INTERVIEW: FASHION SUPERSTAR CALVIN KLEIN

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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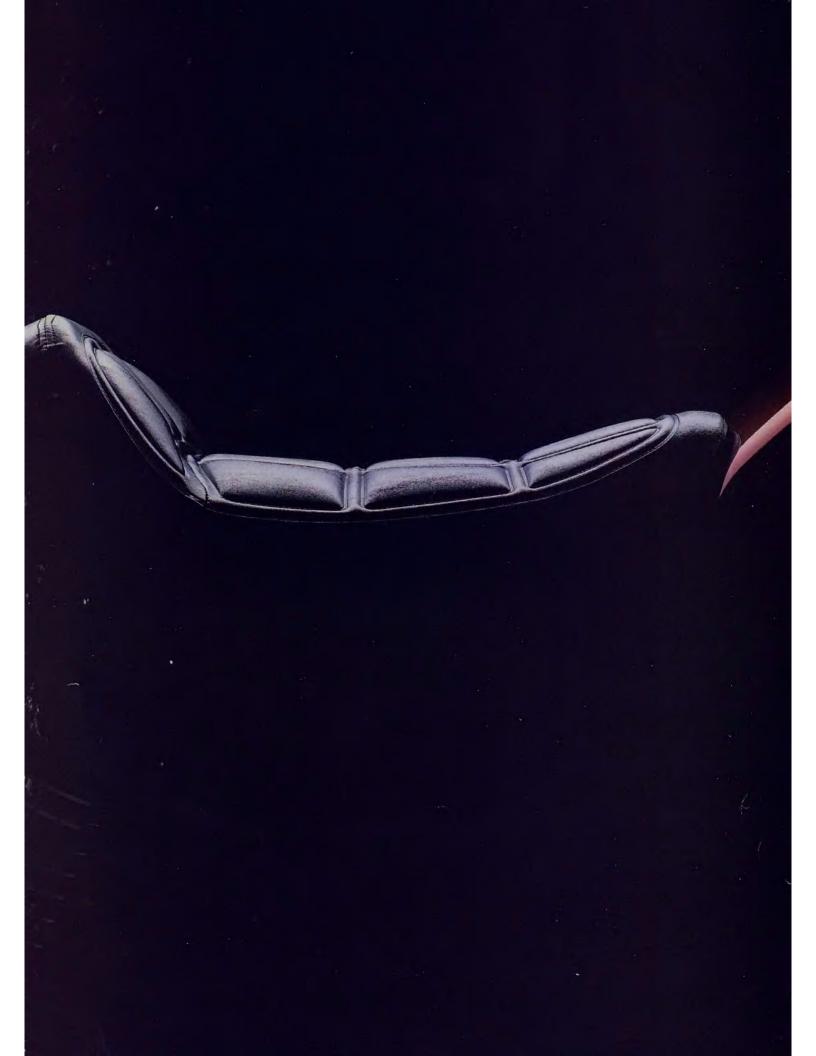
THE FALL
OF THE
YOUNG
KENNEDYS
INSIDE A
TROUBLED
AMERICAN
DYNASTY

OLDER WOMEN YOUNGER MEN A Real-Life Pictorial Featuring RITA JENRETTE & VIKKI LA MOTTA

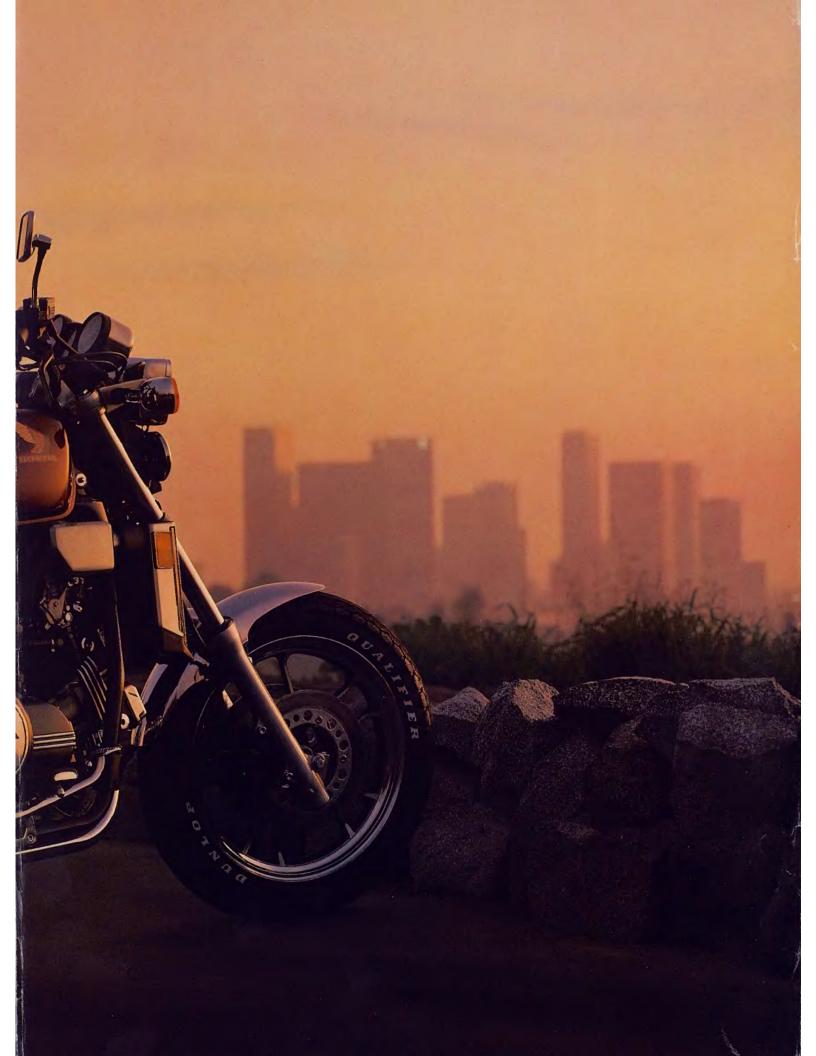
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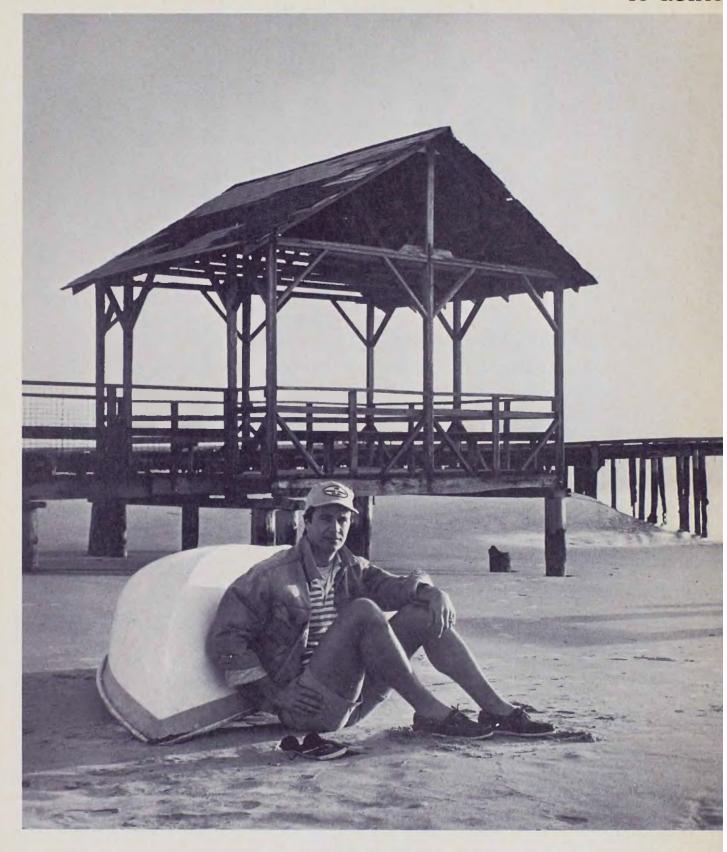
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NEW TASTE TESTS PROVE IT.

Two separate broad-scale taste tests were conducted in late 1983 among Canadian whisky drinkers. The results: Windsor's mild, smooth taste was chosen over the new 80-proof V.O. both times.

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JOHN AND ROBERT KENNEDY personified the ideals of the Sixties; they were as golden as the future they hoped to bring about. Now John and Bobby are gone, and no one has missed their leadership more than their troubled, tarnished inheritors. This month, Peter Collier and David Horowitz, authors of Young Kennedys: The Decline of an American Dynasty (from their book The Kennedys, to be published in the U.S. by Summit and in the U.K. by Secker and Warburg), reveal how the heirs to the Kennedy legacy have lost their way on the road from Camelot. The result of four years' research, Young Kennedys finds J.F.K.'s nephews living a cycle of pain and self-destruction, getting in trouble with drugs, violence and the police. Due to the insularity of the Kennedy clan, "researching this story was riskier than investigating the Weather Underground, which we did

several years ago," says Horowitz.

The Kennedy kids' story is bound to make news. So, we confidently predict, will this month's sizzling pictorial Hello, Young Lovers. As author (and our Women columnist) Cynthia Heimel puts it, "A woman allegedly reaches her sexual peak at 35, yet a man reaches his at 18. If you're a mature woman who wants it morning, noon and night, where to turn but the cradle?" Beginning with 32-year-old Rita Jenrette and ending with 53-year-old Vikki La Motta, this pictorial, coordinated by Assistant Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan, is testimony to the dictum that some women, like some wines, improve with age.

These couples obviously have a good thing going. If you'd like to keep your romance from going sour, we suggest you pay close attention to Don't Ask. . . . , in which Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen and Associate Editor Kate Nolan bring up the kinds of tactless questions that can put an instant damper on any lover's ardor. The illustration is by Robert Crawford.

And speaking of sex, the age-old power of erotic magic is the subject of John Updike's new novel, The Witches of Eastwick (to be published in the U.S. by Alfred A. Knopf and in the U.K. by Andre Deutsch), part of which we preview for you this month. The story is prestidigiously illustrated by Anito Kunz.

Like Updike's characters and, for that matter, the members of the Kennedy clan, the subject of this month's Playboy Interview is from the Northeast corridor of power. There the resemblance ends, for Colvin Klein's impact has been principally in the area of fashion. Glenn Plaskin spent two weeks with Klein just before the showing of Klein's 1984 spring-and-summer collection and, he reports, had a deuce of a time getting the internationally famous designer to suspend his deeply ingrained distrust of the media. At last, however, when discussing his daughter, Marci's, kidnaping in 1978, the private Klein breaks through.

It's baseball season again, of course, and sportswriter Thomas Boswell, in The Big-League Point of View, explains why it took him 25 years of watching our national pastime to understand what it's all about. (You'll be able to read more of Boswell's thoughts on the game in his new book, Why Time Begins on Opening Day, from Doubleday.)

To round out this issue, we bring you our fifth annual review of The Year in Movies, thanks to Senior Staff Writer Petersen, Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese, Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson, Associate Art Director Theo Kouvatsos and Assistant Photography Editor Patty Beaudet; our best Electronics Guide ever; a neat sampling of strong liquor in Emanuel Greenberg's Take Your Best Shot, illustrated by John O'Leary; and a look at the latest in summer sportswear, featuring the Olympian Bruce Jenner and his lovely wife, Linda.

Oh, yes, and lest we forget (we know you won't), there is a pictorial starring Miss June 1980, Ola Ray, Michael Jackson's partner in his Thriller video; and last but very, very tasty (kind of like dessert), there's a ray of sunshine from Phoenix, Playmate Patty Duffek. Now, she has style.



COLLIER, HOROWITZ



















WILLIAMSON



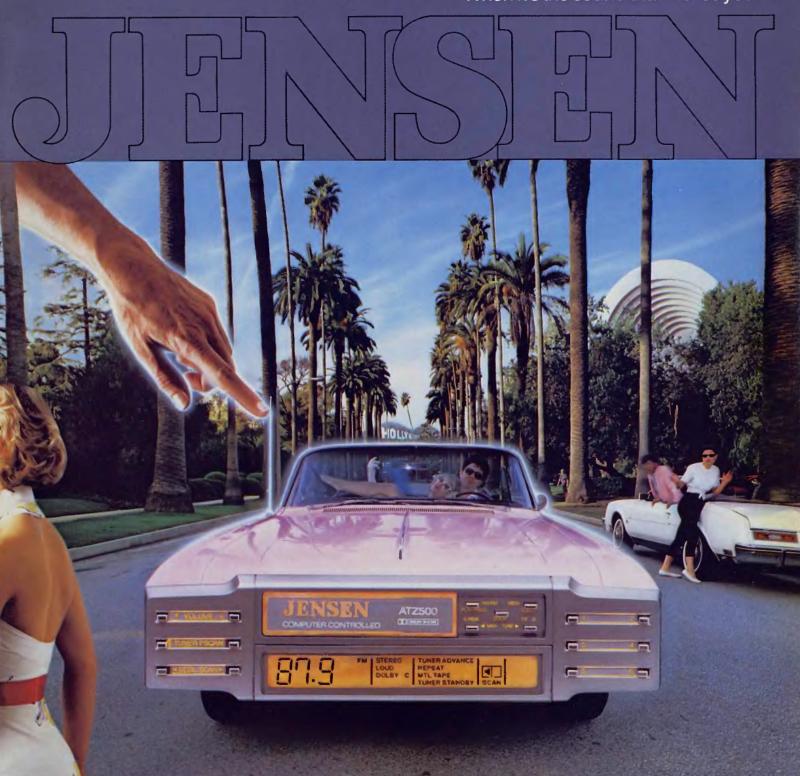


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PLAYBOY.

vol. 31, no. 5-may, 1984

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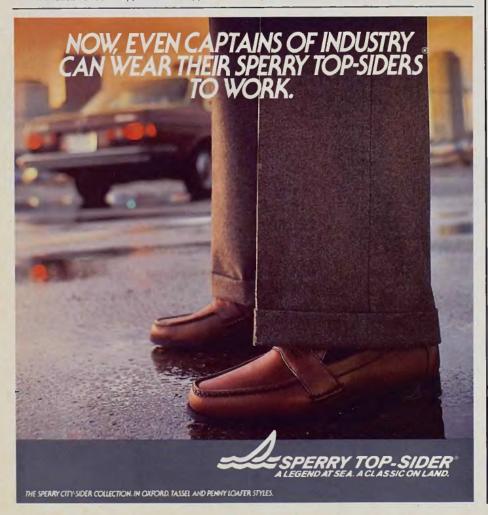
COVER STORY You haven't seen Rita Jenrette starring in a PLAYBOY pictorial since April 1981, and you've *never* seen a PLAYBOY pictorial like *Hello, Young Lovers*. Once you turn to page 128, where it starts, you won't wont it to end. The cover photo, shot by Staff Photographer Pompeo Posor, also features Phillip Anderson—you'll need an I.D. on him to find our not-so-hidden Rabbit Head.



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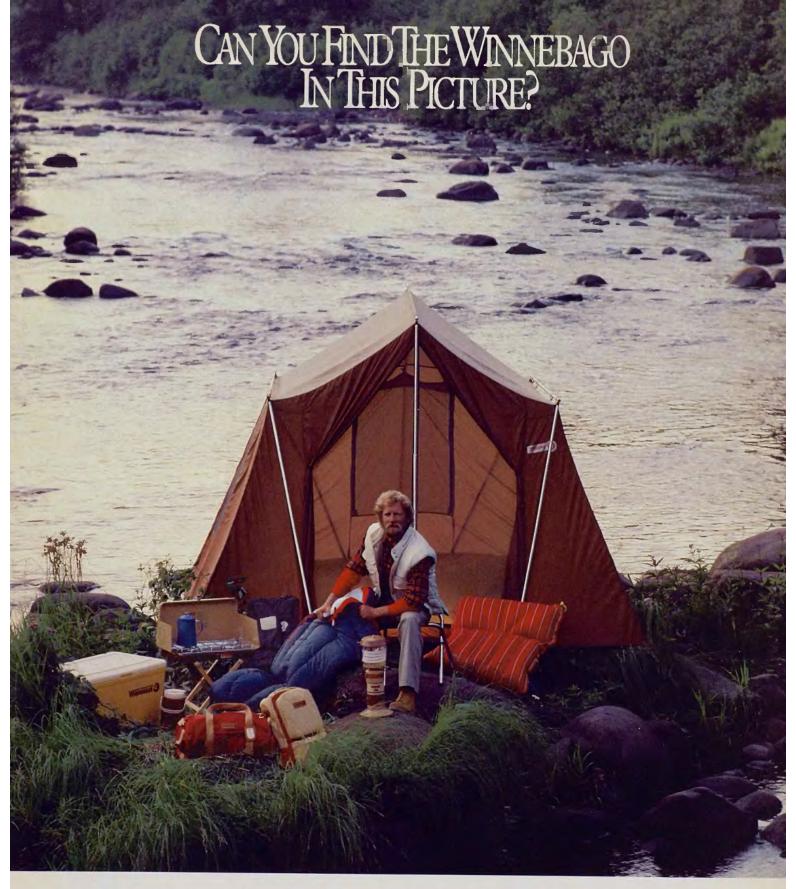
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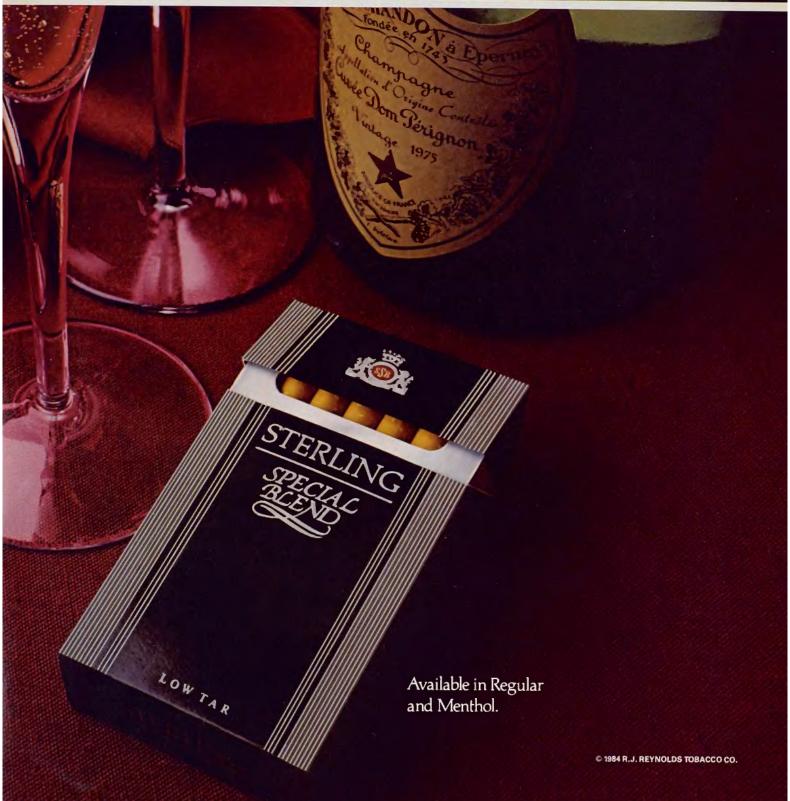


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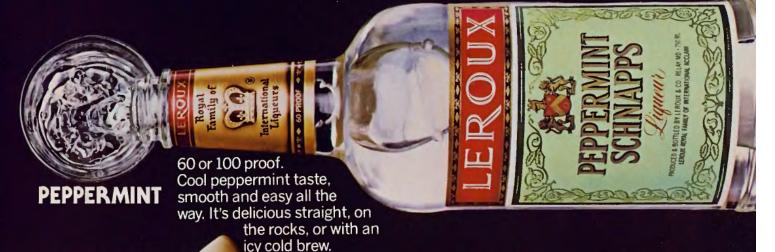


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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

GOT TO BE A FOOTBALL PLAYBOY

At a Mansion West fete kicking off the bowl season, University of Illinois coach Mike White (below left) presented alum Hef with a pigskin, while L.A. Raider Marcus Allen (above right) cavorted with Mansionettes Missy Cleveland, Cis Rundle, Lorraine Michaels (surrounding Hef), Lesa Ann Pedriana and Danita Jo Fox (above and below Allen's left ear, respectively). The Illini wilted in the Rose Bowl, but Mercus became the Super Bowl M.V.P.





BARGAIN MATINEE

On TV, you'll see Carol Weyne (below, in her first post-PLAYBOY stint as Johnny Carson's Metinee Lady) dressed. In February's 101 Nights with Johnny, our readers saw far more Carol and far less wardrobe.



BRIDGES OVER BUBBLED WATER

No, actor Lloyd Bridges (crowned) hasn't found the Mansion's Imperial margarine supply. He's one of the showbiz stars who surfaced for Hef's big pajama party lest New Year's Eve. The annual bash is our founder's way of doing a little something extra for the sleepwear industry.



IT'S BOFFO, J.B.!

So you think Variety's the spice of life? Can't live without The Hollywood Reporter? Trade in the trade papers; now there's The Official Hollywood Handbook, by John Blumenthal, our Coming Attractions columnist. It's the last word on lotusland life, unless you count



READY, SET, GO!

Jeana Tomasina's November 1980 Playmate pictorial was titled Ready on the Set; now she's gone us two better. That's Jeana above right in Orion's movie Up the Creek and below, with Leslie Nielsen, in ABC's new fitness sitcom Shaping Up.





HOUSTON: EVERYTHING'S A-OK

In an episode of ABC's Matt Houston, Playmates (clockwise from left) Barbara Edwards, Heidi Sorenson, Dona Speir, Marianne Gravatte, Kymberly Herrin, Trisha Long and Veronica Gamba help star Lee Horsley battle plainness.

The European Camera of the Year.

Fortunately, fine photography is a universal language.

"It is, in one camera, the latest technological wizardry at the disposal of the Japanese designers." — Keith Nelson, Amateur Photographer Magazine, Great Britain.* In 1983, European photo experts from seven countries compared the newest 35mm cameras for technology, features, design, handling and value. And in a vote that needs no interpretation, they chose this Pentax the camera most likely to satisfy the photo enthusiast.

The Super Program (abroad it's the Super A) boasted a shutter speed of

1/2000th, flash sync at 1/125th, more exposure modes (including programmed flash and a TTL flash), depth of field preview, and more LCD information in its viewfinder.

Ask your photographic expert for a Pentax Super Program and you'll understand what makes it European Camera of the year 1983.

*Award based on 35mm cameras generally available June '82-June '83. © 1984 Pentax Corporation, Englewood, CO.
Pentax Canada, Inc., Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal. An exclusive USA two-year limited warranty/product registration covers the Pentax Super Program body.
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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SIMON SAYS

The February Playboy Interview with Paul Simon is excellent. In our mass-produced, no-return era of planned obsolescence, it's refreshing to find someone who has made a successful career out of quality. I was glad to find out that Simon at last realizes his work has made a difference in countless lives, but I find that revelation difficult to reconcile with his decision not to release his antinuclear work, Citizen of the Planet. If he believes his artistic statements can truly make a difference, why should he withhold a beautifully crafted song on the most important issue facing mankind?

Roy C. Dripps Evanston, Illinois

If an opening arises in the Paul Simon fan club, I'd strongly recommend Simon himself for president. While your February *Interview* is well done and interesting, the thing that keeps coming back to me is the man's ego. A man of his success is entitled to a degree of satisfaction, but Simon's holier-than-thou persona shows through in too many of his comments. Maybe the ego traits that hit me the wrong way were the same ones that bothered Art Garfunkel.

James Williams Green Bay, Wisconsin

I was fascinated by the *Playboy Interview* with Paul Simon. Yet I cannot believe he is as self-conscious about his looks as he seems. When I have fantasies, Simon always plays the lead role. I admire his brain, too, but. . . .

Antonia Smolen Fullerton, California

FOURTH AND LONG

Art Schlichter has a spoiled-brat attitude. He couldn't get along with his coach, his teammates, the media, the local traffic laws—not even his bookmakers. Now he is blaming all his shortcomings on other people. Schlichter placed those bets. No one held a gun to his head. He has no one to blame but himself. He has always been bailed out in the past when personal problems plagued him, and now the media, which pressured him so in his college days, bail him out of financial trouble with articles such as Dick Schaap and Schlichter's *The Self-Destruction of an All-American* (PLAYBOY, February), interviews and—who knows?—maybe a TV movie. Let us hope he uses his new-found wealth more wisely than in the past, so we can put his story to bed.

Jeffrey L. Miller Columbus, Ohio

As a compulsive gambler who has sat with Art Schlichter at three Gamblers Anonymous meetings in Massapequa, I regret that Art, in declaring himself a compulsive gambler, did not see fit in any way to mention G.A. The bottom line for compulsive gamblers is attending Gamblers Anonymous. I wish Art all the best.

(Name withheld by request)

Massapequa, New York

ALWAYS THE CHAMP

I read Mark Kram's Shadowboxer (PLAYBOY, January) with a great deal of interest. My credentials for commenting on Kram's article are the many hours I have worked with Muhammad Ali during the past eight months, both in private and in public. The champ is involved with the Impact on Hunger program, addressing the plight of the hungry in this country and abroad. In my scores of hours with him, I, too, have seen a different man from the fast and brash Ali of yesteryear. It is true that he has slowed down his mental and physical pace and that his demeanor has become quieter and more pensive. As I have gotten to know Ali better and better, he has revealed layers of himself that lie beneath the quiet Ali. He is filled with abiding concern and respect for people,

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Steve West, Executive Director Impact on Hunger New York, New York

MC ARTHUR RETURNS

PLAYBOY has always had gorgeous women on its covers, but Kimberly McArthur, who appears on your February issue, is the most exquisite, shapely and elegant ever. My compliments!

Michael Nicholls Windsor, Ontario

RATHER MISLEADING?

As the attorney who represented Carl A. Galloway, M.D., in his lawsuit against Dan Rather and CBS, I could not believe my eyes when I read Rather's characterization of the "dynamics in the courtroom" in his Interview in the January PLAYBOY. As Rather well knows, I am a single practitioner with no assistants whatsoever. I handled this case entirely on my own, using only the help provided to me by Dr. Galloway and his family. It was enough for me to keep up with the multitude of events in the trial itself; I did not, could not and would not hire or designate any "cursers" or "starers." I would also like to respond to PLAYBOY's suggestion that Rather and CBS were found not guilty. Not true. The fact is that we proved, and the CBS people admitted, that they were grossly negligent. The only reason the majority of the jury did not find in our favor was that the judge gave them an instruction that made it virtually impossible for them to do so unless there was an out-and-out confession of deliberate wrongdoing. This instruction formed a basis of our appeal, which is now pending before the appellate court in California.

Bruce A. Friedman Los Angeles, California

JUSTINE TIME

All admirers of the female anatomy will now have to agree that February Playmate Justine Greiner deserves the world's highest award-unadulterated attention-for her significant achievement.

> Dennis Hoefferle Morris, Illinois

As a University of Kansas student and a resident of Lawrence-the town that made nuclear destruction fashionable in The Day After-I must defend this river city as the last bastion of moral decency. In the future, let's have more naked bodies and fewer anti-Kansans.

Harry Mallin Lawrence, Kansas

Subject-earthquake observatory reporting: We observed the two-dimensional layout and Data Sheet for Justine Greiner. We are unsure if our forward observer was struck by lightning, by the elegant simplicity of the data or by the careful detailing and packaging of the delivery. Justine's Data Sheet demand for proper dining etiquette is well taken; more men will now remember to eat anything placed before them with proper manners and relish. As we would do well to remember, she implies that lifestyle is something that cannot be purchased but is simply



enjoyed for its own worth. She believes she rates an eight-on the Richter scale.

Thomas Kiernan Forward Observer Grand Junction, Colorado

Justine (in a steamy pose, above) shakes things up wherever she goes. And she's not anti-Kansan, just pro-Pacific Coast.

IN HURT'S WAY

I thank E. Jean Carroll for giving us a look at a personal and definitely mysterious side of William Hurt (So Hot, So Cool, So Hurt, PLAYBOY, February). Hold your ears high on this feature, PLAYBOY.

Andrew T. Wootten

Norfolk, Virginia

STRONG QUARTET

My wife, Cindy, and I are avid PLAYBOY readers. We were both excited by February's Women of Steel pictorial. Strong and sexy women are the ultimate turn-on.

Mike and Cindy Orgosz Washington, D.C.

Thanks for Women of Steel. I realize that you may get some negative comment on those four beautiful ladies. In my community, a man who pursues physical fitness may be considered mentally unbalanced, but a woman is just plain nuts. These girls are exceptional in both beauty and lifestyle. The one who captured my heart is Anita Gandol. I'll bet you didn't think I'd notice, but she has beautiful eyes.

Mickey Lee Stephens Lakeview, Oregon

COUPLE OF THE DECADE

Columnist Red Smith once said that "writing is very easy. All you do is sit in front of a typewriter keyboard until little drops of blood appear on your forehead." That made me appreciate all the more your consistently witty, perceptive and

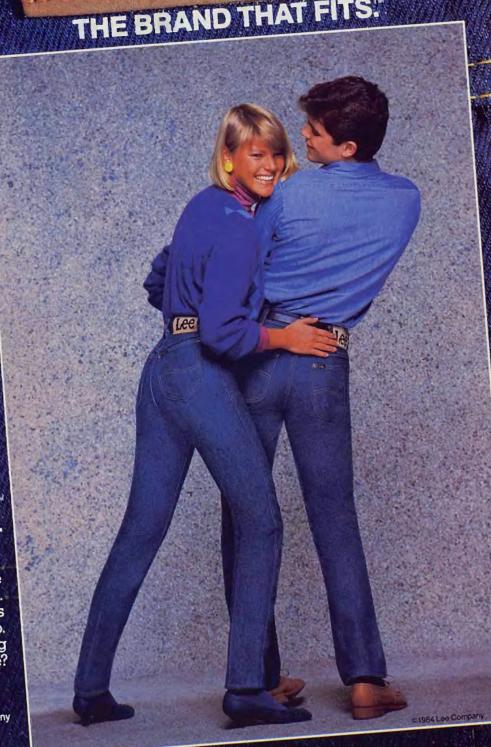


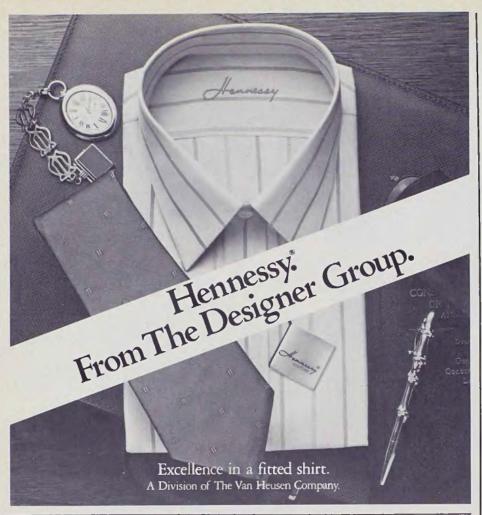
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entertaining Men and Women columns, by Asa Baber and Cynthia Heimel. Please keep them coming—they've got their fingers on the pulse of the Eighties.

Ronald Suppa Sherman Oaks, California

101 AND COUNTING

What a way to expose a zany, funny and beautiful lady! I've seen Carol Wayne (101 Nights with Johnny, PLAYBOY, February) on The Tonight Show numerous times, but I still had to look at the group pictures before I could believe my eyes. What a sexy lady! Now, how about some vital statistics?

B. Voss

San Antonio, Texas

The national debt is 1.4 trillion dollars. Babe Ruth hit 60 homers in 1927. Carol's measurements are 36-24-35.

CHRISTMAS IN BEIRUT

Holly Binderup, PLAYBOY's Assistant Fashion Editor, sent a card to our Marines in Lebanon last Christmas. She wants us to share with you the response that she received.

Dear Holly,

I wish the Marine, Navy, Army and Air Force personnel serving here had the opportunity to answer each and every letter that arrives from proud and concerned Americans, particularly the school children who write. All of us miss America and our families this Christmas. The thousands of cards and letters we receive each day are a great help in bringing us closer to home. Still, as Marines, we have a job to do that will make you, the President and all our fellow Americans proud.

It is totally Marinelike to read PLAYBOY. Leisure time is scarce over here. PLAYBOY, despite the fact that most individuals insist "I only buy it for the excellent articles," is also an excellent picture magazine—totally American itself.

Thanks for your thoughtfulness and support—and have a super Christmas. Peace on earth and God bless. Semper fidelis.

Captain Joe Peagler U.S. Marine Corps Beirut, Lebanon

WHAT OLA WANTS, OLA GETS

It is amazing how many celebrities get their start by appearing in your magazine. When was Ola Ray, who is breath-taking in Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video, on your centerfold?

> Chip Taylor Atlanta, Georgia

Michael headed Ola's list of "Favorite Entertainers" on her June 1980 Data Sheet. He thrilled her even then. For more Rayves, see page 87, this issue.





While you're dancing to hot music, stir up something cool and refreshing. Seagram's 7 and 7 Up® or Seagram's 7 and diet 7 Up.® Real chart toppers. Just remember, stirring to the beat is even more enjoyable when you stir with moderation

Seagram's Seven gets things stirring.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



GILL OF MY DREAMS

Bust 'Em in the Chops Department: John Barth III, an artist with vision, unveiled a pair of 25-foot-tall papier-mâché mermaid sculptures at the gates to the upcoming world's fair in New Orleans. Each sports a set of four-foot-wide bare breasts—a fact that was apparently much too much for some New Orleanians to handle. A public outcry for Z cups of the sea ensued, but Barth steadfastly refused to cover the produce, stating, "I'm ready to fight in the street for those breasts." You and half the free world, buddy.

She knew when, but did she know why? A handbill in a Denver library read, "Attention: Guest speaker appearing on April 14. She was a victim of teenage pregnancy at eight P.M."

The sports page of *The Des Moines Register* told of this horse-racing event: "Hope Me Die held off Al's Pud by a length to capture the feature race at Bowie Race Course Tuesday."

We won't bore you with the details, but the Battle Creek, Michigan, Enquirer headline blared the sad news this way: "IN-OUT-IN COX IS OUT AGAIN AS HEAD OF LABOR AGENCY."

Attention, shoppers: The Coloradoan ran an ad for a "Big Fuck Folding Saw." The movie will open in Texas drive-ins next month.

We think we'll skip the punch. The Raleigh Times included a flier for Ace Hardware last Christmas season. One of the items advertised was Parks Denatured Alcohol, which the flier described as "perfect for holiday entertaining."

Paul and Suzy Fong, who own Chinese restaurants in the Chicago area, were con-

cerned that their customers might find it unappealing to celebrate the Year of the Rat, so they took some cultural liberties and invited diners to join them in ringing in the Year of Mickey Mouse.

The Friday Harbor, Washington, Journal quotes a spokesman on how the utility company OPALCO was going to face its Chapter 11 declaration: "We don't want to jump out of the frying pan if it serves as a good umbrella."

THANK YOU, PAIN WEBBER

Grover H. Phillippi, a 46-year-old Greene County, Pennsylvania, physician, was pissed off. He alleges he had entrusted roughly \$500,000 of investments to broker Robert J. Haye. According to Phillippi, Haye had done a bad job.

So, as best the Pittsburgh police can put it together, Phillippi dressed up as Santa Claus, enlisted the aid of another man, kidnaped the broker from a Christmas ceeded to beat and torture him. The cops found Haye in a mobile home, chained and handcuffed to a bed, suffering from a bruised nose and jaw and other minor injuries. They also found a six-foot pine box resembling a coffin and a homemade electric chair.

"[Haye] was placed in the chair at vari-

party and over the next 12 days pro-

"[Haye] was placed in the chair at various times and interrogated," explained detective Leo O'Neill. He also had been tortured with a cattle prod and injected with an unknown substance. "He had been given junk food. We were lucky to find the victim alive," O'Neill added.

Haye, recovering, concluded, "I may tell the next person who comes into my office with a lot of money that I've retired from the commodities-futures business."

Metal Finishing magazine noted the granting of a patent for a "degreaser: a degreasing apparatus for degreasing an elongated member." There are people in our office who hope it will be on the market by this weekend.

The Ridgewood, New Jersey, Sunday News proclaimed the obvious in a head-line about Christmas decorations: "KISSING BALLS BRIGHTEN VILLAGE."

Advice from California: The Torrance Winter Recreation Reporter announced an event this way: "Dust off your old straw hat, put on your overalls, shake out your banana and get yourself on down to the Sadie Hawkins dance."



THE HARD-TO-FORGIVE SELL

We knew that automobile salesmen have rarely been reticent about bugging their customers. But the state attorney general of New York has filed suit against West Seneca Ford, a suburban Buffalo dealership, for electronic eavesdropping on prospective buyers. Customers who wanted to discuss prices and bargaining tactics among themselves were left alone

THE ONE-MINUTE

MARIA MANAGER

Suppose you had to work for a living. Ever consider a career in high take? Yes, crime pays—top dollars for top executive and management material. To get you started, here are a few words from the bosses—and the bosses of bosses. What follows is just a sampling of the sound bad advice you'll find in the new Avon paperback "The Bad Guys' Quote Book," by Robert Singer.

"Keep patting your enemy on the back until a small bullet hole appears between your fingers." —JOE BONANNO

"You can get much further with a kind word and a gun than you can with a kind word alone."

—AL CAPONE

"You see that fucking fish? If he'd kept his mouth shut, he wouldn'ta got caught."

—SAM GIANCANA

"I never cheated an honest man, only rascals. They wanted something for nothing. I gave them nothing for something."

—JOSEPH "YELLOW KID" WEIL

"My rackets are run on strictly
American lines, and they're going to
stay that way."

—CAPONE

"When arguments fail, use a blackjack." —ED "SPIKE" O'DONNELL

"Liberals are the first to dump you if you con them or get into trouble. Conservatives are better. They never run out on you."

—JOSEPH "CRAZY JOE" GALLO
"You better do the right thing."

—JIMMY "THE WEASEL" FRATIANNO
"I never killed a man that didn't
deserve it." —MICKEY COHEN
"I can't stand squealers; hit that
guy." —ALBERT ANASTASIA
"Never trust an automatic pistol or a
D.A.'s deal." —JOHN DILLINGER

"I need another lawyer like I need another hole in my head."—FRATIANNO

"You buy a judge by weight, like iron in a junk yard. A justice of the peace or a magistrate can be had for a five-dollar bill. In the municipal courts, he will cost you ten. In the circuit or superior courts, he wants 15. The state appellate courts or the state supreme court is on a par with the Federal courts. By the time a judge reaches such courts, he is middle-aged, thick around the middle, fat between the ears. He's heavy. You can't buy a Federal judge for less than a 20-dollar bill."

—JAKE "GREASY THUMB" GUZIK

"This is virgin territory for whorenouses."—CAPONE, on suburbia "The first guy that rats gets a bellyful of slugs in the head. Understand?"

— JOEY GLIMCO

"Class, that's the only thing that counts in life. Class. Without class and style, a man's a bum; he might as well be dead."

—"BUGSY" SIEGEL

"We're bigger than U.S. Steel."

"The best way to make money is to make money."

--OLD COUNTERFEITERS' SAYING. "Don't get mad, get interest."

—THE UNKNOWN COKE DEALER

"Hey, Sam, how about a loan?"

"Whattaya need?"

"Oh, about \$500."

"Whattaya got for collateral?"

"Whattaya need?"

"How about an eye?"

"Let the worthy citizens of Chicago get their liquor the best way they can. I'm sick of the job. It's a thankless one and full of grief."

and full of grief." —CAPONE
"There's no justice in this world."

—FRANK COSTELLO, on the prosecution of "Lucky" Luciano by New York district attorney Thomas Dewey after Luciano had saved Dewey from assassination by Dutch Schultz (by ordering the assassination of Schultz instead)

"I consider that day misspent that I am not either charged with a crime or arrested for one."—"RATSY" TOURBILLON

"Ah, gentlemen, if I had been able to read and write, I could have exterminated the human race."

-MICHELE CARUSO, Sicilian bandit, died 1863

"Nobody shot me."

-Last words of FRANK GUSEN-BERG, when asked by police who had shot him 14 times with a machine gun in the Saint Valentine's Day massacre

"According to my best recollection, I don't remember."

-VINCENT "JIMMY BLUE EYES" ALO

in a room—along with a live intercom that monitored their conversations. The attorney general charges that "many customers" shelled out bigger bucks than necessary because the salesmen knew the top price they were willing to pay.

The Detroit Free Press singled out Michael Smith for whipping his business—the Hellfire S&M Club—into shape. "This is not for everybody," the paper quotes him as saying. "The beauty of this place is that the people into it have a place to come."

And a change that will surely affect us all. A U.S. Department of Agriculture newsletter makes for fruitful reading: "Sam Katz, once with USDA's kumquat division, later with the tung-nut division and more recently with the mung-bean division, may switch to the kiwi-fruit division. . . ."

FROM SPREAD SHEETS TO RAP SHEETS

Nancy Appling Proctor, 46, is an accountant who let her frustrations get the better of her. But Cocoa, Florida, police say she's better now. On a Tuesday not too long ago, she set fire to her office and then rammed her 1973 Oldsmobile into several stores, hit a parked car in an autoleasing lot, hit another car while on U.S. 1 and drove into a fence before police caught up with her. Sergeant Gerald L. Van Landingham summed it up: "She said, 'I went out and got rid of my frustration.' She thought it was funny." Damage around town was estimated at \$50,000.

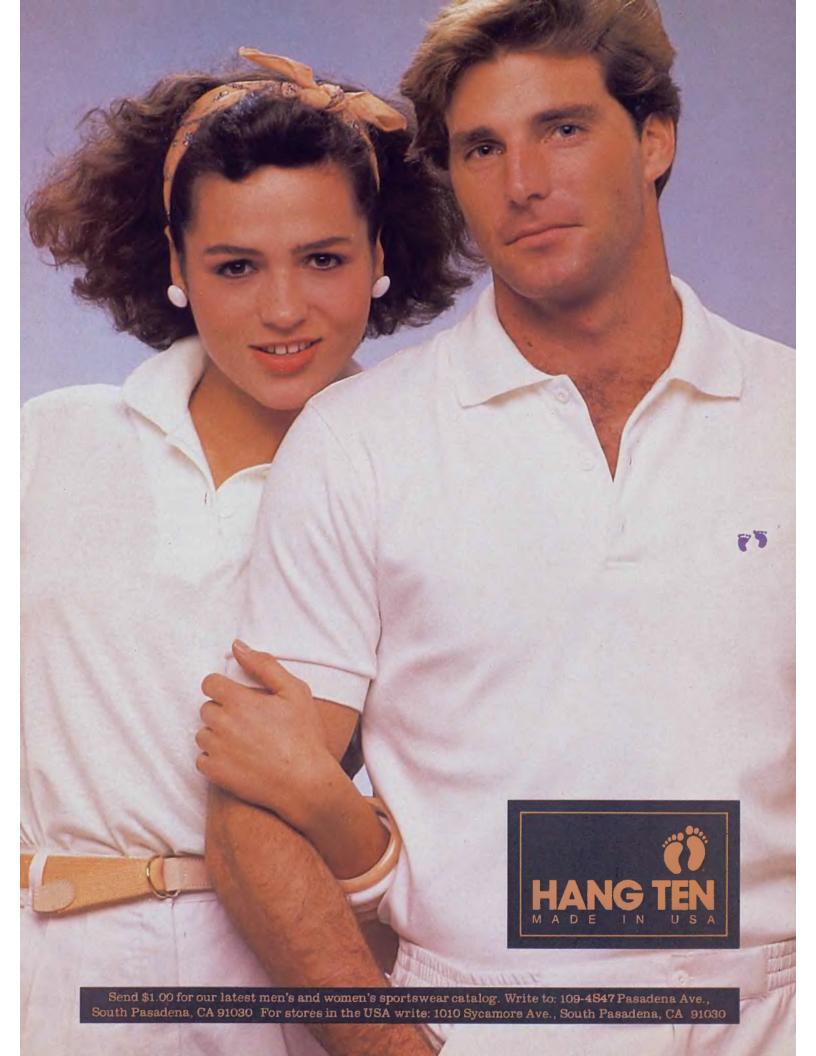
Bladder up: According to a headline in Las Vegas' Review-Journal, "ORIOLES BEAT RANGERS AS PITCHER RELIEVES HIMSELF."

Adweek chose to single out King-Seeley Thermos Company for the most offensive headline in the magazine's Second Annual Badvertising Report. The offending line: "IT TAKES MORE THAN BIG CHESTS AND NICE JUGS TO ATTRACT CUSTOMERS."

Ouch! The Arizona Republic's Sunday magazine included a recipe for homemade pickles that began, "Wash cucumbers and prick with a fork."

SMOKE DETECTED

Call it the Balehaus school of architecture: Form follows felony. Police busted five men on Elliott Key in Biscayne Bay for living in a million-dollar hut. Seems it was a matter of seedy building materials. The hut was made out of 50 bales of marijuana, weighing in at more than a ton. Oh, well, the first heavy rain would've hroken their hearts anyway.



MUSIC



TOUCHING THOUGHTS FROM OAVID LEE: "Van Halen is one big lost weekend when it's out on the road," lead singer and main madman David Lee Roth (above) reassured us. We'd asked whether V.H. still celebrates the traditional metalist virtues; party, party and party. Roth gave us his breathless report direct from the band's sizzling 1984 tour: "It's true what happens out there on the road. The corporate side doesn't want to hear it anymore—it's their daughters who are waiting around backstage. As for the groupie with the feather boa and the Pan-Cake make-up, yeah, she still exists. And I have her number if you'd like it." And, yes, David Lee still carries his paternity-suit insurance.

GRACE NOTE: A lot of pretty rock faces have come and gone since Groce Slick took her first flight with the Jefferson Airplane back in 1967. We asked Pamela Marin to talk with Slick for an assessment of the current crop of female rockers. Here's the score card.

Put Benutur—"A great set of pipes. The music I can take or leave, but I enjoy the voice."

Joan Jett—"I like the way she sings. I like the way she looks. And I like the way she moves oncamera. Rock 'n' roll is basically attitude. She's got it."

Stevie Nicks—"The way she looks is great for video. Good songwriter."

Belinda Carlisle (lead singer for the Go-Go's)—"My daughter (China, 13) and her father (Paul Kantner, 42) think the Go-Go's are fantastic. I don't care for their music, because it reminds me of the Fifties—cutesy beach-party music. I didn't like the Fifties in the Fifties, let alone now."

Debbie Harry—"She's real interesting to watch, kind of mysterious and wacko. I'd like to see her try different techniques."

Mortho Davis (lead singer for The Motels)—"Her lips are the best part of her. Those great wet lips. That's what occurs to me first and last."

Chrissie Hynde (lead singer for The Pretenders)—"A unique voice. She's not imitating anybody, and I admire that."

Linda Ronstadt—"There are a lot of people out there—the whole state of California—waiting for some more of Ronstadt's country rock."

Joan Armatrading—"Obscure. She's good musically, but somehow I don't get excited. But I've never seen her perform live, so I don't really know what electricity she has."

Exene Cervenko (lead singer for X)—
"China saw X on TV and said, 'That
sounds like early Airplane.' And, by God,
it did. I don't really know what to say
about X, because this one song I heard
was so similar to what we used to do."

Annie Lennox (lead singer for Eurythmics)—"I admire her for cutting off what is considered to be your attraction—your hair. I'm not strong enough to do that. Your hair is so damned important it's ridiculous. To a performer, hair is sort of like sex—you can throw it around and you know you're getting attention."

Rickie Lee Jones—"The best pop singer. She's got the pipes and the personality. She's the best."

BLACK AND WHITE: They didn't put Teena Marie's picture on her first album, because her color might have stymied sales. Pop apartheid has stopped talent before. But how often do we see a white artist get trapped in the black-music ghetto? Especially of late, the charts are ripe with white artists (Hall and Oates, Culture Club) doing soul, funk and R&B and black performers (Prince, Lionel Richie) doing very white black music. Marie hopes this increasing color blindness will let a white woman with a black following

cross over to the white charts. "It's called the black door," says 27-year-old Marie, "and it's hard to pass through."

Marie started out in 1976 as a Motown protégée and apprentice of funkmeister Rick James. Through the course of four albums, she went from being a magnificent (and very black-sounding) singer to being one who also wrote, produced and played keyboards with considerable skill. Late in 1983, she released her fifth (Robbery) on Epic, a label with black deities such as Michael Jackson but a very white public image. She and Motown filed lawsuits against each other.

Obviously, Marie wants to seem black as ever to blacks but less black to whites, but she claims to be unrankled by the quirks of entertainment's color coding. "I've got white fans, *chicano* fans. I've played with Rick James in front of a black audience of 86,000 people. They didn't not come because I was white."

REVIEWS

You gotta love a group that calls itself Burning Sensations. And the LP of the same name on Capitol contains our favorite should-be hit single since the Divinyls' Boys in Town. This one's called Belly of the Whale—as in "I feel like Jonah in the belly of"—and it's got moves Marcus Allen would envy. The Sensations' style is a smart pastiche of current hip influences, Caribbean ascendant, but slammed together aggressively, with hard New Wave as glue. In places, it sounds like heavy calypso or the darker side of island





HOT

Macaw / Live at Reggae Sunsplash Musical Youth / Different Style! Duke Ellington All-Star Road Band Dan Fogelberg / Windows and Walls Greatest Country Duets



NOT

Kiss / Lick It Up

dreams. No wimping around here. Sensations, burn on!

We also have the Caribbean, by way of London, to thank for this month's Instant Jukebox album, *This Are Two Tone* (Chrysalis), a welcome anthology of *ska* hits by The Specials, The Selecter, Madness, The English Beat and Rico, whoever he is. Today's version of *ska*, it seems to us, is England's revenge for what's been done to her language. English on a West Indian tongue is a warm, liquid melody unknown in England, and when the English tackled *reggae*, they made it colder, stiffer than it ever was in the islands, turned it into something different—but something pleasing *and* danceable. It's party time!

If you figured Milk and Honey (Polydor/ PolyGram) to be nothing more than the outtakes from John and Yoko's last recording session together, guess again. In spite of-or maybe because of-the fact that Lennon never had the chance to buff and polish these songs to a glossy finish, Milk and Honey rings deeper and truer than its flashier predecessor Double Fantasy. The roughhewn textures, rock-'n'roll drive and raw, unvarnished vocals recall the vitality of Imagine and Plastic Ono Band. Yoko's songs also exhibit the humor and crazy grace of her earlier freeform work. All in all, proof that the idealistic sentiments of Double Fantasy were based on more than wishful thinking.

The success of Aztec Camera and Big Country has evidently set a horde of agents and producers loose on the fens and in the basement clubs of Scotland looking for anyone else who might be out there trying to have a rock-'n'-roll band (last year, Australia; this year, Scotland). Amazingly, they found three this season, all of them pretty good. Heavy Pettin's Lettin' Loose (Polydor/PolyGram) has a clean, heavy-metal sound throughout, held together by strong, sharp lead vocals. Billy Rankin's Growin' Up Too Fast (A&M) is heavy on the beat and more metallic yet. And Endgames' Building Beauty (MCA) is a bigger, brighter, softer production full of computer keyboards, vocal backgrounds and good, up energy all the way through.

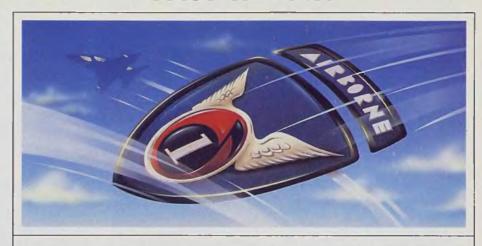
SHORT CUTS

Luther Vandross / **Busy Body** (Epic): Vandross' third album isn't perfect—do we really need nine minutes of Superstar?—but it nearly is. His rich tenor could warm up an igloo.

Jessye Norman / Ernest Chausson (Erato): Two delicate song cycles from Chausson, the only known composer to die of a bicycle fall. A Norman conquest.

Emmylou Harris / White Shoes (Warner): Emmylou gets cutesy again with hillbilly bebop warbling on the edge of excess.

FAST TRACKS



HIT THEM WITH YOUR BEST SHOT DEPARTMENT: The U.S.O. is getting hip. For real. No more Joey Heatherton. Our boys and girls overseas will be treated to the real thing in the next month or so: The 1st Airborne Rock 'n Roll Division, made up of members of American supergroups. It will play Okinawa, the Philippines and—who knows?—maybe even Lebanon. As we went to press, some of the names being considered were Rick Nielsen, Jim Peterik and members of Kansas, Pablo Cruise and the Doobies. Pretty hot stuff.

Do you have your Stone Phone yet? The phone is designed to look like the tongue-and-lips trademark used by The Stones and is available now, according to Tri-Star International, the manufacturer. Lips, do your stuff.

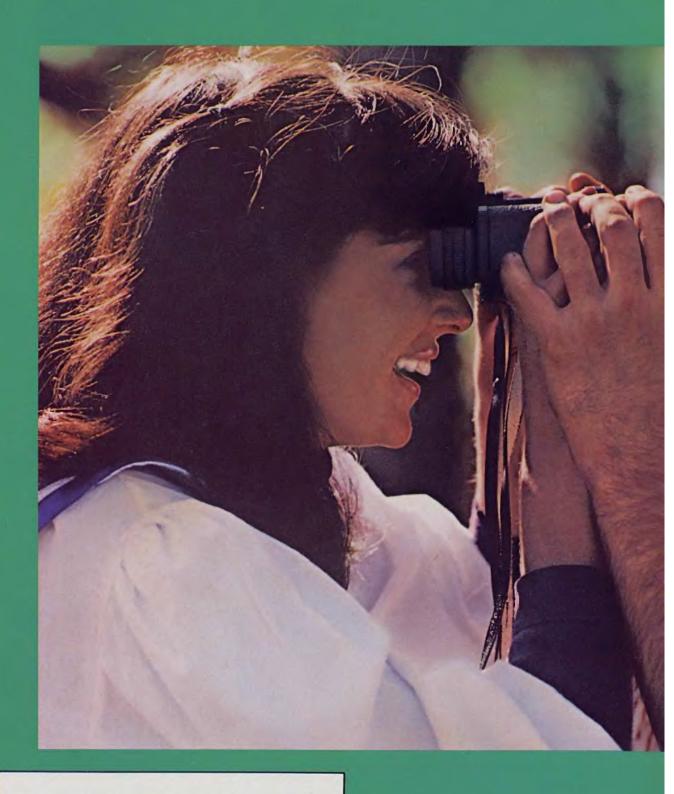
REELING AND ROCKING: Are you up to date on what the National Coalition on Television Violence thinks of MTV and rock 'n' roll in general? Do you care? You should at least be aware. The coalition reports a rise in the use of violent lyrics from infrequent in the Sixties to constant in the Eighties. It says that more than half of the MTV videos feature violence or strongly suggest it. Michael Jackson's Thriller video was banned in Australia, and the coalition charges that it features the "very appealing young hero having fun terrorizing his girlfriend with horror violence." We just don't think a bunch of mummies trying to dance like Jackson is very scary. Silly, maybe. The coalition has monitored hundreds of videos, album titles, album-cover graphics and even the names of bands. We don't know about you, but we like to think fans can make these judgments for themselves. . . . It looks like Toto will be doing the music for the movie of Dune. . . . The Divine Bette is talking about starring in a film about the life of Patty Andrews. Midler, as you must recall, shot into public awareness with her version of the Andrews Sisters' Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy. . . . PBS may be getting into rock TV. David Misch has written the pilot for a series of 30-minute programs called Hip Pocket Musicals, which would show rock musical comedies. . . . Look for another concert-length video by Joni Mitchell on cable this spring. . . . Also

look for David Bowie starring in The Pied Piper of Hamelin, on Showtime's Faerie Tale Theater.

NEWSBREAKS: A major TV show is already in the works for January 8, 1985, the 50th anniversary of Elvis' birth. Yes, you heard it right: Elvis would have been 50 next year. Priscilla Presley is to host the show from Graceland, and it may be shown around the world by satellite. . . . Van Halen is listed in the 1984 Guinness Book of World Records as the highest paid group for its \$1,500,000 appearance at last year's US Festival. The set earned about \$16,000 a minute. . . . Boy George heads the list of the world's ten most desirable bachelors, according to the International Bachelor Women's Society. Boy beat out Dudley Moore, Pierre Trudeau, J.F.K., Jr., Johnny Carson and the guy who created the Cabbage Patch doll. . . . Despite increased record sales in 1983, fewer artists took home gold and platinum records for album sales than in 1982. But gold singles nearly doubled in 1983-47, compared with 24 in 1982. The only two platinum singles in 1983 were Mickey and Islands in the Stream. Artists taking home their first gold in 1983 included Culture Club, Quiet Riot, Talking Heads, DeBarge, Eddy Grant, Eurythmics, The Clash and Duran Duran.

RANDOM RUMORS: As you all know, Eleanor Rigby kept her face in a jar by the door. But did you know there is a doctor in London who keeps George Horrison's tonsils in a jar by the door? Singer Ion Donoldson of H₂O found that out when he went to see about a tonsillectomy. Said Ian, "Knowing that George had a tonsillectomy and was still able to sing gave me the courage."

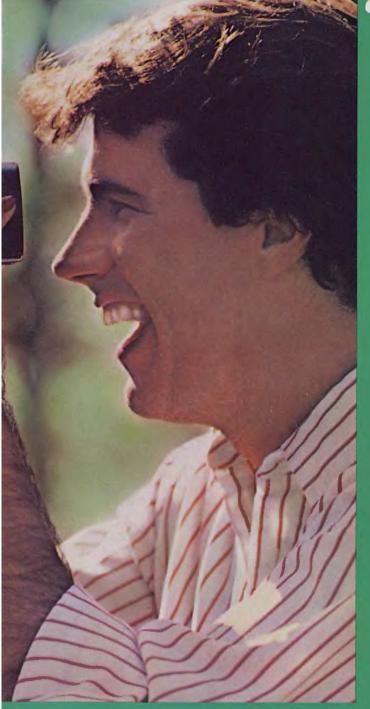
Very bizarre. —BARBARA NELLIS



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Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nictone; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1983.

Reuport



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

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BOOKS

d McBain's new Matthew Hope mystery, Jack and the Beanstalk (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), finds the likable Florida lawyer entangled with two gorgeous women who drop by to swim nude in his pool, as well as with some cattle rustling, a mysterious parentage or two and the unworthiest villain of the year. There's a big plot twist every 50 pages or so, but the tale's resolution, straight and flat as a Florida highway, is a letdown. McBain tries to mix old-fashioned, hardboiled detection and quichy modernism, but we suspect Matthew Hope would be eaten alive in a real world full of real bad guys.

As the John J. Audubon of ecological fiction, Frank Herbert has sandwormed his way into the hearts of millions. Heretics of Dune (Putnam's) weaves the threads of his Dune series further into a future of slowly developing crises, social allegory and feminine wiles on a planetary scale. This ponderous fifth installment will cause Herbert's fans to thank Dur but won't win him many new ones. It's time he got off his worn-out Dune buggy and applied his considerable powers of invention to something new.

In The Aquitaine Progression (Random House), Robert Ludlum has successfully rewritten the story of Chicken Little. Instead of whispering, "The sky is falling," the blood-soaked agent at the door mutters, "The generals are back," then dies. Is he talking about New Jersey and Herschel Walker? No, he is talking about a secret alliance of hawks, of fascist military men in Israel, France, Germany, England, America and South Africa. They plan to assassinate all of the world's leaders at one stroke and capitalize on the resulting chaos. The hero of the book is Joel Converse, who was a POW in Vietnam. The rest is standard Ludlum, totally unbelievable but a paranoid's delight.

Former American League umpire Ron Luciano keeps reaching into his ball bag and tossing out wonderful baseball stories. Luciano and David Fisher's Strike Two (Bantam), a sequel to 1982's The Umpire Strikes Back, scrapes the bottom of the bag early on, but the last two thirds of the book are everything a fan could hope for. Strike Two is chock-full of great home-plate exchanges—even in print, Luciano knows how to deliver a punch line. He's one of the diamond's best friends.

Edward Abbey says Beyond the Wall (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is his last book about the desert. This collection of essays—some taken from picture books that Abbey contends were too expensive to buy—ends our best naturalist's literary



McBain's new Beanstalk.

New McBain, Ludlum and Abbey, plus baseball and still more *Dune*.



Edward Abbey does the desert proud.

love affair with the "great brooding solemnity, compounded of space, emptiness and silence." It started with *Desert Solitaire*— a book he now takes to task for its meekness. But that and subsequent volumes proved that Abbey has a quick and accurate eye. He is in great form in *Beyond the Wall*; let him take you for one last walk around the environment we should know more about.

The camera zooms in on a 6'5", 220-pound football player. Seeing the lens focused on him, he mouths, "Hi, Mom." You've seen it before, right? And wondered, Why never "Hi, Dad"? In *Mothers*

and sons (Houghton Mifflin), Carole Klein examines this mother-son bond, a bond that can be the strongest one in a male's life and can push Dad right out of the picture. It's a fascinating subject, and Klein has filled her book both with anecdotes—culled from interviews with 500 mothers and 200 sons—and with historical notes about the relationships of notable men and their mothers. Unfortunately, there's also a big dose of questionable psychology and a point of view that's skewed toward Mother. On balance, we'll give this one a C.

It's 1993, five years after Warday (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Five years since the 36-minute nuclear exchange between Russia and the U.S. As it turned out, very few Russian warheads ever reached their targets-largely because the electromagnetic-pulse weapons wiped out the guidance systems, along with almost every electronic device in the country. But the war was disastrous enough: Washington, D.C., took a direct hit and is now a huge expanse of black glass; New York got an indirect hit but is uninhabitable, and the salvageable goods-copper wire, etc.-are being stripped from the buildings. Whitley Strieber (who wrote The Wolfen) and James Kunetka (who wrote Oppenheimer) take a fictional tour of postnuclear-war America. Their book takes the form of Government documents, memos, polls and transcripts of interviews with military personnel, scientists, British Relief staff, doctors and just plain folks. Warday is convincing. No matter what side of the nuclear fence you're on, this book is fascinating reading.

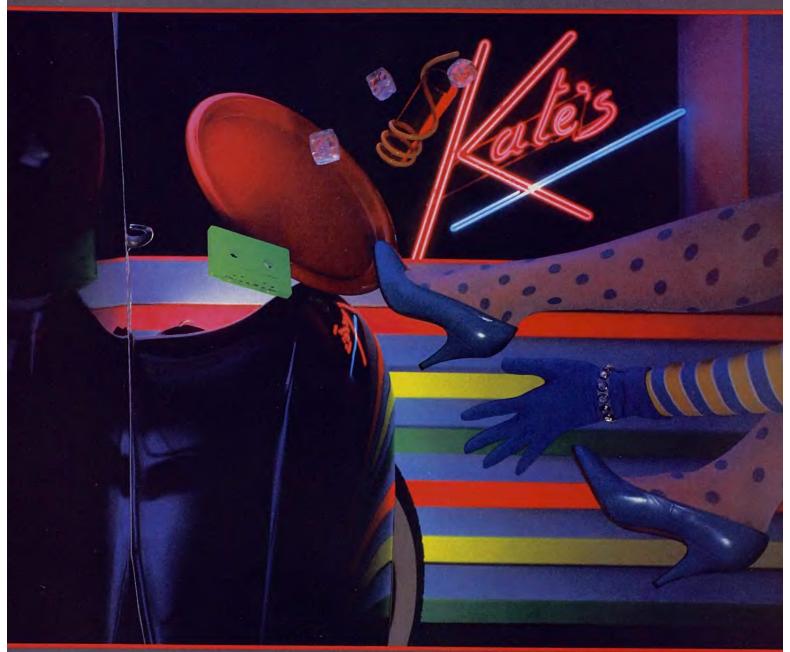
SportScience (Simon & Schuster) is a self-stroking exercise for author Peter J. Brancazio, whose academic credentials are less than imposing. There's some good science in SportScience, but Brancazio invariably returns to his own tedious exploits. Spare us.

BOOK BAG

The Paper Men (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by William Golding: A successful writer is being driven crazy by an obsessed biographer in this sometimes humorous, mostly haunting novel. It won't supplant Lord of the Flies as Golding's best-known work, but it will give credibility to the controversial decision to award him the 1983 Nobel Prize for literature.

Touched with Fire: The Future of the Vietnam Generation (Franklin Watts), by John Wheeler: A West Point grad, Vietnam vet and current Reagan Administration official asks and answers some key questions about the roles of men and women as we move toward the end of this century.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SEAN PENN, Nicolas Cage and Elizabeth McGovern are a dynamic trio of rising young stars who make Racing with the Moon (Paramount) look luminous even when the screenplay goes dim. The time is late 1942; the place is Point Muir, California, where Penn and Cage portray two teenaged buddies about to become Marine Corps cannon fodder during World War Two. It's all about youth and sex and bowling and abortions and small-town America's innocence and coming of age on the eve of doomsday. McGovern is an irresistible ingénue who lives in the big house on the hill and is thought to be rich, though she's actually the housemaid's daughter. But director Richard Benjamin and fledgling writer Steven Kloves, a 23year-old UCLA dropout with a plucky sense of humor, seem so preoccupied with romantic period atmosphere that they often ignore such essentials as logic, perception and basic motivation. While Racing is a fudged throwback to such movies as American Graffiti and Summer of '42, the performers occasionally, against mounting odds, transform the film's deep-purple prose into poetry. ¥¥1/2

A successful jockey, stricken with cancer, slowly fights his way back to health, falls in love and finally rides to victory in England's 1981 Grand National Steeplechase-on a horse that had previously suffered a serious injury and been given up for lost. Champions (Embassy) would be a ridiculously corny story if it were not true; the film, directed by John Irvin, is adapted from a book about one of England's top jockeys, Bob Champion. The first half of the movie dwells at length on the grueling course of chemotherapy, but it is saved from bathos by the stellar performance of John Hurt, who's just crotchety enough to play vulnerability without rubbing our noses in it. Champions gets back on the track when it gets back to the track, with Jan Francis, Ben Johnson and Edward (Breaker Morant) Woodward among the loving, loyal friends cheering Hurt to a heart-in-your-mouth finish accompanied by some of the best scenes ever shot of thundering hooves. **

Hollywood's famine of originality brings us yet another overwrought remake: Against All Odds (Columbia). Back in 1947, this was a measurably superior suspense melodrama called Out of the Past, which starred Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas and Jane Greer. Well, at least Miss Greer remains, still beautiful in an entirely different role as a rich, wicked L.A. matron who owns real estate and a football team and has her dirty work done by the bad guys (Richard Widmark,



McGovern, Penn in Racing with the Moon.

Time for nostalgia: a backward look and some resurrected Hitchcock.



John Hurt as real-life Champion.



Ward, Woods strive to beat Odds.

James Woods in the Douglas role). What else is new? Mostly four-letter expletives and some presumably steamy love scenes between Jeff Bridges and Rachel Ward on the scenic island of Cozumel. Director Taylor Hackford has refashioned a topnotch B movie of yesteryear into a B-minus imitation for today, with abrasive and intrusive music and a plot so convoluted that the spectacular Rachel-a flashy high-fashion substitute for the part first played by Greer-occasionally holds her head in her hands as if she were trying to keep it all straight. Why Bridges was transformed from a private eye into a washed-up football star is the one mystery that Odds leaves unsolved. While the movie is seldom actually boring, it's the kind of costly trash that often provokes laughter in the wrong places. **

Five films by Alfred Hitchcock have been dusted off after years on the shelf and re-released by Universal Classics and are doing bang-up business from London to L.A. Wherever and whenever they appear, run, don't walk, to catch them. I'll resist the conventional claim that they don't make movies like these anymore, because they do make movies like thesein some instances as good or better-but rarely with the blend of sophistication, sly wit and tantalizing suspense that was part of Hitchcock's secret formula. From the quintet of freshly struck prints, my least favorites are the 1948 Rope (Hitchcock's first color film, a murder-will-out experimental drama shot in continuous ten-minute takes with no break in the action) and The Trouble with Harry (a 1955 black comedy, something different but mostly memorable as Shirley MacLaine's first film). I'd rate each of these ¥¥1/2.

James Stewart, the ideally befuddled and intent Hitchcock hero, stars in Rope and went on to make three subsequent juicy hits. The 1958 Vertigo co-stars Kim Novak, with both Stewart and audiences getting dizzy from Hitch's razzle-dazzle manipulation (¥¥¥1/2). The Man Who Knew Too Much (1956, another \\\)/2), offering Doris Day singing Que Sera, Sera, is a mischievous mix of music and murder. The headiest viewing, of course, is provided by Rear Window (1954), in which Hitchcock revels in subdued violence and voyeurism. A surprisingly sexy Grace Kelly plays the society belle who whets Stewart's other appetites while he's confined to his wheelchair, telescope trained on a friendly neighborhood killer. From beginning to end, it's delectable. ****

TV or not TV, as a moviegoer I am a Steve Martin loyalist. I enjoyed his one substantial hit (The Jerk) and have cherished his also-rans (Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid) and outright flops (Pennies from Heaven and The Man with Two Brains). He doesn't do what his fans expect of him, so they get turned off.

Whether they will turn on to The Lonely Guy (Universal) or shun it as D.O.A. is anyone's guess. But once again, Martin has my vote for this easygoing zany comedy adapted (by Neil Simon, with a couple of other guys taking credit for the screenplay) from Bruce Jay Friedman's The Lonely Guy's Book of Life and produced and directed by Arthur Hiller. Structurally, the movie is little more than an extended sketch, brilliantly played by Martin and Charles Grodin as a pair of born losers in their hapless pursuit of women. Goading them along are singer Steve Lawrence as a tireless seducer and Robyn Douglass as Martin's promiscuous roommate-plus Judith Ivey, top of the heap as an eccentric bed partner who's conditioned to reach orgasm when a man sneezes. Lonely Guy's comic tone is mild, never trying to knock your socks off. Anyone who prefers Martin in a frenzy may sit this one out. Steve is a funnyman in search of a suitable cinematic image, and I suspect he's on to something. ***

Sex, drugs and a sort of lumpen New Wave sensibility must account for the success of Liquid Sky (Cinevista). A pennyante hit on the cult-film circuit, Sky is an unabashedly prurient and amateurish science-fiction parody directed by Soviet émigré Slava Tsukerman, who makes the New York punk scene resemble a depraved penal colony in outer space. I'm not sure whether this is pure cultural terrorism or simply another lurid little chapter in the decline of the West. There's a ludicrous spaceship-approximately the size of two Frisbees glued together-that alights on a Manhattan rooftop so the unseen alien within can start selecting a love goddess to take home. My interest was aroused by Liquid Sky's leading lady, who's also its leading man-stunning Anne Carlisle in a dual role as Margaret, the spaced-out beauty who declares, "I kill with my cunt," and the androgynous Jimmy, a junkie who disintegrates after a blow job. Both are David Bowie look-alikes. But in toto, Tsukerman's trendy trivia looks like high style only to audiences already high going in. **

All of us who've been complaining that Woody Allen hasn't been funny lately can take a deep breath and derive some belly laughs from Broadway Danny Rose (Orion). This is Woody's wickedly funny valentine to the sleazy side of show business, filmed in black and white, with Woody himself taking the title role as a doggedly smalltime talent agent who handles the world's worst acts-among them a one-armed juggler, a one-legged tap dancer, a couple who twist balloons into animal shapes and a creep with a pet penguin that "skates onstage dressed as a rabbi." We are mercifully spared seeing the penguin's performance, but most of what we do see is hilarious. Some of the inside jokes may be lost out in the boondocks, since the comedy



Liquid Sky's Paula E. Sheppard, Bob Brady and Anne Carlisle.

Liquid Sky draws cultists; finally, a funny film from Woody Allen.



Woody and Mia brighten Broadway.

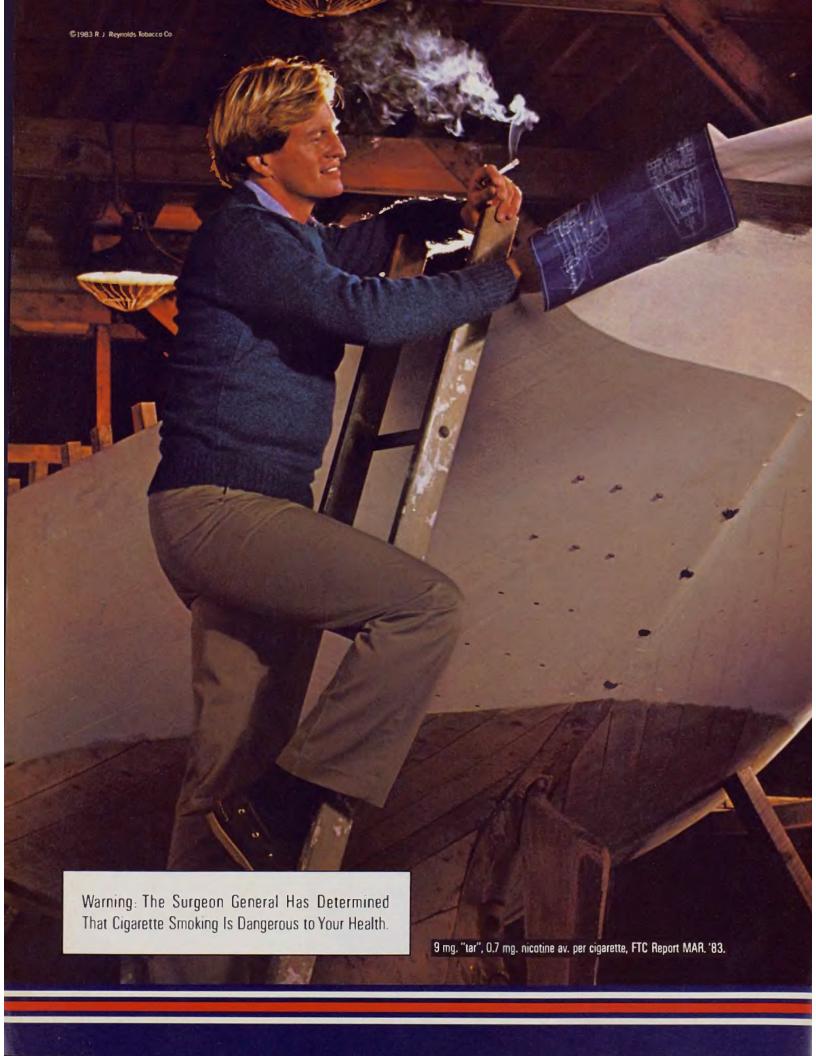


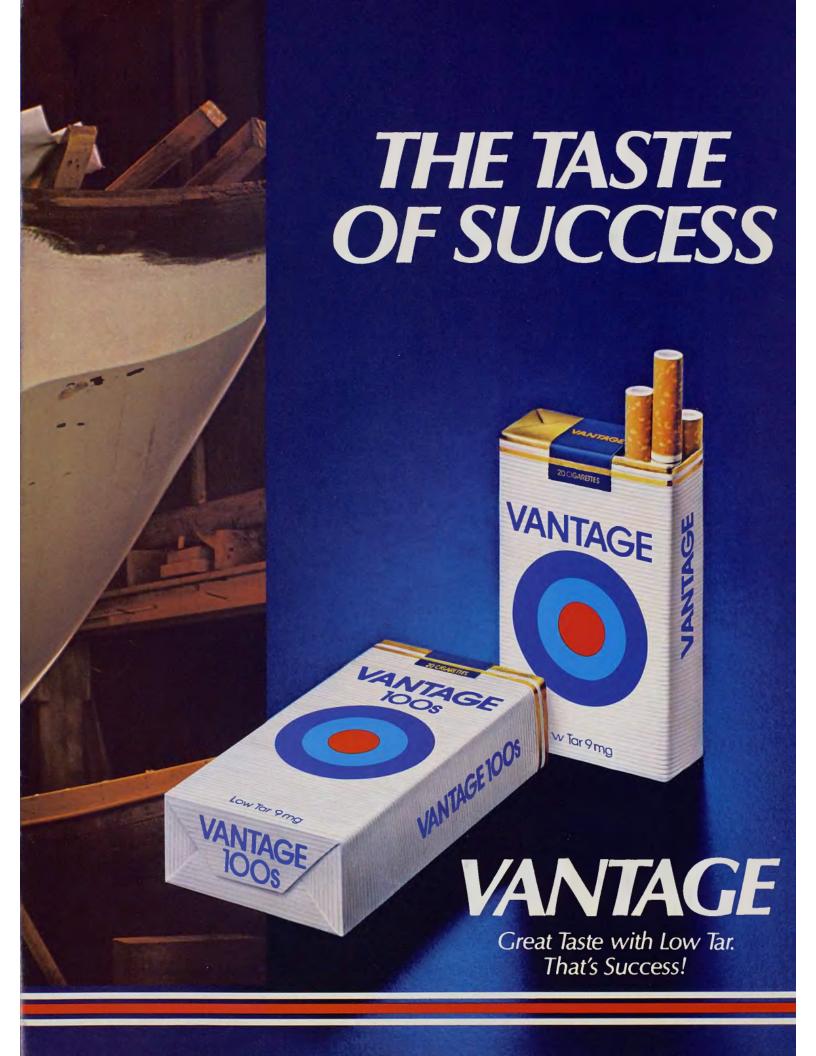
Moore, Kinski in unstylish remake.

proceeds in flashbacks from a Manhattan delicatessen, where a collection of standup comics—guys like Corbett Monica, Jackie Gayle and Morty Gunty, all playing themselves—swap stories about their crazy friend Danny Rose.

The story we are privy to concerns Danny, a perfectly awful crooner named Lou Canova (a bulky movie newcomer named Nick Apollo Forte galumphs through the part as if his mother had been frightened by Tony Bennett) and the crooner's bimbo, a gumchewing schemer named Tina Vitale. Uncharacteristically cast as Tina, Mia Farrow becomes the movie's brightest comic surprise, doing her bouffant-dumb-blonde bit without visible strain while she and Danny elude a couple of Italian hit men. Woody plays his classic schlemiel in what turns out to be a simple chase comedy with some cruelly sharp edges, felt when he starts showing us the kind of pod people who drop into clip joints to catch atrociously hip singers like Lou Canova. It's mean and madcap, with not much to chew on after the lights come up. You just have a real good time. ***1/2

Three new writers (among them Barry Levinson, who made Diner) were recruited for director Howard Zieff's remake of Unfaithfully Yours (Fox), a sleek slapstick-comedy classic by Preston Sturges. The 1948 original starred Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell. Zieff's hyped-up 1984 version has Dudley Moore as the jealous symphony conductor who suspects his beautiful young bride (Nastassja Kinski) of flagrant infidelity with a colleague (this time out, it's Armand Assante as a horny superstar violinist). Shrewdly underplaying as the conductor's best friend and manager, Albert Brooks is an asset to the sharp and satirical early scenes. The movie preserves a residue of

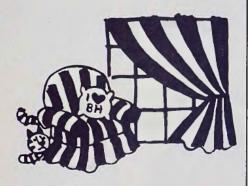




What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the rock group from New Guinea that's breaking records in America.



b) the latest decorator color that's sweeping Beverly Hills.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

Sturges' wit and sex appeal, but I'd still offer Unfaithfully Yours as prime evidence that sometimes it's wiser to leave well enough alone. YYY1/2

Anyone fond of foot-stomping flamenco dances and purple passion should get a kick out of Spanish director Carlos Saura's exotic Cormen (Orion Classics). Although it uses the music of the Bizet opera (sung by Regina Resnik and Mario del Monaco), the movie is actually a dancing psychodrama-with flamenco superstar Antonio Gades and members of his troupe in rehearsal for a recycled, choreographic Carmen onstage. The search for a suitable Carmen leads to the discovery of a sultry, sexy neophyte (danced and acted with a fine Spanish flourish by Laura del Sol). After rehearsing her, Antonio seduces her, and life begins to imitate art on several levels. Carmen is marvelous to behold simply as photographed movement-a superb dance film with fringe benefits as a romantic drama and as an unusual portrait of genius at work. If the plot falters at times, Saura presses on with furious bursts of energy to re-create a filmed Carmen that is original, darkly beautiful and kinetic from top to toe. ***

Press releases describe The Buddy System (Fox) as an original screenplay and a romantic comedy. I call it predictable claptrap, or possibly a booby trap designed to obscure the talents of such likable performers as Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Sarandon, Nancy Allen and Jean Stapleton. There's also a child in it, one of those cloyingly precocious youngsters (Wil Wheaton), who keeps telling his unmarried mother (Sarandon) and a would-be novelist/inventor/school guard (Dreyfuss, of course) that they are made for each other. Of course, we know that as soon as they take an instant dislike to each other. Punched up with a frolicsome musical score and an incurable case of the cutes, the movie has a plot twist about Dreyfuss' invention of an automatic dog wash. Pardon me for kicking 'em when they're down, but Buddy System is one dog that simply won't wash. ¥

The bleak quality of life after the nuclear apocalypse is conjured up-againin Le Dernier Combat (Triumph). But don't let the French title frighten you off, because there's no spoken dialog-save a challenging grunt or two-in director Luc Besson's futuristic horror show about a lone road warrior (Pierre Jolivet) whose jerry-built one-man aircraft carries him from flight to fight. Combat has already taken top honors at a couple of fantasyfilm festivals in Europe but looks to me more like a promise than a fulfilled achievement. Since it is never explained why fallout should kill conversation, I kept wondering why no one ventured a simple bon jour. **

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films

by bruce williamson Against All Odds (Reviewed this month) The odds aren't great. And the Ship Sails On All aboard for a long lush trip with Fellini. Android Clones encounters. ¥¥1/2 Blame It on Rio Michelle Johnson (May) and Michael Caine (September) in warm sex comedy. Broadway Danny Rose (Reviewed this month) Woody's back where he belongs, getting belly laughs. ¥¥¥1/2 The Buddy System (Reviewed this month) A friend in need. Unfunny. ¥ Carmen (Reviewed this month) Opera recycled as dance drama. Champions (Reviewed this month) John Hurt and lots of horses. Le Dernier Combat (Reviewed this month) S-f sans sound. Footloose Remedial studies from the MTV school of cinema. Gorky Park Murder in Moscow, with William Hurt. Highly exciting and far handsomer than the book. Horry & Son Paul Newman and Robby Benson as father and son. ¥¥1/2 Hot Dog . . . The Movie Fine ski footage, little else but Shannon Tweed. ¥ Liquid Sky (Reviewed this month) The current and kinky cult classic. ** The Lonely Guy (Reviewed this month) Steve Martin scores. XXX The Man Who Knew Too Much (Reviewed this month) Top Hitch. >>>/2 The Man Who Loved Women Burt Privates on Parade Offbeat hilarity about English entertainment unit in wartime with a high-camp C.O. ¥¥1/2 Racing with the Moon (Reviewed this month) Young love, vintage '42. ¥¥1/2 Window (Reviewed this month) Hitchcock at his peak. YYYY Reckless Pointless, too. Reuben, Reuben As a horny writer on tour, Tom Conti's brilliant. ¥¥¥1/2 The Right Stuff Smashing space-age adventure, unfairly neglected-but maybe Oscar will do it justice. YYYY Rope (Reviewed this month) Hitch's second string. ¥¥1/2 Terms of Endearment Already a big, warmhearted winner. ¥¥¥1/2 This Is Spinal Top Rock and droll-the wildest new comedy of 1984. ****/2 The Trouble with Harry (Reviewed this month) It made MacLaine. ¥¥1/2 Unfaithfully Yours (Reviewed this month) Dudley meets Nastassja for a passably funny Sturges remake. ¥¥1/2 Vertigo (Reviewed this month) Identity crisis dizzily Hitchcocked. ***//2

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

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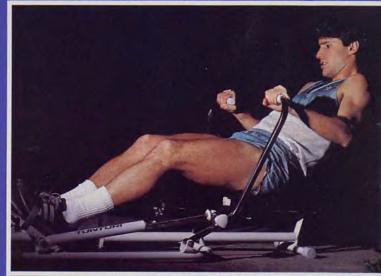
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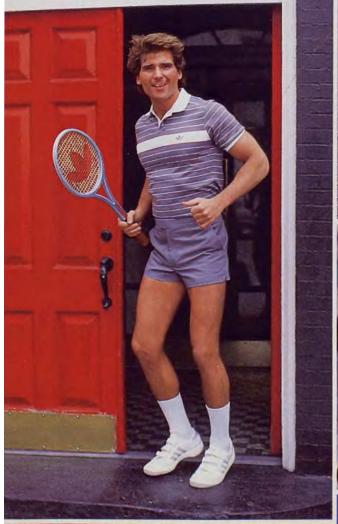
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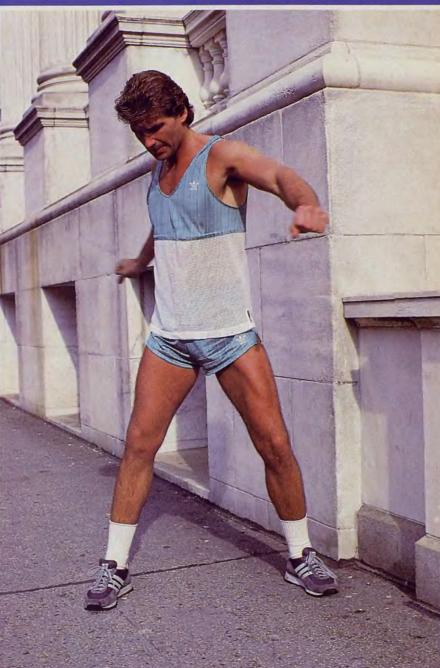
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A special section produced by Cathle Judge for David Reynolds Assoc. Photos: David Reynolds; Graphic Design: Philip Jaget Graphics.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Comedian Albert Brooks, whose last film was Modern Romance, is back before and behind the cameras with Lost in America, co-starring former Airplane! stewardess Julie Hogerty. Star, director and co-writer of the script, Brooks describes the flick as a contemporary romantic comedy "about a married couple who drop out of society ten years too late." . . . Morgot Kidder, Ted (Cheers) Danson and Burt Lancoster are set to appear in Tri-Star's Little Treasure, a romance/adventure about an ex-bank robber (Lancaster) who leaves his daughter (Kidder) a treasure map and about her subsequent search for the buried loot. . . . Also on the roster at Tri-Star is Songwriter, a zany look at the ups and downs of the world of country-and-western music, starring Kris Kristofferson, Willie Nelson, Lesley Ann Warren, Rip Torn and Melinda Dillon. . . . Sexy Rebecca De Mornay, who played the young hooker in Risky Business, has been signed to co-star with Michael O'Keefe in Neil Simon's The Slugger's Wife. . . Film maker Paul Bartel, whose low-budget black comedy Eating Raoul delighted critics and filmgoers alike, will make a sequel in which Paul and Mary enter a political race. Tentative title: Bland Ambition. Meanwhile, Bartel plans to release Not for Publication, a madcap comedy revolving around a gossip tabloid, starring David Naughton and Nancy Allen. . . . William Friedkin has been signed to direct Sea Trial, based on the Frank De Felitto novel about a couple who charter a sailboat and get themselves into a series of life-threatening situations. . . . Christopher Reeve and Rosanna Arquette costar with Jock Worden and Som Wonomoker in MGM/UA's The Aviator, based on the Ernest K. Gonn tale about pilots flying the mail in the early days of aviation.

CONAN RETURNS: Yes, fans, this summer it's back to the Hyborean Age with Conan, the King of Thieves, Part II. This time, Conan (Arnold Schwarzenegger) and Malak (Tracey Walter) are captured by Queen Taramis (Sarah Douglas). Also in the cast: Wilt Chamberlain, Grace Jones and Olivia D'Abo. Stay tuned for the next sequel, tentatively titled Conan, King of Box Office.

BURNING DESIRES: Although many of Stephen King's horror tales have been adapted for the big screen, Firestarter, by virtue of its stellar cast, may become a standout. Drew Borrymore stars as Charlene McGee, the kid with the paranormal powers everybody's after; David (An Officer and a Gentleman) Keith is her father, whose psychic gifts are deteriorating as his daughter's grow; Mortin Sheen plays the head of the Government's De-



MOVIN' ON: Harrison Ford's new lady in the May release *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, set somewhat before *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, is Kate Capshaw (above). Despite appearances, bodybuilder Arnold Schwarzenegger and discomaniac Grace Jones (below) are on the same side in *Conan*, the King of Thieves, Part II, which will be coming to a theater near you in July.



partment of Scientific Intelligence (known as The Shop), who dispatches ruthless, ritualistic killer John Rainbird, played by George C. Scott, to capture Charlene and her dad; Art Corney and Louise Fletcher play the farm couple who take the two fugitives in; and Heather (T. J. Hooker) Locklear, in her motion-picture debut, plays Charlene's ill-fated mother, whose own psychic powers prove no match for the wiles of The Shop. Firestarter is set to premiere in mid-May.

COMIC RELIEF: In the hallowed tradition of The Kentucky Fried Movie and The

Groove Tube comes The Immoral Minority Picture Show, a hodgepodge of loosely connected comedy sketches, blackouts and spoofs. Brain child of writer-director Scott Monsfield, the picture will feature such items as the E. F. Hutton commercial you've always wanted to see (in the men's room). Set for a summer release, the film stars an ensemble cast that includes such luminaries as Bruce Weitz and Ed Morinoro of Hill Street Blues, Michael McKeon and David Londer of Laverne and Shirley, John Corradine, Sybil Danning, Colleen Comp, Georg Stanford Brown and July 1982 Playmate Lyndo Wiesmeier.

TELEVISION

order the noisemakers. Design the cake. MTV's coming up on its third birthday. Almost alone, the all-music channel has turned a promotional fillip called the music video into the biggest force in music since Mick first licked his lips.

Video, to borrow a Nina Blackwood locution, is hottt. It even has disciples. You'll find them in bars on Video Night, arguing the merits of "nonrepresentational" clips and straight "performance" videos. McLuhan is their patron saint; they envision a Video Village where music and technology live happily ever after.

But video's fans see the world through rose-colored monitors. They speak of the medium with an audible capital V, declaiming, "Video has already transcended the cinema." They thrill to the fire, break dancers and breaking glass served up every day but fail to notice that the little colored dots in their screens are not your garden-variety pixels but dollar signs.

Making a video these days costs. Two years ago, \$15,000 was a lot to spend on one; now you couldn't buy Michael Jackson's socks for that. Jackson's Thriller video, with a price tag variously reported as from \$500,000 to \$1,500,000, aimed, unsuccessfully, for an Oscar nomination. Eurythmics and Quiet Riot owe their prominence as big-money bands almost solely to video, while Billy Joel and Donna Summer owe resurgences to it. Jackson and The Police have used video to ensconce themselves as the musical money machines of the day.

It's two A.M. in a television-station editing room. Fifteen video monitors mounted in one wall show a black-leather shoe tapping out the beat of a song called "Out Come the Freaks." The shoe keeps missing the beat.

Most performers know they could have the world's best clip, but if they didn't get MTV to run it, they wouldn't succeed in video. To get on MTV, you need to make a punchy, very conservative kind of video for a very narrow audience.

Why? Demographics. To survive, MTV needs big-bucks advertisers. To get them, it has to attract the kind of viewers advertisers like best—14 to 34 years old, white, probably suburban. According to Marshall Cohen, research chief for its parent company, MTV's "the most-researched channel in history." It shows.

"Being in 18,000,000 homes, we wield a lot of influence," says Les Garland, MTV's vice-president of programing. "What has made MTV the phenomenal success it has been is its adventurous attitude—continuing to be on the cutting edge, to be trendy, even though we might fail four times to succeed once." Garland is an articulate guy, a good spokesman, but he praises an adventurousness that



You're almost three, MTV—old enough to loosen up!

doesn't exist at his channel. In fact, MTV is just about as adventurous as CBS, NBC and ABC.

Most of MTV's 18,000,000 homes are in suburbs, exurbs and what programers call "outlying areas." MTV has to cater to the musical tastes of the young people in those homes, and those tastes are narrow. Duran Duran—just a shade left of Hall and Oates—is about as progressive as it gets. MTV has to homogenize the music, which is why the image is the only way to tell one MTV video from the next.

Don Fagenson—known to his fans as Don Was of the band Was (Not Was)—has already spent four hours editing the first 15 seconds of a video clip for "Out Come the Freaks." Yawning, he strolls up nose to shoe with one of the monitors. His engineer punches buttons on the control board faster than you'd touch tones to call your best friend.

People called MTV racist in the early days, but the reason the channel didn't play black acts had nothing to do with video apartheid. Black acts just weren't welcome in those 18,000,000 MTV homes. It wasn't our fault, said MTV, it was the kids in all those homes. They'd tune out if Prince came on. No viewers, no advertising bucks, no MTV.

Now, of course, Prince shows up on MTV, but that's only because he slipped into the mainstream through other channels. MTV succeeded by being conservative and repetitive. There's no reason to think it's going to turn around and become adventurous all of a sudden. Unless

the viewers shake things up, MTV and its big-name directors are going to keep giving us more of the same.

"We've got to see more new artists and producers and directors getting involved in video," says Ed Steinberg, who runs the nation's biggest video service for night clubs. "I'll tell you, if I see Beat It or ZZ Top one more time, I'm gonna puke."

Steinberg's Rockamerica is a sound alternative to MTV. It offers punkier, funkier, newer video than MTV would ever touch. Rockamerica has country videos, Barry Manilow videos, straight videos, gay videos—even a Dean Martin video.

"Dean's clip is popular in the very progressive clubs. He's a groove," Steinberg says. "If a clip works, I'll use it. MTV's looking for the largest demographic it can—the white, male, 12-to-16-year-old, really. The MTV people called me before the channel went on the air. They wanted Rockamerica tapes. None of those people knew anything about video or music. They know their demographics, but that's not knowing music. There are some of us who do consider the music and are interested in music rather than the bottom-line numbers, but MTV's too big now."

But even Steinberg, asked why his Rockamerica is riskier than MTV, invokes the magic word. "The bottom line for me is that I'm dealing with people who are of drinking age," he says. "I have a different demographic."

There's nothing bad about demographics. They're the way candidates tailor themselves to voters, magazines tailor themselves to readers and music channels tailor themselves to viewers. It's the narrow use of demographics that keeps MTV blind to anything off the beaten sound track. And MTV, as Steven Levy pointed out in *Rolling Stone*, has become the video tail that's wagging the musical dog.

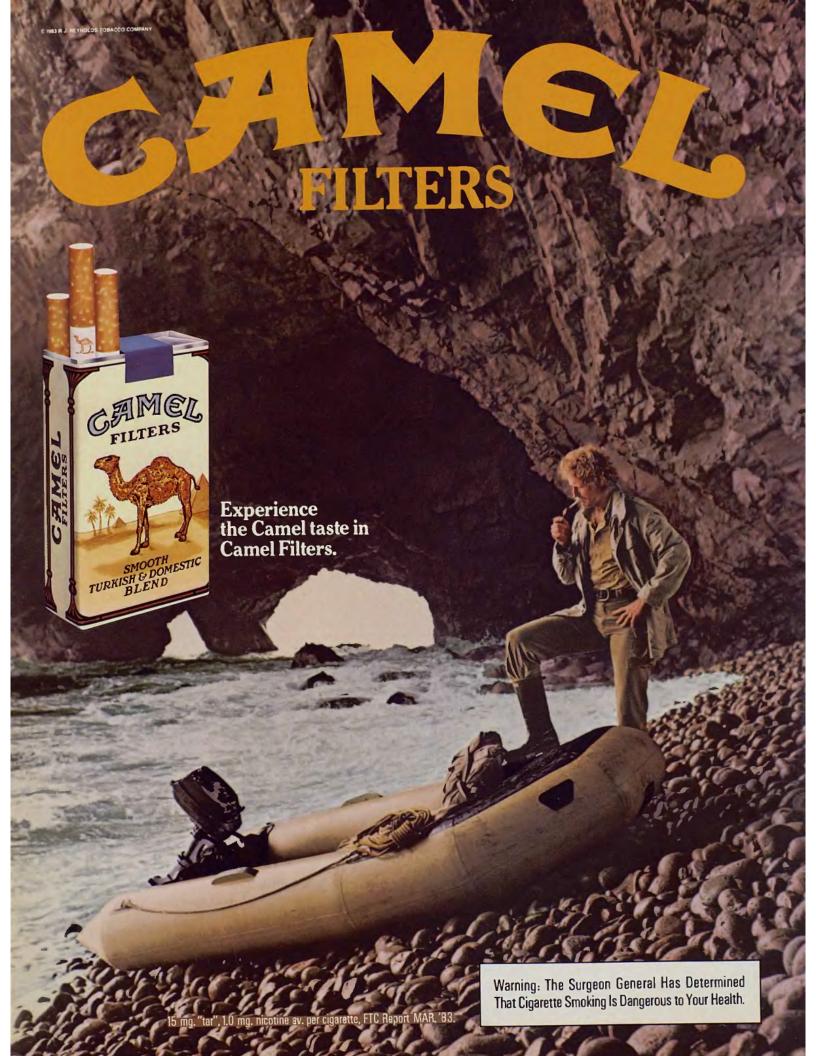
"Video meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor," said Ovid, the first music-video critic. "I see and approve better things but follow worse."

What's to do? Don't follow worse. MTV bases its play list in part on requests. Call up and ask for Dean Martin or Itzhak Perlman or Keith Jarrett (there's a great video—Jarrett gets up and leaves after a minute and a half). Find a video club and look at Rockamerica's tapes. Or, if you're nothing but a demograph, call your cable operator.

Fagenson squints at the screen through steam rolling up from his coffee cup. The shoe taps, reverses, stops. The music stops. The shoe begins tapping again, freezes again. "You want to tell me what we're doing here?" he asks the engineer.

"No way, man. Real technical stuff.
Big-time video."

—KEVIN COOK



By ASA BABER

SURE, IT's a tough world out there in corporate America. The competition is fierce: new technologies to master, tightening budgets, fast-moving economies, more people qualified for fewer jobs—when you think about it, your own prospects for business success can sometimes seem more remote than ever.

But none of that will matter to you after today. You happen to be reading the only thing you need to read to guarantee your rise up the professional ladder. What follows is the preview of my larger work, Toys for Success. I think you'll agree with me that they're exactly what you need to take some giant steps. Toys for Success will give you the edge over that guy or gal who just might be promoted over you; and once you understand the potential being handed to you at a reasonable price, success is yours. You'll find the edge in every situation, and your pay check will swell like a balloon.

Uncerts: The Kiss of Death Mint. "Where the willingness is great, the difficulties cannot be great," Machiavelli wrote, and this one isn't difficult at all. Funny how effective tactics can come in small packages, isn't it? Uncerts appear to be simple white tablets, and to the user they taste like peppermint candy. But the odor they give off is something else! They can clear out a room in less than 30 seconds. The poor sucker won't know what hit him. "Have a mint," you say sweetly, knowing that one career is ending and yours is accelerating. Price: \$75 per roll; comes in four flavors (Skunk Works, Vomitorium, Anal Retentive, Pit City).

Hot Ice nuclear ice cubes. Say the boss's son is in the slot right beneath you and may be pushed ahead of you within the quarter. Say some shrewd M.B.A. cookie has outperformed you and outsold you and she gets the bonus you thought was yours. Don't whine and mope around. Invite them both over for cocktails and congratulations, mix a mean drink-and pour it over my special Hot Ice plutonium-loaded waste-water ice cubes. Relax, have a few drinks, but most of all enjoy yourself as you watch your former rivals start to glow like lightning bugs. How do you explain the fact that you're wearing a lead-lined protective suit? Tell them you've got a bad cold. And if they can't hear you clearly through your mask and hood, so what? "Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead." Price per dozen (includes protective suit, lead ice-cube tray, one gallon radioactive water in an attractive red vacuum bottle): \$2060.79.

Koala Condoms. Your immediate superior is a woman, and she lets you know that she's not immune to certain attention.



TOYS FOR SUCCESS

"You happen to be reading the only thing you need to read to guarantee your rise up the professional ladder."

You want to impress her, but you're not sure how to do that. You know that the last guy who got an outstanding evaluation from her was hung like a horse. Face it, you can't match that. What to do? No doubt about it, when you pop out of her executive washroom wearing your Koala Condom and nothing else, she'll shriek with pleasure and delight. You'll be promoted immediately. Furry and gray, as cute as a button, cut to fit, the Koala Condom won't hate her gantas, let me tell you. Not only will it turn her on and boost you up but one drop of eucalyptus oil and the Koala Condom moves on its own. Can you beat that? Probably. Price per dozen: varies with air-freight rates to Australia.

Slo-Mo Compucat. Your chief rival for the next spot up on the table of organization is in charge of ordering computers for your offices. He comes to you for advice. You say you'll take care of it for him; all he has to do is sign the order forms and then go play golf. You order the Slo-Mo Compucat, and the day it arrives, everybody is impressed. "It looks just like an IBM PC but costs only half as much," people say. The C.E.O. sits down for a personal demonstration. Your rival turns it on and starts to give his spiel. Guess what? Nothing works the way it's sup-

posed to! The Slo-Mo Compucat may look like an IBM PC, but it sounds like a Mack truck. Well, it *should* sound like a truck, because it runs on a diesel engine. The Slo-Mo Compucat eats floppy disks like a monster. It's as slow as molasses in winter; it's noisy; it has no memory at all; the only thing that ever appears on the monitor is one word: wha? Anybody who tries to sell this baby is sure to be fired within the hour. A real value at \$2550 (diesel fuel extra).

Voice-Print Imitator. The V.P.I. has long been in use by the CIA, FBI and NSA, but now I'm about to spring it on the open market. It's not cheap at \$399,000; but then again, you can't walk downtown and find a place that undersells me. The V.P.I. looks like an electric piano with wings. You tape-record the voice of the person you want to imitate-let's call him Charley-through the V.P.I., then reprogram the voice box. The V.P.I. is now set to produce your words with Charley's voice. You can take it from here, right? You call the corporation comptroller at three A.M. and say, "This is Charley, you pud-thumping crook, and I happen to know you're embezzling most of the pension fund." You'll sound just like Charley. When he's fired the next day, don't forget to tape his protestations. You never know when they'll come in handy.

The Harvard Business School Book of the Dead. Until now, only Harvard M.B.A.s have had access to this volume of techniques for offing the competition. Now it's yours for \$760. Be the first in your organization to have entree to the world of the supereducated. You thought Ivy Leaguers were supposed to be smarter than you? No way. They just have better resources. The Harvard Business School Book of the Dead includes instructions for the secret handshake that only the rich use, details on how to cook an entire board of directors in a sauna, the formula for VX nerve gas and the way your briefcase can be set up to dispense it, a diagram of the human body's pain and pleasure points and a map of Harvard Yard showing where the gold is buried. The appendix has some terrific pointers on how to get ahead once your competition has been eliminated. Let's face it: This is the Bible of the Eighties.

Take. Read. Learn. Execute. And don't forget: Lao-tzu, the guy who wrote, "The way of the sage is to act but not to compete," has been dead for about 2500 years.



Break away from the ordinary. Discover the drink with a difference.

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

LAST MONTH, after writing my column, I felt guilty. I listed God knows how many complaints women have against men, and before I knew it, my time was up and I hadn't said one pleasant thing about the male gender.

What an omission! I like men. Plenty of my best friends are men. They are a fine, upstanding, useful and endearing sex. If God hadn't invented men, women would have had to invent them.

Here are some especially terrific masculine traits.

Men are brave. If there's a spider as big as a Buick in the bathroom, a man won't mind at all. He'll simply put on his karate outfit, roll up last Sunday's newspaper, march straight into the bathroom and bring that goddamned spider to its knees. He's also firm with mice and carburetors. It is truly amazing to me to watch a man fiddle with a carburetor. He doesn't faint or sob—he just fiddles with it until it cries uncle.

Then there are clothes. It is truly astonishing to me that a man can happily shuffle down the street wearing a bell-bottomed double-knit polyester leisure suit with frayed cuffs, cracked-white-patent loafers, a Dacron shirt decorated with bullfighters and a clip-on bow tie. Then, if he happens to see a woman in a full-length sable coat, he'll have no compunction about putting the make on her. Whereas a woman cannot even say, "Hot enough for you?" to a man if her hair's a mess or the seams in her stockings aren't razor-straight.

Men are strong. I personally can never open a jar of honey. Catsup, jam and olives also elude my grasp. Even twist-open soft drinks. But hand a man a jar of anything and he can open it standing on his head with one hand tied behind his back.

How do men do that? Do they all have bionic wrists? I lift weights, I do pushups, but just watch me try to carry an electric typewriter down the street and I'll murder you. Yet even the shrimpiest of men can carry three suitcases filled with lead for miles. How?

Men have biceps. Yes, women have biceps, too, but not noticeably so, unless the woman is a famous bodybuilder who dotes on testosterone shots. But a man just bends his arm a little and there it is—a biceps as big as the Ritz, one of the most beautiful sights on earth.

Men understand point spreads. Anywhere in the country, a man can walk into



THE MASCULINE MYSTIQUE

"Last month . . . I felt guilty

Before I knew it, my time
was up and I hadn't said one
pleasant thing about the male
gender."

a bar and say, "What's the line on the Houston game?" and all the other men in the bar will know exactly what he's talking about.

Then all the women in the bar will nudge their dates and say, "What's he mean, Herb? What line?"

"Point spreads," Herb will say.

"Huh?" his date will ask.

"It's like this," Herb will explain. "Say the bookies decide that Houston will win by fifteen points. That's the line, see?"

"Huh?"

"OK, hon, look at it this way: You can't just bet on a winner, or the bookies wouldn't stay in business, so what they do is...."

"Herb, can I have some quarters for the jukebox?"

Men love to clean ovens. Oh, yes, they do. They always pretend they won't or can't or don't know how, but hand a man some rubber gloves and a can of oven cleaner and he's in his element. He eats those nasty fumes for breakfast. He attacks those stubborn, greasy corners with dispatch. He'll even do the broiler without being asked.

Don't believe me? Simply hire a woman to clean your home one week, a man the next. Note the state of your oven after each visit.

Men alphabetize records. And divide them into categories and subcategories. They even have special record-cleaning devices and put records right back into their jackets after using them. When a woman goes to a man's home, she can always put her finger right on that Jimmy Reed album she's been hankering for. It's phenomenal.

Men get drunk and fall down. And most of them seem to have a pretty good time doing this. Whereas your average woman, after a few drinks, simply subsides. She lets her head fall into an ashtray and she starts to snore, or she gets a headache and has to be driven home, or she stumbles into the bathroom for a quiet, decorous puke. But a drunken man will hoot and holler and rip the rubber machine off the men's-room wall, then dance on the bar until he just drops.

Men can always find the puck. Although I personally think they're kidding. I've been to tons of ice-hockey games. I've seen blood, I've seen guts, I've seen grisly and macabre cross-checking, I've seen penalties, I've seen power plays, but I have never, ever, not even once, seen a puck. The only way I can tell that my team has scored is when all its players suddenly start jumping around and waving their sticks in the air. Secretly, I don't even think that the puck exists. It's like the emperor's new clothes—the spectators are all afraid to admit they can't see it.

But men have sworn up and down and on several stacks of Bibles that the puck is actually of this dimension. What can I do but believe?

Men will stroke your hair. Well, OK, my friend Mary has been known to stroke my hair in a fit of affection, and my mother is constantly pretending she's stroking my hair ("Such a lovely face; why hide it?"), but when a man strokes my hair, I liquefy. Nothing else in the world makes me feel so warm and wonderful. Not even eating a perfect peach or finding a cashmere dress in a church rummage sale. Maybe emerald earrings would do it; I don't know. I wouldn't mind having the choice.

Y4X4CFTHE YEAR"

For the first time ever, all three leading off-road magazines made the same choice. Jeep.

If you're thinking about 4-wheel drive, consider this. The all-new leaner, meaner size Jeep Cherokee has just been named "4x4 of the Year" by all three leading off-road magazines: 4 Wheel & Off-Road, Four Wheeler, and Off-Road. That's never been done before.

Ride and drive is what it's all about.

The all-new Cherokee was compared to the toughest competitors available, foreign and domestic. They were driven thousands of miles through snow, soft sand, subfreezing temperatures, and high winds—on and off the road.

board, excelling in our evaluations of mechanical, urban and off-road driving and interior comfort." Four Wheeler called the Cherokee Sportwagon: "the year's most significant advance in 4-wheeling." Off-Road said: "Jeep is a smaller, more maneuverable off-road vehicle that provides plenty of room."

Test drive it and compare for yourself.

Compared to Bronco II and S-10 Blazer 4x4, only Cherokee has four doors, room for five, and a choice of two

4-wheel drive systems. And Cherokee has higher ground clearance, higher horsepower per pound, and the highest gas mileage, (24) EPA EST MPG/33 EST HWY.*

It's nice to be named No. 1, but not unexpected. After all, Jeep wrote the book on 4-wheel drive. Buy or lease the triple award winning Cherokee, or the luxurious new Wagoneer Sportwagons. Only at your Jeep dealer.

*Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage and California figures will probably be less.

SAFETY BELTS SAVE LIVES.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

his is probably the stupidest letter you've ever gotten, but it's about something that bothers me immensely. When I was 17 (I'm 19 now), I had a boyfriend whom I didn't especially like. He kept bugging me about having sex with him, saying I was too old to still be a virgin. One day, I went to his house with the intention of leaving with my virtue intact. He proceeded to tear off my pants. He was tearing my pubic hair so I decided to submit and let my pants down. Is it true that a girl can tighten herself up so much that a guy has no way to get through? Anyway, he tried to push his way through despite my protests. That pushing went on for ten to 15 minutes, then his father came home. Thank God! I didn't bleed after that, but I wasn't sure whether or not we'd made love, so I told all my friends that I finally "did it." Now there's a guy I really love, and I willingly went to bed with him. It was a much nicer experience, but afterward there was blood. I'm very religious and wanted to be with only one guy. But now I'm confused. Do you think I've had one or two lovers? It's really hard to explain to my friends (whom I told that I already made love with someone) that I was naïve and didn't know the difference. I would like your opinion on this, and please don't make a joke about it. Do you think I'm crazy?-Miss M. L., San Diego, California.

Since your first sexual encounter did not include penetration, you didn't "do it." Penetration can be difficult or even impossible due to vaginismus, an involuntary tightening of the vaginal muscles that may occur when there is fear or anticipation of pain associated with sex. For your information, it does sound as though you officially lost your virginity to your present boyfriend. It may also be that you have an unusually rigid hymen. You should visit a gynecologist or a Planned Parenthood office immediately for a general exam and advice on birth control, which you should be practicing now that you are sexually active. And in the future, don't tell your friends anything. This isn't show and tell.

After graduation, I plan to go into some phase of the advertising business. While there are several agencies in my home town, I'm aware that the bulk of business is in the major cities. Frankly, I'd like to be near home. Am I sabotaging my career by not going to New York?—S. D., Denver, Colorado.

There is a good possibility that you can find an agency in your home town that you like, that will hire you and pay you a fantastic salary for the rest of your life. On the other hand, you may not find one. Most industries, whether advertising or weld-



ing, tend to accumulate where there is work and a work force. They also band together because there are support industries in the area: Sawmills invariably show up near forests. The work in your area is likely to be one of a kind. If you like it, great. But if you don't, there is little possibility of expanding your horizons. There is also the question of finding and associating with colleagues who can improve your business sense, provide needed competition and sympathize with you when things go bad-not to mention help you find a job if yours doesn't pan out. To make it to the top of a profession, you have to be where the action is. If advancement is not as important to you as your lifestyle, you'll have to compromise. One such halfway measure might be to spend a few years in the "big time," then go back home. With that experience, your reception should be a lot bigger and so should your salary.

In September, I started at a private school for girls. On my second night there, my roommate told me she found herself very attracted to me. She asked me if I'd sleep with her in her bed. I'd never done anything like that before, but I took her up on her offer anyway. We spent most of the night French kissing and feeling each other's breasts. The following night, we masturbated each other till we reached orgasm.

Now, after showering and sleeping together for the past few months, we agree that we love each other very much. Most of the girls here at school are aware of the relationship between my roommate and me and try to avoid us. They say they don't like having lesbians as friends. I tried to explain to them that she and I really love each other, but they don't seem to understand. I'd appreciate it if you could give your comments on this situation and tell us whether or not you think the relationship will be a long-lasting one. We think it will. We'll be waiting for your response. Thanks.—Miss C. T., New York, New York.

If this letter is serious (and we must admit there is a small center of doubt in our hearts about that), we want to ask an important question right off: Why was it necessary for you to make your behavior obvious to the other girls? We ask this because we've noticed that when basically heterosexual females have a homosexual affair, they seem to have an overwhelming desire to confront everyone with the news-either because it's so novel that these couples want to share it or because they want to provoke confrontations with people who express shock. Maybe you and your roommate will discover you're gay. Maybe this is a phase. Maybe it's an affair like any other. Whatever it is, it's between the two of you. It's private, like any affair. Don't force people to participate. Don't force awareness on them. Do your thing in the privacy of your own room and don't close yourselves off from all the kinds of new experiences people have when they live away from home for the first time. Currently, you two have a preference for each other. Keep an open mind and relax.

Somewhere in my stereo system is a buzz. It is driving me crazy. My equipment, while not the best, is very good. I've tried moving it around to another place in the room, but the buzz is still there. What can be causing it? Sometimes it happens on high frequencies, sometimes on low. Can you help?—S. T., Atlanta, Georgia.

If there is a fly caught in your receiver, a quick shot of Raid should take care of the buzz. If there is something wrong with your electronics, you'll need an expert debugger to find it. But chances are, the problem you describe is one of acoustic vibration, and you can fix that yourself. Sound is transmitted in two ways: through an object and through the air. You have on your stereo one of the best instruments for picking up vibrations: the stylus on your turntable. The stylus, however, does not distinguish between the sounds you want to hear and the sounds it picks up. Anything that sets up a vibration can affect your sound, including walking, slamming doors and motors, such as those in refrigerators, dishwashers, fans, air conditioners and the turntable itself. Most turntables are isolated from those vibrations by springs or pads or air. But that isolation may not be enough if you have unusual vibrations in the room. For such situations, the turntable must be placed on a heavy base that is level. Check your turntable cover to see that it is isolated from the platter, since the cover can act as a microphone, picking up or causing vibrations. If it is not isolated, remove it. Check your record platform or mat. It should support the record on the grooves, not just on the edges. Otherwise, the record itself can vibrate, causing unwanted sound. If the surface on which your turntable sits is hard, you may want to buoy it up with a nonresonant material, such as particle board or foam, or with special isolating "feet" for extra protection. You should also check to see that the stereo isn't causing its own problem. For instance, if you place your speakers opposite the turntable, you can get feedback from the moving air the speakers create. What you're trying to do is maintain the connection between the stylus and the record without any outside interference. In doing that, you can't overlook even the smallest thing. You may find that your buzz is not in the stereo at all but in an unsteady vase on the mantel. It's a treasure hunt, but your reward will be much better sound.

Your column The Playboy Advisor seems to be able to consider a wide range of questions about a situation that has been bothering me for a couple of years. During that time, I have found myself being turned on by and attracted to women who wear glasses (that is, clear-lensed prescription eyeglasses worn all the time). I am a 20-year-old heterosexual male computer-science major. I am robust and athletic (I play on the varsity football team and on my fraternity basketball and softball teams), have been having pretty regular and satisfying sex with girls since I was 14 and have never had any problem with kinky or abnormal sexual feelings or desires. Almost any time I am around a girl of any attractiveness who is wearing glasses, I become very aroused; they seem to make the girl twice as sexy. What I want to know is whether or not this is abnormal or indicative of anything wrong. Should I discuss it with others, or is it something that no one else would be likely to share or understand? I really don't have any idea of what the psychology of it would be. My steady girlfriend wears contacts all the time, and I was wondering if it would be proper of me to ask her to wear her glasses some of the time-when we go out to concerts, flicks, games, etc.-or would it be an inconsiderate imposition of my desires? (I haven't even felt her out on the matter.) She is really a doll, and wearing her glasses would make her even more so.-R. H., Tallahassee, Florida.

As long as you don't have a fetish for eyeglasses themselves, we don't really think you have a problem. Glasses give the appearance of above-average intelligence, and chances are you find women who wear them extra attractive simply for that rea-

son. Or perhaps there was someone in your life you were rather fond of who wore eyeglasses and left you with a positive feeling about them. In any case, it's up to you whether or not you want to bring this up with your present girlfriend. You could suggest that she take an occasional break from wearing her contact lenses, or you could be honest and tell her how appealing she is with eyeglasses.

Can you tell me where and through whom I can have film processed discreetly? I have taken pictures of my wife in her natural form, and these, being like unto the ones that are published in your magazine, are not perverse or insulting. I attempted to have these few prints developed by going through a discount chain store whose film processing was contracted out to a firm in another town. But the store would not print them, saying that if it did so, it might be put in legal jeopardy. It would not even return my film. I do not understand why the laws that allow some truly disgusting magazines to be published will not allow tasteful pictures to be printed that one has taken of the woman he loves and admires .- N. M., Dallas, Texas.

If you don't have a custom printer in your town, Fotomat will develop and print your film. You can call its customer-service number at 1-800-942-1165 for the location of the outlet near you and for company guidelines on what is permissible.

have been reading with interest your questions and answers on female orgasm. I would like to contribute to the discussion with this observation. Like Mrs. A. C. (The Playboy Advisor, December), I climaxed only with oral or digital stimulation until my husband brought home a vibrator. We just tucked it over my mons pubis during intercourse and I climaxed easily. Next, we tried it with the vibrator on but just set it in the bed, not on me, and had intercourse and I was able to climax-sort of a conditioned response, as with Pavlov's dog. For some reason, just knowing I was capable of it made it easier the next time. But I can't have my first orgasm that way; I have to get things warmed up the old way first. One thing I must mention is that it's great that Mrs. A. C. can climax at all-everybody is different and has his or her own way of making love. We don't all need to come in the same way. It sounds to me as if she needs a more sensitive dude, not just a sex manual.-Mrs. G. I. B., San Pedro, California.

read the letter in the December Playboy Advisor from the man who wanted his wife to have an orgasm through intercourse, though she couldn't. I'm in my mid-20s, am healthy and have been dating my boyfriend for one and a half years. I have never been able to have an orgasm with him or anyone else through sexual intercourse but have always been able to

have one through oral sex or masturbation.

One time, instead of spreading my legs (as most women probably do), I kept them as close together as possible, with my boyfriend doing the same while on top of me. In that very common, simple position, I was able to have an orgasm and have been having them ever since. They are getting longer and better now. I don't know if this will work for other women, but it works for me.—Miss R. E., Omaha, Nebraska.

This letter is written in response to Mrs. A. C. of St. Louis (December). Of all the novels that I have ever read, none even hinted at a woman's active participation in the sexual act; therefore, I assumed that ecstasy was a bonus.

For the first few years of marriage, I, too, never experienced an orgasm during intercourse; the only satisfaction the sexual act brought me was the knowledge that my body brought pleasure to the man I loved and that I was wanted and needed. Curiosity about this mysterious phenomenon gnawed at me, though, and I sought a solution from three doctors. The first was exasperated at my questions and curtly suggested that my husband and I read a manual on anatomy. The second was obviously embarrassed as he mumbled something I didn't catch about a clitoris. The third doctor suggested I undergo a series of testosterone injections. I decided to settle for an incomplete marriage, as befitting an inadequate and, therefore, frigid wife. One day, relaxing on the bed during the afternoon, I felt the need to be closer to my husband-closer than just nestling in his arms-and draped my body over his. That was fine but still did not bring about the closeness I was seeking; he raised his hips and entered me and we lay in that position for some time, neither moving. After a while, I instinctively arched my pubis down to his and felt a delicious sensation that called for relaxing and repeated nudgings; then, with a slight side-to-side movement that felt too good to stop, I continued that grinding of my pubis against his, slowly speeding up the rhythm and the amount of pressure I exerted. All of a sudden, I felt an incredible wave of sensation that could only be the one thing I thought I'd never feel: the big O. The advice I have to offer is that nothing comes to those who wait: Go for it.-Mrs. T. H., Orlando, Florida.

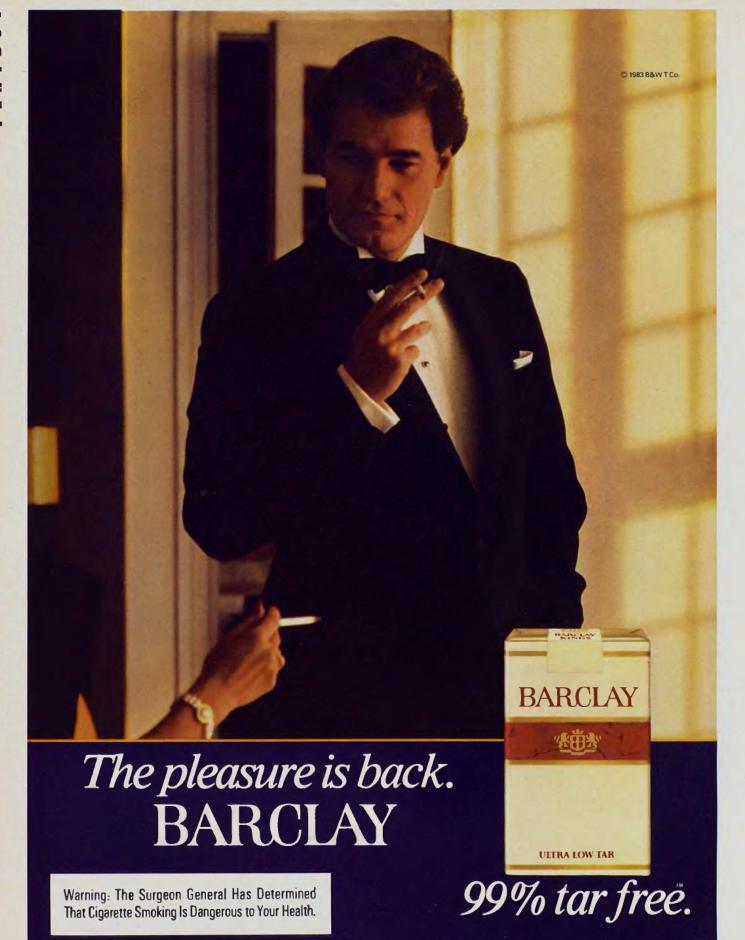
Thanks.

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





"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken."



DEAR PLAYMATES

We like the answers to this month's question from a reader for two reasons: One, they are inventive and two, each of the Playmates apologized to her mother before responding. So with that in mind, we come to the subject of unusual places to make love.

The question for the month:

What's the most unusual or public place you've ever made love?

The weirdest place? Now you're getting really personal. I might get in trouble

in that county. There's this mountain above our house. . . . Yes, I have taken a few chances. On the beach at night, in a car, but never with any people around. At least, I don't think anyone



saw us. Wait. How about in a diesel truck? Would that be unusual enough for you? It's tough to think of something I wouldn't mind having everyone read. Next question?

Marianne Fravalle

MARIANNE GRAVATTE OCTOBER 1982

You'say a reader came up with this one? I may have to use a pseudonym! I don't

know if I should tell you this, but here goes: in a telephone booth right after seeing Flashdance. Thank God, I wasn't seen or caught. In fact, I've never been seen or caught in any of the



strange places I've picked. I guess that makes me very fortunate. The readers are an interesting group. Do you think that my real life will improve their fantasy lives?

SUSIE SCO

n a tree in the park with the man in my life. We were in the park on a beautiful sunny day, and there were people every-

where. We were just messing around, and before we knew it, it turned into passion. We were both insane enough to say, "Let's go find a place," and this tree was perfect. It was old, with big branches.



We could hear people walking by, but we were in the foliage, way up in the tree. It was one of the most fascinating experiences of my life, making love up there.

Azizi Johani

AZIZI JOHARI JUNE 1975

One time, I made love on horseback. It wasn't easy. It was at a public stable. We each had our own horse. It was kind of like

Adam and Eve. We were walking the horses to a stream and we were looking around for a comfortable spot between the cow patties and the thickets. When we couldn't find one, I got back on the horse



and lay down with my back to the horse's back, and that's where it happened. It was kind of hard when the horse changed legs to swat at flies or when we could see people going by. We could have been seen, but we weren't.

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

Out on the rocks at Carmel beach. It was nighttime, but a restaurant was not too far away. We were close to the water on

the rocks. I also did it once in a car on the free-way. I wasn't doing the driving. I was facing backward, and when I opened my eyes, I saw a big semi and a line of cars behind us. We were only going



40, but for some *strange* reason, nobody was passing us! The man I did these wild things with is a great guy, the best I've come across so far.

Kyn Malin KYM MALIN MAY 1982

've got a few. The most unusual place was in the front seat of a car on the driver's side. We were going about 60. I laughed so

hard I cried. But no one could see us, because the windows were tinted. For getting caught, I have the outdoor-whirlpool-at-a-hotel incident or the Palm Springs monorail. We went up, hiked



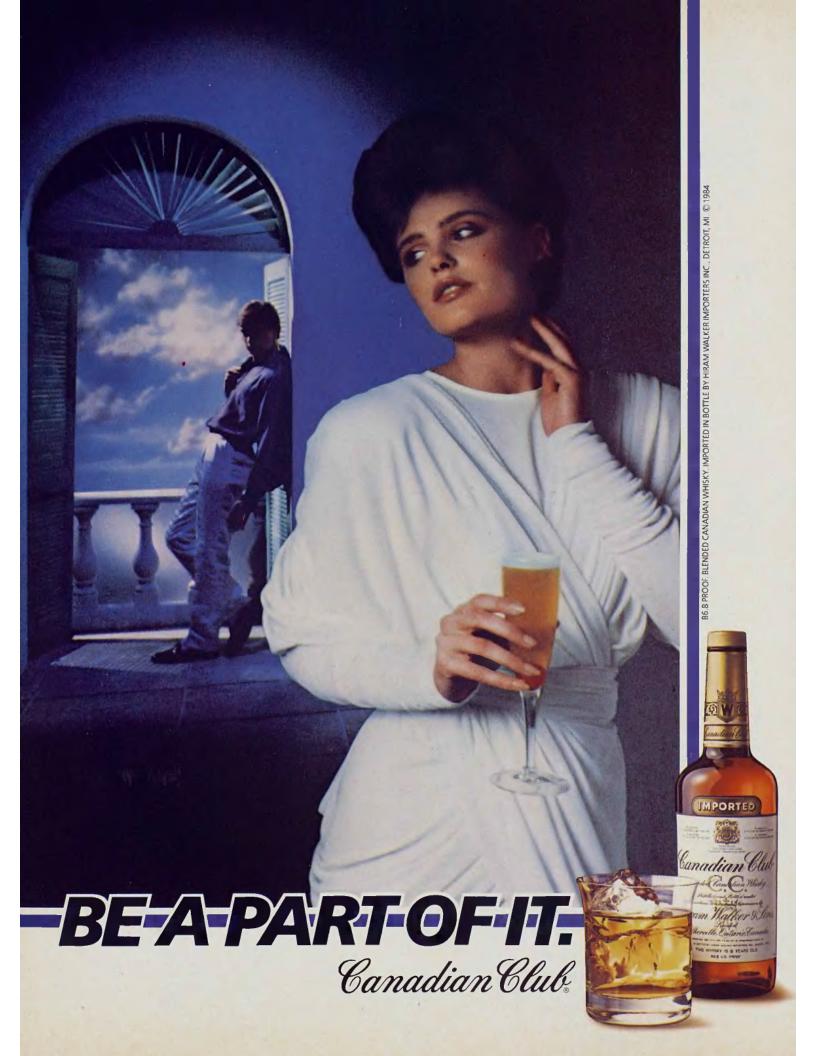
the trails and fooled around. We could have been seen there, too. Now, relax, Mom, I'm sure there are some places you've done it that I don't know about, right?

Denice Mc Connell

DENISE MC CONNELL MARCH 1979

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.

¥



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THINKING TWICE

I simply don't understand what prompted Andy Williams to start on such an off-the-wall subject as waste management (The Playboy Forum, February), but some clarification is in order. Williams apparently doesn't realize or believe that industry spends billions of dollars to maintain emission standards set by local, state and Federal governments. For instance, pollution-control equipment can cost as much as 20 to 30 percent of the total expenses of a typical power-producing facility for the trivial convenience of electricity.

Judging by the tone of Williams' letter, he doesn't drive an automobile, which spews deadly nitric oxide and carbon monoxide fumes into the atmosphere, because if he did, he would certainly pipe the exhaust into the passenger compartment in a conscientious effort to do his part.

And he would be rich, because he wouldn't want to spend any money on any consumer products, virtually all of which are made in those lousy industrial factories. Yes, even paper is manufactured there, so I'm certain he won't be reading this letter; that's why I'm not concerned about offending this jerk.

Dan Ingmire Brush, Colorado

ZIPPER PERIL

A few months ago, a man in a formal suit came into my emergency room accompanied by a woman. He had gone into the men's room of a hotel cocktail lounge to urinate and had caught his penis in his zipper. As I approached the patient with scissors, he appeared anxious. I explained that his trousers and underwear could not be saved, but he didn't seem to mind that.

The first step in performing a zipperectomy is to cut the pants away from the zipper. I was then able to get under the zipper and pull a few scraps of underwear cloth out of the links. My patient was fortunate in that his pants zipper was nylon rather than metal. With two hemostat clamps, I grabbed the top and bottom of the chain of nylon links on one side of the zipper. I then pulled the links out straight. This process was repeated on the other side. The patient was left with only a temporary wrinkling of the skin.

I bring this to the attention of PLAYBOY readers as a warning to be cautious when zippering. Most zipper accidents happen under conditions of haste and/or intoxication, and sometimes a metal zipper has to be extracted by a surgeon, with cutting of

penile tissue. My patient was wearing boxer shorts with a long fly. I would guess that zipper injuries are less common among men who wear Jockey shorts. Zippers are a definite hazard in going without any underwear at all, particularly with metal-zipped jeans.

(Name withheld by request) Los Angeles, California

A woman doctor (as our correspondent's signature indicates she is) coming at a wounded dick with a pair of scissors might well induce a small display of anxiety in a patient, but we'll pass along the general advice as a service to our readers.

"The first step in performing a zipperectomy is to cut the pants."

THE OTHER SIDE

In describing the pot raids in Northern California that were carried out by state and local law-enforcement personnel (*The Playboy Forum*, February), the national director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, Kevin Zeese, uses such words as "frightening" and "sieges" to describe the operations.



I do not wish to discuss legalization, herbicide spraying or marijuana growing on one's own property. I would like to address the frightening sieges on public land and private land of others by large-scale, armed marijuana growers.

Zeese would be well advised to review the many reported cases of private citizens' and public and private employees' being intimidated, threatened and run off at gunpoint by marijuana growers. There are ranchers who have donated portions of their property to the growers rather than have their homes and barns burned down.

Sorry, Zeese, but when I get chased off public land or can't do my job on private land at the request of the landowner, I stop being liberal in a real hurry. Threaten me with a gun and you're damn right I'll be happy to see the cavalry come over the hill!

As to appropriate behavior by the "raiders," that's a supervision problem and does not lessen the situation that they are trying to deal with. The outside help is justified when the armed "claim stakers" outnumber the local law enforcers.

> (Name withheld by request) Susanville, California

UNIFORM TROUBLE

First, you are again running true to form. For three years in a row, you have failed to send me the January issue. Is this some kind of New Year's resolution?

Now to the main reason I'm writing. In the February issue (your best ever), there's a letter in *The Playboy Forum* titled "Pot Raiders"; you mention in your reply "what uniforms can do to some people." I would remind you that some uniforms are worn by people not interested in busting you or making life miserable. These include fire fighters, emergency medical technicians, nurses, representatives of the electric and telephone companies—hell, even my car-wash guy wears *something*. The uniform is also used to identify an employee of a business, to advertise that he or she is on duty.

I wear a uniform when I work as a volunteer with the Red Cross. The colors are distinctive and the emblems recognizable, so that people instantly realize I am not a cop or a soldier but a person whose only interest is fixing them up or saving their life. The tools I carry on my belt are not weapons but the scissors, clamps and other items used for bandaging, splinting and otherwise treating injuries.

Basically, it's a whole other state of

mind, a different attitude. We who are in the business of cleaning up when the police or military are done using their uniforms wear ours with pride. And remember: Paramedics do it mouth to mouth.

> Steven C. Sedlis, EMT Cambridge, Massachusetts

We don't want to overgeneralize again, but our flawless and omnipotent computer is dutifully sending your copies to the post office every month, where they occasionally are waylaid by people in blue-gray uniforms. We'll speak with our computer and see if She can't make it right.

WAY DOWN YONDER

I noticed that a letter in the February Playboy Forum refers to the city of New Orleans as "much maligned." The writer must be one of those who know little of that city's true crime rate.

I visited New Orleans with a friend in March 1980. During a midafternoon walk around the historic St. Louis cemeteries (highly recommended in the walking-tour guide), three youths traded me a .38 bullet in the stomach for my camera and all the valuables I and my two women friends had.

As a sympathetic detective told me later,

Louisiana is the only state that operates under a version of the Napoleonic code that provides harsher penalties for armed robbery than for attempted murder, inspiring some robbers to shoot their victims. As he explained it, that little extra then becomes the principal charge—but the one carrying the lesser penalty—if they are caught. The detective said those cemeteries had been averaging two muggings a day for more than a year at the time I was shot but that the tourist bureau had refused to remove them from the walking tour despite requests from the police, who cited their proximity to a

THE POLITICS OF SEX

By Robert P. Kearney

Last December was abnormally harsh in Minneapolis. One of the century's worst cold snaps was augmented by a chilling union of radical feminists and moral conservatives, who together produced one of the most bizarre legal offspring ever to be born in that normally sensible city. It was an ordinance intended to combat pornography by allowing a woman to file charges against producers and sellers of sexually explicit materials on the grounds that such materials violated her civil rights. With the ordinance passed by a close vote in the city council, only a veto by Mayor Don Fraser saved his city from becoming a national laughingstock. Nevertheless, the strange coalition that supported the bill was heartened by its limited success, and the show may now go on the road to other communities with less coura-

As might be expected in any union of extremes, the Minneapolis coalition made every effort to stress the compelling need that brought the two factions together and the sanctimony of their position. Both staked and shared "the high moral ground," in other words, using that elevation to repel the bill's many critics. Throughout the public hearing, opponents were-in the words of Matthew Stark, executive director of the state affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union-"terrorized" by booing and hissing from the audience. The director himself was accused of having his office rent donated by local porn dealers, and the objections of a dissenting council member were labeled "hysterical" by one of the bill's authors. After the veto, with no apparent sense of irony, supporters raised white banners proclaiming themselves CENSORED and drove to the mayor's home, where they protested his action in subfreezing temper-

All of that may seem somewhat

eccentric, but the greatest peculiarity of all was the failed bill itself. Under its provisions, pornography was defined as the "sexually explicit subordination women, graphically depicted, whether in words or pictures," when coupled with one of nine other elements. Among those nine were the presentation of women "dehumanized as sex objects" or "in postures of sexual submission," materials in which "women's body parts-including but not limited to vaginas, breasts and buttocks-are exhibited, such that women are reduced to those parts," and the portrayal of women "as whores by nature." The ordinance also stipulated that "the use of men, children and transsexuals in the place of women [emphasis added]" was pornography.

It would be easy to mock such language, if only because it's hard to draw up a law specifically describing the dehumanizing of sex. Or because it posits judges with a legal knowledge of what constitutes "postures of sexual submission." Or because it could be interpreted to prohibit any sexually explicit picture that did *not* show all a woman's "parts."

But too much ridicule is out of place here. For one thing, the issue-if not this ordinance-is of great and legitimate importance to women. For another, this preposterous legislation came very close to being enacted; in another city, it could be on the books right now. Finally, the ordinance and the discussion that raged around it revealed a dangerous naïveté among its proponents. Although most adults would prefer an equal partnership in sexwith respect to initiation and experimentation and fervor and all the restit is as difficult to find and maintain as is an equal partnership in marriage or business or tennis or any other relationship between two people. And even the best sexual relationships can be judged equal only in the long run. At

any given moment, someone may be leading and someone following; there will be some urging and some capitulating. Any culture that outlaws depictions of that behavior condemns its members to an incredibly distorted idea of sexual activity. Or to ignorance.

A bad idea and a bad law. "A constitutional abomination," it was called by the A.C.L.U., and The Minneapolis Star and Tribune and legal scholars agreed. It ignored basic First Amendment guarantees while it promoted a questionable and dangerous assumption: that words or pictures in and of themselves are a form of discrimination. Following that wild logic, material that presented unfavorable images of Jews, for example, or blacks or gays could be embargoed. In Skokie, Illinois, in 1978, the Nazis might have had a civil rights discrimination case on that point alone.

The passion behind the vetoed bill is understandable. Probably no other crime is as frightening to a woman as sexual attack. Few crimes are as repulsive to men and women. Clearly, that fear and repulsion were tapped by the bill's authors to rally support, though the connection between censorship and decreased incidence of sexual assault is tenuous, to say the least. On the other hand, this ill-advised legislation would certainly have gutted much of the protection assured by the First Amendment, with ramifications as frighteningly repellent as any crime.

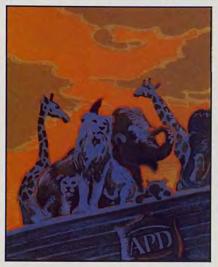
Indeed, one of the most dramatic moments in the city council's debate occurred when member Barbara Carlson revealed that she had been raped as a young woman. Nevertheless, she voted against the ordinance. "I've never been so emotional about an issue before," she explained later. "I'll fight this every inch of the way. This ordinance is a stronger violation of me and my rights than the rape."

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

TWO BY TWO

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Despite strong objections from three Justices, the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the appeal of a former policeman and policewoman who were suspended from their jobs in Amarillo, Texas, for hav-



ing had a nonmarital sexual affair. The couple claimed their right of privacy was violated by detectives assigned by the chief to keep an eye on them. The chief argued that his male and female officers and trainees had "commenced pairing off two by two, not grossly unlike what happened to those who occupied Noah's ark." This, he said, was causing unhappiness among the wives of married police officers.

INVALID TESTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The records of some 3000 sailors disciplined because of suspected drug use will be cleared because of testing problems, the Navy has announced. The tests were conducted at Oakland, California, between September 15 and November 3, 1982, and have now been declared invalid because of procedural and administrative errors. Previously, 2500 Oakland drug-use tests were declared invalid for the same reason.

GOING-AWAY PARTY

DALLAS—To wind up a five-week undercover investigation, narcotics agents threw a party at a local motel, invited all their suspects and arrested 15 of them. They also seized pot, cocaine and speed and are looking for ten others who were involved but did not attend.

LETTER OF THE LAW

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE—The first major survey on the sexual behavior of single evangelical Christians indicates that strict church laws on masturbation, petting and premarital intercourse aren't being followed to the letter. Conducted among churchgoing members of several conservative denominations by researchers at the University of Denver, the study found that:

 About 40 percent of the sample reported having had premarital sex at least once, and 18 percent of those engaged in it with regularity.

 Only 18 percent said they never engaged in petting or nongenital fondling.

 About 27 percent said they masturbated more often than once a week.

• Older singles, many previously married, tended to be more liberal than younger ones in sexual matters.

The authors of the study said they found indications of "considerable conflict in many devout Christians" over sexual matters and that many seemed to be resolving it "in the direction of more liberal sexual attitudes."

PRICE OF LOVE

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA-A 37-yearold former policeman who served three years for robberies he committed to subport a drug habit could now have his parole revoked for living with his girlfriend for the past five years in violation of the Florida cohabitation law. The matter came to the attention of state authorities when he routinely sought the permission of his parole officer to move to a different county. "This is unfair," he said. "I turned myself in [pleaded guilty] and did my time. I'm in love with this woman." According to the new Florida parole and probation manual, parole officers cannot "condone cohabitation" and are supposed to "discourage" probationers and parolees from even living in relationships where it appears they are involved in "illegal adultery and fornication."

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE?

PRITISBURGH—A 36-year-old man has been charged with 80 counts of rape for allegedly forcing his wife to have sex with other men while he took pictures. Police said he evidently wasn't selling the photos, "just doing this for his own gratification."

GANG RAPE OF SORTS

santa cruz, california—Two young women face charges of kidnaping, robbery, pandering and 38 counts of rape for allegedly abducting two teenaged girls and working them as prostitutes. The prosecution evidently reasoned that the girls were forced to have sex against their will, but the force was exercised by the female defendants rather than by their male customers, none of whom was arrested.

LIP SERVICE

ANOKA, MINNESOTA—Two dozen or so police officers from suburbs of Minneapolis are under investigation for attending a stag party in the town of Anoka, where one of their colleagues allegedly submitted to the crime of oral sodomy, a "gross misdemeanor" under state law. The oral sex was allegedly performed by members of a callgirl service known as Sweet & Sassy, according to the business card they left. The case is similar to one reported in January's "Forum Newsfront," except that it involves more cops.

BRUSH THREE TIMES A DAY

LIMA, PERU—The Peruvian government's national coca company, Enaco, has announced it will market a tooth paste and a chewing gum containing extracts of the coca leaf, the source of the



drug cocaine. The director of the company told a convention of chemical engineers that studies showed that peasants in the Peruvian Andes who regularly chew coca leaves to combat fatigue and hunger had unusually good teeth.

BUSTING THE BROAD RIPPLE NINE

the almost comic saga of a seven-month-long cocaine investigation and a 23-year-old "rock groupie" informant who tried too hard to please

Like most drug-control agencies, the narcotics division of the Indiana State Police considers cocaine dangerous and believes that increasing public awareness of the problem is finally giving it the support needed to do something about it. So far, so good; the drug that for years was billed as a harmless plaything of the rich has proved to be as hard on some people as on the laboratory monkeys who decided they liked it better than food or sex. Unfortunately, the police

can also become victims of excess, and in Indiana, they perceived that public support granted them license to return to the Reefer Madness school of crime control, sacrificing basic principles of justice along with good police work and good judgment in an exercise of zeal that once again has given law enforcement a bad name. In Indianapolis, a sevenmonth, no-holds-barred investigation culminated in the arrests of several harmless individuals whose criminality fell dismally short of the Scarface model. One actually went to jail for the sale of a small amount of cocaine to an undercover officer. Eight others pleaded guilty to reduced charges or were exonerated, thanks to the kind of bad police work that saddles good police work with the legal safeguards that serious lawbreakers rely on to stay in business.

The target area of the great drug investigation was an Indianapolis neighborhood called Broad Ripple, an entertainment district featuring bou-

tiques, pubs, night clubs, rock bands, blues bars and a singles crowd of young professionals and college students given to drinking, dart playing and staying up late. It was the kind of crowd and kind of neighborhood that, by police reckoning, could hardly not be into drugs; and when an informant came up with a list of names that included business figures and a prominent local lawyer, there was joy down at headquarters. Nile Stanton was a high-profile criminal attorney who cultivated a reputation as flamboyant and controversial, and he had defended some pretty bad people as well as some good ones. It was he who had saved a young Gary man who was two weeks away from execution for a double murder in which he had not been involved ("Playboy Casebook," August 1980, May 1981).

Stanton's name had come up because he was known to nearly everyone in the community and had just published an article critical of certain police tactics in a small magazine that covered the Broad Ripple entertainment scene; its office was the police informant's first stop. She was looking for night-club work, the

trick. The second occurred at the informant's apartment, to which Stanton, expecting dinner, took wine. Both events were recorded by police, whose tapes indicated that Stanton did not get fed, did not get laid, did not take the girl's many hints about all the great "parties" that had been had on her glass-topped coffee table, where lay a book titled Cocaine. With Stanton failing every test, the girl wearied of the project and called in a police distraction-a "visitor"-

with the code words "My, it's

getting hot in here."

Two months later, the police moved in on the Broad Ripple "drug ring" and gave Stanton top billing on the basis of their informant's later claim that before he had left, the lawyer silently had slipped her cocaine that measured out at 38/1000th of a gram, which Stanton now guesses must have been the residue in a vial or an envelope she already had. In any case, the police made sure the press was on hand to photograph and film Stanton's arrest for the evening news, and the next day's front-page headline declared, "ATTORNEY STANTON, 8 OTHERS CHARGED WITH COCAINE DEALING." The reporting left no doubt that determined police and a courageous young informant had cracked a major drug ring, and Channel 13 was so pleased with its footage of a thoroughly upset lawyer in a tennis outfit being led from his house in handcuffs that it added the scene to a news-promotion spot.

But no sooner had the concerned citizens of Indianapolis breathed a sigh of relief than the tidy drug case began to unravel. It turned out that:

 The young informant had been pressed into service under threat of prosecution for check forging and may have been mixing business and pleasure with the chief investigating officer;

· The police could not determine that the evidence she said she obtained was not already in her possession at the time she was implicitly offering sex for drugs, which some defense attorneys thought sounded like sexual solicita-

The police had not checked her



informant said, and maybe for some drug connections, she hinted; she also mentioned that she needed a lawyer to help her with a child-custody problem and was predictably directed to Stanton. Bingo.

Stanton doesn't usually handle childcustody cases, and he referred his visitor to another lawyer. On the other hand, he had nothing against pretty 23-year-old cocktail waitresses, especially one named Gabrielle who indicated she would like to get together with him privately sometime to "relax." The first relaxation session occurred at Stanton's home and involved no more than a half-smoked marijuana cigarette, which didn't do the

background or credibility or many discrepancies in her reports and could not keep track of their informant's whereabouts during much of the investigation.

 The police had no prior cause to suspect Stanton of any illegal drug activities, no cause to send a "wired" informant to try to incriminate him and had searched his house with an unlawful warrant based on two-month-old information, as the state later acknowledged.

By this time, the infamous Broad Ripple Cocaine Ring had devolved into a costly farce featuring some very low-rent lawbreakers with no records and one irate lawyer, and the prosecutor, the police and the press were backpedaling hard. The newspapers now were calling the informant a "rock groupie," and prosecutor Stephen Goldsmith, a cleancut young official known locally as "Golden Boy," was finding it necessary to compliment "good defense work," mainly by Stanton's lawyers, Jeffrey Weiner and Tom Schornhorst, that had brought evidence of possible police misconduct to the attention of his office, which would investigate. He admitted that some of the defendants' countercharges just might be true but said he "didn't think Stanton was set up." He conceded that "the case against Stanton was based entirely on the word of an informant. . . . We don't know whether she took in cocaine or not." At one point, he remarked, "I want to resist criticizing aggressive police officers." And with little to show for the seven months of aggressiveness, the principal officer explained, "Because of leaks, we had to move fast, before we were able to completely climb up the ladder" to penetrate the "drug network" and arrest the top

State police sources confirmed that an internal investigation into the police work was under way. Nothing is expected to come of that, but Lieutenant Charles Williams, the officer in charge of the special-investigations division (narcotics), has been transferred to Connersville, Indiana, the duty equivalent of Alaska, and detective Dan Dill, whose informant spent much time out of police "control," has left the state police to train as an agent for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. The informant has left Indiana for California.

Evidently embarrassed by the whole affair, prosecutor Goldsmith would still like to see attorney Stanton pay for his sins and has forwarded his name to the Indiana Supreme Court Disciplinary Commission, which has been investigating drug use by lawyers.

This hardly pleases Stanton, who says he expects to file a major lawsuit against everyone involved in the case and is currently trying to decide how many zeros to put in the demand for damages. high-crime housing project, because it would imply that that and other parts of the city were extremely dangerous. Local residents know where these places are and stay clear, but tourists don't, and the tourist commission doesn't improve their chances.

A police official suggested, off the record, that I sue the city for its lack of responsibility to both its residents and visiting out-of-towners, which might at least cause the city to start listening to its police department's advice. I was even given the name of an attorney.

During my recovery period and after talking with other unwitting visitors who had traded in their tourist dollars for scar tissue, I took the suggestion I was offered and filed suit against the New Orleans tourist bureau. Tourists must rely on the city's integrity to warn them against activities that are manifestly dangerous, not recommend those very activities for the sake of tourist income.

I believe that everyone who becomes a crime victim as a result of following city advice should sue if serious harm befalls him and is part of an identifiable pattern. Perhaps if tourist suits were to offset tourist profits, "much-maligned" New Orleans might reconsider its priorities.

Paul J. Luise Limington, Maine

CHANGING HISTORY

Concerning William J. Helmer's observations on PLAYBOY's role in the many social reforms over the past 30 years ("A Little Marching Music, Please," The Playboy Forum, January), there is no denying that we have made tremendous strides in the past three decades and cannot afford to turn our backs on the zealots currently in Washington. It is noted, and widely agreed, that PLAYBOY has played a significant role in "combating this country's repeated flirtations with authoritarianism," and it has always been refreshing to find a magazine that holds a philosophy based on reason and individual freedom.

Helmer fluently outlines the changes in priorities of social reforms that PLAYBOY has supported throughout its history, and I would like to assert that it is now time for the magazine to shift its focus to the greater threat to individual freedom posed by our immensely ballooning Government. With a Federal budget approaching one trillion dollars, it seems an appropriate time for PLAYBOY to begin questioning the value of the countless aid programs and subsidies that are draining the life out of our economy and society.

If any American has any doubt where the present socialist policies are leading us, he should grab the next supersaver flight to see the remains of Britain after years of such policies. What was once the greatest empire in the world has been reduced to a museum of apathetic cynics who prefer the dole line to the employment office while the ambitious continue to bail out of the all-pervading poverty.

Isn't this growing Government monster deserving of more attention than archaic sex laws?

> R. E. King London, England

Perhaps, but we're about the only major publication that pays regular attention to bad sex laws, works at changing them and can claim some success. "The Playboy Forum" doesn't have enough space to change the course of political systems; that's the job of our Articles Department.

THE HAIR FACTOR

Has anyone else noticed that men with horizontal hairlines tend to occupy the right wing of the political spectrum? Look at George Will's head of hair; there's not even the hint of a widow's peak. In his younger days, Ronald Reagan had the same tonsorial anomaly and pretty nearly does now. So do Billy Graham and Alan Greenspan, not to mention Rudy Vallee. I'm not claiming that this is universally true, that a deep widow's peak is always the mark of a liberal or that radicals tend to be bald. Eisenhower wasn't exactly a Commie, and take a look at Fidel Castro. No, it's the phenomenon of the horizontal hairline that I think tells us something. I've yet to meet such a person who did not seem to believe, whether he admitted it or not, that capital punishment might be proper punishment for certain traffic offenders or who would turn down a free subscription to Central American Death Squad Chambers of Commerce.

Hoot Gruben Dallas, Texas

We're going to give that one some thought, using Robert McNamara as a research standard.

GROAN

A friend of mine is a liquor salesman for a wholesale-spirits company in this area. One of the items he sells is a pear-flavored cordial with a pear in the bottle. I asked him how they do that. He explained that when the fruit is just budding on the tree, it is inserted into the bottle and the bottle is fastened to the branch. The pear grows inside the bottle. He even showed me photos to prove it.

Now I understand how they get ships into bottles. They just put in a little semen.

I thought perhaps you could use this information.

Charles Schrier Bladensburg, Maryland

That is probably the worst joke ever to test our resolve to defend the principle of free speech.

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



AIDS: A BREAKTHROUGH

the first clinical evidence that suggests how aids strikes also implies how to avoid it

MANY HAVE speculated on whether or not certain conditions predispose an individual to acquired immune-deficiency syndrome (AIDS). Genetic factors, drug use and certain viruses have all been suspected of breaking down the immune system and exposing the body to whatever infective agent (if any) causes AIDS. Certainly, medical authorities aren't the only ones who have guessed that anal sex may have something to do with AIDS among homosexuals. Until the present, nobody has shown us proof.

Now a recent study in Texas suggests that anal intercourse may be the first link in a chain of events that results in immune dysregulation and, possibly, AIDS. Reporting in the Journal of the American Medical Association, researchers have concluded that repeated exposure to sperm during anal intercourse results in the production of sperm antibodies that appear to contribute to a breakdown of the immune system, leaving the body defenseless against the asyet-unidentified AIDS infective agent, thought to be carried in a body fluid such as semen, blood or saliva. The study focuses on those who participate in anal sex and doesn't seem to have a bearing on the predisposition to AIDS among Haitians and hemophiliacs. In the official language of the JAMA report, "The results of this study strongly support the hypothesis that allogeneic sperm [sperm that isn't your own is an etiologic [relates to the cause factor in the pathogenesis [growth of the disease] of acquired immune dysregulation among homosexual males."

But the new study leads us to believe that women who engage in anal sex can become as vulnerable to AIDS as homosexual men who do.

The Texas researchers studied 30 monogamously paired homosexuals and one heterosexual couple, all of whom regularly practiced anal intercourse. (None of the study participants had AIDS and all were in long-term relationships.) Blood tests indicated that 19 of the 26 male anal sperm recipients had produced

sperm antibodies. This proved to be of special interest to the lone heterosexual couple who had come into the study seeking an explanation for their failure to conceive. Sperm antibodies seemed to be the culprits. Other blood tests showed that eight of the homosexuals and the heterosexual female showed signs of immune-system dysregulation, which, roughly translated, means some sort of snafu in the immune system. And other research has shown that this seems to be the step before catching AIDS.

Giora M. Mavligit, the M.D. who

" 'Everything is self-explanatory.

Anyone with half a grain
of sense in his mind
can come to the right
conclusion.' "

headed the study, had previously observed a similarity between kidney-transplant complications and AIDS. Some kidney-transplant patients, like AIDS victims, are susceptible to opportunistic (unusual) infections and the development of certain cancers, such as Kaposi's sarcoma, suggesting a breakdown in the immune system. Dr. Mavligit and others reasoned that sperm entering the blood stream may produce the same effect. He decided to test his theory with the study.

Obviously, the key to that hypothesis is the introduction of sperm into the blood stream. The most commonly used sexual apertures—the vagina and the mouth—naturally protect the blood stream from invasion by sperm. Each has several layers of skin that guard against cellular penetration, even in cases of abrasion. It would take a considerably deep cut to allow sperm to enter the blood via the mouth or the vagina. Unfortunately, the lining of the anus

offers no such protection, and sperm can easily be absorbed into the blood stream there.

Mavligit explains that although no one knows why, when the body is repeatedly stimulated to produce antibodies, the immune system actually becomes fatigued—goes on strike.

So what does that mean in terms of sexual behavior? "Everything is self-explanatory," according to Mavligit. "Anyone with half a grain of sense in his mind can come to the right conclusion."

We're not so sure. Does this mean that anal sex should be avoided? Does it mean that anal-sex enthusiasts should stick with one partner to avoid being infected by the unknown AIDS agent? We do think it is safe to conclude that theoretically, at least, women are as susceptible to becoming predisposed to AIDS as are homosexual men.

If that is the case, then how come AIDS is an epidemic among homosexual men and not among heterosexual women? We can only guess. There is reason to believe that American heterosexual women participate in anal sex in fairly impressive numbers. Well, then, where's their protection? Maybe they actually do it differently, given the varied alternatives presented by the female anatomy. Is it possible that women's partners commonly ejaculate in the vagina or the mouth rather than the anus? Or are women choosier about their anal-sex partners than are homosexual men? Our own informal poll among friends indicates that this sexual sport may require a little more personal intimacy and trust than others and therefore may be practiced less often in promiscuous heterosexual liaisons than in more stable ones. A monogamous couple that has anal sex is unlikely to get AIDS, because the infective agent won't be introduced.

Until we know more about this, it is wise to follow the *Playboy Advisor*'s dictum: Use a condom during anal sex. Meanwhile, you may want to find another place to ejaculate. Capistrano is lovely in the spring.

—KATE NOLAN

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CALVINKLEIN

a candid conversation with the famed designer about jeans, art, money and the very fast lane—and what it's like to have your name on so many rumps

Calvin Klein sips vodka in the expansive living room of his Central Park West apartment, nervous, as usual, over the ritual of yet another fashion show-the introduction of his 1984 spring-and-summer collection. After days of fittings, choosing music, adjusting lights and warning the slightly androgynous-looking models not to wear any jewelry or too much make-up, Klein holds court on the phone, stretched out on a mammoth L-shaped couch.

"The phone's going crazy," he com-plains happily in his relaxed baritone voice, putting his secretary on hold to talk with Barry Diller, Paramount Pictures president and close friend, about his new women's-underwear line. Later, he stares proudly at the huge black-and-white blowup of the ad-campaign photograph, taken by Bruce Weber and propped up on his window sill. The sinewy model's back is arched, her breasts entirely exposed. Klein wonders how many magazines and busstop shelters will run the picture with the nipples showing, how much controversy and sales he's bound to generate this time around. (A tamer shot was chosen for most of the ads.)

By 11 A.M., the fashion heavies are lined up alongside the Calvin Klein runway on

New York's West 39th Street: John Fairchild (Women's Wear Daily honcho and "the most powerful man in fashion," Klein says) sits in a choice front-row seat, flanked by moguls from Bloomingdale's, Macy's, Saks Fifth Avenue, buyers from Beverly Hills, Chicago, Houston, plus the grandes dames-including Vogue's Grace Mirabella and Cosmopolitan's Helen Gurley Brown (who sways her shoulders to the sweetly romantic music chosen as accompaniment to the clothing parade). Also in attendance is Klein's personal support group: his mother, father and sister; his daughter, Marci; and friend Bianca

With serious expressions, the experts check off dresses on their programs, the final tabulations translating into milliondollar profits for retailers in the world of fashion-the fourth-largest industry in the United States. With the song "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?" as the finale, Klein himself comes down the runway, moving to the edge of the platform, and beams as dozens of photographers flash away.

The next day, he leaves town for a repeat performance in Japan, then on to a vacation in Bali.

And so it goes. Although worn out at times, the 41-year-old designer is sitting on top of the world, whether phoning a friend from his private jet, lunching with Jacqueline Onassis, sharing an afternoon in New Mexico with Georgia O'Keeffe or being chauffeured down Broadway, surrounded by his notorious billboards. Not to

mention his profits.

Last November, Calvin Klein Limited swallowed up Puritan Fashions (a company with annual sales of \$246,000,000, 95 percent of its profits earned from Calvin Klein jeans and related sportswear)—for a cool \$61,000,000. Barry Schwartz, Klein's longtime partner and closest friend, is the quiet force behind the flamboyant star. Schwartz has masterminded such business coups as the Puritan take-over with a virtuosity that leaves competitors gasping. "We do \$500,000,000 a year retail in blue jeans just in the United States," declares Schwartz in his laconic way, declining even to guess profits from jeans sales abroad. It is, however, academic, considering that world-wide sales of all products bearing the Calvin Klein imprint now approach the billion-dollar mark, far ahead of those of his rivals. Indeed, the American dream has fallen into Klein's lap, thanks



"What do I say to Gloria Steinem and the Women Against Pornography? Fuck off! They're threatened by everything. It's like they have nothing else to do but complain about some goddamn commercials."



"American men are more aware of fashion; they're not afraid of it and they like clothes better and are willing to spend more time choosing them. They're more concerned with their bodies, how they look.'



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERB RITTS

"Sure, I've fooled around a lot. For a time, I stopped at nothing. I would do anything. I stayed up all night, carried on, lived out fantasies, anything. Anything I've wanted to do, I've done.

to talent and timing, luck, unending hard work and intense ambition.

Born November 19, 1942, Calvin Klein was, in his early years, largely influenced by his mother and grandmother, who were both obsessed with clothing and who instilled in the boy a love of art and fashion. In the Sixties, after graduating from New York's High School of Industrial Art and the Fashion Institute of Technology, Klein experienced the unhappiness of the apprentice: working for street-wise Seventh Avenue magnates who expected him to put aside his tailored coat and suit designs in favor of mass-appeal clothing.

By 1967, the struggling designer contemplated quitting fashion and teaming up with his friend Schwartz in the supermarket business. Dissuaded by his parents, however, Klein persevered with a \$10,000 loan from Schwartz, which enabled him to design his first collection of six coats and three dresses, subsequently sold to Bonwit Teller. Klein's business thereafter multiplied quickly, thanks to his unerring instinct for what Americans wanted in their clothing. With youthful silhouettes, a pristine use of color and fine fabrics, his relatively affordable sportswear first caught the imagination of American women who were fed up with outrageous and impractical Parisian couture. Then men were attracted to the relaxed, masculine look of his designs, which were in tune with the health-and-bodybuilding craze that swept America.

In the mid-Seventies, Klein expanded his licensing operations and by 1978 was catapulted into the national limelight after emblazoning his name onto millions of pairs of blue jeans. Spending an unprecedented \$5,000,000 the first year on advertising, he revolutionized television commercials with a series of stunning Brooke Shields cameos—a sensuous approach to marketing later emulated by all his competitors. The provocative ads angered feminists such as Gloria Steinem, who believed the commercials were pornographic and inspired violence against women. Klein worried little and laughed a lot-all the way to the bank.

Although the bread-and-butter profits of Calvin Klein Limited remain in jeans, T-shirts, underwear and other affordable apparel, Klein is nonetheless considered a serious craftsman and is a three-time winner of the Coty American Fashion Critics' Award, voted into the institution's Hall of Fame in 1975.

There have, however, been personal sacrifices. In 1964, Klein married Bronxborn Jayne Centre, who worked as a textile designer before giving up her career to raise the couple's daughter, Marci. He and Jayne divorced in 1974, and he embarked on a self-described "wild period." As the designer's power and notoriety grew, he maintained a high public profile, worrying little about the liabilities of his fame—until 1978, when his daughter was kidnaped. Although Marci was released unharmed,

both Klein and his daughter were left indelibly scarred.

We sent writer Glenn Plaskin to talk with Klein during a six-week period that included the designer's new fashion show and the take-over of Puritan. He reports:

"Although amiable during our first meeting, Klein was wary about the prospect of devoting a substantial block of his time for an interview that would go beyond the superficial. His answers to my questions were thoughtfully considered and he told me—either by facial expressions or in words—when he couldn't or wouldn't go any further. When I asked a question that he considered too personal, he would sometimes request that I turn off the tape recorder; we then discussed a different approach to the same question that allowed him the leeway to answer it comfortably.

"Strong-minded and determined to maintain equitable control, Klein was not an easy subject. At times, I would bring up a sensitive issue—such as the false rumors about his being a victim of AIDS and his temper flared. The episode would pass and, a few sessions later, he would

"I'm a little embarrassed walking around with my own label; I feel more comfortable wearing Levi's."

answer the same question from a different vantage point with little inhibition.

"Klein, however, never got completely off the defensive. It became quickly apparent that he had reasons for being suspicious of the press: He had been hurt, he said, by journalists eager to research every private detail of his life. Relentlessly scrutinized for 15 years, he nonetheless began to drop his public face during this 'Interview' and talk about what was most meaningful to him. The most personal and poignant moment came during his description of the kidnaping of his daughter, 'a long nightmare' that he had never discussed with the press. At the end of telling the story of that terrible day, he was in tears.

"A man of extremes—'I get either very excited about something or very depressed'—Klein is a compulsive worker and worrier, boyishly enthusiastic about his work and obviously determined to squeeze every ounce of pleasure from all facets of his life. I began by asking him what he thought about in bed."

PLAYBOY: You've been called the golden

boy of fashion, the most recognized and financially successful designer in America. You oversee an empire that totals nearly one billion dollars a year in world-wide sales. When you curl up in bed at night, do you think about your accomplishments?

KLEIN: We're starting off with sex? [Laughs] We're going in the right direction, because when I get into bed at night, I hope I don't get into it alone! The last thing I think about is a billion dollars or my accomplishments. The money is not that important to me, whether it's \$800,000,000,000, a billion or two billion.

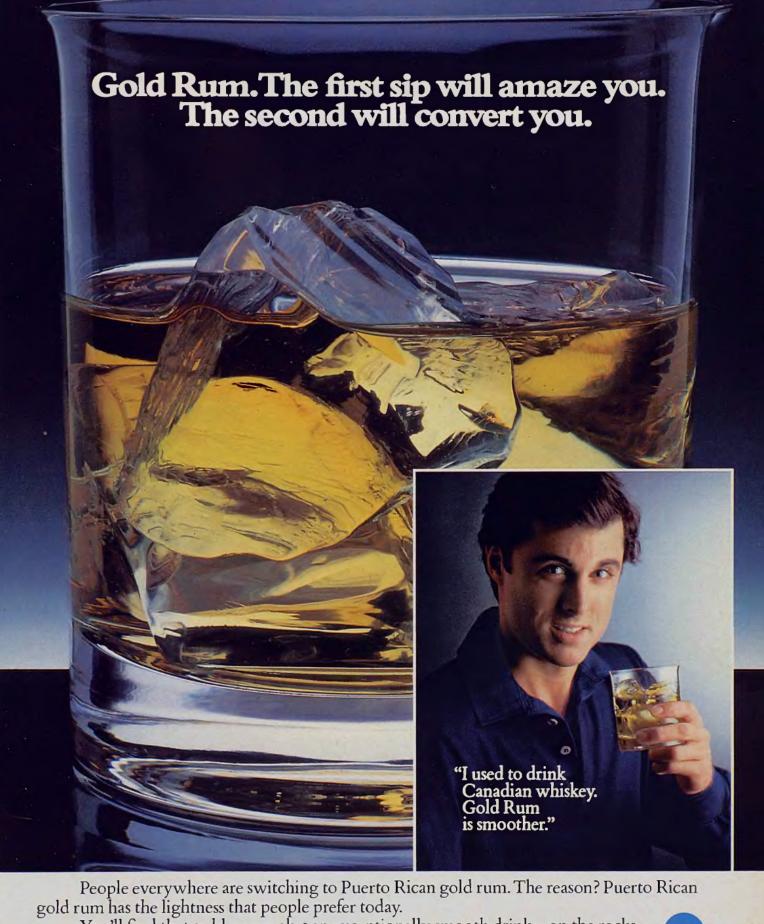
PLAYBOY: Your fame and success certainly take on a highly visible and public form. When you walk down the street, you're surrounded by people wearing your clothing, displaying your label on their jeans. It must be gratifying to see your name and your advertisements everywhere.

KLEIN: Sure, it's fun seeing my label on someone's behind-I like that. I drive down Broadway every day to my studio, and I purposely have the Calvin Klein billboards arranged in Times Square so that I can see them. I originally had one billboard that faced downtown, and it upset me terribly, because I would have to turn and look back through the rear window to see it. So I decided to take two billboards: one facing north-so that as I'm driving south, I can see it in front of me-and the second one facing south, which I turn around to see. But believe me, I don't think about my fame very much and I don't dwell on success. Maybe that's one reason I'm successful. It's always the new challenge that keeps me interested.

PLAYBOY: Your famous Brooke Shields commercials in 1978 made your name known everywhere almost overnight. But when you had Shields say "You know what comes between me and my Calvins? Nothing," some television stations got upset and banned the ads or put restrictions on them. Why did they run scared?

KLEIN: I have the New York Daily News to thank for the jeans controversy. ABC received perhaps 300 letters protesting two of our commercials with Brooke, and we were running about seven of them at the time. Then the Daily News ran a full front page of Brooke in one of the shots from the ads and in the upper right corner printed, "DOW JONES BREAKS 1000." Its story caused CBS and NBC to drop some of the commercials, too, and provoked Time, Newsweek, People and every other publication, radio and TV station to call me. I was crazed!

Actually, we were using Brooke as an actress; she was playing different roles: a liberated woman, a teenager, a vamp. The intention was to do something that was interesting and different. I worked very seriously with Dick Avedon on the graphics, and the commercials were beautifully photographed. I didn't think I was doing anything different from what Vogue did



You'll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks,

with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

If you're still drinking Canadian, bourbon or blended whiskey, it's because you

haven't tasted Puerto Rican gold rum. THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Come to where the flavor is. Marlboro Country.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 83



when it used Brooke as a model for expensive couture fashion. Vogue put \$3000 dresses on her, but it wasn't expecting to sell those dresses to 15-year-olds. It was using her as a model and I was using her as an actress.

PLAYBOY: Some people didn't think so.

KLEIN: They thought we were taking advantage of a 15-year-old, which was not the truth. People read things into my commercials that don't even exist. I love Brooke. She's a sweet girl, a very fine girl, and her mother and I talked all the time, because the press would knock Brooke and knock the commercials and we were all going crazy! It's the American way. Exploiting her was never my intention.

PLAYBOY: It may not have been your intention, but wasn't sex the cutting edge of those commercials? Weren't they meant to

be provocative?

KLEIN: Well, I like sex. What's bad about sex? I'm more offended when someone's killed on television than when there's something that's sensuous or sexual or amusing, or when there's a double-entendre. So what?

PLAYBOY: Then why the problems with

your jeans ads?

KLEIN: I can give you the censors' reason for that: The networks say you know what Dallas stands for and you don't have to allow your children to watch it, but you don't know when a commercial is going to appear, and the advertiser is therefore invading the home and subjecting young children to something they shouldn't be subjected to. But murder's OK.

PLAYBOY: And what do you think?

KLEIN: I think we created something visually interesting. We did slow shots that were very sensuous, but I don't think there's anything wrong with that, even though people in some parts of the country were offended.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't the controversy a bless-

ing in disguise?

KLEIN: You mean, did we sell more jeans? Yes, of course! It was great. And it has continued to be great. This year, we'll spend \$16,000,000 on advertising alone! I've met people who didn't even know there was a Calvin Klein; they thought it was just the name of a product. I've spent time in New Mexico; the only product that appears there is the jeans. People there don't know I design clothes. Jeans are my calling card.

PLAYBOY: Although you stopped using Shields, your subsequent commercials, though less overtly sexual, have still

caused controversy. Why?

KLEIN: I truly believe that there is a different set of standards applied to my commercials than to other advertisers'. The censors are afraid of anything that has to do with Calvin Klein.

PLAYBOY: What's a recent example of that?

KLEIN: I had a commercial that we shot with a boy named Robert, and the net-

works were very upset. We filmed it on the roof of a building in SoHo and, unlike the ads with Brooke, this was a hot commercial without a sense of humor. All the networks said, "No!" The camera was moving up his leg, up the body, and the guy was touching himself. It was pretty good, but it wasn't fun. People might have looked at it and said, "There's nothing amusing about it." The networks wouldn't let me run it, so I personally went to see the censors and pleaded my case. All three networks relented, but the Brooke controversy had made me so crazy that in the end, I decided not to run it.

There is another commercial called "The Living Sculpture" that I did decide to run. The guy had an incredible body and he was shot from the boots up, the camera pausing up his naked back; then the model turned around and said, "A body is only a good-looking place to keep your brain warm." We dubbed the voice, because he couldn't speak. The commercials capture your attention, that's all.

PLAYBOY: Why is the dialog of the commercials so loosely related to the product

you're selling?

KLEIN: I don't hard sell anything. There is no way to advertise jeans today by trying to push the jeans and make them interesting; it's been done. The only way to advertise is by not focusing on the product. Some people feel that what we're doing makes no sense, that it's just a waste of money. But it's working. My attitude is "If you want to sell jeans, don't talk about them."

PLAYBOY: Do you believe your commercials have value beyond getting attention?

KLEIN: What I'm going to say may seem pretentious, but 20 or 30 years from now, I believe someone may look at all the commercials I've done and view them as a vignette of the times, a reflection of what people were thinking, the moods of today. A young girl talking about a date or who she should sit next to at the movies; Brooke talking about her jeans. . . .

PLAYBOY: Some people don't think your commercials are vignettes; they think they're pornographic. Women Against Pornography has opposed them, and Gloria Steinem called your ads worse than violent pornography in that they numb men and prepare them for violence against

women. How do you react?

KLEIN: In Britain, they think this kind of controversy is a joke. I recently worked with an editor at British Vogue on ads for my new line of women's underwear and she said, "I can't believe you people. You're just too puritanical!" And I have some truly extraordinary photographs of the underwear, taken by Bruce Weber, that will make Gloria Steinem just fall on her face! She'll hate them, because she and her whole movement will consider them insulting. I think they're artistic. They have nothing to do with fashion; they have to do with the body, with sensuality.

PLAYBOY: If you believe your ads are mis-

interpreted as antifemale, what are your attitudes toward women?

KLEIN: I love women. I'm trying to do beautiful things with them. I'm not trying to insult them. My life is not about that. I'm not selling sex. I'm selling underwear and jeans, and I'm not trying to do it with pornography. What we're doing is fun—if you have any sense of humor at all!

PLAYBOY: When did you first hear from Women Against Pornography?

KLEIN: That group started up with me well before Brooke Shields—when I did a jeans ad with Patti Hansen, who's Keith Richards' new wife. Patti's a really hot, incredible girl. I had a billboard with a fantastic shot of her kneeling on all fours. She has a great mane of hair and was throwing her head up in the air. Women Against Pornography said I put her in a submissive position. I think they're ridiculous, but they're entitled to feel however they choose.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Steinem is so upset? Do you think those ads threaten her and her movement?

KLEIN: They're threatened by everything. I think anyone who is secure about herself shouldn't be threatened by the ads I do.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to Steinem and those who feel you've abused women?

KLEIN: Fuck off! I really feel that I've been abused. You have no idea how much shit I've taken from these people. Oh! The letters, the threats, the accusations! It's like they have nothing else to do in their lives but complain about some goddamn commercials that really aren't all that important.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the jeans business itself. What percentage of the American market do you command?

KLEIN: Taking Bloomingdale's as an example, in the designer-jeans area, we do about 70 percent of the business. I would think there are a lot of stores in other parts of the country that sell even more.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think "Calvins"

beat out the competition?

KLEIN: I'm involved in the fit, coloration, choice of fabric, advertising—put it all together and it works. But if our jeans company couldn't find the right factories and good production managers, my input wouldn't mean a thing.

PLAYBOY: What aren't the other jeans designers doing right?

KLEIN: There is no other real designer name in the business.

PLAYBOY: A name to compete with yours? KLEIN: Right.

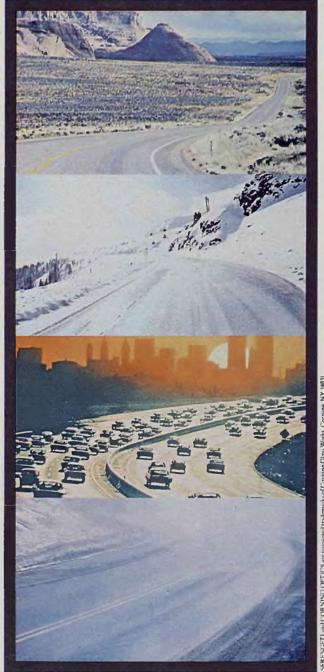
PLAYBOY: You mean-

KLEIN: Let's just leave it at that. That's enough of a statement.

PLAYBOY: The financial world credits your partner, Barry Schwartz, with much of the firm's success. You two have been friends for many years, haven't you?

Barry Schwartz. Today, if I had any problem, I would still go to Barry before

In this world, there are two ways to get where you're going. One is with the revolutionary copper-lensed SERENGETI® Driver Sunglasses, and the other isn't.



Isimulated demonstrations

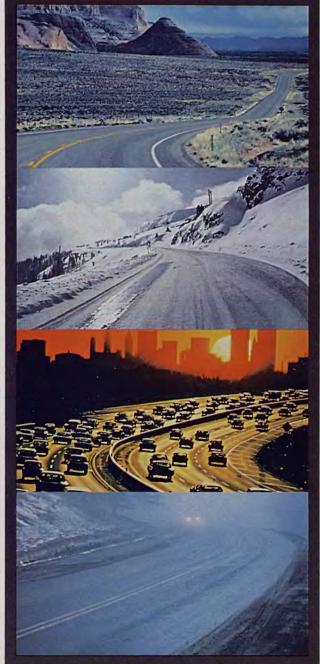
The SERENGETI Driver, from CORNING* Optics.

Featuring the first copper-colored light-sensitive high-contrast lens in the world.

Copper lenses that darken richly to slash glare and sharpen contrast.

Copper lenses that filter out selected light rays for laser-like visibility.

Copper lenses that adjust so sensitively to changing conditions, you see razor-honed contrast and minute detail even in fog and mist.



Corning Sunglass Products exceed all ANSI UV absorption standards

Even on snow and ice. Even on water. The SERENGETI Driver.

Its extraordinary copper lenses are optically ground and polished for distortion-free vision; its frames scrupulously engineered to specifications based on NASA studies for precision fit

and comfort. The revolutionary SERENGETI copperlensed Driver Sunglasses. They're expensive. But

I hey're expensive. But they get you where you're going.



Contact your optical wholesaler about the new Serengeti Driver program

anyone else. We've been friends for 36 years, from the age of five. Our families were close and we grew up with similar interests, though he was much more interested in sports than I was.

PLAYBOY: That's not the only way you two are different; how has the relationship survived all your contrasts?

KLEIN: If you really love someone and care about him, you can survive many difficulties, and there *have* been many difficulties in the relationship. Barry is under a great deal of pressure, and it's not easy for him to understand my lifestyle and my friends. And I try to understand how he lives.

PLAYBOY: What are the contrasts?

KLEIN: I'm no longer married and have a daughter who's 17 years old; he's happily married and has young children. I live in the city; he lives in the country. Unlike Barry, I stay up until all hours—though in the past year, I've been going to sleep relatively early, at one in the morning. I don't require much sleep and am at work before nine A.M. Barry lives a very straight, normal, family kind of life. He hates being in New York and wants to go home to his children, wants to be on the farm, looking at his horses. We have to understand and be tolerant of each other.

PLAYBOY: Which of you has more trouble being tolerant?

KLEIN: He probably has more difficulty putting up with me. I mean, I'm crazy and I don't pretend to be anything else.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you one of the few major designers in the world who have a full business partner?

KLEIN: It was a special friendship from the beginning, and it turned out to be the American dream. I wouldn't know what to do without him. Sometimes—when the pressure gets really crazy and we're not having much fun—I think, Jesus, what would I do if I had to run the company alone, both the business and artistic sides of it? I wouldn't even want to try. I don't know how others do it.

PLAYBOY: What are the dynamics of your working relationship?

Although he screams a lot, anyone who gets to know him realizes that he's a very soft, very kind person. He does, however, have the reputation of being very difficult. I, on the other hand, have the reputation of being more easygoing, the softer one, the one who can control himself. But inside, I'm like nails. I will kill.

PLAYBOY: How did the two of you get the blue-jeans deal?

KLEIN: In 1977, I was at Studio 54, dancing, at four A.M. I was going to Frankfurt the next day and had decided to stay up all night, then get on the plane and sleep. A guy from Puritan came up to me and asked if I would be interested in putting my name on jeans. "I could guarantee you at least \$1,000,000 a year," he told me. That was the heyday of Studio 54, and I'd

had a few drinks. But I straightened myself up real quickly, because when someone talks business, I listen. I had designed jeans for Bloomingdale's in 1976, but they were expensive and didn't sell well. His offer would give me an opportunity to reach many people who couldn't afford my expensive collection. And I thought it could be a fun thing to do. Also, if he was throwing out \$1,000,000 so quickly, why not think about it?

PLAYBOY: What did Schwartz do with the idea?

KLEIN: I called Barry from the airport the next morning and told him to expect a call from Puritan. When I returned, ten days later, I had forgotten about the whole jeans thing, but Barry said, "You know, I think we've got a live one here."

PLAYBOY: And Schwartz subsequently negotiated with Puritan an incredible one-dollar royalty per pair of jeans?

KLEIN: Yes, with a provision for a costof-living increase. Unfortunately, the cost of living hasn't gone up that much, because Reagan has done such a good job with inflation.

PLAYBOY: But when you're shipping 500,000 pairs of jeans a week, the profits aren't bad, are they?

KLEIN: No, they were never bad.

PLAYBOY: Last November, you purchased Puritan Fashions for \$61,000,000, "a shrewd and opportunistic move," according to one fashion trade publication.





Considering the fact that Puritan had successfully licensed your jeans and related men's sportswear since 1977—to the tune of \$246,000,000 per year—why was it necessary to buy the company?

KLEIN: Profits were sliding—in just one quarter, revenues fell 61 percent—and the people managing Puritan disagreed with me on how the company should be run, while I was providing it with 95 percent of its profits! People who run a ready-to-wear company are businessmen rather than production or design people. Carl Rosen, who was the president of Puritan until his death last August, and his son Andrew were both salesmen.

PLAYBOY: So you and Schwartz felt you had a right to tell Puritan how to run its licensing operation?

KLEIN: Very definitely, and it wasn't happening. We disagreed about everything: product, advertising, promotion and distribution. I was trying to sell the name Calvin Klein and what it stood for, but that was not the philosophy of the jeans company. The Rosens actually believed the tremendous success they had was something they had created! Bullshit. I never minded that arrogance as long as I felt the company was being run well; but suddenly, after Carl's death, Andrew was appointed head of the company at his father's request. I took a long, hard look at Puritan and decided to buy it. I had very little choice.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, neither did Puritan. According to Women's Wear Daily, Schwartz indicated that should Puritan not accept your offer, he would pursue "alternative" means to take over the company—a hostile tender offer to shareholders that Puritan executives would be virtually powerless to prevent. Puritan had "a noose around their neck," wrote one newspaper, "and Calvin Klein was standing there ready to kick the box out from under them."

KLEIN: [Laughs] Quite frankly, the company had very little choice; but we offered it, unquestionably, a fair price.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't this mean that, instead of receiving a one-dollar royalty on every pair of jeans sold, you will now be getting everything?

KLEIN: That's true, but I also took the risk of putting my money on the line for the company. Still, I wouldn't have bought Puritan if I hadn't thought I could make a lot of money owning it. It's a very wise move on our part, and I think the company could earn as much as \$400,000,000 a year with the right management.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of the wrong management, some press accounts reported that you questioned the competence of Andrew Rosen.

KLEIN: Andrew is a nice young man, but Puritan is a \$250,000,000 company and Barry and I had quite a large stake in it. We believed we could manage the compa-

ny a hell of a lot better than Andrew. I have no personal animosity toward anyone in the Rosen family, but no 27-year-old has the experience to run a company that does a quarter of a billion dollars a year in sales.

PLAYBOY: Considering the fact that Puritan was founded by the Rosen family in 1907, don't you think that if Carl were alive, he would resent your moving against his son?

KLEIN: If Carl thought I would stand for his putting a young kid in to run the company, then he was a fool. By doing that, he forced me to buy the company. So, ultimately, I think the father is responsible, not Andrew. And quite frankly, I begged his father, when he became ill, to consider my position.

PLAYBOY: What did he say?

KLEIN: "Calvin, you're absolutely right." Then he did nothing! I suggested that Carl bring someone in who could teach Andrew and groom him for the position, but he didn't go for that. Up until the last few years, all the kid did was play golf every day; he didn't even complete his degree at the University of Miami.

PLAYBOY: Are you firing him or is he resigning?

KLEIN: At this point, neither. He won't be president and Barry and I will determine his position. Look, I've worked very hard on our jeans: The denim part represents perhaps 50 percent of the business, and

it's easy; you don't have to be a genius to do Western jeans. But I design more than 14 styles of jeans for men, women and children that come out four times a year. PLAYBOY: What does make Calvin Klein jeans worth \$36 to \$38 while Levi's are worth \$15 to \$24? Aren't we just paying for your name?

KLEIN: I have to tell you that we don't make more money on those \$38 jeans than Levi's makes on whatever it charges.

PLAYBOY: What accounts for the difference?

KLEIN: The difference is that Levi's can produce many more Western jeans than we can and make them at a better price.

PLAYBOY: But you don't deny that having your name on the jeans does mean something to the customer?

KLEIN: No, I don't deny that. Designer jeans are a relatively new phenomenon; people who ordinarily wouldn't have worn the Western jeans thought it was OK to wear them if they had a designer name on them, as opposed to Levi's, Lee or Wrangler—the traditional jeans manufacturers. My name is on the outside of the jeans and on the *inside* of almost everything else I make. It represents security, a certain sense of taste and experience.

PLAYBOY: Do you wear Calvin Klein clothes?

KLEIN: I'm a little embarrassed walking around with my own label; I feel more comfortable wearing Levi's. My wardrobe consists of antique clothes, many of my designs, plus shoes and shirts from Brooks Brothers and Paul Stuart. I have stacks of Calvin Klein shirts and sweaters that I've never opened—that I'll never wear! My favorite outfit at the moment is Calvin Klein white-linen pants, a cotton shirt, a blue Paul Stuart sports jacket with a handkerchief and a pair of Brooks Brothers shoes. It's become almost a uniform for me: I can go anywhere in it and feel comfortable and free.

PLAYBOY: Why have American designers become so fashionable after being poor cousins to the Europeans for so long?

KLEIN: I'm not sure we would have even done this Interview ten or 15 years ago. American designers weren't considered very important then. When I got out of school in the middle Sixties, we were considered inferior—copyists of the Europeans, lucky if we got a front-row seat at a French couture collection. I couldn't relate to what I saw in Paris, because the clothing had nothing to do with an American lifestyle; it tended to be formal, luxurious and a bit pretentious. American designers' clothes have a sense of reality, practicality and sensuousness.

PLAYBOY: Such as your new men's underwear for women? Those underpants we see advertised everywhere may be practical, but do you really think they're sensuous?

KLEIN: Well, they are very much like men's underwear—men's briefs are hot! I like

the idea of a woman's wearing something that's masculine—not nylon or silk. Women want underwear that's sensuous, and when they put mine on, they won't be able to wait to strip it off. Believe me, underwear is important to people; there are underwear freaks who just can't wait to show off what they're wearing. My underwear is very modern, athletic, sexual and comfortable. I've made the briefs, the bikini, the string, even the boxer shorts—with the fly! Every guy will go crazy when he sees it on a woman.

PLAYBOY: Why?

KLEIN: Because of the cut. We're advertising with the bikini style—which should sell the best—using a girl stretched out on the grass with her breasts exposed. At least for some print ads. I could have used the jockstrap style, but I'm being very subtle in my advertising.

PLAYBOY: What has the reaction been? KLEIN: It's unbelievable. We projected \$18,000,000 to \$20,000,000 the first year, but we now expect to do \$48,000,000. This could be just the beginning, like what happened when we went into the designer-jeans business. The underwear is quality material, it's priced very well and everyone can afford it.

PLAYBOY: Although most men in America wear Hanes, Jockey shorts or B.V.D.s, your men's underwear—which you're also advertising very sexually—is selling nicely. What makes it worth the extra money?

KLEIN: Again, the quality. I promise that no man's cock will fall out of the side of the pouch, that my underwear won't stretch. I've washed mine so many times that the name has rubbed off, and I'm furious. But the underwear is still good.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to what is written about you. Your private life is reviewed in the press almost as much as your designs, isn't it?

KLEIN: Half of what I read in the press isn't true. So I have to assume that what's written about other people probably isn't true, either.

PLAYBOY: What about the recurring rumors regarding your health, about your having AIDS? Are any of those rumors—

KLEIN: I don't want to get into that at all!

[At Klein's insistence, the conversation goes off the record. The subject of his health is broached again at a later session.]

PLAYBOY: For the moment, let's stick with the press coverage of your partying. How much of that is true?

KLEIN: I couldn't have attended half the parties that I was supposed to have been to according to the newspapers. It bothers me when I read in a gossip column that I was at a restaurant in some city and wore such and such when it's just not the truth. It has given me an image as a party person, and I'm more serious than some people perceive. Also, if I allow journalists to describe a collection and they make mis-

takes, I'm upset, because the retractions are never noticed.

PLAYBOY: When have you gotten disgusted with a journalist?

KLEIN: Twice. On one occasion, the Chicago Daily News was just plain rude.

PLAYBOY: The reviewer didn't like the clothes?

KLEIN: She didn't talk about the clothes. She talked about me, which I think is terribly unfair. It was a nasty personal attack, and that's not what the press is invited to do when I show my work. I don't mind the clothes' being criticized, but I'm not on the runway!

PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose the reviewer was so prejudiced against you?

KLEIN: Because the bitch couldn't get a seat. We did this show at a new club called the Flamingo, and we didn't police it properly. People came to crash the show, there weren't enough ushers seating everyone and a couple of fights broke out.

PLAYBOY: Aren't the things you've mentioned relatively harmless offenses of the press, ones that go with the territory of being in the public eye?

KLEIN: No. What the press did when my daughter was kidnaped wasn't harmless.

PLAYBOY: What did the press do?

KLEIN: What happened was a crime, a matter of life and death. Someone tipped off the New York Daily News about what was happening the day of the kidnaping, and some goddamn photographer was following me around and could have been responsible for my daughter's death! That infuriated me. And I was angry when I later read things about the incident that were simply not true. Tabloids like the Daily News ran photographs of Marci and me on the front pages for four days in a row and printed interviews with me that I never gave them. I was shocked by quotes they had had no way of getting. Finally, The New York Times-which is aware of the fact that so much of what's in print isn't true-asked me if I wanted to set some of the record straight, which I did.

PLAYBOY: Since that time, you've never discussed the kidnaping or your feelings about what happened to your daughter. Do you want to set *all* the record straight?

KLEIN: It upsets me too much.

PLAYBOY: If you shared your feelings about what happened, it might be a help to those parents who have experienced the same trauma.

KLEIN: [Pause] The night before the kidnaping, Marci was staying at her mother's apartment, and I told her on the telephone that I had eaten too much for dinner, was feeling horrible and was going right to sleep. The next morning, she was on her school bus when a woman—who had worked for us as a mother's helper—told her that I was in the hospital. Marci believed her and got off the bus, because she knew and trusted the woman and remembered that I had been feeling sick the previous evening. It turned out that six



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INNOVATIONS IN COMFOR

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Available at: EDDIE BAUER • OVERLAND TRADING CO. • OPEN COUNTRY months earlier, this woman had planned the kidnaping with her brother and a friend.

That morning, Marci was driven to a tenement on East 97th Street and the woman pretended that they were both being kidnaped. From the very beginning, she played the part of the victim for her own protection.

At 8:15 that same morning, I received a telephone call from a man with a Hispanic voice who told me that he was holding my daughter hostage and that he wanted \$100,000 ransom. I thought he was joking until Marci got on the phone: A parent knows when his child is in trouble, and she was on the verge of panic; I could tell she was just trembling.

Twenty minutes later, two agents from the FBI came to my apartment and told me that my daughter's safety was in my hands, that if I led the kidnapers to believe that I had informed agents or that there were people following me, if I cracked under pressure, there was a good chance Marci wouldn't live through the day.

When I got to work, I received another phone call telling me to drive to 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue; from there, to run up Fifth Avenue and then across to the Pan American Building and leave the bag with the \$100,000 at the top of the escalator. By that time, I was such a mess and in such a state of shock that I left the money in the wrong place! It was outrageous and ironic: There were two entrances to the building, and I was confused and went crazy not knowing where to leave the money.

PLAYBOY: Up to that point, how were you getting through the day?

KLEIN: Exactly how you get through everything in life: You just know that you have to do something and you have to be strong. I've been strong and determined all my life about many things I've wanted. I'm not afraid. But with Marci's life in danger, I was crying and shaking and in shock. I had a wish that I had been taken hostage. I was so afraid of not knowing what was happening to Marci, not being able to talk with her.

After I dropped off the money, I was instructed to return to a phone booth at 42nd and Lexington and wait. It was now late in the day and the phone rang and the kidnaper said Marci was in an apartment building on 97th Street. He gave me the address and apartment number. I wanted to be totally in control and decided it was too dangerous for the FBI to follow me to the building. I didn't realize that the agents were following me anyway, that they were already stationed on 97th Street, waiting.

By that time, I was crazed and ran across the street to Grand Central to get a taxi. I imagined that everyone I saw in the street was either the kidnaper or the FBI. I couldn't tell the difference and started imagining everything. I was afraid that I would get into an FBI car, so I waited

until a taxi pulled away from the curb and then I opened the door. The driver was Spanish, and I wasn't sure I could trust him! My imagination was really running wild.

When we got to 97th and Park Avenue, I gave the driver \$20 and handed him a transmitter that the FBI had given me to talk into if I was in trouble. I also wrote down my business partner's phone number and told the driver that if I wasn't back in ten minutes, he could use the transmitter or the phone number to call for help. And I swear he said, "Have faith in God."

When I got to the building, it turned out that the kidnaper had given me the wrong apartment number. I started screaming and knocking on every door on the ground floor. There wasn't any answer. I went up to the next floor and the next-running up stairs, banging on doors and screaming for Marci. And finally, I heard her crying. I opened the door and she was standing there with the woman who had kidnaped her, holding a rope she had been tied up with. At that moment, I thought the woman was another hostage, and Marci also was confused. She and I didn't spend any time embracing in the apartment; I just grabbed her and said, "Let's get out of here!"

She had the presence of mind to pick up her schoolbooks and tell me to take the rope for evidence. There's no question that she was more in control than I, because she knew she hadn't been beaten, that she wasn't physically harmed in any way. I didn't, and it's the not knowing that's so frightening—the idea of her being at the mercy of strangers. None of us ever believed they intended to hurt her, but that didn't lessen my panic.

As we ran out of the building, a man suddenly grabbed Marci and separated her from me. She screamed. At the same time, I was jumped and someone put a gun to my head. I thought it was the kidnaper and was sure I was going to be shot. I had been warned that I could be in danger and I thought, This is it; it's all over. I will never forget having that revolver at my temple. And Marci started to scream, "Daddy, Daddy!" There were hundreds of FBI agents surrounding the building, and they didn't know what I looked like and had mistaken me for the kidnaper! When Marci screamed "Daddy!" the agents realized that I was her father.

The woman and the two men who planned the kidnaping were eventually convicted, and now they're all in jail. But it took forever. During the first trial, one of the jurors was so affected by the story of the kidnaping that she almost had a nervous breakdown; she imagined that the FBI was following her, and she went completely off the wall. A mistrial was declared, and there was then a second trial. It was a long nightmare. Fortunately, we're all alive.

PLAYBOY: What have been the effects of the

kidnaping on your daughter—and on you and your former wife?

KLEIN: There was a delayed effect; Marci blocked a lot of it out of her mind. The shock of what could have happened to her didn't set in right away. In fact, we all tried to shut it out and didn't discuss it much. Although my wife and I had been divorced for four years, we had remained very close, and Jayne, Marci and I spent the three days immediately after the kidnaping in my apartment. We needed that time together. My daughter helped me a great deal in recovering.

PLAYBOY: She helped you recover?

KLEIN: Yes. She helped me understand that life goes on. We had a very touching phone conversation about two weeks after the kidnaping, and she said, "I just want you to think about not being frightened, about the fact that I'm OK, that we're all OK. I've got schoolwork to do, you've got to design clothes, so let's try to live as normal a life as possible."

PLAYBOY: What did it make you feel about the thousands of families who undergo similar experiences?

KLEIN: Nothing could be more painful; death couldn't be as bad as not knowing what's happened to your child. It's certainly the most horrible experience any parent can possibly have. Believe me, I've thought about this plenty. My heart goes out to those people. I don't know how they can ever sleep, how they can ever enjoy anything. At least if you know what finally happens to the child, you can hope to work it out; but not knowing is torture, and you'd need a battery of psychiatrists to help you with that one. It's not unlike the tragedy of prisoners of war and the waiting those parents face. I think about the parents who have years of not knowing and still choose to believe that their child is alive. I honestly can't imagine what life must be like experiencing that doubt; I don't know how life can go on. I got my daughter back! I'm talking about those people who don't know if their child is alive or dead.

PLAYBOY: Since you're in the public eye, what solace do you think you can offer to parents who don't know what has become of their children?

KLEIN: Oh, God, I don't know. Maybe that's where religion comes in. [Pause] I mean, when Marci was taken, I prayed. . . . [Cries] I can't talk about it anymore.

PLAYBOY: Have the effects lingered?

KLEIN: Everyone has tragedy in his life. It's just that mine has become public, and it is part of the price I've had to pay for being a public person. I won't allow myself to have tremendous fear. Yet, instead of things' getting easier after what happened with Marci, they've gotten worse, in the sense that more people threaten me. Anyone who gets a lot of press realizes that he's vulnerable, yet you don't think about kidnaping in this country, even though it exists. We never thought about it. I guess



I don't have a proper perspective on my fame; if I did, I don't think I'd like it.

I didn't understand how vulnerable I really was. When John Lennon was killed, friends of mine who are well known, with children, were frightened and began to realize how vulnerable they were. Barbra Streisand and I once were talking about exactly that fact. Suddenly, it hit everyone. And you don't only worry about the people who hate or resent you; in a strange way, you're more worried about the people who love you.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to the people with whom you broke into the fashion business. After you were graduated from New York's Fashion Institute of Technology in

1962, what was your first job?

KLEIN: I earned \$55 a week working for a company that made dresses out of a fabric it called "whipped cream." It sold the dresses wholesale for \$6.95 and in the stores for about \$14. When I went into the shop to cut the first samples at eight A.M., my boss would be watching Captain Kangaroo on television. That was the mentality of some Seventh Avenue people. After three months of Captain Kangaroo and "whipped cream," I asked my boss for a \$100 raise. "You're crazy," he said. And I said, "You're probably right. I quit!"

PLAYBOY: Was the next job—working for coat manufacturer Dan Millstein hetter?

KLEIN: Well, I was earning \$125 a week, stayed a few years and was actually designing women's coats and suits, which was quite a step up for me. Dan had taste and understood clothes that were well tailored and well proportioned. But his bread and butter was flash-in-the-pan clothes, whereas I was designing understated, traditional clothes—such as 100 percent camel's-hair coats with special seaming and an interesting cut. However, Dan was a manufacturer, not a designer, and recognized the difference between us.

I learned a lot, because he threw me into the snake pit. That doesn't happen so easily. One generally assists for an extended period of time before getting the opportunity to execute a design from beginning to end. But I would take my sketches into the design rooms and have the pattern people start draping; I'd choose fabrics, colors, do fittings—everything.

PLAYBOY: In those years, did your relationship with Millstein deteriorate?

KLEIN: Very much so. He was an impossible man with a colossal temper. There were times when I'd show him sketches and he'd say, "I hate them. They're all terrible. You don't know what the hell you're doing!" He would literally scream at me and once tried to hit me. He actually raised his fist, and I stared him down. "You're an old man," I told him. "I can't believe you're crazy enough to get into a fight." I wasn't afraid of the bastard. And that was the caliber of many Seventh Avenue people; the fashion world can truly be

a jungle filled with manufacturers who come up from the bottom and are so tough, insecure, jealous and greedy that there is a kind of animal, killer instinct in them. It's a fiercely competitive business, and Millstein was a perfect example of that world. He was a monster!

PLAYBOY: What was the worst thing he ever did?

KLEIN: Right in front of me, I watched Dan give one of his patternmakers a heart attack! It was one of the most frightening things I've ever seen. Everyone else who worked for Dan was deathly afraid of him. One day, he started screaming at one of the patternmakers—a sweet man named Jack. Dan was violently abusive, and Jack's face started to turn red and he suddenly fell to the floor and started gasping for breath. Dan literally gave him that heart attack.

PLAYBOY: Did Jack die?

KLEIN: No, he lived. But Dan died not too long ago.

PLAYBOY: What finally provoked you to leave Millstein?

KLEIN: Millstein designed gaudy clothes: bright-yellow, orange and lilac suits with long-haired fox collars and cuffs that sometimes ran down the front of the three-quarter-length jacket and around the entire border of the suit. Real hooker clothes! I needed the job and had to design those suits, but fortunately, I never saw anyone wear one of them. Then, one day, I saw a woman walking down the street in the yellow suit with the yellow fox collar and cuffs, a yellow hat, a yellow handbag and yellow shoes—and I quit! I was sick to think that I had been part of making that outfit possible.

Also, I was getting married and needed more money. So I accepted a job for \$20,000 and began working for two companies-designing an inexpensive juniorand-misses' collection. I tried to make tailored, sophisticated clothes, but I was well ahead of my time. Young girls just weren't looking for understated coats. I was doing the right thing at the wrong time. To keep from going out of my mind, I decided to make some samples that I believed in. I worked on them in my spare time, and it took me three months to complete six coats and three dresses—a week's full-time work. My patternmaker lived on Long Island; I had someone else cut samples for me in Queens on his kitchen table; then I'd take them to an incredible Jewish samples tailor who lived in Coney Island and made the most beautiful samples on a sewing machine in his daughter's bedroom. Hardly a glamorous operation.

Because I had a contract with the company I worked for, making my own samples and meeting with buyers from Bloomingdale's, Macy's and Lord & Taylor was illegal. A few days before I'd planned to quit my job, my boss found out about my samples and threatened to sue me and confiscate my designs. I just broke

down and started crying. "This is the only way for me," I told him. "I know you're not going to take away my samples, that you won't sue me." He asked me to leave at that moment, and I never worked for anyone else again!

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you considered quitting fashion altogether and going into

the supermarket business?

KLEIN: Absolutely. Barry's father owned a supermarket in Harlem, and he was murdered there during the time Barry was in the Army. When Barry was discharged, he took over his father's business and, within six months, turned it into a successful operation. At that time, he knew how frustrated I was in my job and offered me a full partnership in his supermarket. He didn't want any money from me; he just wanted to help. Between being married and being frustrated at work, I decided to seriously consider his offer.

PLAYBOY: Did Schwartz have as little interest in the fashion business as you had

in supermarkets?

KLEIN: I probably had *more* interest in the supermarket business than he had in fashion. When I was a kid, I worked for my father and uncle at their supermarkets and was always curious. I'd walk into a store and say, "Why don't you put the meat on this side and the vegetables over there? Let's open up the third register real quick..."

PLAYBOY: What stopped you from becom-

ing a supermarket mogul?

KLEIN: For one of the few times in my life, I went to my parents for advice. I was convinced my father would say, "Go into the supermarket business with Barry." At dinner, he shocked me: "I think you would be making a tremendous mistake," he said. "I don't understand what you've been studying all these years, but whatever it is, I don't think you've given it enough of a chance. If you don't continue with what you're doing, I think you'll regret it for the rest of your life." I was surprised and very moved. He convinced me and was responsible for my making one of the most important decisions in my life-making the commitment to stick with fashion.

PLAYBOY: So instead of your becoming Schwartz's partner, he became yours.

KLEIN: Right. I told Barry I needed money to make my samples and he said, "No problem, I'll finance it, I'll give you the money." Ten thousand dollars was the original amount of money he lent me, but when I needed extra money, I would run over to his supermarket and he'd take money out of the cash register. Then I'd go to Coney Island to pay my samples tailor and take care of everyone else who was helping me.

PLAYBOY: At that point, was Schwartz simply lending you money as a friend or was he also your business partner?

KLEIN: He didn't want a partnership, but I straightened that out quickly. "I don't



want the money unless we're partners in this," I told him. I never expected Barry to be a working partner, but I told him, "Your money is as important as whatever talent I have. If you're willing to put up the money, then you certainly deserve half the business."

PLAYBOY: What if you'd known how big the business would become?

KLEIN: It wouldn't have made any difference. My attitude has never changed about our splitting everything. So by March 1968, we were partners in the fashion business and I moved into a tiny little showroom at the York Hotel on Seventh Avenue.

PLAYBOY: What was your first big break? KLEIN: Thirteen has always been a lucky number for me, and I worked in room 613-opposite the elevator. One Thursday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Donald O'Brien-a very elegant, attractive man who was vice-president and merchandise manager of Bonwit Teller-had an appointment on the floor above me. The elevator door opened accidentally, and he looked into my little room. He was attracted by the colors of the coats and dresses and got off the elevator, walked in and introduced himself. He liked the clothes immediately and told me to take my samples to Bonwit's on Saturday and show them to Mildred Custin. This was literally my big break! I was nervous about meeting Custin, because she was the major force in fashion at the time: She'd brought Pierre Cardin's clothes to the United States; she started the entire designer-boutique concept and was a true innovator in retailing. In short, the grande dame of the retail world!

So on Saturday, I wheeled my rack of samples up from Seventh Avenue and 36th Street to Bonwit's, at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you take a cab?

KLEIN: It was my insanity: I didn't want to pile the clothes into a taxi and crease anything, so I rolled the rack uptown myself. Getting the clothes to Bonwit's was a nightmare, because one of the wheels broke.

When I arrived in Custin's office, I held the samples up one at a time; she never smiled, just looked at them and listened as I gave her the prices of the clothes. Then she said, "Mr. Klein, I will pay you \$20 more for each of your coats and dresses than you're asking. You could never make them for the prices you're asking, and I want them delivered to Bonwit's exactly the way these samples are made."

Traditionally, the sample is always better than the stock you deliver to the store, and she wasn't taking any chances on having that happen. "And in return for paying you more than you asked," she said, "I want exclusivity." I surprised myself and said, "Miss Custin, that's impossible. Other stores are interested, and Bonwit's walked in by accident before anyone elsesaw the clothes. I'll give you anything you

want, but I won't give the clothes exclusively." She actually gave in! That was quite a coup, because any other young designer in his right mind would have said, "Sure, you can have exclusivity—and if you want my body, you can have that, too!"

PLAYBOY: What made your samples unique?

KLEIN: I don't think they were unique at all. What made them different was their youthful quality. The coat industry had been run by manufacturers who were in their 60s and 70s, whose products were very conservative. My clothes were understated, in very pretty colors and younger! I was 25 years old and thinking about the fact that young people needed coats, too. Believe me, there wasn't anyone doing anything young at that time.

So I left Bonwit's with my \$50,000 order and called Barry. He was watching a football game, and after I'd told him the entire story, he asked me, "Well, who's Bonwit Teller?" The name meant absolutely nothing to him.

PLAYBOY: When did Schwartz quit the supermarket business?

KLEIN: When Martin Luther King was assassinated. There were riots in Harlem and his supermarket was looted. He called me the next afternoon, when things quieted down, and said, "You have to come up here and see this mess; you won't believe it." It was a large supermarket and it looked as if locusts had run through it. Everything was thrown off the shelves, bottles smashed, everything destroyed and looted. Then Barry surprised me: "Let's take some food!" he said. "Let's run up and down the aisles and knock over whatever's left, smash everything. I've always wanted to knock over this fucking stuff, anyway. I've hated it for so long!" After all those years of groceries, we both had that same impulse to finish the place off. What a pleasure. We threw everything around and then put some bags of groceries into the car and left. Barry took the key to his store and threw it into the gutter and he never went back!

PLAYBOY: Did he want to work with you full time immediately?

KLEIN: Not exactly. He didn't know what he would do and never dreamed he would get as involved with my business as he eventually did.

After I got the order from Bonwit's, the next challenge was raising the money to start manufacturing the clothes. Barry and I went to a bank and it told him that if he put in another \$25,000—which made his investment \$35,000—it would match that amount. We started with \$70,000, which was enough to produce the clothes Bonwit's ordered. Despite the order, however, I was absolutely no one. I wanted to buy my fabric through J. P. Stevens but was rebuffed: "Mr. Klein, come to us at another time, when you're really producing more clothes, when you can afford to do business with us." So I said, "Thank you

very much" and bought my fabric from the little jobbers. Everything shipped to Bonwit's sold instantly, and word traveled fast. Everyone in the country was calling, and there was no way that I could supply everyone. I left people hungry. Six months later, people from Stevens were calling me, inviting me out to lunch.

PLAYBOY: What staff did you have?

KLEIN: Barry and I had a few people working for us, but I was doing everything, anyway: meeting with customers, selling and designing the clothes during the day, ironing and shipping them out at night. I was delivering diamonds to the stores. I pressed and steamed every collar myself. A coat would stand on a mannequin for four days with pins in it, and I would use steam to shape the clothes, mold them the way I wanted them. I did it entirely myself and loved doing it. Those were great days!

PLAYBOY: When did you meet your wife? KLEIN: Jayne Centre and I had gone to the same elementary school-P.S. 80 on Mosholu Parkway in the Bronx-and we both attended the High School of Industrial Art. Although I had seen her through the years, we never had a date. We were introduced by a mutual friend on an IND train headed toward the Bronx. We were both about 19, and she was a very beautiful girl: incredible big green eyes, luscious hair. She wore no make-up and was a very simple, straight, natural girl-and funny! She always had a great sense of humor, which made me insecure. We started dating and got married in 1964.

PLAYBOY: What did you do for money? KLEIN: By the time my business got off the ground in 1968, Jayne was a textile designer and had a very good job. She was earning more than \$20,000 a year and I was taking in about \$30,000, so money was never a problem with us.

PLAYBOY: But there were problems?

KLEIN: After Marci was born, in 1966, Jayne decided to stop working and to devote herself to her daughter-and made her decision at a time when many women were thinking more about their careers than about starting families. However, her choice to stay at home with Marci created difficulties in our marriage, because there was suddenly a separation between us. My work became my entire life and home was Jayne's entire life. When I started the business, I hardly went home for the first nine months after Marci was born. I became very driven about work and about my career, and she was just as driven about raising her daughter.

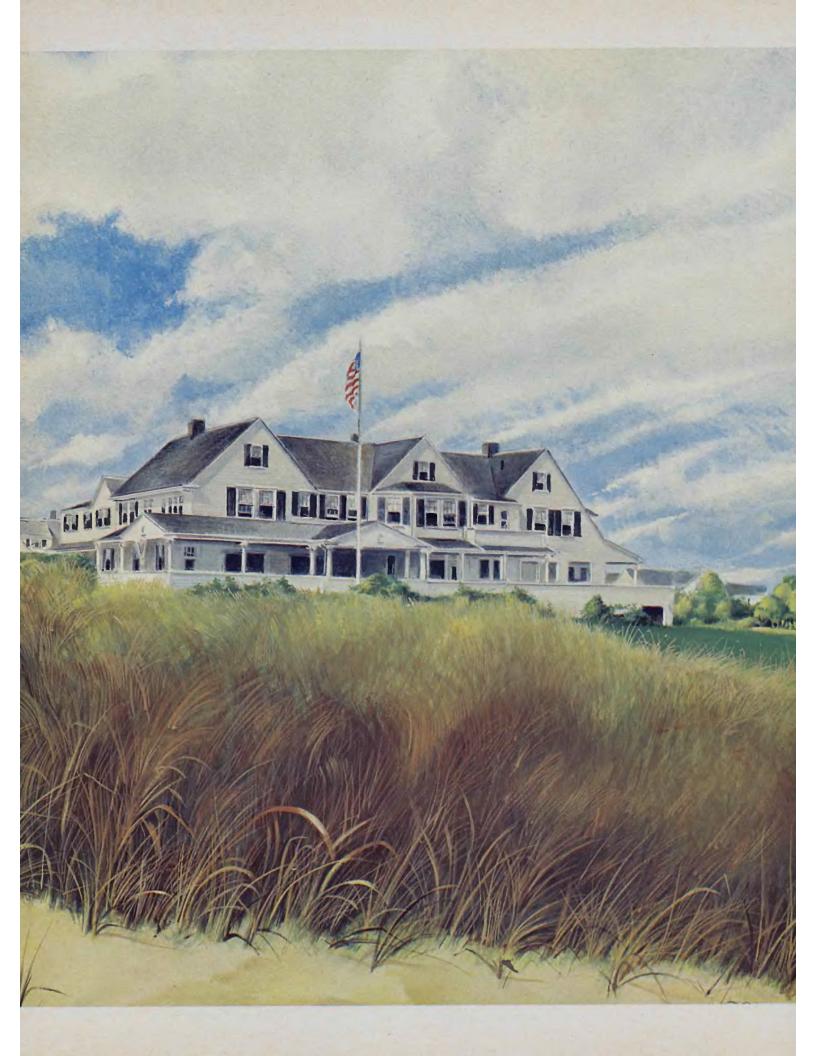
PLAYBOY: You've just referred to Marci as her daughter. Why?

KLEIN: Jayne did that and got me into the habit. She had this thing about being responsible for raising *her* daughter. Perhaps she said that to underscore the fact that during the first years of Marci's life, I never saw her more than once a week.

PLAYBOY: What does Marci want to do when she grows up?

(continued on page 140)







YOUNG KENNEDYS The Decline of an American Dynasty

for half a century, this willful public family mainlined ambition; the new generation reveals the scars

and DAVID HOROWITZ

HEN HE thought about it later on, Chris Lawford was struck by how much that Saturday afternoon resembled others he had spent at his uncle Bobby's house, Hickory Hill-a swirl of activity, laughter and argument erupting almost volcanically from groups of guests, children and dogs battling against the mainstream of adults in endless serpentining games. He and his cousins had been on their own all day, as they usually were at such functions, playing catch-as-catch-can, a game his uncle Bobby said he and his brothers and sisters had played when they were young. Then a pudgy 13-year-old who barely managed to hold his own in the nonstop family athletics, Chris had managed to keep from being caught for quite a long time, hiding first in the stable area near the 300-year-old stand of hickory trees for which the estate was named, then inside the tack room. After almost half an hour had passed without anyone's looking for him, he came out into the open and noticed that the guests were beginning to leave. He went back cautiously toward the house, trying to find Bobby, Jr., 14, and David, 12, the cousins who were also his best friends. Unable to locate them, he finally saw Ina, the family's Costa Rican maid, and asked where they were. She gave him a strange look, and when she answered, her voice was sharper than usual. "Don't you understand? They buried their father today. They are feeling sad and have gone on up to their beds."

At that moment, Chris understood how successful his aunt Ethel had been in maintaining her illusion since it had happened: that nothing had really

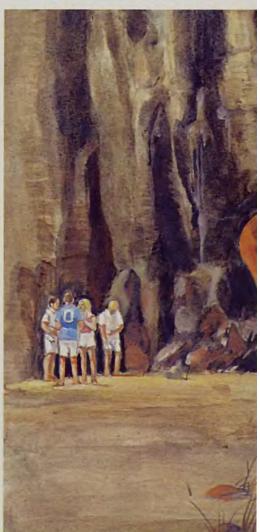
"The Compound where they gathered every summer was a training ground to recapture the greatness that had once belonged to the family. As Chris Lawford said, 'We were all, every one of us, raised to be President.'"



"Joe, accompanied by Ethel, had walked up and down the aisles of some of the passenger cars, wearing one of his father's pinstriped suits and shaking hands and saying, 'I'm Joe Kennedy, thank you for coming' with such composure that Ethel later remarked excitedly, 'He's got it! He's got it!'"

changed; that Bobby was in heaven, happy to be with Jack and awaiting an eventual reunion with them all. He sat down on the grass, physically sickened by the feelings of loss and abandonment he hadn't had time to feel on first hearing that his uncle had been shot. There on the lawn at Hickory Hill, he tried to piece together events of the past few days, understanding that he could never make a coherent story out of it, that it would always be a mosaic of rumors and impressions.

His cousin Bobby, Jr., had told him during the funeral about how he had gone to bed soon after the announcement that



his father had won the California primary and then had gotten up eagerly the next morning to read about the details of the victory in The Washington Post, only to see headlines about the shooting; he had sat by the living-room hearth for an hour, feeding the newspaper page by page into the fire. Joe, nearly 16 and the oldest male of his generation, had been at boarding school when Teddy called to say there had been a shooting but not to worry, because it wasn't as serious as it sounded. When Joe arrived in Los Angeles and saw his father inside the oxygen tent, the familiar face so black and distorted from the bullet that had smashed into the back of his head, he had known immediately that it was more serious than he had been told. And when death had finally come, the operating room at the Good Samaritan Hospital had become what Joe, trying to describe the scene to Chris and others who hadn't been there, called a "hellish environment," with doctors and nurses crying and screaming and the adults in the family so incapacitated that he had been the one who had to tell his younger brothers and sisters that their father hadn't made it.

After the body had been brought home, those Chris was closest to in the family—

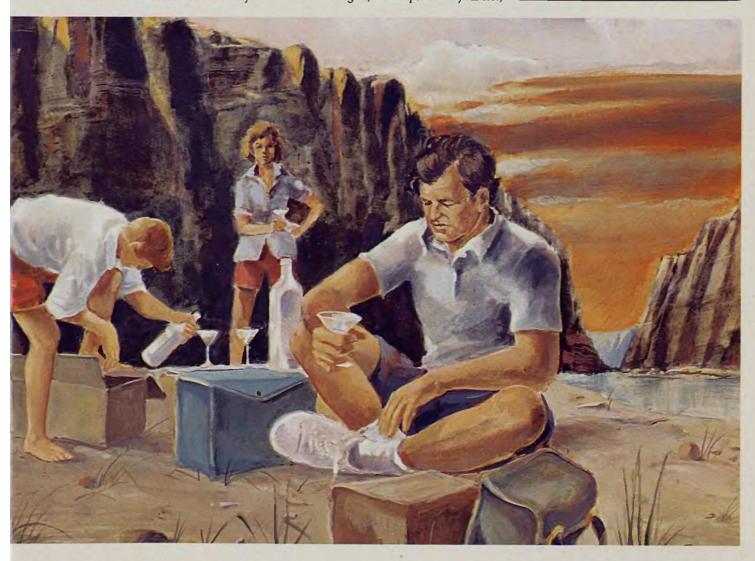
his uncle Bobby's oldest boys, Joe, Bobby, Jr., and David-had served in the memorial Mass at Saint Patrick's. Then the entire family had boarded the funeral train winding slowly down to Arlington. For much of the trip, David-who had been sitting alone in a Los Angeles hotel room, watching his father's victory statement on television one moment and watching him bleed on the floor the next-had kept his head out the window of the train, letting the wind batter his face. At one point, as they were entering a tunnel, Philip Kirby, David's close friend from Hyannis Port whom Ethel had asked along to keep him company, noticed that David didn't see the protruding arm of a steel girder and yanked him back into the compartment just in time to keep him from being decapitated. Both David and Chris had their heads out the window again when a train on a parallel track struck a group of mourners and killed two of them, cutting one in half. David had been mesmerized by the bloody scene, unable to tear himself away until a Secret Service man got him back into his seat.

The climax of the train ride, at least for Chris and the others of his generation, had come when Joe, accompanied by Ethel,

had walked up and down the aisles of some of the passenger cars, wearing one of his father's pinstriped suits and shaking hands and saying, "I'm Joe Kennedy, thank you for coming" with such composure that Ethel later remarked excitedly, "He's got it! He's got it!" The pronoun needed no antecedent; it meant the touch, the destiny, the political genes all the Kennedy children were already talking and wondering about.

As the last guests departed from Hickory Hill and shadows began to creep across the grass, Chris Lawford thought about all those events of the past few days, trying

"In R.F.K.'s time, there had been no such distinction between child and adult; although they had all been younger then, the children had joined in the conquest of the river as equals. Now it was different; the adults, in Chris's words, 'wanted to float along with their frozen daiquiris and not be bothered.'"



to make sense of them; feeling alone and, even worse, unprotected. When Uncle Bobby was alive, he thought, we knew who we were. But now he's gone. What will happen to us? What comes next?

Those questions were on the minds of many of the other Kennedy cousins as well. Together in one place, they looked like a remarkable experiment in eugenics—several strains of one particularly attractive species. There were the five darkly handsome children of Eunice and Sargent Shriver, with their father's sensitive eyes and their mother's aggressive jaw; Jean and Stephen Smith's three, especially their two sons, whose round-

"'We hit a ditch with our tires on the right side, breaking the jeep's axle and flipping us. We held on to the roll bar for a couple of flips and then had to let go... I remember tumbling and seeing David's face. I hit the ground. When I tried to get up, nothing happened."

faced impassivity emulated the mask that had allowed their father to prosper in the family; the son and three daughters of Pat and Peter Lawford, with the actor's good looks—and a hint of his troubled vulnerability—in their faces. Among those bearing the family name, Bobby's ten children had the big bones and imposing size of Ethel's family, the Skakels, while Teddy's three were blond and surprisingly frail. Posing for nonstop photography since infancy, Caroline and John-John had acquired a poise all the others lacked.

The country had seen these windswept, photogenic faces at different stages of development and watched their growth and change as if by time lapse. They were, as one journalist had remarked, "America's children." But as in their parents' generation, it was the opinion of family members that really mattered. Each of the children was always looking for an opening to outperform some rival in the family, always searching for an opportunity to improve his standing, always wondering if someone in an age or ability group just above him would slip, always aware above everything else that their parents were watching and assessing their performance to see which of them had it. If the Beals Street house where some of the prior generation had been born had been an enigma of latency, the Compound where they gathered every summer was a training ground to recapture the greatness that had once belonged to the family. As Chris Lawford said, "We were all, every one of us, raised to be President."

Some of the older ones remembered what their parents referred to as "that brief shining moment": trips to the White House; Friday afternoons when the Presidential helicopter would swoop down, their uncle Jack would get out and, after disposing of his aides, drive them all downtown and give them each a dollar to spend at the candy store.

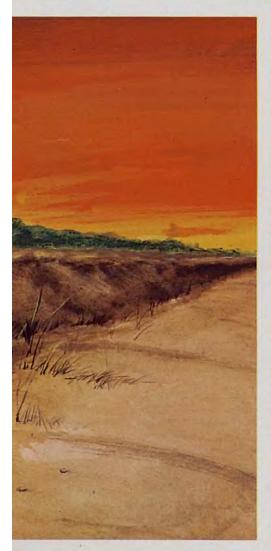
But if Jack represented what the family had been—"the President," they all grew up calling him, as if there had been no other—Bobby had represented what it would become. It was he who would come through a room where one of them was lounging on a sofa reading a comic book and say, "Put that junk down right now and get outside and do something." It was he who attended christenings and confirmations, graduations and commencements. When their grandmother Rose

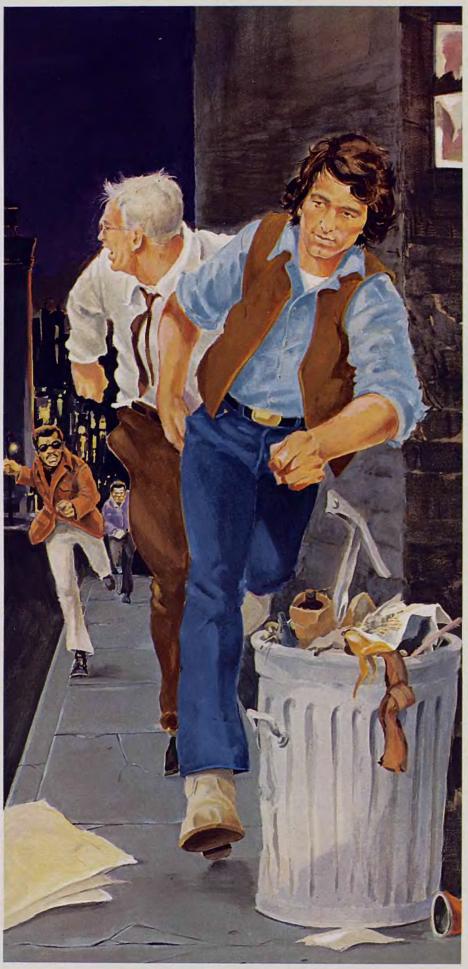


repeated her favorite saying from Saint Luke, "To whom much has been given, much will be required," it seemed just another of her religious homilies. Bobby translated the admonition into terms they could understand: "America has been very good to the Kennedys. We all owe the country a debt of gratitude and of public service." He was the energetic, embracing figure who demanded that they be better than they thought they were. He was the one who had defined their Kennedyness.

And so 1968, the year of his loss, became their first summer of discontent. "It was so different from Jack's death," Eunice's oldest son, Bobby, later

"There was one time when Bobby got burned by some rip-off artist. There were dangerous-looking characters all over the place, but Bobby started screaming and beating on the door. Lem pulled him away and when those black dope dealers came after us, we all ran, Lem and Bobby leading the way, laughing like hell."





said. "Then there had been a coming together. Uncle Bobby had seen to that. In a strange way, we'd felt even more like Kennedys than ever—proud of what Jack had been, determined that our time would come again. But once Uncle Bobby died, there was just this sense of splitting apart."

The impact was greatest on Bobby's own children, whom his magnetism had made the center of the clan. By the time of David's 13th birthday, on June 15-a spiritless party at Hickory Hill whose high point was Bobby, Jr.'s, decision to put laxative in everybody's milk-the heroic denial Ethel had been practicing since the funeral had begun to crack. Tension was thick in the house. The Little Kids and the Girls-as these branches of the new generation were categorizedwere immune from it, but the Big Boys were not. Ethel punished them constantly and capriciously, almost as if she blamed them for reminding her of her dead husband. She told Joe that he must be the man of the house now and allowed him to sit in his dead father's chair at the dinner table. But when he hit his younger sister Kerry for making noise, she gave him the infantile punishment of having to walk up and down the stairs 100 times. (Later, he went into the back yard and, in a moment of tenderness, took the hands of his younger brothers and sisters and began to sing The Battle Hymn of the Republic, their father's favorite song.)

A few days after David's birthday, they all flew with Teddy to Connecticut and chartered a boat from Mystic to Hyannis Port. Ethel careened between gloom and febrile gaiety all during the trip. At one point, she took Bobby, Jr., and David below and hit them repeatedly with a hairbrush, the first such punishment they could remember and one that made them cry in spite of their teenage resolution to be stronger than their mother. "I can't stand it anymore," she said when they reached home port. "You guys have got to get away from here." Thus began a diaspora that would continue for years, a process of leaving and returning that symbolized the next generation's alienation.

Joe and his friend Chuck McDermott were flown to Spain, where they stayed with the Guardiolas, a large family that raised bulls for bull rings throughout the country. For the first few days, Joe walked around like a displaced person. He had the Kennedy smile, which had been so striking on his father's funeral train. But it was tenuous and suspicious and usually accompanied by a knot of perplexity at his forehead. Barrel-chested and slow (a lineman, McDermott felt, in a family that valued quarterbacks and receivers), he had experienced another bad year at Milton Academy. Scholastically behind to begin with, he had lost further ground. Being a Kennedy had also resulted in his being

constantly tested: Girls solicited mash notes because they thought the signature might be valuable; boys had short-sheeted his bed and had even sneaked in to vomit on his pillow. Joe had been looking forward to the Presidential campaign to release him from his troubles. His father had already been trying to groom himtaking time out from a last raft trip down the Colorado to take him alone to the Navaho reservation, explaining the special plight of Indians in America, introducing him to key aides and letting him sit in on low-level briefings preparatory to a summer job as advance man. "That had been the big thing in his life," says McDermott. "It allowed him to forget his troubles. Now that future was gone and he was stuck with who he was.'

Occasionally, Joe wrote home, always asking about Bobby, Jr. His brother was dark, wiry and enigmatic, a loner by choice rather than necessity, since, unlike Joe, he had no trouble making friends. The family regarded him as somewhat like the falcons he kept—hooded in intent and conveying the impression of slight danger. Even the taste for practical joking he had inherited from the Skakels had an eccentric and sometimes dangerous bite, as Philip Kirby had discovered when he was

invited to join David and his brothers in serving the memorial Mass for their father. Philip had told the priest that he was unfamiliar with the liturgy and wasn't sure when to ring the bell. The priest replied that he would signal him by a touch on the shoulder. At one point, Philip felt the touch and rang the bell, immediately realizing that it was the wrong time. Almost in tears at having made a mistake during such a solemn ceremony for his best friends' dead father, Philip had turned around to discover who had touched him and had seen Bobby, Ir.,

smiling enigmatically behind him.

Because of Bobby, Jr.'s, interest in animals—snakes and lizards before the falcons—his father had commissioned naturalists from the Bronx Zoo to make him a walk-in terrarium for his 13th birthday. He had encouraged his interest in falconry, though he admitted to his son that he was disturbed by the implications of feeding pigeons to the predators. The two of them worked out a compromise with a distinctively Kennedy twist: If a pigeon managed to avoid a hawk on two successive flights, it was "retired" and never forced to face death again.

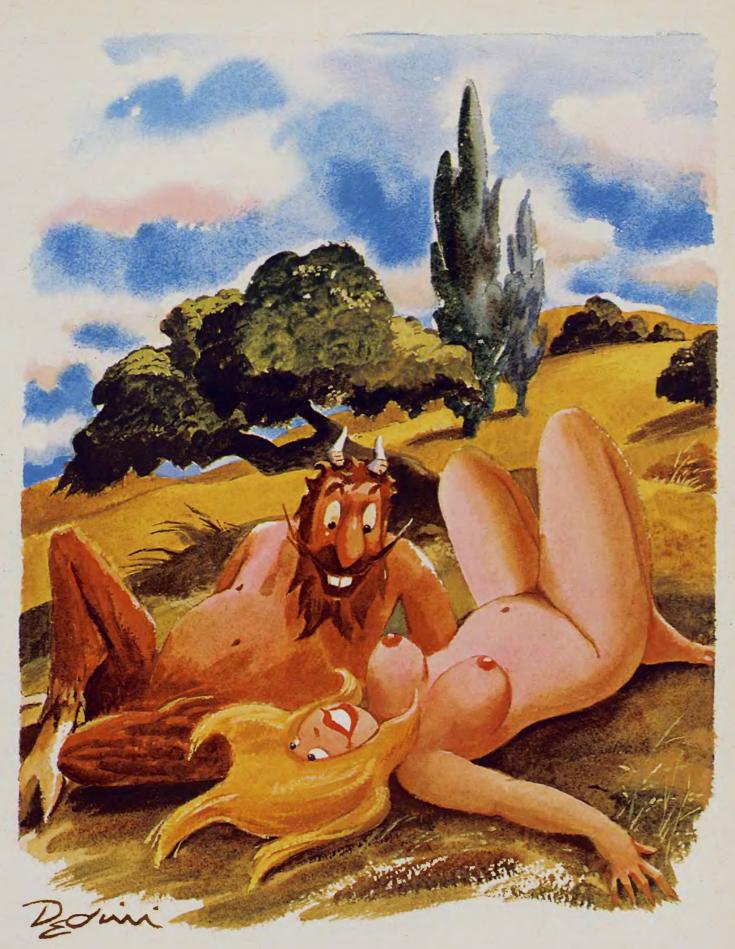
Impressed by the boy's omnivorous interest in things, Bobby, Sr., had once remarked that Bobby, Jr., was "just like the President." Jack's oldest and best friend, LeMoyne "Lem" Billings, had thought so, too, and had taken Bobby, Jr., on as a protégé. When Ethel became difficult in the weeks after the assassination, Lem had volunteered to take Bobby, Jr., to Africa on an animal-watching expedi-

tion, fulfilling a promise R.F.K. had made shortly before his death. And so, while Joe was watching bullfights in Spain, Bobby was crouching in the veld grass of the Serengeti Plain, stalking animals with a camera and telling Africans that he planned to become a veterinarian. He kept a journal, which Lem, who had more or less adopted him by the time they returned to America, said they could sell to a magazine for a lot of money.

David was most conscious of the coup his brother had scored by having an adult who was fully devoted to him and ready to help him cope with the tragedy. "Lem could have chosen any of us," he later said. "I remember the day it happened. Lem appeared and they just sort of walked off together. I thought to myself, Bobby's lucky. I wish I had someone." If his father's death hit David harder than the others, it was because there had been a special bond between them-both were the runts of the litter, sandwiched into the middle of a large family-and because he had always been a sort of golden boy for the family with his open, freckled face and the wispy blond hair both parents had always tousled when passing by, almost as if fingering some talisman. ("If we ever go broke," Ethel had once told an interviewer, "we'll make a movie star of David and live off his earnings.")

David was the only one in the family who hadn't been enthusiastic about the run for the Presidency. For weeks after the announcement, he had been plagued by recurring nightmares centered on his father's death. The day of the California primary, he had joined his father in Los Angeles. The two of them had been swimming in the Malibu surf and his feet had been cut from under him by a rip tide; he had felt himself being carried out by the undertow when his father grabbed him, scraping his own head on the ocean floor as he reached for David's slipping arm. With an adolescent's sense of melodrama, David had decided that he owed his father a life and would look for an opportunity to pay him back in the years ahead. That night, as he sat in front of the television set in the Ambassador hotel room and watched the images from the hand-held cameras jostling to get a better view of the new Kennedy martyr bleeding on the floor of the Ambassador kitchen, one of the thoughts he had was that the debt would be forever undischarged.

With Joe and Bobby, Jr., taken care of for the summer, Ethel hustled David off to Austria with Chris Lawford as a companion. They went to Mayrhof, a tennis-and-ski camp run by former tennis great Bill Talbert. They skied on a glacier in the morning and practiced volleys in the afternoon. After hours, David was introduced to the Grateful Dead and to sex. "Some 17-year-old girl at the camp realized who I was and picked me up," he recalls. "I



"Of course the earth moved. We're on the San Andreas Fault!"

was hardly into puberty. Chris told me to take her out and try to feel her tits. I did it. All of a sudden, she was unzipping my pants and pulling them down and sort of moaning about how bad she felt that my father had died."

For the rest of their time in Austria, he and Chris sneaked out of their rooms at night with sleeping bags that they took into the girls' dorms, making macabre propositions to the girls, who, they realized, felt sorry about R.F.K.'s death. They knew it was wrong, but they also knew it was part of a large change in their attitude toward everything having to do with being a Kennedy. "It was like watching a huge balloon lose its air," Chris later said.
"Things just didn't have meaning anymore." An outstanding tennis player, Chris now found himself not caring whether he won or lost. "I'd be out on the court and I'd just say 'The hell with it' in the middle of the match and walk off. Before Uncle Bobby's death, I wouldn't have dared do that."

When they returned home at summer's end, things were in a state of ongoing disorder. It had been difficult for Ethel to keep help in the best of times; during the summer, there had been several resignations, and ten-year-old Michael, the most resilient of the children, had taken to answering the phone with the words "Confusion here." As summer ended with a stream of friends visiting the family-Dave Hackett, Rosey Grier, Rafer Johnson and John Glenn were the regulars-David kept waiting for someone to talk with him about his father's death. During one lull in his mother's nonstop activity, he cornered her in the kitchen and asked her about it. "It's not a subject I want to discuss," she snapped, elbowing her way by him.

His brothers were back but leading separate lives-Joe driving around with older friends in their cars and Bobby, Jr., spending most of his time in the woods with Morgan le Fay, the red-tailed hawk he had captured and tamed a few years earlier. David saw a lot of Philip Kirby, while Bobby hung out with some older boys. One afternoon, one of them asked Bobby what he'd done with the LSD he'd sold him. Bobby tried to change the subject and then lamely said that he'd fed the drug to his parakeet. Later, after David had chided Bobby for keeping secrets from him, Bobby laid out some mescaline on a piece of wood and dared him to take it. Philip, who had watched David try to prove himself time and again by taking dares, begged him not to take the drug: "Don't do that, David. Please, don't do it." But Bobby egged him on and, after hesitating a moment, David swallowed the mescaline. Later on, when he was hallucinating, it seemed to him that the hedge Bobby was leaning against had sharp

leaves. He asked Bobby to move away so he wouldn't get hurt. But Bobby laughed and backed deeper into the hedge, whose spines seemed to David to penetrate his brother's body. "You're dying," David cried out, "just like Daddy." Bobby smiled and sagged to the ground with his eyes glassy and his tongue lolling out of his mouth in a mime of death.

Although they were not able to articulate it, the boys were aware that they were stepping over lines they had never expected to cross, lines between good and evil that R.F.K. himself had drawn. But they found themselves standing on an opposite shore from the one he had occupied, as if to better see his memory.

As the nation seethed in racial unrest and the turmoil of Vietnam-exactly the wounds Robert Kennedy had tried to heal in the last months of his life-the Kennedy kids' only surviving father and uncle, Teddy, appeared to be trying to find a political hiding place. During Christmas 1968 at Palm Beach, he decided to challenge Senate Majority Whip Russell Long. What intrigued political pundits was not his victory, which was virtually assured, but why someone with his national stature should want a post whose duties were primarily clerical. Yet, as one Kennedy aide pointed out, "It was the perfect solution, really. He looked for and found the one Senate post that would allow him to reproduce the youngerbrother role he was in danger of losing."

Yet the pressures Teddy felt could not be released by minor corrections in his external situation, and as 1969 began, his behavior was more and more erratic. Returning to the "Cadillac Eddie" image of his youth, he was drinking more and moving faster than he had done in years. His marriage was suffering, and so was his reputation among his colleagues. Edmund Muskie, a rival for the leadership of the party, acknowledged that Teddy could have the 1972 nomination for the asking but then wondered, in an off-the-record comment, about his growing penchant for alcohol and fast cars. On July 18, the accident that had been waiting to happen since Bobby's death finally occurred when Teddy drove the Oldsmobile 88 off Dike Bridge at Chappaquiddick, killing Mary Jo Kopechne.

Chris Lawford, who was in California with his mother and sisters at the time, remembers how he got the news: "Nobody said a word about what had happened. There were all these hushed phone conversations and then my mother packed her bags and said she had to go to the Cape. That was the way we were always informed of crises—someone arriving in a

hurry or someone leaving in a hurry."

The accident didn't much affect him or his cousins. It was merely a confirmation of something they had already sensed—that the build-up Teddy was getting in the press as someone who had solemnly taken on family responsibility in the Robert Kennedy tradition was not only a sham but a Kennedy-created sham at that. "We all felt a lot of bitterness toward him," Chris said later on. "It was probably unfair. There was no real reason for it except that he couldn't fill Uncle Bobby's shoes and didn't try."

The contrast between the two men had become painfully obvious at the beginning of the summer, before Chappaquiddick, when Teddy had decided to continue Bobby's tradition of an annual raft trip. He had chosen to go down the Green, scene of one of the best of the R.F.K. outings. After a devastating year at school, a year of personal disorientation and experimentation with the drugs that the counterculture was making increasingly available, the older boys were looking to the trip as a healing ritual, a way of getting back on the Kennedy track. But Teddy had been too preoccupied with his own troubles to pay much attention to theirs. He had made the trip a floating cocktail party centered on himself, Joan, Ethel, mountaineer Jim Whittaker and his wife and other nonfamily members. In R.F.K.'s time, there had been no such distinction between child and adult; although they had all been younger then, the children had joined in the conquest of the river as equals. Now it was different; the adults, in Chris's words, "wanted to float along with their frozen daiquiris and not be bothered." At one point, the kids drew their raft alongside and began a water fight, trying to compel engagement and change the terms of the trip. But the adults weren't interested. They told them angrily to stop and, when they didn't, pulled alongside to allow the 6'4" Whittaker, huge and threatening, to board the boys' raft and throw David and Bobby,

Jr., forcefully into the white water.
"We were all upset," Chris remembers. "We didn't want to have anything to do with them after that. For the rest of the trip, we took our sleeping bags and found the hardest place to get to every night, places where they couldn't find us, and camped there. We'd sit in the darkness talking about what a drag the family was, what an incredible asshole Teddy was to let it happen, how it was never like this when Bobby was alive. We had the feeling that nobody cared enough about us anymore to make us part of the family." The feeling intensified that summer, so that as Chappaquiddick began to unfold, the Kennedy children were already providing their own subtext on its themes.

Lem Billings tried to fill the vacuum.

Different from the others who had been

(continued on page 187)



THE THRILLER OF IT ALL

playmate ola ray is the girl who brought out the beast in michael jackson

Playmate success stories, but the lady at the top of this page is the one to beat this season. Since she graced our June 1980 centerfold, multitalented Ola Ray has appeared in three feature films and several television commercials and, as the "Classy Curl" girl, has promoted that Johnson Products hair preparation (her face is on the box). But it's her performance as Michael Jackson's terrified girlfriend in his wildly popular rock video *Thriller* that has

finally made Miss Ray's face as familiar to boogieing middle America as it is to her admiring PLAYBOY fans. Although we've checked in with Ola a couple of times over the past few years, usually via *The World of Playboy*, her appearance in the lavishly



Ola Ray, our June 1980 Playmate, plays the part of Michael Jackson's date in his widely acclaimed video *Thriller*. In the scene above, she and Jackson watch a monster film that very soon becomes horrifyingly real.

produced Thriller (directed by John Landis, who brought you National Lampoon's Animal House, The Blues Brothers and Trading Places) was cause for a longer interview.

Finding Ola at home was the hardest part. We called for a week before we finally made contact. She had just come in and was out of breath. "I just finished an 'It Does Your Body Good' milk commercial," she said, and laughed. "I'm a certified all-American girl now, since all-American girls drink milk." In case you're a

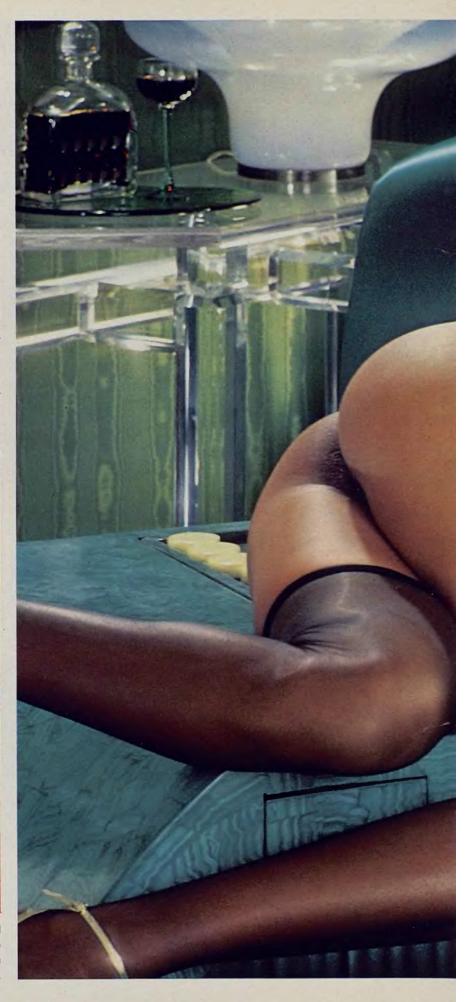
milk lover, or just an Ola Ray lover, you can recognize this commercial by her thumbnail description: "It's a *Flashdance*-style exercise scene with different shots of me and two other girls working on a Nautilus machine and doing aerobics. We work up

a sweat, go to the locker room, put on our warm-up jackets and go get glasses of milk. I take a couple of sips and smile at my girlfriend, who takes a big gulp and smiles back." (If you're like us, you'll like the working-up-a-sweat part best.)

We asked Ola to give us a brief rundown of her career highlights thus far, including minireviews of some of the stars with whom she has worked. "I played one of the callgirls in Night Shift, with Henry Winkler. He was great, laughing and joking with us all the time. I told him I wanted a bigger part and he said, 'Don't worry, your time will come.' I had a lot of fun working with him. I had a dance scene beside Eddie Murphy in 48 HRS .just a tiny part, but I enjoyed it. Eddie is basically a nice person and a very funny guy, but he can also be kind of obnoxious at times. I think that'll change as he gets older. I also played the roommate of Charles Bronson's daughter in Ten to Midnight. We were nurses sharing an apartment. I got killed in the shower, à la Psycho, stabbed and screaming my guts out. John Landis got a clip of that scene and decided that I'd fit the part of Michael's girlfriend in Thriller." Ahh, yes, Thriller. And the experience of spending two weeks on the set with America's most reclusive (and famous) rock star. The obvious question: Was there any electricity between you two? "Oh, no, but don't make any assumptions out of that about Michael's sexuality. I've known plenty of homosexuals, but Michael doesn't seem like any of them. If anything, he just doesn't deal with sex at all. That's probably due to his being a Jehovah's



As you can see above and right, the lady we called "Sugar Ray" in her Playmate pictorial hasn't lost a drop of sweetness in almost four years. Singing, dancing and a hectic work schedule help her maintain her fabulous figure.





Witness. They're very strict. My woman's intuition tells me Michael is basically a very conventional guy who will, when he meets the right girl, settle down and have a conventional family life. He's a very simple, honest person. I was worried that when he found out that I'd been a Playmate, he wouldn't want me in *Thriller*, because of his religious beliefs. But when John Landis told him, he just asked, 'Well, is she a nice girl?' Landis said I was, and that was good enough for Michael."

Finally, we asked Ola to describe her favorite fantasy. "To be in a black nighttime soap opera, like a black *Dynasty*. It would have Billy Dee Williams as the Blake Carrington character and Diana Ross as Alexis. I'd play the Fallon character, and I'd have two lovers, Michael Jackson and Rick Springfield. Don't be surprised if somebody does it. I have a lot of faith in my ideas. And so far, most of my dreams have come true." Out of a nightmare like *Thriller*, sweet dreams can, indeed, come true. Just ask Ola Ray.



"I think I scare people with my horrified looks," says Ola of her performance in *Thriller* (at left). Well, maybe in the video. In the photos on these pages, we'd say her looks are absolutely sensational.







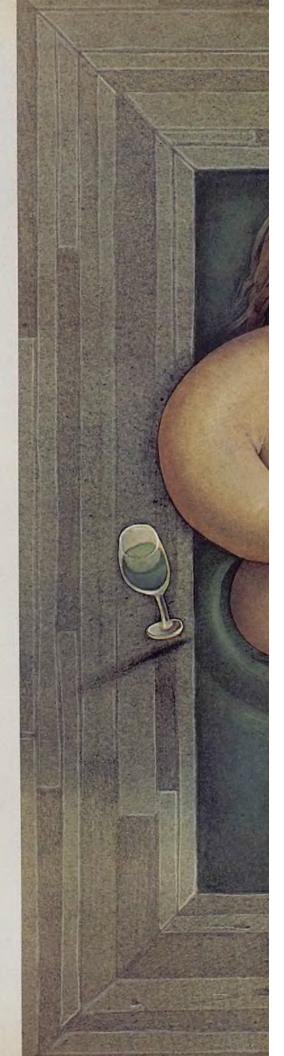
WITCHES Of EASTVVICK

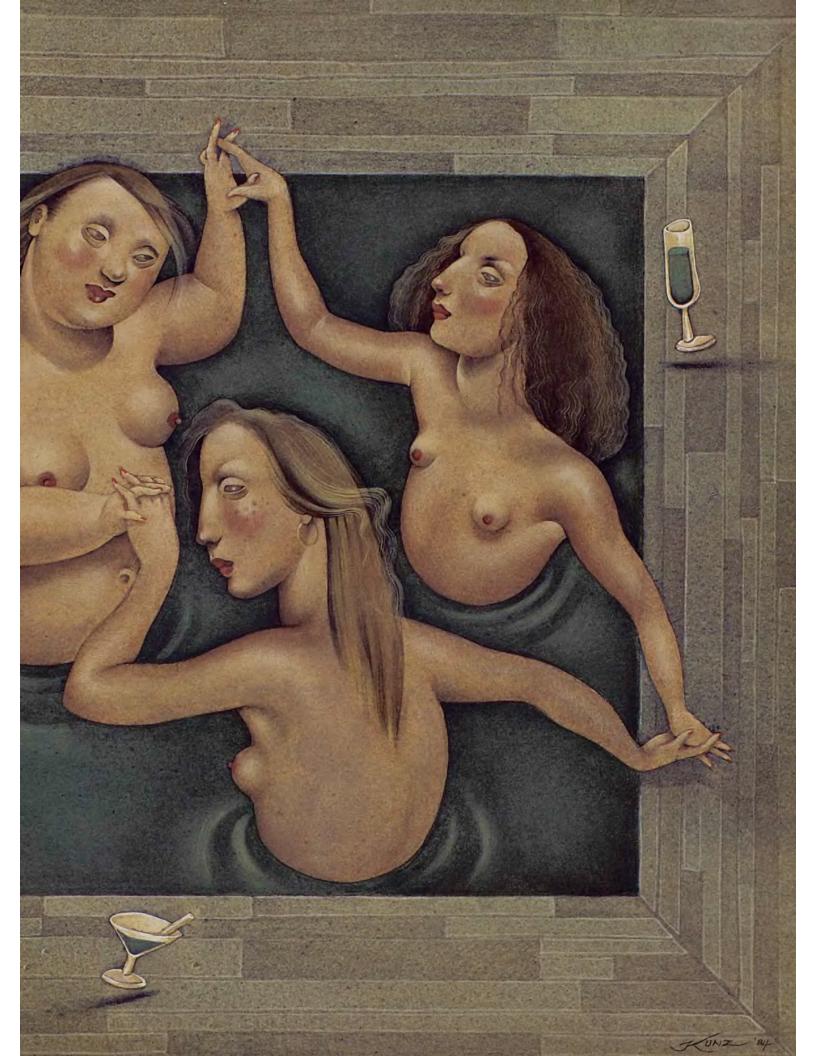
he plied them with grass and margaritas until they couldn't tell the difference between caresses given and caresses received

fiction By JOHN UPDIKE

JANE SMART in her pleated whites tossed up the tennis ball. It became in mid-air a bat, its wings circled in small circumference at first and, next instant, snapped open like an umbrella as the creature flicked away with its pink, blind face. Jane shrieked, dropped her racket and called across the net, "That was not funny."

The other witches laughed, and Darryl Van Horne, who was their fourth, belatedly, halfheartedly enjoyed the joke. He had powerful, educated strokes but did seem to have trouble seeing the ball in the slant late-afternoon light that came in rays through the sheltering stand of larches here at the back end of his island. The larches were dropping their needles and they had to be swept from the court. Jane's own eyes were excellent, preternaturally sharp. Bats' faces looked to her like flattened miniature versions of children pressing their noses against a candy-store window, and Van Horne, who played incongruously dressed in basketball sneakers and a Malcolm X T-shirt and the trousers of an old dark suit, had something of this same childish greed on his bewildered, glassy-eyed face. He coveted their wombs, was Jane's belief. She prepared to toss and serve again, but even as she weighed the ball in her hand, it took on a liquid heft and a squirming wartiness. Another transformation had been wrought. With a theatrical sigh of patience, she set the toad down on the composition surface over by the brightgreen fence and watched it wriggle through. Van Horne's





feeble-minded and wry-necked collie, Needlenose, raced around the outside of the fence to inspect; but he lost the toad in the tumble of earth and blasted rocks the bulldozers had left here.

"Once more and I quit," Jane called across the net. She and Alexandra Spofford had been pitted against Sukie Rougemont and their host. "The three of you can play Canadian doubles," she threatened. With the bespectacled gesturing face on Van Horne's T-shirt, it seemed there were five of them present, anyway. The next tennis ball in her hand went through some rapid textural changes, first slimy like a gizzard then prickly like a sea urchin, but she resolutely refused to look at it, to cede it that reality, and when it appeared against the blue sky above her head, it was a fuzzy yellow Wilson, which, following instruction books she had read, she imagined as a clockface to be struck at two o'clock. She brought the strings smartly through this phantom and felt from the surge of follow-through that the serve would be good. The ball kicked toward Sukie's throat and she awkwardly defended her breasts with the racket held in the backhand position. As if the strings had become noodles, the ball plopped at her feet and rolled to the side line.

"Super," Alexandra muttered to Jane. Jane knew her partner loved, in different erotic keys, both their opponents, and their partnering, which Sukie had arranged at the outset of the match with a suspect twirl of her racket, must give Alexandra some jealous pain. The other two were a mesmerizing team, Sukie with her coppery hair tied in a bouncing ponytail and her slender freckled limbs swinging from a little peach tennis dress, and Van Horne with his machinelike swiftness, animated as when playing the piano by a kind of demon. His effectiveness was only limited by moments of dimsighted uncoordination in which he missed the ball entirely. Also, his demon tended to play at a constant forte that sent some of his shots skimming out past the base line, when a subtle pianissimo chop into a vacant space would have won the point.

As Jane prepared to serve to him, Sukie called gaily, "Foot fault!" Jane looked down to see not her sneaker toe across the line but the line itself, though a painted one, across the front of her sneaker and holding it fast like a bear trap. She shook off the illusion and served to Van Horne, who returned the ball with a sharp forehand that Alexandra alertly poached, directing the ball at Sukie's feet; Sukie managed to scoop it on the short hop into a lob that Jane, having come to the net at her partner's adroit and aggressive poach, just reached in time to turn it into another lob, which Van Horne, eyes flashing fire, set himself to smash with a grunting overhead and which he would have smashed, had not a magical small sparkling storm,

what they call in many parts of the world a dust devil, arisen and caused him to snap a sheltering right hand to his brow with a curse. He was left-handed and wore contact lenses. The ball remained suspended at the level of his waist while he blinked away the pain; then he stroked it with a forehand so firm the orb changed color from optical yellow to a chameleon green that Jane could hardly see against the background of green court and green fence. She swung where she sensed the ball to be and the contact felt sweet; Sukie had to scramble to make a weak return, which Alexandra volleyed down into the opponents' forecourt so vehemently it bounced impossibly high, higher than the setting sun. But Van Horne skittered back quicker than a crab underwater and tossed his metal racket toward the stratosphere, slowly twirling, silvery. The disembodied racket returned the ball without power but within the base lines, and the point continued, the players interlacing, round and round, now clockwise, now withershins, the music of it all enthralling, Jane Smart felt: The counterpoint of their four bodies, eight eyes and 16 extended limbs scored upon the now nearly horizontal bars of sunset red filtered through the larches, whose falling needles pattered like distant applause. When the rally and with it the match was at last over, Sukie complained, "My racket kept feeling dead."

"You should use catgut instead of nylon," Alexandra suggested benignly, her

side having won.

"It felt absolutely leaden; I kept having shooting pains in my forearm trying to lift it. Which one of you hussies was doing that? Absolutely no fair."

Van Horne also pleaded in defeat. "Damn contact lenses," he said. "Get even a speck of dust behind them, it's like a fucking razor blade."

"It was lovely tennis," Jane pronounced with finality. Often she was cast, it seemed to her, in this role of peacemaking parent, of maiden aunt devoid of passion, when in fact she was seething.

The end of daylight-saving time had been declared and darkness came swiftly as they filed up the path to the many lit windows of the house. Inside, the three women sat in a row on the curved sofa in Van Horne's long, art-filled, yet somehow barren living room, drinking the potions he brought them. Darryl Van Horne was a master of exotic drinks, drinks alchemically concocted of tequila and grenadine and crème de cassis and triple sec and Seltzer water and cranberry juice and apple brandy and additives even more arcane, all kept in a tall 17th Century Dutch cabinet topped by two startled angels' heads, their faces split, right through the blank eyeballs, by the aging of the wood. The sea seen through his Palladian windows turned the color of wine, of dogwood leaves before they fall. Fidel

brought hors d'oeuvres, pastes and dips of crushed sea creatures, empanadillas, calamares en su tinta that were consumed, with squeals of disgust, with fingers that turned the same muddy sepia as the blood of these succulent baby squids. Now and then one of the witches, like a log fire suddenly settling on its andirons with a gentle crash, or like the becalmed beds of a hospital ward suddenly emitting a moan, would exclaim that she must do something about the children, either go home to make their suppers or at least phone the house to put the oldest daughter officially in charge. Tonight was already deranged: It was the night of trick or treat, and some of the children would be at parties and others out on the shadowy intimate streets of downtown Eastwick begging. Toddling in rustling groups along the fences and hedges would be little pirates and Cinderellas wearing masks with fixed grimaces and live moist eyes darting in papery eyeholes; there would be ghosts in pillowcases carrying shopping bags rattling with chocolate bars. Doorbells would be constantly ringing. Sukie on the sofa arched her back inward, stretching in her scant peach dress so that her white underpants showed, and said with a yawn, "I really should go home. The poor darlings. That house right in the middle of town, it must be besieged."

Van Horne was sitting opposite her in his corduroy armchair; he had been perspiring glowingly and had put on an Irish knit sweater, of natural wool still smelling oilily of sheep, over the stenciled image of gesticulating Malcolm X. "Don't go, my friend," he said. "Stay and have a bath. That's what I'm going to do. I stink."

"Bath?" Sukie said. "I can take one at home."

"Not in an eight-foot teak hot tub you can't," the man said, twisting his big head with such violent roguishness that his bushy white cat, called Thumbkin, jumped off his lap. "While we're all having a good long soak, Fidel can cook up some paella or tamales or something."

"Tamale and tamale and tamale," Jane Smart said compulsively. She was sitting on the end of the sofa beyond Sukie and her profile had an angry precision, Alexandra thought. The smallest of them physically, she got the most drunk, trying to keep up. Jane sensed she was being thought about; her hot eyes locked onto Alexandra's. "What about you, Lexa? What's your thought?"

"Well," was the drifting answer, "I do feel dirty, and I ache. Three sets is too much for this old lady."

"You'll feel like a million after this experience," her host assured her. "Tell you what," he said to Sukie. "Run on home, check on your brats and come back here soon as you can."

"Swing by my house and check on (continued on page 174)

BERNAR Pand HUS

WHEN I'M IN A RESTAURANT WITH A 23-YEAR-OLD, I'M SURE THAT PEOPLE ARE WHISPERING, "WHAT'S THAT OLD MAN DOING WITH THAT YOUNG GIRL?"



SO IM ACHAMED OF MUSEUF AND DON'T MAKE A PASS.





SO I'M REVOLTED BY MYSELF AND DON'T MAKE A PASS.



IM ATTRACTED TO YOUTH, I'M REPELLED BY AGE; I'M PARALYZED BY BOTH.



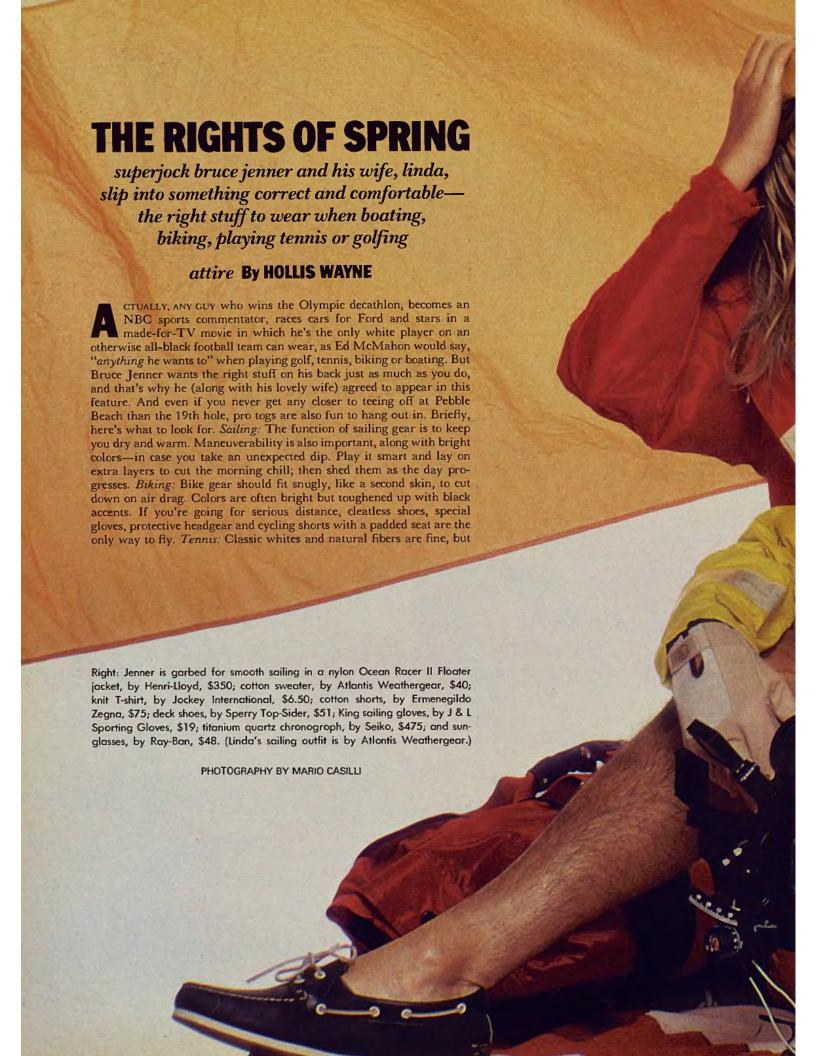
I DON'T WANT TO END UP AN OLD FART MARRIED TO A WOMAN YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE MY DAUGHTER.

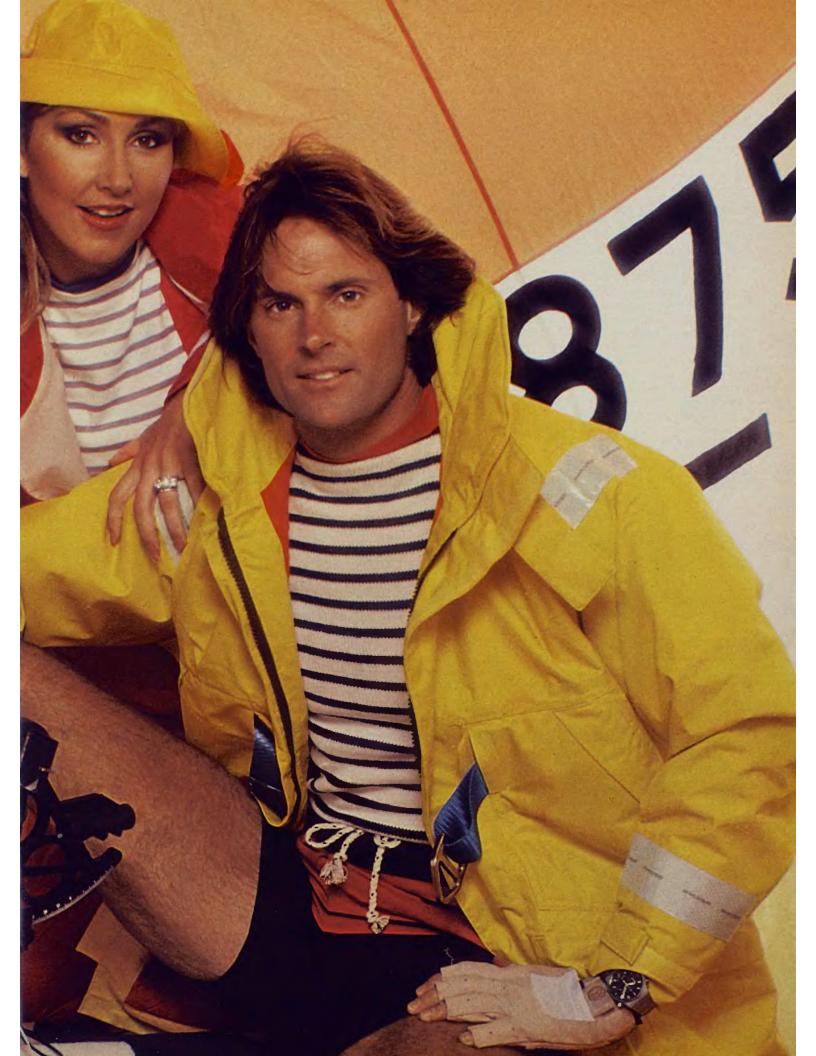


AND I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO MARRY A WOMAN OLD ENOUGH TO BE MY WIFE.









shorts will travel better and stay crisp-looking longer if they're made from a fabric blend. Golf: The links are the place for flash. Madras slacks and a brightly colored shirt will ensure that you stand out against all that green. Everything should be roomy—to allow for your Nicklaus swing. Best of all, in these outfits, you can double-fault, dump the bike or the boat or wind up in the rough and you'll still look like a big winner.

Right: For golf, Jenner has linked up with a flashy menagerie of colorful threads, including a cotton piqué knit shirt, by Grass Court Collection, \$30; plus an Orlon V-neck sweater, \$33, and Indian-cotton madras slacks, \$70, both by DiFini; wool belt, by Torino Belts, \$16; and Pilot polarized sunglasses, by The Corning Collection, \$16. (Linda's boat-neck sweater is by DiFini.) Below: Jenner's tennis wardrobe scores net gains with his choice of classic white and noturalfiber styles; the wool sweater with cable pattern, \$160, flonnel shorts, \$50, and cotton piqué knit sport shirt, \$30, all by Grass Court Collection; gradient-lens sunglasses, by Tropic-Col, \$15. (Linda's tennis jocket is also by Grass Court Collection.) Opposite page: The bike racer's edge—and Jenner's got it with a Merina wool racing jersey, by Protogs, \$44; polypropylene/Lycro bike shorts, \$29.50, and bike gloves, \$29.50, both from Cannondale; resin bike helmet, by SkidLid, about \$50; and digital sport wotch, by Seiko, \$95. (Linda's bike jersey is by Descente; her shorts are by Vigorelli, from Security Bicycle Accessories; her nylon/Lycra spandex bike gloves ore by Campione, from Conrad's Bike Shop, New York; her hat is by Pedol Pushers.)







By JAMES R. PETERSEN and KATE NOLAN

DON'T ASK....

everything you always wanted to know about your lover—but shouldn't

o you ever feel like the man who knew too much? Does that old Carly Simon line—"I wish that I never knew some of those secrets of yours"—ever ring a little too true? There is such a thing as excess information—and too much information can kill. (Ask James Bond.) There are certain questions that should not be answered. There are some that should not even be asked.

In law school, would-be advocates are taught this courtroom commandment: Never ask a question unless you already know the answer. The rest of us are less fortunate; we have nothing so clear-cut to guide us. What's worse, over the past few years, as the sexual revolution subverted traditional definitions of masculine and feminine, that most basic of male qualities, inarticulateness, has been given a bad name. Men have been encouraged to talk with their lovers the way best girlfriends in high school talk—with brutal honesty. In better times, silence was known as discretion, and it was connected with something called honor. Since then, we've been led to accept the George Washington Cherry Tree Theory of Truth: You can get away with anything, as long as you confess to it afterward.

"Some couples are so busy talking," one enlightened feminist writer has noted, "that they don't bother to listen . . . they don't communicate. . . . Today a big word is honesty. An honest relationship. Honest communications. Honest disagreements. Honesty seems to promise its own rewards. However, those into the lay-it-all-out-on-the-table school often mistake quantity for quality in communications. They tell all with abandon and expect to be rewarded. . . . They don't recognize that too much communication can be as damaging as too little."

And that's why we're chipping away at the load—it's just too much for any couple to bear. Needless to say, the longer a relationship continues, the more you come to know about your partner—and the more you can *stand* to know. As a couple evolves, the significance of any single event is diminished in the context of their entire history together. But on the way to that secure and solid ground, there are questions that spell trouble, regardless of

the answers, in and of themselves. The asking of such deadly questions suggests a deeper problem—one that may not be solved by mere honesty. Call them warning signs of jealousy, call them steppingstones to insecurity; these questions aren't just loaded, they're aimed at *you*.

• Where is this relationship going? Most adults have a basic grasp of sexual dynamics—the beginning, middle and end of love. When people stop a relationship in midstream to ask for a definition, they won't settle for whatever they've got at the moment. They want to review the scripts, the timetables, the options. ("Well, we're going nowhere, but it sure is comfortable. But maybe comfort isn't enough. I want a commitment. If it's so good, let's make it forever. If it's not, let's stop wasting time.") This question is a quiet way to go for the throat, to issue an ultimatum. Anybody who would ask such a question either thinks you're a psychic or demands entirely too much guidance in this life. The biggest payoffs, after all, require not only commitment but risk. Did Isabella ever ask such questions of Columbus?

• Are you fucking anyone besides me? If you believe Freud, you're already taking both of your parents, both of your mate's parents and probably a few siblings to bed every time you have sex. No need to expand the party. The fact is, if you have to ask this question, you can't tell the difference; and if you can't tell the difference, perhaps it doesn't really matter. The thing that matters most is the time you spend together. If things are good, it tends to become full time.

• Where did you learn to do that? Despite what you've been told, the most popular and widely held sex fantasy—the one that nobody will let go—is that your lover was a virgin driven by passion to submit to your sexual charms and that almost any sexual act came naturally. That's why "I've never done this before" is one of the best turn-ons in the sexual argot.

• Do you ever think about your former lovers? What we have here is your basic no-win situation. Even the best possible answer—"Yes, but only when I'm trying to lose my appetite"—cuts a mean profile and just won't do. If the (concluded on page 126)



ORGANIZATION WOMAN

if the future doesn't work out for patty duffek, it won't be for lack of planning



E WERE IN PHOENIX, cruising in Patty Duffek's vintage Mustang, a '67 ragtop in the throes of restoration. Patty's driving style is all-American: Point it and punch it, left hand on the wheel and right hand darting periodically to the stereo. She loves the car. You can tell by the way she sits in it, head high, body hunched forward, like a jockey on a favorite horse.

Outside, Phoenix flew by, all brand-new and sparkling, lying low and wide under the bowl of blue sky and sunshine that is its trademark. It seems very few buildings in the town rise above the fourth floor. Around the newer buildings, which are in the majority, you're amazed to see acres of land, space to grow some more. What we used to call elbowroom.

Patty grew up in this sun-baked openness, and it would take a lot to get her away. "It's kind of like a little Western town, that's mostly what it is. I like the climate. I don't mind hot weather."

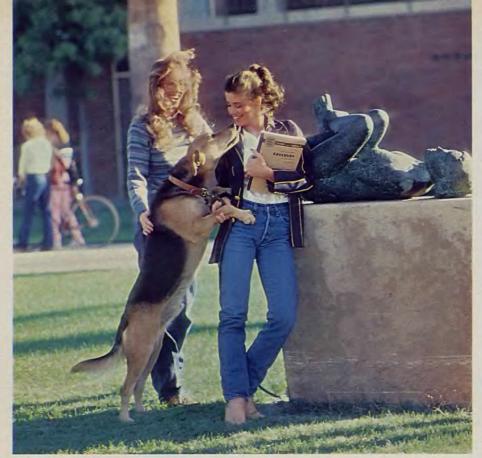
A good thing, too, since summertime highs in this desert town average 110 degrees. Air conditioning is not a luxury, it's a life-support system. But one adjusts. There is, for instance, tubing.

"We go to the Verde River," Patty told us. "You just get in an inner tube with a bunch of people and go tubing down the river. There are all kinds of people there, like millions. Some bring beer and lunches and all that stuff. It's real relaxing. In some places, there are rapids, which are fun, too. It's not that dangerous. I mean, people have drowned, but I think you'd have to be pretty drunk for that."

A former sprinter and soccer player in school, Patty has continued her athletic ways, playing

"I get bored easily if I'm not busy. I always have lists of things to do. If something has to be done, I'll write it down. It may not get done the next day, but it will definitely get done."





racquetball, jogging regularly and working up a good glow at her aerobic-dance class.

"I like working out as much as I like to keep in shape. Jogging is fun for me, because it's outdoors and I can use the time for thinking and relaxing. A mile or two is plenty for me. Any more than that is too much."

While still in high school, Patty got a job at the local Pioneer Chicken Take-Out. Six years later, she's still there. She enjoys the freedom that the job gives her. She's able to shift her hours around to her convenience. That came in handy when she was attending Glendale Community College and even more so when she decided to try her hand at modeling. Just a few credits shy of a business-administration

Between her business-administration classes (left) at Glendale Community College, Patty takes time to check in with her sister Nicole and a canine friend that, thinking she deserves a kiss, stretches to plant one on her.



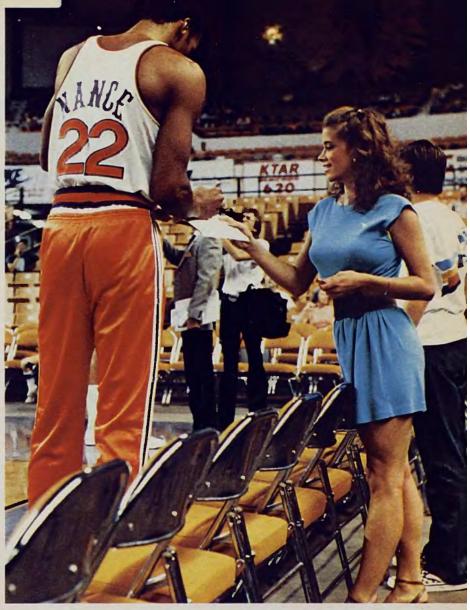
Beneath a banner that advertises fries that tantalizing herself behind the counter at Pioneer Chicken Take-Out. She's been passing out poultry for nearly six years there, through high school and college, with time off for travel or perhaps a quick jog in the Arizona sunshine (right).





On an outing to a Phoenix park, the geese line up to take a gander at the Duffek sisters, who have brought goose goodies to feed them. The city has grown a lot even in Patty's time there. "It's amazing; I remember when it was all fields. It's kind of neat to see how it's all grown."





Visiting the land of the giants (above)—in this case, the home of the Phoenix Suns basketball team—Patty solicits an autograph from N.B.A. dunk champion Larry Nance. Naturally, she didn't mention to him that football is her favorite spectator sport. The Phoenix area teems with picturesque spots (left and below) such as this dam site, where a photographer and a pretty girl find they can both click.







degree, Patty intends to go back and finish it. A solid foundation is important to her.

"I don't normally do things on the spur of the moment," she says. "I'm kind of a planner, I guess. I'm organized."

In the back of her mind, Patty entertains thoughts of being an actress or a model.

"I do wonder what kind of opportunities might be out there. I've had a taste of it through PLAYBOY, and it does make you think. But I don't want to be like some girls I've observed, who've moved to Hollywood with big hopes for things that never happen.

"I guess I'm pretty conservative. Of course, if I were to say that to someone who found out I was in PLAYBOY, he'd say, 'Right! Real conservative!' But I am, in a lot of ways. I had never modeled before in my life. So, naturally, I hadn't modeled with my clothes off. I was nervous. It's kind of embarrassing at first. But now that I did it all, you know, I'm glad. I'm definitely glad, but it was real scary."

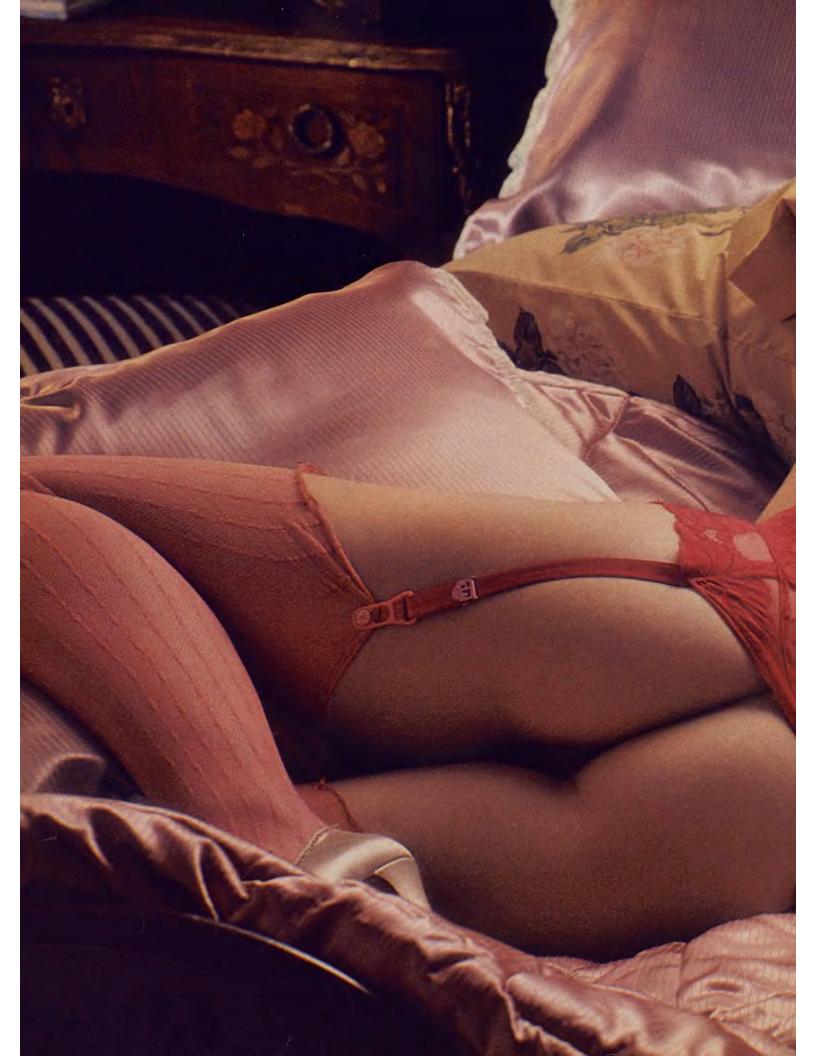
For the time being, Phoenix is exotic enough. "In some ways," Patty says, "Phoenix is about five years behind a place like Los Angeles in the way people dress, the way they act, the way they see things. But the people are friendly here. They're not pushy. I don't like pushy people.

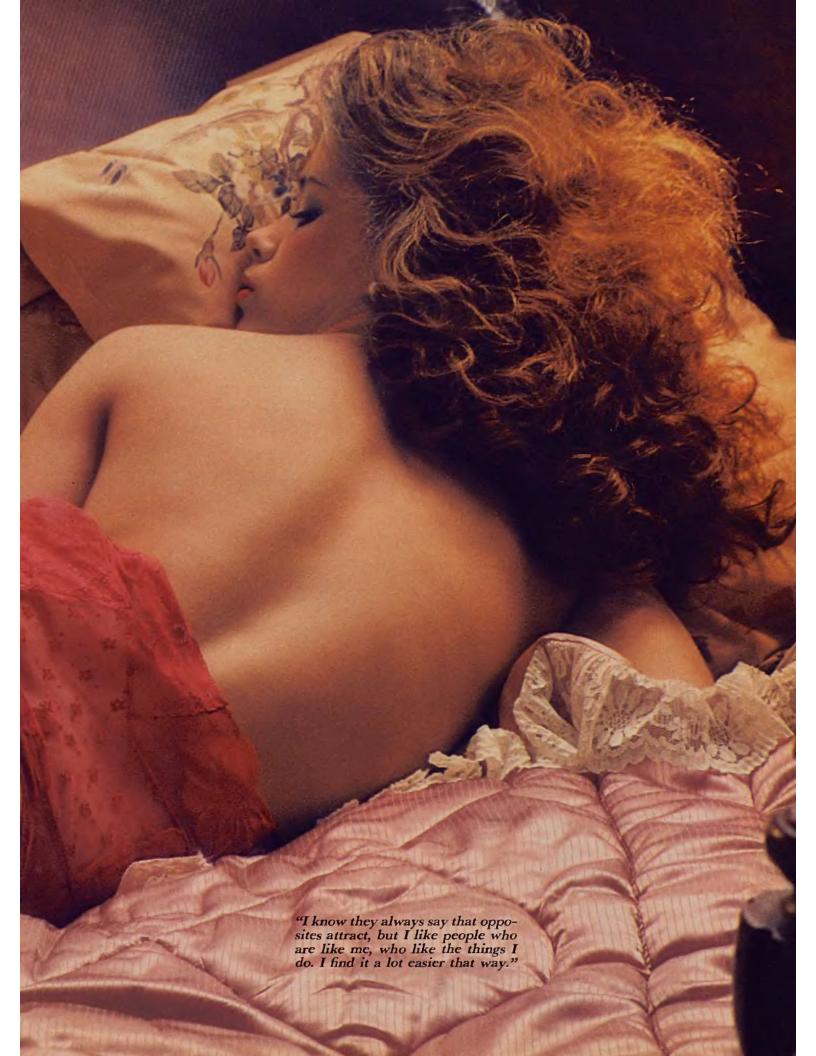
"I think family and job are the main interests of people around here. It's not a town where you go out and stay up partying all night." Which is not to say that that's a bad way to be. It's just not Patty's way.

"On a sunny day, I like to go to the lake and get a boat and water-ski. Then have a picnic, do a little sun-bathing, come home and maybe go out to a show or a disco. That's a good day for me."

"I got involved with guys pretty early but not sexually. I guess I was kind of shy about it, so I didn't jump into it, like a lot of people do. It's weird, because I know most people aren't like that these days. If that's what they want to do, fine with me. I waited awhile."









"I guess it's good to be with someone who's attractive. But I don't think it's the most important thing. Being good-looking is just on the outside. If you don't have good qualities on the inside, you're really nothing on the outside."







PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Patty Duffek

BIRTH DATE: 8-27-63 BIRTHPLACE: Woodland Hills, CA.

in whatever I pursue

TURN-ONS: alnobics, music, sunry beaches,

hat tube and a good massage

TURN-OFFS: Darcasm, heights, boredom,

puchy people, dintry ashtrays

FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: Dallas, Hill Street Blues,

60 Minutes, The Young and the Hestless

phrimps, spaghetti,

chocolate mousse, fresh naxpberries

IDEAL MAN: Necure, Sorts: Nacquetball, Docces, Lootball, Skiing

intelligent, sensitive yet massculine

SECRET FANTASY: Jo have my own

trapical island

9 years old 16 years old 2 years old





Ready for the BIG-high school game?



Here, Kitty, Kitty Say, CHEESE

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

t was years and years ago that the mayor of a small town went down to the livery stable as founder's day approached. "I'd like to rent the same stallion I did last year to lead the parade

on," he told the owner.

"All I have available at this date is that mare, Your Honor," was the response, "but it's the very one you rode last year."

"But that's impossible," protested the official.

"I can still hear some of the spectators shouting, "It's starting! Here comes the lead horse with 'It's starting! Here comes the lead horse with that big prick!"



think 60 Minutes ought to devote a segment to me and my virility," boasted the self-designated office Don Juan.

"By all means," said a female voice, "and title that segment 60 Seconds."

A CIA agent named Glover Begged head from a quick-witted lover, Who cracked, "Your erection Has condom protection Would your boss like my blowing your cover?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines horny sumo wrestler as a hot tub.

A 50ish female clerk was acquitted of the charge of having pilfered office petty cash several years before. Her defense was that she simply didn't know what she was doing when she was going through the change.

We've heard that the newest requirement for Hell's Angels' girlfriends is to be able to suckstart a Harley.

The Vatican commissioned an exhaustive but rapid tabulation throughout the world of nuns' opinions on a variety of subjects and issues. "Until this challenging crash project has been com-pleted," commented its director, "life for me and my associates will be just a poll of cherries."

It's obvious that the sex life of an ugly male loner is pretty much either a fist or a famine.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines skin-flick leading man as a star in the making.

I'm going out to stretch my legs," announced a

coed in the student-union lounge.
"That's understandable," reacted another girl, quite audibly, "but around whom?"

Did they maybe have computers in the Garden of Eden?" the little boy asked in Sunday school.

"Of course not," answered the teacher. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"It was my big brother. He told me that Adam traded Eve a Wang for an Apple."

really don't have much of a voice," the rock groupie stated slyly, "but I once opened for The Rolling Stones."

A truck-driving lesbo called Spike Hauls dildos by night down the pike, And if asked by the fuzz What it is that she does, She replies, "I'm a fake-dick van dyke."

That bastard of a husband of mine wanted me to sleep with the landlord because he lost the rent money playing poker," the housewife confided to a neighbor.

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"I have to admit I did, though with certain misgivings-but I haven't told my husband that the rent is paid in full for the next six months!"



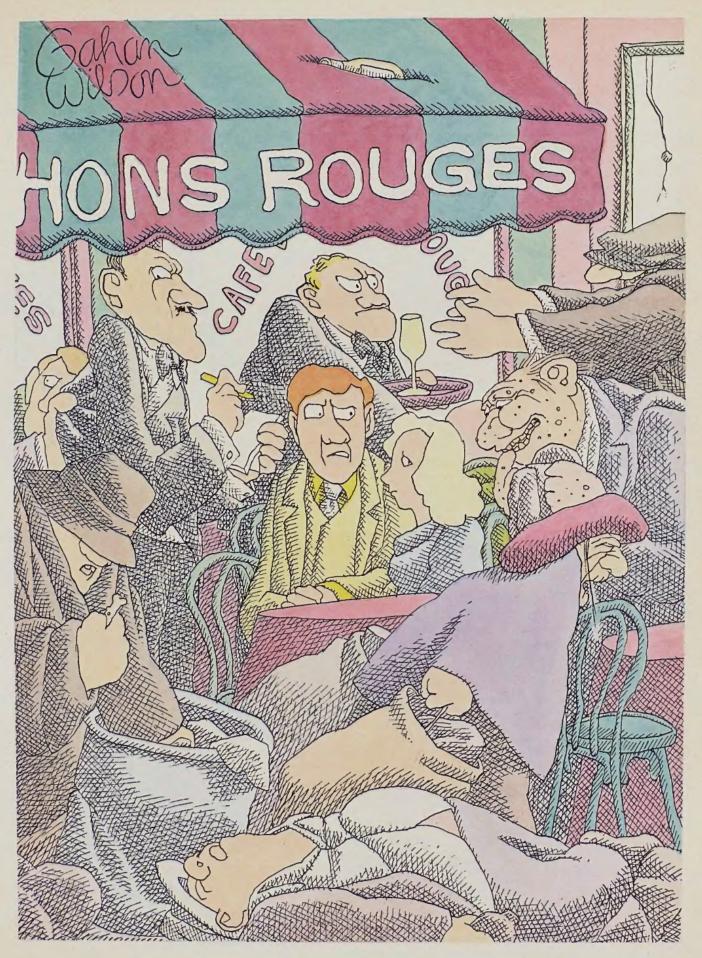
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines vintagesperm bank as an old semen's home.

Word has reached us about a flaky transvestite in a Southern city who prances around in a woman's ballet costume. The press has chris-tened him "the Chattanooga tutu."

That really foxy lady who invited you up to her apartment for a nightcap," one singles-complex male tenant remarked to another, "did she turn out to be, let's say, approachable?"

"Well, I was rather surprised to find an oldfashioned sampler that she said she'd made her-self hanging over the sofa," replied his friend, "until I took a closer look and saw that the saying embroidered on it was THANK YOU IN ADVANCE FOR NOT COMING IN MY MOUTH.'

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I guess it's really not the right neighborhood for a sidewalk cafe."

sports By THOMAS BOSWELL

WHY BASEBALL?

Millions of us have wondered. How can baseball maintain such a resolute grasp upon us? My own affection for the game has held steady for decades, perhaps even grown with age. After 25 years, I have no sense of wanting to be weaned from this habit. What seems most strange is the way so many of us reserve a protected portion of our lives for a game that often seems like an interloper among first-rate passions. What is baseball doing there, tucked on the same high shelf as our most entrenched attachments?

If asked where baseball stood among such notions as country and family, love and honor, art and religion, we might say derisively, "Just a game." But under oath, I'd abandon some of those Big Six before I'd give up baseball. Clearly, a sport that becomes one of our basic fidelities is something more than just a game. Perhaps the proper analogy is to our other inexplica-

ble, joyous addictions.

A thread runs through all these idle loves. Each, like baseball, brings us into a small and manageable universe full of intriguing detail; we are beckoned into unambiguous worlds where the areas of certainty are large, the regions of doubt pleasantly small. The cook must wrestle with tarragon and basil, the gardener with weeds and pruning. The baseball fan knows every batting average down to the thousandth of a point. What steady ground on which to stand, if only in one corner of our lives. Each pastime has its own unstated set of values. The part of us that is a fly-fisherman or a curer of hams or a habitué of the bleachers has fragments of a viewpoint common to others who share those tastes.

When we meet a bona fide fan-and baseball fanciers can be as snobbish as wine sippers or dog breeders-we start from an assumption of kinship. Implicit is the sense that we both endorse a whole range of civilized, moderate preferences. By and large, baseball fans tend to prefer pastoral, slyly anecdotal, proven if slightly dated things to those that are urban or pretentious or trendy. We choose the gentle grandstand conversations, beer in hand, on a soft spring night over the raucous 40-yard-line scream, whiskey in fist, on a brisk autumn afternoon. Our presumption of comradeship is considerable. Anyone who shares our range of wise opinion must do dastardly deeds to lose our good will.

In sum, what baseball provides is fact. Fact in a butter sauce of tone. Fact in the sense of concrete detail. Tone, as in style and spirit.

In contrast to the unwieldy world that we hold in common, baseball offers a kingdom built to human scale. Its problems and questions are exactly our size. Here we may come when we feel the need for a rooted point of reference. In much the same way, we take a long hike or look for hard work when we suspect that what's bothering us is either too foolish or too serious to permit a solution.

Baseball isn't necessarily an escape from reality, though it can be that, too; it's merely one of our many refuges within the real where we try to create order on our own terms. Born to an age in which horror has become commonplace, in which tragedy has, by its monotonous repetition, become a parody of sorrow, we need to fence off a few parks where humans try to be fair, where skill has some hope of reward, where absurdity has a harder time than usual getting a ticket.

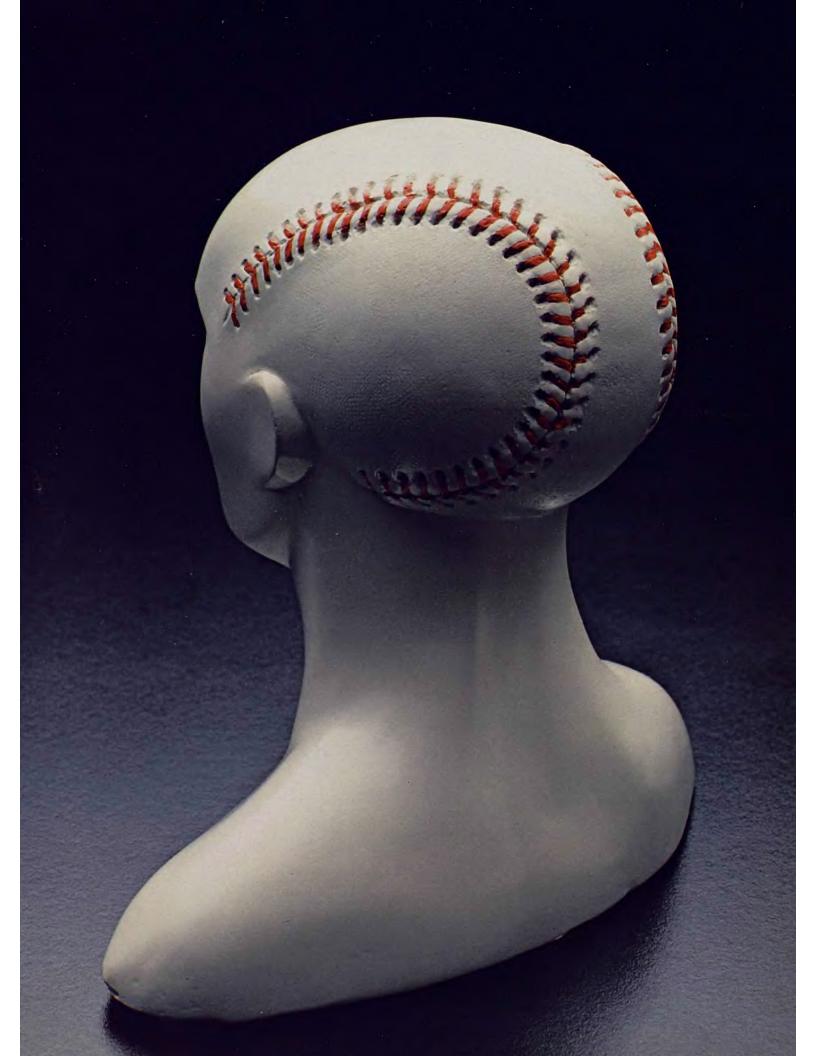
In those moments when we have had our bellyful of abstractions, it is detailthe richness of the particular-that restores us to ourselves. There are oceans of consolation, seas of renewed appetite, in as humble a thing as a baseball season. This great therapeutic wash of fact and anecdote draws us back to ourselves when we catch ourselves, like Ishmael, water gazing too long.

In part, our attachment to baseball stems from a persistent feeling that majorleaguers tend to give the best of themselves to their game, even at peril to other parts of their lives. One big-leaguer, known for his drinking as well as for his fear that the bottle might be mastering him, once told me, defiantly and proudly, that in his entire career he had "never had one drink from the time I woke up until the game was over." Of course, sometimes this future Hall of Famer didn't wake up until late afternoon.

His point, ambiguous as it may have been, was this: As long as he could function, the game would get his best. Not because he owed it to the sport but because he assumed that the baseball part of him was the best part, the piece he'd fight longest to hold. Many creative people see their talent in this light; whatever else must be pruned or neglected, their painting or writing or composing will be given a full chance to prosper. Part of the power of baseball is this sense that players tend to be obsessed with their work-an intense dedication that gives them added stature, as well as an intimation of potential tragedy. An air of danger and courage surrounds anyone who has burned the bridges back to conventional life and devoted himself to the long shot of art. In their uncompromising confidence, in their sometimes stunningly inaccurate appraisals of themselves, ballplayers are linked—though they might (continued on page 122)

BIG-LEAGUE POINT OF VIEW

to see a game the way major-league ballplayers do, you have to do more than just keep your eye on the ball



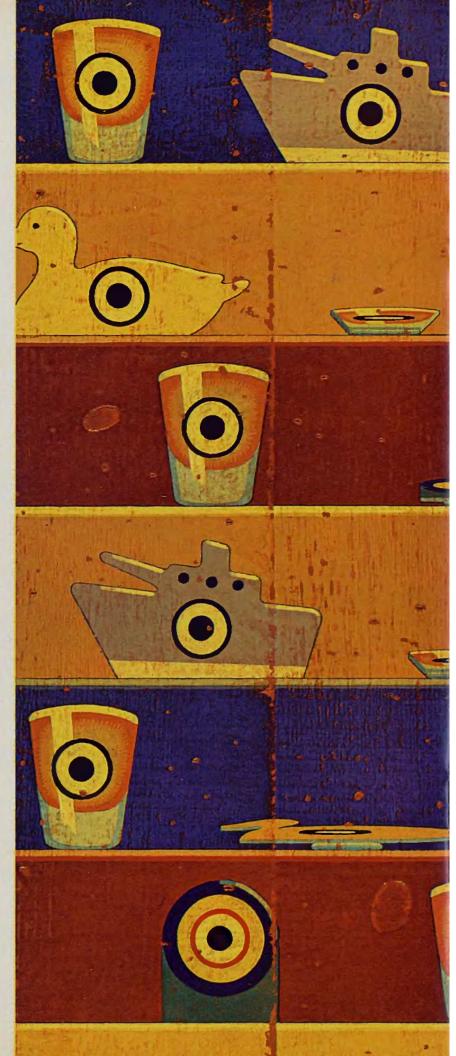
hold the water and dump the ice. here's straight on liquors down neat

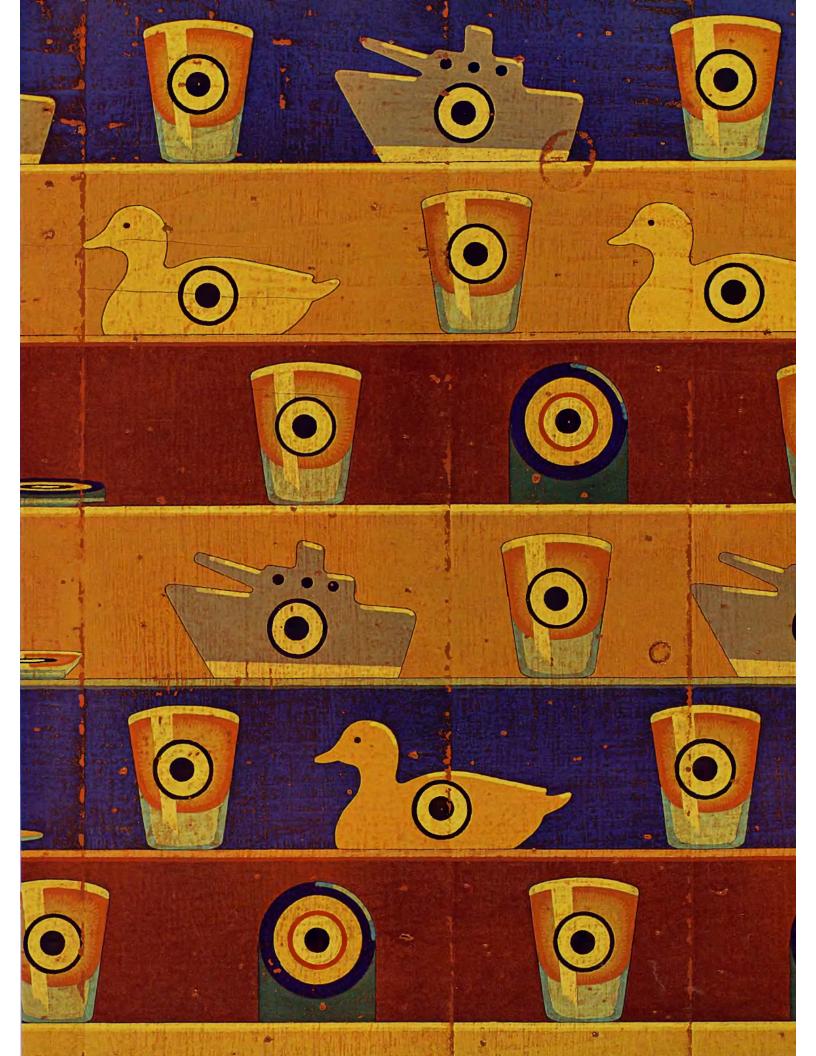
TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

THERE'S AN abiding myth that only Hell's Angels and bad guys in black hats take their liquor neat-in straight shots. It ain't necessarily so. Granted, social oracles have dubbed these times the era of the cocktail revolution, and the mixed drink is king. We wouldn't have it any other way. Nevertheless, there's always the danger of throwing out the baby with the bath water. In all the enthusiasm for cocktails, the fact that certain potions are structured to be taken in their purity has been overlooked. After all, Europeans still prefer their potables unblended and uniced-and they're old hands at the game. Situations abound in which shots are traditional. A nip of calvados taken neat in the middle of a meal is a feature of every substantial dinner in Normandy. The interlude even has a formal name, le trou Normand, or Norman hole-because it allegedly clears a path for the remainder of the meal. Beer may be the German national quaff, but when it comes to serious drinking, the Herren down clear white schnapps by the glassful. Bolshevik tipplers are even more serious; they've been known to dispatch a pint of vodka between the state liquor store and home. Grappa and marc, distillates of grapeskins, are standard eye openers, particularly in rural areas of Italy and France. Mexicans chug their claro tequila with a lick of salt and a bite of lime. No ice or agua, por favor. And after a bonechilling day outdoors, what could thaw you better than a shot of some potent juice in its original undiluted form?

So much for quaint customs and special circumstances. What about the general run of spirits? Do they lend themselves to being imbibed unadorned? You'd better believe it. (concluded on page 216)





BIG-LEAGUE (continued from page 118)

"What Gossage was throwing was not a baseball; it was something out of a different, smaller dimension."

never recognize it-to others who live on the edge.

The notion that such internally driven people can become slipshod overnight, just because they're egregiously overpaid, is bogus. By the time a man is established in the majors, his personality has been in place for a long time. For every player who counts his money and "retires" while still playing, there are more who are doubly motivated by the promise of greater wealth or by fear of public embarrassment or simply by a feeling of responsibility to live up to those fleeting gifts that distinguish them from other men.

The career athlete who is perceived to have fulfilled his potential is, within the jock community, given a sort of lifetime pass, a character reference that can never be revoked by misfortune. And the athlete whose peers believe that he wasted his talent is, in a way, never forgiven, no matter how hale a fellow the rest of us think he may be.

In baseball today, the twin internal dynamics of competition and artistry are still much stronger than the degenerative effects of riches. Consequently, we can still truly enjoy baseball. As long as we feel that the performers care deeply, the game is worth watching. Craft is the surest proof of sincerity.

Once, I sat next to Gaylord Perry, 300game winner and curmudgeon, at a winter banquet. Initially, he despised me, as I assumed he would, since I was one of those slimy reporters who nag him about his spitball, his feuds with teammates, his undermining of managers and his money lust. But the thing Perry really loves to talk about, besides his tobacco crop, is baseball, and that link soon erased our differences.

"During games, I'll sit alone down at one end of the dugout and talk baseball," said Perry, then 44 and an ancient Seattle Mariner. "Pretty soon, the young players kinda gather around me. If anybody brings up any other subject, I just say, 'We're talkin' baseball down here. These are working hours. You wanna talk about something else, go the hell down to the

"It was amazing what those kids didn't know, and I enjoyed watchin' their eyes get big. I can tell a hitter's weaknesses the first time I ever see him just by watchin' him take his stance. Like, if a hitter carries the bat high and wraps it back around his

neck," said Perry, giving a casual demonstration of the cocked wrists, "well, then you know he can't hit the fast ball in on his hands. It takes him too long to get the bat started and clear his hips out of the

"And if the hitter holds the bat low or lays it out away from him, then he can't hit the outside pitch with authority, especially the breaking ball. You can get him to pull the trigger too soon.

"Also, you gotta watch their feet. The good hitters, like Rod Carew or Eddie Murray, they've got a half dozen different stances and they'll change 'em between pitches. That's how you tell what they're guessing."

"What if they change stances," I asked, "just as you're winding up?"

Perry raised one eyebrow.

"Oh," I muttered, "you drill them."

"I hope so," he said.

If one quality distinguishes baseball as seen from a distance from the game at point-blank range, it's just this mix of constant technical analysis and an equal amount of prickly agitating. My favorite clubhouse was that of the 1977-1978 New York Yankees. Those world champs were perhaps the most brazen, acid-tongued, thick-skinned team that ever spit tobacco juice on one another's new Gucci shoes. A perfect Yankee day came late in 1977, when George Steinbrenner decided the item he needed to complete his circus was reclusive Dave Kingman. "We already have Captain Moody [Thurman Munson], Lieutenant Moody [Mickey Rivers], Sergeant Moody [Ken Holtzman] and Private Moody [Willie Randolph]," said third baseman Graig Nettles. "Now Dave can be Commander Moody."

The heirs to that tradition were the 1982 Milwaukee Brewers, led by Cy Young winner Pete Vuckovich. When it's time to form a new musical group called Down with People, they ought to start with Vuke. Catching sight one day of Gorman Thomas, with his great mane of shaggy hair, his menacing mustache, his chaw of baccy, his Third World teethand dirty uniform, the glowering Vuckovich accosted his roommate: "You are the ugliest."

"No, you are the ugliest," said Thomas, running his eye over Vuckovich's pockmarked skin, his beer belly, his whole cultivated mass-murderer mien. "In fact, you are the absolute worst in every way."

Most people who are world-class ugly

would take offense at such audacity. Not

"Well," he said proudly, "somebody's got to be.'

Men with personalities as flinty, minds as sharp and tongues as tart as Perry, Nettles, Vuckovich and Thomas are the sort who define what we might call the bigleague point of view. When I covered my first major-league game, in 1972, I assumed I had a respectable knowledge of the subject. Now, after 1001 nights in the ball park, I may know half of what I thought I knew then. Since that time, I have sat in a cozy seat at the railing of the second deck in Detroit, where you can lean forward and hear the swish of the bat when the on-deck hitter swings. That is where I began to fully grasp the central aspect of a baseball game-the tense business being conducted between pitcher and hitter. [See box on page 172.] It was there that I suddenly said to myself, "So that's 'changing speeds.'" One night, the Tigers' Jack Morris made me feel Warren Spahn's dictum—that hitting is timing and pitching is destroying timing. From that seat, I finally realized that Morris' fork ball-if properly set up-simply could not be hit. No, not even if the hitter was looking for it. Human reflexes unconsciously synchronized to an excellent fast ball could not react to a slower pitch thrown with the same motion. Until then, I'd assumed change-ups were pitches that worked only if they took the hitter by surprise. I believed that all cutie-pie pitchers lived in a world of constant danger.

But from that spot in Tiger Stadium, I sensed the paradoxical physics of pitching. It's as physically difficult to hit a slow pitch after seeing a fast one thrown with the same delivery as it is to hit a laserbeam heater. That's why "junk ball" pitchers so seldom get their comeuppance; their success isn't predicated on their savvy but on the hitter's synapses. Changing speeds isn't a trick. Once mastered, it's a dependable basic. Whitey Ford used to say he had the hitter's front foot on a string and could jerk that lead foot off stride whenever he wanted. In Detroit, I realized exactly what he meant.

The game's only comparably close seats are in Fenway Park and Wrigley Field, which is where I learned the truth about big-league fast balls. In high school, where I was a nondescript player, I once lined a double off a kid named Tom Bradley, who later won 55 games in the majors. For years, I thought this meant that major-league pitchers didn't throw much faster than the best high school and college hurlers. Sure, big-leaguers had better control, better breaking balls; but I believed I'd seen respectable fast balls.

Then, from the Fenway boxes in 1978, I saw Goose Gossage pitch to Carl Yastrzemski with a pennant in the balance.

(continued on page 168)



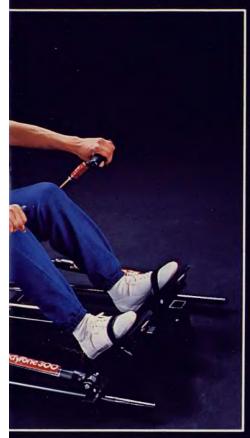




Working out on a sliding-seat machine isn't much different from rowing on water—except that you don't get wet when you go "ashore" for a beer. Our lean, tough lady is astride a lean, tough machine—the Finnish-made Tunturi, which has an impact-resistant lacquered surface, chrome-plated oars and seat rail, adjustments for pulling resistance and nylon foot straps, from Amerec, Bellevue, Washington, \$200. (Optional pulse meters are available for compulsive types who want to monitor their heart rate.) Above center: The BodyTone 300 is more than just a rowing machine, as it also converts to a multipurpose gym; in the vertical position, you can do bench presses, military presses, squats and curls using the adjustable oar locks as resistance, by Diversified Products, about \$200. Above right: Rowing on a 544 Rowbiciser is like rowing on the Thames (well, almost), as twin hydraulic cylinders coupled to its pivoting oars actually duplicate rowing action, by Walton Manufacturing Company, about \$400.









Below left: Our model is beginning to work up a heavy-duty set of beads aboard one of the cheopest thrills in this feoture—o 7000 deluxe rowing system with dual-action hydraulic pistons and chrome-plated steel oors that con be rotated 360 degrees as well os pulled straight back, on aluminum satin-finish frame and molded foot straps, by Huffy Sporting Goods, obout \$200. Below center: AMF American Life Styler 1500 offers twin power cylinders and hook-and-loop-fastening foot restraints in a unit that can stand on one end for close-to-the-woll storage, \$280. Below right: At last, the pause that refreshes. And we've been right there pulling for you, boby, every body-toning inch of the way. The final machine is Amerec's flagship 660 Magnum, which is equipped with heavy-duty shocks for extra durability, an extra-wide seat and a unique stroke counter that—sorry about this—registers whether you've completed a rowing stroke or cheated, \$479. Maybe that's why our model decided to sit this one out.





DON'T ASK... (continued from page 100)

"Never ask if she's ever wanted to sleep with another woman. If she hasn't already, she's wanted to."

answer is a simple yes, it breeds jealousy; if it's no, it creates the impression that you are being, shall we say, a bit vague.

• Am I the best lover you ever had? What is this, some kind of competition? There's no need for third parties to enter your bedroom picture—and this question amounts to an invitation. It's safe to assume that if the last lover was so terrific, he or she would still be around. It's also a good bet that if you are the best, you'll eventually hear about it anyway.

• What do you fantasize about? Freud thought fantasies were a symptom of psychopathology; Nancy Friday thinks they're something to tell your house plants about. (Great minds don't always think alike.) We think they're both wrong. If you want to tell your lover about your fantasies, it's OK with us (the danger is that your partner may begin to agree with Freud). But, please, have a little respect for mystery, show some deference to suspense—in other words, don't ask. Specifically, don't ask about the eyebolts on the bedframe or the collection of antique restraining devices in the closet.

• Have you ever felt this way before? The person who asks this question is looking for divine intervention or recycled virginity. Love doesn't come with an applause meter. It is a process, a series of choices. Everyone was a teenager once. Everyone has experienced infatuation, puppy love, hormonal madness, the Big Mac attack. With luck, we've survived those and gone on to other symptoms. The rule is, Don't examine the symptoms too closely unless you think you have a cure.

Always bear in mind that you admire the product of your partner's experiences, but it's a little like ethnic food. You can savor the taste, but, for the love of God, don't ask what's in it.

The questions on the preceding list tend to resurrect chromosomal memories of the primal scream. If you ask them gladly, you might just as well offer your partner a hot-oil bath. But there are other, subtler questions that, on the face, seem conversational rather than inquisitional. It's when you try to answer them that you realize you've just met Torquemada. Or maybe you ask the question and the minute it falls off your lips, you see immediately that there are some things you don't want to know.

For example:

Never ask what she sees in Richard Gere.

Never ask if she has ever wanted to

sleep with another woman. If she hasn't already done so, she's wanted to. Never ask if he's ever wanted to sleep with another man. If he hasn't already done so, he doesn't want to. Never ask, "What is wrong with me?"

It is all right to ask about scars. Never ask about bruises.

Never ask a female lover, "Did you come?" This is a hard one. Perhaps the best solution is to ask this question long before you make it to the bedroom: Are you orgasmic? (If so, fine. If not, fine. Nothing you do will affect the answer.)

Never ask your lover if he'd dive in front of an oncoming train for you. He doesn't know. Never ask your lover if she'd dive in front of an oncoming band of Hell's Angels for you. She doesn't know. Never ask how many cigarettes your lover has smoked today. Cancer is a personal commitment.

Never ask to see pictures of your lover's former lovers—especially the ones who dived in front of trains. If you look like one of them, you are repeating history's mistakes. If you don't, you'll wonder what he or she saw in the others.

While we are on the subject of pictures: You may admire the picture of your lover cavorting naked in a tidal pool on Maui. Don't ask who took it. The answer is obvious: A Japanese tourist took the picture.

Never ask if your lover has had therapy. Only people who have had therapy ask if people have had therapy.

Don't ask about plaster casts of male sex organs marked JIMI, JIM, etc. Assume that she bought them at a flea market.

There are the sexual-excitement questions that should generally not be asked: Am I sexy? Do I still turn you on as much as when we met? Am I the most exciting lover in the history of Western man?

There are also the history questions: How many lovers have you had? (There are only three possible answers: enough, not enough, one too many.) How did you lose your virginity?

There are anatomy questions: Has it always been that color? Has it always been that shape?

Telephones offer another category of questions that shouldn't be asked: If your lover gets a call during sex and is stupid enough to answer the phone, don't ask who it is; leave the room. If he or she crawls into the closet to complete the conversation, leave the house.

When your lover has been away, never ask, "Why didn't you call?" (You already know that whatever the reason, he or she

will think it is something that the relationship can withstand.) Never ask, "Did you try to call me last night?" (Either you were home waiting for a call, in which case you are questioning his or her basic motor skills, or you were not home and want to confess.) Never ask, "Where are you calling from?" (A company has actually manufactured microcassettes of background noises to be played into the telephone when you're making excuses. We are trying to teach you to be discreet, not tacky.) Never ask whose number is written on the message board in the kitchen ("Oh, do you know someone at the Board of Public Health?").

Never ask about the half-empty bottle of tetracycline, especially if the prescription is recent.

Do we need to mention that no one asks, in the early stages of a couple's history, about financial matters? Rodney Dangerfield may proposition women with the remark "Got any money saved?" but the rest of us should leave wealth enough alone. "Do you have a will?" and "Is your money earned?" and "Is your family rich?" are questions that will be answered in due course. Have a little patience.

People wonder why older men and women like to have affairs with younger ones. Firm flesh, right? But there's another good reason: Young people have short pasts. They do not have leftover traces from years of liaisons. Chances are if you ask them, "Who took that picture?" the answer will be, "My mom." But put a few miles on those treads and certain questions are sure to cause further wear and tear.

There is a prevailing trend toward the position that the best policy is honesty: Always tell the truth, because the truth is easy to remember. Which is exactly why you shouldn't answer these questions. The answers are all too easy to remember, and your lover will never forget. Easy to remember is the first step toward the same old same old. Mystery is the best policy. It shouldn't be pissed away on something as simple as an unwavering commitment to full disclosure. We're not telling you to lie; we're telling you to keep your wits about you, to be discreet.

All of this advice is important and we expect you to follow it to the letter. We didn't say it would be easy. But remember that unless you are planning to write a kiss-and-tell biography, there is very little that you really need to know about your partner's sex life before you were part of it. If you find it difficult to live like that, think about it this way: Until you came along, your partner didn't have a life.



"No need for the gun, Watson—I've uncovered Moriarty's little game single-handed!"

in case you haven't noticed, the "older woman" is coming into her own—and having a wonderful time, thanks

HANK YOU, Mary Tyler Moore.

I thought that you'd done enough for America already, keeping us wild-eyed insomniacs happy with reruns of The Mary Tyler Moore Show, routing all our

two-A.M. demons and making us laugh instead.

But now, Mary, you've married Dr. Robert Levine, cardiologist, who some magazines say is 29, while others have decided he's 30. But all the magazines tell us you're 45, and they all say you're blissfully happy and nuzzle with your new

husband in public a lot.

Because you're so popular, Mary, everything you do turns immediately into status quo. Not that it wasn't pleasant to find out that Carly Simon, 38, has a boyfriend of 27, or that Olivia Newton-John, 35, has a 25-year-old sweetie, or that Linda Ronstadt, 37, was cavorting with a 21-year-old before she took up with George Lucas. But, after all, they're only singers, whereas you're Mary, everybody's favorite. Women identify with you; men chastely adore you. You've made everything OK, and now other, not-so-famous women-I, for one-can come out of the closet. It was getting boring, apologizing: "Oh, well, I know he's a decade younger than I, but you'd be surprised how (text continued on page 212)

RITA JENRETTE AND PHILLIP ANDERSON: Since her divorce from ABSCAMmed Congressman John Jenrette, lovely Rita, 32, has appeared in Fantasy Island, The Edge of Night and a Los Angeles stage production of The Philadelphia Story, for which she drew critical praise. She's now appearing in the film The Last Picnic, as well as in the arms of Phillip, an L.A. actor and dancer. He's 24. "I think the slightly older-woman/younger-man relationship is a trend whose time has come," says Rita, a quadrilingual cum laude alumna of the University of Texas who's looked at love from both sides now. "For years, older men have dated younger women. Why not the other way around? Before, I always felt secure with an older man, protected. But younger men kind of adore you. They respect you and they listen to you. And younger men are much more fun." Says Phillip, "Just look at and listen to Rita and you'll see everything I love in a woman. She has a woman-child quality that fascinates me. I've never met a woman so mesmerizing. Just when I think I know her completely, I learn that I don't know her at all." How about older/younger sex? "I wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole—no pun intended," Rita cries. "She's my friend and my lover," says Phillip. "I've learned so much from her."















LINDA HOLMES AND JAMIE WATSON: She's 36, he's 26. Linda works in production for a Los Angeles company that makes Dr Pepper, Pepsi Light and other commercials. Jamie is a pro free-style skier and a motocross racer. "I wouldn't go out with him at first," Linda recalls. "He asked and asked, but he was just . . . too young. Then I went skiing at Heavenly Valley one day and there he was, surrounded by women. I had on a beautiful pair of \$125 ski pants. He talked me right out of them." "They looked better on me," says Jamie. "Anyway," Linda continues, "I suddenly decided I needed a ski teacher. We met later at a disco and drank. Too much. We went to my house and I got absolutely out of control." "She wanted me to take her to bed, so I did," Jamie remembers. "He was such a gentleman," says Linda, smiling. "He carried me upstairs and put me to bed and said, 'See you later.' I thought that was really sweet. I mean, I don't remember it, but I thought it was nice when I heard about it." And how did two such sports-minded people spend subsequent afternoons? "Well, you never ski on Sunday, so what can you do?" Linda wants to know. It's a rhetorical question. "We watched football naked. I liked off sides in particular." "And illegal use of hands in the huddle," Jamie interjects. Jamie had never dated an "older" woman before; Linda had never dated a superstar skier. "My attraction for him wasn't based on his ability to ski," she says, "but when I found out he was the best, it was an added attraction." "Let me tell you," he interrupts, "when I found out how good she was. . . ." "You're sick, Jamie," she says. "You know," he says, "I actually prefer older women, if Linda is any indication."

















JOANNE BOSWELL AND MARTIN BOZLEE: Check this. Martin is a model and Joanne's a millionaire. Real-estate broker Joanne, 37, met sometime go-go dancer Martin, 21, two years ago at a Tahoe resort. "There I was, just a bachelor type of guy," he remembers, "looking through the glass wall, and there was this cute girl playing racquetball. She looked 18 or 19. Saw her later that night at a club and we danced four hours straight. We took a cab home. I dropped her off and then came back the next day. We had champagne and Mexican food for dinner, then went home for a romantic eve-

ning—the first night we really knew each other. It looked the way it looks in these pictures." "I sent him home after that," Joanne says, "for a couple of days." "But I came back," says Martin, "and we partied for months." "He's so uninhibited, so immodest," savvy, successful Joanne says of her beau. "I was always the meek, modest type . . . cancel those pictures we just did!" "There's a bar in the rafters of our bedroom," he mutters. "It looks a little flimsy to hang from, but ever since I saw Behind the Green Door. . . ." "No, no!" she says. "Truthfully, we have a pretty normal sex life." And they both smile.











LINDA BUSCH AND CHUCK MAKAREWICZ: They were born on the same day, May 13—she in 1949 and he in 1959. Now a sales assistant for a Dallas radio station, former ecdysiast (that's stripper to everyone but you, Mr. Buckley) Linda met fitness counselor Chuck at the Dallas health club where he works. Everything has worked out fine ever since. Linda on Chuck: "I've been with men who knew less about sex and men who knew more. But I've never been with anyone who felt it as much. He cares more about my insides than my outsides. Whether we get married is up in the air, but I would

like my son—he's 12—to be like Chuck. And that's about the highest compliment I could pay him." Chuck on Linda: "When she showed up at the club, I was pretty impressed. I think it helps a lot that we're both fitness oriented." Chuck admits he was apprehensive about any erections that might come up during our shooting. "I'd never been photographed nude," he says. "We were both nude in the bed, and a few times I did get a little aroused. I kind of had to think of other things." "He has a very positive attitude," says Linda. "We have a 50-50 relationship. Our one rule is, Last one up makes the bed."









SHERIDA AND BILLY OERDING: This is marriage number three for Sherida, 35, and number two for Billy, 26. He's the breadwinner; she's the housewife. They live in Upland, California, where he runs his own lumber business. "I'm confident in the way he feels about me," says Sherida. "We're best friends," says Billy of their May-June romance. "I take extra care in making sure that I always make her feel that I love her. I try to make her feel she doesn't have anything to worry about, because she doesn't. In the beginning, the age thing was a factor, because society said it was. It's not to us. But if there are other people who want to do the same thing, they should know it won't work unless the man is mature enough to handle it." A dynamic duo, Billy and Sherida have eyed all the sexual flavors society offers and even tasted a few. "I've partied with other people," Billy says. "She has, too." "I think in everybody's mind, a threesome is a fantasy. I was talked into one once," recalls Sherida, "in another relationship. The man said there was only one person in the world he could try it with, and that was his best friend, who was like a brother to him. So we did it. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it; I just realized that type of thing was not for me. But it was an experience." Billy concedes that he thinks about "things like that" at times. "I could probably count the women I've been with on two hands. I'll think about her experiences and it hurts me." "He dwells on my past," Sherida says gently. "He's still young in that area. He's jealous. I like that. And nobody would ever get up at two in the morning to get me a pack of cigarettes. He would. He wouldn't let me go out to the 7-Eleven at two A.M."















VIKKI LA MOTTA AND PETER ATHAS: Peter, a former defensive back with the New York Giants and the Minnesota Vikings, is 37. Vikki, former wife of middleweight champ Jake La Motta, C.E.O. of the new Vikki La Motta Cosmetics corporation and veteran of one spectacular PLAYBOY appearance (November 1981), is 53. That's no typo. Here it is again—53. "I was unsure about this pictorial," she said with a bewitching smile after the photo session. "There's no one I could have done it with but Peter. He's a good friend and he's a wild man." Peter had his own reservations. "It was weird,"

he says. "You don't pose with your buns hanging out every day." They played Alphonse and Gaston, in fact, at the photo session. It went like this—VIKKI: "You get undressed first." PETER: "No, you go first." VIKKI: "No, you." PETER: "No way. You first." VIKKI: "We'll do it at the same time." Which is what they did. Does this older woman remind Peter of any N.F.L. stars? "The Raiders," he says. "They're tough, they're outlaws and they're winners." Let's close, now, with Vikki's message to all her PLAYBOY fans: "Make every day fresh and young and new. Don't be crippled by the past; age is just a word."



"I think fantasies are for the birds; anything I wanted to do, I did."

KLEIN: Journalism. I could kill her!

PLAYBOY: Why? Because she won't make much money?

KLEIN: No, I don't care about that. I don't trust a lot of journalists.

PLAYBOY: Because you've been burned in the press?

KLEIN: I've survived the fire and am not saying that journalists are dishonest, but I don't trust them.

PLAYBOY: Are you speaking of gossip columns or investigative journalism?

KLEIN: Some people write gossip very well. Liz Smith is fabulous in that respect. She's helped me and she's a very special person. But when a newspaper journalist has a daily deadline, it isn't always possible to check every item for accuracy. Sometimes, journalists get sloppy and try to make a name for themselves quickly at the expense of other people. Yet I've been helped by many journalists at The New York Times, Women's Wear Daily, Newsweek-they've all been great. I keep telling Marci that if she's interested in journalism, I sure hope she's honest about what she writes!

PLAYBOY: How political are the reviews in the fashion press, and how important is it for a designer to kowtow to the editors of Vogue or Women's Wear?

KLEIN: Politicking is certainly necessary with the press, with buyers, with the presidents of stores, with unions, with everyone a designer comes into contact with. You'd be a damn fool if you were out to fight the world and expected to succeed in it. I don't think there's anything wrong with politicking in order to get what you need. Without question, Women's Wear Daily can do more than any other publication to establish a designer. Women's Wear Daily can see to it that every important store in the country carries a designer's clothing—if that designer is supported and well reviewed by that newspaper. Now, that's tremendous power!

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a seamier side, a darker side to what goes on in the industry?

KLEIN: If you're referring to criminal elements. . . . People have told me about organized crime in the fashion industry, but I can't talk about that.

PLAYBOY: You can't or you won't?

KLEIN: That's not something I can get into, because [smiles] I'm looking to stay alive. PLAYBOY: All right. In the past ten to 15 years, men have become much more conscientious about dressing, conscious of designer labels. How do you account for that?

KLEIN: Nothing earth-shattering has happened in men's fashion, and I can surely exercise optimum creativity in the design of women's clothes. How much can you do with men's clothes? But there has been a change in men's attitudes toward their clothes. In the past, the wife bought all the husband's clothes, and that happens a lot less today. American men are more aware of fashion; they're not afraid of it and they like clothes better and are willing to spend more time and money choosing them. Also, they're more genuinely concerned with their bodies-and they take more seriously the way they look.

PLAYBOY: You have a large gay following; do you cater your ads to that market?

KLEIN: I want everyone I can get: Jews, Catholics, gays, straights, you name it! You can't advertise for just one group; otherwise, you end up having a very small business! My men's-underwear print ads are very popular! I have 50 bus-stop kiosks in New York, and the city is afraid, because the posters incite vandalismsouveniring. Many kiosks were damaged, the posters taken. For the women's-underwear ads, the city asked us to retouch the nipple. The officials didn't mind seeing the man's nipple, but the woman's nipple was a problem to them.

PLAYBOY: When playwright/actor Harvey Fierstein was recently interviewed, he said, "From the looks these days, you can't tell the gays from the straights. Whenever new fashions come along, they always hit the gay world first." Do you agree?

KLEIN: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Well, you've spent enough time on Fire Island to be aware of trends in gay fashion. For instance, the Adidas-sneaker syndrome; the "Village" outfit, consisting of jeans and a leather jacket; men wearing earrings and gold chains-those fashions and others have certainly been adopted by straight men, too, haven't they?

KLEIN: I don't even think about it and doubt that Advertising Age could give you a judgment about that. I don't know if what you say is true. There's an awareness of fashion in this country, and it's not limited to gay people. We're not doing outrageous fashion; I make sports clothes that are relatively conservative, clothes that everyone wears. If the business were geared toward selling just to gay people, we wouldn't have much of a business and neither would anyone else, because that group is not big enough to support it.

PLAYBOY: What about the commonly voiced theory that gays have, if not a lock, certainly a very strong influence on the fashion industry?

KLEIN: There are a lot of gay people in fashion-but there are a lot of gay people delivering sandwiches from coffee shops, too. It's not as if every gay person is a great creator. Fashion is about selling clothes. I'm in a business where no one cares about anything except how well your last collection sold.

PLAYBOY: As you've said, you're also in a business that is notoriously hard on family life. Is it possible to maintain a monogamous marriage on the fast track?

KLEIN: I believe a marriage should be monogamous, but I don't think I want to let everyone know whether or not Jayne or I ever screwed around. If you have to go somewhere else for sex, then why be married? My marriage was different; it wasn't working. But if you have sex with someone other than the person you're married to, it's the beginning of the trouble.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think you can sometimes integrate more than one relationship into your life?

KLEIN: I know people who have more than one relationship, but their marriages aren't good ones. I don't think it works to have a third person in the picture. Also, I've learned that having sex with three people or five people isn't really as great as sex with someone you're really in love with. I really believe in love and commitment and in monogamous relationships.

PLAYBOY: You've had a reputation for leading a varied sexual life; how do you reconcile your philosophical conservatism with your actual behavior? Haven't you had sex just for the fun of it?

KLEIN: I didn't say that I haven't experienced different kinds of sexual relationships. I did go through a very wild period.

PLAYBOY: How wild was it?

KLEIN: [Laughs] Did Ed Koch tell PLAYBOY about his sex life? I don't want everyone to know. I think it's more fun if you have the reputation and people don't know everything-a little mystery isn't so bad. But, sure, I've fooled around a lot. I stopped at nothing. I would do anything. I stayed up all night, carried on, lived out fantasies, anything. I did an awful lot. I'm not going to tell you everything, but I'll say that anything I've wanted to do, I've done.

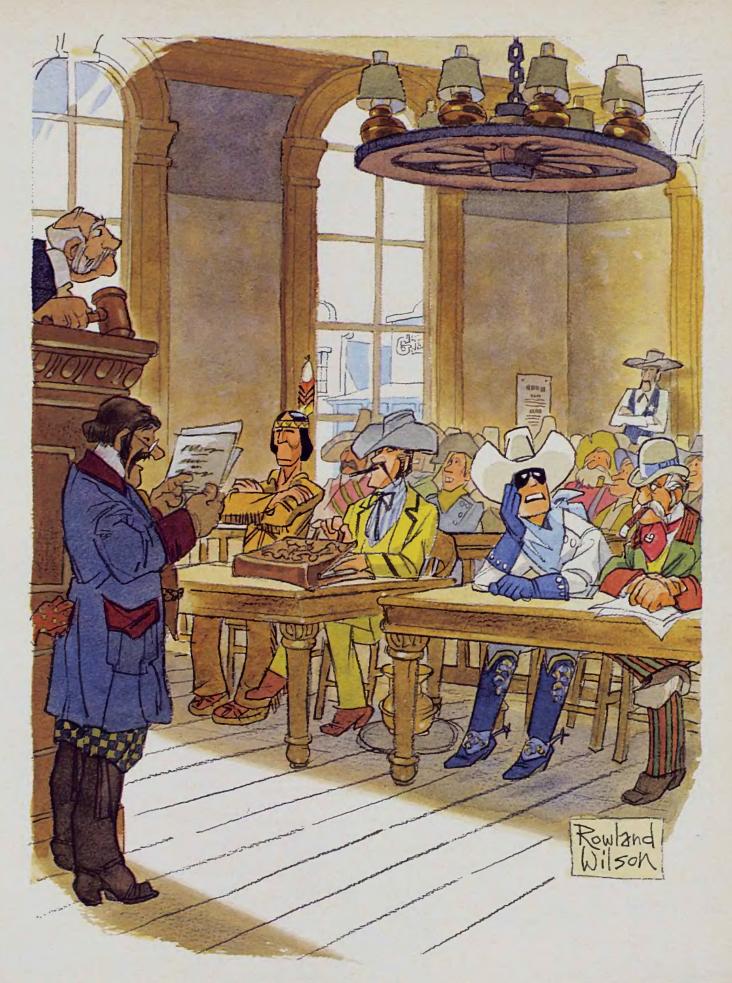
PLAYBOY: Give us one example.

KLEIN: Jesus, can't you use your imagination? I've been real fortunate, because anyone I've wanted to be with, I've had. PLAYBOY: What are your fantasies?

KLEIN: I think fantasies are for the birds; anything I wanted to do, I did. If there's something I want, nothing stops me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that your having anyone you've wanted has something to do with your being Calvin Klein?

KLEIN: That's true, but it would bother me



"I never thought it would end like this—in a palimony suit!"

if I thought someone was with me only for

PLAYBOY: You mean star fucking?

KLEIN: Yes, that's right. Quite frankly, my best sex has been with people who didn't know who I was. But I know when someone is really excited and into the sex. And if anyone was star fucking with me, I think, in the end, they really enjoyed it, because I know I had a good time. During the Seventies, when everyone was carrying on, when everyone was experiencing freedom and maybe a little decadence, I also enjoyed being kind of outrageous about taking chances and doing things that I wouldn't have in the Fifties or Sixties.

PLAYBOY: During your wild period, did you take drugs?

KLEIN: I'm not interested in talking about that. Maybe I'm old-fashioned because I still drink vodka; I'm not an advocate of drinking, but I'm no angel. I don't like grass, because it just makes me hungry.

PLAYBOY: Philosophically, where do you draw the line between aspirin, alcohol, cigarettes, marijuana and cocaine?

KLEIN: I think drugs are really bad, and I notice a tremendous turning away from them in young people. There's nothing that sickens me more than seeing someone who progresses from smoking marijuana to using cocaine and shooting up heroin—seeing people destroy themselves. I couldn't have gotten to the place where I am if I had been tripping on acid during the day.

PLAYBOY: Again, your reputation is that of someone who's tried many things, but you're preaching a conservative point of view.

KLEIN: Don't believe everything you read. I do have a reputation for partying and having fun, but I'm not a drug addict and hate to see others who are. My wild period wasn't about drugs; it was about the sexual freedom I've described.

PLAYBOY: You'll pardon us for mentioning that you've celebrated your 41st birth-day——

KLEIN: I won't pardon you for mentioning that!

PLAYBOY: Why not? Do you fear getting older?

KLEIN: I don't project that far, but I do realize that people in their 70s can still have incredible lives. Health is the most important thing. I exercise three or four times a week, and I'm in much better shape physically than I was ten years ago. I pace myself through a rigid routine of cardiovascular exercises, plus weight lifting, three or four times a week. I'm not trying to be Mr. Universe, but I want to stay in shape by exercising not only my muscles but what's inside, too—the important organs of my body.

PLAYBOY: Would you have plastic surgery?

KLEIN: Any kind of operation frightens me, and I don't like hospitals. I don't care what people do to themselves, but I personally would not have plastic surgery. What the hell for? It looks ridiculous when the skin's been pulled too much.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you had silicone injections for your complexion?

KLEIN: I have oily skin and cysts form underneath it, and when they're removed, there is a depression in the skin. My doctor drops some silicone into the depression and I don't have to walk around with holes in my face. But that's not plastic surgery.

PLAYBOY: You've had nothing fixed? KLEIN: No. I am what I am.

PLAYBOY: There has been a great deal of speculation in the press about your health. In 1975, one magazine described it as "lousy" and mentioned your bout with hepatitis, stomach problems and loss of weight; more recently, there was speculation about your dying of AIDS. Once and for all, can you set the record straight?

KLEIN: [Pause] Things happened to me: I was doing 200 sit-ups a day and ended up getting a hernia and had to have an operation; I had hepatitis once and it cost me four weeks of my life-two weeks in the hospital and two weeks at home-certainly not the end of the world. I recover quickly and am definitely stronger now than I was ten years ago. Everything about me is strong. The most serious problem I've had was viral meningitis-a very dangerous illness that I contracted less than two years ago. That's when all the rumors about my health began. Having meningitis was one of the worst experiences of my life. I had five spinal taps, which are both dangerous and extraordinarily painful. I had horrendous headaches for two weeks, and no matter what drugs I was given for the pain, nothing

PLAYBOY: Was the viral meningitis the disease that the press mistook for AIDS?

KLEIN: It seems there's always another rumor about my life; some people are simply talked about more than others. Why doesn't the press speculate about Geoffrey Beene or Ralph Lauren? Perhaps it's because people see me much more than other designers, but there's no question that it has happened to me more than to other people.

When I was in Lenox Hill Hospital with meningitis, people thought I was dying of cancer. What really happened was that the person who was the chairman of the board of our jeans company, Carl Rosen, was dying of cancer. It wasn't me. But every time he checked into the Mayo Clinic or Sloan-Kettering or the Massachusetts General Hospital, he would mention Calvin Klein so he'd get better treatment. I had recovered from the men-

ingitis and was healthy, so the rumors didn't disturb me-at least not at first.

PLAYBOY: Since you've been falsely linked to AIDS, do you have an opinion on the public reaction to the disease?

KLEIN: AIDS is an absolutely tragic disease and particularly frightening because people know so little about it and because there is not yet any cure. The argument about AIDS' being some kind of divine retribution is crap. The disease has extended far beyond the gay community, and there is no consensus about how it began. It would be better for the Government to provide adequate financial support for medical research than for the press to sensationalize the disease and cause people to be unrealistically afraid of it. I understand how the issue could be used against gay men and women, and I am not supportive of that kind of discrimination. No one's lifestyle or sexual preference should be stigmatized, nor should anyone be blamed for a disease that is outside his control. We need compassion in this world for anyone who is sick or oppressed-not punish-

PLAYBOY: Is that why you became angry when we first brought up the rumor about AIDS?

KLEIN: How the fuck would you feel? I didn't want to dignify the rumor. It was a pretty insensitive, rotten thing people said. It was bullshit, and I didn't want to discuss it. The media are very into publicizing AIDS, all kinds of cancer—you name it—and projecting them all onto me! The truth: I'm as healthy as a horse!

PLAYBOY: Has your sex life changed because you're getting older?

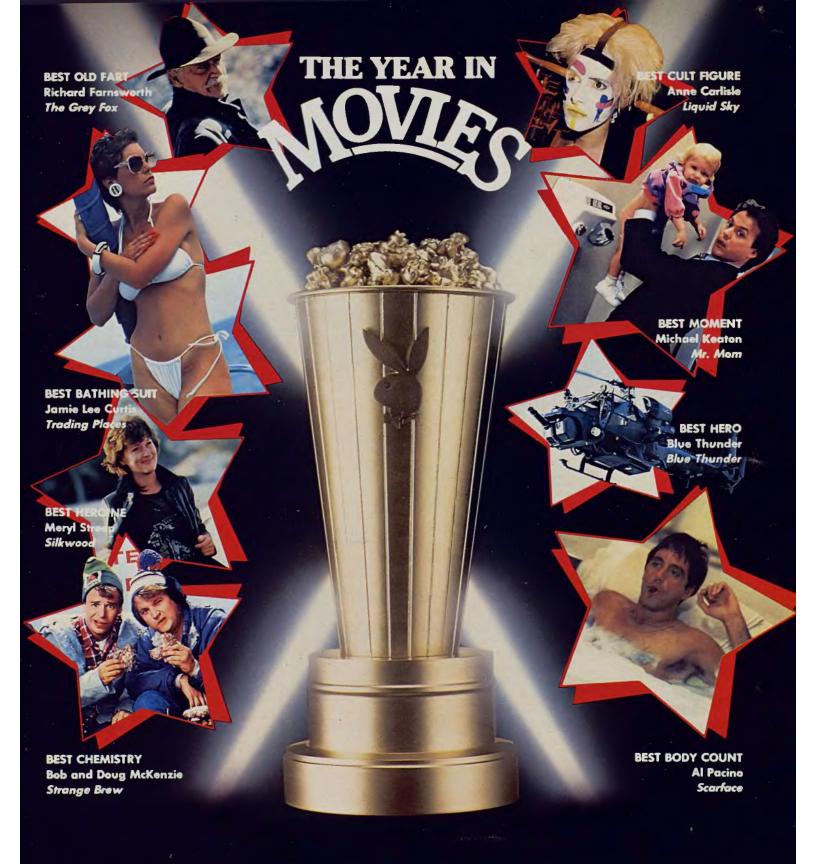
KLEIN: [Laughs] No; in fact, my sex life is the best it has ever been. It's nice to combine sex with love. I'm now happier than I've ever been in my life, and I don't make statements like that often.

PLAYBOY: Are you in love now?

KLEIN: There is someone in my life right now that I care a great deal about. She's a lovely, wonderful girl and I'm extremely happy. Her name is Kelly Rector, and she works in my design studio. Although we've known each other for two and a half years, the relationship is a new one. We spend a great deal of time together and I adore her.

PLAYBOY: Would you get married again? KLEIN: There's always that possibility, but I haven't given it much thought. It would depend on whether or not I wanted to have children again—though many people have kids and aren't married.

PLAYBOY: What caused the recent change in your attitude about love and intimacy? KLEIN: For one thing, there's nothing happening in New York that's exciting other (concluded on page 152)



playboy's annual popcorn awards for the good, the bad and the ridiculous

ITS THAT TIME of year again. After miles of aisles, we sat down to recall our favorite moments spent in dark theaters during the past 12 months. There was the air-bike ride through the forest in Return of the Jedi. There was the return of Sean Connery. One critic labeled The Right Stuff the best collection of male talent since The Magnificent Seven. The Big Chill and Terms of Endearment showed the power of big

names' making small roles perfect. It was a year when women got tired of asking where the good parts were and played men (Linda Hunt in *The Year of Living Dangerously*, Anne Carlisle in *Liquid Sky*). If you believed that Streisand was a boy in *Yentl*, you've got problems. It was the year Clint Eastwood became the number-one box-office star. It was all that and more. For further highlights, turn the page.



Deal of the Century: I'll pass on unfunny gunrunners. Hanna K.: Still another Jill Clayburgh dud,

THE TEN WORST

The Keep: Quick, raise the drawbridge.

A Night in Heaven: Pure hell on the male go-go circuit.

Psycho II: The best recent argument against sequels.

Querelle: What German New Wave? One of the last—and worst-films of Rainer Werner Fassbinder.

Romantic Comedy: It was neither.

Rumble Fish: Francis Coppola's near-terminal case of the zits. Stroker Ace: This flat tire tossed Burt Reynolds off the track (and out of first place of the box office).

Two of a Kind: It is probably mere rumor that John Travolta is attempting to buy all existing prints of this and his other (albeit profitable) 1983 turkey, Staying Alive.

MONEY-MAKERS

champion Shirley Muldowney.

the best yet from those English madcaps.

Despite evidence (below) of a thriving box office, Hollywood pissed and moaned about losing money to VCR owners. One bumper-sticker retort: THEY'LL GET MY VIDEO-CASSETTE RECORDER WHEN THEY PRY MY COLD DEAD FINGER OFF THE EJECT BUT-TON. Still, Eddie Murphy (below) won't have to beg, as he did in Trading Places.

> 1. Return of the Jedi \$165,500,000 Tootsie

Local Hero: Canny Scots villagers vs. Big Oil. No contest.

Monty Python's The Meaning of Life: Outrageous, irreverent,

Never Cry Wolf: Something completely different from Disney.

The Right Stuff: Imaginative epic of the Mercury-seven astro-

The Man with Two Brains: Maybe 1983's funniest.

nauts, still not the stratospheric hit it deserves to be.

Terms of Endearment: You'll laugh until you cry.

- \$94,571,613
- 3. Trading Places \$40,600,000
- 4. WarGames \$36,595,975
- 5. Superman III \$36,400,000
- 6. Flashdance \$36,180,000
- 7. Staying Alive \$33,650,000
- 8. Octopussy \$33,203,999
- 9. Mr. Mom \$31,500,000
- 10. 48 HRS. \$30,328,000

NEWS MAKERS



In 1983, movies made headlines. TV's The Day After was really made for the covers of Time and Newsweek. Some thought Ed Harris' performance in The Right Stuff might get John Glenn elected President. On the contrary, we thought his crazed mercenary in Under Fire might get Reagan re-elected.

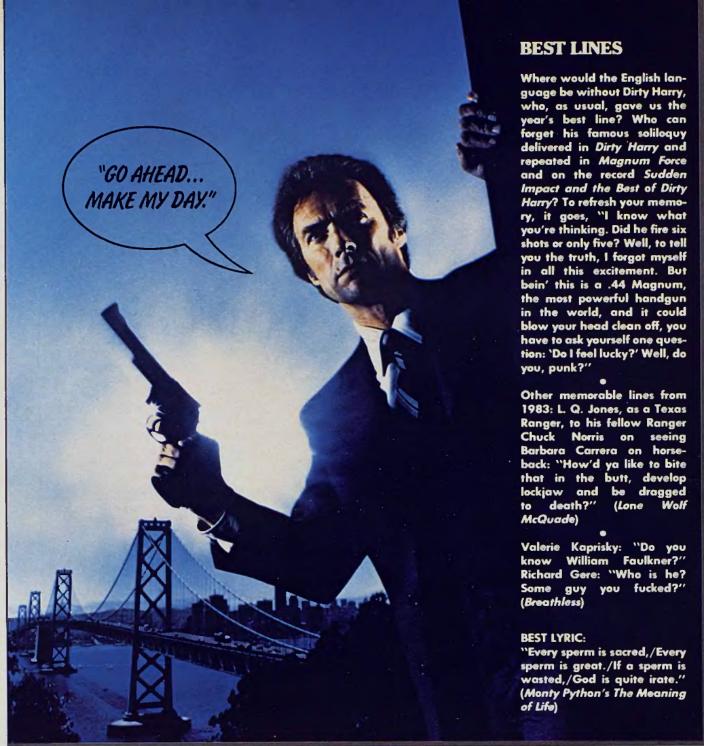
REEL PEOPLE

This year, Hollywood muses seemed to go on strike. Many movies were remakes of classics: Breathless, To Be or Not to Be, Never Say Never Again (a recycled Thunderball), Scarface. But even more were based on real life or a reasonable facsimile thereof: The Right Stuff, Star 80, Heart Like a Wheel, Silkwood, Cross Creek, The

Grev Fox. Daniel and our favorite, Never Cry Wolf, from a book by Farley Mowat. Of course, in the book, the hero doesn't fall through the ice; the wolves don't get shot; there is no bush pilot turned guide; and Ootek, the wise old Eskimo, is a young man. The hero does eat field mice, but only after being warned, "They will make your parts small." Well, anyone who saw Charles Martin Smith (right) run with the caribou knows that isn't so. Smith definitely had balls to do that scene.









LIP-SYNC OR SWIM

Just take those old records off the shelf. In 1983, Hollywood seemed to abandon dialog for music. Tom Cruise lip-synced a Bob Seger tune in Risky Business (left). Richard Gere lip-synced Jerry Lee Lewis in Breathless. And Flashdance and Staying Alive were just marathon MTV bits.

STILL WANNA BE A STAR?

PLAYBOY would like to give Monty Python a special Popcorn Award for the most inventive effect. You think life at the top is all fish and chips? Nola Safro, on the set of *The Meaning of Life*, grabbed the candid shots of magic in the making at right.



BEFORE AND AFTER









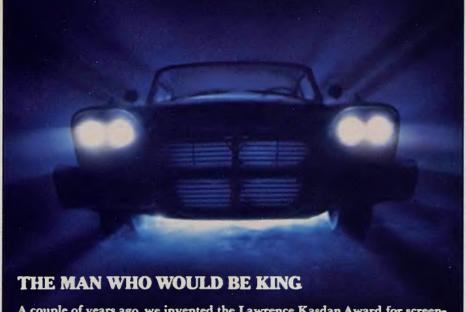








It was a year of transition. From the top: John Travolta had a close shave and a stomach operation (surgeons implanted Sylvester Stallone's abs) for Staying Alive. Mariel Hemingway had breast surgery for reasons of her own. George Lucas based a munchkinlike character called the Ewok on his own likeness. Shades of Alfred Hitchcock. Lucas also pulled a fast one with Jedi's title. Promos were sent out for Revenge of the Jedi. The posters are worth up to \$500 to some collectors.



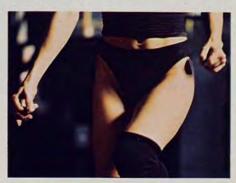
A couple of years ago, we invented the Lawrence Kasdan Award for screen-writing and gave it to Lawrence Kasdan for giving us The Empire Strikes Back, Raiders of the Lost Ark, Continental Divide and Body Heat in quick succession. This year, we give the Lawrence Kasdan Award to Stephen King, and from the looks of it, King will cop it next year, too. Last year saw films made from Cujo, The Dead Zone and Christine. Due soon is Firestarter and in the works are Children of the Corn and something called Creepshow II. King is currently adapting The Stand for George Romero. And screenplays apparently aren't enough. King has also taken to writing reviews of the movies made from his books. For example: "Christine is fast, funny, scary and raunchy. . . . I like it just fine. I think of all the film adaptations of my stuff, John Carpenter's Christine comes closest to capturing the spirit of the book." We guess King's laughing all the way to the bank.

"WILL YOU DO A LEOTARD SCENE?"

"YES, IF IT'S FOR ART"

Hollywood left a lot to the imagination in 1983. Instead of nudity and celebrity breasts, we were treated to adventures in the Danskin trade. There were leotard scenes in WarGames and Never Say Never Again. Meg Tilly (above right) gets a Popcorn Award for her workout in The Big Chill. It was a clear-cut case of immediate, undying love. The dance outfit at right belongs to either Jennifer Beals or Marine Jahan from Flashdance. Only their hairdresser knows for sure. And for the boys, below, we have John Travolta and Cynthia Rhodes in a scene from Staying Alive. Tights! Camera! Action!







SEX AND VIOLENCE

Hollywood should be put in charge of the arms race. Face it: It was a great year for weapons. Scarface had a chain-saw scene so bloody it ended up on the cutting-room floor. Sean Connery, in Never Say Never Again, killed a villain with a urine sample. Is that what "bottled in Bond" means? Mere knuckles sufficed for Silkwood's Kurt



Russell and Craig T. Nelson. Sean Penn gets a Popcorn Award for his novel use of pop and pillowcase in *Bad Boys*. A second award goes to the ghetto-blaster bomb (above right) from the same movie. *Video-*



drome sported a lethal tube (above left). Our favorites were the women (below) hounding Graham Chapman to death in Monty Python's The Meaning of Life. If you gotta go. . . .





Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kent III: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1983. Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

When you know what counts.



© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984 Taste you can count on.

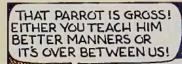




by 2

MUFF TIME! FARDLE! AWK! YOU'RE BACK AT LAST! YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A MAN IN NEED. DORIS! FRED SCHRIER FRANK JACOBS











THE LONER



WHEN I YELLED DOWN AND ASKED HER NAME, SHE SAID "WHY DON'T YOU FUCK OFF, YOU LITTLE SCRAGGLY-HAIRED WIMP!"





GAY VET!

CRUISER

I LOVE YOUR HAIR — B-52'S, MARY WILSON. RIGHT?



Christopher Browne









Saturday Nite Tive





BY BILL JOHNSON









"I'm a sexual person, and that's reflected in my clothes and in my advertisements."

than a party at someone's house. The disco scene has gotten to be a big drag. Studio 54 was a part of my life and I used to go there quite often. It had a club atmosphere, a place where I could see my friends, a club with an interesting mixture of social, theater, fashion and film people-everyone. Anything could happen: One night, we were all playing with the lights in the disco box; other times, I had fun just standing around the bar and talking or going home with someoneanonymous sex. Now the club scene is dead in New York. In fact, I was one of the last holdouts, still going out and thinking, Maybe there's going to be something out there, or Maybe I'm missing something if I stay home. I pushed it as long as I could. But whether I was staying up until four A.M. partying at Studio 54 or fucking in my bed, I was dead the next day. I could no longer physically party all night and work the next day and do my exercises. I can't spend the rest of my life hanging out in discos, and they've become boring to me. Now I know I'm not missing

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a big difference between your personally being tired of the disco scene and the night life of New

York's being dead?

KLEIN: Maybe the club scene is interesting to someone my daughter's age, who has never experienced it before. Maybe we're all so fickle in New York that we get jaded and bored quickly, but in my mind, the party scene is over. It's still there for those people who want it, but it's not the same people.

PLAYBOY: Since you're no longer partying as much as in the past, are you lonely?

KLEIN: Sure, I get lonely. Who doesn't? But if I suddenly find myself in a room feeling depressed, I say to myself, "My God, what do I have to be depressed about?" And I get myself out of it quick. PLAYBOY: You have a close relationship with Marci. As her relatively young father, you must identify strongly with many of the concerns facing any adolescent, such as sex. Were you a sexual adolescent and was losing your virginity traumatic or ecstatic or even important?

KLEIN: [Laughs] It was no big deal. The first time I had sex, it wasn't all that great. It takes practice! I'm a sexual person, and that's reflected in my clothes and in my advertisements. I felt that way in the Fifties, too, but not in quite the same way. We had a good time then, but we weren't out fucking every night. It was light petting, going to the movies, just having fun. Most 16-year-olds today are having sex, certainly having it before marriage.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about Marci's sex

KLEIN: I worry very much about her loving someone. If she has sex before marriage, I want to know that she's giving herself to someone she really loves. I would prefer that she not have sexual intercourse until she's married, though no parent can stop that from happening.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the no-intercourse-beforemarriage dictum long out of date?

KLEIN: My daughter is 17 years old! I'm not saying that a 25-year-old single woman shouldn't have sex or live with someone. But a father sees those things differently, is more protective about his own daughter than he might be about just any 16- or 17-year-old. I may sound oldfashioned for someone who has a reputation of having some pretty wild friends, staying up late and leading a very fast life. But I don't think any 16- or 17-year-old should experience sexual intercourse. You can't convince me that a teenaged girl is capable of knowing what love is about and how far to go with sex. She's too confused and shouldn't give herself so easily to just any guy who comes along. I'm hoping she'll wait, and when she's 21 years old, she can do whatever she wants.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line? KLEIN: Who's to say what age-19, 20, 25-is the right age? But I don't approve of it at 16. I think kids are really screwing themselves up. I didn't make any girl pregnant when I was a teenager and would have felt pretty awful if I had. How many teenaged women are having abortions? Plenty! I don't believe a young boy or girl can feel good about that.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about abortion? Is it acceptable at some ages, not acceptable at others?

KLEIN: I'm for abortion but against 16year-olds' having permissive sex and then using abortion as an expedient solution. I certainly feel that an adult woman has a right to determine what happens to her life and body. Ultimately, love is much more important than sex and sex becomes greater when you're really in love.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever give money or use your clout to sponsor any causes?

KLEIN: I would do it privately, which means I would not make it public in PLAYBOY or anyplace else. The president of almost every store in New York uses his clout by associating himself with a cause; but Macy's doesn't. It gives, but it doesn't make its donations public. I'm the same way. By doing things privately, I'm satisfied I'm helping.

PLAYBOY: Without putting yourself on the

KLEIN: I'm not a politician and don't want any part of politics; I might support a lot of things and not lobby for any of them. There are certain charities and political causes I believe in, and I don't always want my opinion known. What little privacy I have left I'd like to maintain.

PLAYBOY: People such as Paul Newman, Robert Redford and Jane Fonda might say it was politically irresponsible to have the asset of your clout and not use it for a cause you believe in. What do you say?

KLEIN: I don't give a shit what anyone thinks about me. I do a lot for Israel but don't ask anyone else to give. I won't allow myself to be used that way. It isn't that I'm not concerned about causes, but I don't care what other people think about how I give.

PLAYBOY: Would you campaign—as many movie stars do-for a politician you be-

KLEIN: I'm interested politically-though I'm neither Democrat nor Republicanand I would use my name in a campaign and contribute money. Right now, if there were a Presidential election, I'd give Reagan my vote. I don't see anyone in the Democratic Party with an alternative that sounds better to me than what Reagan has been doing. No Democrat has any plan for turning the economy around; the Democrats are playing to the ten percent of the population that is unemployed and the 20 percent that fears it may be unemployed. I don't agree with all of Reagan's policies, but no one in the past ten years has been better able to curb inflation and unemployment. I don't want to be a Reagan commercial, but, my God, look at the inflation rate when he came into office. Also, I agree with his building our military strength, but I also advocate a more consistent dialog with the Soviet Union. At the time the Korean jetliner was shot down, I thought we hit the Soviet Union a little too hard, that the verbal hits might have backfired. We need to talk with Russia.

PLAYBOY: OK. Now that we've established the fact that time has made you more conservative, what do you do these days for relaxation?

KLEIN: In the past year, I've been in the mood for hard work. So I get up early and go to sleep relatively early-usually about one A.M. Also, I'm in a relationship, so I don't feel the need to run out a lot. A year ago, it was different. Now my idea of entertainment or relaxation is exercising with my trainer in my gym after I get home from work; then I go out to dinner with friends and finish it all off with sex. PLAYBOY: So we've come full circle and have returned to sex.

KLEIN: Sex with love! I hope it happens for

PLAYBOY GUIDE

ELECTRONIC ENTIENTAINMENT

THE NEW VIDEO!

MAGIC MONITORS, CAMERAS, VCRS

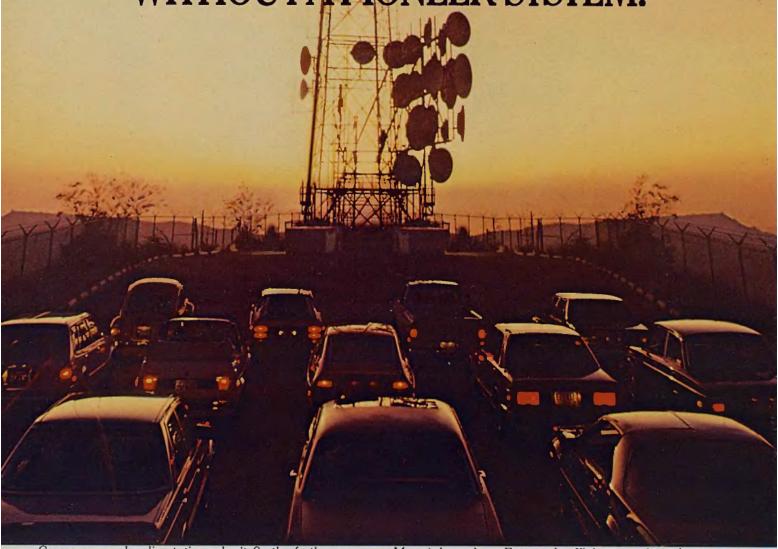


TAPE DECKS COME OF AGE

> COMPUTERS MADE EASY



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Park the system you have in your car. And get moving on a new one from Pioneer.



(PIONEER®

Because the music matters.

PREVIEW

HE LAST TIME I checked, Buffalo Bob Smith was still living. But not in living color. It was a good 30 years ago that Buffalo Bob first visited our house. He was in the middle of a large piece of furniture and it took two men to carry him in. It was a very nice piece of furniture, a deep, rich mahogany that my mother polished at least twice a week; when it reached its highest gloss, she placed her finest vase of artificial flowers right on top. We would spend some of our best hours in front of that piece of furniture, watching Lucille Ball and Milton Berle and the Friday-night fights and Howdy Doody and Buffalo Bob. For a long time when I was a kid, it was a major life goal of mine to make it into Buffalo Bob's Peanut Gallery, his studio audience full of kids who obviously had better network connections than I did. Later in life, I would do the antler dance with Lily Tomlin on the stage of NBC's Saturday Night Live, but it just wasn't the same.

That first TV set was modest by many standards. Some of our showier neighbors had units that took up entire walls. Doors would close to cover the screen; leaves would lift to uncover turntables and radios. It was all quite amazing.

Within a few years, certain shows would be broadcast in color, and certain neighbors (mostly the ones who owned two-toned cars) would buy color sets. We would not get color TV, my father insisted, until they perfected it. In 1976, he finally broke down and bought a color set. But he wasn't happy about it. "I'm telling you," he said, "they're still futzing around with this stuff."

My father was right. Hi-fi had become stereo by then, and anybody who was halfway serious about it was buying components and not pieces of furniture. But television technology lagged far behind. You never bought a TV set because it had more lines of resolution or a better dot-matrix pattern. You bought it, most likely, because it came in a handsome wood-grain cabinet. And you put it on a shelf somewhere near your stereo and listened to great performances out of a three-inch speaker.

It was only in the past couple of years that things started to change. The first signs were outward features such as electronic push-button tuning. Nice gingerbread. The relatively recent introduction of component television finally got us on track. Separate monitors, tuners, speakers and lots of jacks. Your cable goes here, your VCR there. There's a jack for your computer and one for your video-disc machine. (Even though you probably don't have a video-disc machine, it's nice to know the jack is there.)

Television, as you will see on the next few pages, has finally come of age. And it's getting better all the time. VCRs are getting more compact and more efficient, and video cameras are becoming much less complex and much more affordable.

RCA's new Small Wonder is now on sale. It's a palm-sized camera that weighs 2.2 pounds and lists for \$995-about half the cost of a larger camera. Konica has a new 1.6-pound model that is remarkably uncomplicated and lists for \$599. And Kodak is getting into the video field with a whole new format. In a throwback to the days of simple 8mm-film cameras, its compact Kodavision video camera/recorder uses 8mm tape (about half the width of current VHS and Beta formats) and doesn't need the power support of a VCR. Has Kodak captured the future? Maybe. RCA plans an 8mm model for later this year. And others will follow.

With video events breaking so quickly, there may be a great temptation to sit back



and wait for it all to be "perfected." Product blitzing often results in little more than consumer confusion. But that's what this *Guide* is all about—helping you clear the confusion; helping you make intelligent decisions not just about what to buy but about whether you should be buying at all.

We're very much aware of the potential intimidation factor of the new electronics. It's present in video and, perhaps to an even greater degree, in computers. That's why we had our friend Peter A. McWilliams write an article that should take some of the major fears out of computing. And that's why we've included some computer-software reviews and previews. It's our job not only to tell you what's out there but to let you know what it means to you. We'll try to do that by being as reader friendly as possible. And with the electronic world changing so quickly, you can use all the friends you can get. But this isn't a one-way street. We'll occasionally ask for your help, too. So if any of you know where Buffalo Bob is, please drop us a line. Thanks. See you in The Peanut

Maury Z Levy

Editor, Playboy Guides

THE NEW VIDEO

suddenly, there's a lot more than just television

Understanding television was simple. There was no channel one. We all knew that. There were 12 V.H.F. channels (you got them by playing with rabbit ears) and 70 possible U.H.F. channels (you got them by moving a loop back and forth). V.H.F. had all the network stuff and the decent movies and the world series. U.H.F. had the Gilligan's Island reruns. Simple enough.

Then came video cassette recorders so you could record shows you weren't watching. Then came home-video cameras that patched into the VCRs, so you could create your own programing. Somewhere in there came cable, with music stations and news stations and recent Burt Reynolds movies and last

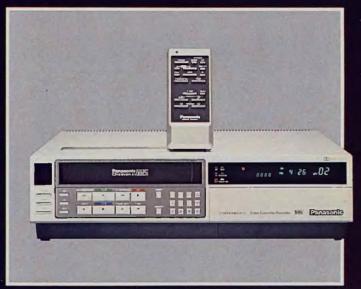
night's basketball games.

As television fare got more complex, so did television sets. With so many possible functions and demands, there was a need for higher resolution, greater color accuracy and the switching flexibility to get the most from all the new video sources. The answer lay in components. Monitors such as the 19inch Sony KX-1901A pictured here and on the Guide cover would lead the way. This one, for \$850, offers video and computer (RGB) inputs. To receive broadcasts and route other video sources, such as a VCR, you need a tuner/switcher. To hear it all, you need separate speakers. It's all a bit more complicated and a tad more expensive than the television set you're used to, but the quality is much better and the versatility much greater. You get what you pay for. The future is like that.



Perhaps the hottest news around is Kodak's entry into the homevideo market. Always a leader in home movies, Kodak has now come up with an ultraportable one-piece camera/recorder (camcorder) that uses 8mm video cassettes instead of half-inch Beta or VHS tapes. The basic 2200 model, \$1595, has a 6:1 power-zoom lens, auto exposure and electronic view finder. A separate "cradle" playback unit, Model 2020, plays tapes on TV, \$200. Panasonic's PV-1720 tabletop VHS deck may just be a videophile's dream machine. Its built-in tuner gives you access to 128 channels. It has an eight-event/14-day programmable timer. The four-head deck has a visual search at nine times normal speed, as well as variable slow motion. It has stereo-recording capability, and Dolby noise-reduction circuitry takes a sizable bite out of tape hiss. Includes wireless remote control, \$1300.





Not sure about a portable or table-model VCR? Aiwa's V-5 system gives the best of both. Strap the portable Beta machine, AV-50M, on your shoulder and you're ready to make movies. Unlike other portables, it has a built-in cable-ready tuner, which allows full off-air taping away from home. Another bonus is a Beta Hi-Fi adapter-amplifier, SV-50M, that lets you make and play back full-range stereo recordings at home, \$1395.

If you've held off trying to direct your own video because you thought the cameras were too difficult to operate, Magnavox' VR8280BK could convince you otherwise. Just about everything—including color balance, focus and exposure control—is automatic. The 8:1 zoom lens offers focal lengths from 9.8mm to 78mm. The lens has a two-speed motor, and its Newvicom imaging tube is so sensitive, you'll rarely need lights, \$1400.





PLAYBOY GUIDE

One of the most highly regarded of the new breed of monitors, Proton's 25-inch 602M boasts video resolution in excess of broadcast standards. Plug in a VCR or a video-disc player and you'll get a sharper image than you're used to. There's also an RGB input to handle the high-resolution-color autput of some computers. Because it's a true monitor, you'll need an external tuner for broadcast reception (Proton's 600T will do nicely), \$1050.

At a featherweight two and a quarter pounds, RCA's CKC020 is the lightest full-feature camera ever. Designed to function with any VHS recorder, it offers automatic color-balance adjustment, exposure control and zoom. A black-and-white electronic view finder atop the camera lets you compose and focus with pinpoint accuracy. The view finder doubles as an instant-replay monitor, so you can field-check the scenes you've just shot, \$995.





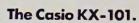
If your VCR is capable of recording a stereo sound track, Canon has designed a camera for you. Its VC-20A has a stereo microphone, making scenes in which several people are speaking at once a lot more intelligible. It offers a 10-to-80mm variable-speed auto-focus power-zoom lens with macro-focus for extremely tight shots. There's an automatic fade-in/fade-out feature that lets you go from one scene to another like a pro, \$1395.

If you want a multipurpose monitor, Mitsubishi's AM-1301 may be the answer. Its 13-inch high-resolution picture tube and RGB input make it ideal for camputer graphics—especially for units, such as the IBM PC, that produce a direct-drive color-video signal. It also has an 82-channel tuner and room for two extra standard video inputs. This compact unit has a special faceplate designed to absorb room light, thus increasing picture contrast, \$600.









Casio's new computerized audio system does more than just double on keyboards. It lets you record your own hits.

For Casio has packed a complete audio entertainment center into 16 portable pounds of state-of-theart wizardry.

The KX-101 is the only sound system around that gives you an AM/FM stereo radio. Detachable speakers. A cassette player and recorder. A

three-channel keyboard. And a mini recording studio.

So you can not only tune into some beautiful music—you can make your own. The 37-key keyboard has monophonic and polyphonic channels that let you record melodies, chords, and accompani-

onto a cassette tape for storage.

And the computerized tape recorder's nine different automatic scanning functions allow you to program and play back your tapes in a variety of ways.

Sound too good to be true?
Just check out the new Casio KX-101.
And discover the lightweight virtuoso that projects the most sound per pound.

CASIO

Where miracles never cease

ment—then dump them

HOW TO RUN A COMPUTER PROGRAM

does the mere thought give you a headache?

here are 15 steps to quick relief

By PETER A. McWILLIAMS

You turn it on, put in a disk and push a few buttons. That's all there is to using a computer. Everything else is programs. When people want to "learn how to use a computer," what they usually want to do is learn a few computer programs.

Learning a powerful computer program is not the easiest thing on God's earth. But it's not the most difficult thing, either. Learning a foreign language is more difficult. Learning how to drive is more difficult. Getting laid is often more difficult. (When I think of all the programs I could have learned those many nights on the prowl. . . .)

Here are a few random pointers, born of hard experience, on how to learn a computer program.

1. You'll need good luck. I usually save this for last, but considering the subject at hand, I'll put it first. You'll need all the luck you can get from the beginning.

A program usually consists of a magnetic disk and an overabundance of words. I am convinced that those who write the instruction manuals (or documentation, as they like to call it) for computer programs are paid by the word, like writers for Modern Romances, though they're probably not paid as well. For obvious reasons. (See point two.)

Within a single package, those words can come in several forms: a loose-leaf notebook (and you thought you left those behind in college), some stapled pages, an addendum sheet, an addendum to the addendum sheet, a letter of thanks from the president of the firm (who is worth \$200,000,000 now that his firm has gone public after six months) and a listing of all the other wonderful programs available from this newly traded over-the-counter firm.

2. Don't expect the instructions to be clear, organized, written in English or even to contain all the information necessary to learn the program. The so-called instructions that come with programs are a scandal of the computer

industry. (I said a scandal, not the scandal.) Where else can you spend \$500 for a five-and-a-quarter-inch plastic square and then be forced to spend another \$19.95 for a book on how to use it? With computer programs, it happens all the time.

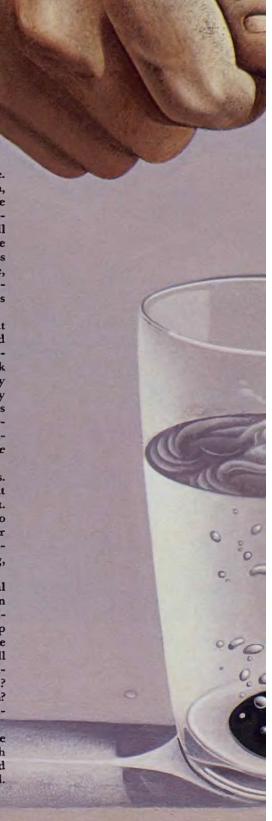
And then there's the language. Knowing the Anglo-Saxon, French, Greek and Latin roots of our language will be of no help in deciphering computerese. Bebop won't help, nor will Sanskrit nor Swahili. It seems the more one knows about computers, the less one knows about the English language, and vice versa. Most of the people writing documentation took to computers and abandoned English long ago.

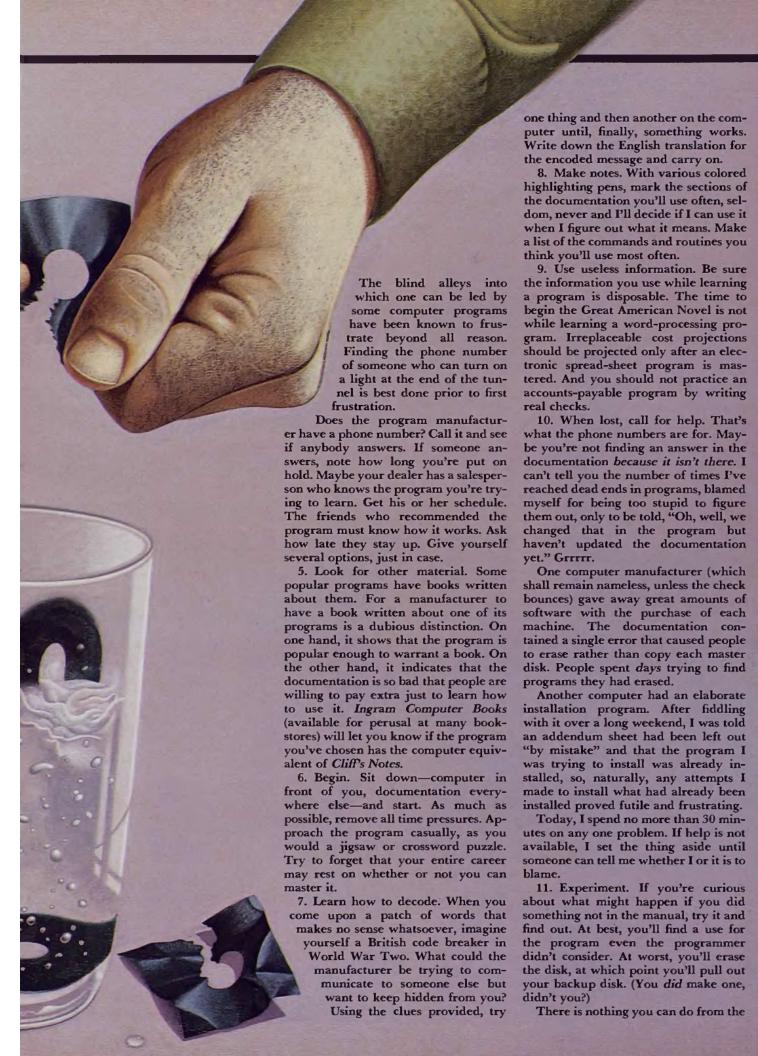
Those who know something about English and computers were snapped up by New York publishers who believed, until recently, that any book with "computer" in the title was money in the bank. To say that the literary quality of most documentation leaves something to be desired is an understatement along the lines of "One nuclear bomb can destroy your whole day."

3. Superficially read all instructions. Pick up anything with words on it that has come with the program and read it. Don't try to understand it, don't try to make sense of it, don't try to remember anything—just read quickly and lightly. After you've skimmed everything, put it away for a day or two.

Some psychologists say this initial once-over records all the information in the subconscious. Maybe the subconscious 95 percent will be able to help the conscious five percent figure the thing out. Maybe not. At least you'll know what you're up against: Is it written in English? Does it seem organized? Is there any logic to the presentation? Are there examples? Is there any humor (intentional or un-)?

4. Gather phone numbers. Before sitting down at your computer with disk and documentation in hand, find out whom to call if things don't go well.





keyboard of a computer that will permanently harm the computer. So, while you're using the disposable information outlined in point nine, feel free to experiment. (Later, when in the midst of a trial balance, you may want to curb your Thomas Edison tendencies.)

12. Hire a consultant. If documentation and phone calls fail, hire a consultant. Pay him or her \$20 to \$50 an hour to hold your hand, place it on the keyboard and guide you through whatever portions of the program you'll find most useful. (I have yet to learn, for example, how to move columns around with my word-processing program, because, frankly, I don't give a damn.)

13. If architects who are paid millions of dollars find it necessary to skip the 13th floor of practically every tall building in this country, I can only assume they know something I don't know, so I'm going to skip point 13.

14. It'll all become second nature. There is a photograph of a cow used in psychology lectures. The photo looks, at first, like a series of blotches, and the task is to find the animal. After several minutes (or hours, in some cases) of twisting and turning the picture, you suddenly see the face of a cow emerge. From that point on, it is impossible to see anything but a cow, even when the picture is held upside down.

The same kind of realization (or, as we say in California, transformation) takes place when you're learning a computer program. At some point, the program no longer is a series of unrelated commands but crystallizes into a

comprehensible whole. Exploring the rest of the program is much easier, because it's now familiar territory.

For the first few weeks, you'll be uncomfortably self-conscious using a program. That's because the information is new and is being processed by the logical, conscious part of the brain. After a few weeks, the frequently used commands slip into some other part of the brain and become automatic.

At that point, a program is said to be transparent. The work, not the program, becomes the focal point. One day, you'll find yourself solving problems with the program rather than solving the problem of how to learn the

15. You'll need good luck. I know I've said it before, but it bears repeating. I've learned many programs and I know it's within my capability to learn others, but I still shudder each time I sit down and open a loose-leaf notebook that begins "Congratulations! You are the proud owner of the finest Widget Processing Program known to person-kind!"

Maybe there are people who enjoy learning programs, just as there are people who enjoy building ships in bottles or eating raw octopus or cutting holes in the ice and jumping in. I don't happen to be any of those people, but I thank heaven for them. I suppose some-body has to do all those things.

Learning a program can be compared to a prolonged seduction. It's damn frustrating, but eventually, it's all worth while.

A SOFTWARE SAMPLER

programs worth giving the boot

Now that you're no longer intimidated by computer programs (oh, sure), we thought it would be helpful to give you some idea of what sort of software is out there. You've probably heard that computer programs can help you do everything from keeping an electronic datebook to storing your recipes. To tell you the truth, we're not sure why you'd need a computer to do those things. You want to remember how to make chicken Kiev? Put it on an index card. We've found many more exciting keyboard adventures for you. There are thousands of programs available, at just about every price. Our Playboy Guide test team tried hundreds of them. We recommend the following.

GAMES AND ADVENTURES

Beneath Apple Manor (Quality Software). The first true fantasy game for the Apple has been reintroduced with high-resolution graphics, sound, gamesave capability and an even deeper dungeon. \$29.95. Ap, At, I.

Castle Wolfenstein (Muse). Your mission: to escape from the castle with the Nazi war plans. You're armed with an M-98 pistol, ten bullets, one joy stick. That was the trouble with World War Two—no joy sticks. \$29.95. Ap, At, C.



Drol (Broderbund). Humor, action, suspense. You try to rescue two kids (one with a propeller heanie) and their mother while fighting off dragons, monsters, flying turkeys and vacuum cleaners. \$34.95. Ap, At, C.

Miner 2049er (Micro Fun). One of the best chase games. You're trailed through an abandoned uranium mine and over ten screens. \$40-\$50. Ad, Ap, I.

Mystery Muster: Murder by the Dozen (CBS Softwore). The cream of the computerized whodunits. Up to four players work against time and one another to solve a dozen very involved murder mysteries, complete with maps and misleading clues. \$34.95. Ap, C, I.

The Quest (Penguin Software). Great graphics team with high adventure. More than 200 locations and multiplesentence instructions in your quest to rid the kingdom of the dragon. \$19.95. Ap, At, C, I.

Rendezvous (EduWore). A space-shuttle simulation that makes you feel like a real member of the NASA team. All the fun of space flight without the stuffedup toilets. \$39.95. Ap, At.

Wizardry I, II, III (Sir-Tech Software). A series of fantasy role-playing games of the Dungeons and Dragons variety. Excellent graphics. Up to six adventures can explore, fight, even cast spells (there are 50 of those). \$49.95-\$59.95 each. Ap, I (for Wizardry I only).

Zork I, II, III (Infocom). Three classic text adventure games that are master-pieces of logic. You can give your commands in full sentences and benefit from a scoring system in which benevolence pays. \$39.95-\$49.95 each. Ad, Ap, At, C, I, T.

SPORTS

Computer Quarterback (Strategic Simulations). You start with \$3,000,000 and draft a team. You want a passing team, you spend more on the skill positions and such. Then you play a game with dozens of plays and formations, throw flea flickers or get blitzed. There are even "game films." \$39.95. Ap.

Julius Erving and Larry Bird Go Oneon-One (Electronic Arts). The perfect game for frustrated court jesters. Dr. J and The Bird have tremendously realistic moves at several levels of play. There are even a backboard-shattering dunk and instant replays. \$40. Ap, C, I.

Computer Status Pro Baseball (Microcomputer Games). A game for real haseball fanatics. Use existing computerized teams or create your own.

Keep track of a relief pitcher's stamina or an outfielder's arm, then get box-score print-outs. You can be Billy Martin without George Stein-

brenner. \$25-\$35. Ap, T.

CREATIVE

Fontrix (Doto Tronsforms). A character generator with many faces, this turns your computer into a typesetting machine. It has a "screen dump," which allows one-step printing of your handiwork. Great for stationery, newsletters, reports. \$75. Ap.

Koalapad Touch Tablet (Koala Technologies). A computerized "canvas" that lets you draw on the screen by using a stylus or just moving your finger. \$100-\$150. Ap, At, C, I.

Pinball Construction Set, by Bill Budge (Electronic Arts). A very graphic design system that lets you create your own video pinball games. A great game and an excellent learning tool for would-be software authors. \$40. Ap, At, C.

Powerpad (Chalk Board, Inc.). A touchsensitive peripheral that adds a new dimension to your system. It's a drawing pad, a jigsaw puzzle, a piano keyboard. Lets you escape from confusing keyboards. \$99.95. Ap, At, C, I.

LEARNING

Advanced Blackjack (Muse). Learn strategy that could win big bucks. The program won't let you make the wrong move. It even teaches card counting. \$49.95. Ap.

College Board SAT (Krell Software). Perhaps the most ambitious of the genre. This math-and-verbal prep program offers all your money back if you don't score at least 70 points higher than before. \$299.95. Ap, At, C, I, T.

Managing Your Money (MECA). Financial expert and PLAYBOY contributor Andrew Tobias has authored this comprehensive program that starts with checkbook and budget planning and works up to tax-planning and life-insurance needs. You can also calculate your net worth. \$199.95. Ap, I.

The Running Program (MECA). James F. Fixx's personalized guide to better health. Create a daily training schedule, evaluate fitness levels and diet and predict performance. \$79.95. Ap, I.

Songwriter (Scorborough Systems). Composing songs is as simple as do, re, mi. Your creations can even play back through your stereo. \$39.95-\$49.95. Ap, At, C, I.

Ad: Coleco Adam Ap: Apple At: Atari C: Commodore 64 I: IBM T: TRS-80



FAST FORWARD

stereo cassette decks finally come of age

Sure, audio enthusiasts always said cassette decks were convenient, but that convenience was really little more than a trade-off for quality. Well, we have some good news: That's not true anymore.

The home-taping boom (more people buy cassettes than buy records now) triggered a competitive fury among tape-deck manufacturers that has resulted in both innovative convenience features and higher performance.

Most obvious are the advances in noise reduction. While Dolby B gets rid of much tape hiss, newcomers Dolby C and DBX are two or three times as effective.

Add them to such features as automatic tape matching, dual transports and big strides in foolproof auto reverse and you have the makings of a real revolution.

1. Nakamichi's RX-202 "unidirectional autoreverse" cassette deck has a feature you won't believe. At the end of a tape side (or the push of a button), it pulls the cassette free of the transport, spins it around, snaps it back into place and continues recording or playback on the opposite side. That prevents the head-alignment problems of conventional reversing decks and eliminates the need for a bidirectional transport. Dolby B and C;optional remote, \$650.

2. Tape dubbing is a simple process now, thanks to Sansui's D-W9 dual-well cassette deck, which offers three recording options. It can copy from one cassette to onother, record the same program onto two cassettes simultaneously and record sequentially—when one tape runs out, the other picks up automatically. It includes Dolby B and C noise reduction, \$450.

3. Pioneer's top-of-the-line CT-90R goes both woys with ease. This innovative deck offers auto-reverse recording and playback features along with several music-search modes. Pioneer's BLE automatic tape-matching system, Dolby B and C noise reduction and an optional remote-control capability make this on especially well-equipped unit for the price, \$620.



- 4. You can check the quality of a recording while you're making it with this Harman-Kardon CD491 three-head deck, which allows off-tape monitoring. Its equalized peak-reading meters and HX Professional headroom-extension circuits help prevent level-setting mistakes. Front-panel screwdriver adjustments and test-tone generators enable you to calibrate the deck for most tapes. Dolby B and C, \$785.
- 5. Technics' RS-M275X is one of the few decks that incorporate all three popular noise-reduction systems—DBX and Dolby B and C. Unusually wide-range peak-reading meters with a peak-hold feature help you take full advantage of DBX' capabilities. This model automatically detects whether you've inserted a chrome, ferric or metal tape and switches bias and equalization settings accordingly, \$600.
- 6. The JVC DD-V9, with its off-tape monitoring, auto-reverse recording and playback and automatic tape-matching capabilities, is a model of versatility. JVC's special tape-matching system optimizes recording parameters for best performance. An infrared sensor that detects the transition from tape to leader makes reversing almost instantaneous. The unit has Dolby B and C and an optional remote control, \$B00.



FROM

HITACHI

the sight and sound of

QUALITY



New
PORTADECK
VIDEO CASSETTE
RECORDER

VT7P

:::::

COMPACT DISC DIGITAL AUDIO PLAYER

Hitachi's laser based sound reproduction system challenges the limitations of the finest analog stereo system. There is greater dynamic range. Virtually no distortion. No wow and flutter. No acoustic feedback. No record wear. The result is the purest, cleanest sound, faithful to the original recording. Until you own Hitachi's Compact Disc Player, you've yet to hear the true sound of quality.

If you're still looking for a portable VCR that truly is one—here it is. The PORTADECK™ VCR is the smallest, lightest, most versatile video system Hitachi has ever created. A single cable disconnect and your PORTADECK™ is ready to go anywhere you are. At home, it becomes the perfect table model. Stacked or side-by-side, the PORTADECK™ VCR features 5 heads, Hitachi's exclusive four corner access control, "customized" tuner and a myriad of special effects. It's the video system only a leader like Hitachi can offer.

One Federal Court has held that recording of copyrighted television programs for in-home non-commercial use is wrongful, copyrighted programs should not be recorded.

CT2000W Exclusive SIGNAL TRACKER™ COMPONENT TV

E SE SE SE

Hitachi's new 20" diagonal flat screen receiver/monitor integrates all your home entertainment functions. VCR, VideoDisc Player, Stereo System, games, computer and total TV reception. The flat screen picture tube gives you more on-screen picture, less distortion and minimal reflection of room light. And only Hitachi has SIGNAL TRACKER™ control, the most advanced color control system ever.





"The Year of the Champion"

Hitachi Sales Corporation of America, 401 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220

BIG-LEAGUE (continued from page 122)

"A baseball man is usually the last to work his way to a firm opinion and the last to abandon it."

What Gossage was throwing was not a baseball; it was something out of a different, smaller dimension. On my best day, I wouldn't play catch with Goose Gossage, not with all the world's equipment. Nor would I get in the on-deck circle. In fact, sitting in those box seats, I suspected I was already too close to him.

I've watched closely since those days when I first stepped into major-league dugouts with an outsider's approach to the sport. Over the years, I've gradually altered that angle of vision until, while still half outsider, I've had the inside view as well.

What is this big-league point of view? In many ways, the pros watch a game or a season just as we fans do; when a fly ball is heading for the fence, they root exactly like the folks in the bleachers. However, more often than not, the ballplayer sees things much differently from the rest of us. If we truly want to taste the facts of the game, to get the flavors right, then we must add these insider's perceptions to our own. We can begin with a set of principles, commandments (if you will) of dugout perspective.

Judge slowly.

No, even more slowly than that.

Never judge a player over a unit of time shorter than a month. A game or even a week is nothing; you must see a player hot, cold and in between before you can

put the whole package together. Sometimes, in the case of a proven player, a whole season is not time enough to judge, especially if there are extenuating circumstances. In 1981, Fred Lynn was traded from Boston, where he'd consistently hit .300 with power, to California, where he batted .219 with five homers. The quick judgment was that Lynn was a Fenway Park hitter who would never be an All-Star away from it. In 1982, Lynn was healthy, made his technical adjustments at the plate and saw his stats return close to their Fenway levels.

The rush to judge is the most certain sign of a baseball outsider. In 1982, when Steinbrenner tried to run his Yankees as well as own them, he shot from the hip, like a guy in the cheap seats who's had one beer too many. The results were a disaster. Steinbrenner, with his football and business backgrounds, didn't have the patience to come to sound, fully digested decisions; why, he even made judgments of players on the basis of just one gameabsolute proof that he lacked baseball sense. A baseball man is usually the last to work his way to a firm opinion and also the last to abandon it. Steinbrenner is always the first on the boat and the first

· Assume every player is trying reasonably hard.

Of all the factors at work in baseball,

"What you do in your more intimate moments is not my concern, Mr. Lewis, but you're in need of exercise, so I suggest you do the whipping."

effort is the last to consider. In the majors, you seldom try your hardest; "giving 110 percent," as a general mode of operation, would be counterproductive for most players. The issue in baseball is finding the proper balance between effort and relaxation. Usually, something on the order of 80 percent effort is about right. Few players have trouble revving that high. Many can't get down that low. Physical sluggishness, called jaking, is relatively rare, except among heavy drug users, who are sometimes on call in another star system.

· Physical errors, even the most grotesque ones, should be forgiven.

On good teams, the physical limitations of players are nearly ignored. The short hop that eats an infielder alive, the ball in the dirt that goes to the screen, the hitter who is hopelessly overpowered by a pitcher-all those hideous phenomena are treated as if they never occurred. "Forget it," players say to one another reflexively. It's assumed that every player is physically capable of performing every duty asked of him. If he can't, it's never his fault. His mistake is simply regarded as part of a professional's natural human margin of error.

Even if a player consistently makes physical blunders, it's still not his fault and he's not blamed. It's the front office's fault for not coming up with a better player; the assumption is that stars are rare but there is always an abundance of competent professionals. Or it's the manager's fault for putting a player in a situation beyond his capacities. You don't ask Roy Howell to hit Ron Guidry. And if you do, his strike-out is your fault, not his.

· Mental errors are judged harshly, though physical errors are ignored.

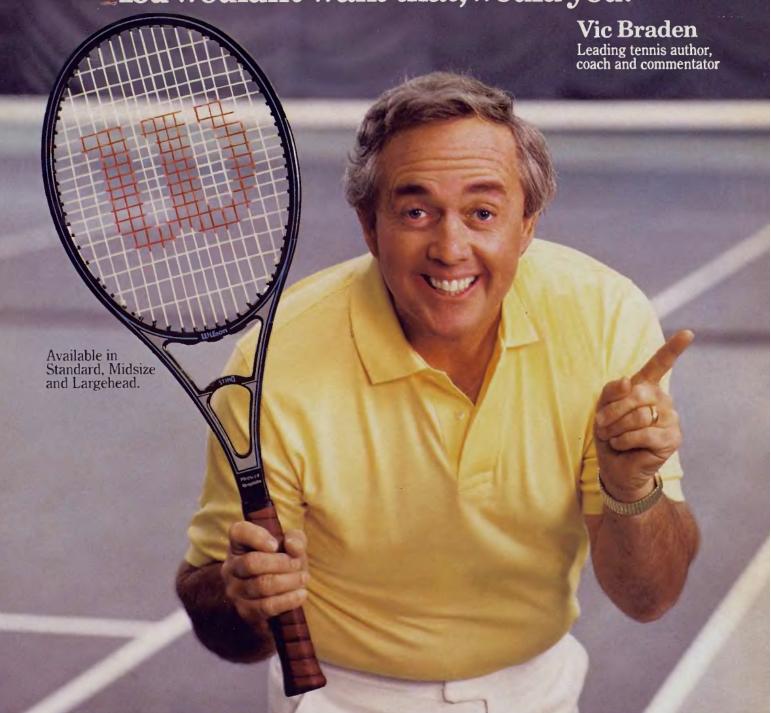
The essential question is whether a mistake has been made "from the neck up or from the neck down"-and there's always an answer.

Mental errors, however, come in a wide variety. Failure in any fundamental-laying down a sacrifice bunt, hitting the cutoff man, covering or backing up bases, receiving or relaying a sign, even catching a wind-blown pop-up-is considered a quasi-mental error. Why? Because with the proper mental discipline, a player could have learned to master those basic skills.

As an extreme example, consider a pitcher who walks home the winning run: He is guilty of a grievous mental error, because a major-league pitcher is assumed to be able to throw a strike whenever the situation absolutely demands it. If he can't, the problem usually has more to do with poise or preparation or proper thinking on the mound than with the physical act of throwing the ball.

· Pay more attention to the mundane than to the spectacular.

Baseball is a game of huge samplings. The necessity for consistency usually outweighs the need for the rare inspired play. In judging any player, never measure him "Wilson Sting gives you an unfair advantage. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

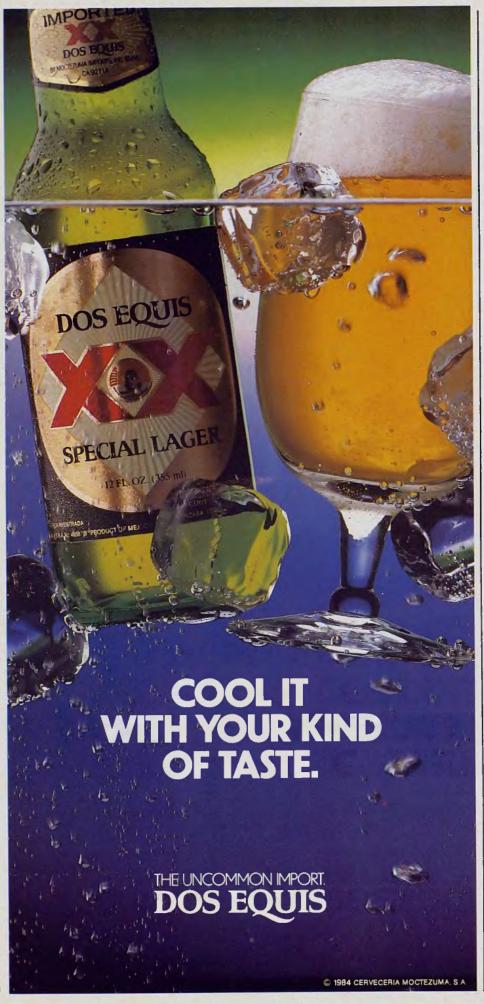


"Sting vs. Head and Kennex?

Of course Sting won. It's just not fair comparing the midsize Wilson Sting to the Head Tournament Edge and the Kennex Power Ace. Pitting Sting's control and overall playability against not one, but two top competitors. Measuring the light, fast performance of Sting's 100% graphite frame against aluminum. Of course, more players preferred Sting in playtests with Head and Kennex. Like I've always said, 'You gotta go with graphite!'

Power Ace™ is a trademark and Kennex® is a registered trademark of Pro-Kennex. Tournament Edge™ is a trademark and Head® is a registered trademark of AMF Head Racquet Sports.

Keeping you ahead of the game.™



by his greatest catch, his longest home run, his best-pitched game. That is the exception; baseball is the game of the rule.

 Pay more attention to the general theory of baseball than to the outcome of a particular game.

Don't let your evaluations be swayed too greatly by the final score. The most common error of novice reporters is their tendency to watch what happens rather than study the principles underlying the action. You don't ask, "Did that pinch hitter get a hit?" In a sense, that's a matter of chance. The worst hitter will succeed one time in five, while the best will fail two times in three. Instead, ask, "Given all the factors in play at that moment, was he the correct man to use in that situation?"

Only then will you begin to sense the game as a team does. If a team loses a game but has used its resources properly—relieved its starting pitcher at a sensible juncture, used sound strategy during its rallies, minimized its mental and fundamental mistakes, had the right pinch hitters at the plate in the late innings, with the game on the line—then that team is often able to ignore defeat utterly. Players say, "We did everything right but win."

If you do everything right every day, you'll still lose 40 percent of your games—but you'll also end up in the world series. Nowhere is defeat as meaningless as in baseball. And nowhere are the theories and broad tactics that run under the game so important.

 Players are always the best judges of how they are playing.

At the technical level, major-leaguers seldom fool themselves—the stakes are far too high. Self-criticism is ingrained. If a player on a ten-game hitting streak says he's in a slump, then believe him; if a player who's one for 15 says that he's "on" every pitch but that he's hitting a lot of "atom balls" ("right at 'em"), then assume he's about to go on a tear.

There are exceptions. Jim Palmer, who always thought his arm was about to fall off, once alternately begged and cursed his manager in hope of being removed during the last three innings of a game in which he completed a one-hit shutout. Al Oliver, owner of baseball's best superiority complex and a lifetime .300 average, believes the only reason he didn't have a 100-R.B.I. year until his 12th season was that "I always seem to hit in bad luck."

 Stay <u>ahead</u> of the action, not behind it—or even neck and neck.

Remember, the immediate past is almost always prelude. Ask hurlers how they go about selecting their pitches and they invariably say, "By watching the previous pitch." The *thrower*, who relies on pure power or sharp stuff, plans his game in advance; the *pitcher*, who lives more by his wits and finesse, creates his plan as he goes along. A veteran pitcher usually doesn't know what he'll throw on his



"Miss Ross, I dig your ass."

THE VIEW FROM THE HILL

how to watch big-league pitching

Perhaps the most important element of the big-league point of view is a clear perspective on the business transacted between the pitcher's mound and home plate. To appreciate how major-leaguers go about watching a baseball game, study the starting pitcher and study him hard, paying particular attention to the first inning. Both he and his foes are trying to figure out what he's got that night; his first dozen pitches will often set the tone for the game.

Don't ask, "Does he have his control?" Instead, go through this check list: Can he get his fast ball over for strikes? Can he throw his fast ball to *spots* within the strike zone? Is he throwing his breaking ball for strikes or just showcasing it? Does he trust his off-speed pitch enough to throw it when he's behind in the count? Is he tempting batters to swing at borderline pitches or at balls? What does he tend to throw on each of the sport's most important counts—0–0, 2–2 and the "cripples" (2–0 and 3–1, when he *has* to have a strike)?

In other words:

• What does he rely upon to start hitters—i.e., 0-0?

• What "out pitch" does he use at the moment of truth—when the count is 2-2—to finish hitters? Players call the 2-2 pitch "the end of the line," because pitchers hate to go from 2-2 to 3-2. Never take a nap on a 2-2 pitch. That's when you're most likely to find out the pitcher's true opinion of his own strength and the batter's weakness.

• Finally, what does the pitcher select when he's nibbled himself into a corner—the 2-0 and the 3-1 cripple pitches? What is his tight-spot pitch?

As an almost clinical example of a big-league view of the mound, consider the 1982 Cy Young winner, Pete Vuckovich of Milwaukee, who was often two different pitchers in the same game. The Brewers' general manager, Harry Dalton, was like a kid with candy watching Vuckovich at work, constantly playing mind games with hitters. "A lot of pitchers, like Nolan Ryan, can perform," said Dalton one night. "Give me Vuke. He competes."

Vuckovich would generally go through the line-up the first time, when he was still fresh, like an utterly conventional power pitcher. He'd "pitch the counts," as it's called.

That means on *neutral counts*—0-0 and 1-1—he'd use his bread and butter, the fast ball or the hard slider, try-

ing to stay ahead of the hitters and challenge them.

On all the hitter's counts—1-0, 2-1 and 3-2—he'd also bravely confront the hitters with hard stuff, often on the outside corner or on the fists.

On all the *pitcher's counts*—0–1, 1–2 and 2–2—he'd throw tormenting breaking balls at the corners.

On cripples, he'd go macho, throwing hard strikes.

On waste pitches—0-2—he'd also play fair, bouncing curves in the dirt or

coming up and in.

Then, sometimes in the middle innings-having established that he could succeed with old-fashioned, noimagination power pitching-Vuckovich would begin to "contradict the counts." That's upsetting to hitters, because they're taught to believe that pitchers won't change tactics until they're forced. Vuckovich would, occasionally, mix in breaking balls on neutral counts or even on hitter's counts. When he was ahead of hitters and presumably didn't need to challenge them, that's when he'd show the fast ball, though just off the plate. Suddenly, the cripples would be change-ups and the waste pitches would be smoke on the corners.

Finally, by the late innings, Vuckovich would be "reversing the counts." Neutral counts and even cripples would, almost invariably, be nasty offspeed pitches, always nibbling at the edges of the strike zone. Often, with men on base, Vuckovich would fall behind on the count—almost deliberately, it seemed—then reverse the count and get an inning-ending double play. When he got ahead of the hitter, he might do anything, including throw his best remaining fast ball for a high strike, in hopes of a harmless fly ball.

Vuckovich could be several contradictory pitchers wrapped in one for a couple of unusual reasons. First, though he weighed 220 pounds and played the role of mound thug, he was actually more a curve-ball and control pitcher than a fast-baller. Second, for some reason, Vuke felt comfortable pitching behind in the count or with tons of men on base. The more a hitter thought he had Vuckovich backed into the ropes, where he would have to throw either a fast ball or a strike (or both), the more likely he was to throw a breaking ball just off the corner-and get the hitter out with it.

Vuckovich was a student of expectation. That is, a student of baseball.

—THOMAS BOSWELL

second pitch until he sees what happens to the first. "Don't judge your fast ball by those darn radar guns," says Perry. "Judge by how the hitters act."

"Was that batter taking or swinging?" a pitcher constantly asks himself-and so should a fan. Was he ahead of the curve ball or behind the fast ball? Was he trying to pull, to go to the opposite field, or simply to "go with the pitch"? Was he trying for power or contact? And, just as important, how has he reacted to these challenges from the pitcher in the past? Does he tend to adjust his intentions from pitch to pitch (which is unusual) or from at bat to at bat (which is more common)? Or is he so stubborn that he has a plan for the entire game and will "sit on the fast ball" or "wait for that change-up all night" in hope of seeing the one pitch he can poleax?

That's how baseball has been watched in every respectable dugout for as long as the oldest hands can remember. And the closer you come to those big-league viewing habits of reflective sifting and tendency spotting, the more enjoyable and open the game will become. Of all our major sports, baseball most richly rewards the spectator in proportion to his effort.

Baseball offers us pleasure and insight at so many levels and in so many forms that when we try to grasp the whole sport in our two hands, we end up with nothing. The game, because it is no one thing but, rather, dozens of things, has slipped through our fingers again.

As each season begins, we feel the desire to capsulize and define the source of the sharp anticipation that we feel with the approach of opening day. We know that something fine is about to begin, but we can't quite say why baseball seems almost indispensable to us. The game, which remains one of our broadest sources of metaphor, changes with our mood, our angle of vision; there seems to be no end to our succession of lucky discoveries.

When opening day arrives, all our concentric baseball worlds begin revolving and countless questions come around once again: Will those staggering old peregrines, Pete Rose and Reggie Jackson, with their dignity endangered, find 4000 hits and 500 homers at their roads' end? Will Terry Felton—0–16 in his career and looking for work in the minors—ever win a major-league game? Each season starts with a universe of such questions.

Sure, opening day is baseball's band wagon. Pundits and politicians and every prose poet on the continent jump aboard for the first week in April. But they're gone soon, off in search of some other windy event worthy of their attention. Then, once more, all those long, slow months of baseball are left to us. And our time can begin again.



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"He left the lights at dim, in deference perhaps to the telltale false teats that mark a witch."

mine, too, could you, sweetie?" in chimed Jane Smart.

"Well, I'll see," Sukie said, stretching again. Her long freckled legs displayed at their tips dainty sneakerless feet in little tasseled Peds like lucky rabbit's feet. There was no telling, from the way she snatched up her racket and flung her fawn sweater around her neck, whether she would return or not. They all heard her car, a pale-gray Corvair convertible with front-wheel drive and her ex-husband's vanity plate ROUGE still on the back, start up and spin out and crackle away down the drive. The tide was low tonight, low under a new moon, so low ancient anchors and rotten dory ribs jutted into starlight where water covered them all but a few hours of each month.

Sukie's departure left the three remaining more comfortable with themselves, at ease in their relatively imperfect skins. Still in their sweaty tennis clothes, their fingers dyed by squid ink, their throats and stomachs roughened by the peppery sauces of Fidel's tamales and enchiladas,

they walked with fresh drinks into the music room and the two musicians showed Alexandra how far they had proceeded with the Brahms sonata in E minor for piano and cello. How the man's ten fingers thundered on the helpless keys! As if he were playing with hands more than human, stronger and wide as hayrakes, and never fumbling, folding trills and arpeggios into the rhythm, gobbling them up. Only his softer passages lacked something of expressiveness, as if there were no notch in his system low enough for the tender touch necessary. Dear Jane, brows knitted, struggled to keep up, her face turning paler and paler as concentration drained it, the pain in her bowing arm evident, her other hand scuttling up and down, pressing the strings as if they were too hot to pause upon. It was Alexandra's motherly duty to applaud when the tense and tumultuous performance was over.

"It's not my cello, of course," Iane explained, unsticking black hair from her brow.

"Just an old Strad I had lying around,"

YAUL ROOM

"Personally, I find it very difficult to look on tax evasion as a crime."

Van Horne joked and then, seeing that Alexandra would believe him, for there was coming to be in her lovelorn state nothing she did not believe within his powers and possessions, amended this to: "Actually, it's a Ceruti. He was Cremona, too, but later. Still, an OK old fiddle maker. Ask the man who owns one." Suddenly he shouted as loudly as he had made the harp of the piano resound, so that the thin black windowpanes in their seats of cracked putty vibrated in sympathy. "Fidel!" he called into the emptiness of the vast house. "Margaritas! ¡Tres! Bring them into the bath! ¡Tráiga las al baño! ¡Rápidamente!"

So the moment of divestment was at hand. To embolden Jane, Alexandra rose and followed Van Horne at once; but perhaps Jane needed no emboldening after her private musical sessions in this house. It was the ambiguous essence of Alexandra's relation with Jane and Sukie that she was the leader, the profoundest witch of the three, and yet also the slowest, a bit in the dark, a bit-yes-innocent. The other two were younger and therefore slightly more modern and less beholden to nature with its massive patience, its infinite care and imperious cruelty, its ancient implication of a slow-grinding, mancentered order.

The procession of three passed through the long living room of decaying, dusty modern art and then a small chamber hastily crammed with stacked lawn furniture and unopened cardboard boxes. New double doors, the inner side padded with black-vinyl quilting, sealed off the heat and damp of the rooms Van Horne had added where the old copper-roofed conservatory used to be. The bathing space was floored in Tennessee slate and lit by overhead lights sunk in the ceiling, itself a dark pegboardy substance. "Rheostatted," Van Horne explained in his hollow, rasping voice. He twisted a luminous knob inside the double doors so these upsidedown ribbed cups brimmed into a brightness photographs could have been taken by and then ebbed back to the dimness of a developing room. These lights were sunk above not in rows but scattered at random like stars. He left them at dim, in deference perhaps to their puckers and blemishes and the telltale false teats that mark a witch. Beyond this darkness, behind a wall of plate glass, vegetation was underlit green by buried bulbs and lit from above by violet growing lamps that fed spiky, exotic shapes-plants from afar, selected and harbored for their poisons. A row of dressing cubicles and two shower stalls, all black, like the boxes in a Nevelson sculpture, occupied another wall of the space, which was dominated as by a massive, musky sleeping animal by the pool itself, a circle of water with burnished teak rim, an element so warm the very air in here started sweat on Alexandra's face. A small squat console with burning red eyes at the



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tub's near edge contained, she supposed, the controls.

"Take a shower first if you feel so dirty," Van Horne told her but himself made no move in that direction. Instead, he went to a cabinet on another wall, a wall like a Mondriaan but devoid of color, cut up in doors and panels that must all conceal a secret, and took out a white box, not a box but a long skull, perhaps a goat's or a deer's, with a hinged silver lid. Out of this he produced some shredded something and a packet of old-fashioned cigarette papers at which he began clumsily fiddling like a bear worrying a fragment of beehive.

Alexandra's eyes were adjusting to the gloom. She went into a cubicle and slipped out of her gritty clothes and, wrapping herself in a purple towel she found folded there, ducked into the shower. Tennis sweat, guilt about the children, a misplaced bridal timidity-all sluiced from her. She held her face up into the spray as if to wash it away, that face given to you at birth like a fingerprint or Social Security number. Her head felt luxuriously heavier as her hair got wet. Her heart felt light like a small motor skimming on an aluminum track toward its inevitable connection with her rough strange host. She stepped back into the shadowy room with the towel wrapped around her. The slate had a fine reptilian roughness to the soles of her feet. The caustic pungence of mariJuana scraped her nose like a friendly fur. Van Horne and Jane Smart, shoulders gleaming, were already in the tub, sharing the joint. Alexandra walked to the tub edge, saw the water was about four feet deep, let her towel drop and slipped in. Hot. Scalding. In the old days before burning her completely at the stake they would pull pieces of flesh from a witch's flesh with red-hot tongs; this was a window into that furnace of suffering.

"Too hot?" Van Horne asked, his voice even hollower, more mock manly, amid these sequestered, steamy acoustics.

"I'll get used," she said grimly, seeing that Jane had. Jane looked furious that Alexandra was here at all, making waves,



gently though she had tried to lower herself into the agonizing water. Alexandra felt her breasts tug upward, buoyant. She had slipped in up to her neck and thence had no dry hand to accept the joint, so Van Horne had to place it between her lips. She drew deep and held the smoke in. Her submerged trachea burned. The water's temperature was becoming one with her skin and looking down she saw how they had all been dwindled, Jane's body distorted with wedge-shaped wavering legs and Van Horne's penis floating like a pale torpedo, uncircumcised and curiously smooth, like one of those vanilla-plastic vibrators that have appeared in city drugstore display windows now that the sky is the limit.

Alexandra reached up and behind her to the towel she had dropped and dried her hands and wrists enough to accept in her turn the little reefer, fragile as a chrysalis, as it was passed among the three of them. After several deep tokes amid this steam, she imagined she felt herself changing, growing weightless in the water and in the tub of her skull, and a new life beginning. As when a sock comes through the wash turned inside out and needs to be briskly reached into and pulled, so the universe; she had been looking at it as at the back side of a tapestry. This dark room with its just barely discernible seams and wires was the other side of the tapestry, the consoling reverse to nature's sunny fierce weave. Alexandra felt clean of worry. Jane's face still expressed worry, but her mannish brows and that smudge of insistence in her voice no longer intimidated Alexandra, seeing their source in the thick black pubic bush that beneath the water seemed to sway back and forth almost like a penis.

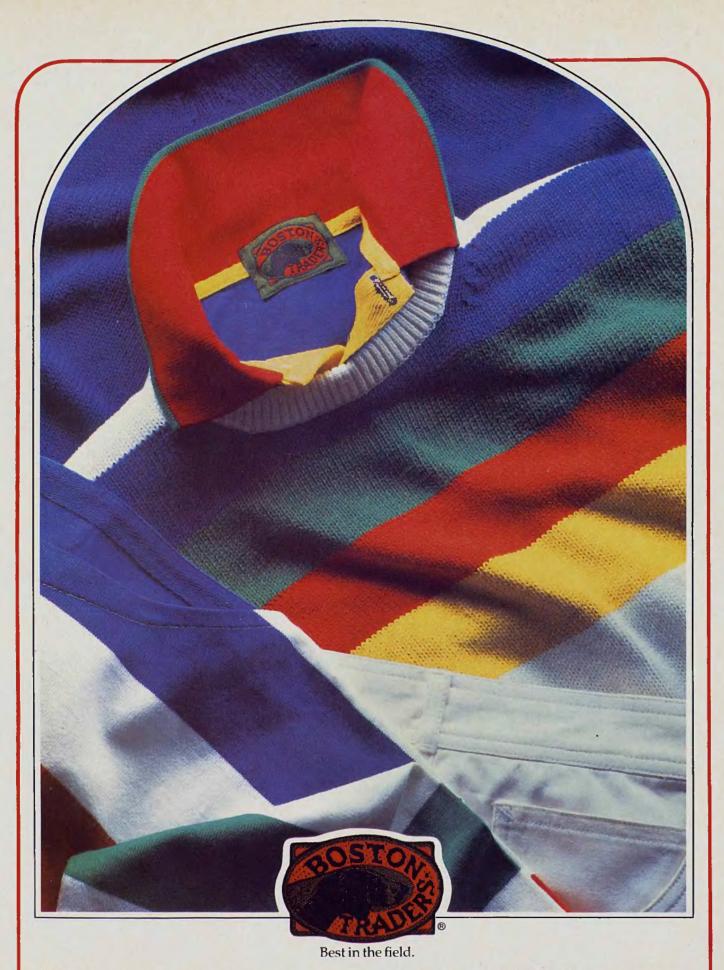
"God," Darryl Van Horne announced aloud, "I'd love to be a woman."

"For heaven's sake, why?" Jane asked sensibly.

"Think what a female body can domake a baby, then make milk to feed it."

"Well, think of your own body," Jane





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said, "the way it can turn food into shit."

"Jane," Alexandra scolded, shocked by the analogy, which seemed despairing, though shit, too, was a miracle, if you thought about it. To Van Horne she confirmed, "It is wonderful. At the moment of birth there's nothing left of your ego, you're just a channel for this effort that comes from beyond."

"Must be," he said, dragging, "a fantastic high."

"You're so drugged you don't notice," the other woman said sourly.

"Jane, that isn't true. It wasn't true for me. Ozzie and I did the whole naturalchildbirth thing, with him in the room giving me ice chips to suck, I got so dehydrated, and helping me breathe. With the last two babies we didn't even have a doctor, we had a monitrice."

"Do you know," Van Horne stated, going into that pedantic ponderous squint that Lexa instinctively loved, as a glimpse of the shy clumsy boy he must have been, "the whole witchcraft scare was an attempt—successful, as it turned out—on the part of the newly arising male-dominated medical profession, beginning in the Fourteenth Century, to get the childbirth business out of the hands of midwives. A tremendous number of the women burned were midwives. They had the ergot and atropine and probably a lot of right instincts even without germ theory. When the male doctors took over they worked

blind, with a sheet around their necks, and brought all the diseases in the world with them. The poor cunts died in droves."

"Typical," said Jane abrasively. She had evidently decided that being nasty would keep her in the forefront of Van Horne's attention. "If there's one thing that infuriates me more than male chauvs," she told him now, "it's creeps who take up feminism just to work their way into women's underpants."

But her voice, it seemed to Alexandra, was slowing, softening, as the water worked upon them from without and the Cannabis from within. "But you're not even wearing underpants," Alexandra pointed out. It seemed an illumination of some merit. The room was growing brighter, with nobody touching a dial.

"I'm not kidding," Van Horne pursued, that myopic little boy scholar still in him, worming to understand. His face was set on the water's surface as on a platter; his hair was long as John the Baptist's and merged with the curls licked flat on his shoulders. "It comes from the heart, can't you girls tell? I love women. My mother was a brick, smart and pretty, Christ. I used to watch her slave around the house all day and around six-thirty in wanders this little guy in a business suit and I think to myself, What's this wimp butting in for? My old dad, the hard-working wimp. Tell me honest, how does it feel when the milk flows?"

"There's been an ominous quiet at this latest trouble spot where, even as I speak, network correspondents are massing on the border."

"How does it feel," Jane asked irritably, "when you come?"

"Hey, come on, let's not get ugly."

"I don't see what's ugly," Jane said. "You want to talk physiology, I'm just offering a physiological sensation that women can't have. I mean, we don't come that way. Quite. Don't you love that word they have for the clitoris, homologous?"

Alexandra offered apropos of giving milk, "It feels like when you have to go pee and can't and then suddenly you can."

"That's what I love about women," Van Horne said. "Their homely similes. There's no such word as ugly in your vocabulary. Men, Christ, they're so squeamish about everything—blood, spiders, blow jobs. You know, in a lot of species the bitch or sow or whatever eats the afterbirth?"

"I don't think you realize," Jane said, striving for a dry tone, "what a chauvinistic thing that is to say." But her dryness took a strange turn as she stood on tiptoe in the tub, so her breasts lifted silvery from the water. One was a little higher and smaller than the other. She held them in her two hands and explained to a point in space between the man and the other woman, as if to the invisible witness of her life, a witness we all carry with us and seldom address aloud, "I always wanted my breasts to be bigger. Like Lexa's. She has lovely big boobs. Show him, sweet."

"Jane, please. You're making me blush. I don't think it's the size that matters so much to men, it's the, it's the tilt and the way they go with the whole body. And what you yourself think of them. If you're pleased, others will be. Am I right or wrong?" she asked Van Horne.

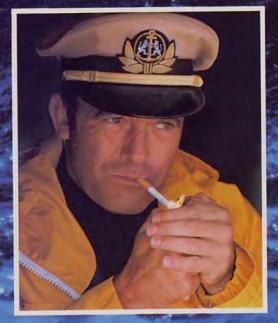
But he would not be held to the role of male spokesman. He, too, stood up out of the water and cupped his hairy-backed palms over his vestigial male nipples, tiny warts surrounded by wet black snakes. "Think of evolving all that," he beseeched. "The machinery, all that plumbing, of the body of one sex to make food, food more exactly suited to the baby than any formula you can cook up in a lab. Think of evolving sexual pleasure. Do squids have it? What about plankton? With them, they don't have to think, but we, we think. To keep us in the game, what a bait they had to rig up. There's more built into it than one of these crazy reconnaissance planes that costs the taxpayers a zillion before it gets shot down. Suppose they left it out; nobody would fuck anybody and the species would stop dead with everybody admiring sunsets and the Pythagorean theorem."

Alexandra liked the way his mind worked; she had no trouble following it. "I adore this room," she announced dreamily. "At first I didn't think I would. All the black, except for the nice copper tubing and the little red lights."

"I could put on some music," Van Horne said, touchingly anxious that they



MERIT



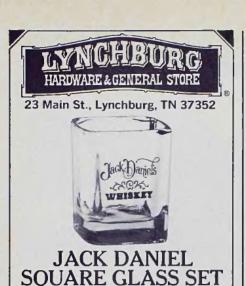


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"Shh," Jane said. "I heard a car on the driveway."

"Trick-or-treaters," Van Horne suggested. "Fidel'll give 'em some razor-blade apples we've been cooking up."

"Maybe Sukie's come back," Alexandra said. "I love you, Jane; you have such good ears."

"Aren't they nice?" the other woman agreed. "I do have pretty ears, even my father always said. Look." She held her hair back from one and then, turning her head, the other. "The only trouble is, one's a little higher than the other, so any glasses I wear sit cockeyed on my nose."

"They're rather square," Alexandra said.

Taking it as a compliment, Jane added, "And nice and flat to the skull. Sukie's are cupped out like a monkey's, have you ever noticed?"

"Often."

"Her eyes are too close together, too, and her overbite should have been corrected when she was young. And her nose, just a little blob really. I honestly don't know how she makes it all work as well as she does."

"I don't think Sukie will be coming back," Van Horne said. "She's too involved with these neurotic kids of hers."

"She is and she isn't," someone said; Alexandra thought it had to be Jane, but it sounded like her own voice.

"Isn't this cozy and nice?" she said, to test her own voice. It sounded deep, a man's voice.

"Our home away from home," Jane said, sarcastically, Alexandra supposed. It was really by no means easy to get in harmony with Jane.

The sound Jane had heard was not Sukie, it was Fidel, bringing margaritas, on the elegant elongate silver tray Sukie had once mentioned to Alexandra admiringly, each broad wineglass on its slender stem rimmed with chunky sea salt. It looked odd to Alexandra, so at home in her nudity she had already become, that Fidel was not naked, too, but wearing a pajamalike uniform the color of Army chinos.

"Dig this, ladies," Van Horne called, boyish in his boasting and also in the look of his white behind, for he had gotten out of the water and was fiddling with some dials at the far black wall. There was an oiled rumble and above the tub the perforated ceiling, not perforated here but of dull corrugated metal as in a tool shed, rolled back to disclose the inky sky and its thin splash of stars. Alexandra recognized the sticky web of the Pleiades and giant red Aldebaran. These preposterously far stars and the unseasonably warm but still sharp autumn air and the Nevelson intricacies of the black walls and the surreal Arp shapes of her own bulbous body all fitted around her sensory self exactly, as tangible as the steaming bath and the

chilled glass stem pinched between her finger tips, so that she was as it were interlocked with a multitude of ethereal bodies. These stars condensed as tears and cupped her warm eyes. Idly she transformed the stem in her hand to the stem of a fat vellow rose and inhaled its aroma. It smelled of lime juice. Her lips came away loaded with salt crystals fat as dewdrops. A thorn in the stem had pricked one finger and she watched a single drop of blood well up at the center of the whorl of a fingerprint. Darryl Van Horne was bending over to fuss at some more of his controls and his white bottom glowingly seemed the one part of him that was not hairy or repellently sheathed by a kind of exoskeleton but authentically his self, as we take in most people the head to be their true self. She wanted to kiss it, his glossy innocent unseeing ass. Jane passed her something burning she obediently put to her lips and the burning inside Alexandra's trachea mingled with the hot angry look of Jane's stare as under the water her friend's hand fishlike nibbled and slid across her belly, around those buoyant breasts she had said she coveted.

"Hey, don't leave me out," Van Horne begged and splashed back into the water, shattering the moment, for Jane's little hand with its callused finger tips like fish teeth floated away. This was her left hand, that pressed on the strings of the cello. Van Horne and the two women made conversation, but the words drifted free of meaning, the talk was like touching, and time fell in lazy loops through the holes in Alexandra's caressed consciousness until Sukie did come back, bringing time back with her.

In she hurried with autumn caught in the suede skirt with its frontal ties of rawhide and her tweed jacket nipped at the waist and double pleated at the back like a huntswoman's, her peach tennis dress left at home in a hamper. "Your kids are fine," she informed Jane Smart, and did not seem nonplused to find them all in the tub, as if she knew this room already, with its slates, its bright serpents of copper, the jagged piece of illumined green jungle beyond and the ceiling with its cold rectangle of sky and stars. With her wonderful matter-of-fact quickness, first setting down a leather pocketbook big as a saddlebag on a chair Alexandra had not noticed before-there was furniture in the room, chairs and mattresses, black so they blended in-Sukie undressed, first slipping off her low-heeled, square-toed shoes, and then the hunting jacket and pushing the untied suede skirt down over her hips, and then unbuttoning the silk blouse of palest beige, the tint of an engraved invitation, and pushing down her half-slip, the pink-brown of a tea rose, and her white underpants with it and lastly uncoupling her bra and leaning forward with extended arms so the two limp cups fell down her arms and into her



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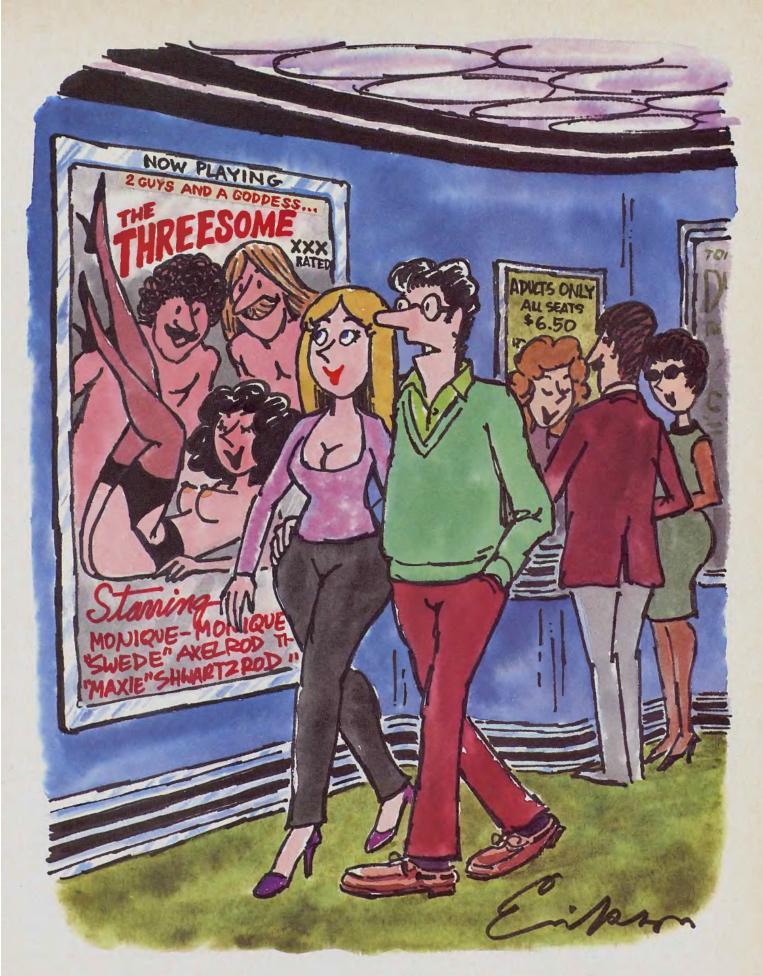
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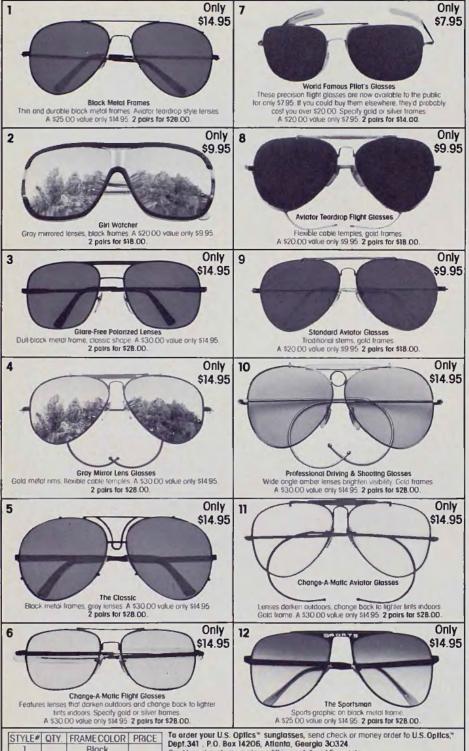
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hands, lightly; her exposed breasts bobbled with this motion. Sukie's breasts were hemispheres, firm, unsupported, rounded cones whose tips had been dipped in a deeper pink without there being any aggressive jut of buttonlike nipple. Her body seemed a flame, a flame of soft white fire to Alexandra, who watched as Sukie calmly stooped to pick her underthings up from the floor and drop them onto the chair that was like a shadow materialized and then matter-of-factly rummage in her big loose-flapped pocketbook for some pins to put up her hair of that pale yet plangent color called red but that lies between apricot and the blush at the heart of yew wood. Her hair was this color wherever it was, and her pinning gesture bared the two tufts, double in shape like two moths alighted sideways, in her armpits. This was progressive of her; Alexandra and Jane had not yet broken with the patriarchal command to shave laid upon them when young and learning to be women. In the Biblical desert women had been made to scrape their armpits with flint; female hair challenged men and Sukie as the youngest of the witches felt least obliged to trim and temper her natural flourishing. Her slim body, freckled the length of her forearms and shins, was yet ample enough for her outline to undulate as she walked toward them, into the sallow floor lights that guarded the rim of the tub, out of the black background of this place, its artificial dark monotone like that of a recording studio; the edge of the apparition of her naked beauty undulated as when in a movie a series of stills is successively imposed upon the viewer to give an effect of fluttering motion, disturbing and spectral, in silence. Then Sukie was close to them and restored to three dimensions, her so lovely long bare side marred endearingly by a pink wart and not only her limbs freckled but her forehead, too, and a band across her nose, and even, a distinct constellation, on the flat of her chin, a little triangular chin crinkled in determination as she sat on the tub edge and, taking a breath, with arched back and tensed buttocks eased herself into the smoking healing water. "Holy mo," Sukie

"You'll get used," Alexandra reassured her. "It's heavenly once you make your mind up."

"You kids think this is hot?" Darryl Van Horne bragged anxiously. "I set the thermostat twenty degrees higher when it's just me. For a hangover it's great. All those poisons, they bake right out."

"What were they doing?" Jane Smart asked. Her head and throat looked shriveled, Alexandra's eyes having dwelt so long and fondly on Sukie.

"Oh," Sukie answered her, "the usual. Watching old movies on channel fifty-six and getting themselves sick on the candy they'd begged."

"You didn't by any chance swing by my

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house?" Alexandra asked, feeling shy. Sukie was so lovely and now beside her in the water; waves she made laved Alexandra's skin.

"Baby, Marcy is seventeen," Sukie said. "She's a big girl. She can cope. Wake up." And she touched Alexandra on the shoulder, a playful push. Reaching the little distance to give the push lifted one of Sukie's rose-tipped breasts out of the water; Alexandra wanted to suck it, even more than she had wanted to kiss Van Horne's bottom. She suffered a prevision of the experience, her face laid sideways in the water, her hair streaming loose and drifting into her lips as they shaped their receptive O. Her left cheek felt hot, and Sukie's green glance showed she was reading Alexandra's mind. The auras of the three witches merged beneath the skylight, pink and violet and tawny, with Van Horne's stiff brown collapsible thing over his head like a clumsy wooden halo on a saint in an impoverished Mexican church.

The girl Sukie had spoken of, Marcy, had been born when Alexandra was only 21, having dropped out of college at Oz's entreaties to be his wife, and she was reminded now of her four babies as they came one by one how it was the female infants' suckling that tugged at her insides more poignantly, the boys already a bit like men, that aggressive vacuum, the hurt of the sudden suction, the oblong blue skulls bulging and bullying above the clusters of frowning muscles where their masculine eyebrows would someday sprout. The girls were daintier, even those first days, such hopeful thirsty sweet clinging sugar sacks destined to become beauties and slaves. Babies: their dear rubbery bowlegs as if they were riding tiny horses in their sleep, the lovable swaddled crotch the diaper makes, their flexible violet feet, their skin everywhere fine as the skin of a penis, their grave indigo stares and their curly mouths so forthrightly drooling. The way they ride your left hip, clinging lightly as vines to a wall to your side, the side where your heart is. The ammonia of their diapers. Alexandra began to cry, thinking of her lost babies, babies swallowed by the children they had become, babies sliced into bits and fed to the days, the years. Tears slid warm and then by contrast to her hot face cool down the sides of her nose, finding the wrinkles hinged at her nostril wings, salting the corners of her mouth and dribbling down her chin, making a runnel of the little cleft there. Amid all these thoughts Jane's hands had never left her; Jane intensified her caresses, massaging now the back of Alexandra's neck, then the musculus trapezius and on to the deltoids and the pectorals; oh, that did ease sorrow, Jane's strong hands, that pressure now above, now below the water, below even the waist, the little red eyes of the thermal controls keeping poolside watch, the margarita and marijuana mixing their absolving poisons in the sensitive hungry black realm beneath her skin, her poor neglected children sacrificed so she could have her powers, her silly powers, and only Jane understanding, Jane and Sukie, Sukie lithe and young next to her, touching her, being touched, her body woven not of aching muscle but of a kind of osier, supple and gently speckled, the nape beneath her pinned-up hair of a whiteness that never sees the sun, a piece of pliant alabaster beneath the amber wisps. As Jane was doing to Alexandra, Alexandra did to Sukie, caressed her. Sukie's body in her hands seemed silk, seemed heavy slick fruit, Alexandra so dissolved in melancholy triumphant affectionate feelings there was no telling the difference between caresses given and caresses received; the three women drew closer to form, like graces in a print, shoulders and arms and breasts emergent, a knot, while their hairy swarthy host, out of the water, scrabbled through his black cabinets. Sukie in a strange practical voice that Alexandra heard as if relayed from a great distance into this recording studio was discussing with this Van Horne man what music to put on his expensive and steam-resistant stereo system. He was naked and his swinging gabbling pallid genitals had the sweetness of a dog's tail curled tight above the innocent button of its anus.

Our town of Eastwick was to gossip that winter-for here as in Washington there were leaks; Fidel made friends with a woman in town, a waitress at Nemo's, a sly black woman from Antigua called Rebecca—about the evil doings at the old Lenox place, but what struck Alexandra this first night and ever after was the amiable human awkwardness of it all, controlled as it was by the awkwardness of their eager and subtly ill-made host, who not only fed them and gave them shelter and music and darkly suitable furniture but provided the blessing without which courage of the contemporary sort fails and trickles away into ditches others have dug, those old ministers and naysayers and proponents of heroic constipation who sent lovely Anne Hutchinson, a woman ministering to women, off into the wilderness to be scalped by red men in their way as fanatic and unforgiving as Puritan divines. Like all men, Van Horne demanded they call him king, but his system of taxation at least dealt in assets-bodies, personal liveliness-they did have and not in spiritual goods laid up in some nonexistent heaven. It was Van Horne's kindness to subsume their love for each other into a kind of love for himself. There was something a little abstract about his love for them and something therefore formal and merely courteous in the obeisances and favors they granted him-wearing the oddments of costume he provided, the catskin gloves and green-leather garters, or binding him with the cingulum, the nine-foot cord of plaited red wool. He stood, often, as at that first night, above and beyond them, adjusting his elaborate and (his proud claims notwithstanding) moisture-sensitive equipment.

He pressed a button and the corrugated roof rumbled back across the section of night sky. He put on records-first Ioplin, yelling and squawking herself hoarse on Piece of My Heart and Get It While You Can and Summertime and Down on Me, the very voice of joyful defiant female despair, and then Tiny Tim, tiptoeing through the tulips and with a thrilling androgynous warbling that Van Horne couldn't get enough of, returning the needle to the beginning grooves over and over, until the witches clamorously demanded Joplin again. On his acoustical system the music surrounded them, arising in all four corners of the room; they danced, the four clad in only their auras and hair, with shy and minimal motions, keeping within the music, often turning their backs, letting the titanic ghostly presences of the singers soak them through and through. When Joplin croaked Summertime at that broken tempo, remembering the words in impassioned spasms as if repeatedly getting up off the canvas in some internal drug-hazed prize fight, Sukie and Alexandra swayed in each other's arms without their feet moving, their fallen hair stringy and tangled with tears, their breasts touching, nuzzling, fumbling in pale pillow fight lubricated by drops of sweat worn on their chests like the broad bead necklaces of ancient Egypt. And when Joplin with that deceptively light-voiced opening drifted into the whirlpool of Me and Bobby McGee, Van Horne, his empurpled penis rendered hideously erect by a service Jane had performed for him on her knees, pantomimed with his uncanny hands-encased it seemed in white rubber gloves with wigs of hair and wide at the tips like the digits of a tree toad or lemur-in the dark above her bobbing head the tumultuous solo provided by the inspired pianist of The Full Tilt Boogie Band.

On the black-velour mattresses Van Horne had provided, the three women played with him together, using the parts of his body as a vocabulary with which to speak to each other; he showed supernatural control, and when he did come, his semen, all agreed later, was marvelously cold. Thus it is ever with the Devil. Dressing after midnight, in the first hour of November, Alexandra felt as if she were filling her clothes with a weightless gas, her flesh had been so rarefied by its long immersion and assimilated poisons. Driving home in her Subaru, whose interior smelled of dog and children's candy wrappers, she saw the full moon with its blotchy mournful face in the top of her tinted windshield and irrationally thought for a second that astronauts had landed and in an act of imperial atrocity had spraypainted that vast sere surface green.

"Lem had seen an opportunity to initiate a Kennedy who might otherwise be lost into his heritage."

close to the family, people who ranged from sycophants to advisors, Lem was, in Eunice's words, "as close as you could get to being a Kennedy and still not one."

Lem had, indeed, been around since what were regarded in the family as almost prehistoric times: He had been football opponent of young Joe, oldest of the children of Joseph and Rose, who died in World War Two; suitor to Kathleen, most glamorous of the Kennedy sisters, who died in a plane crash in 1948; chauffeur to Rose's father and ex-mayor of Boston, Honey Fitz; and, most important, best friend of Jack. Lem had become especially close to the family after the late Fifties, when the ad agency in which he had worked for several years went bankrupt. He had drifted into an early semiretirement, buying and reselling New York brownstones he renovated, tending the modest investments he had accumulated over the years, and burrowing into the relationship with Jack that extended back to their prep school days at Choate. He was close to his own family and proud of its genteel past, but he kept the Billingses compartmentalized and separate from this other, more exciting part of his life. Jack had offered him jobs in the Post Office, the Commerce Department and the Peace Corps, but Lem had preferred to be an unemployed gadfly, weekending so often in Washington that he was able to reply to those who asked him why he had never married, "If I had, I never would have had my own bedroom at the White House."

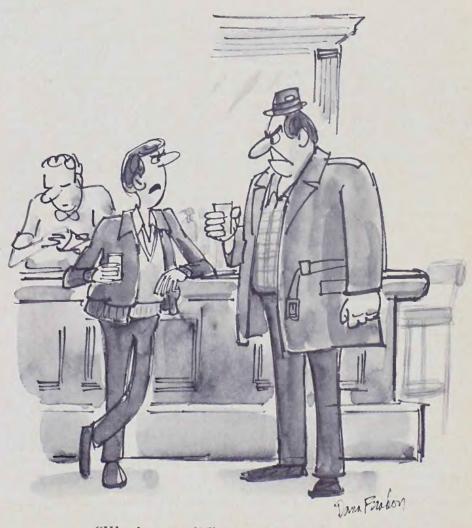
He would have liked to transfer the love and loyalty he had felt for Jack to Jackie and her children. He did manage to see them sometimes in New York in the years before the Onassis marriage, but the relationship was one-sided, shaped by Jackie's mania for privacy and her possessiveness with John and Caroline. Since he could play no more than an occasional role with them, Lem had gravitated more and more to Hickory Hill after J.F.K.'s death, understanding that it was now the center of Kennedy life. Bobby had sensed the degree to which the assassination had left his brother's friend a displaced person and adopted him. Large and ursine, blinking out of thick glasses and barking out highpitched laughter, Lem had become a regular there, prissy and yet raffish, a sort of court chronicler, reporting on the old days that even Bobby didn't recall and functioning as the all-purpose cheerleader, godfather and pallbearer who could always be counted on.

In the chaos following R.F.K.'s death, Lem had seen the need of the children he left behind more clearly than anyone else.

But he had decided that instead of trying to extend himself to all of them, he would focus on one, Bobby, Jr., in whose imagination and intelligence he had seen so clear a reflection of Jack. The trip to Africa in the summer of 1968 had solidified the relationship. Despite the difference in their ages (Lem was then 52, Bobby 14), Lem got some of the same pleasure from the companionship of Bobby that he had gotten from Jack when the two of them had traveled to Europe more than 30 years earlier. But more than nostalgia had been involved. All during the trip, they had talked about politics and public service. Lem had seen an opportunity to initiate a Kennedy who might otherwise be lost into his heritage.

The African trip had not only given Bobby, Jr., a link to the adult world his

brothers lacked but also validated him as leader of his generation. Even those cousins with fathers were envious. Lem was continuity. He was also tradition. Centrally placed in his apartment, which was a collector's paradise-Chagalls and Dufys, Early American folk art and letters from Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and other heroes-was the best assemblage of Kennedyana around. There were massive notebooks of snapshots of the previous generation, bundles of letters from Kathleen and Jack dating back to the early Thirties and found objects able to convey an almost tactile sense of what it had been to be part of this unique family during its formative years. The ambience at Lem's was different from the atmosphere generated by photographs at Hickory Hill: cold, public, almost solemn. At Lem's it was accompanied by Lem himself, a master storyteller who made the people in the myth come alive, as if by verbal holography. For the younger Kennedy generation, going to Lem's was like entering Merlin's cave. For Bobby, Jr., it had soon become something more-oblique instruction for the day he would pull the sword



"Watch out, pal! I've got video-game-trained coordination."

from the stone, the day he would reclaim and extend the Kennedy legacy.

But for the time being, Lem had to work simply to keep Bobby's head above water. He was in trouble at Millbrook, the Poughkeepsie school he had been attending when his father was killed. He defied the rules and the upperclassmen-"lackeys," he called them-who enforced them. His girlfriend, Kim Kelley-one of the children of a large neighboring family in Hyannis Port the Kennedys had grown up with-hitchhiked to visit him and he hid her in his room until they were discovered by school authorities. As in the previous year, he did not go home on his six free weekends, and Ethel did not visit him. His only link to the adult world of the Kennedys was the non-Kennedy, Lem.

Lem visited frequently. The two of them would walk out into the countryside—the large, burly man and the gangly boy beside him, pointing up at the trees, decoding birdcalls and talking about animals. Lem tried to shore up Bobby's precarious sense of self by explaining that rebellious uncertainty was a normal stage in Kennedy development. He told about the problems Jack had caused in their days at Choate, so serious that Joseph Kennedy had been summoned by the headmaster for a summit conference. If these talks were liberating because they made the dead Kennedys something more than family icons, they also gave Bobby subtle license to continue on his course.

In March 1969, Bobby learned that he had been expelled. When he called home, his mother refused to do anything for him. Then he called Lem, who fumed about how Ethel was "like an ostrich, always with her head deep in the sand," and then arranged for Bobby to spend a few weeks in Colombia on a 30,000-acre finca belonging to an old friend from Princeton. He worked in the fields and lived with the laborers, spending his spare time roaming through the rain forests, capturing iguanas and howling monkeys.

In July 1970, after another troubled school year, he returned home to the Cape. Avoiding his mother, he hung out with Kim Kelley, her brother John and others, among them Bobby Shriver, who had tried to keep pace with his more adventuresome Kennedy cousins by experimenting with marijuana at Exeter the previous year. One of the people in their circle was Andy Moes, a bearded taxi driver in his early 20s who gave them free rides all around the Cape, once even taking them into Boston for a Red Sox game. One day, they were all sitting on the Kelleys' fence when Moes drove up and said he was looking for some marijuana. "He was whining that he had this girlfriend," Bobby Shriver recalls, "and that he had to have a joint to get laid and all that. Finally, he offered me ten dollars. I said, 'Shit! Ten dollars for one joint? I'll take it.'" Not long after, Bobby, Ir.'s, favorite hawk, Morgan le Fay, got loose and was discovered in a

treetop in Cohasset. Moes was once again on the spot, offering to take him the 100mile round trip in return for a joint, which they smoked on the way.

A few days later, there was a knock on the door of the Shrivers' house, where Ethel and the kids had joined them for dinner. There were several policemen and squad cars outside. The family was informed that Moes was an undercover narcotics officer and that both Bobbys, Shriver and Kennedy, were wanted for possession of Cannabis sativa. (Bobby Shriver told his parents indignantly, "We never had any Cannabis sativa. What is Cannabis sativa, anyhow?")

After a court appearance ending in a year's probation, Ethel continued to rage at Bobby, Jr. "I have no control over you!" she yelled. "You don't listen to me! I'm throwing you out of the family!" In desperation she called in her husband's friend, Harvard psychiatrist Robert Coles, to deal with her son. Coles tried to use the family's deep-seated fears about "head-shrinkers" and about the possibly paralyzing effects of self-assessment in urging Bobby, Jr., not to become mired in the confusion that threatened his generation but rather to project himself onto the outer world as his father had.

In disgrace, Bobby took \$600 out of a savings account and bought a used Ford. Telling nobody where he was going, he headed west. Arriving in Los Angeles, he sold the car for \$200 and began hopping freight trains and sleeping in boxcars with tramps and vagrants. On one occasion, he decided to go to San Francisco and sneaked aboard a car carrier, discovering two days later that the train was actually headed for San Antonio. "I had no contact with home," he says, "except that every couple of weeks, I'd call Lem. I was riding around with burns. It was good: I could be one of them and not be a Kennedy." He stayed for several days in Berkeley, panhandling on Telegraph Avenue and using the money to buy drugs.

Back in Hyannis Port, Ethel's kids were being isolated as if contaminated by some psychological radioactivity. Steve Smith urged his two sons to stay apart from them and began designing a house at Bridgehampton as a summer place. Something like the same process took place with the Shrivers. More contemplative than his in-laws, Sarge had always been uncomfortable with an ethic that he felt sacrificed feeling to activism. (Once, when one of his children had fallen down and received the admonition "Kennedys don't cry," he had scooped the boy up and told him, "That's OK, you can go ahead and cry. You're a Shriver.") But now something more was at stake, and he took his oldest son aside and told him that the cousins were all reaching a crossroads and had to choose. "It was drugs, trouble with the police, a record, maybe jail someday," Bobby Shriver later said. "I got a sense of consequences and realized that I'd better

figure out a way to move ahead and get on with my life. I also got a sense that the Bobby Kennedy family was dangerous."

While Bobby, Jr., was the author of much of the angry defiance in Ethel's house during those first couple of years after his father's death, David got blamed for it almost as if by reflex. "Her idea was that it didn't really matter whether or not I had actually done anything," David says of his mother. "I would do it sooner or later, so she might as well get heavy with me in advance. I remember it clearly: This was the point in my life when everything began to turn against me."

His sole friend in the family was Chris Lawford, even more an orphan than he, since his mother had decided on the spur of the moment to live in Paris with his younger sisters, leaving him in boarding schools. ("I don't want anything to do with this family for a while," she had told him upon leaving. "I'm going to France to get my own life together, away from the Kennedys.") Knowing that Bobby, Jr., had gone west, David and Chris, both now 15, decided in the summer of 1970 to hitchhike to New York. They arrived dirty and ragged and walked around town with no money for several hours before ending up at Grand Central Station, where they began to beg from commuters. "It was great being just ordinary people and not Kennedys," David said. "Also, it

They took the money to Central Park to buy drugs. Heroin was selling for two dollars a bag on Dope Hill, and they bought some and snorted it for the first time. Then they tried to find some girls, inviting a few back to Pat Lawford's vacant Fifth Avenue apartment. Word got around that there was a party, and soon the place was filled with blacks, street people and hippies. David went to sleep and woke up in the middle of the night to find winos and bikers frying eggs in the kitchen. When neighbors threatened to call the police, he and Chris managed to get everyone out.

wasn't bad money. At one point, we were

making about \$40 an hour."

When they returned home several days later, Ethel gave no indication of having realized they had even gone. David was so estranged from her for the remainder of the summer that he often wound up sleeping with a blanket on the soft hedges behind the house. As the school year approached, he transferred to Middlesex, where Chris was, even though it meant repeating the ninth grade.

David had always been the one in his family who would try anything, and now he was trying drugs. He made a small reputation at Middlesex for religiously smoking marijuana with his morning cup of coffee and dropping acid at least once a week. Imitating Bobby, Jr., he and Chris let their hair grow to their shoulders and became part of the school's rebellious hippie faction, building huts in a nearby forested area and fighting off the more



authoritarian "neofascists" who staged raids on their tribal lifestyle.

Meanwhile, Bobby had spent the year after his trip west at Pomfret School, in Connecticut, insisting on living in an all-black dorm and ignoring his schoolwork while reading Franz Fanon, Eldridge Cleaver, H. Rap Brown and others. As usual, he had trouble with the rules. As he had done previously at Millbrook, he had his girlfriend, Kim, come up to visit, hiding her in his room at night and by day taking her to a basement where he had set up a hot plate to avoid having to dress formally for meals in the dining commons. Early in 1971, he was expelled from his third school in four years.

That September, Lem enrolled him for his senior year in Palfrey Street School in Watertown, Massachusetts. He also arranged for Bobby to live offcampus in Cambridge with a family named Brode. During his year at Palfrey, he met a Brandeis student named Andy Karsch and immediately made friends with him. "He was very anxious to impress," says Karsch. "The first day I knew him, he put on some climbing spurs and went right up this huge tree."

The reason Bobby was courting Karsch, it soon became clear, was that he knew he had been an all-state quarterback at boarding school. As soon as they were friends, he challenged his older brother Joe, then going to a local prep school, to a football game. With Karsch, the team Bobby put together was victorious over the team Joe quarterbacked. After the victory, as his brother walked off the field glowering, Bobby was exuberant.

By the end of that year," recalls Joey Brode, "housemother" to Bobby, "Bobby was coming into his own. He had developed a sense of charisma that the older brother just didn't have. The younger Kennedys, brothers and cousins, would come up to Cambridge and just wander around forlornly if Bobby wasn't there to lead them." His chief disciples were David and Chris, whose allegiance to him rather than the older Joe was now established. Chris emulated him by getting expelled from Middlesex for drugs, David by taking on some of his derring-do. Karsch remembers a time when they were all throwing snowballs near Harvard Square. One struck a passing car, which slid to a halt. A huge man climbed out (they would later learn that he was an offensive tackle for the Boston College football team) and advanced on them. "He was yelling about our irresponsibility, and we were sort of retreating as he walked toward us. All of a sudden, David, all 120 pounds of him, steps up and punches this guy right in the face. This huge guy stands there for a minute with an absolutely dumfounded look on his face, then just shakes his head in disbelief and gets back in the car and drives off."

In 1972, Bobby sold David a pound of marijuana, which he took to Middlesex and hid in a suitcase. When it was then stolen from its hiding place, Bobby appeared at the school, dressed gaudily with a bandanna around his head, telling students that he was a "cutthroat dope dealer" there to find out who had burned his client. He cornered the thief and so terrified him that he went to school authorities and told them everything. They asked David who the dope dealer was and he said he didn't know him by name. But looking through back issues of Time, somebody located a picture of Bobby, Jr., and identified him as the one. David was suspended.

Trying to keep the two brothers apart, Ethel arranged for David to spend the summer working in the lettuce fields with Cesar Chavez. ("Your father felt he was one of the most moral men he'd ever met,' she told David. "Maybe he'll do you some good.") David scarcely saw Chavez or any other uplifting chicano role models while picking up farm-worker garbage for two dollars an hour at La Paz. After his tour of duty with the United Farm Workers was over, he traveled to Southern California to see Chris, who was visiting his father. "I knocked on the door and there was Peter Lawford," David remembers. "I hadn't seen him for years. The first

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thing he did after saying hello was offer me a pipe full of hash."

In the fall of 1972, Bobby entered Harvard, convinced by his apprenticeship with Lem that the way to seize his heritage was not by slowly growing into it but by striving for a mythic Kennedy identity right from the start. He began attracting followers in the same way that Jack had as a young man, exercising something like the magnetism Lem had described to him in such detail in their conversations about the Kennedy past. One of those gravitating to him was Peter Kaplan. In every way his opposite-Jewish, intellectual, cautious, literary-Kaplan represented a world of ideas for Bobby, who, in turn, represented for him a sort of noble savagery: "He was out for freshman crew and he had built himself up, getting real strength into that lean body. He had a sort of feral look, like Mowgli in Jungle Book. He was totally at home with nature."

Kaplan felt that Bobby adopted a "swashbuckling Douglas Fairbanks defiance" in part because of stories he had heard of Harvard's discrimination against the Boston Irish during his grandfather's day. It was also because he had accepted the existential challenge posed by the martyrs of the previous generation. The high point of his derring-do came in an almost legendary event that became known among his Harvard friends as the Bhutto

leap, so-called because it was undertaken as a result of a bet with Mir Murtaza Bhutto, son of the then-president of Pakistan, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. "Bobby's dorm was Hurlbut, and next door was a building called Pennypacker, not actually in Harvard Yard but, like Hurlbut, four stories high" recalls Kaplan. "The gap between them was ten or 12 feet. Bobby bet Mir, who was in our circle, that he could jump the gap. People heard about it and gathered below, a large crowd shading their eyes and looking up as if waiting for Superman. The distance wasn't that great, but it looked twice as big as it was; if he missed he'd probably die. Suddenly, Bobby just soared across. Everybody on the ground gasped and shook their heads in disbelief.'

But if some saw his behavior as heroic, others looked for deeper significance. Another Harvard friend says, "It was like someone who wants a massage but is so desensitized that he has to be hurt to feel anything at all. I think this sort of thing, which Bobby did quite often, was a way of reminding himself that he was alive."

Bobby, Jr., might be the focus of his own generation's attention, but his brother Joe was still the one the adults felt would have a career. He had gotten the political initiation his father's death denied him in 1968 two years later, working as an advance man for Teddy in his Massachusetts re-election campaign. He was inte-

grated into the political life in a way that his cousins were not-the first-born male, the one with the dynastic name, the one who had shaken hands with his father's bereaved supporters on the funeral train. All the others had been able to experiment with anonymity and temporarily escape the onus of being a Kennedy, but Joe was the one always forced to make speeches and appearances, the one called on to dedicate R.F.K. Stadium and to accompany his mother and younger brothers and sisters to his father's grave on assassination anniversaries. When he finally graduated from prep school in 1971, he was the one who went to work for the recently established R.F.K. Memorial Foundation, interviewing potential grant recipients and visiting Indian reservations, pockets of poverty on the Mississippi Delta and other areas loyal to his father, almost as if he were an ambassador from the grave.

It was difficult for Joe to grasp something real inside the symbolism ("I'm like a BB rattling around in a boxcar," he told one friend during a tongue-tied discussion of the difficulties of being crown prince), and so he continued to founder. That quality of psychic explosiveness, present even when his father was alive, grew more intense. Robert Coles was asked (in family parlance) to "work on" Joe.

To avoid family comparisons, Joe rejected Harvard and enrolled at MIT in

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the spring of 1972. But the intellectual atmosphere there was too rarefied, and he spent much of his time receiving counseling from one of Coles's colleagues, MIT psychiatrist Joseph Brenner. There was no real therapy; Brenner, like Coles, just tried to adjust the velocity and direction of Joe's pell-mell movement into the world.

Late in 1972, Brenner called his friend Diane Clemens, professor of history at Berkeley and a coordinator in R.F.K.'s last campaign, told her about the 20-yearold Kennedy heir and the trouble they were having with him and asked her if she could help. Soon after, a call came from Coles, who said he had Joe in the room with him and that he wanted to go to Berkeley to study and to get some distance on the ongoing family drama. Finally, Joe himself came on the phone. "I hate academics," he told Clemens. "I hate universities. There's probably no reason for me to go to school at Berkeley." Sensing that she was being tested, Clemens replied, "Who cares? If you don't want to do it, don't do it." After the sycophancy of family supporters, Joe seemed to find that attitude refreshing, because following a muffled conversation on the other end of the line, Coles came back on and said that Joe would be taking the next plane out.

Within days of arriving in Berkeley and moving into a room in Clemens' hillside house, Joe had enrolled in a couple of classes but rarely went oncampus. Aside from borrowing Clemens' car occasionally for mysterious visits across the bay to San Francisco's *chicano* community, he spent most of his time in his room, talking on the phone line he had gotten installed. The

calls were all to Massachusetts (intelligence-gathering operations, Clemens thought) to his cousins and his friends.

Before one of their nightly talks in the kitchen, Joe came in with a desperate look and announced melodramatically, "I'm through! I'm through! It's all over!" Knowing that he enjoyed having her extract the information from him, Clemens patiently asked what was wrong. Bit by bit, he told her. He had heard that his brother Bobby had gone out for freshman crew at Harvard and done quite well, so he had gone to the Cal crew coach and asked to get on the team. He had gotten a private tryout on the estuary next to the bay and somehow had managed to turn the small boat over, dunking himself along with the coach. "I'm through!" he kept moaning, cradling his face in his hands.

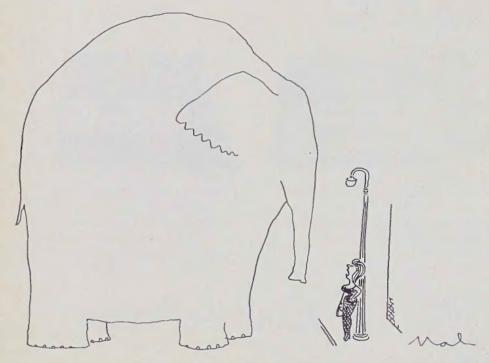
Joe talked often about his grandfather and what he had done in the early part of his life, when he was, in effect, "becoming" a Kennedy. He was intrigued by the rumors that had always linked Joseph Kennedy to rumrunning and organized crime, and in their chats he sometimes speculated to Clemens about how and why his namesake would have made such alliances. He made it clear that he, too, would like to become a romantic figure of evil and make an illicit fortune, not so much for the money as because it would be an achievement that would help establish him as unique within the family. No longer attending classes at the university, he admitted that he had been making trips across the bay because he had gotten to know a chicano hustler named Raul and the two of them were thinking about buying a boat and smuggling in drugs from Central America. "This fantasy seemed very important to him," Clemens remembers. "It seemed to represent something that was real. He always said, 'I can get a much better education outside of school. We Kennedys belong in the real world. That's where we function best."

At one point, he disappeared for a couple of days. Clemens didn't think much about it until Raul and his wife brought over a note that had been mailed to them: "I, Joe Kennedy, leave all my life's possessions to Raul and Linda. This includes my television set, car and other possessions. These people have been good to me." Clemens tried to get in touch with Coles, but he was traveling. Finally, she did get through to Joseph Brenner, who got in touch with the Kennedys. "I'll never forget it," Clemens says of the instructions that came back to her. "They said to keep looking for him but under no circumstances to call the police." She got into her car and spent much of the night driving to all the spots she could think he might be, even patrolling local freeways to look for the evidence of auto accidents in which he might have been involved.

The next morning, she got a call from Raul, who said that when he had arrived at his job as a longshoreman, Joe had been stretched out in the sun near the wharf, asleep. "He's already forgotten about the note," Raul said. "He says it's yesterday's news." A couple of weeks later, after getting involved in several traffic accidents, Joe told Clemens that he had decided to return home.

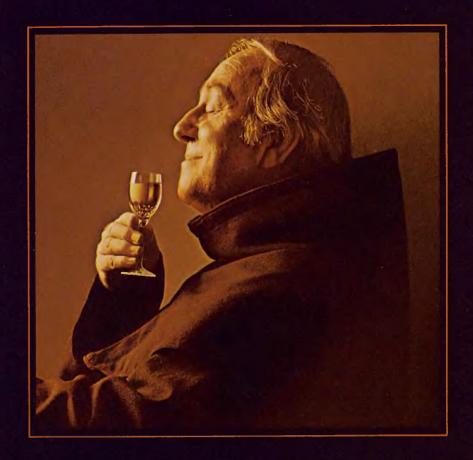
Like Joe, the other cousins were always trying to get a distance on the family but always returning as if in response to a gravitational pull that couldn't be challenged. For Chris Lawford, it was especially hard. He didn't have the magic name, and so the political career they all talked about would be much harder for him. He thought that perhaps the Lawford part of his identity offered a way out, and so after graduating from high school in January 1973, he went to Southern California to live with his father and work in films.

Although just 18, he became close to Elizabeth Taylor, a longtime friend of his father's, and spent several weeks accompanying her on the social whirl. They went to Disneyland by helicopter, to Hollywood parties by limousine. Their relationship ended one evening when Chris accompanied her to a party at the home of automobile dealer Henry Wynberg, who was there with a woman closer to Chris's age than his own. Midway through the party, Wynberg suggested half jokingly that they switch dates. Chris and Taylor agreed, though Taylor had second thoughts and later told him reproachfully, "I ran after your car as you were pulling



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out, destroying my heels in the process, and yelled at you to stop, but you were apparently too infatuated to hear me."

Chris's major failure in Hollywood was not with stars or starlets or at the studio but with his father. Chris worked hard to re-establish the relationship that had been severed when his parents divorced, his Kennedy half trying to make amends with his Lawford half. "Peter and I would stay up all night doing dope together and talking about family problems," Chris remembers. "We'd have what seemed a breakthrough—saying we loved each other and hugging and all that. But the next morning, it would be all gone. He'd snap at me and absolutely cringe if I called him Dad instead of Peter."

After one of those nights of druginduced camaraderie, Chris decided that he would tell his father about how disoriented he and his cousins were, how lost without adult guidance. "I need you, Dad," he began to cry. "I need you to be my father—at least for a little while. My life is a mess, and if I go back East again, it's going to get worse."

Lawford looked at him in disgust and said, "You must be high on something. Get the hell out of here."

When Chris entered Tufts University in Boston in the fall of 1973, Bobby, increasingly confident in himself, sensed Chris's unhappiness and began asking him to go with him when he went to New York to stay with Lem. Chris understood that Bobby acted less from a desire to save him than because he had entered a period in his life when he was gathering disciples, but it was still a kind of salvation. Now he, too, would experience Lem's remarkable ability to bring the Kennedy saga alive and to make someone of his generation feel like a beneficiary rather than a victim of the Kennedy legacy. Lem healed the wounds Chris had suffered in Hollywood by telling him the story of his parents' romantic courtship, by describing how much they had loved each other when first married and detailing the factors beyond either's control that had led to their breakup. Chris was allowed to stay in "Bobby's room" when he wasn't there. In a gesture that seemed symbolic, Lem began an album of photographs and memorabilia for Chris to go along with the several he had already started for Bobby.

The fact that Chris was now part of a triangle with Lem and Bobby also meant that David, more than ever, was odd man out. He had been allowed to re-enter Middlesex on condition that he not live oncampus. He had taken a room with a family in Concord and, knowing that this was his last chance, tried to apply himself. But school and life itself had become difficult for him. When his brother Joe had returned from Berkeley early in 1973, he had sensed David's growing desperation and tried in passing to take a paternal

interest in him. But, as David later said, "Joe had problems of his own and couldn't keep his mind on me for more than a few minutes at a time. It had reached that point in the life of our family where it was every man for himself."

As summer approached, Ethel arranged another trip to keep David occupied and out of the house. This time, there was no effort made to involve him in some socially redeeming activity. It was a job doing manual labor at a place called Caribou Ranch near Boulder, Colorado.

Just before he left the Cape, David was talking with Pam Kelley, younger sister of Kim, who had been involved with Bobby so long. Spunky, with rimless glasses and long blonde hair, Pam confessed that she, too, was having trouble with her parents. She asked David if she and a girlfriend could drive west with him; he said yes.

David tried to get Pam's girlfriend to sleep with him all during the trip across the country, but she wouldn't yield and finally flew home. So he slept with Pam. "I told him I'd had a terrible year," she recalls, "and that I'd been feeling nobody loved me. He smiled that wounded, angelic smile of his and said that he'd been going through the same thing. We sort of decided to love each other."

After several weeks, they decided to return home. Back in Hyannis Port in August, they went first to the Kelleys', where Pam dropped off her clothes, and then to Ethel's. They stayed together in the dollhouse, a miniaturized scale-model house Joseph Kennedy had built for his children years earlier on the lawn of the Compound. "It was a Saturday night," Pam recalls. "We slept in this miniature bed, and the next morning, David got up and said, 'Uh-oh, I've got to go to 11 o'clock Mass.' I said, 'What am I supposed to do, stay in this two-by-two house and wait? No way. I'll sneak out and meet you someplace for lunch.' David panicked and said for me to sit tight, because his mother would go into a rage if she knew I was with him. Then he left. I had started my period that night; the little white room of the dollhouse was half red-the sheets, the mattresses and the rest of the miniature bed. I just rolled everything into one bloody pile and bolted. I was scared of Ethel, who was always hysterical even when she wasn't mad. I thought that if I was caught, she'd hang me from the Compound flagpole."

Later that day, she met up with David again. He had gotten a call from his brother Joe, who had sat down with Ethel and Teddy for earnest talks after returning from Berkeley and had promised to get his life together. He had been accepted at the University of Massachusetts for the fall and was having a last summer fling on Nantucket, where he was staying in a rented house with friends. That day, he invited David to spend a day and bring Pam with him. "David was ecstatic," she says. "Here, finally, someone in the fami-

ly was taking notice of him."

They spent that Sunday at Nantucket sailing with Joe and his friends. That night, they had a cookout on the beach. The next morning, they got up and went for a last swim before catching the ferry back. Joe commandeered a friend's jeep to take them to the jetty.

"He was doing his super-Kennedy act," David later said. "There was all this crazy energy. I suppose Teddy was that way

before Chappaquiddick."

As Pam remembered the drive: "We were all sort of standing up in the jeep. Joe was cutting through the woods, spinning the jeep in circles. We were yelling and laughing and acting crazy. There was a rest area on the other side of the highway and Joe started to cross over to it. He didn't see this station wagon heading toward us until the last minute. He swerved and we hit a ditch with our tires on the right side, breaking the jeep's axle and flipping us. We held on to the roll bar for a couple of flips and then had to let go. Me and David were right together . . . in the air. I remember tumbling and seeing David's face. I hit the ground. When I tried to get up, nothing happened."

For Joe, it meant an appearance in court and the revocation of his driver's license. For David, it meant painful fractured vertebrae. For Pam, it meant days in and out of a haze of painkillers and then an awakening into the cold realization that she was paralyzed. The first person she saw was Ethel, always before an enemy but now the angel of mercy, twittering sweetly as she bustled around straightening the hospital room, setting flowers in vases, putting iced tea on the bedside table. Ethel brought Rose, who brought chocolate cookies she had baked herself. She brought Teddy, sun-tanned and salty from having just finished sailing. Every night, she brought a projectionist and a movie to Pam's room. "Everybody would gather there, even the nurses," remembers Pam. "I'd ease into the hall in my wheelchair and smoke a cigarette while they watched the film. They never missed me."

In the same hospital, David lay immobilized in a traction device, reading Hunter Thompson's Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72 through prismatic glasses. He knew that Pam's injuries were more serious than his. But when one of her friends broke the news to him that Pam would never walk again, he started screaming at her. He managed to get out of bed and walked stiffly to Pam's room. "That fucking bitch," he began yelling as he saw Pam. "You wouldn't believe the shit she's been telling me..."

Pam looked at him, amazed that his family, whose lawyers had already been talking with her and her parents about a million-dollar settlement, had told him nothing. "It's true," she said. David later recalled this episode: "You finally find

someone to love, and you lose her. It's the shits."

Released from the hospital, David began to look for newer and darker boundaries to cross. Drugs provided the route, the morphine he had taken in the hospital leading him to experiment with heroin, a drug to which he had just been introduced with Chris in Central Park. He shot the drug during the fall of 1973, his senior year at Middlesex, though he had convinced himself that he was just a "chipper," able to take heroin or leave it.

At the beginning of the spring semester, he decided to go to Nashville for his senior project, because that was where his father had triumphed over Jimmy Hoffa when he was Attorney General, and because John Seigenthaler, an old R.F.K. aide who was now publisher of The Nashville Tennessean, had offered him a part-time job as a reporter. He arrived at the Seigenthaler house thin and wasted-looking. As they were talking, his father's old friend got out an album of photos taken many years earlier, at the time when Robert Kennedy had brought David with him to a speech at a Nashville high school gym. "David looked at himself in those pictures like they were a strange sort of mirror," Seigenthaler says. "He looked at them a half dozen times at least, mesmerized by them, and he kept asking me questions. There was a tremendous desire to know his father, to really know him. There was also a tremendous desire to know the person he himself had been in those pictures and was no longer.'

In the early days, Lem had been the leader in Bobby's expedition toward selfhood, but now Bobby was charting the course for both of them. He told Lem that he had decided to "go into the eye of the storm," to go down roads no Kennedy had ever traveled before in an attempt to attain an identity whose epic dimensions would quickly vault him to the status his uncle and father had attained through patient career building. "I can't do it the way they did," he would say. "The conditions aren't the same. I've got to take short cuts." When warned about the difficulties and risks, he had a ready answer: "If you see your limits, you won't even reach them. To strive, to seek new worlds-that's what my father stressed."

Lem and Bobby had begun like Falstaff and Hal, with Lem trying to tempt Bobby away from nihilism and toward an acceptance of the power that was part of his heritage. But over the years, Bobby had tempted Lem with a different kind of power, the power of narcotics. At first, it was marijuana. Lem had smoked it to show Bobby that he was not like all the other family friends who professed to understand what he felt but didn't really try. Then it was LSD. One Aspen acquaintance recalls a scene there during Ethel's annual Christmas skiing pilgrimage: "Bobby and some of the other kids

were milling around this guy Billings, right there with the rest. He was quiet for a while and then he started babbling about what a mind-expanding experience acid was, how it made you rediscover youth. 'We're all one!' he started to say in that high-pitched voice. 'The world is one!' Everybody sort of smiled: It was one of those madcap acid rants you thought had gone out with the Sixties."

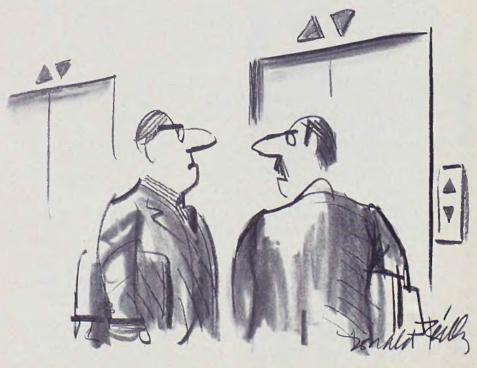
But it went further than recreational usage. Bobby, now 20, had become the drugmaster of his generation, descending step by step into a netherworld of narcotics, with Lem loyally following right behind him, at first to protect him and then as a coconspirator. Bobby gave him angel dust, and Lem tried it. Bobby gave him amphetamines, and Lem shot the drugs, despite that fact that, at 57, he was developing a serious heart condition that sometimes left him gasping for breath. One of Bobby's friends, present at the apartment on one of the first times Lem shot cocaine, remembers the scene: "Lem was lying on the bed and complaining that it wasn't having any effect. 'I'm not getting high, Bobby!' he kept saying. 'I'm not getting high! Give me some more!" "

Lem also shot heroin, going with Bobby even into that last forbidden zone. Sometimes they went to Harlem together to score. A mutual friend remembers, "There was one time when Bobby got burned by some rip-off artist. There were dangerous-looking characters all over the place, but Bobby started screaming and beating on the door. Lem pulled him away and when those black dope dealers came after us, we all ran, Lem and Bobby leading the way, laughing like hell."

The thrill and excitement were part of "scoring." There was also, as the term suggests, the element of competition, almost as if it were a perverse sort of athletic contest. Bobby had to be the best at everything. (About this time, he and Chris were seeing the same girl, and when he found out that she thought his cousin performed cunnilingus more satisfyingly than he did, Bobby wouldn't relent until the girl gave him another chance and admitted that he was actually better at it than Chris.)

Lem's onetime Princeton roommate Francis McAdoo was struck by the change in his old friend as he moved deeper into this dark ethos. Once fastidious and even prissy, insisting on a clean-cut, Brooks Brothers look, Lem started dressing casually, allowing his hair to grow long, filling his talk with street slang. "You'd pass him somewhere and hardly recognize him," McAdoo says. "He looked like a hippie. He was trying to live like Bobby, and he was burning the candle at both ends."

As the summer of 1974 approached, Bobby, Jr., and Lem began talking about a river trip, which would summarize the joint enterprise in Kennedy mythmaking they had embarked on and also celebrate the new reality of a relationship that had become a joint existential dare. Rafting had been a dead issue since the debacle with Teddy in 1969, but now Bobby got the idea of a different kind of trip-one that would be both a reprise of and an advance over the great trips his father had created in an earlier and better time; a trip that he would dominate as R.F.K. had dominated those of prior years. Lem mentioned the Apurimac, a wild river at the headwaters of the Amazon, and Bobby



"He has an honest face; I'd keep an eye on him."



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went to Harvard's Widener Library and researched it, coming back in excitement to say that it was untamed and virtually unexplored. They decided to do it.

The group of adventurers they put together for the assault on the river included Bobby's old friend Doug Spooner, journalist Harvey Fleetwood (whom Bobby invited along to write up the tripas his Arthur Schlesinger), Chris Lawford and David. Bobby and Fleetwood decided to be the advance party. They flew to Lima and from there set out for the town of Arequipa, about 500 miles away. Fleetwood was at the wheel of their rented car as they began to ascend into the high plains. At a point in the road where visibility was poor, a peasant child dashed out and they hit him. "I was really shaken," Fleetwood later recalled, "but Bobby behaved with perfect poise and calm, obviously working to live up to that Kennedy ideal of grace under pressure. He was just 20, seven years younger than I was, but he took charge right away. He jumped out and gave the kid first aid, splinted his broken leg and carried him into the car, then drove us back to the nearest town and took the kid to the hospital. When he found out that the hospital didn't have pain-killing drugs, he went to a local pharmacy and bought some himself. We didn't leave town until it was clear that this kid was going to be OK."

They finally rendezvoused with the rest of the group in the mountain town of Ayacucho, where they had been dropped off by a chartered plane from Lima. From Ayacucho, it was a 24-hour ride through the "high jungle" of the Andean foothills to San Francisco, the last village outpost, which sat at the edge of the river. Pigs rooted in the streets, which were covered with six inches of mud, sewage and human excrement; short-statured Indians transferred cacao leaves and barbasco root from canoes into trucks.

Fleetwood, who watched Bobby closely throughout the trip, was struck by his recklessness in all things but especially in food. "During the time we were in this little town of San Francisco, Bobby ate anything and everything, even though he had a bad case of dysentery. He'd take paregoric, but he claimed that the only thing that worked was some tincture of opium we'd brought along. But he kept eating strange things-another of his dares. At one point, we were at some peasant's house and boiled rat was served for dinner. Bobby ate it. Not only that, he sat there with this weird smile and then pulled one of the eyes out of the rat's head and ate that, too. Then he pulled the other one out and handed it to Lem. Lem shook his head, then sort of shrugged and popped it into his mouth."

Some 300 Indians a year got caught in the Apurimac's wild current and were smashed to death in its rapids. One couple had tried to cross it for *National Geo*graphic. Others had failed with tragic results. When Fleetwood saw the river and realized that it would take them a week to get to a doctor if anything happened, he got cold feet. But the others, led by Bobby, began to needle him about it, and he stifled his doubts. Bobby insisted that they eliminate any technology that would make the trip easier, so they began cutting down balsa logs that they lashed together with vines to make rafts. After several days' work, they were ready. The rafts were loaded with supplies they'd taken with them-canned goods and a few tools, a medicine chest well stocked with morphine prescribed by a physician, and some items purchased locally-a few chickens and three sticks of dynamite. David stood on the side lines, watching everyone else work and cynically commenting on the expedition: "Here you have it, my big brother's own personal heart of darkness."

Bobby had met an Indian named Epifenio and got him to act as guide, along with his one-eyed brother-in-law Camilo. Suffering from dysentery and other ailments, they set out like sailors on the raft of the Medusa. They are the canned food and the chickens kept in a cage at the back of the raft. ("Bobby would get one of them," Fleetwood recalls, "and hold it by the neck and crack it like a whip to kill it.") They beached the rafts at night, trying to find high ground when they set up camp to guard against the alligatorlike caymans, poisonous snakes and packs of river rats the size of cats. Bobby was very much the leader, always acting in a way to reinforce his status. One day, he staged a breathtaking leap between their two rafts just as they were navigating a stretch of hazardous rapids and managed somehow to make it. David, on the other hand, was almost willfully unheroic, having brought The Making of the President 1968 and half a dozen other hardcover books, which he read throughout the journey, and hoarding cartons of cigarettes that he doled out one at a time to the others on the expedition in payment for doing his part of the work.

Midway through the trip, they hit a series of roller-coaster rapids that broke up both of their rafts and spilled their canned goods into the river, though they managed to make it to shore and to save the chickens, medicine and dynamite. While some of them lashed new balsa logs together, Bobby, Lem and Chris made a smaller raft and went on ahead to reconnoiter. They had tied up along the bank to try to dig the roots of a yuccalike plant they thought might be edible when a band of Indians began shooting arrows at them. One penetrated the canteen near Lem's leg. As Lem began to yell, Bobby rummaged for the bow and arrow he had earlier obtained in a trade for a Harvard sweat shirt. He hadn't brought it. Chris found a stick of dynamite and held it up. "Lawford was standing there, holding it, telling me to hurry," Bobby later recalled. "We could hear the Indians coming at us through the bush. We put a blasting cap and a fuse in the dynamite. As the Indian who'd shot at us stepped out onto the bank of the river, I lit the dynamite. Lawford held it until the fuse had almost burned down, then threw it. It landed in the water right next to the Indian. Then it exploded, sending water 30 feet in the air. He and all the rest of them took off."

The guides Epifenio and Camilo had brought liquor with them and were always drunk. Epifenio delighted in outraging Lem, who was unable to get away from him because he was partially immobilized from a fall he'd taken just before they had set out. Fleetwood recalls, "Epifenio would lie on the raft and hold his penis up and then urinate in an arc into his mouth. Lem would yell, 'Make him stop it, Bobby, make him stop it!" " Nearing the end of the trip, Bobby told Epifenio that he had decided to give him the tents and the rest of the gear that had survived their various mishaps. Camilo became jealous. In a drunken rage, he charged Bobby with a machete, slashing him in the back and then aiming a coup de grâce at his neck, before Chris jumped him and wrestled him to the ground.

After their return from South America, Lem compared Bobby's performance on the Apurimac to Jack's adventures in the Solomons with P.T. 109. In slips of the tongue that happened so often they became "in" jokes among their friends, Lem frequently called Bobby "Jack." He once lectured Andy Karsch, who had refused to accompany Bobby somewhere, "I used to do it for Jack and you've got to do it for him. He'll need a best friend."

Lem also spent a lot of time talking about Bobby to Chris: "He had filled several albums with stuff about Bobby," Chris recalls, "letters, pictures, etc. He had one about me with some pictures, clippings about me and Elizabeth Taylor, that sort of thing. He made it pretty clear what role I was supposed to play. I was going to be to Bobby, Jr., what my uncle Bobby had been to Jack—the one who would sacrifice everything, the one who made sure that his destiny came true."

Half a Kennedy, with no certain place in the family system, Chris, now 20, was one who had increasingly come to see that obsessive goal driving them all-the Presidency—as embodying a sharp and dangerous paradox. It had made the Kennedys what they were as a group; it had also alienated each of them from what he or she might have been as an individual. In his view, it was an ideal that infantilized them rather than encouraged maturity; it gave a millenarian cast to their lives as they awaited the second coming; it made him and his cousins into lost boys living in a political never-never land. "The Presidency is in our system and we can't get it out," he later said. "We can't







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"It's lonely at the top, Miss Fullerton, so this time I'd like to be on the bottom."

get free enough of it to consider doing something else with our lives."

The problem, as Chris saw it, was that nobody in his generation could make a move until Teddy made a move, and Teddy, for various reasons, was not moving. So their lives had become a matter of killing time and toying with heroic fantasies that seemed to have no pertinence to the real world. In his own mind, he compared the cousins' situation to that of some absurdist drama whose themes had to do with waiting and boredom.

Although he couldn't really admit it to himself, he was sick of the family's brand of politics. In 1976, he took a leave of absence from Tufts and became involved in the New York Senate campaign of Ramsey Clark, who seemed to embody his uncle Bobby's morality and the R.F.K. credo that "one man can make a difference" far more than Teddy did. Chris remembers, "Before, everything I did was Kennedy related. I did it out of family obligation, because it was part of the joint Kennedy undertaking. Ramsey's campaign was a cause rather than a family responsibility. It was much more satisfying to me than anything else I'd done, because it was not just expected but philosophically worth while." The only problem was that Clark got only ten percent of

So Chris returned to New York and his relationship with Lem and Bobby, the only situation in his life with any emotional charge. But even here his marginality was always clear in those years. An almost Kennedy, he was also almost Lem's best friend: "At times, when it was just the two of us, we'd draw incredibly close. He'd say to me, 'If only I'd met you before I met Bobby.' But then Bobby would blow into

town from his latest adventure and I would be second fiddle again, and I'd see that Lem would always mean more to me than I'd ever mean to him."

Early in 1978, Chris went to a New York night club where a rock singer named Jennifer Jacobson was entertaining. Although he had been living with another woman for several years, Chris was stunned by Jennifer. She was streetwise and savvy; her vision of the Kennedys was unclouded by guilt or romanticism. He went home with her that night and they were together for the next six months.

"Like all the Kennedy kids," Jennifer later said, "Christopher is both tremendously savvy and tremendously naïve. It was the oddest combination of innocence and experience I'd ever encountered." She saw immediately that Chris and Bobby were addicts-not mainlining heroin addicts, perhaps, though heroin had become the summa drug for them—but addicted to narcotics in general: "Christopher and Bobby liked heroin. But they'd settle for a cupful of Valium, some Percodans or whatever else was there. They were obsessive about drugs. There was a desperate need to escape. Most of us who do dope just want to leave our lives behind. You got the feeling that whatever they might say about the Kennedys, they wanted to leave their whole ancestry behind."

Always there were Bobby and Lem and what was becoming an increasingly surreal scene centered at Lem's apartment. Jennifer felt Lem was strongly antifemale but that he recognized that the Kennedys were dependent on women and even more dependent on women's being dependent on them. "What he'd do was interpose himself between Bobby and Chris and

their girls. He'd get close to the girls when they were distraught and hurt by the boys' infidelities and say, 'Don't worry, I'll talk to him. I'll work it out for you.' Then he'd go to Bobby or Chris and say, 'That girl sucks. You've got to get rid of her.'"

Once the best place to connect emotionally for the strangely love-starved Kennedy kids, Lem's apartment was now the best place to make a drug connection. "There was always the period of sitting around, making small talk," Jennifer says. "It was really a period of waiting for somebody to decide when and how we were going to score. Then there would be the fighting over who got to do it first. Bloody needles. Doors slamming. Lem in his bathrobe and shorts, yelling, 'Bobby, get in here quick!' and then going into the bathroom to get his shot. The women were supposed to wait for the drug leftovers. It was always a macho scene, a shoot-out: which of them could do the most drugs, which of them could do the most women.'

Chris tried to keep up with Bobby, but he couldn't. He became more and more dependent on heroin, less and less able to handle it. He was sick and despondent for long periods. Worried about him, Jennifer helped him enroll in a methadone program under an assumed name. But methadone turned out to be a "nightmare high," as well as physically debilitating. By the summer of 1978, Chris's weight had ballooned some 40 pounds to 220. He contracted pneumonia. Jennifer thought he was dying. Desperate, she called Robert Coles, who said, "Tell him to come to see me. He's got to come himself if he wants help." Not knowing what else to do, she called Pat Lawford, who came in a cab and took Chris to a hospital. From there he was transferred to McLean's Hospital, a Massachusetts clinic specializing in the mentally and emotionally disturbed. Jennifer went to see him and found that he was in a room with another drug addict and an apparently hopeless schizophrenic. "He came to the door and we talked awhile and the first thing he asked was if I could get him some dope."

Although no longer close to Chris, David was on a parallel journey that would also lead to a brush with death. In the fall of 1974, after his stint on *The Nashville Tennessean*, he had managed to get admitted to Harvard. Other students grew used to his disheveled appearance—an unvarying uniform of rumpled shirt and dirty Levi's. "I never saw him without a Colt 45 Malt Liquor in one hand and a cigarette in the other, no matter what time of day it was," says a female student who lived on the floor above him.

He spent time with Boston Globe reporter Tom Oliphant, whom he'd met the previous summer while working as a journalist. "He'd bring papers over to my apartment in Cambridge," Oliphant recalls, "and we would generally talk about school and school subjects. Sometimes he'd



"I do everything on the first date. That way, I know if I want a second date."



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come over and just sit. He was an excellent writer, and he was doing work in school that was out-of-this-world good. He wasn't bookish, but he had an original and at times brilliant way of looking at things. But he was clearly in deep psychological trouble."

The source of his problems seemed to be the ongoing issue of his place in the family itself. It was most apparent on ceremonial occasions, such as the family's annual Christmas at Aspen. Older brother Joe would take an apartment of his own. Bobby would be active with his younger brothers, consolidating his status as their leader. (Once, a skier accidentally knocked Ethel down and Bobby, along with brother Michael, flew down the Aspen slopes in pursuit, finally catching the man, knocking him down and punching and kicking him, which caused Ethel to beam, "My Dobermans.") David would spend the holiday on the living-room couch, reminding everyone-by his oppressive presence-of his pain and disorientation. He had a maid bring him food as he read and slept amidst the others' nonstop activity. The more he proposed himself as a symbol of the fact that something was out of kilter with his generation, a subject nobody wanted to talk about, the angrier Ethel became. "She just tore into David sometimes," a family friend recalls. "I remember once she misplaced \$200. She came in and immediately began accusing David. He told her it was ridiculous-he had money, what did he need \$200 for? She just kept it up, absolutely vicious, wouldn't let him go."

While most of his cousins were campaigning for Shriver's abortive Presidential try in 1976 or Teddy's Senate reelection the same year, David, then 21, was on a 40-day binge shooting drugs. Bobby's friends Peter Kaplan and Eric Breindel went to David's room at Harvard and, finding him practically comatose with a spiking fever, took him to Massachusetts General Hospital. Doctors quickly diagnosed bacterial endocarditis, a potentially fatal inflammation of the lining of the heart caused by dirty needles. Back home after six weeks of hospitalization, David sank deeper and deeper into a nightmare world. He dropped out of Harvard, devoting himself almost exclusively to scoring heroin. He spent a good deal of time in the Roxbury ghetto. ("My father was concerned about blacks in one way," he would say later with bitter self-knowledge, "and I was concerned about them in another-as people from whom I could get drugs.") One day, a black dealer told him he'd meet him in a bathroom to make a transaction. When David showed up, the man overpowered him, tied him up and tried to stab him. David jumped back, so that the knife only sliced him along the abdomen, and managed to get out of the bathroom and run. Later, after his wound healed, he was disappointed that the scar wasn't more severe: "I was modeling myself on the James Caan character in *The Gambler*. I saw that movie over and over. I loved the last scene, where Caan had pushed things so far that the black guy cut his face, and then he goes to the mirror and sees the wound and smiles. I could relate to that."

After his endocarditis attack, David's family had gotten him a psychiatrist, Lee Macht, a 39-year-old boy wonder who'd been commissioner of the Massachusetts Mental Health Department and was chief of psychiatry at Cambridge Hospital. Worried about the compulsive risk-taking associated with heroin, Macht agreed to prescribe Percodans to keep him out of dangerous places. David's reaction was to use more and more drugs. In April 1978, he O.D.d on a combination of cocaine and Dilaudid, a surrogate morphine. During his recuperation, he was called on by the group he'd begun to think of as The Committee to Keep David Out of the Picture-Teddy, Steve Smith, former R.F.K. aide Richard Goodwin, Robert Coles, his brother Joe and sister Kathleen. They all persuaded him to let Kathleen serve as his guardian and to get treatment for his drug problem.

After a few weeks at McLean's, where Chris had gone, David was released and sent to Sussex, England, to become a patient of Dr. Margaret Patterson, a Scottish surgeon who had invented what she called "neuroelectric therapy." One of her most celebrated patients, Who guitarist Peter Townshend, had endorsed the procedure, which involved wearing a Walkmanlike headset emitting signals to the brain that Dr. Patterson theorized affected drug dependence. For David, who wore this appliance while living with a family of English evangelicals who spoke in tongues during moments of religious ecstasy, the experience was part of the surrealism that he was coming to accept as his own reality. His family wanted him to stay in England, but after two months there, he returned home.

He began hanging out again. In the fall of 1978, he and his brother Bobby met starlet Rachel Ward, whom David regarded (and still does) as "the most beautiful woman who ever lived." The two of them took her dancing. To Bobby's surprise, and David's, too, she chose to go home with the younger Kennedy brother. It was an intense involvement, the first serious romance for David since Pam Kelley's injury. He got intensely jealous when he went to pick Rachel up one night and found Philippe Junot, recently married to Princess Caroline of Monaco, at her apartment. The three of them went to Xenon's discothèque, though David's leg was in a cast from a recent football mishap. When they sat down at their table, David saw Junot put his arm around Rachel and knocked it off. Junot, who had been trained in martial arts, leaped up and they had a brief fight that ended with

David on the floor, bleeding from the nose.

"Rachel wanted to get an apartment with me and settle down. But I knew I was too fucked up. I was back on smack. She had no idea of what I was up to. I don't know what she thought of all those little marks on my arms when I was naked. I guess she thought they were some odd Kennedy rash. We never talked about it. I was supplementing the heroin-five times the lethal dose for someone not used to it-with 40 Percodans a day. I'd go up to Boston on the shuttle and get five prescriptions from Lee Macht for 40 Percodans each. Then I'd go to drugstores around town and get them filled and go back to New York that evening with 200 pills. That was the ritual-once a week."

One day, his temperature began to spike again, and he could tell he had been reinfected with endocarditis. He called Macht to arrange to go into the hospital, but before flying to Boston to be admitted, he decided to go to Harlem for one last score. He had been a good and regular customer and was well known on certain blocks by his tan BMW. Because he had given his name as James (after Caan in The Gambler) and because there were several blacks named James in the drug business, dealers there called him White James. This time, he had trouble. As he was making his connection at the seedy, run-down Shelton Plaza Hotel, a huge black man accosted him, demanded his money and then blocked him from leaving the lobby of the shooting gallery while illogically shrieking, "You get out of here! Don't come in here, you honkie!" As the man hit David in the face repeatedly, a black woman watching the scene slipped out and called the police. "I should have just said it was no big deal and walked off," David now says. "But I was so out of it that I walked up to the cop in charge and started acting suspicious and said I didn't want to get involved. Naturally, I was arrested and the next day the news was all over the papers. David fucks up again."

The decline of Chris and David seemed to make Bobby's equilibrium all the more remarkable. It appeared that he could, indeed, "handle" and "maintain" the heaviest drug use of them all, as he liked to boast; that he could integrate drugs into his rush of success and never have to admit, even privately, that he was a "junkie"—a word he taunted both of them with. By 1975, he had gone to Alabama to write a thesis on Frank Johnson, a liberal judge his father had admired; upon his return to Harvard, with Lem's help, he began turning it into a book. He had also applied for a Rhodes scholarship, Lem supporting him with an eloquent letter of recommendation ("I am almost 60 years old and I have watched a few great ones come along. . . . I know what qualities are the ones that shape strong men into strong

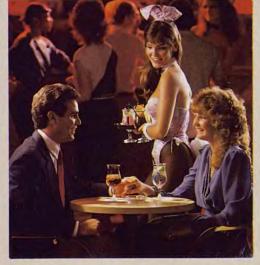


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leaders. Bobby has those qualities. . . . "). And, following the pattern of his dead uncles Joe, Jr., and Jack, he had enrolled at The London School of Economics, which the family thought of as a sort of finishing school for political greatness.

It was the moment when he would make his move, when he would exchange that sense of latency that had surrounded him like a halo for the past several years for a start in the real career that he and Lem had talked about. But nothing worked according to plan. Far from reaching the success of Why England Slept, his uncle Jack's thesis-turned-best seller, Bobby's (published as Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr.: A Biography) got savaged by reviewers. The Rhodes-scholarship committee flatly turned down his application. His experience at The London School of Economics turned out to be only a few weeks in duration-a halfhearted attempt to study at the Strategic Studies Institute while he explored England's political haut monde and traveled to County Wexford in Ireland, getting high in the land his ancestors had escaped.

Compounding Bobby's lack of tangible success was the fact that his brother Joe seemed to have found a way to be a Kennedy that worked, a way that made their long competition begin to look like the parable of the tortoise and the hare. Joe's stabilization had begun in 1976, when he ran Teddy's Senate re-election campaign, giving a sense of real involvement and success that few of his cousins had experienced. It was part of a general change. As his old friend Chuck McDermott says, "He had just gotten to the point where he wanted to do something with his life and that was more important than getting crazy every night."

He had tried Washington as a next

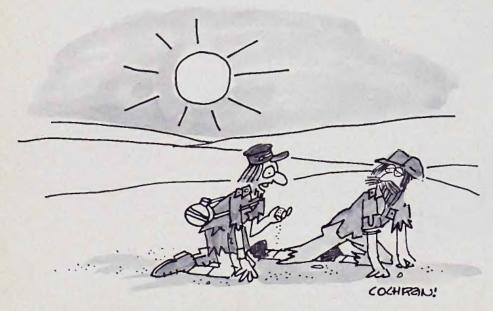
step, taking a job with the Community Services Administration, which aides to Robert Strauss at the Democratic National Committee had pushed because they felt it would give the operation "a lot of credibility." In May 1978, after a year in Washington, he resigned and moved back to Boston. People had tried to rush him into running for Congress. But the new caution Joe had acquired counseled against it. Instead, he began work setting up Citizens Energy Corporation. Based on a plan originally coming from Richard Goodwin-a plan to create a business that would show, in a politically exemplary way, how to solve the energy crisis-Citizens Energy would buy crude oil in Venezuela, have it processed in the Caribbean, sell the gas and other by-products at market prices and use the profits to bring to Massachusetts heating oil that could be sold through the state to the elderly and the poor at a 40 percent discount. The corporation was the chance to start a business the way his grandfather had. It was also a way of starting a political career.

Joe was different from Bobby also in the fact that he realized that the price of a political career was an almost antiheroic version of what a Kennedy should be. "I'm different from Bobby," he said to friends. "I can't parachute down into the name from above. I have to work my way up." He understood, too, that he had to renounce any claim to involvement in the dark world that so intrigued his brother. About the time he was beginning Citizens Energy, he became engaged to Sheila Rauch, a Philadelphia Main Liner who had been his girlfriend since high school. Andy Karsch had seen Joe at the New York wedding of family friend Tim Haydock, where among the Titians and Gauguins there were drugs and beautiful, unattached women. "I'm getting the shuttle back to Boston," Joe had said anxiously. "I've got to get out of here. Everything I see that's worth wanting will only get me in trouble."

The plot that had been forming around the Kennedy kids since R.F.K.'s death finally thickened when Teddy announced his Presidential candidacy on November 7, 1979. The reason for his running had less to do with objective political factors than with his sense that he had simply waited long enough, waited all the long years after he could have had it in 1968, waited through a decade of penance for Chappaquiddick, waited while the legacy seemed to be slipping further away.

The older boys, particularly, had counted on the campaign to banish the ambiguity that had ruled their lives and to take them back home to the Presidency. Chris, now 24, was eager to prove himself in action, and tried to get on board from the moment of Teddy's announcement. He had put off his already long-delayed plan to enter law school so that he would be available for a role in the campaign. He wrote, called and sent messages to Teddy and Steve Smith, but nothing happened. "It was the old Kennedy run-around. I couldn't figure out what the reason was at first, but then I remembered how I had been visiting David in the hospital during his most recent bout of endocarditis and Teddy had breezed in and, on the way out, said, 'By the way, I hope none of you guys knows Barry Landau, that guy who's connected Hamilton Jordan to cocaine at Studio 54.' As a matter of fact, I did know him. He was a friend of Lorna Luft, Judy Garland's daughter, whom I'd grown up with. Stevie Smith and I and some of the other cousins knew him. After Teddy made this comment, Steve Smith called me down to the campaign headquarters in Washington. He said, 'Listen, Chris, this Landau thing could really blow up, and I think that until we find out whether a special prosecutor is going to be appointed, we should hold off on involving you in the campaign.' I told him that if this was what he was worried about, then he better bring about three quarters of the family in and talk to them, too."

Chris went to Massachusetts and New Hampshire on his own to campaign in the fall of 1979, demonstrating political savvy as well as star appeal, performing like a walk-on trying to make a big-league team. Recognizing that he was an asset after all, Smith sent him to Iowa. He did well there, even as the Kennedy operation itself was falling apart. Yet there was always a fierce jockeying among the cousins. Chris always felt that they were more interested in how well they were performing against one another than in the ultimate goal; always looking over their shoulders; always looking to unhorse one another. The incident, admittedly a small one, that exemplified his case came at his cousin Courtney's wedding in the late spring of



"Hey! This is cat litter!"



1980. Groggy from several sleepless days on the campaign trail, Chris showed up for the obligatory toasting, itself a moment of subtle competition. Desperate for something to say, he asked Bobby, who had just given a particularly witty toast, for something he could use when his turn came. Bobby took Chris aside and pointed out that all the waiters employed by the catering service looked vaguely Middle Eastern. He gave him the theme of a toast and told him to conclude by saying, "These waiters are Shiite Moslems, and anybody who doesn't give a contribution to the Kennedy campaign is going to be held hostage in this room." Chris gave the toast. When he was done, there was dead silence, because the hostage situation was just then acknowledged as the issue that could kill the campaign. When the silence was broken, Chris noted that it was Bobby who led the jeers.

For Chris, the campaign ended during the holidays in Aspen, when he was busted trying to fill a phony prescription for Darvon, which he was taking as part of his ongoing struggle with heroin.

Bobby, meanwhile, had been given control of Alabama. The alleged reason was that he had links there with conservatives around George Wallace (whom he had met while researching his senior thesis) and liberals around Frank Johnson. Yet, since it was next door to Carter's Georgia stronghold and Kennedy strategists had projected a 15 percent showing as a victory, he saw that the post was clearly a means of getting him out of the way.

Nonetheless, Alabama was a typically frenzied experience. Bobby, now 26, adopted the protective coloration of a good ol' boy, wearing his pants low on his hips, sporting dust-covered snakeskin boots and occasionally spitting the juice of his Skoal into an empty Coke bottle. Spring of 1980 became a Southern version of the double life he had been leading for the past several years. On the one hand, there were evangelical appearances at black churches and other meetings, as he played the Kennedy presence in the state. On the other, there were wild personal scenes. Bobby had taken up with Harris McGough, a Cadillac salesman and Vietnam vet who claimed to have killed 24 Viet Cong singlehandedly and kept an arsenal including bows with razor-tipped arrows, pens that fired bullets and submachine guns. McGough's house in Montgomery became the appropriate scene for Bobby's excesses. Bragging that he'd had a woman every night for two years, he chased them frantically between speechmaking. He was doing drugs, too. He and McGough and their friends would let off steam by driving close to 100 miles an hour on the highway at night in a pair of cars with headlights off and passing a joint back and forth from one car to another.

At one point in Teddy's campaign, Bobby went to New York for a strategy session and took with him one of the

"aides" he had acquired in Alabama. They ran into Bobby's old friend Andy Karsch, who was now a film maker working as a media consultant for Teddy's campaign. The aide told Karsch that he was looking for an appropriate district in which Bobby could run for Congress and had almost settled on one in Staten Island. Karsch, who, like most of his friends, knew of Bobby's drug problem and thought of him as being "on his eighth life," blew up. "It's getting stupid, this manifest-destiny plan," he said. "Teddy's showing you that it's all over, but none of you seems to be getting it. You guys play politics the way little girls play house."

Only David was free from the ambition and delusion. After his Harlem bust, The Committee to Keep David Out of the Picture, which had a six-month guardianship, had given him the choice of going back to McLean's or traveling to Sacramento to be placed under the control of a therapist named Don Juhl, who had created a drug-rehabilitation program called the Aquarian Effort. "Naturally," David says, "I chose the latter. Juhl told me that there were three rules: I had to jog every day. I wasn't allowed to say 'Fuck off and die' anymore. And no drugs. If I broke any of those rules, it would cost me another month, and every month I was there cost me \$20,000 of my own money."

By the end of his run for the Presidency, Teddy had lost 24 of 34 primaries and 20 of 25 caucuses. Garry Wills called it the end of a Kennedy time in our national life.

One of those most depressed by the debacle was Lem, who had always shared Jack's view of Teddy as an irksome younger brother. At the beginning, he had been upset by the decision to run, because he knew it would start all the stories about Jack and his women and Bobby and Marilyn Monroe once again. "My God, why does he have to do it?" Lem had groused. "He's just dragging the family through the mud. I don't know about everybody else, but I'm going to sit this one out." At the end, he had been upset because it had seemed, in his phrase, such a "half-assed effort," one that raised questions about the family's political vitality.

A whole new generation had discovered Lem: Caroline, who was moving through New York's artistic community with various boyfriends; Timmy Shriver, whose godfather Lem had become when Jack was killed; and the middle kids of the R.F.K. family—Courtney, Michael and Kerry. As Bobby had veered more and more onto his own, Lem, now 64, had encouraged this new wave of Kennedys to use his New York apartment as a gathering spot. He saw it as "rallying the troops from Teddy's defeat." They saw it as their turn to experience the man who had become almost legendary in Kennedy annals.

One of his attractions was that he was a central switchboard, the person who called

around to key people in the family every day, getting the travel plans and gossip. He was also a fountainhead of information. As Michael said, "He always knew what was proper—everything from what you should get a person as a present on a particular occasion to how to handle yourself in various social situations—the things parents teach but ours hadn't."

This new group lacked the emotional charge of Bobby, Joe, Chris Lawford and David. (Christopher Kennedy, one of the "little kids" in the R.F.K. family, says, "Our lives have not been as extreme. We have not had the adversity or the excitement or some of the problems the older ones have had.") But they had youth and promise. And Lem could have the roaring good times with them that it was no longer possible to have with Bobby and his friends, who were on the edge of their 30s and now trying to mix drugs and careers. Lem would take these 20-year-olds out drinking at Trader Vic's at The Plaza, where he would have eight or nine scorpions, his favorite drink. He would regale them with Kennedy stories and they would accompany him back to his apartment and stay there until three or four in the morning, looking through scrapbooks and photo albums. Yet it was different with them than it had been with Bobby and Chris Lawford. While they were intrigued with him, they didn't need him. They had gotten parental attention, however haphazard it had been. They had been young enough when Robert Kennedy was shot to have been shielded from the full metaphysical blast of his death. They didn't have the huge needs of their older brothers; they also had a different perspective on Lem, regarding him as a sort of curio. "He was fun to be with," Timmy Shriver says. "But in a way, he was sad. Sad because of what had happened to my uncles. We could see that tragedy through the effects on his life. Sad also because he had believed he could make it happen again but couldn't."

He had grown out of touch with his old friends and even with his own family, contacts that had once given at least a semblance of autonomy to his life. Now he was completely dependent on the Kennedys. He called Eunice every day. "We're the only ones left of that early era," he'd say and try to get her to join him in reminiscing about Joe, Jr., Kathleen and Jack. He had become abnormally sensitive to imagined slights. On Sarge and Eunice Shriver's 25th anniversary in May 1978, he was seated on Eunice's left instead of her right, which he insisted was the place of honor. He was deeply hurt by this affront and went around the party drunkenly asking, "Why wasn't I seated on the right?" Another time, Caroline called in a hurry and asked for someone else without identifying herself. Finding out it was she, he got back on the phone and said angrily, "What is this? You call my house and when I answer, you can't even take the

Volkswagen introduces a new sedan for families

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time to say hello to me." She tried to argue him out of his irritation, but he finally hung up on her.

But his greatest anxiety came from Bobby. It was as if Lem's hopes and ambitions for him had gotten caught up in a prolonged dry labor as all the charisma and promise of the early years failed to reach a payoff. Bobby was about to finish law school at the University of Virginia but was no closer to the political career they had dreamed of than he had been when Lem more or less adopted him 12 years earlier. He and Bobby had terrible fights, like lovers' quarrels, that ended in sulks that lasted for weeks followed by emotional scenes of reconciliation. In between those times, Lem would forlornly call Duff Pacifico, an old girlfriend of Bobby's, the one who had come closest to keeping him focused. "We'd talk for a long time," Duff says. "He'd be close to tears. He'd ask if I thought Bobby loved him, if he was Bobby's best friend."

He was short of breath and had bouts of vertigo, his heart strained by a decade of drugs and liquor and by trying to keep up with people 40 years younger than he. He wheezed; he used an asthma inhaler. Before, his talk of death had been something of an "in" joke with Bobby, Chris Lawford and their friends. (On the river trips that had followed the Apurímac, Lem had insisted on taking a body bag along so that they would have a way of handling his corpse if he were accidentally

killed.) Now it took on a more serious, morbid aspect. He went to Pittsburgh with Bobby's old friend Timmy Haydock, whom he was helping get into medical school. While they were there, he took Haydock to a cemetery and showed him the spot that had been reserved for him in the family plot. He lay down on the ground to prove that the burial site was large enough for his bulky form. Then he sat on the grass looking down at a pacific pond below filled with waterfowl. "I'll be here all through eternity, watching the ducks," he said. Then, after a minute or so of silence, he added, "Being a pallbearer is the worst job. You just sweat and sweat. I've been a pallbearer for so many Kennedys. I know what I'm talking about. God, I'm going to make you guys sweat."

He changed his will every few weeks. He had left everything to Bobby. Then he eliminated him. Then he changed his mind again and added a codicil leaving him only his apartment and giving the collectibles to his sister.

On May 25, 1981, Lem was with Michael Kennedy and his new wife, Vicki. Harvey Fleetwood was also at the apartment. Bobby was supposed to come up from Charlottesville but at the last minute didn't. "Lem was very upset about that," Fleetwood recalls. "He and Bobby had been fighting over the phone about whether or not to go to Haiti that summer. The real subject was the thousand or more things they couldn't talk about, things

having to do with the death of the Kennedy dream. That night, Lem got very drunk. He said to me, 'You've got to take care of Bobby.' I said that he shouldn't worry about Bobby, because Bobby had a million friends. 'No, you're one of the only ones who care.' I said that all this talk didn't mean much, because he'd be there to look after Bobby the way he always had. He shook his head and started to cry. 'No, I made a terrible mistake. I took drugs with him. I made a terrible mistake. I let him down.' "

The next night, in a better mood, he took ten of the younger Kennedys and their dates to see the film Outland. He was enthusiastic, talking of how he was going to help Michael and Vicki design their house in Virginia, just as he had helped Steve and Jean Smith design theirs at Bridgehampton. He talked loudly throughout the movie. "It was hilarious," Michael remembers. "He pretended that he didn't understand what was going on. He kept saying, 'Why is he doing that?' and 'What the hell is going on, anyway?' We went back to his apartment and talked. It was a good night."

The next morning, after another conversation with Bobby, he was down again. He called Duff and asked, "Do you think I've wasted my life on the Kennedys? Do you think they appreciate me?" He called Fleetwood, sobbing: "I'm taking all my Kennedy pictures off the wall. I don't want to see them anymore."

That night, he died in his sleep. The autopsy said that death was caused by a heart attack, though Ethel asked one of Bobby's closest friends if he thought that Lem had suffered an O.D. The funeral was at the Episcopal church around the corner from Lem's apartment. For the Kennedys, it was as if the past itself had died; as if the secret passage they'd used to make contact with their glory days was now forever closed.

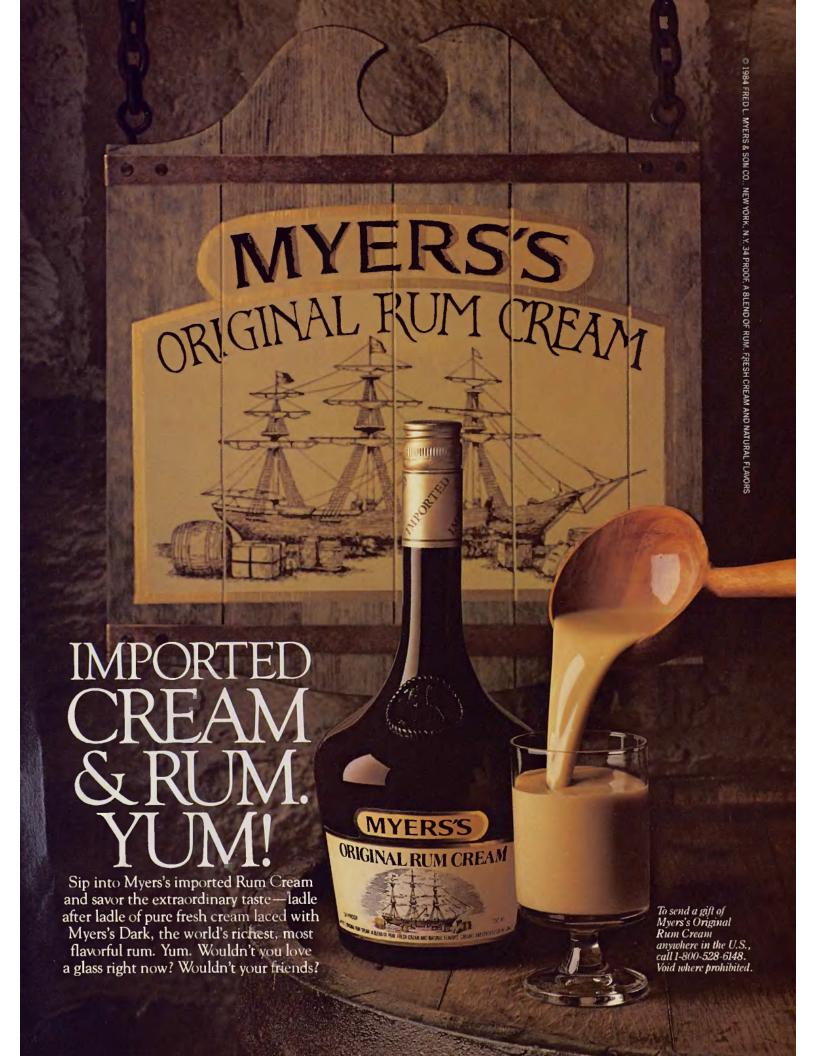
In his eulogy, Bobby, whose Prince Hal he had been for so long, compared Lem to Falstaff and said, "He felt pain for every one of us—pain that no one else would have the courage to feel. . . . I don't know how we'll carry on without him."

Eunice had the last words: "I'm sure he's already organizing everything in heaven so it will be completely ready for us—with just the right Early American furniture, the right curtains, the right rugs, the right paintings and everything ready for a big party. Yesterday was Jack's birthday. Jack's best friend was Lem, and he would want me to remind everyone of that today. I am sure the good Lord knows that heaven is Jesus and Lem and Jack and Bobby loving one another."

As they were leaving the church, someone recalled something Lem had said a few years earlier when he was in one of his jolly moods: "After I go, there'll be no more Kennedys."



"How do you explain the fact that whenever we like a government somewhere, the people there usually don't agree with us?"



"Is 2 months' salary too much to spend for something that lasts forever?"



The way I figure it, nothing's too good for Beth. And when it came to buying her an engagement ring, I wanted the biggest, most beautiful diamond I could afford.

And a good rule of thumb today is that for about 2 months' salary you can get

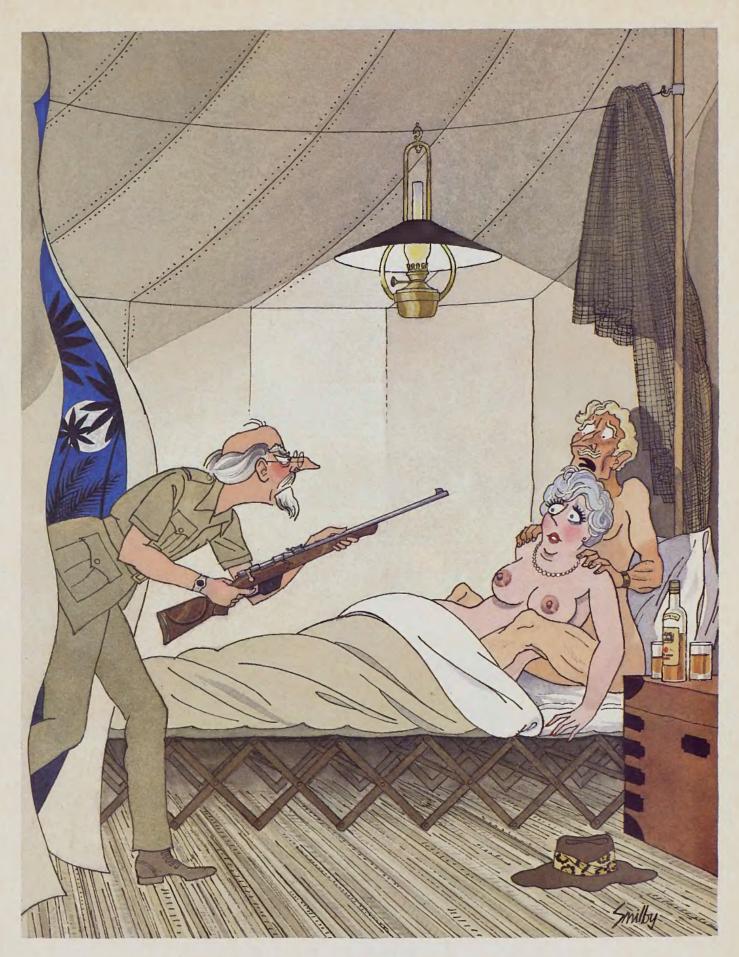
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Hello, Young Lovers

(continued from page 128) mature he is . . ." or "Well, we do sleep together occasionally, but really I'm only kidding. I'll put him back in a minute."

Even more tedious was hearing how it would never work out. Friends, acquaint-ances, the meter man, my upstairs neighbor, even the mailman would screw their eyes into a disapproving, condescending but somehow lascivious glint, much like the one elderly men must get from the madam when they enter a whorehouse. "Honey," said my best friend, with her typical Texas directness, "it sounds OK for now, but don't you be trying to make a future out of it."

Another friend said, with typical limey viciousness, "The equivalent for a man of what you've got would be a teenaged blonde with big tits." I wanted to shoot him in the arm.

Why, Mary, do people react with such fear and loathing when they find anyone transgressing the social norm? An age difference of a decade, if the man is older, is considered fine, even dandy. Even two decades' difference, and nobody looks askance. People sing a happy tune and think of something else. A man of 60, if he happens to be rich, is probably in the habit of dandling naked 18-year-olds on his knee, and all anyone says to him is "More power to you, Herb, you lucky devil!" Yet I personally have been treated more than once like a pervert.

The problem may well be one of power. Sexual attraction, at its most superficial, is based either on physical beauty or on power. In our culture, youth is tantamount to beauty. So the older woman, since she isn't adolescently nubile, must be powerful. And that, of course, is weird, since traditionally, women are honor bound to be supportive, nurturing, compliant and passive, not presidents of corporations or superstar singers.

But things, as they will, change. Women in their 30s, 40s, even 50s and 60s, now self-sufficient and successful, are taking young lovers, men who don't have to assume the role of provider.

It's fun. I'm crazy about my boyfriend. He's witty, sensible, smart, kindhearted and quite probably the sexiest man on the planet. If he feels threatened by my success, he keeps it to himself. In fact, he actually seems to like it, unlike some of my ex-lovers, my age or older, who used to get snively and whiny when my pay check was bigger than theirs, or who used to retreat in sullen silence for days if I happened to get more attention at a party than they did. Ah, the freedom of it all!

Here are some of the advantages of a young lover:

Sex: Everyone knows that we old broads of 30 or so want it all the time. Too much, for us, ain't enough. A woman allegedly reaches her sexual peak at 35,

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though I know some 40-year-olds who dispute that, who say they just get hornier and hornier. Yet a man reaches his sexual peak at 18. This is mother nature's little joke, and it's not funny. If you're a mature woman who wants it morning, noon and night, where to turn but the cradle?

Exigency: Available men in their 30s are as rare as kangaroos in Manhattan. If a 35-year-old man is not psychotic, not gay, not married and solvent, he is in grave danger of being kidnaped. An available, sane man in his 40s is even rarer, and if he's in his 50s, he could make the Guinness Book of World Records. If a man is in his 60s or 70s and becomes a widower, lines of women bearing chicken casseroles immediately form around his block. But there are plenty of 25-year-olds running around loose.

Enthusiasm: The younger a man is, the more he bubbles. If you say to a 45-year-old, "How about we move to Peru?" or "What d'ya say we become Zen Buddhists?" he will develop a peptic ulcer on the spot, whereas a 25-year-old, or at least my 25-year-old, is constantly brimming with adventure. He often makes me feel like a stick-in-the-mud and, believe me, I am a girl who will do anything for a laugh. But that didn't include climbing

mountains, until him.

Innocence: There is such a thing as too much sophistication. Several years on the sexual battle front breeds weariness, jadedness and the diminishing of honest emotional response. A man (or a woman) who's 30 or 40 and still running around must have had his heart broken three or four times, not to mention a probable exwife or two and all the alimony and child support that entails. People who have been hurt become increasingly self-protective. They are loath to put their hearts on the line and will play any game in the world to avoid it. If I had a dime for every time I've heard a 37-year-old man say, "Sure I care for you, baby, but I'm not ready for a commitment right now," I could move out of this rat's nest of an apartment and into a palace. A younger person carries less emotional baggage; he won't get angry with you because of what the third woman before you did. When he says "I love you," it's not a terrible risk to believe him.

All of the above is not to say that life with younger men is a total rose bed. I have to admit to a certain chill when he asked, "Who's Julie Christie?" I'm not sure I particularly like the awe in his eyes when I tell him I've been to Woodstock. And it gets very trying when he rejects TV movies because they're not in color.

But these are mere quibbles—offerings to the gods so they won't punish me for my little corner of happiness. This older woman/younger man theme is too jolly to be a mere fad. It's a new, endearing social phenomenon. Mary, I know you'll agree.



"Scandinavians keep a bottle of aquavit in the freezer or refrigerator for instant hospitality."

Not all, of course; but you'll find many that do. They can be classified in two broad categories. Those in the first group are generously endowed with subtle, ingratiating tastes and aromas; they ask to be taken slowly, probingly. As you sip, the shrouded layers of flavor reluctantly reveal themselves. Dilution with ice or water would only diminish them. Offerings of the second group are approached differently-downed in one electrifying gulp or, at most, several swallows. Their perverse appeal is the searing physical impactsimilar to a good hit of jalapeño chili or cayenne pepper. They may water your eyes and cauterize your tonsils, but the

total experience is exhilarating. Following are examples of both groups and characteristics to look for.

SIPPERS

Armagnac: Forthright bouquet dominated by the aroma of prunes. Sturdy and pleasantly gruff.

Cognac: The ultimate brandy. Those above the V.S.O.P. grade-X.O., Napoleon, Cordon Bleu, et al.-are best for drinking neat.

Dark rums: Not the "gold," which are only moderately aromatic, but the dark brews from Jamaica, Martinique and Guyana. Aged five years or more, they're



"We'll continue this tomorrow. I'm on a work-release program and I have to be back in my cell by six o'clock."

full-bodied and pungent.

Eaux de vie: Kirschwasser, framboise, poiré, mirabelle, et al. All are fruit brandies-and bone-dry. Captivating concentrated fragrance of fruits from which they're made: respectively, cherry, raspberry, pear and plum.

Single-malt Scotch: The true taste of Scotch, unblended and undiluted. Highland malts, such as The Glenlivet and Glenfiddich, are fairly light; those from Islay and the Isle of Skye are robust and

lusty.

Other sippers: B and B, Black Bush Irish whiskey, aged bourbons and aged Scotch blends (Ballantine's 30 Year, Chivas Royal Salute, Johnnie Walker Swing), Suntory Signature (Japanese whiskey), Southern Comfort, tequila añejo, V.E.P. Chartreuse and Zubrowka vodka.

GUILPERS

Aquavit: Clear, vodkalike spirits, generally infused with caraway seed. Anise, fennel and dill may also be used. Scandinavians keep a bottle of aquavit in the freezer or refrigerator for instant hospital-

Imported vodka: Unlike American vodkas, which emphasize their neutrality, European vodkas boast of having taste. They do, but the taste is very subtle. Take neat and frosty, in one ecstatic swallow.

Schnapps: Clear and raw. Slight perception of sweetness in taste. Drink cold and quick.

Other gulpers: Bitters (Jägermeister, Unicum, et al.) and white tequila.

The rationale for rejuvenating the neat shot does not extend to old-time shot glasses-squat, jiggerlike vessels of miserly capacity, some holding as little as five eighths of an ounce. A proper shot glass should be attractive, feel comfortable in the hand and be big enough to hold a generous peg of liquor without brimming. Straight-sided whiskey glasses-basically, short tumblers or small old fashioned glasses—are ideal for sipping spirits neat. Scandinavians lean toward tall, elliptical, stemmed shot glasses when knocking back their aquavit, bolting it in "one bite," as they say. Jean Danflou, who markets a superior line of French brandies and liqueurs, has his own way of presenting his products. First, he swirls an ice cube in a four-ounce chimney snifter; when the bowl is chilled, he discards the ice, replacing it with a hefty shot of unchilled liquor. A small wineglass, given the same treatment, is also satisfactory. And liquor companies sometimes offer interesting glassware at reasonable prices for promotional purposes.

Regardless of the source, the right glass will do much to enhance the pleasure of the experience-aesthetically and sensually. The contents are up to you. Take your best shot!

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GEAR

JOGGING'S HEAVY HITTERS

ogging is in, but not as far in as it used to be. Now there's power walking, a new discipline that gets you to the same place in terms of distance and fitness using weights and a rhythmic stride. But whether you do a mile in four or 40 minutes, these ultratech accessories will help you keep the bionic pace with all those \$6,000,000

speedsters out there, at only one-thousandth the price. Start with the Logjammer Weight Vest. Its 44 steel weights add 42 pounds to the load you're carrying, which will discourage sprinting but encourage cardiovascular ferocity. Grab some one-pound Heavyhands and one-half-pound Lace Weights and you'll be a real tour-de-force two-stepper.



A GENTLEMAN'S WATCH WARDROBE

earing the same watch every day is like wearing the same pair of pants. You can do it—but why would you want to? Nobody, except possibly Steve Martin, steps out in a tux and tennis shoes anymore, and the same rule of thumb extends to the wrist—a jogging watch is right for a five-mile lope,

but at a black-tie dinner, forget it. There also are dual-timezone watches, for those who cross continents the way some people cross the street, and even a model housing a compass. Possibly the ultimate display of hands, however, is the Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust. It's like a Rolls: If you have to ask how much it costs, you can't afford it.



From left to right: East is East and West is West and the twain have finally met in this handsome Porsche-designed anodized-aluminum watch that houses a removable compass, from American PD Company, \$1800. Next to it is an inexpensive eight-digit memory calculator/watch that displays hours/minutes/seconds, day/date and also has a daily and weekly alarm, by Timex, \$29.95. Rolex' 18-kt.-gold Oyster Perpetual Datejust chronometer with an 18-kt.-gold band is a real stopper (James Bond used a similar model as an impromptu knuckle-duster), \$7650. No, the Training Timer watch, by Seiko, doesn't take your blood pressure; it's a digital

quartz model with a detachable hand-held release cable that allows for one-handed stop-watch operation while running, \$95. When the evening's wrist action calls for something dressy and distinguished, buckle on a quartz-movement sterling-silver watch with a sharkskin band, from Bulgari, New York, \$750. You may not have a yacht, but who'll know the difference with this electronic quartz Admiral's Cup watch with gold-inlaid raised navigational flags, by Corum, \$2690. Last, for the international traveler who wants to keep track of the time back home, too, there's a Swiss-made quartz watch with dual time zones, from Tourneau, New York, \$250.



BIGGER THAN A BREADBASKET

The Manhattan store Think Big! at 390 West Broadway, New York 10012, definitely doesn't think small. It stocks king-sized crayons, 14"-tall martini glasses and now an all-metal Luxo Lamp that will far outshine the dinky one you've got at work. A black or white Luxo adjusts from five to ten feet, has a weighted base and costs \$650. Use it any time you'd like to sit and know for a minute what it feels like to be Lily Tomlin playing Edith Ann.



SUITED TO A MINI-"T"

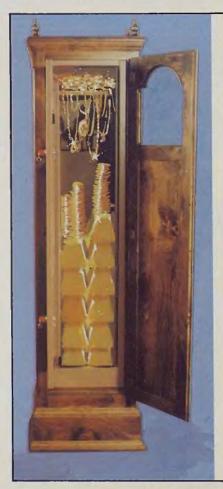
Stan and Ollie never did have much luck with cars, on or off the links, but then they (or anyone else) would never have seen a Mini-"T"—it being an electric two-seater that's ideal for putting about a golf course. Mini-"T"s have fiberglass bodies, disc brakes and a two-horsepower motor that will eventually get you to 12 miles per hour. For more info, write Mini-"T" Electric Motor Car Company, 1140 Highland Avenue, Glendale, California 91202. The price? Just \$5995. Ollie would like that.





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If you've just won the state lottery, have we got a cruise ship for you. It's the Sea Goddess I, a 340-foot luxury yacht fitted out with spacious suites, private baths and the kind of help you can't find anymore. But what makes the Sea Goddess I so unusual is that its itineraries in the Caribbean and the Mediterranean put you in at small ports where big cruise ships can't dock. Sea Goddess Cruises, 5805 Blue Lagoon Drive, Miami, Florida 33126, will tell you more. Weekly cruises are \$3300, so pack your wallet, skipper.



FATHER-TIME CAPSULE

Hickory, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock-and guess what he found? A king's ransom in baubles, bangles and beads, plus silver coins, cameras, old copies of PLAYBOY, your little black book-anything that's valuable and small enough to fit into the 60" x 16" x 12" confines of Nesci Enterprises' grandfather clock. Why would anyone hide the family jewels in the old ticktock? Because while the outside of the clock is of mellow New England pine (the exterior dimensions are 72" x 18" x 14"), the interior houses a concealed safe of 14-gauge steel with heavyduty cylinder locks and concealed hinges that would frustrate even Raffles. The price for this security is \$965 F.O.B. Nesci Enterprises, P.O. Box 119, East Hampton, Connecticut 06424. More good news: Your upright safe actually does tell time, too.

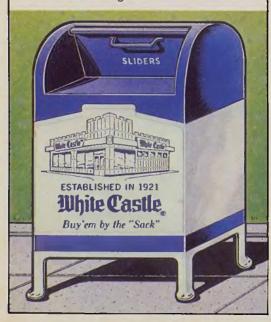
FOR PETAL PUSHERS ONLY

For the person who wants to know something no one else knows, there's the battery-powered Color Time Clock, which is available from Color Time, 3124 Woodhaven Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35243, for \$37. Here's how it works: You choose a color and point all the petals in the three layers to the correct time. (The big layer is hours; the middle, minutes; and the small, seconds.) Then, you just read the petals. Sneaky!



KING OF THE CASTLE

What growing boy can't make a dozen dollar-sized "sliders" disappear down his throat faster than you can say "White Castle"? If you've never eaten a White Castle hamburger or you've moved away from an area where they're sold, here's a solution: Call 1-800-WCASTLE and order 50 for \$57 or 100 for \$82 and put them on plastic. White Castle will Federal Express your burgers packed in dry ice. We're coming over.



CHARACTER BUILDER

Your friends all laughed when you sat down to dinner at that little Chinese restaurant where the menu's not in English, but then you began to translate! Your secret was that you'd just stuffed your brain with information found in The Eater's Guide to Chinese Characters, by James D. McCawley, which The University of Chicago Press, 5801 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago 60637, is selling in softcover for \$5.95, postpaid. The characters at right, as you'll soon learn, stand for "fish balls and ginkgo nuts." Ah, we think we'll order from column B.



IT RESTORETH YOUR SOLE

Old jogging shoes never die; they just end up in the back of your closet or endlessly retreaded with tattered-tennisshoe liquid goo. Now a product called Eternal Sole has surfaced, offering contoured urethane patches that bond to the bottom of your shoe in just a few hours. And for hardcharging tennis players, there's also Eternal Toe-similar molded-to-fit patches that cure ailments up front. They're available for \$4.95 and \$5.95, respectively, from Runner's Products, P.O. Box 210006, Montgomery, Alabama 36121. It's cheaper just to pick up your feet.

YOU GO TO MY HEAD

You can be sure that any company that calls itself Rotten Dog Studio is going to come up with something pretty lowdown and dirty. But we never thought that even Rotten Dog, operating out of its den at 1442A Walnut Street, Suite 288, Berkeley, California 94709, could come up with FantaBags: brown-paper bags with caricatures of Marilyn Monroe or James Dean on them that you can pull over the head of a date whom you just can't face. Who would pay \$2.95 each for this silly, sophomoric, asinine item, anyway, just to play a joke on a date? We'll take a dozen.







Souped-Up Chevy

Is this the same CHEVY CHASE who told the media he's really mellowed out? Chase put on these glad rags for a syndicated TV show called *The Top*, which may not be ready for prime time.



Bountiful

As you can see, MEL GIBSON gets the girl. And what a girl! She's TAVAITE VERNETTE, and you'll find them both on the silver screen this month in *The Bounty*, a variation on the compelling Bligh-Christian story. And if they're not enough to make you rush to the theater, how about classy co-stars Anthony Hopkins and Laurence Olivier?



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NEXT MONTH:



JESSE JACKSON, THE MOST CHARISMATIC BLACK LEADER SINCE MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., TALKS ABOUT HIS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY, HIS MISSION TO SYRIA, THE RACIAL CLIMATE IN AMER-ICA AND HIS VIEWS ON JEWS, BLACKS AND ARABS IN A HARD-HITTING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"MY LIFE IN PINSTRIPES"-A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT OF THOSE TUMULTUOUS YEARS WITH THE YANKEES, A BASEBALL SOAP OPERA STARRING BILLY AND GEORGE AND OTHER DENIZENS OF THE BRONX ZOO-BY REGGIE JACKSON WITH MIKE LUPICA

"FAST, LOUD AND POLITICALLY CORRECT"—PUNK DIDN'T DIE: IT MERELY WENT TO MAINSTREAM SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOLS. WHERE IT'S GIVING RESONANCE TO TEENAGE ANGST AND EVEN TO TV-BY CHARLES M. YOUNG

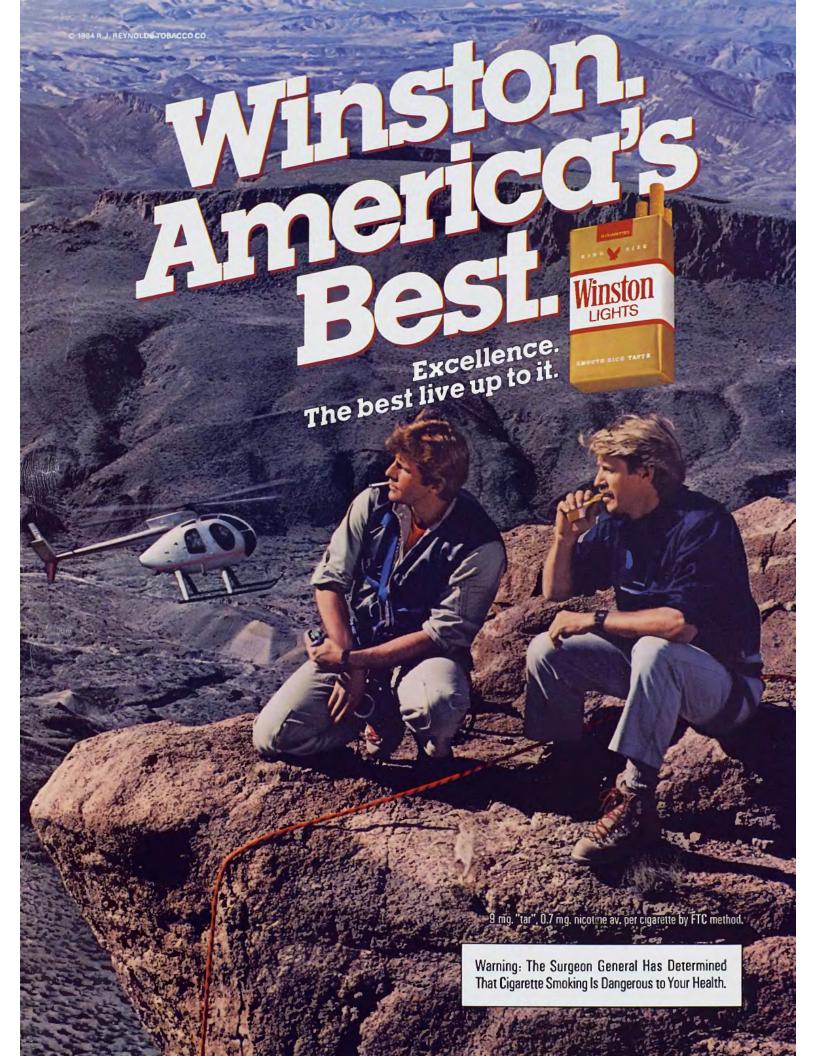
"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"-IS SHE A BLONDE? A BRUNETTE? A REDHEAD? YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO TELL, WOULD YOU?

"CRITICS' CHOICE"-LIKE THE OLYMPICS, THE NATION'S MOST RESPECTED RESTAURANT SURVEY-PLAYBOY'S-TURNS UP EVERY FOUR YEARS. THE TOP 25 DINING SPOTS IN AMERICA, AS SE-LECTED BY GOURMETS AND LEADING CRITICS OF CUISINE, COM-PILED BY JOHN MARIANI

"THE AFFAIR"-IF SEX IS MOSTLY IN THE MIND, IMAGINE HOW EXCITING INFIDELITY COULD BE WHEN CONDUCTED TELEPATH-ICALLY. AN UNUSUAL TALE BY ROBERT SILVERBERG

EBERT AND SISKEL, THE LAUREL AND HARDY OF AT THE MOVIES, GET A LOT OF STUFF OFF THEIR CHESTS, INCLUDING ROGER'S CAREER ADVICE TO RICHARD GERE, GENE'S FAVORITE POPCORN BLEND AND THE TRUTH ABOUT THEIR RELATIONSHIP, IN A FREE-WHEELING "20 QUESTIONS"

"BLIND DATE"-NO DOGS IN THIS ONE, A MOVIE BY THAT NAME. WE SHOW YOU SOME COMING ATTRACTIONS





IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW BETA HI-FI WILL TURN ON YOUR TELEVISION, TURN ON YOUR STEREO.

Go ahead, turn on your stereo and listen to your favorite music. Take a moment to hear how good it sounds.

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