

THE FEMINIST LOBBY: WHAT ELSE DO WOMEN WANT?

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# PLAYBILL

THERE ARE THOSE who watch television only for *60 Minutes*. There are those who read *PLAYBOY* only for the *Interview*. Our March issue is dedicated to all six of you. We had always been curious about what went on behind the scenes of America's most popular TV news magazine. It seemed only natural that the *Playboy Interview* finally go *mano a mano* with the other guys. **Morgan Strong** sat for days and weeks with the Mount Rushmore visages of Sunday-night TV—**Ed Bradley**, **Diane Sawyer**, **Morley Safer**, **Harry Reasoner**, producer **Don Hewitt** and **Mike Wallace**. We can hear the stop watch ticking. . . .

This is an issue of the best at their trade. **John D. MacDonald** returns to *PLAYBOY* after a ten-year hiatus with an excerpt from the 21st Travis McGee novel (soon to be published by Alfred A. Knopf). *The Lonely Silver Rain* unveils a surprise in the life of America's favorite beach bum. MacDonald's last appearance in *PLAYBOY* was with *The Taste of Gravy*, in June 1974. Rounding out the fiction is a story by **George V. Higgins**, *Mother's Day*, about a prostitute with a taste for pain who catches the police with the wrong pair of pants down.

Not all women wear leather and carry whips, but there are some who are almost as dangerous as those who do. **John Gordon**, author of *The Myth of the Monstrous Male and Other Feminist Fables*, takes a look at feminist-action groups and finds that our former bedfellows—er, bedpersons—make strange politicians. His analysis of antimale sexism, *What Else Do Women Want?*, is bound to cause controversy. Last November, *Harper's* magazine sponsored a symposium on "The Place of Pornography." The feminist fringe—from Midge Decter to Susan Brownmiller—had a fine day for the feeble-minded. Editor-Publisher **Hugh M. Hefner** responds in a special *Media* column.

While we are on the topic of controversy, we'd like to know whether or not it's true that **Grace Jones** and sprinter **Carl Lewis** are one and the same person. Have you ever seen them together? What we seem to have is a cosmic confusion. **Roy Blount Jr.** suggests a solution with *The Repackaging of Carl Lewis*, illustrated by **John O'Leary**. Maybe Lewis needs a new image maker. In *20 Questions*, **Bill Zehme** checks in with **Bob Giraldi**, the guy who directed **Michael Jackson's** videos, the flaming-hair commercial and the **Rodney Dangerfield** Lite Beer ads. You can't *Beat It*.

If you aren't plugged into MTV, you're probably at your terminal. Senior Staff Writer **Robert E. Carr** is our resident technonerd. *Type Dirty to Me* (with illustration by **Olivia De Berardinis**) shows that man does not interface by shielded cable alone but is using the electronic billboards to get sex. Tickle her bits. If you think software is sexy, be sure to check out four Playmates of the Year in *Understudies*, a lingerie pictorial assembled by photographer **Stan Malinowski** and Associate Photo Editor **Janice Moses**. For those of you who like your sex from more conventional sources, we present a portfolio of *Sex in the Comics*, from a Chelsea House book by **Maurice Horn**.

We suppose there are some of you whose thoughts run less to the great indoors than to the great outdoors. Especially for you, we have a pictorial of a lady from Alaska named **Toni Westbrook**. Her good looks may cause a new rush to the Yukon. Let's see: If we booked a flight to Juneau via Des Moines, then back through Milwaukee, with connections in Duluth, we could get a few thousand extra miles on our frequent-flier program. Sound familiar? Our financial guru, **Andrew Tobias**, investigates the world of frequent-flier programs in *Dollars in the Sky*, which shows you how to turn those miles into cash. Readers utilizing more down-to-earth modes of locomotion may prefer *Playboy's Guide to Wheels*.

If you plan on staying up late reading this issue or staring at your personal computer, prepare yourself *The Midnight Special*, with help from our resident gourmet, **Emanuel Greenberg**. Then take a look at Playmate **Donna Smith**, and start dreaming.



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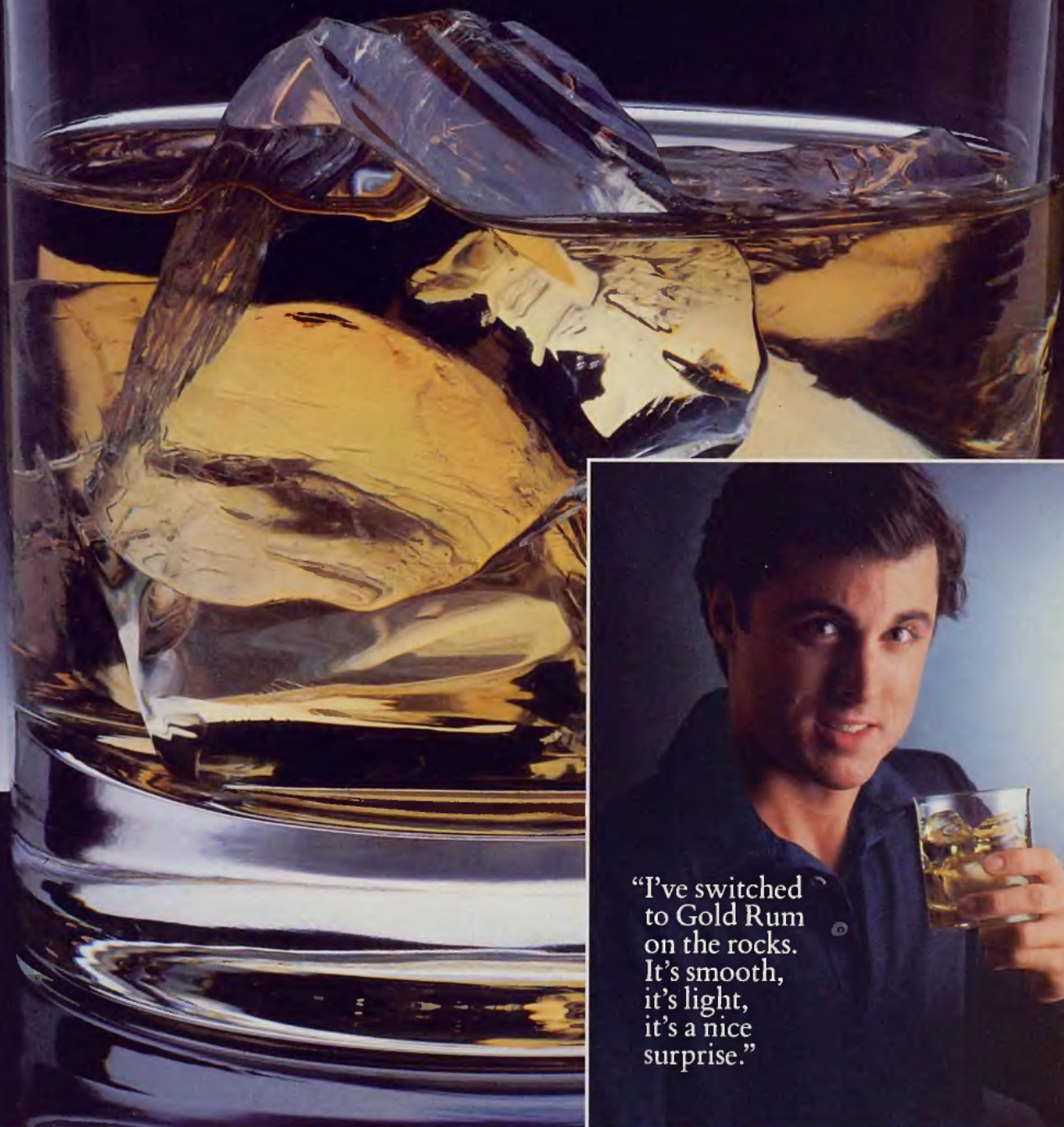


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vol. 32, no. 3—march, 1985

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## COVER STORY

Tweed has never quite caught on in lingerie, but this month's cover—produced by Associate Photo Editor Janice Moses and shot by Stan Malinowski—is going to change all that. Playmate of the Year 1982 Shannon Tweed is just a hint of what's to come in *Understudies*, an intimate pictorial in which she's joined by three cohorts, beginning on page 118.

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## DEAR PLAYBOY



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### MR. AND MRS. MCC

Thank you for the most interesting and detailed interview with the magical Paul and Linda McCartney I have ever read. December's *Playboy Interview* shows the very human side of this fabulously creative partnership. I know that Paul does all the songwriting and most of the singing, but it's obvious from your *Interview* that Linda has had a very stable, creative impact on him. There is no equal to Paul McCartney's talent, dedication and musical virtuosity in the rock world, and I am continually stunned by him. Thanks again for a great *Interview* with the McCartneys!

Jeff Silva  
Tacoma, Washington

What a relief to find that Paul McCartney is a human being after all! A wonderful, honest *Interview* with two wonderful, honest people.

Steven Lianides  
Farmington, Connecticut

Congratulations to you and to Joan Goodman for a warm and honest *Playboy Interview*. Thanks also to Paul and Linda for all the great music and memories they've given us through the years.

Scott L. Spencer  
Dallas, Texas

I was most anxious to read your *Interview* with Paul and Linda McCartney, having read scores of magazine articles and books on Paul and the other Beatles. I have been a Beatles fan from the moment I first saw them on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Now I feel that—for the first time—Paul's story of the group, from inception to demise, has been honestly told. I don't know how you and Joan Goodman did it, but yours is the first interview with Paul that reveals *his* opinions, not those that are fed to the public by various sources. I now have a different and much-improved opinion of the McCartneys. It amazes me that *PLAYBOY* continually leads the way with *Interviews* of personalities who have

shunned publicity or been poorly portrayed elsewhere. Keep up the good work!

Steven E. Clinton  
Orange, California

### ONE'S A WOW

In the seven years I've been reading your magazine, I have seen few pictorials that can compare to *Suzanne Take Two* (*PLAYBOY*, December). Suzanne Somers is in fine form. Your opening shot of her is the most alluring photo I have seen in any magazine. I wasn't a fan of Miss Somers', but that has now changed. Thank you for a most pleasant conversion.

Robert W. Blackman  
Portland, Oregon

On your December cover, you say, "SUZANNE SOMERS' ALL-NEW PICTORIAL REVEALS ALL!" I bought the magazine and quickly shot to page 120, only to find that about ten percent of "all" is missing. If this letter is published, I'll never know about it.

David P. Souter  
Justice, Illinois

I have always thought that Suzanne Somers is one of the world's most beautiful women; therefore, I must thank you for bringing her to me in what is perhaps *PLAYBOY*'s most stimulating pictorial ever. It's photographic magic!

Mike Nicholls  
Windsor, Ontario

### BONZAI!

When I heard that Ron Reagan had taken up journalism, I said to myself, "Quit dancing, take up writing. Just like that. *Sure!*" But I was wrong. His commentary on the Democratic Convention (*While the Democrats Slept*, *PLAYBOY*, December) is both insightful and original. Good show.

Leonard Olk  
Vernon, Connecticut

I object to the presence, the inclusion—the very existence, in fact—of an article by

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young Ron Reagan in PLAYBOY's gala Christmas special. To publish the *drech* promulgated by this fellow is an insult to such superior writers as Mario Puzo, Ed McBain, your own fearless Anson Mount and the estimable Roy Blount Jr. Young Ron, the self-proclaimed practitioner of Bonzo Journalism, has one too many consonants in his designation.

Michael X. Marinelli  
Atlanta, Georgia

### WHO'S WHO IN FASHION

I am writing to congratulate you for the excellent fashion feature *The Spirit of '85* in the January PLAYBOY. I am sure you are already aware that Giorgio Armani's photograph appears on the page with an outfit by Perry Ellis. I point out such a small detail only because I always find the quality of your features very high and I'd like to see you continue to keep such high standards.

Gabriella Forte  
Giorgio Armani Corporation  
New York, New York

While we were trying on our dashing duds by Armani (left) and Ellis (right), elves in



leisure suits broke in and cobbled up the works. Sorry, gentlemen.

### DOLLAR DAZE

Michael Drosnin's *Citizen Hughes* (PLAYBOY, November and December) is one of the most masterful word portraits that I have ever seen. While terrible, it is also fascinating. I feel a horrified compassion for Howard Hughes. Thank you for giving me this insight into an unknown—until now—man of our times.

Harriet Pickering  
New York, New York

### THE FREEDOM OF 7-ELEVEN

Recently, I was on the West Coast to visit friends. While there, I patronized a 7-Eleven store with the express purpose of purchasing a copy of PLAYBOY. There was a slight problem: A picket line had been established in front of the store. The picketers were demonstrating their extreme displeasure that the store was selling pornographic material; PLAYBOY and *Penthouse* were both described as such. Undaunted, I pressed on and purchased the magazine. Feeling a bit playful, I decided to read it on the hood of my car. All hell broke loose. It was brought to my attention that (1) the picketers felt that I was a pervert; (2) there was a massive anti-7-Eleven campaign

afoot because the store carried PLAYBOY, et al.; (3) a certain Reverend Mr. Wildmon was going to save people like me from the ravages of PLAYBOY; (4) the aforementioned magazine is anti-Christian; and (5) even though I am a doctoral candidate in statistics at KSU, I would be a stupid s.o.b. for patronizing 7-Eleven and purchasing PLAYBOY. Realizing that I wasn't getting anywhere—even logicians use logic only as a source of income—I politely told the pickets to fuck off. My questions are, How widespread is this boycott? Who is this Reverend Mr. Wildmon? How does one make him and his followers go away? I wish you luck with the boycott and compliment you on your magazine. It is one of the few that I purchase.

James S. White  
Junction City, Kansas

James, we thank you for the gesture and the compliment. We'll answer your questions in order.

1. The boycott you encountered is not widespread, but it's hard to tell how far these things can go. Have you read "*Fahrenheit 451*"?

2. Donald Wildmon is a minister from Tupelo, Mississippi. He heads a fundamentalist splinter group he calls the National Federation for Decency.

3. One deals with such types by respecting their right to free speech and demanding one's own. Groups such as the National Federation for Decency threaten advertisers and distributors of TV shows, movies and magazines they think need censoring. They have a right to make their feelings known, which they have done. They don't have a right to stop the dissemination of nonfundamentalist ideas, which they would like to do. Here's what to do if you run into them again. Buy a *Shurpee*, a PLAYBOY and a pocket Bible. Drink the *Shurpee*, unfold the centerfold and read from "*Proverbs*," "*A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones. A wicked man taketh a gift out of the bosom to pervert the ways of judgment.*" It confuses the devil out of them.

### ¡VIVA VELEZ!

I have a weakness for blondes. However, I must confess that Miss December, Karen Velez, is a stunning exception to my rule. She has, without a doubt, the most seductive gaze of any woman I have seen in your magazine—not to mention her obvious physical attributes. Hats off to Army Freytag for capturing on film that certain element that sets the unforgettable woman apart from all the rest.

Bruce Haley  
Kansas City, Kansas

In an effort to preserve my 22 purely seductive pictures of Miss December, Karen Velez, I have placed several copies of your December issue in a safe-deposit box. After having some of her pictures U-Seal-It-ized and insuring them for

\$2000, I now feel secure in the knowledge that I'll be seeing her for a long time, even beyond her appearance as Playmate of the Year.

Paul Carney  
Austin, Texas

### EX-POSITIONS

Bruce Jay Friedman deserves a medal. His article *Ex-Wives* (PLAYBOY, December) sure hits home—I found myself laughing in spite of the pain.

Arnold Simon  
Scarsdale, New York

I have to thank everyone at PLAYBOY for producing an excellent magazine, but special thanks to Bruce Jay Friedman for giving us *Ex-Wives*. His article put motivation back into me and cleared out some insanity. You see, just four days before my December issue arrived, my wife asked for a divorce. I guess I'm lucky she signed me up for PLAYBOY five years ago, as a wedding present.

Daryl Joe Brownell  
Sturgis, South Dakota

Bruce Jay Friedman, in *Ex-Wives*, mentions that they won't mind the "few pathetic gains you've made in the bat-guano market." He must not have been at my partner's divorce hearing. My partner quit a lucrative job at the age of 42 to sell bat guano. His wife gave him his walking papers at their 20th-anniversary dinner party. She was overheard mumbling about his being "full of it for years," being "batty" and something about Batman and Robin. She then insisted on a cash settlement or a percentage of the new bat-guano business. My partner has taken Friedman's article to heart, but he will never mention his pathetic gains in the bat-guano market again. I won't, either. I'm also divorced, but I excluded bat guano from my last prenuptial agreement. It does seem to breed discontent among wives. Please let us know if you'd like some dealershit information; we'll send you all the latest poop.

Eric N. Thompson, President  
U-Bar Cave Products  
Carlsbad, New Mexico

### FUNNY BUSINESS

Your humor department seems out of touch with the rest of your magazine. I feel that the cartoons would do well in *The Saturday Evening Post*; the *Party Jokes* would fit nicely in the laughter section of *Reader's Digest*. Also, please try to have more photos of Heffie in his little jammies.

Paul Meinen  
Grangeville, Idaho

Paul, our new-year resolution (the only one we made) was to get you to smile. Keep your funny bone pointed at PLAYBOY.





# In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay \$714.93 for an American-made radar detector

(You can get the same one for considerably less)

**E**ven we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1978, and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners, and also in several automotive magazines.

## Credentials

Over the past five years, *Car and Driver* magazine has performed four radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. Their most recent test concluded "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..." We think that's quite an endorsement.

## Our Responsibility

One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. If we don't feel we can do something very well, we simply won't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT, but we can also make sure that the salesperson you speak to is knowledgeable. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly. And it will be done right.

## 50 States Only

And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORTs outside of the United States. Even in the countries that use identical radar (Japan and Australia, to name two) we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that ESCORT owners expect. So we pass up the additional sales rather than risk our reputation.

## "Dear Sir..."

So we'll admit we were surprised when a letter from one of our customers included an advertisement from a Japanese automotive magazine. The ad pictured an ESCORT, and the price was 158,000 yen. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Using that day's rate of exchange, an American-made ESCORT was worth \$714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase "The real thing is here!" and warned against imitations.



This 1/2 page ad was a total surprise.

## Econ 101

Needless to say, we were flattered. We knew that ESCORT had an impressive reputation, but we never expected to see it "boot-legged" into other countries and sold at such a premium. But the laws of supply and demand are not so easy to ignore. When there is a strong need for a product, there is an equally strong incentive for an enterprising capitalist to fill that need. And apparently, that's just what happened.

## Easy Access

Of course, it's easy for you to get an ESCORT—just call us toll-free or write us at the address below. The price is the same as it's been for the last five years: \$245. Quite a deal for what the Japanese must think is the best radar detector in the world.

## Try ESCORT at no risk

Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

ESCORT is also backed with a one year warranty on both parts and labor. ESCORT \$245 (Ohio res. add \$13.48 tax)

**TOLL FREE.....800-543-1608**  
**IN OHIO.....800-582-2696**



By mail send to address below. Credit cards, money orders, bank checks, certified checks, wire transfers processed immediately. Personal or company checks require 18 days.

# ESCORT®

**RADAR WARNING RECEIVER**

Cincinnati Microwave  
Department 100-007-A03  
One Microwave Plaza  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

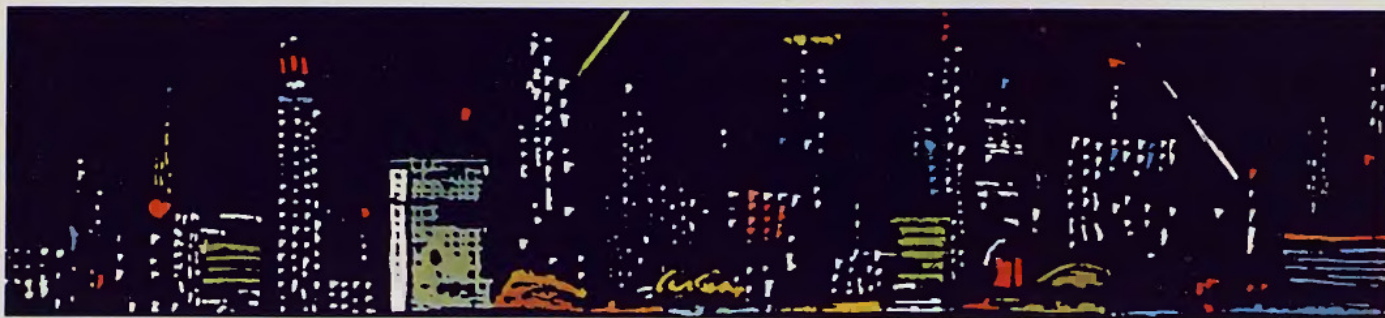
BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF IMPORTED BY © 1984 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.



# Feel the Velvet Canadian

No other Canadian feels as  
smooth as Black Velvet.  
Premium. Imported.

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## THE HOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

Sexism in Saudi Arabia is even showing up on the hoods of Rolls-Royces. The British auto maker had to scrap its usual hood ornament for a dozen special Saudi customers. The traditional figure—an upright woman they call The Spirit of Ecstasy—is considered provocative in the Moslem world. An older design depicts a woman in what is considered the proper Middle Eastern posture: on her knees.

## ART IRRITATES LIFE

Some people just don't have a firm grasp of the obvious. According to the headline in the *Chicago Tribune*, "DOCTOR SAYS SALVADOR DALI REFUSES TO BE REALISTIC."

We're just passing this along as a public service. The 1985 edition of the *Old Farmer's Almanac* quotes A. A. Kennerly of New York City, who claims, "A sex-change operation will age you five years."

## THE ENDURANCE OF DICK

The conversation at our office went something like this: One editor, commenting on our vocabulary style, lamented the passing of the word dick to describe the male member. Another editor took immediate issue with that, arguing that the hippest people he knew referred to the male organ *only* as dick. In support of his argument, he reminded us of the great line in *48 HRS.* when Eddie Murphy, fraught with sexual disuse, said something like, "Man, I'm so horny, when the wind blows, my dick gets hard." We took a poll among our male and female editors to see what names the organs with which they were familiar answered to. Among the responses were unit, member, wee-wee and The Persuader. But common among all the respondents was—and this is the point—dick. In this topsy-turvy world, we want to make things easier for everybody. And you often find yourself in a conversation—intimate or otherwise—in

which you need to refer to your organ. Those of us who have heard Andrea Dworkin pronounce penis never want to hear that sound again. So our advice is, when in doubt, use dick. You'll be glad you did.

Two women who made "resigner" jeans—for the woman who has resigned herself to having a full figure—are being sued by Jordache for trademark infringement. It seems the company feels that the name Lardashe is a little too similar to its own.

## GO FOR IT

By the time Oxnard, California, authorities captured the man who had robbed a local bank of \$13,000, he seemed more interested in evacuation than in escape.

Forgetting John Dillinger's sound advice to young desperadoes, "Always use the bathroom *before* you rob the bank," the fleeing felon ducked into a local laundry to relieve himself. Finding no change or small bills in his wad of loot, he was

unable to enter the pay toilet and was apprehended by police in a "very excited state."

It seems he had forgotten Dillinger's second well-known adage: "If there's no change among the plunder, always crawl under."

The *Reader*, Chicago's free weekly, has one of the liveliest personal-ads sections in the country. Recently, a disgruntled Catholic took the opportunity to write, "Fuck you, St. Jude. For favors ignored."

Found, in this day of media stars, a modest journalist. In *House*, the newsletter of the Center for Investigative Reporting, reveals that when writer Craig Pyes heard that his entire 30,000-word *Albuquerque Journal* article "Salvadoran Rightists: The Deadly Patriots" had been broadcast over the antigovernment Radio Venceremos, he quipped, "Well, there's a verifiable instance of the guerrillas' committing human-rights abuse against the Salvadoran people."

The Dallas County medical examiner's office ruled that champion fisherman Danny Ray Davis had committed suicide the day before he was to appear before a Federal grand jury investigating cheating at bass tournaments. According to reports, Davis had been cooperating with the grand jury but had expressed fears for his life. The investigation had begun after Davis won the \$50,000 first prize in a Labor Day bass tournament in Texarkana. He won after laboratory tests showed that the bass entered by two other fishermen had come from Florida. Davis' fish was not tested. As Sam Giancana used to say, "See that stupid fish. If he hadn't opened his mouth, he wouldn't have gotten caught."

## PETTY CASH

Trenton, New Jersey, city councilman Albert "Bo" Robinson has proposed an idea for reducing teenage pregnancy and



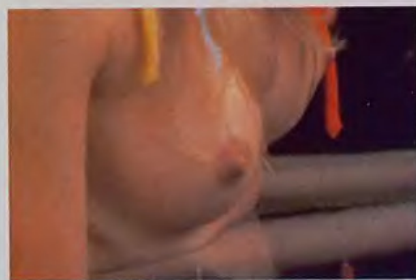
# QUIZ



1. Want to know what jolted Joe? Our first—and most fabulous—Sweetheart.



2. Thoroughly modern, these appeared when some s.o.b. drugged their owner.



3. Derek's Dominoes, Second Edition: Part of a dynasty now, this cleavage once symbolized with The Big Valley.



4. She put up a front and Bob Fosse put her to the test. If Papa had seen these, he might never have gotten depressed.



5. Maybe it's still a man's world, but blonde bombshelling is no man's field. This is, though. Plain Jaynes, take heart.



6. She won an Oscar for supporting her dad but struck out in a later flick. We still think the lady's good news bare.



7. You've had the pleasure a few times before, but if you still don't recognize them, close your eyes and count to ten.



8. Diamonds are the girl's best friends. She always takes a buss to the ball park, where she likes to work the hit and run.

Answers: 1. MARYLYN MONROE 2. JULIE ANDREWS 3. LINDA EVANS 4. MARIEL HEMINGWAY 5. JAYNE MANSFIELD 6. TATUM O'NEAL 7. BO DEREK 8. MORGANNA

lowering welfare costs at the same time. Robinson, executive director of United Progress, Inc., an antipoverty agency, suggests paying teenaged girls \$200 for each year they don't become pregnant. If they make it all the way to their 18th birthday without giving birth, he says, they should get a check for \$2000.

## STROMZILLA

When the dust cleared after last November's elections, the Senate seat vacated by Howard Baker had been won by Albert Gore, Jr., whose father had been a longtime member of that august body. Baker graciously showed his 36-year-old Democratic replacement around the clubhouse. When they reached the senior Senator from South Carolina, 82-year-old Republican Strom Thurmond, Senator-elect Gore mentioned that they'd already had one close encounter.

"How's that?" asked Baker.

"A long time ago," Gore replied, "my father took me to the Senate swimming pool, and Strom Thurmond stepped on my submarine."

The student newspaper of Georgia College at Milledgeville entered a piece of roast beef in the Miss Georgia College scholarship pageant to protest rules requiring that a contestant must not have been married, cohabited with a male, had an abortion, had any children or had plans to marry before the end of her reign. "What do any of those requirements have to do with scholarship?" questioned Jackie Smith, editor of *The Colonnade*. Smith and Andrew Boswell, a staff writer, entered Piece of Meat in the contest by submitting an official entry form, seven black-and-white photos of the roast and a \$30 fee.


## POLLUTION DECONTROL

Although party hard-liners still regard it as a form of "spiritual pollution," ten Chinese art schools have begun employing nude models. The unveiling took place after a Peking newspaper reported that Chairman Mao had approved of bare flesh for art's sake—even though there'd been no posing in the raw during his 27-year reign. When do we get to see the first Comrade of the Month?

In case you've been pricing one lately, the following informative headline appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*: "\$15,000 AWARD TO WIDOWER FOR LOST BRAIN."

The Austin, Texas, *American-Statesman* ran the classified ad of the month: "Tired of fishin' but like the smell? I'll trade you my 1929 antique gynecologist's chair for your bass boat or trihull."

Sounds like another Congressional hand job. According to the *Chicago Tribune*: "CIA ACCUSED OF OBSTRUCTING MANUAL PROBE."

A man with blonde hair, wearing a black leather jacket over a light-colored shirt, is riding a motorcycle. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The motorcycle's headlight is on, and the background is a clear blue sky.

Kool gives you extra coolness  
for the most refreshing sensation in smoking.  
***A sensation beyond the ordinary.***

Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar",  
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.



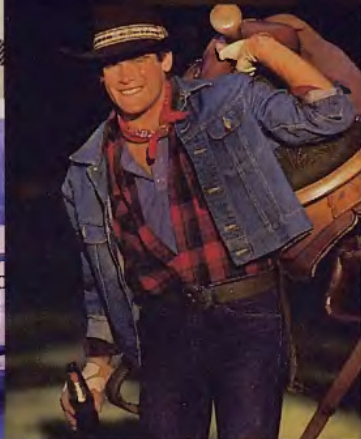
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



# Where you're going, it's Michelob.<sup>®</sup>

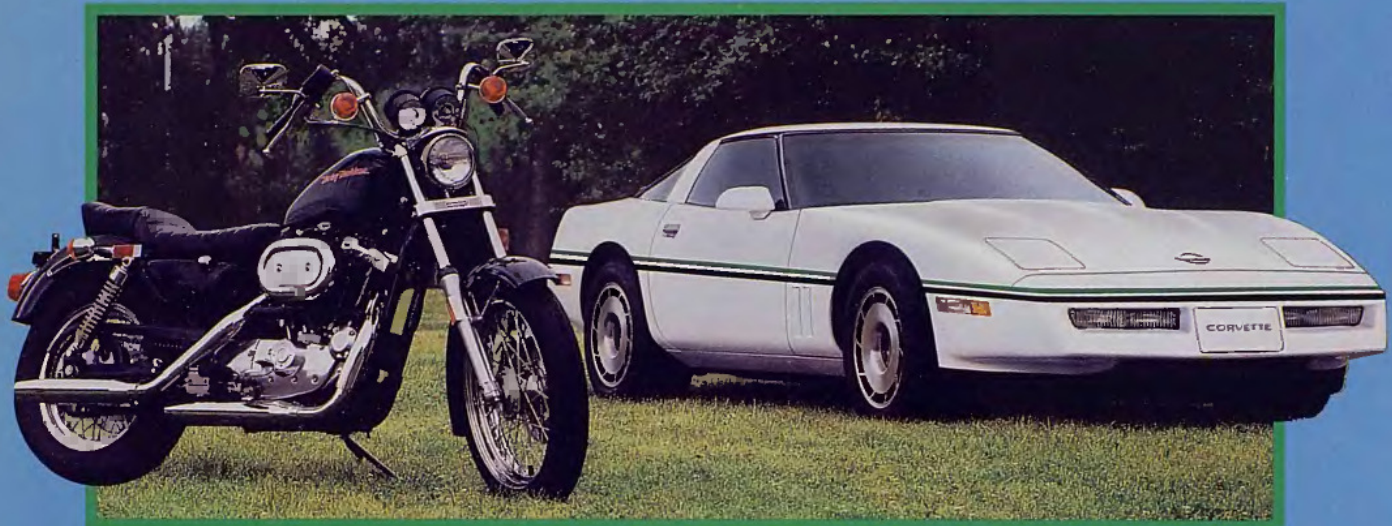


The way you work, the way you play, you're on your way to the top. Where you're going, it's exceptionally smooth Michelob.



Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, MO.

# Come up to Kool and WIN...



## GRAND PRIZE

An extraordinary 1985 white Corvette with green pinstripes, including glass sunroof, Bose stereo, leather interior, air conditioning, and tape deck – a one-of-a-kind classic.

**PLUS —** A 1985 Harley-Davidson XLH Sportster in vivid black, 1000cc engine, electric starter, classic laced wheels... with trailer—a total driving sensation that's beyond the ordinary.

## 5 SECOND PRIZES

A red Honda ATC 200M zooms you to the top of your class in style. Powerful 192cc OHC four-stroke engine, electric starter, five speed transmission and automatic clutch for easy shifting make this a unique driving experience.

## 100 THIRD PRIZES

Solid black Members Only real leather sports jackets feature high fashion styling, stand up collar, sleek nylon lining and inside pockets for maximum fashion impact.



## OFFICIAL RULES • NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. You will be automatically entered in the "Come up to Kool" Sweepstakes if you fill out and use one or more of the store coupons by March 31, 1985. 2. If you do not wish to redeem the coupon, but do want to enter the sweepstakes, you may use an entry form available at store displays or hand print your name, address, zip code and current brand smoked on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper. **NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.** Enter as often as you wish, but each completed entry form or 3" x 5" piece of paper must be mailed in a separate envelope addressed to "Come up to Kool" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 2230, Libertyville, Illinois 60198, and must be postmarked by April 15, 1985. No post cards, metered mail or mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted. Do not mail store coupon entries. 3. Winners will be determined in a random drawing from among all mail-in entries postmarked by April 15, 1985 and received by April 30, 1985 and all redeemed store coupon entries received by September 15, 1985. The drawing will be conducted by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the total number of entries received. **NEITHER BROWN &**

**WILLIAMSON NOR H. OLSEN & COMPANY WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ILLEGIBLE, LOST, MIS-DIRECTED OR LATE ENTRIES AND ENTRANTS ASSUME ALL RISK OF SAME.** 4. The drawing will take place by November 15, 1985. All prizes will be awarded and all winners will be notified. Prize winners must claim their prizes on or before March 31, 1986. Only one prize per family. Prizes are not transferable prior to award. Prize winners may choose cash alternatives as follows: Grand Prize — \$20,000, Second Prize — \$2,500, Third Prize — \$75. **LIABILITY FOR TAXES IS THE SOLE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WINNERS.** 5. Sweepstakes is open to all U.S. residents who are 21 years of age or older except employees and their families of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its subsidiaries, affiliates, advertising/promotion/publicity agencies and H. Olsen & Company. Void wherever prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Proof of eligibility and publicity releases will be required. 6. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to KOOL Winners List, P.O. Box CC, Libertyville, Illinois 60048 between December 1, 1985 and December 31, 1985.

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**FASHION UPDATE:** You saw the suit Daryl Hall wears in the *Out of Touch* video. Now you see the suit Charlie "Mr. Cool de Sax" de Chant wears in Hall and Oates's live show (above). So whose suit is it, anyway? Right? We asked H. and O. spokesperson Jeb Brien, who, after rebuking us for our lack of pelt savvy, explained, "Daryl's is Dalmatian—the dog suit; Charlie's is giraffe." We figure Charlie must have gone with the giraffe pattern for its obvious slenderizing effect.

**BOY TALK:** Boy George, flanked by his plain-faced **Culture Club** ensemble, Mikey Craig, Jon Moss and Roy Hey, recently met the press at one of Chicago's generic hotels usually reserved for trade shows and traveling evangelists.

Boy sported a glittery gold fez with a tassel and layers of big-print cotton garments—the kind you used to see flapping on clotheslines out in the country. His kabuki-white face was punctuated by dazzling touches about the eyes and lips. Boy resists nail polish. It all seemed appropriate when a hotel chef in customary headgear poked his head in. Boy is, after all, just another working bloke and nothing he did dissuaded us from that notion.

Boy and the boys turned out to be an amusing quartet, reminiscent of such other Britons as (dare we say it?) the Beatles and Quentin Crisp. Boy is the group's pre-eminent spokesperson, and a wellspring of opinions. On make-up: "I wear it for the same reason women do—to look nice." On the press: "The press is real cynical and I am, too, so it's a great match." On himself: "I'm like a peasant who just learned to write a check." On the pitfalls of success: "We all have cleaning jobs in the morning." On the Phil Donahue show: "The best thing I've ever done—you get to argue with people." On the Jacksons concert: "Like *Holiday on Ice*." On video: "All the videos on MTV are sexist." On Frankie Goes to Hollywood's simulated buggery in the *Relax* video: "It's unnecessary to exploit things that way. We've had people thrusting their pelvises at us for the last 30 years."

"Oh, you're just being bitchy," taunted

Moss when Boy protested the charge by some Texas fundamentalists that he is the creation of the Devil. In their supporting roles, the other band members displayed energy and wit and the sort of relaxed comfort that comes from selling several gazillion records world-wide. Moss played with his gum in an ashtray. Hey, the married one, refined our thinking on what is and isn't exploitation: If Hey wears a dress, it's exploitation; if Boy George does, it isn't. And Craig articulated the band's founding philosophy: "We wanted to have fun, enjoy ourselves."

Well, what do you expect from a band that titled its most recent LP, *Waking Up with the House on Fire*, with a line from a Doris Day movie?

**BUTCH AND SUNDANCE II:** "No more sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll," George Michael says of himself and his contemporaries. "The new bands are all very professional." Michael and partner Andrew Ridgely constitute **Wham**, whose LP *Make It Big* is the best rendering of blue-eyed soul music since Hall and Oates's *Abandoned Luncheonette*.

The professional rap is yet another element in a soup of contrasting public images that this group has cooked up. Frankly, we're confused. First we heard *Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go* and thought Smokey Robinson's little brother had made a record. Then we saw the pretty white faces on the record sleeve. Next came the video, with those two muscular guys in gym shorts jumping around in a pep frenzy. Now we're supposed to believe this buttndown crap? We asked Michael

what kind of image Wham was after.

"Image?" he asked with mock irritation. "We've never actually thought about image. I suppose we're like Butch and Sundance. The world is our oyster. We're young and having a good time."

Well, even Butch and Sundance were professionals. We can hardly wait to see the next video.

**GOOD BOOK:** We've gotten some chuckles from **Rock Archives** (Doubleday Dolphin), by Michael Ochs, who's been wearing black-suede shoes with pink piping to help hawk it.

"I bought the shoes to go with the book's cover," he told us. For a serious rock-'n'-roll freak, Ochs sure has his act together.

His book covers the first 20 years of rock in pictures from his collection, the largest rock archive in existence. We saw moments we hadn't even known about: Stevie Wonder meets Muhammad Ali; The Band dresses up and goes out. Our favorite: Ironing Board Sam, a Memphis eccentric who played an ironing board equipped with piano keys. Some of the shots are simpler documents, but Ochs's irreverent and informative patter makes up for them.

—KATE NOLAN

## REVIEWS

We still don't think that Linda Ronstadt is the greatest jazz singer who ever lived, but *Lush Life* (Elektra/Asylum) is so much better than her first outing with the Nelson Riddle Orchestra that we're ready to reconsider some of the nasty things we said

## TRUST US



**HOT**

George Strait / *Does Fort Worth Ever Cross Your Mind?*  
Al Green / *Trust in God*  
Madonna / *Like a Virgin*  
Elvis Presley / *Rocker*  
Pat Benatar / *Tropico*



**NOT**

Madam / *We Reserve the Right*

when *What's New* came out. First of all, Ronstadt's voice seems in finer fettle these days—more control, more refinement. And her phrasing is interesting and effective. Her version of *Skylark* is light and wonderful. It's lovely to see a woman age gracefully, with her sexuality and intelligence intact.

There is a synthesizer/rap-track sound in pop music these days that is showing up on too many albums. The latest casualty is one of our favorites, Angela Bofill, on her new album, *Let Me Be the One* (Arista). When she's singing like her old self on the title track and on *No Love in Sight*, she's the same sexy Angie we'd love to take to a fancy restaurant just to hear her talk. On the other tunes, she is sucked into an echo chamber where electronic bones beat her beautiful voice into submission. Her producers, David Frank and Mic Murphy, should each be whacked soundly on the head with a saxophone or some other natural instrument.

If, like us, you've always loved the exuberant vocals of Earth, Wind & Fire, you'll instantly recognize the incredibly clear falsetto of Philip Bailey on his second solo album, *Chinese Wall* (Columbia). His first album, *Continuation*, produced one of the baddest soul hits of 1983 (*I Know*), and before the end of 1984, the infectious *Easy Lover*, last cut on *Chinese Wall*, threatened to bust the top of the soul charts. Obviously, the man has talent. On *Chinese Wall*, Bailey teams up with Phil Collins (yes, *that* Phil Collins), who produced the sessions and plays drums on all the tracks. The best collaboration of the two Phils is on the album's title cut, which sounds—believe us—like Earth, Wind & Fire and Genesis all in one song. Check it out.

Being among the dwindling few who prefer lyrics to mean a *little* something, we don't ordinarily take kindly to a line like "She's so heavy, like a Chevy"—unless, of course, the line comes from Kool and the Gang, who have a way of writing lyrics just the way a 16-year-old high school dropout would and then singing them with such adolescent intensity that you forget that these are grown men. Once again, Kool jiggles our marimbas with his latest album, *Emergency* (De-Lite/PolyGram), from which *Misted* (the song with the line about the heavy Chevy) is sure to be a hit. Kool be *bad* once again.

Last summer, patrons of London's trendier clubs writhed to the driving beat of *Love Resurrection*, on which the lead vocalist sounded like the graduate of a Gospel choir. What a surprise to find that the singer was none other than English-as-tea-and-scones Alison Moyet, formerly of Yaz (nee Yazoo).

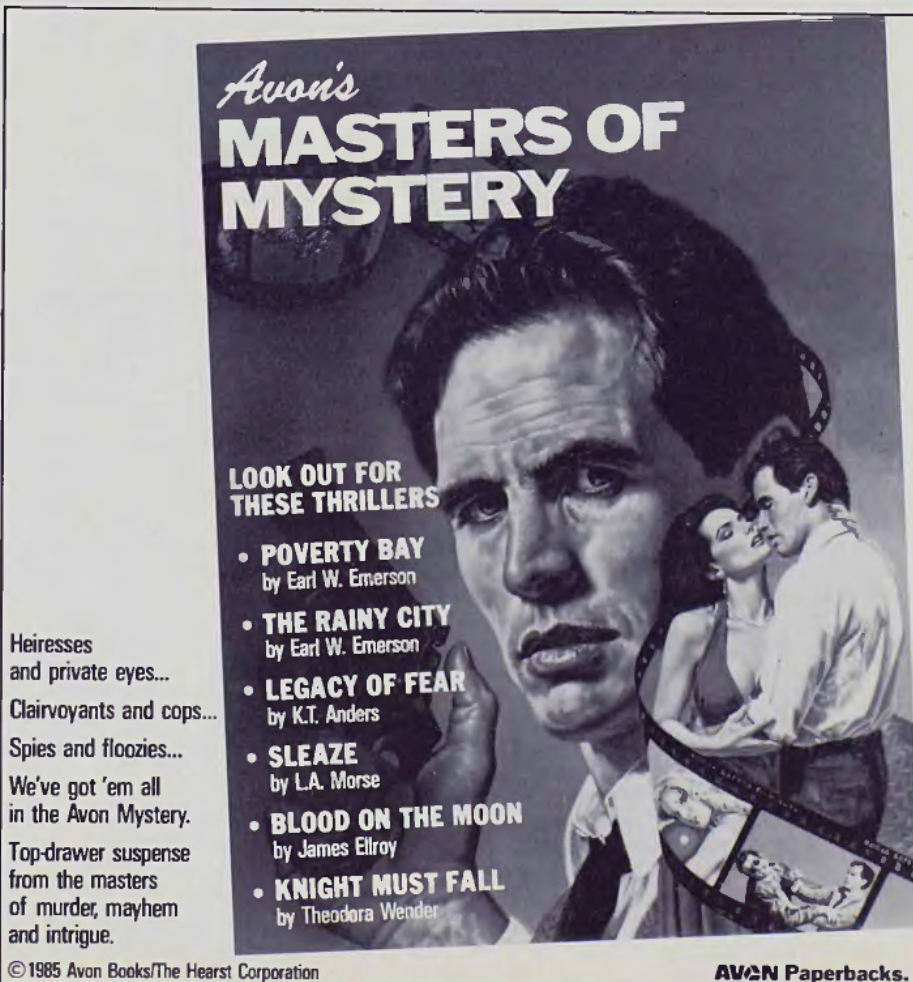
*Love Resurrection* has now crossed the Atlantic on the wings of Moyet's solo disc,



**Peppermint Twist**  
Splash Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps over ice and sip with a very close friend.

**HIRAM WALKER**  
What a difference a name makes.

For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, Dept 16A1, P.O. Box 32127, Detroit, MI 48232. ©1984. Peppermint Schnapps. 60 Proof Liqueur. Hiram Walker Inc., Farmington Hills, MI



*Avon's*  
**MASTERS OF MYSTERY**

**LOOK OUT FOR THESE THRILLERS**

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by Earl W. Emerson
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- **BLOOD ON THE MOON**  
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**AVON Paperbacks.**

# FAST TRACKS



**LET'S HEAR IT FROM THE BOY DEPARTMENT:** The latest silliness on the concert circuit has Wendy O. Williams thrilling her fans by cutting an effigy of Boy George in half with a chain saw. We checked this out with the Boy when he passed through Chicago. "I think it's fabulous. It's great publicity," he said. "Besides, I'm much better-looking than she is. That bitch." After looking over his new Crayola-red hair, topped by a fez, we had to agree.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** B. B. King has recorded three songs for the new John Landis movie, *Into the Night*: the title cut, a tribute to B.B.'s guitar, Lucille, and Wilson Pickett's *Midnight Hour*. Landis also supervised the making of videos of the three. . . . *Absolute Beginners*, the Keith Richards/Ray Davies movie, has finally gone before the cameras, six months behind schedule. David Bowie, Elvis Costello and the Stones are set to contribute new material to the sound track. . . . Prince is planning the *Purple Rain* sequel for 1986. . . . On Eddie Murphy's schedule is a movie called *Groupie*, about a rock star who turns the tables on a fan and starts to pursue her. . . . Duran Duran is making a video feature film co-starring actor Milo O'Shea, who portrayed the character in *Barbarella* that inspired the group's name. . . . *Blame It on the Night*, the movie co-written by Mick Jagger, hasn't gotten very good reviews from either *The Hollywood Reporter* or *Daily Variety*. Can Mick take the rejection?

**NEWSBREAKS:** Attention, Lou Reed fans: An entire album of previously unreleased Velvet Underground material has recently been discovered and released by PolyGram, along with reissues of the group's earlier stuff. . . . The Marvin Gaye tribute in L.A. has been taped for TV broadcast. It will include film clips of Marvin in concert, a laser show, large-scale dance numbers and performances by his contemporaries and by new stars whose music he influenced. Proceeds from the tribute will go to a trust fund for his three children. . . . Madonna is putting a band together for her first U.S. tour. . . . The Stray Cats' breakup is official. . . . Doctors still don't know if Tom Petty will ever be able to play the guitar again. Even assuming the physical therapy works and his hand contin-

ues to heal, live performances are still a long way off. . . . David Lee Roth has been writing songs for the new Edgar Winter album. . . . The Beach Boys and their music are the subject of *Surfing U.S.A.: A New Beach Boys Musical*, which opens in New York this month. The Boys won't appear in the show, but they may write some new tunes for it. . . . The Honeydrippers, a.k.a. Robert Plant, Jimmy Page, Jeff Beck, Brian Setzer and Cozy Powell, will do a short U.S. tour. . . . Devo has gone into the restaurant business with Melissa Manchester, Bernie Taupin and Elvira. They've opened a *dim sum* parlor in L.A. . . . Deep Purple says that its new album and tour make the reunion permanent but that videos are still under discussion. . . . Our British sources report that ousted Clash member Mick Jones has put together a dance-floor punk band. The group hasn't got a name or a record company yet; Jones says he's "waiting for someone to invent the technology I require." . . . Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook rewrote a Dr Pepper jingle that we'll be hearing about 20 times a day next July fourth. . . . Here's a story we really like: Although the critics weren't crazy about *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, Paul McCartney was philosophical. He was also quite excited about one aspect of releasing the film: He located Eleanor Rigby. Rigby's group, *The Delicates*, was an opening act in the Sixties for James Brown and Ike and Tina Turner. She and McCartney shared the same lawyer and when Paul was looking for a five-syllable name for a song lyric, the lawyer suggested Eleanor Rigby. Rigby now works for *The Hollywood Reporter*. Now we know the answer to the musical question "All the lonely people, where do they all come from?"

—BARBARA NELLIS

"ALF" (Columbia), and although it comes close to being a religious experience, the track is surpassed by its fellows *Steal Me Blind* and *For You Only*. Moyet seems to be on her way to full-fledged stardom.

Gospel singers, good or otherwise, generally don't have the popular following it takes to get much play on secular radio, but Vern Gosdin may have made enough of a mark on country music to change all that. *If Jesus Comes Tomorrow (What Then)* (Compleat) could do very well. Gosdin's respectful but personalized version of that sometimes smarmy stuff could attract his regular fans and a lot of others to a genre that doesn't always require a sense of piety or a revivalist childhood for enjoyment.

It seems as if the heavy influx of the reggae sound has died down, which is good, because it separated the men from the boys, Jahwise. Black Uhuru is still around because its members make good reggae, as they prove once again on their latest album, *Anthem* (Island). The first cut, *What Is Life?*, is Rastaferocious.

If it is possible to renovate a musical cliché, that's exactly what French pianists Katia and Marielle Labeque have done on *Gershwin* (EMI/Angel). They exhumed Gershwin's original two-piano version of his 1928 epic *An American in Paris* and have given it a world premiere on this disc. It is a lively, invigorating, charming tribute—to Gershwin and to Paris. It avoids all of the numbingly cute aspects of the orchestral version and stresses delicacy, vigor and affection. Side two presents the Labeques exploring the late Percy Grainger's *Fantasy on George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" for Two Pianos*. The score remains passionate and eloquent and the playing, again, is crisp, forceful and loving. Students of album-cover art will find the Labeques good to look at as well.

## SHORT CUTS

**Mark Knopfler / Music from the Film "Cal"** (Mercury): Another spectacular sound track, from the Dire Straits ace. Similar in feel to the *Local Hero* score.

**Toto / Dune** (Polydor): A different kind of sound track, featuring The Vienna Symphony Orchestra, with its lusty strings. Eerie synthesizer underpinnings make it a challenging mixture.

**Get Smart! / Action Reaction** (Fever Records): This is what happened to Midwestern bar bands when they heard the Sex Pistols. Lots of beat and jangle; it's raw and rocking.

**The Kinks / Word of Mouth** (Arista): Ray Davies lost a good woman last year in Chrissie Hynde, but this is proof that he isn't dying of a broken heart.

**Aretha Franklin / Aretha's Jazz** (Atlantic): The jazz parts from two previous LPs all in one place. A fine companion to the new Ronstadt.

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Ricky Graham and  
Bubba Shobert finish 1-2 in 1984  
Grand National Championship.*



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**HONDA**  
FOLLOW THE LEADER

**T**ough guys don't do divorce work. It's part of the code of the hard-boiled detective—perhaps because it hits too close to home, since most mystery-story heroes are single, with heartache and pot-holes on memory lane. Stephen Greenleaf, who is no slouch at crafting detective fiction (his Tanner series is first-rate), has finally tackled the forbidden. The hero of *The Ditto List* (Villard) is a divorce lawyer named D.T. (which stands for anything from delirium tremens to detumescent). Here he slogs his way through three messy divorce cases, and the results are heroic.

Mike and Amy are bright, well educated and out of work. So they take a decisive step—in a backward direction—and become domestic help in Stanley Ellin's *Very Old Money* (Arbor House). Mike signs on as chauffeur and Amy as personal secretary serving the Durie family in its huge Fifth Avenue mansion. With as many closets as it contains, there are bound to be lots of skeletons. There is one family secret that is particularly juicy, and its unraveling ends in murder. But besides that, Ellin knows the way the rich live: with a kind of deft and graceful carelessness. *Very Old Money* is a very rich read.

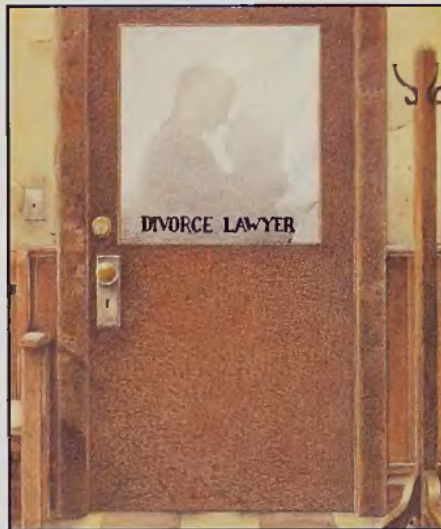
In *A Clarification of Questions* (Westview Replica Edition), by Ayatollah Sayyed Ruhollah Mousavi Khomeini, we finally get to the heart of the matter: There is no heart in this matter, only rules. Available for the first time in English, *A Clarification* is the Ayatollah's response to 3000 questions concerning Moslem law—more than anyone would ever want to know.

Some of it makes great sense: "The major abominable dealings are as follows: First, selling real estate."

Some of it is surprising: An entire section is devoted to "The Sweat of a Camel That Eats Unclean Stuff." But chuckles aside, most of it is simply depressing. Is this any way to run a revolution?

First, we must admit a prejudice. *PLAYBOY* is a magazine with its own advice column, so we look upon the questions and answers in *The Straight Dope* (Chicago Review), by Cecil Adams, with some expertise. Adams is a know-it-all for the *Reader*, a Chicago weekly. His answers are profound, demented and fun. Now the rest of America can share in his wisdom. It sure beats Trivial Pursuit.

Bobby Giaquinto is a sportswriter who does more screwing in his office than writing. He doesn't feel real great about that, but he doesn't feel all that bad about it, either. He just doesn't want his wife to know about it, because, well, it would be a little hard to explain. In Pat Jordan's *The Cheat* (Villard), we find Bobby cracking



Breaking up is hard to do.

Mystery thrillers,  
quotes from the Ayatollah  
and some *Straight Dope*.



Even old money talks.

the first big baseball exposé of his career and undergoing the first real love of his life. Jordan, a sports journalist, makes the book's sports parts pale in comparison with its descriptions of the women who hover around Bobby; he's at his best in identifying the locales of male sexuality and pain. This first novel is a good opposite-field hit.

The trials of Jeremiah Kennedy, attorney at law, aren't only in the courtroom. This guy's got problems—a rebellious wife, a jailed friend, a mentor in exile and the IRS on his back. George V. Higgins

revives Jeremiah (from *Kennedy for the Defense*) in his new novel, *Penance for Jerry Kennedy* (Knopf). A typical Higgins story, with more dialog than action and a funny, clever plot, this is pure entertainment. (For more Higgins, see page 84.)

He has been called a one-man Monty Python troupe, a Wodehouse on acid and the funniest writer now working in the English language. Until recently, Tom Sharpe was to Americans the writer most likely to become an answer in Trivial Pursuit; his stuff was almost unavailable here. Vintage Books has finally released his old titles in paperback, so Americans can begin to balance the joke deficit with our English cousins. You might start with the Wilt trilogy—*Wilt*, *The Wilt Alternative* and the latest, *Wilt on High* (Random House). No, this is not a book about hang time in the N.B.A. Wilt is an instructor of rapid reading at the Fenland College of Arts and Technology. He would like to kill his wife; but, then, wouldn't we all? The Walter Mitty of murder is the kind of guy who practices homicide with an inflatable Judy Joy doll, who has international terrorists for lodgers and who still can't seem to get along with the local police inspector. Each book is unexpected—and perfect.

## BOOK BAG

*Digital Deli* (Workman), written by The Lunch Group & Guests, edited by Steve Ditlea: Add up 146 writers, pundits and computer personalities—from William F. Buckley, Jr., to Nolan Bushnell—and what do you get? A spectacular digital smorgasbord and one of the brightest, and most surprising, computer books of the year.

*Into the Heart of the Mind* (Harper & Row), by Frank Rose: The author spent a year watching what happens when top artificial-intelligence scientists try to teach machines to think as they do. Where they succeed, where they don't and what they've got coming up make for fascinating reading. A clear, fast-moving introduction to a complicated subject.

*Hackers* (Anchor/Doubleday), by Steven Levy: Everybody knows that the microcomputer whiz kids started in garages, but few of us know how those pimply-faced kids got out of the garages and into the board rooms. Levy does, and this very readable book takes you along every step of the way. Next to a San Jose hot tub, the most enjoyable way to get to know who's who in microcomputers.

*The Great Thoughts* (Ballantine), compiled by George Seldes: This is a book that could get you through a year of college or a night on Bill Buckley's *Firing Line*. A list book with a vengeance, its purpose is no less than to assemble the ideas that shaped our world. The surprising thing is that it works: It's painless intellectual entertainment.

*Team Honda's Fred Merkel streaks  
to the 1984 Superbike Championship.*



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**HONDA**  
FOLLOW THE LEADER

Last November's *Harper's* featured a symposium titled "The Place of Pornography," in which various pundits discussed the state of American porn. It was a generally sensible discussion, but there were a few surprising moments.

"The Playmate of the Month is a particular woman about whom the reader is meant to have particular fantasies," said Midge Decter, author of *The New Chastity*. "In my view, this has a baneful effect on people—makes them demented, in fact."

Demented?

Susan Brownmiller, calling pornography "antifemale propaganda," said she would ban it on the grounds that it is "dangerous," that it "incites people to commit violent acts" and that it "distorts the nature of sex." The founder of Women Against Pornography went on to say that "our society is able to understand the distinction between pornography and political disagreement" and that "*Vogue's* fascination with S/M derives from its popularization in hard-core porn."

*Vogue?*

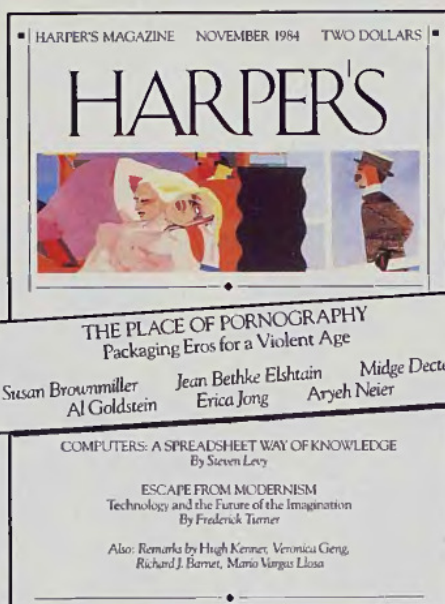
Reason had its defenders as well. University of Massachusetts political-science professor Jean Bethke Elshtain answered Brownmiller by saying, "The link that you're suggesting between pornography and violent sexual crimes draws on simplistic behaviorist psychology. This psychology doesn't enjoy much credibility today, because it doesn't take into account the intricacies of human fantasy life."

Aryeh Neier, former director of the American Civil Liberties Union, said, "The claim that certain kinds of expression are 'dangerous' and an 'incitement to violence' is used all the time to try to prohibit speech one doesn't like."

And that little old porn maker Al, our friend Goldstein, pointed out that "in a democracy, a lot of things offend *someone*. . . . But I listen to points of view I disagree with because that's what living in a democracy is."

Decter, at another point: "But we as a society must do *something* to protect ourselves. If the law cannot involve an assertion of community standards, what is it for? And if we *have* no community standards in this area, we are more than halfway to the abyss. Amid all our talk about First Amendment absolutism, I must point out that at one time in this country—and not all that long ago, either—speech was not absolutely protected; and I don't think American society then was repressive or that people's rights and freedoms were violated."

Neier: "You are quite wrong. During World War One, 2000 people were sent to prison for speaking out against the war—speaking against it, nothing more. We were certainly a more repressive society then. Our protection of speech essentially



## THE PLACE OF PORNOGRAPHY

"For all practical purposes, pornography is simply what the censor wants to censor."

began after World War One, with the development of the 'clear and present danger' test. One has to ask a simple question of those who favor censorship: What do you regard as an intellectually honest method of distinguishing between material you find offensive and other forms of expression?"

*Harper's* editor Lewis H. Lapham summed up: "The conversation seemed to suggest a possible balance between the claims made on behalf of morality and those made on behalf of freedom. If we could limit the public uses of pornography (i.e., its egregious display, its pretense to political statement), then we could more easily preserve its private uses (as a form of expression, as a stimulus to sexual feeling). It would be ironic if a too devout reading of the First Amendment proscribed the chance of a decent and intelligent compromise."

Too devout?

When "The Place of Pornography" appeared, *Harper's* asked for Hef's reaction. This was his response:

"To the editor,

"I enjoyed reading your round-table discussion 'The Place of Pornography.' I

was most interested—though not surprised—to see it go round and round without even approaching a useful definition of pornography. Our inability to define pornography is central to the issue.

"As your panelists made clear, there are many people who would like to regulate porn. Anyone presuming to do so must first separate it from other forms of expression, since free expression is protected by the First Amendment. But if pornography isn't free expression, I don't know what is. For all practical purposes, pornography is simply what the censor wants to censor, and regulate is a euphemism.

"Ms. Brownmiller says our society is able to understand the distinction between pornography and politics, but I think she has failed to do just that. Those who would impose their political views on the rest of us—whether they want prayer in school or censorship—often wrap their arguments in pious clothes. They claim that their perspective is the one all right-thinking people must share. Well, it ain't necessarily so.

"I am an advocate of First Amendment rights. Given a choice between greater governmental control and greater personal freedom, I would choose freedom. Not only does this choice appeal to democratic instincts, it reflects what I consider a healthy repulsion for imposing one's moral choices on everyone else. The antiporn groups, it seems, would rather err on the side of state power, eroding the rights of the individual. These groups certainly have a right to express their views in a political disagreement like this. What I worry about is whether they are willing to sacrifice Al Goldstein's right to expression in order to enhance their own.

"Ms. Decter asserts that 'pornographers . . . are helping to destroy all humane and valuable attitudes about sex: We will be lucky if there is any sex at all 25 years from now.' Has she even considered the possibility that porn has positive effects? At a recent conference at Columbia University, the eminent psychoanalyst Dr. Otto Kernberg said that inhibition 'limits a couple to conventional standards that stifle passion.' He said pornography, on the other hand, can stimulate an active fantasy life—can be an antidote to stifled passion. 'A rebellious sex life within the bounds of a couple,' he concluded, can be the cement of marriage.

"I am an optimist. If we don't forget that there are more ominous threats to our future than pornography, I am certain there will be sex 25 years from now. I hope to be having some. I hope I won't need to ask for a censor's permission. Time will tell.

Sincerely  
Hugh M. Hefner"



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# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MANY PROVOCATIVE questions, none subject to easy answers, burn like hot fuses through *The Falcon and the Snowman* (Orion), director John Schlesinger's searching, factual suspense drama based on the book by Robert Lindsey. How—and why—did two misguided members of the baby-boomer generation, both former altar boys from reasonably affluent families in Palo Alto, California, become traitors to their country? A movie can probe only so far, yet Steven Zaillian's adaptation tantalizingly worms its way into the explosive relationship between Christopher Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee—Boyce an employee with top security clearance in the defense industry, his colleague a self-destructive cokehead and drug dealer. In 1977, both were tried and convicted of selling U.S. intelligence secrets to Soviet agents in Mexico.

Vital, unforgettable performances by Timothy Hutton as Boyce and Sean Penn as Lee are sure to position these two actors among the pacesetters for 1985. Hutton's dreamy, disillusioned idealist in love with freedom and falconry may be a shade romantic (the real-life Boyce subsequently escaped from prison, changed his identity and took to robbing banks before he was recaptured), but he sums up the chaos of an era when countless young people saw the so-called American dream subverted by assassinations, Vietnam, Watergate and cynicism in high places. Some turned to drugs as a palliative, and that sad solution is projected in *extremis* by Penn, a mesmerizing performer who risks being downright repulsive but finally wins audience sympathy because he never begs for it. The uniformly fine cast behind the lads includes Pat Hingle as Boyce's proud father, a retired FBI agent; Lori Singer as his girlfriend; and David Suchet as the K.G.B.'s wildest man down in Mexico. To make the pieces of this tangled tale adhere, Schlesinger—whose natural affinity for mavericks colors all his works, from *Midnight Cowboy* to *Yanks*—forces us into collusion with his screwed-up antiheroes. You may not like them. You may not understand them. But you won't look away. ★★★½

The first hour or so of *Birdy* (Tri-Star), director Alan Parker's movie from William Wharton's best seller about a young man so obsessed with ornithology that he imagines he can fly, is exceptionally funny, fresh and charming. As the title character, Matthew Modine projects winsome nonverbal innocence—just right for establishing the curious friendship between Birdy and Al (Nicolas Cage) during extended flashbacks to their high school years in Philadelphia. The lads'



Hutton riveting in *Falcon, Snowman*.

Three movies seemingly  
about birds are  
definitely not for them.



Matthew Modine sharing dreams in *Birdy*.



Ullmann, Jones, Irons in *The Wild Duck*.

misadventures with girls, birds, baseballs, stray dogs and flying machines are all that admirers of Wharton's wildly whimsical

novel might wish, and sensitive teamwork by Cage and Modine adds the zing of good screen chemistry.

Later on, though, the film's time-leaping format begins to grow cumbersome, with increased emphasis on Birdy as a virtually catatonic war veteran (the book's World War Two period has been updated to post-Vietnam) who appears to believe he's in birdland. Al, himself a wounded vet still in bandages, with half his face shot away, is assigned to coax his buddy back to sanity. And here's where the screenplay (by Sandy Kroopf and Jack Behr) loses altitude. *Birdy* winds up being grounded by earnest sermonizing, spelling out for us the sociopsychological whys and wherefores in too many words, words, words. Even so, let's give Parker his due for meeting a formidable challenge more than halfway. ★★★

Movies appear to be going to the birds, with *The Falcon and the Snowman* and *Birdy* accompanied in high formation by *The Wild Duck* (RKR Entertainment). Made in Australia with a stunning international cast, Henrik Ibsen's classic play co-stars Jeremy Irons and Liv Ullmann. Both are blue-ribbon performances, though Irons adds more to his prestige than to his image as a romantic hero with this persuasive portrayal of Harold (Ibsen called him Hjalmar, but all the names have been Anglicized), the weak and self-absorbed photographer who disowns his young daughter (Lucinda Jones) when he learns that she may have been sired by another man. Few American male stars would dare to accept such a maddeningly unsympathetic role. Australia's Arthur Dignam also excels as the cruel friend who spills the beans, drives the rejected child to a tragic end and persists in believing that men must live without illusions. It's Ibsen's thesis that the opposite is true, and we need any kind of help we can get. *Wild Duck*'s view of human frailty remains as compelling as always, though even meticulous adaptation cannot disguise the staginess and symbolism of a theater piece written a century ago. That felled bird the child is sheltering in the attic, you'd better believe, represents all God's poor creatures, one way or another. ★★★

Former President Richard M. Nixon is the one and only character onscreen in *Secret Honor* (Sandcastle 5), subtitled "A Political Myth" and directed by Robert Altman, no less, in concert with some zealots from the University of Michigan. Originally an L.A. stage production written by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone, who describe their work as "a fictional meditation," *Honor* is a one-man show played with devastating impact by actor Philip

Baker Hall, he's supposed to be Nixon in his study, post-Watergate, boozing and wheezing and cursing his fate as well as a gallery of great men's portraits—everyone from the “whoremaster” Kissinger to Eisenhower, Lincoln and “that fuckin’ Washington.” Nixon’s case for the defense, snarled into a tape recorder that gives him a lot of trouble, portrays him as the mediocre, mother-smothered tool of power brokers who degrade the political process and usually wind up selling us the Presidents we deserve. ★★★

A black detective from Detroit goes West to investigate the murder of a pal in *Beverly Hills Cop* (Paramount), which is much less serious than it sounds. In fact, director Martin Brest’s impudent cops-and-robbers comedy (from a screenplay by Daniel Petrie, Jr.) gives Eddie Murphy another golden opportunity to demonstrate his skill as a cheeky saboteur of the social order. While Murphy’s moxie works to bring some smugglers and murderers to justice, the long arm of the law in laid-back Southern California is flexed rather languidly by Judge Reinhold and John Ashton, as a hilarious team of Beverly Hills undercover men who behave like a latter-day Laurel and Hardy. As the inevitable damsel in distress, Lisa Eilbacher is comely if not crucial to the action. Although slow getting started, *Beverly Hills Cop* is amiable and original—a funny clutter of character sketches that ultimately yield to Murphy’s law and send you home feelin’ good. ★★★

Call it an entertaining send-up of *film noir*. Call it a vaudeville act. No matter what you call it, *City Heat* (Warner) ought to cheer the legions of loyal fans who discover surprisingly deft comic chemistry between Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds, respectively playing a police lieutenant and a former cop turned private gumshoe. Clint’s the invincible, stoic, seemingly bulletproof hero who calls his onetime colleague Shorty; Burt’s the incorrigibly cocky smartass. Together, they cruise the dank, mean streets of a Mob-ruled early-Thirties American town that looks as though George Raft has just lammed out of it. Jane Alexander, Madeline Kahn, Irene Cara, Rip Torn, Tony LoBianco and Richard Roundtree help disarm criticism of a featherbrained what-the-hell plot concocted by Sam O. Brown and Joseph C. Stinson for director Richard Benjamin, who knows exactly how to make the most of what he has: two superstars on a freewheeling spree. ★★★

Jeff Bridges plays the titular extraterrestrial *Starman* (Columbia) and does a remarkable job of sustaining the illusion that he is the earthly embodiment of an alien from outer space. Specifically, he assumes the shape of a recently deceased house painter in rural Wisconsin, which



Eddie Murphy leads *Beverly Hills Cops* Reinhold and Ashton on to some action.

A pair of cop movies,  
two cosmic voyages and an  
earthly journey to India.



Davis in the exotic *Passage to India*.

causes considerable emotional conflict for the painter’s young widow (Karen Allen). Directed by John (Halloween) Carpenter, *Starman* is more romantic than suspenseful—in effect, an adult *E.T.* liberally spiced with sex appeal and good humor. Allen and Bridges fall in love, of course, as they drive cross-country to keep his fateful appointment with a mother ship while being hotly pursued by the U.S. Army and a Government agent bent on vivisection. Free-floating somewhere between the conventions of science fiction and the breezy ways of screwball comedy, Carpenter doesn’t always find the proper balance. But Charles Martin Smith, as an eccentric UFO expert, makes a good go-between. ★★★½

More benign intergalactic forces shake up a joint U.S./Soviet space mission in *2010* (MGM), adapted from Arthur C. Clarke’s novel (previewed in PLAYBOY

back in 1982) by writer-producer-director Peter Hyams. The movie version is splendidly handsome, high-tech and workmanlike. Clarke’s leaps of imagination are fortified by Roy Scheider’s take-charge authority, Helen Mirren’s fine credibility as a Russian cosmonaut seething with suspicion, plus feisty support by such seasoned troupers as Keir Dullea, Bob Balaban and John Lithgow. But what more can I tell you after I say yes, Virginia, Stanley Kubrick is a tough act to follow. HAL 9000—the wayward master computer reactivated from his *2001: A Space Odyssey*—has come spinning back at erratic speed in a lower orbit. ★★★½

East meets West and makes a mockery of British colonialism in *A Passage to India* (Columbia), based on the durable 1924 novel by E. M. Forster. Writer-director David Lean’s literate, grand and splendidly handsome movie rarely captures the nuances of Eastern mysticism in Forster’s semiclassical, yet Lean weaves an elegant mystery from the tangled tale of a neurotic young Englishwoman (Judy Davis) who imagines she has been sexually assaulted by an Indian doctor (Victor Banerjee). James Fox, Alec Guinness and Peggy Ashcroft round out the vibrant cast of a bookish epic. ★★★½

Gregory Hines and his fellow black headliners at *The Cotton Club* (Orion) provide nearly all the entertainment in Francis Coppola’s murky megabudget fiasco—a flimsy *Godfather* set to music. Between the toe-tapping highlights, Richard Gere and Diane Lane are trapped in substandard gangland melodrama. ★★

Cops and robots are the whole idea of *Runaway* (Tri-Star), a futuristic chase movie with Tom Selleck as hero and Gene Simmons (of Kiss) as the evil genius he’s pursuing. Machine-made. ★★

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# COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**IDOL GOSSIP:** Hollywood's recent rediscovery of the Western continues to gather steam with the announcement of two more cowboy epics currently in production. The first, described as a "large-scale Western," is Columbia's *Silverado*, co-written and directed by Lawrence (The Big Chill) Kasdan and starring Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Linda Hunt, Kevin Costner, Danny Glover and Rosanna Arquette. The other, titled *Uphill All the Way*, is a \$3,500,000 chase comedy set in Texas in 1917, top-lining Mel Tillis, Roy Clark and Trish Van Devere. That brings the total number of Westerns in production to five, a fair investment considering the fact that Hollywood doesn't really know if the moviegoing public will be interested. . . . Robert Redford and Meryl Streep will team up for the first time in Sydney Pollack's *Out of Africa*, based on books by Isak Dinesen. . . . Woody Allen's next film will be called *Hannah and Her Sisters*. Woody will star along with Michael Caine, Mia Farrow, Carrie Fisher, Barbara Hershey, Julie Kavner, Maureen O'Sullivan, Tony Roberts, Dan Stern, Max von Sydow and Dianne Wiest. Naturally, plot details are under wraps.

**THANKS FOR THE MEMORY:** Although the producers of Orion's *Desperately Seeking Susan* shudder at the mention of the word amnesia, that somewhat overworked ailment provides the major plot twist in this contemporary comedy, due out this spring. Rosanna Arquette plays Roberta, a bored New Jersey housewife who becomes fascinated by a series of newspaper personal ads involving a girl named Susan. Curiosity eventually overcomes her, and Roberta finds herself showing up at a pre-arranged meeting place described in one of the personal ads to spy on Susan and her fantasy lovers. To make a long story short, Roberta ends up with Susan's red jacket, bumps her noggin, gets amnesia and spends the remainder of the movie thinking she's Susan. Directed by Susan (Smithereens) Seidelman, the flick co-stars rock singer Madonna (in her film debut) as the much sought-after Susan, and Aidan (Reckless) Quinn.

**NUCLEAR FAMILY:** Robert Redford's Sundance Institute, the Utah-based haven for young film makers, has joined with Carson Productions to produce *Desert Bloom*, "an emotionally charged period look at family life in Fifties Las Vegas," set against the imminent arrival of nuclear testing in that area. The family in question is the Chismore clan, and its story is told largely through the eyes of young Rose (played by newcomer Annabeth Gish), a shy 13-year-old on the threshold of womanhood. Jon Voight plays her alcoholic stepfather, a



Rosanna Arquette (above) stars as a bored housewife whose life goes from the mundane to the adventurous in the soon-to-be-released *Desperately Seeking Susan*. Frankly, we weren't looking forward to *Porky's Revenge*, third in the *Porky's* series, until we learned that Miss September 1984, Kimberly Evenson, would show up at Angel Beach High as a Swedish transfer student. That's Kim below, preparing to bare all at commencement exercises.



gas-station owner and World War Two vet who spends much of his time crooked in front of a short-wave radio; the ubiquitous JoBeth Williams is the mother, a working woman with a case of gambling fever; and rounding out the cast is Ellen Barkin, who portrays Rose's aunt Starr, a flamboyant divorcee. Set for a fall release, *Desert Bloom* was written and directed by Sundance alumnus Eugene Corr.

**SCIENCE MARCHES ON:** In Disney's *My Science Project*, actor John (Christine) Stockwell plays a high school senior with two big problems—his girlfriend has dumped him

and he won't graduate unless he can come up with a science project within two weeks. Desperate, he does what any other enterprising high school kid would do: He raids a nearby U.S. Air Force supply dump, where he just happens to find a certain device that will do very nicely as his science project—a machine capable of creating time warps. Our hero's science project has an interesting effect on his classmates, not to mention his ex-hippie science teacher (played by Dennis Hopper). Disney plans to release the film this summer.



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## By DAN JENKINS

RECENTLY, I told a friend that I'd rather be forced to discuss California cuisine with a precious waiter in San Francisco than go skiing again. That's because I tried to learn how to ski in the days when a new pair of Bogners left a purple ring around my waist (and still looked baggy), when lacing up my boots required the help of a crane operator and two heavy-duty movers, when the Head Standards were almost as long as the highway from Fort Worth to Waco and when every instructor on the slopes looked as if he had just stepped out of the prisoner's dock at Nuremberg.

All of this combined to keep me from learning how to ski very well, but I guess it hasn't brought any undue harm to the sport. As I type, millions of fashionable, pretentious madcaps are once again invading the stridently quaint little Alpine villages of the world to trail-drop ("Rustler's Dip isn't nearly as crusty as Nonie's Nook"), to mountain-drop ("The back bowls at Gretchen's Gorge remind me of St. Anton"), to lodge-drop ("Did you know that the chef at Heidi's Hutch came from the Crillon?") and, ultimately, to lavish food and drink on Pepi, the handsome instructor who will teach you the heel thrust while trying to schuss your wife. I never had to worry about Pepi's making it with my wife. Maybe it's those sweaters they wear—I don't know. Have you ever *smelled* a ski instructor?

"You vill follow me!" the instructor would shout, his quasi-Nazi voice echoing across some chic, *après*-Rockies slope, whereupon he would go *wedeln* (tail-wagging) through a corridor of fir trees, leaving me locked in a stem turn that would eventually send me sliding 4000 feet, head over binding, into a vat of *Glühwein*. *Glühwein*? Who the fuck ever drank *Glühwein*? Hey, Traudl—you, the *Fräulein* with the rosy cheeks and yellow curls who wants to grow up and someday marry an Austrian railroad worker—get this lemon-rind cinnamon-stick Burgundy shit out of my sight and bring me a Junior B., OK?

"She is the daughter of my friend Hannes," booms the ski instructor, patting Traudl playfully on the ass. "Hannes brought skiing to this valley. Here the snow is always good. Over there, not so good."

"What's over there?"

"Switzerland."

There's another thing about skiing: Did you ever try to smoke on an Alp? Skiing is a no-smoking sport. It isn't no-smoking the way San Francisco is, because smoking offends the sensitivities of so many San Franciscans who don't like cigarette fumes



## IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE

"There has never been anything recreational about leaning down a mountain."

with their imported Belgian endive. It's no-smoking because on an Alp, one drag turns your lungs into a terrorists' raid.

"I would not smoke here," Pepi warned one day as we gazed down at a valley of chalets perfectly carved from *raclette* cheese.

"What are we on here, the Eiger?" I smirked, flicking the Dunhill. "Here's how you smoke on the Eiger."

That first inhale knocked me into a bent-over reverse-shoulder position from which I didn't recover until I got back to Heidi's Hutch and had my one and only sip of what I took to be mule piss, a drink that is often advertised as hot buttered rum.

Back then, you were supposed to have skied with, or bought dinner for, Stein Eriksen, or you didn't dare to be seen in stretch pants. Eriksen was a dashing Norwegian who had won some Olympic medals and then had come to America to invent Aspen and the fondueburger.

I would have met Stein, I suppose, had I failed to discover early on that if you could ride the chair lift up the mountain, you could also ride it down. I think it was in Kitzbühel in 1964 that I first introduced smoking to the down chair lift. One thing

about skiing: I never met a gondola I didn't like.

There *was* a time when I actually enjoyed being around the sport. For seven years in another life, on another magazine, I hung out and traveled with a group of loons known as Coach Bob Beattie and the United States Ski Team.

This had nothing to do with so-called recreational skiing, a term I have always thought odd inasmuch as there has never been anything recreational about leaning *down* a mountain. The Beattie days, as I call them, were wonderful, because they laid the groundwork for the hippie-scum daredevil Bill Johnson's ass kicking of the Europeans in last year's winter Olympics downhill at Sarajevo. We won no gold medals in those years, 1964 through 1970, but Billy Kidd and Jimmy Heuga won some big races and Rip McManus ate a lot of stemmed cocktail glasses and Spider Sabich horrified all kinds of lodge-dining-room guests by taking a mouthful of lighter fluid, striking a match and then spewing a flame across somebody's rabbit stew. We put Volkswagens in Italian hotel lobbies for fun, dismantled discos, taught the French how to cook steak *tartare* well done, reminded the Austrians of their intimate friendship with Himmler and Goebbels and had a heck of a doggone good time laughing at how genuinely witty the Swiss were.

"My sides ache," Beattie would say. "Those goddamn Swiss have peppered me with one-liners all the way from Wengen to Lucerne."

"Yeah, I know," I said. We were trying to get 800 pairs of skis off one train and onto another somewhere between Zug and Spitz. "I heard a guy say chocolate a while ago."

"No shit?" said Bob. "I heard a guy say Rolex."

"Well, of course, they've always been funny as hell about watches."

"Chocolate or watches, I don't know how much more my sides can take," Beattie said.

"They better not start on one of those routines about their trains," I said. "I'll fucking die."

Christ, the Swiss were funny.

I still haven't laughed as hard as I did in those days, I don't think—not even now, when I have to creep down a dark alley in order to light a Winston in San Francisco or when I'm discussing the revolutionary rear-entry boot with a serious skier.

Like the other day. A man said, "What do you think of the SX-91s?"

"Well, you've got to like the flex adjustment," I said, "but, frankly, I'm still a four-buckle, crank-'em-down-tight kind of guy, you know? See you on Ajax."

## By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

JUST SAY the word Texas and two adjectives jump into your head: big and rich. Two Texas cities, in particular—Dallas and Houston—serve as America's best definition of everything that's larger than life. There, even the local jokes center on the larger, the more luxurious—and, especially, the more expensive. So it stands to reason that those two cities have become the sites of a lusty competition to see who can construct the most opulent hostleries—which means that you, fellow travelers, can also live like the filthy rich for a night or two.

In Dallas, the Terrace Suite at The Mansion on Turtle Creek is among the most lavish suites. It may not mean much to you that this establishment is owned and operated by Rosewood Hotels—until you discover that Rosewood is the corporate moniker of Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf (billionaire Bunker's baby sister), one of the daughters of the late H. L. Hunt and arguably the richest woman in a state where that handle has real meaning. The Terrace Suite boasts 1600 square feet of living space and a spectacular view of the Dallas skyline from a terrace big enough to hold the entire Cowboys Cheerleaders corps. A fully equipped butler's pantry and kitchen makes it easy for a resident chef to whip up any sort of special mid-night snack.

Probably the worst-kept secret of last summer's Republican conclave in Dallas was that President Reagan himself put on his jammies at the Loews Anatole, the largest hotel in the Southwest. Not surprisingly, our Chief Executive and Mrs. Gipper were ensconced in all 2200 square feet of the Grand Presidential Suite. For a cool \$1000 a day, one gets an MGM-style bedroom-bathroom with gleaming gold fixtures and whirlpool, plus butler.

The opportunity to arrive via gleaming-mahogany water taxi is one of the most impressive features of the Mandalay Four Seasons Hotel, situated on a canal that roams through the Las Colinas area, between downtown Dallas and the airport. Here, the Governor's Suite, even though not the hotel's largest, is the top choice. Its decor is described as Western, though it's tough to figure out how the Louis XIV fireplace fits in.

But not every hotel in the colorful Dallas/Fort Worth area makes its mark solely through elegance and excess. Take, for example, the Stockyards Hotel, in the historic stockyards district of Fort Worth. Just a couple of years ago, this hostelry had deteriorated into a haunt for local winos; then new owners purchased and redid the property in a style they call cattle-baron baroque. Western saddles have now replaced all the bar stools, ceil-



## THE SUITE LIFE IN TEXAS

"You can live like the filthy rich for a night or two."

ing fans provide the ventilation and bathrooms are furnished with pull-chain toilets and some with claw-footed bathtubs. The Bonnie and Clyde Suite is the extra-special attraction, commemorating an actual stay by the infamous pair. Bonnie's old pistol, framed, and clippings describing the couple's illegal exploits adorn the walls.

Although Houston is thought of as a wildcatter's city, far less decorous than Dallas, lots of the same oil and beef money has flowed south to the Buffalo Bayou. Mrs. Schoellkopf's signature is found at the Remington on Post Oak Park, where the 5-Bay Suite is the choice of guests who like their comforts in the luxurious lane. Two sitting areas, two bedrooms, a dining area and a skylighted terrace combine with a full kitchen and a fireplace in living room and master bedroom. A personal chef is but a phone call away, and the full-height window walls let in as much light as occupants may (or may not) desire.

At the Four Seasons Hotel, Houston Center, the Presidential Suite contains only three rooms, but they're furnished in rare taste and style—with Baccarat wall sconces, Duncan Phyfe armchairs, a Sheraton sofa, framed tapestries and additional pieces bearing such designs as Hepplewhite, from eras as notable as that of George III. This is a suite in which it's literally possible to let Georgian do it.

But for the ultimate, nothing rivals the Celestial Suite at Houston's Astro Village Hotel, which was listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the most expensive (more than \$3000 a day) in the world. Its 13 rooms are a testament to excess that dwarfs all competitors. It was the creation of Judge Roy Hofheinz, the self-made Houston legend who, among other things, created the Astrodome.

Judge Hofheinz lived in the Celestial Suite for two years, and it's almost impossible to convey the extravagance of the decor. Upon leaving the elevator, guests face the Foyer of Fountains, intended to evoke the youth-restoring object of Ponce de León's search. The Lane of Lanterns, designed with New Orleans' French Quarter in mind, sets a spectacular stage for what's to come.

The Sadie Thompson Suite has been unashamedly constructed as a South Pacific bamboo hut (with mosquito netting over the bed), and everything reminds visitors (not very subtly) of the lady of ill repute in Somerset Maugham's tale. The Lillian Russell Suite sits right next to Sadie's room, and the furnishings here go well beyond the merely ornate.

After the Acapulco Patio comes the P. T. Barnum Suite, where the Big Top Room contains three circles on the carpet and three more on the ceiling to provide precise boundaries for any acrobatics (or other feats of derring-do) guests might care to consider. The bed in the adjoining Bandwagon Room looks a little short, but it's actually wider than a king-size model; it's made from a calliope, wheels and all.

Still more surprises await next door in the Adventure Suite. Here the two-story Tarzan Room is vine-covered (talk about opportunities for swinging). The adjoining bedroom is called the Fu Manchu Room. Then there's the main Celestial Suite, which includes the memorable Mandarin Bath, the Roman Bath and something called the Minidome. This last is a sports fan's dream, for it includes a working replica of the Astrodome's own spectacular scoreboard on which it's possible to keep track of any activity or competition in which you happen to be engaged. Only in Texas, folks.

I suppose no treatise on the suite life in Texas would be complete without at least one real ranch. A new favorite is Randy Moore's spread in Omaha (Texas, not Nebraska), about two hours east of Dallas. Randy rents his home very selectively; six auto executives stayed there during last summer's Dallas Grand Prix. Since Randy is himself a rodeo rider, all sorts of rodeo memorabilia fill his Spanish-type house. There's also a pool and hot tub. The auto guys paid about \$1500 a day; Randy says he knows they enjoyed themselves, because they left him a car as a tip.



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## By ASA BABER

THE HEADLINE caught my eye: "STUDY: BOYS' FANTASIES MORE OUTLANDISH THAN GIRLS'." Oh, no, I said to myself. If the world figures out that we men are in reverie much of the time, that fantasy is as central to our lives as breathing, what secrets will we have left?

Fortunately, that article had its limits. It described a study that had been conducted by Malcolm Watson of Brandeis University. Under the auspices of the National Institute of Mental Health, he had examined the fantasies of 45 youngsters at a day-care center. What he found will not surprise any of the men I know. But I think I can speak for all of them when I say that I'm glad that Watson confined his research to boys and did not go on to discover that men are no different.

"Little boys pass as much as a quarter of their playtime fantasizing spaceship rides, ray-gun duels and other outlandish adventures," the article said, "while girls are far less likely to act out unrealistic escapades."

Big news. Who's surprised? I'm not, and neither is my spaceship. I take a ride every day. I used to go behind the moon and over to Mars, but recently I've been trying to get out to the edges of the universe, because that's the territory that truly fascinates me. Usually I have a partner on my space explorations. Usually it's Debra Winger. Sometimes it's Goldie Hawn. OK, once in a while it's Seka, but I certainly wouldn't admit that publicly. Our trips are very nice, though fraught with danger. Often I have to climb into my space suit and repair the magvite magnetometer on the external computer gyroscope. This is dangerous and difficult work, but boy oh boy, do I get rewarded when I'm safely back in the ship. Those women are glad to see me. All three of them. They ask what they can do for me and I show them.

Watson found that "bizarre, often combative, daydreams filled with magic and the supernatural are the almost exclusive domain of little boys. . . . Sometimes preschool boys pretend they are spies and superheroes. . . . Woven through these illusions are conflicts between good guys and bad guys."

Did you hear that? "Illusions." Who the hell does Malcolm Watson think he is? Illusions? Listen, just yesterday, I was in Berlin, OK? It was 1939. I was a newspaper reporter. Look, if you're going to mock me, just stop reading this right now, all right? Because this really happened. I was in Berlin and Goebbels was pissed off at me because of my dispatches to the *Chicago Daily News*. A beautiful blonde who looked a lot like Goldie Hawn had given me information that there were con-



## NAKED AT GENDER GAP

"Debra Winger scolded me, but I could tell that she was very proud of my coolness under pressure."

centration camps outside Munich, and I had sneaked through the forest and photographed the barracks and the crematoriums and then had gone back to my hotel to write about them. That series had won the Pulitzer Prize, and Hitler was furious. After Goebbels chewed me out, Hitler wanted his turn. As I marched into his office, I pulled out my Xenon Laser Relativity Gun. The great thing about this gun is that you never kill anybody with it—you just send him into a deepfreeze in outer space for 6000 years. "Adolf," I said with my Humphrey Bogart smile, "there are good guys and bad guys, and guess which you are?" I disappeared him—zap!—like that. I stopped World War Two. Let me tell you, that blonde back in Munich was grateful.

"Girls the same age also spend lots of time pretending, but their fantasies are almost always realistic domestic dramas. . . . In fact, the girls studied never drifted into the unrealistic never-never land that so fascinated little boys."

There he goes again. "Never-never land." Why is it that researchers are so condescending? What do they know, anyway? Take my trip to the French Riviera a few minutes ago. I suppose that's a never-never land? I broke the bank at Monte Carlo. Seriously, I did. I started with only

50 cents and through grit, pluck and luck, I worked my way toward a small fortune. There was this big Sicilian guy at the roulette table, and I challenged him to a series of bets—pick a number, pick a color, pick any combination. Debra Winger was so nervous, she could hardly watch. Man, I was hot. We played for 16 straight hours and I won, lost, won again, lost again; and then, at dawn, with the sky the color of smoked glass, I broke the bank on one last brilliant bet. Whew, that was a close one, I suddenly realized. Debra Winger scolded me, but I could tell that she was actually very proud of my coolness under pressure. She gave me a massage and then tucked me into my bunk on our yacht.

The most dangerous part of the study—the part that could show that not one of us emperors ever wears clothes—reads as follows: "Watson found the high fantasy among boys four or five years old but not among toddlers who were two years or younger. 'This shows that it *increases with age* . . . ' Watson said" (italics mine).

It is to be hoped that Watson will not continue along these lines of inquiry. This is very troublesome territory. If he proves what we men already know, and if our tendency toward fantasy is successfully exposed, we will never hear the end of it. Daydreams and night dreams are where we frequently live, but we cover our tracks by appearing busy, industrious, organized, mature. We know we're not any of those things, but we hope nobody else knows.

The answer, of course, lies with me in my secret life. I will take care of the likes of Malcolm Watson. I will deny everything. Watson and I will be debating on national TV. The whole country will be watching, and I will lie like a rug for my fellow men, claiming that real men don't fantasize, that our minds are always on our jobs. I will be triumphant and resplendent, and the issue will be put to rest.

Of course, I will also be a little sweaty, because I will have just come in from my rock concert, where my fans loved my music so much that they wouldn't let me go. Nevertheless, I will win the TV debate with Watson, and people will be impressed. George Will will shake my hand. "I always thought you were a pinko faggot Communist," he will say with a warm smile, "but you certainly protected the reputations of us men this evening." My arm will be hurting a little, because nobody can come back with only one day's rest and pitch a perfect final world-series game for the Cubs and not feel some pain. But I will grin and bear it. And when the shouting's over and I'm walking back to my limousine, Debra Winger will hug me, Goldie Hawn will giggle, Seka will pout and I will smile.

Not just at them, either, but at my trusty spaceship, too.



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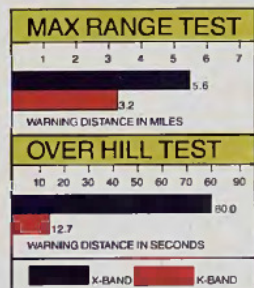


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## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

IT WASN'T UNTIL perhaps the 20th time that my loved one looked reverently into the toaster that I finally caught on.

"My God, you're staring at your reflection in my toaster," I said.

"Of course," he said. "It's the perfect height." Which it is; it sits atop the refrigerator.

"Why don't you use the full-length mirror?" I pondered.

"I would, but your son won't get out of my way."

Thus I realized that I was living in a hotbed of male vanity. Discreet questioning determined that I am not alone. Every woman I know who has men around the house reports the same. There is a myth that men care nothing about externals and wouldn't know a shirt stud if it bit them on the nose. In fact, your average male has a pronounced sense of taste and style.

Yet men don't like to shop. I have noticed that department stores, and even small specialty shops, turn many fellows surly, impatient, nearly tearful. They are easily daunted. At times, they will even go so far as to let a woman shop for them.

Two reasons not to let women shop for you:

1. Even the sweetest of us can't help ourselves—if given the chance, we'll turn you into an accessory. We'll buy you a brown suit that shows our mink coat to advantage. We'll choose high-heeled lizard cowboy boots for you to accentuate our diminutive size. We'll decide you need a deerstalker cap because we fancy ourselves Anglophiles. Think about this. Do you really want to be a glorified handbag?

2. Women only *think* they know how to choose men's clothes. We get the broad idea, but we're unaware of nuance. Lapel size, for example, is a closed book to us. We just do not understand about lapels. You can't expect us to, just as we know you don't understand that if a woman wears a belted tunic or high heels with trousers, she probably comes from the suburbs.

But there is one area in which we can help: We know how to shop. We are, in fact, fearless; and I, for one, have got the scientific principles of shopping down pat. Here they are:

*Know what you want.* Lie down, close your eyes and let your entire wardrobe dance, sugarplumlike, through your head. If you concentrate long enough, you'll realize that your soul is crying out for a pair of gray-flannel slacks, with maybe a nice forest-green Viyella shirt.

This is really important. If you don't do this, you'll walk into a shop, look hopelessly at the piles and piles of items, buy a lime-green sweater and flee. When you get home, you'll open your sweater drawer, where you'll find half a dozen more lime-



## HOW TO DRESS YOURSELF

"Chances are, you're not the Scottish-castle kind of guy."

green sweaters, all still wearing price tags. This is the established pattern of panicked shoppers—they buy the same inappropriate garment relentlessly.

*Whenever possible, avoid bargains.* Possibly, you've heard the expression "You get what you pay for." Make this your creed. There's always a *reason* that the wool blazer you have your eye on costs only \$19.99, and the reason, unfortunately, is not that the store's proprietors are philanthropists.

Go ahead; don't believe me. Buy the wool blazer if you must. The first thing you'll notice when you get it home is that it isn't *actually* wool but merely some cleverly insinuating polyester. You won't care at first. But when hard little pills start forming on your sleeves after the third wearing, you'll be woebegone. Two wearings later, the blazer will begin to fall to bits. You won't notice this, because the unraveling invariably starts at the back. Your friends will snicker and not tell you.

The only bargains that may be real are items on sale from decent shops. But beware: It's easy to be seduced by a markdown. You wouldn't look twice at that \$45 orange brocaded vest if you hadn't noticed that it once cost \$200. The trick is to never look at the original price, probably a lie anyway. Another trick is to go to a sale on the first day, when they may still have something in your size. Always remember there is a very good reason that

things are cheap.

*Get a firm grasp on your taste.* Every human has his own style, but only approximately ten percent of us know it. Others of us look at the mannequins in store windows, see a beautifully complicated Japanese ensemble, get very excited and actually *buy* this mélange. Or we may leaf through some fashion pages, see a guy in a tweed suit standing in front of a castle in Scotland and think, That's me.

Chances are, it isn't. Chances are, you're not the Scottish-castle kind of guy but a down-vest-and-corduroy-trousers kind of guy or a black-leather-from-head-to-toe kind of guy or a *soigné*-silk-suit sort of fellow. It pays to know this, because if you don't know who you are, some snottosed salesman is bound to tell you.


*Stop whining about ties.* A man who complains that he has to wear a tie is a tedious man, indeed. Ties can be very pleasant. A good tie can offset bland clothes and make them look spiffy. Ties even look nice with a work shirt and jeans. Don't tell me that ties are constricting. I refuse to listen, because I have worn five-inch heels and know the true meaning of the word. If you think ties are constricting, you're probably buying your shirt collars too tight. Or maybe you just hate your job.

*When in doubt, avoid all cuteness.* Shoes with fun tassels, shirts with epaulets, belts with buckles shaped like Mack trucks and blouson jackets with about 80 decorative pockets fall into this category.

*Natural fabrics are best.* They last longer or, at least, wear out more attractively. And natural fibers are *honest*, whereas most polyesters and acrylics are pretending to be silk, wool or cotton. Clothes made out of fake fabrics tend to have an inferiority complex, the last thing the wearer needs while out on a date with the girl of his dreams.

If you're of the poverty-stricken persuasion, get your natural fabrics at vintage-clothing stores. They were made better in the old days, anyway. It is also a well-known fact that famous Italian designers cruise these shops, find a particularly tasty tweed coat for \$25, make a modern facsimile and slap it with a \$600 price tag.

*Be man enough to admit your real size.* There is a strong chance that your waist size has changed since your days on the high school football team. You're fooling yourself if you try to squeeze yourself, sausagelike, into 32-waist jeans when all the world can see you need at least a 34.

*To thine own self be true.* Buy only things you really love. Never settle for mere infatuation, and never listen to anyone else. If you must listen to someone else, listen to an old guy. Old guys know stuff. They understand quality. But even an old guy may be working on commission. 



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**W**hat constitutes loss of virginity in a male? A couple of friends and I were talking about sex recently, and we came up with this question: How does a male lose his virginity in a homosexual relationship? Would both partners lose their virginity in the same act or would they have to switch positions? Or do they have to have sex with a female to lose it?—C. S., De Kalb, Illinois.

*We think virginity is an outmoded concept. As Thomas Pynchon once wrote, you break your cherry on something every day. The classical definition applies to the first time you have intercourse with a female, but that is only one of the firsts. What about the first time you try oral sex or anal sex? Your first nooner? Your first time outdoors? Your first time with a crowd? The first time sex works for both of you? The first time you do it twice? The first time you do it with someone you love? The first time you do it with a complete stranger? There is a difference between labels and behavior. If you have your first orgasm with a member of the same sex, it doesn't necessarily mean that you are gay.*

**A**fter splurging on a compact-disc player and a raft of compact discs, I'm wondering whether or not I have to store my discs with special care. I've heard they're nearly indestructible; but they're so expensive, I'd hate to have to test that. Can you help?—M. T., San Diego, California.

*You'll be OK if you just give them the same careful treatment that you give your conventional LPs. CDs are not indestructible, just less fragile than your vinyl discs. Dust, scratches and grease can all affect the readability of the new CDs and can, in extreme cases, make them unplayable. Scratches cannot be lifted, but dust should be removed with a polishing cloth and fingerprints with water. Avoid storing CDs near heat, to prevent warpage. Unlike conventional discs, they cannot be hurt by repeated playing—but if you use one for a discus, that's what you'll end up with.*

**I**'m 20 years old, and my girlfriend and I have been together for almost a year and a half. We love each other very much and have always had an honest and open sex life; there are never any complaints, and it is always an exciting and fulfilling experience for both of us. However, after a recent lovemaking session, she made the comment "Why does sex have to be so messy?" This has been in my mind also, but I've never said anything about it. Most of the time, when we make love, I (we) like it when I stay inside her until I am almost limp again. Then, if I get up to piss or



get something to drink, I have to use tissue to wipe any excess semen (and I'm assuming her vaginal juices, too) from my penis and pubic hair. I'm also assuming that she has to do the same, or else she wouldn't have made the comment in the first place. Since then, our sexual activity has decreased a significant amount. My questions are, What, if anything, can be done about this predicament? and Just how much of the "mess" is mine and how much is hers?—B. D., Danville, California.

*It is said that no one remembers what an orgasm feels like, so maybe the mess is nature's way of telling us that we've just had sex. We think you are making too much of one negative comment. There are several solutions. You might place a towel and a warm washcloth by the bed before you make love. That way, no one has to get up. You can use a condom with a reservoir tip to collect most of the vital bodily fluids. You can lick each other until you are squeaky clean, or you can shower together. A little soapsuds in the right place can lead to a second round. You can make love frequently (ejaculate diminishes with each orgasm) or masturbate beforehand. As for arguing over which part of the mess is yours and which is hers—afterplay is not the time for a property settlement. It's a fine mess you've gotten into—enjoy it.*

**I** have heard of a four-foot-diameter dish antenna for satellite reception. What is your opinion of this product? If the four-foot size can do the job, why all the fuss about the ten- and 12-foot dishes?—O. T., Racine, Wisconsin.

*The actual antenna that receives satellite signals is the relatively small device you see suspended near the center of the dish. The*

*purpose of the dish itself is to collect and focus the signal from the satellite onto this antenna. The size and shape of the dish are calculated to provide the proper surface for the beamed signal, which, for most satellite television, has been sent down from a five-watt transmitter operating on the four-gigahertz (that's four billion hertz) band and aimed approximately at the geographical center of the U.S. All other things being equal, if the transmitting power were increased or if the transmitting frequency were changed, then a smaller dish might do the job. In any event, it would have to work harder the farther away from the center of the U.S. it was used.*

*There is some word of an experimental satellite system using a ten- or 12-watt transmitter on the 12-GHz band, but we have no information yet as to the kind of reception it can provide on a given-size dish. At this writing, then, the effectiveness of a dish antenna appreciably smaller than the prevailing ten to 12 feet in diameter remains uncertain. Caveat emptor!*

**I** am a 29-year-old single male who is in a very strange situation with a 31-year-old single female. For the past four years, I have been a close friend and intellectual peer of this woman's. Now I don't know what the hell our relationship has become. She has been living with a guy for six years. Until now, he could do no wrong. He recently got a major career going and spends a lot of time at work. Well, you know the rest of the story—but not exactly. She has started telling me that he is such a wimp and has come on to me, yet our sexual behavior is strictly in the twilight zone. She loves for me to pet her and talk as dirty as possible to her, but she says that I do not turn her on at all. We do a lot of dry sex and even have acted out some of her rape fantasies. There is nothing in this for me, but I do this crap because I love her and have told her so. She says that she feels guilty for leading me on. Help!—D. I. P., Dallas, Texas.

*If you believe that sex in the twilight zone is better than no sex at all, you may have found the perfect relationship. It sounds to us as if you are the transitional man—the shoulder to cry on, the ear to whisper rape fantasies into. Sometimes these things turn into something else. Sometimes they don't. Maybe it's time to search for someone who can reciprocate. It's your decision.*

**A** few months ago, on The Playboy Channel, I saw a video tape of a sexual-aid party that had been made in a woman's home. A group of women had been invited to their friend's home to view and also purchase vibrators and other items and just have a good time. Since then, I have asked

all my friends if they've ever heard of such a party, and they think I've dreamed it up. I'd really like to have one of those parties, but I can't find an agent. Please give me some information, so I can show my friends I'm not dreaming.—Mrs. T. C., Detroit, Michigan.

*We're sorry to have left you alone in the dark, but we hope we can make it up to you. The party featured on The Playboy Channel was sponsored by Alexis Home Parties. For information on joining the fun, contact Catherine Alexis at 600 North McClurg Court, Suite 1803, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

**M**y boyfriend is 37 years old and I am 22. We are well suited to each other, have a lot in common and both love and like each other. Although we are so compatible, he cannot handle the pressures we receive from our families, friends and others. It started with jokes about "robbing the cradle" for him and "What are you buying him for Christmas, a rocking chair?" for me. These remarks annoy me, because they reflect the ignorance and immaturity of those making them. However, they are devastating for him. His cousin's family, to which he has been very close for many years, has decided to ostracize him from its activities. That exclusion, along with similar actions by other "friends," has really depressed him. Although we have made new friends who accept or don't care about our situation, it is not enough. My boyfriend feels that to solve the problem we should break up and I should find someone better suited to me—that is, someone my own age. He admits to placing too much emphasis on others' reactions but cannot free himself from their pressures. Another point worth mentioning is a comment he made. While embracing me, he whispered, "I guess I'm destined to be a bachelor." Is there anything I can do to alleviate these pressures? I feel our relationship is worth saving. It is beautiful, and to others, its quality is enviable. I have learned a tremendous amount about myself and about others, but do learning and love have to be so painful?—Miss B. H., St. Catharines, Ontario.

*There is no simple cure for the insensitivity and outright rudeness of others. Your boyfriend should understand that as well. What the two of you have is special to you and is certainly worth hanging on to. It's too bad that people close to you feel the need to be so judgmental. Hold your heads high and ignore them; the difference in your ages is your business. The only people who grow old are the people who "act" their age.*

**I**'ve been told that you should "turn into" a skid. Not long ago, I found myself skidding on a slippery road and suddenly realized I didn't know what that meant! I'm not sure exactly what happened, but whatever I did was apparently wrong and I ended up spinning out and sliding off the road. Luckily, I didn't hit anything, but the inci-

dent really got my attention. Can you offer any tips on slippery-road driving that might help me stay out of trouble in the future?—P. B., Los Angeles, California.

*Sure. Invite two beautiful friends over, give us a call and we'll hang out by the fire at your place until the road dries up. Seriously, your car lost traction because you were going too fast for conditions or did something (turned, braked or accelerated) suddenly enough to upset the suspension. First, whatever you do, don't touch the brakes. Standing on the brakes is the fastest way into the ditch, or worse, because sliding tires have no traction for steering or cornering. Second, obviously, stop doing whatever you're doing to cause the skid. If you're trying to turn sharper than the car will go, back off. If you're already on the brakes or the accelerator, ease off. This settles the suspension and lets the car slow down on its own, which will get the tires rolling and gripping again. "Turning into" a rear-wheel skid means pointing the front the same way the back end is heading, which must be done quickly but smoothly. As soon as both ends of the car are going the same way, you've essentially saved it. Now, just as quickly and smoothly, turn the steering back the way you want to go—and a little farther. This will catch the counterskid that often results when the rear end slides back into line but overshoots a bit. Once you've handled any counterskid, you're home free. A front-wheel skid (when the front wheels continue straight instead of steering) is handled in much the same way: Ease off the controls to slow and regain traction, then gently try steering again. Also, importantly, always keep your eyes on where you want to go, not on where the car may be heading at any given moment. If you're not looking the right way, how can you aim there? Your peripheral vision will take care of the rest. Finally, do yourself a favor and find a nice, big, open, slippery (and empty) parking lot to practice on. With practice, proper skid control can become almost second nature.*

**I** am about to graduate from college. I have been offered a good job with a reasonable income. Now comes the hard part: how to spend it. I've been told that I should save, practice self-denial and build toward the future. I've been offered formulas—30 percent for housing, ten percent for saving, etc. What do you recommend?—R. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

*Financial planning is the key to having fun on a regular basis. One expert described budget planning as the process by which we figure out what we want and how to pay for it. The point of a budget is not to live like a monk. It is a means of organizing your income into a pool of discretionary funds. How you spend money says as much about you as your love life, career or handwriting. Certain steps are essential. Set priorities. Most budget pies divide income into food, housing, transportation, recreation and savings. There is no set formula. The rule is to pay yourself first—ten percent at the very*

*least. Build a reserve so that you can change jobs—if you want—a few years down the road. Beyond that, you are on your own. Do you want to see the world? Do you want to stay in hotel rooms with room service? Do you want to dress for success? Do you want the Porsche you dreamed of as a kid? Is music the love of your life? Would you save to buy the state-of-the-art audiophile equipment your ears deserve? Housing can wait until you are settled and have built credit. Avoid impulse purchases. Go for quality experiences and quality goods. Don't use credit cards for perishable items like travel—playing now and paying later is a drag. All a budget does is let you find a way, the easiest way possible, to maximize your resources.*

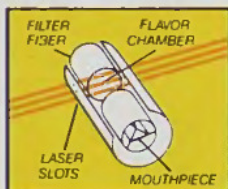
**M**y lover and I enjoy a great variety of things that we do for and to each other. One thing that we do not enjoy as much as we might, however, is anal sex. Once we've begun, we both get great satisfaction, but when I enter her, she is caused more pain than my conscience can stand. Since her pain seems to be caused more by friction than by stretching, lubrication seemed to be the answer. A lubricated condom, we reasoned, had the added benefit of containing the usual un-aesthetic aftermath. However, the lubricant turned out to be volatile and by the time we were ready, it had dried. The result was worse than not using anything. I understand that petroleum jelly and some other substances damage the vinyl in a condom and make it useless. So, my question is this: What may be used as a supplementary lubricant with condoms?—C. N., New York, New York.

*You're right: Greasy kids' stuff is not the answer. Petroleum jelly can cause the rubber in a condom to deteriorate. It also tends to dry out membranes, which can lead to discomfort. We recommend using a water-soluble lubricant such as K-Y jelly or a specific sex-aid product such as Transilube. In a pinch (or on a backwoods camping trip), saliva is great for slip-sliding away. Baby oil is also fine. You may want to heat it in the microwave first, for an added thrill. You don't have to apply it to the condom. Try manual stimulation of the anus before attempting penetration. It is natural for the anal sphincter to contract in an involuntary protective reaction. The spasm can last for a minute or longer. However, there is an eventual relaxation response, at which time you should be able to make your move.*

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



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# DEAR PLAYMATES

**R**emember the old tune *Breaking Up Is Hard to Do*? Is it still true? How do you treat someone once it's over between you? For the answers, we checked in with our Playmate advisors.

The question for the month:

**How do you break up with a guy?**

**I** just tell him it's not going to work and I try to make him understand why. I try to answer all his questions, because I want us to be friends. The most common reason I have broken up with a man is that I need more time for myself. My best relationships have been part time. Then each of us had time and space for our own work and our own lives. If I get overly involved, I feel smothered. Someday, I'll want to be married, but right now, I don't want so much intensity.



*Lisa Welch*

LISA WELCH  
SEPTEMBER 1980

**I**'ve never managed to be friends after a breakup, probably because in the process of breaking up, I have already started to avoid him. I'd rather let a relationship fizzle out than say, "I just don't want to see you anymore." Why? I keep thinking about how bad it would hurt if someone said those words to me. Of course, avoiding him makes it worse, and so we never end up friends. Confrontation makes me feel too mean, but I guess it probably hurts worse if you don't talk it out.



*Susie Scott*

SUSIE SCOTT  
MAY 1983

**I** had to break up a three-and-a-half-year relationship, and it was very tough. Someone has to be the one to say, "OK, this isn't working out. I'd rather be your friend than your enemy. So get your shit and be out by nine." I had to sit down and tell the truth: that my feeling for him had changed and if we separated, maybe we could save a friendship and also avoid a lot of future aggravation. I don't disappear. That is a real cop-out. Each of us deserves an explanation and the opportunity to speak. So you guys: Don't disappear on me, either! I'll hunt you down and you'll be sorry!



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

**T**hat's a difficult question. I've had only two *real* boyfriends, and when I broke up with the first one, it was after five years with him. It was very hard, and it took a couple of months just to really say, "That's it. No more." I stopped answering his phone calls after I told him I'd grown up and no longer wanted to be held back. I was changing and he wasn't, so I had to break the tie. He kept calling and bothering me and my parents, and it was awful. So I packed my bags, left home and moved to L.A. I think it's important to be honest, even if the other person doesn't want to hear it.



*Barbara Edwards*

BARBARA EDWARDS  
SEPTEMBER 1983

**I** try to make a very clean break. You have to *end* it if that's what's called for. And friendship doesn't work for a recent breakup. That has to come out of real understanding on both sides of what happened and why. You can't do that until you're far enough away from the situation to look back and say, "He left me because..." or "I understand what happened and now we can be friends." The best idea I can think of is to find your ex-boyfriend a new girlfriend, and then he won't ask you every time he sees you if you're really happy and if your life is really OK.



*Tracy Vaccaro*

TRACY VACCARO  
OCTOBER 1983

**I** have not figured out a nice way to do it. The guy doesn't want to let go and he always feels it must be physical—you know, that I'm attracted to someone else or that a simple act of independent behavior means I don't want to be with him anymore. If it's time for us to break up, I try to say that just because it didn't work out with me doesn't mean it won't work out for him with someone else. But every man takes it as rejection. I can't just disappear. I want the friendship after what we've had together. But that's hard to work out.



*Azizi Johari*

AZIZI JOHARI  
JUNE 1975

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.





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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

## PORNOGRAPHY AND CIVIL RIGHTS

While teaching a course on human sexuality, I decided to exercise my knowledge of phenomenological research by studying the relationship between the First Amendment and the civil rights of women. Accordingly, I had my students view a Phil Donahue program on which those issues were discussed (and on which, incidentally, Playboy Attorney Burt Joseph appeared) and then debate them in class for several days. During that time, two female students asked if I would show an adult film to the class. They wanted to see an example without going to a public theater, so I obtained one and showed it (not during class hours, of course).

Of 17 students enrolled in the class, ten attended. I instructed the students to view the film in a scholarly manner and afterward write a paper based on the film and the debate held on the Donahue program. Two days later, they were required to write another paper on any delayed effects they had experienced from viewing the film.

I was surprised at the results. While Pembroke State University attracts an extremely conservative student body, only one male student indicated a belief that women's civil rights had priority over the First Amendment. The group that saw the movie ranged in age from 19 to 28, with the average age 22; six of the students were female; five were white, three black and two American Indian. Five religious denominations were represented, including one Catholic and five Baptists. One of the women became ill after seeing the film, but even she thought First Amendment rights had priority.

Stephen M. Marson, Assistant Professor  
Department of Sociology and  
Social Work  
Pembroke State University  
Pembroke, North Carolina

For quite some time, I have followed the debate over erotica vs. pornography. My own opinion is that porn is not an asset to society and should be summarily trashed, but erotica always will and should be here.

For all the discussion, however, I have never heard a good and definitive distinction made between the two. Here is mine.

**Erotica:** material in which bodies (male or female) are portrayed in a way that, while stimulating, does not focus on one or two anatomical parts; erotica presents the whole person.

**Pornography:** material that reduces men to cocks and women to cunts.

In every magazine I have looked at

except one, I have seen men and women portrayed as sex objects, ready only to fuck or to be fucked. The picture captions tell of how "hard and ready he is" or how "wet and hot she is." This is disgusting.

The human body is beautiful. There is nothing wrong with nude photos, as long as the focus is the whole person, not a part.

The exception I spoke of is PLAYBOY. In it, women are photographed in such a way as to call attention to the whole person, and the short comments near the photos

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*"Porn is not an asset  
to society and should be  
summarily trashed, but  
erotica always will  
and should be here."*

---

describe her feelings and opinions, her life and her activities, not just how ready she is to screw.

This is erotica, done in a way that is tasteful. It stimulates and arouses, which is its purpose, but it describes the person behind the photo.

Keep it up, PLAYBOY. You provide an example of erotica that all should follow.

David Hunt  
St. Paul, Minnesota



## PROBLEM PORN

Violent, weird, twisted and outright bad pornography is thoroughly repulsive to all but a tiny minority of the population. However, the people who produce and buy and like such stuff might very well start pursuing even worse hobbies than looking at ugly pictures if our self-appointed moral guardians cranked this societal safety valve shut.

O. J. Lehrman  
New York, New York

*We're not sure it's that simple. While we don't think the depiction of pornographic violence is a direct cause of sexual violence, we also don't write off the argument that the proliferation of such material might give some mentally unstable weirdos the idea that such behavior is socially acceptable. But anyone familiar with the history of censorship knows that giving such power to the state does infinitely more harm to society than good.*

## HEADS, YOU WIN; TAILS, I LOSE

About a year ago, my wife and I agreed to get a divorce. Before we made up our minds, one of the big causes of friction between us was her conversion to a fairly militant brand of feminism. She decided that ours had been a master-servant relationship, and equality now became her shibboleth. Every aspect of the way we lived had to be examined and equalized, every responsibility divided neatly between us. She demanded that I acknowledge her as my equal in intelligence, talent, energy and political acumen.

Then we hired lawyers and proceeded to negotiate a divorce settlement. What a change! From being as assertive as Bella Abzug, my ex-wife-to-be suddenly was as helpless as the legions who worship Phyllis Schlafly. In all those years we had lived together, she had learned nothing but homemaking, had acquired only the most rudimentary survival skills to go with her bachelor's degree in English and four years of premarital office jobs. If she did not receive 75 percent of my assets and 50 percent of my earnings, in perpetuity, she would end up sleeping in subway stations and carrying her possessions in a shopping bag.

When it pleased her to demand equality, she did. When she wanted the privileges that women enjoyed when they were considered the weaker sex, she had no hesitation in demanding them. She thus manifested a universal human trait called wanting it both ways.

But, while one may admit the naturalness of a predator's appetite, one doesn't

have to cheerfully hand over one's arms and legs. Remember, you men who are eager to undo past injustices by giving women anything they ask for: Yesterday's victims of oppression are all too often tomorrow's tyrants.

Michael Dean  
San Francisco, California

## DIVORCE AND CHILD ABUSE

As a lawyer limiting his practice to family law, I've handled custody cases in more than 20 states in all regions of the country. Dozens of those cases involved charges of sexual abuse of children. The current rage is for a disgruntled spouse to accuse her former husband of sexual molestation.

Lynn Kaersvang of the Adams County Department of Social Services has gone on record estimating that 90 percent of the complaints of neglect and abuse her agency receives from noncustodial parents are baseless and 50 percent are made vindictively. I suspect that the figures are not much different in any other city.

Research done by Kenneth Pangborn in 1977 demonstrates that 67.9 percent of all physical and emotional child abuse is committed by custodial mothers, their boyfriends and their new husbands. According to Pangborn, a child has a seven times greater chance of being abused if he or she is in the custody of the mother than if he or she is in the custody of the father.

As author of *Winning Custody*, and in my 17 years' experience as a family lawyer, I've seen the dynamics of sexual abuse too often to recount: Start with a cold, unresponsive mother as a role model. The nubile child learns by observing her mother that sex is not an act of love but a tool by which to manipulate the opposite sex.

The daughter harbors understandable anger toward her mother for the mother's selfish decision to interrupt the healthy father-daughter relationship and to deprive the child of an intact family and a real father. The mother refuses to permit the new husband or boyfriend to enjoy the role of husband and protector. The daughter, having learned manipulateness from her own mother, seduces a sexually frustrated stepdad, soiling the mother's new relationship and holding the stepfather to ransom in the process.

Although sexual molestation of children no doubt has been with us to a lesser extent for millennia, in my opinion, the new wave is the direct product of liberal divorce legislation. We have converted the institution of marriage into not much more than a glorified going steady, rewarding those mothers who are narcissistic for excising the natural father from the day-to-day lives of their children, always to the detriment of the children and often to the doom of the mother's wish for a "new relationship."

Liberalization of the divorce laws was touted as a panacea to "eliminate acrimony"

mony" in divorce. Yet every time the legislative fire brigade arrives, the flames grow fiercer. One must wonder what it is they are pouring on the flames.

Maurice R. Franks  
Attorney at Law  
Denver, Colorado

## JURY NULLIFICATION

On the topic of juries, as raised in the November *Playboy Forum*: The writer of the letter exults in his knowledge that a jury can nullify a bad law. Your response is, "A lot of our readers are lawyers who may have news for you." That, sirs, sounds like a leading statement. You might as easily have referred your readers to *U.S. vs. Dougherty*, 473 F.2d 1113 (1972), and *U.S. vs. Moylan*, 417 F.2d 1002 (1969), which acknowledge that it is assumed that juries are aware of their right to judge both the law and the facts of cases and that judges therefore need not instruct juries as to that right.

(Name withheld by request)  
Kapaa, Kauai, Hawaii

Since the English Magna Charta in 1215, one of the major purposes of a citizen jury is to *not convict* under laws it feels are unfair. It is truly dangerous to assume that politicians are passing good laws and

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*"It is truly dangerous  
to assume that politicians  
are passing good laws."*

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that unconstitutional ones are weeded out. During the Civil War, the Dred Scott decision centered on fugitive slaves, with courts determining that slaves must be returned to their owners, like any other property. Juries of the North thought this was a bum rap and often wouldn't convict.

When Government officials saw that juries could veto political schemes, they wanted it mandated that juries could decide only the breaking of law, not the law itself. The question was debated back and forth, and in 1895 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in *Sparf vs. U.S.* 156 U.S. 51 that although juries have the right to ignore the judge's instructions on the law, *the juries shouldn't be aware of it!* Neat, huh?

Jury nullification isn't taught in Federally funded schools. The term isn't in the encyclopedia or the dictionary and it is dropped from law schools and references. Talk about George Orwell's being behind the times! All judicial mentions since 1895 acknowledge its existence only grudgingly, and judges refuse to tell juries about the power or to allow defense attorneys to refer to it. It is treated like a haunting, persistent ghost whose rare appearances are tolerated, deliberately ignored and certainly not encouraged.

Attorneys for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws could have a field day, and many of the current powers of the Government could be abolished if juries knew their rights and responsibilities. In many areas, juries will not convict for marijuana and other "morals" laws, so they aren't enforced. In Georgia, Indiana and Maryland, nullification is a constitutional part of the state judicial process.

We may have seen a form of jury nullification in the De Lorean trial. Revulsion against the Government has reached a point at which that jury was unwilling to convict. The \$1,000,000 indictment of singer Jerry Lee Lewis was thrown out by a jury of his peers in Memphis when the IRS apparently overstepped its bounds . . . for the umpteenth time.

Since, as you say, a lot of your readers are lawyers, I'm sure you are going to get some predictable answers. You could do them a favor by filling the gaps in the knowledge they failed to receive in law school. What have you got to lose, except some bad law?

P. A. Detches  
Huntington Beach, California  
*Anybody else?*

## BLACK AND WHITE

No doubt, by now, you have taken notice that in the past election, President Reagan was supported by 70 percent of white voters and ten percent of black voters. There may be a number of reasons for this, from Nancy's remark about seeing "all these beautiful white people" during a political reception to Reagansteinomics' sacking of affirmative action, voting-rights enforcement and social relief programs aimed at the impoverished ghetto and rural areas populated by blacks.

A more tangible reason may be the statistic that the average black-family income in the U.S. remains about 56 percent of the average white-family income—at virtually the same level as in 1960. In other words, the Reagan plan to rob from the poor and give to the rich (supply-side economics) is robbing more from blacks, proportionately, than from any other segment of society.

I wouldn't go so far as to say a vote for Reagan amounted to a vote for institutionalized economic racism . . . oh, fuck it, yes, I *would* say that. I and 90 percent of the blacks of America. Not that anybody's listening.

Tony Edward Brown  
St. Louis, Missouri

## NUKES ON WHEELS

Used to be, when I was a kid, the most interesting things to watch for on the highway were Burma Shave signs. When I got older, I'd look out for coed hitchhikers and/or radar traps. Times have changed. Moving across our highways today are semitrailer rigs filled with enough toxic chemicals and nuclear material to gag a

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## COKE COMES HOME

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Federal drug authorities say that Colombia's recent crackdown on cocaine laboratories is causing those operations to be moved to the U.S., where it's easier to obtain the ether and other



chemicals needed in the refining process. Officials report seizures of the crude cocaine base being smuggled into this country, with many new drug labs cropping up in such states as Florida, Kentucky and New York.

## "BABY DOE" LAW

WASHINGTON, D.C.—President Reagan has signed legislation permitting the criminal prosecution of medical personnel who withhold treatment to severely handicapped infants. The so-called Baby Doe bill, otherwise known as the Child Abuse Amendments of 1984, expands the definition of child abuse to include medical neglect except in cases where, in a doctor's "reasonable medical judgment," the infant is irretrievably comatose or would not survive even with treatment. The law requires states using Federal funds to operate child-protection programs to incorporate a number of new rules and regulations.

## HANDGUN BAN UPHELD

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—The Illinois Supreme Court has upheld the authority of the village of Morton Grove's ban on the possession of handguns by private citizens, and supporters of the ban believe that such laws will now be enacted in other cities. The decision followed unsuccessful appeals by pro-gun groups to several lower state and Federal courts, including the U.S. Supreme Court, which refused to hear the case. Since the Morton Grove law, Evanston and Oak Park, both

suburbs of Chicago, have enacted similar ordinances.

Meanwhile, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms reports that more than 3,000,000 handguns were manufactured in or imported into the U.S. in 1983, the most recent year for which figures are available, and a little-publicized Media General/Associated Press survey indicates that nearly half of all Americans have guns in their homes for self-defense and that about one in ten carries them for that purpose, legally or otherwise.

## DEATH PENALTY

ST. LOUIS—A study of homicides and executions in Illinois from 1933 to 1981 supports the belief of most sociologists that the death penalty does not deter murder. The research found that demographic factors—particularly the percentage of the population living in urban areas, unemployment and the proportion of the population male, nonwhite, aged 15 to 29—were tied to fluctuations in the murder rate. The study was conducted by associate professors Scott Decker and Carol Kohfeld of the University of Missouri at St. Louis, who chose Illinois because it maintained accurate records and was a representative state in terms of the population variables examined. The findings in Illinois were supported by data from the five states with the highest number of executions since 1930—Texas, California, Georgia, North Carolina and New York.

In Nebraska, meanwhile, officers at the state penitentiary caught a death-row inmate swapping places with his identical twin, who is also an inmate, and were trying to decide whether the switch was part of an escape plan or simply a prank.

## LIEN AND MEAN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Internal Revenue Service has removed a lien from the house of a Billings, Montana, woman, has returned \$140 it seized from her savings account and has stopped trying to collect on the cash value of her life-insurance policy—punishments it had imposed because of the innocuous note on her tax return, "Signed involuntarily under penalty of statutory punishment." In a similar case, a former suburban Cleveland schoolteacher offended the IRS by writing on the return envelope, "Fund for ex-actors; illegal armaments for dictators" and, what was worse, drawing a line through the paragraph on the form acknowledging a penalty for false statements. The latter taxpayer is still being fined, and both have filed lawsuits charging the IRS with violating their First Amendment rights to free speech.

## OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

SAN FRANCISCO—A Federal judge has dismissed an \$80,000 damage suit against the U.S. Government by a female ex-soldier who was beaten and raped at Fort Ord in 1982. The Army had rejected the claim on the ground that rape was a risk that came with the job, and the Federal-court ruling cited a 1950 Supreme Court decision finding the military immune from damages for negligence connected with military service. The 26-year-old plaintiff argued that "no woman, whether in the military or not, should be required to submit to rape," and her attorney said he would appeal the decision to the Ninth Circuit.

## FALSE ACCUSATION

LOS ANGELES—A superior-court judge has upheld a \$6,000,000 award to an Encino multimillionaire who had sued his estranged wife, a former Philippine movie star, for having him falsely arrested on child-molestation charges. The defendant's bill included \$4,000,000 for emotional distress and \$2,000,000 in punitive damages after a jury concluded that no molestation had occurred.

## THE ROCK OR THE HARD PLACE

SALEM, VIRGINIA—A man hauled back into court for not paying court costs after his conviction on traffic charges was given the choice of going to prison or getting a job and marrying his live-in girlfriend. The threat of prison stemmed from



his having violated the terms of probation on an earlier conviction, and he opted for the job and marriage. The county judge who gave him the alternatives was said to have been "pleased as punch." The probationer said he had wanted to get married anyway.

continent of maggots, not to mention people.

I don't know about you, but I get pissed off about that, especially about the rigs filled with parts and plutonium destined for nuclear-bomb assembly. According to an article in *The Progressive* magazine, the Department of Energy hauls more than three fourths of its nuclear-weapons components by truck, logging up to 4,500,000 miles a year. On highways—you know, like the ones you and I use.

Some of us don't think this is safe or secure. Although the trucks are supposedly well protected, there is no reason to assume that they are any less vulnerable to random accident—or hijacking—than anything else on 18 wheels.

Perhaps most annoying is that the trucks are unmarked. That doesn't really fool anybody looking for them, but it does endanger drivers and communities through which those vehicles pass. If the Government's going to move radioactive

matter through my town, I'd like to know about it and know that the truck has plenty of protection, even an escort. Not only would such efforts safeguard the contents but they would give the American people a concrete idea of just how large and how pervasive the nuclear-bomb-production network is.

To that end, a group called Nukewatch, headquartered in Madison, Wisconsin, has assembled a national network of nuketruck spotters to help document the move-

*letter from ireland*

## LOVE AND CELTIC LAW

Many Americans may think that the U.S. legal system is weird in matters of sex, but to see true legal surrealism in action requires a visit to Ireland.

To begin with, Irish law, like Irish speech, is both eloquent and elusive.

"I saw your man yesterday," one chap says in a pub.

"Oh," says the next chap, "and is he . . . ?"

"Not at all, man. No trouble there" is the answer.

You may think drug smuggling or I.R.A. activities are being discussed. You may wonder who "your man" is and what business he has and how he avoided "trouble," but there may be no dark mystery at all; the Irish just do not like being understood too quickly by strangers. They developed that preference during 800 years of foreign occupation, when informers were everywhere; 60 years of independence have not changed it. Irish laws are not intended to be understood by strangers, either.

PLAYBOY readers may be amazed to learn that all forms of contraception were illegal in Ireland until five years ago; such is the hold of the Catholic hierarchy on Irish politics. The Family Planning Act of 1979 changed things, sort of. Many people here, including feminists and other radicals, think that the act makes contraceptives legal for the married—*only* for the married—but that is not necessarily so. It makes contraceptives legal for those "practicing bona fide family planning." What does that mean? Anybody using a condom is practicing family planning in that he plans to prevent pregnancy, but is marriage a condition of family? You may as well ask who "your man" is in our hypothetical pub conversation. Nobody knows.

Since January 1978, several family-planning clinics and Well Woman Centers, as some are called, have appeared

in the larger cities, selling contraceptives to both the married and the unmarried. Are they breaking the law? Maybe yes, maybe no. For four years, the police insisted to angry right-wingers that they had no evidence that the law was being violated (which could be true, since nobody knows what the law is). Finally, they made a few arrests, perhaps deciding that only a married couple constitutes a family for purposes of definition. The first cases to reach the courts were thrown out on legal technicalities. Prior to those arrests, the delicacy of the police had been explained in the press: Many cops bought their own condoms from those clinics. (When I checked this with a Dublin Well Woman Center, I was told bluntly, "Of course they do.") Since then, the delicacy of the courts has been even more esoteric and Celtic.

A while back, Dr. Andrew Rynne, president of the Irish Family Planning Association, tried to force a test case. He sold condoms to his unmarried next-door neighbor, and then they both went to the police to report the crime (if it is one). This was too clear-cut a case to be dismissed on a technicality. He was fined, but it was dismissed on appeal. Peering into the mists of the Celtic twilight, one can only guess that nobody really wants a test case, since it might go, by existing international agreement, to the European Supreme Court—strangers unversed in the poetry of Irish law—with unforeseeable and un-Hibernian consequences. Meanwhile, Dr. Rynne has announced to all media that he is still selling contraceptives to the unmarried, but the police, acting as if they cannot read newspapers, ignore him. You must remember, of course, that only God knows what bona fide family planning is, and maybe contraceptives are legal for those who are wed in His eyes. And maybe not.

Such ambiguous legislation is sarcastically called an "Irish solution to an Irish problem" by critics. It saves the politicians from head-on collision with the Catholic Church, while still making concessions to reality. Similarly, the 1983 anti-abortion amendment to the Family Planning Act guarantees to protect the life of the unborn but "with equal regard for the life of the mother." No two lawyers in Ireland agree on what *that* means, but most suspect that it means that abortion is somehow legal in some cases, despite the intent of the conservative forces that supported that amendment.

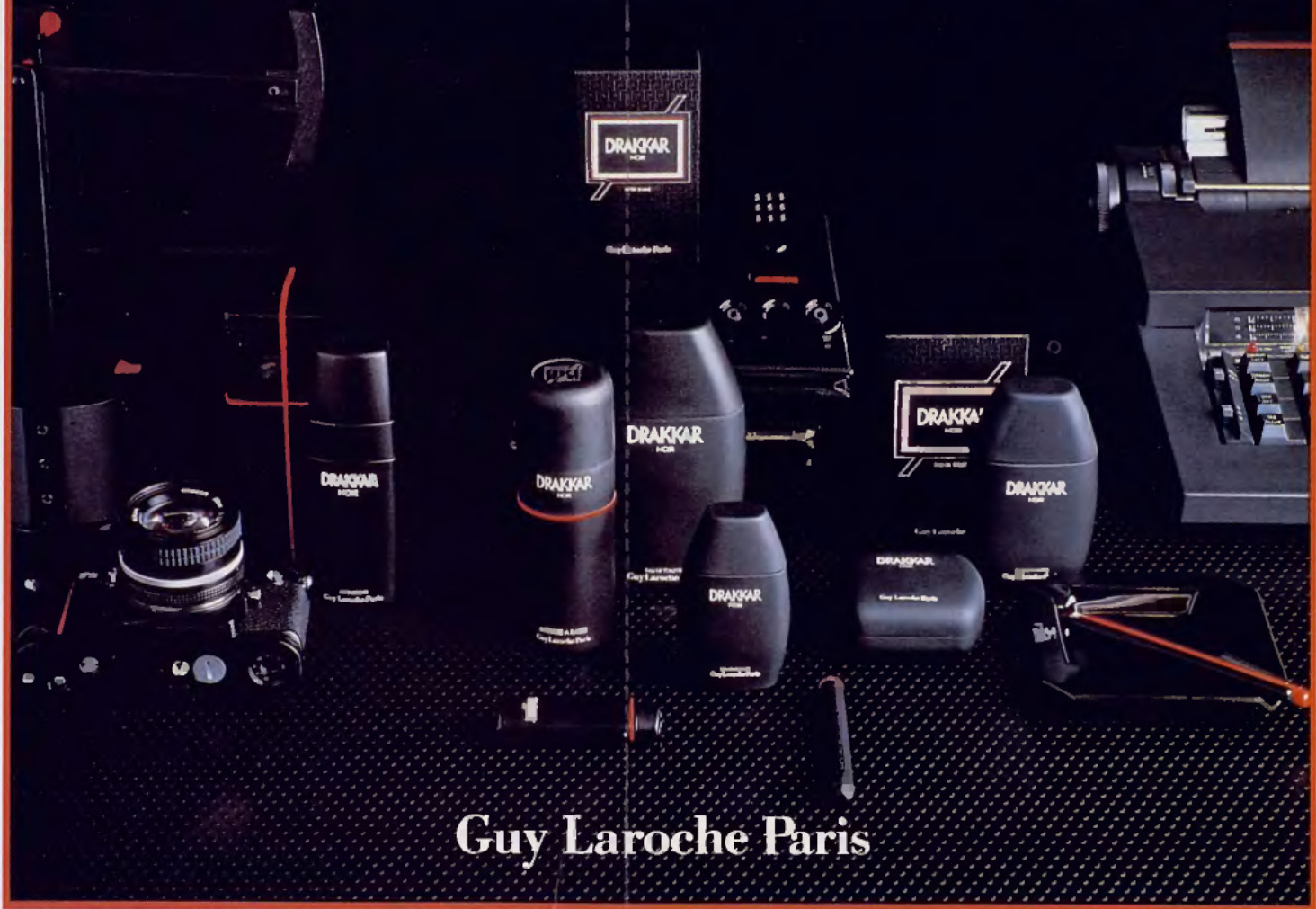
Similarly, divorce is illegal here in *all* cases, with *no* exceptions. However, it takes only £50 (about \$60) for a round-trip ticket to England, and English divorces, though frowned on by the Church, are legally recognized here. The law, in effect, says: You can't get divorced in Ireland, but for the price of the ferryboat ticket, you can get divorced in England and come back to Ireland a single person in the eyes of the law, if not the Church. The same dodge applies to abortion: The round-trip fare is still £50, and not even the most right-wing groups suggest giving pregnancy tests to all Irish women going to Liverpool on the overnight ferry and then retesting them when they get home.

I have great admiration for the politicians here. They are progressive in most matters, antimilitaristic and peace-loving and surprisingly well educated. The sex laws they write combine a genuine desire to be humane with the certain knowledge that anyone who openly opposes the Church is doomed at the next election.

—ROBERT ANTON WILSON  
Dublin, Ireland

*Robert Anton Wilson is a former PLAYBOY editor and author of many books, including the classic "Illuminatus Trilogy" (with Robert Shea).*

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ment of those vehicles. Nukewatch can give details about what to look for on the Department of Energy trucks and how to look for it.

(Name withheld by request)  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*If you want to avoid throwing yourself in front of the wrong big, ominous-looking, unmarked truck, you can contact the Nukewatch people at 315 West Gorham, Madison, Wisconsin 53703.*

#### GETTING THE SHAFT?

A little-known provision of the Tax Reform Act of 1984 signed into law by President Reagan last July 18 may be of interest to your readers. Guys, under prior law, an excise tax had been placed upon your arrow if it was 18 inches or more in length and required a pull of ten pounds or more. The new law, which became effective September 30, 1984, changes Internal Revenue Code Section 4161 and imposes an 11 percent excise tax on your arrow if it is less than 18 inches long (a pull of ten pounds or more is still required). One of your worst fears may have been realized.

Robert M. Arlen  
Attorney at Law  
Pompano Beach, Florida

*Suffice it to say that the three pages of tax-law documentation and explanation supplied by attorney Arlen and pertaining to such minutiae of sporting equipment as arrow length might well be grounds for the bow-and-arrow equivalent of a Boston Tea Party, protesting the governmental costs of cooking up such quibbles. This particular effort at revenue enhancement could be construed as one of the most subtle efforts yet by the Reagan Administration to avoid "raising taxes" by balancing the Federal budget on the backs of American bowmen.*

#### NOT QUITE EQUAL

In his November *Playboy Forum* letter, Steve Charnovitz makes the amazing assertion that a new E.R.A. should concern itself with "equal rights in things that matter—such as employment and education"—but not with the draft. If a woman, because of her sex, is denied a career promotion, then that constitutes a wrong to be rectified. But if a man, because of his sex, is wrenched from his job and assigned dangerous and distasteful tasks for buck private's wages, the proposed amendment is silent. And, moreover, if that man is sent to an unchosen death in an uncharted jungle, is that, too, a "thing that doesn't matter"?

Understand, no one is suggesting that the draft be extended to include women. Many, indeed, feel that the 13th Amendment essentially resolved the conscription question by categorically prohibiting involuntary servitude, except as punishment for a crime. But an "equal rights" measure that explicitly legitimized involuntary military servitude for exactly one of the two equal sexes would constitute

a swindle so blatant as to be laughed out of any legislative forum considering it.

Chuck Hammill  
Los Angeles, California

#### COLONEL COLT

I am a 97-pound (give or take 40 pounds) weakling with no stomach for violence—hand to hand or otherwise. I like peace and harmony and have good will toward my fellow man (and my fellow woman, too, just to keep the record straight). I work fairly hard, earn a tolerably good living and want only to be left alone to enjoy the fruits of my labor. I do not even like to contemplate trying to deal rationally with one or more street punks of any age, race, religion or national origin who might size me up as an easy target for whatever violent impulses fulfilled their emotional or financial needs of the moment. In the past three years, there have been two occasions when the little .25 automatic pistol I inherited from my sainted father (which I carry in my wallet pocket) allowed me the time and opportunity to discuss with some mean-spirited and quite muscular gentlemen the fact that I vote Democratic, support the E.R.A., believe in legal abortion, donate to Pacifica Radio, save whales to the best of my limited ability, strongly oppose sexual discrimination against women and desire

---

*"God created men,  
but Colonel Colt  
made them equal."*

---

enforcement of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Call me a Second Amendment liberal, if you will, but I was able to bore my audience to death without a shot fired, and they left me in peace, in accordance with the old saying "God created men, but Colonel Colt made them equal."

(Name withheld by request)  
New York, New York

*Since you're looking at a mandatory prison term for thumbing your nose at New York gun laws, we'll do you the favor of withholding your name until you come to your humanitarian senses, lay down your arms and no longer constitute a threat to the local muggers.*

#### BROAD WHAT?

I was disappointed that you failed to uncode the slogan on the button on the blouse of the woman in the natural-foods store, as described by J. Rodney Davis in the November *Playboy Forum*. It read, THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS WITH A BROADSWORD. You cutely responded that such a weapon was better for decapitating, unless there was a pun on the word broad. I think the problem is improper word division and the button should be read THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS WITH A BROAD'S WORD; i.e.,

when a woman pledges to love a man forever, those words instantly endear her to his heart.

See how easy that was?

Daniel Valentine Waters  
Kansas City, Missouri

You said a broadsword would be better for decapitating or dismembering than for piercing. Same is true for a "broad's word."

D. Baker  
Red Jacket, West Virginia

Davis missed a golden opportunity by not asking the woman to explain the meaning or intent of the button. It could have been the opening gambit to a truly interesting experience.

Conrad R. Powell, Sr.  
Altoona, Pennsylvania

Davis may have been standing too close to what the button was pinned on not to figure that one out.

Larry Cole  
Tampa, Florida

Davis probably encountered a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc.—S.C.A. for short. We re-create the Middle Ages in any number of ways, such as battling with broadswords and shields. Here in Caerthe (Denver, to you), we have the proud slogan "Do it in chain mail."

Gigi Bates  
Denver, Colorado

I was underwhelmed by your naïveté. Of course it means "The way to a man's heart is with a broad's word." Doesn't that jump out at you?

A broad is not a wife or a live-in or a person of commitment. A broad is a woman who has been around the track a few times. Husbands who are denied wonderful crazy rolls in the hay by their goody-goody wives turn, if they have any smarts, to broads. A broad may be a widow, a divorcee, a never-married woman. She wants nothing permanent except her independence. She simply enjoys making a man sexually happy for the moment.

A broad's word is a pretty damned reliable one. And so it follows that it is the way to a man's heart.

Ester M. Keith  
Hawthorne, California

*We didn't want to spoil the fun for the dozens of readers who took us to task for our literalism and responded along the lines of Waters and Baker. But note that the mailbox also held a few surprises.*

---

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: "60 MINUTES"

*a candid conversation about hard news, muckraking and showbiz with the creator and correspondents of america's most trusted television show*

On Tuesday, September 24, 1968, 16 television seasons ago, CBS broadcast yet another documentary type of program. Of that first show, the reviewer for *Daily Variety* later wrote: "If it had been a newspaper, it would not have sold many copies. The stories were dated and the magazine format, lifted from print, pretentious. There were too many producers with too little imagination." The program was "60 Minutes," and before it was moved to a Sunday-evening time slot, it threatened to become just another well-intentioned CBS News program. Instead, it became a national institution.

As comfortable as a pair of old tasseled loafers, the insistent tick, tick, tick of its stop watch each week signals to an average 35,000,000 viewers that their guys—and now their gal—are on to something: Some wretched larceny will be exposed; some Government bumbling will be laid bare; some petty dictator will squirm.

From its uninspired beginning in 1968 through the spare Nielsen winters of the Seventies, the show endured—just barely. As late as 1975, it finished 52nd out of 65 in the rat-

ings. But then it began to climb rapidly, helped by the decision in 1976 to "bump the network" (meaning that CBS' entire schedule would be pushed back in the event of a football runover); and by 1980, it found itself in the most improbable situation any news-dominated TV program had ever stumbled into: It was number one.

In the years since, swapping the top spot from week to week with the likes of "Dallas" and "Dynasty," "60 Minutes" has been firmly ensconced at the top, making headlines many Monday mornings with its stories and reportedly netting the network more than \$60,000,000 a year—by far the most profitable continuous CBS broadcast ever.

Most observers would agree that it is the show's personality that is responsible for its continuing impact on American life. Not only has its format been widely imitated but other programs have sought—largely unsuccessfully—to produce the kind of chemistry evident in its on-air correspondents. That chemistry is not the hoked-up chatter that passes for chemistry at happy-talk local news stations. For, as strong as its reporting has

been, as fortuitous as its time slot is, "60 Minutes" has had the advantage from the start of strong, vivid host/narrators who have become as familiar to American viewers as members of their family.

There was Harry Reasoner, the wry, acerbic uncle who delivered the goods journalistically but never appeared to take them—or himself—too seriously. There was Mike Wallace, the brilliant, sometimes nasty older brother whose relentless pursuit of the guilty (and the timid) became set pieces in the show. When Reasoner left, Morley Safer came aboard, and his combination of light, whimsically written pieces and often hard-hitting dispatches made him a trusted younger brother. Then, for a spell, there was earnest, good ol' boy Dan Rather, who could give it to you with a straight drawl or dress up like an Afghani if it meant getting the story. Then came Ed Bradley, whose soft-spoken and often intensely personal reports made him the first black reporter to become a comfortable part of America's extended TV family. And, finally, Diane Sawyer, the most recent addition, the undeniably glamorous sister who



**BRADLEY:** "To be able to stand up in the Khyber Pass and say, 'Here's little Butch Bradley from West Philly. Alexander the Great passed here 2500 years ago.' God, that's a kick!"



**SAWYER:** "So far, everyone has been extraordinarily generous about their producers, their stories, about letting me get my feet wet. What happens a year from now—check with me."



**SAFER:** "Being on '60 Minutes' means people return your calls. If somebody doesn't want to give you an interview, he wouldn't give it to Jesus Christ if he called."



**REASONER:** "Our influence is evanescent. We may create a fuss about something, there may be an outcry in Congress, maybe even hearings, but then . . . it goes away."



**HEWITT:** "Ambush journalism is what print reporters call something they've done since the penny press. I don't think you're entitled to privacy when you're committing malfeasance."



**WALLACE:** "In TV journalism, we wince at the word performer, but the fact of the matter is that there is a performance involved. That doesn't mean it's phony or theatrical."

went off to make good in a less traditional way than the boys did, then joined the family in the nation's living rooms.

In between its revealing interviews with the likes of the shah of Iran and the Ayatollah Khomeini and its exposés of wrongdoing in corporate board rooms and in Government bureaucracies, "60 Minutes" spun electronic journalism off in dozens of new directions—not all of them positive. Ambush journalism—the practice of catching someone unawares in the unputting glare of the TV lights—became an "in" thing for local reporters trying to make names for themselves. Criticisms of "60 Minutes'" editing techniques, about what got left out and what was broadcast, began to arise. There were also questions asked about oversimplification, as very complex issues were reduced to 12 or 14 minutes a segment.

There have been many other questions as well—about checkbook journalism, about celebrity journalism—enough, in fact, that we thought it time to attempt an unusual journalistic challenge: that of interviewing the correspondents and the creator of the show as a group, not merely as journalists pursuing private careers. It also meant including as first among equals Don Hewitt, the originator and boss of "60 Minutes," a man less well known to the public but celebrated, respected and, some would say, just a bit notorious among his peers in the profession.

For the task we chose free-lance journalist Morgan Strong, whose recent "Playboy Interview" with Lebanese war lord Walid Jumblatt (July 1984) gave him what we felt was the necessary stamina to track down five globe-trotting journalists and a hyperenergetic producer. His six-year stint as an infantryman in the Marines didn't hurt, either.

It took him five months to complete the "Interview." Because of their schedules, the correspondents were almost never together. Thus, most of the interviews took place one on one (though sometimes one correspondent would drop in on another's interview session) and were later edited by topic. The sessions took place just out of earshot of dozens of producers and researchers hard at work tracking down new stories and preparing background reports and questions for use by the correspondents. For the record, the "Playboy Interview" was conducted by one reporter, who prepared all his own questions and used a single tape recorder. Strong's report:

"Grilling Mike Wallace was a breeze. The assignment began with an interview with him at his home in Martha's Vineyard. Wallace, who had put off PLAYBOY's requests before, was supposedly reluctant when it came to the other end of a microphone, and given his reputation as the toughest journalistic gunslinger in town, I expected trouble. But he couldn't have been more cooperative. Perhaps it was the setting: His vacation home, with a manicured lawn sloping down to a picturesque, yacht-filled bay, is a tough place to be surly. His autobiography, 'Close Encounters,' had just come out to favorable reviews, and he had re-upped with CBS for a reported \$1,000,000 a year. The weather was nice, too.

"Next on our hit list was Don Hewitt, the energetic founder and producer of the show. My conversations with him (and subsequent ones with the other correspondents) took place on the ninth floor of the skyscraper across the street from the sprawling CBS Broadcast Center on West 57th Street in New York City. A vast warren of cubbyholes and spacious offices occupying nearly the entire floor, the nerve center for '60 Minutes' roughly corresponds to the hierarchy of the show itself: bright, airy offices with views of New York Harbor for Hewitt and the star correspondents; but for the producers, those often nameless people whom many credit with the show's imagination and solidity, a series of spare, cramped offices. That, as they say everywhere else, is showbiz.

"Speaking of nerve centers, the impression one gets of Hewitt, forever interrupting himself or jumping up to resolve a crisis, is of a combination of Edward R. Murrow and Mel Brooks—perhaps without the latter's level of high anxiety. With his tweedy look, he doesn't even dress like the CBS powerhouse he obviously is. I had been told that he had the attention span of a gnat, and though that was largely true, he obviously enjoyed this chance to alight from time to time

---

*"Mike and I have argued this publicly: 'How do you get flies—with honey or with vinegar?'"*

---

and talk about his work at some length. In fact, when we first sat down to talk, we were chatting about similarities between the kinds of interview PLAYBOY does and the exhaustive profiles '60 Minutes' does, and Hewitt remarked, 'Yeah, I kind of wondered when you guys would get around to doing us.'

"Beyond Hewitt's office are the ones belonging to Wallace, Safer, Bradley and Reasoner. Sawyer's office, being prepared for her when I was there, has taken the space formerly allotted to Captain Kangaroo. That's showbiz, too.

"Although similar to the others in space and layout, Bradley's office is the most interesting—the sound of soft jazz is piped in continuously, and plants hang everywhere in an easy and cluttered atmosphere. Reasoner's office is filled to the ceiling with books and reminded me of a crusty judge's chambers. Safer's wall is adorned with the mangled propeller of an airplane that he cracked up once while attempting a take-off. Since Safer is not a pilot, he was unable to offer me any sort of rational explanation.

"Here's what I liked best: Although there were all sorts of electronic editing gadgets and screens scrolling text throughout the offices on the ninth floor, I noticed that by the desks of Hewitt and the three senior corre-

spondents of '60 Minutes' were placed chunky old manual typewriters. It was comforting."

**PLAYBOY:** Mike, as we understand it, when 60 Minutes was first being put together, Harry Reasoner was chosen as the sole anchor. Then came the idea of a second anchor. Do you think they chose you as Harry's opposite?

**WALLACE:** As Harry said, "humorless, unpleasant, uncivilized"—a complete contrast to this gentle and cultivated soul Reasoner. Yes, they certainly found their man in me.

**PLAYBOY:** And now there is talk about the latest correspondent, Diane Sawyer, conceivably replacing the first, Reasoner—

**WALLACE:** Those stories about Reasoner's leaving the broadcast are simply not true. Harry just came through the best year he's had since he came to 60 Minutes. How that story got any circulation I have no idea. It's a disservice to Diane and to Harry and to 60 Minutes generally. I'm getting a little older and don't travel the way I used to.

**PLAYBOY:** What can we conclude from that?

**WALLACE:** What will happen, and has been happening, is that I will begin to back off. That's one of the reasons Sawyer is aboard.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds like a retirement announcement to us. But before we talk more about retirement, Harry, do you remember it the way Mike does—that he was added to balance your more sophisticated image?

**REASONER:** It was news to me when Mike said in his book [*Close Encounters*] that the show was originally designed for me and then they brought him in. It was not clear to me at all at the time, and it was not clear to me that we were a good combination. Finally, it was also unclear what 60 Minutes was going to become. I remember that I went on substituting for Cronkite about 20 percent of the time and doing the Sunday-night news and specials and a lot of things. 60 Minutes was something that was on every Tuesday, sometimes.

**PLAYBOY:** There was supposedly tension between you and Mike at first.

**REASONER:** *Au contraire.* I think Mike would agree—we became lovers almost immediately. [Laughter] Of course, there was immediately a substantial difference in style. Mike and I have argued this publicly, and it goes back to the old question "How do you get flies—with honey or with vinegar?" Mike gets a lot of flies with vinegar and I get just as many with honey. It's not a difference in intent or a difference in the goals of reporting; it's a difference in how you do it.

**PLAYBOY:** Morley, you were the third one hired, and you've been quoted as saying, "Let's face it: We're not the four best reporters in the world; what we have going for us is [executive producer] Don Hewitt."

**SAFER:** Hewitt said this? [Laughter] Oh! I said this? [Laughter] Yeah, I think so. I think that's true. His talents are unique, to the extent that when you've got Don's attention, nothing else gets his attention. He just focuses. It may be difficult to get his attention sometimes. And he's terrifically loyal as a boss. You feel that you're not standing there ass-naked. And he believes in the broadcast; that's important. The show is also lucrative for all of us [laughs]. He would do anything to save it.

**PLAYBOY:** Ed, we're trying to pin down the beginnings of *60 Minutes* and determine who gets the credit or the blame. As the fourth of the present reporters hired, do you agree that Hewitt is *60 Minutes'* main strength?

**BRADLEY:** We're four different personalities—five now. We have different ways of approaching a story, different ideas; and, obviously, some of us do one thing better than the others. No one does better than Mike does at his type of story, and the same is true of Morley and Harry. But Hewitt is something else. You can go in to Hewitt with a piece that's in trouble, where there are elements of a good story but it's just not working, and he can take the thing and just say, "Ah, wait a minute, no, you don't want to start there; start with this and end with this." He knows what will work. When he is on, I have never seen anyone as good as he is. When he's off, he's terrible. And he has off days.

But he has a remarkable amount of energy and good cheer. He kind of sets the tone around here, and that's his gift.

**PLAYBOY:** Diane, we just left Mike Wallace, and he suggests that contrary to the rumors about your replacing Harry Reasoner, it's Mike you'll be replacing in the long run. He has said he's going to "begin to back off."

**SAWYER:** It was never true that I was going to replace Harry. But don't tell me that Mike is going to leave! I don't even want to hear that! I don't want to think about that! He *can't* leave! I'm going to have my teeth in his ankles [laughs] to prevent him from going out the door.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with Morley's assessment that Don Hewitt is *60 Minutes'* not-so-secret weapon?

**SAWYER:** Yes. The guiding, self-renewing, revitalizing genius.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you are working for Hewitt, what are your impressions of him?

**SAWYER:** I thought I had been in the business a long time and I thought I had worked with a lot of people, and you come in sometimes thinking you're sort of smart. You know how to do a piece, and you get in that first screening with Hewitt, and he's trying to be very diplomatic. He says, "You know, I think we could make this a little better," and the next thing you know [laughs], the whole thing has been rearranged. And he's right, and you realize that he's operating on a level above any on

which you've seen people operate.

**PLAYBOY:** Don, among other nice things being said about you is that you invented the wheel in this television-news business; you are, or were, the *Wunderkind* of television. Let's talk about that for a bit.

**HEWITT:** Isn't that awful? I guess at 62 I ought to stop being the *Wunderkind* of television, don't you think?

**PLAYBOY:** That's what you were called in the late Forties.

**HEWITT:** That's right. You know why? Because there wasn't much talent around. The real talent when I came here in 1948 was in the entertainment division. Sidney Lumet, Bobby Mulligan, Franklin Schaffner—they were directors here then. They all left and went to Hollywood. Schaffner was the last to go. We were codirectors on the *Evening News*, but he left for Hollywood and made *Patton*, *Nicholas and Alexandra* and *Papillon*.

**PLAYBOY:** But you stayed and made a career in television news; some people credit you with bringing it out of the Stone Age.

**HEWITT:** Like most things, that's exaggerated. Let me tell you a little about myself to kind of explain it. When I was a kid, I went to the movies every Saturday, and for all of us kids, the people on the screen were our heroes. There were Tarzan and Tom Mix, and none of the kids knew which screen hero they wanted to be most. That was never my problem. When I walked out of the moviehouse, I knew I wanted to



# What are friends worth?



be either Julian Marsh, the director in *42nd Street*, or Hildy Johnson, the reporter in *The Front Page*. And one day, along came television and, by God, I could be both of them!

**PLAYBOY:** You were a journalist during World War Two, weren't you?

**HEWITT:** I was a civilian war correspondent. I was all of 20 years old. I had the dubious distinction of being the youngest accredited war correspondent in the U. S. at that time—whatever that means.

**PLAYBOY:** After the war, you were an editor for Acme News pictures. From there, you were hired by CBS and became a director. You got into the business of political coverage pretty early.

**HEWITT:** Yeah, Douglas Edwards and I worked together at the 1948 Democratic Convention. I was an associate director. Ed Chester, then the head of the news division at CBS, tapped me to become the director and eventually the producer of *CBS Evening News*. The show was going to be on the air five nights a week for 15 minutes. In those days, people said you couldn't do the show five nights a week, because it was too complicated.

**PLAYBOY:** You became the producer, a term you coined, which in effect meant that you were responsible for both the technical and the editorial direction of the show. It was unique at the time.

**HEWITT:** Yeah, but it's a misnomer and never should have happened. Nobody should be called a producer in television news. We're all reporters. They call me an executive producer, but that's a dumb thing to call anybody. David Merrick is a producer. Darryl Zanuck was a producer. That's not what we are. But television decided to borrow the names and titles used in Hollywood and on Broadway, and somehow those titles became attached to the guys in the news division.

**PLAYBOY:** Whatever the title, the job involved being in charge of both the technical and the editorial sides. Why both?

**HEWITT:** I discovered that the technical had to complement the editorial, just as a good newspaper or a good magazine decides that a certain layout, a certain type face or the placement of pictures enhances the story. I realized that working with broadcasters' pauses and inflections, the way they look and sound, is to broadcasting what putting in commas and semicolons is to print editing. That's how you punctuate. We punctuate with inflections, with voice delivery, with visual elements. I grew up as a big fan of *Life* magazine. In fact, that's what *60 Minutes* is—*Life* magazine on TV.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you accept the credit—or the blame—for setting the style for TV news broadcasts, as reputed?

**HEWITT:** I think that probably happened, because I was the only guy around who had the wit to realize that you had to put yourself in the place of a television viewer. Always—every piece I've ever looked at or look at today—I say to myself, "If I were a

guy sitting at home, would I like this?" In the early days, I became obsessive about it. On the Doug Edwards broadcast, I would take brown paper and cut out figures and tape them to the screen and stalk around the room, saying, "If a guy is sitting 20 feet away, are those figures big enough?"

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true you tried to get Douglas Edwards to learn Braille?

**HEWITT:** Absolutely. I never understood why people laughed at that idea. Before they had TelePrompTers, guys had to look down at their scripts. It was a great idea!

**PLAYBOY:** You also created the revolutionary two-projector shot, didn't you?

**HEWITT:** Yeah, it was a little technical razzle-dazzle. Up to that point, there was a single sound system, so you couldn't break away, and editing was tough. Just one of those ideas. Someone else would have thought of it six months later.

**PLAYBOY:** And didn't you invent the term anchor man?

**HEWITT:** I'm not sure if it was CBS chief Sig Mickelson or myself, but it came out of a conversation we had about our correspondents at the '52 Convention and how

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*"I know the trouble you can get yourself into doing an interview. There are no indiscreet questions, just indiscreet answers."*

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Cronkite would be the "anchor leg"—the best guy on a relay team being the anchor. It has nothing to do with boats, as people assume. But it's such a silly thing to call anybody—an anchor man! I love it when a local anchor man goes out on a story—you know what they call him? A "floating anchor." Isn't that terrific? I mean, it's such a fucking nutty business!

**PLAYBOY:** Your early style was considered a little abrasive. You modeled yourself after your *Front Page* hero, scrambling after the scoop and causing a lot of distress at CBS.

**HEWITT:** Sure, no doubt about it. I was a little abrasive when I came here. I guess I did rub a lot of people the wrong way. I look back at some of the things I did that I would never do again. I was young and stupid. I brought a different style to CBS News. [Laughs] I think people looked at me, to use Mike Wallace's favorite phrase, like a hair in their soup. I think that today if somebody came around and did under my aegis some of the things that I did, I'd throw him out the door.

**PLAYBOY:** Your behavior in those days has been described as manic. You did some pretty bizarre things.

**HEWITT:** Yeah, like throwing pencils through the control-room window. It started out a genuine frenzy and after a while, it became an act. When Mickelson was the head of CBS News, he'd call me around four o'clock and say he had visitors coming up to watch me direct Edwards with the *News*, and ask me to put on a show for them. And I would spin like a top and whirl like a dervish. I had a lot of nervous energy. [Laughs] But you grow up. **PLAYBOY:** Mike Wallace had a similar reputation as a maverick when he arrived, didn't he?

**HEWITT:** Mike and I were both looked at as interlopers: How did *these* guys get into the club? We're both more dignified now. But I'll tell you one thing: I'm 62; Mike is, what—66 or 67? Mike and I can beat any kid in the house on any story, anywhere, any time.

**PLAYBOY:** There was a period during the Sixties when you fell out of grace with CBS and were, in effect, exiled. Was that when you got the idea for *60 Minutes*?

**HEWITT:** That's right. And there wasn't much excitement about it, either. Richard Salant [then president of CBS News] says today, frankly, he thought it was a terrible idea.

**PLAYBOY:** The curious thing is that when you came up with the idea, you were out of favor. Reasoner was having trouble and Wallace, as you said, was something of an outsider. It seems as if they gave it to the guys they didn't know what to do with.

**HEWITT:** Right. Harry and I were out of favor. But Mike; they just didn't know *what* the hell to make of Mike. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Mike, in your book, you wrote that on those rare occasions when you are interviewed, you can see a gleam in the reporter's eye. Why the gleam?

**WALLACE:** It's a gleam that means, "OK, now it's your turn, buster."

**PLAYBOY:** Yet it was relatively difficult to pin you down for an *Interview*. Have you, of all people, been shy?

**WALLACE:** Well, one thing is that you don't want to betray—betray may be the wrong word—you don't want to let people know what your politics are, if, indeed, you have politics. [Smiles] I also know the trouble you can get yourself into doing an interview. It's said that there are no indiscreet questions, just indiscreet answers.

**PLAYBOY:** You developed your reputation as a tough reporter on the old *Night Beat* show, didn't you?

**WALLACE:** Yes. I had never really thought seriously about journalism as a career, because I felt that I didn't have sufficient background. I'd never really worked for a newspaper. My main experience was as a rip-and-read announcer on NBC radio in the Forties. In the middle Fifties, I decided that maybe television interviews were the kind of thing I'd want to do. So we put together a news department at channel five in New York.

**PLAYBOY:** The set of *Night Beat* was a bit theatrical and intimidating, wasn't it?



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**WALLACE:** The dark studio with two or three cameras and the glaring spotlight and the cigarette smoke and the close-ups of people's faces—things like that?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, some of the same effects you later used on *60 Minutes*. Your best interviews are perceived to be those in which the subject is obviously uncomfortable, where you're grilling him.

**WALLACE:** You mean when the interviewee begins to sweat and squirm and so forth? Yes, that probably follows my having established a chemistry of confidentiality and relaxing the interviewee to the point where he thinks he can really level with me and suddenly says, "Hey, wait a minute. What have I done? Now I'm in trouble. Now I'm going to have to answer candidly and honestly. Well, perhaps I'd better come clean."

**PLAYBOY:** You mention in your book that your little group would gleefully search for ways to deflate the pompous and the fatuous among your subjects.

**WALLACE:** Indeed, we did.

**PLAYBOY:** Then was the point of the program to embarrass the subject?

**WALLACE:** The essence was not so much to deflate as to get at the truth. Really. I mean, it wasn't deflation for deflation's sake.

**PLAYBOY:** But there were occasions when you went beyond what was reasonable, weren't there?

**WALLACE:** As in the interview I did with Al Capp? I had no argument with Capp going in. It didn't occur to me that there was going to be much there beyond a kind of self-drawn profile of this very inventive and funny comic-strip artist.

**PLAYBOY:** But you effectively destroyed the guy oncamera, and you later regretted it.

**WALLACE:** I regretted it eventually, because, in effect, I caught him without his psychiatrist. I got caught up in the process in a strange way. He was sweating and uncomfortable, and he almost became a butterfly on a pin. But he was doing it to himself. He would say something outrageous, then almost apologize with this giggle. And when I called it to his attention, he began to fall apart oncamera. I think a little of it would have sufficed. Instead, I kept at it. But that was fairly early in *Night Beat*, when we were perhaps full of ourselves and probably enjoyed the spectacle more than we should have.

**PLAYBOY:** That was the point we were making. Isn't that the sort of thing that made your reputation as more of an inquisitor than an interviewer?

**WALLACE:** Mind you, I think it was perfectly legitimate. But no, it's not something I would do today.

**PLAYBOY:** After *Night Beat* and a stint at ABC News, you moved to channel 13 in New York, where you did the first half-hour evening news show in the country.

**WALLACE:** Yeah, long before the networks did it. The first half-hour network news show began in 1963, I believe. Our show lasted until the money ran out. It was a

first-rate undertaking.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do after it folded?

**WALLACE:** There were a couple of years in which I was casting about, knowing what I wanted to do but not finding it easy.

**PLAYBOY:** You did commercials then, didn't you?

**WALLACE:** I did cigarette commercials. I even did some used-car commercials.

**PLAYBOY:** And you'd been in a Broadway play earlier.

**WALLACE:** Yes. I had done nearly 100 performances in a comedy called *Reclining Figure*. I played an art dealer. Then I hosted a talk-and-variety show in New York, complete with second banana. One nice thing is that a young unknown named Barbra Streisand made maybe 30 appearances that year. Someone at the station economically erased all the tapes.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened after that?

**WALLACE:** I anchored the political conventions for Westinghouse and did the election coverage. I made a trip around the world for them, a week here, a week there. Hong Kong, Saigon, Nairobi and so forth.

**PLAYBOY:** But you felt you were still floundering?

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*"I caught Al Capp without his psychiatrist. He was sweating and uncomfortable, almost a butterfly on a pin."*

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**WALLACE:** Yes. It wasn't until 15 years in the business that I figured out what I wanted to be. And by that time, I was close to 40. And then came the unfortunate accident to my son. That's when I figured, Well, let's take a year off and try to figure out who the dickens you are and what you really want to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Your son's accidental death in Greece must have been a terrible blow.

**WALLACE:** [Quietly] Peter . . . Peter was a poet and an athlete. And he was going to be a writer. And I . . . his death was, as any father would understand . . . there is no way adequately to explain what that kind of loss means.

**PLAYBOY:** Did his death compel you to sort things out?

**WALLACE:** Somehow, it did. Somehow, it contributed to that. My wife, Lorraine, had wanted me all along to get back into journalism; she'd been nudging me in a very supportive way to do it. After months of unemployment, Dick Salant of CBS called and offered me a job anchoring a New York newscast. I did that but also was a reporter. After more than 20 years, I was covering a beat, something most

reporters do in their early 20s.

**PLAYBOY:** So you were paying your dues all over again?

**WALLACE:** Oh! That was the single most useful thing, because I really was on probation. I don't mean just with the hierarchy. I was on probation with my colleagues in the newsroom, and I was on probation with myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there any resentment among your colleagues because of your checkered career?

**WALLACE:** Some. Cronkite, whom I had known, couldn't have been more cordial. Harry Reasoner, because we were going to replace his *Calendar* news-feature show, resented me a little.

**PLAYBOY:** So when you two co-anchored *60 Minutes*, was there still some ill feeling?

**WALLACE:** It was patched up. Actually, it was patched up with everybody at the 1964 Republican Convention out in San Francisco. I hadn't been assigned to the floor. I was out there simply for the morning news. CBS was having a tough time against the opposition for ratings. They asked me if I wanted to go onto the floor and I said of course I did. I think people were surprised that I could work on the floor with a certain understanding. That really was the watershed as far as CBS was concerned. Later, I covered civil rights, Vietnam, all of it.

**PLAYBOY:** And your sins were forgiven?

**WALLACE:** Yes. Strangely, no matter what you've done in the past, it all helps you eventually. That surely has been true in my case. Some of the things I had done along the way, which could hardly be classified as reporting, nonetheless gave me an understanding of how to handle myself on the air.

**PLAYBOY:** And when *60 Minutes* came along, you had an ideal sort of background.

**WALLACE:** Perfect, because it's the front and the back of the book. Regardless of whether we're doing a Horowitz or a Carson, or a Sadat or a Nixon, there is this variety of experience—including that foolish detour to Broadway for 100 performances.

**PLAYBOY:** Harry, let's talk about your career. You describe your background as either well rounded or drifting.

**REASONER:** I've never resolved that question in my mind, either.

**PLAYBOY:** Your background is similar to Mike's in that respect.

**REASONER:** Mike was well experienced in broadcasting long before I was [smiles]. But, yes, I expect that it is.

**PLAYBOY:** You started as a broadcaster at KEYD in Minneapolis, where the commentaries you did at the end of your broadcasts received a lot of notice. Then you went to CBS in New York as a reporter contact, or, in reality, a cameraman's assistant—and for a dramatic cut in pay.

**REASONER:** Yes, I think every time I come to CBS, I take a 50 percent cut in pay. I have a Scotsman's instinct about these things. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** That's where you first ran into

Don Hewitt.

**REASONER:** Yeah, he was producing the *Evening News* with Douglas Edwards. In those days, since there were no television correspondents, the people on the assignment desk really got a chance to go out on stories. That's how I got to know Hewitt.

**PLAYBOY:** He was regarded as the golden boy of television in those days. Did you pick up a lot working with him?

**REASONER:** Yeah, and vice versa.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were working for Hewitt, there was a story that after you had gotten an exclusive interview with Nikita Khrushchev by posing as a deputy sheriff, someone asked you if you hadn't been worried about being arrested by the Secret Service. And you said—

**REASONER:** "I'm more afraid of Don Hewitt than I am of the Secret Service." Absolutely. It's true today. I wasn't afraid, just impressed with him.

**PLAYBOY:** You were the first television reporter to be named a CBS correspondent. Until that time, there had been only radio correspondents.

**REASONER:** I think so. I was the first guy who didn't come out of World War Two or the Korean War or radio.

**PLAYBOY:** Although you did spend time later covering Vietnam, as did the other male correspondents on *60 Minutes*.

**REASONER:** The only difference with me was that I was in Vietnam first, as an employee of the U.S. Government 20 years before

those guys were there. Not all that long and not all that expertly, but I was not surprised by what I found when I went back.

**PLAYBOY:** What conclusions did you draw from the experience?

**REASONER:** I was in agreement with Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur that it was idiotic to get involved, whatever the principles, whether they were good or not.

**PLAYBOY:** In any case, you began doing a CBS network radio show out of New York in the early Sixties.

**REASONER:** I did a radio news show, or two of them a day, and I had never done radio before. I was a child of television—however difficult it may be to regard me as a child.

**PLAYBOY:** Your television career took off after columnist Jack Gould wrote a glowing report about your radio broadcasts—in particular, those end pieces.

**REASONER:** Well, he just said he thought they were all well written.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still enjoy writing? Do you write all your own *60 Minutes* pieces?

**REASONER:** Certainly not all of them. For instance, I think Morley, who is justifiably proud of his writing, has a different feeling about it. He enjoys writing; I enjoy having written. But Morley's young and he's getting more experience. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** You mean you don't enjoy the process?

**REASONER:** The actual process is very diffi-

cult. And you have to do it alone and you think a drink would help, so it won't, so you can't. It's a very lonely, difficult process. I like to contemplate writing, and I like having done it. It's the actual process that bothers me.

**PLAYBOY:** You said at the beginning that when you finally ended up at *60 Minutes*, nobody really gave it much of a chance.

**REASONER:** I don't think we foresaw what it was going to become. I was there a little more than two years before I left for ABC. We were about 54th or 55th out of 64 in the ratings, some dismal thing. When I came back from ABC, having invoked my Barbara Walters clause—

**PLAYBOY:** Which was?

**REASONER:** There was an oral agreement when they hired Barbara as co-anchor at ABC and they wanted me to agree to it. I said I would if they would cut two years off my contract. That was my Barbara Walters escape clause. With no disrespect to her, I thought the whole thing was a mistake and wanted to leave. She was the least of my problems.

**PLAYBOY:** Actually, you didn't do badly at ABC for a time. Didn't the ratings of your newscast go up?

**REASONER:** Yeah. One of the things I resent is the talk in recent years about how much Roone Arledge has done for ABC News. Producer Elmer Lower, Howard K. Smith and I did that for ABC News. We brought up the ratings to a *respectable* third place,

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almost second some of the time. But then things went wrong. Lower retired and Fred Pierce took over, and he had, I think, the badly conceived idea of hiring Barbara Walters to team up with me.

**PLAYBOY:** You went back to CBS after negotiating a pay cut and rejoined *60 Minutes*. Did you find it changed? Was there any tension when you suddenly reappeared?

**REASONER:** As I frequently point out to Mike, in my first full year back, we became number one [laughs]. There weren't many changes. Don had retained his enthusiasm, the atmosphere was the same. When I came back, I was the fourth correspondent and had missed completely the period when they added the third correspondent, Dan Rather. When I came back, I suppose there was a period . . . not when I didn't get along with Mike but when there was a question of whether or not I still had the legs, as a baseball manager would say.

**PLAYBOY:** Assertions that you are lazy have followed you most of your professional life. Are they undeserved?

**REASONER:** That kind of assertion, I think, has haunted me a good deal during my professional life. Obviously, I deny it; but it's very hard to deal with, because if you deny it, you recognize some basis for it.

**PLAYBOY:** You can't protest too loudly?

**REASONER:** All I know is, when I left CBS for ABC, they had to find four people to replace me. The only denial I make is that,

yes, I don't carry briefcases home for show. I don't work on airplanes, I don't try to do everybody else's job. I just try to do my own.

**PLAYBOY:** Morley, you began your television career at the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

**SAFER:** Well, I began at newspapers before that, at Reuters. I was a reporter on the street at 19. Then I became the London correspondent for CBC, and CBS hired me from there. They kept me in London and then, after four or five months, they sent me to Vietnam.

**PLAYBOY:** Morley Safer's war, as it was called, because of your hard-hitting pieces.

**SAFER:** Yeah, well, Morley Safer's war is first of all not true, and secondly, if true, it's a dubious distinction.

**PLAYBOY:** Your reporting was decidedly antiwar. You managed to infuriate President Johnson at one point.

**SAFER:** I had some problems with Johnson; I had some problems with the Pentagon; I had some problems with the American mission in Vietnam. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** You stayed in Vietnam for three years and then went back to London for CBS. Hewitt spotted you in 1970, when he was looking for a replacement for Reasoner. What were you doing that caught his eye?

**SAFER:** I was in the middle of burying DeGaulle. I got a call while I was feeding my report on the general's funeral by satel-

lite to New York. Reasoner had just left, or announced he was going to leave, to go to ABC, for which I will be forever grateful, and they offered me the job.

**PLAYBOY:** You, perhaps more than the others, had a tough time of it when you joined the show, right?

**SAFER:** Well, I was the new kid, with a lot of pressure, because we were trying something new. We were utterly unheard of. I was utterly a stranger to working in a head office. I guess from my earliest days in newspapers, I was always away from the brass. My staff, when I was abroad, consisted of me. The brass was 12 or 13 hours away. They could never find you, so you could deal with them on your own terms. Suddenly, I was surrounded by guys who were telling me what to do and watching me do what I did. And I was being hovered over all the time by these damn people.

**PLAYBOY:** You had doubts that *60 Minutes* would survive; wasn't part of the deal that if it folded, you would get your job in London back?

**SAFER:** There was one condition: that *when* it folded, I would get my old job back. The record of serious broadcasts was and is terrible. So I made certain that my future was going to be all right. I would go back to where I was going to be happy. I had never lived in New York or in the United States before.

**PLAYBOY:** As the new guy, did you feel you were in battle with Mike over turf?



**SAFER:** Yeah, and I had never worked in a situation like this before. There is intense competition around here.

**PLAYBOY:** And?

**SAFER:** Mike and my friendship—it's no secret—has undergone quite serious strains over the years but always sort of comes together again, as they say. We're a bit older. *He's much older.* [Laughs] And those things we fought over don't seem like the end of the world anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** But as an independent-minded reporter, you must think it's fitting, in retrospect, that your career led you toward *60 Minutes*.

**SAFER:** I've never used the word career. I mean, I woke up one day and I was a reporter; I woke up another day and I was a foreign correspondent. I woke up another day, I was one of two guys on a "prestigious" broadcast. I never planned anything; I never applied for anything. I was really very lucky.

**PLAYBOY:** Ed, was it happenstance for you, too?

**BRADLEY:** I ended up in journalism quite by accident, yes. I was a teacher moonlighting as a jazz disc jockey at a local radio station in Philadelphia—on top of calling play by plays for basketball games and reading news. By 1967, I had reached a point where I decided that I couldn't continue pursuing two careers full time. I'm not a desk person and I can't spend a lot of time in one room, so I decided to go

with broadcasting and answered an ad for CBS in New York. I bagged the job.

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't stay long, however.

**BRADLEY:** I stayed about my limit, three and a half years.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you went to Paris on a vacation, and your experience there had quite an effect on your career.

**BRADLEY:** I decided that I was born to live in Paris. I mean, there were just no ifs, ands or buts. I absolutely fell in love with the city. I met some people there who turned me on to Paris, and it was a wonderful experience.

**PLAYBOY:** You were lucky: You got a job with CBS network radio there.

**BRADLEY:** Well, the CBS network had offered me a job before, but it was a desk job and not very much money at that, so I turned them down flat. But when they offered it to me again in Paris, I said, "Look, you don't understand: I quit because I want to travel." They said, "Come work for us; you'll travel first-class." I thought of that years later in the Huong Giang hotel in Hue, Vietnam, watching the bugs crawl up the wall and listening to hand grenades going off outside. It wasn't exactly the first-class they had promised. Anyway, I said thanks but no thanks.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you decide it was what you wanted?

**BRADLEY:** I was broke. I was looking at the possibilities, and they were slim and

none—and slim was on his way out of town. So I took a job as a CBS stringer. It gave me a reasonable income. I mean, there were weeks when I made nothing. I lived on the Paris peace talks.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean the Paris negotiations between the U.S. and Vietnam to end the war?

**BRADLEY:** Yeah. The Paris peace talks were held about once a week. If they held the talks, I made the rent money. I remember once when the talks were suspended for 13 weeks and I got a check for \$12.50. But I managed to survive. I made enough to afford a motorcycle, put clothes on my back and vacation on the Riviera.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't seem to have been career driven anywhere along the line. You were concentrating on having a good time.

**BRADLEY:** No, I wasn't career driven. I didn't go to Paris for a career. I went to Paris for my life. Being in a strange place, with a strange language, it was kind of—it was like taking an acid bath. I could cut through things and kind of figure out how I had gotten to where I was. That was important. I had a very complicated childhood, as I guess a lot of people have had, and Paris helped me sort it all out.

**PLAYBOY:** You left after two years and went to work for CBS television in New York.

**BRADLEY:** Again, accidental. I came back and reached another crossroads, as I had with teaching. I realized I couldn't continue as a stringer in Paris anymore. My



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ego wouldn't let me. I decided I was either going all the way in or getting out.

**PLAYBOY:** You went all the way, all right—to Vietnam for CBS.

**BRADLEY:** I'll tell you about that: Bob Little, the foreign editor at CBS, said, after I was formally hired, "You know, you really came back at a bad time; we're in the middle of an election campaign"—it was '72—"and we really have nothing domestically for you." And I said, "Bob, I'll tell you what; that's fine with me, because I don't want to live here. I would rather live in"—I tried to think of the worst place in the world—"Vietnam!" He looked at me and said, "Are you volunteering?"

**PLAYBOY:** Were they having a hard time getting correspondents to volunteer?

**BRADLEY:** I don't know. But I was pretty naïve. I wanted to be a war correspondent, and I thought I had to get to Vietnam before the war was over. That was when Kissinger had said peace was at hand. So I rushed out, and in one week, I was in Vietnam.

**PLAYBOY:** You were nearly killed in Vietnam or, rather, in Cambodia.

**BRADLEY:** Yes. I was nearly blown up, but in the end, it was a superficial wound, the kind you can walk away from and talk about later. What was a more emotional experience for me was spending some time with the Viet Cong in the jungle. It was while peace negotiations inside Vietnam were still going on. The kind of determination and dedication I found among the Viet Cong was just mind-boggling.

**PLAYBOY:** If there is one thing you four men share, it's the Vietnam experience. Morley became famous for his opposition to the war, Mike was a supporter until he covered it, and Harry was against it, too. Did spending that time with Viet Cong turn you around?

**BRADLEY:** Well, I went there opposed to the war. I was in this country during the antiwar demonstrations. I covered them for CBS radio in New York. So that made it very difficult for me to cover the war objectively, because, in conscience, I was opposed to it.

**PLAYBOY:** When you came back from Vietnam, you covered the Carter campaign in 1976 and then became a Washington correspondent.

**BRADLEY:** Yeah, CBS insisted I come back and promised me there was no such thing as a number-one or number-two correspondent. But that didn't prove to be the case.

**PLAYBOY:** That was similar to the position in which you'd found yourself in Paris—effectively second string, in other words.

**BRADLEY:** We had a senior correspondent. That's Bob Schieffer. And that means that he is the one who does the pieces for the *Evening News*. If there were a second piece, I would get on. Hell, that's no fun. Plus, I got into the same old thing: It was an office job. You go to the same place

every day and check in. Now, people were saying, "Isn't it great? Your office is in the White House." But listen, I'm down in the basement in this little nook, in the back of the White House press room. And if Jimmy Carter jumps, I have to be there to say how high. But it's no great fun, and it wasn't the kind of work I wanted to do. Yes, I *did* want out.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been assertions that you weren't too easy to get along with during your Washington tour, that you were abrasive and egocentric. Was it because you saw it as a second-string job?

**BRADLEY:** I think so. I think I'm easy to get along with. I don't think I'm abrasive or egocentric. I think I have a healthy ego, but my problem in Washington was that there were too many bullshit assignments.

**PLAYBOY:** Safer points out that when he came to *60 Minutes* from Paris, after Vietnam, he faced a similar problem.

**BRADLEY:** I had always worked overseas for CBS, and I was my own boss. When I went out, I was the producer. So then to come back and have to report to a desk and get a good night before you could go—it was all a big change for me. I don't think anyone understood that. People

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*"To watch Wallace climb over seats to get to Nancy and Ronald Reagan—I love live television!"*

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didn't understand that I had not come up through the system, that I had made my own way.

**PLAYBOY:** It was during the 1976 campaign and conventions that you met a couple of other guys who had made their own way—Hewitt and Wallace.

**BRADLEY:** That was the first time I was exposed to Hewitt and the frenetic energy he has. He was in charge of the correspondents. When you see him turned on—I mean, it's amazing. He's just a live wire. You kind of sit back and, you know, watch. And then to see Wallace at work!

**PLAYBOY:** You were impressed?

**BRADLEY:** I was in awe. I was what they call a relief correspondent. We had two teams, and I was on the second team on the floor. I found that whenever I knew Wallace was getting ready to go onto the floor, I'd try to stay close and watch him. It was just amazing to see someone who is so—I tease him about his age—someone of his years! [Laughs] I call Mike "Pops" today. But to watch Wallace climb over seats to get to Nancy and Ronald Reagan—I love live television!

**PLAYBOY:** In those last couple of years before you joined *60 Minutes*, you

anchored the *Sunday Night News*, the first black correspondent to do so.

**BRADLEY:** It's a shame that that was so noteworthy. But it's indicative of what you have to go through in this country.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean, because you are black, there is always the lurking suspicion that despite the fact that you've paid your dues and have the credentials, your race has helped your career?

**BRADLEY:** I don't know. I don't know why the notion is advanced, whether it's because whenever reporters ask about it, they advance the notion.

**PLAYBOY:** Certainly, when you went to *60 Minutes*, it was said that getting a black reporter on the program was a good thing; until then, it had been a white, male club.

**BRADLEY:** Reporters always mention that. I've never heard it from anyone at CBS. If it's true, CBS got a twofor: They got a minority and someone who's good. I've never given it much thought. I look at it this way: This is one of the top jobs at CBS. It is the premier broadcast of the network in terms of ratings and draw. I don't think CBS would do anything they thought would mess it up.

**PLAYBOY:** Diane Sawyer is now the newest kid on the block. As the previous one, do you think she has the credentials to join you?

**BRADLEY:** Yeah, I think so. Probably less than my colleagues, but who can match the years that Mike and Morley and Harry have? But given the experience that she has had, I think she's done a good job at every step. I remember her from Washington; her office was diagonally across the hall from mine. She was taking some heat for her Nixon affiliation, and I think we both felt like outcasts then.

**PLAYBOY:** Diane, your road to television was rather indirect.

**SAWYER:** I'm afraid my path to journalism was rather desultory. I had just got out of college in 1967 and I didn't know what I wanted to do. I was considering newspaper work when my father said, "Why don't you try TV?" So I started in Louisville, my home town. There were no women doing hard news on TV, and it occurred to me this might be a pioneering opportunity and an adventure.

**PLAYBOY:** It was while you were doing news and weather for a local station that Bill Small, then the CBS Washington bureau chief, saw you, wasn't it? He later hired you for CBS.

**SAWYER:** Well, he had seen my work on television. I had known him before, because he'd worked for CBS in Louisville and his children were in the class my mother taught.

**PLAYBOY:** But first you moved to Washington, where you ended up working as a press aide for Richard Nixon, your job for the next eight years. Your association with the Nixon Administration wasn't to your advantage when you went to work for CBS, was it?

**SAWYER:** I think it's safe to say it was not

(continued on page 78)



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# WHAT ELSE DO WOMEN WANT?

*it's finally clear—  
this thing called feminism wants  
everything, guys, everything*

POLITICS is largely a matter of what gets noticed. Its practitioners exert themselves to make us place certain considerations in the foreground and others in the background. That is what lobbyists and political-action committees are for. Representatives of the American Medical Association or the Conservative Caucus, for instance, are, doubtless, estimable people who would like everybody to be happy; but when all is said and done, what they most want is for their clients to get more attention than the rest of us.

All that is so obvious that it may hardly seem worth saying. But consider a further point: Sexual politics is, in the end, just politics. It, too, is largely a matter of what we are encouraged to notice and what we are discouraged from seeing. Its practitioners want us to place in the foreground the concerns of one sex and in the background those of the other. To be sure, like other lobbyists, they are likely to tell you that their ultimate concern is with the good of all humanity, with which the interests of their group happen to coincide. Many of them will genuinely believe it, just as former General Motors president Charles Wilson probably believed that what was good for G.M. was good for America. Indeed, many of them will be right—just as Wilson was right—to an extent. But only to an extent and only at those times when their interests do not compete with the interests of others. At all other times, they will remember the first principle of their calling: There is only so much attention to go around, and the point of the game is to get most of it for their team.

The fact that sexual politics is just politics brings us quickly to a dismal conclusion that has long been waiting for all of us to see: Whatever it once may have been in theory, the women's movement today is nothing more or less than a lobby, single-mindedly promoting the interests of one group at the expense of another, without regard to logic, principle or

essay

**By JOHN CORDON**

justice. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and ideology has long ceased to be the question for feminists; the question is, rather, just this: Which side gets its interests attended to? That is as true of the movement's most conservative representatives as it is of the radicals: The two most powerful women in national Government, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor and Health and Human Services Secretary Margaret Heckler, are exemplary hard-ass Reaganites in relation to all minorities except their own, that of middle-class women, to which they are invariably as indulgent as any discredited bleeding-heart.

Generally, when one interest group succeeds in getting such special attention, the result may be unfair, but it is not likely to be terribly injurious to those passed over. The simple mathematics of the lobbying business usually guarantee that no individual will have to suffer in anything like the proportion to which another individual is benefited. Singling out the soybean growers of America for special treatment is not, realistically, the equivalent of discriminating against each of the other workers of the country: There are just too many of them, and whatever relative disadvantage they may suffer will be diffused too widely to allow any of them legitimate cause for feeling personally aggrieved.

In this regard, however, sexual politics is different from other kinds—perhaps, in fact, unique. There are, after all, only two sexes, dividing the human race about equally. To discriminate in favor of one is, unavoidably, to discriminate in equal degree against the other. A person who likes the Irish better than other nationalities cannot really be said to be bigoted against all the other tribes of humanity, cannot seriously be called a racist. But a person who preaches the superiority of one sex necessarily preaches the inferiority of the other and does deserve to be called a sexist. A movement that tells us, by precept or example, that we all have to be especially attentive to the interests of one sex also tells us that we have to be especially oblivious to those of the other; even if it calls that instruction consciousness raising, such a movement deserves to be called sexist.

Despite its protestations of sexual egalitarianism, when the National Organization of Women argues against (as it does) efforts to redress the traditional antimale bias of child-custody settlements, it is not merely working for women, as it will tell you it is; it is also working against men. The same is true when feminists demand (with some success) that the traditional presumption of innocence be withheld from accused rapists and extended beyond previously accepted limits for confessed husband-murderers. Or when communities across the land are lobbied (also with some success) to consider real or repre-

sented violence against women as an especially urgent issue, essentially more worthy of attention than ordinary violence against, you know, men. It is true, too, when the same people who once drove Dr. Edgar Berman from his post on a Democratic Party policy committee for making an issue of menstrual-related tension now demand that it be an admissible defense in court; or when, in response to feminist pressure, Indianapolis and other cities attempt to ban cinematic depictions of heterosexual (not homosexual) copulation on the grounds that the woman (not the man) in the scene is being degraded and that the women (not the men) in the audience or outside it are being oppressed. When, after some 25 executions of male criminals, the prospect of putting to death a woman who murdered, among others, her own mother suddenly stirs controversy and national uneasiness—when all this and much more goes on—the time has come to realize that what we are dealing with is sexism, the programmatic exaltation of one half of us at the expense of the other half, as promoted by the most successful political-action committee of our age. In self-defense, if nothing else, the time has come for men to start noticing some things that they are not generally encouraged to notice these days.

Readers of PLAYBOY may consider such admonitions superfluous. If there is any audience that one would expect to be at least as alert to male as to female interests, it ought to be the readership of this magazine. Well, no offense, but I wonder. Take a look at the following news item, reprinted in its entirety, and see how you feel about it.

SAN FRANCISCO (October 20, 1983)—Female inmates of San Quentin prison will have to endure strip searches and showers under the scrutiny of male guards, says a Federal judge who ruled that privacy is secondary to security.

U.S. District Judge Spencer Williams yesterday dismissed a class-action suit brought by three inmates who complained it was humiliating to be naked in front of male guards at the maximum-security facility. They also complained some of the male guards verbally harassed them.

Williams said use of male guards didn't violate the inmates' constitutional right to privacy and said security needs justified the physical observation and hands-on searches by correctional officers, including men.

The ruling protects men's employment rights in correctional facilities, said California Attorney General John Van de Kamp.

Unless I am terribly mistaken, the reaction of most readers of this or any other

publication is probably one of incredulity, even shock. Uniformed men being licensed to grope ("hands-on searches," indeed!) and abuse naked women, against their will, in the name of "men's employment rights"? Can such things be? In a time when female workers who find that men have been peeking into their shower room can successfully sue the company for millions (as happened recently in Wheeling, West Virginia), when "sexual harassment" is the red flag of the hour? Where is *Ms.*? Where are *60 Minutes*, *Nightline* and the various evening news shows? How is it that they all failed to notice, and tell you about, such an enormity?

They didn't tell you about it because the news item quoted, though reprinted in its entirety, was transcribed with one slight alteration: My word processor was instructed to run it through its find-and-replace function, replacing the word male with female and men with women, and vice versa. As an experiment, you might try reading the item again, restoring the original words. Notice how commonplace it suddenly sounds? It sounds commonplace because it is commonplace. In its original version, it is not a bloodcurdling atrocity but part of the normal furniture of contemporary American life, unnoticed or barely remarked. That is why it was only by chance—while leafing through the back pages of a local paper on a slow news day—that I happened across it, and why you never heard about it on the network news. It is just not the sort of thing the people who run those enterprises consider worth noticing, not the sort of thing enlightened people, in the present climate of sexual politics, are supposed to notice.

What *are* we supposed to notice? Snuff movies, for one thing, the ultimate expression of man's rapacious, etc., and so forth, toward woman—even though, as it happens, there *are* no authentic snuff films. Still, the snuff-movie story has, so far, emerged in the campaign against men as a kind of *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, a lie that keeps coming back no matter how many times it's exposed.

It does, however, have competitors for the honor. There is, for example, the fabled crowd of cheering, applauding men in the famous New Bedford rape case of three years ago—a crowd that did not exist, as was eventually discovered by a press that did not go out of its way to deflate the myth it had helped create. And, of course, there is the formulaic utterance "Women earn 59 cents for every dollar a man earns"—a figure that is technically correct, to be sure; but, as George Gilder (on the right), Lester Thurow (on the left) and several others have pointed out, a disparity resulting from a variety of causes  
(continued on page 156)



*"Gosh, Melanie—you're beautiful when you're angry!"*





# RANGER IN PARADISE

*u.s. forest service officer toni westbrook doesn't pine for an indoor job*

**I**MAGINE YOURSELF a part-time tree-naper out in a remote corner of Alaska's Juneau forest region at five a.m., halfway through sectioning up the giant spruce tree you've just felled with your trusty chain saw. Suddenly, you hear footsteps behind you, the ominous splat of a wad of chewing tobacco hitting the snow and a voice saying, "OK, buddy, you'll have to clear out. You know these trees aren't supposed to be cut down." And imagine turning around to

The magnificent view above is of Herbert Glacier (named after a onetime U.S. Secretary of the Navy), one of the stops Toni Westbrook, U.S. Forest Service law-enforcement officer, makes on a helicopter flight over the 1,500,000-acre Juneau Ranger District of Alaska's Tongass National Forest.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY



After a long day of trekking through the Juneau forest, Toni and her buddies down a few beers at the Red Dog Saloon, a colorful local pub (above left). And how does Toni relate to these burly lumberjock types? "I can ride a horse, shoot and cover my territory as well as anyone else," she says, "and the guys I work with respect me for that." She also chews tobacco—"just a little chow now and then." Above right, Toni prepares for a helicopter reconnaissance flight. Below, she gets her jeep and her pet Husky ready to hit the forest trails in search of squotters and illegal woodcutters.



confront the forest ranger: She's 5'7", has curly dark hair and a 34-23-35 figure and is accompanied by a Husky whose jaws have no safety switch. Of course, you are armed with a rifle (as is nearly everyone in this territory, where the bears are large enough to play Frisbee with your body), but you don't dare go for it. You're caught and you know it. And—what the hell—you probably don't mind, since the ranger is the prettiest damn thing you've ever seen in the woods at five A.M.

She's Toni Westbrook, and we discovered her during our search for a forthcoming *Girls of Alaska* pictorial. Toni, 28, was born in California but moved to Alaska two and a half years ago and now considers herself a native Alaskan. Alaska, of course, is horseback, jeep and four-by-four territory, still largely unpopulated and, like many of its citizens, still a bit wild. Toni learned to ride her parents' two horses long before she knew how to drive a car. Accordingly, the first thing she did when she had enough money for a car was to buy a horse. "He cost me \$700, plus \$150 a month to feed," says Toni, "but he earns his keep. I ride him on patrols through parts of my territory that can't be reached by truck." Her territory is the 1,500,000-acre Juneau Ranger District of Alaska's gigantic Tongass National Forest. And what does Toni's job involve? "The two main things I look for are people who've built makeshift cabins out there without a permit—they're hard to find in an area that huge—and illegal woodcutters."

Toni works out with weights when she isn't patrolling the giant spruce-and-hemlock forest. "You need muscle strength for my job. For instance, after I

"My favorite thing is to go to my own cabin in the forest and spend a week there doing nothing but fishing, going for long walks in the snow and lazing around by the fire," says Toni, lazing around at right. It's enough to make a city slicker feel as rustic as all get out.



chased one guy away, I had to roll his log sections, which weighed about 80 pounds apiece, into my truck. It took all afternoon." Toni, who once won a 20-buck bet (with a man, of course) over the number of push-ups she could do, is, however, quite a lady away from the job. She likes "tall, dark, handsome men—but then, what woman doesn't?" with a sense of humor. "A man who can make me laugh does much better with me than a strong, silent *macho* type." Say, Toni, have you heard the one about Smokey the Bare . . . ?





But seriously. If you're ever lost in the Juneau forest range and pray for an angel to rescue you before your toes freeze off, don't be surprised if that angel is carrying a sack of Copenhagen. And remember: No joking with the ranger on duty.

If you're wondering about the tot-to on Toni's thigh, below, all we can tell you is that it's a long-stemmed rose. As for how and why she got it, she keeps that to herself. At any rate, as the old saying goes, this bud's for you.



*how to save a would-be hero from himself*

# THE REPACKAGING OF CARL LEWIS

*humor*  
By ROY BLOUNT JR.



IT IS NOT my place, as a slow white person with mongrel dogs and an old Plymouth Horizon, to tell a supersonic black person with a virgin-white Samoyed and a new BMW how to repackage himself. But I am going to. Everyone else may be willing to let the world's most famous active athlete go on being eerily boring, but I think the man has *potential*.

How anybody who always does exactly what he has in mind, and who moves like the Greek god of Thrust combined with the Greek god of Flow, and who operates like the California god of Public Relations, can manage to win four gold medals, find opulence through amateurism, appear on the cover of *Time* twice in three weeks and still lay an egg, I don't know. But that is the feat Carl Lewis pulled off at the 1984 Olympics.

He came in image-heavy. It is said that the mother of Peisidorous, an ancient Olympic boxing champion, disguised herself as a man so that she could act as her son's second. Then, when he won, she forgot herself, took him into her arms and caressed him. This incident led to a rule requiring all Olympic trainers to appear naked, which I imagine did not make Peisidorous the sentimental favorite four years later. I can see them now, a chorus of little gnarled guys from the Hellenic equivalent of Canarsie, chewing on cigars and cracking, "You *better* show us something. Thanks to your momma, we got to stand here with our balls hanging out."

But at least Peisidorous did not go into the Olympics with a penchant for wearing, at various times, pointed white-rimmed glasses, orange-and-black Harlequin tights, eyebrow pencil, orange lip gloss and a haircut that made him look unsettlingly like the metasexual New Wave *poseuse* and singer Grace Jones. Nor did Peisidorous have a manager who said things like "No one's ever had a Carl Lewis going into the Olympics before. We're on the frontier." And "We want Carl to be identified with one major company, the way O. J. Simpson is with Hertz or Bob Hope is with Texaco."

Peisidorous did not threaten to sue some Italians who planned to film a documentary on him. Carl Lewis did. "I don't want to be diluted," he told Gary Smith of *Sports Illustrated*.

The Lewises are a tight family who do not see themselves in terms of "people." Said Carl's long-jumping sister Carol, "People aren't what they wish they were—and we are." As it turned out in Los Angeles, Carol finished behind several people and showed dissatisfaction with herself. Tell us about it, Carol. Welcome to life. But Carl won all the golds he had set as goals for himself and demonstrated great galloping self-pleasure before a world-wide audience of something like two and a half billion. Quite a few of those watchers, however, were saying, "Carl, take a flying leap."

It was in the long jump that he stepped on his dick. After leaping far enough to win the gold, he played it safe. Four times, his turn came around for another shot at Bob Beamon's venerable world and Olympic record, but each time, as the global village cut away from whatever else it was doing to focus on Lewis alone, he passed. He saved his energy for the other events he had to win in order to preserve his appeal as a corporate front person. Judicious business strategy, perhaps. But prodigious athletes do not become American heroes by keeping their powder and lip gloss dry. (Especially when, right after the next commercial, tiny, scarcely ripened gymnast women are busting their humps as if in one last desperate effort to forestall Armageddon.) As of this writing, no major U.S. corporation has stepped forward to embrace a Harlequin-panted jock who is not a hero.

So it's repackaging time. Lewis and his manager led up to the Olympics with a four-year, six-point plan. I propose these six new points for a Great Leap Forward:

*One: Marry the daughter of the chairman of a major corporation. Or his son.*

Carl Lewis' sexuality, of course, is none of our business. Sure. Here we have a man who carries his own make-up kit, displays his buns in *Vanity Fair*, collects china and crystal, wears puffed-sleeve jackets and, on the other hand, drives 125 miles an hour with a Fuzzbuster in his car and says, "If you are very masculine and believe in yourself, it is very hard to attack your masculinity." A lot of people want to know who a guy like that is taking to the dance. And all he will tell us is, "I could be sleeping with a horse for all [people] know" and "It's not as though six people have caught me in bed with six men." Most of the characters John Wayne played could have said the former and Truman Capote could have said the latter. Do we want an American hero who either never has sex or never has it with anybody he wants to be seen with? True, Michael Jackson seems to get away with one or the other, but (A) he is a Jehovah's Witness and (B) an element of creepiness *works* in rock 'n' roll.

What if Lewis' sexuality is something major corporations and Mr. and Mrs. America frown on? Well, every American hero's sexuality should include a broad streak of philosophy summarizable as follows: "Fuck 'em."

*Two: Revive redneck chic.*

Joe Namath worked against type by making panty-hose commercials. Lewis might start using country-boy locations. Fortunately, there is a new book out called *You All Spoken Here*, by Roy Wilder, Jr., which provides any number of useful expressions: "He's so tight, when he grins his pecker skins back." "He lies so bad, he hires somebody to call his dogs." "All vines and no taters." "He's been places an' et in ho-tels." "Fast as salts in a

widder woman." "Dumber than a barrel of hair."

*Three: Start hanging out with somebody other than family and walk-around guys.*

How about Chuck Yeager? Vanessa Williams? Geraldine Ferraro? George Burns? It would humanize Lewis' profile if people were to ask George Burns what the two of them did together and Burns were to reply, "He wanted me to run with him, but when we came to the first lap, I sat in it. Then I introduced myself and she said, 'Aren't you going to go any further?' I said, 'It's nice of you, but not at my age.' She said, 'Aren't you going to jump with Carl?' I said, 'No. At my age, what could surprise me that much?'"

*Four: Collect something different.*

I have been told that Waterford crystal fits into the new mandarin elegance of rich black males. Well. Maybe. I still say it sucks. He who accumulates crystal is bound to start watching his step. Remember when someone broke into Lewis' house during the Olympics and smashed his Waterford collection? Maybe that wouldn't have happened if he collected something less fragile, something ordinary people could identify with. Like duck decoys, for instance.

*Five: Develop vulnerability.*

Carl Lewis insists on being a master of all he deigns to touch. "He is secure enough to *risk*," says his acting coach, but there is actors' vulnerability and then there is folks' vulnerability. A real American hero—Muhammad Ali, Richard Pryor, Billie Jean King—has downs as well as ups. For starters, Lewis could go fishing on *The American Sportsman* and—no, not fall into the water. Just not catch anything.

*Six: Do something for free.*

After the Olympics, Lewis' agent claimed that his client had turned down \$100,000 for a single track meet and would not sign with a pro football team for less than \$1,000,000 a year. Since Lewis is said to hate the *macho* regimentation of football (and good for him), this means that he would undertake half a year of something he can't stand for seven figures but wouldn't do one night of something he loves for six. This is not heroic.

Far better would be for him to give himself over to some large-scale charity effort. This would prove he is rich. It also might do both Lewis and people some good. How about a Carl Lewis telethon to combat a major affliction? I have one in mind. It strikes hundreds of thousands of contemporary Americans—lawyers, bishops, Presidential aides, TV Christians, Yuppies, consultants, Pentagon officials and, yes, superstar athletes. I don't know the scientific name for this condition, but down home we used to call it Too Stuffed to Jump.



# "60 MINUTES"

(continued from page 64)

*"A number of other things would have made me happy. But this is the Valhalla of TV."*

the best part of my résumé. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Would you have liked to omit it, to describe it as eight years with the Peace Corps?

**SAWYER:** Yeah, eight years of Government work.

**PLAYBOY:** But it did arouse some resentment, didn't it? Dan Rather, for one, objected to your being hired, didn't he?

**SAWYER:** I really think that it was an objection on principle. I was the specific; his objection was to the general, which included me.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there ever any demonstration of your colleagues' displeasure?

**SAWYER:** Only things that appeared in gossip columns: "CBS News staffers express dismay" kind of thing. No one ever expressed their feelings directly to me. Most of the criticisms that became public were from unnamed sources. Dan Rather approached me and told me what he had said, so I didn't hear it from someone else, which was very kind of him.

**PLAYBOY:** That antipathy changed while you were co-anchor for the *CBS Morning News* with Bill Kurtis in 1982. You did an interview with your former boss, Richard Nixon, and asked some pretty tough questions. Do you think that was when you shook off other people's doubts?

**SAWYER:** I think that finally closed the chapter, but the antipathy had changed before that. The change was perhaps just by dint of familiarity and by the fact that I was given the CBS News equivalent of an initiation rite. We didn't have to dip our hands in spaghetti and be told foul, vile things—but I was sent out on every stakeout. It's the kind of thing that every new person goes through, a kind of survival of the fittest. Some former stars of local TV haven't appreciated it, but I was fortunate in that I had no expectations and extremely low confidence about my journalistic ability at a network level, because I had not done it for so long. So I was the one who was called in the middle of the night to go stand on freezing street corners for hours to stake people out. I chased people to get one sound bite for an insert in someone else's story. In fact, I think I hold the record for the longest stakeout.

**PLAYBOY:** Where was that?

**SAWYER:** In the lobby of the Madison Hotel in Washington, during the Mideast negotiations—from which assignment, by the way, I got a good number of business cards from men who did not believe I was there for any respectable purpose. Try protesting sometime that you're sitting in the lobby of a hotel, day in and day out, for

journalistic reasons. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** The contacts you made during the Nixon Administration must have been useful during the time you covered the State Department for CBS.

**SAWYER:** Oh, they helped some. I'm not sure that whatever else I might have done in those years wouldn't have brought me friends and people to ask questions of.

**PLAYBOY:** But you had met and dated Henry Kissinger during the time you spent in the Administration. He must have provided you with some contacts in the State Department.

**SAWYER:** Well, no. I knew some people in the State Department, but remember, it had changed hands. I knew some people in the establishment in Washington, and they tend to pass in and out of jobs. So I knew people at State but not because of him.

**PLAYBOY:** You've never covered foreign affairs, in the sense of being a foreign correspondent. Is that a handicap here?

**SAWYER:** I would like to have done a couple of years overseas. Do I think it's a handicap? I'm not sure. I think not knowing about foreign affairs might be a handicap, but in the year I spent covering the State Department, I got the graduate course.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been assertions in the press that your friendship with William Paley, the CBS chairman, and others, such as Kissinger, have been responsible for your rather rapid rise. The question raised is whether that rapid rise has been exclusively on your merits as a journalist. How do you respond?

**SAWYER:** Whose question is that? Is that yours? You've seen me on the air; you've seen my work. I don't believe it's a question. I believe it's a manufactured question, because I'm a female and because it's titillating.

**PLAYBOY:** It's not titillating to raise a question discussed elsewhere, most recently in a *TV Guide* article titled "Is Diane Sawyer Tough Enough for *60 Minutes*?" The article implied that those friendships may have contributed to your success.

**SAWYER:** [Smiles] It is a preposterous question! But it amuses me. The *TV Guide* article went on to say that those who know think it is preposterous, that I work hard.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were doing an interview and a similar question were being asked in the press, would you not ask it?

**SAWYER:** I might ask you how you felt about the fact that people asked you the question. I don't think I would ask it as a real question, unless I thought you were lousy at your job. The old "Some people say" routine: We know the tricks.

**PLAYBOY:** Then clear it up once and for all.

**SAWYER:** It's not true, of course. And let the record show that this entire exchange has been entirely through smiles.

**PLAYBOY:** It will. Speaking of friends, you stayed with Nixon out of loyalty, as you've often explained. But as to those tough questions you asked him on your *Morning News* interview, hadn't they occurred to you while you were working for him?

**SAWYER:** Well, I had worked with him on the Watergate part of his book. All of the factual questions had been asked. Some of my questions probed for emotional responses, for a sense of his own feelings, and they hadn't been asked, because they don't have to be asked when you're working closely with someone. A lot of time had passed, and I wanted to ask the questions that I thought the people in the audience would have asked. I think it's arguable that I did. I also wanted to see if there had been any changes in his state of mind since I had left. It wasn't a sudden transformation on my part.

**PLAYBOY:** If you had those questions in your mind, why did you wait so long to leave Nixon's employ?

**SAWYER:** Once I became immersed in the book, I was responsible for a significant section of it. I really felt I had a responsibility to see it through.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you end up at *60 Minutes*?

**SAWYER:** My feeling that it was time to leave the *Morning News* was the prime mover in my arrival at *60 Minutes*. It was Don's feeling that I should move, too. There was a lot of resistance at various executive levels at CBS toward doing it at this time. But keep in mind that Don had been talking about getting me on *60 Minutes* during the period when the *Morning News* had increased its ratings monumentally.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you meet Hewitt?

**SAWYER:** I first met Don Hewitt, I think in any memorable sense, at the Democratic Convention four years ago. I covered the floor and he was the floor producer. That's the first time I remember working with him [laughs]—or experiencing him, which is not much different from meeting him.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you tired of the *Morning News*?

**SAWYER:** CBS made it clear they wanted me to be happy, and we agreed that my tenure on the *Morning News* should be a finite one. I had never thought I would stay for 13 or 14 years, as others have done. So when I had a sense that it was time to move on, I felt I could approach them and I did. There were a number of other things we talked about my doing, including reporting for the *Evening News*, which would have made me happy. But this is the Valhalla of TV.

**PLAYBOY:** Your contract is reported to be in the neighborhood of \$800,000 a year, which puts you near the top of the pay  
(continued on page 158)



*"I always wondered, darling, what you meant when you said you  
wanted to walk through life as a spectator."*

# HIGH-END HI-FI

*wallet-busting ways to break the sound barrier*

*modern living* By **NORMAN EISENBERG**

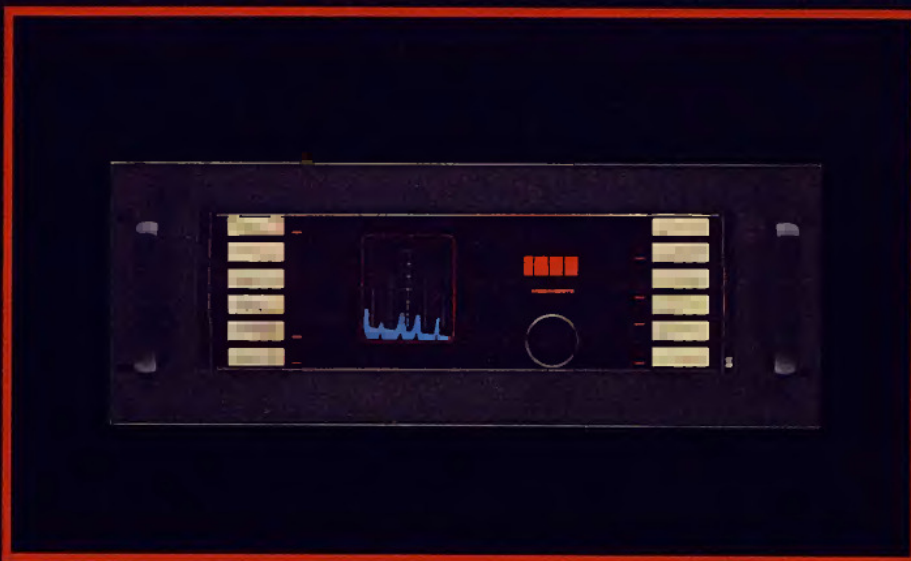
IT LOOKS LIKE an architect's model for a cluster of ultramodern buildings with ramps, terraces and towers thrusting skyward. Then someone presses a button and the whole thing comes alive with incredible sound. You are in the presence of a new kind of sonic greatness, and size, complexity and cost just don't mean a thing. What counts is

performance—with the fringe ends of the audible spectrum given as much meticulous attention as the main sonic body. Obviously, this system is not for everyone. Aside from its size, the setup costs a cool \$45,000—and that's only for the speakers and an equalizer. Rounding out the full stereo stable with suitably matched turntable, arm,



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Bottom left: Standing 7'6" tall, Infinity's Reference Standard Series III is the Ralph Sampson of stereo speakers. For \$32,000, you get four rosewood modules (only two are shown here)—two contain six 12" polypropylene woofers each and the other two house 12 electromagnetic induction-midrange drivers and 36 electromagnetic induction tweeters each. Below right: At \$12,900, the French-made Goldmund Reference turntable costs as much as a mid-size car, but many purists swear by its computer-controlled motor and suspended subchassis, which rests on a 20"-tall steel stand (not shown), from Christopher Hansen Ltd., Los Angeles. (The Goldmund T3B tonearm shown increases the price \$2800.) Right: The Sequerra Model 1 Spectrum Analyzer/FM Tuner analyzes signal specifics while picking up FM stations, by United Sounds of America, \$5000.



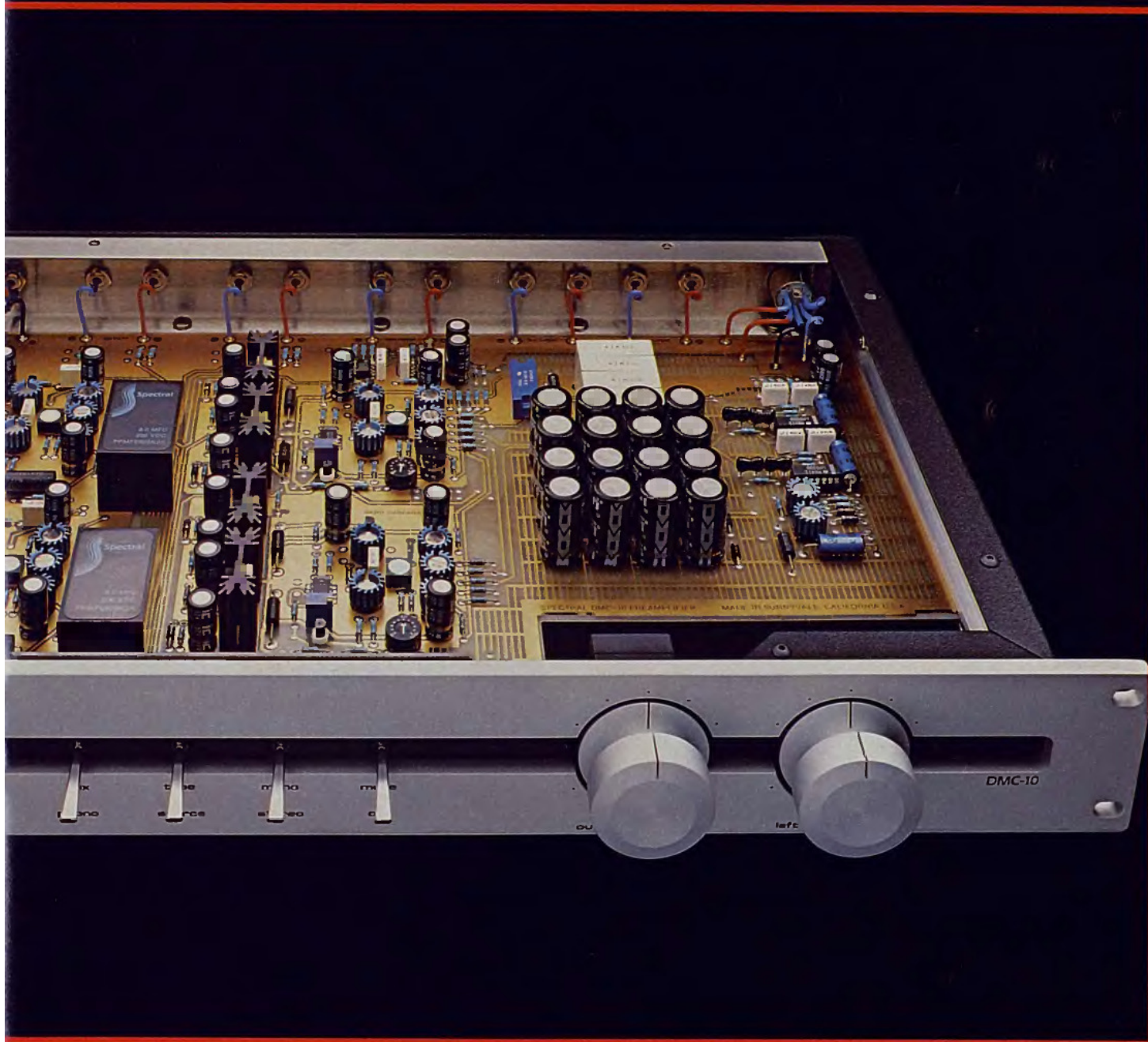
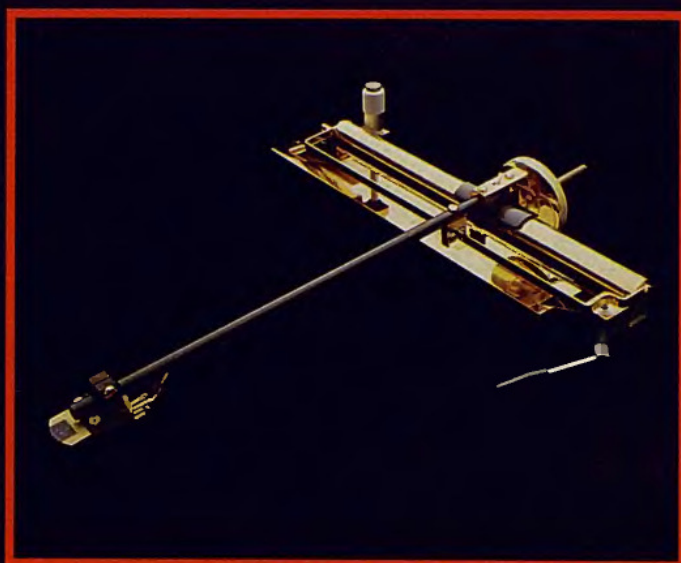
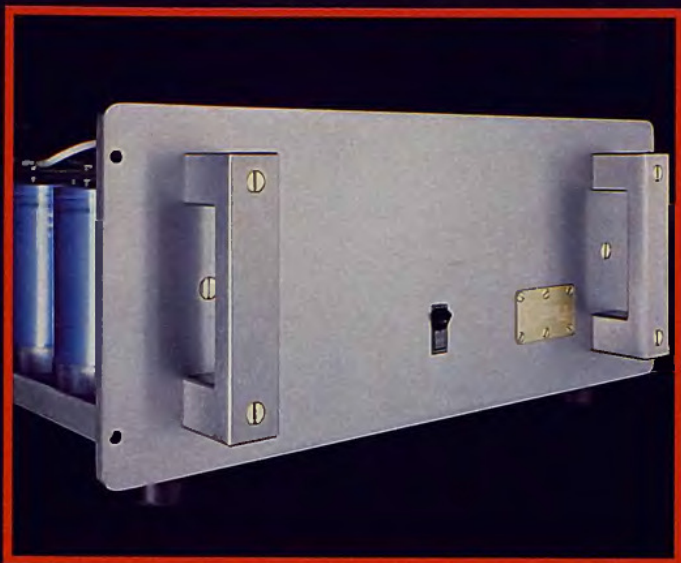


cartridge, tape deck, tuner and amplifiers ups the ante to about \$90,000. This particular speaker setup is the custom-built contribution to high-end audio by David A. Wilson, the owner of Wilson Audio Specialties of Novato, California, a designer who makes his 1650-pound speakers available in more than 100 fine wood finishes. Give him about 14 weeks to deliver the system once you order it. The full name is the Wilson Audio Modular Monitor, but you can call it WAMM. If you can't wait

for a WAMM to be built and \$32,000 is burning a hole in your pocket, there's the Infinity Systems Reference Standard Series III speakers, which, at 7'6", suggest a scale model of a high-rise. They weigh in at a mere 1200 pounds and house a dozen 12" woofers and 72 tweeters in the four modules. As of right now, the WAMM and the Infinity III are probably the world's most expensive and elaborate sound boxes. Just looking at them can inspire awe. Who'd have (concluded on page 190)

Left: WAMM, bam, thank you, David Wilson of Novato, California, for creating the Wilson Audio Modular Monitor (WAMM), a stereo speaker system consisting of two full-range array towers, two subwoofer towers and a high-performance equalizer, all housed in your choice of cabinetry, \$45,000, including calibration by Wilson himself. Below: The DMC-10 is a high-resolution preamplifier with a 24-kt.-gold-plated circuit board, by Spectral Audio, \$2795; Lucite cover, \$60. Right: More power to you in the form of Krell's KMA-200 power amp that delivers about 200 watts per channel, \$7000 a pair. Far right: A unique ABLT-1 linear-tracking tonearm that operates on pressurized air, by Dennesen Electrostatics, \$1400; it's fitted with a rare hand-built Kiseki cartridge made of lapis lazuli, from Krell Industries, Milford, Connecticut, \$3500.







# MOTHER'S DAY

*sure, my trade's kinky. but naked corpses?  
uh-uh, officer, that's too exotic for me*

*fiction*

By **GEORGE V. HIGGINS**

**T**HE CHIEF SAID that the first mistake was letting Rita operate without any interference in the Monaco Estates. "I knew it and I said it," he said mournfully. "I said we should get a warrant and go tear the place apart. Cameras and everything, go in and grab the broad. Arrest whoever's hiring her, tie him up and beat him with the chains and whips, and put her out of business. Make it clear that we won't stand for this. And then I sit here like a twerp and let you say we shouldn't. I am losing my damned grip. I *deserve* this crap."

"Chief," Lieutenant Kiley said, "that's what we know now. At the time, though, we had no P.C. We could not go in. What do we say to a judge—'This is probable cause, your Honor, 'cause we know the dame's a whore'? That would not float, Chief, you know. Wouldn't float at all. No, I think our approach was reasonable."

"Reasonable," the chief said. "Bullshit, reasonable. 'Where the hell is Rita?' I ask, and you tell me, 'She left town.' I know Rita didn't do that, damn it, Buster. This one-horse place is made for her. She's got no competition. Hustling the goddamned salesmen and the other two-bit clowns that think

drinking in a bowling alley's the next best thing to Vegas. Rita Beauregard, for God's sake, down from the Maritimes 'cause she's sick of fishermen, puts her ass out on the block here and they think she's Hollywood. She makes more in one good night than I do in a week, and she does not pay taxes, either, and you tell me she left town? 'We should find out where she is,' I say, 'and put her out of business.' And, Buster, I am telling you, that's what we should've done. Picking up the transients that're getting stiff in bars, selling them blow jobs and stuff: That we can tolerate. But this saddy-mazzy bullshit, with the manacles and whips? That is dangerous. 'Some poor asshole dies with her and we are in the shit.' And now, of course, one did, and that's exactly where we are."

"Look, Chief," Kiley said, "this is not that type of case. This guy died of natural causes. That much we do know. This was not a young man, Chief. He was fifty-six. What knocked him off was his own ticker, not the torturing. Rita said he just came in. Told her what he wanted and'd taken his clothes off. 'He dropped dead on me,' she said. 'This is my fault, Buster? Anybody can drop dead anyplace he wants. This guy happened to

pick mine, while he was seeing me.”

“That is what I mean,” the chief said, “that that kind of thing can happen. She gets some guy in a bar, goes to his room with him. He gets all his clothes off and he has a heart attack. That’s no problem, Buster, if it’s handled right, you know? Rita puts her clothes back on, gives us a quick call. We go over, she clears out. That’s all there is to it. We know who the victim is—motels keep registers. We know where the dead guy lives, and so that is no problem. He’s where he’s supposed to be, even if he’s naked. And his goddamned mother, Buster, isn’t waiting for him there. Waiting for us cops to come and tell her he is dead. So *she* can have a heart attack and really give us trouble.”

“I know,” Kiley said, looking miserable. “But we couldn’t’ve expected this, that this kind of thing would happen. You got to remember, Chief, this is one mean twat. She has got nice hogans there, and her ass won’t quit. But underneath that bleached-blond hair, there’s the mind of an assassin. All the time she worked the alleys, that was dangerous. Some night she may get some guy, isn’t normal, you know? Thinks he’ll get his jollies there by beating Rita up. Well, Rita was aware of that, and Rita was prepared. ‘These guys, Buster, I pick up. They could be anybody. I go with them, by myself, and I don’t have no pimp. They see this, the ones with brains, that I am alone. Let me tell you this thing, Buster, that I can protect myself. No son of a dumb beetch is gonna beat your Rita up.’ So, when we hear she’s setting up, no more hustling, I’m sort of relieved, you know? I thought that was safer.”

“Uh-huh,” the chief said wearily, “what did she have, Buster? Nice little snubby in her handbag there, which she had no license for? You should’ve grabbed her then, Lieutenant, collared her right off. Give the twitch a year in jail, persuade her to move on.”

“Chief,” Kiley said, “I didn’t see it, if she had a gun. Maybe it’s karate, something else she knows. I’d’ve frisked her, she’d’ve sued me. Had me up on charges. Maybe when she says ‘I feex him,’ that is what she means. She can kill guys with a pencil, choke them with her bra.”

“Yeah,” the chief said. “Well, OK. Doesn’t matter now. You did not arrest the broad and now this shit has happened. Where do we stand with this now?”

“OK,” the lieutenant said, “this is where it is. Medical examiner is going down to Hope Memorial. On his way there now. Stiff is in the freezer drawer, for the formalities. Paramedics tell us it was myocardial infarction. Plain old ordinary heart attack. Nothing chargeable.”

“To go with the stiff,” he said, “we have got a suit of clothes. This would be the second set, the second suit of clothes. This time we are pretty sure, these ones go with

him. Wallet in the trouser pocket, usual I.D.s. They say that his name is Lanza and he lives up in Dublin. This would be the Dublin that is in New Hampshire there. I put Wormser checking with the local cops from there. We should know by five or so if this is the right guy.”

“I assume,” the chief said sarcastically, “you told Wormser, ‘If it is him, try not to tell his mother.’”

“Locals will take care of that,” Kiley said ruefully. “That is out of our hands now, who informs his next of kin.”

“What about the old broad?” the chief said savagely. “What about the one we got that we did break the news to? Where is she while we sit talking? Having a press conference? Or is her real son doing that, saying how he’ll sue us?”

“She is in intensive care, over at the Spellman,” Kiley said efficiently. “Nurse on duty there tells me that her attack was mild. But, since she is very old, they are taking all precautions. Vital signs are stable and she’s under strong sedation. They say if no more attacks come and she doesn’t have more shocks, she should be as good as new within a week or two.”

“That is, I assume,” the chief said, “if they can keep Father Lynch away from her. Goddamned old tosspot.”

“Father Lynch is not our problem,” Kiley said with satisfaction. “I said something to the nurse and she laughed at me. I get the impression from her that he might be leaving there. The archdiocese may not be pleased when they get their report.”

“That may go for me as well when I get our report,” the chief said. “That, of course, should be quite soon, with the reporters calling.”

“Our report is being typed,” Kiley said uncomfortably. “Do you want me, brief you now, so you can start responding?”

“Yeah,” the chief said, “might as well. Wished I got a haircut. How comes it never fails when something like this comes along, I am always thinking I should get a haircut soon? Every time I’m on TV, I look like a hippie. You think maybe they’re connected—rough stuff and no haircuts? If I kept my hair cut short, this crap wouldn’t happen?”

“Could be,” Kiley said, “I guess. Anyway, you want it?” The chief nodded. “Rita called in,” Kiley said, “sounded very upset. Asked for me and got Wormser, whom she does not know. Wormser isn’t used to her, how she talks and all. This could be where this thing started to unglue.”

“Rita gets across her meaning, that she’s got a dead guy with her. Wormser, who does not know her, does not understand this. Wormser thinks that guys drop dead when they are with friends, family around them or the people they work with. Wormser is a rookie and this is all quite new to him. Therefore, he tells Rita, she should call an undertaker.”

“This does not please Rita,” Kiley said ruefully. “Rita is a businesswoman and her work’s brought to her. She has her appointments and her afternoon is filled. This guy that is dead is just one of several clients. She cannot let guys in for her unique services if she has got a dead man stretched out in the bedroom. Rita’s trade’s a little kinky, but it’s not quite that exotic. Corpses with no clothes on do not turn her clients on.”

“‘No, no,’ Rita says, naturally excited, ‘this man who is dead with me, I do not know his name.’ Rita did not go to college, but she knows important things. She does things to you for money, but she doesn’t arrange funerals. She wants Wormser to send somebody, take this man away. Otherwise, she loses business, and she doesn’t feature that.”

“Wormser decides this is hopeless. It is beyond him. He has got this crazy woman yelling at him on the phone, and he does not understand more than a third of what she’s saying. He dispatches Hall and Gleason to investigate.”

“Hall and Gleason,” the chief said, “of course. That would figure. Stupid rookie’s got a problem, gets two more to help him.”

“Hall is pretty savvy, Chief,” Kiley said. “She is not experienced, but she is pretty savvy.”

“For a housewife, I agree, Hall is pretty savvy,” the chief said grudgingly. “What I’d like is savvy cops, but they say times are changing.”

“There have been reports of that,” Kiley said innocently. “Hall and Gleason reach the scene reasonably fast. Wormser had the wrong apartment number, though, from Rita. There is some confusion, since she’s not on the doorbells. Finally, they ascertain the right apartment number. Get it from the manager, who does not like her much. He tells them he doesn’t think that she belongs in there. ‘This is a nice place,’ he says. ‘We have got good tenants. New apartment complex like this, she’s not what we have in mind.’ Rita apparently has lots more visitors than he likes, and they seem to come and go from her at all hours, day and night. Gleason tells him that this one doesn’t sound like an improvement. He goes with them to the door, and there is a big scene. Before they can do much to find out what Rita’s problem actually is, Hall and Gleason have to tell the manager to beat it. He can evict her after they have finished.”

“Rita’s in her work clothes for this whole discussion,” Kiley said. “This consists of leather vest, with nothing under it, and a matching leather skirt, which is very short. It is also slit up both sides and there’s nothing under it. Except Rita’s crotch, of course, and Rita’s high black boots. Hall says Gleason had some trouble concentrating on his work.”

“They get rid of the manager and go  
(continued on page 172)



*"It shouldn't take a computer to figure out  
that computer widows are horny."*

# COOKIN'

*miss march is on her own again, which means the competition is outnumbered*

DONNA SMITH sat crackling like a campfire in her boyfriend's Burbank living room. In a loping narrative, she was recounting, with almost no regrets, the unusual series of events that had brought her to where she is now. Often, she exploded. Sparks flying in all directions, she'd leap from her chair and take the center of the room as though there was just too much to say sitting down. And there was.

She began with her childhood and her mother's midnight exit from Oregon, just ahead of the authorities who wanted to take her six children from her. She fast-forwarded to Washington, where the family



*"I have found that there's some good in everyone. They may not act that way, but all people have hearts. And if you're smart, you can find a way to get to the heart, no matter whose it is."*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA



settled for a while, and on to Idaho, where at the age of 14, she left home; traveling in Wyoming, Alaska, Hawaii and, finally, Japan, sometimes working as a cocktail waitress with a fake I.D.; then going successfully into modeling, getting married, getting divorced, moving to Los Angeles—which is where we said, “Whoaaa!”

There were details of interest here—such as how a young American girl could make her way in a country where people speak mainly

*Shopping with her sister Natalie (left) in L.A., Donna visits trendsetting Laise Adzer, where she's aided by manager Juanilla Malerba (below). “You had to take me to a place where I’m going to be weak,” scolds Natalie. “Now I’m going to go and blow my whole check.”*



*A master dribbler with “a serious hook shot,” Donna takes on some of the boys at an L.A. playground. It was no contest. Cutting a demo tape in North Hollywood’s Amigo recording studio (right), Donna tests the equipment, and the reserve, of the studio’s recording engineers.*





*Donna's notion of relaxation belongs on "ABC's Wide World of Sports." She burns sand and rubber on a Mexican beach (above) and navigates a borrowed catamaran (below), skimming over the waves along the Mexican coast. At right, she provides a tantalizing early moonrise over Manzanillo.*



*Donna had no problems posing for the PLAYBOY camera. "I've always been comfortable with my body. Some of my friends expected me to be embarrassed, but I said to the photographer, 'Why should I be? That's what I'm here for. Take the pictures; let's do it.'"*





Japanese. "I speak Japanese," Donna said simply. Had we known her better at the time, we wouldn't have asked such a stupid question. It's best to give Donna the benefit of any doubt. If you underestimate her, her attention drifts.

"I was interested in the Japanese and their culture," she went on, "so I just picked it up. After that, I dated a lot of Japanese men and ended up married to one for a time."

Although she hasn't been to college, Donna handles herself like a Ph.D. Experience is a great teacher, and the lady has a trigger-quick mind. Fending for herself was an early lesson, and she's honed her wit as well as her sensibilities. She's on her own again, and enjoying it.



"I like being independent," she said. "I wouldn't have it any other way, because there was a time when I wasn't. I would be living with a man, and he'd say, 'Well, it's my money. I'm paying the rent.' I'm out in the cold unless I do as he says. Forget it! Not happening! Not with this cookie, anyway."

Donna's nothing if not candid. She finds the straightforward approach is best.

"I'm really easy to communicate with, because I get right to the point. I don't play around. I just say it like it is. I'm a very (text concluded on page 151)

*Knocking around the world, as Donna has done, gives one acute insights into human nature. Quoth Chairman Donna, "They say there's someone for everyone. But that's not always true. Sometimes there's nobody for someone, because that someone's too much of a jerk!"*









*"If a man can just let a woman go and get out whatever's in her head, do her thing, and just let her know, 'I love you, and I'm here,' the woman will reciprocate if she really cares about him. Everybody needs space, or the thing won't work. Being with someone 24 hours a day drives you to hatred."*







MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Dana Smith*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Donna Smith

BUST: 37" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 3/15/60 BIRTHPLACE: Portland Oregon

AMBITIONS: To one day become a' successful singer

TURN-ONS: Being with someone I love - Shopping - nude sunbathing - playing with dogs

TURN-OFFS: Being hurt by people - jealous people - possessive people - places with too much smoke

FAVORITE MOVIES: Silkwood - Terms of Endearment - Frances - Romancing the Stone

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Richard Pryor - Eddie Murphy - Steve Martin - Faye Dunaway - Meryl Streep

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming - Horseback riding - pool

IDEAL MAN: A man who keeps himself in shape - Mentally + physically.

SECRET FANTASY: If I told you my secret fantasy it wouldn't be a secret. Now, would it?

age 1



Just playing

age 19



They got me again

age 21



sitting with my friend's dog

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** horny young attorney dropped into a singles bar on the prowl. The first girl whom he invited to his pad responded ruefully that she hadn't yet been fitted with her new diaphragm. A second confessed that she had broken her contraceptive-pill chain. Coming on to a third lovely, the fellow asked delicately, "Have you taken pleasure precautions, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," the girl replied straightforwardly. "I have my I.U.D. in."

"That's great!" reacted the eager legal eagle. "I knew that if I kept looking, I'd find a loophole."

**O**ur Unabashed Nation's Capital Dictionary defines *political insider* as a Congressman getting laid.

**H**ow faithful were you to your wife?" Saint Peter asked the candidate for admission at the pearly gates.

"One thousand percent!" insisted the man. "I never even looked at another woman!"

"That's remarkable," commented the saint. "As a special reward, you're being assigned a Jaguar to drive here in heaven."

"And . . . if I had been unfaithful?"

"You'd have to use other transportation, depending on how much you had cheated."

A few days later, Peter chanced on the new arrival sitting, sobbing, in his vehicle. "What is it?" he inquired. "You've made it to heaven and, thanks to your exemplary marital fidelity, you can tool around in this neat Jag. What's the trouble?"

"My wife died in the same accident I did," gulped the sobber, "and I've just seen her. She was pedaling a tricycle!"

**W**hat's your denomination?" the skid-row rescue-mission clergyman asked the floozy.

"A twenty—hopefully," she replied.



**B**oy, was I had!" the girl complained to a sister chorine. "The smooth bastard managed to convince me that the number of his secret Swiss bank account was tattooed under his foreskin!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *tearjerker* as a sensitive chap who cries while masturbating.

**N**ow that word has gotten around that Old MacDonald recently bought himself an inflatable latex sex object, he's being referred to as the farmer in the doll.

**W**hen I got a water bed years ago, I was able to get my wife to join me in churning it into a raging torrent," reminisced the drinker, "but then it gradually subsided to Lake Placid."

"You're lucky," responded his bar companion. "With *my* wife, our water bed has always been the Dead Sea."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *transvestite* as a gender pretender.



**H**ow come you keep wasting that beer by pouring some of it in your hand?" one fraternity member asked a nerdy brother.

"I hope to score tonight," was the reply, "so I'm getting my date drunk."

**I**t could be that you've heard of the pimp who refused to let his girls go down on him. He was known, of course, as the headless whoremaster.

**A** petite girl, when begged for some action,  
Told a guy with a nine-inch attraction:

"It would cause me dismay

If you went all the way—

But I'd settle," she smiled, "for a fraction."

**W**hat are the four cycles in the functioning of an internal-combustion engine?" the high school shop-class instructor asked a student.

"One is ig-ig-ignition," answered the lad, "but I'm kinda hazy about the others."

"The cycles, in order, are intake, compression, ignition and exhaust," reviewed the instructor somewhat wearily.

"They're pretty difficult to remember, Mr. Rogers," pursued the dense student.

"Not if you think of them in terms of extracurricular social activity, like on dates," countered Rogers, with a tight smile. "Then you might consider them to be the approximate equivalents of sucking, squeezing, banging and blowing."

*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.*



*"Of course, it may be one of those sting operations!"*

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

# TYPE DIRTY TO ME

*sex and computers  
were made for each  
other—after all,  
didn't eve offer  
adam an apple?*



article By ROBERT E. CARR AARON had a nagging urge to be a part of the personal-computer frenzy. It was springtime in the computer age and free enterprise was in bloom. Each day, it seemed, a newer, faster, more powerful, more up-to-date computer would come onto the market. Or go off the market. For a dedicated consumer like Aaron, these were times that made your palms sweat. He longed to plunge into the fray.

Every day, his former friends would regale him with stories of new wonders they had performed on their magic machines the night before. Then they would go stand in groups and talk in acronyms to other people with magic machines. If the tales told in these sessions were true, there were novels in progress, screenplays being mapped out, data being processed, important things being input and equally important things being output.

But Aaron was a practical man. Did he need this? After

all, his best attempt at a novel had run into plot trouble in the third paragraph, and his idea for a screenplay had, of course, been stolen by George Lucas and corrupted into *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. He was also blessed with surprisingly little data. He did have a few record albums, but they were mostly rock and, by nature, defied categorization.

"If only I had more data, I could make this pay off," Aaron told himself. He just couldn't justify going out and plunking down the equivalent of two Kawasakis (or a Honda Civic or a month in Tahiti or a neighbor-killer stereo) for the privilege of owning something he didn't know how to operate and that, if he did, would no doubt wither from his paucity of data.

"Show me one practical use for the thing and I'll buy it," he shouted to his former buddies, who simply shook their heads and remarked how much fun Aaron used to be.

"Psst! Ya got a minute?" beckoned (continued on page 174)





# 20 QUESTIONS: BOB GIRALDI

*the pop of some classic pop culture  
on his lite beer ads, the "beat it" video and that sizzling pepsi spot*

**B**ob Giraldi may be the busiest film maker in America. He's considered the Cecil B. De Mille of music videos, the Steven Spielberg of television commercials. Having worked with Michael Jackson on the now-classic, award-winning "Beat It" video, he is credited with setting the standard for that medium. Consequently, such heavyweights as Paul McCartney, Lionel Richie, Diana Ross, Kenny Rogers and Pat Benatar have sought him out for their own videos. As for TV commercials, Giraldi could easily be the highest-paid director in the business, if not the most visible. In addition to making the infamous Pepsi spot in which Jackson's hair caught fire, he has directed the majority of the hilarious Lite Beer All-Star ads for Miller, a campaign that has been recognized as the most successful in history. Bill Zehme caught up with Giraldi in New York. He reports: "I asked Giraldi if he'd like to take the Pepsi Challenge. He said he'd rather not, though he swears he'd pass—he just hates that ad campaign. During our conversations, he drank ice water, took a call from Olivia Newton-John, looked at rushes of a Jermaine Jackson video and made fun of dancing lesbians."

1.

PLAYBOY: Do real men watch rock videos?

GIRALDI: Interesting. The other night, I was sitting in my apartment in Los Angeles with three friends, all guys, all real men. We were each on our tenth glass of wine, watching MTV. We were heckling the screen, saying, "What the hell is this shit?" But we found ourselves waiting for the next one, glued with a sort of excited expectation. One guy had an appointment, but it took him an hour and a half to drag himself away from the television set. Another guy was like a kid who memorizes batting averages; he knew the names of every one of those fucking groups: Crush, Fear, Up Your Nose, The Talking Glasses, The Ashtrays. The whole thing was like watching sports. I had never found myself doing that before, but I was with guys. Now, maybe truck drivers and macho muscle men get uptight seeing sissies dancing and prancing around in videos. But my feeling is that 90 percent of that population are flaming faggots, anyway.

2.

PLAYBOY: Settle a raging debate for us. Are videos advertising or art?

GIRALDI: I say art. Cynical businessmen and record executives call me naïve. But I know advertising and have been in that

business all my life. Videos are, perhaps, a promotional tool to bring the music industry back to life. But are they ads? They may help sell records, but so does the weather. Videos don't sell songs the way Bubba Smith sells Lite Beer for Miller. There's no pitch involved. When you see a great video, you're more interested in watching, hearing and feeling it than you are in running out to buy the record. Videos are created through inspiration, much like paintings or movies. That goes for the very best videos, anyway. The majority of them are just boring and repetitive. Those are the ones that are most like advertising, simply because they all look the same. I've had enough of selling. When I feel the urge to sell, I make a Pepsi-Cola commercial.

3.

PLAYBOY: What is MTV's most unforgivable sin?

GIRALDI: Saturation. Nobody could have predicted this video craze, but we owe it to ourselves to be careful. Videos may wear out their welcome. I like MTV and believe it's the single most responsible entity behind the boom in the music industry. But even my 17-year-old daughter, Maria, tells me she can't watch a steady diet of MTV anymore, whereas she enjoys shows like NBC's *Friday Night Videos* and *New York Hot Tracks*. For me, it's like football, in the sense that at the end of every single winter season, there's been too much.

4.

PLAYBOY: Where would you rather watch MTV?

GIRALDI: Thirty-five thousand feet above the ground, in an airplane. That would be a smart place to pipe in a channel. You're a captive audience up there. When you're bored on one of those six- or eight-hour flights to Europe or California, you might like some jive to break things up. You know, the plane would rock a little bit in the sky. The worst place to watch it is in bed, making love. The beat is so varied, you might lose your place.

5.

PLAYBOY: A number of big-name acts—Joe Jackson, for one—have denounced videos for robbing people of their right to visualize music for themselves. How valid is that argument?

GIRALDI: Not valid at all. Joe Jackson thinks videos suck for several reasons. However, he has also said that if he could

dance like Michael Jackson, he might not mind doing videos. What he's saying, in his heart, is he feels he may not be a consummate performer. I disagree. I'd love to make a video with Joe Jackson, because I'd make him as hot as a firecracker on-screen. Moreover, he underestimates the power of music.

Example: Lionel Richie's classic love song *Hello*. We made a video in which Lionel is a teacher to a blind girl who's in love with him. She sculpts an identical likeness of his face in clay. Admittedly, the video is somewhat contrived—purposefully, in fact—but it's a nice visual love experience. It's my personal concept of the song. When I told Lionel about it at dinner one night, he damn near cried. He said it had nothing to do with the song, but he loved it. When you hear that song on your car radio, I guarantee that you will not think about the video. If we're as romantic a people as I think we are, songs will never leave our imaginations. Music is stronger than that.

6.

PLAYBOY: Now that Michael Jackson's *Beat It* has become the video classic, can you reveal the seamy underbelly of its creation?

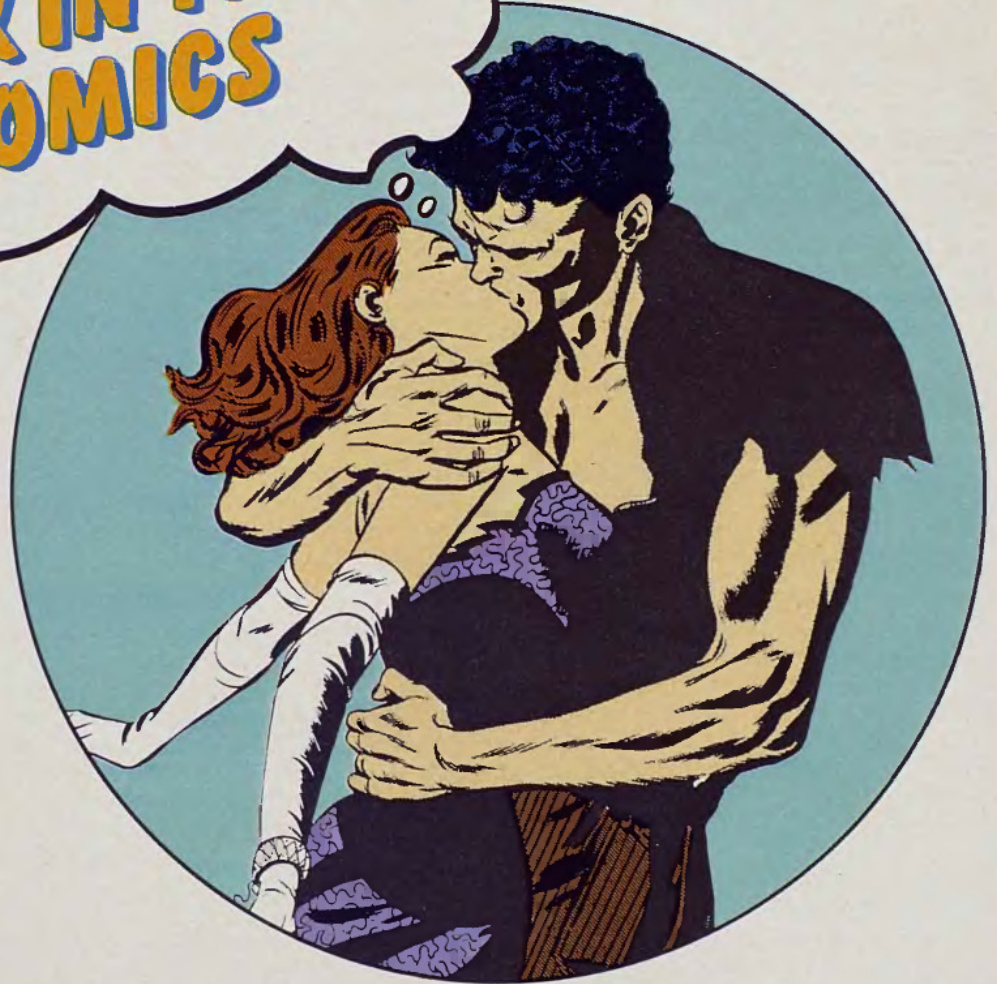
GIRALDI: *Beat It* is a study in timing. Young people in America were ready to see videos that were more professional, more story-oriented, more emotional. They were ready to see a star actually perform. Interestingly enough, if *Beat It* premiered tomorrow, it wouldn't be the phenomenon it was then, even though it will always be a fine video.

The real scoop on *Beat It*, if anyone cares, is that Michael and I wanted to do a street interpretation from the start. Other interpretations have been mentioned by sicker minds. But that's what the song is about: turning your cheek to the dangers and the silliness of young street violence. Michael suggested that we use real Los Angeles gang members and break dancers. I took the idea on vacation to Santo Domingo with my wife and daughter. For the entire week, I sat on the beach, playing *Beat It*, and wrote a scenario based on experiences I had growing up in Paterson, New Jersey. It was chic to be tough. I hated that, obviously because I wasn't tough. To this day, I have no tolerance for bullies. I go right after them on the sets.

That knife-fight sequence comes from a story a Puerto Rican guy in the Bronx told me 20 years (continued on page 153)

# SEX IN THE COMICS

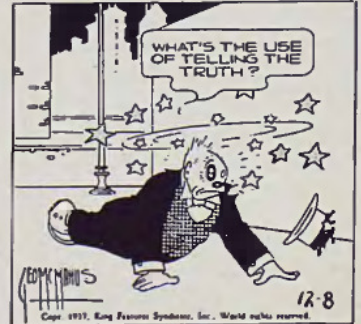
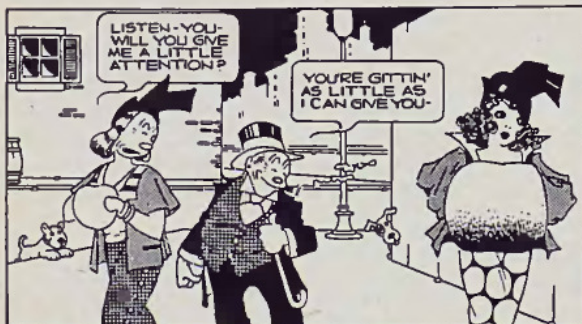
there has always been plenty of comic carnality—you just have to know where to look



**Moon Mullins**, by Frank Willard: Moan's 1930 pursuit of carry dancer Little Egypt (named for her pyramids?) was gripping to fans of the early strips.

LOIS LANE AND LANA LANG weren't cuties for nothing. Was there ever a red-blooded boy who didn't imagine Lois stripped of her color-dot jump suit, ready for a nude embrace with Superman—or, better yet, Mr. Mxyzptlk? (Let's leave the Bizarros out of this.) Well, we weren't just little perverts projecting our fantasies onto the page. Maurice Horn's new book *Sex in the Comics* proves that sex was there all along—put there by graphic artists who knew what made our little hearts go pitapat. Lois and Lana were cuties for us!

The open depiction of sex in the comics is something new, but a subversive thread runs all the way back to the turn of the century. Buster Brown displayed his easy cool with all the girls. Happy Hooligan was a clown at everything but his dauntless pursuit of Suzanne. The closet door opened a little more around 1907, with the establishment of the daily strip. Mutt and



**Bringing Up Father**, by George McManus: Like many husbands in Thirties funnies, Jiggs saw sex as something to be enjoyed with almost any woman but his wife, Maggie. McManus' *The Newlyweds*, launched in 1904, was the first family strip. It featured a smart, pretty wife and her stumblebum of a husband—a pairing Chic Young would perfect for all time in *Blondie*. *Bringing Up Father* offered the flip side of domestic life: ferocious bickering.



**Flash Gordon**, by Alex Raymond: Probably the sexiest of all the adventure strips of the Thirties, *Flash Gordon* draped its female characters in flimsy wisps that nibbled at the limits of censorship. Here, from 1935, the loyal and lovely Dale Arden learns that being the hero's ladyfriend can whip a girl right into shape. The witch queen Azura has fogged Flash's mind, you see, preparatory to a little B&D. Don't worry, though. Next week's coming.



**Wonder Woman**, by Charles Moulton (William Moulton Marston) and H. G. Peters: Marston, a psychologist, created *Wonder Woman* (above, in a 1945 adventure) as an affirmative-action project—with all those hunks around, little girls needed somebody to look up to. They found her in W.W. Even when Steve was superstrong, there was no doubting who'd come out on top. *Flash Gordon*, by Alex Raymond: Looks like more trouble for Flash in 1940—meanie Ming sets a trap with the unlucky winner of a Dale-look-alike contest (right).



**Superman**, by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster: The greatest of all action heroes finally made it with Lois Lane—in a movie.

**The Phantom**, by Lee Falk and Ray Moore: Eroticism figured in many of the Thirties strips—with *The Phantom*, you could call it anonymous sex. This is from a 1936 apus, "The Singh Pirates." Brainy Diana has found an ambergris deposit in the South Seas; the vicious Prince Achmed is holding her assistant, Dr. Owens, until she reveals its location. Perfume was expensive even then.





**Little Annie Fanny**, by Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder: The second greatest of all action heroes is like Little Orphan Annie, plus eyes and genuine breasts.

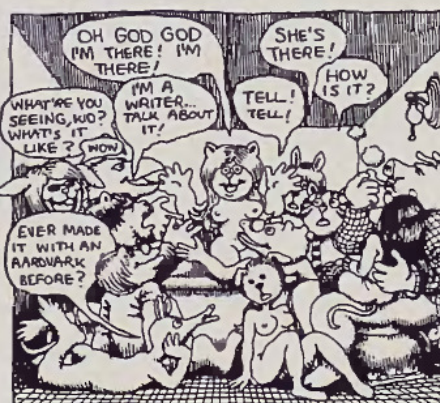
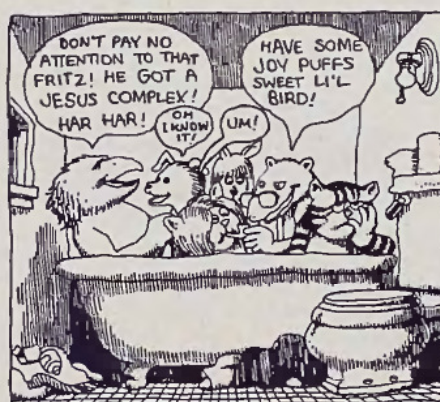


**Li'l Abner**, by Al Capp: With a sly hand envied by other newspaper-strip artists, Capp slipped sexual situations into his comedy. In this 1967 case, he set up a mismatch—confronting Li'l Abner with a brain-frying girl is a little like killing flies with an A-bomb.

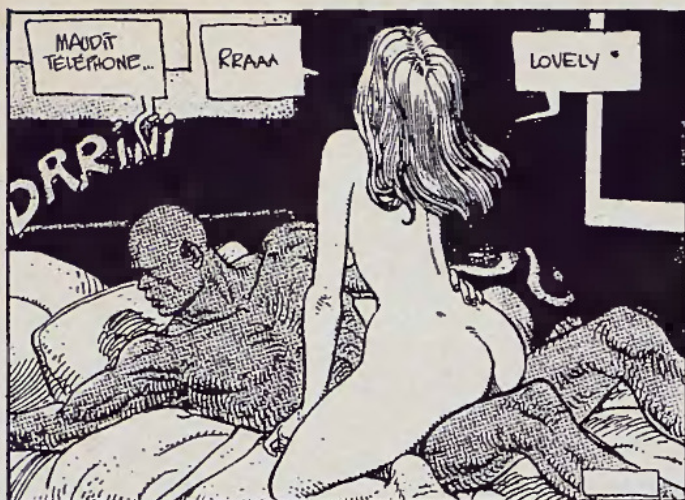
Jeff, Jiggs and Moon Mullins were always ready with an ogle and a leer, though more—much more—was implied.

Then came the action strip. Artists discovered that couples could fight for freedom and justice. Readers discovered that action, especially violent action, could be an aphrodisiac. The early cartoonists eschewed titillation and ass, but their images of men and women in close embrace, facing unspeakable evil, spoke for themselves. By the late Thirties, erotic imagery was a staple of the adventure strips—Flash Gordon is remembered as much for his flights into Eros (later transposed into the explicit film *Flash Gordon*) as for his flights of fancy.

As the Thirties became the Forties and mainstream comics warmed up slowly, a host of anonymous artists began spoofing sex in the most blatant comics of all—the black-and-whites. Dubbed eight-pagers or Tijuana Bibles, the black-and-whites were 4" x 6" booklets that wasted no time in telling their tales. Their plots invariably dealt with the frantic rutting of public figures and famous comic-strip characters. Such virile heroes as Gordon and Tailspin Tommy, as well as meek little wimps like Pete the Tramp, spun their tails with such immaculate heroines as Dale Arden and Little Orphan Annie ("Leapin' lizards, Flash!"). The eight-pagers' raunchy humor evolved into the "underground comix" of the Sixties. The Pope of the underground movement, Robert Crumb, presided over a grubby



**Fritz the Cat**, by Robert Crumb: In the early Sixties, the underground comix demolished every taboo they could turn up. Crumb was the guru of the underground wave; his freaky tableaux left no stoned phrase unturned. And Fritz, of course, went on to movie stardom.



**Major Fatal**, by Moebius: Not a new hospital show, *Major Fatal* is just one of the sleek, explicit strips by Jean Giraud, whose pen-and-ink nome is Moebius. Sex is usually peripheral in Moebius' work, a diversion from the business at hand. The major's lost lines in this 1978 panel mean, "Pete? This is FY! The lab just told me the body of the girl was only a double android." Our French-speaking sources say "Rraaa" translates loosely as "Yum."

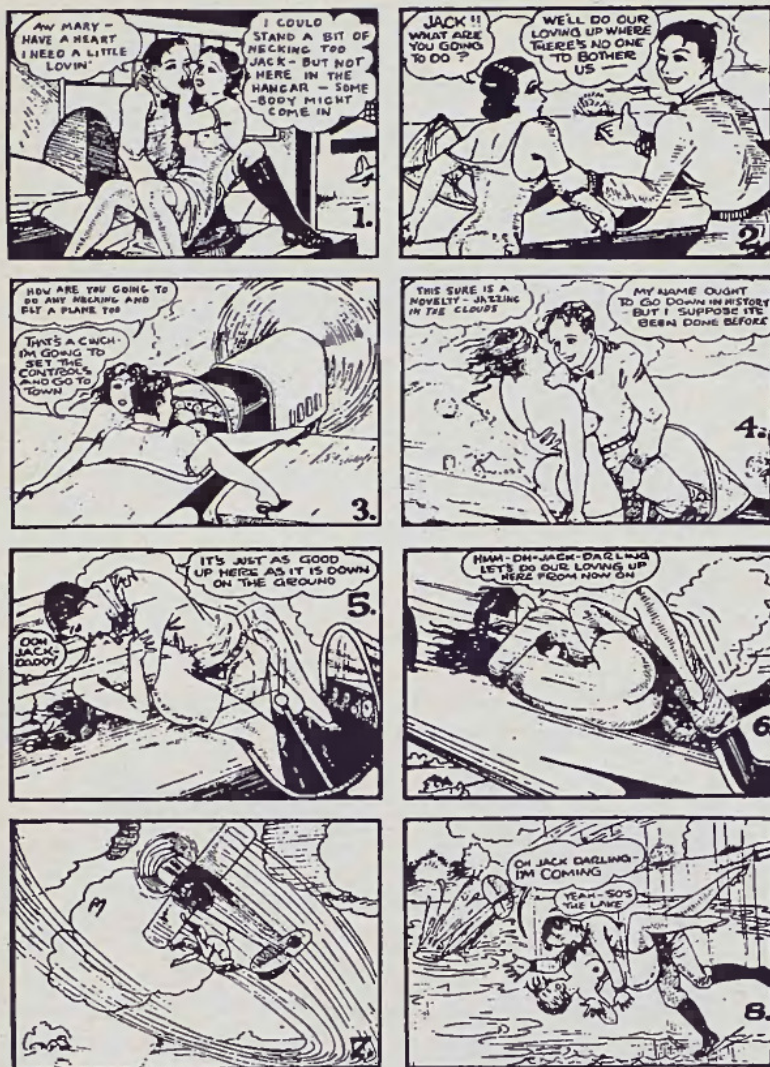
**The Horny Goof**, by Moebius: Jean Giraud strikes again around 1980 with a purely sexual tale of stardust mammores (below). Great Dame Kowalsky, the Space Slut, prepares a reception for the titular Horny Goof, a tit man from a galaxy far, far away. His reputation for sexual prowess—let alone goofiness—has reached the ends of the universe. Now it's about to reach hers.



**Lenore Goldberg and Her Girl Commandos**, by Robert Crumb: Here's Crumb at his Crumbiest (right)—a few panels from his Sixties masterwork of the sexual revolution. Crumb's supporting characters had such names as Angelfood and Dicknose, like Dick Tracy's faes, but that was about all they had in common with their ancestors. Almost everything in the undergounds come down to sex, from class struggle to the virtues of taking turns.



**Mutant World**, by Jon Strnad and Richard Corben: Corben, the artist, is one man who believes sex makes the world go round—whatever world you have in mind. *Mutant World* is a charming place where a six-year-old mutant named Dimento can have a satisfying relationship with a clone named Julie. Here's a line from the next 1983 panel, not seen here: "But tell me, professor . . . if he's just a kid now, what will he be like when he's 20?"



**Smilin' Jack parody**, anonymous: A prime example of the Thirties' eight-page comics, this take-off of a popular strip stripped its wholesome characters of all pretensions, making Mary and Jack charter members of the Mile High Club.



**La Nouvelle Venus**, by Paul Gillon: Our shapely heroine, just back from saving the galaxy, enjoys a little R&R in 1983 with her dream lover—a virile, very single-minded guy she's made with a contraption called the cosmic transmitter.

revolution. In mock contrition, Crumb often signed his more outrageous pages R. Scum, Crumbum or El Crummo.

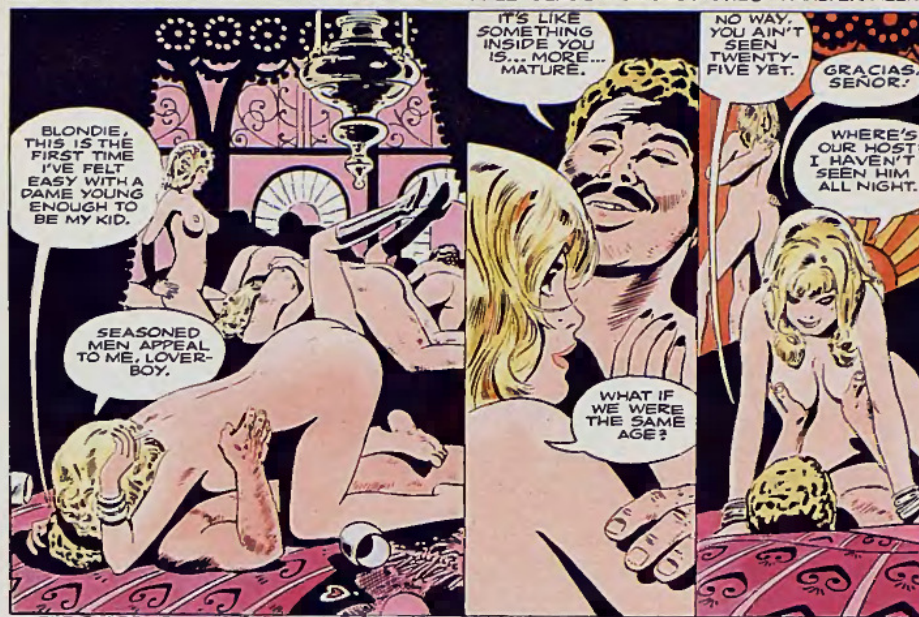
Magazines such as *PLAYBOY* soon developed their own, slicker versions of adult comics, of which *Little Annie Fanny* is only the first and most celebrated. Today, in terms of their sexual content, comics have almost caught up with the rest of our media. Somebody tell Lois—making it with Superman in the movies doesn't count.



**Aurelia**, by Dany: As Dany, Daniel Henrotin managed colorful, explosive encounters even without using color. The flashy montage from the Seventies below stars Henrotin's beauty Aurelia, a forceful damsel who doesn't mind being overtaken by a handsome stud of indeterminate nationality. Dany's use of crosscutting imagery made Aurelia an active comic stripper.

LANN3

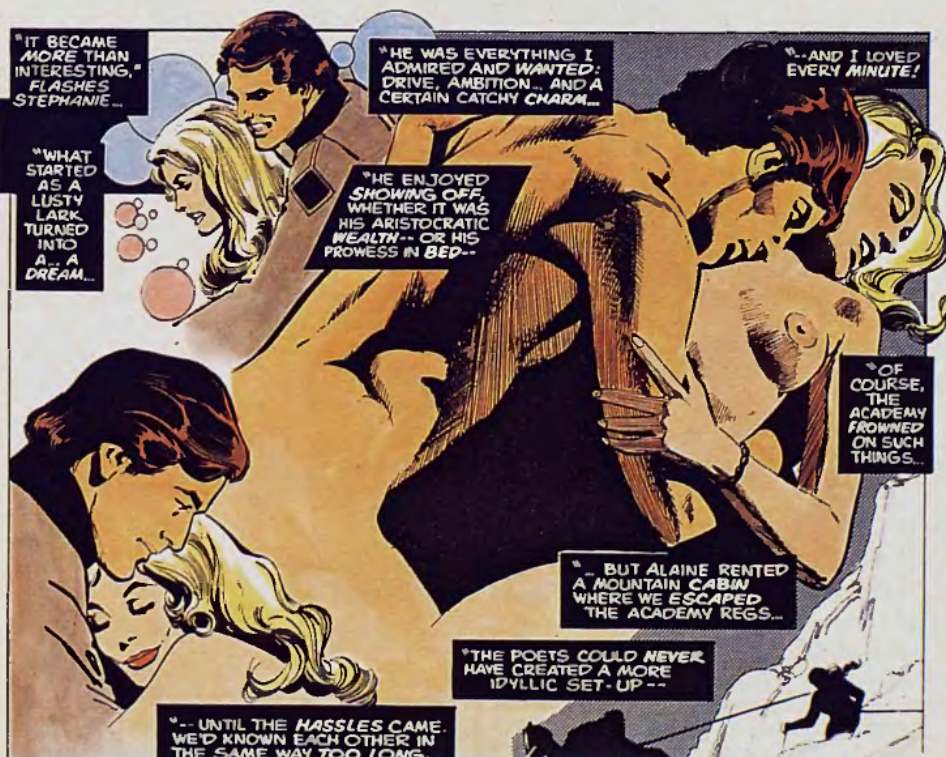
CESAR'S PILLOWED PASSION PIT ROCKS AS LANN PLEASURES A BOOZED DRUG TRANSFER AGENT.



IN THE SHADOWS, NEAR THE ALCOVE, KOMMEL, CESAR'S BEST-BOY, OVERHEARS LANN'S INQUIRY.



**Lann**, by Frank Thorne: Lann is the latest in Thorne's line of Amazon warriors, which includes Conan's fave, Red Sonja, as well as Ghita of Alizarr. Our own Moonshine McJugs is no warrior, but she, taa, was born on Thorne's sketch pad. Here, in a 1984 strip, we find Lann infiltrating an enemy stronghold. In the next panel, she'll divert the dooper with "a burst of sexual virtuosity."



**Stephanie Starr**, by Mike Friedrich and Dick Giordana: Longtime superhero practitioners Friedrich and Giordano can do more than your basic capes and doomsday weapons—sometimes they settle back for a casual round of sex and violins. In this 1983 R-rated version of the traditional romance comic, the hero and heroine get to relax with the lights on. Why did this take 85 years?

# The Midnight Special

*a host of noshes for those wee small hours*

food

*By Emanuel Greenberg*

THE MIDNIGHT SNACK is as much a part of American folklore as Paul Bunyan, Wyatt Earp, Annie Oakley and the Battle of Bunker Hill. Yet, for some reason, this innocent indulgence has often been linked with a guilt trip. Remember the movies, TV sitcoms and comic strips in which a hulk somewhat larger than Mr. T is nabbed in the act of sneaking forbidden rations from a bulging refrigerator? Shame! Shame! We say the hell with old hang-ups and Puritanical inhibitions. Up the midnight snack! The best midnight munch is a turkey sandwich—after the Thanksgiving guests have gone and it's just the two of you again in the blessed quiet. Halve a couple of crusty rolls; slather one side with Thousand Island dressing, the other with pan juices or gravy. Now heap on the white meat, dark meat and turkey dressing—the right amount is just a little too much. If you like, add a layer of thinly sliced onion and a dish of ripe olives or gherkins.

Well, that takes care of Thanksgiving Day—but what about the 364 others? No problem—soul food of the midnight hours should be simple, something you can throw together quickly and easily. It should also be savory and substantial, to succor appetites honed by a night of frolicking or a chukker of mattress polo. Comestibles favored for after-hours chomping include eggs, cheese, tuna, smoked fish and sandwiches, all prepared with unusual style and panache. Consider the mundane egg, for example: It can be paired with smoked salmon in a luxurious eggs Romanoff or with Mexican *salsa* for a peppery *huevos revueltos*. Cheese needn't always be sandwiched or flanked with fruit. The right *fromage*, handled knowingly, can transform an ordinary pasta sauce into *haute cuisine*. Imported tuna puts the gourmet stamp on a light but satisfying salad plate. Plain old *pita* bread is the ideal foundation for a superpizza if you

get a late-night yen, when the neighborhood pizzeria is shut. And if you're still hooked on mile-high Dagwood sandwiches, try a *croque-monsieur* for a sophisticated change of taste.

There are times, however, when circumstances dictate a sensuous approach to midnight nibbling. And frankly, at those moments, there's only one acceptable offering for an intimate snack *à deux*—a rich, luscious, drop-dead dessert. Chocolate in any form does it for a lot of people. Others respond to exquisite *gelati* or exotic fruit tarts. But for utter rapture, it's hard to beat a medley of outsized strawberries at their peak of perfumy ripeness, anointed with the aromatic magic of kirsch or Cointreau and smothered in *crème fraîche*. When you share this culinary treasure with your partner in pleasure, the results will, indeed, be magical.

Obviously, possibilities for nocturnal noshing abound—but one thing is a must. There's no (continued on page 187)



# THE LONELY SILVER RAIN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI



*fiction by*

## JOHN D. MACDONALD

*someone is littering travis mc gee's  
life with pipe-cleaner cats—  
and he wants to find out why*

**O**N FRIDAY, the first day of February, it took a long time to get out of bed. I checked the morning and found we had gone back to chill, so I put on an old sky-blue-wool shirt, stretch denims, wool socks and the gray running shoes. I looked at myself in the mirror and said aloud, "Tell me the truth, old buddy. Are you getting old? Have you lost a lot more than a half step getting to second?"

When I stepped out onto the fantail, I found a stick figure of a cat made of old pipe cleaners on the mat looking up at me. If it was a message, the meaning eluded me. I picked it up to flip it into the trash tin, then changed my mind and brought it in and put the cat on a shelf with a raised lip near my bed. Someone was trying to tell me something, but the message wasn't clear.

I went to the hotel alone, and for breakfast I had *USA Today*, double fresh orange juice, three eggs scrambled with cheese and onion, crisp bacon, home fries, whole-wheat toast and two pots of coffee.

When I went back aboard my home, I went up onto the sun deck and came upon another cat, a purple one, staring at me from the flat place atop the instrument panel. I sat in the pilot seat, the cool wind on my face, and looked at the fool thing. Somebody was going to elaborate trouble to have a tiny bit of fun. If they were sending a message, they had forgotten to include the code. Maybe somewhere in the world there was some other Travis McGee who'd find the pipe-cleaner cats comprehensible and hilarious.

On Saturday morning, when I approached my blue truck at nine to head for Miami, I found a brown pipe-cleaner cat on the windshield, *(continued on page 130)*

# *Understudies*

*four overwhelming playmates of the year prove that less is more*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
STAN MALINOWSKI

THE WORD *lingerie* is derived from the Latin *linum*, linen. Pretty prosaic. The words Playmate of the Year date back to 1960, when Ellen Stratton became the first to win that appellation. Pretty straightforward. Put the terms together, though, and you've got Playmates of the Year in lingerie—a phrase that's worth studying in depth. Playmates of the Year Barbara Edwards (1984), Marianne Gravatte (1983), Shannon Tweed (1982) and Monique St. Pierre (1979) are dazzling on the street, of course. In intimate surroundings, they've been known to cause temporary blindness. You definitely won't be underwhelmed.

After work, Barbara Edwards sunset strips (far left) in and out of a Prima Eclat underwire bra, garter belt and G string, \$120, from M. A. Rabinowitz, New York. Left: Barbara feels uplifted by a \$175 silk-chiffon camisale/bikini from Frances Smily, Clio Designs.





Yon cassis—that's the color of Marianne Gravatte's silk-charmeuse robe at left—has a lean-and-hungry look, ideal for a night of purple passion. Her cassis bandeau bra and lacy-front bikini complete Marianne's royal regalia. A gift that keeps on giving, the entire outfit can be yours for just \$380, from Donno Giambrone at Le Boudoir Giambrone, New York. Above, we find Newfoundland's favorite daughter, Shannon Tweed, getting o leg up on late-evening dress in an ivory-cashmere tuxedo coat with satin collar and motching ivory-silk-charmeuse garter belt. Loré of Los Angeles sells the coot for \$575, while the gorter belt's o steal ot just \$42. You're not willing to fly to L.A. for them? Then just call 1-800-992-SILK.



Marianne's rear view (above) always provides scenic curves—all the more so when she's dressed in Donna Giambrone's silk high-cut French undie trimmed in lace, plus a matching silk-chargeuse camisole. The undie and the camisole sell for \$68 each. Loré suggests that you "indulge your utmost fantasy of opulence in this amazing silk-chargeuse cocoon, flowing with double marabou right to its extravagant train" (right). Actually, you might look funny in it, but your girlfriend wouldn't. Shannon certainly looks pretty opulent. The bustier camisole itself is \$95; the rose-colored cocoon is \$575. Vocabulary lesson—a camisole is a short negligee; chargeuse is a satin finish; marabou is feathery stuff; and the cocoon's a robe.



There's a Wild One in every crowd. In this case, it's Marianne, all leathered up and ready to paint the town black. Hipsters, take heart—her high-cut lace "hipster" with detachable garters, by Dolores for Poirette, is a bargain at \$18.







Does your fantasy combine sensuousness and innocence? Then ignore Borbora Edwards on the facing page; in an exquisite peignoir from Loré, banded with antique cocoa lace, \$625, she's totally sensuous. At right, Shannon Tweed models Donno Giombrone's silk-chiffon tap pants in white with a flocked Lurex design, \$B2.



Above: Say hello to minimalist fashion we can all afford. For only \$34, you can outfit your favorite lady in a strapless stretch-lace teddy and fingerless all-lace gloves, from Early Gilbert of San Francisco. From Santo Monica's Jonquil comes Shannon's black-and-stone-checked mon-tailored silk robe, with shorts to match (right), \$295.





A priceless Monique on a pricy antique—Monique St. Pierre (above) models o silk-chargeuse French undie in turquoise, trimmed in black embroidered loce, which Donno Giambrone will let you have for \$68. The chair, sod to say, is not for sale. We're waiting for Louis the Something to come back ond cloim it. On the facing page, it's Borbora ogain, offering o clinic in demure seduction. Her blozing silk-chargeuse peignoir, with loyers of silk-organzo ruffles unfolding to the woist, is o \$465 creation by Loré. Soshed ot the top, it's guoranteed to keep the home fires burn- ing. Now we've come to the end of our study in scorlet, black ond chormeuse. There'll be no quiz—we assume you've been paying ottention.

LOCATION: SCHIVARELLI MANSION



# LONELY SILVER RAIN

(continued from page 117)

*"I've been planning this for three years. I wanted to make you feel so guilty you'd kill yourself."*

with one paw under the wiper so it could stare in at me. I put it in the ashtray.

I got home to find, in the last light of day, an orange cat on the mat. And so, with a pattern roughly predictable, I made preparations for bed, cut all the lights, put on dark slacks and turtleneck, eased out the forward hatch, crept around the side deck and settled down in the deep shadows, my back against the bulkhead, a navy-blue blanket over me.

Tipsy boatmen went past, guffawing their way back to their floating nightcaps.

"Let Marie take the wheel and she had it hard aground in ten minutes."

"You remember Charley. He found three bales of it floating off Naples and he got them aboard. Took it home and dried it out and he's got enough there to keep the whole yacht club airborne until the year Two Thousand."

"Should have had it surveyed, damn it. Dry rot down all one side of the transom."

And some harmony, ending when somebody used a bullhorn to tell them to knock it off, people were sleeping.

Slow hours. And then a swiftness of slender femininity, half seen in the glow from the distant dock lights. Creak of my small gangplank. She had learned not to step on the mat. She knelt, hair adangle, leaned far forward to put the pipe-cleaner cat on the door-side edge of the mat. I gathered myself. Lunged and snapped my hand down onto slender wrist. Yelp of fright and dismay. Then some real trouble when I dragged her aboard. Impression of tallness. She was all hard knees, elbows, fists. She butted and kicked and thrashed and almost got away once, until finally I caught her hand in a come-along grip, her hand bent down under, her elbow snug against my biceps.

"Ow!" she yelled. "Hey, ow! You're breaking it."

"Shut up or I will."

It settled her down. She made whimpering sounds, but she had become docile enough for me to fish out my keys and unlock the door and escort her into the lounge, turning on the lights as we entered. I shoved her into the middle of the lounge and she spun around, glaring at me, massaging her wrist. Just a kid, 16 or 17. A reddish-blond kid, red with new burn over old tan, a kid wearing a short-sleeved white-cotton turtleneck and one of those skirts, in pink, that are cut like long shorts, surely the ugliest garment womankind has ever chosen to wear. But if anybody could ever look good in them, this one could. Tall girl. Good bones.

"You're brutal. You know that? Really brutal!"

"OK," I said wearily. "I'm brutal. What's all this with the cats, kid?"

In response, I got a wide, humorless grin. "Got to you, huh?"

"It has begun to annoy me. Puzzle me. That's all."

She stared at me. "You're serious? You're not having me on?"

"Kid, when somebody starts invading my privacy with pipe-cleaner cats, I would like to know what's going on. That's all."

She stared at me. "My God, you're even more opaque than I thought. You're an animal!"

"OK. The animal is asking you to sit down and the animal will buy you a Coke. Maybe you can stop emoting and make sense. What are you kids taking lately? It has warped your little head."

She hesitated and then sat on the edge of the yellow couch. "Thank you, I don't want a Coke. And I don't take anything. Aside from getting a little woozy on wine a couple of times. You sit down, too. Are you ready for a name?"

"I'm Travis McGee."

"I know that! Oh, don't I know that. I've made a study of your life and times, Mr. McGee. I can't think of anything more pathetic than an aging boat bum—beach bum—who won't or can't admit it or face it. You are a figure of fun, Mr. McGee. Your dear friends around here are misfits or burnouts, and I don't think there's one of them who gives a damn about you. You're a womanizer, and you make a living off squalid little adventures of one kind or another. You have that dumb-looking truck and this dumb-looking houseboat and nobody who cares if you live or die."

"Kid, you've got a good delivery and a pretty fair vocabulary."

"Stop patronizing me!"

"What's with the multicolored cats, kid?"

"My name is Jean Killian." It was almost shouted, like some kind of war cry.

And then I knew why she had reminded me of someone. I felt the tears behind my eyes. I got up and walked toward her and she got up, tall, to face me. In a rusty, shaky old voice, I said, "You're her kid sister."

Eyes so pale in her sun-dark face that they looked like the silver of old rare coins stared into mine. The strength of her emotions had narrowed her eyes. I could not remember anyone ever looking at me with such venomous concentration. There was hate in there. Contempt. But she spoke

softly. "No, you stupid jerk. I'm Puss's daughter. And, God help me, I'm your bastard child. Look at me! People around here have asked me if I'm related to you. 'To him?' I said. 'Hell, no!'"

I really looked at her. The shoulders and the long arms. The level mouth, the shape of the jaw, the high cheekbones, the texture of the hair, with my coarseness and Puss's auburn.

"That's . . . what the cats were all about?"

"If you had any kind of conscience at all, Father dear, it would have hit you. Puss. Pussycat. But she didn't even mean enough to you so you'd get the connection." She sat down again and put her hands over her face. "A rotten, pointless idea."

"Why should I have a bad conscience about Puss?"

"Perhaps for men like you it is standard procedure. But I think it is cruel and wicked for a man to live with a woman and then, when she becomes ill and pregnant, kick her off his dumb houseboat and look for a new lady."

"Puss told you that?"

"My mother lived just long enough to have me, and she died the day afterward. Her sister brought me up. Her sister, my aunt Velma, told me all about you and where and how you live, and I've been planning this for three years. I wanted to make you feel so guilty you'd kill yourself. But you d-didn't even know what the c-cats meant."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen in April. What's that got to do with anything?"

I moved over to the chair by the built-in desk, put my foot up on it, rested my forearms on my knee and studied her. She sat on the yellow couch, out on the edge of it, fists clenched, returning my inspection, meeting my gaze, showing me her contempt, her hate.

"I had the feeling there was something wrong with Puss. But I never realized she was sick."

"Or pregnant. Sure. You just never realized."

"Do you want me to try to tell you a little bit about this, kid, or do you want to step on everything I say?"

"There's nothing you can say."

"Do you want to know how I met her?"

"Not particularly, Mr. McGee."

I sighed. "Kid, I just wish you——"

"Stop calling me kid!"

"OK. Jean, then. I was running on the beach one morning. Puss had stepped on a sea urchin in shallow water. She came hobbling and hopping ashore, in obvious trouble. OK, so I got the spines out and brought her over here and got her heel fixed up. She was . . . a lot of fun."

"Lots of fun, huh? A great sport, huh?"

"Merry is the word. A big redhead who  
(continued on page 182)

# Quarterly Reports

*a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance*

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

## DOLLARS IN THE SKY

*when you turn your frequent-flier miles into tickets or cash,  
are you getting your two cents' worth?*

**T**HE PLANE SAT shimmering on the runway. Or the runway sat shimmering on the plane. Or perhaps the plane, an American Airlines DC-10, was the first of the vertical-take-off-and-landing jumbos—a jet that would simply rise into the sky *without* a runway.

Something must have been special about the plane, because it was packed to overflowing with passengers paying the \$336 one-way coach fare from New York to Dallas, while not 200 yards away sat a half-empty Braniff 727 offering the same trip for \$109.

In truth, not everyone on the American jet was paying the \$336 one-way coach fare. I, for one, had a \$249 ticket (\$498 round trip). By buying the ticket weeks earlier and sticking to my travel plan, I had been able to nab the bargain fare.

Sure, that bargain fare was more than double Braniff's step-right-up, no-restrictions fare, but not everything is a simple matter of money.

For one thing, the American flight was scheduled to depart ten minutes ahead of Braniff's. Other things being equal, it would likely arrive ten minutes ahead, too, and time is money.

For another, wide-body aircraft are generally more comfortable than 727s. But not this time. When I checked in at the Admiral's Club—90 minutes early—I was told that the flight was almost fully booked, with only center seats available. Could I use one of my gold upgrades, I asked, to sneak into first class? (Yes, the kid's not just an American AAdvantage traveler, he's AAdvantage Gold! AAnd a stockholder!) Not a chance.

What's more, it was already too late to secure anything but a center seat for the flight back from Dallas the following day. It seemed that now that you could fly there for \$109, no restrictions, on Braniff, people were positively banging on American's door for a seat at \$336.

So I walked.

Not to Dallas, naturally, but to Braniff. And flew to Dallas for less than half the special fare on American—

less than one third the full fare—and was surrounded by empty, cool leather seats.

Hours after I returned, Braniff announced that it would be shrinking its fleet from 30 planes to ten and selling off nine of its 12 gates at Dallas to American.

But before that, as I started to take my first tentative steps toward Braniff, the nice lady at the Admiral's Club said softly—the line calculated to stop me in my tracks and sit me back down in the center seat—"You know, you won't get your AAdvantage miles for the flight."

There it was. She'd called my bluff. As it happened, in this case she lost the hand. But the power of her words was a testament to what has got to be the greatest stroke of marketing genius of the decade, the frequent-flier incentive programs. It is the genius that packed the American flight at three times the fare and left Braniff coughing in its exhaust. (It's not so much that folks consciously paid an extra \$227 each way to get their 1388 AAdvantage miles. It's that they didn't want to *know* about alternatives. Shop around to save their employers a few hundred bucks? Uh—my other phone's ringing.)

I wavered. I am a man who has earned eight free trips on American Airlines, so I know about frequent-flier miles. I know about flying to Seattle via Dallas, at a cost of an extra three hours and no movie, to be able to fly there on American. I am a man who actually turned down the chance to be in a United Airlines TV commercial and \$5000 worth of free travel because I don't fly United. I am, further, a man who loves games and who managed to earn two free trips on Pan Am (I do fly Pan Am), plus a first-class upgrade, by flying a total of 9050 actual miles but playing his cards right and accumulating an additional 41,082 "bonus" miles. ("That's impossible," said my young cousin and good friend Adam Aron, who happens to run Pan Am's frequent-flier program. "Check it out," I suggested. "That's amazing!" he said after confirming my claim.)

So I'm hardly one of those guys who are down on frequent-flier programs because they neglected to sign up at the outset. No, I was in there flapping my greedy little

wings from the start.

But \$249 for a center seat versus \$109 in suburbia?

It's time, I deeply regret to say, to take a second look at the frequent-flier programs.

#### JUST HOW MUCH IS A FREQUENT-FLIER MILE WORTH?

There are a lot of ways to figure this, and the answer will vary from airline to airline. But on most, the goal to shoot for is 50,000 miles or thereabouts (40,000 on Pan Am, 70,000 on Eastern), because at that level, you get two free round-trip coach tickets.

So, very roughly, figure that 50,000 miles equals two round-trip tickets to Hawaii. (Even if you'd rather go to St. Martin, you will find yourself on Maui out of a compulsion to hit up the airline for the longest trip in its route system. Californians choose St. Martin.) Two round trips to Hawaii—again, very roughly—equal \$1000. Sure, you could spend a lot more than that, but if it were your money, you wouldn't. You'd shop around for one of the supersaver fares and maybe get seven nights in a tiki-tacky Waikiki hotel thrown in, to boot. So what we're talking here—\$1000 earned by flying 50,000 miles—is two cents a mile.

Or maybe less, depending on how you figure it. If, for example, you accept Eastern's offer of a lifetime membership in its Ionosphere Club for 100,000 miles (there admittedly being some question whether it's your lifetime or the airline's that's the limiting factor), you are making a simple trade of 100,000 miles for a \$650 membership. Two thirds of a cent per mile.

Pan Am will fly you coast to coast and

back four times in return for just 70,000 miles. What's that worth? If it's worth \$3752 (the price of four full-fare Pan Am round trips to the Coast in coach), then each frequent-flier mile is worth more than a nickel. But if four round trips to the Coast are worth \$952 (the price People Express charges), then each is worth just under a penny and a half.

As a rough rule of thumb, say the miles you accumulate are worth two cents each. By paying American an extra \$227 to fly you from New York to Dallas, you get 1388 frequent-flier miles worth \$28. Not a bad deal—so long as it's not your \$227.

#### THE OBVIOUS NEED TO CONCENTRATE

"When it comes to investing," I was going to say in the United Airlines ad I didn't do, "I'm a great believer in diversification. But when it comes to frequent-flier programs, it makes sense to concentrate all your miles on one airline. A good reason to make that airline United is that United flies to more of the top 100 business destinations than any other airline."

And, indeed, that is a good reason. One hundred thousand miles spread over a dozen airlines is worth nothing. The same 100,000 miles on a single carrier can buy you two first-class trips to the moon. It obviously makes sense to concentrate on a carrier whose route structure most closely overlaps your travel patterns.

But by the time United launched its frequent-flier program, I'd already accumulated thousands of miles on American and so was not about to switch. I and (by now) more than 1,000,000 others. Whoever was responsible for dreaming up this program at American should have been

given a \$1,000,000 bonus (no one person was responsible, American insists), for American was first onto the field and has by far the largest frequent-flier program. Frequent travelers, who account for more than half of airline revenues, used to switch carriers for trivial reasons—a flight left 15 minutes earlier or was showing a better movie or was \$11 cheaper. Airline seats were essentially a commodity, one very much like another. "Brand loyalty" was modest at best. But not anymore. Airline seats may still be very much like one another (they are! They are!), but now even a couple-of-hundred-dollar price differential is not always enough to break the bond.

#### WHO HAS THE BEST PLAN?

My own primary carrier is American. Its award program is hooked up with Frontier, Avis, Sheraton and others; its service is tough to beat.

Pan Am, hooked up with Republic, Hertz, Sheraton and others, is my second. It flies from New York to Florida, which American doesn't, and its award program is even more generous. Service isn't always as efficient as American's, but there's a certain richness and tradition to it, all the same. This past October, for example, I reserved a first-class seat to the Bahamas. Annoyingly, the airline called twice to nudge me into buying my ticket early, lest I lose my reservation. Couldn't I buy it at the airport, I asked? How crowded could an October midweek flight to the Bahamas be? But Pan Am prevailed, and when I got to its Boeing 747, I was the only one in first class. Seat 1B. Eventually, another man and a woman got on and, naturally, the computer assigned them the two seats directly behind me. The woman began reading the paper out loud over my left ear. After 20 minutes of this, *they began to hum*. I started gathering my things to move, but, in truth, they were humming very well. I don't know who the woman was, but when I turned around to glare a little, I saw that the man was Luciano Pavarotti. Somehow, one can more easily picture Pavarotti flying Pan Am than Eastern.

That said, Eastern actually does a better job, I think, than many people give it credit for (though closing its Concourse D Miami Ionosphere Club one crowded recent Friday afternoon was not, in my view, the paradigm of perceptive scheduling). Eastern is, in any event, my third carrier. Its award program, hooked up with TWA, Hertz, Marriott and others, is not lush, but I need Eastern. Neither American nor Pan Am flies between LaGuardia and Boston or Washington, as I do; New York Air flies those routes but has no frequent-flier plan (Eastern credits you with 1000 miles each way, so it's actually a little lusher than it appears); and People Express, the airline that answers all calls with a busy signal, leaves from Newark. The cab fare to Newark is more



*"Attention, Mother Ship One! The inhabitants of this planet are friendly, intelligent and they don't suffer from postcoital depression."*

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than the flight to Boston.

All the other major airlines have frequent-flier plans—TWA's is terrific—but once you've chosen sides, there's little incentive to switch.

#### TAX CONSEQUENCES

What makes these programs all the more irresistible is the fact that your average frequent flier, being in or close to or perhaps even above the 50 percent marginal tax bracket, would have to *earn* \$1000 to have enough, after tax, to buy a \$500 ticket to Hawaii.

For tax purposes, frequent-flier awards are considered discounts from the price of the tickets used to earn them. If you buy nine tickets and get the tenth free, bully for you: That's no more income than is the fourth bar of soap you get free with the first three. Similarly, if a company buys \$4000 worth of tickets to send you around the country and receives a free ticket valued at \$400, it owes no tax on the \$400. It's just gotten \$4400 worth of tickets for \$4000.

But if it buys \$4000 worth of tickets and you get the \$400 free ticket, then you are supposed to declare the value of that ticket as income and pay tax on it.

So far, the Government has had the great good grace not to bother with this, any more than it attempts to tax the value of personal phone calls made by employees on company phones at work, or other modest perks of modern life.

And rightly so. Here you and your companion were about to take a weekend in Tarrytown at a travel cost of \$18; but, since you've got these free first-class tickets, you decide to go to San Diego instead. You *never* would have gone there for the weekend on your own \$2240 (the cost of the trip in first class). So are the tickets really worth \$2240?

It would be different if travel-award winners had their choice of the ticket or the ticket's value in cash. Then the ticket could be said truly to have the cash value and might, indeed, be taxed as income. Contest sponsors often offer cash equivalents to winners who would find it awkward to accept the \$12,000 piano, say, and be stuck having to pay \$6000 in tax.

Airlines could never afford to offer meaningful cash equivalents, because, to the airline, the real cost of the \$500 ticket it's giving away may be around \$35 for a couple of meals and a few extra gallons of fuel.

If the IRS ever did start aggressively taxing frequent-flier tickets, one possibility would be to base the tax on the lowest fare then prevailing—on any carrier—on the assumption that if it were your money for a vacation, you'd look for a cheap fare. And then to tax only *half* that amount, in recognition of the fact that, were the ticket not free, you might very well not have taken such a trip at all. And then to lower *that* sum by the degree to which the tickets were earned with personal travel as op-

posed to employer-financed travel. And then to *charge* the tax only if the free ticket is actually used (some expire worthless).

Such a system might be reasonably fair, only what kind of madman would keep track of it all? It's crazy!

And how would you tax a first-class upgrade—an award that turns a super-saver seat into a seat on the same plane that may theoretically be worth \$1000 more but that actually buys you just a couple of free drinks, a wider seat and hors d'oeuvres?

#### HOW TO SELL YOUR MILES—OR BUY MINE

Having said that it's impossible to assign a cash value to frequent-flier miles, I must now tell you that a handful of enterprising travel companies have been doing just that. Israel Eiss (Travel Enterprises, Inc., 23 Jones Street, New York, New York 10014; phone 212-691-6638) began making a market in bonus tickets back in 1981, almost as soon as the programs began. Before that, he was a translator. He and three part-time employees use a "fluctuating, confidential market-bid sheet" as a guideline in buying and selling frequent-flier tickets. Want to go first class to Europe or beyond for half the going rate? Eiss can arrange it. Right now, for example, he is paying \$600 for first-class awards to Hawaii and reselling them for around \$800. That's more than the lowest supersaver but a heck of a lot cheaper than the \$1784 first-class fare you'd normally pay.

Eiss says the airlines aren't publicly supportive of his efforts but that they have no gripe. "Their basic interest is to reward their frequent travelers and provide incentives. It doesn't do them any good if a guy can't get some benefit from the awards. And it's the guys who get the most awards who have the least free time to use them."

Except for Pan Am, most airlines do allow you to transfer your awards to whom-ever you want. But you have to do so *before* you accept the award. Once your name is on the ticket, it's nontransferable.

I called another market maker (AGCO, 10111 Colesville Road, Silver Spring, Maryland 20901; 301-681-8200) and said I had two frequent-flier awards for sale. A very pleasant young woman asked how many miles I had on which carriers. I conjured up 70,000 miles on Eastern, entitling me to two round trips anywhere in the U.S., and 50,000 on American, entitling me to two round trips anywhere in the U.S., including Hawaii and the Caribbean. She consulted her price sheet and offered to send me a check, on the spot, for \$525 for either one. I would then be obligated to forward my award certificates. I didn't try to negotiate but probably could have. AGCO owner Alan Gross, a social-psychology professor, says AGCO tries to match the competition.

The Coupon Broker, for example (Suite 125, 1780 South Bellaire Street, Denver,

Colorado 80222; 303-759-1953). Like AGCO, The Coupon Broker has been around since 1979. That's when United, trying to rebuild traffic after a debilitating strike, began offering coupons worth 50 percent off the *next* flight to anyone who flew United. They were bearer coupons, meaning that anybody could use them. A big business (in the world of small enterprise) grew up when brokers bought such coupons for \$20 or \$30 apiece from one-time travelers and resold them a day or two later for \$80. In any event, the young woman I spoke with at The Coupon Broker offered \$600 for my 70,000-mile Eastern award and \$750 for my 50,000-mile American award. Fifty-thousand-mile awards on United and TWA were worth \$600 and \$950, respectively, she said. If I sent her my signed award certificates, checks would go out by return mail. (This is less risky than it sounds, because even having relinquished your award certificate, you remain in control. The broker fills in someone else's name on your certificate, but the airline sends the ticket, in that name, to *you*, the award winner. You then forward the ticket to the broker.)

#### ECONOMIC LOONY TUNES

The result of all this has been to downgrade the importance of price in the purchase of business travel. If we know nothing else, it's that people love to play games and to get things free. So if it costs the employer an extra \$227 to earn \$28 in frequent-flier credits, it's well worth the money. Hey, the ticket says *COACH*—what more can the boss ask? (A few employers require bonus awards earned on company travel to be turned back to the company, but that policy is neither popular nor widespread.)

There is no moral to this story. The frequent-flier programs are great for the participants, not so great for the infrequent fliers who, in effect, subsidize them. They're great for the airlines that got into them early and execute them well; not so great for the airlines that have lagged behind or bumbled the fine tuning (one lost a bundle last year when, by giving its award recipients a deadline for using their free tickets, it crowded vast numbers of nonrevenue passengers into seats that otherwise would have been occupied by paying customers). Neither are they so great for the shareholders of companies whose employees are wasting time in airports waiting for flights on the carrier of their choice or paying more than they have to.

Ultimately, a commodity will be provided cheaper and more efficiently if price competition is strong. These programs weaken price competition. But the airline industry is still an awfully competitive, efficient one, so it's hard to care.

But don't take my word for it. I've got just 12,000 miles to go for another two free tickets.



PLAYBOY GUIDE

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# FUTURE STOCK

*pure power and high performance are  
about to become standard equipment*

By GARY WITZENBURG

THE LIGHT turns green and they're off. The smell of burning rubber is all that's left at the start line. The Corvette is in the lead. But wait: Here comes the Mustang GT and, yes, the Dodge Shelby Charger is closing in fast!

Shades of 1965? Close. It's been almost that long since gas was so plentiful and affordable. And as the muscle-car kids of yesterday become the affluent young professionals of today, the cry is unanimous: Fuel efficiency is one thing, but we want our high-performance cars back—now!

Detroit, ever mindful of the needs and desires of its customers, is delivering: multipoint fuel injection, turbocharging, tubular headers, high-flow exhausts, roller lifters, five-speed transmissions, heavy-duty suspensions and huge wheels and tires to put all that power to the ground.

But this new performance battle of the Eighties is very different from the simple-minded brute-horsepower war of 20 years ago. Automotive performance has come to mean more sophisticated and more socially responsible *all-round* performance. Today's cars are smaller, lighter, leaner and far more versatile.

And this time around, there's some serious competition

Merkur XR4Ti



Renault Alliance Convertible



Dodge Lancer



# PLAYBOY GUIDE

from abroad. With relatively affordable Nissan 300-ZX Turbos and Maserati Biturbos turning 0-60s in the low sevens, with Mitsubishi Starion Turbos and 16-valve Toyota MR 2s not far behind and with six-second Porsches and exotic Ferraris on the higher end of the price scale, America's domestic makers can't afford to ignore the performance-minded market.

Also, this renewed horsepower war is being fought under a new and challenging set of rules. No car may be sold in the U.S. without first meeting extremely stringent exhaust-emissions standards. And every company selling here must meet a fuel-economy bogie of 27.5 miles per gallon on the average for its entire "fleet" of cars or be liable for substantial cash penalties.

In fact, emissions and fuel-economy standards, not performance, are the major reasons for most of this sophisticated and expensive new hardware. It's pretty tough to meet those laws and still maintain good drivability and acceptable performance with a simple old carburetor. Then, once the Feds are satisfied, if you've managed to work some

extra tire-frying horsepower into the engine equation, too . . . well, that's more power for the people!

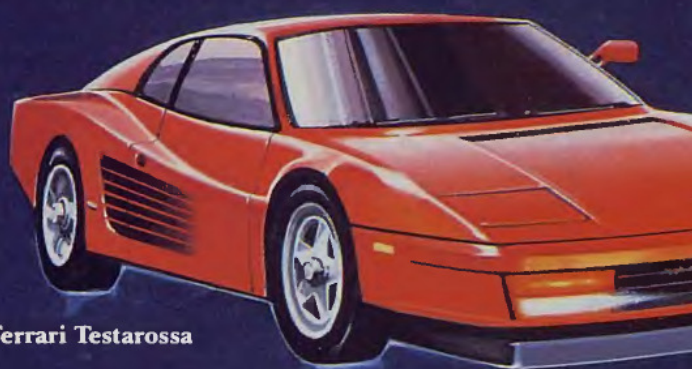
## AMERICAN CARS

General Motors has met the triple challenges of performance, economy and squeaky-clean exhaust by going to sophisticated multipoint electronic fuel injection (M.F.I.) on just about all of its V8 and V6 engines. Pontiac's 150-hp 1.8-liter turbo four (found in Pontiac Sunbird turbo and Buick Skyhawk T Type turbo models) also boasts M.F.I., while other G.M. fours get by with throttle-body injection (T.B.I.), plus the new roller lifters.

What's the difference? Both types are computer-controlled, but T.B.I. squirts fuel into the incoming air at just one central point (like a carburetor but more precise), while M.F.I. feeds each cylinder individually. Although M.F.I. is more complex and expensive, it gives better and more exact mixing of fuel and air for complete combustion. The bottom line is better economy, better drivability (no sag or surge when you mash the (continued on page 148)



Toyota MR2



Ferrari Testarossa





Audi 4000S Quattro



Subaru 4WD Turbo Sedan

Volkswagen Jetta GLI



## BIG WHEELS

*A.T.V.s that go anywhere and do anything with gusto*

MANY MOONS AGO, someone slipped a piece of paper into the suggestion box at Honda: Why not make a motorized tricycle? We can think of 100 reasons not to, but that's why we're American. The Japanese went ahead and created an entire new industry of fat-tired all-terrain vehicles, perfectly suited for running errands around the farm and for falling off at high speeds. But that's part of the fun. The latest innovation is an extra wheel. This year's A.T.V.s have four of them. You can choose from utility models, flat-out racers or middle-of-the-off-road riots. Here, we feature some of the best of the batch.

The Hondo Odyssey 350 (top) is designed to handle the really rough stuff. Full front and rear suspension will smooth out the bumps. A variable-pitch torque converter eliminates shifting. A fully padded bucket seat, with competition-type restraint harness and a full roll cage, will keep you in touch with the seat of your pants, \$2998. The Yamaha YFM200N Moto-4 (middle) is a work horse that occasionally likes to kick up its heels. Designed for anything from carrying loads around a construction site to herding cattle around a ranch, the beast has a 196-c.c. four-stroke engine, a five-speed transmission with an automatic clutch and a dependable shaft drive. The large front carrier, rear carrier and trailer hitch are standard equipment, \$1899. Kowosaki's four-wheel KLF185 Bayou (bottom) is light (333 pounds) but is loaded for bear. The 182-c.c. four-stroke engine is coupled with a five-speed transmission with reverse, shaft drive and electric starting. The steering system is similar to that used in automobiles. An independent front suspension smooths out the rough and ready, \$1849. The Suzuki Quad Racer LT250RF (large photo) is aptly described as a four-wheeled moto-crosser. The hell-bent-for-leather A.T.V. has a 249-c.c. two-stroke liquid-cooled engine, with a five-speed transmission, oil-damped shocks and a Suzuki full-floater, box-type aluminum swing arm in the rear, \$2299.





## THE SPEED OF SOUND

*car stereos that move you*

With new cars offering more zip, we've chosen some top-line stereo systems that are sure to add real rolling thunder. The large beauty at right is a Rinspeed 939 Turba Convertible. The Swiss custom-car makers have built it on the base of a Porsche 911 Carrera. Its sound system comes from Alpine. The Model 3015 computerized graphic equalizer (\$400) is able to analyze car acoustics to create natural tonal balance. Other Alpine goodies include the 7165 AM/FM/cassette player (\$380), the 50-watts-per-channel 3502 outboard amplifier (\$350) and three pairs of speaker systems. There's a high-tech system for every taste and budget. We offer the fine front-end units below. JVC's KS-C200 (\$570) has a five-band graphic equalizer, Dolby B and C and a ton of tape features. Next, Panasonic's CQ-S934 (\$430), which offers dbx tape playback for drama similar to that available from compact discs, is an audiophile's delight. The Clarion 8500R (\$300) has smart-tuning circuits for improved FM reception. Blaupunkt's Las Angeles (\$580), in addition to being a fine radio and tape deck, comes with A.R.I. traffic-information circuits. Finally, the Pioneer KE-A330 (\$200) has night illumination, in-dash cassette with quartz-PLL electronic Supertuner III. The modestly priced unit offers 18-station selection, auto-replay and tape guard.





## PLAYBOY CARS '85—VITAL STATISTICS

### A LIGHTNING LOOK AT THIS YEAR'S HIGH-PERFORMANCE MODELS

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH (inches)	WHEEL- BASE (inches)	DRIVE SYSTEM*	ENGINE**	MAX. HP @ rpm	STD. TRANS.***	0-60 MPH (sec.)	EST. EPA ECONOMY (city/hwy mpg)	APPROX. BASE PRICE	DESCRIPTION & FEATURES
UNITED STATES										
Avanti	194.3	109.0	F-R	5.0-V8 H.O.	190@4800	4A	8.0	16/28	\$38,000	Custom classic gets better
Buick Century T Type	189.1	104.9	F-F	3.8-V6 EFI	125@4400	4A	11.3	18/26	11,400	Mid-size sporty sedan
Buick Electra T Type	197.0	110.8	F-F	3.8-V6 EFI	125@4400	4A	12.6	19/26	15,600	Sporty fwd luxu sedan
Buick Skyhawk T Type	175.3	101.2	F-F	1.8-4 EFI/T	150@5600	4M	11.0	22/27	9,200	Small, sporty hatchback
Buick Somerset Regal	180.0	103.4	F-F	2.5-4 EFI	92@4400	5M	12.5	24/34	8,900	New fwd small personal coupe
Cadillac Cimarron	177.9	101.2	F-F	2.8-V6 EFI	125@4800	4M	9.5	18/23	13,000	Faster with optional V6
Chevrolet Camaro IROC-Z	192.0	101.0	F-R	5.0-V8 EFI	215@4400	4A	7.0	16/22	12,300	Optional tuned port injection
Chevrolet Cavalier Z24	172.4	101.2	F-F	2.8-V6 EFI	125@4800	4M	9.5	18/23	7,700	New small high-performance Chevy
Chevrolet Celebrity Eurosport	188.3	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 EFI	130@4800	3A	11.3	20/26	9,300	4-cylinder or optional V6
Chevrolet Corvette	176.5	96.2	F-R	5.7-V8 EFI	230@4000	4A	6.1	16/23	24,400	Newly injected for '85
Chrysler Laser	175.0	97.0	F-F	2.2-4 EFI	99@5600	5M	10.6	23/33	8,800	High-tech fwd, optional turbo
Chrysler LeBaron GTS	180.4	103.1	F-F	2.2-4 EFI	99@5600	5M	11.0	23/34	9,000	Optional 146-hp turbo
Dodge Daytona	175.0	97.0	F-F	2.2-4 EFI	99@5600	5M	10.6	23/33	8,500	Optional 146-hp turbo
Dodge Lancer	180.4	103.1	F-F	2.2-4 EFI	99@5600	5M	11.0	23/34	8,800	New fwd sport sedan
Dodge Omni GLH	164.8	99.1	F-F	2.2-4 H.O.	110@5600	5M	8.0	19/29	7,600	Low-budget answer to VW GTI
Dodge Shelby Charger	174.7	96.9	F-F	2.2-4 EFI/T	146@5200	5M	7.5	19/29	9,000	Turbo standard for '85
Ford EXP Turbo	170.3	94.2	F-F	1.6-4 EFI/T	120@5200	5M	8.7	23/34	10,300	Ford's turbocharged 2-seater
Ford Mustang SVT	180.8	100.5	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	205@4400	5M	7.2	19/26	14,900	The ultimate Mustang
Ford Tempo GL Sport	176.2	99.9	F-F	2.3-4 EFI	100@4600	5M	10.5	25/34	8,400	New sports package available
Ford Thunderbird	197.6	104.0	F-R	3.8-V6 EFI	120@3600	3A	12.0	19/22	10,600	'Bird gets smoother optional turbo
Lincoln Continental Mark VII LSC	202.8	108.5	F-R	5.0-V8 EFI	180@4200	4A	10.0	16/23	24,300	New antilock brakes for '85
Mercury Cougar XR-7	197.6	104.0	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	155@4600	5M	9.7	19/26	13,600	Answer to T-bird turbo coupe
Mercury Topaz GS Sport	176.5	99.9	F-F	2.3-4 EFI	100@4600	5M	11.0	25/34	8,200	New sports package available
Oldsmobile Calais	177.9	103.4	F-F	2.5-4 EFI	92@4400	5M	12.0	24/34	8,500	Fwd small personal coupe
Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera GT	190.3	104.9	F-F	3.8-V6 EFI	125@4000	4A	11.0	18/25	10,200	High performance with injected V6
Oldsmobile Firenza GT	174.3	101.2	F-F	2.8-V6 EFI	125@4800	4M	9.5	18/23	8,800	Olds' answer to Sunbird
Pontiac 6000 STE	188.8	104.8	F-F	2.8-V6 EFI	130@4800	3A	10.0	19/26	14,800	New multipoint injection
Pontiac Fiero GT	165.8	93.4	M-R	2.8-V6 EFI	140@5200	4M	8.0	22/26	11,000	Mid-engine gets optional V6
Pontiac Firebird Trans Am	191.6	101.0	F-R	5.0-V8 EFI	205@4400	4A	7.8	16/22	11,500	Available injected V8
Pontiac Grand Am	177.5	103.4	F-F	2.5-4 EFI	92@4400	5M	12.0	24/34	8,000	Pontiac's answer to Honda Prelude
Pontiac Sunbird Turbo	173.7	101.2	F-F	1.8-4 EFI/T	150@5600	4M	8.3	22/27	9,000	Turbopowered optional
Renault Alliance Convertible	163.8	97.8	F-F	1.7-4 EFI	78@5000	5M	12.5	29/36	10,300	Ragtop with more power
Renault Encore GS	160.6	97.8	F-F	1.7-4 EFI	78@5000	5M	12.5	29/36	7,600	Fwd sporty hatchback
Volkswagen GTI	158.0	97.3	F-F	1.8-4 EFI	100@5500	5M	9.5	26/32	9,000	Pocket-rocket version of Golf
JAPAN										
Chevrolet Spectrum	156.0	94.5	F-F	1.5-4	70@5400	5M	12.2	37/43	5,500	New fwd subcompact
Chevrolet Sprint	141.1	88.4	F-F	1.0-3	48@5100	5M	14.0	47/53	5,200	Suzuki-built 3-cylinder minicar
Dodge/Plymouth Colt Turbo	157.3	93.7	F-F	1.6-4 EFI/T	102@5500	5M	9.1	24/30	7,500	Version of Mitsubishi Mirage Turbo
Dodge/Plymouth Conquest	173.2	95.9	F-R	2.6-4 EFI/T	145@5000	5M	8.8	19/24	12,600	Version of Mitsubishi Starion
Honda Civic CRX	144.6	86.6	F-F	1.5-4	76@6000	5M	9.7	49/54	6,900	Quick, economical 2-seater
Honda Prelude	169.1	96.5	F-F	1.8-4	100@5500	5M	9.7	25/31	10,300	Highly popular fwd sporty coupe
Isuzu Impulse	172.6	96.0	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	90@5000	5M	13.0	21/28	11,000	Gorgeous Giugiaro body
Mazda 626	177.8	98.8	F-F	1.9-9	84@4800	5M	11.3	26/32	8,800	High-style mid-size fwd
Mazda RX-7	169.0	95.3	F-R	1.1-R	101@6000	5M	8.6	17/23	10,900	135-hp GSL-SE available
Mitsubishi Gallant	183.1	102.4	F-F	2.4-4 EFI	101@5000	4M	12.1	21/26	12,000	All-new fwd "electronic sedan"
Mitsubishi Mirage Turbo	157.3	93.7	F-F	1.6-4 EFI/T	102@5500	5M	9.1	24/30	7,700	Restyled, improved subcompact
Mitsubishi Starion Turbo	173.2	95.9	F-R	2.6-4 EFI/T	145@5000	5M	8.8	19/24	12,600	High-tech turbo sports car

# Player/Manager



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## Who says you can't have it all?

Not Gary Villapiano, manager of his own physical therapy and fitness company by day and jazz guitarist by night.

"On the job, I put all of my energy into helping other people rebuild their bodies and their lives. At night, I revitalize my soul with my music."

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## PLAYBOY CARS '85—VITAL STATISTICS

### A LIGHTNING LOOK AT THIS YEAR'S HIGH-PERFORMANCE MODELS

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH (inches)	WHEEL-BASE (inches)	DRIVE SYSTEM*	ENGINE**	MAX. HP @ rpm	STD. TRANS.***	0-60 MPH (sec.)	EST. EPA ECONOMY (city/hwy mpg)	APPROX. BASE PRICE	DESCRIPTION & FEATURES
JAPAN										
Nissan Maxima SE	181.7	100.4	F-F	3.0-V6 EFI	152@5200	5M	9.0	19/25	13,500	Sporty new fwd sedan
Nissan 200-SX Turbo	174.4	95.5	F-R	1.8-4 EFI/T	120@5200	5M	9.5	22/26	12,300	Sporty turbo coupe
Nissan 300 ZX Turbo	170.7	91.3	F-R	3.0-V6 EFI/T200@5200	5M	7.2	17/23	17,200	America's fastest Japanese import	
Subaru 4WD Turbo Sedan	172.0	97.0	F-F	1.8-4 EFI/T	111@4800	5M	9.5	25/30	11,000	4wd with available injected turbo
Toyota Celica	176.2	98.4	F-R	2.4-4 EFI	116@4800	5M	10.8	24/30	11,200	New convertible for '85
Toyota Corolla GT-S	168.7	94.5	F-R	1.6-4 EFI	112@6600	5M	9.2	26/29	9,500	Twin-cam, 16-valve power
Toyota MR2	154.5	91.3	M-R	1.6-4 EFI	112@6600	5M	8.9	26/29	12,000	Twin-cam, 16-valve mid-engine
Toyota Supra	183.5	102.9	F-R	2.8-6 EFI	161@5200	5M	8.8	20/24	16,600	Hatchback with twin-cam 6
GERMANY										
Audi Coupe GT	177.3	99.8	F-F	2.2-5 EFI	110@5500	5M	9.3	19/25	15,000	Higher performance for '85
Audi 5000S Turbo	192.7	105.8	F-F	2.1-4 EFI/T	140@5500	3A	10.6	17/22	23,900	Turbocharged luxury sedan
Audi 4000S	176.6	99.8	F-F	1.8-4 EFI	102@5500	5M	9.6	24/30	13,500	New body, more power
BMW 325e	176.8	101.2	F-R	2.7-6 EFI	121@4250	5M	8.9	21/28	21,100	Small 6-cylinder
BMW 535i	189.0	103.3	F-R	3.5-6 EFI	182@5400	5M	7.4	17/23	30,000	More power and A.B.S. brakes
BMW 635CSi	193.8	103.5	F-R	3.5-6 EFI	182@5400	5M	7.7	17/23	41,000	More powerful engine
Mercedes-Benz 190E	175.0	104.9	F-R	2.3-4 MFI	120@5000	5M	10.0	19/27	22,900	A little more power
Mercedes-Benz 500SEC	199.2	112.0	F-R	5.0-V8 MFI	184@4500	4A	9.0	14/16	56,800	Standard airbag, A.B.S. brakes
Merkur XR4Ti	178.4	102.7	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	175@5000	5M	7.5	19/24	16,500	New German-built Mercury
Porsche 911 Carrera	168.9	89.5	R-R	3.2-6 EFI	207@5900	5M	6.3	17/25	32,000	Classic rear-engine Porsche
Porsche 928 S	175.7	98.4	F-R	5.0-V8 EFI	288@5750	5M	5.9	18/24	50,000	New 4-cam, 32-valve V8
Porsche 944	165.3	94.5	F-R	2.5-4 EFI	150@5500	5M	8.2	19/27	22,500	Terrific 4-cylinder Porsche
Volkswagen Jetta GLI	171.7	97.3	F-F	1.8-4 EFI	100@5500	5M	9.7	26/32	10,000	New performance package
Volkswagen Scirocco	165.7	94.5	F-F	1.8-4 EFI	90@5500	5M	10.0	24/29	10,000	Fwd sports coupe returns
ITALY										
Alfa Romeo GTV6 2.5	171.2	94.5	F-R	2.5-V6 EFI	154@5500	5MRM	8.3	19/26	16,500	Sports coupe with injected V6
Bertone X1/9	156.3	86.7	M-R	1.5-4 EFI	75@5500	5M	11.0	23/28	13,000	Former-Fiat mid-engine
Ferrari Testarossa	176.6	100.4	M-R	4.9-H12 MFI380@5750	5M	5.7	8/12	87,000	12-cylinder hyperexotic	
Ferrari 308 GTS	174.2	92.1	M-R	3.0-V8 MFI	235@6800	5M	7.1	10/14	60,000	A timeless beauty
Maserati Biturbo	165.8	98.9	F-R	2.5-V6 TT	185@5500	5M	6.8	13/20	25,900	Twin-turbo sport sedan
Pininfarina Azzura	163.0	89.7	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	102@5500	5M	10.9	23/28	17,000	Classic former Fiat convertible
GREAT BRITAIN										
Jaguar XJ-S	191.7	102.0	F-R	5.3-V12 EFI	262@5000	3A	8.2	13/17	36,000	V12-powered luxury coupe
Lotus Esprit Turbo	169.0	96.0	M-R	2.2-4 EFI/T	205@6000	5M	6.1	14/25	50,000	Turbopowered mid-engine exotic
FRANCE										
Peugeot 505 Turbo	186.7	108.0	F-R	2.2-4 EFI/T	142@5600	5M	9.1	18/24	18,200	Turbo'd, almost a French BMW
Renault Fuego	176.8	96.1	F-F	2.2-4 EFI	91@5000	5M	10.2	23/31	9,000	Larger standard engine
SWEDEN										
Saab 900 Turbo	186.6	99.1	F-F	2.0-4 EFI/T	160@5500	5M	8.5	19/25	18,150	New 16-valve turbo power
Volvo 740 Turbo	188.8	109.1	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	160@5300	4M + OD	9.0	19/25	19,000	Sportier 760 GLE Turbo

**NOTE:** The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes and models; it does not list all models nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are 1985 factory-suggested retail; foreign prices are port of entry. They do not include state or local taxes, transportation or dealer-preparation charges. Some price, horsepower, fuel-economy and acceleration figures are early estimates and subject to change.

\*Engine placement/drive wheels (F = front, R = rear, M = mid). \*\*Standard or recommended in designated model (T = turbocharged, TT = twin-turbo, R = rotary, H.O. = high output, EFI = electronic fuel injection, MFI = mechanical fuel injection). \*\*\*4M = 4-speed manual, 3A = 3-speed automatic, OD = overdrive, RM = rear mounted.

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.

SERENGETI DRIVERS from CORNING OPTICS. The first photochromic high-contrast copper-lensed sunglasses in the world.

SERENGETI DRIVERS. Uniquely designed for the demands of driving. For enhanced vision and superb eye comfort in changing daylight and weather conditions.

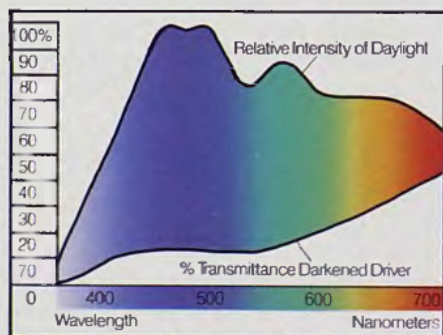
SERENGETI DRIVERS darken quickly in bright sunlight, slashing glare and sharpening contrast. And lighten fast, for exceptional vision in overcast driving conditions.

The unique copper lens adjusts so sensitively to changing light and weather, you see razor-honed contrast and sharp detail, even in haze, fog or rain. Even on snow and ice. Even on water.

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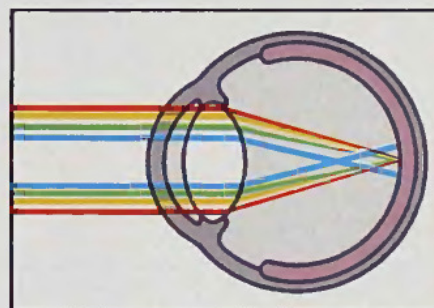


(simulated demonstrations)



*Dominating the daylight spectrum is blue light, which scatters in haze, fog, smog or rain to impair vision. The photochromic copper lens selectively filters out blue light.*

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## FUTURE STOCK (continued from page 139)

gas), cleaner exhaust and more power.

When Chevy engineers put M.F.I., along with "tuned" intake ports (an old racers' trick) and friction-reducing roller hydraulic valve lifters, into the Corvette's already impressive 5.7-liter V8, they came up with 12 percent better fuel economy to please the Feds, plus 25 more horses to please everyone else.

Chevy put a similar system into the Z28 Camaro's 5.0-liter V8 and got an identical 25-hp boost over last year's 190-horse carbureted version. This 215-hp M.F.I. motor can be had in either the regular Z28 or the new, ultimate IROC-Z, but only with four-speed automatic transmission.

Chevy's versatile 2.8-liter V6 also gets M.F.I. and some new applications for '85. Rated at 130 hp, it's an option in the mid-size Chevy Celebrity and Pontiac 6000 and standard in the performance-oriented 6000 STE. In 125-hp form, it's available to liven up the otherwise underpowered Chevy Cavalier, Olds Firenza and Cadillac Cimarron compacts. And a muscular 140-hp version motivates the SE and balls-out GT versions of Pontiac's fine Fiero sports car, lowering the mid-engine two-seater's 0-60 performance to about eight seconds.

Besides the eagerly awaited V6 Fiero, Pontiac's biggest news is its small "sports specialty" Grand Am. Forget the old high-performance name; this is a smoothly trimmed, nicely turned-out front-drive sports coupe intended to take on the likes of Honda's popular Prelude, Toyota's Celica and Nissan's 200-SX. Available with four-cylinder or V6 power, it starts at a reasonable \$8000 and can be optioned as a small luxury cruiser or (with Y99 performance suspension and big Eagle GT tires) a crisp-handling sports tourer.

Oldsmobile offers a Grand Am counterpart called Calais, styled and trimmed for a conservative buyer.

Buick Division, G.M.'s V6-engine-and-electronics specialist, offers a Euro-look, performance-oriented T Type version of nearly every model it makes. Topping the line is the luxurious, fine-handling Electra; at the bottom is the swift, turbocharged Skyhawk. In between are a surprisingly fast turbo-V6 rear-drive Regal T Type and a 3.8-liter M.F.I. V6-powered Century T Type sports sedan.

Cadillac's Cimarron is finally competitive in the tough luxury-sports-sedan market, thanks to its new optional M.F.I. V6 and a minor face lift that lengthens its nose (to accommodate the larger engine), classes up its tail and, in general, makes it now look more Caddy than Chevy.

Ford's 5.0-liter V8 engines get roller lifters to cut friction and wear, plus a host of other refinements ranging from racing-

type tubular exhaust headers in the hottest models to multipoint electronic fuel injection in the pricier ones. For well under half the price of Chevy's Corvette, high-performance addicts can buy a 210-hp Mustang GT that's only about a second slower 0-60. For about the same money as the Corvette, luxury/performance seekers can have the impressive 180-hp Lincoln Continental Mark VII LSC, with advanced air-spring suspension and America's first four-wheel antilock braking system.

Ford's mid-size Tempo and Mercury Topaz get their adrenaline levels raised with a new sport option that includes a 100-hp H.O. engine and upgraded suspension that lifts their handling into true sports-sedan territory. The timeless Mustang convertible is back, and the turbocharged Mustang SVO—easily the best-handling and most sophisticated Mustang ever—is scheduled for a 30-hp boost (to 205) and stylish Euro-look flush head lamps along about midyear. The sexy Thunderbird Turbo Coupe and its Mercury counterpart, the Cougar XR-7, powered by a milder 155-hp version of the SVO Mustang's 2.3-liter turbo four, are smoother to drive, thanks to new hydraulic engine mounts and an upgraded shift linkage for their standard five-speed transmissions.

But Ford's biggest '85 new-model excitement arrives from across the Atlantic. Built by Ford of Germany and available from Lincoln-Mercury dealers, it's called Merkur XR4Ti and is a U.S. version of Ford's hot European Sierra XR4i sports coupe. Ford's U.S. engineers added a variation of the T-bird/Cougar/SVO 2.3-liter turbo four rated at a healthy 175 hp. The Merkur's suspension is fully independent and typically Teutonic in agility; its interior is quiet, comfortable and functional in the German tradition; and its performance is downright impressive at about 7.5 seconds 0-60.

Chrysler, too, has roller lifters and other improvements to squeeze a few more mpg out of its remaining rear-drive sedans. But most of Chrysler's modern front-drive fleet is powered by the company's excellent 2.2-liter four, with a two-barrel carb in everyday models, throttle-body fuel injection in upmarket and performance models and multipoint injection in turbo-boosted cars.

Chrysler's answer to the sports-sedan trend is a pair of very slick five-door hatchbacks called Dodge Lancer and Chrysler LeBaron GTS. These come with the 99-hp E.F.I. 2.2-liter, quick steering and surprisingly athletic handling.

A.M.C./Renault, America's Franco-American partnership, has added a very affordable (at \$10,000) new Alliance convertible. This and the sports-oriented Encore GS hatchback come standard with a new 78-hp 1.7-liter engine, a major improvement over the regular 55-hp 1.4-liter four. And there's a lively new turbodiesel option for A.M.C.'s hot-selling downsized Jeep Cherokee and Wagoneer.

VW of America launches its all-new Rabbit replacement, called Golf, which looks like a slightly larger, more round-cornered Rabbit. Why the funny new name and the dated styling? What we've known as Rabbits always have been Golfs (from *Golf Strom*, German for Gulf Stream) everywhere but here. And the original Golf has been so successful and so widely copied throughout the world that VW's conservative German management decided that it didn't want to change its looks very much. So there! The new Golf's main claims to fame are significantly better performance, ride and handling, slicker aerodynamics, more usable room in the rear seat and cargo area and even a larger fuel tank for longer-range cruising.

Avanti Motor Corporation is alive and well and is turning out custom-built Avanti sports coupes from its ancient facility in South Bend, Indiana. Based on a still-sensuous 1963 Studebaker design, the Avanti was updated inside and out last year and gets further refinements for '85. A convertible is a recent addition, and a higher-performance GT should follow.

### JAPANESE CARS

While everyone else has been going turbocharger nuts these last few years, Toyota has been quietly developing its sophisticated four-valve-per-cylinder engines. Four small valves (two intake, two exhaust) give a more efficient flow of fuel/air mixture in, and exhaust out, than two larger ones can.

Toyota has been selling twin-cam 16-valve four-cylinder engines in Japan for years but only last fall brought one over here. This little mechanical beauty displaces only 1.6 liters but delivers a spirited 112 hp and an easy 6600 rpm in the sporty rear-drive Corolla GT-S coupe and liftback. As if that weren't enough, Toyota has just introduced a mid-engine, two-seat MR 2 sports car powered by the same twin-cam 16-valve 1.6, in this case mounted transversely behind the passenger compartment, as direct competition for Pontiac's Fiero. And Toyota's new entry in the growing sports-convertible class is a nicely executed factory-authorized conversion of the 112-hp, independent-rear-suspension Celica GT-S.

The performance war between arch-rivals Nissan and Toyota is not just being fought with sports models. In addition to

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# PLAYBOY GUIDE

the 200-SX-*vs.*-Celica and 300-ZX-*vs.*-Supra battles, there's a skirmish heating up on the Japanese luxury-sedan front. Nissan's Maxima is all new and has been converted to space-saving front-wheel drive for '85, while Toyota's Cressida is reskinned and significantly improved but remains rear-drive. The former boasts a 152-hp E.F.I. V6 borrowed from the 300-ZX sports car, while the latter counters with a 156-hp Supra-derived twin-cam E.F.I. straight six. Both will scoot from 0-60 in about nine seconds.

Nipping at the heels of Toyota and Nissan are two small but progressive Japanese car makers, Honda and Mazda. Honda has upsized the engine in its high-economy Civic CRX two-seater (now called CRX HF) from 1.3 to 1.5 liters and still claims the best 49-state (excluding California) EPA ratings at 49 mpg city, 54 highway. All other Civics (except the basic hatchback) come with a 12-valve (two intakes, one exhaust per cylinder), dual-carb 1.5-liter that generates a lively 76 hp. The popular Prelude continues unchanged, while a new top-line luxury SE-i model, powered by a 101-hp 12-valve E.F.I. 1.8-liter engine, is added to the Accord sedan line. Mazda, meanwhile, carries over its subcompact GLC and slickly styled mid-size 626 lines unchanged for '85. And there are now four variations of the quick RX-7 sports car, all with Mazda's unique rotary Wankel engine, but only the top-line GSL-SE has the larger and more powerful 135-hp version.

For only the second time in memory, eccentric yet highly successful Subaru (the only U.S.-owned Japanese-car importer) has significantly redesigned its line. The '85 sedans and wagons and the sporty hardtop boast all-new, more contemporary and more attractive bodies and interiors, plus major engine improvements. The upgraded 1.8-liter Subaru engine, sort of a water-cooled version of VW's old H-shaped flat four, gets overhead cams with a carburetor in low-line models and fuel injection in pricier versions. Power is up as much as 29 percent (to 111 hp with optional turbo), while economy increases as much as eight percent compared with '84. All models offer a choice of front-wheel drive or optional on-demand four-wheel drive, and the 4wd Turbo sedan has a dual-range five-speed gearbox and a clever height-adjustable air suspension that automatically elevates the car more than an inch for extra clearance when the 4wd mode is selected at less than 50 mph.

Mitsubishi's dealer network isn't nationwide yet, but three of its car lines (and its small trucks) can be found at Dodge and Chrysler-Plymouth dealerships. These are the turbocharged

Conquest sports car, the Colt Vista van/wagon and the new Colt subcompacts. The last have handsome and aerodynamic new bodies, more interior room, more comfort and features and a larger, more powerful (68-hp 1.5-liter) engine. An optional 102-hp 1.6-liter turbo four (with water-cooled turbocharger bearings), along with upgraded suspension and tires, turns these small wonders into serious pocket rockets.

Where brand-name Mitsubishi products are available, the Conquest is called Starion and the new Colts are Mirages. Other models (not sold through Chrysler) include the compact Tredia sedan and the Cordia hatchback (both available with water-cooled turbocharging), the 4wd Montero and an all-new luxury four-door called Galant (pronounced "gah-lawn"). Powered by a 101-hp E.F.I. 2.4-liter four with Mitsubishi's patented twin balance shafts to smooth its vibrations, the front-drive Galant is about the same size as Toyota's Camry and Mazda's 626 sedans but aspires to compete with the larger and more expensive six-cylinder Cressida and Maxima.

Isuzu, also not yet available nationwide, brings to market the same handsome Giugiaro-bodied Impulse sports coupe, the same rear-drive I-Mark subcompacts and the same small trucks it offered last year. Isuzu, as G.M.'s Japanese partner, also supplies the new front-drive Spectrum models being sold through East Coast Chevrolet dealers.

## GERMAN CARS

As you may know, VW's German-built front-drive Jetta sedan is essentially an uplevel Rabbit (er, Golf) with a spacious trunk. So you'd be right to assume that the '85 Jetta is all new as well. But it has come out better in the styling department, looking more contemporary than the '84. In fact, the Jetta just *may* overshadow its less expensive sibling in style- and status-conscious America, and it may soon join the Golf in VW's Pennsylvania assembly plant. Three fuel-injected four-cylinders—an 85-hp 1.8-liter, a 52-hp 1.6-liter diesel and a 68-hp 1.6-liter turbodiesel—are available in regular and uplevel GL-model Jettas, while the higher-performance GLI version features a 100-hp 1.8-liter, sport suspension and sportier seats and interior trim.

Audi's mid-size 4000S, Coupe GT and 4000S Quattro (also imported by VW of America) get prettier and more aerodynamic new bodies and interior and power train improvements for '85. Euro-style flush head lamps, full-width tail lamps, integrated body-color bumpers, larger bodyside rub strips and more rounded corners give them a softer, more slippery look. A 102-hp 1.8-liter fuel-injected four and a 110-hp 2.2-liter

injected five-cylinder power the front-drive 4000S and Coupe GT, respectively, while a 115-hp version of the five-banger motivates the nimble 4wd 4000S Quattro. Zero-60 times, in order, are 9.6, 9.3 and 9.5 seconds.

High-buck rivals BMW and Mercedes both offer computer-controlled antilock brakes. The German system, called ABS, is standard in both companies' larger models, optional in Mercedes' smaller ones. Mercedes gives a six percent horsepower boost (to 120) to its 190E "Baby Benz" sports sedan, turbodiesel-powered models are quicker off the line thanks to a revised automatic torque converter. More important, Mercedes' SRS (Supplemental Restraint System), which consists of a driver's-side air bag and front-seat automatic belt tensioners (which tighten up on impact for added crash protection) become standard in the top-line 500SEL and 500SEC and optional in most other models. Automatic belt tensioners also become standard for both front occupants in all but the 300CD diesel coupe.

BMW, meanwhile, escalates the German luxury/performance wars by dropping a muscular 182-hp 3.5-liter E.F.I. six into its top-line 7, 6 and 5 models. The resulting new models are designated 735i, 635CSi and 535i and with five-speed transmission will do 0-60 in 8.1, 7.7 and 7.4 seconds, respectively.

And Porsche has a new four-cam 32-valve (four valves per cylinder, eight cylinders) version of its aluminum V8 for the top-line 928S luxury sports car. Details weren't available at presstime, but we're projecting some 260 hp and sub-six-second 0-60 performance for this \$50,000 flier. Porsche's classic 911 Carrera and Cabriolet and the wonderful four-cylinder 944 are unchanged for '85, but a 944 Turbo is due by fall.

## ITALIAN CARS

Except for a new Ferrari, there's not much cooking from the Italian makers this year. Alfa Romeo's sexy GTV6 2.5 coupe gets an improved shift linkage and a lower base price as leather seats, sun roof and air conditioning become optional. A new lower-priced Graduate version of the classic Spider Veloce may prove interesting to the just-out-of-college set. The other two reasonably affordable Italian sportsters, Bertone X1/9 and Pininfarina Spider, are back with detail changes only. Maserati's \$25,900 Biturbo sports coupe, powered by a 185-hp twin-cam *twin*-turbocharged V6 and capable of 6.8-second 0-60s, returns. And so do Lamborghini's \$105,000 V12-powered Countach and the more reasonably priced Jalpa sports car but only in limited quantities.

Wait a minute! Did we say "a new Ferrari"? Right. The superb 308GTBi and 308GTSi and the four-seat Mondial coupe

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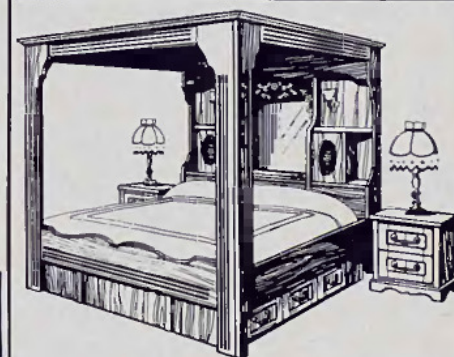
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**Guy Laroche Paris**

and convertible return intact for '85, but there's a brand-new 12-cylinder Testarossa at the top of Ferrari's line, and it should make it across the Atlantic in only slightly detuned form. Details are sketchy at this writing, but the mid-mounted four-cam 48-valve 4.9-liter flat 12 should make about 380 hp and propel this blood-red rocket to 60 from rest in just under six seconds and to a top speed approaching 180 mph! The radiators are side-mounted (hence the huge "cheese-grater" vents), the body is aluminum (except for the steel doors and roof), and we'll bet the price will be well into six figures.

#### BRITISH, FRENCH AND SWEDISH CARS

Jaguar's comeback continues with record sales in 1984 and a record start in '85. Why the renewed success? All the sexy V12-powered XJ-S coupe and the beautiful six-cylinder XJ6 sedan ever needed was better quality and reliability, and they have vastly improved in both since new management took over in 1980. Rolls-Royce and Bentley roll on unaltered, while the racerlike Lotus Esprit Turbo mid-engine sports car enters '85 an inch lower in front (thanks to antidive front suspension) and with new ventilated front-brake rotors. Its four-cam fuel-injected 16-valve turbocharged four cranks out an unbelievable 205 hp from 2.2 liters of displacement.

While France's Renault has dropped its turbocharged Fuego, rival Peugeot has added fuel-injected turbo power to a new performance version of its 505 luxury sedan. The resulting 142-hp 505 Turbo hits 60 from rest in a tick more than nine seconds and handles like a French BMW.

Sweden's Volvo also recently turbocharged its most luxurious sedan, the oddly square-roofed (but very popular) 760 GLE. Like Volvo's smaller turbo models (coupe, sedan and wagon), this is a neat, intercooled and (of course) electronically fuel-injected installation—and surprisingly fast considering the car's size and weight. It generates 160 hp from 2.3 liters and does 0–60 in the nine-second range. A sportier and less expensive version (about \$19,000 vs. \$22,600) of this larger turbocharged Volvo, called the 740 Turbo, is new for '85, as is a nonturbo four-cylinder 740 GLE. Saab's all-new, larger and more luxurious car is still several months away from U.S. introduction, but its high-tech 16-valve turbo engine is already here in the eccentric but lovable 900 Turbo. This one, too, is fuel-injected and intercooled, delivers 160 eager horses from 2.0 liters and does 0–60 in 8.7 seconds.

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## COOKIN'

(continued from page 93)

honest person. And I'm so easygoing, it's incredible."

The freedom she expresses is based on a well-cultivated inner strength. Donna knows who she is and where she stands.

"I'm very religious. I believe very strongly in God. It gives me strength. Like, if I'm scared on an airplane—I hate to fly!—I say a prayer and I know I'm going to make it. He's always looking over me. Boy, I'll tell you, He's definitely been there quite a few times. Quite a few. . . ."

Donna grew quiet and her eyes misted over. "See, now, if I talk like this, I'll start crying, so you have to stop talking to me." She excused herself and went to make tea.

Later, when she returned, she was crackling again. Modeling has been good to her, but she'd like to try something else, and singing is the best possibility.

"I do all kinds of stuff. I like progressive funk, and I like jazz. I like Phoebe Snow's style a lot. I also like the Pretenders, stuff like that, to get up there and really be a cocky bitch onstage; you know, to have everybody by the balls in a very strong but innocent way.

"I've had a lot of people say that when I sing, I sound a little like Kim Carnes but with a black side. I sing black because I was raised around black people.

"I used to be real shy about my singing. Stage fright. But every time I do sing, someone will say, 'Donna, get out there. You're a gold mine walking down the street. Someone ought to snatch you up!'"

Although her career is uppermost in her mind right now, Donna hasn't given up on love—not by a long shot.

"One day, I'll get married again, I'm sure. I would love to have one or two chil-

dren. I would definitely live with someone a long time first, though, to be certain I could spend the rest of my life with him.

"The kind of man I prefer is a gentleman. Warm, loving, gentle—just as it's said. I don't like arrogant men; you know, men who have a wild hair up their ass and think they can conquer the world. Men who think, You owe me, because I'm cool. Men like that—disrespectful.

"Sex isn't a big part of my life. It's a medium part; let's put it that way. There are times when I don't want it at all; then there are times when, honey, give it up, you know! I thoroughly enjoy pleasing my man, and I enjoy being pleased. It's important to have good sex in a relationship. But people who think it's the most important thing can stay out of my life, because I don't believe that.

"Money isn't that important to me, either. If I wanted limousines, I could have all the limousines I wanted right now, believe me. I'd rather have my own and tell a man, 'Hey, would you like me to pick you up in my limousine?'"

Then she levels her eyes and speaks carefully: "I want to be able to depend on a man as well as depend on myself. But I want him to know that I don't need him.

"It's not that whatever Donna wants, Donna gets. That's not the way I am. I'm a very giving and a very loving person. I have a heart as big as this world. Anyone who knows me will tell you that.

"And I cook, too. Oh, boy, do I cook! I can do Italian, Japanese, Mexican, Chinese, steaks. No cookbooks, either. All with the tongue—just the tongue. Everybody out of my kitchen; I'm cooking!"

There was really no need to add that. We were already convinced the lady could cook. In more ways than one.



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*"Luciano Pavarotti expressed a desire to make videos. I've always wanted to work with him."*

ago. One night, he and his gang from Tremont Avenue had a fight with a rival gang. They dug a circular pit, and the two gang leaders climbed in, tied their free hands together and proceeded to cut each other up with the knives in their other hands. One of them was killed. That image just stuck with me. Choreographer Michael Peters turned it into a beautiful dance. That's showbiz.

7.

PLAYBOY: No one has ever heard your side of the story regarding the ill-fated Pepsi commercial in which Michael's hair caught fire. You were directing. What went through your mind?

GIRALDI: Nothing. I was the only one who didn't really know what was happening until people rushed onto the stage. I didn't see it. I was off to the side, watching my black-and-white monitor. The fire looked like a special lighting effect on my screen. Suddenly, Michael was trying desperately to get his jacket off, thinking it was on fire. Like most accidents, it was over before it started. But the hysteria was there. He never seemed to be in danger. Then he was whisked off to the hospital and I saw him a couple of hours later. He was speaking despite the pain. It was an accident. To say any more about it is not very smart, because there will probably be a lawsuit.

I have no bad feelings toward Michael, and I hope he doesn't harbor any toward me. He is a brilliant performer, a genuine, shy, withdrawn young man. He and I worked together three times; we did fine work, had fun and made history. But our personal relationship is over—for the moment. He's gone on to do some very important stuff, and so have I.

8.

PLAYBOY: On the lighter side, The Glove has launched many rumors. Care to add some?

GIRALDI: After a couple of days of shooting on the Pepsi commercial, Michael and his brothers were in my dressing room clowning around. We had just been called to the set. I said, "OK, guys, let's go." Michael asked us to wait a minute, because he had to go to the bathroom. So he goes into the john. A few seconds later, from behind the door, we hear him scream, "Aaaaaaieeeee!" Our hearts sank and we all ran to the bathroom. Michael comes walking out, holding between his fingers his classic jeweled glove, drenched. What had happened was that the glove somehow fell into the toilet. He had fished it out and was laughing. The little glove looked so soppy—I was never quite sure from what.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's your dream assignment?

GIRALDI: Making *A Day in the Life*, by the Beatles. I won't say how I'd do it. But I told Paul McCartney, for whom I directed the *Say Say Say* video, that if he ever wants to do that one for posterity, for the sake of history, to let me know. It's obviously one of the songs that make me nuts. But Paul has probably had his share of posterity.

10.

PLAYBOY: Would you let your daughter marry a rock star?

GIRALDI: It depends. I'd love her to marry

Boy George. He would be the best catch of the year. I imagine living with him would be great fun. My daughter could pretty much do what she liked. As it is, she probably *will* marry a rock star. Her boyfriend is a geologist.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest video you never made?

GIRALDI: Luciano Pavarotti expressed a desire to make videos of two of his classic songs. I've actually always wanted to work with him. He's certainly a commercial artist—he plays Vegas and football stadiums. He gives the world gorgeous music. I never met Pavarotti, but I sat down with his manager and all he talked about was the bottom line. It was such a turnoff. He said, "We can't spend that, because the record's going to sell only a million. We'll never get a return." I told him, "First, you're talking to the wrong person. And



*"What the New Testament should have said, of course, was 'Judge not, unless ye happen to be judges.'"*

second, you're doing Pavarotti a disservice." You don't just do videos when the profits from your record sales allow you to. Lionel Richie never said he was afraid to spend money, and his videos helped catapult him to become the most important superstar in the business after Michael Jackson. It's naïve and shortsighted for managers, agents and record companies to take that attitude. The bottom line is a long-range thing in communications and the media.

## 12.

PLAYBOY: What would a Frank Sinatra video by Giraldo look like?

GIRALDI: It might be tough for Frank now. His place is secure in history. But he's gotten past the age of running around and performing. He's no longer Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*. A Sinatra video today might simply be his singing face interspersed with other images. The song I'd pick would be *Lonely Town*. When I graduated from college and got my first job, as an art director in Detroit, I played that song every night for a dozen months. I'm a romantic.

## 13.

PLAYBOY: You once wanted to make a feature film about the life of Frank Sinatra, Jr. Why?

GIRALDI: My vision was a tragic story that probably would have ended happily: The father is perhaps the greatest pop singer in the history of the world, a cult figure, a strong inspiration to men. The boy, who would never be able to follow in those footsteps, tries anyway. He embarks on an impossible career. He rises, falls, levels off, winds up doing obscure club dates in Minnesota or wherever. He encounters tragedies surrounding the family: his childhood kidnapping; coping with the women in his father's life; finally, the realization that he can't be who he thinks he should be. The message: We can only be ourselves. The young boy grows up and comes to terms with this horrible, tough life. [Pauses] They stopped me. The old man would never allow it. But I didn't want to do an exposé or an exploitative movie. A similarly incredible film was made about Jake LaMotta—*Raging Bull*. But that was a negative piece. I would have made a positive statement. Hollywood would have hated it. But Hollywood doesn't know anything about making movies.

## 14.

PLAYBOY: On the sets of the Miller Lite commercials, who gets more respect—you or Rodney Dangerfield?

GIRALDI: Rodney gets all the respect in the world from everybody. He always runs around making people crazy. I once said that I'd never seen a more insecure actor, which I still honestly believe. He got very angry at that and accosted me. But the fact is, he constantly tugs at his tie and asks

how he looks. Well, he obviously looks terrific. His stuff is incredible. He's a great addition to the All-Stars and a perfect catalyst. But he doesn't hang out. Rodney is not one of the guys. He doesn't sit around a bar with Billy Martin and drink away the evening. But his nervous energy is contagious. No matter what anyone says about Rodney, everybody performs better when he's around.

## 15.

PLAYBOY: How does a man who regularly berates such monsters as Bubba Smith and Boog Powell to their faces live to tell the tale?

GIRALDI: You mean me? Because they trust me. I've done good by them. They know I feel for all of them genuinely and like them. They're the biggest kids in the world. I call our set the Zoo. I don't demean them. What I do is holler at them, but in my own lovable way.

I'll never forget standing over them on a Fort Lauderdale beach where we were doing the Lite tug-of-war commercial. It was the end of the day. Their hands were red and ripped and bleeding. The sun was beating down. They looked like lobsters, and they were tired of pulling. I just needed one great take, but they weren't giving it to me. I started screaming, "Why, you bunch of has-beens! What the hell's the matter with you? Maybe your careers are all over, but mine's just starting! For Christ's sake, pull, you bastards!" Then I looked into the eyes of Ray Nitschke on one end and Nick Buoniconti on the other, and I realized that, if they wanted to, they could see to it that the world never heard from me again. But they decided instead to pull just a little harder. And that time, it worked. They sensed that I was only after a great shot. Somebody's got to be the coach. These guys are athletes.

## 16.

PLAYBOY: America wants to know: Who is that giggly blonde in those commercials? Is she everything you expected in a woman or less?

GIRALDI: Her name is Lee Meredith and she is a New Jersey housewife. She's a very fine actress and a very, very bright lady. That ditz character is all fake. In the spots, I guess she's Mickey Spillane's bimbo. The Doll. The guys are always after her on the set, making jokes about her bust and fanny. I can't repeat what they say or else they'll really kill me. Martin is after her every three seconds. But she is a highly respected member of that team.

## 17.

PLAYBOY: Tell us some Zoo stories. Which All-Stars cut up? Which don't get it?

GIRALDI: Everybody's fun behind the scenes. It's one prank after another. Bubba Smith: I made him tear open a beer can 60 times in his first commercial. He couldn't get the lines. Today it would be nothing for him, because he's turned out to

be one of the best performers of all. Great at underplayed comedy. Bob Uecker: funniest man in the world. He likes to walk around the set with my little eyepiece and play director. He gives camera guys and prop men orders like "Danny, shoot her at five-eleven or nine-two!" He doesn't know what the hell he's talking about. Screws them all up. Billy Martin: classy. A jokester capable of putting lighted matches in shoe soles. That's his thing. Dick Butkus: takes his work very seriously. Yet he's one of the biggest kids of all. A great instigator, along with Red Auerbach and Tommy Heinsohn. They love to start trouble between people and break balls. They like getting Rodney pissed off. Marv Throneberry: quietest guy of all. But he's not dizzy. All he ever says—on- or offcamera—is "I don't know why they asked me to do this commercial."

## 18.

PLAYBOY: Let's ponder the influence of advertising on modern life. If it can't be said in 30 seconds, is it still worth saying? GIRALDI: I don't want to agree with that at all. Unfortunately, the world does. Advertising has created a population that bores quickly, and we're more visually oriented. I read recently that you can see about 175 cuts in a five-minute video, whereas a half-hour episode of *I Love Lucy* had maybe 12 scenes at most. We have become the Show-Me Generation.

Everybody wants an answer quickly. If a guy calls to sell you insurance, he's got to talk fast before you hang up. You've got to get your word in edgewise or else I'm not gonna listen to it. It's rare for somebody to just sit down and say deliberately, "Now, Bob, look at me and listen." I'll doze off. We've become the fastest country in the world—even in our lovemaking. One has only to go to Europe to realize how fast we are. If we don't get our check in a restaurant sooner than a minute after we're finished eating, we become incensed. We think the waiter has gone off to have a smoke. We are impatient people, because of the incredible deluge of advertising.

## 19.

PLAYBOY: If you're someday asked to appear in a commercial, what product would you feel most comfortable selling?

GIRALDI: The American Express card. Can't you see it? "Do you know me? I'm the guy who helped Michael Jackson beat it. . . ."

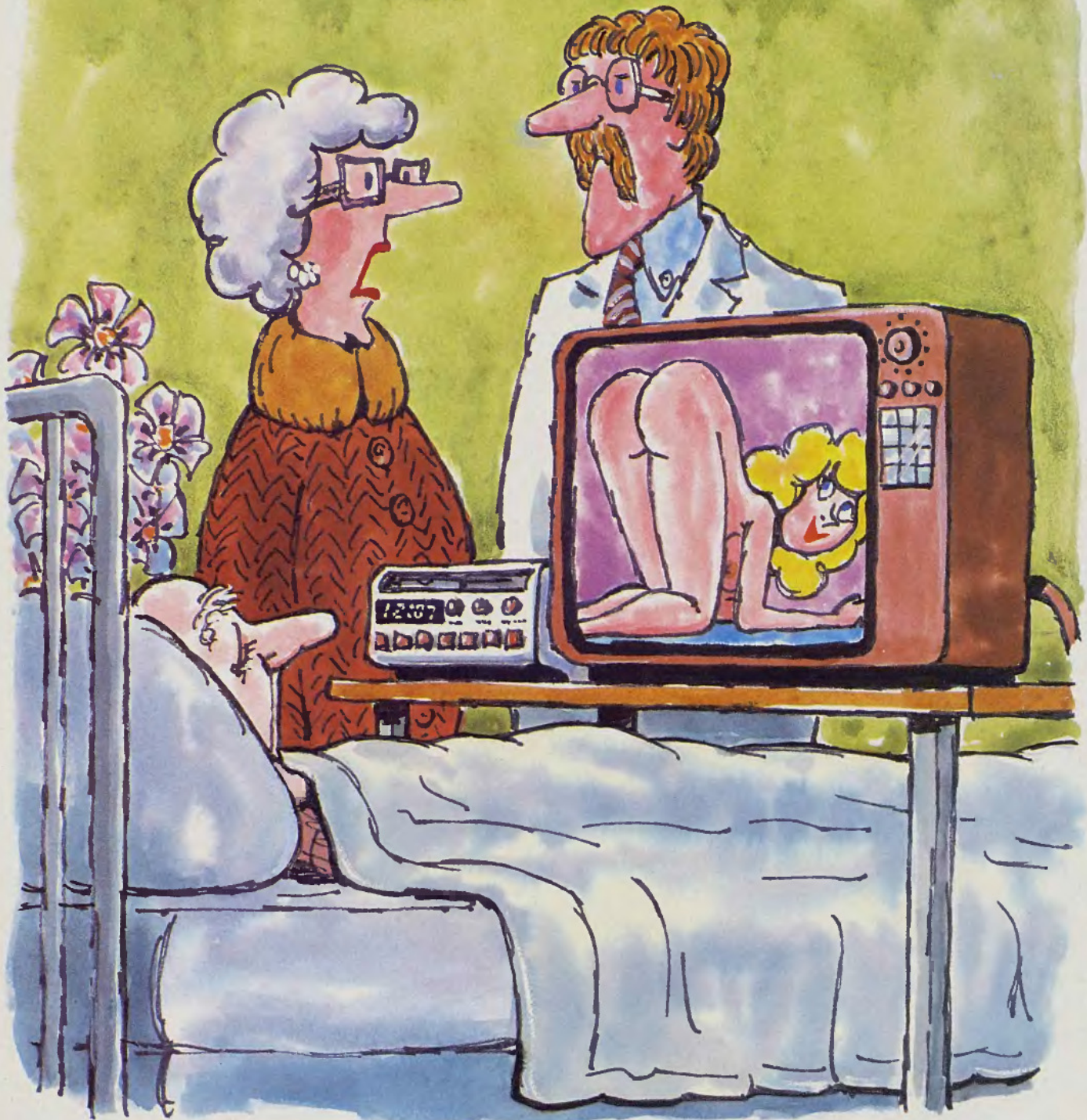
## 20.

PLAYBOY: What should you never say to an ex-athlete?

GIRALDI: Number one: Never say, "You're old." Athletes have the same egos and insecurities as movie stars. Number two and maybe more important: Never tell him that he can't go to his left anymore. That's the lowest.



Eric Larson



*"Well, if that's all that's keeping him alive, why won't Medicaid cover it?"*

# WHAT ELSE?

(continued from page 68)

*"We were told that men should support feminism because of the new freedoms they stood to gain."*

(many women take years off to raise children; they have, as a group, spent less time in the work force piling up seniority, etc.), of which systematic discrimination is emphatically not one. It matters not. *The New York Times*, I am convinced, has a special 59-cents-on-the-dollar line of type on constant stand-by, ready to be bunged into every third issue or so as proof of man's inhumanity to woman. The phrase is routinely flourished, like a flag, whenever some new assault on male interests requires justification.

This is not the way things were supposed to work out, gang. It may sound quaint now, but there are those of us who can remember having had high hopes that women's liberation, as it was then called, would prove to be not just another piggy little special-interest group looking out for number one but an actual movement for, well, *liberation*, freeing male and female alike from a host of accumulated stupidities. There was, after all, much cause for such hope. We were repeatedly told—and it made sense—that men should support feminism because of the new freedoms they stood to gain, the old *macho* encum-

brances they would be able to shed, the promise that both sexes would come out of the transformation freed of much that had formerly worked to make them enemies of one another and themselves.

So we hoped and so we expected, once upon a time. Even at the outset, however, there were intimations of trouble to come, apparent if you looked at what the members of the movement's vanguard were saying and writing among themselves. What you found was eerie and disturbing—a peculiar kind of double-tracking that was either deranged or flabbergastingly disingenuous. Somehow or other, with one exception, all the gains men might have envisioned from the new dispensation were finessed away. (The exception was the right to cry, which may have been retained on the humane ground that when the new order arrived, men would have a lot to cry about.) Could men, for example, expect something approaching equitable treatment from the divorce courts in alimony and child-custody cases, which had routinely ruled that they must (1) leave and (2) pay for their children? What, and break the sacred bond between mother and infant, undermining Mother

Right? (Which sacred bond, incidentally, traces back to the industrial revolution, when fathers were driven away from their homes and children and into the factories, and not to the primordial forces that keep creeping into the literature.) To the contrary: Feminist pressure was (and is) directed toward further increasing the discrepancy—toward hounding down and jailing defaulters, for instance. (With the so-far sporadic jailing of fathers who cannot afford to pay, we have returned, for men only, to the debtors' prisons abolished in the name of common decency more than 100 years ago.) Well, then, if men were to be asked, under penalty of law, to continue paying for the children they had sired, could they have some say in the mother's decision about whether or not to get an abortion? What, and interfere with—turn up the volume here—a Woman's Right to Her Body? (The coexistence of Mother Right and Pro-Choice formulas within the same set of heads is one of the authentic curiosities of our age.) Could men expect women to share the burden of defending their country's borders? Could they expect that women be drafted, like them, and, if necessary, fight and die, like them? No, there just shouldn't be any draft at all, because there shouldn't be any wars, and there wouldn't be if women ran things, because men made wars. (The example of history's female leaders, a singularly sanguinary lot, was carefully overlooked.) If there were a war, it should be left to the men, because men loved it.

Well, then, since, in the nature-*vs.*-nurture controversy, feminism was necessarily committed to stressing environmental influences, did the movement look forward to a day when men would no longer hold their current 20-to-one predominance in the nation's prisons or when, for instance, a man arrested for a capital crime would no longer be about ten times as likely to be sentenced to death as is a woman (as is now the case)? A few spokespersons thought that it one day might be so, but they were drowned out by a chorus whose unmistakable message was this: Nurture be damned; men are just naturally inclined toward violence, especially rape, and the main thing wrong with our penal system is that it isn't tough enough on them as it stands. Ditto for hopes that men might lose some of their overwhelming lead in suicide, heart attack and other stress-related disorders, in the process cutting into some of the female edge in the life-expectancy sweeps.

Wonders are many, and here is one: When I ask my college classes what they consider the single most flagrant example of sexual discrimination in America today, I receive all kinds of answers—women take their husband's names; 59 cents on the dollar; Jean Harris went to jail and Nixon didn't—but never what seems to me the obvious one: that the class's male



*"Oh, don't be such a wimp, Edwards. Surely you can pick me up a package of tampons on your lunch hour."*

students, and only its male students, are required by law to register for conscription in an organization that, if so empowered, will certainly brutalize them for two years and may well kill them, which in this century alone has been responsible for the selective extermination of hundreds of thousands of their fathers and grandfathers.

Wonders, I say, are many; but what is one to think of a young man who, with that hanging over his head, can look on his female classmate with the uneasy conviction that he is the one who is somehow oppressing her?

Just this: that like his father and the other older males of this country, he is an aborigine, a sucker, a dunce when it comes to the ways of sexual politics. That he has failed to notice what any behaviorist's pigeon would have noticed by now: that he and his kind are the ones getting screwed, man, and that this fact is surreally out of sync with the official version that has been passed on to him.

Once he realized this, he might, if he read around, come to a few other self-evident conclusions. He might see that, far from being a lunatic fringe of the zany past, the people who used to call themselves radical feminists have done a fabulous job of getting their values into the currency of conventional wisdom, which he was parroting. If he knew a little history, it might then occur to him that one

big reason for their success is, almost certainly, the uncanny convergence of their conspicuously radical sentiments, which amount to the position that women are better than men, and the traditional codes of chivalry, which also amount to the position that women are better than men. He would certainly see that those values were full of manifest inconsistencies that evaporate once one recognizes the essential premise at work—a premise spelled out some years ago in the statement of principles of a group called New York Radical Women: "We take the woman's side in everything. We ask not if something is 'reformist,' 'radical,' 'revolutionary' or 'moral.' We ask, Is it good for women or bad for women?"

Which might, perhaps, bring him round, at last, to the dismal conclusion that sexual politics is just politics.

Finally, I hope it might occur to this young man that it is not in the interests of either truth or his own survival to reflexively support such a movement. It is past time for the last minority, men, to recognize that their own rights are under attack, to organize, formulate policy and start applying pressure the other way. If the young man is reluctant to think of himself, in his privileged collegiate niche (though his even more privileged female colleagues are not often so inhibited), let him consider those San Quentin inmates, most of them black and all of them male, suffering,

in the name of "women's employment rights," indignities that no woman would be asked to suffer.

Or let him just open his eyes and ears from day to day and attend to what comes in. As someone who has written a book on the subject, I can't help noticing the evidence. Even if I could, the men's-rights organization to which I belong, Coalition of Free Men, keeps my consciousness up. But sometimes I get tired of pointing out what seems so obvious and at the same time so hidden from the common eye. Yet all occasions do inform against me.

A while ago, I turned on the television before going to sleep, and there was Johnny Carson listening to some actress, and she was going on about this wonderful women's group she worked for that was trying to wean women away from the rapaciousness that, "unfortunately," seemed to come from men. And there was old Johnny, a man rather famous at the moment for being taken to the cleaners by as rapacious a woman as ever glommed onto a gold mine, a woman who, it seems, annually spends enough money on underwear to feed Appalachia—there was Johnny, I say, nodding his head and saying, "Yes, I see, uh-huh."

I know that talk-show hosts are supposed to be that way, but, still, I wish he had said something.



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# "60 MINUTES" (continued from page 78)

"What do you care what they think, as long as you get them into the tent?"

scale at *60 Minutes*, higher than some of the other *60 Minutes* correspondents. Is that true?

**SAWYER:** I'm not going to tell you [smiles broadly].

**PLAYBOY:** As the last aboard, are you somewhat in awe of these men? Their work is almost legendary.

**SAWYER:** They have worked very hard to shatter any reverence I might have had for them. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** They haven't overwhelmed you with solemn advice?

**SAWYER:** Our group photo session was a combination of a convention of journalists and *Animal House*. [Laughs] It was the funniest hour I have spent in years, each of them topping the other. They were mainly assailing one another. They could have taken the show on the road. The four of them together! I wondered whether I had been brought in to be an audience, fresh fodder for their jokes. It was very funny.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, Don, back to you. In a nutshell, what was the reason for *60 Minutes*' success?

**HEWITT:** They moved us to six o'clock Sunday. Nobody predicted anything more than a slight increase in audience. Then a programming genius by the name of Oscar Katz said, "Let's put it on at seven." I said, "That's ridiculous." Then, all of a sudden, we took off like a big-assed bird. But who really knows?

**SAFER:** It was the Sunday time slot. The adults took over control of the set from the kids, who had been watching Disney or whatever.

**WALLACE:** I think it had to do with the oil embargo. People had to stay home more, and what else was there to do on Sunday evenings?

**PLAYBOY:** Harry, Mike seems to feel among other things that the oil embargo in the early Seventies helped.

**REASONER:** Oh, that's nonsense. I think the reason for *60 Minutes*' success, for one thing, is that it obviously was an idea whose time had come—a cross between the *Evening News* and documentaries. Second, the fact that CBS finally made the commitment to give it a very good time in the week and to run it there regularly—football or not, whatever—to run the whole show. And third, it was the mixture of the correspondents. And I think that even though it didn't really happen until after I left, the rise of the program, I think I can say immodestly, part of its success was because of Don, Mike and me.

**WALLACE:** There was also the whole business of Watergate, and the latent thirst for that kind of reporting in America worked to our benefit. In addition, a good deal of

our reporting back then, when we were not well known, was almost live. It was a kind of play-action journalism.

**PLAYBOY:** What is play-action journalism?

**WALLACE:** You had cameras running, you'd research the story, you and the producer, but in the final analysis, you walked in and let the story develop in front of you.

**PLAYBOY:** What's an example?

**WALLACE:** When we set up cameras inside the clinic on Morse Avenue. I think that was the first exposure of Medicaid fraud, certainly on television, and we didn't really plan it all out in advance. Then there was the story Barry Lando and I did on corporate perks at the Super Bowl.

**PLAYBOY:** When you caught executives using company jets to fly to the Super Bowl? That was a spontaneous thing?

**WALLACE:** We were there to tell the story of how money spent ostensibly for business purposes was not infrequently spent by the company executives to entertain themselves. So we set up our cameras at the private-plane airport in New Orleans without knowing what would happen. We had a book with all the tail numbers of the various private jets used by corporations around the country, so we knew when the Rockwell plane or the CBS plane or whatever was coming in.

**PLAYBOY:** And you caught a few?

**WALLACE:** It was fascinating to watch these corporate planes come in and suddenly hear over their radios that we were on the ground with our cameras—and zoom off into the wild blue yonder. I mean, plane after plane would circle, hoping our cameras would go away. Those were the salad days, when we began to make our reputation. I remember them well.

**PLAYBOY:** Don, do you think CBS supported your early days for prestige alone or out of a sense of public duty?

**HEWITT:** You know, I keep hearing that CBS stayed with *60 Minutes* through a lot of rocky times. That's not the way it really was. It was that Stanton and Paley had set the tone: These are the kinds of broadcasts we should keep on doing, and one day, one of them will catch on and be popular, and this one did.

**PLAYBOY:** The network brass gave you the best crews and a fairly substantial budget for a news program that was not profitable. Why?

**HEWITT:** They gave us what we needed to do the job. They were running a news hour every Tuesday night opposite *Marcus Welby, M.D.*, and it was going nowhere. They figured, What the hell—we'll run the news one Tuesday and the crazy idea Hewitt came up with the next. And at some point, people got interested in *60*

*Minutes* and we took over. In those early days, nobody ever thought about ratings. Nobody in the news division ever knew what ratings were. We just knew we'd done a show and we went home. One day, somebody said, "You're number 30," and I said, "What the hell does that mean?"

**PLAYBOY:** Really? No awareness?

**HEWITT:** Over in Black Rock, CBS corporate headquarters, yeah. Never around here. When I was directing the Cronkite news, I knew vaguely that we had fewer people watching us than *Huntley-Brinkley* had. I just knew that they were more popular. I didn't know whether we had a 4.2 share and they a 6.2. I just knew that you couldn't do anything about it. . . . You know the biggest ingredient that goes into a successful broadcast?

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us.

**HEWITT:** Luck.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you make your own luck. One of your favorite expressions is getting people "into the tent."

**HEWITT:** Sure! What would have happened if I'd started by calling our show a documentary program? We'd have gotten 15 percent of the audience. I remember once we did a show and called it *CBS Reports: Illegal Aliens*. I said, "No! Let's call it *The Gonzales Brothers* and run ads saying, 'Join the Feds tonight as they chase three wet-backs through the streets of L.A.' Let 'em think it's *Kojak*. What do you care what they think, as long as you get them into the tent?"

**PLAYBOY:** Then what's the difference between that and a carnival pitchman's approach?

**HEWITT:** I wouldn't be dishonest. Now, don't compromise your news judgment or your integrity when that broadcast is on. But I *would* make some compromises to get people into the tent.

**PLAYBOY:** But you would package or merchandise the product? Add a little showbiz?

**HEWITT:** Absolutely. What do you think the cover of *PLAYBOY* is? The cover of every news magazine? Merchandising.

**PLAYBOY:** But that seems predicated on the idea that the viewer is resistant to being informed, that you *have* to merchandise.

**HEWITT:** Oh, absolutely. Viewers didn't buy the set to be informed; they bought the set to be entertained. If you can inform the guy who bought the set to be entertained, you're ahead of the game. That's why *60 Minutes* is what it is. We know that the viewers out there essentially bought that set to look at *Dallas*. Right? If you can get them also to look at us, you're ahead.

**PLAYBOY:** You have to twist their arm to get them there, however. But that gives you those all-important ratings that keep you on the air.

**HEWITT:** Sure. I mean, look. We keep hearing from the critics. They always talk about ratings, ratings. Why is ratings a dirty word and circulation a clean word? It's as if advertising is a clean word and commercials is a dirty word. Everybody's

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looking for ratings. Any newspaper—almost all of them, with certain minor exceptions, run some kind of circulation stunt. They're in the ratings game, no matter what they call it, and they sit there with this holier-than-thou attitude and talk about television. There's a lot wrong with us that the critics don't know about. The critics are so busy writing the trite, clichéd things they have written for all these years that they beat up on us for all the wrong reasons. Especially *The New York Times*.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**HEWITT:** Any time anybody says anything about television that is the least bit unflattering, *The New York Times* loves it. They go into high gear. And it's because [Times executive editor] Abe Rosenthal has made no bones about how much he hates television. I've heard him on the subject. And if you think Abe's attitude isn't well known on the *Time's* television pages, you're dead wrong. The *Times* people know it, and when there's something to criticize, they love it, and they all jump up and down, they salivate and they applaud.

**PLAYBOY:** You have some difficulty dealing with criticism, though you acknowledge that there are legitimate criticisms. "They beat up on us for all the wrong reasons" is your quote. You mean that your critics deal with the fluff and not the substance?

**HEWITT:** Yeah, they don't know enough about us. One of their problems is that all the critics who write about television news, with some minor exceptions, are also writing about *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, and they don't know how to differentiate

between what we do and what Lorimar Productions does. That's why they don't do it very well.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't regard television critics as legitimate journalists?

**HEWITT:** They're print journalists—any one of whom would give his eyeteeth to come and work here. The nerve of these people! The critics who work for these newspapers wouldn't know how to find their way from the airport in London to downtown Mayfair. And they're going to tell you what you do right and what you do wrong!

What has to make reporters unhappy, and I would be unhappy if I were still in print, is if they go out and work their asses off on a story, and find out that people who read their story had seen it closer-up than the reporter did; they were there. Television has taken them there. There was a time when it was kind of exotic to be a reporter. By God, you got to meet Congressmen and go to Bengasi and Tobruk; wow! Now the viewer goes there every night. It's no big deal.

**PLAYBOY:** No more glamorous, trench-coated foreign correspondents?

**HEWITT:** The glamor of the globe trotters. . . . You know, our correspondents really are the last of a breed. Everything is done by bureaus now. But, in any case, you've got to realize that the viewers have been everywhere. There's no mystery. I mean, some guy says, "Boy, I was at Cape Kennedy for the launch of the first moon flight," and the guy at home says, "So was I." The Super Bowl was played in your living room; John De Lorean was acquit-

ted in your living room. It all happens right there. The place of the print reporter in the world is not the same as it once was. That has got to sting. I would be unhappy about that, too. *Let any big story break this minute—something big, some catastrophe or war—in every city newsroom in America, the first thing they do is turn on their TV set!*

**PLAYBOY:** Morley, how do you feel about criticism?

**SAFER:** Some of it may be deserved. Some of it, I don't know, but it strikes me that the guys across the country who write about television are people whom the editors don't trust to go out and cover stories. Of course, in some cases, there's something like, not quite jealousy but a competition print reporters feel, to which I'm not unsympathetic. When we go out and cover a story, the kind of resources we can bring to bear on it can't be matched by many publications, if any. I'm going to Lagos next week. It's not even a go-ahead story, I'm just going. There's a guy there I want to see about a story. Even the rich newspapers won't spend that kind of money.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with Don that *60 Minutes* shouldn't be singled out because of showbiz techniques?

**SAFER:** Art Buchwald does showbiz three times a week! My God, he invents characters in your daily newspaper. If we're going to compare what we do with, say, being columnists, something like that, sure, there are entertainment aspects of it. You look for exciting and interesting and affecting stories. You don't look for boring stories, stories of little consequence. The same people who make these allegations are all writing in newspapers. And some of those front pages are much more outrageous than that or more hokey or whatever you want to call it. What do we have to defend here?

**PLAYBOY:** You feel you do a job equal to, if not better than, a print reporter's?

**SAFER:** The fact is—and I can't prove I'm right statistically, but I know I'm right—we, in covering the news, do a better job and a much more accurate job than any newspaper in the country.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a lot of territory. Do you really believe that?

**SAFER:** Absolutely. I think we check out our facts more carefully than the newspapers do, particularly monopoly newspapers such as *The New York Times*, which in terms of big journalism is the only newspaper in New York. When we're wrong, we're more open about it. We don't cover as many stories and we don't cover them in the depth *The New York Times* can.

**PLAYBOY:** Your pictures can distort, however. The tight shots, for instance—something we've discussed with Mike—can suggest guilt or innocence without being accurate.

**SAFER:** Your point taken, there's no question that people who have great powers of persuasion, who are extremely articulate,



"No, we don't have a rest room, but you're welcome to piss over the edge of the cliff."

present a better case than people with very weak powers of persuasion or people who are inarticulate. They may be as right or as wrong, but the articulate one will have a better chance. No question, but it's *television! That's where we work!*

**PLAYBOY:** That's a topic that has particular relevance to the General William Westmoreland case, which is in the courts now. Mike, you're the one most involved.

**WALLACE:** Right, but it was *not* a *60 Minutes* piece. It was a *CBS Reports*, which I narrated, and I believe it was a fair and honest broadcast.

**PLAYBOY:** Producer George Crile was charged with selective editing and with improprieties that violated CBS' own guidelines. Isn't that true?

**WALLACE:** George has acknowledged one or two indiscretions in the editing that were strictly against the CBS guidelines. He was reprimanded for it and was eventually suspended for taping telephone calls for accuracy's sake without the knowledge of the two or three people he interviewed. But he's off suspension and back at work.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel you gave Westmoreland a chance to express himself fully?

**WALLACE:** I felt he had an opportunity to express himself adequately. But none of this has anything to do with the substance of the broadcast, which said that there had been a systematic deception, a calculated distortion of enemy-troop-strength figures.

**PLAYBOY:** And you felt that you had established that?

**WALLACE:** Anyone who spent any time in Vietnam knew that it was almost standard operating procedure. Everybody knew the body counts were inaccurate. Everybody knew that the weapons counts were inaccurate. They were discussed at what was called the five-o'clock follies, the press briefing that took place every day in Saigon.

**PLAYBOY:** What are you saying—that all the critiques of the broadcast were unfair?

**WALLACE:** The most thorough critique, the one done by *TV Guide*, didn't charge that the substance was inaccurate, just that certain aspects of the process were not according to CBS' own book of standards.

**PLAYBOY:** So was it proper or improper not to go by the book?

**WALLACE:** It's something you shouldn't do. Those of us at CBS should probably know more about the book than we do. It's a massive list of guidelines put together after the brouhaha over the program *The Selling of the Pentagon* some years ago, about which there were complaints in the Congress and the Pentagon. In the best of all possible worlds, we would have it committed to memory. I think it's fair to say that most of us don't. But the real guideline is fairness. I believe the broadcast was fair.

**PLAYBOY:** You have a pretty stringent set of checking procedures, don't you? Did they break down in the case of the Westmoreland piece?

**WALLACE:** That piece had a different procedure, because it took more than a year to

produce. Howard Stringer, executive producer of *CBS Reports*, and Andy Lack, senior producer, were involved in another series; I was involved in *60 Minutes*. So George Crile, to a certain degree, was by himself, and it's conceivable it didn't get the same kind of exhaustive scrutiny.

**PLAYBOY:** How about the camera techniques you used with Westmoreland—your old *Night Beat* tight shots? You'll admit that kind of close-up didn't do much to convince anyone of his innocence.

**WALLACE:** Right. He seemed to be trapped—trapped by the words coming out of his mouth. But he didn't know what shot they were using. Nor did I know what shot they were using. That option is left to the cameraman.

**PLAYBOY:** The cameraman was given no instruction for the shot and the camera did not move physically closer?

**WALLACE:** No, the lens will come in. And the cameraman himself was apparently so moved by what was going on on camera, realizing that he had a dramatic moment. William Westmoreland, General of the Armies, a man who had run the war in Vietnam, who had addressed a joint session of Congress and was used to the paraphernalia of television and tough questions from journalists—

**PLAYBOY:** Falling apart?

**WALLACE:** I was surprised at the confusion and distress that he made quite apparent in that hotel room in Manhattan where we filmed the piece. Perhaps he was unprepared for our preparation.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you don't see any difference between asking those kinds of questions with a camera watching and asking them for publication?

**WALLACE:** I don't think there's any difference at all really. I can be confronted in this *Interview* with contradictions in things I have said or done in the past. Whether I'm dishonest, fair or unfair, I can be confronted in the same way I confront people. **PLAYBOY** didn't have to subpoena me here. I'm here of my own free will and accord. I'm here not unwillingly, and the price of admission is to make myself vulnerable to whatever is put in print about me.

**PLAYBOY:** Diane, how do you feel about zooming in on a subject you're interviewing?

**SAWYER:** I like tight shots. I think tight shots are revealing. I think they illuminate well. John Chancellor told me once that television is a lie detector, and I think when people look at other people carefully, up close, they sense things about them. I don't think it's necessarily wrong or right to use a tight shot.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it mostly used to take advantage of the subject?

**REASONER:** The tight-shot close-up is not done to make anybody sweat. It's done because it's the most effective way to let the viewer listen to somebody. If over a period of time a cameraman took a shot that I thought was unfair or inappropriate, I would change it in the future. I tell almost everybody I interview before the

camera starts that there may be some questions that seem antagonistic, but I tell him that no one is going to mousetrap him, that we have plenty of film. If you feel you gave a stupid or misleading answer to a question, say so and we'll do it again.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that responsible journalism? In print, for instance, you may not have that latitude.

**REASONER:** Well, in a print interview, you talk a lot longer, and then the reporter has a great deal of latitude that we don't have for indirect quotations and [laughs] mind reading. I wouldn't give the same opportunity to a political figure or an actor, someone who was familiar with the camera. But to someone who was nervous and unfamiliar with the camera, I would.

**PLAYBOY:** Mike, you touched on the potential misuse of television. You and Morley had an ethical problem with a Haitian story he wanted to run, didn't you?

**WALLACE:** Yes. My wife had lived in Haiti and had family there. I knew the family well and had done a story there in '71. It was not a self-consciously tough story but fairly tough. We dealt with Papa Doc and Baby Doc. And Hewitt walked into my office one day and said, "Hey, go talk to Morley, he's thinking about doing a story on Haiti."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you try to talk him out of it?

**WALLACE:** I walked over to his office and said, "Look, Lorraine's family wasn't too happy the last time around. If you have a hell of a story to do, OK, but if you're just thinking about that along with other stories, I'd be happy if you didn't do it."

**PLAYBOY:** Which didn't make him very happy?

**WALLACE:** It was obvious that he wasn't happy about being asked not to do it. At that time, there was a little tension between us. Later, it broke in the papers and became a full-blown hassle. In retrospect, it's obvious I shouldn't have asked Morley not to do the story.

**PLAYBOY:** But you get along well now?

**WALLACE:** Oh, yes. But I do feel it was badly handled, by Don Hewitt in particular, though he is a man I have great admiration for. In my estimation, there were enough errors to go around in the handling of the whole business.

**PLAYBOY:** The Haitian affair occurred about the time you were having some problems because you had used words such as watermelons and *tacos* in ways that seemed racially disparaging while doing an exposé of lien contracts handled by the San Diego Federal Bank. The bank had filmed you while you were filming them.

**WALLACE:** Yes. Someone kept peddling the film of my quotes until finally a reporter did the story for the *Los Angeles Times*. When you do the kind of work I do, you're fair game. But what upset me was that I would be perceived as a racist. I have a body of work and friendships that prove otherwise.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about the technique for which *60 Minutes* initially became

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famous—doing interviews with people who don't want to speak to you, otherwise known as ambush journalism. Mike, you're most linked with it, and because of it, you've been called more a performer than a journalist.

**WALLACE:** We win in television journalism at the word performer, but the fact of the matter is that there is a performance involved. That doesn't mean it's phony or theatrical. But sometimes it's the best way to tell the story of people who are breaking the law. But you know, ambush journalism, that's a kind of old-fashioned *60 Minutes* piece. We haven't actually done it for years.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying you won't practice ambush journalism anymore?

**WALLACE:** Actually, it happens that we do have an old-fashioned piece this season about counterfeiting designer luggage. We set up our cameras behind a wall in a suite at the Plaza, and when a couple of people come in and try to sell counterfeit bags, I pop out from behind the potted palms, so to speak, and confront them. But we don't do that much anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Ed, what do you think about ambush journalism?

**BRADLEY:** I've never done it. If it's the only way to get at somebody, then do it. If I've got the goods on somebody and the guy will not face me, how else am I going to confront him? Hey, then take the shot.

**PLAYBOY:** You've never used the technique?

**BRADLEY:** I can't say I've never done it, because I did it once on *CBS Reports*. The *Blacks in America* story. In this little town in Mississippi, there was a doctor who had segregated waiting rooms. And this was in '78. It was the only way to show what existed in Mississippi in 1978. What was I supposed to do—get those doctors to sit down for an interview and tell me why they still had separate waiting rooms for white and black? I knew they wouldn't do it, so we went in rolling.

**HEWITT:** "Ambush journalism" is a phrase print reporters have invented to describe something that they themselves have done since the penny press. Reporters have always walked up to people unannounced, unawares, trying to catch them off guard. The only difference is that when they did it, nobody saw it. When we do it, people see it.

**PLAYBOY:** That description seems strained. The confrontation isn't clearly demonstrated as a confrontation until it's visual.

**HEWITT:** First of all, there is a tendency to look askance at what is called confrontation journalism. Confrontation, as we practice it, is good journalism.

**PLAYBOY:** That seems convenient. Give us an example.

**HEWITT:** We probably know as much about the guy who is approached on the street as the district attorney knows. We've been trying to reach him for months. Now, this very subject came up recently. We did a thing on a cancer clinic in Murietta, California, where we went posing as patients.

**PLAYBOY:** For which, as we recall, you received a great deal of criticism.

**HEWITT:** Gene Patterson of the *St. Petersburg Times* said, "That's the kind of thing you shouldn't do; people have a right of privacy." I agree with the latter part of what he said.

**PLAYBOY:** But you went ahead anyway, and you would go ahead in similar circumstances to get the story.

**HEWITT:** I don't think you're entitled to privacy while you are committing malfeasance. Gene had said on a broadcast we had done together, "Those people had not been convicted of anything, and you had no right to do that, because they had not been tried in a court." And I said, "Has your paper ever run those pictures from those hidden cameras of a guy robbing a bank?" And he said yes. I asked, "Why wasn't he allowed to rob the bank in privacy? What right did you have to invade his privacy? He had not been convicted of anything at that point!"

**PLAYBOY:** Diane, you haven't yet done many stories, but what are your feelings about ambush journalism?

**SAWYER:** I think there are times when what they call ambush journalism—I'd call it a surprise encounter—is the only way to get a story. I think that in every case, you have to weigh the importance of the information that you will or won't get against the importance of seeing the person at the center of the story. If it is an important story and you think that seeing him is a critical piece of it, then I think it's justified. When it's done for theater—and I don't think it's been done for theater on *60 Minutes*—as has happened on local news stations, imitatively, I'm as opposed to that as anyone else.

**PLAYBOY:** The objection is that with a subject unfamiliar with a camera, closing in on him when he's nervous anyway will tend to magnify those nervous reactions in the viewer's mind and, depending on the case, suggest culpability when perhaps there is none.

**SAWYER:** I don't think people are so obtuse most of the time. They listen, and if the person is making sense, if he consistently makes common sense, they know.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about role playing, the technique Mike uses so effectively on camera to get information?

**SAWYER:** Well, you want to show your interview subjects a healthy skepticism, and I don't think that's a role outside my character. And as for the fact that the camera is watching—if it were watching right now, it would show you reacting with horror to what I'm saying. I joke. The camera shows you reacting as you would normally. Because it's television and because those reactions are edited into the piece, people think you're playing a role when, in fact, it is nothing more or less than what you would do listening to me. But, no, I don't invent a personality for a piece.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever used the technique of ambush journalism, Morley?

**SAFER:** I did it once. We walked into some villain's office. It was a story on commodity-option dealing in which one company seemed to control the entire industry and turned out to be an utter phony, as it happened. We walked into the company's offices in Detroit with the camera on, because it was the only chance we were going to get to see what the boiler room looked like.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel it was justified as the only way to get the story?

**SAFER:** I don't feel particularly good about having done that, honestly. It has as much to do with your own sense of, or your own comfort with, something as it has to do with anything else. There are ways of doing a story.

**PLAYBOY:** In contrast to the hard stuff you were doing in Vietnam and elsewhere, your *60 Minutes* pieces escape most of the criticism. You're perceived to be the white hat. Do you agree?

**SAFER:** Don't tell that to the National Council of Churches.

**PLAYBOY:** We know it was going to sue you for an unflattering piece you did on it. But in a general sense, you've escaped the criticisms, you've never ended up in court. Dan Rather did and, of course, Mike is spending a lot of time there.

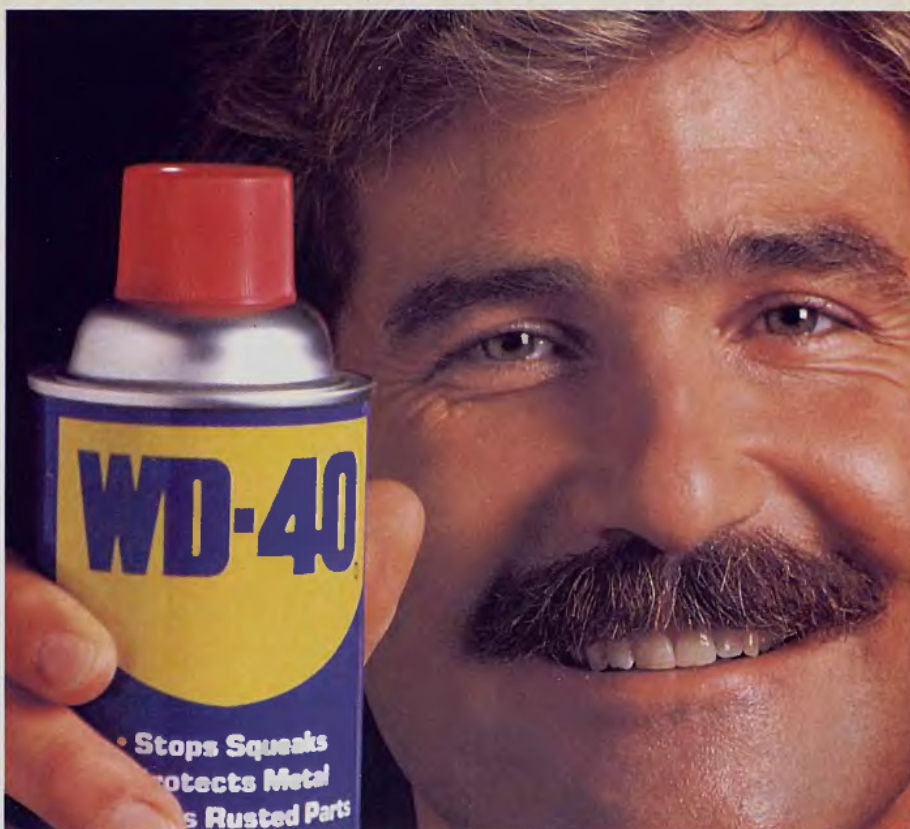
**SAFER:** Well, I've been sued a number of times. I've never gone to court. I've been very lucky in that respect. I like to think it's because we're so nicely pinned down, that every T is so carefully crossed that they've pulled back a bit. Now, I'm not suggesting that those others aren't! *[Points his finger at the interviewer]*

**PLAYBOY:** No. But you attribute it to something—again, perhaps, to a non-assertive style?

**SAFER:** I think there are ways to do things. You're perceived in a certain way because of the way you do something. I do things differently from the way Mike does or from the way Rather does—no better or worse but different. Is that a calculated difference? Of course not! I'm not an actor, and I'd be a fool if I thought I were.

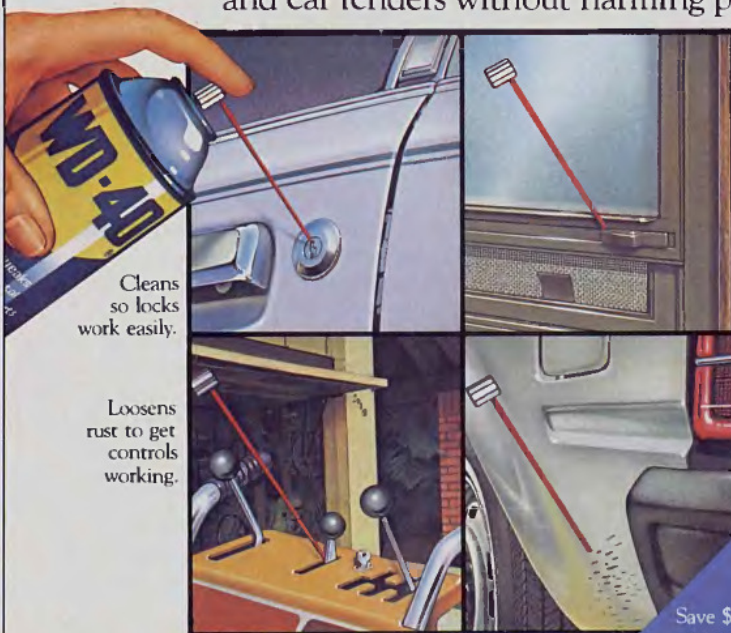
If you look at the body of work I've done, I've always tried to mix up the kind of stories I do, just to keep my attention focused. I could never function on a one-note kind of job in journalism. Even in Vietnam, I tried to keep from tripping over my own footprints on every single story. I've always preferred to do stories, whether soft or hard, that are observed. That's a conceit of mine. As important as interviews are, and I do them, when you're talking with people, they're often selling something. They're giving a totally biased point of view. I think my eye of the middle-distance observer is often more accurate. I like to write the pieces more than I like to sit and listen to people talk.

**PLAYBOY:** Ed, we've talked about how various correspondents get their stories, but you've managed to avoid virtually *all* of the public controversy that surrounds the others—particularly Mike and, to a lesser



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extent, Morley and Harry. Is it a matter of style or approach?

**BRADLEY:** Mike has a style of reporting and a kind of piece for which he's noted, and I don't think anyone else does as much of that or gets as much attention for the pieces that he does as Mike gets. That's his strong suit. We each bring something different to the broadcast. The kind of witty essays that Morley does add a dimension that helps make this show work. Harry has his own style. Where I fit in, what I've always felt that I do best, involves compassionate listening. The Jahnke story, for instance, was a story of a kid who shot his father. What it required on my part was the ability to get this youngster to talk. It's not always easy, and I think that's what I do best. I think I'm a compassionate listener. I like doing that kind of story better than going, "Aha! I see here by this document that you said in 1957. . . ."

**PLAYBOY:** Diane, your style as a reporter is not necessarily of the hard-hitting school, the way Mike's is—

**SAWYER:** You know, Don says—let him tell you this—that you don't have to be tough or hard-hitting, you just have to be smart! Hard-hitting is to most people a style rather than a process of getting at the truth. I like to think I'm pretty exacting at getting at the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** You're in a business in which image, whether you like it or not, can be important; can't it often compensate for lack of substance?

**SAWYER:** Compensate? Never! People who know can tell. But the reverse question is another way of getting at it; namely, is substance alone what matters on television? We can wish that it were, but when people look at you, they react to you, they're forced to look at you, so therefore, they have to react to what they see. That was the question in the Christine Craft case, in which a newscaster was apparently demoted because of her appearance.

**PLAYBOY:** That brings up the frequent criticism that something may look good on television but not necessarily be good journalism.

**SAWYER:** That's a legitimate question to raise. In television, we're all troubled by the ability of the picture to overwhelm the word, and you will never disentangle yourself from that. It's a fact, and it does occur. All you can hope is that audiences become increasingly sophisticated and look elsewhere besides television, that they read.

**PLAYBOY:** Mike, you mentioned your producers earlier. There are assertions that yours is really a producers' show, that the correspondents are just front men. You are given a copy of the story outline they've spent months working on and hop on a plane, and when you get there, they give you the questions to ask. You pop oncamera for a few hours, then you're on a plane back to New York. True?

**WALLACE:** There's a germ of truth to that but only a germ. First of all, at least half of

the time, one of the correspondents will come up with a story. Look, it is a collaborative undertaking; all television journalism is. We're really talking about all of us as reporters. The producer and researcher may spend six to eight to ten weeks on a story. The fact is that a correspondent will spend six to eight to ten days on it.

**PLAYBOY:** That seems to be relatively little time.

**WALLACE:** It should be apparent that if you're going to turn out 25 stories a year, that is the system that has to be used.

**PLAYBOY:** You can't do your own stories?

**WALLACE:** It's impossible. That's the system, and along the way, each one of us has felt, Hey, I want to go back to doing my own stories. Morley and I have talked about that. We had all done our own stories at one point—Safer in London and Vietnam; Bradley in Vietnam and at the White House; Harry at the White House; myself on politics and the Middle East, civil rights. It isn't as though we haven't done these things the producers do now.

**PLAYBOY:** Nonetheless, they get relatively little credit.

**WALLACE:** I've said for ten years that *60 Minutes* is a producers' show. They really get most of the fun, most of the charge out of the digging and the donkeywork. But the stories are done in constant consultation with the correspondent, and each one of us works differently from the others.

**PLAYBOY:** Ed, how do you react to the assertion that you correspondents are front men for your producers?

**BRADLEY:** See all of those files over there? All those things are research materials! I've got a story that I'm going to do next week. [*Walks over to cabinet and brings back folders*] I've got six, seven, no, eight, folders of material that I have to read. [*Heatedly*] But I've got to have all this material at my finger tips. Now, if that makes me a front man, then I'm a front man!

**PLAYBOY:** Morley?

**SAFER:** That charge denies that we [correspondents] have any journalistic intent or any brain, I guess. Do the producers do a lot of research? Yes. Do they produce masses of stuff? Yes. Do they always reduce the masses of stuff? Sometimes. Do they write out areas of questions? Of course. This is a collaborative work.

**PLAYBOY:** The question is, where do you come in?

**SAFER:** When it comes down to it, it's you interviewing the guy. But we're all reporters here. If it were anything else, if it were as you or the critics describe it, the broadcast wouldn't work. Honestly. There is a lot of interaction among us and with Don. And you *can* argue with Don. He doesn't issue edicts to people, either to the producers or to the correspondents. If he did [*laughs*], the edicts would last about 30 seconds.

**PLAYBOY:** Harry?

**REASONER:** Fairly frequently, when I go out somewhere to do a piece, people will

come up to me and say, "Oh, you really go out on stories." I show them my airline-mileage card.

**PLAYBOY:** But is it true that the producers do most of the work?

**REASONER:** I don't think the truth is very complicated and it's certainly defensible. We have five producers nominally assigned to us, which means, arithmetically, that the producer spends five times as long on a story as a correspondent does. This is a group business. The role of the producer is tremendously important. But I'm reasonably sure that the producers who work with us don't think of us as puppets or dummies.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you normally write your own questions?

**REASONER:** No. I don't write them, but the questions that are written are carefully prepared guides to make sure we don't forget or miss anything. A good interview will wander far from the written questions. That's a matter of listening to what the interviewee says.

**PLAYBOY:** Don, while we're setting the record straight, what about checkbook journalism? You've been stung on a couple of occasions because of the practice—H. R. Haldeman, for one, conned you by giving you a \$100,000 noninterview—haven't you?

**HEWITT:** Hmmm. OK. Will you leave in my response to the Haldeman question?

**PLAYBOY:** Of course.

**HEWITT:** Bob Haldeman was never on *60 Minutes*. That's one of the great myths that have been going on for years. We were pre-empted for two weeks. *60 Minutes* never paid Bob Haldeman a penny. CBS did. We didn't.

**PLAYBOY:** Wallace did the interview, Safer introduced the show and it was in your time slot. So if there is confusion, it's understandable. But you guys *were* conned; isn't that a good example of what's wrong with checkbook journalism?

**HEWITT:** Not "you guys"! CBS guys! I had nothing to do with that! I'm not sure I would have done that . . . I might have. But inasmuch as I had no part in it, I want to stay out of it. I vehemently deny, and I am outraged that anyone would think that we would pay Bob Haldeman. . . . [*In a whisper*] But we did pay Gordon Liddy. [*Laughs*]

**WALLACE:** I didn't know, nor was it any of my business, how much Haldeman was paid. And I have no objection to that kind of checkbook journalism.

**PLAYBOY:** You met offcamera with Haldeman first, didn't you?

**WALLACE:** Yes, we had dinner at his hotel. We could see the White House from the room. And I don't know what triggered it, but he said, "You know, [Richard Nixon] was really the weirdest man to ever sit in the White House."

**PLAYBOY:** That convinced you that he was going to give you a great story?

**WALLACE:** I didn't want to pursue too far what he had brought up. If you lose it in rehearsal, you won't get it spontaneously

# BERNARD and HUEY

OUR FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS. DIGIT,  
WEDDED BLISS.



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AFTER YOU." |



"MEN LIKE YOU USE WOMEN AS OBJECTS."  
"MEN LIKE YOU SLEEP AROUND TO FEEL YOUNG."



BULLSHIT! I'M UNIQUE! I AM NO "MEN  
LIKE YOU"! |



SO I LAY IT ON THE LINE. "BABY, CUT OUT THIS  
"MEN LIKE YOU" SHIT OR I AM OUT OF HERE."



AND CAN YOU FUCKING BELIEVE IT? THE WOMAN SAYS,  
"MEN LIKE YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND AN EXCUSE TO  
LEAVE YOUR WIVES IN MIDDLE AGE."



THAT'S WHAT  
DESTROYS  
MARRIAGE,  
MAN!

FOLK WISDOM.



JIM FOSTER

on film. But, yes, it convinced me that he was going to say things on film.

**PLAYBOY:** But in reality, he was setting CBS up?

**WALLACE:** That's really what he was doing: selling himself for an interview to CBS.

**PLAYBOY:** Getting back to the subject of checkbook journalism. . . .

**HEWITT:** OK. I didn't invent checkbook journalism. Newspapers did. They call it something else; memoirs, for instance. Svetlana Alliluyeva, Stalin's daughter, arrives in the United States. *The New York Times* wants her exclusive, so they buy her memoirs. Checkbook journalism.

**PLAYBOY:** There's an accepted difference between memoirs and news.

**HEWITT:** I'm glad you've brought this up. Print reporters, because they deal with the written word, assume that written words are worth money. I mean, they get paid for words they put on paper. But why shouldn't one get paid for the spoken word? I'm in the spoken-word business.

**PLAYBOY:** You paid \$500,000 for Nixon's spoken words. That might be considered excessive.

**HEWITT:** *The New York Times* paid Richard Nixon for the right to what he put on paper. And they were outraged that CBS would pay him not for what he put on paper but for what he put on video tape. I don't work with paper, I work with video tape. Henry Luce, the publisher of *Time*, was buying news before I was born. That kind of money in this business pays for just a minute-and-a-half commercial. I'm glad CBS spent some of its hard-earned money to inform the public.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of CBS money, from what we've been able to gather, *60 Minutes* is responsible for some 60 percent of the broadcast division's profit. CBS keeps those figures pretty well hidden, but—

**WALLACE:** Come on!

**PLAYBOY:** That's what our research shows.

**WALLACE:** Then they can certainly afford to pay the first-class travel we fought for. We're kept on food budgets of \$50 a day—breakfast, lunch and dinner, \$10, \$15, \$25—so not much money goes to waste on *60 Minutes*.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't your recent contract guarantee you \$1,000,000 a year until 1987?

[Wallace smiles broadly]

**HEWITT:** You know, if that's true about the CBS profits, you're telling me something I've never heard before. I have no idea. I've been told that *60 Minutes* is the biggest profit maker in the history of broadcasting, but I just don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** Morley, we were on the subject of checkbook journalism. How do you feel about it?

**SAFER:** Well, it's not something I'm comfortable with, partly because the more you do it, the more you're going to have to do it. I think it's a lousy precedent to set. I think there's a danger: When the facts become a commodity, there may be efforts to enhance them and thus the value of the commodity.

**PLAYBOY:** Harry, what about you?

**REASONER:** I object to it. I think there are probably times when it's justified, but I object to it. That's a personal opinion; I don't speak for CBS.

**PLAYBOY:** Diane, checkbook journalism?

**SAWYER:** I don't know, and I'm glad I don't have to make those decisions. I really don't know. I don't know whether or not it's justified.

**PLAYBOY:** Morley, the story most associated with you, and perhaps typical of some of the victories *60 Minutes* has had, was the one concerning Lenell Geter, falsely convicted of a crime, whom you got out of jail. It demonstrated why, in the eyes of many, *60 Minutes* is considered the nation's ombudsman, the people's defense counsel.

**SAFER:** We spent a long time on that story, I'll tell you, the three of us—Suzanne St. Pierre, producer, Marti Galovic, who was the researcher, and I. We went through these highs and lows that you go through, but never at the same time. [Laughs] It was a very satisfying story. You go into those pieces, as I don't have to remind you, with some doubts. It's the only way to go into that kind of piece.

**PLAYBOY:** With skepticism?

**SAFER:** You can't go in being a true believer in the guy's innocence, because that way lies folly. I went in with some great doubts about his innocence. In the final analysis, all we said was that we had some serious doubts about this guy's guilt. I think we ultimately convinced the authorities of what, in their hearts, they knew had been a sloppy job. Also, I think it is fair to say that when a poor black man in Texas is brought into court, the assumption of guilt is overwhelming.

**PLAYBOY:** Harry, what do you think about *60 Minutes*' being a sort of ombudsman?

**REASONER:** Well, it's evanescent. I think we may create a fuss about something with the show, and there may be an outcry in Congress and maybe even hearings, but then [waves his hand] it goes away.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps, but you've accomplished a lot of things, haven't you?

**REASONER:** We were the first to do a major program on drunk driving, two or three years ago, I think; and a few months later, drunk driving was on the cover of *Newsweek*. Then there was a lot of talk about changing the laws in various states. I don't know if anything permanent ever happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Of course something permanent happened. New laws are sweeping the country. Don't you think the show can take some credit?

**REASONER:** Well, come to think of it, we also did the first story on the danger to asthmatics of sulfites, the preservatives used in wine and in food. We did a very good piece—then, months later, *The New York Times* ran a great big story as if it had just discovered it for the first time!

**PLAYBOY:** Diane, how do you respond to

the idea that the program is an ombudsman?

**SAWYER:** You respond by being doubly, triply, quadruply careful. I don't place myself in that role, but I do see *60 Minutes* serving that purpose in many ways. Insofar as you can watch and say, "Good heavens, that's happening to me!" and something will be done about it, I think it's a terrific thing for the country to have.

**PLAYBOY:** Mike, your report on Polo, Illinois, was a look at a family whose severely disabled daughter had died after the town cut off its water because the family could not pay its bill. You effectively held up the entire population of the town to national vilification. But wasn't there a real question as to relative guilt?

**WALLACE:** We didn't set out to prove anything. I didn't even believe the stories about the town at first. I was prepared to believe what the townspeople claimed. But all you had to do was walk in and see the mother and the father and the older children and then the desperately ill baby and the family's devotion to her. There wasn't an extra dime around that family.

**PLAYBOY:** And that established your angle, what you set out to prove—that the townspeople were the villains—right?

**WALLACE:** It was perfectly apparent that there was hostility in the town. The family were regarded as deadbeats, because the father had had the gall to buy himself a beer or a pack of cigarettes instead of paying his water bill.

**PLAYBOY:** The town's defense, as we recall, was that the family had cable television and three cars and that they refused to demonstrate to the social services that they hadn't the income to pay the bill.

**WALLACE:** Look, there was absolutely no desire to hold the townspeople of Polo up to public obloquy. I think they were ashamed that this had taken place. They realized that they were wrong. A lot of them, surprisingly, were thin-lipped and almost cruel, in my estimation, toward that family.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the complaints about the broadcast was that you had arbitrarily edited out some of the more positive responses to the town's charitable actions.

**WALLACE:** Not some of them, one of them, I believe—a fellow in a wheelchair. It was not, believe me, out of unwillingness to tell an accurate story. He had a speech impediment in addition to being a paraplegic.

**PLAYBOY:** But he testified as to the town's fair treatment of him, and that aspect was left out of your piece entirely.

**WALLACE:** It would have been very painful for an audience to watch him try to speak; at least, that was the judgment of both producer Bill Willson and myself. It did nothing to change the sense of the story. If you go back to the poll that was taken in the local newspaper, it came down on the same side as our piece.

**PLAYBOY:** The response to that is that you were also selective in airing the responses to the poll in which townspeople gave their

view of the situation.

**WALLACE:** My answer to that is "Baloney!" Take a look at the newspaper; it was stunning, because what it did was to convict the townspeople of Polo out of their own mouths.

**PLAYBOY:** But what about the repercussions? You portrayed the town as filled with heartless monsters, then picked up your camera and left. After your broadcast, there were calls and hate mail from throughout the nation threatening the entire population. The mayor was forced to move. Don't you think there might have been some balance in the piece?

**WALLACE:** I was satisfied that I was telling an accurate story. The fact that the girl had died shortly before we put the piece on the air was an indication of how sick she'd really been.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, let's move on to one of Harry Reasoner's stories. You did a controversial piece on the Illinois Power Company concerning cost overruns on construction of a nuclear facility; after your broadcast, the company was able to demonstrate inaccuracies. In fact, it distributed a film demonstrating them.

**REASONER:** Well, on the contrary. In the Illinois Power Company story, with which I am intimately familiar, for obvious reasons, the company did tape everything we did. And it made an hour-long piece, compared with our 15-minute piece. We had two inaccuracies: We had misread a chart, which we admitted on the air, and we had an error in judgment in that we had had an interview with the officer of the nuclear-power commission, or whatever it's called, that was verbose. We chose to paraphrase it and we shouldn't have; we should have used the guy. That was one inaccuracy, one error in judgment. Everything else we said was understated. The cost overruns are at this point approximately four times as bad as we said they were at the time.

**PLAYBOY:** You were forced to make on-the-air corrections, presumably because the company was distributing the film. Perhaps you might not have if not for that.

**REASONER:** Among other things, the company people finished their piece with a picture of my doing a concluding statement across the lake from their power plant. And as I was talking, they superimposed Lincoln's quote "You can fool some of the people some of the time but not all of the people all of the time." Well, in the first place, it was a shrewd thing to do. But in the second place, it turned out that Lincoln probably never said it, and if he did, he did not say it in Clinton, Illinois.

**PLAYBOY:** You televised a story critical of the power of the Mormon Church in Utah and of its efforts to take control of a member's farm. It didn't hold up, did it?

**REASONER:** I think we didn't have it. I don't think we . . . I think it was a legitimate idea and a legitimate story, but I don't think we had the documentation.

**PLAYBOY:** It certainly appeared that there was some substance to the story. Why do

you feel it wasn't there?

**REASONER:** My feeling was—when the story first came up—because any church has very great secular power, you have potential problems. I mean, it was true when Massachusetts and Connecticut were overwhelmingly Catholic, and it's been true in a lot of places and I thought it was true in Utah. [*Reflective pause*] I don't think it was an inaccurate story. I just don't think we established it.

**PLAYBOY:** So it's a mixed record; despite your many triumphs of innovative reporting, the Westmoreland case is continuing and Mike now has to go to court over the story he did exposing Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert, the officer who claimed that atrocities had been covered up by the high command in Vietnam.

**REASONER:** It's not Mike's year. Right or wrong, it's a pain in the neck.

**PLAYBOY:** *60 Minutes* has also spawned a new cottage industry: teaching businessmen and politicians and the Pentagon how to deal with television interviews.

**SAFER:** I think that's about as valid an industry as snake oil.

**PLAYBOY:** Are they selling the public a bill of goods?

**SAFER:** How can they know what *60 Minutes* wants to do when most of the time, we don't know what *60 Minutes* wants to do? These guys have no understanding of journalism. They have no real feel for what reporters think, what the process is. They think it's all cut and dried: Step A follows

step B. Journalism is erratic. It's often irrational. It's the way certain facts fall into place. There is no process.

**PLAYBOY:** Businesspeople sometimes do perceive *60 Minutes* as being against big business, given the number of corporate targets you've gone after.

**HEWITT:** If we're perceived as being against big business, well, we're a big business ourselves. We're probably a bigger business than what we usually report on. Business is antimedia. And the media are antibusiness; there's a very simple reason. There are only two things a businessman ever wants said about himself: what he pays his advertising agency to say and what he pays his PR people to say. I would love to go through life, if I were a car company, with people thinking that everybody who worked for me was named Mr. Goodwrench—or, if I were a tobacco company, that people thought my middle name was low tar and nicotine. That's why businesspeople go up the wall: We play with their carefully manicured image.

**PLAYBOY:** As you said, CBS is a very large business. How often have you taken on CBS itself?

**HEWITT:** Well, we've taken on CBS once, when we did a story on press junkets and said, "These are bad things for reporters to go on and CBS runs them."

**PLAYBOY:** What else?

**HEWITT:** We also took on the Ford Pinto, and Ford is one of our biggest advertisers. Ford dropped off that week but came back



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the next. We also took on the breakfast-food companies, which are among our biggest advertisers. I think we're living in an era when people expect us to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Some of your critics, whether corporate or individual, bring up the charge of "selective editing." How do you plead?

**HEWITT:** Good God, I've never known a newspaperman in my life who didn't edit selectively.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you concede a potential for distortion in your choice of the outtakes that aren't useful to a story?

**HEWITT:** No, wait a minute. That's a very important point. Outtakes are the news that isn't fit to print. Outtakes are what we put into the wastebasket. It's just that everybody has a right to come in and rummage around in our wastebasket. The newspapers have found that words like outtakes sound evil. "All right, Louie, what did you do with the outtakes?" That's ridiculous! Outtakes are what we decide is not worth putting on the air.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the issue of oversimplifying, of trying to get every story down to 12 or 14 minutes?

**SAFER:** That's a tough question. I don't know. I think we try like hell to be fair. But space is the curse of all journalism, whether you're writing for *The New York Times* or *PLAYBOY* or *US*.

**PLAYBOY:** Have there been occasions when you've bent the rules in putting together a piece?

**REASONER:** There are the CBS standards that say, for example, that you cannot use a question from one part of the interview with an answer from another. You cannot stage; you cannot re-enact unless you say you're doing it. But you know the rules when you do a story. Normally, unless it's a very important person whose time is very valuable, we shoot with one camera. That means you shoot reverse questions. You're shooting over the subject's shoulder to get the correspondents asking questions for editing purposes. There is a famous story about why the rule that an interviewee must stay while you do the reverse shots, even though you don't need him, was made. When Walter Ulbricht was the Communist head of East Germany, Dan Schorr, then with CBS, got a rare interview with him. It was a real coup; it ran for a half hour on prime time. A month or so later, Paley was in Europe and had dinner with Schorr. He said, "That was a great interview! What I don't understand, though, is how you could dare to be so tough on him." Dan said, "Oh, he wasn't there then." The next day, the rule came down to have the interviewee stay and listen to the questions. [Laughs]

**SAFER:** Now we have very strict rules about editing. I can't recite them all to you, but they're here.

**PLAYBOY:** Give us an example.

**SAFER:** Well, we can't do what you do all the time and what newspapers do

all the time—which is perfectly legitimate, by the way—and that is to edit out of time sequence. If during this *Interview* we were finishing and you ended up saying, "Thank you very much, and by the way, did you ever commit a crime?" and I said, "Oh, yeah, I robbed a bank in 1948. I got away with \$50,000," I think I know what your lead would be. Right?

**PLAYBOY:** Probably.

**SAFER:** You'd take that exchange and put it at the beginning of your *Interview* and go from there. We can't do it that way. It doesn't mean that we do things absolutely chronologically. We might put that quote up at the top, but we would have to go through this torturous dance to explain what we were doing.

**PLAYBOY:** The mechanical requirements are simply different. Splicing film is more exacting than editing in print, granted. But the contextual integrity is the issue.

**SAFER:** Come on, with you guys in print, if the guy said it, the guy said it. It doesn't matter where in the piece you put it. But it matters where in the piece *we* put it. Our critics say, "You took it out of context." Well, you guys take it out of context all the time! Our rules—which I think are not good rules, by the way—are a lot tougher.

**PLAYBOY:** They're not good? Why not?

**SAFER:** Some of them are just foolish. We shouldn't be compelled to be fair; we should *be* fair, period. But I think some of the minutiae of the editing process are silly. I guess there has never been any other form of journalism so acutely examined as ours.

**PLAYBOY:** By the print media?

**SAFER:** Of course! [With some exasperation] And not just by the print media, but by the public, by the people we go out and do stories on!

**PLAYBOY:** When you go out and do a story, do you find that the celebrity of being one of the *60 Minutes* correspondents has an effect on you?

**SAFER:** I think it makes you seek what you used to assume—privacy or anonymity or whatever you want to call it. Sometimes you have questions about people: Are they being nice simply because they want to know somebody who's visible?

**PLAYBOY:** But the show provides access, certainly?

**SAFER:** People return your calls. You usually get a table at a restaurant. And professionally, it's good. If somebody doesn't want to give you an interview, he wouldn't give it to Jesus Christ if he called.

**PLAYBOY:** Don, how do you keep your feet on the ground with all the attention your people get?

**HEWITT:** Whatever the egos are here, whatever happens, for some reason I don't really understand, we generate a lot of psychic energy in this office. And we're able to project that psychic energy through the tube every Sunday. This place is an amalgam of talents, and nobody around

here ever gets too big for his britches. The secretaries will slap me down if I do it. And that's why it works, by the way. Because to make the right decisions, I can't be Don Hewitt, producer of *60 Minutes*; I have to be Don Hewitt, Joe Viewer. I have a very healthy respect for the Lions, the Kiwanians, the traveling salesmen. The one thing I can't abide is elitists.

**PLAYBOY:** Whether or not you have people to remind you that you're mortal, you still have a great deal of power—

**HEWITT:** I never think of myself as powerful. I'm always stunned when people say it.

**PLAYBOY:** But you must realize that you are.

**HEWITT:** Probably, yes. But it doesn't compute in my head.

**PLAYBOY:** Nevertheless, running America's number-one-rated show is a fact—as is the possibility that you could dictate to the viewer or be as manipulative as you wanted with the audience.

**HEWITT:** Hey, wait a minute. I don't know what you mean by manipulative. How is that any different from what **PLAYBOY** does with its readers? Anyone can be manipulative. The Pope can be manipulative. [*Testily*] I don't know what the hell that means.

**PLAYBOY:** Effectively, that once you establish contact with the viewers and draw them in—once you have them “in the tent”—you can do whatever you choose.

**HEWITT:** Yeah, more or less. But one of the things I'm always curious about is, if our TV critics look at that [*points to office TV set*] as the boob tube, why are they always on *our* backs? We may have elevated the boob tube and helped cultivate a little of that vast wasteland!

**PLAYBOY:** You've never used your position to make a political statement or take a stand. Why?

**HEWITT:** I'm ideologically neuter. Today I may love Ronald Reagan, but by this afternoon, I may hate him. One of the reasons this broadcast is successful is that it has no point of view. But I don't take positions, because I don't know enough to do that. I'm always bored and astounded by editorial writers who decide they know what to tell the world.

**PLAYBOY:** You believe in the wisdom of the masses?

**HEWITT:** I like the masses. I hate the left wing and the right wing, but I like the people in the great middle wing.

**PLAYBOY:** Because they're buffeted on either side by absolutes?

**HEWITT:** Right! Right! That's true. I'm not so egomaniacal that I'm going to tell people what's right and what's wrong. Everybody who works here is middle-class and proud of being middle-class. We may live a lot better than most because we make a lot of money, but we still have middle-class attitudes.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the show's becoming too middle-class, too bland? Some people

feel that with fewer confrontations and other encounters, the show has developed middle-age spread.

**HEWITT:** I don't know. We've been on the air for 16 years, and we're still doing better than a 35 percent share of the audience every Sunday night. Middle-age spread? I hope not. I go in every Sunday as if it's both the first and the last show I'll ever do.

**PLAYBOY:** Morley, Don feels that the broadcast appeals to the great middle class. How, given your salaries and perks, can you maintain your perspective?

**SAFER:** That's a fair question but not only to highly paid, highly visible journalists—a fair question for every reporter, including somebody on a small-town newspaper, because reporters as a breed tend to be pretty arrogant, to feel, if not above the crowd, then apart from the crowd. It's a strength and a weakness at the same time. But does a doctor stop being a doctor when he becomes rich? I think he feels the same responsibility. If you're a professional, you're able to separate your life. Look, I was a reporter in the street at 19 and never went to college. So, obviously, my perceptions aren't that much different from most people's.

**PLAYBOY:** Diane, Don has been talking about the program's basic appeal to Joe Viewer, to the middle class. With your background as a Junior Miss and in Wellesley College and the Nixon White House, and now the big salary, can you share the perspective of the middle class?

**SAWYER:** I care about the same things. First of all—I don't know who you think I am! My grandparents on both sides were farmers. I am from a terrific, probably very middle-class family, and I care about the same things the viewer cares about.

**PLAYBOY:** OK. Ed, how do you manage to get away from big-time journalism and all its trappings?

**BRADLEY:** I have a friend, singer Jimmy Buffett. From time to time, I go on the road with him and play in the band. I play the tambourine or the cowbell, with the most god-awful beat you've ever heard. But it's a wonderful feeling for me to get out and do that.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem the most restless; is it possible you might move on?

**BRADLEY:** I don't see myself being here 20 years from now. I'm 43 years old. Jeez, I don't want to do this for another 20 years. I don't know. Maybe now I have to start looking, but I've never thought that way and I don't want to start now. Maybe I'm just too stubborn to change. But it has always taken care of itself. When I get to that fork in the road, I'll make that decision—but not until I reach that fork.

**PLAYBOY:** You're shortly going to be renegotiating your contract. Do you have many options besides *60 Minutes*?

**BRADLEY:** No, there are more options on the way up than when you're there at the top. There's a lot of room to maneuver on

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the bottom of the pyramid, but when you're at the top or near the top, there's not much room.

**PLAYBOY:** There's always Paris.

**BRADLEY:** [Laughs] Yep. Yep. Joe Masraffi, who was kind of my mentor in Paris—Joe taught me how to cook, among other things—I used to tell him, “When I get back from Vietnam, I’m going to save about \$30,000 and come back to Paris and retire.” Well, the last time I saw Joe, he said, “So, my friend, you must have the \$30,000 to retire on.” I said, “Well, Joe, you know how it is with inflation and all.”

**PLAYBOY:** Harry, what do you say about keeping your feet on the ground amid all the wealth and fame?

**REASONER:** James Kilpatrick, the conservative columnist, once said that all reporters should remember that even though they're invited to sup at the homes of the powerful they should remember that tomorrow they may be begging for crumbs at the kitchen door. Your clout is because you're CBS or PLAYBOY or *The New York Times*. It's not because it's you.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's finish by returning to the theme of what makes this show tick. It doesn't appear to have much to do with a Harvard Business School approach to management or organization.

**SAFER:** [Laughs] It's haphazard, very much unplanned. People write books about the broadcast and analyze it as if Hewitt and the rest of us sat around this big table plotting this show.

**PLAYBOY:** There don't seem to be a lot of rules and regulations around here. No memos or meetings?

**BRADLEY:** I've got a memo here on my desk somewhere. [Searches through papers] This is the second memo I've received from Don Hewitt in four years [laughs]. We don't have memos and we don't have staff meetings.

**SAWYER:** My first week here, I kept walking around, looking for any clue about how things worked. And then it occurred to me, it's like . . . it's like going to a mixer; there's no form. There are just simple communications, and you find a producer in the hall and you say, “What do you think about . . . ?” And maybe he'll say, “I don't like it,” and then you'll walk on to the next producer and say, “What do you think about . . . ?” and he'll say, “I love it!” and you've got yourself a story. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Don has supposedly written only two memos in 16 years?

**SAWYER:** And held one meeting, which was a disaster, in 1967. The tone is set at every level; you don't have to do a story if you're not interested in it. You learn that very early. The correspondents and the producers and the researchers never have to do a story. At every level, you have the option of saying, “I'm not interested in this one. I'll do something else,” so that only people who really care about it are part of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you, like the others, expect to have turf problems?

**SAWYER:** Well, initially, everyone has been extraordinarily generous about producers and about stories and about letting me get my feet wet. What happens a year from now—check in with me. Let's see what it's like when a story is thrown out into the middle of the floor and we all have to go for it.

**PLAYBOY:** Harry, do you think *60 Minutes* can last much longer at its present peak?

**REASONER:** I would guess so. Even if a decline began, or an erosion, which would not be too surprising after 16 years, I don't think there would be a dramatic erosion. In other words, I don't think *60 Minutes* would be number three one year and number 30 the next. But there may not be any decline at all. As long as Don Hewitt retains his 16 years of wonder and amazement at the fact that people can talk on film, I guess we're all right.

**PLAYBOY:** Morley, do you have any criticisms of the broadcast?

**SAFER:** They would probably be benign.

**PLAYBOY:** Benign criticisms are better than none.

**SAFER:** Oh, I don't know. They really are benign. Well, one of them is not so benign, but I'm not going to tell you what it is.

**PLAYBOY:** Go ahead.

**SAFER:** You won't tell anybody, right?

**PLAYBOY:** No, it's just between you and us.

**SAFER:** I'd like to see more soft pieces—arts pieces—on the air.

**PLAYBOY:** That's pretty benign. But wouldn't you lose some of your audience?

**SAFER:** I think that when you have the advantage of what *60 Minutes* covers, you can do it. We wouldn't do it if it weren't interesting. I'm probably the only one who would say that. I would also like to feel less compelled to tie things into neat packages and to leave some time to explain the contradictions. It may tend to leave some people confused. That's not a bad thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Ed, as you look back someday at your career and your visible success, what will you think about?

**BRADLEY:** The good things we've been able to do, the places we've been. I still want to go back to Vietnam or Pakistan. Here [pointing to a picture on the wall of himself in the mountains of Pakistan]. This is me in the Khyber Pass. For me to be able to stand up in the Khyber Pass and say, “Boy, here's little Butch Bradley from West Philly. Alexander the Great passed through here 2500 years ago”—God, I mean, that's a kick!

I had to write a new will a few years ago. My divorce was final and I had to make some changes. What did I do with the thing? [Searches messy desk] Here. The last line, see? It says that the last five percent of my assets should be used to toss a party with as much food and drink the money will allow. When it's time to punch out, if you had some fun, what more can

you ask for?

**WALLACE:** Partly because of the way things are run, by and large, *60 Minutes* is the happiest shop I've ever worked in. Another part is a matter of pride in our work and our success. Of course, I've gotten older, too. And I've gotten to the point, at 66, where people don't get angry at an old man. When you're 46, you get angry; by the time you're 66, you're a character.

**PLAYBOY:** In your book, you say that your epitaph—we're talking prematurely here—

**WALLACE:** Not if I keep playing tennis the way I do.

**PLAYBOY:** Your epitaph would be TOUGH—BUT FAIR. Anything to add to that?

**WALLACE:** Not a thing.

**PLAYBOY:** And looking back on your career? Contented? Vindicated?

**WALLACE:** Fulfilled, yes. Look, I paid my dues along the way. Little by little, found myself. Gave up some things, conceivably, in pursuit of my profession. I don't say there are no regrets. I made some choices. But by and large, I can't think of a more useful way to have spent a professional life. And if there have been some casualties along the way, you make choices and live with those choices.

**PLAYBOY:** Don, one thing seems to be clear about this show's success: You've had a group of idiosyncratic journalists and have imposed virtually no structure on them. That way, when your imitators say, “We should structure it the way they do—”

**HEWITT:** [Excitedly] That's right! That's why they can't do it! There's a lot of schlock out there. Nationally, ABC's magazine is OK, but NBC has been to the well—how many times?—and come back dry with *First Tuesday* or *Second Saturday* or *Holy Thursday*. They keep looking at the structure and they keep finding that this is not structure; this is people. It's just a bunch of people, and if you ask us how do we do it, we can't tell you!

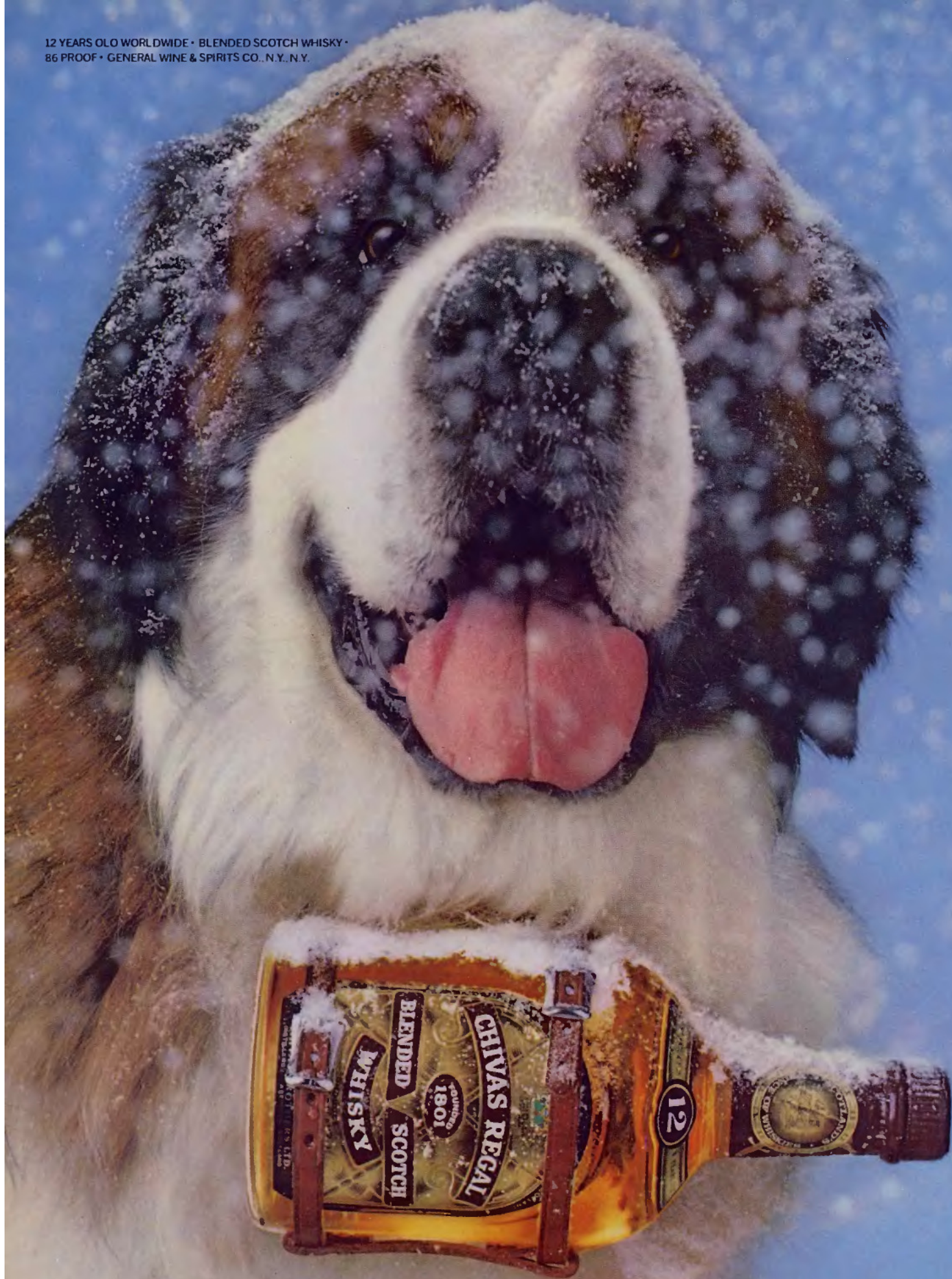
**PLAYBOY:** There's no recipe.

**HEWITT:** There's no recipe. Absolutely; you've got it. [Laughs heartily] The reason nobody else can fake this cake is that there's no recipe for it. And that's why the network leaves us alone, because they figure the whole fucking thing is so fragile. You know, it could fall apart. If a big gust of wind came along, it might blow the whole thing over, and they don't want to mess with it. The corporate brass get to testify before the Senate on how much of a national institution we've become—but they have no idea how the hell it works!

Hell, it's luck, as I said. You're looking at a man upon whom God bestowed Mike Wallace, Morley Safer, Harry Reasoner, Ed Bradley, once Dan Rather and now Diane Sawyer. A man with just enough common sense to know what to do with the gift.



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## MOTHER'S DAY

(continued from page 86)

*"This one could be juicy. Maybe it is someone famous got bumped off in there."*

inside the pad. There on the floor, in the bedroom, is Rita's customer. He is naked and he's dead, which is, of course, two problems—who he is and how he got dead—before they should move him. Hall and Gleason, being rookies, Gleason being distracted, do not see the first one.

"Hall goes by the book and calls the paramedics. Unfortunately, she makes a rookie mistake when she does this and employs her radio. This, of course, is monitored by all the fucking press. Therefore, when the medics arrive at the Monaco, they have got some company, those bastards with their goddamned notebooks and their microphones. This could be a murder, right? In those new apartments? High-priced doctors, lawyers, shrinks? This one could be juicy. Maybe it is someone famous got bumped off in there.

"Manager wins all those turds—he won't let them upstairs. This means Hall and Gleason still do not know that they're down there. Paramedics get through all right. They look at the guy. Looks to them like natural causes, which means they can move him. Wrap him up and cart him out,

which leaves Hall and Gleason in there with just Rita. They get her calmed down a little, which they mostly do by leaving. Rita's work is hard to do when there's a corpse in with her, but having two cops to replace it doesn't please her, either.

"Hall and Gleason go downstairs, where they meet the reporters. This is also something which they have not become used to. Those turds ask them lots of questions, which they try to answer. All they really know, of course, is where the medics took him. Name, age and address are things that they never got to ask him. Therefore, all the press turds immediately start calling Hope Memorial, which is where the medical examiner wanted him delivered. And, of course, all the hospital knows is that it was a heart attack, 'acute myocardial infarction.' But who had this attack they don't know any more'n we do.

"Consequently," Kiley said, "Wormser starts getting all these calls from the hospital and the fucking press: 'Who the hell is he?' And Wormser don't know, either. So he gets on the radio, which is the only way

he can get in touch with Hall and Gleason, and he tells them, 'Go back to the Monaco and find out who this son of a bitch is.' And the press hears all of that, too, but I guess they're not paying attention or something.

"Hall and Gleason go back to see Rita," Kiley said, "and by now, about an hour's gone by and Rita's entertaining a new customer. Which she don't want Hall and Gleason coming in to see who he is, because this isn't good for business, either, guy's lying there as naked as two snakes and all of a sudden two cops come in, see him all tied down with his cock sticking up in the air. So Rita won't let them in. And they tell her, 'OK, then bring the dead guy's clothes out and give them to us, and we'll leave you alone with this new weirdo you got in there.' And Rita thinks this is probably the best deal she's gonna get from them, so she does it and hands the guy's clothes out to them.

"They find the wallet," Kiley said. "They get on the radio and read the I.D. off to Wormser. Which is, of course, that the dead guy is Steven Audette, who happens to be the superintendent of schools in Maynardville, does not live in the Monaco apartments and therefore had no good reason to turn up dead with no clothes on in them. The press turds are naturally interested in this, and they are on Wormser now like he was a big tasty dog and they were all fleas who were really hungry.

"Wormser does not do what he should have done," Kiley said, "which is get ahold of me in court and get me back here to run this damned thing. He is going to prove what a valuable man he is. He is going to be sure that this is really Steven Audette that died of a heart attack in Rita's pleasure palace. He tells them to check the wallet for a motor-vehicle registration, and there is one, for Steven Audette's brand-new Chrysler Town & Country, and then to check the parking lots around the Monaco and see if such a car is there. And it is, naturally, a nice white new one, in which is sitting Steven Audette's mother. Who had been to see her doctor in the Monaco while her son was apparently dropping dead in Rita's whorehouse.

"They find the old lady sitting there in the car and they ask her where her son is, and she tells them he is in the Monaco seeing his doctor while she is seeing hers. And they want no part of telling her what has happened to old Steven, of course, so they say, 'Right, Mrs. Audette. Tell you what, all right? Your son has been taken ill and he's down at the Spellman Hospital, and we will take you down there so you can see him, OK?' And the old lady is naturally upset, but not as upset as she's going to be when somebody tells her that her darling boy is fucking dead, and that is why they are being so smart when they say he is in the hospital. So if she takes a fit or something when she finds out what really happened, there will be lots of doctors and



*"It's two A.M., Debbie. Give him his blow job and get him out of here!"*

nurses around to catch her before she hits the deck.

"They take her down to the Spellman," Kiley said, "and they walk her in there, nice and slow, and they put her in the chapel, so that she can pray for him. And they tell Father Lynch what they think is the truth, so he will break it to her gently, like those priests know how to do.

"And he was shit-faced," Kiley said. "So he tells them this is no problem, and he goes into the chapel where she is kneeling down and praying and he says to her, 'Mrs. Audette?' And she says, 'Yes.' And he says, 'Your son is dead.' Like you would say to me, 'Your fly's open.' And that is when she has her attack.

"So," Kiley said, "they are feeling reasonably good that they at least knew enough to get her to the hospital before this jerk wallops her with the bad news, and they call in. And Wormser, by then, has been talking to Rita, who has got another problem now. Which is that she has got a customer and a suit of clothes in her apartment which do not go with each other, and this nice man named Audette doesn't want to start any trouble or anything that would get his name in the paper about his patronizing whorehouses, but it looks like the cops took his clothes and would they please bring them back? And that is the first clue we get that we may have a small problem here."

"Wonderful," the chief said.

"That is one word for it, maybe," Kiley said. "So, where we stand now, if we do have this thing straightened out like we think we have, Steven Audette has got his own clothes back on, and he is at the Spellman with his mother in intensive care. And he does not wish to make any fuss about this, even though it obviously has not made him happy. When his mother wakes up, he will tell her that she must have dreamed it when the priest told her that her son was dead, and he thinks he can get her to believe that. Which means that if we can keep this thing reasonably quiet, he will probably not sue us.

"We have got also," Kiley said, "the dead guy at Hope Memorial. And we should have him identified, like I said, before five. There is no foul play there, though, so that is no problem.

"In other words, Chief," he said, "not that I am recommending this as normal procedure, but I think we have got this whole mess under control now."

"Sure we have," the chief said, "absolutely. Unless you count Rita."

"I don't follow," Kiley said.

"You don't?" the chief said. "No, well, that should not surprise me. Rita now is as safe as if she was in church. Don't you understand that, Buster? She is running a fucking brothel in the Monaco apartments, where they don't want such businesses. What she's doing is against the law. But now we can't stop her, can we?"

Because if that manager calls up and tells us we have to grab her, or somebody decides that she rolled him while he was in there with his pants off, and we go to get her, she will look us in the eye and say, 'Audette.' If we arrest her, she will tell everybody all about this afternoon. Which will mean that Steven Audette then will have no reason not to sue us for damned near killing his old mother. Which means that we can't arrest old Rita now for doing anything. Now do you see why I liked it so much better when she was doing business in the goddamned bowling alley?"

"Yeah," Kiley said, "I guess I do."

"Good," the chief said forcefully. "Now, there is one more thing. You know this whore, am I right? And she is pretty smart?"

"More or less," Kiley said. "More or less, I do. She is pretty smart."

"Good," the chief said again. "Then you ask her for me, just out of curiosity, all right? Make it very plain to her, I don't plan to do anything. But ask her, Buster, when you see her, she do this on purpose? Did she switch those pants on us so that this would happen?"

"Jesus H. Christ," Kiley said, drawing in his breath. "You know, I bet she did."

"Yeah," the chief said, "but you will not bet with me. When this broad says the feex is in, she is not kidding."



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## TYPE DIRTY

(continued from page 105)

*"After all, how many transsexuals do you know who own computers? One, two, three at the most, right?"*

the computer salesman. "Feast your eyes on this." He held up a small box glistening with virgin shrink wrap.

"Inside this box is something called a modem. With this little number sitting on the dash of your computer, you can meet chicks."

Needless to say, Aaron was intrigued. Here, at last, was a truly practical reason for buying a computer. A pox on Lotus 1-2-3! The figures he wanted to manipulate had asset curves far beyond those of the ordinary spread sheet. The 1500-c.c. roar of the twin Kawasakis was little more than a whisper in his memory now.

Aaron gave the salesman a small plastic card and the salesman gave him a computer and a modem. Aaron rushed home to set it all up and, before long, he was on line, modem to modem, with a smooth-typing lady firefighter named HOTSTUF 35. A month later, Aaron, who since had changed his name to BULGE 151, and HOTSTUF, who turned out to be aptly named, got it on in a Grand Prix in the parking lot of a hardware store.

What changed our friend Aaron's life—and is changing thousands more lives like his every day—is a phenomenon known, loosely, as computer dating.

No, this isn't like the agencies that sprang up in the late Sixties and Seventies that claimed to be able to match you with the perfect mate. They offered little more than a high-tech blind date. The computer was making all the compatibility judgments; you were just along for the ride. This is something different—a whole new way of making the primal connection right from the computer terminal in your own home.

It was inevitable, of course, that the computer revolution and the sexual revolution would come together at some point, though most scientists had expressed doubts. Indeed, for a long time, sociologists had been worried about the *alienation* factor in microcomputing. Thousands of people's staring glassy-eyed at CRTs, they concluded, was bound to interfere with normal social interaction. No interaction meant no babies. The human race was in jeopardy. The great masses of people necessary for our lifestyle would disappear. First the crowds would go, then the audiences, then the spectators. Soon, such great institutions as stand-up comedy and state fairs would die.

Well, the experts needn't have been concerned. The basic drives are alive and well in the computer age. My personal studies have shown that long hours spent staring at a CRT have only a positive effect on my

libido. In fact, the longer I stare, the more positive the effect.

So it's not surprising that once it became possible for computers to talk to one another, most of the conversations naturally fell to human concerns, primarily the alleviation of sexual tension. Man does not interface by shielded cable alone.

The cost factor helped move things along. In recent times, the price of computers has dropped sharply. It is now possible for almost anyone to join the chip-switching brigade for only a few Computerbucks. A Computerbuck, for those of you who don't own computers, is a variable denomination somewhat like a betting chip. Its value at any time is determined by how much you want a particular piece of hardware or software. Hardware and software come in discrete multiples of \$100 bills; hence, the need for a device like Computerbucks, which can reduce your cost to practically nothing. Say, for example, you want a modem that costs \$600 and your budget will allow only \$400. That \$200 difference is instantly converted to Computerbucks, which you can arbitrarily decide are worth far more to you than, say, Foodbucks or even Rentbucks. In the face of such a bargain, you buy the modem you want.

Fully equipped and shorn of only a few Computerbucks, thousands began to experience the joy of telecomputing. Systems were devised to enable these people to handle their CRT-induced desires. In the beginning, the systems grew naturally out of electronic mail, which itself began as an adjunct to data-base systems. A data base is simply a large computer crammed with information, accessible by way of the phone lines using a computer and a modem. Someone discovered that you could call a big computer, type a message on the system and then someone else, somewhere else, could call up the system and read the message you left. It was marvelous, it was instantaneous, it was anonymous. The last was the magic word. People have a tendency to let it all hang out when they're anonymous.

No one knows exactly how this got started. Rumor has it that late at night, when hackers were busy POKEing and PEEKing, strange glitches sometimes appeared on the screen:

DO YOU LIKE TO DO IT IN  
THE MORNING OR AT NIGHT?

Such a message would take the average computer nerd by surprise, but the ranks of nerddom have swelled lately to include plenty of fully organic and operational human specimens, male and female.

These pioneers, fresh from the singles bars, recognize right away the call of the broad-breasted puffpecker and reach into their bag of clever retorts, put-downs and general mating-ritual banter for a suitable response:

WHY CAN'T YOU GET IT UP  
TWICE A DAY?

Thus, the dance begins. A connection has been made. Granted, right now it's just a couple of thousand dimly flickering lights on a screen. But you're actually talking to another person, not a machine. The potential is there.

As luck would have it, there were enough people who enjoyed computer trysting to spawn many dedicated on-line sexually oriented (S.O.) bulletin-board systems (B.B.S.). So I fired up my modem and took a tour. The first thing I learned was that you can't tell a system by its name.

Take the case of GENDERNET. I ran across it while poring over the lists of hundreds of B.B.S. that have suddenly sprung up out of nowhere. It sounded like just what I was looking for: a B.B.S. specifically for the netting of the opposite gender. I was wrong. GENDERNET turned out to be a system for transsexuals and transvestites. It is not a dating service but bills itself as an "information source for the transvestite, transsexual, spouse and support professional."

I am quite happy with both my sex and my clothing. But a good reporter couldn't possibly pass up an operation like that—especially when he realized that he was witness to an incredible statistic. After all, how many transsexuals do you know who own computers? One, two, three at the most, right? Well, assuming that that's about the national average for each person (and that some of us know the same transsexuals), even with the transvestite variable (we can't really know who's wearing what), there still don't seem to be enough transvestite/sexuals *cum* computers to support such a data base. Yet there it was. I felt a little like Kevin McCarthy in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.

As long as I was on line, I pushed a few buttons to bring up the menu. Every data base has a menu of possible selections: special files, programs, letters, recipes and assorted weird items. I chose "ASK THE SHRINK," an advice column for what GENDERNET called T.V.s and T.S.s:

FROM: SALLY W.  
TO: DEAR COUNSELOR  
SUBJ: SEX WITH A T.V.

I HAVE BEEN MARRIED TO A CLOSET T.V. FOR 15 YEARS. HE RECENTLY CAME OUT TO ME, AND I FIND THAT HAVING SEX WITH HIM WHILE HE'S WEARING A GARTER BELT, NYLONS AND A BRA FILLED WITH QUASI-REALISTIC BREASTS IS A

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

REAL TURN-ON, AND WE HAVE GREAT SEX WHILE HE'S DRESSED LIKE THAT. LATELY, I'VE BEEN FEELING A LITTLE GUILTY ABOUT THE WAY HIS SEXUAL ATTIRE TURNS ME ON. AM I UNUSUAL? I MEAN THAT HIS DRESSING LIKE THAT COULD AFFECT ME SO. ALSO, WE HAVE ORAL SEX QUITE OFTEN NOW AND THAT'S SOMETHING WE NEVER DID BEFORE. I'M NOT SURE WHICH OF US INITIATED THIS NEW STYLE, BUT I LIKE IT AND SO DOES HE—BOTH THE GIVING AND RECEIVING. I DON'T MEAN THAT WE DON'T HAVE REGULAR SEX ANYMORE; WE DO. BUT THE ORAL SEX IS GREAT FOR ME AND WE USUALLY END OUR SESSION WITH "OLD-FASHIONED" SEX.

FROM: DEAR COUNSELOR

TO: SALLY W.

SUBJ: SEX WITH A T.V.

YOU ARE EVERY T.V.'S FANTASY. PLEASE DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR SEX LIFE WITH HIM IF YOU ARE BOTH ENJOYING IT, AND IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU ARE. THERE IS NOTHING ABNORMAL ABOUT ANY SEXUAL ACTIVITY DONE BY CONSENTING ADULTS IN PRIVATE. IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION REGARDING WHETHER YOU ARE UNUSUAL—WELL, YES, YOU'RE PROBABLY IN A MINORITY. IT'S TOO BAD MORE WIVES DON'T SHARE YOUR IMAGINATION AND LOVE. ENJOY.

Frankly, I had expected a more perceptive answer from Dear Counselor. Doesn't he/she realize that Sally is in the majority: women who can recognize a good thing when they see one? What's got Sally knocked out over T.V.ism is the oral sex that's been coming along with it. Simple Pavlovian theory says that every time Sally sees her mate in high heels, she knows she's going to get her bell rung. It's a wonder she doesn't blow the grocery money on pumps for Prince Charming.

While all this may provide you and me with a chance to second guess the problems of strangers, apparently a real need is being served here. After all, before GENDERNET, there was no place a computing cross dresser could turn for advice—and certainly his long-suffering wife was up the creek. The brave new world of computerized sexual frankness has opened electronic inroads to all sorts of communities.

Let's say, for instance, you're a nudist and your friend is a swinger. You want to get in touch with other nudists and swingers around the country. You and your friend have only a quarter between you. What do you do? You call ODYSSEY II.

If the folks on GENDERNET seem to have only questions about their sexuality, the folks at ODYSSEY II have only answers. You say you like skinny-dipping in the open air? ODYSSEY II can line you up with the nearest clover-decked meadow and enough fellow knickerphobes for a Maypole dance. Or maybe you'd just like to get together with another nice couple for a little *sushi* and four-way sex. No problem.

In the growing (it seems) tradition of sexual B.B.S., ODYSSEY II has married two heretofore unrelated sexual proclivities. (Presumably, we will soon have the foot fetishists and the fellators banded

together on the HOOFNMOUTH network, while the onanists and the heavy breathers chat on the VIBRAPHONE circuit.) What it has going for it is a fair amount of style. You pay a fee for membership, wait a few days and you are sent a password and a handsomely prepared user's manual. All the information about you is coded so no one knows who you really are. The messages on ODYSSEY II's board are frank and to the point:

SUB-> CHICAGO ACTION  
FROM-> FRED G-4512 #56

LOOKING FOR ACTION IN  
THE MIDWEST. SEX WITH MEN  
AND WOMEN. AM 39 AND READY  
WITH COCK. LEAVE E-MAIL  
TO #56

SUB-> CO/NEEDS MISTRESS  
FROM-> KEN B-4545 #45

W/MALE NEEDS MISTRESS



Mike Williams.

"Now will you have a vasectomy?"

TO TRAIN HIM TO BE A SLAVE. WILL OBEY EVERY WISH AND COMMAND. SERVE TO PLEASE. CAN TRAVEL. LEAVE E-MAIL TO #45

SUB->HAWAII, ANYONE?  
FROM->ROBERT P-8457#85  
MATURE {47 BUT LOOK 37}, SINGLE, SUCCESSFUL DENVER BUSINESSMAN ENJOYS GOOD FOOD, WINE, MUSIC, GOLF AND THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE. DESIRES FEMALE TRAVELING COMPANION FOR TRIP TO HAWAII LATE MAY OR EARLY JUNE. OBJECT: SUN, SURF AND SEX {MAYBE A LITTLE GOLF}, ALL EXPENSES PAID. I'M JUST LONELY AND TIRED OF PLAYING THE SINGLES GAME. ONLY REQUIREMENT IS THAT WE BE COMPATIBLE AND MEET BEFOREHAND TO ASCERTAIN SAME. NOTHING KINKY. LEAVE E-MAIL TO #85

Propositions here run the gamut from hot-tubbing parties to what one user described as a "tropical snorkeling adventure with optional sex."

It occurs to me that I may have been leading you to believe that all this computer phone cruising is a simple matter. It is not. At times, it is every bit as frustrating as the ordinary round of bar hopping. The pitfalls are many. To begin with, there is the computer itself. Most of those on the market are so new—and so new to their owners—that smooth modeming is out of the question. I have discovered that factories actually send you only every other page of an instruction manual. They keep the rest to read to you when you call them for help. This is known as technical support.

Familiarity with your hardware is essential. If you're going to try chatting up some of the girls on these lines, you'd better know how to snap your keys. No female hacker worth her code name is going to sit around waiting for you to dope out your owner's manual so you can answer her proposition. Life's too short, and telephone time is money.

Besides the modem, you also have to learn how to operate your communications program. A proper program is characterized by almost total convolution. To achieve a parallel, therefore, the instructions must be undecipherable. The instructions for my program, one of the simplest, run a full 15 pages. The program contains six primary options, 13 secondary options and ten tertiary options, each represented by combinations of one, two or three alphabetic characters. There are three uses for the letter T alone. All of this

must be committed to memory.

Every B.B.S. has its own protocols and signals as well. You're subjected to endless introductions and bulletins and menus and lists of commands. There is no sense in trying to memorize these, since they will change with the next B.B.S. Commands, incidentally, are one-, two- or three-letter codes, like this. After a while you start to think like this.

Another significant problem is that most of these boards are run by a single person on a single computer with a single telephone line. Indeed, anybody with a low-cost computer and a modem, plus a B.B.S. program, can start his own sex-talk circuit. The maintenance costs are practically nil (just a few Computerbucks), since you never call out; other people always call in. The drawbacks are that you have to maintain your system and you cannot use your computer or your phone line while your B.B.S. is in operation.

The consequence to the user of this kind of home-owned utility is that he can try for weeks to get on a system only to find that he has to apply for a password. Or that the system is just for gay carpenters. Or that the flesh pool is so shallow that he can't get a good match-up. Or that the board is simply boring.

The person who runs the B.B.S. is called a sysop, a truncated form of system operator. It can be fun being a sysop, especially if you like soap opera. You see, the sysop gets to sit in front of the terminal where all the action scrolls past. He can read anything you type in and everything your addressee writes back. He has unlimited power over the board. If he doesn't like your style, it's a simple matter for him to erase your name and password from memory. If you're the sysop on a good board, it's better than daytime TV.

I talked with a sysop on a good board called the SYSLAVE network. The SYSLAVE network is known as the kinkiest in L.A., a city where such a distinction rightly evokes awe. The B.B.S. is called SYSLAVE because the sysops are slaves to their systems. Heh, heh.

Our sysop, SYSLAVE #27, had some interesting statistics to offer. For instance, the odds. The board, at the time I talked with him, had 250 users, and only 25 were women. Now, unless we're talking very healthy women here, your chances of making a score are about equal to those of the guys in San Quentin. SYSLAVE #27 claimed that usage of the system increased at certain times: for example, after Christmas, when everybody got a new computer. Considering some of the text found on this B.B.S., one might also suspect full moons and low tides.

There are actually seven boards in the entire network, including SYSLAVE 500, which is more or less hetero, BARRACKS, which is heavily gay, FRATERNITY, which is light gay, and LEATHER AND LACE East and West, which I felt it prudent not to ask about. All of these are naughty-naughty boards. If you're into

candlelight and romance and nonaccessorized lovemaking, you'll feel like a brown shoe here.

SYSLAVE #27 says he watches the action whenever he can, and no wonder. If you think *Dynasty* is hot, you should try the participatory drama unfolding on the B.B.S.

"I remember once we started getting calls from a woman in Atlanta named PEACH 451," he says. "She began to correspond with a Los Angeles woman named MOM 125.

"After talking with her for a while on the B.B.S., MOM invited PEACH out for a visit. Well, when Peach arrived, MOM was out on a date and PEACH decided to take a stroll on Hollywood Boulevard. PEACH, apparently, had a penchant for suggestive—well, hooker-type—clothes, and, of course, she was immediately arrested for prostitution. Eventually, MOM had to go down and bail PEACH out. They got to be great friends, and they still talk about the party they had in the old firehouse when PEACH would climb to the top of the firepole and slide down onto a waiting face at the bottom. Her thighs were chapped for weeks."

I am sure that PEACH and MOM could be great fun. But to me, firepole antics do not spell meaningful relationship. I went in search of something a little less Barnum & Bailey. I found Marc the Martian's Mixed-up Matching and Message Machine.

MMMMMM#1, as it is designated, is typical of the mainstream computer meat markets. You begin with a questionnaire calculated to reveal to all who access it much more than you would tell a perfect stranger at any meeting. Sure, exaggeration is possible; so is lying. But if you want to get a righteous match-up, you're almost compelled to answer in total honesty. Garbage in, garbage out, as they say. Most of these questionnaires go on for much longer than the average college-entrance exam, so I've selected a few choice queries just to give you an idea of what you're up against. What, for instance, would your answers be to:

HOW WOULD OTHERS RATE YOUR APPEARANCE?

- A. A FOX!
- B. VERY ATTRACTIVE
- C. GOOD-LOOKING
- D. AVERAGE
- E. NOT TOO BAD
- F. GET THE BAG
- G. MY MOTHER LOVES ME!

WHEN HAVING SEX, I TEND TO BE

- A. GENTLE
- B. AN ANIMAL
- C. IT DEPENDS ON THE PERSON
- D. DOMINANT
- E. SUBMISSIVE
- F. ANY OF THE ABOVE,



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## DEPENDING ON MY MOOD

G. WHO, ME? SEX?

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT DRUGS?

A. THEY SHOULD BE TAKEN ONLY IF ILL

B. NOT FOR ME... OK FOR OTHERS

C. OK FOR ME... NOT OK FOR OTHERS

D. MODERATE USE IS OK

E. RECREATIONAL USE ENHANCES LIFE

F. I LOVE GETTING HIGH

G. I NEED THEM TO GET THROUGH THE DAY

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ON THIS SYSTEM?

A. NOT LOOKING FOR ANYONE... JUST ENJOYING THE SYSTEM

B. I AM LOOKING FOR AN ELECTRONIC PENPAL

C. I AM LOOKING FOR FRIENDS

D. I AM LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO DATE

E. I AM LOOKING FOR AN OCCASIONAL LOVER

F. I AM LOOKING FOR A PERMANENT LOVER

G. I AM LOOKING FOR A SPOUSE

H. I AM LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO HAVE AN AFFAIR WITH

I. I AM LOOKING FOR MORE THAN ONE OF THE ABOVE

As ego-probing as some of the questions may be, they are not the moment of truth. That comes when you ask the computer to make you a match. Depending on how bizarre your tastes are, some systems may not be able to match you at all. Others can come up with a few low-percentage matches. That means that your answers will match someone else's somewhere around 30 percent of the time. You can, by comparison, achieve a 35 percent match-up at the Trailways station.

Every once in a while, though, you can reach the high 50s, 60s, even 70s, and you know there are good times ahead. MMMMM#1 provided, if not quality, the largest quantity of match-ups I encountered. It spit out 25 names ranging from 34 percent to 87 percent. That's 25 women with computers—and tantalizingly open electronic mail slots—to whom I could, if I were so inclined, drop a line and, in all probability, get an answer back. I don't know what your black book is like, but that's considerably more women than are in my active file. I chose a few high numbers and called up their questionnaires, selecting the option "answers only." My first choice was COUGAR, an incredible 87 percent match:

-> COUGAR  
-> MANHATTAN BEACH  
-> CA  
-> 17 YEARS OLD  
-> 115 POUNDS  
-> 5 FEET 6 INCHES TALL

-> TIMES CALLED: 3  
-> OPEN MAIL SLOTS: 3  
-> LAST CALLED ABOUT 4 DAYS AGO  
-> YOU MATCHED UP 87%

=> FEMALE  
=> RED EYES  
=> BROWN HAIR  
=> NEVER MARRIED  
=> WHITE  
=> SOME COLLEGE OR TECHNICAL SCHOOL  
=> KIDS—NO! {THANK GOD!}  
=> YES, ANOTHER BRAND OF PERSONAL COMPUTER  
=> GOOD-LOOKING  
=> IT DEPENDS ON THE PEOPLE INVOLVED  
=> DRAMA/SUSPENSE  
=> PSYCHOTIC/IN NEED OF PROFESSIONAL HELP  
=> ANY OF THE ABOVE, DEPENDING ON MY MOOD  
=> RECREATIONAL USE ENHANCES LIFE  
=> I LIKE SPORTS, BUT I'M NOT A FANATIC  
=> WATCHING RICHARD SIMMONS MAKES ME TIRED  
=> SMOKE CIGARETTES AND POT  
=> I LIKE A DRINK NOW AND THEN  
=> STAYING HOME IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE W/ MUSIC  
=> I AM LOOKING FOR MORE THAN ONE OF THE ABOVE  
=> ROCK, NEW WAVE, CLASSICAL, PUNK, JAZZ, RHYTHM-AND-BLUES, OPERA, SOUL  
=> CREATIVE WRITING, PHOTOGRAPHY, STEREO/VIDEO, MOVIES/ THEATER, TRAVEL, CAMPING/ HIKING, SAILING, SCUBA DIVING/ SWIMMING

You've got to be slightly intrigued by someone who says she has red eyes. I took the answer "Psychotic/in need of professional help" to be probably the most truthful choice for anybody on the circuit, but COUGAR probably meant it to be cute. The most telling answer is the mysterious entry "another brand of computer." When you figure that there are more than ten major, high-consumer-profile computers listed and she has "another brand," you have to assume you are dealing with a rebel. I made a note to keep COUGAR in mind for when I'm

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feeling wild and crazy.

What I was really interested in, though, was finding someone who could tell me what it was like to be electronically wooed, as opposed to the old hands-on method. No one sexually active for less than four years could tell you that. That's why I was happy to run into VIXEN. At the age of 40, she could remember when men and women sought each other's physical company for a date. With 21 calls, VIXEN was also a veteran of the B.B.S. If you went to the same bar 21 times, you'd be entitled to your own stool. On a computer system, they might give you an extra E-mail slot. Thanks to the miracles of modern science, I don't even have to describe VIXEN to you. I can just punch a few keys and call up her stats:

-> VIXEN  
 -> LOS ANGELES  
 -> CA  
 -> 40 YEARS OLD  
 -> 112 POUNDS  
 -> 5 FEET 3 INCHES TALL  
  
 -> TIMES CALLED: 21  
 -> OPEN MAIL SLOTS: 1  
 -> LAST CALLED ABOUT 5 DAYS AGO  
 -> YOU MATCHED UP 62%  
  
 => FEMALE  
 => EYES OF BLUE  
 => BROWN HAIR  
 => NEVER MARRIED  
 => WHITE  
 => SOME COLLEGE OR TECHNICAL SCHOOL  
 => KIDS—YES AND ONE  
 => YES, ATARI  
 => A FOX!  
 => BOTH SHOULD BE FAITHFUL  
 => DRAMA/SUSPENSE  
 => GREGARIOUS/I'D SMILE MY WAY TO THE TOP  
 => IT DEPENDS ON THE PERSON  
 => MODERATE USE IS OK  
 => I LIKE SPORTS, BUT I'M NOT A FANATIC  
 => YES, I JOG/WORK OUT OCCASIONALLY  
 => SMOKE CIGARETTES AND POT  
 => I LIKE A DRINK NOW AND THEN  
 => LONG INTIMATE DINNERS  
 => I AM LOOKING FOR MORE THAN ONE OF THE ABOVE  
 => ROCK, RHYTHM-AND-BLUES, NEW WAVE, TOP 40, COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN, CLASSICAL, JAZZ  
 => SKIING SNOW/WATER, DANCING, SPORTS, AEROBICS/WEIGHT TRAINING,

## ELECTRONICS / COMPUTERS, STEREO/VIDEO

When I finally talked with VIXEN, it was not so much a revelation as a confirmation of the potential of the computer dating systems. As a single mother and a free-lance writer, both time- and energy-consuming occupations, she was the kind of person who could take full advantage of remote-control flirting. And she did. Not only that, but she seemed to like it—even prefer it. Her handle, she said, appeared on a number of systems, and she had been corresponding regularly with several men around the country. Naturally, I wondered why she had taken to this new form with such enthusiasm.

"I like it because it's a level of communication that I haven't experienced before and because it's also very new. As a writer, I feel I have an advantage. I can put the right words together. For instance, I tried to pick a good handle, one that would arouse curiosity. I tend to communicate a lot with other writers. It's natural, because they'll be sitting using their computers as word processors and then they'll need to play hooky for a while, so they'll just switch over to telecommunications.

"Particularly when I'm working a lot, I don't have time to go out and circulate. This is a way of meeting people without even going out. It's very intimate in a strange way. People feel safer with technology than they do with each other. I don't have any anxieties about talking to a stranger, because I have time to compose myself and decide what my opening shot's going to be. There's no chance I'm going to get nervous and spill my drink down somebody's Pierre Cardin. I don't even have to get dressed up!"

That's one improvement over singles bars, but what about the reliability of the person on the other end of the line? Are people more truthful sitting at a computer terminal than they are sitting at a bar?

"I'm honest when I answer the questions," VIXEN said, "but I find that a lot of people aren't. Most of them lie about three areas, basically: their weight, their age and their marital status. For instance, a man will log on as a single and actually be married. It often happens that someone will write to me and I'll look up his questionnaire and it will say **MARRIED BUT AVAILABLE**, which is one of the choices you have. About 20 to 25 percent of my mail is from men who are **MARRIED BUT AVAILABLE**. I think it's great if they want to call up and talk but not if they want to meet.

"I also find there is a tendency to be very honest in the so-called private correspondence on the board. You do get to know people at a certain level of intimacy."

And what makes that honesty and that intimacy possible between strangers?

"There's no threat, there's no chance of face-to-face rejection. If I have to tell

somebody, 'No, I'm not interested in a relationship with someone who's attached,' he doesn't have to hear that from my mouth, so it makes it a little easier to be honest."

It's unclear at this point what effect the introduction of honesty into male-female relationships will have. It's certainly revolutionary; but, as usual, nobody has studied the long-term effects. We may find that it's destructive. In a way, for example, it allows people to be more callous in the conduct of their social life. On the other hand, a certain forthrightness may be welcome. What does seem to be happening is that roles are becoming equal. Words on a CRT have no gender. Traditional bowing and curtsying is at best awkward and strangely out of place in the formal, hard-logic environment of the computer. There is, for some, a tendency to come on strong.

"I've experimented with the degree of aggressiveness I can get away with," VIXEN admitted, "as well as ways of dealing with men's aggressiveness, the kind that always made me feel vulnerable and uncertain. There are a lot of men who will log in and their first letter reads, 'Let's do it.' Now, I don't know what their success rate is, but I feel that people would try that a lot quicker on the computer than in a bar. In other words, they can experiment with that kind of come-on to see what the reaction will be. But basically, most men have their acts together about how to approach a lady.

"Just recently, I've been corresponding with a man who's a gourmet cook and a hypnotist. I told him to send me his latest low-cal recipe and he sent me one for garlic chicken. I sent him one back for *gazpacho*. Now we're negotiating about a glazed roast duck."

That certainly is a back-door approach. I haven't run into the old low-cal-recipe ploy in quite a while. But the question is, When do you graduate from *gazpacho* to coochie-coochie?

"I like these relationships to take weeks or even months before I meet the person. This guy might be interesting. He's more my age. I get a lot of letters from 20-year-olds who are 'into older women . . . can't wait to get together . . . you won't be sorry . . .—that line.

"I usually delay the meeting as long as possible. If I've been writing with a guy for a while and he says, 'Listen, I really want to meet you. I think I've proved that I'm not an ax murderer or anything. Please, please have lunch with me!' of course, I have to consider it. But you know way before the meeting if the chemistry will work."

This time-frame expansion is an interesting idea, especially to those of us who have a tendency to rush into relationships headfirst. "An inability to postpone gratification" is the way the psychologists

describe it, as though it were a dysfunction. But how do you get the fires burning with this well-tempered woo pitching? Is it possible to turn a girl on simply by tickling her bits?

VIXEN found out it was.

"One time, I was left a very long and explicit letter by a guy who claimed to be an 18-year-old surfer and who, it turned out, wasn't. And although I was offended, because I had been played along, I *did* get off. I read it and I was aroused. I've found it to be *astoundingly* stimulating to read sexually explicit text on the computer. I printed out that letter and saved it."

So what is the competition like on these boards? Does an average guy have a chance with a girl whose weekly E-mail approaches 60K? Surprise! The meek are inheriting the phone lines. The great equalizer is no longer the Colt .45. Now, if you're fast on the keyboard, you can make the Eighties woman swoon. You can catch an eye with a deftly placed ellipsis or raise goose bumps with a sensuous comma—and all well before the lady even knows what you look like. Bulging muscles or even a bulging fly simply will not compute. If the merchandise isn't on the top floor, milady will quickly shop elsewhere.

"Most of the original people on these boards were computer-oriented," VIXEN said, "but recently, there have been a lot of new people who aren't part of that clique of technocrats. Now you have people with much broader interests."

"You get into those interests rather than concentrating on the usual surface elements of a person. The result is that I started to date a guy I never would have looked at twice because to me, physical appearance has always meant a lot; I mean, he wouldn't have had a shot! I find I'm more willing to suspend that now that we've gotten close over the computer lines. Now I can just enjoy a person-to-person relationship with him."

Best of all, on a dating-system board, your persona can be changed as easily as typing in a new one. If you're not getting the desired results, a change in one answer on your questionnaire may be all it takes to turn your luck—an advantage VIXEN is not loath to exploit.

"I once had on my stats that I liked 'health food' but I kept getting guys who wanted to take me to health-food restaurants. I love health food, but I hate the restaurants. So I changed it to 'French.'"

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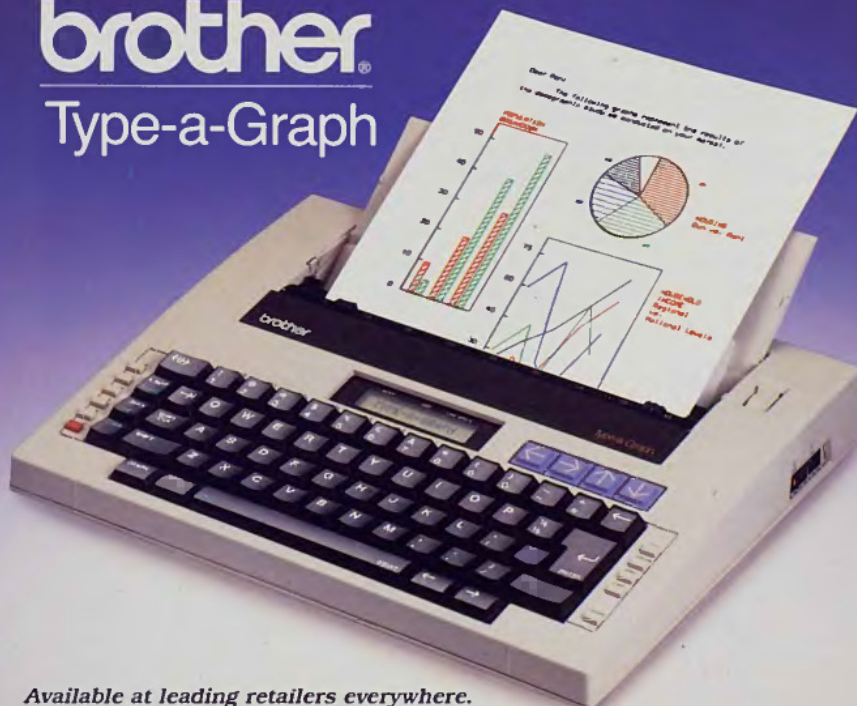
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## LONELY SILVER RAIN

(continued from page 130)

*"I had detected no uncertainty in her. I felt that maybe the gamble had failed and I had lost her."*

believed the world was mad. A loving person. Her mind and her speech went off at funny tangents. It made some people irritable. Not me."

"Oh, no. Certainly not you!"

"Kid. Jean. I am talking about your mother, and you never got to know her. Maybe you want to know a little bit about her."

"Not from you!"

"She was with me for a few months. She stayed aboard this houseboat with me. I was involved in something at the time. A friend of mine had been killed. Tush Bannon. Some people wanted his land. In the process of finding out who killed him and why, some other people got killed or got badly hurt. Puss was especially good with Janine, Tush's widow. Sometimes she would . . . go off somewhere inside herself, out of touch. It seemed odd. Meyer—he's my best friend—"

"I know."

"He noticed it, too. We talked about it, and we decided it was probably something about her divorce."

"What divorce? She was never divorced."

"So I found out."

She stood up. "What's the point of all this? You'd lie to me. You lied to her. You'd lie to anybody, wouldn't you? After I watched you walk by me on the beach, I knew you were my father. I was hoping you weren't. I can't make you sorry, because you haven't got any conscience at all. And that is giving me some pretty wonderful thoughts about my heredity, Dad. Sorry I went to all the trouble. You aren't even worth that much. You are so smooth and plausible, you make me sick. You worked a scam on her, but it won't work on me."

"Hate is poison, Jean."

"It nourishes me."

"I have a farewell letter from your mother."

"So?"

"Do you hate her so much you don't even want to read it?"

"I never said I hated her!"

"What is your opinion of her?"

"OK, I guess she wasn't very smart about people. Why should I tell you my opinion of her?"

"I want to know why you are afraid to read her letter to me."

"Afraid? Bullshit! Let me see it."

"It's one of the few things in my life worth keeping in a safe-deposit box."

"I bet."

"The bank is closed. It will open Mon-

day morning at ten. I don't want you to think I have any possible way of tricking you. I had no idea you existed, so I couldn't have faked a letter in expectation you'd show up someday." I wrote the name and address of the bank on a slip of paper. "Meet me there at ten in the morning."

"I don't want to meet you anywhere, ever."

I took the chance. "OK. Then don't bother. I'll be there in case you change your mind. In case you decide it might be nice to know something more about your mother than you do. It'll be a better check on your heredity, kid. Now get out. Tomorrow you may grow up a little, and when you do, then I'll want to talk to you. But not now, not the way you are now. Good night."

I matched her flat and level stare until she spun and left. I had detected no uncertainty in her. I felt that maybe the gamble had failed and I had lost her. I went out slowly and saw her, far down the pier, walking swiftly under the dock lights.

I wanted to tell Meyer, but not yet. Not now. I didn't want to tell anybody while I was still trying to comprehend what had happened to me. I saw the cat she had been trying to leave. It had been flattened in our little fracas. I straightened it out, went in and put it with the others.

I could recall every plane and texture of her face, recall the timbre of her voice, the style of her movements—all in sweetly excruciating detail. Some strange mechanism in my head was projecting color slides of all the familiar parts of my life. I seemed to hear the click as each slide fell into place. Everything familiar had assumed a different shape, sharper outlines, purer kind of color. It seemed very much to me like the strangeness that happens after you have spent weeks in a hospital, when you come back out again into the world, seeing everything fresh—a stop light, a brown dog, a yellow bus. Something has changed the world and washed it clean.

I paced the lounge and paced the sun deck half the night, thinking about her, wondering if she would be there. I knew she had to be there. If Puss and I had given her anything at all, it would be a sense of fairness.

When the hard winds of change blow through your life, they blow away a lot of structures you thought permanent, exposing what you thought was trivia, buried and forgotten. The sweet, soft taste of the side of the throat of Puss Killian. The

rough and husky edge of her voice as her laughter stopped. The small things are lasting things.

Monday came in with a hard winter rain and a steady wind. I awoke with the conviction that I would never see Jean again. She was half real and half imagined. I was too restless to have anything but coffee, too edgy to keep my attention on any small manufactured boat chore. Wind tilted and creaked the houseboat again and again.

Finally, I put on foul-weather gear, a complete set, with hood, in the electric orange-red of the gloves and flags they wave at you at road-construction sites. It is useful when anyone falls overboard in heavy weather, to become the only dot of color in a steep, gray, surging world.

I started walking so early that I was at the bank by 9:15, and I knew that if I tried to just stand there and wait, I would be maniacal by ten o'clock. So I went striding past the bank and kept walking for a measured 23 minutes. A mile and something. Turned on the mark and went back, but got to the bank at five of ten. Had I found shelter in the entrance, I wouldn't have been able to see her coming. So I stood out in the rain. It made such a deafening clatter against the crisp plastic of the hood that I could not hear the traffic sounds. I kept turning my head like a man at a tennis match, because I did not know from which direction she would arrive.

Ten o'clock. Five after. Ten after. And I knew it had been a bad gamble. From the two of us she would have gotten an unforgiving stubbornness, stronger than the sense of fair play. The rain was heavier. It bounced high off the asphalt, an eight-inch curtain fringe of lonely silver rain. I could stand there until it ended and nothing would change.

She came moments later at a hard run, with a transparent raincoat over her sweater and jeans, her hair tucked into a shower cap. Her face looked set and pallid, her lips almost colorless. We went in and stood over at one side, dripping onto the bank's giant rug. I pushed my hood back and she pulled her shower cap off and shook her hair out.

"So we play your game, Mr. McGee, whatever it is."

"I was beginning to think you wouldn't show."

"I nearly didn't."

"Where are you staying?"

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"I guess it was social conversation."

"Don't waste it on me."

So she walked with me back to the vault area, where I signed the card and gave the tall black attendant my key. She buzzed the gate open and we followed her back to the aisle where my box was. I pulled it out and took it to one of the little rooms where people clip their coupons and closed the door. There were two chairs in



*"Who says they don't make 'em anymore like they used to?"*

front of the countertop, a lamp with a green shade, scissors on a chain.

Before I opened the box, I took off the rain jacket and pushed my sleeves up. I showed her that my hands were empty, then opened the box lid and reached in and took out the letters, took Puss's from the thin stack and handed it to her. Then I told her to wait a moment. I took some other things out of the box and said, as I showed them to her, "This is a picture of your paternal grandfather standing beside his automobile long ago. It is an Essex. This is a picture of your paternal grandmother sitting on the steps of a vacation cottage on a lake you never heard of. This is your uncle, who died young. And this is a picture of your mother."

She had been feigning indifference until I showed her Puss's picture. She took it from me and read the inscription aloud, "Chocolate peanut-butter love." She looked at me questioningly.

"A private joke."

"She was lovely, really lovely!"

"Now, if you wouldn't mind reading the letter aloud? Careful unfolding it. The paper has cracked in a couple of places."

"Why should I read it aloud?"

"Because your voice quality is a lot like hers."

She shrugged, unfolded it, began reading.

Old dear darling, I said one time that I would write it down to get it straight for you, and so I have and even had the eerie idea you might be able to read all the words between the words. The name was right. I lied about that. But the town wasn't, and Chicago isn't the town, either. And there was no divorce. And I love Paul very dearly and have all along, and love you, too, but not quite as much.

That lousy Meyer and his lousy law. Get a pretty girl to kiss Old Ugly and tell him he was absolutely right. You see, my dear, about six months before you met me on the beach with that living pincushion stuck into the sole of my foot, they took a little monster out of my head, maybe as big as an English walnut, almost, and with three stumpy little legs, like a spider. Half a spider. And the men in white dug around in my head to try to find every little morsel of the beast, because he turned out to be the bad kind. So . . . I got over confusions and got my memory all straightened out again, and my hair grew back, and I pinned an old buddy of mine to the wall of his office and he leveled, because he has known me long enough to know I have enough sawdust to keep me solid. His guess was one chance out of 50. No treatments possible. Just go off and get checked every so often, bright lights in the eyes, stand and touch the tip of your nose with your finger tip while keeping the eyes closed. That stuff. And pens drawing lines on little electric charts. I could accept it, my dear, because life is very iffy and I have busied up my years in good ways. But I could not accept the kind of life that went with the waiting. Dear as Paul is, he is a sentimental Kraut type, and we had the awareness of the damned time bomb every waking moment. So life became like a practice funeral, with too many of our friends knowing it and everybody trying to be so bloody sweet and compassionate during a long farewell party. I began to think that if I lucked out, I'd be letting them down. So I finally told Paul

that if it was the end of my life, it was getting terribly damned dreary and full of violin music, and I am a random jolly type who does not care to be stared at by people with their eyes filling with tears. So I cashed in the bonds for the education of the children I'll never have, and I came a-hunting and I found you. Was I too eager to clamber into the sack? Too greedy to fill every day with as much life as would fit into it? Darling, I am the grasshopper sort, and so are you, and, bless you, there were dozens of times every day I would completely forget to sort of listen to what might be happening inside my redheaded skull. Be glad you jollied and romped the redheaded lady as she was coming around the clubhouse turn, heading for the tape. She loved it. And you. And how good we were together, in a way that was not a disloyalty to Paul! He is one of the dogged and steadfast ones. Can you imagine being married, dear, to Janine, great as she is, and having her know you could be fatally ill? She would mother you out of your mind until you ran. As I ran. But there was a little nagging feeling I was having it all too good. I kept telling myself, Hell, girl, you deserve it. And then hairy old Meyer and his damned law about the hard thing to do if the right thing to do. I suppose you have been wondering about me and maybe hating me a little. I had to run from you exactly when I did and how I did, or I couldn't have left at all. You see, the dying have a special obligation, too, my dear. To keep it from being too selfish. I was depriving Paul of his chance of being with me, because it is all he is going to have of me—all he did have of me—and I was forgetting that I had to leave him enough to last him long enough to get him past the worst of it at least. The darling has not done the interrogation bit, and if he thinks or doesn't think there was a man in the scene, I couldn't really say. You would like each other. Anyway, the female of the species is the eternal matchmaker, and I have written the longest letter of my life to Janine, all full of girl talk and about living and dying, and I have, I hope, conned her into spinning a big, fancy pack of lies about the Strange Vacation of Puss Killian, because I am leaving her name and address with Paul, saying that she could tell him how I was and what happened among people who didn't know. It is a devious plot, mostly because they would work well. He is a research chemist and perhaps the kindest man alive. Anyway, last week, all of a sudden, the pupil of my big, gorgeous left eye got twice as big as it



"Oh, I hired a new secretary today. Poor thing. Apparently, she's never been able to experience orgasm with a man."



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should, and they have been checking and testing and giving me glassy smiles, and I am mailing this en route to the place where they are going to open a trap door and take another look. So they may clap the lid back on and say the hell with it. Or they may go in there and, without meaning to, speed me on my journey, or they may turn me back into me for another time, shorter or longer. But from the talk around the store, the odds on the last deal make the old odds seem like a sure-thing bet. Do you understand now? I'm scared. Of course I'm scared. It's real black out there, and it lasts a long time. But I have no remorse, no regrets, because I left when I had to, and Meyer got me back in good season. Don't do any brooding, because if I can try to be a grownup, you ought to be able to take a stab at it. Here's what you do, Trav my darling. Find yourself a gaudy, random, gorgeous grasshopper wench, and lay aboard the Plymouth and the provisions, and go funtiming and suntiming up and down the lovely bays. Find one of good appetite and no thought of it being for keeps, and romp the lassie sweetly and completely, and now and again, when she is asleep and you are awake, and your arms are around her and you are sleeping like spoons, with her head tucked under your ugly chin, pretend it is . . .

Puss, who loved you.

At first it had been a mechanical reading, but then she slowed. The words had

almost too much meaning for her to handle. And for me to handle. I had closed my eyes for a little while, pretending it was Puss. But that was too much for me, and I had to watch Jean as she read, watch the slow tears, listen to the breaking voice.

Without looking at me, she folded it and put it back into the box and said, "Can we get out of here? Can we walk?"

We walked. She had the good, long stride Puss had bequeathed her. We walked back to the beach, where the hard rain had pocked all the footprints out of the sand above high mean tide. The wind-driven waves curled and smacked. Kids were out there, vague in the rain curtain, surfing. Some G-stringed joggers passed us. No talk. I knew she would talk when she was ready.

Finally, we sat on one of the small fat fences that keep the parked cars off the beach. The rain was easing.

"They did a Caesarean in the eighth month, when they knew she was slipping away. She was too far gone for labor. She died the next day. I . . . I just didn't *know* all this!"

"She must have told her sister something about how she . . . about what it was like between us."

She thought that over, frowning. "Maybe she did. I guess she probably did. Maybe she told her husband, too. From what Velma said, he was really great to my mother after she came back. But he couldn't handle having me. The arithmetic was all wrong. Child of unknown person. He fixed it with Velma to raise me with her batch. Look, I love Velma and all my foster brothers and sisters. She didn't treat me differently at all. Not in any way. She's

great. He sent money all the years, what he thought was fair. More as prices went up. I've never met him. I think he's a fine person. I can understand him not wanting me as a kid. I wasn't his kid."

"I never knew she was pregnant. I never knew she was dying."

"I know that now, McGee. I thought you knew all that stuff. I thought you just didn't want to be involved. Let me tell you something—I wish they'd never told me. No. Cross that out. I'm glad Velma told me. Puss hurt a lot. Some of the stuff they wanted to give her for pain would have hurt the baby inside her. Me. So she stifled it out alone. For my sake. Loved me."

She bent over, face against her knees. She made a small sound of grief, lost in the surf crashing and hissing.

Carefully, gently, I put my hand on her shoulder. "Maybe Velma lied about me because she didn't want to lose you. She didn't want you to get some kind of romantic image of your beach-bum father and come looking for me, ever. She know you're here?"

She straightened and looked at me with reddened eyes. "Oh, no. She thinks I'm visiting a girlfriend in Santa Barbara."

"Where is home?"

"Youngstown, Ohio. I graduated high school last June."

"You graduated *from* high school."

She gave me a crooked, tear-stained smile. "Old Dad takes over the grammar, huh?"

"Takes over whatever he can take over. Whatever you'll let him take over. Have you been working?"

"At a Charming Shoppe. It's a chain. I worked through Christmas and quit. Look, can I have a copy of that letter? To keep?"

"Why not? We'll walk back and get a copy made at the bank."

She looked at me, her head tilted, her expression puzzled.

"You know, I feel as if I've just gotten over being sick, sick a long time. I used to dream about you dying. You were always fat and bald."

"At times I have a fat, bald disposition. Look, Jean. It's just the same for me. That strange feeling."

"How can it mean anything much to you? You never knew I was alive, even."

I reached for her and she put her hands in mine. "I don't know if I can say this. It means more than I can say. It turns my life upside down. It changes a lot of things I thought I was. It's some kind of door opening for me. We've got lots of plans to make."

"I said rotten things to you."

"And enough of them were true."

"No. Now I know what you're really like. Puss is telling me in that letter what you're like. She didn't know she was telling her daughter anything, but she was."

And we walked back slowly, talking all the way. There was a lifetime of good talk ahead of us. There was another feeling I



*"Like my car—it talks and talks, but it never says anything."*

had about myself, more difficult to grasp. In the past few years, I had been ever more uncomfortably aware that one day, somewhere, I would take one last breath and a great iron door would slam shut, leaving me in darkness on the wrong side of life. But now there was a window in that door. A promise of light. A way to continue.

It is May, early May, a lovely time of year in Florida. We have taken the Busted Flush north up the waterway to a place where it opens into a broad bay. I have dropped the hooks at a calm anchorage well away from the channel and far enough from the mangrove coast to let the south breeze keep the spring bugs away.

We have brought aboard pungent caldrons of Meyer's special incomparable chili and enough icy beer to make the chili less lethal. How many of us are there? Twenty? Thirty? Let's say a lot.

We are here, and there is music and there are bad jokes, and so we are all a little bit longer in the tooth and have seen life go up, down and sideways without any rhyme or reason anyone can determine. We laugh at tired old jokes because they are old and tired and familiar, and it is good to laugh.

I get up and go ambling back through the folk. A great day. I find Meyer up on the sun deck, leaning against the aft rail, alone for a change. He is now Uncle Meyer, a dispensation from my daughter, Jean, that pleased him immensely.

We talked about Jean, about her latest letter. "You two get talked out before she left?" he asks.

"There's a couple of years of talk to make up," I say. "We'll have time. You get a chance to look over the trust agreement Frank sent you?"

"Good work," he says. "As a trustee, I can vote to invade the principal in case of emergency. Sound."

"She got one hell of a score on her college boards."

"Three times you've told me, Travis."

"And she's a horse bum. Imagine that. A horse bum from Youngstown who is going to go to a school of veterinary medicine eventually. Imagine me fathering a horse bum from Youngstown."

"Travis, she is handsome. She is tough and good and staunch."

I look at him. It strikes me that he has not been surly or hostile at any time. Lately I have been bringing out the worst in people. No more.

He seems to know what I am thinking. "How much went into the trust?" he asks.

"Everything!" I say.

He stares in consternation. "Everything? Everything?"

"Well, I saved out about four hundred bucks, and so I've got to scramble around and find some salvage work real soon."

He puts his hand on my arm, beams at me and says, "Welcome to the world."

## Midnight Special

(continued from page 114)

better way to round off your midnight adventure than with a mellow, pungent, lulling nightcap to carry you off to sleep . . . and tender dreams.

### CALIFORNIA TWIST (Four servings)

A simplified version of a zesty pasta dish served at Lavin's, a respected Manhattan restaurant. The recipe was adapted for home use with the help of Lavin's executive chef.

- 1 lb. *fusilli* (corkscrew pasta)
- 2 cups heavy cream
- 1 cup chicken stock or bouillon (canned or reconstituted is OK)
- 2 shallots, peeled and halved
- 2-3 ozs. goat cheese, crumbled
- Freshly ground pepper
- Salt, to taste
- Chopped toasted pecans or walnuts

Cook *fusilli* according to package directions until tender but still chewy—or to taste. Meanwhile, combine cream and stock in 2-quart saucepan. Fix shallot halves on toothpick and add to pan. Bring mixture to boil; reduce heat and simmer for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Whisk cheese into sauce, stirring until completely

dissolved. Remove shallots. Grind in pepper to taste. Add salt only if necessary; both stock and cheese are likely to be well salted. When pasta is done, drain well; then toss with prepared sauce. Divide into portions and garnish generously with chopped nuts.

*Note:* Because of its "American foods" policy, Lavin's uses California goat cheese, but a tangy, herbed *chèvre* would be equally compatible. Adding more cheese will give the sauce body and zip.

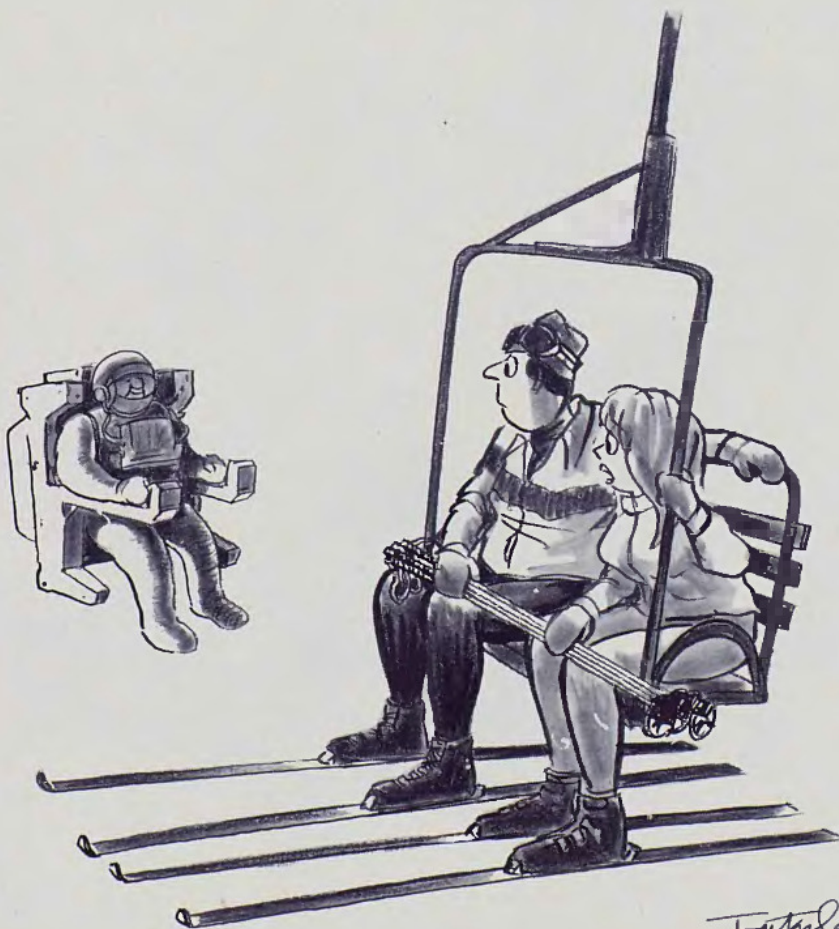
### EGGS ROMANOFF (One serving)

Offered as a midnight snack at Trader Vic establishments. Look closely and you'll notice a startling similarity to the classic eggs Benedict.

- English muffin
- 2 slices smoked salmon
- Pepper, optional
- 2 eggs
- Hollandaise sauce
- Romanoff salmon caviar

Split and toast English muffin. Put a slice of smoked salmon on each half. Sprinkle with pepper, if desired. Poach eggs and place on muffin halves. Top with hollandaise and garnish with a dab of salmon caviar.

*Note:* Decent, prepared hollandaise



"Say, how high is this slope, anyway?"

sauce is available in specialty food shops and fancy supermarkets, and Knorr's dry-mix hollandaise is widely distributed. If you prefer homemade, the sauce below can be prepared in a jiffy.

#### JIFFY HOLLANDAISE

- ¼ lb. (1 stick) butter
- 3 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- Pepper, several grinds

Heat butter in small saucepan or frying pan until bubbly; be careful not to brown. Keep warm. Rinse blender container with hot water and dry. Add remaining ingredients to blender container in order listed above. Cover container; buzz at medium speed until thoroughly mixed. Keep blender running; shift cover to make opening and pour in hot butter in slow, steady stream. Use immediately or keep warm in top of double boiler over hot water. Leftover hollandaise should be stored in refrigerator.

#### PRONTO PITA PIZZA (Four servings)

A version of the pizza presented at The Piteria in Manhattan's Greenwich Village.

- 4 *pitás* (pocket breads)
- Bottled pizza sauce or *marinara* sauce
- 1 can (4 ozs.) sliced mushrooms, drained (or 4 large fresh mushrooms, sliced)
- ½ lb. Monterey Jack or other semifirm cheese, shredded
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- Salt and pepper, if desired

Gently flatten *pitás*; they tend to curl at edges. Spread concave side of each with thin layer of sauce. Divide sliced mushrooms among the *pitás*. Sprinkle a good

heavy coating of shredded cheese over each. It's starting to look mighty like a pizza. Toss onion slices in oil and arrange over cheese. Place on cookie sheet and set under broiler 5 to 6 ins. from flame. Check after 2 minutes; these things burn easily. Pizza is *au point* when cheese is bubbly and starting to brown. You probably won't want salt, but a little pepper might be nice.

#### TONNATO TOSCANO (Four servings)

- 1 can (7 ozs.) dark Italian tuna
  - 1 can (20 ozs.) *cannellini* beans, drained
  - 1 large ripe tomato, in wedges
  - 1 small red onion, diced
  - 6 globe radishes, sliced
  - 2 tablespoons olive oil
  - 2 teaspoons lemon juice or wine vinegar
  - Freshly ground pepper
  - Romaine-lettuce leaves
  - Anchovies, rinsed and drained
- Drain tuna, place in salad bowl and flake. Add beans, tomato, onion and radishes. Whisk oil and lemon juice to combine and drizzle over salad. Add pepper to taste; toss well. Spoon on lettuce leaves; garnish with anchovies.

#### CROQUE-MONSIEUR (Two servings)

Very popular in France—and gaining fans in the States.

- 3 tablespoons sweet butter, softened
- 1 teaspoon Dijon-style mustard
- 4 slices white bread
- 2 slices Emmentaler or fontina cheese
- 2 slices country ham
- 2 slices white meat of chicken
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons milk
- Pinch of salt, optional

Combine butter and mustard; mix thoroughly. Spread lightly on one side of each bread slice. Make 2 sandwiches, with a slice of cheese, ham and chicken in each. Beat eggs moderately with milk, salt lightly; pour into soup plate or piepan. Dip sandwiches in egg mixture; turn them until they've absorbed it all. Heat about 2 tablespoons butter in large skillet; sauté sandwiches until both sides are golden brown and cheese has melted. Cut sandwiches into quarters. Serve with sweet pickles and potato chips.

#### HUEVOS REVUELTOS (Two servings)

A tasty late-night snack from Santiago Moneo of Casa Moneo in Manhattan. *Revueltos* means "soft set," which describes the consistency of the *huevos* perfectly.

- 2 tablespoons oil
- 1 ripe tomato, seeded and chopped
- 2 canned mild green chilies, chopped
- ½ small onion, chopped
- 4 eggs, beaten moderately

Heat oil in medium-size skillet. Add tomato, chilies and onion; sauté over medium heat until softened. Pour in eggs and stir slowly with fork, pausing to let eggs catch on bottom and sides. When done, eggs will be moist and creamy, not firm. May be served with hot refried beans and *tortillas*—both available in fancy food shops and supermarkets.

**Quick-Fix Huevos Revueltos:** Substitute about ⅓ cup La Victoria bottled *salsa*, or other good prepared *salsa*, for the fresh ingredients. Heat in pan with oil, add beaten eggs and scramble, as above. Superb! Note that *salsa* comes mild or hot. Most people find the mild plenty *caliente*!

#### LAGNIAPPE

Hero Boy's James Del Orte suggests an Italian favorite as a sumptuous finale to a memorable after-hours munch—*mascarpone* cheese and ripe strawberries. *Mascarpone*, a luscious triple cream cheese, complements the tart-sweet berries beautifully. Jimmy likes this with an extra-dry sparkling wine or a dessert wine.

#### AU REVOIR

- 1¼ ozs. cognac
- 3 ozs. milk, chilled
- ½ ripe banana, mashed
- 1 teaspoon superfine sugar, or to taste
- Dash bitters
- ⅓ cup crushed ice
- Cinnamon

Place all ingredients but cinnamon in chilled blender container. Buzz until just smooth. Pour into chilled tall glass. Taste for sweetness and correct, if necessary. Dust surface lightly with cinnamon.

A midnight bite doesn't have to be a Tom Jones romp. For people who are truly passionate about food, quality, not quantity, is the criterion. *Bon appétit!*



"If Mr. Wonderful doesn't  
come along soon, I may have to settle for  
Mr. No Worse Than the Next Guy."

# I.C.L. PROCESS BECOMES A REAL GROWTH INDUSTRY



Patient (left) before I.C.L. Process; center, the patient, Juan Andujar undergoes the procedure at International Cosmetic Labs, performed by Dr. Max Mollick and a female assistant.

## BALD HAIRDRESSER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

By LEN LEAR

*We've all seen the ads on tv, a man with a billiard ball for a head suddenly has a head full of thick wavy hair. He's swimming & playing tennis. Beautiful ladies mesmerized by his now wavy mane, and no matter how hard a disembodied hand yanks, it can't upset a hair on his head, or his rosy disposition.*

As a man who has tried everything on my own thinning locks except the sweat of a moose, I was always skeptical of all hair replacement ads, as Menachem Begin is of President Reagan's claim that AWACS planes in Saudi Arabian hands would be "good for Israel."

With this in mind, I recently visited International Cosmetic Labs, 209 Professional Building, Rt. 130, Cinnaminson, N.J. 08077, after calling (609) 829-4300 which has performed thousands of medical procedures during its long existence.

### NOT A TRANSPLANT

"This is not the same thing as a hair transplant or a hair piece, or medical implants", explained a medical assistant. "It is designed for people who still have some hair. We take a hair sample from the customer and then make the new preparation to blend perfectly with it. The new preparation is made of a combination of human and synthetic hair."

While I waited for a nearly bald customer to go through the procedure, a handsome young man walked into the International waiting room with a head of thick, wavy hair.

### A RECENT EXAMPLE

"This was done here last week," explained Dr. Jack Rydell, a 25-year-old chiropractor from central Jersey who showed himself (before the procedure) with a balding pate.

"I started losing my hair when I was 19. Some men don't care about this, but I do. I looked into hair transplants, but they're too messy, and they cannot thicken hair which I wanted to do. They can never give you a natural look. Now my hair looks just like it did when I was 18."

Dr. Rydell said he is completely satisfied with his "new hair", which may cost anywhere from \$1200 to \$3800. I ran my own fingers through his hair, which looked and felt exactly like thick hair. I yanked, but it did not come off.

### SEVERAL RETAINERS

Losing my skepticism quickly, I watched as Juan Andujar, a 28-year-old hairdresser from New Jersey who was largely bald on top, underwent the I.C.L. Process. Dr. Max Mollick, a staff physician of International Cosmetic Labs applied fine hairlike retainers throughout Andujar's dome. Technicians then started attaching hair filaments, creating a full head of hair. A hair

stylist then styled it, the whole process taking about 3 hours. Andujar was obviously pleased with the results.

Dr. Max Mollick is a radiologist who has performed thousands of surgical procedures. When asked about the possibilities of infection, "We've seen cases of minor infections but they've been very rare, certainly no greater than in any other type of surgery. There is also a lifetime warranty with this procedure. Also, the I.C.L. Process is totally reversible for those who worry about that sort of thing."

The retainer material used in THE I.C.L. PROCESS has been used extensively in many parts of the world in major heart surgery, for those of you who care about such things, it is an isotactic crystalline stereoisomer of a linear hydrocarbon polymer containing a little or no unsaturation. Such retainer material is not absorbable nor is it subject to degradation or weakening by the action of tissue enzymes. It is resistant to involvement in infections. There are no known contraindications ... and for you doctors with your medical Baedekers handy, for further data you may refer to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, March 10, 1962, Vol. 179, pp. 780-782; BRITISH JOURNAL OF SURGERY, Vol. 52, No. 5, August 1967 or write International Cosmetic Labs.

## HIGH-END HI-FI

(continued from page 82)

*"Does high-end audio succeed in its heaven-storming ambitions? Of course it does."*

dinky little cranked-cylinder gadget would come to this? It's all for real, however, and is actually a new overground area in stereo hi-fi that includes other types of components, each of which crowds or tops the \$10,000 mark. This heady realm is populated by a new breed of hi-fi buff known as a high-ender. For this dedicated fidelity devotee, audio could become more important than eating. He is turned on not only by the unmatched sound of such equipment but also by its exquisitely detailed construction, the attention lavished by its manufacturers on every aspect of the product, from its painstakingly engineered innards to the visual appeal of its housing and the sexy compliance of its controls. Using such equipment becomes an immersion in a special kind of experience that is almost tactile and visceral as well as auditory.

At its extreme, catering to such tastes can become a matter more complex than custom-tailoring a new suit. For example, Wilson does not merely sell you his system; he literally fine-tunes it to a specific environment. The entire process, from initial acoustic measurements through the final setup, takes three days.

The amplifiers used in such systems are chosen from a select group of products currently in favor among high enders. One is the Krell KMA-200, a mono (single-channel) power amp conservatively rated for 200-watt output. A pair for stereo comes to \$7500. Among preamps now in favor are the Krell KRS-1, at \$6500; the Swiss Physics SP-1, at \$4000; the Dennesen JC-80 (actually a pair of mono

preamps), at \$3500; and the Spectral DMC-10, a stereo unit with a separate power supply to minimize hum and noise. Its price is \$2795. An additional \$60 gets you a see-through cover for viewing the DMC-10's gold-plated circuit boards. If you've got it, baby, flaunt it!

While the choice of amplification equipment is relatively wide, there are only two FM tuners that this group considers suitable mates for its supersystems. One is the Sequerra Model 1, a \$5000 unit featuring built-in analyzers that display the characteristics of a received signal. At only \$1195, the Tandberg TPT 3001A is a surprisingly inexpensive alternative that many claim outperforms the Sequerra.

The most striking entry in the rarefied realm of high-end equipment is the Goldmund Reference turntable. It looks like a piece of machinery from a space station and—without a tonearm—costs a cool \$12,900. Many, even among the high enders, are satisfied with the lower-priced Goldmund Studio, which sells for a paltry \$2500—also minus a tonearm. The \$7000 Nakamichi TX-1000 (without tonearm but with a separate motor for centering a disc on the spindle) has a following, while an entry from Denon, the Model DP-100M (\$6200 with a servo-controlled tonearm), is considered by many to be an excellent alternative.

Turntable manufacturers, as a rule, also offer tonearms, but there are tonearm specialists whose products have a unique appeal. Prominent among this small group right now is the \$1400 Dennesen ABLT-1. It's a linear model with air bearings that

has a claimed tracking error of zero degrees. You can't get much better than that.

In phono cartridges, the universally favored type is a moving coil. But which one? Many would pick the \$3500 lapis-lazuli Kiseki, a hand-built cartridge that's about as exotic as the semiprecious stone it's made from. There's also a following for another Japanese entry, the Koetsu onyx Signature (\$2250), while from Dutch designer A. J. van den Hul comes the Type 1, which, at \$1250, is claimed by many to do as fine a job as any other in tracing record grooves.

How does the new digital sound, specifically in the form of the compact disc (CD), fit into this picture? Some high enders welcome the CD as a superior program source with which they can show off their splendid sound systems. Others feel that while digital sound can be better than analog sound in theory, not all CDs really deliver the kind of legendary sonic superiority their manufacturers claim for them.

Countering this view is one that holds that the high enders' indifference to the CD is motivated by a desire to perpetuate a kind of cultist tweakery that has grown up around analog turntables, tonearms and moving-coil cartridges.

This attitude, in turn, relates to the relatively low interest high enders have in tape recorders and an understandable paucity of tape decks aimed at this group. In cassette decks, the current favorites are the Tandberg TCD 3014, at \$1395, and the Nakamichi Dragon, at \$1850. For open-reel devotees, there's the Mark Levinson ML-5, at \$14,400, which accepts reels of up to 12½ inches in diameter and runs at the pro speeds of 15 and 30 inches per second. Other favored units include the \$9000 STC Nagra, with ten-and-a-half-inch open-reel adapters, and the similarly priced Stellavox.

Does high-end audio succeed in its heaven-storming ambitions? Of course it does. All you need to convince yourself of this is to attend a demonstration. Combine Wilson's WAMM with a pair of Krell power amps, a Goldmund turntable and a Kiseki cartridge and, brother, you'll have your sonic socks blown off.

But don't feel left out because your budget can't match your new-found taste for great sound. Like a Ferrari or a Rolls-Royce, high-end audio has a limited market. However, it continues to goad the rest of the hi-fi industry, keeping the mainstream manufacturers on their sonic toes. As a result, a good deal of high-end theory and practice does filter down to broader levels to make for better stereo products in all price ranges. High-end audio remains the peak of the mountain, but the entire terrain is beautiful as a result, and there is much beauty along the slopes that is very affordable.



*"Well, so much for the northern lights."*



For smokers who prefer the convenience of five more cigarettes per pack.

# New Marlboro 25's



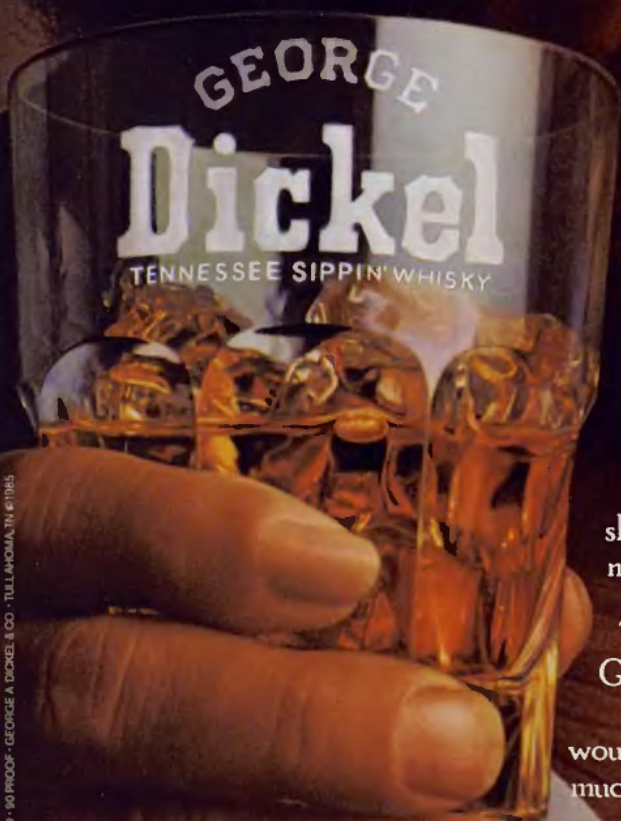
Now, famous Marlboro Red  
and Marlboro Lights are also available  
in a convenient new 25's pack.

Not available in some areas. © Phillip Morris Inc. 1985

Lights: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 17 mg "tar,"  
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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

# "Water's for teardrops. Dickel's for drinkin'."



“And in my humble opinion, mixin’ the two’s a cryin’ shame. ‘Cause Dickel goes down so smooth and easy, it doesn’t need any company.

‘Course, some folks don’t see it that way. They’ll mix this fine Tennessee sippin’ whisky with water, soda – who knows what. Guess that ain’t all bad, though.

If it weren’t for an occasional ‘difference of opinion’, there wouldn’t be many teardrops. Or much country music, either.”

*George Dickel*

# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### WHEELS

## THE MAP RIDER

**Y**ou think *Knight Rider's* souped-up Trans Am is hot? You like the Millennium Falcon? They're heaps. With the Etak Navigator, you can turn any junker into a motorized mind. How? The Navigator displays your position and destination on a view screen by means of a compass, a computer and a memory full of maps. As you drive,

your position on the screen—marked by a triangle—remains constant. The map moves past you, ensuring that whatever streets lie ahead through the windshield appear on the screen. Zoom in for a close-up; zoom out for a God's-eye view. Then say goodbye to maps that never fold back up. With a copilot like the Navigator, all you do is drive, baby, drive.

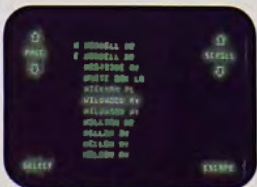
Below: Available this spring for 2000 square miles of the San Francisco area, Etak, Inc., will then zoom its computerized navigational system in on Southern California, followed by the East Coast and the Midwest. Two models are available: The 450, shown, with a 4½" screen on a flexible stalk, is ideal for passenger cars, \$1395; and the 700, with a 7" screen, is for cop cars, ambulances, etc., \$1595. Computerized maps of designated areas, \$35 each. The open road will never be the same. Look for the unit at auto stereo and mobile communication stores.



The Etak Navigator map can be zoomed in to show a tight view of the area surrounding the car.



Destinations can be selected from an easy-to-read street index stored on each EtakMap cassette.



After a destination has been selected, the Navigator displays the location as a flashing star.



## JUMPIN' AT THE TV SIDE

Punk rockers may not bow and face west when the name Wally Haider is mentioned, but anyone who's into big-band jazz knows that Haider's Los Angeles sound studio was the home of many movie and early-TV big-band productions. Now Haider has dug into archives and put together a selection of nine video tapes showcasing the talents of 33 bands. The tapes are \$49.95 each, sent to Swingtime Video, P.O. Box 3476, Hollywood, California 90078. A free catalog is available.



## COCK OF THE WALK

Calvin Klein, watch your ass! A new fashion movement is hanging in there, and we'll lay odds it's going to be stiff competition. We're talking about Dingus Wear—yes, wearables for your wang and designer duds for your dick. Dingus Wear's most popular one-size-fits-all styles include a cowboy outfit, a chef's hat, jacket and apron or a tux for \$21.95 each sent to Dingus Wear, P.O. Box 408343, Department B200, Chicago 60640. It's a whole new balls game.



## THE BUTLER DOES IT

Anyone who's ever set down his drink at a party only to discover that he couldn't remember where he'd put it or—even worse—to find that it's disappeared down some other guest's throat or been dumped will appreciate the ingenuity of Buffet Butler: four 13" x 17" vinyl mats with 12 numbers (1 to 12 or 13 to 24) and 12 letters (A to L or M to X) printed on each mat. All you do is remember that X (or whichever square you choose) marks the spot while you get up and boogie, do a trick with a lamp shade and a bar of soap, perform your ever-popular impression of Fay Wray masturbating King Kong or put the heavy moves on your hostess. A set of Buffet Butler mats will set you back \$25 sent to Stimuleye, P.O. Box 187, Worcester, Massachusetts 01602. Ring for the Butler. He's got your drink.



## THE CAT HOUSE'S MEOW

Most coffee-table books cost and weigh a ton, and their glossy pages filled with lovely photos of Etruscan frescoes never see the light of day. Then there's *Great Bordellos of the World*, a 254-page illustrated history by Emmett Murphy (Quartet Books is the publisher), selling in bookstores for \$29.95, that you'll have to chain to your table. Chapters range from "Gods, Graves and Harlots" (those naughty Assyrians) to "Going Public," a collection of contemporary cat houses. Say, on page 241—the little blonde bombshell in the baby dolls. Isn't that your wife?

## ROAD AROMA

Now that Jonbil, Inc., has come out with Long Haul trucker's jeans, it's eased on down the road to another market that has the smell of instant success—Long Haul Cologne. Long Haul's scent has been described as being as masculine as a lug wrench, combining citrus with herbs and spices—plus maybe a pinch of diesel smoke and coffee grounds tossed in. A four-ounce bottle goes for \$18, from Long Haul, P.O. Box 37, Highway 75, Chase City, Virginia 23924. Well, smell you!



## REMEMBER TO THE RESCUE

With a staff meeting at nine, a conference at 11 and a sales meeting from one to five, it's not your fault that your girlfriend told you to go take a flying *futo* at eight, when you forgot her birthday. At least, that's the way we look at it, and so does Remember, Inc., a company at 40 Freeman Place, Needham, Massachusetts 02192, that, for \$30 annually, will remember six special days you specify and send out cards. Sleep well, Mr. Big; Remember, Inc. is awake.



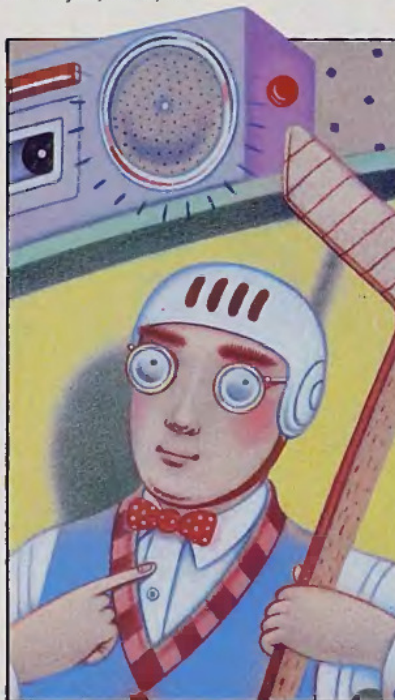
## ADOPT-A-COMP

With about 11,000,000 computers sold in North America last year, you can bet your RAM and ROM that there are going to be at least a couple of million of them abandoned by their owners once the novelty wears off. That's where International Computer Orphanage steps in. I.C.O. is an adoption agency for computers at 6711 Mississauga Road, Suite 103, Mississauga, Ontario, L5N 2W3. Just \$35 gets you membership and full info on how to temporarily or permanently adopt a used computer. A Kaypro 2 for \$999, or \$15.42 a day? That's not much of a byte, now, is it?



## HERE'S YOUR MITT, WALTER MITTY

If you've ever wanted to pull off a hat trick against Edmonton, play in the world series or score the winning T.D. on Super Bowl Sunday, has Hall of Fame got a deal for you. For \$59.95, it will make you the star of a radio-cassette re-creation of a sporting event—anything from baseball, basketball and football to tennis, boxing, hockey and golf. Sound effects and a professional announcer add to the realism—who wouldn't believe you knocked out Ali in the seventh? For more info, contact Hall of Fame Tapes, P.O. Box 8908, Rockville, Maryland 20856.



## AVEDON AND MM

Richard Avedon's *Lost Marylins* are the stuff that legends are made of—four period photos that Marilyn posed for in 1958 for *Life* magazine, each depicting a sex symbol of the past: Lillian Russell (shown), Clara Bow, Jean Harlow and Theda Bara. Avedon had mislaid the photos until about a year ago, and now he's offering them as 20" x 28" posters through Andrew Grenshaw, Ltd., 407 East 75th Street, New York 10021, for \$25 each, unsigned, or \$50 each, signed. Avedon reminisces that when Marilyn saw the photos, she told him, "I'm prouder of these than any movie I've ever made." We agree.





### Sheila E. Holds the Pickle

Oh, God, we don't know what to tell you. This guy can't be located to tell the tale of singer/percussionist SHEILA E. With Prince as her mentor, Sheila is climbing the charts. And everything else.

## GRAPEVINE

### Someday Our Prince Will Come

In this year of androgyny, PRINCE is king. His album and movie *Purple Rain* went through the roof. His concerts were the hot tix this winter. He's responsible for a bevy of women singers. So do we care if he dresses like Mozart?



### Frankie-Pankie

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD did not take America by the same storm that captured Britain. It didn't have much of a stage show, and its hits were too short. But it has great slogans, and it's the only pop group we can remember that uses a bunch of drag queens for an opening act. Too cute!





JACK SALLOW

### Wait a Minute, Mr. Postman

When LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM publicly whined about his love life, he had no idea how many women would be happy to make a go of it with a lonely millionaire. You think his troubles are over? He has to answer all that mail!



### Guitar Man

We watched SAMMY HAGAR's album *VOA* move up the charts this past winter and his single *I Can't Drive 55* do the same. So it's no wonder that when the Red Rocker performs, girls throw red things onstage. It began with scarves but recently switched to underwear. And Prince thought he was the only one?

### Guns and Buttercups

SIAN ADEY JONES is a very attractive woman. She is also a former Miss Wales, a model and an actress. If you'd like to see her poetry in motion, catch the new James Bond film, *A View to a Kill*, in May. Until then, we're going to fantasize about getting arrested.



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# NEXT MONTH



MORGANNA'S WORKOUT



CAFÉ FLESH



ATLAS' SHRUG



SUPER SISTERS

**"CONFESSIONS OF A CULT SEX KING: CAFÉ FLESH AND ME"**—THE AUTHOR OF THE POSTNUCLEAR X CLASSIC REPORTS' ON ITS FALLOUT, INCLUDING HIS DISCOVERY THAT EVERYMAN'S DREAM IS TO BANK-ROLL A PORN FLICK—BY **JERRY STAHL**

**"WILL SHE OR WON'T SHE?"**—READING HER BODY AND OTHER LANGUAGES—BY **DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN**

**"MORGANNA'S GUIDE TO SPRING TRAINING"**—OUR FAVORITE KISS-AND-RUN ARTIST DEMONSTRATES THE EQUIPMENT THAT'LL GET YOU IN SHAPE FOR YOUR FAVORITE SPORT

**"PLAYBOY'S YEAR IN MUSIC"**—STAY TUNED FOR THE **TINA TURNER** WORKOUT, THE **SINATRA/BILLY IDOL** "WHO'S THE REAL PUNK?" PROFILE AND MORE

**"EVEN CHARLES ATLAS DIES"**—WHEN YOU'VE HAD SAND KICKED IN YOUR FACE, SOMETHING SNAPS. YOU, TOO, CAN BE A KING OF BODYBUILDING OR, AT LEAST, MEET ONE. A TALE THAT'S CHOCK-FULL OF DYNAMIC TENSION—BY **SERGIO RAMIREZ**

**"WHAT I LEARNED AT SEA"**—HE HAD THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, THAT OF **PLAYBOY'S** TRAVEL EDITOR, AND HE CHUCKED IT FOR WIND AND WAVE. IF YOU'RE A SAILOR, YOU UNDERSTAND WHY. A MEMOIR—BY **REG POTTERTON**

**"ARE THERE ANY MORE AT HOME LIKE YOU?"**—IN THE CASE OF THESE PLAYMATES, THE ANSWER IS YES. PRESENTING THE **CHIN, SOARES, ST. GEORGE** AND **SMITH SISTERS**, WHO PROVE YOU CAN NEVER GET TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

**JOEL HYATT**, THE WIZARD OF LOW-COST LEGAL SERVICES, DISCUSSES HIS BRIEFS AND OTHER HOT TOPICS IN A SNAPPY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLUS: **JOHN ESKOW'S** SLY TIPS ON HOW TO PROFIT BY THE LESSONS OF VIETNAM, **"SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN NICARAGUA"**; A HARD-CHARGING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW WITH THE EDMONTON OILERS' STAR CENTER **WAYNE GRETZKY**; **"PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO FASHION"**; **EMANUEL GREENBERG'S** **"WHITE MAGIC: 99 TRICKS WITH VODKA"** AND MUCH MORE

# How to tempt your lover without wearing a fig leaf.



First there was light. Followed soon thereafter by man and woman, a.k.a. Adam and Eve. Then came the business with the apple, and before you could say "You snake in the grass," five zillion years went by. But all wasn't for naught, because that fateful faux pas not only altered the history of haberdashery but also inspired the creation

of DeKuyper® Original Apple Barrel® Schnapps.

While the advent of apparel is certainly appreciated, especially in sub-zero surroundings, the birth of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps is universally ballyhooed.

All it takes is one teeny-weeny taste to convince you that this refreshingly crisp blend selected from nine apple varieties is the most sinfully delicious thing to happen to apples since day one.

Whether you're throwing a posh garden party or entertaining a party of one, succumb to the temptation of DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps. It makes every Eve feel a little special.



## DeKuyper Original Apple Barrel Schnapps

A man with blonde hair and sunglasses is shown in profile, holding a lit cigarette in his mouth and a lighter in his hand. The background is a scenic landscape with rolling hills and a clear sky. A motorcycle is visible in the lower left background.

# Come up to Kool.

Kool gives you extra coolness  
for the most refreshing sensation in smoking.

***A sensation beyond the ordinary.***



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

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Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine;  
Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.