

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1982 • \$2.50

HOLD THE PHONE! THE GIRLS OF MA BELL

A VERY
PERSON-TO-PERSON
PICTORIAL

BETTE DAVIS
GIVES
EVERYBODY
HELL IN A
DELIGHTFUL
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

DEATH OF A BULLY:
WHY A NICE
MISSOURI TOWN
DOESN'T WANT TO
CATCH A KILLER

THE WATERGATE
PROFITEERS:
TEN YEARS LATER,
THEY'RE STILL
COUNTING

THE
BRAUNING
OF AMERICA:
HOW SPORTS
MEDICINE
CAN MAKE US
ALL FITTER,
TRIMMER AND
(AS IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW)
SEXIER



A full-page photograph of two construction workers on a high-rise building. They are wearing red t-shirts, red hard hats, and blue jeans. One worker is using a large bolt to secure a massive steel beam. The background shows a cityscape with green trees and buildings under a clear sky.

Nobody does it better.

A full-page photograph of two construction workers on a high-rise building. They are both wearing red hard hats and red t-shirts. The worker on the right is also wearing a tool belt and has a cigarette in his mouth. They are both looking down at their hands, which are positioned near each other as if they are working together on a task. They are standing on a dark steel beam, with a cityscape and greenery visible in the background under a clear sky.

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An aerial photograph of a city, likely New York City, showing a dense urban landscape with numerous skyscrapers and residential buildings. A large, dark, diagonal shape, possibly a shadow or a graphic element, runs from the top left towards the bottom right, partially obscuring the city view. The foreground is filled with green trees and lower-level buildings, while the background shows more distant city structures under a clear sky.

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PLAYBILL

JULY FOURTH is historic—not only because it's Independence Day but also because on that date in 1907, Harlow Morrell Davis and his bride, Ruthie, while honeymooning on Squirrel Island in Maine, conceived a living legend. Said legend, born on April 5, 1908, was christened Ruth Elizabeth but is better known to two generations of moviegoers as Bette. Movie critic and Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, who conducted this month's *Playboy Interview*, says, "There are few celebrities left who have the power to awe me, and **Bette Davis** is one of them." The feisty actress, who, as Williamson writes, has "Bette Davis eyes, hair, voice, hands—Bette Davis everything," talks about her ups and downs for more than two decades at Warner Bros., takes pot shots at producers, directors and actors (including herself) and reveals as much as a lady dares about her private life.

If one interview with a fascinating woman doesn't satisfy you, we recommend **David Rensin's** *20 Questions* with rock chanteuse **Stevie Nicks**, long the hot chills in Fleetwood Mac's sound, who went triple platinum with her first solo album. Says Rensin, "I chased Stevie for an interview for six months. Finally, at 4:30 the morning after her last concert in L.A., I got a phone call from her PR man. He said, 'Hi. Want to interview Stevie? Be at her hotel at five P.M. Sorry to call you this early, but, hey, that's rock 'n' roll.'"

Far from the glitter of Bette Davis' and Stevie Nicks' Hollywood, in the tiny town of Skidmore, Missouri (population 447), last summer, about 60 people stood by while a man believed to be the town bully was shot to death on the main street. No one remembers having seen anything. Since then, the Government, the media—and, yes, Hollywood—have been trying to crack the case. Meanwhile, the people of Skidmore are themselves slowly cracking. In *High Noon in Skidmore*, **Carl Navarre** tells what he discovered, after spending six weeks in the town, about the shooting of **Ken Rex McElroy**.

City streets hold their own dangers. In *Street Smarts*, the irrepressible **D. Keith Mano** tells exactly what to do should you meet a mugger. Of course, should you get into such a situation, it's probably better if you're in shape. In *The Brawning of America*, illustrated by **Gary Ruddell**, Assistant Editor **Kevin Cook** tells you how to stay fit and how the latest developments in sports medicine can either prevent you from injuring yourself or heal you faster if you do. One of the article's sidebars, *A Regimen Built for Two*, is adapted in part from a chart by **Bob and Jean Anderson** of Colorado's Stretching, Inc.

Speaking of fit, it's enough to give you one to realize how much money has been made in the past ten years from the 1972 Watergate scandal. New York Associate Editor **Tom Passavant** and researcher **Conan Putnam** bring you the astonishing figures in *Watergate, Inc.: An Anniversary Audit*. And while we're on the subject of White House-related matters, **Gerald Gardner** takes a humorous poke at the current First Family in *Nancy Reagan's Scrapbook*. There's more: a great short story by **Bob Shacochis**, *Lord Short Shoe Wants the Monkey*, which shows what can happen when a man goes ape over a strange woman; the last part of our *Man and Woman* series, *Prisoners of Culture*, by **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone**; *Summer Scoring: A Singular Guide*, by Travel Editor **Stephen Birnbaum** (the lead illustration is by **John Hamagami**); tips on how to combine pink *vin* and a whole hog for the perfect luau-style picnic in *The Days of Swine and Rosés*, by **Emanuel Greenberg** (illustrated by **Doug Taylor**); and, of course, beautiful women. *The Girls of Ma Bell*, photographed by **David Mecey** and produced by Senior Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen** and stylist **Freya Lambides**, ought to ring your chimes. And to really round off the issue (and we do mean round), there is Miss July, **Lynda Wiesmeier**. Hot month, hot issue!



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PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

If you think of Ma Bell as a fat, greedy old woman who reaches out and touches your wallet each month, allow us to make paying your phone bills a little more pleasant: On page 162, we bring you *The Girls of Ma Bell*. Holding the phone on our cover is this month's Playmate, Lynda Wiesmeier, of whom you can see more on page 118. The cover was photographed and designed by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler.

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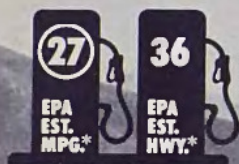
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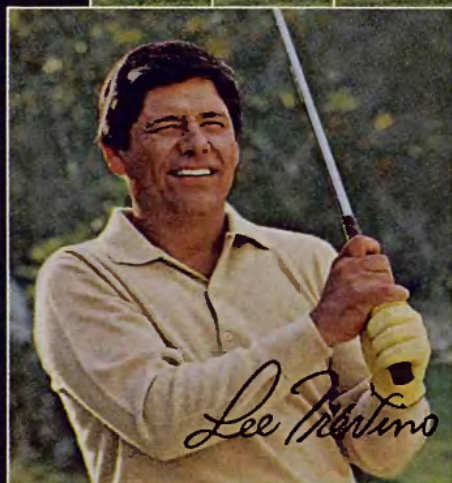
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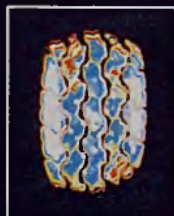
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



HEF TAKES A STAND LEFT OF CENTER

Our chief executive, above, hosts an impressive line-up of former Presidential contenders more or less representing American liberalism of the past 15 years at a dinner dance given for the American Civil Liberties Union at Playboy Mansion West. From left, former U. S. Representative John Anderson, Hugh Hefner and former U. S. Senators Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern, atypically taking a firm stand on the right.



CANDIDATE CORINNE FOR COUNCIL

At right, May 1958 Playmate Lari Laine, a.k.a. Corinne Entratter, proudly displays her noteworthy centerfold just after declaring her candidacy for the Beverly Hills, California, city council. Obviously a believer in full disclosure, Corinne, now 44, observed, "You don't have to be a trump to run." Her platform focused on parking, police protection and responsive government. Above, Corinne with actor Robert Colbert (left) and businessman Barry Comden.



PLAYMATE PUNK: SUPERNOVA WAVE

This New Waver's a bit extraordinary by anyone's standards—it's September 1979 Playmate Vicki McCarty, outfitted in très chic fashion from Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles' haute-punk garment district, for a feature by the local TV program *Eye on L.A.*



HOW'RE WE DOING, ED?

New York mayor Ed Koch, seated between PLAYBOY Advertising Director Henry Marks (left) and Executive Editor G. Barry Golson (with interviewer Peter Manso, behind Koch), defends his controversial *Playboy Interview* remarks at a Manhattan luncheon. Just trying to boost circulation, he said.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF OUR MODEL CITIZENS

That daring couple of high fliers Victoria Brown and Keith Wilson, who appeared in our May 1980 *Perfect Attendants* pictorial (below and inset) as *Tori Braun* and *David Cummings*, have always made us wonder how they stay in such great shape. Now the secret's out and on the cover of *Runner's World* (left): Keith runs when he can and Victoria clipped through last year's Boston Marathon in a respectable 3:14:37.



VINKA FEVER STRIKES YUGOSLAVIA

Vinka Skansi has found celebrity on her native island of Hvar since she graced our May 1981 *Girls of the Adriatic Coast* feature (below). Vinka has received 15 marriage proposals and inspired a disco (right) to decorate with PLAYBOY shots.



HELP, HELP US, RHONDA, PLEASE?

Rhonda Shear, stripped of her title as Louisiana Floral Trail queen after this discreet pose appeared in our *Girls of the New South* (April 1977), has gone Hollywood. Her career is booming with a stand-up comedy act and TV appearances on *Happy Days* and in specials by Bob Hope and Dick Clark. Now Star Makers Poster Corp. is marketing 2,000,000 wet-and-wild Rhonda posters (right).



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KOCH AS KOCH CAN

I just finished reading April's *Playboy Interview* with Ed "How 'm I doing?" Koch and, frankly, I feel it's the best you've had since John Lennon's. Ed really speaks his mind in this interview, just as he does every day as mayor of the greatest city in the world. If more politicians were as open and honest, we'd all be better off.

John Monk
New Orleans, Louisiana

I loved the Koch interview. But I must give you one Midwesterner's opinion of his colorful language, which interviewer Peter Manso seems to think will upset those of us here. If Koch's frankness shocks us a bit, it's because we are so used to bland rhetoric from politicians that when one uses a word like wacko or schmuck, we sit up and take notice. But we aren't offended by it. Most of us like a leader who isn't afraid to talk like a real person instead of a computer print-out reflecting the Gallup Poll's notion of what we want to hear. Trouble is, there aren't enough Ed Kochs to go around.

Kirk J. Besse
Mound, Minnesota

April's *Playboy Interview* helps perpetuate the myth that Ed Koch is pro-middle class. The truth of the matter is that Koch's pro-middle-class image is all rhetoric, not performance. He has the ability to say exactly the things the middle class wants to hear, in a candid, outspoken way. But crime in New York City is worse than ever. The transit system is a mess and rents are sky-high. Koch has granted millions of dollars in tax abatements to wealthy real-estate developers. With "the dollar value of commercial space increasing sixfold," small business is being forced out of much of New York. Most middle-class

New Yorkers are tenants. But on every crucial issue, such as the fuel pass-along bill, Koch has supported landlords. As a result, the Metropolitan Council on Housing, New York City's leading tenants' organization, endorsed a mayoralty candidate for the first time in its history—Koch's opponent Frank Barbaro. Koch supports the multimillion-dollar Westway boondoggle, a giveaway to highway and real-estate interests of Federal moneys that could be better used to improve mass transit. The condition of the transit system is such that most middle-class people refuse to ride the subways after dark. Mayor Koch deserves an A for mouth but a D for actual performance.

Eugene Prosnitz
Brooklyn, New York

I left New York because I couldn't sell a condo in Florida and because of a good business opportunity. But everything "Hizzoner" says about the city is true. Florida is prettier and warmer, but it pales in comparison with New York—culturally, academically and intellectually. I feel the best conversation I've had in six months is the one I just finished reading with Mayor Koch. Give my regards to Broadway!

Sheila Derrwaldt
Clearwater, Florida

My name is William Robert Jones, but my pals call me Billy Bob. I live in Wedowee, Alabama, which is so far back in the country the sun goes down between here and Montgomery, the state capital. I was over to the store last week, and while we were standing around drinking Bud and eating vinnies and saltines, Uncle Joe was reading Mayor Ed Koch's interview in *PLAYBOY*, about living in the country. Mr. Koch says everybody out in the country drives a pickin' up truck and wears Sears

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suits. Well, sir, that's a bald-faced lie. Don't nobody around here wear a suit. Don't need to. They don't care what you wear over to the Moose Club, long as you ain't barefoot. I hope the mayor don't mean what he said, calling living in the country a "joke," 'cause my coon dog, Buster, heard about it, too, and Buster don't like nobody from New York City throwing off on the way we live. If I was old Mayor Koch, I wouldn't come around Wedowee or Buster for a while, 'cause Buster might take a plug out of his leg, and I couldn't stop him.

William Robert "Billy Bob" Jones
Wedowee, Alabama

EARNEST HEMINGWAY

Bravo! Thank you for your feature on lovely Mariel Hemingway, *Personal Mariel* (PLAYBOY, April). I do not have the words to express just how exquisite I think she is. I guess the best I can do is to say that she is, for me, the physical realization of everything that I look for in a woman.

Lawrence Cohen
New York, New York

Being a feminist who has logged an innumerable amount of time at various E.R.A. rallies—some of which were particularly hostile toward your magazine—I was startled to find my eyes irresistibly drawn to the photograph of Mariel Hemingway accompanying your *Personal Mariel* pictorial essay. Hemingway must be the herald of the future, for who else, in this day and age of make-up by the pound, could make sweating look so beautiful? By the way, Patrice Donnelly ain't no slouch, either.

Kevin M. Finan
San Francisco, California

Our compliments on a fantastic portrayal of Mariel Hemingway. But it surprises us that someone as beautiful and as intelligent as she would wear a T-shirt with an obvious misspelling.

Zoots 101 Club
University of Northern Iowa
Cedar Falls, Iowa

Your cover photo of Mariel Hemingway has certainly stimulated my curiosity and my desire to watch her more closely in *Personal Best*. Although I'm normally not enthusiastic about dramas involving dedicated jocks, I think your pictorial essay has revealed that Mariel can portray a more sensitive athlete than most. By the way, someone concealed the letter A in the word SWEAT on Mariel's T-shirt. Good thing you didn't use the words NO SHIRT.

Michael Cohler
University of Delaware
Wilmington, Delaware

Quite a few sharp-eyed spellers looked closely at Mariel's T-shirt, which is no

surprise. We were aware of the misspelling but kept our mouth shut—who wants to be accused of purveying orthography? Anyway, "Personal Best" director Robert Towne wanted to weave a tale, not cast a speller.

LINDA DEAREST

There is an old saying that good things come in small packages. April Playmate Linda Rhys Vaughn proves without a doubt that that's true. Linda's my choice for Playmate of the Year.

Jon J. Erickson
Madison, Wisconsin

I am not surprised that Linda Rhys Vaughn, chooses Faye Dunaway, whom she resembles so closely, as one of her favorite performers. Even though Linda is quite a bit younger than Faye, the similarities are striking. Don't take my word for it, though. Why don't you show everybody another picture of lovely Linda?

Ed Pennington
Fort Worth, Texas

Your centerfold shot of Linda Rhys Vaughn blew me away. Her high cheekbones and that deep blue catlike stare bear a haunting resemblance to Faye Dunaway's. Make my knees shake one more time—show Linda again.

Walter Egon III
Dudley, Massachusetts

It's OK with Linda if your knees shake over her, Walter. Just don't suspend



yourself from any phone lines. She keeps shouting, "No more wire hangers!"

SPEEDY GONZALES

Thanks and congratulations to PLAYBOY and to Laurence Gonzales for his *The War on Drugs: A Special Report* (PLAYBOY, April). Gonzales has done a truly superb job of exposing the

truth and the facts behind this typical Government façade (of doing what's best for the people? Doing what's best to get themselves re-elected is more like it). We should be grateful for "freedom-spirited" writers such as Gonzales, Robert Ringer, Irwin Schiff, William Simon and others who uncover and cogently explain the self-serving intentions of prevaricating politicians—intentions they would prefer we be ignorant of. To put it bluntly, they are showing us that we are suffering from a Government by the Government for the Government.

Kyle V. Fradenburgh
Butler, Pennsylvania

You are condoning the use of drugs simply by publishing Laurence Gonzales' *The War on Drugs*. I once considered PLAYBOY a distinguished magazine.

John W. Petry
Carrizo Springs, Texas

Laurence Gonzales' article gives great insight into a truly frightening situation. I hope the prominence PLAYBOY affords the story will not be lost on the public.

As publisher of *High Times* magazine, I have been living on the front lines of the battle since it began. At first, it seemed that the right-wing hate groups could never succeed, because of the inherent unconstitutionality of what they were attempting. I soon found out that that theory was naïvely optimistic. *High Times* has been confiscated in Pennsylvania, Nevada, Wisconsin, North Carolina, Texas and other states. It's not illegal, but that doesn't stop the officially sanctioned vigilante groups. The Drug Enforcement Administration has raided three of our advertisers for the "crime" of advertising in *High Times*.

PLAYBOY has been in the forefront of many civil-liberties battles through the years, and I am glad to see you joining us on this one. Somehow, it feels better being attacked in good company.

Andy Kowl, Publisher
High Times
New York, New York

I'm a 51-year-old Texan, and I'll tell you that during the past 30 years, they've about trashed me to death with all their wars on drugs. I am not only a veteran of all the past dope hysteria but a present prisoner of war serving a life sentence for "failure to appear" on a never-tried possession-of-marijuana charge. Until Laurence Gonzales' article, I could never understand why society seemed so determined to destroy me, when all I had ever wanted to do was sit in my own living room, smoke a joint and listen to some good music. Little did I know that all those times the police kicked my door in, trashed my house and dragged me off to prison, I was part of a perpetual

fear/pressure/money game. I'll be glad when the Democrats are back in office. Not that they'll let up any on the dope laws; it's just that they feed prisoners better.

Robert L. Euziere
Texas Department of Corrections
Huntsville, Texas

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

Since sex and primatology are pre-occupations of mine, I have been reading PLAYBOY's *Man and Woman* series with great interest. I want you to know how very excited I am about it. I've scattered copies to friends. I think you're talking truths and people should know.

Bill Schohl
Los Angeles, California

The unfolding story of the sexes in your continuing *Man and Woman* series is very insightful stuff. I look forward to each installment. Any explanation of the differences between men and women may be comforting to anyone puzzled and, perhaps, frustrated by the behavior of the opposite sex—which is probably most of us. And I suspect that the main obstacle to resolving the nature *vs.* nurture debate will be the elimination of that word versus.

Paul Sullivan
San Francisco, California

JETT'S TAKE-OFF



We ran a photo in the May "Grapevine" thinking it was a first-class shot of one of the first ladies of punk, Joan Jett, in her bath. The bubbles must have confused us. Turns out the lady in the tub was Laurie McAllister, briefly a member of Jett's old all-girl band, the Runaways. We regret letting our admiration of Jett run away with us. That's all—just wanted to make a clean breast of things. Here's a picture of the real Jett's fuselage, from the cover of her best-selling "I Love Rock 'n' Roll."



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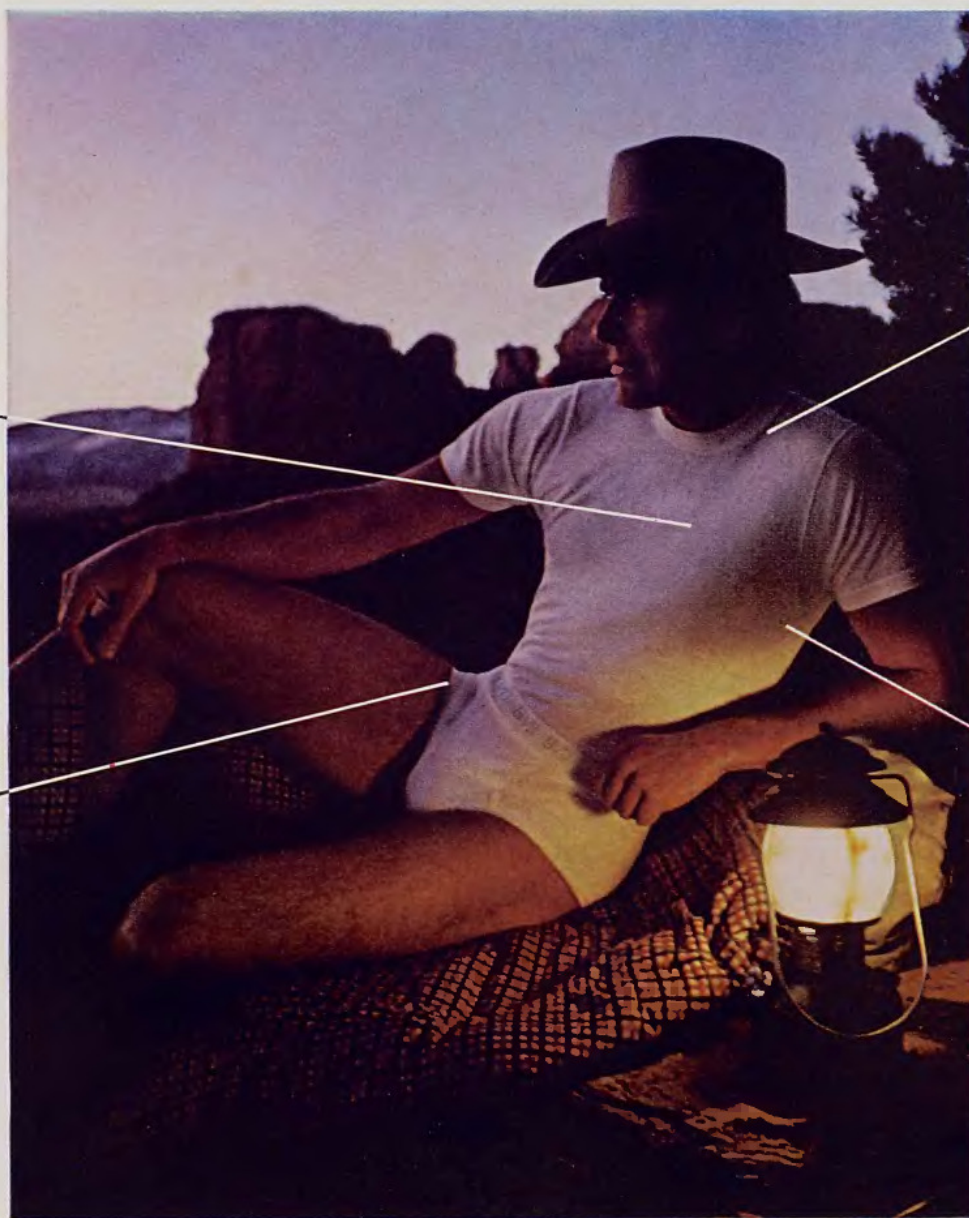
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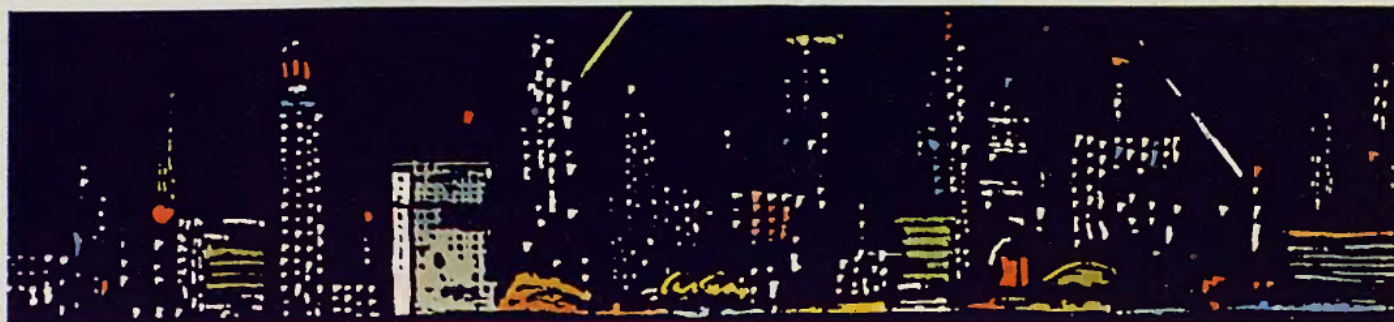
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DOPE? NOPE!

Spelling counts—just ask Arley Thomas, Jr., of Dallas. When Thomas was booked for possession of cocaine, his attorney noticed that the indictment referred to a derivative of cocoa, as in Nestlé's, rather than to coca, as in nostrils.

"Our law places a burden on the state to dot all the I's and cross all the T's," the lawyer argued in Thomas' defense. "To do otherwise could deprive a person of his freedom."

It must have been a delivery worthy of Clarence Darrow, because, as the trial judge, Jack Hampton, explained: "I can't send a guy to the pen for possession of chocolate, can I?"

Gee, maybe just wearing tighter jeans would do the trick: The makers of Sergio Valente clothing and accessories stopped Michael Lubin Byer of Philadelphia from selling prophylactics under the name Sergio Prevente.

SPOT MARKET

Last year, trend-conscious Americans spent more than ten billion dollars on their pets, popping for everything from bowwow booties to canine caps. Now, for the truly discriminating, comes Juic-ee Treat—a bottled soft drink for dogs. Made by Rosebrand Products, the elixir is described as "beef flavored" juice that has "the texture of water with the impression of frankfurters." And should you think this is frivolous stuff, hearken to the words of company president Carol Graham, who says: "This is *not* a Hula Hoop. We're serious. Deadly serious."

Attorney Melvin Belli was hired by a Hindu couple who were "in disgrace" because their newborn son had been circumcised at Kaiser Foundation Hospital. Circumcision is forbidden under Hindu

law. When asked how much he was suing for, Belli replied, "About a quarter of an inch."

This from the let's-not-be-hasty department: Sonia Sutcliffe, wife of the convicted Yorkshire Ripper, Peter Sutcliffe, is seeking legal separation from her imprisoned husband, citing his "unreasonable behavior."

FROGGY WENT A-COURTING

Things are jumping in Stuttgart. A cuckolded husband, working the night shift, discovered that his wife had arranged a tryst and sought his revenge. He put a frog in her bed. When the wife and her lover were entwined in a passionate embrace, the frog (apparently green with envy) landed on the lover's back. A person could croak from a fright like that, but the startled *Frau* reacted by biting her honey on the eyebrow—which subsequently required four stitches. Last we heard, not only was the wife petitioning for divorce on the

grounds of mental cruelty but the *lover* was also suing the husband: It seems West German law stipulates that a husband is responsible for damages inflicted by his wife. One thing came out all right, though. We understand that the boyfriend did manage to get his toad off.

We've been told that this version stars Phyllis Schlafly: The American film classic *Rebel Without a Cause* was shown in Taiwan with a title that translates as "To Give Birth to Children Without Teaching Them Whose Fault It Is."

New Scientist reports the rumor that the Italian government has decided to invest in genetic engineering. The state-controlled company will, accordingly, be proudly named Genitalia.

CHIC SHOT

Designer Bijan Pakzad and the Colt Arms Company have come up with the ".38 Extra Special"—a deluxe .38-caliber Colt automatic pistol with 24-karat-gold parts that sells for "somewhere between \$10,000 and \$25,000." The designer developed his precious pistol based on "the need of prominent men for a protective weapon appropriate to their lifestyle."

Yes, but the pay is sobering. A Trenton, New Jersey, newspaper ran the following help-wanted ad: "Liquor-store clerk. Staggered hours."

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

When you see a kid with his lips fastened firmly to a New York City subway turnstile, is it love or just infatuation?

"Turnstile sucking" is what plainclothes transit cops who have been assigned full time to battle this latest subway crime are calling it. Here's how it works: A kid stuffs a piece of paper



into the turnstile slot and waits for an unsuspecting straphanger to drop in a token. Then, when the passenger complains to the clerk, the kid hustles over to the turnstile and vacuums out the stuck token. At 75 cents a shot, the little sucker figures it's worth the effort. So far, the crackdown has resulted in several arrests. Tokenism, no doubt.

Like to work with your hands? You may want to check A & W Publishers' ultimate self-help book: *Do-It-Yourself Brain Surgery and Other Home Skills*.

WHAT KIND OF SUPPORT?

They call their group SAMOIS, a lesbian/feminist support organization that has some "80-odd members." Odd, indeed, for at a recent meeting, the SAMOIS ladies explored the "connection between sadomasochism and feminism." The San Francisco coven plans to hold a "whipping demonstration" at an upcoming meeting. Attendees should be spellbound. Or maybe just bound.

TODAY'S ARMY

Just in case anyone is *still* worried about the shape of this nation's volunteer Armed Forces, the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, ordered to stabilize an eroding canal bank in Delaware, took its bulldozers to the wrong location. They accidentally flattened half of an archaeological digging site containing hundreds of fossils from 70,000,000 to 135,000,000 years old. Perhaps it's best not to be all that you can be.

IN RON WE TRUST

It always pays for a U. S. President to have friends in high places, but Ronald Reagan may be overdoing it a bit. Recently, the Reverend Doyle Daugherty of Long Island's Church of God was handed the following letter bearing Reagan's signature:

"Dear Mr. God: As your President, I am calling upon you to make a most unusual sacrifice. . . ." The sacrifice called for God to make a \$120 campaign contribution to keep Republican Senators in office. "Believe me," the President went on, "I'm not asking everyone to join this club—only proud, flag-waving Americans like you who I know are willing to sacrifice to keep our nation strong."

Mr. Daugherty was impressed with Reagan's plea, viewing it as part of the President's continuing effort to "give the Devil his due and put God on the Presidential task force." But won't He make Howard Baker feel insecure?

AN EXPLOSIVE ISSUE

Recently, a house committee of the Kentucky General Assembly approved a

bill to let legislators carry concealed handguns into their chambers. Some members don't think this is such a good idea. Says Representative Al Bennett: "On some days here, half of the members would get blown away. I can think of times when I would have liked to knock off 47 or so myself." Bennet has good cause for worry. The last time a gun was permitted in the Kentucky General Assembly was in 1936, when two members, in the midst of a heated argument, began tossing desks at each other until one of them whipped out a gun and fired it through the chamber's stained-glass ceiling. On the other hand, maybe the new rule will encourage legislators not to shoot their mouths off during future debates.

CHECKING IN



Robert Crane caught up with rotund writer/comedian Pat McCormick at his North Hollywood house on Klump Street (he lives there because he thinks the name of the street is funny). McCormick turned off his oversize video screen, fixed a drink and spilled over the sides of a chair not quite large enough for his bulk.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation as a no-holds-barred comic lunatic. What are some of your more memorable incidents? MCCORMICK: I streaked *The Tonight Show*. For some reason, I thought that was necessary to be pure. Why I thought that, I don't know. The only thing I had on was a Johnny Carson mask. As I ran across the stage, I came within a foot of running into the brass section of the band. Those guys were terrified when they saw me coming. Some woman screamed. I guess she recognized me despite the mask.

I've been thrown out of restaurants

because people bet me that I couldn't hit the back of somebody's neck with a ball of rice. It was usually a friend I was throwing at, but some of the *sushi* places still won't let me back in.

I've dropped my pants from time to time. I usually pick my spots. You know, in Westminster Abbey or while going through Customs. There's a big difference between being silly and being kind of an ass. I hope that I have enough sense to know the difference.

PLAYBOY: You've worked for *The Tonight Show* for many years. Which routines did you create and write?

MCCORMICK: I was in on the creation of Floyd R. Turbo. I can take credit for the *Edge of Wetness* idea. I've embellished others and helped them grow. Carson keeps doing some of the desk spots I thought of.

PLAYBOY: Tell us the sickest joke you've ever written.

MCCORMICK: I don't know whether this is the sickest, but once, I saw a newsreel of F.D.R. in the rain and said, "Let's go watch his braces rust."

PLAYBOY: Who have been some ungrateful victims of your comedy?

MCCORMICK: There's one I'm not sure of, but I'll tell you about it, because I'd love to hear from him. One time, I did a roast for Glenn Ford and my angle was that we all know him as a leading man and a kind of hero, but actually, he's a closet weirdo. I said, "I followed him around one day and watched him steal the safety belts off Mickey Rooney's toilet seats." I was looking out of the corner of my eye, and Glenn *wasn't* laughing.

I'm currently doing an X-rated game show for pay television, called *Everything Goes*, the idea being that when you miss a question you have to take off a piece of clothing—down to practically nothing. And we have three holes in a wall and you have to try to recognize a person you've just met from his ass. I pointed to one ass and said, "That's where I park my bike." At one point, the audience booed when a guy decided to take his shoes off instead of his pants. I said, "Wait a minute. Don't get mad. That's where his pecker is." I think that's an example of being able to say certain things without people's getting offended.

PLAYBOY: Some people find you offensive. Whom do you find offensive?

MCCORMICK: I don't get offended by anything. A group of comedy writers wondered how they could blackmail me and they figured there was no way. If I walked out of a motel with a boy scout, people would say, "Oh, that's Pat for you." If I came out of a Ramada Inn with a mule, they'd say, "That's Pat. He's doing one of his things." Or, you know, if I put an air hose under a nun



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TEN FILMS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD



What can Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton possibly do for an encore after their joint triumph in "Reds"? They are planning a multifilm historical cycle that should succeed in stifling, once and for all, any curiosity about the durability of their affair. These future blockbusters include:

Dreads—The heart-rending love story of Franz Kafka (Beatty) and Felice Bauer (Keaton). The film chronicles the birth of alienation, an event that is presaged by the couple's bizarre philosophical and romantic debates in Prague:

K.: "I am nothing but a miserable little cockroach."

B.: "That's true."

Weds—The story of Henry the Eighth (Beatty) and his six wives (most of them played by Keaton). Co-starring Gene Hackman as Sir Thomas More, Jack Nicholson as Cardinal Wolsey and Jane Seymour as herself. One of the film's pleasures is seeing Keaton summarily dispatched each time she throws a tantrum.

Breads—The saga of Sam Wonder (Beatty), his wife, Sally (Keaton), and the bread that captured the minds of the masses: Sam is a visionary much given to long speeches about his loaves ("People will realize that bread shouldn't compete with cold cuts; it should *cooperate* with cold cuts").

Fred's—The title refers to a weekly *salon* presided over by Frédéric Chopin (Beatty) and his lover George Sand (Keaton). Sand is a woman yearning for independence, striving for personal achievement, terrified of failure, wary of success, waiting to sacrifice herself for a good man with a wicked cough; yet she somehow finds the time to be petulant and arbitrary.

Feds—Beatty stars as J. Edgar Hoover and Keaton, in what is perhaps her most demanding role thus far, plays his longtime roommate and dinner partner, Clyde Tolson. The film portrays them doing battle with gangsters and Communists and, in a slight embellishment, highlights their capture of Bonnie and Clyde (Maureen Stapleton and Jack Nicholson).

Sleds—The story of a couple, Admiral Robert (Beatty) and Betty (Keaton)

Peary, in love with each other and with a grand concept. After listening to one of the Pearys' frequent detailed lectures on the evils of urban congestion, several of their New York friends suggest that they go off and discover the North Pole. Thus is a great idea born. The film is said to feature some of the longest continuous wandering since the Old Testament.

Heads—As Grace Slick and Paul Kantner, the lovers who led the Jefferson Airplane, Keaton and Beatty recapture that decade of the dream, the Sixties. "I remember the Sixties," alleges one onscreen witness. Another hollow-eyed case helps set the tone of the film with his recollections. "People still had dreams then," he says. "People still had minds."

Treads—The more or less historically accurate film biography of Gaston Radial (Beatty) and the woman who helped him up from the skids, Amy Biasply (Keaton). After experimenting with several materials—wool and cork, principally—Radial discovers that South American tree sap treated by someone named Vulcan makes the best automobile tires. We are there to hear Biasply make her famous romantic observation to a startled Radial: "Gaston, this is where the rubber meets the road."

Threads—The tumultuous rags-to-schmatta story of Egon (Beatty) and Diane (Keaton) von Furstenberg. The dizzying world of *haute couture* is the backdrop against which we see these lovers argue about pleats, fabrics, hemlines and drape until—feeling she has nothing to lose but her dry cleaning—Diane calls her husband a "woolly bully." The marriage dissolves and we leave as each starts a meteoric second career.

Deads—In docu-drama style, the camera follows Thomas Noguchi (Beatty) and his wife (Keaton) from the struggles of medical school all the way to the post of coroner of Los Angeles. Brief guest appearances are made by Marilyn Monroe, William Holden, Natalie Wood, Bobby Kennedy, John Belushi and Jack Klugman. Not for the squeamish.

—ANDREW FEINBERG

or something. I can't think of anything that would really offend me. I'm not touchy about anything.

PLAYBOY: When isn't it funny anymore?

MC CORMICK: When people start to lecture. Or, when people get too cornball and do things that may make their wives laugh but that don't have any punch to them. It's not funny when people don't sweat it out enough.

PLAYBOY: Who has a more active sex life, you or Paul Williams?

MC CORMICK: I'd say Paul, because he has no. . . . I guess if you include animals, me. Otherwise, Paul, because he had a baby lately, so we know there's been at least one time.

PLAYBOY: What are your requirements for a fulfilling sexual experience?

MC CORMICK: I think heavy foreplay. I consider rape foreplay. If you slough the foreplay, you'll never get an "Oooo" or an "Ahhhhh" out of anybody and you'll be able to use the same sheets over and over again.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of women are attracted to you?

MC CORMICK: Girls who like to laugh and have fun. Maybe some of them like the fact that I have an Aztec sun god tattooed on my back.

PLAYBOY: Are there comedy groupies out for a cheap laugh?

MC CORMICK: Yeah, there are. They just love comedians of any kind. That's how Jackie Vernon makes out.

PLAYBOY: How does one learn the manly arts?

MC CORMICK: Being a Peeping Tom is a very good idea. There are people who put feeders out for Peeping Toms. They put out little water-cress sandwiches and stuff. Also, there are schools that tell you 101 ways to use butter during sex.

PLAYBOY: What is something that, when you start eating it, you can't stop eating?

MC CORMICK: Peanuts, bacon and Joan Crawford.

PLAYBOY: When you go out with the boys, who are they and what do you do?

MC CORMICK: I have friends who know how to be friends. We take our girls or our wives to dinner, take a private room and play tapes of a roast or play a guy's new album. We'll talk about what's been going on. Laughing is the first order of happiness. That's not a deep or an analytical thing. I took philosophy courses at Harvard and I know that area and I'm not avoiding it. Still, those nights you're having fun are the best payoff.

PLAYBOY: OK, some word association: Girl scouts.

MC CORMICK: Hang gliding over them.

PLAYBOY: White-cotton briefs.

MC CORMICK: Something black people would never wear.



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FINGER-PICKING GOOD: "Is nice to be here in Kentucky, where the brewgrass began." Pointing toward the river: "We sing *Banks of the Ohio* back in Japan, but that's really it, isn't it? Is very strange. Our next song is called *It's Tough All Over*. I don't know what the meaning is."

This is the banjo player from The Acoustic Heavy Orchestra talking, one of seven good ole boys from Kobe, Japan, and he's not kidding about strange.

It's the ninth annual **Bluegrass Music Festival of the United States**—the largest in the country—in downtown Louisville, and several thousand of us are listening to this bluegrass music surrounded by concrete. Those of us lacking lawn chairs are sitting on it, on this Belvedere Level—a parklike lid over a three-story parking garage, also extending like a great carport over the six or nine lanes of expressway roaring along the riverside below. Over on the Indiana side, outlined in red neon, is the world's second largest clock.

The stage and the sound system occupy the east end of the Belvedere Level at the foot of the high-rise Galt House Hotel. A couple of other towering glass boxes loom nearby. Too far back to see or hear much from are a few man-made grassy knolls sporting one

actual tree each; the modernist decorative fountains would probably be nice if they weren't drained and dead. Not exactly the most bucolic setting you could ask for—but with this three-day all-star line-up, all of it free, courtesy of the Kentucky Fried Chicken folks, nobody seems to mind.

Sunset Friday: Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys take the stage in snazzy Western-style blue suits and straw cowboy hats. Monroe's uncut white hair spills a few inches down his neck from beneath his hat. As the Boys run deftly through their standards (*Footprints in the Snow, Uncle Pen, New Mule-Skinner Blues*), Monroe seems more than ever like an aging Prometheus, the bringer of fire: the fire he brought to string-band country music late in the Thirties, when from it he created bluegrass—and named it as well, for his home state. And he's still tearing it up, even though he'll celebrate his 70th birthday on-stage tomorrow.

After his set, Monroe comes out to the open-air "backstage" area and hangs around *schmoozing* with his fans. Now he's genially letting Boyd get an Insta-Flash of Varlene with her arm around Monroe. And then, switching, Varlene likewise snapping Boyd. Monroe, for each *snap!*, takes his heavy glasses off

and holds them behind his back—never too old to look good.

Friday—nine P.M.: The closing act is Hot Rize, named for the "secret ingredient" in Martha White Flour, longtime sponsor of the Grand Ole Opry. These guys, too, wear suits—but the kind you see on go-hard young lawyers and media wizards loading up after five at chichi bars.

Group leader Pete Wernick, 35, is known as Dr. Banjo—in reference to both his talents and his Ph.D. in sociology. Bass player Nick Forster traces his bluegrass roots back to boarding school in Switzerland. The old order changeth.

Saturday afternoon: Announced as winners of the Best New Bluegrass Band contest are The Johnsons, billed as being from North Manchester, Indiana. They're my pick, too. No experimental mucking about here; they've landed solidly on the traditional side of the fence. Talking later to banjo player David Johnson and his acoustic bass-playing wife, Melody, I find that they entered the contest as a summer's-end lark and had been on the verge of breaking up as a group when this happened.

Later Saturday afternoon: After a set by 1980's winners, New Horizon, Jim and Jesse take the stage and show the youngsters how it's done.

*"Ashes of love, cold as ice,
You made the debt, and I'll pay the price..."*

Jim and Jesse have that fine-wine genetic confluence of voices that money can't buy. It has to be in the blood; you have to be so closely related you sometimes think each other's thoughts.

Saturday night: During Bill Monroe's closing set, I wander out through the crowd.

"I see the party's this way," says a girl to her girlfriend as they walk toward the grassy knolls in back. And she's right. Paying absolutely no attention to anything happening onstage—you can barely hear it from here—are clusters of amateur bluegrass players gathered beneath the lone tree on each knoll, playing their brains out. They're like separate campfires of bluegrass, at least five of them visible from the bench where I sit taking notes; gathered around them listening in ragged concentric rings are the people who would rather hear the people than the stars.

It strikes me that this music, even more than most, draws people together. No cheap metaphors here. It does so because otherwise you can't *hear* it, being acoustic and unlike heavy metal, for

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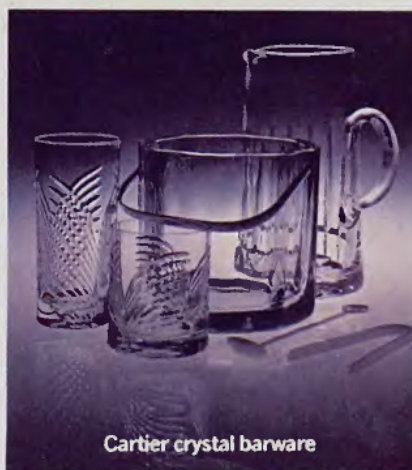
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There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

instance, which seeks, instead, to paste everyone against separate walls. As Dr. Banjo said to me, "Bluegrass is one kind of country music that can actually be played in the country."

Sunny Sunday, 11 A.M.: The morning begins with a student from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary leading everyone in prayer, something else you won't find at a Black Sabbath concert.

"Jesus, we want to thank you so much for this beautiful, beautiful day. . . . We want to thank you that you're here with us; so often we feel like you're confined on a Sunday morning to a place we often call a church. Remind us, Lord, that we ourselves are the church. . . ."

Then on come Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys to begin the day's music with an all-Gospel set. "'There'll be shoutin' on the hills of Glory. . . . /Shoutin' on the hills of the Lord. . . .'" And they're off; the harmonies are smooth as the finest Kentucky bourbon, Ralph's banjo sparkling like a mountain brook.

Appropriately, I am in heaven. For my money, Ralph Stanley defines the Platonic ideal of bluegrass. The Stanley Brothers came along in the late Forties—a little after Bill Monroe and Flatt and Scruggs—but their sound, for all its drive, harks back even further into time and the lonesome hills, as if it sprang spontaneously from the leafy earth back in some dark holler. Brother Carter went to his reward in 1966, but Ralph still carries on.

I can't help asking Stanley, now in his late 50s, what he thinks of the younger, so-called progressive players such as David Grisman and Sam Bush, late of the New Grass Revival.

"Well, I don't know. I like the old style myself. Most of the new groups just about sound alike—if you don't look at them, you don't know who's playing."

Sunday night: I'm with Ralph. Sitting on the hard, pebbled concrete, coming to hate it after three days, I'm waiting and waiting for these accomplished progressive and, finally, boring dorks to get off the stage and again give me Ralph and the Clinch Mountain Boys, who are closing the festival.

Later Sunday night: Still waiting for Ralph, I have finally stared long enough at all 25 stories of the Galt House to get it. Those ribbons of undulating patio-oids, like layers of *ricotta* squashing out of layers of lasagna; the top floor, its round, fancy penthouse lounge outlined by white theater-marquee bulbs, which then extend the length of the building in two parallel lines—well, finally, I see. This is the Ohio River, right? Well, this silly-looking building is supposed to look like a high-rise paddle-wheel riverboat, 25 stories tall. I swear.

Finally, at last and thank God: Ralph

is back, but it's so late and I feel so burned out by three days of concrete and leftover summer heat and nonstop *plink-plink-plinka plink-plink-plinka* that I can only stretch out as dreamily as Rip van Winkle on the concrete, letting the music roll over me like a sweet river. My eyes close and it seems I am alone in that dark holler. And then, barely opening them, looking up at the night sky, who do I find has joined us, hanging between two high-rises and looking on with approval, but the full moon. We listen together, wearing smiles.

—DAVID STANDISH

REVIEWS

Last year, while you filled out your ballots for the Playboy Music Poll, radio stations across the country helped us conduct a campaign to solicit tapes from local rock bands. The resulting deluge of material was judged by a panel of radio and recording experts, and its choices appear on *Street Rock* (Night-flite). In all modesty, we can say that this is a smart and well-produced compilation of Eighties rock. It exhibits a



broad range of styles, an enormous diversity in approach and a good measure of originality, though when these groups have stolen, they've stolen from the best.

In an era in which great singers have taken a back seat to songwriters, it's a thrill to discover Bettye LaVette, a gifted R&B singer who grew up in Detroit around the same time as Smokey Robinson and the other Motown illuminati. After a career that has included 18 singles, Bettye's finally got her first album, *Tell Me a Lie* (Motown), and we're convinced there's nothing this woman can't sing. In fact, her producer, Steve Birmingham (Alicia Bridges, Dionne Warwick, Melissa Manchester), says that her scratch takes were good enough for the final product. There's plenty of sexy, sweet soul here, and there's not a cut that won't move you.

Terri Gibbs can make her voice dip and curl like thick smoke riding a slow air stream. On her new album, *Some Days*

It Rains All Night Long (MCA), it's so strong and so knowledgeable that she can operate microscopically on the pressure points of a song. A small gesture of her mouth midphrase can completely change your mind about love or pain or whatever else she happens to be singing about. But one of the real pleasures of this well-produced, well-paced album is that regardless of the emotion Gibbs is dissecting, there is a constant joy in her voice—a kind of physical harmony of brain and lungs and mouth doing something as well as it can be done.

We've just finished listening to Simon and Garfunkel's live album, *The Concert in Central Park* (Warner Bros.), and we're feelin' groovy. This record is so beautifully produced that it makes us feel like getting a blanket and a bottle of wine and inviting 500,000 friends over to share the experience. Our past has never sounded so good. Such songs as *Homeward Bound* and *America* could have been written last week. The big news is that Artie can rock with the best of them, and the addition of his voice to such Simon songs of the Seventies as *Kodachrome* and *Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard* is a treat not to be missed. The heart that lives in New York belongs to Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel. This double album is worth every penny it costs.

Presumably, we have God to thank for Van Morrison's *Beautiful Vision* (Warner Bros.). Well, thank God. This is Morrison's smartest, most cohesive and most richly musical record in years. He's back in full stride: confident and muscular, with his old gifts for musical phrasing, melody and intricate textures. And while the songs themselves employ the language of Celtic mysticism, they are really about the sacredness of the everyday—you know, things like women. *She Gives Me Religion* gives you the idea. The album hasn't a single misstep of taste or rigor, and it's so satisfying when a major artist makes the effort to tell us the news from the heart.

Charlie Daniels' Southern Democratic (boll-weevil?) rock takes a musical stance slightly to the right of usual in *Windows* (Epic). His band sounds a little slower, tighter and more contemplative. Some easy nostalgia songs are joined by some of Daniels' trademark musical morality plays—one, for instance, about a ragin' Cajun who breaks out of a Louisiana jail to go up North and come down on a pimp who stuck a needle in his (the Cajun's) little sister's arm. Best, though, is *Still in Saigon*, about a Vietnam vet.

When Graham Parker broke with his legendary backup band, The Rumour, last year, the buzz was that the British rocker/songwriter would do a



CHANEL
FOR MEN

THERE ARE MEN WHO KNOW.

solo acoustic-guitar album, à la Dylan circa 1964. Be assured that *Another Grey Area* (Arista) is not that album. Producer and heavy metalist Jack Douglas has layered Parker's reedy voice over a concretion of sound that at first comes as a shock to Parker fans accustomed to tasty guitar riffs from Brinsley Schwarz and Martin Belmont; immediately the mind is set to wondering, What have they done to his song? But we found, after a few listens, that we liked the new sound and that basically, we'd follow Graham Parker anywhere.

Mussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*, originally for piano but orchestrated by Ravel in 1922, is one of those pieces of the classical repertoire that everybody seems to know and many people try to exploit. A new guitar arrangement by 20-year-old Kazuhito Yamashita (RCA Digital) may be the best of the modern versions. Yamashita is absolutely faithful to the music, and he is a fantastic technician. While one may wonder why anyone would transcribe to guitar something that is so successful for orchestra, those who are familiar with the piano and the orchestral renditions will find Yamashita's version a pleasing earful. We wouldn't recommend it for first-time listeners, but *Pictures* lovers will want this version hanging somewhere on their sonic walls.

SHORT CUTS

XYC / English Settlement (Virgin): An innocent romp through the decaying British empire by a smart group that draws upon the best in English rock—the Beatles, The Who and E.L.O.

Willie Nelson / Always on My Mind (Columbia): Willie, son, all this pop is starting to sound like pap.

Death Wish II—The Original Soundtrack (Swan Song): Movie music is movie music, even in the hands of Led Zep's Jimmy Page. His fans'll wish they were dead for paying \$8.50 for this one.

John Hammond / Frogs for Snakes (Rounder Records, 186 Willow Avenue, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144): A more uptown sound than usual from one of the best purveyors of blues going.

Mike Aldridge / Eight-String Swing (Sugar Hill Record, P.O. Box 4040, Duke Station, Durham, North Carolina 27706): The eight-string's a dobro, and this rolls along as sweetly as the Shenandoah on a summer's day.

Girlschool / Hit and Run (Bronze): Let's hear it for bad girls in leather! A new all-female aggregation that plays heavy metal better than most of the big boys. Our favorite play-it-loud album so far this year.

Kazumi Watanabe / Mermaid Boulevard (Inner City): Virtuoso Japanese guitarist backed up by top L.A. session players—Ernie Watts, Harvey Mason, Lee Ritenour and Patrice Rushen.

FAST TRACKS



COP-ROCK DEPARTMENT: Fred Silverman is not defeated. The former NBC/ABC-TV big shot is working on several projects for television, including *Red, White and Blue*, a series about three undercover cops who have a rock group called Subway. And you thought they'd call themselves the Andy Frain Ushers? Currently, the plan is to air the show opposite *Dallas*, so viewers can choose between swine and pigs. But seriously, folks, Silverman once had a magic touch, so we can hope that Subway works better than New York's transit system.

REELING AND ROCKING: Keith Richards is set to star in his first movie, *Past All Dishonor*, a Civil War story based on a James M. Cain novel. . . . Chuck Berry has a role in the *National Lampoon's* new movie, *Class Reunion*. He plays himself. . . . The film branch of Arista Records is making the beach picture of the Eighties, *Surf!!*, in 3-D. . . . We hear that Joan Jett would like to star in a female version of the James Bond thrillers.

NEWSBREAKS: Dick Clark has presented the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington, D.C., with the original *American Bandstand* podium and other mementos from the 30-year-old show. . . . Aretha Franklin has gone into the fashion biz. She has designed about 20 pieces for her line, including sports-, evening- and loungewear in the tradition of the Forties. These glad rags will not be for the budget-minded. . . . Radio City Music Hall, the home of New York's famous *Rockettes*, will be celebrating its golden jubilee this year with two special fall attractions: Johnny Mathis, who has never before played there, and Peter Allen, who tries to make it by at least once a year. If you're in the Big Apple in September, keep this treat in mind. . . . The B-52s and Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson will be making their soap-opera debuts on *The Guiding Light*. Not at the same time, of course. . . . A blast from the past: War has returned to the charts and the original members are together again. When Lee Oskar was asked where the band had been for so long, he jokingly answered, "Jail." . . . Bill Wyman will produce an album for the Stray Cats. . . . Grace Slick will be heard singing backup on the next Rick

James album. . . . Rod Stewart's former personal assistant, Tony Toon, is about to tell all in a book. We're starting to feel sorry for Rod. Whose life is it, anyway? . . . Robert Johnson, the legendary blues singer, is the subject of a new play running in London. Johnson was murdered at the age of 24, in 1938, but almost every rock singer from Dylan to Jagger claims to have been influenced by him. . . . Denny Laine (formerly of Wings) is planning to tell the story of his time with the McCarneys. It seems like everyone is dishing the dirt. . . . Have you considered spending Labor Day weekend in Detroit? That's when the annual *Montreux/Detroit International Jazz Festival* gets under way. There will be free daily concerts along the river front as well as ticketed events. Do drop in. . . . According to our source at the border, Nash the Slash, a well-known Toronto rocker, has released the world's first record to be played at any speed. You can write to Cutthroat Records, Box 279 J, Toronto, Ontario M4J4Y1. Is that clear? . . . As far as we know, *Trouser Press*, a first-rate little rock rag, is the only magazine in America to include a record in each monthly issue. The most recent issue has a ditty by John Hiatt.

RANDOM RUMORS: *We Know the Record Is Real*, but the *Background Sounds Like a PR Man's Dream Department*: Lawyer Vince Megna has given up his practice to front a rock group called *The Attorneys*. He seems to be getting strong support on college campuses with such songs as *I'm Gonna Sue You* and *I Want to Be a Welfare Recipient*. Just remember, folks, it's only rock 'n' roll.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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MOVIES

Superproducer Ray Stark has made mostly smart moves with *Annie* (Columbia). The unendurable long-run Broadway musical has picked up a lot of speed, style and pizzazz as big-screen entertainment. Eons ago, when I staggered out of the stage show to get a stiff drink—and maybe burn down an orphanage—I felt as if a large, scruffy dog had been licking my face for a couple of hours. Let's just admit that a musicalized Little Orphan Annie was simply not for me—besides which, the Charles Strouse-Martin Charnin hit song *Tomorrow* tops my list of abrasive show tunes to file and forget in a deeply buried time capsule.

Well, perhaps low expectations work in the film *Annie's* favor. After about an hour, I began melting to the charms of Aileen Quinn, a precocious moppet who belts out her title role like a Shirley Temple doll wound up to imitate the early Debbie Reynolds. All of the orphans mugging through *Annie's* misguided choreography, in fact, are chillingly accomplished little troupers who bear no resemblance to real kids. The wonder is that veteran director John Huston, breezing through his first outright musical, doesn't seem to give a damn about them, either, and wisely lets a bunch of grownups steal the show. In general, it's grand larceny—with Carol Burnett performing hilariously as Miss Hannigan, who loathes her brood of orphaned waifs and sums up her contempt in a broad showstopper called *Little Girls*. Bernadette Peters and Tim Curry connive with her amusingly. Geoffrey Holder plays Punjab, while leggy Ann Reinking, as girl Friday to Daddy Warbucks, adds a couple of song-and-dance turns that count as capital improvements. Another nice surprise is Albert Finney as the bald Warbucks, who loves money, power and capitalism but has no use for children. Until, of course, his latent liberal tendencies are brought out by Annie and F.D.R. (the latter portrayed, once more with feeling, by Edward Herrmann). Most of what Warbucks does, he did in the original musical; but his scenes play like new because of Finney's authority and relish. You may still come away from *Annie* wondering whether or not child abuse is all bad. I suspect that's what Huston had in mind—the perverse pleasure of seeing dozens of those otherworldly professional tots mercilessly upstaged by Burnett, Curry, Peters, Reinking and Finney. In such fast company, even the mutt playing Sandy hardly gets a scrap of scenery to chew. **YYY**

His *Pennies from Heaven* was an honorable, ambitious box-office flop, but comedian Steve Martin seems deter-



Quinn, Finney in smashing *Annie*.

Summer fun from *Annie*,
Steve Martin and an
eerily erotic *Cat People*.



Film noir gumshoe Martin, with Ward.



A fantastic, feline Kinski.

mined to keep doing the unexpected. More power to him, I say, and *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* (Universal) ought to win back some of the disgruntled fans who

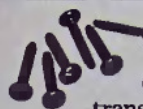
wouldn't give a nickel for *Pennies*. This time, Martin's a tough private eye having a hell of a good time in a spirited spoof of those classic Forties melodramas—a potpourri concocted by Steve, writer George Gipe and author-director-actor Carl Reiner. Although it plays like a vintage TV-comedy sketch a bit past comfortable length, *Dead Men* is genuinely laugh-packed. More a stunt of movie editing than anything else, it offers Steve in stark black-and-white photography of the *film noir* school as a Philip Marlowe clone opposite a husky-voiced beauty (Rachel Ward, the girl Burt Reynolds had a yen for in *Sharky's Machine*) who hires him to solve a murder. Shrewd splicing of familiar footage fosters the illusion that Martin is actually playing scenes opposite Alan Ladd (in *This Gun for Hire*) and Humphrey Bogart (in both *Dark Passage* and *The Big Sleep*). He also turns up doing love scenes with Ingrid Bergman, Lana Turner and Fred MacMurray. (Yes, Fred MacMurray. Steve is in drag, looking eerily like Barbara Stanwyck in *Double Indemnity*, cooing to an ardent Fred—or his double—"That's as far as I go on a first date.") The lewd new comedy fits snugly into the old footage, making a great game of "guess which classic we're goosing now" for certified movie nuts. The more you know, the better you'll like it; yet Martin's orgy of movie madness provides fun for all. **YYY**

Though not notably superior to the campus-horror epics it aims to spoof, *Pandemonium* (MGM/UA) provides some fleeting moments of respite from the usual schlock. Tom Smothers, Carol Kane and Tab Hunter pop up in this mock *Carrie* about a cheerleaders' summer camp bedeviled by a series of unlikely murders—the first and worst noted by authorities when a javelin, apparently self-propelled, turns a string of comely cheerleaders into shish kabob. That gruesome sight gag is the best of *Pandemonium's* parody. The rest is under-achieved and overdone. **YY**

Nastassia Kinski, the girl who achieved international stardom as *Tess* and then survived Coppola's god-awful *One from the Heart*, once again lights my fire with her extraordinary screen presence in *Cat People* (Universal). Promoted as "an erotic fantasy," director Paul Schrader's moody, atmospheric remake of the tingling 1942 mystery about a kittenish girl who has inherited an ancient curse is nuder and sexier than the original, quite stunningly photographed in and around New Orleans. Malcolm McDowell as Nastassia's catlike, kinky brother, John Heard as the zoologist

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she loves and Annette O'Toole as the girl who loves *him* are all effective. So is Ruby Dee as a voodoo woman who is a sort of family retainer. *Cat People* has hypnotic moments, because Schrader is no slouch, though his movies—from *Blue Collar* to *Hardcore* and *American Gigolo*—tend to be rough studies with more promise than polish. Here, too, the movie laughably defies logic throughout and ends with a whimper. Also, I begin to wonder whether a director nowadays feels he must provide gore to satisfy the audience's blood lust. I see the winsome Kinski as a cooler cat. **Y/Y½**

OK, *Rocky III* (MGM/UA) is far superior to *Rocky II*, which was simply a *Rocky* rehash. Does that help? If you liked the original and were able to sit through the first sequel, relax. Written and directed by Sylvester Stallone, who returns as an affluent, troubled champ with some doubts about success, *Rocky III* reunites that old gang of his—wife, trainer, friend and former foe (Carl Weathers as Apollo Creed)—in a crowd pleaser constructed to wring maximum suspense from three big fight scenes. After a brutal benefit fought mostly for laughs with a wrestling monster known as Thunderlips, there are two tough title matches against a formidable contender known as Clubber, who more than lives up to his name. Stallone has done a creditable job of rounding out this trilogy with new twists. It's clearly time to hang up the gloves, though, because that go-get-'em *Rocky* theme music by Bill Conti just doesn't set off the adrenaline flow the way it did back in 1976. **Y/Y½**

Titled *Mad Max 2* on its native turf down under and already an international hit from London to Tokyo, Australian director George Miller's *The Road Warrior* (Warner) is an unstoppable, sure-shot action drama with enough super-charged excitement to fill a couple of movies. Mel Gibson, the original *Mad Max* (also a round-the-world smash but poorly handled and generally ignored in the U. S.), made a strong bid for stardom in last year's *Gallipoli*. He's ruggedly handsome, elemental and dynamic, again raising hell in a part they would have begged Steve McQueen to do a decade ago. *Road Warrior* moves with zinging rhythm, launching us into a dreaded future in which all the world's oil has either dwindled away or gone up in flames. The highways are alive with violence and blind fortune brings Max to one stop where there's an assault in progress on a primitive oil refinery and depot held against all odds by a character named Pappagallo (Mike Preston), a blonde warrior woman (gorgeous Virginia Hey), a feral child (Emil Minty) and other residents of the compound. Max, his killer dog and a weirdo known

as Gyro Captain ally themselves with the compound *vs.* such colorful villains as The Humungus, Wez (who sports a red Mohawk hairdo) and a half-naked, epicene Golden Youth. From then on, *Road Warrior* is cowboys and Indians, with tons of exotic jerry-built hardware and a final pursuit sequence as breath-taking as the big chase in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—though dead serious, to be sure. What's happening here, I suspect, amounts to a pure celebration of anarchy. Like it or not, it works wickedly and offers new evidence that the energetic Aussies are giving world cinema a great shake. **YYY**

There are too many wrong notes in *I Ought to Be in Pictures* (20th Century-Fox), a fair-to-middling human comedy, but it's still several cuts above the Broadway original. Dinah Manoff (Lee Grant's daughter) repeats her role as a Brooklyn gamine who goes to Hollywood to look up her estranged father, a scriptwriter of sorts. Since Walter Matthau plays the part, it is played to shambling perfection, and Ann-Margret is almost as good in a surprisingly subdued role as the father's girlfriend, a studio make-up artist. There's substantial evidence here that Manoff is a damned good actress, though she's handicapped by some of Neil Simon's schmaltziest conceits—particularly scenes in which she converses heart-to-heart with her late beloved grandma. That sort of thing puts my teeth on edge like a fork scraped on a plate. Fine tuning by three top performers helps to ease the pain. **YYY½**

For his engaging directorial debut, writer Barry Levinson—whose screen credits include Mel Brooks's *Silent Movie* and *High Anxiety* as well as *Best Friends*, an upcoming comedy with Goldie Hawn and Burt Reynolds—has gone back to reminisce about the mis-spent youth of some guys he knew around Baltimore in 1959. The result is *Diner* (MGM), a rambling, rueful slice of life that offers genuine comic insight into the minds of good middle-class American boys who desperately want to remain boys, even as they approach careers, marriage and other inescapable responsibilities of manhood. Steve Guttenberg, Daniel Stern, Mickey Rourke (*Body Heat*'s arsonist), Kevin Bacon and Timothy Daly head a roster of young actors who ought to become much better known after this excursion into nostalgia—an orgy of seductions, real or imagined, sexual-anxiety attacks and intramural horseplay, plus a funny running gag about an avid Colts fan named Eddie (Guttenberg), who won't agree to marry his girl until she passes a multiple-choice football quiz. We never really see the girl, because she's home studying. That's the kind of detail that

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makes *Diner* a treat, especially for those who remember when the jokers who hung out at the neighborhood greasy spoon actually wore suits and ties. **YYY**

James Caan plays a top swing band-leader, circa 1941, first name Glenn, married to a singer, played by Geraldine Chaplin, who stays home with their two kids while he goes to make music for our guys over there. A generation later, Chaplin and Caan reappear as the bandleader's grown-up kids—and this time seem strikingly miscast, she as a top pop songstress with a veritable Garland of emotional problems, he as her gay manager (Jimmy Caan gay? No way). You ain't heard nothin' yet about what goes on in French writer-director Claude Lelouch's mad, mad, multilingual musical soap opera *Bolero* (Double 13). The movie spans 40 years in the lives of three families—American, French and Russian—whose interlocked destinies are set to music by Michel Legrand and Francis Lai, among others. We also encounter Nicole Garcia, as a violinist at the Folies-Bergère in Paris, who leaves her infant son beside the railroad tracks en route to a Nazi concentration camp. Meanwhile, in Russia, there's a frail ballerina who will bear a son destined to become a great dancer and famous Cold War defector not unlike Nureyev. *Bolero* ends, believe it or not, with a spectacular gala benefit for UNICEF in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower; virtually all the survivors turn up, including a famous German conductor (that's still another story) who has suffered postwar disgrace as a Nazi sympathizer. Lelouch's lengthy epic could not be cornier, yet there's disarming warmth—or maybe contagious delirium—about the way he tackles his subject, sometimes overwhelming us with sheer showmanship, making us enjoy it even when we ought to know better. I was flabbergasted but never bored. **YYY½**

You will have heard by now that *Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip* (Columbia) is a through-the-roof hit. If you haven't seen it, find it. This matchless one-man concert comedy may not be a movie in the strict sense, but it is an extraordinary experience. Because he calls every animate or inanimate object "motherfucker," Pryor's vocabulary seems limited at the outset—until his innate humanity begins to bleed through the belly-laughable gags about sex, race, marriage, prison. Duded up in a fire-red suit as he describes how he turned himself into a human torch while free-basing cocaine, Pryor brings down the house and simultaneously delivers one of the most cogent, personal and dynamic anti-drug sermons ever. Effortlessly directed by Joe Layton, this man's psychodrama carries on the Lenny Bruce tradition—



Bolero: Lelouch's showy Caan game.

James Caan plays two roles in one movie; Richard Pryor does it in two.



Hero's Pryor, Kidder.

minus its haranguing tone—as Pryor fashions art from stand-up comedy. **YYY½**

What Pryor needs now is a great part to match his gifts. Meanwhile, he proves himself a superlative actor in the middling comedy-drama *Some Kind of Hero* (Paramount). The gritty early scenes in a North Vietnamese prison camp—with Ray Sharkey as a fellow POW—are followed by lots of predictable adversity when Pryor returns from six years of internment. He's a hero who has lost his wife, his child, his savings, his honor—and who finds his dear old mom in a convalescent home. All he's got is Margot Kidder, as a likable but unlikely Beverly Hills hooker with a heart of gold, who tries to dissuade him from a desperate scam to separate some shady characters from their money. *Hero* throws clichés his way thick and fast, yet Pryor unfailingly finds the juice of life in them—he's hilarious, honest but still doing more or less a one-man show. **YY**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Annie (Reviewed this month) Grownups upstaging kids. Leapin' lizards! **YYY**

Barbarosa A half Willie Nelson, without songs. **YY**

Bolero (Reviewed this month) French soap by Lelouch, sudsy but showy. **YYY½**

Cat People (Reviewed this month) La Kinski's a pet in gory remake. **YYY½**

Conan the Barbarian Battle of the del-toids. **Y**

Das Boot Gripping undersea excitement in a German U-boat at war. **YYY**

Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (Reviewed this month) Steve Martin making antic hay with good old movie movies. **YYY**

Diner (Reviewed this month) *Juvenilia* and junk food, circa 1959. **YYY**

I Ought to Be in Pictures (Reviewed this month) Strong cast doing a fairly simple Simon. **YY**

I, the Jury Early Spillane, served hot—with Armand Assante as Mike Hammer, Barbara Carrera a swell side dish. **YYY½**

My Dinner with Andre Talk, talk, talk—all of it tantalizing. **YYYY**

Pandemonium (Reviewed this month) Bloody murder, tongue in cheek. **YY**

Paradise Back to the birds and bees and *Blue Lagoon*, sort of, with Phoebe Cates and Willie Aames. **Y**

Passione d'Amore Provocative Italian drama about a man choosing between an ugly woman and Laura Antonelli. **YYY**

Quest for Fire Some cavemen get lessons in love and also learn about rubbing sticks together. **YYY½**

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip (Reviewed this month) Stand-up comedy comes of age. **YYY½**

The Road Warrior (Reviewed this month) Maxi sequel to *Mad Max*. **YYY**

Rocky III (Reviewed this month) In there punching, still pretty good. **YYY½**

Roommates Sex and the single girl in a hard-core movie with heart, plus actors who do more than perform. **YY**

Some Kind of Hero (Reviewed this month) Pryor saves it, barely. **YY**

An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano From Russia with love—a Chekhovian masterwork in a minor key. **YYYY**

Victor, Victoria Julie Andrews and Robert Preston playing sexual shell games in giddy prewar Paris. **YYY½**

Wrong Is Right On the yellow-brick road to Armageddon with Sean Connery. **YYY**

YYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look

YY Good show **Y** Forget it

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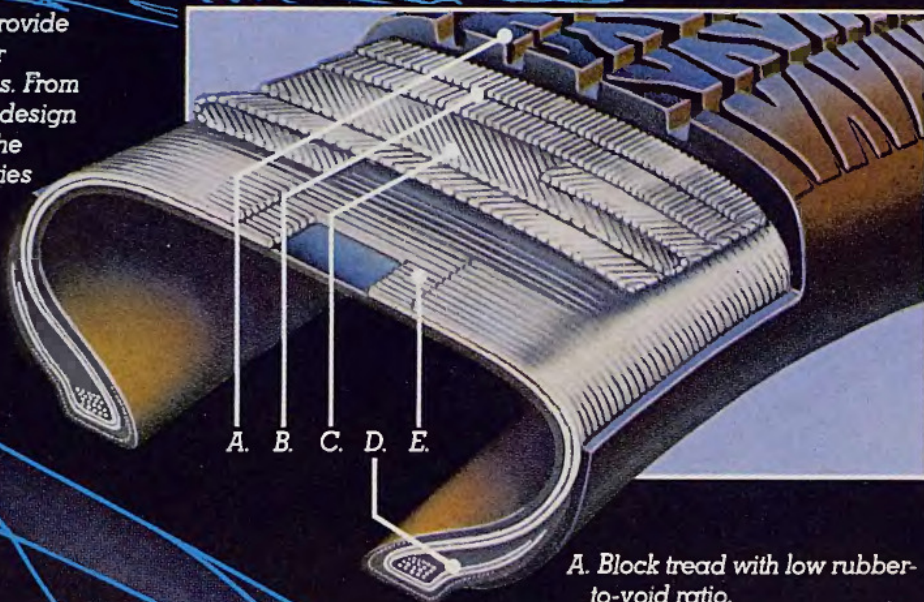
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BOOKS

Has success spoiled Ken Follett? *The Man from St. Petersburg* (Morrow) certainly seems to point that way. The scene is England, on the eve of World War One. While England is trying to work out an alliance with Russia to face the German menace, a Russian anarchist is trying to assassinate his country's envoy. There are several implausible subplots that try to keep this heady salad of a book, uh, tossed. No amount of dressing—women's suffrage, life at court, views of the London of the period—can save it.

Edward Abbey's new collection of essays and musings, *Down the River* (Dutton), should be on James Watt's required-reading list. Abbey continues to be our most persuasive conservationist, largely because he is as respectful and as curious about his own craggy mental landscape as about any geographic one (the MX missile, he feels, invades both). One of the best essays in the book describes a river trip during which he rereads Thoreau—and often takes him to task. This book is filled with many unexpected confessions; our favorite is that Abbey frequently salutes morning in the wilderness by cracking open a beer.

It took five years of research; it was serialized in *The New Yorker* last February; everybody's talking about it: Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* (Knopf) is a book not to be missed, for he writes of the perils and the consequences of nuclear war in a concise, deep and graceful way, bringing our universal nightmare into the open with an informed focus and a hopeful heart. Read it before we're extinct.

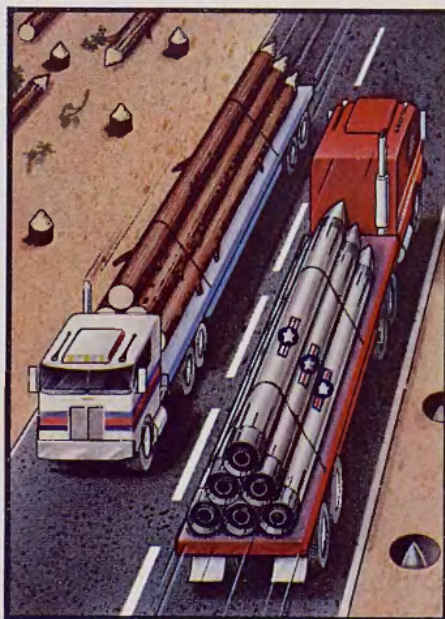
D. Keith Mano, a longtime friend of this magazine's, took ten years to write *Take Five* (Doubleday). And we should all be very glad he did. This is a tough book and an odd one, too. It's paged backward, for one thing; its hero, Simon Lynxx, is a man whose appetites and obnoxiousness are as big as life—and the novel is about how he loses his senses. You can feel the writerly sweat on each page; Mano's humor is smart and ruthless. *Take Five* is a triumph.

"Two years old, that's what we are, emotionally—America, always wanting someone to hand us some ice cream, always complaining. Santa didn't bring me this and why didn't Santa bring me that. . . . Nobody can reason with us. Nobody can tell us anything." Thus sayeth Ishmael Reed in his latest lighthearted evisceration of life in these United States, *The Terrible Twos* (St. Martin's/Marek). Not since Reed's *Mumbo Jumbo* has his in-



Ken Follett's folly.

Abbey on the wilderness,
Reed on Santa and
Dick remembered.



Missiles in the wilds.

creasingly dry humor been as appropriate for a story as for this one, which involves a President whose main voter appeal is that he was once considered the most handsome male model in America; a renegade Catholic priest named Boy Bishop; a pimp called Big Meat; the ghosts of Dwight D. Eisenhower and Harry Truman; a scheme by big business to boost the economy by incorporating

Santa Claus; an appearance by the spirit of Saint Nicholas, who comes to avenge said desecration; and a Rastafarian ventriloquist named Black Peter, who singlehandedly almost engineers the collapse of American civilization. If that's confusing, you are not yet ready for Ishmael Reed, for whom plots and characters have never been more than vehicles for pungent social commentary.

The passing of Philip K. Dick, in March, went nearly unnoticed, even though he was one of America's best and most prolific novelists, because Dick chose a ghetto in which to be brilliant. He wrote science-fiction novels—35 of them published in his 53-year lifetime. But s-f is a low-rent literary neighborhood, so only his fellow ghetto dwellers know the secret of his genius. Unfortunately, his final novel, *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer* (Timescape) is no place to begin learning it. Throughout the Sixties, Dick managed his enormous output and wrote his best novels—*The Man in the High Castle*, *Martian Time-Slip*, *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, *Ubik*—using amphetamines for fuel. The books from that period bubble with original ideas, often funny and profound at once. His many strange futures are always believable, ironic extensions of *now*: What's bad is worse; hard, harder; weird, weirder—just the way it'll probably be. And underlying even the wildest of his space-opera plots are deeper concerns. Like a life-long college sophomore and the wisest of men through the ages, Dick wondered and wondered about the very nature of reality—what, if anything, it all means. It's this literally cosmic underpinning that distinguishes his novels from the usual run of science fiction and makes them literature. But when, in the early Seventies, he finally quit taking speed, those concerns—coupled with the sudden loss of several people close to him—led him into a near-suicidal depression. *Timothy Archer* is the last book of a loosely connected trilogy; its earlier volumes, *Valis* and *The Divine Invasion*, appeared last year. Each is a fictionalized facet of the same story—Dick's own deep spiritual crisis and its successful resolution, however tentative. *Timothy Archer*, which focuses on the spiritual quest of a Bishop Pike-like character whose son and mistress are already suicides when the novel begins, is merely a final minor chord in the Bach fugue of Dick's life, but old fans will find in it a welcome completion—as if after a lifetime of confronting the void, he had briefly found peace.

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Alec Guinness' *Star Wars* character, Ben Kenobi, will miraculously return from the dead (anything goes in s-f, folks) and appear in *Revenge of the Jedi*, third in George Lucas' proposed nine-part *Star Wars* epic. *Revenge*, which reportedly features new mechanical characters and bigger, more dazzling sets than its two predecessors, will also be the most expensive to date: Priced at a cool \$32,500,000, it's \$10,000,000 costlier than *The Empire Strikes Back* and more than three times as dear as *Star Wars*. Word has it that the fourth film will be a "prequel," with younger versions of the Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford and Carrie Fisher characters. Lucas also plans a *Raiders of the Lost Ark* sequel, set to begin



Guinness

Pryor

filming in mid-1983. Ford may return as Indiana Jones. . . . Richard Pryor will play a villain-cum-hero in *Superman III*, set to commence shooting this summer. *Superman II* director Richard Lester will be at the helm and Christopher Reeve will again play the Man of Steel. Pryor also plans to be in a proposed film bio of Malcolm X, with Sidney Lumet directing from a script by playwright David Mamet. . . . NBC is considering a series based on *Casablanca*, with David Soul in the Bogart role. The series is set in the period before the arrival of the Ingrid Bergman character and will feature most of the other Rick's regulars.

WHIRLYBIRDS '82: More has come to light about Columbia's *Blue Thunder* since I last reported on the film some months ago. Although the flick stars Roy Scheider, Candy Clark, Malcolm McDowell and the late Warren Oates, the true star is the specially designed surveillance chopper dubbed Blue Thunder, a real-life superhelicopter patterned after the French Aerospatiale Gazelle and soon to be available worldwide. Here's what Blue Thunder can do: It can zip through skies at 200 miles per hour; its mechanical ear and eye can spy on everything happening below; its 30,000,000-candle-power night light can pinpoint any moving person or vehicle; it can record a lover's whisper through a bedroom wall; it can see thermographically through walls; it can fire 4000 rounds of 20-mm shells in one minute; its on-board computer, with access to

data banks around the nation, can provide instant readouts on individual backgrounds. In other words, Blue Thunder is the ultimate in surveillance technology—a fairly scary item. As is the film. Scheider plays a straight-arrow helicopter



Scheider

Clark

cop who seizes one of the superchoppers and flies it against the combined forces of the L.A.P.D.'s copter division, a couple of S.W.A.T. teams and, best of all, two Air Force F-16s. The rub is that all this takes place over downtown Los Angeles, complete with Sidewinder missiles ripping into the Arco Tower. Wow!

PLAY IT AGAIN, SIGMUND: Longtime Woody Allen collaborator Marshall Brickman has a new film in the works. *Lovesick*, starring Dudley Moore, Elizabeth McGovern, Alec Guinness, John Huston, Alan King and Renée Taylor, is about a Manhattan psychiatrist (Moore) who falls in love with one of his patients (McGovern) and, since he's married, must deal with having his cake and eating it, too. *Sigmund Freud*, played by Guinness, appears as a kind of fantasy specter advising and cajoling Dudley in much the same way that Humphrey Bogart materialized periodically in Allen's *Play It Again, Sam*. Huston and King play



Moore

McGovern

fellow shrinks; Taylor is one of Dudley's patients. Although Brickman's first solo effort, *Simon*, was something of a disappointment, *Lovesick* sounds like a winner.

TREADING WATER: Does Jürgen Prochnow, the handsome U-boat skipper of *Das Boot*, have a future in Hollywood? One might think so, since he has talent and looks. But he's in no hurry to be typecast as a typical Nazi, a characterization to which he feels his fluent but accented English might doom him. Prochnow's

submariner role, interestingly enough, would have been played by Paul Newman if plans for a German-American production hadn't been torpedoed.

SPACE ODDITY: Paramount is finally ready to shoot a sequel to *Airplane!*, a project that has been in the works for some time. The film will be a madcap romance revolving around a space shuttle. (Sounds like a combination parody of airplane movies and 2001: *A Space Odyssey*.) As noted earlier, the creators of the original—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker—will not be involved in the sequel, though *Airplane!* producer Howard W. Koch will.

OZ REVISITED: "Somewhere beyond our universe, there is a distant world. A world where twin suns rise, good triumphs over evil and love prevails . . . a world called Krull." So goes the studio line on direc-



Anthony

Marshall

tor Peter (Breaking Away) Yates's latest project, *Krull*, an s-f epic that promises to rival *Star Wars* in the special-effects department (not to mention, he hopes, in the box-office department). Starring relative unknowns Lysette Anthony as Princess Lyssa and Ken (Marco Polo) Marshall as Prince Colwyn, the plot is your basic boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl, boy-rescues-girl formula. Working with unknowns, claims Yates, "is somewhat of a relief. Stars, on a film of this kind, can, quite naturally, complain about boredom and discomfort. If you try to make walking about in a swamp comfy, you're going to waste a lot of time." As for special effects, *Krull* will feature, among other things, horses called firemares, with flames spurting from their hooves, and a hideous monster, a Cyclopslike creation. The latter is being constructed by make-up specialist Nick Maley, who turned Anthony Hopkins into the hunchback of Notre Dame. Says Maley, describing the *Krull* monster: "We're putting all his organs on the outside, trying to get the lungs moving and colored fluids flowing through his veins." *Krull* is scheduled to hit the screen by the summer of 1983.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Your answer to this question could spare some colleagues a lot of arguing. The husband in question had been requesting sex twice daily, mornings and evenings, and was able to keep that up for more than a year. His wife was not thrilled by all the activity but wanted to keep him happy and so went along with it. Finally, soreness and a few urinary-tract infections prompted her to request a less frequent sex life. They came close to splitting up over that, but he relented and scaled down his demands. The problem is that he now tells anyone who will listen that he isn't "getting anything anymore." His wife replies that two or three times a week should be quite sufficient for a couple in their late 20s to early 30s and that twice a day, as before, is a very high frequency for any couple, irrespective of age.

I have seen data regarding sexual frequency, and you have often stated that absolute numbers are nonsense, because people should do what is mutually enjoyable and not what some book says is normal. A word from you stating that intercourse twice a day is *not* in the normal range (it certainly is not for anyone we know or have heard of) might get our subject husband off his wife's back on this issue. Unless he is putting on a pretty good act, he really seems to believe that everyone under 30 is doing it twice a day and that he is deprived.—G. M., Washington, D.C.

During the Seventies, sex researchers pretty much nailed sex in terms of numbers. One study asked men how frequently they desired sex. The results: Thirteen percent wanted sex more than once a day; 26 percent wanted it five to seven times a week; 35 percent wanted it three or four times a week; 18 percent wanted it once or twice a week; six percent wanted it two or three times a month; two percent wanted it once a month or less. (The rest of the sample was dead.) A separate study asked women how frequently they desired sex: Thirty percent wanted it once a day or more; 16 percent wanted it three to five times a week; 16 percent wanted it two or three times a week; 15 percent, once or twice a week; one percent, three or four times a month; seven percent simply answered "often" and nine percent said it varied. We tend to rely on numbers when they show the variety of human sexual behavior, not when they indicate norms. Why would anyone want to be normal?

My father tells me there was a time when people used to trade in their old



cars after about three years. He says it was due to planned obsolescence. But I've noticed more and more old cars on the road. Are people now trading in with the same frequency as they used to?—A. S., Hartford, Connecticut.

We're sure the spirit is willing, but the dollar is weak these days. People are hanging on to their cars a lot longer now. The average age of a U.S. car in 1980 was six and a half years, and that age is supposed to rise over the next few years. Of course, that six and a half years means that the cars are still on the streets, not that they're still running well.

A few months ago, my friends and I caught *Personal Best* (and thanks for that picture of Mariel Hemingway in the April *PLAYBOY*). Our question is this: How did Robert Towne persuade two totally heterosexual ladies to engage in a love scene? I've been trying to get women to do that for years. What was his secret?—F. S., San Diego, California.

Sex advice is where you find it. In an interview with a film critic, director Towne gave his formula: "We prepared in a very special way for those scenes, using a lot of rehearsal and improvisation. And on the day we shot . . . the preparation was all physical. From six in the morning until one in the afternoon, I had them both massaged constantly, to relax them. Then into the steam room. Then into the [whirlpool bath]. Then back to the massage. I told the masseurs to stimulate them erotically, not obviously. When they came onto the set, they were almost giddy. I had them sip half a glass of beer through a straw, to oxygenate the alcohol. They

got giddier. During the scene, which I encouraged them to play as loosely and naturally as possible, I even played Boz Scaggs music to them through tiny earphones. I think the scene feels natural." Ah, Hollywood.

I have just purchased a complete new stereo outfit to the tune of \$1500. What can you tell me about the effects, good or bad, of hanging the turntable and the speakers from the ceiling? Everybody I ask has a different opinion.—C. F. N., Wichita, Kansas.

Hanging a turntable from the ceiling is a good way to eliminate vibration and shock effects from squeaky floors as well as a lot of foot thumping in the vicinity. The usual method is to cradle the turntable by means of stout ropes crisscrossed under the mounting base and securely fastened to the ceiling. Hanging speakers from the ceiling is one way to save floor space and also get good sound dispersion. For that, use strong chains. Of course, with either of those setups, you will have to cope with the problem of exposed wires, but it may be worth it.

Last spring, the people I work with celebrated a communal birthday party. It turned out that half the office had been born in March. Our resident wit suggested that our parents thought about sex only in the summer; old Maude would get into a bathing suit and Fred would get ideas. Is there any evidence to suggest that summer is the season for sex?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Albert B. Gerber, in "*The Book of Sex Lists*," gives six factors to indicate that the peak season for sexual activity is late summer and early autumn: "1. A study of birth records shows a very high percentage of babies are conceived in July, August and September. 2. Rape statistics show a peak in the months of July and August. 3. Public-health statistics show that gonorrhea peaks in August. 4. New cases of syphilis (the disease takes six to eight weeks to show) peak in November and December. 5. Sales of condoms peak in late July and early August. 6. Testosterone in the human body peaks in September." There you have it. Personally, we think it's the bathing suits.

Im one of those people who just do not like to exercise. I don't know what it is; I just hate being tired and sweaty. My problem is that I also like to keep fit. So what I'd like to know is: What is the minimum amount of exercise I'd

have to, do to keep in reasonably good shape?—L. D., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Assuming that all your nutritional needs are being met and that your muscularity is where you want it to be, we can define good shape as cardiovascular fitness. That is, getting to a point where your body can work without overtaxing your heart and lung capacity. Then you are talking about engaging in rhythmic, continuous exercise at least three times a week, preferably on alternate days, for at least 15–30 minutes per session. The exercise you do should be sufficient to raise your heartbeat (pulse) to a level 65 to 85 percent of its anticipated maximum. Subtracting your age from 220 will give you your maximum. Rest periods during the 15–30 minutes are allowed, but don't count them as exercise time. Rhythmic, continuous exercise means such activities as jogging, swimming or bicycling. It does not mean golf or such a stop-and-go sport as tennis, which requires longer to achieve the same effect.

At a recent restaurant dinner party, an acquaintance of mine embarrassed all of us at the table by returning three bottles of wine. Each time, he had a different complaint; one had a "gritty" taste, another was "too sweet." This was a very good restaurant and the waiter did not complain or bill us for those bottles, but still I think my acquaintance was out of line. What do you say?—P. O., New York, New York.

You're lucky that the three extra bottles of wine weren't on the bill. There are only two reasons to return a bottle of wine: one, if the wine is brought already opened; two, if the wine has turned to vinegar. If your grandstanding friend didn't know what he was ordering, he should have left the job to someone else, such as the sommelier, rather than turn a simple cork-sniffing ritual into a full-blown wine tasting. Some people go their whole lives without ever returning a bottle of wine. Three in one night says more about the taste of the man than about the quality of the wine.

I took up bowling about a year ago, more for the social aspects than to become an expert. However, I find I'm pretty good at it. The problem is that I seem to be better on some lanes than on others. I thought all bowling alleys had to be constructed the same, so what accounts for the difference?—R. B., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Discounting the beer-per-frame factor and the short-skirt-in-the-far-lane factor, you may have run into some of the "sweetened" alleys found on the amateur circuit. It seems that alley owners often find it a good business practice to oil the centers of their lanes to guide the ball into the pocket. Higher scores result in return business. And if the oil doesn't

do the job, some have been known to trim three or four ounces off the weight of the pins for a little more action. This is common throughout the industry but only on the amateur level. When you make it to the pros, the officials make sure that the alleys are up to snuff and the pins are the proper weight.

My girlfriend and I are having a small lovers' quarrel. She says that when we have sex, whoever's on top ends up working harder. As proof, she cites the traditional advice that doctors give male heart patients—let the woman mount the man, not vice versa. It seems to me that both positions are about equal. What do you say?—E. C., Detroit, Michigan.

Well, for one thing, we tend not to view it as work—*whoever's on top*. As for the free medical advice, that may be based on a misconception. A team of researchers studied the pulse rates and blood pressure of couples making love. Their findings: "With the man on top, mean maximal heart rate was 114 beats per minute. With the man on bottom, it was 117 [a level comparable to climbing several flights of steps]. With man on top, mean maximal blood pressure was 163/81 mm Hg; with man on bottom, it was 161/77 mm Hg. The lack of significant differences suggests that either position might be satisfactory for the postcoronary patient." If you are looking for a way to settle the argument, adopt the following rule: The first person to hit the mattress gets to play the woman.

I've seen many turntables advertised as having low-mass tonearms, yet the arms look as heavy as any others to me. Are they supposed to be made of a special material, or have I misunderstood the term low mass?—L. B., Little Rock, Arkansas.

The term mass as it applies to tonearms means, essentially, effective mass, or the weight of the tonearm on the pivot. It has more to do with geometry than with actual weight, since the effective mass can be changed by changing the point of the pivot. Having a low-mass tonearm is not significant in itself, since the weight of the tonearm must be added to the weight of the ridge; the total will change the effective mass of the whole system. The real secret is in matching cartridge with tonearm. Most of today's better cartridges are of the high-compliance type and are suited to low-mass tonearms. Match them and fear not.

Despite the fact that I exercise regularly, my muscles are always sore the day after. I've heard that using a heat rub before exercising can help loosen them up. Is that a good idea? Is there anything else I can do to help relieve the soreness?—M. P., Atlanta, Georgia.

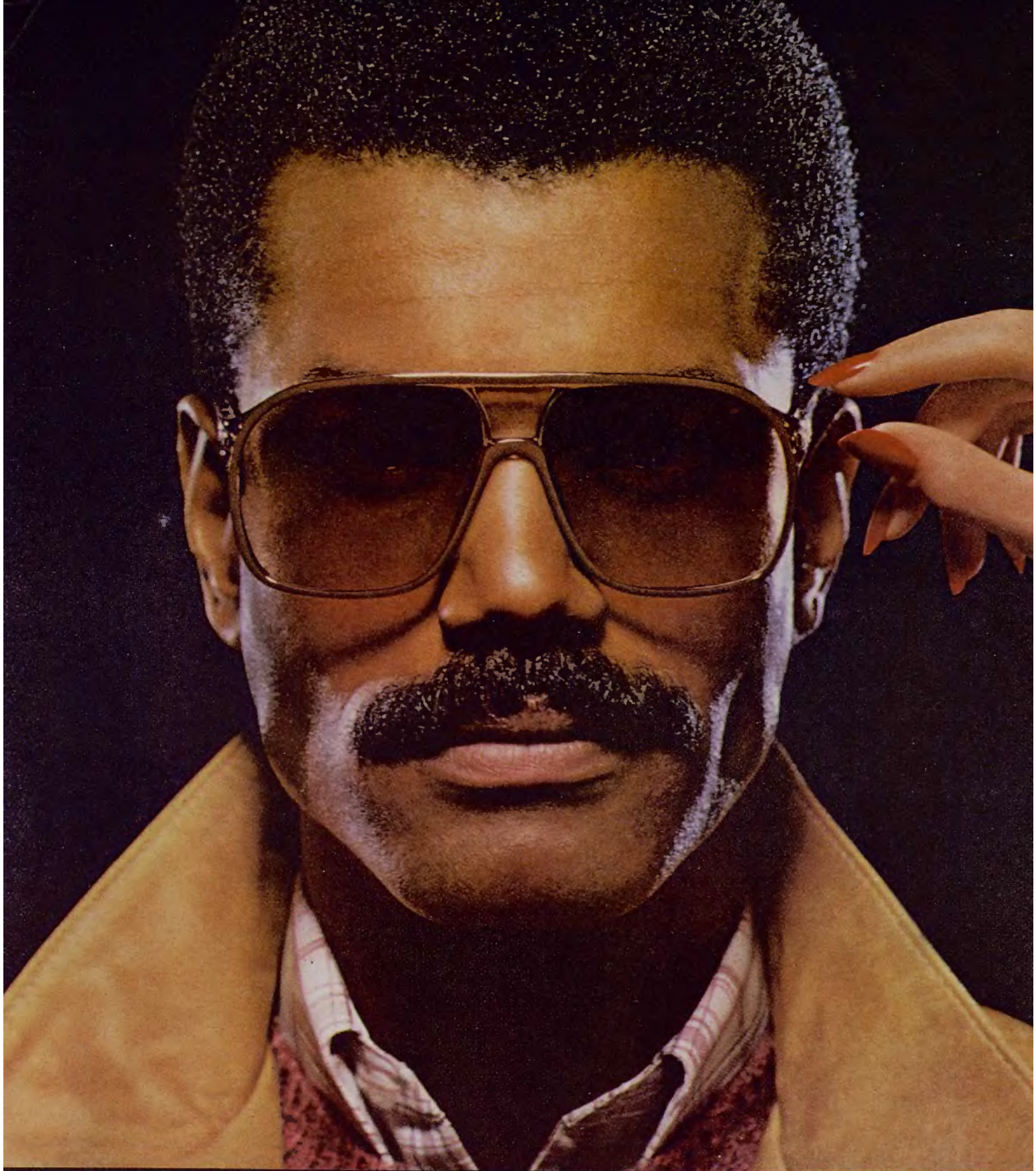
Pushing your body beyond its normal day-to-day activities will result in some soreness, no matter what kind of shape you're in. Weight lifters consider it a normal part of their sport, saying, "No pain, no gain." Heat rubs may help you warm up faster, but they can also fool you. You may not be as warm as you feel. If tendons and ligaments aren't sufficiently stretched, you can easily find yourself in the fetal position. In addition to warm-ups before exercise, fitness experts also recommend that you do a good bit of stretching after exercise. It can help to cut down on morning-after pains.

I have been following with great interest your series of letters on fellatio, since receiving a good blow job is by far my preferred sexual activity. While the letters have addressed many aspects of good fellatio, none has talked about the good old "deep throat." While I have never seen the movie or experienced the technique, I have had many a fantasy of my partner's performing deep throat on me. I have not yet broached the issue with her and feel I need some information before I do. First, is it a real technique or is it just "movie stuff"? If it is real, how does one go about learning to perform deep throat? I would suspect that much systematic practice of specific graded steps is required. Moreover, I would guess that you have to have a good idea of what you're doing so that nobody accidentally gets hurt or scared, gasping for air.—R. N., Huntsville, Alabama.

When "Deep Throat" first came out, we consulted a professional sword swallower—who swallowed real swords—for his tips. Here is the advice we gave a woman writer almost nine years ago (my, how time flies when you're having fun): "1. Throw your head back as far as it will go. This opens up the throat and allows you to accept an elongated object without gagging. Lying on your back with your head over the edge of a bed is the most comfortable way to maintain this position. 2. Hold your breath (impractical in this context; we suggest you breathe through your nose. Linda Lovelace says she breathes around the penis on the outstroke). 3. Practice with a blunt object before you try a real sword. (Linda says it was three weeks before she believed she could eat the whole thing.)"

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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Father's Day 1982

Patience does have its rewards.

DEAR PLAYMATES

When it comes to sex, many people assume that actions speak louder than words. It's an assumption that may need some refining these days, and we wondered just how important talk is in putting the sizzle into sex. So we asked the Playmates whether or not they communicate with their lovers.

This month's question is:

Do you talk about sex with your lovers?

I'm very open about my desires, particularly because I sometimes enjoy having a vibrator with me during lovemaking. So I don't pretend and I know where I have to be stimulated in order to really get excited. It's embarrassing to bring up that subject with a man you don't know well, who feels it is a matter of pride to be able to stimulate a woman without any artificial attachments. It's important that I've found a man who understands what turns me on. He told me he wanted me to get involved with him before we got involved with the vibrator. He wanted to arouse me.



Victoria E. Cooke

VICTORIA COOKE
AUGUST 1980

Yes, I do. I talk about every aspect of sex, from A to Z. And I think it's important to do so. In fact, some of my greatest nights of lovemaking have occurred after an evening of champagne and talk. And sex wasn't ever planned. We just discussed it from both the male and the female points of view. And ended up in bed. And it was marvelous, absolutely marvelous. We discussed everything: fantasies, birth control, what a man likes, what a woman likes, favorite places to make love, the most erotic things we'd ever done. It made everything in bed seem easier. People who talk make



better lovers. The kind of sex that many people I know have liked the least is the kind that happens in complete silence. You know—go into the bedroom, take off your clothes and meet in the middle of the bed. That's so boring.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I like to talk about sex, just like I like to talk about eating chocolate. Talking about sex isn't dirty; it's something to enjoy and laugh about, too. There probably is a time and a place to have a discussion with a lover, but I'm off the wall, so I don't always wait for the proper moments. I think two people who are messing around together should be able to bring up sex over coffee or a game of pinball. Why not?



Michele Drake

MICHELE DRAKE
MAY 1979

Oh, yes, continually. And I'm very upfront. Whatever is on my mind comes out, from the simplest things, such as, "Gee, I like it when you . . ." to the slightly more difficult, such as, "Gee, I hate it when you . . ." Some men feel uncomfortable when I do this and others don't. But just to show you how confusing all this gets in my head: I like a man with a little mystery. So I don't want too much talk from him. See what I mean?



It's hard even for me to keep up! Mostly, I have sexual fantasies about the person I'm with and the things that are likely to happen between us, and those we can talk about—just not too much.

Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

I am extremely fortunate. I have a wonderful sex life and I talk about sex with my lover constantly—over the phone, over breakfast, whenever. There are no rules. It's terrific to be able to explore your fantasies verbally or to walk in the door and say, "Sit on my face." Sometimes, movies will give you an idea, like Brando's butter scene in *Last Tango in Paris* or the massage scene in the second *Emmanuelle*. Those movies give you openings for conversations in which you can discuss your potential and your limitations. Is it hot? Does it turn us on? I don't believe it's necessary to live out all your fantasies, but talking about them can make a relationship alive.



Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

I guess so. Until recently, he did more talking than I. Finally, he made me speak. I was embarrassed. I mean, doing it and talking about it are totally different. He wanted to know how I felt about my sexuality and how I related sexually to others. It was hard to do, but afterward, I thought, Well it's about time. I had been keeping all those thoughts to myself and had been intimidating myself. I do think that people who are intimate should talk about sex. If you are sharing sex, you ought to be able to share sexual thoughts.



Anne-Marie Fox

ANNE-MARIE FOX
FEBRUARY 1982

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CREATIONISM

The efforts to legislate Biblical creationism into schools and the legal efforts to keep it out I find almost equally foolish. Neither the Bible nor Darwin should be "taught" in the sense of being advocated. The theory of evolution by natural selection is still that—a theory—and it does not by any means fully explain the development of different species. At the same time, creationism, whether Biblical or the so-called scientific version, is so patently ridiculous that it *should* be called to the attention of students, if only as a curiosity; the fact that so many otherwise sane people believe in it makes it worthy of classroom discussion. Any student with any sense will be able to distinguish a legitimate effort at scientific understanding from absurd efforts to make facts conform to theological preconceptions. The very fact that so many people persist in such foolishness is educational. It should warn young people of the pernicious influence that religious doctrine can have on the individual and on society.

B. Wells
Baltimore, Maryland

DOOMED E.R.A.

In the tempest of emotions surrounding the E.R.A., the misconception arose that opposing the extension of the ratification deadline is equivalent to opposing ratification. The extension issue, however, is more complex than the amendment itself. If the deadline is extended, is it unreasonable to assume that future amendments may be denied similar treatment? Is the passage of the E.R.A. worth the cost of establishing such a dangerous precedent?

We are certain to see continued legislative battles in such controversial areas as censorship, capital punishment and abortion at a time when a growing conservative movement is attempting to severely limit civil and due-process rights. For example, one proposed amendment would prohibit Federal intervention in the abortion issue.

The passage of the E.R.A. would be a fulfilling moral victory, and achieving the spirit of the E.R.A. might even justify setting such a precedent. But familiarity with constitutional law suggests that the E.R.A.'s value as a legal vehicle would be minimal: The actual wording holds very little promise of

providing any legal footing for achieving its goals.

Unfortunately, the proposed amendment that would nullify the Supreme Court's decision legalizing abortion is not nearly so harmless.

Alan J. Brandstetter
Madison, Wisconsin

GRASS AND THE GOOD OLE BOYS

Well, that's the ball game. We might as well give up and legalize the stuff. When some 70 good ole boys of Southern stock-car racing are indicted as being part of what the Feds call a \$300,000,000-a-year pot-smuggling ring, you know that

"The fact that so many otherwise sane people believe in [creationism] makes it worthy of classroom discussion."

the killer weed has penetrated even the most remote corners of the country. According to the papers, the investigation lasted two and a half years, and when the indictments finally came down, they included many mechanics and even some drivers who had entered the Daytona 500 a few days earlier.



All of which raises another question: Now that there's pot in the hallowed pits of the great superspeedways, or wherever, does that mean that Southern stock-car racing is finally "in" as a fashionable national sport—or that marijuana is going out of style now that the rednecks are using it?

It answers another question, however. I never could understand how, with Grand National cars so expensive to build and run, so many nonwinners could afford to keep racing.

John Metcalf
Dallas, Texas

In April, a reader noted with amusement that even Muskogee, Oklahoma, the town celebrated in Merle Haggard's ostensibly antidrug C&W song, has turned into a pot-growing capital.

STUD FEES

Having gone through a paternity action myself, I read with interest the report on Frank Serpico's case (*Forum Newsfront*, February). I have been active in father's-rights and *pro se* (without a lawyer) litigation for several years. The result in Serpico's case is extremely rare; the fraud argument is rejected out of hand by the courts in nearly all cases.

As a result of my own experiences and research, I've come to the conclusion that in the U.S., a man is no more than a stud. Under the law, he can neither stop nor compel an abortion of a child he has conceived (whether married or single). If he's single, he has virtually no chance for custody of the child. If he is married, he has only one chance in 20 of gaining custody upon divorce.

Stud animals are well taken care of and their owners are compensated handsomely for stud services. Although a man has no owner, he should still be entitled to compensation.

Because of the gross injustice and prejudice against men in paternity cases, I've established United Studs of America (U.S.A.) as a division of my *Pro Se* Consulting and Research Service to assist fathers of illegitimate children in fighting the system that is so overwhelmingly against them.

The guiding principles are: 1. As long as men are no more than studs under the law, we demand compensation for the service. 2. To the extent that men have no rights regarding their illegitimate children, we have no support obligation.

Best of all, U. S. A. provides men with

information on how to register themselves under their state's sire or stud laws so that they may justly demand compensation when hit with paternity suits.

Bob Karls
The Single-Father Advocate
Seattle, Washington

Andrea Parrish notes in the March *Playboy Forum* that the current consensus holds a man legally responsible for financial support of any child born of his doing. I would like to add another side of the problem that is rarely discussed or taken into consideration.

Now that women are no longer the victims of laws that deny them abortions, paternal responsibility without the consent of the father is a sexist relic.

Today, the woman retains the ultimate legal right to decide on all matters of childbirth. If she becomes pregnant accidentally or unexpectedly and wants to have the baby, the father cannot demand an abortion. If he wants the baby and the woman wants to have an abortion, he cannot impose his will, even if he agrees to assume full responsibility for the child. In spite of this lack of decision power, the father still retains paternal responsibility financially and legally.

I believe it is a form of discrimination for the man to be held responsible for an unplanned child while the woman is permitted to decide whether or not she wishes to have the baby.

It seems that a woman can use or refuse birth control, can seek or reject an abortion, can give up a child for adoption or retain custody of it, even sue or not sue the father for child support. I feel that parenthood should be a man's choice as well as a woman's.

Robert W. Mackey
Pulaski, Tennessee

LEGISLATIVE STUPIDITY

The Florida Supreme Court has fired a welcome broadside in defense of constitutional rights concerning state universities and colleges. An amendment in the 1982 state budget threatening to withhold funds from schools that recognized or provided meeting space to groups advocating sex outside marriage was unanimously struck down.

Two passages from the opinion of Justice Joe Boyd deserve mention:

1. "A state cannot abridge freedom of speech on campus any more than it may do so off campus."

2. (Referring to a frequent New Right tactic of adding controversial riders onto important spending bills) "An appropriation act is not the proper place for the enactment of general public policies on matters other than appropriations."

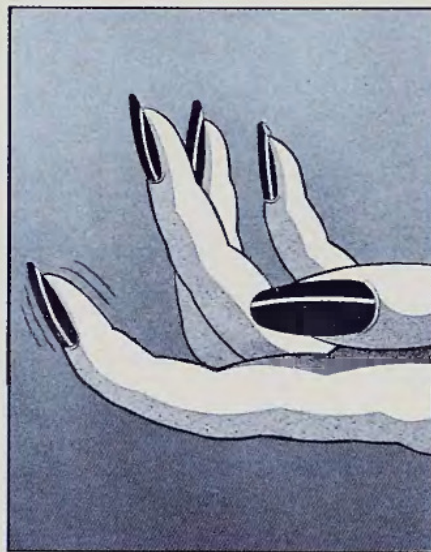
Only Representatives Alan Trask and Tom Bush, cosponsors of the amendment, seemed surprised or angry about

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BECKONING CONDUCT

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA—The city council of Fresno has passed an ordinance that will permit the arrest of known prostitutes who publicly engage in "beckoning conduct," such as waving,



whistling or wiggling a finger to attract attention. The new law allows the cops to pull in previously convicted hookers "for doing things everybody knows they are doing," an official said. "They are not waving at cars because they are friendly."

ABORTION AMENDMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Pro- and anti-abortion groups have been girding for battle since the Senate Judiciary Committee approved a proposed constitutional amendment that would enable Congress and individual states to pass laws making abortion illegal once again. The action on the resolution, sponsored by Senator Orrin Hatch, opens the way to full-floor debate.

ABORTION LEGALIZED

Kuwait has become the first Arab state in the Persian Gulf to legalize abortion, and the military rulers of Turkey are considering further liberalizing that country's abortion law. According to newspaper accounts, Kuwait will now allow the termination of pregnancy if it threatens "gross physical harm" to the woman or if the fetus is determined to have suffered brain damage "beyond hope of treatment." The proposed Turkish law would permit

abortion on request during the first trimester with the consent of both the man and the woman, and it would also allow both men and women to undergo voluntary sterilization. Turkish authorities estimate that some 500,000 women annually undergo abortions, most of them self-induced or otherwise performed illegally, and that 10,000 of those women die from medical complications.

PARAPHERNALIA LAW UPHELD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Ruling in one case and refusing to hear another, the U.S. Supreme Court has held that communities may regulate the sale of drug paraphernalia so long as the ordinances do not restrict free speech and provide "fair warning of what is proscribed." The eight-to-zero decision involved a law in Hoffman Estates, Illinois, that imposes a \$150 license fee on sellers of drug-related equipment, bans sales to minors and requires merchants to record names and addresses of purchasers for possible police inspection. By declaring that the law "simply regulates business behavior," the Court left in doubt the constitutionality of statutes that prohibit such sales altogether. The appeal that the Court refused to hear involved a Westchester County, New York, law based on the model antiparaphernalia law devised by the Drug Enforcement Administration and already in force in a number of states and cities.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

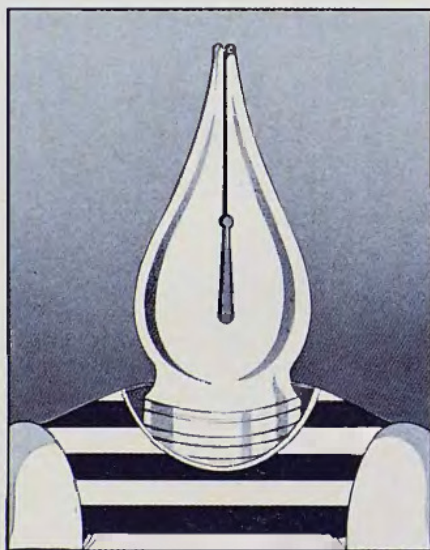
SEATTLE—Washington's state court of appeals has ruled that King County police did not break the law by using a working prostitute to infiltrate sex parlors and have intercourse with customers while gathering evidence against the operators of the establishments. The decision upheld the pimping convictions of two men whose attorneys had argued that "police conduct was so outrageous as to constitute either entrapment as a matter of law or a violation of due process." The court, however, ruled that the trial judge had properly "balanced the defendants' misconduct with that of the police and that the societal interests involved justified the police investigatory methods." The hooker informant testified that she had turned 20 to 25 tricks in the three weeks she'd worked as a police agent.

PROTECTING THE SPOOKS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Senate has approved an amendment that would make it illegal for reporters to name secret agents—even if the agents' identities were on the public record. If the bill it accompanies passes, as expected, the unprecedented sanction will go to conference with the House of Representatives. An American Civil Liberties Union spokesman called the provision "flatly unconstitutional" and said the A.C.L.U. was prepared to challenge it in court.

THE WRIT WRITERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Reagan Administration is proposing major restrictions on the right of convicts to file habeas corpus petitions asking Federal courts to review their cases. Such petitions are presently being drafted at the rate of about 7800 a year by prisoners who have exhausted their other appeals but may still ask for a Federal review of what they claim are constitutional issues not adequately addressed. According to U. S. Attorney General William French Smith, "The continual availability of the possibility of release has turned many prisoners into writ writers who never confront the fact of



their guilt and get on with the process of rehabilitation but view the criminal process as an ongoing game in which they are still active contestants."

The American Bar Association has warned that the Government should "not try to solve social problems by shutting off access to the courts," and a spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union has noted that the courts already have adequate procedures for summarily disposing of most such petitions.

SCREW STRIKES AGAIN

ATLANTA—Screw magazine's publisher, Al Goldstein, has claimed victory over the Pillsbury Company after a Federal district judge decided that his depiction of The Pillsbury Doughboy, Poppin' Fresh, having sex with girlfriend Poppie amounted to protected satirical use of the characters and did not violate copyright laws. Screw still faces possible fines for violating an earlier contempt citation, but Goldstein said that with the court decision, he is declaring "open season" on Poppin' Fresh. "I've won custody of the Doughboy," he said. "I'm going to shelter the Doughboy. I'm going to send the Doughboy to school. My seven-year-old son has always wanted a brother, and I'm going to give him the Doughboy. We'll have Doughboy cartoons and the Doughboy's life story. We'll publish the secret sex life of the Doughboy!" A Pillsbury attorney said that while company officials recognize the humorous aspects of the case and that it has not been good publicity for the company, an appeal of the decision is being considered.

CUSTODY QUESTIONS

Recent child-custody cases have led to some unusual court decisions:

- In New York, a woman lost legal custody of her two children because a judge found she had failed to abide by the terms of her divorce, in which she had agreed to strictly observe Orthodox Jewish dietary laws.

- In Long Beach, California, an acknowledged lesbian lost custody of her five-year-old son after a judge found both parents equally qualified to raise the child, with only the issue of homosexuality tipping the scale in favor of the father. The judge denied that a homosexual parent was automatically unfit but added, "It's difficult enough in today's world to raise children without compounding the problem."

- In both Des Plaines, Illinois, and Traverse City, Michigan, judges have resolved child-custody disputes by awarding the family homes to the children of the marriages and ordering their divorced parents to take turns living with them and paying the bills.

YOUNG TEMPTRESS

LANCASTER, WISCONSIN—A group of area citizens is petitioning for the recall of a Grant County judge who decided a five-year-old girl was "unusually sexually promiscuous" and gave the 20-year-old man charged with her rape only a 90-day work-release sentence, plus probation. The defendant, who lived with the girl's mother and worked as a farm

hand, said that sex had occurred only after the girl had climbed into bed with him one morning.

In Providence, Rhode Island, a family-court judge has refused to apologize for his remark that some incest victims may "really enjoy it." A coalition of women's and other social-action groups said it would ask for disciplinary action from the state superior court.

CAT FLAP

CANOGA PARK, CALIFORNIA—Local animal lovers are in a rage because a Catholic priest trapped ten stray cats and drowned them in an oil drum filled with water. One group set up a picket line, demanding an investigation and possible prosecution. The priest said that the cat killings made him very upset, but the animals had created a nuisance when they "fought, squalled and crapped around." A fellow priest said he also regretted the affair, but



afterward "every one of us sighed with relief." An investigation is in progress.

Meanwhile, a Berlin, New Hampshire, man convicted of abandoning four puppies at a local dump in sub-zero weather was offered the choice of paying a \$200 fine or spending two freezing nights in the same place. The judge forbade him to build a shelter but said he could dress as warmly as he liked. He chose the dump.

BOOBS AND THE TUBE

NEW YORK CITY—Some 15,000 TV viewers apparently couldn't tell fact from fiction and called a fictitious toll-free number used in the ABC movie "Pray TV," about a television evangelist. The telephone company supplied the network with the number for scenes in which the preacher was supposedly making a TV pitch to the audience.

that ruling. According to *The Independent Florida Alligator*, a Gainesville newspaper, Trask said, "I think such reasoning is a tragic and dangerous interpretation of the U.S. Constitution."

The *Gainesville Sun* quoted Bush as adding, "How the public's money is spent is none of the business of the Supreme Court of Florida; it's the business of the legislature."

editorial

GUTTING THE FOURTH AMENDMENT

When the cops arrest a criminal and the courts turn him loose on a "legal technicality," the culprit, often, is the exclusionary rule—the rule of law holding that a person cannot be convicted on evidence that the police obtain illegally. In *Dick Tracy*, in TV cop shows, even in real life, it works like this: Everybody knows that a defendant is as guilty as sin, but a crafty lawyer gets the evidence suppressed on the ground that a search was conducted without a proper warrant, or a warrant was issued without sufficient "probable cause," or a warrant was faulty in some insignificant detail—and so our vicious killer or our notorious drug dealer waltzes out of jail with a big smile on his face, while the police, the prosecutor and the public throw up their collective hands in a gesture of helpless frustration. Justice foiled again!

Despite the fact that this rule of law already has more holes than a bag lady's shoes, it's widely seen as the principal means by which clever criminals go free for the honest and often minor mistakes of conscientious cops. To be sure, the law in this area is complex, perhaps needlessly so, due in part to countless appellate and Supreme Court decisions that are confusing if not downright contradictory. But several bills now before Congress would close that supposed loophole by virtually turning the exclusionary rule inside out—and with it the Constitution's Fourth Amendment protection against unlawful search and seizure. Evidence obtained illegally—through invasions of privacy, warrantless searches, unauthorized wire taps, whatever—would be admissible in court if the police could argue that their illegal acts were either insubstantial or unintentional. The proposed trade-off with the citizen is an interesting one: He could sue the offending Government agency in an effort to prove that the violation of his civil rights was substantial and intentional.

Presumably, that means that the police could invade a home, ransack the place, find nothing and, in response to the householder's objections, say, "So sue us—if you feel like spending a few years in court and a few thousand dollars in legal fees." Which

brings us back to the historical purposes of the Bill of Rights and the exclusionary rule.

The Fourth Amendment was adopted to assure that the abuses of authority so common until the middle of the 18th Century would not resurrect themselves in the newly formed United States. In both Great Britain and the Colonies, magistrates routinely issued writs to petty legal officers permitting them to enter homes for searches and seizures of records and property for the most superficial reasons—or for none at all. That practice was one of the most hated of Government excesses in the Colonies and inspired heated public debates, including those in Boston in 1761, which John Adams later described as "the first scene of the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain."

Though forbidden, in theory, under the Constitution, the practice remained so common that the courts finally adopted what now is known as the exclusionary rule. In 1914, the U.S. Supreme Court held in the *Weeks* case: "Resistance to these practices had established the principle which was enacted into the fundamental law in the Fourth Amendment, that a man's house was his castle and not to be invaded by any general authority to search and seize his goods and papers." Putting teeth into that decision was the stipulation that evidence unlawfully seized—the "fruit of the poisonous tree"—be inadmissible in court.

From Colonial times until now, the purpose of the much-maligned exclusionary rule has been not to provide loopholes for the guilty but to protect the average, as well as the not-so-average, citizen from official harassment—for criticizing the Government, for expressing unpopular ideas, for coming under suspicion by virtue of rumor, for *making trouble*. Criminals take advantage of the exclusionary rule at any opportunity, but even in those cases, it serves a useful purpose: The police are not supposed to combat crime by accident, error or poor judgment in the guise of good faith. We hire the police to protect us against criminal acts, not to engage in them.

Such statements by elected officials are dangerous. They show contempt for protection of civil rights as well as a warped view of the judicial role in Government.

The First Amendment reads with absolute clarity: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press or the right of the people to peaceably assemble." The 14th Amendment applies the First to state

VIETNAM PROJECT

I was pleased to learn that WGBH, the nationally known public-television station in Boston, is producing a major series about America and Vietnam. The series will consist of 13 one-hour shows covering the period from World War Two through 1975 and after.

Because we believe that this series



will help heal the wounds we suffer as a nation and as individuals, Garry Trudeau, the creator of *Doonesbury*, and I have joined The Vietnam Project's all-volunteer special-funding group. And because I am a Vietnam veteran whose Pittsburgh Steelers career has given me visibility, I am the group's spokesman. As such, I thank the Playboy Foundation for its support and I invite PLAYBOY readers to join our efforts to support this important series with tax-deductible contributions. Any amount will help. Garry has contributed a full-color 22 x 28-inch Vietnam Project poster, which you will receive as a symbol of your participation if you send \$20 or more.

Rocky Bleier

The Vietnam Project/WGBH
125 Western Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts 02134

legislatures by declaring, "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life,

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liberty or property without due process of law."

Judicial activism is not at issue here. The seven Florida justices exercised their most fundamental power: nullifying a law that cannot be reconciled with our U. S. Constitution. Nevertheless, Trask and Bush have vowed to appeal—most likely an exercise in futility.

As if that weren't enough, there may be a bill coming up threatening to cut off funds to state schools that recognize groups advocating any illegal activity and another seeking strict interpretation of Florida's fornication laws to prohibit all sexual activity except that engaged in by husband and wife. In the hope that these new bills will be defeated, perhaps our other representatives have learned a lesson in civil liberty and will end the practice of legislative stupidity.

Dale S. Bethea
Gainesville, Florida

NOT SO FUNNY

As a victim of the criminal you describe as a "clever hoaxer" in the "Kinky Shrink" item in the March *Forum News-front*, I must voice my outrage with your handling of this matter. Not only is your presentation offensive, it also attempts to trivialize a serious criminal offense. In addition to the glib tone of the text, the drawing of a woman apparently enjoying herself on the phone with this fraud is both journalistically irresponsible and denigrating to those who have fallen prey to the "smooth and professional" offender. To suggest that a woman, when told that her husband has serious sexual problems and is secretly seeing a psychiatrist, would react in a frivolous or sexually excited manner is to suggest that *PLAYBOY* has the sensitivity of the criminal himself.

If *PLAYBOY* looked beyond the titillating aspect of such stories and considered the potential harm and danger of such acts (e.g., inviting a stranger into a house with an already vulnerable and frightened woman), it might possibly achieve the high standards of journalism it claims to seek.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

We often look for the humor or the irony in events that are fundamentally serious, but your comments have merit.

ABORTION AND REINCARNATION

Those who believe in reincarnation must have a hell of a time with the abortion issue, regardless of their own moral feelings about terminating pregnancies. What happens to the soul or spirit or whatever of the aborted fetus? Is it simply a matter of quick recycling? Which raises other questions. Does the Deity go "Zing!" and create a new spirit once

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The Golden Crested, Green Footed Larry Bird.

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fertilization takes place? Is there a finite number of spirits that remain in constant circulation, taking their chances of ending up either a kid or a cockroach, depending on the whim of the Creator? Or is there an infinite number waiting for sperm and eggs to encounter one another?

As the abortion issue bogs down further in murky metaphysical debate, the folly of trying to create new secular laws becomes ever more conspicuous.

Rob Dhamer
Evanston, Illinois

No intelligent person has yet argued that outlawing abortions would prevent women from obtaining them. The most that can be said is that such laws would prevent women from obtaining abortions legally, inexpensively and safely. Women of financial means and intelligence will continue to terminate unwanted pregnancies just as they always have done, with the degree of medical safety depending largely on their ability to pay.

Laws that prohibit abortions are enacted only out of the emotional need

of religious fanatics to punish the vulnerable. No one with intelligence, contacts and money need put up with such nonsense.

Jim Zavala
Cuernavaca, Mexico

On a recent television show concerning family planning, one of the speakers noted that any anti-abortion amendment to come out of Congress would be the first "anti" effort since the 18th Amendment to outlaw booze. We all know the devastating results of that mess. The speaker (I missed his name) commented that until we can require close relatives to make their kidneys available to a needy brother or sister—to become kidney factories—such laws should be unconstitutional. I agree.

David Rogers
Madison Heights, Michigan

GUN CONTROL

Personally, I'd rather be mugged by a man with a handgun than by one with a knife. The gunman knows that *I* know that *he* knows that he holds the power of life and death over me. All he has to do is point his weapon: either I comply or I don't; either he shoots or he doesn't. We both know the rules. But the guy with the knife may well feel that he has to do a bit of cutting just to get his victim's full attention and that the cutting probably won't be fatal. I know seven or eight people, including myself, who have been robbed over the past 15 years, and the only injuries involved were caused by knives.

Bill Lee
New York, New York

To all the *macho* types who have maintained over the years that guns don't kill people, people kill people, I should like to offer this truth for their consideration: When was the last time someone was killed by a hand-thrown bullet?

Jim Ireland
Sacramento, California

The right to own a gun has a corollary: the right *not* to own a gun and still walk the streets in safety.

Thomas Moore
New York, New York

Solutions? Use the laws we already have to punish those who misuse the fantastic rights we enjoy in this country. Don't let those who misuse their privileges get off on minor technicalities that deny the rights of the people who live by the law and protect those who don't. Anyone who uses a gun in a crime goes to prison—no ifs, ands or buts.

By the way, I am not your typical



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"gun nut." I was a conscientious objector during the Vietnam war and was willing to face five years in prison to prove it. I went to trial for refusing induction (and was found innocent) because I believed in the laws and rights of this country. One of those laws is the Second Amendment.

Gregory D. Crooks
San Jose, California

The prohibitionist mentality knows no limits. A while back, there was an incident in San Francisco in which a pit bull terrier badly injured a child, and the first thing to come out of that was a demand that pit bulls be banned.

J. Wilson
Palo Alto, California

I don't want to register my gun for the same reason I don't want to register my son. The authorities at any level cannot be trusted.

(Name withheld by request)
Fresno, California

Congratulations to little Kennesaw, Georgia, for so deftly satirizing the dim-wits in Morton Grove, Illinois. The idea of making gun ownership mandatory is fairly ridiculous but certainly no more so than telling people they cannot own guns. What consenting adults do or do not do in the privacy of their homes should not be the business of the police. I thought that was a basic tenet of liberal philosophy, but it appears that the knee jerks and the rednecks both have a strong authoritarian streak when it comes to anything that morally or emotionally offends them.

David E. Gay
Harvard, Illinois

If, as in the peace-loving and non-violent little country of Switzerland, every able-bodied adult male in the Falkland Islands were a reservist required by law to keep an automatic rifle and ammunition in his home, the Argentine forces would have thought twice about mounting an invasion. There's nothing like an armed and righteous population to discourage such pissant filibustering.

Harry Ropp
Woodstock, Illinois

As a historian, I've been following the gun-control debate in *The Playboy Forum* with a good deal of interest. The issue, which doesn't affect me one way or another, demonstrates that times change and perceptions change but social problems, like the Lord Jesus said of the poor, we have with us always. I'm enclosing a copy of a Colt's advertisement circa 1910, which illustrates the attitude of most Americans of that day regarding firearms: They were proper

accessories for ladies and gentlemen to use in dealing with ruffians and rowdies who might accost one on the street.

There was, in fact, one vociferous segment of the population that kept yammering for gun control, which in those days meant not giving away cheap revolvers as punchboard premiums in neighborhood bars and grocery stores. And that segment was politically conservative instead of liberal. Those anti-gun people simply didn't want weapons in the hands of the lower classes, whereas

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Caliber .25

A Compact, Light-Weight and Dependable Automatic Pistol



Small Enough for a Vest Pocket or Lady's Hand Bag

with the Speed, Accuracy and Penetration that give confidence in an emergency.

liberals were as pro-gun as they were pro-labor. It seems to me that the only thing very consistent about our liberals is that they feel they must be pro-proletarian and prominority; that makes it especially awkward for them to argue against firearms, which are especially popular with the lower classes, who suffer from limited police protection in combination with high crime rates. Conversely, middle- and upper-class conservatives insist on their right to own guns, not because they need them but because they need a psychological sense of security.

Is anyone aware that only recently has the murder rate in this country again risen to what it was in 1933?

(Name withheld by request)
Boston, Massachusetts

"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.



The boat shoe's port of origin goes back to the early 1930's.

When sailors, in need of a shoe that could adhere to slippery decks, adopted the boat shoe for its gripping qualities.

A few years ago, though, the boat shoe was adopted once again. But by an entirely different group of people and for an entirely different reason.

America underwent a fashion change. Out were clothes that were "in" and in were clothes that were more classic in style. And, everywhere from city streets to college campuses, boat shoes were suddenly the rage.

But what a lot of people soon discovered is whereas the style has held up well over the years, a lot of boat shoes haven't.

Their soles tend to flap, the leather often cracks, and the eyelets can chip and peel.

But the Timberland® boat shoe is different.

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Our leathers, like any fine leathers, get that comfortable worn-in look and become more supple.



The sole, a soft yet durable Timberland/Vibram® sole, holds up whether it's worn on land or at sea.

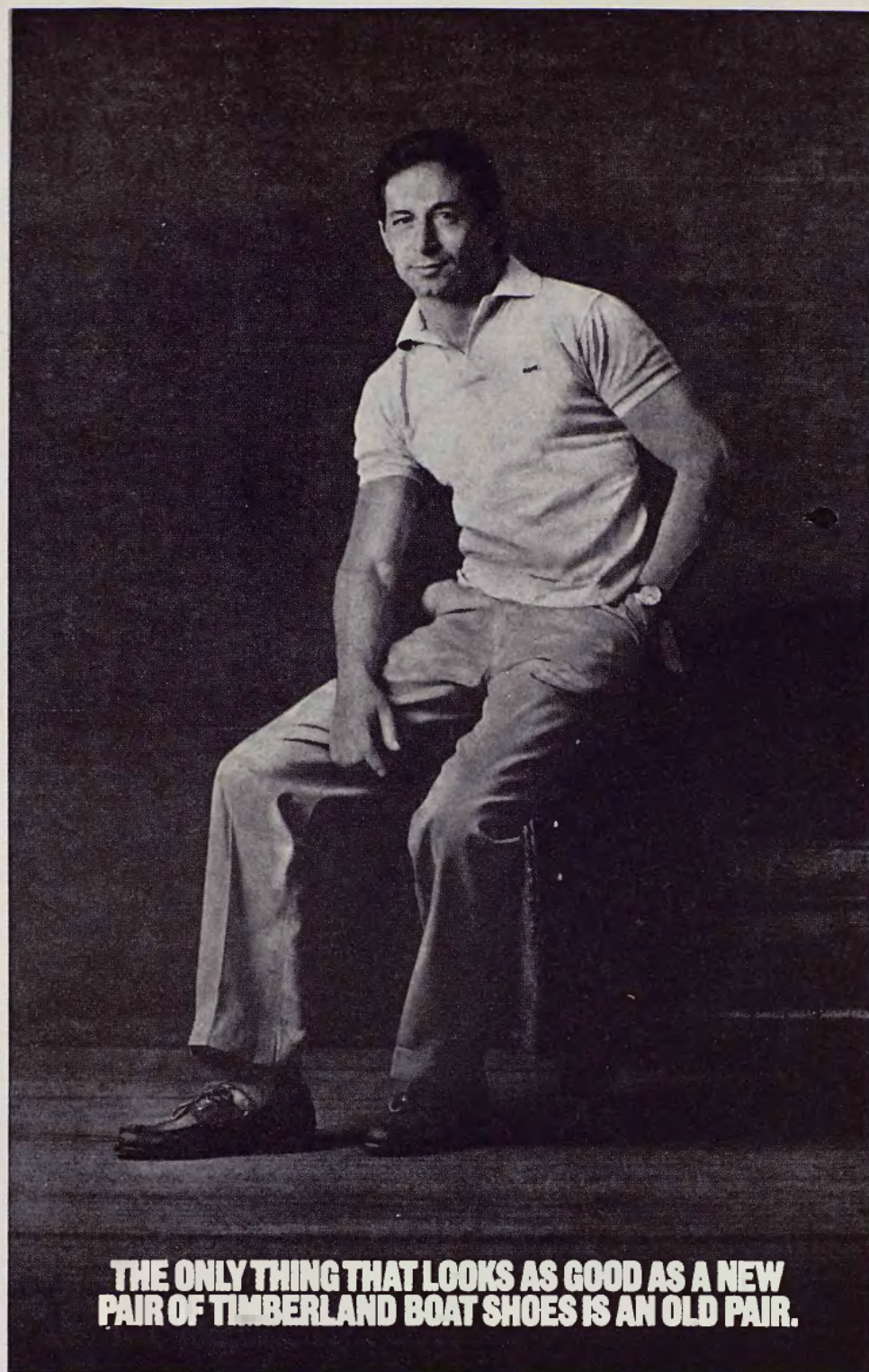
And the shoe itself, the result of Timberland's handsewn moccasin construction, actually forms around your foot. Making your Timberland's so comfortable that they become a part of your wardrobe, like an old

pair of chinos or an alligator shirt, that you hold on to year after year.

Few things in life improve with age.

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June 7

Dad,
You often told me I should
seek my goals with passion; but
enjoy the rewards in moderation.
It's that kind of thinking that
makes Father's Day as special
to me as you are.

Happy Father's Day!
Love
Jerry

Crown Royal

We tip our hat
to all the fathers
of the world
who've taught their
children the values
of drinking only
in moderation.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

BETTE DAVIS

a candid conversation with—fasten your seat belts, everyone—hollywood's unsinkable dowager empress about her loves and her battles, on- and offscreen

As far back as 1935, an observer suggested, "Bette Davis would probably be burned as a witch if she had lived 200 or 300 years ago. She gives the curious feeling of being charged with power that can find no ordinary outlet." More than a legend, Davis today is the indestructible first lady in that select company of all-time-great movie stars once described by a French critic as "the sacred monsters" of cinema. There's nothing half-way about her, never has been, but the unmistakable Davis imprint on a role—achieved by her head-on collision with more than 80 films—has won her two best-actress Oscars and a total of ten nominations, an awesome record. In 1977, she received the American Film Institute's Life Achievement Award (she is, so far, the only actress thus honored), which seemed to certify her standing as the dowager empress of screen drama—with Katharine Hepburn the only possible challenger to her throne.

Davis arrived in Hollywood as a promising Broadway ingénue more than half a century ago, in 1930, and was so controversial from the very start that an entire history of American movies might be written around her triumphs, defeats,

fierce battles and occasional Pyrrhic victories. At first, it was young Bette who felt the barbs for being unbeautiful, atypical and altogether out of step with what movie moguls believed a star ought to look like. A couple of decades—and a couple of Academy Awards—later, she would become the unlikely synthesis of radiant Hollywood glamor and cynical Broadway chic in her definitive role, as Margo Channing in "All About Eve." Her campy, mannered, flamboyant, ego-maniacal Margo is a superb performance, often (wrongly) thought to be a self-portrait—bits and pieces of Bette Davis with sly Tallulah Bankhead undertones.

Ruth Elizabeth Davis was born of solid Yankee stock in Lowell, Massachusetts, on April 5, 1908, during a mighty thunderstorm that seemed in retrospect to have been an apt piece of celestial stage managing. As a young girl, she impulsively gave herself a new first name, borrowing from Balzac's novel "La Cousine Bette," and stubbornly retained the spelling after her father mocked it as just a whim. Her parents separated when she was seven, and the abrupt departure of her father—a patent lawyer

named Harlow Morrell Davis—left Bette with a younger sister, Bobby, and her beloved mother, Ruthie, who became a roving photographer to support her daughters.

Once she decided to become an actress, while still in her teens, Bette was unstoppable. Eva Le Gallienne rejected her as too "frivolous" for Madam's prestigious repertory theater, so she went to drama school instead; got hired for her first professional job with George Cukor's winter-stock company in Rochester, New York (Cukor subsequently fired her); ushered and acted in summer stock at Cape Cod; finally made her New York debut in 1929, at the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village, in a play called "The Earth Between." Brooks Atkinson of The New York Times called her "an entrancing creature." A year or so later, Bette Davis was summoned to Hollywood.

Dismayed by wretched roles in six bottom-drawer movies during 1931–1932, Bette was packed to go back to New York in defeat when England's venerable George Arliss phoned to say he needed a fresh young leading lady for his new production, "The Man Who Played



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"Jack Warner bought 'Gone with the Wind' for me before I left for England. He said, 'Please don't go, I've bought a wonderful book for you.' I said, 'I'll bet it's a pip!,' and walked out."

"I didn't want to become one of those prim New England women who are afraid of sex. I wanted a full life. Now I'm a virgin again, but I guess I did all right for a little Yankee girl."

"Me? Low-key? Never! I did not buy that argument. Never, never! I think acting should be bigger than life. The scripts should be bigger than life. It should all be bigger than life!"

God," at Warner Bros. Davis unpacked, destined for her first big hit, and stayed to make 14 more films until 1934, when Warner's reluctantly lent her to a rival studio to play the slatternly Mildred opposite Leslie Howard in W. Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage." With that, the misunderstood and frequently miscast starlet became a major star.

Davis didn't win her first Oscar until "Dangerous," the following year, but found a friendlier climate for a time at Warner's. Meanwhile, she had married "Ham" Nelson, her high school sweetheart, in August 1932—still a virgin on her wedding day, at the age of 24. The marriage was destined to be as stormy as her career, for Nelson by then had his own night-club orchestra but nothing to match his wife's fierce ambition and earning power. Inevitably, the strains increased, and Davis became the ex-Mrs. Nelson while shooting "Juarez" with Paul Muni in 1938.

Two years earlier, she had staged a revolution against the peonage of the studio-contract system when she walked out on her Warner Bros. contract. The studio sought an injunction to stop her from making two films abroad, and the subsequent trial, in London, cost Davis more than \$30,000. She lost. Nevertheless, her firm convictions persuaded Jack L. Warner to pick up her court costs and give her better roles—propelling her into her golden era, highlighted by "Jezebel" (for which she won her second Oscar, in 1938), "Juarez," "Dark Victory," "The Old Maid," "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (all released in 1939), "The Letter" (1940, with director William Wyler), "The Little Foxes" (1941, again with Wyler) and her classic "woman's picture," "Now, Voyager" (1942). During that peak period, she was sometimes referred to as the fourth Warner brother.

Her offscreen life was far less satisfactory. Married for the second time, on New Year's Eve, 1940, to aircraft engineer Arthur "Farney" Farnsworth, who was night manager at a New England inn when she met him, Davis found domestic bliss elusive and brief. In August 1943, Farnsworth collapsed on Hollywood Boulevard and died the next day from a previously undiagnosed cranial injury. In November 1945, Bette married artist William Grant Sherry after a month's acquaintance. Their daughter, B.D., was born in May 1947, during a period otherwise characterized by Bette's steady professional decline in a series of pictures that fortified the public's image of her as a chain-smoking, hip-swinging, saucer-eyed caricature. It was in "Beyond the Forest" (1949) that Bette said "What a dump!" and collected the worst reviews of her career.

She dumped Sherry shortly after, their divorce becoming final on July 4, 1950. Three weeks later, she married actor Gary Merrill, her virile co-star in "All About Eve," a comeback and a triumph on all counts.

During a lively but "black" decade with Merrill, Bette settled in Maine, in a house they called Witch Way, and the couple adopted two children: Margot, in 1951, and Michael, in 1952. In the wake of "Eve," sickness and tragedy dogged Bette. Young Margot was found to be brain-damaged and ultimately had to be institutionalized.

Davis' own health slumped during her return to Broadway in a sold-out but critically unsung 1952 musical revue, "Two's Company," which she had to leave to undergo jaw surgery for osteomyelitis. She would go back to the stage in full sail several more times—notably in Tennessee Williams' "The Night of the Iguana," in 1961. Since 1973, when she made the first of her appearances as a legendary lady of movies, she has toured regularly in a sight-and-sound "Bette Davis in Person" show,

"If you don't dare to be
hated, you're never
going to get there. To be
an uncontroversial actor is
nothing to aim for."

consisting of film clips and fast answers from the podium.

Her marriage to Merrill came to an end in 1960, followed by fractious years of thrashing through a custody fight over Michael. By then, she was past 50, a seemingly fading star in the Margo Channing image she had immortalized a decade earlier. Then came "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" in 1962, in which Davis' baby-Grand Guignol put her right back in the game with her tenth Oscar nomination (but brought little joy to co-star Joan Crawford).

No snob about TV, as far back as the Fifties Davis had begun to shift gears and ensure her durability. Since 1970, she has been one of the upstart medium's hardest-working actresses, doing everything from movies of the week to Westerns, working always with the same indefatigable, compulsive energy that often drives her frazzled colleagues up the wall.

Davis currently resides in West Hollywood, presumably pondering new challenges, munching on her laurels and eating journalists for breakfast. We sent PLAYBOY Contributing Editor and movie

critic Bruce Williamson to face the formidable lady in her lair. He reports:

"She is shorter than you expect, with Bette Davis eyes, hair, voice, hands—Bette Davis everything—wearing a shirt and a flowered-print skirt. Greeting me at the door with a firm Yankee handshake, she led me into her warm, woody top-floor apartment, which, except for its wide-screen view of smoggy Hollywood, might be a cottage in Maine.

"In my line of work, I find few celebrities who still have the power to strike me with awe. This was the day—genuine movie-fan excitement on my part, and the first interview session passed nervously. But on the second day, she wore little or no make-up, had her hair tucked under a visored baseball cap and said, 'I curled my hair for you yesterday because it was the first time we'd met.'

"Now she obviously meant business, and although she rarely permits herself to be interviewed at home, she had decided to give me a tour of her apartment, 'which is really rather a museum. I think you'll find it interesting.' Indeed, I did. Framed Davis memorabilia everywhere—an Edith Head costume sketch for 'All About Eve'; a sketch of her Carlota costume from 'Juarez' above an authentic sketch of Carlota signed by the empress herself; a photo collection of Bette with her political heroes—F.D.R., Al Smith, several Kennedys, Anwar Sadat. Framed on the wall near the door is a New Yorker cartoon depicting two matronly matinee-goers outside a theater, one saying: 'I like Bette Davis and I like Joan Crawford. But I don't know if I like Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.'

"She calls the small bright alcove off her terrace 'my blood, sweat and tears room,' because it's the resting place of her Oscars—the first so tarnished and aged that it looks greenish-gray rather than gold—and of innumerable awards, citations and plaques. In her living room, there's a chaise with an afghan draped over it, done in a ladybug design for the good luck they bring. There's also a small needlework pillow bearing the words NO GUTS NO GLORY, which speaks for itself.

"Whenever we settled down to talk, Davis smoked steadily, striking large kitchen matches on the underside of an end table if she didn't find a lighter handy. No booze was served while the tape machine ran—a house rule, she informed me with a knowing smile to indicate she's learned a few tricks of the trade through the years.

"By the beginning of the fourth day, she was becoming rather tired of talking about herself and greeted me plaintively with: 'Before you came to Los Angeles, I had a life beyond PLAYBOY.' She readily acknowledged, however, that she had

agreed to do this and, by God, she would see it through.

"One memorable evening, after we had finished taping, we were joined by Marilyn Grabowski, *PLAYBOY's* West Coast Photo Editor. We had drinks in the trophy room off the terrace. Bette put on an LP titled 'Miss Bette Davis,' an EMI record made in England some five years ago but never released in the U. S. It's a collection of movie theme songs, including such standards as 'Until It's Time for You to Go' and 'I Wish You Love.' 'I'm going to have that last one sung at my funeral . . . it's all arranged,' said Davis, who gave us a private sing-along performance of virtually the entire album with frequent asides, really acting in a hushed, hoarse whisper a number called 'Loneliness,' campily croaking 'I've Written a Letter to Daddy,' from 'Baby Jane.' Still into it, she sat there with a glorious sunset behind her while Hollywood itself slowly faded into a backdrop of distant twinkling lights in the darkness. Bette, in close-up, had an enthralled audience of two. Such a great Bette Davis finale, I wondered later whether she had planned it that way. Now we flash back to the beginning."

DAVIS: Is this going to be one of those lovely, long, old-fashioned interviews like they used to do years ago?

PLAYBOY: Maybe even lovelier and longer. But, to begin, do you have any idea how intimidating Bette Davis is supposed to be?

DAVIS: Oh, I'm supposed to be frightening. But until you're thought of that way, I think you haven't made it! This involves, of course, making many enemies. And if you don't dare to be hated, you're never going to get there. *Never!* I think that unless you provoke great pros and cons about your work, you are really not a very important performer. To be an uncontroversial actor is nothing to aim for.

PLAYBOY: But you didn't start out aiming to be controversial, surely. Or did you?

DAVIS: No, of course not. I just worked very hard and, well [*points to her couch*], like that little pillow says, NO GUTS NO GLORY. I had a lot of guts to fight for what I believed in, and that makes enemies. It wasn't easy, and today I am very grateful that I did what I did, since all these films of mine are displayed year after year after year. . . . How could I know that would happen? Yet I thank God that I really put forth an effort to make them good.

PLAYBOY: And that was often an uphill fight?

DAVIS: Very often, yes. Yet, you see, there's a great misconception about the terms temper and temperament. Because anyone without temperament is never going to make it in the arts, in any art. But temper is a totally different

BETTE DAVIS AYES

some upbeat moments from the lady's personal library collection



Yes, it's true: Bette named the Oscar. She said the back of her first Academy Award looked like her first husband's rear end. He was "Ham" Oscar Nelson. There'd be another Oscar and more husbands.



This publicity shot is from *Jezebel*, which Bette starred in with Henry Fonda in 1938. Coincidentally, she and Henry had had a date as teenagers, before showbiz beckoned.



Born during a New England thunderstorm, she was still Ruth Elizabeth at four. Years later, she named herself Bette. Her father mocked the name, so she kept it, of course. Papa backed off, as did most smart men.



Above: With Errol Flynn in *Elizabeth and Essex* in 1939. Bette laughed off his advances. Left: Getting a magazine award, flanked by (from left) Rita Hayworth, Edgar Bergen, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. Bette told us (with a giggle) she always thought of actor Reagan, now a politician, as "little Ronnie."



This candid shot of Bette with her last husband, Gary Merrill, was taken during a rehearsal break in a touring show. They fell in love during filming of *All About Eve*.

thing. People who scream and yell and carry on . . . that's not *temperament*, that's just bad behavior.

PLAYBOY: You're saying you raised hell only over important issues rather than indulged in ego trips over another actor's close-ups.

DAVIS: Exactly. I never did that. I always wanted everybody around me to be the best, because you're only as good as the people you work with. I was always strong in my beliefs, and my kind of person is difficult to cope with, but I have never had a jealous moment in my life. I just prayed to God I got good people.

PLAYBOY: You certainly worked with a lot of people. At the beginning, wasn't it at Universal Studios that you were subjected to an infamous day of screen tests with 15 men?

DAVIS: Yes, but it was just one of the things they made me do. First, the Universal man in New York wanted to change my name to Bettina Dawes. Then, when I got to Hollywood, I was the test girl, with all these men flopping on top of me, one after another, with the cameras over to the right. Oh, it was terrible! And I wasn't some little . . . nobody, you know. I'd been in the theater for three years and I'd been very

successful, too. It was insulting, just *torture*.

PLAYBOY: Who were the men? Anybody we know?

DAVIS: All actors, and I don't remember any of them except that beautiful Mexican Gilbert Roland—terrific, a gorgeous guy—whom I worked with at Warner's years later. He was the only one who sort of knew I was in agony; he was just darling to me and whispered: "Don't worry, it won't always be like this."

PLAYBOY: Did you raise any hell at the time?

DAVIS: Heavens, no. They had me under contract. That was my day's work.

PLAYBOY: Coming from Broadway, did you find it difficult to adapt to acting for the screen? Did you have to learn to be more low-key?

DAVIS: [*Flaring visibly*] Low-key? Never! I did not buy it! Never, never! I fought that battle from the beginning. I think acting *should* be larger than life. The writing, the scripts should be larger than life. It should *all* be larger than life.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone ever suggest you play down a bit for the camera?

DAVIS: Oh, over and over. You still run into directors today who tell you that, but I never bought that theory at all: "Do less in a close-up than you do in a long shot. Don't, for God's sake, give any suggestion that you're *acting*. Just be natural. . . ." No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

PLAYBOY: The message is coming through: You like things larger than life.

DAVIS: Personally, no; not in *private*. Those are two different things. I'm talking about *acting* now. I've been very fortunate with reviews, number one. But the biggest over-all criticism through the years has been that I'm *too much*. That's usually when I'm acting with people who don't do anything, so of course I look like I'm doing too much. That has never depressed me, because that's the way I do things, and that's the critic's taste; if he doesn't like what I do, I'm sorry. But I believed my way would work, and I *proved* it.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel at the American Film Institute tribute four years ago, hearing your praises sung, watching all those film clips of the characters you've played?

DAVIS: Well, it was impressive but torture. You think about yourself as a young girl who started out in the New York theater back in 1928, 1929, whatever, and then, suddenly, there you are that evening. It was awesome . . . just *fracturing*.

PLAYBOY: Was there a particular moment when you knew you had become a movie star?

DAVIS: The big moment for me, I suppose, was the day I walked up Broadway and saw my name blazing in lights



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on the marquee of the Warner theater. That's a thrill for any performer. My mother and I stood there, just *seeing* it, and I said, "Well—progress." You know, it's terrific to reach that point, but it never affected how I feel about me.

PLAYBOY: Which you attribute to your Yankee common sense?

DAVIS: Yes. And my father gave me a very good brain, so that helps you hang on. There's a beautiful book—I think it's *My Grandmother Called It Carnal*—all about the rigidity of a Yankee upbringing. No catering, no sloppiness, no softness. No comfortable chairs in the house, no really soft beds.

PLAYBOY: Comfort was carnal?

DAVIS: Oh, yes. And even now, I don't really enjoy a thing if it's too easy. I'm very strange. That's one reason Joe Mankiewicz suggested what should be my epitaph: HERE LIES BETTE DAVIS—SHE DID IT THE HARD WAY.

PLAYBOY: Do you still see yourself as a solid Yankee with a passion for order?

DAVIS: Definitely. I can't bear disorganization, in the kitchen or anywhere. A place for everything, everything in its place. I feel sorry for people who waste their time hunting for things. This is hereditary, too. I got it from my father. He could go through a pitch-dark room and find handkerchiefs, socks, whatever. . . .

PLAYBOY: You make yourself sound like

some kind of Yankee-Doodle Dandy. One would think you were born on the Fourth of July.

DAVIS: [*Hoot of laughter*] Strangely enough, I was *conceived* on the Fourth of July, on Squirrel Island, in Maine, in circumstances that probably affected my whole life; who knows? My parents were on their honeymoon, married July first, and due to a water shortage, my mother could not properly take care of herself to keep from becoming pregnant. Which put my father into an absolute *rage*, screaming at everybody in the hotel, raising hell. He was just *wild*, but . . . well, nobody could get rid of me. My mother had many, many friends in Lowell, Massachusetts, but I arrived exactly nine months later, so they weren't able to say she was pregnant when she was married. Her reputation came out clean.

PLAYBOY: And you were born during—

DAVIS: A thunderstorm, in my grandmother's house in Lowell. Very tumultuous beginnings, you see. My father was never meant to be a father, in any case. He despised little babies—thought children should be seen and not heard—so we almost never saw him. He was never meant to marry, either, really. Mother and Daddy were divorced when I was seven years old.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that strengthened you, in a way?

DAVIS: Oh, I was *born* with strength, *born* liberated, the whole thing. There's no question about it. I never really had a father, in my opinion, and I was glad he and my mother separated, because they didn't get along. He was a brilliant, cruel, sarcastic man. He came to see my first play in New York and was really very proud, though it was he who'd said, "This theater is just nonsense. . . . Send her to secretarial school; she'll make money quicker."

PLAYBOY: During your teens, didn't you once have a date with Henry Fonda? In his December 1981 *Playboy* Interview, he said he kissed you and received a follow-up letter from you accepting his proposal, which scared hell out of him.

DAVIS: I don't remember that much, honest to God. I only know we went to Princeton and ended up in the stadium, a beautiful moonlit night. I met him through a beau of my sister's. He *may* have kissed me. He was very shy, Hank, very shy. This was long before the Cape Playhouse, where I saw him again. . . . Aahh. [*Deep sigh*]

PLAYBOY: What's that for? Do you still have a crush on him?

DAVIS: No, though he was very beautiful. He just never took to me. We were making *Jezebel* together when his daughter Jane was born.

PLAYBOY: One of the earliest show-business stories about you is your being fired

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DAVIS: Really, I didn't live up to what was expected in those days of a stock-company ingénue, who had other duties . . . you know what I'm talking about. Socializing. Socializing very seriously, let us say, with people in the company. That was just not my cup of tea.

PLAYBOY: Was that a clearly stated prerequisite for holding your job?

DAVIS: Clearly stated, no. But I understood it.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like just a minor early skirmish. Let's go through the Bette Davis wars later on, starting with your famous case against Warner Bros.

DAVIS: That was fighting for good scripts and directors. Decent parts, great directors. I wasn't getting them; that was my particular beef when I walked out on Warner Bros. and went to England. Because I knew I'd have no career the way things were going. Making movies like *Parachute Jumper*, *Bureau of Missing Persons*, *The Big Shakedown*. Oh, it was terrible!

PLAYBOY: After they took you to court in London, you lost your case but more or less won your point, didn't you?

DAVIS: Well, they respected me more when I came back. They didn't fool around so much. And the first role I was

given was in *Marked Woman*, a very good picture, with Bogey.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you miss out on an even better part, however—Scarlett O'Hara?

DAVIS: That was bought for me by Jack Warner and his people before I left for England. Warner sent for me and said, "Please don't leave—I just bought a wonderful book for you." And I said, "I'll bet it's a *pip!*" and walked out of his office. Well, much later, David Selznick acquired *Gone with the Wind* from Warner and wanted me to do it with Errol Flynn, but I *wouldn't* have done it with Flynn, so that was really no great disappointment.

Everything worked out, because, meanwhile, I had the pleasure of doing *Jezebel* and winning the Oscar for it. And if I may be privileged to say so, I really think that [director] Willie Wyler's feeling of the South, in *Jezebel*, was more truly Southern, even, than *Gone with the Wind*'s. My favorite story about *Gone with the Wind*, of course, is about the college president who said, "If the South had had *that* many soldiers, they'd have won the war."

PLAYBOY: Wasn't *The African Queen* also meant to be a Bette Davis movie during your years at Warner's?

DAVIS: I wouldn't put it that way, but they bought it for me and then I left Warner's for good in 1948. I always wanted to do it with John Mills, the

English actor, who would have been absolutely perfect for it at the time. This was not my *largest* disappointment, but I was let down. Such a marvelous part.

PLAYBOY: Once you began to get the great parts and had the power to do so, you were known for being rough on directors. At what point would you decide that you might have to take over some of the director's job?

DAVIS: You would find that out pretty soon. There were different varieties. First, the chauvinistic director who *had* to win, as a man—while you, as a woman, could have the best ideas in the world and his male ego could not *allow* you to be right. Then there was the director who simply wasn't competent, as you soon learned by how he directed you and the rest of the cast. Then, if the script wasn't right . . . oh, my scripts were some mess of rewriting in those days! When you had a good script, as in *All About Eve*, you wouldn't touch it. But on *Now, Voyager*, my script was scratched to pieces. I'd sit up nights and restore scenes from Olive Higgins Prouty's novel; they were *right* just the way she had written them. Such situations didn't make you popular, though; nope.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you order two sets of costumes for one of your Elizabethan movies?

DAVIS: Yes. Michael Curtiz, who directed

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The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, never should have directed it at all, because it just was *not* his type of film. He was great for the very flamboyant kind of thing Flynn did. And he said, “No, no, you can’t have the skirts so big, so many ruffs,” etc. The designer and I had copied the Holbein paintings of the era. So we just went and made up a *totally different* wardrobe and got it tested and approved by Curtiz. Then, when we started shooting and wore the original clothes, nobody ever knew the difference. I had very definite ideas about costumes, hair, all those details. As the star, you’re the one who gets the blame or the praise in the end, when a film comes out. And *that* is something you must never, *never* forget. Wyler—and he was a very tough man to work for—said one day, “I don’t care what goes on while we make this picture; I care only about what the audience sees when they pay for it.” Well, *that* was the basis of any difficulties I perpetrated. Definitely. I was going to get it right, one way or another. When I had differences with incompetent directors, it was really self-preservation. And that’s why, when I see my films today, those scripts don’t embarrass me, the performances don’t embarrass me, the clothes don’t embarrass me. . . .

PLAYBOY: And you fought for all of it?

DAVIS: Oh, yes, I fought . . . always.

Now, of course, you and I know that movies are a director’s and a camera-man’s medium, totally. But I still believe audiences don’t go to see directors; they go to see *people*.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about the time you were president of the motion picture academy. Didn’t you resign just a few days after you took the job?

DAVIS: Oh, it was longer than that. But I definitely resigned. [Darryl] Zanuck put me in there, for whatever reason—as just a figurehead, I suspect. As with everything I’ve ever done, I took the job seriously and had excellent ideas, all of which were pooh-poohed. I was the first to suggest that they abolish votes by extras, which they all thought was the wildest thing they’d ever heard. Well, three quarters of the Hollywood extras at that time couldn’t even speak English, and to have extras voting for the Oscars was absolutely absurd. *Thousands* of them. If you were up for an Oscar and you bought them ice cream every Saturday afternoon, you’d get it. Absolutely ridiculous. When Jean Hersholt came in as president after me, he got this rule changed. But I threatened to quit, and Zanuck finally said: “If you resign, you’ll never work again in this town.” Some years later, he *begged* me to come play Margo Channing. That was kind of fun.

PLAYBOY: While we’re on the subject, will you tell how you personally started

the tradition of calling the Academy Award the “Oscar”?

DAVIS: Well, the rear end of it looked like my first husband’s, Ham Nelson’s, bare behind. And Ham’s middle name was Oscar, which I didn’t even know for years. He had never told me, he hated the name so.

PLAYBOY: How did the rest of the world learn about this?

DAVIS: I really can’t remember. It’s all so far back, and the academy resents enormously the fact that I’ve gotten credit for the name. I don’t believe it was called the Oscar until after I got one and really *looked* at it, which was . . . oh, God, 1000 years ago! It was my consolation prize for *Dangerous*. But whether or not I named it officially isn’t going to make a bit of difference in my life. At this point, they may *have* the honor; I return it to them!

PLAYBOY: You mentioned a consolation prize. Do you still feel that the Oscars you received are not those you wanted and most deserved?

DAVIS: Yeah, I should have gotten one for *Baby Jane*. Definitely. I hadn’t thought there was a doubt in the world, and that was a huge disappointment.

PLAYBOY: Who won instead?

DAVIS: Anne Bancroft, for *The Miracle Worker*. But I have always felt that an actor who’s played a part onstage for two or three years should be in a

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different category. Playing a part you've never played before is a much bigger test. They make this kind of distinction in other categories; with writers, for instance. Anyway, that year, 1962, I felt I *should* have had it, no matter who else was up.

PLAYBOY: What about the other Oscars?

DAVIS: I'd say I won honestly for *Jezebel*. But *Dangerous*. . . . You know, there was just no comparison between that and *Of Human Bondage*. Well, the entire town thought I would win for *Bondage*, but *It Happened One Night* swept everything that year, and everyone said it was a cheat. That's what used to happen. The Price Waterhouse accounting came in the following year, because of it. The academy received hundreds of letters saying what a gyp it was, so they hired Price Waterhouse. All the studios used to divide the prizes up, really. They're much fairer today than they were.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

DAVIS: I should have had it for *All About Eve*, and that was another case of the stage thing—Judy Holliday's winning for redoing her Broadway role in *Born Yesterday*. Now, [Gloria] Swanson was up for an award that same year, for *Sunset Boulevard*, and if she'd won, I'd have shouted hooray. She was sensational, just fantastic, and she had never won. But who knows; she may still. I think they decide to give you one just before you die. Of course, someone like Garbo never won—and should have for *Camille*, no question about it. She was brilliant. But people resented her. She made all her money here and she hadn't become a citizen, and everyone resented that *very much*. It was the same with Chaplin.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever receive a nomination as best supporting actress?

DAVIS: No, and I don't want one. I would refuse it. I'm not going to be in that position, because my name is *always* billed above the title. My role in *Death on the Nile* was small, yet I had star billing. I will never be below the title, so I will never be in a supporting category.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that some of your best roles tended to be the definitive film versions of plays other actresses had done on Broadway?

DAVIS: Mmmm. I was disappointed myself, I must say, when I played *The Night of the Iguana* on Broadway and did not get to do it on the screen, because I was never asked. Ava Gardner got the part. But motion-picture producers always say, "Pooh—we don't want *her*; she's not box office." That's why Julie Andrews didn't get *My Fair Lady*. Angela Lansbury absolutely should have done the movie of *Mame*; Ethel Merman should have done *Gypsy*. It's terrible, terrible.

PLAYBOY: But we were referring to *your*

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being on the other end of this unfair trade-off. Weren't *Jezebel*, *Dark Victory* and *The Little Foxes* all Tallulah Bankhead stage vehicles originally?

DAVIS: Yes, though I believe Miriam Hopkins wound up playing in *Jezebel*. And *Dark Victory* was not enormously successful on the stage.

PLAYBOY: Bankhead rather resented you, didn't she?

DAVIS: She wasn't madly in love with me. We met at a Warner's party, where she said, "You've played all the parts I've played on the stage, and I was so much better." And I said, "Miss Bankhead, I agree with you." As a matter of fact, I tried to get [Sam] Goldwyn to let her do *The Little Foxes*, another of those situations where they wouldn't take the stage star. Sinful. Then it became a very complicated story with Wyler, because he wanted me to play the movie totally differently and I said, "I'm sorry, but the way Miss Bankhead played it is the way [Lillian] Hellman wrote it," so it became a kind of permanent argument, in a way. Yet now I think it's a wonderful picture.

PLAYBOY: Was there any truth in the story that you were doing a bit of Bankhead shtick in *All About Eve*?

DAVIS: No truth at all. She claimed that, and we've always had a certain resemblance, with that long bob she had, but no . . . we never even *thought* of her. Bankhead was far more eccentric than Margo Channing.

PLAYBOY: There was no genuine feud between you?

DAVIS: She had a certain thing about me, no question, partly because I was successful in films. She did a radio show for years on which she used to take me to the cleaners all the time, but . . . well, she wasn't terribly good on the screen, which I think was a big disappointment to her. She did *Lifeboat* and a role as Catherine of Russia; that's about it. She always played Tallulah Bankhead, and she was a fascinating woman—when she behaved herself. She usually gave a great opening-night performance, and that was *it*.

PLAYBOY: Were there any authentic feuds between you and fellow performers?

DAVIS: Never, really. I don't *have* feuds. Professionally, there's no way I could work if I were having a feud. It's just not my nature. It's true there was an unspoken war between Miriam Hopkins and me, because she fought me every foot of the way. Miriam was a wonderful actress but a bitch, the most thorough-going bitch I've ever worked with. She used to drive me *mad*, but I never blew up at her, because if you let her get to you, you'd be the loser. So I coped with her, but I'd go home and just scream my head off afterward . . . really *scream*.

PLAYBOY: What about your alleged feud with Joan Crawford?

DAVIS: I never feuded with Crawford in

my life. [Slowly] *Never any problem at all*, I repeat for the record. During *Baby Jane*, the whole world hoped we would fight but we did not. We were both pros. With three weeks to make the picture, can you imagine we'd spend time *feuding*?

PLAYBOY: You weren't exactly friends, though, were you?

DAVIS: Socially, we never knew each other, no. But that doesn't mean anything.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, before *Baby Jane* but after *Eve*, you had made another film about an actress. . . .

DAVIS: *The Star*. That was one of the best scripts ever written about an untalented, movie-mad actress. Well, of course, you know whom it was written about, don't you?

PLAYBOY: That was going to be the next question.

DAVIS: Crawford. It was written by the Eunsons, Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson, two of the biggest writers in the business. She, in particular, was a fan-magazine writer who'd done most of the stories about Crawford. Oh, and I kept saying "Bless you" to the crew, all that sort of thing she did. Oh, yes, that was Crawford. I often wondered if she ever realized it, but I never, never knew. I wasn't imitating her, of course. It was just that whole approach of hers to the business as regards the importance of glamor and all the offstage things. Yet, believe me, these women were responsible for the public's fascination with Hollywood, much more so than people like me. *Much* more.

PLAYBOY: You mean the American dream of what a movie star is supposed to be?

DAVIS: Absolutely. And Joan was the epitome of this. I got another Oscar nomination for *The Star*, an independent picture . . . Fox never spent a dime publicizing it.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of Crawford, did you read *Mommie Dearest*?

DAVIS: Yes, and I don't blame the daughter, don't blame her at all. She was left without a cent, living in a motor home in Tarzana, and I doubt she could have written this if it weren't true. One area of life Joan should never have gone into was *children*. She bought them . . . paid thousands for them, and here was a role she was not right for. No, I don't blame Christina Crawford; I don't think anyone would *invent* her book. You couldn't just make it up.

PLAYBOY: You believe Crawford's mother role was just another publicity gimmick?

DAVIS: But of course! Christina's very honest about that. Joan was the perfect mother in front of the public but not behind the front door. She wanted this image that just wasn't meant for her. I've never behaved like . . . well, I doubt that *my* children will write a book.

PLAYBOY: Then you feel you've succeeded pretty well in your mother role.

DAVIS: I love my children, love them and actually brought them up by myself. They were still very young when Gary and I were divorced. B.D. was the oldest, but Mike and Margot were fairly young, and one being a boy child—not easy. Of course, I didn't have any children until my career was basically made. I was 39 years old when I had B.D. So I've always spent a great deal of time with them, and I'm terribly grateful I didn't have children when I was much younger.

PLAYBOY: You mean because you'd have had to turn them over to boarding schools and baby sitters?

DAVIS: But I *wouldn't* have. I never would have done that. I think I'd have chosen the children and had an entirely different sort of life.

PLAYBOY: You'd have given up your career?

DAVIS: Oh, definitely. As dedicated as I was, with the kind of drive I had, I soon realized my career was an all-consuming affair.

PLAYBOY: You've talked about having had an abortion—

DAVIS: I had two—during my first marriage, to Ham Nelson. I don't want to talk about my marriages. But . . . well, that's what he wanted. Being the dutiful wife, that's what I did. And I guess I will thank him all my life. Because if I'd had those two children. . . . I see myself at 50, with the children all grown up, wondering whether or not I ever would have made it. I think there's nothing sadder, and I'm sure I'd have given it all up if I'd had children earlier.

PLAYBOY: We seem to have backed into an answer as to where you stand politically on abortion.

DAVIS: I believe abortion is *better* than having 10,000,000 children you can't support! Of course, there are many people against it, the Catholic Church's big argument being that you're killing a human being. Perfect nonsense! Ridiculous, this murder thing! There is no child involved if you get an abortion at one month. I've seen an awful lot of this famous-parent business with children . . . oh, boy, have I! There's one great thing happening today. When I was a child, born in 1908, education taught you that your destiny was to marry and have children. Just because you're a woman—but that is *not* your destiny. There are many great women who were just never meant to be mothers, that's all. We are improving this way enormously.

PLAYBOY: Yet you're an extremely ambitious woman, who has children and no regrets—

DAVIS: Oh, *today*, if I didn't have my children and my grandchildren, I'd be the most bored human being who ever lived! They're my top priority in life.

PLAYBOY: Are your grandchildren aware of you as Bette Davis, with any notion of what that means?

DAVIS: Well, of course. B.D.'s son Ashley is 13; what are you talking about? He played a very big part with me in *Family Reunion*, a recent film on TV. We don't know how far his aspirations go, but he loved doing it.

PLAYBOY: Does he know your films?

DAVIS: Oh, certainly, up to a point.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to those movies. What are your personal all-time favorites?

DAVIS: Well, the basic thrill occurs when a film comes out the way you'd dreamed about it when you began—and that means the total film, the script, everything; not just my own part. By this standard, *Dark Victory* was a favorite. *Jezebel* was one and *Now, Voyager*.

PLAYBOY: Sounds as if those you liked best were also your biggest successes.

DAVIS: No; well, they all succeeded from that point on. *Elizabeth* succeeded; *The Letter* succeeded; but they weren't necessarily my favorites. Playing Elizabeth was a thrill, but I have to admit I wasn't mad about having Errol Flynn in it. I would have loved to have had Laurence Olivier, thank you very much.

PLAYBOY: Did you ask for Olivier?

DAVIS: No, I didn't honestly think of it at the time, and Warner's wanted Errol. Soon after *All About Eve*, I gave what I consider one of my best performances, in *Payment on Demand*, among the best bloody films ever done about this driving kind of American woman . . . oh, that was *written* for me! I was a great part of that story, which was originally called *The Story of a Divorce*—which is what it *should* have been called, because that's what it was all about.

PLAYBOY: Why was the title changed?

DAVIS: Howard Hughes was the producer, and he messed around with the ending. We had the perfect ending, where she's got her husband back and starts all over again telling him what he should do about his career, and so forth, and he gets up and walks out. Marvelous. But Hughes wouldn't let us do that. He also insisted we call it *Payment on Demand*, a very cheap title, and made us end with a touching reunion at the front door. I begged him not to redo the ending, but I remember Hughes saying, "Doesn't every woman still want a roll in the hay?" And I said, "No—this is *not* her big drive after 35 years." I lost the argument, but it was still a terrific picture, excellently directed, just great.

PLAYBOY: What about *Eve*?

DAVIS: That was such a great, huge box-office success, which is why I've always told Mankiewicz, "You know you resurrected me from the dead." And, of course, I was never supposed to play that part. I was a replacement for

Claudette Colbert . . . and, oh, what a happy replacement. She had something wrong with her back. Since then, the few times I've seen her, I've always said, "Thank you, dear, for your bad back."

PLAYBOY: Did you ever see *Applause*, the musical version of *Eve* that Lauren Bacall did on Broadway?

DAVIS: Yes, but long years before she ever did it, I tried to buy the rights to *All About Eve* for a musical. And Fox wouldn't sell them. I always felt it was a natural, and I would have *done* that musical. I always imagined singing that song called *Fasten Your Seat Belts*—that would've been incredible. Then, when I first saw it, Bacall didn't even get a *laugh* on that line in the show, just banged a guitar and finished. I couldn't believe my ears—one of the most famous lines!

PLAYBOY: So you feel they blew it?

DAVIS: Oh, no, no, please don't ever imply I said that. I don't say that at all. But what she played was more like a Hollywood star than a theater star, and Margo was of the theater. There's a vast difference. I also saw Anne Baxter do *Applause*—the original *Eve* herself, who's a very dear friend, and she was marvelous; she emphasized the age thing of Margo somewhat more than Bacall did.

PLAYBOY: Except for "Fasten your seat belts," probably the most famous Bette Davis line is "What a dump!" Do you ever use it these days?

DAVIS: [*Cackling wickedly*] Ooohh, yes. I start every *Bette Davis in Person* show with this. A marvelous suggestion from my stage manager, because when we began, they were never sure whether to present me as a tragedy queen of cinema or a real human being. So we now open with film clips, ending with the "Fasten your seat belts" line from *Eve*. Then I come onstage, light a cigarette, look all around the auditorium and say, "What—a—dump!" Sometimes the theaters are dumps and sometimes they're gorgeous, but it's a marvelous idea either way. Really breaks the ice—people laugh and know they can sit back to relax with the show instead of having to *revere* me. I have a ball doing the show. I'll be doing it all my life, every now and then. I love it and I'm good at it, because I'm very quick.

PLAYBOY: While you missed a chance to do the musical version of *All About Eve*, weren't you one of the first big movie stars to go back to Broadway in a musical, years before Rex Harrison started talk-singing in *My Fair Lady*?

DAVIS: That was *Two's Company*, in the Fifties. Then I did *Miss Moffat* a few years ago, which I had to leave because of illness. I just love the whole field of music. During the war, Frank Loesser wrote *They're Either Too Young or Too Old* for me, as a jitterbug number

in . . . oh, I have a hard time remembering these things.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, in 1943?

DAVIS: Thanks, yes. When I made my record album in England, I recorded the Loesser song; also the title song from *Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte*, because [Robert] Aldrich wouldn't let me record that for the film—which was stupid of him, I thought, because it's marvelous. Anyway, the original idea of *Two's Company* was to make fun of myself, you know, after 21 years of fame and being who I was. It was a fun idea, but some of the critics were furious with me, thinking I'd ducked my own field, I suppose, by not doing a drama.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect to do any more stage work aside from your *In Person* show?

DAVIS: I wouldn't do Broadway theater again for anything in the world. Never. I prefer films; I think theater is a dog's life, grueling. And I'm too selfish; I find eight shows a week absolutely inhuman, plus I cannot be replaced. Someone like me, from motion pictures, cannot have an understudy, because the box office for picture people is astronomical. Astronomical. If you don't appear, customers just get up and turn in their tickets. Therefore, you have a monkey on your back and aren't allowed even a small case of *flu*! It's frightening. So you sit around between shows and worry about your health—I find that a very stupid way to live. Anyway, acting in motion pictures is much more believable, in my opinion; you can do much more in a performance.

PLAYBOY: Besides those we've mentioned, are there any other important roles you wanted to do and didn't, for whatever reason?

DAVIS: There are three or four. One was *The Visit*, [Friedrich] Duerrenmatt's play, which I did everything in the world to get and would have been right for. They were making that in Italy with Ingrid Bergman while I was there on another film, and I have no comment on her performance—except that Miss Bergman was simply *much* too young and *much* too beautiful. I also wanted to do *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* That, of course, is where [Edward] Albee made the "What a dump!" line famous . . . when the heroine does an imitation of me. When I did the line originally, in *Beyond the Forest*, I just threw it away . . . absolutely nothing. Let me see . . . then I wanted to do the movie of *Mame*. I wrote Zanuck a letter saying I'd pay for my own test, I'd buy my own wardrobe if he'd let me test for *Mame*. . .

PLAYBOY: You wanted to play *Mame* in the movie musical?

DAVIS: Yes, but Lucille Ball had already been signed. Then I was offered the

wonderful part that Bea Arthur played, *Mame's* friend. But I don't think Miss Ball wanted me.

PLAYBOY: You'd have played second fiddle to Lucy?

DAVIS: Certainly! That's a great part.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, are there any big Bette Davis films that you actively dislike or wish you hadn't done?

DAVIS: The big ones, no. We're not talking about *Parachute Jumper* again, I hope. Well, *In This Our Life* was a bomb, dreadful, with Olivia de Havilland and me, directed by John Huston. From a great book. I was all wrong, too old for it. As a matter of fact, I had a great suggestion for Warner's publicity department. When *In This Our Life* was finished and turned out so bad, I suggested they take out big ads and quote Bette Davis as saying this was the *worst* film she ever made . . . that would've been brilliant perverse publicity. But it was hard to get people to try new ideas.

PLAYBOY: During all those ups and downs, were there any gurus or mentors who influenced your professional life?

DAVIS: George Arliss was the first one, because he gave me my first decent part; William Wyler, who directed three of my best films; and Hal Wallis—my boss for ten years at Warner Bros. Those were my three great good-luck people.

PLAYBOY: Considering the love-hate nature of your relationship with Warner Bros., exactly what did Wallis do for you?

DAVIS: Well, he *ran* Warner Bros. He bought me all those books and New York plays—*The Corn Is Green*, *The Old Maid*, *Old Acquaintance*. All of them. *Now, Voyager*. Hal was interesting, because he didn't really like my work very much. He liked slapstick much more than drama. He told me eventually, after many years, that he'd never been able to *stand* my films. He just didn't like tragedy, but he said, "As long as you can sell it, I'll buy it." And we're still great friends.

PLAYBOY: Before that, you had never suspected that Wallis secretly hated Bette Davis movies?

DAVIS: No, I was *very* shocked. I couldn't believe it, really.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about your leading men in movies? It seems pretty clear that Errol Flynn was not a favorite.

DAVIS: Because he was not a very good actor. He said so himself. He was enormously beautiful, but it didn't mean anything to him to be known as a great actor, so he didn't really work very hard. He was kind of lazy, with a so-what attitude, which was not my attitude. Never, never, never! I didn't have *favorite* leading men, because Warner's was not like Metro, where they'd put teams together. We all carried films on our own. [Charles] Boyer was beautiful

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to work with. I was very fortunate to work with Leslie Howard. I always wanted to do a really important film with Bogey and once had a script called *The Prizefighter and the Lady*, which would have been ideal for us, though we didn't get to do it. George Brent was beautiful. Paul Henreid was beautiful. I made two films I enjoyed very much with Hank Fonda. Claude Rains was not exactly in the leading-man category, but what a wonderful actor. I made four films with him and he was one of my great, great friends. But my favorite actor, I suppose, was [Spencer] Tracy. Always will be. We worked together only once, when I did a tiny part in *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*.

PLAYBOY: What about Alec Guinness? After you had worked with Guinness on *The Scapegoat*, you were quoted as saying he performed by himself and for himself.

DAVIS: Mmm-hmm. He was probably the most difficult. But I also think he was very uncomfortable in that film as a leading man. That was never his type of role. He played two parts, as twins, and you could never tell which was which. But any remarks I've made about male actors don't come from actual conflicts. They're mostly based on general observation. It's just true that men are more vain. They spend more time on their hair and on everything else than women do. They always say women keep them waiting, but many husbands take longer than their wives getting ready to go out. I mean, if there's one bathroom in the house, God help you, God help you—you sure line up and wait for the male, absolutely.

PLAYBOY: This seems as good a place as any to ask, if we may, why there's a small brass plate on the door identifying your bathroom as THE ZSA ZSA?

DAVIS: Well, I'll tell you why. I had a duplex suite in a New York hotel last year, with a powder room that was very . . . oh, satin walls, elegant fixtures; you know, nothing like my plain Yankee enamel-type bathroom. So one day I said, "This looks as if it ought to be in Zsa Zsa Gabor's house." Some time later, a friend had the sign made for me. . . .

PLAYBOY: So the john became the Zsa Zsa?

DAVIS: That's right.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about men and women a bit, shall we?

DAVIS: Well, I just don't want to talk about my marriages, because I'm bored with the subject. I have been a single woman for more than 20 years now and have vowed never to discuss them again. However, I believe in marriage. To be a woman all by yourself is absurd. If you're lucky, I think marriage is the only answer. But some women are unlucky. You need a great deal of luck in

marriage, I think—plus wisdom in your choice. But you don't know until after you've made the choice, do you?

It's true, really, that God's biggest joke on human beings is sex, which is totally blinding. Totally. We all have a tendency to give attributes to people that we want them to have—this is a very human failing prior to marriage. But, truthfully, when the physical attraction goes—and how suddenly it can go!—you find yourself looking at somebody and saying, "I don't believe it! What did I ever see in this person?" The one thing I never did was pretend to be someone I wasn't before marriage, something men do as much as women—put on a great, big, beautiful act, then go right back to being the way they were after they get you.

PLAYBOY: Could it be argued that you're something of a man-hater?

DAVIS: Not at all. I deny that. I've always liked men better than women. A woman can't go floating through life, going to restaurants by herself, living on her own as easily as a man can. Yet I do believe that men, more than women, will not face issues, particularly in a

"Strong women marry only weak men, I've decided. If a man allows his life to be run by a woman, it's his own fault."

marriage. Will do anything to get away from trouble. But life can get pretty desperate at times without a man; as the old song says, "It's nice to have a man around the house." Which reminds me of another line—a brilliant one by Ogden Nash, which was censored from one of my plays: [*Hoarsely hums, torch style*] "The day he went away he left the seat up. . . . And I was too lonely to put it down."

PLAYBOY: But still, haven't men sometimes seen you as a man-hater?

DAVIS: Oh, no, no, no, I am not. Though I do believe there's a tendency in some males to feel that we can't possibly exist in this world without them. That's one thing we're finding out today—that women can. And it's a great deal up to us to change the attitude of the males. She's right, Germaine Greer. I believe wildly in Greer's book *The Female Eunuch*. I try to get every woman I know to read her book, because women have to change before men will change their attitude toward women. As long as women marry for security, however long all that goes on, men will not change.

Greer is attractive, remember, and has great regard for men.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe the kind of man who might have been Mr. Right for Bette Davis?

DAVIS: I always used to say, only someone like J. Paul Getty or John F. Kennedy when he was President of the United States. You know, I'm really saying somebody with strength, who's identifiable to himself. Yet that kind of man would not want to take on a famous woman—wouldn't dream of marrying a big Hollywood star. In other words, I basically had no chance of getting a man who might have been right for me.

PLAYBOY: Is the real problem simply that of being Mr. Bette Davis?

DAVIS: Of course—a terrific problem and understandably so. And you feel very bad because, with all the care and sensitivity in the world, you can't solve the problem outside your own home. I mean, I never went around inside the house insisting I be called Bette Davis! I was always called by my married name in private everywhere . . . if I were asked my name.

PLAYBOY: You once said that the trouble in your marriages always lay in the scripts and the casting—do you want to expand on that?

DAVIS: Well, strong women marry only weak men, I've decided. If a man allows his life to be run by a woman, it's his own fault. That's an old home truth about the henpecked husband. I don't think any woman really wants it to be that way, but a great many men abdicate their responsibilities, then beef and say they are put upon. Fortunately, I think men and women are communicating much more today, taking equal roles. **PLAYBOY:** Quoting you: "I've lived in a permanent state of rapture and I was never able to share it with a male; it exhausted them." Is that your romantic history in a nutshell?

DAVIS: Well, this enthusiasm, drive, having a real go at everything, is a trait I inherited from my mother and her whole family. It is just exhausting, and men aren't as apt to be this way. Although I said that half in fun, in a way it's true.

PLAYBOY: You were in your mid-20s when you entered what you describe in your 1962 biography as "a nice antiseptic marriage" to Ham Nelson. You write that "the deflowering of New England was unthinkable to this passionate pilgrim." Were you simply trying to avoid becoming Hollywood's oldest living virgin?

DAVIS: That had nothing to do with Hollywood. It was a question of how I'd been brought up. On *The Dick Cavett Show*, Cavett asked me when I

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gave up my virginity. So I counted to ten and said, "When I was married—and it was *hell* waiting." It was true, but I don't think anyone believed me.

PLAYBOY: If you were young and single today, would you have different moral standards?

DAVIS: Oh, yes; if I'd been brought up in this era, I think I'd have had affairs. I might never have married. I didn't bring up my children to think as I was taught to think. I didn't bring up my daughter [B.D.] this way.

PLAYBOY: You mean preserving her virtue at all cost?

DAVIS: I never taught her that; therefore, I knew she wouldn't marry just for sex. That's what was wrong in my time. Well, I had known Ham since I was 16, in prep school. And there's no question, it's clear now, that my biggest romance, my all-consuming love affair, was with my work. And if you paid the price. . . .

PLAYBOY: You've said that your husbands actually beat you. . . .

DAVIS: Oh, I was beaten many, many times. I didn't seem to bring out the best in men. I've often said that, too. My third husband, Sherry, was basically the biggest offender.

PLAYBOY: You wrote that he threw you out of the car on your honeymoon "for some forgotten reason." Can't you remember what provoked such hostility?

DAVIS: I don't know; who knows? He would just *beat* me. It's hard to imagine that I took it.

PLAYBOY: From the Bette Davis we've seen, it's hard to imagine you wouldn't shoot the guy dead.

DAVIS: But as a person, quite apart from my professional attitudes, I can be a big patsy. I'm an Aries, and we under the Aries sign are always patsies about our own problems. We take a lot. Of course, I shouldn't have taken it. And that's why I had to go.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of palimony?

DAVIS: What's that? [Brief break while it's explained to her] Well, I wouldn't know what to say, because I've always earned my own living and never asked a dime in any divorce from anybody. Any woman that does this I don't understand—aside from child support. I mean, why saddle a man for the rest of his life? For what reason? The fact is, I have *paid* alimony.

PLAYBOY: You have?

DAVIS: Oh, sure. I paid alimony for about three years. It just seemed the sensible thing to do under the circumstances. I don't quite understand a man who accepts it, except there are all kinds of people, all kinds of circumstances. Every divorce is different, you know, and a big thing in life is to learn not to judge others. Please, God, don't judge. I'll say no more.

PLAYBOY: With which of your husbands do you feel you came closest to having marriage work?

DAVIS: Gary Merrill, maybe. Gary and I might possibly have made it work.

PLAYBOY: And you still believe, on principle, in the desirability of being "a downright, upright, four-square married lady"?

DAVIS: Oh, that's a marvelous line from *Eve*. That's when the characters finally decide to marry, yes. Gary and I fell in love while doing that picture.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of love, there's a great and former secret love whom you have spoken about, even written about in your bio, describing him as a titan, "a man who would have run my life from sunrise to sunset." Are you ready to identify him now?

DAVIS: [Deliberately, eyes popped] I'm not gonna say *anything*!

PLAYBOY: Since his death last year, there's been evidence brought forth and widely circulated that the man we're talking about must have been director William Wyler. Do you have any comment?

DAVIS: [Long, stony pause] I will *not* discuss Wyler in this way as long as I live, out of respect for his family.

PLAYBOY: Well, it is no secret, is it, that George Brent—your leading man in *Dark Victory* and in numerous other films—was one of the big romances of your life?

DAVIS: Yes, that's right. I adored him, *adored* him.

PLAYBOY: There's yet another mystery man in your past, whom you once described provocatively in print as your partner in a "catastrophic relationship with the prototype of the Hollywood male . . . extremely attractive and one of the wealthiest men in the West—or East, for that matter." Do we get three guesses?

DAVIS: I have no idea who that was. At one point, I was sort of chased by several who might fit the description.

PLAYBOY: You're putting us on. Charles Higham's unauthorized biography [*Bette*] says Howard Hughes was this powerful man, and in his version, it involved a love triangle, tape recordings and blackmail. Don't you at least want to comment on it for the record?

DAVIS: This book does not *exist*, as far as I'm concerned! I do not intend to read it, but it is a pack of lies, based on excerpts I have seen. I will not talk about the book or anything in it, now or ever. To *hell* with the book! That's my comment.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's move on to other people's peccadilloes you've mentioned publicly. You were quoted as saying that Errol Flynn would "co-star with anyone on the lot." What was your experience while working with him?

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DAVIS: Errol did once say to me, "If I made a pass at you, Bette, you'd laugh in my face, wouldn't you?" And I said, "Yes—I certainly would." No, I was never very interested in boys with blackboards and chalk—and there were plenty of them, you know; they'd make chalk marks, vying with one another to see how many famous women they could get into the hay.

PLAYBOY: And Flynn led the pack?

DAVIS: Errol? Oh, yes, heavens . . . though he really liked young girls.

PLAYBOY: Who were the others?

DAVIS: Well, I tend to be kind of nice about things like this. But Leslie Howard was *definitely* a great ladies' man. He was something. His wife used to say that the only leading lady he hadn't gone to bed with was Bette Davis. That remark became famous in Hollywood. I had a little pride about things like that. I really didn't have time, and I wasn't personally that crazy about *actors*, anyway. Never was.

PLAYBOY: So you never attended any of those orgiastic Hollywood parties we've heard so much about?

DAVIS: No, no. Those of us who worked very hard were hardly part of the social scene out here at all. You never saw Tracy and such people at parties. Anyway, you couldn't go out and get high and enjoy yourself, because then everyone would say, "Well, *she's* a real drunk." If you wanted to have a ball, you'd stay at home with very good friends. That's the truth.

PLAYBOY: Were you aware of the prevalence of drinking and drug use in Hollywood?

DAVIS: Back then, no. Not drugs. You heard very little about drugs. Now, good heavens, you see examples of it all the time, which I think is terrible for the individuals, taking them nowhere fast. As for me, I have never in my life had a drink while I was working. Some people did, and that's their business, but it's certainly not good for the work. Though, you know, people out here just get written about a lot. There's much more immorality in high society or in small towns in New England. Oh, my dear, those little Yankee towns are *appalling*. The only thing the Puritans ever worried about was getting caught. In my part of the world, it wasn't a sin if nobody knew.













PLAYBOY: You once described yourself as "hopelessly Puritan, helplessly passionate." Do you feel you overcame that conflict?

DAVIS: Well, I didn't intend to become one of those prim New England women who are afraid of sex, didn't want to reach my present age and not have experienced everything, had a full life. Now I'm a virgin again, but I guess I

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did all right for a little Yankee girl.

PLAYBOY: If you were not Bette Davis but some great historical figure, who would you choose to be?

DAVIS: God, that's an easy one; I wouldn't have to think about it for a second. Elizabeth the First. She was a fantastic woman. I mean, the respect you have for her as a monarch, and she was also a very, very vain, tricky flirt. No man ever got to her. Essex tried. He was the one who tried hardest.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of other woman you admire, is there any actress whose achievements you have envied?

DAVIS: No, I have never envied anybody. Yet I have always wanted to look like Katharine Hepburn, always found her face fascinating and preferred it to my ordinary little round face. Just the look is marvelous.

PLAYBOY: Do you know Hepburn?

DAVIS: I've never known her, no. I telephoned her once, after Garson Kanin wrote that dreadful book *Tracy and Hepburn* about her and Spence. I just wanted to express how awful I felt it was, but she didn't seem terribly concerned, really.

PLAYBOY: The late Anna Magnani was a great fan of yours, wasn't she?

DAVIS: Well, she was the actress I admired most in the whole world! We were great friends, met many times, and I went and saw her in Italy. God, she's given such great performances . . . terrific stuff. We're terribly alike as actors. I had a photograph of her in my book, with the caption *THERE'S ONE IN EVERY COUNTRY*.

PLAYBOY: Which contemporary actresses do you see as having star quality or charisma or whatever you call it?

DAVIS: I think certainly Jane has it. Jane Fonda. I think Streisand. Oh, God, I know so—she's something else. I saw her opening night of *Funny Girl* in New York. The minute she walked on the stage, we all knew. You saw a star born. She's just—an individual, who had brains enough to stay looking the way she looks. What happened so often when lots of us came up in Hollywood, the studio tried to change you over . . . fix noses, hair, everything. A few of us had brains enough not to let them. Talk about people today—I think Marsha Mason is damned good. Jill Clayburgh; she's terrific. If she were working all the time, picture after picture, she'd have a different career. You wait so long between films nowadays.

PLAYBOY: With all its faults, do you think the old studio system was advantageous for actors?

DAVIS: Oh, God, yes, because I don't think there's any continuity to careers anymore. There aren't that many films. You had people behind you, they publicized you, bought properties for you,

had scripts written for you. They don't write scripts for people anymore; they just cast them. We became part of the public's lives. Now, pick up a Sunday *New York Times*, you see huge ads for 15 films you never heard of, starring players you have heard even less of—you just don't know who they are.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorite leading men in this generation, if you have any?

DAVIS: Burt Reynolds. He is one really sexy male. You know, there's a whole new breed of leading man today. A different kind.

PLAYBOY: And Reynolds represents the new breed?

DAVIS: No, no; he's the only one left who's like Gable and Cooper and all the hot, gorgeous, terrific guys of that era. The new breed—well, many of them are Italian—they're just different types, though some are certainly talented. [Jack] Nicholson is very talented, but that's a different kind of male star. Burt knows what I think of him, because they did a big testimonial dinner for him at the Waldorf, which I couldn't attend, so I sent a message saying he's enormously attractive, sexy and a very, very good actor. I would be happy, however, if Reynolds would get out of his motor-car syndrome and start making films about real people.

PLAYBOY: How about Robert Redford?

DAVIS: Redford is absolutely great. I'm glad you mentioned him. But I would lament terribly if he completely gave up acting for directing. He's marvelous. Paul Newman, too. Both very attractive men. Yet I still happen to think that Reynolds is in a different category. I had an absolute passion, of course, for Steve McQueen. He was also terrific.

PLAYBOY: You've expressed skepticism about so-called Method actors of Brando's school, haven't you, even though you admire Brando himself?

DAVIS: I just think he's a very talented guy, and if the Method worked for him—as it obviously did—everybody to his own thing. It's not for me. *Ugh*, no.

PLAYBOY: What's your method?

DAVIS: I go along with Claude Rains, who once said, "I learn the lines and pray to God." I think Tracy said that, too. Trust your intuition. I just go in and do it. Yet I believe in voice and dance training. There's no training anymore. Today you can't hear half the actors across the set.

PLAYBOY: In his *Playboy Interview*, Brando said he didn't consider any movie a work of art or any movie actor an artist. Would you comment on that?

DAVIS: Yes, it's perfectly absurd. How he can feel that way, with the work he himself has done as an example, is totally beyond me. Think of *On the Waterfront*, one of the greatest performances he ever gave. We don't any of us know

what happened to Marlon Brando. Of course it's an art form, judged entirely from the standpoint of his career without mentioning anybody else's.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about actors these days—and not only Brando—who are paid \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 for doing even a small role in a big film?

DAVIS: If the men in charge are willing to pay, I don't blame the actors. I think the people paying it are just lily guts and absurd, but be it on their heads. They're bankrupting the business. I mean, I would be totally embarrassed. On the other hand, I don't think there's enough money in the world to pay any of us for the hell we go through trying to give a performance. An actor today is up against worse odds than ever before.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say that?

DAVIS: Well, everything now is being shot on location, and location shooting is miserable, miserable, miserable! We used to all live in our own homes and work on those lovely sound stages where we didn't have to worry about wind, rain, heat, cold. There was more control and it was physically so much more pleasant. They call it realism, but that has nothing whatsoever to do with acting. For *The Petrified Forest*, we had the gas station and the petrified forest on two huge sound stages. We had a whole Welsh village there for *The Corn Is Green*. When I went to Mexico City and saw the Chapultepec Palace, I swore to God the one reproduced on our sound stage for *Juarez* looked just as real.

PLAYBOY: Still, don't you agree that the quality of movies has been improved by such background authenticity, avoiding the "studio look" of many of those early films?

DAVIS: No, I do not. They claim it's cheaper to shoot on location. I claim that we're all stunt people today; we're not actors anymore. When we shot *Family Reunion*, we were outdoors, with the temperature 22 below, trying to act, of all things! Hah! It's gotten so real today, honest to God, you can stand on a street corner and see the same thing. A lot of actors, the whole Sinatra kind of group—they love going to Paris and all these places. They can have 'em! For me, when anything's utterly naturalistic, so untheatrical, no make-up . . . well, it's a bore.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying you believe the golden age of cinema is long gone?

DAVIS: Well, those golden years are very romanticized today. Mostly, they were just very hard work, but they had their advantages. Maybe the difference is that the world is less golden. We're in a mess, and our scripts reflect it. Everything gets bigger and more vicious: terror in the streets; dismembered hands floating around. I am truthfully horrified by all



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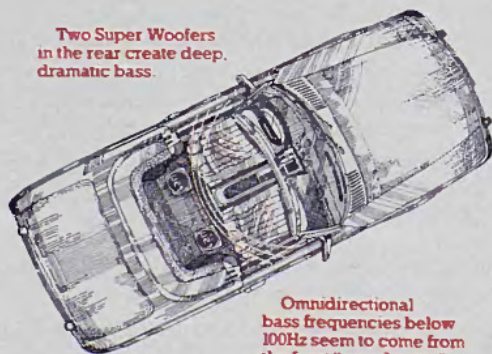
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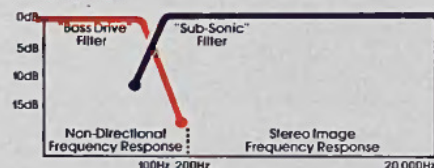
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the violence and the blood on the screen. **PLAYBOY:** But didn't you yourself make a series of gory horror films, beginning with *Baby Jane*?

DAVIS: But ours weren't bloody! And those were the only good parts they were writing for mature actresses. I myself can't look at all that bloody stuff, I just can't take it. *Baby Jane* had no blood; it was spooky. *The Nanny* had no blood. *Sweet Charlotte* had a shot of a head falling down the stairs, which I thoroughly disagreed with. I tried to get Aldrich to skip that, because I thought it totally unnecessary. I was in one really bloody film, which turned out much bloodier than indicated in the script; that was *Burnt Offerings*, and if you haven't seen it, congratulations.

PLAYBOY: Seen any movies you have liked lately?

DAVIS: I see very few. I was mad about *Julia* and *The Turning Point*. Two of the best I've seen in years. They were about real people, with well-written scripts. Those big [Francis] Coppola-[Steven] Spielberg-type films are not to my taste, and that's my privilege. I know many people disagree and find them smashing. My God, did you ever see *The Shining*? Give me a half hour, my dear, and I'll tell you what I thought of that. I thought it was monstrous, the most awful picture I had ever seen. Well, I have never liked [Stanley] Kubrick. His kind of movies are simply not for me.

PLAYBOY: OK. But don't you admit there's a kind of psychological violence and sick humor in *Baby Jane* that some people might find just as repellent?

DAVIS: But those characters were *characters*, and *Baby Jane* was actually pretty funny. I suppose the dead birds with mayonnaise were kind of unattractive. And the rat. You know, not long after *Baby Jane* opened, I gave a cocktail party in New York and had the head chef at the Plaza Hotel make a *pâté* for me in the shape of a rat. Everyone got a big laugh out of it—this awful rat made of *pâté* served on a huge silver platter, looking a lot like the one in the film. Oh, I tell you, it was *heaven* when I lifted the top off.

PLAYBOY: Are you a card-carrying practical joker, as rumored?

DAVIS: Yes, I'm terrible. Sometimes I go too far. I've always loved dribble glasses. You wait for a very formal dinner party and then give the glass to the person who will be the most embarrassed. Lovely. I had another marvelous gag going once. Under my dinner table, I kept that gorgeous cowbell that's still there in my dining room. When I was ready to ring for the butler or somebody, I'd clang my huge cowbell. Well, conversation would stop. Everybody would try

to pretend this was a perfectly normal thing to do, not looking me in the eye; then they'd all start talking like mad, wondering, of course, if I didn't know any better. About the fourth time I clanged it, they'd just stare. . . . It was hysterical.

PLAYBOY: You pulled another small prank, didn't you, around the time of *Baby Jane*, by placing an ad in one of the trade papers?

DAVIS: That wasn't a serious ad, of course. I was making *Baby Jane* at the time, in 1962, and I placed this help-wanted ad on a full page in *The Hollywood Reporter*—just exactly like any other ad for employment. It said: "Mother of three, divorcee. . . . 30 years' experience. Mobile still and more affable than rumor would have it. Wants steady employment in Hollywood, etc. . . . References on request." Although Rupert Allen, one of the great publicity men out here, advised me against doing it, he ended up congratulating me. That ad rocked the town, finally. Everybody expired with laughter and realized it was a rib. Of

"'Baby Jane' was actually pretty funny. I suppose the dead birds with mayonnaise were kind of unattractive. And the rat."

course, I was kidding the bankers. The bankers had a list of the bankable people who would be OK'd when the studios went to the banks to finance a film. If you weren't on the list, you didn't get work. For example, Aldrich had had a terrible time getting money for *Baby Jane*, because of Joan and me. The bank people said, "Those two old bags? Recast this film and we'll give you any amount of money you want." That's why we had to shoot the whole thing in three weeks, because we had so little money. Joan and I didn't get big salaries, so we took a huge percentage and made a fortune on it.

PLAYBOY: So you had the last laugh. But was everyone convinced it was a joke?

DAVIS: No. Everywhere I went with *Bette Davis in Person*—Australia or you name it—they'd bring this up and ask, "Were you advertising for work?" Well, I was working. I'd never stopped working. My God, I would never be so cheap as to take out an employment ad otherwise. It was a riot, a way to say I was sick of the whole system out here, just sick of it.

PLAYBOY: You expressed your view on the

violence in today's films. What do you think of sex and censorship?

DAVIS: Well, we could still use about half the censorship we had all those years. Though I didn't believe in the Hays Office's brand of censorship. It was all very blue stocking, and I think they actually got big kicks out of the things they censored in films. Now it's all gone way, way over in the other direction. I mean, they haul in nude scenes just for the sake of being sensational. It really boils down to a question of taste, and I don't believe movies were any *less* sexy when they weren't so explicit. We had to duck the issue sometimes. In *Now, Voyager*, you definitely knew they had had an affair up in the mountains, but it was done in a tasteful way; it was the whole point of the story.

PLAYBOY: If you were starting your career now, do you think you could be persuaded to do a nude scene?

DAVIS: No, never. This is one of the tragedies of girls today. Girls lose roles because they *won't* do them, and I see no need for it.

PLAYBOY: Still, there are substantial actresses you respect, such as Fonda and Clayburgh. . . .

DAVIS: Oh, but I think they use doubles for nude scenes. And what's-her-name, Brooke Shields; she has a double, absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Largely because she is underage. No, highly respected actresses *have* done nude scenes.

DAVIS: Well, I just don't believe the totally naked body is really all that interesting. When I saw *Oh! Calcutta!* in San Francisco years ago—I mean, I was a pretty sophisticated woman by then, and I sat way in the back, hoping nobody in the theater knew I was there, frankly—I was shocked most by the audience. Mostly middle-aged or older people. I couldn't decide if they were getting their kicks in their seats in the theater, or were getting themselves ready to go home and get their kicks. That was what fascinated me; but either way, I thought it was an abomination.

PLAYBOY: Yet isn't there a story about your having posed nude for a statue in Boston?

DAVIS: Oh, this was after high school, when I was a very young person. I took all sorts of jobs to earn money; we needed money. I was asked to pose for a statue of *Spring*, for a fountain. I've heard it's still up there in a park someplace, though I've never seen it since.

PLAYBOY: How did this ever come about, given your natural reticence about nudity?

DAVIS: I was hired by a woman sculptress. I don't remember her name now; she never became very well known. She was a rather elderly woman, with a male



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assistant to help her. She had a little dressing room at the top of the stairs and told me to just go up and strip, please. Well, 15 minutes or more later, I was still *up* there when she called out, "Miss Davis, we're ready." I was absolutely panicked. I didn't dare come out. Why she didn't give me some sort of robe to put on, I never knew, but I took my clothes off and there I *was*. So I finally had to go down, stark naked in front of her and the male assistant. I tell you, I was *mortified*. It took me years to get over it, as a matter of fact.

PLAYBOY: But you went on with the sessions?

DAVIS: You get used to it, in a way. I was only 18. It does present a picture of a sad little girl, earning money for the family. I was *so* modest. If I had realized I was going to have to be starkers. . . .

PLAYBOY: So the only Bette Davis nude extant is presumably somewhere in Boston, if not banned. Does *Spring* resemble you?

DAVIS: Yes, of course. It was lovely, beautiful. I had the perfect figure for it.

PLAYBOY: Should we send out a search party?

DAVIS: [Laughs] Maybe you'll inspire me to locate it.

PLAYBOY: So much for your views on nudity. You've probably had as busy a career in television as any other actress of your generation. How many shows have you done?

DAVIS: I have no idea. I did them all, really—*General Electric Theater*, *Alfred Hitchcock*, *Perry Mason*, *Gunsmoke*. I did *Wagon Train* three times.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about making TV films as compared with regular movies?

DAVIS: I don't call them TV films. I'm sick of this horrid little snobbery—the same snobbery that the New York theater had for movies—about "real" films versus films for television. You see at least ten a year on TV just as well acted, just as well done in every way; they're *films*. Unfortunately, we can't have them without the commercials. But I used to tell my children, "Don't beef—if you want to sit at home and see the Sadler's Wells Ballet direct from London, you've got to pay for it somehow."

PLAYBOY: Do you watch old Bette Davis movies on television?

DAVIS: Oh, sure, every now and then. Of course, the cuts they've made just break your heart. Though they are doing less cutting lately, I've noticed. There should have been a clause about that from the beginning. Of course, that was when *all* the old Warner Bros. films were sold to television. A group of 65 films, many of them mine, was sold for only \$7,000,000. This is why I've had more television

coverage through the years than almost any other actress.

PLAYBOY: So you credit TV for building up your following with young people?

DAVIS: Oh, of course. At least 80 percent of my fan mail is from young people. My audience anywhere is a good mixture, but always a lot of young people.

PLAYBOY: What about the gay audience? It seems obvious that you and other female stars with a certain flamboyant style have a huge gay following.

DAVIS: I really don't want to discuss that, not at all. Let us face facts. Homosexuals are probably the most artistic and appreciative human beings, who worship films and theater. Certainly, I've been one of the artists they admire very much. It was always said that Judy Garland and I had the biggest following, but I don't think it's fair to say it's because I'm flamboyant. I'm *not* flamboyant. In my personal life, I've never been known as flamboyant. Joan Crawford was flamboyant. Generally, homosexuals are very appreciative of serious work in the arts, so it's highly complimentary to be someone they choose.

PLAYBOY: You have been very popular on the talk shows, too, haven't you?

DAVIS: Yes, but now I never do a talk show with more than two other guests on it. I think they usually have far too many people. I feel—probably very conceitedly—that I've got plenty to say. So I don't see why I should go to the trouble of getting made up to go wherever I have to go, then do five minutes and have to sit there keeping my mouth shut. It just irritates me to death. Very unpleasant. So I'll go only if they have no more than two other guests—usually a singer and a comedian. I have grown to enjoy it since my first talk show, with Jack Paar, which was terrifying. I'd never been so scared in my life of any performance. Because in these situations, you know, you're sitting there completely exposed—as *yourself*. I learned to get comfortable with it, but it's not easy in the beginning. When you spend your life being somebody else and that's what you enjoy most—being somebody else—well, that's not exactly like everybody else, is it? [Laughs] Am I making myself clear?

PLAYBOY: Perfectly. Doesn't it mean you weren't sure how to play Bette Davis?

DAVIS: Well, I never *played* Bette Davis. I suppose that peculiar thing an actor has of wanting to be somebody else shows a certain *not* liking of yourself. I think it's true of me and of anyone else who aspires to be in this profession: You're basically not very mad about yourself.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever in analysis?

DAVIS: No. Almost went three times—almost. When I was puzzled by things happening in my life. Then I decided that was no good, because what was

peculiar about me was probably what had made me successful. Because I've seen some very talented actors go into analysis and really lose it. Among my friends, I think I'm one of the few who haven't gone. I've often thought I'd have loved *being* a psychoanalyst if I weren't an actress. Either that or a trial lawyer. You know, a great trial lawyer has got to be a good actor. I played a lawyer once on *Perry Mason*, while Raymond Burr was on vacation. I adored that show.

PLAYBOY: Let's move from law into politics. You were quite active politically during the Roosevelt years, weren't you?

DAVIS: No, no. I campaigned once at Madison Square Garden for F.D.R.'s third term. I would have campaigned for Robert Kennedy, definitely. I had great admiration for Teddy [Kennedy] this last time and endorsed him . . . with funds. But I don't *know* anymore. I was always very careful about this. I think we, as actors, have a dangerous position, because we *can* influence millions of people, no question. So we'd better know what we're talking about, and I find it very hard today to know what anyone's talking about or even to know what's going on.

PLAYBOY: Among your supporting cast in *Dark Victory*, many movies ago, was Ronald Reagan. Do you now support Reagan, who once supported you?

DAVIS: I am not for Reagan; that is, I didn't vote for him. We always called him "little Ronnie Reagan," you know, and to all of us who grew up with him, it's kind of *awesome* that he's President [big chuckle]. But Reagan has an enormous advantage, because he comes through on television, and a lot of screen actors are not good on live TV. It's a very strange, personal medium. Yet I think it was wonderful that Reagan appointed a woman to the Supreme Court. That's to his credit, very intelligent of him and long past due. I'm not going to say anything against Reagan. He's probably doing very well; let's hope so, because the country needs a kind of resurrection. Let's keep our fingers crossed.

PLAYBOY: OK. Are you a superstitious person, as someone once suggested?

DAVIS: Oh, wildly superstitious. In every way. About hats on beds, walking under ladders, ladybugs for good luck. String . . . if there's ever a piece of string on my clothing, don't take it off me.

PLAYBOY: That's bad luck?

DAVIS: No, *good* luck to leave it on. I have thousands of them, thousands. A bird in the house. I'm just petrified of having a bird inside the house. That's a very old sign of a death. And the day before Farney—my second husband—died, a bird flew up and cracked against the window of our house at Riverbottom. The next day, Farney was

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dead. That's one that really scares me. Oh, God, I have them all, the works: black cats, broken mirrors. Don't walk with a post between you and a friend. If your nose itches, you'll kiss a fool. Well, I have kissed a *lot* of fools. . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself in any way religious?

DAVIS: Yes, I don't think we do it all by ourselves. I believe that God helps those who help themselves. I believe in doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, inasmuch as any of us is humanly able. If you believe in those two things, I say you're religious. But I am not religious in the sense of being a wild churchgoer. I have worked since I was in my teens, and Sunday was my one day off—I was not about to give it up to get dressed and go to church. I was brought up going to Sunday school every Sunday in the world, and I was *surfeited* with church. In my generation, that happened to many of us. Plus, I was a very practical child. I used to confront my Sunday-school teachers with many of the miracles in the Bible and just say, "Now, *this* is impossible—walking on water. *How?*" They didn't like it too much.

PLAYBOY: This sounds familiar. Doesn't it smack of the way you behaved much later, when you got onto a movie set and saw holes in the script?

DAVIS: *Exactly.* Even as a young girl, with the Bible, I could not *believe* the script! It all sounded absolutely wildly illogical—you had *one* fish and fed the multitudes? I didn't mean any of it sacrilegiously; that's just the kind of child I was, and my Sunday-school teachers were not enamored of me *at all*.

PLAYBOY: Was there any point in your career when you experienced real fear of becoming a has-been?

DAVIS: That's hard to know. I've had some rough times. Everybody has hiatuses, and I had some good, thorough ones. I think there was one year when I truly thought it was over. I sat out here for a solid year without one job offer—that must have been the late Fifties, around 1960. I don't recall the chronology, but Gary had been working and was gone so much that I finally brought all the children to Los Angeles and rented a house. Not *one* offer! I wasn't scared, I was desperate. I couldn't believe it, really couldn't understand *why*. But those things happen. And those things change, as they did for me.

PLAYBOY: How do you look at the problem of aging? How do you deal with it?

DAVIS: I'll tell you: I do *not* believe that life begins at 40. I'm so bored with this statement I could scream. Mentally—for a woman, but I think for everybody—life begins at 30. But the thing I hate

most about getting older is the physical change, the fact that you're just not as attractive physically. I think every woman has that, while men get by with much, much more. Men become much *more* attractive when they start looking older. Look at stills of Bogey, for instance—far more attractive as an older man than he was at 30. Look at Robert Wagner—at 19 or 20 he looked ridiculous; now he's a damned attractive guy. Weathering improves men, that's all; but it doesn't do much for women, though we do have an advantage.

PLAYBOY: What's that?

DAVIS: Make-up, which can certainly help. But, you know, you just have to face facts, that's all. You do not *look* as attractive. I do not wish anymore to get into a bikini and go lie on the beach, thank you very, very much. And I never will again. Of course, you cannot be afraid of *being* your age. As an actress, I have a bigger incentive for staying in shape, and I think weight is what makes people look old the quickest—male or female. I don't think a man looks older, for instance, when he starts losing hair.

"It's going to be a great world when I pass on. I think I've been a difficult, difficult woman."

There's nothing wrong with that. I'm sick of toupees. Men look very attractive with half-bald or even bald heads. I think this hair fetish among men today is ridiculous. B.D.'s father, Sherry, was practically bald, and a very attractive-looking man, very. Another thing is—yes, I believe the thing I lament most about getting older is the way time melts; years sort of melt together. You eventually live day to day. You really and truly begin to take your days one at a time—with no great excitement about what will happen in six months or a year.

PLAYBOY: Is this a way of dealing with it or a depressing side effect?

DAVIS: I think it's just the way things *are* when you're no longer building a career, raising a family. My life is all in the archives of Boston University's library, where I've sent everything: scripts, reviews and a famous little book in which I've collected dance programs, poems that boys wrote to me, notes. Oh, I kept everything. On the outside, it says: ALL MY SECRETS ARE HIDDEN HEREIN.

PLAYBOY: Any of them shockers?

DAVIS: Not really. But it's as if I always

knew something out of the ordinary was going to happen to me. It's really spooky, in a way. I started collecting it all at 13 and drove everybody crazy even then. I always had to have the top jobs, even as a very young person, all through school, being head of the religious society or the debating society or getting the leads in senior plays.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to have any regrets, do you?

DAVIS: Well, I couldn't stop myself; that's the way I was. You know, I said I don't envy people, but I sometimes envy people who are *not* that ambitious, who don't have this drive to be first in whatever they do, this terrible perfectionism. It's a terrific responsibility and pretty exhausting. I've never wanted to be anybody else, always felt I was lucky to be what I was. Definitely. I'd often change the *exterior*, perhaps. My daughter [B.D.] is beautiful at 5'11", and I'm kind of a runt at 5'3" or 5'3½". While I'm small, I've always been too much; that's the best description of me.

PLAYBOY: Another description of you was in that Kim Carnes song that was so popular last year, *Bette Davis Eyes*. Do you know all the words?

DAVIS: [Sings] "She's ferocious. . . . She throws you. . . ." No, I haven't learned the lyrics, really, but I think the writers are damned clever. I wrote to them and said, "How did you know me so well?"

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your own description of yourself—

DAVIS: Let's just say it's going to be a great world when I pass on.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say that?

DAVIS: Because I think I've been a difficult, difficult woman. I've been difficult for lots of people.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty negative thinking. There are probably a lot more people you've made happy than unhappy.

DAVIS: Thank you for that. I will live on that all day. Let's hope that is true. I know in a sense that is true, so I'm not going to be silly about it. No question I've inspired some people. I've taught a lot of people to cook, inspired other people to work harder or do something better, though I still say my kind of person is. . . . [thoughtful pause]

PLAYBOY: Too much? But isn't too much better than too little?

DAVIS: Probably. I think so. I hope so.

PLAYBOY: What is your all-time favorite movie you weren't in?

DAVIS: *The Best Years of Our Lives*, by Willie Wyler. Now, *that* was one of the greatest films ever made.


PLAYBOY: Guess what? That was our last question.

DAVIS: It *was*? Chrrrist—let's have a drink.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's the sort who knows how to make an impression—even his small symbolic gestures are fashioned with a flourish. Ruby and emerald are two of the colors on his educated palette; now and then, he likes to get her precious-stoned: PLAYBOY subscribers buy nearly a quarter of the fine jewelry sold in the U. S. His affection keeps her blue periods brief, so while she may admire his body of work by day, she saves her evenings for him. 



this is the age of confrontation, sucker, so listen up—here's some advice on keeping your urban ass intact

STREET SMARTS

article
By D. KEITH MANO

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSEI



WE ARE ALL GAME: venison in the streets. A carrion bird has been circling over Central Park. Expect it, *goombah*: everyone loves a good loser. When you leave home, say aloud, Today I'm gonna get rolled, ripped, sharked, gouged, gonged, japped, poached, taken off. Don't show surprise or indignation when it happens: if you do, you might get your tureen broken as well. An American city street is like the service entrance to Firebase Baker: all trip wire and *pungee* trap. At Parris Island, they give you life-experience credit for having walked along Broadway. Yet it can, God, exhilarate—rather the way putting your wango in a Suzy Homemaker oven would. Each sense is preamped; circulation goes through the spin cycle. You're alive. Things are heightened. Look at it

from this angle: Fear has got to be cheaper than cocaine.

Pay attention, now, you, there, with the radiopaque head. Since 1950 or so, I have bag-assed it down some pretty mean streets. Ol' Br'er Pedestrian, they doan kotch him, nossuh. The cement briar patch, that has been my turf. Gone fetch out five, six lessons in sidewalk bushcraft right here—keep even a half-steppin' do-rag like you skin-whole an' wise.

First: Learn to walk gas-fast. Book it, baby: Lay a big batch behind. Not in panic, mind you: never run. A power-purposful, elbow-out, crazy kind of stride. The way people moved in old silent films—you know, right before they fell into an open manhole. Wave one hand now and then, as if you'd just seen three armed friends and were about to hail a

cab. Your attitude should be: "Busy signal, dit-dit-dit. Can't fit you in today, fellas. Catch me tomorrow." In a real halfway-house neighborhood, walk dead street center: follow that white line; avoid ambush cover. Who's gonna mug you when he might get hit by a truck while doing it? Oh, you should see me squeeze out sneaker juice: I am Rapid City: I have no staying power, g'bye. A thug will get depressed by energy. He'd rather come down on someone wearing orthopedic pants. Also, if you can manage it, be tall.

Sing aloud. Mutter a lot. Preach Jesus. Interrogate yourself. Say things like: "Oh, the onion bagel won't come off. Oh, it hurts. Mmmmm-huh. Mmmmm. Please, Ma, don't send me back to the nutria farm again. No. Oh, no. That three-foot roach is still swimming in my water bed. Ah. Oh. Ech." Muggers are superstitious. They don't like to attack loony people: Might be a cousin on the paternal side. Make sure your accent is very New York (or L.A. or Chicago or wherever). Tourists are considered table-grade meat: heck, who'd miss his super-saver flight to attend a three-month trial? Most of all, eschew eye contact. If your vision says, "Uh-oh, this creep is after my wallet," this creep may feel a responsibility to yank you off. Keep both pupils straight ahead, in close-order drill. Do not flash a bank-and-turn indicator. Sure, you may walk past the place you're headed for, but, *shees*, no system is perfect.

Dress way down. Mom-and-pop candy-store owners take their cash to deposit in an old brown Bohack bag. Me, I wear the bag. I own two basic outfits: One has the *haute couture* of some fourth-hand algebra-textbook cover; my second best was cut using three dish drainers as a pattern. If stagflation were human, it'd look like me. No one messes with D.K.M.; they figure I'm messed up enough now. But when you gotta go in finery, turn your tux jacket inside out and put a basketball kneepad around one trouser leg. Peg your collar. Stitch a white shoelace through your patent-leather pump. Recall what Jesus said about excessive glad-ragging (*Matthew*, chapter six): "Consider the lilies of the field . . . even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these—so, *nu*, what happens? They get picked, *Dummkopf*."

On the same stupid lily principle, never wash your car. Buy black-wall tires; stick an old plastic tampon tube on for the hood ornament. I keep this rescue-orange sign in my side window: FOR SALE, HANDYMAN SPECIAL, JUST 139,000 MILES. \$129.50 FIRM. And I drive a station wagon; I'd guess that one station wagon is stolen for every 12 sedans. Most men in the hot-wire scam don't have six children and a Saint Bernard. (Of course,

last March—this is mother-nude truth—some bozo copped my entire tail gate, college decal and all. Copped, in fact, every tail gate for one entire block on Central Park West. Just two bolts and—heist!—the whole doofranguis will come off. Worth \$300 apiece at a pound-by-night body shop; sold back to the owner for \$600.) Furtherhow, remember that you are a dead mark, a perfect frozen fish, when approaching your wheels. Never unlock the door. In a *très* punked-out slum, I carry my Rickel burglar kit and furtive looks. Use the coat-hanger trick: Pretend you're stealing your own car. No one'll stiff you then; professional courtesy, sort of.

Riddle: Why are most muggings like a six-car pile-up at Indianapolis? Think, Bleepwit, think. Answer: Because both occur more often on a curve than on a straightaway. Stepping off your bus. Just around that corner. Outside a boutique door. In the elevator. Points of transfer, where your attention—a semidetached thing at best—is on house key, parcel, bad footing, whatever. The New York subway system, I gotta believe, was built by Macheath—using my small intestine for a blueprint. Italian governments turn left, right, left, right less frequently than the usual I.N.D. staircase. And at each bend, there is dead air: jeopardy and evil surprises. I lug this briefcase—big as a side of gnu—and let it swing, mountain-oyster high, around every corner: Lift, plow, wham! Anyone who offs my credit-card case is gonna need a kneeling bus to get home on.

Open every door fast and *all* the way. When you hear "Oof" in Spanish, vamoose: That is not José Feliciano behind there. Even red lights can be bad-ass trouble. Some bun'll flop across your windshield and sham wiping it with an old Pampers. Meanwhile, his buddy has been trying to hoick open your rear side door. Hit the wiper button quick. While bum number one is looking for his cuticles, gun her out in reverse. If you run over something soft and lumpy—a human thank you, ma'am, kind of—just call the Census Bureau and tell them they're off by one. Don't forget: You're prey. Quarry in a paved hunt course. They're after you like Pac-Man—gobble, gobble, slurp—all mouth. You might outblip Eddie Atari this time around, but he's got a lot of quarters and not much else to do.

The day or night must come: Accept it. Some squash whose head was registered in Panama is gonna make a withdrawal from your discretionary fund. Be sure you have the cover charge—at least \$20 (plus gratuities: loose change so that he can catch an exact-fare bus). Never travel broke. Mr. Mental Backspace may think you've got a whole credit union in your underwear. Trust

me: it's unpleasant and cold having one's garment district rezoned on the uptown I.R.T. local. Also, seem afraid: Quiver all the time; slur your diction; say, "Aw, Gah, aw Gah, aw Gah." Mugging, remember, is an ego trek; Felix the Fingersmith wants to intimidate you. His wife has probably just finished hitting him with a *taco* roller at home. Be understanding. This is crisis therapy for him—your crisis. Don't stare at Felix as if you intended to find a distinguishing mark on his face; he might put one on yours. Do not demand a receipt; do not ask for his charitable-exemption number. Do not inform the police; that'd be telling. Besides, they're busy: They've gotta tow your car away from a no-parking zone. Which isn't easy, since all four tires and your youngest child have been removed.

There are five basic kinds of assault. Learn to recognize them.

1. *The professional mugger.* This guy is so good, they ask him to tour military hospitals. You will know the professional. Be reminded: Although we throw that term around loosely, mugging is a very specific dance step, rather like *un pas de bourrée*. I quote Webster, who probably got offed in his day: "To assault a victim, esp. by attacking from the rear and locking the forearm around the neck in a throttling manner." Sometimes indistinguishable from chiropractic and may improve lower-back pain. The forearm-throttle pro deals in melodramatic language; a minute with him is worse than one month with Elisabeth Kübler-Ross. He'll say, "Gonna kill you, loser," or "Kiss your Keogh fund goodbye." Don't let this morbid hyperbole depress you. It's merely a social interchange meant to establish that most intimate relationship: Thug and Thugged. An equivalent of "Hi, I'm Gemini rising" or "Can I get you something from the buffet?" Volume, turnover, margin: A pro uses generally accepted accounting principles. And he is conservative. He believes in supply-side theory: You are his supply.

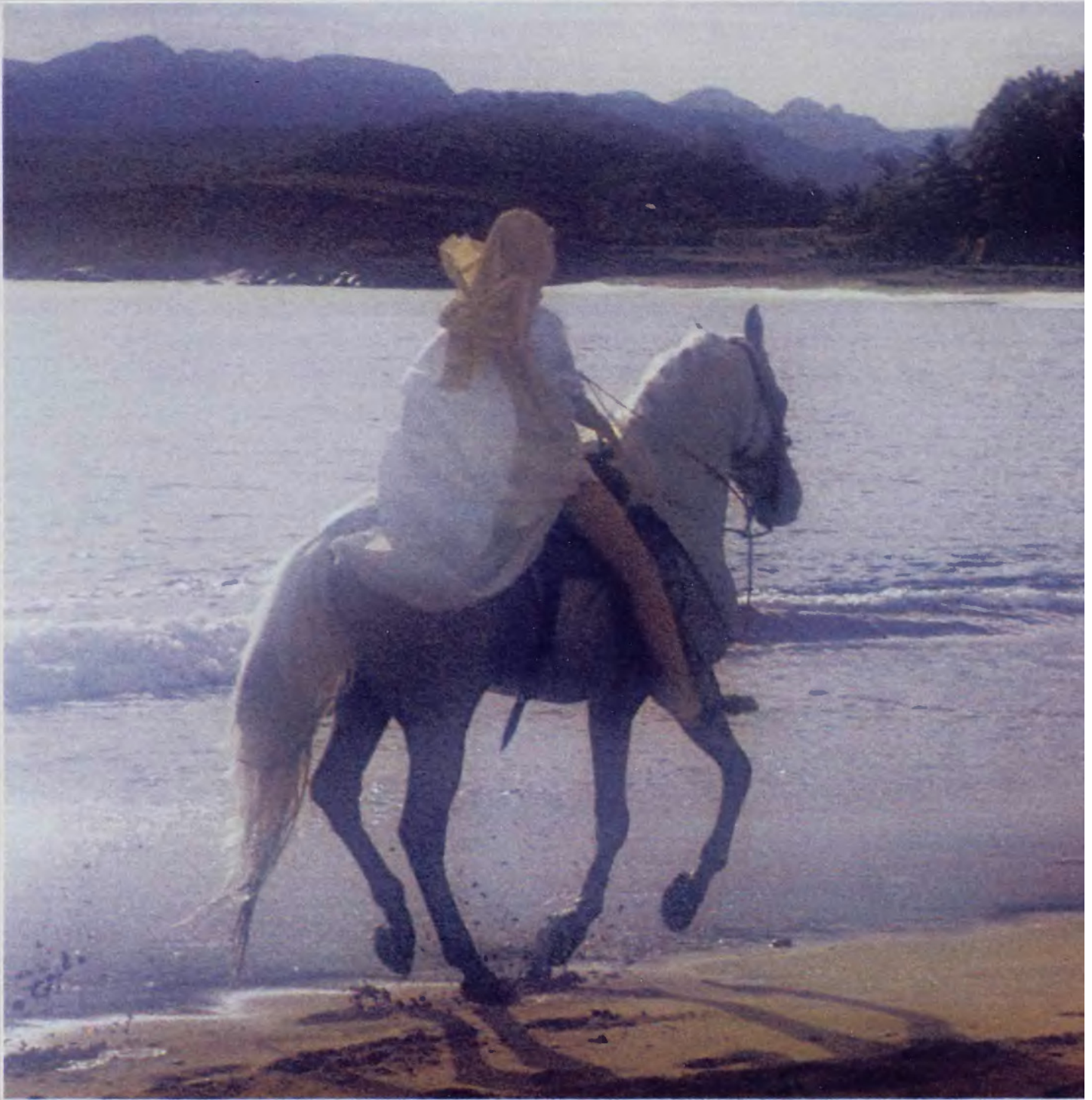
Relax, babes—this is the efficiency suite. Be glad you're getting reaped by someone who still has a sense of vocation: Decent craftsmanship is hard to find nowadays. Most likely, the pro will let you keep your VISA card, Phi Beta Kappa key, I AM A METHODIST DIABETIC card, Bic, tie clip, money clip, roach clip and that identi-bracelet your cheap wife said was 14-kt. gold. *Aviso*: Don't joke. Cops and crooks have this in common: They never laugh at your best shin slapper. And don't try to escape. First, his forearm was made by Krupp. Second, pro has cased this spot: lonely, dark, with fewer exits than a kidney. In fact,

(continued on page 110)



"Some knight in shining armor you turned out to be!"

D R E A M S



*faces, places and sexual fantasies—
selections from a labor of love*



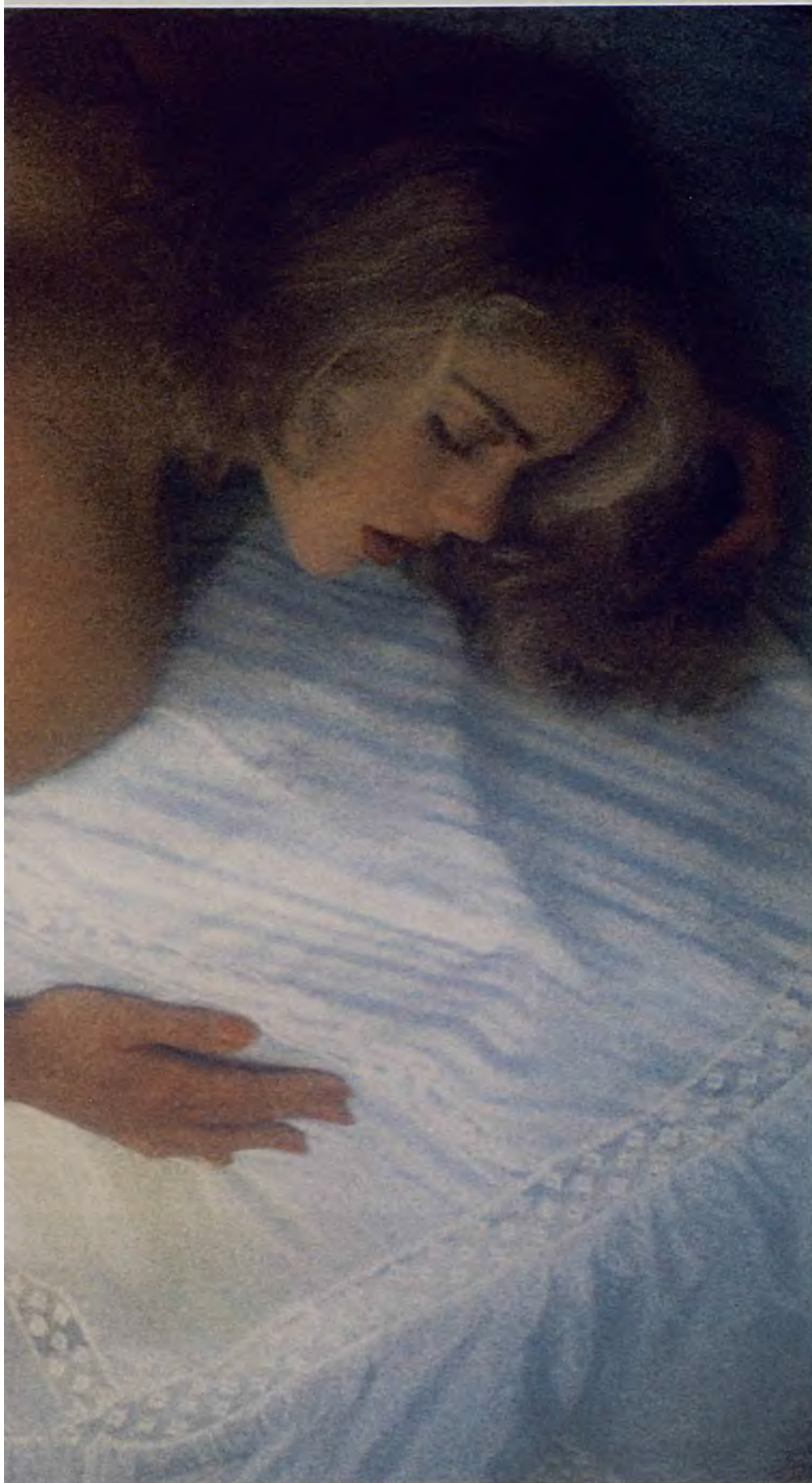
PLAYBOY PRESS went to Richard Fegley with an offer he couldn't refuse: It wanted to publish a collection of his photographs. He could choose the subject, the models. "I thought of doing 12 girls or 12 couples. What I didn't want was 100 girls in anonymous bedrooms. Then I thought, Why not 12 women in as many locations—places that were as evocative and as uniquely beautiful as the women? I made up a list. The waterways of Venice. The Sahara Desert. The Tuileries in Paris, a wonderful place just to be and walk. The beach at Las Hadas, Mexico, a perfect fairy-tale

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Richard Fegley (left) holds a job that most men dream about—that of Contributing Photographer for PLAYBOY. Not only does he get to work with the world's most beautiful women but he spends most of his time on the road. "The book is a collection of my favorite places and the women who make them come alive. I discovered Las Hadas (far left) while doing a piece on the Mexican Riviera. Rita Lee (Miss November 1977) is a woman with natural grace. The two just seemed to go together."





location. Japan. The Queen Mary. A cantina in Mexico where they play old-style tango music. Some of the locations were places I had visited on assignment and wanted to return to, and others were places I had always wanted to make pictures.

"After I had narrowed down the locations, I chose the women I wanted to work with. Selecting my favorites from so many was very difficult.

"I'm not sure the pictures need a story or captions. The photographs *are* dreams. Any copy would merely weaken the implications of the fantasies."

After two years, the project was completed. Playboy Press assembled Fegley's labor of love into a deluxe hardcover edition that will be the main selection of the Playboy Book Club in June. The images you see here are only a small part of his ode to faces and places. Do yourself a favor and pick up the complete work. Then call your friendly travel agent.

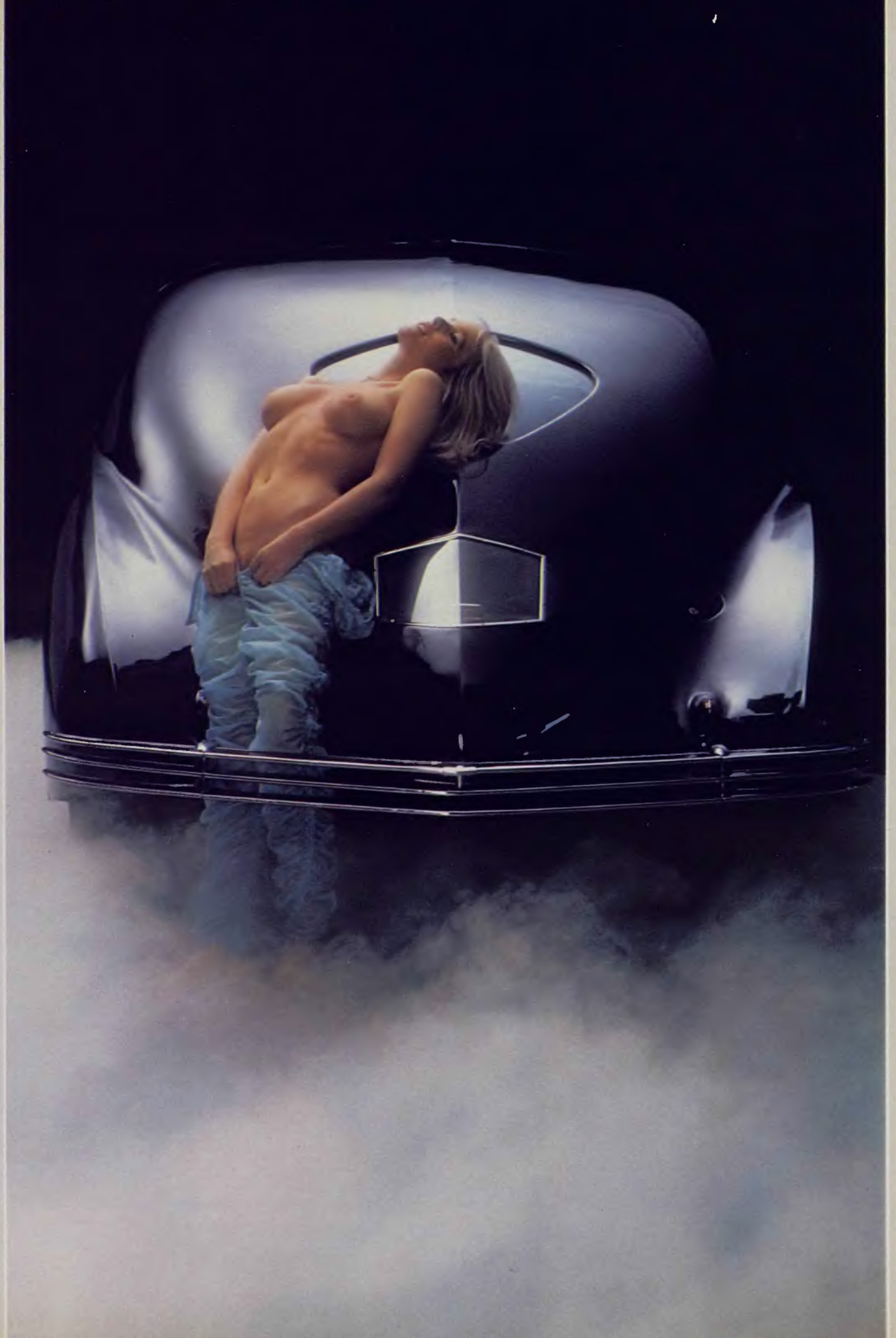
"Las Hadas has an *Arabian Nights* quality. I knew I wanted to return to shoot there with a woman who was blonde, somewhat ethereal. I had just finished photographing Rita Lee (left and below) for her gatefold appearance, so she was in my mind. She was perfect."





"Sometimes, in my travels, I see something that I know I will use someday. I was taken by a custom-made, one-of-a-kind black beauty of an automobile that I found in Harrah's Automobile Collection in Reno. The car was designed and built in 1938 for one of the heirs to the Heinz fortune. Lillian Müller had just finished her reign as 1976 Playmate of the Year. Exotic car. Exotic woman. I shot these photos in a smoke-filled garage at Harrah's. The car has a Darth Vader look that complements Lillian's blonde beauty." A Pierce-Arrow through the heart.








Debra Jo Fondren (Miss September 1977), seen here, is one of our most photographed Playmates. She's posed for Francis Giacobetti (who shot her 1978 Playmate of the Year pictorial), J. Frederick Smith and Robert Scott Hooper.



Debra Jo represented a special challenge to Fegley. "Quite simply," he says, "I wanted her in my book. Debra Jo's hair says it all in itself. She is her own location. The most incredible hair I've seen." For more of it, turn the page.





Gary Cole, PLAYBOY's Photography Director, says this of Fegley's work: "His craft is instinctive. It comes out of his emotions. When he is given free rein to follow his own graphic sensibilities, the results can be awesome." As you can see.



STREET SMARTS

(continued from page 98)

"I don't suggest you date ugly on purpose, but facial hair is not necessarily unwanted. Or a hump."

you might want to bring your mistress here some night. Pro often has a running mate who can frisk better than the alteration tailor at Barney's Imperial Room. Enjoy it. You're not being done by an impulse robber; you're part of the planned economy. After such an urban hazing, you'll feel New York slick: chosen, fashionable, even *sportif*. Like having your TV adjusted by William Paley.

2. *The snatcher*. Young, small, just matriculated at theft. Can do the 100 in 9.7 with your girlfriend's Stanley Cup-size purse under one arm. (You, by contrast, have less wind than an Easter Seal child.) Snatcher works in daylight; otherwise, he'd miss *Little House on the Prairie* and wouldn't have time to re-crochet his hair for school tomorrow. Can't hurt you, though; seldom weighs more than 90 pounds, all of it airfoil and blur. Worth a chase; your date might be impressed. The traditional shout is "Stop that thief! Stop that thief!" Of course, your lady may also yell, "Stop that thief!" In fact, count on it. At which point a vigilante squad will gang-tackle you and beat your sternum to anchovy paste with their elbows.

3. *The thundernug bandit*. Imagine: You're sitting, competent for once, on a pay-toilet seat. Suddenly, this ski-masked face pops up above the stall partition. "Don't move," Ski Mask says—as though you could take more than one step in that position without kicking your underwear to death. "Slide that watch and the wallet over here, honkie. No smart stuff." And—zoom lens—a mean .38 is pointing down; it'd make the kibbutz-issue toilet paper seem soft. Mongo Maria, who'd wanna get shot that way? *Rigor mortis* sets in. They'll bury you in a straight-back chair. (And some comedian will say, "He looked just like himself, didn't he?") Worse, here you have a black belt in karate and right now it's lying useless around your feet. Mr. Lift the Seat (who terrorized Washington, D.C., last year) is full of Bowl Power. I mean, whaddya gonna do, chase him through Union Station in very wet pursuit? So you slide Seiko and Vuitton billfold over. Busted to the max again; you just aren't street-smart, friend.

Lesson: nine men out of 11 will choose the very last stall. Admit it; you do. You're shy, I know; don't care to play your woodwind for an audience. But way back there, any man is six times

more vulnerable to the dump desperado. Sit up front; pretend you're in a burlesque house. Even if you sound like someone's flooded-out Evinrude.

4. *The hophead, hypercat and general wacko*. This scroogie doesn't care about style or structure, just content—yours. His cue ball was scratched a long time ago. You may have to help him. Please do. Old Chromo is dangerous because uncoordinated. His veins are singing "Aloha, Honolulu"; he has got to score a powder transfusion quick. Also, there may be some kind of knife. He won't stab you fatally with it; he's too unwrapped for that. But you might die of tetanus. Dialog goes something like: "Man. Hey, man. Man, oh, man. Gotta do it, man. Man, man and man." He'll rob you and bore you to death at the same time. Moreover, his breath would warp a window sill. God did not release this donk into his own custody at birth. Calm him down. Show how your digital watch works. Help him put your L. L. Bean trail vest on. Call him a cab. Be thankful if you're still anatomically correct afterward.

5. *The freaked-out mob of teen wahos*. Sign off, brother. Put a tourniquet on your head and get extremely prone. Sadism is group practice: competitive, full of grisly free-market ideas. "Hey, look—José hit the gringo with a big beer bottle and just his nose come off. Watch me make both eyeballs fall out." When you pick up this kind of high-voltage pack dementia, try to evanesce. Crawl under your Volkswagen. Or step in front of an oncoming D train; that'll fool 'em. Any youth riot is frightful: short-lived and as vicious as an epileptic clench. I have been near three or four; they are a foul human weather. Time for the sermonette, and good night; an Aztec virgin has better prospects. Money and high rhetoric will not appease. You're the entree in a male initiation rite. Some feeb is gonna boost himself up to mad adulthood on your ripped body. Life starts unfolding in the past-perfect tense. Play dead, *amigo*, and hope it isn't a dress rehearsal.

On the virtues of resisting. There are no virtues to resisting. Let me play back one example. Brooklyn, Friday night. Eric, the foreman at my cement factory, steps off his bus. Point of transfer, *huggg!* Eric has a sudden cervical collar on; very bracing. His take-home is taken

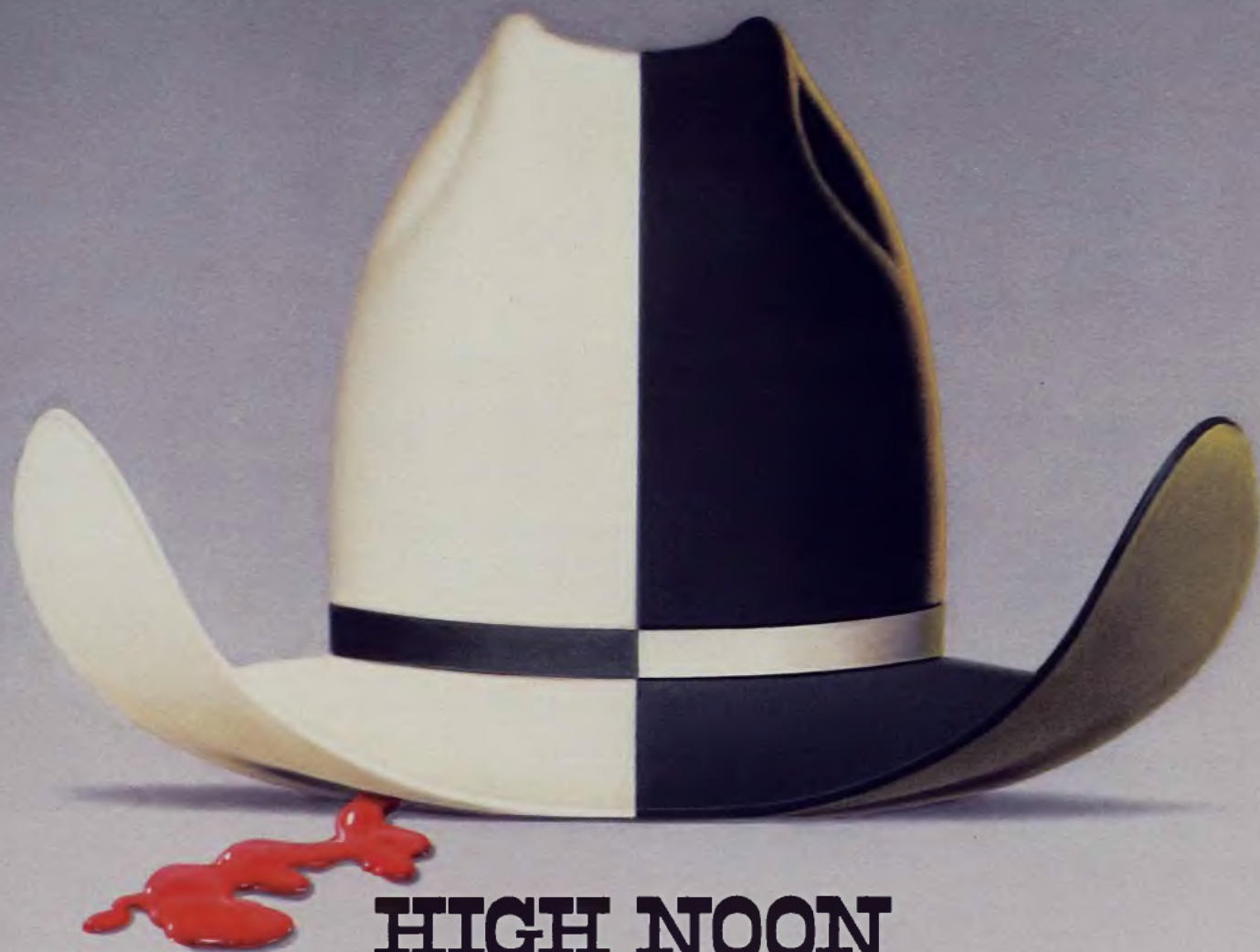
to another home; no resistance. Next scene: same Brooklyn, same Friday night. (Friday, you catch, is sack-and-pillage time; land pirates hold a hunt-club breakfast each Friday morning. Why d'ya suppose Jesus was crucified on Friday? They thought he had his pay envelope with him.) Now Miguel, my assistant foreman, is getting the expensive neck truss. But Miguel resists; in fact, he comes on like *el capitán* Marvel. "First I hit the guy behind with an elbow. Then I punch the guy in front with my right. Knock him on his behind. Boy, they both run. Then, wow, I see this knife sticking out of my stomach. I was so excited beating them up, I didn't even know I got stabbed." Was it worth resisting? Not for what I pay him, it wasn't.

Should you buy a Doberman shepherd? Only if the stabilizer bar in your brain is gone. Think, and then multiply by 365: What mugger could eat four cans of Alpo each day? Meanwhile, there you'll be, right behind this humongous German pinscher, repackaging dog hockey like it was the blackboard special at Café Très Cher. In mid-December. And then how d'you know, at crisis-management time, whether or not Fat Fido is gonna hit his chicken switch or turn out to be a secret Puerto Rican?

Your date and you. The street-smart man runs with street-smart women. Not someone, for instance, who'd wear a gold waist chain *outside* her overcoat. Not someone who'd make the old panty hose go swish-swish-swish in front of six smoked-off motorcycle geeks. Dress down together. Women are obviously more likely to be raped or robbed when in shorts or skirts. A lissome bare calf is saying, "Hi, there, Big Fella—come on up and fire some shots from my grassy knoll." Your date should wear what Chiang Ch'ing wore on the Long March: material as thick and shapeless as those pads you see around a moving van. Enough Ace bandage can make D cup into teacup; paper-clip earrings will never inspire Mr. Heist to tear a lobe off. Avoid anything at all provocative: blue eyes, say, or real teeth. You want a hijacker to feel compassion: Remind him of his own C-minus wife. I don't suggest that you date ugly on purpose, but facial hair is not necessarily unwanted. Or a hump. Remember, she will be much safer walking with you. Conversely, you are a double mark, a mugger's Dutch treat, with her. The big question is: Do you really want to be heterosexual? How about going out with a 6'5" leather-and-metal-studded gay?

Don't date any woman who admires courage, forthrightness or strength. (concluded on page 220)

when the god-fearing folk in a missouri town publicly executed the local bully, they wielded a sword that was swift and sure—but was it justice or murder?



HIGH NOON IN SKIDMORE

article **By CARL NAVARRE**

INDIAN SUMMER—and in the café across the street from the courthouse, the flies that have been roused by the sudden heat bounce against the window, hoping for one more spin in the sunshine before winter deals its trump. The place is Savannah, Missouri, a one-elevator corn-and-bean town 75 miles upriver from Kansas City. The time is October 1981. The subject is murder; specifically, the public killing of an illiterate, unemployed drifter named Ken Rex McElroy in an even smaller town called Skidmore, about 20 miles away.

Murder, of course, is a rather common crime, even in the Bible-thumping Missouri hinterlands; yet what distinguishes McElroy's death from the 20,000 or so homicides reported in America each year is that a majority of Skidmore's citizens claim that it wasn't murder at all: that McElroy—unarmed and shot in the back by at least two gunmen while a crowd of local farmers watched approvingly—represented a threat to their community so dire and uncontrollable that killing him was a case of justifiable homicide.

Alden Lance, a former county prosecutor whom I have come to the café to meet, agrees with them.

"What else could they do to protect themselves?" asks Lance, who served as prosecutor here in Savannah from 1956 until 1976, a tour of duty that has made him an expert on crime in northwest Missouri. "McElroy was a vicious criminal. During the past ten years, he shot at least two men and openly supported himself by stealing livestock and farm equipment from his neighbors. In 1971, I had him arrested eight separate times for felony theft, but I had to drop the case when my witnesses decided not to testify against him. That was the pattern with McElroy: You'd work hard to build a good case and then you'd have to drop it because the witnesses were scared to testify. McElroy wasn't the kind of criminal you could get rid of with conventional methods. Look at his record: dozens of arrests for everything from arson, theft and rape to assault with intent to kill. And not a single conviction. The man never spent a night in prison in his life.

"People have a right to protect their lives and their property. McElroy stole from those people for years and terrorized them and they were sick of it. (continued on page 144)

SUMMER SCORING: A SINGULAR GUIDE

*want to find your place in the sun?
consult our vacation planner*

travel **By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**



SUMMERTIME, and the lovin's easy, right? If you read all the brochures and listen to your boastful buddies, it's easy to believe that scads of single women are just waiting for you at every destination. That is, until you get there and discover that the available females average 108 (that's age, not points, folks) or that everybody comes coupled.

That doesn't mean there aren't places to play, jobs to do or sights to see with higher-than-normal scoring potential. Here are a few where the action is likely to be as hot as the temperatures.

WHERE THE GIRLS REALLY ARE

Most of the information regarding the hot spots of America is decades out of date. Provincetown and Fire Island are great for gays these days but not flush with straights. Southern California's Huntington Beach and Redondo Beach are now merely good places to get trashed by local roughnecks. And Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket have turned into family enclaves. There *are* places where the sheer numbers of unattached females tilt the odds in your favor. Partyers from Houston head 50 miles south to Stewart Beach on Galveston Island; farther southwest, near Corpus Christi, Padre



Island has an equally lively crowd. Heading east, Hot Springs, Arkansas—50 miles from Little Rock—offers mineral springs, massages and bathhouses, plus lots of potential tubmates. If you are looking for an enormous crowd, fine Atlantic beaches and lots of help in applying suntan lotion, head directly to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Some old standbys are still plenty crazy after all these years. The women roller-skating down the streets of Venice, California, will break your heart. Out on the legendary Hamptons of Long Island, Asparagus Beach will put to rest forever that area's image of quiet gentility. Finally, visit the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood, near Lenox, Massachusetts, where Saturday nights on the lawn prove that the hills are alive with more than the sound of music.



JAMAICA HELLO

The island of Jamaica now boasts whole resorts reserved for the pursuit of pleasure. Appropriating the old Club Med one-price scheme, these clubs have headed toward hedonism as fiercely as Club Med now pursues the family trade. Here's a quarter of swinging Jamaican hosteleries. Note that two of them require you to bring your own lady, but where better to add zest to a new relationship? Rates in each case are all-inclusive.

Couples, in St. Mary, is on its own island (formerly the site of the Tower Isle Hotel), just east of Ocho Rios. It's for couples only—no kids or singles. Rates run from \$1190 to \$1360 per couple per week.

Hedonism II, at Negril, used to be called Negril Beach Village. The site is still the best strand of sand in Jamaica, and the surrounding area grows some of the best ganja on the planet. Rates are \$625 per person per week.

Sandals Resort Beach Club, in Montego Bay, is the newest couples-only resort. Price is \$1295 per week for two.

BARE FACTS: A GUIDE TO NUDE BEACHES

It used to be that naked was naked, period. But this is an age of specialization, so before you join the total-tanning set, you'd better find out which nude beaches are legal, relatively hassle-free and mostly straight.

An excellent new book is *World Guide to Nude Beaches and Recreation* (Harmony Books), by Lee Baxandall; or you can receive recent updates by writing to the Free Beaches Documentation Center, P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54902. What follows are the most solid, straight choices—nothing too quirky.

Wreck Beach (Vancouver, British Columbia). One of the great nude beaches of the world, two miles long yet within view of downtown skyscrapers.

Rooster Rock State Park (25 miles east of Portland, Oregon). This setting, in the heart of the spectacular Columbia River gorge, is very picturesque.

Edun Cove (San Mateo County, California). Privately operated on a site just off the Pacific Coast Highway (Number One), minutes south of San Francisco. Naked naturalists can explore tidal pools.

Black's Beach (San Diego, California). The nation's best-known nude beach. Controversy still swirls around this site; yet on a good day, up to 10,000 unclothed folks turn out.

Hippie Hollow (Lake Travis,



Texas, outside Austin). This shore attracts a young, trendy weekend crowd from the nearby University of Texas.

MacArthur State Park (North Palm Beach, Florida). Once owned by the late millionaire skinny-dipper John D. MacArthur, after whose death the custodians of his huge trust sought, unsuccessfully, to ban nude bathing.

Assateague Island National Seashore (Virginia). Here's a chance to gallop with the famous wild ponies that run in herds on this spectacular island.

Moonstone Beach (South Kingston, Rhode Island). The dunes behind the beach are owned by the Audubon Society, which has turned them into a wildlife preserve. Stay off.

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

The ideal summertime work is a job at which the money isn't bad and the fringe benefits are even better. Masseur at a girls' camp, for example. Lifeguard at Charlie's Angels' pool. Unfortunately, most of those dream jobs are just that. But there are more realistic possibilities. Here are some:

1. A job with a pool-cleaning service is a perfect seasonal setup. There's good pay, work in the sun and the opportunity to be invited in for a glass of lemonade by the lovely lady of the house. Check the Yellow Pages.

2. A job as a waiter or a barman at a restaurant such as Maxwell's Plum in New York or R.J.'s in Beverly Hills will probably put you in contact with more females than any other occupation on this planet.

3. Chauffeurs drive the world's most glamorous girls, and most limousine services hire part-time navigators during the summer, when many of their regular staffers are on vacation. Again, check the Yellow Pages.



CRUISE NEWS

Calculating which oceangoing cruise is likely to provide the best chance for a sea-level romance can be tricky. No cruise line publishes the ages of its passengers—even if it knows them—so it can be tough to avoid a cruise on which the highlight of the evening is a lumbago lecture and the pouring of warm milk. The good news is that if you plan carefully, you can cast off on a love boat full of nonstop action.

Off-season cruises seem to have the highest quotient of young passengers, and the Pacific Princess (Princess Cruise Line) and the Tropicale (Carnival Lines) have reputations as fun ships out of Los Angeles. (The Tropicale used to sail from Miami.) Other summer cruises that may have more than their fair share of singles are sailings of the Daphne (Costa Cruises) out of Vancouver, British Columbia, heading north through the Inside Passage to Alaska. The Rotterdam (Holland America Cruises) and the Sagafjord (Norwegian American Line) also ply Alaskan waters. The Veracruz (Bahama Cruise Line) sails every other Friday throughout the summer from New York past Cape Cod to Nova Scotia, then to Montreal and back. Obviously a better choice than, say, around the world on the Queen Elizabeth II if you are among the young and the restless.

Journeys of a week or less to the Caribbean, especially in the off-season summer months, are good examples of the rule that the shorter the time spent at sea, the less aged your companions are likely to be. The Cunard Countess (Cunard Line), the Carla C. (Costa Cruises) and the Dolphin (Paquet Cruises) offer trips as short as three or four days.

Last, but certainly not least, Singleworld (444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022; 212-758-2433) specializes in travel for singles.



..... HERE'S A JAZZ CLUB in Barbados that night people end up in after hours. They come in hot from the streets, fight their way to the bar for an ice-cold Banks beer and take it easy taking it all in. Tonight, there's a big deal going down. Lord Short Shoe wants the monkey. He says he's willing to pay.

Because the tropical night is sensuous and kinetic and full of potential, no one wants to go home when the reggae stops at Alexandra's or the Paradise Club, when the last dreadlocked Rastaman digs the last juicy note out of his bass guitar. They hunger for something more, thinking that they'll be stealing from themselves if they don't get it, that in a place like Bridgetown, there's something going on somewhere and it won't be right unless they're in on it, too.

So they come in from the streets any time after midnight, a damp ocean breeze gently coaxing them through the wrought-iron gate that leads up the stairs to the second story of this run-down Victorian relic, its pink gingerbread crumbling with termites.

They push through the crowd at the

door, into an atmosphere of latent sex and laughing words and jazz, past the drunks and the heroes, past the world-class drifters and the lean sailors, the silent dealers, the civil servants and the deadly men with politics in their heads, the sunburned tourists and the beautiful Bajan women, who flare their dark eyes as white men rub past them and say, "Here now, watch yourself, boy. You think you can handle a brown-skin gy-ur!"

At the bar, customers wait several minutes for a bottle of Banks to be snapped down in front of them by the lanky bartender, who's got on sunglasses and an undersized T-shirt with the logo SURVIVAL TOUR '79. It's not like the rum shops on the side streets and alleys: There's paint on the walls, people generally mind their own business and the clientele seem safely cosmopolitan.

The jazz is sweet enough to keep a dying man alive until the set is over. Sitting in at a table next to the musicians, there's a stunning black woman singing a soft scat that explores the melody just below the acoustical level of the instruments. The lady is Melandra Good-

night, backup vocal for the calypsonian from Antigua, Lord Short Shoe. The group performed earlier tonight at the cricket stadium. Melandra's still dressed in the white sequined gown she wears onstage, a piece of sartorial luminescence in front of the spotlights, string straps supporting melon breasts that spark like the flashbulbs of *paparazzi*, the skirt slit on both sides to the top of her hipbones. What a picture Melandra presents onstage when she spreads out her glowing black legs and the front and back flaps of her gown swing down between them like a long, elegant loincloth, her hips marking the frantic beat while she grips the microphone with both hands and sings, sings with every inch of her body. Women respond to her with admiration and awe and envy. The sight of Melandra cripples men with lust.

Eyes closed in concentration, her head bobbing, she's floating in the jazz. A Scandinavian tourist, on his first trip to the New World, stares at her freely, wondering if he should move closer, be bold enough to sit at her table, buy her another Coca-Cola, which she seems to be drinking. At (continued on page 134)

*the air is wet and dripping, the rum is flowing,
the scene is set for another man to want melandra*

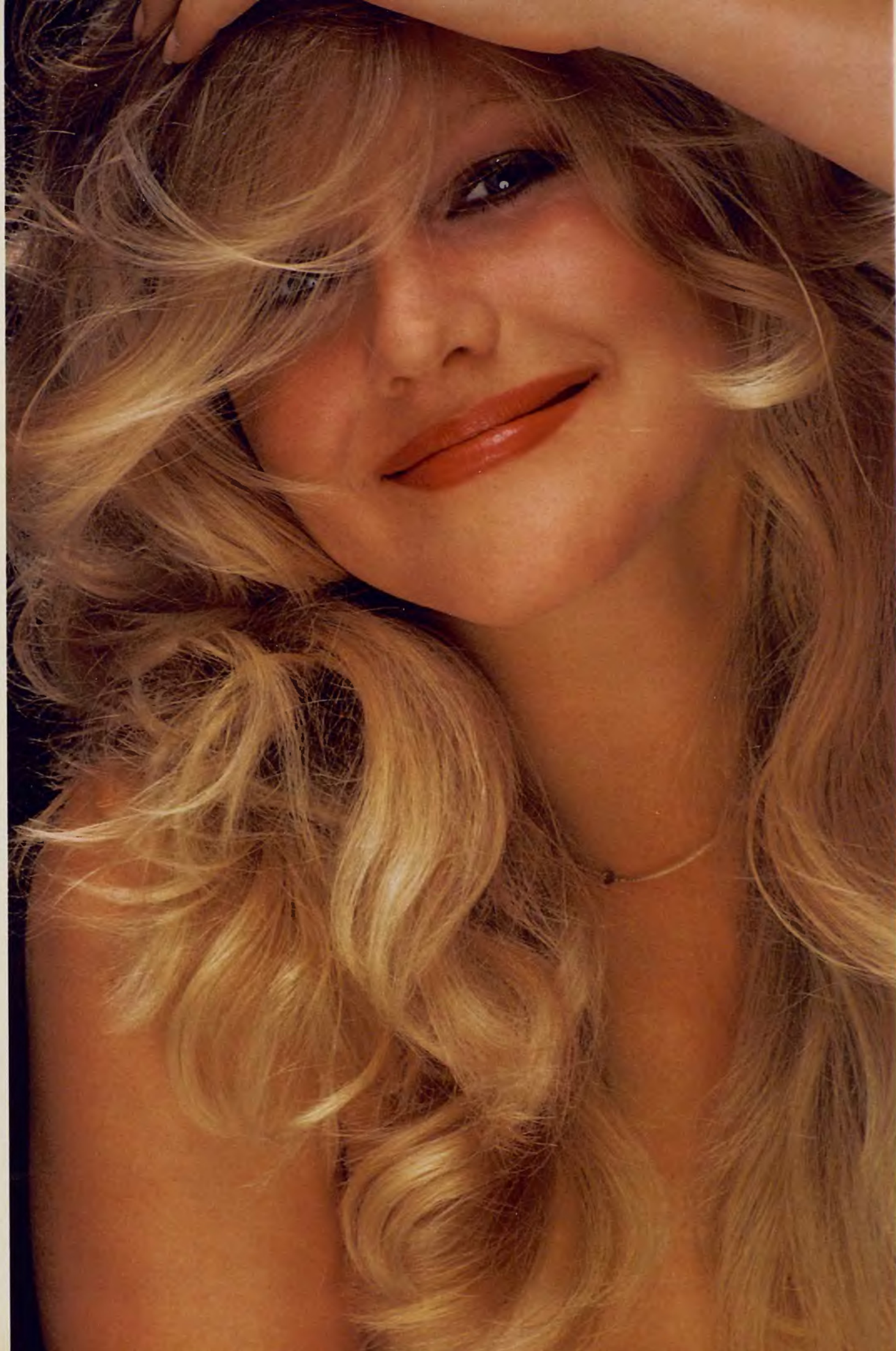
LORD
SHORT
SHOE
WANTS
THE
MONKEY

fiction

BY BOB SHACCOCHIS



Fig 24-82



SOME PEOPLE can make you happy by just being around them. Lynda Wiesmeier is one of those people. And don't think it's just that killer figure that puts the smile on your face, either. It's her whole attitude: friendly, relaxed and so cheerful you'd think every day was her birthday.

"My parents are very easygoing," she explains, "and I guess I just picked it up from them. I don't really worry about anything.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

I think about things a lot, but I never worry."

So what's to worry about? As a model, this 19-year-old Californian manages to keep fairly busy just by word of mouth. While most mannequins are constantly

Swimming, skiing, jogging and eating make life fun for Lynda, who's usually "working, working out, sleeping or cooking."

LIFE WITH LYNDA

the unruffled miss wiesmeier has a disposition as sunny as a california summer





on the phone to their agencies, Lynda often picks up one job while on another.

Still, there are days when the magic doesn't work; then Lynda fills in as a girl Friday in a medical office, where her responsibilities include "filing, filing and more filing. I love the people there, but the actual work is booooooring!"

Lynda's third career, as an actress, is off to, well, an unusual start. Lynda was "the Blonde" in the Ralph Bakshi film *American Pop*. Hmmmm, you say, doesn't Bakshi make *animated* films?

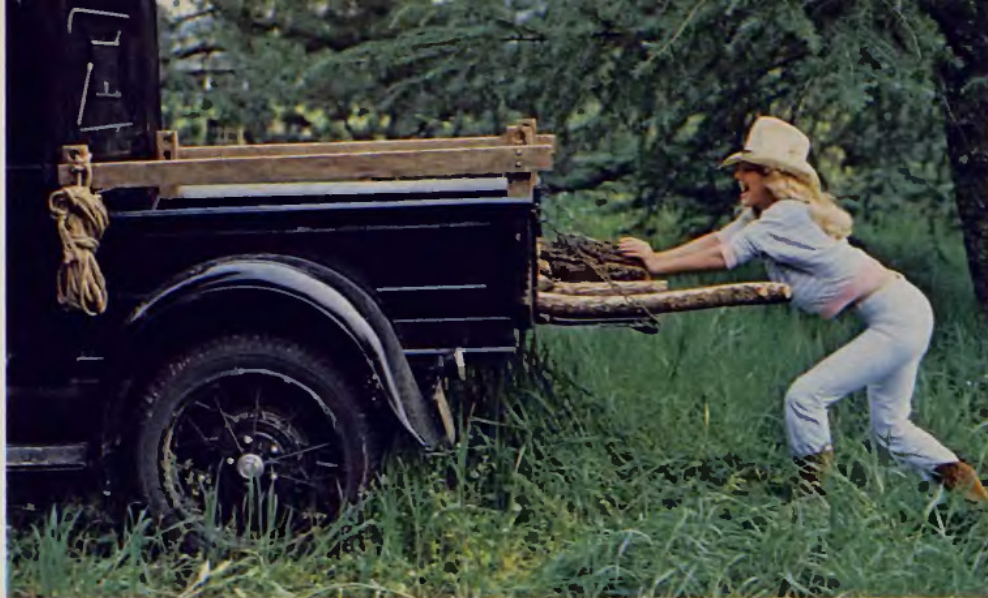
"Sure," Lynda says, "but they shoot it just like an ordinary film—same voice, same actions. Then they roto-scope it; they take each little frame of film and color it in. It takes more than a year to do it. My part took about a week's work for about five minutes onscreen."

It was, in fact, a great five minutes. Unfortunately, a large portion of the moviegoing public, including Lynda, took a pass on seeing it.

"I heard that it was a terrible movie, that the animation was good but the story line was rather hard to follow. Plus, you had to be in your



Although she gets her share of stares, Lynda's unimpressed with herself. "My 'attractiveness' doesn't affect me; I've lived with myself my whole life, after all. I think a person should be confident but not to the point of being egotistical."



Is there gold for Lynda in them thar Hollywood Hills? "It would be nice to make a lot of money. I sure don't have a lot now. But I've met a lot of millionaires who aren't happy, so money is obviously not the key to happiness. I'd rather do something I'm happy doing than be concerned about money." Left: She keeps on truckin'.



30s to really understand it.

"I was up for the lead in *Fire and Ice*, the new Bakshi film, but after doing tests and seeing if the artists could draw me, Bakshi said I looked too much like a California girl. I was supposed to be like a cat woman. I guess I wasn't vicious enough, so I didn't get the part."

This particular California girl was born in Washington, D.C., and actually began her education in Bitburg, Germany, where her father was a doctor in the U. S. Air Force.

She learned to speak German there because "in kindergarten, if you didn't speak German, you didn't have any friends. When I came back to the U. S., everyone made fun of me because I spoke German and didn't



Getting that first big break is tough for a young actress, no matter how talented she is. "The problem," Lynda says, "is that people always want to see what you have already done, not what you actually can do."



speak English." After subsequent stops in New Jersey and Washington State, Lynda's family finally settled in the Los Angeles area.

"I like the weather in L.A.," she says, "and, strangely enough, I like the Hollywood part of it, the showbiz, even though I'm not really a part of it yet."

But easygoing Lynda isn't in a big hurry. "There are lots of things I'd like to do, but I think I have a little time before I have to make up my mind."





On the job (left) at her medical-office gig for a dermatology group, Lynda is alert to instructions. While her strengths are obvious, Lynda is also attuned to her weaknesses. For instance, she has already nixed singing as a career, "because I've heard myself!"



Out and about in L.A., Lynda inflicts serious damage on a watermelon slice (above), manages to look good even while marketing (below right) and treats herself to a relaxing sun bath on a calm lake (below left). She obviously enjoys working in front of the camera. "I love modeling," she says. "I get to meet new people and see new places. It's never the same from one day to the next."





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Linda Wiesmeier

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 115 SIGN: Gemini

BIRTH DATE: 5-30-63 BIRTHPLACE: Washington, D.C.

AMBITIONS: To revisit all the places
I've lived in the past

TURN-ONS: Eating, compliments, traveling, art,
down-to-earth people, country living

TURN-OFFS: Waiting in line, people who are late,
my dying plants, high-heeled shoes

FAVORITE MOVIES: Raiders of the Lost Ark, Das Boot,
Arthur, An Golden Pond, Doctor Zhivago

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jane Fonda, Johnny Carson,
Katharine Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Barbra Streisand

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skating, jogging, aerobics, swimming

IDEAL MAN: Confident, attractive, well-dressed,
tall, funny, caring, gentle, honest

SECRET FANTASY: To never hear anyone
say no to me

2 yrs.

6 yrs.

17 yrs.



Next stop, senility
Fräulein Wiesmeier
in
Bitburg, Germany
High School
Sweetheart

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why on earth do you refer to your boyfriend by that odd nickname Contempt," the girl was asked, "when you two are supposed to have such an ideal relationship?"

"That's precisely why I call him that," she replied with a knowing smile. "It's because I'm so often beneath Contempt."

And then there was the well-juiced tavern regular who went on and on about freeing the Seagram's Seven.

I had a date last night with a fascinating guy," reported the stenographer. "He's one of those actors who don't speak but just use gestures and facial expressions."

"And was it," inquired the office acid tongue, "a mime-blowing experience?"



Since my girlfriend Patty has started to use a training bra," mused the 13-year-old to his best friend, "I wonder if there's such a thing as a training rubber."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbatory exhaustion* as being out of whack.

*Perplexed, a shy virgin named Plummer
Asked, "What's there to do in the summer?"
She declined and declined
Till approached from behind . . .
When her summer turned out quite a bummer!*

You certainly aren't the communicative type," commented the girl as the pickup couple were undressing.

"No, I guess I'm not," muttered the man. He lapsed again into silence until he had dropped his shorts, when he added, pointing, "I do all my talking with this."

"God help me!" the girl exclaimed, taking a long look at his crotch. "Is that all you'll have to say?"

Fragment of airport-bar conversation: "The best eating's on Air France. Man, oh, man—what stews!"

My next-door neighbor threatened to take me to court because her husband became sexually aroused when I sun-bathed nude," the girl told a friend.

"So what did you do?" she was asked.

"I put up a hedge against inflation."

An elementary school had computerized the personnel data on its pupils and had the children take print-outs home for parents to check. "But look, Mommy," one little girl squealed, stabbing a finger at the form, "they've given me an F in sex, and I haven't hardly learned about it yet!"

Maybe I'm not the world's most expert lover," the young man muttered to the girl in the motel-room bed, "but things might somehow improve if you'd grind your ass instead of your teeth."

There's an American Express card holder who's a firm believer in early-morning sex. He never leaves home without it.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *little-finger fucking* as hanky-pinky.

*Quite lewdly, a sailor named Bass
Made pregnant a victimized lass.
When the girl produced quints,
They were taken as hints
That Bass had made semen first class.*



The favorite activity during Fire Island cook-outs is said to be slipping the meat between guests' buns.

It was a miracle, a miracle!" the old man shouted, waking up his wife. "When I went to the bathroom just now, the light came on, though I hadn't touched the switch . . . and then, when I was finished, the light went off again, all by itself! It was a miracle, I tell you—a real miracle!"

"It wasn't any miracle, George," his wife sighed resignedly. "You just pissed in the refrigerator again."

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.



"As the gardener, you never get to see the garden from this view, do you?"

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •





LE TOUR DE FRANCE is the Grand Prix of bicycle racing. Since its first running in 1903, this marathon has attracted the best cyclists from all over the world. I spent several years knocking around the Continent in the early Sixties and sketched Jacques Anquetil and Raymond Poulidor when their Tour de France rivalry was at its peak. Now a new endurance star has appeared. These days, Bernard Hinault often wears the *maillot jaune*—the yellow jersey—of the race leader. This marathon winds a course through France and adjacent countries and ends, almost a month later, under the Arc de Triomphe. No sport utilizes a more varied and beautiful landscape: from the orchards of Normandy, the Loire Valley château country and the Bordeaux wine region to the Pyrenees and Provence; along the Côte d'Azur; across treacherous Alpine peaks. It is a spectacular picture-postcard route through the gorgeous and abundant countryside that provided so many motifs for Cézanne, Van Gogh and Renoir. Provincial dwellings empty as their inhabitants line the roadways for miles, hysterically welcoming the athletes, handing out refreshments and cheering as they race on. This scene is repeated again and again along the route, reaching a tumultuous climax as the racers enter Paris. From my balcony on the second floor of the Hotel Regina, with the Eiffel Tower looming in the distance and the gold statue of Jeanne d'Arc below me, I watch as the weary riders relentlessly pedal full speed around bends over cabblesstones made slick by a fine Parisian drizzle. They cross the Tuileries, leave the Louvre behind and shoot up the Rue de Rivoli, lapping the gardens six times before riding up the Champs Elysées in glory, to be greeted by the president of the republic under Napoleon's grand archway. —L.N.

"His attention turns to Melandra. He begins to throb; it starts in his heart and works down."

least, she has one hand wrapped around a half-empty bottle of it, the long, red-tipped fingers encircling the glass. The inevitable image rises in his brain and he can't get rid of it, can't stop imagining that hand on him, so he turns away to watch the musicians.

There are seven of them, seven old black men, five parked on wooden chairs arranged in a semicircle in the shadowy corner, the sixth on one side caressing the keys of an ancient upright, the seventh dusting the traps on the opposite side, behind Melandra, all of them unmindful of the audience, unmindful of the years and years on the road spreading the Gospel of jazz to houses that loved the message but not always the messengers. They have come here, like everybody else, to take it easy, to do what they want. And there's no way you can put your finger on what they're doing. One ear hears a tangle of roots, the other a hedge of flowering hibiscus and Melandra's voice dipping from bloom to bloom like a hummingbird.

The Scandinavian tourist stands there taking it all in, drinking two or three more Banks. More and more, his attention returns to Melandra. He begins to throb; it starts in his heart and works its way down. His hand shakes somewhat as he lights a cigarette. She's moaning now, following the saxophone up into the hills, into the bush. The air is suddenly wet and dripping and all the tourist smells is her sex. A monkey screams nearby. Something somewhere is howling. *My God!* People turn to look at the Scandinavian. He reels down the length of the bar to get outside on the balcony.

On the narrow balcony that hangs over Front Street, Harter and Short Shoe are squeezed around a tiny café table, several bottles of Guinness between them, the white man passive and serious, the black man passive and serious, trying to come to terms. The monkey is there, too, behaving itself, eating coco plums and a wedge of papaya. Both men look up briefly at the guy who comes staggering out from inside the club, knocking into chairs, his eyes glassy, his crisp chinos stretched by a terrific hard-on. A coke-head, thinks Harter. He looks back at Short Shoe, who nods with insincere pity.

"Dere's anuddah white mahn come too close to Melandra," Short Shoe says. Harter, irritated by the calypso singer's sly, mocking tone, sighs and flicks his

cigarette down into the empty street.

"What's wrong, bruddah?" Short Shoe says. "You calnt take a joke?"

Harter insists he doesn't want to sell the monkey, says he loves it but talks like he has a price, even though his one proposition so far was said in jest; at least that's what Short Shoe figured, and Short Shoe wants the monkey, wants it to put in his act to promote his recent hit, *Dis Country Need a Monkey*:

We need a monkey
To govern dis country
Take any monkey
From any monkey tree
Give him a big car
Ahnd a pretty secretaree
Den dis little monkey
Make a big monkey
Outta we.

There are four more verses, each progressively broadening the insult against the island's prime minister. When the record aired on Radio Antilles last month, the fellows at Government House in Antigua sat down to discuss the pros and cons of grabbing Short Shoe and giving him a lesson in lyric writing. He got the word that the big shots were visibly unhappy with him, knew it was only temporary but decided it was time to take the band out to the islands, work down the chain to Trinidad and then maybe a couple of dates in Georgetown before taking the show north to Brooklyn and Toronto. He was airborne in a yellow Liat Avro even before the bookings were confirmed. The performances they've done already have been sellouts, sneak-ins, crowd crazy. The record shops in each place can't keep the 45 stocked.

But Short Shoe knows that something is missing in the repertoire. He has a fondness for props and gimmicks and drama, anything that will make him stand out and contribute to his growing legend. Wearing shoes with the toes cut out of them was a decision of this nature. They symbolized, he said, his boyhood and his background, his ties with the people. When his momma couldn't afford anything but trouble, her son inherited charity shoes from the Bosom of Love First Baptist Church. No size seemed to fit him, so he chopped off the toes of the pair that appealed to him—dusty black wing tips—with his machete. He wore them for eight years. Now he wears Adidas with his meaty toes sticking out the front. He will not tolerate

any humor about big feet. The shoes, he says, are a symbol, not a joke.

Melandra joined the group with the debut of *Coffee Grinder*. During the chorus, Short Shoe would leap up against her and grind away at her from behind. With the song *Leggo Tourist Lady*, he became more ambitious. On the beach, he found a plump white girl down vacationing from the States. Prepared to pay, in one way or another, for her services, he was still not at all surprised when she immediately agreed to accommodate him in any way she could. He waited for carnival and the calypso-king competition. He waited until the end of the set to do the song. As he began the second verse, she pranced out onstage from the wings and took his arm, put her pink cheek against his chest. "Leggo lady," he sang and shook her off. She persisted, hugging him around the waist. "Leggo tourist lady," he sang breathlessly and danced away from her. She fell to her knees and crawled after him, wrapping her arms around his shins, trying to pull him down. "Leggo tourist leggo." The crowd on the parade grounds took up the chant. The percussionists banged down into it, unleashing total bacchanal, a frenzied, drunken spree. Short Shoe sank lower and lower onto the white girl until almost on top of her. Then the horns blasted back into the beat and Melandra, undaunted Melandra, pulled Short Shoe up by his ear and kicked him in the ass. He finished the song in triumph.

The King.

He realizes that he has a reputation to uphold, that he must give the people all he can, and in return, they will love him and allow him the wealth they themselves will never have. There's a vision he's had since he first picked out the notes of the monkey tune on the old Buck Owens guitar, red-white-and-blue-paneled, he keeps next to his bed. He sees himself as he knows his fans must see him under the lights: clean and big and randy, his beard the right stroke of revolution, a savior in extra-snug white bell bottoms or, at least, a prophet, the voice of his people, a bull, a rogue angel, a star.

He sees himself onstage. The shrill brass salutes Melandra's entrance with the monkey. They dress the little fucker in an executive-blue shirt jac and school-boy shorts. The word boss is screened on the back of the monkey's shirt in red letters. Melandra straps a toy holster and pistol around the primate's waist. The monkey dances around in a circle, does back flips, pretends to shoot at the crowd with the gun. At the end of the song, the monkey hops onto Short Shoe, climbs him like a tree and, balancing on top of

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FEATHERWEIGHT CHAMPIONS

*knockout threads that
put a colorful punch
back into summer*

attire By DAVID PLATT

JUST AS YOU DON'T have to be a 200-pound heavyweight to pack a powerhouse right, so the simplest of this summer's menswear can have strength and impact through delicacy. One secret is the use of subtle colors—and this season's palette, as we've mentioned in previous months, is refreshingly liberal. The Henley-neck shirt pictured on the following page would be just another short-sleeved pullover if it

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI



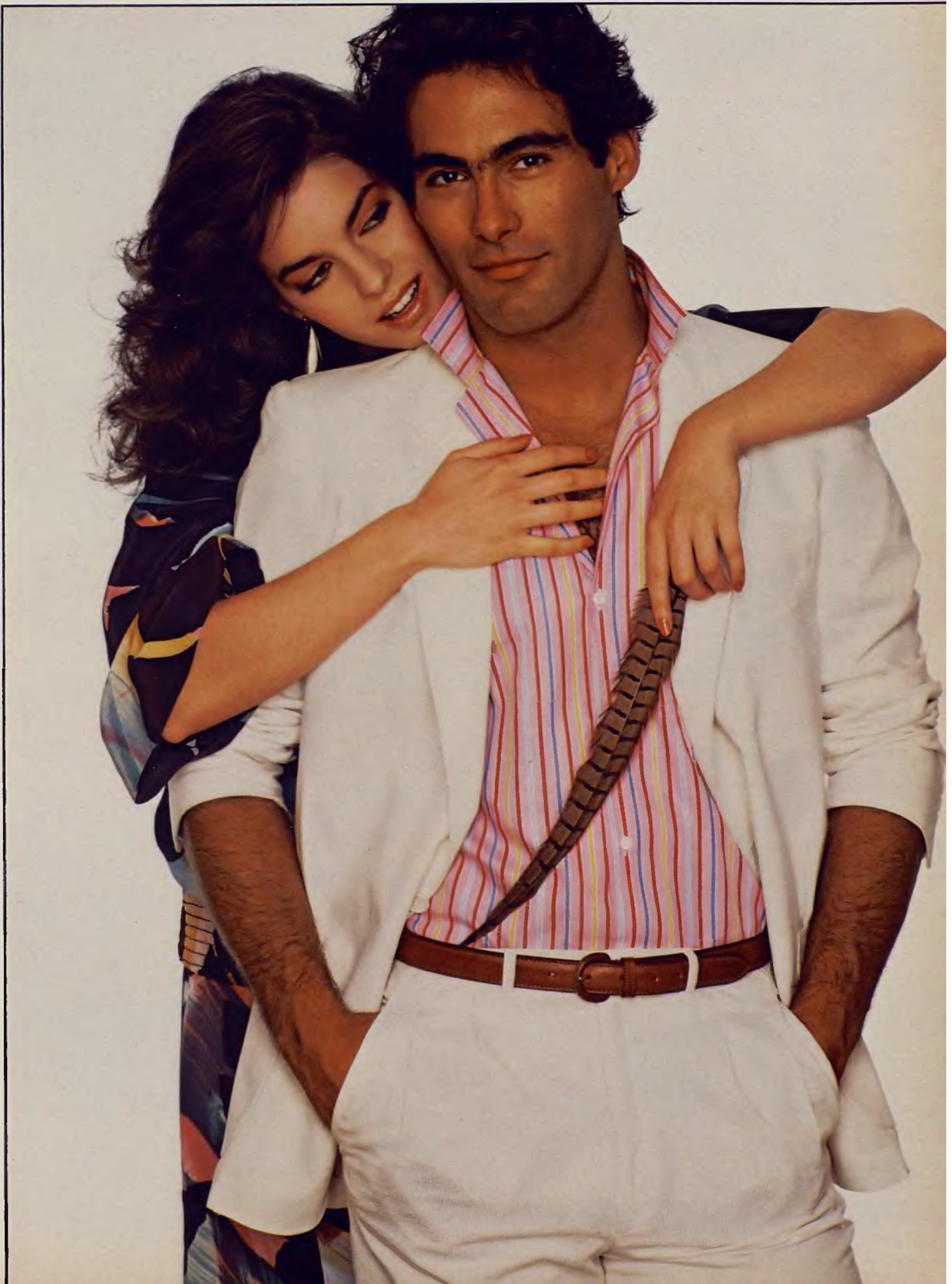
Above: Although our featherweight-fashion feature this month covers a variety of looks from unconstructed jackets to silk slacks, often a simple shirt and shorts are what you'll spend most summer weekends in. And if you do, here's a duo to try: a silk long-sleeved V-neck *pointelle* pullover with rib-knit trim, \$65, worn with silk poplin double-pleated shorts featuring adjustable waist tabs and side pockets, about \$40, both by Squash for Morgan Ayres.

weren't for the fact that it's available in a smashing shade of teal blue. And when it's combined with an excitingly colored accessory—in this case, an offbeat blue lizardskin belt—and a pair of white silk slacks, we think the over-all look is a knockout. Incidentally, when combining a short-sleeved shirt with an unconstructed jacket, wear the jacket sleeves pushed up to avoid the "My, how our boy is growing like a weed" look that can happen when no cuffs show. Lightweight jackets, slacks, shirts and pullovers all add up to an easygoing summer filled with styles that will surely tickle the fancy of the opposite sex—and be a feather in your fashion cap, too.

Below: Even in a tie, this fellow isn't about to lose his summer cool, as his wardrobe includes a cotton/linen single-breasted jacket with notch collar and two patch pockets, by Lynn Novok for Justin, Ltd., \$206; cotton/polyester double-pleated slacks with on-seam pockets and straight legs, by Skeets, \$35; a cotton/polyester short-sleeved tone-on-tone striped shirt, by Hennessy for Von Heusen, \$22.50; and a leather belt with a brass buckle, by Frye, \$9.50. (His aforementioned tie, by Vicky Davis, about \$12.)



Above: This tough, featherweight-fashion look that's tickling her fancy (his, too) includes a crepe de Chine short-sleeved shirt with a Henley neck and an asymmetrical button-panel front, \$85; white silk slacks with belt loops, side angle pockets and straight legs, \$200, both by Valentino Uomo for Chesa; and a blue lizardskin belt with a brass buckle, by Frye, \$9.50. Right: An open-and-shut case for lightweight threads—not to mention fun with a feather—includes a cotton seersucker suit with a ventless jacket featuring notch lapels, and double-pleated straight-legged trousers, by Structure for Barney Sompson, \$250; a cotton short-sleeved shirt, by Gary Miller for Mashe, \$42; and a leather belt, by Polo for Ralph Lauren, \$60.



THE DAYS OF SWINE AND ROSÉS

*this summer, go whole hog with a surfeit
of light wines served up at a luau-style pignic*

food and drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**



LOOKING FOR the ingredients that will turn just one more summer outing with the gang into a great day? Simple! Ply your *amigos* with light wines and a succulent porker roasted luau style, in an open pit. The preparation is as easy as the prospect is alluring, and one thing's certain:

The party won't be boaring. The porker does double duty as the star of the menu and the center of activity. You'll find all hands eagerly pitching in—digging a pit, gathering stones to line the trench, preparing a marinade and nursing charcoal briquettes to the proper gray-ash stage. Don't overcharcoal,



however, or you'll have a furnace. Moderate temperature is preferable; that way, the skin gets crispy brown and the meat becomes tender and juicy. Once you've tucked your porker into a bed of ashes (directions for ordering your pig and complete cooking instructions follow), it's time to open the

wine. *Vin rosé* is a delightful quaff for an outdoor frolic and a perfect foil for pork. One shouldn't look for elegance or complexity in rosés. True, not all pink wines are distinguished; nevertheless, exemplary rosés are made in all the finer vineyard areas. There (concluded on page 192) 139

"There's an urge gnawing away at him, growing out of control. He makes his proposition."

Short Shoe's woolly head, pulls down its tiny shorts and moons the audience. Glorious. This is what Short Shoe pictures in his mind, but so far he hasn't been able to re-create it for the world.

The first time they tried to use a monkey was in St. Kitts. The monkey bolted offstage as soon as Melandra let go of it, never to be seen again. In Montserrat, Short Shoe made his next attempt, asking around if anybody had a domesticated monkey for sale. Nobody had one on hand, but as soon as the news spread that Short Shoe wanted a monkey, every ragged kid on the island went up into the mountains to find him one. Out of the many brought down from the bush, he chose the one that seemed the calmest. He purchased a light chain at the hardware store; some ganja-soothed Rastafarian in a leather shop took a day making the monkey a little collar. The calypsonian introduced the monkey into the act three nights later. Short Shoe clipped his end of the leash around his wrist so his hands would be unencumbered while he danced and sang. When Melandra tried to put clothes on the monkey, the monkey sprang onto Short Shoe's thigh, viciously biting him over and over. The music stopped, the band members rushed to help. The monkey drew blood from all of them before they could unfasten the leash from Short Shoe's wrist. But the dream still lives for Short Shoe. It is a good idea, and good ideas make money. He knows he can make it work if he can only find the right monkey. As always, the knowledge that he must give the people what they want drives him onward.

Indeed, before he even reached Barbados two days ago, the word had been passed through the grapevine that Short Shoe was looking for a monkey. Anybody who gave any thought to the problem arrived at the same solution: Hahtah got himself a good monkey. And that's what they told Short Shoe when he landed.

"So what about it?" Harter says. "You like this jazz stuff?"

"Yeah, nice," Short Shoe answers quickly, peering around as though his attention should be elsewhere. He's tired of bullshitting, which is a very new feeling for him, but all he can think about is getting the monkey. They've gone through five rounds of Guinness and gotten nowhere. Harter has been tonelessly monologuing diesel engines and Hollywood. The monkey looks bored, rolling

a papaya seed under its hairy forefinger around the wet tabletop. Short Shoe decides it's good strategy to call for a bottle of gold rum.

Nobody knows much about Harter, but everybody claims to know him, and everybody has a different version of who the slim, aloof, blond American living in quiet luxury out on Bathsheba Beach is and what he's doing on the island. He's going to build a hotel; he's filming feature-length pornography; he runs a safe house for Bolivian smugglers; he's a retired pirate; he's involved in some baroque deal with the government, a casino or a banking scam; he's a Hollywood star who decided to chuck it all; he's CIA investigating that Cuban plane somebody blew out of the air a while ago. Nobody knows, but everybody's sure it's something big, because in his quietness, in his stylish solitude, in his tense but confident movements, Harter appears to be a man of importance.

The waiter brings the bottle of gold rum, two clean glasses, a small bucket of melting ice. Short Shoe pours a full load for both of them. As politely as a boy scout, the monkey reaches into the bucket, fishes around and takes one small piece of ice to suck. He watches Harter expectantly, letting out little chirps every once in a while, birdlike and questioning.

"My monkey here has a lot of talent," Harter says assertively. "You couldn't ask for a better monkey."

For lack of much else to do, Harter has been training the monkey for the past six months. Somebody out at Bathsheba shot its mother for a stew, found the terrified baby clinging to a dead teat underneath her protective arms. Harter heard about it and, on impulse, went to see the hunter. The mother's skin, pink and fly-covered, was stretched and nailed to dry on the door of the man's shanty. Not knowing exactly what to do with the baby, the hunter placed it inside one of the many empty oil drums in his dirt yard for safekeeping until the proper time came for him to study the situation. Harter stared down into the darkness and saw the honey-sheened, cat-sized ball of baby monkey hiding its face, trembling in the absurd immensity of the drum. He paid 50 cents for the three-month-old vervet. He named it Frank. They had had some good times together.

"Desc monkey too much like politi-

cian," Short Shoe says, now readily suspicious of both breeds. "How I know dis monkey trustable?"

"Because I said he is, pal." Harter is trying to work himself up to the deal.

"Take it easy, mahn." Short Shoe explains what it is he wants the monkey to do in the act. Harter, another State Express stuck in his mouth, stands up and slaps the surface of the table.

"Come here, Frank," he says. The monkey scurries out of its chair onto the table, stops erect in the center of it at the point Harter has indicated. Like a gymnastics coach, Harter works through a dry run of a back flip with the monkey, picking it up and turning it in the air and setting it back down. He does the routine three times, finally rewarding Frank with a coco plum from a canvas bag next to his chair.

"OK, Frank," Harter says, taking a step back from the table. He snaps his fingers and the monkey executes a precise back flip, landing in a half crouch right in place, the bottle and glasses undisturbed. "Again," Harter commands, snapping his fingers. Frank does it again. Harter takes another step away from the table. "To me, Frank, to me," Harter says. The monkey back flips off the table, onto Harter's shoulder, and is given a coco plum. Frank squeezes the fruit as if it were a lump of clay.

"Hey!" yells Short Shoe, jumping up from the table. "Hey!" he yells to nobody in particular. "You see daht? My God, mahn, dis a smaht monkey. I must have dis fella."

"Sit down and let's talk about it," Harter says. The three of them, black, white and monkey, take their former seats. Harter doesn't want to sell the monkey, but he does have something else in mind, something that lodged there like a wild bullet the first night Short Shoe brought the band to the island and Harter went to catch the show. There's an urge gnawing away at him, growing out of control. He makes his proposition, the same one he joked about before.

"Holy Christ," Short Shoe says, withdrawing, but he's already puzzling over the diplomacy he will have to use to make it happen.

The success of their negotiation can be measured by the bottle. Two thirds full and they're both still insisting the other wants too much. At the halfway mark, Harter is assuring himself that Short Shoe will come across and the calypsonian realizes he will, after all, leave the place with the monkey. The details just have to be fleshed out. With only a shot left for each of them in the bottle, the deal is struck, and they toast each other. Short Shoe will take the monkey on tour for six weeks and then return it to Barbados. Harter will take

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Nancy Reagan's Scrapbook

humor By Gerald Gardner



Well, Washington is colder than Santa Barbara but prettier than Sacramento - Ronnie thinks my keeping a White House scrapbook is a "capital" idea.

Nancy

With my "Kids" - 1958



Inauguration Day

...the Oval Office



Ronnie + George



At the ranch



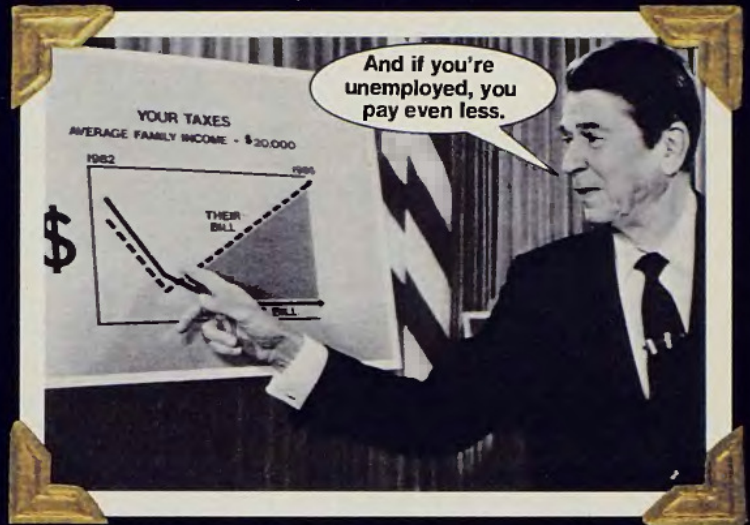
Ronnie + Al at a big meeting



Campaigning in Texas



Ronnie explains the tax cut



Ronnie "Meets the press"



A business lunch



In the Rose Garden



"Home on the Range"



SKIDMORE

(continued from page 111)

"It didn't take long to hear tales of rape, torture and murder so gruesome they made my skin crawl."

When people lose confidence in the courts and the police, they'll protect themselves any way they can. The law was no help to the people in Skidmore. They had to get rid of McElroy themselves and they knew it."

Lance pauses and our eyes lock.

"If you want to know the truth, I expected this to happen sooner than it did. There's an old saying I believe in: 'The will of the people is the law of the land.' Although technically a crime was committed in Skidmore, the will of the people was served."

Lance tilts his chin for the last drop of coffee and rises to leave. "You know," he says suddenly, turning back to the table and lingering as though he's had a revelation, "what happened in Skidmore is just like this John Lennon thing. The Beatles' music ruined a whole generation of our young people, but you couldn't stop them, because the Constitution guarantees everyone—good and bad—the right to free expression. Obviously, killing John Lennon was against the law, even though the guy who did it did us all a big favor. It was the same thing up in Skidmore. The means were bad, but the net result was good." He glances at his wrist watch. "Hey, I really got to run. Nice talking to you." We shake hands and he disappears.

A few minutes later, a doughy teenager with frizzy hair slinks into the café and buys a pack of cigarettes. Above his Levis he wears a white T-shirt with blue lettering that neatly expresses the prevailing local sentiment about Ken Rex McElroy's murder.

WHO SHOT K.R.? the shirt says on the front. WHO GIVES A DAMN? says the back.

The town appears abruptly as you crest a hill: SKIDMORE POPULATION 447, the sign announces, and beyond it, a narrow ribbon of closely spaced white houses cuts an arrow-straight swath through fields of corn and soybeans that press right up against the edges of mowed lawns. This is serious farm country: From St. Joe, the road to Skidmore winds over a roller coaster of hills that from April to November are blanketed by a patchwork quilt of cultivated grain. The farmhouses, most of which are set far apart, are plain clapboard affairs with rusting machinery scattered in the yards and, near many of them, a fenced rectangle of bare earth containing hogs. Every few miles,

you pass through a little town identifiable chiefly by its grain elevator: Savannah, Maitland, Graham and, finally, Skidmore. If you acknowledge the fact that the 40th parallel roughly divides America laterally and that the 95th meridian halves the country longitudinally, then Skidmore, which happens to be where they intersect, is the geographic center of America.

At first glance, Skidmore seems surprisingly small—much smaller even than you'd expect of a town with fewer than 500 inhabitants. After following the row of houses for maybe a quarter mile, you arrive suddenly at the business section, which would fit comfortably within the boundaries of a football field. At one end of town looms the requisite grain elevator and feed store; at the other, where Missouri 113 makes an abrupt turn east, are a pair of old-fashioned gas stations, a bank, a grocery, a beauty salon (open by appointment only) and a hardware store. Between those goal lines are a small brick building that houses Inez Boyer's café and the squat, steel-sided honky-tonk called the D & G Tavern. Across the street is the Skidmore post office, the only sign of life in a block of abandoned concrete buildings that record a prosperity now faded. On the whole, Skidmore has the look—exhausted, anachronistic—of a town that's being wasted by a cancer. In this case, the cancer is the Nodaway County seat of Maryville, 12 miles northeast, whose three factories, shopping malls and neon-lit saloons are so attractive to the rural population that Skidmore can no longer compete.

It was the tail end of summer, just before harvest, when I arrived in Skidmore to study the failure of the American legal system as represented by McElroy's killing. Everything seemed so clear back then: McElroy, I'd been told, was a sadistic bully who had terrorized the town for decades; the citizens of Skidmore were law-abiding folk who had begged the sheriff and the prosecutor to protect them and who resorted to murder only when there appeared to be no alternative.

But after a month in northwest Missouri, nothing appeared quite so clear as it had from the distance. First, the fabled monolith of opinion about the righteousness of the murder shattered with the slightest probing. Next, I was unable to find any substantial evidence that McElroy had been the extraordi-

nary criminal people said he was. I checked the court records in six counties; I questioned state and local policemen; and I discovered that while McElroy had frequently been accused of crimes and had stood trial, his record was clean enough for him to have run for public office.

Likewise, McElroy's contravention of justice through terrorism proved difficult to locate. I couldn't find a prosecutor or a policeman in northwest Missouri who could remember a single witness who'd formally requested protection from McElroy. Even Lance's claims that McElroy had intimidated witnesses were suspect. When questioned, those witnesses said they were arrested without charges and held without bail until they agreed to testify. Soon after they were released, they refuted their testimony and Lance, who could have charged them with wrongful oath, dropped the case.

Even so, it didn't take long to hear plenty of horror stories about McElroy—tales of rape, torture, child molesting and murder so gruesome they made my skin crawl. But I heard some chilling stories about the respectable, God-fearing families who killed him, too: stories about how Hangman's Bridge (which crosses the Nodaway River west of Skidmore) was so named because of the rustlers who were introduced to justice while swinging from its stout oak frame; about an itinerant hired man named Razco, who was lynched north of Skidmore after a farmer's wife accused him of raping her; about Raymond Gunn, a young black man who was burned to death by a mob in Maryville; and about Chester Leggans, a so-called thief and troublemaker, who was murdered six years ago in the presence of witnesses who all swore they hadn't seen a thing.


Like Alden Lance, a lot of people could make a brutal public execution sound reasonable and justified right up to the point where they compared it with the murder of John Lennon.

The first person I met in town was Harry Sumy, a rail-thin elderly gentleman with stubbled cheeks, who owns the service station about 30 yards from the spot where McElroy was killed. While Sumy filled my tank, we chatted about the weather, which was hot and dry, perfect for the harvest. When I asked about the killing, the crow's-feet around his eyes wrinkled and all traces of spontaneity vanished. After that, he spoke in a careful, practiced tone, as though he were reciting a speech from memory. It was an act I was to encounter often in Skidmore; justified or not, a murder had been committed and nearly everyone seemed aware that loose talk about it could send someone to death row.

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"You've come back! I always knew you would, someday!"




THE BRAWNING OF AMERICA

*from its origins among the
athletic elite, sports medicine has
trickled down to the everyday
jock—where it aims to make
each body the best it can be*

article

By KEVIN COOK



JACQUES STRAPP, your basic casual athlete, stumbled into the doctor's office one summer day in 1972. The other patients in the waiting room stared as he tried to pick up a copy of *Newsweek* and found he didn't have the strength. Groaning like an Edsel on its last mile, Jacques collapsed into an orange-vinyl chair.

He was a physical impossibility. He had two broken ribs from a pickup rugby game, a wrecking ball for a knee left over from high school football and a torn rotator cuff from pitching pony-league batting practice. His legs were full of shin splints because he jogged on sidewalks all the time. He had four pulled muscles, a sprained ankle, tennis elbow, runner's knee and a common cold. The doctor treated him according to the conventional wisdom of the day and Jacques died within the week.

In 1972, sports medicine was left field. It was a stepchild to the "more important" medical disciplines—a side line for coaches, trainers and general practitioners, who were as likely to screw things up as to cure them. Sports were primarily the province of professional athletes. The rest of us leaned back with beers and watched.

But in the past decade, sports have razed the American consciousness. Today, there are 36,000,000 joggers and 32,000,000 tennis players in this country. One out of four shoes sold these days is an athletic shoe. There will be 500 or more marathons held this year from sea to shining sea. (For the statistically minded, 500 marathons add up to 13,109 miles of marathon courses—enough to stretch from New York to Los Angeles four times, with a jog to St. Louis to spare.) Overall, U. S. participation sports now draw nearly 600,000,000 competitors. Since there are only about 231,000,000 Americans, that means hordes of us must be multiple threats.

And sports medicine, a young and developing discipline that trailed the field ten years ago, has caught up. The past decade has seen remarkable improvement in our understanding of the body

TRUISMS AND CONSEQUENCES

*in light of what sports doctors now know,
these ten training myths are due for a checkup*

Like Dirty Harry Callahan squeezing off rounds from his .44 Magnum, sports medicine is blowing away a lot of worn-out ideas and getting ready to blast a few more. Old wives are finding they can no longer peddle their maxims to athletes, since the hottest corner in the field of medicine has replaced castor oil with computer readouts. So, in consultation with Dr. Gabe Mirkin, a prominent sports physician, we have re-examined some major myths that have proved to be about as worth while as the rhythm method—go on believing them at the risk of competitive life and limb. Or, as Dirty Harry might mutter as you strapped on those ankle weights, "You must feel lucky, punk."



1. You can get in shape with just a few minutes of exercise a day. It's not that easy. If you were to lift locomotives a couple of minutes a day, that would certainly build biceps, but it wouldn't contribute to your general fitness. To attain any measure of cardiovascular improvement—that's the kind that increases over-all strength and endurance—you must exercise for at least ten continuous minutes. The improvement from extending a workout from ten to 30 minutes is so significant that most sports medicos recommend a half-hour session at least three times a week. Such a program will contribute to muscular strength and flexibility, as well as to cardiovascular well-being.



2. You're overtraining if you work out every single day. Lifting locomotives—or bar bells—daily would definitely be overtraining, but there's nothing wrong with everyday exercise. You shouldn't go all out every day—that overtaxes your muscular and respiratory systems and deadens your competitive spirit. But you should work out, at least lightly, every single day. Otherwise, you're certain to lose strength and tone in your muscles, and your training program will take longer to turn you into an example of magnificent manhood. "The average athlete can sustain body stress—going all out—only a few times a week," says Dr. William Southmayd, co-author of *Sports Health*. "You've got to remember that all bodies have limits." But even Dr. Southmayd recommends daily stretches to keep the muscles from stiffening up.



3. There are easy ways to flatten that stomach of yours. The only way to flatten that stomach of yours is through a combination of diet and exercise. Heat belts, vibrating machines and saunas don't burn calories, and thus don't eliminate fat. Neither does electric stimulation of your abdominal muscles, a practice that's catching on among lazy people with a lot of money. Even sit-ups won't melt the fat from your middle—they just tighten the stomach muscles under the fat. If you want to lose a bay window, you need to do two things. First, consume fewer calories than you burn in the course of the day. Second, do specific exercises (such as sit-ups and leg lifts) to draw that stomach back in over your belt.



4. Your muscles will turn to fat when you stop working out. If Arnold Schwarzenegger stopped pumping iron, he'd eventually look something like Truman Capote, only taller. As soon as you stop working out, your muscles begin to slide toward flaccidity. They shrink, and will continue to shrink, until you flex them against resistance again. Within a year or two, they'll reach a point at which they're no larger than if you had never worked out at all. Then, if you take in more calories than you burn, the areas that were once filled with strong muscle tissue will fill out with fat. But muscle doesn't turn into fat. In any case, it's unwise to stop exercising entirely. If you're faced with a long layoff, at least stretch every day to maintain some measure of muscle tone.



5. Do those sit-ups with your legs straight, you wimp. Anybody who says that is trying to get you into traction. We all were told in high school that bent-leg sit-ups were for girls and that boys should do them with legs straight; they're harder that way. They are, but they're also dangerous in the long run. When you do sit-ups with unbent knees, you develop the iliopsoas muscle, which runs from the back of your pelvis to the top of your leg. That will augment the curve in your back and can lead to severe lower-back pain. Additionally, the last part of a sit-up tightens the muscles in the front of your thighs—which can also add to the (concluded on page 186)

and of the meaning of fitness. Most of the new developments have come through the study and training of world-class athletes; now the results of that work are turning even everyday jocks inside out.

If Jacques were still playing today, he could stave off many of his maladies with current training and conditioning methods and could treat with unprecedented efficiency the injuries that did strike. He could, in short, become a finely calibrated competitive machine—no longer an Edsel, perhaps a Porsche.

But there have been a lot of gears turning in the past few model years, and before moving up even to Chevy status, Jacques would have to overhaul his knowledge of sports medicine, going all the way back to the age of the Model A.

Many experts date the birth of modern sports medicine from an effort 49 years ago to forecast the first sub-four-minute mile. At that time, with the world record standing just under 4:10, the sporting intelligentsia began to consider the possibility that somebody might be able to break through the magic four-minute mark. Exercise doctors, track trainers, dietitians and even meteorologists got their heads together and plotted the conditions under which they believed it could happen.

It would take place in Scandinavia, they decided, where the ozone gives runners a lift. It would be twilight. The wind would be still, the temperature around 68 degrees. The race would be run on a dry clay track with a big crowd screaming emotional support. And the key to the whole thing would be cautious pacing—the runner would start slowly and increase his speed quarter mile by grueling quarter mile.

Roger Bannister kicked those speculations into oblivion on his way to the tape in 1954. He ran successively slower quarters on a wet cinder track in a 15-mile-an-hour wind before a handful of people in Oxford, England. But it's beside the point that those "experts" threw about as many strikes as a Wiffle Ball pitcher in a hurricane. What matters is that the epic breaking of the four-minute-mile barrier turned the attention of specialists in various fields toward evaluating—and improving—sports performance.

When all the old bodily tried-and-truisms began to be questioned half a century ago, one of the rustiest old saws was that athletic injuries should always be immobilized while they healed. Every school nurse knew that. But Dr. Hans Kraus, one of the founding fathers of sports science, began to have doubts back in the early Thirties, when he talked with an Austrian coach who came from a family of acrobats. The coach insisted that doctors didn't know how to treat sprains and strains, while

A REGIMEN BUILT FOR TWO

Partner stretching proves that fitness is not a selfish pursuit. You've got to stretch daily to keep your muscles limber, so loosen up a friend at the same time. Remember: In stretching, as in life, you'll change roles and positions often.

You'd have to stretch your imagination to come up with a more supple couple than Kurt Thomas (America's pre-eminent gymnast) and Kym Herrin (Miss March 1981). In this hamstring warm-up, the stretchers put their soles together, lock hands and increase the pressure until they feel a mild pulling sensation.



This one's called The Mugging, with Kym playing the mugger. After your partner has felt the *easy stretch*—that mild tension—for 30 seconds, increase the pressure one more notch to achieve a *developmental stretch*.

Alternate legs, spending 30 seconds on each.



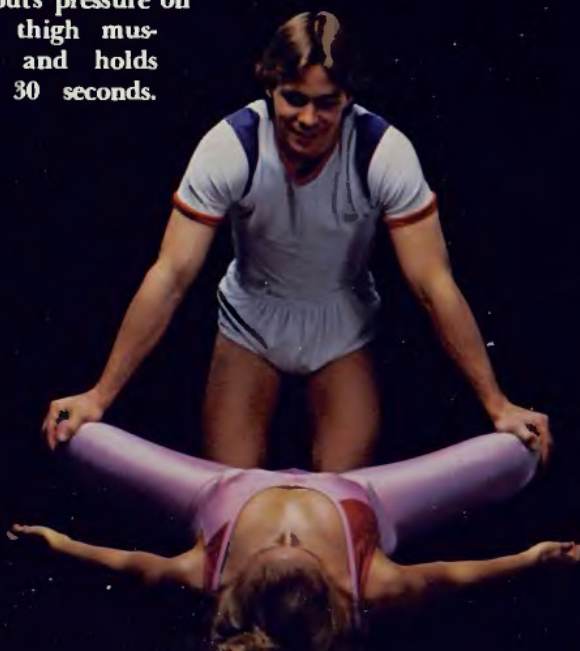
A developmental stretch reduces muscular tension and safely increases flexibility. As you execute one, the feeling of tension should stay the same or diminish. If it increases, ease off. Here, Kurt slowly pushes Kym's leg to her chest and holds this position for 20 seconds before switching legs.



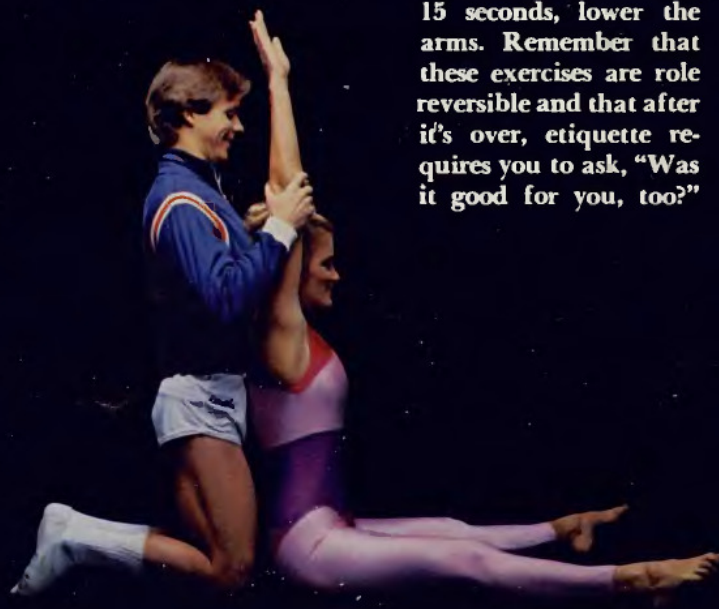
Kym offers an inscrutable smile in the How Much Does He Trust Her? stretch. Hold your partner's lower legs below her knees and gently push the knees toward her chest. Hold for 20 seconds, then roll the knees back until her feet touch the floor. Do this twice; once is not enough.



Next, of course, is the How Much Does *She* Trust *Him*? stretch. Fortunately, Kurt and Kym were able to remain friends even when extended to the limits. The stretchee here lies with the soles of her feet together. The stretch-er puts pressure on her thigh muscles and holds for 30 seconds.



While your partner rests her head and back against you, pull her arms up and slightly toward you. Use your hips to keep her back straight as you stretch her arms, shoulders and chest, and after 15 seconds, lower the arms. Remember that these exercises are role reversible and that after it's over, etiquette requires you to ask, "Was it good for you, too?"



Dr. Kraus—toeing the standard line—maintained that immobilization was the only way to heal such injuries. The coach, though, had grown up with circus people, who didn't eat if they didn't work—people whose rehabilitative techniques were born of necessity. Their method of treating sprains and strains was to soak a towel in alcohol, wrap it around the injured area and expose the towel to steam. The injured area would become numb enough to move without pain, and after a day or two, the acrobats could tumble as recklessly as ever.

When Kraus tried that treatment on two of his patients who'd suffered severe ankle sprains skiing, they were back on the slopes in three days. He gradually refined the practice, and he now uses ethyl-chloride spray instead of alcohol as the anesthetic of choice. But the point of the practice is the same today as it was 50 years ago: Minimize pain so the injured joint or limb can be moved as soon as possible.

These days, it's well established that immobilization causes muscles to atrophy and often brings about permanent loss of strength. Immobilization is seldom recommended even for major injuries—muscles and joints heal faster when they're moved. But if Kraus has been shouting "Mobility for injury!" since the Thirties, why is it only now that there are other sports medicos to listen?

The reason is simple. Before the Sixties, there was not enough money in professional sports to motivate research aimed at improving the training and treatment of athletes and, ultimately, their performance. Pro teams were run on shoestrings and athletes came relatively cheap. American sports, in short, had yet to become big business.

Things changed with the ascendance of pro football in the early Sixties and with the influx of television money that multiplied the stakes of the game. All of a sudden, owners realized that they were paying huge salaries to hulks who spent too much time sitting on the side lines in casts. Shortly thereafter, baseball and basketball owners, who paid their athletes even more, came to the same realization. So the heat was on team trainers and doctors to find ways of getting players back in action fast. They borrowed techniques from other medical specialties and created new treatments for injuries endemic to athletes. And they soon figured out that an ounce of prevention was worth 500 mg. of Butazolidin. It's great to heal Walter Payton's knee in two weeks, but it's even better to keep him from being hurt in the first place by conditioning his body to resist injury.

When the tennis and jogging booms

erupted a few years later, there was already some knowledge directed toward keeping the athlete healthy. Soon, the aforementioned millions of casual competitors were working out and getting hurt. The still-new field of sports medicine began to expand to serve the high-volume fitness phenomenon as well as the big-money athletic elite.

To get an idea of just how sophisticated sports medicine has become at its highest level, take the case history of a modern major-league ballplayer—Jerry Remy of the Boston Red Sox.

Obtained by Boston in 1977, Remy hadn't suffered an injury beyond the usual second baseman's bumps and bruises since 1971. But in 1979, during the Sox' first home series against the New York Yankees, Remy slid into home plate and twisted his left knee. It swelled immediately and he had to be carried from the field.

In order to speed the recovery of mending Red Sox players, Boston retains the services of Sports Medicine Resource, a one-stop remediation center for all sports injuries. Dr. William Southmayd, medical director of S.M.R. and co-author of *Sports Health*, recalls details of Remy's case in language that reflects the advanced technology of modern sports medicine:

"Our initial examination showed that Jerry had sprained the ligaments in the knee. We put an immobilization splint on it and he came around nicely but still had some discomfort, so we then did an arthrogram." (In case you don't read Aristophanes in the original, *arthro* is Greek for joint; an arthrogram is a diagnostic test in which dye is injected into a joint and coats the surface of the cartilage—the shock-absorbing tissue between the ends of bones. If there is torn cartilage, the dye will seep down into the tear and will look like a valley on an X ray.) "The arthrogram looked fine," says Dr. Southmayd. "It didn't show any damage. So Jerry went into the 1980 season healthy, but he re-injured the knee going for a fly ball. I aspirated the knee—put a needle into it—and drew out some bloody fluid. That indicated a fairly serious injury."

Because he suspected trouble, Southmayd did a direct examination of Remy's knee. He inserted an arthroscope—a metal tube the size of a ballpoint pen—into the joint. The arthroscope uses fiber optics to illuminate the inside of the knee and throws the image onto a TV screen. The picture told Southmayd what he needed to know: Remy had torn the cartilage away from its moorings on the bone.

Southmayd regrets that at the time—only two years ago—he was not yet able to perform arthroscopic surgery. That would have allowed him to operate in-

side the knee without making a major incision. Instead, he simply opened the knee and went right in, removing the fragments of torn cartilage.

For two weeks after the operation, Remy was on crutches with his leg out straight in a supporting splint. The S.M.R. staff put him in a whirlpool bath and moved the leg gently as it floated among the bubbles. "Then we started working Jerry on the Cybex machine," recalls Southmayd, "against very little resistance. The Cybex is a very sophisticated muscle-testing and -strengthening apparatus that works through a computer and records muscle activity on a graph. It was used exclusively for the next month, with increasing resistance to the knee, until Jerry's left knee was almost as strong as the other one."

"Two months after surgery, we put Jerry on the full circuit of Nautilus machines to bring up the strength throughout his musculature but with concentration on the leg-exercising machines. At the same time, he went on a jogging program; then, later, he began running quarter miles until he could sprint again. To go at a sprint, you need almost full motion."

Remy spent the rest of the 1980 season recovering but returned to action the following spring and was playing well as the season opened. Early in the summer, though, he twisted the knee again and had to go back to S.M.R. for another aspiration of the joint. This time, the fluid was clear. It turned out, however, that he had chipped a bone inside the knee. By then, Southmayd could do microsurgery, using the arthroscope. He inserted the scope and drew out the chip, using tiny scissors and forceps, watching the TV picture to guide him during the operation. There was no need to make another major incision in the second baseman's knee.

"After the arthroscopic surgery," Southmayd says, "we could eliminate two months' recuperative time. We were that far ahead of where we had been right after the major cartilage-removal operation." Instead of taking a total of three months for him to regain playing strength, this time it took Remy two weeks. "It's fair to say that today—with the arthroscope, fiber optics, the Cybex, the Nautilus and what we know about conditioning—we can often rehabilitate major injuries in half the time it would have taken even two or three years ago."

When Remy's contract came up for renewal last winter, the Red Sox called upon S.M.R. for assurance that their infielder was physically sound and worth the money they intended to pay him—and Southmayd was confident enough

(continued on page 184)

WATERGATE, INC.



AN ANNIVERSARY AUDIT

By TOM PASSAVANT and CONAN PUTNAM

after ten years, the bottom line is this—watergate was one sweet little cottage industry

WHO SAYS crime doesn't pay? For a while, it looked as if the night of the Watergate break-in—June 17, 1972—would be just another famous date in the annals of petty crime. Now, a decade later, it looks more like a milestone in economics. Since that fateful evening when five men were arrested at gunpoint inside Democratic National Committee headquarters, Watergate has gone from a third-rate burglary to a first-class growth industry.

After some consideration, we decided that the most appropriate way to mark the tenth anniversary of the break-in was to prepare an accounting of just how much money—the fees,

royalties, fines, bills and other assorted payments flowing to the participants, innocent bystanders and unindicted coconspirators—the resulting Watergate, Inc., has pumped into our economy. Please understand that we're not talking about profits per se; we're talking about moving money around in an economy.

As we soon found out, it's impossible to account for every single buck generated by an industry as successful as Watergate, so the total is certainly higher than our bottom line. Deals are often conducted by lawyers, agents, publishers and other middlemen, who would (continued on page 222)

POWER TRIP!



ease on down the road to stunning stereo sounds

article **By NORMAN EISENBERG**

WE'VE ALL HEARD the story about the rich Texan who walked into a Dallas hi-fi store, saw a 20-foot-high theater speaker and ordered two—one for each wing of his ranch house. Size was the hi-fi Gospel of yesteryear. Today, big and clean stereo sounds can be enjoyed in a space once considered impossible for such acoustic ambitions. That, of course, is your car, and it doesn't matter whether it's an outsize van or a trim compact. The car has been conquered by the combined forces of digital tuning, autoreverse tape decks, graphic equalizers, ambience enhancers, woofers, tweeters and even (continued on page 210)



Left: The ultimate Teutonic tune box is Blaupunkt's Berlin 8000, which consists of three components (the power amplifier and receiver units aren't pictured), plus the flexible stalk that houses all operating and indicating controls for the receiver; another feature is SALS (Sound Ambient Level Sensor), which automatically increases or decreases the volume of the Berlin as the road-noise level changes, \$1395. **Top left:** The Sony Car Stereo Component System can be purchased piecemeal or as one unit and includes (top to bottom) an XE-9 graphic equalizer with nine equalization bands, \$129.95; an XT-11 AM/FM digital tuner, \$350; an XK-25 autoreverse cassette deck and preamp, \$350; and an XM-55 power amplifier, \$139.95. (The whole system casts about \$970.) **Top right:** This nifty unit is the PE959A MK-II Hi-Way Fidelity AM/FM stereo cassette tuner, by Clarion, which can be programmed to switch stations automatically at whatever time you desire, \$729. **Middle left:** Pioneer's Stereo Component System features the KEX-20 AM/FM stereo cassette deck, with a tuner that automatically locks in weak signals, \$299.95; a CD-5 graphic equalizer, \$129.95; and a GM-4 Slimline amplifier, \$69.95. (The whole system goes for about \$500.) **Middle right:** Another stalk-controlled unit, Roadstar's RS 891 equalizer/power booster, ups the output of your receiver by about 30 watts per channel, \$199.95. **Bottom left:** Mitsubishi's car-stereo-component system includes a CJ-20 FM stereo tuner, \$139.95; a CV-23 control amplifier/graphic equalizer, \$179.95; a CX-21 cassette deck, \$139.95; and a C30V component rack, \$39.95. (The whole system goes for about \$500.) **Bottom right:** This compact powerhouse is Jensen's RE51B AM/FM cassette car-stereo receiver, with Phase Lock Loop tuning and Dolby Noise Reduction, \$399.95.

SKIDMORE

(continued from page 144)

"The first shot shattered the rear window of the truck and struck McElroy an inch below his right ear lobe."

"You can look all you want, but you won't find any vigilantes around here," Sumy told me earnestly. He wore oil-stained work boots and clean overalls that were faded nearly white. He certainly didn't look to me like a man who would take part in an organized killing, though I later heard that he'd been standing nearby when McElroy was killed and, like the rest of his friends who had witnessed the murder, had told the police that he hadn't seen the shooting.

"If you want my honest opinion," Sumy said, "I think that whoever killed McElroy wasn't even from around these parts. Probably it was a professional killer from Kansas City. You know, a man like McElroy had a lot of enemies and not all of 'em lived around here. I hear he was involved with the Mafia down there and they sent someone up here to get him."

It didn't seem worth the effort to ask why a professional killer would snuff a man with a crowd of people watching when it would have been considerably less troublesome to fulfill his contract when McElroy was alone. Perhaps Sumy thought that professional killers, as a rule, were sportsmen. I thanked him for the information and parked across the street, in front of the Sam R. Albright American Legion Hall, where, only minutes before the murder, a town meeting had been held, the subject of which was McElroy and what to do about him.

Several people who were present say that about 60 men had attended that meeting. Most of them were farmers, who in Missouri are characteristically strong, stout and independent. There's no doubt that most of those present believed McElroy was a master thief and a vicious bully whose continued freedom was a threat to their lives and their property. Judging from subsequent events, at least two of them believed that the law was incapable of protecting them and that in order to ensure their own safety, they would have to get rid of McElroy themselves.

Fundamentally, Skidmore's case against McElroy—and the legal system—was based on three recent incidents, as well as a deep-seated prejudice that McElroy aggravated by his refusal to conform to prevailing standards of morality and behavior.

In 1976, a prominent Skidmore farmer named Romaine Henry accused McElroy of shooting him in the stomach. Ac-

cording to Henry, McElroy had been standing in the road near Henry's house with a shotgun, and when Henry stopped to ask what he was doing, McElroy gave him both barrels. Arrested for assault with intent to kill, McElroy was brought to trial. Henry testified that McElroy had shot him; McElroy, supported by two witnesses, claimed he had been at home at the time Henry said the shooting occurred. The jury believed McElroy. "We all sympathized with the man who'd been shot," juror William Groomer says of that case, "but there just wasn't no evidence that McElroy had shot him. The prosecutor didn't have no case at all. I don't think it should have ever come to trial."

In Skidmore, where Henry is generally liked and McElroy was not, people were angered by what they considered the impotence of the courts.

Four years later, McElroy was again charged with assault with intent to kill. This time, his alleged victim was a 70-year-old Skidmore grocer named Ernest Bowenkamp, who, like Henry, claimed that McElroy had shot him without provocation. At the trial, held 60 miles away in Harrison County on June 26, 1981, McElroy admitted to shooting Bowenkamp but said he'd done so in self-defense when the grocer attacked him with a butcher's knife. The verdict was a compromise: McElroy was found guilty—but only of second-degree assault; the jury recommended a sentence of two years instead of the 15 the prosecution had requested. As required by Missouri law, the judge gave McElroy 25 days to file a motion for a new trial and released him on bond. Again, the citizens of Skidmore were outraged, both by what they considered a meager sentence and by McElroy's continued freedom, which they viewed as a dangerous opportunity for him to strike back at those who'd testified against him.

Five days later, a wave of hysteria swept through town. In statements submitted to the Nodaway County prosecutor, four Skidmore men claimed McElroy had swaggered into the D & G with a loaded M-1 carbine and threatened to kill Bowenkamp and anyone else who tried to send him to prison. The conditions of his bond prohibited him from carrying firearms; when the prosecutor filed a motion to have the bond revoked, word spread quickly that McElroy had repeated his threats. The four men who'd signed the statements appealed

to the rest of the town for help, and on the morning of July tenth, the meeting was convened at the American Legion hall. When someone brought the news that McElroy had stopped at the Skidmore honky-tonk—even as they were debating how to get rid of him—60 determined men headed for the bar for a showdown.

McElroy, who stood 5'8" and weighed more than 250 pounds, betrayed no emotion when confronted by the hostile crowd. He was wearing brown-suede cowboy boots, brown sports pants and a brown shirt that revealed the numerous tattoos on his ham-sized arms. He struck up a conversation with one reluctant farmer, finished his beer with a steady hand, ordered a six-pack of Bud and a tube of Roloids and left. About half the crowd followed him outside. They glared from the weed-cracked sidewalk as he calmly started his pickup. Meanwhile, at least two gunmen assumed positions across the street, directly under the stars and stripes of Old Glory that hangs in front of the Skidmore P.O. According to Trena McElroy, who was in the truck with her husband, one of the gunmen raised a lever-action .30-30 and pointed it at Ken, who was unarmed. Outside the air-conditioned pickup, it was nearly 100 degrees. Everyone was sweating but McElroy, who nonchalantly put a Camel between his lips and prepared to light it.

The first shot—the one from the .30-30—shattered the rear window of the truck and struck McElroy an inch below his right ear lobe. Traveling at approximately three times the speed of sound, the steel-jacketed bullet incised a shaggy groove through both sides of his lower jaw and tongue and fractured his left axilla and upper palate, all of which clogged his throat with so much blood and fleshy debris that he would have suffocated if a second shot hadn't blown the back of his head off. As he died, McElroy's foot jerked reflexively against the throttle pedal, jamming it to the floor board so that the engine raced until it eventually seized and burned. The shot that killed him—the second one—was fired from a .22 Magnum. His unlighted cigarette, flecked with what appeared to be bits of rust, was later found on the dashboard.

After those first shots, a lull ensued; then more shots were fired from those and perhaps other guns. The shots were staggered, deliberate, evenly spaced, several of them directed in apparent jealous rage upon the vehicle itself, which was a nearly new four-wheel-drive Chevy, an object held in high esteem by Missouri farmers. As the shooting ceased, Trena was pulled from the truck and led into the bank nearby, and the crowd that had witnessed the execution gradually dispersed. At the D & G Tavern, beer was



John
Dempsey

"If this doesn't get them out of the kitchen, nothing will."

served on the house for the first time in memory.

Despite a phone on the wall just inside the door, no one bothered to call an ambulance or the police. Consequently, more than half an hour passed before the first law-enforcement officers arrived to investigate. What they found was like a scene out of *The Twilight Zone*: respectable, churchgoing men, women and children conducting their business as usual, carefully ignoring the smoldering pickup and the bloody man within, who was slumped forward peacefully, as though asleep.

A few hours later, events took another strange turn when Trena McElroy gave a statement to the highway patrol in nearby St. Joe. Trena swore that the man behind the .30-30 was Del Clement, 27, the scion of Skidmore's wealthiest farming family. Normally, the Nodaway County Sheriff's Department would have responded to such eyewitness testimony by arresting and charging the suspect. But because of the unusual social implications of the killing and the certain unpopularity of arresting anyone named Clement, the case was shunted from the sheriff to the county prosecutor and the Northwest Missouri Major Investigation Squad (NOMIS), an *ad hoc* committee of lawmen responsible for investigating crimes deemed too complicated for local authorities to handle alone.

Two months later, when I arrived in Skidmore, no arrests had been made, no charges filed and McElroy's killers were still at large—a singularly sobering fact of life for anyone walking around town asking questions about the shooting.

Lois and Ernest Bowenkamp, who own the B & B Grocery, are proof that opposites attract: Lois is short, heavy, quick-tempered and outspoken; Ernest is tall, thin and phlegmatic. The Bowenkamps' trouble with McElroy had started in April 1980, when, after an argument, Mrs. Bowenkamp had told McElroy to leave her store and never come back. Three months later, McElroy shot Mr. Bowenkamp in the neck. As they awaited the trial for the next 11 months, the Bowenkamps lived in fear that McElroy, who was free on bond, would return to finish the job.

"This was not a vigilante action," Lois says categorically about McElroy's murder. "This was an eruption of fear and frustration, and it never would have happened if the law had worked. The police would arrest him and the courts would let him go. That's what made everybody so mad. After he was found guilty of shooting Bo, he was right back here in town, free as can be, telling everybody how he'd never go to prison and bragging about it. The Bible says

there should be an eye for an eye. Those who live by the sword die by the sword. Well, Ken McElroy lived by the gun and that's the way he died. Justice has been served."

The Bowenkamps aren't the only Skidmoreans who had reasons to want McElroy dead.

"My only regret about what happened to Ken McElroy," says Tim Warren, pastor of the Skidmore Christian Church, "is that somebody didn't kill him sooner."

Obviously, those are harsh words for a man of God. Yet Warren, who is 28, believes that his sentiments are justified by the horror that was inflicted upon him.

About a year before McElroy was killed, Warren claims to have received the first of numerous anonymous phone calls from a man who threatened to torture and kill him, his wife and their two children. According to the preacher, the caller was McElroy—who went to such lengths to harass and terrorize him for the absurd offense of having visited Bowenkamp in the hospital after he was shot.

"McElroy must have had the hospital staked out," Warren says, "because when I got home from visiting Bo, the phone calls started. 'Mind your business or else,' the first one said. When I didn't back down, they got worse."

Instead of minding his own business or calling the police, Warren loaded his guns—a .22, a 12-gauge shotgun and a snub-nosed .38 special that he carried on his person. The threats intensified: The caller threatened to castrate Warren, to kidnap and maim his children, to rape and mutilate his wife and send him her breasts in a manila envelope. Twice, claims Warren, he had armed confrontations with McElroy, who backed down both times. And although the phone calls stopped about six months before McElroy's death, Warren says that it was impossible for him to feel safe as long as McElroy was alive.

"You can't believe what it was like here," Warren says. "As far as I'm concerned, McElroy got exactly what he deserved."

Like Warren, David Dunbar, 25, is a relative newcomer to Skidmore who says he was happy when McElroy was killed. Oddly, Dunbar, who served for five months as Skidmore's marshal (a part-time job with little actual authority), says that he and McElroy were friends—until McElroy threatened, without provocation, to kill him.

"It happened up at the D & G Tavern," Dunbar says. "I got a call that there was a fight going on, so I went to break it up. Well, there wasn't no fight, but McElroy was there, so I drank a couple of beers with him. When I left,

he was leaning against his pickup outside. I started over toward him and he reached in the pickup and pulled out a rifle, but I grabbed the barrel before he could point it at me and held on real tight. We stood like that for a while, then, finally, he backed down. After that, even though I tried to stay away from him, I figured it was just a matter of time before he got me. I decided then that if he tried to harass me like he harassed the Bowenkamps, I'd kill him. That's the way most people felt. To be honest with you, my only regret about the way Ken died is that I didn't pull the trigger myself."

Then there is Romaine Henry, the barrel-chested farmer who accused McElroy of shooting him in 1976. Henry, whose 1000-acre farm is only a mile from McElroy's house, says that after he was shot, McElroy would park outside his house at night and shine a spotlight on the windows, and that once, while he was plowing a field, McElroy shot at him with a high-powered rifle.

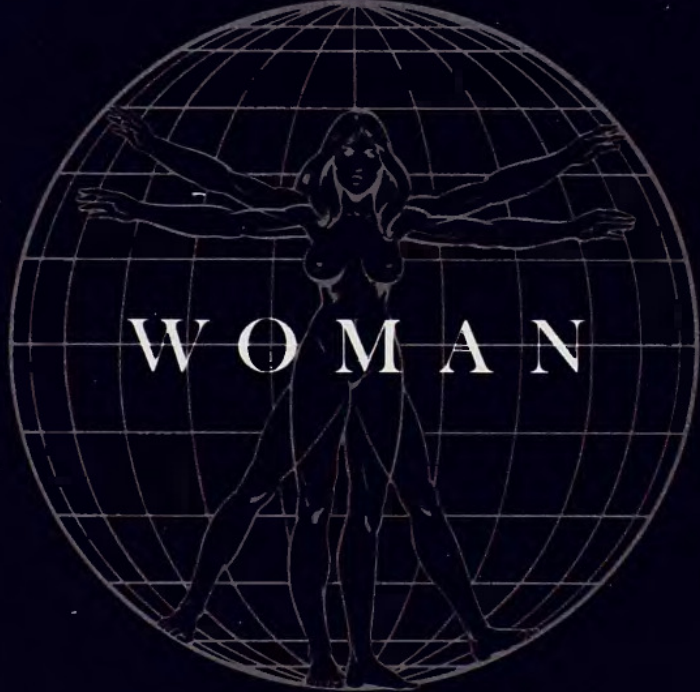
"I've got no idea why he was after me," says Henry, an extremely courteous, soft-spoken man of 47. "I really never had any involvement with Ken and there was no reason for him to be after me, but he was, and you'll just have to believe that, despite what the jury said."

Although Henry, Dunbar, Warren and the Bowenkamps were the only Skidmoreans who told me they'd actually been threatened by McElroy, nearly everyone with whom I talked knew at least one hair-curling story about him. At Inez Boyer's café, where farmers gather every morning to gossip over weak cups of coffee, one man told me that McElroy had worked for the Mafia as an arsonist and had made \$10,000 for each building he burned.

Another man, a farmer, said he had been the biggest rustler in the state. "McElroy stole everything that wasn't tied down," he said. "Last year, this county had six times as many hogs and cattle stolen as any other county in the state. Everybody knew McElroy was doing it, but the law we got around here, they never could catch him at it. Last winter, it got so bad with livestock disappearing, I'm surprised somebody didn't take McElroy out and lynch him then."

Up at the D & G, a dim barroom with two pool tables and pictures of rodeo cowboys on the wall, I heard that McElroy had had \$40,000 in cash on him when he was killed; that there had been a grocery sack full of dope in his truck; that one of his close relatives was a homosexual who starred in porno films in St. Joe; and that yet another had

(continued on page 194)



part seven

MAN and WOMAN

from the frontiers of sex and science,
an unprecedented playboy series on what makes
man man and woman woman

PRISONERS OF CULTURE

*in today's world, we all want to be single, sexy and contraceptively
safe—but does any of that really fool mother nature?*

conclusion of the series

By JO DURDEN-SMITH
and DIANE DE SIMONE

F

UTURE SHOCK. A world controlled by a giant, interlocking nervous system of computers. Population: between seven and eight billion. Information: doubling every five years. In the West, robots replace laborers and even skilled workers. Unemployment becomes not temporary but permanent. The average work week is 15 hours long. The group is now the most important social unit. Continuous cities stretch between New York and Boston, Los Angeles and San Francisco. And there are enough nuclear armaments on earth to destroy our local system of planets or to light up a new sun.

Such is the world, say some futurists, that the children now entering elementary school will inherit when they leave college around the year 2000. And it's a world toward which our culture is even now hurtling us. "It's as if we were in a jet plane rushing forward at gigantic speed," says Stanley Lesse, neurologist, psychiatrist and editor of the *American Journal of Psychotherapy*. "It's no use looking out of the side windows anymore, because by the time we register it, the present scenery is already in the past. To have a clear perspective of the present, then, we have to look ahead. We have to look at the future. For the culture is moving too fast to focus totally on today."

The culture is moving too fast. Everywhere one looks, the signs are beginning to show—especially, as Lesse and

others say, in the relations between the sexes. They seem to bear the brunt of a more general anxiety. In a recent nationwide small-sample study, George Serban of New York University Medical Center found us to be a population heavily dependent on tranquilizers, sedatives and mood-changing drugs and riddled with stress, anxiety and depression. Sex, he says, lies at the root of it. Confusion over the new sexual permissiveness is a prime source of anxiety—in fact, the most significant predictor of stress: 53.8 percent of men and 81.8 percent of women are disturbed by it. But close behind come "the new social roles of the sexes" and "interactions with other people." More than half of the single women and almost half of the single men studied are under moderate to severe stress due to "the superficiality of their emotional relationships" and the insecurity caused by them. Marriage seems to leave Americans no better off. Loss of interest and a "general resentment" mean that only 23 percent of the women and 37.9 percent of the men studied are content with their marriages.

The question we want to ask in this last chapter of *Man and Woman* is, Why? What is there about this particular developing Western culture that seems to make men and women so uneasy, so dissatisfied with one another? Human

beings, after all, are marvelously adaptable creatures. They are obsessive makers of cultures and civilizations. And they are born into the world with an underdeveloped brain, capable of assimilating, learning and growing into virtually any sort of environment. What is it about *today*, then—and the future into which we are rushing—that is so threatening to the relationships between us?

In the previous articles of this series, we've explored the biology and the brain of men and women, the long evolutionary journey they've taken together and the separate evolutionary programs and constraints that are likely to influence their abilities and their behavior. Human beings, though, are both biological *and* cultural; they pass on not just genes but also knowledge and institutions from generation to generation. And in this installment, we'll be looking at the different sort of evolution that involves: *cultural* evolution. As we've seen, biological evolution moves at an extremely slow pace; in that sense, we are still the hunter-gatherers who roamed the earth until 15,000 years ago (if hominid life is counted as a single day, then our movement into settled communities was six minutes ago). But cultural evolution—the gathering burst of knowledge that's ushering in the new age of cybernation and enforced leisure—has, in

our recent history, begun to move faster and faster. And, as one scientist says, it's now moving so fast that university seniors can no longer understand the attitudes and aspirations of incoming freshmen. The real question we have to ask, then, is whether or not our cultural evolution, as it flashes forward, is forcing us as men and women into roles for which we are biologically ill equipped. Could it be, in this, the last quarter of the 20th Century, that the culture we have inherited and are accelerating toward is finally at odds with the conservative legacy of our biological evolution? Has what we're being taught to want and are being asked to become come unmoored from who we are? Are we as hagridden by stress as Serban and Lesse think we are?

That is a controversial question to ask and an extremely difficult one to answer. It's controversial because it suggests that we may not be able just to go with the flow, taking on, willy-nilly, the shape that the culture requires of us; we may have to pay—may already be paying—a considerable price. Even to entertain such an idea strikes at the heart of our fondly held belief that we can instantly transform ourselves into new men and new women, happy partners in some future paradise of absolute sexual equality. That, quite simply, may not be possible without considerable personal and social upheaval—because of the basic differences in our biologies. Those differences, bred in the bone and the brain and the blood, may not be exorcised from the human spirit until science takes away from future men and women the drive toward sex and reproduction that will have been responsible for their being born.

As we've said, the question of friction between culture and biology is a hard one even to try to answer. Not only are our basic drives and instincts buried deep under a welter of individual experiences and behaviors but those different experiences and behaviors are also played on by many forces in the society—advertising, the media, contraception, fluctuating populations, constantly changing industrial and economic climates. So if we're going to find anything useful to say about what's going on between men and women, we'll have to tease apart all the influences at work on us and see how they hang together to affect our current attitudes toward one another.

We think it's worth the try, because stress and anxiety aren't the whole story. Yes, it's true that an army of psychologists, sociologists, market researchers, census takers and best-selling authors has pelted us with convincing, frightening accounts of how things have gone wrong. The news from the sexual front

is of the rise in single-person and single-parent households and the boom in the divorce industry—of how men and women don't trust one another and don't want commitment from one another anymore. But listen again to those voices, pay closer attention to those and other reports, and you'll hear a different song. For all the fuss and the bother that the media play up, the ideal in this society is still to get married and have children and live happily with another person—against, apparently, all the odds. Everyone is hoping for the right man or woman to appear. And neither men nor women want spontaneous, casual sex anywhere near as often as they're supposed to. Instead, they want integrity, sensitivity, kindness and understanding.

What's going on here? Are the men and women of today simply dumb optimists, hoping against hope for something that's no longer available? Or is there coming through the static and the turbulence of these changing times a still-clear call from biology? A few scientists are beginning to ask that question.

The first thing we have to do if we're to see through the thick mist of this culture is to challenge a few myths that are fundamental to how we think about ourselves. The first is that our generation, having invented sex, is the most problematically sexy bunch of folks ever to come down the pike. That's just not true. Yes, Americans have never had much time for the past: Huck Finn said he had no taste for the Bible, it being full of dead people and all. But if you want to find a time not unlike our own, you don't have to go back as far as the Bible, just to the Twenties. "In the past 50 years," the newspapers of the time were much given to pronouncing, "the divorce rate has increased by 1500 percent. The birth rate is falling. And men and women are marrying late, if at all. The position of women," they used to clarify, "is being radically altered. And there is today a revolution in morals, spurred by the invention of the new rubber condom. Statistics show, alas, that both premarital sex and extramarital sex are up. And the family—yes, the family—is in crisis."

Sound familiar? "The fact is," says Alice Rossi, professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, "it was the parental generation of today's young adults that was the aberrant one. They were the ones who, after the Depression and World War Two, settled down to the business of peopling the suburbs and having babies. They were family oriented and family obsessed. And today they hold the power in this society. They control hiring policies.

They complain about the young. What they don't see is that their own parents' generation, which is now retired, was much like the younger generation of today. They were the Kinsey generation, the generation that was the first to tell us about sex in America. And what they told us was happening was very much like what is happening today."

Rossi is one of those rare scientists trying to find some common ground between the social sciences and biology. And even though she is herself a feminist, she has taken much flak for her efforts from her feminist colleagues.

"All right," she says, "so we're not as entirely new as we think. Now we can look *beneath the surface of the similarities* between this generation and the generation of the Twenties and see if we can find any important differences between them. And I think we can. Take premarital sex, for instance. In the Twenties, though it was widespread, it meant sex between couples who, by and large, knew that if pregnancy occurred, they'd get married. Premarital sex was limited, in other words, to couples who intended to get married and who usually did. Now, of course, the picture is quite different. So-called premarital sex today starts very early and has little to do with marriage. And a woman, by the time she comes to marriage, is likely to have had several sexual partners instead of just one. She can compare her husband's sexual performance with others she has known. And, in the long run, that may have the effect of lowering the threshold for a woman's taking sexual partners *outside* the marriage as well. I think this puts a strain on today's marriages that simply wasn't there before.

"The thing you have to remember," Rossi continues, "is that men can be cuckolded and women cannot; a woman *always* knows that a child is hers. That fundamental biological imbalance lies at the heart of all sexual exchange between men and women. It lies at the heart of marriage. Marriage, after all, is essentially a trade-off, a consequence of this biological imbalance—the extra resources the male provides in order for the female to bear and raise children in return for a guarantee, hedged about by all sorts of social restrictions, that the children are actually his. What happens when the guarantee is weakened and made less believable? You have stress—stress that affects all our sexual relations. And you have extreme, biologically rooted ambivalence in men about such issues as abortion, female sexuality and the economic independence of women."

Everyone agrees that the new pattern of premarital sex in women is, to a large degree, the result of advances in
(continued on page 232)



"I thought you were here to look for locations for your next picture."

*in which some of the tony ladies who have our numbers,
please, lend new significance to the term divestiture*

The Girls of Ma Bell

SHE'S A friend in the phone, a modulated, mildly mysterious voice at the other end of a piece of plastic and miles of copper wire. Every guy who's ever dropped a coin in the slot has pictured her. She's bright, of course, and understanding and as finely formed as a Princess phone. She's the one Jim Croce wrote a song to but never got to see. Well, we've traced her, just to prove she really exists. And the result of our finger-flattening telephone survey is this listing of spectacular numbers currently in service—ten women who offer the kind of tone you'd like to reach out and touch.

Each of Ma Bell's daughters is cool, alert under pressure—what you'd call collected. But she's not known for patience. Operators are encouraged to answer your ring in three seconds and say goodbye in 29. So you don't want to put even a long-distance relationship with her on hold; you're liable to get a busy signal or even be disconnected.

Not all the women of Ma Bell are operators. Many are supervisors or managers or communications technicians. Some are line-



"Ahoy! What? It can't be busy!" That's Alexander Graham Bell in 1892, making the first New York-Chicago call. He didn't get privacy; there were few phone booths then.

persons—a title they're not entirely happy with, since "Wichita lineperson" has no ring to it at all. (The sight of a good-looking lineperson shinnying up a telephone pole, however, does give rise to new and unusual Freudian imagery. Think about it.

Before any of you gentleman callers gets to meet the girls, an introduction to the family is in order. Pa Bell, known to Ma as Alexander Graham (the 19th Century was a formal time), wrought the Bell Telephone Company in 1877, a year after he invented the apparatus itself. He was listed as the company's "electrician." A man who liked to sound jaunty and nautical, he would pick up the mouthpiece and say, "Ahoy," which made a lot of callers think they were already talking on the transatlantic cable.

Bell's baby boomed to become the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the largest corporation in the world. Today, it employs more than 1,000,000 people and makes \$11,000 a minute. It spins out enough copper wire every year to wrap around the (text continued on page 169)

Here's a switch for the bored operator—a switchboard striptease by Santa Ana, California's, Laurie Page (right), who works for Pacific Telephone. Early operators all wore long black skirts and white blouses. Today, they have to move fast to handle 150 calls an hour, so dress is optional.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECHEY

Roxanne Loube (right) toils as a customer-service rep for Illinois Bell in Chicago, where part of her job calls for listening to complaints from "crozies." Even on off hours, Roxanne keeps her trim lines near the phone (below). She'll probably soon be talking to some turkey in the straw.



Sherri Jo Gibbons (above), a Bensenville, Illinois, operations clerk, is an aerobics nut who'd take anyone's breath away. She spends time with men who have "nice eyes and butts"—and she doesn't mean spent cigarettes. Ohio Bell's Vicki Vittorio (below and right) is a technician by vocation and a bodybuilder by avocation. If Ma Bell ever gets on her bad side (all of them look good to us), she'll tear the phone book in half.







Bona fide beauties of Illinois Bell, Chicagoans Kathy Ann Crawford and Elizabeth Anne Hendricks (above), offer window-shoppers a stunning Anatomical study. That's Kathy, a service-ordnance writer, tying up the line at left. Look out below for Elizabeth, demonstrating the ease of direct dialing by calling a friend with her *left* shoe.





Now that everyone knows all the Pac-Man patterns, Midway has to do something to distract the good players. Creating a splendid diversion (above and left) is Lana Crandal, a reports clerk for Pacific Northwest Bell in Portland, Oregon. Lana, who works with contractors in the construction of Bell buildings, is a walking example of fine structural design.



Karen Grebenor (above) reaches for the phone whenever she's feeling blue, which would seem the best time to be close to her. Karen is a secretary in one of Illinois Bell's Chicago offices. She says she's attracted to "a good, tasteful dresser." So, men—send furniture.



Of the labor of 1915 (for right), women said, "Hong it up!" Jill DeLaughter (left) works at a huge panel of wires in Long Beach, making sure calls don't end up on Long Island. Judy Perkins (above) has pushed herself up through the ranks in Bridgeport, Connecticut. She was top sales performer there for eight of 11 months recently. Bravo!



world 2300 times. And it operates 138,000,000 phones. Twenty-five thousand of them are in the Pentagon (for a monthly bill of \$725,000, even with discount). There are 12 cities in the country, including Washington, D.C., and Skokie, Illinois, with more phones than *people*.

Ma Bell kept wrapping the world with phone lines and feathering her bed with money until last January, when the Justice Department decided to reach out and crush someone. That someone was Ma. The Attorney General's troops pulled the plug on two thirds of the company's (concluded on page 230)





Raymond

"You can't have Mrs. Furbelow, sir—Mrs. Furbelow's a customer."

the cozener and the cousin

from the *Novellino* of Masuccio of Salerno, 1476

Ribald Classic

THEN CAME INTO NAPLES Messer Ambrosio del Adriani, young, rich, adventurous and desirous of seeing the magnificence of King Alfonso's realm. He found it all that he had hoped, its festivals, its balls, its feasts—and the beauty of its women. He took quarters in the aristocratic section and there, one day, was talking with some of his new Neapolitan friends.

He had just done complimenting the women of their city when Tommaso Caracciolo spoke up, saying, "Ah, but you have never seen the most superb beauty of all, our legend, our famous lady of mystery, whom every man praises but whom almost no one has ever seen."

Pressed for a further account, Tommaso continued, "She is the wife of Gianni Tornese, a well-to-do master shoemaker. Two years ago, there was a rumor that the lord duke of Calabria was so inflamed by one glimpse of her that he swore he would put her to the proof. And there have been other tales. Still, though there are servants in Gianni's house, none will admit to having seen her. I have been to his shop often, and often have I seen Gianni at festivals or at Mass—always in the company of his cousin, a young man who studies law at the university, but never with a wife."

Ambrosio asked to be taken to the shop and introduced to Gianni. Having arrived, Tommaso made the introduction and excused himself for other business while Ambrosio sat down to be fitted for a pair of shoes.

As the shoemaker bent over to measure his feet, Ambrosio glanced around the shop and was astonished to see a beautiful young woman spying on him from the back of the gallery. She had the fairest face, the reddest lips and the most enchanting eyes he had ever beheld. So struck with love was he that he almost cried out. Then she was gone.

A little later, a young man came down the stairs from the gallery. Gianni, looking round at him, said, "Ah, cousin," as he ushered Ambrosio to the door. But the face of the young man was the face Ambrosio had seen in back.

Ambrosio went at once to meet Tommaso and the two had a very long talk, at the end of which they made a plan.

Thereafter, both of them seemed to grow inordinately vain about their footwear. One or the other would appear at Gianni's shop at least once a week to order a pair of boots or some elegant shoes. The three became good friends in time, and Ambrosio and his friend would sometimes be invited for a flagon of wine or a meal in Gianni's house. The delicate-looking law student was always present, but he said very little.

At last came the feast day of Santa Catarina, when all the city goes to cele-



brate the festival at the Formello. The two friends arranged to meet Gianni and the young scholar.

When the festival ended, Ambrosio confessed to a fierce hunger and persuaded them all to return to his lodgings for a hearty supper. Upon their arrival, they found a table laid on a terrace adjoining Ambrosio's rooms. There was wine aplenty but no food in evidence.

The landlord came running. "Messer, the servants have all gone off to the festival and haven't returned."

Ambrosio seemed to go into a rage. "And where are the roast capons?"

The landlord turned pale. "They did not tell me, messer. But I have some good, fat ones, and I will set them to roasting at once."

Ambrosio went stomping about the room. "And where is that good mustard sauce I wanted from the Old Market? And where are the oranges I told those rogues to buy? Does nobody heed me?"

Gianni hastily volunteered to go for the mustard sauce and Tommaso offered to go to the shop where oranges were sold. It was all done so quickly, and Ambrosio's shouts were so loud, that the room was cleared in a minute.

Ambrosio, suddenly calm, went over to where the scholar had shrunk against the wall, and he took the scholar in his arms and gave him a passionate kiss. "I have need of explanation of a difficult point of law," he said. "You must come into my chamber and we'll discuss it." The other neither spoke a word nor resisted as the door closed behind them.

That very door played the traitor by having a small chink. And it was to that chink that Tommaso, returning sooner than expected, put his eye.

Having seen what he had seen, he went to wait for Gianni; and when the latter appeared, he drew him aside to another

room. "I have frightful news for you, my friend," Tommaso said. "That Ambrosio whom you and I so liked and trusted is now revealed as a pederast! And that cousin of yours is of the same persuasion and has become Ambrosio's lover. Through a chink in the bedroom door, I spied them nude in bed, wrapped in each other's arms, kissing."

Gianni gave a loud groan and, wild-eyed, rushed toward the door. "Oh, if it were only true that Ambrosio is a lover of boys—and so has made a ridiculous mistake! For I now confess it to you, Tommaso: I have a beautiful wife, who was so lusted after by the libidinous nobles of this city that I disguised her as a young man. And now it seems that Ambrosio must have penetrated that disguise. First I'll kill him and then myself."

"Hold," said Tommaso. "Would you commit a murder before you knew which of your propositions were true? Come, I hear voices from the bedroom. Listen."

Standing outside the bedroom door, they heard Ambrosio: "And I beg for your pardon with all my heart, madonna. I mistook you for—well, you know. And when you suddenly felt faint and I brought you in here to—well, I discovered my error. Believe me, I shall never reveal this episode!"

Gianni was greatly relieved, and when the two, fully dressed, stepped into the room, he greeted them smilingly. And they all sat down and ate good roast capon with mustard sauce and feasted on oranges afterward.

When Ambrosio was at last alone with his friend, he said, "And so all went as we planned it. She is the sweetest tidbit I have ever devoured."

Tommaso replied, "It is rightly said that a clever deception drives men of wit to outdo it with a greater."

—Retold by Carlo Matteo





20 QUESTIONS: STEVIE NICKS

ladies and gentlemen, the reigning queen of rock—on recklessness, relationships and reincarnation

Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Stevie Nicks (whose album "Bella Donna" has sold more than 3,000,000 copies) just after the last show of her successful solo tour. Rensin reports: "We talked in the bathroom of her West Los Angeles hotel suite while her make-up was being applied for a television appearance. She looked great before. She looked great afterward. And she does her own lipstick."

1.

PLAYBOY: You're part of the hugely popular Fleetwood Mac, as well as the proud mother of a number-one solo album. Do you still find you've had to work twice as hard because you're a woman trying to win at a man's game?

NICKS: I never tried to beat men; that's why I managed to do it. I tried to learn from them and be their friend and stuff. I didn't want to be too pushy—no one likes pushy people, least of all guys who are in famous bands. It's much easier to worm your way in with kindness.

2.

PLAYBOY: Magazine articles have mentioned your belief in ghosts and reincarnation; your being in a "magic kingdom"—the whole *Rhiannon* Welsh thing. Have people had difficulty taking you seriously?

NICKS: At this point, people believe it's me. I just couldn't go on making this trip up if it weren't true. I love Halloween and fairy tales. I get wonderful letters: Kids say they love the songs and "Go right ahead and live in your fairy-princess castle, because we need somebody to live there and make us happy, to take away some of the everyday horribleness that goes on."

3.

PLAYBOY: What were some of your past lives?

NICKS: I think I spent a lot of time in old churches, like a monk. I'm very comfortable around that kind of music, with that kind of creeping around, with being very quiet. My ballet teacher believes that my head was cut off in another life, too. I totally give with my body except for my neck. Even if I go to the beauty salon, I can't put my head back. They

have to hold it or it will drop. The same thing happens when I dance or get a massage. It's very weird.

4.

PLAYBOY: How do you maintain your cosmic connection considering the pressures of fame and wealth? And how do you handle the abusive lifestyle—the drugs, the drinking, the long hours—of being the reigning queen of rock 'n' roll?

NICKS: It's not easy. But I can't do what I do if I don't retain some innocence and spirituality. You'd see a definite change in my lyrics if I became hardened. I'm not interested in existing on that critical level most people live on.

As I get older, the abusive side is coming to a close. I'm slowing down. Besides, I have bronchial, spasmodic asthma now. And everything that I do is wrapped up in my lungs. I'm scared now. This sure is the fast lane, but I don't particularly want to die in the fast lane. I want to get there gracefully.

I need rest real bad. I also need some exercise. I don't want to be this romantically fragile character everyone thinks I am. The image is fine for an image, but it's not too fine if you have to go to the hospital for it. For my asthma, I have to take these miserable pills that make you feel like someone put something weird in your Perrier.

5.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to marry eventually and have a family?

NICKS: If I had a family, I'd probably love it. Right now, I have my dog Sarah, two cats and a baby Doberman. But I wish I had a little girl. Even a little boy. Getting married would, of course, depend on the man; also on whether I cared enough. If I fell that deeply in love with someone, I'd have no idea of what to do. But I'd be willing to make whatever compromises were necessary.

6.

PLAYBOY: What compromises?

NICKS: My interest in the music and everything else would have to drop off a little bit. But I don't fall in love that often, because it's sad when you fall in love and it doesn't work out. I know

it's better to have loved, because otherwise I wouldn't have anything to write about. And there are different kinds of love. But if it were the *big love*, I'd drop everything. I'd still have my job, of course, but I'd get in my car and drive across town in the middle of the night—which I will *not* do under other circumstances, because I don't have a license. I'd go crazy, I suppose. It's probably the most wonderful feeling in the world.

7.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if your job would get in the way.

NICKS: It invades it. You can call up your boyfriend and say, "I'm sick; I can't go to dinner." But you cannot call in sick to Fleetwood Mac. So a certain number of my relationships are ruined, not because of the people involved but because of my other commitments. And so, every time, I'm just a little less interested in starting something up, because what has happened before is probably going to happen again. It's not a lack of interest on my part; it's a lack of time to be interested.

So maybe it's good that I haven't fallen deeply enough in love to give up a good half of what I do. I wouldn't want to be a bad mother. And how could I be a good one when I don't even have time to go to the dentist? So forget the child. And forget the boyfriend. I have so many commitments that he would have to come fourth—and I don't like making *anybody* feel he's fourth.

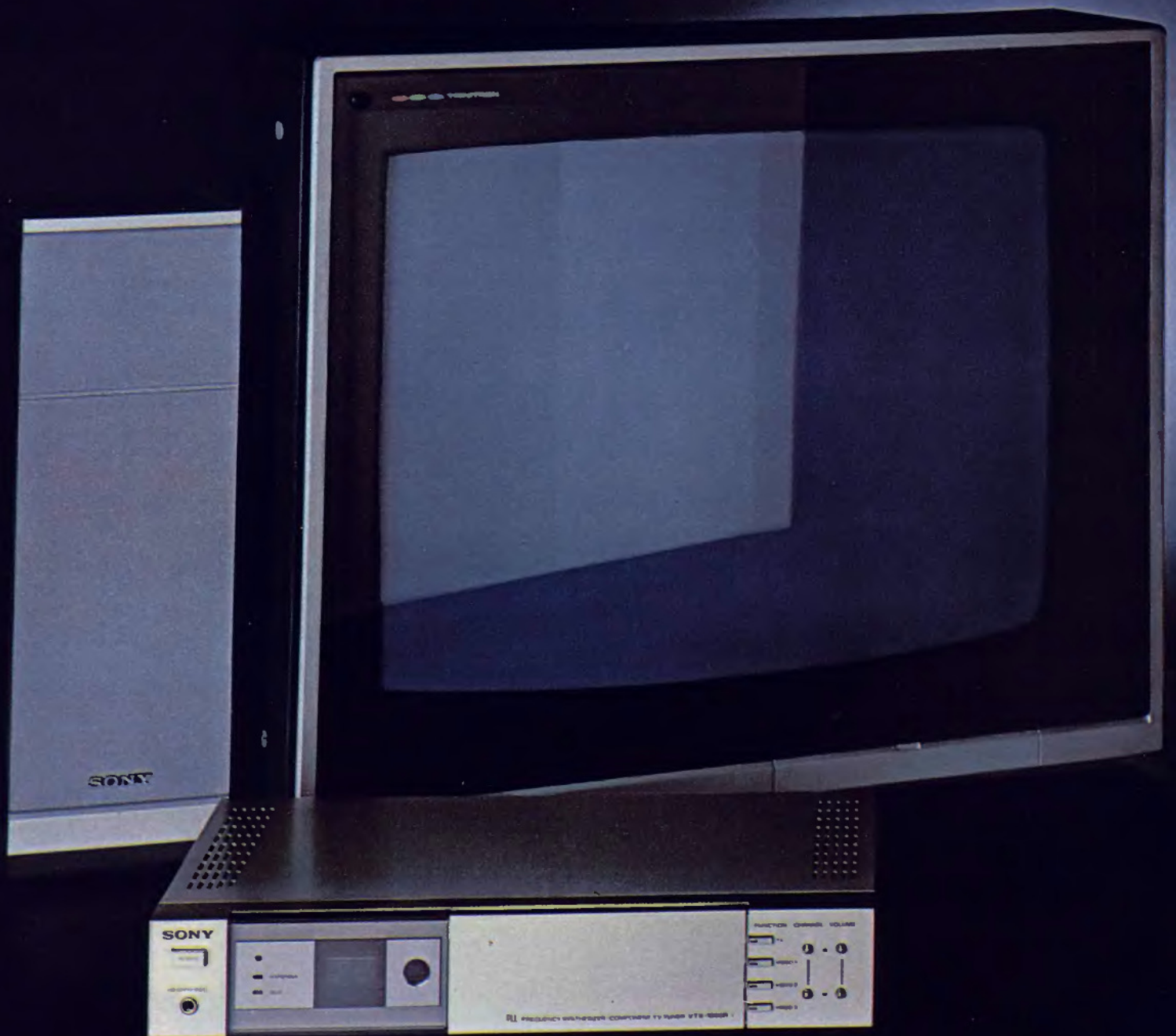
8.

PLAYBOY: Yet love obviously means a lot to you. In *Sara*, you wrote, "Drowning in the sea of love, where everyone would love to drown."

NICKS: Yeah, but I'm at the point where I realize that if my *job* is what I want to be doing, I'd just better stay out of the sea.

I've been going with someone since I was 18 years old. I think I had a month between Lindsey [Buckingham] and Don [Henley, of The Eagles]. There has always been someone in my life. And I want my freedom at this point, because I really need to get to know Stevie again. I need to be able to paint all night without making someone feel

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Recently a noted critic said: "As sure as radio evolved into component stereo systems, the all-in-one television is ready to grow into a multi-talented system."

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THE ONE AND ONLY.



horrible because he's waiting for me to come to bed.

Yet I know intimacy is something we all need. When you want to get back to the fireplace with someone you care about or watch a little TV, it's important that you like the person a lot, that he makes you laugh and that he's fun. I'm as envious of that as can be.

9.

PLAYBOY: What kind of man would make you happy?

NICKS: [Laughs] You were thinking maybe a nice doctor or something? Maybe an eye-ear-nose-and-throat specialist? Maybe an analyst? A musical artist? I've certainly had *that* experience. It wouldn't be easy for me to deal with a guy who was as busy as I am. When I'm home one night, I definitely don't want to be alone. I'm not amused if he's busy. I'm no different, you know. If I met a guy who was able to put up with it, he'd have to be just as famous, have more money and be terribly secure within himself. Frankly, I have contemplat-

ed being single the rest of my life. But I said that in a radio interview once, and when I heard it back, it really freaked me out.

10.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever encounter fans more spiritual or spaced out than you?

NICKS: Yes. I came out the stage door the other night and a girl was crying hysterically. I can never walk away from someone in tears, so I asked what was wrong. She said, "Will you sign my arm?" I did. The next night, she was back—with her other arm *tattooed* with my name! I grabbed her and told her, "Don't ever do that again. Don't ever have someone take a knife and cut into your arm with my name. It's not funny. It's stupid and I'm not happy about it." Her reaction was more tears.

Another night, one of her friends asked me to sign *her* arm. I said, "I did that the other day and the girl went out and had her arm tat—"

"Oh, she's my best friend," the girl said. So I told her, "I'm not touching

your arm. And if I ever find out that you got my name tattooed on you anyway, I'll sue. Don't put that on me. That's pain. I'm not here to bring pain. I'm here to bring you *out* of pain." It bummed me out. I felt like I should have gone back inside, like I'd come out the wrong door.

11.

PLAYBOY: What else upsets you?

NICKS: Waiting. [Long pause and a smile] And I'm always late. It's the Gemini in me. Otherwise, just wrong things said at the wrong time. Like, "Oh, gained a little weight around the chin." You know, right before a photo session. Some people have incredible tact and an intuitive feel for your feelings. Others don't. Some people can wake me up in the morning—they know how. Others, if I had a BB gun, they'd be on the wall.

12.

PLAYBOY: Were you nervous going on the road as a solo act?

NICKS: Are you kidding? Terribly. I hadn't been onstage alone before. It's a whole different can of beans to realize that if you're not out there—if you have to run to the wings for some powder or to get your hair brushed or because you're dripping wet—there is *no one* onstage who'll talk to the audience. But we had some truly spectacular moments, when the band and I were blown away at the response. At the last Los Angeles show, I must have looked like the bag lady of *Bella Donna*: I was bent over, because I had so many roses to carry. I was crying. Another great thing is that no one in the audience ever yelled out, "Where's Don? Where's Tom Petty? Where's Lindsey? Where's Fleetwood Mac?"

13.

PLAYBOY: Were you offended by reviewers of *Bella Donna* who questioned your intelligence or who argued that the album was not a significant departure from your work with Fleetwood Mac?

NICKS: You mean when reviewers asked, "Is she incredibly hip or incredibly silly?" It didn't bother me. They said a couple of rhymes were stupid, but I *know* those words aren't stupid, so it doesn't hurt me. I think the bit about not being a departure from Fleetwood Mac is also ridiculous. *Bella Donna* is in no way like Fleetwood Mac records. They didn't even play on the record. On *Bella Donna*, Jimmy [Iovine, the producer] left the songs as close to the demos as possible, so it was really just me—which is what I've always wanted. Sometimes I don't mind my songs' being changed around; sometimes it makes them better. But often, I would rather



"Hal is way past breadwinning. He's into survival techniques now."

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.
Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

they stayed real simple, like *Leather and Lace*.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're sexy?

NICKS: I can be. I do not normally try to be. In fact, there have been some reviews—which I've loved—that said I didn't try to sell my show on sex, that I sang my show.

On the other hand, I know I'm cute. I can dance. I don't have a bad figure. I know exactly what I am. I'm certainly no great beauty. I know *exactly* how far I can go.

15.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered acting, as many of your rock-'n'-roll peers have done?

NICKS: I wouldn't like to be in movies. Movie people are strange. They live a different life than musicians do. They get up early and work in the day. And I really think they're much wilder than we are. One time, four movie guys walked up to me at a party after a show. I was looking good. And they took me apart with their eyes. I was so completely insulted that I never forgot it. They were so slick and smooth and suited up—it looked like they all had had face lifts—with perfectly tanned faces. I'm just a hippie. I wouldn't fit very well into that world. Those guys gave me the creeps. The hair on my arms stood up.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you support activist musicians who give antinuke concerts or participate in demonstrations?

NICKS: That's why I write. We need mu-

sic very badly. The world is in pretty bad shape and it scares me. But I'm not one of those people, like Jackson Browne, who went up to the Diablo Canyon nuclear protest. I said to him, "But they could have broken your fingers—your beautiful fingers that write all those beautiful songs. Are you crazy? We need you to write songs. We don't need you to be in jail." He said it "had occurred" to him. I said it *should* have. I think it scared him. I'm not a martyr. I would much rather be around to write the story than die for it and leave nothing behind. I believe you should put your talent where your talent is and stay out of the rest of it.

17.

PLAYBOY: You are very close to your father. What has he taught you that you've applied to your career?

NICKS: My dad said, "If you're going to do it, be the best, write the best, sing the best and believe in it and yourself." And as long as I didn't give up on that, it would be OK. It was great to have supportive parents, though I'm sure they really would have been much happier at one point if I'd done something else, because they didn't think I was strong enough. I was always sick and Lindsey and I had no money and whenever they'd see me, I'd be really down. My relationship with Lindsey was tumultuous and passionate and wild and we were always fighting, so I was never happy.

But my parents would hear me go in to my room and sit there for eight hours with two little cassette players and sing and write and leave papers everywhere. I think they realized that I might not

have been strong, but it was the only thing I wanted. My dad knew me well enough to know that I was just like him. So he told me that I should be what I want to be and not complain about it.

18.

PLAYBOY: What should men know about women that they don't?

NICKS: That we are stronger than they know. And maybe if they fed that a little bit, all of this women's liberation would go away and everybody would be happy. If men gave us just a little more credit and an extra hug and said, "Good job," that would solve a lot of it. Women want to be beautiful, sweet, feminine and loving. But they also want to be thought of as intelligent and necessary. And even if your woman is *not* all those things, you should want her to feel good about herself, to believe in herself.

19.

PLAYBOY: Your immediate entourage all seem to be beautiful young women. Do you and the girls ever go out together?

NICKS: We can't go anywhere. It's fine for all the guys, but if we go, like, down to Le Dôme for a drink or to the Rainbow for spaghetti, we're immediately going to be classified as loose, roaming women. Me and some of the other female singing stars, like Ann and Nancy Wilson and Pat Benatar, can't just go out boogieing with our girlfriends. Anyway, I wouldn't be *allowed* out. I'd have to sneak out. I'm way too recognizable. I've been securitized up to my neck for the past seven years, so I'd also be severely scared. I once tried to sneak out to a disco in Chicago with my girlfriend Christie, but we got caught. So the guys went with us. It was a bummer. Nobody in the disco would even come up to us. But people say it's for my safety. Women are getting raped all the time. And I don't need to get raped, because I'd never get over it. That's when my songs would stop. That's when my belief in the world would die. I know it happens, but its happening to me is another story. It tends to take away one's spontaneity.

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you often think about death—especially since you believe in reincarnation?

NICKS: I'm not afraid of it at all. But I try to get as much done as I can, because you don't know how long you're going to be here. That's why it's important that I type a page or two every night—even if that's at 11 A.M. See, I think you live on earth a certain number of times until you finish what it is that you were meant to do here. And then you go on. I don't think I'll be back. I think I'm done.



"I feel the same way, Heathcliff—but with mortgages at 17 percent. . ."

Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

Face it, you already know what your usual rum, gin and vodka have to offer.

Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what it is you've been missing all along.

Ronrico is superbly smooth and light. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over.

Isn't it about time you broke tradition with Ronrico Rum?

RONRICO RUM & CANADA DRY TONIC

2 ozs of Ronrico Rum
2 thin lime slices
Canada Dry Tonic
Pour rum into a highball
glass with ice cubes. Add
lime. Fill glass with Tonic.
Stir lightly.

RONRICO RUM & CANADA DRY TONIC



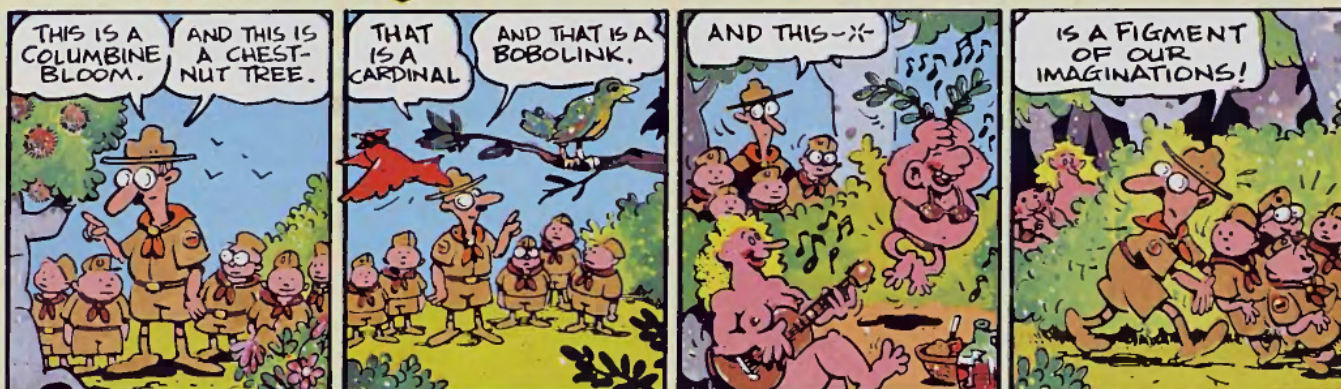


PLAYBOY FUNNIES

Brooks

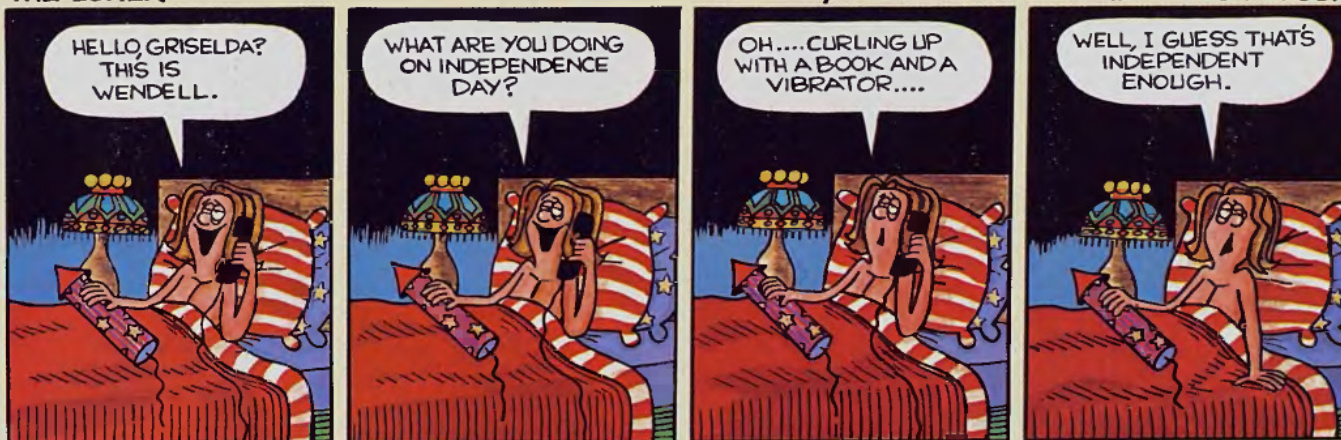
annie & albert

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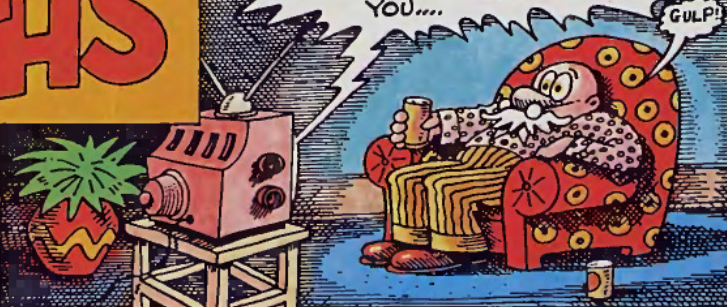
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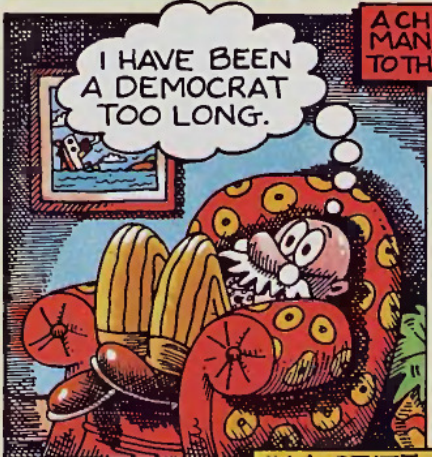
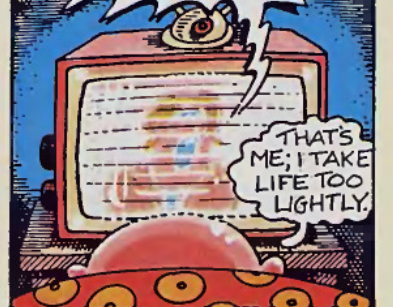
MEATY MYTHS

BE GLAD IF YOU BE
PART OF THE IM-
MORAL MINORITY.
BY
FRED SCHRIER

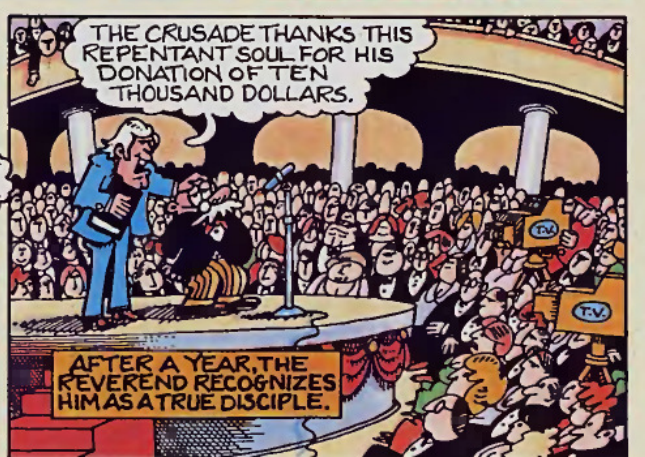
FARDLE'S FAVORITE TV SHOW HAS
BEEN PRE-EMPTED AND EVANGELIZED.
THIS IS THE CRUSADE OF THE REVEREND
HARRY BALLWELL, FRIENDS AND
SINNERS! GET ON YOUR KNEES
AND REPENT! FOR AH SAYETH
THE DAY OF DOOM IS UPON
YOU....



PEOPLE RUN NAKED IN
THE STREETS CHARGING
THE LUST IN THEIR HEARTS WITH
CREDIT CARDS! SEDUCED
DAILY, WE BUY BEAUTY AND
GRATIFICATION! REPENT!
FEEL GUILTY!
GUILT IS THE ONLY
SALVATION! SEND
ME YOUR DOLLARS!



A CHANGED
MAN, HE TAKES
TO THE STREET...



IN A STATE OF
EUPHORIC LETH-
ARGY, HE BEGITS
HIMSELF TO HIS
PAST HAUNTS....

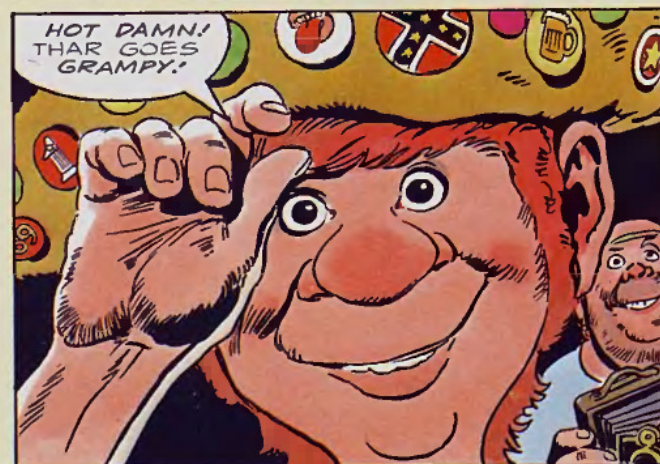
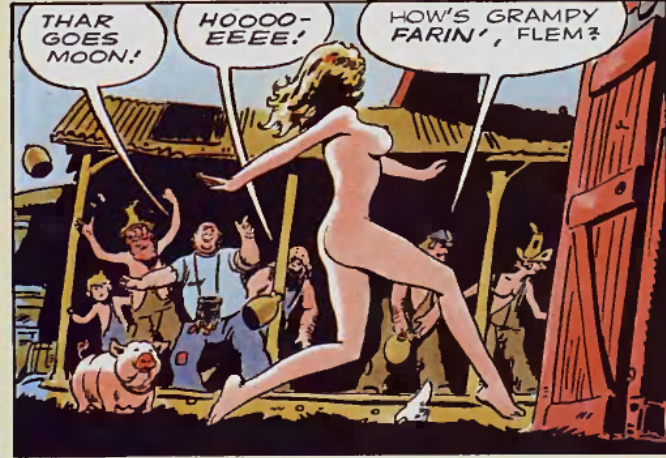
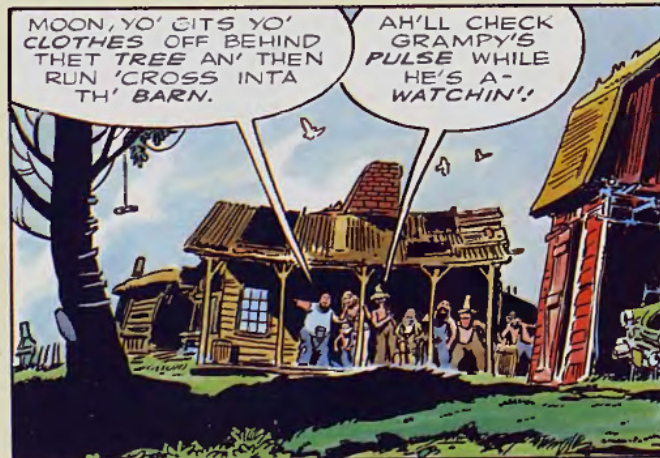
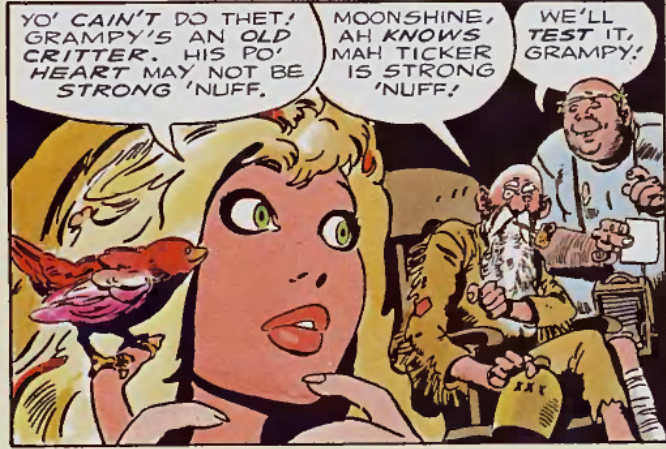


LADIES!
REPENT!
GASP...
OOOOH
YAH!



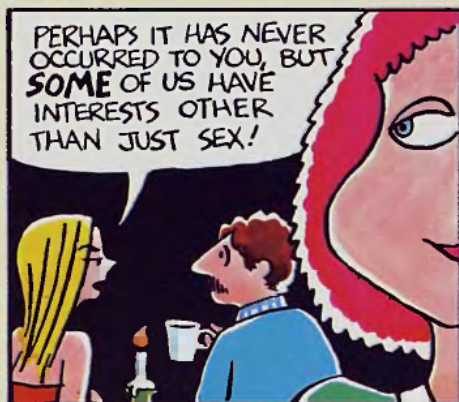
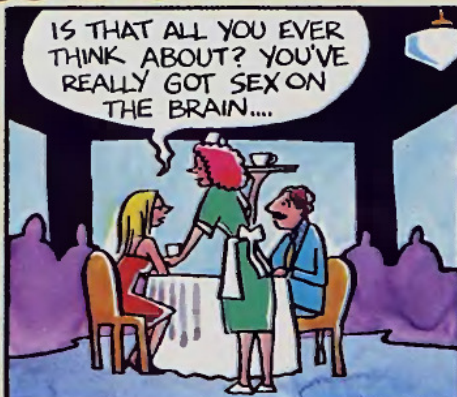
REG'LAR RABBIT





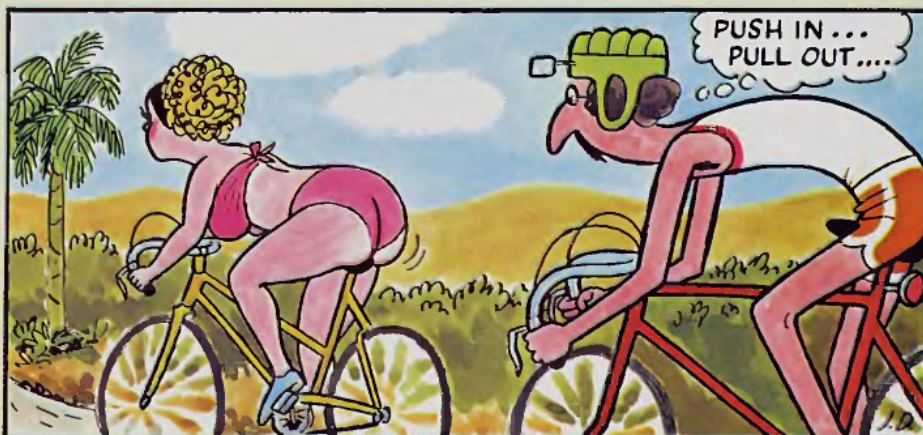
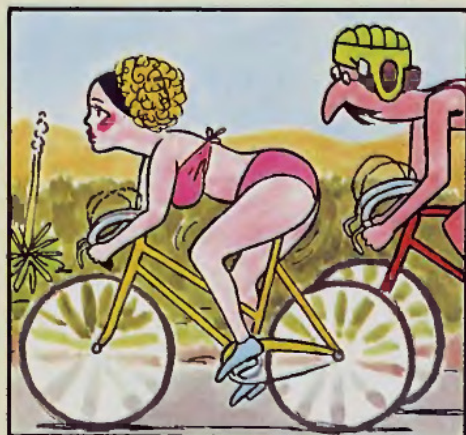
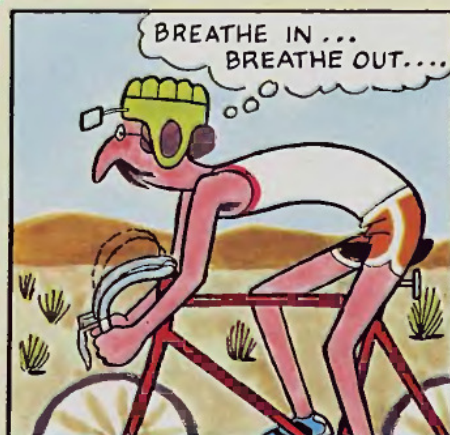
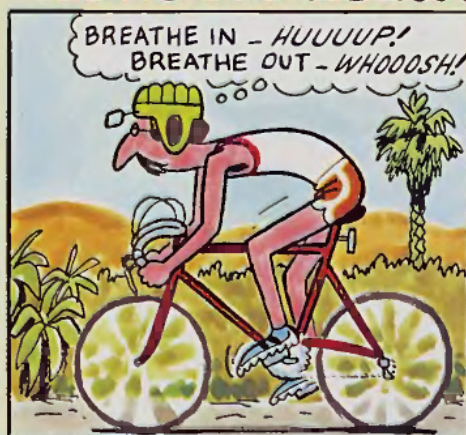
Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON



MOLISTIC MARRY

BY J. DELMAR



BRAWNING OF AMERICA (continued from page 150)

"It has taken a decade for the benefits of sports medicine to trickle down to the man on the street."

to give it. Remy is now pivoting on the double play as well as he did before the two injuries that once might have ended his career. Before spring training opened this year, he signed a five-year, \$3,000,000 contract to play second base for Boston.

Today, if we wanted to, we could all have our knees 'scoped, poked and put on television. Rehabilitative techniques—as well as training and preventive measures—that were revolutionary eight years ago are old news now. It has taken a turbulent decade for new ideas to trickle down to the man on the street, the same way it took Teflon 15 years to go from the fire of its military uses into the frying pan. Lately, however, the trickle-down has become a faucet turned on full, and it's changing the way we live our competitive lives.

A half century ago, when Hans Kraus decided to become a sports doctor, he had no niche in which to ply his trade—his New York City private practice was one of the few havens in the world for the bone-weary athlete. Today, thanks to the high stakes of professional sports

and to the scientific approach that the U.S.S.R. and the Eastern-bloc countries have taken to Olympic competition, there is a tremendous volume of sophisticated research that all athletes can use to their advantage.

Sports medicine as a field has burgeoned so much that it now subsumes forms of study that have nothing to do with medicine—any new datum that bears on competitive performance is gobbled up by someone intent on using it to run faster or jump higher. Today's athletic trainer, for instance, is no cigar-chewing father figure cheering on the side lines. He even disdains the word trainer. He opts instead for kinesiologist or exercise physiologist or—calling to mind a sports version of Mr. Goodwrench—biomechanic. From Rutgers to UCLA, sports medicine is proliferating as an academic discipline and a realm for research, and the new trainer almost always has "Dr." in front of his name.

If he's a kinesiologist (a student of muscular movement), he might be Dr. Marvin Clein of the University of Denver, putting his puffing jock subjects

through their paces on a treadmill. Dr. Clein quantifies an athlete's ability to accumulate oxygen debt during high work loads—maximum oxygen intake relative to body weight determines the amount of work a body can sustain over a period of time. Clein's athletes nod their heads, gasping, when told this, then take off on individualized performance-improvement programs.

If he's a biomechanic, he might be Dr. Gideon Ariel. Dr. Ariel, who used to toss the discus for the Israeli Olympic team, now breaks down athletic performance into all its component parts for Computerized Biomechanical Analysis, Inc., at Amherst, Massachusetts. His computer turns high-speed film of an athlete's motion into a series of blue-green stick figures that reproduces every movement made by the body. Then Ariel suggests ways to cut out all superfluous motion. He once made a computer model of Al Oerter, who had thrown the discus 212' 6½" in the 1968 Olympics, and found that Oerter was throwing some of his force into the ground and the air. After Ariel pointed out ways to cut the fat from Oerter's motion, Al went out and threw the discus 221' 4".

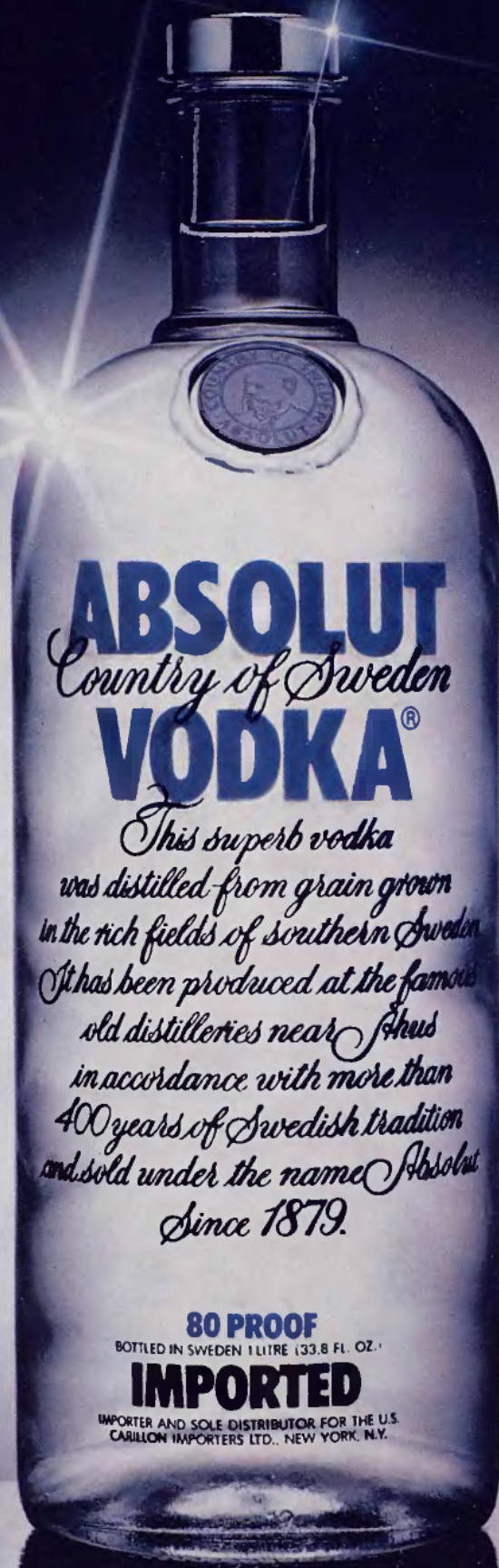
If the model of the modern trainer is an exercise physiologist, then he might be Dr. David Costill of Ball State University's Human Performance Laboratory. Dr. Costill studies the muscular mechanisms of the body and their effects on athletic performance. He takes snippets of muscle from wincing athletes and peers through a microscope at the tissue. His verdict may determine whether or not a runner will ever be capable of completing a marathon in less than three hours. It was Costill who refined the understanding of fast- and slow-twitch muscle fibers. A high percentage of fast-twitch fibers generates speed; a high percentage of slow-twitch, endurance; an average person has about half of each. Costill discovered that marathon world-record holder Alberto Salazar has an incredible 92 percent slow-twitch fibers, which is one reason why he keeps running while the rest of us collapse on the sidewalks of New York.

Costill also puts cardiac candidates on an exercise routine to strengthen their heart muscles and conducts research that suggests, among other things, that great athletes are born and not made—most characteristics that determine athletic potential are genetic. But he also insists that "people have a responsibility to perform up to their potential, whatever it may be."

While the academic load is carried by such researchers as Clein, Ariel and Costill, the modern form of old-fashioned training and conditioning is under way at such places as Manhattan's Sports Training Institute (S.T.I.). Started in 1975, S.T.I. occupies what was once a 49th Street seminary. Now



"Boy! I just hope you'll miss me as much as you miss Walter Cronkite!"



ABSOLUT GEM.

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stockbrokers, lawyers and cabdrivers work out in a gym where potential priests once took set shots. Every client has his own taskmaster for thrice-weekly sessions of 45 minutes each—there are no procrastinators smoking cigarettes on the exercise machines. The phrase most often heard floating over proprietor Mike O'Shea's awesome array of Nautilus machines is not an encouraging "Almost through" but a growled "Five more!" S.T.I. is a paradigm of what's to come in the next wave of sports-conditioning centers.

A model of the kind of one-stop service station that's becoming available

for injured athletes is Boston's S.M.R., where Jerry Remy had his knee repaired. Although most of the Red Sox and many Celtics and Bruins are habitués, three out of four S.M.R. patients are recreational athletes who receive the kind of sophisticated clinical attention only a Carl Yastrzemski could have had a decade ago.

What's the thread that connects the work of kinesiologist Clein with that of the Sports Training Institute and all the others? It's sports science's central concern—*making each body the best it can be*. All the sports-medicine centers across the country (and there is now at least

one in every state) represent the current state of the art; their purpose is to help us refine and sophisticate our concept of fitness.

Fitness used to mean the ability to walk up a flight of steps without puffing, and maybe bowling once a week to keep the old thumb in shape. Today, it means the optimal development of strength (both muscular and cardiovascular), flexibility and endurance for the specific activities in which an athlete participates. It includes practical application of all that we've learned about the chemistry and mechanics of the body, and it can result in fine-tuning that machine closer and closer to perfect performance.

If you're one of the millions of casual athletes in this country, fitness for you may be easier defined than achieved. But due to the recent trickle-down of sophisticated techniques from the rarefied reaches of sports medicine, it is within your grasp. How can you be fit and perform to potential? By taking advantage of the trickle-down, that's how. The six-part fitness program that follows is a synthesis of some of the crucial points that have emerged from research and from training elite athletes in the past ten years. It can bring you close to your potential in the specific sports you want to play on an investment of one and a half hours of hard work a week. Follow the next half-dozen steps and you'll be out of the blocks on the path to your potential.

1. *Choose a sport for the rewards it offers.* It has to be something you enjoy, so you'll keep it up, but it has to make demands on your strength and stamina as well. Larry Holmes's training regimen won't do you any good if you fail to stick to it, but neither will thousands of free throws or walks in the park ever redefine your body.

Over the past decade, scientists have quantified the demands and benefits of various athletic activities. Running, bike riding and swimming, it is now established, are about the best general-conditioning activities (see chart on page 187). Jumping rope is great, too. All four exercises contribute to weight loss, cardiovascular strength and muscle development. Skiing, racket sports and calisthenics provide the same benefits, but not as quickly.

Nonstrenuous sports, the ones in which you can wear the same shirt over and over and still not smell bad, don't contribute much of anything to fitness. Golf won't condition you unless you run to your drives and swim all the water hazards. But anything that makes you sweat will train your body. Pick a sport that stretches your capabilities and then push yourself.

2. *No good athlete starts cold.* Modern kinesiology has demonstrated again and

TRUISMS AND CONSEQUENCES

(continued from page 148)

curve in your lower back. So the best sit-up is one in which you bend your knees and never take your head all the way back to the floor.



6. *Those ankle weights will help you run faster and jump higher.* They won't do either, but

they may injure you. Training with ankle weights gives you the illusion of being lighter on your feet, but what it really does is strengthen the quadriceps without strengthening the opposing muscles, the hamstrings. Such a strength disparity makes it much more likely that you'll tear a hamstring and be out of action for weeks. And that's not all: Anyone who runs a lot with ankle weights can pretty much count on developing shin splints.



7. *Jock drinks are as good for you as water straight from the tap.* Well, that's polluted logic.

There's no doubt among the thirsty that the best drink before, during and after exercise is water. Drinking too much of it is almost impossible. During 30 minutes of exercise, the average athlete's body loses 33 ounces of water as sweat. It can absorb only nine ounces in the same period, so there's bound to be a water shortfall. The most important consideration during competition is replacement of sweat loss, and commercial drinks of various flavors (they are mainly water, anyway) contain minerals that slow the body's rate of water absorption. Dr. David Costill of Ball State's Human Performance Lab recently undertook a study to find the best fluid-replacement drink for athletes, a study sponsored by one of the jock-drink manufacturers. The company was disappointed with Dr. Costill's one-word result: water.



8. *Sure, sex is good exercise—you don't see any fat porn stars around, do you? The truth is,*

lovemaking can raise your pulse to the stress-producing rate of 120 beats per minute, but that's due to hormonal, not cardiovascular, factors. During orgasm, for as long as 15 seconds or so, you can burn calories at a rate of approximately 400 per hour. That means you can burn about 1.7 calories in those 15 seconds—the same number you would take in eating a grape. Even a long session of sex won't contribute as much to fitness as walking up a few flights of steps.



9. *Sex the night before a game will drain your energy.* The reason this one is nonsense is im-

plicit in myth number eight—sex simply doesn't demand enough exertion to have any marked effect on your energy level immediately, much less a day afterward. Pregame warm-ups drain more energy than sex does. Remember the Minnesota Vikings? They segregated players and wives the night before each Super Bowl in which the team played, and the Vikes are 0-4 in Super Bowls.



10. *Records are made to be broken.* Historically, that is true; but sports scientists are now certain

that there are upper limits to athletic performance. The body is a machine; it has a limited potential for work. Bob Beamon's 29' 2½" long jump, which many consider the single most remarkable athletic feat of all time, flicked at the whiskers of the ultimate. That jump improved the world record by almost two feet. It's safe to say that no one will ever jump two feet farther than Beamon did. As soon as we learn to use the machine even more efficiently, there will be other performances that approach fully realized human potential. And before too long, we're going to see records that no human can possibly break.

—KEVIN COOK

again that muscles are like Silly Putty: They're pliant and virtually indestructible when warm, hard and brittle when cold.

Ken Sprague, one of the heavyweights in the world of weight training, points out that there are three major advantages of warming up before competition: "During warm-up, as body heat increases, muscles can contract faster and with more force. Ligaments and tendons become more pliable. Nerves conduct impulses faster."

So, in order to prepare your muscles, warm up specifically for the sport you're going to play. Simulate the motions you'll make during play, gradually increasing speed and intensity, introducing your muscles to the demands of the coming activity. Bjorn Borg starts out with easy, smooth ground strokes and carefully accelerates the velocity of his swing. Phillies reliever Tug McGraw, not a total flake, always begins a warm-up by tossing lobs that wouldn't fan your grandmother. Larry Bird does an extended dribbling exercise, a ball in each hand, to prepare himself to handle the ball on either side. Then he slams a series of passes against an overturned trampoline, spins and shoots off the bullet passes that come back.

Begin your warm-up with stretches. A good stretch lasts at least 20 seconds; it isn't painful but does elongate the muscles enough to be uncomfortable. Stretch for 15 minutes—it takes at least ten to bring blood into the muscles and eliminate stiffness in their fibers.

3. *You've gotta have heart.* When you exercise, work hard enough to raise your pulse rate to 120 beats per minute—the generally accepted level at which cardiovascular conditioning begins for most people. Reliable research indicates that two hours of exercise at 100 bpm will not do you as much good as half an hour at 120 bpm.

You'll breathe deeply and perspire freely at that level. If you're gasping or feel near collapse, slow down—you are probably well past the 120-bpm threshold. But a little muscle pain is a good sign: It means you're depleting glycogen in the muscles. Glycogen is the starchy fuel that muscles convert to glucose for energy—the more often you deplete it, the more your muscles retain the next time. That increases endurance.

Not only will a 30-minute workout three times a week at 120 bpm improve your athletic performance, it will also add to your life expectancy. S.M.R.'s Southmayd says this kind of exercise "can prevent the ultimate injury—death from heart disease."

You'll feel fatigue and stiffness after any good workout. The point, after all, is to ask more of your body than it's accustomed to giving. A little soreness the next morning is nothing to worry about, either—"No pain, no gain," as

they say in the weight room. But if you wake up feeling like a sentient bruise, cut back the intensity of your workout by about ten percent.

4. *Mobility is the best medicine.* "Down time" is counterproductive to fitness. Whenever you're on the side lines, your body is only depreciating, so you need to get back in action as quickly as possible. When you get hurt, begin your own treatment as soon as the yelling stops.

A passable tennis player—the office jock at this magazine—suffered two severe wrist sprains during his four years of collegiate competition. The first time, he finished out the match before looking for the trainer, who had him put his hand in a whirlpool for an hour, then immobilized it in a sling. He missed three matches. The next time it happened, he left the court immediately and wrapped the wrist in ice. He was back double-faulting against Notre

Dame the very next afternoon.

Get your treatment started the moment you know you're injured. The prevailing method goes by the acronym RICE. No, RICE is not Boston's left fielder. It stands for rest, ice, compression and elevation.

Rest: Continued strain on the injury exacerbates the problem. Stop what you're doing and look for an icebox.

Ice: Ice reduces swelling and retards blood seepage into the area by making the blood vessels contract. The more blood that gets in shortly after damage, the longer an injury will take to heal. Slap on a commercial ice pack or a towel full of ice cubes.

Compression: Compression also inhibits swelling. Wrap an elastic bandage over the ice and around the injury. If the area gets numb or more painful than it was initially, loosen the wrap.

Elevation: Place the injured part above the level of your heart to drain

WHAT CONDITION IS YOUR CONDITIONING IN?

if staying fit is your reason for exercising, here's a chart to show you how to keep the work in working out

After reviewing current sports-medicine research and literature—as well as consulting many of the top practitioners in the sports-medicine field—we arrived at a sort of sweaty Top 40. Taking six factors—strength, flexibility, endurance, calorie consumption, muscular definition and eye-hand coordination—into account and assuming the frequency and duration of all workouts to be equal, we rated various forms of exercise. The results, placed here on a 100-point scale, are a blend; they reflect not only the conditioning value of an exercise but also the difficulty of performing it to a high level of proficiency. After all, the casual athlete wants to know before he starts something how tough it is to do it *well*, not just how fast his heart is going to pump. Thus, we list tennis above jogging, even though nearly all other charts place jogging near the top. We recognize that tennis is harder: It places greater, more varied demands on athletic ability. How does your sport stack up? Read on—all together, now, by the numbers....

Decathlon	
(training and competition)	98
Boxing	
(at or above Golden Gloves level)	95
Bicycling	
(15–20 mph—more than ten miles)	92

Swimming	87
Sprinting	85
Scull rowing	84
Cross-country skiing	81
Running	80
Soccer	79
Basketball	79
Lacrosse	76
Handball/squash	73
Wrestling	70
Racquetball	69
Tennis	66
Ice hockey	65
Judo/karate	64
Jogging	63
Downhill skiing	59
Football	57
Weight lifting	57
Table tennis	55
Surfing	53
Ice skating	50
Baseball	47
Volleyball	42
Slow bicycling	38
Auto racing	36
Square dancing	33
Sex	31
Frisbee	29
Golf	24
Rowing a boat (three mph)	20
Lawn mowing	19
Walking	15
Bowling	12
Billiards	8
Driving a car	2
Standing	1.8
Sleeping	0.6

excess blood and fluid from the damaged area. Leave the ice pack and the bandage on for half an hour, then remove them. Apply heat to bring blood, with the oxygen and the nutrients necessary to healing, back into the area. After 15 minutes of heat, reapply the ice and the bandage.

If you follow RICE for three hours (there's no such thing as minute RICE), you'll hold pain and swelling to a bare minimum and be on the way to a fast recovery.

Any injury that causes severe pain, that involves a joint, that persists for a week without significant improvement

or that makes it impossible to move a limb should be diagnosed by a doctor. Even in those cases, though, RICE will minimize recuperative time and help you regain full strength.

During the entire period of rehabilitation, from moments after the injury to the next full workout, gently exercise

HOW TO LIVE FOREVER

an exercise program to keep you young at heart

By JOEL POSNER, M.D.

Sports medicine has run a long and winding road since 490 B.C., when a runner raced 25 miles from Marathon to the gates of Athens so he could announce the Greeks' victory over Persian invaders. "Rejoice; we conquer!" he yelled, and died on the spot from exhaustion. Today, sports medicine guides tens of thousands of ordinary folks through the modern 26-mile marathon and contributes mightily to the feats of the few extraordinary athletes who test the limits of human performance.

But you probably don't want to be a marathoner or a world-class athlete. Like most of us, you have neither the time nor the inclination to devote all your energies to taking a medal home from the 1984 Olympics. Does sports medicine have anything to offer you? It does—if you want to live long and stay young until the day you die.

Imagine (just for now) that you're a marathoner training for the Los Angeles Olympics. Exercise physiologists have learned that if you want to stay close in that race, you'll have to breathe in 55 to 60 milliliters of oxygen per minute for every kilogram you weigh. So your trainer runs you to exhaustion on a treadmill while you breathe through a tube. He measures the difference between the oxygen you inhale and the oxygen you exhale. That difference is the amount of oxygen you use; it's called your maximum-oxygen uptake.

Your trainer's job is to work you—hard—until your maximum uptake is above 60 milliliters per kilogram per minute. If he succeeds, not only will you keep up with the pack, you may be first to the tape.

OK, so you don't actually want to run the marathon, but you do want to stay fit and active as long as possible. The numbers above remain relevant: It takes four milliliters of oxygen per minute for each kilogram of body weight just to stay alive. It takes 12 per minute to make love. It

takes 16 to walk casually, 25 to do the pogo at the Punk-Rock Palace and about 30 to carry a child up a steep flight of steps. In general, the higher your oxygen-uptake level, the better your endurance.

You'll need to keep your maximum uptake above 25 milliliters per kilogram per minute if you want to dance your way into your 80s. At the age of 30, a healthy adult has a maximum uptake of more than 40, but that figure usually decreases with age. A sedentary 70-year-old's maximum uptake is about 20; at that level, sex can't be too vigorous and you might as well forget about dancing. And at 45 years old, a man who's out of shape also has a maximum uptake of 20—to all physical intents and purposes, he is already old.

But it doesn't have to be that way. It's not too difficult to maintain a maximum uptake of more than 40 well into dotage, because oxygen uptake is determined by four simple factors: The lungs must be able to take in air, the heart must pump blood, the blood has to carry oxygen and the muscles have to be able to use that oxygen. Two of those factors—the heart's capacity for work and the muscles' ability to extract oxygen—can be affected by training. Sports medicine has shown that with 20 to 30 minutes of exercise a week, you can significantly increase your maximum uptake or perform uptake up-keep if you're already in shape.

What follows is a program that will lessen the odds that you'll ever have a heart attack and will improve your chances of dancing on all your friends' graves.

Preparation: If you're over 35, take an exercise tolerance test (E.T.T.). It's quick and painless and can be ordered by any physician. The E.T.T. is the safest way to determine your

optimal level of bodily stress.

Buy good equipment (or join a club that already has it). You'll need a stationary bicycle—the best brands are Schwinn, Tunturi, Monark and Fitron—and a pulse meter, which is available at most neighborhood drugstores. If your doctor or your E.T.T. hasn't already measured your maximum pulse rate, you can figure it out yourself by subtracting your age from 220.

Program: 1. Work out three days a week. Each workout should be followed by at least one off day, when your exercise should be limited to stretching.

2. To get your heart pumping at the proper rate (70 percent of its capacity), hook yourself up to the pulse meter and pedal the bicycle at 15 to 20 miles per hour. Gradually increase the bicycle's resistance. When the pulse meter indicates that your pulse is at 70 percent of maximum, you have reached your own conditioning level.

3. Organize your workouts as shown in the chart below.

If you keep a record, there will be three indications of your increased physical prowess as time passes:

First, you will have to increase the pedal resistance of your bicycle as you go through the program in order to keep your heart pumping at 70 percent maximum. In other words, your heart will be doing more work with the same amount of effort. Second, your heart will beat more slowly when you're at rest. It won't have to work so hard just to keep you alive.

Finally, you'll notice that you seem to have energy to burn. You'll climb steps quickly without puffing, carry heavier packages with much less effort. And as the years sprint by for everybody else, your body will stay forever young.

	Week:	1	2-3	4-5	6-7	8 and up
Warm-up:	• minutes	0	5	5	5	5
	• pulse rate*		40%	50%	50%	50%
Conditioning:	• minutes	15	15	15	15	20
	• pulse rate*	40-50%	50%	60%	70%	70-80%
Cool-down:	• minutes	0	5	5	5	5
	• pulse rate*		40%	50%	50%	50%

*Percent of maximum (220 minus your age).



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the affected area. Immobilization begets stiffness, weakness and slow recovery. Many doctors will still recommend complete inactivity, but many doctors still harbor secret beliefs that the world is flat. Even fractures and tears can be lightly exercised while they're healing.

If your injury is major, it's a good idea to include the Cybex machine in your rehab program. Pro athletes on the mend routinely strain against the Cybex; now many fitness centers have them for casual jocks to use.

Electrostimulation of muscles is another newly available and significant procedure. If you must be in a cast, a sports doctor can now cut a hole in the plaster and contract the muscles around the injury by sending pulses of electric current through them. In that way, you can hold off the decaying effects of atrophy and save weeks of retraining. As with arthroscopy, the goal of electrostimulation is to restore strength by quickly restoring mobility. The fact that such procedures were not in use ten years ago probably sent countless pro athletes into early retirement. Now both electrostimulation and arthroscopy save months of down time for severely injured athletes—amateur and pro alike.

5. *Don't swallow everything you've heard about nutrition.* While it remains the least advanced branch of sports medicine, the study of nutrition has added a few new guidelines to the old balanced-diet and four-food-groups verities. Nutritionists now tell athletes to eat frequent small meals instead of three large ones each day, in order to maintain stamina and energy throughout the day. An athlete should also eat carbohydrates in preference to proteins. Those starches and sugars are the body's primary sources of energy (glycogen is a carbohydrate). Protein is essential, but Americans generally get three times as much as they need in their diets. Distance runners have known for years that spaghetti is a better prerace meal than steak.

While Reggie Jackson may have had

his name on a candy bar, he'd have trouble getting the ball out of the infield if he ate one in the on-deck circle. Eat hemlock; eat poison ivy; just don't eat a lot of sugar. Snarfing a candy bar for a lift is like snorting cocaine to heal your nasal membranes. The Human Performance Lab's Costill has shown that a shot of refined sugar will spike your blood-glucose level for a fleeting few minutes, but the insulin your pancreas releases in response will overcompensate. The glucose level will drop lower than it was before. You may feel lightheaded, shaky and hungry, and your performance will suffer.

Another interesting Costill study suggests that two cups of coffee shortly before competition may improve performance by as much as 19 percent. It's worth a try; just be sure you aren't drinking decaffeinated coffee, since it's the caffeine that does the trick.

6. *Going all out every day isn't the way to go.* When you train, you should do light and heavy workouts on alternate days. Even the most casual of competitors can attain and maintain optimal conditioning with a relatively simple minimal maintenance program such as this:

Three times a week, work out for at least 30 minutes at some activity that keeps your pulse rate over 120 bpm. Warm up beforehand and warm down afterward, reversing the order of your warm-up.

On the four other days, run or work out for at least 15 minutes. Don't push your pulse to 120; just work up a light sweat and remind your body that there are no days off. One good "easy day" plan is simply to warm up and then warm down—that way, your muscles will be specifically trained for the demands of the heavy days.

Stretch every day, twice a day if you can. If you allow the muscles to tighten between workouts, it will take longer to prepare them for competition and you'll be more susceptible to injury.

Finally: During one heavy workout a

week, push yourself hard, close to exhaustion. Don't try to do it for the full half hour, but make sure you spend a minute or two on the cutting edge of your capability. That will deplete some of your glycogen stores and cause a minor shortage of oxygen in the blood, which, in turn, will widen your blood vessels and improve circulation. And it will enable you to experience the limits of your body's capacity for work—a quantity that's going to increase dramatically in far less time than you think.

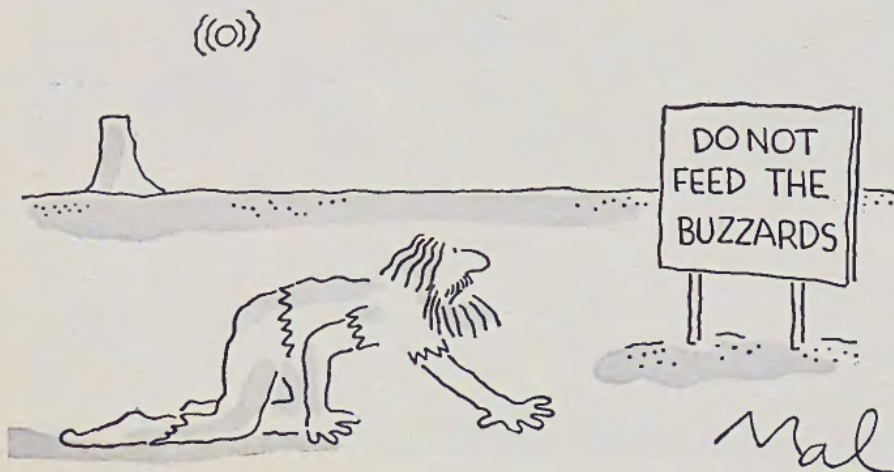
That's it. An investment of one and a half hours a week at 120 bpm can turn you into a fit, well-conditioned athlete. You may not threaten Coe and Ovett in the 1500; you may not get your picture on a box of Wheaties; but you will become the best casual athlete you can be. Even in inflationary times, that's quite a return on such a small investment.

As we rush into an era of participation, the future of sports medicine looks even more kinetic than its present. In our lifetime, toddlers may well be evaluated and trained for the sports to which they're best suited—a youngster with only 40 percent slow-twitch muscle fibers, for example, will never be encouraged to go out for cross-country. We may choose to gene-splice future athletes tailored to certain sports—the perfect N.F.L. center might have the body of a bison and hands on his ankles to snap the ball. And it is likely that within the next 50 years, a man will run the mile as fast as a man can possibly run the mile. The time should be around three and a half minutes. At that moment, the human animal will achieve a kind of perfection.

In the even nearer future, look for sports medicine to have a greater and greater effect on the casual athlete's life. Look for high technology in doctors' offices and high school phys-ed departments. Above all, look for more truisms to be sideswiped in the rush of new knowledge.

Take a look at the Jacques Strapp of 1992. He's quite a specimen. He may not even compare with the international athletic elite, but, by God, he performs to his potential. On the field, he warms up before playing, knows his capabilities, plays as well as he can and is seldom injured. If he does get hurt, he gets off the field, doesn't aggravate his injury and is back in action before you can say "Jackie Robinson." He moves and feels like a strong, purring Porsche.

It's fall—Jacques is playing in a pickup soccer game. There's a nip in the air. He sneezes. Not even sports medicine can cure the common cold.





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SWINE AND ROSÉS

are the luscious Roger Pinot Rosé, from the upper Loire; Campania's suave Lacrimarosa d'Irpinia; Chateau d'Aqueria—the classic Tavel—and a delicious new Cape wine entry, Lanzerac Rosé, from the Stellenbosch Farmers Wineries, among others. California is a prime source of varietal rosés, those made with a preponderance of one grape. They tend to be scented, fairly dry, with distinctive styles—belying the nonsense that rosés are not for serious sippers. Robert Mondavi's stylish Gamay Rosé, Cabernet Rosés from Simi and

(continued from page 139)

from the Monterey Vineyard, Sonoma Vineyard's Grenache Rosé, Sebastiani's Rosa Gewürztraminer, Iron Horse's Blanc de Pinot Noir and Mirassou's Petite Rosé are worthy of anyone's attention.

California's generic rosés, made from a blend of grapes, are exemplary chug wines. Gallo markets four, ranging from a fruity, lightly sweet Pink Chablis to The Wine Cellars of Ernest & Julio Gallo Rosé—driest in the line. Paul Masson's rosé comes in a handy, charming carafe. The new Riverside Farm Premium Dry

Rosé and Robert Mondavi's California Rosé are definitely dry, and Papagni's Madeira Rosé is nicely balanced.

WHOLE SUCKLING PIG, LUAU STYLE

Fresh suckling pigs are available at custom butcher shops. Frozen piglets can be mail-ordered year-round from Pfaltzer Brothers, specialty-meat purveyors in Chicago (800-621-0226), pit-ready and complete with cooking directions. The following instructions are based on Pfaltzer Brothers' recipe.

Materials: Dry stones to line pit, about 10 pounds charcoal briquettes, sheeting or ti leaves, wire mesh or uninsulated fencing wire, clean burlap sacks, leaves, canvas and, of course, a fully thawed pig.

Preparation: Rinse pig in several changes of salt water. Dry thoroughly. Make up seasoned marinade. Brush pig liberally with some of marinade. Reserve rest for later use. Dig pit about 2 feet deep, roughly 2 feet wide and 4 feet long. Line pit with stones. Meanwhile, start briquettes in outdoor fireplace or grill. Wedge ball of foil or block of wood in pig's mouth. Wrap pig in ti leaves or sheeting, then in wire. Saturate sheeting with marinade. Wrap pig in burlap and secure; douse burlap with remaining marinade. Dampen leaves slightly and bundle. Distribute heated charcoal evenly in pit. Add leaves. Lower pig into pit. Cover with canvas; top with rocks or gravel. Pfaltzer allows approximately 2–2½ hours for 14-to-19-lb. pig; 2½–3 hours for 25-lb. pig. When in doubt, give pig a little more time in pit. Decorate with apple, cranberries, etc., before presenting. Set in warm spot for 20 minutes before carving.

Accompaniments: Applesauce, cranberry sauce, cole slaw, rice pilaf, corn on the cob, corn bread. Mustard, pepper sauce, soy sauce and mustard fruits are compatible condiments.

ROSY SANGRIA (16 servings)

- 1 lemon
- 1 lime
- 1 orange
- 2 bottles rosé, chilled
- ¼ cup orange liqueur
- 1 pint ripe strawberries
- 12-oz. can lemon soda, chilled

Cut lemon, lime and orange into thin slices. Place in chilled punch bowl. Add wine and liqueur; refrigerate. At serving time, place chunk of ice in bowl. Rinse berries and add to bowl. Pour in soda; stir once.

As you present the porker in costume—apple-stuffed mouth, cherry eyes and a necklace of cranberries—some wise guy is sure to remark, "Fella, you sure know how to serve fruit."



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Buck Brown

"Und now, comes Miller time!"

SKIDMORE

(continued from page 156)

"One day, he'd be as nice as the next guy; the next day, he'd come right out of the blue and shoot you."

thrown gasoline on his wife's first husband and burned him to death. Everybody explained McElroy's irrational behavior—shooting Henry and Bowenkamp for no reason—by recalling that he'd been run over by a tractor when he was a boy and that the doctors had put a steel plate in his head. Since that accident, they said, he'd been like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. One day, he'd be as nice as the next guy; the next day, he'd come right out of the blue and shoot you.

Outside the Skidmore bank, an attractive matron with a blonde bouffant told me that McElroy had cut Trena's breast off with a knife, a story I was to hear many times. "Dr. Humphrey from Mound City said it was the worst thing he ever saw," she said. "Of course, I'm sure you know that before they were married, McElroy was arrested for raping Trena and then for burning her parents' house when she tried to leave him. He just walked over with a can of gasoline and set the house on fire with the whole family watching. He would've gone to prison for that, except he married Trena so she couldn't testify against him. What else could she do? He would've killed her if she hadn't married him. Everybody knows he drowned his wife, Sharon Mae, when she wouldn't give him a divorce. They found her floating in the river down by St. Joe, but he was never even charged for it. Let me tell you, there were plenty of people around here who figured Trena would be overjoyed if someone killed Ken. With him dead, she'd be free from him, just like she always wanted."

The voice is shaky, sliding uncertainly over the short sentences. Trena McElroy sucks air rapidly, fighting for control. Her eyes are red and watery, the pupils slightly dilated.

"When I knew what happened, I opened my door. They was still shootin' and I was beggin' them to stop. I tried to get out, but this guy told me to stay where I was. He said they was gonna shoot me, too. Then Jack Clement [Del's father] pulled me out real hard and put me in the bank with all these women. All the men that was on the street came up and stood around in a circle, lookin' in the windows. I thought they had me set up. I wanted to get out, but they wouldn't let me leave. I went over to the women who was standin' there talkin'. 'You didn't have to do him like that,' I told them. Then

this lady said to me, 'Honey, we just didn't have no choice. . . .'

The voice breaks and she sniffs hard, pawing at her nose with a wadded Kleenex.

"I sat down, still thinkin' they was gonna kill me, too, when Del and Royce Clement came into the bank. They didn't say nothin' to me but went to the back to talk to the manager. After a while, Timmy [McElroy's brother] came and got me. He wanted to check on Ken, but I told him it weren't no use, that Ken was. . . ."

The voice gets away from her again and she ducks her head, waiting for it to return.

"I was still afraid of what they might do to me. So I told Timmy just to drive on by the truck. We didn't even stop. As soon as we got home, I got in touch with Gene [McElroy's lawyer] and he tried to get ahold of somebody to get the law out there. When he finally got ahold of someone, they didn't know nothin' about it, because nobody even bothered to call in. . . ."

Her voice escapes into a high keening whine, and this time she just lets it go and weeps. This is where all the smug avowals of vigilante justice begin to sound thin and a little weak. This is where you come face to face with the reality that what got shot in Skidmore on July tenth was a man with a wife and children who loved him and not merely some psychotic redneck, the fabricated villain of a tabloid story.

McElroy was born in 1934, one of 13 children of a dirt-poor itinerant farm hand who drifted to Skidmore during the Depression. Ken quit school before he could read or write and hitchhiked to Colorado, where he worked for several years at construction. He returned to Skidmore around 1953, the same year his brother Bobbie Dick was sent to prison for stealing a truckload of corn from a neighbor's bin. For the next 20 years, McElroy drifted from one rural town to another, supporting the children from his three marriages by trading livestock and secondhand furniture that he bought and sold at country auctions. By the time he settled down with Trena on his mother's hard-scrabble 60 acres near Skidmore, he had devoted himself to the single abiding passion of his life: raising and training coon hounds.

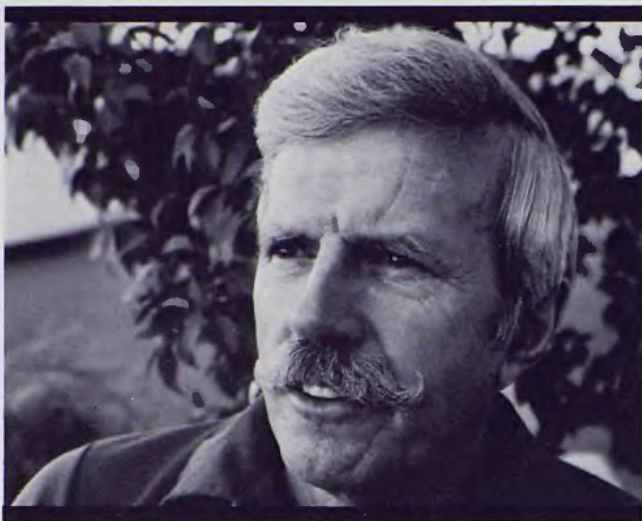
Now, eight years later, at the age of 24, Trena has a thick mane of blonde curls and baby-pink cheeks. At 14, when

her romance with McElroy started, she must have been a stunner: soft, ample and shy. In Skidmore, people point to the rape, child-molesting and arson charges Trena brought against McElroy in 1973 as proof of his depravity. Trena emphatically disagrees. She says she told the prosecutor that McElroy had raped her and burned her parents' house because she wanted to force him to marry her.

Their affair had begun in the autumn of 1972, when McElroy was 38. Because he was a friend of her stepfather's, Ronnie McNeely's, Trena had known Ken since she was a baby. When she was 12, she developed a crush on him; two years later, after considerable flirting, Ken invited her to spend the day with him in St. Joe. She accepted. Ken took her shopping and bought her some clothes. They danced at a honky-tonk and finished the date at a motel named for Jesse James, who was shot in the back in St. Joe. She returned to the Jesse James with McElroy at least seven more times that fall, and by Christmas she was pregnant.

Trena desperately wanted to marry McElroy—not only to give her baby a father but because she loved him—but he was already married. When the baby was born, prematurely, in May, she was resentful and deeply depressed. Poor, unwed, without any hope of supporting herself and her child, Trena went to the county welfare department for help. As in all such cases, the welfare officer required that she identify the baby's father. Since sexual intercourse with a female under 16 was at that time punishable in Missouri by life in prison (whether or not the sexual act was consensual), soon after she had named McElroy as her baby's father, the county prosecutor paid Trena a visit. It didn't take long to convince her that the best way to force McElroy's hand in marriage was to agree to testify against him. On the day after McElroy was charged with rape and child molesting, McNeely's house burned down and a charge of arson was tacked onto the indictment. The next day, when Trena's uncle claimed that McElroy had threatened to shoot him, a charge of flourishing a weapon in a rude and angry manner was also added.

Almost immediately after the alleged weapons incident, Trena was hospitalized for nervous exhaustion. After three months in a state mental hospital, she was moved to a foster home in Maryville; then, because the prosecutor was afraid McElroy might try to harm her, she was secretly transferred to Whiteman Air Force Base. Soon after she arrived at Whiteman, she contacted McElroy, who by then was divorced and who asked Trena to marry him. Six months later, when he received a copy of the marriage



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San Francisco Forty Niners

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Not only did they meet my requirements—I met theirs. My doctor explained to me that not everyone is a candidate for Hair Transplantation and MPR. Luckily, I was.

I was so impressed with their professionalism and the results they had achieved on other Hair Transplant patients, that I decided to go ahead with the procedure.

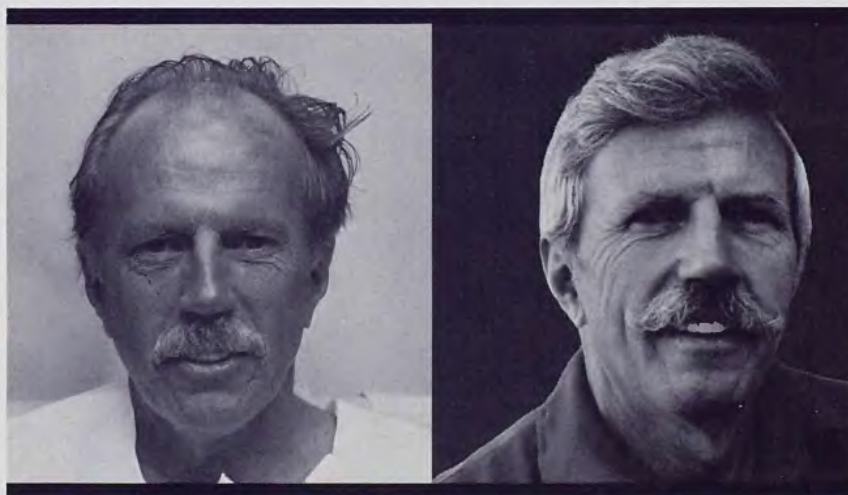
And now, look at me! Two MPRs and 540 grafts later, my hair looks almost as good to me as it did 35 years ago. My transplanted hair even has a wave pattern that I think looks quite natural.

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certificate, the prosecutor dropped all but the weapons charge; and although Trena's uncle testified against him, McElroy was acquitted. As to the fire at her parents' house, Trena says it was caused by faulty wiring.

"The police harassed my husband constantly," she explains. "They hated him because they were always trying to pin something on him that Ken never did and Ken would make a fool of them every time. They were always challenging him, and my husband, he wouldn't back down for anybody.

"People were just always talking bad about Ken, and that's how the trouble started. They were just going on what they'd heard, not what they'd seen. There were plenty of lies told and plenty believed. Like that day in the tavern, just before he was killed, when they said he had a loaded gun. Ken never touched the gun. He told some guy he'd just bought this antique Army gun and the guy said he'd like to see it. So Ken told me to go out to the truck and get it, and I did. It wasn't loaded or anything, and Ken never touched it. After we left, they said he'd threatened them with it, but it wasn't like that at all."

Still scared and still under police protection two months after her husband was killed, Trena had yet to return to Skidmore. After she named Del Clement as one of the assassins, several of her relatives were advised by anonymous telephone callers that Trena ought to change her story and shut her mouth, or the people who murdered her husband would get rid of her, too.

Nearly everyone you talk with about McElroy eventually mentions his devotion to coon hounds. At the time of his death, he owned about 20 dogs, some worth as much as \$3000. Trena says that McElroy trained his dogs daily and on weekends took them to the field trials held in the rural towns of Missouri, Iowa and Kansas.

Soon after I arrived in Skidmore, I went to one of those field trials in Fillmore, Missouri, with a couple of farmers named David and Lionel.

"Ken pretty much raised the best dogs in this part of the state," David said as we headed for the meet in his pickup. It was a brilliant day in late September and the fields of soybeans along the road had turned from green to yellow to a fine, rich chocolate brown. "Ken had this one walker named Rugged, had a voice on him prettier than Kenny Rogers'. I don't believe I ever saw Rugged lose a treeing contest."

The Fillmore Saddle Club, where the meet was held, was a three-acre clearing encircled by an immense field of soybeans and milo. Pickups were parked for about 100 yards on either side of

the road. Hitched to some of them were elaborate dog trailers with the name of the owner stenciled on the side. (POY'S TREEING WALKERS, one said.) Up by an enormous maple, the treeing competition was just starting. In a treeing contest, each hound barks at a caged raccoon for 30 seconds; the dog that barks the most is the winner. As we edged through the circle of men in overalls who were standing under the maple, I could see that a raccoon in a steel cage was being lowered by a rope from a branch. At the foot of the tree were about 20 men holding lunging hounds on leashes. This was the warm-up. As the cage was lowered and the raccoon walked nervously from one end to the other, the hounds barked and leaped and snapped. It was a hot day and a ring of foam formed around the raccoon's mouth. The animal was clearly distraught beyond any comprehensible notion of fear.

"Once, I was over in Bethany at a dog meet," Lionel said, "and as they was raisin' and lowerin' the coon, the

rope broke. When it hit the ground, that old cage split open and the coon jumped out right under the nose of a fool redbone. That hound looked at that coon and that coon looked at that hound—and then, quick as a snake, that coon laid that hound's throat open from ear to ear. They got claws and teeth like razors, you know. They can cut anything. Then the coon took off and he like to make it across a soybean field to the timber before the other dogs caught him and tore him to pieces. That redbone bled to death before they could carry him to the truck."

Lionel's story haunted me long after the field trial was over. At the time, it seemed to be the perfect metaphor for the McElroy killing, with the citizens of Skidmore cast as the distraught raccoon tormented by the hound. But the longer I stayed in Missouri, the more evidence I found suggesting that it might have been the other way around.

Not long after the murder, Lester Doss, an unemployed farm hand who



"At sea for just half a day, and already I've been blown off course twice. . . ."

had been one of McElroy's closest friends, received the following letter:

This is the only warning you will get. Our bellies are full of your kind. Ken did not pay attention to leave the county when told to. Get out of this territory while you can. You have been warned. We don't want any thieves or rustlers or troublemakers.

Another friend of McElroy's, a man with a reputation for cattle rustling, was abducted at gunpoint, driven into the country and hanged from an oak branch. This man, who wears a brown necklace of rope burn to support his

tale, was told that if he didn't leave the area within a week, he would be hanged again—and the next time would be final. He didn't even bother to notify the police.

A week after McElroy was murdered, Alice Woods, his former common-law wife, who lives outside St. Joe, was threatened while returning from a visit to McElroy's mother, in Skidmore. On the blacktop road south of Graham, a car passed her and pulled sideways across the road so she had to stop. Four strangers approached her.

"Don't you know it's dangerous to be driving around this county in one of McElroy's trucks?" one of them said.

Woods, who'd already heard of the other threats, had a sawed-off 12-gauge ready. Although she was scared senseless and isn't handy with firearms, she poked the gun out the window and the four men scattered. A few weeks later, a black jeep stopped in front of her house while her three children played in the yard, and shots were fired over their heads. Then the phone began to ring in the middle of the night. "If you know what's good for you, you'll take this warning and stop stirring up trouble," an anonymous caller said. Despite the threats, Woods still lives in the same cramped six-room clapboard house. Random garbage—hubcaps, derelict tires, a half-chewed possum with its entrails strung out in the dust—decorates the weeds on her lawn.

"You know, everybody up around Skidmore hassled Ken all the time," she told me. "They were jealous of him and they had reason to be. They worked hard out in those fields every day and Ken never worked like that at all. Ken had a knack for making money by being smart, not by being strong. They didn't like the idea that a man could support himself without sweating all day like they did. So they claimed he stole their livestock, but there was never any proof that he did. They were always after him, them and the law. They just wouldn't let him alone."

We were sitting in the living room, where a picture of the Last Supper that she'd torn from a magazine is taped to the wall. "Let me ask you this," Woods said. "If Del Clement's wife said Ken McElroy shot her husband, how long do you think it would've been before they'd had Ken in jail?"

She let the question hang there for a moment before she continued. "The law says that murder, no matter who does it, is murder. Well, Ken McElroy got murdered and 30 people seen who did it. Lester Doss got a letter saying they'd kill him, too. I've been threatened and my children have been shot at, but nobody's been arrested or charged for any of it."

Yet McElroy's friends and family aren't the only people around Skidmore who have reason to be afraid. Many Skidmoreans—especially those who watched the killing and lied to the police to protect the killers—are afraid of one another. In Skidmore, everyone is aware of the extreme fragility of the web of lies that has thus far prevented an indictment; if only one witness cracked and went to the police with the truth, perhaps 30 others could be charged with conspiracy to commit murder. And every month, the fear that someone will crack gets worse.

Still, there are people in town who

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aren't afraid to say they don't think McElroy deserved to be killed. Ronnie Charles, a 19-year-old Marine whom I met when he was home on leave, was among them. Charles was one of the state's key witnesses against McElroy at the Bowenkamp trial. Charles's testimony—that he had seen McElroy park behind the grocery store only minutes before Bowenkamp was shot—prevented McElroy from claiming he wasn't there at all and forced his plea of self-defense. Many people in Skidmore say that McElroy consistently evaded prison by intimidating witnesses, yet Charles told me that McElroy never tried to influence him. In fact, he considered McElroy his friend.

"I never heard of Ken hurting anybody who wasn't messing with him," Charles said. "People who had never met him were always gossiping about him and running him down. Most of them deserved to have their asses kicked. You know, if those people hadn't talked about McElroy so much, they never would have had to shoot him."

Although Romaine Henry does not recall it, Charles says he was walking down Main Street in Maryville one night last July when Henry stopped him and said there would be a meeting about McElroy the next morning in Skidmore. They were going to get rid of him, Henry said—burn him out and run his

women off. Henry asked Charles if he wanted to help, but Ronnie didn't want any part of it. The next day, McElroy was killed.

Like Charles, Inez Boyer, who was born and raised in Skidmore and who owns the café that is the social center of the community, doesn't think McElroy's execution was just. I had known Inez for nearly a month and had talked with her daily before she said anything about the killing. It happened without any prompting. One day, she simply stared at me and said, "You know, I never felt so sick in my life as the day they shot Ken McElroy. I was right here in the café when it happened and I knew there was a meeting about him, but I didn't know they were going to kill him until I heard the shots. There was a lot of them. It sounded like a war. When it got quiet, I went over to a window to look out. Well, they've shot McElroy, I said to myself. Right then, I knew that nothing around here would ever be the same."

By the time Inez unburdened herself to me, most of the tight and gruesome little tales I'd heard about McElroy had already come unraveled. According to James Rhoades of the highway patrol in St. Joe, who had known him for 25 years, McElroy had no connection to the Mafia and was never known to sell drugs.

"I hear these stories that McElroy

was a big-time drug dealer and a rustler and I just laugh at them," says Rhoades, a member of the highway patrol since 1949 and the most experienced lawman in northwest Missouri. "McElroy was a punk, a petty thief. He was like a crow: He stole whatever people were careless enough to leave lying around. Sure, he stole some hogs, but compared with big rustlers, what McElroy stole wasn't even noticeable." Rhoades, who was a member of NOMIS and investigated McElroy's death, says there was no dope in McElroy's truck when he was killed, nor \$40,000 in a paper sack. The coroner's report states that there was no steel plate in his head. And his first wife, Sharon Mae—the one I was told he had drowned—is alive and well in Helena, Missouri, and when I asked her about him, she said she'd loved him a lot.

Likewise, the most brutal story I'd heard about McElroy—that he'd cut off Trena's breast—proved false. Dr. James Humphrey, who delivered Trena's first baby, said he had never treated her for a breast wound, nor did she show scars of such.

But if, as Rhoades maintains, McElroy wasn't an extraordinary criminal; and if, as Charles and many Skidmoreans believe, McElroy had been more the coon than the hound, why had 60 farmers sacrificed a morning's work to discuss

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getting rid of him? And why had at least two of those men risked prison to blow him away?

There are three kinds of soil in Nodaway County: sand, loam and gumbo, the last of which is as black as oil and, for those who own it, considerably more valuable. The 1981 harvest set a record for farmers in Skidmore. While prices for crops were generally low and the costs of planting and harvesting higher than ever, the average profit per acre of farmland was about \$100, while the value of the land itself (conservatively estimated at \$1500 an acre) appreciated by 15 percent. Big farmers, such as the Clement-Patterson clan—who together farm about 15,000 acres—may have realized an income of \$1,500,000 from an asset base worth \$22,000,000.

All this surprises many visitors to rural Missouri, who expect anyone with that kind of income and assets to wear Brooks Brothers suits, own elaborate houses and drive flashy automobiles. In fact, it takes a trained eye to distinguish between the Haves and the Have-Nots of Nodaway County, because most of the Haves are frugal folk with the same simple tastes as the Have-Nots. In Skidmore, a man who owns a piece of ground worth \$1,000,000 (and machinery worth half as much again) is likely to wear the same frayed overalls and torn flannel shirt as his hired man, who doesn't have a nickel.

Like everywhere else, however, Skidmore has its own symbolism of class and wealth, and within the community, those distinctions are closely monitored.

The most common indication of affluence is the pickup truck. Four-wheel drive is a must in any status machine; so is a special 50-gallon gas tank behind the cab, which implies that the farmer who owns the truck also owns other machinery—such as tractors and combines—that must be refueled in the field.

Other, more subtle, marks of affluence in Nodaway County are cowboy boots (men who work in the mud wear lace-ups), fine rifles and registered livestock. Because pigs smell bad, nobody fools with them unless he has to. Anyone who can still afford to raise cattle in quantity (the cattle market has been ruinously bad the past few years) or who owns more than a dozen saddle horses can be considered pretty well off. A house should be judged not by the quality or the beauty of the structure itself but by the quality and the size of the trees in the yard, which, besides offering shade, imply ancestry.

Yet the clearest distinction between the Haves and the Have-Nots is the nature of their employment. Even if they dress and live alike, the Haves all work for themselves on land they own, and the Have-Nots—unless they punch in on



"It was a fantastic party! There was great coke, 'Ludes, pot, group sex, and Marge mixed the most fabulous guacamole dip!"

one of the shifts at the Union Carbide plant in Maryville or support themselves dishonestly—all work on farms for the Haves.

During the past 50 years, the nature of farming has changed radically. Today, on land that once required the labor of 20 men, a single farmer can work alone, planting aboard a \$50,000 tractor and harvesting with a \$100,000 combine. But while the technology of farming has changed, certain time-honored values persist, and self-reliance is chief among them. In order to succeed today, a farmer must be an agronomist, a mechanic, a veterinarian, a chemist, a meteorologist, a businessman and a commodities speculator. Last, but certainly not least, he must be able to protect what he owns.

A modern farm is like a store with no doors and no guards. Virtually anyone with a mind to can drive up to a farmer's gas tank—in which he stores fuel for his tractors—and steal 30 gallons. Or thieves can back a pickup

against his grain bin (which may hold \$50,000 worth of corn), knock a hole in the side with an ax and drive away with a cargo that can be sold for cash at any elevator. They can hop aboard his combine, which he often leaves in the field at night (one key fits all), drive it to a waiting tractor-trailer and have it unloaded and sold in another state before he notices it's missing in the morning. Because hogs are so easily and frequently stolen, many farmers don't even bother to report their loss to the police.

How, then, does a farmer protect himself from thieves? The country is too big and too empty for the police to help him until *after* something has been stolen. Besides, a farmer distrusts policemen the way he distrusts anyone who charges to do a job he prides himself on being able to do alone. Yet, short of sitting up every night with a shotgun, what alternative does he have?

"There's only one way to keep people from messing with you out here," one farmer told me. "You've got to let them

know that if they try to hurt you, you're not going to get mad, you're going to get even. And you've got to have the kind of personal credibility to back it up. People don't steal from a man who they know won't back down from anything."

Although it might not be recognized in the court in Maryville, this code is as fundamental to life in rural Missouri as seed corn. And because it has functioned effectively since the land was settled, it is something that every farmer who doesn't want to be bled dry by thieves lets it be known he subscribes to. The ways that a farmer can advertise his compliance vary: He may carry a rifle in his pickup, or he may spend some time bragging in taverns how he'll shoot the eyes out of any son of a bitch he sees sneaking around his farm. But by far the easiest way to demonstrate his belief in the code is to join up with a few of his friends and kill a suspected thief. And after the law in Maryville has tacitly approved that method—by failing to even slap him on the wrist—he's likely to believe that what he did was justified by the demonstrated inefficiency of the courts and the police.

Had McElroy been chosen and sacrificed as a scapegoat, in accordance with this code? Two farmers I met in Maryville at a bar called the Shady Lady persuaded me that he had been. I'd seen one of them, a man named Pete, at the D & G in Skidmore a few days before. The other, whose name was Kriss, had forearms like Popeye's and a chest the size of a 50-gallon drum. When I asked if they'd known McElroy, Kriss became visibly nervous, tugging at his hair and looking quickly around the bar to see if anyone were watching. Since McElroy's killing, paranoia had spread to every level of social intercourse around Skidmore. Strangers like myself were automatically considered reporters, and most reporters were thought to be FBI agents or private investigators working for Trena McElroy's attorney, trying to pick up evidence for an indictment. Kriss asked for identification and I showed him some.

"This doesn't mean anything," he said to Pete. "Anybody could carry this stuff. Let's take him out to my office."

They each gripped one of my arms and escorted me to the rear of a Chevy van. Kriss unlocked it and we climbed inside.

"OK, buddy," he said. "Who are you really working for?"

I told him again, but he didn't appear to believe me.

"We might look like hayseeds," Kriss said, "but lemme tell you something: If you're lying to us, you're in bad trouble. We've got a saying around here. We say,





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'The payback's a motherfucker.' You know what that means? It means that if you try to hurt me, I don't just get even for it, I hurt you at least twice as bad. Let's say I know you stole a tire from me. Well, for that, I'd steal your car and set it on fire. The payback's a motherfucker. That's the way it works around here. That's how you keep people from fucking with you."

I'd gotten in the van with considerable apprehension; after listening to Kriss, I wished I were somewhere else. Clearly, I was in a place where men were ready to fight—even kill—over any perceived insult or injury, where the veneer with which we hide our basest instincts was beginning to wear thin. This was life reduced to fundamentals: *Don't back down. The payback's a motherfucker.*

Kriss and Pete were staring at me. I could see their faces only in silhouette. Again I told them who I was, adding as many details as I could to convince them that they had nothing to fear from me. When I finished, the van was quiet for a very long minute.

"You want to know about McElroy," Kriss said suddenly. "Well, let me tell you about him. He was a tough son of a bitch and everybody around here was scared of him. I don't know if you've noticed, but a lot of people around here think they're pretty tough and don't like to think they're scared of anything. Well, I used to think I was pretty tough, too. One night, I was at the bar in Skidmore with Ken and I was a little loaded, so I said, 'Ken, if you're such a great sportsman, how'd you miss old Bowenkamp, since he was standing right next to you? And how'd you miss Romaine? You must be the worst goddamn shot since Don Knotts.' Ken laughed and said, 'Come on outside, I got something to show you.' We went out to his truck and he reached in and pulled this rifle out real slowly. Let me tell you, he backed me right down, buddy. I thought

I was tough—I'm real good with my fists—but I found out that if you put a gun on me, I'll back down every time. Do you know how hard it is for me to say that? You ask anybody who lives around here: What's the best thing you can say about any man? They'll tell you 'He never backed down.' You got that? *He never backed down!* That's what it means to be a man around here. Well, Ken McElroy backed me right down, just like he did everyone else. Until they got so ashamed of themselves they had to kill him."

The office is at what used to be the epicenter of the meat-packing industry: North Kansas City, the corner of Armour and Swift. The business card of a 24-hour bail bondsman is taped to the frame of the door. The paneling is fake walnut. The rug is a piss-yellow shag. The man behind the desk is short, fat and neckless. He wears a three-piece suit made from material so shiny you expect to see your reflection in his vest. Diamond rings gleam from the third finger of each hand. His name is Richard Eugene McFadin and he used to be McElroy's lawyer. Now he represents Trena McElroy, who has instructed him to do everything in his power to see that McElroy's killers are caught and punished.

In Skidmore—where the hatred expressed at the mention of the name McFadin is only slightly less intense than the hatred that was felt for Ken McElroy—most people consider him a sleazy opportunist who is using McElroy's widow to attract a fortune from Hollywood. McFadin denies this vociferously; even so, he would hardly be the only person connected to the murder who is trying to turn a buck. In Skidmore, people offered to sell me everything from bits of bone, bloody hair and teeth scavenged from McElroy's pickup to snapshots of the murder scene. And there are rumors that the

Bowenkamps, Warren and Henry have signed exclusive contracts for their stories.

"I'm doing this gratuitously" is the way McFadin puts it. "I don't stand to make a dime. But this vigilante stuff bothers me and I'm interested in seeing justice done. Despite what they say in Skidmore, this is a classic example of vigilante-type activity. Why do I say that? Look at the evidence. A whole community watches this murder. The prosecutor has the murderer identified by an eyewitness. But no charges are filed. Now, what does that say about the American legal system?"

On McFadin's desk are three copies of the issue of *People* that carried a story portraying McElroy as a redneck sociopath who terrorized a community for a decade. In one of his file cabinets, McFadin has a manila folder three inches thick stuffed with press clippings about the murder. "The Beast of Nodaway County" is what one reporter called McElroy, though McFadin's description of his former client is strikingly different. Instead of the brooding sadist and master thief depicted by most people in Skidmore, McFadin describes McElroy as a quiet man, a loner, who, though unable to read or write, had a remarkable talent for trading livestock and for buying and selling old furniture.

"If McElroy had lived 100 years ago, none of this would have happened," McFadin told me. "He would have fit in back then, but he didn't fit in with those farmers in Skidmore at all. You know, you don't have to be a criminal for people to dislike you. Some people are hostile toward anyone who's different. McElroy didn't live like the other

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HONDA

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people in Skidmore. Instead of working all day in a field, he was able to support himself with his wits, and they resented that. And sometimes he lived with two or three women at the same time, and people up there thought that was immoral. But McElroy was proud of who he was, and he was absolutely without fear. Right or wrong, he wouldn't back down from anyone or anything. If anybody told him he couldn't do something—like, 'Don't come into our town'—he'd take it as a challenge and they'd have to keep him out. He knew they were talking about getting rid of him, and he told me about it."

Because McFadin doubts that Del Clement will ever be indicted in Nodaway County, much less be convicted by a jury of his peers, he has written to U. S. Attorney General William French Smith, urging the Justice Department to prosecute Clement in Federal court for conspiracy to deprive Ken Rex McElroy of his civil rights.

"Listen, I'm no fool," McFadin said. "I know the law's not perfect. I know there's no such thing as real equality, that the law favors some people—rich people, mostly—and hurts others. But as imperfect as the law is, it's all we've got standing between us and chaos."

The Nodaway County courthouse in Maryville is an elaborate brick building recognizable for miles around by its spirelike clock tower, which rises a full 100 feet over the rest of the town. During the autumn of 1981, the front steps of the courthouse were blocked by a cordon of rope and a sign: COURTHOUSE UNDER REPAIR. PLEASE USE REAR ENTRANCE. A little more than 50 years earlier, on January 9, 1931, a mob of 3000 enraged citizens had gathered before those same steps to abduct a 27-year-old black man named Raymond Gunn, who had been accused of raping and killing a popular young schoolteacher. Although the evidence against Gunn was at best circum-

stantial and the National Guard had been called to maintain order until his trial, the size and the mood of the mob convinced the sheriff to relinquish his prisoner. Gunn was then marched three miles to the schoolhouse where the crime had been committed, chained to a cross-beam, doused with gasoline and burned. According to the account of the killing in the *Maryville Daily Forum*, the mob chanted "To hell with the law" as Gunn was set on fire. No one was ever charged with the murder. When asked about it today, the few people I talked with who had witnessed that killing said it was best to forget it had ever happened.

David Baird, the Nodaway County prosecutor, is 28. The son of a local feed-store owner, Baird returned to Maryville after law school and, with less than three years' experience as a Legal Aid attorney, was appointed to his current job when the elected prosecutor unexpectedly resigned. Baird has soft brown hair and a chinless, cherubic face and wears tortoise-shell aviator glasses. He is intelligent, articulate and ambitious.

Despite his youth and his inexperience, Baird managed to distinguish himself with his first major trial as prosecutor: case number CR 880-2027, *State of Missouri vs. Ken Rex McElroy*. According to those who saw the trial, Baird handled himself competently, and although the verdict was a compromise and the sentence much lighter than the 15 years he had requested, Baird was widely commended for his performance. In fact, he was something of a local hero. For four days. Then the trouble started again.

On the night of June 30, the sheriff called Baird to report that McElroy, armed with a rifle, had threatened four men in the tavern at Skidmore. Although Baird filed a motion to have his bond revoked, McElroy remained at large. Ten days later, he was killed.

Still basking in the glory of his vic-

tory in court, Baird was suddenly confronted with the unenviable job of prosecuting a group of respectable tax-paying citizens for conspiracy to commit murder in the first degree. The task was made even more difficult when Trena named Clement as one of the killers. Consider Baird's dilemma: If he prosecuted Clement—an action that would be so unpopular in Nodaway County that he would certainly forfeit any hopes for a successful career there—it was unlikely that a local jury would convict him, no matter how much evidence was presented. But if he didn't indict Clement, Baird might expose himself to Federal conspiracy charges and, at least, censure by the Missouri attorney general. Baird instinctively passed the buck to NOMIS.

During a ten-day investigation, NOMIS officers interviewed more than 100 people, many of whom were eyewitnesses. At the end of the investigation, the officers in charge urged Baird to indict Clement, arguing that failure to do so would encourage more vigilante killings. Baird, however, already knew how to escape the dilemma with both his professional integrity and his career intact. *The will of the people is the law of the land*. He would let the people decide what to do about McElroy's death.

Thus, in late July, a coroner's jury was convened. After hearing testimony from six witnesses—including Trena McElroy, who told them she had watched Del Clement shoot her husband—the jury determined that McElroy's death was the work of "a person or persons unknown."

The ball was back in Baird's court, and he was ready for it. He had already

...with a \$100 Scotch behind it.

Blended Scotch Whisky bottled in Scotland. 40 proof. Imported by 21 Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. © 1982



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Fox Marketing, Inc.

requested a formal grand-jury investigation—the first such request in Maryville in more than 13 years. It was granted, and for six weeks, the grand jury listened to testimony from more than 40 witnesses without issuing an indictment. Finally, on September 25, in a courtroom crowded with reporters, the grand jury was dismissed. There were television cameras outside the court, and Baird, aware that he would be asked to meet the press, was dressed in an elegant three-piece suit. A wide smile—composed in equal parts of relief and satisfaction—creased his chubby face. Not only had he weathered the storm that threatened to sink his career but he had advanced himself in the eyes of his public as well.

"Did some weakness of the legal system force the people of Skidmore to kill McElroy by failing to protect them?" Baird was asked.

"I can't see any failure of the legal system that was responsible," Baird, the legal system's representative in Nodaway County, answered proudly. "We did everything that was possible to send McElroy to prison and we've done everything that's required to investigate his death. As far as I'm concerned, the legal system is working perfectly."

In late July, two weeks after McElroy was murdered, a full-page ad appeared in the *Maryville Daily Forum* that read, in part:

The people of Skidmore are some of the best, friendliest and most hospitable people in the country. The courts should protect the innocent, not unleash the guilty on them to vent their anger. Let us give credit where credit is due . . . to the good people of Skidmore. Let us also give the blame for the problem to where it is due: the court system and their liberal attitude.

The ad was signed "Norman Robbins

Associates." Because Robbins is generally considered to be the wealthiest, most powerful politician in the county, I went to see him at his office in Maryville.

Robbins is a man of about 60, whose wizened face is peppered with stubble. A veritable rogues' gallery graces one wall of his office: Nixon, Wallace, Reagan, Goldwater and General Curtis LeMay. All of the photos are autographed and addressed fondly to Robbins; the inscription from Curt LeMay is almost a love letter. On the same wall hangs a sign that says, YOU LOOT, WE SHOOT, and beneath it, a 50-channel police-radio scanner.

"You want to see what I call justice?" Robbins asked. He handed me a loaded Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum that, when directed at the human midriff, would have an effect similar to that of a ten-pound sledge encountering an overripe watermelon. "This is what I call justice—judge and jury all wrapped into one.

"Listen, McElroy was scum," Robbins said. "He was a guy who needed killing. For years and years, he stole from everybody around here, and he was good at it. He was an expert thief and there just wasn't any way the law could catch him. People were losing hogs and tools and tractors, and they were fed up. They were scared of him, too.

"So they had that meeting. A trial is what it amounted to," Robbins continued, now, perhaps, mixing the mythology of vigilantism with what is actually known about the killing in Skidmore. "Everybody who was there had a chance to disagree with the verdict, but nobody did, and the sentence was agreed on. Then the \$50 and \$100 bills went down on the table; and, presto, an hour later, he was dead.

"Hell, you ain't seen the end of this by a long shot. There's eight more like McElroy been marked for death. Do you know that some judges in this state let criminals go free because they say the

prisons are too full to hold them? Well, I got a solution for that: If you took the top ten percent of all the criminals in the state and eliminated them—you know, by *execution*—why, the prisons wouldn't be crowded at all. No, sirree, this vigilante business ain't over. There's going to be a lot more killing until the courts start to give us some protection from criminals like McElroy."

I left Robbins' office and walked past the courthouse to the Shady Lady for a beer. It was a windy day in early October; the workmen repairing the courthouse steps wore gloves and mufflers; the weather had turned cold.

Inside the bar, I chose a stool beside a farmer I knew from Skidmore. He said that his wife had left him two days before and he had been drinking steadily since then. He appeared to be about as drunk as a man can be and still remain conscious. He asked if I'd found out anything about McElroy and the way he died. I told him I had learned quite a bit but nothing that offered much comfort. He nodded sympathetically.

"Ken was a pretty good old boy," he said, punctuating his speech with slugs of beer, "but he had no business *tanglin'* with all those people. Of course, nobody in Skidmore had any business *rilin'* him up like they did, either, and they certainly didn't have no business *killin'* him.

"Tryin' to understand what happened here is just like a cat tryin' to hold on to a big old steel ball. The harder that cat tries to get a grip, the quicker he slips off. This here thing just ain't got no heroes to it that I can see. This here is a case where everybody was wrong."



\$100 or \$9, both say Ballantine's.

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POWER TRIP!

(continued from page 153)

100-watt amplifiers. Those goodies are being made by well-known brands and by newcomers. And like their larger-size audio ancestors, the new vehicular *Wunderkinder* have given rise to a new kind of retail outlet—the car-stereo specialist, who sells and installs the equipment.

Not so long ago, however, owners of car sound complained as much as they listened. Stories of fouled-up tape mechanisms, fading radio reception, weak sound and distortion aplenty were legion. Today, the cassette has replaced the eight-track cartridge, because it

sounds better and it lasts longer. Broadcast reception is more stable, and accurate tuning is literally a snap—of a feather-touch button. Amplifiers pump out wattage sufficient to override interior and exterior noises. And amazingly compact speakers span the full tonal range, loud and clear.

There's something else, too. The interior acoustics of a car have been found to be ideal for stereo. You get the effect of a space considerably larger and more reverberant than would seem possible.

How come? For one thing, there's the

headphone effect provided by the very closeness of the left- and right-channel speakers, which are usually installed in the side panels of the front doors. Their spacing with regard to the listener is much more intimate than in a normal-size room, so channel separation is exaggerated. That is to say the musical performers seem more spread out, and that gives you a big-stage feeling.

But the real kick comes from added speakers, usually mounted on the rear deck. Combined with the front speakers, they lend a sense of spatiality that is even more dramatic than that of surround speakers in a home system.

Of course, that kind of sound takes amplifier power. Now if your car just sat quietly to serve as a private listening room, the power needed would be minimal. But your car moves, of course. And there are heater and air-conditioner noises—not to mention road and traffic sounds—to overcome. That's why car-stereo systems with ratings of up to 100 watts of power are being touted.

To make it even trickier, car speakers are often less than five percent efficient, which means they need even more power to give you all the rich sound churning around in the system. Of course, that becomes impractical if you push it too much. A too-high sound level in a car might even become dangerous, since it could isolate you from the real world to the extent of not hearing warning sounds.

Because of the power options—not to mention the choices in speakers, program sources and accessories—a "typical" car-stereo system these days is not easy to define or describe. It's a whole new world, far different from the old days when a radio came with the car.

Although Mitsubishi, Sony and others have systems with separate cassette and tuner components, just as in high-end home audio systems, the general pattern consists of three main sections. First is the music source—which has been fairly standardized as a combination cassette player and radio tuner. The industry calls that a head unit. This unit is your control center. Since the cassette portion does not record, it needs no signal meters and has fewer controls than a full-feature home unit. Most do have a Dolby button, and many feature automatic reverse, so that the tape plays in both directions without the need to remove and flip it.

Many also have a tape-select button for playback equalization. There are only two kinds of equalization in use today—70 and 120 microseconds. The former takes care of all tapes other than the normal ferric oxides. That includes chrome and metal tapes. So even if that control doesn't say METAL but does say CHROME, or something similar, the deck still can play metal tapes.

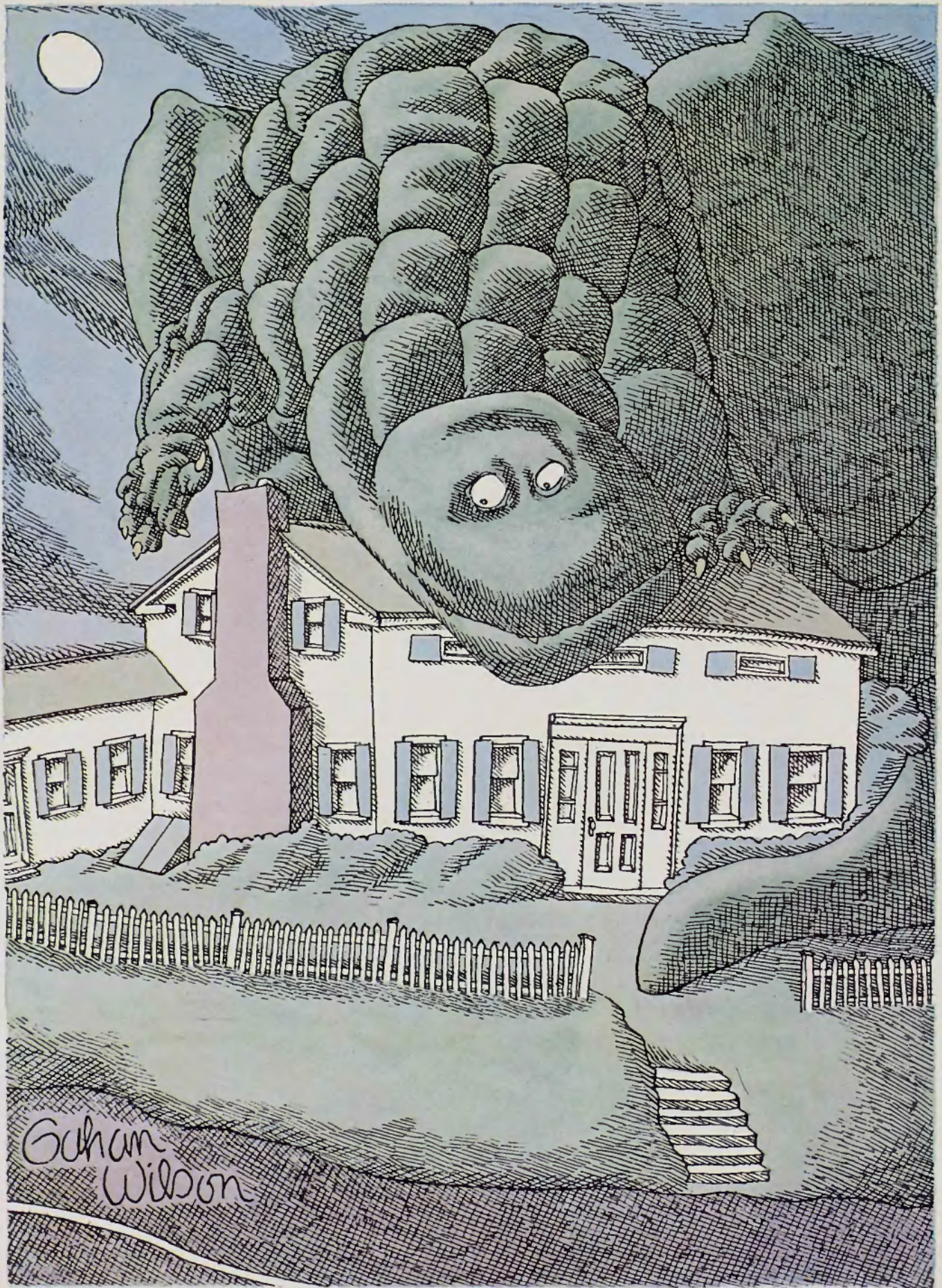
Another fillip is automatic search



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"There! I heard it again!"

(Alpine calls it a "music sensor"), which scans a tape in fast wind and plays the next selection after a brief pause. Even more novel is Kenwood's "cassette standby" feature, whereby the tape automatically starts playing should FM reception fall below an acceptable level. Marantz has its CMS (continuous music system), whereby the radio tuner comes on automatically when the cassette is on FAST-FORWARD OR REWIND.

In tuners, the big swing has been to digital tuning. You touch a button and the set locks in on a station—no dial-twirling or squinting at little numbers. Many units also can scan the broadcast band to give you a brief summary of what's available in a given area or lock in on the next station on the band that provides decent reception. Adding a digital clock to such a set is another possibility—it's been done on the MGT ECR-710, the Bose CRC and the Jensen RE518, for example, while Clarion's PE959A MK-II combines a digital clock with advanced electronics and so can automatically switch among AM/FM stations at the times preselected. A new item is the Schotz circuit—introduced by Proton (itself a new name in audio) in its models P202 and P201—which grabs weak FM signals and produces less background noise while doing so. That circuit, by the way, will be showing up soon in some home receivers.

Typically, the cassette/tuner unit also includes some kind of preamp for handling the low-level signals from the tape player or the tuner. Virtually all of those now offer separate bass and treble controls (instead of the old single-tone control, which was merely a treble-cut device). Also becoming standard is a left-right channel-balance control. On those units whose makers have in mind the use of four speakers (two up front and two more in the rear), there are also front-rear controls, such as the fader found on the Blaupunkt CR-2010, on the Clarion 2100R and on the Panasonic CQ-S900ETR.

Early systems also crammed a low-wattage power amp into the cassette/tuner unit. Enthusiasts seeking higher power would buy a booster—a special kind of amplifier that increases the output from the low-powered built-in amplifier. The booster does increase the wattage, but it also increases the distortion. In upping power from one watt to ten watts, it may also raise the distortion from one percent to ten percent.

Today, the booster has been replaced by hi-fi amplifiers that increase the wattage of preamp-output signals without adding distortion. Those car power amps are offered by several companies as musts for a given cassette/tuner unit. Some manufacturers give you the option of riding with a medium-powered built-in amp (such as the 4.5-watts-per-channel amp supplied in the Fujitsu Ten model CR-1033 or the 7.5 watts per channel in the Panasonic CQ-S900ETR) or buying a huskier separate power amp (Fujitsu Ten has four of them) that is fed from a suitable output on the cassette/tuner unit. Another option is the different power output you can tap from the same amplifier—for example, Craig's model 510 will supply 30 or 15 watts per channel for handling two- or four-speaker systems, respectively.

Most of the companies offering program-source units and separate power amps also market their own brands of speakers, though speaker specialists—such as Altec Lansing, JBL, Bose and Philips—offer new lines of speakers specifically designed for cars. In general, the car speaker has become as sophisticated as everything else, with two-way and three-way systems being offered. Even the formidable subwoofer has entered the car. Alpine has three models ranging up to its 12-inch 150-watt Model 6112. Altec Lansing's subwoofer is part of its AL-I system, which includes a pair of tweeters, a pair of midrange units and a special 40-watt amplifier for the subwoofer. Sony's Superwoofer system, the XS-L20, consists of a pair of eight-inch speakers intended for mounting in the

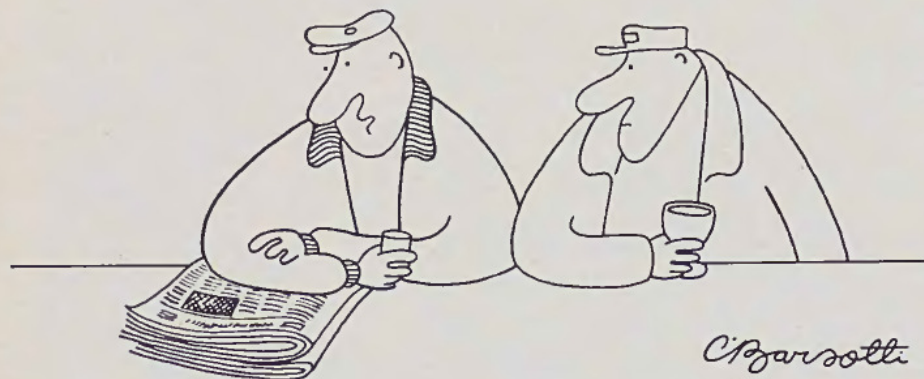
rear of a car so that the trunk space behind them serves as a large enclosure for enhanced bass. Most systems will sound great in any size car, but a few seem better suited for one extreme or another. The Sony just described, or the rack-mounted Mitsubishi, obviously, will go well in a large car, van or R.V. Then there are more modest setups—such as Sanyo's FTC27 (a head unit with a built-in 9.5-watts-per-channel amp)—that won't crowd you out of a compact car.

Ancillary units abound. For example, Kenwood offers two graphic equalizers, one containing low-medium power amps for driving four speakers (the Model KGC-737). MGT has two equalizers: Its Model 206 is a five-band device with up to 30 watts per channel of output power; its Model 207 has seven bands and the same power. Pioneer, which makes just about everything in all categories, has a seven-band equalizer that also provides (if you want it) an echo effect by means of time delay. Panasonic's CQ-S series includes four new head units with built-in ambient enhancement. A remote-control accessory, the QR-101 by Fujitsu Ten, lets you (or, rather, your passengers) operate its Model CE-4130 cassette/tuner unit from the rear seat, while Blaupunkt's Berlin 8000 system and Roadstar's RS 891 equalizer/booster put a control unit at the end of a flexible gooseneck mounting, so that the driver has the stereo controls right next to the steering wheel.

Special add-ons for car sound are being offered by companies not involved in producing the main components. For example, the Omnisonix 801-A Imager can be fitted next to or under a cassette/tuner unit to provide a broader stereo effect (if you need one). Also intriguing is the release of the dbx Model 22 Type II autodecoder, which enables the playing of dbx encoded cassettes, not to mention a new circuit chip that can be incorporated into cassette players to give them dbx capability.

The notion of a custom-designed stereo system for a particular car is also in the works. We've just learned of a forthcoming system, developed jointly by a leading car company and a major speaker specialist, that will be individually tuned to suit the specific acoustics of certain 1983 cars.

Speaking of which, it seems as if the rise in car stereos, coinciding as it does with a drop in new-car sales, represents some kind of socioeconomic contradiction. But does it really? The rush to car sound may be a new way of expressing the traditional American love of cars. If you can't replace your present car, you can at least embellish it with a new reason for hanging on to it—the experience of glorious, full-bodied stereo.



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LORD SHORT SHOE

Melandra for a night. The monkey has fallen asleep, curled up on the seat of its chair.

Short Shoe wanders back into the bar, the monkey clinging to his side, and sits down next to Melandra. Her hair has become less sculptured in the humid air, the silver eye shadow blotchy and creased, her lip gloss flat. She is dying to get back to her room at the Holiday Inn, slip off her dress and high heels, take a shower and collapse into bed.

"Let's go, Shorty," she says. "I am tired."

"Rushin', rushin', ahlways rushin'," Short Shoe says. "Gy-ur! I believe you mus' be Communist." She won't even smile; instead, she cuts her eyes at him. "Look here," he continues. "I get de monkey."

"I see it."

His mood changes abruptly. Melandra's enthusiasm, he thinks, should match his own. Leaning over the table, he strokes the monkey and looks straight at the woman with what he hopes is the right amount of regret.

"Darlin', I get meself in a terrible jam wit' dis white fella," he says with great seriousness. "Be nice to him ahnd he say he forget de whole thing."

Melandra's eyes narrow as if she's taking aim on Short Shoe. She feels on the edge of a temper but pushes it back. Her voice is her pride and her living; to let anger race through it would be like dropping a cooking pepper into hibiscus honey.

"How you mean, Shorty?" she asks, her silky voice just the slightest bit strained. "'Be nice'?"

The monkey fidgets in his big hands as he pets it harder. Short Shoe knows he was lucky to find such an exceptional monkey, luckier still not to pay cash. The woman is not going to ice such a sweet deal, even if Short Shoe has to hold her down himself.

"Doan play de fool wit' me, womahn," he says, shaking a finger in her face. She looks at it, a mongoose watching a snake. Then she sighs wearily and turns away.

"Do ah! I say."

"No."

"He want more dahn just a night, ya know. I tell him no. I thinkin' in your best in-trest."

"No."

Short Shoe's voice rises an octave. "How you mean, 'no'?" He shouts and smacks the table loudly with his palm. "I tellin' you yes. You forgettin' a lot ah things, darlin'. How many womahn in de world want to sing wit' Short Shoe? Ahnswer me daht." Short Shoe is proud of the fact that he always takes an international view of his affairs.

"Shorty, doan do dis to me."

(continued from page 140)

There is such a look of disappointment on her face that Short Shoe is momentarily confused—actually on the brink of catastrophe, because he is *never* unsure of himself. But the people in the bar begin to applaud the jazz musicians, who have just finished their set. Short Shoe multiplies the applause thousands and thousands of times and throws it all down on himself, letting it swell his chest with glorification. His is the voice of the people; he must give them what they want.

"Go now, I tellin' you," he orders her. "Go!"

She smooths her hair back over her ears and then fans herself with a paper napkin. Melandra realizes that whatever magic Short Shoe performs onstage, however great he truly is in front of an audience, he can still be a clod at the dinner table, a half-literate fisherman. She likes him enough so that working with him isn't a hardship; she is grateful that it was her he chose to sing with him, because that changed her life in a way she never believed could really happen. But Short Shoe is like most men she has ever met—selfish and single-minded. Men were all just schoolboys in uniforms, diddling with their little peckers.

She pictures herself out in the countryside at her momma's house back in Antigua. She and Momma are in the kitchen, talking about all the troubles and woe "men does give dem." Melandra opens the cupboard and takes out the tin can Momma keeps full with hibiscus honey. She takes it out to the garden, to the pepper bush, covered with the small green cooking peppers that must be taken out of a stew before they burst and make the food too hot to eat. "One cookin' peppah, two cookin' peppah, tree cookin' peppah"—into the honey. She takes the can back inside and puts it on the kerosene stove. "Momma, I goin' to boil dis up ahnd give it to de next mahn try to make a fool of me."

Momma looks at her and shakes her head sadly. "Gy-ur! you does be boilin' ahll you life den."

"Ahll right, Shorty," she says in a deadly voice. "But dis monkey goin' come bahck to haunt you, ya know." She sneers, sucks her teeth in disgust and walks away. On the way out to the balcony, she brushes up against Shake Keane, the trumpet player, and whispers in his ear, "Bruddah mahn, check me out in a while, hmm? I goin' outside fah some action."

"Yeah, baby," Shake says. "What's up?"

"Show time," Melandra answers wickedly.

There's been too much rum. Harter

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really doesn't know what he's doing, but he knows there's more than just a rum spell on him: that he has a powerful yearning for a black woman; that he heard their skin is always, permanently, as hot as the Tunisian desert, and it sends a fever running right through you; that some white men can't stand the heat, their blood pressure or something can't take it, but for those who can, heaven is a step closer. And he knows that Melandra is one of the most majestic women he has ever seen and that these moments with her might knock him out of the drift he's been in for the past year.

Harter watches Melandra approach his table. She stays in focus and everything else gets blurred. His head hangs loosely, but his eyes are geared up and he watches her, watches her perfect hips dance through the mostly empty chairs and tables, the long, graceful, dark arms shining, her huge chestnut eyes, her thin nose that suggests some East Indian blood, lips as full as pillows, straight, shoulder-length hair that he recalls puffed up in a big Afro on Short Shoe's last album cover. She has taken a pink hibiscus flower from one of the tables and placed it behind her left ear. Harter can feel his pulse struggling up through the alcohol.

"Please sit down," he says in what he thinks of as his Hollywood voice. Charming and jaded. "You are beautiful. Absolutely."

"You such a polite mahn," Melandra answers coyly. Harter hears the staged quality in her voice, but he's too far gone to infer anything from it. "Shorty say you lookin' fah me. True?" She pulls a chair next to his and sits down, crossing her legs so that the skirt of her dress falls away, exposing one leg fully up to her hip, the other almost so, and the elastic fringe of a black G string. Harter tries to keep his attention from this area, knowing that he must produce some facsimile of romance and sensitivity if this is all going to work right.

Melandra's surprised that he's as handsome as he is, and as drunk. She expected some pasty bastard, dressed like an off-duty cop, a good decade older than Harter, sober enough to still enjoy the nasty little routines that men buy women for. She thinks maybe she might be interested in Harter under different circumstances. His eyes aren't totally cold, as she imagined, but green and cautious and lonely. Maybe she can talk him out of this foolishness, let him buy her dinner tomorrow night. Short Shoe can keep his monkey and she can go home to bed.

Harter unfreezes, reaches over and grabs her arm, not painfully but hard enough to annoy her. Her first instinct is to slap him. She stops herself—it's

too easy; it might well do more damage to her than put anybody in his place. Harter and Short Shoe would shrug it off, absolved, and she did not want that; she did not want to defer to stalemate or forgiveness. Not this time. Not against a monkey. It's clear that the only way out of it is her way.

"I—love—you," Harter says, as though he has searched long and hard for each word.

"Is daht right?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, love mus' have its way," she says, throwing her arms around his neck, tugging him forward, smothering his mouth with hers, her tongue driving, she hopes, far enough down his throat to choke him. Harter's bewildered resistance lasts about two seconds. He never knew he had it in him, that *any* man had it in him, but he feels as if he's about to swoon. Melandra is running her fingers through his hair, raking his scalp mercilessly with her sharp fingernails. His lips are being pulped by her forceful kisses. His eyes are closed and feel like they are never going to open again, as though there's some electrical glue being pumped into him. It all feels so natural, so deep, so meant to be. He's lost in what he believes is the sudden inevitability of their passion, lost to the world, sailing on some mythological ghost ship with the queen of Africa. He slips a hand under the top of her dress and clutches one of her breasts. It is hot. Her nipple feels like a pencil eraser.

Melandra's hand glides from Harter's shoulder to the top of his shirt. She pops all of the buttons in one aggressive rip, peeling his shirt back so she can rub and knead his bare chest. A groan hums in the back of Harter's throat. There's some thought, some urgent data, trying to form in his head, but he can't make them clear. "Baby," he gasps, but then his mouth is locked up again by Melandra's. Her hand crabs its way down his tan stomach. Before it registers with him, his belt is unbuckled, his fly unzipped. Her hand snakes into his linen pants and grabs him. The vague feeling he's been trying to define spears through the darkness like a spotlight. "Not here!" he shrieks to himself. The light dims, the power fails. This is Harter's last coherent thought of the evening.

Melandra cocks her head slightly, steals a look out of the corner of her eye at the faces gathering around her. They affect her the same as any audience does: A part of her performs for them, a part of her sits back and observes it all ambivalently. She's as good an actress as she is a singer, lets her imagination accept whatever role is required of her—Shorty's stupid onstage games have at least given her that. Her hand works deftly, conscientiously; she hopes the rings on her fingers aren't bruising the

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man too terribly. She imagines she's rubbing ointment on a baby's arm or milking Momma's cow, which is easier, because of the noise Harter is making. She suppresses the desire to fall out of her chair laughing; Short Shoe's foul covenant has the right of way here. Harter begins to spasm and arch his hips up off the chair. She wonders if she should feel sorry for him for what she is about to do. It's a curious thought, and maybe some other time she'll allow herself to explore it. But right now, she imagines the cooking peppers bursting one by one. Harter's twitching body provides the special effects.

The final set is over. Customers are having one last Banks before they call it a night and head back to where they came from. Most of the jazz musicians have sidled up to the bar. Short Shoe's there with them, showing off the monkey. The trumpet player strolls in from outside, a generous grin on his face, and announces loudly, "Look here, check this scene out on the balcony."

People start moving out from the bar. Before everybody can get outside, Short Shoe is already pushing his way back in, a grim, uninvolved expression on his face, muttering, "Dread, dread." He hurries for the exit, wearing the skinny string-bean monkey like a necktie.

In a minute, there's room for no one else on the small balcony. Beyond the weak illumination provided by a single bug-swarmed light bulb above the doorway, the night is at its darkest point. Some people stand on chairs or jump up to get a look. Pushing through the crowd, the Scandinavian tourist breaks into the front line. The sight of Melandra fondling Harter before his astonished eyes turns his heart upside down.

"Mmm hmm, lookit that gal bone the chicken," one of the gray-haired musicians draws. "Gawddamn, that looks good."

Harter might as well be knocked out. His head lolls over the back of his chair; his arms and legs sprawl out to the sides. Melandra has moved away from him just enough so the audience can witness this most flagrant of hand jobs, delivered under the auspices of Melandra's professionally devastating smile. As Harter begins to ejaculate, the spectators clap and hoot. Harter reacts to the noise as if it were cold water. His head snaps straight; his eyes click open wide with horror. A stain on his pants spreads shamefully. Harter stares dumbly down at his lap, at the dark, relentless hand that still grips him. He tries to wriggle backward, to get the hell out of there, but Melandra has him tight in her fist.

"Fellas," she calls out triumphantly. "Look aht dis little vahnilla bean." She



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waves Harter's prick at them, which can't seem to lose its erection. "Looks like it might be ready fah busy-ness if de boy evalh grow up."

She wags him stiffly at one or two faces. "Somebody got a nice disease dey cahn give dis mahn? Something to help him remembah dis ro-mahnce?" Harter struggles up. Melandra plants her free hand on his chest and shoves him back down.

"Monkey," she hisses, pointing at Harter. "Womahn," she says, jerking a thumb at herself. She repeats the distinction: *Monkey. Womahn*. "Lissen to me, fella. Monkey ahnd womahn doan mix. It seem you make a big mistake. Now get you ahss away." She releases him and steps back, her arms folded over her breasts, glaring at Harter, giving him every last ounce of trouble she can.

The men in the crowd shudder, regaining their senses, tasting the bitter-sweetness of such severe and utter humiliation. But they have to hand it to Harter. He doesn't panic. He composes himself quickly and with a certain amount of dignity. Slowly, he puts himself back together, beginning with sunglasses, which he removes from his shirt pocket. He lights a cigarette. Only then does he straighten out his torn shirt, and only after his shirt is right does he return himself to the sanctuary of his linens and zip up. When he is finished, he stands solemnly in front of the gathering—a criminal who has survived his execution—exhaling the smoke from his State Express. It appears he is going to speak, but he only shrugs, offering a short smile that concedes the evening to Melandra. Then, with athletic sureness, he vaults over the railing of the balcony to the street below and is gone.

Harter decides it's time to island-hop back to the States. He is grateful that the night with Melandra took the lead out of his pants, released him from the spell of the tropics. Months later, in a bar in Mustique or St. Lucia or maybe Negril, he hears the end to his own story. A Scandinavian he meets will tell him that in Port of Spain, at Short Shoe's first performance at the Boomba Club, the calypsonian was attacked by a man in a gorilla suit, who proceeded to beat him with a stick. And Melandra, the fellow at the bar will say, has signed a solo contract with Mango Records. They even gave her her own backup band to tour with. She has a new single that's just been released.

"Maybe you've heard it already on the Voice of the Antilles," the guy says to Harter. "It's called *Throw Off De Monkey*."

"Sure," Harter answers, waiting for the foam to settle in his beer. He's heard it.

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STREET SMARTS

(continued from page 110)

"In plain fact, most casual hooligans don't want money or blood. They just want some entertainment."

Those are kinky people: They still wear seamed hose. Resist telling women about the gook platoon you took out with one grenade at Hoi Polloi. Instead, mention that awful bypass operation you hope to postpone until a six-volume collection of poetry has been written. Never lift her off the floor when dancing. Never manage to screw open a pickle jar that's frozen as stiff as some Gemini-space-capsule air lock. Be sensitive and neurasthenic. Under pressure, no street-wise man wants to hear his dumb consort say, "You won't just stand there, will you? You won't just let him do this to us, will you?" The answer is: Of course; be my guest. No sense getting your cruet smashed to remember her by; odds are this relationship is over, anyway. Next time you and Ms. *Macho* have sex—if there should be one—you'll need a shrimp-cocktail fork to get it out.

(Pause. Change style. There is no smart-lip response if three or four men try to rape her. Make a move and you may both get killed. Do nothing and you'll want to kill yourself. Some of the things I've said in this essay have been, oh, glib. I run short on glib right here. The tissue of civilization has ripped, and in that particular place—for her, for you—it will never completely heal again.)

An impulsive, snap-decision assault can be bluffed out, though. Say you and she are boogieing past eight raucous Dominicans on some spine-broken front stoop. They're soaked right through; been drinking *mucho* beverage. ("Bev-

erage," by the way, is street legalese. Means your bottle of cheap, acid-forming 16-proof plonk has a straw in it—also brown paper all around. Police insist on that small cosmetic effort: They do not harass the beverage drinker.) Anyhow, say that King Dominica makes a negative, if rather accurate, remark about your girl: about her chin and nose, the way they seem to be attacking each other. Don't argue; laugh and agree. If the king should pursue his theme with an ominous reference to your very low-profile manhood, don't run. Dominicans are fast; how d' you think they got into this country? Instead, begin a loud dispute with your lady. That'll confuse them—violent people don't expect to be topped. They like bringing the wild forest canopy down on quiet, respectable folk. Start to shout, "You stupid broad. First you give me clap, then you give me herpes. And now I see a crab in your eyebrow." As far as rape goes, that should be sufficient carnal knowledge—ought to put their lust into a very slack season. Yell and gesticulate right on down the street. They'll probably be too interested for mayhem. In plain fact—this is a solid truth—most casual hooligans don't want money or blood. They just want some entertainment. That's why they left Part Time, Alabama, for New York or Chicago or wherever their crumbling front stoop may be.

And you, too. That's why you're living, wet with acid rain, in Greater Metropolitan Dread. Entertainment. Ac-

tion. Wild possibility. Expensive cheap thrills. Be a prince, Filbert. Anything I hate, it's stinginess. You're gonna bitch about getting safecracked now and then in a town where the sales tax is eight and one quarter percent? Come on; leave us not be finicky. Not when a hamburger deluxe costs \$5.95—\$6.50 with the bun. When mass transit is six bits per turnstile click; when it'll run you 90 cents just to sit down in a cab, never mind the machine should move. For 40 years, President after President has been redistributing our income, and still we pull the HIT ME AGAIN, PLEASE lever on election day. At least a mugger is above-board about it. And he offers curb service, a relationship, some quick intimacy. Not to mention excitement in that piece of patio furniture you call life.

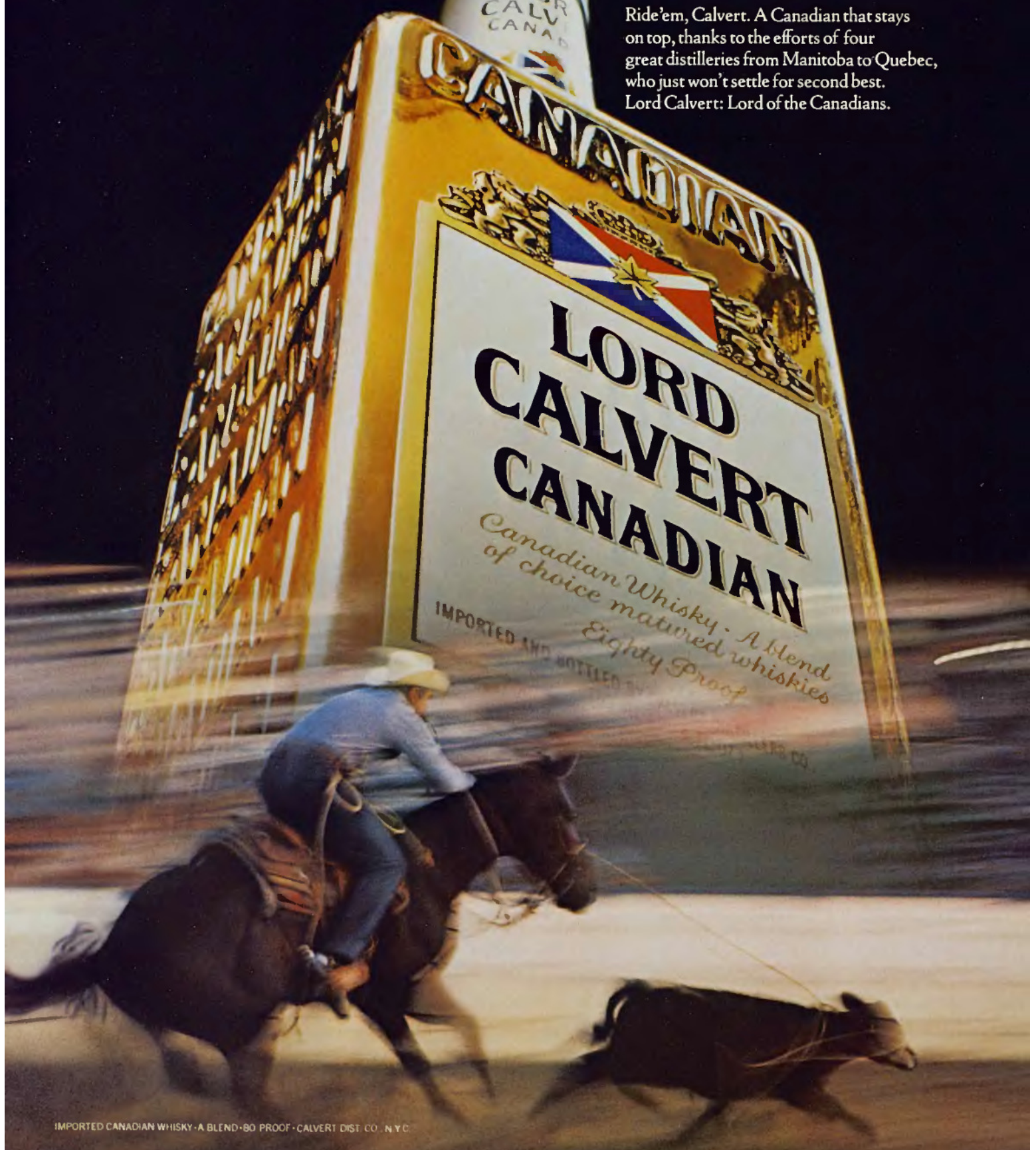
For my envoy, I quote an urbane urban sage, Lewis H. Lapham: "It is in the nature of great cities to be filthy, loud and dangerous (cf. Elizabethan London and the Paris of the Enlightenment), but the freedom of mind allows the inhabitants to ignore or make light of their circumstances. They take for granted the pervasiveness of corruption, recognizing it as the leaf mold of civilizations." That isn't dog doo you've got on your foot; it's leaf mold. Culture will grow from it. Would you rather live in Wing Collar, Vermont, where the only stimulation or risk comes from getting hit by a low-hung bird feeder? As Jesus said (again): "Where your treasure is, there will some mugger be also." And intelligent conversation and art and human diversity. They had three-card monte on the Appian Way, I'm sure. And in Babylon, con men sold stolen sundials that broke down at dawn. Street smart is the first kind of smart. You never heard about anyone who was R.F.D. smart, did you?



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WATERGATE, INC. (continued from page 151)

"If Watergate could breathe this much life into the system, maybe we need a juicy Reagan scandal."

sooner be caught with a smoking pistol than say how much their clients are making. In some cases, when we couldn't get an exact figure, we went to authorities in a field for estimates, which are clearly marked on the chart and explained. In other cases, we've taken a logical average. Then there were some figures we just couldn't track down, so we had to eliminate the entries. For example, how much money has the presence of the Martha Mitchell House contributed to the tax coffers of Pine Bluff, Arkansas? And how much of a beverage called Watergate Bug Juice did the nation's liquor stores finally sell?

Watergate junkies and aggrieved principals in the audience are cordially invited to send along the answers to those and other unlisted statistics, plus their disputed accounting of the figures we have printed, care of PLAYBOY's Editorial Department. Just remember that we are deliberately omitting such peripheral

entries as increased business for security firms and larger endowments to journalism schools and have concentrated on more direct stimulation to the economy.

One final thought: If Watergate could breathe this much life into the system, maybe what we need in these hard economic times is a juicy Reagan Administration scandal. Remember, it's not the bottom line that counts—it's the trickle-down along the way.

BOOKS

The card catalog in the Library of Congress lists 169 book titles under the heading WATERGATE. They range from such yawn-inducing tomes as *Constitutional Aspects of Watergate: Documents & Materials* (five volumes) to Art Buchwald's *"I Am Not a Crook."* The list below includes those better-known books for which sales and profit estimates—or at least the number of books in print—were available. In the latter

case, we multiplied the number of books by the cover price to arrive at a potential sales figure.

As for the remaining 150 titles, here's how we estimated. The average sale of a hardcover, according to publishing insiders, would be about 7500 copies at \$10 per copy, or \$75,000 per book; for paperbacks, it would be 100,000 copies at about \$2, or \$200,000; for trade paperbacks, the average sale can be assumed to be about 20,000 at \$5, or \$100,000. Assuming that there are 50 books in each category, the totals look like this:

Hardcover books	\$ 3,750,000
Mass-market paperbacks	10,000,000
Trade paperbacks	5,000,000
Total for nonlisted books	18,750,000
Total for listed books	30,166,790
TOTAL	\$48,916,790

MAGAZINES

Here we've added up only articles written by free-lancers, not those by newspaper reporters and magazine staffers, who presumably did the job as part of their regular salary. We counted 286 by-lined pieces in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and the *Popular Periodicals Index*. A reasonable estimate of the average fee for each piece, according to John Brady, former editor of *Writer's Digest*, would be \$350. Two hundred and eighty-six articles at \$350 each: TOTAL\$100,100

FINES

Conspiracy to obstruct justice was the verdict that resulted in fines for Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Robert Mardian and John Mitchell. Colson was nicked for obstruction of justice. Herbert Kalmbach pleaded guilty to one count of violating the Federal Corrupt Practices Act. E. Howard Hunt was indicted for six counts of conspiracy, burglary and wire tapping and pleaded guilty. G. Gordon Liddy's charges were the same as Hunt's, but the fine was four times as large.

Colson	\$ 5000
Ehrlichman	35,000
Haldeman	21,000
Hunt	10,000
Kalmbach	10,000
Liddy	40,000
Mardian	10,000
Mitchell	37,000
Maurice Stans	5000

The Finance Committee of the Committee to Re-Elect the President was also fined \$8000. Illegal campaign contributions to Nixon from corporations and corporate executives were in excess of \$1,500,000, for which fines of \$118,500 were levied.

TOTAL\$1,799,500

GOVERNMENT COSTS

You think it's cheap to root out scandal in the baseboards of democracy? Wrong again, grasshopper. One San Francisco group, People Versus PORN

	Received by Authors	Received by Publishers and Booksellers
<i>Blind Ambition</i> , by John W. Dean III	\$ 300,000	\$4,778,000
<i>Born Again</i> , by Charles W. Colson	50,000 (to charity)	5,800,000
<i>Chief Counsel</i> , by Samuel Dash		200,000
<i>The Company</i> , by John Ehrlichman		2,200,000
<i>The Ends of Power</i> , by H. R. Haldeman	600,000	400,000
<i>The Final Days and All the President's Men</i> , by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein	See WOODSTEIN listing	
<i>The Friends of Richard Nixon</i> , by George V. Higgins		165,000
<i>Game Plan for Disaster</i> , by Clark R. Mollenhoff		30,000
<i>The Impeachment of Richard Nixon</i> , by Leonard Lurie		237,500
<i>It Didn't Start with Watergate</i> , by Victor Lasky		500,000
<i>"Mo": A Woman's View of Watergate</i> , by Maureen Dean and Hays Gorey	150,000	448,790
<i>Our Gang</i> , by Philip Roth		202,500
<i>The Palace Guard</i> , by Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates		3,200,000
<i>The Presidential Transcripts</i> (Dell)		2,940,000
<i>The Right and the Power</i> , by Leon Jaworski		2,400,000
<i>RN, The Memoirs of Richard Nixon</i> , by Richard Nixon	2,000,000	
<i>To Set the Record Straight</i> , by John J. Sirica	500,000	
<i>Watergate Follies</i> , by Gerald Gardner		292,500
<i>The White House Transcripts</i> (Bantam)		2,772,500



Don Maddolen

(Profits of Richard Nixon), put Government costs at \$19,500,000. Our list omits court costs for all those trials and hearings for which no specific costs could be apportioned. Some may argue that those figures should be debits subtracted from the total, since they did not "stimulate" the economy. That is true only if you aren't a prison guard or a legislative aide, however, so we've added them in.

Watergate Special Prosecution Force	\$ 7,200,000
Senate Select Committee on Watergate, operating expenses	2,000,000
(Includes \$4000 paid to such witnesses as Halde- man, who got \$25 per day for testifying, and Dean, who got \$6.25.)	
House impeachment inquiry and Gerald R. Ford nomi- nation (estimate)	1,700,000
General Services Administra- tion investigations	More than 100,000
Nixon defense	290,418
Government Printing Office, Presidential tapes (tran- scripts)	183,750
TOTAL	\$11,474,168

PRISON COSTS

Getting the Watergate crew behind bars was expensive. Keeping them there was no bargain, either. Many of them did time in more than one place—from the toniest Federal prison camps, such as Allenwood, Safford and Lumpoc, to Air Force Base prisons such as Eglin and Maxwell. The average cost works out to just under \$25 per day, meals included, for the prisons on the list. We've multiplied that figure by the number of days in the slammer after sentences were handed out.

Bernard Barker, seven months in various prisons	\$ 5250
Dwight Chapin, eight months at Lumpoc	6000
Colson, seven months in various prisons	5250
Dean, four and a half months at Fort Holabird	3375
Ehrlichman, 18 months at Safford	13,500
Virgilio Gonzalez, nine and a half months in various pris- ons	7125
Haldeman, 18 months at Lom- poc	13,500
Hunt, 28½ months in various prisons	21,375

Kalmbach, six months in various prisons	4500
Egil Krogh, four and a half months at Allenwood	3375
Liddy, 52½ months in various prisons	39,375
Jeb Stuart Magruder, seven months at Allenwood	5250
Eugenio Martinez, nine and a half months in various pris- ons	7125
James McCord, two months at Allenwood	1500
Mitchell, 19 months at Max- well	14,250
TOTAL	\$150,750

HUSH MONEY AND OPERATING EXPENSES

The original Watergate budget, including cash payments to Liddy for "sensitive political projects," was \$300,000, though Liddy probably received only about \$200,000 when the scandal broke. Hush money and legal expenses for the defendants totaled at least \$1,000,000.

TOTAL\$1,300,000

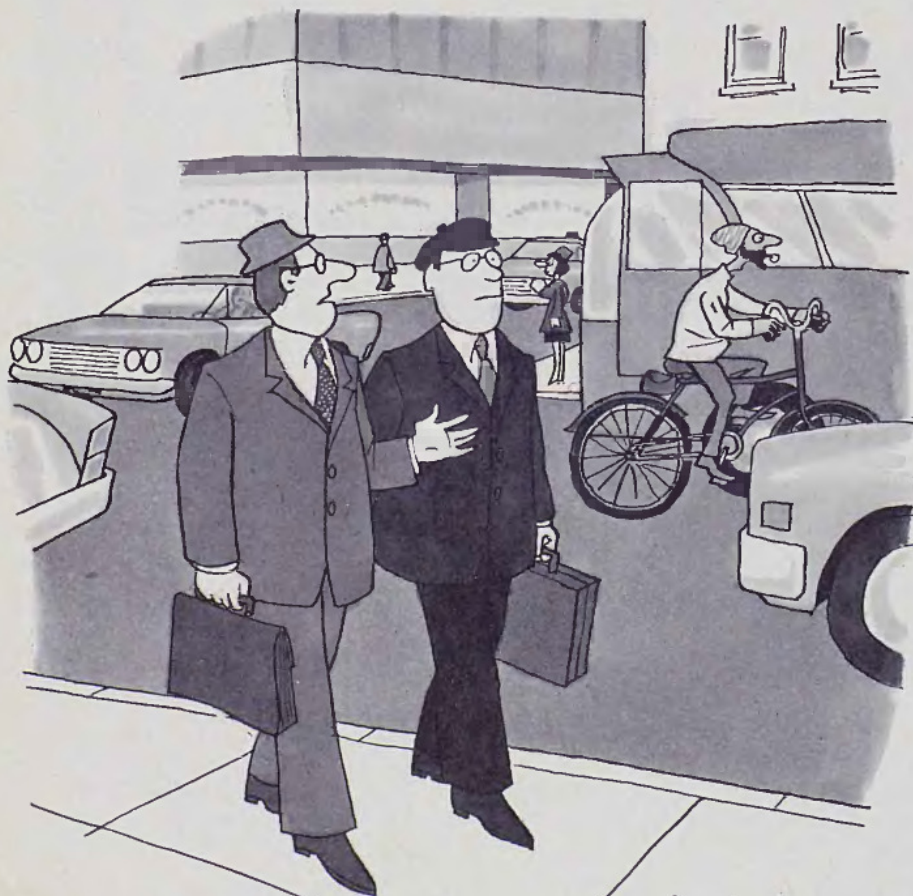
LEGAL EXPENSES AND LAWSUITS

Once again, you could argue that these expenses should be deducted from the total revenues of Watergate, Inc., since the defendants lost rather than gained money on their legal expenses. On the other hand, their lawyers did OK.

Committee to Re-Elect the President, sued by the Dem- ocratic Party for \$6,400,000 in damages; reportedly set- tled for	\$ 525,000
Committee to Re-Elect the President, sued for \$5,000,000 in damages by R. Spencer Oliver of the Dem- ocratic Association of State Chairmen for tapping his phone; settled for	215,000
Ehrlichman, legal expenses ..	350,000
Haldeman, legal expenses ...	350,000
Morton Halperin, judgment in \$600,000 suit against Henry Kissinger and Alex- ander Haig for tapping his phone	1
Hunt, legal expenses	156,000
Liddy, legal expenses	306,000
Mardian, legal expenses	481,899
Mitchell, legal expenses	771,000
Nixon, legal expenses	750,000
Kenneth Parkinson, legal ex- penses	73,400
Stans, legal expenses	157,700
Anthony Ulasewicz, legal ex- penses	34,720
Four Watergate burglars (Stur- gis, Barker, Martinez, Gon- zalez)	135,000
TOTAL	\$4,305,720

LECTURES

The fastest way to be rehabilitated from Watergate crimes was to publicly confess on the lecture circuit—usually



Handelman

"Well, somebody is going to ruin the environment, and better us than the Russians."

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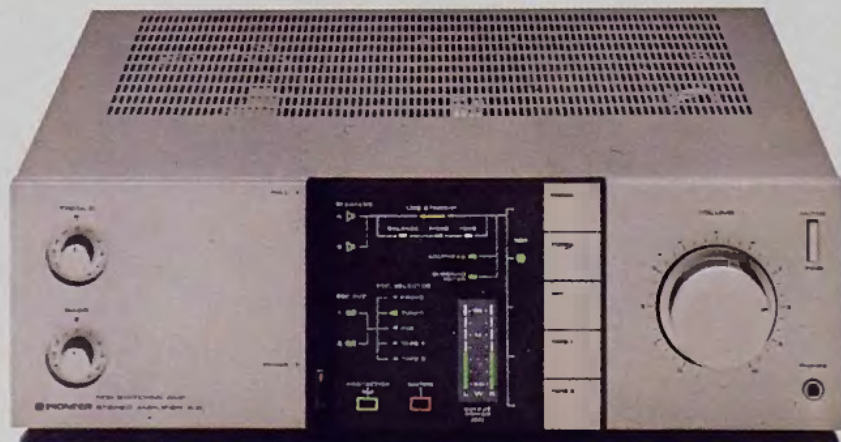
—Audio Magazine



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—Stereo Review



PLAYBOY

at about \$2500 to \$5000 per testimony. Based on estimates from various lecture-bureau officials, the totals look like this:

Barker	\$ 40,000
Dash	350,000
Dean	(at least) 700,000
Sam Ervin	1,000,000
Hunt	300,000
Liddy	840,000
Magruder	200,000
Martinez	40,000
McCord	200,000
Elliot Richardson	225,000
Fred Thompson	300,000
Frank Wills (security guard who discovered the burglars) ...	2000
TOTAL	\$4,197,000

WOODSTEIN

Since Woodward and Bernstein played such prominent journalistic and financial roles in Watergate, we've decided to give them a category of their own. The list doesn't include their greatly increased salaries, just those projects that directly relate to the scandal.

All the President's Men

PLAYBOY excerpt	\$ 30,000
Advance	55,000
Hardcover and paperback sales	12,143,050
Paperback rights	1,000,000
Movie rights paid by Robert Redford to Simon & Schuster	450,000

Movie gross	58,000,000
<i>The Final Days</i>	
Newsweek excerpt	65,000
Paperback-reprint rights	1,500,000
Hardcover sales	5,475,000
Lectures (\$450,000 each)	900,000
TOTAL	\$79,618,050

TELEVISION

Most of the television deals relating to Watergate haven't been made public, so it's hard to tell how much money Liddy, say, got for *Will*, which was shown on NBC last January, or what Dean netted for *Blind Ambition*, even though the Ehrlichman figure for *The Company* is probably a good starting point. It's also impossible to say how much, if any, income was generated by all the TV coverage of the scandal. If a reporter became a star because of his Watergate investigations and saw his salary jump, good for him. We couldn't count it.

Contributions to public television as a result of live TV coverage of the hearings (estimated)	\$ 750,000
David Frost interviews with Nixon, total profits (estimated)	3,000,000
(Nixon got \$600,000, plus 20 percent of the profits, and the series of five interviews sold for \$125,000 per minute of commercial time.)	
CBS' payment for interviews with Haldeman	25,000
CBS' payment for interview with Liddy	25,000
Ehrlichman film rights for TV movie of <i>The Company</i>	75,000
TOTAL	\$3,875,000

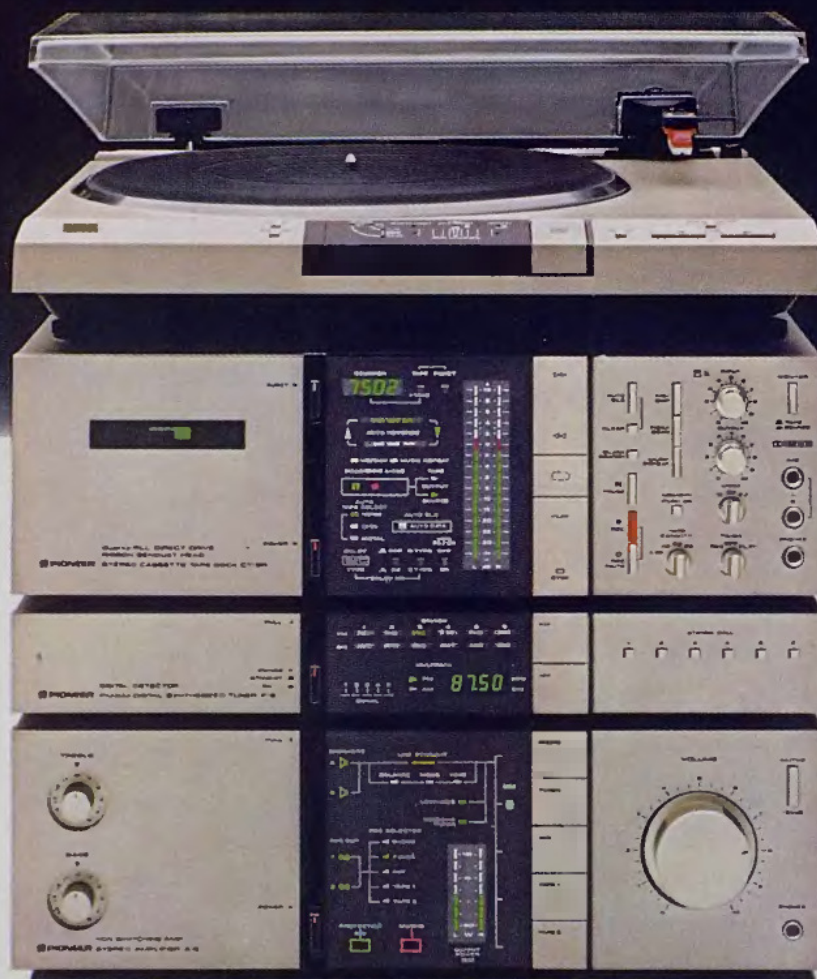
MISCELLANEOUS

<i>Nasty Habits</i> (convent satire on Watergate, starring Glenda Jackson, Geraldine Page and Melina Mercouri) gross	\$4,000,000
Oval Office recording equipment	About 2800
(Seven Sony TC800B recorders at \$279.95 each; two Uher recorders at about \$400 each)	
<i>Senator Sam at Home</i> , LP recorded by Ervin in 1973; sold about 7500 copies at \$5.98 each	44,625
Watergate Coverup sunglasses, about 200 sold at \$10 each	2000
Gold (\$225) and silver (\$75) pins in the shape of elephants wearing earphones; Watergate Jewelers sold about 100 of each	30,000
Seven Watergate signatures sold at auction (package included a NIXON KNEW button)	180
TOTAL	\$4,079,605
GRAND TOTAL	\$159,816,683



Ved-d-dy ved-d-dy dry

AN OBVIOUS CONCLUSION.



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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

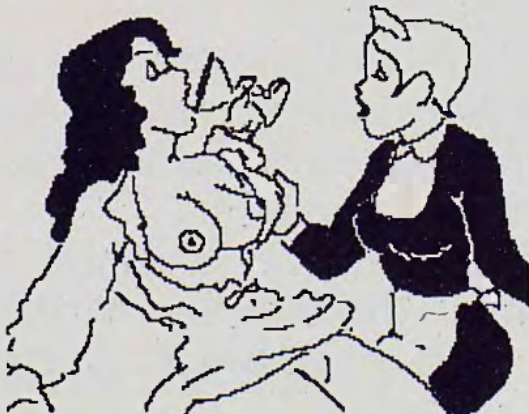
THE ZANIES ARE COMING

In his latest book, *Zanies* (New Century, \$15.95), Chicago's pint-sized and prolific crime chronicler Jay Robert Nash profiles 172 of "the world's greatest eccentrics," from quack doctor Albert Abrams to munitions tycoon Basil Zaharoff, the "mystery man of Europe." Babe Ruth, Charlie Chaplin and Huey Long are also in there, along with courtesan Anne de Lenclos, who founded a Parisian school for sex education about 300 years ago. What's so zany about that?



HARD-CORE SOFTWARE

Years ago, the kind of comics men liked were stashed at the bottom of their underwear drawers. Today, they're the apple of an Apple II computer's eye. In other words, if you own an Apple II computer with a 48K memory disc, Computer Products International, 3225 Danny Park, New Orleans, Louisiana 70002, has available, for \$25 each, four double-sided discettes (*French Postcards*, *Bedtime Stories*, *Dirty Old Men and Comics*, *Old and New*) of X-rated automated activity that will knock your black socks off. Very naughty, naughty, naughty.



JAWS III

Wits, wags and practical jokers of all ages will be sprinting to their checkbooks when they read this: For only \$4.95, postpaid, Ultimus Toys, P.O. Box 141, Sea Cliff, New York 11579, will send you Shark Alert—a fake shark fin that moves through the water propelled by a battery-powered motor. Order a whole school for your hot tub and watch uptight friends walk on water. It's more fun than a Baby Ruth bar in the swimming pool.



TOTE BOAT

Most portable boats take half an hour to pump up and are about as easy to handle as a hollow log. Not so the Porta-Bote, a puncture-proof polypropylene-hulled floater, available in three lengths (eight, ten and 12 feet), that almost instantly folds to only four inches flat, thus enabling you to tote it under arm or over head like a surfboard. (The 12-footer weighs 59 pounds.) Prices are \$695, \$795 and \$895, respectively. F.O.B. the boat's manufacturer, Porta-Bote International, 1074 Independence Avenue, Mountain View, California 94043. And for an additional \$389, you can get a kit that turns your Porta-Bote into a minisailed skimmer that even Wink-in', Blinkin' and Nod would really dig.

GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE

Imagine! After *A Hard Day's Night*, you discover that *The Long and Winding Road* leads to Beatlegraphics: ten greeting cards inspired by Beatles songs that only *The Fool on the Hill* wouldn't want to send to his *Honey Pie*. To order, *All You Need Is Love* and \$10 sent to Lyric Art Productions, P.O. Box 3517, San Rafael, California 94912. If you're broke, Lyric Art says, "We Can Work It Out." Maybe with a little help from your friends.



NOW YOU'RE SMOKING

The classic Victorian smoking jacket, with its quilted-satin collar and cuffs, is designed for fireside, not seaside, but if it's a custom model you want, now's the time to get your tailor cutting. Our tailor for custom vintage threads is Nelson Arriaga, who operates Victoriana Revived from his home at 418 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11238. Arriaga's \$3 catalog includes everything from Victorian collars and cuffs to nightshirts. At \$300, his custom smoking jacket isn't something to spill ashes on.



SOCCER BALLS TO YOU

No, that's not Gulliver about to drop-kick the 1982 World Cup team from Lilliput into a soccer net. It's just the playing field for Subbuteo, a nifty table-soccer game in which your fingers do the whacking as you move miniature men and ball in an attempt to score goals and block your opponent's wrist action. The F.I.F.A. World Cup Edition of the game, available from Jokari/U.S., 4715 McEwen Road, Dallas, Texas 75234, for \$41, postpaid, contains two 11-man teams (including movable goalies), two goals with nets, two miniature soccer balls, four corner flags, a playing surface, a gold-colored winner's trophy and even a special World Cup poster to tack up. Ain't that a kick in the head!



ZAP RELIEF!

If last night's cry was "Keep them coming, bartender, until we tell you to stop," then the first sounds you wish to hear the moanin' after may be tones emanating from your Antache, an antiheadache device that works on the principle of biofeedback. Strap on Antache and you hear a high-pitched tone that descends as you relax. Stay relaxed and your headache—let's hope—will disappear. Edmund Scientific, 101 E. Gloucester Pike, Barrington, New Jersey 08007, sells the Antache for \$162, postpaid. We tried one on and woke up every dog in town.

NOT THE WHEEL THING

We don't want to start any negative balls rolling, but the flip side to owning an expensive car stereo such as one of those pictured in this month's *Power Trip!* feature is the possibility that somebody will permanently borrow it one dark night. That's where Incognito steps from the shadows. Incognito is an inexpensive-looking plastic radio cover that instantly turns your snazzy radio/cassette player into a cheap-looking factory installation. And the manufacturer, Incognito Mfg. Works, 881 Richmond Avenue, San Jose, California 95128, is asking only \$8.95 for its clever stick-on hoax. That's what we call a real steal!



Girls of Ma Bell (continued from page 169)

"I think deep down, most women wonder what posing for PLAYBOY would be like."

assets; soon AT&T will have to spin off all of its local operations into locally run companies. We have some suggestions: Southwestern Bell, for example, might become the independent Taco Bell. The Philadelphia phone company might become Liberty Bell, and all the phones at Disneyland might be run by Tinker Bell. But Ma is sure to get over what may be a wild Bell hiccup. In fact, if the divestiture turns out the way analysts think it will, most of her shareholders will be better off, probably considering themselves saved by the Bell.

Now that you've faced the family, greet the girls.

Meet Vicki Vittorio from Columbus, Ohio, for instance; she answers to the numbers 36-25-35. Vicki's a communications technician who was amazed at all the equipment she had to work with when she went to work for Ohio Bell three years ago.

"The complexity of what's involved in one circuit is amazing," says Vicki. "I use meters to check on telephone circuits. I listen over my headset for the various kinds of signals that come over the circuits, and I've also done some wiring."

Apparently, doing that for Bell really can be electrifying—now and then, an office joker will shout at Vicki, using one of those orange road-safety cones as a megaphone, or even touch a low-voltage wire to her. "That live wire won't really hurt you," she says, "but it can make you angry for a while."

Ma doesn't have to put on the red light for Roxanne Laube, a service representative who deals with customer complaints in Chicago. Roxanne's the one who, among other things, gives the green light to trace long-winded obscene callers in the Windy City.

"I talk to crazies every day," sighs Roxanne. "The only way to complain to the phone company is to talk to somebody like me. But one of the most fulfilling things I do is help trap the lines and resolve obscene-caller cases."

As for filial affection on the part of Ma's employees, Roxanne believes that "most employees are loyal, but I don't know if I'd say they feel affection for the company."

"Employees feel flattered and lucky to work for the phone company," is the way Bridgeport, Connecticut, customer clerk Judy Perkins sees the situation.

"But to tell the truth, I haven't met anyone who feels true affection. I, for one, find it difficult to feel emotional toward any large corporation."

Judy sells such services and products as extra lines and push-button phones for the Southern New England Telephone Company. "It's tough to break in here; the company has a reputation for being good to workers and offering diversified opportunities. But there's been a change since deregulation—employees feel real concern for the corporation and their place in it."

Judy works in a small office staffed only by women. It's not easy to get in touch with her at work, but here's a hint: "I'd be especially charmed," she says, "by a handwritten invitation to a romantic picnic lunch." The box-lunch retailers of New England should be thrilled to hear that.

While AT&T is a publisher in its own right (it publishes 120,000,000 phone books a year, on almost a billion pounds of paper), it has yet to put out a directory with a centerfold. So you might assume its employees would be a little daunted by stripping more than wires for PLAYBOY. The ladies we talked with say anyone who thinks that is barking up the wrong pole.

"It's been no problem," Vicki Vittorio tells us. "I think deep down, most women wonder what posing for PLAYBOY would be like—they'd like to see themselves as sexy. As far as I'm concerned, it's an honor to be selected."

Vicki has a Seoul sister in Lana Crandal, a Pacific Northwest Bell reports clerk in Portland, Oregon, who is a native of South Korea's capital. "It was just fun," opines Lana, a free-lance graphics designer who admits she prefers her sideline to AT&T's power lines. "It was a good experience. Now everyone's looking at me in the office and I'm starting to hear stories all the time, but it doesn't bother me—at least, not until the other girls start summing me up."

But leave it to Judy Perkins to express a Bell belle's essential attitude toward this conference call between Ma Bell and PLAYBOY: "Being part of the business world, I sometimes feel stereotyped as a conservative office worker. Posing for PLAYBOY gives me an opportunity to reveal other aspects of my well-rounded personality."

We've called them as we've seen them. All in all, we think the women of Ma Bell would make Ma proud. They're free of hangups. They have the best long lines in the field. And each of them has a voice sultry enough to keep a caller's pockets packed with dimes. Whether or not they work at switchboards, these have to be the smoothest operators in the business.



A LOT OF US HAVE WILD IDEAS. HERE'S TO THOSE WHO GET THEIRS OFF THE GROUND.

For 105 years, attempts have been made to cross the Atlantic by balloon. All of them failed.

Until in 1978, on their second try, Maxie Anderson and his two partners astounded the world. They made it.

The following year, he and his son, Kris, (who holds the world hot air balloon distance record), piloted the first balloon to fly across the North American continent. Now, Maxie is preparing for the ultimate adventure: a 10-day, 20,000 mile flight around the globe.

What the Andersons will try next is anyone's guess. But one thing is certain. Whenever these two daring, unpredictable balloonists get together, they do something very predictable. They pour themselves a glass of their favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark. And they start planning the newest mission impossible.

Maxie and Kris Anderson



The Scotch with a

following of leaders.

CUTTY

SARK®

You never forget your first Girl.

MAN and WOMAN

(continued from page 160)

contraceptive technology. And here we come to the second myth that we want to challenge: the idea that female contraception is the best thing to happen for women since they secured the vote and that it has no social consequences except a grand new freedom for both men and women.

"No one has any *real* idea of what the personal and social effects of widely available female contraception may be," says Lionel Tiger, professor of anthropology at Rutgers University. "Take the pill, for instance. We just don't know what it means for a woman to walk around in a state of technical pseudopregnancy for most of her reproductive life. And scientists are trying to find better pills rather than studying the long-term effects of the ones they've already invented. Nor do we know what effect this state may have on the man or the men a woman is with. It may have a considerable effect, if my and my colleagues' experiments with macaque monkeys are anything to go by. Macaques are a lot like us in many ways: They mate all year round and the males pair off with specific females. But in one of our experiments, a breeding male was simply not interested in his favorite females when we put them on the pill. The male was, if you like, turned off."

In a series of books written with and without his friend and colleague Robin Fox, Tiger has continually stressed that human beings are animals; complicated animals, maybe, but—like all other animals—part of nature and subject to biological constraints. And he believes that female contraception is, in subtle ways, interfering with and undermining those constraints. "Look," he says, "in human evolution, in human history, the possibility of pregnancy has always been one form of control that men have exercised over women and one kind of lever by which women have gotten what they wanted from men—I don't want to be cynical about this; I just want to describe one aspect of the reality. And the reality is that the possibility of pregnancy has been the issue around which men and women have traditionally organized their sexual transactions *and* their responsibility for one another. Now let's look at what's happening today. For the first time in history, the human female can be totally in charge of our genetic and reproductive future. She's taken over a responsibility that used to be shared. How does that make the male feel? And how does it make *her* feel? What's happened in the past two decades is that the female has taken control of the issue of whether or not she gets pregnant. As far as men are concerned, she has separated sex from reproduction and absolved them of any





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responsibility for reproduction. In effect, she's liberated the male but *not* herself. Let's face it: How many men even *ask* about contraception anymore?

"The irony, then," says Tiger, "is that what is seen as freeing is actually imprisoning. Women now feel a terrible guilt if they get pregnant, as if it's their fault, as if the man had nothing to do with it. And they often have abortions, with psychological consequences that we know little about. At the same time, a man really *does* have less confidence in his paternity if a pregnancy occurs. It's a vicious circle." Tiger throws up his hands. "Responsibility and guilt in women. A forced irresponsibility—and bravado and cruelty—in men. It's no wonder that many women feel angry and ambivalently bitter about contraception."

The third myth is created in part by belief in the two others: Given that we've been liberated by contraception (myth two) and are now able to enjoy entirely new sexual opportunities (myth one), then (according to myth three) the life of the single person today is the best possible life, because it's happy, self-contained, independent and allows for sex without the dead weight of commitment. That's what most married people in this society must believe, given their much-touted dissatisfaction with their present arrangement. And that's what most singles seem to believe, even though most of them will admit they can't find such a great life for themselves.

In a recently published book, *Singles: The New Americans*, Jacqueline Simenauer and David Carroll analyze the results of an elaborate poll and a questionnaire designed to explore—through a representative sample of 3000—the lives, emotions and attitudes of the unmarried. And some of their conclusions fairly leap off the page. Most people, for example, frankly and openly dislike the singles bars they frequent. Forty percent of the women have suffered physical or mental abuse as the result of meetings made in them. And the men—well, the men tend to be rather aggressive when they go to them because, they admit, they have no respect for the sort of women who go there.

Equally interesting is what Simenauer and Carroll have to say about the intensely traditional values that singles, beneath all the supposed frolic and glitter, actually maintain. Seventy-five percent of the men questioned are indifferent or opposed to sleeping with a woman on the first date. Neither men nor women seem to like casual sex. Instead, they want commitment—in fact, marriage. About half of the women and more than a third of the men think that living together is a less than satisfactory option, precisely because "lack of commitment stops it from

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Southern Comfort

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O.J. Comfort

Pour 2 ounces of Southern Comfort over ice in a tall glass, add orange juice, stir gently and enjoy.



being totally fulfilling." In other words, singles aren't singles because they're having such a wonderful time; the largest proportion of them are singles because they haven't found the right mate. Marriage or remarriage, it seems, is almost always their goal. And the price they pay for their so-called freedom—they say themselves—is loneliness.

But if the singles life, for all its freedom, is lonely, unsatisfying and incomplete, why are so many people inexorably drawn to it? What forces are there in this society that impel people to do something that they don't seem, at bottom, to want to do—to delay or decamp from their marriages and stay out there alone?

One underlying force is obviously the uneasiness and the mistrust between men and women that Rossi and Tiger talk about: the stress caused in all our relationships by female sexuality, contraception, the loss of assurance in paternity and the arrogance of the liberated male. The result is that men and women find it hard to find a partner to trust, and they don't trust—and ultimately break with—the partner they've got.

But there are other forces at work in our culture that underwrite and underline the lack of trust and, at the same time, peddle the myth of the singles life. They can best be focused in one word: media. As one woman in Simenauer and Carroll's book puts it, "The concept of a singles lifestyle is the invention of the 'free market' of the United States, purely in order to sell more useless products, for example, 'natural make-ups,' hair blow driers, deodorants, singles clubs, singles vacations, bar life, and so on, *ad nauseam*."

Two singles buy twice as much as one couple—it's nearly as simple as that. And a man and a woman who are single are much more likely than a married couple to be *both* at work. Even when she is married, though, it remains desirable for a woman to work—so that she'll continue and even increase her level of consumption. The result is the confection of one of the most persistently peddled images of our culture: the working, carefree and essentially *single* woman, freed from the drudgery of home and motherhood, freed from attachment to any one man and freed from any and all biological constraints on behavior. No matter that the image is one that men, deep within themselves, find unsettling. No matter that such a lifestyle—easy come, easy go—is actually very difficult for most women to enjoy. What's important, as Barry Day, vice-chairman of McCann-Erickson Worldwide, says, is that "the American working woman has an earning power of 115 billion dollars a year. She outspends her nonworking sister two to one. Thirty percent of all new insurance policies

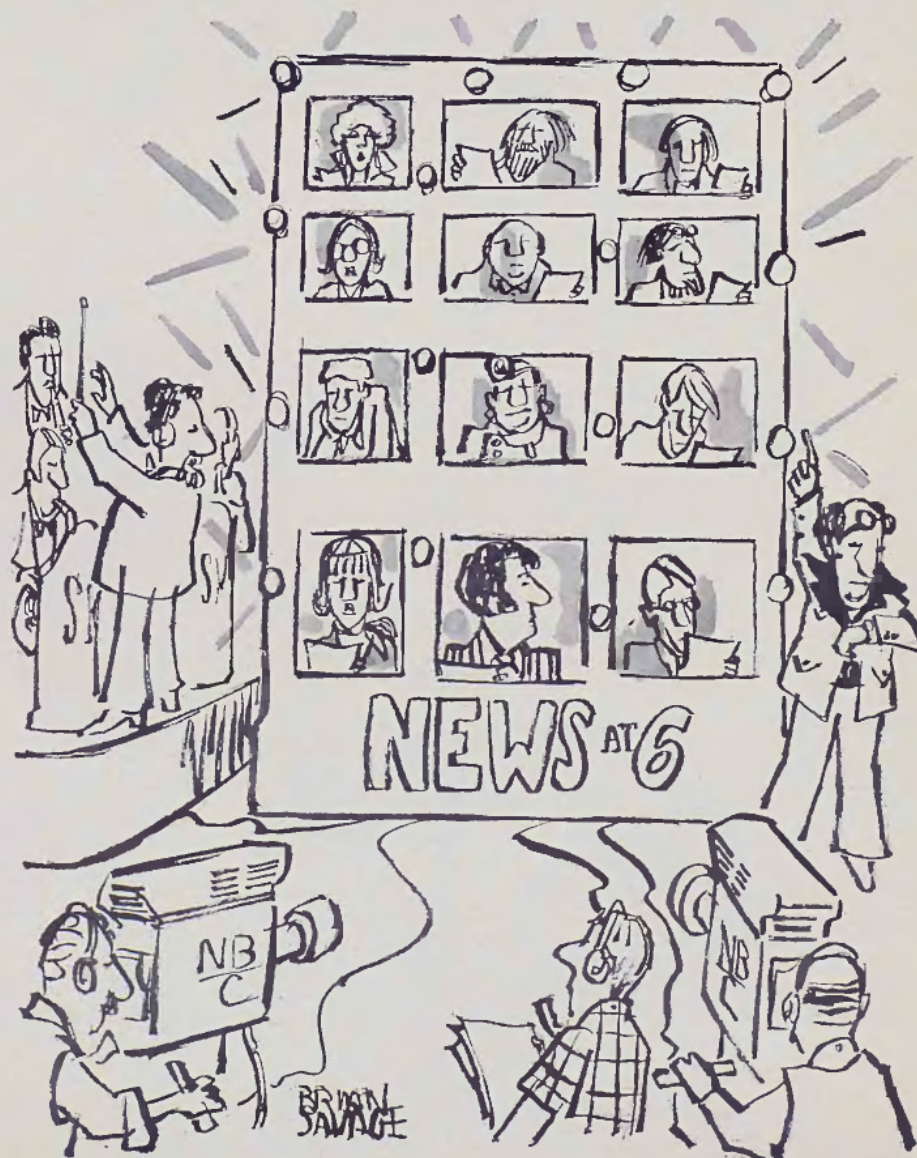
are taken out by women. Twenty-five percent of all American Express card holders are women. And 20 percent of all airline tickets are now bought by and for women. The working woman is the fastest-growing sector of the market."

If you think that's fine—women's work promotes their independence and buttresses their social equality with men—obviously we have to agree with you. But it's the *image* we're talking about, not the humdrum, usually boring and underpaid reality. And the image of the new woman—constantly displayed as strong, sexually adventurous and luxuriantly self-contained—does have, like it or not, personal and social effects that strike at the heart of the biologically defined roles of men and women and disturb the contract between them. First, as we've seen, it glamorizes the singles life for both men and women, shedding over it an unreal and unsustainable glow. Second, it *devalues* by implication pregnancy and motherhood, as well as the cooperation and the commitment necessary for the

getting and raising of children. And it has helped produce a generation of women who are intensely conflicted: when working, when not working and especially, Rossi says, when faced in their early 30s with the prospect of future childlessness. The singles life may have been fine to that point. The working life may have been satisfying to that point. But the biological drive toward reproduction, which governs the sexual relations between men and women, can then be heard as an insistent voice calling for something a lot less glamorous than the new woman's life, something a lot more central to our evolution.

Three myths—and a little reality, we hope. But it's time to step back from all the confusions and complications of our culture, with its clamor about equality, and review the idea of equality in biological and evolutionary terms. What are the *essential* roles of men and women, beneath all the myths and masks and conflicts?

To state the case bluntly, there is



no human society on earth in which men and women are fully equal. The reason is simple: Man and woman have different reproductive life spans and different investments to make in the central and crucial process of reproduction. A woman has to commit to it the resources of her entire body when young, while a man can get away with supplying just one sperm cell—at any age. In 1/100th of a second, he can provide more of his reproductive contribution than she can provide of hers in a lifetime. The inequality is fundamental.

All the way through nature, it's the same story, of course. The female of the species always makes bigger and more expensive reproductive cells. And in mammals, she goes even further—actually carrying her developing young inside her and taking on all responsibility for incubating and nourishing them. Very unselfish, you may think. But, in fact, it's precisely this that puts the female in charge of the reproductive show—it's what constitutes her special power. For it gives her control over the ultimate evolutionary resource, the thing males *must* get access to if their genes are to continue into the next generation—her egg, her reproductive machinery, herself. She becomes the most important commodity in nature. And, in the catbird seat now, she is free to choose, free to demand of males what-

ever it is she wants in exchange for it: good genes, good territory, good provisions, good protection. If males are to get to her, they have to do whatever she requires of them—to line up for her inspection, to compete, to build, to court her and to defend her and her offspring.

For every species, the rule is the same: Sex, reproduction and whatever it takes to help the female and her offspring survive are inextricably linked in a genetic program that is ultimately dictated by the female. For it is she who takes on most of the physical responsibility for the continuation of the species. Whatever qualities she chooses in a male—and whatever qualities there are in her that encourage her to make a successful choice—are then bred into the future population, becoming part of the general blueprint that governs the sexual and the reproductive behavior of both males and females.

In many species, the female's choosiness has resulted in an arrangement by which males are forever competing with one another for sex with her. This polygamy is of huge advantage for her, for it means that throughout her reproductive life she can constantly trade herself upward. She can make sure that the genes her offspring get from males come only from winners. Her offspring, then, have a better chance of being winners, too.

But in a few species—most prominently our own—a *new* element has entered into the terms of the sexual contract: Male parenting, which humans provide in greater measure than any other species, is actually a remarkable step forward for the female, a vast improvement over the old fight, hit and run system. For it frees her from having to take sole responsibility for providing for her offspring. And it allows her to have more infants than she otherwise could.

It comes, however, with a price tag. For if male parenting is to be established as a pattern, the female must give up some of her old power. She has to do something to correct the biological imbalance. In other species we've talked about, it doesn't much matter to males whose children are whose—assurance of paternity isn't part of the polygamous package. But if a male is to be expected to provide resources over the long haul of human child rearing, then he needs some guarantee that the children are actually his. That is the key element in the human sexual trade-off that Rossi talks about—the trade-off that governs our sexual and reproductive behavior. And for hundreds of thousands of human generations, it has been built into our genetic program: resource-producing males and

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"I know it's mid-July, but I just had to see you."

faithful, mothering females coming together and remaining together for the sake of their children. That's why the human male is bigger and stronger than the female. That's why the human female tends to marry an older, more reliable male. And that's why the human brain—allowed to develop slowly in the dependent infant as a result of the parents' joint provision and protection—is so uniquely adaptable.

As far as the genetic program that governs our sexual relationships is concerned, then, we're still stuck with something very old, in which the drive toward sex and the drive toward reproduction are essentially the same. Yes, males have a tendency to play around—but that's because in evolution they could get away with fathering a child they didn't have to take care of. And no, they don't marry promiscuous women—because in their own women, they want some assurance of paternity. Yes, polygamy is still found in human cultures; but that's because women in evolution, needing resources, risked nothing by joining a wealthy man's collection of wives. And, no, women don't seem to want to play around as much as men, because evolutionarily speaking, they still have much more to lose.

The point is that despite all our modern sexual arrangements, we're still locked together in an evolutionary two-step for which we are differently primed. That doesn't mean, of course, that biol-

ogy makes men and women socially *unequal*. On the contrary. In the hunter-gatherer society in which we evolved, there was a clear division of labor but no lack of equality. The more expendable males took care of attack and defense, protection against predators and the hunt—providing the rich stocks of protein that mothers and growing children needed. But the females, besides bearing and raising children, gathered the other elements in the diet—the plants and the fruits, the insects and the small animals. They cooked; they no doubt made clothes; and they exercised their own special power as mothers through elaborate kinship systems. When the first Christian missionaries arrived in North America, they were horrified by what they found among the "savages"—the unexpected prestige and importance of women in many tribes.

They were horrified because their own culture, the culture they were peddling to the Indians, had virtually enslaved women. And that's the heart of this particular matter: It's *culture* that produces inequality, not biology. When agriculture took over from the earlier hunting-gathering way of life, the new system gave a new importance to men, since they were bigger and stronger and not tied down by child rearing. The power of women began to ebb, for land and property—suddenly central to human life—were now passed down through the male line. And women be-

came chattel, required to bear the large numbers of children necessary to work the land. No longer was a woman an important part of her own kinship system. Instead, she was literally farmed out to her husband's family. She and her children belonged to him. There were few compensations in this state of affairs.

Two hundred years ago, though, human culture took a turn. It entered the industrial phase and, little by little, began to free Western women from their isolation and slavery. For the industrial phase, as it developed, needed not slaves but educated, intelligent, individual workers. Women became important as educators and mothers, preparing the generation of the future for the necessary business of work and consumption. Men, of course, were still crucial to industry because of their size and their strength. They still fought the wars. But women began to be surrounded by elaborate rituals of respect. They were seen as the providers of a vital support system, and motherhood was glorified. After 15,000 years, say Tiger and Fox, something like the equality of the hunting-gathering community reappeared.

And when we look at Western culture today, what do we see?

"Well," says Lesse, "we're no longer primarily an industrial society at all. We're rapidly becoming a postindustrial, cybercultural society in which males no longer have any natural advantage based purely on size and strength. Their size and strength are increasingly unnecessary to industry. They're also becoming obsolete as the unique fighters of wars. They're no longer the one necessary provider. And they're no longer involved in the issue of whether a woman becomes pregnant or not. This is something that's already profoundly affecting the relationships between men and women. I think it has to do with the rise in male homosexuality. I also think it has to do with the increasingly large number of male patients I see who have no respect for their maleness."

For the past 20 years, Lesse, a stocky, broad-faced man in his 50s, has been poring over the great forces at work in our society in an attempt to identify present psychological stress and the future demands that will be made on us as men and women. It's a difficult—some would say impossible—task.

"Everything, you see, hangs together with everything else," Lesse says. "It's all interconnected. Big business, for example, no longer needs the high turnover of replacement workers that the nuclear family used to provide. So motherhood, children and the idea of family are downgraded. Work has become necessary for women—and the idea of their working has become glamorized. At the same



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time, though, other phenomena are appearing. Because the population is growing more slowly, the industrial base faces a more limited rate of growth. And this is gradually translating into shorter work hours—which means more hours of leisure. Leisure, then, is now equated with consumption. The home is devalued. And men and women are portrayed as more and more alike, with the same needs and aspirations and desire to consume. A wedge has been driven between the working woman and the nonworking family woman; the latter may be looked upon with disdain in the not-too-distant future."

Lesse concludes, "All of these economic and social forces—work patterns, the decline of manufacturing, the increase in leisure time, automation and advertising—hang together. And they interlock with other forces from which they can't really be separated: political forces, religious forces, changing technology, the rise of feminism. Even the shifts in population."

If the word demographics stimulates nothing more in you than a yawn, then you'd better wake up. For demographics—the study of population shifts and patterns—means that if you've just entered the work force, you're in terrible trouble: By the end of the century, when you'll still be working, you're going to have a massive population of older people to pay for. If you think

taxes and Social Security are high now, just wait.

Demographics, too, has had an incredibly important part to play in the gathering conflict between men and women. "Everybody knows," says Tiger, "that in the years of World War Two, comparatively few children were born—which means comparatively few males. And everybody knows that after the war, huge numbers of children were born—which means huge numbers of females. What were the social and sexual effects of that rise in population? I think there were several.

"Women, remember, tend to marry older men; that's rooted in our biology. The effect of this baby boom, however, is that we now have a large population of women facing a much smaller supply of these appropriate older men. So what happens? Well, the biological pattern is seriously disrupted. Women are either forced to marry much older men, who've been recycled by divorce—that becomes desirable and the divorce rate goes up—or forced to remain on the job market for much longer than they ordinarily would. They have only two other options. They can marry men in their own age bracket, who have inadequate resources, so they have to keep working; or they can decide not to get married at all unless the right man comes along. Chances are he won't, given this demographic pressure. So those women who

wait—and face competition from younger women—have to take all their satisfactions from their careers. And if they have ever wanted children, they're likely to face, in their early 30s, a considerable crisis.

"You see, then," Tiger continues, "how complicated consequences can arise from something as simple as a shift in population. The rise in divorce, the stresses in marriage. Men, as the limiting resource, being spoiled and women, against the odds, having to cope with the double demands of work and family. Women no longer trusting men to serve their reproductive interests. The rise of feminism. Now put those things together with contraceptive technology, liberalized abortion laws and economic pressures, and what have you got?" He pauses for a moment and then answers his own question. "A challenge. A provocation. But not something that's easily reassuring."

Not easily reassuring, certainly. But not, perhaps, quite the chaos it seems. For, as we've tried to suggest throughout this article—and in the others of this series—the clear call from biology can still be heard beneath the din. The old partnership of men and women is still with us. Women are, in fact, already giving up the pill in droves, feeling instinctively, perhaps, that artificially manipulating their biology is the wrong way to interfere with Mother Nature. And men are increasingly trying to exercise their rights as fathers—demanding to be involved in decisions about abortions and wanting more responsibility and more access to their children after divorce. The natural-childbirth movement is growing stronger. And the condom, which Tiger calls "the only social contraceptive we have," is making something of a comeback. A man and a woman still want, it seems, what they've always wanted—the comfort of each other, responsibility to each other and to their children.

The call from biology, though, has been considerably weakened by this culture. And if it's to be amplified in the future, there's one thing we all—both men and women—have to do. We have to give back to human reproduction the social meaning it once had. We have to rethink our attitude toward motherhood.

In the 17th Century, Louis XIV wanted an unimpeded view of his mistress as she gave birth—so she gave birth supine. He also insisted that palace births be attended not by a midwife but by a male doctor. And from that point on, the die was cast. Little by little, all the processes of motherhood and mothering were invaded by males: first by obstetricians, then by psychologists, advertisers, nutritionists, sociologists and Dr. Spock. Mothers no longer



"And as far as I'm concerned, at zero to seventy in nine point four seconds, she can stay a virgin."

knew best. They were drugged during childbirth, placed in a most difficult and dangerous position during labor and told that their milk was unnecessary, not nutritious enough for a growing child. After birth, they became the nervous, self-conscious prey of every expert and every child-market huckster who had a product to sell. Finally, feminists—fighting for necessary rights in the workplace—delivered what was almost a *coup de grâce*. Motherhood is not innate, they cried; it's just a temporary inconvenience. Have a child, but then get back to your career. Mothers, after all, aren't that important. Any child minder will do.

The problem is, that not only compounds a considerable injustice done to women, it's also untrue. There's now a bewildering variety of evidence that long-term mother-child attachment was of crucial importance in the evolution of our species and that this attachment is subserved today by neural and hormonal mechanisms in every female. They are basic to her biological design. Some of those mechanisms govern the way a woman is attracted to babies in general, the way she carries a child close to her heartbeat and the way a mother is automatically prepared for milking by her infant's cry. Others help control the pain of childbirth—which should take place, most naturally, with the mother standing or squatting. Still others regulate the automatic bonding of mother and child after birth—by sight, sound and smell. There's evidence now that if a child is taken away from its mother for too long at this stage, the result may be incomplete or absent bonding—a complaining baby and a distraught, sometimes cruel mother.

And then, of course, there's the business of suckling. It has recently been found that human mother's milk contains—in addition to the nutrients that help an infant grow and protect it against infection—a substance much like morphine, which keeps the infant calm and happy and, perhaps, hooked on Mother. It also contains protein levels that are characteristic of a species that gives not widely spaced breast feedings, as we do in the West, but virtually continuous suck. That pattern of feeding is characteristic of the !Kung San, a tribe of primitive hunter-gatherers in southern Africa. And the !Kung, as they're known, can tell us something about a style of mothering that may be central to the biology of our species.

"Mel Konner of Harvard University has shown that !Kung women have almost constant physical contact with their newborn infants," says Rossi, "more than 70 percent of the time, as against 25 percent or less in Western societies. There's virtually continuous, rather than periodic, nursing among !Kung



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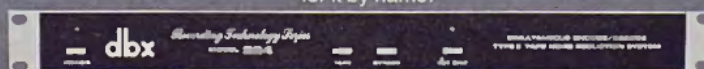
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women. And lactation continues until the child is four or five. The mother-child relationship is highly sensual, and their social system does everything to support it. The gap between births is about four years—continuous lactation acts as a natural contraceptive. And the children enter a multi-age heterosexual play group when they're three or four years old.

"I don't believe," Rossi continues, "that Western women should be imprisoned by their biology in such a regimen. But I do think there are biological constraints on the relationship between child and mother: In no known society is the mother normally replaced as the primary-care giver, and if it happens, there is always conflict. In our society, we separate children from mothers in cribs and strollers, nurseries and child-care centers. And we isolate the child-mother unit almost completely. There's no social support for them. Motherhood, as a result, is experienced as a stressful and difficult role. And it's no wonder that it's seen less and less as an acceptable one."

Rossi concludes: "The question *must* be, then: Might we be making cultural demands of women and children that are alien to their biological needs? And, if so, what might be the signs of stress? Children who are hyperactive, fear change and have problems with emotional relationships? Parents who are dis-

satisfied with their children and become poor role models or even child abusers? Working women who, as it is, simply can't balance out the separate attractions and separate demands of career and motherhood? We don't know. But we ought to think very carefully about the problem, because we may have to change some of our institutions to come in line with what may be a crucial biologically inherited role. Businesses may have to be persuaded to make their job descriptions and schedules much more flexible to accommodate the working mother and, if she's married, her husband. For how business continues to find jobs is by the old standard—of a man with a wife at home. And it may have to confront and revive its expectations of what a full-time working mother and father can contribute to it. It may have to provide, by law, much longer maternal and paternal leave. And bigger and better child-care facilities may not be the only adequate answers to the problems of the working parents. They may make the parents' life easier, it's true, but they may mean that parents and children have to go on paying a price—a price that, as a species, we cannot afford."

The children. The future. The cybernated society toward which our cultural evolution is hurtling us, like "a jet plane rushing forward at gigantic speed." How

can we make that society one in which men and women can live together harmoniously? The first answer is that men should remember the terms of the original evolutionary contract by which the female transferred to the male some of her power. They should remember that in order to receive, they have to give. They should remember male parenting. In this context, that doesn't mean simply providing resources. Nor does it mean simply taking care of children and helping around the house. It means making sure that women in general are provided with something they need: a society flexible enough to grant them equality of opportunity in the workplace but at the same time give them special respect and special treatment as potential and actual mothers.

The second answer is that women, too, should remember the terms of the contract. They should remember that it is from their role as mother that they derive their special power. Whether or not women, as individuals, decide to be mothers, it is the value of motherhood that makes of them a real community, a real sisterhood. Men have been bent out of shape in this culture, as women should appreciate. And they won't easily give up their traditionally held privileges unless women can offer them something in return. What that something may be—a fuller involvement in the processes of reproduction, new directions for the institutions that dominate men's lives, women organizing as mothers to save the planet from destruction—isn't easy to predict. But women, as mothers, as the continuers of the species, must take the lead.

The third answer is that both men and women must learn to appreciate and to understand the differences between them—all the differences in brain and body and inheritance, in ability, fragility and immunity that we've been talking about in this series. Those differences are at the heart of our biology. They're the driving force of our biological evolution and the creators, between them, of our cultural evolution. They are what tie man and woman together in such a delicate, interdependent balance. If we ignore the differences, if we pretend they don't exist, we in effect cut ourselves off from one another—and from the possibility of solving together the problems of the future.

This is the final installment of our seven-part series "Man and Woman," but we will continue to report on sex and the sexes as further research is concluded. Later this year, we intend to publish an analysis of our introductory sex questionnaire; the response has been astonishing, and we're confident that you'll find the results enlightening.



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2 drinks later.

I can drive when I drink.

After 4 drinks.

I can drive when I drink.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING

If you're suddenly hearing voices, it may not be your imagination. Products that talk are proliferating faster than you can say "Digital synthesizer"; and, no, they don't sound like Sessue Hayakawa in *Bridge on the River Kwai*. Vowel chips that reproduce speech from its components are the secret technology that makes for much

more natural-sounding voices. Once you've gotten over the novelty of mechanical back talk, you'll find that having, say, a calculator that verbally double checks your mathematics can eliminate errors when you're struggling to balance your checkbook. And, fortunately, the talking scale pictured below doesn't chuckle when it announces your weight.



Clockwise from 12: Panasonic's Talking Genius microwave oven announces the cooking program, keeps you verbally informed about how dinner is coming and even goes into countdown when there're only three minutes left, \$749.95. Next to it is Timex' Speak-easy alarm clock, with a voice that lets you know the time every 30 minutes or on demand, \$79.95. Just below the Timex is a voice-synthesized Model

EL-620 calculator that speaks numbers up to eight digits, by Sharp, \$69.95. The other keyboard product is a talking translator with a digital display and a voice memory for up to 1000 Spanish, French or German words, by Texas Instruments, \$150, plus \$50 for each additional language module. Last, a padded leatherlike TalkWeight scale that speaks your weight (up to 270 pounds) in a clear, natural male voice, by Medelco, \$131.

WHEELS

BIG-BUCK BIKES

Now that bicycle riding has become a way of exercise and transportation for more than 40,000,000 American adults, status and state-of-the-art craftsmanship have hit the old bike trail. Serious pedal pushers, in fact, are not opposed to laying out the kind of long green for an ultralightweight two-wheeler that not too many years ago would have bought a nimble little sports car. Choosing one's own high-dollar bike is, first, a matter of taste. Italian models tend to be extra quick-handling, refined and exotic.

French bicycles are lightweight, fast and economical. American and English bikes are meticulously finished, and the best of them are usually custom-made. The latest top bikes from Japan are streamlined to reduce wind resistance. Expensive bikes can be purchased ready to ride, but most are bought set up to the buyer's specifications. Either way, the frame is highly important, so choose it carefully. Quicker-handling frames with shorter wheelbases and tighter tube angles are better for racing and high-speed riding over short distances;

Below: Massachusetts Institute of Technology graduate Gary Klein designed a heat-treated, Boron-fiber-reinforced aluminum bike frame and mated it to the latest components from Avocet, Campagnolo, Huret, Cinelli, Modolo, Moroni and Blackburn, thus creating the Stage, a rust-free, almost indestructible, 18-pound superbike that's capable of full-blown road racing yet is not out of place tooling along in even the best of neighborhoods, by Klein Bicycle Corporation, \$5000, including a five-year warranty. If you already have components, the Klein frame alone sells for about \$2340.



more comfortable and stable frames with longer wheelbases are better for touring. Double-buttressed frame tubing (that means the ends of the tube are thicker than the middle) is preferred by some to straight gauge tubing, because it's slightly lighter and just as strong. Columbus tubing from Italy and Reynolds tubing from England are two top-grade types to look for; French Vitus tubing and Ishiwata and Tange tubings from Japan are also high quality but cheaper.

Depending on the size of your bank balance, you can choose either an off-the-peg production frame or a more expensive custom-made one built to fit your specific physique and riding preference. (Some pedalers prefer a bike

designed for long-distance touring, while others are into the gutsy road-racing type of model you sometimes see on *Wide World of Sports*.)

Some bikers prefer components by the Italian company Campagnolo; others opt for titanium-reinforced gear by a Northern Italian firm, Galli. Some want wind-cheating aerodynamic equipment by Shimano of Japan or a diverse selection of high-quality bike parts from a number of emerging American component makers. Sure, you could put a hefty down payment on an econocar for what the Klein Stage pictured here costs, but then, it still wouldn't get the mileage or look nearly as nice on the back of your Bentley.



Above left: This sleek Italian 12-speed jewel of a bike, by Rossin, has a fully chromed frame that's been lacquered and polished to a lustrous sheen, plus Campagnolo front and rear derailleurs, brakes, crank pedals, headset, hubs and seat post; Modolo aerodynamic brake levers; Nisi heat-treated rims; and a Bernard Hinault-Turbo saddle, from Turin Bicycle, Evanston, Illinois, \$1B50, including a lifetime warranty. The frame alone is about \$600. Above right: At about 17½ pounds, another sexy Italian two-wheeler—the ten-speed Super Record, by Alan—is one of the lightest production bikes made, as it has a rust-free anodized-aluminum-tube frame that's been threaded and glued (instead of welded) for featherweight efficiency, plus Galli titanium-reinforced components, Bullseye sealed-bearing hubs and a Cinelli stitched-leather handle-bar/saddle set, about \$1B00 complete. The rust-free frame alone, available in blue or silver, about \$490, and spiffy Liontyre tubulars, about \$45 a pair, are both imported by Ochsner International.



Above left: Eugene, Oregon, bike builder Bruce Gordon's 21-pound, 12-speed road racer exudes clean lines and subdued elegance—the result of Gordon's integrating Italian-made Super Record components by Campagnolo and a Cinelli suede handle-bar/saddle set with a frame featuring his particular exotic lug design, \$2300. The frame alone will set you back about \$900. (All Gordon frames are crafted, like a custom suit, to a buyer's specifications; you send him your body measurements and riding preference—either racing or touring—and he does the rest.) Above right: Panasonic's ready-to-ride 14-speed Aero Road 6000 racing bicycle was designed in a wind tunnel and shows it in both looks and specifications: The combination of its streamlined, elliptical frame tubing and top-line aerodynamic Shimano components translates into 21 percent less air resistance; \$925 complete, including an Ariake Black Nu-Buck leather Aero saddle, a special aerodynamic water bottle and a lifetime warranty. How about that!

Soap's Sirens

GENIE FRANCIS (left) has retired from daytime TV's *General Hospital*. DEMI MOORE (right) has replaced her. *Hospital* producers hope Moore can heat up Luke—and the ratings. We have high hopes for Demi. She plays a journalist. A very sexy profession, take it from us. As for Francis, her plan is to break into prime time. She looks ready to us.



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Unleashed!

Keep your eye on this basically disreputable group of Brits. They know how to have fun, and you do, too, if you've got a copy of their first album, *See Jungle*, *See Jungle!*, or the more recent four-track EP *Last of the Mohicans*. BOW-WOWWOW includes Leroy Gorman, Matthew Ashman, the lovely Annabella Lwin (who is pushing 16) and David Barbarossa. They've toured with the Pretenders and hit a lot of North American hot spots. See them. Go to the dogs.



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Take O'Toole

PETER O'TOOLE is starring in a CBS-TV remake of *Svengali*, with Jodie Foster playing Trilby. In the update, *Svengali* isn't a mesmerist but a voice coach, and Trilby is a rock singer. CBS expects to air the movie next season. If you're wondering what O'Toole is doing bundled up, remember the movie was shot last winter. Ironically, Foster lost her voice to laryngitis during the shooting but got better. Who says there's nothing to the *Svengali* legend?



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Some Girls...

Supermodel JERRY HALL dressed down for this portrait, taken by photographer Norman Parkinson. Parkinson's photos have graced the pages of *Vogue* and *Town & Country* for years and were recently exhibited at London's prestigious National Portrait Gallery. Jerry's our celebrity breast of the month. Her companion's not too shabby, either.

Bach Rock

Here are *Hazzard's* two most famous Dukes, CATHERINE BACH and JOHN SCHNEIDER, dancing the two-step at a celebrity do. When he's not participating in car chases, Schneider has got the teen audience swooning over his records. As for Bach, her other fine point is easy to see.



© THE RICH GALELLA



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This Little Girl of Mine

Model and actress SHARI BELAFONTE-HARPER comes by her versatility honestly; it's in her genes. Her dad, Harry, is a pretty creative guy. Shari is 25 and has already appeared in two films and an ABC made-for-TV movie, *The Night the City Screamed*. We predict her obvious charms will have major cities cheering before too long.

CONTRACEPTION NEWS

A major stumbling block in finding a safe and effective method of contraception for females has always been the burden of developing something that is both strong enough to stop ovum production and weak enough to avoid side effects. Doctors in California have come up with a method, now being researched, that neatly side-steps the problem. Instead of focusing on



The chess maniac's version of a nudie revue boasts everything the tournament player admires: stability, originality and plenty of cheek. The set costs \$385, from Carole Stupell Ltd., 61 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022.

RICHARD KLEIN

stopping egg production, the team has pursued a drug that makes it impossible for a fertilized egg to survive. The substance the team has produced is a synthetic version of a hormone called L.H.R.H., which acts on the pituitary, which in turn regulates the reproductive system. Injections of L.H.R.H. start a chain of events that results in a diminished supply of uterine nutrients necessary to maintain a fertilized egg. Voilà! The egg is rejected and the woman is not pregnant. Right now, doctors are trying to find a more practical means of application than injection. Ultimately, the drug will probably be administered in tablet form through the vagina. Best of all, L.H.R.H. doesn't seem to have bad side effects, except for the provocation it will present to fervent right-to-life wackos.

BUG LOVE: WORKING ON THEIR NIGHT MOVES

Mankind has frequently marveled at the myriad anthropomorphous social orders and functions in an ant colony or a beehive, but it's never really occurred to us that insects might also share our predilection for the courtship ritual. Admit it: You thought the average gypsy moth just picked up some

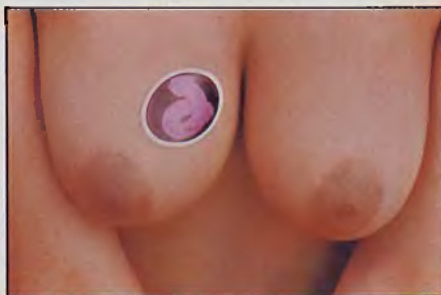
fly-by-night and did it on the wing. Not so, according to an item in *Science News*.

The science weekly informs us that an elaborate system of maneuvers takes place among many insect species before sex occurs. While there is no indication that that foreplay ritual has anything to do with arousal, one researcher seems to think that insects more or less rub up against each other as a sort of genetic audition. Thomas Eisner of Cornell University has observed that during courtship, a male moth will secrete the same pheromone that it emits to keep predators away. The female then contacts it and decides whether or not this is that one guy in 1,000,000.

The basis of the decision seems to rest on the male's defense system. Eisner speculates that the female is participating in genetic selection to assure future generations of the necessary defensive pheromones. Eisner has also seen that the pheromone of the male sometimes winds up in the insect eggs after it has been passed from the male to the female in the foreplay stage. Who knows? If we listen closely to the chirping of the crickets, perhaps we'll find they're playing *Bolero*.

WE HOPE YOU CAN SLEEP TONIGHT, DR. GOLDSTEIN

First, scientists lock rats in labs and administer lethal doses of nicotine; then, sociologists stick them in over-packed cages to study the effects of population density. And we wonder why the rats are taking over the cities.



Director Piotr Andrejew's *Tender Spots* was one of last year's big films in Poland. Publicists developed the phallic stick-on shown above to draw attention to the film. We're sure they soon learned it all depends on where you stick it.

RICHARD KLEIN

Obviously, they're seeking sweet revenge. Now, Marc Goldstein, a New York microsurgeon, is fooling around with their family jewels. To make matters worse, he's actually using jewelers' tools to surgically alter the tiny rat testicles. Doesn't he know that this is



Another roadside attraction: This shot of a giant breast was taken by a reader at New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns—certainly an important touchstone for anyone traveling underground this season.

just the sort of thing that makes rats mad? Goldstein has the notion that since the sexual physiology of rats is similar to that of humans, we can just go to town on the rat population every time we want to know how to transplant a testicle or whether three testicles are better than two or what happens to a female who is given a testicle. All very interesting, we're sure, and terrific topics for American International Pictures—which makes us wonder: Hasn't Goldstein seen *Willard*?

SPERM COUNTDOWN CONTINUES WITH ULCER CURE

It's no secret that the sperm count among American men is dwindling. Studies have compared density of male sperm taken in the Twenties with that of sperm taken recently and have found dramatic decreases. Researchers have found concentrations of various industrial chemicals and pesticides in semen and have concluded that these are responsible for the decrease in fertility. Now a new culprit has appeared—Tagamet (cimetidine), a medicine that has overtaken Valium (diazepam) as the most widely prescribed drug in the country.

A report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* holds that Tagamet reduces male sperm counts by more than 40 percent. Prescribed to treat ulcers, Tagamet is thought to affect sperm production (only temporarily) for as long as it's in use. The *Journal* warns that "young men who wish to maintain fertility" should use Tagamet cautiously. On the other hand, guys with ulcers may become real popular fellas if word gets around.



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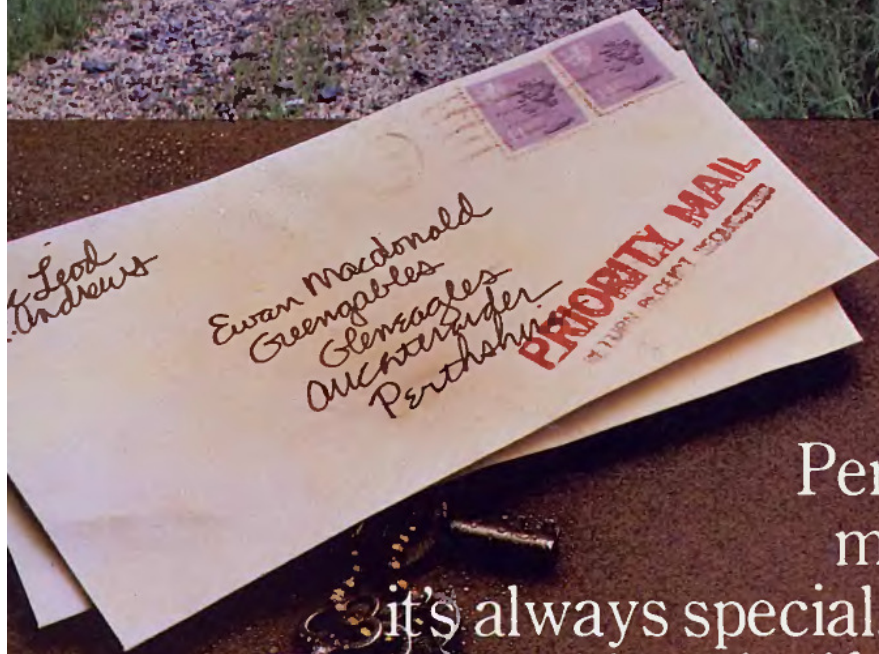


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