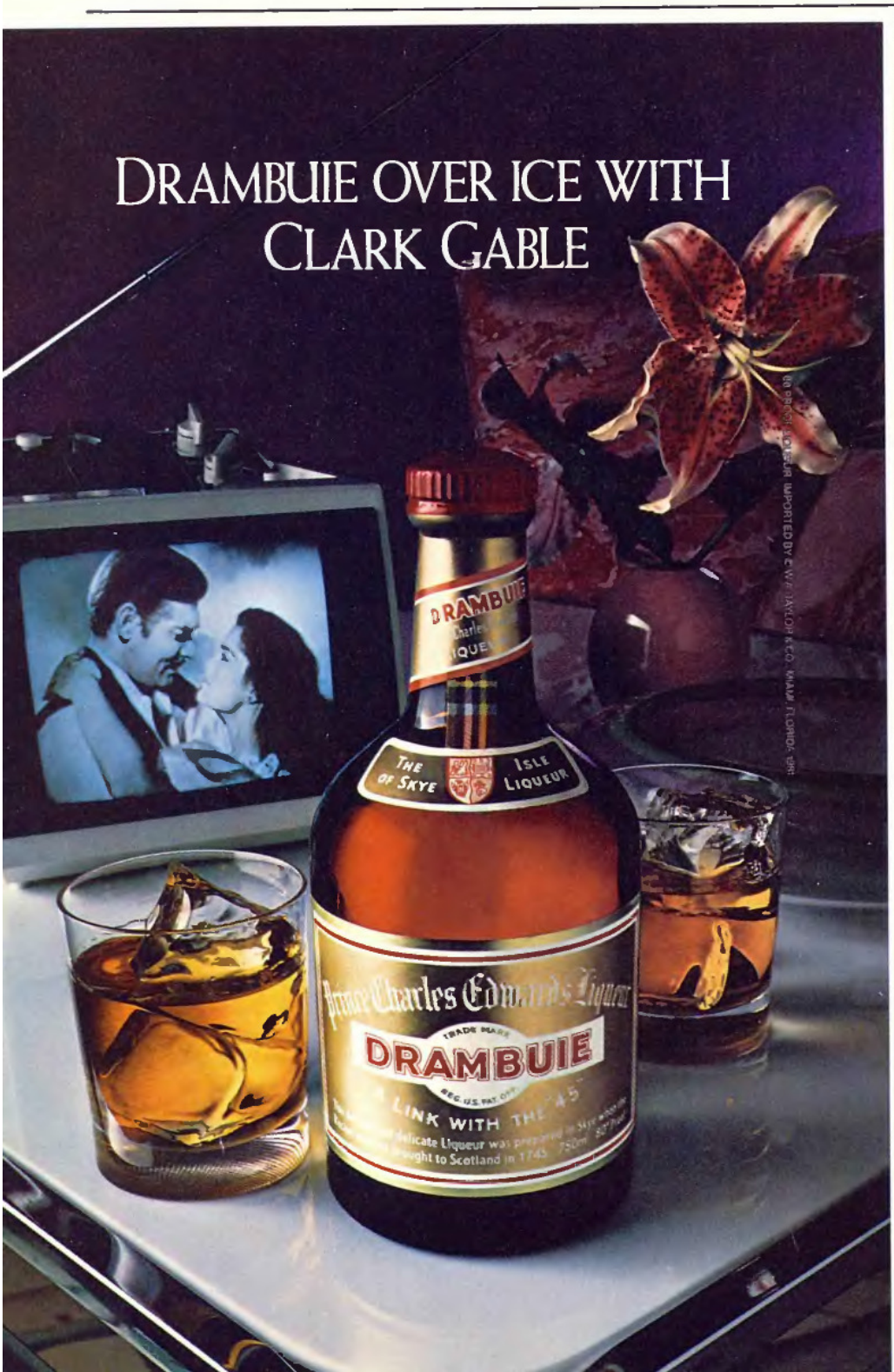
stomach. When everybody realized the fight was over, I walked over to Duran to see if he'd still give me the finger and push me away like he had after the first fight. I asked him if he was all right, and he said, "Good fight, man." Later on, when the press and everyone condemned him for quitting, I felt sorry for him, but then he said, "Leonard didn't beat me, cramps did. I'm a thousand times a better man than he is." He really pushed it.

PLAYBOY: The boxing champions we've interviewed over the years have invariably attributed their defeats to such factors as training-camp injuries, bad judges and bad tactics. Is it possible that a champion can't admit he's been whipped without feeling he ought to retire from boxing?

LEONARD: You might have something there. If a guy really beats me fair and square, I'm not supposed to be in the ring, because that's his domain. If someone were able to defeat me bad, really make a mess out of me, I'd shake his hand, congratulate him and admit to the public that, hey, I was the best up until this point, that this guy is better and that I want no more of him. That would be tough to swallow, but I'd do it. I mean, what else can you say?



PLAYBOY: Would you retire if that happened?

LEONARD: If someone beat my butt? Yeah, no question about it. [*A thoughtful pause*] But I'm a competitor and I'm a very proud man. If a guy beats me once, he'll have to do it again to make me believe him, and nine times out of ten, it won't happen again, 'cause I'll work something out. So forget what I just said about retiring; I'd *have* to go back for him. I don't care who it is; you can't beat me and then just have me walk away. I gotta go back for you; you gotta do it a second time. Otherwise, I wouldn't have gone back for Duran a second time.

PLAYBOY: Why was your rematch with him so easy for you?

LEONARD: Well, to start with, Duran had a few years on me. He was 29, and our first fight was a very physical 15 rounds—and you just don't heal that easy unless you're young. I hit him with some severe blows to the body and I heard reports afterward that he was urinating blood, so apparently I did some damage. Once I decided I wanted a rematch, my guys thought I should fight him as soon as possible, because he might not have had a chance to heal completely. On top of that, Duran had been soaking up all the fame and glory he got for beating Sugar Ray Leonard. Everyone should party and celebrate, but there's a limit, especially if you're a fighter. After Duran defeated me, Panama held a national holiday in his honor, and Duran kept partying and got fat. All of a sudden, we were ready to fight again, and he had to jump back and try to get in shape real quick. Too late: I'd been training for a couple of months by then.

PLAYBOY: From our vantage point, everything seemed to go your way the second time around, including the national anthem.

LEONARD: You're absolutely right. Ray Charles sang the national anthem, and my mother had named me after him—my full name is Ray Charles Leonard. I'd never had a chance to meet him, and to finally do so in the ring was really special. He put so much emotion into the national anthem and he got the crowd so excited that it all acted like a reserve tank for me. When the fight started, I had no second thoughts about winning. I was completely confident.

PLAYBOY: Did Duran sense that?

LEONARD: Fighters *always* sense that kind of thing. Duran knew he was in trouble in the very first round, mainly because I wasn't a stationary target. Had I stood there the way I did during our first fight, Duran would've been able to hammer away. But this time around, every time he went to throw a punch, I wasn't there. The longer the fight went on, the more discouraged he got. He went from being a lion to being a pussycat, and I saw that

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transformation; Duran simply lost his feeling of being unbeatable. By the sixth round, I was really banging him around, and in the seventh, I threw a sucker punch that humiliated him: I wound up with my right, as if to throw a bolo punch, and then I jabbed him with my left. Right then and there, you saw the last of the great Duran. He was falling into my arms, and he was awaiting something disastrous. I wasn't all *that* surprised that he quit, because by then, I was very close to knocking him out.

PLAYBOY: You earned about $17,000,000 for your two fights with Duran and almost $12,000,000 for dispatching Tommy Hearns. Is there really any reason for you to continue fighting?

LEONARD: In terms of money, no. The Tommy Hearns fight was like the last chapter in a book, because it was like going over the rainbow and finding a pot of gold. I found it, I kept it, I invested it, and then I closed the book. Now I want to write another one.

PLAYBOY: What are we going to read about in the sequel?

LEONARD: I don't know yet, and for now, I'm just gonna play it by ear. I told Mike Trainer that I'd like to fight once a month, but he proved to me that it wouldn't be economically feasible; and there are other things I should take advantage of, so I'm planning on four fights a year. The fighters I face this year, guys like Bruce Finch and Roger Stafford, are relatively unknown to the general public but not to boxing.

PLAYBOY: A lot of sportswriters believe you've just about run out of suitable opponents. Have you?

LEONARD: No way. Hearns deserves a rematch, and Wilfred Benitez, who beat Duran in February, also wants one. The first time I fought Benitez, the public thought I would win in a breeze, but people who knew boxing knew he was a very talented young fighter. I was determined to take away his welterweight title, and I almost *had* to beat him—we'd planned a bunch of parties and celebrations for the weeks after the fight. But that sucker wouldn't cooperate. I kept swinging and missing him, mainly because I was so tense. Fighting for the title was a big jump for me, but Benitez had been there before. I stopped him just before the end of the 15th round; if we fight again, I'll knock him out sooner.

PLAYBOY: Will your next title defense be against Benitez or against Hearns?

LEONARD: Well, at the moment we're aiming at Alexis Arguello, the lightweight champion, and Aaron Pryor, the junior-welterweight champion. Both of them want a shot at me and I'll be happy to oblige them.

PLAYBOY: Whom will you meet first?

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LEONARD: I'd love to get Pryor in the ring. He's tough, but his mouth is heavier than his punches.

PLAYBOY: Do we detect some annoyance in your voice?

LEONARD: Yes, you do. Pryor's a nice guy, but sometimes he should just be quiet. He's gone around complaining that when he turned pro, he came to me and I didn't help him out financially. I went up to him one time and said, "Look, pal, if I went to Ali when Ali was in his prime and I said, 'Ali, help me out,' how could he have helped me? He had his own thing, and I wouldn't expect the man to do something for me." Pryor said, "Ray, you could have helped me out spiritually." *Spiritually?* I told him that if he didn't have the spirit in him, no one could give it to him.

Anyway, Pryor's been talking a lot about fighting me for the welterweight championship, and several months ago, I saw him in New York when I received the Fighter of the Year Award. This is a true story, and a lot of other people who were at that dinner can verify it. I walked up to Pryor and said, "Aaron Pryor, you want to fight me. Tell me something: Do you honestly believe you can beat me?" Pryor said, "Well, I'd make a lot of money." That's why he wants to get into the ring with me: He wants to be able to retire; and he will. For health reasons.

PLAYBOY: Have you met Arguello?

LEONARD: Yes, and he's a classy guy, a gentleman. Alex is a tall lightweight, and to fight me he'd have to gain ten or 12 pounds, but he's more than willing to do it, because he wants to win a couple more titles. I think he should skip my division.

PLAYBOY: You've also been interested in winning more titles. Any particular reason you went after Ayub Kalule's junior-middleweight title?

LEONARD: I wanted to see how stable my weight would be in a heavier division. I really did it as a kind of test to see how well I could do against Marvin Hagler, the middleweight champion. Against Kalule, I weighed in at 153, and after a meal during the day, I went into the ring at 156 and a half. I knocked Kalule out in the ninth round, and when I left the ring, I weighed 145, which told me I'm not a solid junior middleweight. When I'm not in training, I'll walk around the streets at 153, but it's not solid; it's my socializing weight. I hit Kalule with everything in the world, and I knew I was exerting myself unnecessarily. It's like what happened to Duran: He could knock out lightweights, but it was a different story when he moved up to the welterweight class. Generally, the more weight you put on, the less effective you are. Tommy Hearns was very, very strong at 145, but if he gets to 160 and

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challenges Hagler for the middleweight title, I think Hagler will really hurt him. Although Hearns has the talent to fight Hagler, I think the only guy capable of beating Marvin is myself.

PLAYBOY: If you can't fight at 153 pounds, how can you even think about fighting Hagler at 160?

LEONARD: I can't. I couldn't fight at 160 pounds if I had lead weights in my shoes. I hate to contradict myself, but I still keep saying Hagler, Hagler, Hagler. I'd fight him only if he'd come down to 154 pounds, and I think that's a fair compromise, because I'd be meeting him halfway. He'd have to lose about six pounds and I'd have to gain six or seven. So far, he's said no. It's a bout that may never happen, but if it does, it'll have to happen pretty soon, because I can't afford to wait around. Hagler is 30 years old and I want to beat him while he's still ripe; if I win, I don't want to hear any excuses.

PLAYBOY: Are you still pursuing him?

LEONARD: Yes, and I'm going to offer him a bonus if he'll fight me at 154, because, otherwise, there's no way we can get together. I've known Hagler for a number of years and I've always liked him and respected him. We're two athletes who feel we're tops in our respective categories, yet we still want to fight each other. If it comes off, it'll be one of the biggest fights in history. If it doesn't, I'll just move on.

PLAYBOY: Recently, we checked on your reported ring earnings and came up with a figure of more than $37,000,000. Did you ever imagine you'd earn that kind of money as a prize fighter?

LEONARD: I never even *dreamed* something like that could happen. When I first turned professional, I did it only to make enough money to help pay doctor bills. At the time, my father and my mother were both ill and hospitalized. In a way, everybody in the family can still hardly believe what's happened, because I was the least likely of four brothers to ever become a boxer.

PLAYBOY: You weren't an athlete when you were a child?

LEONARD: No, and my three older brothers always teased me because I wasn't athletically inclined. They had trophies for basketball, track—all sports, really—and I had none. When I was about 12, my father moved the family from Washington, D.C., to a house he bought in Palmer Park, Maryland, and as soon as we got there, my brother Roger—whom we call Dale—started walking around the neighborhood with a pair of boxing gloves. Dale would find a group of guys on a corner or in a shopping center and he'd box whoever would take him on. Ollie Dunlap, who's one of my assistants now, was then director of the Oakcrest Community Center, and he told Dale that if he could find a boxing coach, the center would start a boxing team. Dale found one.

PLAYBOY: So you gave boxing a try?

LEONARD: No, I was interested in my own version of gymnastics. I always liked to do somersaults, and back in D.C., when I was about nine, my friends and I used to take mattresses out of old houses and line up three or four of them in back of a two-story house. Then I'd go up to the roof and dive off, flip over in the air and land on the mattresses. By the time we got to Palmer Park, I was able to run down the street and flip over—without touching the sidewalk with my hands—and land on my feet.

PLAYBOY: Did you have ideas about becoming a gymnast?

LEONARD: I did, but my career didn't last very long. When I was about 14, I was so advanced that one of my gym teachers at school picked me to be the guinea pig in an exercise he wanted to teach the class. The idea was that I'd run up to him, jump and he'd kind of catch both my feet in his hands and then flip me over into a backward somersault.

PLAYBOY: Is that the kind of stunt college cheerleaders usually do at football games?

LEONARD: Yeah, but I guess I didn't have the makings of a cheerleader. I'd never done any kind of backward somersault, and when the teacher flipped me over, I got scared while I was in the air and I didn't quite make it. What happened was that I landed right on my *head*, and I remember this real funny feeling going through my body. Anyway, my head hurt and I started crying.

PLAYBOY: Was that the end of your gymnastics career?

LEONARD: Oh, sure it was. As I told my mother, I could have broken my neck, so there had to be something better for me to do. Of course, I didn't find it right away. I started hanging around the house after school, waiting for Mother to cook dinner. My brothers kept teasing me and really hurt my feelings, so I went down to the community center's boxing class to prove to them that I could do something.

PLAYBOY: And you immediately discovered that you could fight?

LEONARD: No, I immediately discovered that when people hit me with boxing gloves, I'd get headaches, nosebleeds and black eyes. When I started, my brothers were *still* teasing me, because I'd come home from the community center, eat dinner and go to bed with a big headache. I went through a period of several months when I was painfully initiated into boxing, mostly because the guys I fought were a lot bigger than me. I remember going up against a fella named David Jerry, a fast, hard-hitting heavyweight who'd knocked a lot of guys around, including my brother Dale. We didn't have a ring in the gym then—just some mats on a basketball court—and I went in one day and challenged the guy. He weighed about 180 and I was up to maybe 128 at the time.

PLAYBOY: How did you do against him?

LEONARD: Not too well; Jerry knocked me down and gave me a bloody nose. I was determined to get him, but he hurt me every time he hit me, and I wound up crying again. I matured quickly, though, and a few months later, I went back and did a number on *him*. But for most of the first year I tried it, boxing was not something I truly enjoyed. Like a lot of other things in life, when you put the gloves on, it's better to give than to receive, and in those days, I was on the receiving end too much of the time. I really had a *lot* of second thoughts about staying with it.

PLAYBOY: What kept you going?

LEONARD: Just my determination to show my brothers that I was a boy like them, that I was rough, too. By the time I was 15, I could handle myself in the ring, but no one in my family believed it. I'd say, "Daddy, come see me box," and he'd say, "Oh, I'm sorry, Ray, I don't have time." I used to *beg* him and my brothers to come watch me fight, but they wouldn't. They just didn't believe I was any good.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a lot of fistfights?

LEONARD: No, I would compromise. [*Laughing*] Actually, I was very shy—very timid, like—and I'd always rather be by myself, because I didn't have too much to say. In fact, if I said hi to someone, that would be *it*. Although it didn't happen right away, boxing brought out a lot in me. It gave me confidence, a sense of direction, some notoriety and a feeling of achievement. I don't know how else to explain it, because *something* got into me and made me stay with it. And when my father and my brothers finally came down to see me fight, they knew I was for real.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take before you realized you had a future in boxing?

LEONARD: About a year. When I was 15 or so, I fought an experienced amateur named Bobby Magruder, who was 19 or 20 at the time. He'd competed in the Junior Olympics and the Golden Gloves, and he was the most talented fighter in the area. Magruder represented the Hillcrest Heights Boys Club—Hillcrest is a few miles down the road from Palmer Park—and when the match was made, it was like a big thing, a main event. News about it seemed to circulate everywhere, and a whole lot of people came out to see this little kid who wanted to take on Magruder. I was *so* nervous that day! At the last minute, Dave Jacobs, who was then my main coach, had to go somewhere to pick up his wife. I thought, Gee, who's gonna take care of me? Janks Morton was then the assistant boxing coach at the Oakcrest Community Center, and he took over for

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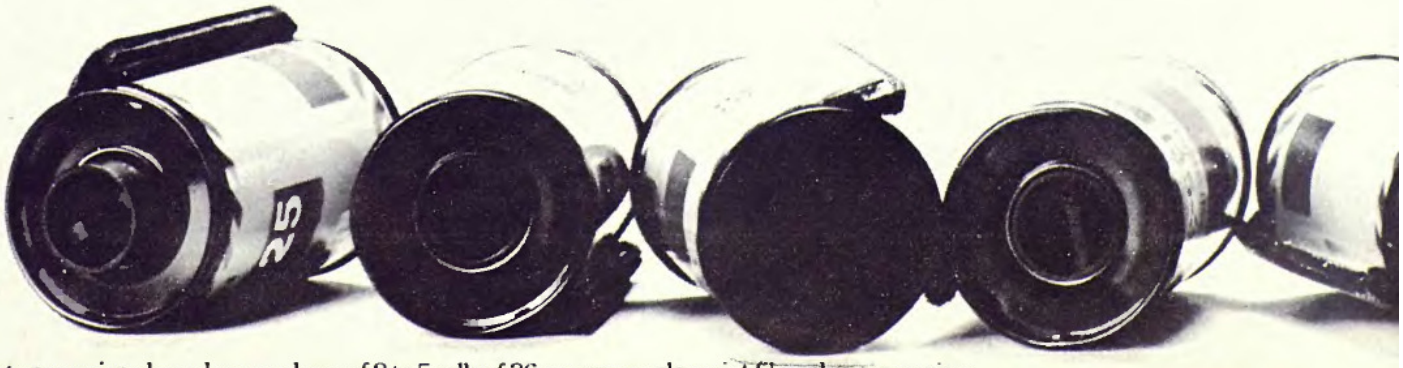

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David. Before the fight started, Janks said, "You're gonna beat him, Ray. Just keep cool and move." That's exactly what I did, and I won a three-round decision—and from then on, I knew I was a fighter. Not long after that, I entered and won a couple of amateur competitions, and when I turned 16, I tried to qualify for the '72 Olympics. I was underage—you have to be 17—and I was really green compared with some of the fighters I faced, but I think I put out more and was more disciplined than most guys. I made it up to the quarter-finals in Cincinnati, where I lost a decision—pretty much of a hometown decision, I thought—to a fighter named Greg Whaley. I cried after that, too.

PLAYBOY: Did you make up your mind to spend the next four years getting ready for the 1976 Olympics?

LEONARD: That didn't happen until I watched the '72 Olympics on TV and saw Sugar Ray Seales win a gold medal. It suddenly dawned on me how close I'd come to going to the Olympics and how important it was to win a gold medal. That made me cry *again*; as you can tell, I cry quite often. I vowed that 1976 would be my year, and although an Olympic gold medal represented the ultimate to me, I didn't have too much time to think about it. I was a very active fighter after that. The next four years went by *so* fast, for I had several fights each month and I competed all over the place. Before the start of the '76 Olympics, I'd had 160 amateur fights.

PLAYBOY: How many did you win?

LEONARD: I won 155 and lost five. Besides Whaley, I also lost to Jerome Artis and Randy Shields, whom I later beat as a pro. I also lost to a Pole and a Russian, but I didn't take those losses too seriously. I was part of an A.A.U. team that was fighting in Warsaw, and after I knocked out my opponent, I was disqualified, because they said I hit the guy after the bell. In Moscow, I fought a kid who was my own age. He was one of their top guys and I really beat him bad for three rounds. When the decision was announced for him, the crowd started whistling, and I didn't know what that meant. I started looking around for a pretty girl—why else would guys whistle?—and then, afterward, it was explained to me that whistling was the European way of booing. While that was still going on, the guy I fought was presented with a trophy. As soon as he got it, he walked over to my corner and gave the trophy to me. That was a very sporting gesture.

PLAYBOY: How often did you fight outside the country?

LEONARD: Starting in '72, I was gone one to two months a year. I *loved* international competition. Our amateur team would fight the Russian and the Polish teams in Las Vegas, and then we'd fight in their countries and elsewhere. Nothing will ever compare with the enjoyment I got out of that. When you got your nice little warm-up suit, you truly felt you were representing America, and there was real glory in winning. It's different when you become a professional, because you also have to become a businessman, and that takes something away from it, or at least it did for me.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first fight overseas?

LEONARD: Yeah, and I remember being very *scared*! Not long after I missed out on the '72 Olympics, I got a call from the A.A.U., and three days later, I was on a plane to Rome. From there, we drove to a little Italian village, where a ring had been set up in the middle of a very crowded street. People were also watching the fights from their balconies, and everybody seemed to be enjoying himself. For some reason, I fought last and tagged my guy pretty good in the first round, and in the second round, I knocked him out. In fact, he was out cold, and I remember standing over him and being very glad the fight was over, because I didn't have enough gas to go a third round. Until that moment, everybody had been cheering for the Italian fighter and the place had been noisy, but then, all of a sudden, it got very quiet. I looked around and saw a couple hundred people walking toward me, and they weren't smiling. I thought, Gee, I'm just a kid; what are they gonna do to me? They got all the way up to the ring apron—and then, suddenly, started applauding. Talk about *happy*! For a little bit there, I didn't think I'd get out of town alive.

After that, we went to Rome, which was a big experience for me. The team was housed in a church that had been built on the side of a mountain, and one morning, I spotted a statue at the top of the mountain. I didn't have anything better to do, so I walked up there, and as I was looking around, I noticed a little girl staring at me. Something made me realize I was probably the first black person she'd ever seen, so I said hi to her. She turned and walked away, but a few minutes later, she showed up with two of her little friends. They were whispering to one another and I could see that they were intrigued by the color of my skin. When I caught on to that, I started to explain—or *tried* to explain—that the color of my skin was real. The three kids then did a disappearing act, and about 15 minutes later, I could hardly believe what I saw: A priest, carrying a shepherd's staff, was leading about 150 kids up the mountain toward me. The kids surrounded me completely, and while they were all whispering, this one little girl came up to me and touched my skin to see if the color would rub off. I had an Afro then and a lot of the kids came up and felt my hair and then felt their own, and it really was funny. After that, they all sang a song to me and then walked away.

PLAYBOY: Did the priest speak English?

LEONARD: No, and I wish he had or that I had understood Italian. I think the children either felt that I was a god or were telling one another that I was the reason their moms always said to use soap. I really wish I could relive that, because it was a beautiful experience.

PLAYBOY: Did you have similar experiences in Eastern Europe?

LEONARD: No, and I *really* didn't like being in Communist countries. When we went to box the Polish team, soldiers were carrying submachine guns around in the airport at Warsaw, and they'd actually point them at you. There were curfews in Russia and in Poland, and I don't mean just for us; everybody who lived there had a curfew. And talk about the Equal Rights Amendment: Polish women scrub planes and scrub *streets*. I got very homesick in Warsaw, and when I tried to telephone my mother, I found out you had to sign up a day in advance to make that kind of call. When I did get through, there were all kinds of clicks on the line and I thought my phone was being tapped. For some reason, I was cut off on my call home and I couldn't get my folks back again. I was still a teenager and that was scary for me. I cried then, too.

PLAYBOY: Did any of the other boxers on the team find your behavior a little strange?

LEONARD: No, because I cried in private, and maybe they did, too. We were all very lonely over there. I also got sick a lot, and that was because of the food. I was used to stuff like fried chicken, and I just didn't go for what they eat over there. It was probably a joke on their part, but one time, a couple of the guys told me I was eating cow tongue, and the idea of that really turned my stomach. It even *looked* like a tongue.

PLAYBOY: It probably was.

LEONARD: You're kidding, right?

PLAYBOY: Honest—veal tongue is popular throughout Europe, and you can usually find it in American delicatessens.

LEONARD: No *wonder* I got sick! You know, when we got back to the U.S., I wanted to kiss the ground. After seeing what people in other countries are denied or don't have, you can really appreciate what's here in America. I had some fun overseas and it was very educational, but it was always better to get back home.

PLAYBOY: After you'd been treated as a celebrity abroad, was it a letdown to return to life in Palmer Park?

LEONARD: No, I understood that I'd be a star for only as long as the boxing tours lasted and that at home I'd go back to being Joe Blow. That didn't

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bother me, because I was fighting several times each month. I won a national Golden Gloves title and a gold medal at the 1975 Pan-American games, and almost before I knew it, the Olympic trials came around again. That time, I was the overwhelming favorite to represent the U.S. in the 139-pound lightwelterweight division. I made it through, and then it was on to Montreal.

PLAYBOY: Did you think you'd win a gold medal?

LEONARD: I *knew* I would, without question. I knew my capabilities, I knew my talent and I felt a little superior to the guys I'd be fighting. What it really added up to was belief in oneself. I had that.

PLAYBOY: Your opponents didn't?

LEONARD: I can't speak for them, but they were all pretty rugged. The first guy I fought was from Sweden and he was *very* tough. I beat a fighter from Poland and then a Russian in the semifinals, and after that, I was matched up with Andres Aldama, a Cuban who'd knocked out every one of his opponents. One day, I put on a big hat that hid most of my face and went incognito to the boxing arena to watch one of his fights. Aldama knocked his man unconscious, and I heard people saying he was gonna do the same thing to Sugar Ray. Everybody had been high on me, because they thought I showed a lot of flair and class, but even back home, sportswriters were predicting that Aldama would knock me out. Well, I was more than just determined to prove them wrong; I was *obsessed* with the idea of beating him. That fight turned out to be very similar to the one I'd have with Tommy Hearns: Everyone waited for that one big punch to land to see what damage it would do to me. I never gave Aldama an opportunity to throw it. I decisioned him and I was close to stopping him at the end of the fight.

PLAYBOY: Given the sentiments you've already expressed, are we wrong in thinking the Olympic gold-medal ceremony was a very emotional experience for you?

LEONARD: I'm afraid you *are* wrong. Although it was a great accomplishment to win a gold medal, as soon as they put it on you, that's it; your career is over. I was thrilled, because all the work, the sacrifice, the pain and the agony that I put into boxing had been rewarded, but it felt as if someone were turning off a switch. I thought, This can't be *it*. I mean, give me some more time, let me fight again! My adrenaline was still flowing and I was still pumped up, and when they started playing the national anthem, I wanted something *else* to happen, something more dramatic. But it was like they awarded me the gold medal and said, "Congratulations; next, please. You've had a fine career, and now it's over." That was hard to face up to, but it seemed like the truth: My boxing career *was* over.

PLAYBOY: In Montreal, you announced your retirement from the ring and said, "My decision is final. My journey is ended, my dream fulfilled." Why did you change your mind?

LEONARD: Well, I've already mentioned the financial problems that were caused by my parents' hospitalization at the time. But I was also disappointed, because, like Bruce Jenner, I got a gold medal, but where were *my* goodies? They weren't there. I thought I'd get a lot of endorsements, but I wasn't marketable.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that mostly because Juanita Wilkinson—whom you later married—had given birth to your son and, as required by Maryland's welfare program, had filed a paternity suit against you?

LEONARD: You're exactly right; when the negative news about the paternity suit came out, it killed a lot of things for me. Trainer told me it hurt me with several companies.

PLAYBOY: What did it do to your relationship with Juanita?

LEONARD: If anything, it strengthened it. We were like any other low-income couple striving to survive. You do what you have to do for your family. After I got back from the Olympics, I still couldn't even afford my own apartment, and Juanita and I couldn't live together until I turned pro in 1977. We've been together for more than 11 years, and those early times helped give us a strong relationship.

PLAYBOY: Did you think racism had anything to do with your inability to cash in on your gold medal?

LEONARD: I never wanted to believe that, though I had some sense of it. I guess there's never been a black on a Wheaties box, but I don't know. I hope I'm wrong.

PLAYBOY: We remember Hank Aaron and several other black athletes' having their likenesses on boxes of Wheaties.

LEONARD: I'm glad to hear that. Another thing about endorsements: Except for Ali, fighters had never been marketable. Whatever the reason, it made me change my plans. I'd already enrolled at the University of Maryland, but I dropped out before the semester started.

PLAYBOY: What did you plan to study?

LEONARD: Business administration and communications—I wanted to work in television. That turned around when it became clear that nothing else was as feasible for me as boxing. It was the only career where I wouldn't have to start out at the bottom. Because of my reputation and my credentials, I could start out pretty much in the middle. I had a good résumé.

PLAYBOY: Were you relieved that your boxing days weren't over?

LEONARD: No. I really *didn't* want to fight anymore. My hands had given me nothing but trouble when I was an amateur. They swelled up after every fight, and at the Olympics, our team physician would have me slip my hands into a glovelike thing filled with ice. I froze my hands after every bout in Montreal, but the pain they gave me after my fights was nothing compared with the pain I felt during a fight. Hitting a guy felt like I were putting my hand into a bucket of hot coals. You can stand that kind of pain one time, I guess, but how would you feel if you had to do it again and again? That was kind of my outlook when I turned pro. A lot of people think boxing's easy, but look at my hands. See what happens from constant punching? It knocks your knuckles back and messes up the joints.

PLAYBOY: Are your hands still a problem?

LEONARD: Not anymore, and I can thank Angelo Dundee for that. When I turned pro, I even hurt my hands on punching bags. During my training, Angelo solved the problem by wrapping my hands with women's sanitary napkins. I wasn't too comfortable about letting anyone know about that. I mean, you can be bagging and you bruise a knuckle and there's a little blood—and when you take off your gloves, well, it looks sort of strange.

PLAYBOY: How did you wind up with Dundee in your corner?

LEONARD: Angelo was the last part of the team I put together. When I decided to become a professional in 1977, I stayed with my trainers from the Oakcrest Community Center, Jacobs and Morton, and when a whirlwind of offers came in from people who wanted to manage me, I asked Janks to shield me from all the lunatics who were calling up. Janks introduced me to Trainer, and I told him what I wanted, which was to be independent; I didn't want anyone to have a part of me. That's when we formed Sugar Ray Leonard, Inc. I wanted Angelo to be my manager, because I liked him. Angelo would always go to the amateur fights in Miami, which was where I met him. A lot of guys down there were always after the good amateurs to turn pro, but Angelo never did that. Later on, when I met Ali, he told me, "If you ever turn professional, get my man Angelo. He's the best."

Angelo's been good for me. Many people in boxing still don't understand his role in my camp. Janks trains me, and then, about two weeks before a fight, Angelo comes in and sort of polishes off a finished product. He has great knowledge of the ring, and during a fight, he's usually the guy in my corner who gives me advice.

PLAYBOY: Do you follow it?

LEONARD: I do what I want to do. I don't ignore Angelo's advice, and it registers very fast and very easily, but I use my own judgment. I'm an experienced fighter, and when my mind is made up, that's

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all that counts. Angelo and Janks are two of the most knowledgeable men in boxing today, and if one of them says, "Start hooking this guy to the body," I'll probably try what I want to do first, but if it doesn't work, then I'll go to what my corner recommends. They say that I'm stubborn, and my wife says that, too, but it's paid off so far. I think the main reason Angelo, Janks and I work so well as a team is that they believe in me and we all really care about one another.

PLAYBOY: You became the biggest attraction in boxing very quickly, and many people feel that Howard Cosell played a major role in making that happen. Do you think that's true?

LEONARD: No, I don't. Howard has a thing about saying "I made you a star," but I don't think he really believes that. I would commend him for his coverage of the Olympics, when he spoke very highly of us. But after I became a professional fighter, I was the one who had to execute, who had to win the fights. And if I hadn't had the talent, the networks wouldn't have televised my fights. No one has made me; I made myself.

PLAYBOY: You also became a seasoned pro very quickly. Was the process as easy for you as it seemed?

LEONARD: Oh, no. I paid my dues, and I wasn't just matched up with guys I could knock out easily. I fought a variety of fighters who were far more experienced than I was professionally, and that gave me versatility. I fought tall fighters, short fighters, strong fighters, slow fighters, sluggers and boxers. It was either learn or get knocked off, and I didn't want to get knocked off. Believe me, I went through the mill.

PLAYBOY: Your supporters feel you've emerged as the most accomplished and graceful fighter in boxing today. Has that always been a goal you've pursued?

LEONARD: It wasn't when I started out. I loved Joe Frazier, and until I was 16, I fought like him. My left hook was the biggest and most effective punch I had, and I could hit a guy with it from any range. I could lead with the hook or shorten it up, and I got that from watching Frazier. Joe was a superior athlete, and I also patterned my defense after his—a lot of bobbing and weaving and ducking. Frazier was perpetual motion in the ring, but I was a little guy and all that moving around used to wear me down, so I figured that if I stood erect, I wouldn't exert myself unnecessarily. I'm quite sure all boxers pick up things from other fighters, and I remember that I started changing my style after watching Teofilo Stevenson, the Cuban heavyweight, in the '72 Olympics. He'd stand straight up and pop you with a left jab or set you up for a right with it, and I started doing that. After people began calling me Sugar Ray, I watched films of what Sugar Ray Robinson used to do, which was bring a lot of class and showmanship into the ring. I tried to emulate that and, later on, I picked up on Ali's combination of charisma and entertainment and his ability to psych out his opponents. One of the guys who influenced me the most wasn't a boxer. I always loved the catlike reflexes and the artistry of Bruce Lee, and I wanted to do in boxing what he was able to do in karate. I started watching his movies way before he became really popular in *Enter the Dragon*, and I patterned myself after him in a lot of ways.

PLAYBOY: Give us some examples.

LEONARD: To start with, I liked the fact that Lee was always in control and very confident. He'd lay back and be a gentleman, and he wasn't really outspoken, but all along he knew that whenever he wanted to, he could kick any guy's butt. He had lightning reflexes and he could move and think and just pick his opponents apart. In a sense, my left jab comes from him. My hands are still not as strong as I want them to be, and after watching Lee, I became much more precise about landing my jabs on an opponent's nose or between his eyes. I also got some moves—both offensive and defensive—from him. For instance, he'd let a punch come within a fraction of an inch of his face and then he'd slip it and pop a guy. Lee was an artist and, like him, I try to go beyond the fundamentals of my sport. I want the public to actually see a knockout in the making, starting from the moment I begin setting up an opponent, start picking my shots and then—pow!—finish him off. I want my fights to be seen as plays that have a beginning, a middle and an end.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you have the same feeling for your work that artists or playwrights have for theirs?

LEONARD: If you mean do I love it, the answer is no. The fun is gone, and boxing is now more of a job than ever for me. It's like any eight-hour job: I go to work, train to get in shape and come back home to my family. I think the average person can identify with what I'm saying, because I have the same feelings he does about going to work. I also get the Monday-morning blues; I usually feel just lousy about going back to training at the start of the week. Other times, I'll pick up and feel great. But even when a big fight is about to start, my feeling is pretty much the same: Boxing is my job.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you have any flaws as a fighter?

LEONARD: There was a stage in my career where I didn't take advantage of the opportunity to knock out an opponent after I'd hurt him. Without being immodest, I think I've become one of the best finishers in boxing; if I hurt a guy, I normally take him out. But I don't really want to *hurt* anyone. I just want to defeat him.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever worried about seriously injuring one of your opponents?

LEONARD: My worst moment that way came in my first defense of the welterweight title. I knocked out Davey "Boy" Green with a perfect left hook—the best left hook I've ever landed—and he went straight down on his back, and I saw him lying there motionless. I thought to myself, No, not now, don't let this happen. I *couldn't* do this to anyone. Fortunately, he was OK.

PLAYBOY: You're not Clark Kent, but you do seem like a very mild-mannered guy. Do you suddenly change inside the ring?

LEONARD: I think that boxing brings out my aggressive instinct. But it's not necessarily a killer instinct, which is what you usually hear about fighters. In my own case, I think I'm aggressive and determined, that if I want something so badly, I'll go all out for it. Once I leave the ring, I leave all that behind me. I don't think I'd be any different if I didn't have boxing as an outlet for that aggressive instinct. I was *always* cool, you see.

PLAYBOY: You've never wanted to punish an opponent?

LEONARD: Just once, before that second fight with Duran. Other than that, I've never held anything against an opponent. In fact, before I fight, I always pray that no one gets hurt.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that literally—that you pray?

LEONARD: I'm not religious, but I believe that what I have is a gift, and I respect it and live up to it, and that's the reason I pray that no one gets hurt. I never pray that I win, just that no one gets seriously injured.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever afraid for yourself?

LEONARD: No, I never think about getting hurt, though after a fight, I go right to the mirror, because I can't afford any more scars. Still, there is a great deal of fear within me when I fight, and it always comes at the start of a bout. Sometimes, I'll go out there and in the first round, I'll get hit by a shot that shakes me up. I'll think, If this is his first punch, how are the *others* gonna feel? Will the second and the third hurt more? That's the only fear I have for myself.

PLAYBOY: You're never afraid you might lose a fight?

LEONARD: I've *never* had a fear of losing, and that was true even when I was an amateur. I worry less about losing than about the consequences of a loss. In the back of my mind, I'll wonder whether or not a defeat will mean I won't stay another year with a certain product and whether or not my commercial power will still be there. Everyone loves a winner, right?

PLAYBOY: Your priorities seem a little strange to us. When you can pick up

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more than $1,000,000 for beating a lightly regarded challenger such as Bruce Finch and more than $10,000,000 for taking on fighters of the caliber of Hearns, why worry about commercial endorsements?

LEONARD: Again, I see them as a way to continue breaking the stereotype of the illiterate fighter.

PLAYBOY: You've allowed your son to co-star in your Seven-Up commercials, and some people feel that is exploitative. How do you respond to that kind of criticism?

LEONARD: Oh, Jesus! [*Laughs*] I guess that's how I answer it: with a laugh. People don't identify Seven-Up with Ray Leonard; they identify it with my son. If anything, little Ray has exploited *me*!

PLAYBOY: How does *he* feel about the commercials?

LEONARD: Doing commercials is something little Ray finds kind of neat, but we're keeping his participation limited, and he doesn't really care that much about them. Little Ray understands what's going on. He understands that his father's got a big position, that I'm constantly in demand and that I'm constantly traveling. He can bring me up short sometimes. Not long ago, I'd just gotten back from a trip and I took my son to a restaurant. Afterward, I asked him if he wanted to go to a movie. Little Ray said, "Daddy, let's just go home. You need to spend more time with me." I laughed, but he was serious. He doesn't like all the business things that take me away from home.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't it been difficult for your wife to have both her husband and her son so much in the public eye?

LEONARD: I think that by now, Juanita has adjusted to all the problems related to being the wife of a celebrity. What's really tough on her is that little Ray and I expect to be waited on hand and foot. I like to have breakfast in bed; I think *all* men should have breakfast in bed, don't you? Well, Juanita doesn't necessarily believe in that. So I don't necessarily get breakfast in bed.

PLAYBOY: How *has* your celebrity status interfered with your family life?

LEONARD: It's really limited the things we can do, things that meant a lot to me when I was growing up. It's tough for the three of us to have a picnic or take a walk in the park or go to the beach. You've been with us in a restaurant, and although I love people, it's uncomfortable trying to eat while people are coming up and asking you questions like, "Why are you eating in *this* place?" I like doing simple things like bicycle riding with my wife and my kid. I still do them, but we all have to block out the feeling of being stared at.

PLAYBOY: Did you really think you could become a public figure and also retain your privacy?

LEONARD: Sometimes I don't understand why you can't have one without the other. I guess I'd think about it less if I were still a bachelor, because then you have more time to give to the public. If you're a family man, though, there's a major price to pay. This is starting to sound like I'm complaining, and I'm not. I hold a great deal of pride in how people feel about me, and that's the reason I try to carry myself in a very professional and businesslike way. I also know that many people consider me a role model for kids, mainly black kids, and it's an obligation I'm aware of and one that I take very seriously.

PLAYBOY: What do you do about it?

LEONARD: I talk to kids at 65 or 70 schools a year, and I go because I've got a story to tell them. Kids read about what happened to me and they wish it would happen to them. I think it happened to me for a reason; there *had* to be a reason, because with so many great fighters around, why was *I* picked out of the group? I think it was meant for me to set an example and to provide some incentive, some hope and some proof that we all can start out in the basement but no one can say we can't make it to the penthouse. I talk to kids about the importance of taking advantage of opportunities, of utilizing their brains and maintaining their health. I explain to them that it's a piece of cake to live with your parents, but life's not easy once you're out on your own. I talk to kids about taking a shot at getting good grades, and I give them encouragement, which is something a lot of 'em never get. I give kids my emotions; I give them *me*.

PLAYBOY: Are there any goals left for you in boxing?

LEONARD: I want a third title, but it's not something I'll sweat over if I don't get it. I'm in the driver's seat, and that's the reason the Arguellos, the Pryors and all those other guys want to fight me. And I'm willing to fight *them*. I'm content. I have my place in boxing history.

PLAYBOY: Can you see beyond the ring to what you may be doing in ten years?

LEONARD: If I can continue to grow as a person the way I've grown in the last ten years, the next ten years won't be anything less than phenomenal. I told you earlier that I was a shy kid, and I was. I don't think I came out of my shell at all until 1975, when I won a gold medal at the Pan-American games in Mexico City. Whichever network was televising the games asked me to do some color commentary about Teofilo Stevenson, and I did it and I said a mouthful, and it was a very big step for me. I think it changed me, because after that, I wasn't timid anymore. I became a lot more confident as a person and a lot of parts of me opened up after that. That happened seven years ago; in another seven, who knows what I'll be doing, but I have tremendous optimism about the future. I'm making no predictions, though. Time will tell. I'll fight for only a couple more years, and after that, we'll see what happens.

PLAYBOY: Ali also said very forcefully in his *Playboy Interview* that he'd retire well before he was forced to, but that didn't happen. Do you think he's become a tragic figure?

LEONARD: No, I still look at Ali as a great man and a great champion. I think he's a nice, warm man, but he's so sensitive to the sport and to his own boxing accomplishments that he wants to go a little further. Ali is the only fighter ever to regain the heavyweight championship twice, and I think he'd still like to do it a third time. Everybody probably has his own goal going in his own fantasy world, and I don't know that Ali can achieve his own fantasy, but in any case, I just wish him luck. Some may say that Ali's on his last legs, but he's given us so much excitement over the years that if he wants to do something he thinks he can still do well, I think we owe him that much respect.

PLAYBOY: Ali quit when he was over the hill, but you're talking about retiring while you're in your prime. Once you're out of boxing, don't you think you'll ever be tempted to come back?

LEONARD: I don't feel I can be compared with champions in the past who've announced their retirement and have then come out of retirement. I think I know what happened to great fighters like Ali: To an active athlete, idle time is poison, and you've got to get rid of it. A retired champion looks at certain competitors and wants to start over again. I understand that, so what I've got to do is find something that lets me maintain the same pace but without any punches being thrown. I think I can find that in the business world or by doing my thing as a boxing commentator on the networks. I've been hosting a syndicated TV series of Golden Gloves competitions, and one day I might want to have my own national talk show, just like Phil Donahue. And I might even try a little acting. What I'm saying, I guess, is that I've got a lot of things going that will keep me interested and occupied. When I say I'm through with boxing, I'll be through.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think you'll be able to turn down the $10,000,000 or $15,000,000 you'll be able to make from one last major fight—or from two or three such big payoffs?

LEONARD: I'll walk away, I promise you. It's hard for me to imagine that I'll ever be in a position where I'll need money, but if I do need a couple of dollars, I know just what I'll do: I'll call up ABC and ask them to let me compete in the *Superstars*.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He doesn't mind giving directions to a woman and doesn't mind taking them, either. His values are anything but pedestrian—PLAYBOY readers own more than 25 percent of the sports cars on American roads. PLAYBOY directs him to the route that's shortest between two points but guides him away from the straight and narrow now and then. So, as he roars down the road to success, he always slows down for a worthwhile diversion.

RESIDENT ALIEN
AYKROYD, DANIEL EDWARD

a documented encounter with a comic who gives new meaning to the term "far out"

THE AYKROYD CHRONICLE

BE ON THE LOOKOUT for Daniel Edward Aykroyd, 29. He is 6'1", 200 pounds; brown hair, brown eyes, glasses. Looks American. Sounds American. Do not be fooled. This man is a card-carrying Canadian.

There are more than 3,000,000 Canadians in this country today. Each week, thousands more seep across the border. They join their fellow aliens who have already infiltrated American films and television. Daniel Edward Aykroyd is just one of them.

You, at this moment, may be working or sleeping beside one of them. You may have entertained a resident alien in your home and not known it. I know *I* have.

It was Thanksgiving 1980 when Danny Aykroyd first showed up at my home. He arrived in a 1977 Illinois State Police vehicle, white with yellow insignia. At that time, the brakes were in disrepair, so his presence was announced by the loud crunch of his car against those already poised at the curb. He unstrapped the safety belt, dusted off and gathered up his stash of B and B (three bottles), Moosehead Lager (three sixes), ten Jamaican cigars and four tins of Canadian maple butter.

I do not recall very much about the afternoon and ensuing evening, because his girlfriend, Annie, had baked stinkweed into her squash casserole. Well, wait. He did speak at length of his interest in American women of the night but professed to be trying to shake it.

So. I have actually seen his resident-alien green card, along with the rest of the bizarre contents of Aykroyd's wallet. I have even met his brother Peter and his Canadian mother and father. (I had on a backless sweater that day, to which Dad Aykroyd responded, "So nice to see your back!" with a grand, magnanimous laugh, and then he detailed how he is the mighty comedic oak from which his nutty sons have sprung.) I have been through Danny's medicine cabinet and can attest, without a doubt, that the man is,

personality

By CAROL CALDWELL

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE

indeed, an alien. You may recollect him as Beldar, patriarch of *Saturday Night Live*'s Coneheads. Tom Davis, who co-wrote the Coneheads with Danny, suggests that as Beldar, Aykroyd was not acting.

One year after our first meeting, Aykroyd appeared at my house to begin this profile. This time he was bearing 40 pounds of sterling silver, 30 record albums and six video tapes. My cassette machine was blinking RECORD. The initial sound effects on this tape are those of a slammed door, a dropped load, a run to the bathroom and a refrigerator check. He immediately seized the tape deck and began to dictate:

"Quote. I arrive at her apartment in Manhattan for what is to be a profile—a *character* profile. I had insisted on picking her up at her home to hit the streets immediately thereafter. She had asked if I needed a particular viand or victual or beverage for imbibement. I insisted on Moosehead Lager.

"OK. Let's hit the streets. Slip this little tape deck in your pocket. Check. We got two travelers here—two walkers. We'll be drinking a Moosehead apiece on this run."

Aykroyd uses the cassette machine like a walkie-talkie. He checks playback. OK. It's recording. We bust out the door. Bang down the hall (two pairs of black boots clacking). Slam down the front steps and inject ourselves into the New York night.

"Test. Test. One . . . two. [*Pause*] This is Daniel Aykroyd, a man who can only visit, never really *stay* anywhere." He grabs his traveler and a load of silver. He looks like a guy who comes from the Bowery: black bandanna around his head, hair like a bush hog, tinted sunglasses, two mornings' beard growth. He's wearing an old Army jacket taken from a fallen Puerto Rican soldier.

"All right. We'll be walking from Chelsea to the World Trade Center. That's 40 blocks. Two miles. The challenge: No one will accost us for drinking beer on the streets and no one will recognize me as a notorious and famous figure in TV and film. *No one*. I strive to be anonymous. Of the hundreds of people we pass tonight, none will stop."

We stop our progress at 14th Street—Third World D.M.Z. A screaming ambulance cuts through the Spanish-speaking vendors who peddle giant stuffed dogs and plastic rosaries. Aykroyd takes a slug of the Moosehead and shifts his sterling burden. He speaks down into the machine in his chest pocket: "I'm lugging a load of silver beside this girl with a Confederate flag and a skull on her chest. I'm eying her miniskirt—but I feel my age tonight and, besides, I'm a moderate and a celibate, just the kind of man who reads PLAYBOY. Dan Aykroyd's been singed by women before—but he's not going homo. Nothin' against 'em; it's just not his highway."

We have a long way to go down Fifth Avenue. I keep trying to picture Danny as Elwood Blues, but he outgrew Elwood and the Blues Brothers black suit. Now he decks out kind of Alaska-pipeline punk—but hold it. What's this at our feet on the street? "Oh, look!" Danny says. "A little baby doll's dismembered leg. This is an omen. It means I'm meant to tell you this: I'm not interested in splatter films, films where people get their arms and legs blown off. I try to create humor through tension but not the kind of tension where somebody gets blown away. I'm not headed toward De Palma."

Danny's got a rep for being gun happy when, in fact, what he likes are the props. He likes the holsters, the hats, the badges; he likes the uniforms. "As a writer and someone who has to satirize this culture, of course I'm interested in this stuff. This is the largest armed citizenry in the world. Can you imagine any kind of force trying to take the continental U. S.?

"Mine is a kind of toy-soldier romance with guns—which is, I guess, what all great psychos are made of. But I'm not a promoter of those things. I think it's pretty frightening how many people really love guns and stuff. The only gun I'm really interested in is the Big Bertha—77 millimeters and on up. Bertha was a gun on a rail car used in World War One. A commonplace sight on the French countryside. I'm interested in the motive power of railways and armaments. Kind of an intriguing image, you know?"

At that point, we enter Washington Square Park. It's so mild out for mid-November that the junkies are confused. There's a light rain and haze around the ultraviolet lights, steam rising around us, as if we've just entered the second rung of hell. A couple of jive guys approach with the offer of "tooies," Seconal, Quaaludes, joints. Danny shifts the silver. If we have to, we'll get tough.

"I've got a lot of contacts out here in the city," he says, side-stepping a dead man or maybe just a dreamer. "I've got a network on levels and sublevels. I have to cultivate people in all walks of life. I have to get out there and meet the hawks, the doves, the rights, the lefts. The radicals, racists, bigots, humanitarians. The Feds, the criminals—I've got to know them all, because *those* are the stories. I'm driven for the story. I have to have it."

Dan Aykroyd on story patrol. Self-recruited foot soldier reporting back on the state of the streets. This is the guy who scripted *Saturday Night Live*'s "Ex-Police," a sketch in which he and Chevy Chase shoot first, ask questions later—questions like, "What are you hungry for? Where should we eat?" Dan Aykroyd keeps his eye on the rabid right, the Might Makes Righters, authority run amuck. There was a simpler time for little Danny when Granddad Aykroyd would ride home clad in the red of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—a man in uniform sworn to uphold the law of the commonwealth and a sight to swell a young guy's pride.

"Danny!" I cry. "Let's do your favorite uniform for the centerfold!"

"Oh, man. It's the Rhode Island state trooper. Oh, yeah. They got beautiful, kind of corduroy, thick-twill uniforms with, uh, a red ribbon and a number—they're all numbered! It's really great. And their holsters are a full Sam Browne. *Fantastic* uniforms! Full-cross shoulder strap. But they wear their gun backward! On the left side! I couldn't believe it—for sheer . . . *theater* . . . of the . . . *road*, you can't beat Rhode Island state troopers. I wonder if we can get a picture of one of those uniforms. They draw from the *right*—they must! Draw from the right, you know? The handle's facing forward"—now he's dropped the silver, now he's trying the stance, attempting the draw from the right across the left—"ha-ha! It's a beautiful uniform. I saw it the other night when they stopped me for speeding. It's the greatest uniform I ever saw in my life!"

Now we're into NoHo, that no man's land north of Houston Street. NoHo is bleak, with dormlike buildings that spill over from NYU. We're exactly halfway between his house and mine, and now's the time to change the tape. We toss off the used Mooseheads. "Hello. Hello." Danny's got the machine right up to his mouth. "One. Two. We're back. We're back. Look at the way those guys are gawking at your legs," he says. "God! These big cities are really dangerous. They are definite red zones. No doubt about it. I'm not gonna walk down the streets in some Christian Dior suit—he makes the only cut that would fit me, 36 in the waist and big in the hip. You have to be dressed for urban siege. I'm not gonna wear a suit and tie on the streets of Manhattan.

"I like to walk a lot. I love the anonymity of walking. How many people have we passed?"

I say, "Hundreds."

"That's right," he says. "Hundreds. And I've been looking people right in

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Dan Aykroyd's friend and partner, John Belushi, died as this issue was going to press. We have left Aykroyd's comments about him untouched, because, if anything, they assume even more significance in retrospect. —The Editors

"Of course, if you'd like to talk it over with your wife, I could take a walk around the block. . . ."

the eye. See? It's a beautiful gift. It's the gift of notoriety and anonymity. When I lose it, I'm gonna leave the business. My partner, Belushi, can't do it at all. He's lost. He's possessed by that thing completely; people follow him, yell at him."

Under the street lamp, somewhere in SoHo, two black dudes are denuding a white Bonneville. "Hey, look!" Danny says. "They *got* something. What a prize. Nice bucket seats——" Like any professionals who love their work, these guys are chipper and whistling as they strip off the tires, the steering wheel. But Aykroyd the invisible and his Confederate side-kick move on. "My brother, Peter, gave up a car to this city in a sacrifice like that," he says over our footsteps. "It was a '72 Malibu, four-door. All the floor was rusted out; some front-end damage. So he took the plates off and left it over on the West Side. A day later, the wheels were gone. A week later, the car was completely gone. Certain forces of the earth arise to consume the dead—like maggots. Any body can be consumed in days. And if you sit in stasis in the city, you'll be eaten alive. You gotta keep movin'. That's my whole premise of existence."

Danny moves. He gets skittish being in one town too long. L.A., after a while, proves too much for the man. New York gets nervy after a few weeks—like right now. Aykroyd and Belushi have been doing all-day publicity stints for their latest movie, *Neighbors*, so Danny'll have to go off to the Vineyard to cool out or hit the Alaska highway. He's a man who can only visit, you know, never really stay anywhere.

"The seconds are ticking away before I have to get out of performing," Danny says, stepping up the pace. "I go out there and do the job is what I do. I don't give out a part of my soul on the screen, the way I think John does. I'm gonna learn how to write screenplays. I'm gonna produce my own stuff. The movies are just not rewarding enough. The grosses go to the producers, not the performers.

"Here's the thing. While I'm still young, I have to write these two-guy movies for me and John—these puerile two-guy things—while they're still fresh in my head. It's little boys playing in a big world—but I think they're valid entertainment."

Danny's gotten a lot of shit about *The Blues Brothers* and *1941*, car crashes and plane crashes, big guns and leaving the dames in the dust, but: "Listen," he says with another shift of the silver, "*Blues Brothers* is a hit in Japan, France, Austria, around the world. And *1941* was a pleasure. I loved working with Spielberg—I'm very proud of that product. It's the 15th-largest-selling video tape in the world. I'll argue in its favor all day.

"John and I—we're giving all we can to entertain. That's our only motive. It's like our Second City days—you just have to get out there and keep the audience buoyant. They'll get on us about *Neighbors*, because it's a strange, abstract piece of material. It's as different as *Saturday Night* was in its time. *Neighbors* is a different type of humor. I was supposed to play a character who was kind of partied out. A guy who had all the toys in life, you know—the beautiful girlfriend, the car, the plane—but ultimately, nothing was left, and he needed someone to exchange with in a real sense."

Now we're nigh on to Danny's apartment. Any minute, we'll be inside, up the elevator, down the hall to this high-and-wide one guy's loft, where the radiators are painted like desert scenes. Against one wall is a glass case housing displays of police patches and badges: Joliet police, Georgia Highway Patrol, N.Y.P.D., New Mexico State Police. There's not a lot of furniture in Dr. X.'s digs (remember Danny as the family counselor on *S.N.L.* who wore a chrome plate over his face and had hooks for hands?). The good doctor likes his crib stripped down for easy ins and outs.

The next sounds to be heard on the tape are those of the guy who can turn at will from President Nixon to President Carter to Alexander Haig. Those heads of state are doing their dishes.

"Tell those *macho* guys at PLAYBOY that Danny Aykroyd does his own dishes," he says in the they-won't-have-Dick-Nixon-to-kick-around-anymore voice. *Buzz!* And here comes Annie in her man's felt hat. Danny grabs her for a full-press silver-screen lip smack. "She's my little rock 'n' roll," he says, drying those detergent hands. "I used to be *Macho* Man. No longer. She's taught me—I want to—I . . . want . . . to . . . learn . . . girl stuff."

Annie says, "He's totally changed. It's true." Annie, who's a looker, a free-lance model, says this from the vantage of two years with Danny. Still, every now and then, you have to trot out the former Mr. *Macho*. We decide to get on him while he finishes the dishes.

"We want to see you dressed up sometime, Danny."

"Yeah! Give the girls a look at you all dressed up. Come on."

"Let's dress him up for dinner tonight!"

"Nah. Well . . ." he says with a glimmer behind the glasses, "I could wear my New York state trooper uniform."

No! Boo! We want to see him in something zoot, tight around the behind, tight around those thighs. "I'm too beefy," Danny says with a girlish blush. "Me and my dad, we're beefy Canadians. A man just can't tantalize the way a woman does. I've tried to look romantic, but it doesn't work. A guy doesn't have the alternatives a woman has. A guy's gotta be out there on the line."

"That's the thing," Annie says. "If all our dreams fail, if it's the pits, if nothing comes true—why, we can always find some guy to take care of us. I mean, I hate to say it, but it's true."

"Here I am," Danny says, drying the last dish and pouring us a cup of sake from the bottle he's been heating. "Here I am, *Macho* Man, trying to understand Woman. I have a great respect for women of this age, because I think they have real knowledge—a blend of intuition and knowledge. I'm trying to understand my own feminine side—to write better—I have to come to grips with the female in me."

He pops Annie on the backside with his dish towel. "Not to say I'm going homo, honey. Just to say I'm looking for a nice medium where I can understand both sides of the fence."

We've got sake, and we settle in for the *Nightly News*. Danny is propped up in his dental chair, the better to pontificate on Reagan's limited nuclear war. As Reagan speaks, Danny mimes his facial takes and gets the speech pattern down. Oh, no! Bill Holden is dead, hit his head on the corner of the—— "We better seize life now, girls," Danny interrupts. "We better do what we can with what we got.

"Man," he says, shaking his head, biting off his words the way he does when he does Rod Serling, "we are all alone. You come on this earth, you get out there like a satellite dish to receive all the data. You boil it down, distill it and interpret it—all for yourself. Ultimately, one must turn to oneself for the answers. It's a solo journey. Not to say that one doesn't interact with other people. One can give love and take love—but, basically, it's a solo trip."

Beldar needs another belt of that sake. The *Nightly News* always makes Beldar suspicious of life on this planet—it's no picnic being a resident alien, always on the move, a humanoid driven for the story. He feels his almost 30 human years as he pulls on his urban-siege jacket. "Dan Aykroyd is ready to confront 30," he says, as he speaks for the final time into the tape deck. "He's ready for 30, 40, 50 and 60. You know why?" (In the background on the tape, Annie and I yell, "Why, Big D?") "Because at 60, Dan Aykroyd'll be riding a Harley-Davidson." ("Oh, wow. OK. Let's go eat," we say.) "Yes. At 60, if he's still alive, Dan Aykroyd will own and ride a Harley-Davidson—and he'll have a lady on the back who wants to ride."

FLOWER

can a singing model conquer the u.s. the way she did the rest of the world? the answer may be on your radio now

"I'm really determined about my singing career," says Flower. "Even though I might be using photography and visuals to promote it a little bit, modeling was my business so long it seemed only natural for me to go in that direction."

FLOWER IS her name. She got it while growing up in San Diego (her real name is Cheryl Flor, and *flor* is flower in Spanish) and it's stuck since, serving her well through several incarnations—housewife, model, disco queen and international singing star, roughly in that order.

She seems to blush a bit at the idea of being called an international singing star, despite four albums and numerous world tours. If Flower wants fan adulation, she gets on a plane and flies from Los Angeles to Mexico, where she's a genuine star. But chances are good that no one will recognize her on her way to the airport.

If Flower's voice isn't familiar to Americans, her

Since it was modeling that launched her singing career, Flower isn't shy about using her looks to sell records. Her first three albums (right) were *Flower* and *Heat*, both released in the U. S., and *More Than Meets the Eye*, a pop-oriented disc that was released an a Mexican label.

"I vawed I'd never ga aut with anyone in the music business after having been married to a d.j.," says Flower. But taday, her music-mogul husband calls the shots for her. That can be a problem. "Whenever we have a personal debate, it ends up in a fight an the business side."

face may be a bit more. When she and her former husband, disc jockey Bobby Ocean (yes, at that time, she was known as Flower Ocean—"It was perfect for Haight-Ashbury," she says, laughing), moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles, she felt she'd had enough of being a housewife and wanted to do some modeling. She got what she wanted—a career—but lost a husband in the process. Not long after she and Ocean had split, a friend set her up on a blind date with David Chackler, a music-industry mogul who'd discovered and promoted Stevie Nicks, Lindsey Buckingham and the group Queen. Despite Chackler's early contention that "any model named Flower living in Los Angeles has got to be a wacko," the two met, fell in love and got married.

But things took an unexpected turn when a photographer who was looking for a girl to pose for an album cover and a promotional calendar spotted Flower's picture in Chackler's office and hired her. The album was *No Second Chance*, by the English group Charlie, and the cover and the calendar were sexy enough to create a stir.

"It really made a lot of noise in the music industry," recalls Flower. "The record company sent me on the road to promote the album, and that made news in itself."

In fact, Flower got so much press that another record company figured it could capitalize on it by releasing an album featuring Flower as a singer, even though her only singing experience had been in a San Diego coffeehouse years before. "I took over her career and did my John Derek routine," jokes David. They agreed that since Flower Chackler didn't have a euphonious ring to it and since Cheryl Chackler was almost as bad, both artist and album would be known simply as *Flower*.

Although the album didn't make any gigantic waves, appearing only briefly on the charts, one cut, a lone disco tune called *Give the Little Girl a Chance*, began to find favor on the burgeoning disco

scene. "It just so happened that the timing was right," says David. Flower's name started appearing in a few disco polls and PLAYBOY included her in its *Disco Queens* pictorial in April 1979. Flower took the cue, and *Heat*, her next album, was all disco. Still, success was elusive—at least in the U. S. But in Mexico, *Heat* seemed to have a life of its own, and the Chacklers decided that if Flower couldn't be a star in the States, they'd settle for the rest of the world. At first, they concentrated their efforts on Mexico, releasing a more pop-oriented album with a Mexican company. Their work paid off there and, eventually, in other countries.

Both David and Flower are hoping that her latest album, *Here Inside*, which features Andy Gibb doing background vocals on the title cut, will change things and that the presence of the youngest Gibb will persuade U. S. radio stations and record buyers to take note. If they don't, Flower claims, she won't be disappointed. "It doesn't hurt my feelings that I'm not a star here," she says, "because when I'm in those other places, I get all the gratification I need."

Growing up neor the beach turned Flower into on ovid swimmer, and by the age of 18, she had gotten o job as a lifeguard at the Navol Troining Center in Son Diego—one of the first women to be hired. "It wos really a prestige job, but even though I was qualified, I never had to jump in and save onyone," she says. "I just sat there in my little lifeguard tower and watched." And, we'll wager, she was watched.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL NORTHERNER

To the Letter, Harry

fiction

By James McClure

if the entire homicide department can't find the killer, why is the rookie so confident he can?

IT WAS ONE of the damnedest things that had ever happened in the history of the San Diego Police Department. They were still talking about it a whole week later, when, halfway through the second watch, rookie patrolman Harry T. Lomas told Communications that he was on a code seven and went into Clancy's Diner, on the beat next to his own.

"Hi, Harry," said the two patrolmen already tucked away in a far corner, round back of the cigarette machine.

The new manager always made a big thing of welcoming you at the door, then she'd steer you someplace you were less likely to give offense to her other customers. She loved cops, she said. Thought they were terrific. And was it true they did it with Magnum?

She was one lady who never would find out.

"Hi, guys," said Harry, placing his radio with theirs in the center of the table and his baton at his feet. "What's good tonight?"

Art and Chuck made faces. In a lot of ways, Clancy's wasn't what it used to be.

"The quarter-pound burger, French fries, salad on the side, Thousand Island," Harry told the waitress, who was short and ugly and probably relegated to the shadows herself. "A medium Coke."

"Thank *you*, sir," she said, scuttling away.

"Bizarre," said Chuck, scratching at the sunburn beneath the bleached pelt on his forearm.

"Baffling," said Art, smoothing down his dark singles-bar mustache.

"Crazy," said Chuck.

"Unbelievable," said Art.

And then, maybe because those words had lost much of their original impact in Southern California, they tried again.

"Totally bizarre."

"Truly baffling."

"Un-fuckin'-believable," sighed Harry, lighting up a Marlboro. "You still chewing over that same one-eighty-seven I missed out on?"

"Sure!" said Art. "What kind of mind did

that chick have? Shit, what kind of mind does anyone have who'd let some freak do somethin' like that to them?"

"Who said the chick had a mind?" challenged Harry. "Some people don't have minds. Shoulda seen the drunk I just took down to detox. He didn't even have a *brain*, goddamn it. Shoes on the wrong feet and a comb hidden up his ass."

"Will you listen to this guy?" Art said to Chuck. "The victim was an English major, her whole apartment was lousy with poetry books, Beethoven—there was even a wok in the kitchen. And she didn't have a mind?"

"A very sensitive lady," agreed Chuck.

"So?" said Harry, impatient to tell them about the great time he and Debbie had just had on vacation in Palm Springs. "When I was in college——"

"Harry," said Chuck, "just how much do you know about this homicide?"

Harry shrugged. "You saw," he said. "I only just made it to line-up this afternoon. A stabbing, right?"

"Hoo!" said Art, grinning. "You don't know nothin'."

"Nothin'," confirmed Chuck, "if that's all you picked up."

The waitress came with Harry's glass of ice water. He took a sip from it and decided that he'd never get to tell his story until they got a little of this off their chests. "OK," he conceded. "What made it so special?"

Art turned to face Harry. "It was last Monday around eight. I'm writing some asshole a ticket on the corner of Fourth and Maple when I get an eleven-thirty-two on the radio."

"That's all it was," said Chuck. " 'Citizen calling for help.' "

"So I tell the dude to get lost and jump in my unit," continued Art, selecting a toothpick. "No need to check the house numbers—she's out front, still hollerin'. 'Take it easy,' I say. 'What's the problem?' She points back into her apartment house and just sits down on the grass——"

"I was the cover unit," broke in Chuck. "I came up the path as Art was goin' in. But I saw the blood first."

"Yuh, there was blood right there in the lobby," said Art, poking the toothpick between two molars. "Blood on the stairs. So we went up the stairs and we saw right away what must have happened."

"Spreadin' out from under the door across the hall," said Chuck. "The *biggest* pool of blood you ever saw!"

"Gigantic," said Art. He mimed drawing his baton. "Door doesn't look tight shut, so I give it a poke. It swings open. Inside, lying there on the floor, is this chick."

"She'd crawled there," said Chuck. "And bled right out."

"In this bright yellow dress with big butterflies all over it."

"OK," said Harry. "I got the picture."

"No, you fuckin' haven't," said Art. "*We* didn't have the picture—not then. Not till Homicide Three started to take the joint apart."

"What'd they find? The weapon?"

"Sure, her own knife—but that was nothin'. It was still sticking in her."

"What they found," said Chuck, taking a wadded Xerox from his billfold, "was this letter. Go easy, now; don't tear it."

The Xerox had been unfolded so many times, there were holes worn through where the creases intersected. The neat, backward-sloping handwriting read:

Hi, Virginia,

I'm Larry, your secret admirer. I first rode the elevator with you three weeks ago. The day you wore your yellow dress with the butterflies. Remember? I'll never forget it! Fate made our paths cross and fate is going to keep us together for all eternity. It's a scary feeling knowing something like that, but don't be scared. Please don't be.

You want to know what sort of guy I am? People call me a loner, but that's only because they don't know me too well. My quietness bothers them. I've got nothing to say to them—that's all. But I've got plenty to say to you. I'm over six foot, wide in the shoulders; I'm caring and very, very gentle when people aren't giving me any hassle. You would never give me any hassle—that's something else I know.

I'd like us to meet. Maybe we could have brunch together in your apartment—nothing too special. I'll come knocking at your door at 11 Saturday, and it would be great if you could wear your pretty yellow dress. I'd really appreciate that!

How does it feel to know that there's a man here in this city who loves you totally and completely and wants you forever? I know how lonely you have been. But that's all over now.

You'll know it's me because I'm going to knock three times. You can't be too careful.

Love, Your Eternal Soul Mate,
Larry

Harry whistled low. "But this guy is *wacko*. . . ."

"Hinky little letter, huh?" said Art, pleased with the impression it'd made.

"Hinky! She actually opened up to him?"

Chuck nodded. "She did. The old lady across the hall heard the three knocks. Eleven o'clock on the nose, Harry."

"Wild honey, wheat bread," said Art. "Two places at her table—they'd eaten."

"Latents?"

"His glass had been wiped—his knife and fork." Art burped and brought a fist to his mouth. "The only prints they found were hers. Y' know, on the letter and the envelope."

"So she had read it," murmured Harry, still bemused.

"Hell, the mailman practically handed it to her that morning," said Chuck. "She came down to the mailbox on the porch while he was there."

"Was it her only mail on Saturday?"

"Right. Also—you can't see it on a Xerox—Larry used green ink. The mailman remembered."

"Tell you what else the mailman remembers," said Art. "He remembers it was around ten-thirty in the morning when he delivered that letter, and she was wearing jeans and a blue tank top. When we found her——"

"I heard," said Harry. "The yellow dress with the butterflies. But where's the mystery, guys?"

Art burped again; like a lot of cops, he had a nervous stomach. "You mean you've figured something out there?" he asked.

"Sure," said Harry. "She knew the guy."

"Huh?"

"If she didn't know Larry, then this letter would be scary. But say she did. Look at it that way. She sees a letter from Larry and thinks it's a gag—Larry's way of inviting himself round for brunch."

They thought about that, exchanging glances.

"And her part of the joke is dressin' up and everything?" asked Chuck.

"You got it, pardner," said Harry.

But Art's frown deepened. "If she knew him that well—well enough to make jokes with him—how come Homicide can't find any Larry in her life? Can't find any guy who could've done that to her? Who was askin' questions about her? Whose handwriting is even close to——"

"Give it time," advised Harry.

"The handwriting bothers me," admitted Chuck. "What I don't get is why Larry didn't find that letter and take it away with him. Why leave incriminating stuff like that around?"

"Maybe he panicked and ran. Maybe he went out of his mind. And who says it's incriminating? It sure as hell hasn't incriminated him yet!"

"Yeah," said Art.

"Yeah," said Chuck.

Neither sounded too persuaded, and Harry couldn't blame them. Homicide

"¿Cómo está usted, dear?"

must have gone through this stuff a million times or more. They were back where they had started.

"Debbie and me," began Harry brightly.

"Oh, shit," grunted Art, inclining his head to the right. "Look who's back with us tonight. . . ."

Harry glanced across to a table by the car-lot windows.

Groupies came with the job. They hung out wherever cops hung out, and they hung out what they had, hoping someone would take a grab at it. They came in all sizes and shapes and colors—attracted by what? The uniform? The *macho* image? God knows. Most were an instant turnoff, but others—just a few—were foxy little ladies who could make a man wreck his career and enjoy doing it. This particular groupie, however, was in a class of his own: tall, languid, around 18, with a soft, sensuous mouth, soulful brown eyes and a purple birthmark on his left cheek. That's right—a male groupie, for Chrissake! He hovered close by, very careful never to provoke a confrontation, creating an uncomfortable sort of buzz, watching them covertly. They called him the Fly.

"That settles it," said Chuck firmly. "We find ourselves a new eating spot. Any ideas, guys?"

"How about Johnny Garcia's?" suggested Art, lowering his voice.

"Who?" said Harry.

"You remember," said Art. "Used to work patrol up in Orange County."

"A great guy," endorsed Chuck, cracking his knuckles. "Hadda quit after doin' a little attitude adjustment on that dickhead O'Grady."

"Yeah, I remember," said Harry. "Broke O'Grady's arm. Wasn't he trying to get into the department here in San Diego? What happened to that?"

"You know how the chief is—no way."

"Crazy not to take him," said Art. "A born cop. Anyhow, Johnny's started up this place on Cedar."

"We went in there a coupla times while you were on vacation," Chuck told Harry. "Food's pretty good. Frankie—the wife—fixes it herself."

"*Frankie* and Johnny?" queried Harry, smiling crookedly.

"Sure! Call their place the Rooty-toot-toot."

"Oh, Jesus. . . ."

"Frankie's dyin' to meet you, Harry," Chuck added.

"Huh? Says who?"

"Johnny did. Right, Art?"

"Right! Last time, as we were leavin'. I guess we must've been sayin' some pretty nice things about you behind your back!"

"Hmmm," said Harry. "OK, maybe."

They sat for a short time in silence. With the Fly in attendance, Harry no longer felt like bringing his personal life into the conversation. Who knows? There was always a chance the creep could lip-read.

Chuck reached across to retrieve his Xerox of the letter. "I'd still like to know what went through that dumb broad's mind," he sighed.

"You'd be surprised," said Harry.

"Oh, yeah?" said Chuck, rising and picking up his radio.

And Chuck and Art went away laughing, snubbing the Fly and almost colliding with the waitress carrying Harry's tray to the table.

•

The radio call came through just as Harry finished eating his hamburger.

It was a code 11-30: incomplete phone call.

Glaring at the Fly, Harry turned down the volume before responding. "Can you give me a little more on that?" he asked Communications. "Male or female?"

"Negative," replied Communications. "The address is all we got."

"Ten-four," said Harry, digging in his pockets for change.

A fast three blocks east on Pill Hill and another two blocks north, Harry found it: 1127 Jacaranda Avenue. A stucco apartment house with Spanish tiles and fancy ironwork over the windows. From the street, everything looked quiet.

Harry locked his car and wondered if he shouldn't request a cover unit. An incomplete phone call could be as lethal as a family fight. Give him a holdup in a liquor store any day; at least you knew what you were walking into and roughly in which direction danger lay. He dithered on the sidewalk for a moment, then heard Art and Chuck volunteering cover. With only a quick glance at the VW that had drawn up beside a fireplug across the street, he turned and hurried up the short flight of red steps, carrying his baton in his left hand.

An elderly woman was apparently waiting for him in the doorway of an apartment that opened right off the lobby. She looked like a small greeny-yellow parrot in molt, with a long, pointy, beaklike upper lip and quite a few feathers missing from the trim on her too-vivid robe. Her skinny hands gripped an aluminum walker with the tenacity of claws around a perch.

"It's Walter!" she said.

"Walter, lady?"

"Walter Debenham, my husband. He's in the bathroom."

"Uh-huh?"

"On the floor."

Harry tried not to show his irritation. Old folks were always doing this to him. Whenever anything happened, they called the police. If Walter was sick, why not call an ambulance?

"OK, Mrs. Debenham—take it easy, huh? Which way?"

She backed into the apartment, then directed Harry to a small bathroom that had about 500 medicine bottles balanced all around it. Huddled in a corner, squeezed in tight between the sink pedestal and the tub, was a small weathered man with tears in his eyes.

"Sir?" said Harry, crouching to lay a big hand on his right arm. He could feel trembling. "What's up? Not feelin' too good?"

Debenham opened his mouth slightly, but no sound came. He closed it again and swallowed, keeping his gaze fixed ahead of him. His behavior seemed surprising, for he was a craggy, rugged-looking old devil.

"Sir?" repeated Harry, noticing that the trembling arm was cold and clammy as well. "Got a pain in your chest?"

No response. Not even the flicker of a hooded eyelid.

Harry stood up, returned his baton to its ring and unhitched his radio. "How long has he been this way?" he asked Mrs. Debenham as she finally made it, shuffling in with her walker.

"Since using the phone," she said. "I heard Walter say he was getting the police, and next thing I knew, he was in here."

"You know why he called the police, Mrs. Debenham?"

She shook her head carefully, as though her neck was too brittle for sudden movements. "All I know is, Walter went along the hall to apartment three to see if Mary Lou remembered the insurance papers she'd promised to bring from her office downtown—we've bought ourselves a used camper—and then he came hurrying back."

"Mary Lou?"

"Miss Tomkins, in three. He'd been expecting her to drop by with the papers when she came home at six. He wasn't sure if he should go knocking on her door for them, but after he'd waited a couple of hours, he decided to do just that."

"He came back with the papers?"

"No, I didn't see them."

"And Miss Tomkins? Has she been here since then?"

"No."

Harry looked back at Debenham, turning a fraction cold and clammy himself. "Apartment three, you said," he repeated, edging round Mrs. Debenham toward the door.

"Three—just down the hall."

Harry put through an 11-41 for an ambulance, then walked down the hall to apartment three. The door was standing wide open.

Harry, his Magnum in his right hand,

(continued on page 124)

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR

DADS & GRADS

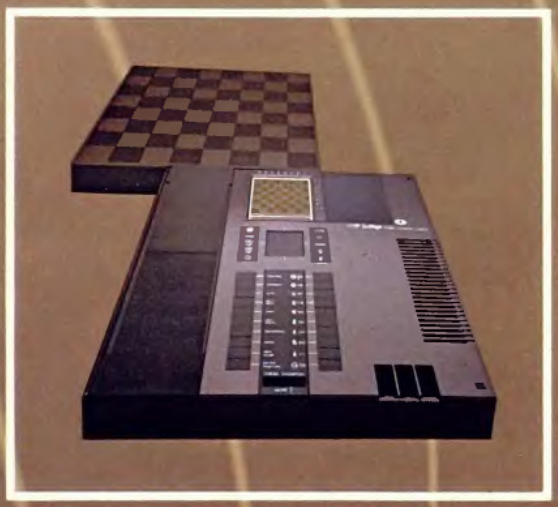
Below: Housed in The Radio's sleek black cabinet are Schotz tuning circuitry and a sophisticated bi-amplified speaker that delivers terrific AM/FM sound—plus connections for recording and playback from [illegible] tape deck, by Proton, $280. [illegible] bi-amp speakers $150 each.)

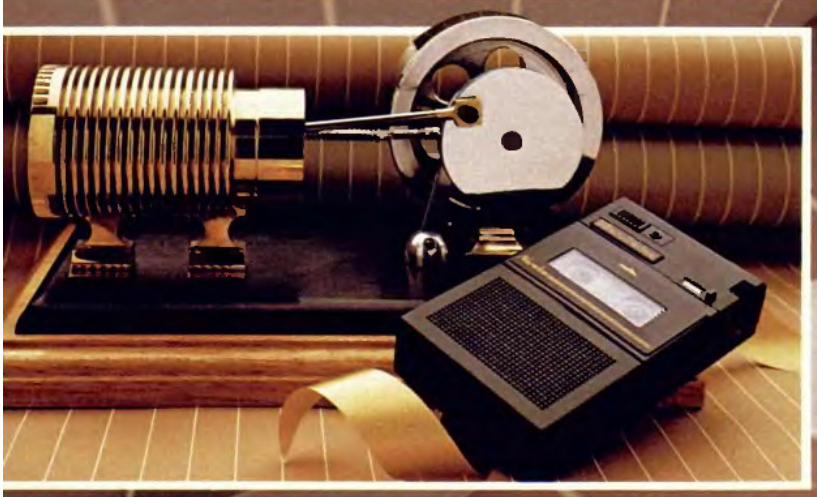
Above: Kodak's new little automatic camera, the Disc 4000, isn't even an inch thick, yet it combines aim-and-shoot simplicity with a revolutionary disk film that makes picture taking literally a snap, $67.95, including two disks of film. (Two other models, priced at $89.95 and $142.95, are also available; a roll of 15-shot disk film costs about $3.20.) Right: The Swiss-made BMW Motorsport Chronograph displays the day of the week and the date on demand; travelers can program its memory with a second time—and it functions as a stop watch and an alarm clock, by BMW of North America, $750. Below center: Wilson's Galaxy tennis racket with graphite frame, $350; three Optic Plus tennis balls, about $5.

Above: This 19" Model J Duesenberg porcelain decanter comes filled with 750 ml. of 80-proof, 100-month-old Kentucky straight bourbon, by Jim Beam, $70.

Above: Record a Call's Remote/VOX 580 answering machine features "electronic talk" remote control by which to control the unit over the phone, about $350.

Above left: Sony does it again with the MDR-FM7, a six-and-one-half-ounce stereo-headphone radio with autoscan and preset memory buttons housed in the headset, $149.95. Above center: Another nifty stereo radio, Magnavox' Model D8803, is a multibond cassette recorder featuring a computer search system for cassette playback on which you can discriminatingly program your tape selection, $449.95. Above right: For on-shore exercise, there's the Amerec Precision Rowing Machine, with tension-adjustable power cylinders, pivoting foot pedals and a roller seat, from Swartz Associates, Downers Grove, Illinois, $350.





Above left: The Chess Champion Mark V can play up to 12 games simultaneously on the level you choose, from speed to tournament, by Scisys, $398. Above: An 18-kt.-gold cigar cutter, $1200, and a kidskin/sapphire cigar case, $230, both from Cartier; plus a hand-engraved nickel-silver-plated-pewter boot flask, from Jonathan Western, Redondo Beach, California, about $225. Left: The Flame Eater, a brass, steel and mahogany desktop model of a vacuum hot-air engine dating back to the early 18th Century, can rev up to 500 rpms powered by nothing more than an alcohol flame, by Solar Engines, $163.50. Next to it is Norelco's pint-size Micro One microcassette recorder, which features a dual speed setting and pause control, $269.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Above left: RCA's latest video-cassette recorder is the Selecta-vision Convertible VGP 170, a portable V.C.R. with eight-hour capability, electronic preprograming for up to 21 days and full-function wireless remote control, $1500. Above: The Braun Nizo Integral 7 super-8 sound camera has a 7–50mm f/1.2 power zoom with macro capability and a handle mike that unplugs so you can attach a cassette-recorder jack, from E. Leitz, Rockleigh, New Jersey, $1235. Left: This black-leather travel kit, from Chanel, comes with a deodorant stick, protective skin conditioner and bath soap, plus eau de *toilette* and after-shave (not shown), $150.

To the Letter

(continued from page 120)

"Harry read the letter without touching it. The backward-sloping script was chillingly familiar."

called out: "Miss Tomkins? Police, Miss Tomkins. . . ."

He waited on the threshold, noting a neat and tidy living room, a glitter of glass ornaments, the biggest pink Teddy bear ever and that the lights were on.

"Police, Miss Tomkins!"

Still no answer. The room was L-shaped, turning left into a dining area, perhaps, down the far end.

"Miss Tomkins?"

Cautiously, Harry stepped into the apartment and saw that a number of extra security devices had been fitted to the front door, including a wide-angle peephole.

Every home had its smell. This one went with the glass ornaments and the Teddy bear and the little feminine frills and fancies everywhere. It wasn't vanilla, but it reminded Harry of vanilla. A kind of cute, wholesome, timid smell.

He glanced round to make quite sure there was no one in the room and noticed a purse lying beside a small pile of opened mail on top of a display cabinet. His first thought was to check the purse for any insurance papers.

Then he saw the letter that lay smoothed out on top of the other correspondence. It was on gray paper, expensive stuff, and there was a gray envelope to match, opened by a neat tear across the end where the stamp was fixed.

Harry read the letter without touching it. The backward-sloping script in black ink was chillingly familiar.

Hi, Mary Lou,

I'm Larry, your secret admirer. I'd like to come round tonight about seven o'clock and share a meal with you. Don't go to too much trouble. Will you wear your pink blouse for me? The one I first saw you in? Maybe your plaid skirt, too? That's great!

I've loved you for longer than you know. Your lonely days are over, and you will be mine for all eternity.

Strangely excited? I'll bet you are! So am I. I'll knock three times—you can't be too careful.

Love, Your Knight in Shining Armor,

Larry

That was when Harry heard the fly. A busy, dizzy, fizzy fly, zipping and zooming round the room, sated. He watched the fly alight briefly on a white lamp shade, leaving a sticky red mark.

"Oh, Jeeez*uss*. . . ."

Harry turned toward the end of the room and took a step. He took another step and another, finishing up at a shambling trot that carried him round into the dining area, where he slithered to a halt in some blood, aghast at what he saw there.

An empty wine bottle and two used glasses. Cold meat, lettuce, tomatoes, celery. Cold meat in a pink blouse and a plaid skirt, carved this way and that by a carving knife.

•

"That chick must've been outa her head!" said Chuck as they left the station parking lot some five hours later.

"Way, way out," said Art.

Harry said nothing. He lay slumped on the back seat of Chuck's car and picked at the paint stains on the knees of his jeans. He was through thinking for a while.

"Harry could do with a drink," said Art.

"*Two* drinks," said Chuck.

"Or more," said Art. "Why not drive by Johnny's?"

So they drove by Johnny's, and when they saw the lights still on inside, they pulled up and got out. Harry followed them, not much caring.

The Rooty-toot-toot had three simulated .44 bullet holes in its plain wooden door, round tables with red-and-white gingham tablecloths, phony oil lamps suspended from the ceiling, an inexplicable blowup of Al Capone on one wall and what came close to being an all-too-pervasive air of sleaze. Most of the round tables were empty.

"Heeere comes Johnny!" said Chuck. "Johnny Garcia—Harry T. Lomas."

Garcia loomed large—square shoulders, square chin, a thin mustache and a handshake like two seconds in a bear trap.

"How you doin', Harry?" said Garcia.

"Pretty good," Harry responded meaninglessly. "Nice place you got here." Not much meaning there, either.

"You think so?" Garcia beamed. "Your table is ready and waitin', guys."

He led them to a family table at the rear, where they could keep an eye on the street door. They all sat down, and Art made an early start on the toothpicks.

"You'll never guess what happened tonight," said Chuck. "Or have you already heard on the radio?"

Garcia shook his head. "Can that hold a minute?" he said, turning to snap his fingers at a plump waitress in a skirt that was slit to her hip. "Hey, Lucinda, go fetch Frankie, will ya? There's a guy here she's been dyin' to meet."

When Chuck had his attention again, he said, "You'll never guess, Johnny—Larry wasted another chick. You know, Larry the letter writer."

"He what? Where?"

"Same neighborhood, just round the corner. Apartment house on Jacaranda."

Harry watched Chuck perform for Garcia. Art was right about Garcia—he had cop written all over him. Some guys were like that; they didn't need a badge. It was there in their eyes and in that tight, careful smile. They picked up everything going on around them and kept pecking away at all the little details. Harry hoped he had started to display some of those characteristics by now, because they certainly were a help in making contact with the public. Honest Joes trusted you and assholes were less likely to stand and argue.

"How about that?" Garcia commented. "Sounds like you handled that pretty good, Harry."

Harry shrugged, but the praise pleased him.

A woman in her mid-30s came up to their table. She had long, wavy auburn hair, good legs, a flat chest and wore a gingham apron over a brown dress. Her mouth was tight.

"Hi, Frankie!" said Chuck and Art, together.

"Meet Harry," said Garcia, waving a hand.

"Hi, Frankie!" said Harry. "How're you doin'?"

"Hi," she said, without enthusiasm. "You ordered yet? It's kind of late."

"No food," said Harry, revolted at the thought.

"Beer," said Chuck. "A coupla beers—we already ate tonight. Clancy's." And he made a face.

"Beer," said Frankie, turning away.

"So what's the hurry?" protested Garcia. "Tell Lucinda—you sit down and get acquainted."

"Later," said Frankie and went off.

Chuck and Art cast surprised and apologetic looks at Harry. Garcia seemed surprised himself, and there was a moment of awkward silence.

"And so?" prompted Garcia. "Homicide is workin' up a pattern?"

"No pattern," said Art, "except both killings were here on Pill Hill. Right, Harry?"

"That's right," said Chuck, nudging Harry. "Give Johnny the rest of it—you were with Homicide."

"The rest? There isn't much."

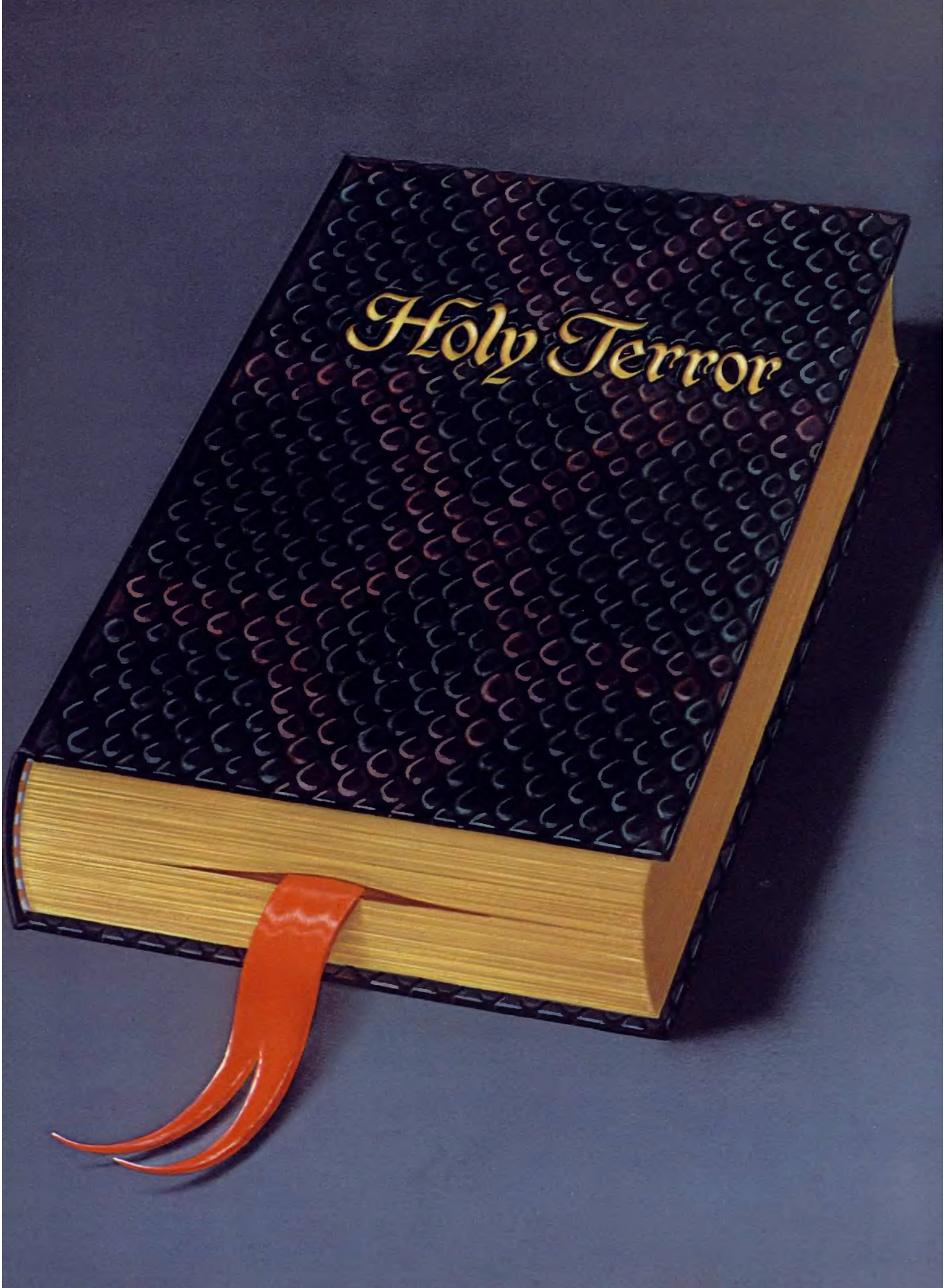
Garcia leaned forward across the

(continued on page 218)

LEROY NEIMAN

•SKETCHBOOK•

THIS AMERICAN STUDENT washes down the boat that belangs ta her current host, an Arabian oil chieftain. She's been yacht-hopping during part of an adventurous summer in St.-Tropez. She likes the sun, the exercise, the generosity of the people she's met. The *poodle noir* was given to her earlier in the summer off the coast of Sardinia, the gift of a Japanese electronics magnate. The sheik provided the diamond-studded collar. She has worked her way around the Côte d'Azur, acquired a great tan and experienced "real life." At season's end, she will return to callege wiser in the ways of the warld. —L.N.


Holy Terror

two experts on mind control show how fundamentalist fanatics use that old-time religion to do unto others

article **By FLO CONWAY and JIM SIEGELMAN**

ter-ror (ter-ər) n. 1. Intense, overpowering fear. Anything that instills such fear. 2. Violence toward private citizens, public property and political enemies promoted by a political group to achieve or maintain supremacy. 3. An annoying or intolerable pest; nuisance. Often used in the phrase "a holy terror."

AS AMERICANS, we don't worry much about terror. Not the way people do in the Middle East or in Northern Ireland, where terrorism has become a way of life, or in the Soviet Union, where it has been an instrument of government policy for decades. In the United States, we have seen relatively little organized violence for political ends. But terror is not really about violence. It's about fear and about the climate of intimidation, repression and the chaos such fear creates.

In the Eighties, America has given birth to a new form of terror, a campaign of fear and intimidation aimed at the hearts of millions. It is in two great American arenas—religion and politics—that this new terror has raised its head. In the past few years, America's fundamentalist right, a hybrid of religious and political absolutism led by a small group of preachers and political strategists, has begun to use religion and all that Americans hold sacred to seize power across a broad spectrum of our lives. It is exploiting our most intimate values and individual beliefs—along with our love of country—in a concerted effort to transform our culture into one altogether different from the one we have known.

Since the 1980 election, public attention has been focused on this force, which has been gathering steam for more than a decade; on the New Right; and on the self-proclaimed "awakening giant of American politics"—the nation's tens of millions of born-again Christians who have reportedly reared up in anger and come charging into the democratic process. The "electronic church" has become a fixture of mass culture. A "revolution" has swept into Congress, the White House and the highest offices of Government. And a new style of politics has come into fashion, led by a new breed of political engineers equipped with its own unyielding national agenda, a vast array of manipulative tactics and high technology and an expressed contempt for the codes of conduct and civility that have guided public debate in America for 200 years.

As authors, we come to this thorny subject fresh from a stroll in the brambles. Since the mid-Seventies, the two of us have been investigating the changing nature of religion in America. We began our work in a book called *Snapping: America's Epidemic of Sudden Personality Change*, published in 1978. *Snapping* was a look at the religious cults and mass-marketed therapies that first came to public attention in that decade and at the powerful ritual techniques they used to bring about sudden conversions and profound alterations of human awareness and personality. Six months after the publication of *Snapping*, that specter of cult mind control swept down, with unprecedented horror, in the People's Temple massacre in Jonestown, Guyana. The gruesome jungle mass-suicide scene shook one of the most broadly held myths of Americans: that any group that elects to call itself a religion is automatically above suspicion in its conduct and is deservedly exempt from public inquiry. In the aftermath of Jonestown, we were drawn to the forefront of a growing national debate over freedom of religion. For two years, we were in constant motion—appearing on television talk shows, speaking before civic gatherings and professional associations, testifying in courtrooms and before a U. S. Senate subcommittee investigating the cult phenomenon.

Yet, everywhere we went, the vast majority of questions we received had nothing to do with cults. They came from people who were confused and anxious about changes they saw taking place in larger, more traditional religions, in their own denominations and in the tide of born-again Christianity that had begun to engulf the nation. On nationally broadcast phone-in shows, we were inundated with calls about personal or family problems relating to various Christian groups. On virtually every college campus we visited, we heard tales of open warfare being waged by descending hordes of Christian proselytizers. Even among many born-againers, we found widespread concern and dissent.

In 1980, we conducted a follow-up study to *Snapping*, the first nationwide survey of the long-term effects of cult techniques. We were startled to find that more than 30 of the 48 groups in our study— *(continued on page 250)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

SPLASH WITH DASH

the top and bottom line on beachwear for '82

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

MAYBE IT BEGAN when the active-sportswear movement brought more practicality to men's fashions, or maybe it was just that guys grew tired of settling down shoreside in skimpy little bathing suits that did nothing for their physiques unless they were built like Arnold Schwarzenegger, but the bikini—at least for now—has gone out with the tide in favor of swim togs that give the wearer comfort, color and style. Not that it's a question of modesty *vs.* immodesty; rather, menswear designers are aiming their summer swim hits directly below the belt and creating good-looking trunks (tops, too)

Left: Here's living proof that the ladies like their men in trunk styles other than the bikini; the lucky object of this miss's affection is wearing a cotton double-pleated sweat-short-type suit with cuffed bottoms, by Avirex, Ltd., $26; with a cotton *bouclé* pullover, by Bear Ports, $35. Above: It's the beach scene in *From Here to Eternity* all over again, with our guy sporting nylon check swim trunks that have an elasticized drawstring waist, white piped trim and a front pocket, by Catalina for Men, $22; and a polyester/cotton hooded parka, by Coast Highway for Catalina, $35.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

that give smart sons of beaches a variety of styles from which to choose. As you may have suspected, the aforementioned active-sportswear looks heavily influence what's available. Long surfer trunks, for example, are continuing to ride the fashion crest much as baggy-looking "jams" did back in the Fifties. Wet looks and other slick styles that fit tight as a seal's skin are welcome alternatives—if you've got the bod for them. If not, don't despair; the ubiquitous sweat shirt has trotted from the jogging path to the beach, and its loose, easy-flowing lines—available in a variety of colors and fabrics—cover a multitude of high-living sins. When it comes to summer shorts and tops, there's more than one way to get it on.

Right: That lucky old sun isn't the only heavenly body up this day, and her close friend is glad of it as he flaunts his multicolor cotton paneled swim trunks with a Velcro clasure, by Surf Line Hawaii, about $23. Below: He's getting more shoreside actian in polyester/cattan/nylon swirl-laok swim trunks with Velcro/snap closure, by Pipeline Sportswear, $24.

Below: Double your pleasure, dauble your fun with two gorgeous dates and some fine-laoking beach threads. The guy at left has on white catton beach trousers with a drawstring waist, by Basca Sportswear, $46; and a cottan shirt with piped trim and an on-seam breast pocket, by La Squadra, about $35. His buddy has opted for a cottan dauble-pile terry shirt with cotton paplin V insert at the neck, $37, worn with matching sharts that have an elasticized waist and on-seam pockets, $37, both by Bech Thomassen. Right: This beachside buss stap features a cattan V-neck pullover with shaulder stripe and rib trim, abaut $25, and matching cotton shorts, $25, both by Jean-Paul Germain.

WOMEN'S SWIMWEAR BY OLEG CASSINI FOR MARE MODA

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG Some years ago, that doughty minstrel of British hegemony, Rudyard Kipling, proclaimed: "Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Old Rudy wasn't much of a prophet. Toyotas and Datsuns, stars of Eastern freeways, have become Yankee-Doodle dandies. Made-in-Japan cameras and TVs captivate consumers of the Western world. Now here comes a freshet of Nipponese alcoholic quaffs: whiskies, liqueurs, vodka, wines, beers, et al. And all this time, you thought the Japanese drank only sake.

The Japanese bottling currently making the biggest splash in the West is Midori, a fruity, melon-scented green liqueur perceived as honeydew by adherents because of its jade hue. Midori was the first melon liqueur, which partially accounts for its popularity. It's light—only 46 proof—and better as a mixer than as an after-dinner drink. A companion bottling, Aki plum liqueur, is agreeable, though not as distinctive as Midori.

Of course, sake is the traditional Japanese brew, but you needn't buckle on your samurai shiv and kneel at a low table when pouring it. In Japan, they're beginning to serve sake chilled or on the rocks; Occidentals tend to blend it in cocktails. Contrary to most impressions, sake is not a wine but a beer—produced by the fermentation of rice. It runs to 16 to 18 percent alcohol, four times the alcohol content of conventional brews, so don't chug it like lager. Sake comes in many styles, including *mamushizake*—the one in which a poisonous viper is steeped. That'll keep you tall in

THE JAPANESE CONNECTION

from aki plum liqueur to suntory whisky, here's a clear view of liquid pleasures from the land of the rising fun

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

the saddle. Some 25 sake brands have made it to the States. Among the more familiar are Gekkeikan, Shirayuki, Chiyoda, Kiku Masamune, Ozeki, Hakutsuru, Genji and Fu-Ki. Gekkeikan also offers an aged Silver. Kiku Masamune has a sibling, Taru, designed to be imbibed chilled. Good luck on the pronunciations.

For the past 30 years, Japanese bibbers have taken to Western-style beer with an enthusiasm once reserved for sake. Kirin is easily the biggie—Stateside and at home. You will also find Sapporo and Asahi in both standard and draught packs. Kirin is currently test-marketing its light beer in the United States but has no plans to favor us with a draught beer.

The Japanese have been distilling whisky for better than half a century, and there are dozens of brands in Japan. Suntory is the one represented in the U. S. at present, offering four labels: Suntory Old (the single largest selling whisky in the world); a lighter Suntory Reserve; Suntory Royal (the flag-bearer in the States); and Suntory Signature, packaged in Japanese crystal at $70 per decanter, give or take a yen. Quipsters have described Japanese whisky as slightly east of Scotch—a neat turn of phrase and right on the mark. It's the closest thing to Scotch whisky outside the Highlands. Indeed, some Japanese whiskies are laced with a healthy measure of aged malt whisky.

Suntory, Japan's ranking distiller, invaded the beer market in 1963, challenging Kirin. Operating by the golden rule, Kirin did unto Suntory as had been done unto it, launching a whisky enterprise in partnership with The Seagram Company Ltd. The Kirin-Seagram whiskies—Crescent, Emblem, Robert Brown and Dunbar—compare very favorably with Suntory. They should, considering the reservoir of experience and savvy Seagram brings to the joint venture. Kirin-Seagram hasn't made it to these shores yet, but bottlings of Nikka, the other major Japanese distiller, do trickle in. Curiously, whisky and milk is a preferred combination in some parts of Nippon. And when junior executives get together for business or social purposes, the drink is likely to be *imported* Scotch. Status calls a lot of shots in the Land of the Rising Sun.

A clutch of interesting, though disparate, bottlings completes our Eastern roundup. Suntory vodka, which began life as Banzai, is visually appealing in a square bottle with white stylized ice-tree design. Shōgun, an unlikely combination of sake and white wine, at 17 percent alcohol, is dry and low-key, suggested as an aperitif over ice. As you may have surmised, Shōgun is designed primarily for the American market. Fruit wines *are* enjoyed in Japan, and plum is the preferred fruit. They tend to be sweet, with a relieving astringency—good over ice, mixed with soda, taken neat—after dinner. Gekkeikan, Takara and Fu-Ki fruit wines are all available in the States and are moderately priced. Green Tea and Cherry Blossom liqueurs also surface on occasion, but they're not readily available. The tea liqueur, should you stumble onto it, gives a pleasant boost to hot or iced tea.

Down the hatch—or, as they say in the Orient, *"Kampai!"*

DRAGON'S MILK

1½ ozs. Japanese whisky
4 ozs. cold milk or half-and-half
1 teaspoon Midori or other melon liqueur
½ teaspoon sugar, or to taste
Strip orange peel

Place cracked ice in shaker; add all ingredients but peel. Shake briskly; strain over fresh ice in 8-oz. highball glass. Twist orange peel over glass and drop in. Stir once.

MADAME BUTTERFLY

1½ ozs. tequila
¾ oz. Midori or other melon liqueur
½ oz. lime juice
Light pinch salt

Combine all ingredients in shaker with cracked ice. Shake vigorously. Strain into cocktail glass or over fresh ice in old fashioned glass.

MOUNT FUJI

1 oz. sake
1 oz. vodka
1 oz. white crème de cacao
Shredded coconut (optional)

Shake sake, vodka and liqueur with ice. Pour unstrained into tall, thin glass. Decorate with coconut; serve with straws.

FAR EAST COLADA

1 oz. Midori or other melon liqueur
1 oz. white rum
1 stick melon, 2″ x ½″
1 oz. coconut cream
2 ozs. pineapple juice
⅓ cup crushed ice

Blend all ingredients in blender just until smooth. Pour into chilled collins glass. Decorate with mint sprig, if desired.

GREEN KIMONO

1 oz. vodka
1 oz. Midori or other melon liqueur
Lime wedge

Combine vodka and liqueur in shaker with ice; shake well. Pour unstrained into old fashioned glass. Squeeze juice of lime into glass, then add peel. Stir.

PLUM RUM

2 ozs. plum wine
¾ oz. light rum
½ oz. lemon juice

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

TOKYO ROSE

1 oz. sake
1 oz. Aki or other plum liqueur
1 oz. Japanese whisky
3 ozs. orange juice
Cherry, orange slice

Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add sake, Aki, whisky and orange juice; stir well. Decorate with fruit.

TRANS-PACIFIC

2 ozs. Aki or other plum liqueur
¾ oz. California brandy
¾ oz. heavy cream
⅓ cup finely crushed ice
Half slice orange

Blend liqueur, brandy, cream and ice in blender, just until smooth. Pour into chilled wineglass. Hang orange slice on rim.

WHITE TIGER

2 ozs. sake
½ oz. crème de menthe
Lemon wheel

Shake sake and liqueur briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Hang lemon on rim.

SAKE BALL

2 ozs. sake
2 ozs. ginger beer, chilled
Lemon wedge

Pour sake and ginger beer over ice cubes in 8-oz. highball glass or tumbler. Squeeze in juice of lemon and add rind; stir quickly.

MELON FREEZE

2 ozs. Midori or other melon liqueur
Maraschino cherry with stem

Pack cocktail glass or saucer champagne with finely crushed ice, mounding ice over top. Pour Midori over slowly. Place cherry on top; plant short straws in glass.

NIPPON MARTINI

1½ ozs. vodka
1 oz. sake
Cucumber slice

Stir vodka and sake briskly over cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass or over fresh ice in old fashioned glass. Decorate with cucumber slice.

The next time your favorite geisha drops by, offer her a choice from your Japanese bar. It's a friendly act and an indication that you're able to appreciate the best of both worlds.

"The colonel's right, Mary dear. I belong up there, with my comrades."

LOURDES ANN KANANIMANU ESTORES seems to have sprung forth from a fantasy recorded in a shipwrecked sailor's log: "After 40 days on the open sea, clinging to what was left of my lifeboat, I washed up on a South Pacific beach. I lay there virtually lifeless for I don't know how long. Suddenly, a native girl appeared; a dark-haired angel so beautiful that all thoughts of thirst and hunger left my body. . . . I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not hallucinating. . . ."

Lourdes (Loor-dess) is no hallucination. She exists in the town of Haleiwa, on the island of Hawaii. Part Hawaiian, part Filipino, part Spanish and part Tahitian.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Miraculous Lourdes

we discovered the lovely miss estores on our "girls of hawaii" talent hunt. we know a good thing when we see one

she is one of the 22 members of the Estores family, a good chunk of the total population of Haleiwa. Her father was an Army musician and a part-time fisherman. At the age of four, Lourdes used to accompany her mother to cockfights, where they would sell the day's catch.

At night, the family would gather to play music. Those were especially happy times for her, fostering a deep love for music and dance; Bach and Bartók became her favorites. Her days were spent in school or frolicking on the beach. The uniqueness of her upbringing and her environment has not been lost on her. She is a

Living close to nature is what the best of Hawaii is all about. Being a part of nature is the key to enjoying it. "This environment makes you fall right into place with it," says Lourdes. "It makes you realize you have to have a balance. It's like my studies in t'ai chi chuan*: You find your place in it, you fit in and you move with it." Below: When the trade winds fail to cool the Hawaiian sun, a cone of shaved ice can be a real friend.*

child of paradise and knows it.

"This *is* paradise," says Lourdes. "*Everything* is perfect here!" Everything? "Well, we do sometimes live in fear of the tsunamis, the tidal waves. I've been through two: The sea gets very quiet; the air becomes still; the birds don't chirp. They can sense it coming. All of a sudden, the sea recedes as though it were being sucked into a huge vacuum. Then a wall of water 30 to 40 feet high grows and moves toward the island. We've lost two fishing boats in tsunamis. It doesn't really pay to build strong houses here."

Living in awesome beauty threatened by destruction has given Lourdes a feeling for the flow of nature and an excuse to fully enjoy it.

"There is a feeling of wholesomeness to the environment here," she says. "People have a healthy glow and take especially good care of their bodies. That's important, because you don't

"I could be a stunt woman if I weren't so accident-prone," says Miss June, who learned she needed glasses by walking into a telephone pole.

On a walk in the countryside around Haleiwa (above), one is as likely to meet a cow as a person; and if you're an animal lover, like Lourdes, you'll stop to chat. Hawaii's balmy climate makes it possible to do almost everything outdoors; below, a neighbor turns a front porch into an instant shower.

wear much." Lourdes keeps in shape as a physical-fitness instructor for a local health spa. She also moonlights as a cocktail waitress and delivers Mary Kay cosmetics via bicycle in her part of the islands. It's a vigorous life but by no means hectic. "We're not in a hurry here. The Hawaiian way is to lie back—what's the rush? Don't be so uptight!—and it's reflected in our health. There are not too many people here with heart problems or high blood pressure." For a time, Lourdes traveled on the mainland, putting on Polynesian shows while attending the University of Southern Mississippi as a dance-

Island food is a special joy to Lourdes. "The fruits and vegetables we produce here are far superior to anything on the mainland: one-and-a-quarter-pound tomatoes, for instance, or 24-inch cucumbers. And every morning, there's an auction of fresh fish just off the boat. You've got to get up at five for that, but it's really worth it!"

and-accounting major. While she found the people of the South every bit as hospitable as those at home, it just wasn't the same. "It took going away to make me realize just how dumb I was to have taken it all for granted," she declares. "Living on the mainland can never compare with this."

Lourdes clearly loves her way of life. What does it take to be so content? "Practice," she says. "You have to *practice* enjoying life."

Although she has studied dance, Lourdes' confidence is guarded. "I've always wanted to be a background dancer. I'm not one for the limelight. I love the feel of the stage—the lights, the smiles, the fun—but I don't think I could ever be a star myself."

When Mrs. Sofronio Estores had her 19th child (below), little Lourdes Ann, the event rated page-one treatment in the Honolulu Advertiser. *Lourdes' father was a master sergeant who played in the 264th Army band.*

Lourdes' first PLAYBOY *appearance, in "The Girls of Hawaii" (August 1980), was enough to convince sculptor Fergus Gordon Dudley (above) that she was just the model to sit for his bronze of a wahine drinking from a coconut.*

There is obviously no such thing as a simple family gathering when dealing with the Estores clan (above). This portrait, in fact, includes only a fraction of its total membership. Besides her 12 brothers and seven sisters, aged 21 to 48, there are 44 grandchildren and, so far, six great-grandchildren. At right, Lourdes takes an unaccompanied stroll.

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Lourdes Ann Hanamimamu Estores

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lourdes Ann Kananimanu Estores

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 102 SIGN: Capricorn

BIRTH DATE: 11 Jan 1958 BIRTHPLACE: Honolulu, Hawaii

AMBITIONS: To own and operate an exercise studio, also, to be a jazz dancer on Broadway.

TURN-ONS: Kamaaina-Ohias, island flowers, counting money, star gazing, flying 1st Class, baby powder and foot massages.

TURN-OFFS: Bell peppers, pay-toilet stalls and driving in rush-hour traffic.

FAVORITE AUTHORS: James Clavell, John Norman, Michael Moorcock, Marion Zimmer Bradley, J.R.R. Tolkien, Edgar Rice Burroughs.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: The Rolling Stones, Bette Midler, The Cars, Bob Seger, Jimmy Buffett, The Eagles.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Bicycling, body surfing, aerobics, Tai chi.

IDEAL MAN: Dark, masculine, soft curls, green eyes, rhythm, a sense of humor... who showers me with affection.

SECRET FANTASY: To be an interstellar space traveler.

@ 2½...

On an embarrassing Sunday in May.

@ 16...

Oh, the headaches of hair care.

@ 21...

A college student's ear-to-ear elation!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My husband and I had a wonderful time camping down by the lake last night," purred the young lady.

"But I thought you disliked the outdoors, Kay," commented her listener.

"Normally I do," said Kay. "However, Ed promised me all the comforts of home."

"And was he true to his word?"

"He certainly was . . . three times!"

Which would you prefer, my dear," the lecherous monarch asked the girl he had caused to be brought to his bedchamber, "a royal shafting or crowned head?"

In a lewd diplomatic community,
A charge claimed he screwed with impunity;
But he soon had a shock
From his embassy's doc,
Since he lacked diplomatic immunity.

How's business tonight?" one streetwalker asked another as their paths crossed.

"Slim prickings," was the response.

It happened some years ago. As the train began to move at the suburban station, a male passenger yanked up the window to shout to another man who was seeing him off, "Thanks for a wonderful weekend, Herb. Your wife's a great lay—a truly great lay!"

"Did I hear you correctly?" his seatmate asked him a short time later. "Did you tell that fellow on the platform that his wife was—as you put it—'a great lay'?"

The payer of compliments shrugged. "She really isn't," he explained, "but I didn't want to hurt Herb's feelings."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virginal spinster* as a sealed biddy.

You know, Reverend Jerry, there aren't many rock groups willing to play for a Moral Majority benefit," the booking agent explained, "but I've finally found you one. They call themselves Heavy Meddle."

A girl doesn't have to be a Brooklynite to experience the Flatbush syndrome, we've been told. It comes from wearing excessively tight jeans.

But if I do perform oral sex on you," the young woman fenced verbally as she nervously eyed the proffered organ in the parked car, "won't you lose all respect for me?"

"Absolutely not," the young man assured her, "provided you're any good at it."

An Indian maid was elated
To think that she soon would be mated!
She was asked how she knew
That her brave's love was true.
Cried the maiden, "The buck is inflated!"

Information from a dubious source is that a new gay club in the Little Italy section of a major city calls itself Innuendo.

Give me examples, Harvey," instructed the teacher, "of the differences in use of the adjective good and the adverb well."

"I can do that in the same sentence, Miss Jones," responded the brash teenager. "How about 'It did me good last night when my date did me well'?"

I simply can't understand why *I* haven't made the dean's list," a coed complained to her student counselor, "because the dean has certainly made *me*!"

Last night, my date Hyman insisted that he had to use me to help him practice an emergency technique that saved lives," recounted a naïve and not-too-bright girl, "but it somehow didn't seem to be anything like that when he practiced it."

"What sort of technique *was* it?" inquired her listener.

"He even had a name for it. What he called it was 'the Hymie lick maneuver.' "

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.*

"I've never enjoyed an ice-cream social more. Could we have another scoop?"

The Celebrity Sex Register

distilled from the most shameless of the current movie-star tell-all biographies, a downright prurient guide to hollywood's celebrated two-shots

article By Shirley Sealy

introduction By Bruce Williamson

ALTHOUGH professionally acquainted with many actresses, I have learned—unfortunately, the easy way, as an armchair sexual athlete, book open before me—that to make love to a movie star is arrogance, pure folly or a heroic adventure at least as perilous as hang gliding. The crash comes, of course, a decade—perhaps several decades—later, when she brings out her book and tells all the world about you. No, not about your perfect musical pitch or incredible perception, not about your total recall of Shakespeare's sonnets or of selections from Robert Frost. What the lady will remember is your staying power. How good you were, and how often. And expect no mercy for any of your shortcomings. Neither thinning hair nor insufficient funds, temporary impotence nor premature ejaculation can stay these tattletales from the ruthless completion of their memoirs.

Is anything sacred today? Very little, it seems. Everyone kisses and tells. Some tell and sue for palimony as well. So many bedroom secrets have already been spilled that comedienne Joan Rivers, as a guest reviewer in *The Hollywood Reporter* of John Huston's autobiography, began her appraisal by noting: "Hooray! John Huston never slept with Shelley Winters!" Along with Shelley, whose accomplishments are substantial, of course, came Susan Strasberg, Elizabeth Ashley, Evelyn Keyes and a bevy of other bruised but relatively insignificant ministars whose careers held far less interest than their bouts with drugs, booze, bad marriages and the

ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

men they had taken to bed. The assumption seems to be that a celebrity "into O.D. sex" (Ashley's line) is automatically newsworthy, or at least worth wading through.

In an effort to create some order out of the sexual chaos found between the hard and the soft covers of innumerable memoirs, confessions, indictments, unauthorized exposés and loosely edited collages of hanky-panky among the high and the mighty, Shirley Sealy's *The Celebrity Sex Register* appeals openly to the reader's prurient interest without excessive foreplay. It answers directly such questions as who did what and to whom, and whether they did it on a casting couch or in the back of a Rolls or *flagrante delicto*. With notable exceptions, the emphasis is on an older, golden generation of superstars, whose personal lives may have been as trashy as they were flashy but were seldom irredeemably dull. Most are Hollywood-based, let's face it, because sex in Bel Air and environs has always been more compelling than sex in Buffalo or El Paso.

It's curious but true that many more women than men seem ready to shuck their inhibitions in print, and there lies a subject that Hite or Masters and Johnson might profitably explore. Even when they do take up their pens, menfolk tend to be far more reticent. Eddie Fisher, Stewart Granger and Jackie Cooper were franker than most in their 1981 autobiographies, while John Huston's *An Open Book* closed the door on a good many pungent details, even to the point of omitting the name of his least favorite wife. Huston may be hooked on the old-world notion that a true gentleman doesn't chase tail, then chuckle about it behind the barn.

What you'll find here are mere daisy chains of indiscretions (see film circles, page 268) to indicate who's had whom and how they link up. Some amazing progressions and striking combinations occur—Jackie Cooper with Joan Crawford, Tyrone Power with Errol Flynn, Howard Hughes with practically everyone *but* Jackie Cooper and Lassie. The cumulative effect here is like a parlor game, a kind of erotic *La Ronde* with famous players in for the spin. Happily, nearly everyone scores.

If you are a celebrity yourself, given to impulsive liaisons within your peer group, better line up a literary agent and beat your partner to the punch. Bear in mind that she, or he, may be given a six-figure advance to recall your pathetic, fumbling advances at a patio party in Malibu. Incorrigible debauchees who don't want to find their names in future editions of this almanac may choose several courses of action: (A) Don't sleep with anyone who owns a notebook or a tape recorder; (B) don't sleep with anyone; (C) ask your conquests to sign a preconsummation waiver. Otherwise, just undo those pajama strings and Devil take the fine line between true love and *True Britt*.

•

Circle Number One

Warren Beatty and Susan Strasberg: It was in Rome. Warren had just completed *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* (with Vivien Leigh) and moved in with Susan for what she calls his "vacation." Warren had "a tremendous need to please women as well as conquer them," notes Susan, and his needs could sometimes become urgent. They were at a party at Luchino Visconti's (the Italian director found Beatty "enchanting"), when Warren pulled Susan into a bathroom and locked the door. She laughed nervously, complaining, "Isn't it a little close for that in here?" But Warren managed—very well. When he asked her to go to Paris with him, however, she begged off.

Susan Strasberg and Richard Burton: Young Susan's second Broadway play was *Time Remembered*, co-starring Burton—who *literally* swept her off her feet, lifting her into the air, hailing her as his "beautiful Hebrew princess." Out of town with the show, she "longed to consummate things" with Richard, but *darn*, she'd forgotten to take her diaphragm. Later, after their smash New York opening, she threw herself into the affair "with total abandonment and passion. . . . I did not care about the consequences." Richard sometimes slept with Susan at her parents' place, and she admitted to some guilt at making them coconspirators. But her mother, Paula, was actually delighted, having always dreamed that daughter Susan "would have affairs with the great writers and actors of our generation." Then came the misery of those nights when Burton didn't come. Didn't even call. At play's end, Richard returned to Switzerland—*with* his wife, Sybil—leaving Susan to "a period of hysteria." Reunited in New York six months later, they drank champagne, had sex. And suddenly, Strasberg began to see that Burton was, well, "human."

Richard Burton and Jean Simmons: On Burton's first trip to Hollywood, in 1951, he and Sybil were long-term house guests of fellow Britons Stewart Granger and his wife, Jean Simmons. Away from the house, Jean and Richard were costarring in *The Robe*, and that wicked Welsh charm began to work—as it had on virtually all of Burton's leading ladies. Whatever did or did not happen between the two, the situation remained stable until a New Year's Eve party at which Richard bussed Jean instead of Sybil as the clock struck 12—which prompted mild-mannered Sybil to strike Richard. The Burtons found their own living quarters soon after.

Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger: Granger was 34 and divorced; Simmons was 18 and the most sought-after young actress in England when their "flirtation" began. They made a film together, *Adam and Evelyne*, and tried to be discreet about their private Eden. As Granger notes, Jean was the darling of the British press, and "I could imagine their reaction to her first love being old swashbuckling Granger." Their engagement was announced on a trip to Hollywood, and it was Cary Grant who suggested that his buddy Howard Hughes might be able to arrange a romantic private wedding for the couple. Soon Stewart and Jean were whisked to Tucson in Hughes's plane; Michael Wilding was whisked in from New York to be their best man. The ceremony was conducted in the home of Hughes's lawyer. Jean giggled, got hysterical and choked on her champagne. That night, Stewart climbed into bed with a book while she fell asleep. "That was a big mistake. . . . I would live to regret it," wrote Granger. Another regret turned out to be the newlyweds' involvement with Hughes—who bought up Simmons' contract and wouldn't let her work for anyone else (thus, she lost *Roman Holiday* to Audrey Hepburn). Convinced that "the s.o.b." was propositioning his wife, Granger got drunk one night and planned how to murder the billionaire. Instead, they settled their differences through legal action. So did the Grangers—finally pulled apart by acting assignments, frequent separations, economics, incompatibility. They had been married ten years and had a daughter, Tracy. After their 1960 divorce, Granger left his Southern California ranch and returned to England. Jean subsequently married director Richard Brooks. That didn't work, either.

Stewart Granger and Hedy Lamarr: With his buddy Michael Wilding, Granger attended a party in Hedy's hotel suite in Paris. She invited him to tarry after the others left. Alone with the glamorous star, Granger didn't know quite what was expected. Lamarr stared at him in astonished outrage: "My God. I don't believe you want to . . . ! Kings want to. Heads of studios want to. Presidents want to. Why don't *you* want to?" Granger protested that he *did* want to. She advised him to hurry, then, because she had a hairdresser's appointment. He undressed and approached her naked body on the bed. "If only she had shut up and stopped giving orders, the ordeal might have been consummated with

(continued on page 268)

article **By GARY WITZENBURG**

Return of the Ragtop

against all odds, the convertible is back—better than ever—and "let's put the top down" is once again the call of the open road

CONVERTIBLES were the stuff of dreams, proclaiming freedom, independence and a devil-may-care sort of spirit. Who cared that they also shook, rattled and leaked? Come the first sunny weekend in May, you and your ragtop were king of the road,
(text continued on page 158)

Rolls-Royce Corniche: At $162,500, the world's most expensive ragtop takes five months to hand build. Inside, the leatherlike Everflex top is lined with west-of-England wool cloth to hide the struts and the lifting mechanism. For an additional $2332, Rolls will even install lockable decanter compartments in the convertible's front doors.

Aurora GRX: As mean and sexy as the original Cobra, the Canadian-built Aurora GRX boasts a 5.0-liter Ford V8 engine coupled with a four-speed gearbox, plus a Connolly leather interior and a removable chrome roll bar. At $36,000, you've got yourself instant automotive status.

Chrysler LeBaran: Let's hear it for Lee Iacocca, as this four-cylinder fliptop has rebrightened Chrysler's fading image and generated a blitz of orders to boot. At $14,000, the top-of-the-line Medallion comes fully equipped, including a Mark Cross leather interior.

Buick Riviera: General Motors' first convertible since the 1976 Eldorado boasts a variety of engine choices from a 4.1-liter V6 to a 5.0-liter V8, plus such amenities as automatic load leveling, independent rear suspension and air conditioning, all for $24,000.

Volkswagen Rabbit: Who else but VW would produce the world's most inexpensive four-seat convertible? For $10,600, you get a car that's powered by a transverse-mounted 1.7-liter fuel-injected overhead-cam four, has a super-snug triple-layered top and offers an indecent amount of fun.

Fiat Spider Turbo: Yep, they've gone and coupled a turbo with the basic Spider, upping the horsepower by 18 percent and lowering the 0-to-60 time to about nine seconds. If that's not seductive enough, remember that the price for this raspy little runner is only $15,000.

Pontiac J2000: Still in prototype form, this nifty convertible may reach the streets early next year, likely to be powered by a 1.8 Brazilian-built four-cylinder coupled with a five-speed or automatic transmission. The estimated $13,000 price makes it definitely worth waiting for.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Aston Martin Volante: You gets what you pays for in this $115,000 machine—a burled-walnut dashboard, 23 coats of hand-rubbed lacquer and a four-carburetor 5.4-liter V8 engine embossed with the name of the Aston Martin employee who painstakingly assembled it.

Lancia Zagato: Parent company Fiat's peppy little $15,000 stepchild is powered by the same 2.0-liter double-overhead-cam four banger that's in the Spider. Lancia's exotic body style, however, is unique and features a removable Targa panel cambined with a fold-down rear-roof section.

and you continued to rule all the way through late October, when you finally had to put the cap on your automotive fun for the winter. Then came the social-conscious Seventies. Domestic car manufacturers, anticipating a law against softtops and seeing their convertible sales wither, decided lidless living was a thing of the past and began phasing them out.

American Motors ceased all convertible production in 1969. Chrysler built its last ones (Plymouth Barracudas and Dodge Challengers) in 1971. Ford's sole remaining ragtops were Mustangs and Cougars, and those were retired when both cars were redesigned for 1974. Only G.M.'s largest and most expensive lines and the Corvette sports car remained available with retractable tops, and all but Cadillac's Eldorado were dropped for 1976. As the last factory-built American convertible, the gargantuan, decadent Eldorado enjoyed brief celebrity status that year. Then it, too, was gone.

Our beloved American convertible had vanished while we were caught up in the just crusades of cleaner air, safety and fuel economy. But those who grew up with convertibles are older and long to recapture happy symbols of their youth. Many who couldn't afford one in the past now have both the bucks and the urge to discover what they missed. And there's a growing trend toward unique and exclusive automobiles, in general, as statements of individuality. In other words, the American public's enthusiasm for open-air motoring has blossomed anew, and no number of sun roofs, T tops and Targas will sufficiently scratch this reborn convertible itch.

For our PLAYBOY softtop showcase, we have chosen five imported convertibles now on the U. S. market (two English, two Italian and one German), a pair of new-generation domestics, another domestic that's still a gleam in its prospective maker's eye and one delectable Canadian-built replicar. Prices range from $10,600 to $162,500, so there's something for all.

VOLKSWAGEN RABBIT CONVERTIBLE

Spiritual successor to the late, lamented Beetle convertible, Volkswagen's ragtop Rabbit is as modern in concept and mechanics as its predecessor was archaic. Where the Beetle was pushed from behind by a four-cylinder sewing machine of an engine, the Rabbit is pulled from in front by a high-tech fuel-injected overhead-cam four, mounted transversely for space efficiency. And unlike VW's Stateside-made Rabbit models, the convertible is custom-assembled in West Germany.

Its snug three-layer nylon-and-vinyl top contains an inch of insulated padding and can be raised or lowered by one person in about 60 seconds. The rear window is glass, not plastic, and contains wires for electric defogging.

For safety, there's a built-in roll bar that also adds structural stiffness to the body and provides channels for the tight-fitting side windows. Unfortunately, the rear quarter windows roll down only halfway, and that, plus the lump created by the folded-down top, makes VW's Teutonic Rabbit probably the only convertible that some think looks better buttoned up. At $10,600, it's also today's most affordable four-seat convertible.

PONTIAC J2000 CONVERTIBLE

This is a car that may or may not be built. It should be. Pontiac had a prototype constructed and displayed it at an auto show in Florida last winter before whooshing it back to Detroit and out of sight—for evaluation, modifications and some further development. It was not shown in January at the Detroit Auto Show, and it may not be on public view again for some time. (Luckily, Pontiac did let us photograph the prototype before it dropped out of sight.)

If it does reach production, we hope that the proposed J2000 convertible will come with five-speed (or automatic) transmission bolted to the newly available Brazilian-built overhead-cam 1.8-liter four, a combination that gives the sort of snappy performance and flexibility that sporty-car buyers rightly expect. Certainly, the J2000 looks well dressed in convertible clothes, with its swoopy, Firebirdlike nose, slightly wedgy aerodynamic profile and high rear deck set off by blacked-out wrap-around ribbed tail lamps. Top up or down, it's a handsome piece from any angle. And with well-equipped J-cars going for $9000 to $10,000, a custom-converted softtop version should start around $13,000.

CHRYSLER LE BARON CONVERTIBLE

Unlike Pontiac, Chrysler hasn't been the slightest bit shy about promoting its new fliptop LeBaron and Dodge 400. The standard LeBaron and 400 convertibles come with Chrysler's 2.2-liter four-cylinder engine, console-shift automatic transmission and a power-operated top. The top-line LeBaron Medallion is marketed on a one-price, fully equipped basis, the only buyer choices being color (white or mahogany brown), wheel design (fake wire or styled aluminum), sound system (electronic stereo with seek-and-scan or Dolby cassette), saddle-leather Mark Cross designer interior, reclining front bucket seats, power windows, door locks and trunk release, halogen head lamps, speed control and more.

The loaded LeBaron Medallion goes for about $14,000; the regular LeBaron and 400, for about $2000 less, depending on optional equipment.

BUICK RIVIERA CONVERTIBLE

Like Chrysler, Buick is displaying a stunning prototype Riviera convertible at auto shows around the country, and it should have the first production examples in selected dealers' hands by now. Like Chrysler's top-of-the-line LeBaron Medallion, they will be marketed fully equipped, with few options and only two color choices (white and maple). But, unlike LeBarons, the Buick convertibles will have power-operated, fully retractable rear quarter windows, so they'll look as good with the top up as with it down. With loaded Rivieras going for $18,000 and the conversion cost estimated at $6000, look for a sticker price in the $24,000 range.

AURORA GRX

The Shelby/Ford Cobra was a brute of a car. Created by Texan ace racer Carroll Shelby from a light and lovely English A.C. sports car and an ass-kickin' Ford V8 engine, it was the fastest machine you could buy—faster than most people could safely drive.

The original 289 Cobra would do 0 to 60 in less than six seconds, 0 to 100 in 13 seconds and an honest 150 flat-out, despite its graceful but decidedly unaerodynamic body shape. The awesome 427 Cobra (with a brave, skilled and strong driver at the wheel) could do 0 to 100 in *nine* seconds and *back down to 0* in another five, all day long! Cobras have become so legendary that their prices as collectibles have gone out of sight, and few of their lucky owners are looking to sell, anyway. Hence, the Cobra replicar.

A number of firms have built Cobra clones in recent years, some as kits, some as complete cars; some are good and some, pretty awful. Most are copies of the less pretty, more brutal, wider-mouthed 427, and most feature modern Ford V8s on Ford-based mechanicals, plus something more in the comfort-and-convenience department than the original Cobra boasted.

But perhaps the best Cobra copy purchasable as a complete car is the Aurora GRX, from Aurora Cars of Richmond Hill, Ontario, near Toronto. Auroras have a tubular-steel frame and chassis and a handlaid fiberglass body that's a near-perfect copy of the beautiful 289 Cobra. There are no used or recycled parts (most come directly from Ford), and the finished car carries both Ford's and Aurora's warranty for 12 months or 12,000 miles. It meets all U. S. safety

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"Thar she blows!"

07

sports **By Lee Green**

The Masochists' Marathon

when you're facing 100 miles of torture across hellish terrain in impossible weather, winning isn't the issue. the question is, will you survive?

THE MURKY High Sierra dawn was lightening to pigeon gray as the army of runners pressed intently toward the top of the first climb. Like most of the others, Doug Latimer was silent, listening to footfalls and labored breathing as he measured his strides on the steep dirt road. This year it would be different, he assured himself. When the grade steepened, he fell to a brisk walk; less cautious runners streamed past on either side. Latimer clenched his teeth, fighting the compulsion to move faster. He was determined to restrain himself this time, a strategy born of the pain and futility he had endured in this race the previous two years. When the course abandoned the road and the pitch became steeper yet, he began pausing every two or three strides to rest his legs. At 8000 feet, oxygen has a hard time making its way to muscles, a deficiency that takes a cumulative toll. Only a fool will push it those first five miles, with another 95 beckoning.

How could the race have gone so wrong the year before? Latimer had turned it over in his mind a thousand

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

times. When you pour that much of yourself into something, you can't afford to fail. "I've never worked as hard for anything or had this kind of obsession," he admitted the day before that 1980 ordeal. "And that's a little scary, because if it doesn't go well. . . . I *think* I can deal with it, but I'm not sure."

Latimer had left himself open to an emotional plummet. But if you don't take chances. . . . What was it he said? His worst psychological defeat? Yes, that was it exactly. *The worst psychological defeat or trauma that I've had in my entire life.*

The more he thought about that race, the more it depressed him, because as the truth became clear, he felt stupid. He had violated his own precepts, running too hard too early, not drinking enough along the way. So utterly ravaged were his lean, freckled legs as he lay on the front seat of his brother's pickup—out there on Highway 49 near No Hands Bridge—that his friend Jim Santy had to hold them outstretched by the ankles so Latimer's quadriceps wouldn't clench. And every time Santy accidentally moved them a hairbreadth, Latimer would go absolutely nuts, writhing and screaming. At the motel that night, it took Santy an hour and 20 minutes to hand-feed Latimer a steak in bed. Jesus. How could such severe bodily harm be self-inflicted?

"Until you've run 100 miles in this kind of country," Latimer said, "you can't comprehend what it does to you." Of course, most of us, even if we are functioning just barely inside sanity's out-of-bounds markers, are never going to run 100 miles in that kind of country. Or any *other* kind of country, for that matter.

The object of the Western States Endurance Run, a.k.a. the Western States 100, is to run westward across the Sierra Nevada mountains from 1960 winter Olympics site Squaw Valley, California—near Lake Tahoe—to the foothill province of Auburn, California, once a prosperous mining town, now a three-off-ramp community of 8000 perched alongside Interstate 80 between San Francisco and Reno. One hundred miles, predominantly on historical Indian and mining trails and logging roads in the Tahoe and El Dorado National Forests—much of it so remote that it is accessible only by foot, horse or helicopter—with elevations varying from a timberless 8750 feet atop Emigrant Pass, near the start, to 570 feet at an antiquated train trestle called No Hands Bridge, near the finish. Temperatures vary from as low as the 30s in the high country to more than 100 in the lower canyon bellies. It is a route that, when graphed, looks like a seismograph's representation of heavy aftershocks. There are 17,040 feet of altitude gain, 21,970 feet of altitude loss. In a bad year, there might be 20 or 30 miles of snow in the upper reaches. Even under the best conditions, the footing is treacherous in some tortuous stretches where boulders, roots, ruts and loose rocks abound. The bears and the rattlesnakes are the least of it.

The first four and a half miles constitute a grueling climb of 2550 feet, beginning at an elevation of well over a mile. There are two rugged canyons between the 49th and the 60th miles, back to back. At mile 79, there is a river to ford. Most runners don't reach it until well after nightfall, when they have been grinding along for 18, 20, 22 hours.

A lot can go wrong out there. When the human body is so severely traumatized, hundreds of biological complications occur. Significant maladies aggrieving runners each year include heat exhaustion, hypothermia, hypoglycemia, dehydration and acute fatigue, any one or combination of which can cause disorientation or hallucination. As a precaution, entrants are permitted to have "pacers" accompany them the final 40 miles. Each runner is required to wear a plastic hospital wristband bearing his or her name, blood pressure, resting pulse, weight and allergies, an adornment that gives the field the appearance of a roving horde of escaped inpatients. As Dr. Gilbert Lang of the race's medical staff says casually, "The most serious risk you take is death." The ultimate finish line.

Some run just to see if they can make it. Most run to see if they can make it in a single day and take home the coveted silver belt buckle etched with the figure of Hermes, the Greek messenger of the gods. And a few run to win. Latimer, a 43-year-old publisher, husband and father, runs to win.

"When he talks about the race," says his 38-year-old brother, John, who cherishes his annual role as Doug's support-crew chief, "it's THE RACE in capital letters with flames coming out the back."

Doug had convinced himself that winning wasn't his top priority for the 1981 race, but he hadn't convinced anyone else. "I'm not going up there to win," he would say nonchalantly. "I just want to enjoy myself and finish the race within 24 hours."

"I laugh in his face when he says things like that," scoffs John. "He's never approached anything halfheartedly in his life. He *always* goes out to win."

After Latimer's wrenching loss in 1979, when Mike Catlin overtook him at mile 94, though he had led for more than 11 hours, and after the devastating defeat the next year, when Catlin—Catlin *again!*—waltzed past a crippled and prostrate Latimer at mile 82, though he had led for 30 miles . . . after those bitter, festering defeats, Latimer couldn't dredge up winning as an avowal again. Not this time. The emotional ante was too high.

Latimer is a lean man, just under six feet, with a clean-shaven, freckled face and neatly trimmed ruddy hair. His leanness is accentuated by his erect posture, his countenance rescued from terminal boyishness by metal-framed glasses and an astute, gracious bearing derived from the cosmopolitan upbringing that comes of being the son of a Foreign Service diplomat. From Deerfield Academy to Princeton to the publishing world. By the time he was 30, he was a vice-president of Harper & Row and the youngest-ever member of the company's board of directors. Now he lives on the San Francisco peninsula with his wife, Karen, and their three young children and publishes a national magazine—*Women's Sports*—and two provincial entertainment guides.

The main thing, though, is the race. Latimer awoke the morning after his traumatic loss in 1979 obsessed with winning in 1980. Not a day passed that he didn't dwell on it. A White House Inauguration could not be planned more meticulously than Latimer planned for that race. He carefully logged his workouts and monitored his fluctuating weight loss under varying weather conditions, calculating how much he needed to drink at a given temperature over a given distance. He timed how long it took to urinate (30 seconds to a minute) and then perfected the art of taking a leak while moving.

The time commitment was phenomenal. Latimer averaged 145 miles of running per week during peak training. On four occasions, he made the eight-hour round-trip drive from his home to the Western States trail for workouts. He logged 14 training runs of 40 miles or more, including a 67-miler lasting nine and a half hours and a 74-miler that took 11 hours.

"I could put up with the time," said Karen, "but his mind was somewhere else. He was constantly preoccupied with the race."

When the big day arrived, Latimer went out with his spring wound too tight and ran himself into the ground. He wasn't about to make himself vulnerable to a letdown like *that* again. Not this time. Yet the thought of winning kept lurking in the recesses of his

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part six

MAN and WOMAN

from the frontiers of sex and science,
an unprecedented playboy series on what makes
man man and woman woman

THE MAIN EVENT

sure, it feels good—but why? what exactly happens to each of them when a man and a woman have sex?

article

By JO DURDEN-SMITH
and DIANE DE SIMONE

Four hundred years ago, Columbus claimed he discovered the clitoris. Realdus Columbus, that is. Nearly 50 years later, in 1642, came another astonishing revelation. One Giovanni Sinibaldi, the writer of the first standard work on sexuality, announced that he had identified the seat of male pleasure, "a structure which so greatly enhances female enjoyment"—the foreskin.

We seem to have come a long way since then. We no longer fear eternal damnation if we go to bed with each other. We no longer use silk handkerchiefs for contraception. And we're no longer inclined to deal with sex, as Thomas Carlyle's wife did, by closing our eyes and thinking of England. Instead, we have drawers full of pills, vibrators and condoms. We frolic happily together. Like butterfly hunters, we collect orgasms. And sex, unglued from reproduction, has become the national sport. All that only 40 years after America was pronounced one of the three societies on earth in which sex was taboo. Not bad, eh?

Not bad, no—but not entirely good, either. For the enforced democratization of our sexual revolution has taken some of the subtlety out of our rituals of flirtation and courtship. All in all, the pressures in our society appear to have conspired to make the act of sex an end in itself. It has become so important that it's unimportant. And that, ironically, as we'll see, probably works to the short-term advantage of men. But it also works to the long-term disadvantage of all of us. For the essence of any democracy is that we are all essentially alike. And the essence of this sexual democracy of ours is that we are all *sexually* alike—apart from a few minor differences in the plumbing we carry around with us.

That, as we've been saying throughout this series, is simply not true of men and women in general. And it's no more true of the way we approach and experience sex. Life isn't as simple as Masters and Johnson's proclamation that the female orgasm is the same as the male orgasm—and that an orgasm is an orgasm is an orgasm, however got. It's a great deal more complex and potentially rewarding than that. As men and women, we have been a long time coming to this place. We've brought to it different sexual baggage—different bodies, different needs, different drives, different mechanisms and different experiences of pleasure—and in that difference lies our togetherness.

Science has had very little to say about any of this since the days of Columbus and Sinibaldi—very little, at least, that wasn't both harebrained and murderously sexist. And so far in this century, science has had to take a back seat to the largely intuitive findings of psychology and psychiatry, which have persistently emphasized how alike we are, how alike we ought to be. (Not, perhaps, a good thing, since psychiatrists, according to a 1979 poll, have the worst sex lives of those in any branch of the medical profession, for all their fine democratic notions.) Now, though, science *is* beginning to have something new and very important to say. Along scattered fronts, including that of research psychology, it's beginning to suggest that a new age in our sexual relations may be upon us. It may turn out to be a time in which, because we'll understand more, we'll learn to give more. Our sex could become less confusing and less anxiety-ridden, more hopeful and more loving. We may stop having to limp off to the helping professions with our sexual problems, because the answer is within us, between us, in the differences that make us one.

On the other hand, this new age could take another shape. For science now has tools that allow it to dig deep into the human brain and into the chemistry by which it controls our sex and reproduction. And although its work will virtually guarantee us wonderful things—new treatments for impotence and infertility, nasal sprays for contraception and simple saliva-test kits for timing ovulation—it could also

guarantee us something considerably less wonderful: a time when all the strange, satisfying, messy humanity of sex was stripped from it. Reproduction is one area in which we're already beginning to lose control—"test tube" babies, artificial insemination and genetic engineering are the writing on the wall. And the special, private individuality of our sex lives may be next. For as science understands more about the mechanisms of sex, it will become easier for it to develop drugs to alter and govern them. Work is already going forward on chemicals that affect sexual appetite, ejaculation and orgasm in humans as well as in laboratory animals. And one can easily envision a time when erections become repeatable and orgasms, after a visit to the pharmacist, become available on demand. You may even achieve sexual pleasure at the popping of a pill.

A senior scientist at the U. S. National Institutes of Health said not long ago that, yes, "the brave new world is something that's subtly and slowly emerging." And if you say that's all right with you—that sex with two or sex with love is a problem anyway—then consider for a moment the sweet give-and-take that you'll be missing. Watch with us, through our editorial one-way mirror, as a couple plays out that timeless ritual of courtship and seduction. As all of us who've been there know, it's a process that all by itself feels better than any ten other things we could name—combined. But this time, you're going to see what goes on *beneath* the skin. And by the morning after, you'll have an appreciation for the mystery of sex that you never would have gotten if this had been *your* evening.

As we join our unsuspecting couple, the party is in progress. Lights are low; the ice cubes rattle in the glasses. Watch carefully.

He feels her presence—a stir in the room, a smell, a tone of voice. He turns, and suddenly his muscles stiffen. His face is flushed; his heart beats faster. His pupils dilate as he watches her from across the room.

She notices his reaction, and her sympathetic nervous system responds—as if to danger. Her pulse quickens. Her palms tingle and become warm. A blush washes across her face. Glancing downward to hide the moment, she is half-conscious of a prickling in her scalp—and of her nipples pressing against the stretched silk of her dress. For a second, she feels as if she's been attacked, and her breathing becomes quicker, shallower. Dimly irritated, she draws distractedly on a cigarette. But when she finally looks up to meet his stare, her pupils, too, are subtly larger than they were a few moments before.

Now our strangers in the night are well into the song. Intensely conscious of each other, they continue to play their drama from across the room, a drama of glances, gestures and tones of voice—of coded information given and received. The result is a flurry of small-print news about suitability, status and availability, each item buried in the gathering bustle of the party in progress. He shows his leanness, his success with others, his clothes, his tan, the readiness of his smile. She offers him a softness, a seriousness and an adroit, flirtatious coolness with the man she's talking to. As she moves, she runs her unringed fingers down the long cascade of her throat. A glimpse of breast is proffered, then deferred. The senses of both become heightened. And the drama moves into a new phase.

Wherever they go now, moving still in circles that never quite touch, she hears his voice arguing, laughing, teasing. And he follows her constantly with his eyes. Finally, she stands apart from the others for a moment, fishing with her tongue for a piece of ice in her glass. And their eyes lock as she looks up again. For a second, she feels panicked, naked. Then he is at her side.

The restaurant is well chosen, uncrowded, candlelit. A piano plays softly, sealing off the diners from one another. Our couple sit in a well of separateness, testing each other, gently probing in a process as old as mankind. She watches his quiet authority with the waiters, the way he eats and moves and sips his wine. All the while, she measures his real interest in her, sifting the clues of words and eyes and mouth and tongue. He takes in the healthy glow of her skin, the whiteness of her teeth, and he leans forward to touch her hand where it lies, curved, around the stem of her wineglass. As the evening deepens, their talk becomes more muted and more charged. Amid this spell, an unvoiced decision has to be made.

To that decision, to their new closeness, comes the hormonal status of their bodies. As they talk, seemingly idly, it is the balance of estrogen and progesterone in her that helps produce her glow, her self-assurance and her readiness. And it is the level of testosterone in him that induces his confidence and the sort of canny, disguised aggression he's showing in his pursuit of her. All those hormones act upon the brain. They interact there with chemically controlled systems governing memory, learning, past associations and expectation of pleasure and reward. From the beginning of their drama, the brains of both have been regulating and following the intricate patterns of their courtship—one step forward, one step back. Sensory receptors have recorded the looks, the movements, the words, the food, the wine, the touch. And at a high level of the brain, all that information has been integrated with experience and anticipation. From there, the good news has traveled to self-reinforcing brain circuits controlling pleasure and reward, and messenger chemicals—in this case, dopamine and noradrenaline—have carried it to brain structures responsible for emotion and motivation. All those interlocking systems, influenced by hormonal messages from the secreting glands of the body, are constantly communicating with one another, totting up the pluses and minuses of the flirtation and initiating behavior that will carry it forward. And each can still respond—to too much food and drink, too bold a move, a false word, a bad impression—by influencing the other systems to turn off, tune down, withdraw.

Our couple's evening, in other words, is first and always a matter of the right chemistry. And at the heart of it, as they drink their coffee, still wondering, waiting for the outcome, is a bundle of tissue at the base of each of their brains called the hypothalamus. The keeper of the border between brain and body, the hypothalamus receives from and transmits to virtually every area of their brains. At the same time, it is in constant two-way communication with the outlands of their bodies.

Right now, it is monitoring their blood pressure, their temperature and their breathing rate. It is inspecting their appetite—and it is integrating, expressing and pushing forward their basic drive toward sex. Neither one of our subjects is aware of its influence, of course. But it was the hypothalamus, acting through the long-distance messengers of the pituitary gland just beneath it, that ordered up from testis and ovary the levels of hormones that got this started in the first place. And it is the hypothalamus that's now bidding up from their adrenal glands the cortisone and the adrenaline responsible for the heightened charge and warmth of their encounter. It makes her exquisitely sensitive to the hand that reaches out to touch her face, to the leg gently leaning against hers. And it makes him feel, by calling up more testosterone, a new tightness in his loins.

Nothing is said. They walk through the night, he with his arm around her, just touching the curve of her breast—imagining it, imagining her, without clothes. Her nerve impulses race back and upward, to spine, to brain, to hypothalamus. And once more, her nipples press against the material of her dress. A rise in the amount of circulating estrogen

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"But, darling—you used to make bubbles before coming up."

20 QUESTIONS: BRANDON TARTIKOFF

the whiz-kid president of nbc entertainment tells where he thinks television is going—and deals with the rumor that he may be going, too

In 1980, at the age of 31, Brandon Tartikoff was named president of the entertainment division of NBC-TV—one of the youngest chief programers in television history. His TV career started in 1971, when he landed a job in the promotion department of the ABC affiliate in New Haven, Connecticut; he was a natural and everything he touched turned to gold. After he succeeded to the promotion staff at the ABC affiliate in Chicago, he developed Hodgkin's disease, from which he completely recovered. His work didn't seem to suffer, and he was quickly noticed by television's then wonder boy, Fred Silverman, who personally lifted Tartikoff out of the rank and file and deposited him in the fast lane, where he has been racing ever since. Sam Merrill caught up with Tartikoff in his New York apartment at eight A.M., *followed him through a day at the office, a business dinner, the airing of a Steve Martin special and the all-night party that followed.*

1.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, T-and-A shows were very much the fashion on television. Now they're out. Why?

TARTIKOFF: Television is sort of paradoxical when it comes to sexuality. On the one hand, it's a very intimate medium. People watch it in the privacy of their own homes, often in their bedrooms. They're comfortable, relaxed and in a very receptive mood for material that might appeal to their prurient interest. But on the other hand, there is, at least to me, something very *un*sexy about watching a girl who is less than two feet tall—unless she's Tinker Bell.

2.

PLAYBOY: Television is still very much a male-dominated industry, especially at the upper-executive level. It must be difficult for you guys to select potential new male sex stars.

TARTIKOFF: One of the biggest problems television faces is the absence of women executives, especially since women make up about 62 percent of the prime-time viewing audience. So, every day, I find myself in the ridiculous position of sitting around with a bunch of men, trying to figure out what shows women will want to watch. And to compound the insult, we also have to decide what men those women will be attracted to. I make all my final decisions with the help of a trio of very discriminating "man watchers" who work at NBC in secretarial capacities. When the time comes to cast a leading man in a series, I troop the three of them into my office and ask, "Would you want to go to bed with this guy?" Invariably, the actors we think are going to be the breakout leading men of the future are the ones the women find least attractive. Another problem in selecting potential new TV sex stars—male or female—is that it's tough for a viewer to be attracted to someone who can't act. The very few performers who are both sexy and talented generally become feature-film stars.

3.

PLAYBOY: Despite the demise of the jiggle shows on network television, critics continue to point to the medium's rampant exploitation of women—to the fact that men outnumber women at least two to one as series characters and that female sexuality is used by advertisers to sell everything. How do you respond to those charges?

TARTIKOFF: Sexploitation is still present at every level of the industry. The content of this medium is frankly designed to be compatible with the advertisements that appear in it. Personally, I think the sexiest things on TV are the commercials. And that dates back to those pinup calendars advertising brake fluid and rebuilt transmissions that you used to see on gas-station walls. Now the ads are for designer jeans and soft drinks and vacations, but that pinup concept remains the same: Use sex to attract attention, then make your best pitch. I'd like to see television stop taking that course of least resistance and imagination. In our own shows, I've worked actively to exclude the gratuitous use of T and A, the well-endowed woman running down the hall in the background of a scene. To watch TV, you'd think only well-endowed women were ever in a hurry to get somewhere. And, come to think of it, maybe that *is* a reflection of real life. Don't misunderstand me. I love sex on television. But to me, romance is sexy, pornography is not. And virtually all the sex we see on network television today occurs outside marriage or anything else we might consider a meaningful relationship. Just look at the state of sexual relationships on all three networks. *Hart to Hart* is the only current series on which a husband and wife actually appear to be attracted to each other. And there isn't a single sitcom—not one!—that features a stable nuclear family.

4.

PLAYBOY: Fred Silverman, the previous boy genius of television, was, like all the programers before him, a child of radio. You're the first head of a network division to emerge from the TV generation. How important was television in your childhood?

TARTIKOFF: Sports was the most active and consuming interest of my childhood, but I also watched a lot of television and learned a lot from it. I watched everything from bowling shows to *Playhouse 90*. Nothing on TV could bore me except *Art Linkletter's House Party*. And TV did have an effect on me right from the beginning. In first grade, I was a member of a four-kid gang that went around imitating TV Westerns. We'd disrupt class to play out scenes, picking up chairs and hitting people over the head with them—except, unlike on TV, the chairs didn't break, the kids did. Finally, the teacher called my parents in and said, "Obviously, he's being influenced by these TV shows, and if he's to continue in this class, you've got to agree not to let him watch television anymore." So, from first to second grade, there was a dark period during which I didn't watch TV at all. And I calmed down and the gang broke up. So now I find it amusing to read all the studies about violence on television's having no correlation with real-life behavior.

5.

PLAYBOY: As a child, what did you think you were going to be when you grew up?

TARTIKOFF: All I wanted to do was play third base for the Brooklyn Dodgers. I was a baseball prodigy. I went to Dodgertown for a summer and played varsity ball in high school and college. But two things prevented me from fulfilling my dream: I *(continued on page 232)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY

LEE AND ME AT THE OPEN

fiction **By KEVIN COOK**

I GOT UP that morning feeling pretty good. Pretty loose, ready to go all the way around Pebble Beach one more time without losing my concentration. Sports are concentration as much as anything else. Any professional athlete will tell you that the competition is a lot more mental than physical when you get to a professional level. In my case, I guess you'd have to say it was almost all mental.

I think my varied background is what made my whole golf career possible. The acting came first, from high school right up through college. Then I decided there was more security in software. By software, I don't mean Tupperware; I mean computer software—all the advanced new programs for the advanced new computers. I knew that was where the future was, and that was what finally made me the most loved and famous and awesome golfer of all time. And modest, too. I'm still modest, but now I've got real good reasons to be.

I was the most loved and famous and

remember me, orval greene,
golf's greene machine?
remember that last round
at pebble beach?
here's what really happened

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

awesome for a while, anyway. For a while, they said Nicklaus was a decent club player compared with me. Jones was a high school hacker and everybody else, from Hogan to Watson, never should have left the Putt-Putt. It's damn sure nobody else ever shot 260 to win the Masters by 23 strokes. Dan Jenkins from *Sports Illustrated* was so star-struck, he used to knock over a Jack Daniel's bottle every time I came into the clubhouse. They were all like that.

Not anymore, damn 'em. Now they call my career "meteoric," with the emphasis on when I hit the ground.

Anyway, the guys at *Golf Magazine* called me up to see if I'd write a story on that last round at Pebble Beach. You'll notice they didn't ask for a *series* of stories, even though I was the biggest thing that ever happened to the game. Nowadays, most people want to forget about me. The blazer guys especially want to forget about me—Frank Hannigan and Beman and the rest of them. You'd think I was a baboon with the clap the way they stay away from me.

Golf didn't ask me to be on its advisory staff, either. Well, that's OK. I turned them down before, when I was hot. Who wants to sit around a table with Johnny Miller and Tom Weiskopf and three other guys who look just like Jerry McGee? *All* the young ones look like Jerry McGee. Must be their Anana hats.

No, *Golf* doesn't want me on its Jerry McGee staff now, but that's OK with me. I guess Weiskopf's off it now, anyway. I think he bogeyed his first article, withdrew and went home. Ha-ha. Little Tom Weiskopf joke there.

Used to be, magazines had to run after me just to get a quote to put in their book, and then they'd put my name on the cover, like I had a whole article inside or something. "ORVAL GREENE ON BUNKER PLAY," the cover would say, when all they had inside was something I said coming off the course, like, "I don't care if they fill up all the traps with Jell-O. I'm never in 'em."

So, looks like I've got this article to write. Might as well get on it—I need the money. Alimony. You probably remember Billie Lou. They had a whole issue of *People* about us when we got married under the press tent at the '82 Open. Maybe some of you guys remember her as the Playmate of the Year a few years ago. I think she's Warren Beatty's playmate now.

Like I said, I felt pretty loose that Sunday morning. Knew I could keep it going and make it look good. The program called for me to hit a tree on two and make a bogey, then get it back with a spectacular bird from the trap on three. It was a good program, and I was smiling and joking around with the writers while I knocked back a chicken-fried steak and three eggs for breakfast.

Then I went out to the putting green and dropped a few balls. I played Spalding Dots, even though Wilson made a ball called the Greene Champion, which was a solid piece of white stuff—kind of like a round tooth. I knew it was going to be a great day. I sniffed the sea breeze. I didn't know then that I was about to take seven on the Par Five of Life.

•

Let me tell you how I worked the whole thing out. A buddy of mine at Kansas Instruments helped me put together a microcomputer small enough to fit in a golf ball. We did it as a demonstration—to show the boss we could get a pretty sophisticated machine down to that size. It made for a great demonstration: "Look here, J.B., we've got a Titleist X-out here with all the knowledge of the Library of Congress inside."

It didn't go much further than that. There's not much call for smart golf balls in the Business Office of Tomorrow. The boss gave us a pat on the back and said maybe we could get the thing to make a hole in one every time, har-de-har.

Well, he was close.

If I had the layout of a golf course, I figured, I could lay out the yardage in two dimensions and feed the perfect placement of each shot into the memory of the little computer. Then it would just be a matter of setting all the perfect placements in order, so the ball would go into the fairway from the tee, then go to the next programmed spot, in the right sequence. It took about a month of tinkering before I had a ball that knew where to go for every shot in a whole round of golf.

The problem was that the ball didn't know how to get there. If you hit it from the tee with an inside-out swing, the baby would just hook right into the bushes, knowing all along that it ought to be in the middle of the fairway 290 yards out. The problem was propulsion. It took a while, but I solved it.

Now, they're not paying me near enough to get me to let the secret out, but I will tell you one thing. The reason I always used the Spalding Dot, when all the other pros played Pro-Staffs and Titleists and Tourneys, was the key. You know that little black spot on the Dot? Well, if you ever took a magnifying glass to my ball, you'd see it should really have been called a Spalding Exhaust Pipe. Clever, huh?

So, I had me a sophisticated little computer with an automatic-guidance system and propulsion from the oxygenation of hydrogen fuel (which was in the liquid center). I was ready to take on the tour.

It worked pretty well, but some of the bugs weren't worked out right at the start. They gave me a few scares, like the time in the Byron Nelson when I hit a drive that went about 700 yards—"Hot damn! That wind in Texas shore do kick up, don't it?"—but I got them all straightened out and settled down to the business of becoming the most loved and awesome and all that stuff golfer.

You think it'd be really hard to get a computer in a golf ball? Then you just don't understand how advanced our technology is, pal. All I had to do was program the thing to go to its preordained spot every time it took a hard jolt. That way, it wouldn't take off like a rocket when I tried to putt. Since the sequence of 36–40 shots was all locked in the night before, when I sat down in the hotel with a layout of the course, nothing could go wrong.

I was on my own on the greens, of course, but then I hardly ever fixed it so I'd be more than ten feet away. If I three-putted, so what? I'd have five or six tap-in birdies a day, anyway, and I could always put in a few flag-biters the next day, if I missed too many.

The toughest thing was to make it *look* convincing. If you're going to beat Tom Watson by 15 strokes in the Crosby, you damn well better not look like Andy Williams when you swing or somebody's going to suspect something. I had played in college (number-two man at Kansas State in a down year), and I worked with video tapes of Sam Snead's swing for three months until our swings started to look quite a bit alike. So, then, all I had to do was look pretty reasonable out there and I could start practicing my wave to the crowd.

Guess you're probably ready to hear about that last day at Pebble Beach by now.

I was paired with Trevino and with Danny Sterling, the kid from Wake Forest who would wind up low amateur. They both put their tee shots on one right down the pipe, but nobody really cared, of course. I was the hot ticket, and the Greene Goblins were lined up ten deep in the gallery. I had a nine-stroke lead, and the program was for a straight, dead-solid-perfect drive off the first tee. It took off like an ICBM, about six feet off the ground the first 50 yards. Then it started to rise and didn't come down until the gasps did and I was a good 60 yards farther out than the other two guys.

I heard Ben Wright intone "Dear God . . ." into his ABC microphone and headed down the fairway the way you would if you'd just hit a 310-yard drive off the first tee on the last day of the Open.

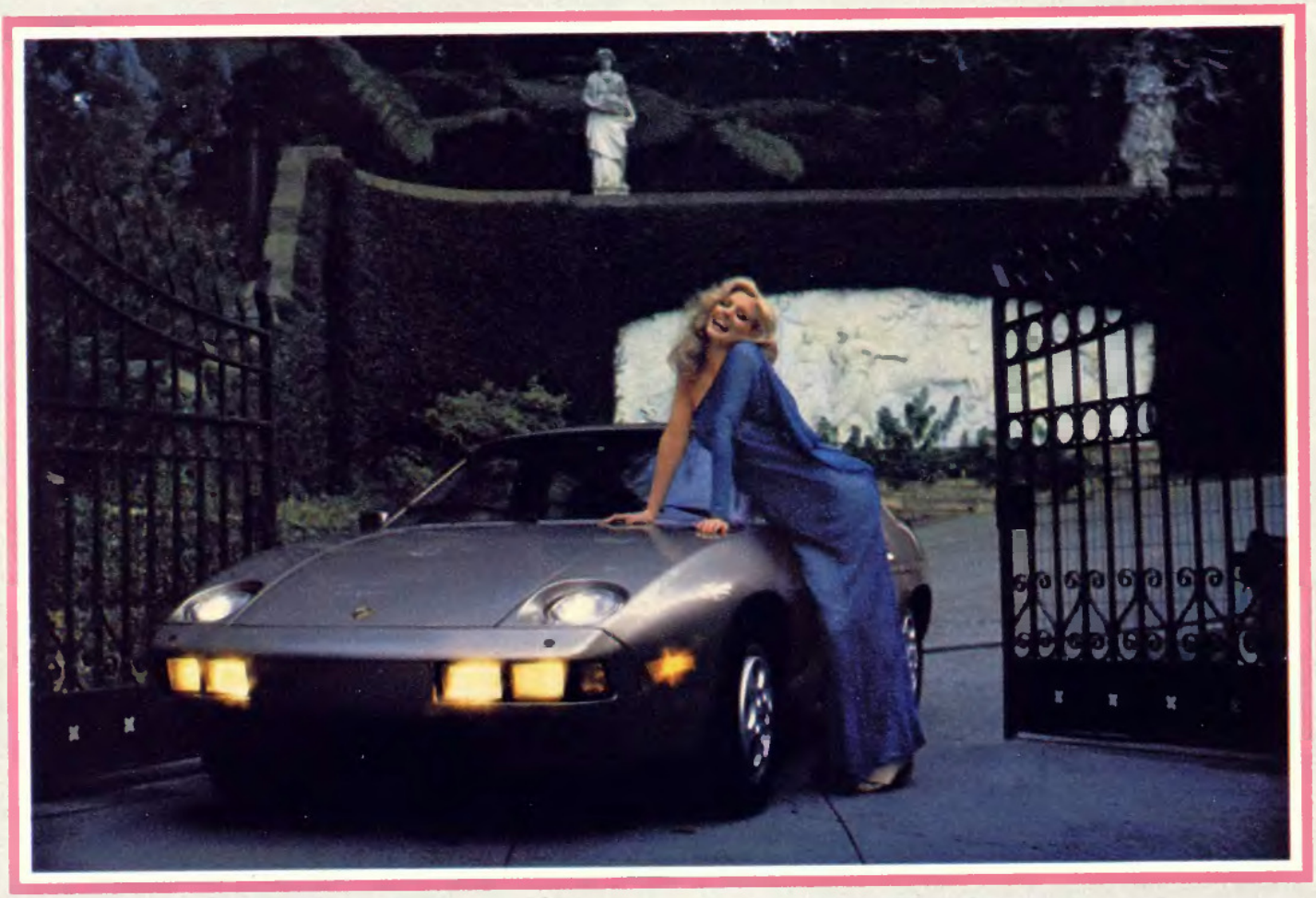
(continued on page 196)

"A rib? No shit?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

shannon is in fashion—
and tweed is the fabric dreams
are made on

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



THE SUN GLARES DOWN AT LOS ANGELES. Out on the hillsides, it bakes the underbrush close to combustion; but in a house in Holmby Hills, it is filtered through cut-glass windows. It scatters bright mosaics on the carpet and dances warmly in the eyes of Shannon Tweed.

"I didn't know what to expect when I came here," she says, smiling, folded in a leather chair in the Library of Playboy Mansion West. "It's been a little amazing to me."

She is languorously tall; her legs bend over the chair's arms and still almost touch the carpet. She wears blue jeans, a thin, tight pullover and no shoes. Her hair is gold. "I was rejected by the magazine *twice* after testing to be a Playmate. It seemed as if I were wasting time just trying to get into PLAYBOY when I could have been making money on other jobs. And now I end up as Playmate of the Year—it's a bigger happening than anything that's happened *(text concluded on page 217)*

Our 23rd, and tallest ever, Playmate of the Year, Shannon Lee Tweed (left) may also be the most glamorous of them all. In just two years, she became one of Canada's top fashion models. Tweed, of course, is no fabricated name. Her family has been attached to it for generations.

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.
008692
April 1, 1982
PAY
$**100,000.00**
Shannon Tweed
PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

The elegant import above leaves the competition in the dust with every change of gears. The car's not bad, either—a 1982 Porsche 928, it sells for $45,000 (but it comes with the tank filled). Its glove compartment is just the right size for Shannon's big prize (left), a check for $100,000.

"Last November, I put Hef on the list of 'role models' on my Data Sheet, before I even met the man. I'd do it again. Since last winter, I've considered Mansion West home; and now that I do know Hef, I've found that he's warm and unaffected—like the place he lives in."

"I think my Playmate of the Year pictorial is really me—there are more graphic, artistic pictures than even PLAYBOY *is known for. My original Playmate layout didn't look nearly as much like me."*

"It's certainly not my main concern, but one of the things that thrill me the most is that a lot of the Playmates of the Year are asked to appear on the Johnny Carson show—and I'd love to sing for him."

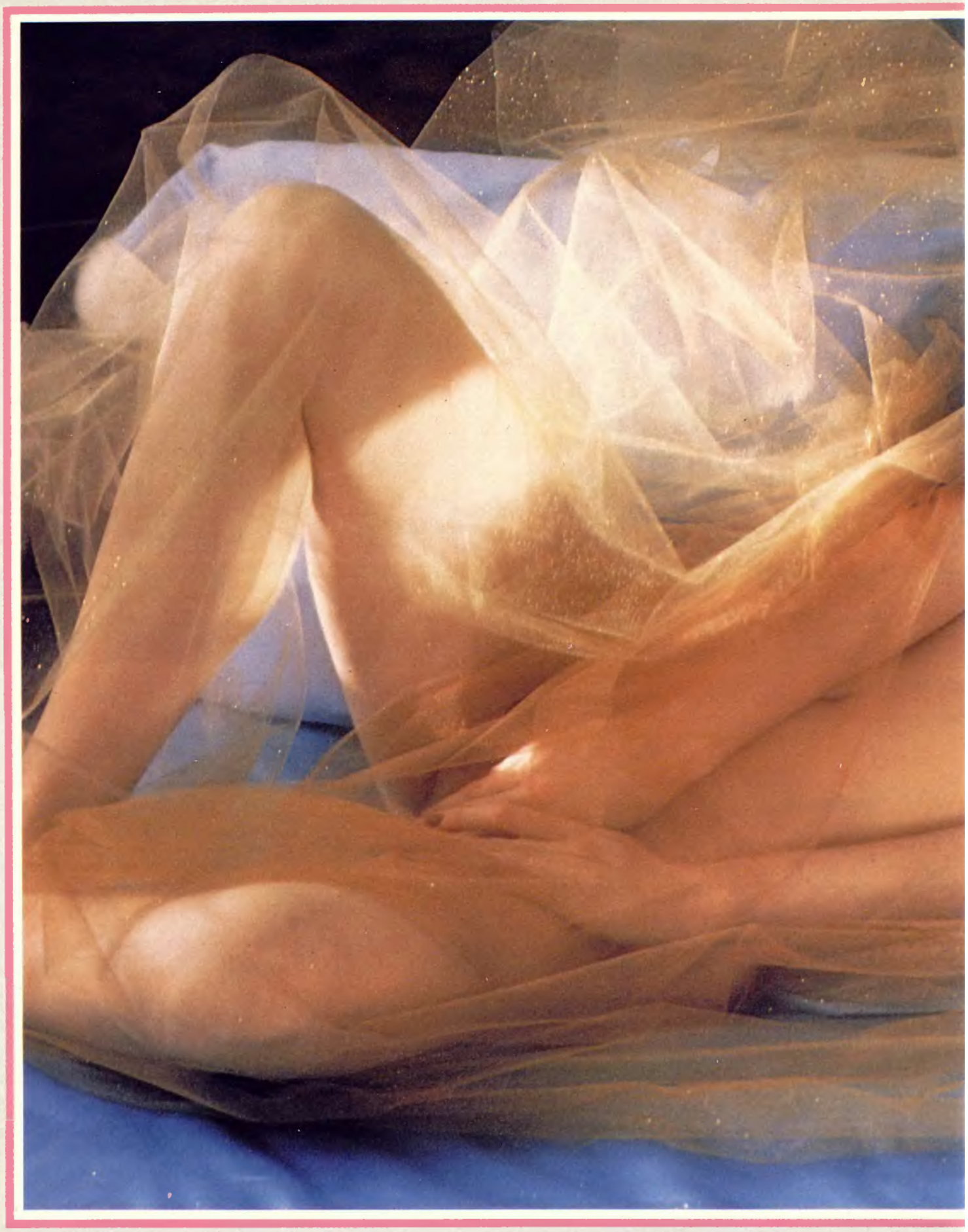
"I just finished a small role in a TV movie—'Drop-out Father,' with Dick Van Dyke. To tell the truth, it was boring; there was so much standing around and so little spontaneity. I liked it and it went well, but as far as television goes, I'll probably stick to commentating."

"My routine has totally changed since I came to live in Los Angeles. Now I get up around two in the afternoon. I do all the work I have to do—shooting for the magazine or going out on auditions or shooting 'Playboy on the Scene'—by seven or eight, then play."

"The set built for my Playmate of the Year feature is the most expensive in PLAYBOY *history. It's like a fantasy version of a New York apartment right here in L.A. I love the shot in which I'm on all fours, shaking my wet hair behind me. It looks...sculpted."*

"I know I could be typecast in theatrical movies—typecast as what a lot of people think a Playmate is. I could get cast as a beautiful body without too much upstairs. But who wants that? It's not the case."

"If I am going to act, and if I'm going to start in a small part, I'd rather it be character acting or comedy than your basic 'blonde' role. I'm not afraid to look stupid or ugly, but I don't want a part in a movie in which I simply look good and then get killed. I'm looking for a role that's short and sweet, not short and dumb."



"I'm a little sentimental. At the New Year's Eve party, I started sobbing uncontrollably when they played 'Auld Lang Syne.' Soon everyone was crying, even Hef. It was my favorite party at the Mansion."

"Just give me one ship, your Majesty, and I'll show you how I go around the world!"

THERE WAS A FRIAR in Naples who was a well-known evangelist. His big bassoon voice and his glittering eyes frightened many a sinner into repentance, but, I am very sorry to say, his tongue rolled out the rhetoric while his poor brain struggled to catch up.

He hated adultery with a special hate. But his sermons against it were so vehement and so evocative that they brought pictures to the mind of every listener. One day he was thundering, "I tell you this, you sinners, adultery is the most loathsome sin of all! It is the vile destroyer of holy matrimony!" He glared at his audience.

"Why, I myself would rather sleep with ten pure virgins than with one married woman!"

Quite carried away, the sexton shouted, "Me, too!"

"So would I," bellowed the organist.

"Amen, amen, amen," the choir sang.

—Poggio Bracciolini

ANTONIO DA PALERMO, a man with a memory for the wisdom of the past, was discussing the institution of marriage with his unhappy friend Giorgio. Giorgio had argued—his fist pounding the table and his face turning red—that all marriages turned out to be made in hell. There was no chance for a good one.

"There is, indeed, a good chance," Antonio countered, "if one lives by the right precept—and there are two rules for a perfect marriage."

"And those are?" Giorgio asked.

"First, the husband should be deaf as a stone. Second, the wife should be blind as an oyster." Antonio grinned. "Don't you see? In this happy situation, the wife could see nothing when her husband went girl chasing. And the husband couldn't hear her eternal nagging."

"Damn, damn, *damn*!" yelled Giorgio. "So that's how the saying goes? I heard it from my wife and she told it to me just the opposite." *—Leonardo da Vinci*

THERE WAS ONCE an abbot of a small abbey who fell under the wrath of Bernabò, Lord of Milan. Bernabò dispatched one of his knights to the abbey with a demand for 4000 florins to soothe his feelings. But the abbot, whose benefice was poor at best, began to plead for mercy.

Yes, said the knight, his lord would accept a substitute for the fine—if the abbot could answer four difficult questions of natural philosophy at noon the following day.

The next morning, the abbot was pacing his garden with a troubled face and bloodshot eyes when Enrico, the miller who rented his mill, greeted him and asked the cause of his gloom. The abbot explained, adding, "I have been up all night trying to find the answers in the abbey library, but no book will tell me."

Enrico, a good man with ready wits, asked to hear the questions.

"First, how far is it from here to heaven? Second, how much water is there in the sea? Third, what is happening now in hell and, fourth, what is the worth of my lord Bernabò's person?"

The miller thought for a few moments and then said, "I believe that I know the answers to all of those elementary questions. But, abbot, old friend, there may be tricks in store. So I will shave off my beard, don your habit and go off to face Lord Bernabò." And so it was done.

When the disguised miller was ushered in, the nobleman looked scornfully at him and said, "Very well, my good monk, do you have any answers?"

Enrico paused a minute for effect and then said in his deep voice, "From this spot to heaven, it is exactly thirty-six million, eight hundred and fifty-four thousand, seventy-two and a half miles and twenty-two paces."

Bernabò looked taken aback. "And where is the proof?"

"Have your men measure the distance. If I am off by one pace, you can have me hanged."

When the lord said nothing but nodded at him to proceed, Enrico continued. "The sea is hard to measure because it is always in such motion. However, my researches show that it contains exactly twenty-five billion, nine hundred eighty-two million hogsheads, seven barrels, twelve gallons and two glasses."

As Bernabò shook his head disbelievingly, Enrico added, "Send for some barrels and have it measured. If I'm wrong, you can cut me in quarters.

"Now, as to the present goings on in hell, I have to report that there is a lot of hanging, drawing and quartering and cutting off of heads there. Much—begging your lordship's pardon—like what is going on in Milan."

"And how are you informed of all this?" thundered Bernabò.

"I was told this by Dante the Florentine, who, as all men know, has made a visit to that place."

The nobleman leaned forward with a fierce frown and clenched fists to hear the answer to the fourth question. "You are, my lord, in your person, worth exactly twenty-nine silver pennies."

"Why so?" asked Bernabò in an ominous whisper. "That is the price of a little clay pot." He was very angry.

Enrico was beginning to be afraid. "Look at it reasonably, sire: Our Blessed Savior was sold for thirty pence; is it not right to suppose that you are worth one penny less than he?"

This shrewd reply so unsettled the Milanese lord that he began to grow calm again. "And now, sir abbot, for one more question, which you must answer as truthfully as you say you have answered the others: Who are you?"

Enrico knelt in fear and clasped his hands for mercy. "I am the miller at the abbey mill, and I have taken this disguise only as a way of saving a righteous man from ruin."

"Can you teach that righteous man to mill grain?"

Enrico nodded.

"Well, then," said Bernabò, "since you have played the learned abbot to perfection, you are henceforth the holder of that office and he the miller." And so they remained for the rest of their lives. *—Franco Sacchetti*

—Retold by Carlo Matteo

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

MAN and WOMAN

(continued from page 166)

"A distraction, a dropped cue, a twinge of guilt could have nipped their affair in the bud."

makes her moist. She moves closer to him and they stop to kiss, each exploring the biology of the other's mouth. They stand still for a moment, understanding through smell and the sensations of breath and heartbeat that they're now part of a common arousal. Somewhere in the wash of hormones and the complex brain talk of the messenger chemicals, a decision has been made. She shivers, though it is not cold, and the tiny hairs along her forearms become erect.

Inside the apartment, he slowly undresses her—whispering, kissing, reassuring. His excitement feeds on hers as he sees her swelling lips, the rush of blood to her areolae, the blush that spreads across her body. The reservoirs in the erectile tissue of his penis fill with blood and trap more and more of the blood that the brain orders up in compensation. Fully erect now, he quickly removes his own clothes. He teases at her breasts with his mouth and runs his hands down her flanks, reaching, little by little, toward the center of her. He fingers her clitoris, which also engorges with blood to become erect. He explores the wetness being spilled out into her vagina from glands lining the entrance and the walls of her vaginal canal.

At that point, you can bet our hero and heroine aren't thinking about what a tough day they had at the office. In fact, control of the reasoning forebrain has been removed, and both are now creatures of the lower brain and of the autonomic nervous system. The parasympathetic nervous system is causing hardness and moistness—the drop of moisture at the end of his penis; the discharge of hormones from glands in armpits, breasts and pubic skin. And the sympathetic nervous system is washing the muscles of both partners with adrenaline. Their hearts are beating faster, their breathing has become heavy, their muscles are taut. Meanwhile, their adrenal glands are pumping out testosterone in a mix of other hormones, making her clitoris more sensitive and giving him an extra urgency centered on his penis and on the reflex arc that now governs his erection from nerve centers at the base of his spine.

Automatic nervous impulses rush to their pelvic muscles. Their excitement mounts. She pulls him closer and he enters her. Now both are working, matching the rhythm of their movements, thrusting, lifting and pushing. And slowly, the sympathetic nervous tension builds in each of them to a higher and higher pitch. Pressure changes in her womb. Blood vessels are increasingly constricted. Glands are burdened. Muscles are drum tight.

Then, suddenly, release. The right brain takes command, and the parasympathetic nervous system suddenly erupts into action to take over their bodies. The messenger chemical acetylcholine takes the place of adrenaline. And where there was tension, there is now an explosion into calmness. The muscles of his penis contract involuntarily, sending a stream of sperm arcing into her. Nerve impulses race toward his brain. If our hero is the noisy type, he probably cries something like "Yeees!" in a great exhilaration of air. At the same time, contractions begin to ripple along the walls of our heroine's vagina as he shudders within her. They reach upward toward her womb and outward to her pulsing, disgorging clitoris. A new hormone, oxytocin, is released from her pituitary. Her skin darkens. And "Yes!" she cries, too, as she plummets back to rest.

They're quiet for a moment as hearts slow, blood pressure drops and bodies return to normal. He falls asleep quickly; but she lies awake as substances within the ejaculate now inside her cause the contractions in her womb and vagina to continue, only more slowly. As he begins to breathe more deeply, she continues to feel vaguely aroused. How good *was* it? she wonders. Could there have been more?

•

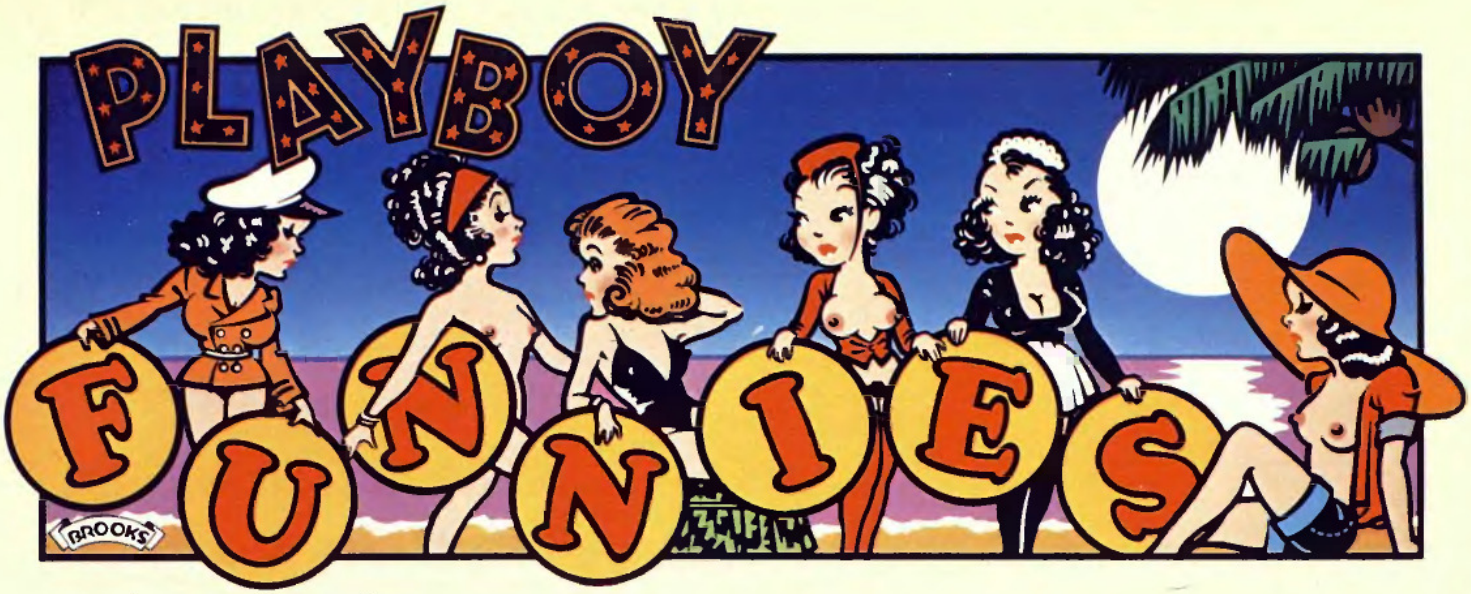
That, ladies and gentlemen, is sex. More or less. Give or take. And it's obviously an immensely complicated business. It involves the state of two bodies, attraction, arousal and what Masters and Johnson have called E.P.O.R. (excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution). For our hero and heroine, it has involved literally millions of variables. For them, it has depended on chance. It has been carried through a delicate dance of moves and countermoves. And at any point, anything—a distraction, a dropped cue, a twinge of guilt—could have nipped their affair in the bud. It has also been dependent not only on them but on the culture that surrounds them. If one or the other of them, for example, had sported saucer-shaped lips, a large nose ring or whole-body basket-weave tattooing (signs of considerable beauty elsewhere), the evening would never have begun. And if he or she had started poking the other in the eye or biting at the other's eyebrow (all the rage in other places), it would never have continued.

Their attitudes toward sex, in other words, and much of what they do during it, are based on local custom. They have to do with religion and law and upbringing and experience. They're learned. Fellatio, cunnilingus and all the other variations on the theme that we have left out may be fun, but they, too, are learned (usually only in societies that are maritally stable—which, by that definition, ours is). The point is, an enormous amount of our sexual jousting is purely cultural. And if we're going to be able to say anything fundamental about it, we're going to have to strip away culture and aim straight at the biological heart of the scene between him and her. We're going to have to look at the biological inheritance they received from all the sexually successful parents who preceded them—the *programs* that evolved to bring a man and a woman together and to make them attractive to each other. Those programs aren't rigid; they don't dictate behavior. But they *predispose*.

"What we have to do is look across human cultures and see if they fit a central hypothesis," says Donald Symons, associate professor of anthropology at the University of California at Santa Barbara and author of *The Evolution of Human Sexuality*. "The hypothesis is this: Since human females, like those of most species, make a relatively large investment in the production and survival of each offspring—and males can sometimes get away with a relatively small one—they'll approach sex and reproduction in rather different ways from males. During our evolutionary history, the sexual desires and dispositions that promoted reproductive success for one sex probably spelled reproductive disaster for the other sex. Therefore, assuming that our brains, like the rest of our bodies, were designed by natural selection, men and women today ought to differ in their sexual psychologies. Women should be more choosy and more hesitant, because they're more at risk from the consequences of a bad choice. And men should be less discriminating, more aggressive and have a greater taste for a variety of partners—because they're less at risk. That is, in fact, what we find.

"Furthermore, individual males and females aren't equally valuable as mates. So mechanisms ought to have developed that enabled them to detect and be attracted to the most reproductively valuable members of the opposite sex, the ones most useful to their genes. Males would look for health, aptness for

(continued on page 240)

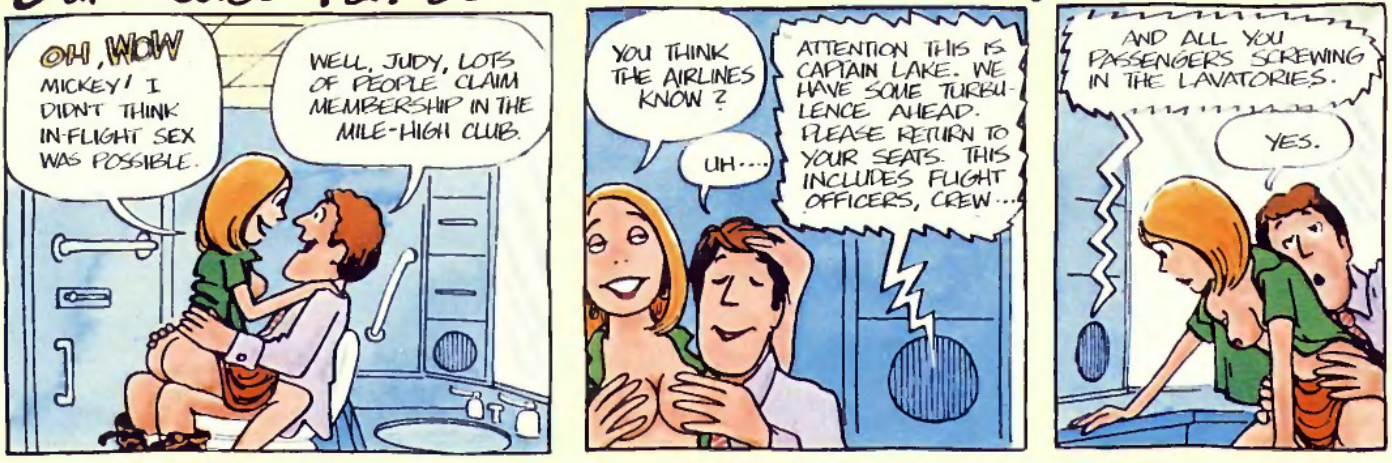


annie & albert

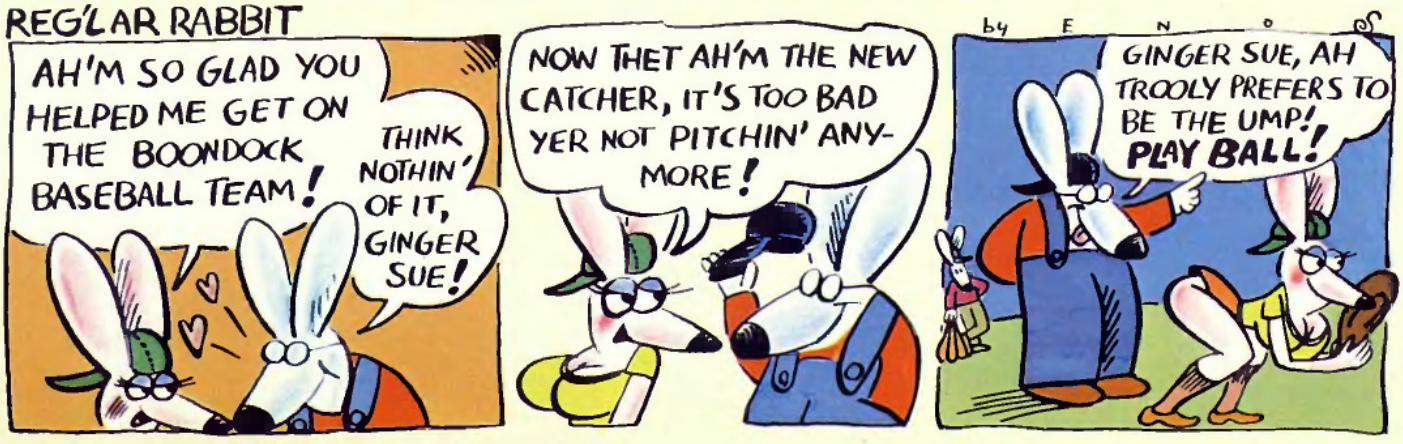
by J. Michael Leonard

Our Secret Fantasies

by Mort Gerberg



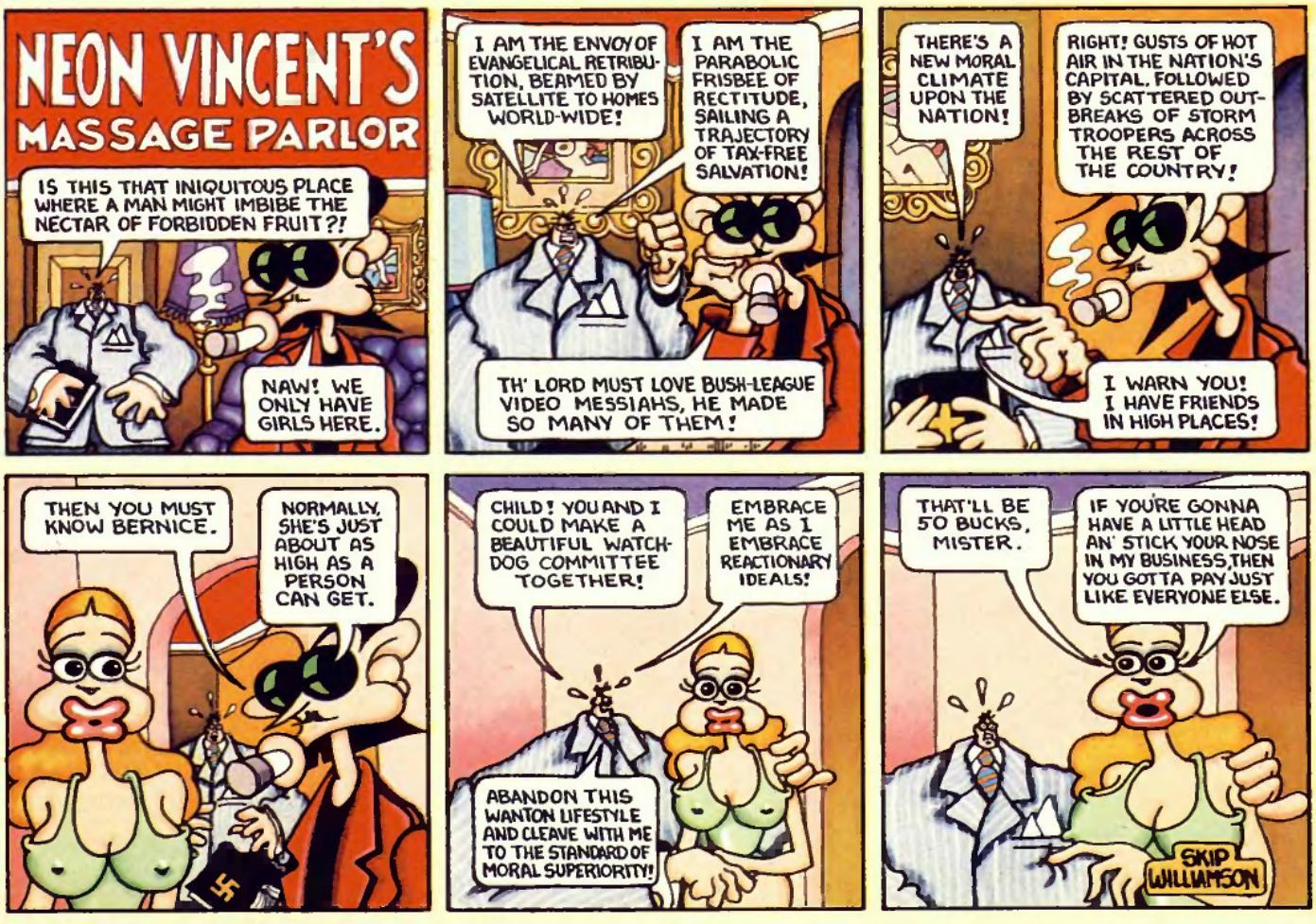
REG'LAR RABBIT



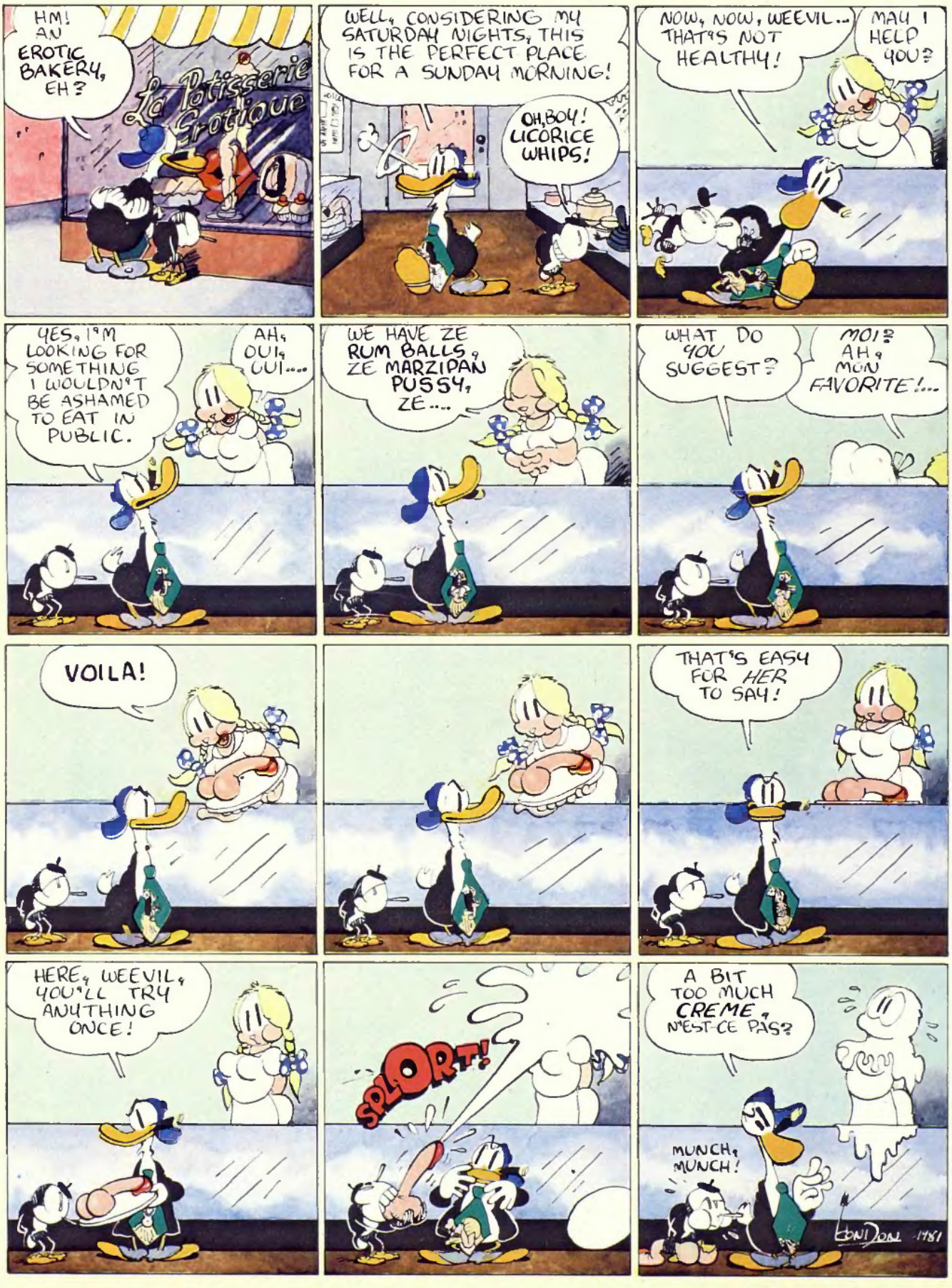
My roommates are gone. We're all alone.... Hi, lover boy.
Oh...hi, Betsy baby!
Hi, lambie pie!
Hahaha! Hi, Bunny!
Hi, Cutesie poo!
HAW!
Hi, Poopsie; hi, Punky Nose!!
WHOOP!
HI, POO POO!!
HA HA HA!
HA HA!
HI, STINKY PIE!!
HI, KITTY CAT!!
HI, GOOBER!!
RING!
Hello?... Oh, hi, Munchkin Bunky!
Hey! for crying out loud-
HI, PUPPY BUNKY PIDDLEY POO!
How could you?
Betsy, how COULD you? One minute we're really into our own special love talk. Two seconds later you're giving the same rap to the first guy who comes along. How COULD you?
Tell me when your aunt Betsy comes on, Piddley poo!
Sarah Downs

"Birth Control"

by FRANK BAGINSKI & REYNOLDS DODSON

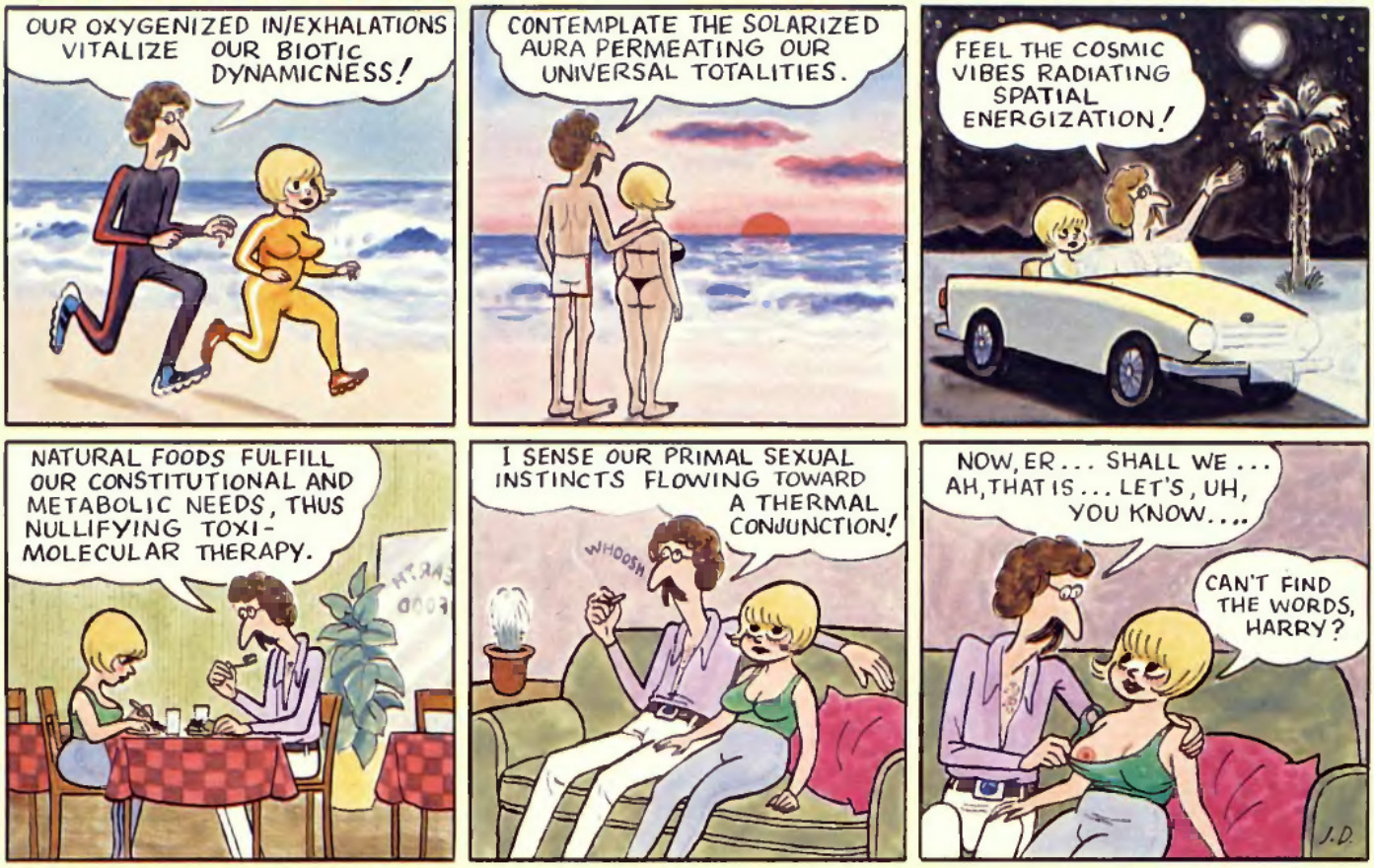


Dirty Duck® by Bobby London

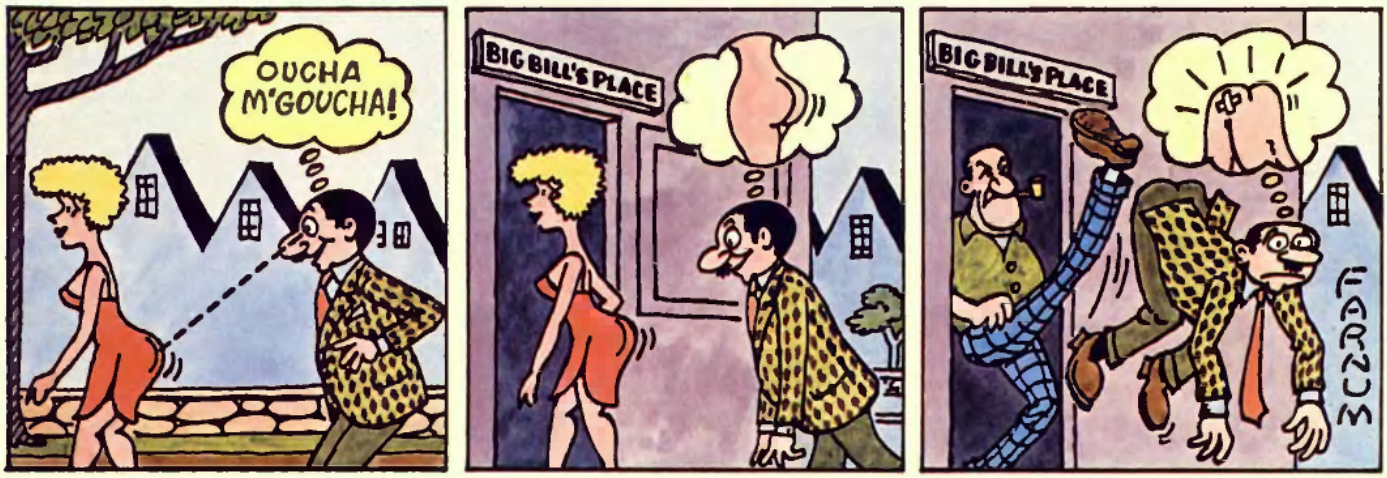


HOLISTIC HARRY

BY J. DELMAR

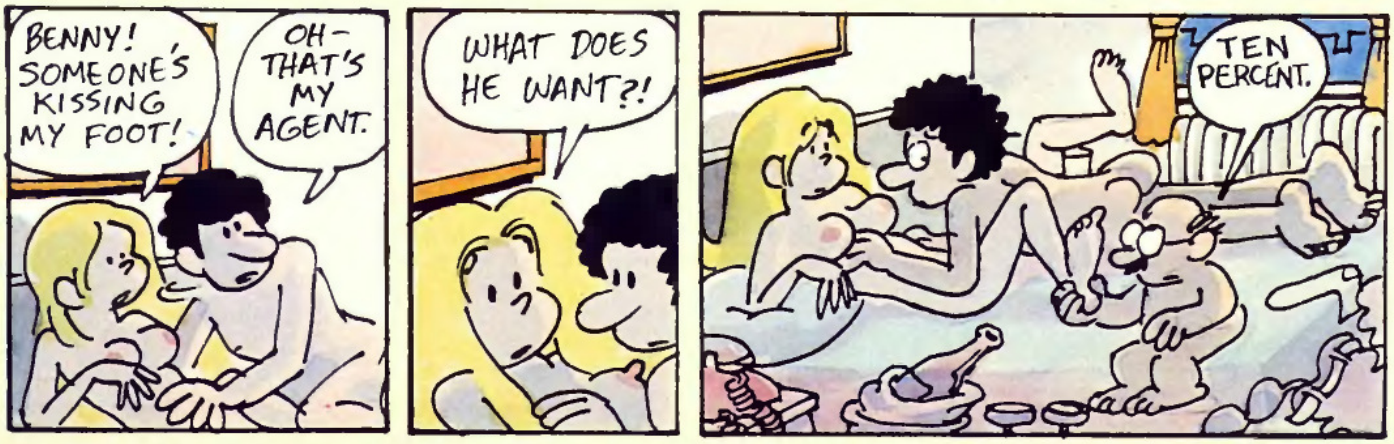


IT'S GREAT TO BE MARRIED



BENNY JUICE

Christopher Browne



LEE AND ME

(continued from page 172)

"I glared at the hole, like Nicklaus, and gripped my putter until it stopped shaking."

Things went fine all day long. Made a couple of bogeys on eight and nine, just to keep the folks by their TVs, while Lee was starting to get real hot. I wasn't worried, though. Does General Motors worry if Schwinn sells a few extra bikes?

Lee and I were the only red numbers on the board as we came to the turn. I was 11 under and he was minus four. Crenshaw was even (Wright insisted he was "level"). Ben is the best damn second-and-third-place finisher in the majors the world will ever know.

The ball was working like a charm. I could have shot 63 on a good day, but the putts weren't falling. Maybe you remember that nobody ever called me a great putter, because I was actually just a club player out there with the guys on the tour. So I always missed my share of four-footers. Anyway, I still had four strokes on Lee, coming to 16. Everybody else was out of it by then. It was ticking me off a little that Lee was staying so close—I had at least ten strokes on the rest of the field. He kept cracking jokes and making birdies, but I knew my birdie-birdie-birdie finish was coming up, so the old Mex would need an eagle and two holes in one to catch me. I wasn't too worried.

Sterling hit first, at 16. He'd just made birdie to bring him back to eight over for the day. The low ams usually don't shoot the lights out on the last day, playing late with their heroes, and I could tell the kid idolized the hell out of me. I hit next—a real thunderball, down the left side. We had to wait for Lee to finish telling a joke before he hit: "What's the difference between a nymphomaniac, a prostitute and a housewife? A nymphomaniac says, 'Is it over?' A prostitute says, 'It's over' and a housewife says, 'I think I'll paint the ceiling yellow.' "

Lee said his wife would get on him pretty good for that one, then he hit a high fade out into the middle and followed me into the fairway.

I waited for him to hit. He took a six iron and put it into the trap on the left. He looked over at me and smiled and said, "Well, *amigo*, unless you start taking sevens, this is about over, isn't it?"

Sterling hit a six about 40 yards over the green and nearly died of embarrassment.

I got to my ball and looked it over, took an eight and concentrated hard on making my swing look like Sam's. I knew that if I slipped and still hit the ball, or even if I forgot which way the green was and faced the tee and hit it that way, the ball would head straight for the heart of the green. It was important to keep up appearances.

Lee moseyed over and looked at my ball.

"How come you play a Dot?" he said.

"I like 'em."

"No click. Everybody else plays Pro-Staffs."

"Well, they tend to explode when I hit 'em." I thought I might as well lay it on thick.

He looked down at my ball. "Looks like that one already did."

"What?"

"The stuffings are coming out."

He was right. I tried to keep my eyes from bugging out of my head. I'd put a smile in the ball somewhere along the line.

"You got a jolly little golf ball," Lee said.

"Yeah. Must have skulled one somewhere."

"It's even got teeth."

"Huh?"

"The smile's even got teeth."

My little chips and microprocessors were trying to slip out through the smile.

"Well, I better hit it before it gets any worse."

I put a desperate Gerald Ford swing on it, and the ball acted like a missile with its guidance center falling out the bottom. It fluttered and pushed a little black smoke out the exhaust pipe and hit about 60 feet past the pin. Still, the programming held true and the ball backed up 56 feet, until it was right next to the pin.

Lee looked a little suspicious by this time. "A lot of bite on that ball," he said.

I gave him a queasy grin. "Must have been the teeth, I guess." As I hustled up to the green, the crowd was giving me a standing ovation.

I was just reaching down to replace my ball with an intact backup ball when one of the blazer guys stopped me and asked to take a look. He was the tournament director.

He took it out of my hand and rubbed it on his blazer. Some of the chips were starting to fall out now. He squeezed and sparks popped out of the smile.

The tournament director looked at me and said, "I don't think this is a regulation ball."

I said, "*Damn* that Spalding company! I should have been playing Pro-Staffs all along, just like Lee said."

"We'll have to take them all and examine them. I'll have someone bring you a dozen new balls." He turned and got in his cart.

"Wait a minute!" I yelled. "You can't just take my balls!"

"What is this material on the inside of the ball?"

"How do I know? Maybe it's a bomb. Maybe somebody's trying to kill me."

As he zipped away through the gallery, he said, "We'll find out."

I stood there and watched the blazer chug away with my career in his pocket. A kid brought me a dozen regular Spalding Dots, helped me open a boat and take one out, then pushed me in the direction of the green. The crowd crunched in around me. My caddie handed me my putter and said, "Hey, you been cheatin', man?" All in all, it was a bad moment.

Lee came over and said he was sorry if he'd caused me any trouble. He mumbled something like, "*Muchachas siesta por favor, amigo, tostada burrito yoyo bolos*," which he translated as, "You never stop trying as long as you've got the balls."

I was an 11 handicapper with good form and an ordinary golf ball. I had two holes to play and a four-stroke lead. My brains were trying to slide out through the smile in my face.

Just then, I realized I had found my way into every golfer's dream. There I was, standing over a putt for a five-stroke lead in the last round of the U. S. Open, looking across the green at Lee Trevino, who had just saved par to stay close. Millions of people were watching on TV.

I stood over the putt and looked at the hole, a long four feet away, and watched my hands shake. Then, over a monitor somewhere, I heard Jim McKay say, "And now Orval Greene, the Greene Machine, bids to close the door on Trevino and take his place in the lore of this great game . . ." and I knew I couldn't let down every duffer who ever dreamed this dream.

I glared at the hole, like Nicklaus, and gripped my putter and held on until it stopped shaking. I put it behind the ball and waited for minutes, and then I drew the blade back and brought it through.

I made it.

The crowd went nuts. Lee looked a little surprised, but he came over and patted me on the back. We went to 17, the par three. I had a five-stroke lead with two to play. I had the honor.

•

People have asked me ever since why I didn't just hang it up right then, knowing the blazers were going to find out

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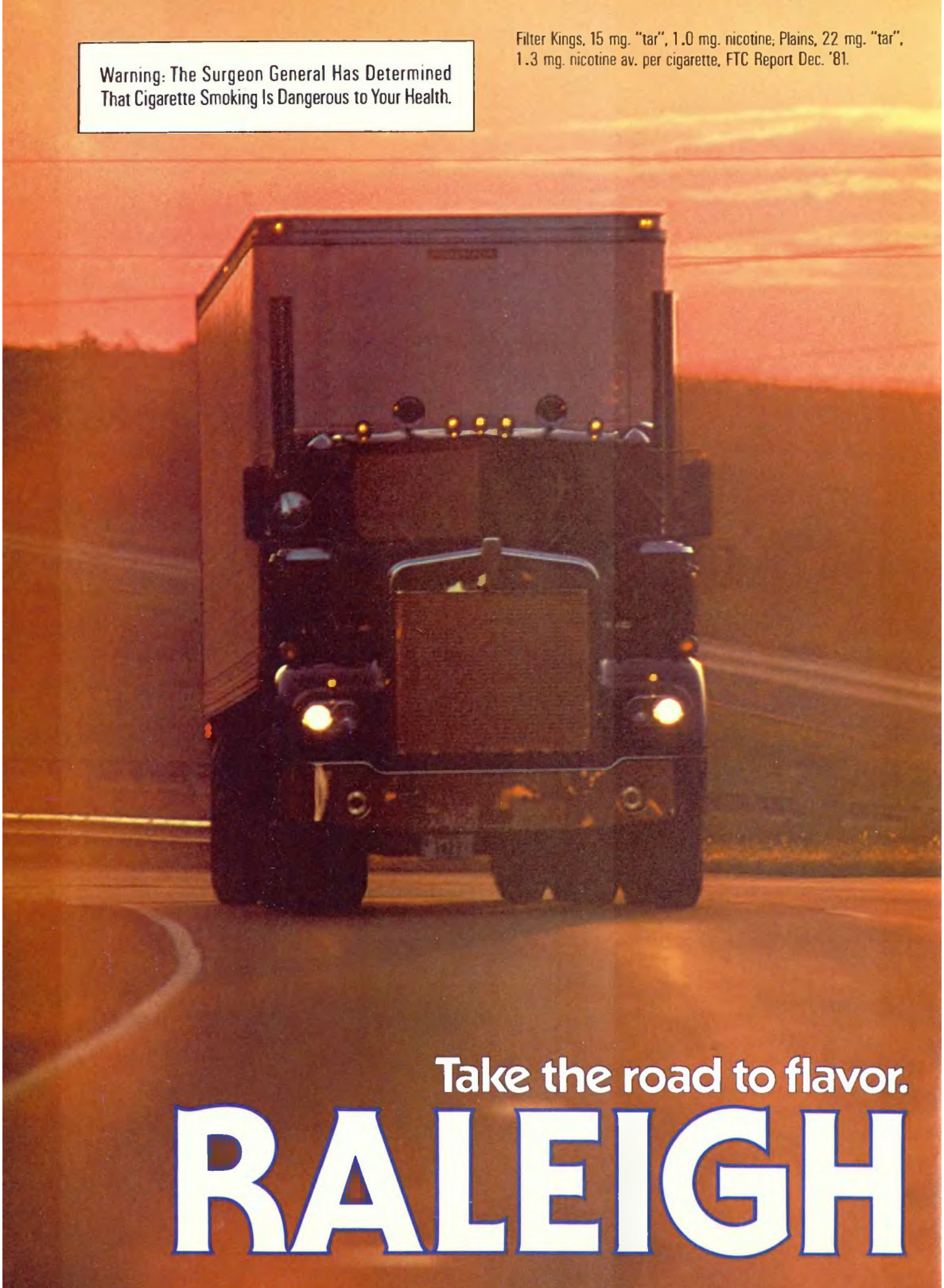

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RALEIGH

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about the ball and kick me out on my rear.

Did you ever think what you'd do if sometime you woke up and you were standing on the stage at the Met, with 200 people all dressed up behind you and a full house in front of you, and you were wearing a big helmet with horns? Well, you'd sing, wouldn't you?

I stood over the ball on the 17th tee and glared again, just like Nicklaus. I took a smooth practice swing and a deep breath, and then hit a worm burner off the tee. It bounced down over the ladies' tee and into the rough out in front of me and stopped a good 75 yards short of the green. The ball just sat there, dead, like a lump. It was a real ball, all right.

Sterling stuck a three about 12 feet from the flag, and then Lee threw in a two iron even closer.

I got to my ball and hit a wedge into the trap at the back left of the green. Didn't have to wait for anybody—I was still away. My caddie started running up toward the green, embarrassed to be connected with my last two shots.

My bunker shot just made it out onto the edge of the green. I was still away. I got the ball down in two, since my first putt rifled into the back of the hole and only went six inches by. Lee and the kid both made their birdie putts, and my lead on Lee was two strokes.

The 18th at Pebble Beach is that famous par five that winds its way around the Pacific. The Pacific is that famous ocean that drinks up balls that wind the wrong way on the 18th. The other two guys hit big drives down the left side, flirting with the water. My driver was shaking in my hand like an electric eel, but I held it down and popped one about 175 yards from the tee, out into the right rough. Then I rushed out and hacked at a three wood. That only went 100 yards.

I was still about 275 yards from the green. I could have taken a fairway wood and tried to get it close to the front, but I decided on a two iron. If Lee made par (and anybody who birdies the 18th at Pebble on the last day of the Open deserves to win and be made king besides), then a bogey would still win for me.

I turned to my caddie with my teeth clenched. "Gimme a two iron. I'm going to win this thing."

He said, "I can't understand you when you got your mouth closed."

"A two! I want a two!"

He handed it over, and I waggled a little. It was quiet everywhere in the world.

I backed away, waggled again. I saw Ben Hogan in my mind, and Palmer charging, and Player, and Miller on the last day at Oakmont, and Trevino at Merion and Nicklaus everywhere. I nailed that two, and it took off low and then rose and didn't come down again until it was just 20 yards short of the green.

The crowd went wild, and I grinned right in the face of Frank Hannigan and all the other blazers who wanted to do me in.

•

Well, you know how it all wound up. Lee made that beautiful eight-footer for his par, and I needed a downhill four-footer with a little left break on it for a one-stroke win.

It was just a little one, the kind you'd call a gimme if you were playing with your pals on Sunday morning. But they don't have gimmes in the Open.

I looked at it for a good five minutes, just standing there glaring at the black dot on the ball—that little black spot of paint with no exhaust pipe in it. I looked at it some more, and still the ball didn't move.

Lee said, "Winter's coming, *amigo*."

Wright whispered, "And it appears that at last, the great man is going to strike his tiny spheroid, and will it find its way into that marvelous pit or will it stay, like a rebellious child, at the entrance and refuse to go in?"

My caddie whispered in my ear, "You better make it, honkie."

Like I said, it was downhill, so I just started it rolling.

It seemed to roll forever before it got in the neighborhood of the hole, picking up speed all the time.

It started its break late and just caught the right lip and spun all the way around, until it was on the right lip again and I was looking at that black dot on the ball as it hovered on the last blade of grass between it and the bottom of the cup.

•

You probably remember the whole scene. Lee and I both fainted dead away, and the kid Sterling fell to the green in imitation of us. We looked like the end of *Hamlet*, the three of us there flat on the green, our putters lying next to us like swords.

The ball wavered.

The blazers clustered around the back of the green, waving their arms like chickens. They were trying to decide which one of us should be revived first. They decided on Lee, since he had honors on the hole.

The TV guys were getting excited, shouting into their microphones, showing close-ups of us sprawled on the green, with insets of the ball, teetering.

Then the fans just lost control and broke through the ropes and came pouring out around us. And that, of course, jarred the ground, and the ball fell in.

When they put smelling salts under my nose and brought me around, they had my trophy and my permanent suspension waiting at a red-and-white-striped table in front of the clubhouse, and that was the end of my brilliant career.

•

So, it was fun while it lasted, even if they do treat me like a doggy scooper now.

I spend most of my time now watching video tapes of Garo Yepremian. You know, a football is a lot bigger than a golf ball, and I'm working on a real smart one.

I know no N.F.L. club is going to want to give me a tryout, but maybe I can force their hand.

Last week, I kicked a field goal at the Rams game. From section 24, row UU, seat 31.

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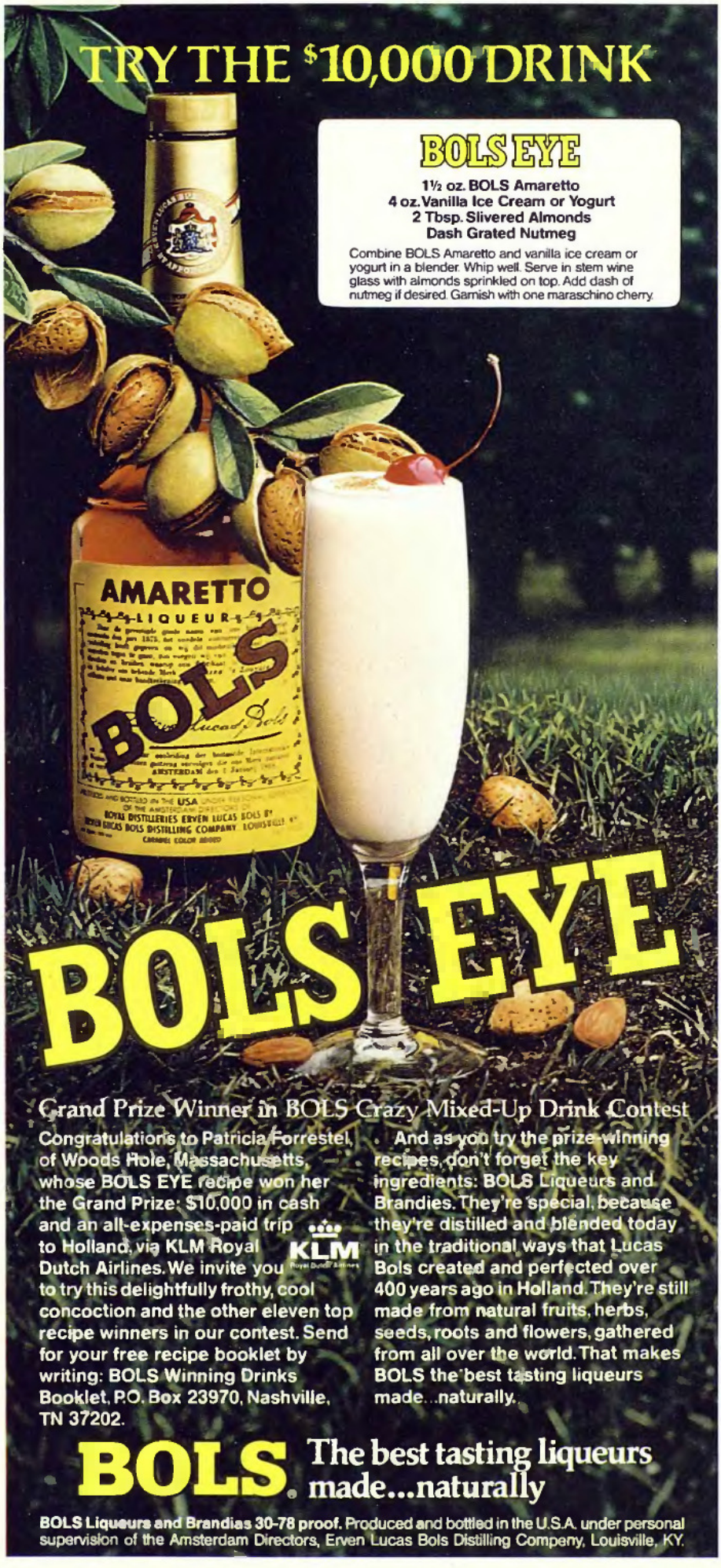

Masochists' Marathon

(continued from page 162)

mind the way the thought of escaping lurks in the mind of a lifer.

•

Running easily, almost gliding, feral instincts aroused, Latimer descended the sylvan trail into El Dorado Canyon. Mile 55 and leading, just like the past two years. Suddenly, he grasped the reality. He was leading and they—Catlin, Jim Howard and Buffalo Bill McDermott—were chasing. Predators and prey. My God, he thought, it's all going to happen again. Two paroxysmal sobs escaped, tears welling, a visage of self-pity.

Howard, on a roll of victories, including the tough American River 50-miler in April, was about a minute behind, running second. Howard is a 27-year-old part-time physical-education instructor at Sacramento State, a diffident young man who is quietly into born-againism. His Lincolnesque face, with red beard, pale-blue eyes and aquiline nose, is often the first to appear at finish lines, though this race has confounded him for three straight years. At 5'9" and 138 pounds, Howard is probably the most talented runner on the course.

McDermott, 30, was holding third, a minute behind Howard. He had achieved that position after starting dead last in the 251-runner field due to an ill-timed, hasty retreat to a bathroom at Squaw Valley Lodge, a contretemps magnified when he slipped off an embankment and landed on his ass before he could take his first step across the starting line.

Catlin, 29, was fifth, ten minutes behind McDermott and 12 minutes off Latimer's pace. Although he had been victorious the past two years, it was never Catlin's style to lead at this point.

Latimer recovered quickly from his emotional purge as he plunged into El Dorado Canyon. No one runs the downhills like Latimer, graceful as a deer, his stride smooth and ethereal. He had caught all three of them—Howard, Catlin and McDermott—in the previous canyon. When he came upon Howard, he found him planted in the middle of the trail, taking a leak. Howard politely moved aside when he saw him approach.

To Latimer's amazement, Catlin was just around the next switchback. "Hi, Mike," he called as he closed the gap. "How's it goin'?"

Catlin wasn't interested in divulging his problems—nausea, diarrhea, kidney complications—so he contrived a dissembled response. "I don't know," he said. "I'm just running along. I can't figure out what to do."

Passing, Latimer said wryly, "I've gotta run these downhills fast or I won't

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destroy my quads before the end of the race. And it wouldn't be a typical Western States if I didn't do that."

At the next switchback, Latimer passed Jim Pellon, a 30-year-old structural engineer from Mission Hills, California, who was as surprised as anyone that he had led earlier and, even now, was running near the front. A few minutes later, as Latimer started climbing the verdurous canyon's far side at mile 50, he spotted the leader, McDermott. He caught him quickly.

"How's it goin', Bill?"

"Gee," McDermott said softly, "this canyon always gets me. It's just so *hot* down here! The sweat's just drippin' off me!"

"Yeah, well, it's runnin' off me, too," Latimer consoled.

McDermott had no sooner been passed by Latimer than Howard passed him, too. Let 'em go, McDermott told himself. I'd be a fool to chase two guys known for going out too fast and blowing up. As McDermott contemplated that wisdom, he was at almost the exact spot where Howard had collapsed in 1978, after leading the race at a feckless pace. After resting in a stupor for some three hours, Howard had managed to tough out the final 40 miles and finish sixth, but in both 1979 and 1980, he had run himself into nauseated debilitation and had dropped out. This time, he was determined to do things differently.

Earlier, Latimer and Howard had been running together on Red Star Ridge, with its pristine, forested watershed. Nearly 20 miles into the race and well behind the leaders, both runners were using every form of discipline they knew to throttle themselves, kindred spirits hoping to atone for their previous transgressions on a course that demands deference.

"Jim, do you think we're hanging too far back?" Latimer had asked apprehensively. "Maybe we'll never even come close to the leaders—they're getting so far ahead."

"No, we're doing just the right thing," Howard said confidently. "This is perfect strategy. We're gonna be fresh—they're gonna tire. We'll let them run themselves out."

The pair ran in silence for a minute or two. Then it was Howard who had doubts. "Doug?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think we're hanging too far back? Think we're lettin' 'em get away from us?"

"No, Jim, this is perfect strategy," Latimer replied. "They're burning themselves up. We'll catch 'em at the end."

Two and a half hours later, after crossing densely timbered and shadowed Duncan Canyon and arriving at the meadowy 32-mile check point called Robinson Flat, they learned they were only five minutes behind the front runners. Howard grinned broadly and slapped Latimer on the back. "We're in it, man!"

Now, having overtaken McDermott, Latimer and Howard were running one two. The field of ectomorphic marvels was strung out for miles. It was obvious that the soaring temperatures forecast had materialized. As three o'clock neared and the race approached the ten-hour mark, the canyons were absolute kilns, baking at over 102 degrees in the shade, stagnant. It would get hotter yet for another two hours. Runners were stalled at various of the first nine of the course's 20 check points, getting treated by their support crews or by the race's volunteer medical staff for blisters, bruises, sprains, cramps, abrasions, fractures and heat afflictions.

In general, though, this field was the best prepared ever. Fully 161 entrants had run the race before, most in 1980. Only 19 would withdraw before reaching the halfway mark; 146 would finish, 82 within 24 hours.

Conventional curiosity leads expeditiously to the question of why anyone would submit to this flagellation in the first place. To most outsiders, the rationale is utterly elusive. The runners

themselves find the rewards ineffable.

"I just enjoy it immensely. It's strictly self-satisfaction," says one.

Larry King, husband of Billie Jean and three-time participant in the Western States race, echoes the feelings of many of the runners in his assessment of the experience: "It is the most memorable thing I've ever done for myself."

Even those who haven't run the race but have witnessed it are seemingly awed. Dr. Lang, who has seen two Olympiads and numerous world-record performances, including Jim Ryun's first mile record and Bob Beamon's 29-foot long jump, says the Western States Endurance Run is "the most amazing and inspirational" athletic event he has ever seen.

The 1981 runners, ranging in age from 21 to 65, hailed from 28 states, plus the Netherlands, New Zealand, Israel, Canada and Peru. They convened at Squaw Valley's Olympic House on a Friday in June, the day before the race, for the traditional orientation.

"If you die out there or get lost," warned run president Curt Sproul with mock solemnity, "I don't care what your excuse is—you don't get a belt buckle." This elicited a big laugh, so Sproul played it for more. "If you don't finish, it'll help our financial statement." Another big laugh. Sproul then turned serious and apologetically explained that someone had surreptitiously removed some of the yellow ribbons of surveyor's tape that serve as trail markers.

The specter of getting lost hangs thick at this event. Invariably, some runners become disoriented, especially in the wee hours of the morning—the *second* morning—when they're stumbling along in the dark, powers of rationality diminished by fatigue, orienteering with a prayer and a dimming flashlight and a pacer who doesn't know where the hell he is, either. Complicating matters is the ubiquity of misleading yellow ribbons belonging to surveyors and loggers in the area. "You've got to look for the *new* yellow ribbons," advised one wily race veteran.

In 1980, McDermott was in third place and running strongly at about the 85-mile mark when he missed a yellow ribbon indicating a turn and ended up rooting around the scrub oak and manzanita at nightfall for an hour or two without ever finding his way again. Eventually, he flushed onto a paved highway and hitched a ride to the finish.

Hoary and wizened Wendell T. Robie, the 87-year-old race patriarch, invariably has a few carefully considered words for the entrants at the orientation. He decided to allay apprehensions. "We've never lost anyone out there more than one or two days," he bellowed sepulchrally.

Robie is one of Auburn's most enduring landmarks—a wealthy banker, landowner and patrician. A Placer County kingpin. Twenty-seven years ago, he got it in his head to ride a horse 100 miles, from Squaw Valley to Auburn, within a day's time—this at the age of 60—to prove to friends that central California horses were still as durable as when they were bred for the pony express. His feat inspired the Tevis Cup ride, an annual endurance test for horses and riders that follows virtually the same 100-mile route Robie traveled in 1955. The Western States Endurance Run is a Tevis Cup spin-off.

It was in 1974 that Gordy Ainsleigh, then 27, distinguished himself by participating in the Tevis Cup ride without the full complement of accouterments normally associated with the event. He had, for instance, no horse. Ainsleigh is a 6'3", 205-pound blond, bearded karate brown belt, whose physical presence commands attention. It is his manner, though, an alluring affability, that ingratiates him. He inspires confidence. Once, during a 50-mile endurance horse ride, he convinced a flagging, sodium-depleted female rider that her salvation lay in the licking of salty sweat from her horse's hindquarters. Clearly, any man who can

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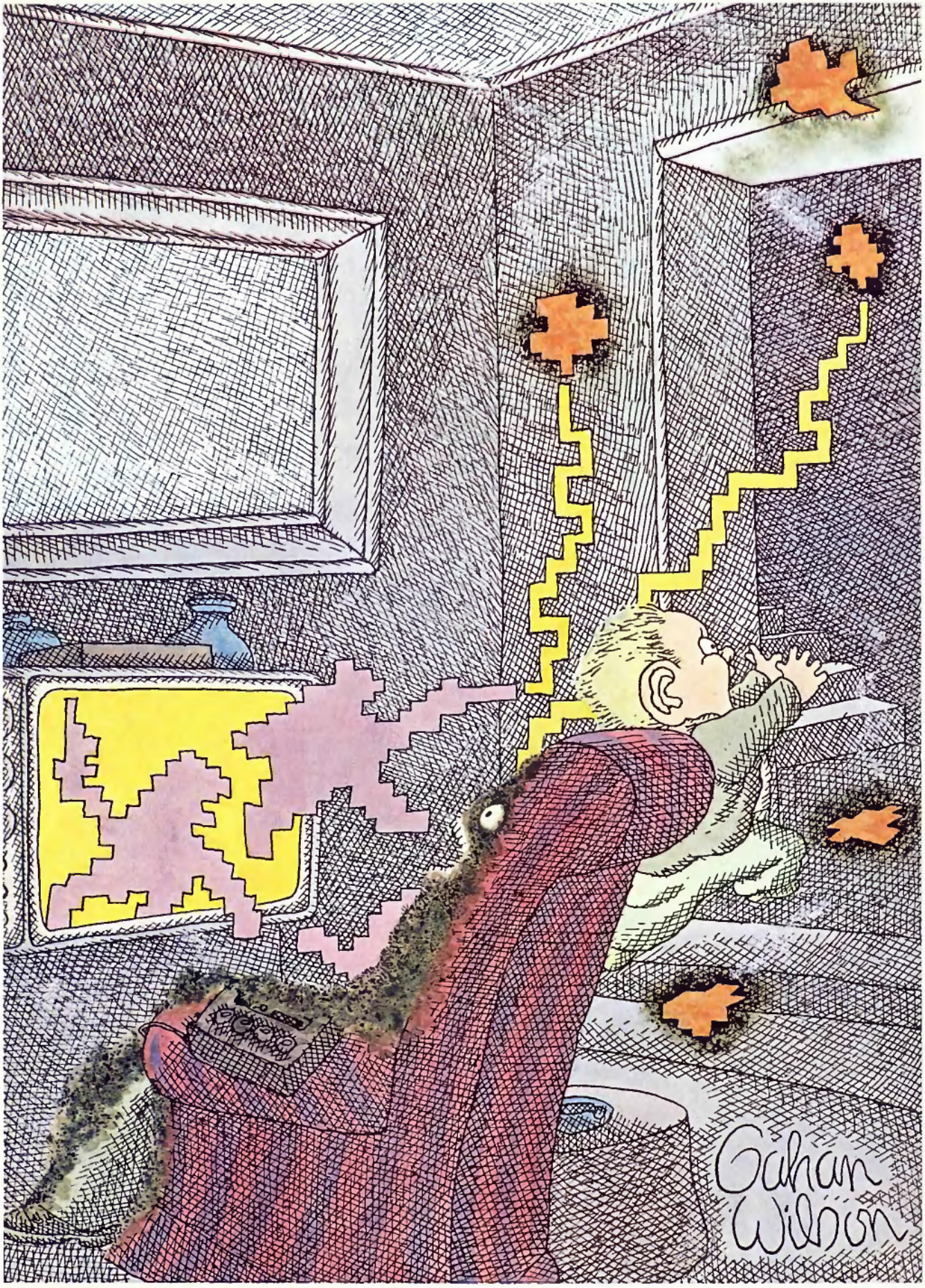


"Mommy! Mommy! Daddy lost!"

persuade a woman to lick a horse's ass is unique.

People go through life yearning to make a difference, to start something, end something, leave some mark or at least score a perfect 20 on a *Reader's Digest* word-power quiz. Ainsleigh had no such aims when he ran the Tevis. The adventure was purely a lark. Yet, in finishing the course in 23 hours and 42 minutes—a performance superior to those of many of the horses—he unwittingly propagated the annual frenzy that has burgeoned into the *ne plus ultra* of endurance trail races in America.

Invention being the mother of emulation, 27-year-old California rancher Ron Kelley ran with the Tevis horses the following year. He made it to within four miles of the finish before running out of reasons for continuing. The event might have died then and there but for an affable, if bizarre, construction worker known and, in fact, once listed in the Tahoe City, California, telephone directory as "Cowman." Cowman, 37, is a large, full-bearded, perennially disheveled individual with a proclivity for emitting strange howling sounds without warning. He also enjoys competing in endurance events wearing his patented furred, cow-horned helmet. In 1976, he ran in the Tevis and completed it in slightly more than 24 hours. The race committee decided to sanction the run as an event in its own right; in 1978, it began to conduct the ride and the run separately.

And now it's got a hit on its hands, with aspirants greatly exceeding the number of runners—250 or so—the committee feels the trail can reasonably accommodate. A lottery entry procedure has been implemented to enforce the quota and to prevent the race from becoming a tree-leveling stampede.

Already there are imitators, 100-mile trail races having bloomed in Virginia, Utah and Nevada. Three similar events have emerged in run-crazed California. But the Western States 100 Hermes belt buckle is the pre-eminent cachet for the swelling ranks of fitness addicts perpetually in search of a crucible. If you want to test your endurance, it is said, compete in Hawaii's Ironman World Triathlon. If you want to go beyond endurance and have a glimpse at your soul, try the Western States 100.

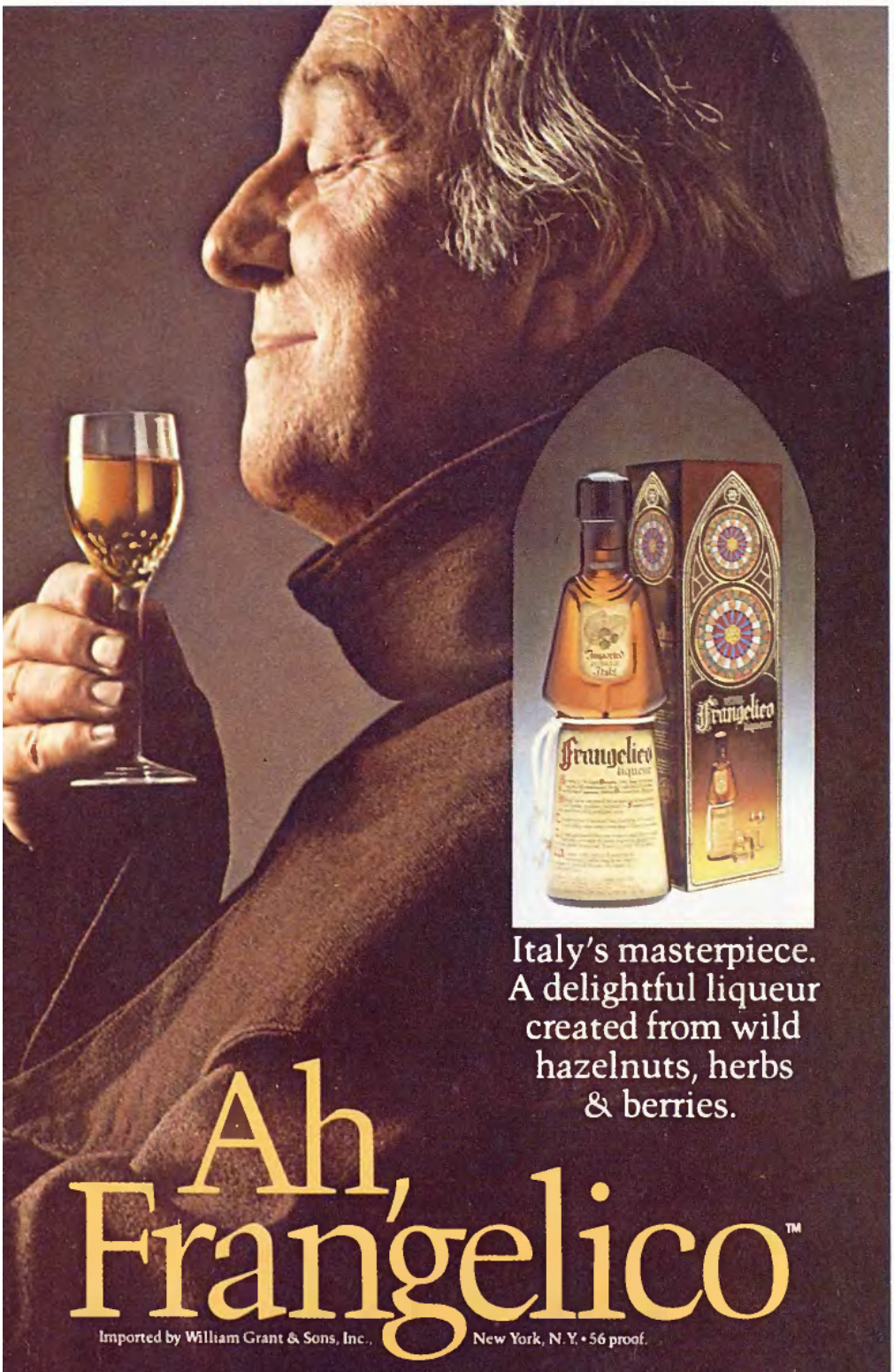
•

Michigan Bluff, elevation 3500 feet, is a jerkwater town, a gold-rush remnant perched above El Dorado Canyon. It features a narrow, tree-lined asphalt road that shimmers in the June heat. Each year, on the occasion of the Western States race (this year, the race starts June 26), the hamlet swells from maybe a dozen families to several hundred cooler-toting, solicitous support-crew people, numerous race officials and a radio-communications contingent from the search-and-rescue component of the Placer County sheriff's department. Automobiles line both sides of the street for half a mile. This is a favorite check point for runners' crews, owing to its accessibility and to runners' need for them here after negotiating two deadly canyons.

Latimer was the first to arrive, floating in at 2:50 P.M. with that fluid stride of his that is so admired, lifted by applause and encouragement from awed spectators. The 145-pound runner was an image of incongruity. It was inconceivable that he could appear so strong, seemingly unfazed, after 60 miles—almost ten hours—in Sierra back country. When Ainsleigh made his precursory run in 1974, one of the Tevis Cup horses never saw this check point. It died in El Dorado Canyon.

Thirty-six competitors will not see this check point today. Another 18 will manage to get here but will go no farther, several receiving intravenous fluids from the medical staffers. Six more will stop for the mandatory medical check, rest, head out again, think better of it, return and quit.

Latimer stopped to allow doctors to



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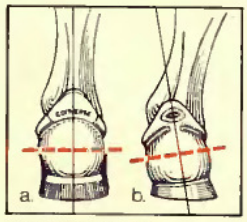
The shoes are called Phaeton™ and Selena.™ And they're based on an exclusive design philosophy no other running shoe has adopted. We call it the Stabilizer Bar. And simply put, what it does is help control pronation, the brutal side-to-side motion that occurs as your foot rolls inward at heelstrike.



a. Normal pronation.
b. Excessive pronation.

Our Stabilizer Bar gently helps "brake" your foot as it pronates, with the result that it helps lessen the twisting motion. So less of it reaches your ankle, less reaches your leg and obviously, less reaches your knee.

The Stabilizer Bar is not, however, the only advantage the Phaeton and Selena enjoy over conventional running shoes. The shoes also have Scotch Lite® Reflective Fabric* for night running safety which, under normal circumstances, allows you to be seen in all directions from over 200 yards away.

The Converse Stabilizer Bar. It acts as a brake during pronation.

And they weigh a mere 270 grams in Size 9.

But superlatives aside, there really is only one way to determine what the Phaeton and Selena can do for you: run, *very carefully,* down to your nearest Converse dealer and try a pair on.

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check his pulse, weight and blood pressure, a routine administered at the start, at the finish and six times along the way. If you don't pass the physical, you're pulled from the race.

The leader hastened up the road, where his handlers provided—as per his detailed written instructions rendered several days before the race—a Bodabelt (a plastic canteen worn about the waist) filled with E.R.G. (electrolyte replacement with glucose). Latimer surrendered an empty Bodabelt in exchange. His crew also gave him—per instructions—a fresh sockful of ice, which he placed atop his head, beneath his Moosehead Beer cap. The temperature on the bluff was in the 90s, at least 30 degrees above optimal running weather but cooler than in the canyons.

Latimer's crew padded along with him for 75 yards as he left the check point, having stopped for only three minutes. Howard, who had checked in two minutes behind Latimer, was already on his way out, too, 50 yards back.

"I don't think I'm gonna win," Latimer said evenly. One of his handlers reminded him that he wasn't out to win, anyway. Just an enjoyable run, Doug. Another belt buckle.

"Howard is gonna get away," Latimer insisted. "He's looking awfully good."

"Still a lot to go, Doug," said Santy, Latimer's close friend and business associate. "Remember what happened last year."

"Yeah, I'm just trying to take it real slow," Latimer said reassuringly. "I'm not even thinking about racing."

McDermott, clad in a truncated BUFFALO BILL T-shirt, white nylon shorts, running shoes, a white rain hat and dark sunglasses, rolled into Michigan Bluff ten minutes after Latimer and Howard had departed. Complaining about the heat and his waning blood sugar, he drank a Coke, treated a blister, changed shoes, grabbed a banana for the road and was gone within nine minutes. Catlin had recovered from his earlier afflictions and was in and out in three minutes, 30 minutes off the pace and fifth behind Pellon. Pellon was happy with his day so far and figured anything thereafter was icing.

•

White Oak Flat, elevation 2000 feet, is a dusty, sparsely oaked foothill locale in the middle of nowhere that serves as the 75-mile check point. Latimer arrived two minutes behind Howard, who had taken the lead and was setting a remarkable pace. Howard in a ridiculous-looking visor with white toweling hanging down the back of his neck. McDermott had looked at him earlier in the race and said, "Where's your camel, Jim?"

After his medical check, Latimer conferred briefly with his brother. About to

leave, he searched for Howard. "Where's Jim?"

"Oh, gee," John said. "He already left—about a minute ago. He's out of sight."

As Latimer left the check point on a winding dirt road that leads into the river canyon, he was nagged by the fear that Howard had thought better of their agreement. Howard was the one who had suggested it, seven miles back in the hamlet of Foresthill, after erasing Latimer's negligible lead. "How would you feel about running in together?" Actually, Howard and Catlin, who are roommates, had discussed the notion of tying one night during an all-purpose bull session. Obviously, allowed Howard, they would both be in the hunt near the end, so how would Catlin feel about running in together, sharing the victory?

Catlin just about shit: "No way will I run 100 miles to tie! Hell, I'd rather take second than tie! I'd sprint the last 100 yards to beat you if I had to!"

Latimer's reaction was the opposite. When Howard made the proposal as they ran through Foresthill, he agreed unhesitatingly. "There's nothing I'd like better. It'd be terrific if you really want to."

Such an accedence was uncharacteristic for a man of Latimer's competitive bent. But this circumstance was unique. Latimer and Howard had been within shouting distance all day. Indeed, they had run much of the race in tandem. And for three years, they had tacitly commiserated over their mutual misfortunes in the Western States race, misfortunes that had probed the contest's furthest outposts of physical and mental evisceration. So Latimer understood the spirit in which Howard, who is doggedly competitive himself, had made the offer, and he accepted in the same spirit.

At the time, Latimer had felt that Howard was the stronger runner, though he was sure he could hold his pace to Auburn. The leaders agreed that they couldn't afford to let up, not with McDermott and Catlin just a couple of miles back. So when Latimer stopped at the edge of Foresthill to collect a fresh Bodabelt from his brother, Howard kept going. "I'll just keep this pace," he said, "and we'll see how it's going at White Oak." But Howard hadn't waited at White Oak, and now, as Latimer arrived at the bouldered bank of the middle fork of the American River, it was obvious he hadn't waited here, either. There would be no catching him now.

After fording the river, Latimer was joined by his pacer, Ed Wehan, who had been a top finisher in the 1979 race and was intimately aware of Latimer's abilities. Latimer expressed pessimism about

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his chances. "Hey," enthused Wehan, "you're only a minute or two behind. At this pace, Howard can't be going much faster. Let's just see what happens." And they pressed on, unaware that Howard had been leaving messages at check points indicating that he still wanted to tie.

What neither Howard nor Latimer knew, had any way of knowing, was that Catlin had made it only a mile out of White Oak before turning back and withdrawing at the check point with knee problems. McDermott was way off the pace—an hour back—and Pellon was even farther back.

On a sandy riverbank somewhere around the 89th mile and into the 15th hour, Latimer and Wehan noticed footprints. Howard's and his pacer's footprints. The strides were uncharacteristically short. Howard must be slowing. All competitors walk the steep hills in this race, but this was flat. It appeared that Howard was walking or barely running where he should have been moving much faster.

This was exactly where Catlin had used the same technique to deduce that Latimer was fading in the 1979 race. The irony wasn't lost on Latimer. He quickened his pace.

On an uphill stretch that leads to the 92-mile check point, Latimer came around a bend, and suddenly, there was Howard just ahead, moving slowly with his pacer. Latimer shouted. The pacer turned and frowned. Latimer caught up easily and asked Howard how he was feeling.

"I'm having a hard time," Howard admitted weakly. "I'm really dehydrated."

Latimer moved past. "Do you still want to tie?" he asked earnestly.

"I'd still like to if *you* want to," Howard said, forcing the words from a mouth that was so dry, his tongue cleaved to it.

•

Highway 49 check point. Ninety-two miles and daylight on the wane. When the runners arrived, striding abreast, their crews set upon them immediately. John approached his brother. "Go for it, Doug! He's dying! He's dying!" Howard was getting much the same from a crew that was certain its 27-year-old stallion could put away a 43-year-old man in these last eight miles. Howard gulped Coca-Cola to slake his thirst and get sugar into his enervated body. Both runners shook off the admonitions with laconic replies. "We're going to run in together." And off they went, side by side, through a golden field, pacers in tow.

Catlin was among the bystanders. Someone asked if he were going to head over to No Hands Bridge, the 96.5-mile check point. Catlin replied tightly, "Why rush over to the bridge to see two guys who are gonna tie?"

•

John Latimer, who had suffered with his brother in the emotional flotsam of the 1979 and 1980 losses, was still disappointed about the tie months later. "It may have hit me harder because I didn't have a voice in the decision," he explained. Which is not to say his eyes weren't misty, along with everyone else's, when he saw the two runners emerge from the dusk and enter the illuminated Placer High School track stadium at 9:02 P.M. Some 150 spectators in the infield and the bleachers applauded and cheered as the pair rounded the final turn, hands clasped and upraised as they marked the last 40 yards of their ordeal.

The time, 16:02:37, was a new record, breaking Catlin's old mark of 16:11:56, which was set before race officials took a careful measurement of the route and then lengthened it 4.8 miles to make it precisely 100 miles. Latimer and Howard stopped for no more than a total of 15 minutes during the entire race and ran the final eight miles at a pace faster than they had run the previous 92.

Howard, looking moribund, eyes glassy, was asked by a race official if he wanted something to eat. "No," he

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by ARTHUR FULMER

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The real trick is to rise above Einstein's logic and increase performance and fuel economy at the same time.

That act of transcendental engineering is manifested for the first time in the 1982 Saab APC Turbo.

The APC stands for Automatic Performance Control. It improves gas mileage by 11%* over the conventional turbo engine. And, at the same time that it's being wonderfully civic-minded, it chops a g-force-inducing second from 0 to 60 acceleration.

Turbocharging 101.

(You can skip this section of the ad if automotive engineering doesn't interest you.)

Turbochargers were originally designed for airplanes and racing cars. When they finally and logically found their way into passenger cars, a problem arose.

Turbocharging generates additional pressure in an engine. If the pressure gets too great, the engine starts to knock. That's the engine's none too subtle way of telling you that it's headed for self-destruct.

So, most automakers adopted a "better safe than sorry" attitude. They set their maximum turbo boost well below the critical pressure point.

The good news: The Turbo could operate safely under any circumstances. Namely, when the fuel quality is erratic (the octane level is low) or when the climate is too hot or dry.

The bad news: Those circumstances happen only about 5% of the time you drive. So, in protecting the engine against a 5% possibility, turbocharged engines couldn't give you full power and full fuel efficiency the other 95% of the time.

Advanced turbocharging: an engine that thinks.

Saab's new APC system monitors the effects of heat, humidity, and fuel octane. It analyzes the data and decides for itself just how much power can be produced at any given moment.

If the given moment shows normal conditions, the Turbo's maximum boost is determined by fuel quality. Which is to say that it operates more efficiently than any turbocharged engine on the market.

The other 5% of the time, the engine operates at the same efficiency level as all the other turbos on the market.

Final exams.

In 1977, Saab introduced its first turbo.

In 1981, *Road & Track* magazine named the Saab Turbo as "The Best Sports Sedan for the Eighties." By unanimous choice of its usually non-effusive editors.

In 1982, with the introduction of the APC Turbo, Saab demonstrates that while it was busy accepting *Road & Track's* plaudits, it was also busy improving the car.

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	Automatic	*13,150*
900S 4-door	*5-speed*	*$13,500*
	Automatic	*13,850*
900 APC Turbo 3-door	*5-speed*	*$16,200*
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Turbo models include a Sony XR70, 4-Speaker Stereo Sound System as standard equipment.

Take one for a long test drive. At least to the point where your Saab dealer begins to get a little nervous.

Think about the technological innovations, but reflect more on the "driving experience." An elusive concept that boils down to a few questions.

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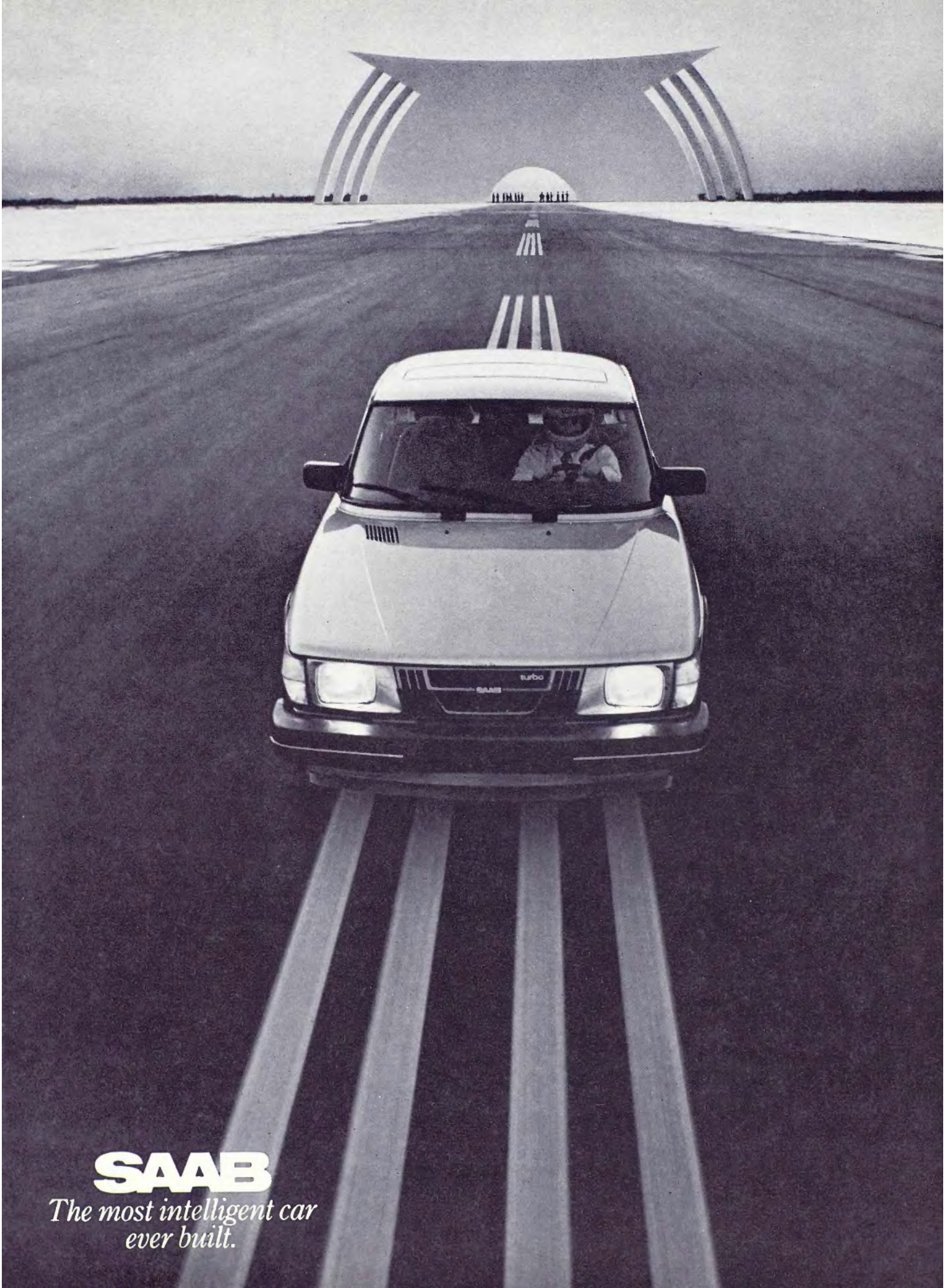
**Saab 900 5-speed Turbo: (19) EPA estimated mpg, 31 estimated highway mpg. Remember, use these figures for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (21) EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.*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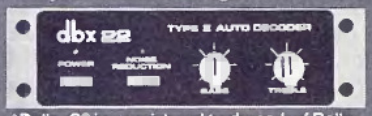

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whispered, "but I would like to go home." Fifteen minutes later, he was slumped in a patio chair on the track infield, dry heaving. His crew surrounded him and fended off press photographers, then led him to a cot and covered him with jackets.

Latimer, meanwhile, was wrapped Indian style in a blanket, blithely talking with friends and reporters and showing little evidence of the physical toll. When he spotted Howard on the cot, he jested, "Jim, if I'd known you were going to be sick, I would have pushed harder." Two hours later, Latimer's blood pressure plummeted and he, too, was on a cot. He later calculated that he had consumed 46 pounds of fluids during the race, while his body weight dropped two pounds—a 48-pound liquid displacement. Latimer is certain his patented moving urinations saved crucial minutes and enabled him to share in the victory. What he is uncertain of is whether or not he could have beaten Howard if they had raced to the stadium. Neither athlete has any regrets, but both will always wonder.

For 14 hours, runners straggled home. An infield cot was occupied by a pacer McDermott had run to exhaustion. McDermott finished strongly in third, an hour and 37 minutes behind the winners. Bill Weigle, a 1972 Olympic race walker, picked his way through the ranks—mainly running—for 18 hours and 16 minutes to place fourth, 37 minutes behind McDermott. After having his blood pressure recorded, he tried to rise from a chair but collapsed and lost consciousness, an inane grin on his face as he went down. Pellon placed fifth, his weight down from 141 to 127.

•

The day had come and gone, as had the night, and the next day was heating up as the last finishers under the 30-hour cutoff struggled in and made no pretense of their emotions. Cowman, who had rolled in with Ainsleigh shortly before four A.M., watched contentedly, looking more disheveled than ever for having run 100 miles. Before the race, he had announced his intention to turn around in Auburn and run the 100 miles back to Squaw Valley.

"Hey, Cowman! How come you didn't do the second 100?" inquired an admirer.

Cowman offered a lazy smile. "Aw, just wasn't up for it, I guess."

"Savin' it for another day, huh?"

"Yeah," Cowman said, his smile broadening behind his bushy beard. "A *hotter* day."

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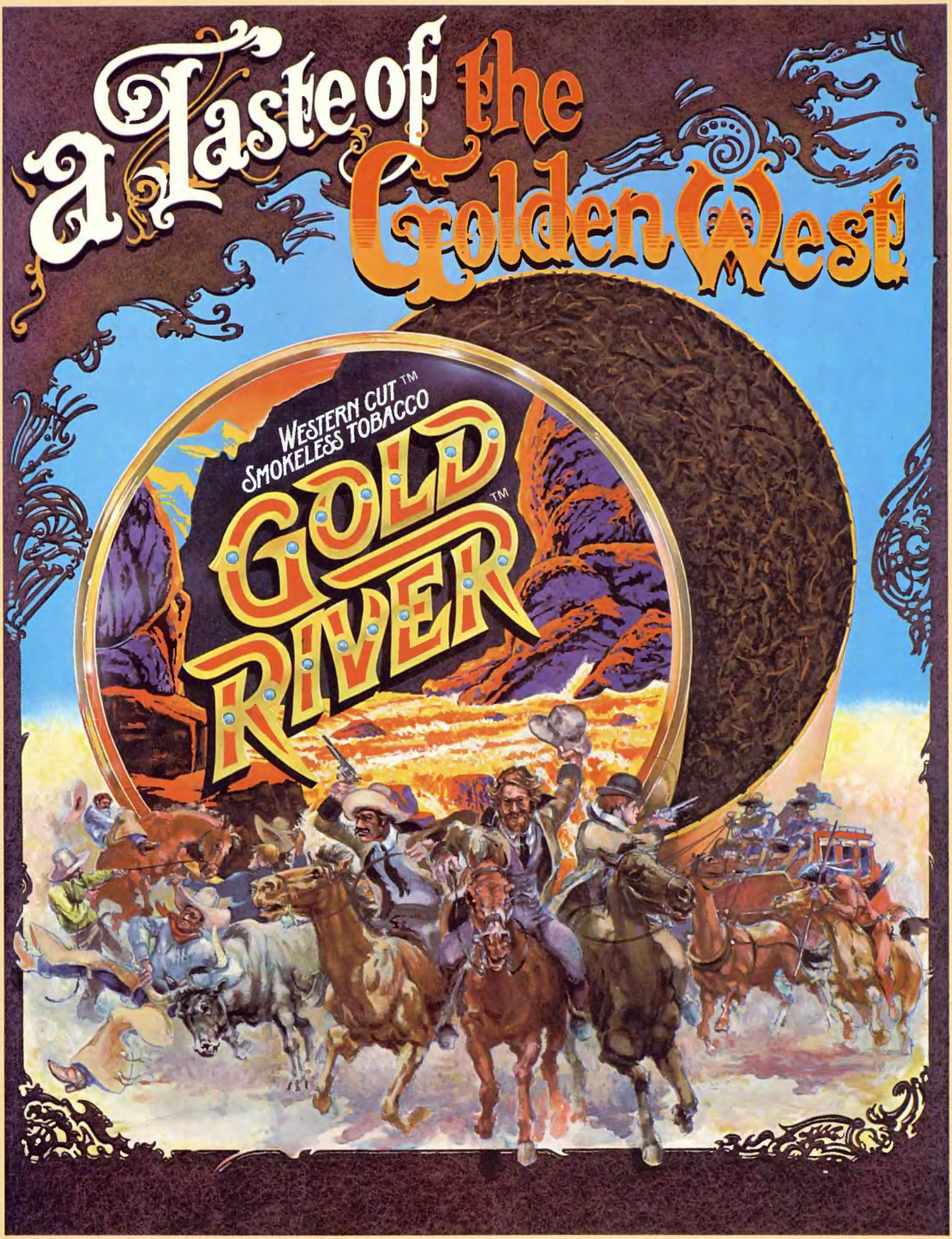
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(continued from page 175)

"'Shannon has a natural comedic touch—she reminds me of Carole Lombard. Frankly, I was surprised.'"

to anyone else I know."

A year ago, Shannon was a top Canadian fashion model based in Toronto. But her real, honest-to-goodness ambition was to be a Playmate. It took a Toronto TV show called *Thrill of a Lifetime* to make us realize that Shannon's third try might be charmed.

"*Thrill of a Lifetime* would find everyday people and help them do what they'd always wanted to do. They got in touch with PLAYBOY in Chicago, we did some more test shooting and I finally got accepted."

As it turned out, Shannon not only quickened hearts as last year's Miss November, she literally quickened the concept of the Playmate with her debut on The Playboy Channel.

The Playboy Channel is a new cable-television venture. Created to produce classy, brassy adult entertainment, it already reaches more than 200,000 American homes. When the producers of the channel went looking for their first video Playmate of the Month, they found there was nothing more stylish than Tweed. Shannon brought the PLAYBOY centerfold to life in 15 minutes of view and interview that were both glossy and intimate.

"Modeling for The Playboy Channel wasn't any more difficult than modeling for the magazine," she says. "But it's difficult for me to *watch* it, to see myself moving around instead of standing still. It's strange, in a nice way, though, because it's beautifully done."

The lady's triumphs don't end by the time her centerfold fades out—not by a long shot *or* a close-up. For beauty and devotion, for going from last year's model to a model of what PLAYBOY represents, Shannon was the clear-cut choice as our 1982 Playmate of the Year.

You may recall that we used to give Playmates of the Year truckloads of merchandise—everything from sloop to nuts. Last year, we gave Terri Welles 13 pairs of incredibly expensive sunglasses, even though she already had a pair of Foster Grants. Well, we've decided to let the Playmate of the Year spend all that money herself. The only prize that Shannon can't put in the bank is her 1982 Porsche 928. Her cash award is $100,000.

"I'm terribly excited by all of it," she says, looking through the window at the bright new car. It sits in the Mansion's circular driveway, glinting in the sun. "The honor counts for a lot, especially after the trouble I had becoming a Playmate. I think this is a much better system—giving the Playmate of the Year a check and a car instead of all those goodies she might not really need."

There's a Christmas-morning sparkle to her face when she talks about the car.

"That's a $45,000 car! I drove it down Sunset Boulevard the other day and made a U turn around the Beverly Hills Hotel. But the speedometer goes up to only 85—after that, I guess, you're not supposed to know how fast you're going. It's not like Canada, where they let you take your car out on auto-race tracks to see how fast it'll go.

"And $100,000 is a lot of money. I gave my mother some of it right away, paid some bills and went shopping for clothes. I'm going to have to decide how best to invest it. Oh—and there was another American milestone last week. I finally got a VISA card! I got it on Monday and went over my limit on Friday."

She grins—a girl with $100,000 in the bank can travel without a VISA.

Later in the day, Shannon drives to a small television studio in Burbank. On the way, she relates the story of her newest move—from centerfold to center stage.

"Ann Shanks, the coproducer of The Playboy Channel, asked me to audition for her. There were a lot of other women there, too. I had no idea what would come of it—I just went in, sat down and read. Then I sang a few lines from a funny song, and that was it. They couldn't believe I was breaking into song—I was terribly nervous, but I enjoyed it. I had a big blouse on and the sweat was trickling down my rib cage; how's *that* for glamor?"

She was glamorous enough; Shannon was first choice as co-host, with Peter Tomarken, of *Playboy on the Scene*, which began as a sex-news spot added to the rest of the show—sort of a video hickey. But Shannon and the rest of *On the Scene* made such an impact that she and Tomarken are now a pivotal element of the entire Playboy Channel.

"She's very cooperative, which is the main thing, and very ambitious, which is the second thing," says Shanks. "I give her line readings and she can feed them right back. She's quick, and she works hard, too."

After an hour of make-up, Shannon joins co-host Tomarken on the set. Shanks sings, "There she is, Miss Canada. . . ." Shannon and Tomarken exchange slightly profane greetings, then launch into *On the Scene*, a fast-paced taste of American sexual flavors.

The two announcers break down laughing again and again during rehearsal. Now and then, they diverge from the script and get off the track, but their ad libs are funny and effective. Tomarken is an articulate and personable actor/film maker—you may have seen him in *Heaven Can Wait*. He entertains the crew between shots with a remarkable repertoire of leers, twitches, eye rolls and tongue wags. But when Shanks calls for action, he and Shannon become cool, comfortable partners.

Shannon's sister Tracy, just in from Saskatoon, is 17 years old and almost as tall as her sister. She watches the show from the wings and whispers, "She likes doing this more than modeling or acting. I love to see her up there, because that's the way she really is. That's the person I know."

"She's coming along remarkably," Tomarken observes during a break. "You've got to remember that her broadcast experience is zip. Shannon has a natural comedic touch—she reminds me of Carole Lombard. Frankly, I was surprised by her. I didn't expect this Playmate to have any brains . . . but I don't have to carry her. And, of course, she's stunning."

Once they get down to serious business, it takes Shannon and Tomarken exactly ten minutes and 55 seconds to shoot the ten-minute segment.

After the taping, Shannon motors to the Mansion and pads, barefoot, back to the Library. It's dark outside now—cool but not chilly, with a trace of the ocean in the air. The room is dimly lit.

Relaxing, she is no longer the fashion model or the Playmate or the television co-host; she is the Newfoundland mink farmer's daughter who has come a long way.

"When I arrived, I had no concept, no frame of reference, for what living here would be like. It turned out to be a wonderful, supportive atmosphere. Hef's house is always full of celebrities, but they don't treat you like somebody four years removed from Saskatoon. I've even gotten compliments for my work on The Playboy Channel.

"I was always ambitious but not all *that* ambitious. But now I have excess money and a new car, a new location, a wonderful new job . . . it's still surprising."

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To the Letter

(continued from page 124)

table. "Go on, Harry," he said, and it was impossible not to feel flattered.

"All I mainly picked up was that Mary Lou—the victim—had come back to her apartment right at six tonight, same as always. A neighbor from upstairs, Mrs. De Havilland, met her in the lobby, and Mary Lou complained of a headache."

"How was she dressed?" asked Garcia.

"A zippy little purple number."

"Uh-huh. And?"

"Mrs. De Havilland offered her some herbal goddamn remedy, and Mary Lou said she'd be right up for it. She took her mail out of the box, looked at the handwriting on a gray envelope and made a kind of nervous joke about Larry. Mrs. De Havilland lives on her own, too, and she didn't appreciate that too much."

"Did she open the letter out there in the lobby?"

"Nope, she went into her apartment. When Mrs. De Havilland saw her next, it was at her door. She took the remedy and asked if Mrs. De Havilland had any salami, maybe, because she was in no mood to go out for anything to eat."

"And how was she dressed?"

"Still in the zippy purple number. Mrs. De Havilland gave her some salami and says that she made some remark about how Mary Lou seemed a bit sort of twitchy. Mary Lou told her she'd forgotten to bring home some insurance papers for Pop Debenham, and she didn't want to go round right away, not with a headache, because the Debenhams always kept her for hours, feeding her coffee and cookies. 'Leave it to later,' Mrs. De Havilland told her—now she wished she hadn't."

"I bet! And?"

Harry shrugged. "You've already heard how it was when I got there."

There was silence.

Frankie set down the tray of beers with a thud. "Here's to the Chosen Few," she said.

"You sit this time," said Garcia, rising. "I'll go and put the CLOSED sign on the door—see how things are in the kitchen."

Chuck smiled brightly at Frankie. "How was business tonight?" he asked. "Picking up?"

"Oh, terrific." Frankie looked them over. "You don't seem so special," she said.

"Us?" laughed Art. "Special?"

"Sure," she said. "They took you. They won't take my Johnny."

Embarrassed, Chuck dipped a finger in the suds of his beer, studying the bubbles closely. "Hell, Frankie, if it was up to us!"

"Damn right," said Art fiercely.

"It's just," she said, "that it hurts to watch Johnny. He broods—do you know

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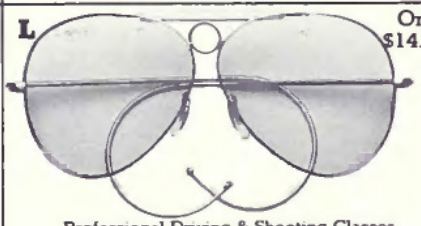

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that? He wants cops in here because it keeps him in touch with the only world that has ever mattered to him. I'm standing by while a good man goes to pieces."

"Listen, Frankie . . ." began Chuck, then failed to think of anything comforting to say.

She looked at her hands. "We had it good up in Orange County," she said. "*Really* good—when Johnny was a cop."

That brought another silence.

"Been doing a paint job on your place?" asked Garcia, returning and pointing to the spots on the knees of Harry's jeans.

"Nope, Debbie's—she just moved."

"Is that right? Where?"

"Mission Valley."

"Same block as I'm on," said Chuck. "Pacific Haven. Say, how was your vacation, Harry?"

He told them about it. He made it funny, and Frankie changed moods, showing feminine interest in Harry's girlfriend, asking questions. Harry started to warm to her.

Garcia listened but seemed distracted. Finally, he said, "There has to be an answer. Some way of unlocking this. . . ."

"You mean Larry?" asked Chuck.

"Uh-huh. I'm working on it."

"Jeez, that'd really be somethin'!" enthused Art. "If you could show Homicide the way, then the department would——"

"Would it?" said Frankie, her mouth set sour again.

•

"Hi, guys," said Harry a week later, strolling into the locker room above the station coffee shop. "How was Thursday night?"

"Thursday night was a bitch," said Art, changing into an *aloha* shirt.

"I had me a crazy lady," volunteered Chuck, who was also changing. "She stopped me at the Plaza and whispered in my ear that the FBI was puttin' bugs in the fountain. 'Fish gotta eat!' I said."

They all laughed at that, and Harry suggested a drink. They started with a beer at the 153 Club across the street, sank a margarita apiece at Seaport Village and then drove aimlessly for a while.

"The Rooty-toot-toot?" said Chuck.

After a pause, Art said, "Yeah."

"Sure," said Harry.

They hadn't been back to see Johnny, not since the night Frankie had made them uncomfortable with her bitterness.

"That VW behind us," said Chuck as he turned up Third, "haven't we seen it someplace else tonight?"

"Back at Seaport Village?" said Art.

"It's gone," said Harry. "Bein' a cop sure makes you paranoid."

It was later than they'd realized. The CLOSED sign was up on the door to the Rooty-toot-toot, and they were about to turn away when Garcia appeared on the sidewalk, suddenly emerging from an alley. For a big man, his movements were uncannily quiet.

Grinning, he jingled car keys at them and said, "Just been putting it away round the back. Coming on in?"

They went in, and Garcia set up some beers in a booth. Harry noticed that he seemed a little distant.

"Heavy night?" asked Garcia, drinking from the bottle.

"I had me a crazy lady," said Chuck and retold his story.

Garcia laughed. "Shit," he said, "I even miss that kinda thing, believe me. How about your other lady?"

"Huh?"

"Mary Lou Tomkins. I had sort of been hoping you guys would keep me informed."

"Oh."

There was an exchange of guilty glances.

"Nothin' to tell you that hasn't been in the news, Johnny," said Art earnestly. "They found her latents on the letter. A meal in her stomach. They haven't found Larry."

"That's bad," sighed Garcia, shaking his head.

"They know it, Johnny," said Chuck. "Homicide Three is hurtin'. Somebody is makin' one hell of a fool outa them."

"The mayor is screamin' for an arrest," said Harry. "If he doesn't get an arrest pretty soon, we'd all better grab the first bus down to the border, hit Mexico and keep goin'."

"And when it happens a third time?" asked Garcia.

"*A third time?*" echoed Art. "Are you nuts?"

"Why not? It's happened twice—it's happened to a woman who already knew what a letter from Larry could mean."

"Phew-wee!" said Art. "I can't even think about it."

"If that happens, I quit," said Chuck.

"Hey, wait a minute," cut in Harry. "Maybe you got something there. This guy is making the whole S.D.P.D. look fuckin' stupid, right? Maybe that's his motive! Maybe he just doesn't like cops."

Art nodded slowly. "That's good," he agreed.

"If you're right, Harry," said Garcia, smiling slightly, "the next one should be a lot closer to home."

"Meaning?"

"Some cop's wife, maybe."

Harry winced. "That's a sick mind you've got there, buddy!"

"It's logical," replied Garcia.

"Like hell it's logical! A cop's chick would be the last one to fall for that shit!"

"How can you be so sure, Harry? What about Mary Lou? Why did she fall?"

Harry looked into his beer.

"Although," Garcia went on, "your basic argument has a fatal flaw, Harry."

"It does? What?"

"Who ever heard," said Garcia, drawing himself up in mock astonishment, "of somebody who doesn't like cops?"

That got a big laugh.

Then Chuck produced the .22 Magnum derringer he'd just bought, and it was passed round and admired. More beer was poured, more gun lore traded; it all became very mellow.

"I need the john," mumbled Harry, rising and weaving slightly.

Coming out of the men's room a minute or so later, he almost lurched into Frankie. "What?" he said. "You're still around? Why not come and sit with us?"

She cold-eyed him.

"C'mon," said Harry. "Aren't I the guy you were dyin' to meet?"

"What are you talkin' about?" asked Frankie sourly.

"But. . . ."

Then she was gone, back through the door into the kitchen, leaving him befuddled. "Now, that," Harry murmured to himself, "just doesn't make sense."

But his mind, which was curiously lucid even though it'd jumped its tracks, suddenly declared him wrong. It did make sense. Perfect sense. Frankie had never wanted them around; it was Johnny. Now, why would Johnny say it was Frankie?

Unable to come up with an answer, Harry made his way back to the booth.

Garcia was telling another of his Orange County stories. "So there was this rabbi in a green Caddy," he said.

Harry listened with only half an ear. He was looking at Garcia and allowing his mind to keep rolling. His mind saw a guy who looked like a cop, sounded like a cop, never needed to show his badge to anyone. Not even to a nervous little lady peering through a peephole.

"Harry," said Chuck, "what are you frowning at? Didn't you get it?"

"Huh?" said Harry, jerking his head round.

From the looks on his buddies' faces, he must have just missed a punch line.

"You know something?" said Chuck, nudging Art. "I think the time has come for Harry to hit the hay."

"Let's go, Harry," said Art, standing up. "You can leave your car down at the station tonight. We'll give you a ride home."

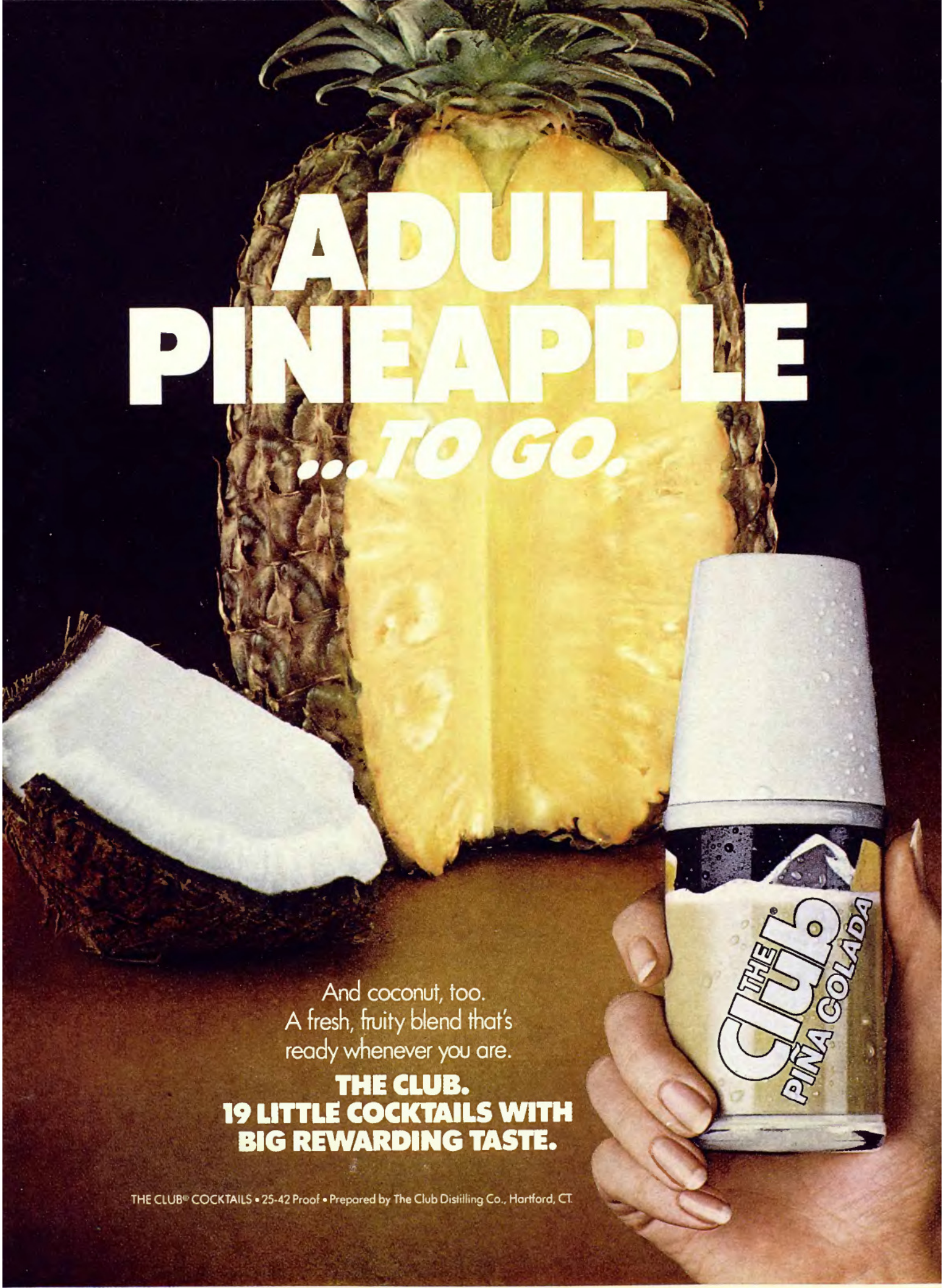
"Harry is welcome to——" began Garcia.

"His place isn't far," said Art. "He'll be OK."

Harry wasn't that drunk, but he was happy for an excuse to get the hell out of there. He needed to do some thinking.

•

Away from the Rooty-toot-toot, in the cool night air, Chuck yawned and said that although Johnny Garcia had been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friendly, there had also been something nervous about him.

"Yeah, I noticed," said Art. "Family fight?"

"Frankie sure kept a low profile."

"I think," said Harry from the back seat, "he was playin' a game with us. Holdin' out."

Art looked round. "What game, Harry?"

"Why with us, Harry?" asked Chuck.

"Sort of cat and mouse."

"And we're *mice?*"

That's right, thought Harry: three rookie, easily impressed, nothing-much mice. Mice who could keep him up to date from the inside on how the investigation was progressing. Useful mice.

"Holdin' out on what?" persisted Art.

"Like he knows something. . . ."

"About?"

"Larry."

They traveled a block. "You mean," said Chuck, glancing into his rearview mirror, "that he's done what he set out to do—he's got ahead of Homicide on the case?"

Harry wished he could articulate the rest of what he was feeling. Unformed thoughts came and went. The proximity of the Rooty-toot-toot to both scenes of crime. Garcia's obvious reason for bearing a grudge against the police department. The part that Frankie had been made to play.

"Now, that's strange," said Harry. "Why me? Why was it so important that I come in on it?"

"Come in on what?" sighed Art, sounding irritable.

"If just you two guys had kept in touch, he'd have heard all the latest. What did I have to offer that was extra?"

"Search me, Harry," sighed Chuck. "Art, we're here."

Art climbed out and said good night, and Chuck swung his Buick back into the thin late-night traffic. He switched on the radio. Clearly, he considered Harry too canned to engage in further conversation.

Harry didn't mind. He was working on the differences among them. It wasn't easy. They were all three blessed with the same makings. Beach, beer and broads pretty well summed up their lifestyles—or near enough. Harry, of course, had a regular girlfriend.

"Sweet Jesus!" exclaimed Harry, sitting bolt upright.

Chuck gave a start and the Buick switched lanes. "Do that again," he warned, "and you *walk*—got that?"

But Harry was thinking of how Garcia had used Frankie to extract all sorts of details about Debbie. Using ordinary female curiosity to his own ends! And then, because Garcia was getting cocky, he had even hinted at what Larry's next move would be.

His next move, or had it—God knows how—happened already?

"Chuck," said Harry urgently, "take me out to Debbie's."

"At this time of night?"

"You live on the same block, for Chrissake!"

"But it's two o'clock."

"Do it—OK?"

"Harry, you're full of beer, your breath stinks, Debbie's not goin' to thank——"

"Fuckin' do it!" snapped Harry. "And hurry!"

Tight-lipped, Chuck kept the radio turned up and didn't ask questions. He kept glancing up into his rearview mirror. They went down off the freeway, traveled about a mile across the floor of Mission Valley and came in sight of Pacific Haven, where Debbie had her new apartment.

"Harry," said Chuck, speaking softly, "I'd swear that same VW is on our tail again."

"Is that Debbie's light still on?"

"Turn around, Harry."

"That can't be her light, goddamn it!"

"Harry, check out that VW for me!"

Briefly, Harry looked back through the rear window. "A light-colored VW, that's all," he said. "Hurry it up, will ya?"

"The Fly," murmured Chuck. "What kind of car does he drive?"

"How should I know, for Chrissake? I've never seen him in a car. Here, pull over."

Chuck pulled over, and the VW made a sudden right, turning away at the last intersection. "That bothers me," said Chuck. "See you, Harry."

•

Debbie's light, lissome body lay sprawled across a bed of rumpled lime-green sheets. She was naked, save for her freckles, and beneath her, naked, too, lay Harry.

He felt her stir, then lift her weight from him. "Wassamatter?" he grunted.

"Friday's the matter," she said. "One more working day."

"Hmmm."

"What happened last night?" she asked him. "What was that all about? You frightened the hell out of me the way you came in here, half breaking down the door. My new perfume can't be that good."

Harry went on lying there with his eyes shut.

"Well, Harry?"

"Mmmm."

"If you don't get up and come with me, how are you going to get to the station this afternoon?"

"Mmmm."

"OK, lover," said Debbie. "It's your problem, right? Have a nice day."

Dimly, Harry was aware of a shower running, drawers softly opened and closed, a touch of lips on his unshaven cheek, a door clicking shut. He fumbled for a pillow, hugged it to him and drifted into deep sleep, smiling.

His second awakening was very different.

Parched, baked to a sweat in the afternoon sun and with a splitting headache, he groped his way to the edge of the bed, misjudged his exact circumstances and somehow ended up landing hard on his knees on the bedroom floor. It gave him another jolt to see that the time

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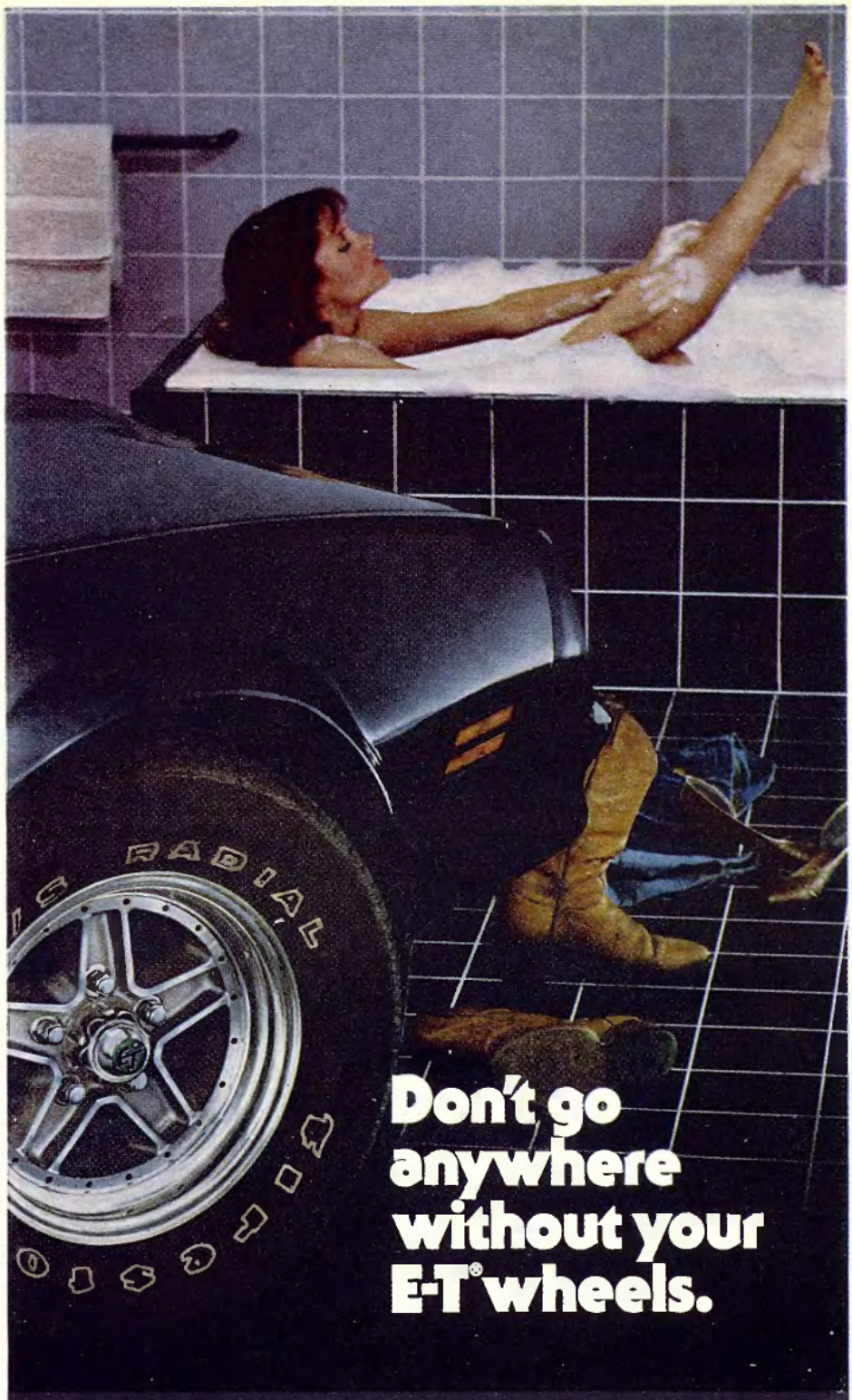

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"Oh, shit," he groaned. "I'll never make it." Line-up was at three, and Chuck would have left home by now. "I'm sick," said Harry, and in no time at all, he believed it.

Harry staggered to the bathroom, avoided his face in the mirror and trembled under a cold shower. Each time the memory of the night before made a comeback, he dismissed it abruptly, flinching.

The whole thing now had a nightmarish, shaming, fantastical feel to it, far removed from the present realities.

He called the station and asked for Chuck. "Do me a big favor," Harry said. "Tell Sarge I'm sick."

"Surprise me!" said Chuck, but there was brotherly concern in his voice. "I've never seen you the way you were last night, Harry—never. I didn't think that just a few beers could do it."

"Can we leave that for now?"

"Sure! But you remember the VW, right?"

"Er, yeah."

"You know what I did after dropping you? I doubled back. I got its plate and a look at the driver. You'll never guess who!"

Harry shook his head, then remembered that that didn't transmit too well. "Who?" he said.

"A guy who could tie it all together: you, me, Art, Pill Hill and the killings. The one glimpse I got, I thought it was a shadow on his face, but it could've been. . . ."

"Uh-huh?"

"It could've been the Fly, Harry. You know that mark on his cheek? I'm going to go see them about it tonight, get them to check it out. They'll know how to handle it."

"Who?"

"Homicide, dummy!"

"Oh," said Harry. "I'd have thought the Fly was more a job for the S.W.A.T. team."

Chuck laughed. "You're not so sick, Harry," he said, putting the phone down.

Whereupon Harry began to feel better. He felt so much better by the time he'd cooked and eaten a very late breakfast that he decided to wash away the last of the night's excesses with a swim in the pool. He took Debbie's spare ring of keys and rode the elevator down to the ground floor. He had the whole pool to himself for an hour and quit when a horde of brats arrived. As he padded back into the lobby, he stopped automatically at the mailboxes and opened up Debbie's. The topmost envelope was addressed in backward-sloping writing.

It was all he could do not to touch it—not to grab at the horrible, obscene thing and tear it open.

It was all he could do to return to the apartment, shaking all over.

And there, for a couple of hours, he hovered over the phone, knowing it was his bounden duty to call Homicide Three. But what Harry also knew was that this whole affair had now grown very, very personal and that he wanted to handle it on that basis. There were things he had in mind for Larry that weren't in the police manual.

Moreover, Harry was beset by curiosity; he wanted to be there and see exactly how Larry did it—he wanted to see if, despite what logic told him, Debbie would blindly follow orders, like the other victims.

"What's this 'Larry'?" Harry muttered. "It's fuckin' Garcia!"

He was convinced of it. And he was aware of a nice irony: Knowing so much about him, Garcia would be convinced that Harry was out on patrol by the time Debbie came home—neither was Harry's car outside to give the game away.

He tidied up, left Debbie a note in the kitchenette and, having removed the shelves from the wall closet near the hall door, hid himself in there. A slight crack in the sliding doors let him see through.

Right at 6:15, a key slotted into the door lock. Harry, squinting, tensed up and watched carefully.

Debbie came in with a sigh. She dumped her shoulder bag on a small table, and on top of it, she dumped some junk mail. She studied the handwriting on the envelope left in her hand, slit the envelope open and turned her back.

"How dumb can you get?" Harry heard her say. "Oh, well. . . ."

Then she disappeared from sight, heading into the kitchenette. The fridge door opened. She poured herself something and closed the fridge. There was no indication that she'd read his note, though he'd made it fairly funny. The shower was turned on in the bathroom.

Harry stared through the crack at the envelope that now lay crumpled on her shoulder bag. If the letter had been there, too, and the shower still running, he would have risked slipping out for a moment, but Debbie had apparently taken it with her. God, how he ached for just one glance at it.

When Debbie appeared again, briefly, she was dressed in jeans and a T-shirt and was humming dreamily.

She went out.

Panic seized Harry for a moment. He almost ran after her. Then he reasoned that she was safe, quite safe, while out of her apartment. It wasn't the killer's style to make an attack in the street.

She was back in half an hour, carrying a supermarket bag into the kitchenette. A smell of steak frying soon reached Harry's nose.

So that was what the occasion had demanded this time! To actually see Debbie going through all this was bizarre, crazy, totally unbelievable. Why hadn't she grabbed the phone?

Because, Harry suddenly rationalized, backward-sloping handwriting wasn't all that uncommon, and because Debbie undoubtedly had a dumb friend who always wrote that way. All he'd seen her do was dress comfortably after a hard day, buy herself a steak as a pay-night treat and then set about preparing it. His imagination had really started to do terrible things to him.

I'll surprise her, he thought. I'll walk out there and cover her eyes from behind and say, "Guess who?"

His hand reached out to open the closet door.

Klok-klok-klok.

Three knocks on Debbie's door! This was it! Three knocks like three lead slugs taking him in the stomach.

Debbie, still looking contented, even happy, crossed from the kitchenette and went up on tiptoe to look through her peephole. Without changing her expression, she reached to unsnib the lock.

"Don't!" hissed Harry, emerging from the closet with a finger to his lips and his .357 Magnum in his other hand. "Don't, Debbie! Let me handle it!"

Debbie blinked. "Harry?" she whispered furiously. "What is this? Have you gone nuts?"

Harry pointed his gun at the envelope. "That letter," he whispered. "Larry's letter! For Chrissake, Debbie, can't you——"

"What letter?"

"In the envelope."

"You've really flipped. Now, put the gun away," said Debbie, opening the door.

There was surprise on both sides.

And Harry saw how wrong he'd been.

The person standing there wasn't Johnny Garcia.

It wasn't the Fly, either.

It was a woman with a case of cosmetic samples, and they'd done her man wrong.

"Freeze, Frankie!" said Harry.

And in that case of cosmetic samples lay the key to the mystery: a writing pad that matched the envelope and upon which a letter would have been written, *after* Debbie's sudden, unexpected death, urging her to wear that top, those jeans, and to welcome a killer.

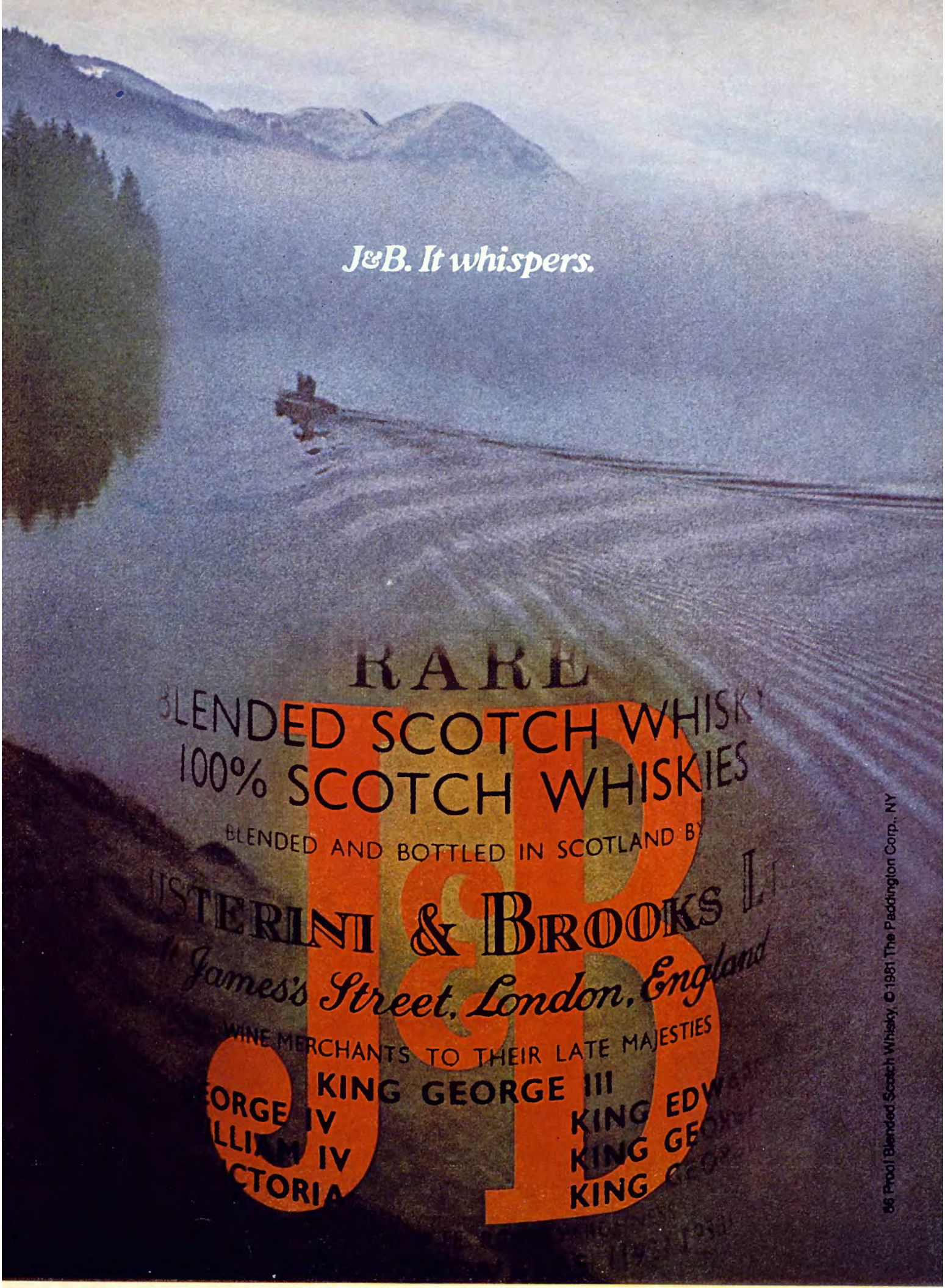
Adding a few fingerprints from a dying hand wouldn't have been any problem.

•

"Phew-wee!" said Art the following night, during a code seven at Clancy's. "That was close, Harry. . . ."

"Too close," said Chuck. "How come nobody worked it out sooner? It seems so simple."

"Beats me," murmured Harry, shrugging.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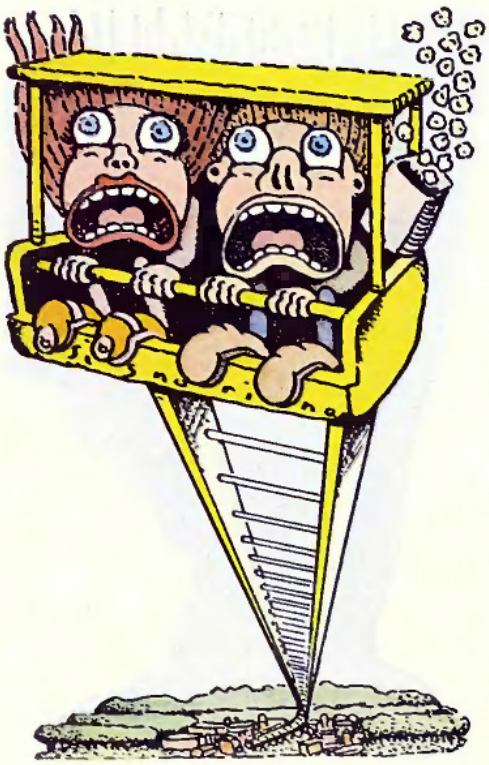
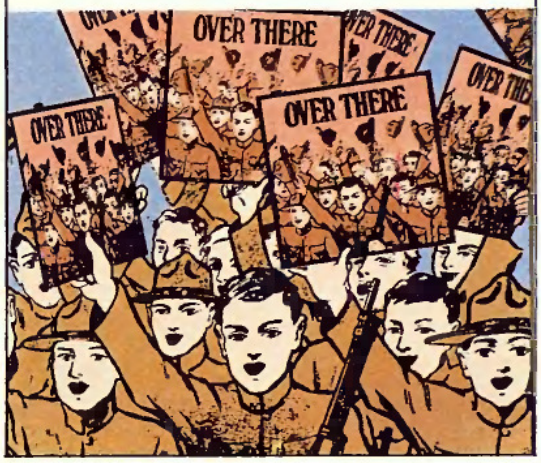


TAKE THE PLUNGE

We've all had the urge to leap from a high place and fly like a rock, but until now, only sky divers and spacemen have experienced the sensation of total free fall. So guess what, thrill seekers? Six Flags over Texas, in Arlington, has just debuted the world's first total free-fall ride, the Texas Cliff-hanger, and from what we've heard, not even the wildest roller coaster can hold a candle to it. Riders ascend in a gondola 87 feet straight up and then plummet earthward, going from zero to 29 miles per hour in 1.3 seconds. Near the bottom of the drop, the tracks curve and riders wind up on their back as the gondola—let's hope—brakes to a safe halt. You go first.

SING ALONG WITH WORLD WAR ONE

Sixty-five years ago, *Bring Back the Kaiser to Me* and *Goodbye Broadway, Hello France* were on our boys' lips as they marched off to war to do battle with the Hun. Today, you can hear how the Peerless Quartet and other forgotten foursomes sounded on *Over There* (12 original recordings from World War One), an LP that's available from Eastside Records, P.O. Box 4022, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10163, for $8.98, postpaid. Hip! Hip! Hooray!



SEASIDE STAKE-OUT

Going down to the sea in privacy is every sun worshiper's dream. But once you and a shapely friend have stretched out, all that blowing sand and that heavy gawking are about as welcome as a shark in shallow water. That's where Privasea comes ashore—Privasea being a 36"-high stakeable canvas cabana fence that provides 49 square feet of enclosed sunning space. Best of all, the price for your sunny stake-out is just $65, postpaid, sent to Privasea, 9016 Winnetka Avenue, Northridge, California 91324. For that pittance, everybody could use a little Privasea.

YELLOW PAGES FOR UNICORNS

We never met a unicorn buff we did or didn't like, because we never met a unicorn buff, but apparently, they exist *somewhere*, because Silver Unicorn Graphics, P. O. Box 7000-822, Redondo Beach, California 90277, has just published *The Unicorn Hunters Guidebook*: a 24-page publication, for $2.35, that tells you where to buy everything from books on unicorns to statues. There are horny unicorn poems and fiction, too.

HEARTS AND DEFLOWERS

Proud Flesh, Passions Flame, Naked in the Storm—titles to come to grips with there on the drugstore rack. But for those of you who are expecting a hot time with a trashy romantic novel, sorry—you've just picked up a new greeting card, Heart Throbs, which a Manhattan company called Ruby Street is selling nationwide for $1.25 each. Packed with naughty puns and racy *double-entendres* (one author's name is Pearce Deape), Heart Throbs have everything—except pages.

GO *CARTES*!

Because menus are the seldom-appreciated passports to the gastronomic world of restaurants, it's a pleasure to discover that Rizzoli International, 712 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, has published *Menu Designs*, by Hanspeter Schmidt, a $50 hardcover tribute to the artwork and style of *cartes de* restaurants, bars and grills from Baltimore to Zurich. Inside *Menu Designs* are more than 240 color illustrations, plus a text that discusses the subtleties of menus. We devoured our copy over a peanut-butter sandwich on white.

EXTENDING A PINKY

If you ever yearn to see a rerun of an old Pinky Lee television show, lie down until the fever passes. If you still can't shake the desire, a firm called Video Odyssey, 122 Main Street, Woodbridge, New Jersey 07095, is selling, for $32.95, postpaid, both VHS and Beta retapes on which Pinky hard-sells Tootsie Rolls and generally acts nuts. Or, for $34.95, Odyssey's also offering a collection of TV commercials from 1949 to 1965, brought to you without program interruptions. Decisions! Decisions! Decisions!

THERE'S NO POLICE LIKE HOLMES

No, that's not Honest Abe sitting there in foggy contemplation. It's Sherlock Holmes, complete with violin, magnifying lens and reference book, working out a three-pipe problem. The sculptor of this 17"-tall Hydrocal casting is Richard Masloski, a gentleman whose mind also must be rooted in the 19th Century, as he's charging only $90, postpaid, for Holmes. (Masloski's address is 24 Lannis Avenue, Newburgh, New York 12550.) Quick, Watson, the wallet!

THE RICH ROBBED AGAIN

We've had executive gizmos coming out of our ears for years, but The Price of His Toys, an emporium for well-heeled grown-up boys at 9559 Santa Monica Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210, has finally come up with a new plaything—The Executive Robin Hood. For $63, postpaid, Mr. Big gets a mini gold-plated bow, eight tiny arrows, a wooden wall rack, targets and instructions on how to shoot. Take a letter, Miss Freebish, but first, would you mind standing over there in the corner with an apple on your head?

Return of the Ragtop

(continued from page 158)

"The regular Fiat Spider starts at $12,000; the pulse-quickening Turbo seems a bargain at $15,000."

and emissions standards, and the company has recently joined the U.S./Canada Auto Pact trade agreement as Canada's only new-car manufacturer. The output goal is 125 cars per year.

While the Aurora GRX may not accelerate like the original Cobra, it's certainly fast enough by today's standards to bulge your eyes, slacken your jaw and attract every traffic cop for miles around. A fuel-injected version of Ford's high-performance 5.0-liter Mustang GT engine, coupled with a four-speed Ford gearbox, rockets the little 2150-pound roadster to 60 mph in less than seven seconds and to 100 in another nine or so, topping out around 130. The fat Michelin TRX tires, rack-and-pinion steering and racerlike tubular-arm, coil-over-shock suspension with sway bars front and rear give more cornering power than most will care to use; and big 11-inch disc brakes at all corners suck the car to a stop mighty quick.

A limited-slip differential, handsewn Connolly leather interior, turbine-style aluminum wheels, a folding softtop and tonneau cover, a removable chrome roll bar and a heater are standard for the $36,000 base price. Air conditioning, automatic transmission, a removable fiberglass hardtop, wire wheels, quartz-light package and a Blaupunkt AM/FM stereo cassette radio are optional. If you want one of today's most exciting sports cars and don't mind talking about it with every pump jockey, cop and car enthusiast you encounter, the Aurora GRX is definitely for you. For more information, write to Aurora GRX, 88 Circular Street, Saratoga Springs, New York 12866. Low profile it's not.

FIAT SPIDER TURBO

Founded in 1899, Fiat (*Fabbrica Italiana Automobili Torino*) is the General Motors of Italy, producing nearly 2,000,000 vehicles a year of all types and sizes for distribution throughout Europe, the U.S. and other parts of the world. Although its heritage includes high-performance GTs and opulent luxury cars, it is best known in America for a long line of gracefully styled, reasonably priced roadsters named Spider.

Latest in this series is the lovely Pininfarina-designed 2000 Spider. This delightful two-seater has been around for more than 15 years, yet its timeless shape still looks good. Its suspension, though equally antique, still gives the kind of road-holding and driving fun expected of an Italian sports car; the traditional Fiat double-overhead-cam 2.0-liter four, fuel-injected in 1980, still pumps 102 *con brio* horsepower through the standard five-speed and zappy Italian-sports-car noises out the tail pipe. Despite the slightly long-armed, short-legged Italianesque driving position, there's plenty of comfort and convenience in the cockpit, and Fiat's manual convertible top may be the world's easiest to operate. Power four-wheel disc brakes with a rear pressure compensator, front air dam, tinted glass, quartz clock and intermittent wipers are standard; options include automatic transmission, power windows, alloy wheels, leather interior and a stereo radio, with or without cassette tape deck.

But the best news in years for open-sports-car lovers was Fiat North America's inspired decision to fit a few 1981 Spiders with small, high-speed turbochargers, boosting horsepower 18 percent to 120 and turning the machine into a Corvettelike stormer without much effect on its fuel economy. The regular Spider starts around $12,000, while the pulse-quickening Turbo, the most exciting Italian sports car this side of a Ferrari, seems a bargain at $15,000.

LANCIA ZAGATO

Also imported by Fiat North America is the Lancia line of Italian sporting cars, the sole U.S.-market representative of which is currently the handsome Zagato convertible. (Actually, Lancia is owned by the Fiat parent company, having been bought out in 1969, but not before establishing a long and proud history as a maker of fine automobiles since 1906.)

What makes the Zagato unique is its combination of removable Targa roof panel, a central B pillar with integral roll bar and the soft, fold-down rear roof section that qualifies it as a true convertible. Power is supplied by the same fuel-injected, double-overhead-cam 2.0-liter four that moves the Fiat Spider, driving the front wheels through a standard five-speed transaxle. Performance is more than adequate, and—thanks to a fully independent strut-type suspension, rack-and-pinion steering and power four-wheel disc brakes—the Zagato's handling and braking capabilities are nothing short of outstanding. It's a beautiful car to look at standing still, and it's equally exhilarating at speed from behind the wheel.

As the only Lancia currently imported here, the Zagato has benefited in the past couple of years from a great deal of attention aimed at making it a more viable U.S.-market entry. The interior and the instrument panel have received a welcome redesign; more standard and optional features (the latter including air conditioning, power windows, leather interior and metallic paint) have been incorporated; and quality control has been vastly improved. A new three-year rust warranty guarantees against premature corrosion, and an optional two-year or 24,000-mile power-train warranty can be tacked onto the standard 12/12 arrangement. You can be the first Zagato owner on your block for about $15,000.

ASTON MARTIN VOLANTE

Drive your $115,000 Aston Martin Volante convertible up to the club, and people will know it's something special—but they won't know *how* special, and they won't trample one another to get a look at it. That's OK with Aston Martin, as Volantes, a company spokesman said, are primarily bought by relatively young entrepreneurs "who own their own businesses and want to give themselves a treat but don't want to attract much attention."

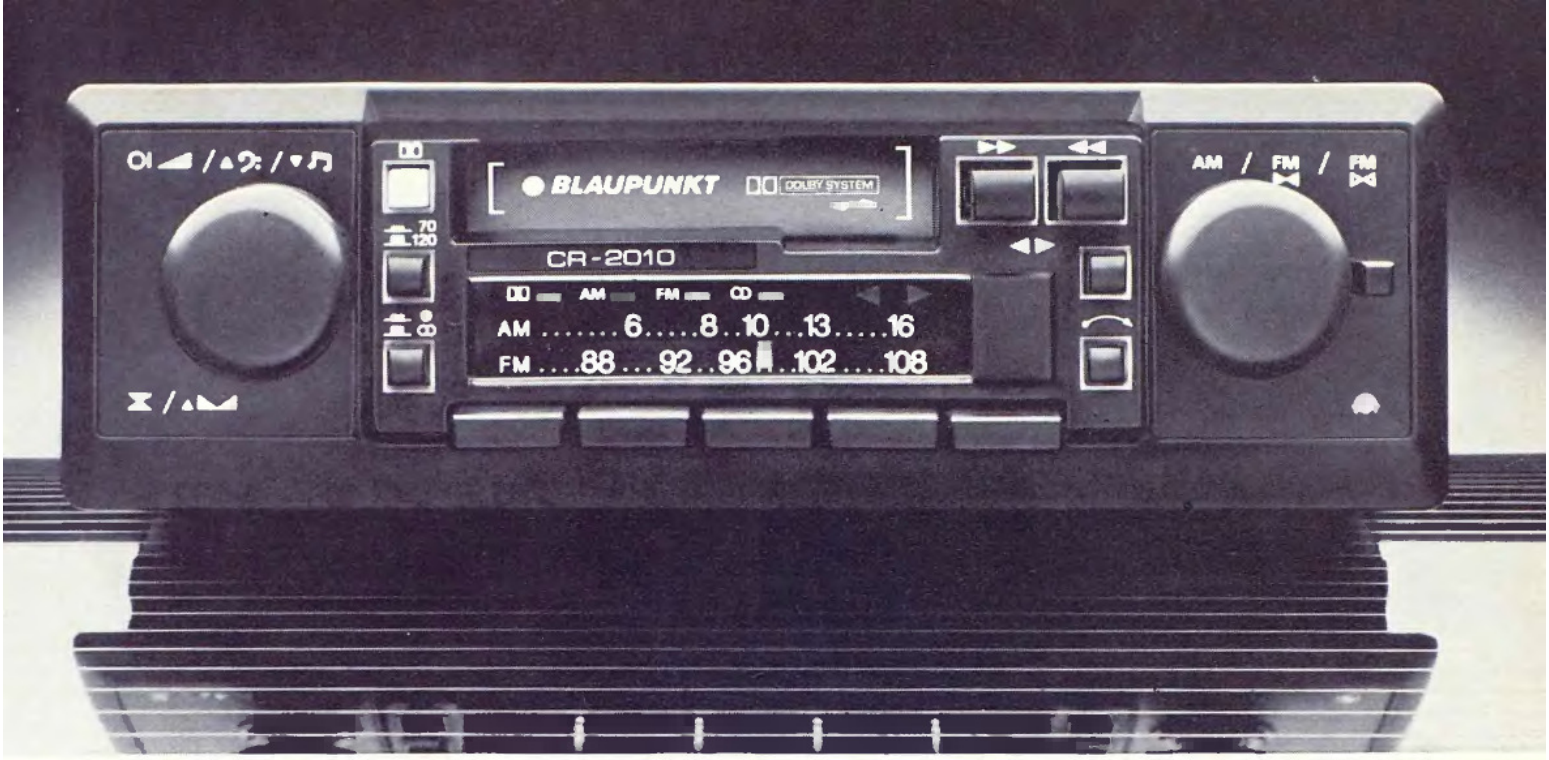
The Volante's styling is handsome but conservative and a bit dated. Except for the 23 coats of hand-rubbed lacquer applied to the hand-formed aluminum body, the money is mostly inside—handsewn Connolly leather, a mirror-matched burled-walnut dashboard, leather-bound Wilton wool carpets, etc.—and underneath the hood. Each four-carburetor, four-overhead-cam, aluminum 5.4-liter V8 engine is hand-assembled by one of only four men qualified to do it and is identified by a brass plaque bearing his name. Each engine piston is weighed on a scale to ensure uniformity and perfect balance. In all, it takes some 150 craftsmen about four months to complete one Aston Martin.

As expected, almost every convenience you can think of is standard equipment—except speed control, which Aston Martin feels is important only to people who don't enjoy driving. And since it intends to import only 45 Volantes to the U.S. this year, it can well afford to sell only to those who do.

ROLLS-ROYCE CORNICHE CONVERTIBLE

At $162,500, the Corniche is the world's most expensive convertible.

What sets the R-R ragtop apart from any other in the world? For starters, while the company's megabuck sedans take three to four *months* to build, the Corniche convertible, assembled by the company's own Mulliner-Park Ward coachworks in London, takes *five*. Its body panels are hand-formed for the sort of visual "flow" down the sides that machine-stamped metal can't match. One man spends an entire week fitting



The Blaupunkt CR-2010. Richer, purer sound than you ever thought possible in a moving vehicle.

Autosound is only as good as the equipment it passes through. Which means that, in the case of the Blaupunkt CR-2010, the sound is exceptional.

The CR-2010 coddles and shapes highs and lows into a sound as full-bodied, as richly-textured, as anything you'll hear from a home stereo.

4 Channel Amplifier

Blaupunkt increased the conventional two channels to four, each with a maximum output of 7.5 watts. Even when hooked up to a front end, two-speaker system, the CR-2010's crisp reproduction will surprise you. Add two rear speakers and the home stereo effect is complete—sound that surges to new heights of clarity and richness while holding its delicate balance through the magic of a built-in front-to-rear fader.

The essential controls are fully illuminated.

Holds Signal Longer

Drive away from the signal source of your favorite stereo station and what happens? Reception breaks up into a barrage of crackles and hisses. Not with the CR-2010. Thanks to the "Soft MPX" feature your Blaupunkt automatically shifts reception from stereo to mono *before* the hissing sets in.

Higher Volume without Distortion

The CR-2010 has a pre-amp output jack that lets you bypass the built-in amp and plug directly into a high power amplifier. Yet the boost in volume doesn't come at the expense of distorted sound. And at lower volume the clarity is actually enhanced.

Of course, you get Dolby Noise Reduction—but for FM reception as well as tape. A Sendust Alloy tape head reproduces a fuller range of recorded frequencies.

Hear the Full Blaupunkt Line

The CR-2010 retails for only $396.00** and is the latest in a full line of Blaupunkt AM/FM stereo cassette radios priced from $290.00.**

CR-2010 Features

- **4 channel (4 x 7.5W)**
- **Autoreverse Cassette**
- **Sendust Alloy Tape Head**
- **Auto Hi-Cut Filter**
- **Soft Mute**
- **Soft MPX**
- **Night Illuminated Controls**
- **Dolby Noise Reduction Circuit**

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

Blaupunkts can be installed in virtually any car, import or domestic. For more information, write:

Robert Bosch Sales Corporation
2800 South 25th Avenue
Broadview, IL 60153

Robert Bosch Canada, Ltd.
6811 Century Avenue
Mississauga, Ontario L5N 1R1

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BLAUPUNKT

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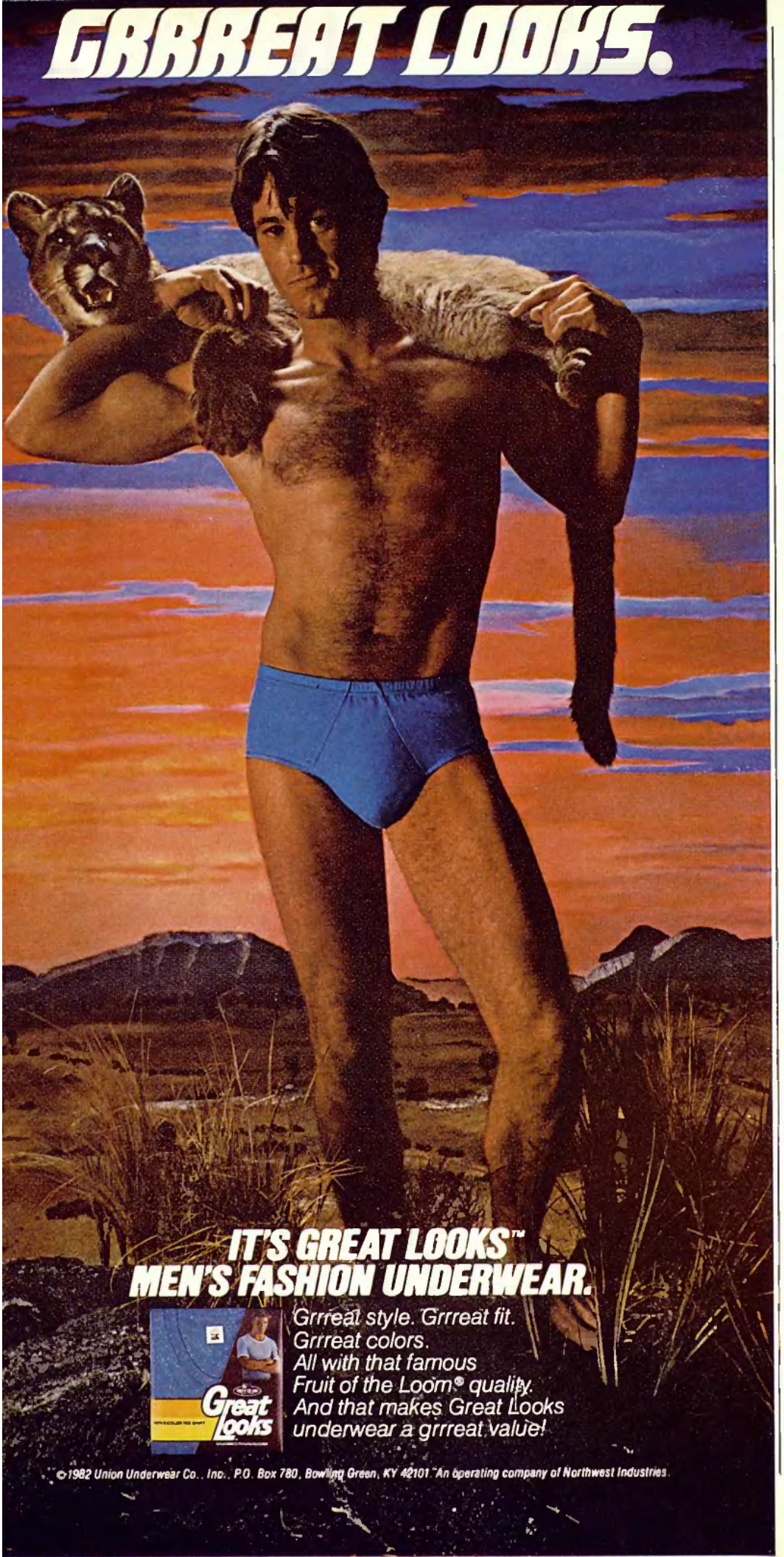


the top, carefully avoiding what R-R calls the "starved-cow look"—framework ribs disturbing the cloth top's smooth contour. The top itself is crafted from a man-made material called Everflex, which can be dyed any color and will never fade from sunlight. Inside, every inch of the top's frame and mechanism is covered by a thick, soft head liner made of west-of-England wool cloth.

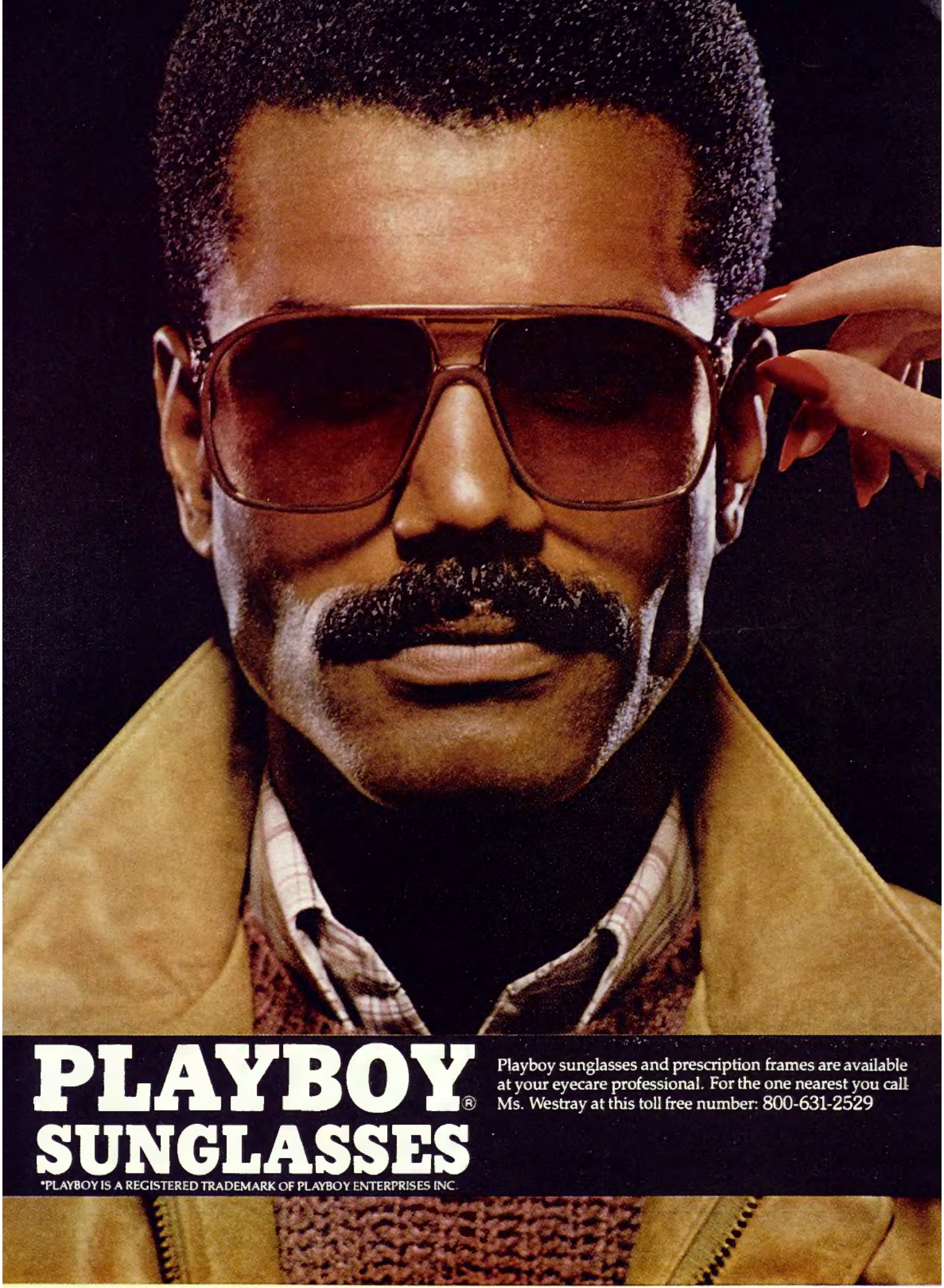
The raising and lowering of the power top are both silent and supereasy: There are just two latches over the windshield and a button between the seats, which (for obvious reasons) won't operate when the car is moving. As an added touch ($2332 extra) for those who entertain on the go, a lockable compartment for decanter and glasses can be built into either door.

Smoothness and quiet are also what a Rolls-Royce is all about, and the convertible is no exception. The top and the windows fit so snugly that all you hear at speed is an occasional lump-lump from the tires over bumps and tar strips. The speedometer and the gear change are electronic, because mechanical cables and linkages provide paths for noise to leak inside. And you certainly won't hear the hand-assembled aluminum 6.8-liter V8 engine, each one of which is bench-tested for eight hours by a stethoscoped technician listening for noises.

Of course, if the Rolls-Royce Corniche convertible seems a bit ostentatious for your down-home lifestyle, there's the Bentley Corniche convertible. Identical, except for the grille, it's a mere $161,950.

It's been said that everything runs in cycles. The convertible was all but dead, and now it's coming back. First kit cars and replicars; then custom conversions of everything from Hondas to Mercedes; and now a return of factory-produced and authorized American convertibles. There are others besides the nine featured here: Mercedes-Benz's 380SL, Alfa Romeo's Spider Veloce and Ford's newly revived fliptop Mustang. And there are more to come: Porsche 911 and Jaguar XJ-S roadsters; probably a convertible version of Fiat's Rabbit-rival Strada; Chevrolet's Cavalier and perhaps an eventual softtop available on the all-new 1983 Corvette.

Whether you opt for a $10,600 Rabbit or a $162,500 Rolls-Royce, a convertible is more than just a means of transportation. It says freedom, independence and driving fun; and driving fun is something there's been too little of in recent years. Pick a gorgeous day, drop the top, belt your favorite lady in beside you, let your hair blow free and watch your troubles drift with the breeze out the back. It's a feeling that can't be duplicated any other way. Go for it!



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BRANDON TARTIKOFF

(continued from page 169)

couldn't hit a slider and the Dodgers moved to L.A. Toward the end of college, having hit under .250 for the previous three seasons, I finally admitted to myself that I wasn't in a slump and I'd better start thinking about a different career. The choice was simple. Next to baseball, I liked television the most.

6.

PLAYBOY: You were a literature major at Yale, an aspiring novelist and a book reviewer for a small weekly newspaper. You must have surprised a lot of people when you suddenly decided to go into television.

TARTIKOFF: I never really fit in all that well at the Yale literature department, even before deciding to go into television. In my senior year, I had a tutorial with Robert Penn Warren and it was a disconcerting experience for both of us, though he was tremendously supportive of me and taught me a lot. Here was the author of *All the King's Men* trying to advise me on a *novella* I was writing about a protagonist named Saliva Schwartz, who was searching the country for a quartet of Siamese twins who were spreading a sexual disease. And when I told him I had decided to go into television, there was dead silence. Finally, he said, "Well, I wish I could help you, but I really don't know too many people in television." Which was fine, because there's nothing you can do to prepare yourself for a career in television other than watch it. I think studying literature was a better preparation than most, because the methods of storytelling really don't change from one medium to another. And I've since discovered that there is no proven path to a career in television. The best advice to young people is to work toward an entry-level job from the mail room or from a related industry such as advertising, where you can learn the business and make some contacts. The surest way not to get a job is to call on the networks directly. Networks and studios are places of highly specialized skills, not learning centers.

7.

PLAYBOY: How did *you* get where you are?

TARTIKOFF: I worked my way up through the promo department at ABC; first in New Haven, then in Chicago. But I was always anxious to cross over into programing; and in 1975, I got a reel together of the best work I'd done on movie promotions and on a local, late-night comedy show I'd produced on my own time. I began sending it around and received two firm offers: a program-executive job at ABC in L.A. and a staff job on *The Mike Douglas Show* in Philadelphia. And NBC offered me the next writing job to open up on a new show they were putting together called *Saturday Night Live*. I thought about where I wanted to spend the next winter and picked L.A. And that's where I first worked with Fred Silverman. But a year later, I got an offer from Dick Ebersol at NBC, the executive who'd wanted to hire me for *Saturday Night Live*, to go over there as director of comedy development. I did, but the job just didn't work out. Historically, NBC had not done many half-hour comedies, and nothing I did in my first year could change that policy. I was frustrated and looking for a way out. Then, suddenly, NBC hired Fred Silverman, and he took me aside almost immediately to say, "The word is out that you're unhappy here. But stick around. Things will get interesting." Within months, I was named vice-president in charge of West Coast programing; and in 1980, I was jumped to president of the entertainment division.

8.

PLAYBOY: Which shows do you consider to have been the most significant during your 11 years in television?

TARTIKOFF: One of the most important was *QB VII*, which not many viewers remember today. But that was the first miniseries and without it there would have been no *Rich Man, Poor Man*, *Roots* or *Shōgun*. In comedy, I think *All in the Family* and *M*A*S*H* have been the most significant, because before them, TV sitcoms were only about idealized people. Also, neither of those shows was an immediate hit, but their quality was apparent and the networks stayed with them until they found their audience—a gutsy and innovative programing strategy that TV executives are much less afraid to use today. Maybe Fred Silverman and I wouldn't have stuck with *Hill Street Blues* last season if it hadn't been for those two shows. *Saturday Night Live* was a significant show because it brought the disenfranchised Vietnam generation back to its TV screens. And *60 Minutes* expanded the horizons of news and information programing while retaining the traditional mass-entertainment value of network television. I believe there will be much more journalism on prime time over the next ten years because *60 Minutes* has shown that if it's good journalism, millions of Americans will be anxious to watch. *Family* was a ground-breaking show because it was the first weekly series to incorporate contemporary issues such as homosexuality, serious illness and extramarital affairs, issues that until then had been dealt with only in specials and movies of the week. And *Dallas* is enormously significant because of the societal changes it reflects. It's the first

daytime show to succeed in prime time, and I think that's the result of the increased number of women in the work force. And it's also the first series in which the most popular character is the villain, which is probably the result of a post-Watergate, recessionary outlook. J.R. is TV's Darth Vader—the evil genius we love to hate, a protagonist previous generations would never have embraced.

9.

PLAYBOY: Remember that marvelous scene in *The Graduate* in which the guy takes Dustin Hoffman aside and says, "Plastics"? Today he would say "Cable." What's your view of the future of cable television?

TARTIKOFF: After the initial rush to obtain cable franchises, everyone is suddenly going to realize that he has to program all those channels. And there simply isn't an infinite number of ideas and formats that haven't already been exhausted by the networks. The future of cable is going to include a lot of people in chairs talking to one another, a lot of call-in shows, amateur hours and badly lit, badly mixed attempts at late-night comedy. So far, the only cable program I've seen that displays any real ingenuity is *The Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence.*

10.

PLAYBOY: Cable has already reduced the ratings of the networks and the share will no doubt drop further as more homes are wired. What effect will that have on network programing?

TARTIKOFF: The penetration of cable has caused the standard of success for a network show to drop from, say, a 30 share to a 26 or a 27. And that, I think, has already improved the quality of network programing. Shows like *Hill Street Blues* and *Taxi* generally have a hard-core following that remains remarkably constant, regardless of what the gross high is. So now that the standard of success is lower, it's easier to carry quality dramas and intelligent comedies with their devotedly loyal 26-share audiences than it was when 30 was the cutoff point. But lower ratings also bring in fewer commercial dollars, so we'll see all three networks doing more series, fewer made-for-TV movies, a return to comedy-variety shows, more tape, less film and less action-adventure.

11.

PLAYBOY: What do you dream about?

TARTIKOFF: Seventy percent of my dreams are about television. Not ideas for shows—you know, two detectives, one a boy, one a girl, and they live on a boat in San Pedro Harbor. Nothing like that. But I do have anxiety dreams about the ratings and fantasy dreams about meetings with producers and other executives.

At another network, I dreamed I was called into a meeting by the network president, who handed me a pistol and said, "The producer waiting in that office just gave us a bad show and we have to kill him. I want you to do it as a test of loyalty." So I went into the other room, showed the producer the gun and told him, "I'm not going to kill you and I think I know a way to get us out of here alive." Then I went into the office of the head of programing and tried to shoot this huge, white telephone on his desk so he couldn't call the guards at the gate to stop us. But when I pulled the trigger, a blank went off. The gun wasn't loaded. But the head of programing thought I was trying to assassinate *him* and began chasing me. Then everyone at the network was chasing me and the producer through the corridors, down the stairs and out into the parking lot. Then I woke up.

12.

PLAYBOY: What is your typical day like?

TARTIKOFF: If I'm in L.A., my day starts at seven. It's already ten on the East Coast, so I immediately call New York and make the rounds of the people who work for me there, because by the time I get to the office at nine, they'll be out to lunch. Then I have a breakfast meeting with one of our program suppliers, because it's difficult to get all your meetings into a business day and you have to eat breakfast anyway. When I get to the office, the first thing I look at is the ratings. If something there needs attention—for example, if *Real People* is down a couple of points from the week before—I immediately get on the phone and beef up that show's promotional schedule for the following week. Then a reel of promo announcements arrives—all the spots that were cut the night before for the coming week's shows. We generally do ten of those a day and I always watch them. Then I'll have a meeting with one of the department heads, say, the person in charge of series development or talent and casting. It's especially important to keep up with the new faces. Was there someone at The Comedy Store last night who'd be perfect in one of our new sitcoms? Is someone knocking them dead off-Broadway who'd make a perfect lawyer or doctor or cop in a dramatic series? I'll have three or four programing meetings that are outgrowths of the earlier meetings. Then more meetings with producers. In between, I receive 75 to 100 calls a day, of which I can return only about 25, plus the calls I initiate. By 7:30 P.M., my day in L.A. is winding down. It takes half an hour to drive home, and by then, prime time is just beginning. In a sense, my day starts all over again at eight P.M. On most nights, there'll be one or more of our shows or the competition's shows that I'll want to see. And on the off night when there's nothing I have to

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watch, I go to the movies or the theater—two of my favorite activities in life. But even there I find myself playing the same games: looking at the fourth lead with an eye toward making him the husband on our new family show. Even during TV commercials, there's no escape, because a lot of stars—such as Sandy Duncan and John Travolta—have been found in commercials. Then, late at night and during weekends, I read scripts. Don't get me wrong. I'd rather be doing this than anything else in the world. But it *is* a relentless pursuit.

13.

PLAYBOY: By your own account, the first thing you do after entering your office in the morning is read the ratings. Is that because those ratings matter more than anything else? What *wouldn't* you do for ratings?

TARTIKOFF: Each morning, when I pick up those overnights, I get the sinking feeling in my stomach that I used to get in school the day the grades came out. Being in television is like getting a report card every day. However, there are a lot of shows that would get a 60 or a 70 share, but I'll never put them on, because they appeal to our basest instincts. If there were a show akin to *Battle of the Network Stars* called *Battle of the Races*, don't tell me everybody in America wouldn't be watching. But that concept is so ugly and divisive that no network will ever put it on. Speaking more realistically, a three-hour movie about Hitler's relationship with Eva Braun was developed recently. It was interesting, but I said, "Let somebody else do that." The Guyana movie that eventually did air came to us first, but we chose not to do it. At some point, you have to live with yourself.

14.

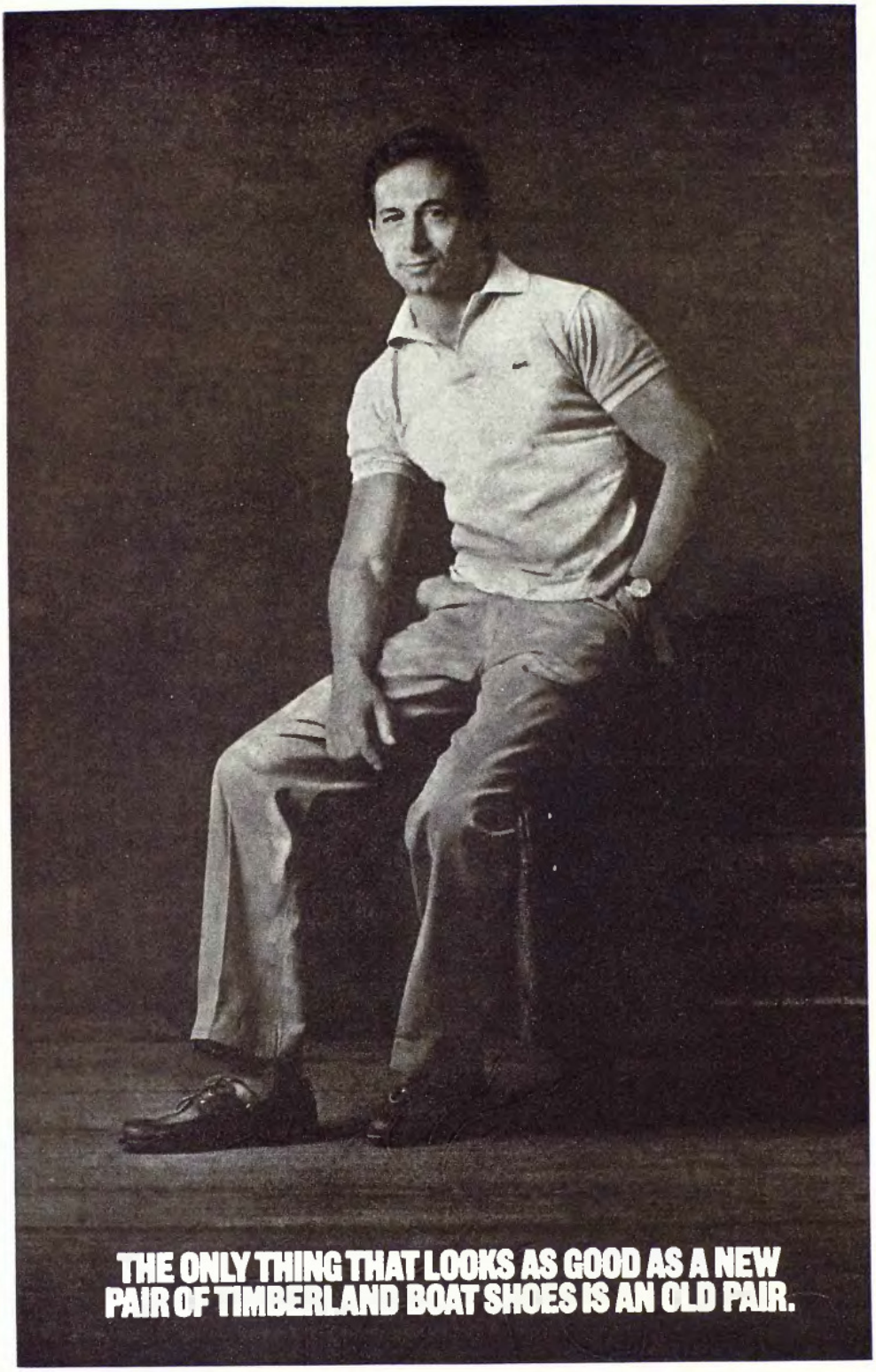
PLAYBOY: What shows would you like to do but can't because the ratings wouldn't be high enough?

TARTIKOFF: About a year ago, I was toying with a show called *In Touch*, but I was eventually convinced that it was "too soft." That's a television term, not a PLAYBOY term. Along with informational segments, it would include profiles of maybe three ordinary people each week, real-life stories that dramatized some basic human values—sort of an everyman's *60 Minutes*. Ultimately, it was a show that would encourage people to do something other than watch television. In my heart, I knew it would be one of the few TV shows I'd be really excited to watch. But I also knew it would never get more than a 15 share.

15.

PLAYBOY: At what moments are you most aware of the awesome power of your job?

TARTIKOFF: I'm always aware of it. Look,



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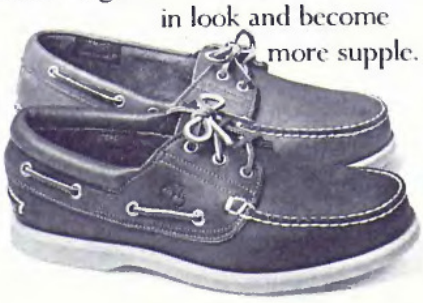

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I don't get 100 calls a day because I'm a hell of a guy. And even more power is evidenced by the fact that almost everyone in the world will return *my* call. But I never forget that when I leave the network, all of a sudden my phone calls won't be returned and my jokes won't be so funny. But most of all, power is being in a meeting with an Emmy-winning writer and a talented, A-list producer and *my* ideas are being listened to. When I say, "I love the guy, I love the girl, but make the dog a Chevy," and they say, "What color?" and "Should it have a landau roof?"—that's when I tell myself to be careful.

16.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever uncomfortable because you have so much power at your age?

TARTIKOFF: Many of the people who come to sell me shows or do shows for me are much older than I and sometimes almost fatherly. That's an odd feeling more than an uncomfortable one. But because of my age, I'm sometimes intimidated by the wrong people. For example, I remember my first meeting with Norman Lear, a man whose accomplishments I truly revere. Yet he was just a guy who came into my office wearing a cardigan and a porkpie hat and we talked about shows. It was a very easy meeting. But I had butterflies in my stomach when I met Bill Dana, because he had played José Jimenez when I was a kid and I had all his albums. I still get butterflies when I'm with James Garner, Rock Hudson, James Arness, Dick Clark—people I used to watch on the little black-and-white TV set in my childhood room. Now they're live and in color and in my office—and I'm doing shows with them! I'd have to be dead not to feel something.

17.

PLAYBOY: Very few top-level executives retire from the networks. Like Silverman, they are eventually fired or they quit and go on to careers in production. Why?

TARTIKOFF: Television is a burnout industry. Your body and mind take a lot of wear and tear with all the traveling and the long hours. There's a profound physical exhaustion that sets in simply because television is on 18 hours a day, seven days a week. The network is a machine that eats you up, and the machine always needs to be fed.

18.

PLAYBOY: What if *you're* fired?

TARTIKOFF: The last time I was fired, I was a 16-year-old usher at the Alhambra Theater in San Francisco and they threw me out for taking long dinner breaks. So an experience many Americans my age have had many times has eluded me, and if they fire me now, I'll realize that, in the historical sense, I had it coming: It's been a long hot streak. But if I'm fired *right now*, after this television season, well. . . . Reshaping a network takes several years, and I've just begun the process. So I'd feel cheated, cut off. And that would probably cause me, out of ego, to stick around this business, hoping for another opportunity to put my programing ideas into practice, both to satisfy myself and—honestly, humanly—to show a lot of people how wrong they were. But if I get a fair chance and then fail, I'll leave this business forever and never look back. That's really all any of us ever has the right to ask for: one shot in life to put your best horses on the track and let them run for you. And if they lose, it's time to walk away.

19.

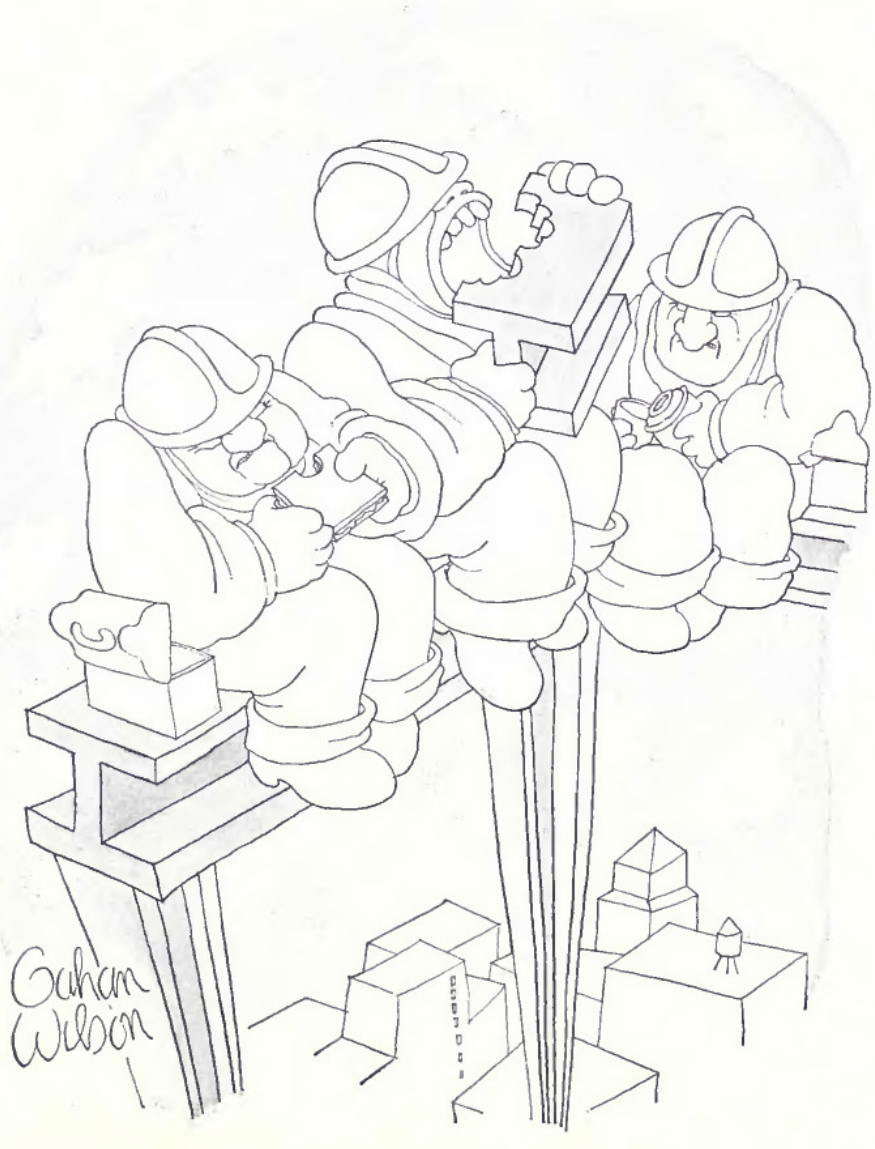
PLAYBOY: Where do you see yourself at the age of 40?

TARTIKOFF: Doing something completely different, in a field where the challenges would be as great but where I'd have to start from scratch and see if I could do it all over again. Maybe I'll try to be the novelist Robert Penn Warren would have preferred me to become. Although now I think I'd change the Siamese twins to a Chevy.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any ambitions for the medium itself?

TARTIKOFF: I'd like to get television to its next level of development. It's unrealistic to think that anyone can wave a magic wand and suddenly every show will be good. There aren't enough writers and producers capable of turning out quality material that fast. But part of my love affair with the medium is that we're the same age and the possibility of growth still exists for both of us. I think it's time for the medium to grow up and start making a living in a responsible way and be a bigger contributor to society. Its wonder years are over. Now's the time to settle down and raise a family.



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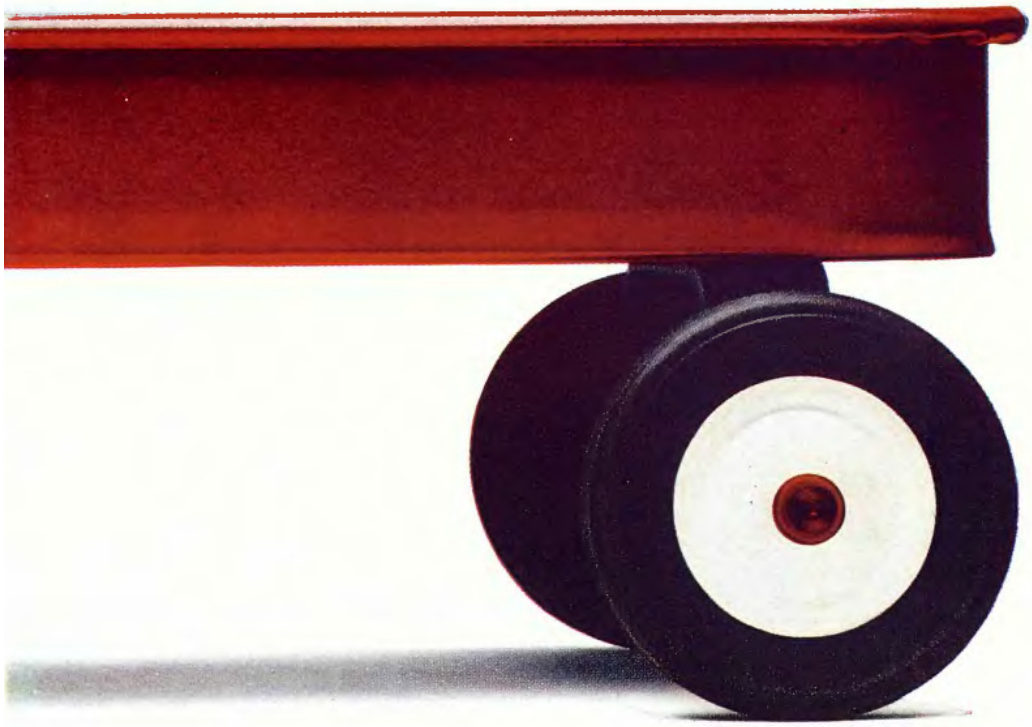

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MAN and WOMAN *(continued from page 190)*

"'Detecting and being attracted by signs of female youth is part of the male's genetic program.'"

motherhood and youth—it's in their interests to tie up a woman's whole reproductive career. And females would look for something else: health, yes, but also strength and long-term resources; whatever was necessary for the survival of their genes.

"The first part of the hypothesis is supported," Symons continues, "by studies done all over the world on people of different ages, classes and sexual preferences. Men tend to be the sex-seeking gender. And women—if you read *The Hite Report*, for example—are simply not as interested in casual sex, even though they sometimes believe they *should* be and would be happier if they were. What they require from sex in general is some sort of emotional involvement.

"The second part of the hypothesis holds up equally well. Let's start with men. Men in all cultures prize health and cleanliness—good skin, good teeth. They set great store by physical attractiveness, and this attractiveness is always associated with youth. Why? Because youth is when a woman is most valuable, reproductively speaking. She can have and care for only a relatively small number of children during her lifetime, and so the earlier a man acquires her, the better. Detecting and being attracted by signs of female youth is part of the male's genetic program.

"Youth, though, isn't a criterion that women apply to men, because a man's reproductive value can actually increase with age. And his value is less dependent on his physical appearance. It has more to do with reliability, status, prowess, skills and the ability to command and accumulate wealth. During our evolution, then, women who attended to *those* signs of value would have had the reproductive edge over those who paid court primarily to youth and physical attractiveness. And there would have been selective pressures to ensure that such a tendency survived in women today. In fact, that's what we see. While men are sexually drawn to younger women, women routinely marry older men and not necessarily Adonises.

"The upshot of all this," says Symons, "is that men and women have different sexual psychologies because they have different reproductive strategies. And those psychological differences underlie all heterosexual transactions. Women control what men have always needed—the ability to carry and reproduce their genes for them. And so a man tends to pursue sex aggressively—it's a trivial expenditure of energy with a potentially big payoff. For a woman, though, sex is something else. Women, after all, have always had one of their few, expensive eggs and their bodies on the line. And so sex for a woman remains a valuable *service*—a service that has to be carefully traded."

"It's to me from your ex."

Back to the restaurant. Now we can see what's been going on in the attraction between our hero and heroine. Originally, of course, she noticed him because he so obviously had eyes for her. Then she liked what she had noticed. And then, almost unconsciously, she began to absorb all the clues in him that suggested status and resources (and potentially valuable genes): his clothes, his tan, his ease with others, his leanness. All those things carry shifting social meanings. A tan, for example, once meant outside work; now it means money for vacations. Thinness once meant the poverty of undernourishment; now thin is in—it's the poor, by and large, who are fat.

Our hero, meanwhile, went through a similar process. Status—clothing and so on—was clearly important to him. But his appraisal was mainly physical. As he watched her, what he checked out were her age, her skin, her hips and her breasts—all signs of her fitness for motherhood. And since he thought her beautiful, one can assume something else—that in appearance, she was somewhere close to the population average. Standards of beauty vary from society to society, but they always represent an averaging of what the society looks like. There are genetic reasons for this—reasons that are part of his sex drive. For the average is the mainstream of the genetic pool in any society. Other things being equal, the average is a better bet, genetically speaking, than something on the fringes.

All that has been considered. And now, as they order their food and eat their dinner, they're at a second stage, at which she holds all the cards. For if they're to have sex, *she* has to say yes. She has to be convinced that there's no danger in their intimacy, that he is gentle and reliable. To find out whether or not that is true, she requires courtship. She needs evidence. She needs, in evolutionary terms, to make sure that the man will stay around long enough to provide resources for her and her offspring. For a woman, that decision is crucial. And in order to deal with it, women have developed mechanisms that make them much more discriminating, guarded and conservative in their sex drive than men. She sits opposite him, in other words, possessed of a different evolutionary inheritance. She almost certainly has an enhanced ability to read his character

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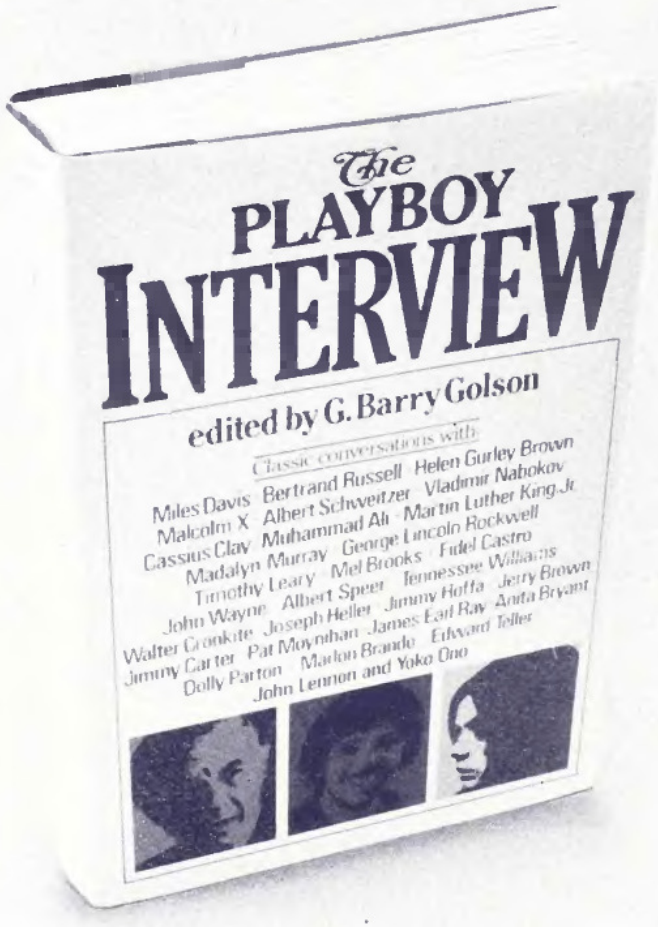

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from gesture, posture and tone of voice (see *Man and Woman, Part Three: The Sex Life of the Brain*, March). Her senses are more finely tuned and her brain is organized in such a way that she has readier access to the emotional context of what she's experiencing. She's quick, therefore, to react to the slightest sign of danger, and she responds sexually not to instant cues but to atmosphere, to all those collective cues that signal warmth, intimacy and absence of danger—attentiveness, a soothing voice, whispering, touching, quiet music.

Something of who she is can be seen in the huge industry of romantic magazines and fictions aimed at her. She requires a certain ambience for sex. When it comes to representations of sex in books and pictures, she responds most to those in which the relationships are believable. And as for her own sex life, her sexual willingness requires a psychological go-ahead. John Wincze of Brown University Medical School and Patricia Schreiner-Engel of Mount Sinai School of Medicine have found—in separate studies—that a woman often shows physiological, vaginal arousal when watching sex films or listening to erotic tapes. But she doesn't, by any means, always *feel* aroused at the same time—as a man always does. There's a potential gap between the responses of her body and the conscious part of her brain.

She's protected by nature, then, from making the wrong snap decision about him. And she's been provided by evolution with a further protective mechanism, the effects of which are all around us. She is, quite simply, less visually arousable than he is, because it wouldn't serve her reproductive purposes to be turned on by the sight of just any old male body.

He, of course, isn't so restrained. He has different evolutionary fish to fry, so he devours her with his eyes, undresses her in his mind. It's no wonder that a successful men's-magazine industry has been built up around his visually oriented male libido—but not around hers. No women's magazines can find a market solely on the basis of male nudes—they sell, rather, to male homosexuals.

What does all this add up to in the attraction between him and her? Well, if he comes on too strong, he may not make out—there's more ultimate compatibility between two people when the man isn't too pushy. What he has to remember is that her approach to sex has less to do with what the poet W. H. Auden once called "the intolerable neural itch." That doesn't mean she can't be instantly attracted to a man, and it doesn't mean she can't pursue large numbers of sexual partners. But it *does* mean that the attraction she feels is unlikely to be a purely physical one. And it means that, in being promiscuous, she may have some difficulty overriding the

evolutionary programs within her. For she'll be doing something that in evolution worked not to her advantage but to man's. And no matter how hard she tries, she simply isn't a man. She hasn't inherited the male pattern of sexual behavior, and, like it or not, a number of studies have shown that she is *less* likely to experience orgasm during a one-night stand than she is in the context of a stable long-term relationship.

•

If you don't buy the idea of different evolutionary programs operating within our hero and our heroine as they sit in the restaurant appraising each other, then consider this: Ten or 15 years ago—or however many years ago they began to go through puberty—they wouldn't have given two cents for the pleasure of each other's company. Then, two or so years later, their parents probably said: "Oh, God, he's/she's girl/boy *crazy*."

By that time, the sex hormones had done their work. She'd become locked into her menstrual cycle, had developed breasts, had grown her particular pattern of pubic hair, had expanded her pelvis and put on weight at her hips—so gaining a low center of gravity and the beginnings of the hip-swiveling walk of a mature woman. He, meanwhile, had developed a deep voice, new muscles and larger bones, had grown facial hair and a larger penis and had set up continuous sperm production. Now they were ready to meet, having become attractive to each other by becoming different from each other, and all according to the timetable of an evolutionary program that continues in the restaurant and for the rest of their reproductive lives. The overseer of the program is, in both cases, the hypothalamus. But its most important field representative is different in each of them. In him, it's testosterone; in her, it's estrogen.

The hypothalamus is primed in the womb to produce those extraordinary events of puberty by starting up major production of the sex hormones. From that point on, it controls the sexual and reproductive behavior of us all. It is, as we've said, a sort of command center between the brain and the body, constantly monitoring the state of both. When necessary, it calls up long-distance messengers from the pituitary to influence the working of the various organs of the body. In matters sexual, it does that by sending the pituitary a hormone called L.H.R.H. (luteinizing hormone-releasing hormone). L.H.R.H. causes the pituitary to release into the blood stream two *additional* hormones, F.S.H. (follicle-stimulating hormone) and L.H. (luteinizing hormone), which then home in on particular targets. In men, F.S.H. starts up sperm production. And L.H. tells the testes to produce testosterone, which then travels to various tissues in the body and back to the brain.

All three hormones are more or less continuously produced in men, whose testosterone levels bounce up and down like a yo-yo several times a day. So it's very hard to tell how this system affects their sex lives—except, perhaps, by helping to maintain a consistent sex drive.

In women, it's a different story. For the three hormones are intimately involved with both the rigorous timing of events during the menstrual cycle and the ebb and flow of the sexual appetite. The way the hormones do that is complicated, but F.S.H. is basically responsible for the production of estrogen and L.H. for progesterone. And the rise and fall of those two hormones during the 28-day cycle of ovulation and menstruation are accompanied by subtle changes in sexual readiness and desire. The sex drive in women, in other words, is under particular hormonal constraints—part of their ancient evolutionary program.

The science of all this is still in its infancy. L.H.R.H., for example, was discovered and synthesized only 11 years ago, and it took hundreds of thousands of dollars and millions of animal brains to do the job. Science is also strictly limited, still, in the number of ways

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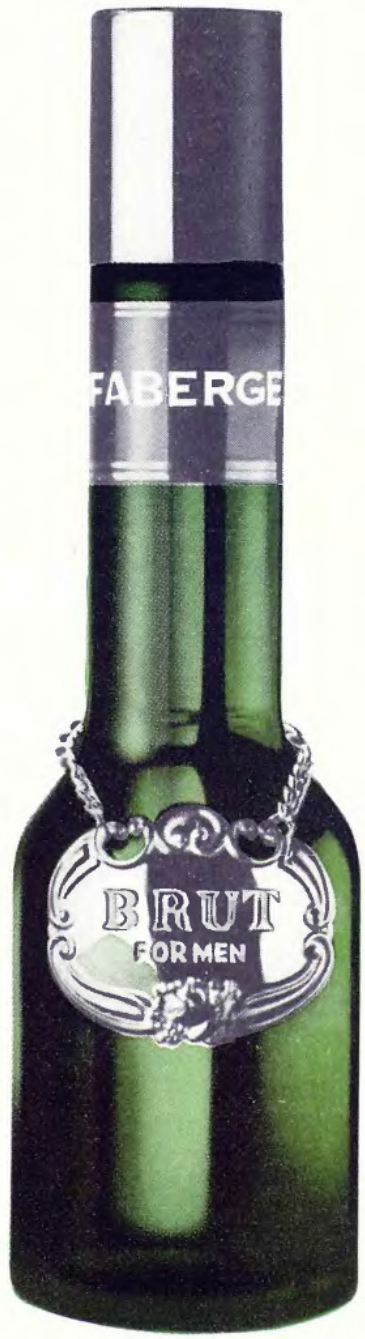

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it can look at human sex. It can show men and women erotic flicks while their penises and vaginas are decked out with strain gauges and measurers of blood-vessel constriction. It can measure the level of their hormones. It can wire the heads of men and women making love or masturbating. It can look at men and women who suffer from sexual disorders and dysfunctions because their supply of estrogen and testosterone or their hypothalamus or their pituitary or their adrenal glands have gone on the fritz. And it can then try out various drugs on them—including the hormones and chemical messengers it's found to be involved in the sex lives of animals.

All this is still very crude. But despite its crudeness, science is nevertheless, little by little, beginning to tell us a new story. It's beginning to tell us that deep within the chemistry of him and her—though there are mechanisms that dictate different sexual strategies—there are also ancient mechanisms yoking them together in the courtship dance.

Back again to the restaurant. One of the things we can imagine about our heroine's presence there is that at some point, she has painted her lips, put on eye make-up and dabbed a drop or two of perfume behind her ears and between her breasts. That's something women have been doing on such occasions for thousands of years. Those are ancient sexual signals.

More important, for our purposes, is the fact that they actually *mimic* hormonal events that take place in a woman's body. Lip paint duplicates the reddening of the lips during sexual arousal. Eye make-up reflects the old knowledge that our pupils dilate when we see something attractive and that we become more attractive as a result. (Belladonna, which used to be part of a woman's cosmetic repertoire, produces the pupil-dilating effect directly.) And perfume—well, the odd thing about perfumes in history is that their most important ingredients have been secretions from the sexual-scent glands of animals: musk deer, European beaver and civet cat. We have scent glands, too—in armpit, breast and pubic skin. So what we've been doing all these years is borrowing the powerful sexual smells of other species to overpower the grace notes of our own hormonal communications system.

She does all this leisurely dabbing and daubing because she's feeling good about herself, confident, subtly sexy. The reason, let us assume, is that she's somewhere near the point of ovulation, in the middle of her cycle. Estrogen is, roughly, the hormone of the first part of the cycle. It prepares her body for the egg—and for sex. It builds up the lining of her womb and vagina and it makes her feel and look good. It subtly raises her temperature and gives her body tone and color. She glows. Then, around the time of ovulation, there's a rise in her progesterone level, the first impact of which is to make her receptive. And it's accompanied—some scientists believe—by a peak in adrenal-produced testosterone, which makes her clitoris more sensitive and increases her sex drive. At no other time in her cycle do those three hormones coincide in her in the same way. Only at ovulation do they conspire to give her that unique readiness for sex as well as a heightening of three of her senses—sight, taste and smell.

There's no doubt that this is a holdover from a very old mechanism that makes most female primates receptive—in heat—at only one point in their cycle. But it continues to be part of our heroine's evolutionary program, and it continues, mysteriously, to affect the way our hero behaves toward her. Somehow or other, he can pick up on what's going on in her body. In general, men seem to want sex less during the second part of a woman's cycle, after her egg has come and gone. And although you may say it has to do with external signs, the change in her attractiveness, and so on, that still doesn't explain some even odder things that go on between men and women. There's evidence that simply dating a man—or working around male hormones—alters a woman's cycle and makes it more regular. There's evidence, too, that when a man and a woman live together, their base levels of testosterone rise and fall in unison; the temperature changes characteristic of *her* cycle are echoed in *him*.

How is such hidden information communicated? Probably by smell. And here we come to the mysterious heart of the *chemical* communication between him and her. Smell messages travel to the hypothalamus and to other areas of the brain known to be involved in sex. And it's possible that he and she still have inherited ability to appraise each other sexually by smell. At puberty, their apocrine glands—in armpit, breast and pubic skin—started to put out substances that are by-products of their fluctuating sex hormones. And at least one of those substances has been shown to alter mood and attraction in men and women—*even when they aren't aware of smelling it*.

It may be, then, as they sit in the restaurant, that our couple are communicating in a language they don't know they know, a language that affects how attracted they are to each other. He, way below the surface of consciousness, is vetting her hormonal state, seeing how close she is to producing his own reproductive goal, her egg. And to all her other collected information, she's adding

news about the level of his testosterone. Testosterone levels are markers in animals of their relative position in the pecking order. And in human males, they rise both after any success and when sex is anticipated. So they're a pretty good measure, if she can read them, of the promise or potential value of his genes—and of his interest in her.

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And so, as they say, to bed. To the roller coaster of Masters and Johnson's E.P.O.R. What can science tell us about him and her at this stage? Well, until recently, the only sort of science that had anything to say was social science. And, according to Kinsey, social science, after years of patient work, can tell us that she has an 89 percent chance of having more than three minutes of foreplay and a 22 percent chance of having more than 20 minutes. (The average in this society, according to two further studies, is between 12 and a half and 15 minutes.) It can tell us that their coitus will last an average of two minutes (Kinsey) or ten minutes (Morton Hunt). And it can tell us that she'll take about eight minutes to reach orgasm as against two minutes for him.

It can also tell us that he is unlikely to be very skilled at pleasing her. American men are by no means as good at that as the men of Mangaia, in central Polynesia. There, at the age of 13 or 14, boys start their sexual education under the tutelage of older men and then of older women. They learn the techniques for pleasuring a woman. And, according to D. S. Marshall, in the process, they acquire a knowledge of female anatomy superior to the average g.p.'s. The result? A happily assumed responsibility for multiple female orgasms that lasts through their reproductive lives.

The difference between a Mangaian man and our American men is cultural, of course. Skills are learned and a man can always improve his performance. Again, though, we have to look below the level of such cultural differences if we're to find anything fundamental to say about the sexual possibilities that exist between two hypothalamuses, two pituitaries, two lots of 16-square-foot skin covering and two sets of genitals. As we've seen, hard science can tell us something about the nervous apparatus, the hormones, the glands and the chemicals that are involved, willy-nilly, in their bedroom encounter. But it still can't answer two important questions that are basic to the difference between them. Why does one gaggle of human tissue—his—reach its peak of sexual activity about the age of 18 while the other gaggle of human tissue—hers—reaches *its* peak much later, around 28? And why is his orgasm universal—a foregone conclusion—while hers is various and sporadic?

Back again to evolution—to tie together in one bundle our couple's different evolutionary strategies and the sexual mechanisms that still mediate them. First the facts. A man's sexual activity rises steeply immediately after puberty, reaching its height before he turns 20. From then on, it steadily declines toward zero—which is reached well after the age of 70. A woman, meanwhile, increases her sexual activity very slowly after puberty. She doesn't reach her peak until about the age of 28. She remains at the same level of activity until around 45, when a slow decline sets in.

That is fairly easy to understand in the case of the eager male. Life was almost certainly nasty, brutish and short for males in the hunter-gatherer societies, and there was obviously a genetic advantage in reaching a sexual peak. The earlier a male started, the better chance his genes had of surviving. And if his genes survived, then his male descendants would also be early starters, as we men are today. The male decline is simply a by-product of the early peak. It's slow and very gradual. And it's simply the result of generations of men's tending to have children earlier rather than later.

The pattern in women is more difficult to read, but, again, it has to do with selection and the survival of their genes. A woman doesn't come into full reproductive maturity until the years between 19 and 24. One element in this is the fact that her pregnancy between puberty and the late teens is associated with all sorts of problems: her children have more difficulty surviving. A second element is that a woman needs help if she's to guarantee her genes' survival, so it's simply in her interests to wait until the right man comes along. Nature now comes into the picture, favoring those women who have the tendency to hold back until the ties of a lasting affection are established. Only then is the peak of sexual activity reached.

"Then why," you're probably asking, "aren't 28-year-old women getting it on with 18-year-old men?" For all the old protective reasons we've given. Eighteen-year-old men are notoriously unreliable. They have little to offer in the way of resources. They're aggressive; and, equally to the point, they know very little about the complicated give-and-take of sex. If human sex were simply a branch of athletics, then, of course, 18-year-old men and 28-year-old women would be constantly cavorting. But sex isn't athletics. Contraception or no, it's about *reproduction*, and the considerable pleasures it offers are, in evolutionary

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terms, the glue that binds two humans together for the joint project of reproduction (see *Part Two: The Sexual Deal: A Story of Civilization*, February).

For that, a woman needs intimacy, trust and consideration—precisely what a skilled older man can offer. Learning is, indeed, a crucial part of sex. Because of it, an older man can more readily understand her need for a psychological commitment—he has one of his own to give. Because of it, he knows about courtship—the foreplay before the foreplay in bed. And because of it, too, once they're there, he knows how to help produce in her the ultimate learning experience, the icing on the reproductive cake: the female orgasm.

"Orgasm," says Symons, "is apparently not a common phenomenon among other female primates. And even among humans, it's by no means universal. Some societies don't even have a word for it. They don't know it exists. Even in our own society, between five and ten percent of women never experience it; another 30 or 40 percent experience it only intermittently. It's not tied in any obvious way to reproduction, as the male orgasm is. What's so interesting is that the intense pleasure of orgasm occurs precisely when ejaculation in the male occurs. The pleasure of orgasm is the motivating force in the male; in other words, to get to the point of this crucial reproductive event. Now, there is no comparable crucial reproductive event for the female. She is the receiver. So there is no comparable reinforcing mechanism. In the female, then, orgasm is a potential—one that requires male skill and interest to be expressed. In the few societies in which all females are said to experience orgasm, there is either prolonged foreplay, in which the clitoris plays a big part, or consciously prolonged intercourse.

"Why, if it's only a potential, is it there? The answer," Symons suggests, "is that though it was favored by natural selection in males and not in females, it nevertheless survives in females in the same way the nipples survive in males—even though males can't normally produce milk. Ejaculation, from a vestigial prostate, can also occur in some women when they orgasm. And I think that's the same sort of thing.

"The female orgasm has, I know, received a lot of press, usually linked to the idea of female insatiability. And I think it's thrown us off track. First, I don't believe that women are insatiable—it's not what one finds cross-culturally, and it's hard to imagine how female insatiability could have been favored by natural selection. And, second, orgasm is simply *not* the be-all and end-all of sex for most women. If you

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read *The Hite Report*, for example, an overwhelming number of women talked about affection, intimacy and love as their primary reasons for liking intercourse—not orgasm. And most women considered the moment of penetration to be their favorite physical sensation."

What Symons implies is that in our culture, women are being trapped into pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp—being persuaded that what's important to men is of the utmost importance to them as well. That doesn't mean that men shouldn't improve their performance and become more skillful and helpful lovers than they are. But the female orgasm, remember, is most likely to be experienced in the context of a stable, loving relationship. And if a woman pursues it through variety, then she may be using an essentially male strategy—playing into male hands and probably undercutting her own satisfaction.

The point is that she is under evolutionary constraints. And just as her vagina evolved to accommodate his penis, and vice versa, so her constraints evolved to accommodate the danger that he represents. If a push-button orgasm had served her reproductive purposes in the past, then it would be with her today. Put another way, her clitoris would be in her vagina. But it isn't. No, a woman *is* different from a man—differently programed, differently aroused, differently wired for pleasure.

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For thousands of years, human beings have known instinctively about the chemistry of sex. They've used those animal sex scents in their perfumes and they've also compulsively eaten everything that reminds them of the sex organs (bananas, avocados and oysters) as well as the sex organs of animals themselves (pig vulvas, sheep penises and bull balls). What they were after was some *essence* of sex to improve their performance.

They were on the right track, because food does, indeed, contain substances from which the hormones and the chemical messengers involved in sex are made. Dopamine, for example, is manufactured from tyrosine, found in large quantities in cereal. It has a stimulating effect on men—though not, as far as can be seen, on women. Serotonin, another messenger, is manufactured from tryptophan in food high in carbohydrates, and it seems to excite her but depress him. Acetylcholine—the raw material for which is found in eggs—has an extraordinary effect, according to some preliminary work done with animals at Tulane University in New Orleans, on the mating behavior of both sexes.

The truth is, you'd probably have to eat an enormous amount of cereal or starch or eggs to get the effect you're after. But there is a simpler and more direct way of taking those and other substances—via a hypodermic or a pill. And that, inevitably, is where science is headed. For the moment, it's turning its findings to such important human uses as the treatment of impotence and infertility and the control of conception. But what science is discovering in the process are things that, in our pill-oriented society, could easily be put to different purposes. These are early days yet. But L.H.R.H., which has a dampening effect on the male libido, has been shown, in unpublished studies, to have the opposite effect on women; a treated woman, according to one researcher, "was really jumping around in bed." And as for male impotence—well, a Canadian group is having "very promising results" with experiments involving a synthetic derivative of the bark of an African tree, the yohimbé. There's a whole pharmacopoeia of other potential candidates with even stranger names—some derived from the human body and brain, some not. Parachlorophenylalanine, given with or without testosterone, has aphrodisiac effects: the body seems to give up before the sex drive does. And three other substances do something of the same sort. Naloxone, according to work done at Vassar and elsewhere, turns sleepy male animals into Don Juans. Alpha M.S.H. vastly increases sexual behavior in both males and females. And $ACTH_{4\text{-}10}$ produces "dreamlike erections, copulatory movements and ejaculations."

Scientists have known for some time that if a rat is allowed to stimulate certain parts of its brain electrically, it will continue to press the lever to do that until it dies of malnutrition and exhaustion. Researchers have also found that if you stimulate the hypothalamus of a male rat, it will have erections at the rate of about 24 an hour—and will ejaculate about 15 times an hour.

It's the *chemistry* of both phenomena that science is now, little by little, working out. And it's time to ask: Do we want this chemistry for ourselves—for people who aren't afflicted by sexual disorders? Should we manipulate, for our own pleasure, the sexual behavior that our evolution has prescribed for us?

These are serious questions, because they involve the two ages that we talked about at the beginning of this report. One age leads us back to nature—to the place in nature, the constraints of nature that science has recently understood us to have inherited. The other age leads forward to a technology of pleasure and to the ultimate democracy of men and women. The question is, in such a democracy, would our hero and heroine find themselves marooned in their own selfishness?

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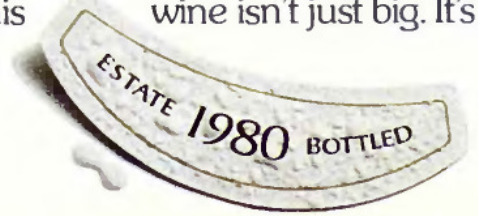

HOLY TERROR *(continued from page 127)*

"Recently, we've met people whose faith has filled them with contempt for their fellow man. . . ."

two thirds of them—had emerged out of fundamentalist or other conservative branches of Christianity. Moreover, those 30 Christian sects combined ranked higher, in terms of the trauma they inflicted upon their members, than the most destructive cults we studied. Long-term effects included such emotional problems as depression, suicidal tendencies and feelings of guilt, fear and humiliation—as well as such mental disorders as disorientation, amnesia, nightmares, hallucinations and delusions.

That fall, our mail increased to levels topped only during the period following Jonestown. Christians and non-Christians alike were writing to express their alarm over the growing militancy of hard-line fundamentalist rhetoric and activism. This wing of conservative Christianity, committed to the most literal interpretation of the Scriptures, had now merged with political forces on the far right. Together, that coalition had become loud and threatening in its drive to subsume the whole of Christendom under its banner and establish itself as the official standard of morality in America.

Suddenly, disaffected Christians started coming out of the woodwork, and we began to see an aspect of that sprawling movement that no one is talking about. Over the years, we've spoken with many Christians who are sincere in their beliefs and warmhearted in their desire to make their religion a living part of their daily lives. Recently, however, we've also met people whose faith has filled them with contempt for their fellow man, people who have been browbeaten and confused to the point of surrender by unyielding preachers and proselytizers. We've seen families split apart over absurd tests of "true conversion," communities turned against one another in heated battles over minutiae of fundamentalist dogma. Worst of all, we've seen real tragedy: people tormented, driven to emotional breakdown and, in some cases, to suicide while fellow crusaders stood by, unfeeling and uncaring. That was our first glimpse of what we've come to call Holy Terror, and we have been observing it in abundance ever since.

Something else happened in 1980 that went beyond the moral crusades of Christian fundamentalism. The mood of the country turned mean. In the months before the election, we found ourselves in the thick of it. Traveling through the Midwest and the Sun Belt on an extended speaking tour, we felt a rising anger and hostility in our audiences and in many of the towns we visited. Some of it seemed to be a natural response to the frustrations of the day, but much of that anger seemed to be engineered and fully orchestrated: The tone, the slogans, the priority of issues and the targets were virtually identical from place to place. Across a dozen states, we heard people uncork and fume at their elected leaders in set ways that seemed wildly out of proportion to political reality. And when we sat down to talk with them, we found them unable to account for their rage. Instead, very often, they hurled strings of epithets and all the bitter labels that had been slapped on so many politicians that year, catch phrases such as antilife, anti-God, antifamily and secular humanist.

Soon, the pieces of a larger picture fell into place. On November fourth, the American political landscape heaved as

if in convulsion. In Washington, heads rolled. Most of the veteran legislators who had been targets of so much hostility and derision landed on the Capitol steps in a heap. Before the echoes had died out from the triumphant fundamentalist right's orgy of chest pounding, its leaders had wheeled out a new rack of targets for the *next* election and a laundry list of legislation they wanted passed in compliance with their self-proclaimed "mandate for change."

We were determined to find out more. So, early in 1981, we hit the road again, our intention this time not to talk but to listen, to pursue the flood of personal leads and cries for help that had come to us. We wanted to explore the web of interconnection among fundamentalist religious and political forces and to examine the range of tactics and technology that we believed had been used to reshape people's values, beliefs and opinions—and to move them to act and vote in designated ways.

For five months, we traveled off the beaten path, sweeping south and west on a route that took us from Massachusetts to Florida, through Texas to Southern California, then back eastward through the heartland—covering almost 10,000 miles. Along the way, we talked with public officials and elected representatives at local, state and national levels. We met with clergy of all religions, with leaders of major social, political and charitable organizations and with experts in the social sciences and related technical fields.

Mainly, though, we talked with just plain folks: with Christians, Catholics, Jews and Americans of no particular persuasion, who happened to be farmers and businessmen, life-insurance salesmen and telephone repairmen, teachers, housewives, secretaries and students. Together, they told a chilling story of the fundamentalist right's impact to date on our Government and on our culture as a whole. Among the people most dramatically affected by this campaign are the fragile lambs we came to call ex-Christians. One of those is a woman we met named Diane.

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Diane was one of the trusting and innocent who almost became a casualty. She didn't approach us out of an audience. She saw us on television and, soon after, called us in New York and said she wanted to talk about her experience. She said there were some important things she wanted us to know. We knew the tone of anxiety in her voice. We told her she would be among the first people we interviewed on our tour.

Several months later, we arrived in the small town in eastern Pennsylvania where she lived with her young daughter. Her house was dingy, with a front porch sinking under the weight of garden pots and children's toys. Waiting at

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the door, she didn't look like your typical sparkly-eyed born-again. In her mid-30s, pale, with dark hair, she greeted us softly and motioned us into her living room, an old-fashioned salon. We chatted briefly, then started recording, and for the next five hours, she told us about her eight years as a member of different evangelical, charismatic and fundamentalist churches. In her story were all the letters we had received, all the pained faces we had seen, all the rumblings we had heard—and proof that Holy Terror has spread far beyond its roots in rural, uneducated America.

"I never set out to become a Christian," she began, using the term as most born-agains do. "I was a Sixties person, but I had been totally disillusioned by that decade. I wasn't searching for anything anymore. I was married. Dan and I lived in an apartment. I had gone back to college and was finishing my last semester when I met this girl in art class, Sarah Ann. She would set up her easel next to mine and watch me paint, and we would talk. Things weren't going well for me at the time. Everything seemed to be going crazy, and sometimes I felt like I was, too.

"Then, one day, Sarah Ann turned to me and said, 'I know why you're going crazy and I know what will help you.' I asked her what and she said, 'Well, if you'd like to, kneel down right now and we'll ask the Holy Spirit to come and dwell in you, and Jesus can be your Lord and savior.' I dropped my brushes and started to laugh. I was sure she was kidding, but she wasn't.

"About a week later, she came to me and told me that there was a battle going on for my soul. She said that she was a representative of God and that I had to make a decision, because Satan was hot on my tail. This time, I thought *she* was crazy. I hadn't thought about religion in years. But as I kept painting, these images came up before me. I began to feel uneasy. I started to worry. She said I should make a decision before it was too late."

Diane didn't make her decision then. She tried to forget about Sarah Ann as she went on to complete her course work. Months later, however, the dark warnings and subtle promises she had been given continued to tug at her, and she decided to look up Sarah Ann.

"She sounded happy to hear from me. She said she was having a prayer meeting at her house on Friday and she asked me to come. I pretended I had forgotten. I said, 'A prayer meeting? Aren't you out of that stuff yet?' She said, 'Oh, no,' and I heard a voice in the background say, 'Don't tell her that or you'll scare her away again!' I thought to myself, I'm not scared of anything. I told her I'd come. Then I hung up the phone, and suddenly I became very frightened. I was afraid something would happen to me.

"But then, a few days later, I received a letter from an old friend, Jessie. She said she had found true happiness and peace as a Christian. And several weeks before, one of my very best friends had told me that he, too, had become born again. Everyone seemed to be doing it. I decided to go to the prayer meeting."

When she arrived, the scene was bizarre.

"It was incredible, crazy," she remembered. "We all sat around singing songs, and then this woman began to talk about how miserable she was because she had been born deformed. Then she said she had gotten into a car accident, which made things worse. I really felt bad for her. I thought everybody else did, too. But then, everyone jumped up from across the room and gathered around her and put their hands on her and started praying for God to heal her body. Then they went back to their seats, saying, 'Thank you, Jesus. Thank you, Jesus.' They were all so happy. But this poor woman was still sitting there, and she was still deformed and she wasn't happy at all. She was very upset, in fact, and she told the group that they had made her even more upset when they did that, because all she wanted was a little sympathy. She said she didn't want people praying for her and nothing happening. It was embarrassing. Then they said that if she had no faith, she wouldn't be healed, and that put even more stress on her."

The prayer meeting was hardly persuasive, but it drew Diane closer to Sarah Ann and the group. On an intellectual level, she rejected everything she was hearing. Emotionally, however, it was a different story.

"When I left that prayer meeting, I still believed it was a bunch of nothing, but Dan went, too, and it made him angry. He started arguing with some of the men there. On the way home, he saw that I had been affected. He said, 'You

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really do believe it. You're going to become one. You're going to destroy our marriage.' "

Dan was right. Together, Sarah Ann and Jessie applied slow, steady pressure to Diane.

"They started coming over to my house with the Bible," she said. "They would read to me. They started taking me to Bible studies at the Gospel temple. It was new and fresh. Their friendship seemed so open and hopeful. They read from the *Gospel of John* and talked about the true light that came to shine through the darkness and lighten every man on the face of the earth. The imagery began to affect me. I would get an emotional and physical response. Sometimes, when I would read some of the Scriptures, I would begin to feel lightheaded, like I was floating up to the ceiling. I don't know why. Sarah Ann and her friends seemed that way, too, on a high; then I started reading the Bible by myself, at bedtime, and *I* got high! At first, it didn't last; it would wear off. But soon my life became like that all the time.

"It was a subtle process. I read the Bible intensely for three weeks and decided that it was true. At that point, I made a decision to follow the Bible, but I didn't want to accept this man Jesus into my heart. That whole idea didn't make any sense to me, but Sarah Ann and Jessie kept telling me that it wouldn't work otherwise, that I had to accept Jesus into my heart. But I was afraid. I felt like something would happen, that I would become somebody else."

Sarah Ann and Jessie wouldn't let Diane become born again in her own way. They doubled their efforts, showering her with attention and affection. Then they pulled the string.

"They tried to make me feel ashamed. They said, 'Look at your life! You ran your own life and look where it got you. Now here's your chance. Jesus can take your life and make something out of it.' If I weren't willing to trust Jesus, Sarah Ann said, I would be lost. Then she stopped talking to me. She said she was mad at me because I was resisting. That upset me. I decided not to see them or go to their churches anymore."

But as Diane's anger faded, she began to feel rejected and alone. "That same night, this great emptiness came over me. Suddenly, it didn't make me feel good just to be myself and go my own way. Dan wasn't speaking to me at that point; I couldn't talk to him about it. So I called Sarah Ann to apologize and she invited me over to spend the night. And as I was lying in bed, I said, 'All right, now, I'm going to do this.' I just said, 'Jesus, come into my heart,' and I fell asleep. When I woke up the next morning, I felt like I had gotten rid of my lonely self, as if I were no longer just me, but now Jesus was inside of me, too, and he was going to fix everything."

That was the beginning of Diane's ordeal. As with many evangelical Christians we interviewed, her famed "born-again" experience was a quiet one. The intense atmosphere of the revival tent, with its converging forces culminating in a moment of overwhelming release, seems to be fading from the evangelical scene—even among many charismatics and pentecostalists. We were surprised, on this tour, to find so many people making cool and conscious *decisions* for Christ. As Diane explained, however, from the onset of her new spiritual experience, her decision-making processes had been under attack. She described the process of suggestion that made her think and act in inexplicable ways.

"When something good happened, I was told to attribute it to Jesus' having become my savior," she continued, "but I had so many questions. I would ask them all the time. Always, the reply was that I was just a 'new' born-again, that I didn't know anything but that if I kept reading the Bible, I would eventually understand. Then I started having these feelings, like messages to do a certain thing, and I'd think it was God or the Holy Spirit talking to me. I was told that I would have all these supernatural experiences for the first few months and then they would go away. They said it was happening because I had started obeying the Scriptures and

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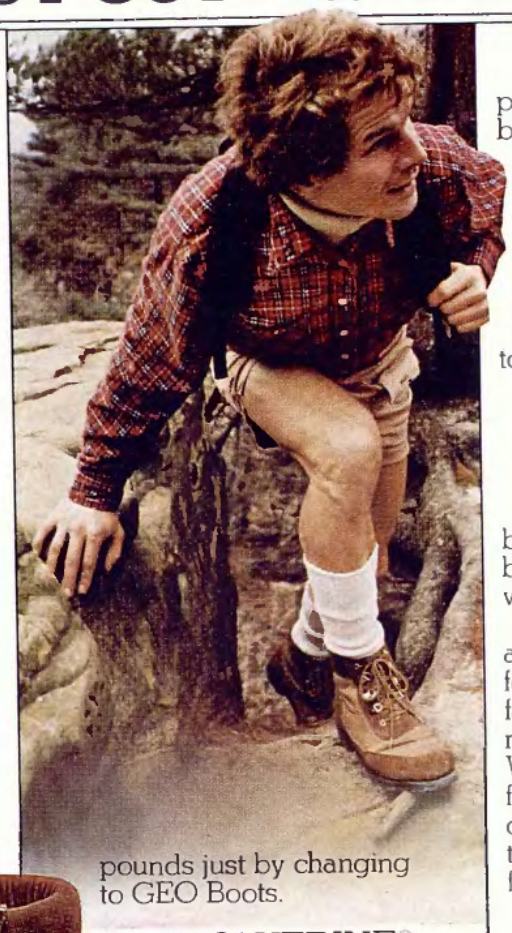

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that these supernatural things were just for the young—the babes in Christ. They were supposed to be a special gift God gave to new born-agains."

Then, suddenly, after her six months as a "babe," the joyful supernatural world she had entered began to darken. The turn came with her growing participation in the Gospel temple.

"They started pulling a lot of new strings," she said. "They wanted us to conform. Everything that had been important to me now became satanic. I had been active in a local women's group, but they began preaching that the women's movement was satanic. They said you couldn't follow Jesus and be a women's libber. They said that rock music was satanic, which shocked me because I had always listened to rock music in the Sixties. Then they said that the *Sixties* were satanic, that Satan had invaded people in that decade through rock music and sex and drugs. Finally, they began to tell us that certain books were satanic and that we were to go home and look through our bookcases, and if we found any books that were not Christian, we were to burn them because they were demonic. I loved books and that made me very upset. But I was afraid that right here in my own house, Satan would infiltrate the atmosphere. I wanted to be pure, but I couldn't burn them or throw them away. So I took all the books out of my library and put them in boxes in the basement."

In place of her library, she said, was a single book.

"I started reading the Bible all the time. Early in the morning, in the afternoon. I carried the Bible everywhere I went. I went to Bible studies. They'd pick a subject and pull out all the Scriptures that pertained to it. I memorized them. It became my whole life."

Although it occupied most of her spare time, Bible study was not Diane's only activity as a born-again. "They told us we were ambassadors of Christ. We were supposed to spread the Gospel to everyone. They said the only reason we were living was to bring more people to Christ. They said the only reason God was allowing me, Diane, to live was to bring everybody that I came in contact with to the Lord. That was the idea from the beginning. When the whole world was converted, Jesus would come back in the clouds and pick up all his children and the earth would be destroyed. Everybody would get a chance, but at the end times, those who refused would be thrown into the lake of fire."

As we talked, Diane's mood grew more somber. She began chain-smoking and fidgeting. We could see she was taking us into territory that was personally painful.

"They started attacking my art," she said, her resentment rising. "They said art had to be just for Jesus. Anything that isn't just for Jesus should be destroyed. We were to have no other loves besides Jesus. So I began to give up my painting, my reading and writing, my participation in the women's movement. I gave up everything. I cut all ties to the world. I no longer associated with anyone except born-agains. Then the fear and the guilt really began to get to me. Everyone was watching everyone else, picking out things that weren't 'Christ-like.' Then we had to repent. One day, I went to the pastor and told him that those teachings didn't make any sense to me. I was told to leave because I asked too many questions. He said I was obviously belligerent. So I started going to another church and the battle began all over again. I asked the pastor: 'If Christ's love is supposed to be so loving, forgiving and merciful, why are you teaching something that is totally the opposite? Show me where it says those things in the Scriptures.' He never answered me. The more I resisted, the worse it became. I felt rotten, like there was something wrong with me. Everybody else seemed so happy."

She looked at us nervously, checking to make sure that we were still on her side. Her eyes brightened as she looked back on her life in the Sixties.

"I was a *peace* child," she insisted, "so it was very easy for me to become a disciple of Jesus. It was the *other* person they wanted me to become who didn't seem like Jesus. They wanted me to be a nothing, an empty shell. They wanted me to give up everything that meant anything to me and replace it with Jesus. They said, 'Jesus is sufficient for all your needs. You don't need your friends, you don't need your children, you don't need your husband, you don't need music.' Looking back on it, I can see that everybody was miserable. We had to go to all those

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prayer meetings and be filled with enthusiasm and the joy of the Lord. But it didn't last. It didn't last for anybody. And I couldn't fake it. I don't know how everyone else did."

Diane got by, however, for months that turned into years, carrying on in all the prescribed ways yet struggling to retain something of her former self and her former values. Then she was asked to accept something that violated everything she believed to be true.

"They said we weren't supposed to care about anybody who wasn't born again," she said. "It just made me sick to my stomach to be that kind of person. If somebody refused to accept Jesus, we were supposed to turn against him inside. They told us nobody could do good without God and that if something bad was happening to a non-Christian, we were not supposed to help. It was good for him to suffer, they said, because suffering would bring him to Christ."

As much as she rejected those notions, Diane soon found herself believing them. And with each dose of suggestion, her own feeling for humanity receded.

"When I totally succumbed was when I accepted the idea that I was saved and special and I stopped caring about people who weren't. That was the end of the line for me." She turned reflective. "I can't tell you how it happened. It was imperceptible, a gradual thing. I had been an artist, a writer, a feminist; I don't know how I became just a housewife and a mother who sat here and read the Bible all day. I never listened to the radio, never watched television, never read a newspaper. I was cut off from everything. I went to Bible study and read Christian books. That was my life."

That life began to consume her, and in her mounting inner conflict, it also began to consume her marriage.

"I had a very unhappy marriage, even before I was born again, but I stayed married because it was forbidden in the Bible to get divorced. Eventually, things got so bad that neither of us could take it anymore. We went to a number of ministers and told them it was bad for us to stay married, that we were both depressed and miserable. But they said it was my fault. They said that in my role as a woman, I was to accept Dan as the head of the household and my spiritual leader. I could not conform to that role. I tried and I tried, then I started becoming depressed. Life became hopeless, and everyone was telling me it was my fault. So I read the Bible and prayed more. I went to prayer meetings. I did everything you were supposed to do, but I wasn't getting anywhere. Christians I associated

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with became critical of me because I wasn't joyful. God wasn't helping me. So I decided I must be a wicked, evil person."

Her downhill slide was sudden.

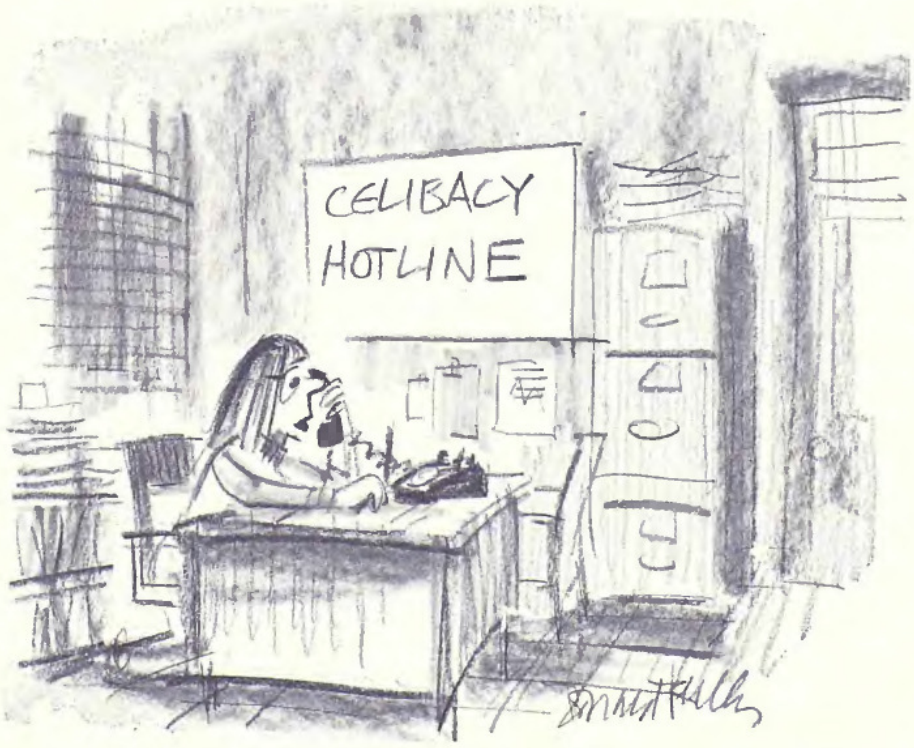
"I got really sick," she said. "I became emotionally ill. I couldn't get out of bed. I had to drag myself to take care of my daughter, who was two at the time. I still went to Bible studies and to prayer meetings, but except for that, I stayed in my room for eight months. No Christians came to see me. I prayed to God, but He was gone. Then I turned to myself and found out that *I* was gone, too! I felt like I was falling into a bottomless pit. I was terrified."

Up to that point, Diane's story seemed reminiscent of many we had heard from former cult members. But as she continued, it became apparent that we were dealing with something larger than the techniques of mind control. To us, her experience spoke of an added dimension, a frightening new form of *emotional* control. She was the first born-again we spoke with who could articulate the conflict.

"You see, the things we had to give up didn't stop with just books and records," she said. "We had to give up thinking *and* feeling. They told us not to think or to question, because Satan used the mind to trick you. They told us not to trust our emotions, because they were deceptive. That's what happened to me. It was terrible, like looking at yourself and seeing somebody who was totally mindless. All that was inside my head were these automatic answers—'Trust in God' or 'All things work to the good for those who love God and are called according to His promises.' That one usually caught everything, but it couldn't save me from the depression I was falling into."

She took the first steps toward seeking help.

"I went to a number of Christian counselors. They said what I had already heard, that I wasn't being a good wife and mother. I started watching the *700 Club* on television. Every morning, I would call the number on the screen and tell them what I was going through, and they would pray for me over the phone. When they got down on their knees to pray, I got down on my knees to pray. When they said, 'Put your hands on the television,' I put my hands on the television. I sent them money. Nothing helped. Then I met some people from a Church of the Living Word and they decided that I must have demons. They put me through an exorcism. Five people stood in front of me and yelled and screamed at the demons for three hours. They were shouting things like, 'Come out of her! Let her go! Free her! Release her, you foul demons!' I just sat there. They made me repent out loud every sin I'd ever committed in my life. I felt as if my whole self were being raped."



"Look—anyone may stumble. The important thing is to pull up your pants and make a new start."

Softly, she described the events that followed, stopping frequently for reassurance. "The center of my being was empty, black and dark. So I signed myself into a psychiatric hospital. I told them I didn't know what was wrong with me. I was afraid to talk to them because they weren't born-again Christians. They tried to help me, but I couldn't listen. Sarah Ann called me up and told me that the whole hospital was full of demons, but I stayed for two and a half months, hoping that maybe I could find some answers. They offered me drugs, but I wouldn't take them. I went to group sessions. I saw eight different psychiatrists there and three more at another institution, but when I found out they didn't believe in Jesus, I couldn't listen to them. One doctor told me I was manic-depressive. Another said I was schizophrenic. It was all a waste of time and money. I decided I might as well go home.

"So I just came back here to die," she said. "I was sure that it would happen soon—that I would either kill myself or simply die of pain. I sent my daughter to a day-care camp for the summer. I didn't see anybody. Dan would come home and give me dinner, but we never talked."

She talked to no one, but soon someone started talking to her: a hallucination of sorts, as she described it; a voice from inside.

"I was lying in bed one day, all doubled up in pain, and I heard this little voice crying for help. At first, I thought it was Satan, so I didn't pay any attention to it. Then, the next day, I heard it again, this tiny little voice, very faint and weak. Then—I don't know why—I just said, 'I'll help you. I don't have much to offer, but in the time I have left, I'll do as much as I possibly can.' And suddenly, I began to think of things that would make me happy."

It was the right move.

"I thought of music," she went on, brightening now. "I thought about fun things I used to do. Then I started reading and writing again. I bought a journal and wrote in it every day. I went out and looked up old friends I hadn't seen in years. I started doing all the things that had been forbidden."

But it was easier said than done. For the next few months, Diane found it almost impossible to make a smooth reentry. "The world was totally ruined to me. My Christian friends rejected me, and I was afraid to get close to people who weren't born again. After eight years, I tried to read a newspaper, but everything seemed to point to Satan and the coming destruction of the world. When I tried to think, I would get a

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pain in my head. Things weren't connecting. I remembered their teaching: 'The mind is the stage of Satan.' I kept looking for some little thing that might poke a hole in everything I had been taught."

That crack came from a most unexpected source. "Four months later, I was dusting out my bookcase and I came across an old dictionary with a copy of the Declaration of Independence in the back," she said. "I read it: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' I looked at that and I thought, That's really curious! Being a Christian, you don't have any rights to your life. You certainly don't have any liberty. And as far as the pursuit of happiness—forget it! Then I said to myself, 'Gee, this Declaration of Independence seems so much more Christian than all the churches I've been going to.' Suddenly, it dawned on me. I said, 'My God! Our Government is more Christian, more loving, more forgiving, more free than God's government.' "

And she continued with her dusting. Those months had been the hardest yet, emotionally wrenching. Cut loose from her born-again orbit, estranged from her husband and her daughter and without any real guidance, she floated

THE MAN ON THE WHITE HORSE

Diane's story reflects the personal side of Holy Terror, but today the movement's greatest dangers have risen to higher levels. On the national scale, Holy Terror is masked by a broad coalition of fundamentalist-right political-action committees, lobbies and foundations—and by the amiable smile of the President of the United States.

Most Americans still don't associate Ronald Reagan with the fundamentalist right—in fact, fundamentalist leaders claim he hasn't come through on pre-election promises. But as far back as 1969, during his first term as governor, Reagan gave the Biblical creationist movement its first victory, when the California State Board of Education declared creationism to be a valid alternative to evolution. A decade later, it seemed that there was nothing candidate Reagan wouldn't say in his all-out quest for the Christian vote. At the Religious Roundtable's National Affairs Briefing in Dallas in 1980, his prepared text ended with a line that brought down the house: "I can only add to that, my friends, that I continue to look to the Scriptures today for fulfillment and for guidance. Indeed, it is an incontrovertible fact that all the complex and horrendous questions confronting us world-wide have their answers in that single book."

It was an astonishing comment by a man aspiring to world leadership in an age of nuclear weapons, space travel, trillion-dollar economies and sensitive international relations. But through the end of the campaign, he kept up a breathless flow of fundamentalist patter; and two weeks after his Inauguration, in a segment of the *700 Club* TV show, host Pat Robertson touted the arrival of "the man on the white horse." Then he introduced the Reverend Harald Bredesen, a member of the board of directors of the Christian Broadcast Network, who told the viewers about a spiritual encounter he had had with Reagan toward the end of Reagan's first term as governor. The incident was revealing—if not exactly inerrant:

BREDESEN: Actually, it was right at the height of the campaign that he invited us to come. . . . I can still remember his face as it was framed in the door receiving us. It had such a boyish, carefree expression. . . . He showed us around his private home. . . . And then Governor Reagan, to my great joy, began to tick off the prophecies that have been fulfilled. Now, I'd been in his home . . . when he was an actor, and to see the difference that had already taken place in his character and in his closeness to the Lord really impressed me very much, because he seemed to be amazingly consonant with the Scriptures. . . .

ROBERTSON: I understand after the discussion of Bible things, you began to pray. Did you join hands, you and Pat Boone, George Otis [another fundamentalist broadcaster] and Ronald Reagan?

BREDESEN: Yeah, that's right.... George had his left hand, I had his right hand as we prayed, and George let out in prayer and suddenly his prayer changed into prophecy. I'm sure you've seen this happen. And in it, God was saying that if [Reagan] would walk in His ways, He said, "I will put you in 1700 Pennsylvania Avenue," which is the address of the White House.

ROBERTSON: Whoa! Wait! That's 1970, and George Otis, speaking in prophecy as unto the Lord, said, "I will put you in 1700"? Whew! That's electrifying.

BREDESEN: Well, I'll tell you—was *Reagan* electrified! I had his right hand and, Pat, it was wobbling like this. Honestly, I've never seen an arm wave so under the anointing of God!

ROBERTSON: It's incredible!

BREDESEN: Interestingly enough, Pat Boone tells me that he called him right after the election and said, "Mr. President, do you remember that day?" and [Reagan] said, "Do I ever!"

ROBERTSON: Somebody just said, by the way . . . it's *1600* Pennsylvania Avenue. That was my fault. It's *1600* Pennsylvania. . . .

One month after he took office, Reagan met in the White House with virtually every important figure in the fundamentalist movement. Within another month, the national media reported a massive infusion of fundamentalist-right ideologues into key Administration positions. In addition to James Watt at Interior, Reagan nominated for Surgeon General a controversial Philadelphia doctor, C. Everett Koop, an ardent fundamentalist and a nationally prominent anti-abortion crusader. As director of the Office of Adolescent Pregnancy Programs, Reagan named Marjory Mecklenburg, president of one of the nation's largest anti-abortion committees. Fundamentalist-right kingpin the Reverend Bob Billings—former president of the National Christian Action Coalition and once executive director of Moral Majority—was named to a $50,000-a-year post as director of the Education Department's ten regional offices and as special "Christian-school liaison officer," a newly created position with no counterpart for other religious denominations. Soon after, Reagan, who had expressed intentions of abolishing the traditional post of White House religious-affairs advisor, named Morton C. Blackwell—former editor of movement heavy Richard Viguerie's *New Right Report*—to the position.

So, behind the smoke of Reagan's emergency economic initiatives in 1981, America's fundamentalist-right shadow government was quietly installed in Federal policy-making posts—affecting vital areas of our life.

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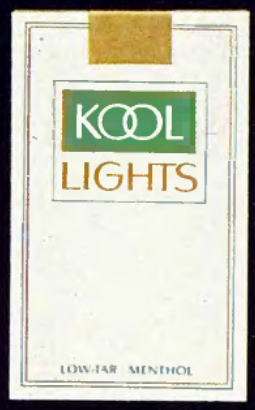

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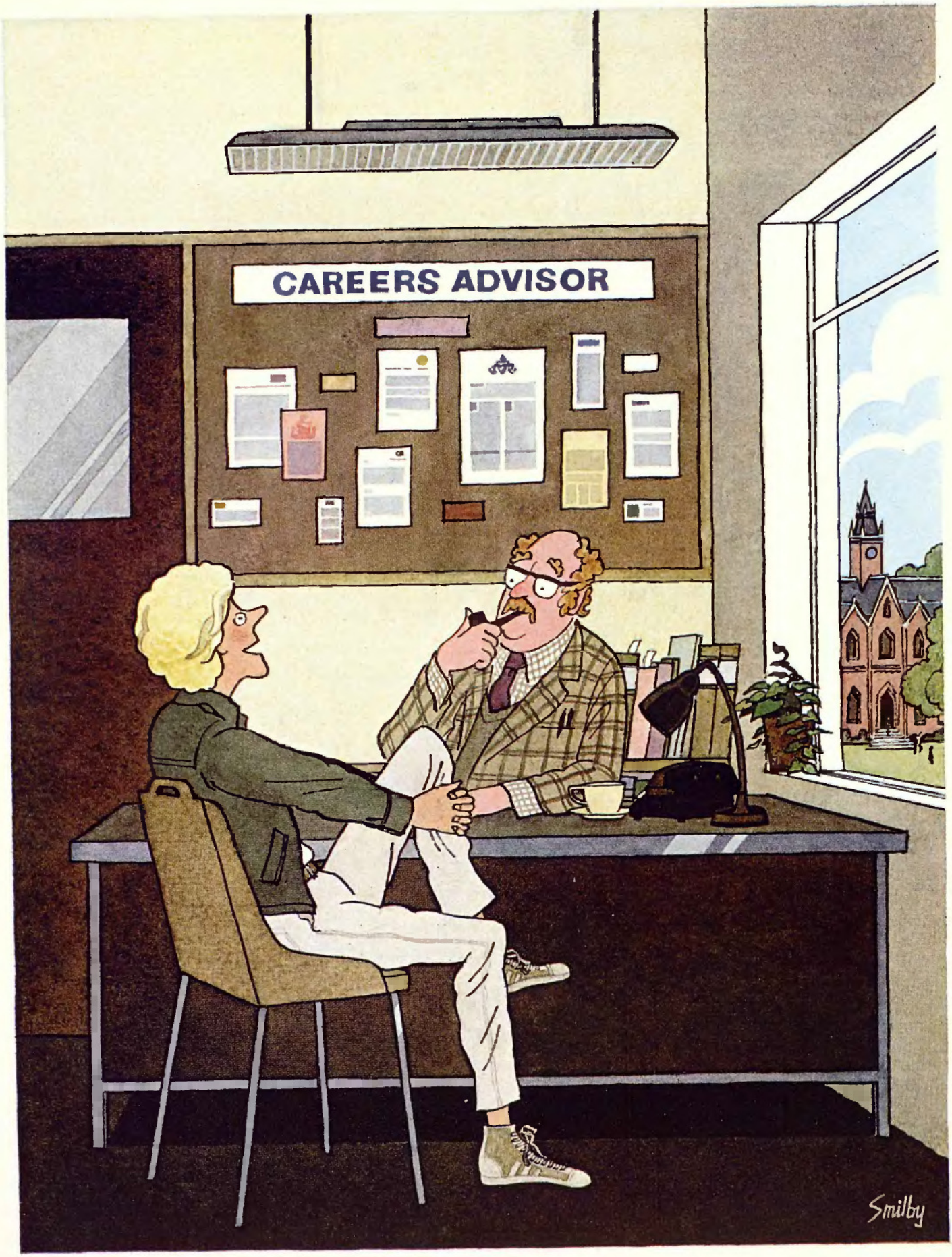
in and out of the twilight between her born-again self and the old self she was struggling to reclaim. As it turned out, Diane's personal encounter with Jesus was coming to an end just as America's national encounter was beginning. In the spring of 1980, things came together for her.

"When I heard about the 'Washington for Jesus' march, something clicked inside my head," she told us. "I remembered all the things they had been teaching us over the years and I thought, They're marching on Washington. They're really going to do it. They're going to change democracy. Of course, they didn't call it political. They said it was all spiritual. But I remembered the seminars we were instructed to attend, led by fundamentalist teachers who traveled around the country. They gave us these booklets about 'spiritual dangers' that had questions and answers about democracy. They never actually came out and said that democracy was wrong. But they said that a pluralistic society was not acceptable to God. They said that freedom of religion was only an illusion and that democracy could work only if Christians had the leadership positions."

Word of the march on Washington seemed to fire some long-dormant impulse in her. With each step, another piece of her missing self seemed to fall into place.

"When I saw that they were going to try to take over the country, I knew that it was possible for them to do it. After all, if they had *me*, a radical from the Sixties, believing all that stuff, they could get anyone! So I grabbed my tape recorder and took a train to Washington. I was afraid—worried about the power they might still have over me. I didn't know if I was strong enough yet, but I had to confront them."

And so, on April 29, 1980, along with 200,000 other evangelicals, Diane marched on Washington: "It was exactly as I had expected. The followers had no idea that the leaders were directing them down a whole new path, a political one. They began to reinterpret all the old spiritual enemies and make them flesh-and-blood enemies. Satan and evil became legalized abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment and the Federal Government. But the people didn't know what was happening. They were like sheep being led, totally oblivious. They were just out of it—like I had been. I spoke to dozens of people and asked every one of them, 'Do you think this is political?' And in the face of all the speeches and all the literature and the very fact that it was on the Mall in Washington, every single one of them denied that it was political! They all told me, 'If this were political, I wouldn't



"I guess I really want something with good opportunities for travel and screwing."

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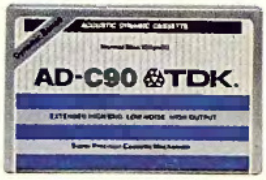

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be here.' That's when I realized that the leaders could really do it!"

Diane spent a long, unnerving day talking with born-agains at the rally. "I talked to people from California, from Illinois, from Georgia and from Virginia," she said, exasperated. "I tried to reason with them. I said, 'If this isn't political, why did you come to Washington?' They couldn't answer me. They replied with Scripture.

"The next morning, when I listened to my tapes, I cried all the way through. I just felt, all those people, they're really good people. I talked with a lot of them; most had only recently become born-agains. They sounded so happy. They were so open. They really *did* love Jesus. I couldn't help thinking about how they would change, how everything was going to die for them, how they were being prepared for something about which they had no idea. That broke me up. I wanted to shake them and say, 'Listen, this is what happened to me! I was a born-again!' But they couldn't hear. They couldn't hear a word I was saying."

We asked Diane what she would say if they could hear her now. She thought for a minute.

"I would say"—she paused—"don't give up your mind. When you make that decision to accept Jesus into your heart, you give up your life. You think you're giving it up to Jesus, but in truth, you're giving it up to something else, to your local pastor or church leaders. I helped myself, but I wouldn't want anybody to go through that. And there are things I haven't begun to deal with yet—big things, like Satan, like the future."

We asked if she still believed the end-time prophecies she had studied. She nodded. "Sometimes, I still feel that the earth is going to be destroyed, that the whole thing will come to an end. Only now I believe that if that does happen, the born-agains are going to bring it about themselves. They'll create the circumstances where we have Armageddon. It will be a self-fulfilling prophecy."

It was late. At our request, Diane played some of her tapes from the Washington march. We heard the din of the crowd, the singing, the clapping, the booming speeches. At first, it sounded like one of the great civil rights marches or antiwar rallies of the Sixties. Upon closer examination, however, we could hear a new and throbbing undertone: *"This nation was founded on God. . . . The Lord has called us here today with his Word and prophecy that we might call this nation back to repentance. We've come to Washington in love, but we've come with the message of Almighty God. This nation is going down. The whole nation is going to be destroyed."*

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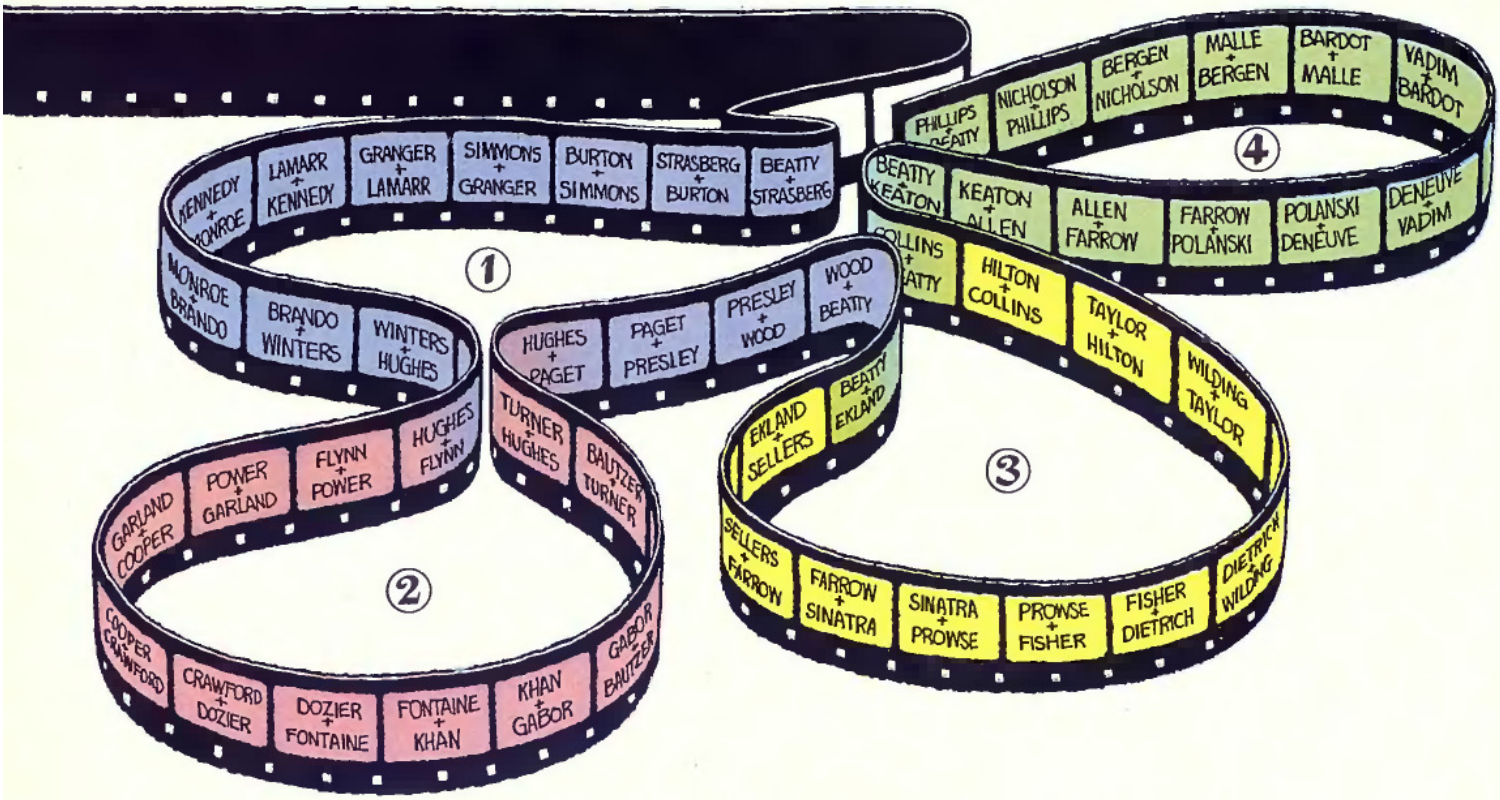
 (continued from page 152)



some pleasure. . . . I was starting to become aroused when she gave her last instruction. 'Now, don't come too fast, will you?' *That was it.*" Granger beat a hasty retreat but later had second thoughts. Says he, ruefully, "I mean—*Hedy Lamarr.*"

Hedy Lamarr and John F. Kennedy: "I've met all the great ones," Hedy boasted. Young Kennedy was in liberated Paris; so was she. He called for a date; she said sure, but only if he'd bring her some oranges. (Wartime food rationing was still on.) "An hour later, he was climbing my steps with a brown paper bag full of oranges." After Kennedy delivered, Hedy recalls, they had a wonderful time.

John F. Kennedy and Marilyn Monroe: After both J.F.K. and MM were dead, columnist Earl Wilson reported numerous secret meetings between them during Kennedy's White House years. And a new version of the story comes from a former intimate of Marilyn's, photographer/biographer David Conover. He writes that she called him one night early in 1962 and announced breathlessly, "I did it! I did it! . . . I made it with the Prez." Conover asked, "*Who?*" She giggled and explained that she had "made it" with President Kennedy, which was something she'd planned and dreamed about. The "historic event" (Conover's words) took place in Palm Springs, at Bing Crosby's house, she told him. "Sometime between midnight and two A.M. We were walking together in the moonlight across the sand dunes. It happened so suddenly. . . ." She sounded thrilled and happy, Conover reports. He advised Marilyn to "play it cool."

Marilyn Monroe and Marlon Brando: In his novel/biography about Monroe, Norman Mailer refers to MM's "curious innocence about sex—once, after going to bed with Marlon Brando, she said next morning to Milton Greene, 'I don't know if I do it the right way.'" But then, muses Mailer, "Which of us does know?"

Marlon Brando and Shelley Winters: They became pals and occasional lovers during their early days in New York and later *schmoozed* around together in Hollywood. One night, when she was on a downer about her long-running affair with the very married Burt Lancaster, Brando took Shelley out for drinks and dinner, told funny stories to lighten the mood. Quoting Shakespeare, he said, "'Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.'" Shelley slapped him for that. "After all, it was *my* heartbreak. He returned the slap with a kiss, which got so passionate that the maitre de interrupted us with the suggestion that we didn't want the entree after all, and if we wanted to go home. . . . That's exactly what we did." Brando was still at Shelley's at five A.M., when Lancaster started pounding on the door. At her insistence, Marlon escaped via the roof—leaving behind his sneakers. Moments later, as Shelley welcomed Burt into her bedroom, "I started to draw the drapes to shut out the sunrise, and looking down, I saw Marlon limping down Santa Monica Boulevard."

Shelley Winters and Howard Hughes: At a gala New Year's Eve party, Shelley started talking to a tall, skinny fellow in a shiny tux and tennis shoes. She thought he was "some poor guy named Hugh Something," until later, in the powder room, Ava Gardner thanked her for taking Howard Hughes off her hands. He asked Shelley for a date the next day and came by for her at the appointed hour. Shelley's father, a tailor, suggested to Hughes that he "come down to the Peerless Pants Company, where he could get him a new jacket wholesale. One without patches on the elbows. Later Hughes did just that." Shelley's first date with Howard started with dinner in an abandoned restaurant, followed by a screening of *Hell's Angels* (directed by Hughes, starring Jean Harlow) in an abandoned theater. At the end of the evening, he shook her hand. "I felt a little strange, as if something had happened and I hadn't noticed," writes Shelley. Other strange encounters followed, but Hughes did many favors for Shelley in years to come. Indeed, he was famous for his favors. As is Winters for hers.

Howard Hughes and Debra Paget: For a while in the Fifties, the dark-haired Debra, who was then queen of

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the costume epics, sported a huge diamond on her left hand. It was identified (by Walter Winchell) as an engagement ring from Howard, who was often engaged but who subsequently married Jean Peters.

Debra Paget and Elvis Presley: She was his co-star in *Love Me Tender*, Presley's first film. Her cold-shoulder treatment just made his pursuit more intense. Most of their dates were at Debra's home, however, watched over by her strict mom. Debra today admits that Elvis asked her to marry him but her family didn't like the idea. "He was a very sweet, very simple kind of person," she recalls. "He just liked to get on his motorcycle and go off into the night."

Elvis Presley and Natalie Wood: Elvis was on the rebound from the sultry Paget when he met Natalie, "a pixyish teenager in pedal pushers and babushka." Elvis was obviously Mr. Wrong, and she was fascinated. Natalie accepted an invitation for a week's visit in Memphis, "chaperoned" by Nick Adams. Every day it was the same routine: Elvis signing autographs, eating ice cream, cruising the streets in his convertible and signing more autographs. When Natalie asked Elvis why he put up with such an invasion of privacy, he said that he owed his success to his fans; it was his duty. Natalie found Elvis strange. She went home to L.A.

Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty: They were "an item" after Natalie's *first* marriage to Robert Wagner had ended in divorce. At the same time, coincidentally, Wagner was in London seeing Joan Collins, Beatty's former live-in girl. Warren, sniffed Joan, "had not found it disadvantageous to his burgeoning career to be seen dating Natalie, a major star." Between marriages, in 1964, Natalie starred in *Sex and the Single Girl*.

(Back to Warren Beatty and Susan Strasberg to close first circle.)

Circle Number Two

Howard Hughes and Errol Flynn: Yes, Howard Hughes and Errol Flynn. One Johnny Meyer, who worked for both Flynn and Hughes at different times but for the same reason (as a pimp, to acquire both male and female hustlers), claims that he actually set Flynn up with Hughes, "in a spirit of outrageousness." Meyer's story, as recounted by Flynn's biographer Charles Higham: The meeting between H.H. and E.F. was in Santa Barbara; it was late at night at a private home. Flynn arrived, looking drunk; then Hughes, "looking right and left and creeping into the house under a heavy felt hat." Later, Meyer drove off "like a bat out of hell," terrified that the "Feds" might close in. "I have no idea whether they went to bed or not," Meyer added, "but I think it is likely."

Errol Flynn and Tyrone Power: Yes, Errol Flynn and Tyrone Power. The source here is again Johnny Meyer, via Higham. Ty was about 24 and his wife, Annabella, was away when he began an affair with the 30-year-old Flynn. They met sporadically and in secret at the home of director Edmund Goulding, known to have homosexual leanings. Meyer assumed that Flynn was the "male" in the relationship, with Ty "very much the female" and very much in love. Although Errol's ruthlessness caused a breakup, Meyer says that their sexual relationship resumed in Mexico after the war, when Ty was ending an affair with "a famous Latin lover of the screen." Again, alas, it did not last long. "Tyrone wanted things done to him Errol found repellent. . . . Errol preferred *oral* sex with men."

Tyrone Power and Judy Garland: Judy was still an impressionable teenager when she fell hard for Ty, already a big star and, at that time, a World War Two Marine. In order to preserve Judy's wholesome image, L. B. Mayer sent out word that no public mention was to be made of the Power/Garland liaison, "and Louella obeyed." The biographers who write of the two stars have different versions of the affair: Hers say it was a "brief romantic interlude," while his say it was a great love affair that caved in under pressure by MGM—*and* by the trauma of an abortion. (Or was Judy's *only* abortion the result of a pregnancy by her first husband, David Rose?) Some Hollywood insiders speculated that Judy and Ty still intended to be married when he returned from the Marine Corps. Instead, he began dating Lana Turner. "It was the ultimate blow to Judy's ego. . . . She would never love anyone again as deeply as she loved Tyrone."

Judy Garland and Jackie Cooper: Because adolescent Judy and Jackie looked good together, MGM and their mothers decided it would be a fine idea if they became "an item." Their arranged dates would include a movie, a soda with two straws. Once, Judy asked Jackie if she could kiss him. He said yes, "and so I was in love." But Judy put an end to the romance when she fell for an "older man" of 16 (Jackie was almost 14). Then one night, long years after their early MGM days, Judy asked Jackie to take her home from a party. He recalls: "We had a rowdy old time. . . . She was a big girl, and I was a big boy, and it was a great night. But I knew that was all it

"I know there are men who can be as gentle and as tender as a woman. I just got rid of one of those."

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was, and I didn't even try to call her again."

Jackie Cooper and Joan Crawford: Seventeen-year-old Jackie would often visit the Crawford manse to play badminton. She was a friend of his mother's and about the same age. One day, Joan caught Jackie giving her the once-over. She said, provocatively, "You're growing up, aren't you?" Then she told him he'd better go. "Instead, I made a move toward her. . . . She stood up, looked at me appraisingly, then closed all the drapes. And I made love to Joan Crawford, or, rather, she made love to me." The performance was repeated at least eight or nine times over the next six months, says Jackie. "She was an erudite professor of love . . . a wild woman. She would bathe me, powder me, cologne me." At times, Jackie thought Joan quite a "crazy lady," but in lovemaking, "she was all business . . . very organized. When I left, she would put me on her calendar for the next visit." Finally, she told him their affair had to end: he must put it out of his mind, as if "it never happened." Cooper recalled that he held back the urge to blab. When his friends talked about their conquests with some "pimply-faced teenager," he'd nod and think to himself: But I have been with one of the Love Goddesses of the Screen.

Joan Crawford and William Dozier: When she needed an impressive escort for some gala, Joan often called on the noted swinger and talent agent turned producer Dozier. He was with her the night she fell into a snit over the fact that Greg Bautzer (her longtime man) was escorting Ginger Rogers. And then, Dozier had the nerve to ask Babs Stanwyck to dance! Joan left the party alone, and when Dozier tried to see her later, Crawford's maid said that her mistress had retired for the night. Now in a snit himself, he threw a handful of gravel at her bedroom window and left. The next day, Dozier got flowers and an apology from Joan: "Please forgive a poor, frightened little girl."

William Dozier and Joan Fontaine: He was head of RKO Studios when, in May 1946 in Mexico City, he took Joan for his bride. She recalled that the *cinco de mayo* fireworks were bursting outside their window as "Mrs. William Dozier had a wedding night to remember!" Back in Hollywood, Joan and Bill formed their own production company and, for a while, their lives were filled with happy activity. "We traveled, entertained, chartered yachts. Bill had a Cadillac, I had a four-door Lincoln Continental convertible." When their daughter, Debbie, was less than a year old, however, her parents were going their separate ways. Joan was his second wife; Bill was her second husband.

Joan Fontaine and Aly Khan: The Middle Eastern playboy prince *loved* movie stars and was just divorcing Rita Hayworth and getting involved with Gene Tierney about the same time he met Joan in Paris. She got the full treatment. First there was Aly's standard "roomful of roses," plus lunch at Maxim's, along with a small present from Cartier's. Then, Joan recounts, "In his Ferrari, we dashed to his horse farms to name his foals. We raced to Deauville, where we galloped along the beach . . . we attended galas at the casino . . . and swam in the Mediterranean at his villa." God, those *were* the days.

Aly Khan and Zsa Zsa Gabor: It was in Paris again. And approximately the same time Khan was giving Tierney and Fontaine the big rush. When he met Zsa Zsa, he looked into her sparkling Hungarian eyes and said, "You're one of the few women in America I've longed to meet." The morning after their first dinner date, Zsa Zsa's room was, of course, "filled with roses." She thought the prince charming, debonair and all that. But, as they danced, she remembers, "Somehow I sensed that while our cheeks touched, his eyes were sweeping the room, alert for a new face, a new adventure." Meanwhile, Zsa Zsa would do.

Zsa Zsa Gabor and Greg Bautzer: A showbiz lawyer (Howard Hughes was among his more notable clients), Bautzer was seen with *many* famous filmland beauties during the Forties and Fifties (and Sixties, Seventies and Eighties, for that matter). Zsa Zsa was one of the many. In fact, Bautzer was her date the night she met husband-to-be Conrad Hilton, the hotelier. However, Gabor's autobiography says less about Greg than about the gown she was wearing at the time—"shimmering dark-blue satin with turquoise embroidery."

Greg Bautzer and Lana Turner: Greg was Lana's first *publicized* Hollywood affair, and everyone approved—MGM and her mom most of all. The studio liked Bautzer's "maturity" and steadying influence on 19-year-old Lana; Mom liked him because he was rich and good-looking. The couple's engagement was taken for granted. Later, Lana would say: "I *was* engaged to Greg Bautzer. That is, if anyone can claim actually to be engaged to this astute escape artist." Anyway, their relationship went poof when Lana eloped with Artie Shaw on her 20th birthday (while Betty Grable was back in New York waiting for Shaw to marry her, maybe . . . but that's another story).

Lana Turner and Howard Hughes: Howard and Lana grandly declared that they would announce their engagement after a madcap flight from New York to Los Angeles in Hughes's private plane—with Hughes at the controls, natch. Neither party explained what exactly happened up there in the wild blue yonder, but when the plane touched ground, Hughes and Turner weren't speaking and the engagement was off. When Lana reportedly complained that she'd already had her sheets and towels monogrammed H.H., Howard helpfully said, "Go marry Huntington Hartford."

(Back to Howard Hughes and Errol Flynn to close second circle.)

Circle Number Three

Warren Beatty and Britt Ekland: In her autobiography, Britt just can't say enough about Warren: "The most divine lover of all. . . . Warren could handle women as smoothly as operating an elevator. He knew exactly where to locate the top button. One flick and we were on our way." The way led from a whirlwind time in London to Beatty's penthouse pad atop the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. There, they spent days sunbathing naked on the terrace. "Warren would drift in and out of the suite, making drinks for us and occasionally taking a call from a studio to set up fresh movie deals." Years after, Warren resurfaced in Britt's life, but she had become immune to his charms. "Warren had made himself too available; it seemed to me that practically anyone could have him." And nearly everyone did.

Britt Ekland and Peter Sellers: On their first date, in London, he took her to see *The Pink Panther*, then back to his hotel for caviar and champagne, marijuana and kisses. Although their debut abed was not exactly awe-inspiring, they tied the knot a few weeks later, in February 1964. Sellers was 38; Britt, 21. Within days, "his incredible affection had soured rapidly into a habitual jealousy," writes Britt, and he forced her to give up her first big movie role and fly to him in Hollywood. In his search for the "ultimate orgasm," she reveals, Sellers often used amyl-nitrite "poppers," which *might* have brought on the series of devastating heart attacks that almost killed him that spring. He was barely out of the hospital, however, before they were at it again—in the shower. A daughter, Victoria, was born in early 1965; the marriage proceeded on its stormy course until Peter literally threw Britt out of their hotel in Rome in the middle of the night. That's not all, charged Britt: The next day, he got the captain of his yacht, the Bobo, to put all of her belongings on the pier!

Peter Sellers and Mia Farrow: After Britt, Peter found consolation, but only briefly, with Mighty Mia, who had just divorced Frank Sinatra. Britt noted with some irony that after she married Sellers, he forced her to give up a role in the film *Guns at Batasi*. And who was her replacement? Right. Mia.

Mia Farrow and Frank Sinatra: As the 19-year-old star of the TV series

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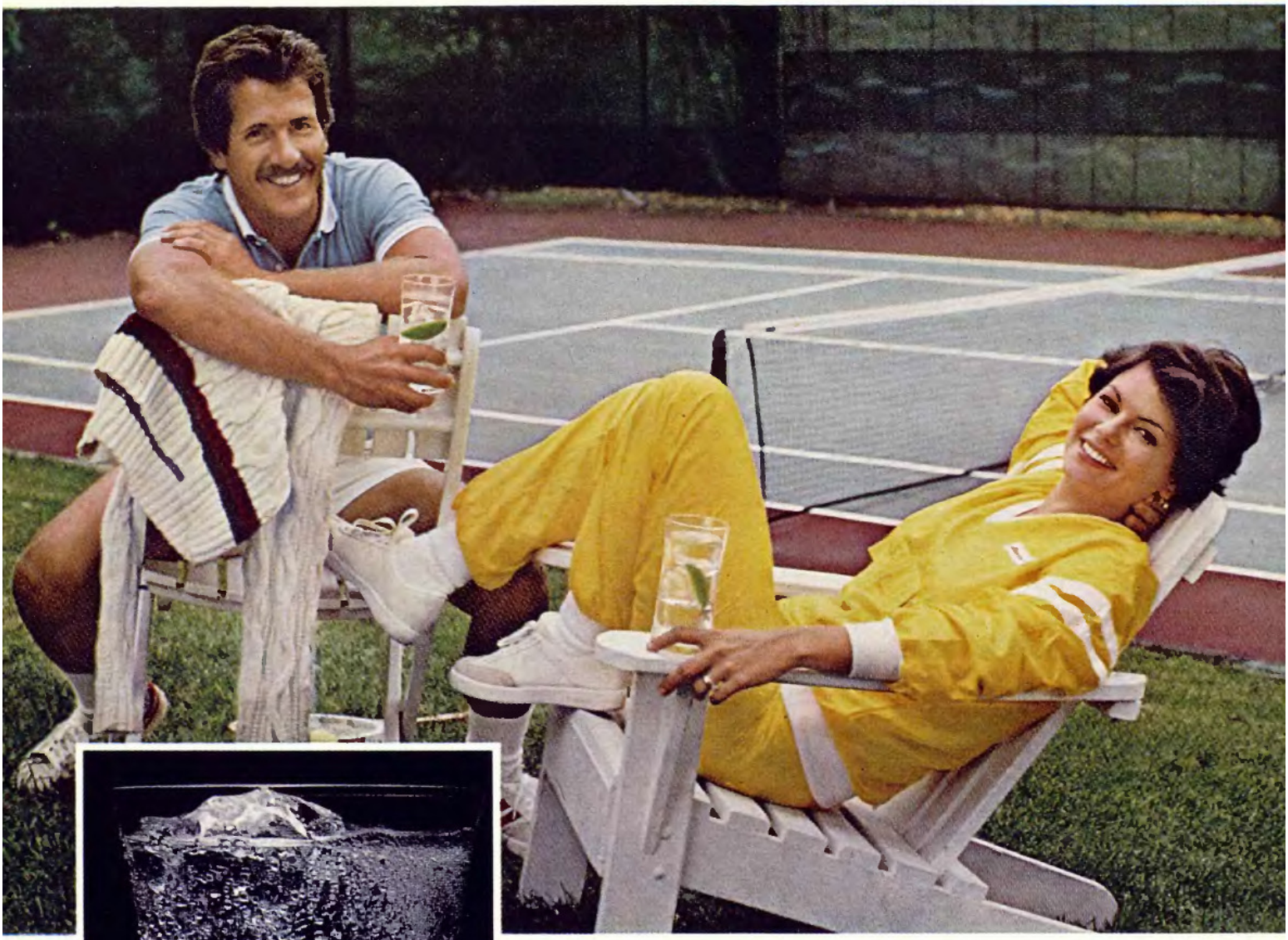

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Peyton Place, she was thought of as a "rebellious, unglamorous, unsexy-looking teenager." Sinatra, at 50, was one of the best catches around, and Mia caught him. Frank didn't like all the jokes about their age difference ("He's got *ties* older than she is"). After an on-again, off-again courtship, they managed to sneak away for a Las Vegas wedding in July of 1966. They seemed so much in love; Frank gave her "a car, a horse, diamonds." But Mia wasn't into expensive baubles. More the flower child than the pampered wife, Mia became captivated by Indian gurus; she took to hanging out at Arthur (a New York *discothèque*), where, allegedly, one could "get all the guru news." In early 1968, Mia went to India to meditate with the Maharishi, which only widened the growing rift with her husband. "Mia went back to Arthur; Frank stayed on at Jilly's," wrote Earl Wilson. In August 1968, after nearly a year's separation, the couple obtained a Mexican divorce.

Frank Sinatra and Juliet Prowse: Frank *adored* the statuesque dancer from South Africa and was helpful in advancing her career. But he insisted that she step *out* of the spotlight if she really wanted to become Mrs. Sinatra. She decided she really didn't want to *that* much. Their announced engagement was canceled.

Juliet Prowse and Eddie Fisher: When she came to catch *his* Vegas act, Eddie acknowledged, "I was attracted to her immediately." But Fisher knew that Juliet had been Sinatra's girl, so he phoned Frank to check with him before asking her out. "He gave me his gracious permission," says Eddie. Yeah, OK—but did *she*? Fisher's batting average hints at another homer.

Eddie Fisher and Marlene Dietrich: Dietrich was preparing to do *her* Vegas act, and Eddie, at 25, had been doing one for years. He gladly gave her pointers, even introduced her to some songwriters. Grateful, Marlene invited Eddie up for dinner. He writes: "She was the sophisticated older woman and I was the inexperienced boy, just like in one of her own movies, and I was both excited and a little scared. But Marlene knew how to make me feel like a man." That night, which was only the *beginning*, Eddie discovered that Dietrich's "aura of glamor and mystery" was absolutely real.

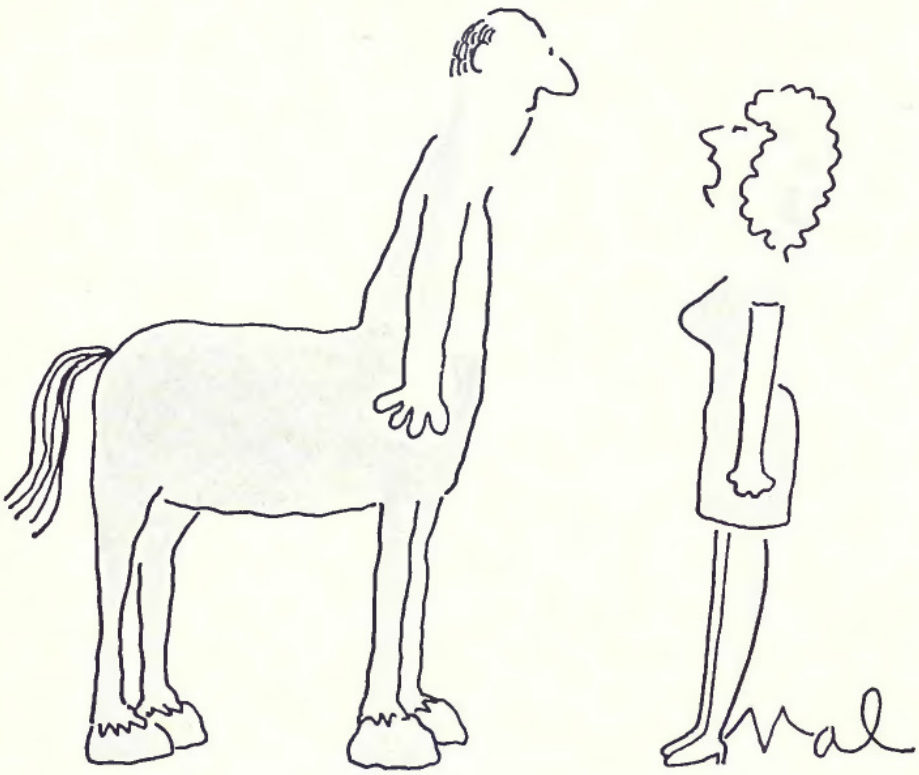
Marlene Dietrich and Michael Wilding: Alfred Hitchcock directed Michael and Marlene in *Stage Fright*, and the two began "a big affair." It was an important one, too. Marlene was eight years older than he; yet his friends remember that he was *mad* for her and emotionally torn when it came time to choose between Dietrich and Elizabeth Taylor. *Auf Wiedersehen.*

Michael Wilding and Elizabeth Taylor: The young and determined Miss Taylor candidly admitted that *she* proposed to Wilding—and even bought her own engagement ring, so sure was she that things would work out. Elizabeth pointed out to him that at 19 (as opposed to Dietrich's 47), she could give Michael the children he'd never had. The wedding took place in 1952; "she wore a dove-gray suit; he wore an air of surprise." Sons Michael, Jr., and Christopher were born, but the Wildings separated, after his Hollywood career "turned to ashes," in 1956. They then became the best of friends, remaining so until Wilding died, in 1979.

Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton: The 23-year-old son of the chairman of Hilton Hotel Corporation lived in a huge Bel Air estate that looked very impressive to 17-year-old Elizabeth and her ambitious mom. Liz said there was no doubt in her mind that Nicky was the man she wanted to be with the rest of her life. MGM had Helen Rose design dresses for the bride and her attendants; more than 3000 fans waited outside the church when Elizabeth wed Nicky, on May 6, 1950. The European honeymoon was a disaster, with Nicky spending most nights in the gambling casinos. She became hysterical, he grew hostile and "the thing that hurt her most [was] when he began refusing to go to bed with her." The marriage, Elizabeth's first, lasted exactly seven months. MGM demanded the return of the $3500 wedding dress and the bridesmaids' gowns but presumably let Liz keep the shoes. She still had miles to go.

Nicky Hilton and Joan Collins: Joan, who thought of Nicky as "a sexual athlete," recalls that he used to tell girlfriends that among himself, his brother and their father, Conrad, they had "a yard of cock." Joan adds that this vital statistic was not strictly true. She actually thought Nicky a bit weird, noting that he kept track of his lovemaking on a scoreboard. Then there was the paraphernalia on his nightstand: a rosary (the Hiltons were devout Catholics), a gun, pornographic books and "an amazing array of pill bottles." A few years after she knew him, Joan reports, Nicky was dead of a drug overdose.

Joan Collins and Warren Beatty: Joan was 23 and Warren 21; both were newcomers to Hollywood. She caught him staring at her in a Beverly Hills restaurant. Someone told her his name was "Warren Something-or-other. . . . Shirley MacLaine's brother." He had pimples, but, "all in all, he looked rather appealing and vulnerable." He somehow found out her phone number, and the next night, they had dinner *together*. Driving home, Warren simply announced that he was coming up—for coffee. And so, says Joan, "the die was cast." They became



"You may be a centaur to some, but you're just a horse's ass to me!"

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Heineken
DIPLOME D'HONNEUR
AMSTERDAM 1883
MEDAILLE D'OR
PARIS 1878
Heineken
"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."

inseparable, "up all night talking, laughing, exploring each other's minds and bodies, and I would stagger to the studio to work on *Seven Thieves* and he would call me 18 times a day." He called her Butterfly, she called him Bee. In love-making, he was "insatiable." Joan was convinced that he was the man she wanted, and they decided to celebrate their eternal love by getting married. "Only Warren would think of putting an engagement ring in a carton of chopped liver," writes Joan. But, alas, after nearly two years of "loving and fighting," Collins decided she had to end it with Warren. At the time, she asked herself, "What happened to the glorious romantic fun we used to have?"

(Back to Warren Beatty and Britt Ekland to close third circle.)

Circle Number Four

Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton: Beatty, of course, had had a wide variety of liaisons with lovely ladies before he became the man in Diane's life. And she, of course, had had Woody Allen. According to one analysis, Keaton and Beatty might seem an unlikely pair, "but in reality, they have a lot in common. Like Diane, Warren moved to New York shortly after high school to pursue an acting career . . . he took odd jobs . . . he also got his start on the Broadway stage and then made the transition to movies." Also, both are reputedly very private people who prefer out-of-the-way places and quiet evenings at home. Actually, Diane and Warren weren't seen in each other's company much after the filming of *Reds*, which he directed and in which they co-starred. But at last report, they were taking long walks together in Central Park, trying to work things out.

Diane Keaton and Woody Allen: She was only 22 and performing on Broadway in *Hair* when she met cabaret comedian Woody, then 33 and three quarters of an inch shorter than her 5'7". Keaton appeared in five films directed by and/or co-starring Allen, playing characters that were usually more dizzy than brainy—with the notable exception of her role in *Interiors*. Like Annie Hall, Diane *is* a kookie WASP chick, and Allen *is* a neurotic Jewish intellectual. (Think of that scene in *Annie Hall* in which he tells his analyst that he and his girlfriend hardly make love at all, "not more than three times a week." And *she* complains to *her* shrink that he can't seem to get enough sex—demanding it *three times a week*.) Anyway, what Allen and Keaton had together was obviously great while it lasted. And it lasted, more or less, until Beatty came along.

Woody Allen and Mia Farrow: The reclusive director and the rather flighty, publicity-shy actress have been seen a lot lately at Elaine's—the restaurant that is New York's *paparazzo* paradise. It has even been rumored that Allen and Farrow plan to marry. It would be her third and his third. *If*. Now *she*'s starring in an Allen movie.

Mia Farrow and Roman Polanski: When the Polish-French director went on trial in L.A. for "unlawful sexual intercourse" with a 13-year-old girl, Mia was one of the many who sent the judge a character reference. At the time, Polanski was supposed to start directing her next film, *Hurricane*. (He didn't.) According to Polanski's biographer, "she had had a brief secret romance with Polanski in London the year before and looked forward to renewing it in more tropical surroundings."

Roman Polanski and Catherine Deneuve: The elegantly beautiful French actress gained her first international fame as a murderous psychopath in Polanski's *Repulsion*, made in London in 1964. Within days of the start of filming, Deneuve became a regular visitor to Polanski's flat in Knightsbridge. She remembers two sides to his character: "On the set he was a brutal tyrant, he would scream the most outrageous, obscene things. . . . At night, the most endearing words came from his mouth."

Catherine Deneuve and Roger Vadim: Although she's now a famous blonde beauty, Deneuve had chestnut hair and "was dancing the Charleston" the night Vadim found her, back in 1962. Mother of his only son, she took a giant step toward superstardom in Vadim's *Vice and Virtue* the same year. Vadim says he first saw her as "a flayed cat in an ermine coat." Their marriage plans were sidetracked, and his veiled irony hints that blonde ambition may have hastened the inevitable split. Writes Vadim: "She took the rough and the smooth with apparent serenity. I never noticed that she was quietly sharpening her claws."

Roger Vadim and Brigitte Bardot: Bardot was Vadim's first major filmic creation—probably his masterpiece. He was a restless young bohemian with his eye on the main chance; Brigitte, a teenaged dance student whose extraordinary possibilities were still unplumbed. She preferred ballet to cinema but found Vadim "as handsome as a god." Their clandestine love affair started under her bourgeois family's watchful eye, but to Vadim, "one night with her was worth a lifetime." They were married in 1952. In 1956, he wrapped her in a sheet and made *And God Created Woman*. The moment she dropped the sheet, Bardot was Big Time. Which boosted Vadim's reputation, too, though he paid a heavy price—losing his delectable wife to her leading man, Jean-Louis Trintignant. BB thought J-L looked like James Dean. (He didn't.) Seeing his marriage and his film finished at the same time, Vadim waxed philosophical, sort of: "I can't have an erection on the set when the woman I love is naked and masturbating or making passionate love to another man." Whatever's right. At any rate, BB and Roger have remained good, good friends to this day, *bien sûr*.

Brigitte Bardot and Louis Malle: Brigitte fell in love with yet another director. Malle was at the helm of three of her films, including the quasi-autobiographical *Vie Privée* (about a suicidal sex symbol and made in 1961, the year after Bardot's own widely publicized effort to end it all) and *Viva Maria* (1965), with Jeanne Moreau. Both Bardot and Malle went on to other conquests at home and abroad.

Louis Malle and Candice Bergen: After the French director began making movies in the U. S. (starting with *Pretty Baby*, which put Brooke Shields in a brothel), he became Bergen's first, and current, husband. Malle had been married before and has two children born out of wedlock from earlier liaisons (one with actress Alexandra Stewart). He and Candy married rather suddenly, in 1980, during an apparent hiatus in Malle's touch-and-go relationship with Susan Sarandon, star of *Pretty Baby* as well as of his more recent hit *Atlantic City*.

Candice Bergen and Jack Nicholson: The laid-back actor and the Candy-cool blonde were together in *Carnal Knowledge*, and they evidently shared some. But only for a little while.

Jack Nicholson and Michelle Phillips: The actress/singer was married to Dennis Hopper (a union that lasted for "about a week") when she met Nicholson. And Dennis remembers that he told Jack, "You'll probably be living with her within three months." Close. Their live-in arrangement lasted roughly three years.

Michelle Phillips and Warren Beatty: It was (and still is) a rare thing, indeed, for Warren Beatty to set up housekeeping with *anybody*—but he and Michelle (and her daughter, China, from her first marriage, to John Phillips) did have a big house on Mulholland Drive for a few years. (Beatty meanwhile retained his penthouse at the Beverly Wilshire—to entertain out-of-town guests, don't you know.) This is one of the few recorded instances in which Beatty lived with a woman *after* she'd lived with Jack Nicholson—though it supposedly had happened the other way around. The boys have this sort of friendly competition going, according to Nicholson's biography. Well, why not?

(Back to Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton. . . .)

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Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

GOOD NEWS, SPORTS FANS! ANNIE AND WANDA HAVE JOINED THE U.S. KNOCKERS MUD-WRESTLING TEAM. THEY HAVE ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS: LONG LEGS, ROUND AND TAPERED THIGHS, AMPLE BOSOMS, PRETTY FACES -- THEY CAN'T DO DIDDLEY SQUAT AS FAR AS WRESTLING GOES, BUT WHO CARES ABOUT DETAILS?

NOBODY'S ALLOWED BACKSTAGE BUT US KNOCKERS!

KNOCK!

TELL THEM WHO I AM, ANNIE!

JEEPERS THAT'S BENTON BATT-BARTON!

I INVITED HIM IN TO TAKE PICTURES.

IN THE SHOWER ROOM?

AND THAT'S NO TELEPHOTO LENS IN HIS DRAWERS.

KNOCKER

KNOCKER

KNOCKERS

KNOCKERS

KNOCKERS

KNOCKERS

KNOCKERS

KNOCKERED

BENTON'S A HARMLESS VOYEUR FREAK. HE LIKES TO LOOK... NOT TOUCH.

I'M INTERESTED IN WHAT IT'S LIKE BACKSTAGE. I MAINLY WANT TO SEE WHAT MUD WRESTLING IS ALL ABOUT.

IT'S ABOUT TWO THINGS: WOMEN COMPETING ON AN EQUAL LEVEL WITH MEN AND WOMEN ACHIEVING CONTROL OF THEIR LIVES.

AND HERE'S TWO MORE THINGS IT'S ALL ABOUT!

ARE YOU A COMPETITION OR AN EXHIBITION WRESTLER?

BOTH! FOR AN EXHIBITION, I PULL UP MY SHIRT! WHEN THEY SEE MY SIZE FORTY-TWOS, THERE'S NO COMPETITION!

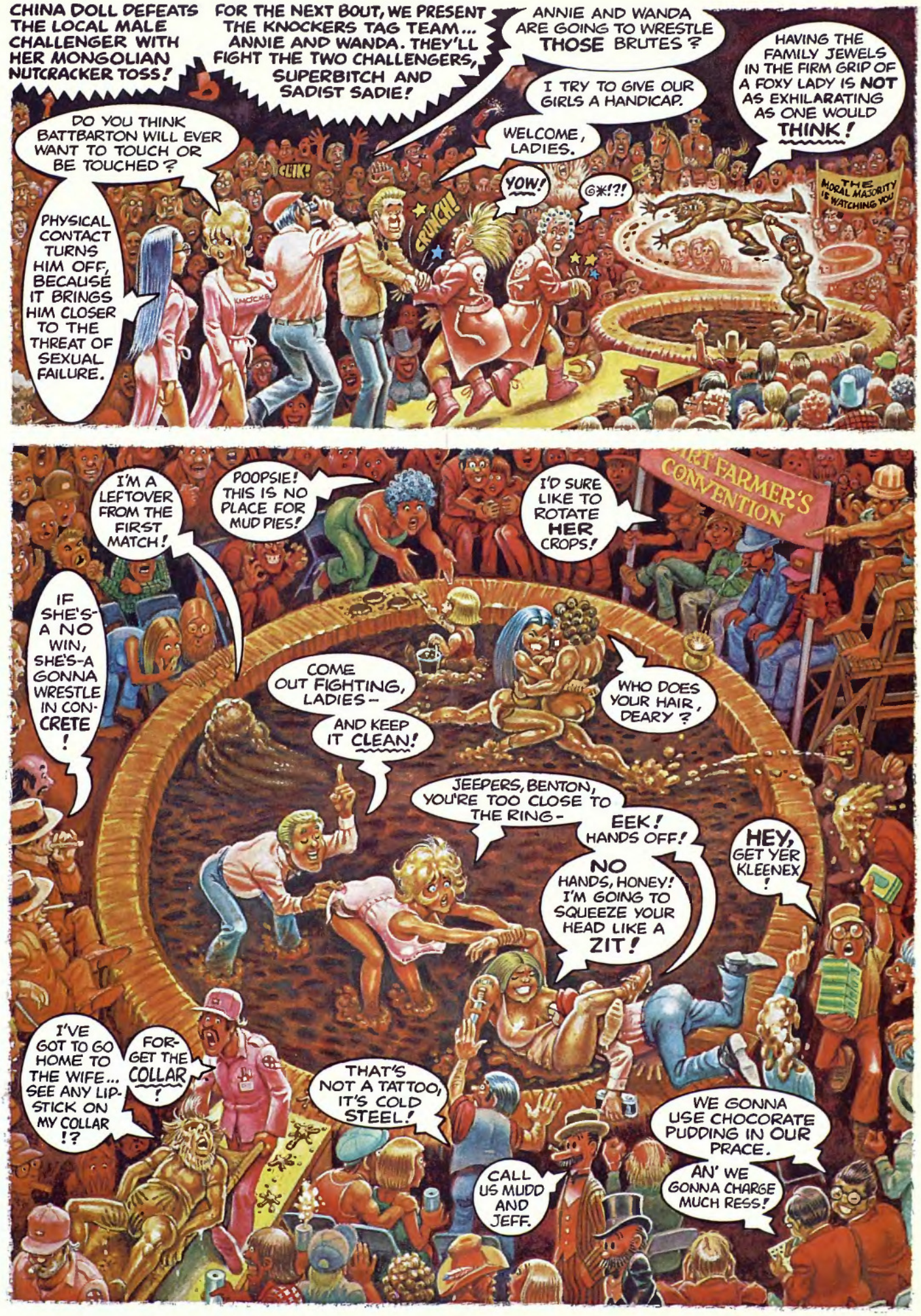
WE WRESTLE FOR POINTS...TWO POINTS WHEN WE THROW A BODY SLAM. FIVE POINTS WHEN WE'RE PINNED-

JUST LIKE SORORITY SISTERS.

ANNIE, WANDA, YOU'RE ON NEXT!

CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK

KNOCKER


CHINA DOLL DEFEATS THE LOCAL MALE CHALLENGER WITH HER MONGOLIAN NUTCRACKER TOSS!
FOR THE NEXT BOUT, WE PRESENT THE KNOCKERS TAG TEAM... ANNIE AND WANDA. THEY'LL FIGHT THE TWO CHALLENGERS, SUPERBITCH AND SADIST SADIE!
ANNIE AND WANDA ARE GOING TO WRESTLE THOSE BRUTES?
I TRY TO GIVE OUR GIRLS A HANDICAP.
HAVING THE FAMILY JEWELS IN THE FIRM GRIP OF A FOXY LADY IS NOT AS EXHILARATING AS ONE WOULD THINK!
DO YOU THINK BATTBARTON WILL EVER WANT TO TOUCH OR BE TOUCHED?
PHYSICAL CONTACT TURNS HIM OFF, BECAUSE IT BRINGS HIM CLOSER TO THE THREAT OF SEXUAL FAILURE.
CLIK!
WELCOME, LADIES.
YOW!
CRUNCH!
G*!?!
THE MORAL MAJORITY IS WATCHING YOU
I'M A LEFTOVER FROM THE FIRST MATCH!
POOPSIE! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR MUD PIES!
I'D SURE LIKE TO ROTATE HER CROPS!
RT FARMER'S CONVENTION
IF SHE'S-A NO WIN, SHE'S-A GONNA WRESTLE IN CON-CRETE!
COME OUT FIGHTING, LADIES-
AND KEEP IT CLEAN!
WHO DOES YOUR HAIR, DEARY?
JEEPERS, BENTON, YOU'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE RING-
EEK! HANDS OFF!
NO HANDS, HONEY! I'M GOING TO SQUEEZE YOUR HEAD LIKE A ZIT!
HEY, GET YER KLEENEX!
I'VE GOT TO GO HOME TO THE WIFE... SEE ANY LIP-STICK ON MY COLLAR!?
FOR-GET THE COLLAR!
THAT'S NOT A TATTOO, IT'S COLD STEEL!
WE GONNA USE CHOCORATE PUDDING IN OUR PRACE.
AN' WE GONNA CHARGE MUCH RESS!
CALL US MUDD AND JEFF.

I THINK I'VE LOST MY PANTIES!
I KNOW YOU HAVE!
BATT-BARTON'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE. ...I HEAR HIS CLICKS.
CLIK!
CLIK!
CLIK!
TRY AND GET OUT OF THIS HEADLOCK!
THAT'S NOT MY HEAD, HONEY!
THE SPOTLIGHTS (RETCH)! THE AUDIENCE (UGH, PTUI)! SHOW-BIZ! I LOVE IT!!
I'VE GOT HIM!
HE'S HALF DEAD! WE'D BETTER HAUL HIM TO THE SHOWERS!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE AUDIENCE IS GETTING INTO THE ACT!
LET GO! I'M THE WAITER!
CLIK!
CLIK!
THANK YOU!
Auto Graph
THE SHOWER IS MOBBED!
I HOPE BENTON DOESN'T MIND SHARING WITH THE OTHER KNOCK-ERS!
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO BATTBARTON? SINCE WHEN IS HE SO SEXUAL!?
YOU'D JUST BETTER LOOK OUT FOR WHAT BATTBARTON IS GETTING INTO YOU!
HEY! THIS ISN'T BATTBARTON!!
KNOCKERS
IT'S THE REFEREE!
AND THOSE AREN'T KNOCKERS... THEY'RE THE MORAL MAJORITY!
BEEN IN THE MUD TOO LONG!
KNOKE
MORAL MAJORITY
MORAL MAJORITY
MORAL MINORITY
LEAPIN' LIZARDS... WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BATTBARTON?
CLIK!
ONCE A VOYEUR, ALWAYS A VOYEUR.
END

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

THE BUCKET BRIGADE

Remember that scene in *Body Heat* in which Kathleen Turner and William Hurt just couldn't keep their cool, so they dumped the ice from an ice bucket into the tub they just happened to be sharing? Sound like fun? You bet. We call that the romance of the ice bucket. Of course, you don't have to be in the tub to use one. And it goes without saying that you could also just cram your bubbly into the fridge to chill.

But where's the romance in that? Champagne, after all, is part sparkle and part ritual. An ice bucket, especially one that is handsome, chills the wine in a graceful, Old World manner. And, as you can see, there are a number of designs from which to choose, including a black-crystal-and-silver container that's almost as seductive as the vintage it holds. Whether Mumm's the word or you're paying for the Piper, house it in something that does both of you mighty proud.

Below: For black tie and bubbly, there's this silver-plated black-crystal bucket, from Plummer-McCutcheon, New York, $200; here it holds a bottle of Henriot Réserve Baron Philippe de Rothschild, about $50.

DON AZUMA

Below left: Stainless-steel bubbly bucket with clamp for the briny, from Curt Wagner, Redondo Beach, California, $55. In the bucket: a Korbel *brut*, about $8. Below center: The silver-plated Saturn Champagne Collection, from Alfred Dunhill of London, $375; plus a 1975 Piper-Heidsieck, $30. Below right: A silver-plated-and-glass pedestal champagne cooler, from Geary's, Beverly Hills, California, $150; and a 1973 Taittinger Comtes de Champagne *blanc de blancs brut*, $55.

Below left: The Wine Chiller, a container that's especially designed to cool a *vino* quickly, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, $25; it holds a Moët et Chandon Brut Imperial, about $22. Below right: Brass with class—a ram's-head bucket made in India, from Top Brass, Chicago, $110; containing a G. H. Mumm & Co. Cordon Rouge *brut*, about $23.

THE HANDSOME PRINTS

When nylon print shirts went the way of double-knit leisure suits, you probably celebrated their demise as much as we did. Still, upon reflection, it wasn't so much the idea as the execution of the prints that turned us off. Fortunately, fashion designers this summer have the innate good taste—and the short memories—to let bygones be bygones and once again think wallpaper. (We're not kidding. One of the shirts pictured here bears the same print that's on the walls of a famous Los Angeles hotel.) Print shirts in natural fabrics, such as cotton or silk, have a sexy summer style to them—as hula dancers have been swaying for years. —DAVID PLATT

Below: These three sporty types display a strong show of arms over the print shirt's return. Our head guy, at left, leads the pack in a short-sleeved cotton bird-print shirt with notched collar, $26, teamed with cotton twill double-pleated slacks, $36, both by Sahara Club Streetwear. The middle-man likes a crepe-de-Chine shirt in a piscatorial pattern, $240, plus linen/silk pleated slacks, $170, both by Pinky and Dianne Ltd. The third man wears a cotton shirt with a floral theme, about $27.50, plus linen slacks, about $52.50, both by Jean-Paul Germain.

STEVE EWERT

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Rainwear has come to life this season with eye-catching examples that even Bogart would have traded his trench coat for. Our favorite looks are those influenced by nautical/military/parka styles in lengths long enough to cover a suit jacket. (Many have drawstring waists and other nontraditional treatments that make them eminently suitable for wear in dry weather as well.) Featherweight fabrics, such as ciré and polished cotton, create a shiny wet-look appearance that's even more appealing.

•

Since most of this summer's suit and sports-jacket selections are multicolored, we suggest you take a pass on bold plaid and blazer-striped dress shirts and stick to solids, subtle patterns or those with a contrasting white collar.

•

While we continue to advocate plain- or pleated-front trousers, it's worth noting that summer slacks are less likely to be covered by a jacket. Thus, if your derrière tends to be flat as a pancake, avoid heavy double-pleated pants styles that balloon in front.

•

New looks come from using old and familiar favorites in unexpected ways. One example sure to be a summer hit is to combine an elegant, formal wing-collar evening shirt (or one of the colorful variations now on the market), worn open-chested, with a pair of jeans or shorts and sneakers.

•

Hot-weather news flash: Black is a shoe-in favorite for footwear this season, with a black-leather dress version of the ubiquitous canvas deck shoe at the helm. It's an accessory that can be worn with jeans or with a jacket and slacks, as occasions dictate.

No Deposit, No Return

This photo was snapped at a cocktail party honoring the president of a California bank. Before you laugh at us for lying, it's true. JOHNNY CARSON is one of the bank's stockholders and in this photo, he's holding on to some valuable stock. Her interest rate is very high.

© 1982 RON GALELLA

Dressed to Drill

DAVID LEE ROTH of the rock group Van Halen appeared in Napoleon drag to film a video promo of the group's hot single of Roy Orbison's (*Oh,*) *Pretty Woman*. Roth describes Van Halen as America's most successful bar band. We hope this movie isn't its Waterloo.

© 1982 NEIL ZLOZOWER

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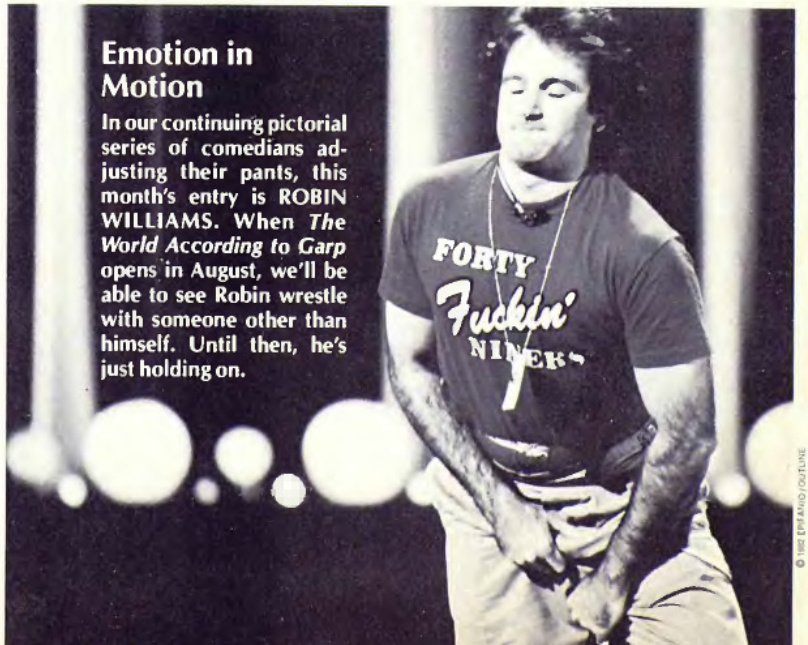
We Honor O'Connor

Actress GLYNNIS O'CONNOR's latest movie, *Melanie*, is every teenaged girl's escape fantasy: Illiterate Southern girl's ex-husband takes their kid and runs off to L.A. Southern girl follows to recover the child, meets a rock star (played by Burton Cummings, former co-leader of The Guess Who) and the rest, well, all *we're* going tu tell you is that she learns to read and write.

Emotion in Motion

In our continuing pictorial series of comedians adjusting their pants, this month's entry is ROBIN WILLIAMS. When *The World According to Garp* opens in August, we'll be able to see Robin wrestle with someone other than himself. Until then, he's just holding on.



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Of Course! It's Liza with a Z!

The taping of the show ran five and a half hours and ended with a star-studded Rockettes' kick line, which explains why actor JAMES CAAN sought solace from a real hoofer, LIZA MINNELLI. *Night of 100 Stars* raised money for the Actors' Fund of America and gave the audience a chance to see everybody who is anybody perform. The show may still be going on.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore

Look out, Rick James, that old snake charmer ALICE COOPER is back in town! Alice is hard at work reviving his career and, as in the past, is willing to be as outrageous as necessary to make his point. For those of us who try to keep up with the trends of the day, this is either postpunk or prefunk. But can he sing?

The One That Got Away

Although it looks like singer RONNIE SPECTOR asked Alice Cooper for fashion tips, she's the celebrity breast of the month, not he. We know a golden oldy when we see one.

WOMAN OF THE YEAR?

In the interest of updating our perspective on the performing arts, we checked into a new theater experiment known as *Strip Speak*. One can say that it is in the spirit of Samuel Beckett—the minimalist-monolog approach to drama. The inventor and chief practitioner of *Strip Speak* is Annie Sprinkle, who heretofore has been known for her intimate portrayals in such straightahead documentaries as *Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle*. Now Annie has taken to the floor boards, and we caught her

DENNIS SILVERSTEIN (2)

act at Chicago's Oak Theater, an X-rated cinema house where (critics take note) our reviewer met with the staff's warmest personal attentions.

Technically, *Strip Speak* presents Annie Sprinkle stripping to the accompaniment of a Muzaklike disco tape and her own running commentary, which goes something like, "Would you like to get it on, big boy?" As shown in the photo above, top, Annie demonstrates various sexual positions, punctuating her delivery with timely and evocative grunts, slurps and groans. Sometimes, her audience responds in kind. Annie, who told us she "goes with the feeling," has no set routine—every performance is an original work of art. None of that "What's my motivation?" Actors Studio crap here.

Annie's 20-minute solo precedes an informal interview and Polaroid session in the lobby. For five dollars, snatch snappers can get a close-up suitable for *Gray's Anatomy*—and what a lovely keepsake besides. After the intimate shots, all are invited to snap away at the barely clad Annie, shown below left describing her appointments to the crowd. What a trouper!

This theater movement will doubtless have its loyal adherents, but it may be a bit abstract for most Broadway critics to, uh, grasp—at least for the next few years or so. After all, we do live in conservative times.

RAPE HELP

The Oregon State Corrections Division is utilizing a new, humane and probably effective means of treating convicted rapists. Developed by therapist Steven Jensen, the multifaceted treatment and follow-up procedure takes about three years and consists of 12 to 15 months of in-house therapy at Oregon State Hospital, three to six months of work release, followed by an 18-month outpatient program. Oregon judges have recently begun to urge the treatment for sex offenders, though Oregon law requires that all such patients be volunteers.

Aiming to minimize the chances that the men will rape again, the program first determines—through the use of a penileplethysmograph, a gizmo that attaches to a penis and records erections in response to various visual and auditory stimuli—what causes a patient's deviant behavior. Next, patients are psychologically retrained to diminish deviant reactions and increase normal sexual cues. Later, they can be retested to make sure they are maintaining normal arousal patterns.

Administrators of the program have found that sex offenders share similar failings that have led to antisocial actions. They have little ability to express feelings of anger or of love. Usually, in youth, they were loners, never had instruction about sex and had dominating mothers, resulting in a fear of women in general.

In the program, patients learn assertiveness, dating skills and the facts of human sexuality. They are taught to work in groups, and to help them overcome their reliance on fantasies, they are taught crafts and hobbies such as macramé and pottery. Within the program, they interact with women, either their own guests or people they meet through other inmates. A weekly therapy group exists for married convicts and their spouses. Administrators require that patients maintain close ties with one another during the outpatient treatment.

Results aren't in yet, since the program is less than three years old, but Jensen says he's optimistic.

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Above, Alexa Polskaschnikoff, a dancer in Paris' Crazy Horse revue, provides living proof of the virtues of running. We'd just like to say here that we sincerely hope her idea of proper jogging attire catches on soon. You can run, but you can't hide.

While the enchanting shots below may seem to indicate a cleverly updated *Gulliver's Travels* with the Lilliputians' having become sports nuts to a man, forget it. These are Bodyscapes Notecards, fashioned by Massachusetts photographer Allan I. Teger. An assorted set of six black-and-white cards sells for $7, from Feathre Luv Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 261, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. *Feathre Luv Enterprises?* A ticklish business.

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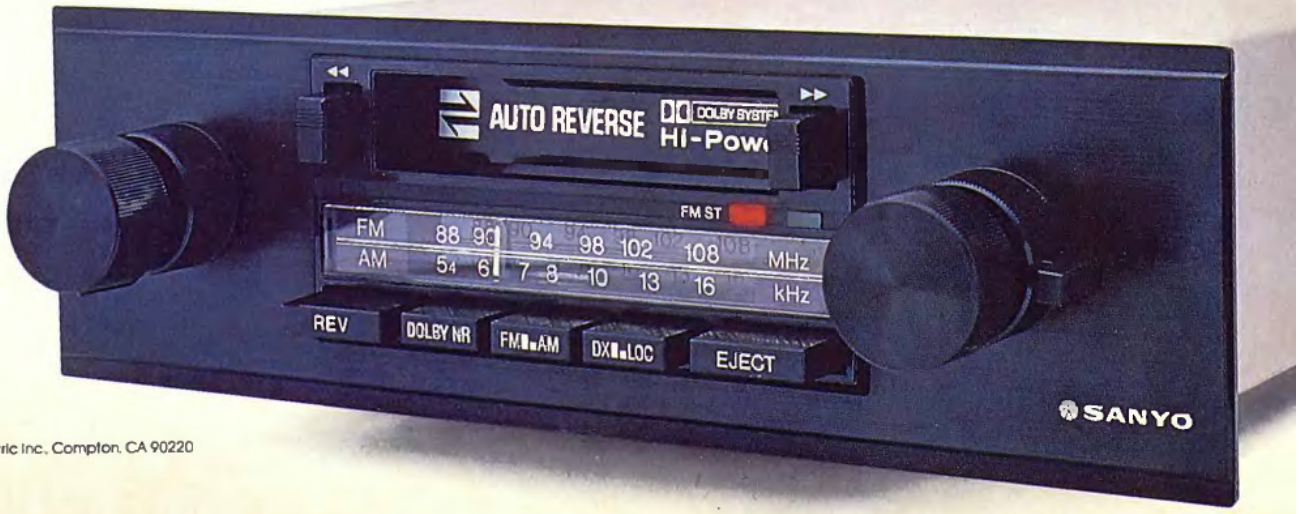

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