BOY GEORGE: AN INTERVIEW THAT NEVER DRAGS

PILASIBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

ROCK SINGER VANITY

SHOWS HER MOVES

DWIGHT GOODEN

A ROOKIE'S DIARY

THE PLAYBOY
ADVISOR
DOES IT

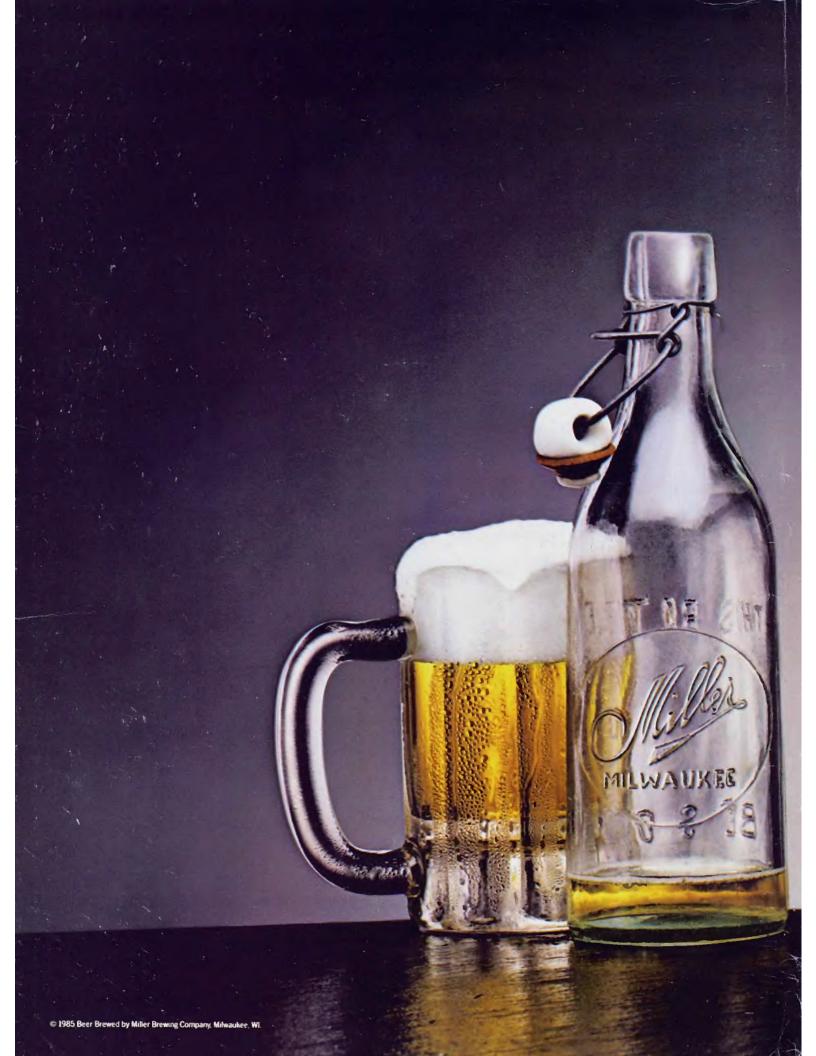
ON THE ROAD

HAGLER & HEARNS
MOUTH OFF

Austria S.90 Finland F.Mk. 29:50 France F.F. 30 Germany DM 12:00 Norway NOK 36:50 inkl MVA Spain PTS. 650 Sweden S.Kr. 40:80 inkl moms Switzerland S.Fr. 11:00 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR KAREN WELEZ

MAY 1985 • \$3.00

A STUNNING PICTORIAL, PLUS A PULL-OUT POSTER



TO QUALITY. TO PU AND THAT TRADITI



RITY. TO AMERICA. DN CONTINUES...



LLER BREWING CO.

When Frederic Miller came to America from Germany, he wasn't much different from any other newcomer.

Like millions of others, he

Like millions of others, he saw in America a golden opportunity—to bring his brewing skills to their peak, using the finest resources in the world.

Frederic Miller made the most of what America had to offer. He made the best beer he knew how to make, using the finest grains and hops; the purest water.

And to show America the quality and purity of his beer, he insisted on putting it in clear bottles.

A lot has changed since Frederic Miller's day. But a lot hasn't.

hasn't.
Miller still uses the finest ingredients and brewing skills. It contains no additives or preservatives.

And Miller still comes in the same clear bottles.

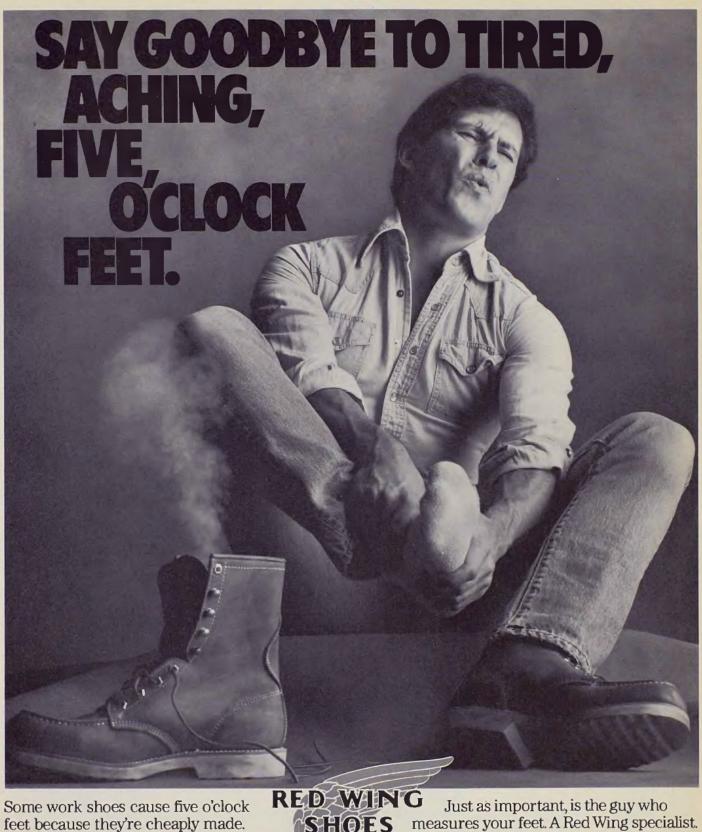
For the same clear reasons.



MADE THE AMERICAN WAY.



OVER 100 YEARS AGO FREDERIC MILLER MADE A CLEAR COMMITMENT.



feet because they're cheaply made. But most shoes cause five o'clock feet simply because they don't fit right.

A little too short or too narrow. A little too long or too wide. A little too heavy or too stiff. A little too flimsy.

Tell 'em all goodbye. And say hello to Red Wings. Red Wings come in over one-hundred sizes and widths. And almost that many different styles. measures your feet. A Red Wing specialist. And he hates five o'clock feet.

He makes sure Red Wings fit your feet right. He makes sure they fit your job. So, you get Red Wing comfort. All day, every day. Comfort that makes five o'clock feet just a bad memory.

Red Wings. So comfortable, you forget your feet.

PLAYB

THIS ONE is a magazine to wallow in, gentlemen. Go directly to our pictorial on Playmate of the Year Koren Velez, photographed by Contributing Photographers Arny Freytog and Richard Fegley. Once you've got your testosterone pumping, you'll probably enjoy the earthy hint of man-to-man violence so politely conveyed between Marvelous Marvin Hagler and Thomas "Hitman" Hearns in 20 Questions. Frequent PLAYBOY contributor Lawrence Lindermon interrogated the two all-serious pugilists a few weeks before their scheduled middleweight championship bout.

A different sort of guy is the subject of this month's Playboy Interview—George Alan O'Dowd, known to his listening public as Boy George. Having transformed himself into pop music's oneand-only six-foot, 190-pound bag lady, this reigning king of queens decided it was time to set the record straight. He invited David Sheff and Vicki Sheff to hang out with him on his most recent tour of Japan, and the resulting conversation is bitchy, funny and revealing. Also revealing, but on a much more serious subject, is The Fall of Saigon, by David Butler (illustrated by Matt Mahurin). Butler, a former PLAYBOY editor (he used to write this page, in fact), made his first of three trips to Vietnam in 1970 and was so taken by it that whenever he's not working in the U.S., he heads "somewhere in what is left of non-Communist Southeast Asia." His article is adapted from his forthcoming book of the same title to be published by Simon & Schuster.

Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen, known to most of our readers as the Playboy Advisor, is a veteran of another war, sometimes called the sexual revolution. Last year, when he was invited to go on a lecture tour of college campuses, he eagerly accepted, hoping to gain perspective on the level of sexual heat out there in coed land. Petersen says, "I attended Trinity College in the Sixties and majored in drugs, sex, rock 'n' roll and kinesthetic awareness, which was basically watching long-haired girls dance in black leotards. I'm still on disciplinary probation from attending a campus sit-in. I hadn't been on a campus since then, and I was amazed at the conservatism of today's colleges. Depressing. But still, there are some great stories of individual craziness out there." You'll read them in Campus Sex and the Playboy Advisor's Traveling Road Show.

Speaking of traveling, this is the month Contributing Editor Stephen Birnboum whets your wanderlust with Playboy Guide: Travel'85; and speaking of road shows, remember pitcher Dwight Gooden, last year's one-man barn burner in his first season for the Mets? People by the thousands thronged to stadiums just to see the 19-year-old phenom throw his 99-mph fast ball past nearly everybody. In Rookie (from a book soon to be published by Doubleday), Gooden now tells, with the help of Richard Woodley, what it felt like to go from unknown to record-breaking superstar in six short months. If Gooden was the man with the golden arm last year, the central character of Joe Holdemon's short story More Than the Sum of His Parts (illustrated by Anita Kunz) is the man with the steel arm—an appendage, by the way, that we'd hate to see allowed into a baseball game. Topping off our fiction for the month is Jay Cronley's Scoring (illustrated by David Montiel), guaranteed to keep you in suspense.

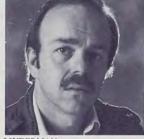
Ready for another hormonal boost? We suggest that you turn quickly to Miss May, Kathy Shower, a.k.a. Supermodel/Supermom. We also have a sizzling pictorial on rock songstress (and graduate of the Prince School of Music) Vanity. And talking of vanity, the ever-immodest Joe Piscopo (of Saturday Night Live fame) is our culinary conquistador in Seductive Skilletry. Joe's next movie, by the way, will be Wise Guys, which he's making with Danny DeVito. If you're a wise guy, you'll read this magazine cover to cover (don't miss The Year in Movies, with PLAYBOY's annual Popcorn Awards) and then go back for another look at the good parts. Oh, all right, look at the good parts and then read the rest. After all, we want you to have a good time.







FEGLEY



LINDERMAN



SHEFF, SHEFF





MAHURIN



PETERSEN



GOODEN







HALDEMAN

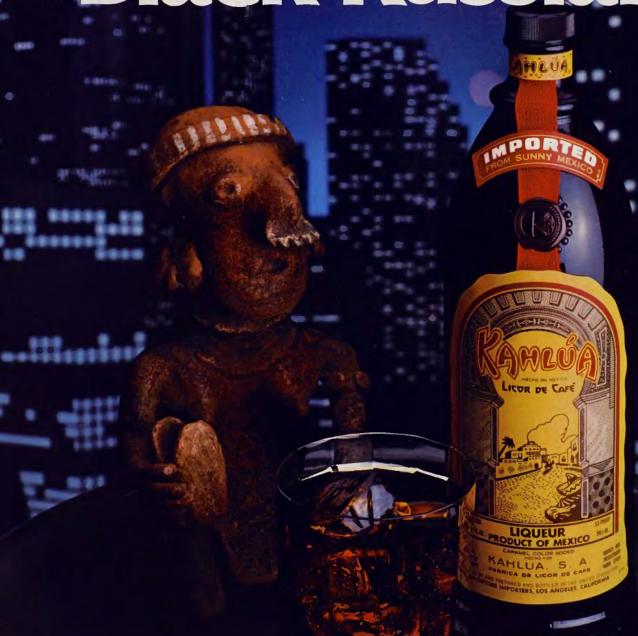


MONTIEL



CRONLEY





Mmm. Time to sit back, relax and enjoy a classic, Just, an ounce of Kahlúa, two ounces of vodka on the rocks. Incomparable. Because only Kahlúa tastes like Kahlúa. For a world of delicious ideas, do send for our recipe book. On us, of course. Kahlúa, Dept. D, P.O. Box 8925, Universal City, CA 91608. Pssst: Kahlúa s beautiful to enjoy... beautiful to give. If you'd like extra recipe books to give with it, we'll be happy to oblige.

©1983 Kahlúa® 53 Proof. Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Universal City, CA

PLAYBOY

vol. 32, no. 5-may, 1985

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	5	
DEAR PLAYBOY	11	
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	17	
SPORTS DAN JENKINS	41	
MEN	43	
WOMEN	45	
AGAINST THE WIND CRAIG VETTER	49	
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	51	
DEAR PLAYMATES.	55	
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	57	
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOY GEORGE—candid conversation.	65	
CAMPUS SEX—article	78	
VANITY RARE—pictorial	83	
MORE THAN THE SUM OF HIS PARTS—fiction JOE HALDEMAN	88	
SEDUCTIVE SKILLETRY—food	90	
ROOKIE—article	94	
KATHY GOES TO HOLLYWOOD—playboy's playmate of the month		
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	110	
THE FALL OF SAIGON—article	112	
INTERNATIONAL HOT LINES—fashion	114	
SCORING—fiction JAY CRONLEY	120	
THE YEAR IN MOVIES	122	
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial	128	
20 QUESTIONS: MARVIN HAGLER AND THOMAS HEARNS	148	
PLAYBOY GUIDE: TRAVEL '85	152	
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	213	



Viva Velez

P. 128



Eye, Robot

P. 88



Spring Shower

P. 96



World Wear

P. 11

COVER STORY

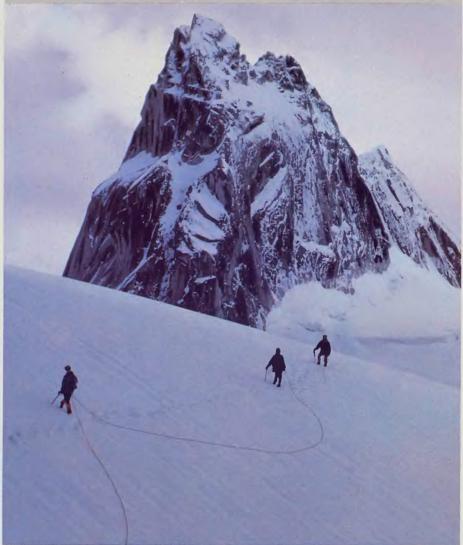
Why is Rockville Centre, New York, going wild? Because native daughter Karen Velez is our 1985 Playmate of the Year. Our cover, shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley and produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, features Karen in a pose that's suitably suggestive of Venus. Want to jain our celebration of Karen's coronation? Turn to page 128.



GENERAL OFFICES; PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 80811. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS, ALL RICHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY SUBMESTRICTED BRIGHT OF EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY, CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1995 BY PLAYBOY, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY, AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY, AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY, AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY, AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY, AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY, AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WITH PROPRIES OF PRETTY.

PLAYBOY SENTENCES OF PLAYBOY. BY A STATEMENT OF PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY. AND RESERVED, PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED, PLAYBOY. AND RESERVED, PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY. BY LICENSTANDAY. PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY. BY LICENSTANDAY. PLAYBOY. PLAY

Purcell Mountains. A rugged place for a smooth whisky to start.



WESTERN CANADA—The hardest part of the climbing is just getting enough air. I gulped it in. Icy. Thin. And then we stopped, and looking around took my breath away all over again.

Later, thawing out by the fire, we knew we'd been someplace we could never forget.

Over Windsor Canadian, we talked about it all night long. That's some smooth whisky.

It's made from water that runs down from the glaciers. They use the local rye. And that high, clean air must have something to do with the way Windsor Canadian ages.

Rugged country. Smooth whisky. Both unforgettable.

WINDSOR CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.



PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN associate publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER editorial director TOM STAEBLER art director GARY COLE photography director G. BARRY GOLSON executive editor

EDITORIAL

NONFICTION: JAMES MORGAN articles editor; ROB FLEDER senior editor; FICTION: ALICE K. TURNER editor; TERESA GROSCH associate editor; PLAYBOY GUIDES: MAURY Z. LEVY editor; WEST COAST: STEPHEN RANDALL editor; STAFF: GRETCHEN EDGREN, WILLIAM J. HELMER, PATRICIA PAPANGELIS (administration), DAVID STEVENS senior editors; ROBERT E. CARR, WALTER LOWE, JR., JAMES R. PETER-SEN, JOHN REZEK senior staff writers; KEVIN COOK, BARBARA NELLIS, DAVID NIMMONS, KATE NOLAN, J. F. O'CONNOR, SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER (new york) associate editors; MONA PLUMER assistant editor; MODERN LIVING: ED WALKER associate editor; JIM BARKER assistant editor; FASHION: HOLLIS WAYNE editor; HOLLY BINDERUP assistant editor; CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY editor; COPY: AR-LENE BOURAS editor; JOYCE RUBIN assistant editor; NANCY BANKS, CAROLYN BROWNE, PHILLIP COOPER, JACKIE JOHNSON, MARCY MARCHI, MARY ZION researchers; CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: ASA BABER, STEPHEN BIRNBAUM (travel), JOHN BLUMEN-THAL, E. JEAN CARROLL, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAW-RENCE GROBEL, D. KEITH MANO, ANSON MOUNT, PETER ROSS RANGE, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, JOHN SACK, TONY SCHWARTZ, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (movies), GARY WITZENBURG

ART

KERIG POPE managing director; CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS senior directors; BRUCE HANSEN, THEO KOUVATSOS associate directors; KAREN GAEBE, KAREN GUTOWSKY junior directors; TOSEPH PACZEK assistant director; FRANK LINDNER, DANIEL REED, ANN SEIDL art assistants; SUSAN HOLMSTROM traffic coordinator; BARBARA HOFFMAN administrative manager

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI west coast editor; JEFF COHEN senior editor; LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, JANICE MOSES, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN associate editors; PATTY BEAUDET assistant editor; POMPEO POSAR senior staff photographer; DAVID MECEY, KERRY MORRIS staff photographers; DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, LARRY L. LOGAN, KEN MARCUS, STEPHEN WAYDA contributing photographers; TRIA HERMSEN, ELYCE KAPOLAS, PATRICIA TOMLINSON stylists; JAMES WARD color lab supervisor; ROBERT CHELIUS business manager

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; MARIA MANDIS *manager*; ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, RITA JOHNSON *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH manager

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH director; ALVIN WIEMOLD subscription manager

ADVERTISING

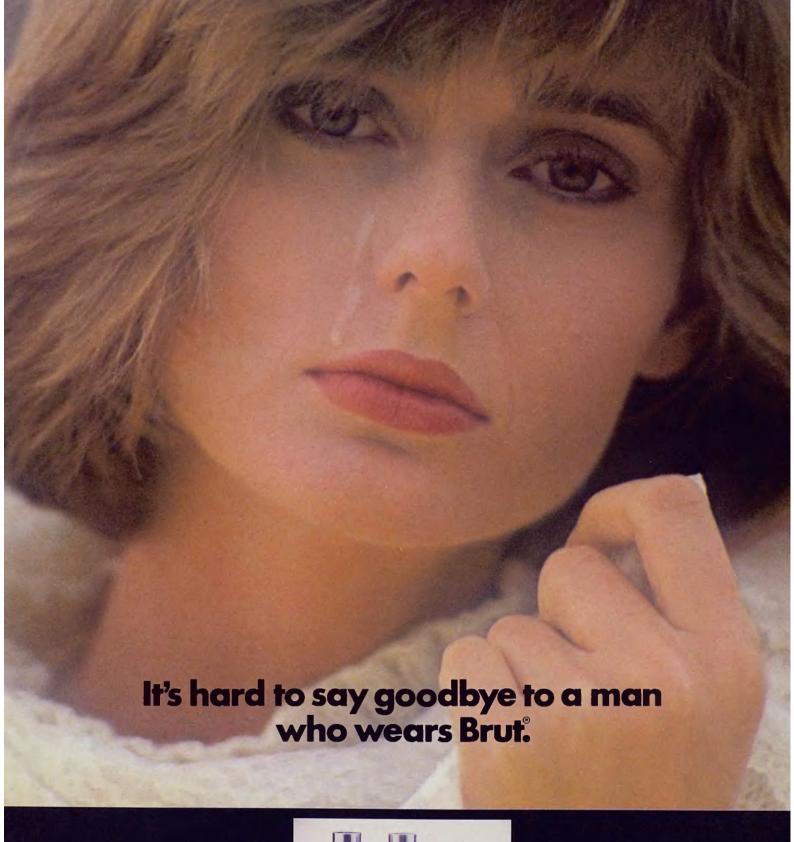
CHARLES M. STENTIFORD director

ADMINISTRATIVE

J. P. TIM DOLMAN assistant publisher; MARCIA TERRONES rights & permissions manager; EILEEN KENT contracts administrator

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER president



The great smell of Brut by Fabergé.



Cologne, After Shave, Deodorant.





LET IT BE

I am constantly amazed at the way politicians, rock stars and others blame the media for callousness and unprofessionalism. Paul McCartney (Playboy Interview, December) blames an unnamed reporter for sticking a microphone through an open car window to ask his reaction to the death of John Lennon. Nothing like that happened. I know. I was the reporter. I had waited several hours with an ABC camera team to get some reaction from McCartney. His press secretary had banned all reporters from a recording session, presumably on McCartney's orders. The musician stopped to talk to me when the session was done. I asked him three questions before he stepped into his limousine. That's when he said, "It's kind of a drag." If he had something else to say, I would have been more than happy to listen. No callousness, no unprofessionalism, no microphones stuck through car windows. I am glad McCartney has had an opportunity to explain his true feelings about Lennon's death. But he shouldn't accuse me and other reporters of callousness. Take a look at the video cassette.

> Chris Harper ABC News Rome, Italy

SURE THING

Congratulations to you and to author Gary A. Taubes for The Fine Art of Cocksurety in the February PLAYBOY. The article is made all the more enjoyable by Richard Hess's fine artwork. I hope we can expect more from Taubes in future issues.

William Bohrer Dayton, Ohio

It is a little-known fact that the original term for bravado and supreme selfconfidence was cuntsure. As time progressed, however, male-dominated society became the norm; men appropriated this description and amended it to fit their dangling anatomies. Of course, cuntsure has not entirely fallen from usage. It still appears in an abbreviated manner in everyday language. Women displaying the admirable qualities of perfect assurance and arrogance are referred to in the modern form of the word: as cunts.

> K. D. Baldridge Houston, Texas

Please advise Gary Taubes that a truly cocksure writer would never use the word quintessential twice in the same article. I must confess, though, that his article is quintessential, simply quintessential.

> William V. McKnight, Jr. Birmingham, Alabama

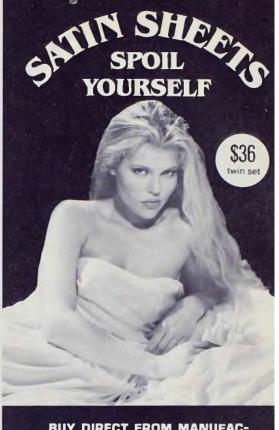
MAC ATTACK

The Playboy Interview (February) with Steven Jobs is fantastic. It reads like a thrilling, fast-paced novel; I hated to put it down! America always roots for the underdog, and I hope Apple puts it to Big Blue and the Japanese by using good ol' American youthful spirit and imagination. I hope that some of our smug corporate officers read the parts about the stifling of creativity in the workplace and the loss of corporate vision. Jobs understands that this generation's innovators carry the future on their shoulders. Thanks for a fine Interview.

> Carl E. Ossipoff Redondo Beach, California

I happen to own a Fat Mac, but I do not agree with Jobs's belittling other machines such as Commodore's or Radio Shack's. There is no such thing as a perfect or universal machine. A machine is as good as the user utilizing it. And the user's artificial needs (limited only by his pocketbook) are certainly exaggerated by advertising campaigns that turn machines into status symbols. If the market is overwhelmed by the highly touted machines (with inflated price tags, no doubt) put out

PLAYBOY, (195N 0032-1478), MAY, 1985, VOLLIME 32, NUMBER 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, 894 FOR 30 ISSUES, 535 FOR 24 ISSUES, 522 FOR 12 ISSUES, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH DU. 12 ISSUES, ELSEWISHER, 535 FOR 12 ISSUES, ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH DU. 12 ISSUES, ELSEWISHER, 535 FOR 12 ISSUES, BOLY 2420, BOULDER, COLDRADO, 60322, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: DE CONDON, IDIECTOR. ADVERTISHED CHANGE MARKETING: DE CONDON, IDIECTOR. ADVERTISHED CHARGES MARKETING: DE CONDON, IDIECTOR. JOE MARGIONE, ADVERTISHED CHARGES MARGIONE, ADVENTISHED CHARGES MARGIONE, ADVERTISHED CHARGES MARGIONE, ADVERTISHED CHARGES MARGIONE, ADVENTISHED MARGINES, MARGINES MARGIN



BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFAC-TURER, SENSUOUSLY SOFT, NO SNAG FINISH SATIN SHEETS. MACHINE WASH AND DRY, SEAM-LESS, NO IRONING, IN 10 **COLORS. SET INCLUDES: FLAT** SHEET, FITTED SHEET, AND 2 **MATCHING PILLOW CASES.**

CALL NOW (ORDERS ONLY)

TOLL FREE 1-800-428-7825 EXT. 15

IN CALIF. 1-800-428-7824 EXT. 15

24 hours 7 days a week

Vise, Mastercharge, or American Express

SEND CHECK OR MONEY DRDER TO:

18653 VENTURA BLVD., SUITE 325 TARZANA, CA 91356

Twin Set \$36.00 Full Set \$46.00 Queen Set \$56.00 King Set \$66.00 Waterbed Set \$76.00 (specify size) 3 Letter Monogram on 2 cases \$5.00 Initials Add \$3.00 Shipping one	COLORS Black Brown Burgundy Champange Red Light Blue Royal Blue Lavender Rose Pink Silver Handling

Address _ Apt. No. . _ State __ Zip .

Nar

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED. ☐ Amer. Exp. ☐ Visa

Acct. No. ______ Exp. Date _____ Add 6 % Sales Tax for California Residents Karess Inc 6117 Reseda Blvd., Reseda, CA 91335



CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Please let us know! Notify us at least 8 weeks before you move to your new address, so you won't miss any copies on your PLAYBOY subscription. Here's how:

- 1. On a separate sheet, attach your mailing label from a recent issue. Or print your name and address exactly as it appears on your label.
- Print your new address on the sheet as well.
- 3. Mail to:

PLAYBOY

P.O. Box 2420 Boulder, CO 80302

Intimate portraits of six stunning Playmates in Playmate Review 2. This and other popular Playboy Video selections are now available by mail direct to your home. For full information, write to: Playboy Video, P.O. Box 1523, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007.

by IBM and Apple, Jobs's high ideal of putting a computer in every household won't be achieved. Without those other companies as competitors, can we actually believe that Apple would lower prices to a level accessible to the common people?

> H. G. Thio Austin, Texas

Steve Jobs's enthusiasm for the Macintosh is a close second to the enthusiasm felt by Mac owners themselves. As a user of this little gem for nearly a year now, I can assure your readers that Jobs's perception of this machine has not been distorted by the fact that he is its proud poppa. The Macintosh, with its incredible user interface, is without a doubt the most powerful, versatile and fun personal computer on the market today. It's no wonder the Mac is the Apple of Jobs's eye.

Joyce L. Bevc Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

WILLIE WONKA

Man's Best Friend (PLAYBOY, February), by Gray Jolliffe and Peter Mayle, is the funniest goddamn thing I've seen in years. Some of the cartoons really hit home, especially the "social round" sequence showing a feminine hand roughly jerking Wicked Willie around as if it were churning butter. I have never understood why women (at least most of them) want their breasts handled like Ming vases but at the same time treat their lovers' cocks like joy sticks on video games. Why not make Wicked Willie a regular PLAYBOY feature, like Little Annie Fanny?

Lanny R. Middings San Ramon, California

I think I have never read a more truthful and humorous PLAYBOY article than Man's Best Friend. I know that "Andy" and I have been in some of those same situations. Kudos to Jolliffe and Mayle; they did a great job. I hope their work is remembered at PLAYBOY's award time.

Bill Jackson Cliffside Park, New Jersey

INSIDE MOVES

I was literally on the edge of my seat while reading Wayne Fields's article Excavations (PLAYBOY, February). This is the most moving, gripping piece of journalism I have ever read. Working in a hospital daily, I have been witness to the changing moods of the physicians and nurses, ranging from joy to tears. Now, thanks to Fields, I know where their concern stems from. Thank you for this absorbing glimpse into the operating theater.

Michael Wayne Jackson Evanston, Illinois

LONE STARLETS

Great balls of fire! The Girls of Texas (PLAYBOY, February) is a knockout. I'd love to see more Texas lovelies in another

PLAYBOY issue. Tell Staff Photographer David Mecey I said so.

Juillard Jones Monticello, New York

Y' hear, David?

On the basis of her smile alone, Pamela Saunders should be Playmate of the Year. Yes, yes, I know she hasn't yet appeared as Playmate of the *Month*; but with that face (and body!), I know she will grace a gatefold soon. By the way, the next time Pamela visits her dad in Florida, she should visit the beautiful Gulf Coast. No doubt the Sunshine State will reclaim her!

Mike Zelmann Naples, Florida

After seeing Shaun Sharmaine Stauffer in your *Girls of Texas* pictorial, I've been an emotional mess.

John Thorpe Charlottesville, Virginia

Well, if y'all ever need to fill up a few hundred pages, just come on to Texas and start shootin' some more!

Thomas H. Beyer Dallas, Texas

One "shot" of your Plano, Texas, bartender, Pamela Saunders, and I'm intoxicated! No problem hangover to deal with—just an unquenchable thirst. How 'bout another round?

Ken Crabtree

Sacramento, California

Comin' up, Ken, though it seems you may have had enough already. Somebody pick



Ken up off the floor, OK? And tell him this may not be Pamela's last call.

DISTANT THUNDER

I enjoyed *Distant Replay* (PLAYBOY, February), by Jerry Kramer with Dick Schaap, and *really* enjoyed Kramer as a player. Congratulations to both on a well-written article, a somber, honest approach to a frightening phenomenon for mostgrowing older.

Bill Griffith Pearl River, Louisiana

As a Packer fan during the Lombardi era and a Packer fan still, I found Distant Replay shocking! I've read Kramer's books Instant Replay and Farewell to Football. Compared with this PLAYBOY article, they seem propagandistic. Kramer's books

never dealt with run-ins with some of his teammates as this article does. They never dealt with his personality faults or hangups as this article does. I thought the books were good; now I wish they had been written more like *Distant Replay*. I wish they had been more true to life.

Jay Hardie Roanoke, Virginia

AIRBORNE ALL THE WAY

I write to express our delight at PLAYBOY's involvement in our upcoming Convention '85. We are greatly pleased with the renewal of a long-standing relationship between PLAYBOY and the 173rd Airborne Brigade and most appreciative that PLAYBOY is reuniting us with Miss Jo Collins. Her attendance will be most helpful in promoting our reunion; our Sky Soldiers still think of her with respect and warm regard. Thanks.

George P. Farris S.F.C., U.S.A.R. Washington, D.C.

The Society of the 173rd Airborne Brigade will hold its Convention '85—with a special appearance by 1965 Playmate of the Year Jo Collins—from May second to May fifth in Washington, D.C. Members—and potential members—should contact registration chairman Ken Smith, Sky Soldiers' Reunion, Pentagon Station, P.O. Box 47173, Washington, D.C. 20050-7173.

CHERIE AMOUR

Playmate Cherie Witter's comments in the February issue only strengthen my belief, as a native Washingtonian, that things really do grow better in the rain! Let it pour, PLAYBOY.

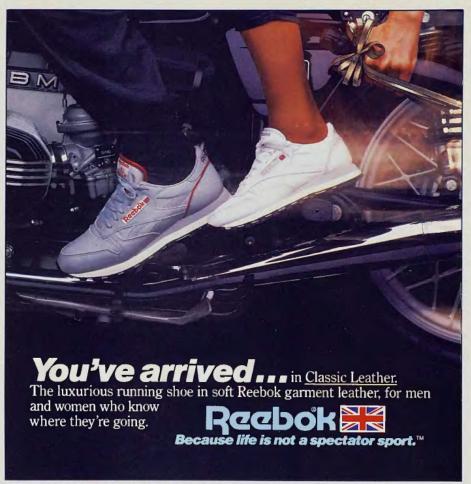
Chip Dwight Colorado Springs, Colorado

ILLUMINATION

It was interesting to note the lyrics of We're Vets of the Sexual Revolution—along with reference to Doctor Horace Naismith—in Veterans of the Sexual Revolution (PLAYBOY, November), by William J. Helmer. The same character and lyrics appear in the Illuminatus! Trilogy, by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson. Is this part of an in-house mythos that Wilson participated in while he was a PLAYBOY editor, or did Helmer borrow the material from Wilson and neglect to acknowledge the source?

Michael Ingalls Columbus, Ohio

Our compliments to your sharp eye and good memory. Actually, Naismith founded the John Dillinger Died for You Society in 1966, signed on as our staff metaphysician a few years later, then took a leave of absence to appear in "Illuminatus!" Since his recent mail-order ordination, he has been negotiating with the "Forum" to become its spiritual advisor.



Available at Oshman's Sporting Goods and other fine stores.



Box 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1984.

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1985



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

Reuport



100°S

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



Alive with pleasure!



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



JARRING THE MEMORY

Forget Pet Rocks. This year's (very) interior-decorating fad is truly cerebral. A judge in Pittsburgh recently ruled that police had no right to confiscate a legally acquired human brain from a private citizen. It seems the guy keeps the brain in a jar. On the coffee table in his living room. And calls it George.

We guess this means that organ-donor cards will now have a box you can check if you want your conversation center to be used as a conversation piece.

Sane World, a publication dedicated to peace in our time, gave its Insanity Award of the Month to the Pentagon for its wordsmithery. The magazine notes that "peace is now called 'permanent prehostility.' Civilian casualties in nuclear war are known as 'collateral damage' and the invasion of Grenada was a 'predawn vertical insertion.'"

Tax Dollars at Work Department: The Customs Service issued a ruling that honeybee semen may be imported into the U.S. only from countries determined "to be free of undesirable honeybees."

MISSION: IMPROBABLE

Never underestimate the power of the press. Especially on Sunday. A Los Angeles Times deliveryperson heaved a copy of the Sunday edition toward actress Barbara Bain's front lawn and it landed on her dog, killing the animal. Bain told the Los Angeles Herald Examiner, a competing paper apparently ready to pick up the scoop, "They offered to make restitution, but how do you put a price on a pet you've had for 14 years?" Indeed, and how do you get it off the sports pages?

A fat lot of good it'll do now: Last January, the *Chicago Sun-Times* ran two horoscopes, one with this explanation: "Due to

a printing error, the astrology column for last Saturday did not run, and Sunday's column ran twice. Here is Saturday's column." One of our favorite Gemini wants to thank the paper for a lousy weekend.

A DAY AT THE RACES

Talk about sore losers: Last Christmas. rioting broke out at Lebanon's Beirut race track when the four favorite horses stumbled and fell at the start of the race. Hundreds of losing bettors stormed through fences and police barricades after Commodore, a 91-to-1 long shot, crossed the wire to win. The rampaging crowd proceeded to wreck the track, until it was announced that the race would not count and all bets would be refunded. The crowd, now appeased, returned to the stands, and order seemed to have been restored, when one man, holding a \$12 ticket on Commodore, became unruly and demanded his winnings. When he threatened to blow up



the track unless he was paid, police threw him out. Minutes later, a rocket-propelled grenade came sailing into the racecourse, causing pandemonium but no injuries. Race officials shut down the track.

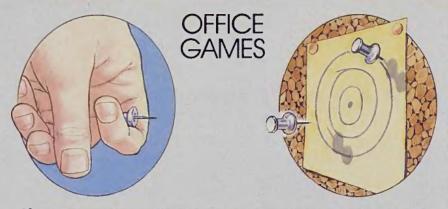
An Eastern Airlines flight was delayed for more than an hour on the runway because the copilot did not have his pilot's license during a surprise FAA check. The airline was able to replace him and the flight finally took off. Once airborne, the captain, Gus Suflas, told the passengers what had delayed the flight, adding, "There's not one of you back there who hasn't left home without your driver's license, gotten into your car and driven." That's true, but our car pools are smaller.

HANG ON TO YOUR HAT

A New Jersey police chief is on the hot seat on suspicion that he asked an undertaker to pop the lid off a grave so that he could retrieve his hat. The Monmouth County prosecutor said that Joseph McCarthy, chief of the Middleton police, may have ordered the opening of the grave of Deputy Chief William Schanck because McCarthy had lent his hat to Schanck's family during the viewing at the funeral home. He apparently did not get it back.

MANTIS ROMANTICS

One of the "facts" nearly everyone remembers from high school biology is that a female praying mantis bites the head off her partner while mating with him. This had, after all, been observed in the lab, giving rise to a theory that a male mantis could become sexually active only with his brain disconnected—all of which humans could relate to. But according to biologists Eckehard Liske and W. Jackson Davis of the University of California, this centuries-old lore derives from sloppy lab techniques. They contend that in a



If you're an executive, you know that sitting in an office can be a bore sometimes. Consider: It's 2:30 P.M., you're fresh from a three-martini lunch and you don't have any work to do, or you just don't feel like doing any of the work that's littering your desk. So what do you do? Tap a pencil listlessly on your desk? Wander down the hall to make flirtatious chitchat with one of the secretaries? What you need is some mental stimulation to help you kill the remaining time. Your own office contains all of the ingredients for a gaggle of entertaining games that will help you get through those slow and lazy days.

PUSHPIN DARTS

Two or more players Needed: Pushpin darts, paper, corkboard

Rules: Same as darts. Make a dartboard and pin it to the corkboard. Each player gets three pushpins and must stand at least eight feet from the board. Put pushpin in crook of index finger and throw underhand.

MEMO GRAND PRIX

Two or more players

Needed: A mutual boss, typewriter, memo pad

Each player writes a memo to the boss on any subject. Players then date the memo for the same date, and all competing memos are placed in the boss's IN box at the same time. The first player to get a response wins the game. Note: Strategy here involves coming up with a memo that will demand the boss's immediate attention without being ridiculous. Memo Grand Prix, obviously, is also a test of an executive's clout.

ON-HOLD ROULETTE

Three or more players

Players all gather in one office and wait for the phone to ring. As soon as it does, a player answers and puts the caller on hold. Others must write down their guesses as to how long the caller will remain on hold before hanging up. Closest guess (without going over) wins. Winner is determined by the exact time the call light on the phone goes out.

SPEAKER-PHONE CHARADES

Three or more players Needed: One speaker phone Players gather in one office with speaker phone. Each player writes an unusual word on a piece of paper, folds the paper and deposits it in receptacle with other folded papers. Each player then selects a piece of paper and opens it. Now each player has a word. For example, player number one draws the word crackers. He must then call someone on the speaker phone and attempt to get that person to say crackers within five minutes. Player who gets the person to say the word in the least amount of time wins.

EXPENSE-ACCOUNT POKER

Two or more players, at least one boss

The object of the game is to see how high you can go on your weekly expense account before you're questioned by the accounting office or your boss. Say there are three players. Each week, each of you secretly files an expense account, not telling the others what the net amount is. Each player must go as high as he can on the expense account without getting nailed. When the reimbursement checks come, the player with the highest monetary amount wins the game. Anyone questioned by either boss or accounting office is disqualified, and play continues among the remaining players. The ability to bluff is important.

WASHROOM CRAPS

Two or more players

Needed: Styrofoam coffee cup, sugar cubes, felt-tipped pen

Your basic crap game. Sugar cubes can make excellent dice. Use the felttipped pen to mark them with dots.

--- JOHN BLUMENTHAL

brightly lighted lab, visible scientists upset the insects. Worse, a female mantis has an appetite like a chorus girl's—she can scarf down 15 full-grown crickets a day. A male mounting a peckish female is just asking for trouble. Experiments by Liske and Davis show that if a female is treated to a good dinner, then placed in a suitably lighted environment, she and her beau will engage in a "lovely" dance, followed by a thoroughly nonlethal mating. And, Davis reports, "The male mantis performs quite well with his head in place." Phew.

A matchless worker in Sunnyvale, California, ignited the pumps at a gas station while using an acetylene torch to remove the NO SMOKING signs.

BETTING ON YOUR FLUSH

John Y. Brown, Jr. (better known as Mr. Phyllis George), has reportedly invested in the advertising coup of modern times: a firm that places sales pitches on the walls above urinals and on the insides of bathroom stalls. Say, John, as long as we're in here, can we interest you in a concept that we've found gets even more attention for the ads . . . ?

HARD TIME

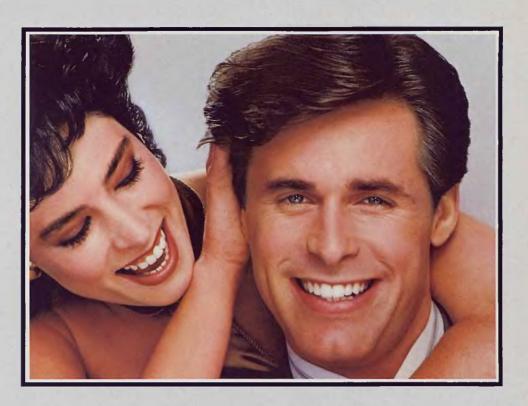
"woman off to Jail for sex with Boys," proclaimed the headline in the Kitchener, Ontario, *Record*. She probably intends to administer a work-release, work-release, work-release program.

You may have wondered why teenagers are suddenly buying large supplies of typewriter correction fluid. The sad truth is that they're probably not striving for neater term papers. More likely, they're getting high. Dr. James E. Greer of Tulane University reported in the Southern Medical Journal that correction fluid is gaining popularity as the intoxicating inhalant of the Eighties. Not to worry, though. Researchers say use tapers off after the age of 15-in favor of alcohol, marijuana and barbiturates. By the way, the term our youth use to describe their fluid high is "whiting out." But the Eskimos probably have at least 13 more.

BUT THEY'RE POLITE ON THE GOLF COURSE

Administrators at Chicago's Northwestern Memorial Hospital were getting complaints from their patients, so they took a survey. It revealed that patients considered the treatment they received to be "too impersonal." So the hospital instituted a five-hour "niceness" seminar—making it mandatory for its 4200 employees and optional for its physicians. Out of 800 doctors, 150 showed up.

It is sometimes better to give than to receive. Brooklyn's *Daily News* published this giddy headline: "FRANCISCAN SISTERS BALL TOMORROW TO AID THE POOR."



The most revolutionary hair care product since the comb!



It's about time. Now a man can look naturally wellgroomed with none of the negatives.

New VO5 Mousse does it. Just foam out, massage into damp hair and see how easy your hair styles. See how VO5 Mousse really thickens your hair and keeps that wellgroomed look, Neat, Natural,

Get a handful of new VO5 Mousse for a real headful of hair.

FRE	ES/	MPLE	BY MAIL OR 75¢ STORE COUPON
-----	-----	------	-----------------------------

FREE SAIVIP	► 75¢ STORE COUPON
Use this certificate for a FREE trial size of V05 OR Mousse For Men.	Use this coupon for 75¢ off your next purchase of VO5 Mousse For Men.
Print your name and address below.	Retailer: For each coupon you accept from a customer at time to purchase for the specified product, Alberto-Culver Company will pa
Send to: VO5 Mousse For Men Free Sample	75¢ plus B¢ for handling if all requirements of this offer have bee

P.O. Box 4425 Maple Plain, Minnesota 55393 NAME ADDRESS. _STATE __ _ZIP

Thickening

Natural Control

Limit one request per name or address. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Offer void where prohibited.

22400 109199

Sure, you've heard of the Kama Sutra, but how many of you have read it? The Pop-Up Kama Sutra (Outlet Baok Company, Avenel, New Jersey, \$9) illustrates several Indian love songs.

BACK TALK



THE SECRET LIFE OF CHERYL LADD

HAS FAME MADE IT DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO GO HOME AGAIN TO SOUTH DAKOTA?

A bunch of guys I'd gone out with had gotten together and told one another about having gotten to "home base" with me. Eventually, once I'd become well known, they admitted to having fibbed. The story came out during my high school reunion. I was sitting around with some of the guys and their wives when they told me. We all howled with laughter. It was cute; they'd trust I'd find it hysterical.

HOW DO YOU BLOW OFF STEAM AFTER A HARD DAY?

Golf. I love having a beer and hitting a little ball all over the countryside. I shoot in the, uh, low hundreds.

ANY HIDDEN TATTOOS?

No. I thought about doing it once, but I didn't. There was something about being 85 years old and getting buried with a butterfly on my ass that didn't appeal to me.

WORDSTARS

Playing first base is a social position. Part of the job is to entertain the runner between pitches. Scott Cohen met some of the great conversationalists in baseball of the past 20 years to find out what the first baseman and the runner talk about.

Joe Pepitone (former Yankee): I used to talk my head off. I

talked to everybody who got down there, whether I knew him or not, and especially to the Hispanic players who didn't speak English. I would yap about anything, just to distract them. When you got their minds off the game, they made a lot more mistakes. We picked off a couple of guys in the middle of a conversation. But it worked both ways. If I was talking, I couldn't be concentrating on the game, either. I'd have my manager tell me to pay attention to the game and stop talking. If I was rapping to a guy who just got a hit in a close game, it tended to piss a manager off.

Ted Kluszewski (former Cincinnati Red): I always treated first base as a meeting place. I talked to everyone to get the news of the league and what was happening on other clubs. The runner

was probably doing the same thing. Willie Mays and I became pretty good friends. He got to first base often, so I got to know him. We'd fool around and play tricks on each other. He'd drop dirt in my pocket and I'd step on his toe to even things out. Willie McCovey (former Giant): I was more talkative as a runner than when I had the glove on. Guys talked to me when they came down there; I seldom initiated it. The conversa-

tions would vary from the rookie who was excited about being on the same bag as me to about how tough the pitcher was. There was only one guy I *tried* to make conversation with: Maury Wills, when he was with the Dodgers. Maury would get on first base and concentrate so hard on the pitcher and

his moves that he would say hello to me and by the time I answered, he was on his way to second. Yeah, a runner has stolen second while in the middle of a conversation.

Kent Hrbek (Minnesota Twins): You're talking, and the next thing, you see his elbows and he's taking off. On the other hand, I was talking to Rod Carew about dogs. I talk to him more than to any other first baseman. He has German shepherds, and I'm going to get a pup from him.

Keith Hernandez (Mets): A runner will usually talk about hitting, or he'll bitch about how he's getting screwed by the organization, how he's not playing enough and he's pissed off. To a degree, runners tell me their troubles as if I were a bartender. We all have to go

through the same things—like slumps.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION AT FIRST BASE

Conversation openers are "How've ya been hitting 'em?" and things take off from there. Great base stealers talk, but the conversation stops with the pitch. Once the pitcher gets his sign, the runners take their lead and the conversation stops. He's not like an engine that has to be warmed up. Tim Raines will talk. Omar Moreno will talk a little bit. Andre Dawson won't talk, period. He's all business on the field.

FURNITURE OF THE MONTH

If you are conflicted about your living-room decor, consider resolving the issue with this Freud couch. Anything this well thought out is, of course, a limited-edition sofa. But Theema (10 Christopher Street, New York, New York 10014) will help you get one. Remember, if you sit, it's therapy; if you lie down, it's analysis. The Sigmund costs \$975.



ARTIFACTS

Everyone appreciates a little head. Now you can have some with historical value. The ones shown here—they answer to the name Australopithecus africanus—are replicas of one found at Olduvai Gorge. The Carolina Biological Supply Company (Burlington, North Carolina 27215) notes that the original specimen was badly crushed; "However, this reconstruction is excellent." We think so, too.



Never made it to art school but still yearn to create better doadles-especially anes that reflect same particularly personal thoughts? If you have an Apple Macintash computer and HumanFarms (a piece af software from The Reference Carparation, Bax 610, Gracie Station, New Yark, New Yark 1002B, \$BO), you can put ane and ane tagether. HumanFarms-billed as a schematic system for graphic bady natation-will let you put bady parts tagether in any number of interesting ways. This may be the first of many pragrams to help you make your monitar make better graphic sense. Besides, it saves trees.



HUMANFORMS

HELP FILE





Many of us were not to the executive manner born. But that doesn't mean we have to just sit there and let our corporate brass tarnish. Debra A. Benton, managing partner of Benton Management Resources of Denver, gives what she calls charisma lessons. She claims that the difference between a good executive and a great one is "20 percent competence and 80 percent style." She will help polish yours-by showing you how to walk and sit as though you were someone who could make

Lee Iacocca put down his cigar. Private charisma lessons aren't cheap, though. What do you get for your money? Advice such as this:

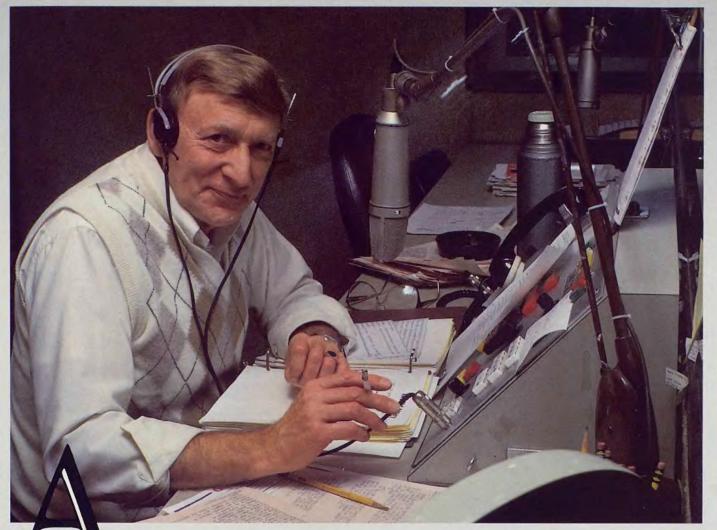
• How to enter an office. Most people just rush in, waving their right hand before them. Not a good idea. Rather, pause slightly at the door—to announce nonverbally that you're in the room. Pause again in front of the desk. "The more time you give yourself, the more status the person gives you," Benton says.

 Make sure you have good posture, because posture sets people apart.

- Always use gestures when speaking. You'll be more convincing, and people will think you're smarter.
- Talk slightly louder than normal. People will think you're "smarter, more fun, more witty, more interesting."
- When you're in Mr. Big's office, never sit down before he does. Then move your chair to your comfort, thus letting him know you're not afraid to move something in his office. Sit on the edge of your chair, pause slightly, then slide back.

Benton's typical charisma lesson includes eight hours of observation and costs \$1500.

If you come across good advice—serious ar nat—please pass it on to us. Moil it care af Bulletin Baard, and if we use it, you'll earn big bucks.



At 2AM Joe McFarlin goes on the air and on the road with thousands of truckers. Making sure the nights go faster. And safer. So he received a bottle of V.O.



They're the unsung heroes. The folks with jobs you never think about. Jobs that are small in the grand scheme of things. But without them the grand scheme of things wouldn't work. The guy who has driven the town's only snowplow for 25 years. Or the doctor who still makes house calls. Don't they deserve more than a slap on the back? If you agree, please just write a few lines about them. And they could be rewarded with an advertisement about them and their achievements. As well as a bottle of Seagram's V.O. The reward. Just mail your story to: Seagram's V.O. "Reward", P.O. Box 3815, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10163. Please be sure to include your name and address. As well as the name, address and a snapshot of the person(s) you want to reward. oes someone you know deserve





BOOKS

They don't build 'em like they used to— books, I mean. Back in the good old days, the 12th or 13th Century, say, every single one was made by hand, usually written on sheepskin or some other animal hide. These suckers were made to last. But then in the 15th Century came Gutenberg, with his movable type, and linen paper to replace animal skins. Things have been sliding downhill ever since. The 18th Century accelerated the decline with the discovery of how to make cheap paper from wood pulp, which has a high acid content and eventually burns itself up, turning first brittle and then to yellow dust. The 19th and 20th centuries added still more cheapo know-how. All this was great for democratizing learning, but books these days unfortunately tend to self-destruct.

Which is one reason The Library of America series is such a godsend. Each of the 24 volumes published so far is printed in good, readable type on acid-free paper with a strong, pliant sewn binding (unlike most books, which are just glued and fly apart after a couple of serious readings). They cost around \$30 apiece, but they're well worth it.

The larger aim is to produce a standard library of significant American writing—itself a needed reader's service, given how many of our "standards" have slipped out of print since the cost accountants took over the publishing business. Volumes of Whitman, Howells, Emerson, Melville, Hawthorne, Poe, Jefferson, Twain, Henry James, Henry Adams and others have already appeared.

Especially welcome are the two volumes of Francis Parkman, collecting for the first time in many years his magnificent narrative histories of the French and English in North America. If you think Colonial history is dry, dull or unopinionated, reading Parkman will change your mind.

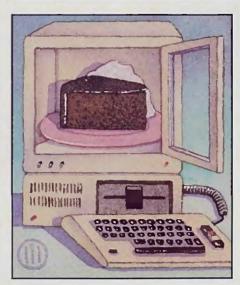
Perhaps even more exciting is the collection of Stephen Crane, containing more of his work than has ever before appeared in a single volume. Beyond the obvious (but fine) The Red Badge of Courage and Maggie: Girl of the Streets, this book reproduces much lesser-known work, including Crane's poetry, lively sketches of New York City and environs circa 1895 and his gutsy war correspondence. Crane's style has a clean, amazingly modern ring ("Florinda lived in a flat with fire escapes written all over the face of it"), and while some of his attitudes now seem dated-Maggie goes to her tragic reward for sleeping with one guy, for instance-most of the writing remains fresh. A definite pick for anyone planning a long, lazy vacation.

Jack London wrote too much too fast ever to be considered a stylist. He's now known for his adventure stories, chiefly read by teenagers, but at the turn of the century, he was an important voice for



Durable Americana.

American classics preserved, tech lingo made simple and Science Made Stupid.



Computers: pieces of cake.

the lot of the common folk. Which makes the Library of America volume of London's Novels and Social Writings—the novels People of the Abyss, The Road, The Iron Heel, Martin Eden and John Barleycorn, plus some essays—useful, since most of these are hard to find. Especially interesting is The Road, about his experiences hitching and riding the rails (and going to jail) around the country. London anticipated Jack Kerouac (and his famous title) by 50 years.

—DAVID STANDISH

The mystery genre is in great hands these days, what with Elmore Leonard and James Crumley. But there is a new contender for top tough guy. In a few short years, Thomas Perry has written three great reads-The Butcher's Boy, Metzger's Dog and now Big Fish (Scribner's). We wanted to sell our house and buy the film rights, we were that impressed. Big Fish features a dashing, upscale couple named Altmeyer and Rachel. They are the Nick and Nora Charles of gunrunning: cool, competent, witty and completely unpredictable. Where are Harrison Ford and Karen Allen when you really need them? The plot centers on a smuggling scheme gone astray and a cabal of nuclear terrorists headed by a Southern California gynecologist. Aided by a sleazy Hollywood agent and an aging film producer, Perry's dashing duo saves the world from weapons-grade smoke alarms. Altmeyer and Rachel have a chemistry that reaches critical mass on the opening page.

Relax, all you science dimwits, we've got the book for you—Science Made Stupid (Houghton Mifflin), written and illustrated by Tom Weller. Quizzes ("Am I a Neanderthal?") and projects (build a nuclear reactor) make this book (A) invaluable, (B) informative, (C) outrageously funny. (Answer: C.)

Can you program a computer to bake your aunt Martl's Sachertorte? Well, no. But John Shore's The Sachertorte Algorithm and Other Antidotes to Computer Anxiety (Viking) will help you think about how computers can help solve other problems. Shore is less chatty than Peter McWilliams and is better, in fact, on letting us nonexperts in on how computers think and how we can think with them. In the same way Dr. Richard Selzer reveals his medical practice through his essays, Shore lets us look over his shoulder as he makes his monitor and keyboard sing.

BOOK BAG

No Magic Bullet (Oxford), by Allan M. Brandt: Just what the doctor ordered—a social history of venereal disease. Harvard professor Brandt examines V.D. in the context of America's medical politics and moral climate and helps explain why this enduring public-health problem has long played the role of nature's vice squad. The title refers to the simplistic notion that a specific cure can be found for every disease.

Easy in the Islands (Crown), by Bob Shacochis: Feel the Caribbean heat in this collection of nine short stories (three previously published in PLAYBOY), in which the author deftly and humorously delineates the political, sexual and tropical climates of the islands. Shacochis is truly one of the brightest young talents around.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE MAJOR MOTION



Meet Nissan's hottest truck, the best-selling King Cab Deluxe.

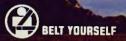
Nissan invented the first extendedcab compact, and this tough new 2+2 shows why Nissan's still king.

- 2+2 shows why Nissan's still king.
 Stretch-out room. Nine cubic feet of lockable, inside storage (with jump seats) behind the buckets... like having a trunk in a truck.
- Stretch-out bed. New smoothside, double-wall strongbox is longer than Chevy S-10 and Ford Ranger standard cargo boxes.
- More payload than Toyota, Chevy 5-10 or Ford Ranger standard models.
- Extra value, standard: 5-speed with overdrive; steel-belted radials (with full-size spare); power brakes (ventilated front discs); power steering (with tilt column); and much

more. No wonder more truckers ride in Nissan's wide open spaces than in any other extended-cab compact.

• Éxtra service. The best extendedservice plan available: up to 5 years/ 100,000 miles. Ask about Nissan's Security Plus at participating Datsun dealers.





\$4500. A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR PERFECTION.

If you're looking for the ultimate in television viewing and listening, you've just found it. The Fisher Audio/Video System 1585.

This extraordinary system starts with the Fisher High Fidelity Television Receiver. It makes television as you know it obsolete. This television receiver utilizes the same studio-quality line resolution system video engineers use to judge the picture they transmit to your home. The result is startlingly real picture quality. But could Fisher be Fisher without great audio?

This year, major television network stations will transmit programming in stereo sound. The Fisher PC340 High Fidelity Television Receiver has a stereo decoder built-in, so you can feed the stereo audio signal directly to the Fisher stereo amplifier. Result: Movie-theater quality sound from your TV.

stereo audio signal directly to the Fisher stereo amplifier. Result:
Movie-theater quality sound from your TV.
What's more, the Fisher High Fidelity Television Receiver is cable ready. You can connect your cable directly to a cable jack in the back of the television receiver. Gone is the clumsy box. And back once again is the ability to use the remote control.*

HIGH FIDELITY VIDEO RECORDING

And because it also has audio and video input and output jacks (as well as a conventional antenna hook up), you can add on other video components like the Fisher FVH 840 Video Recorder without distorting picture and sound quality.





*Some cable companies
"scramble" pay-cable
channels. Ask your cable
company if your
programming is
"scrambled," and if a
decoder is necessary.
TV picture simulated.

This 6-head video recorder lets you receive, record and play-back stereo because it has a stereo decoder of its own and a tuner as outstanding as the one in the television receiver. What that means is that you can enjoy the luxury of watching one program in stereo, while recording another stereo program.

150 WATTS PER CHANNEL

Next, there's the powerful 150 watts-per-channel Fisher integrated stereo amplifier. It delivers distortion free sound so you can hear everything clearly — even at low listening levels. The amplifier is accompanied by a 3-way bass reflex speaker system. The speakers feature huge 15-inch woofers, 6-inch midrange and 4-inch ferro fluid damped superhorn tweeters.

All these components are complemented by the Fisher 20-band graphic equalizer. It gives you the ability to tailor the entire sound

system to suit the unique acoustics of your own room.

But the experience doesn't end when you turn off the television receiver. There's also the Fisher digital audio disc player. The fully programmable linear tracking turntable. The Quartz PLL digital synthesized FM-tuner. And the double audio cassette deck with high speed dubbing and sequential play.

When you put all of these components together, you've got an audio/video system that only one word can describe.

Perfect.



THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE.





MUSIC



Mr. Blackwell described the band as a Mardi Gras nightmare and placed Twisted Sister on his worst-dressed list this year. We assume he really meant Twisted's lead singer and chief glamor puss, Dee Snider, above. How does Dee achieve his distinctive look? He told us he owes it all to his wife, Suzette, who does his make-up, hair and clothes. Nice work, Suzette.

John Woite, he was doodling at the piano in his New York apartment. He responded to questions by alternating between giggles and phrases on the piano. And why not? Since Missing You saturated the airwaves last summer, all of popdom has been wondering what he'll do for an encore. We had expected something a little slicker, though—perhaps a few strings.

Turned out he was preparing material for his third solo album since leaving the Babys, one of London's more forgettable glitter-rock ensembles. How does it feel to be working in the shadow of his biggest hit yet? Is the search for excellence getting to him? Not a chance.

"It's easier now," he said. "I've achieved the big one, so it really doesn't matter what I do now. I'm half delinquent and half Romeo. I'll just throw some songs out there from both sides of my personality and see how things work out."

The rest, we suppose, is up to us.

-PAMELA MARIN

there was Evita the play, there was Evita the record. The same with Jesus Christ Superstar. Now the lyricist for both, Tim Rice, is hoping the formula will yield the same results with his newest project, Chess (RCA). Only this time, he has changed partners. When Andrew Lloyd Webber, his Evita and Superstar collaborator, left to work with others, Rice hooked up with Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus, better known as half of the Swedish rock conglomerate ABBA. Since joining forces, the trio has produced 18 songs that tell the

story of a Russian chess player who wants to defect, his self-centered American opponent and Florence, the woman who works for the American but falls in love with the Russian. "None of the three of us is a particularly avid player," Rice comments. "It's just that the game provides a perfect metaphor for international drama and intrigue."

To record the album, the songwriters called on just about everybody they'd ever worked with, except their former partners. Murray Head, remembered as Jesus on the original album, signed on as the American, while Elaine Paige, London's Eva Perón, sings Florence and the ABBA band provides the rock portion of the music.

"The album is simply a promotional tool for the show," said Rice, "and once we'd finished it, we had to come up with a way to promote the promotional tool." Then Björn and Benny, whose collective had once been touted as bigger than Volvo, wheedled \$500,000 out of rival Saab to underwrite live performances of Chess in five European capitals last November. The shows garnered the hoped-for enthusiasm of the critics, especially in London, and kicked off European record sales.

With promotional chores finished, Rice, Ulvaeus and Andersson now are whipping the play into final form. "We have about three more songs to polish and perhaps some dialog to add," forecasts Rice. "Personally, I find that plays that consist of just music do get a bit tedious after a while." The projected date for a London opening is this October, at which time the triumvirate hopes everyone will be

humming along to Chess, the record, which has already been released in the United States.

REVIEWS

After ten years of legal hassles and writer's block, the man behind Creedence Clearwater Revival's pop-a-billy hit machine is back and in fine form. Simplicity was always a Creedence virtue, and on Centerfield (Warner), John Fogerty has stripped down his gut-bucket swamp rock to its incandescent essence. The Old Man Down the Road distills the best of Green River and Born on the Bayou, while I Saw It on TV and Mr. Greed update and deepen the message behind Who'll Stop the Rain and Fortunate Son. And believe it or not, Rock and Roll Girls is a rocker with a yodel that works. Look out, Bruce; the old Boss is back.

While Bryan Adams rocks with more than ample energy to fill an arena, he also appreciates the power of the hook and the catchy tune. On Reckless (A&M), Adams offers only one ballad, Heaven, for the young and romantic. The rest should sate the appetites of those whose hormones have kicked in. While Adams' straightforward, basic approach sometimes edges out his potential for originality, the songs and arrangements are vibrant, precise, rollicking good fun.

If there's any danger to be found on Martin Briley's *Dangerous Moments* (Mercury), it's the threat of dull, deep sleep. Surrounded by first-class musical talent and guided by producer Phil Ramone, Briley pairs uninspired pop licks with insipid lyrical harangues in a marriage made for the cutout bins. Save your seven bucks.

We know that Bruce Springsteen and John Cougar Mellencamp have been singing the praises (and occasionally the songs) of Celtic folk/rocker Richard Thompson lately. But Across a Crowded Room (Polydor), Thompson's second album since splitting with former

TRUST US

HOT

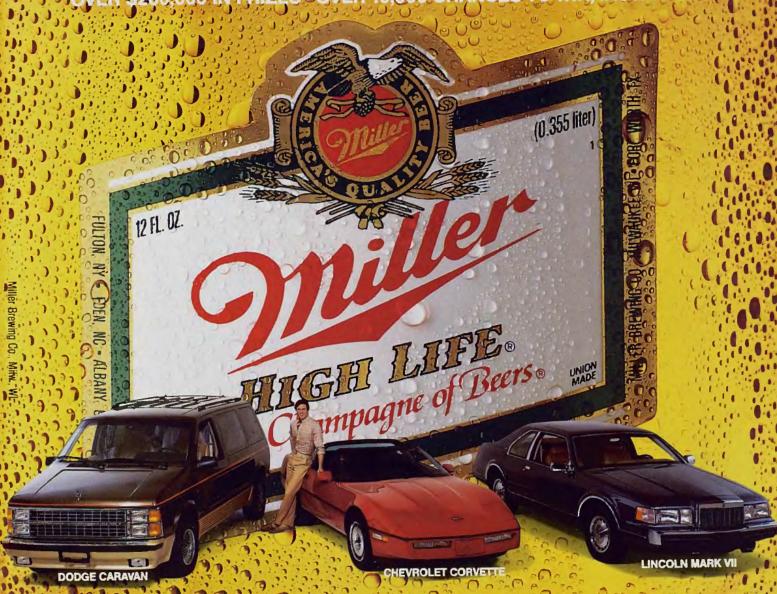
Elliot Easton / Change No Change Archie Shepp / Down Home New York Moody Blues / Early Blues L. Subramaniam and Stephane Grappelli / Conversations The Bluebells / Sisters

NOT

Metalmania (by assorted beast rockers)

VE ALREADY WON ONE OF **ALL-AMERICAN CARS-**

-OVER 10,000 CHANCES TO



GRAND PRIZE: Choose one of these Custom All-American Cars...plus \$10,000 CASH! 5 FIRST PRIZES: A Great American Vacation for two anywhere in the United States. Up to \$5,000 worth! 25 SECOND PRIZES: An Apple IIc Computer System

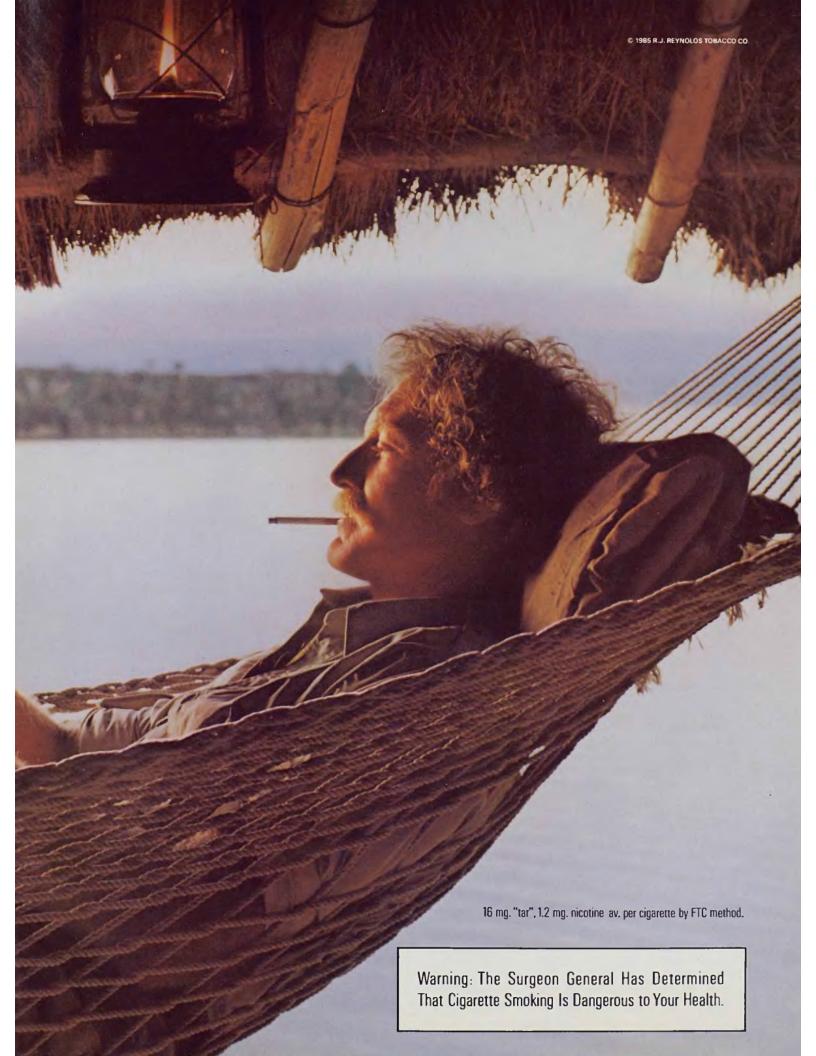
50 THIRD PRIZES: A three piece set of American Tourister Luggage. 10,000 FOURTH PRIZES: \$10.00 check which could be used toward the purchase of America's favorite Quality Premium Beer...Miller High Life.

If game card has already been taken or if you wish another one, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

Miller Made The American Way Game Card Request, P.O. Box 4257, Blair, NE 68009. Residents of the state of Washington ONLY need not affix postage to their self-addressed envelopes. Limit one request per envelope. Requests must be received by May 24, 1985. Vold in the states of KS, MO and TX and wherever prohibited by law. See Official Rules for complete details. No purchase necessary.

Take your Instant Winner Game Card to a participating Miller High Life retailer today.





FAST TRACKS



THE CROSS TO BEAR DEPARTMENT: Did you know there's a very hot Christian heavy-metal band out there called Stryper? Let drummer Robert Sweet explain: "It's just metal that tells God's side of the story . . . you can rock-'n'-roll and serve God." Don't laugh. These guys have the fastest-selling album on Enigma Records, former home to metalists such as Ratt and Mötley Crüe. They throw Bibles to the concert crowds and receive no underwear in return. The Good Book says make a joyful noise. A loud one, too. Is Prince listening?

the bandleader of W.A.S.P., on surprising an audience: "I think musical change is important, but that is not to say we're going to be doing folk music. . . . Hell, the closest thing we're gonna get to folk music is dragging Peter, Paul and Mary out on stage and beating the hell out of them." And people pay money for this?

REELING AND ROCKING: Herbie Hancock will co-star with Carl Weathers in a pilot for a TV series called Breaker. But what he really wants is a shot at the silver screen, because screen stars are "institutions, recognized by everyone from one to 100."... In the pretty-classy-company competition, we note that novelist Larry McMurtry (who wrote Terms of Endearment) has been called in to rewrite John Cougar Mellencamp's nonmusical movie.

NEWSBREAKS: Other Cougar news: He's in the process of building a major recording studio in Indiana that will cater to young bands and will offer studio time at low prices to help newcomers get out of the garage and onto the airwaves. . . . Everyone's favorite prime-time rock show, Miami Vice, may soon spawn a hit sound-track album. Naturally, a video will be made to accompany the album release. . . . Sting's solo album will be out any minute now and his movie career is in high gear, but he says with his usual candor, "I enjoy having money and buying whatever I want, but if an MX missile explodes over my house, I'm as dead as the man next door. Money can't immunize me from the problems of the world." We also hear that money can't buy love, either. . . . You've all been

waiting for Tina Turner's tips for success, right? Tina says that discipline, selfassurance and holding on to her dream are what have kept her going for 25 years. She'll be taping a Home Box Office special while touring in Europe and England. . . . Next fall, look for John Sebastian's video show, Déjà View, on TV. It will have new videos for old songs. . . . The recent Van Morrison album Sense of Wonder was held up for a while by the estate of poet William Butler Yeats. Morrison set Yeats's poem Crazy Jane on God to music. Apparently, the estate liked it but decided that it wanted only classical interpretations of Yeats's work released. . . . Heart has new managers, a new record company and a new album out right about now.... OK, how hip are you really? Have you heard The Bobs? If not, you're missing something. They call it New Wave a cappella. We call it funny. They're a San Francisco group with an album called—what else?—The Bobs. For more info, contact Kaleidoscope Records, P.O. Box O, El Cerrito, California 94530, and boogie down to the ever-popular Cowboy Lips. . . . A few words from Ray Davies on being suddenly "in" again: "Yes, suddenly fashionable. Someone from Dépêche Mode phoned me up and asked me how I got that drum sound. I said, 'Talk to the drummer,' you know." . . . Finally, if you're a subscriber to Beatlefan, then you already know this. If not, consider this information a public-service spot: You can get Beatles cake-decoration dolls, with instruments, for \$20 from Steve Freedman, Box 2054-B, East Orange, New Jersey 07019. That's it for now. -BARBARA NELLIS

wife/collaborator Linda, is still a disappointment. His skirling guitar jangles rather than burns, and such unremittingly bleak tunes as Love in a Faithless Country and Walking Through a Wasted Land echo empty despair rather than cathartic pain. When Wall of Death, from Thompson's 1982 masterpiece Shoot Out the Lights, comes across as cheerier than the new LP's ersatz upbeat I Ain't Going to Drag My Feet No More, you know something's wrong.

Thelma Houston's rich, versatile pop/soul voice has been underappreciated since her 1976 world-wide smash, *Don't Leave Me This Way*. Doubling, for the first time, as star and executive producer on **Qualifying Heat** (MCA) has enabled Houston to work with producers who mine the awesome depths of her emotional power without overlooking her knowing interpretive skills. This is one of the more successful matings of synth and soul to date.

Reverse snobs who claim to like country music just to irritate their sophisticated friends will be put to the test by a new RCA find, Keith Whitley, whose A Hard Act to Follow is some of the hardest-core honky-tonk since the late King Hank proved you don't have to be a baby to cry and Lefty Frizzell demonstrated multinoted word warping, back in the Fifties. Whitley comes, literally and musically, from a Kentucky bluegrass tradition that includes apprenticeship with Ralph Stanley, who (in some eyes) ranks above even Bill Monroe and Flatt and Scruggs. It probably took corporate courage just to sign this man, even if corporate caution consigns him to a mini-LP.

The Phil Woods Quartet at the Vanguard (Antilles) documents the quality, depth and thrust of alto saxophonist-clarinetist Woods's work as a jazz improviser. Once deeply influenced by Charlie Parker, Woods has progressively brought more of himself to the bebop style. Now he has moved beyond. That's what you can do with the dependable backdrop of band members—pianist Hal Galper, bassist Steve Gilmore and drummer Bill Goodwin, each of whom makes a singular contribution to the music.

The Elliot Lowrence Band Plays Gerry Mulligan Arrangements, another key item in Fantasy's Original Jazz Classics series, is a potent reminder of excellence, vintage 1955. Pianist Lawrence's underrated 16-piece ensemble combines the flexibility of the small modern-jazz band with the weight and impact of a big band. Just thought we'd remind you that this hep reissue is out there.

SHORT CUT

Conway Twitty / Don't Call Him a Cowboy (Warner): After a smarmy period that alarmed his traditionalist fans, Twitty seems to have bounced back.

Hear how we're making our competition face the music.

Sansui does it again! You'll love what you're about to hear, but the competition won't. No other system comes close to our new Intelligent Super Compo for pure sonic pleasure, pure operational convenience—and total programmability. That's because Sansui never compromises on sound quality or features: like our flexible parametric equalizer, and graphic equalizer with "multi-dimensional" sound.

Hear, see and touch what you've been missing all these years—up close with Sansui's exclusive One-touch Compo switching system—or from the comfort of your favorite chair with our amazing 26 button remote. It's micro-computer controlled and lets you operate the graphic equalizer with

pre-set memory-from anywhere in the room.

But don't get up yet. You can even play both sides of a record without turning it over; thanks to Sansui's exclusive programmable dual linear tone arm turntable.

And, switch instantly from turntable to tuner to tape deck to digital disc player; skip, scan, edit, review, record, rewind, and replay—at the touch of a button—with Sansui's computer control system. Then lay back and relax with phenomenal sound from superior Sansui speakers.

No other system matches the pleasure and convenience of new Intelligent Super Compo—even remotely. You'll know why we're first, the second

you hear us.



Sansui's Remote Control with built-in equalizer



ANTAEL ANTA POUR HO POUR HOLE ANTAEUS ANTAEUS POUR HOMME POUR HOMME ANTAEUS CHAN ANTAEUS POUR HOMME CHANEL CHANEL CHANEL CHANEL CHANEL CHANEL CHANEL CHANEL CHANEL

CHANEL

A REFLECTION OF STRENGTH AND SENSITIVITY.

ANTAEUS

THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ONLY IN ENGLAND, where the mad Monty Python roams, would anyone be likely to produce a comedy as deliciously eccentric as A Private Function (Island Alive). The Pythons' own Michael Palin co-stars with Maggie Smith and a pig named Betty (as herself). Pignaping is the almost indescribable subject. The time is postwar Britain, 1947, with a royal wedding (Elizabeth's) imminent and all the elders of an English village plotting to celebrate the event with a feast of black-market pig, food rationing be damned. Palin and Smith play a local chiropodist and his social-climbing wife, who steal the pig, drive it home but can't quite manage to butcher the poor creature in their own front parlor. The pig is also flatulent, by the way, having been stuffed with table scraps-and God knows how I am going to convince anyone that a movie full of pig-fart jokes is simultaneously hilarious, droll, stylish and even tasteful. The two stars, ably abetted by Denholm Elliott, do their inimitable small miracles for director Malcolm Mowbray, who even squeezes a bit of social relevance from Alan Bennett's screenplay-some sly digs about the class system and what people will do for a choice piece of pork. "It's not just pork, Gilbert-it's power," declares Maggie in her best Lady Macbeth manner. Private Function is already a large hit in London, and if you have read this far, you're probably one of that slaphappy breed who will understand why. ***/2

The art of sexy innuendo, perfected by Mac West, has been brought up to date for contemporary taste-or perhaps the lack of it-by Divine, star of Lust in the Dust (New World). That Westerns are out of fashion is common knowledge, but the corpulent drag queen known as Divine just doesn't care-he's lewd, low-down, drops the fastest double-entendres in the West and can summon up sly hints of bestiality with little more than a suggestive sidelong glance at a jackass. Divine's co-star, and Lust's coproducer, is former juvenile golden boy Tab Hunter, here totally deadpan as a gunslinger searching for a lost cache of gold in Chili Verde. Searching right along are Lainie Kazan, Cesar Romero and Geoffrey Lewis, to name a few of the farceurs caught up in the knockabout comedy directed by Paul (Eating Raoul) Bartel with plenty of zest but utter scorn for subtlety. **1/2

A dated, bookish movie meticulously adapted by Hugh Whitemore from Rebecca West's first novel, The Return of the Soldier (European Classics), is fascinating



Palin and Smith fatten Betty the pig for a feast at a very special Private Function.

Bundles from Britain: a funny, flatulent pig and an amnesic Great War vet.

despite its old-hat literary and psychological flourishes. Written in 1918, West's story introduces a shell-shocked aristocratic English officer, home from the war with little or no recollection of his past, his wife or his adoring spinster cousin; all he seems to remember clearly is his passion 20 years earlier for a plain working-class girl named Margaret, long since married to another man. Question: Will our hero be happier opening the Pandora's box of his present existence or escaping permanently back to the innocence of youth? While Soldier soberly weighs both possibilities, director Alan Bridges makes you care by combining graceful period atmosphere with hypnotic performances from an exceptional cast. Alan Bates, ringed by Iulie Christie, Ann-Margret and Glenda lackson-cast, respectively, as his selfcentered wife, his faithful cousin and his long-lost mistress-becomes anchor man for an impressive showpiece. Ann-Margret almost misses as a maiden lady whose voluptuousness belies her laced-up virtue, but she's actress enough to hold her own in some flashy company. Christie's smoothly vicious lady of the manor tops anything she's done in years, and Jackson is remarkable as "that dowd" Margaret, who becomes younger than springtime before our very eyes the instant her former lover takes her work-worn hand. Musty old novels may be tough sledding as cinema, yet these accomplished performers are reason enough to come along for the ride. ***

There is nothing flagrantly amiss in Mask (Universal), except for its close resemblance to the sort of earnest, probing domestic drama that crops up so often on prime-time TV. Based on the true-life story of Rocky Dennis, a remarkable boy with a disfiguring disease-calcium deposits in his skull made him look like a teenaged American cousin to the Elephant Man-the movie salutes courage, a mother's love and beauty that's more than skindeep. As Rocky, a young actor named Eric Stoltz manages to be both poignant and absolutely credible under multilayers of special make-up, while Cher, as his mother, moves another major step forward in her campaign to become a serious screen actress. Here she plays a warmhearted, dope-smoking California motorcycle doll with no visible means of support whose front yard, full of noisy, disreputable friends, could pass for a Hell's Angels parking lot. Even so, Cher projects instinctive honesty, and her mother-son scenes with Stoltz ring as true as her sexually charged encounters with a stud biker (Sam Elliott).

I'd have liked Mask measurably better if director Peter Bogdanovich, otherwise sensitive to the perils of pathos, hadn't pushed his luck by dwelling upon a slow-witted friend with a speech defect and the beautiful blind girl (Laura Dern) at camp who "sees" Rocky's inner worth. Come on, now. The most subtle, compelling moment occurs at a carnival where—in a crazy fun-house mirror—Rocky catches a glimpse of himself as he might have been. Only a brute with a heart of stone could walk away from Mask unmoved, yet





A unique shoe that found its beginnings in Europe. Brushed suede leather . . . injection molded polyurethane sole and frame. So light, so comfortable, so unbelievably different from anything you've ever had on your feet. Available in seven colors.

Clarks of England, 520 S. Broad St., Kennett Square, PA 19348 1-215-444-6330 Copyright 1985 there's a prevalent poster-child psychology that smacks of unabashed tearjerking, as if Bogdanovich, Cher and her leather-clad *macho* chums had signed up to do a gig for charity. ¥¥1/2

Director John Landis' Into the Night (Universal) is an admirable effort to bring off the kind of sophisticated comedy thriller they supposedly don't make anymore. Moving from Rodeo Drive to Century City and Malibu, the action sets up a deluxe crook's tour of the Los Angeles area. Despite the ominous title, it's featherweight by definition but offers breezy fun in fast company-with Jeff Goldblum cast as the offbeat hero, an aerospace engineer and habitual insomniac who bumbles into big trouble because he can't sleep. Engagingly straightforward, Goldblum is like a bleary Everyman, dazed to discover himself wide-awake in a Hitchcock movie. One night at the airport, he accidentally saves the life of a beautiful blonde (Michelle Pfeiffer, chic and sexy in her zingiest role to date) who's involved with stolen jewels, smuggling and hired assassins. From then on, Into the Night is pedalto-the-floor frenzy, performed by a celebrity-studded supporting cast that includes Dan Aykroyd, Kathryn Harrold, Vera Miles, Richard Farnsworth, Irene Papas and David Bowie in a bright stint as a hit man, with directors Paul Mazursky, David Cronenberg, Roger Vadim and Landis himself doing various bits of mischief along the way. None seems to take the work seriously, and neither should you. ¥¥¥

The violence engendered by racism along the Texas Gulf Coast, where Vietnamese immigrants have been at war with redneck fishermen, is studied almost too conscientiously by French-born director Louis Malle in Alomo Boy (Tri-Star). Writer Alice Arlen's melodramatic screenplay struck me as one of those well-meant do-gooder social tracts with its message spelled out in italics: Hate breeds hate, and that ain't good. Among the fisherfolk capably casting their lines hereabouts are Ed Harris, a first-rate screen actor (he was John Glenn in The Right Stuff), opposite Amy Madigan (who became Mrs. Harris after they played illicit lovers in Places in the Heart), plus Ho Nguyen as the ambitious Asian outsider with childlike faith in the American dream. Malle's memorable 1980 Atlantic City—thanks in part to a superior screenplay by John Guare-was an unpreachy slice of fresh Americana that makes Alamo Bay look fished out. **

Screened too late for a more timely review, The Breakfast Club (Universal) nevertheless ought to stay in circulation awhile. Writer-director John Hughes (a former PlayBoy contributor whose Sixteen Candles was a substantial hit last year) has topped himself this time around, with a five-way tour de force featuring Emilio



Pfeiffer, Goldblum breeze Into the Night.

Hitchcock lives in Landis; another gem about teenagers from director John Hughes.

Estevez (Martin Sheen's look-alike son), Anthony Michael Hall, Judd Nelson, Molly Ringwald and Ally Sheedy. They play a band of errant suburban Chicago high school kids sentenced to a full day of detention one wintry Saturday, which evolves into a day of tantalizing group dynamics. Some of the antiparental downwith-grownups venom is overstated, and there's a pointless musical sequence; but in general, Hughes lets the kids put their case with wit, stinging emotion and genuine undergrad anguish. A minor piece but a dazzling showcase.

Harrison Ford proves his potency as a leading man far removed from Indiana Jones in Witness (Paramount), a provocative romantic thriller directed by Australia's Peter Weir. Ford's a Philadelphia detective on the lam in Amish country because he knows too much about police corruption. Though deft and picturesque, Witness occasionally lets up on suspense to dawdle over local color. But even dawdling intensifies when Harrison makes hay with Kelly McGillis, as the warm-blooded young Amish widow whose son (Lukas Haas, a winsome tyke) has witnessed a murder in the big city. There's also the fringe benefit of an arresting movie debut by Russian ballet star Alexander Godunov, as Ford's friendly rival down on the farm. All in all, Witness adds up to an invigorating blend of chew-your-nails excitement and carnal knowledge among the plain folk. ***

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Alamo Bay (See review) Shrimp-boat contretemps in Texas, à la Malle. Amodeus Mozart according to Milos Forman in a spectacular film bio. **** Blood Simple A chilling, funny thriller made with wit and malice. The Breakfast Club (See review) Afterschool psychodrama for teens. XXX The Cotton Club Fuzzy, except when the dancers are on their feet. The Falcon and the Snowman California teens take up espionage. ¥¥¥1/2 Fandango Travel-weary high-jinks on the road. Fear City Strippers stalked by psychopath. Watch Melanie Griffith. The Flamingo Kid It's Matt Dillon on his fastest track so far. Heaven Help Us Catholic boys raising hell at school. XXX Into the Night (See review) Going Hollywood in search of stolen jewels. *** Johnny Dangerously Keaton and Piscopo in a passable gangster spoof. Lost in America The finder's fee goes to Albert Brooks. **888** Lust in the Dust (See review) Divine meets Tab in chaps. XX1/2 Maria's Lovers Nastassja Kinski's star quality put to the test again. ** Mask (See review) Through the schmaltz, Cher often shines. ¥¥1/2 Movers and Shakers Middling fun with some filmflam men. Mrs. Soffel Passion behind bars, with Mel Gibson and Diane Keaton. XXX 1984 Orwell to a fare-thee-well, with Richard Burton and John Hurt. XXX A Passage to India Grand epic by David Lean out of E. M. Forster. XXX1/2 A Private Function (See review) Much ado about a pig. XXX1/2 Purple Rose of Cairo Woody Allen's bouquet of long-stemmed movie XXX clichés. The Return of the Soldier (See review) The all-star cast comes through. XXX Stranger than Paradise Underground comedy popping up to well-earned prominence. A Sunday in the Country A graceful ode to joie de vivre. XXX1/2 That's Dancing! Astaire, Kelly, every hoofer on toe or taps. Wow! **** The Times of Harvey Milk Moving tribute to a political martyr. The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigley Nolte as hit man, with Hepburn. Vision Quest As a wrestling Rocky, Matthew Modine excels. Witness (See review) Harrison Ford among the Amish, still plenty hot. ***

WW Worth a look
W Forget it

COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Fairies, goblins, pixies, elves, unicorns and leprechauns will populate the screen in Legend, director Ridley Scott's first film since Blade Runner. Tom Cruise has been set to star as Jack o' the Green in this mythical fantasy about the eternal struggle between the forces of darkness and light. . . . Michael Keaton will play a Chicago hockey star who falls in love with Maria Conchita Alonso after being mugged by her son in Universal's Touch and Go. . . . Loretta Swit, Dick Shawn and Rip Torn will top-line Orion's Beer, a satire of the advertising business in which a lady ad exec devises an innovative campaign featuring three average guys who become overnight sensations. Beer will be directed by Patrick Kelly, a New York commercial director whose Federal Express ads have won numerous awards. . . . John (Deliverance) Boorman will direct Powers Boothe and Meg Foster in Embassy Pictures' The Emerald Forest, based on the true adventures of an American youth (played by Boorman's son Charley) who is abducted by jungle Indians at the age of six and grows up to be a brave warrior in the rain forests of Brazil. . . . Glenn Close, Mandy Patinkin, Ruth Gordon, Barnard Hughes and Valerie Curtin head the cast of Orion's Maxie, a Fortiesstyle comedy about a feisty Twenties movie star (Gordon) who returns from the dead to inhabit the body of a prim-andproper wife (Close). The flick is based on the novel Marion's Wall, by Jack Finney.

GENTLEMEN, PLACE YOUR BETS: Ryon O'Neol and Cotherine Hicks (the goody-goody girl from The Razor's Edge) have been signed to star in director Richard Brooks's The Fever, about a sportswriter who is assigned to do an in-depth story on "America's number-one pastime, gambling." Costarring in the film are Gioncorlo Gionnini, Chod (Medical Center) Everett, William (Red Dawn) Smith, John Soxon and Keith (our founder's brother) Hefner. A late-1985 release date is set.

SPY-JINKS: Revenge of the Nerds star Anthony Edwards and director Jeff Kanew have reteamed on Universal's Gotcha, a comedy adventure about an innocent college kid who inadvertently gets mixed up in international espionage. Edwards is Jonathan, a college sophomore who decides to spend spring break in Paris. There, right under the Eiffel Tower, he is picked up by the girl of his dreams (newcomer Linda Fiorentino), who persuades him to accompany her to East Berlin-where strange things start to happen and strange people begin to pursue them. Being somewhat naïve, Jonathan has no idea what's going on-until, after his return to classes,



Sylvester Stallone is following up on *First Blood* with *Rambo: First Blood Part II*, a \$25,000,000 sequel in which he plays a con sprung from prison on condition he'll attempt a perilous POW rescue in Vietnam. Here he reconnoiters with a native contact, played by **Julie Nickson**.

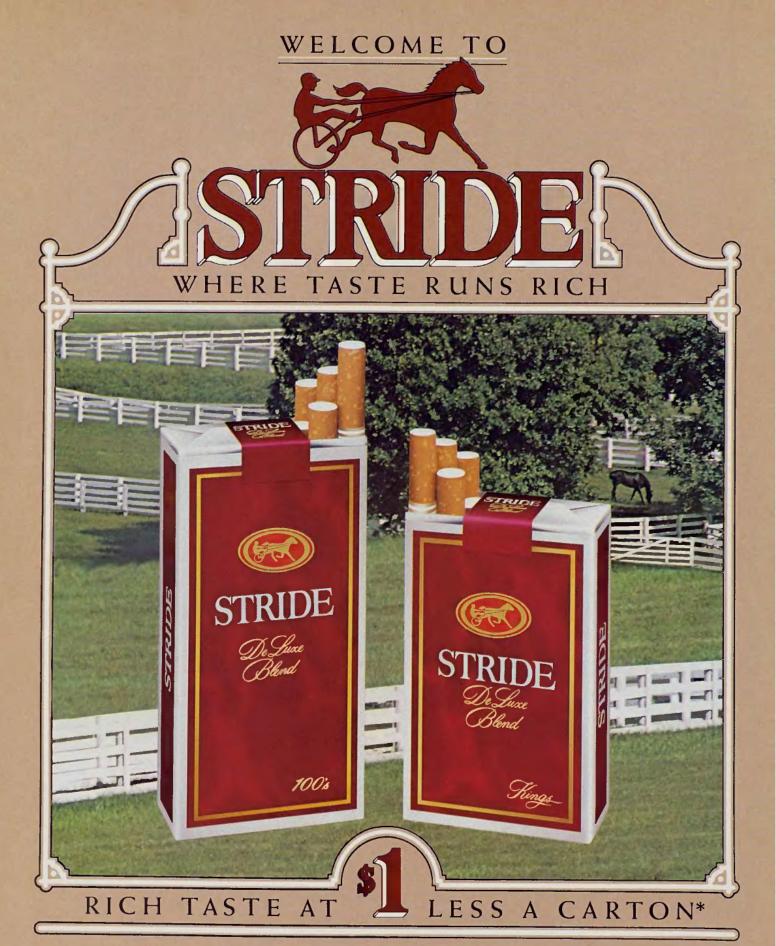
K.G.B. and CIA men start popping up on campus. *Gotcha*'s title, incidentally, is derived from the Gotcha game that has recently become popular in Hollywood circles. It's a simulated war exercise, not unlike Capture the Flag, in which players "kill" one another with paint-pellet guns.

SCIENCE FRICTION: In 20th Century Fox's forthcoming Enemy Mine, which sounds like The Defiant Ones in Outer Space, Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr., play pilots dogfighting in a distant galaxy. Quaid is an Earthling, Gossett a Drac, a bizarrelooking creature with a complex intelligence. Both pilots crash on the hostile planet Fyrine IV, where, stranded, they must put their inbred enmity aside and depend on each other for survival. Special effects-courtesy of George Lucas' I.L.M .- ought to be spectacular: The sinister two-sun, six-moon Fyrine IV, created on a 2300-square-foot stage, will boast creeping glaciers and gargantuan petrified forests. But perhaps the most interesting aspect of Enemy Mine is its director-Germany's Wolfgang Petersen, whose previous outings have been as disparate as Das Boot and The Neverending Story.

SEQUELMANIA: Hollywood continues to subscribe to the theory that if it worked once, it should be tried again. In various stages of development are sequels to Ghostbusters, The Karate Kid, Poltergeist, The Road Warrior and The Terminator, and still more episodes in the continuing sagas of Death Wish, Star Trek and Friday the 13th. That's not all: With Romancing the Stone grossing well over \$75,000,000 at

the box office, Fox wants Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner to reprise their roles in Jewel of the Nile, with the lovers sailing their new sloop to North Africa via the French Riviera and a host of adventures. (At presstime, the project was being held up by contract litigation.) And let's not forget Rambo: First Blood Part II, with Sly Stallone leading a mission to Southeast Asian POW camps, or National Lampoon's European Vacation, which sends the Griswald family bumbling through the Continent. Have I left anybody out?

SCIENCE MARCHES ON: We'll see still more teens tinkering with technology in films this year, possibly as a result of the success of WarGames, possibly because Hollywood is always looking for new ways to lure kids to the movies. Touchstone's My Science Project, about a boy who plunges his entire high school into a new dimension after discovering a military research project, will hit the theaters this summer. So will Universal's Weird Science, written and directed by John Hughes. This one reportedly concerns a couple of computer whiz kids (Anthony Michael Hall and Ilan Mitchell-Smith) who, with a little help from your favorite magazine, create a perfect woman in the form of lovely Kelly Le Brock. Finally, there's Tri-Star's Real Genius, starring Val (Top Secret!) Kilmer and Gabe (Goodnight, Beantown) Jurret as two students at a Cal Tech-like college. This one-described as a "technocomedy"-sounds like Animal House with Albert Einstein as consultant.



*Mfg. suggested retail price is \$1.00 less a carton than full-priced brands. Kings: 14 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.

100's: 14 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

@ 1984 Liggett Group Inc.

Diet Quiz#1

Which has less calories and alcohol:

 $1.\square 5$ oz. white wine?

2. ☐ 5 oz. Bacardi®rum and diet Cok®?





TRADEMARKS DE BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. © 1984 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PRODF HE COCA-COLA COMPANY

LIGHT-DRY

According to U.S. Dept. of Agriculture data, a 5-oz. serving of white wine contains 121 calories. It has an alcohol content of about 12½%.

Based on data from the same source, a drink made of 1 oz. 80-proof Bacardi rum and 4 oz. diet Coke has only 66 calories. And its alcohol content is just 8%. So if you chose Bacardi and diet Coke, you're a winner.

BACARDI grum.

Made in Puerto Rico.

Enjoy it
in moderation.

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

alk about your pressure shots in golf! Only moments ago on video tape, this was Severiano Ballesteros-ankledeep in quicksand, the green more than 260 yards away, the wind dead against him as it howls in off the ocean here at the rugged but scenic Realtor's Swamp Country Club. Not a very hopeful situation for the two-time winner of the Masters, but watch what happens, golf fans! The determined Spaniard takes a lusty swing with his three wood and-splat! The shot rises above the tall, protruding palms. It clears the hotel and spa. It clears the teeming hordes of hotpants and halter tops in the gallery. Good bounce across the cart path-and on the green! And now, as the drama continues to unfold, Seve Ballesteros has this birdie putt of about 27 and a half feet to go eight under through nine holes and grab the lead in today's fourth and final round of the 1985 Franchot Tone National Pro-Comedian, Singer, Car Dealer, Estate Planner and Bank of Kowloon Knitwear Classic!

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, I'm Don Void—and what a feast of golf we have for you here on the exotic coast of northeast Florida. The oil slick has disappeared, the red tide has receded, most of the condominiums have been refinanced and it's all winding down to a climax in the third annual F.T.N.P.C.S.C.D.E.P.B.K.K.C., one of the truly great events on the P.G.A. tour and, I might mention, a tournament that has contributed more than \$6,000,000 to local charities, less expenses, advertising costs, promotional fees and what have you.

I'm Don Void, as I said earlier, and working with me today on the 18th tower is my friend and cohort Wristy Stark, former P.G.A. champion, probably the greatest chipper the game has ever known and a guy who knows how to provide the lighter touch. We'll be looking forward to Wristy's comments throughout the telecast.

Right now, as Seve lines up his putt—there's a nice shot from our Goodyear blimp, Albatross, piloted today by Captain B. D. "Stormy" Werther of Lakehurst, New Jersey—let's catch you up on the action that took place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the F.T.N.P.C.S.C.D.E.P.B.K.K.C.

Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, magical names, of course, stole the thunder on Thursday. Making a couple of those patented charges of theirs, they blazed in with 77s and shared the early lead. Before the



DRIVES AND WHISPERS

day was over, however, the lead belonged to Howell Rowell, Jr., and five other second-year pros, all tied with ten-under 62s. Among the group was Ed Fusilli. Here we see Ed's pretty wife, Rachel, asking him to examine a W-2 form.

Friday was the day young Brad Method made a move. The Houston rookie put a sizzling 61 on the scoreboard and leaped into a tie with Howell Rowell. Brad's pink polyesters flap in the breeze as he pulls the trigger on a one iron. There's Brad's wife, Debbie, showing us two reasons she once held the title of Miss Sioux Falls.

The wind kicked up on Saturday—there goes the press tent, as you can see—but the subpar rounds continued. Howell Rowell and Brad Method were still leading at the end of the day, but Ballesteros was close, and who could overlook Arnie and Big Jack, only 22 shots off the pace?

Fine camerawork there on Mrs. Brad Method, being helped with her troublesome halter top by tournament officials.

So we're up to date on all the scoring. Now let's go out on the course and meet the expert commentators who'll be helping me bring you all the live action. First to the 13th hole and Steve Gunch.

"Hello, I'm Steve Gunch. I'll be reporting from the 227-yard, par-three 13th hole, a severe test of the golfers' nerves. The green is bordered on three sides by waterfalls, but the biggest problem for the players, as I see it, is the reptile farm that comes right up to the front edge of the putting surface. I look for most of the fellows to go at it with a driver—try to bounce one off the synagogue behind the green. It's the percentage shot. And now to the 14th and our colleague from overseas, Peter Brace-Asher."

"Jolly good fun to be here, I must say! And my, what marvelous stuff we're seeing from all the lads as they nestle their wedges around this rather intoxicating marshland. As for the 14th, well, what a diabolical thing it is! One bloody slip, to my way of thinking, and you're consigned to a watery grave. On to the 15th, then."

"Hi, I'm Vern Utterance. I'll be describing the action here at the 15th, a 603-yard par-five that—no, wait a minute, that's the 16th. Sorry. The 15th is a 423-yard par-four that appears to have a good bit of grass in the fairway. From my vantage point, in fact, I can see grass all the way back to the tee. Over to 16."

"This is Frank Murk at the crowdpleasing 16th hole, where we've seen 388 pars, 237 birdies and 49 bogeys posted by golfers ranging in height from 5'5" to 6'2", with an average weight of 165 pounds. In addition, most of the touring pros from California and Texas were born there. That's the story from 16. Now over to 17 and the colorful J. L. Starnes, who's just completed his round and agreed to join our announce crew today. Welcome aboard, J.L."

"Uh, this is J. L. Starnes. I'll tell you one thing. They can take this 17th hole and give it back to the goats. The summitch cost me about three grand a while ago. I drove it perfect, right down the left side, but I must have hit a sprinkler head or something. I wound up in the shit. Got on the green after I chipped out and cold-jumped a four wood, but the green's slicker'n Sam Snead's head, so I three-putt the cocksucker. Maybe I got what I deserved. Play the fucker like Mother Goose, you're gonna make six."

Right you are, J.L.! I'm Don Void back at the 18th, where I've been informed by the studio that the basketball game is about to get under way. We'll be returning to the Franchot Tone for all the golf action after today's all-important contest between the Mavericks and the Suns. So, for Steve Gunch, Peter Brace-Asher, Vern Utterance, Frank Murk, J. L. Starnes and Wristy Stark, this is Don Void, saying so long from Realtor's Swamp!



Small Wonder

At last, *pocket-size* radar protection. New PASSPORT can go with you anywhere.

Quite simply, PASSPORT is the smallest superheterodyne radar detector ever made—only ¾" tall, 2¾" wide, and 4½" long. It fits your pocket as easily as a cassette tape.

SMD Technology

This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. In fact, PASSPORT is so new the magazine testers haven't even had a chance to select their superlatives.

Press Release

When the magazines do catch up, they'll report excellent performance. More than early warning, PASSPORT also provides a precise measure of radar range. Simply turn PASSPORT on and set the volume level. At radar contact, the alert lamp lights and the variable-pulse audio begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of





PASSPORT is about the size of a cassette tape.

Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows signal strength. A photocell even adjusts the alert brightness to the light level in your car.



PASSPORT comes with a fitted leather case.

Behind the Wheel

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. And if you should want to defeat the audio warning during a long radar encounter, a special "mute" switch allows you to defeat the audio, yet leave PASSPORT fully armed for the next encounter. You get the complete radar picture.

Upwardly Mobile

You can take PASSPORT anywhere: on an airplane to another city, or to work for trips in the company car. Just install on dashtop or visor, then plug into your lighter. PASSPORT keeps such a low profile, it can be on duty without anyone noticing. And PASSPORT comes complete with a visor clip, wind-shield mount, straight cord, coiled cord—even a <u>leather</u> travel case. And we back PASSPORT with a full one year limited warranty.

Order Today

Try a PASSPORT in *your* pocket. Call us toll free. When your PASSPORT arrives, take the first 30 days as a test. If you're not completely satisfied, return it and we'll refund your purchase <u>and</u> your mailing costs. You can't lose.

Call Toll Free 800-543-1608 In Ohio Call 800-582-2696





\$295 (OH res. add \$16.23 tax) Pocket-Size Radar Protection

Cincinnati Microwave Department 100-007-C05 One Microwave Plaza Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100



© 1984 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

MEN

By ASA BABER

I'd been on snowshoes for five days when I saw the deer. It was very alert and it seemed amused. I looked like one worn and tired humanoid, which is what I was. I'd been running and hiding, slipping and sliding, for the better part of a week. There were people after me, too, and the object of the exercise was to see whether or not I could survive the Marine Corps survival training in the High Sierras in January without being captured or frozen.

The valley looked like the moon. The deer bounced across my vision, disappeared, surfaced behind me a few minutes later, vanished again. I was fascinated with it. I was chewing pine needles and tree bark to give myself the illusion that I

was eating. It helped.

My skills were limited in the mountains. I tried to break through the ice on a stream to find a fish, but all I found was more ice and a case of frostbite. I curled in my own handmade snow cave for two days, nibbling the chocolate bars I had smuggled in my parka, conserving energy and staying out of sight, but the pain of the night's cold grasp and the dullness of the day's winter wind had forced me to move on. Breaking trail in my snowshoes wore me out in a few hundred yards, yet I was supposed to traverse miles of snowscape to my pickup point.

I had no radio, no communications of any kind. I was too tired to be scared, but I soon sensed that I was entering a dangerous phase, a moment when I might sink down in the snow and simply sleep until dead, imagining all the while that I was warm and safe.

The deer saved my life. By being there and by playing its continuous game with me, flirting and leading me on and prancing like a showgirl, it entertained me, motivated me, got me laughing, made me want to live. It even showed me the way out of the valley. Had it not, my remains might be somewhere near Pickle Meadow, California.

On my last night out, I wrapped myself in my sleeping bag and listened to a rustling in the tree line and stared at the winter sky for hours. I felt small but strong. I knew exactly where I fit in the universe. It was a fine feeling.

A few years later, this time on the desert near Twentynine Palms, California, I heard another rustling at night. I always slept well on the desert, not just because the work was hard but also because the



THE HEALING SKY

sky was broad and comforting, wider than any sky I could imagine, wider even than the sky at sea.

The rustling interrupted my slumber, but I paid it no serious attention until dawn.

Dawn on the desert comes fast, and as black changed to gray, I opened my eyes idly. There, right by my face, was a rattlesnake curled like a whip.

I had the presence of mind not to blink. As I rolled, it struck the back of my sleeping bag. I jumped out of that bag and bashed the rattler with my entrenching tool.

At dusk, as I was getting ready to skin it, holding its jaws open to measure its fangs, the fangs sprang forward and it almost got me. I laughed, but I was frightened. I'd learned again that nature is unforgiving to the careless, a lesson you tend to forget in the city.

I was raised in a city, but I visited the country every summer. It was there that I learned about the sky. I felt a link with it, even as a child. I would often be dropped on the edge of several hundred acres of farmland with a lunch bucket, a Thermos and a hoe; and for hours, alone, I would hoe cornstalks out of soybean fields. Sometimes, at night, I would sleep in the fields, counting the stars, watching them blink and occasionally fall. I loved the open

spaces, and when I went back to Chicago, I felt as if I were putting blinders on. The sky narrowed, and with it my sense of freedom, of being tested, of being small but strong.

I have been fortunate to see any number of skies. The sky over the Bosporus is often as blue as the bluest vegetable dye in an antique Shirvan rug. The sky over the Pacific Ocean is like a veil made up of a thousand layers of silk. The sky over the Basque country of Spain is a patchwork of constellations, a reflection of the fields beneath it. It is possible that wherever we are, the sky interacts with the culture and the land, makes them what they are, informs them.

Once upon a time, when I thought I was being sent on a job that would kill me, it was the sky over a bay in Okinawa that convinced me that death had to be an illusion. That sky framed a scene that I had seen in tapestries and scrolls a thousand years old: small trees on the cliffs, bonsai shaped by the wind; fishing boats lanterned and in full sail; clouds like slow-moving butterflies; a fat and yellow moon that had seen centuries of men going off to war and seemed unaffected by it.

Nothing was new under that sky, I decided, and the odds were that nothing really died under it, either. Everything was recycled, one way or another. It was not that the sky was impersonal. It simply knew what I did not, and it was beyond fear or grief.

The struggle of our time is that we not lose our sense of identity. After all the manipulations to which we subject ourselves—after the \$1,000,000-per-minute TV ads we must view and the political campaigns we must follow and the movies we simply must see and the gossip we feel a need to inhale—after all of this massive consumption and loss, there is something invigorating about finding the sky again, walking under it, studying it, learning from it.

I know this much: I learn more when the sky is open to me than when it's closed off from me. Cities don't do it. Open country does.

Once, a deer saved me, a rattler almost killed me, the moon comforted me, and I learned and relearned that I had limits and no limits, I had fears and courage, I was small and strong.

This summer, I hope to go to Kenya. The sky there, they say, is limitless.



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)

Even 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 guite 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.



Econ 101

Needless to say, we were flattered. We knew that ESCORT had an impressive reputation, but we never expected to see it "bootlegged" 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-A05 One Microwave Plaza Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

The women I know are talking about men again. For a few years we tried not to, tried to confine our chats to work, clothes, kids and politics, felt that in some way it was de trop or passé to discuss the fellows. Possibly, we were afraid of appearing weak and dependent to our peers, all of whom seemed to have it totally together. But now that the confessing mode is back in style, we find we're all just as fogged as we always were about the same old question: What do women want? We still don't know. Listen to us try to find out.

SCENE ONE: Exercise class in a Lower Manhattan loft. Six women lie on mats, legs pressed to chests, rubber balls placed strategically under necks and lower backs in an attempt to stretch their spines.

TEACHER: Remember to breathe, ladies. SANDRA: Where's Katie tonight?

CLEO: Hah! Probably with that boyfriend of hers.

DORIS: Boyfriend? RITA: Boyfriend? PHOEBE: Boyfriend?

TEACHER: Don't play dumb, ladies.

DORIS: The architect? Did that work out? SANDRA: Are you kidding? He was paying alimony and child support to two wives and seeing a therapist four times a week.

DORIS: So?

SANDRA: So he was also into rubber.

RITA: Nobody's into rubber. That's a porn-magazine myth. Are you telling me she finally gave the art-gallery owner the time of day?

CLEO: He doesn't actually own it.

TEACHER: His brother owns it. Sit up. Rotate your hands. I hear she's definitely in love.

PHOEBE: Well, all I know is they spent Valentine's Day in his house in the Catskills, dressed up formally like Nick and Nora Charles. He cooked prawns in garlic butter with snow-pea soufflé and tortellini Oscar with 42-year-old port and raspberry mousse. She arrived with an orchid in her hair; he had tears in his eyes.

SANDRA: And he's a great lover.

CLEO: He wants children, at least two. TEACHER: He's 37, divorced once. Roll onto your sides. Stretch.

RITA: What does he look like?

DORIS: This is horrible. I hate this. What are we doing? We sound so dependent.

PHOEBE: Dependent? Us? But we all have great careers.

TEACHER: You're not breathing, ladies. SCENE TWO: A coffee shop on Seventh Avenue in Manhattan.



WOMEN TALK ABOUT MEN

BRENDA: So then he said to me, "Well, how about Saturday night?" and I said, "Look, I'm really busy at the moment," and he said, "What is it, my breath?" He's not stupid. He knew what I was telling him. CLEO: Poor Sammy.

BRENDA: Look, don't be annoyed with me. I tried to like him, I really did. I kept looking at him, I kept trying to focus on something that would really attract me. All my friends are mad at me for not wanting to date him. He's a really nice guy, he's very smart, he has a wonderful sense of humor, but he's just not for me. My friends keep saying, "Give him a chance."

CLEO: Don't give him a chance.

BRENDA: Two dates is enough, right?

cleo: I think so. You know what else I think? I think we're all running scared. We think if we finally meet someone who is straight, single and has a decent job, we're supposed to grab him around the knees and scream, "Sleep with me, marry me!" I think it's those McDonald's commercials.

BRENDA: Huh?

CLEO: You know. McDonald's commercials promote the myth that we're all the same. Uniform. And it's true this country is well on the way to being homogenized, but there are still differences. Even McDonald's offers four sauces with Chicken McNuggets. But we're not all the same. I think it's all down to chemistry.

BRENDA: It is. If a man doesn't smell right

to me, I can't go near him. Smell is so important.

CLEO: Now, I would date Sammy in a minute. I know he's kind of chunky, and he has a mustache, but I find him really sexy. But I have a boyfriend. With the most incredible underarm odor.

BRENDA: I'm lonely, but I'm not that lonely. A single woman in her 30s is supposed to be desperate. The only thing I feel desperate about is a child. If I don't meet someone within two years, I will have a child anyway. By myself.

CLEO: Artificial insemination?

BRENDA: Whatever it takes. But, oh, wouldn't it be nice if a man with the right smell came along?

SCENE THREE: A trendy Manhattan night

LISA: That one over there. See? Blond hair, black shirt?

RITA: I can't believe you. I really, truly cannot for a second fathom you. There are thousands of people in this room. There's hardly any light. But still, from 50 feet away, you can spot an ex-junkie womanizer who is in incredible psychological trouble.

LISA: You're kidding. How do you know?

RITA: I work with him. All the women at the office are crazy about him. Naturally, we did a *small* amount of detective work. We know every job he's had, every drug he's taken, every girl he's dated.

LISA: But half the women in your office are married!

RITA: Marriage never stopped speculation. We decided he was too much work.

LISA: But you all fell for him. So I'm not so weird. You know ex-junkies are incredibly sensitive. Listen to me, I'm obviously not well. Why do I keep being attracted to the same guy, over and over? I guess I don't want to have a relationship.

RITA: Always possible. But no, I think you've just got bad taste. How about this? Why don't you wait until someone goes after you? Let men take the initiative for a while

LISA: But they don't anymore.

MAN: Excuse me, miss, wanna dance?

LISA: No, thank you.

RITA: What about him?

LISA: He called me "miss." How reactionary can you get?

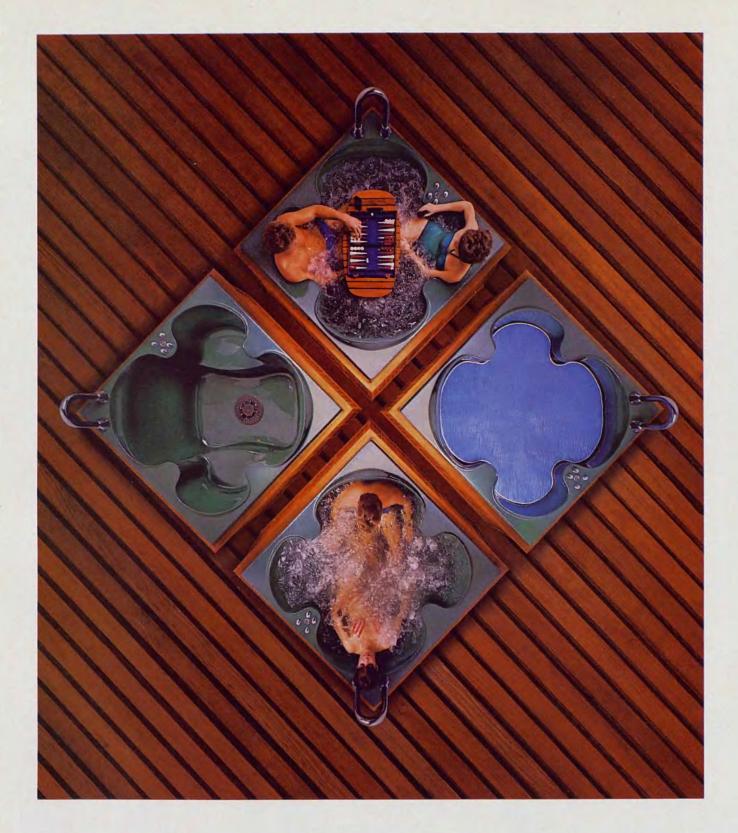
RITA: Lisa, what do you want?

LISA: Who knows? What does anyone want? I want to be madly in love, but I want my freedom. Is that too much to ask?

RITA: Yes.







THE BOLD LOOK OF **KOHLER**

For endless levels of comfort step into the Harmony™ Spa. Luxurious for two yet spacious enough for four. A truly portable spa with redwood enclosure, floating insulation cover and optional teak table. In seven beautiful colors. For more details see the Yellow Pages, or send \$2 to Kohler Co., Dept. BF5, Kohler, Wisconsin 53044.

AGAINST THE WIND

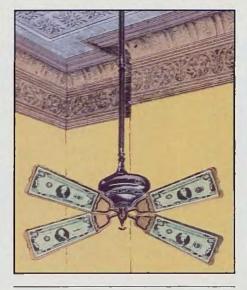
By CRAIG VETTER

eg and I have been disagreeing for a while on how I ought to tell the story of his bar. I do a version and read it to him and he says, "Naa. It's too sad that way. It can't be more than about 49 percent sad. You have to get the Bogart moments in there, the good times." It's been a hard balance to capture. One moment he says he'd probably do it again, then he remembers the bad parts and says that although the whole thing was a very high trip for a while, he couldn't recommend it to anybody. I keep trying to tell him that if you spin true stories the way they ought to be spun, it's impossible to tell winning from losing, but I don't think he's buying it.

Reg says he bought his bar for two reasons, one of them practical and one of them a fantasy he caught from the movies. He was about 43 years old when he decided to do it, and up to that time, he'd made most of his living as a free-lance photographer, and he's a good one. In the Kennedy years, he worked as a photojournalist for the news magazines in Washington and New York, and then he moved to a big city in the Deep South and opened a commercial studio. He married a local girl, Angie, and he would have counted on his photography to support them, except that it was 1981 and there was a recession on. So the artist in him deferred to a practical self who remembered a maxim someone he knew who had survived the Depression had told him—that even in the skinniest of times, bars made money.

The other reason was strictly romantic. "Owning a bar," he told me, "has to be one of the top four or five male fantasies. You know the others: Build a house and live in it, build a boat and sail it around the world, write a big book, direct a movie. I always wanted to own a bar—à la Bogart—to be the powerful force behind a place of great class, orchestrating the nocturnal pleasures of scores of interesting regulars, caching untold amounts of untaxed cash, ordering the piano man to play everybody's favorite tunes."

From the day it opened, the place was a hit. Reg and Angie served imported beer, whiskey, sandwiches and chili, and the atmosphere made it a place you could go to with friends to talk, or alone to eavesdrop on friendly conversations. Weeknights, Bix or Vivaldi played on the tape machine, and on weekends there were tasty jazz combos. The staff was a goodnatured collection of easygoing souls, and very early in the enterprise, the bar



NOTHING FAILS LIKE SUCCESS

evolved two rules for itself that signaled the wry character of the place. Number one—the customer is always wrong. Number two—if it comes with a flag or a parasol, we don't serve it. People loved it, and for a while life resembled the movies, and Reg was Bogey.

"But we were such innocent fools," he told me one night while I worked a guest shift behind the bar. "The place was packed, but we weren't making any money. There must be about 30 state and county taxes and fees, and they're very high, because these people expect you to be skimming. We were so proud of our concept that we reported our income honestly, so taxes were taking about 98 percent. We'd get to the end of the month, pay everybody, have about \$100 left over; and the next day—as if they knew exactly what we had-we'd get a letter that said something like, 'We notice you have not paid the tax applicable to the eventuality that a blind three-legged fox might walk into your place of business . . . \$90, please!""

And, of course, there are more sinister taxes than that for bar owners. The manager was one of their best friends. "The last person in the world you could possibly suspect" is the way Reg described him. In fact, it took a couple of years of huge business and small profits for Reg's suspicions to focus. Then the manager went on vacation for a week and the take jumped \$5000.

Reg says he'll never be sure, but he guesses that his dear friend, Angie's dear friend, put something like \$40,000 of the bar's money up his nose before they caught him. Yet it wasn't the money that devastated them finally; it was the betrayal. Angie took it harder. She'd been even more deeply involved in the bar than Reg, because he was still running his photography business. She oversaw the thousand details and was mother to the staff; and when the thievery of her friend and confidant was revealed, she took the responsibility and the bar became a symbol of the treachery of others and of her own gullibility.

She and Reg began a melancholy drift away from each other. They were making good money now, but the mood that would have allowed them to enjoy it had passed. Reg began to talk about himself as a peddler of legal drugs and said he was tired of serving his friends till they fell down the stairs. Even the Porsche he'd always wanted seemed to have missed its moment. It was a black 1960 roadster, and it took him two years and \$15,000 to put it into mint condition. "By the time I got it rolling, the roads had changed," he told me. "I'd had these dreams of scooting along wonderfully winding, crooked roads; but when I finally got out there, they were all flat, straight superhighways and they were choked with traffic.'

By the time I got South to see them, they were trying to sell out. Angie was spending as little time as possible in the place, and Reg was becoming his own best customer around the tap.

About three months later, I got a card from Reg, a black-and-white photo he'd taken, a beautiful picture of a single sycamore by a wall, its trunk dappled by the shadows of its leaves. On the back it said, "The tree stands alone. Angie and I signed those 'Get me out of this movie' papers today. . . ."

When I called him, he said they'd sold the bar, each taken half of the money; and when I asked how he was, he said, "Shaky." Then I read him this version of the story and he said, "You still don't have it right. It's still too sad. You gotta lighten it up at the end or something."

"You still don't get the Zen notion that I've been working on here, do you?" I asked him. "The idea that nothing fails like success, except maybe failure itself."

"That's too heavy for me," he said. "Like Leave It to Beaver."

HERE'S TO YOU, AMERICA.





"Somebody still cares about quality."

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

While browsing through the December Playboy Advisor, I came upon the letter from S.R. in Atlanta. The gentleman seems to have a deep (pun intended) concern for assigning a label to his girlfriend's propensity for fellatio. Perhaps I may offer a personal observation that will help explain why some women adore going down on their favorite man. My boyfriend has also accused me of preferring fellatio to "regular" sex-but with no complaints about the frequency. I like going down on him because my mouth is more sensitive than my vagina. I can simply feel more of what is happening with his delicious cock as he becomes more and more aroused. My hands are free to do what they will to add to the pleasure, and he is in a very comfortable and relaxing position. I become very excited knowing that he is having such a good time. The greatest part of any sex act with him is when he ejaculates. When he is cradled in my mouth, I get the full pleasure of every muscle contraction and all the sweetness of the bone, too. Since the mind is the biggest sex organ of the body, I would advise S.R. to talk with his girlfriend about her pleasure in performing fellatio. He may find that her description will be an even bigger turn-on. Then he should tell her what he likes about the things they do in bed. Forget the labels and enjoy!-Miss S. D., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Talking is the second-best form of oral sex. It's just hard to do with your mouth full.

Thanks for the insight.

've just met a truly wonderful woman and have decided that the best way to get to know her better is to take her to Paris for a week. We're both fairly familiar with the city, and she knows quite a bit about all the famous restaurants, night spots, etc. How can I find out about some terrific new places or overlooked attractions, insiders' stuff that isn't in the guidebooks yet and will make me look like a real bon vivant?—J. B., Washington, D.C.

As it happens, we've heard of an Englishlanguage monthly paper that offers just the sort of man-about-Paris news you're looking for. Passion: The Magazine of Paris is a cross between The Village Voice and Andy Warhol's Interview, chock-full of listings, reviews and ads that give a good overview of what's happening each month. Passion is available by subscription in the U.S. (or on any Paris newsstand) for \$50 per year from Passion Communications, Ltd., 18 Rue du Pont-Neuf, 75001 Paris, France. Finally, if you speak French (or are at least a cunning linguist), pick up a copy of Gault Millau, a feisty and highly informative monthly magazine that, like Passion, is available



on newsstands all over Paris. It's loaded with wine, food and travel articles, plus up-to-theminute restaurant reviews; the last issue we saw listed the 100 best patisseries in Paris, a piece that still inspires sweet dreams. Bon voyage.

y girlfriend likes to make love on top. She says that the missionary position is a sexist relic—that the male-superior position does not give women enough stimulation. Well, goddamn it, I like the power, the view, the exercise that I get when I'm on top. Can you say anything in defense of the missionary position?—T. P., New York, New York.

The missionary position has gotten a lot of bad press-a lot of it from missionaries. But there is nothing intrinsically wrong with it. Two New York-based sex researchers, Edward and Joanne Eichel, taught a group of women a sexual-alignment technique to enhance the standard missionary position. The male adopts a "riding high" position, in which his pelvis overrides the female's mons area. In addition, the couple try to grind their pubic regions together, rather than resort to the old in and out. The alignment provides constant clitoral contact. The two techniques combined give an effective twist. Almost 77 percent of the women in the research group said that they always or almost always reached orgasm in the missionary position, compared with 27 percent of females in the control group.

Dolby C, Dolby HX Pro, Dolby Surround Sound—it is all very confusing. Whatever happened to plain old Dolby?—S. C., Fort Worth, Texas.

What we call "plain old Dolby" is, more correctly, Dolby B. That implies Dolby A, so let's start at the beginning.

Dolby A, the original Dolby noisereduction system, is a complex and costly setup that covers the audio spectrum in four frequency bands. It is widely used in recording, broadcast and film-sound work. Vastly simpler and less expensive is Dolby B, the "plain old Dolby" found in most cassette decks. It handles the 5000-to-10,000-hertz range, where tape hiss occurs. With Dolby B switched on, noise in that range is reduced by some ten decibels, which is a considerable improvement and has been a major factor in the success of the cassette format. Dolby C. developed in 1980, offers 20 dB of noise reduction, prevents high-frequency tape saturation and extends its effective range downward from 5000 Hz to near 400 Hz. Dolby C is showing up on more and more tape decks; its superiority over Dolby B depends in great measure on how good the tape machine is in all other performance areas. For that reason, do not expect miracles from cheaper decks that boast of having Dolby C. Dolby HX Pro provides noise reduction without the need for a decoder to play back the tape and, with an added circuit chip, automatically varies the bias during recording in order to add several dB of signal headroom in the very-high-frequency range. (The HX actually stands for "headroom extension.")

Dolby Surround Sound, used with some recent movies, allows the film director to provide directional sound of high quality. To get that special effect in your home entertainment system, you need a special decoder, plus an additional amplifier and two more speakers.

I'm a male, and at 18 I've been getting sexual thrills from satin for four years. I've made panties, garter belts and leggings out of satin, using the sewing machine when my parents are not home. I wear them a lot around the house and at school under my clothes and at night when I sleep. I just love satin. It feels so soft and looks so sexy because it's really shiny. No one knows I wear it but my brother, and now he masturbates with it. Do any other males wear satin lingerie? I'm not gay-I have many girlfriends-but what do you think girls would think of me if they found out? I really would like to know if there is any printed or pictorial information on this.-D. R., Portland, Oregon.

You may have a bit of a fabric fetish combined with a touch of transvestism—certainly an interesting combination. This does not mean, as you've figured out, that you are gay. There may be some deep-seated psychological reason for your preference, but it's not one we can even attempt to analyze. It also could be a phase you'll outgrow. If not, you'll have to decide later in life whether counseling might

be a good idea. However, for now, there's no way to know for sure until you ask, but it's a good bet that many of the girls you know would think it a bit strange if you informed them of your preference—and chances are, word would get around at school. It may be best to keep your habits a secret until you find one lady you can truly trust. If you think satin feels great, wait until you try a woman.

relationship, but we are becoming concerned. She has read that a girl can become pregnant from sperm soaking through a man's jeans and through her pants. We both want to wait till our wedding night to make love. Can you give us a definite answer on whether or not sperm can get through her clothing while we're fooling around?—L. C., Iowa City, Iowa.

There is no documentation to the effect that impregnation can occur when a couple are fully clothed. Unless you have a hole in your blue jeans in exactly the right spot and your girlfriend has a hole in her clothing at the same spot, the only risk you run is that of frustration and high cleaning bills.

Recently, I returned from a trip to Germany, where some luxury and high-performance cars have antiskid braking systems. Yet I find no antiskid brakes available here in the U.S., even on the same cars that offer them in Europe. Why not?—J. M., St. Louis, Missouri.

Such systems-which really should be called antilock, because they don't keep a car from skidding but do keep its wheels from locking up and sliding under hard braking, a major cause of skids-aren't cheap, but they are highly effective. Incredibly, though, the major hang-up with antilock brakes here in the hyperlitigious U.S. of A. has been the fear of product-liability suits. Until now, no manufacturers have been brave enough or wealthy enough to want to face the inevitable lawsuits whenever such systems fail-or injured parties claim they have. There's also the probability of suits by people who run into the backs of antilock-equipped cars that stop faster than they can. It's sad but true that the attitudes and past actions of greedy liability lawyers have held up availability of such an important safety device. Now the good news: Ford's Lincoln-Mercury Division last fall became the first domestic maker to offer fourwheel, electronically controlled antilock braking, a sophisticated computer-controlled system that's now standard on 1985 V8powered designer-series Lincoln Continentals and Continental Mark VIIs, the highperformance Mark VII LSC and all V8 Continentals and Mark VIIs sold in the five Pacific states. For 1985, both Mercedes-Benz and BMW also feature an excellent antilock braking system called ABS, standard on their larger models, optional on the smaller ones. And the top-of-the-line ES version of Mitsubishi's turbocharged Starion sports car has had standard antilock rear brakes for a couple of years. Now that the antiskid ice is broken, stay tuned for more good news from other auto makers.

am unsettled by the recent behavior of my girlfriend. I have a personal-computer system with speech-synthesis capability. She enjoys having me program the machine to emit sensuous and very explicit sexual words and phrases while we make love. She gets very turned on by the computer's erotic talk and we have fantastic sex, but I'm afraid that she may have a mental hang-up about the computer. When we make love without the synthetic erotic speech, she doesn't seem to have much desire for or interest in the sex act. I'm very worried about her mental health and would like to know whether or not I should persuade her to seek professional help. What should I do?-Z. B., Quincy,

Is that a floppy disk in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me? Using a computer to complete a ménage à trois is a little too Orwellian for our tastes: Man is, indeed, being replaced, byte by byte. Sorry. If your lady can't get turned on when you supply the vocals, it may just be time to pack it in. Next time, think twice before setting up a threesome with the first thing that comes along.

have a roommate I got romantically involved with after I moved into his town house about a year ago. He's very much in love with me, and I care a great deal for him, too. We do a lot of things together, enjoy each other's company very much and are the best of friends. He is very shy and inexperienced with women. In fact, he was a virgin, at the age of 25, until I slipped into his room one night several months ago. I, on the other hand, am very outgoing and personable with the opposite sex. I have had several long-term sexual relationships and have done some pretty wild things over the past eight years. Whenever my friend and I are together and become sexually aroused, we get very excited. The problem is, he gets too excited too soon. He usually comes before he even penetrates me. If I fondle his penis for more than a few seconds, he ejaculates and is not able to obtain another erection for about an hour. Sometimes he even comes after we've just been kissing passionately for a while. This upsets us both very much, and I often end up crying and feeling resentful, extremely frustrated, helpless and sorry for him-all at the same time. I have never encountered this situation before, and since my past sexual relationships have been very fulfilling, I find it hard to accept this one as it is and have temporarily resolved to be just his roommate. This hurts him a lot, because he really does want to make me happy. We have oral sex occasionally, but there's only so much of that I can take before I yearn for the hardness of a penis thrusting inside me. Maybe I've just been spoiled by the great sex life I've had in the past. I'd like us to be sexually involved; sex is important to me in a relationship, and if it's not there, I'm not very happy about it. Is there any way for him to have more control over his ejaculations? He keeps telling me that he just gets too excited being with me and that things will get better in time. I'm not so sure. What do you think?—Miss T. H., Boston, Massachusetts.

First of all, we are not sure his ejaculations are premature. He's been waiting 25 years for this moment, and we can't blame him for being excited. You do have a problem, but it has to do with sex roles, not timing. You expect the man to be the expert, able to leap tall buildings at a single bound and fuck your brains out on demand. It doesn't always happen that way. Sex is perfectly natural, but it's hardly ever naturally perfect. If you are both patient and willing to work at it, your man can learn control. He should learn to identify the signs of impending orgasm and slow down. You can apply the squeeze technique (gripping the head of the penis and applying pressure as he approaches orgasm. This will stop him in his tracks). Most premature ejaculation is the result of stress. The man keeps saying to himself, "We'd better hurry, because I'm close to coming," or he tries to avoid stimulation for fear of coming too quickly. (Avoiding stimulation is not the point of sex.) He should learn to respond to stimulation of his whole body, not just his genitals. He might try relaxing his buttocks, stomach and anal muscles. If he still reaches orgasm, don't make a big deal out of it. Your frustration adds to his stress. He probably wants to leave the scene of his "crime." The tension in the room inhibits a second erection, which is probably why it takes him an hour. There's no place he can go to, as you say, "obtain" an erection except to you, and you're in tears. No good. You're both young and healthy. Think of his orgasm as his first coming-one among many. Foreplay works wonders the second time around-especially if you can lighten the mood. As our Zen sexmaster says, if you try twice as hard, it takes twice as long. Do this: After he comes, pour a little wine for both of you, have a cigarette, turn on the TV. Give him gentle head and get across the idea that while the TV is entertaining him, his cock is entertaining you. Be brave enough to relax. The rewards will be worth it.

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.

SMART



All the smart things advanced VCRs can do, this new Samsung VHS does superbly. It remembers and records up to four TV programs two weeks ahead. (That's two weeks of *Dynasty* and *Dallas* while you're away!)

It zaps you ahead with fast forward, lingers over the best scenes with slow motion, stops the action with the freeze frame button-all this from the comfort of your easy chair,

with your smart, wireless, infrared remote control.

And to make sure your recording and the original are look-alikes, with no details lost, Samsung gives you four (count 'em, four) recording heads. Plus space-saving front-loading design and 105 channel cable compatibility. More Samsung smarts? Positively ingenious the way it's priced—the best of everything for less.

For your nearest Samsung dealer call toll-free: 1-800-255-2550.



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.

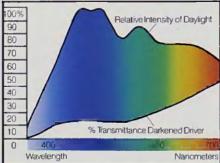
SERENGETI DRIVERS darken quickly in bright sunlight, slashing glare and sharpening contrast. And lighten fast, for exceptional vision in overcast driving conditions.

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.

These extraordinary glass lenses are optically ground and polished for distortion-free vision. The frames are scrupulously engineered to rigid specifications based on NASA studies for precision fit and comfort.



(simulated demonstrations)

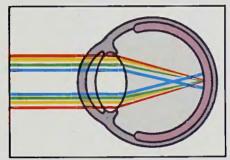


Dominating the daylight spectrum is blue light, which scatters in haze, fog, smog or rain to impair vision. The photochromic copper lens selectively filters out blue light.

To discover where you can look into the unique copperlensed SERENGETI DRIVERS, call 1-800-525-4001. In New York State, call 1-800-648-4810. SERENGETI DRIVERS. They're expensive. But they get you where you're going.







Blue light focusing in front of the eye's retina causes the phenomenon we call "blue blur." SERENGETI DRIVERS reduce this blurred, out-of-focus image for sharper vision.

DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How do you handle a disappointing sexual encounter with a man you care about?

First of all, let me define disappointing: a man who basically wants his sex the same way every time and then goes right

to sleep. That's definite downer. So first I take two aspirins. What I really do is talk about it. I try to find out what's going on with him. I try to discuss what is and is not arousing to me. I think you



need to encourage a lot of variety. Make love in different places, talk about your erogenous zones, look for things in movies that seem potentially sexy. Try to keep the boredom low.

Longine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS **APRIL 1981**

The first time it happens, you rationalize. The second time, you try harder to make him understand what your needs

are. If it continues after that, the frustration level goes way up. Probably the real truth is that if he isn't a fulfilling part-ner to begin with, he's not going to be at the end. I handle this by not going back. He



and I may just not be compatible in bed. It's either there or it isn't. If you don't have the same needs and desires as your partner, all the talk in the world won't

Tracy Vaccan Roberta Vaxquey

TRACY VACCARO OCTOBER 1983

f he's important to you, you can be forgiving. It has happened to me. I was dating a guy I cared about a lot and we had

wonderful sex and one night he had too much to drink and he couldn't get an erection. That had never happened before and for some reason, I got embarrassed. He tried to explain it to me, but of



course my first thought was it must be me. But we kept talking until I could say that I hoped it wouldn't happen again. I can't understand drinking too much or doing too many drugs, because I don't do that. So I was a little insulted.

SUSIE SCOTT **MAY 1983**

m very open. I can discuss sex. I try to approach it the right way so he won't feel bad. But I won't let it go, because if one person isn't satisfied, one of you has to try

to change it. I had a boyfriend who hadn't had a lot of sexual experience and who was also very shy. A lot of times, he really just didn't know what to do. So we sat down and talked it without



hurting his feelings or scaring him away. A lot of it has to do with the right approach and with wanting things to work out between you.

ROBERTA VASQUEZ NOVEMBER 1984

he first time, I'd let it go, because those things can happen. The second time, I'd get upset and the third time, I'd bring it up and we'd have to talk about it. The two

things that disappoint me are his falling asleep right after sex and his stopping after he reaches orgasm. Then I have to know what is going on. Maybe it's me, maybe we're not clicking sexually,



maybe he doesn't feel like having sex, maybe he's gay. You know, after a certain point, your imagination starts to run.

Stewai

f you care about a man, there is no such thing as sexual disappointment. Really. If

I'm with a man I care about, I only feel loving. OK, suppose he had too much to drink. What would I do? Hold him in my arms and sleep. I'd hope that in the morning, things would be different. I



could never be the kind of female that demands that a man perform for her. I could go without lovemaking forever if I knew my man loved me. I told you last month, I'm a real romantic!

Kimberly Mi Ather

KIMBERLY MC ARTHUR JANUARY 1982

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



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

NEVER ON SUNDAY

Censorship may be old news, but I really feel I must jump on my soapbox over this statement, which was on the front page of the *Chattanooga News–Free Press* on a recent Sunday.

I am totally fed up with certain people's trying to tell me what they think is morally right for me. I don't give a damn whether or not some newspaper editor thinks I have bad morals.

I have been divorced for two and a half years, and let me tell you, I am enjoying every aspect of my "immoral" activities.

Frank Lazeski

Chattanooga, Tennessee

The clipping explained that the Press's publisher, Roy McDonald, had removed 115,000 copies of Parade magazine from the paper's Sunday edition, branding it "offensive to good morals" and "not proper subject matter for inclusion." The reason? Parade reported the results of its study on sex, full of such shocking findings as "Old values now face new challenges" and "There is no typical way to have sex." McDonald did, however, allow those subscribers who still insisted on having their copy of Parade to call, write or pick one up at the office.

HIGHER EDUCATION?

You'll be interested to know that PLAYBOY and the First Amendment are taking a battering on the California State University campus at Northridge.

At the instigation of a journalism student (of all people), a motion was made to ban the sale of magazines "which visually depict the explicit sexual degradation of and violence toward women and men."

Without giving the opposition time to rally its forces, the motion was railroaded through the school senate—the impetus coming from the student who had initiated the motion and had been appointed by the senate president to head an *ad hoc* committee on sexual discrimination.

The faculty senate, where cooler heads prevailed, voted to reject the student proposal, but the CSUN board of trustees recommended a policy that would prohibit the sale of PLAYBOY and other adult magazines on campus.

It's frustrating to see that in the supposedly enlightened Eighties, and especially on a liberally oriented California campus, mindless censorship and deprivation of First Amendment rights abound. I suppose the next step will be an in-depth review of all the books in the library; there are probably thousands of words and pictures that many will find "objectionable."

No doubt this banning motion was made with good intent, but in the words of Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis, "The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well meaning but without understanding."

John W. Coleman California State University Northridge, California

Being an avid reader of PLAYBOY, I am extremely concerned about what is happening at the school I attend, California State University at Northridge. You would think the word PLAYBOY had just been added to the students' vocabulary, there

"Students should be able to buy any kind of magazine that they want to read."

has been so much fuss going on. The reason? A movement has developed to ban the sale of "pornography" in the campus bookstore.

To make matters worse, the school paper has published many articles in favor of the ban and mainly letters favoring it, giving readers the idea that everyone supports the idea, which simply is not true. Is our school newspaper extremely biased, or is my own copy missing a few pages? I've gotten no answers.

I think the students at CSUN should be able to buy any kind of magazine that they



want to read. Students have been given no vote on this issue; all that counts is the voice of the school itself and a small group of vocal students, who believe that porn magazines are all wrong. The decision to ban PLAYBOY is in the hands of the wrong people, a tiny percentage of the school's 20,000 students. Is the school trying to isolate the rest of us from what is happening in the real world?

Most of my fellow students agree with me, but few are coming forth. Can you tell me who is actually at the bottom of this censorship? I would hate to see an outstanding magazine like PLAYBOY not sold on campus because of the actions of a few people who don't happen to read it.

Michael Provost Northridge, California

We're told that the entire issue has crawled back under the rock where it belongs, but we wonder if the students who supported the ban ever did their homework in Civics A. It's surprising that people can talk about censorship at a university, where the free flow of ideas and tolerance for others' beliefs are such basic parts of college life. We're reminded of the Indiana judge who wrote, as she struck down a local antipornography ordinance, "In terms of altering sociological patterns, free speech, rather than being the enemy, is a long-tested and worthy ally."

CATCH 69

A bill introduced by Senator Arlen Specter would allow people who claimed they had been "coerced" or "fraudulently induced" into appearing in porn to sue for damages. Now, a lot of upstanding folks would like to see Vanessa Williams get even, but do you really think this is a widespread problem—appearing in porn against one's will? Kidnaping is already a felony, so what does the good Senator mean by "coerced"? Paid? And how about "fraudulently induced"? Is that when the director says, "Honey, please strip and have sex with this fellow—we promise we won't turn on all these Panaflex cameras"?

Senator Specter's bill seems to me just another attempt to set traps for those who make and sell pornography—a word that, like coerced and fraudulently induced, has only the vaguest, most spectral legal definition.

Everyone knows what pornography is: If you like it, it's what helps you get off. If you don't, it's what turns you into an avenging angel. That's the problem.

But everybody should also know that when you start bashing things you don't like, someone's going to turn around and bash you. If Specter doubts this, he should take a lesson from another crusading Senator—the late Joe McCarthy.

Cooke K. Evans Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

X MARKS THE SPOT

Until recently, only one theater in my entire county showed hard-core, X-rated films. It has now forever closed its doors, the space it occupied having been taken over by, of all things, a church. Yet there has been no hue and cry from concerned citizens to keep this valuable adult-entertainment establishment open. Am I the only patron of this theater who is alarmed because the unthinkable has really occurred—we devotees of adult films have lost our county's only outlet for enjoyment of this art form?

I think there are already far too many churches in this county, and for an established church to greedily reach out its voracious tentacles to suck up and obliterate a business providing unique entertainment for so many citizens is an abomination and a sin to those of us who were faithful customers of the theater.

The next thing you know, they'll be trying to shut down the Wicked Eye topless bar here in town. Is nothing sacred?

> Lanny R. Middings San Ramon, California

Our prayers are with you in your time of need.

"PORN" STUDY

From the enclosed newspaper clipping, you'll see that our beloved Federal Government was planning yet another search for that ever-elusive correlation between pornography and violence before being

caught and having its hands slapped.

The study—to be conducted by Dr. Judith Reisman, a published researcher and former songwriter for the *Captain Kangaroo* show—was to analyze the effects of publications such as PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* on juvenile violence. Its budget—an astounding \$798,000.

Luckily, a Congressional subcommittee got wind of this bizarre undertaking, slashed its budget and rewrote its priorities. Now Dr. Reisman will simply investigate the ways children are exhibited in so-called pornographic magazines.

Gordon Raley, who headed the Congressional investigation, said the proposed

"In a democracy, lots of things offend someone."

project was "the worst I've ever seen in my eight years on the Hill. It was irresponsibly prepared, irresponsibly funded and a thorough waste of taxpayers' money."

A correlation between sex and violence? I can't speak for everyone, but the last thing I want to do after reading PLAYBOY is fight.

Donald Vaughan Greenacres, Florida

Last month's "Forum Newsfront" mentions that new development, but how would you like to write to us on a regular basis?

THE PROBLEM WITH PORN

So let me expand upon my remark quoted on the "Media" page in your March issue.

In all the recent discussions on pornog-

raphy, it has become clear that no one really knows what it is. No one knows where to draw the line that separates it from other forms of expression. We know only that certain things offend us; and there, my response is—tough.

In a democracy, lots of things offend someone. I am an atheist, yet I must listen to the diatribes of priests and various religious nuts. But I listen to points of view that I disagree with, because that's what living in a democracy is. Totalitarian countries eliminate this problem; people don't have to worry about choosing among various points of view, because there is, simply, no choice. What makes this country different is that here, there is.

Since I don't know what's best for me, and many of the experts don't know what's best for them, why don't we assume the average person doesn't know, either, and that he deserves to be given the right to stumble along, making his own choices? That's called living in a free society.

Al Goldstein, Publisher Screw New York, New York

THE ABORTION BATTLE

In reference to the "Tasteless Snack" letter in the January *Playboy Forum*, I would like to thank J. Caine Andrews for helping me decide which side to support in the abortion debate. With asses like him denouncing the sale of Baby Doe chocolate bars as a pro-life fund-raising device, it is easy to see that pro-abortionists don't really have a leg to stand on but use convenience as an excuse for murder.

Pro-abortionists are probably the type of people who speed through school zones and buy child-snuff films. I wonder how Andrews would feel if I shot one of his children (if he hasn't already aborted them) and claimed, "It is not murder; she is only 11 months old and, besides, she is retarded."

There is one exception, of course. I would approve of, pay for and want to perform the abortion of Andrews, because I don't think people with the I.Q. of a matchstick have a right to breathe up my air.

(Name withheld by request) Lawrence, Massachusetts

ABORTION CLINICS

I really enjoyed the item in the December Forum Newsfront about counterclinics that claim to offer pregnancy counseling. You rightly expose the goal of these clinics: to lure in women who seek a legitimate health clinic and bombard them with antiabortion propaganda, most of which is factually ridiculous.

If these counterclinics simply advised women to carry their pregnancies to term, allowing the women to make their own choices, they would be completely ineffectual. Unfortunately, they do not stop at giving advice. If a pregnant woman doesn't return after finding out what they really are, she receives harassing phone

TOUGH TURKEY

Most American taxpayers will recognize this standard Internal Revenue Service logotype. It features that familiar deadpan eagle with the scales of justice and equality clutched so tightly in its proud beak; and those stylized lau-

rel leaves certainly add a touch of dignity. There's nothing particularly benign in its appearance, yet it retains a rather

straight-up, matter-of-fact look consistent with state-of-the-art Government graphics.

This year, I'm afraid, I fell behind in my Federal taxes. After a series of letters from the IRS exhorting me to send in money that I did not, in fact, possess, I received a copy of publication 586A, "The Collection Process." It explains how the IRS can attach almost anything a delinquent taxpayer owns. Imagine my surprise when I saw the artwork that graces the cover of this brochure. Gone is the eagle's deadpan expression. Gone is the dignified laurel wreath. Gone are the scales of justice

and equality. Say hello
to one down-and-dirtylooking predator
ready to talk turkey about our tax
obligations. I
couldn't help won-

dering if our Government wasn't resorting to a little not-too-subliminal tax-collection intimidation. God forbid that I should get into any deeper trouble with these people! I shudder to think what manner of nasty graphics might accompany the next booklet.

Steve Magnuson Cabin John, Maryland

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NO MORE SHACKING UP

ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA—Reacting to the fact that the Catholic divorce rate parallels the national average, Bishop George H. Speltz has declared in a pastoral letter that "cohabitation is not adequate preparation for marriage" and that cohabiters



will have to discontinue that practice for three months before they will be allowed to have church marriages within his 16-county diocese. While most Catholic dioceses are flexible on the subject, the bishop told a newspaper interviewer, "We feel we must make it clear as teachers that the Church still stands on the wrongfulness of sex outside marriage." He added that some rare exceptions to the cohabitation rule would be allowed at the discretion of individual parish priests.

Meanwhile, on the subject of "natural birth control," which the Church tolerates, Pope John Paul II warned Catholics world-wide that "the use of infertile periods' for conjugal union can be an abuse if the couple is seeking in this way to avoid having children for unworthy reasons."

"TRUTH SHALL SET YE FREE"

sacramento—A U.S. district-court judge has ordered the Air Force to rescind its discharge of a 17-year career veteran who voluntarily admitted to the occasional use of marijuana in response to a base-promoted rehabilitation program. Air Force officials said it was standard policy to discharge all noncommissioned drug users, but the airman's lawyer argued that such a practice violated the spirit of the base's program, as well as Defense Department policy, which encourages retention and rehabilitation of such personnel, and said that discharge under the circumstances violated his client's civil

rights. The court agreed. "The involuntary discharge constitutes much more than a loss of a job to the plaintiff," the judge wrote, noting the airman's long service record, including two tours of duty in Vietnam. "In effect, [it] represents a form of banishment from the only community he has known for his entire adult life."

BAD ADVICE

SACRAMENTO-The California Supreme Court has let stand an appealscourt decision reinstating a lawsuit against Sun Valley's Grace Community Church, whose pastors have been accused of contributing to the suicide of a teenaged parishioner. The parents of the victim contended that the pastors had known of the boy's suicidal tendencies and of his earlier unsuccessful attempt but had exacerbated his guilt and anxiety in their counseling and had discouraged psychiatric treatment. The court found evidence indicating that the defendants had "followed a policy of counseling suicidal persons that if one was unable to overcome one's sins, suicide was an acceptable and even a desirable alternative to living," and advice may have been given suggesting that suicide was the way the Lord "takes home a disobedient believer." The appellate court held that those were, in fact, triable issues.

STOPPING CRIME

washington, d.c.—The Supreme Court has significantly broadened the power of law enforcers to stop and question persons listed in police bulletins as suspected of past criminal activity. The decision, delivered by Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, modifies the "reasonable suspicion" rule that a crime must be in progress or imminent before one can be detained and interrogated.

ATOMIC FALLOUT

WASHINGTON, D.C.-More than 1000 pending claims against Government contractors for injuries suffered by civilians and veterans exposed to atomic-weapons testing may be thrown out of court as the result of recently enacted legislation. President Reagan has quietly signed into law a Department of Defense allocations backage with a subsection that grants weapons contractors immunity from liability claims, including compensation for cancer caused by radioactive fallout. While affected civilians may still attempt to sue the U.S. Government instead of the contractor, veterans are barred from suing their Government for any Service-related

FUN ON THE JOB

WESTAMPTON, NEW JERSEY—A 32-yearold police sergeant has been sentenced to
six years in prison and fined \$22,500 for
forcing two women motorists to submit to
illegal strip searches. In rejecting a
request for a probationary sentence, a
state superior-court judge declared, "Society gave this man a uniform, a badge and
a gun, but he used them not for the good
of society, not to protect young women, but
to humiliate them and to satisfy his own
sexual lust." He also reproached the officer for treating the strip searches as a
"fringe benefit of the job."

ABORTION GAME

SAN FRANCISCO—California's First District Court of Appeals has rejected the state legislature's seventh annual attempt to restrict Medi-Cal abortions for poor women. Under pressure from antiabortion forces, the drafters of the state budget regularly try to eliminate or modify the state law's abortion provisions, and just as regularly, the courts hold the new proposals to be unconstitutional. In 1981, the California Supreme Court held that as long as childbirth is covered under Medi-Cal, abortion must be covered also.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Insurance Institute for Highway Safety reports that alcohol, marijuana, cocaine or combinations of those drugs are frequently found in the blood of male drivers aged 15 to 34



killed in auto accidents. A study conducted in California and released by the institute said that 70 percent of those killed had been drinking and that nearly half had two or more drugs in their system.

Key Largo

Trading Co.

P.O. Box 949, Islamorada, Fla. Keys 33036

FOR MC/VISA OROERS ONLY 1-813-949-3664



Wow! The most sizzling Bikinis under the Sun! Tan-til-ize this summer in your unique hand knit or hand crocheted bikini. Made of 100% cool preshrunk colorfast cotton. Won't stretch, shrink or fade. Now available in his & hers matched sets! So order now, and put some sizzle in your summer.

Transcore in the Carton materies coto. Co
order now, and put some sizzle in your
summer.
☐ 703 (Ladies Hand Knit Bikini) \$20.00 ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large A/B Cup B/C Cup Large C Cup 34/35 Hip 36 Hip 37/38 Hip
Mixed Sizes Add \$5.00 Top Bottom
Colors: White Blue Red Black Lavender Peach
900 (Mens Hand Knit Brief) \$15.00
☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large
29-31 32-34 35-36
Colors: White Blue Black Red
2nd Color Choice
☐ Bikini Waist Chain (Gold Finish) \$12.00 = \$1.50 Hndl ☐ 14 Karat Gold Bikini Waist Chain \$80.00 = \$1.50 Hndl
Please add \$2.00 handling first item; \$1.00 each additional item (Fla. residents add 5% sales tax) Canada add 20% for currency exchange.
Allow 4-6 weeks delivery when paid by check. *Please double check your order for any mistakes before mailing. MC VISA Exp. Oate Check MO
Acct. #
Name
Address
City, State, Zip
Signature
100% Guaranteed Quality
Return within 10 Days if not satisfied

Send \$2.00 For Color Brochure

calls late at night, asking why she "killed her baby." If the woman is unfortunate enough to be a teenager, the clinic will inform her parents that their daughter is pregnant and is thinking of "murdering her baby."

It is time to understand just how extreme the anti-abortion movement in this country really is. The recent rampage of bombings of abortion clinics proves that anti-abortionists will stop at nothing, including murder, to prevent even one abortion. I hope all right-thinking people, no matter what they believe about abortion, will come together to denounce the actions of the anti-abortion activists.

Barry Kasinitz, Legislative Analyst Planned Parenthood of Southeastern Pennsylvania Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

When grossly deformed and handicapped infants are born, their parents are faced with a terrible choice: Should they help the infant survive, so that it can lead a life of pain and deprivation, or should they let it quietly and painlessly expire? It occurs to me that if the proper donor network for human organs existed, this cruel dilemma would be greatly simplified. Parents of physically healthy but massively brain-damaged infants could let their babies die with a clear conscience and donate the babies' normal organs for transplant into less grievously malformed infants. All would benefit.

(Name withheld by request) New Orleans, Louisiana

MANDATORY MOTHERHOOD

The pro-life movement is engaged in one of the most noble struggles in the history of the United States. The dedication and zeal that these good people have put into supporting the rights of fetuses and embryos should be an inspiration to every God-fearing American. It is now time for us in the pro-life movement to go forward: to dedicate ourselves to protecting the rights of all human sperm and eggs, to understand that every time a woman says no to sex, she is denying life to the child that might be conceived. Let us now dedicate ourselves to not letting a single human egg go unfertilized.

It must become a national policy enforced by strict laws that every female, whenever fertile, should have intercourse with as many men as possible, lest she deny life to the dozens of children she is physically capable of bearing. Indeed, let us seek a Constitutional amendment protecting the rights of human sperm and eggs by making it the law of the land that all human beings, however young or old, whatever their health or circumstances, must have intercourse constantly, so as to

allow every child possible to be born, regardless of the consequences to the lives of their parents, the society and the future of mankind.

Timothy R. Higgins Attorney at Law St. Louis, Missouri

CRIMES OF PASSION

Just to pass the time of day (and my prison sentence) here in my cell, I have been following the gun-control debate in *The Playboy Forum*. Because of my life experiences, I feel compelled and fairly qualified to say a few things on the subject. Robbery is one of my specialties and handguns are tools of the trade.

Gun control is a very complex problem and I wish I could supply some definite answers. Guns were used to kill a number of my loved ones and friends and they have been a source of much pain in my life.

It should be noted that most people killed by handguns are average citizens who, through accident or intent, have been shot by a friend or a relative in a moment of rage. The score so far in my life is average citizens, five; criminals, two.

What makes supposedly peace-loving, hard-working, honest citizens shoot each other? One thing is that they have been taught and conditioned to. Think about it. The toy guns you were given as a child, the toy guns you may have given to your children, TV programs with unbelievable amounts of violence. You know the actors aren't really dead and the toy pistols never killed anyone-or have they? In a vague sense, we have an illusion that what they do isn't permanent. But that illusion ends sharply when there is a grisly, fish-eyed corpse lying on the floor, staring at you in gore, with bullet holes in it as a smoking pistol drops from your limp hand. That's reality. Ever get so mad you acted without thinking?

No, laws don't need to be changed or tightened; our awareness needs to be raised. Our basic approach and philosophy of life need changing—the way we respond to the passionate events that are just a part of life. Children need to be protected from being conditioned to kill or commit other acts of violence.

Hugh B. Callaway Texas Department of Corrections Huntsville, Texas

LOW BLOWS

A recent occurrence called my attention to a trend that may threaten mankind. Recently, for the fifth time in two weeks, my girlfriend refused to give me oral sex. This is not a normal problem for me, so I was understandably upset. I discussed this matter with several other men and found that the number of blow jobs had definitely fallen. When confronted with this

fact, my female friends complained that they were just "tired of doing it."

I am certain that this is some sort of feminist conspiracy to dominate men through controlling their sexual outlets. If womankind presumes that this unilateral freeze on giving head will make men putty in their hands, they have seriously underestimated us.

In brief, gentlemen, fellatio is going down, and something must be done immediately.

> Michael McCary Centralia, Missouri

And with this letter you may well have done it, if you believe in the principle of selffulfilling prophecies.

CAVE-LEOPARD THEORY

I think I missed something somewhere. Michael McCary (The Playboy Forum, November, and, by coincidence, above) must know something that behavioral scientists and anthropologists don't. Cave men, he states, were attacked and eaten 93 percent of the times they engaged in sex until female cave persons became imbued with "sexual caution." Where does he get the figure 93 percent? Evidence of man's early toolmaking capabilities is scanty enough, let alone preserved evidence of primitive coitus interruptus. A 93-percent kill rate is a formidable statistic, especially given, essentially, a data base of zero. A percentage is a ratio of a part and a total. Where I come from, nothing from nothing is still nothing. Besides, if it was always the cave man who was killed, why wasn't he inbred with "sexual caution," if there is such a thing? I wouldn't have sex in front of a moving bus; does that make me a sexual mutant? At the risk of belaboring the point, why would cave women even care if men with hard-ons were devoured, anyway? Some might argue that they would have been better off if they had kept only a few cave men around-protected, of course-and let the others go the way of the buffalo.

The cave-leopard theory of human development, if we can call it that, deserves all the flippancy it gets. My old man used to keep a shovel around for notions like that.

Robert Myers Department of Geological Sciences University of Maine

Orono, Maine

McCary, in refining a theory advanced by Bill Loren ("The Playboy Forum," August 1984), was dealing with truths that transcend mere facts. And you, Mr. Geologist, are a show-off.

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



Our twelve millionth sound system just found a new home.

Audiovox made the very first custom in-dash radio for audiophiles nearly 20 years ago. Since then, we've made over twelve *million* custom sound systems for automobiles. One at a time.

Today, our top-of-the-line Hi-Comp matched stereo components produce a response so remarkable they are wooing Mercedes owners away from the most famous European system.

For instance, the Audiovox Hi-Comp HCC-1250 receiver/cassette being installed here is only 5" deep. Yet it's back-lit panel displays not only frequency and time, but all other functions just as though you had a small personal computer at your fingertips.

You get Dolby noise reduction from the deck, plus a music search system that permits scanning of cassette programs in both the forward and reverse modes. And a further refinement is the solenoid soft-touch operating buttons usually found only on the most expensive home cassette decks.

With enormous power and the least cluttered control panel extant, this receiver/deck is designed for minimal eye movement combined with all the listening satisfactions of the bome system.

But Audiovox hasn't stopped at sound systems in bringing motorists the comforts of home. Whether you're considering our new AudioTel** mobile cellular phones or our electronic car security systems, Audiovox leads the way with a host of features the competition hasn't even considered yet. Audiovox. We've made cars more livable for a whole generation of drivers.

Audiovox Corporation, 150 Marcus Boulevard, Hauppauge, NY 11788 (516) 231-7750.



We make cars more livable.

©1984 Audiovox Corp. Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories. Inc

GET IT AT HOME

Subscribe now and have PLAYBOY conveniently delivered to your door.

12 issues \$22. Save \$16.00 off \$38.00 single-copy price.

> To order, write: PLAYBOY Dept. 7BFL7 P.O. Box 2523 Boulder, CO 80322-1679

OR for subscription orders only, call our TOLL-FREE NUMBER 24 hours a day, 7 days a week:

1-800-228-3700

(Except in Nebraska, Alaska, Hawaii. In Nebraska only, call 1-800-642-8788.)

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only. Canadian rate: 12 issues \$27.

PLAYBOYE

Buy Your Car Direct From Europe Save up to \$20,000

Latest European Factory Prices:

Latest Haropean I dotor)	
MERCEDES 300 D	\$13,905
MERCEDES 190 E (U.S. Model)	\$18,980
MERCEDES 500 SEL	\$26,548
MERCEDES 500 SEC	\$30,580
MERCEDES 500 SL	\$31,969
AUDI 5000 S (U.S. Model)	\$12,890
SAAB Turbo 16 (U.S. Model)	\$14,390
SAAB Turbo 16 (U.S. Model) VOLVO 240 DL (U.S. Model)	\$ 9,995
FERRARI 308 GTSi	\$34,980
PORSCHE 911 Carrera Targa	\$22,352
BMW 318i (U.S. Model)	\$12,990
JAGUAR XJS	\$21,990
JAGUAR XJS	

Shipment from Europe \$490-970

- We import over 800 models of all major European manufacturers, incl. 48 models of Mercedes, 21 models of BMW, 38 models of Aurti
- Both U.S. and European Specs available.
 An incredible selection of options and colours.
- An incredible selection or options and colours
 Leasing and financing available for qualified individuals.
- Prices are guaranteed to be the lowest in the U.S.A.

For complete 160 page catalogue, price list of over 800 models and order form, send \$39.79 (refundable against purchase of the car) to:

1 Penn Plaza, Suite 3300 New York, NY 10119



For Visa, MC and AmEx orders call 212-714-0600 Money Back Guarantee

*Member of AICA

WHAT GOOD IS STYLE IF YOU DON'T HAVE POWER?

Style is an empty promise without power to back it up.

That's why we made sure the Shadow™ and the Shadow™ 500 deliver everything

their classic styling promises.

The Shadows' narrow profile V-twin engines are all muscle. With our exclusive offset dual-pin crankshaft design, liquid-cooling and our unique three-valve twin-plug cylinder heads, they produce tremendous pulling power from idle, all the way to redline. The kind of power you need to roll with traffic. Or leave it behind you.

And you can say goodbye to most maintenance, thanks to a hydraulic clutch, shaft drive, solid state ignition and the Shadow's Hydraulic Valve Adjusters.

The Shadow and the Shadow 500. Guts. Not just glitter.





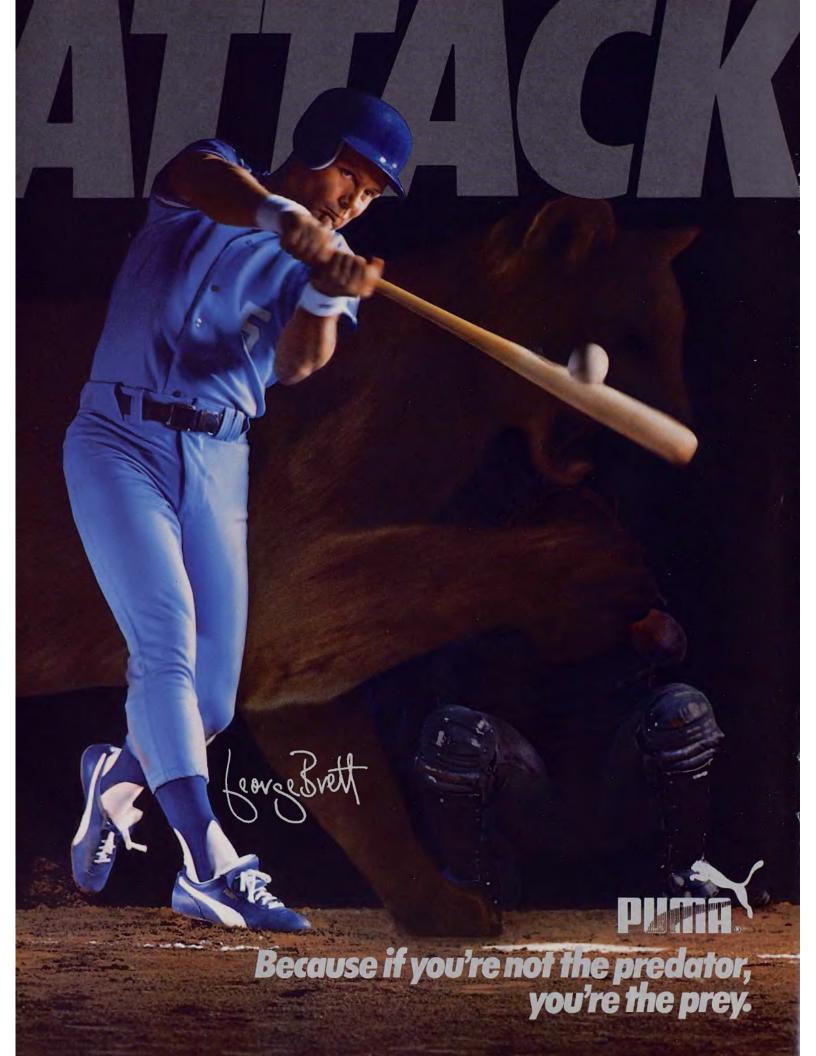
The Shadows have a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. See your local Honda dealer for complete details. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. © 1985 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (4/85) For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 003, Box 9000, Van Nuys, CA 91409.



RIDE LIKE A PRO. That means using your head. And riding safely. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Read your owner's manual carefully. Maintain your machine in safe running condition. Follow the rules of the road and always use common sense. Never drink and ride. Ride at a safe speed



and obey the basic speed law. Slow down before you enter a turn. Give yourself plenty of room when passing cars. Don't make any unsafe modifications. If you're riding a new or unfamiliar machine, take it extra easy. And be nice enough to acknowledge when you are given the right-of-way. Pros know that doing the right things makes riding a lot safer. And more fun.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOY GEORGE

a candid conversation with the reigning king and queen of pop music

John Wayne must be spinning in his grave: Shucks. It was bad enough to have that Michael Jackson fella singin' all high-pitched and squeaky, but at least he was Amurrican. Then along comes this British, uh, person wearin' braids an' dresses an' lip rouge an' eye liner an' God knows what else, for God's sake. What the hell is this? Ol' pal Ronnie Reagan is in the White House in 1985 and we have to put up with this . . . pansy stuff?

Yes, Duke, Boy George is alive and thriving in 1985. The 23-year-old singer and songwriter has, with the backing of his band, Culture Club, received more publicity and been the object of more controversy than any other pop act in years. And it isn't just the music world that hasn't known quite what to make of him: With his trash-glittery dresses and quicksilver switches in appearance and gender, the fashion world has been left bewildered and transformed.

Given the fact that his first album was released in 1982, Boy George has become a brand name in a remarkably short time: Everyone has heard at least one Boy George joke, and nearly everyone has heard a Boy George tune (Culture Club's first album produced three top-ten hits, including "Do You Really Want to Hurt Me"—the first debut album to do that since "Introducing the Beatles," in 1963). Moralistic tub thumper

Jerry Falwell has denounced Boy George as a pernicious influence on youth, and Boy has noted that without Princess Diana and himself, the world's press would be bereft. In fact, he was publicly snubbed by another princess—Margaret—who pronounced him an "over-made-up tart." (See this "Interview" for his response.) Customs officials at the French border once refused to allow him into their country because they didn't believe he was male, as his passport indicated.

In this country, Boy George has proved a worthy sparring partner for Joan Rivers, who, while appearing with him on the 1984 Grammy-awards show, cracked, "You look like Brooke Shields on steroids." He never got to use the line he had rehearsed ("What's the difference between Joan Rivers and the Statue of Liberty? Not everyone has been up the Statue of Liberty . . . ") but nevertheless became a favorite of Rivers'.

George has ushered in a trend heralded as the "invasion of the gender benders," which may be hype but includes interesting company: Mick Jagger and David Bowie before him, and Michael Jackson and Annie Lennox with him, seem to be pushing the boundaries of sexual ambiguity. But with George, there is no doubt: He wears dresses and announces that he's bisexual. To some, it seems that Boy George is not just a novelty but is spearheading an alternative sexuality.

It all began for the Boy when he was growing up in London in a working-class family; his father was a construction worker who sometimes coached small-time boxers. George says he began dressing outrageously in his preteens, even in Catholic school, when he would borrow clothes from his older brother, who was involved in London's punk scene. George paid a price for his eccentricity and was picked on at school, developing a vicious wit as his defense. At the age of 15, he began attending London's punk clubs, trying to outdo his friends by dressing more and more outrageously. He was finally kicked out of school when he showed up with his hair dyed bright orange.

The club scene became his life. He would spend as much as two hours primping in front of a mirror before embarking on his nightly tour of punk and gay clubs—not for sex or other kicks, he says, but just to be seen. During that time, he worked as a fruit picker, a clothing salesman and was once hired to help costume a Royal Shakespeare Company production. It was while he was working in a trendy clothes store that Malcolm McLaren, the Sex Pistols' former manager, recruited him to sing in a band named Bow Wow Wow. Shortly thereafter, he joined bass player



"England was once a nation of drag queens. Everybody looked like me—though I'm clean while they were filthy. But the English are so ashamed of their culture that they are destroying it as quickly as possible."



"You can confront the world with eccentricity if you give people the respect of offering an explanation. That's why I talk about this, rather than just tell the world to accept me or fuck off."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANORE CSILLAG

"I'm not a poofter, I'm not a gay boy. I mean, imagine if I had those swishy mannerisms and a high-pitched voice! I'm so glad I've got a hairy chest! When people meet me, they always remark about how big I am."

Mikey Craig, drummer Jon Moss and guitarist Roy Hay to form a new group called Culture Club. Within months, they were making audiences gasp. Although their music has been critically praised for its infectious melodies and clever lyrics, it is Boy George's personal impact that has propelled the group's notoriety. As he has boasted, "Even if we never sell another record, we have made history."

To recount some of that history, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Dovid Sheff and collaborator Vicki Sheff to interview George, starting with his tour of Japan. Their report:

"We flew into Osaka, and although George wasn't ready to begin the 'Interview,' we discovered accidentally while strolling through the ancient Osaka Castle how far his influence has reached. A group of giggling Japanese girls, making a school tour of the castle, were dressed in various versions of Boy George; and although they didn't speak a word of English, we could make out the lyrics of the Culture Club songs they were loudly singing. And at the sold-out concert hall that night, the Japanese audience chanted 'Boya! Boya!' to bring George back for three encores.

"Before the 'Interview,' we had wondered, What do you wear to interview Boy George? We were pondering that and other weighty questions in our hotel room when there was a knock at our door. George, who doesn't allow anyone into his private rooms, had decided that the 'Interview' should take place in our room. He was wearing a black-and-whitechecked overcoat that bloused down to his knees, covering tight gray trousers that zipped from the ankles. He used his sunglasses as a band to keep his long tresses away from his face. His white nail polish was chipping, presumably from superstar nail biting. He removed his shoes before walking on the tatami mat, exposing tasteful green-andpink socks. In photographs, he seems a small, delicate man; far from it. George is tall, heavy and large-boned, even husky. He settled down on the mat and began bitching immediately: He was tired of green tea. 'All I want is a good cup of English tea.' He then volunteered, as if we were being blessed, that this was the first interview he had ever done without make-up, which meant that he was wearing only foundation, eye liner and mascara, light blush and maybe a touch of rose lipstick. We drank green tea and talked until five A.M., by which time an unmistakable five-o'clock shadow was sprouting through his make-up base.

"In that and subsequent sessions (some of them with the more familiar make-up on), George was bright, charming and entertaining; yet there would never fail to be moments when he was a 23-year-old kid snickering over the fact that he has succeeded—and quite well, thank you—at pulling the wool over the eyes of just about the entire world.

"On our last day in Japan, we were waiting with the rest of Culture Club in the hall of the band's row of suites, preparing to head out to a Tokyo Chinese restaurant. The band members were waiting—and not altogether

patiently. When someone screamed at him to hurry, George puffed back, 'Fuck off.' Jon Moss explained the delay: 'George can't decide whether or not to wear his shoulder pads.' Ah, but it's tough at the top."

PLAYBOY: It's not as if you haven't heard this question before, but tell us again why you dress up the way you do.

GEORGE: I think I look like a *pig* without make-up on; it's no more complicated than that. If I wore a skirt and a blouse, I'd look a right idiot, but I don't really wear that kind of thing. More often, I wear a cassock like the ones Arabs wear. It is a style of clothing, not necessarily male or female. In England, there's this guy who looks a lot like me sort of put through a mincer. He's as fat as I am, but he wears leotards, with his balls kind of hanging out the side on stage. I think he looks ridiculous, whereas I think I look smashing. My look is androgynous but not effeminate.

"You can't make someone a queer. It's not catching, not like herpes or a cold."

I'm a big guy and I don't look ridiculous in dresses. You know, I was the first man to appear on the cover of the British edition of *Cosmopolitan*. I also did the cover and six pages of beauty shots for *Harper's Bazaar Australia*. Those are things that no other man has ever done and I take pride in being the first.

PLAYBOY: Some people think you're a passing fad; others think you've had an effect beyond your looks and your music. What do *you* think?

GEORGE: Maybe it's cheeky, but I think I'm having an effect. Because of the music, people are at least considering something they probably would have dismissed completely—being different. I think, or hope, that people are coming around and saying, "I like him. He's OK. I'm not afraid." That's the first step. They might then accept their neighbor who is different from them. Attitudes change over long periods of time. [Shrugs] On the other hand, maybe I haven't changed anything. Maybe I'm just another stupid pop star like David Cassidy. Maybe I don't mean a thing.

PLAYBOY: You mean something to people such as Jerry Falwell, who has accused you of subverting America's youth, and to many others, including students who boycott your records and call your music "queer music."

GEORGE: What can you say to ignorance? Of course, in the name of religion, there have been many atrocities. As to the Reverend Falwell: If he thinks that I'm a Communist plot to subvert the youth of Western society, what is he-a strong believer in democracy? Or does he have his own brand of Communist policies that prevent anyone who doesn't follow his beliefs from breathing God's free air? It's funny that the Russians also think that Boy George and Michael Jackson are Western society's way of subverting their youth. Well, maybe we're neither. Maybe we remain in our own politically free zone. As for those students, they're the sort of kids who would laugh at a girl who is fat. I'm not the only thing they dislike. And it's not just kids; some kids never grow up. There are 40-year-olds who go around picking fights at bars and calling people names. Hopefully, kids grow up and learn to accept other people. It's a shame, but I really don't care. They're frightened, but there's nothing to be frightened by.

PLAYBOY: What are they frightened by? **GEORGE:** I think the thing that frightens most people is that I'm not confused about my sexuality in any way. I have many gay and bisexual friends who are really screwed up, but not me. There was never a time in my life when I kind of went [theat-rically] "Oh my God! I've been in bed

rically], "Oh, my God! I've been in bed with a man!" I've always been with both men and women and I never gave it a thought. It's always been like eating a bag of crisps. [Giggles] And I love crisps.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think that frightens people?

GEORGE: Confused people wrapped up in their safe skin of so-called normalcy assume that everyone who isn't "normal" is screwed up and inferior. It's like the people who believe blacks are genetically deficient. It's insecurity. I'm threatening their little safe world.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GEORGE: Part of it is that they think I'm promoting homosexuality.

PLAYBOY: Should they be worried?

GEORGE: Of course not. You can't make someone a queer. It's not catching, not like herpes or a cold. You cannot make somebody gay. I think someone should get the doctors in on this to back me up: You can't make someone queer.

PLAYBOY: But you must admit that, as a pop star, you are an influential role model.

GEORGE: If I am, what is wrong with men being presented with different kinds of role models? I've always maintained that men weren't born to drink beer, either. Where does it say a man is born to drink Colt 45? God, I know a lot of boys who want to be James Dean and a lot of girls who want to be Marilyn Monroe, yet they were such sad people. Are they better role models? Remember, I'm not telling people they should be like me. I'm telling people they should be whatever they are.

PLAYBOY: And you think they're frightened

Introducing The Ultimate Weapon Against Athlete's Foot

Footbork

Total

TOLNAFTATE 1%

ATHLETE'S FOOT REMEDY

There's nothing like new FootWork. It's a great new way to get fast, effective relief from the agony of athlete's foot.

Nothing stronger or faster

FOOTWORK kills athlete's foot fungus on contact and brings rapid relief from itching and burning.

Prevents and cures

Regular use of FOOTWORK means you may never be bothered by athlete's foot again!

Doctor recommended

FOOTWORK is made with the highest concentration of the antifungal ingredient doctors recommend most.

4 convenient ways to get relief

FOOTWORK is available in powder, aerosol powder, cream and liquid.

New FOOTWORK...there's no stronger, more effective way to prevent and cure athlete's foot without a prescription.



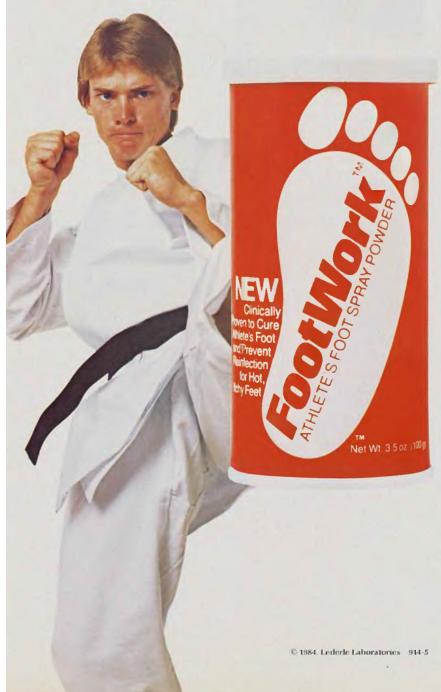
Save **25**¢ on New **FootWork**

CONSUMER: Please be sure the coupons you redeem have not expired and are accompanied by the required purchase. RETAILER: For payment of face value plus 8¢ handling, send to Lederle Refund Offer, PO. Box 1177. Clinton, Iowa 52734. Coupon is void where taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. Cash value 1/100 of a cent. Valid only in USA. This coupon is nontransferable, nonassignable and nonreproducible. Offer limited to one coupon per purchase. Coupon expires December 31, 1985.

25¢

\$1294 203827 STORE COUPON 0 1984, Lederle Laboratories Printed in USA

25¢



because, as you said, they think you're promoting homosexuality?

GEORGE: I'll tell you the real reason people are threatened: They think if all the men were to dress up like Boy George, there wouldn't be anyone to fight their wars for them. I think a lot of the older generation thinks if there's a war tomorrow, all these pansies, the Hare Krishnas and the peacenik hippies are not going to fight. They're afraid there will be no real men left to fight their wars.

PLAYBOY: How far would you have to be pushed to fight, either for your country or for your family and friends?

GEORGE: I don't think I would have to be pushed to any great lengths to protect my family and loved ones. Defending my country is another subject for consideration. The point is that people, even when fighting for their countries, are only really fighting for their families and those close to them. People say they are fighting for their countries, but I think people are basically selfish, fight for themselves. In that sense, everybody is the same. It has nothing to do with the way someone is dressed.

The early Roman men screwed each other and they were butchers. King Charles dressed up and used to kill Christians for sport. Remember the days of the French Revolution and the English wars? Homosexuality was everywhere. Those pansies fought. The early American statesmen and generals in the Civil War wore powdered wigs. Samurai had elaborate costumes and they wore make-up, yet they were incredibly violent. You can still see it in kabuki. They were violent beyond anything I've ever seen. They mutilated each other and they wore dresses. If there are no real men around now, there never were any. The fact is that England was once a nation of drag queens-totally. Everybody looked like me-though I am very clean and they were filthy.

PLAYBOY: But their fashion wasn't eccentric for their period.

GEORGE: In Japan, you see women on the streets in traditional Japanese costumes. You don't see anyone in England dressed as King Charles. Maybe that is what I am. [Laughs] Maybe that is what is happening. The English are so ashamed of their culture that they are destroying it as quickly as possible.

PLAYBOY: You're giving contradictory messages: Nothing changes. Everything is changing.

GEORGE: Things are very slow to change; but they change. Ten years ago, men didn't wear after-shave. Now they do.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

GEORGE: After-shave was considered feminine. Now we've moved on. It's manly to wear after-shave. Ten years ago, men didn't wear after-shave. Ten years ago, I wouldn't have gotten to this level.

PLAYBOY: What paved the way?

GEORGE: Time. Logic. Affection. Those are the things that allowed me to get to this level. There is no pretense in what I do. I

am honest. In a way, I am very anticelebrity. I am not like Liberace; he's such a cover-up job. If you hide things under the carpet, eventually they're going to have to be swept out. I don't hide anything. I said I was bisexual from the beginning. And I bring a bit of humor into it; I don't take myself seriously.

PLAYBOY: You've been compared to David Bowie. *He* dressed up. *He* admitted he was bisexual. Did he help paye the way?

GEORGE: Bowie and I have nothing in common. Bowie wasn't a real person. Bowie created a persona. You never really know who the real Bowie is. Bowie is clever, a genius. Whether you like what he is doing or not, he survived from an era when most people fell, and you can only praise him for that. I never wanted to be Bowie, but I was a Bowie fan because I thought his words were brilliant. What has given me acceptability has nothing to do with Bowie, however. It's the Culture Club's music, a sense of humor and the fact that I take the time to explain what I am trying to do.

PLAYBOY: For a while, people were talking about you and Michael Jackson as the forerunners of some kind of androgyny—

GEORGE: First of all, I don't think Michael is androgynous. I'm sure he's pleased that his voice hasn't broken; I mean, it sounds fine, doesn't it? But, to me, he's male. My God, he looks nothing like a woman to me. All that stuff about his looking like Diana Ross is funny, but that's all it is.

PLAYBOY: What about the idea of androgyny in general?

GEORGE: That merely means that women are accepting the masculine qualities in themselves and men are accepting the feminine qualities in themselves. Men are delighted to find that they don't have to be something they're not. They don't have to be John Wayne, able to handle everything without showing any emotion. They can be weak sometimes, as we all are, and not be afraid to show it.

PLAYBOY: Sexual liberation is hardly a new concept.

GEORGE: It's talked about, but how much have things really changed? Notice how men treat their wives with little smart remarks and a coldness in public. When they are home in bed, they might whisper all those gentle, loving things, but never in public. I'm saying it's fine to express your emotions. It applies equally to both sexes. Androgyny means being liberated from the constraints of sex. Dressing up is just the obvious way. In America, women are very manly, which I don't mean as an insult. They're very independent. There is a long way to go before real liberation, but they are more independent than my mother was or than the women in Japan or England are. In England, feminism is a joke. In America, at least it's a debate.

The fact that I'm accepted doesn't mean that androgyny has been substantially accepted. Liberace is, too, but he's seen as a harmless oddity. As for me, I'm a pop star. There are different rules for pop stars. And although it distresses me when I'm dismissed as another Alice Cooper, it doesn't matter what people say. I will have an effect, because, America, we are inside your home! We're in people's lives on a huge scale. Everyone knows about Boy George. I don't think any performer ever received so much publicity, not even the Beatles. I think I've topped everybody on that score. As a result, whether I'm taken more seriously or not, I'm having an effect.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the politics of the time have anything to do with it?

GEORGE: Absolutely. In the Sixties, people wore miniskirts. It was a form of liberation. During World War Two, women's skirts went down to the floor. It was a sign of depression. When somebody dies, in many cultures, the survivors wear black. Fashion has a lot to do with the political situation of the time.

PLAYBOY: What does your fashion say about our political climate?

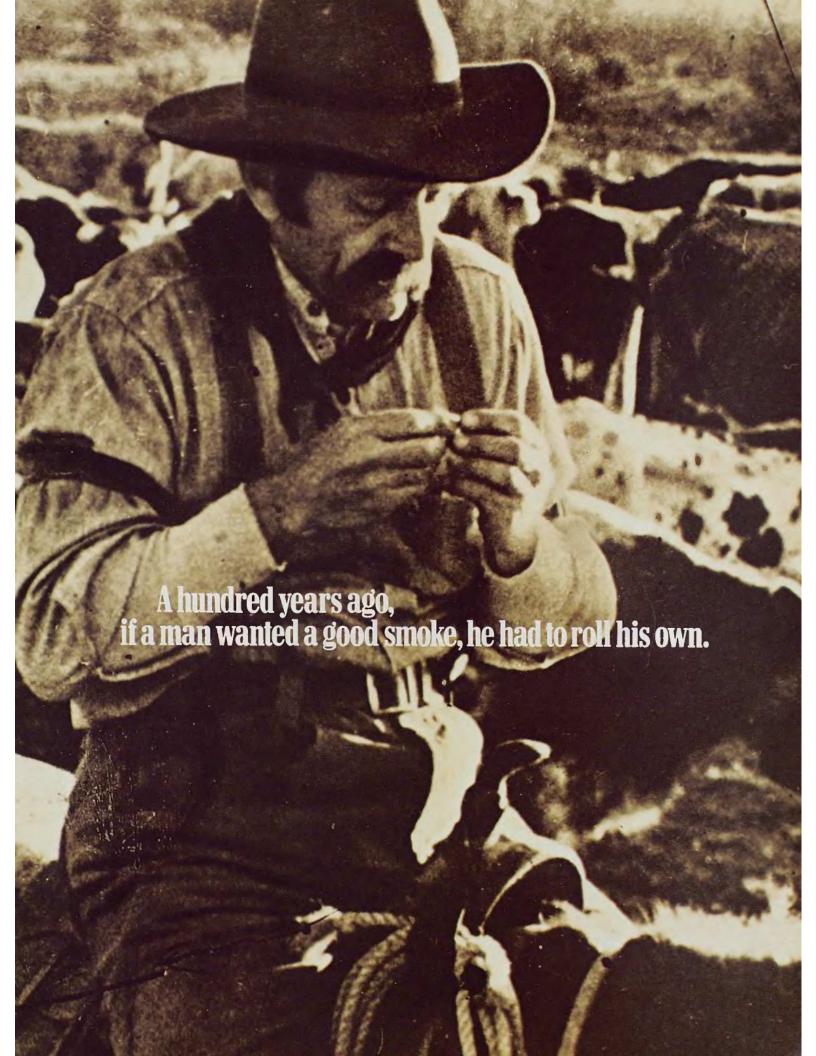
GEORGE: It says people are changing; they are not buying traditional male and female roles. They're growing up. I look the way I look because it's the way I want to look. No one is telling me I should be a certain way. We are living in a time when people are free from war, people are expressing themselves a lot more.

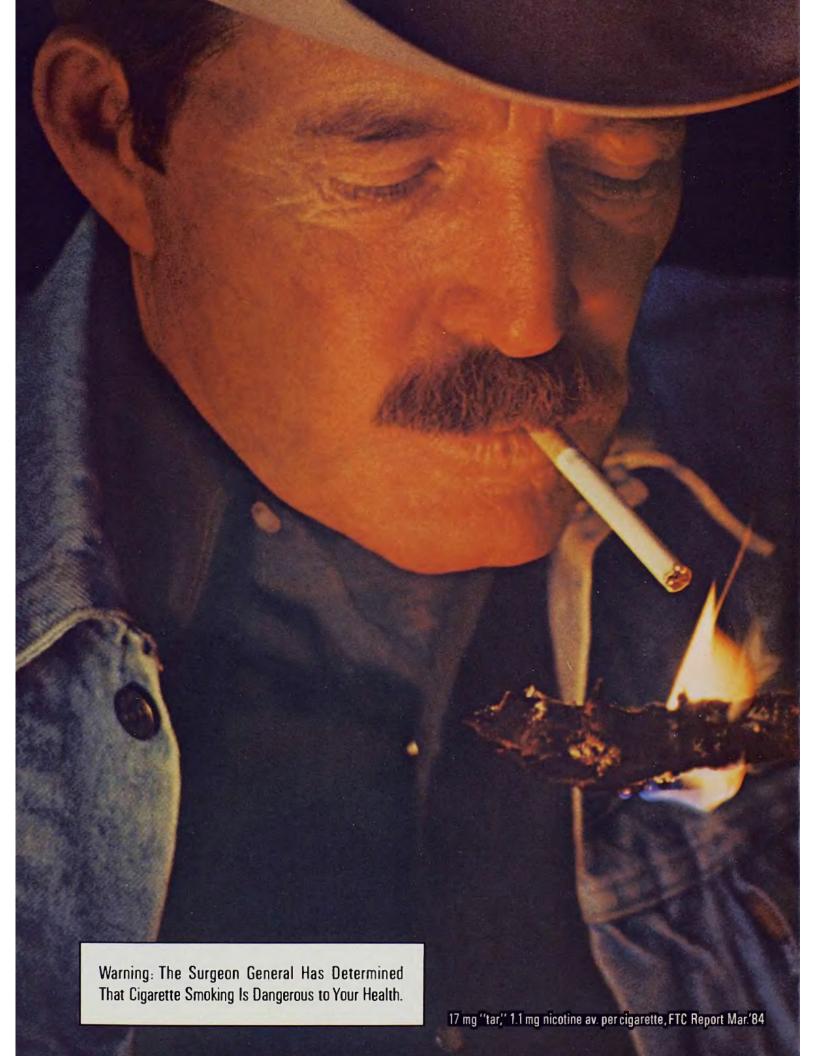
PLAYBOY: That's not what we were getting at. Some people claim that the sort of thing you represent is a reaction to the world's political situation; specifically, that it's a reaction to the *macho* Reagan era, to the threat of nuclear war. What do you think of that theory?

GEORGE: It's a bunch of crap. That's what they say about homosexuality or punk rock or anything else people don't want to face. When I was on Face the Nation, a woman asked, "Don't you think men are being more feminine because they think men start wars?" No, I don't believe that. I've heard different versions, too. An old guy I know believes that nature created homosexuality as an alternative to war as a means of controlling the population. It's very idealistic, but I don't agree with it. Homosexuality has always been around. It's just more visible now. You can't pretend it doesn't exist anymore.

When my mother went to England from Ireland, a Catholic who knew a very sheltered world, she was in a bar with my father and a transvestite came in. My mother was completely shocked. She had never seen anything like it. It was around, but people were so sheltered. Now we're just more aware of it because of the media. The media are showing people that all kinds of lifestyles are available. If Quentin Crisp had had the media exposure that I have had, it would have caused a major trend. There would have been Quentin Crisps running around everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Despite your androgynous appeal, there are more women in your





Today, you just light up a Marlboro. Philip Morris Inc. 1985 audiences than men. Why?

GEORGE: I don't know. Maybe it's just that women are more intelligent and open than men. Joan Rivers says women respond to me just as they talk to their hairdressers. But I'm not a poofter, I'm not a gay boy. I mean, imagine if I had those swishy mannerisms and a high-pitched voice! I'm so glad I've got a hairy chest! When people meet me, they always remark about how big I am. They think I'll be some sort of imp. [Laughs] Sorry to disappoint you. Anyway, with David Cassidy or someone like that, boys wouldn't go along with their girlfriends, because they knew the image was sexual. With me, it's not. They know I'm not going to sleep with their girlfriends. [Laughs] They know my reputation. There's no threat. I'm not saying, "I'm staying at the Five Star Motel. How about it?"

Also, to a small proportion of women in the audience who have terrible lives with their husbands or who can't get boy-friends, I represent some kind of comfort. If somebody asks me what kind of girl I like, I say, "Fat girls with 50 chins," just to make the point. I mean, what a stupid question—"Strictly blondes with big breasts." Such cheek, isn't it? Ridiculous. PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the publicity you've received over the past couple of years. When Princess Margaret said you looked like "an over-made-up tart," there were headlines. You're not bad at making your own publicity, are you?

GEORGE: Well [grins], you take advantage of things that come along. It was very humorous when she refused to meet me; the press people were very upset, because they weren't able to photograph me and Princess Margaret together. They needed a photo, so I gave them one. I marched into the ladies' loo, knowing full well that I would get major coverage from that. I went, "Ahem!" and marched into the loo. I wasn't surprised that when I came out, all the photographers were standing there. That's Hollywood, right? There's a lot of Hollywood in what I do. It's good fun.

PLAYBOY: You were gracious, in your way, about being snubbed, saying it was Princess Margaret's prerogative not to talk to you, since you are "just a peasant."

GEORGE: She's royalty, so of course she can treat people like peasants. But, in truth, it wasn't long ago that she was a peasant, the same as I. Let's not forget how the royal family got where they are. They robbed and pillaged and raped. So, yeah, Princess Margaret, I am a peasant, and so are fucking you. Look in the mirror. One of the English papers took a poll, asking, "Was the princess rude to Boy George?" and I won three to one. In spite of all this, I quite like the royal family—as opposed to a Fascist dictator. Their job is not to offend anybody and they don't represent anything in particular.

PLAYBOY: You and Princess Diana end up in the same gossip columns. What do you think of the younger royals?

GEORGE: Charles is quite nondescript. Andrew enjoys himself a lot, but why shouldn't he? There are other kids of his age who go out screwing girls every night; it's just that the press writes about Andrew. It's true that Lady Di and I are both entertaining the country. She has done a good job. There was an article that asked, "What do Boy George and Lady Di have in common?" We've sold more hats than anyone in ages.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you consider the best and the worst dressers these days?

GEORGE: Fashion is a hard subject, because I always think that if you rate highly in any best-dressed list, you must look pretty awful. The people who compile them are nothing but fools. There are no best-dressed people. One man's poison is another man's wine, you know.

PLAYBOY: How about worst dressed?

GEORGE: I'll let loose this once: Number one on my list, Joan Collins, because she looks like an oven-ready turkey in those ball gowns she wears. Two, Maggie Thatcher, because she looks as if she's still wearing the hangers. Three, Joan Rivers, because she borrows all her clothes and forgets to remove the return tags. Four, Brooke Shields, because she won't stop wearing Michael Jackson. Five, Boy George, because he's jealous none of their dresses will fit him.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about that crack you made on the Grammy-awards show in 1984, which first brought you a fair amount of notoriety in middle America. You remarked, after receiving an award, Americans "know a good drag queen when [they] see one."

GEORGE: That bombed in certain ways. A lot of people in the know giggled, but a lot of other people who are not so clever said, "Oh, is he a drag queen?" What a shame: Those people have no imagination.

PLAYBOY: You don't consider yourself a drag queen?

GEORGE: Of course not. I dress up to look beautiful. A drag queen is somebody who has the mentality of a drag queen: a man who wants to be a woman.

PLAYBOY: We're getting into semantics now: Isn't that what makes a transsexual? GEORGE: A lot of drag queens are having sex changes, yes. I know hundreds. They are sad creatures; I was never sad. I didn't look anything like a woman. Listen to my voice. I might have been wearing a pair of high heels, but no one ever doubted my sex. It was more a case of what I could do next to make everyone go "Huh?" I wore everything. I wore skirts and fish-net tights. I'm not ashamed of it. I could give a damn, but the drag-queen comment was meant as a joke. You have to be so careful what you say in America. In England, I said, "I'd much rather have a good cup of tea than sex" and people laughed. I mean, of course it's a joke, but in America, when I made that remark, people responded, "My God, he's celibate." People offered me tea!

PLAYBOY: What point were you making with the tea comment?

GEORGE: Just the obsession with sex. Reporters have asked me the most obnoxious things. They're obsessed. "Are you queer?" "Are you queer?" "Are you queer?" "The reason I make jokes about sexuality is that I think it's wrong when people are obsessed with your private affairs. It's social adultery—that's what my song *Black Money* is all about. You are making light of your emotions, and what else do you have?

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about tea versus sex?

GEORGE: Tea is fine, but I do have to get my act together occasionally [laughs]. It's just that I don't think it should be the main topic of discussion with the public. Think about it: A kiss is putting your tongue inside someone's mouth. Kissing and fucking are the most intimate things: You are going inside somebody; somebody is coming inside you. Kissing and fucking are the ultimate. The rest is OK, but those are the ultimate.

PLAYBOY: But you're the one who has purposely made sex the biggest issue surrounding Boy George.

GEORGE: I'm happy to talk about sexuality. It's an important part of our lives. It affects everything else. But that's different from betraying my own sex life.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you encouraged all the scrutiny? You've chosen to live your life as an open book.

GEORGE: [Giggles] What a book! Seriously, I have nothing to hide, so I'm not worried about it. My motto is: You should never, ever do anything you're ashamed of; so I don't have anything to worry about. People in this business always get caught. Michael Jackson's organization keeps telling everybody he's not a homosexual. You get the feeling something's going on there. You should never try to defend yourself. But would you want every aspect of your life to be public property? Much of the press is like flies on the walls looking for dirt.

PLAYBOY: But the press also was responsible for making you a celebrity in the first place. You can't have it both ways.

GEORGE: I'm aware that I never would have become this successful without the press, but the other side is that, on the whole, the press actually has no insights into what we're doing. In our shows, you can always tell the press: the only people in the audience sitting down.

PLAYBOY: Does it hurt when the press writes negative things about you?

GEORGE: It used to tear me up, but now it's like a running game. I find I am more protective toward the other members of the band than myself. I don't like people I care about being kicked in the teeth by assholes. If you're made of thinner stuff, some of the things they say about you can kill you. It can ruin your relationships. If you take it all too seriously, you become neurotic, like Frances Farmer. You can kill





\$45 in Japan. (Count your blessings.)

RIDE A CHAMPIONSHIP.

He starts wheel-to-wheel with the competition. But, with a few quick moves and a handful of throttle, his Interceptor[™]-based Superbike

is suddenly ahead of the pack.

He tucks himself behind the aerodynamic fairing and becomes part of the incredibly efficient road-hungry machine. Suspension, frame, brakes, tires and rider work in perfect harmony.

Every twist and turn of the pavement seems

to straighten effortlessly.

Every twist of the throttle brings lightningquick acceleration from the powerful liquid-

cooled V-4.

Now he's alone. Just man and machine and the racecourse gliding relentlessly beneath him. Lap after lap. Race after race. No one can catch him.

It's a feeling of total confidence. It's a feeling you can get only on an Interceptor. And it's a feeling you can get for only \$3,498.*

See the 1985 Interceptor at your Honda

dealer. And ride a championship.



Now, you can ride the 1985 Interceptor, with a liquid-cooled 699cc DOHC 90° V-4 that develops an incredible 81° horsepower. A race-designed rectangular-section frame. Air-adjustable Pro-Link® rear suspension with adjustable damping. Triple-disc brakes and Honda's exclusive Torque Reactive Anti-dive Control (TRAC"). It's armed with more championship-technology than any other production machine.

The 700 Interceptor has a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. See your local Honda dealer for complete details. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. Rearview mirrors are standard equipment. 18AE net taken at the crankshaft. "Manufacturer's suggested retail price. © 1985 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (4/85) For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 965, Box 8000, Van Nuys, CA 91409.





RIDE LIKE A PRO. That means using your head. And riding safely. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Read your owner's manual carefully. Maintain your machine in safe running condition. Follow the rules of the road and always use common sense. Never drink and ride. Ride at a safe speed



and obey the basic speed law. Slow down before you enter a turn. Give yourself plenty of room when passing cars. Don't make any unsafe modifications. If you're riding a new or unfamiliar machine, take it extra easy. And be nice enough to acknowledge when you are given the right-of-way. Pros know that doing the right things makes riding a lot safer. And more fun.

yourself or go insane. I was very affected by the film they made about her life. Frances came to believe that feelings are signs of failure. She thought to be weak was the worst thing in the world. She put everything into the world's perception of her. She was obsessed. They spit in her eye and, instead of moving on, she couldn't cope; she cracked up. Michael Jackson should watch that film twice a day.

PLAYBOY: Why?

GEORGE: Celebrities can easily get a very unreal picture of the world. They feel like the center of the universe and some of them forget that they're not. They start to believe they are better than other people. They care too much what the public thinks.

PLAYBOY: How about you?

GEORGE: It won't happen to me: I'm much smarter than Frances Farmer was. The more you let people control your life, the more you become a victim. Everybody is saying, "You should do this" and "You should do that." The other day, I was going to go down to the lobby in the hotel and meet some of the fans, 'cause they're sitting down there and I'm sitting up here and I'm bored, so why not? "I'm goin' down." But then, from all directions, it's "You can't go down." There was a tenminute discussion about whether I should or shouldn't go down to the lobby. Finally, I said, "Shut up, I'm going down." And the assistants and guards had to come with me; it's their job. So I did and they did and it was fine.

PLAYBOY: Why were they trying to talk you out of it?

GEORGE: Security risks; but I don't want to live that way. I do what I want to do. Tell me I can't do something and I'll do it.

PLAYBOY: At the same time, you have admitted that you're obsessed with fame. Are you as aloof from it as you say?

GEORGE: I know that unless you're happy inside, no matter how much cocaine you stick up your nose and how much money you have in your pocket, it won't help. That's the mistake famous people make and that's the mistake I won't make. Being famous is like being in school, in a way. You fool yourself that you're on top of the universe or something, but you're just at school, where everyone loves you as long as you keep the ball. All the girls want to go out with the lead guy and all the boys want to go out with the top cheerleaders. Well [giggles], I'm the top cheerleader. And it's all an illusion, just like in school. I think I'll go on for some time, but if I don't, I won't be devastated. I would be devastated if I lost my friends and family. PLAYBOY: Have you been able to have a normal social life since you've become

GEORGE: The temptation is to become a recluse, like Michael—you get so embittered by the psychotic things that are written about you when you want to just go out and enjoy yourself for the evening that you don't go out. But I don't need to lock

myself up like Michael. I mean, it can do strange things to you.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

GEORGE: I'm now convinced that Michael is two people.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

GEORGE: About a year ago, Michael called me in the Virgin Records office in London. He was really sweet. We just chatted on for ages. He said to me, "I couldn't speak to you until you got this famous," and I said, "That's rubbish." He laughed and said, "That's just what my sister said." I told him, "She's right. Your sister is going to get on fine." I was trying to be as natural as possible and I didn't find him shy at all. Anyway, I gave him my home phone number.

Pretty soon, some guy who sounds exactly like Michael Jackson starts calling my home phone number, but he says his name is Houston Hawkins. He's shy and very ordinary, not famous at all—but I know that Houston Hawkins and Michael Jackson are the same person.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Michael Jackson has a split personality?

GEORGE: I suppose I could be wrong... but I'm sure I'm not. It may be Michael just pretending to be Hawkins and getting a real kick out of doing it.

PLAYBOY: Have you confronted Jackson about this?

GEORGE: I did. I said, "Michael, you know, there is something going on. . . ." But he never let on. I was in hysterics for a while. I couldn't cope with it. Maybe Michael and Hawkins are two people. Maybe Michael has this friend called Hawkins. Or maybe it's like Harvey—you know, Harvey the imaginary rabbit in the film. I think I can understand it.

PLAYBOY: How?

GEORGE: I got famous just recently and I took control of every part of my career. Michael has been doing this since he was five years old and I'm certain it is a bit bewildering to him. He might want to be like Hawkins, just ordinary and nice. Anyway, I'd love to get really friendly with Michael and get to know him. I think I could liberate him a little bit. That's what he needs.

PLAYBOY: How would you-

GEORGE: I mean *psychologically*. That's all I mean. I really think we could be friends. I think I could like him a lot.

PLAYBOY: How has fame affected your love

GEORGE: It's hard enough having a relationship, but when you're in the limelight, it's nearly impossible. People all want you. It's bad enough in the normal domestic dramas in the home, in suburbia, let alone on a scale of about 10,000,000 people saying, "I'd want to screw the ass off him." It would be fucking torture. Women come up and ask me to sign their tits. It's odd.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of people—women or men—do you go out with?

GEORGE: I always go out with people who are real down-and-outs, the worst kind of

people. Everyone else hates them. They're always mixed up, screwed up. It's not to save them or because they are easy bait, but I'm just attracted to them. I suppose it's because they're the kind of people who have stuff to talk about. It's like if you go into a laundromat and you see an old woman sitting there, watching the machine go round and round, maybe you have a conversation with her. It's more interesting than talking to someone like Barbra Streisand, because she's got everything going for her.

PLAYBOY: Who are your friends?

GEORGE: Some reporter from Fleet Street said, "Oh, what a sad existence Boy George has." But it's wonderful, actually. When I'm on tour, I'm with my friends. My manager is a very good friend. Jon Moss is probably my best friend. I adore the band. Another good friend is a man named Philip, in London. There's nothing sexual, we're just friends. He's not impressed by my success. I have a lot of friends who are girls. I love fat, bitchy Jewish girls. I like a fat person who isn't ashamed of being fat. I'm very imperfect and I can laugh about it. I love to mix with loudmouths. I love to go off into the country and just scream at the top of my lungs and run around. I like a balance. I couldn't be with men all the time; I couldn't be with women all the time. I like men with feminine sides and women with masculine sides. I don't like silly women or big-headed men.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been swept off your feet?

GEORGE: Yeah, but that's not real love. If it doesn't deal with the practical side of life, or *until* it deals with the practical side of life, it's not love. Loving is very selfish; you love someone because you want him to love you back. Those things build over time. I've been in love. And, no, I won't go into it.

PLAYBOY: Are you jealous?

GEORGE: Very. I don't believe that you stop being jealous. You accept things a bit, like when you're younger, you don't want your girlfriend to speak to anyone and you don't want her to mention her other boyfriends. If your girlfriend mentions someone else, now you know you can't beat her with a plate for it. But you don't really get better at dealing with jealousy. As a kid, you get destroyed when you fall out of love, and that doesn't change. You may not show it as much, but it hurts the same. You hear people say, "Oh, I used to be like that." They're still fucking like that. You want to slash your wrist and take an overdose, you cry a little bit, and then you quickly go on to McDonald's. You live with it. C'est la vie.

PLAYBOY: Are you looking for someone?

GEORGE: We're always looking for someone, though I'm a bit busy to do anything about it now. It's no different, though. Just because I'm successful, I don't suddenly

(continued on page 150)

famous?

5000 FIRM

The Canon T70 makes the great shots simple.

When N.B.A. superstar Larry Bird shoots a basket, he does it so well he makes it look simple. When Larry shoots pictures, he uses the superstar SLR—the incredible Canon T70, with automatic features so advanced it makes the great shots simple.



Its sleek, durable body design sets it apart from conventional cameras at a glance. A large, easy-to-read LCD display and touch-button controls make handling fast and easy, and eliminate guesswork. A built-in power winder advances the film automatically, and provides power rewind and automatic loading, too.

You just focus and shoot with three programmed modes: STAN-DARD for most

subjects, TELE for moving subjects and telephoto shots, WIDE for scenics and wide-angle shots. Shutter-priority mode lets you set speeds for total control over action, and the Canon Speedlite 277T* provides fully automatic flash.

The Command Back 70* records dates and data on film and adds even more capability. And to zoom out across a field, get a wide-angle panorama or a breathtaking closeup, the entire line of over fifty Canon FD lenses can be used to get the shots you've always wanted.

Get the superstar SLR. It makes the great shots simple. *optional

Canon 7/70





Canon USA, Inc., One Canon Plaza, Lake Success. NY. 11042 / 140 Industrial Dr., Einhurst, IL 60128 / 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, GA 30071 290, Dallas, TX 75229 / 123 Paulanno Are. East, Costa Mese, CA 92626 / 4000 Burton Dr., Santa Clara, CA 95050 / Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hi 96814 / Canon Canada, Inc., Onta

our in-house expert finds that college sex is just as good as it used to be . . . in the fifties

onight's lecture is going to be about sex. To be exact, it will be about talking about sex.

"I know it's sometimes hard to believe when

begin, "but there was a sexual revolution.

There was permission granted to experiment sexually. And there's no doubt that people's sexual habits have changed in many ways. But we

still don't talk about sex.

you look around

these days,"

"I was on *The Merv Griffin Show* a few years ago, promoting a book, *The Playboy Advisor on Love & Sex.* When you are on a talk show, there is a pre-interview. A talent coordinator sits with you and says, 'These are the questions Merv might ask,' then he types up your answers and runs them past the producer. The coordinator came back and said, 'Your answers are fine; you just can't say oral sex or masturbation.'

"'Fine,' I said. 'Blow job and jerking off OK with you?'"

The audience laughs—the sound of breaking ice. The students of the night are listening. And, God help us, some of them are taking notes.

Last year, Lordly & Dame, a lecture agency in Boston, called me and asked if I had ever given thought to speaking on campus. I'd been answering questions for readers in the pages of PlayBoy for 12 years, so a lecture tour seemed like a good idea. In the fall of 1984, I traveled to 20 campuses, from Portales, New Mexico, to Geneseo, New York. Students from Pocatello, Idaho, to Middlebury, Vermont, listened to an hour of sex advice. It was an education for all of us.

There may have been a sexual revolution, but at the time, these kids were too busy watching *Sesame Street* to notice. These are the children of parents who were already making house payments when the counterculture hit campuses in the Sixties. I was overwhelmed by the conservative nature of campus life, particularly with regard to sex. It was freshman year in the Fifties.

Prior to each lecture, I would ask students to write out their questions. I discovered early in the tour that members of the audience were not able to speak their piece in front of their peers. But there were always questions.

The questions were, for the most part, remarkably basic: How do you prevent premature ejaculation? Is premarital sex wrong? What is the G spot? What is the difference between clitoral and vaginal orgasm? My girlfriend can't reach orgasm through intercourse; what am I doing wrong? Where does one go to find cheap, meaningless sex?

Some of the questions, such as the G-spot and vaginal/clitoral-orgasm inquiries, were obvious setups by semiknowledgeable students trying to make the teacher's job easier by asking leading questions. The answers were models of wit and sexual sophistication. (Vaginal, clitoral, digital or orbital—it's all the same. Freud said that the vaginal orgasm was more mature. Can anyone tell me what a mature orgasm looks like? Does it wear a three-piece suit, carry an American Express card? As for the G spot, all I've been able to find so far is the Y spot. You touch it and your partner says, "Why are you doing that?")

The questions, as I say, were basic and recurrent; they were the questions of people who were having sex for the first time and finding that it didn't live up to expectations. Only one campus (the Community College of Allegheny County, outside Pittsburgh) didn't inquire about problems with female orgasm. I asked the student-activities director if he thought there was a reason. "Most of our students are dislocated workers from steel mills," he told me. "They've been unemployed for months. When you spend 24 hours a day at home, you have time to work out the little problems, like where the clitoris is and how to give your partner pleasure. Female orgasm is not a problem in the

article By JAMES R. PETERSEN

CAMPUS SEX

PLAYBOY ADVISORS



BASKET TRICK AND OTHER
SECRET ORIENTAL TECHNIQUE

THE Y SPOT

S THERE SEX

OW TO HAVE

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION

Monongahela valley."

Long before I reached Allegheny, though, there were indications that the sexual atmosphere on campus had changed in surprising ways. Two years ago, while working on The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, I addressed a sex-roles class at Northwestern University. These were students interested enough in sex to take a course in it. They had conducted their own study, with themselves as subjects, and were curious how their figures compared with national norms. I read through their statistics and came to a halt on the question of masturbation. Something like 40 percent of the class had never masturbated.

"What's wrong with you kids?" I

The instructor volunteered an explanation: "Jim, they're getting a higher education."

"OK," I said, "but it doesn't take both hands."

That was my first glimpse of the notion, now prevalent on campus, that sex is a powerful distraction. Sex can fuck up your grade-point average. Sex can ruin your career potential. I knew I was in trouble when I lectured at Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois, a town where the locals cruise Main Street in Camaros, Corvettes and pickup trucks, where they buy their liquor from drive-in windows behind package stores and where they keep sex hidden. On the night of the lecture, a group of students took me to dinner at a fancy restaurant near the river. Now, I know there's a box at the end of each Advisor column that says, "All reasonable questions-from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette-will be personally answered." But it still caught me off guard when the first question posed was, How do you build a business wardrobe on a student's salary?

The kid who asked it was serious. He had never heard of the phrase psychosocial moratorium. That's Latin for recess. In the Sixties, when I was a student, school was a place where you got your act together before you took it on the road. Nowadays, it's different.

"College," he said, "is where they put you under four years of pressure. They want to see if you break before you get into a position of responsibility."

When you are a living transcript, I realized soon enough, there's little room for sex.

There is a serious rain beyond the windshield. I am sitting in the back seat of a van, hunkered down between the bucket seats up front, as we drive through Wisconsin. I have just asked two women to rate their school's social and political attitudes. "Stevens Point is conservative," they agree. "This is farm country." I notice that when I ask that question, the answer is always the same: My school is conservative. Only the tone differs. Some say it apologetically. Some say it with pride. Some say it with an air of bewilderment, wondering what I think of their answers.

"What percentage of students, would you say, are virgins?" I ask.

"My wing is maybe 20 percent virgin," says the driver.

"My wing is 100 percent sexual," says the other. "All of my friends have sex."

"A hundred percent?" the driver says. "You mean you've had sex?" She looks at her friend, communicating as much betrayal as the driving conditions allow.

"Yes," says the other.

Silence. I detect that the driver has avoided the issue.

"You said 'All of my friends . . . '" she says, then glances back and says to me, "I'm a virgin. Last year, we played the winds are blowing. You know the game—when someone says, 'The winds are blowing for everyone wearing red,' everyone in red moves to a different chair. Someone here said, 'The winds are blowing for virgins.' Everyone changed seats."

"What do you think it will take for you

to lose your virginity?" I ask.

"I'm not afraid of sex. I have four brothers who read *Hustler*. I just haven't found someone I can trust."

I have come to Wisconsin to talk about love and sex. Trust is something I have found to be different-and difficult. It seems to grow at different rates in different climates. Jay Segal, the author of The Sex Lives of College Students, found that "62 percent of male and 77 percent of female students said that their first coital experiences were with 'steady partners.' The average length of a relationship before first intercourse was four months for females and two and a half months for males. The decision to have coitus was made by females 95 percent of the time. Rarely did male students have control over the eventual decision to have intercourse.'

I ask the girl riding shotgun what her prerequisites for sex are.

"The door has to be locked, the lights have to be out and my mother has to be in another state."

I am discussing sex education with a young blonde from West Virginia University in Morgantown. She says she is a "smart jock" and that she seems to intimidate guys. She says her motto is "Life is an adventure or it is nothing." I am reminded that there were three revolutions in the past decade—sexual, feminist and fitness. She seems to be hitting three for three. I am open in my admiration. The term "immediate undying love" comes to mind. She has invited her entire sorority to the lecture as a "chapter-education project." She is taking a course in human sexuality.

"You should have been here this morning," she says. "It was porn day. Every year, this guy comes and shows a collection of antique dirty movies—people having sex with animals, that sort of thing. It's a big deal every year. Everybody shows up from all over campus with popcorn. It's a regular party."

I ask her what she thinks of the course.

"It's very complicated. Hormones. Endocrinology. Physiology. I'm taking it pass/fail."

In the South, sex has always been sacred or profane, casual or committed, premarital or extramarital. In Morgantown, it's now pass or fail.

Later that night, at the lecture, there are about 500 students, almost 100 written

questions, including these:

"What's a good way to let a guy know where a girl's clitoris is?" (Show him with your hand. You'll appreciate it. His next lover will appreciate it. If everyone lit just one little candle, what a bright world. . . .)

"Do you believe in premarital sex?" (Yes. Until recently, it was the only kind

I'd ever had.)

"Is masturbation a way of letting out your sexual anxieties?" (Yes, and it's a good way to get your heart started in the morning.)

"How can one overcome an extreme shyness and reluctance to try sex in positions other than the basic man-on-top position?" (Say you're doing research for The Playboy Advisor.)

"What should you do if a guy wants oral sex but won't give it to you?" (Find another guy.)

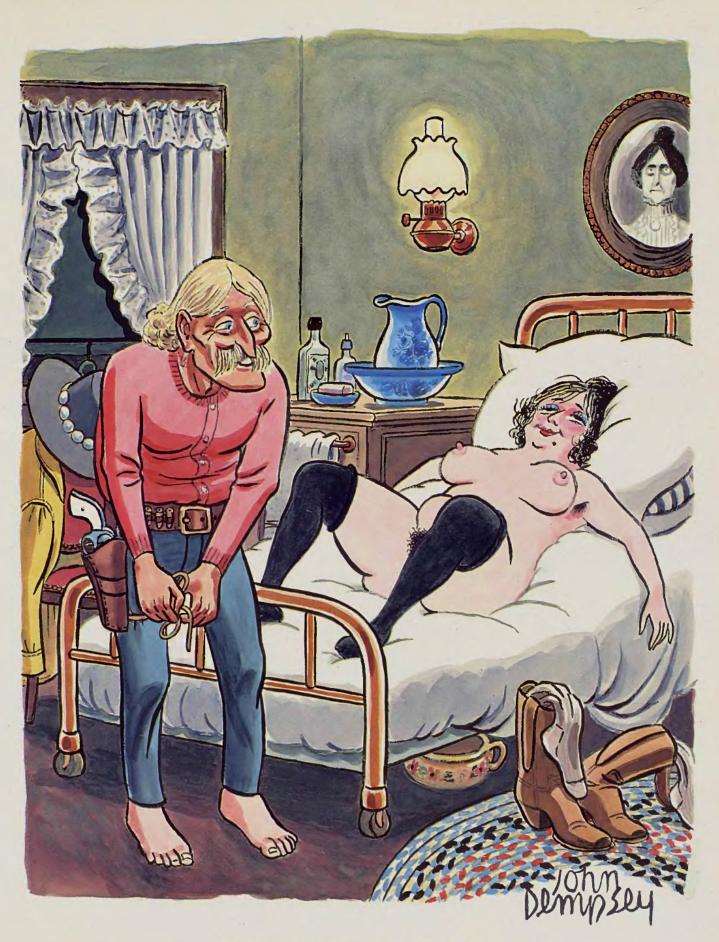
"Should you kiss a girl after she goes down on you, or is that a sign of homosexual tendencies?" (Right. A very ominous sign.)

"How do you turn away the hundreds, maybe thousands of girls who want to throw you into bed and have their way with you?" (With great difficulty.)

After the lecture, a man introduces himself as the instructor of the human-sexuality class. "This has been a very revealing night," he says. "I didn't realize that my students had so many questions. I'll have to devote a whole day to just the sexual side of sex." Seriously. He says that.

Later on, I feel as if I am trying to fall asleep on the surface of a snare drum. There is an energy flowing through the campus, and strange sounds. It is two days before the Penn State football game, and as near as I can tell, they are sacrificing virgins over at the stadium. Whatever it is, it must work. On Saturday, WVU beats Penn State for the first time in 28 years.

There are days in your life that you wish you had on film. I will have to settle for a still photo of my day at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. As the picture is



"You thought it was only my Colt .45 that was tied down, didn't you, ma'am?"

snapped, I am surrounded by eight students. I appear to be wearing Bunny ears. (An offer will have to be made to secure the negative, I realize right away. In return, I'll promise not to mention any names.)

The lecture is attended by some 700 students. The first question is this: Has PLAYBOY ever conducted a survey saying that Miami University has the most beautiful women on any campus in America? The answer: No, but it was our mistake.

Miami University has the most beautiful women on any campus in America.

Unfortunately, 43 percent of them are virgins.

Every few years, several members of the sociology department conduct a survey of Oxford students. Here are the percentages of virgins:

1963 1971 1978 1984 40% M 37% M 34% M 28% M 75% F 56% F 38% F 43% F

A sociology professor asks what I think of the apparent rise in female-virginity rate in recent years. She wonders whether or not the pendulum is swinging back. Is there a sexual counterrevolution going on? I consider her question and-this being the Eighties-try to think of sex as though it were economics. In the world of money, there is something known as the acceleration principle, which says that an increase in demand can cause a much larger increase in investment spending. (A ten percent increase in demand, for example, may trigger a 100 percent increase in investment spending; everyone wants to get in on the action.) But when the rate of increase in demand begins to level off, spending can actually decline, even though demand is still growing (it's just growing at a slower rate). In sexual matters, people seem to behave the same way.

In the Sixties and Seventies, when the ex-virgin quotients were growing, the media and the participants in the ongoing upheaval invested nearly 100 percent of their attention in sex. It was fast action—a good time to be alive. But now that the figures are declining, attention has shifted sharply; students are investing their time in other things, such as careers and security and grade-point averages.

Looking at the results of the Miami survey, I notice how the spread between male and female rates has changed. For a while, there was only a four percent difference between men and women; we were in it together, neck and neck, chest to breast, etc. Now the spread is back to 15 percent and there seems to be a difference of opinion once again. One pair of written questions from the Oxford audience says it all:

Male: "Why is it that women don't like friendly sex? Why do we have to propose to them first? It seems awfully popular on this campus."

Female: "Why don't guys here date?

Why are relationships here like either a marriage or a one-night stand?"

After the lecture, I find myself at a party in a house off campus. There is a tradition at Oxford of naming houses—things like The Paradise, The Seven Incredible Virgins, The Three Cool Guys. The Sack Lunch is where I attend the party. A member of the lecture committee asks whether or not the questions from the Miami audience were normal. How did alma ma stack up against other schools? What was weird?

"Well," I say, "last night at De Kalb, someone asked how long you have to suck a penis to make it red and pulpy."

A heartbreak blonde at the end of the table says, "Mmm. Red and pulpy, just the way I like 'em." Gee, maybe last night's question wasn't so weird.

The host of the party has invited me here, it seems, to talk the women of Miami into having sex. I confess to a sense of helplessness. I have not had to talk a woman into having sex for 20 years. "Usually, when they walk into the room without clothes, I get the idea that sex is in the air," I say. "The night I lost my virginity, I was in a hotel room with a woman I still think about. We were watching a Spencer Tracy movie on TV. She undressed. I said, 'Wait a minute. I can lose my virginity any time. It's not every night you get to see Inherit the Wind on TV.' There's a rumor that I'm retarded, you have to understand. But let's have a look at the figures. Apparently, 65 percent of the women on campuses nationwide lose their virginity in a caring relation-

"And the other 35 percent lose it at the Sack Lunch?" the host asks hopefully.

"Dream on."

The students at Florida International University seem dead-set earnest about making sex happen this night. The Advisor is part of a three-ring circus. At six o'clock, there is a screening of Woody Allen's Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex** But Were Afraid to Ask. At eight, there is the lecture. And at nine, a dance. To facilitate mingling, the dance committee hands out little plastic nuts and bolts. Most of the bolts are right-threaded, most of the nuts left-threaded. Any guy and girl whose nuts and bolts are compatible will win a prize.

A guy comes up to me, testosterone backed up behind the eyes, terminally horny. "Do you have any idea how frustrating these things are?" He shows me a nut and a bolt, hopelessly dry-locked. "Why can't I get this thing on?"

"Have you tried foreplay?" I ask.

I descend a flight of steps leading from the dance floor into the campus rathskeller. On the other side of a glass panel, a couple of guys in drag are rehearsing something. "I think I got here just in time," I say, joining a group of students.

"Oh, that's just the local comedy revue," I am reassured. There are four or five of us at the table, a couple of males and a couple of striking females. We sit and drink wine coolers from plastic cups the size of popcorn containers. Most of these students are from Miami, city kids with street smarts, probably a lot of graduates from Scarface High.

"Tell us what you think about this," one guy says. "We've got a friend who hasn't been laid in a couple of months. He's starting to get twitchy. We thought for his birthday, we would hire a hooker at one of the hotels. We know the girl. Adjoining rooms, the works, comes to about \$150. We figure we'll set him up with the girl, then break in at the appropriate moment."

I look at the faces of these concerned friends. One of them bears a remarkable resemblance to Jamie Lee Curtis. I can see how a guy can get twitchy without sex when there are women on campus who look like that.

"Excuse me," I say, "but haven't any of you given any thought to the trauma potential of this event? You could be talking serious humiliation."

"Hey, you're right. What happens if he bolts? Does the hooker spend the night? I mean, if she hasn't got anything better planned, I wouldn't mind. . . ."

So much for concern. So much for friends.

Later, we sit together on the hood of a car, drinking Scotch and discussing the night's conversation. I am still disturbed by their notion that sex is something that can be subcontracted. These kids are thinking of sending a friend out for the cure, hiring professionals to get the job done-an idea straight from the Fifties. I try to recall a Sixties motto to the effect that friends will get you through times of no sex better than sex will get you through times of no friends. What are friends for, after all, if not for sex? We discuss women who look like Jamie Lee Curtis. We discuss affairs. We discuss Scotch. "You really shouldn't drink Scotch," I tell them. "It makes you act like your parents."

I am being driven to a lecture in a rented Lincoln Continental by a student who plans to fly jets next year. At the moment, he is having a hard time figuring out which switches raise and lower the windows and which ones lock and unlock the doors. Finally we roll.

"USC is conservative," he says. "Not Orange County conservative—big-bucks conservative. We call ourselves the University of Spoiled Children. UCLA is the Universal College of Lower Achievement. We pay \$9000 a year for the same education the state system charges \$1300 for. There is a bumper sticker that says, SELL

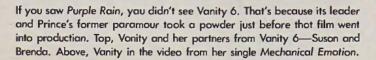
(continued on page 189)

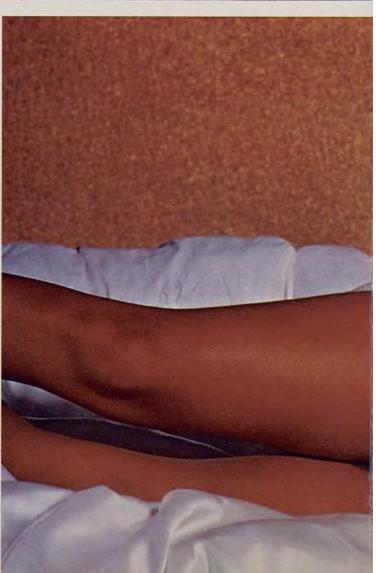


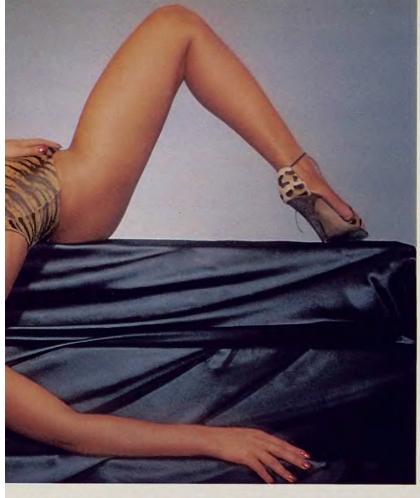












to the story. Vanity is starring in a new movie, and it's much better than her last one. You say we haven't mentioned the last one? Have you ever heard of Tanya's Island? We thought not. Vanity stars as Tanya. While her screen credit reads D. D. Winters, it's plainly Vanity in the Fay Wray part in a kinky update of King Kong. The plot? Put delicately, Vanity has a, er, touching relationship with a tall, blue-eyed, long-haired ape. At film's end, she and the ape participate in a major but not unpredictable transgression against nature. It's the kind of film you enjoy watching with a roomful of seriously demented or very wicked friends. We wonder why it hasn't become a cult classic.

Vanity has now graduated to a star vehicle in which the cast is, reportedly, entirely human. In Berry Gordy's *The Last Dragon* (for which Vanity performs on the sound track with the group DeBarge), she's a video jock at New York's hottest dance club. She falls in love with a black man named Bruce Leroy, who believes he is actually Chinese. (It's a martial-arts comedy; get it?) Bruce wanders off to find "the glow," and Vanity follows him and slips in and out of trouble about a dozen times. And we're game for whatever trouble she wants to get into.

A long time ago, Vanity's mother offered her a choice of modeling school or karate lessons. At the time, she chose modeling. From the smashing poses in our pictorial, it appears modeling school paid off.

By now, the story of how Vonity got her name is famous: She met Prince at the American Music Awards show. He swooned and later christened Denise Motthews Vanity. The ex-Miss Matthews thinks she reminds Prince of himself. Not here.







Vanity and the ladies of Vanity 6 revolutionized rock fashians with their racy, lacy lingerie. It all started, Vanity claims, when, as a child grawing up an the Canadian side of Niogara Falls, she would hide in the closet and try an her mother's neggies. We thank her for

caming out of the closet in later years, but we take special pleasure in these photogrophs, taken as she posed against a stark, satindraped set, sans lingerie, proving what we've always maintained to be true: Clathing does not necessarily make the woman.



MORE THAN THE SUM OF HIS PARTS

after the accident they pieced him back together—but something happened in the process

fiction By JOE HALDEMAN

21 AUGUST 2058

HEY SAV I am to keep a detailed record of my feelings, my perceptions, as I grow accustomed to the new parts. To that end, they gave me an apparatus that blind people use for writing, like a tablet with guide wires. It is somewhat awkward. But a recorder would be useless, since I will not have a mouth for some time and I can't type blind with only one hand.

Woke up free from pain. Interesting. Surprising to find that it has been only five days since the accident. For the record, I am, or was, Dr. Wilson Cheetham, senior engineer (quality control) for U.S. Steel's Skyfac station, a high-orbit facility that produces foam steel and vapor-deposition materials for use in the cislunar community. But if you are reading this, you must know all that.

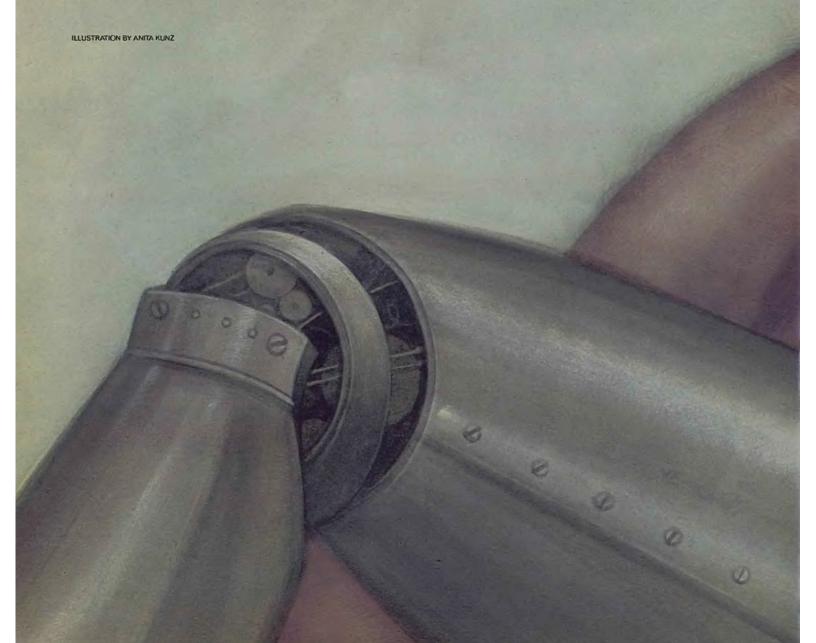
Five days ago, I was inspecting the aluminum-deposition facility and had a bad accident. There was a glitch in my jet-seat controls, and I suddenly flew straight into the wide beam of charged aluminum vapor. Very hot. They turned it off in a second, but there was still plenty of time for the beam to breach the suit and thoroughly roast three quarters of my body.

Apparently there was a rescue bubble

right there. I was unconscious, of course. They tell me that my heart stopped with the shock, but they managed to save me. My left leg and arm are gone, as is my face. I have no lower jaw, nose or external ears. I can hear after a fashion, though, and will have eyes in a week or so. They claim they will craft for me testicles and a penis.

I must be pumped full of mood drugs. I feel too calm. If I were myself, whatever fraction of myself is left, perhaps I would resist the insult of being turned into a sex-less half-machine.

Ah, well. This (continued on page 92)







INNER FOR TWO at your place. No longer just a hasty prelude or wolfed-down afterthought, it is the ultimate intimate repast, a scene setter, a defroster, an event and entertainment in itself. But for the host who eats out more than in, the prospect can be intimidating. With all the ink and air time expended of late on healthful diet and the cuisines nouvelle, nueva and plain new, we expect food to be both inventive and easy on the abused inner man.

Take the plunge. The theater and culinary elegance of the toniest restaurant can be approximated at your own table, sans pretense and intrusive waiters. All that's required is a repertoire of stylish dishes, quickly assembled. They must look good and taste better. Your guest's eyes should snap when the plate is set before her, and there's no need to let her know you had less than an hour to whip it together.

The following recipes neatly satisfy the requisites. They can be created by anyone who can read, with only minimal cookware. None requires more than ½ hour of trimming and chopping and another 15 minutes or so of cooking, some even less. They are complete main courses, usually supplemented merely by a salad or

Peel and mince shallots. Trim tough ends from mushroom stems; slice mushrooms thinly, lengthwise. Cut away any gristle from scaloppini. Salt and pepper both sides.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter over high heat in skillet large enough to hold scaloppini in single layer. Cook scaloppini, turning once, until lightly browned on both sides—2 to 5 minutes in all, depending on thickness. Don't overcook. Transfer scaloppini to serving platter and cover with aluminum foil to keep warm.

Add I tablespoon butter to skillet. Melt over moderately high heat. Add mushroom slices and cook, stirring, until soft. Add shallots and cook 30 seconds, stirring. Remove skillet from heat. Transfer mushrooms and shallots to platter, arranging

them over scaloppini.

Return skillet to moderately high heat. Add heavy cream. Cook, stirring, until cream starts to bubble. Add lemon juice and stir, scraping up browned bits. Add mustard and stir to blend. Drain juices from scaloppini platter into skillet and stir. Pour sauce over mushrooms and veal.

OYSTERS AND MUSHROOMS IN MUSTARD CREAM SAUCE

This requires close attention and some dexterity, but cooking time is short. Forget the "month with an R" rule: Oysters are now available year round. Buttered noodles or rice is an appropriate side dish.

12 oysters

6 scallions

1 large clove garlic

I stalk celery

1/4 lb. mushrooms

3 tablespoons butter

1 tablespoon flour

3/3 cup white wine

3/4 cup heavy cream

Salt, pepper

l teaspoon Dijon-style mustard

Parsley

2 tablespoons black or red caviar (optional)

Have your fishmonger shuck oysters, retaining liquid. In your kitchen, drain oysters in strainer, catching liquid in small bowl. Put oysters in another bowl.

Trim roots and leaves from scallions; peel, then chop scallions. Peel and mince garlic. Wash celery and scrape away discolored parts. Trim ends and leaves; chop finely. Trim tough ends from mushroom stems; slice mushrooms lengthwise. (Begin cooking rice or noodles.)

Melt 1 tablespoon butter in saucepan over (continued on page 200)

joe piscopo makes his culinary night moves with six easy entrees that are an unsnap to prepare

SEDUCTIVE SKILLETRY

food By HERBERT B. LIVESEY

a vegetable and a crusty loaf. And while the stereotypical slab of seared beef has its place, these entrees are in tune with the current preference for lighter fish and fowl. Colorful, fun and sensuous, they celebrate an evening. If you don't believe us, just ask our guest chef, Joe Piscopo—star of the small screen and the soon-to-be-released movie Wise Guys. His Chicken with Almonds and Tortellini Salad aren't bad, either.

VEAL SCALOPPINI WITH MUSHROOMS

Veal is the pale prince of meats, too often fried to leather when it cries out for cosseting. Here, it needs barely 5 minutes' cooking time, with most of the work given to the sauce. Buttered noodles with a dusting of poppy seeds are a fitting accompaniment.

I tablespoon chopped shallots

1/4 lb. mushrooms

4 veal scaloppini, pounded thin

Salt, pepper

3-4 tablespoons butter

1/3 cup heavy cream

Juice of 1 lemon 2 teaspoons Dijon mustard, smooth or seeded

"Tomorrow they start building my face. I will be unconscious for more than a week."

will be a machine that can turn itself off.

22 AUGUST 2058

For many days there was only sleep or pain. That was in the weightless ward at Mercy. They stripped the dead skin off me bit by bit. There are limits to anesthesia, unfortunately. I tried to scream but found I had no vocal cords. They finally decided not to try to salvage the arm and leg, which saved some pain.

When I was able to listen, they explained that U.S. Steel valued my services so much that it was willing to underwrite a state-of-the-art cyborg transformation. Half the cost will be absorbed by Interface Biotech on the moon. Everybody will deduct me from his taxes.

This, then, is the catalog: first, new arm and leg. That's fairly standard. (I once worked with a woman who had two cvborg arms. It took weeks before I could look at her without feeling pity and revulsion.) Then they will attempt to build me a working jaw and mouth, which has been done only rarely and imperfectly, and rebuild the trachea, vocal cords, esophagus. I will be able to speak and drink, though except for certain soft foods, I won't cat in a normal way: Salivary glands are beyond their art. No mucous membranes of any kind. A drastic cure for my chronic sinusitis.

Surprisingly, to me at least, the reconstruction of a penis is a fairly straightforward procedure, for which they've had lots of practice. Men are forever sticking them into places where they don't belong. They are particularly excited about my case because of the challenge in restoring sensation as well as function. The prostate is intact, and they seem confident that they can hook up the complicated plumbing involved in ejaculation. Restoring the ability to urinate is trivially easy, they say.

(The biotechnician in charge of the urogenital phase of the project talked at me for more than an hour, going into unnecessarily grisly detail. It seems that this replacement had been done occasionally even before they had any kind of mechanical substitute by sawing off a short rib and transplanting it, covering it with a skin graft from elsewhere on the body. The recipient thus was blessed with a permanent erection, unfortunately rather strange-looking and short on sensation. My own prosthesis will look very much like the real, shall we say, thing, and new developments in tractor-field mechanics and bionic interfacing should give it realistic response patterns.)

I don't know how to feel about all this. I wish they would leave my blood chemistry alone, so I could have some honest grief or horror. Instead of this placid waiting.

4 SEPTEMBER 2058

Out cold for 13 days and I wake up with eyes. The arm and leg are in place but not powered up yet. I wonder what the eves look like. (They won't give me a mirror until I have a face.) They feel like wet glass.

Very fancy eyes. I have a box with two dials that I can use to override the default mode; that is, the ability to see only normally. One of them gives me conscious control over pupil dilation, so I can see in almost total darkness or, if for some reason I wanted to, look directly at the sun without discomfort. The other changes the frequency response, so I can see in either the infrared or the ultraviolet. This hospital room looks pretty much the same in ultraviolet, but in infrared, it takes on a whole new aspect. Most of the room's illumination, then, comes from bright bars on the walls, radiant heating. My real arm shows a pulsing tracery of arteries and veins. The other is, of course, not visible except by reflection and is dark blue.

(Later.) Strange I didn't realize I was on the moon. I thought it was a lowgravity ward in Mercy. While I was sleeping, they sent me down to Biotech. Should have figured that out.

5 SEPTEMBER 2058

They turned on the "social" arm and leg and began patterning exercises. I am told to think of a certain movement and do its mirror image with my right arm or leg while attempting to execute it with my left. The trainer helps the cyborg unit along, which generates something like pain, though actually it doesn't resemble any real muscular ache. Maybe it's the way circuits feel when they're overloaded.

By the end of the session, I was able to make a fist without help, though there is hardly enough grip to hold a pencil. I can't raise the leg yet but can make the toes move.

They removed some of the bandages today, from shoulder to hip, and the testtube skin looks much more real than I had prepared myself for-hairless and somewhat glossy, but the color match is perfect. In infrared it looks different, more uniform in color than the "real" side. I suppose that's because it hasn't aged 40 years.

While putting me through my paces, the technician waxed rhapsodic about how good this arm is going to be-this set of arms, actually. I'm exercising with the "social" one, which looks much more convincing than the ones my co-worker displayed ten years ago (no doubt a matter of money rather than advancing technology). The "working" arm, which I haven't seen yet, will be all metal, capable of being worn on the outside of a space suit. Besides having the two arms, I'll be able to interface with various waldos tailored to specific functions.

Fortunately, I am more ambidextrous than the average person. I broke my right wrist in the second grade and kept rebreaking it through the third, and so learned to write with both hands. All my life, I have been able to print more clearly with the left.

They claim to be cutting down on my medication. If that's the truth, I seem to be adjusting fairly well. Then again, I have nothing in my past experience to use as a basis for comparison. Perhaps this calmness is only a mask for hysteria.

6 SEPTEMBER 2058

Today I was able to tie a simple knot. I can lightly sketch out the letters of the alphabet-a large and childish scrawl but recognizably my own.

I've begun walking after a fashion, supporting myself between parallel bars. (The lack of hand strength is a neural problem, not a muscular one; when rigid, the arm and the leg are as strong as metal crutches.) As I practice, it's amusing to watch the reactions of people who walk into the room-people who aren't paid to mask their horror at being studied by two cold lenses embedded in a swathe of bandages over a shape that is not a head.

Tomorrow they start building my face. I will be essentially unconscious for more than a week. The limb patterning will continue as I sleep, they say.

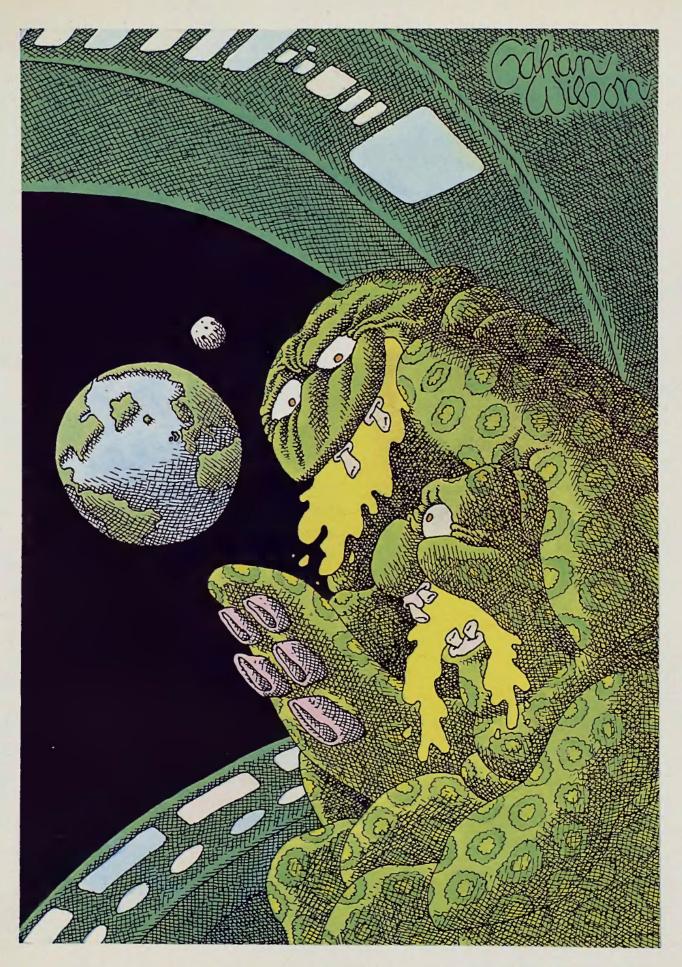
14 SEPTEMBER 2058

When I was a child, my mother dressed me in costume each Halloween and escorted me around the high-rise, so I could beg for candy. One occasion, I wore the mask of a child star then popular on the cube, a tightly fitting plastic affair that covered the head, squeezing my pudgy seatures into something more in line with some Platonic ideal of childish beauty.

This face is like that. It is undeniably my face, but the skin is taut and unresponsive. Any attempt at expression produces a grimace.

I have almost normal grip in the hand now, though it is still clumsy. As they hoped, the sensory feedback from the finger tips and the palms seems to be more finely tuned than in my "good" hand. Tracing my new forefinger across my right wrist, I can sense the individual pores, and there is a marked temperature gradient as

(continued on page 166)



"What the hell, sweetheart—if you want it, it's yours!"

ROOKIE

article

By DWIGHT GOODEN with RICHARD WOODLEY

the kid with the blazing fast ball looks back at his phenomenal first year in the majors

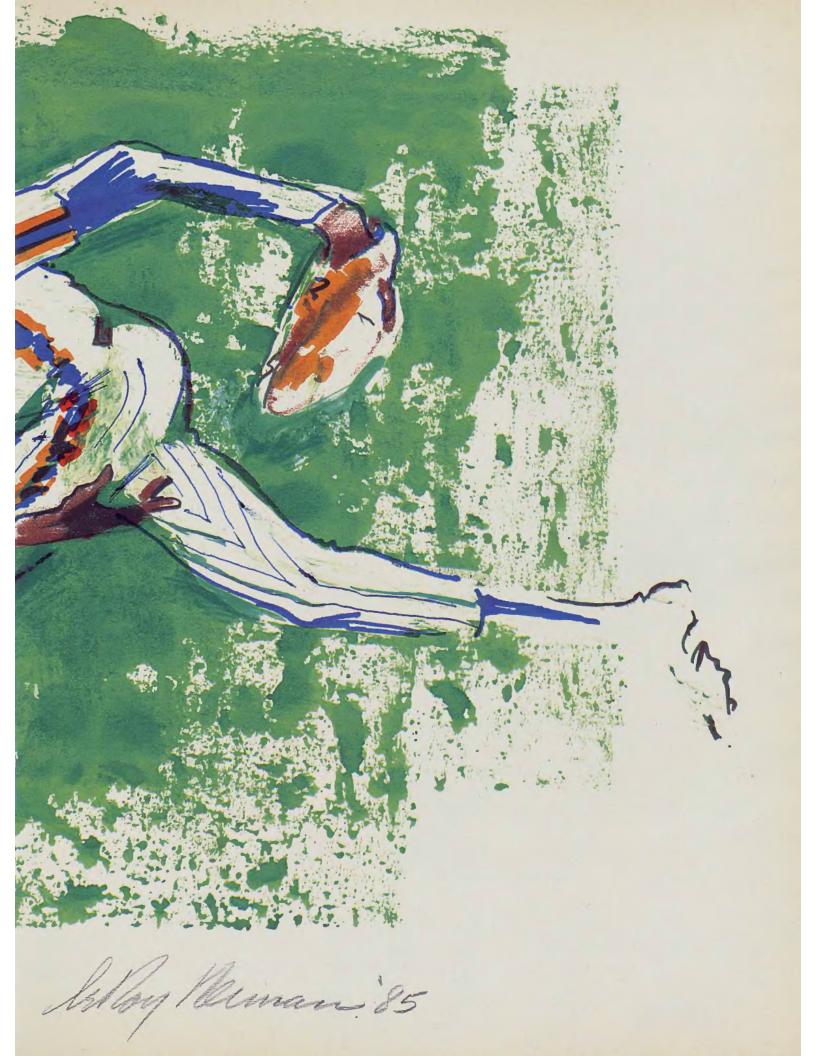
I WAS SITTING on the bench in the dugout, watching the last few innings of our last spring-training game at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg. We were playing the Tigers. Right after the game, the Mets would break camp and fly to Cincinnati to open their 1984 season the next day, against the Reds. I wasn't on the roster. I was still a minor-leaguer in the Mets' organization. I had been throwing the ball well during spring training, striking out a few batters, and the press had been giving me quite a bit of attention. But I figured I would be going to Tidewater, the Mets' triple-A farm team in Virginia. If I pitched well there, maybe the Mets would bring me up to the big leagues after the All-Star break, or next year. I was only 19 years old, so I could be patient.

Davey Johnson, the new Mets manager, came over and sat down next to me. He put his arm around my shoulders. He said, "You made the team. You're in the fourman starting rotation."

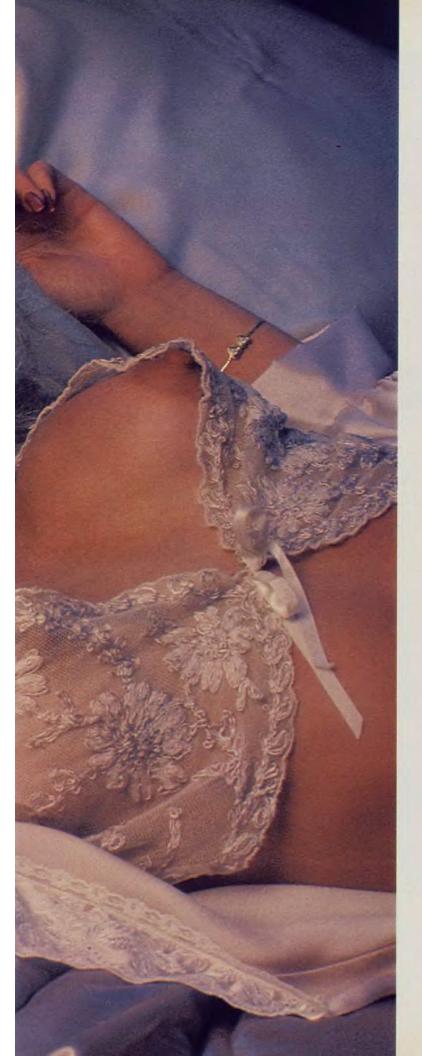
I said, "Yeah?" He said, "Yeah."

I couldn't say anything else. A feeling flowed through me, something I can't even explain. I didn't really know how to react. Suddenly, I was on the Mets, a starting pitcher. Two years before, I had been at Hillsborough (continued on page 204)









KATHY DOES TO HOLLYWOODD

miss may is probably the only to starlet who runs her own orphanage



IN A HANCOCK PARK duplex not far from Beverly Boulevard, not far from the Hollywood Hills, not far from a whole block of neon boutiques, there is a little bit of Brookville, Ohio. You ring the bell, the door swings open and from then on, it's girls, girls, girls.

"There's no place like home," says Kathy Shower, model/actress/single mom, standing there in a yellow blouse and jeans, with a daughter attached to each leg. "Come in and sit down."

It's a dream of an apartment, a little girl's dream blown up to Panavision proportions, stuffed with toys and swathed in pastel shades. Kathy calls it The

"I want a man to complement—not complicate—my life," says Kathy, "one who will let me do the same for him. Sex for its own sake? Probably not."



Orphanage. "I'm the Kool-Aid lady on the block. The neighborhood kids are always over here, and I like it that way." She shrugs. "Makes it a little hard for dating, but that's OK. On the weekends, it's slumber-party time. We play Cabbage Patch dolls."

The girls—Mindy is nine and Melonie is six—entertain you with a soft shoe while Supermom, 32, runs to the kitchen. Rosie, the parrot—in this house, you will find only girls—fluffs her feathers and squawks, "Hello!" The phone rings every minute or so. Kathy returns with a pitcher of ice water and fills a glass for each of the girls. Melonie says, "Nobody pours water like you, Mommy." The girls retire to the Cabbage Patch and Kathy sits down next to you.

She had second thoughts about posing nude, she says. If offered a nude scene in a movie, she thinks she'd want a

body double.

"I talked with the girls about PLAYBOY," she says. The girls spin in and out of the room, trading kisses for promises of Big Macs later on. "We talked about how pictures of a beautiful woman can be art, and they pretty much decided that if Mom did it, it was great." Kathy sits on the couch with her legs curled under her, like a little girl. "So



Fairly famous Angelenos don't generally bowl, but Kathy's popularity extends to both the bowling-shirted and the parachute-panted crowds. At the top of the page, she roots for Melonie as Mindy looks on. Above, with Jameson Parker (left) and Gerald McRaney on the set of "Simon & Simon." "They get along very well, which makes the show even more believable," she says of the men who play sibling sleuths A.J. and Rick. "They make it smooth sailing for their guest star."



An actor's lines are never down, not with dozens of ways to deliver this sultry come-on or that distressed yelp. At right, Kathy hones her emotive technique with acting instructor Brett Halsey (left) and fellow emoter Jim Welsh.

Between rehearsals for a show to benefit the veterans in Long Beach (below), Kathy muses, "I give more and get more back from things like this than from anything else. One of the veterans said, 'You made my Christmas.'"











"I called my best girlfriend and said, 'In "Scene of the Crime," I have to kiss this guy—open his shirt, work my way down, kiss his chest—and I'm nervous!' She said, 'You're complaining? Some of us work for a living, Kathy.'"

the other day, we were driving past a Coppertone billboard, and Melonie wanted to know why that dog was pulling down the little girl's pants. And Mindy said, 'Melonie, that's art!'" Kathy laughs. The girls, who have been hiding behind the couch, laugh even harder.

Kathy grew up in Brookville, a little town not far from Dayton, where the only TV work is in TV repair. A self-described ugly duckling, she never even had a date until she was as old as some Playmates. Hollywood called shortly after she became a swan. A stint on Broadway as "the second-lead blank" (Brookville girls frown on profanity) in The Best Little Blankhouse in Texas led her to L.A., but Kathy wouldn't leave Brookville for the bright lights. She would take it along.

"People don't know me until they've seen my house," she says. "Here's this girl doing Los Angeles—the New York—style work—but living Brookville, Ohio. My work is hard work, long hours, constant running, but I know I can always come back here, where it's Mom and the girls. Mine is the old story of the girl who goes from a small town to Hollywood, but it's been more grueling than glamorous. Still, I'm making it. I'm surviving."

Even thriving. You've seen Kathy—sometimes more than once—on Three's Company, Scene of the Crime with Orson Welles, Airwolf, Simon & Simon and in other appearances too fleeting to be remembered by anyone but a bleary tubeaholic, playing (text concluded on page 196)







"Don't sleep with someone on the first date—that's a rule I try to adhere to. How much can you know in that amount of time? But I guess every girl has the fantasy of meeting a stranger and being trapped on a train or in some snowbound cabin. And making the best of it. Without structure, with everything spontaneous. What happens happens. That would be very exciting."







PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tarelon ann Shower

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 132

BIRTH DATE: 3/8/53 BIRTHPLACE: Brookville, Chio

AMBITIONS: To expand my career as a successful

television and Commucial actress into major feature films. TURN-ONS: Perfumed boths, men who make me laugh & love,

cuddling, sleep -or staying own he with the right man. TURN-OFFS: Profesity, untidiness, arrogance, men who

say all the right things for all the wrong reasons.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Citizen Kane, Dr. Strangelove, Close

Encounters, Doctor Things, Flantasia, Being There.

FAVORITE FOODS: Chinese food, sushi, Chocolate souffles,

Dava Lee Cheesecake, mesquite-broiled swordfish

FAVORITE PLACE: Paris, France

IDEAL EVENING: String to bed with a good brok or

a man who has just read one.

BIGGEST JOY: Having Children, because it is

a Constant Reminder of the Child in me.



The purcetness of veing 6.



aren't second touch grand?



My fust glamor shot.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

t was on a late-night Libertine Airlines flight that the captain announced, "We'll be landing shortly. Please fasten your seat belts, extinguish your cigarettes and return any female flight attendants to the upright position.

The most competitive—really competitive guy we know entered a circle jerk and came in first and third.



wo hunters were forced by a storm to seek overnight shelter in a house occupied by only a homely farmer's widow. When they met again the following hunting season, one asked, "Tell me, did you screw that old bag we stayed with

last year?"
"Yes," admitted the other, "I'm afraid I did."

"And you used my name—and told her you were me?"

"Yeah, I did that, too," laughed his hunting companion. "I didn't knock her up, did I?"
"No, no," smiled his friend. "It's just that she

died yesterday and left me the house and a hundred thousand dollars.'

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines organgrinder as a homosexual with a chipped front tooth.

he sex show of Rose's now closes With Rose in positional poses, While the audience studs Keep inserting their puds, So that everyone's coming up Rose's!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines horny Soviet official as a hard-carrying Communist.

As three little old ladies were enjoying a night on the town, they were accosted by a flasher. The first little old lady had a stroke. Then the second little old lady had a stroke. But the third little old lady refused to touch it.

While indicating a distance of about four inches between her thumb and forefinger, a newly qualified female Navy helicopter pilot explained a particularly rough landing this way: "You'd have trouble judging distances, too, if since the age of sixteen you'd been told that this was seven inches."

Our correspondent from Castro Street reports that the San Francisco police department is searching for two gays who attack women. Their M.O.? One holds the victim down while the other styles her hair.

Mr. Parks, I love your daughter and I want to marry her," said the young man.

"You should be told, son," responded the girl's father gravely, "that Debbie has acute

angina."
"I already know that, sir," the fellow continued, "and great tits, too!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines prostitute's fee as the dough required to get into her cookie.



When a girl with a hung-over head Found an elephant sharing her bed In the dawn's early light, She then groaned, "I was tight!" "To begin with," the pachyderm said.

At a recent come-as-an-emotion costume party, the host quickly interpreted most of his guests' attire. The lady in red was anger; the man in green, envy. But one young gentleman arrived naked except for a pear tied to his penis.

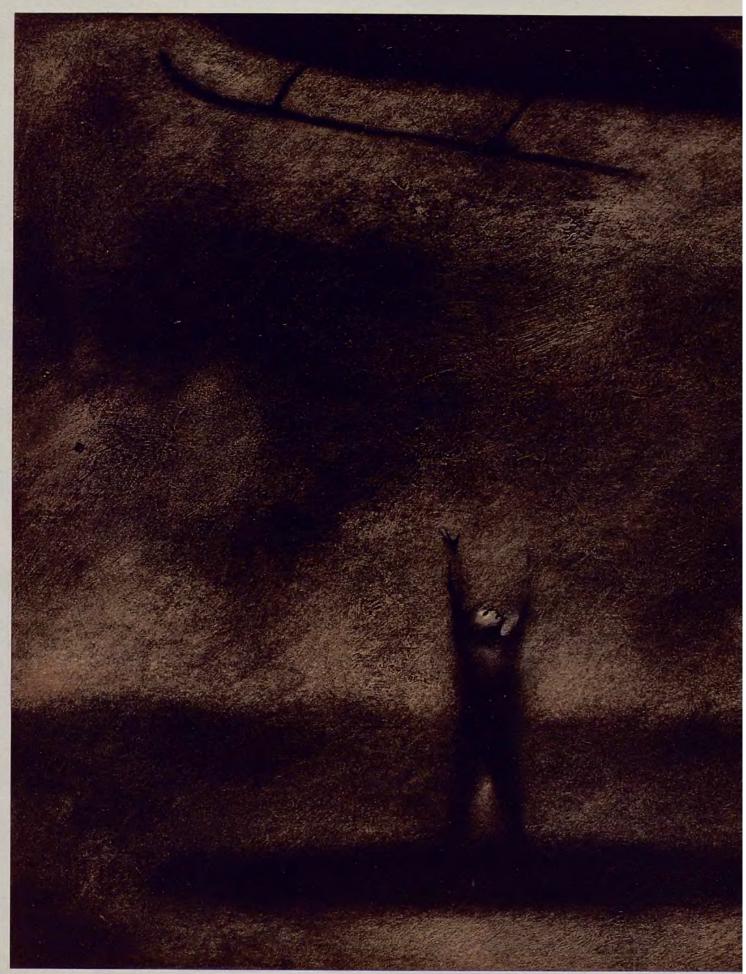
"You're supposed to be dressed as an emo-

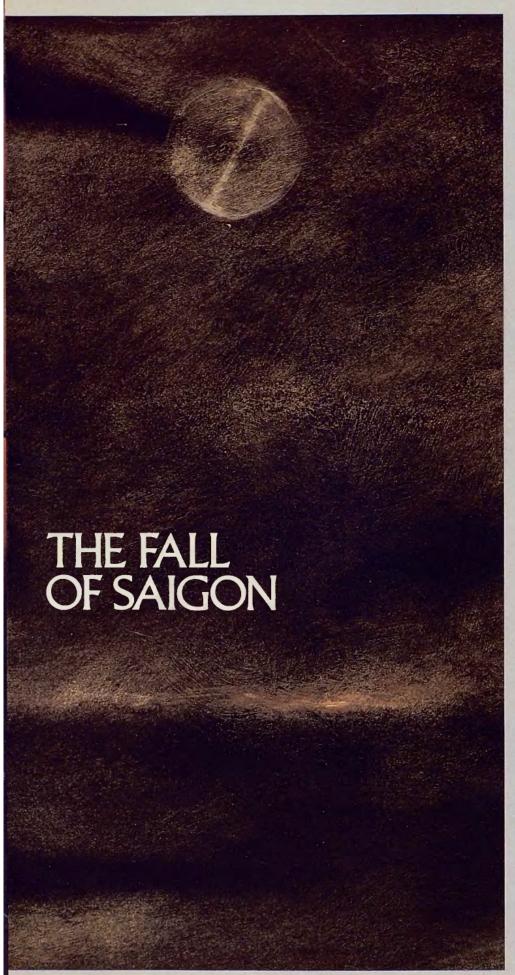
tion!" exclaimed the exasperated host.
"But I am," insisted the guest. "I'm fuckin' dis pear!"

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



"I love Japan. All the buildings seem to have erections".





article By DAVID BUTLER

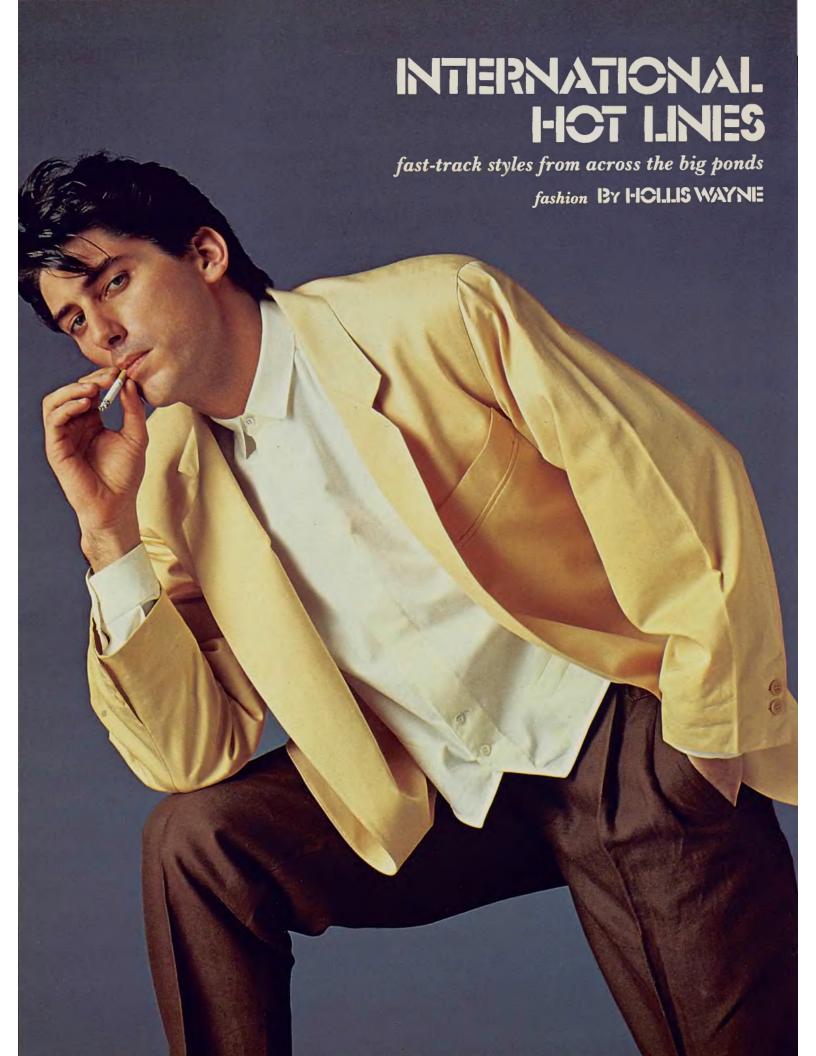
three days in the life of america—three days that would affect all the days to follow

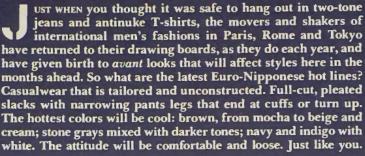
APRIL 30, 1975

THIS IS HOW we left Vietnam.

The 11 U.S. Marines on the roof of the American embassy in downtown Saigon thought they might have been forgotten. The sun was just up, and over the past 18 hours, U.S. Navy helicopters had extracted almost 1400 Americans and 5600 Vietnamese from Tan Son Nhut air base, on the northern fringe of the city, and from the embassy compound itself, flying them to aircrast carriers offshore. But there had been nothing for a good two hours, and Vietnamese were looting the embassy. It was dicey. The remaining Marines had to jam a wall locker against the flimsy door that led to the roof; the door had a window in it, and they had to station a guy there to jerk arms into the broken glass. The major in charge was seriously discussing the possibility that they would have to deploy down the concrete rocket shield that sheathed the fortress embassy and make their way to water.

Then, at 7:49 A.M., specks appeared in the southeastern sky. A few moments later, they were identifiable as one Chinook-46, escorted by nimble Cobra gunships, which looked and maneuvered as much like dragonflies as any machines man had ever devised. (continued on page 118)







Left: For some international smoke, try a one-button cotton-twill blazer with notched collar, \$466, with o rib-weave tuxedo shirt, \$310, and double-pleated linen slacks, \$238, all by Claude Montono. Right: The positive/negative punch of white and black, in a linen/ cotton knit soccer-stripe shirt with a placket front, \$250, worn over a linen shirt with knit neck trim and pajama sleeves, \$110, plus black cotton shorts, \$150, all by Enrico Coveri.





THE FALL OF SAIGON (continued from page 113)

"Now he was the target. And if he went, it would be an American bomb that got him."

The Marines unloaded tear-gas grenades over the building onto the heads of the Vietnamese below. Over the back, from which came the major threat, they put a hand grenade in a box of tear-gas canisters.

They forgot that a settling helicopter sucks up air. So the last official Americans out of Vietnam-the 11 Marines and the crew of the CH-46, including the pilotall flew blind and choking out of Saigon. And as they lifted off and banked into the sun, the door slammed shut on what was to have been the American century.

APRIL 28

The final offensive of the long war had begun just seven weeks earlier. In the ensuing days, an entire society built on the ideals, strategies, money and blood of the United States had all but collapsed. The greatest horror had come at the end of the third week, in the final days of March, when South Vietnamese marines and foot soldiers in Da Nang, the country's secondlargest city, had terrorized and killed civilians to get onto aircraft and boats and barges in the city's harbor.

Now, on the evening of Monday, April 28, the equivalent of 16 North Vietnamese divisions-140,000 men-were ranged around Saigon, their lead elements in the city itself. The capital's 60,000 Vietnamese defenders had not broken, even though most would die if there were to be a battle for Saigon. They waited at their posts.

In large part, that was due to the poise of Graham Anderson Martin of Thomasville, North Carolina, the last American Ambassador to Saigon. During the month of April, Martin had performed an extraordinary balancing act. Under enormous pressure from the U.S. military and Washington, he had evacuated most of the 7000 Americans left in South Vietnam, as well as tens of thousands of Vietnameseall the time maintaining the fiction that everything was normal.

As of that last Monday in April, Ambassador Martin had been on the job for almost two years. He had proved himself to be a man of deep commitment to his ideals and of infinite cunning in his pursuit both of those ideals and of his standing in the corridors of power. He needed the cunning, because his self-righteousness tended to make him reckless. He was a maverick who was cunning enough to recognize a fellow maverick when one arrived on the scene-and to cut him dead.

In Saigon, the fellow maverick was Alan Carter, the gregarious chief of the United States Information Service (USIS). Carter had been in Saigon just eight months, but within weeks of his arrival, he had been effectively shut out of the place in the senior councils of the mission that normally would have come with his position. For the Ambassador, Carter was flawed and dangerous: He was not Martin's man-and he actually liked some of the shallow young journalists who, in the Ambassador's mind, were fighting America's interests in Vietnam.

Carter had spent his time in Saigon doing what little he could to repair the poisonous relations between the resident American press corps and its embassy. But it was precious little, since the task required some mutual trust and-above all-inside knowledge, the "true gen," that which Graham Martin had decided Carter would not have.

Martin was approaching the end of 40-plus years in Government service. Carter was in the middle of his career, after a particularly successful posting in Tokyo. Most of the remaining American officials in Saigon were younger. One of those was Ken Moorefield, a 31-year-old blond Vietnam veteran who had returned with Martin as the Ambassador's personal aide. But Martin had never taken Moorefield into his confidence; and a few months after they arrived, the younger man asked to be given something more interesting to do than managing the cable traffic into and out of the Ambassador's office. Martin allowed him to take on odd jobs in the mis-

Three men, then-Martin, Carter and Moorefield-in the final days of Saigon.

Ken Moorefield and a few other young American-embassy officials were working that late Monday afternoon in what was called Dodge City, a complex of barracks and recreational facilities inside Tan Son Nhut air base. For the past ten days, Dodge City had been the processing center for the evacuation of people from Saigon; the great majority of the evacuees were Vietnamese, all of whom had a claimfirm, tenuous or false-on America.

The first string of explosions was distant. But the old wooden building, which stood on stilts, shook with the second. A fluorescent-lighting fixture fell from the ceiling onto one of the desks. Moorefield jumped up from his chair in a corner office and ran into the main processing room. With the second string of explosions, the 15 or 20 Vietnamese in the room broke from their lines. Women were screaming. Moorefield rushed down the open front staircase to the ground.

Anti-aircraft fire had opened up over the air base, and the sky was filled with blossoming puffs of smoke. Moorefield picked out two jets lazily twisting into a dive. He suddenly felt naked. Gotta get these people under cover, he thought.

Back upstairs, the women were still screaming and parents crouched with babies under the folding tables and against the walls. Some of the consular officers were still trying to work. Moorefield shouted orders. In less than five minutes, he and the few other embassy and military officers shepherded 80 or 100 Vietnamese in the compound into an abandoned barracks across the road from the processing center. This barracks was more substantial, set on the ground, and they were able to get everyone to crouch or lie against the walls in the long hallways. The attack lasted only about 15 minutes, but the antiaircrast fire continued for at least another 20 minutes.

Moorefield had known when he first saw them that the attacking planes were A-37s, light U.S. fighter bombers taken by the North Vietnamese. He had assumed that their target was the evacuation itself, his evacuation-him. He thought of the dozens of times he had called in helicopter gunships and tactical air support against Viet Cong positions. Now he was the target. And if he went, it would be an American bomb that got him.

Late that afternoon, a few Vietnamese were being transferred to Tan Son Nhut from the compound of the United States Information Service, about half a mile from the embassy proper. About 150 people had spent the past few nights in the compound. Some were local USIS staffers and their families; others were Vietnamese businessmen, intellectuals or government officials for whom the agency had been given responsibility.

When the rolling fusillades of antiaircraft and small-arms fire shattered the dusk, one bus of would-be evacuees was leaving the compound, another waiting inside it. Alan Carter ordered the departing bus back in and the gates locked.

The agency had sent about 30 of its Vietnamese employees and their dependents to the evacuation center at Tan Son Nhut the day before. That was very late in an evacuation that had moved into high gear eight days earlier, because Carter was adhering to the letter of embassy directives. He alone among the agency chiefs was not bending the rules, which still insisted that draft-age males and (so Carter thought) parents of local employees could not be evacuated. In the past few days, he had seen grown men fall to their knees in tears when he told them they could go with their wives and their

(continued on page 174)



"Heath cliff!"



valentine occasionally had glimmers of brilliance, but his new get-rich-quick scheme was pure genius

fiction

By Jay Cronley



VALENTINE, who was on to something big, and Flowers, who could always use some money, had arranged to meet in the back booth at Maury's Bar and Grill to talk business.

Maury's was simply a bar. The only things grilled there were customers who had witnessed a fight over a pool game or something like that; and then the police did the grilling. But Maury had gotten a good deal on a used sign and frequently sold beers to people lured inside by the possibility of a grilled-cheese sandwich.

Although Flowers was the only customer, there was a considerable amount of smoke in the bar. Valentine waved at it as he banged his way toward the booth.

"What the hell is going on in here?" he asked, sliding in opposite Flowers.

"Beats me," Flowers said. "I think this smoke has been in here four or five days, trying to get out."

"What smoke?" Maury said, bringing two beers.

He collected what was due for the beers, plus a 50-cent tip, and stood by the booth with his arms folded. The last time Valentine and Flowers had discussed a little business, people had stopped by the next day asking questions about Valentine's known whereabouts. These people had burr haircuts and large arms and didn't buy drinks. Maury didn't need this kind of nonsense, so he stood by the booth to discourage the type of discussion that would result in more visits of a similar nature. Maury was a fat man with a bald head. He had smiled last in 1978, when his ex-wife married a jockey.

"Your cousins ever catch up with you?" he asked Valentine. "Five, six months ago. The cousins with the arms the size of loaves of bread?"

"Sure did," Valentine said. He had a sip

of beer and smiled innocently. He wore a ball cap, a sweat shirt and jeans. He hadn't shaved recently. There were bags under his eyes. Innocent people didn't go around looking like that in the middle of the afternoon on a weekday. Innocent people worked. "My cousins were looking to find me because of a will. Some aunt left us a lot of money."

Maury nodded-sure your aunt did.

"So, Valentine, how have you been?" Flowers asked.

"Pretty good," Valentine said. "Pretty good."

And then Maury, of all things, sat down.

"Did I mention the last time you were in, I've found religion?" Maury said.

"Yeah, I believe you did," Valentine told him.

"It's very peaceful."

"I bet." (continued on page 126)

TITIE NI SLATY SELVOIM

once again,
playboy goes in
search of the
screening of life
with its annual popcorn
awards—the good,
the bad and
the boffo

IT was a year for music, monsters and action. Old pros like Albert Finney and Pat Morita turned in magnificent performances. Newcomers such as Adolph Caesar (as the black technical sergeant and murder victim in A Soldier's Story) were brilliant. An unknown, Dr. Haing S. Ngor, gave the performance of his life in The Killing Fields. But 1984 will be remembered as the year the kids from Saturday Night Live figured out movies. Bill Murray and Eddie Murphy redefined box-office bravado. Ghostbusters, a movie that Columbia executives had thought would do poorly, ate all the other summer films (including two from Steven Spielberg) alive. And as we went to press, Beverly Hills

Cop was closing in for the kill. It was a year for comebacks—what can you say when you see two old friends, HAL and Spock, brought back from the dead? And as for Clint Eastwood, well, he pulled a hat trick with Sudden Impact, Tightrope and City Heat.

Hollywood seemed to get into a

groove, or maybe a rut. Sally Field, Sissy Spacek and Jessica Lange were great in the Barnyard Trilogy-Places in the Heart, The River and Country. Next year, we will have the sequel, Places in the River Country. It seemed as if the world's screenwriters were reading the same phone-booth wall: FOR A GOOD TIME, CALL CARMEN. In 1984, there were five Carmen films-the opera version with Plácido Domingo; Carlos Saura's dance version with Laura del Sol; The Tragedy of Carmen, by Peter Brook; First Name: Carmen, by Jean-Luc Godard; and something en route from Paris called Carmen Nue, which is a skin-flick title if we ever heard one. Let's give it a rest, OK, guys?



The rash of break-dancing movies created a national health hazard. The Journal of the American Medical Association reported that break dancing had contributed to broken arms and collarbones, torn knee ligaments, severe sprains of the ankle and thumb, patchy baldness and back injuries. Also, the docs warned, the fad was associated with twisted testicles, which could prove a real problem if left untreated. Twisted testicles? We thought that was how those guys learned break dancing-first you wound 'em up like rubber bands, and then you danced.



We love Hollywood stories, especially the ones about "there but for the grace of God go I" casting-couch blunders. Word has it that Columbia wanted to cast Sylvester Stallone in the title role of Beverly Hills Cop. He rewrote the script, turning it from a comedy into Mad Max at Ma Maison. Thank God for Eddie Murphy.

This year's Butch Cassidy—Sundance Kid Award goes to the casting director of *The Terminator*. Originally, Arnold Schwarzenegger was going to play the hero. (The role went to Michael Biehn instead, and Arnold made B-movie history as the heavy.)

And, finally, a Bushman in the can is worth two in the. . . . In the South African comedy *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, a Coke bottle falls out of a plane, conks a native and sets off a chain of screwball-comedy gags as the Bushman tries to return the bottle to the gods. The producers are trying to find the Bushman to make a sequel, but their star, it seems, has vanished in the veld. Have they checked Ma Maison?



The year was filled with wonderful moments: The final fight in The Karate Kid. John Candy trying to play racquetball in Splash. Arnold slitting his eyeball in The Terminator. Our award for most daring bit of casting goes to the guy who called up Bubba Smith and offered him the role of an ex-florist in Police Academy. The contest for best musical moment in a year of movie music is a bit of a tossup. We liked the upside-down Mozart in Amadeus. We liked Tony Perkins playing Get Happy to a trussed up Kathleen Turner in Crimes of Passion. We liked Kevin Bacon teaching his friend how to dance in Footloose. Our Popcorn Award goes to the hauntingly beautiful, elegant, sensitive piano solo in This Is Spinal Tap called Lick My Love Pump.

Probably the best moments of the

year came from scene stealers. Bronson Pinchot as the *très gai* gallery aide Serge nearly upstaged Murphy in *Beverly Hills Cop*. Prince's main man Morris Day gets the Grand Theft Award for being spectacular in *Purple Rain*.



Where are Tracy and Hepburn when you need them? Bill Murray and Sigourney Weaver, as the ghoul next door, were hot in *Ghostbusters*. (Our favorite dialog takes place when he shows up and finds she's possessed: "Are we still going out?" Later, when she moans that she wants him inside her, he refuses. "No, I can't. Sounds like you've got at least two people in there already. Might . . . be a little crowded.")

In Police Academy, Steve Guttenberg flirts with Kim Cattrall: "I'd give anything to see your thighs. I don't suppose you'd describe them for me?"

"Well, they're tan, of course. Very supple, well rounded and luxuriant to the touch."

We have a special Yeah, But Will It Work in Real Life? Award for the sexual repartee in *Purple Rain:* When Apollonia asks for Prince's help, His Royal Badness replies, "Well, for starters, you have to purify yourself in the waters of Lake



Minnetonka." Right. And later he says, "Don't get my seat all wet." Just try those lines with a girl. Then send us the address of your hospital.



We go to the movies for philosophical concepts and psychological insights—and to meet chicks. Our favorite moments of dynamic dialog follow.

Melanie Griffith in Body Double: "I do not do animal acts. I do not do S and M or any variations of that bent. No water sports, either. I will not shave my pussy, no fist-fucking and no coming in my face."

Robin Williams in Moscow on the Hudson: "I also sell vitamins. True Nature. It's a six-pack of health. It's great for sex. Gives you the dick of death."

Steve Martin in *The Lonely Guy*: "We can go to motels and listen to other people have sex."

Gregory Itzen in Hard to Hold: "It's tough bein' a star. Everybody thinks it's all tits and champagne."

Faye Dunaway in Supergirl: "I can make the sky rain coconuts with pinpoint accuracy, but I still can't control men's minds...."

From All of Me, Lily Tomlin: "I'm going to come back from the dead."

Steve Martin: "And, uh, what makes you think you can do that?" Tomlin: "Because I'm rich."



Americans spend an estimated seven billion dollars a year on pornography, roughly equal to the amount of money-give or take a billion or two-that Caspar Weinberger resisted trimming off the military budget. You don't suppose he buys all the X-rated videos for the Armed Forces, do you? Maybe Woodward and Bernstein should look into this. According to Adult Video News, the top ten best sellers of the year were Insatiable II. Taboo III, The Young Like It Hot, Fleshdance, All-American Girls in Heat (Part II), Firestorm, Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star, Surrender in Paradise, Every Woman Has a Fantasy and Suzie Superstar. We asked the Playboy Advisor for his favorite films. His list, in no particular order, consists of Nightdreams, Smoker, Every Woman Has a Fantasy, All-American Girls in Heat (Part II), Stud Hunters and The Terminator. He realizes that the last is not a porn flick, but since Bruce Williamson didn't include it in his ten best, the Advisor had to find a place for it.



All of Me: Steve Martin and Lily Tomlin getting their bodies and souls mixed up in a madeap farce about reincarnation.

Amadeus: Music, music, music, with Tom Hulce starring in Milos Forman's superlative Mozart bio, based on the play by Peter Shaffer. Careful He Might Hear You: Adult drama about a child-custody case, the best Australian import since Breaker Morant and koala bears.

The Killing Fields: Compelling true story of friendship between a New York Times journalist and an Asian colleague in war-torn Cambodia.

A Passage to India: It's no Lawrence of Arabia, but David Lean's adaptation of the E. M. Forster classic is traditional veddy British moviemaking on a grand scale.

Romancing the Stone: Generally hilarious high adventure, with Kathleen Turner as a romance novelist whose wildest dreams come true with Michael Douglas.

A Soldier's Story: Murder in an Army camp way back when. Eyes right on Adolph Caesar, who walks away with it as the victim.

Splash: Wild, wet and generally wonderful, with Daryl Hannah and Tom Hanks generating sexy up-



scale chemistry. If you prefer Ghostbusters, be my guest. It's a close call.

A Sunday in the Country: From France with amour, a grand human comedy for all seasons, by Bertrand Tavernier.

This Is Spinal Tap: Irresistible deadpan spoof of every poperock follow-the-boys movie since the Beatles made it big in A Hard Day's Night.



The inventiveness quotient for blood and guts was pretty high in 1984. Parents objected to the thuggee ritual in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* in which a priest removed a live, beating heart from a victim's chest. Spielberg scored again in *Gremlins* when Mom threw a pesky critter into the blender for a little monster mash and nuked another in the microwave. Who needs the MX missile when everyday kitchen appliances will do?

But when it comes to armaments, we do have one unexplained scene: In *Red Dawn*, a group of teenaged kids outfit themselves with weapons from a sporting-goods store and harass the whole Red army. The next scene has them ambushing

of mines. Now, we don't know what kind of sporting-goods stores they have in your part of the world, but land mines are not part of the standard hunting gear. What do you use 'em on—armadillos?



They don't give Oscars to gizmos, gadgets and glops. We can see why. It was hard to decide which was the most disgusting organism to grace the silver screen in 1984. With Clint busy, Burt in bed, Bill in the Himalayas and Eddie unavailable, studios turned to creatures. Below, clockwise from far right, we have the stars of 1. C.H.U.D., 2. The Last Starfighter, 3. Gremlins and Return of the Jedi, 4. The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai, 5. Ghostbusters and 6. Dreamscape. Yecch.



Best Defense: A real dud, with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy (paying his dues and collecting high interest, later, with his smash-hit comedy Beverly Hills Cop).

couldn't save it.

Cannonball Run II: Good reason to keep Burt Reynolds off the road—and this time, he carried a couple of dozen celebrity chums along for his annual multivehicle mishap.

Dune: The worm turns, but probably not excitingly enough to turn a profit. Even if you have read the books, this over-budget, over-wrought s-f saga's a loser.

Hard to Hold: Out of General Hospital's suds into the sludge, pop star Rick Springfield hit all wrong notes in his big-screen debut.

Micki & Maude: Our man Dudley proving once again that Moore may well be less as a leading man.

The Razor's Edge: On a whim, Bill Murray does his Tyrone Power imitation. A close shave for Maugham readers.

Red Dawn: The 1984 war lover's handbook, assembled by John Milius, who spills everyone's guts in a bloody valentine to violence.

Rhinestone: The Sly and Dolly show, a classic mismatch set to music, sort of.

Sahara: Blood and sand and Brooke Shields, a blooming

beauty who-

as usual-

deserves

better.



COPING (continued from page 121)

"You can see Trafficante and the blonde going into the motel at noon and coming out at seven-fifteen."

The back booth at Maury's was Valentine's lucky booth. He had done some of his best thinking here. He felt calm and confident in this booth, with the ashtray and the salt shaker arranged just so. This was where, seven months before, he had come up with the idea for making \$25,000 selling counterfeit baseball cards to rubes at a big convention at Madison Square Garden.

Valentine didn't want to have to leave that booth. He wanted Maury to leave, instead. So he said, squinting at the smoke, "Somebody has been smoking Merits in here.

Maury frowned.

Flowers cocked his head.

"Somebody has what?" Maury said.
"Been smoking Merits." Valentine sniffed at the smoke. "Merits and Barclay menthols." He smiled. "I had an uncle who used to be in the tobacco business in Kentucky. It runs in the family."

"What runs?" Maury said.

"The ability to tell one kind of tobacco from another. I can tell by one puff what kind of cigarette I'm smoking. Blindfolded."

Flowers blinked rapidly and had a sip of

Maury scratched his chin. "That's the biggest bunch of crap I've heard in . . . three weeks." He scooted his chair closer to Valentine. "And I hear a lot of crap in here.'

"It's the truth," Valentine said, shrug-

"But you don't even smoke," Flowers said.

Valentine reached into his front pocket and removed a number of bills. He put two 20s and a ten under his bottle of beer. "One puff. Any cigarette. Blindfolded. Fifty-dollar bet."

"Gambling isn't mentioned in the Bible," Maury said, staring at the money.

"Plus, from your point of view, this wouldn't even be a gamble.'

"Right," Maury said to Valentine.

Maury looked at the cigarette machine by the front door. "There are twenty, thirty kinds of cigarettes in there."

"Pick one."

"This is a simple attempt to screw me out of some money, am I right?"

"That's one way to look at it," Valentine said. "The underdog's way."

Maury got up and walked to the cigarette machine. "There's twenty-eight kinds of cigarettes in here."

"I like a challenge," Valentine said.

Maury said he was thinking it over.

"That's a pretty expensive way to buy a little privacy," Flowers said quietly, "giving a man fifty."

"Be quiet and listen," Valentine said.

It had begun nearly three months before, when Valentine picked up a fare at Kennedy and delivered him to the Econolux Motel, which was a dump no more than a mile from the airport. "The guy's name was Cleveland and he was from Cleveland; can you beat that?"

"I've taken some guys dressed up as women to Queens; that's about as close as I can come," Flowers said, grinning.

As Valentine had been preparing to leave the Econolux to return to Kennedy to sit in a taxi line three hours long, he noticed a new blue Mercedes parked in front of room four. The Mercedes was so new, it still had its price sticker on the window. "Over at the Econolux, there's a new light bulb or the numbers on the door are straight, vou notice. There's a car worth thirty-two thousand sitting out front, it's like getting slapped in the face. It gets your attention. People who drive cars worth a fortune don't stay in dumps that run specials, all you can sleep for twenty-three dollars.'

"I never pay much attention to who stays where," Flowers said, waving at some smoke.

"Well, here's the question I asked myself, Flowers. What's a new blue Mercedes-Benz doing parked in front of room four at the Econolux, which is about six feet from a runway?"

Valentine's eyes were wide, and he was very excited, which made Flowers think about going home. Valentine had been this way about the counterfeit-baseball-card idea. Now, there was a night to remember. They had misspelled Red Schoendienst on one of the cards they printed-they left out a vowel or two-and a guy who used to play for the Cardinals chased them down an alley. This former St. Louis Cardinal had thrown a board at Flowers, hitting him on the right shoulder, causing a need for 15 stitches.

Flowers moved his shoulder in a small circle; it still ached.

"Forget that," Valentine said. "It was bad luck, that's all. The basic premise was

Flowers sighed. "Now, where were we?" "Why is a Mercedes sitting at a dump?"

"Maybe it was stolen."

"It was sitting out front, in broad daylight."

"Some tourist ran out of money."

"No, it had local plates."

"Then I've got no idea."

"Question," Maury called from the cigarette machine.

"What?" Valentine replied.

"Who buys the pack of cigarettes?"

"Me. I buy them.'

Maury nodded. "I'm still thinking about it."

Valentine took some note cards and photographs out of a folder and spread them on the table.

"The guy's name is Trafficante," Valentine said. His breathing was shallow. Flowers was afraid he might start hyperventilating, "Salvatore Trafficante."

Valentine touched a couple of photographs of this Salvatore Trafficante walking along a sidewalk, then several more of him with a cheesy motel in the background.

"The guy who owns the Mercedes?"

"Right," Valentine said, mopping perspiration from his brow. "He's at one of the motels out by the airport for the same length of time every Friday. It never varies more than fifteen minutes."

Flowers had some beer and nodded.

"Sometimes he gets there around noon, sometimes around a quarter of one, but the thing to remember is that no matter when he gets there, he's always in one of the motel rooms for seven hours, can you believe that, seven hours?"

"It depends on what he's doing."

"He's doing that," Valentine said, tapping a series of pictures of a woman.

Flowers made a face at this group of photos. "Those are the worst pictures I've ever seen."

"You ever try to take a picture of a moving car out of a moving car? With an Instamatic? While you're driving?"

Valentine explained what was in the bottom corners of these pictures. It was his watch. "With the watch there, you can see Trafficante and the blonde going into the motel room right at noon, and the other one shows them coming out at sevenfifteen. It's hard to focus on something up close and faraway at the same time, Flow-

The only picture Flowers liked was of a woman's legs. She was wearing a short skirt.

"You're right; it's a hell of a picture. I got that walking by the Mercedes when Trafficante was picking her up. I had the camera in the sleeve of my raincoat. You only see a little of the buckle on my sleeve."

"You ought to send it to the National Geographic," Flowers said.

Valentine stacked the pictures and put them back into an envelope and made certain Flowers was with him so far.

"This guy and this woman go to a (continued on page 197)



"Mother, you told me to find a boyfriend if I wanted to get married. Well, I'm just trying to double my chances."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY/ARNY FREYTAG

the best came last, as miss december, karen velez, took the title

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



IN A way, Karen Velez is a lot like the Tahiti of myth and history. If you recall, when Fletcher Christian finally got shore leave from nasty Captain Bligh, he found an island of startling natural beauty—and beauties who were startling in their openness, in their lack of guile or pretense. That's Karen. She's only a visitor to Tahiti, but there's no coyness, no affectation about her. She's as direct as sunlight in the South Pacific. Reading between her lines will just give you a headache: She says what she means and, more than that, she is what she appears to be. You may find it hard to believe from the photographs on these pages, but Karen doesn't care a lot about her physical appearance. Not that she doesn't realize there's a reason men stop dead in their tracks when they see her. It's always just . . . a pleasant surprise. Looks, in Karen's case, are a bonus, like the brightly colored wrapping on a Christmas present. Her focus is inward. "When I was picked for Playmate of the Year, I was flabbergasted. 'You guys want me?' "Even then, it took a long time to sink in—though part of that may have been our fault. "I was told, 'Karen, you're shooting for Playmate of the Year.' They don't tell you you're actually Playmate of the Year until. . . ." She thinks for a second, then

"I'm not an exhibitionist. I never was. So when someone driving down the street takes a second look at me and I see it, my first impulse is to feel shy or embarrassed. But then I say to myself, 'Wait, that was really a compliment; there's no need for you to get embarrassed. What a stupid reaction that was!"



Here's Karen comparing lines with the car Toyota has named the Playmate of the Year, the hot new MR2. All in a day's work for our Playmate of the Year was a trip to Tahiti, where these photos were shot. "I love the beach, so Tahiti fit me great."

"It's not a very fast life. You can go snorkeling, and the fishing, they say, is pretty good. You fish during the day and then, at night, it's piña coladas and Tahitian dances. I made a lot of good friends there. I'd like to return on vacation sometime."



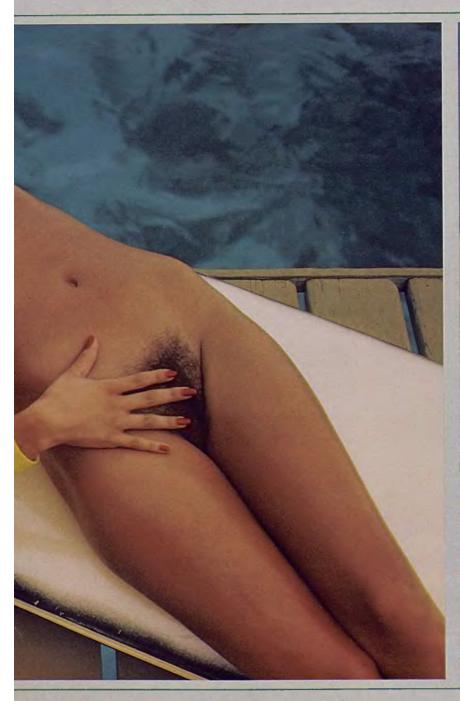


realizes, "They've never told me!"

You have our apology, Karen. Things did happen very fast. Karen, you'll remember, was our December Playmate. She had barely had time to savor the limelight from that appearance when we decided she was to be the year's premier gatefold girl. And the next stop was Tahiti.

"We went straight to Bora Bora, a little out island, which is gorgeous. Although it was the most desolate, it was my favorite of the islands. No TV, no magazines, no phones. We'd stay in these little bungalows, and we just had the fan going and that was it. We were there during the rainy season, and it rained for half a day, then got hot (text concluded on page 202)





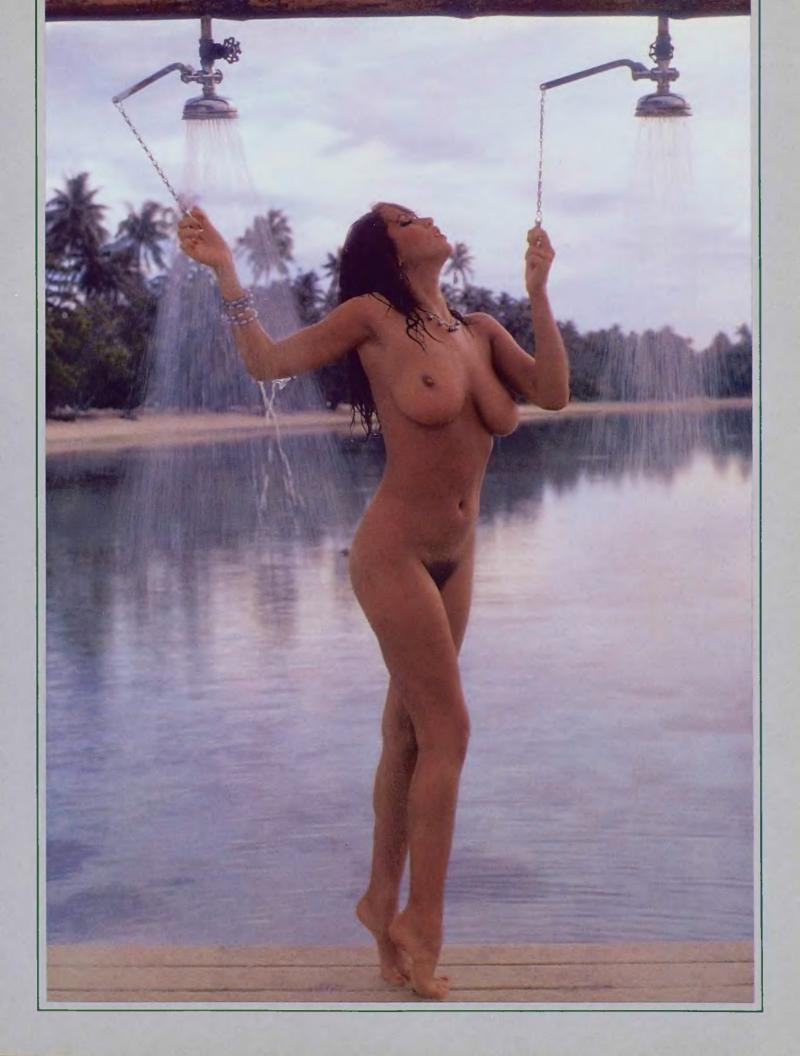


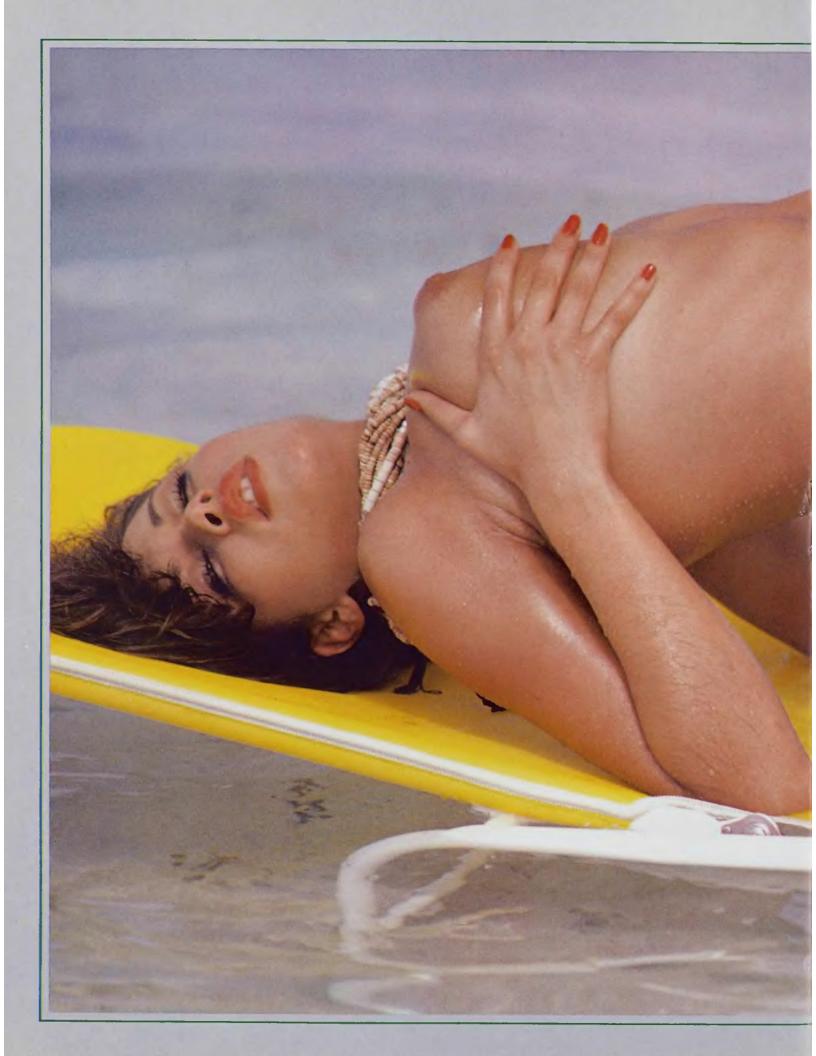


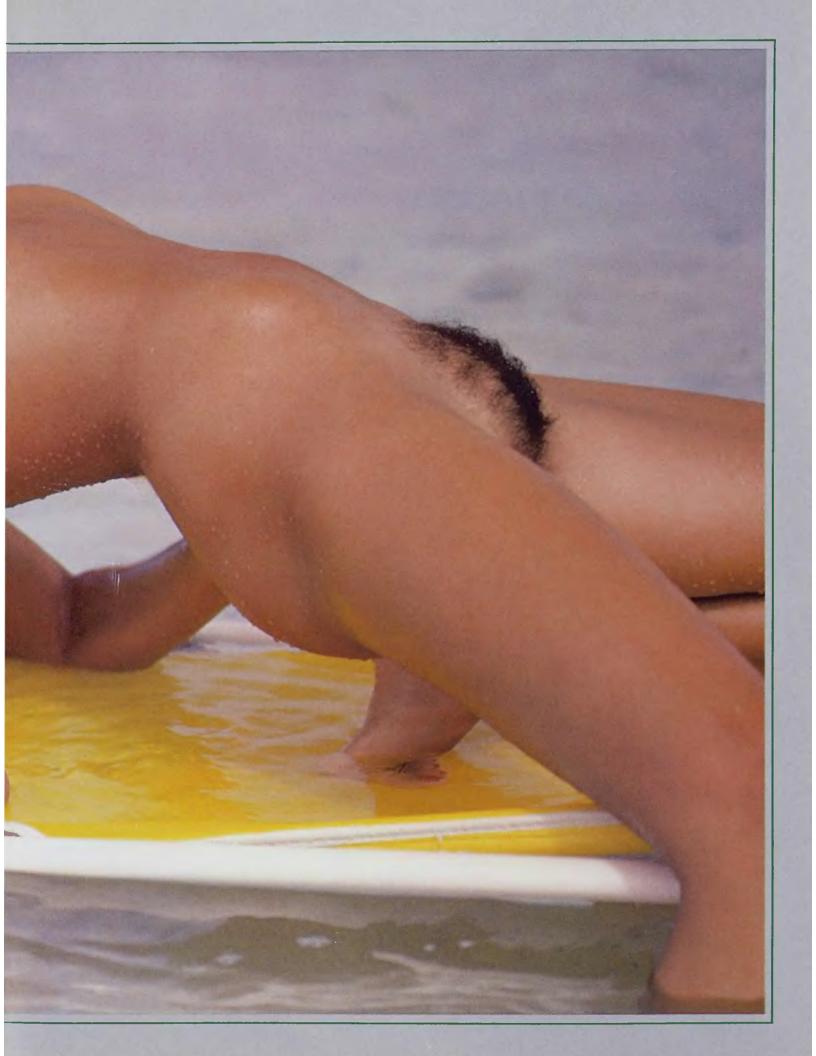




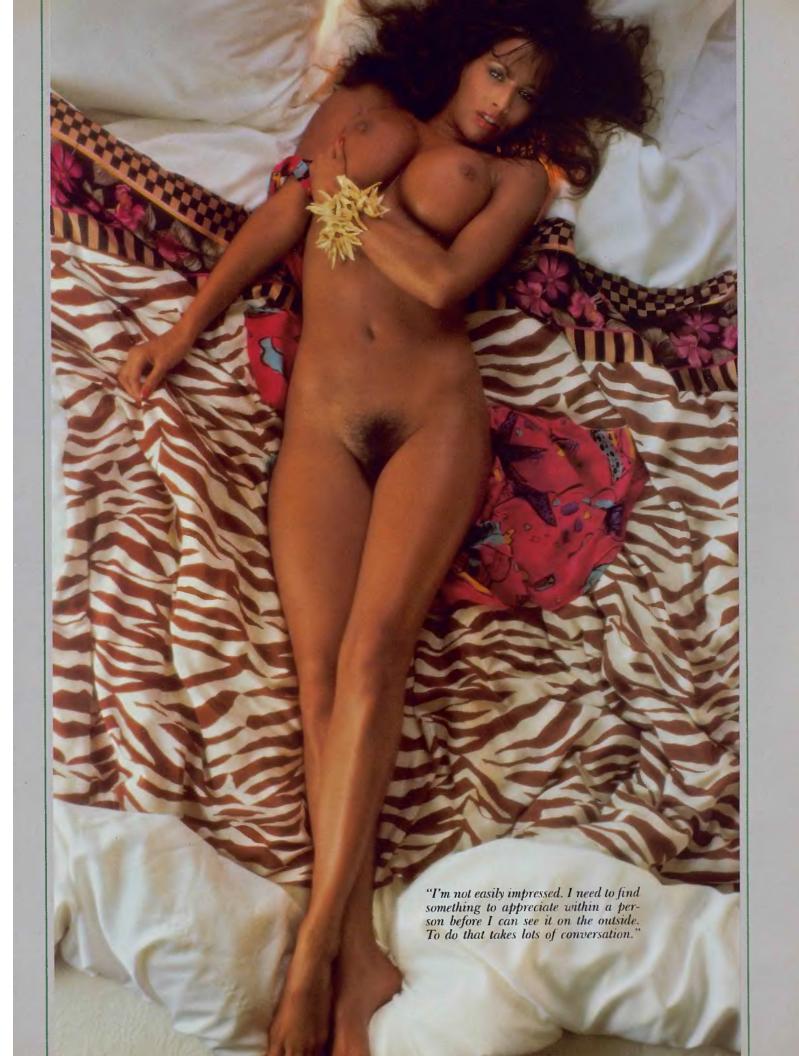
"One of the reasons I posed for PLAYBOY was to see if I was really as insecure about my looks as I thought I was. Maybe there was someone out there who thought I was all-right-looking. I was proving something that was important to me."







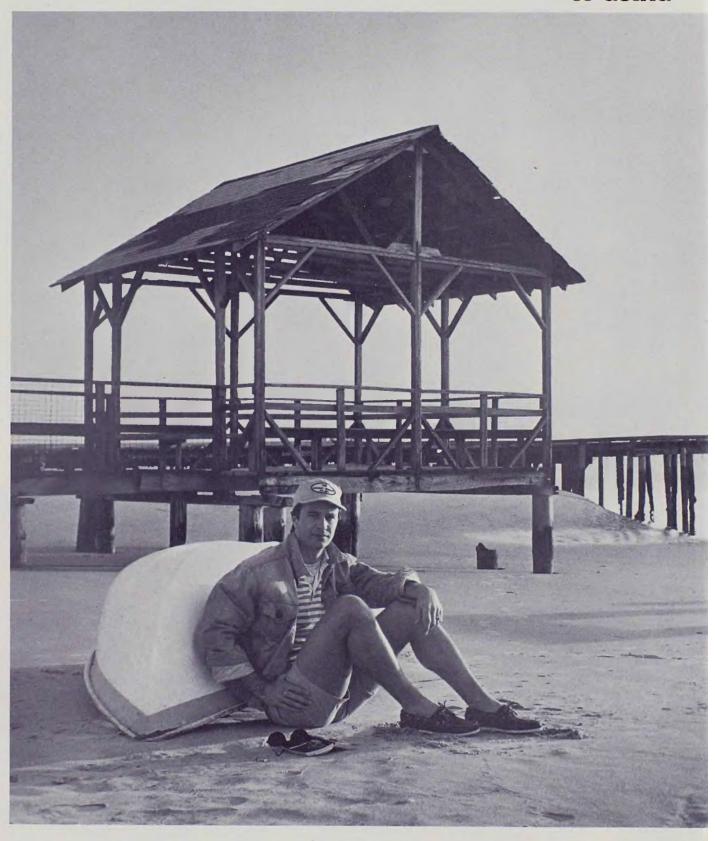








THIS IS IS GOING



FOR EVERYONE WHOSE IDEA OF A PERFECT SUMMER THREE MONTHS WITHOUT WEARING A JACKET AND TIE.



This is about perfect summers. Summers filled with short days in the office and long weekends at the beach.

And it's about the clothes you love to wear during those long weekends.

The old shorts, and T-shirts, and sweatshirts that you live in all day long.

And the faded jeans, and polo shirts, and crew necks that you change into when you feel like getting dressed up at night.

And it's about the shoes that go perfectly with those clothes.

A pair of Timberland handsewns. Why Timberlands?

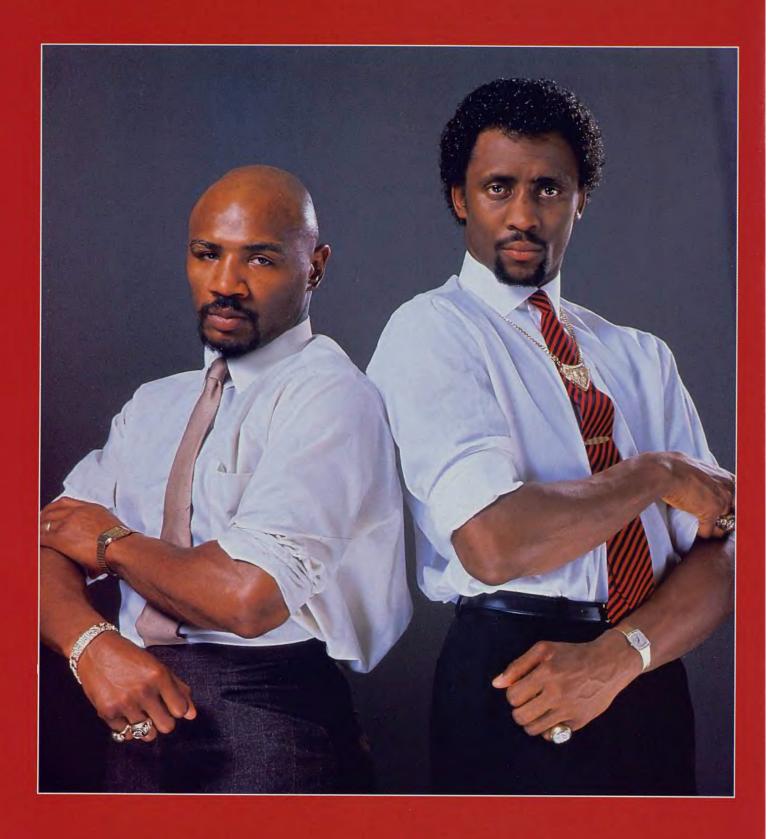
Well, we could tell you how the leathers, like any fine leathers, get even softer and more supple the longer you wear them.

And how the genuine handsewn moccasin construction makes them comfortable instantly.

But the real reason is something you'll discover for yourself.
And that's how Timberlands become a part of your wardrobe, like your favorite shorts and jeans, that you hold onto and enjoy for years to come.

Long enough, perhaps, for that day when you get really lucky. And your idea of a perfect summer becomes a reality.





20 QUESTIONS: MARVIN HAGLER AND THOMAS HEARNS

the marvelous one versus the hitman—on ring safety, prefight sex and whose butt will hit the canvas

his year's fight of the century will take place on April 15 at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, where 160-pound middleweight champion Marvelous Marvin Hagler (his legal name) will defend his title against super welterweight king Thomas "Hitman" Hearns. Hagler, a classic boxer, is 5'91/2" tall and has a record of 60 wins, two losses and two draws. Hearns, a classic slugger, is 6'I" tall, also 160 pounds, and has knocked out 34 opponents en route to 40 victories and just one defeat (to Sugar Ray Leonard four years ago). Interviewer Lawrence Linderman reports: "Marvin Hagler is boxing's answer to Rodney Dangerfield-he gets no respect, or at least that's what he thinks. Hearns, who's almost majestically serene, regards his right hand the way King Arthur regarded Excalibur—and, based on past results, that assessment may not be too far off the mark."

1.

PLAYBOY: Most boxing experts rate you as the world's top two boxers and believe this will be the toughest bout either of you has ever fought. Are they right?

HEARNS: Definitely. If I beat this man, it will put me on the very top of the world. HAGLER: I don't think that highly of Thomas. I respect him, but I know I hit harder than Sugar Ray Leonard, and people feel this fight is really secondary to a Leonard-Hagler fight. But I don't care; I want the money. I just hope Thomas doesn't hurt his other baby finger.

2

PLAYBOY: Marvin, you're referring to the fact that three years ago, when this fight was originally scheduled, Hearns broke his right pinkie during training and the bout was postponed and then canceled. Do you believe that Hearns just didn't want any part of you?

HAGLER: Yes, I still think he was ducking me; but he finally got his heart up now, because I put him on the spot. People really wanted to see this fight come off.

HEARNS: When Marvin started talking like this, I said he should shut his mouth—and he should. The fight was postponed because of my broken finger, but it was canceled because the promoter couldn't come up with the money he was supposed to pay us. And I'm glad that happened, because we were each going to get \$2,500,000 three years ago, and now we're each going to make more than \$5,000,000.

3.

PLAYBOY: You're both multimillionaires. Has making big money—and spending and managing it—been as much fun as you imagined?

HAGLER: Not really. When you're a champion, people come at you with all kinds of propositions. It gets a little heavy sometimes; but I've worked very hard for my money, so I try to protect it. Money is like a woman: If you don't take care of it, it'll leave you

HEARNS: Having the money to do whatever you want to do is a great feeling, but taking care of your money is almost as hard as fighting. I'm conservative with my money, and I've never had any run-ins with the IRS—and I don't plan to.

4.

PLAYBOY: In 1983, Marvin, you won a lackluster 15-round decision over Roberto Duran, and last June, Thomas, you knocked Duran out cold in the second round. Would it be wrong to draw any conclusions from those results?

HEARNS: Yes, because I fought Duran differently than Marvin did, and Duran fought me differently than he did Marvin. You can't say that because he won a decision and didn't knock his man out, something's wrong there.

HAGLER: Against me, Duran stayed back and tried to counterpunch, and there's no way in the world I'd want to run in on a right hand or a left hook—any fool can do that. Fighters like Rocky Graziano and Jake La Motta used to lead with their faces against counterpunchers, but that isn't how a modern fighter thinks. Boxing people know I took the last bit of starch out of Duran. I did Thomas a big favor. If it weren't put into his head that he's a worldbeater, I think he would've just kept ducking me.

5

PLAYBOY: Reveal your strengths and your weaknesses.

HAGLER: My biggest strength is my experience. I've been in with every kind of fighter and I've knocked out guys taller and heavier than Thomas. I'm a technician, a scientific boxer. I'm much too cagey for him. My weaknesses? I don't have any

HEARNS: Of course Marvin's going to say he has no weaknesses. He has weaknesses—it's just a matter of finding them. I have weaknesses, but I'm not going to talk about them. As for my strengths, I learn from my mistakes. In 1981, I made a bad decision when I fought Leonard. The world knew me as a puncher but not as a boxer. I wanted to show everyone that he

wasn't the best boxer in the world—I was. And so I fought his fight and lost; and I hated myself for doing that. The Duran fight was the most important one of my career—that's when I decided to leave the boxer behind and let the Hitman take control.

6.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate yourselves as punchers?

HEARNS: Marvin's got a very strong left hand and a good right jab. On a scale of one to ten, I rate Marvin an eight or a nine. I rate myself the same.

HAGLER: I rate myself as a good puncher. I don't say I'm a one-punch knockout artist, because very early in my career my trainer stopped me from trying to be like that. I take my time; I hurt you, I give you an ass whipping and I make sure you're not the same man when we finish. Thomas was a very good puncher when he was a welterweight, but I think you lose punching power when you move up in weight classes. But that's something I'll have to find out for myself.

7.

PLAYBOY: Have you each figured out how to win this fight?

HAGLER: I'd rather not go into specifics, but once I get in there and start feeling him out, Thomas won't be a problem. He has knocked out only one middleweight, and he's fought only one southpaw. I'm a wiser, more mature boxer than he is.

HEARNS: My plan is to keep him on the end of my left jab. I want to keep Marvin lunging and reaching and struggling to get at me inside. Then, as soon as he starts to step in, I'm going to drop that right on him. If I get one good shot at him with the right, it won't be long before the fight's

8.

PLAYBOY: What's the hardest you've ever hit an opponent?

HEARNS: People remember my knockouts of Pipino Cuevas and Duran, but I didn't hit either one of them with everything. I still haven't landed that perfect right hand, but maybe I'll do it against Marvin—I think he's ripe for it. I have a date with destiny, and I am destined to get him.

HAGLER: Well, I've hit a lot of people so hard they looked retarded. I guess one of the hardest punches I ever landed was against Loucif Hamani in 1980. I knocked him out in the (continued on page 187)

BOY GEORGE (continued from page 76)

"My brother once found a box of condoms floating in a river. He took it home and my father went crazy."

wake up thinking, God, I've got such a fab body. I may as well go and get who I can. I know I still have the same ugly body that I had ten years ago. I'm still as ugly and problem-ridden.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your background. Your father boxed, didn't he?

GEORGE: Yeah, he did. And, no, that's not why I'm the way I am. A lot of people have said my eccentricity is a reaction to my father's overtly masculine boxing image and all that bullshit, or that I had some sort of depressed childhood. But I'm afraid it doesn't wash, because it's not true. I had quite a good and, believe it or not, normal childhood. I don't have a particularly liberal background and I wasn't raised in a hippie commune, so I don't know why I'm the way I am. My childhood was very normal. Most of it was insignificant, like building sand castles and falling down and hurting my leg and getting up and riding bicycles. There was nothing demented about my childhood.

PLAYBOY: There are no skeletons, no Rosebud in the closet?

GEORGE: [Dramatically] One day in the showers at school, this horrible thing happened and I've been this way ever since. [Laughs] No, nothing like that. It's not, like, "I always take my diary to read on the train—I love reading things that are sensational." I've never had one of those—it's all pretty dull, actually.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk with your parents about your sexuality?

GEORGE: Well, my father still snickers at pornography. Men don't talk about certain things, because they feel embarrassed. I remember one of my biggest rows with my father was when I was very young and took home a porno magazine with pictures of men and women fucking, which I found in the rubbish tin. He humiliated me in front of everyone. "Don't you know what this is?" I thought, You idiot. It was only because he was really embarrassed. Even now, I don't think I've ever talked to him about it. My brother once found a box of condoms floating in a river. He took it home and my father went crazy. My brother said, "Dad, what are these?" He thought they were balloons. Whack! That was the attitude. Sex was never discussed. I suppose if my parents had decided to sit me down and tell me about the birds and the bees, I would have told them to buzz off, anyway. It might have been funny to get them to say "tits" or something, like getting a judge to say "fuck" or the queen to say "asshole."

PLAYBOY: Then how did they react to your dressing up?

GEORGE: My mother thought I looked

great. My father just wanted me to be happy. It has always been that way. In school, they didn't apply so much pressure about academics. They were far from liberal, but they understood that being happy was more important than trying to fit in. Not at first, but as we got older. When I was very young, I rebelled like other kids. They would say, "You've got to do this" and I would always say, "Why?" Even then, I approached things logically. If my mother swore and told me not to swear, I'd say, "Then don't you do it. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck." She knew I was right. I never smoked, but my father hit my brother for smoking and I would say, "Why can't he smoke? You smoke." It's very funny: Now my mother says she never swore at me or threw things. I say, "You lying cow!" I mean, she threw plates and everything.

PLAYBOY: Were there difficult times?

GEORGE: Five minutes here or there. Once or twice a week. They're part of growing up.

PLAYBOY: But your songs—That's the Way, for example—include angry lyrics about struggling as a child.

GEORGE: The songs are about my childhood and my friends' childhoods. Teachers make you more inhibited and paranoid. Your parents don't want to listen. We've all heard, "Don't say you didn't hear us calling" and "Wait until your father gets home." That's the Way is full of those things they used to say: "I'm only trying to help you." From your teachers, your headmasters, your parents. The next line goes, "That's the way we destroy the baby: Shut it out, shut it out." That's it. So, yeah, there were some things to go through, but every kid goes through them. When I used to go home, I'd say to my mom and dad, "I did this and I did that," and they'd say, "I'm watching TV." I used to hate that. I took second place to the TV set. Fucking hated that. They ignore you and you really feel like a piece of scum.

PLAYBOY: In the song, you ask for affection: "Caress me."

GEORGE: Yeah, well, I was lonely. You don't fit in at school and you go home and you can't get anyone to understand and you think, like, I am so on my own. Sometimes I feel that now, even with all these people around. You go home and you want affection, but there's no affection.

PLAYBOY: What did your parents do for a living?

GEORGE: My father built a business. My mother worked at the school. She cooked and she was, like, a toilet attendant, which was to stop the girls from writing on the

toilet walls and smoking.

PLAYBOY: Were they middle-class?

GEORGE: We never had a sense of being in any class. To be honest, you can buy yourself into any class. I am middle-class now because I have money, but that doesn't mean I want to be middle-class in attitude. My father had a funny attitude toward money. He gambled a lot, he bet on race horses. My mother would always scream about it. But when he won a lot of money, he would buy her a washing machine. He was that kind of person. When I was living in a squat [an abandoned building] later on, he would break in and fill my cupboards with food. At the same time, he always played the tough role. Now I want to buy my parents a house, because the place they are living in is not of value for the money from my point of view. My dad says, "What's wrong with the place where we live?" It's pride. My mother says, "If you want, you can live here. When you get hungry, you'll come.'

My father used to go on about being a man, and it never really washed with me. I was never convinced that is what he thought. I was convinced that he would stick by me, whatever happened, and he did. I would scream at him, but that's allotted—you have five minutes of hatred for your family. But they always stuck up for me.

PLAYBOY: How about brothers and sisters? GEORGE: There were five of us. We're all very different. When one of my brothers got married, he had a wedding and I couldn't go because of the way I looked. It was like he was embarrassed. He and I never had a good relationship. Once, he climbed into the house in the middle of the night and my mother told him that he couldn't do that anymore. He said he was leaving. She said, "OK, leave." She wasn't going to start crying and beg him to stay; my father had threatened to leave enough times. She might have cried afterward, but she'd say, "Go to hell! You get treated well in this house. Go find somewhere better." So my brother went off to his girlfriend's house and when they got married, they sent my mother an invitation. That broke my mother's heart. Mothers don't get invited to their children's weddings; they organize weddings. How dare he? Now he's the only one in my family who has given photographs away to the press. I hate him. I think he's a fucking idiot. I think he's a boy disguised as a man. On the other hand, another brother is a good friend. He got married, he asked me to be an usher at his wedding and told me to wear what I liked. He's brilliant. Then there is a younger brother and a younger sister. He's a photographer, doing well for himself. She is a sweet little kid who likes dressing up and boyfriends.

PLAYBOY: What caused your father to threaten to leave?

GEORGE: My parents would have arguments, like any two people. But they had (continued on page 162)

Rum and Tonic. The New American Classic.

All across America more and more people are making Puerto Rican white rum a classic drink because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



For "Jazz" skipper John Fisher, there's no better sailing than breezy Marblehead. And no better way to celebrate sailing than with a Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. Crew member Grace Rowe obviously agrees.



Above Seattle's Lake Washington, architect Ray Merriwether and wife Barbara enjoy rum and tonic.



La Quinta Hotel's Tennis Club pro Charlie Pasarell, of Puerto Rico, savors a white rum.



At Santa Fe's truly enchanting Rancho Encantado, equestrians Ronni Egan and Leslie Hammel clear the dust of a hot trail with a cool Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. That's Lori Peterson tending the horses.



Santurce, Puerto Rico residents Manny and Nora Casiano publish "Caribbean Business". Their drink...rum and tonic.



On the greens of this exquisite Seattle estate, croquet is the order of the day. While Dave and Danita Herbig wait for winners they enjoy another "order of the day"... Puerto Rican white rum and tonic.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.



Composer Bruce Gilman and wife Nancy, a gourmet caterer, enjoy a warm New England afternoon and a cool white rum and tonic.



TRAVEL'85

TWO OF YOU where to put in your life By STEPHE

where to put some romance

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

IF LYING on a beautiful beach with the right woman is all the adventure you're looking for, worry not. Suddenly, couples' resorts are the hottest thing going. Of late, oases à deux, enclaves where romantic sun worshipers are provided with surroundings calculated to inspire sighs and screnity, are popping up all over the Caribbean.

Jamaica, with its political problems aside, is about to become the next hot spot for romance-minded vacationers. An elite handful of couples-mostly resorts are widely scattered on the lush island. Their tone varies considerably-from frantic activity (complete with uninterrupted rock and reggae) to less driven hideaways where the swaying of hammocks provides the loudest midday noise.

At the frantic end of the twosome spectrum is Hedonism II, set on Negril, an almost perfect crescent of white beach front. This is a place where toga nights and pajama parties (wear whatever you normally wear to bed) are disco staples. Upbeat music seems ever in the background. Sitting outside Hedonism's boundaries one day at noon, we heard the rock beat begin on the other side of the fence. When we asked the waiter how long the music normally lasted, he replied, "Forever, mon."

Although Hedonism itself is a relatively recent development on the Jamaica resort scene, its precursors go back to the mid-Sixties, when Negril-in the northwestern corner of Jamaica (the point nearest the U.S. mainland)—became one of the prime dropout capitals on the planet. The easy availability of great gobs of strong smoke-the local ganja is worldrenowned-brought hordes of hippies to this part of the island to literally live in the trees, lie on the beach and stay high for as long as metabolism allowed.

Those not-so-innocents of the late Sixties and early Seventies have now largely been displaced by rising real-estate values-though the ganja supply seems undiminished. A friend who recently visited Negril told of a span of no more than 30 minutes during which he was offered not only a planeload of grass for Stateside resale but a plane in which to get that stash safely out of the Caribbean.

On a less larcenous level, the appeal of Hedonism II includes the Club Medoriginated one-price-covers-everything concept that makes pocket money-and even pockets-superfluous. Hedonism II goes Club Med one better: Drinks are included in the single basic price of the holiday. Also included are accommodations, all food, tips, entertainment, sports activities, athletic instruction and even cigarettes.

Hedonism II offers half a dozen tennis courts, all manner of water sports, plus competitive diversions that range from basketball to backgammon. Critics complain that the pace is a little unrelenting and relaxation difficult; fans point to the same characteristic and say that's why they come back again and again. Prices vary seasonally.

Hedonism II, P.O. Box 25, Negril, Jamaica; 809-957-4200.

When it opened in early 1978, Couples was the hands-down winner of the mostsuggestive-resort-brochure-published-anywhere award. The lions copulating on the cover left little doubt about what was supposed to be the main activity here in the Saint Mary area (near Ocho Rios), and the initials B.Y.O.P. have always stood for Bring Your Own Partner. Once again, a single price covers all accommodations, meals and activities, and the premises are reserved for couples. Rates are quoted for tandems only; no singles or children are ever tolerated.

The ambience here is considerably more elegant-and less purposefully franticthan at Hedonism II. Grown-up adults will not feel that they have entered some narcissistic nether world. The operation is nonetheless informal, and although there's an unmistakably suggestive cast, it seldom gets oppressive.

Couples, P.O. Box 330, Ocho Rios, Jamaica; 809-974-4271.

Speaking of adults, perhaps the outstanding address for grownups in tandem on Jamaica is Sandals, set on a tempting stretch of white-sand beach on Montego Bay. It's an elegant and amorous spot.

Particularly good marks are earned by the room decor and by the attentive staff. According to local scuttlebutt, the quality of the resident workers is a by-product of the special knowledge of Sandals' Jamaican owner, Gordon "Butch" Stewart, who apparently has a talent for attracting the best workers on the island.

Unlike most of the other couples-only, one-price-covers-everything resorts, Sandals does not serve its meals family style. Couples have the option of eating alone or joining others. Breakfast and lunch are generous buffets; dinner is strictly à la carte; and in addition to three more-thanample meals, a help-yourself juice bar is always open in the TV room and soup, hamburgers, fresh-cut coconut, pineapple, watermelon and papaya are served all day on the beach.

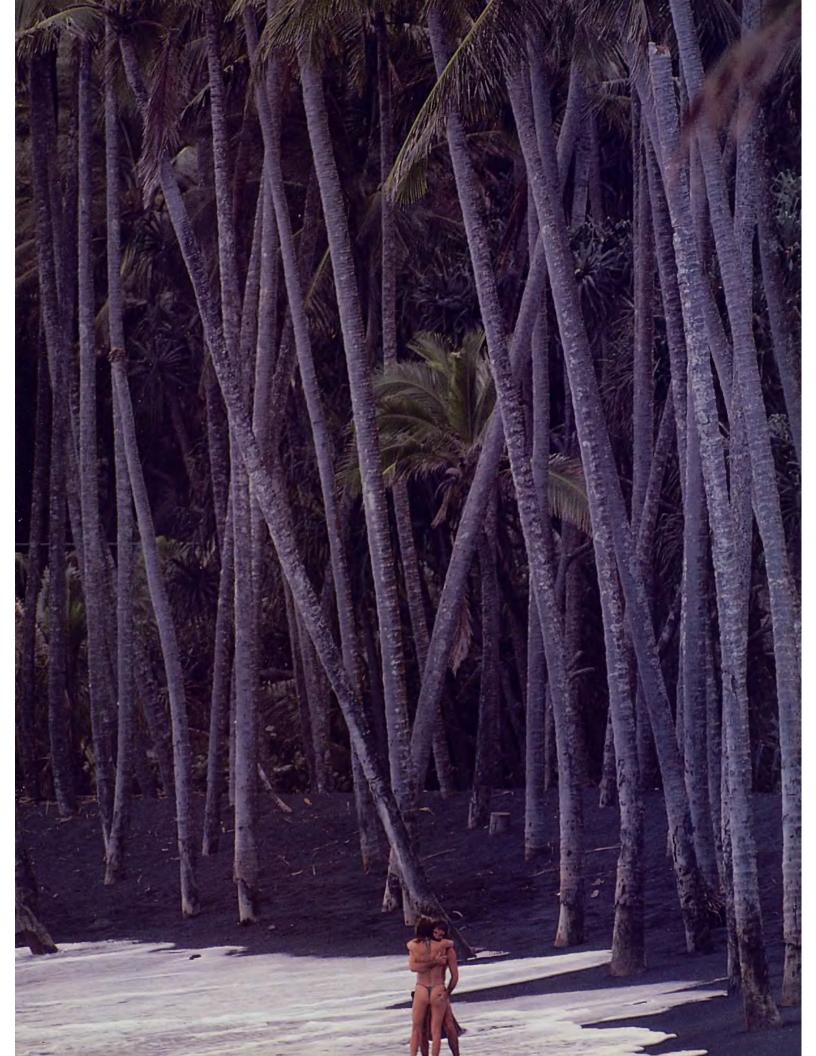
The guests at Sandals come in all shapes and sizes, from young and beautiful to mellow and more mature. All seem to get along famously. Rates run from about \$1900 to \$2200 per week.

If there's any negative aspect to the Sandals experience, it's the resort's proximity to the Montego Bay airport. But most guests become easily accustomed to it.

Sandals, P.O. Box 100, Montego Bay, Jamaica; 809-952-5510.

Farther down the north shore of Jamaica, at Runaway Bay, is Jamaica, Jamaica, which adds some interesting gimmicks to the standard couples-inparadise scene. The single-price tariff covers accommodations, activities, entertainment and some shopping shuttles, but not drinks. Drinks are paid for with "tallies," a return to the form of legal tender accepted on the island more than a century ago. (Harry Belafonte sang about that practice: Remember "Come, Mr. Tally Man, tally me banana"?)

In addition to all the expected water sports and indoor games, Jamaica, Jamaica offers some passes at cricket and soccer, and the (concluded on page 158)



A PIECE OF THE ACTION

adventure vacations you'll

never forget

THERE WAS A TIME when the word vacation meant only abiding sloth and the most stressful holiday activity was lying beside the sea, scratching your stomach. Athletics were restricted to raising a glass to your lips or pushing your chair away from the dinner table. Exertion was all but unknown.

Now there are exciting alternatives to those effortless days. The era of vacation action is upon us. From the heights of the Himalayas to the depths of the Caribbean, more and more holiday adventurers are booking activities that not only tax spirit and sinew but are enormous fun besides. Here, then, is our hot hit list of authentic walks on the wild side.

TREASURE ISLANDS

It doesn't take too much prodding to get a Caribbean visitor to start dreaming about discovering sunken or buried treasure. The area is alive with tales (and relics) of pirates, Spanish gold, sunken ships and yellowed parchment maps that seem to cry out for some adventurous explorer to dig deeper, dive farther offshore—and discover long-lost wealth. Estimates of the number of ships sunk in the Caribbean and western Atlantic are as high as 3000. In the Anegada Channel of the British Virgin Islands alone, more than 250 ships are supposed to have gone down between 1523 and 1833.

Bear in mind that most of the ships that went down during that period either ran aground or tore out their bottoms on the numerous coral reefs that lie just beneath the surface. Tides and shifting sands can cover a ship or move a wreck miles from its original site. Those same tides can cause lost treasure to rise to the surface, too, and rumors are rife about a vacationer who happened to be walking on the beach of Grand Cayman Island some years ago and found an estimated \$100,000 in gold and diamond jewelry, gold, silver and platinum. The first piece of jewelry was lying on the sand and the rest was only six inches below the surface.

The Cayman Islands (Grand Cayman, Little Cayman and Cayman Brac) are a particular favorite among amateur treasure hunters, as much because of the pleasant surroundings as for the chance of coming up with a fistful of doubloons. Diving is among the most popular tourist activities—whether for gold or for fun.

As local legend has it, on a dark night in November 1788, a convoy of British merchant ships was sailing to the east of Grand Cayman. Because of the inaccuracy of navigating charts in those days, this was a particularly hazardous route in these treacherous waters. The lead ship, the Cordelia, struck a reef and raised flags of warning and distress. The other ships misunderstood the signal in the darkness, and nine more ships struck the reef before anything could be done. The fluke of an anchor said to be a relic of this "wreck of ten sails" can be seen today from land. In addition to the jewelry supposedly found on the beach here, a platinum bar dated 1521 was recovered from a shipwreck just off Grand Cayman.

Although there are no treasure hunts specifically designed for visitors, the Caymans are full of dive shops and operators; the best of those include: Cayman Kai, phone 809-94-7-9556; Brac Aquatics, 809-94-8-7323.

CHOPPER SKIING

There's one very important appeal of adventure vacationing: In no other holiday environment do participants become such close comrades so fast. It's clearly the fact of facing legitimate danger together and the common searching for personal limits that forge a bond. The men and women who play games in the world's most dangerous places always seem to have a lot in common.

I first discovered this bond when I went to investigate the then-fledgling activity called helicopter skiing. At the time, I was a solidly competent intermediate downhiller, which in British Columbia's Bugaboo mountain range qualified me to make beds and scrub pots. I suppose that the run down Everest is more difficult and the south slope of the Matterhorn is steeper, but with the exception of those

two towering peaks, there's very little skiing on this planet that even compares for danger and difficulty. This is not an enterprise for the faint of heart or for those who routinely overestimate their abilities.

Over the past decade, schussing down remote, untracked powder in both the Canadian and the U.S. Rocky Mountains has become an increasingly popular pastime, and the opportunities to enjoy this downhill thrill have expanded considerably. Prices can be high (as much as \$3000 for a week-long, all-inclusive package), but there are now day trips that allow first-timers to see whether or not the singular adrenaline surge is really worth the cost.

The major lure is the opportunity to ski slopes unmarred by tows or lifts—or other skiers. Helicopters carry a dozen or so experts to the top of a high mountain selected for perfect snow conditions, and skiers follow guides who not only seek out perfect powder but also avoid invisible crevasses and terrain that poses probable avalanche danger. This is a place where nature is clearly dominant.

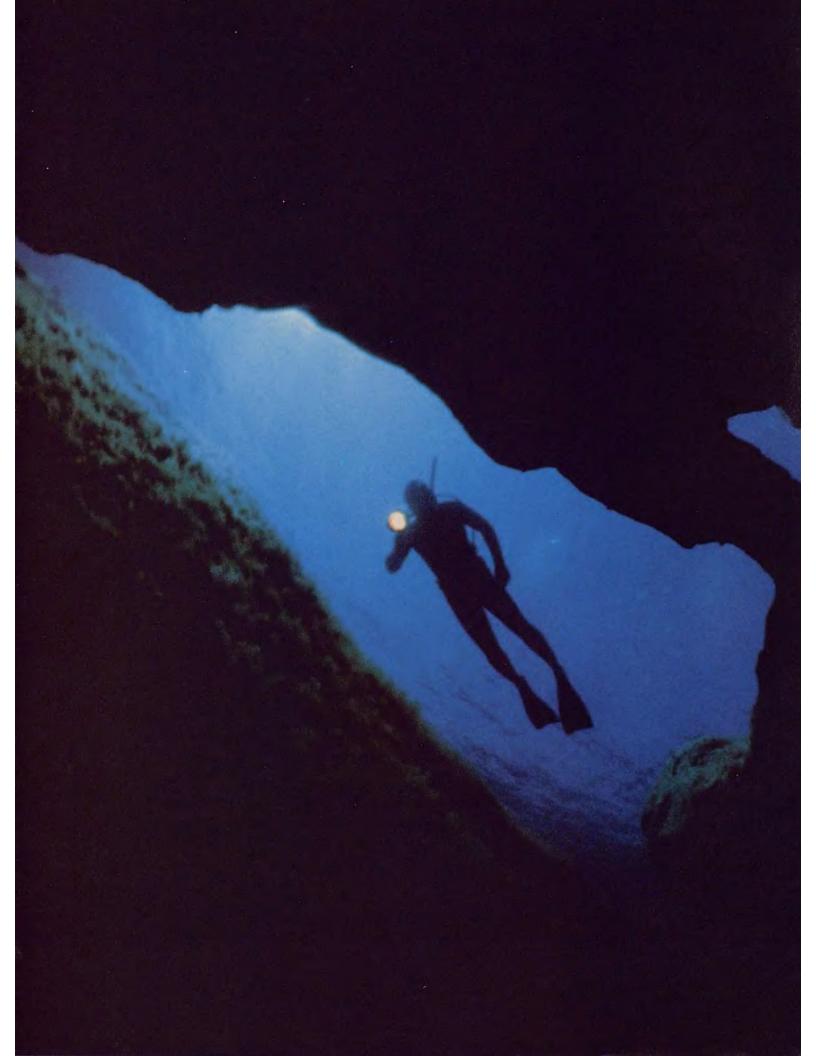
Helicopter skiing in Canada was pioneered by Austrian mountain guide Hans Gmoser, who heads an operation called Canadian Mountain Holidays, out of Banff, Alberta. His modest lodges, tucked into the corners of the Canadian Rockies known as the Bugaboos, Cariboos and Monashees, have become the very essence of the sport and host its most dedicated adventurers.

Those same lodges have recently been utilized during the summer months for an activity called heli-hiking. Again, the chopper is used to place heli-hikers at heights that might otherwise take a full week to reach. Up here, close to the Continental Divide, there are cols to be climbed and high-altitude adventures to be enjoyed that most mountaineers might never see.

For helicopter skiing:

Canadian Mountain Holidays, P.O. Box 1660, Banff, Alberta TOL OCO; 403-762-4531.

Cariboo Helicopter Skiing, Ltd., P.O. Box 1824, Banff, (concluded on page 160)



WHAT TO KNOW BEFORE YOU GO

secrets of a seasoned traveler

FORGET ABOUT reserving an airline seat in advance. Most of the time, that guarantees very little, since passengers on most flights must arrive at the gate at least 30 minutes (sometimes more) in advance of departure to hold a seat reservation. A far better strategy is to actually stick your head into an airline ticket office (or some travel agents' offices) and secure a boarding pass for your flight. Once a boarding pass has been issued, airline computers show you as checked in, and you own the seat you desire. This is also the best

insurance against getting bumped off an overbooked flight and should be a standard procedure prior to any air travel undertaken at peak holiday times.

There's nothing cast in bronze that says that all foreign-travel services must be purchased in the U.S. from U.S. vendors or travel agents. With the U.S. dollar as strong as it is, purchasing anything from tour packages to transatlantic flights from foreign sources—and paying in foreign currency—can save you enormous sums. British "bucket shop" airline-ticket sellers and U.K. tour operators routinely make prices quoted in the U.S. seem ludicrously high, and even the richest travelers can benefit from this stratagem. If you don't believe it, just check how much a Concorde ticket costs when bought in London or Paris against the price assessed for U.S. purchase.



senior citizens, and while there's no foolproof way to ensure that you'll board a nongeriatric vessel, one rule of thumb does generally apply: The shorter the duration of a cruise, the lower the average age of the passengers is apt to be; the longer the cruise, the older the cruising constituency. Don't be deceived by segments of longer cruises that are offered for a short period; even these bits and pieces seem to appeal most to the older end of the seagoing spectrum. The seven-to-14-day cruises are the ones most often taken by folks with a pulse rate rather than a Pacemaker.

When investigating the cost of renting a car overseas, check beyond the flat rate quoted. Always ask about local taxes that will be assessed at the conclusion of your rental. At the moment, for example, the value-added tax on car rentals in France is a whopping 33½ percent. At the same time, the auto-rental tax in neighboring Luxembourg is only 12 percent (or less), so a prospective automotive tourer headed for the French countryside might do well to rent his vehicle in the duchy rather than in downtown Dijon.

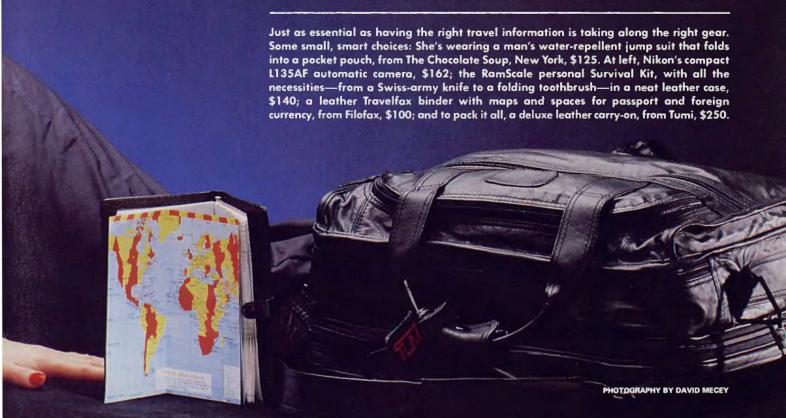
Thinking about heading south of the border? It's possible (and easy) to make Mexican resort hopping far less expensive by using the same special V.T.P. (Viajes Todo Pagado) packages that Mexicans routinely use to get away for a

few days. These packages, sponsored by Mexicana Airlines, are excellent bargains, with only a single drawback-they must be purchased in Mexico and paid for (on the spot) in pesos. It is, however, possible to get a V.T.P. directory prior to departure and to purchase the desired package immediately upon arrival in your first Mexican stopping place. Traditionally, these packages last four days and three nights, including round-trip air fare to and from Mexico City, transportation to and from the destination's airport, three nights' lodging, breakfast and lunch or dinner each day and some sort of optional sight-seeing excursion. V.T.P. packages can save significantly compared with the price of the same arrangements purchased independently in the U.S.—and paid for with U.S. dollars.

Proper money management can mean having substantial extra sums to spend on your own good time while on vacation, rather than wasting this same sum by carelessly putting it into the pockets of money-changers. Travelers headed for Europe should always carry the bulk of their funds in dollar-denomination traveler's checks acquired from one of the firms that offer traveler's checks without a service charge (save one percent). Rates of exchange available in foreign countries are normally significantly higher than

rates offered in the U.S. (the difference usually varies from two to five percent) and the exchange rates paid for traveler's checks are usually greater than those offered for greenbacks (save the one to two percent charge). Remember, too, that the exchange rate in effect on the day you make a credit-card purchase has no relation to the rate you'll be charged when your bill finally gets back home. What's more, credit-card companies routinely assess a surcharge of about one percent for converting foreign-currency purchases into U.S.-dollar charges.

Ready to phone home? Perhaps the most unconscionable scam perpetrated on travelers by foreign hotels is the habit of imposing surcharges of several hundred percent on international telephone calls. With the exception of those that participate in AT&T Communications' Teleplan, foreign hotels routinely use the carelessness and ignorance of their guests to extort telephone fees that can equal the basic room rate. Money-saving alternatives include such simple practices as calling collect, using an international telephone credit card or, as a last resort, calling a party in the U.S. and asking to be called right back. Foreign post offices usually have telecommunications facilities, and their phone booths normally offer telephone service at the lowest overseas rates.



THE TWO OF YOU

(continued from page 152)

welcoming bundle of guest gifts includes something called the Essentials Kit & Caboodle, which immediately establishes the informal local orientation. Picturesque Dunn's River Falls is quite close by, and there's somewhat less of a tendency to stay anchored on the hotel premises. Food is included in the package price, and there are some genuinely interesting foods native to Jamaica. This is a perfect place to sample ackee and salt codfish, calalu, johnnycakes, pepper shrimp and bammies, curried goat, cassava, conch and pepper pot. Only adults over the age of 16 need apply; guests are accepted for a minimum stay of three nights.

Jamaica, Jamaica, P.O. Box 58, Runaway Bay, Jamaica; 809-973-2436.

Just down the road in Ocho Rios is Eden II, another all-inclusive couples' resort. Golf, tennis, all water sports, horse-back-trail riding 2000 feet above sea level, plus a Nautilus gym and a hot tub, head the activities list. A nude beach is also part of the inventory. As many as six meals a day are included in the price, as are wine, bar drinks, beer, cigarettes and cigars. There's no tipping, and children, singles, triples and conventions are proscribed. Eden II, Ocho Rios, Jamaica;

800-228-3278.

Among the half-dozen Jamaican couples-predominate resorts, the closest to Montego Bay is the new Jack Tar Village II. Jack Tar sells its sun-drenched facilities in one- and two-week packages, and all meals, wine, drinks, sports, evening entertainment, tax and tips are included. Although Montego Bay is hardly the largest sight-seeing lure in the world, it does provide an offbeat, almost urban distraction or two if you feel like leaving the beach for a bit. More important, Jack Tar's location eliminates the need for any not entirely pleasant rides on Jamaica's woeful roads from airport to resort room.

Jack Tar Village II, P.O. Box 144, Montego Bay, Jamaica; 809-952-4340.

Lest it seem as though Jamaica has an exclusive island franchise on couples' resorts, Paradise Island boasts its own doubles center. Named Paradise, Paradise (catchy, isn't it?), this newest addition to the would-be-erotics group began operation just this past winter at the Paradise Beach Inn, on Paradise Beach. Not quite so isolated as most of its Jamaican counterparts, Paradise, Paradise offers access to the large local casino and a host of restaurants and related diversions. The price was \$47.50 per person per day during the past winter season, with an average array

of meals (Continental breakfast only) and no booze included in the "inclusive" tariff, though most sports activities *are* covered.

Paradise, Paradise, clo Resorts International (Bahamas), Ltd., 915 N.E. 125th Street, North Miami, Florida 33161; 800-321-3000.

Then there's the new Couples on Malabar Beach, near Castries, on the eastern Caribbean island of St. Lucia. Of the places that promise paired paradise, we think St. Lucia is likely to come far closer to delivering than either Jamaica or Paradise Island. St. Lucia is one of those pleasantly primitive places that have somehow managed to resist most of the "improvements" developers usually introduce to destroy an otherwise idvllic atoll. Couples is for couples only. The opportunities for exploration around the island are infinite, though you'll be hard pressed to pull yourself off the beach. Accommodations, food, wine, drinks, activities, entertainment, sight-seeing and all sorts of other stuff are included. No tipping, either.

Couples Malabar, P.O. Box 190, Castries, St. Lucia; 809-45-24211.

ON YOUR OWN

Of course, not all romantic retreats need be made in pairs. Sometimes the best pairings take place after your bags are unpacked. That's often the way at Club Med. Although there are more than 100 of them around the world now, not all Club Meds are created equal. If you're looking purely for the hottest of the new ones, then head to the Turks and Caicos Islands, to the club called Turkoise. Set on the lonely island of Providenciales in the island group that links the southernmost Bahamas with the northern coast of Hispaniola, the facilities here cater to the pressured executive. In addition to the usual outdoor beach and bar activities, there's a good supply of fitness equipment to be used to the accompaniment of live chamber

But that's the thing about Club Meds these days, especially the ones in the Western Hemisphere. Each seems to have a distinct personality, not always consistent with the old swinging-single image that gave the one-price-covers-all enclaves their flying start. Now, to be a knowledgeable traveler, you need a briefing for each club. We'll give you a head start. In addition to Turkoise, there are nine clubs currently operating (or about to open) off the southeastern coast of the U.S., stretching down to the Caribbean. Here's what and who you're likely to find at these outposts.

Bermuda (St. George's Cove): Occupies the hilltop property (at the eastern end of the island) that was formerly the Loews Bermuda Beach Hotel and a Holiday Inn before that. A computer workshop is part of the facilities, which will ultimately include an 18-hole golf course—a Club Med first. This figures to be by far the "straightest" of all Club Meds.

Martinique (Buccaneer's Creek): The property that, almost singlehandedly, maintains Club Med's image as a magnet for action-seeking singles. It's at the southeasternmost corner of this French-flavored island, the beaches here are by far the best and the spirit is mostly nonstop party.

Haiti (Magic Isle): Perhaps the least successful of Club Med's Western Hemisphere properties, with the least definable personality—probably because Haiti is an island nation that's having more than its share of problems. The best value for the money among the Caribbean enclaves; the smallest crowds.

Dominican Republic (Punta Cana): At the remote easternmost end of the island of Hispaniola, far more appealing after the opening of a new airport only minutes away. A computer workshop is the surprising hit of these palm-fringed premises.

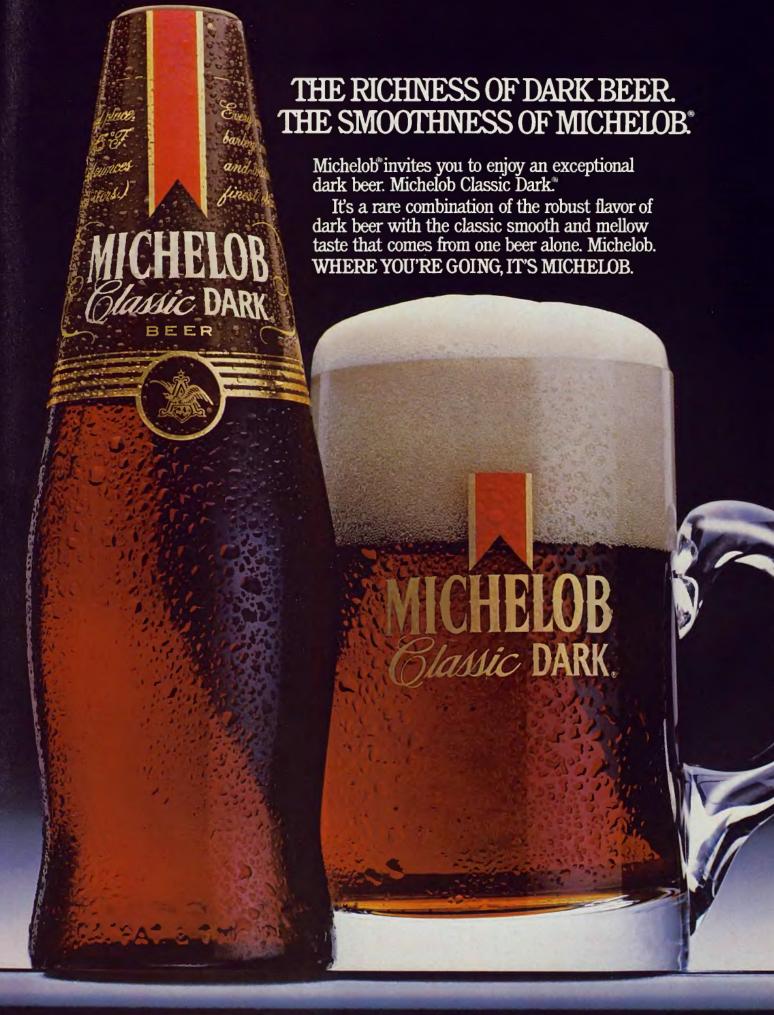
Cancun, Mexico (Cancun): The most modern Club Med campus in the western Caribbean, with spectacular scuba diving and snorkeling. The beach here is truly world class, and the opportunities to visit Mayan ruins on the mainland is a significant plus. A somewhat saner singles crowd than Buccancer's Creck's dominates an altogether first-rate resort.

Guadeloupe (Caravelle): The main building is the remainder of the old hotel that gave this club its name, and the town of Sainte Anne is among the prettiest places on the southeastern coast. Singles and couples seem to inhabit the beach chaises in almost equal numbers.

Guadeloupe (Fort Royal): Club Med's primary family enclave in the Caribbean, A Mini-Club caters to kids from nine A.M. to nine P.M. and lets parents have as much (or as little) time to themselves as they want. Singles are scarce.

Bahamas (Eleuthera): Another Mini-Club setup, with special facilities for children aged three to 12. Scuba programs for divers of all levels are a special lure, especially with easy access to the black-coral Exuma Wall and the bottomless blue holes. Not a very swinging scene.

Bahamas (Paradise Island): An atypically close-to-civilization enclave with equally atypical easy access to Paradise Island casinos and Nassau shopping. Tennis is king here (20 courts), and the proximity to town and traffic makes life different from that in most other isolated clubs. Perhaps the greatest variety of activity and atmosphere is offered here.



PIECE OF THE ACTION

Alberta TOL OCO: 403-762-5548; between January and May, 604-673-8344.

Mountain Canada Purcell Helicopter Skiing, P.O. Box 1530, Golden, British Columbia VOA 1HO; 604-344-5410.

For heli-hiking:

Tauck Tours, P.O. Box 5027, Westport, Connecticut 06881; 800-GO-TAUCK.

WHITE-WATER RAFTING

The abundant snows of the past few winters have created consecutive seasons full of spectacular white-water adventures. Knifing through 20-foot-high river waves, racing downstream at whirlpool speeds, clothes drenched with spray and the screams of your fellow rafters hardly audible over the noise of the river makes even the wildest roller-coaster ride seem tame.

There are few other means of travel that put participants as close to the forces of nature. River running has become so popular that most of this country's mightiest rivers have trips offered by commercial operators.

The nature of the river normally dictates the quality of the experience. You may well wield a paddle-with your guide shouting instructions from behind-or you may end up as just another passenger hanging on for dear life. When you get tired of watching the cliffs, rocky banks and forests go by, there are usually swimming, picnicking, hiking and fishing, among other diversions. The combination of the river, the sourdough pancakes at breakfast, the steaks and spuds at dinner, the companionship around the campfire and the lullaby of the water after the last ember has died makes for adventure that's more than memorable.

The Colorado River (Grand Canyon Section), Arizona: The most challenging of all river trips and some of the great moments of human experience. You shoot some 100 rapids as you run the 280 miles between the most common put-in area (near Lees Ferry) and the headwaters of Lake Mead. For a complete list of outfitters (who go downstream in everything from dories to motor-powered rafts), write to the Superintendent, Grand Canyon National Park, P.O. Box 129, Grand Canyon, Arizona 86023; 602-638-7888.

The Middle Fork of the Salmon River, Idaho: The 106-mile stretch floated by most outfitters runs through the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness over 80 or more wild rapids and into the second deepest gorge on the continent. Middle Fork District, Challis National Forest, P.O. Box 337, Challis, Idaho 83226; 208-879-5204

The Youghiogheny River, Pennsylvania: The trip down the seven-and-a-half-mile (continued from page 154)

wild section of this Eastern white-water stream lasts only a little more than half a day-but you get quite a run for your money. Ohiopyle State Park, P.O. Box 105, Ohiopyle, Pennsylvania 15470; 412-329-4707 or -4704.

The Chattooga River, South Carolina: After seeing Deliverance, which was filmed here, people who didn't know any better tackled the white water in metal canoes, which usually ended up on the river's bottom. In other words, this is no canoe trip for beginners; but in a raft, with a guide, almost anyone can survive. Wildwater, Ltd., Long Creek, South Carolina 29658; 803-647-9587

The Cheat River, West Virginia: Arguably the great-granddaddy of all Eastern white-water runs, this one, in the Appalachian foothills, has more bumps, holes, waves and hydraulics than any other 12-mile watercourse in the East. In all, there are 38 major rapids laid practically end to end. Travel West Virginia, State Capitol, Charleston, West Virginia 25305; 304-348-2286; 800-624-9110 outside West Virginia.

HAWAIIAN HANG GLIDING

First-time visitors to Honolulu usually take at least one round-the-island tour, and their expressions of awe are seldom greater than when they look up above Makapuu Point. There, soaring serenely on the warm trade winds, is usually a flotilla of modern Icaruses riding the breezes off the lava-etched windward coast of Oahu.

It's probable that some of the appeal of hang gliding in Hawaii is in the opportunity to be carried aloft over areas of this mid-Pacific paradise that are inaccessible to all but airborne visitors. Thanks to recent aerodynamic improvements in hang-gliding equipment, this activity is no longer considered strictly a fringe sport, appropriate only for potential kamikaze pilots. Surely, the fact that Hawaii boasts some of the world's most beautiful remote sites has inspired the sport's boom in the

What's hardest to believe is that beginners actually survive this hazardous hobby. An organization called the Tradewinds Hang Gliding Club runs a very popular beginners' program for those interested in savoring the immediate rush that comes with unpowered flight. Tradewinds' emphasis during the introductory lessons is on fun, though the basic course demonstrates to novices just how hang gliders manage to stay aloft and familiarizes fledgling pilots with all the glider parts and support equipment.

Tradewinds also runs breath-taking excursions for advanced fliers off the main ridge of Makapuu, among the velvetygreen cliffs of the Koolau Range. Waimanalo is also a favorite ridge-soaring site for accomplished hang-glider pilots.

Tradewinds Hang Gliding Club, P.O. Box 543, Kailua, Oahu, Hawaii 96734; 808-396-8557.

FULL OF HOT AIR

Ballooning was a French invention, and that may be why the skies above France's most historic terrain sometimes seem to be beautifully littered with huge, colorful canopies. Especially over the historic châteaux of the Loire Valley and the fertile vineyards of Burgundy and Bordeaux, balloon trips have suddenly become a staple part of the sight-seeing inventory.

But it's also no longer necessary to float over France to enjoy this pleasure. The Napa and Sonoma valleys of Northern California offer extravagant balloon trips to some of the wine country's tastiest cellars. The focus is on vineyard-to-vineyard travel, with passengers able to choose stops that offer red or white, still or sparkling wine. It puts a new perspective on

the idea of getting high.

The most extravagant balloon meeting of the year takes place every fall in Albuquergue, New Mexico. The Albuquerque International Balloon Fiesta throughout the second week in October, and as many as 500 balloonists congregate for everything from very competitive racing to leisurely rides through the picturesque desert countryside. Colorado offers its own classic in Colorado Springs, an annual Labor Day competition.

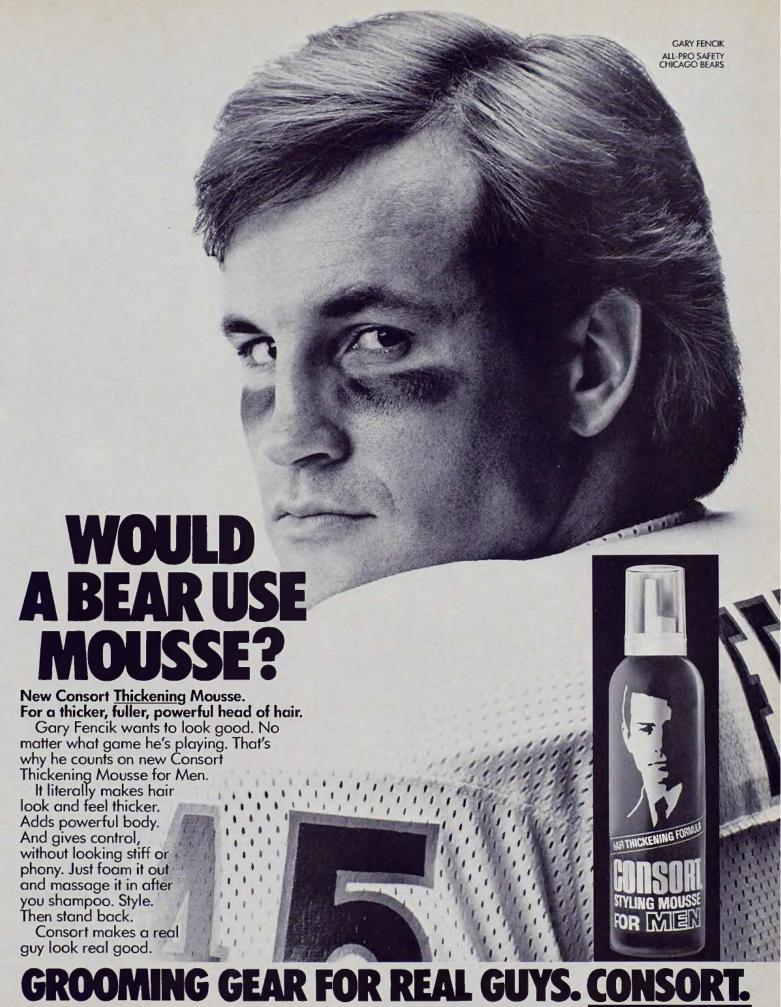
Balloons over Steamboat, in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, is another Western hot spot, offering everything from a half-hour ride to a 16-hour instruction/flight program that can cost as much as \$1750. The emphasis is on learning the mechanics of what makes balloons go and how to control ascents, descents and direction, using wind currents for navigation. Instruction is mostly on a one-to-one basis, while passenger rides include as many as five people at a time. At least it gives you someone to hold on to.

Balloons over Steamboat, P.O. Box 880377, Steamboat Plaza; Steamboat Springs, Colorado 80488; 303-879-3298.

Pacific Adventures, 1641 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90024; 213-473-6571.

Balloon Aviation of Napa Valley, P.O. Box 3298, Napa, California 94558; 707-226-8348.

Balloon Federation of America, P.O. Box 264, Indianola, Iowa 50125 (include stamped, self-addressed envelope); 515-961-8809.



"Marilyn was a bad influence on me in that period. I started to do my eyebrows like Jayne Mansfield."

their own code. He'd go away for three hours, and then he would come back and it would be forgotten. My parents got the serious crap out of the way in the early years before they had us. Once they had children, it was, "OK, we're going to work and see this through." If you met them, you wouldn't know they loved each other. They're not soppy-doppy about it. But they do love each other very much.

PLAYBOY: You were beginning to talk about what it was like for you at school.

GEORGE: I didn't fit in, because I didn't want to fit in. I didn't particularly like bragging about who I slept with and I didn't like hitting people. There were people in school who were supposed to be "right" who were so evil to me. That's why I'm so careful now how I treat people, because I've been hurt so many times. You think you're missing something. You're not missing anything. I mean, everybody is going to the same party in the end, so what is the point of trying to find the right people? I didn't agree with survival of the fittest. And they try to make you into a robot. I understand it, since it is hard to teach 20 people who don't want to listen. But I'm not going to let you make me a robot. Joining was the word. That's one of the worst things about people: joining in. If there's a car accident, we all join in and watch, but nobody wants to help. If there's a fight, people line up, but no one will interfere. I never wanted to join anything. I was looking for something else. I'm very liberated. I've never been prejudiced against anyone. I couldn't care less. I take everyone as a person. At school, the "in" people tortured the "out" people. I never enjoyed calling people fat and foureyes. I always thought it was rude.

PLAYBOY: Unless they did it first.

GEORGE: Not even then, if I knew it would really shatter somebody. I saw it all around. Teachers in school would hit kids who were fat. They would make them run miles. This big fat guy would be dying, running and puffing and dying. He was fat for whatever reason. He ate too much or had a bladder complaint. Didn't matter: He was tortured for it. It was a way for teachers to inform us that they were the toughest. "This will happen to you if you're not careful." I hated that. These were so-called adults.

PLAYBOY: Did you complete school?

GEORGE: I was kicked out of school; I asked for it. Then I moved to suburbia, thinking that I would meet all these trendy, different, interesting, sort of crazy people. I lived in a squat and got in with these people in the West End. I thought I would find people who were different, but

they were all the same. I was looking for individuals, but I found there isn't any such thing as a *group* of individuals. The people in the squat thought anybody who didn't dress up was an idiot. They were judging everybody else, just like the people at school who tortured fat kids. That's not individual.

PLAYBOY: Were you already dressing up? GEORGE: When I was a kid, my brother was a skinhead, dressed like the droogies in A Clockwork Orange. I wore whatever clothes he left around. I went through different periods: My hair was green and then orange—Fifties, Teddy boy. Then my hair was white, sticking up straight. I always outdid everyone else. When I dressed up punk, my hair was out to here. We went to clubs every night. I started getting in the newspapers a lot for being dressed up. Eventually, the papers were saying, "George was out again, trying to be noticed."

PLAYBOY: So you were a punk?

GEORGE: It wasn't called punk, it was just people dressing up. The idea was to be individual and have fun. Suddenly, [rock promoter] Malcolm McLaren labeled the thing punk and it became a movement. Before that, nobody really knew why we dressed up. As soon as someone put a label on it, the violence started. I was always a bit too extreme for punk, anyway, and once it had a name, it became a phenomenon, so it attracted more people. It was natural that people who were really individual would go even more over the top. Instead of just having spiked hair, you'd have hats and platform shoes, loads of make-up, wigs, plaited hair. My hair was enormous spikes. I would wear clown outfits with huge spotted ties and checkered trousers. Nothing matched. I started to wear the sort of Marlene Dietrich look and a veil. I started getting really well known just because I dressed better than anyone else and my mouth was bigger than anyone else's. The punks were spitting at me, like, "You poof!" But the idea of punk rock was meant to be individual. All these assholes joined in with the violence. There I was, in my Ali Baba slippers rolled up. The people who were hitting me were just so freaked out by the way I looked; it was fear of the unknown. It was supposed to be antiviolence, but it had become the reverse. It was an acceptable excuse for beer boys-beer boys are like thugs-to dye their hair bright colors. There's nothing individual about beating people up.

PLAYBOY: What about the punk-rock scene that was emerging in the mainstream?

GEORGE: Some rebels. These bands were supposed to be different, but it's just like

the miners in England. In England, we have a miners' strike going on at the moment. In the middle of it, there was this big deal about this miner who won the pools. His response was, like, "I'm all right, Jack," and he bought himself a Rolls-Royce and he has said, "I'll never go back to work." A week before, he was talking about solidarity and the class struggle. Same with the punk groups as soon as they got a hit.

The groups were supposed to be antistar, but they became the stars. You'd go up to Johnny Rotten in a club and think it might be interesting to talk to him, and you'd be lucky if he spit in your face. The music wasn't the point, anyway. The only reason I had been going to punk gigs was that everyone else used to go and it was a place to go dressed up. Then we started going to gay clubs-everybody: Johnny Rotten, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Billy Idol. Those clubs were a lot more decadent, sort of Berlin. I had a good friend named Marilyn. He was a drag queen who dressed exactly like Marilyn Monroe. He was a 14-year-old boy who spent two years locked in his bedroom with blankets over the windows and emerged as a woman; he really thought he was a woman. Marilyn was a bad influence on me in that period, too-I started to wear skirts and to do my eyebrows like Jayne Mansfield. To make a long story short, my friends Phillip and Marilyn and I became sort of the king and queens of the clubs and parties. We were outrageous for the sake of being outrageous. There was nothing else to do.

PLAYBOY: When did you start singing? GEORGE: I would sing once in a while and thought about getting a band together. I saw McLaren at a club and asked him if I could sing with Bow Wow Wow. He changed my name to Lieutenant Lush and I sang with them for three months. Mikey [Craig, Culture Club's bass player] came up to me one day and asked me if I wanted to form a group. To make a long story short, I met Jon and Roy and we made a tape and Jon took it around and he got our manager. Whatever you read, Culture Club is very much a four-piece thing. I'm not just saying that for PR. I'd probably be singing cabaret in some dive. They're brilliant; it just clicked.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

GEORGE: We took it very seriously. We had a lot of rules: No drinking, no drugs, no women, no parties after the show. We're still strict, but it never comes up anymore. We don't have groupies around; we don't sleep with fans. We have a good road crew. They get pissed [drunk] and fall over, but they don't smash up their hotel room, because they have to pay for it if they do.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't sleep with a fan?

GEORGE: It is like forcing people to have sex with you when they don't want to; it's the most repulsive thing in the world. Also, I'm no fool: They would not be having sex with me. They would be having sex with my veneer, and I don't want that, thank you very much. Anyway, we signed with Virgin Records and began to unleash ourselves on the world.

PLAYBOY: Where did the name Culture Club come from?

GEORGE: The Beatles admitted that they could have been The Shoes or anything else, but I wanted us to be something that meant something. It was like bringing all these cultures together, these clashing cultures. Mikey is black, Jon is Jewish, Roy is as white as you get. On the album, we had symbols of different cultures mixed together. It's accepting and learning from other cultures and respecting your own. Culture Club became a phenomenon: People know who I am in Egypt, Canada, Africa, Jamaica, even Russia. I'm banned in Russia and Singapore. When I got expelled from school, I never thought I'd be banned from Russia. Pretty good.

PLAYBOY: Why do you call yourself Boy George?

GEORGE: A lot of Rasta people call themselves King Freddie or Poppa George. "Boy" was like a milk version of that; I was from the white scene, so I started calling myself Boy George.

PLAYBOY: And your success came virtually overnight.

GEORGE: Yes, but I wasn't laughing at the glory of it. I was thinking, This is it. We'll never have another hit. I was furious with the idea that I was just a novelty. People said bitchy things and I would say, "You cunt. You don't understand at all. You think I'm just an idiot."

PLAYBOY: And you set out to prove them wrong.

GEORGE: [Smiles] Revenge is wonderful.

PLAYBOY: What singers and songwriters do you admire?

GEORGE: Stevie Wonder is the one I actually think is the most brilliant of all. If Stevie Wonder recorded *Mister Man*, I would have an orgasm. I would love him to do that, so tell him.

PLAYBOY: All right. Who else?

GEORGE: Different people during different periods. Elvis Presley, of course. Jon, our drummer, turned me on to a lot of music from the Sixties, like Crosby, Stills and Nash, The Moody Blues and Dylan. Joni Mitchell is wonderful. *Court and Spark* is my favorite album forever.

PLAYBOY: In the middle of your live performances, you sing a line from Mitchell's *Woodstock*.

GEORGE: It's gorgeous. So idealistic.

PLAYBOY: Your first hit was *Do You Really Want to Hurt Me*. Apparently, you were incensed that some people thought the song was about S/M.

GEORGE: Do You Really Want to Hurt Me is an optimistic song about a relationship. Some people are very stupid. There's nothing we can do about it.

PLAYBOY: Your biggest hit—about 1,500,000 sold—was *Karma Chameleon*, from your second album. What's a karma chameleon?

GEORGE: First, I believe in karma totally. I think every time you stub your toe, it's because you did something. You get paid back. I had some really bad love affairs, and maybe that's because I did some horrible things as a child. The song is about somebody who is friendly with you because of what you are or what you represent. Like a chameleon, they'll change, depending on the wind—or who is "in," or who has the power or the money. The idea of a karma chameleon is that the important thing is to be true to yourself and true to those you love.

PLAYBOY: Were you doing that with the more recent *War Song*? It didn't do so well commercially and some found it preachy.

GEORGE: I think it's important to say some things because you believe in them. People warned me not to say the things in *War Song*. They said, "You can't say, 'People are stupid,'" but of course we are, so of course I should say it.

PLAYBOY: You've criticized Clash and other political bands for haranguing people. How are your message songs different?

GEORGE: Clash is, like [yawns], it's shouting at people. Who wants to listen? Communicating with people is how they change. War Song is like a chant, it's a dance. And who would argue that war is stupid? Maybe people aren't ready to admit that the only reason there is war is that we are stupid.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the other bands. What do you think of Duran Duran?

GEORGE: They are a really good band, but I don't like them as a social comment. I think they sell status. They are saying, "We've made a lot of money." I don't

know how it is in America, but my brother and sister cannot afford to wear the Anthony Price suits that Duran Duran wears. They cannot afford to drop their yacht's anchor and lie on the beach like Duran Duran does in their videos. I try hard to make what we do accessible. Kids can look like me very easily. I try not to be seen in mink coats.

PLAYBOY: How about the Eurythmics?

GEORGE: They're a great band, too, but I don't know what will happen to them. Annie [Lennox] has married a Hare Krishna guy. They go after famous people.

PLAYBOY: Any chance you'll go that way? GEORGE: They don't allow bisexuals in Hare Krishna. I'd have to form the Merry Krishnas

PLAYBOY: Looking back, the Beatles and The Rolling Stones?

GEORGE: They're a little before me, though I think the Beatles were brilliant and I love The Rolling Stones. Mick Jagger said he liked my dresses but called me the worst dancer in the world. The reason I am such a terrible dancer is that I won't take dancing lessons. I really should, but I think it would kill my act. And I say to Mick Jagger, "I love your trousers, but I don't think you should store your vegetables inside them." [Laughs] I still quite like The Rolling Stones, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Frankie Goes to Hollywood? Some have said it has replaced Culture Club as the hot new band.

GEORGE: A lot of clever managers are trying to say that Frankie Goes to Hollywood is The Rolling Stones and we're the Beatles, which is clever but ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Which Beatle does that make you?



"Sound like big posse, Kemosabe! . . . <u>Many</u> horses! . . . Riding like wind!"



To improve the performance of your video camera, just improve your video tape.



Because when you're recording your child's first birthday or your grandfather's ninetieth, the value of using a good piece of equipment is priceless.

But it's also important to remember that the picture you get out of your video system is only as good as the video tape you put into it. Which helps explain why so many people with an eye for value look for Fuji video tape.

They see that Fuji gives them vivid colors and sharp sounds. They like the way their picture quality stays constant when they push the freeze-frame or slow-motion button on their recorders. And they appreciate how their picture keeps on looking good, even after they've looked at hundreds of replays.

So take a close look at the pictures you see

when you play your video tapes.

And if you want to see some improvements, just see your way clear to Fuji.

FUJI.

Nobody gives you better performance.

GEORGE: I'm Paul McCartney and Holly Johnson of Frankie Goes to Hollywood is Mick Jagger. But no one even knows if the people in the band play on the record; there's a lot of talk that they don't. There is nothing unique and original about them. They'll have a huge record, but they'll peter out.

PLAYBOY: How about the Police?

GEORGE: I have no opinion on the Police, really. They are very good for what they do. I don't understand Sting. He says he doesn't want to be a sex symbol, then he appears in a loincloth covered in oil. You have to compliment them on their sound.

PLAYBOY: Do you read much?

GEORGE: I have never read any books other than the biography of Tallulah Bankhead, but I have quite a literary mind and I'm quite well informed.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idols?

GEORGE: Montgomery Clift. *Mmmmm*. And Elizabeth Taylor.

PLAYBOY: Why Clift and Taylor?

GEORGE: Him, because he was really tragic, not just his looks. He was never allowed to be what he was. He was a tortured person, epitomizing the word tragedy. And gorgeous. She is the opposite. She ruled everything. She reminds me of me. [Giggles] You have a prize and part of you wants to smash it. She's got that kind of look that she can get anything off you. [Haughtily] "Give it to me. I want it. It's mine." She reminds me of me.

PLAYBOY: How about Joan Rivers? Is your relationship with her just media hype or are you friends?

GEORGE: A friend is someone you can depend on 24 hours a day, so Joan Rivers is more of an acquaintance. We get on very well when we see each other, and I find both her and her husband very sweet and charming. Joan is a real character and one can't help but fall in love with her.

PLAYBOY: Your sharp tongue is already famous as a rival to Rivers'.

GEORGE: It's a superiority thing. On the train, people would say things to me about my looks and I'd sit there thinking, Fuck you. I'm going to get somewhere. Some hideous old cow on the train would be really rude to me and make some comment or giggle and snicker and I would find the most obvious defect about her and say, very loudly, "That's all right, dear. Chin up! And don't forget the other one. . . ." It's quite fun, actually. I always evened the score. But never unless they deserved it.

PLAYBOY: You're convinced that Boy George and Culture Club will be around for a while. What will you do to make that happen?

GEORGE: I put everything into Culture Club. My attitude is that if you have a business and you work until six o'clock and then you get drunk and your business doesn't do well, that's your tough shit. If you work 24 hours a day, your business

will be successful. Culture Club can never fail to be exciting in one way or another. Each member of the group contributes something unique. We are never short of new ideas.

PLAYBOY: And the future? Do you look down the road?

GEORGE: I don't want to be like Mick Jagger, but if I were honest, I'd have to admit that I want to stay on the top like he has. It's really quite nice, you know. I wouldn't mind making records at 80. It's not just a selfish sort of thing, either. I believe that at the end of it all, it is important to have made some mark on history. I don't want to be just a fly-by-night. Having said that, I'd like to keep doing it as long as it's exciting. Sometimes I think six more months at the most. Who knows? But I'm such a good pop star! Do you want to know why?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

GEORGE: Because I love everything about it. I love the fans, the attention, the presents, the money—I love being able to buy my dad a new car. I have no guilt complex about the money. Nobody just gave it to me. I've earned it. I'm not buying a Rolls-Royce with it, though I could. That still wouldn't make me obnoxious; I'd just drive it better than everybody else.

PLAYBOY: Where will you go from here? **GEORGE:** I could go to the Vatican, I suppose. Or maybe I could move into Buckingham Palace. [Laughs] And I don't mean as the queen. It's all a new adventure. Who knows? For someone schoolteachers used to ignore, I suppose it's a thrill just having people listen.

PLAYBOY: And you'll win over even the haters and the mockers?

GEORGE: It's hard, but you can win people over. When I was in Egypt, half the American Air Force was staying at our hotel. There was a crowd of GIs and this one guy, a real meathead, called me a faggot. I should have kept my mouth shut, but I said, "Why don't you fuck off?" He said, "Well, now. What are you going to do about it?" I said, "Oh, you're so fucking tough, aren't you? What a fucking man you are." I carried on, drinking my tea, wondering when he was going to come over and thump me. I was thinking, He's not going to let me have the last word here. He's not going to let me get away with that. I mean, he was one of those guys with a green neck because it's been shaved so much. So he went up to the bar and was there snickering it up with these other weedy-looking creatures, making comments about me. In the group, there was one black guy and I turned to him and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." He asked me what I was talking about and I said, "You're a minority. How dare you sit there snickering while someone takes a slap at me?" He said that the guy was his friend and I said, "If you're a

friend to him, you ought to teach him some manners, because that's what friends are for." Then I sort of walked off, thinking, They're going to kill me.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

GEORGE: The next day, I saw them again and this time they were charming to me. I sat with them and we talked and I learned about them and they learned about me. I could not believe I'd met somebody so interesting. And, of course, that's what you find. I mean, after that, I went out for a photo session wearing a plastic dustbin wrapped in cloth on my head as a sort of headdress and very Egyptian make-upthis yellow-and-gold face-and all this outrageous jewelry and we were going to go out on a camel. Well, these same guvs who'd been harassing me came running up, out of breath, taking pictures, saying I looked brilliant. People will understand if you take the time to explain. You can confront the world with eccentricity if you give people the respect of offering an explanation. That's why I talk about this, rather than just tell the world to accept me

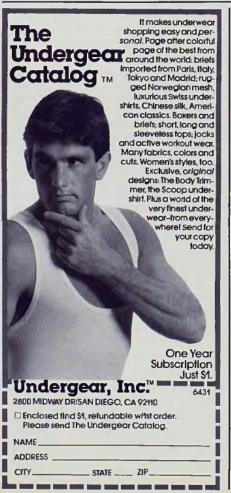
So that's what it takes. If you're threatened, look at me—I'm not a threat to anybody. I'm not against anybody. I'm for everybody. I would never go to a march for hippies or blacks or gays or straights, but I would go on a march for human beings. People seem to be sensing something going on: I drive along and construction workers give me their hats to sign. Blacks give me the OK sign. People come around if you treat them with dignity. That's a big word for me.

PLAYBOY: What do you think lies ahead on the sexual frontier? Jan Morris, the noted author, who is herself a transsexual, wrote in an essay discussing your sexuality that the future of sexuality is intersexuality. Do

you agree with her?

GEORGE: It's all rubbish. The sad thing about being a public figure is that people use you like a flag to portray their own confusion. I don't want people to intellectualize about something that is basic. You're hearing this from the horse's mouth: I don't believe people will stop getting married in 1990. I think love will never change. There are a set of morals that always come back. Those people who were the freaks in the Sixties are running the corporations of America. Yes, acid freaks are running CBS-sorry, everyone; I don't want to blow your cover. The moral values I adhere to are very simple. All I want to be able to say in 30 years is that I never compromised. All I can say is that I hope to be a good person. To everyone: What you have seen on TV is me. What you hear on the radio or read in this Interview is me. People can think what they like about the things I do and the things I say and the way I look. This [bows] is me.







MORE THAN THE SUM

(continued from page 92)

I pass over tendon or vein. And yet the hand and arm will eventually be capable of superhuman strength.

Touching my new face, I do not feel pores. They have improved on nature in the business of heat exchange.

22 SEPTEMBER 2058

Another week of sleep while they installed the new plumbing. When the anesthetic wore off, I felt a definite something—not pain, but neither was it the normal somatic heft of genitalia. Everything was bedded in gauze and bandage, though, and catheterized, so it would feel strange even to a normal person.

(Later.) An aide came in and gingerly snipped away the bandages. He blushed; I don't think fondling was in his job description. When the catheter came out, there was a small sting of pain and relief.

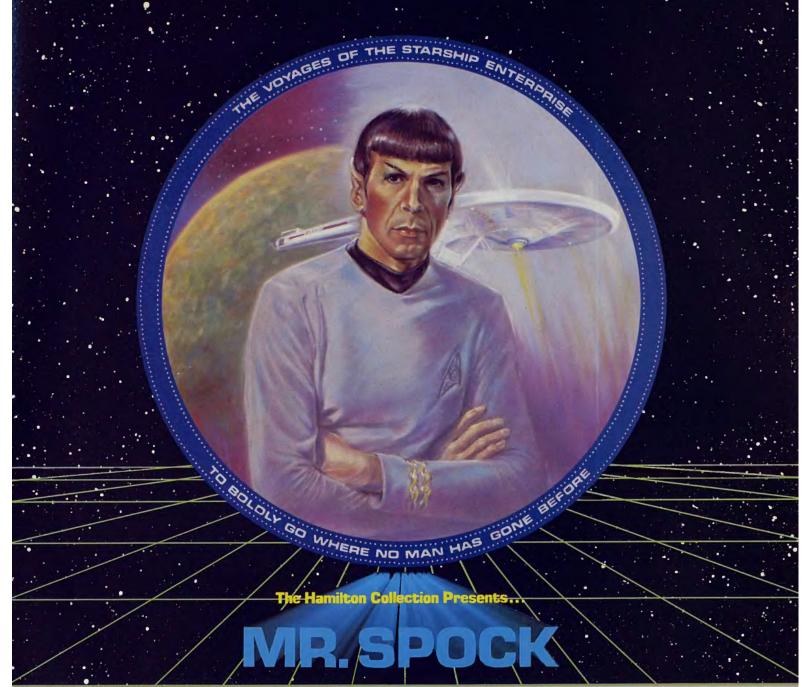
It's not much of a copy. To reconstruct the face, they could consult hundreds of pictures and cubes, but it had never occurred to me that one day it might be useful to have a gallery of pictures of my private parts in various stages of repose. The technicians had approached the problem by bringing me a stack of photos culled from urological texts and pornography and having me sort through them as to closeness of fit.

It was not a task for which I had been well trained, by experience or disposition. Strange as it may seem in this age of unfettered hedonism, I haven't seen another man naked, let alone rampant, since leaving high school, 25 years ago. (I was stationed on Farside for 18 months and never went near a sex bar, preferring an audience of one, even if I had to hire her, as was usually the case.)

So this one is rather longer and thicker than its predecessor—would all men unconsciously exaggerate?—and has only approximately the same aspect when erect. A young man's rakish angle.

Distasteful but necessary to write about the matter of masturbation. At first, it didn't work. With my right hand, it felt like holding another man, which I have never had any desire to do. With the new hand, the process proceeded in the normal way, though I must admit to a voyeuristic aspect. The sensations were extremely acute—ejaculation more forceful than I can remember from youth.

It makes me wonder. In a book I recently read about brain chemistry, the author made a major point of the notion that it was a mistake to completely equate mind with brain. The brain, he said, is in a way only the thickest and most complex segment of the nervous system: It coordinates our consciousness, but the actual mind suffuses through the body in a network of ganglia. In fact, he used sexuality as an example. When a man ruefully



The First-Ever Star Trek® Collector Plate - Issued in a Strictly Limited Edition

The powerful science-fiction drama of Star Trek has enthralled millions for nearly two decades. And from the very beginning, the Science Officer of the Starship Enterprise, Mr. Spock, earned the admiration of millions with his superior intellect, cool demeanor, and intriguing Vulcan appearance

Now the legendary Star Trek series and the popularity of Mr. Spock have inspired the first-ever Star Trek limited-edition collector plate. Susie Morton, well-known portraitist of celebrities, has been commissioned to create this important new first issue for The Hamilton Collection, in association with Ernst Enterprises.

"Ms. Morton has captured the very essence of Spock in this colorful true-tolife portrayal," said Bjo Trimble, a *Star Trek* expert. And "Mr. Spock" will endure for generations, because this portrait is fused to a gleaming, 81/2" fine porcelain plate.

The coveted limited-edition status is assured for "Mr. Spock," since it will be strictly limited to a 90-day firing period. To document the issue for future generations, each plate will be serially handnumbered, and accompanied by a samenumbered Certificate of Authenticity.

'Mr. Spock" premieres a collection of eight fine porcelain plates portraying the main characters of Star Trek. You will have the guaranteed right to own all subsequent issues at the original issue price of \$29.50 each. But you will never be under any obligation to acquire any further plates.

Furthermore, you may order "Mr. Spock" with absolutely **no risk.** Under The Hamilton Collection 100% Buy-Back Guarantee, you may return any plate within 30 days of receipt, for a full refund.

Because of the millions of Star Trek fans and plate collectors who will want "Mr. Spock," demand should be quite strong, and a sellout is predicted. So please return this order form today to The Hamilton Collection, 9550 Regency Square Blvd., Jacksonville, FL 32232.

FINAL POSTMARK DATE: May 31, 1985

Limit: Two Plates per collector

Please accept my reservation for "Mr. Spock," first issue in the Star Trek Plate Collection. B1/2" diameter; hand numbered. I will be under no obligation to buy any other plate, and I may return "Mr. Spock" within 30 days for a full refund.

I wish to purchase ____plate(s) at \$29.50°

Diagon	abaak	-
Please	CHECK	one:

☐ I enclose payment by check or money order. ☐ Chargemycreditcard: ☐ AmericanExpress □ Diners Club □ Visa □ MasterCard

Acct. No. **Expiration Date**

Signature ______Charge orders must be signed to be valid 53637

Name -Address

State _

Fia. residents add \$1.48 and III. residents add \$2.07, per plate, sales tax. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. All applications subject to acceptance. Star Trek is a registered trademark of Peramount Pictures Corp., used under exclusive license by Ernst Enterprises. ₹1984 HC

The Hamilton Collection

observes that his penis has a mind of its own, he is stating part of a larger truth.

But I, in fact, do have actual brains embedded in my new parts: the biochips that process sensory data coming in and action commands going back. Are these brains part of my consciousness the way the rest of my nervous system is? The masturbation experience indicates that they may be in business for themselves.

This is premature speculation, so to speak. We'll see how it feels when I move into a more complex environment, where I'm not so self-absorbed.

23 SEPTEMBER 2058

During the night, something evidently clicked. I woke up this morning with full strength in my cyborg limbs. One rail of the bed was twisted out of shape where I must have unconsciously gripped it. I bent it back quite easily.

Some obscure impulse makes me want to keep this talent secret for the time being. The technicians thought I would be able to exert three or four times the normal person's grip; this is obviously much more than that.

But why keep it a secret? I don't know. Let *them* tell *me* why I've done it. After all, this is supposed to be a record of my psychological adjustment or maladjustment.

(Later.) The techs were astonished, ecstatic. I demonstrated a pull of 90 kilograms. I know if I'd actually given it a good yank, I could have pulled the stress machine out of the wall. I'll give them 110 tomorrow and inch my way up to 125.

Obviously, I must be careful with force vectors. If I put too much stress on the normal parts of my body, I could do permanent injury. With my metal fist, I could punch a hole through an air-lock door, but it would probably tear the prosthesis out of its socket. Newton's laws still apply.

Other laws will have to be rewritten.

24 SEPTEMBER 2058

I got to work out with three waldos today. A fantastic experience!

The first one was a disembodied hand and arm attached to a stand, the setup they use to train normal people in the use of waldos. The difference is that I don't need a waldo sleeve to imperfectly transmit my wishes to the mechanical double. I

can plug into it directly.

I've been using waldos in my work ever since graduate school, but it was never anything like this. Inside the waldo sleeve, you get a clumsy kind of feedback from striated pressor field generators embedded in the plastic. With my setup, the feedback is exactly the kind a normal person feels when he touches an object but much more sensitive. The first time they asked me to pick up an egg, I tossed it up and caught it (no great feat of coordination in lunar gravity, admittedly, but I could have done it as easily in Earth normal).

The next waldo was a large earthmover that Western Mining uses over at Grimaldi Station. That was interesting, not only because of its size but because of the slight communications lag. Grimaldi is only a few dozen kilometers away, but there aren't enough unused data channels between here and there for me to use the land line to communicate with the earthmover hand. I had to relay via Comsat, so there was about a ten-second delay between the thought and the action. It was a fine feeling of power but a little confusing: I would cup my hand and scoop downward and then, a split second too late, would feel the resistance of the regolith-and then casually hold in my palm several tonnes of rock and dirt. People were standing around watching; with a flick of my wrist, I could have buried them. Instead, I dutifully dumped it onto the belt to the converter.

But the waldo that most fascinated me was the micro. It had been in use for only a few months; I had heard of it but hadn't had a chance to see it in action. It is a fully articulated hand barely a tenth of a millimeter long. I used it in conjunction with a low-power scanning electron microscope, moving around on the surface of a microcircuit. At that magnification, it looked like a hand on a long stick wandering through the corridors of a building whose walls varied from rough stucco to brushed metal to blistered gray paint, all laced over with thick cables of gold. When necessary, I could bring in another hand, manipulated by my right from inside a waldo sleeve, to help with simple carpenter and machinist tasks that, in the real world, translated into fundamental changes in the quantum-electrodynamic properties of the circuit.

This was the real power: not crushing metal tubes or lifting tonnes of rock but pushing electrons around to do my bidding. My first doctorate was in electrical engineering; in a sudden epiphany, I realized that I am the first actual electrical engineer in history.

After two hours, they made me stop; said I was showing signs of strain. They put me into a wheelchair, and I did fall asleep on the way back to my room, dreaming dreams of microcosmic and infinite power.

25 SEPTEMBER 2058

The metal arm. I expected it to feel fundamentally different from the social one, but of course it doesn't, most of the time. Circuits are circuits. The difference comes under conditions of extreme exertion: The soft hand gives me signals similar to pain if I come close to the level of stress that would harm the fleshlike material. With the metal hand, I can rip off a chunk of steel plate a centimeter thick and feel nothing beyond "muscular" strain. If I had two of them, I could work marvels.

The mechanical leg is not so gifted. It has governors to restrict its strength and range of motion to that of a normal leg, which is reasonable. Even a normal person finds himself brushing the ceiling occasionally in lunar gravity. I could stand up sharply and find myself with a concussion or worse.

I like the metal arm, though. When I'm stronger (hah!), they say, they'll let me go outside and try it with a space suit. Throw something over the horizon.

Starting today, I'm easing back into a semblance of normal life. I'll be staying at Biotech for another six or eight weeks, but I'm patched into my Skyfac office and have started clearing out the backlog of paperwork. Two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. It's diverting, but I have to admit my heart isn't really in it. Rather be playing with the micro. (Have booked three hours on it tomorrow.)

26 SEPTEMBER 2058

They have threaded an optical fiber through the micro's little finger, so I can watch its progress on a screen without being limited to the field of an electron microscope. The picture is fuzzy while the waldo is in motion, but if I hold it still for a few seconds, the computer assist builds up quite a sharp image. I used it to roam all over my right arm and hand, which was fascinating: hairs a tangle of stiff, black stalks, the pores small, damp craters. And everywhere evidence of the skin's slow death: translucent sheaves of desquamated cells.

I've taken to wearing the metal arm rather than the social one. People's stares don't bother me. The metal one will be more useful in my actual work, and I want to get as much practice as possible. There is also an undeniable feeling of power.

27 SEPTEMBER 2058

Today I went outside. It was clumsy getting around at first. For the past 11 years, I've used a suit only in zero g, so all of my reflexes are wrong. Still, not much serious can go wrong at a sixth of a g.

It was exhilarating but at the same time frustrating, since I couldn't reveal all of my strength. I did almost overdo it once, starting to tip over a large boulder. Before it tipped, I realized that my left boot had crunched through ten centimeters of regolith in reaction to the amount of force I was applying. So I backed off and discreetly shuffled my foot to fill the telltale hole.

I could, indeed, throw a rock over the horizon. With a sling, I might be able to put a small one into orbit—rent myself out as a lunar launching facility.

(Later.) Most interesting. A pretty nurse who has been on this project since the beginning came into my room after dinner and proposed the obvious experiment. It was wildly successful.

Although my new body starts out with the normal pattern of excitation-plateauorgasm, the resemblance stops there. I have no refractory period; the process of erection is completely under conscious control. This could make me the most

The blessings of nature, and a dash of divine inspiration.





The exquisite Italian liqueur created

from wild nuts, berries and herbs.

Frangelico

popular man on the moon.

The artificial skin of the penis is as sensitive to tactile differentiation as that of the cyborg fingers: Suddenly, I know more about a woman's internal topography than any man who ever lived—more than any woman!

I think tomorrow I'll take a trip to Farside.

28 SEPTEMBER 2058

Farside has nine sex bars. I read the guidebook descriptions and then asked a few locals for their recommendations and wound up going to a place cleverly called The Juice Bar.

In fact, the name was not just an expression of coy eroticism. They served nothing but fruit and juices there, most of them fantastically expensive Earth imports. I spent a day's pay on a glass of pear nectar and sought out the most attractive woman in the room.

That in itself was a mistake. I was not physically attractive even before the accident, and the mechanics have faithfully restored my coarse features and slight paunch. I was rebuffed.

So I went to the opposite extreme and looked for the plainest woman. That would be a better test, anyway: Before the accident, I always demanded, and paid for, physical perfection. If I could duplicate the performance of last night with a woman to whom I was not sexually attracted—and do it in public—then my independence from the autonomic nervous system would be proved beyond doubt.

Second mistake. I was never good at small talk, and when I located my paragon of plainness, I began talking about the accident and the singular talent that had resulted from it. She suddenly remembered an appointment elsewhere.

I was not so open with the next woman, also plain. She asked whether there was something wrong with my face, and I told her half of the truth. She was sweetly sympathetic, motherly, which did not endear her to me. It did make her a good subject for the experiment. We left the socializing section of the bar and went back to the so-called love room.

There was an acrid quality to the air that I suppose was compounded of incense and sweat; but, of course, my dry nose was not capable of identifying actual smells. For the first time, I was grateful for that disability; the place probably had the aroma of a well-used locker room. Plus pheromones.

Under the muted lights, red and blue as well as white, more than a dozen couples were engaged more or less actively in various aspects of amorous behavior. A few were frankly staring at others, but most were either absorbed with their own affairs or furtive in their voyeurism. Most of them were on the floor, which was a warm, soft mat, but some were using tables and chairs in fairly ingenious ways. Several of the permutations would no doubt have

been impossible or dangerous in Earth's gravity.

We undressed, and she complimented me on my evident spryness. A nearby spectator made a jealous observation. Her own body was rather flaccid, doughy, and under previous circumstances, I doubt that I would have been able to maintain enthusiasm. There was no problem, however; in fact, I rather enjoyed it. She required very little foreplay, and I was soon repeating the odd sensation of hypersensitized exploration—gynecological spelunking.

She was quite voluble in her pleasure, and although she lasted less than an hour, we did attract a certain amount of attention. When she, panting, regretfully declined further exercise, a woman who had been watching, a rather attractive young blonde, offered to share her various openings. I obliged her for a while; although the well was dry, the pump handle was unaffected.

During that performance, I became aware that the pleasure involved was not a sexual one in any normal sense. Sensual, yes, in the way that a fine meal is a sensual experience, but with a remote subtlety that I find difficult to describe. Perhaps there is a relation to epicurism that is more than metaphorical. Since I can no longer taste food, a large area of my brain is available for the evaluation of other experience. It may be that the brain is reorganizing itself in order to take fullest advantage of my new abilities.

By the time the blonde's energy began to flag, several other women had taken an interest in my satyriasis. I resisted the temptation to find out what this organ's limit was, if, indeed, a limit existed. My back ached and the right knee was protesting, so I threw the mental switch and deflated. I left with a minimum of socializing. (The first woman insisted on buying me something at the bar. I opted for a banana.)

29 SEPTEMBER 2058

Now that I have eyes and both hands, there's no reason to scratch this diary out with a pen, so I'm entering it into the computer. But I'm keeping two versions.

I copied everything up to this point and then went back and edited the versions that I will show to Biotech. It's very polite and will remain so. For instance, it does not contain the following:

After writing last night's entry, I found myself still full of energy, and so put into action a plan that has been forming in my mind

About two in the morning, I went downstairs and broke into the waldo labs. The entrance is protected by a five-digit combination lock, but, of course, that was no obstacle. My hypersensitive fingers could feel the tumblers rattling into place.

I got the microwaldo set up and then detached my leg. I guided the waldo through the leg's circuitry and easily disabled the governors. The entire operation took less than 20 minutes.

I did have to use a certain amount of care in walking, at first. There was a tendency to rise into the air or to overcompensate by limping. It was under control by the time I got back to my room. So once more, they have proved to be mistaken as to the limits of my abilities.

Testing the strength of the leg with a halfhearted kick, I put a deep dent in the metal wall at the rear of my closet. I'll have to wait until I can be outside, alone, to see what full force can do.

A comparison kick with my flesh leg left no dent but did hurt my great toe.

30 SEPTEMBER 2058

It occurs to me that I feel better about my body than I have in the past 20 years. Who wouldn't? Literally eternal youth in these new limbs and organs; if a part shows signs of wear, it can simply be replaced.

I was angry at the Biotech evaluation board this morning. When I simply inquired as to the practicality of replacing the right arm and leg as well, all but one were horrified. One was amused. I will remember him.

I think the fools are going to order me to leave Nearside in a day or two and go back to Mercy for psychiatric "help." I will leave when I want to, on my own terms.

1 OCTOBER 2058

This is being voice recorded in the Environmental Control Center at Nearside. It is 10:32; they have less than 90 minutes to accede to my demands. Let me backtrack.

After writing last night's entry, I felt a sudden surge of sexual desire. I took the shuttle to Farside and went back to The Juice Bar.

The plain woman from the previous night was waiting, hoping that I would show up. She was delighted when I suggested that we save money (and whatever residue of modesty we had left) by keeping ourselves to each other back at my room.

I didn't mean to kill her. That was not in my mind at all. But I suppose in my passion, or abandon, I carelessly propped my strong leg against the wall and then thrust with too much strength. At any rate, there was a snap and a tearing sound. She gave a small cry, and the lower half of my body was suddenly awash in blood. I had snapped her spine and evidently at the same time caused considerable internal damage. She must have lost consciousness very quickly, though her heart did not stop beating for nearly a minute.

Disposing of the body was no great problem. In the laundry room, I found a bag large enough to hold her comfortably. Then I went back to the room and put her and the sheet she had besmirched into the bag.

Getting her to the recycler would have been a problem if it had been a normal hour. She looked like nothing so much as a body in a laundry bag. Fortunately, the corridor was deserted.

The lock on the recycler room was child's play. The furnace door was a problem, though: It was easy to unlock, but its diameter was only 25 centimeters.

So I had to disassemble her. To save cleaning up, I did the job inside the laundry bag, which was clumsy and made it difficult to see the fascinating process.

I was so absorbed in watching that I didn't hear the door slide open. But the man who walked in made a slight gurgling sound that I somehow did hear over the cracking of bones. I stepped over to him and killed him with one kick.

I have to admit to a lapse in judgment at that point. I locked the door and went back to the chore at hand. After the woman was completely recycled, I repeated the process with the man—which was much easier. The female's layer of subcutaneous fat made disassembly of the torso a more slippery business.

It really was wasted time (though I did spend part of it thinking out the final touches of the plan I am now engaged upon). I might as well have left both bodies there on the floor. I had kicked the man with great force—enough to throw me to the ground in reaction and badly bruise my right hip—and had split him open from crotch to heart. This made a bad enough mess, even if he hadn't com-

pounded the problem by striking the ceiling. I would never have been able to clean that up, and it's not the sort of thing that would escape notice for long.

At any rate, it was only 20 minutes wasted, and I gained more time than that by disabling the recycler-room lock. I cleaned up, changed clothes, stopped by the waldo lab for a few minutes and then took the slidewalk to the Environmental Control Center.

There was only one young man on duty at the E.C.C. at that hour. I exchanged a few pleasantries with him and then punched him in the heart, softly enough not to make a mess. I put his body where it wouldn't distract me and then attended to the problem of the door.

There's no actual door on the E.C.C., but there is an emergency wall that slides into place if there's a drop in pressure. I typed up a test program simulating an emergency, and the wall obeyed. Then I walked over and twisted a few flanges around. Nobody would be able to get into the center with anything short of a cutting torch.

Sitting was uncomfortable with the bruised hip, but I managed to ease into the console and spend an hour or so studying logic and wiring diagrams. Then I popped off an access plate and moved the microwaldo down the corridors of electronic thought. The intercom began buzz-

ing incessantly, but I didn't let it interfere with my concentration.

Nearside is protected from meteorite strike or (far more likely) structural failure by a series of 128 bulkheads that, like the emergency wall here, can slide into place and isolate any area where there's a pressure drop. It's done automatically, of course, but can also be controlled from here.

What I did, in essence, was to tell each bulkhead that it was under repair and should not close under any circumstance. Then I moved the waldo over to the circuits that controlled the city's eight air locks. With some rather elegant microsurgery, I transferred control of all eight solely to the pressure switch I now hold in my left hand.

It is a negative-pressure button—a dead-man switch taken from a power saw. As long as I hold it down, the inner doors of the air locks will remain locked. If I let go, they will all iris open. The outer doors are already open, as are the ones that connect the air-lock chambers to the suiting-up rooms. No one will be able to make it to a space suit in time. Within 30 seconds, every corridor will be a vacuum. People behind airtight doors may choose between slow asphyxiation and explosive decompression.

My initial plan had been to wire the dead-man switch to my pulse, which

GRUISER







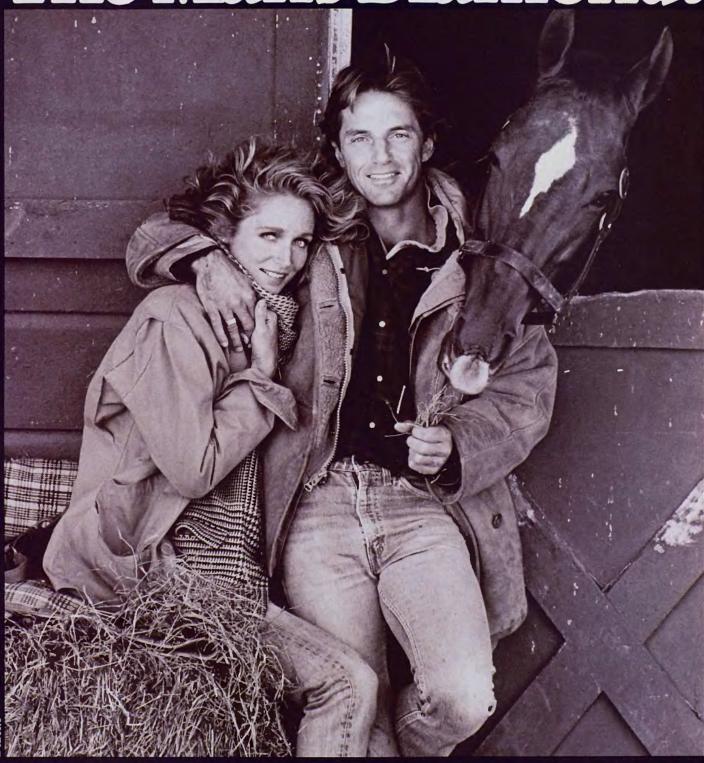


Christopher Browne





The Man's Diamond.



Even when we bought the ranch, looks as great in the city as it she kept an urbane sense of style. does out here. What a gift. Like riding in a riding habit or

She's always been a city girl, giving me a diamond in the mid-pinstripe suit. She has a way all high heels and low-cut gowns. dle of nowhere. And that diamond of making everything civilized. Bold. Handsome. Yet classic as a

The diamond ring shown above is just one of the exciting new designs in men's diamond accessories. For more men's gift ideas, send for the new 1985 booklet, "The Man's Diamond. The State of the Art," a 16-page collection of the latest in men's diamond jewelry. Just send \$1.25 to Diamond Information Center, Department DFM-C-PB, P.O. Box 1344, New York, N.Y. 10105-1344.

The Man's Diamond.
The gift of success.

would free my good hand and allow me to sleep. That will have to wait. The wiring completed, I turned on the intercom and announced that I would speak to the coordinator and no one else.

When I finally got to talk to him, I told him what I had done and invited him to verify it. That didn't take long. Then I presented my demands:

Surgery to replace the rest of my limbs, of course. The surgery would have to be done while I was conscious (a heartbeat dead-man switch could be subverted by a heart machine) and it would have to be done here, so that I could be assured that nobody had fooled with my circuit changes.

The doctors were called in, and they insisted that such profound surgery couldn't be done under local anesthetic. I knew they were lying, of course—amputation was a fairly routine procedure even before anesthetics were invented. Yes, but I would faint, they said. I told them that I would not, and at any rate, I was willing to take the chance, and no one else had any choice in the matter.

(I have not yet mentioned that the totality of my plan involves replacing all of my internal organs as well as all of the limbs—or at least those organs whose failure could cause untimely death. I will be a true cyborg then, a human brain in an "artificial" body, with the prospect of thousands of years of life. With a few decades—or centuries!—of research, I could even do something about the brain's shortcomings. I would wind up interfaced to EarthNet, with all of human knowledge at my disposal and with my faculties for logic and memory no longer fettered by the slow pace of electrochemical synapse.)

A psychiatrist, talking from Earth, tried to convince me of the error of my ways. He said that the dreadful trauma had "obviously" unhinged me, and the cyborg augmentation, far from effecting a cure, had made my mental derangement worse. He demonstrated, at least to his own satisfaction, that my behavior followed some classical pattern of madness. All this had been taken into consideration, he said, and if I were to give myself up, I would be forgiven my crimes and manumitted into the loving arms of the psychiatric establishment.

I did take time to explain the fundamental errors in his way of thinking. He felt that I had literally lost my identity by losing my face and genitalia and that I was at bottom a "good" person whose essential humanity had been perverted by physical and existential estrangement. Wrong. By his terms, what I actually am is an "evil" person whose true nature was revealed to him by the lucky accident that released him from existential propinquity with the common herd.

And evil is the accurate word, not maladjusted or amoral or even criminal. I am as evil by human standards as a human is evil by the standards of an animal raised for food, and the analogy is accurate. I will sacrifice humans not only for my survival but for comfort, curiosity or entertainment. I will allow to live anyone who doesn't bother me and reward generously those who help.

Now they have only 40 minutes. They know I am

(End of recording.)

EXCERPT FROM SUMMARY REPORT

1 OCTOBER 2058

I am Dr. Henry Janovski, head of the surgical team that worked on the ill-fated cyborg augmentation of Dr. Wilson Cheetham.

We were fortunate that Dr. Cheetham's insanity did interfere with his normally painstaking, precise nature. If he had spent more time in preparation, I have no doubt that he would have put us in a very difficult fix.

He should have realized that the protecting wall that shut him off from the rest of Nearside was made of steel, an excellent conductor of electricity. If he had insulated himself behind a good dielectric, he could have escaped his fate.

Cheetham's waldo was a marvelous instrument, but basically it was only a pseudo-intelligent servomechanism that obeyed well-defined radio-frequency commands. All we had to do was override the signals that were coming from his own nervous system.

We hooked a powerful amplifier up to the steel wall, making it, in effect, a huge radio transmitter. To generate the signal we wanted amplified, I had a technician put on a waldo sleeve that was holding a box similar to Cheetham's dead-man switch. We wired the hand closed, turned up the power and had the technician strike himself on the chin as hard as he could.

The technician struck himself so hard that he blacked out for a few seconds. Cheetham's resonant action, perhaps 100 times more powerful, drove the bones of his chin up through the top of his skull.

Fortunately, the expensive arm itself was not damaged. It is not evil or insane by itself, of course, as I shall prove.

The experiments will continue, though of course we will be more selective as to subjects. It seems obvious, in retrospect, that we should not use as subjects people who have gone through the kind of trauma that Cheetham suffered. We must use willing volunteers—such as myself.

I am not young, and weakness and an occasional tremor in my hands limit the amount of surgery I can do—much less than my knowledge would allow or my nature desire. My failing left arm I shall have replaced with Cheetham's mechanical marvel, and I will go through training similar to his—but for the good of humanity, not for ill.

What miracles I will perform with the knife!



THE FALL OF SAIGON (continued from page 118)

"One of the first rockets was a direct hit on two young Marines manning an isolated position."

younger children, but they would have to leave their parents or their 18-year-old son. No, they pleaded, don't make me make that choice.

Carter did not know that almost every other official in Vietnam was bending the rules, because he was not in the know. And because he was not in the know, he was more Catholic than the Pope. He told his own USIS staffers that they had to stay until the last moment, when they would be seen to. And, as instructed, he passed along to the embassy list after list of persons who should be included in the evacuation, with the principal name and why he or she should go; and under each principal name, five or ten or 30 relatives.

After the firing subsided, Carter and his deputy circulated among the Vietnamese, assuring them that the Americans were still there and would take care of them.

When the shooting finally died away at Tan Son Nhut, Ken Moorefield checked with the few military officers in Dodge City, where he and more than 3000 Vietnamese now seemed trapped. He also called the embassy. The assumption seemed to be that the evacuation would get going again within a few hours.

Moorefield was not so sure. If they bombed you at six, why not bomb you again at midnight? He also considered it entirely possible that the base would come under ground attack that night.

During the eight days that Moorefield had been at Tan Son Nhut working on the accelerated evacuation, no one had given much thought to feeding the evacuees. They had always managed to clear the processing center by nightfall.

Now-in part to do something-Moorefield organized a feeding. He raided a small dry-goods warehouse, loaded a jeep with everything that looked edible, broke into an abandoned mess hall and called for volunteer cooks from among the ranks of evacuees and official Americans. It took three hours to move everyone through.

That done, Moorefield decided to make a last check of the perimeter. You could tell that the Marines were green because they were so white. They didn't even have sunburns, let alone tans. And they were tense. It was 30 or 40 of them against-what? In the Marines' minds. probably a whole country. Two of them were out on the narrow road running into the compound from the only access gate. Moorefield approached them, making a note of how exposed they were there.

A Vietnamese called to him from the gate. In a hurried exchange, Moorefield learned that there was a group of about 40 Vietnamese there, in a ditch in which they had lain or squatted since the bombing.

Moorefield returned to the two young Marines and introduced himself. He explained that he was the embassy officer in charge of that part of the evacuation and asked how they were doing and where they were from. One was from Iowa, the other from Massachusetts. They answered in soft voices, volunteering only what Moorefield asked for, their eyes constantly flicking away from him to the darkness.

"OK, look, we've got a problem," Moorefield said. "Things are tense. We don't know what's going to happen tonight. That guy I just talked to has got a group of people who belong on our side of the perimeter. I want to get them inside."

"OK, sir," one of them said.

Moorefield told the people from the ditch where to go without bothering to look at their papers. He was glad he had gone to the trouble.

Ambassador Martin was suffering from bronchitis and pneumonia, which made him gray and hoarse behind his cigarette smoke. But Martin was incapable of appearing weak. He wore his suit coat and his tie was still knotted when Wolfgang Lehmann, his deputy chief of mission, was summoned to the office about midnight.

When the bombing had stopped, the Ambassador had put two of his people in charge of planning for the movement of 10,000 evacuees the next day. "I think you and I both ought to go home and get some sleep," Martin told Lehmann in a voice just above a whisper. "We'll need to be rested in the morning. I have an idea that we're going to have to make some lifeand-death decisions."

APRIL 29

After the Vietnamese at the USIS had bedded down for the night on mats or blankets, Alan Carter was driven north a couple of blocks to the villa that came with the job. He showered and ate, and then the driver took him to the embassy for an emergency midnight meeting.

It was held in the big conference room on the third floor of the embassy building and was chaired by Colonel George Jacobson, one of the men Martin had charged with organizing the next day's evacuation. But attention quickly focused on a political officer named Shep Lowman, who had emerged during the month as the central repository for lists of evacuees.

Through the preceding 28 days of April, at a constantly accelerating rate, 43,479 people had been flown out of Saigon on

Air Force planes or civilian chartered aircraft. About 5000 were Americans; the rest were orphans and bar girls, wives and children of Americans, the families of military and police officers, employees of some U.S. businesses in South Vietnam and some, but not many, Vietnamese employ-ees of the embassy. The Ambassador had resisted attempts to evacuate U.S.-mission employees, out of fear that it might trigger the panic in Saigon that he most feared.

Especially in the past ten days, the heads of various mission components-USIS, USAID (the Agency for International Development), the CIA-had been feeding into the embassy lists of people they thought should be evacuated. Half of Saigon, it seemed, was on those lists. But now the end was drawing near, and the 10,000 who would leave tomorrow should be the ones who really deserved to go, not the cooks and the chauffeurs. Lowman told Carter that he would have to quickly list his "priority contacts."

"You son of a bitch, Shep!" Carter said. "I've been giving you lists for days! What are you talking about? Where did those other lists go?"

"They're all screwed up," Lowman said. "We've gotta start from scratch."

The evacuation did get going again, deep in the bend of the night. Then, at four A.M., the pilot of one of three U.S. Air Force C-130s on the ground at Tan Son Nhut saw what he thought was lightning and said to his copilot, "Gee, that thunderstorm is getting closer. It's moving toward the field."

Then the flashes were not only white but red and blue and green, and the pilot realized that they were rockets and mortars, raining on the field with great accuracy.

Within the first minute, they hit a fuel truck and the control tower and the Air America flight line. A rocket landed just under one of the wings of the third C-130 and exploded. Its crew scrambled from it and up into the hold of the second C-130.

One of the first rockets was a direct hit on two young Marines manning an isolated position on the narrow road running into Dodge City. They were Darwin Judge, from Iowa, and Charlie McMahon, from Massachusetts. They died instantly.

Ambassador Martin arrived at the embassy shortly before six A.M. For about half an hour, he and Thomas Polgar, the CIA station chief, were alone in Martin's office. The Ambassador's illnesses had left him with almost no voice. He listened to Polgar's quick briefing and then called the Defense Attaché's Office (DAO) at Tan Son Nhut. In the first calls that morningcalls tightly focused on conditions at Tan Son Nhut-Polgar acted as an intermediary, relaying Martin's whispered questions and replies.

By seven, the DAO commander, General Homer Smith, had determined that the main flight line and the runways were

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

THE STORY OF THE S

Excellence.

MOOTH RICE TASTE

-

1988 R.J. REYNOLOS TOBACCO CO.

11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method

littered with jettisoned ordnance and wing tanks. Admiral Noel Gayler, the commander in chief for the Pacific (CINCPAC), called from Honolulu to ask what was going on. A few minutes later, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger called from Washington. Neither Gayler nor Kissinger was yet talking about what was referred to in the standing evacuation plan as Option Four: the full-scale helicopter evacuation of Saigon. Option Four was the last and least desirable of the options in the plan, the first three of which envisioned the use of fixed-wing aircraft.

At 7:30 A.M., a note was delivered to the embassy. It was from the new president of South Vietnam, a general named Duong Van "Big" Minh, who had been inaugurated the previous afternoon. He was the third president in the past eight days.

The note was immediately translated and rushed to Martin:

Dear Mr. Ambassador:

I respectfully request that you give an order for the personnel of the Defense Attaché's Office to leave Vietnam within 24 hours beginning April 29, 1975, in order that the question of peace for Vietnam can be settled early.

(signed April 28 by Duong Van Minh)

Without a moment's hesitation, the Ambassador called in his secretary and dictated his reply. Then, with the original typed and signed and sent off to be hand delivered to Big Minh, the Ambassador got around to informing Kissinger that he had just ordered all American military men, save the Marines, out of Vietnam.

He began the cable with the two notes. Then:

IN VIEW OF THE ABOVE, I REPEAT MY REQUEST TO PERMIT ME AND ABOUT 20 OF MY STAFF TO REMAIN BEHIND, AT LEAST FOR A DAY OR TWO, TO AT LEAST GIVE SOME DIGNITY TO OUR DEPARTURE [AND] TO FACILITATE AN ORDERLY DISPOSITION OF OUR EXTENSIVE PROPERTIES HERE.

I CAN KEEP TWO AIR AMERICA HELICOP-TERS AND WE CAN DEPART AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE. I DO SERIOUSLY RECOMMEND THIS COURSE AND HOPE FOR YOUR PROMPT APPROVAL.

I WOULD INTEND IN EITHER CASE TO ASK THE FRENCH EMBASSY TO ASSUME NORMAL CARETAKER RESPONSIBILITIES. THERE IS NO OTHER EMBASSY LEFT. . . .

At 8:15, there was a meeting in Martin's office, again focusing on conditions at Tan Son Nhut. The plan that had emerged from the midnight meeting counted on 60 C-130 sorties during the day—enough to remove 10,000 people from Vietnam.

Colonel Jacobson called General Smith at DAO. Smith said he was convinced that the runways were unusable. Martin disagreed and announced that he would take a look at the runways himself. He ordered a helicopter, but there were no Air Amer-

ica choppers available. Some of them had been crippled in the rocketing. Others were shuttling Polgar's CIA people from Can Tho, in the Delta, to the Seventh Fleet, which lay just outside Vietnam's territorial waters.

"Fine," Martin said, with a glare at Polgar and then a self-possessed grin. His strength was returning minute by minute as the adrenaline began to take over. "Better to go by road, anyway. I can get a look at conditions in the city."

"Sir, that would be a big mistake," Jacobson said.

"Well, we all make mistakes, don't we, Jake?" Martin said. "Someone call my car. I'm going."

Ken Moorefield was also awakened by the four-A.M. rocketing of Tan Son Nhut. At first light, he was at the air base. He checked with some Vietnamese he was concerned about at Dodge City and talked with Americans there. But, instinctively, he felt that his duties at the evacuation center were over. This would be the day the Americans left Saigon. What was his role now? he asked himself.

At the DAO and the operations center, everyone was talking about the final roundup of the remaining DAO employees—Americans and Vietnamese. Moorefield realized that some of the officers involved, especially the recently arrived Marines, did not have a good grasp of the city.

"Listen," he said to one of the military men, "I know the city pretty well. If you give me some support, I can guide the buses around."

Moorefield piled into a DAO staff car—a white Chevy—with a Marine captain and some civilians who would act as drivers. They proceeded to the motor pool, where the situation was normal: all fucked up. None of the buses was fully gassed, and it quickly became evident that they didn't have enough drivers. Then there was a small shower of mortar rounds. Moorefield and the others dove for cover in a ditch. While they were lying there, Moorefield told a Vietnamese who happened to have been standing nearby that he could get him out of Vietnam if he was willing to drive a bus for a few hours.

Eventually, they arranged two convoys of three buses each, with Chevys and jeeps fore and aft, and headed into the city.

As had been the case all morning, Ambassador Martin was unimpressed by accounts of litter on or damage to the runways. In the DAO's readiness room at Tan Son Nhut, General Smith had an Air Force colonel give Martin a quick briefing. Smith's chief intelligence officer was with them, as was the intelligence chief of the South Vietnamese joint general staff (J.G.S.). When Martin was told about troops milling about on the field, he asked the Vietnamese intelligence man to call someone at J.G.S. about restoring order.

The man made the call. And there was no answer. Even the switchboard operators had left. Smith then told the Ambassador that he had the commander of the South Vietnamese air force and most of the rest of the South Vietnamese command under guard in this building. They had presented themselves at DAO a couple of hours before and had demanded to be included in that day's evacuation. Smith and his colleagues had been telling those commanders for weeks that if they stayed at their posts and maintained order until the end, they would be taken care of. And as far as Smith was concerned, this was the end.

Now Martin was concerned. From the secure phone in Smith's office, Martin spoke with both Brent Scowcroft, the deputy director of the National Security Council, and Henry Kissinger. When he emerged from the office, he walked with Smith back down to the readiness room. On the way, he said that Washington had agreed to continue with the fixed-wing lift if order could be restored on the runways.

"But, Mr. Ambassador. . . ."

"If we can't, OK, but let's try." Then he moved on to the most important point. He told Smith that both of them were going to be under tremendous pressure all day, from Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger and the Joint Chiefs and CINCPAC, to yank the Americans and leave the Vietnamese. He said that he had thousands of high-risk Vietnamese lined up and ready to go and they had to get out just as many of them as possible. The United States had a moral obligation to them. If we failed them, Martin said, it would be one last ghastly mistake capping the thousands of mistakes the United States had made in Vietnam. And it would be a failure with unforeseeable impact on relations between the U.S. and the two other superpowers.

In the first 15 minutes back in the office, poring over cables and again talking with Washington, Martin made time to call Homer Smith twice. In the first call, he reported that he had had a message from the White House confirming the decision to stay with a fixed-wing evacuation for as long as possible. In the second, he reiterated what he was now calling "my order" that great numbers of Vietnamese be included in any evacuation.

Between those two calls, about 10:40, Smith called Admiral Gayler in Honolulu. Smith repeated his belief that there was "no way" they could continue to land C-130s. Gayler had been of the same belief for hours. He told Smith that he was now going to tell the Joint Chiefs that they had to go to Option Four.

Out of deference, Smith called Martin. "Mr. Ambassador," he said, "CINCPAC is at this moment recommending to the Joint Chiefs that we go to Option Four. I thought you should know."

"It's not their decision," Martin said. "Homer, are you absolutely certain we

Win a \$25,000 classic from Tanqueray.



CALL FOR THE QUESTION THAT **COULD WIN YOU** THIS \$25,000 CLASSIC 1948 MG TC.

Tanqueray MG Classic Sweepstakes Official Rules—No Purchase Necessary

1. To enter, handprint your name, address, zip code and the answer to the Tanqueray "Classic" question on an official entry form or a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper. No mechanical reproductions are allowed. You may find out the Tanqueray "CLASSIC" question by calling toll-free 1-800-MG CLASS. Dial any time, day or night, seven days a week from May 1, 1985 to June 30, 1985. The answer to the TANQUERAY "CLASSIC" question can be found on the label of any bottle of TANQUERAY (SIN. You may obtain a copy of the question and label with GIN. You may obtain a copy of the question and label with the answer by writing to: TANQUERAY GIN "CLASSIC" Question and Label, P.O. Box 3754, Syosset, NY 11775. Requests must be received by June 15, 1985.

ā ii ā

000

四面田

œ,

Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: TANQUERAY SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. BOX 3731, Syosset, NY 11775. All entries must be received by July 15, 1985.

3. The winner will be selected from among all correct entries received in a random drawing conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. Odds of winning are determined by the number of correct entries received. The prize will be awarded and winner postfied by the prize will be awarded and winner notified by mail. The prize is non-transferable. Winner may select either the Classic MG or its appraised value of \$25,000. Taxes and licensing fees, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winner. Winner may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and

4. Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents of legal drinking age in the state of their home residence as of May 1, 1985, except employees and their families of SOMERSET MPORTERS, LTD., its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising agencies, licensed alcoholic beverage wholesalers and retailers, and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. This offer is void in Ohio, Texas, Utah, Oklahoma or wherever prohibited or restricted. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.

5. For the winner's name send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: TANQUERAY WINNER, P.O. Box 3763, Syosset, NY 11775.

TANQUERAY MG CLASSIC **SWEEPSTAKES** Official Entry Form

If the Tanqueray Sweepstakes toll-free line is busy, follow the following procedure to enter. Look at any bottle of Tanqueray Gin and answer the following question: Where is Charles Tanqueray & Company, Ltd., the firm that produces and bottles Tanqueray Gin Jesated? and bottles Tanqueray Gin, located?

Mail your completed entry form to:

Tanqueray Sweepstakes P.O. Box 3731 Syosset, NY 11775

Entries must be received by July 15, 1985. I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state as of May 1, 1985.

AME	(Please Print)	
DDRESS		
птү		
TATE	ZIP	

IMPORTED CHARLES TANQUERAY & COLL
LONDON. ENGLAND.
OF O CHILLI SOLE DE SALE SOLE SALE SOLE SALE SOLE
FOR ENGLAND. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD. N.Y. @ 1985

can't get any more planes in there?"

"Yes, Mr. Ambassador, I am."

"Well, you're probably right—for the wrong reasons. We could get them in, but we couldn't control the boarding."

"I agree with that, sir," Smith said. "I've been saying that all morning, too."

At 10:48, from the secure scrambler phone in his office, Martin called Kissinger. He told the Secretary of State it was time to go to Option Four.

During the past few weeks, those officers in the embassy who thought they should be doing a great deal more planning for this moment—and there were a lot of them—had argued that the tamarind tree in the middle of the parking lot behind the chancery should be cut down to make a landing zone. Martin had always vetoed them. He was, in fact, aware of that marvel of Western technology called the chain saw and was not about to fell the tree—the signal to all of Saigon that the Americans were preparing to run—until he had to.

A few minutes after Martin got off the phone with Kissinger, Wolf Lehmann turned to Hank Boudreau, the administrative counselor, and finally gave the order: "OK, Hank," he said. "Now you can tell 'em to take down the damned tree."

Alan Carter made his way through the 150 Vietnamese in the USIS compound and got into the office car with its driver. They inched through the throng at the gate and drove the half mile to the embassy, to which Carter had been summoned for a meeting.

On the third floor, Carter found the few remaining secretaries and numerous junior officers furiously destroying files. Wolf Lehmann was tied up in a conference. When Carter finally found him, Lehmann said, "This is it. We're all leaving."

"For Christ's sake!" Carter said. "I've got three Americans over there, Wolf, and 150 Vietnamese. I've been telling them for days that we'll get them all out!"

"Get the Americans over here," Lehmann said and started to turn away.

"How the hell do I do that?" Carter asked. "I had to send my driver away. Goddamn the way this show is being run!"

"Well, get an embassy car, then," Lehmann said. "But do it fast. You're to go out on one of the first choppers."

Carter did not know how to get an embassy car. But at that moment, a quiet, polished political officer named Lacy Wright, who had overheard the exchange, said, "Take it easy, Alan. I've got a car. I can run over and get the Americans."

"But what about the Vietnamese?" asked Carter.

Wright called the USIS compound to alert the Americans that he was coming for them. They, in turn, calmly reassured the 150 Vietnamese with them that buses would be coming for them soon and made their way to the front gate. The embassy

car pulled up and they slipped in, as if it were all routine.

Ken Moorefield's buses were full. He had a walkie-talkie, but communication with the embassy was spotty. But at 2:30 or three that afternoon, he got an urgent message to proceed to Shep Lowman's villa. With Lacy Wright, Lowman had been responsible for the evacuation of politically compromised "high-risk" Vietnamese. Following the midnight meeting at the embassy and again at dawn, Lowman had made a telephone canvass of the names at the top of his list. Now more than 100 people were at his villa.

Moorefield and Lowman conferred in the tree-shaded street that ran past the villa's high walls. "Shep," said Moorefield, "I don't have room for any of them. And if I try to squeeze one on, you'll have a riot on your hands. I'll try to come back."

Moorefield never made it. Nor did he know that in the middle of the afternoon, as he and his convoys were prowling the streets of the city, two huge sandbagged barges were tugged down the Saigon River to the docks at Khanh Hoi, a southern district of the capital. Before sunset, they left, half empty, for the trip down-river to the open sea and the Seventh Fleet.

At least 8000 Vietnamese, including everyone waiting at the USIS compound, the 100 people at Lowman's villa and the several groups of CIA employees gathered at various facilities around Saigon, could have made it out of Vietnam if their American employers had waited just a few more hours before retreating to the embassy.

The decision not to tell Moorefield about the barges came from the top. It was ruthless, and it worked. Chaos did not descend on Saigon, as it might have if the city at large had known that escape was waiting for them at the docks.

TO: GRAHAM MARTIN FROM: KISSINGER REF: SAIGON 758

WE HAVE STUDIED YOUR REQUEST TO KEEP A SMALL STAFF BEHIND AND THE PRESIDENT INSISTS ON TOTAL EVACUATION. WARM REGARDS.

Until that moment, Martin had hardly contemplated his own departure. When he got out of bed that morning, he had thought he would be staying on as the American representative at negotiations between Big Minh and the Communists. Now he realized that it was time to get some things from the residence. And there was some classified material there as well; it would have to be destroyed.

Fifteen minutes later, Martin and two Marines were in the Ambassador's car. But when they eased open the gate at the back of the compound, Vietnamese swarmed over it. Martin realized they would not get out this way. The driver quickly threw the car into reverse and the gate was secured.

Martin returned to his office and made a

phone call. At 3:30, he told the two Marines, "We're going for a little walk."

They walked through the rear of the compound to a door that had been recently created in the wall between the American and French embassies. They were greeted by Jean-Marie Mérillon, the French ambassador. Then Martin and his Marine guards walked from the French embassy to his residence. The crowd hardly noticed the small party.

At home, Martin emptied the safe, which contained biographical sketches of numerous Vietnamese. He gave those and everything else in the house that he didn't want the Communists to find to the Marines, who took it all out onto the patio and burned it.

On the chance that the French would be able to perform their caretaker role, the Ambassador decided to pack a trunk with some valuables, including the extensive collection of antique maps he and his wife had acquired in their years in Paris. He also intended to place in that trunk a 14th Century Sukhothai platter that international colleagues had presented to him when Dean Rusk had relieved him as Ambassador to Bangkok for what Martin would later call the "pungency" of his cables to Washington. But as he was climbing the stairs with it, he stumbled and fell. The platter shattered.

Lacy Wright got the three Americans from the USIS compound into the embassy shortly after noon, and right away they gathered with Carter in an office on the third floor and tried to figure out how to rescue the Vietnamese they had just abandoned. They called the USIS compound and told the Vietnamese to sit tight. Then they tried, without success, to find some spare buses.

About two, Carter wandered into an ad hoc evacuation control center that had been set up in a bull pen of secretaries' desks outside the Ambassador's office. There he heard for the first time that there were barges on the river.

"What barges?" he shouted. "You sons of bitches aren't telling us anything!"

Carter found out as much as he could, but, as usual, he didn't get the true gen. He left the bull pen believing that the barges would leave between 2:30 and three. There was no way his people could make it from the USIS compound to the docks in time. So he never told the Victnamese about the barges.

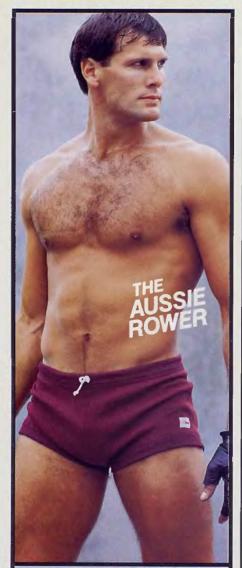
Instead, he called USIS back and suggested to the leaders that they leave the compound as quietly as possible and make their way inconspicuously, in small groups, to his villa. He would see if he could get buses to them there.

About four, the first Marine Corps helicopters arrived at the embassy. Wolf Lehmann was now insistent that Carter and his American staffers be on them.

Carter was carrying an attaché case and nothing else. He joined a slow queue up



"Sorry to appear so cold and unresponsive, Millicent, but that's what elevator music does to my sex drive."



Originally worn by the Australian rowing teams of the 30's and 40's, this new heavy-duty knit short has now been redesigned by Brawn in the original full man's cut. We've updated it in an expensive new double-sided 70% cotton/30% poly knit fabric that gives a man fantastic fit and comfort because it creates its own support pouch. Wear it for your heaviest workouts at home, the gym, running or the beach. Outer knit with an inside soft brushed fleece next to your skin. Only from Brawn. Maroon. S-M-L-XL. \$15.

Credit Card orders call TOLL FREE: 1-800-854-2795. In Calif. call 619-226-8751.



Add \$1.00 per item handling. Calif. residents add 6% tax. Credit Cards: Include acct. no. expiration date & signature. Or send check/money order.

Requests for catalogue alone cannot be taken by phone.

2800 Midway Drive
San Diego, CA 92110

Australian Rower Quan
Catalogue \$2. (Free with order)

ADDRESS _____STATE ______
ZIP _____6473

the stair well to the roof. Then, on the roof, he decided that he could not leave yet. "Go," he shouted to his USIS colleagues. They went. Carter moved against the queue back down to the third floor.

There were two telephone lines into the USIS compound, the normal Saigon system line and an embassy line. Carter tried both numbers over and over again, but he never succeeded in getting through.

He wouldn't know until later that about 20 of the people in the USIS compound had made it to his villa. They had called the embassy about four, as he was making his way down from the roof. A Marine had told them that Carter had left, and the 20 Vietnamese had then slipped out of the villa and into the new Vietnam.

Two or three times during the day, Moorefield had driven near the embassy. He knew that he was never going to get his buses through that mob. His radio now was of no use, and he needed instructions. He left the car and headed on foot for the nearby Brink Building, a U.S.-mission hotel. There he found a somber, fearful crowd of about 150 Vietnamese filling the courtyard and the small lobby.

Many of the Vietnamese looked like bartenders and waitresses, but there was a healthy representation as well of hardfaced men in their 40s and 50s who could have been members of Provincial Reconnaissance Units five or ten years ago, the guys who did the dirty work in the contest for the peasants' hearts and minds.

Moorefield asked a few questions. They had been instructed by various American friends over the past few days to gather here. But he was the first American they had seen since noon.

He found an office behind the front desk from which he could call the embassy without being overheard by the Vietnamese. Miraculously, he got through to the Ambassador's secretary, Eva Kim.

"Eva," Moorefield said, "I've got about 150 people here at the Brink's. All employees. They've all been told to come here over the past few days. What am I supposed to tell them to do?"

She put him on hold for a long minute. When she came back, the basic message was that there was no help in sight.

Moorefield walked slowly through the lobby, mumbling "Stand fast, stand fast" to the polite men who dared to ask questions, never looking them in the eyes.

Then he was free of them, and in the late-afternoon glow, he double-timed it back to the convoy, trotting as much out of eagerness to distance himself from those faces as to get on with the job.

He was surprised to find the Chevy empty. The Marine captain who had been driving it was gone, but he had left the keys in the ignition. Moorefield started the car and threaded north, assuming the buses would follow. Perhaps they did. More likely, the Marine or one of the bus drivers had heard about the barges and headed for the river. In any case, when Moorefield got to the embassy, the only place he knew of to go, he had lost them.

Off and on during the afternoon and early evening, Graham Martin moved from the desk, with its cable traffic, to the windows. He looked down on the people below him and quickly understood the system the military had put in place. The heart of it was tight control between a quadrant of the embassy grounds containing a restaurant and a swimming pool—where the great majority of the would-be evacuees were crowded together—and the landing zone in the parking lot, from which most of them eventually left.

The Ambassador looked at the Marines on the outer walls and knew what was going on there as well: Decent American kids, by and large, were not smashing their rifle butts or the heels of their boots on the desperate Vietnamese trying to climb their way over the walls and through the concertina wire with which the walls had been reinforced. The Vietnamese were getting in. It wasn't a steady flow, but neither was it a trickle.

Every 20 or 30 minutes after the helicopters finally started arriving, a message came from one of the multiple command posts overseeing the evacuation asking how many people remained to be extracted. And even though the choppers were steadily moving people out, every time Martin asked for a new estimate of the number of people in the embassy and the courtyards, it came back at about 2000.

Ken Moorefield spent his first hour inside the embassy compound in a state of slightly dazed relief. For the first time in six hours, Vietnamese were not screaming at him to let them onto buses.

But an hour of idleness was enough for him. He made a tour of the compound, looking for things to do. At dusk, he found himself on the wall that separated the embassy compound from a police station on the northeast corner of the same block. The police there had been assured weeks before that they would be included in the evacuation and were starting to demand that the embassy make good on the pledge. Moorefield and the Marines with him on the wall hauled up some of the policemen and their families, at the same time insisting that others remain on duty.

Later, he made another tour of the compound. The desperation of the Vietnamese at the gates was searingly painful to him. A middle-aged woman at the gate into the part of the compound that held the long, low consulate building was weeping and crying out over and over, "I've got a passport, I've got a passport, I've got a passport, I've got a passport, it was difficult to tell what it was that she clutched. And the Marines had learned hours ago that while the crowd would part to allow a Westerner in, hauling up a Vietnamese invited chaos. There

Sony introduces the audio receiver made for videos.

Rock videos are the most exciting thing to hit television since the legends of rock 'n' roll first gyrated across the stage.

But you shouldn't have to listen to them or some rock opera on a speaker designed for a soap opera.

And thanks to Sony, you don't have to. In fact, our new receivers are the only ones that allow

you to enjoy MTV, HBO and other cable simulcast programming on some-

thing built for great music. Your stereo system.

These remarkable receivers enable the FM simul-

cast portion of your cable to be directly hooked into your system.* In a

serves as a kind of "nerve

center" for all your audio components and your video components, as well. Which is why you'll grow into it, rather than out of it.

As impressive as all this sounds, it's nowhere near as impressive as the quality of the receiver itself.

Our new Audio Signal Processor, for instance, generates exceedingly low levels of noise

CD Plays

10

and distortion. And our feather-touch pushbutton controls are also part of the most flexible tuning system ever built into a receiver. Direct Access™ Quartz Synthesis Tuning. It eliminates the need for fine tuning. It also

eliminates the need for something else: wasting time. (It can pick up preset stations faster than a radar detector picks up police cars.)

Our new receivers also have

other virtues. Like the option of Sony's Remote Commander unit which allows you to control all your Sony audio components with-

out even a remote possibility of ever having to get out of your chair.

One of the features you'll find most impressive, however, is the price. Which is extraordinary when you stop to consider there's nothing else like them

at any price.

00000

00000

So go to your Sony dealer and listen to our new STR-AV receivers. Once you do, rock videos will start to sound as colorful as they look.

THE ONE AND ONLY SOUND OF SONY. W

*Check your local cable company for service availability and any additional requirements. Model shown is STR: AV560, 60 waits per channel (continuous RMS, both channels driven, 8 ohms, 20 Hz—20kHz, 108% THD). © 1985 Sony Corporation of America. Sony and Remote Commander are registered trademarks of Sony Corporation. Direct Access and The One and Only Sound of Sony are trademarks of Sony Corporation of America. TV picture simulated.

SONY





was no one to vouch for this woman, and the Marines ignored her.

By nine o'clock in the evening, there was truly nothing more Alan Carter could do.

So, hours after he was ordered out of the country, for the second time that day, he joined a line of people snaking to the roof.

The anger built on the short flight to the fleet. When they landed on the U.S.S. Okinawa, one of the first Americans from the mission Carter saw was Lowman.

"Someday," Carter said to him, his tone of voice making it clear that he did not think Lowman himself was primarily responsible, "someone will nail the sons of bitches who fucked this thing up."

[9:41 P.M., SAIGON TIME] SCOWCROFT TO MARTIN

UNDERSTAND THERE ARE STILL ABOUT 400
AMERICANS IN EMBASSY COMPOUND. YOU
SHOULD ENSURE THAT ALL, REPEAT ALL,
AMERICANS ARE EVACUATED IN THIS OPERATION A.S.A.P. WARM REGARDS.

Now the Ambassador was angry. He walked out of the office and asked an aide to go with him up to the communications room on the fourth floor. There he scratched out a message on a legal pad.

The larger Chinooks—the CH-53s—landed in the parking lot. The pad on the roof could support only the smaller model, the CH-46. The normal American capacity of the bigger aircraft was 50. But Martin knew that, even with luggage, the Marines were cramming 60 to 70 people, most of them Vietnamese, onto the 53s.

The aide typed the message and handed it to the communicator:

[10 P.M.] FLASH WHITE HOUSE FOR BRENT SCOWCROFT

PERHAPS YOU CAN TELL ME HOW TO MAKE SOME OF THESE AMERICANS ABANDON THEIR HALF-VIETNAMESE CHILDREN OR HOW THE PRESIDENT WOULD LOOK IF HE ORDERED THIS.

FOR MORE THAN 50 MINUTES THERE HAVE BEEN NO CH-53S HERE AND ONLY ONE CH-46.

COMMANDER SEVENTH FLEET MESSAGED ME ABOUT HOUR AND A HALF AGO, SAYING HE WOULD LIKE TO STAND DOWN ABOUT 2300 HOURS AND RESUME 0800 TOMORROW MORN-ING.

I REPLIED THAT I DAMNED WELL DIDN'T WANT TO SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT HERE.

FOUR HOURS AGO, I TOLD NOEL [GAYLER] THE NUMBER OF SORTIES WE NEED. NOW THE NUMBER IS 30 CH-53 SORTIES. I DON'T REALLY MIND GIVING DAO COMPLETE PRIORITY— THEY WERE MORE EXPOSED THAN WE WERE HERE. I NEED 30 CH-53 SORTIES DAMNED QUICK AND I HAVE RECEIVED NOTHING BUT SILENCE SINCE I ASKED FOR THEM. AM WELL AWARE OF THE DANGER HERE TOMORROW AND I WANT TO GET OUT TONIGHT. BUT I DAMN WELL NEED AT LEAST 30 CH-53S OR THE EQUIVALENT TO DO THAT. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET PRESIDENT TO ORDER CINCPAC TO FINISH JOB QUICKLY? I REPEAT I NEED 30 CH-53S AND I NEED THEM NOW. WARM REGARDS. SECRET.

A few minutes later, Martin tossed the cable aside and wrote out another message, reformulating for Admiral Gayler in Honolulu what he had just told Scowcroft:

[10:15 P.M.] FOR CINCPAC FROM MARTIN I NEED 30 CH-53 SORTIES TO GET US OUT OF HERE. I DON'T REALLY MIND GIVING DAO COMPLETE PRIORITY—THEY WERE EXPOSED. BUT THAT LIFT WAS FINISHED AT 1900, SAIGON TIME. I THOUGHT WE WOULD GET THAT CAPACITY ADDED HERE, BUT THIS HAS NOT HAPPENED.

I REPEAT I NEED 30 CH-53 SORTIES AND I NEED THEM NOW, AND I HAVE JUST ASKED SCOWCROFT TO SO INFORM THE PRESIDENT. I DON'T WANT TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE, BUT I CAN'T COME OUT UNTIL THE 29TH OR 30TH SORTIE. SO PLEASE GET THEM MOVING. WARM REGARDS.

Gayler answered within minutes that he had Martin's latest message and "you will have already seen the response by the chopper crews"—that is, additional helicopters should have started landing. That was not good enough for Martin:

[10:20 P.M.] SAIGON TO FLASH WHITE HOUSE

AMONG AMERICANS HERE IS FATHER [JOHN] MC VEIGH, HEAD OF CATHOLIC RELIEF SERVICES, WHO WILL NOT LEAVE WITHOUT HIS VIETNAMESE STAFF, WHO HE KNOWS WILL BE PERSECUTED ON BASIS OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN MILITARY REGIONS 1 AND 2.

HOW WILL PRESIDENT EXPLAIN TO BISHOP [EDWARD] SWANSTROM, U.S. HEAD OF C.R.S., OR FR. MC VEIGH'S GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND CARDINAL COOKE WHY I LEFT HIM? I REPEAT I NEED 30 SORTIES TONIGHT. PLEASE GET THEM FOR ME. WARM REGARDS, MARTIN. SECRET.

Twenty-two minutes later:

FROM SCOWCROFT, SITUATION ROOM, TO MARTIN, AMERICAN EMBASSY, SAIGON DEFENSE PROMISES 30 CH-53S ON THE WAY.

Then, at 11:06 P.M., a message from President Ford's chief of staff:

TO MARTIN FROM [DONALD] RUMSFELD
I UNDERSTAND THAT 154 IBM EMPLOYEES,
INCLUDING THEIR FAMILIES, ARE STILL
AWAITING REMOVAL FROM SAIGON. I FURTHER UNDERSTAND THAT THEY ARE NOW
STANDING IN FRONT OF THE IBM BUILDING
AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS WHERE THEY
SHOULD GO FOR EVACUATION. I ASK THAT



"It's not a game called Illegally Transferring Funds. It's what I'm doing . . . illegally transferring funds."



YOU DO YOUR UTMOST TO SEE THAT THEY ARE EVACUATED WITH THE CURRENT HELI-COPIER LIFT.

"Damn," Martin said.

[11:45 P.M.] TO: FLASH WHITE HOUSE FOR GENERAL SCOWCROFT

SINCE MY LAST MESSAGE 19, REPEAT 19, CH-46S HAVE COME AND GONE. THEY CARRY ABOUT TWO FIFTHS OF CH-53 CAPACITY. I NEEDED 30 CH-53 SORTIES CAPACITY. I STILL DO. CAN'T YOU GET SOMEONE TO TELL US WHAT IS GOING ON? WARM REGARDS.

And at precisely midnight:

FROM MARTIN FOR ADMIRAL GAYLER
INFORM GENERAL BROWN, BRENT
SCOWCROFT:

THERE IS NOW ANOTHER LULL. NOTHING IN LAST 20 MINUTES. WE NEEDED THE CAPACITY, REPEAT CAPACITY, OF 30 CH-53 SORTIES TO GET US OUT OF HERE. AS I RECALL, A CH-46 HAS ABOUT TWO FIFTHS THE CAPACITY OF A CH-53.

WE STILL NEED THE CAPACITY, REPEAT CAPACITY, OF THE 30 CH-53 SORTIES REQUESTED IN MY PREVIOUS MESSAGE. IT NOW SEEMS I WILL SPEND PART OF APRIL 30 HERE—A VERY SMALL PART I HOPE.

BUT I SURE DON'T WANT TO SPEND MAY DAY HERE, WARM REGARDS.

APRIL 30

Shortly after midnight, Martin asked for another head count.

If he had waited just another half hour to do so, 420 people who had as much right as any who were evacuated from the embassy that day and night might have made it out. The mission had stranded others all over Saigon. But if the Ambassador had not asked for that one census around midnight, he might have been able to say later that at least they had cleared the compound.

The figures he got were estimates, and they were wrong. As a result, Martin told the fleet that he had 726 people to go—about 500 Vietnamese, 173 Marines and 53 other Americans.

But once the helicopters started landing again, the Marines moved virtually everyone left in the recreation compound through the gate, and that time they actually counted heads as the people moved through. The figure Martin should have been given for "Vietnamese"—the group included several Koreans and Filipinos—was not 500 but 875.

Working the Marines' radio net, Martin reached the fleet and told them of the new count. It was too late. Commanders with the fleet in Honolulu and in Washington now thought that he was playing with them. They figured he was holding back Americans to evacuate a bottomless well of Vietnamese.

At two o'clock that morning in Saigon, it was two in the afternoon in Washington, and Kissinger was telling reporters that the evacuation was going smoothly. He would talk to them again at four. And

when he talked to them at four, he damned well wanted to be able to tell them that there were no more Americans in Saigon.

About 3:15 A.M. in Saigon, the pilot of a Chinook-46 landing on the roof passed a piece of paper with a handwritten message scrawled on it. The words "no more" were underlined with two bold strokes:

From CINCPAC to Saigon

I have been directed to send you the following message from the President: "On the basis of the reported total of 726 evacuees, CINCPAC is authorized to send 19 helicopters and no more. The President expects Ambassador Martin to be on the last helicopter. . . ."

F.Y.I: Please acknowledge this Presidential message.

From Moorefield's vantage point on the roof, the last hours of the last picture show were Felliniesque.

Shortly before two in the morning, a Marine on the rooftop helipad had fallen from the pad to the roof itself, suffering a serious skull injury. He had been taken out on the next helicopter and Moorefield had gone up to the roof to take his place.

Very soon after that, the Marines had withdrawn from the restaurant/swimming-pool compound and sealed it off. Now, below, people lined the embassy corridors and stair wells. And in the parking lot, with maybe 500 people waiting for evacuation, order prevailed. But the now-unguarded recreational compound was quickly violated, and a macabre carnival was soon under way there.

The bottom of the rancid swimming pool-people had been pissing into it all day-was littered with handguns. Its surface was covered with papers and the bigflaked ash of the documents and U.S. currency that Marines were burning in barrels on the roof. Old momma-sans in white blouses and black-silk pajama pants were looting the restaurant. Drunks were playing bumper cars with the embassy vehicles that had been abandoned there. And at some point deep in the night, someone he couldn't see out on Thong Nhut, in front of the embassy, had a bullhorn and was leading what Moorefield assumed to be an anti-American rally.

With the helicopter crews now truly overextended and Kissinger's four-P.M., Washington-time, news conference rapidly approaching, President Ford and Kissinger and Defense Secretary Schlesinger and Gayler in Honolulu and Air Force General John Burns in Thailand called Martin's bluff.

At 3:30 in the morning, the C-130 communications-and-control plane circling high over the city transmitted this message, in the clear, to all aircraft in the area:

"The following message is from the President of the United States and should be passed on by the first helicopter in contact with Ambassador Martin. Only 19 lifts remain. Americans only will be transported. Ambassador Martin will board the first available helicopter and that helicopter will broadcast, 'Tiger, Tiger, Tiger' once it is airborne and en route."

Major James Kean, the officer in charge of all embassy guards in Southeast Asia, picked up the message directly from the fleet on his Marine Corps network. He marched down to the third floor and told the Ambassador that he would go on the next chopper.

"Well, there's a little more to be done, Major," Martin drawled. "Wolf, let's go upstairs."

Martin scrawled out the last message on the legal pad at 4:15 A.M. Lehmann typed it and handed it to the communicator:

FLASH MARTIN TO SCOWCROFT

PLAN TO CLOSE MISSION AT ABOUT 0430 30 APRIL LOCAL TIME. DUE TO NECESSITY TO DESTROY COMMO GEAR, THIS IS THE LAST MESSAGE FROM EMBASSY SAIGON.

As Martin and Lehmann left, the young men got to work with their sledge hammers and thermite grenades. Martin went into his office and put a few last-minute things into his briefcase. When he came out, the others were standing. "OK," he said. "Let's go."

The Marines were left, and a few military officers from other branches. And Moorefield and Marvin Garrett, the embassy's security officer, would stay for a while. But now the rest of the remaining American bureaucrats would leave.

At 4:40 A.M., they emerged from the stair well onto the roof.

"Hello, Ken," said Martin.

"Mr. Ambassador."

Two minutes later, a CH-46 with LADV ACE 09 painted on its flank settled onto the roof. The pilot jumped out and approached Moorefield. Strapped to his thigh was a kneepad with the scrawled notation "Ambassador, Presidential order for helo (19) limits, only Americans, plus crews, will be carried. The Ambassador should get on Lady Ace 09, the aircraft that passed this message. LA/09."

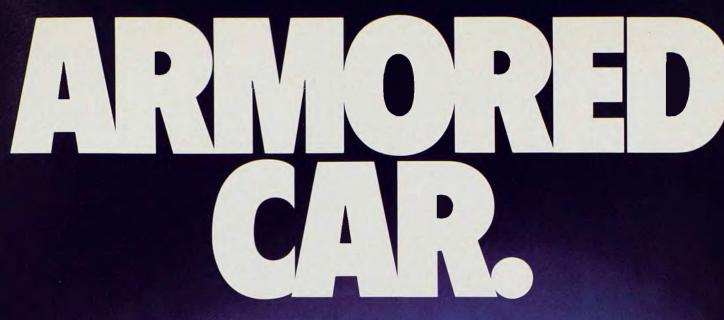
Over the roar of the blades, the pilot repeated the message.

Moorefield trotted to Martin. "Mr. Ambassador," he shouted, "they say you have to take this helicopter. Presidential order."

The Ambassador looked at Moorefield quizzically, glanced over his shoulder at Lehmann and Polgar and the rest of them. It occurred to Moorefield that maybe Martin thought he meant they were saying he had to fly out alone. "I mean, you first," he said.

Then Martin gave Moorefield a look that said "Let's go." Moorefield touched his elbow and the two of them bent and walked into the rotor wash.

At 5:30 a.m., Moorefield watched the last embassy civilians—all security





Armor All[®] Protectant. It took a polymer chemist 10 years to develop, but it only takes you a minute to apply.

On your tires. Rubber bumpers. Dashboard. Door panels. Rubber molding.

And even the hoses under your hood.

It penetrates rubber, vinyl, leather and plastic to help guard against damaging ozone, oxygen and ultra-violet rays. And keep your car's surfaces looking new.

Use it every time you wash. Because there's nothing like a car in shining Armor.

ARMOR ALL, IT'S SCIENCE, BUT IT WORKS LIKE MAGIC.

© Armor All Products, 1985. Armor All is a registered vademerk of McKesson Corporation

officers—loading into a CH-46 on the roof. Now, if you didn't count the 420 Asians waiting in the parking lot below, the only people left were Major Kean and the Marines.

"Time to go," Moorefield said to himself. He ran for the chopper lightly, not much caring whether or not he made it.

When they lifted above Saigon, it was still night. Moorefield gazed down at fires at Tan Son Nhut, fires consuming Bien Hoa. Twenty minutes later, they crossed the coast line, near Vung Tau, and it was beginning to be day. Hundreds of boats of all sizes were beating out to sea, to the fleet. In that helicopter, half filled with men who had worked hard through the past few weeks and days and hours, no one spoke. Moorefield relished the silence. He had done what he could. Now it was over. His heart was washed with an unaccustomed peace.

As the last Chinook-53 lifted from the parking-lot landing zone, Major Kean shouted, "That's it! Frain! Now!" Sergeant Bobby Frain and the four other embassy Marines left in the parking lot bolted for the back entrance to the embassy, pulled its doors shut behind them and slammed down a steel bar across them. With Kean and a few other Marines, they ran across the lobby to the stair well behind post number two, yanked down the steel barrier rolled into the top of the doorway and started up the stairs.

There were still more than 100 Marines in the building. As the tail end of the column moved to the roof, they drew more barriers to the stair well and locked the elevator doors on the top floor.

The last line of defense was a flimsy door at the top of the short, narrow staircase to the roof. They jammed a wall locker between that door and an airconditioning unit under the helicopter pad.

By the time Kean, Frain and Master Sergeant Juan Valdez—the noncommissioned officer in charge of the embassy Marines—got to the roof, the ground-force Marines were leaving in a steady, quick stream of CH-46s. Frain and some of his buddies pressed Browning automatic rifles and valued handguns on the pilots. "Y' ain't going to forget us, right?" Frain shouted at one of them. The man grinned and gave a thumbs-up signal.

With the last few sorties, men below with M-ls started taking pot shots at the helicopters, and there were mortar pops nearby, though the Marines on the embassy roof couldn't tell what the targets were: the compound below, the building itself or the helicopters.

Then, as the last of the ground-force Marines was loaded and borne away, what sounded like an explosion in the compound or the first floor of the embassy ripped the darkness. Cautiously, some of the remaining Marines leaned over the low wall that encircled the roof and reported that the small fire truck that had stood by all night-in case there was a fire and to provide illumination for the landing zone-had rammed through the back doors of the embassy. Whether the truck was commandeered by looters or driven by the men who stood with it during the night, assured that they would be taken out, no one on the roof knew.

It took only a couple of choppers to get almost all of the embassy Marines out. When the second one left, there were only 11 men on the roof—Major Kean, Master Sergeant Valdez, Sergeant Frain and eight others: Sergeant Philip Babel, Corporal Stephen Bauer, Sergeant Terry Bennington, Corporal Duane Gevers, Corporal David Norman, Gunnery Sergeant Robert Schlager, Sergeant Steven Schuller and Staff Sergeant Michael Sullivan.

Far to the east, out beyond the great U.S. armada offshore, a little light began to mark the horizon. Not quite perceptibly, one of those gradual things one can gauge only by putting it out of consciousness for a few minutes at a time, that quarter of the sky was banded with whitish gray and then the richest navy blue and then pink and then salmon and bronze—ribbons in the sky—and then the molten bulge of gold you couldn't look at; and silence. Nearby, the remaining Marines heard punctuations of violence, the muffled sounds of men beneath them working their way up.

But silence in the sky eastward. It would be broken any moment, of course; but it was not broken this moment, had not been broken for moment upon moment, adding up, when you stopped to think about it, by many minutes.

Toward the end, they had made a real point of making sure that every pilot knew there were still men left.

"They know, they gotta know," Major Kean said. "Didn't any of you give a signal to that last guy?" The ten other men looked at one another. Kean shielded his eyes with his hand and looked off to the east.

Someone had left behind a comset—a radio backpack with a long antenna. They diddled with it, broadcasting in the clear, no radio lingo. But they all knew its range was line of sight, and they didn't have line of sight to the fleet.

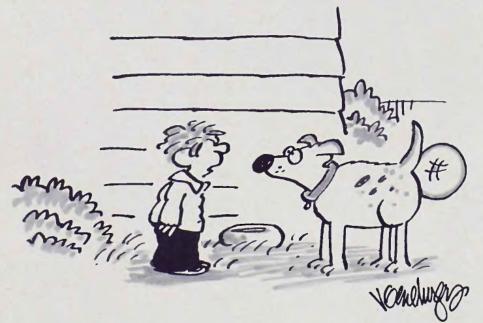
An arm smashed through the window of the door under the helipad. Frain got to it fast and pulled it into the broken glass, and it yanked back with a cry and the force of a snapped snake as thick as a man's arm. That is, Frain, who was a big man, meant to arrest the arm and could

More arms reached through the broken window. So they kept a man there to grab them and jam them into the glass.

Major Kean was calm. He discussed tactics with Valdez and whoever else was not standing guard at the door. It was hard to believe that the fleet had forgotten them, but maybe it had. It was a big, tricky operation, after all. Kean told them what had to be done next if, in fact, a chopper didn't arrive in the next hour, say, glancing at his watch, straight up seven o'clock in the morning, full daylight: "Obviously, we gotta deploy down the rocket shield and make our way to water," he said. Then he told them how he thought they should do that, inviting suggestions.

Then they waited, jerking arms into shards of glass.

And then, at 7:49, specks appeared in the southeastern sky.



"You've been eating my bubble gum again, haven't you?"





"Before every fight, you're always asked to name a beneficiary for your end of the purse."

second round and he was unconscious for about ten minutes.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about killing an opponent?

HAGLER: Yes, I do. Every time I go into battle, I pray to God that I don't hurt my opponent very seriously. But I have a job to do, and the only way to do it is to take it to him. When I fought Hamani, I was very relieved when he regained consciousness. I don't know what kind of effect it would have had on me if he hadn't recovered. Hamani was a clever boxer, a sharp puncher and a very dangerous opponent. Against that type of fighter, you don't play around-you get him the hell out of the ring as soon as you can.

HEARNS: My job is to do whatever I have to do to win, but I also know when to stop and when my opponent has had enough. I don't go into the ring angry and wanting to kill somebody, but boxing does involve life, death and danger-that's part of the job. Each time you knock out an opponent, his life is in danger. It's something I constantly think about.

10.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about your own safety as well?

HEARNS: Yes, always. And I know what that depends on-getting to my opponent before he can get to me. Really, if I don't do it to him, he'll do it to me. Well, better him than me.

HAGLER: The older you get, the more you worry. But any time you step into a ring, your life is at risk. That's why, before every fight, you're always asked to name a beneficiary for your end of the purse.

11.

PLAYBOY: What's the hardest you've ever been hit-and how did it feel?

HAGLER: Last year, Juan Roldan caught me with a good shot. He came at me like a steam roller, and he had to be the hardest puncher I'd faced in a while. When he hit me, one thought went through my mind: Time for you to die now, son of a bitch. It took me two rounds to figure him out.

HEARNS: I've been either lucky or blessed: In 41 pro bouts and 163 fights as an amateur, I can't remember being hit too hard in the ring. The hardest I've ever been hit was by my father when I was 13, and it made me cry. I was up to some boyish mischief, and my father really slammed me. My father has always been like E. F. Hutton: When he says something, I listen.

PLAYBOY: We couldn't help noticing that during the photo session for this interview, you both appeared tense and almost angry. Were you?

HEARNS: I was looking at Marvin and thinking, I can't wait to get upside your head. I was looking at that head and thinking, I can't wait. And I know he knows how I felt, because he couldn't look me in the eye-he kept looking downward.

HAGLER: The hardest thing to do in that situation was not to smack Thomas. Thomas had the same thing in him, too, because basically, when fighters are that close, they're usually going to tangle. So I had to make sure that he didn't tee off, and I had to make sure that I didn't tee off. As far as I'm concerned, the only time I want to be near another fighter is when I'm in the ring with him.

13.

PLAYBOY: Care to share your true feelings about each other?

HEARNS: We don't have much to say to each other and never have, because boxing's a very competitive sport. You can be friends with other fighters, though. I have a total like for Larry Holmes. And whenever I see him, Leonard and I talk to each other. I have a positive attitude and there's no reason for me to have any animosity toward an opponent. I don't have anything against Marvin at all.

HAGLER: That's bull. That's Thomas already at work, trying to settle me down. That's not gonna work, because I'm gonna be the meanest I've ever been. There are no nice guys inside those four corners. Thomas is a total enemy.

PLAYBOY: Both of you abstain from sex for more than a month before your bouts. Why?

HAGLER: Sex just isn't good for you before a fight; it messes with you mentally-you forget about all the hard work you've done getting ready. When I step into the ring, I want to remember everything I've had to go through to get there. I become like a monster whose motto is "Destruct and

HEARNS: I sacrifice being with my woman for a month and a half. That doesn't make me happy, and it certainly doesn't put her in the greatest mood, either. Well, somebody's got to pay for that, and money is not the payment I want. Marvin's going to have to pay for that.

15.

PLAYBOY: According to your biographies, Thomas, you're 26 and, Marvin, you'll be



"It's not that having a halo is <u>bad</u> . . . I'd just much rather be having an erection.'

31 a month after the bout takes place. Will age be a factor in this fight?

HEARNS: Marvin is 32 now and even though he denies it, he'll be 33 in May. He is now what we call over the hill—and I have never let an old man get into the ring and do anything to me. My youth is a very big factor in this fight.

HAGLER: First of all, I am 30 years old, but I actually like the idea that Thomas thinks I'm an old man, because he's been waiting for me to get gray hair and to slow down. Right now, I'm exactly at my peak.

16.

PLAYBOY: The American Medical Association has started a campaign to abolish boxing. The sport probably will survive the A.M.A.'s initiative, but many people think it should be made safer, especially in view of Muhammad Ali's condition. What are your thoughts?

HEARNS: Enough's been done already to make the sport safer. If they do any more, they'll hurt it more than they'll help it. A man like Ali has to know when he's had enough. He was definitely the best, but you gotta know when to walk away.

HAGLER: Two decades of boxing is too long for anyone, and Ali took a lot of punishment toward the end of his career. What I'd like to see is for boxing to become safer by having better referees, better doctors, better judges, and making sure that managers and trainers are licensed.

17.

PLAYBOY: What are you like on the day of a fight?

HAGLER: I'm very nasty and bitchy. I don't like to be bothered by anything or anyone. But all of that changes when I step into the ring, because then I have someone to take it out on.

HEARNS: Come the day of a fight, I'm real tense, so geared up, so ready. I stay to myself and visualize what's going to happen in the ring. I can tell whether it's going to be a long fight or a short fight. This one's going to be a short fight.

18.

PLAYBOY: Are you making a prediction?
HEARNS: I'm going to knock Marvin out in
three rounds.

HAGLER: I like to hear Tommy talking that way, because it means he's going to come out fighting—I won't have to chase him. He's going to give me the chance to do the same thing to him that he did to Duran, except this time it'll be his butt lying on the canvas.

19.

PLAYBOY: One of you is going to lose this fight. Would that cause either of you to think about retiring from the ring?

HAGLER: Win or lose, if I wanted to retire, I would. Every once in a while, I have thoughts about it, but I haven't been

abused in the ring. I have at least two years left.

HEARNS: I haven't thought about losing, because I don't doubt that I can win. But I do know when I'm going to retire: I give myself 18 more months, and then I'll be gone. You're the first people I've told this to, but I've been studying acting at the Henry Ford Community College; and after I leave boxing, I'm moving to Los Angeles to try to break into movies. Acting's a lot of fun, and it will give me the sort of challenges I've gotten from boxing.

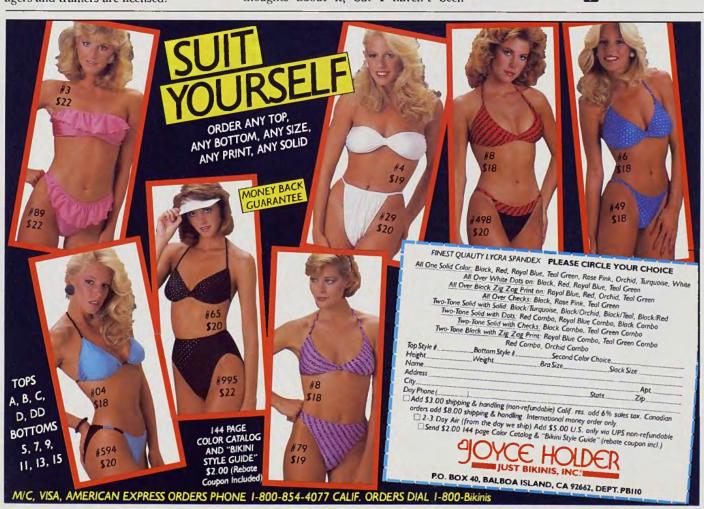
20.

PLAYBOY: How do you want boxing fans to remember you?

HEARNS: As the greatest—greater than Muhammad Ali and greater than all the old-time champions. If I beat Marvin for the middleweight championship and then beat Michael Spinks for the lightheavyweight championship and then retire having won four titles—which no boxer's ever done—I will be considered the greatest for a long time.

HAGLER: I'm not looking for the greatest or anything like that. I just want to be remembered as a good champion, one of the best. I work at being the best and I want people to respect me for that.

À



CAMPUS SEX

(continued from page 82)
THE HOUSE, MOM—I HAVE TO STAY AT USC. This is a school of Vuarnet sunglasses, BMWs, fat-tired Schwinns with passenger pegs on the front wheels. We're talking fashion and fad. You should see the show the girls put on for a big football game. You sit in this huge football stadium and all you can smell is perfume. Imagine trying to play football in a bowl of perfume."

We wheel down fraternity row. Students spend hundreds of bucks taking the Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving course so they can cruise their Porsches at five miles per hour on sorority row without scratching the paint. We find a bar and talk about women.

My driver tells me he is a member of the R.O.T.C. He likes to go balls to the wall with his buddies, he says. I say that I have mastered several forms of yoga, as well as the Jane Fonda workout, and I can think of no position that brings my testicles into proximity to a wall and still allows me to have fun.

"Hey, I can see why you're a journalist," he says. "You have communication skills. That must be your game plan."

He tells me he assembled and published the Women of USC calendar—not a bad way to meet girls, though he swears that was not the intention. The intention was to make lots of money, he says, then meet women. It didn't work out that way.

"There was a girl in one of my classes freshman year," he says. "I said to myself, 'If I ever get to go out with a girl like that, life will be right.' She walked into the auditions and I put her on the calendar. We've been going out for a semester."

"Have you ever told her that you noticed her four years ago?"

"No. That would raise things to a different level of seriousness. That's not part of my game plan now. Maybe in the spring. . . ."

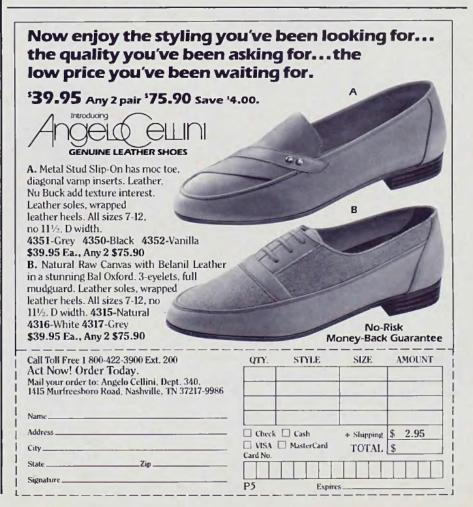
The conversation continues. The other students in the car want to know what I do when I really want to impress girls. "Where do you get your ideas for dates?" one of them asks.

"I'm doing my master's thesis on dating trends as revealed by the Love Connection," I tell him. "I see what the girls think a romantic date is. Sushi is out, by the way. So is miniature golf. Flowers work."

Later on, after the lecture, I am cornered by two fairly radical USC guys wearing outfits that look like a cross between GQ and Punk Surfer. "What do you think of fashion?" one of them asks. "I mean, there was a girl in dance class, with a leotard you wouldn't believe, who was rad. But in bed, she was stone-cold normal. Your basic straight-legged sex. No imagination. I think fashion is a lie. It puts distance between you and a woman. They give the appearance of sexuality, but it's



your **CAUL** Center



just visual. They don't know how to sweat. They don't know what to do when they're naked."

"Has it always been like this here?" I ask.

"No, my sister went to this school. She could tell you stories that would curl your toes."

I wait, but the stories never come.

Here is a kid who grew up with an expectation that sex at USC would immediately be the max. Hell, he had better sex in high school with his 17-year-old girl-friend, to hear him tell it. Older women just aren't all they were cracked up to be.

Later, I think about his impatience and what it cost him. He had just rejected a woman because she didn't wrestle in his weight class when, instead, he could have helped her learn a new move or two. I wonder what ever happened to teaching each other.

Youngstown State University is an odd school. When I walk into the lecture hall, there are camera crews from the local television stations. The lecture committee looks at me and someone says, "Did you invite them?"

I hadn't, but a group of women calling themselves something like the Atomic Task Force to Take Back the Night and End Violence to Women and Pornography and Film at Five had. They sat in the front row in black T-shirts, holding little cards that said PLAYBOY DEGRADES WOMEN. PLAYBOY EXPLOITS WOMEN. PLAYBOY TREATS WOMEN AS SEX OBJECTS. I ask them if they want to say anything in front of the audience. They decline. They are here to create a media event: a picture of me, a picture of them, an interview outside. They control the news, without debate. They are slick, sophisticated. The rest of the audience isn't even aware of their presence.

I try to deal with the question of sex objects. "Listen, sex is a verb, at least if you are doing it right. You make love to, with or at someone. Let me quote a passage from a writer named John Gordon: 'In the past, when I looked at someone as a sex object, it was generally with the hope that she might come to consider me in the same way. . . . On the occasions when my feelings were returned . . . things wound up where the old sex-objectification business tends to lead them—that is, to two people humping happily away.' You seem to miss the point of Playboy. When we think of women, we don't always think of sex. But when we think of sex, we always think of women."

I usually end a lecture with the Playboy Advisor oath—I ask the audience to raise their right hands and repeat after me: "I am incredible in bed. And when someone else is there with me, I'm even better." This time, a young black male raises his hand; then, when he hears the oath, he raises both hands, climbs up on his chair and begins chanting, "I am incredible. I am incredible in bed! Yeah! I am!" Somehow, I suspect, this is not the first time the thought has occurred to him.

The Playboy Advisor Traveling Road Show has its first miracle.

At some point during every lecture, I explain why I asked for written questions in advance.

"I was at a college once where someone asked what the caloric content of sperm was. She didn't want to blow her diet, just her boyfriend. I was going over the list of ingredients. Do you realize how hard it is to read the label on those little buggers? Anyway, it's mostly water and glucose. Suddenly, this girl raised her hand and interrupted, 'You can't tell me it's glucose. How come it tastes salty?' Then, realizing what she had said, she did a nuclear blush and fled the room. Twenty guys followed her."

The audience laughs. It is not a true story, but everyone believes it happened—usually at the state college down the road. It is the Eighties equivalent of the girl on the gearshift knob. It is a folk tale, in this

case designed to release the tension that everyone has about having a public conversation about sex.

The Youngstown lecture is a nooner. Afterward, I stop for lunch at the campus pub, scarfing down a beer and pizza at a table with a group of students, mostly females. The guy on my left is a rock musician. He plays in an MTV-style band and swears that if you dress like the guys in rock videos and play guitar like the guys in rock videos, you get laid by girls like the girls in rock videos. He is unabashed, a word I never expected to meet outside Playboy's Party Jokes. He learned his social skills watching Dan Aykroyd and Steve Martin on Saturday Night Live reruns.

"Hey, premature ejaculation isn't a problem," he says. "Just tell them you respect them. That's what I do."

"I beg your pardon," I say.

"When I come premature, you know, before I even get it out, I just tell them that I respect them too much to make love to them. Then the next time you try, they think you're sensitive."

We're at a table with five women, and here is this wild-and-crazy guy who says he plays in a band and gets laid a lot.

"Are these women friends of yours?" I

"Sure, they fell on a grenade for me in 'Nam. I've got a question for you, though. Is it possible to be too big to make love to a woman?"

"What is this—shameless self-promotion?"

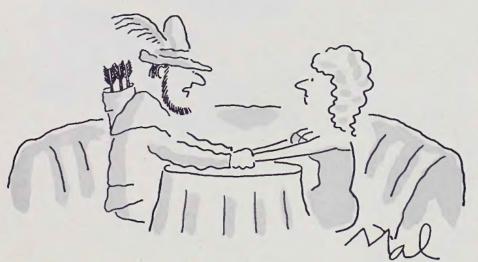
"I mean, what do you do? Take your time? Wait until she's ready?"

One of the girls has had enough. She leaves the table. He waves and hollers out to her, "I suppose a blow job is out of the question."

I am on a plane, collecting my thoughts as I head East toward the first New England college I'll visit with my sexadvice lecture and road show. College is where many students have their first sexual relationships and first suffer the trauma of broken relationships. Others feel the pressure of inexperience and just want to fool around-to get experience, to get revenge. The Sex Lives of College Students mentioned that in response to the sexual pressure, women are especially fond of flirting: "They continued to look for the best catch they could find and felt they might be missing something if they let an opportunity pass . . . flirting gave them the feeling that they were sexually attractive and in demand. Occasionally, females recalled that they were guilty about their flirtatious behavior, but for the most part they found it enjoyable and exciting to play games with other men."

I am reminded of a female student from Northwestern who once sat in a bar telling me about her most recent session of game playing.

"A lot of guys think that if they offer you drugs, it's an automatic contract to have



"My 'merry men' don't understand me."

Introducing two radar detectors that really mean business.

In the race for excellence, the new Cobra Trapshooter radar detectors leave the competition behind in a cloud of dust. With maximum response to true signals and the least response to outof-band "noise," you won't hear an alert-until true police radar frequencies are present.

Our side-by-side tests prove Cobra Trapshooter is #1.

New Cobra Trapshooter models incorporate innovative circuitry improvements that reduce false alerts and sharpen sensitivity. The results are unbeatable. Controlled laboratory tests prove that our new models far outperform competitive units.

Hit the road with confidence.

With Cobra Trapshooter, you're getting all the quality and dependability that you've come to expect from the

Just look at the new line-up.

The New Cobra Trapshooter Pro II: America's most advanced radar detector.

Advanced anti-falsing circuits allow Cobra Trapshooter Pro II to sniff through signal cluiter to alert you to police radar -with maximum efficiency. Here's how:

- Lockout Many false alerts are caused by out-of-band signals (microwaves, satellite links, etc.). LOCKOUT combats this type of "falsing" in both City and Highway modes by examining a signal's characteristics and sounding an alarm only if police radar frequencies are found.
- Signal Sensor™—Our exclusive SIGNAL SENSOR allows the Cobra Trapshooter Pro II to discriminate against low level intrusion signals (security systems, electric door openers, etc., operating at police radar frequencles) without sacrificing sensitivity. Some competitive units with similar features decrease sensitivity in this city mode, causing them to ignore true police radar. Not Trapshooter Pro II. With its Cobra

ability to maintain maximum sensitivity, true police radar is never ignored.

■ No-False -- Strong radiating signals from poorly designed radar detectors can cause false alerts in other units. Trapshooter Pro II NO-FALSE circuitry eliminates such "dirty radar" alerts. Other Cobra Trapshooter Pro II features include: increased sensitivity in both the X and K bands, positive or negative arounding for use in any vehicle, and an extended one-year limited warranty from your date of purchase.

The New Cobra Trapshooter: Maximum performance in a compact size.

The new Trapshooter may be small (41/8" Dx 31/8" Wx 13/16" H), but it's packed with big features. Included are LOCK-OUT and a unique anti-annovance circuit to virtually eliminate false alerts, improved sensitivity in the K band, and a high-frequency audio alert. Plus, it's also backed by an extended one-year limited warranty. The most advanced radar detector in its price range, the new Trapshooter is perfect for travellers and salespersons who drive frequently. Suggested retail-\$159.95.

Make Cobra your call today. Whichever Cobra Trapshooter you

choose, you'll be assured of buying a state-of-the-art radar detector that outperforms any competitive unit on the market today. For the Cobra dealer nearest you, call TOLL FREE: 1-800-COBRA 22.





or something less. It's your call.

DYNASCAN CORPORATION Cobra Consumer Electronics Group, 6500 W. Cortland, Chicago, IL 60635.



A world of flavor in a low tar.



MERIT

Low Tar-'Enriched Flavor'-Kings & 100's.

Philip Morris Inc. 1985

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. 100's Reg: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's Men: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar," 84. Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

sex," she said. "I was at this bar, and this guy said he had some coke. I said I would touch his cock if he laid out a three-inch line of coke on top of it. He unzipped his trousers, pulled out his prick and dumped half a bottle of coke on it. I looked at it for a while, then said, 'No, I changed my mind.' I left him looking at his stash, wondering where he could find a three-foot straw."

My, how times have changed.

Then again, I recall reading a recent newspaper story with the headline "PRES-SURE FOR SEX TOPS COED GRIPES." It seems that almost one out of four women who responded to a campus survey thought that men wanted to become sexually involved too quickly. They wondered how to resist a man's advances while keeping him interested enough to continue the relationship. (Undoubtedly, they wrote to Ann Landers for advice.) Apparently, 35 percent of the guys in the study said that the problem of communication was a drag, that they didn't know what to say and felt pressure to keep an interesting conversation going or risk being considered a bore.

It is the last day of fall classes when I hit Middlebury College. The Vermont hills are covered by two feet of snow and 240,000 vertical miles of moonlight. I am at a bar, listening to a girl talk about sex in New England. Her eyes and cheeks are two thirds of a juggling act.

Some things never change.

"Is this place conservative? Well, there's a saying that the average first date at Middlebury lasts two months. Before you ask a girl out, you have to be able to make a commitment, to be willing to consider marriage, six kids, the whole package. And another weird statistic, or maybe it's just a folk tale—supposedly, 60 percent of Middlebury graduates marry other Middlebury graduates. They meet each other in the outside world and discover that they have this thing in common."

"What thing?" I ask. "Acute horniness from never having gotten laid in college?"

"No. We still have sex. There's this thing called the Middlebury muckle. The ingredients are alcohol and previous eye contact. You get together at the end of the night in a bar and leave together. Or get together in a closet at a party. The problem on this campus is, if you have sex, everyone hears about it, usually before you're even finished. You leave a bar together, it's like shooting skeet—pull!—and next thing you know, your reputation is in fragments, like clay shards. But still, we have a sense of humor about it. Girls wake up and say, 'You wouldn't believe who I had a fling with last night.' "

The talk turns to the Women's Union. A group of concerned feminists had protested the lecture in a letter to the school paper: "Engaging a speaker affiliated with PLAYBOY magazine is inappropriate. . . . Our request that the posters not exploit the affiliation with PLAYBOY magazine was

disregarded. The posters exploit the phrases 'PLAYBOY Advisor' and 'Love and Sex' by means of their size, positioning and highlighting."

"What did they want the posters to say?" I ask. "'A slightly balding guy in wire-rims will address students on something or other'?"

"Yeah," she agreed. "Where do they get off? Pornography reduces people to objects, perpetuating the degradation of women? Come off it. We've all got our Soloflex posters."

I like the attitude. I watch students drink, re-establish eye contact and leave to muckle. God, I love New England.

Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh is a school where everyone gets his own personal computer. You have to have 1200 SATs even to consider applying. It costs 14 grand a year. It is a school of technodarlings, the kind of kids who watch *Riptide* and get turned on by the robot. The school recently got a contract to design software for the Government.

"That's all we fucking need," my student guide says. "Now we are targeted by the Russians."

I am being shown around Delta Upsilon, as close as Carnegie Mellon gets to an animal house. The only piece of furniture in the rec room is a table saw. (I don't want to know.) The walls of the living areas are covered with rejection letters from Texas Instruments, General Dynamics, IBM: "We have reviewed your educational accomplishments and abilities. We have no openings at this time. We will keep your application in the active file." Students have drawn arrows to flaws in the word-processing program that printed the identical letters. CLASS ACT is scrawled on many of the letters.

My host explains the difference between Greeks and geeks at Carnegie. "We work hard, play hard—all the frat guys here do. I go four days without sleep, crash for two, eat, then study. The geeks *never* sleep. It's hard for anyone to have a relationship. But at least we don't kill ourselves, like the kids at Harvard or Stanford.

"The girls who come to Carnegie are mostly trogs"—female computer jocks—"and they don't have time for relationships, either. They just want a quick release. A Friday-night physical. No commitments. Which is just as well. Most of us have to resort to P.F.W.s—plastic-fantastic weekends. First we drink a case of beer. We put on our mirrored shades, Hawaiian shirts and skin heads, then head out for a game of airport roulette. We take the first plane out on People Express."

He shows me a skin head. It is a half mask of a guy with glasses and a fright wig. "Do you mean to tell me that dressing up to look like Gene Shalit gets you laid?" Lask

"Yeah. People Express puts us right on a plane. They don't want us hanging around the airport. And when you wear a mask, people think you're rich. Only the rich act ridiculous. And acting rich can get you laid."

We are in the den. A crowd has gathered around. The guys are going over the details of the last P.F.W.: "Yeah, wasn't that the trip where you were throwing bait to the kid across the aisle?"

"Bait?" I wonder.

"You had to be there."

Finally, they ask me what schools I've found sexy. I tell them about a school I visited in Upstate New York that has a ratio of seven women to one guy.

"Road trip!" the group shouts as one. I feel like the only decent citizen in a lynch

"Can you give us names?" someone wants to know.

"I don't think you need any."

Most of my lectures have been in the Southeast, at schools where, until recently, men were forbidden to visit women in their dorms. The issue of parietal hours was settled for me in New England in the Sixties. If the country could send 18-year-olds to fight a war, then no goddamn college was going to deny us the company of women. The concept of in loco parentis was abandoned. I recall all this as I arrive at the State University of New York College at Geneseo, a sophisticated place by any standards. The problem is not how to get sex but what to think of it once you've got it.

I am being driven toward campus by two completely competent girls, obviously friends. The talk is of orgasms, the usual stuff. The girls have a nice feel about them, a Mary Lou Retton kind of energy. The girl in the passenger seat in front has just Xeroxed a study of sexual coercion on campus. She thinks it may come in handy.

"Do you mean sex at Geneseo is forced?" I ask.

"Oh, we have our share of brutal frat boys and women who encourage and tolerate that kind of sex. Then we have the kind of students who march into The In-Between, a downtown bar, have a few drinks and see what happens. There may even be one or two instances of love. Most of the girls have boyfriends back on Long Island."

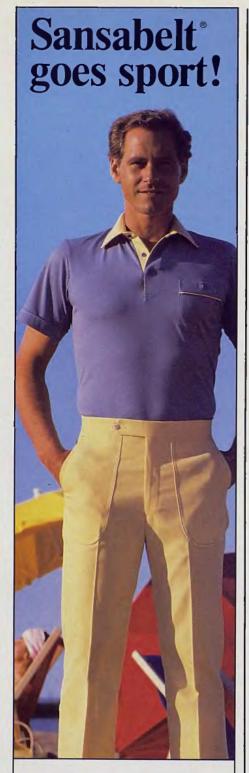
"Any virgins?" I want to know.

"Not according to the bear," she says.
"The bear?"

"According to campus legend, the first time a virgin graduates from Geneseo, the statue of the bear on Main Street will climb down from the pedestal and run away. So far, it's still on the pedestal.

"We had two virgins in our dorm last year—but they didn't stay virgins for long. Geneseo will do that to you. It's quaint, apathetic, upwardly mobile. But mostly it's relaxed. You can have a fling, then next day meet your roommate for a beer and laugh about it."

A few hours later, I'm having a beer



Famous Sansabelt comfort in the new spring line of Sansabelt Sport Slacks. Choose cottons, denims and more. Patented triple-stretch waistband lets you move with ease, relax in style. Complete your outfit with a coordinated shirt from the Jaymar Sport collection.



JAYMAR - RUBY, INC.

© 1985 Jaymar-Ruby, Inc., Michigan City, Indiana



with someone who needs a laugh or a good chuckle. "I have this problem," she begins. "I've been going with this guy back home. I really care for him. But I had the best sex of my life last week with someone else. There was this guy on campus. Someone had given him an extra-large T-shirt to wear. I told him to belt it and wear it as a miniskirt. He said he would need tights and spike heels. I told him I had some. He groaned and said, 'That makes my nipples hard.' So I told my girl-friend I thought he was trying to pick me up.

"He saw me later that night and invited me up to his room to drink Kahlúa. I wasn't sure. He teased me: 'Little girl can't make up her mind?' I went."

Here she paused—someone running a thumb across the edge of a change.

"He was totally without inhibition," she went on. "He pulled my hair. He called me 'My little slut.' I kinda liked it. It was the best sex I ever had. Now I've got to go home and face my boyfriend. It's always the same. I give him head. Then I get on top. Then, if I'm lucky, he eats me. Then he gets on top. It will be like that every day. I don't look forward to it. If I ask him to change, he's going to suspect something. If he doesn't change, I'm going to die."

"Well, you might tell him you learned all this neat stuff at a lecture by the Playboy Advisor," I suggest. "Look, seriously, you've got a choice. If you want to save the relationship, you will make suggestions. If you want the relationship to die, you won't say anything, and you'll think it ended because the sex was bad. You've got to have the courage to ask for the stuff you've read about. Don't accuse someone else of your own lack of imagination. I think I heard that on Mister Rogers' Neighborhood."

Next morning, one of the campus conservatives drives me to the airport. He is a young Republican and part of the new conservative-Christian coalition. I have met someone like him at every college where I've spoken—together, they delivered the country to Reagan, and just in time, they believe.

Tucked into his armrest is a three-byfive index card filled with fine-hard-pointpencil jottings, notes from last evening's lecture. Both sides of the index card are filled. As we swing out onto the interstate, he pulls out the card. There are a few things he wants to clear up.

"You want to know what I think of Geneseo?" he says. "Well, it's a school that tolerates all kinds of behavior. I'm a conservative. I resent it when someone puts pressure on me to have sex. Last night, you said you couldn't think of a reason not to have sex."

"Yes."

"What about church tradition?" This is a guy who says he thinks Jerry Falwell is bad but thinks the people Falwell is afraid of pose an even greater danger. He thinks PLAYBOY espouses a message that makes teenaged girls pregnant and leads to abortion. I tell him that the girls who are getting pregnant are too busy fucking to read PLAYBOY, but if they read PLAYBOY, they would read that we believe in responsible sex, including birth control.

"You made it sound like there was something wrong with being a virgin," he says. "There's someone I care about, and your message seemed to be if you care about someone, you should have sex."

"It's worked for me" is all I can tell

"You trivialize sex. I resent that pressure. You make it sound like Masters and Johnson are the only authorities. What about the Bible? If I had sex with this girl, it would change things between us. I don't know how, but it would."

"That's the point. It will change things," I say. "And no matter what happens, you can live with it."

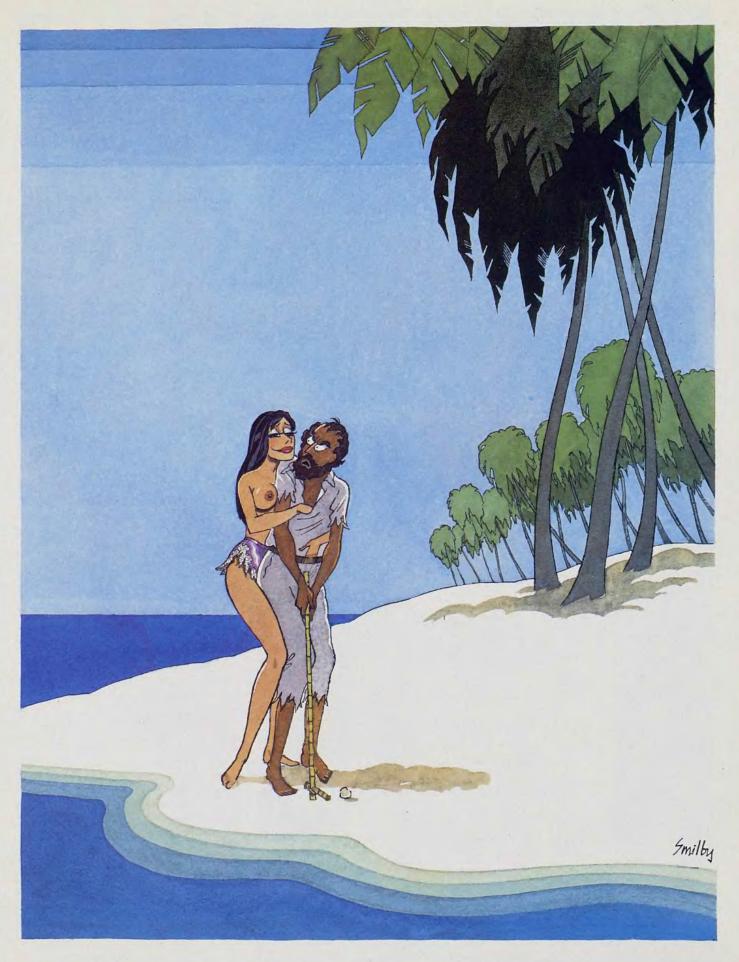
(I stop to think. One of the students last night asked whether it was possible to have guilt without sex. Yes, and the guilt is even less fun that way.)

He turns the card over, trying to steer the conversation away from his personal business. "What do you think of those magazines you can order only by mail? Aren't they making a fast buck off the weakness of their readers?"

I wonder which magazines he means. Oriental Wet Snatch Quarterly? Whipped Waitresses? Chained Cheerleaders? Popular Mechanics? "I admit that guys who are crippled and can get off only on rubberware are sad," I say. "But if you define that as a weakness and take it upon yourself to save others from it, you are overstepping your bounds. Next, you might try to define the Man Who Reads PLAYBOY's interest in naked women with large breasts and blonde hair and California Zip Codes as a weakness. I don't want to be saved from that weakness, thank you. You sound like Phil Donahue does when he gets on my case for publishing pictures of naked women. I always want to ask him, 'What do you fantasize about when you masturbate, Phil?' If he's smart, he'll say it's none of my business. I am saying to you that what readers do with magazines is none of your business."

We pull into the airport. He looks at his notes. A moral skycap, he wants to carry everyone's emotional baggage. I have five minutes to make my flight, not enough time to make the moral ascent he has in mind. He tucks the card back into the armrest and drives away.

I pull out my copy of *Oriental Wet* Snatch Quarterly and head for the plane that will take me home.



"Damn it, Miriam—you know weekends are for golf!"



KATHY SHOWER

(continued from page 101) lovers and strangers, vixens and vamps. She gets respect from Hollywood, certainly, but just about everything else comes from the kids. "I've got to start dating again," she'll say. "I'm single—very single." But tonight, the lady has more pressing concerns than dates or even work. How many neighborhood children will fit into one compact car?

"OK, let's go to McDonald's."

The girls applaud and outkick the Rockettes. Kathy goes to turn off the TV. On the screen, a pretty blonde is tumbling out of a speeding limousine.

"No matter what I do, no matter how hard the day may be," she says, "I'm a star to the girls. When I come home, they'll run up and yell, 'Mom, we saw you on television!"

Mindy and Melonie watch, but Kathy doesn't. "I don't sit at home and watch when I'm on TV," she says. "It's probably the same thing a lot of people feel—I'm just not comfortable watching my picture on the screen. I've been lucky in the roles I've gotten. I don't usually get the blonde-bombshell bimbos. So it's not that I'm disappointed in the way it comes off. But I still think of myself as that gangly ugly duckling in Ohio."

That girl was the one all the other kids said had *personality*—adolescent code for "something less than killer looks."

"I didn't look . . . well, exactly the way I do now. I go back for reunions and they say, 'My, how she's changed."

These days, when she's not on the arm of the star of the show, where glamor girls go, Kathy is likely to be flying out of a fast-moving vehicle. That's the lot of the Hollywood blonde.

"Getting paid to fall out of a car is one of the things that make my best girlfriend yell 'Perspective!' I'll grumble a little about it, and she'll want to know if they need somebody to fall out the other side."

Kathy smiles. Perspective means knowing that most people have nine-to-five jobs.

The girls wrestle with their shoes and socks as Kathy talks about her most recent, most eye-opening appearance.

"I can't quite comprehend being Miss May, the glamorous girl of the month," she says. "But I want to be seen as a complete woman. I'm a single parent, acting and modeling, singing and dancing, pursuing a career and, at the same time, being mother, father, grandparent, teacher—all these things wrapped into one. And being very appealing to the male audience, being aware of my sexuality. Sexuality is hard to put into words; I guess the pictures will speak for themselves. What I want to get across is that there are many facets to a woman. Not just me, all women." She smiles. "We're a pretty good breed."

Rosie, the parrot, says, "All right!"



"'Maybe I better explain myself. We're going to pretend to kidnap him while he's shacked up."

motel," Flowers said.

"Every Friday. For seven hours." Valentine said that the way he found out who owned the Mercedes was by giving a friend of a friend who worked in the trafficticket-paying department the tag number.

Flowers nodded.

Valentine lowered his voice to a whisper. "Now, I don't want you to get upset about the next part. This Trafficante, he's in charge of all the gambling for the metropolitan area. What's great about that is the people who work for Trafficante won't have any trouble putting together a tremendous amount of money in a matter of minutes. With the N.F.L. play-offs starting last week, there's going to be millions sitting around like cheese balls."

Flowers started to get up, thanked Valentine for the beer and told him to give him a ring the next time he wanted to blackmail somebody; but blackmailing the Mafia was not on Flowers' Daily Planner.

"Sit down," Valentine said, grabbing Flowers' arm. "Nobody said anything about blackmail."

"You didn't?"

"No. Do you mind if I go on?"

"I guess not," Flowers said, finishing

"Hey," Maury called from the end of the bar. He was afraid that Valentine might be able to tell the brand of a cigarette by the sound it made coming out of the machine. "You go in the back when I buy the cigarettes?"

"I'll go out front and stand on my head," Valentine said to Maury, who nod-

"I was wondering how a hundred sounded to you," Maury said.

"Twice as good as fifty." "One puff. Blindfolded."

"One half a puff," Valentine said.

Flowers took the pictures of the Mercedes, the seedy motel, Trafficante and the blonde out of the envelope, and he spread them back on the table.

"The blonde is eighteen, nineteen, somewhere in there," Valentine said.
"Trafficante is sixty-one."

"I got a house plant eighteen," Flowers

"This Trafficante is very sneaky about picking her up. Different places, you know? Say you're following them. You lose them. All you have to do is check the joints by the airport. It's the same, every Friday. I've been watching the last nine Fridays.'

Flowers blinked at the woman's legs. "A man gets to be a certain age, he goes out of his mind. A last hurrah—that kind of

Valentine leaned across the table and

put his hands on Flowers' shoulders and said, "You guessed it, Flowers. The blonde is not Mrs. Trafficante. Mrs. Trafficante is a fat lady with white hair." Valentine produced another envelope full of photographs. "This is Mrs. Trafficante."

"No blackmail?" Flowers asked.

"No."

"So your point is?"

Valentine made sure Maury couldn't hear. "We kidnap the son of a bitch."

Flowers' jaw dropped and he rose to go. But first he had something important to say, since Valentine was an old friend.

"I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but if you put this much time and energy into driving your cab, hell, you'd make a couple more grand a year."

"Piss on a couple of grand a year," Val-

entine said menacingly.

"You've got to accept the concept of the work ethic. There's no simple way left to make a fortune overnight. You've got to pay your dues."

"Maybe I better explain myself." Valentine leaned over the table again. "We're not going to kidnap this guy, technically speaking. We're going to pretend to kidnap him while he's shacked up.'

"Well, my God," Flowers said, stunned.

"You're on," Maury said.

Maury wrapped four bar towels around Valentine's eyes and pointed him toward the back wall while he got a pack of cigarettes out of the machine. He caught the pack before it hit the bottom of the rack.

He took one cigarette out of the pack, showed Flowers the brand and sat down next to Valentine.

"What are we up to?" Valentine asked.

"A C note," Maury said.

Valentine got the rest of his money out of his pocket and tossed it onto the table. "Let's go for all of it."

"There's two-twenty here," Maury

"Listen, Valentine," Flowers said. "There's no need to go out of your mind with this cigarette thing."

Valentine laughed and asked Flowers how much he wanted to lose.

Flowers had \$50 in his billfold.

"Have you got a VISA?"

"Well, yeah."

"Let's make it two-twenty each."

"I don't want your money," Flowers told Valentine.

"It's going to work out real good, then," Valentine said.

Maury checked the towels over Valentine's eyes. He then put the cigarette he had selected from the machine between Valentine's lips. Valentine rolled it around.

"He's trying to feel the letters printed on the paper," Maury said to Flowers, who shrugged.

Valentine laughed again, and the cigarette fell onto the table.

Maury put it back into Valentine's mouth and lit it.

Valentine took a puff.

Maury put the cigarette out in the ash-

"It's a Claridge," Valentine said.

"Goddamn," Maury said, raking the ashtray off onto the floor, where it broke.

Valentine felt blindly around the table for his winnings and stuffed them into his

"It's a new brand," Maury said. "I just put the damn things in yesterday.'

"You just screwed a friend out of a lot of money," Flowers said.

Valentine laughed some more.

Maury brought two more beers at the new price of four dollars a bottle. Flowers sat with his legs crossed, looking at a

After Maury had gone back behind his counter to pout, Valentine said, "It was human nature, that's all. Nobody is going to pick anything popular, like Winstons. They're going to pick the most obscure brand there is. You guess the strangest brand, you win every time."

Flowers said, "Give me my money

"I'd really like to," Valentine said. "But there's no way. Hell, I could have actually lost."

Flowers was disgusted and went to the men's room to splash some water on his face and cool off-since he could no longer afford a beer.

With Flowers gone, Valentine frowned over the possibility of Trafficante and his young ladyfriend-her name was Bunny something or other-leaving the motel early. People 61 and 19 certainly didn't have lovers' quarrels, but Valentine was concerned, and justifiably so, that Trafficante might have a heart attack on top of this kid. You would have thought that-as long as they had been doing it-he had built up an immunity to heart attacks, but you never really knew. Valentine didn't want to attempt to get \$1,000,000 from Trafficante's people and have Trafficante himself back on the streets, even in a coma, when he was supposed to be kidnaped.

When Flowers returned, calmed by the water he had thrown on himself, Valentine explained the problem about keeping Trafficante out of circulation.

"We ram them," Flowers said immedi-

Valentine jerked his head back as though a bee had flown in front of it.

"We've got somebody across the way

watching the motel room, right? They try to leave before we get the money, we ram the hell out of them with a car. We ram the ambulance. We ram anything there is."

Valentine kissed Flowers on the forehead and promised him a \$10,000 bonus.

Flowers turned to face Valentine.

"OK, let's take it from the top," Valentine said. "Trafficante and the blonde are in some motel. Somebody watches them from across the way. They try to leave real early, we call it off, do it next Friday. They try to leave during the time we're getting the ransom, we ram them."

Flowers said nothing; he cleared his throat.

"We call Trafficante's people back at his office," Valentine continued, "you know, the people who work for him and love him—the people with the money—the second he's inside the room and say we've got him and want a million-three for his safe release."

Flowers said there was no need to get greedy.

Valentine giggled. "There's some customary bitching and moaning. Some negotiating. They want to talk to him; they don't want to pay good money for a stiff. We say he can't come to the phone because he's tranquilized—tranquilized so we can move him around town. How do you like that?"

"It's fine," Flowers said.

"They say they can't raise the millionthree so fast. We say we know better. This and that. We want the money ready in a couple of hours, which gives us an average of five hours to spare. Are you ready for the good part?"

"Is this where I get my two-twenty back?"

"Now, ransom is hard. Do you know the police have stuff they can paint on a dollar bill, some kind of acid, that causes your fingerprints to rot off? They have electronic stuff that can trace a bill twenty-five miles. Do you have any idea when the last time was that somebody got away with ransom?"

Flowers guessed it was shortly after Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., quit the force.

"Exactly," Valentine said. "It was a long time ago."

The secret with ransom was figuring out a way to pick up the money and leave without the other side's seeing you, and the other side would use Dobermans, helicopters, detectives dressed as old ladies you name it.

"So here's what we do," Valentine said. "And hang on, you might fall out of your seat and crack your head open on something rusty down there. We tell them to put the million-three *loose* in hundreddollar bills in some bag, you know, a big Baggie, like they put garbage in. We tell them to take the loose hundreds in a big Baggie to a car out front of Trafficante's building. We've got somebody in a car out front, too. Their car follows our car. We

tell them to open the window and toss the money out loose onto the sidewalk in front of Macy's department store when the person in our car waves. Can you believe that, Flowers? Can you believe a human thought of something like that?"

"Um," Flowers said.

"The money comes out of the window loose—the hundred-dollar bills. There's dozens of people in front of Macy's on a Friday—shoppers. The money flies all over the place. We've got twenty of our people there, waiting, twenty or thirty, acting like regular pedestrians. Only we're ready for the money."

"I see," Flowers said.

"We start grabbing the money. So do some of the real pedestrians, but we've got bags tucked inside our shirts and pants, and we're going to get most of the money. It's us and the pedestrians going for the million-three in front of Macy's department store, can you imagine that? There's no way to tell the kidnapers from the regular people! We can sacrifice three hundred thousand to the pedestrians and still murder them."

"Well," said Flowers. "You ought to be very proud of yourself."

A few days later, Flowers called Valentine and respectfully declined from the big deal out in front of Macy's this coming Friday. He had the flu; and when a person got to be 41, he didn't bounce back from a fever the way he did when he was 25.

Valentine again thanked Flowers for the ramming idea. "I'm using Culbertson across from the motel. He's got an old Buick built like a tank, in case we need to crash into anybody. I'll send a few grand over Monday for your help, thinking."

Flowers told him to forget it. "How many people are you using at Macy's?"

"We're going with twenty-five. We'll meet back at my place. I'm giving them ten percent of what they pick up off the sidewalk. A person catches fifty grand, he gets five."

"That's more than fair," Flowers said. "These are good people?"

"Most of them are aunts and cousins and uncles."

"Good luck."

"Listen, if you're up and around, feel free to drop by Macy's around three or four Friday afternoon, pick yourself up a few thousand, for old times' sake."

"You never know," Flowers told him.

Valentine sat on one side of a seethrough wall that was probably made of something bulletproof. Flowers sat on the side that was more plush and had chairs made out of fabric, not aluminum.

Valentine was in prison; Flowers was visiting.

Surprisingly enough, Valentine looked OK. There was a glow on his cheeks.

They spoke into telephones on either

side of the wall.

"Hey, Valentine," Flowers said.

"Flowers," Valentine said.

"This is just like old times."

"Not hardly," Valentine said, looking at the convicts around him.

"How's prison?"

Valentine raised his eyebrows. "Actually, not as bad as you would think, Flowers. This place is where they store all the white-collar criminals. My roommate is a guy who printed up some phony Green Stamps. We're on the same work detail. We put in those roses out by the front gate."

Flowers nodded.

Valentine nodded.

"I tried to see you right before the trial," Flowers said, "but they said you weren't having any visitors."

Valentine sighed. "I was a little damn depressed."

Flowers asked what the hell had happened; he hadn't read a word about it.

"Well, you know in front of Macy's?"

"Sure," Flowers said.

"Those sneaky bastards in Trafficante's office threw the million-three out the window of their car in two Hefty garbage bags tied up at the top, not in *loose hundreds*, like they were supposed to, for the love of God."

Flowers winced and whistled.

Valentine shivered and continued. "So the two Hefty bags hit the sidewalk and my people take the hell off, like there's a raid."

Flowers nodded. "You couldn't really blame them, Valentine. Anybody who touched the bags full of money would be saying, 'I'm the kidnaper; come get me.'"

"Yeah," Valentine agreed. "That was about the size of it."

"So what'd you do?"

"Well, Flowers, I picked up the damn things and dragged them to the park. They weighed about eighty pounds each. I sat down on a bench and tried to think of a way to get the hell out of there."

Flowers shook his head and lowered his eyes.

"I thought of one thing that had a chance: Take the money hostage. You know, get some gas and pour it on the bags and ask for a plane at the airport or something like that. But any way you looked at it, it was only a matter of time."

Flowers wiped a tear off his cheek.

"So what happened was the sons of bitches came out of the trees and up through the sewers to get me, Flowers. It was unbelievable. People wandering around the park yanked all sorts of weapons out from under their clothes. It was like an invasion. I was history after about ten seconds."

"I've . . . got to go."

Flowers started to hang up.

"Send me some pruning books," Valen-

tine said. "I'm getting pretty good at it."

A guard led him back toward his cell.

Flowers banged on the window and motioned for Valentine to pick up the phone again.

"Valentine," he said, looking around to make sure nobody could overhear them. "I've got some good news. It's going to make your time pass a lot faster. It worked."

Valentine squinted.

"Your idea about pretending to kidnap Trafficante actually worked."

"Goddamn it, Flowers, don't kid around. It's not *that* great in here. The bed's got lumps."

"We made twenty grand," Flowers said, fully composed again. "Ten apiece."

"What?" Valentine said, blinking at least once a second.

"While you were in front of Macy's, I drove to Mrs. Trafficante's. She's great. I knocked on the door and said, 'Lady, I've got some terrible news for you. Your husband is a worthless piece of garbage. Right now, he's out at some motel with a nineteen-year old, and this has been going on for a long time.' First, she almost cries. Then she wants to kill him. I told her there's a better way. The better way is, we take a lot of Trafficante's money, with her taking the biggest bite."

Valentine's eyes were about to pop out of his head.

"Here's the way it works. Trafficante comes home after shacking up. Mrs. Trafficante says, 'Thank God you're all right, darling!' She says, 'I got a call this afternoon from kidnapers saying they had you and wanted a couple of hundred thousand in ransom or they'd cut you up.' She tells him she went to the bank and got the two hundred thousand and made the ransom payoff!"

"You son of a bitch, Flowers. I'm fighting for my life, surrounded by police dogs, and you're raking in twenty grand from old ladies."

Flowers said that since Valentine had seen fit to cheat him out of two-twenty with that cigarette trick, there was no telling what might happen with the fake-kidnaping profits. "Besides, I really thought you were going to get the million. The way I thought of was a little safer, that's all."

"It's a good thing there's a wall here," Valentine said.

Flowers told Valentine to calm down; this was only the beginning. "Anyway, that's what we did. We drove to the bank. I took the twenty percent, and Mrs. Trafficante took the rest, the one-eighty."

"Unbelievable," Valentine said.

Flowers admitted that he had thought about keeping this to himself. "It's a good thing you look so pitiful."

"I was thinking about trying it with some other guy in front of Macy's again," Valentine said.

Flowers smiled. "Valentine, can you

imagine it when Trafficante came home and his wife said, 'Seeing you safe and sound is worth every penny of the two hundred thousand, sweetheart'?"

"I've got to give you that, Flowers," Valentine admitted. "That's funny."

Valentine got out after ten months.

The people who ran the prison hated to see him go, because the flowers around the electrically charged fence had never looked better. Valentine had discovered that daisy roots weren't damaged by the occasional electrical jolt, so colorful daisies were all over the place.

They weren't *loo* upset, though. They figured Valentine would be back in time for the spring planting season.

They were wrong.

Flowers picked Valentine up at the front gate one Saturday—in a new Buick Regal, no less—and they went straight from prison to work.

And business was the same as usual at the dumps out around the airport; business was extremely good.

They ate a couple of cheeseburgers

while they worked.

"Stop the car, Flowers, there's a new Cadillac parked over by that one," Valentine said, tossing some onions out the window.

"Which one?" Flowers hit the brakes.

"The Anchor Inn. Then you can make a U turn and swing back by the Plaza Court. I think there was a Lincoln Continental parked down toward the end."

"Right," Flowers said, having a French fry. "You get the tag number off that Jaguar over there?"

"Yeah," Valentine said.

Flowers pulled in behind the black Cadillac that was parked in front of room six at The Anchor Inn, a square building with eight rooms over eight rooms.

It was very dark and quiet in room six, as they had expected.

"You know what?" Valentine said, writing the tag number from the black Cadillac into a notebook.

"Surprise me," Flowers said.

"We're probably going to put a lot of motels out of business."





"Quite frankly, I've always been against divorce because it has never been proven to be an effective deterrent to marriage!"

SEDUCTIVE SKILLETRY (continued from page 91)

"The theater and culinary elegance of the toniest restaurant can be approximated at your own table."

moderately high heat. Add oyster liquid; stir. Add flour; whisk mixture until thickened and smooth. Remove from heat and cover. In skillet, melt 2 tablespoons butter over moderately high heat. Add scallions, garlic and celery. Stir and cook for 2 minutes. Add mushroom slices and cook, stirring, until softened. Add wine and bring to boil. Cook 3 more minutes. Pour in cream and reserved flour-oyster-liquid mixture. Bring to boil again, then reduce heat to medium. Cook, stirring from time to time, another 4 minutes.

Add sprinklings of salt and pepper. Stir in mustard. Add oysters and cook another 3 minutes, no longer. Stir in parsley and serve at once over rice or noodles. Garnish each portion with caviar, if desired.

SHRIMP CREOLE

Creole-Cajun is the chic cuisine of the moment. While the bayou cookery is often complicated, here's a tangy version of a classic recipe put together in less than an hour. Serve with boiled rice.

1/2 lb. medium-to-large shrimps, peeled and deveined but uncooked

I medium onion

2 large cloves garlic

1 stalk celery

I small sweet green pepper

Parsley

2 tablespoons butter

Salt, pepper

11/2 cups canned crushed tomatoes

1/2 teaspoon dried thyme

1/2 teaspoon dried basil

I bay leaf

Juice of 1/2 lemon

Tabasco

Peel and finely chop onion. Peel and mince garlic. Trim leaves and ends from celery; scrape off discolored sections. Rinse, then finely chop. Cut green pepper in half; remove and discard stem, core, inner ribs and seeds; chop pepper. Chop about 2 tablespoons parsley. (Begin cooking rice.)

Melt butter in saucepan. Add onion and garlic; cook, stirring, until wilted, without browning. Add celery and green pepper. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook, stirring, about 2 minutes. Add tomatoes, thyme, basil and bay leaf; stir. Bring to boil, then reduce to medium heat. Add lemon juice and 5 dashes Tabasco. Simmer uncovered for 10 minutes.

Add shrimps and parsley. Cook 5-7 minutes longer, stirring from time to time, or until shrimps turn pink and plump. Discard bay leaf. Mound rice on platter, making a hollow in center. Pour shrimps and sauce into hollow and serve.

CHICKEN WITH ALMONDS

Little preparation is required here, so a vegetable or noodle side dish is easily added. When flaming the chicken with the brandy, be sure the skillet isn't under an overhanging cupboard or an operating exhaust fan.

3 tablespoons brandy

I lb. skinned, boneless chicken breasts

Salt, pepper

3 tablespoons butter

1/2 cup sliced almonds

Juice of 1/2 lemon

1/3 cup heavy cream

Pour brandy into glass and place in warm spot. Trim bits of skin, sinew and connective membrane from chicken. Split whole breasts into halves. Put chicken pieces between sheets of waxed paper and gently pound with bottom of skillet until each piece is of approximately even thickness. Discard paper and lightly salt and pepper both sides of chicken pieces.

Melt I tablespoon butter in skillet over medium heat. Add almonds and cook, stirring, until browned. Do not allow to burn. Transfer almonds to saucer. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in skillet over high heat. Cook chicken, turning once, until lightly browned on both sides. Add more butter, if necessary, to avoid sticking.

Add brandy. Stand back and light with match. Shake pan vigorously until flames go out. Add lemon juice and stir. Transfer chicken to serving platter. Pour cream into skillet. Cook over moderately high heat, stirring up browned bits. When cream starts to bubble, add reserved almonds and stir. Pour over chicken and serve.

SOLE IN WINE AND CAPER SAUCE

Much of what is called sole probably isn't. Never mind. Just about any firmfleshed fish of that type will do. It cooks very quickly, so put on your rice or vegetable before starting the fish.

1/4 cup flour

Salt, pepper

2 small eggs

2 6-oz. fillets sole or flounder

1/4 cup bottled capers

Parsley

I tablespoon olive oil

I tablespoon butter

I cup dry white wine

1 lemon

Put flour in shallow bowl. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; blend with fork. Break eggs into another bowl; beat lightly with fork. Dredge fish fillets in flour; shake off excess. Then dip them in eggs, coating them. Drain excess. Put fillets on clean plate. Drain capers and chop them. Chop about I tablespoon parsley; set aside.

Heat oil and butter over moderately



"Bad connection, dear, you seem to be fading in and out."

high heat in skillet large enough to hold fillets. Cook fish 2–3 minutes on each side until browned. Do not overcook. Add capers and wine to skillet. Turn heat to low. Squeeze juice of ½ lemon over fish. Simmer for just 1 minute.

Using slotted spatula, carefully transfer fish fillets to serving platter. Cover with aluminum foil to keep warm. Cook remaining mixture over high heat until reduced by half. Spoon sauce over fish. Make thin slices of remaining ½ lemon and arrange over fish. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

TORTELLINI SALAD

This meal-in-itself salad is just the ticket for a hot night or a morning-after brunch. Preparation is mostly chopping and slicing, with only the pasta to be cooked. Its taste is actually improved by a night in the refrigerator.

1/4 lb. cooked turkey (preferably in 1 slice)

1/4 lb. cooked ham (preferably in l slice)

I small package frozen peas

1 medium sweet red or yellow pepper

1 large carrot

Salt

1/2 lb. cheese-filled spinach (green) tortellini

1/2 cup olive oil

Parsley

I large clove garlic

Put 4 quarts water in large pot over high heat. Cut turkey and ham into cubes, roughly dice-sized. Put cubes in large bowl. Place frozen peas in strainer and hold them under hot running water for 2 minutes. Rinse with cold water. Pour half the peas into bowl with meat. Save the rest for other purposes.

Cut pepper in half; remove and discard stem, core, seeds and inner ribs. Cut pepper into short, thin strips; add to bowl. Peel or scrape carrot, trim ends and cut lengthwise into short, thin strips. Add to bowl.

Sprinkle salt into water boiling in pot. Add tortellini and cook according to package directions. When done, drain in colander; add to bowl. Let stand until cool. Add 1/4 cup olive oil; toss gently to mix thoroughly. Cover bowl tightly and refrigerate overnight.

Remove from refrigerator about 1 hour before serving. Chop about 2 tablespoons parsley. Peel and mince garlic. Put parsley and garlic in jar with screw top. Add ¼ cup olive oil. Tighten top and shake until blended. Pour over salad; toss gently but thoroughly and serve.

SALADS AND SIDE DISHES

Use a little imagination for salad fixings, with thought for texture and hue. Consider endive, Boston lettuce, escarole, radicchio, romaine or water cress. Sliced radishes, carrots or red onions brighten the greens.

After trimming, washing and shaking dry, you can enclose all the components in plastic bags and keep them in the fridge overnight.

Here's a building-block dressing certain to satisfy most tastes: In small clean jar with screw top, put 1 tablespoon red-wine vinegar, 2 tablespoons olive oil and dashes of salt and pepper. Shake and pour. For extra zip, add 1 teaspoon Dijon-style mustard. For body, add yolk of 1 egg. For color, add 1 teaspoon tomato paste. None of this takes more than a minute or two.

Cook noodles and other pastas according to package directions, usually 2 minutes in boiling, salted water if fresh, 8 minutes if dry or frozen. To warm bread, wrap loaf in aluminum foil and place in 300° oven for 10 minutes. Foolproof rice is a cinch. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Pour in rice. Stir to coat with butter. Add half again as much water as rice (½ cup rice, ¾ cup water; 1 cup rice, 1½ cups water). Bring to boil, then immediately lower heat to simmer. Cook for exactly 17 minutes. Fluff with another pat of butter and serve.

Don't fuss over dessert. A brace of comely tarts from the corner bakery will do, as will berries in season with a dusting of sugar or a splash of kirsch. And over coffee and brandy, the dirty dishes can wait.

¥

Breakthrough. TELEP 1400

True's Laser Technology Cracks Taste Barrier.

High-Tar Brands Challenged.

True's fuller, richer taste experience provides a tasteful alternative for smokers of higher tar brands. Even those that contain twice the tar!

True Exclusive. Only True has the Laser-Cut "Flavor Chamber" Filter. A remarkable discovery that delivers a full, rich tobacco taste.





Extra Tobacco to Last Longer. And burn slower. So you can enjoy every cigarette... noticeably longer.

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

Regular: 4 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine; 100's: 8 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC Method.





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

SALOONS OF THE AMERICAN WEST

BY ROBERT L. BROWN



FEATURING . . .

Nude Saloon Art
Ladies of the Evening
A complete historical account of
mining-camp saloons, recreation,
music and tokens.

Page after page of FULL COLOR and old time SEPIA TONE photographs along with a humorous, well researched text.

144 PAGE DELUXE HARDBOUND BOOK

\$16.50 postpaid

ORDER DIRECT FROM:

SUNDANCE PUBLICATIONS LLL

250 Broadway, Denver, Colo. 80203

VISA (303) 777-2880
MASTERCARD
ALLOW 15 DAYS DELIVERY



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 131)

as hell. But I loved it. Basically, it's paradise, just like they say."

Karen appreciates simplicity: It's the basics of life that seem to appeal to her the most, not the luxuries. For several months now, she has been dating Lee Majors of ABC-TV's *The Fall Guy*. It's easy to see why the fall guy fell, but even he was struck by her understated charm.

"When I met Karen, I didn't know she was a Playmate," Lee told us. "She had on baggy clothes, and I just remember that she was nice. Later, when we dated, I found her to be very intelligent, with a great sense of humor, and not at all interested in the entertainment industry, which was nice for a change. Even though I haven't known her very long, I find she is . . . comfortable. She's very quiet and unassuming—all the qualities she has are nice. We've never had an argument, but if we do, I can't wait to turn her over on my knee.

"I was very happy for her when she told me she was Playmate of the Year. When you look at it, it's quite an honor—most of the ladies in the country never dream of being in PLAYBOY. Well, to accomplish that and then be named Playmate of the Year—that's an honor. I think she will represent the magazine quite well."

A lot of our readers thought so, too. Karen's mail has mounted and she has tried to answer all of it. Her problem is that when she gets an interesting letter, she wants to give an interesting response. One letter she wrote in answer to a reader went on for 20 pages.

For the near future, Karen's interests will be sidelined while she is busy with the duties of the Playmate of the Year. But after that, well, she isn't worried. Something good, she is sure, will happen.

"I just run on my instincts, whatever they tell me. They've been right until now, so that's what I'm going to follow for a while longer."

And what do her instincts tell her the next step should be?

"I want to learn things, do things I don't know anything about. That's what I'm aiming for now—to find something to do that I've never done before that I can make money at and learn from."

So that she won't have to rush into any decisions, we've given her a little breathing room in the form of a check for \$100,000. To carry it to the bank, she gets a spunky new Toyota MR2 mid-engine two-seater.

Levelheaded, as usual, Karen isn't going to blow the wad without a lot of thought. She isn't eager to return to the world of nine-to-fivers.

"Until I really know what I want to do with the money, I've decided to put it in the bank and *think* about it—let myself feel like I have a buck for a change."



"Sweetheart, I've got a license and a .38 that swears I'm a private dick. Now, why do you wanna hire me?"



Train at home for one of 28 career opportunities

Now at home in spare time, with no previous experience, you can train for a money-making career...even get an associate degree. Send for free facts, color brochure and information on employment opportunities in the



field you choose. Phone now or mail coupon today and see how easy it is to train at home for a great new career or advancement on your present job.

1-800-358-5858 Dept. RZS45

CALL ANYTIME—Operators to take your call 24 hours a day 7 days a week. No cost. No obligation. No salesman will visit.

OR MAIL COUPON TODAY

International Correspondence Schools
Dept. RZS45, Scranton, PA 18515
Please send me free facts, color brochure and full
information how I can study at home for the career I
have chosen. I understand I am under no obligation
and no salesman will visit. CHECK ONE BOX ONLY!

2-YEAR BUSINESS DEGREE PROGRAMS Business Management Marketing Finance Accounting	2-YEAR TECHNICAL DEGREE PROGRAMS Civil Engineering Technology Mechanical Engineering Tech. Electrical Engineering Tech. Electronics Technology
	LOMA PROGRAMS
High School Auto Mechanics Surveying & Mapping Draftling Electronics Wildlife-Forestry Conservation Bookkeeping Microcomputer Repair Small Engine Repair Diesel Mechanics	Computer Programming Electrician Small Business Management Gun Repair Motorcycle Repair Catering Gourmet Cooking Art Police Science Fitness & Nutrition TV/VCR Repair
NAME	AGE
AODRESS	
CITY/STATE/ZIP	

PHONE NO. INCLUDING AREA CODE (_

ROOKIE

(continued from page 94)
High School in Tampa. I had been drafted from there by the Mets, had spent a year in the rookie league and a year in Class A ball. During spring training, I was sure I could pitch in the big leagues.

I was sure, that is, until the moment Davey told me I was a Met. Then, suddenly, I wasn't sure anymore. Suddenly, there was a little fear inside me. Was I really ready? Was I going to go up and embarrass myself or something like that? Maybe it was too soon for me to compete on the major-league level. Maybe I wasn't good enough.

Those things ran through my mind real quick while Davey sat there. Then he asked me if I was ready to go. I told him I was. My bags were packed and I had taken them to the stadium, because I knew I would be going somewhere after the game—like to Tidewater.

But I was going straight up to the Mets to start the season. I had been dreaming about pitching in the big leagues since I was a little kid. Now I was right there in the dream.

I had never been in Cincinnati before. I had never been in any of the cities where the Mets would play while on the road, and we would be on the road for two weeks before going home to Shea Stadium. As much as I had dreamed about it, as often as I had watched games on TV and seen big-league players in spring training, I still didn't know what it would be like to actually be a part of it. Everything was first-class—the plane, the hotel; even the locker room at Riverfront Stadium was great, a lot bigger and nicer than in the minor leagues.

I went out into Riverfront. It was the biggest stadium I'd ever been in. The stands surrounded the playing field, closed it in. I walked around on the field, all by myself, imagining what it was going to be like. The place was empty except for a couple of ushers cleaning around the seats.

I walked out to the pitcher's mound and stood on it, just checking it out. It was kind of hard to believe. It was, like, I'm only 19—what am I doing here? I was excited, real hyper; and when I get that way, I tend to talk real fast. But I wasn't talking to anybody but myself. I was glad I wasn't pitching that day.

It seemed like it took forever, but finally people started coming into the stadium, and it was time for batting practice. After I had done a little running and loosening up in the outfield, I was walking toward the dugout when a little boy leaned out of the stands and asked for my autograph. He didn't know who I was or anything, but I signed for him. Some more kids came over and I signed for them, too. I was the youngest player in the National League, but it made me feel real big, signing autographs for the very first time, right there in

a major-league ball park.

The crowd was much bigger than any I'd seen—they announced about 46,000—because I was used to minor-league crowds. For some reason, I had sort of expected all the players to be giants, too. I had thought maybe I'd be one of the smaller ones. But I was actually bigger than many of them. Logically, I should have known that, of course, because I am 6'3" and 195 pounds, and I'd seen a lot of them in spring training. But the way I felt was, big-league players must be bigger.

Basically, I just sat there in the dugout, watching everything that went on, mostly watching the hitters. I was a little intimidated by some of them. The cuts they were taking seemed harder and better than what I had seen in the minors. But then, some of our hitters were getting good wood on the ball-and these were guys I had struck out in intrasquad games during the spring, which gave me an idea of what I could do, gave me some confidence. Darryl Strawberry hit a home run off Mario Soto his first time at bat in the second inning. I figured he was going to have another terrific season, and maybe the Mets would turn things around from their last-place finish the year before. But our pitchers took some lumps, and Soto beat us, 8-1. I was still kind of floating on air, though, even after the loss.

We flew to Houston in a chartered plane. Walt Terrell would pitch the first game there and I would pitch the second. Davey said he wanted me to make my first start in a controlled environment, in the Astrodome, where the temperature would be reliable and there wouldn't be any wind and the ball wouldn't carry much.

We won the series opener against the Astros, 8–1, with Terrell giving up only four hits. It seemed like the game went awfully fast—too fast—because I was pitching the next night and I didn't feel mentally prepared. I would have to face these same hitters tomorrow, and they would be hungry, and they would know I was a rookie in my first start. Plus, the Mets were flying my parents in for the game.

That night, I couldn't sleep, couldn't help thinking about the next day's game. Because of my success in the past couple of years in the minors, a lot had been written about me, and I felt the pressure of it. The year before, when I was 18, I had had a record of 19-4 with Lynchburg in the Class A Carolina League. At one stretch, I won 15 straight and went 46 consecutive innings without allowing an earned run. I ended up with a 2.50 E.R.A. and struck out 300 batters in 191 innings, which was a record for that league. Then, at the end of the season, the Mets brought me up to Tidewater to help them win the triple-A world series, and I won two out of three. Baseball America named me Minor League Player of the Year.

So this year at spring training, the press

Spend \$105,000 for the real thing.



"This is a bad boy's car, and everybody knows it."

1:12 scale model all by yourself.

bo

31

Fir

er

or

re

That's what Car and Driver magazine said about the Lamborghini Countach after they tested it. They likened its effect on passersby to the looks you'd get if you walked down Fifth Avenue with Pia Zadora, were she all dressed up in about eight yards of Saran Wrap.

The Countach is an outrageous car. A shocking car. An angry car for automotive extremists for whom too much is never quite enough. It is, as Car and Driver summed up, "the flat-out farthest-out car on the market."

Build this "Dream Machine" and Discover a Fascinating New Hobby.

No special skills are needed to build this 15-inch exotic GT—plans and instructions are complete and easy to follow. Nearly 300 multicolored, chromed, and metalized parts assure incredible detail. Even the ignition wires are true to scale and the metal coil spring suspension really works! You get a lug wrench to change your wheels, and the tires are real rubber. Doors, trunk, and hood are operational. Headlights pop open and shut. And the sealed beams and rear lights—light! (Although you'll have to supply your own batteries.)

An Everything-You-Need Special Offer

To turn you on to car modeling we've put together an offer that's as hi-revving as the car itself. With our Lamborghini Countach Kit we're going to include a Testor Plastic Model Finishing Kit (No. 9160) that contains cement, contour putty, brushes, a hobby knife, precision gluing tips, sanding films, 11 (count 'em) bottles of flat enamel paint, a bottle of thinner, drop cloth, and a mixing storage tray—the works! We'll even throw in a can of Italian racing red spray body paint! And, best of all, a 64-page book called "Building Plastic Models" that will show you how to build like a pro. Your

price for everything-the kit, paints, materials and book, just \$49.95-less than a tune up for the wheels you're driving now! (And a savings of over \$16 if you were to buy everything separately.) To order your Lamborghini Countach kit plus Testor Model Finishing Center and book, just fill out and mail the coupon below. Or, for fastest service on credit card orders, call 800-228-2028 ext. 36, 24 hours/day. In Nebraska, call 800-642-8300, ext. 36. MODEL EXPO, INC. 23 Just Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07007. EXTRA BONUS! Free with your order! Full color, 48-page catalog of other kits you can build, or collectible models you can buy. Sports cars and classics, die cast

metal and plastic

Value \$3.

		Dept. PL-55	
Mail to:	Charge my credit card:		
MODEL EXPO, INC.	☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐	American Express	
23 Just Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07007	Account No.		
ES! Please send me the Lam-	Exp. Date		
orghini Countach Kit (No. OT- D7TM) plus Testor Plastic Model	Signature		
nishing Center, all for just \$49.95.	Name		
My check or money order is	Address		
nclosed. (Please add 10% per der for postage and handling. N.J.	City		
sidents must add 6% sales tax.)	State	Zip	
YOU TAKE NO BISK II	NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED		

OU TAKE NO RISK. IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED RETURN WITHIN 30 DAYS FOR FULL REFUND.

wrote a lot about me being some kind of phenomenon or something, destined to be a star with the Mets. They wrote about my pitches and my control and my competitiveness and all kinds of stuff. That was all nice publicity to have, and I was proud of what I had accomplished so far. But I was in the big leagues sooner than I or anybody else had figured I would be. And now I was about to pitch my first bigleague game. I had never been so nervous about throwing a baseball.

I got to the stadium about 2:30. A couple of players were there, getting treatments in the training room. I just paced around and got dressed slowly, trying to make the time pass. To calm my nerves, I

kept telling myself just to do the things that had got me here, and to go out and have fun.

Finally, we went out onto the field for batting practice. There were already people in the stands. I didn't feel like myself. I felt like a totally different person when I walked out onto the field in a Mets uniform. I swung the bat a few times in the batting cage and hit a couple of balls pretty good, and before I knew it, I was in the bull pen, warming up.

Davey had told me to start off easy and just give him five good innings. I walked out to the mound real slow, taking my time, trying to relax. I didn't want my first warm-up pitch to get away from me and sail into the stands or

something, so I began by just tossing the ball, going through the motions.

When the umpire said "Play ball!" it really hit me. I had to walk off the mound and get myself together. I told myself, "Just throw strikes and let everything else take its own place."

The first hitter I faced in the big leagues was Bill Doran, Houston's second baseman. I had never seen Doran and didn't know anything about him, but I figured that the Astro hitters might be taking a lot of pitches to see how I'd throw my first time out. So I was going to go right at them, starting every hitter off with a fast ball.

My first fast ball was a little outside and Doran took it for a ball. He hit the next one on the ground to second base for the first out. Then Terry Puhl also grounded out to second. I took a deep breath. They weren't taking a lot of pitches. They were coming right at me, too, swinging.

I got the count to 2–2 on the next batter, Dickie Thon, the shortstop, a good hitter; then I threw him a hard fast ball. I meant to go down the middle with it, but I overthrew and got it up. He swung and missed—my first major-league strike-out.

Walking off the mound, I couldn't believe I had struck Thon out, especially on a high fast ball. People had told me before that you might get away with a high bench to watch the rest of the game. I had left with a 3–1 lead, and when Doug Sisk and Jesse Orosco shut them out for the last three innings, I had my first major-league victory.

When we got to New York, people had set up our lockers and had brought up the players' cars from Florida. I had arranged for an apartment on Long Island, but it wasn't ready yet, so I stayed at the Marriott Hotel across the highway from La Guardia Airport, near the stadium.

When I was at Shea for the first time as a Met, not too many people knew me. Lots of people thought I was Darryl Strawberry. We're both pretty tall and lean,

similar in that way. When we were having batting practice for the home opener against the Montreal Expos, a guy called to me, "Hey, Strawberry!" He wanted my autograph.

I said, "I'm not Strawberry, I'm Gooden."

He said, "Come on, Strawberry, you just don't want to sign. You're not Gooden."

I said, "Well, I'm not Strawberry."
And I walked away.
Later on in the season, people would start calling Strawberry Gooden, and he wouldn't sign for them, either.

It was my first turn pitching at home, and it sure was a weird feeling walking out to the mound that first time as a Met. I had

played at Shea the year before, in a game for Lynchburg, but it was different being in a Mets uniform and knowing the crowd was there to see me pitch. It was the first time I was pitching for my crowd and I wanted to show the fans that I belonged in the big leagues.

The first guy I faced was Pete Rose, the legend. Just looking at him in the batter's box, I was nervous. I was so honored to be facing him that I forgot what I was out there to do.

Rose was all crouched down and ready. I figured he would hit the ball somewhere and hoped it would be at somebody. I threw him a fast ball and he swung



Our powerful FM stereo has no wires, so there's nothing to trip you up. It's collapsible and lightweight, so you can put it on and head anywhere. And once you hear the RP-2030's great sound, you'll undoubtedly **TOSHIBA** become very attached to it.

fast ball in the minors but not in the big leagues. I got away with it, though.

I sort of cut my eye up at my parents in the seats behind our dugout, and I was hoping they weren't looking at me while I was looking at them. But they were watching everything I did.

The team was really behind me, not just encouraging me when I was on the mound but getting some hits. I got through the fourth without problems and with a 3–0 lead. But in the fifth, I gave up my first run on a couple of hits and a walk.

After the fifth, Davey brought in Dick Tidrow to relieve me. Instead of going in to the showers, though, I stayed on the and fouled it off—which made me jump, because I was so tight. Then he grounded out to short. When he was thrown out at first and ran back across the infield, I just watched him all the way. I was amazed that I had got him out.

In the third and fourth innings, I struck out five Expos in a row, the heart of their batting order. But in the fifth, I got in trouble, and before I was out of the inning, they'd scored four unearned runs. Davey took me out then, because I had already thrown 118 pitches, but we still had a one-run lead. I had heard that New York fans love you one day and hate you the next, and I figured maybe I'd get a lot of boos. But when I came off, a few people

clapped and that was about it.

After the game, I was on Kiner's Korner, the postgame TV show, for the first time. All I knew about Ralph Kiner at the time was that he broad-Mets cast the didn't games. know anything about him as a baseball player until later in the season, when we went to Pittsburgh and they showed old highlight films on the big Diamond Vision screen. They showed Kiner hitting, and when I found out he'd hit 54 homers one season and was in the Hall of Fame, well, I was really surprised.

For three or four days before the Sunday game in which I would be going up against Nolan Ryan for the first time, the

press had been asking how I felt about it, talking about how the fans would be coming out to see strike-outs and all that. They were trying to build it up to a big confrontation and making it sound like it was just me and Ryan, like a tennis match or something.

There were 40,000 fans there to watch, and I pitched two pretty good innings, striking out three. The crowd really got into it. For the first time, I noticed that the fans not only started yelling for a strike-out as soon as I got a couple of strikes on the batter, now some of them in the out-field were hanging big red K signs over the railing every time I struck someone out. I

didn't want to get caught up in what they had going out there, so I tried not to look.

In the bottom of the second, with us leading 1–0, I had my first chance to bat against Ryan. We had a man on first and second with one out, and he came with three straight fast balls, hard and high. It was right there in a hurry, and I was happy just to make contact. It was a grounder to short, a double-play ball. I ran it out hard, but they got the double play. Coming back to the dugout, I said to the other guys, "Now I know what it probably feels like hitting against me."

I was out of breath from running so hard, but instead of taking some time, getting a towel to dry off, I got my glove and had to relax and pitch my game and worry about the hitters instead of who my opposing pitcher was. That helped me later, when I faced Soto and Fernando Valenzuela, two of the best in the business.

We came off the road and returned to Shea for a long home stand, finishing up June and the first week of July, taking us all the way to the All-Star break. It was good to be back in New York.

I had a nice one-bedroom apartment in Port Washington, about 30 minutes from the stadium. I paid \$700 a month, plus \$255 for the furniture. The landlord went out and picked up the furniture that

> I liked and put it in. That apartment was plenty for me.

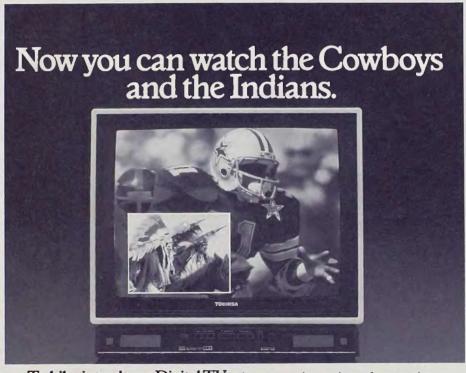
> The neighbors were real nice to me. Sometimes, aft-I'd pitched a good game, I'd go home and find balloons hanging up and signs say-CONGRATULAing, TIONS DWIGHT, and people would come out and clap for me. It was great to they good about me, people I didn't even know.

By the time we got home in June, All-Star balloting was going on, and Strawberry was leading the vote for National League outfielders.

I was real happy about that. I had met Strawberry when I signed, in 1982, and I didn't like him at first. He was the type of guy who had a lot of confidence in him-

self and always believed that he was higher than anybody else, that there was nothing he couldn't do. I saw the way he was acting on the field, but I didn't really know him. Once I did get to know him, I realized that was just his way of holding his head up and believing in himself.

Last year, Darryl became a real good friend. He helped me in a lot of ways, keeping me believing in myself and helping me avoid some of the problems he'd had when he first came up. Once we started hanging out together, I was always on his side and he was always on mine, whether we were having fun or one of us needed help. And I was especially glad that he



Toshiba introduces Digital TV. It has more advanced new features than you can point a wireless remote at. For example, you can watch a movie and a football game at the same time. And the picture is sharper than with a conventional set. Why? A built-in microcomputer that processes all the elements that go into our FST® picture tube. And puts them together in precise digital fashion. Virtually eliminating any visual distortion. Toshiba's Digital TV is the most advanced television ever made. It's so advanced, you may never turn it off.

Simulated picture Photo by J. Turner/Courtesy of NFLP

went straight to the mound to pitch. That was inexperience, and it was a mistake I wouldn't make again.

I never really caught my breath. I was tired and trying to push myself. A couple of little mistakes, and suddenly everything had turned around on me. One minute I was cruising, next minute I was crashing. I looked around the bases and there were bodies all over the place.

By the time it was over, Ryan had pitched a complete game and they'd beaten us 10–1. The big strike-out confrontation amounted to four for me and seven for him.

Going through that taught me that I

was getting all those All-Star votes, because he had been through some difficult times with all the pressures of follow-

ing up a great rookie year.

We had the Reds coming in for a big five-game series, our last before the All-Star break. The day of the first Reds game, they announced the final results of the balloting by fans. We knew who would be in the starting line-ups, because the press had been carrying the voting results all along.

Strawberry got the most votes of any National League outfielder. The word was that he was the first Met to be voted to the starting All-Star team since Dave Kingman in 1976. Then Paul Owens of the Phillies, the manager for the N.L. All-Stars, added Keith Hernandez to the squad. Everybody knew he should be on the team, because he was having the best year of any first baseman in the league.

But when Owens named the pitching staff, I couldn't believe it. Because along with such veteran stars as Charlie Lea and Joaquin Andujar and Mario Soto and Rich Gossage and Al Holland and Bruce Sutter and our Jesse Orosco, he picked me.

I wasn't even on the Mets' roster in spring training; two years before, I was in high school. Now we had four people on the All-Star team and one of them was me.

They gave each player two tickets for the All-Star Game, and I took my girlfriend with me to San Francisco.

The day before the game, there was a workout, and I was really nervous when I got to Candlestick Park for that. There were lots of press people around, TV cameras and reporters wanting interviews. Talking to some of the players made me feel better. Steve Garvey congratulated me on making the team and said that this All-Star Game would be just the first of many for me. Mike Schmidt also congratulated me on the year I was having and said the main thing was just to enjoy being there and have fun.

I felt I belonged in the big leagues by that time, but the All-Star team, with all those great players, was even a step higher than that. Everybody treated me fine, but I didn't say too much. In the locker room and on the field, I mainly walked around, watching everything, checking everybody

I hadn't pitched before in Candlestick Park, but we had played there against the Giants. Usually, they didn't draw too many people. But on All-Star night, it was packed, and it sure looked different. This appeared to be the biggest crowd I had ever pitched in front of, and the game was on national TV, and I didn't know much about the American League hitters, so I had a few butterflies. I was mainly thinking that I just didn't want to mess up.

I was sitting out in the bullpen when Valenzuela went in to pitch the third inning, and I watched him closely and thought about how impressive he was. Then Owens called down to the bullpen and said Valenzuela would pitch one more inning and I'd be next. So in the fourth, I started warming up. But every pitch Valenzuela threw, I stopped to watch. He struck out Dave Winfield. Then he struck out Reggie Jackson. Then he struck out George Brett. With the crowd standing up and cheering, I thought, We're ahead 2-1 and I have to go in and follow that performance.

Fifth inning, my turn. I hadn't pitched in relief since high school, and never as a pro, so just walking in from the bullpen to the mound in front of that kind of crowd was new to me. I walked slowly and tried to get ready, talking to myself the whole

GOODEN, BETTER, BEST

the rookie of the year's rookie year

In his first major-league season, at the age of 19, Dwight Gooden started 31 games, won 17, lost 9, pitched seven complete games including three shutouts, gave up 161 hits and 73 walks in 218 innings, with an E.R.A. of 2.60. In addition, he:

- Set a major-league rookie strike-out record with 276;
- · Led the major leagues in strikeouts for the season-the first teenaged rookie ever to do so;
- · Led the major leagues by striking out ten or more batters 15 times;
- Set a National League record by striking out 16 batters in two consecutive games;
- Was the youngest player ever chosen to play in an All-Star Game;
- Finished second to Sutcliffe in balloting for the National League Cy Young Award;
- · Set a major-league record for ratio of strike-outs per nine innings with 11.39;
- Finished with the second-best E.R.A. in the major leagues;
- Was named the 1984 National League Rookie of the Year.

way: "OK, it's just like any other game. All you do is throw strikes."

But it wasn't just like any other game. In a regular game, I try to pace myself, but in the All-Star Game, with just two innings to pitch, I wanted to air it out and throw every pitch with everything I had. I wasn't thinking strike-outs, but I wanted to throw strikes, and I didn't want to give up any runs and lose the lead, and I didn't want to do anything like throw a wild pitch all the way to the backstop.

The first hitter was Lance Parrish, catcher for the Tigers. At least I had faced him before, in spring training. I just wanted to get the first pitch in.

I got it over, and he took a fast ball for a strike. When I got the ball back from Gary Carter, I was more relaxed. Now I was

going to go right at Parrish and let whatever happened happen. When he fouled off a fast ball to make it 2-2, I decided to try to get him right there. I threw the fast ball high, and he went for it and missed. I had a strike-out.

That took all the nervousness away. The crowd was really into it, and I had a lot of

The next two hitters were Chet Lemon of the Tigers and Alvin Davis of the Seattle Mariners, and I got them both with the same pattern I had used to deal with Parrish-fast balls, curve, back to fast balls. I struck out the side, and it was unbelievable. The crowd really appreciated what I had done, but I didn't find out until later that Fernando and I had set an All-Star record by striking out six

When I walked off the mound, the crowd was standing and cheering, and it was like I was walking on air. Everybody in the dugout shook my hand and gave high fives. These were some of the best players in the game, congratulating me.

When it was all over, I had pitched two innings, given up no runs, one hit, struck out three. In the end, I had battled the American League's leading hitter, Winfield, for what seemed like an hour, and finally got him on a fly ball to left.

If my season had ended right there at the All-Star break, I would have been pretty satisfied. I was 8-5, with an E.R.A. of 2.84; I had struck out 133 and my team was leading the N.L. East. But the season was only half over, and after the excitement of the All-Star Game, I had to get back to work and help the Mets go all the way.

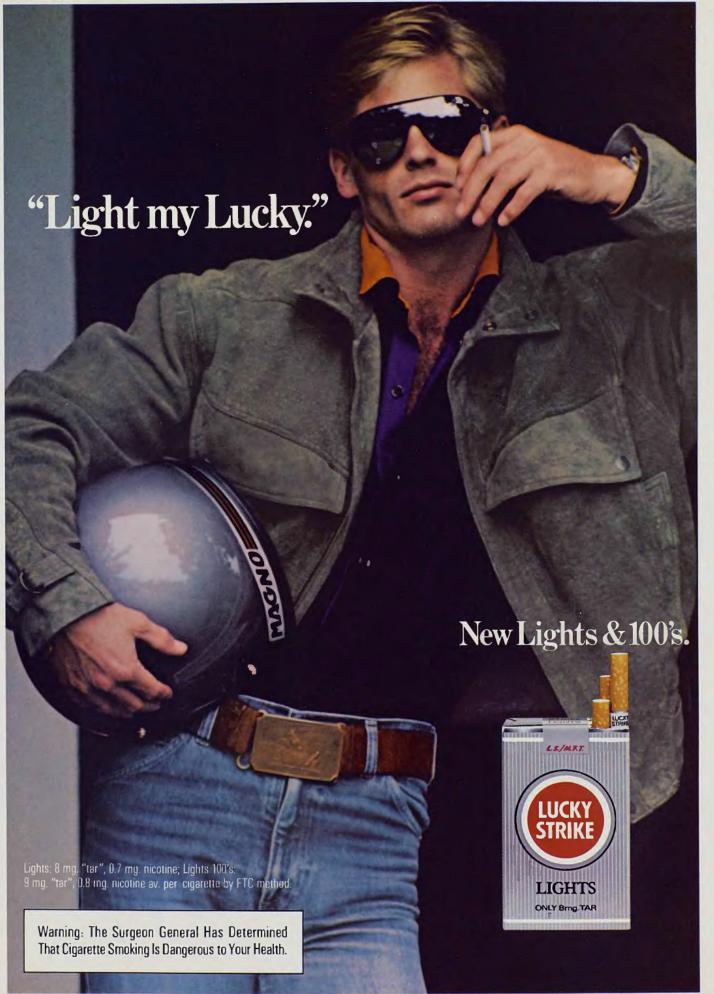
In a matter of four months, my whole life had changed. I had learned the ropes in the big leagues, had been through some pressure situations, had been successful so far. I was getting a lot of press, and that was probably the biggest change. People get to know you through the media and they see you as being different, because you're a ballplayer. Then the way you approach people changes, too.

Media attention started in spring training and grew once I started throwing well in New York. And it got even bigger at the

All-Star Game.

Basically, the press was pretty easy with me. But sometimes they try to get you to say things you don't want to saypersonal things or controversial stuff about people who might be giving you trouble on or off the field. I don't really worry about people watching me and judging me as a ballplayer. But Strawberry had warned me about letting anybody put words in my mouth, because that had happened to him a few times, so I tried to be careful. Sometimes I liked to get on the road, just to get away from the media and relax.

It was amazing how things had changed. Early in the season, people



thought I was Strawberry, if they recognized me at all. But now, I was getting all this attention. Guys 17 or 18 would come to watch me play and to get my autograph, and they would say that when they played ball, they pretended they were me—and I was only a year or so older. And then older people would tell me I was their idol.

Girls came around sometimes, too. At the beginning, it was just every now and then; but as the season went on and I got to be known, they came a little more often. Sometimes, at the hotel, they'd call and say they had been watching me on TV and they wanted to meet me and so forth. Or sometimes I'd be out at a club and they'd recognize me and come over and sit down and have a couple of drinks. They'd ask what my plans were for later, could they come up to my room; things like that. Usually I'd say I was married and my wife was with me or that I appreciated their coming over and wanting to get to know me but that I was just going to call it a night.

I never checked out any of that action, never took any of them up on it. I just didn't want to take the chance with somebody I didn't know.

After a while, the routine of road trips started to get kind of old—especially getting up early. You have to pack and get ready to go after a late night game, then fly out that night and get up the next morning to be at the ball park. At times, I could sleep on the planes, especially if I had had a bad outing. But if I had pitched well, I'd be up playing cards, laughing and talking.

Sometimes, on the road, I'd go out walking around with Mets trainer Steve Garland and do some shopping and look at the buildings. Or a couple of players might go to a movie or to dinner. In San Diego, I went to the zoo with Jesse Orosco.

That was about it for the fast life.

When you get to be known, people come at you all over the place, trying to offer you deals, hustle all kinds of things. Strawberry told me that in his first year, people came around the clubhouse every day with deals to offer him.

Sure enough, various companies were starting to get interested in me. I had signed my first glove contract with Rawlings when I got drafted, in 1982. That was my first product. In the minors, they would give you two gloves a year, but in the big leagues, they basically give you whatever you want. I also signed a contract with Starter, the company that makes the Mets' jackets. And then, of course, there were shoes. After spring training, when I made the team, they all came around to have me try their products. Converse, Adidas, Nike, Puma-all the companies. I tried different shoes early in the season, and Nike felt the best, so at All-Star time, we worked out a deal. Nike even put up a huge billboard of me on a building around 42nd Street and Eighth Avenue in New York. It was amazing. I

felt like I had been playing baseball for about 30 years, or something like that, with my picture up there.

Then there started to be a lot of requests for appearances—clinics, promotions, car shows, banquets. I would sign autographs for a couple of hours and get about \$1000. Lots of times, the Mets set these things up for me. I didn't do too much that the team didn't know about, and I didn't do many appearances. You can make more money than I did on that, but I didn't want to lose my concentration on the season.

After the All-Star break, especially, a lot of agents were calling me or writing letters to me at the ball park. There were maybe ten or 20 of them. They would say they just wanted to meet with me and talk, let me hear what they were doing. I did meet with a couple of them, just to hear what they had to say. But it would always boil down to them wanting to represent me, and I told them I already had an agent.

One guy I spoke with represented some pretty good players, and he tried to talk me into letting him represent me. When I told him I wanted to stick with the agent I had, he said, "Well, maybe you could hire me just to look over your agent and make sure everything's going right."

An agent to keep track of my agent. Just what a rookie needs.

.

We went to Chicago on August sixth, trailing the Cubs by only half a game. We would have four shots at them. I would pitch the first.

At Wrigley Field, they throw stuff out of the stands at you, especially during batting practice, when you're out there shagging fly balls. I think they should have some security guards in the outfield, where the Bleacher Bums sit. It's pretty dangerous there. Anything's liable to happen.

When we arrived in Chicago this time, the Mets people warned us that the Cubs fans had been encouraged by some radio broadcaster to harass us and not let us get any rest. The Chicago fans had apparently been told that in New York, a lot of people had called the rooms of the Cubs players just to bother them, so now the Cubs fans were supposed to do the same to us.

When I got to my hotel room, I didn't tell the operator to hold my calls, so the phone rang a lot at first. One guy said, "If you look out the window, you're gonna get shot."

Others said, "If you come downstairs, you're gonna get killed," and "When you pitch tomorrow, you better not turn your back to the stands." Stuff like that. It was the first time anything like that had happened to me. I just figured they were trying to intimidate me and take my mind off the game.

The next day, the Cubs got to me early. It was 6–0 after four innings when Davey brought in Brent Gaff from the bullpen to relieve me.

I don't swear much, but for the first

time in the season, I went into the dugout swearing and slammed down my glove. In my last seven innings of pitching, against the Cards and the Cubs, I had given up 13 runs. Before that, everything had been pretty smooth. But now, all of a sudden, I thought things were catching up with me, and I could be in real trouble. Things I had gotten away with in the minor leagues I was not getting away with anymore. It was rough for me right then, and for a little while, I wasn't sure of anything.

We were in San Diego late in August, five games out of first place. If I could beat the Padres, at least we could break even on the road trip and go home feeling a little up. With the last week of August and most of September scheduled at home, maybe we had a shot at catching the Cubs.

I really had my good pitches working. I retired the first 11 Padres before Garvey doubled and Graig Nettles hit a home run in the fourth. In the eighth, I struck out Garry Templeton, and the umpire called time and stopped the game. I didn't know why. I looked into the dugout and I thought maybe something was wrong, because Charlie Samuels, our equipment manager, was motioning out to the field with his hands and some of the players were yelling about something. It turned out that Templeton was my 200th strikeout of the season. Then they flashed on the scoreboard that I was only the 11th majorleague pitcher to do that in his rookie year. Because we were in San Diego, I thought maybe the fans would just clap a little, or even boo, but they gave me a standing ovation.

We ended up winning 5–2. I pitched the whole game, gave up three hits, didn't walk anybody and struck out nine, to give me a total for the season of 202.

After the game, the press kept bringing it up: How did it feel to have 200 strike-outs? They said that no teenaged rookie had ever finished the season leading the major leagues in strike-outs and that I was leading the majors now, and how did I feel about that? They said the National League record for strike-outs in a rookie season was 227, and how did I feel about that? They asked me if I was thinking about breaking all these records and how it was going to affect me the rest of the season.

I told them I hadn't really been aware of the records, which was true at the time. But soon after that, I started thinking about it a little bit, since I was so close. I figured it out one night: I'd had about 25 starts so far, and I would have maybe five or six more. All I needed was about five or six strike-outs a game, and I could set the National League record for a rookie.

But I didn't want to change my game plan and go for the strike-outs and end up getting a loss. It was the wins that helped the team, not the Ks.

The crowds really dropped off after an early September series against the Cubs in

New York that left us six games out of first place. I guess they figured the race was over. I was thinking a little bit more about strike-outs now, because I figured I might get the major-league record in the next couple of starts.

When I'm pitching, I usually don't know how many strike-outs I've got. But this day against the Pirates, I knew I was close to the record, because I was getting a lot of strike-outs early and I was trying to keep track of how many I had. With one out in the sixth, Marvell Wynne was up, and I figured I needed two more for the record. The count was 2–2, and I got him to swing at a high fast ball and miss.

Then everything broke loose, and I knew I had miscounted. Everybody in the stands stood up and cheered and yelled. It went on like that for about three minutes. I just stood there and watched everything and felt pretty good.

Finally, I went back to the rubber. And after Lee Lacy doubled, Johnny Ray lined out to end the inning.

That set off the crowd again. They gave me a standing ovation all the way to the dugout. When I got to the dugout, the crowd kept yelling, and the players were saying I should go back out there, so I stepped out of the dugout and took off my hat. Usually, it's the home-run hitters they call back out. That was the first time it had happened to me. I tipped my hat to the crowd and felt a little embarrassed and uncomfortable. But I also felt like I was on top of the world, with people showing how much they appreciated me. I felt like a big hero.

I ended up winning the game 2-0, with 16 strike-outs, five hits and no walks.

After the game, I looked at the pitching charts and thought maybe they were wrong, because they showed something I had never done before: I had pitched a game in which I had never had three balls in the count to any batter. That was unbelievable. The Mets put out a press release that listed my accomplishments that day and my totals so far for the season. Besides the major-league rookie strike-out record, it showed:

I had tied California's Mike Witt for the major-league single-game strike-out high of the year.

I had had my 14th double-figure strikeout game, breaking Tom Seaver's club record.

I had set a Mets record for most strikeouts in a game by a rookie.

I had had the biggest strike-out game for a Met since Seaver struck out 16 in 1974.

I was the first Met to pitch two shutouts in a row since Pat Zachry, in 1980.

With my third shutout, I had become the first Mets rookie to have more than two since Jon Matlack had four, in 1972.

I was the first major-leaguer to strike out 16 batters in a complete game without giving up a walk since California's Frank Tanana, in 1975.

By striking out the side in the fifth and eighth innings, I had struck out the side 14 times during the year.

It was all beyond belief.

We didn't have a celebration for finishing in second place, no champagne or anything, but we felt real good. After finishing last or next to last for so many years, we felt pretty satisfied with second. Even the young players like me could feel that way, because we all knew where the Mets had come from and what the expectations had been at the start of the season, and we had done better than that.

We beat the Phillies for the third straight time in our final game at Shea. Davey decided to have me pass up my last scheduled start in Montreal. He said I had nothing more to prove, and he figured I might as well save my arm. I had already gone 218 innings, which was the most I had pitched in my career. If we'd still had a chance for the pennant, though, I would have wanted to pitch. But we had already clinched second, and that was going to be it, no matter what happened.

Once we got to the airport in New York and were waiting for our luggage, I guess we all realized we wouldn't be seeing one another for a long time, and maybe some of us wouldn't be seeing one another again at all. It crossed my mind that maybe not everybody would be back with the club this year, because that's the way it is in baseball. The mood kind of changed there when everyone realized we were splitting up.

I caught a flight from New York home to Florida the next morning. It was the first time in a long time that I'd been on an airplane without the team. I felt strange, because there was nobody to talk to or joke with, but I was real excited about going home. I kept trying to fall asleep to make the time pass; but every time I did, I'd wake right up, because I was thinking about what things would be like now, how my friends were going to react, everything. Just the idea of seeing Florida again made it seem like it took forever to get there.

When I got off the plane, I saw my family waiting, and it was a great feeling. They had signs hanging up in the neighborhood: WELCOME HOME, DR. K, WELCOME HOME, DWIGHT, GLAD TO HAVE YOU HOME, things like that. Everybody came to the house—neighbors, friends I hadn't seen in a long time, a whole lot of people. They had music on, and there was lots of food, and there were lots of hugs and kisses and stuff. I had such a great feeling with all those people around showing appreciation. It was great to be home.

Ä



"Your husband <u>couldn't</u> be here, ma'am—this is a singles bar."

Korbel Celebrates the California Avocado.

The good life starts with the California Avocado.

Start your next celebration with velvety-smooth California Avocados filled with fresh fruits of the season. Next, top with a tangy French dressing. Now you're ready to uncork the magic of Korbel Brut Champagne and toast the sparkle of Spring.

KORBEL

Taste the good life from Korbel Champagne Cellars. For more information on Korbel Champagne, write F. Korbel & Bros., 13250 River Road, Guerneville, Sonoma County, CA. 95446

1985 California Avocado Commission



FIDELITY

THE LASER'S EDGE

n the beginning, there was laser video, that technological miracle that brought glitch-free prerecorded images to the small screen. Then came audio compact discs—to many, the laser's edge in sonics. Now Pioneer has taken the next step and consummated the marriage of sight and

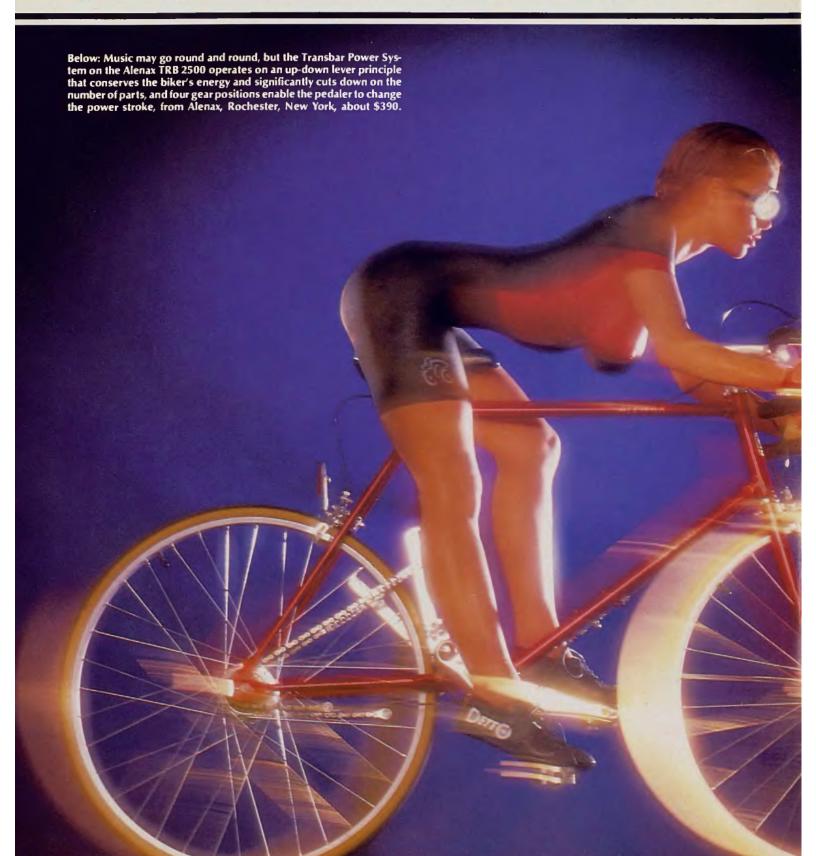
Disc/LaserVision Player, a new unit that joins both media, thus saving shelf space while enabling you to use your video screen for indexing audio tracks. A bowl of popcorn, a stein of beer, thou and your Disc/LaserVision, with its wireless remote in your hand. In this audio/video heaven,

step and consummated the marriage of sight and in your hand. In this audio/video heaven, only the strong will survive. sound with the CLD-900 Compact RICHARD IZUI button on the wireless Pioneer Video's CLDremote, you can view frame number and/or 900 uses laser optics to deliver picture-perfect noise-free enjoyment. Sensors inside the playthe time on your screen. And when you play a CD, info about its iner automatically set the 900 for the LaserVision dexing, tracks and time can be displayed. All disc (either 8" or 12") this for a price that's a cut below what you'd or the compact disc you've loaded. With a touch of the display expect to pay-\$1200. LaserDisc

BALLSY BIKES

s a kid, you sweated and saved, collecting empty bottles and taking them back to the store for two cents apiece, so that one summer day you could park your butt on that fine red Schwinn in the window. You sliced the wind for a summer or two, and then what happened? You forgot the two-wheeler and went looking for

eight cylinders. When you grew up, you let them put a shield between you and the wind. No more no-handed runs for latenight pizza. No more long-legged girls who knew all the softest, quietest places deep in the woods. No more groin burn, either, but where's the romance in EPA mileage and collision insurance? Well, bunky, while you've been racing the rats on



four wheels, bike manufacturers have been gearing up for your return to the fold by coming up with some bold and ballsy new two-wheel designs. One of these babies, in fact, does tricks even Evel Knievel never tried. (It's actually a combination bicycle/unicycle capable of supertight turns—backward and forward—and rapid slalom cycling. Why

should circus clowns have all the fun?) Another one can outspeed a compact car—at least that's what we've been told. Then there's one set of wild two-wheels with a unique power stroke that gives you such an expanded range of drive ratios, it would take a 29-speed conventional bike to duplicate it. So start pedaling. You can never forget how to ride—it's like sex.



A REAL TREASURE CHEST

S.U.Y.T., as all seegoers know, doesn't stand for Show Us Your Tupperware. It's the international invitation for all nubile sailors of the fair sex to clear their top decks. To ensure that this happens, Show Us, Inc., P.O. Box 347, Pensacola, Florida 32591, is selling a 16" x 24" nylon knocker flag for only \$17.50, postpaid. Run it up your flagpole, Popeye, and see if the girls salute.



ANIMAL ACT

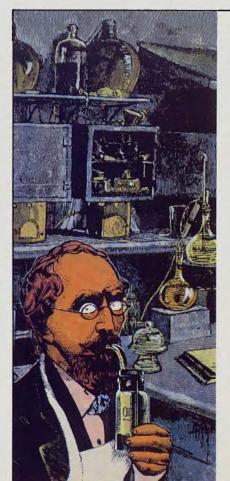
If you're looking for something gnu in adult cards, try a dirty dozen from Wild Kingdom, a greeting-card line that's as zany as a greased gorilla up a banana tree. A mixed bag of birthday greetings, best wishes and horny sexual hints is \$12 sent to OZ, 4400 Johnson Drive, Fairway, Kansas 66205. By the way, the punch line to the card shown below is NOT TONIGHT, DEER, I HAVE THIS SPLITTING HADDOCK, Hee-haw, Hee-haw, Hee-haw,





INTERNATIONAL FLAP

For the savvy traveler who's tired of clumsy maps and bulky Baedekers, there's The World Unfolds, city guides that open with one hand and contain info that's useful and up to date. The U.S.A. Unfolds (New York City, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, San Francisco and Los Angeles, plus Manhattan's subways) is only \$32.50, postpaid, sent to Pro Design, Inc., 58 Bank Street, New York 10014—as are Europe Unfolds (London, Paris, Rome, Amsterdam, Zurich and the Paris Métro) and The World Unfolds (Tokyo, Hong Kong, London, Paris, New York and the Tokyo transit system). You've got the whole world in your pocket.



THINK DOPEY

Not many of us are around who remember that prior to 1914, there were no legal controls on preparations containing marijuana, cocaine, opium or other drugs, and they could be purchased in apothecaries and grocery stores throughout the United States without a prescription. All that old dope memorabilia didn't die when people came to their senses; it ended up on the shelves of Cape Ann Antiques, P.O. Box 3502, Peabody, Massachusetts 01960, a store that specializes in such vintage oddities as cocaine-lozenge tins (\$90 each), ancient Cannabis Indica bottles (\$130 each), hashish posters (\$40 each), opium pipes (\$60 each), marijuana-related records from the Thirties (\$90 each) and other examples of narcotic exotica. Two dollars gets you Cape Ann's latest catalog. Incidentally, all the containers are emptyas if you didn't know.

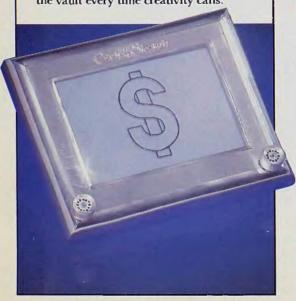
LEGEND OF THE LEGION

"In our . . . permissive society, there are few remaining conversation stoppers. But any man who can say 'I served with the Legion' is guaranteed an audience." Yes, the Foreign Legion lives, and it's never been better served than in John Robert Young's new book, *The French Foreign Legion* (Thames and Hudson, \$24.95), which tells the history of the world's most famous fighting force in words and pictures (200 in color). To your bookstore, march!



EXPENSIVE ETCHINGS

Because 1985 is the 25th anniversary of Etch A Sketch, The Ohio Art Company, P.O. Box 111, Bryan, Ohio 43506, decided it would create a little bauble that you won't find in just any juvenile's toy box—a solid sterling-silver executive Etch A Sketch adorned with sapphires and topazes, at a price only the sheik of Araby could afford: \$3750. It's a wonderful doodle pad, but you'll have to visit the vault every time creativity calls.



LOOKING SNAKY

For those of you Yuppies who'd like to be the first on your block to step from your BMW sporting a pair of really exotic-skinned cowboy boots, we'd like to direct you to the Just Justin Boots Factory Outlet, 9090 Stemmons, Dallas 75247. Next to such pedestrian hides as ostrich, lizard and elephant, you'll find one that should definitely turn your upwardly mobile neighbors' heads-Indonesian water snake in black and white, gray or tan at a price that's not even close to that of a Rolex Oyster: \$185 a pair, postpaid. The boots are water repellent and, yes, Just Justin stocks both men's and women's sizes. Slick!



CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESARS

Caesars Pocono Cove Haven (Lakeville, Pennsylvania) and Pocono Palace (Marshall Creek, Pennsylvania) have unveiled an amenity that really pops our cork. It's a seven-foot-tall champagne-glass whirlpool for two that's part of Caesars' fantasy suite-a four-level love nest housing everything from sauna, fireplace and mirrored bed to a heart-shaped swimming pool. Rates range from \$470 (two nights) to \$1455 (seven nights) and include meals, entertainment and outdoor sports. The indoor sports are on you.

MUNCH A BUNCH

To some, April is the coolest munch-it's a huge jar of the same Jelly Belly gourmet jelly beans on which President Reagan noshes. And as the days grow short when you reach November, you'll be nibbling from a mammoth can of almondpecan corn. All this if you belong to the Munch of the Month Club, Suite 4201, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018. A mouth-watering 12-month subscription is \$199.95, including delivery. However, if your stomach is bigger than your wallet, five months is only \$99.95, three months is \$69.95, while one month will set you back a mere \$24.95. Each month, you get a different munch, of course. No, a bottle of Bromo Seltzer isn't part of the deal.







Ratt's Ass

This disturbed-looking individual is JUAN CROUCIER, bass player for Ratt. These guys are very popular—no kidding. Their last album, Out of the Cellar, went double platinum, and their next one is due out this summer. Ratt on!

The Adams Chronicles

TRISH ADAMS is an actress who has appeared on the soaps Days of Our Lives and The Young and the Restless. She's making an action film now, called Modern Warriors, in which the good guys beat the bad ones. We hope Trish is protected.





Dr. Ruth, Tell Me the Truth

Now, this is a team! DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER invited CYNDI LAUPER to visit her cable-TV show, Good Sex, last winter, and the talk ranged from A to Z. Dr. Ruth tried to find the hidden meanings in Cyndi's lyrics and Cyndi tried to find out how much is enough. We hear that there's no truth to the rumor that they'll tour together in a show called Money Changes Everything. But they should. We'd pay real money to see these girls having fun.



NEXT MONTH



SOUTHERN COMFORT



COHABITATION NARRATION



TOGETHER FOREVER



VETERANS' DAY

"HOW TO LIVE WITH ANOTHER PERSON"—ARE MEN AND WOMEN MEANT TO SHARE A BATHROOM? CON-QUER YOUR COMMON-LAW CONUNDRUMS WITH THE MODERN ANSWER MAN—BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

DEVELOP A SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH US IN JUNE WITH "SYMBIONT"—A FUTURISTIC WAR STORY IN WHICH THE ENEMY REALLY GETS UNDER YOUR SKIN—BY ROBERT SILVERBERG

"RAGIN" CAJUN"—A BAYOUGRAPHY OF MISS JUNE, DEVIN RENEÉ DE VASQUEZ, THE CAJUN STATE'S HOT-TEST ATTRACTION SINCE THAT STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

"MORE TASTE, LESS OVERACTING"—WHO ARE THE LITEWEIGHTS AMONG TV'S JOCK ACTORS AND WHICH ONES ARE LESS FULFILLING? TUNE IN TO SEE IF OUR CRITICS DARE TURN THUMBS DOWN ON BUBBA SMITH—BY ROGER EBERT AND GENE SISKEL

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: SYSTEMS"—WHICH MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES ARE REAMS AND WHICH ARE THE CREAM? LET'S BE SYSTEMATIC—BY ANDREW TOBIAS "TALES OF THE INFORMATION AGE"—WE'RE USED TO THINKING BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING. FACT IS, HE DOESN'T HAVE TIME. NOR DOES HE REALLY EXIST. BUT THAT DOESN'T KEEP HIM FROM TAKING NOTES. A CHILLING REPORT—BY LAURENCE GONZALES

"THE RAT-RACE DIET: NUTRITION FOR AN IMPER-FECT WORLD"—YOU WORK HARD, DRIVE FAST AND EAT WHATEVER HITS YOUR MOUTH. MOST DOCS WOULD SAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE; OURS PRESCRIBES FUEL FOR THE FAST LANE—BY STUART BERGER, M.D.

"JO COLLINS: VIETNAM RETROSPECTIVE"—NEARLY 20 YEARS AGO, 1965'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR ENTERTAINED THE TROOPS. NOW, AT THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION, THE TROOPS RETURN THE FAVOR

PLUS: TOM WATSON IN A DEAD-SOLID-PERFECT "20 QUESTIONS"; "PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO ELECTRONICS"; A MYSTERY-GUEST PICTORIAL TO WARM THE BRIEFS OF LEGAL BEAGLES AND THE COCKLES OF SCANDALMONGERS; AND MUCH, MUCH, MUCH, MUCH, MUCH MORE



Cut across rock-strewn gorges. Kick through sand that used to hold you back. Pound your way through places you always thought were impossible.

The new 1985 Toyota 4x4 has a 24 liter engine, the most powerful engine

ever built for a truck of its class. Its 116 snorting horses will take you where you want to go without working up a

you want to go without working up a sweat. How? Its all-new computer-controlled Electronic Fuel Injection always feeds 'em when they're hungry. Exactly what they need.

Built like a tank, this feisty 4x4 boasts wide, rugged P225/75R15 tires, and pounds along because it can take

a pounding. For the lofty spirit in you that wants to get above it all, you get the highest running ground clearance in its class. So you'll ride high over the obstacles—not into them.

Its double-wall bed construction is matched with solid steel skid plates

under the transfer case and fuel tank. Its suspension system with solid front-and-rear axles has been proven off-road for reliability and durability.

Ask around. Toyota owners reported the lowest incidence of repairs for any small truck—imported or domestic.*

For the creature comfort needs in

OH WHAT A FEELING!

you, there is full, rich carpeting and an AM/FM/MPX sound system that'll floor you. With this 4x4 SR5 XTRACAB you get extra

space behind the seats and automatic locking front hubs, so you can change from 2WD to 4WD on command from the comfort of the cab. Get one.

Cause there are mountains waiting.

* 1984 J.D. Power & Associates Compact Pickup Truck Survey.
TOYOTA TRUCKS. MOST POWERFUL EVER!

THE 1985 TOYOTA 4X4 SR5. GO BEAT UP A MOUNTAIN.

