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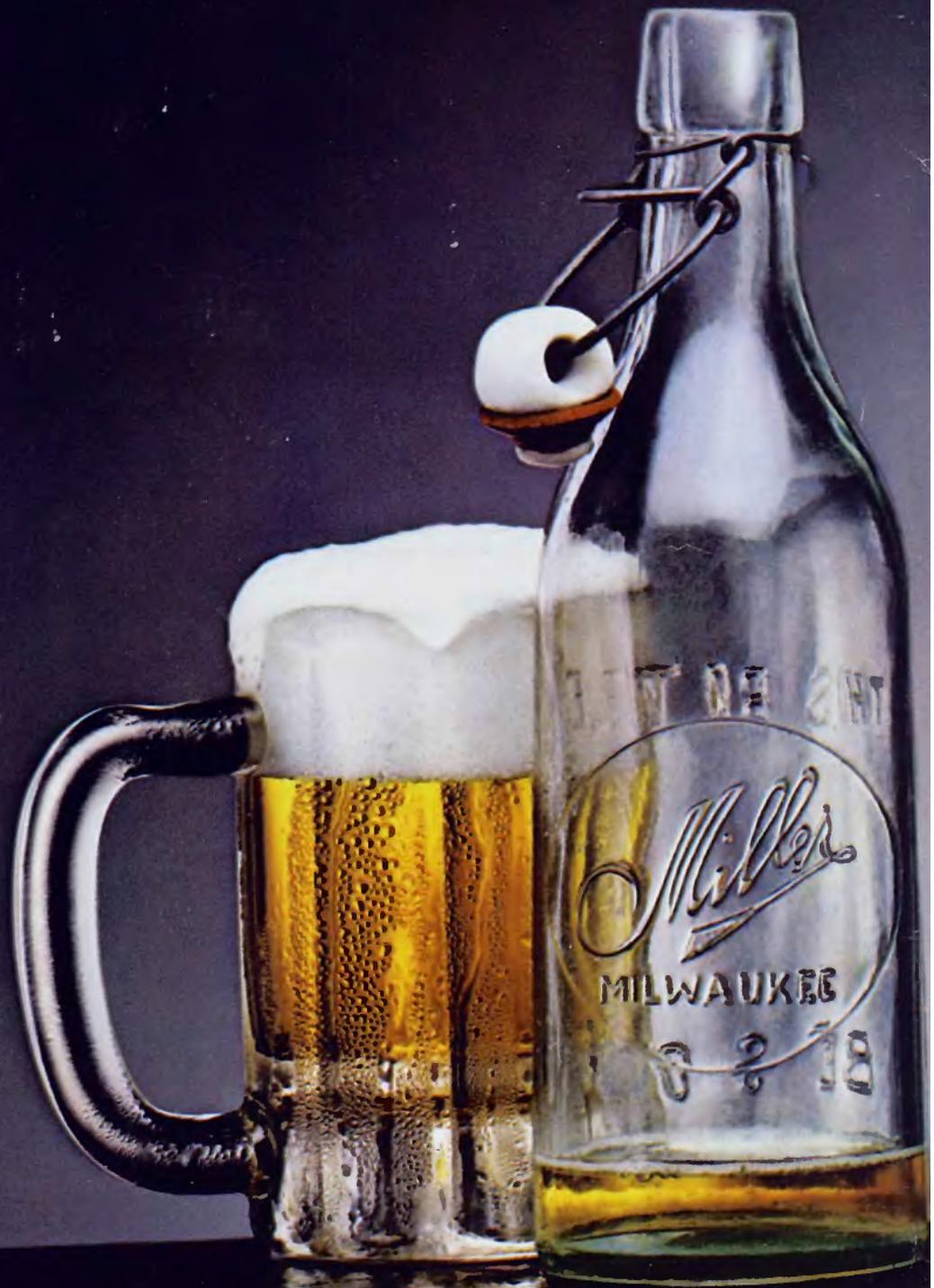
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# PLAYBILL

DO ANYTHING YOU WANT with us this month, just don't get near an open flame. July's PLAYBOY—the most explosive magazine to hit the stands in more than 30 days—is a sparkler.

The rockets' red glare you see overhead heralds the arrival of **Chuck Yeager**, breaking the PLAYBOY barrier with *American Hero*, a memoir of the dawn of the space age. An excerpt from Bantam's *Yeager: The Autobiography of Chuck Yeager*, co-written by **Leo Janos**, *American Hero* is a look back at the career of one of the world's fastest, most daring pilots—the exemplar of what **Tom Wolfe** called The Right Stuff. Yeager says he's seen women and even a few golden trout who clearly had it, but he's still not sure what The Right Stuff is. Whatever it may be, it's all over *American Hero*, which boasts the right illustration by **Herb Davidson**.

The spike is the stuff of great volleyball, and one dude with the right spike is **Indiana Hov**, the Jupiter of beach deities. In *Volleyball Gods*, **Mike Sager** paints Hov as the bronze star of a sport that's just hitting the big time. But Hov wants the big time's big money now. He'll go on strike before he spikes for peanuts. He's getting *maaaaad*. Will Hov follow V-ball's earlier gods into an endless summer of obscurity? In his own words, "No waaaaaay!"

Is **Rob Reiner** a meathead? No waaaaay! In this month's *Playboy Interview*, the director of *This Is Spinal Tap* and *The Sure Thing* discusses everything from life as a showbiz kid to penis size to the integrity of the *National Enquirer* with interviewer **David Rosenthal**. Rob and his famous dad, **Carl**—who also took time to chat with us this month—have already drawn more laughs than those two famous Martins, Steve and Billy.

**Jamie Lee Curtis** can claim two noteworthy parents, **Tony Curtis** and **Janet Leigh**. Her mom starred in the first slasher film and Jamie Lee's career began that way, too; but since *Halloween*, she's turned screams into sighs with such gore-free delights as *Love Letters*, *Trading Places* and *Perfect*, in which she plays the title role. After you've stared at her picture for a while, read Jamie Lee's perfect 20 answers to **David Rensin's 20 Questions**.

Is head just a head game? In an oral examination called *Who's in Charge Here?*, **Susan Squire** studies the dynamics of oral sex. Some look down on it, but some say oral sex is just like any other kind of sex, only tastier. Squire's overview may turn your ideas on the subject upside down and inside out.

Look into fantasyland for our July fiction. **Howard Waldrop's Heirs of the Perisphere** is a futuristic fantasia in which a familiar-looking mouse and friends set out to find America in the 35th Century. **Donald E. Westlake's Breathe Deep**, winningly illustrated by **David Wilcox**, spotlights a Las Vegas loser out for revenge. We won't give away the ending, but in this Vegas, the odds do not favor the house.

The odds have always favored James Bond, but 007 never faced **Grace Jones**, until she was cast in his new film adventure, *A View to a Kill*. We call this month's star pictorial *Amazing Grace*, and you'll know why when you see **Helmut Newton's** photos of the amazing Miss Jones and her boyfriend, **Rocky IV's Dolph Lundgren**.

You say you don't go to the movies? You'll wait *months* to see Grace in the new Bond movie? You must be a videot. Join the crowd. Printed-word apostate **Paul Slansky** offers an insider's tale of the tape in *The VCR Ate My Brain*, which comes without an FBI WARNING but with a fine freeze frame by illustrator **Michael O'Brien**.

Videoholics and other couch potatoes will appreciate **Mark O'Donnell's Swimming Taught Scientifically**—now they can study swimming by mail. See what science can do? Forget about licking the backstroke. Lick a stamp and you can learn to swim without ever getting chlorine in your eyes.

Get *Sheer Madness* in your eyes right away, though. **Arny Freytag's** loving look at legwear leaves little to the imagination and nothing to be desired. After that, turn to leggy Playmate **Hope Marie Carlton** and let your imagination run wild.

You're going to enjoy this month's sparkling PLAYBOY. Just remember what we said about open flames.



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vol. 32, no. 7—july, 1985

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## COVER STORY

Why do cover girls wear red-white-and-blue suspenders? To keep your hopes up. We can't give away everything on the cover, after all. Otherwise, you would never turn to this page and learn that our Fourth-of-July cover photo—produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda—features Miss October 1983, the star-spangled Tracy Vaccaro. Oh, say, have you ever seen anything better?

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### THE ICEMAN COMETH

I want to congratulate Scott Cohen and PLAYBOY on April's Wayne Gretzky *Interview*. You pick up the sports page today and read about recruiting violations on college campuses, athletes arrested for abusing drugs—and these are the people our children look up to? Gretzky is a breath of fresh air in the polluted world of professional sports. He plays for the love of his game, not for the money. People condone the fighting in hockey, but Wayne has brought the game into a new world of pure skating and stamina. Since he joined the N.H.L., Wayne has dominated his sport. I don't think any other player in sports can say that. If I had a kid growing up, I would use Wayne as an example demonstrating that dedication and hard work do pay off.

Evan Meyer  
Brecksville, Ohio

You never have to tell hockey wizard Wayne Gretzky to "shut the puck up!" He's as smooth as the ice that made him famous, he's honest, he's bright. While you're counting votes for the Great One as world's best athlete, here's mine—add one for the Gretzky *Interview* as PLAYBOY's best.

Pat Edmondson  
Burbank, California

### SIGNAL FILE

My compliments to Daniel Mark Epstein for his extremely perceptive essay *Signals* (PLAYBOY, April). It captures what I have thought for years about the sexual moods of women. May I suggest that gentlemen pay particular attention to that "luxurious drowsiness toward midnight"?

Steven Smith  
Los Angeles, California

If I didn't want to make love, for whatever reason, Epstein would be the man to change my mind. His words convey the ridiculousness of women's moods; Epstein understands us better than we sometimes

understand ourselves, which is extremely rare in a man. Thank you for a great essay on the ambiguities of us women. And thanks for an over-30 Playmate in the same issue—I was beginning to think we had outlived our usefulness.

Karen J. Curia  
Harrison, New York

### QUALITY BY QUINCY

What a surprise to be honored by the PLAYBOY readers with such a beautiful award! Thank you for your kind wishes and for making my day a special one.

Quincy Jones  
Los Angeles, California

*The always-gracious Mr. Jones won 1985's Playboy Music Poll as Best Jazz Composer/Songwriter, for the third time in a row.*

### EASY TO BE HARD

Reading Cynthia Heimel's acerbic "A Good Man Is Harder to Find" (*Women*, PLAYBOY, April), I had to feel sorry for her. Her hostility toward successful men—along with her clichéd generalizations about them—makes her seem about as appealing as a wet rag. She wonders why today's man seems arrogant. Possibly it's because he has become fed up with the sexist double standards of today's liberated woman—fed up with her insatiable desire to have her cake and eat it, too.

Brian Bentley  
Los Angeles, California

Just where does Heimel get the idea that "it's easy to get dates" if you are a man? My single male friends and I have not found this to be true, and we are not the "arrogant fools" Heimel so enjoys describing. We are hard-working, understanding, generous and average-to-good-looking, but we don't see women "flashing some cleavage and offering tuna casserole" to us! I am sure that for every woman who spends "lonely Saturday nights with only a vibrator for company" there are at least

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two men who spend the weekend courting their own right hands. There *are* "good men" out here, ladies, but you've got to give all men a fair chance or you'll never find out who we are.

Gregory M. Sayre  
South Bend, Indiana

I don't know what Cynthia Heimel looks like, but I know she's a beautiful person. The impression I get from her *Women* column is that of an intelligent, sensitive woman. It is interesting that although she has written about numerous aspects of man-woman relationships, I have not yet disagreed with her, even on minor points. I am a man, yet I could almost write the same things about women that she writes about men. I could tell about many of the same frustrations, disappointments and joys. Could it be that Heimel really *understands* our complex social games? It is thrilling to know that there is such a woman as she. Keep at it, Cynthia. We need your wit and your insight.

I. Kertesz  
Chandler, Arizona

#### MEN TO MEN

I found Asa Baber's April *Men* column, "Sexist Witch-Hunt," a timely, interesting piece. Baber continually amazes me with sharp, well-written essays on the state of men's affairs with women, society, ego and almost everything else. His poignancy is matched only by his cleverness, his wit only by his style. Baber continues to be my favorite PLAYBOY contributor. When my long-awaited magazine finally shows up, his column is the first thing I read.

Jim Neumerski  
Converse, Texas

As usual, Baber is right on target in April's *Men* column, "Sexist Witch-Hunt." I've read his column for several months now and am impressed by the courage with which he relates truths about male-female relationships. The same "feminists" who rail against the Miss America Pageant as a meat market giggle with glee at male strip shows. The same women who demanded and got a *Playgirl* magazine still want to close the doors on PLAYBOY. Women who bemoan the double standard of our male-oriented language think nothing of referring to a man as a nerd, bastard, hunk, wimp or jock—terms for which there are no female equivalents. One of Cynthia Heimel's favorite expressions, I believe, is "pond scum." But woe to the man who calls his female co-worker "honey"—he will soon find a sexual-harassment suit dangling over his thoughtless head.

R. K. Cardwell  
Jefferson City, Missouri

#### SPOT CHECK

Wonderful cover on your April issue. Donna and Natalie Smith have the most

beautiful eyes. But we are curious about the freckle combination in Donna's cleavage. Is that a Rabbit we detect?

The Boys at the Pru  
Prudential Insurance  
Newark, New Jersey

I found the logo on the April cover! I noticed Donna Smith's chest. She has a few freckles, and one is in the shape of your Rabbit Head. Keep up the good work.

David A. Piatek  
Buffalo, New York

#### SIS BOOM BA

I want to compliment you on the fine Ken Marcus pictorial *Playmate Sisters*. I have been in love with Cathy St. George since I saw her in your centerfold. Recently, I had the chance to watch Cathy in living, moving color in your *Playmate Review 2* video. And now here she is again—with her beautiful sister Toni. Great! April's PLAYBOY is a perfect issue.

Dave Willis  
Falls City, Nebraska

You have proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that lightning can strike twice in the same family. First I fall in love with Miss March 1983, Alana Soares, and then you give me her sister Leilani in *Playmate Sisters*. Alana and Leilani are definitely the most gorgeous sisters I've laid eyes on.

Philip Frey  
Rochester, New York

Although Donna Smith is certainly one of the loveliest women to appear in your pages in quite some time, I must admit I was captivated by her older sister Natalie. Thank heaven for little girls, but thank PLAYBOY for older sisters.

James R. Hudman  
Lubbock, Texas

#### RED SKY AT NIGHT

Being a New England boater, I have ample time in our long off season to devour nearly every boating publication on the market. Imagine my delight, while scanning the April PLAYBOY, at finding *What I Learned at Sea*, by Reg Potterton. My congrats to Potterton for one of the most entertaining stories on the nautical experience I've had the pleasure of reading. By the way, if that PLAYBOY Travel Editor position Reg gave up is still open. . . .

Pete Drost  
Meriden, Connecticut

#### THE PRIME OF MISS APRIL

In addition to the more obvious reasons, I was pleased to see Cindy Brooks as Miss April because she is evidence that women do *not* lose their beauty when they hit 30. Should Miss Brooks appear in a retrospective pictorial ten or 20 years from now, I'm

sure I'll feel nostalgic about her. But from checking the pictures on her Data Sheet and seeing the way her looks have improved between the ages of 26 and 33, I think I'll be having some other healthy feelings about her, too.

Robert E. Griffith  
Lexington, Kentucky

Thank you for presenting a Playmate who was born earlier than 1965. In Cindy Brooks, you have finally found a girl whose favorite film isn't *Fast Times at Ridgmont High*.

R. Coleman  
Las Vegas, Nevada

Being a fan of American history, I am refreshed to see that Cindy Brooks recognizes the important political—as well as historical—aspects of the Civil War. I'm sure that if George Pickett had had the classy Miss Brooks on his side on that fateful July third, the outcome at Cemetery Ridge would have been different.

Thomas J. Korkuch  
Chatham, New Jersey

We men at Gettysburg College are elated to discover that your April Playmate, Cindy Brooks, is a native Gettysburgian. Your Gettysburg centerfold has caused more excitement around here than anything else since the Civil War. After seeing Miss Brooks, we realize that beauty can arise in Gettysburg after all. Thanks for a rare treat.

The Hairy-Chested Fiji Men of  
Phi Gamma Delta  
Gettysburg College  
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

*One score and 13 years ago, her parents brought forth on this continent our Miss Brooks, conceived in liberty and dedicated to*



*the proposition that beauty lasts more than a score and a half.*



YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON  
**A 1986 PORSCHE 911**  
OR ONE OF OVER 1,000 OTHER GREAT PRIZES.



**Here's how to find out if you are an Instant Winner:** Take this entire game card to your participating Löwenbräu retailer and compare the number on the Porsche (above) with the Instant Winning numbers appearing on the Löwenbräu Porsche Sweepstakes in-store displays. If the number shown on this game card matches one of the Instant Winning numbers on the Löwenbräu Porsche Sweepstakes display, you are an Instant Winner of the prize specified. No purchase necessary. See Rules on Back.

**GRAND PRIZE:**

A 1986 custom-equipped Porsche 911 and a trip for two to the 1986 Löwenbräu Grand Prix of Miami, plus \$1,000 in spending money.



Beer Brewed in U.S.A. by Miller Brewing Co., Milw., WI

**5 SECOND PRIZES:**

A six day, five night trip for two to the 1986 Löwenbräu Grand Prix of Miami, plus \$1,000 in spending money.

**1,000 THIRD PRIZES:**

A set of eight Löwenbräu etched glass beer mugs.

## LÖWENBRÄU PORSCHE SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. **HERE'S HOW TO FIND OUT IF YOU ARE AN INSTANT WINNER:** Compare the number on the Porsche 911 appearing in this advertisement with the instant winning numbers shown on the Löwenbräu Porsche Sweepstakes displays at your participating Löwenbräu outlets. If the number shown on your Porsche 911 exactly matches one of the three Instant Winning numbers shown on the Löwenbräu Porsche Sweepstakes display, you have won the prize specified for that Instant Winning number. If you cannot locate a Löwenbräu Porsche Sweepstakes display, contact your local Miller Brewing Company distributor for location nearest you (or see Rule 4).

2. **HOW TO CLAIM:** If you are an instant winner, mail this entire game card containing your MATCHING Porsche sports car symbol VIA REGISTERED MAIL ONLY to: Löwenbräu Porsche Instant Winner, P.O. Box 4335, Blair, NE 68009. All instant winner claims must be mailed separately and must be received by July 26, 1985. Be sure to hand-print your name and address on this game card.

3. **CLAIMS:** All instant winner prize claims are subject to verification prior to awarding of any prize. All materials submitted for instant winner verification become the sole property of Miller Brewing Co. and will not be returned. Any game card received that is tampered with, illegible, mechanically reproduced, which contains printing or other errors, was obtained where prohibited by law, or was not obtained legitimately is automatically VOID. Liability for any irregular game card will be limited to replacement with another game card. We cannot be responsible for lost, late or misdirected claims mail. Any attempt to forge game materials or defraud in any way will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. The approximate instant winner odds of winning the grand prize are 1 in 13,000,000; second prize 1 in 2,600,000; third prize 1 in 13,000.

4. **SECOND CHANCE SWEEPSTAKES:** Unclaimed prizes will be awarded in a Second Chance random drawing (it is likely that not all prizes will be claimed). To enter this Second Chance Sweepstakes, send your hand-printed name, address and telephone number on an official entry form in a hand-addressed envelope no larger than 4 1/8" x 9 1/2" (#10 envelope) to: Löwenbräu Porsche Second Chance Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4346, Blair, NE 68009. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be on an official entry form. Limit one entry per envelope. Entries must be received by July 26, 1985. Second Chance Sweepstakes prizes will be awarded in a random drawing from among all Second Chance entries received by the D.L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. The odds of winning a prize in the Second Chance drawing depend upon the number of Second Chance entries received and the number of unclaimed prizes. If you wish an additional official Porsche sports car symbol with rules, entry details and reprint of the list of winning numbers, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Löwenbräu Porsche Request, P.O. Box 4343, Blair, NE 68009. Limit one request per envelope. Requests must be received by July 5, 1985. Residents of the State of Washington

only need not affix postage to their self-addressed envelopes. All prizes will be awarded. We cannot be responsible for lost, late or misdirected mail.

5. **ELIGIBILITY:** This sweepstakes is open to all residents of the U.S. who are of legal drinking age in their state at the time of entry. The Miller Brewing Co., Philip Morris, Inc., their distributors, affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, retail alcoholic beverage licensees and employees and families of each ARE NOT ELIGIBLE. This sweepstakes is void in the states of MO, OH, TX, KS and wherever prohibited by law. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of prizewinners. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Grand Prize and Second Prize travelers must be of legal drinking age in their state of residence and the state of Florida and must agree to depart from their home and return to their home on dates specified by the Miller Brewing Co. No substitution of prizes permitted. Prizewinners will be obligated to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, an alternate winner will be selected. Any prizes returned to the sponsor or to D.L. Blair as undeliverable will be awarded to alternate winners. Limit one prize per family.

6. **WINNERS LIST:** For a list of major prize winners send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Löwenbräu Porsche Winners List, P.O. Box 4339, Blair, NE 68009.

**IF YOU'RE AN INSTANT WINNER,** mail your entire game card to the address listed in Rule 2 above.

**TO ENTER THE SECOND CHANCE SWEEPSTAKES,** mail this entire entry form to the address in Rule 4 above.

**TO OBTAIN A REPRINT OF THE LIST OF WINNING NUMBERS,** send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Löwenbräu Porsche Request, P.O. Box 4343, Blair, NE 68009.

### OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM PLEASE HAND PRINT

Name \_\_\_\_\_

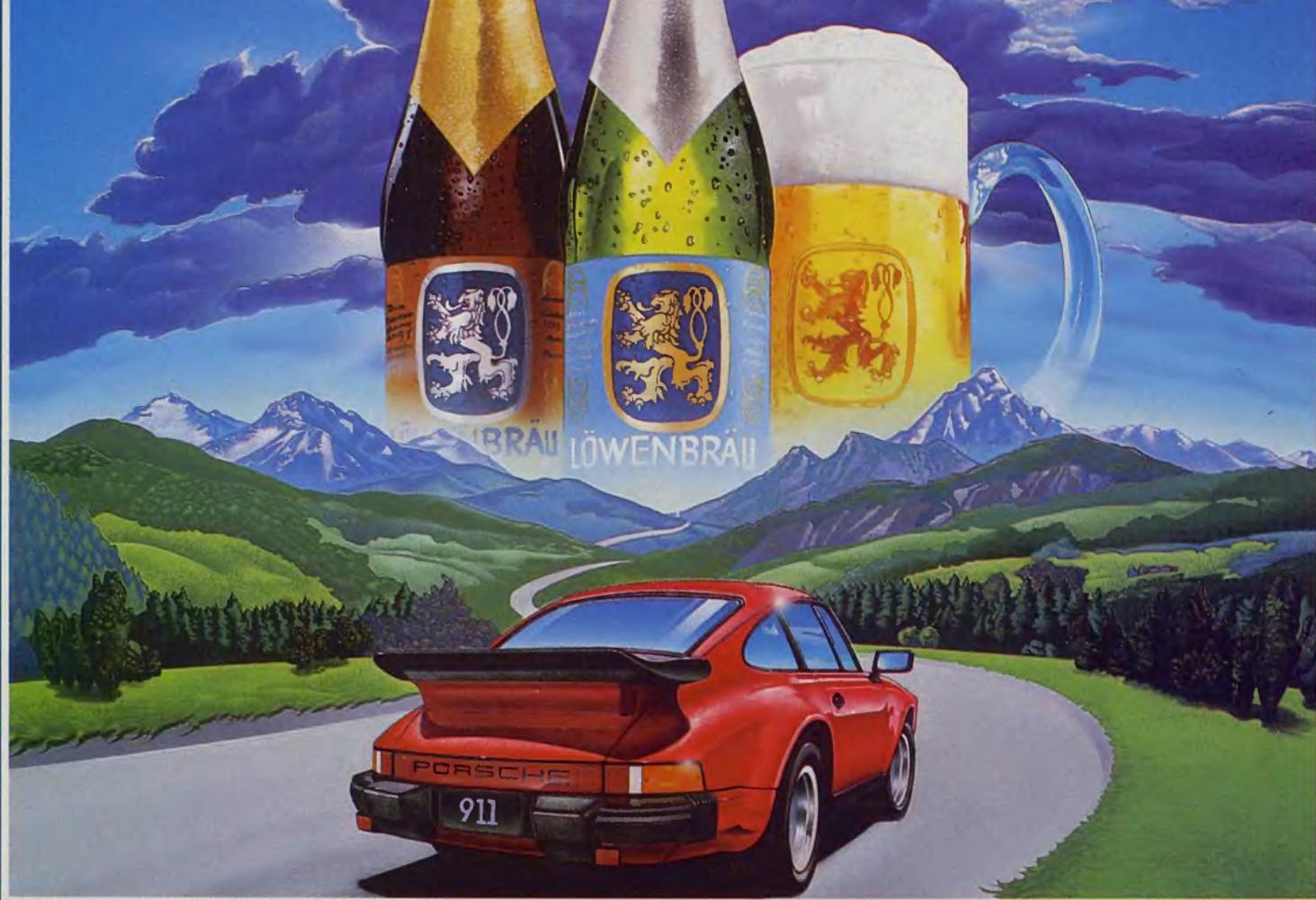
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone Number \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

I state that I am of legal drinking age in my state of residence and hold no interest in an alcoholic beverage license.

# WIN THE LÖWENBRÄU PORSCHÉ SWEEPSTAKES



## AND DRIVE HOME A 1986 PORSCHÉ 911

You may have already won a 1986 Porsche 911  
or one of over 1,000 other great prizes:

To find out if you are an Instant Winner, take the attached game card to a participating retailer and compare the number on your card with the winning numbers appearing on the special Löwenbräu Porsche Sweepstakes displays. Even if you are not an Instant Winner, be sure to fill out the Official Entry Form from Löwenbräu displays to be eligible to win unclaimed prizes in the Second Chance Sweepstakes.

### GRAND PRIZE:

A 1986 custom-equipped Porsche 911 and a trip for two to the 1986 Löwenbräu Grand Prix of Miami, plus \$1,000 in spending money.

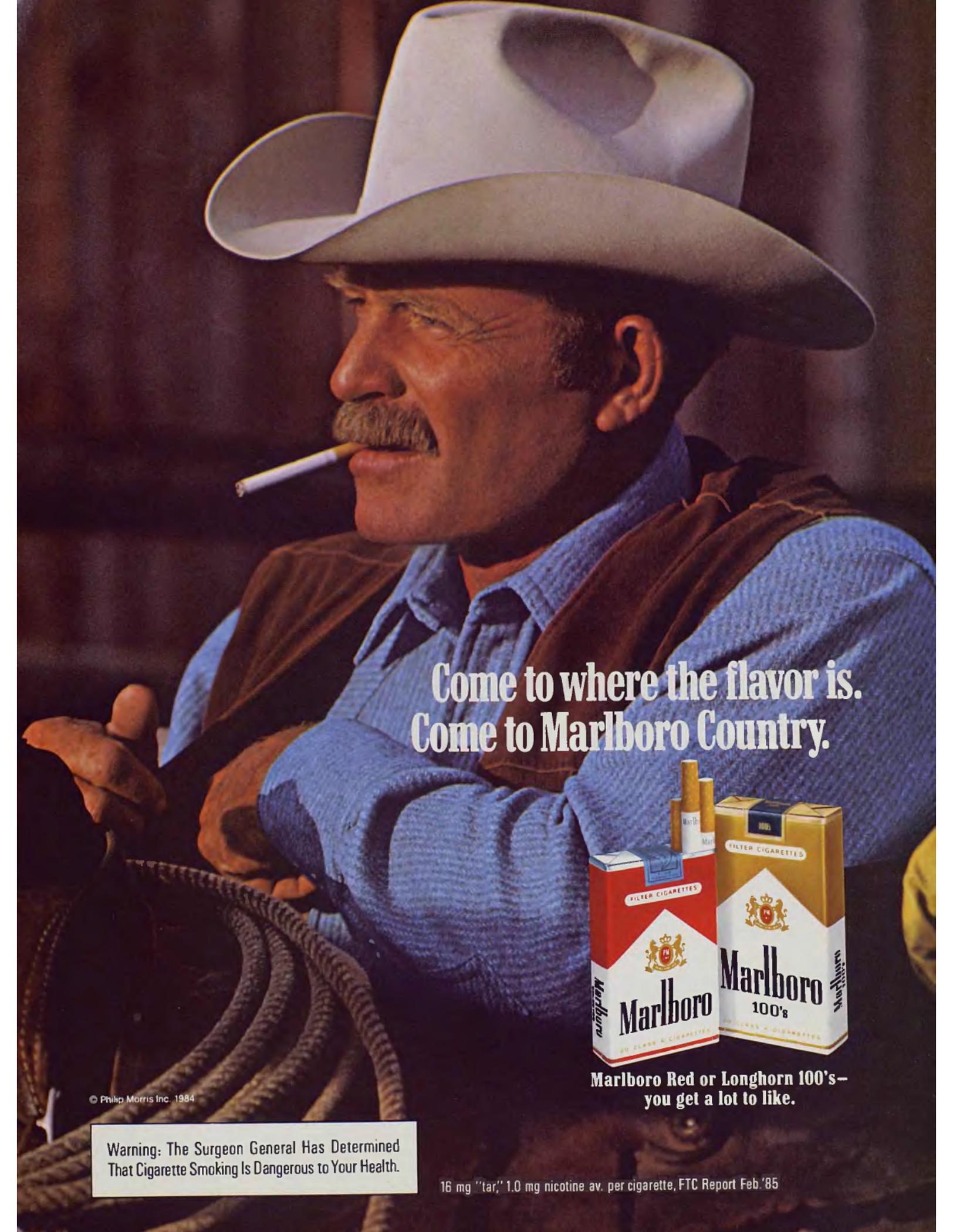
### 5 SECOND PRIZES:

A six day, five night trip for two to the 1986 Löwenbräu Grand Prix of Miami, plus \$1,000 in spending money.

### 1,000 THIRD PRIZES:

A set of eight Löwenbräu etched glass beer mugs.





Come to where the flavor is.  
Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—  
you get a lot to like.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

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

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## TIMING IS ANYTHING

According to the Chester County, Pennsylvania, *Daily Local News*, "Perhaps the cruelest tragedy in the death yesterday of James E. Dever is that had it happened a few minutes later, he might still be alive."

We understand the point but not the context. San Francisco mayor Dianne Feinstein, rebuking members of her stadium task force for saying that they preferred Rincon Hill as the site of a new baseball park, pointed out that "every site proposed to date has had some problems with it." She angrily added that these "premature ejaculations by committee members are frankly not at all helpful."

Oklahoma football coach Barry Switzer is not very popular in Utah. His critical remarks about the Brigham Young football team's number-one ranking have raised hackles all over the state. So it shouldn't come as any surprise that the mayors and commissioners of Salt Lake County passed a resolution suggesting that a Midvale, Utah, sewage lagoon be named the Barry Switzer Bowl.

New hope for the aged: We bet Houston's *Suburbia-Reporter* got a rise out of its readers with this headline: "HOSPITAL OFFERS CLASSES FOR SPANKING NEW GRANDPARENTS."

## IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE

Some days, it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. Jay Shaheri, a waiter at Manhattan's Jockey Club, sensed trouble when a drunken customer threatened to punch out his lights after work. So Shaheri, a cautious man, took a bodyguard to walk him to the subway station. Along the way, an elderly woman jumped from a 19th-floor window and landed on Shaheri, who was rushed to the hospital with back injuries.

That's the down side. The up side is that the late leaper turned out to be a wealthy socialite, and Shaheri is suing her estate for \$20,000,000. He claims she jumped "without regard for human safety."

## LET THEM EAT TOFU

Last month, we reported that the Soviet Union was sending aerobic-dance instructors to Ethiopia. For those of us who were thankful that the United States did not engage in such farcical foreign aid, rest assured that we are getting our own house in order: New York City's Human Resources Administration, in conjunction with the sponsors of the New York Marathon, is sending track coaches to city shelters in order to provide the homeless with a running and fitness program. "This shows them that the city is taking an interest in them," said one municipal worker.

Before his death at the age of 72, Edwin McKenzie, an English tramp known as



Diogenes, was befriended by painter Robert Lankiewicz. "Diogenes and I decided that his body should be preserved," says Lankiewicz, explaining why he embalmed it, sealed it in resin and now wants to display it in his home. Plymouth district-health officials took exception to the idea, and Lankiewicz has been forced to hide the body until the legal questions have been sorted out. "Then I will bring him home to remain with me for the rest of my life—something like a large paperweight in the library."

## LEMUR TO BEAVER

If you were a research physiologist at the Toledo Zoo, how would you encourage your ruffed lemurs to mate? Right—you'd build them a water bed. "People can joke all they want," says zoo physiologist John Andy Phillips, "but my job is to get animals to breed." And his experiments have shown that the monkeylike animals from Madagascar are fonder of a nesting box that's equipped, well, sort of like a motel room. So he built them a water bed—2' x 4', aluminum-coated to protect it from the excesses of lemur passion. But did he think to include a heater? Magic Fingers? Lingerie? Cable TV? A wheezy ice machine down the hall?

North Dakota's *Beulah Beacon* published a four-inch classified ad that read, "Bachelor with 40 acres of good land would like to meet lady with good tractor. Matrimony in mind. Please send picture of tractor."

"REAGAN GOES FOR JUGGLER IN MIDWEST," claimed the headline in the Charleston, West Virginia, *Gazette*. Hey, once a trouper, always a trouper.

## FISHY NATURE NOTE

Reef fish, according to *The New York Times*, often change from female to male,

# A HYPOCHONDRIAC'S GIFT GUIDE

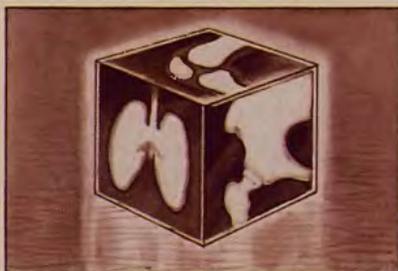
*what to buy for the man who thinks he has everything*



His kind of bumper sticker



A six-pack of Maalox



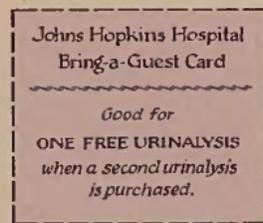
An X-ray photo cube



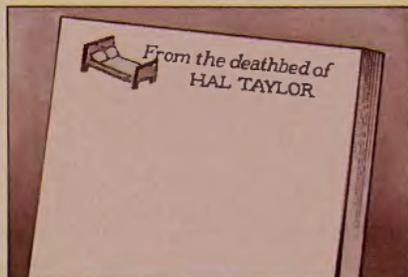
Hypochondriac playing cards



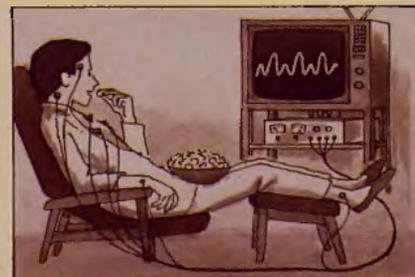
An exciting gift certificate



Valuable discount coupons



Personalized memo pads



A video vital-signs recorder

—SCOTT FIVELSON

usually because the school's only male has disappeared or died. The job usually goes to the largest female, which begins acting like a male within a few hours—and produces sperm within ten days. Other species repeatedly switch from female to male and back again, sometimes in a single mating. On the ocean floor, where singles bars are scarce, experts say reproduction is sometimes possible *only* if one of the partners makes the big switch.

How do they do it? No one knows for sure. But geneticists say it's much easier for a fish or a reptile to change its sexual stripes than for a bird or a mammal to do so. A school of trout, for example, can be made entirely male simply by adding a certain hormone to the water. We'll stick to beer.

Posing as a high-priced prostitute, a 22-year-old woman robbed several men at Atlantic City hotels by slipping them knockout drugs.

The osculatory outlaw's M.O. was to lure male gamblers into hotel rooms, where, while kissing them, she would pass a drug from her mouth to theirs. Police still can't figure how the "Kissing Bandit," as she was dubbed, avoided being knocked out, too.

Before her bussing was busted, her two-year mickey-mouth club netted more than 50 grand in loot.

All that and still no tongue.

*Write If You Get Work Department:* A man who said he desperately wanted a job as a drummer for David Bowie was arrested for mailing a fake bomb to Bowie's record company. Enclosed was a note that read, "Sorry to intrude in so obnoxious a fashion, but . . . I wanted to ensure that this got to your attention." George Simpson, who included his real address, pleaded innocent to a single felony count of mailing a facsimile bomb. We think this guy has a future in PR.

No wonder good help is hard to find. For the third straight year, the Mississippi legislature is considering the removal of a law that makes it legal to kill servants. "The killing of any human being by the act, procurement or omission of another shall be excusable," reads the law, "when committed by accident and misfortune in lawfully correcting . . . a servant."

The bill to toss out the antebellum law was introduced by Representative Credell Calhoun, one of 20 blacks in the legislature. In 1983 and 1984, the bill failed to get out of committee; this year, it finally cleared that hurdle and is presumably on its way to a general vote.

We applaud the copy writer responsible for a Herman Survivors waterproof-boot ad that proudly boasts, "NINE YEARS WITHOUT TAKING A LEAK." We do suggest, however, that he get up from the typewriter once in a while and let himself go.



# HOLD EVERYTHING!

JVC presents the video camera with a VHS tape deck built right in.

It's the biggest advance in movie-making since the talkies.

JVC® presents the VideoMovie—the first video camera for home use that has its own VHS video deck in one self-contained unit.

JVC's VideoMovie weighs only a fraction of conventional home video camera systems. There's no bulky "straphanger" deck to lug around. And it's so

compact it fits easily under an airline seat, in a suitcase or even a knapsack.

the back of the VideoMovie camera. With the adapter, it can be played on any VHS-format VCR. Unlike other camcorder formats, VideoMovie can plug right into your TV set for playback without any other equipment. We even give you the cable to do it. And we're sure you'll find the picture quality absolutely superb.

VideoMovie has instant replay through the eyepiece, a fast (f1.2) lens for shooting in low light, a 6X power zoom, macro capability, freeze frame, and on and on.

Check out the VideoMovie at your nearest JVC dealer. We've put movie-making right in your hands.



compact it fits easily under an airline seat, in a suitcase or even a knapsack.

To make it all possible, JVC had to invent a whole new kind of VHS—a special cassette that snaps into

**THE GOAL IS PERFECTION.**

**VideoMovie**  
All together now! VHS®

**THE PRIMAL DISK DRIVE**



The home-computer market may be cooling off, but some hockers certainly aren't. Our friends of *Lui mogozine* in France tell us that vintage porn as shown at left is being put on disk. Also, there are striptease and strip-poker programs that will let you lose either your shirt or hers. In America, some of this is showing up at sex shops and is advertised in the classified section of computer mogazines. Siveo, a Paris shop, sells by mail order only. We've heard that hard- and soft-core software is being written by a porn ring that calls itself the Cleon Crock Bond. This is to let the members of the band know that we are both Apple- and IBM-compatible. And that we appreciate the sense of humor they have about their name.

**B A C K T A L K**



**THE FAST LIFE OF DANNY SULLIVAN**

COMPARE RACING TO SEX.

Climactic. Sometimes you treat the car as you would a woman. Push it to the limit. But there's gentleness, too. You have to make it last if you're going to make it to the end.

HOW IS A LAP AT MONACO DIFFERENT FROM A LAP AT INDY?

Monaco is very twisty. It requires 38 gear changes a lap—and a lap takes about 80 seconds. There's no margin for error. At Indy, you're doing 220 mph down the straightaways. Entering turn one is like turning into a closet. You can't see the exit. You let the car run free. You're inches away from the wall, sometimes actually brushing it. Yet you have time to relax down the straightaways. A lap takes only 40 seconds.

CAN YOU RELAX AT 220 MPH?

Yes. Except when you're not going in the direction you want to be going in. Then that's really, really quick.

**COLLECTING THE IMPROBABLE**

Most artists can't wait to sell their work. Not Frank Frazetta, who is the ranking fantasist of our age. *Cat Girl* (shown in the poster directly at right) is an example. George Lucas bid on it. Sylvester Stallone tried to buy it for his wall. But no go. This canvas, along with more than 90 percent of the artist's other works, will remain in his own collection, and now they will be housed in The Frazetta Art Museum in East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Frank and his wife, Ellie, had always made a point of keeping as many of his paintings as possible. And over the past years, they have been seeking out and buying others back. They also recognized that Frazetta—the man who, after all, made Conan the Barbarian a household image—was himself such a cult artist that the faithful needed a place to flock to view his achingly voluptuous women, his hulking heroes,



his wondrous weirdos. The chore, an inspired bit of self-marketing, fell upon the artist and his wife. The museum covers a full block and contains shops that sell Frazetta posters (there are more than 100 in print), books (*Frank Frazetta: Book Five* is just out from Ballantine), T-shirts, and so forth. East Stroudsburg is less than two hours from New York or Philadelphia, which is a short way to go for art that's out of this world.



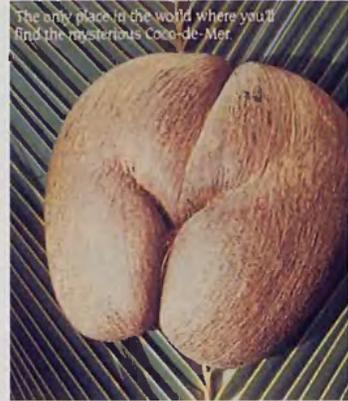
NEWS FOR NOSE

Psychem is the smell of cocaine—no effect, no psychotropic action, just the smell—overpowering and real and entirely legal. A pharmaceutical chemist cooked it up, presumably, for times when you need something like coke—double-blind experiments, placebos, detox programs. Or, it occurs to us, getting your asshole brother-in-law busted at an especially nasty border crossing. Or fucking with some expensively trained narc dog's head.



F U N F L O R A

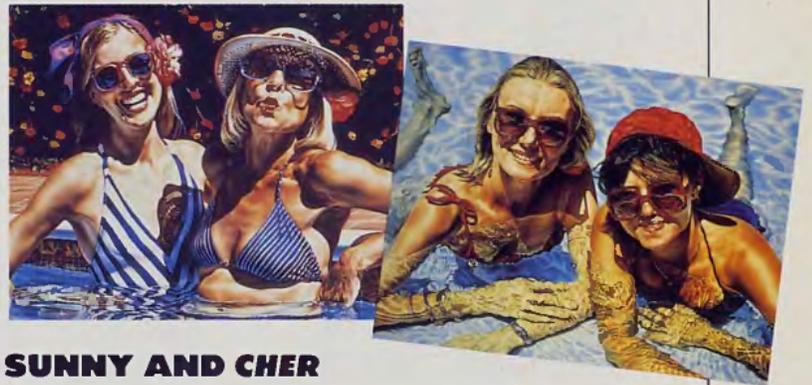
The Seychelles are those islands you'll notice if you turn right at Kenya. An Air Seychelles ad describes many reasons to visit—one being "the mysterious Cocco-de-Mer," or double coconut. We looked at the photo, and it didn't really seem that mysterious to us. Cute, though.



F A C T O I D S

WHITHER CHRONOBIOLOGY?

The conversation in our office started this way: Since scientists have hypothesized that our bodies have internal clocks that regulate what we do—the study is called chronobiology—when are they going to release the really important findings? Things like the best time to make love? We hurriedly dispatched our researchers; there's good news and there's bad news. First, sexual desire in both males and females peaks during the fall months (so much for the notion that sap rises in the spring). The bad news is that men and women prefer sexual activity at different times of the day: he in the morning, she at night—usually after an expensive meal. So much for science.



SUNNY AND CHER

D. J. Hall paints poolside portraits of women with sunny dispositions. Her commissions include Hollywood wives. She makes them larger and brighter than life—on large canvases that go for more than \$15,000.

H E L P F I L E

MIAMI ADVICE



While Crockett and Tubbs have been keeping South Florida safe for rock video and Giorgio Armani, Dade County Feds have uncovered what seems to be a business guide for Latin-American drug traffickers. The 12-page Spanish how-to booklet, first made public by a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, is packed with useful information and advice for the dilettante smuggler. Among the straight dope:

- **Housing.** Find a house in a quiet residential neighborhood. Swimming pool is optional. Two-car garage a must.
- **Security.** Buy a large, well-

trained dog. Great Danes are the recommended breed.

- **Beepers.** The use of coded beeper signals is a major help. Emergency codes will tell you the following: (1) Suspend what you are doing and take cover on your own. (2) Help. I am in custody. Will next indicate where I am being held. (3) Suspend what you are doing and call for urgent message. Always carry your beeper.
- **Entertainment.** Never have extravagant social events at your home. An occasional barbecue, with only family and trusted friends in attendance, is fine.
- **Employee relations.** Keep your employees happy. Do

not overload them with work, but do not let them sit idle. It is very dangerous to have somebody doing nothing.

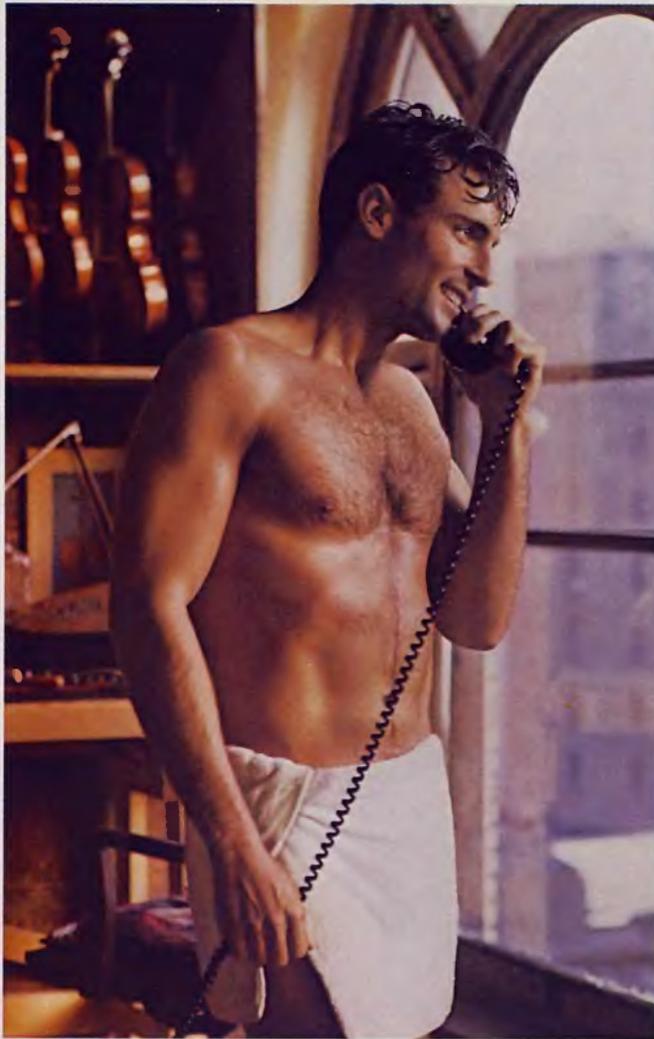
- **Emergencies.** In the event that a quick escape is necessary, always keep the house stocked with the following: airline tickets, traveling money, an escape vehicle, bulletproof vests, tear gas.

- Try to imitate an American in all his habits. Mow the lawn. Wash the car.

And one final caveat, the sort that any corporation worth its bottom line is built around:

- *Never* use the company car for personal business.

Any new neighbors on your block lately?



Hello?

*What are you doing?*

Taking a shower.

*Right now?*

No, right now I'm standing in a puddle of water.

*You didn't say goodbye.*

I didn't want to wake you.

*Who could sleep when there's a hunk with no clothes on wandering around at five in the morning, knocking over furniture?*

I had to come back and dig out my sincere suit. Big meeting this morning. I get to say things like "bottom line" and "net net" with a straight face. What are you doing?

*Lying here, thinking about you. You know, I can smell your Paco Rabanne. It's like you were still here.*

I wish I were.

*I couldn't go back to sleep, remembering everything. I wanted to hear your voice. It has the most interesting effect on me . . .*

Maybe I should run over and read you a bedtime story or something.

*Or something.*



Paco Rabanne  
For men

What is remembered is up to you

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

CHEVY CHASE, in the title role of *Fletch* (Universal), often seems to be up to some private mischief, perhaps a *Saturday Night Lively* spoof of the character he's supposed to be playing for real. Seeing him ain't necessarily believing him, yet his throwaway comic style may be the freshest element of director Michael Ritchie's implausible but entertaining movie based on Gregory McDonald's award-winning mystery novel. The action is smoothly paced and the trimly tailored adaptation by Andrew Bergman suits Chevy's impersonation of a smartass investigative reporter, an insolent, martini-dry jokester who drops one-liners and dons frequent disguises while introducing himself to various dupes as Igor Stravinsky, Ted Nugent or Harry S. Truman. He's in pursuit of a hot story about drugs, bigamy, a faked murder and high-level corruption, following seemingly unrelated clues from Southern California to Utah and back again. Tim Matheson, Dana Wheeler Nicholson, Joe Don Baker and Richard Libertini interrupt his itinerary one way or another, all helping *Fletch* tighten up any loose parts. **★★**

A comedy of errors about anonymous mash notes and mistaken identity, *Secret Admirer* (Orion) is an unabashed, updated spin-off of Rostand's classic *Cyrano de Bergerac*, reworked for today's teenagers. The recipient of the passionate missives is C. Thomas Howell, a lad who's infatuated with a prom queen (Kelly Preston) but pays little heed to an unassuming honor student (Lori Laughlin), plainly a girl destined to find her life changed by, among other things, contact lenses. David Greenwalt, a first-time director as well as co-author (with Jim Kouf) of *Admirer's* screenplay, has managed to crib from a classic without insulting the source; the result is a conventional but perky youth movie with flashes of wit, warmth and real romantic upswing—a good cut above the usual portrait of raucous teens who seem to spend all their energy either making out or mooning. **★★½**

It came with springtime, rather late for our deadline, but *Desperately Seeking Susan* (Orion) held too many beguiling surprises to ignore. Aptly described as "a sort of New Wave Holly Golightly," pop singer Madonna makes an impressive big-screen debut as Susan, a punkish, street-smart New York vixen whose curious life is further complicated by a young, bored and restless New Jersey housewife (Rosanna Arquette) who begins to think she's Susan after a blow on the head brings on amnesia. Aidan Quinn plays one of the



Chase (with Nicholson, above) brings fiction's popular gumshoe Fletch to screen.

Fletch goes to the movies as Chevy Chase; *Cyrano* gets a teen update.

men in their lives, while Robert Joy, Laurie Metcalf and Mark Blum round out the fast company indebted to director Susan Seidelman (whose first film was *Smithereens*, a low-budget festival favorite) and to several other upcoming women in film, among them author Leora Barish and coproducers Sarah Pillsbury and Midge Sanford. After a somewhat slow start, *Susan* is not only bright, romantic and inventive but a sly feminist statement full of unexpected humor. **★★½**

The saccharine title doesn't do it justice, but *A Test of Love* (Universal) is the compelling true story of a physically handicapped but intellectually gifted Australian girl saved by a courageous, devoted teacher from spending her entire life as a semivegetable in an institution. Angela Punch McGregor, as the teacher, and Tina Arhondis—herself a child with serious physical disabilities—as the plucky Annie McDonald, give *Test of Love* plenty of emotional wallop and human drama when they buck not only the entire medical establishment but Annie's own family by taking her case to court. Like every other movie of this genre, from *The Miracle Worker* to *Mask*, it is simultaneously an ordeal and an inspiration. **★★½**

An elevator controlled by a malevolent microchip or some such mysterious electronic mutation is the source of evil in *The*

*Lift* (Island Alive). Reportedly established as a cult favorite in Europe, this Dutch-made shocker by writer-director Dick Maas is far less silly than it sounds. The movie tops every giggle with several gasps as the lift's blood-red doors open and snap shut on unwary passengers who are suffocated, decapitated, strangled or merely dropped to their deaths. An elevator technician (Huub Stapel) and an enterprising girl reporter (Willeke van Ammelrooij) represent our side in Maas's man-*vs.*-machine horror show. A minor piece, to be sure, but visually effective and mined with mischievous and eerie surprises—all intended to do for unmanned elevators what *Psycho* did for curtained showers. **★★**

There is something disarmingly dumb but inoffensive about a black hero named Leroy (played by handsome movie newcomer Taimak) who eats popcorn with chopsticks while watching Bruce Lee martial-arts movies. Berry Gordy's *The Last Dragon* (Tri-Star) also features Vanity, the singer (and star of a May *PLAYBOY* pictorial), looking exceptionally luscious as a glamorous disco d.j. who has to be rescued a lot. Against a loud blast of Motown sound, *Last Dragon's* plot is so staggeringly simple-minded that the archvillain of the piece wants only to get his music video on the air. While Taimak and Vanity may sound like labels slapped onto "decorator" superstars created for one-time use, these two beauties make the comic-strip violence watchable if not memorable. **★★**

In Atlanta, an 11-year-old black runaway who's considering suicide finds shelter with a middle-aged white alcoholic recluse. The growth of their relationship, despite gaps of age, color and culture, is

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the main business of *Marvin & Tige* (Castle Hill), a movie that wears its heart on its sleeve. Such forthright sentimentality is made agreeable if not altogether credible by low-key, gently blended performances in the two title roles by John Cassavetes, as Marvin, and precocious newcomer Gibran Brown, as Tige, the illiterate waif he befriends. It's very nearly a two-man show until Billy Dee Williams appears, forcefully playing the long-lost parent who may or may not win back his son. No wrenching tearjerker, because director Eric Weston exercises reasonable restraint throughout, *Marvin & Tige* has a Christmasy spirit that finally brightens even the shabby back streets of Atlanta with a graceful plea for brotherhood, familiar but tastefully framed. **YY**

Four Playmates and our August 1983 cover girl, Sybil Danning, are prominently featured in a scatterbrained comedy called *Malibu Express* (Malibu Bay). Patched together with sex, violence and verve by writer-producer-director Andy Sidaris, this may be the definitive drive-in movie. Girl watchers can ogle Sybil along with Barbara Edwards (1984 Playmate of the Year) and Kimberly McArthur (Miss January 1982) as a pair of shipboard party girls, with Lynda Wiesmeier (Miss July 1982) and Lorraine Michaels (Miss April 1981) making impact in more substantial roles. There's also Shelley Taylor Morgan (of TV's *General Hospital*) among a slew of other cuties caught up in the whizzing California traffic with some bad guys who sell "computer secrets" to the Russians. For women in the audience, Darby Hinton (a kid actor in the *Daniel Boone* TV series a couple of decades ago) plays Cody Abilene, a sexy private investigator who's a Tom Selleck look-alike but steals Clint Eastwood's lines ("Make my day," etc.), drives a De Lorean and seems proud of being a great lay but a poor shot. That's as much message as you'll get from *Malibu Express*, a cultural artifact slightly less meaningful than a commercial for the Pepsi generation. So drink deep, but don't blame me if you go away empty. **YY**

Writer-director David Hare's doleful but provocative *Wetherby* (MGM/UA Classics) earns points mainly for the luminous presence of Vanessa Redgrave, an actress whose quicksilver instincts can never be dull. She's discovered in *Wetherby* (named for a town in Yorkshire) as a sensuous and spinsterish schoolteacher whose brief encounter with a strange young man at a dinner party leads to sex, violence and some rueful flashbacks about a wartime romance 30 years earlier. That part of the movie piques curiosity, because the heroine as a young girl is portrayed by Joely Richardson (Vanessa's daughter with director Tony Richardson), who in every respect resembles an early pastel sketch of her mom. Although Hare is also the author of *Plenty*, a stage hit en route from



Hinton, Wiesmeier in *Malibu Express*.

Fun with Playmates on  
the *Malibu Express*;  
Vanessa outclasses *Wetherby*.

Broadway and London to a movie version with Meryl Streep, he seems to be bogged down here, creating a star vehicle that scarcely budges unless Vanessa pulls hard. **YY**

Another small triumph for women and artistic freedom is *Camila* (European Classics), by 62-year-old writer-director Maria-Luisa Bemberg. This lushly produced and lyrical romantic tragedy is based on the true story of Camila O'Gorman, daughter of an aristocratic Catholic family from Buenos Aires who scandalized society and the Church in 1847 by running off to live in sin with a handsome young priest. Even with a holier-than-thou posse on their heels, Susu Pecoraro as Camila and Imanol Arias as the errant Father Gutierrez make forbidden fruit look tempting. **YY½**

Julie Hagerty's dithery charm, which gave *Airplane!* a substantial lift and helped *Lost in America* gain altitude, is put to the test in *Goodbye, New York* (Castle Hill). As a chic young wife who leaves her faithless ne'er-do-well husband, takes off for Paris and winds up on a kibbutz in Israel more or less by mistake, Julie has to do an awful lot of dithering to divert attention from the plot. That she succeeds even part of the time is a triumph of mime over matter. Her co-star (also the film's writer-director), Amos Kollek, may daydream that he is Israel's answer to Woody Allen, but this won't keep Woody awake nights. **Y**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Amadeus** Music, Mozart and Oscar's best picture of 1984. **YYYY**  
**Blood Simple** A slight case of murder, Texas style—fearsome and funny. **YY½**  
**Camila** (See review) Unholy lovers on the lam down Argentine way. **YY½**  
**The Clinic** Taking venereal disease lightly with irreverent Aussies. **YY**  
**Creator** Peter O'Toole's the madcap scientist who hopes to clone a wife. **YY½**  
**Desperately Seeking Susan** (See review) Starbright feminist frippery. **YY½**  
**Fletch** (See review) Chevy on a fairly fast track as fictional newsman. **YY**  
**Goodbye, New York** (See review) On a kibbutz in Israel, shalom, Mr. Right. **Y**  
**Heartbreakers** Two guys making out in a lively comic romp through L.A. **YY**  
**King David** Skip Gere, read The Book. **Y**  
**Ladyhawke** Scenic medieval adventure with Hauer, Pfeiffer. **YY**  
**The Last Dragon** (See review) From Motown, martial arts and Vanity. **YY**  
**The Lift** (See review) Dutch-made spook show with more ups than downs. **YY**  
**Lost in America** Albert Brooks getting good comic mileage coast to coast. **YY**  
**MacArthur's Children** Sprawling slice of life in postwar Japan. **YY½**  
**Malibu Express** (See review) Take popcorn and dig groovy gals 'n' guys. **YY**  
**Marvin & Tige** (See review) Man and boy beat the drums for brotherhood. **YY**  
**Mask** As a wayward mom devoted to her handicapped son, Cher steals the show. **YY½**  
**My New Partner** Philippe Noiret's a greedy French detective teaching his side-kick the tricks of the take. **YY**  
**A Passage to India** Meticulous Lean pickings from Forster's novel. **YY½**  
**A Private Function** Maggie Smith and Michael Palin pignap a porker. **YY½**  
**Pumping Iron II: The Women** Brace yourselves, fellas. Here they come. **YY**  
**The Purple Rose of Cairo** Woody Allen's slight but stunning tribute to movie magic—with Mia Farrow, of course. **YY**  
**The Return of the Soldier** Psychodrama smashingly played by Glenda, Julie and Ann-Margret vis-à-vis Alan Bates. **YY**  
**Secret Admirer** (See review) *Cyrano* recycled as a high school crush. **YY½**  
**Streetwise** Seattle's lost youth in a telling documentary. **YY**  
**A Test of Love** (See review) Another *Miracle Worker*, down under. **YY½**  
**Wetherby** (See review) Some heavy sledging, but Vanessa saves it, sort of. **YY**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look  
 YY Good show **Y** Forget it



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# COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**IDOL GOSSIP:** Sexy **Rebecca De Mornay**, who played the feisty hooker in *Risky Business*, will team up with **Jon Voight** and **Eric Roberts** in Cannon Films' *Runaway Train*, an action drama about a lone woman trapped with two escaped convicts on an out-of-control train. . . . **The Flying Karamazov Brothers**, noted for their comedic juggling act, will play a group of whirling dervishes in Fox's *The Jewel of the Nile*. . . . HBO and Silver Screen are partners in no fewer than three feature-film projects now in various stages of production. The first of these is *Sweet Dreams*, a biopic based on the life of country singer **Patsy Cline**. **Jessica Lange** will play the lead, with **Ed (The Right Stuff) Harris** co-starring and **Karel (The French Lieutenant's Woman) Reisz** directing. Next in the line-up is *Volunteers*, with **Tom (Splash) Hanks** and **SCTV's John Candy** playing a pair of unlikely Peace Corps volunteers raising havoc in Thailand. **Nicholas Meyer** will direct. And rounding out the agenda is a big-business comedy called *Head Office*, in which **Judge (Beverly Hills Cop) Reinhold** portrays a recently diplomaed M.B.A. leaving the rarefied halls of academe for the turbulent rat-race of the business world. **Danny DeVito**, **Eddie Albert**, **Jane Seymour**, **Don Novello**, **Michael (Saturday Night Live) O'Donoghue** and **Wallace Shawn** have been set to co-star.

**SADDLESORES:** Rumbblings from the set of *Silverado*, **Lawrence Kasdan's** homage to the classic Western, seem to indicate that the writer-director of *The Big Chill* has another blockbuster up his sleeve. Obsessive secrecy has surrounded the project from its inception (Kasdan wants it to be a "surprise"), but insiders have lately begun to use such superlatives as important and wonderful when describing the flick. Set for a late-July release, *Silverado* reunites several members of the *Chill* cast (**Kevin Kline**, **Jeff Goldblum** and **Kevin Costner**, who was barely visible as the deceased Alex), along with **Scott Glenn**, **Rosanna Arquette**, Monty Python's **John Cleese**, **Brian Dennehy**, **Danny Glover** and Oscar winner **Linda Hunt**. As for the flick itself, it's a *Raiders of the Lost Ark*-style action adventure with a touch of comedy that utilizes the basic aspects of the classic oater. Set in the 1880s and shot in Santa Fe, *Silverado* is a reflection of Kasdan's own self-proclaimed childhood attraction to Westerns. Kasdan himself seems confident—during production, he supervised his own making-of-*Silverado* documentary.

**REAL-WORLD JITTERS:** *St. Elmo's Fire* is an ensemble film with a basic premise that seems to lie somewhere between those of *The Big Chill* and *The Breakfast Club*. (In fact, three of its co-stars—**Emilio Estevez**,



Publicists for **John Hughes's** *Weird Science* have sworn secrecy oaths, but a persistent rumor reports that the director of *Sixteen Candles* and *The Breakfast Club* is altering his teen-reality formula to allow **Anthony Michael Hall** and friends to fabricate a fantasy *femme* (**Kelly LeBrock**) from *Frankenstein* films, computer hackery, *Popular Mechanics* and *PLAYBOY* gatefolds.

**Ally Sheedy** and **Judd Nelson**—appeared in *The Breakfast Club*.) It concerns a tight-knit group of seven young men and women who, having just graduated from college, must now face up to the rigors of the real world. As in most ensemble movies, however, the crux of the plot lies in the characterizations. **Estevez** plays a law student whose career is thwarted by an infatuation with a long-lost love; **Nelson** and **Sheedy** are roommates and lovers who are unable to come to grips with commitment and marriage; **Rob (Class) Lowe** portrays Billy Hixx, a saxophone player unable to cope with responsibility. His *Classmate* **Andrew McCarthy** is a budding writer with a job writing obits for a newspaper; **Demi (Blame It on Rio) Moore** is recruited into an international-banking job and must deal with life in the fast lane; and **Mare Winningham** plays a young social worker with a crush on Hixx. The title, incidentally, pertains to flashes of bright lights in night skies that sailors, as legend has it, regarded as divine signals.

**NO M.S.G., PLEASE:** New York's Chinatown is the setting for *Year of the Dragon*, a **Dino De Laurentiis** production noteworthy for the fact that it marks **Michael Cimino's** first directorial effort since *Heaven's Gate*. Billed as an "urban thriller," *Dragon* opens during a Chinese new-year celebration on Mott Street. As the fireworks crackle, two rival Chinese street gangs start slugging it out and, when the smoke clears, the corpse of an 85-year-old Chinese patriarch is found in a nearby coffee shop. Sometime later, a duo of Chinese gang members opens fire with submachine guns inside a luxurious Chinatown

restaurant. Are these two events related? Are they acts of terrorism or simply a gangland vendetta? The task of solving the mystery falls into the lap of the N.Y.P.D.'s most decorated captain, **Stanley White** (played by **Mickey Rourke**). He is joined in his investigation of the murders by **Tracy Tzu**, a TV news reporter of Asian descent (played by model **Ariane**, making her film debut). Together, the two uncover a sinister plot by a seemingly upstanding Chinese businessman to control heroin trafficking. Based on a novel by author **Robert (Prince of the City) Daley**, *Year of the Dragon* is set for August release.

**I WANT MY MTV!** Oh, oh. Another wacky teen has gotten his paws on some sophisticated technology. In *Back to the Future*, (coproduced by **Steven Spielberg**), *Taxi's* **Christopher Lloyd** plays a mad scientist who has developed a method of tampering with time. Who should get his mitts on the contraption but **Marty McFly** (played by *Family Ties'* **Michael J. Fox**), a high school senior who can't live without his MTV. So what happens? Marty is transported back to the year 1955, to a world without rock 'n' roll, let alone MTV, and who does he happen to meet? Two Fifties teenagers who will one day become his parents. The implications of this premise are intriguing—what if Marty interferes with his parents' meeting, for instance?—and with Spielberg coproducing, we can probably rest assured that all possibilities will be exploited to the fullest. Interestingly enough, *Back to the Future* will be released in mid-July, giving summer moviegoers a choice of three teens-and-technology fantasies, the two others being *Weird Science* and *My Science Project*.



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Eric Clapton used to be God. Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page were God for a while. Eddie Van Halen seems to be God right now. Despite the current popularity of synthesizers, it is unlikely that electronic-keyboard players will ever rank as highly as guitarists in the eyes of rock theologians. But there are definite comers in the guitar ranks, and here are two of them (above, left and right): Steve Stevens and Mark Knopfler. Rock 'n' roll is here to stay, even eternal.

**DOL HANDS:** "When you can't play basketball or football, you do what's necessary to get laid," says **Steve Stevens**. So you could conclude, as with other guitarists, that fate and hormones thrust his guitariness upon him, and thereafter he had choices: between the guitar and a big *bar mitzvah*, between the guitar and handball, between the guitar and the viola (much preferred at the High School of Performing Arts), between the guitar and the security of a regular job. Stevens chose the guitar on every occasion and is now on the verge of vast fame and wealth as Billy Idol's Keith Richards. He has not, however, forgotten his roots as a short virgin from Queens.

"I designed a guitar for Hamer," says Stevens, who adds about eight inches to his height with hair spray. "It's going to have a really small body, because most kids who play guitar have really small bodies. It's also going to have a finger board that lights up in sequence and an optional three-color fluorescent paint job. It's my answer to Robbie the Robot."

Generating a nice buzz as the new kid to watch for his melodious meld of punk and pop, Stevens is one of the reasons—along with Idol himself—that Billy Idol's name finally became accurate. Even people who still find Idol too handsome to deserve interesting vocal cords admit that *Rebel Yell* is a relief between bouts of synth-drum incessance at the local dance club. Currently at work on a new album with Idol, a solo project and the sound track to *King Death* (Idol plays a rock-'n'-roll assassin), Stevens manages to balance his virtuosity

with humility: "I don't want people thinking, There's a new hot-shot guitarist, when they hear a Billy Idol record. The playing always has to be in the context of the song."

But ya gotta show off, too, or people are gonna think you're short: "When I was a kid, I saw John Fahey play once, and he mooned the audience. Afterward, no one was talking about his great finger picking. It was all 'Did you see his ass?' From then on, I knew you had to be a performer."

**IN THE WORKSHOP:** If **Mark Knopfler** had stayed with his original calling—journalism—he'd be one of those guys banging away on a decrepit old manual because word processors don't feel like real writing. As a guitarist, he goes for minimum stuff between his brain and your ear, even shunning picks in favor of bare-finger-tip plucking.

Fortunately, he saw what happens to journalists after a career covering lies and violent death ("They become alcoholic, cynical, prejudiced and mercenary") and returned to his guitar with enough will to weather several years' starving before *Sultans of Swing* made him a star as a member of Dire Straits and gave the world one of its most distinctive guitar styles—sort of organic electric.

His last record as leader of Dire Straits was *Alchemy*, a double live set in 1984, and although he has been recording some beautiful sound tracks (*Cal* and *Local Hero*) and writing hits for Tina Turner (*Private Dancer*), it's been a while since the world has heard a Dire Straits album

of original music. So maybe he could tell me what he's been up to in the studio lately?

"No, I couldn't," says Knopfler. "It's very difficult."

So we talk about good and evil for a few hours until he allows that he's mixing the new Dire Straits album. It's called *Brothers in Arms*, and Sting sings "I want my MTV" on one song that was inspired by a delivery boy's rap about video music. Weird characters are a staple in Knopfler's work.

"I realized as a young man that you can be someone else in a song—not write about someone else but *be* someone else," says Knopfler, an admirer of Randy Newman and other character writers. "Another song on the album, *The Man's Too Strong*, is the weirdest I ever wrote. The character is a war criminal, one of the most despicable creatures on earth. But he's haunted by his inability to achieve joy, to create, like his adversary. He considers killing the adversary, but it doesn't solve anything. He still has the same problems."

Well, good thing he doesn't have to remain the character that he likes to be.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

**REGGAE UPDATE:** The Pablos are coming! Pablo Moses' *Tension* (Alligator) is a follow-up (at last) to his acclaimed self-produced *In the Future* from 1983. His music has been described as "acid reggae," though it's mellower than that might suggest, even when he's singing about bombing everyt'ing, mon. The other Pablo is Augustus Pablo, also Jamaican and a performer, but an entrepreneur as well, founder of several record labels and producer of many groups—a selection of which turns up on *Rockers All-Star Explosion* (Alligator), including Pablo himself, Jah Bull, Sister Frica, Junior Delgado, Delroy Williams and Ricky Grant. Of his own music, this Pablo says, "We call it the Far East sound, because we play in minor chords. When you play those chords, it's like a story without words, and certain mon who go into deep meditation can penetrate it." A little righteous herb doesn't hurt, either. Together, these albums take you along the path Jah's music has been following since Bob Marley's passing.

## REVIEWS

If The Alan Parsons Project were funded by the Pentagon, *Vulture Culture* (Arista) would be a \$4300 screwdriver. It's much ado about not much, easily forgettable stuff only a band member could love or remember. There were two other notable instances this month of the inexorable product imperative, which insists that groups and artists release albums at certain intervals, whether or not they've

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got anything new worth hearing. Hard otherwise to explain the Tubes' *Love Bomb* (Capitol) or Greg Kihn's *Citizen Kihn* (EMI America). Generally speaking, we're fans of both, but these albums aren't worth the price of admission—unless you make gobs of money, in which case there's one bit of inspired lunacy on the Tubes' album, a wonderful, goony gene splice of *Wooly Bully* and *Theme from a Summer Place* that they call *Theme from a Wooly Place*—but it's only 20 seconds long. And Kihn's album, while not awful, simply sounds perfunctory, like a term paper that was due.

**Garage Sale** (Reachout International) is an anthology of 19 self-styled garage bands from around the country (plus one stray from Stockholm), not one of which we'd ever heard of. Say the liner notes: "It's taken the sad and snoring somnambulism of corporate Eighties slush rock to stir the dormant garage scene back into action . . . this time there's an all-out battle raging against the plague of drippy, funkless geek music assaulting our senses." We can accept that. The garagedom answer seems mainly to return, via slightly bent routes, to that golden yesteryear of 1966. The Seeds, the Stems, the Leaves, the Shadows of Knight, ? & the Mysterians, the Sonics—these are the garagers' stations of the cross, with a Farfisa organ toodling up there on the altar. While they mostly play in a neolithically primitive style, they've at least got passion (zits, too, it sounds like in many cases).

Those expecting Jimmy Page and Paul Rodgers' new aggregation, the Firm, to be the second coming of Led Zep or a bionic Bad Company are in for a letdown. *Radioactive*—highlighted by Page's schizoid riffing—is a nifty enough single, but the rest of *The Firm* (Atlantic) offers little more than clichéd lyrics and middle-of-the-road fare. Page's legendary guitar is mostly conspicuous by its absence or buried in the muddy mix; his few solos sound as if they were phoned in from overseas. In short, Zep without the zip. These guys can do better.

John Palumbo's *Blowing Up Detroit* (HME) describes love in the New Wave lane. You know—*ménages à trois*, bondage, masochism, transvestism, sex with girls from outer space. Most of it's pleasant, if forgettable, and some of the lyrics careen over into word salad. Like *She's the Release*, which begins, "I'm the fire—she's the hole." Got that? But we really did like one cut, *Drifting Back to Motown*, a funny lament about a guy who can't keep up with his New-Wavier-than-thou girlfriend. It's a pick hit single if ever we heard one.

Some say Mick Jagger's first solo effort sounds like what you'd expect from the Stones if they were better players and a

tighter band. Fair enough, if you remember that the Stones' rowdy sloppiness has its charms. On *She's the Boss* (Columbia), the funk is more in the rhythms than in the guitars. This is a clean, streamlined dance record that leans as much on Jeff Beck's and Herbie Hancock's riffs as it does on Mick's melodies. The real surprise is Jagger's vocals—he hasn't sounded this involved with his lyrics since *Some Girls*, though *She's the Boss* is more like *Under My Thumb* in drag than a feminist manifesto. Mick comes across as less of a caricature of himself than usual. Nothing dazzling, but a respectable effort.

Who would have expected the hippest aggregation of the month to appear on the sound track to *Porky's Revenge* (Columbia)? The album was produced by Dave Edmunds, the Welsh fanatic. Along with providing some hot performances of his own, he has also lured on board Jeff Beck, Clarence Clemons, the Crawling King Snakes (featuring Edmunds, Phil Collins and Robert Plant), the Fabulous Thunderbirds, George Harrison, Carl Perkins—even Willie Nelson, whose *Love Me Tender* seems woefully out of place here, but what the hey? Y'all tap us a new keg an' brang on them guruls with they shirts undone, Jim Bob!

The party suggested by the anthology sound track to *Berry Gordy's The Last Dragon* (Motown) is sleeker, more upscale—high-rise views, designer dresses aswirl, Perrier-Jouet instead of Miller time. These cuts by Willie Hutch, DeBarge, Stevie Wonder, Smokey Robinson and Syreeta, among others, represent state-of-the-art Motown. The differences and the similarities between what's here and the classic Motown hits of the Sixties are intriguing. One constant is that most of it practically drags you off your chair and dares you *not* to dance.

At first, we thought John Martyn on *Sapphire* (Island) had discovered a new drug—one combining the effects, say, of Valium and scuba diving. Just a little *too* relaxed, with parts possibly recorded under water. Then we noticed that the album had been done in Nassau, so it's more likely too many rum and tonics and Englishmen left too long out in the sun. One cut is even called *Mad Dog Days*—a dead giveaway, we'd say. Apparently, Martyn wanted to emulate the moody meanderings of The Police's super-successful *Synchronicity*. At times, he manages it. A bonus: the *daffiest* rendering of *Over the Rainbow* ever.

Top ten got ya down, Bunky? No pep in the pop on the radio? Drowning in New Wave? Videoed out? That's when it's time to go back to the source—we mean

# FAST TRACKS



**MY SON, THE ROCKER DEPARTMENT:** Music publicist Joan Tarshis was recently on a New York subway, perusing a copy of *Billboard*. So what? Here's the twist: A man got onto the train, sat down near her and said, "Is my son still on the charts?" When Joan asked him who his son was, the man answered, "Peter Wolf; ever heard of him?" When she nodded yes, Mr. Wolf confided, "You know, he was very upset when the band broke up." They've become pals, and Peter's solo album did good business. That should make a father proud.

**RUMOR OF THE MONTH:** We've heard that there is a small but steady ground swell to make *Louie, Louie* the Washington state song. We like thinking about the possible ramifications of this: Can you picture the Walla Walla Kiwanis Club's opening a meeting with a rousing chorus of the state song?

**REELING AND ROCKING:** *Twisted Sister* is planning to make a film, and it won't be limited to concert footage. "It's going to be a scripted comedy with a plot," says **Dee Snider**. . . . **Jagger** and **Bowie** at a theater near you—**Mick** insists it's really going to happen. But, he says, "It won't be like the **Tony Curtis** and **Jack Lemmon** film *Some Like It Hot*, even though **David** always likes to get into dresses if possible." . . . **Big Country** is doing the sound track for a movie, *Restless Natives*, shot entirely in Scotland. . . . After actor **Timothy Hutton** completes his 20-minute featurette of **Don Henley's** *Sunset Grill*, he hopes to direct full-length movies. . . . **Paul McCartney** is writing the sound track for **Gene Hackman's** *Twice in a Lifetime*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** After 15 years apart, **The Rascals** will reunite for a summer tour. . . . If you're going to be in the Big Apple this summer, don't forget Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, from July eighth through August 24. And speaking of Mozart, you may not know that when the sound track from *Amadeus* made the charts, it was the first time ever a double classical album made the top 100. . . . **Wham!**, on its recent tour, became the first Western group ever to play China. The invite came from the Youth Federation, an organization of 200,000,000. Five versions of *Careless Whisper* in Canton-

ese and Mandarin versions of that and four other Wham! songs are currently being recorded by one of China's top artists. . . . While **Bob Dylan** admits that videos help sell records, he says, "If people can sit at home and see the person singing, why would they go see him in concert? In person, they aren't going to look as good—audiences will see the sweat, see them at different angles, see a lot of things they don't see on a video. You can't be so pretty in person." . . . In an ongoing effort to expand awareness of the compact-disc system, The Compact Disc Group has installed a toll-free number, 1-800-872-5565, to assist consumers. In addition to answering questions and referring calls, staffers will poll people on a variety of subjects related to buying habits. . . . We're recommending *Sixties Rock: A Listener's Guide*, by **Robert Santelli**. (If it isn't in your bookstore, write to the publisher, Contemporary Books, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601.) . . . Here's what **Pat Benatar** has to say about her stage image: "It's difficult, because looking like a sex kitten and having the mentality that goes with it are two different things. I never had the mentality to go with it. In the beginning, I was just trying to say that women rockers didn't have to be androgynous. They could look female and have brains. I was trying to break the stereotype. It didn't really work, but I feel better about it now. I still don't want to look like a boy." . . . PBS debuts *Alive from Off Center*, featuring videos by top choreographers, composers, playwrights and video artists, this summer. **David Byrne** will write the theme music.

—BARBARA NELLIS

the blues, of course. Blues in Chicago are aliver and weller than ever, and three new albums on Alligator provide an excellent sampler of state-of-the-art Chicago blues. James Cotton provided the timeless harp solos on countless Muddy Waters sides before going solo in 1966. On *High Compression*, he's assembled two different fine bands. The James Cotton Chicago Blues All-Stars are a traditional nonhorn line-up featuring gritty Magic Slim on guitar, Pinetop Perkins on piano and Aron Burton on bass. The other group, Cotton's regular band, is horned and funky up, more slick and uptown. The mix is a sampler of styles, with the All-Stars' *Sunny Road* as the standout. Fenton Robinson's album *Nightflight* is more for slow dancing and making out—not that it doesn't cook. You can hear T-Bone Walker and other Texas-blues influences in Robinson's guitar, along with a Memphis breeze in the horns—all evolved into a style of his own. Included here are tasty updates of two early Robinson hits, *Crazy, Crazy Lovin'* and *Schoolboy*. But probably the hottest blues band in Chicago right now belongs to Son Seals, and it's easy to tell why on *Bad Axe*. Without ever quite leaving the blues, Seals packs a bunch of rock 'n' roll and funk into his guitar playing, which, like his voice, is more edgy and raw than the more mellow Robinson style—especially on such cuts as *Don't Pick Me for Your Fool* and *Just About to Lose Your Clown*. All three albums are recommended for combating those top-ten blues.

Rosanne Cash, widely known as Johnny Cash's daughter, Carlene Carter's step-sister and Rodney Crowell's wife, may soon gain fame as Rosanne Cash's songwriter with the material on *Rhythm and Romance* (Warner). In the nearly three years since she last recorded, she seems to have scrutinized her musical approach and, evidently, her marriage, too. All of that adds up to the touchingly scrutable scenes from a modern romance on such songs as *Never Gonna Get Hurt*, *I Don't Know Why You Don't Want Me* and *Second to No One*. And if your hard heart hasn't yet broken with the strain, listen to her song for Dad, *My Old Man*. Rosanne is in full bloom.

## SHORT CUTS

**Jason & The Scorchers / Lost & Found** (EMI America): Bar band of the month. In Nashville, where it hangs out, this passes for heavy metal.

**Eric Clapton / Behind the Sun** (Warner): Have guitar, will play the most lugubrious tripe to fill an album. Where, oh, where is the Eric of old?

**Terri Gibbs / Old Friends** (Warner): Musical thoughts for liberated good ol' gals by a practitioner from the I've-got-sunshine-and-mountains-in-my-hair school that's almost shut down these days.



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# LING

**G**ooey monsters at the supermart! A mailman delivering death! A tiger in the boys' room! A starving shipwrecked surgeon starting to think his feet look just scrumptious!

Maybe Stephen King's premises sound silly, but that thought fades along about the second paragraph of each story in *Skeleton Crew* (Putnam's). In his novels, King takes the reader by the hand and leads him slowly to the haunted house, then shoves him inside and locks the door. In this collection, which includes a novella, *The Mist*, 19 short stories and even two snatches of verse, he lands you in a hurry and then leans back, chortling, while you shiver on his hook. Now and then, he even doffs his shockmeister crown and becomes—presto!—the king of black comedy. We're not about to ruin the surprise, but toward the end of *Survivor Type*—the one about the hungry surgeon—he gets off one of the funniest lines you'll read this year. Laugh until you scream, but read it with the night light on!

In his first novel, *Angels*, poet Denis Johnson two years ago charted the course of two drifters through a world of bus terminals and shattered dreams, psychiatric wards and petty crime. In Johnson's latest book, the world itself is seemingly adrift. *Fiskadero* (Knopf) is set in Key West in the middle of the 21st Century, some 50 years after a nuclear war, and its inhabitants, cut off from history and uncertain of the future, are fishermen and shamans. They listen to Jimi Hendrix on Cubaradio and pray to the gods Allah and Bob Marley. They decorate their homes with steering wheels and taillights and other bits of useless machinery. The genetically aberrant mingle with ghosts of the dead. This is fertile territory for a writer as gifted as Johnson, and his powers of description are equal to the task. But while there is much poetic detail to admire in this book, the story is aimless and ultimately unsatisfying. Johnson is clearly a writer to watch. He's got the chops for big-time fiction.

**Uncovering the Sixties: The Life and Times of the Underground Press** (Pantheon), by Abe Peck, is a definitive description of that decade that refuses to die. Peck was at the center of the Sixties himself, first as a reporter for the *Seed* in Chicago, then as a member of the Underground Press Syndicate and a writer for *Rat* in New York City. "I covered some of the decade's key events," he writes, "and gave my time, my heart, my health to the papers." In brilliant and personal prose, Peck chronicles it all: the stodginess of mainstream journalism as the Vietnam war began, the imaginative but sometimes irresponsible reporting of the undergrounders, the ever-presence of Government surveillance and manipula-



Short-form King: as scary as ever.

Short stories from the  
horror master; Abe Peck  
writes a classic.



*Underground Press*: required reading.

tion (*Armageddon News*, an underground paper in the Midwest, was staffed by FBI agents), the cumulative impact of civil rights issues and assassinations and drugs and music and comics and revolutionary rhetoric on the generation that flowered and then wilted in that era. Peck charts it all with a historian's eye and a survivor's heart. This is simply the best book about the subject, and it is bound to go on America's required-reading list.

We admit it—we're Deadheads from way back. You gotta love 'em. Hard to imagine one of the haughty Rolling Stones, for instance, saying, as Bob Weir

does in *Playing in the Band: An Oral and Visual Portrait of the Grateful Dead* (St. Martin's): "We may not be the most professional outfit on the face of the planet, but once things get rolling, there is *something* that happens." Or Jerry Garcia: "We were a social configuration of some kind before we were a band. Our roots are in that strictly good-time thing, basic hippies, without any kind of motive or purpose. It's one of the things that's given us a sort of community strength." Like Halley's comet, the Dead go around and come around—and on June seventh, they marked their 20th anniversary in rock 'n' roll, which is the occasion of this book, a collage of band interviews and more than 250 pictures assembled by David Gans and Peter Simon. It's structured (or not) like a rap, with everybody getting in his two cents' worth on a given subject if he's got somethin' new to say—just as the band itself is structured (or not), with extreme democracy, not to say anarchy, at the core. There are probably more Dead books than Dead albums (18 of the latter on 25 discs, and counting), but this one's especially good at revealing the dynamics—of both the people and the music. Weir calls it "misfit power." This book is for anyone who has ever wanted to spend some time hanging out and rapping with the Grateful Dead; we came away from it feeling we knew them better in useful ways and understood their music better, too—neither of which is generally worth the trouble when it comes to rock bands. But the Dead are a way of life, a raggedy-assed cosmos. So let's hope Garcia forgoes free-basing, so they'll be around another 20 years.

Short, but not sweet, is *Captain Maximus* (Knopf), a collection of short stories and a screen treatment by Barry Hannah. Hannah's fiction, mostly about hard-drinking middle-aged males, is strong stuff leavened with bits of humor. Too offbeat to be a best seller in any circles but literary ones, this slim volume is still well worth a look.

## BOOK BAG

**Out of the Cradle** (Workman), by William K. Hartmann, Ron Miller and Pamela Lee: A dramatic, beautifully illustrated guide to the solar system, with a point to make—as man depletes the earth's resources, he must expand his frontiers into space. Part science, part prophecy, *Out of the Cradle* is an intriguing introduction to the 21st Century.

**The Sweet Flypaper of Life** (Howard University), by Roy DeCarava and Langston Hughes: Originally published in 1955, this handsome reprint (photographs and text) about family life in Harlem as seen through the loving and forgiving eyes of a grandmother is nothing short of terrific.



# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Despite efforts on the part of the Anti-Warm Beer League and the Society for the Prevention of Toenails in Pork Pies, it looks as if they're going ahead with Wimbledon again. That's good. We need this tournament, Wimbledon—ah, the grass courts, the strawberries and cream, the flowered hats, the ivy-covered linesmen—to remind us of what tennis was like, at its best, before it died.

Not that the death of tennis preys on my mind like something important—like, oh, I don't know, a cheeseburger, maybe—but thoughts of another Wimbledon did start me wondering about when it was that tennis actually died. Recreational tennis died, of course, when so many middle-aged people started trying to chase lobs—and died.

As for spectator tennis, I remember that it almost died a number of years back when there was nobody around but introspective Australians. Then it suddenly gained new life because of something called Open Tennis, which said it was OK for "amateur" tennis stars to accept money above the table. But Open Tennis was a good idea that backfired. While it removed the amateur sham from the sport, it has done nothing since, as far as I can tell, but make billionaires out of rude children, moody defectors and a lot of guys with hair that looks like bats have slept in it. All in all, then, I am forced to conclude that the professional boom that once saved tennis has, in fact, killed it for good—with a big assist from the silly shirt.

Uh-huh, the shirt. Show me a man who wears one of those shirts with a skimpy little lay-down collar and scroochy little short sleeves that tug at the armpits, and I'll show you either a tennis finalist or some guy rearranging baskets of ferns in the Hamptons.

I can live with the shirt. Poor taste is the backbone of our economy. But what about the repetitious results? Who among us isn't glazed over these days when we read in the sports pages that four guys named Yommick or Igor, all in different parts of the world, from Tokyo to Houston, all in their silly little shirts, have each won \$300,000,000 in some kind of nonevent that sounds like a Lucas-Spielberg film, *Volvo and the Nabiscos*? And John McEnroe's never even there, probably because Tatum O'Neal wanted to stay home and watch the music channel.

My head swims with the thought that, in this one life, I may have seen tennis progress from Don Budge and Alice Marble to



## GOD SAVE WIMBLEDON, THE QUEEN

Farrah Fawcett becoming John McEnroe's mother-in-law.

But back to money, the \$300,000,000 that Yommick or Igor wins every week. Nobody has ever been able to explain to me where all of that money comes from or why whoever has it wants to give it to a bunch of athletes who go to a city largely to be arrogant, uncommunicative and insulting. They are all those things to the promoters who raise money for them, the officials who want their pictures made with them, the fans who adore them and a press that makes them famous. For those who haven't figured out why tennis stars are arrogant, uncommunicative and insulting, I'm happy to offer some theories.

Theory One: The tennis player is arrogant because he mistakenly believes he excels in a rich man's sport. The blazers and ties at the cocktail parties have him fooled. If the tennis player had a brain that extended beyond his next "exo fee," he would know that yachting, thoroughbred racing, buying countries, collapsing banks, electing politicians—these are the games of the rich. Tennis is a middle-class sport.

Theory Two: The tennis player is uncommunicative because, basically—and I don't really mean to generalize, but, well—he's stupid.

Theory Three: The tennis player is insulting because, in all probability, the whining little shit has never had his

ass kicked by an outside linebacker.

I'll skip over some of the other things that have contributed to the death of tennis—headbands, short pants on Combies, new stadiums built in the landing patterns of Delta and United—and cut straight to the clincher. The clincher is the Tennis Interview.

"Congratulations on winning the championship, Igor. It must be a great feeling."

"Yes, to feel the winning is much better than to feel the losingness that comes from the loss of not winning."

"You had good support out there today."

"Yes, I said this to myself and this is what I told myself I must do. This was my goal."

"You seemed to look at your coach before the tough points."

"Yes, I must give credit to my coach. Also, my dietician, my doctor, my chef and my pilot."

"Was today's match the toughest you've ever had?"

"Yes, but such things are relative. In tennis, much can sometimes depend on the line calls and the lateness of the courtesy cars."

"You were down by two sets."

"Yes, the press will say that, but in my mind, it was a different story, and this is only for me to say when I have spoke."

"It was your serve that brought you back."

"Yes, it was in my mind to hit a high percentage of first serves and take away his serve by coming back low and to his feet."

"Doesn't everybody try to do that?"

"Yes, but the mental aspect must come into play as well as the mind."

"In your book, you say the key to good tennis is keeping the ball on the other side of the net."

"Yes, the book is \$15.95 and on sale in the boutique."

"How will you celebrate this victory?"

"Yes, Vitas and I have an exo in Montreal. After that, I go to my villa in France, then to my chalet in Switzerland. If there is time before my exo tour of Japan, I will buy six cars and a diamond mine."

"Are you going to play at Wimbledon?"

"Yes, we are discussing this, but so far they have not agreed to change the dates to accommodate my schedule. It is sad for me to say, but some people have no consideration for the competitor."

"I have only one more question, Igor."

"Yes . . . ?"

"How well do all you silly fuckers think you'd play without ball boys?"

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Of course, the truckers aren't the only ones who know a good thing when they see it. In fact, Whistler's top of the line Spectrum has been chosen #1 by some other experts as well. Like *Motor Trend*, who says, "The Whistler Spectrum resides at the top of the list. A world class radar detector." And *Autoweek Magazine* states, "The Spectrum is the most sensitive radar detector Autoweek has ever seen." Add to that *Road &*

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WHISTLER 5

frequencies, then leak those signals and cause other radar detectors to report falsely.

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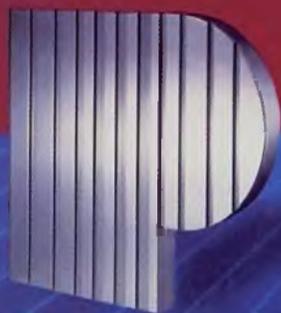
If you've read this far, it shouldn't surprise you that Whistler has sold more radar detectors than any other brand.

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# TRAVEL

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

As most travelers and shoppers know, the British lease on Hong Kong—extorted during the so-called Opium Wars of the 19th Century—expires in 1997. Although new accords between Chinese and British negotiators are supposed to ensure an orderly, 50-year-long transition from British to Chinese administration, no one really believes that will be true. The planned stationing of Chinese troops on Hong Kong soil suggests that the erstwhile crown colony's freewheeling, free-enterprise atmosphere may be at least a little restrained. All of which means that travelers who have never experienced its unique appeal—and those who have and want to return before Hong Kong becomes a Chinese satellite—have little more than ten years to do so.

Why go careening across the Pacific to visit Hong Kong? For starters, it's home to about half a dozen of the best hotels on the planet—and that's not just a travel writer's hyperbole. The work ethic of the huge Chinese population (and the low wages paid) means an amazing ratio of staff to guests. A typical deluxe hotel in Hong Kong employs staff members to meet you at the airport; colleagues to carry your bags from the luggage carousel to waiting limousines (everything from deluxe Daimlers to knockout Rolls-Royces); a pair of porters (usually in pillbox hats) who open hotel front doors every time anything even remotely human approaches; endless bellmen, floor boys, room boys, bearers, cleaners, fetchers, carriers and guys who just stand around waiting for some odd idea to strike a guest. When you step off an elevator, there's almost always a foot race with the floor man to your room so he can open your door before you do. Pick up a telephone and order anything from tea to *teriyaki*, and your order may arrive at roughly the same moment as the receiver hits the cradle. This sort of service is the standard against which you'll measure every other hotel stay for the rest of your life.

Which is number one? Well, over on Hong Kong Island, the Mandarin and the Hong Kong Hilton battle it out for top spot, with the Mandarin getting a narrow nod. But folks who know Hong Kong best now seem to be gravitating toward the Kowloon (mainland) side of the harbor, especially since a host of new hotels has popped up along the landfill called Tsim Sha Tsui. Among them are the Holiday Inn Harbour View, the Shangri-La, the



## HONG KONG SALE: EVERYTHING MUST GO!

Regal Meridien, The Royal Garden, the New World (Hong Kong's best hotel value), the Sheraton Hong Kong and The Regent (the very best of this terrific group). Most offer incredible views across the harbor toward Hong Kong Island and its looming Victoria Peak. Military vessels, freighters, tankers, ferries and other seagoing traffic combine with an endless parade of junks and sampans to provide a scene as hypnotizing as any in an action movie. It's especially breath-taking at sunset from a room at The Regent—don't reserve unless you're guaranteed a room facing the harbor.

Eating is Hong Kong's second-best indoor sport, and some of the best chefs in the world work here. Chinese cooking is available in every subspecialty, from Shanghai to Szechwan, *dim sum* to dragon and phoenix, and there are restaurants from Thailand, Japan, Malaysia, Indonesia, Vietnam and the Philippines. Here is the place (if you dare) to try dishes that would make Indiana Jones blanch: not only monkey's brains eaten directly from the skull of a freshly killed simian but bear paw, snake, dog, pigeon, frog, sparrow, mouse, lizard—many of which are officially banned as food but bring exorbitant prices anyway.

For the less exotically inclined, there is the midday meal at Hong Kong City Hall, where 2500 lunchers vie for the attention of scores of serving persons wheeling *dim*

*sum* carts around a dining room the size of Madison Square Garden. Somewhat more gaudy are the floating restaurants of Aberdeen, on the other side of the island, reached via junks and sampans.

Perhaps the most elegant of Hong Kong's classic Chinese restaurants are the Man Wah, on the roof of the Mandarin hotel, and the new Lai Ching Heen, at The Regent. There are also first-class Western eateries such as Gaddi's (at the Peninsula hotel), Lalique (at The Royal Garden), Plume (at The Regent) and The Grill (at the Hilton). But for a combination of snacks and social scene, there's still nowhere else in Hong Kong that matches the lobby of the Peninsula. It's a sort of parade route for an endless stream of dazzling women from both Orient and Occident. If you can't find companionship in the lobby of the Pen, you'd better change your after-shave.

Shopping is an essential part of Hong Kong's lure, and everything from pearls to pumas is sold here in authentic or imitation form. There isn't anything the Hong Kong Chinese cannot make or copy; ever since they mastered duplicating Louis Vuitton's brown vinylized canvas, they've been creating knock-offs of every Paris product—and lots of items Louis never dreamed of. Climbing the ladder streets of Hong Kong Island, where the alleys are filled with name-brand imitations, you half expect to trip over a Buick with an LV exterior.

Custom gear is also a Hong Kong specialty, and bespoke shirts, suits, sports jackets and odd trousers are cranked out with remarkable speed and efficiency. Remember, however, that Hong Kong tailors copy a lot better than they create, so it's best to take along something you'd love to have painstakingly duplicated.

For pure bargains, nothing beats the rowdy market that flourishes in the town of Stanley. Famous-brand jeans, signature sport shirts, tennis togs, every conceivable brand and variety of sport shoe, luggage (you'll probably need an extra bag to tote home all your purchases) and lots more are sold in alley shops and street stalls.

After dark, night markets in Kowloon and down by the out-island ferry docks on Hong Kong Island pick up the retail slack. Here business of every sort is transacted unashamedly, and the openness of the commerce can make an unsuspecting observer gasp. It's a place to experience before it disappears forever.



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# MEN

By ASA BABER

**T**hey're taking away our role models. In movies, books and television shows, men are being trivialized, and the message is this: You guys are mostly dumb, frivolous, awkward and mouselike—and if you don't agree with that, you're sexist.

You've seen *Amadeus*, right? That's the film about the gifted but infantile composer who giggled like an idiot and then died of indigestion. Great vision of Mozart? The way you always thought of him? Peter Shaffer called his screenplay for *Amadeus* "a fantasia based on fact. It is not a screen biography of Mozart and was never intended to be."

That disclaimer doesn't do it. Most people viewing *Amadeus* think they're seeing the real Mozart, and as they leave the theater, they have to be wondering how such an imbecile could produce such a good sound track.

The Mozart I know about was a man of infinite variety and great strength. He was a playful man, no question about that. He was also vigorous and direct, and his music was a concrete and vivid reflection of his energy, talent and perception.

Take one day from Mozart's life. He wrote to his wife about his schedule: He rose at five A.M., took a long walk, treated himself to some cutlets ("che gusto!"), played two rounds of billiards, sent for black coffee, smoked "a splendid pipe of tobacco," quickly orchestrated the third movement of the *Clarinet Concerto*, dined on "a delicious slice of sturgeon" and other delicacies, and then, since he had "a rather voracious appetite," sent his valet back for seconds.

This is the same Mozart who was bled of two to three quarts of blood during the last 12 days of his life, yet had the strength to stand up and rehearse his *Requiem* ten hours before he died.

Not a giggling, bawling jerk, in other words, but a man who led a varied and difficult life and who met his many challenges bravely.

Why didn't we see that Mozart?

The fast answer to that is simple: He wouldn't sell. The handle, the gimmick, the trick these days is to make a mockery of any male whose life goes beyond the narrow range of cop or cowboy. *Amadeus* is the perfect vehicle for the Eighties—the greatest composer of all time wasn't a man, he was a mouse. It's the message this



## RIPPED-OFF MOZART

culture seems to want to hear.

Meanwhile, of course, Diane Keaton and Sally Field and Sissy Spacek have been busy playing cinematic superwomen, none of whom giggles inanely or loses self-control at a moment's notice. Women, we're being told, have their shit together. Men never have. Not even the best and most creative of them.

Men are disappearing nowhere more obviously than in contemporary fiction. Find a novel that is not a spy or detective story and you're likely to find a feminist tract. Women form the bulk of today's literary consumers, we're told. Why shouldn't they? The standard novel of the Seventies and Eighties describes a brave but lonely woman who discovers that there's life after men. Or should that read "after mice"?

Example: "He was still handsome . . . but the beauty had something desiccated about it, like a dried flower. . . . He was a slim, proud-looking man, more delicately built than his sister. He should have been the girl and she the boy."

That is a description of Julian DeVane, the most prominent male in Gail Godwin's latest novel, *The Finishing School*. Julian, poor mouse, will go on to kill himself at the end of the book, but who's surprised? It's obvious he won't be able to hack it. Here's how he plays the piano: "His eyes were almost closed, and he touched the

keys with a slight restraint; he looked as though he had sent himself into some other realm and had to be careful not to be swallowed up by it. . . . Several times Julian hummed aloud, or emitted abrupt, guttural sounds as he played."

Well, at least he doesn't giggle.

When the next editor you meet laments the fact that men are not buying novels the way they used to, you might ask why they should. So they can watch themselves being annihilated? Or you might ask that editor what it's like to be male and walk into a bookstore these days. Usually you're greeted with shelves of feminist fiction, and then you turn around to face the special section on women's issues. It's a double whammy, and it proves that publishing's matriarchy is alive and well. Men sense that and stay away.

What's going on? It has to do with money, among other things. The feminist audience is the largest, the most easily identifiable, the one most clearly on the ascendancy. Women now constitute a significant portion of the work force, and their search for role models has been given top billing. Turn on your TV and you'll see what I mean.

P. J. Bednarski, former television critic for the *Chicago Sun-Times*, wrote recently about male roles in the TV wasteland: "Something has happened to the TV Guy. Some things have been surgically removed from men: brains and spines and morals and scruples. . . . Men are the old Women on TV. Ornamental. Subservient. Dull-witted. And most often, very good-looking." Bednarski goes on to cite examples of dumb guys we're all supposed to laugh at: Ted Danson and the late Nicholas Colasanto in *Cheers*, Tom Poston in *Newhart*, Thom Bray in *Riptide*, Pierce Brosnan in *Remington Steele*, John Ritter in *Three's a Crowd*, John Forsythe in *Dynasty*, Tony Danza in *Who's the Boss?*—the list goes on.

The trivialization of the male today is a conscious manipulation of our national psyche to create and then please a market. The money people doing this have no real understanding of who we men are. Nor do they seem to care.

It's time for some new bumper stickers. How about MOZART WAS A MENSCH. NOT A MOUSE? Or FREE TED DANSON? Or TAKE BACK THE CULTURE?

Honk if you agree.



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# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Here I was, minding my own business, reading my March *PLAYBOY*, when an essay called *What Else Do Women Want?* struck my face. I read it, my eyes growing wilder as I was told that we feminists were “deranged and flabbergastingly disingenuous,” “just another piggy little special-interest group” and “without regard to logic, principle or justice.”

I shook my head in wonder when I read further that we were a powerful political lobby that must systematically be stopped before we single-mindedly stripped away the rights of all free men.

The author, John Gordon, seemed to have (when all his rhetoric was boiled down) these major beefs:

A. Women don't have to get drafted, which is not fair.

B. Women make out better, because they usually get to keep the kids *and* get child support, but a father doesn't have the right to demand abortion.

C. The only reason women make 59 cents for every dollar men make is that they take time off to raise children and haven't the seniority to make more.

D. Women are trying to stop men from seeing the truth by pretending there are snuff films and that there was a cheering crowd of gang rapers in New Bedford—both of which are myths.

To my mind, this piece of writing is a petulant mélange of demifacts and high-pitched fears; in other words, propaganda. Let's just look at a couple of distortions:

Gordon cites Sandra Day O'Connor as a feminist, yet her Supreme Court voting record on the legality of abortion makes it clear that she is not a feminist.

According to Joyce Wadler, a *Washington Post* reporter who covered the New Bedford rape trial, the “crowd” did exist: “Just five or six,” Wadler says, “although I hate to use the word just when discussing gang rape.”

I could go on, but it seems pointless simply to demolish Gordon's “facts.” Instead—what the hell—let's jump to the basic issue: What do we feminist broads want, anyway? Are we trying to cut off men's balls, or what?

Let's first address the assumption that feminists are a powerful political lobby. My response can only be “Huh? Where? When? How?” Powerful as we are, we couldn't even get the Equal Rights Amendment passed. And we all know how terribly threatening the E.R.A. is, what



## DO FEMINISTS WEAR WHITE HATS?

with equal-opportunity bathrooms and all. I wish we were powerful. I want us to be powerful. But Gordon's conclusion that we are and must be stopped is discouraging.

The subsidiary assumption, that feminists are promoting their interests at the expense of men, is even more upsetting.

Let's look at a parallel situation, the civil rights movement. Was every blow against racism equally a blow against white people? No, it was simply a blow against white supremacists. *Everybody*—except the Ku Klux Klan—benefits from the civil rights movement. Similarly, every attack against sexism is not an attack against men; it is an attack against inequity.

Americans have a strong sense of fair play. Unfortunately, sexism is an ingrained trait in both men *and* women, which leads to a stupefying amount of sensitivity in both sexes. Men don't understand why women sock them in the jaw for using the word chick. Hey, they've always used the word chick, it's just the way they talk, goddamn it! Women can't figure out why men don't understand that the word chick is offensively diminutive. And so it goes. In times of change, things can get very touchy. Try, if you're white, using the word nigger. Go ahead.

Now, about this child-care/custody business. Let's try logic: One cannot say that women make only 59 cents for every dollar men make because they're the ones

who have to stay home with the kids and then go on to say that they don't deserve child support and custody of their children. As long as there is inequity in the market place, there will be inequity in the home. Child-care issues cannot be resolved until women's earnings, dollar for dollar, achieve parity with men's.

A big problem with Gordon's essay is that he cannot seem to differentiate between women and feminists. Not all women are feminists, and it's dangerous to assume that they are—since it means that every act by every woman is a feminist act, and every time a woman (such as Sandra Day O'Connor) does something irritating, you can label her a feminist and say that the entire movement is rubbish.

Which brings me to Andrea Dworkin, an alleged feminist who gets a lot of press. Dworkin is the most vocal supporter of Women Against Pornography, and she, along with feminist law professor Catherine MacKinnon, drafted an Indianapolis antiporn statute defining pornography as “the sexually explicit subordination of women, graphically depicted, whether in pictures or words.”

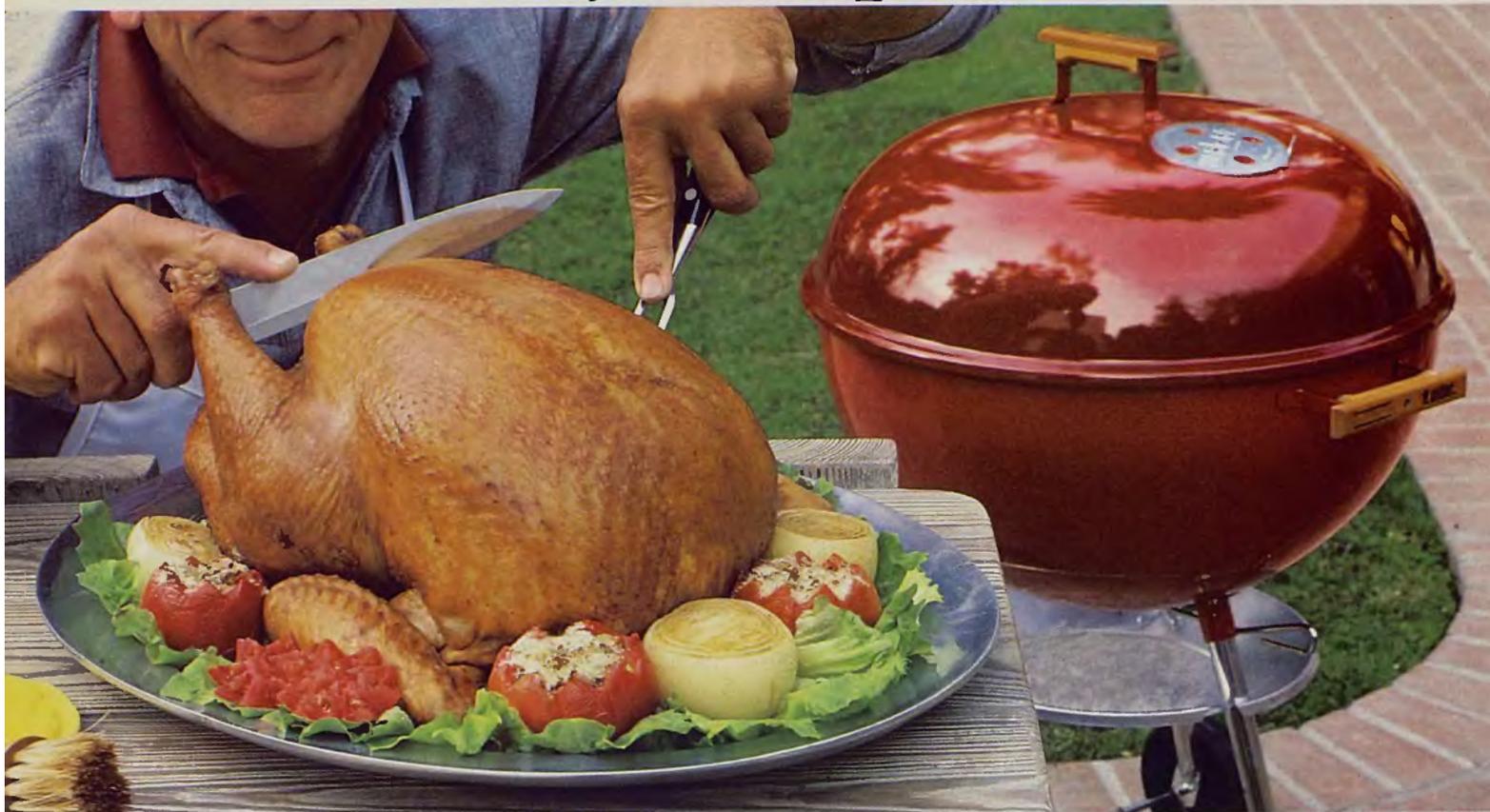
I am not crazy about pornography, but I am simply nuts about the First Amendment. And when I saw the Women Against Pornography picketing the Broadway production of *Lolita*, I knew we were all in trouble. This is dangerous and scary. What makes it worse is that Dworkin has joined forces with Jerry Falwell types.

Funnily enough, Gordon doesn't even mention Dworkin. She's the only reason men should feel threatened by feminism, though she is anything but representative of modern feminist thought.

So what is modern feminist thought? Damned if I know. We are not, and never were, a monolithic movement. Feminism is based on the premise that no one should be deprived of her or his civil rights; but after that, we agree to differ. Betty Friedan, in her most recent book, talks about getting together with men again. Germaine Greer, in her most recent book, says that no woman can be fulfilled unless she is a mother. I don't always agree with my sisters, but I will defend to the death their rights (except, perhaps, when they link up with Jerry Falwell).

We are, by and large, a good bunch. And we are certainly *not* the enemy. If you want an enemy, cast your eyes toward the maniacs who are bombing abortion clinics, for God's sake. 

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# AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

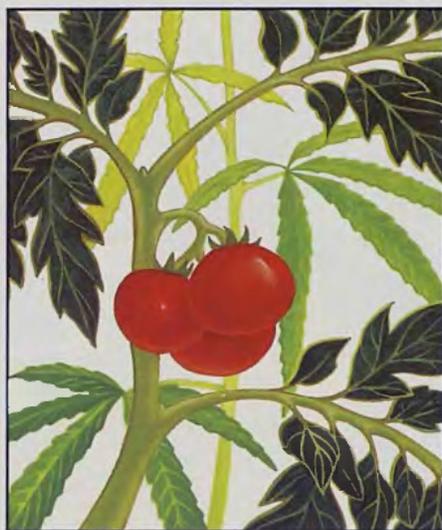
I've always gardened some, but several years ago, while I was living in a balmy little crease in the hills north of San Francisco, I went after the dirt around my house as if it were going to save whatever small scraps of sanity I had left, and maybe it did. Not that it probably looked sane from the next property. I'd still like to hear my neighbors' version of the spring day I walked into the middle of my unplanted garden plot, dropped my pants and sat to test the folk theory that if the soil is too cold for your bare ass, it's too cold for the seedlings you're getting ready to plant. I had a fine garden that year—corn, four kinds of tomatoes, onions, cukes, peppers, chard—and by the time I'd eaten the last of it, I was feeling pretty good about the job I'd done and the fun I'd had making the earth say beans instead of grass, as Henry Thoreau put it.

During the winter, while I was waiting for the sun to come back so I could do it again, the price for local marijuana hit \$200 per swindler's ounce, and the greedy little accountant in my head began suggesting that if we were smart, we ought to make the earth say beans *and* grass this year. So a friend and I built a greenhouse out of used lumber and corrugated plastic panels; then I double dug two large beds, stirred an intense formula of compost and other organic vegetable food into them and planted: in one bed, 12 cocky little pot seedlings that I'd sprouted with the new moon; in the other, tomatoes, marigolds and the kind of mums that get those big, mop-looking heads. "Just like growing money," said the accountant as we watched the Cannabis put on muscle and begin to stretch out.

The weeds came up as if this had been their property for 10,000 years, which it had. There were days when I felt as if I were trying to disconnect the San Francisco Bell System by pulling out one phone at a time, but weeding isn't bad work. It's not as deep-down satisfying as yanking a telephone out by the roots, but it's in the same family of exercise, and after a while, I didn't care what excuse got me into the pretty light of that quiet little shack.

But you're never doing what you think you're doing, and that turns out to be as true in the greenhouse as it is in love and romance. When you jug all that heat and light, passionate things happen, and only some of them are what you had in mind.

Just a little more than two months after I planted it, the marijuana hit the seven-



## EARLY HARVEST

foot roof and I topped it to encourage that good sumo shape. Then four males showed their pollen sacs and I hustled them out of the ground and onto the compost heap before they could have their way with the females, because the idea behind sinsemilla is that if you deny the ladies a chance to make seeds, they will, like nuns, spend all their energies producing the more spiritual oils, which are what get you high. When my plants flowered, they confirmed the theory by sending up a sweet green musk that stoned every last spider and bug in the place and seemed a perfect airborne expression of the six or seven luminescent shades of green that ran from the trunk to the upper stories of those beautiful trees. The promise in the smell drove me crazy, so I pinched a few early buds, dried them, then sat down in the greenhouse and smoked. They tasted as sweet as they smelled, and they got me high enough that as I sat there watching them grow, I realized for the first time exactly what the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins meant when he said that what you stare at eventually stares back at you.

Meanwhile, the flowers had grown into clumps and bushes big enough to make me think of a Mafia funeral; and it was becoming clear that if I didn't start eating the tomatoes, they were going to strangle, then eat, the entire greenhouse. From then on, I ate seven or ten a day while I tried to

eyeball what the weight of the pot crop was going to be once I'd dried it. I figured about two pounds of perfect, no-seed buds, which meant about \$4000 after I'd kept some and given some to friends.

What I was forgetting was that everything you grow is related to everything else that grows around it, and the other thing I was raising on my property at that time was my 17-year-old daughter, who was putting certain fragrances of her own into the air, which were attracting the kind of two-legged pests and vermin that are a lot harder to beat back than aphids and moles. So I shouldn't have been shocked that September morning when I unlocked the greenhouse door to find four of the eight plants gone and a panel ripped off the rear of the place. But I was; and I was red-zone mad that what had been one of the most pleasantly consuming things I'd ever done was now turned into a grim kind of sentry duty that had me hoping the bastards would try it just once more. They did, of course: long-haired teen scum, belly-creeping down from the road, through the weeds, in the middle of the day. I watched, like a sniper, from a second-story window, a brick in my hand, and when the first of the three got right below me and started to jerk at one of the panels, I thought, *Now*. Then I saw myself the way you sometimes do when the monster is just short of blowing away the last grain of decency you own, and I thought, You gonna crush this kid's skull for a couple of bags of dope? "Hell, yes," said the monster, but I didn't, because, somehow, making the earth say murder wasn't what I'd had in mind when I laid the seed in. Instead, I yelled, "*What the fuck you doing down there?*" It was a rhetorical question, and the way the trio took off, I think they understood that.

I harvested the last of the four plants that day, almost two months ahead of their full, juicy maturity, and when I got the crop dry, there was just under a pound. I sold some, but I smoked most of it myself and shared it with my pothead friends; and the next season, I left the lock off the door and filled the greenhouse with vegetables and flowers. I told myself that I could buy good marijuana, but tomatoes like the ones coming out of that little shed were not for sale at any price.

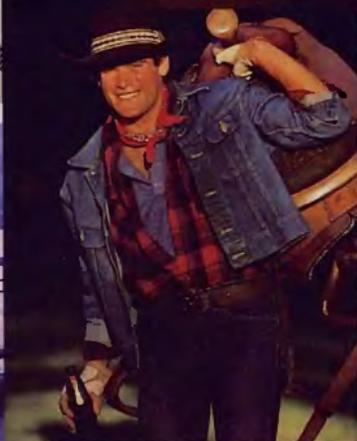
The accountant hated that logic, of course; but, then, my biggest mistake was ever letting him into the garden in the first place. 



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 29-year-old businessman very happily married to a woman of the same age. My problem concerns our sexual relations—or at least my fantasies about our sexual relations. There's something missing from our sex life that I constantly fantasize about and would dearly love to experience: spanking—that is, my spanking her. This obsession may sound rather absurd, but my particular “perversion” doesn't seem to be quite as rare as I once imagined it to be—at least from what I've read and heard. My wife came from a rather conservative family and was sexually naïve when I married her, but she has since, I think, come to enjoy sex and has been willing to try new things. My problem is, how do I ease spanking into a regular part of our sex life? Do women ever fantasize about being spanked? This particular need of mine has been with me ever since I was an adolescent but has had no outlet for satisfaction other than in fantasies—I was simply afraid, as I am now, that if I told a woman about this, she'd pack up and leave. Mind you, I wouldn't dare hurt her. It's just that whenever I see her gorgeous, slightly plump little ass wiggling around the house, I have an enormous hard-on and fantasize for the next week about taking her over my lap, pulling down her jeans and panties and paddling her with my bare hand or a ping-pong paddle. There are variations on this, of course. All this, I'm sure, does make me sound like a sadistic pervert. Maybe I am. But assuming no one gets hurt (and I have no intention of hurting her beyond mere light spanking), what's the harm? Any suggestions?—S. S., Chicago, Illinois.

*Don't be so timid. Show your wife this letter. Say, “Gee, it takes all kinds to fill the freeways, doesn't it, honey?” Then pause and ask her if she's ever had a fantasy about spanking. (You may be surprised by her answer.) As a means to an end, you might simply confess to your own fantasy and ask for her cooperation. A marriage should include the sharing of fantasies. That has to cut both ways. Maybe you'll wind up on the receiving end.*

I bought a TV set that's supposed to be cable ready. I can get some cable channels, but the picture is completely scrambled. I recall that on my old TV, there was a horizontal-hold control that could straighten out the picture. There's no such control on my new one. Are the TV-set manufacturers in cahoots with the cable operators to force us to pay for a cable converter?—B. N., San Diego, California.

*To begin with, the term cable ready is somewhat overstated. It would be more to the point to describe the new, electronically (digitally)*



*tuned TV sets as cable compatible, which means that they can receive the basic channels of a cable system without a converter and also permit the use of a remote-control accessory. You still have to subscribe to the cable system, however. And you still need the converter to get the “premium” channels that are scrambled. The horizontal-hold control has nothing to do with it. The use of microprocessors for tuning simply obviates the need for that control. The scrambling of the premium channels is done generally by either of two techniques. One is known as sync suppression, which tears up the picture. The other is video inversion, which makes blacks white, and vice versa, and also messes up the color. You could fiddle all day and night with a horizontal adjustment and get nowhere with such scrambling. Note, too, that getting some kind of descrambler on your own is illegal. As things stand, you must get that device from the cable company.*

This is a true story, no matter how incredible it may seem. Three weeks ago, my girlfriend abruptly and unexpectedly broke up with me. I believed we were having a happy, understanding relationship. Her final words were, “I have only one life to live. I'd like to experience different things.” I was crushed. I persistently tried to win her back—with roses, chocolates, cards and anything else you can imagine. It was no use. Anger began to set in, and I was determined to discover the man who had swept her off her feet and away from me. I rented a car and parked down the street from her house on a day I knew she would go out. Sure enough, she came out and entered her car. She had gotten dressed up and was very beautiful. I fol-

lowed her to an apartment complex not far away. The sun had just dipped below the horizon as she went up a few steps and knocked on a door. I got out of the car and watched from behind a tall hedge. To my tremendous surprise, a tall and attractive brunette who must have been about 35 or 40 years old opened the door. They kissed each other briefly on the lips. And as the door closed behind them, I saw the brunette grab and squeeze my ex's buttocks. I left quite disgusted and disappointed. I have nothing against gays, but I can tell you my girlfriend sure wasn't one. She's 22, and maybe she was lured by the other woman. The mystery woman is not only gay but about 15 years older than my ex. Is this a passing thing? I still love my girlfriend very much and would do anything to be with her again. Any tips on how I could win her back? Your advice would be greatly appreciated.—T. S., Seattle, Washington.

*We suppose a sex change is out of the question. Come back as a lesbian and you might win your ex's heart. But then, this may just be a phase she's going through. There you'd be, empty, uh, handed. She's moved on. Face that and get on with your own life. You are in love with a memory, with the habits of a good time. They say that the only cure for a woman is another woman. Find her.*

I have a rather embarrassing problem: Whenever I am around women, I get a huge hard-on. I try not to think about it, but it swells and really hurts. This happens up to three times a day, and the women I work with really notice. Now no one will go out with me, even to lunch, because everyone thinks I'm a pervert and very horny. That's not it at all. In fact, I am a normal guy. What can I do to control my “bulging muscle”? I am nine inches, so it's a problem.—J. L., Butler, Pennsylvania.

*Ahem. Maybe you should wear looser clothing. It works for us.*

Recently, for some obscure reason, a group of us found ourselves discussing the proper manner of urinating while wearing Jockey shorts. Much to everyone's surprise, we were unable to reach an agreement and would appreciate your advice and hearing whether or not you have any survey background on this subject. It appears that the categories involved are three: (1) those who use the flap built into the front of the Jockey shorts; (2) those who pull the leg of the Jockey shorts to one side; (3) those who pull down the waistband in order to relieve themselves. The conversation was quite hilarious; all of us involved have been asking our friends and

we have found that there is a great diversity of opinion on the matter. We originally thought that the purpose of the flap was to facilitate such matters and that that would be the over-all winner of our informal poll. Much to our surprise, the pull-the-leg-to-one-side method seems to be most prevalent. We would appreciate hearing your comments.—P. S., Shirley, New York.

*It's always nice to hear what men are concerned about in Shirley, New York. Seriously, though, we know of no formal surveys on this matter, but we would lay odds that most men do, indeed, pull or adjust their briefs to one side to facilitate urinating. You're correct in assuming that the flap was built into the shorts for this purpose, but we honestly doubt that very many men use it.*

**M**y fiancée, a divorcee, and I are both employed at a local TV station and must frequently work different hours and contend with on-call assignments. She recently persuaded me to sell my condominium and move in with her, as we are serious about getting married. All had been going very well until her 15-year-old daughter decided to return from the West Coast, where she had been staying with my fiancée's ex-husband. The girl is extremely cunning and provocative toward me, to say the least. Whenever I'm at home and her mother is at work, she'll do practically anything she can think of to turn me on—walk around in bra and panties; come into the bedroom when I'm asleep and tickle my feet teasingly—and will often sit on the bed, seeming to implore me to make it with her. It's gotten to the point where she reacts jealously to my relationship with her mom and is no doubt striving to compete with her for my affections. I would never even consider any form of relations with the girl, not only because of her age but because I do have high personal esteem and, above all, a genuine desire to marry my fiancée, for whom I have the greatest respect. How do I handle the present situation? I really don't want to foul up the relationship between my fiancée and her daughter and would prefer not to have to confront the girl directly. I would rather ignore the situation and hope the flame will burn itself out eventually.—F. P., Miami, Florida.

*It's not your job to act as a father, but it is your responsibility to act as an adult. If and when you marry your fiancée, you are going to have to work together on a number of problems, including child rearing. Confer with your partner to be. You may have to seek counseling for your new family. Understanding, not silence, is the answer.*

**I**n 1983, I was presented with a baby granddaughter. This year, my son and his wife are expecting another child. I'd like to do something for them besides the usual setting up of trusts and the like. I remember that at a European wedding I

attended, the father toasted the couple with wine of his daughter's birth year—wine he had laid down for her when she was born. What wines of the 1983 and 1985 Bordeaux vintages would be at their peak around 2005–2010? And how can I order some?—R. J., Hartford, Connecticut.

*The early barrel-tasting reports of the 1983 vintage are in. While not so spectacular as those of 1982, the wines promise to be very good, indeed, and should hold well into the next century. At this point, you will have to buy 1983 futures in Bordeaux; the deal is that you pay full price on receipt of order and take delivery in 1986. The good side is that by 1986, the wines will likely have appreciated considerably. If you want to go top flight, some suggestions include the usual premiers crus: Châteaux Lafite, Latour, Margaux and Mouton. All of them are about \$480 a case now. For more modest drinking—but still very good—you might consider Châteaux Palmer, Léoville-Las-Cases and Figeac (all about \$240 a case). For a still more modest taste, try Châteaux Gloria and Angludet (about \$120).*

**I** am a 35-year-old, six-foot-tall woman with a good figure and long blonde hair. I think I am attractive. My husband is a very practical man, a good provider and a loving father. My problem is that he is content with a not-so-exciting sex life crammed into a couple of minutes at the end of the day. I want to expand into acting out fantasies. I have tried to act out different roles—a hooker, a stripper and others—but he gets very embarrassed. I want to set moods for lovemaking and spend more time at it. All this is so threatening to him that now, if I put on a sexy nightgown, I can see panic in his eyes. I have tried to explain to him that I have difficulty shifting gears from talking about kids, finances, etc., to lovemaking. I need more preparation, more fantasies. His worst practical statement, which blew the entire night, came when the lights were low and soft music was playing: He announced, "Don't forget, the garbage goes out tomorrow."

Sometimes I think I would like the excitement of an affair, but I want to be faithful to my husband. If he pretended to be someone else, I would get that excitement. My dream is to make love to a Paul Bunyan type of character, with boots, a flannel shirt and low-cut jeans. When my husband works in the yard in jeans, I am all over him; but being very practical, he never quits working and gives in to me. He contends that after you have been married awhile, you should expect your sex life to settle in and be comfortable. I find that boring. I think you should be constantly looking for ways to spice it up. Most lovemaking takes planning to make it exciting. I still love a quickie, too, but a planned lovemaking session would be terrific. Am I

expecting too much? Should I be content with having a good man who loves me? I am open to any hints.—Mrs. D. R., Allentown, Pennsylvania.

*We don't like to take sides in marital disagreements, but we will say that in theory, at least, we prefer your approach to sex. Wild, imaginative, sweaty, reciprocal sex is the heart of marriage. What you have at present is a stalemate brought on by conflicting sexual attitudes. Counseling could help resolve that stalemate, but we have a hunch that your husband isn't interested in seeking help—largely because he doesn't think there's a problem. If that's the case and your frustration is severe enough to warrant it, we think you might benefit by going for help alone and talking out your feelings with a trained professional. There may be no way to change your husband; but at the same time, we don't think you should have to keep your fantasies and desires under wraps. We hope the two of you find a middle ground.*

**M**y question is about orgasms during dreams. My husband discontinued our sexual relations about seven years ago. At various times of the month, because of an inactive sex life, I have erotic dreams, usually involving a climax. Often, I will awaken during it or immediately before reaching the full climax and my physical position will be that of the woman in the missionary position—supine and with legs apart. I fail to understand how I can reach a climax with no stimulation to the genitals (my hands, blanket and pillows are never involved). If the climax is semifinished, I have to turn on my side and rub my legs together to reach completion. This is my usual method, but it involves pressure on the clitoris caused by the leg position. Is it possible for the mind to bring on an orgasm? I have had a discharge from viewing erotic movies or pictures, but there were never the orgasmic spasms that are present in these dreams. Can you enlighten me?—Mrs. K. S., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Women, as well as men, have nocturnal orgasms. There's nothing abnormal about you; this is just your body's way of letting you know that it's functioning properly. If and when your sex life improves, your nighttime episodes are likely to occur less frequently or even to stop. And we would suggest seeing a therapist. Seven years without sex produces an itch of a different kind—spiritual as well as physical.*

*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.*



# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question of the month:

**What advice would you give a daughter about first-time sex?**

First I'd discuss birth control. Then I'd try to find out how strongly she felt about the guy and if she really wanted to have sex. If both answers were yes, I'd say go ahead. I think I'd try to say that sex is healthy and enjoyable but that birth control is the main thing. I'd hope that the guy was gentle, considerate and sensitive. It's a scary time, and thinking that you could get into trouble might take the positive aspects right out of it. But the rest of the experience is pretty much going to fall into place. I couldn't tell her what to do or how to please a man, because she's going to have to figure out the details for herself. I'd hope she would enjoy herself.



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

My advice would be, take your time. So many young people rush into sex, and then it's over. They don't really understand what has happened. Through experience, you discover that sex doesn't have to be intercourse. It is also talking, holding, touching and kissing. It's not just plain sex. I'd suggest an older man, because he'd be more responsible and I think he'd be a better teacher. What's older? About 30. Sure, there are exceptions, but younger men aren't into pleasing their partners yet. An older man can show a young woman about her own pleasure and do it gently. Older guys aren't so nervous, you know.



*Tracy Vaccaro*

TRACY VACCARO  
OCTOBER 1983

That is something. I have thought about a whole lot. I'd tell her to go for an older man. A man in his 30s who has been around a bit is going to be understanding and he's going to be more interested in making her feel good and comfortable. He'll be more likely to show affection. Younger guys are still learning how to get it themselves and might be insensitive or too rough. That kind of experience could be devastating for a young woman. I'd make the same suggestion to a young man: Don't pressure your 16-year-old girlfriend; if you want to learn about sex, go with an older woman. I think an acceptable age to start is 17. That's when I first fell in love, and I still am.



*Kimberly McArthur*

KIMBERLY MCARTHUR  
JANUARY 1982

You mean, besides the birth-control rap? If she had that straight and I knew that she really liked the guy, I'd try to tell her not to be too nervous. I'd tell her all about foreplay and encourage her to make it go on for a long time before sex. I guess I'd expect to have this conversation with a 16-year-old. You can't really say no to a 16-year-old; it would just make her rebel. Unless the guy were a complete bum, I don't think I'd ever come right out and forbid her to see him. I might say something like, "I'm not crazy about this guy and I think you can do a lot better." Still, if she were determined to go ahead with it no matter what, I'd wish her a good time as she walked out the door. Telling her no would just encourage her.



*Liz Stewart*

LIZ STEWART  
JULY 1984

I think about this a lot, because I know that one of these days I'll have a daughter, and I know she'll become aware of her sexuality earlier than I did. I never went to bed with anyone until I was 18. I assume my daughter will be with someone before that age. My only advice will be to make sure it's the right guy. And I'd tell her, "If he hurts you, hit him!" But I'm not going to tell her yes or no. I am going to encourage her to wait for someone she really cares about. And when she turns 12, I'm going to lock her in her room! Seriously, I'd ask her to think about how she'll feel about herself in the morning. If she thinks she'll have no regrets, that's fine.



*Roberta Vasquez*

ROBERTA VASQUEZ  
NOVEMBER 1984

I'd tell her not to be in a hurry, to make sure he felt as strongly about her. I'd tell her not to go through with it just because some guy was pushing her into it. I would have already explained birth control, so I'd remind her to be careful. I don't think age is that important in her partner. An older man might be more considerate, but young people have to find out these things for themselves. That's what youth is for. I'd advise her to do it with a person she cares about.



*Penny Baker*

PENNY BAKER  
JANUARY 1984

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.





# CANADIAN MIST

CANADA AT ITS BEST.®



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CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF © 1984

PHOTOGRAPHED AT GARIBALDI LAKE, CANADA

LIGHT, SMOOTH, MELLOW.

# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

The first time I ever got a job, at a men's retail store in a shopping mall, I had to take a lie-detector test. It was supposed to find out whether or not employees were honest, and the store gave the test from time to time to find out if anyone had been raiding the till. It was a real piss-off, but given what's going on now in the job world, that description of constant surveillance seems an ironic metaphor.

These days, they don't just piss you off, they check your piss. Out here in California, and probably elsewhere, many large corporations are now requiring job applicants to undergo a drug-screening urinalysis. You can refuse, of course, just as you can refuse a lie-detector test. But that means you don't get the job.

(Name withheld by request)  
Santa Monica, California

## PORN AGAIN

I feel I must disagree with David Hunt (in the March *Playboy Forum*) on two counts.

First, I dispute his clear-cut distinction between pornography and erotica. Although your publication falls firmly in the category of erotica, by Hunt's own definition, it could be considered somewhat pornographic—despite your high photographic standards.

Second, pornography must *not* be summarily trashed—like prostitution, it does have a place in society. With it, the cranks can stay indoors and live out their weird or sadistic fantasies singlehandedly. Without it, they'll be out on the streets looking for real, live candidates.

Keep pornography off the newsstands and in the back rooms, maybe. But please don't trash it—I value my wife's, sisters' and female friends' safety.

A. J. Austin  
High Wycombe, England

## BLUE BIBLE

The Bible is a very adult book. Nobody seems to mention the explicit sex in it—from incest to fornication in public to adultery. Absalom, for example, took ten of his father's concubines and fornicated before onlookers. In the New Testament, something occurred among early Jewish Christians that hadn't been heard of even among gentiles: a son's lying with his father's wife (fornication on his part, adultery on hers).

Gordon Mayfield  
Lebanon, Pennsylvania

## UP THE FIRST

I notice that every so often, you just have to sponsor a little communism in your publication. I never see you wave the flag. Are you soft on these people? Do you really favor that slave system, or could it be that you can't sort out Soviet misinformation?

Your effort to destroy our intelligence

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*"The Bible is a very adult book."*

---

systems by quoting sources such as Frank Wilkinson (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1984) without identifying his Communist connection is a case in point.

Shape up or I shall ship out on you.

Edward McLeary  
McMillin, Washington

*For shame, Edward; you know and we know that you don't subscribe to PLAYBOY, probably don't buy it, but do receive a goofy right-wing newsletter called The American Sentinel, which gave you our address and told you to chew us out about Wilkinson. We didn't quote him as a source of anything; we gave him an H.M.H. First Amendment Award for his efforts in behalf of freedom of speech and of the press. Isn't it odd that we never seem to find any staunch right-wingers who defend that amendment? Get a load of how much your buddy from Texas respects it.*



Because of your H.M.H. Award to Communist Party stalwart Frank Wilkinson, who spent 1961 in jail, I am instructing our employees to remove your magazines from our drilling rigs, offices and company cars.

Charlie Jacobs, President  
KTX Management Company  
Corpus Christi, Texas

*For the record, Wilkinson was among those jailed for refusing on principle to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee, whose witch-hunting excesses finally caused Congress to abolish it.*

## TRUE TO TRADITION

Ever since World War Two, the concept of patriotism has been drifting rightward. Ideas that used to be considered subversively Nazi or totalitarian are more and more considered "all-American." Even the insulting arrogance during the 1984 Olympics was considered standard American.

Unfortunately, the left chooses to condemn the past along with the present, inadvertently helping to cover up how much America is drifting away from its sense of equality and justice, while the New Right is rewriting our past to agree with its blueprint for the future.

The Revolution, the New Deal and the New Frontier, the Liberty Bell and the Statue of Liberty once stood for just the opposite of what President Reagan claims. And the American flag, with its 13 equal and interchangeable stripes and equal but changing star patterns, once stood for progress and equality, not law and order. The Ayatollah can return Iran to its traditions, but the traditions President Reagan claims to be trying to restore here are foreign, not American.

While founded a little earlier, *PLAYBOY* embodies many of the ideals of the New Frontier and, therefore, should place replicas of American flags and Liberty Bells alongside its periodic articles defending free speech and civil liberties and opposing oppressive CIA-FBI activities.

Richard Kanegis  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## GUN CONTROL

I think that the National Rifle Association and its members should have all the rifles they want. The fact that bear and deer hunters as often as not mistake one another for big game could not bother me less. Citizens who feel they need the protection from burglars that handguns offer them should also have the right to bear arms. If their children accidentally shoot off their fingers, or worse, because Mommy and Daddy carelessly failed to store their guns safely, that also does not

concern me. What must be banned from manufacture, import, sale and possession, however, are cheap, badly made so-called Saturday-night specials. These small handguns are the first choice of criminals precisely because they are so widely available on the black market. These guns serve no legitimate purpose. Anyone who is interested in guns as a hobbyist or for protection will go out and buy a first-class, high-quality weapon that he can trust. There is absolutely no reason these Saturday-night specials should be sold, because only criminals buy and use them.

Mathew Wilson  
Boston, Massachusetts

**GUN STAMPS?**

Liberals, as usual, are good at proposing imaginative solutions to social problems, such as combining bans on the manufacture, sale and possession of so-called Saturday-night specials with the registration of high-quality rifles and handguns. This is illiberal!

Cheaply made Saturday-night specials are usually owned by people who cannot afford expensive weapons, including low-life criminals who have no class. But they are also owned by decent people who want simply to be able to protect themselves and whose only crime is that they are too poor to go out and buy a \$400 Dirty Harry Magnum.

Nancy Reagan can afford a pretty little pearl-handled pistol to keep on her bedside table, but people who live in the inner city and who are most often the victims of violent crime must settle for economy models. To ban Saturday-night specials would be to discriminate against the poor.

I already know what will happen if cheap handguns are banned: There will be Government gun-quality-testing labs, all the liberals will lobby Congress to set gun standards and we will have a Government program to help the poor buy guns. Gun stamps will be handed out with welfare checks on the first day of every month, and it will cost taxpayers billions.

Frank Frangolis  
Wilmette, Illinois

**FATHER'S STORY**

Not all Right-to-Lifers are concerned only with the unborn's well-being, as I think they would have us believe.

Last September, as I began my sophomore year in college, I got a phone call that scared the hell out of me. A girl I had slept with only once, four or five weeks earlier, told me she was pregnant. The father, it appeared, was either me or another guy—there being no way to determine that until birth, because of the proximity of her two "outings."

Of course, I was informed of birth control back in that unenlightened era of my life—and since that subject had not been acknowledged, I felt it my responsibility to

bring it up before our roll in the hay. I asked her if she was on the pill. Yes, she said. Perfect, I thought. Obviously, that was a blatant lie.

Even as a kid, I was intrigued by the thought of someday being a father. But the circumstances in my dream were entirely different. They included an established career, a home, some financial security—not to mention a wife whom I would love at least as much as any other person.

Should I be the father, I am faced with the intolerable choice of being a half-assed daddy or no daddy—and pretending the whole thing never happened.

I certainly have nothing to offer a baby right now. Financially, what? Five or ten bucks a week for support? That stinks.

My immediate response upon hearing the news was to suggest abortion, to which she had been adamantly opposed from the outset. Now, if this particular Right-to-Lifer were sincerely interested in the unborn's well-being, there wouldn't be an unborn to mention, would there?

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

**SIGN HERE**

I have developed what seems to me a foolproof document for use in certain delicate situations. It served me well during my bachelor years and, now a family man, I pass it on in the hope that other readers may find it useful.

S. Bonnette  
Alexandria, Louisiana

**SAFETY FIRST  
GUARANTEE**

THIS CERTIFIES THAT THE UNDERSIGNED  
FEMALE About to enjoy sexual intercourse with \_\_\_\_\_  
Am above the lawful age of consent am in my right mind, and  
am not under the influence of any Drug or Narcotic.

Neither does he have to use any Force, Threats or  
Promises to influence me, I am in no fear of him whatsoever;  
Do not expect or want to marry him; Dont know whether he  
married or not and Don't care, I'm not asleep or Drunk and,  
am entering into this Relation with him because I love it and  
I want it as much as he does, and if I receive the Satisfaction  
I expect, I'm willing to Play an Early Return engagement.

FURTHERMORE, I AGREE NEVER TO APPEAR AS A  
WITNESS AGAINST HIM OR TO PROSECUTE HIM UN-  
DER THE MANN WHITE SLAVE ACT.

Signed Before Jumping into Bed This  
\_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_ 19\_\_\_\_

*We can only speculate that your good looks and charming personality compensated for the grammar, spelling and punctuation.*

**OVERKILL**

The seat belt was a wonderful idea, it was inexpensive, easy to use and could save many lives. Our Government has succeeded in taking that clever idea and (1) making it expensive (those lights and

buzzers cost money); (2) making it ineffective (many people once actually used the seat belt that just lays across your lap, but few use that awkward contraption that reaches across your chest and tangles). All the ad campaigns in the world won't make a shoulder harness comfortable.

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

**EXPOSING SIN**

From time to time, I am reminded of the genius displayed by some people in their efforts to achieve the opposite of what they want. Recently, the P.T.A. in one of our charming communities between Dallas and Fort Worth got together a resolution asking that the lyrics to rock-'n'-roll music be printed on the covers of record albums. The reason, according to Lanette Cosby, local P.T.A. president, is that rock lyrics are in "poor taste or harmful" and should be posted as a kind of consumer warning to the teenagers and their parents. Not only that, suggested Cosby and the P.T.A., but the government should enforce a law banning "obscenity" on the airwaves, thus also keeping rock music off the air.

These P.T.A. folks are of the opinion that rock lyrics encourage suicide, drug abuse, sex and general moral decay. If that's so, which I doubt could be proved, then, of course, the very best way to spread the dangerous lyrics among adolescents is to (1) ban them on the radio and (2) print them on album covers.

Once kids know *for sure* the words their guardians don't want them to hear, they'll buy the albums at twice the rate they did when the words had to be interpreted through howls, bad mixes and falsetto screams (assuming the kids have learned to read, that is).

The resolution passed the state P.T.A. meeting and was sent to the national P.T.A. Should I support this effort?

Harlan Wicker  
Dallas, Texas

*Let your conscience be your guide.*

**GOD, SINATRA AND ACNE**

I get a feeling of *déjà vu* whenever I hear or read that former Interior Secretary James Watt, the Reverend Jerry Falwell or other righteous reverends claim that Michael Jackson, Boy George and rock music have a bad influence on our youth.

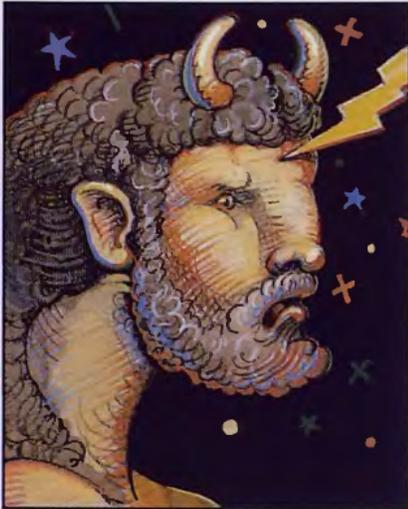
I remember the Forties, when thousands of people, some called bobby-soxers, lined up outside theaters to see and hear "that skinny, blue-eyed kid from Hoboken" sing. Some of the religious zealots of that time claimed that Francis Albert Sinatra was responsible for the increase in juvenile delinquency, for making "sex maniacs" out of young people and for "moral degeneration." One cleric went as far as to blame Sinatra for causing acne. In spite of all those pious utterings, Sinatra went on to become an actor and a

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## TASER TESTING

LOS ANGELES—A jaywalker who claims that he was rendered impotent by a police Taser gun has sued the Los Angeles Police Department for \$20,000. The plaintiff states that when he refused to sign the ticket charging him with a pedestrian



violation, one cop grabbed him and another zapped him with a Taser, which delivers a briefly incapacitating jolt of 50,000 volts at a very low current level. It is considered safer than a bullet or a baton.

## SNOW-BLIND

ASPEN, COLORADO—A 39-year-old drunk-driving suspect managed to parlay that problem into an even bigger one as he was being booked into the Pitkin County Jail. The arresting officer looked up from his paperwork to see his man sniffing a white powder that, sure enough, proved to be cocaine.

## SLOGAN OR SLUR?

LOS ANGELES—Barney's Beanery, a popular eatery that has long irritated homosexuals with a "Fags stay out" slogan that has become its trademark, caved in to West Hollywood's new law banning discrimination against gays. The slogan appeared in the Thirties in the form of a sign since memorialized in print and art, and a few years later, it survived a lawsuit by gay activists when attorneys for the restaurant successfully argued that it was "part of the tradition and decor . . . obviously intended to be humorous and . . . not coupled with any policy or practice of discrimination." Barney's owner decided that voluntary compliance was the better part of valor and allowed the lesbian mayor of West Hollywood to ceremonially take down the sign.

## BAD BREAKS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Contrary to general belief, almost 1,000,000 burglaries a year occur while residents are at home, and in about one third of the incidents, a household member is robbed, raped or otherwise assaulted. A study by the Justice Department's Bureau of Justice Statistics also found that a "substantial" percentage of burglaries are committed by persons related to or known by the victims. The bureau's director called burglary "potentially a far more serious crime than its classification as a property offense indicates" because of the possibility of serious felony crimes' occurring in connection with it.

## INTERNATIONAL OVERDEVELOPMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The International Planned Parenthood Federation will lose \$17,000,000 in Federal funds because it finances abortion-related services in foreign countries. The U.S. Agency for International Development said the cutoff reflected the Reagan Administration policy that prohibits Government grants to "organizations which perform or actively promote abortion as a method of family planning in other nations." I.P.P.F. said the funds used for that purpose were "minuscule."

## NO DEAL

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—Three convicted rapists have been sentenced to maximum prison terms of 30 years each after the supreme court of South Carolina refused to let a state circuit judge offer them probation on the condition that they submit to surgical castration. The high court said that that would involve mutilation, which violates the state constitution's prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment.

## CAR NUT

LOS ANGELES—Campus police at Los Angeles Pierce College and at California State University, Northridge, are looking for a kinky vandal who consistently goes for G.M. cars driven by coeds, stealing the gas pedal, cutting up shoes into small pieces, ripping out wiring and generally making a mess of the interior. In 14 incidents reported during a two-month period, one girl's car had been hit six times and another's three times. Said the police captain at Pierce, "I guess he just doesn't like pretty girls who drive G.M. cars." Said an investigator at CSUN, "The guy has to have some kind of foot fetish or something." The only non-G.M. car involved so far was a Fiat.

## "GREAT BODILY HARM"

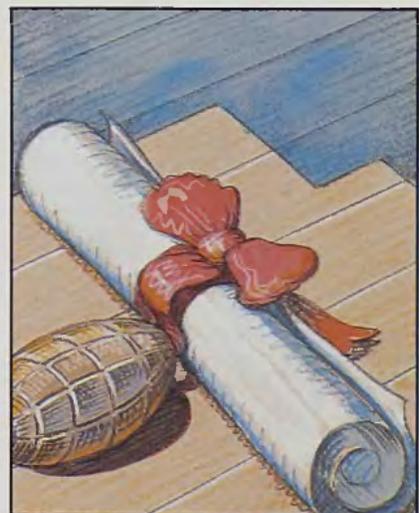
SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA—A 23-year-old man convicted of kidnap, rape and forcible oral copulation has had extra time added to his sentence because he gave his victim herpes. That disease, a jury found, met the state definition of "great bodily harm," which meant that five years could be added to the 25 he was given for the other offenses.

## ONE AND ONE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court took a long step toward dismantling its landmark 1966 Miranda decision by ruling that authorities can use the confession of a suspect even if his self-incriminating statements are made before he is informed of his rights. But the Court also ruled that the Constitution requires states to provide free psychiatric assistance for indigent defendants who intend to plead insanity.

## OVERACTING

AUSTIN, TEXAS—A 17-year-old high school senior managed to freak out his drama teacher, fellow students, school officials and the Austin police and fire departments when he arrived late to class, clutching a hand grenade and behaving in a paranoid manner, complete with whimpering and accusations of persecution. Before the emergency services arrived, the student snapped out of it and said, "I did a pretty good job, don't you think?" He explained that he had just performed the five-minute improvisation



required for his final drama exam. Then he handed the teacher the notes for his act and revealed the grenade to be a dummy. The various authorities were less than pleased but indicated that they would show some leniency under the circumstances.

supporter and friend of Richard Nixon's and a member of President Reagan's "kitchen cabinet." All this raises three major questions in my mind: (1) Aren't President Reagan and the Reverend Falwell afraid of contracting acne when they attend one of those \$1000-a-plate dinners with Sinatra? (2) To which future

President will Boy George be a confidant? (3) Did Falwell's God tell him to seek monetary vengeance by suing publisher Larry Flynt, while the Devil told rock stars to raise money for the starving people in Ethiopia?

Stuart D. Kantor  
Parish, New York

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

We Americans are a fickle and myopic bunch. Trendy to the max, we hop onto any band wagon that plays our song. Today it's the Ethiopians. We send them our money. We send them our food. We even send them our newsmen to describe their slow starvation. But what about tomorrow?

Scientists recognize the fact that the size of a population of animals is determined by the environment. When the land can't support the population—for whatever reason—mortality increases, natality decreases. Mankind, however, is oblivious to this law of nature. When a human population becomes too large for the land to support, America sends a CARE package. The result? Mortality decreases, natality increases. The 1,000,000 starving persons we save today become 4,000,000 starving persons a generation from now.

We Americans don't realize what we are doing, and our attention spans aren't long enough for us to see the results of our misguided altruism. When starvation in Ethiopia is no longer newsworthy (and it will cease to be, in the not too distant future), when the images of emaciated bodies and the bloated bellies of little children have faded from our minds and all we Americans remember is the glow in our hearts we got from sending ten dollars to a relief organization, the starvation will continue. We just won't hear about it or we'll ignore it, or both.

So what should we do? Turn our backs on the Ethiopians? Ignore the cries of hungry children? Perhaps.

I mean, why not? We do it all the time. There are people in *our* neighborhoods whose needs are as desperate as any Ethiopian's—homeless men, women and children who wander the streets searching for food and shelter; people who freeze to death in the winter because they can't pay their fuel bills; malnourished children; elderly persons who desperately need medical care. But then, it is more *fashionable* to send relief to Ethiopians than it is to send relief to the family down the block.

No. The answer lies not in closing our eyes but in opening them. We must realize that sending a one-time donation to any cause—whether it's to the Ethiopians or to the American Indians—does little to alleviate the pain and often does little more than prolong the agony.

If our morality dictates that we intervene between man and nature, if we're going to keep the Ethiopians alive today and then tomorrow, we've got to accept the responsibility of teaching them how to conserve their natural resources and how to feed more people with the resources they have. That means making a long-term commitment to improving their standard of living. Only then will our individual contributions—and our good intentions—not be in vain.

D. Cameron  
Athens, Georgia

## PORN AND CIVIL RIGHTS: II

It seems that some people can't get enough of a bad thing. In May 1984, Indianapolis mayor William H. Hudnut III signed into law yet another attempt at an end run around the First Amendment. Even though his effort was struck down last winter, the mayor has vowed to fight on. Meanwhile, proponents of similar ordinances in New York, Los Angeles, Detroit and other cities are watching and waiting.

The Indianapolis law, based on a bill that had already been vetoed by Minneapolis mayor Donald Fraser, sought to establish a civil rights basis for controlling sexually explicit materials. It was supported by a coalition of fringe feminists and moral conservatives, who argued that pornography constitutes "a discriminatory practice based on sex because its effect is to deny women equal opportunities in society." The ordinance prohibited "the sexually explicit subordination of women, graphically depicted, whether in pictures or in words," when a number of other conditions were also present.

Within hours of Hudnut's signing it, the ordinance was challenged in Federal court by a coalition of bookstores, trade associations, publishers and a cable-television station. An injunction was issued shortly thereafter, and in November, the ordinance was declared unconstitutional by U.S. District Judge Sarah Evans Barker, who found it to be both overbroad and too vague.

In striking down the law, Judge Barker was straightforward: "To deny free speech, in order to engineer social change in the name of accomplishing a greater good for one sector of our society, erodes the freedoms of all and as such threatens tyranny and injustice."

After such a judicial thumping, one would expect this novel approach to censorship to be mercifully laid to rest. Unfortunately, Mayor Hudnut thinks otherwise and is appealing the Barker decision to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit.

The irony of the ordinance, says Burt Neuborne, legal director for the American Civil Liberties Union, is striking. "It unites radical feminists with the Moral Majority. Find me any other issues that those two groups would be in agreement on, and I'll show you an outburst of political activity all over the country."

Neuborne agrees with his adversaries in one respect: "I don't think anybody thinks that violent pornography that shows women systematically degraded and turned into objects for brutality is a good thing. It reflects a very troublesome element in American life. But you don't cure that by stamping out the symptom, and the damage to the First Amendment would be terrible. You would set a precedent for any group that felt that it was being adversely affected by speech to organize politically and render the speech illegal. Blacks could do it, Jews could do it, capitalists could do it." Neuborne is quick to point out that the feminists behind this approach are "a very, very small minority of radical people who claim to speak for the feminist community" but are far from representative.

Isabelle Katz Pinzler, director of the A.C.L.U.'s Women's Rights Project, is one feminist who is "very troubled" by the law. Aside from the First Amendment objections, she says, she is "very distressed by the vision of women that's embodied in it." In attempting to protect women, Pinzler says, the ordinance treats them as children. One section of the law would have made it legally impossible for a woman to sign a contract to act in pornographic movies, on the assumption that such contracts must inherently be signed under duress. "That whole idea is something we have been working very hard to get away from," Pinzler says. "Women can enter contracts the way that anybody else can, and to say that they can't denigrates them."

Most important, Pinzler calls these ordinances a "diversion from the really important economic issues. Say there wasn't a First Amendment and you could enact this law. I don't think it would solve women's real problem, which is sexism in the economy."

But one thing the effort clearly does do, according to Michael A. Bamberger, lead counsel for the coalition that successfully opposed the ordinance, is cost. He estimates that Hudnut's efforts will cost Indianapolis citizens approximately \$250,000.

—ROBERT P. KEARNEY



THE TOP

# TWELVE

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feels smoother than  
your bourbon.



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## SNEAKING SEXISM

All we hear of these days concerning women in our society is their alleged "deprivation" due to male oppression. I was raised in a traditional family in which women were highly regarded and treated with cordial respect. Never in my life have I ever patronized or abused a woman. My upbringing prohibits such behavior. Now I find that the women's movement is accusing me of things I have never done.

It has always been my conviction that women want equal rights *only* when it is to their advantage to have them. Women's ambitions are insatiable and know no bounds, not even those of equality, fairness or justice. Hence, the women's movement is *not* one of equality, as it claims.

I am a student of history and have learned of a theory known as the pendulum effect. This theory says that when a society embraces a particular set of values, it eventually changes to embrace the values of its antithesis. With that in mind, I am patiently waiting for our society to recognize the one-sided deal that the women's movement is offering us and that it is more often the men who are abused.

I wonder if PLAYBOY could provide its readers with a list of men's organizations that respond to the women's movement.

Robert McInnes  
Athens, Ohio

*We don't agree that the women's movement is any more unfair, unjust or unequal than are some of the problems it attempts to address. There are abuses on both sides of the fence. Among the men's groups dealing with these issues, you may be interested in contacting Men's Rights, Inc., Box 163180, Sacramento, California 95816; the National Congress for Men, Box 147, Mendham, New Jersey 07945; or the Coalition Organized for Parental Equality (COPE), 68 Deering Street, Portland, Maine 04101, which publishes a directory of rights, mediation and support groups. We must admit, though, that this is the first time we've heard anyone complain about "insatiable" women.*

## RACE AND REAGAN

In his letter in the March *Playboy Forum*, Tony Edward Brown expresses his anger at Reagan's elimination of certain social services and at the majority of voters for electing Reagan. That seems understandable—the economic status of blacks in this country continues to be deplorable. Reagan's attack on social programs while military spending runs rampant is a clear indication that his priorities are questionable at best.

But I disagree with Brown's terminology. He says that Reagan's policies are racist and that the people who voted for him are supporting "institutionalized economic racism." Those strong words show that Brown is not aware of who his enemy really is. He thinks he is fighting a white population determined to keep blacks at

the lower strata of society. The fact is that for the majority of white voters race is not, and has never been, an issue.

Most people vote according to their feeling of how solid their economic status is or will be. They live, play, shop and work in the suburbs and only read about the inner cities in the newspaper. They may be concerned and wish things were different, but race is not a major issue with them. The candidate they vote for—Reagan in this case—is the one who plays the economic, rather than the social-justice, game. Outside the inner cities, one simply does not win elections by making race an issue. Occasionally, a socially conscious candidate will slip in, but only because economic conditions are either so good that

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*"For the majority of white voters race is not, and has never been, an issue."*

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people can afford to be benevolent or so bad that they want the other guy out.

Although a great percentage of the electorate may be ignorant or selfish, most of them are not racists and do not vote in order to support racist tendencies. They vote for themselves instead. Such is majority rule. Those who seek change and sympathetic ears within this system should recognize that the term racism doesn't register with the masses, because they do not see themselves that way. The true enemy is greed, and it is a much greater obstacle than racism has ever been.

C. Johnson  
Akron, Ohio

## NO FREE ADS

As founder and president of the National Association of T-Shirt Toters (NAT-SHIT), I am asking the help of your readers in ending what may be the most widespread exploitation of the American consumer since the coat and tie—which, of course, I do not wear. Like millions of other people, I have over the years become accustomed to wearing that most durable and practical item of haberdashery, the T-shirt. It can be washed along with jeans, requires no ironing and encourages wearers to remain fit while allowing them not to give a shit if they don't. T-shirt wearers have always been supporters of personal liberty and idiosyncrasy.

Unfortunately, merchants and hustlers eventually figured out that the T-shirt-clad bodies of the U.S. (and world) populace were virtual wastelands of unused billboard space. And so came the T-shirts for COCA-COLA, ROLLING STONES WORLD TOUR and ADIDAS.

Today, you can hardly walk along the beach or through a shopping mall or

across a campus without commercial bombardment from somebody's chest. This is especially insidious on those chests that point their messages right at you. A pair of tits screams PEPSI GENERATION and I get thirsty.

You get the drift. Now, as a good and loyal American, I don't like to crowd anybody's hype, and I certainly don't have any bad words to say about advertising. But as NAT-SHIT president, I must object to the continued use of a scam that doesn't give me a piece of the action.

I'm talking T-shirt royalties.

As of this month, NAT-SHIT is asking Congress to enact legislation requiring the manufacturers of T-shirts with commercial messages to reimburse each purchaser/wearer for the duration, frequency and audience exposure of the applicable message. That may seem a complicated procedure and a lot of trouble, but that's the nature of advertising. You could figure a royalty system the way radio stations figure ad rates, on cost per thousand, verified by secret polls that everyone knows are a load of shit anyway.

Purchasers could be reimbursed at point of sale on the basis of an industry-wide scale or could be paid pro rata at the end of each year for five years, the average wear-out time of a good T-shirt. Wearers in large urban areas would receive more;



farmers, practically nothing. Women could get a bonus, creating the first national industry in which "comparable worth" moved beyond mere equality to a form of sexual reparation.

The entire royalty system would also be controlled by the consumer, not the manufacturer, if Congress phrased the law correctly. Every person in this country could become his or her own cottage advertising industry, and commercial sloganeering would no longer be a form of unwaged labor.

This year, T-shirts. Next year, "gimme" caps.

Rod Davis  
Austin, Texas

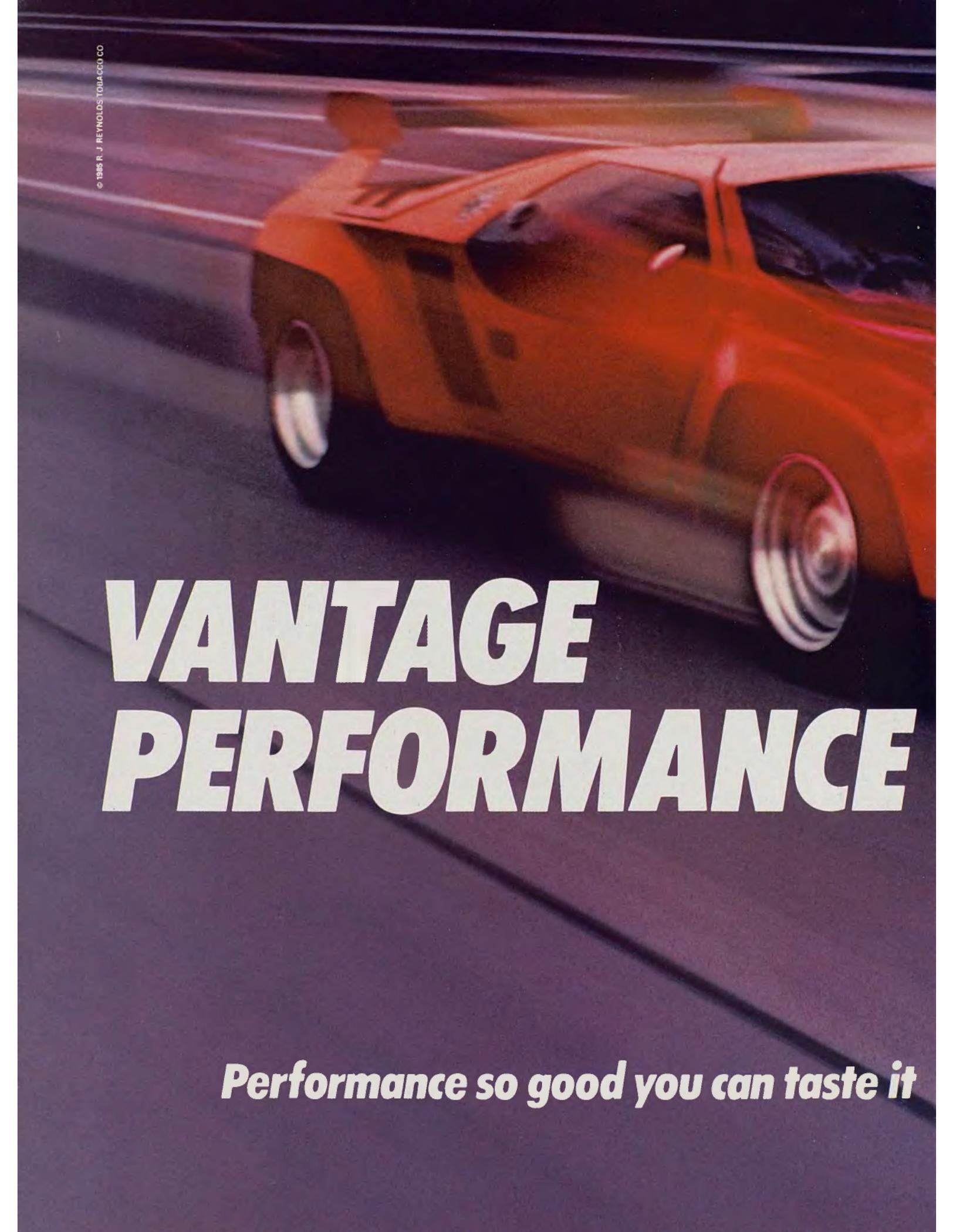
*That's the kind of entrepreneurial spirit that makes America great. It reminds us that a few years ago a major cigarette company, noticing the great amount of sign space that was going to waste on privately owned automobiles, started paying owners to let them turn their cars into moving billboards.*

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*"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.*



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# ***VANTAGE PERFORMANCE***

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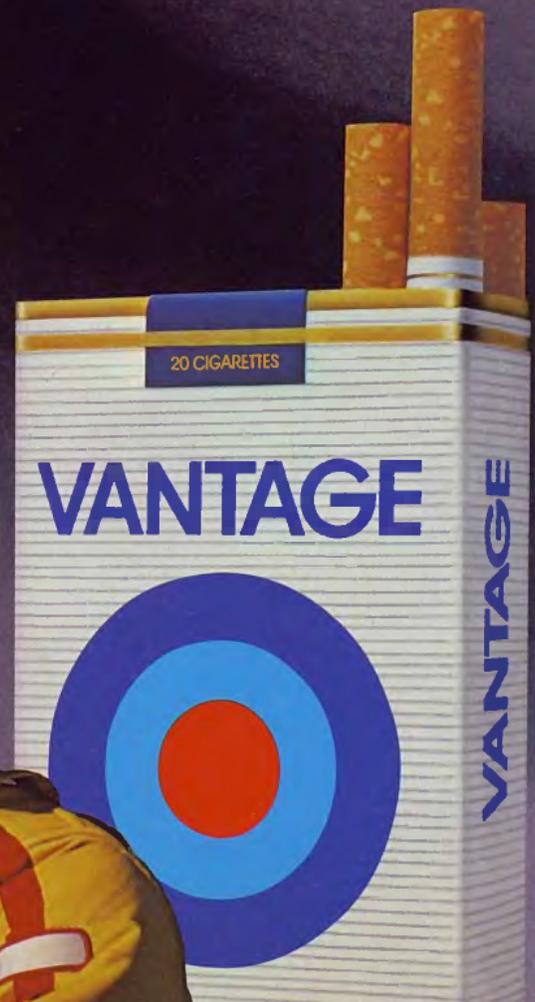
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## 1978

● ESCORT is introduced—the first dual band superheterodyne radar detector.

## 1979

● ESCORT's first review, *Car and Driver* tests twelve radar detectors.

"Only one model, the Escort, truly stood out from the rest."

"If you can imagine the Turbo Porsche of the radar detectors, this is it..."

"In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."

## 1980

● *Car and Driver* compares four detectors.

"...the Escort has gone on to become the most coveted piece of high-performance road equipment since the turbocharger."

"ESCORT Overall rating: Still the best; unmatched in either performance or features."

● *BMWCCA Roundel* compares ten detectors.

"Escort—the winner and still champion!! This design consistently outperformed the other products and is the standard to which the other detectors are compared."

"If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

## 1981

● *BMWCCA Roundel* compares seven detectors.

"The Escort works. It's the best there is. In terms of what all it does, nothing else even comes close."

## 1982

● *Car and Driver* compares ten detectors.

"The ESCORT, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy."

## 1983

● *Car and Driver* compares six detectors.

"...live with a new Escort for a while and you'll realize that it has advanced new circuitry that should go down as a genuine breakthrough."

"The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."

● *BMWCCA Roundel* compares eleven detectors.

"The Escort has been continually updated over the years through an evolutionary development program."

"The Escort simply keeps getting better."

## 1984

● *Rotary Rocket* compares seven detectors.

"While there hasn't been a major facelift for some time, and why should there be for such a classic, the circuitry has undergone countless refinements to keep the Escort at the leading edge of technology."

## 1985

● *Car and Driver* tests twelve remote mounted radar detectors, comparing them to...

"We wanted to know how the low, front mounted detectors would compare with the best conventional radar detector from our previous tests, so we fed (an) Escort into our evaluation as a reference."

The result? The top placing remote unit collected 274 points under the scoring system. And Escort?

"You may be interested to know, however, that the same data-reduction would give the Escort a score of 412 points..."

● *Road & Track* compares ten detectors.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROB REINER

*a candid conversation with the director and former "meathead" about life in hollywood, life with father and life after sitcoms*

*They say in Hollywood that Rob Reiner is hot. And not for the usual reasons.*

*He doesn't have a new TV series.*

*He isn't having an affair with Joan Collins.*

*He hasn't published a kiss-and-tell biography that he wants to push.*

What Reiner has done is to demonstrate that there is life after situation comedy by becoming the director of two movie hits in a row—the very hip *"This Is Spinal Tap"* and the very commercial *"The Sure Thing."* To the surprise of many moguls, Reiner has dropped out of rerun heaven to become a big-time director and is doing it on his own terms—not as Mike "Meathead" Stivic from *"All in the Family,"* not as Carl Reiner's son, not even as the former husband of actress and sitcom queen Penny Marshall. In short, Reiner is a Hollywood kid who may be on the way to doing something rare for that breed—becoming his own man.

The saga begins circa 1947, with Rob's birth in the proverbial vaudeville trunk. Poppa Carl was appearing at that time in a touring revue. Pretty soon, indelibly warped by such backstage baby sitters as Bob Fosse and Buddy Hackett, baby Rob, allegedly cuter than one might today imagine, was

being reared in the Bronx. Across the street, unbeknown to him, lived a little girl named Penny Marshall.

Things were hopping in the Reiner household: Carl was writing and performing for *"Your Show of Shows."* He and his colleagues—the likes of Mel Brooks, Sid Caesar, Howard Morris, Imogene Coca—didn't know it then, but they had pretty much invented the golden age of television. The gang would often gather at the Reiner apartment and Fire Island summer house, and Rob would listen while the clever grownups incessantly tried to make one another laugh.

Soon, though, the Reiners moved on. First to suburban New Rochelle—where Dad seemed just like any other commuter, except that he worked only 39 weeks a year—and then, in 1959, to Beverly Hills.

Rob spent his vacation afternoons watching his father put together *"The Dick Van Dyke Show."* He began to understand what audiences considered funny; the showbiz bug bit hard. Encouraged by his mother, Estelle, Rob spent a couple of summers working in theaters back East.

Reiner dropped out of UCLA and began to spend most of his time around other comedy-struck kids. The humor was centered in a

small circle of Beverly Hills High School buddies, notably the class cutup, Albert Brooks, a scrawny would-be actor named Ricky Dreyfuss and another famous TV personality's son, Larry (son of Joey) Bishop. Dreamers all, constantly fantasizing about fame and fortune in comedy.

The guys, with a few other intrepid souls, formed a comedy troupe called *The Session.* Sometimes the gags were very broad (a TV-game-show take-off called *"Let's Watch a Death,"* involving the electrocution of a midget, was a big favorite), sometimes nonexistent.

With some successful forays into stand-up comedy, Rob got noticed. He began appearing in *The Committee*, an improv group that, in the late Sixties, was as close to the cutting edge of music as of comedy. He'd be hanging out with the likes of Mama Cass, Harvey Brooks, Steve Miller; Janis Joplin would join the troupe on its San Francisco stage.

The critical break came in 1968, when the Smothers Brothers hired him as a writer. When the show was canceled, Reiner and partner Phil Mishkin wrote and performed some well-received stage works, while churning out gags for everything from a Robert Young TV special to an Andy Griffith series



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON MESAROS

*"The networks aren't interested in just making money. They're interested in making ridiculous amounts of money. If all of a network's programs were in the bottom 20 of the Nielsens, they'd still make enormous amounts."*

*"Our marriage dissolved over time. But one night, we saw an ad on TV for the National Enquirer predicting, 'Penny and Rob will split.' That's the reason we got divorced—we didn't want to make the Enquirer look bad."*

*"I remember going over to the 'Van Dyke' show with Dad. I'd crawl behind his desk and look around and think, God, look at all this! He's creating these TV shows, winning Emmys, he's a genius—and I'm inadequate."*

called "Headmaster."

Then came the audition for a new series, "All in the Family," created by old family friend Norman Lear. Rob got rejected. Twice. On the third try, he passed—and went home with the Meathead role. Sally Struthers was chosen to play Rob's wife, winning her role over a little-known actress from the Bronx named Penny Marshall.

As "All in the Family" zoomed in the ratings, Rob married the little-known actress from the Bronx. For the first five years of their marriage, with "All in the Family" and Rob picking up Emmy after Emmy, Penny Marshall Reiner looked for steady work. When "Laverne & Shirley" aired in 1976, it not only made Penny as big a TV star as her husband, it knocked his program out of the top Nielsen slot. For the next three seasons, Rob and Penny were a Burns and Allen for the Seventies—only on separate channels.

But from the time Rob finished his eighth and final "All in the Family" year, things started to come unstuck. He signed a production deal with ABC, but his two main projects—an ambitious comedy series about immigrants called "Free Country" and a satire program, "The TV Show"—died quickly in the midst of a network-management shake-up and disputes over censorship; the experience left him bitter and frustrated. The Reiners' two-star household had abruptly become a one-star enclave; it was hard for Rob to adjust to the supporting role. A divorce ensued, and Reiner began a determined effort to find his own way.

He wanted to direct. "This Is Spinal Tap," a send-up of everything bad, pretentious and just plain silly about the rock scene, was the vehicle. The problem was, Hollywood's moguls found the concept of an improvised pseudo documentary about a nonexistent heavy-metal band hard to fathom. Or finance. It took four and a half years of relentless hustling for the deal to be consummated. The critics loved the movie and it created a cult following.

With "The Sure Thing," a gentle romantic comedy, opening strongly last March, Reiner proved that "Spinal Tap's" success was no fluke. He is currently shooting "The Body," based on a Stephen King story, in Oregon, a project to be followed by his first big (\$20,000,000)-budget film, "Princess Bride," by veteran screenwriter William Goldman.

With Reiner's career in high gear, we thought it a propitious moment to interview a man who is something of a human touchstone in American popular culture of the past two decades—he was born to it, grew up in it, auditioned for it, succeeded at it, married into it, rebelled against it and contributed to it. We asked writer and former managing editor of Rolling Stone David Rosenthal to take the assignment. His report:

"Rob Reiner begins each day with a moan. Not a primal one, mind you, but a good, honest-to-God guttural exhortation directed at the world at large. From what I can gather, nobody hears this daily cry, as Rob lives alone in his spacious Beverly Hills home. So much for my expectations about

comedy. I started out thinking Rob Reiner would be a great guy to get drunk with until I found out he doesn't drink. Never been drunk in his life, he says; the stuff just doesn't agree with him. I was skeptical at first but soon came to believe him on that count and most other things.

"He's honest, almost compulsively candid. You get the feeling he's more than a bit embarrassed talking about himself, but once he's started, he's determined to go at it full tilt. He doesn't just want this to be an interview, he wants it to be the best interview. It's a drive and an attitude that extend throughout his entire life—not just ambition (though that's clearly there) but a need to achieve it all.

"To tell you the truth, even if Rob were a bald-faced liar, I wouldn't want to be the one to call him on it. He's big. At 6'2" and more than 200 pounds, he has the look of an aging athlete. A thick mustache offsets his shiny bald pate, and his blue eyes often seem more half-closed than half-open. The most animated thing about him is his voice; resonant even in polite conversation, it hits you like a sonic boom when he's riled—not an uncommon event. He is gracious to a fault,

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*"I don't think 'All in the Family' had any impact on social change. It just portrayed people realistically."*

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but he does have a temper—"Stupidity pisses me off, injustices piss me off, pigheadedness pisses me off," he says—that witnesses claim is not a pretty sight.

"Reiner has a public image as being fast on his feet, funny, cynical and quicker than thou. But these days, he doesn't try to accommodate one's expectations of his cleverness. Instead, the impression he conveys is that of a man of surprising sensitivity and intelligence, serious and strangely somber. This is, after all, someone who grew up around comedians, inherently understanding the pain behind their façades. It seems not a bit out of character that as a child he idolized not only his father but also Emmett Kelly.

"Reiner's Century City office is a modest suite behind an unmarked door. He runs a casual operation. Joking with a guy who brings fresh bagels and cream cheese each morning, he works at a cranberry-colored desk. Behind him are mountain views and, on the walls, some 'Spinal Tap' paraphernalia and a framed Daily Variety ad picturing Rob and Carl Reiner congratulating themselves on being the first father/son team to have separate movies (Carl's 'All of Me,' Rob's 'Spinal Tap') on one year's ten-best list.

"His personal life is quiet these days. He

either dines with one of a small circle of friends (close ones include comedians Albert Brooks, Billy Crystal and Christopher Guest) or catches a Lakers or Dodgers game. He is not much of a partygoer: He gets home early, watches some sports or news on his bedroom projection TV, then gets set to moan again the next day.

"However, there is always baseball. As the slugger on the L.A.-based Coney Island Whitefish, he has led his team to two league softball championships in the past three years. He assails his ample midriff—"Food," he moans, 'is my drug'—but it apparently does not hamper a determined batting style.

"It is baseball, not showbiz, that gave Reiner his greatest thrill. 'I came in my pants,' is the way he describes it. There he was, left field in Dodger Stadium, a celebrity charity game, and a guy hit one out there, deep, off the wall; Rob ran it down, hurled and fired home, where it landed, on one bounce, in the catcher's mitt, deftly cutting down some audacious fool trying to score from second on Reiner's arm! People were screaming, the stadium was rocking in delight, everyone was applauding the big guy running off the field from left. As he passed the pitcher's mound, Don Newcombe, who had hurled the fateful ball, nodded his appreciation to his stalwart teammate. "Thanks, kid," Newcombe told Rob, 'you saved my shut-out.' Ecstasy.

"Rob Reiner has a primal desire to compete, to equal if not surpass his peers. It seems to trace back to his father, the man he once wanted to be, the man he has tried professionally to escape. It seemed like a good time to talk, since Rob's career has eerily paralleled Carl's, and only now is the break clear. The films he's currently making are about as far from his father's brand of comedy as one can get. It's a conscious move; finally, Rob Reiner is competing only with himself."

**PLAYBOY:** To start out—

**REINER:** Wait a second. I want you to understand something: If we're going to do this *Interview*, under no circumstances will I reveal the size of my penis.

**PLAYBOY:** You leave us no alternative—

**REINER:** And another thing. You know those pictures *PLAYBOY* runs on the first page of the *Interview*? Well, I'd like them all to be the same photo. Under the first one, the caption should say, "Rob wants the quote under this picture to refer to his relationship with his father." Under the second one, it should say, "Rob wants this quote to refer to his sexual attitudes." And under the third one, "Rob wants this quote to refer to his interest in the women's movement and the nuclear freeze."

**PLAYBOY:** It may be tricky, but we'll see what we can do. If we can regain control here. You're someone who personifies American TV: Your father starred in *Your Show of Shows* and *The Dick Van Dyke Show*—two milestone programs of the Fifties and Sixties. You starred in *All in the Family*, while your wife at the time, Penny

Marshall, was starring in *Laverne & Shirley*—monster shows of the Seventies. That makes you something of a living scrapbook—or television royalty.

**REINER:** I guess what's most interesting to me is the sort of parallels that exist. My father began by doing satire—that's what *Your Show of Shows* was—and moved on to *Van Dyke*, which was a family-oriented sitcom, a program that was considered a breakthrough then. I started with satire, too—writing for the Smothers Brothers, also doing improvisational comedy with *The Session*; both of those were satire. And from there, I went on to *All in the Family*, which was a family-oriented sitcom, considered a breakthrough show.

**PLAYBOY:** As a kid, did you understand what your father did for a living?

**REINER:** I knew exactly what he did. He made a complete and utter fool of himself in front of millions of people and was highly paid for it. It was a good job.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's start with the age of comprehension. *Your Show of Shows* went on in 1950 and made Carl Reiner, Mel Brooks and Sid Caesar huge stars. Do you have any strong impressions of it?

**REINER:** I was pretty young for a lot of the time it was on, but there are a couple of things I remember. One had to do with the show's sign-off. At the end of the program, the cast would line up for a goodbye. And during this, every single week, my father would straighten his tie; it was actually a

signal to us at home, his secret way of saying hello. The other image I recall most clearly is going down to the studio with my father and standing outside the doorway of the writers' conference room. I'd stand there and see these 12 men, all smoking cigars, yelling and screaming at one another at the top of their lungs.

**PLAYBOY:** What were they screaming about?

**REINER:** There was a lot of high-powered talent, egos and power in that room. They had to get their points across.

**PLAYBOY:** We suppose you saw a lot of Mel Brooks. Besides *Your Show of Shows*, he and your father also did the 2000-Year-Old Man routines together for years.

**REINER:** When I was a kid, Mel would be with us a lot. We'd summer on Fire Island, and he'd go onto the beach and round up all the little kids, the real tiny ones, and say, "Follow me"; then he'd lead them in exercises, I mean, not like knee bends or push-ups but these hysterical, bizarre movements. He was funny when he did that; he was like another kid—a big kid.

Mel is also serious at times, but he does love to perform, loves to work as a stand-up, to work a room. You know, in 1979, I was in Venice, along with Mel, as part of a celebrity group to be on *The Merv Griffin Show*. We're in Saint Mark's Square, summertime, and there was a huge group of tourists; they're recognizing all the celebrities. But Mel wasn't getting recognized as

much as he would like. All of a sudden, he jumps up in the middle of Saint Mark's Square and starts screaming, "I'm Mel Brooks; don't you know me? I'm a big star! *Blazing Saddles!* *Young Frankenstein!*" He just started screaming out all his credits!

There was this other scene once, which my father told me about, when he and Mel went to France. And Mel had difficulty communicating in French. So one day, they're in some little town, and Mel gets up on some steps and begins to yell, "All right, everyone! The joke is over! From now on, everybody goes back to talking English!"

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't your father and Mel used to do a lot of comedy at your house?

**REINER:** There was a lot of shtick going on, but it was always in party situations. People begged them to do their 2000-Year-Old Man, and you'd be privileged to be there when they'd do the routine. There were moments in my house that were pure genius; when Mel was on a roll, it just didn't get any funnier.

**PLAYBOY:** And you'd just watch?

**REINER:** I was young, but I always wanted to hang around and listen. But I'll tell you, one of the biggest thrills in my life came when I was about 16. I was sitting at home while Mel and my father were working on some new 2000-Year-Old Man material to do on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. And I came up with a routine! I couldn't believe how

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# PLAYBOY CHAT: CARL REINER

*a nice talk about rob's problems with his dad*

**PLAYBOY:** From talking with Rob, we get the impression that as a child, he lived completely in awe of you. How did you react to that?

**CARL REINER:** I'll tell you a story. When Rob was seven or eight years old, my wife saw him combing his hair in the mirror. He looked so cute, so handsome. And as he was doing this, he announced, "I'm going to be an actor." So he's going on with this and then he says, "And I'm going to change my name." My wife said, "Look at that! He's not going to trade on Daddy's name." So she asked him finally, "What are you going to change your name to?" And he said, "Carl."

**PLAYBOY:** Rob does seem to feel, though, that he didn't get much support from you. For instance, he's very conscious of the fact that you didn't think he was particularly funny.

**CARL REINER:** I don't know if he holds it against me, but I couldn't defend myself against that. This is an example, though, of how you shouldn't judge your own kids. Parents can be very bad at that. My relationship with Rob was not a joking one. Actually, I did know that Rob had a good sense of humor, because he laughed at the right things. Even as a little kid, he had a strange, wonderful combination of being sullen and surly, but he could laugh even in that mode. He was very shy, though. He was very anxious to stay in the room when my friends were around, but he was afraid to perform for us, because we were so high-powered.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think it was reserve more than anything else?

**CARL REINER:** Well, Rob was a good absorber and had a great memory. And it was because of this that Rob discovered Bill Cosby.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that happen?

**CARL REINER:** When he was about 16, I came home from the *Van Dyke* show one night about one in the morning. Rob was awake. I said, "What are you doing awake? You have school tomorrow." And he said, "I just saw the greatest comedian on *The Tonight Show*, a guy named Bill Cosby." And he proceeded to get out of his bed and do Cosby's whole routine for me, the voices, everything. I just got hysterical. So the next day, I went over to the William Morris office and got a tape of the show. I played it for myself and then for Sheldon Leonard, who produced *Van*

*Dyke* and later *I Spy*. It was the first time we'd even seen Cosby.

**PLAYBOY:** There was always the charge against Rob that he got work only through you in the early days.

**CARL REINER:** To be honest, I was sort of saddened that I never really helped in that way. Because I do hear of people's putting their kids in plays and things like that; it's perfectly normal. But I'd never worked with Rob that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Rob's first TV writing partner, Steve Martin, became a huge movie star through your films. Do you ever feel guilty about that?

**CARL REINER:** Remember, at that time, Rob, with *All in the Family*, was better known in this country than I had been doing *Show of Shows*. Very early in his career, in fact, I became Rob Reiner's father. And I didn't mind it one bit. I felt that Rob was going to prevail, because he had worked on his own to become who he was.

Steve was already a big star when we started working together. He was, you know, a commodity, and I directed that commodity. That's a reality Rob had to live with. If I had done anything other than be normal and natural, I would have hurt him; if I had catered to that feeling, done anything about it, it would have been wrong and he would have suffered.



*"With 'All in the Family,' Rob was better known than I had been doing 'Your Show of Shows.' Very early in his career, in fact, I became Rob Reiner's father."*

**PLAYBOY:** Rob talked about the way you were often "on" when he was a kid, the way you liked to perform. In fact, one gets the sense that his reserve is perhaps a reaction against your outgoing personality.

**CARL REINER:** That assessment is probably right. But we are very similar; we have identical senses of humor. Still, we're differently talented.

**PLAYBOY:** In what ways?

**CARL REINER:** We're both actors, we're both directors, we both write. But he's strong in one area, I'm strong in another. For instance, he has the ability to really be a first-rate director. But I think I was a better writer. I think I was a better stand-up comedian, but he's a better actor. In any event, I'm a lot older than he is; I've got more experience.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of which, Rob mentions in his *Interview* that he remained a virgin until he was 20 and was afraid of sex, that it was a subject never talked about at home.

**CARL REINER:** I guess the funny thing is, he doesn't remember. Twice, I gave him lectures—once when we were living in New York, and then a few years later out here. That time, the subject came up again because Rob asked me about something he'd heard on the radio about unmarried sex. We're driving, and I started talking about all this stuff: how babies are born. And I decide I'd better show him that this is a serious subject and there's no embarrassment. So I stare right at him and say, "Now, you've got to look in my eyes." And I'll never forget what happened. "Dad," he says. I say, "What?" And he answers, "Dad, can't you keep your eyes on the road?" It was a bigger trauma for me than for him.

**PLAYBOY:** All in all, though, it sounds as if you're proud of your son.

**CARL REINER:** All three of my kids are sensitive, very human people. I mean, they've suffered—we all suffer—and they've struggled, struggled in the right direction, struggled with life.

You know, I got such a big thrill today. I just opened up the newspaper, and there was a full-page ad for *The Sure Thing*. And it said on top of the ad, "Rob Reiner's new romantic comedy." It was great, the best, to see that. Rob made that picture better than I ever could have done.



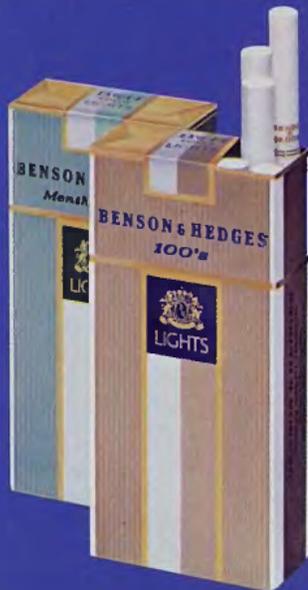
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New York to California so your father could work on *The Dinah Shore Show*. And not long after, the *Van Dyke* program started. Your father wrote the show and also appeared in it, playing the irascible comedian supposedly based on Sid Caesar.

**REINER:** Actually, that character was an amalgam of a lot of variety-show stars, sort of Sid, Jackie Gleason, Milton Berle, all rolled up into one.

**PLAYBOY:** In any case, you got to hang out with all those TV stars and comedians when your father took you to work with him—and you were still just a kid. Didn't you get on everybody's nerves?

**REINER:** Everybody included me and allowed me to be there. I was like everyone's kid. I was in awe of those people.

**PLAYBOY:** Was the *Van Dyke* set as boisterous as the *Show of Shows* set?

**REINER:** I remember my father and Sheldon Leonard, the producer, fighting a lot. They'd throw cigars at each other. But all it was, really, was two guys being passionate about something. Sheldon used to say, "Polite story conferences lead to polite scripts."

**PLAYBOY:** But at that age, was hanging out on a TV set more fun than being out in the sunshine, picking up girls?

**REINER:** Well, I grabbed Mary Tyler Moore by the ass once.

**PLAYBOY:** Really?

**REINER:** Yes. I was 14 and she was about 24. She's such a nice lady and was so cute—the cutest. And I was hot for her. She always wore these pants—you know, she was the first leading lady to wear pants on a television show. Well, she's got this fabulous body and I looked at her ass and it was so great, like the best thing I'd ever seen. So I had to touch it. I just *had* to grab it.

**PLAYBOY:** How did she react?

**REINER:** She was shocked, and she went and told my father.

**PLAYBOY:** What was his reaction?

**REINER:** I think a father is always proud when a son does any sexual kind of thing. But here, I think propriety won out; my father took me aside and said, "Did you grab Mary Tyler Moore by the ass?" And I said, "Yeah." And he said, "Well, don't ever do that again." So I didn't, but, boy, I really wanted to.

**PLAYBOY:** You were in your late teens before you decided you wanted to go into television yourself. You'd been kicked out of UCLA for skipping classes and had the Vietnam war to contend with, right?

**REINER:** Yeah, I'd been called for my physical. And I got a note from a psychiatrist that said, "He's crazy and would not do well in the Army. This man would not be helpful to us in Vietnam." I got a deferment. It was a rough time. I didn't want to go to Canada; I was definitely prepared to go to jail. To tell you the truth, though, you know what I think was maybe the worst thing about the war? It made people who were patriotic feel they were not patriotic: You were told you

weren't a patriot because you didn't want to go and kill people whose country we had no business being in in the first place. That, to me, was the biggest crime of all. I remember my father was very much involved in the moratorium in San Francisco. He marched—

**PLAYBOY:** Did you, too?

**REINER:** No, I don't know *what* I was doing. Running around, doing some kind of hallucinating. I did my little stint in Haight-Ashbury in 1967. The summer of love. Peace, love and togetherness. Janis Joplin.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you living there then?

**REINER:** I was seeing somebody who was living there and spent quite a bit of time up there. Plus, I had friends there in The Committee, the improvisational group I had done some acting with, so I was in San Francisco every other weekend.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you wear flowers in your hair?

**REINER:** No flowers, but psychedelic clothes—large bell-bottom jeans, weird sunglasses. I didn't wear peace symbols around my neck, but I did wear love beads. I had long, long hair, the beard, everything. I was a *hippie*.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you an acid freak?

**REINER:** No. I did my share of experimentation, but I was a real moderate user. But there were guys taking 100 trips and shit like that. Some of the guys in The Committee used to go on stage on acid. One time, I got stoned on grass before I went on—it was the worst fucking set I ever played. I never did it again.

**PLAYBOY:** So while all this was going on, you started to work in TV?

**REINER:** I was about 19 then, and I began to get jobs: I was hired to play every TV hippie you can imagine on the most unhip shows. I did two *Beverly Hillbillies*, a *Gomer Pyle*, a *That Girl*—I played hippies in all of them. Then I did one called *The Mothers-in-Law*.

**PLAYBOY:** Who was in that?

**REINER:** Eve Arden and Kaye Ballard. And Desi Arnaz was the producer. What happened was this: I was playing this hippie—what else?—and we were doing a run-through before the final taping. I had this tiny little scene, and, in the middle of the run-through, I came up with a funny line and just threw it in. I got a big laugh, but Desi didn't like it, because I was improvising. He got furious. He started screaming at me [*heavy Spanish accent*]: "Maybe that's what they do at The Session, maybe that's what they do at The Committee, maybe that's what they do on *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, but we don't do that here. I'm paying \$10,000 a script and I don't need you to fuck around with the lines!" He went nuts. And I thought, Jesus Christ, I've upset Desi Arnaz! Then he says, "You want to talk to me, you come outside." So we walk off the sound stage, everybody's standing around, and I'm thinking, Oy, oy, oy! and he starts screaming again. So I said, "Listen, let's just forget about it. It's only a five-line part; you can get someone else." And he says, "No,

*amigo*, no. Don't worry about it, *amigo*; we'll fix it." He kept calling me *amigo*. But eventually I said, "No, I think it's better if you get another actor." So I left, and they found another guy to do it. It's all no big deal. But that night, on the Rona Barrett news from Hollywood, this comes on: "Rob Reiner, actor, hippie-psychedelic son of actor Carl Reiner, got into a fight with Desi Arnaz on the *Mothers-in-Law* set and—whoops!—the bearded bad boy walked off."

**PLAYBOY:** You must have been very proud.

**REINER:** Yeah. Rona Barrett was very big at the time, and I loved the way she described me; I thought it was a giggle. I just remember hearing that phrase and liking it so much: hippie-psychedelic son. Bearded bad boy!

**PLAYBOY:** The incident didn't irreparably damage your TV future: Pretty soon afterward, you were working for the Smothers Brothers. How did that come about?

**REINER:** I was with the Committee troupe in L.A. when Tommy Smothers came to see our show. I think this was 1968, and he was producing *The Glen Campbell Show* then. He liked the Committee guys and hired me and Carl Gottlieb. So we did *Campbell* and then joined the Smothers show when it began again in the fall. It was their last season.

**PLAYBOY:** That must have been quite a step. *The Smothers Brothers* was the hottest show on television then.

**REINER:** Along with my divorce later on, it was one of the two major upheavals in my life. It was the change from being the kid in the household to kind of entering the adult world. I guess it was the first realization that I wasn't going to be able to lean on my folks as I had before. You take these big steps and they're painful, but you wind up getting stronger and better. I hope I don't have any more of these upheavals—I always worry about whether there'll be another one and, if it happens, is it going to be horrendous.

**PLAYBOY:** Why horrendous? With the Smothers Brothers, you'd just gotten a great job.

**REINER:** Let's put it this way: I was confused, very confused about where my place was in the world, where I fit in.

**PLAYBOY:** But the work on the show went well, didn't it?

**REINER:** It was a good writing staff. Steve Martin and I were partners, and we were the youngest ones—that's why they stuck us together. We wrote a couple of funny sketches, but it was a bitch trying to get them on the air. When you're the young guys, people try to slough you off, push you aside. It was very frustrating. Also, we had censorship problems; Tommy was always fighting with the censors, and at the last minute, something would be thrown out.

**PLAYBOY:** So you had to do another sketch fast.

**REINER:** *Real* fast. I remember, three in the morning, we're sitting with Alan Bly and

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Mason Williams, the head writers, and Bly says, "God, does anybody have anything we can throw in?" So Steve and I say, "Hey, we've got this Hollywood-premiere thing." It was a very funny sketch, a take-off on a Hollywood opening, with all the stars and starlets arriving, all the interviews and that stuff. And we act it out, and all the writers are laughing hysterically; they love it.

But Alan would go, "No, I don't think this one works." So, two, three months later, we're in the same fix and Bly says, "Does anybody have anything?" Then he'd look at Steve and me and say, "You guys had that Hollywood-premiere thing. It was pretty good. Let's hear that again." So we performed it once more, everybody laughing. Then they'd go, "Nah." I think Alan Bly just liked hearing us do the bit.

**PLAYBOY:** It never got on?

**REINER:** Never. But one I did for Pat Paulsen did. We had him as the owner of a novelty firm, the folks that make hot gum, the dribble glass and all that stuff. He's demonstrating all these things for some clients and, of course, they all backfire. At one point, though, he sits down and you hear this big fart and he goes, "Huh! Somebody must have slipped a whoopee cushion when I wasn't looking." He gets up, looks down, and there's nothing there. It was, to my knowledge, the first fart joke done on television. I'm quite proud of that. I think I'm also the first American actor to

ever say the word cocksucker in a movie. It was in *Where's Poppa?*, which my father directed. *He* made me do it. It's *his* fault.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you upset?

**REINER:** No, these are my scatological distinctions.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it strange for you when Steve Martin began making all those pictures with your father? After all, you and Steve had started together as TV writers, and all of a sudden his movie career took off under the direction of Carl Reiner. Do you see any irony in that?

**REINER:** It's interesting. They've made four films together, and the first one, *The Jerk*, became one of the largest-grossing comedies of its time. And it was a little weird, because here was Steve, a contemporary of mine, and my father—Steve was like another son, the son my father would have liked to have, the funny son, not the brooding, introverted child that was me. I think I was a little bit jealous, a little bit threatened. But by the same token, I knew that I could never do the kinds of things that Steve did and does.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that depress you?

**REINER:** Not really. It wasn't as if he got the job and I didn't. It was "This is the kind of stuff he does."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see Steve a lot now?

**REINER:** Once in a while—usually if my father's with him.

**PLAYBOY:** Besides *Where's Poppa?*, has your father ever asked you to be in any of his

productions?

**REINER:** Sure. I did *The Roast*, which he directed, on Broadway, and I had a tiny little bit in *Enter Laughing*.

**PLAYBOY:** How tiny was it?

**REINER:** I had three lines. That was a big disappointment for me. I'd wanted to play the supporting lead, the part of David's best friend. I auditioned for it. It was most uncomfortable—probably more for my father than it was for me. I did pretty well at the audition, but I didn't get it.

**PLAYBOY:** Wait a minute. This sounds absurd—

**REINER:** I know. I auditioned for *my own father!* And he *turned me down!* God, no wonder I'm in analysis.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't that destructive?

**REINER:** I guess I wanted his approval so badly. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** And he let you go through with it?

**REINER:** And I didn't get the part!

**PLAYBOY:** It's mind-boggling.

**REINER:** [*Laughs, voice rising*] I know what I did! I put myself in the worst possible position and I got rejected. OK? OK? Why are you torturing me like this?

**PLAYBOY:** At least this is cheaper than analysis. How often do you go?

**REINER:** How many days are there in the week?

**PLAYBOY:** Last we looked, seven.

**REINER:** Well, if they could make up some more days, they'd be putting me on the



calendar for those days, too.

**PLAYBOY:** You had to audition for a friend of your father's, too, didn't you? You knew Norman Lear when you were a kid, and years later, when Lear was casting a new comedy series—

**REINER:** Yes, I auditioned for *All in the Family*—three times. And I didn't get the part the first or second time. There were two pilots and two sets of Mikes and Glorias before I got cast. So, at least, I can say that my getting the part of Mike Stivic—Meathead—had nothing to do with my knowing Norman. If it had, he would have cast me the first time out. You know, nobody hires anybody else for a favor, because it's his ass on the line.

**PLAYBOY:** We suppose there were always folks who said you got the *All in the Family* part because of your relationship and your father's relationship with Lear.

**REINER:** Let me start this way: Because of my father, doors were definitely open to me; no question. But those doors will close faster than they will for anybody else, because you're under scrutiny. You'd better be able to deliver right away, because people are set to knock you down or say you're not as good. Certainly, it is much more difficult getting there in the first place if you're not connected. But you can sneak in the back door, hone your craft, fail a little more easily until you're ready.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel guilty about your connections?

**REINER:** No, because I always felt there was pressure on me. People always compared me with my father. Even if their expectations of me weren't as great as mine, they had some preconceived notions.

**PLAYBOY:** When you got the role of Mike Stivic, did you feel you had finally had it made—on your own?

**REINER:** Actually, I'd never wanted to *do* a TV series. I didn't want to work for five years making a whole career out of playing one character. The only thing that attracted me to *All in the Family* was the script I had read. I said, "Wow! This is unlike anything that's ever been on television, and if I have a chance to be part of it, I want to." But I thought the show would last 13 weeks and we'd go off the air. I didn't think anybody would accept that kind of show. And it's interesting, because we weren't a hit right away. We came on in the spring, and the audience caught on when the original 13 episodes were rerun over the summer.

**PLAYBOY:** After that first season, you were quoted as saying you were already bored with the show.

**REINER:** I probably was. But I'll tell you how it progressed: By the second year, we were tremendously hot and successful. It was wonderful to be part of something that was so talked about, that had so much impact on the American people. The third year, though, was really frightening. I thought the excitement was starting to

wear off; I saw myself stuck for years on end doing the same thing. I was very disheartened.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it because of the money? In a magazine article at that time, you complained about your deal. "I can tell you one thing," you were quoted as saying, "I'll never sign a contract again until my lawyer's looked over every single word."

**REINER:** I doubt seriously that I said that. But if I did, I'm sure I was in the middle of a renegotiation or I was upset. We're talking about something that happened maybe 12 years ago! I did just fine on the show. I made good money. What we did have, though, was a terrible residual deal. In those days, you made a buy-out, meaning that after six runs of the show, that would be it. All my shows have run a lot more than six times. But I'll tell you, I have no remorse, regrets or anger about what I earned from the show. None.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you finally deal with your feelings of being stuck in the series?

**REINER:** Well, you're a professional and you go to work and do your job. In the fourth year of *All in the Family*, I started to make peace. I said to myself, "I'll try to make the best of it and get something out of it." And after I did that, the fifth through the eighth years were wonderful, because it was like going to school. I thought, I'm learning what this is all about.

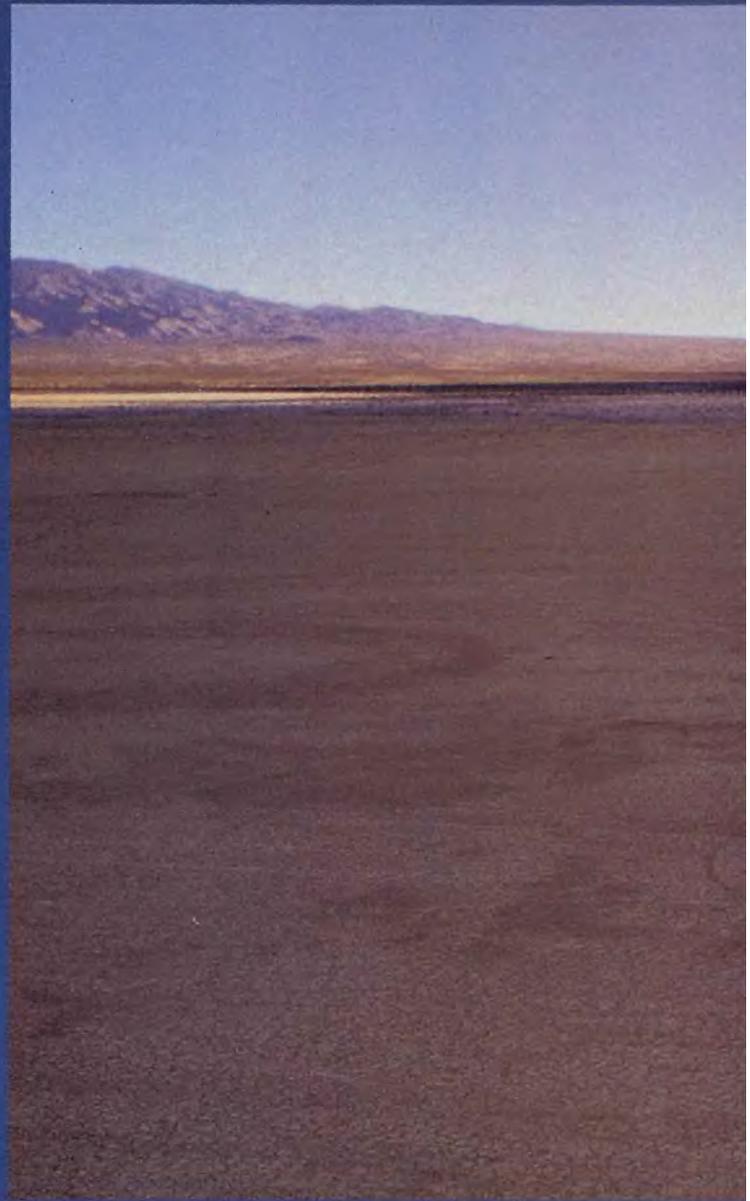
**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**REINER:** Norman and Carroll O'Connor



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had set up ground rules that allowed me and Sally Struthers and Jean Stapleton to have creative input. I was involved in helping structure the stories, in rewriting, in editing—all the things that made the program. If I had just had to do my part as an actor, go in every week and play the part, I think I would have been unhappy. It was an egoless show, though, and it taught me that actors, writers, directors must serve the piece. *All in the Family* was a pure example of that.

I remember Herb Gardner came to one of our run-throughs and watched us as we sat around afterward doing notes. And everybody spoke up. I'd tell Carroll how to do a line, Sally would tell Carroll, Jean would tell Carroll, Carroll would tell Jean; we'd all talk to one another, help one another out, talk with the writers. If there was a scene where I felt extraneous, for instance, I'd say, "Take me out; put me in something else." The attitude was "Let's make the best possible show, because if we do, it'll make us all look better." And Herb Gardner's sitting there through all of this, and afterward he says, "I can't believe what I'm seeing here. This is creative communism!"

**PLAYBOY:** When *All in the Family* first went on, it stirred a tremendous amount of controversy. Everybody from the Anti-Defamation League to Laura Z. Hobson, who wrote *Gentlemen's Agreement*, attacked it for celebrating bigotry. Did its

political impact concern you?

**REINER:** In terms of social change or import, I don't think the show had any. If it had any impact at all, or anything important to say, it was that people could be portrayed on television in a realistic manner. Its impact was on people, and that's what all theater is about. To me, *All in the Family* was good theater.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**REINER:** What a good dramatist can do is portray an aspect of life so that the people who watch it have their own experiences enhanced. They see something that strikes a responsive chord in them that makes them say, "I know what that feels like; I know what that is." They will get more out of their own experiences because somebody else has told them what they were actually experiencing.

As to politics, what's interesting is that everyone involved in *All in the Family* was a Democrat or even more liberal than that. But what we were showing was a bigoted person, Archie, and a liberal-minded one, Mike, and saying, "These people exist; you draw your own conclusions." The reason the program was so successful was that half the people, or more than half, thought Archie was right. Norman Lear's favorite play, in fact, is *Major Barbara*, by George Bernard Shaw. The play is written as a polemic, and if you don't know that Shaw was a liberal, you leave the theater

asking, "Who's right, the warmonger or the liberal?"

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the show succeeded in what it set out to do?

**REINER:** Absolutely. Better than any other half-hour show has ever done. I've studied all the fucking sitcoms; I've seen every goddamn one. And while there have been some great ones—*Mary Tyler Moore*, *M\*A\*S\*H*, *Cheers*, *Taxi*, *Van Dyke*—*All in the Family* was the best.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel about the show after you left and its format changed, when it became *Archie Bunker's Place*?

**REINER:** I wasn't interested in it. I watched only one episode, and there wasn't the kind of tension we had. It didn't have the natural antagonists. It was much softer.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Mike Stivic? Do you miss the character?

**REINER:** Mike was very similar to me. He went through a transition over the years. He began very idealistically and, as he gained responsibility, with a baby and a job, he began swinging toward the center. As we all do, he began accepting certain realities of life.

**PLAYBOY:** He was also a bit of a knee-jerk liberal.

**REINER:** He was always left of center, and as for myself, I'm sort of off the chart somewhere. I'm conservative in some ways but incredibly radical and anarchistic in others.

But Mike was full of shit sometimes. He

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espoused all these liberal points of view, but when push came to shove, especially on women's issues, he'd take the party line with the chauvinists.

**PLAYBOY:** Mike's vast wardrobe was memorable, wasn't it?

**REINER:** Yeah. For eight years, I wore the same jeans and work shirt and cowboy boots every single week.

**PLAYBOY:** Did they still fit you by the end of the run?

**REINER:** I went through a lot of ups and downs. I weighed as much as 208 pounds, as little as 190. It's funny, because when they show *All in the Family* in reruns, they don't go in order, they just bounce around. So one day, I've got lots of hair and I'm skinny. The next day, I've got just a little hair and I'm fat. The next day, lots of hair and fat and the next, a little hair and skinny. There was one year, for maybe one or two shows, when I looked good.

**PLAYBOY:** And those are the tapes you keep at home.

**REINER:** [Laughs] Exactly. Hair and thin.

**PLAYBOY:** Your ex-wife, Penny Marshall, told us that after *All in the Family* ended for you and your new TV projects didn't hit, you went into a bit of a tail spin.

**REINER:** It was a particularly rough time. I was upset, because when you've done a show like *All in the Family* for eight years, you get to thinking nothing bad can happen to you. You feel invulnerable. I was a young man, very successful, making a lot

of money, had a marriage that was going pretty well for a long time. Then I hit a couple of failures. It was the same period Penny and I were drifting apart. I was badly shaken.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it just because you found yourself out of work for the first time?

**REINER:** No, because I could always get work. The problem was that I wasn't being allowed to do what I wanted to—a series I created called *Free Country*. I was about to take a step out on my own and the door was slammed. It frightened the shit out of me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still feel bitter about *Free Country*?

**REINER:** I think it was one of the most innovative TV series ever created. It was basically a *Jewish Roots*. I think the networks weren't too thrilled about putting on a show about Jews. It was weird, because the guys we pitched it to at the network were all Jews. To be fair to them, though, they have a constituency out there they have to program for, and shows like *Happy Days* were very big and successful then.

**PLAYBOY:** But you feel there's no real quality programming?

**REINER:** I never believed TV should all be quality stuff. Everybody should be allowed to have something that he wants to watch. The networks always point to *Cheers* and *Hill Street Blues* as examples of programs that are supposedly good—and they are, but they're not innovative. I believe there

should be a place for one or two shows that are really intelligent, really sophisticated, for that segment of the audience that wants them. And I don't give a fuck *what* the numbers are, what the ratings are—they should keep those shows on the air!

But I'll tell you something: The networks aren't interested in just making money.

**PLAYBOY:** What are they interested in?

**REINER:** They are interested in making *ridiculous* amounts of money. Unbridled greed. Don't forget—if every TV program were in the bottom 20 of the Nielsens, they'd still make enormous amounts of money.

**PLAYBOY:** Penny Marshall implied that you were disturbed by the fact that her series *Laverne & Shirley* was a big hit, that she was taking home the pay check, not you.

**REINER:** Yes, I think so. I think any man would be lying if he said it wouldn't be an ego blow to see his wife making more money than he was or working when he was not. The role that I'd played through the marriage was that of supporting her, taking care of her, because for many years I worked far more than she did. All of a sudden, I wasn't doing that job. I was at an ebb point in my career—and life—and I looked to her for support. But at that time, she was consumed with her problems on *Laverne & Shirley*—there was always some kind of trouble or crisis there. And I was thinking, Wait a minute; I'm not

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getting anything here. I'm suffering, I'm not working and I don't have anybody around supporting me.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you blame her?

**REINER:** It wasn't her fault. This was who she was. She needed a lot of attention when she wasn't working and she needed as much, if not more, when she was. I'd always thought that when she started working, it would be easier, because she'd have her own identity, she'd have her own job, she wouldn't feel such a lack of self-esteem. But it didn't work out that way.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened after that?

**REINER:** We got divorced pretty soon after. That period afterward, for several years, was a 24-hour-a-day horror show. It was like being slipped bad acid and going on a downward spiral. I cried quite a bit. It was a one-two punch. I had no work, no marriage. There was an air of desperation about me for a lot of years after that. I never thought I would say, "I like being alone." I'm sure that's not going to be my state for the rest of my life, but I think it's important I spend some years feeling comfortable on my own. That way, the next time I go into a relationship, it will be with a little more strength within myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Before we get there, let's back up a bit. You were 21, young, carefree. You discovered Penny. What was it like then?

**REINER:** She faked me out: When I met her, I thought she was Jewish. And, you know, Jewish guys are supposed to be attracted only to *shiksas*—which I am to a great degree. So after I met her, I said to myself, "Gee, look at this, I'm actually attracted to a Jewish girl—this must be a match made in heaven!" Then I found out she was Italian and it all fell into place.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet?

**REINER:** It was at Barney's Beanery, which was and is still a big hangout bar on Santa Monica Boulevard. Janis Joplin would be there, Jack Nicholson always used to come and Harry Dean Stanton was a fixture. I was with some friends and she was with some friends and we just. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** You mean you picked her up?

**REINER:** I think she picked *me* up, actually.

**PLAYBOY:** Love at first sight?

**REINER:** No, it wasn't. We were friends for a couple of years; we hardly even dated at first. Before we began living together, I was sharing a house with Albert Brooks. There were separate entrances, like a duplex, and he'd be downstairs and I'd be up. And when Penny and I started going together, I would take her upstairs and we'd make love. We'd finish and the phone would ring; it would be Albert calling from downstairs. He'd say, "Are you *done*?" We'd say, "Yeah." And Albert would ask, "You want to go get something to eat?" So we'd get dressed and go over to the drugstore at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel about midnight and have dinner.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it embarrassing to have to be so open about your sex life?

**REINER:** No, we were young, we were free.

This was the age of the sexual revolution and all that. It was uncool to be prim or shy about any of it, real uncool, even though before Penny, I had been pretty naïve—didn't lose my virginity until I was 20. We never talked about sex at home.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you decided to get married.

**REINER:** It seemed like a logical step. I'd just turned 24. We'd been living together for a year and a half, were getting along well, and we thought it was the next thing to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Where was the ceremony?

**REINER:** In my folks' back yard. There were about 100 people and we ordered all the food from a Chinese restaurant. It was so funny, because the bill came with the order—it was, like, \$1000 to go! But it was real nice; we improvised our vows to each other and had our friends run the ceremony with a judge around to make it legal. I had three best men: Phil Mishkin, who was my writing partner then, Rick Dreyfuss and Albert Brooks.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a faithful husband?

**REINER:** Actually, no. We did experiment. You've got to take this in context; this was the Sixties generation. But we did experiment with an open marriage for a short stint and it wasn't particularly good. The idea of an open marriage seemed good at the time, because it meant you could just fuck anybody you wanted and there was no guilt.

**PLAYBOY:** But it didn't work out that way?

**REINER:** No, because when you feel strongly for somebody, you really don't want to fuck other people. You get to a point where you don't want to engage in a lot of meaningless sex. I'm sure a lot of people enjoy doing that, but I don't. I never have.

**PLAYBOY:** But you tried it?

**REINER:** Oh, sure, I tried it plenty. And the actual act itself, while you're doing it, certainly feels great. It's just that afterward, you know the old joke, you want the woman to turn into a pizza. It's because you're not emotionally connected—and that feeling is horrible.

**PLAYBOY:** About the open-marriage experimentation—

**REINER:** Well, to be honest, it wasn't really a successful open marriage, because we never talked to each other about it.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean you never told Penny it was an open marriage?

**REINER:** [Laughs] Right. No, what I really mean is that we never told each other if we had been with other people. So it was more or less that in case we cheated, it was like a pact that it wouldn't mean the end of our marriage. I never knew anybody she was with and I don't think she knew anybody I was with. I can't speak for Penny, but for me, it happened very rarely. I mean, it was fewer than what you can count on one hand—fewer than five but more than one.

**PLAYBOY:** Your marriage lasted ten years. Why did it end?

**REINER:** I know it sounds like a cliché, but you know how you talk about two people's

growing in different directions? Boy, that was it for us. I still like Penny, she likes me and we get along really well. But back then, my attitude was probably upsetting to her.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**REINER:** Well, she was doing *Laverne & Shirley*, and I didn't like the show. I had a much more elitist attitude then than I do now. I loved my wife in it—she is a brilliant comedienne and did a wonderful job—but I thought the program was not very intelligent and all that.

**PLAYBOY:** And you'd tell her that?

**REINER:** She always wanted to know what I thought, and it was hard. It never worked, making the separation, telling her what I thought of her performance and what I thought of the show. If I said anything negative about the show, she'd take it as "You don't like *me*" or "You don't like what I do." This shit went on all the time. But I think Penny had a point. You want your spouse to be supportive and on your side. She wanted me to just love what she was doing. And the fact that I didn't. . . . I was at fault in that I wasn't as supportive as I could have been.

**PLAYBOY:** Yours wasn't the only negative voice; *Laverne & Shirley* never got good reviews.

**REINER:** Penny and Garry [Marshall, the show's creator and Penny's brother] were always upset because there wasn't a good critical response to *Laverne & Shirley* and because they didn't get nominated for awards.

**PLAYBOY:** Especially since you and *All in the Family* raked in the Emmys every year.

**REINER:** Sure, that was upsetting. You know, when we were breaking up, we had this fight. We were screaming at each other. And at the height of it, Penny told me to take my Emmy awards and shove them up my ass.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you react?

**REINER:** All I could think at the time was, I wish I were a movie actor, because the Oscars don't have those pointy wings the Emmys have. I thought, God, that would be awfully painful.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that your instinct—when someone says something truly nasty to you, you reflexively think of a gag?

**REINER:** I've had moments like that. We had very few fights, very few. But one time, I remember, she was really mad at me and yelled, "You *stink!*" And I said, "Wait a minute here! Let's get this straight. I may be wrong, I may be doing the wrong thing, but *I don't stink!*"

**PLAYBOY:** You told her, eh?

**REINER:** I couldn't let it ride. One time, though, she threw cherries at me. It was the most physical thing we ever did.

**PLAYBOY:** Other than sex, we assume.

**REINER:** Yes, occasionally we did that.

**PLAYBOY:** Early in the marriage?

**REINER:** There's a saying—I don't know if it's true—that if you take a penny and put it in a jar every time you have sex the first

(continued on page 156)



# "THE ULTIMATE GIN & TONIC"

*Gordon's Gin & Canada Dry Tonic.*

# WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

*domination, submission, exquisite pleasure and fear—oral sex may be the trickiest game of all*

article By SUSAN SQUIRE

*Often, during dinner, he pushed my head between his thighs. We developed a game: He tried to see how long he could continue to eat calmly, I, how soon I could make him drop his fork and moan.*

—ELIZABETH MC NEILL, "Nine and a Half Weeks"

HE DOES the pushing. Her wrists are bound to the table leg all the while. He is cast as the master of the game, she as the slave. Yet only she can make him drop his fork. Only she can make him moan. Is he in charge? Or is she?

Oral sex: Hearts have been stolen by it, relationships broken by it. It can make men soft and women hard. It can serve as a shorthand for self-image and a character tip-off to others. It can be an act of manipulation, adoration or indifference. It is surely never an act of procreation, so it lacks the Judaeo-Christian stamp of normalcy. If not procreation, its purpose can only be deviant. "The use of the mouth as a sexual organ," wrote Freud, "is considered as a perversion if the lips [or tongue] of one person are brought into contact with the



genitals of another." Although once upon a time in America, spouses could and did go through a lifetime of matrimony without ever tasting the genitals of their mates, no self-respecting adult who made it through the frantic fucking of the Sixties and Seventies would dare avoid what has now become a basic element of the sexual repertoire. We're all supposed to be willing and able to give it and to love getting it, but such a supposition is flagrantly simplistic. Where plays of power are involved or merely imagined, nothing is simple.

*He drove into her mouth. It was not the caress of her lips the length of him he was looking for, but the back of her throat. For a long time he probed. . . . In her heart she felt her womb, useless and scorned, burning her.*

—"Story of O"

It's the classic pornographic position, to drive into a woman's mouth from above her as she lies or kneels, a position intended to subjugate the woman and empower the man. For many women, it can be arousing if played as a game chosen by both parties, as an infrequent fillip chosen to break the routine, like a twice-yearly bout of anal sex or mild bondage. But if a man insists on it consistently and exclusively, any psychically healthy woman will at the very least feel extremely bored and will surely wonder about the psychic health of her lover.

Maureen was in love with Philip, an aristocratic Oriental who insisted on being the *auteur* of oral sex. A man with a self-admitted "pornographic mind," he wanted his sex life with Maureen to consist of certain specific elements. She was to be the responsive but passive participant in an unvarying ritual: He would undress her leisurely, go down on her with skill and concentration, and when she had come once, twice, three times, he would enter her. Depending on your attitude, this routine sounds like either tedium incarnate or a gorgeous sexual dream.

In the beginning, it was the latter for the normally strong-willed Maureen. "Control isn't important to me," she says. "I like sex too much to think about power." But as she became emotionally hooked on Philip, she wanted to sample him and give to him. Like any woman who enjoys sex and is in love, she wanted to know every curve and vein and freckle and hair of her man, and she wanted this knowledge on her own terms and in her own rhythm. But Philip would allow her to go down on him only in the classic male-supremacy position. She would be on her knees and he would be standing, directing her as always. If she tried it any other way, he would prevent her in that eloquent manner that men have: He'd go soft. Immensely frustrated and too smart not to concede that Philip's denial of her desire for him spelled out a sexual and emotional

half life, Maureen ended the relationship.

Maureen grew weary with her role as the submissive receiver/receptacle, but she never felt degraded by it, because she was a full and agreeable partner in its enactment. If a woman is forced without foreknowledge into this position, she may not protest but she will almost certainly feel like garbage. A woman lacking in self-respect may feel that her self-image is justified by her being treated like garbage. However, that is not the same as finding the experience erotic, though some men think that female compliance and desire are invariably linked.

Bethany, now 40, still remembers the afternoon 12 years ago when her ex-husband, Allan, came over, ostensibly to discuss their son's schooling. Since their split, Bethany had been through the typical emotional kaleidoscope that besets divorcing people—loneliness, confusion, ambivalence, anger, guilt, despair, loss, self-hatred. When Allan began kissing her, she responded from her need for comfort and sustenance. Then he pushed her head down and leaned against the back of the sofa. She complied "because I thought I was supposed to, because I felt insecure and because I was terrified of a future alone with a kid and three dogs. Afterward, I felt like a dirty dishrag. I stood over the kitchen sink and cried for an hour. If it happened again, I would never submit to him. I would shoot the fucker instead."

Sometimes, for a woman, it's titillating to play at being subjugated. Andrea has initiated the play with several lovers and found one man to be "overly sensitized" to the implications of it. "I had given him a blow job on my knees. I had chosen the act and the position. When it was over, he asked me if I felt humiliated by it or if I thought it was a subservient position to be in. I was surprised by his concern. I'd never thought of it that way. I think that's because I grew up Catholic and ignorant about sex—sex was so powerful that you could not speak its name. Thanks to my ignorance, I had no preconceptions about what was or wasn't acceptable. It had never occurred to me that a man would feel there was something degrading to a woman about that position."

Although men rarely admit to favoring the brutality component of oral sex, those who do will often justify it by saying, as Tony, 39, puts it, "Women don't mind being raped orally if they can control who's doing the raping. Choice is control." Tony sometimes has erection problems if he's with a woman who's "too willing." Although respectably married, he has an active underground sex life focused on very young girls and games of force.

He mentions a peak sexual experience he had while in his early 20s. "She was younger and a virgin. We'd just seen the movie *Blow-Up*—the first time I'd ever

seen pubic hair in a movie. We were parked in my car in front of her house. I whipped out my cock and forced her head upon it. She struggled and gagged, but I wouldn't let her head up. The orgasm was memorable because I was in charge from start to finish."

But only because his subject of subjugation chose not to play her ultimate hole card.

*Something in my Mouth he put: / I called him Beast and try'd to bit it. . . .*

—ANONYMOUS, circa 1707

It's the final irony of force, a woman's latent and powerful revenge for powerlessness. The castration factor: It blips along the back of a man's mind every so often when he has entrusted his irreplaceable organ to a woman's oral ministrations. For some, the blip becomes a solid line. Jerry, a tender and funny man, has been victimized by the ancient fear. At 35, he pursues neither fellatio nor casual sex, thanks to an experience that began as a lark and ended up a trauma. For his 21st birthday, his friends got him fallingdrunk and bought him a blow job. Jerry had assumed that it would be the "apotheosis" of the act and his first opportunity to come in a woman's mouth.

The hooker was short, with a six-inch scar across her throat. Giggling and weaving, Jerry stumbled after her up some stairs and into a room. He fell onto the bed. She pulled his pants down, looked at him, rolled her eyes and said, "You're gonna need some help, honey." Then she started in on him.

"I saw her head, with that scar, disappear between my legs. With my drunkenness and the sight of the scar, I was hopelessly flaccid. She came up after about five minutes and said, 'Not tonight.' The next day, when I'd sobered up, I realized she could have done anything—she could have bitten it off. I'd been at the mercy of a woman with a six-inch scar across her throat, a woman who had offered the information that her boyfriend was doing 25 years to life and she was hooking to get the money to get him paroled. The image of her burying her face, with that scar, in my groin has since flashed through my mind many times when someone's gone down on me, and every time, I've gone soft."

There are men who are eager receivers only if the woman is both clearly enthusiastic and highly skilled, apparently a rare combo. Andy, 38, is a lover of bars, bourbon—and blow jobs performed by hookers. Because he doesn't want to "scar anyone's sexual psyche," he's diffident about criticizing a woman's technique (to the point that he once endured the oral lovemaking of a girlfriend who wore braces until he finally told her that he didn't like fellatio). With a hooker, he's

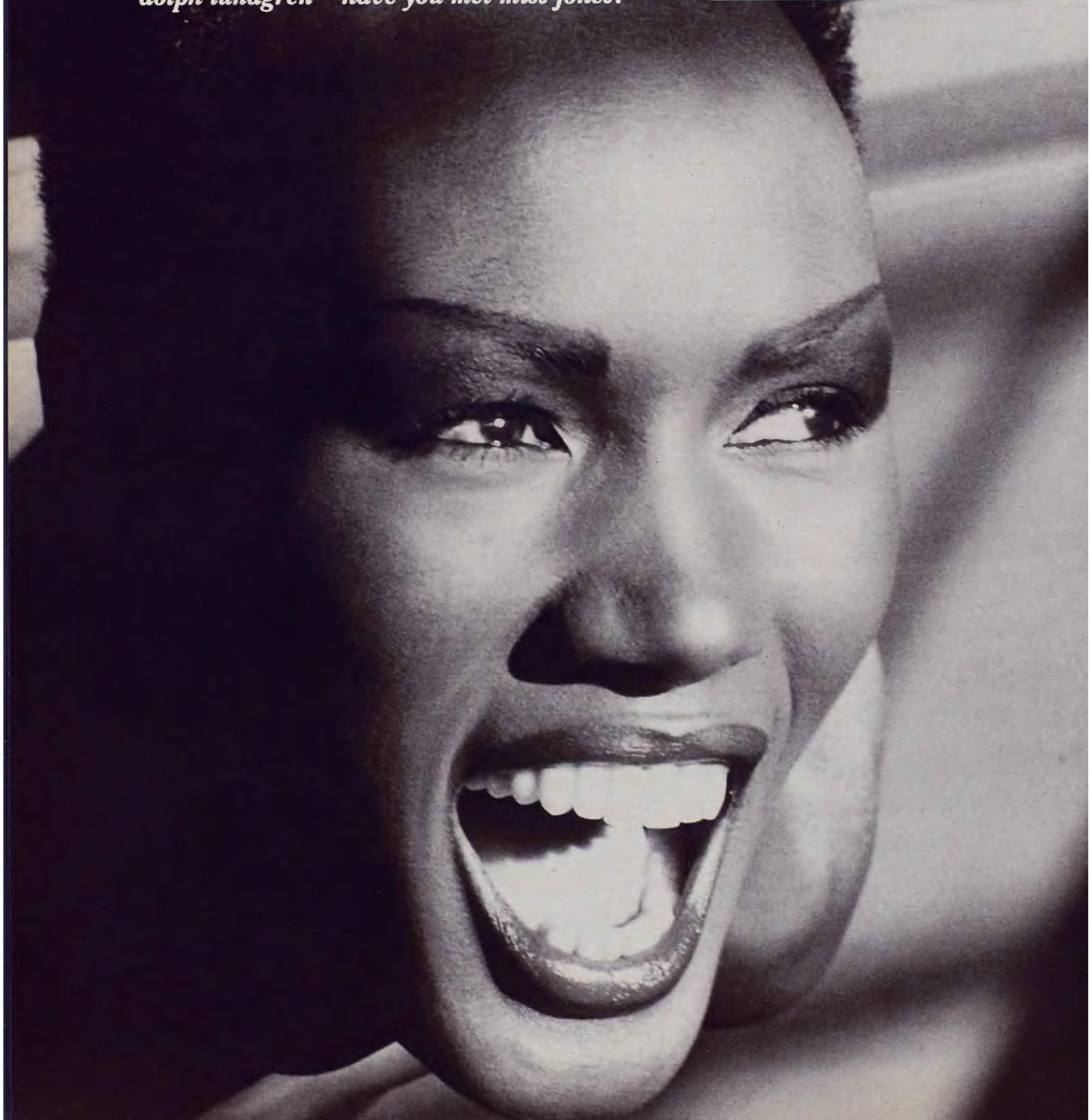
(continued on page 184)



*"Isn't this romantic? We're floating down the Mississippi like Huck Finn."*

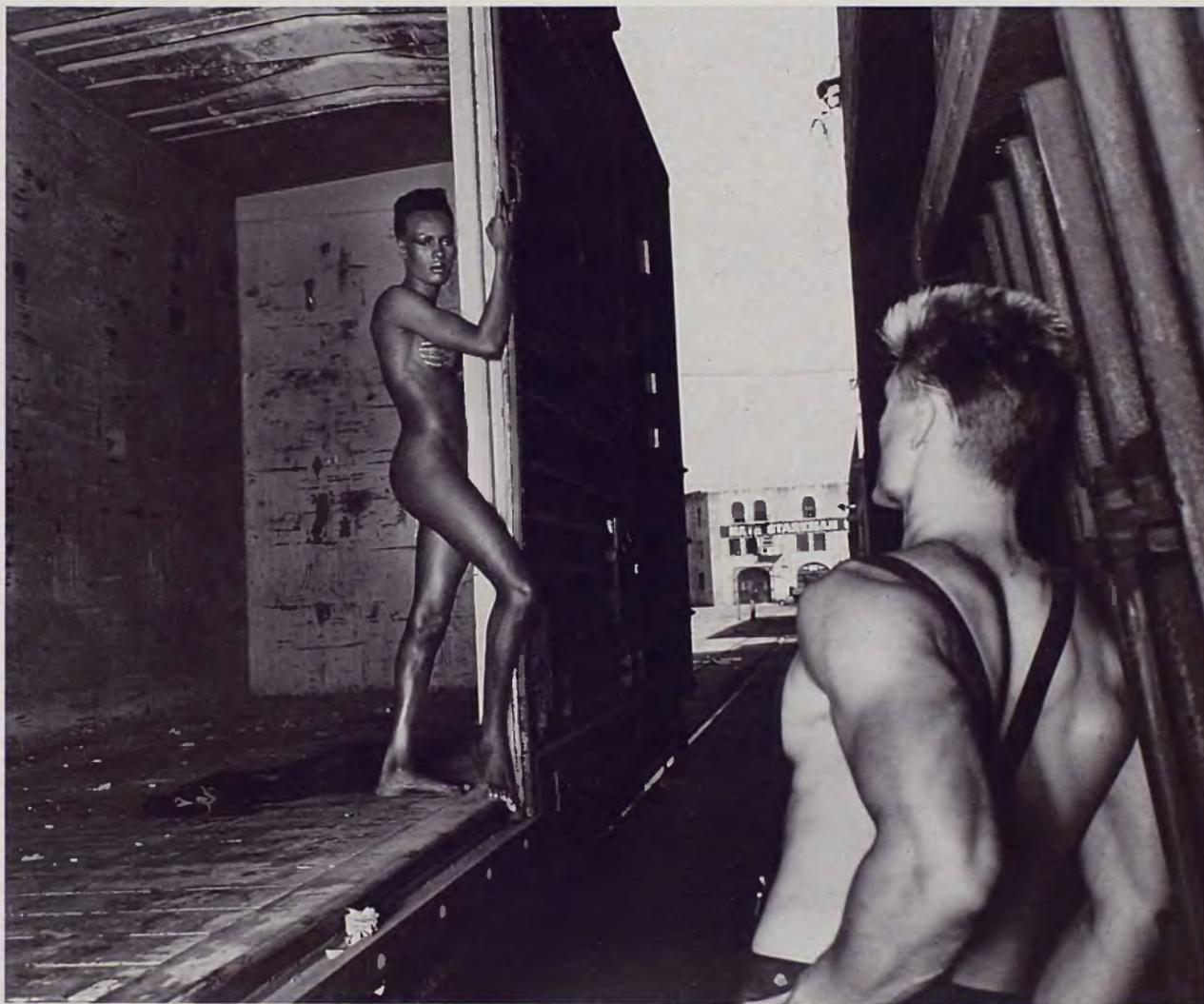
# AMAZING GRACE

*she battles bond, rocks with "rocky iv" hunk  
dolph lundgren—have you met miss jones?*



As archvillainess May Day in the new James Bond film, *A View to a Kill*, singer/actress Grace Jones gets to soften up 007, played by Roger Moore, before the kill. This series of portraits by the provocative photographic artist Helmut Newton, a longtime friend, captures the sheer power of Grace and of her fiancé, Dolph Lundgren.

**G**RACE JONES is on the prowl again, raising hackles, eyebrows and a lot

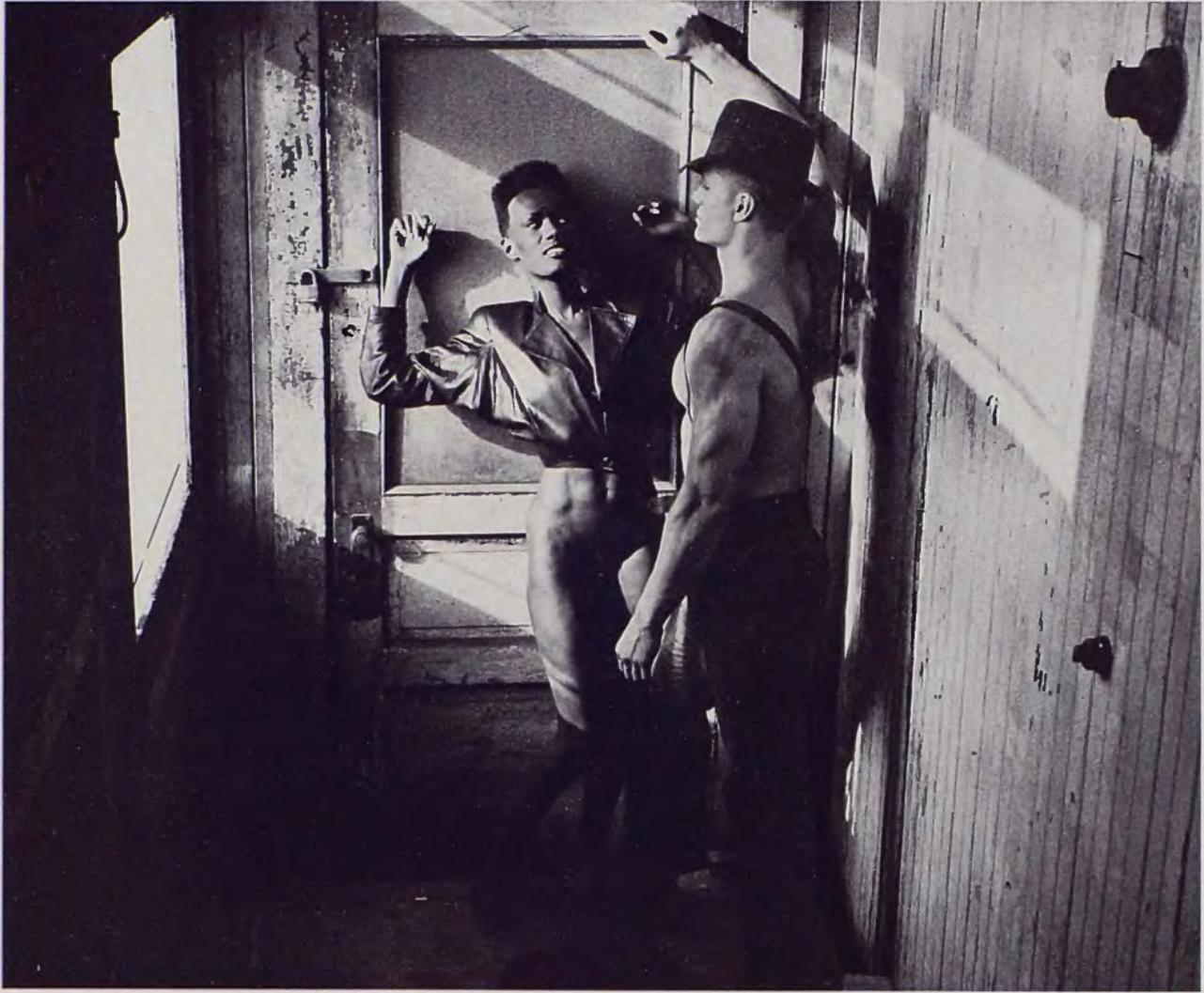


of hell along the way. No one else assaults the senses as Grace does. One moment aggressively feminine, the next curiously masculine, she transcends gender. There's a hint of menace, the vague possibility of violence in her demeanor. She is alien, the embodiment of the unknown. And she draws you to her as a flame draws a child.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELMUT NEWTON

# D

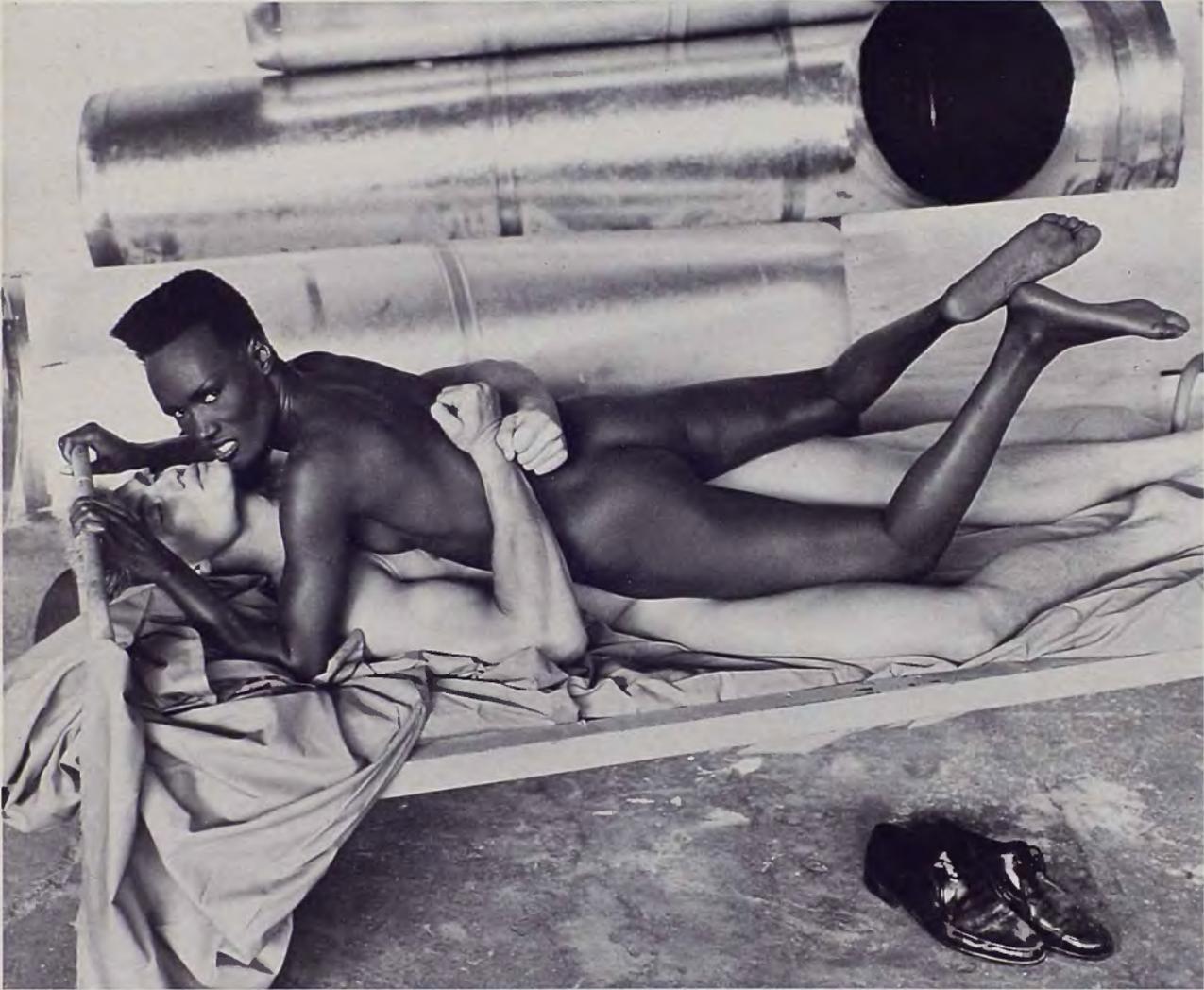
olph Lundgren can afford to be soft-spoken. He is a champion kick



boxer, solid muscle and bigger than you and any friends you might bring along. He doesn't eat: He "carbs up." Dolph will be Sylvester Stallone's opponent in *Rocky IV*. One night in Australia, Grace and he met: the Sphinx meeting the Colossus of Rhodes. The synergy was sufficiently awesome to make the alliance permanent.



N  
ow they live together, the  
strong man and the strong woman,



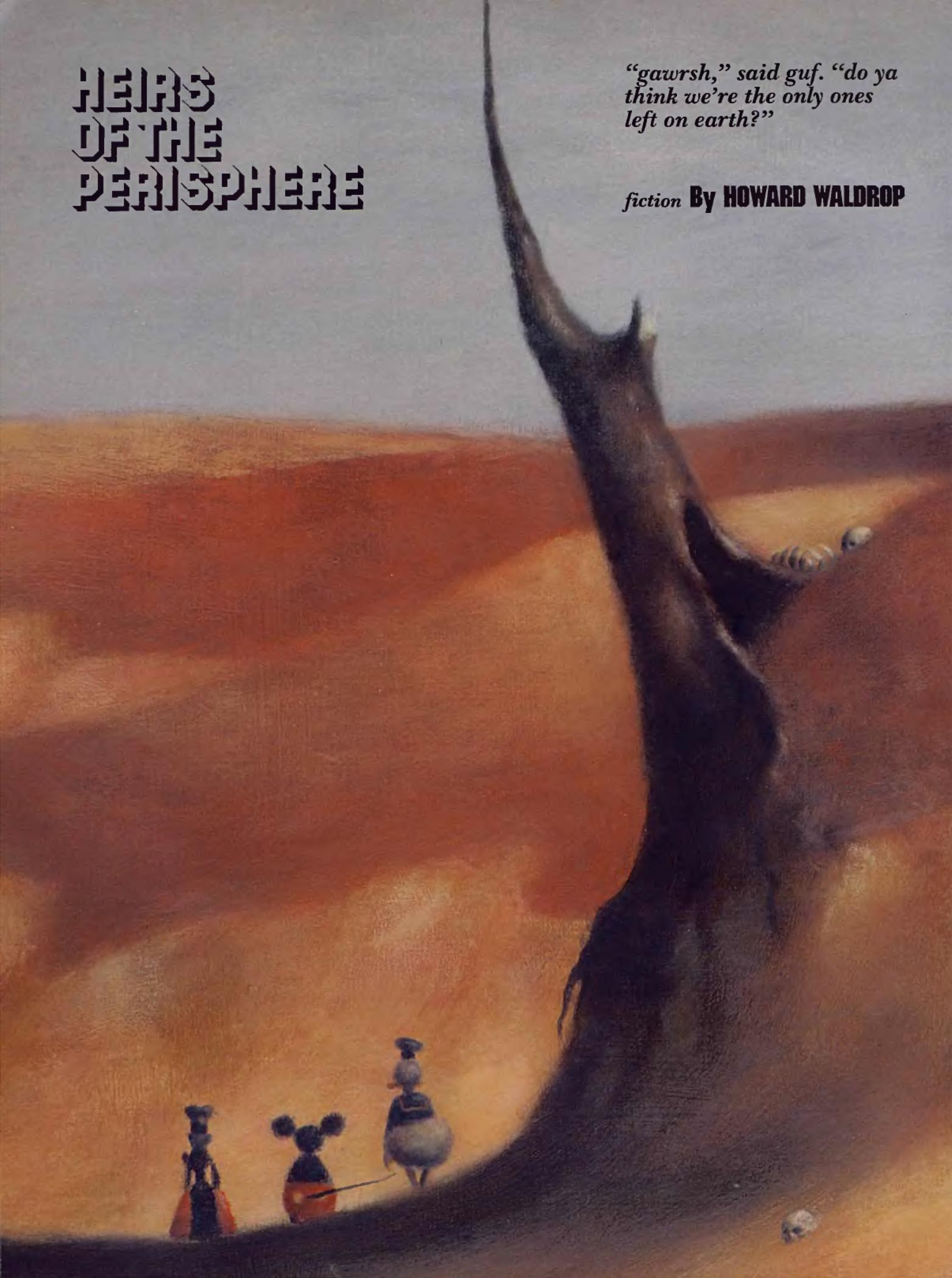
the soft-spoken and the outspoken, the Swede and the Jamaican. Their careers have come together in a house in a canyon above Los Angeles. There they'll make their stand: he in acting, she in acting and singing, both already winners on their own. Who knows what can be accomplished by *(concluded on page 202)*



# HEIRS OF THE PERISPHERE

*“gawrsh,” said guf. “do ya  
think we’re the only ones  
left on earth?”*

*fiction* **By HOWARD WALDROP**



THINGS HAD NOT BEEN going well at the factory for the past 1500 years or so.

A rare thunderstorm, a soaking rain and a freak lightning bolt changed all that.

When the lightning hit, an emergency generator went to work as it had been built to do a millennium and a half before. It cranked up and ran the

assembly line for a few minutes before freezing up and shedding its brushes and armatures in a fine spray. It had run just long enough to finish up some work in the custom-design section.

The factory completed, hastily certified and wrongly programmed the three products that had been on the assembly line 15 centuries before. Then

the place went dark again.

"Gawrsh," said one of them, "it shore is dark in here!"

"Well, huh-huh, we can always use the infrared they gave us."

"Wak, wak, wak!" said the third. "What's the big idea?"

The custom-order jobs were animatomechanical simulacra. They were designed to speak and act like the famous cartoon creations of a multimillionaire artist who late in life, in the latter half of the 20th Century, had opened a series of gigantic amusement parks.

Once, these giant theme parks had employed persons in costumes to act as hosts. Then the corporation that had run things after the cartoonist's death had seen the wisdom of building robots.

The simulacra would be less expensive in the long run, would never be late for work, could be programmed to speak many languages and would never try to pick up the clean-cut boys and girls who visited the parks.

These three had been built to be host robots in the third and largest of the parks, the one separated by an ocean from the two others.

The tallest of them had started as a cartoon dog but had become upright and had acquired a set of baggy pants, balloon shoes, a sweat shirt, a black vest and white gloves. On his head was a miniature carpenter's hat; long ears hung from it. He had two prominent incisors in his muzzle. He stood almost two meters tall and answered to the name GUF.

The second, a little shorter, was a white duck with a bright-orange bill and feet and a blue-and-white sailor's tunic and cap. He had large eyes with little cuts out of the upper right corners of the pupils. He was naked from the waist down and was the only one of the three without gloves. He answered to the name DUN.

The third and smallest, just over a meter, was a rodent. He wore a red-bibbed play suit with two large gold buttons at the waistline. He was shirtless and had shoes like two pieces of bread dough. His tail was long and thin, like a whip. His bare arms, legs and chest were black, his face a pinkish-tan. His white gloves were especially prominent. His most striking feature was his ears, which rotated on a track, first one way, then the other, so that seen from any angle, they could look like featureless black circles.

His name was MIK. His eyes, like those of GUF, were large, and the pupils were big round dots. His nose ended in a perfect sphere of polished onyx.

"Well," said MIK, brushing dust from his body, "I guess we'd better, huh-huh, get to work."

"Uh-hyuk," said GUF. "Won't be many people at thuh Park in weather like thiyus."

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" quacked DUN. "Rain! Wak, wak, wak!" He ran out through a huge crack in the factory wall through which streamed rain and mist.

MIK and GUF came behind, GUF ambling with his hands in his pockets. MIK followed him, ranging in the ultraviolet and infrared, getting the feel of the landscape through the rain. "You'd have thought, huh-huh, they might have sent a truck over or something," he said. "I guess we'll have to walk."

"I didn't notice anyone at thuh faktry," said GUF. "Even if it was a day off, yuh'd think some of thuh workers would give unceasingly of their time, because, after all, thuh means of produckshun must be kept in thuh hands of thuh workers, uh-hyuk!"

GUF's specialty was communicating with visitors from the large totalitarian countries to the west of the Park. He was especially well versed in dialectical materialism and correct Mao thought.

As abruptly as it had started, the storm ended. Great ragged gouts broke in the clouds, revealing fast-moving cirrus, a bright-blue sky, the glow of a warming sun.

MIK looked around, consulting his programming. "That way, guys!" he said, unsure of himself. There were no familiar landmarks. All around them was rubble, and far away in the other direction was a sluggish ocean.

It was getting dark. The three sat on a pile of concrete.

"Looks like thuh Park is closed," said GUF.

MIK sat with his hands under his chin. "This just isn't right, guys," he said. "We were supposed to report to the programming hut to get our first day's instructions. Now we can't even find the Park!"

"Well, uh-hyuk," said GUF, "I seem tuh remember we could get aholt of thuh satellite in a 'mergency."

"Sure!" said MIK, jumping to his feet and pounding his fist into his glove. "That's it! Let's see, what frequency was that?"

"Six point five oh four," said DUN. He looked eastward. "Maybe I'll go to the ocean."

"Better stay here whiles we find somethin' out," said GUF.

"Well, make it snappy," said DUN.

MIK tuned in the frequency and broadcast the Park's call letters.

"Zzzzzz. What? HOOSAT?"

"Uh, this is MIK, a simulacrum at the Park. We're trying to get hold of one of the other Parks for, huh-huh, instructions."

"In what language do you wish to communicate?" asked the satellite.

"Oh, sorry, huh-huh. We speak Japa-

nese to each other, but we'll switch over to Artran if that's easier for you." GUF and DUN tuned in also.

"It's been a very long while since anyone spoke with me from down there." The satellite's well-modulated voice snapped and popped. "If you must know," HOOSAT continued, "it's been a while since anyone contacted me from anywhere. I can't say much for the stability of my orbit, either. Once, I was forty thousand kilometers up, very stable. . . ."

"Could you put us through to one of the other Parks or maybe the studio itself, if you can do that? We'd, huh-huh, like to find out where to report for work."

"I'll attempt it," said HOOSAT. There was a pause and some static. "Predictably, there's no answer at any of the locations."

"Where are thuh folks?" asked GUF. "I don't know. We satellites and monitoring stations used to worry about that frequently. Something happened to them."

"What?" asked all three robots at once.

"Hard to comprehend," said HOOSAT. "Ten or fifteen centuries ago. Very noisy in all spectra, then silence. Most of the ground stations ceased functioning within a century of that."

Then there was a burst of fuzzy static.

"Hello? HOOSAT?" asked the satellite. "It's been a long time since anyone. . . ."

"It's still us!" said MIK. "The simulacra from the Park. We—"

"Oh, that's right. What can I do for you?"

"Tell us where the people went."

"I have no idea."

"Well, where can we find out?" asked MIK.

"You might try the library."

"Where's that?"

"Let me focus in. I can give you the coordinates. Do you have standard navigational programming?"

"Boy, do we!" said MIK.

"Well, here's what you do. . . ."

"I'm sure there used to be many books here," said MIK. "It all seems to have turned to powder, though, doesn't it?"

"Doggone wizoo-wazoo waste of time," said DUN. He sat on one of the piles of dirt in the large broken-down building of which only one massive wall still stood. The recent rain had turned the meter-deep powder on the floor into a papier-mâché sludge.

"I guess there's nothing to do but start looking," said MIK.

"Hey, MIK, looka this!" yelled GUF. He came running with a steel box. "I found this just over there."

The box was plain, unmarked. There was a heavy lock to which MIK applied various pressures.

"It's, huh-huh, stuck."

"Gimme that!" yelled DUN. He

(continued on page 152)

# and THE HEAT GOES ON

fashion BY HOLLIS WAYNE

*relax. three cooling looks  
are coming your way*

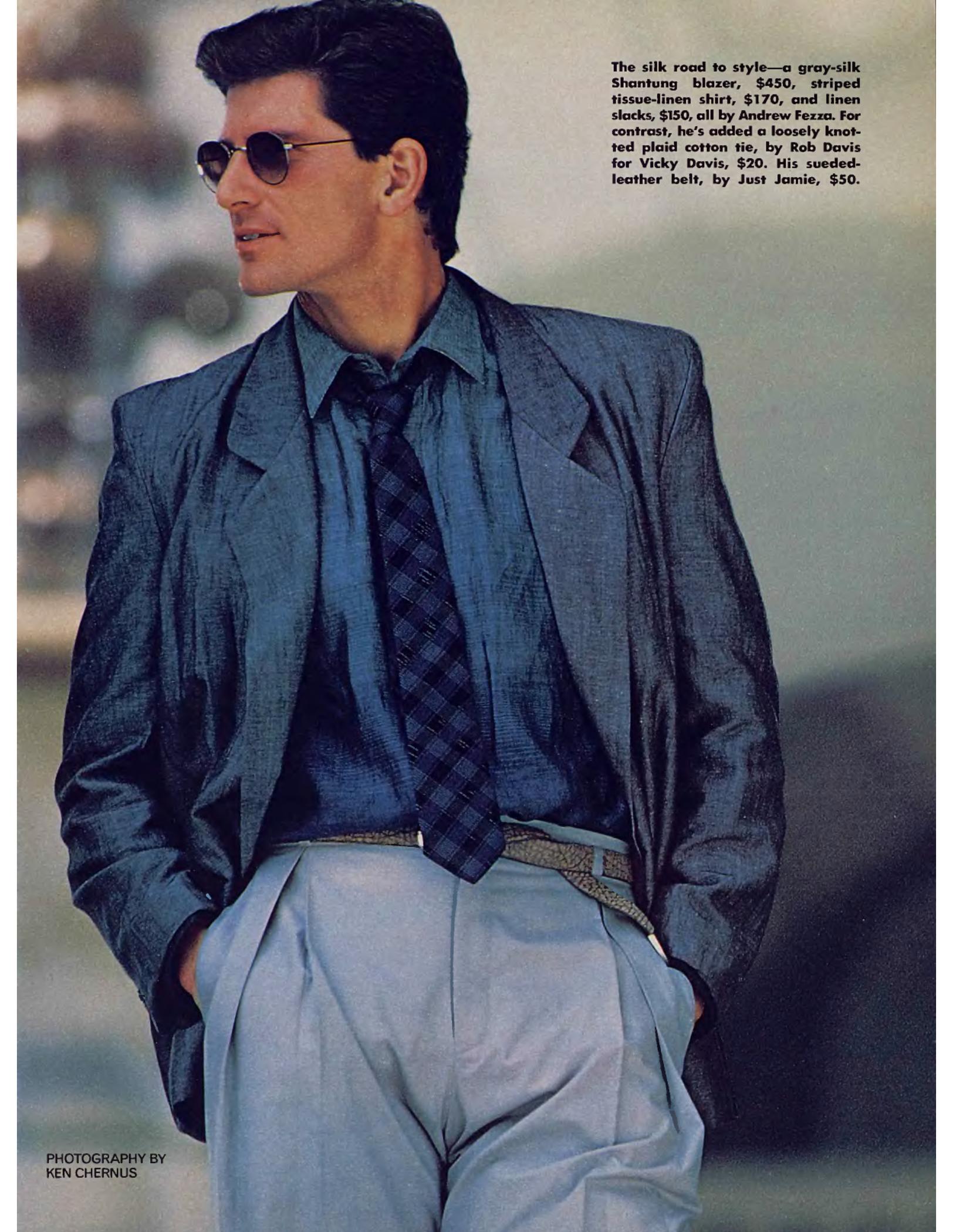
**H**OT TOWN, summer in the city—and now that you've tried skinny-dipping under an open fire hydrant and deep-sixing yourself in a vat of *gelato*, maybe it's time you made a *smart* cool move and updated the clothes sticking to your back. Summer is the season for unlined and unconstructed sports coats in fabrics such as cotton and linen. Being more absorbent than synthetic blends, natural materials keep you cool and ruffled-looking. When the temperature hits 80, nobody wants to wear a tie that's knotted like a hangman's noose, so loosen up and unbutton your collar, too. Hot summer light colors include the neutral hues worn together, or try mixing beige tones with gray or indigo for a dressy hot-summer-night look. The heat goes on.

**Right:** The dark side of summer—a navy-linen shirt jacket, \$170, worn over a linen buttondown shirt, \$100, and linen slacks, \$110, all by Ron Chereskin; plus a leather belt, by Just Jamie, \$55; and a watch, by Emerich Meerson, about \$130.



A man with light brown hair, smiling, is wearing a light-colored, window-pane-plaid linen jacket over a white dress shirt and a patterned tie. He is holding a newspaper and a pair of glasses. The background is dark and out of focus.

The crisp, clean, summery look of linen on linen. His unlined window-pane-plaid linen jacket, \$265, complements double-pleated linen slacks, \$120, a linen dress shirt, \$84, and a cotton paisley tie, \$27.50, all by Barry I. Bricken. Sunglasses, by L.A. Eyeworks, \$75.

A full-page photograph of a man in a sophisticated, textured gray-silk blazer. He is wearing a striped tissue-linen shirt, a dark plaid cotton tie, and light-colored linen slacks. He is also wearing dark sunglasses and a brown suede leather belt. The background is a soft-focus outdoor setting.

The silk road to style—a gray-silk Shantung blazer, \$450, striped tissue-linen shirt, \$170, and linen slacks, \$150, all by Andrew Fezza. For contrast, he's added a loosely knotted plaid cotton tie, by Rob Davis for Vicky Davis, \$20. His sueded-leather belt, by Just Jamie, \$50.

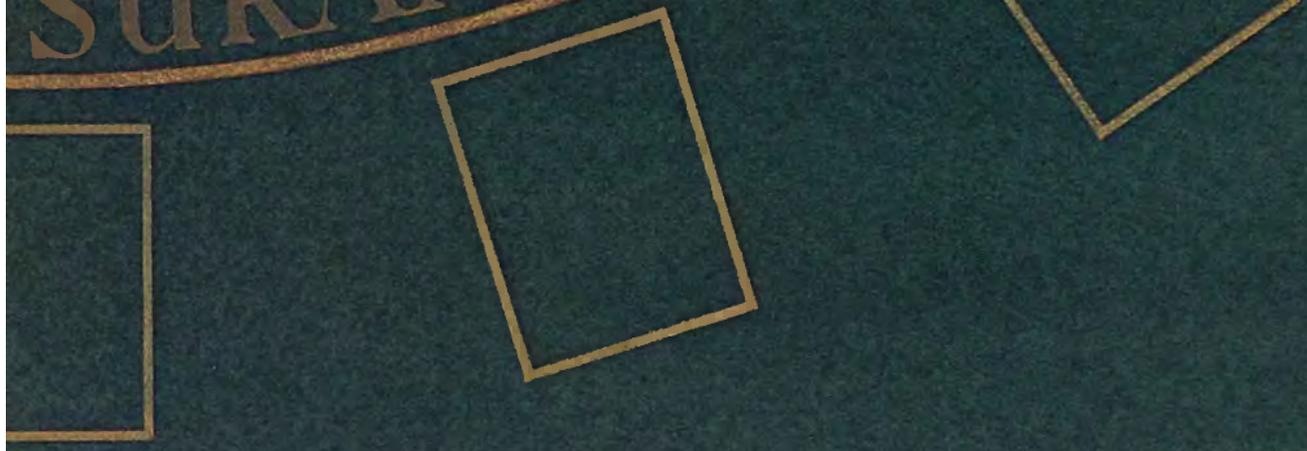
PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
KEN CHERNUS



BLACK JACK



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## BREATHE DEEP

*be wary, chuck.  
this old gambler  
plays for high stakes*

*fiction* **By DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

**B**LACK STITCHING over the left pocket of his white-silk shirt read **CHUCK** in cursive script. His pale, wiry arms were crossed below the name; his large Adam's apple moved arrhythmically above. Before him on the small lima-bean-shaped green table the 200 playing cards were fanned out, awaiting fresh players.

It was 3:30 in the morning and fewer than half the tables in the main casino were staffed. A noisy crowd at one crap table gave an illusion of liveliness, but only four of the seven blackjack dealers on duty had any action. Chuck had stood here at the ten-dollar-limit table for nearly an hour; it was looking as though he wouldn't deal a single round before his break.

"Hey, Chuck."

At the left extreme of the table stood a small old man in a coors cap, smiling, hands in raincoat pockets. The raincoat hung open, showing a white shirt, a sloppily knotted dark, thin tie and a bit of dark jacket. The old man had shaved recently but not well, and his gray eyes were red-rimmed and merry. The dealer saw not much hope here, but he said, "A game, sir?"

"Maybe in a while, Chuck," the old man said and grinned as though he were thinking of some joke. "Did you know I came out of the hospital just this morning?"

The dealer, his foot near the button that calls security, looked at the old man. He said, "Is that right, sir?"

"Sun City Hospital, right here in Las Vegas, Nevada. Fixed me up just fine. No more broken bones." That I-know-a-joke grin appeared again.

"Sir, if you're not interested in playing——"

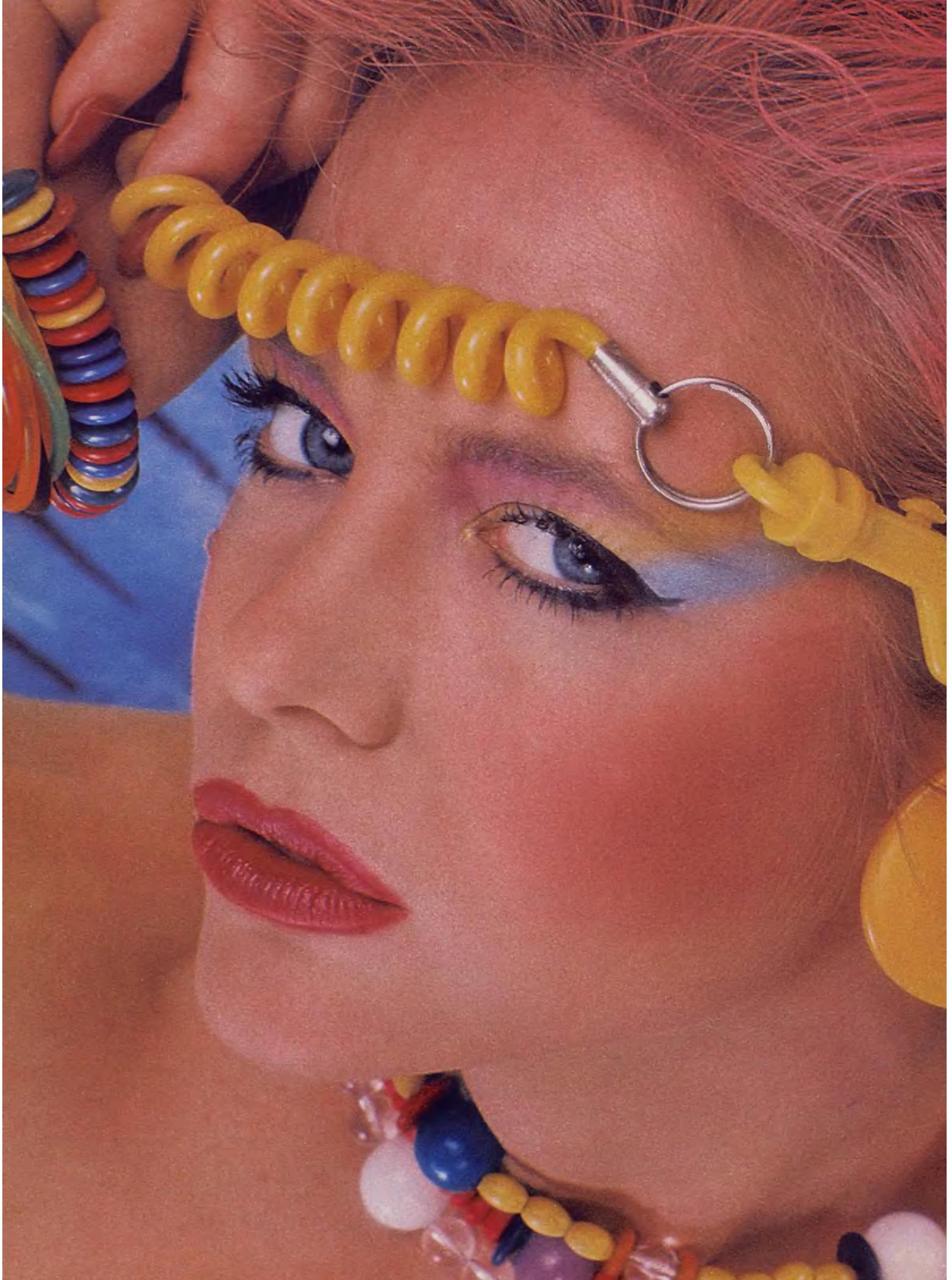
"Oh, I *could* be, Chuck," the old man said. "I *might* be."

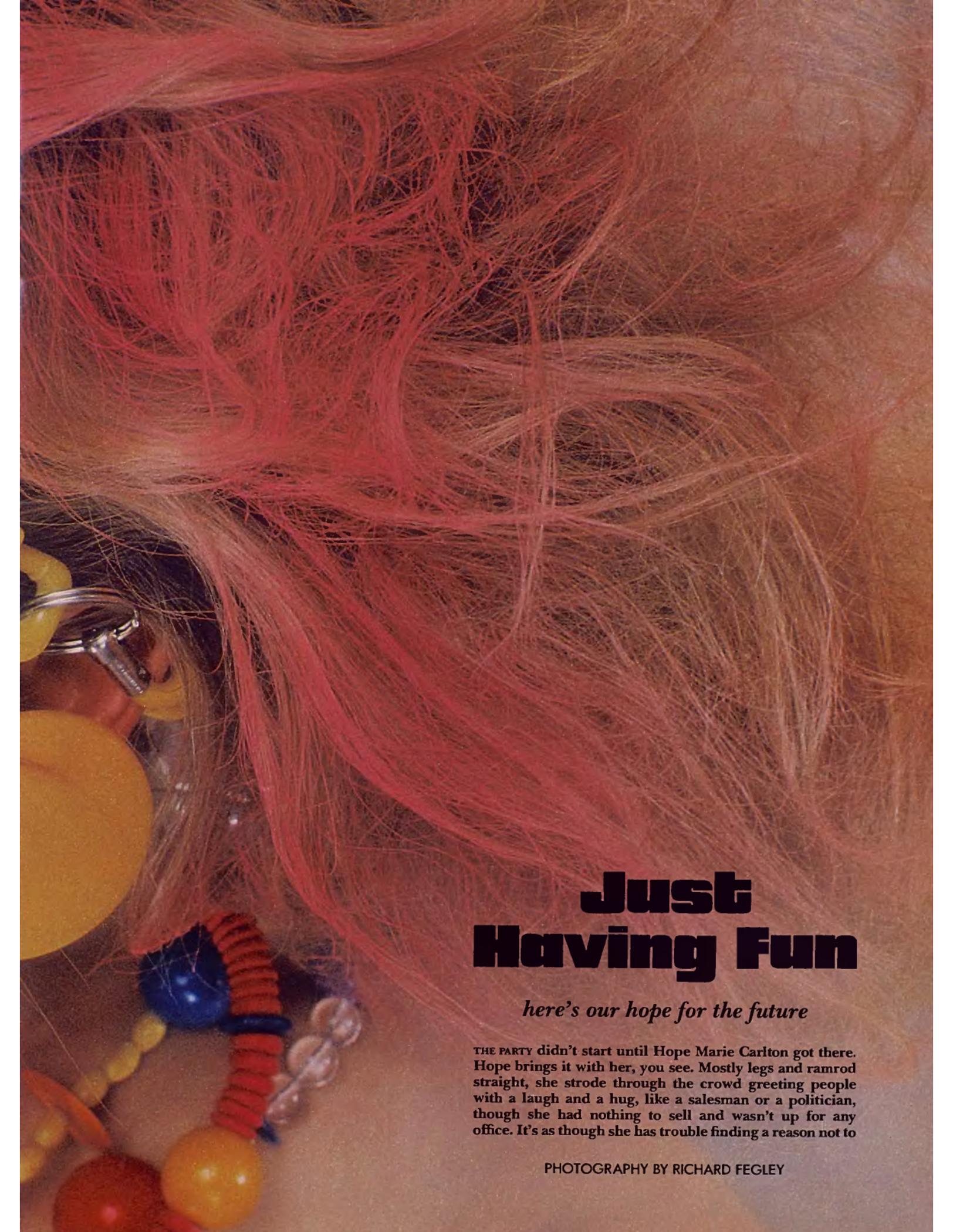
The night was slow, and the dealer's break was due in just a few minutes. So he didn't touch his foot to the button that calls security. "Take your time, sir," he said.

"That's all I've got," the old man said, but then he grinned again. "I love the big Strip hotels at night."

"You do, sir?"

"Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. I hate Vegas, you (continued on page 178)





# Just Having Fun

*here's our hope for the future*

THE PARTY didn't start until Hope Marie Carlton got there. Hope brings it with her, you see. Mostly legs and ramrod straight, she strode through the crowd greeting people with a laugh and a hug, like a salesman or a politician, though she had nothing to sell and wasn't up for any office. It's as though she has trouble finding a reason not to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



be happy and wants to spread the word. "I'm always out to have fun," she admits. "When people say, 'Hope, you always look as if you're having a good time,' I say, 'Yeah, I go everywhere with myself.'"

When you finally talk privately with her, you find she's no Pollyanna, just determined not to let anything get her down.

"I mean, it's the way the cards fall, isn't it? It's as if I'm in the middle of a game right now and I don't know what's going to happen next, which is exciting and very scary.

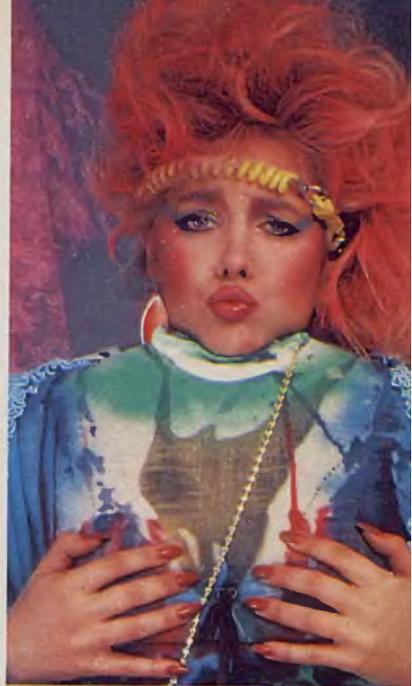
"I ran computers for a while and I almost ripped my hair out. I couldn't stand it. I'd go crazy sitting there looking at that screen and punching in invoices all day. One day, I got up, threw that stack of papers and said, 'I've had it!' I walked out and got on my horse and went for a four-and-a-half-hour ride, and I was fine. And as long as you don't put me back in that office, I'll be fine."

There's not much chance of that happening. Hope, who most of her life has called Tampa home, is firmly established as a model there and, with several years' experience to her credit, is planning to tackle Los Angeles next. After all, she's "already the big one-nine. I'm getting old," Hope says, only half-joking. "I've been working since I was 13. My mother used to model in New York when I was a baby, and I started doing little-girl fashion shows and stuff like that.

"I was an only child and I was spoiled. But I was not spoiled rotten. I got things that I wanted, but I was always expected to save up half the money for them myself first. That teaches you responsibility.

"When I was in high school, I was working, going to school and taking care of horses; that's all I did. At one time, I was responsible for seven horses. But when

*At a celebration of her 19th birthday in Playboy Studio West (top left), Hope's infectious good humor—see examples opposite—leads our photo staff astray. But later, in a preflight briefing on the runway and in the air, she's all business. "I've been taking flying lessons now for about six months. I'm getting ready to solo and I'll have my license within the next couple of months. Danger? I don't even think about it up there. I think the joy and the adrenaline override fear."*





modeling got serious, I had to give it up. It was just taking too much of my time. I always bit off more than I could chew. But that teaches you; it makes you learn.

"Besides, I deal with pressure really well. I think I'm better under pressure. It

keeps me going, like having somebody light a fire under me."

Hope hardly needs such encouragement. She gets such a charge out of what she's doing that dragging her away from it would seem to be the problem.

"When I'm in front of that camera, I become somebody else. It's like a release, and I don't think of anything else but what I'm doing. I just go crazy. I love it!

"The only thing that really makes me miserable is coming to a standstill."



*"I'd like to marry when I'm between 24 and 28. That gives you time to get the itch out of your britches, be ready for a commitment. Boys have never really been a problem for me. Sometimes they're a pain, but I don't think I could live without men and I don't think they could live without me, either."*









MISS JULY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Yves Saint Laurent*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Hope Marie Carlton

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 3-3-66 BIRTHPLACE: Riverhead, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: To bring a smile to the people I meet. Be successful and always happy.

TURN-ONS: Being healthy, driving fast, horses, good conversation, nature, champagne

TURN-OFFS: Smoke-filled air, unambitious people, getting up early, loneliness.

HOBBIES: Horses, poetry, nunchaku, being busy

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marilyn Monroe, Goldie Hawn, Robert Redford, Michael Leone.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Billy Joel, Madonna, Willie Nelson, Kenny Rogers, Anne Murray.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Days of Our Lives, Magnum, P.I., Bugs Bunny/Road Runner, 60 Minutes.

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? The 19<sup>th</sup> Century - the days of the horse + carriage and human progress.

2 years

4 years

15 years



Hello, handsome. What a ham!

Thanks, Mom

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It's an excellent program," said the computer salesman extolling the new home-computer game.

"But how can a computer play strip poker?" asked the dubious customer.

"It displays a picture of a girl on the screen," explained the salesman, "and every time she loses a hand, she removes another article of clothing."

"And what happens when there's nothing left?"

The clerk leaned forward and whispered, "The computer goes down."

Washington wags report that capital callgirls and military-hardware contractors have a lot in common: They both charge \$100 per screw.



As they drove to work together, one old friend turned to the other and described a strange dream he'd had the night before. "I was twelve years old and it was my birthday," he began. "I asked my mother if she knew what day it was, and she said, 'Yes, and here is twenty dollars to go to Disneyland—'"

"That's funny," his friend interrupted. "I had a strange dream last night, too. A beautiful, naked redhead got into bed with me; then a gorgeous, naked blonde began crawling into bed, too. I didn't know what to do."

"Why didn't you call me?" his friend asked.

"I did call you," he replied, "but your mother said you had gone to Disneyland."

It must have been a watchman in an organic-fertilizer warehouse who said that waste was a terrible thing to mind.

*Though at times sex is sin," mused Miss Grillo,  
As she eyed the guy nude from her pillow,  
"Your equipment's so small  
That it's no sin at all—  
I would term it a mere peccadillo."*

Word has reached us about a popular young lady whose nickname is Federal Express. When she's headed for a date's apartment, it's absolutely, positively guaranteed that she'll be there overnight.

Hearing that hypnotism might cure his impotence, the young man visited a local practitioner. Every week for six months, the hypnotist waved his watch and intoned, "You're getting drowsy . . . it's getting bigger . . . you're getting drowsy . . . it's getting bigger." Finally, seeing no improvement, the frustrated young man quit.

"I'm worse off than ever," he complained to a friend. "Not only am I still unable to get it up, but every time I see a watch commercial, my balls fall asleep."

Late one afternoon, a man placed a call to his home. A strange woman answered.

"Who is this?" inquired the man.

"This is the maid," she replied.

"We don't have a maid."

"Your wife hired me today."

"OK, is my wife there?"

"Yes," answered the maid, "but she's upstairs entertaining her boyfriend."

The furious husband paused a moment, then said, "Would you like to make a quick hundred thousand dollars?"

"Yes, of course," said the maid.

"Then go to the hall closet, get my shotgun and shoot my tramp wife and the bastard she's with."

The man heard footsteps going to the hall closet, then the sound of the maid's climbing the stairs. A moment later, two loud shots rang out.

The maid returned to the phone and asked, "What do you want me to do with the bodies?"

"Throw them into the swimming pool," ordered the aggrieved husband.

"What pool?"

"Uh, is this 555-7749?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay cokehead* as a toot fairy.

This crazy Army sergeant sneaked me into his tank," giggled the town sexpot to her girlfriend, "and then we fucked our brains out all through the Fourth-of-July parade!"

"That must have been exciting."

"I'll say! I'd never been in a tank before!"



While rummaging through his wife's dresser drawers, the farmer discovered three soybeans and an envelope containing \$24 in cash.

When asked about the curious items, his wife sheepishly confessed, "Over the years, I haven't been completely faithful to you. When I did fool around," she explained, "I put a soybean in the drawer to remind myself of my indiscretion."

The farmer admitted that he had not always been faithful, either, and was, therefore, inclined to forgive and forget a few moments of weakness in his wife. "I'm curious, though," he said. "Where did the twenty-four dollars come from?"

"Oh, that," his wife replied. "Well, when soybeans hit eight dollars a bushel, I sold out."

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



*"I don't like your room . . . I don't like your bed . . . I don't like your underwear. Let's see the rest."*

*the real stuff about the right stuff, from the man who knows*

# A

*memoir* By CHUCK YEAGER and LEO JANOS

# MERICAN HERO

EVER SINCE Tom Wolfe's book was published, the question I'm asked most often and which always annoys me is whether or not I think I've got The Right Stuff. I know that golden trout have the right stuff, and I've seen a few gals here and there who I'd bet had it in spades, but those words seem meaningless when used to describe a pilot's attributes. The question implies that a guy who has the right stuff was born that way. I was born with unusually good eyes and coordination. I was mechanically oriented, understood machines easily. My nature was to stay cool in tight spots. Is that the right stuff? All I know is, I worked my tail off to learn how to fly, and worked hard at it all the way. And in the end, the one big reason I was better than average as a pilot was that I flew more than anybody else.

As a kid, I never dreamed of being an aviator. I was a pool hustler from the West Virginia hollers. I saw my first airplane close up when a Beechcraft bellied into a

cornfield on the Mud River. I was 15 and stopped by on my bike to see the wreck before heading out to the county poor farm, where I helped out on Saturday afternoons, shaving the old codgers.

Besides running chores, playing Kelly pool in the pool hall or poker under a covered bridge at the edge of town and catting around with three or four different gals, there wasn't a helluva lot going on in my life in the summer of 1941. I had my diploma from Hamlin High School tucked in a drawer somewhere, and I fished it out, together with my birth certificate proving I was 18, when an Army Air Corps recruiter came to town. I enlisted for a two-year hitch. I thought I might enjoy it and see some of the world. Dad never preached at us, and I can recall him giving me only two pieces of advice: Never buy a pickup truck that wasn't built by General Motors and—on the day I left for the Service—"Son, don't gamble." He hadn't been pleased with a job I'd had sweeping

up and racking balls at the pool hall for ten bucks a month, while picking up side money hustling games.

I became an airplane mechanic. Growing up around truck engines and drilling-equipment generators, I was one of the few kids in town who could take apart a car motor and put it back together again. Dad was an expert mechanic, and I just understood motors—a natural ability, like having exceptional eyes and coordination to be a crack shot. Hand a rifle to a hillbilly and he'll hit a bull's-eye every time. So, without knowing it or even caring, I had the talents needed for flying in combat. But after taking my first airplane ride, I'd rather have crawled across country than go back up. I took off for a spin with a maintenance officer flight-testing a ship I serviced and threw up all over the back seat, staggering out of that damned thing as miserable as I'd ever been. But teenagers blot out the past when the present seems appealing. *(continued on page 118)*





FILE CLASSIFIED/COMMUNITY NEWS  
BY A BAND FOR A WEDDING FROM  
THE PARTY CHRISTENING ETC?  
THEN HE ARE THE BAND FOR  
THE RICK SINEONE BAND PER-  
MUSIC FROM THE 30S TO THE  
FROM SINATRA TO SPRING-  
FOR MORE INFO CALL DICK  
403-2574 AFTER 6:00PM

15 MIN. DELAY

# PLAYBOY BY DESIGN

*a magical mirrored  
audio/video hideaway in  
the suburbs of manhattan*

**Y**OU'RE LOOKING AT OUR new baby, *Playboy by Design*, a feature that will be the open-sesame to some of the most exciting rooms in the world. Rather than explore every facet of a home, it will be a tip sheet filled with architectural and furnishing ideas that should spark some notions of how you can update your own digs. Take the room pictured here. Designed by Anthony Antine in association with Marc Polo, it's a vanishing act done with mirrors, and what disappears is the five-foot Mitsubishi front-projection television screen when matching sets of mirrored bifold doors are closed. The companion projector, disguised as a lacquered cocktail table, sits directly across from the screen. Six brushed-stainless-steel columns functionally anchor the room's design: Two house a pair of 6'8"-tall Beveridge speakers, a third is outfitted as a bar and the remaining three are for storage. It's a sexy, sleek space that's great for a movie screening or a night of quiet reading by the fire.

PRODUCED BY PHILIP MAZZURCO



Above: To save space, the room's audio components were vertically flush-mounted into a countertop opposite the Mitsubishi giant-screen TV. Among the audio exotico: a Mark Levinson amp and preamp, a Sequerra tuner and a Eumig cassette deck. Heavy audio metal!

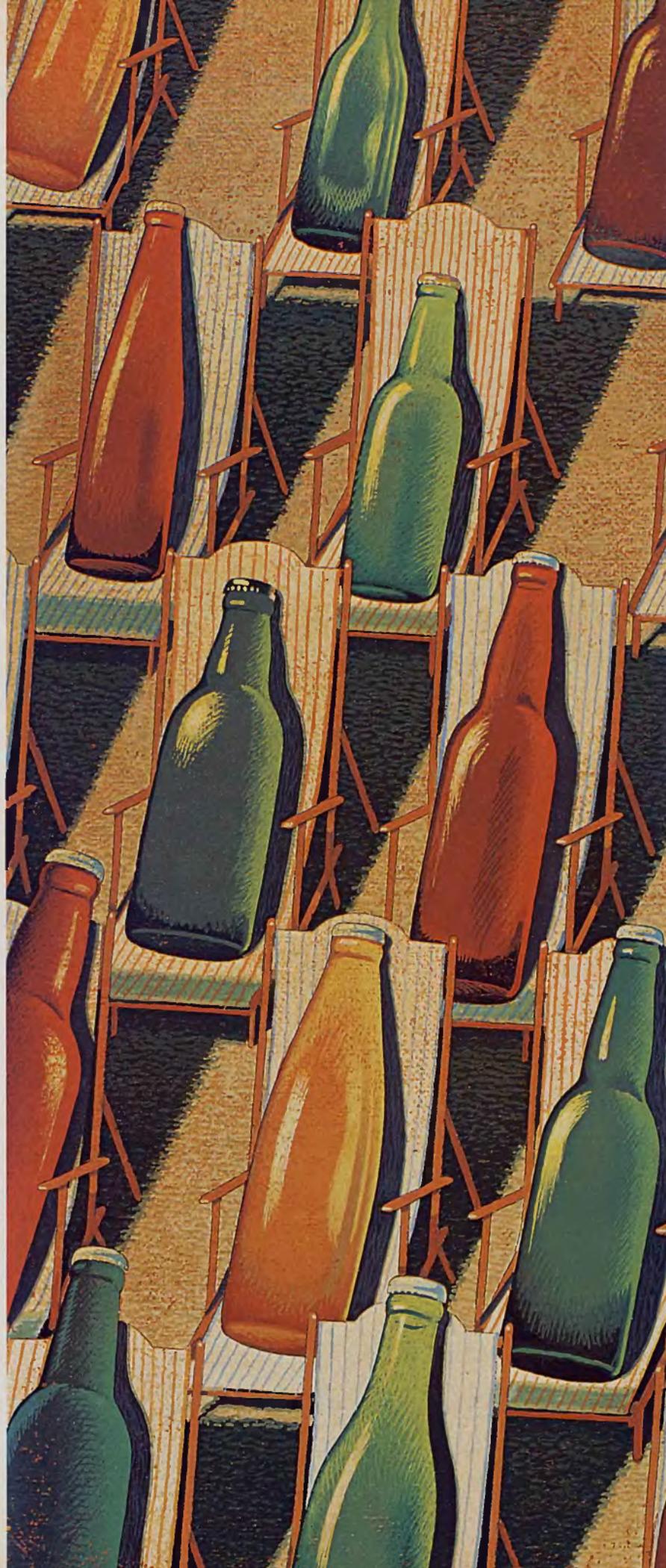
*eddie cochrane didn't know it,  
but there is a cure  
for the summertime blues*

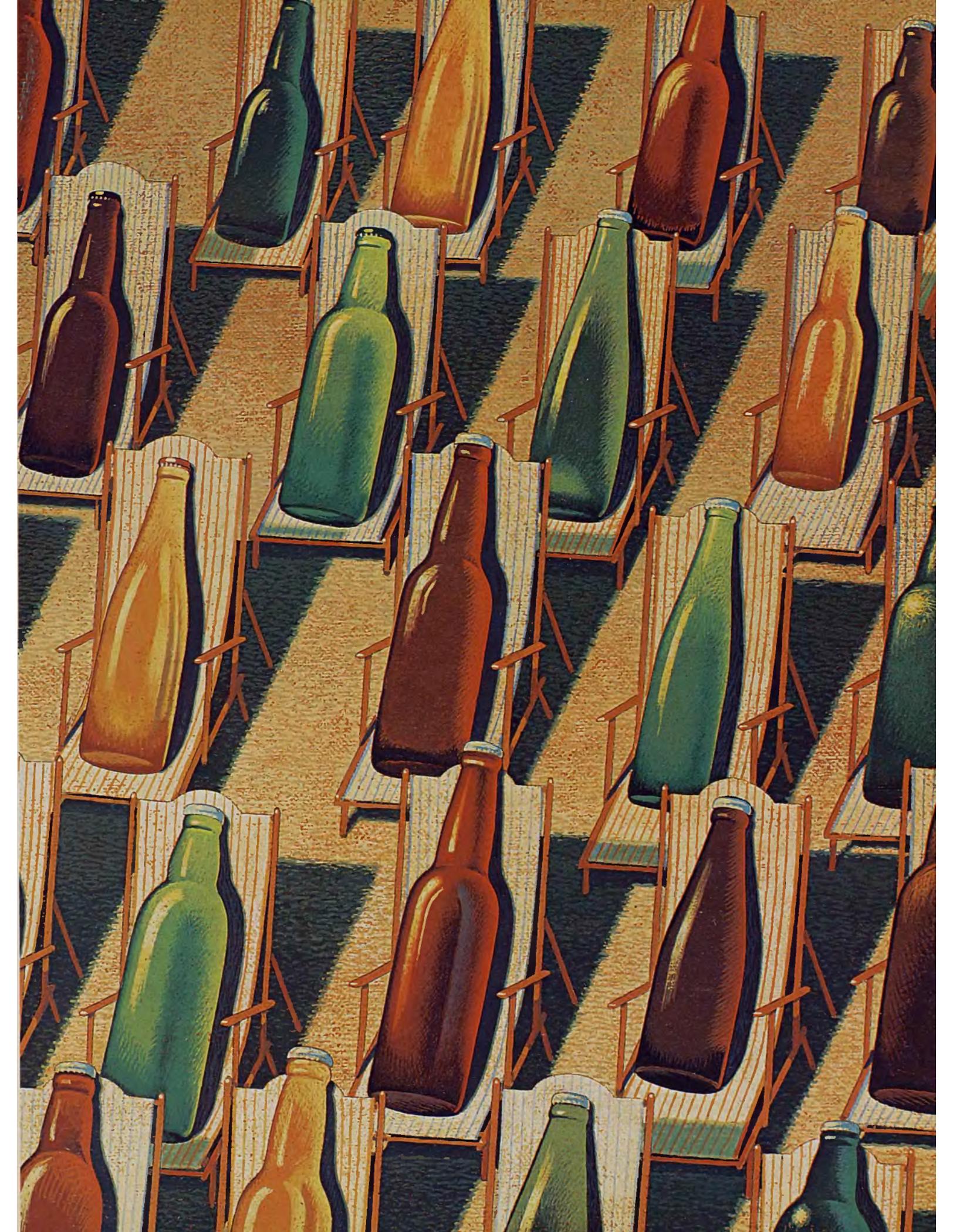
# THE SUMMERTIME BREWS

IN SUMMER, when the sun is still high, a glass of beer naturally comes to mind. Beer is sociable. It is also decidedly American—in a melting pot sort of way. It has come to our shores along with the rest of us. The hop is the product of some promiscuity; its distant relations include the grape, Cannabis and asparagus—a hedonistic family, indeed. Eating hop shoots is believed to purify the blood, and the custom dates back to Roman times. As a tradition, it is not big in the New World, but you never can tell. Americans may have to make do with asparagus. Served in a light, buttery omelet, with a glass of a dry, aromatic, pale Belgian import such as Duvel (Devil, in Flemish), it makes a sinfully luxurious Sunday-brunch dish.

Another new import in the American market, also from Belgium, is Sudden Death (more seductively, the label is in Flemish: Mort Subite). It's not an especially strong beer, but it is exotic—cherries are macerated in the brew during fermentation. No fewer than four rival labels of Belgian cherry beer, varietally known as *kriek*, are now being imported into the U.S. They may be exotic, but they clearly have a following, and they are the definitive summertime brews, with their pink-champagne color and tart, sharply quenching palate. Indeed, in Belgium they are customarily served only in summer.

German imports reflect a nation that has special beers for every season and a continuous calendar of celebrations at which to drink (continued on page 190)





# AMERICAN HERO (continued from page 112)

*"You're whipping through a desert canyon at 300 miles an hour, your belly barely scraping the rocks."*

I saw a notice announcing a "flying sergeant" program. I'd take my chances with flying to become a sergeant: Three stripes and you were out of pulling K.P. and guard duty. I applied.

The war was only months old when I was accepted. There were just a few of us enlisted men—the rest were college boys, cadets who would become commissioned officers when they received their aviator's wings. At first, I worried about keeping up with guys who were a little older and a lot better educated than I was, but once we took off in a trainer, we were all equal. I got sick the first few flights but quickly overcame it. Because I was well coordinated, I had less trouble than most handling a stick and rudder. But it was hard work learning to fly and, like everyone else, I sweated through my first solo and bounced in for a landing in one piece.

Flying became fun. I knew what I was doing in the cockpit and understood the airplane. In only a month, I graduated from being airsick even while flying level to actually enjoying spins and dives. Being cocky and competitive, I began bouncing other students and staging mock dogfights. I could line up on air or ground targets before others in the class even saw them. My instructor knew who was best in the group, and in the end, I was the one he recommended to become a fighter pilot. I was thrilled.

March 1943. You're whipping through a desert canyon at 300 miles an hour, your belly barely scraping the rocks and sagebrush, your hand on the throttle of a P-39 fighter. It's a crystal-clear morning on the desert of western Nevada, and the joy of flying—the sense of speed and exhilaration 20 feet above the deck—makes you so damned happy that you want to shout for joy. A hillock rises ahead, and you ease back, skim over the top of it, dropping down above cottonwoods lining the bank of a stream. You feel so lucky, so blessed to be a fighter pilot. Nearly 100 of us are testing our skill and courage by leaving prop marks on the dirt roads, stampeding grazing cattle (a few angry ranchers even take pot shots at us) and raising the shingles off ranch houses. Swooping over the desert like a horde of metal locusts, we practice for strafing runs, the most dangerous missions, which will eventually kill many of us. Our instructors warn us to get down on the deck as low as we can, staying below the tree line, where enemy machine guns can't target a clear shot.

That was Tonopah, Nevada, where 30 fledgling pilots began six months of inten-

sive training to become a combat fighter squadron—the 363rd. We lived surrounded by sand dunes in tar-paper shacks belching black smoke from the oil-burning stoves that warmed only themselves on cold desert nights. The wind never stopped blowing and the chow was awful, but none of us complained. We flew from dawn to dusk, six flights a day, six days a week, dogfighting, buzzing and practicing gunnery. We crawled exhausted into the sack at ten and straggled to breakfast at 4:30 A.M., taking off on our first flight just as dawn broke. I logged 100 hours of flying that first month. Hog heaven.

Once I was a fighter pilot, I couldn't imagine being anything else. We were hell-raising fighter jocks with plenty of swagger. When we weren't flying, we zipped on our leather flight jackets, which told the world who we were, and crowded into Bud Anderson's 1939 Ford convertible and drove into Tonopah, a wide-open silver-mining town. On paydays, we crowded around the blackjack tables of the Tonopah Club, drank ourselves blind on fifths of rotgut rye and bourbon, then staggered over to the local cat house. Miss Taxine, the madam, tried to keep a fresh supply of gals, so we wouldn't get bored and become customers of Lucky Strike, a cat house in Mina, about 70 miles down the road. But we went to Mina anyway, wrecked the place, and the sheriff ran us out of town. The next morning, a P-39 strafed Mina's water tower.

In late June, we left Nevada to begin training in bomber-escort and coastal-patrol operations at Santa Rosa, California. The morning we left from the train depot, Taxine and the gals came down with sandwiches, doughnuts and hot coffee and gave us a heroes' send-off. For us, the war was drawing ever closer.

Oroville, California, was the next stop on our training schedule. My first day in town, I went over to the local gymnasium to try to arrange a U.S.O. dance—a way for our guys to meet the local girls. I walked the length of an enormous gym to a small office where a very pretty brunette was seated behind a desk. Her name was Glennis Dickhouse. I asked her if she could arrange a dance that evening for about 30 guys. She looked so annoyed that I thought she might throw me out.

"You expect me to whip up a dance and find 30 girls on three hours' notice?"

"No," I said, "you'll need to come up with only 29, because I want to take you."

Glennis did it.

*Glennis remembers:* I really don't know why Chuck appealed to me so much, but obviously he did. He was very skinny in those days, and his grammar was just atrocious—because of that West Virginia accent, I barely understood every third word he spoke. I had dated a few soldiers but never a fighter pilot. I think that really impressed me, even if he was the most junior officer in his squadron. But I also sensed that he was a very strong and determined person—a poor boy who had started with nothing and would show the world what he was really made of. That was the kind of man I hoped to marry.

We finally got together on his final weekend of training in Casper, Wyoming, before he shipped out for overseas. The entire group, all three squadrons, had a big party in a hotel in downtown Casper. I danced with everyone in his squadron. The men were confined to the base after the party until they shipped out on Monday morning. Chuck sneaked out to stay with me. When I returned home and went to work, one of the girls looked at me rather strangely. "What on earth happened to you?" she asked. "Look in the mirror." My face was a mass of tiny red pimples. I had chicken pox. I had to laugh thinking that through Chuck, I had spread chicken pox among all those quarantined fliers.

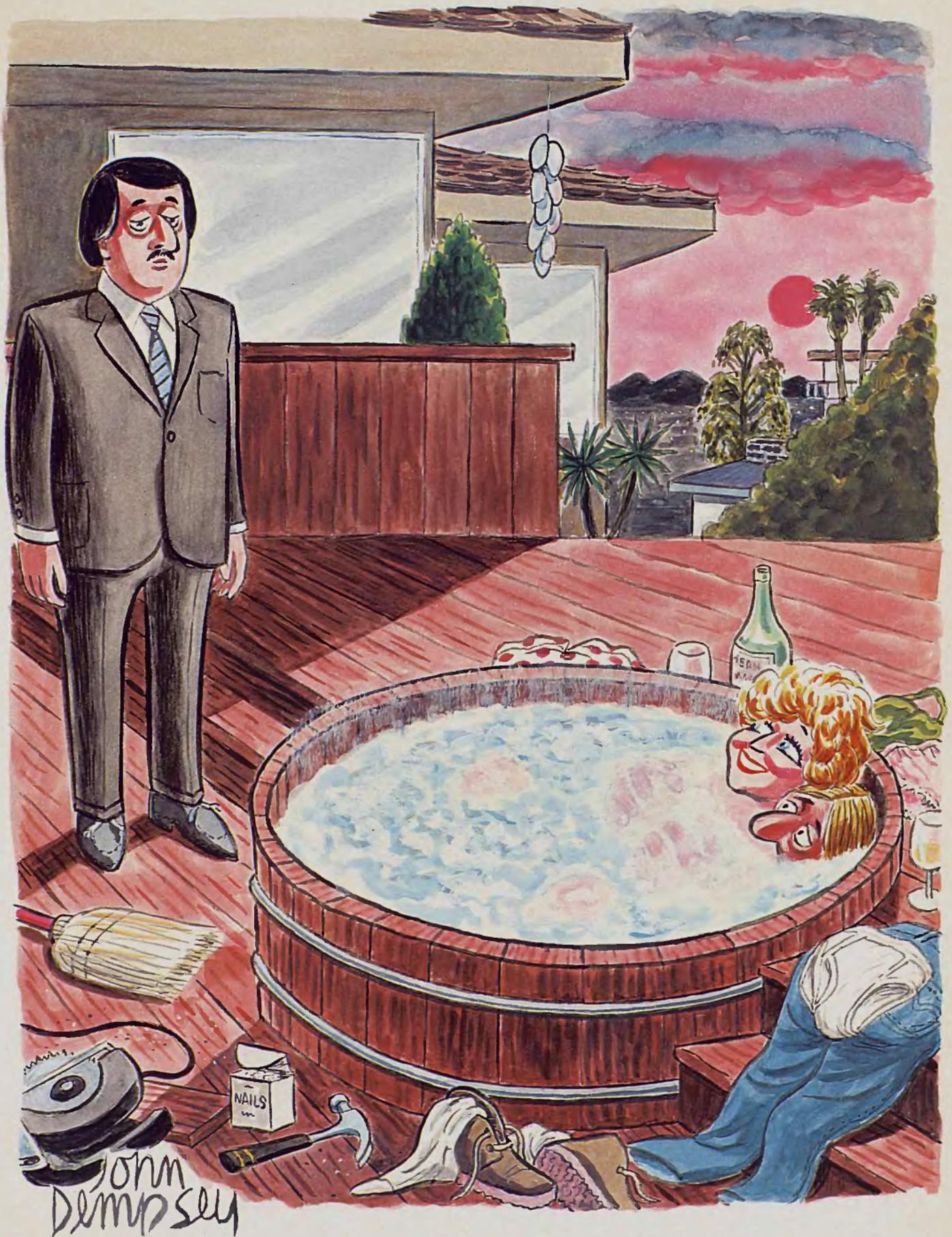
Chuck called me the day he left. As the maintenance officer, he stayed behind for a few days to help pack and move equipment. He said he had loaded 500 pounds of Christmas candy for children into the washing machines they were taking to England. Then he left for New York to catch up with the squadron. He wrote regularly from England, telling me he had named his fighter Glamorous Glennis.

*Clarence E. "Bud" Anderson—leading ace of the 363rd, with 17 kills—remembers:* Chuck Yeager is my closest friend. Our bonds are firm and deep and were forged while we flew together in combat.

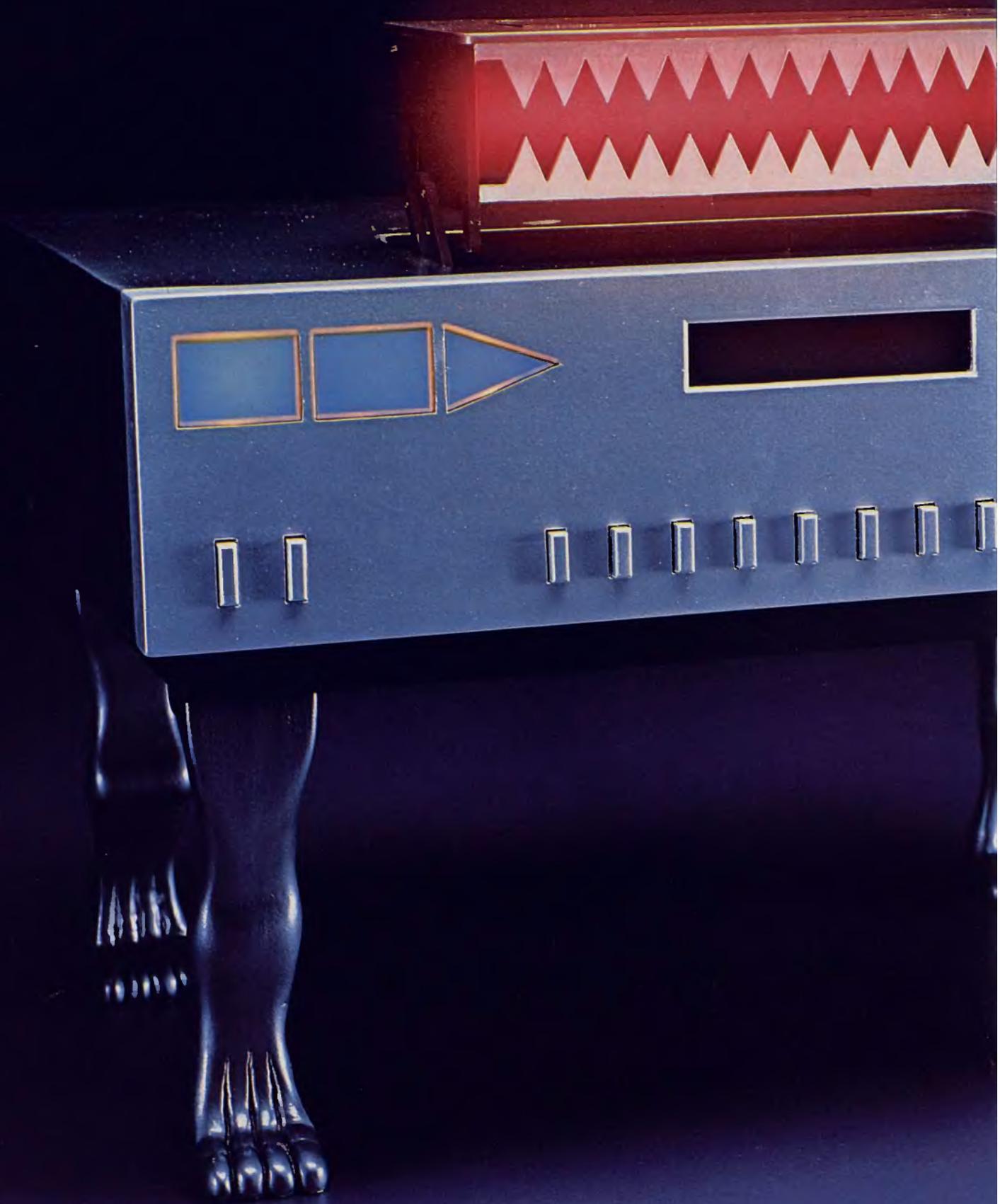
He was a standout pilot and character from the day I met him in Tonopah. He flew like a demon and was always taking the calculated risks that are the essence of his personality. We all liked to buzz, but Chuck buzzed a few feet lower than the rest of us. He was aggressive and competitive, but awfully skillful, too. In combat, he didn't charge blindly into a gaggle of Germans, but with the advantage of having sharp eyes that could see forever, he set up his attack to take them by surprise when the odds were in his favor. And when Yeager attacked, he was ferocious. There wasn't a pilot in the squadron, including a few who didn't like him, who didn't want Yeager close by in a dangerous mission.

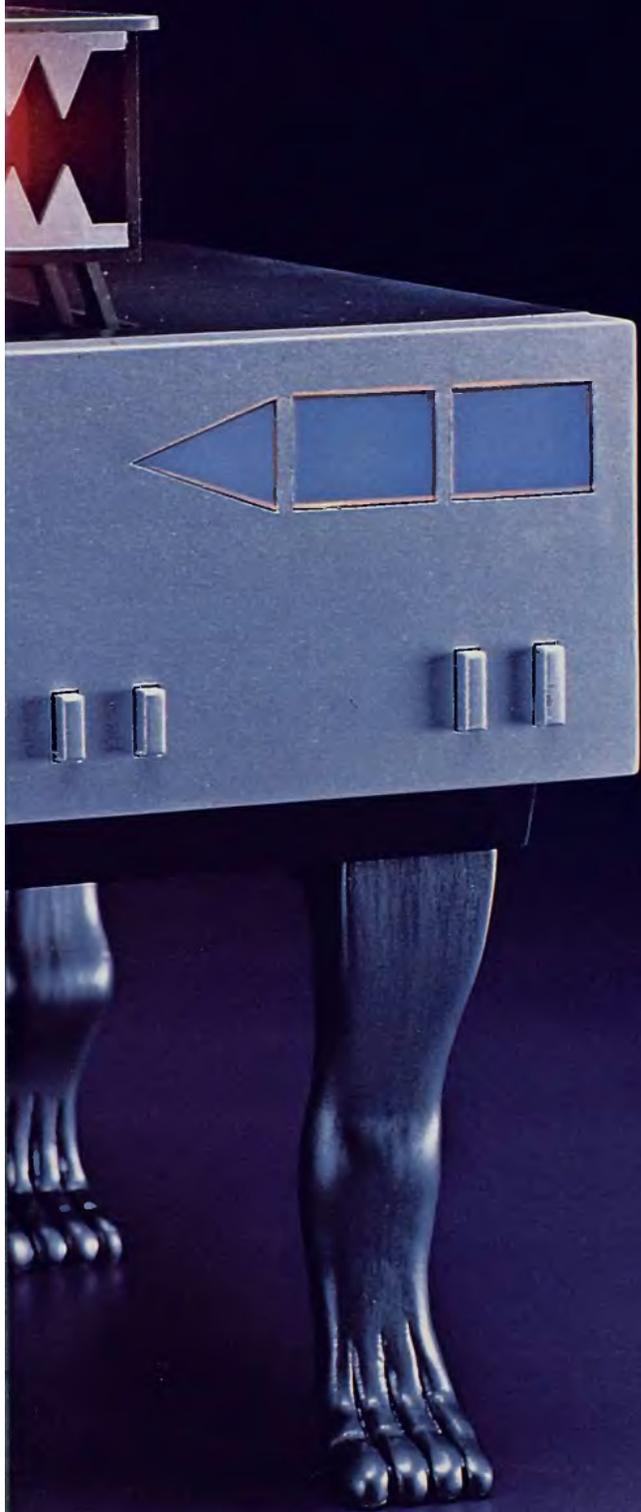
On October 12, 1944, leading the group on a bombing escort over Bremen, I scored five victories—the first ace in a day. I take

*(continued on page 166)*



*"Oh, darling, Mr. Simmons has just finished our soaking tub, and guess what? He's not going to soak us as much as his original bid."*





article By PAUL SLANSKY

# THE VCR ATE MY BRAIN

*but, boy, did it open my eyes*

PRESIDENT REAGAN was at his ranch, sitting at a desk outdoors in the morning fog. He had just signed a tax-cut bill, and he was the soul of amiability as he fielded questions from the press. It was August, and everyone was delighted to be in Santa Barbara instead of Washington. The President's dog strolled over.

Three thousand miles away, in my Manhattan apartment, I watched this scene on my 17-inch Sony as I unpacked my new video-cassette recorder—a JVC VIDSTAR—and removed it from its Styrofoam cocoon.

For a long time, I'd been telling myself that I didn't need a VCR. I was a moviegoer, a rock-'n'-roll fan, a reader of newspapers, magazines and books. Except for baseball games and the odd assassination, I wasn't much of a TV viewer. I'd never seen *M\*A\*S\*H* or *All in the Family*. I couldn't have cared less who shot J.R. I felt my blood pressure rise at the mere mention of Fred Silverman. What would I do with a machine designed to retrieve and store that which was created to be utterly disposable?

Still, I wanted one. Friends who owned them boasted of watching ten straight hours of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, of renting such movies as *Dr. Strangelove* and *Annie Hall*, of fast-forwarding at triple speed through *(continued on page 144)*

*a mere mortal will get spiked every time*

*sports*

By MIKE SAGER

# VOLLEYBALL GODS



OU'RE gonna grovel!"

"Well, ah——"

"You're finished!"

"I, ah——"

"You might as well stick a fork in yourself, 'cause

you're done, bud, you are *doooooone!*"

Indiana Hov is on a rampage. Stomping his size 13s, spilling Coors on the pile carpet, rocking the whole wheelbase of a Ford Chieftain motor home. Poodle the promoter is twitching. A tiny nervous pulse at the corner of his eye. He's sitting at the dinette, behind a mound of empty cans. Hov's looming over him, shooting at Poodle with his index finger and thumb, like a kid playing guns. Only Hov's not playing guns. He's playing life. What he's shooting is L for loser, L for anyone who isn't as tall and tan and talented as he, anyone who doesn't get laid as much as he, anyone at all who can't sky high over a net and whip arm snap wrist smack palm, *wail* a 12-ounce ball so it blurs and then bounces in the sand.

This is Indiana Hov, Tim Hovland, Mr. Southern California. Six feet, five, 200 pounds. Blond, blue-eyed, perfectly jawed. Overwhelming choice for best buns

on the beach. Twenty-five years old, \$100,000 a year. Playing volleyball.

But he's not playing today.

"*No waaaaaay!*"

Indiana Hov is on strike.

"No money, no Hov" is what he told Poodle, the promoter of two-man pro beach volleyball. Then he told him, "Eat shit and die." Put Frick and Frack against Larry and Moe in the finals of the world championship. Put your mother out there. Hov's not touching sand. Not without double the purse and player sanction of all events. Not until you open the books on this pop stand. Say no? Righ-ti-o. You don't need Hov, he don't need you.

My beach, my girl, my way, fuck off.

"Now get the hell out of my motor home!"

Poodle isn't budging. He's just as stubborn as Hov. Last time they tangled, Poodle earned his nickname. Hov threw him into a swimming pool at a motel in Fort Lauderdale. Poodle tried to retaliate and ended up splat on his back on concrete. Someone said it reminded him of a poodle attacking a great Dane. Then, as now, on this Friday morning in September, the first day of the 1984 Jose Cuervo World Championship of Beach Volleyball, Poodle is trying to make Hov remember who's in charge. It was *his* idea to turn two-man into a professional sport. *He* created Hov. *He* created the volleyball gods. Without *him*, they'd still be playing for fun.

And besides, even without Hov, even without the other top gods, Poodle has 17

teams signed to play in his tournament. Seven thousand fans are already in the bleachers at the Seaside Lagoon in King Harbor, Redondo Beach. And the bikini contest hasn't even started yet.

Poodle doesn't have to listen to Hov. Right now, the sponsors are behind him. They have a one-year contract with Poodle, so they have no choice. They've refused to negotiate with the players. They're backing Poodle all the way, so Poodle is staying put. It's not really Hov's motor home, anyway. It belongs to A.M.C./Renault, one of the sponsors of the tour. Hov is Renault's spokesperson. In Hov's mind, though, he's here *in* the motor home, so it's his. He commandeered it because walking around in the hot sun, carrying a picket sign, doesn't suit the defending world champion.

Problem is, it doesn't suit the sponsor, either. Two hours ago, Wally the Renault rep got so pissed over the players' strike that he threatened to take the keys to Hov's Turbo Fuego. The car—like the personal appearances, per diems, flight allowances—is part of Hov's contract. But so is playing volleyball. The big boys from Renault were supposed to be flying in for



this one. The motor home, the cases of Coors, the \$20-an-hour bimbo in the custom bikini with Renault's logo, THE ONES TO WATCH, printed across the ass—all of this was for the bosses.

But the players had to go and strike. And Wally had to phone the pale, flabby bosses in Detroit—on the very weekend that the United Auto Workers had closed 13 General Motors plants—and tell them that the players here had walked out, too, that the barefoot guys who go to the beach for a living were marching around with semiliterate signs, shoeing away fans, playing *Solidarity Forever* on a boom box.

Wally didn't dare tell them what Hov had done to Andy Fishburn. Wally had guaranteed Hov personally when he sold the sponsorship. Hov's responsible, he told them. Hov's got a degree in public relations from USC, he told them. How could he tell them now that when Fishburn, a former world champion himself, decided to cross the picket line and play, Hov had threatened to piss in his Gatorade and to fuck his wife, then hocked the biggest, greenest lugie that anyone had ever seen onto the windshield of Fishburn's car? The fact that Hov had a Renault towel wrapped around him when he did this didn't help, either.

So Wally threatened to take the car.

And Hov ran to the Fuego, kicked in the turbo and roared off, not to return until he'd hidden the car in a garage in an alley six miles away.

By the time Hov returned to make peace with Wally, to let Wally make peace with him, Wally had downed two double Dewar's and had started on the Coors. Hov took a seat in the motor home, started helping with the beers. Things were calming down.

Until Poodle came in, sat down at the dinette and said, "Look, Hov, can't we talk about this thing like adults?"

"No waaaaaay!"

Poodle's real name is David Wilk. A former PR major and student-body president at Cal State Northridge, Wilk, 34, started professional two-man volleyball in 1976 as a promotion for *Beach Volleyball* magazine. He and his partner, the magazine's circulation director, advertised a two-day event, put up \$5000 in prize money, drew 30,000 fans. Following their success, they left the magazine, formed Event Concepts, went into volleyball full time. By 1984, they had built pro beach volleyball into 13 tournaments and 500,000 fans in six states, from Florida to Hawaii, with a total purse of \$200,000. Such sponsors as Cuervo, Renault, Miller High Life, Coppertone, Honda and Hobie were climbing all over one another to give money, to take part.

By 1985, Event Concepts and Poodle Wilk were gone. Poodle the promoter was

hanging up on long-distance calls from a national magazine. But the tour is still on, handled now by Group Dynamics, Inc., of Santa Monica and Tokyo, a proven international PR concern. The tour has been expanded to 15 dates with the addition of Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, and Wildwood, New Jersey. The total purse has been raised to close to \$300,000. Depending upon whom you ask, the reason for Poodle's ouster was the players' strike, the work of an ambitious lawyer or a sudden change of allegiance by the sponsors, after the 1984 season, from Poodle to the players.

In any case, the strike was the beginning of the end for Poodle, the beginning of a new beginning for the tour. Although Renault is now out, Bollé eyewear and G.M.C. will come aboard, and the other top sponsors are hanging in, looking forward to bigger exposure from a more experienced firm. Group Dynamics has handled Virginia Slims Tennis and Paul Masson Marathons and Volvo All-American Tennis. The owner of the firm, Jack Butefish, was a founding owner of the Quebec Nordiques and of the International Track Association. His firm has handled accounts for Union Oil, Philip Morris and Seagram's.

It was only a matter of time before Poodle had to fall. Like a smalltime agent who found himself a superstar in a honky-tonk, he had created a monster. At first, the gods were happy: Someone was providing a crowd and a little money. Beat a pitcher of beer all to hell. But as the young years of the tour passed, the gods started realizing that they could demand as well as accept. They started realizing that two-man pro beach volleyball was more than just a game. It was the symbol of a lifestyle, the California lifestyle, the American Dream of the Eighties.

Hold a tournament and here they come, straight from the Pepsi commercial, disposable income on parade. Two together on roller skates and two more riding skate boards, joggers in Norma Kamali and heavyhanders in Speedos, BMX bicycle tricksters and Fuji 12-speeders with sheepskin saddles, each more beautiful, more tan, more blond or bunned or legged than the next. This is Southern California, Oneida of our times, capital of the kingdom of I. A place where headphones don't disturb conversations and cars never get dirty. A place where people don't care "How ya doin'?" but always notice, "Ya lookin' great!"

String up six volleyball nets and offer some money, and you can have it all packaged to go. Zoom the horizon—a powerboat race. Pan the middle distance—a regatta of sloops. Cut close to the crowd—a guy from *Playgirl* interviewing potential centerfolds. A crew from Honda making commercials about scooters. A radio jock playing Trivial Pursuit, giving

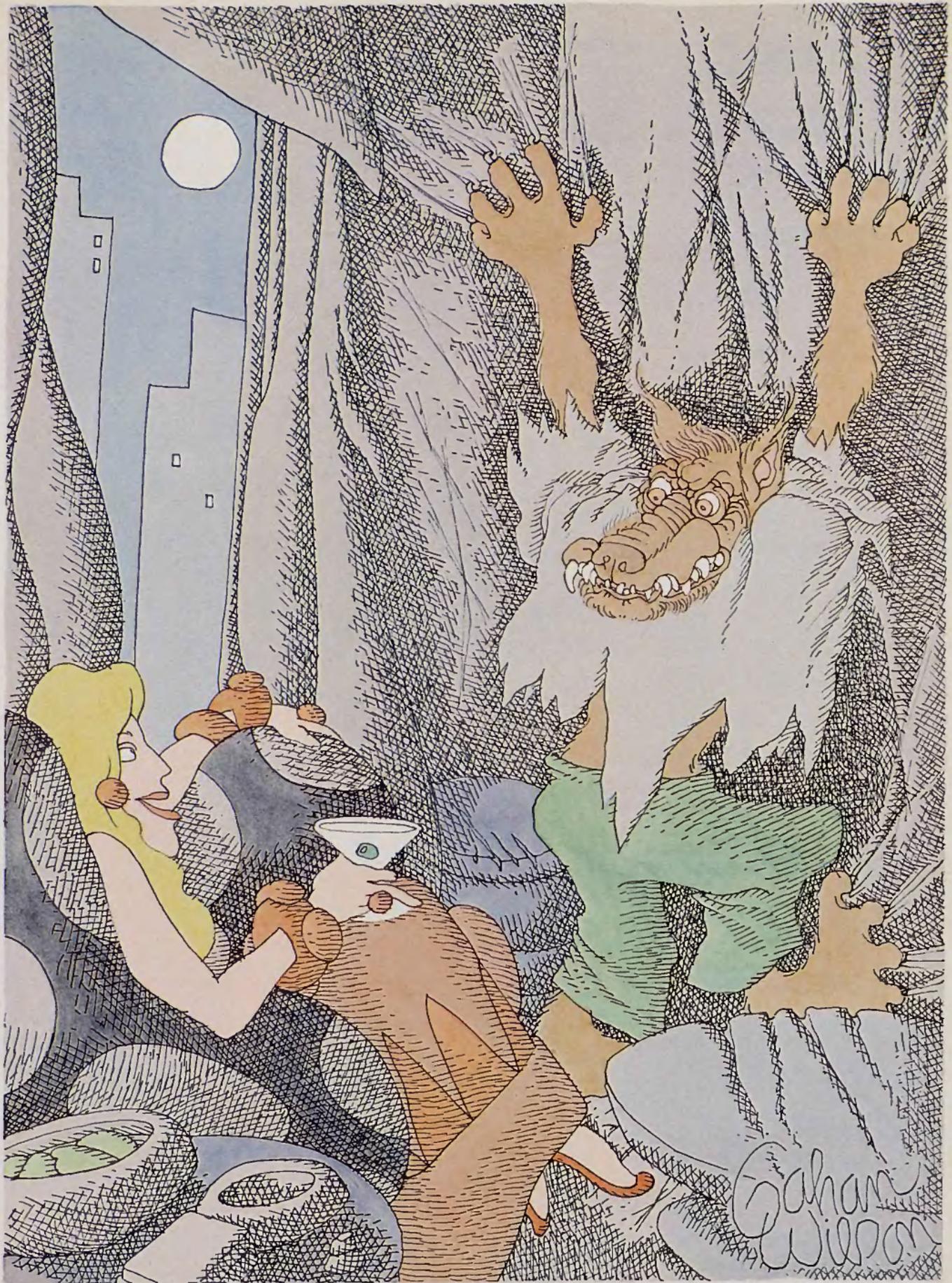
away Coke visors and Frisbees as prizes. A Coppertone-sample girl rubbing some Number 2 on a pectoral. The bimbo from Renault doing her crotch-to-camera-lens back bend, telling everyone within earshot that she also writes prose, poetry and songs. A guy with a ring in his left nipple guzzling beer. A giant balloon bottle of Cuervo Gold swaying in the breeze atop the refreshment stand. Cut, cut, cut to the California lifestyle, all of it under a sky as blue as tinted contacts, on a beach as rocky-fine as cocaine, next to an ocean as stirring as a Jacuzzi.

All of it because Poodle Wilk and his partner knew a product when they saw one. "It couldn't lose," Wilk had said back in September in Redondo, at the Cuervo world championship, a time when he was happy to talk to reporters. "It's free admission. It's at your favorite beach. You've got great-looking athletes, great-looking girls who come out to see the athletes and guys who come out to see the girls. It's a day in the sun; you go for a swim, you drink a beer. It's the same thing these people would be doing anyway, but they've got a giant party going on all around them. And besides, you have some great volleyball, some amazing athletes."

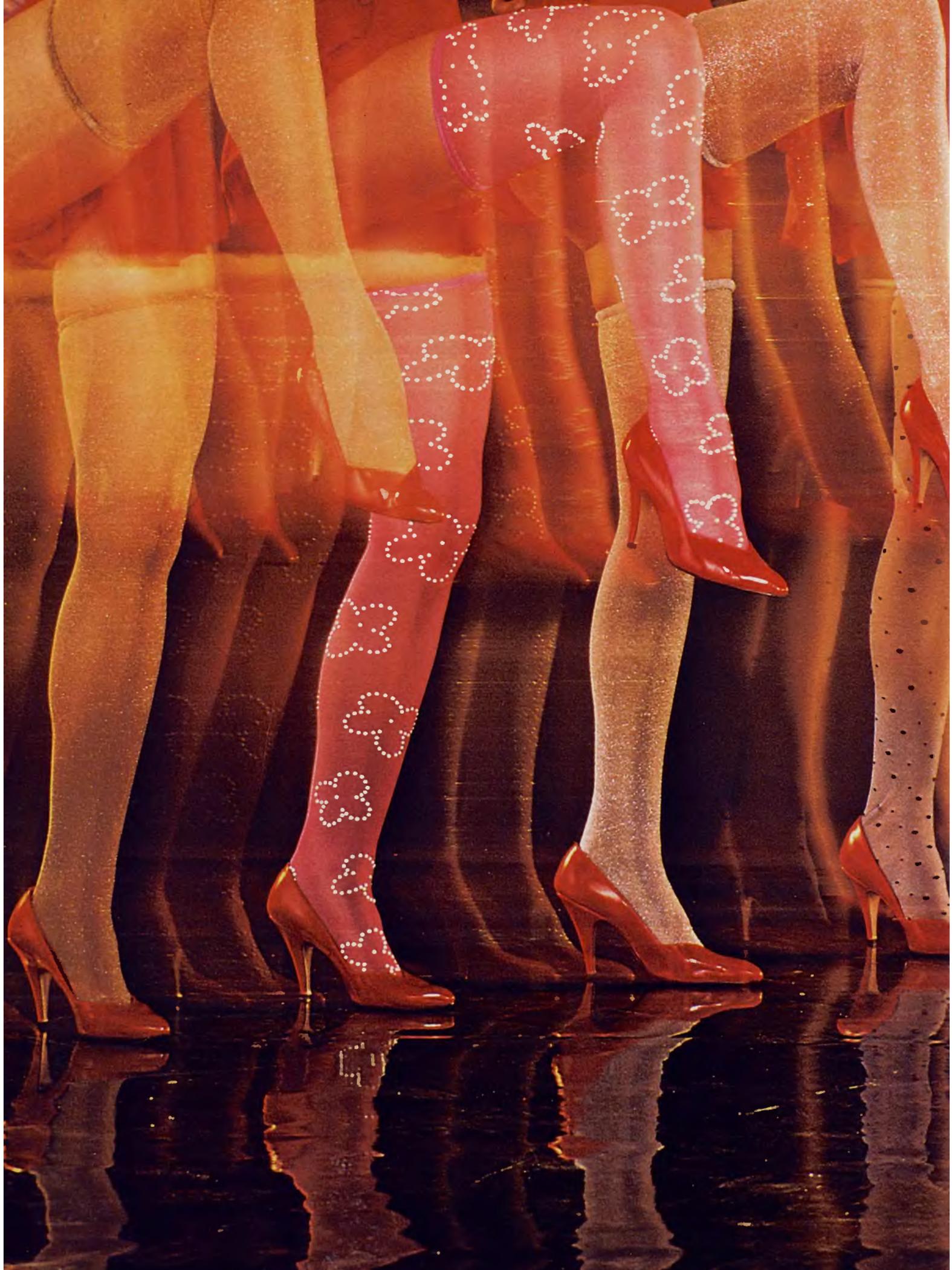
The athletes, of course, never have ordered things this way. To them, the marketability hinges on the game. To them, beach volleyball is a test of strength and skill. A contest like tennis or golf, played by talented athletes. In high school, Hov was named first-team all-Los Angeles in football, basketball and volleyball. He was Southern California's Athlete of the Year as a senior, beating out football 49er Ronnie Lott. Hov could have been quarterback on Nebraska, strong forward at Houston. He could have been on the 1984 gold-medal U.S. Olympic volleyball team. In fact, he *was* on the team for a while. But the coach wouldn't let the guys play on the beach. He imposed a curfew. Then he took some of the team to Utah in the dead of winter for Eastern-bloc training techniques. Hov was training in Ohio at that time, but for three weeks, the boys from California climbed rock faces, slept in igloos, went without food. They got cold. This period was the end of Olympic hopes for Hov and several others. The newspapers called it a "personality conflict."

During the winter, Hov and some of the others play indoor volleyball in Italy. Last year, Hov was M.V.P. of that league. Playing as an amateur, on a team sponsored by a sportswear manufacturer, he made 40 grand, plus free car, meals, room, athletic-club membership. Hov's partner, Mike Dodd, also played in the Italian league for a year. Although Dodd, like the rest, grew up playing volleyball on the beaches, his first choice of sport was basketball. He played college ball at San

(continued on page 138)



*"I kind of like you in these moods, Phil!"*





*Sheer*  
**MADNESS**

*why stockings give a woman a leg up on the competition*



PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY ARNY FREYTAG

Remember the joke in which, after a difficult and frustrating seduction, he says, "If I'd known you were a virgin, I would have taken more time," and she replies, "If I'd known you had more time, I would have removed my panty hose"? Therein lies just one of the reasons we've always preferred stockings (and the lacy garter belts often attached to them). Worn with or without underpants, they provide



easy access of love's crucial junctures. Everyone knows that weddings, for instance, are deeply felt ceremonies for all involved. Yet, with stockings and sons underpants, the bride at left adds new meaning to the term deeply felt. As for the groom, would he feel the same if he were feeling panty hose? Stockings and garter belts also provide a classy touch to lady flosers (above and right) and make elevator quickies infinitely more manageable than tights do. If you should try one, remember: Furs are optional, but foxes are not.

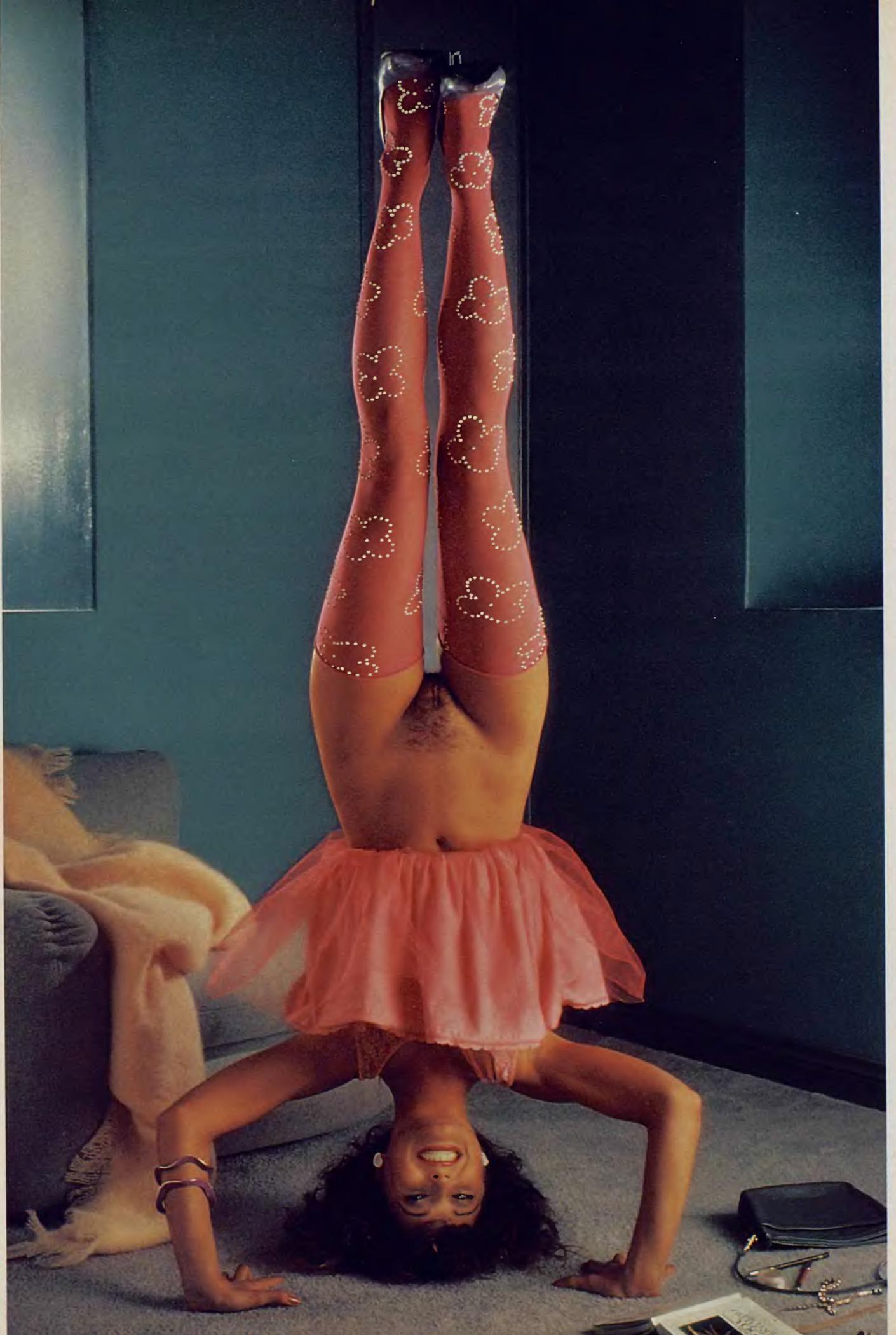




The faint whisper of silk stockings rubbing against each other when a woman walks past is a sound relished by the truly romantic man, because he realizes that a woman who wears them is as romantic as he is. After all, stockings and garter belts are primordial props in male



fantasy, and a woman who acknowledges that knows how to work her way into your imagination. The seemingly absent-minded lady above, for instance, is certain that the bellhop will never forget her. Ten to one, he won't ask for a tip, either. The view alone is priceless.





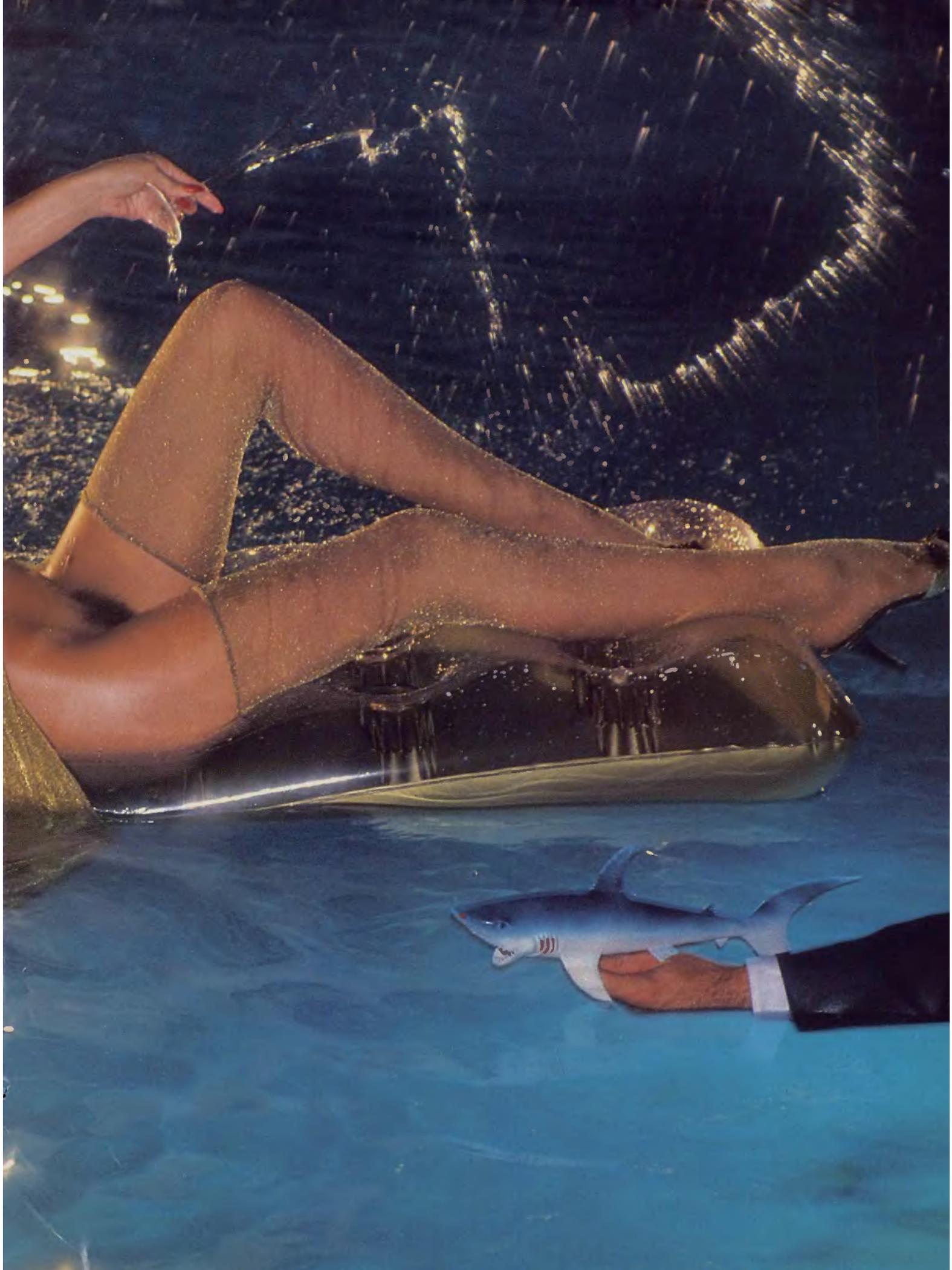
Some women's legs fit their stockings so perfectly that the stockings can stay up without help. But in most cases, unsupported stockings aren't guaranteed to do so unless worn as they are by the inverted lady at left. Part of every young girl's first lesson in the hosiery arts includes learning where to attach her garters (not on the inner thigh, as the young miss with her rubber ducky, above, has just discovered). Lesson two? Removing them, of course.



Apart from their seductive connotations, stockings, particularly silk ones, have often been associated with opulence and elegance. Take the two ladies above, for instance. One can tell right away that they're upper-crust suburbanites out on the prowl for a bit of dangerous living. Note the subtle bid for attention in the top photo. And to what do such ladies resort when they can't find suitable companions? Garter fights, the high-class version of food fights. One must be extremely attentive to a woman who wears stockings. Of course, if she displays her accouterments in a manner similar to that of the lady on the opposite page, paying attention will be effortless. Still, you can't take her for granted. There are sharks out there who like stockings as much as you do, as you'll see when you turn the page.







## VOLLEYBALL GODS (continued from page 124)

*"Some days he sees his broker. Some days he plays tennis. Some days he goes to lunch."*

Diego State, was drafted in the eighth round by the N.B.A. Clippers. Also on the tour are Karch Kiraly, M.V.P. of the gold-medal U.S. Olympic volleyball team, and Steve Timmons, another Olympic standout. Steve Obradovich, known as O.B., the Beast, played wide receiver on USC's 1977 Rose Bowl team. He tried out for the Dolphins.

These are athletes of some standing. Volleyball is a great sport. No one's arguing that. But the hook of the sport is the lifestyle. That's what the sponsors are banking on. That's what Group Dynamics is banking on. And that's where the gods' talents really lie. Hov and Dodd and O.B. and the rest are Southern California, high priests of the way Madison Avenue tells us we should live—cars and women, beach and beer, board surfers and orange pop. Hov has no books in his condo in Manhattan Beach. He has two magazines. Both have his picture on the cover. He reads the sports pages and the financial pages and throws the rest of the paper away. He doesn't own a watch. He doesn't wear shoes. Some days he gets out of bed and rides his bike. Some days he sees his broker. Some days he plays tennis. Some days he goes to lunch. Some days he practices volleyball. Some days he does two of those things. All of Tim Hovland's time is Miller Time. He'd be a great commercial.

The lifestyle, of course, is not new. The Beach Boys and Annette Funicello were telling America about it years ago. But it's only lately that it's scuffed its thongs across the continent and become an aspiration. Just the thing America needs for the Eighties—a remake of *Happy Days*, set at the beach.

The root of the lifestyle is a four-by-four, ten feet high and stuck in the sand. Volleyball posts began appearing on the beaches of Southern California in the Thirties, a California interpretation of a Depression-era pool hall. But the lifestyle as we know it really blossomed in the happy vacuum of the late Fifties, early Sixties. They had volleyball gods back then, too, amateur ancestors of the modern, professional kind. They lived in vans or under piers or at home with the folks if allowed. They made a little money picking up returnables on the beaches or slinging hash in the diners. They were the classic beach bums, later the classic beach hippies. They drove their cars onto the beach. They roasted wienies, played cards, necked. The surf pounded, the girls squealed, bongos were heard on the breeze.

But mostly what they did, along the

Coast from Sorrento to Long Beach, was play two-man volleyball. They played it from dawn until dark, honing the art of the dig, the pass, the spike, eating sand for nothing more than the thrill. There was an occasional trophy, a first-prize pitcher of beer from the Sorrento Grill, a dinner from the Wharf.

Guys such as Ronnie Von Hagen, 62 open-tournament wins, never won a nickel for greatness. Von Hagen didn't drink, smoke or chase women. His parents gave him vitamins for Christmas. He lived to do nothing but play volleyball. Yet, a half mile from the beach, nobody knew his name. He couldn't have cared less. Von Hagen and the rest played to keep center court for the next game, to feel the hard throb of being best.

These days, the volleyball gods sweat only for money, for the hard throb of being paid, being recognized, being loved. Top players are watching the stock market and investing in real estate. They're negotiating personal-appearance fees with sponsors who want to beefcake up their images. Like the old-timers, they don't have jobs. But they aren't living on returnable RCs. They're living on purses and interest and per diems. Hov is no Moondoggie. His condo isn't made of palm fronds.

His world view may be. He bets his dick, "no small wager," that "70 percent of the people out on the beach know me. Maybe even 70 percent of the whole South Bay know me. When I started wearing striped trunks, everybody on the beach bought striped trunks. I switched to plaid and now everybody's got plaid. I own the beach, me and Mike and Karch and those guys. We own the beach. We're like gods, fuckin' gods, fuckin' goooooods!"

But hear Hov's declaration and you detect a little grit in the ego. This is why he and the rest of the major gods struck the Cuervo world championship, why they tried, and eventually succeeded in, ousting Poodle. As Hov and the rest know well, they may be recognized in their little world; they may be making money and setting trends in swimwear. But their lives aren't like Jimmy Connors'. They have their flights to tournaments paid for, but they always go coach. They get some free meals now and then, but usually from a local diner, The Kettle. A few of the local bouncers know them, but they still have to stand in line in L.A. Hov and Dodd rate free cars, but none of the rest do. Of the 70 to 100 top professionals, only a dozen do nothing but play volleyball. The other ones have jobs. Not that the gods care that

the other ones work. More to the point, it makes them look bad. How much credibility is there in beating a waiter and a house painter in the world finals?

What they want is to see volleyball become a real professional sport. They want management that can get them *Life* magazine, ABC Sports, millions of dollars, instead of *Volleyball* magazine, a German documentary, thousands of dollars.

There is a chance, as years pass, that the gods will get what they're after. One day soon, perhaps with the help of Group Dynamics, ABC will find the beach and America will discover that many of the best players in the country weren't even on the Olympic team, that they were down the Coast an hour or so from L.A., playing two-man for money. And when that happens, when more than just the cultists know their names, gods like Indiana Hov will know that they sat out a world championship for good reason.

For now, though, Hov and the rest will have to wait and see. They'll have to be content with excelling at the lifestyle. For now, says O.B., the Beast, they'll have to be content with "getting to know an astronomical amount of people and everybody knowing who you are . . . keeping your name in the papers . . . having all these people watching me with my shirt off, jumping high and hitting hard, entertaining them, showing them how this game should be played. . . ."

"We might not have the illustrious careers of tennis players," says O.B., the oldest god at 30. "We don't get to travel around in Rolls-Royces; we don't get rental cars or penthouse suites. We're still kind of rough and vagabonds. . . ."

"But still, basically, without volleyball, I'm just another good-looking guy."

"I'll bet your neck is pretty sensitive. Like, if I did this, you'd get goose bumps."

Indiana Hov feathers a finger down the girl's neck. She arches her shoulder and purrs, then pulls away.

"I know who you are," she says.

Hov smiles ultrabright. Scrapes a toe. "Yeah. I'm Tim Hovland."

"You're the one on those commercials for—"

"I'm a volleyball player. A professional."

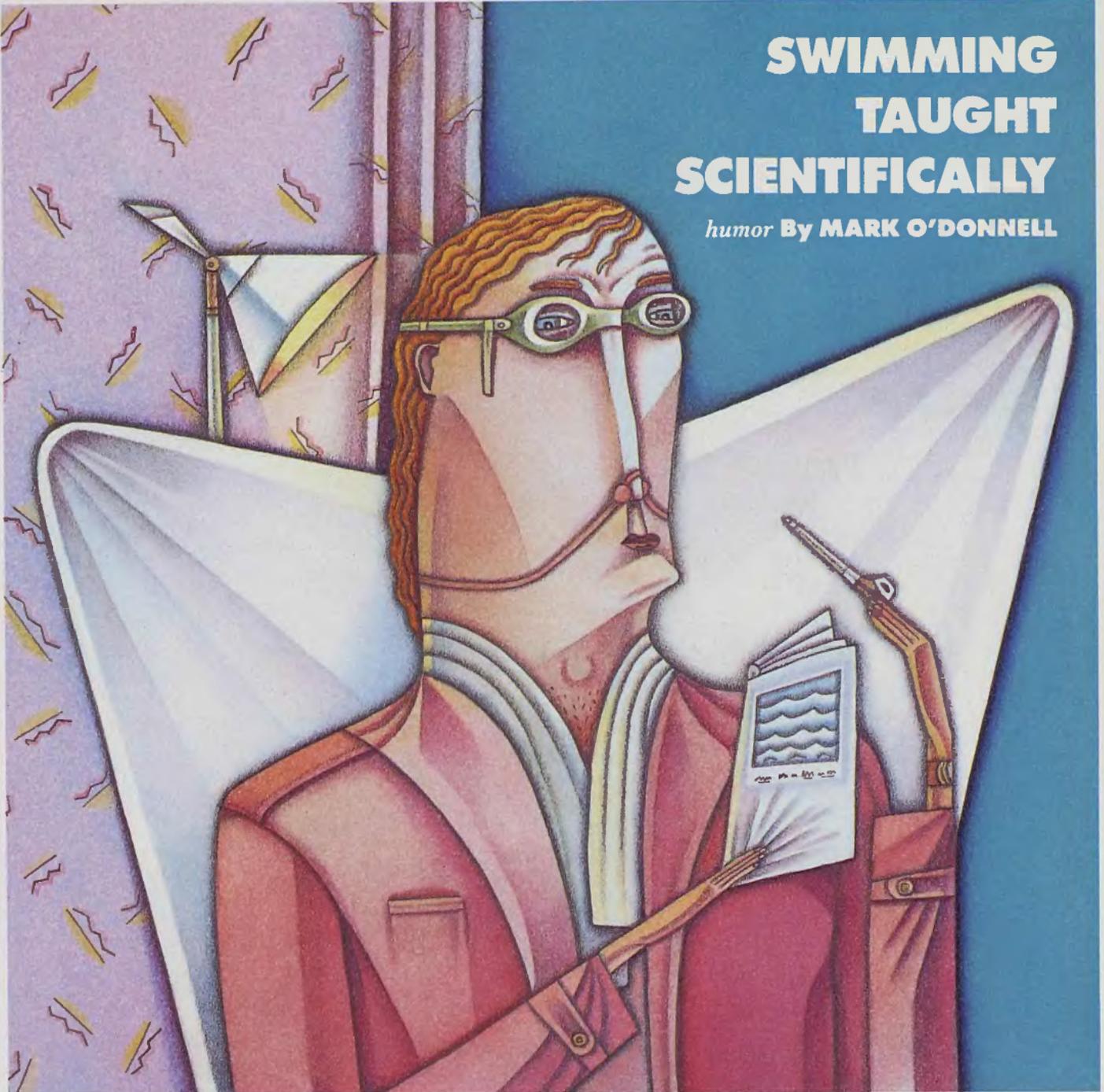
"Oh, yeah, that's right. My little sister has your picture in her room. She's in love with you. . . . Those other guys—they're players, too, right?"

The girl is pointing to 12 large humans who line a wall in the bar, loom there like the skyline of Century City. They are here on Wednesday night, two days before the Cuervo championship, following an important meeting to affirm their commitment to the strike. The meeting started an hour late, lasted 30 minutes and

(continued on page 192)

# SWIMMING TAUGHT SCIENTIFICALLY

humor By MARK O'DONNELL



*last one into the living room's a rotten egg*

DEAR FRIEND:

Please do not throw this letter away as you probably have so many others before this. We seek no unfair profit, only what is natural for a valuable service competently offered. We of the School of Swimming Taught Scientifically remind you, especially you shut-ins and pathologically shy types, that we can get you out of your piles of old newspapers and faded religious etchings and into the turbulent bounding main—without costly traveling expenses, without fear of drowning, *without water*.

Yes, if you have five minutes and an

ordinary chair, we can teach you to swim by mail. No instructor will intimidate you, no horizon daunt you. You teach yourself with any one of our ten scientific pamphlets and foldout lifelike watery-blue floor patterns. Choose from the backstroke, the trudgen crawl, treading water, the Catherine wheel, swimming like a dog, swimming like a cat that didn't want to be thrown in, swimming with clothes on, swimming with hands and feet tied, the Monte Cristo sack trick and the successful English Channel crossing. As a bonus if you order all ten, we will include free in-

struction in artificial artificial respiration.

You probably believe yourself to be open-minded. How can you presume to judge us without trying our methods? Why throw this letter away when you could open-mindedly send us a check or money order? Do you suppose we have enjoyed the meager response to our previous mailings? Why should you live your life in fear, either of us or of the oceans that cover most of our earth? Complete the enclosed blank and return it with your offering.

Don't delay. Summer is short and so is life.



**L**OCK AWAY your daughters! Bar the doors! Harley-Davidson is about to give birth to a wild three-wheeled child, and the streets will never be the same again. Its new offspring is named the Trihawk and, yes, Virginia, it is a motorcycle—at least as far as the Feds are concerned. But climb into the cockpit as though you are getting aboard a Formula I machine, turn the key, listen to the torquey burble of the four-cylinder engine through twin tailpipes as you wind it up through five gears, and then try to tell us that you're not driving one fun car. We're talking serious pleasure. Major action on three wheels. Troll with a Trihawk and your only problem will be where to stuff all the crumpets you've collected.

Actually, Trihawks have been a California cult vehicle for several years. The original parents, Bob McKee of Can-AM and Indy fame and meat-patty mogul Lou Richards, combined brains and bucks to put their three-wheel show on the road in 1982. But last year they sold out their West Coast company to Harley, and that Milwaukee firm immediately applied frugal Midwestern business ethics to the \$14,888 price

tag, cutting it to a basic \$9975. Add \$400 for a soft top and side curtains. Plus \$489 for an AM/FM radio, \$600 for leather seats and interior and \$225 for a stainless-steel roll bar and other goodies and, as Everett Dirksen once said, pretty soon you're talking about real money. Still, \$12,000 fully loaded isn't too much to pay for a machine that'll one-up four-wheel yuppie-mobiles going for twice the price.

Enough of history. Gentlemen, start your Trihawk's Citroën air-cooled 1299-c.c. four-cylinder engine and move on out. In half a block, two Trihawk truisms become apparent. Truism number one: You will immediately forget that there's only one wheel behind you. Truism number two: The irrational fear that you are going to tip over at the first turn vanishes after the first turn. In fact, the faster you go, the more the Trihawk seems to hunker down, its wide front suspension gobbling up bumps like a real car would. *Car and Driver Magazine*, in fact, listed it as "best" in road holding. In other words, a Trihawk ain't no gocart. It's a real screamer. And the voice you hear may be your own, yelling with delight. Three cheers for three-wheelers!

*harley-davidson's  
hot little flying  
wedge, the trihawk, is  
loose in the streets.  
run for your wallets!*

# AND THREE TO GO!





Right: The Trihawk may technically be a motorcycle, but its cockpit and VDO gauges outclass many four-wheel competitors. Leather seats and a sparty leather-wrapped steering wheel are optional. The glove box locks and there's a compartment behind the seats for storage. Tap speed? About 100 mph. Zero to 60? About ten seconds. Not bad for a front-wheel-drive flying wedge that also gets about 40 miles per gallon on the highway. All for a \$9975 base price. Nice.



# 20 QUESTIONS: JAMIE LEE CURTIS

*the beautiful screamer says no to the fast life, yes to marriage, and confesses she's laid tile*

**D**espite her days as the queen of the screams and the tantalizing glimpses of skin to which audiences were treated in "Trading Places" and "Love Letters," there is more to Jamie Lee Curtis than an unforgettable figure and a banshee wail. She is an actress on the move—and she can be seen moving this month with co-star John Travolta in "Perfect." We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin if he would mind spending a few hours with Curtis in the Lower Manhattan apartment she shares with her husband, Christopher Guest. Said Rensin quickly: "No problem."

1.

**PLAYBOY:** After two engagements that didn't work out, you recently devastated American males by marrying *Saturday Night Live's* and *This Is Spinal Tap's* Christopher Guest. Had you seen him in the film before you met? Was it the hollow-chested English-rock-star look that attracted you?

**CURTIS:** Yes, I saw the movie first. Actually, I've been reluctant to talk about this, because I don't want to take advantage of something that was really great and special. [Pauses] I was single, working on a film, not going out to parties much anymore. I was reading *Rolling Stone* and there was this picture of three guys: Michael McKean, Harry Shearer and Christopher. They had their arms around one another—nice and normal. And I went, "Who's this?" Chris had a smirk and looked great. I flipped the page and there they were as David, Derek and Nigel, from *Spinal Tap*. I did a double take.

I went to see the movie and came away thinking Chris was very, very talented and that I'd like to meet him. I didn't know how to go about it, but one day, in a fit of self-confidence, I called his agent. I rambled on about how I'd never done anything like this but would like to meet Chris. He took my number and said he'd give him the message. But nothing happened.

Three months later, a girlfriend and I were having dinner and there he was across the room. We smiled and said a little "Hi," but then I turned to my girlfriend and went, "God!" like a child. He was with a girl and a guy and I didn't know the situation. So I stayed away. He called the next day. We had dinner a couple of nights later.

2.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you thinking a few months later when the minister finally said,

"You may kiss the bride"?

**CURTIS:** I was worried that my nose was running from crying so much. I was seriously wondering if anyone had a Kleenex or if it would be terribly uncouth to wipe my nose on my sleeve. Our minister had warned me to take tissues. She was right. I lost it during the vows. As a little girl, I had dreamed of saying all the words. So when "to have and to hold" came up, I just went. Then I laughed and so did everybody else. It broke the tension. We have an audio tape of the ceremony. We've since listened to it together. It's a very strange experience.

3.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you stop being a girl?

**CURTIS:** I still am. I'm a girl rather than a woman. Woman to me means hair spray and perfume. I look forward to being one, but I want to be my own kind of woman. I don't want to have to respond to society's expectations about sex, relationships, how I dress. I want to be a wise old woman. Not smart, wise. That leaves you fluid.

4.

**PLAYBOY:** Do girls just want to have fun?

**CURTIS:** Ever hear the song *Boys Just Want to Have Sex*? Well, girls also want to have babies.

5.

**PLAYBOY:** In earlier interviews, you insisted you wouldn't take your clothes off on camera. What happened?

**CURTIS:** [Deadpan] I lied. [Laughs] The realities changed my mind. *Love Letters*, for instance, was a movie about an obsessive love affair. You had to see it.

In *Trading Places*, I was nude for seven seconds. I timed it. But there are some reviews that claim I was naked for the whole movie. If Ophelia had turned her back and shielded herself, it would have been false modesty. She was a prostitute. Any hesitancy would have been wrong. But it was a terrific movie and all I can tell you is that the nudity helped a lot.

Had I not done the work that involved nudity, I don't think I'd be working right now. It has given me a career and let me hold on to my self-esteem. Now the nudity thing has become a pain in the ass. But I can live with it. It's a big deal only if I make it one.

6.

**PLAYBOY:** Once, you were stigmatized as the queen of the screams for your work in hor-

ror films. What makes you scream now?

**CURTIS:** Being asked about those films. I say I don't want to do them and it's like being forced to hate them. I'm trying not to. I had a really good time.

7.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the most important thing you have to do to be taken seriously as an actress?

**CURTIS:** To stop thinking that some people may not consider me as seriously as I do. If someone thinks of me only for my body—well, that's all he's going to think of and there's no way I can make him change his mind.

8.

**PLAYBOY:** In *Perfect*, you walk around in gym clothes. When can we expect the Jamie Lee Curtis exercise book?

**CURTIS:** You can't. I've turned it down many times. I wouldn't do it for all the money in the world.

9.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you discover about John Travolta that you hadn't expected to discover?

**CURTIS:** There's something that happens to people when they become very, very famous. It's a look in their eyes—you can never look into them. They're not looking at you, they're looking at themselves. But when he walked in and said, "Hi, I'm John," it was like [claps hands], boom, it was OK. I know about the problems and pressures he's had. They're not unlike those my dad had at 27.

10.

**PLAYBOY:** Compare Tony Curtis and John Travolta.

**CURTIS:** They're both amazingly handsome men. Both enjoy their stardom. We need the reclusive stars, but we also need those who say, "I don't know how this happened, but I'm not going to hide behind it."

11.

**PLAYBOY:** What does the press have wrong about Hollywood?

**CURTIS:** That it's shallow, hollow, that everything is a façade and everyone is just out to make a buck. There are those people, but there are also those who love making movies. Hollywood is filled with talented people waiting for their chance. You know, (concluded on page 201)

# VCR ATE MY BRAIN

(continued from page 121)

*"I knew from sad experience how the VCR mocked even the most conscientious collector."*

John Houseman's Smith Barney commercials. I came to see the VCR as an electronic Robin Hood, taking power from the big, bad TV networks and giving it to the lowly viewers. Having defined it as an instrument of cultural revolution, I felt obligated to get one.

I plugged in the machine and hooked it up to the television as the President leaned back in his chair, laughing, and demonstrated to the assembled reporters that he didn't tuck his pants into his boots. I studied the VCR instruction booklet, then called the phone company and set the quartz timer clock to the exact second. I peeled the shrink wrap off the cassette, slid the tape into the machine and started to record just as Mrs. Reagan, smiling insincerely, joined the gathering. A journalist asked the President his dog's name.

A few minutes later, I stopped recording and rewound the tape. Did it work? I pressed the playback key. There on my TV screen was Mrs. Reagan again, smiling insincerely. A journalist asked the President his dog's name. "Lassie," he said, beaming, and then he stopped beaming and said, "Millie! Millie's her name."

The leader of the free world had just forgotten his own dog's name. I rewound the tape and watched him forget it again. And again. Yes, the machine worked.

In the beginning, there was something vaguely naughty about using the VCR. Did NBC idiotically broadcast *SCTV*, the best show in the history of television, in the wee hours of Saturday morning? I watched it on Sunday afternoons. Was I usually out during the evening news? Dan Rather's intense glare illuminated my TV screen at midnight. My enjoyment of "time shifting"—the networks' name for watching things at the wrong times—was enhanced by this illicit thrill. I could speed things up, slow them down or stop them entirely if I felt like taking a break. I was giddy with power. *This* was how TV was meant to be experienced, and all previous interaction with the medium seemed obsolete.

Before long, I was watching a lot of television, turning on the set automatically as soon as I got home. There was something oddly comforting about resuming an activity I'd written off as moronic when I was 14, and my resistance continued to crumble. I came to admire Johnny Carson's ability to get laughs out of failed material. I found Larry Hagman's portrayal of J. R. Ewing a work of comic genius, and missing an episode of *Dallas* soon became unthinkable. In time, I found a warm spot in my

heart for Jane Pauley.

The VCR was reconnecting me with the mainstream roots I'd renounced in the Sixties, easing my sense of alienation, welcoming me back into the fold. I began keeping its remote-control unit within arm's reach as I moved around my apartment, a compulsion that did not go unnoticed by friends.

A few months later, *A Clockwork Orange*—my favorite movie—turned up on Cinemax the day after my building was wired for cable. I taped it, of course, and after taping *Mean Streets* and *Sullivan's Travels* a few days later, I decided to build a modest film library. I'd heard horror stories about seemingly normal people who bought VCRs and abandoned their former lives, focusing all their energies on increasingly indiscriminate frenzies of taping. I wasn't worried. With the price of blank tapes hovering between \$11 and \$14 apiece, that fate seemed unlikely for me.

Once I started collecting, though, it seemed arbitrary to limit myself to movies. One night, I was watching *The Honey-mooners* and thought, There are only 39 of these; why not tape them? A few weeks later, I started on *The Twilight Zone* and made a mental note to get all the *Monty Python's Flying Circus* next time they were shown. When MTV was added to my cable system, I thought I also ought to be taping rock videos. I knew someone at the station who sent me advance copies of the minute-by-minute play lists telling me when to tune in for the songs I wanted. Within a month, I'd recorded 300 of them.

And all the while, the price of blank tapes kept dropping. One day I found a store that sold TDK T-120s for \$8.99, and I heard myself ask for a box of ten.

With 60 hours' worth of recording tape at hand, I set aside one cassette to gather up those random video moments that defied easy categorizing. One day, for instance, I turned on the local news and found Pia Zadora telling the weatherman how much she loved being rich. "I enjoy a kind of a lush lifestyle," Pia said, her pear-shaped face filling the screen as I started recording. "I mean, I drive around in a limousine and I stay at the best hotels. But that doesn't necessarily mean I'm not serious about my work. I'm an achiever. I love to work. I love to create. It's my thing."

A week later, I caught John Belushi's last TV appearance, inside a bloated body bag being carried out of Hollywood's Château Marmont. Another evening, I

tuned in just in time to capture Supreme Court Justice Byron White getting socked three times in the head in Utah by a large bearded man who shouted, "That busing and pornography just doesn't go!" One morning over breakfast, I taped footage of a man in Alabama setting himself on fire while a news crew stood by and faithfully recorded the event.

And one night, a visibly excited President Reagan shared the stage of a Vegas *Up with America* rally with several lounge singers. "Wait till I go home," gushed the President of the United States, "and tell Nancy I played Las Vegas with Wayne Newton and Bob Goulet!"

With stuff like that regularly turning up unannounced, I began keeping a tape loaded in the machine at all times. And I noticed feelings of vague unease whenever my supply of blanks dipped below three.

I gradually realized that I was experiencing two kinds of time: Real Time, with all of its well-known imperfections, and Video Time, a new, improved time in which everything lasts only as long as you want it to. As the weeks went by, keeping them separate became increasingly difficult. I watched the world series live on TV and caught myself trying to speed up the commercials, which seemed interminable at their normal 30-second length. Waiting in a bank line, I felt a sudden urge to fast-forward myself up to the teller's window. I was merging with my VCR.

Where I had once prided myself on never reading *TV Guide*, I was now rushing to the newsstand every Monday morning to pick up the following week's issue. That was another VCR-induced time warp, leaving me desperate to know every detail of not only this week's TV schedule but also *next* week's. I would go through the program listings with a yellow marking pen, highlighting the things I wanted to tape. Was Albert Brooks going to be on *The Tonight Show*? Were there any W. C. Fields movies coming up? Was anybody interviewing Richard Nixon? To avoid even the slightest possibility of forgetting to record something, I began typing up weekly THINGS TO TAPE lists.

It alarmed me when I found myself thinking about the new *TV Guide* as early as Saturday evening—a full week before its listings took effect.

One Monday morning, I got a wonderful surprise: WNEW-TV was about to rerun *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, a true television classic. This was my first commitment to taping something five nights a week, and it required enormous discipline. I knew from sad experience how the VCR mocked even the most conscientious collector. At various times, I'd forgotten to set the timer; I'd set it but neglected to switch it on; I'd provided 90

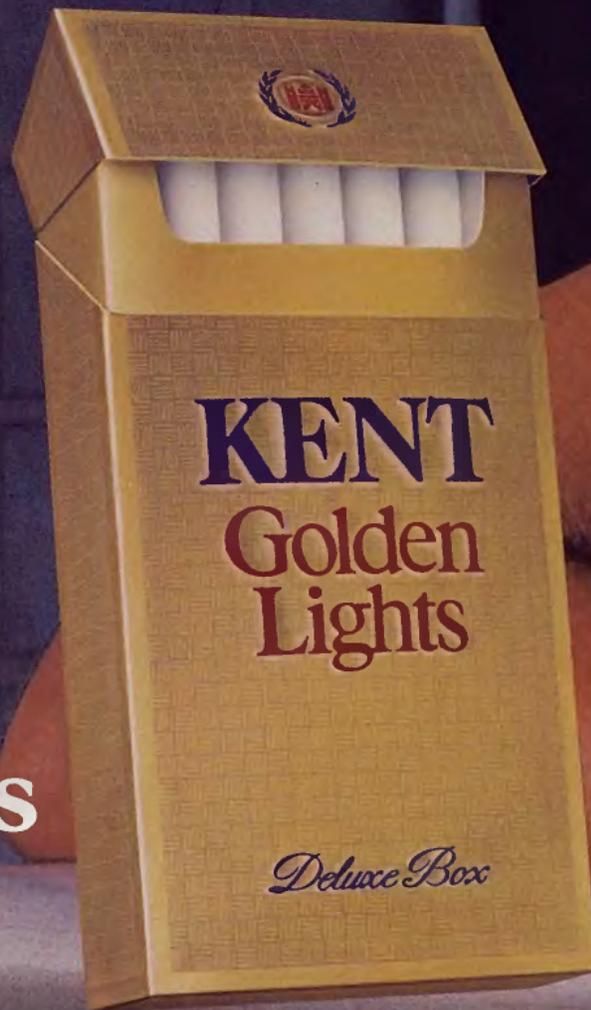
(continued on page 160)



GWERN BROWN

*"I'm glad that turns you on, stranger, but that ain't my finger."*

# NEW GOLD BOX



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*Deluxe Box*

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# GI JO

*jo collins, 1965's  
playmate of the year, relives  
a mission of mercy*

**T**WENTY YEARS AGO, Vietnam was a distant domino, a reddening spot on the map that some of us couldn't find if we tried. While Gemini VII orbited the earth, *Doctor Zhivago* opened down the block and the American Football League was challenging the N.F.L. to something called a Super Bowl, Hugh Hefner opened his mail and found the following letter, dated November 1965:

This is written from the depths of the hearts of 180 officers and men of Company B, 2nd Battalion, 503rd Infantry, 173rd Airborne Brigade (Separate) stationed at Bien Hoa, Republic of Vietnam. We were the first American Army troop unit committed to action here in Vietnam, and we have gone many miles—some in sorrow and some in joy, but mostly in hard, bone-weary inches. . . . We are proud to be here and have found the answer to the question "Ask what you can do for your country." And yet we cannot stand alone—which brings me to the reason for sending you this request.

The loneliness here is a terrible thing—and we long to see a real, living, breathing American girl. Therefore, we have enclosed with this letter a money order for a lifetime subscription to *PLAYBOY* magazine for B Company. It is our understanding



that, with the purchase of a lifetime subscription in the U.S., the first issue is personally delivered by a Playmate. It is our most fervent hope that this policy can be extended to include us. . . . Any one of the current Playmates of the Month would be welcomed with open arms, but if we have any choice in the matter, we have unanimously decided that we would prefer the 1965 Playmate of the Year—Miss Jo Collins.

If we are not important enough . . . to send a Playmate for, please just forget about us and we will quietly fade back into the jungle.

The letter came from Second Lieutenant John Price. Price and his buddies in Bravo Company had each kicked in a dollar to pay for their subscription, with an eye on the deal we offered potential subscribers. A few years before, we had published a special Christmas gift offer in which we promised to send a Playmate to deliver the first issue of a \$150 lifetime subscription to anyone who lived in a city where there was a Playboy Club. (Lifetime subscriptions are now \$250, but personal delivery is out. It got to be expensive, as you will see.) Moved by the lieutenant's request, Hef consulted with the Defense Department and received clearance for Project Playmate in Janu-

Don't try this yourself or we'll sue: Longing for the comforts of home, the troops set up ersatz Playboy Clubs throughout South Vietnam. In peacetime, this would give our lowyers fits, but we've always bent the rules for GIs in wartime. At Bien Hoa, GI Jo (the one with long hair below left) signed something for everyone. "For years after my trip," she says, "people would come up to me with pictures I'd signed over there. There's fan mail even today." She visited the wounded in field hospitals (below center) and toured Company B's base camp in a newly decorated Bunny Bus (bottom center), even received a green beret from a Special Forces officer at Black Virgin Mountain (below right). Reflecting on the styles she wore in service to *PLAYBOY*, Jo said, "Those bulletproof vests they make you wear do nothing for a girl's figure." Above, the centerfold that started it all. No vest.



ary 1966. He called Jo, and the rest is a side light to history. When the men of the 173rd Airborne got together in May in Washington, D.C., to mark the 20th anniversary of their deployment, remembering Project Playmate was a highlight.

Price, now 43, left the Army in 1970 as a captain after a second tour of duty. He works in the diamond business in Huntington Beach, California. He doesn't dwell on the years he spent in combat or the year and a half he spent Stateside recovering from "having my left arm nearly blown off" not long after he wrote his letter to Hef. Some things he remembers fondly, however. One of those is a visit from 1965's Playmate of the Year.

"I think of it as a shining spot in the war," he says of Jo's good-will tour. "We were constantly in combat, taking a lot of casualties, and her visit was the flip side of the coin for us."

What was welcome relief for Price was an eye-opening assignment for Jo, now an executive recruiter for direct marketing with Chicago's Judy Thor Associates.

"That trip was the most wonderful, exciting experience of my life," she says, "but it was frightening. I didn't even have time to think about it when PLAYBOY called. There was only time to get my passport and get on a flight to San Francisco. What I was doing—the danger of it—didn't make an impression until we landed in Vietnam. There were mortar shells being fired at us. But the whole thing didn't really hit me until I visited the field hospitals."

"There were an awful lot of guys in there who were badly shot up, and she was only 20," says Price. "But she did very well—like a light in the darkness."

Jo and her entourage also toured non-regulation "Playboy Clubs" from Bien Hoa to the Cambodian border. Jo rode in the Playboy Special, a brigade helicopter named in honor of her visit. She signed hundreds of autographs and was dubbed an honorary sky soldier by Brigadier General Ellis W. Williamson.

Still, mortar rounds in the distance kept Jo

In Chicago not long ago, John Price and Jo Collins closed ranks for the first time in almost 20 years (below left) in front of a picture of the PLAYBOY lifetime-subscription presentation they launched as a lieutenant and a Playmate of the Year. Return with us now to 1966: At Bien Hoa's "Playboy Club" (below right), Jo and company are all smiles as she finishes an autograph session. She's shaking out her left wrist because her right hand is cramping into a claw.



After a long day's hike, Jo found, she could always hitch a ride back to base with her knights in shining armor (above right). And while Playmates of the Year always pass muster, that didn't keep one Green Beret from giving her a long inspection (above left) before pronouncing her fit. Project Playmate began in Saigon (below left) with countless interviews and a dozen rases from Lieutenant Clancey Johnson and Pfc. Marvin Hudson, representing B Company. Johnson and Hudson were last-minute substitutes for Lieutenant Price, who had been wounded in action a week before. When Jo planted her first Vietnam kiss on Hudson, the tough Pfc. blushed deeply enough to hide the lipstick on his cheek. Then came a visit to Price and his wardmates at the 93rd MASH unit (below right). "Most of them were badly hurt," said Jo, "but no one complained."





GI Jo spent her second day flying into battle zones in the Playboy Special (top left). Her carriage was flanked by gunships and her escorts were MPs. There weren't any tunes on the radio (top right), but the moment she touched down, there were autographs to sign (above right). On her final day in Vietnam, she was joined by a stitched-up Lieutenant Price (above left). He introduced her to all the men of Bravo Company, who had returned en masse from patrols when General Williamson granted them leave to meet her. Below, Jo checks out the decar in the Bien Haa PX. Wha's that beauty in the wet white blouse?

from forgetting where she was. Her first ride in the Playboy Special set the project's tone.

"It seemed as though we'd hardly arrived, and there we were over hostile country, being given our first taste of what they call contour flying," she reported. "That's when you skim the treetops to prevent enemy snipers from getting a clear shot at you and then, suddenly, shoot straight up, at about 100 miles per hour, to 3500 feet, so you can check the area for Viet Cong troop movements from outside their firing range." Only when the next day's activities ended did she realize how close to battle she had been. "We were all standing outside the Officers' Club in Bien Hoa when I heard the sound of shots coming from fairly close by. Then, right before our chopper lifted off, a series of flares went off and lit up everything for miles. I kept thinking how great it would have been if all those boys had been back home watching a Fourth-of-July celebration, instead of there in the jungle fighting for their lives."

Some of them lost the fight. "At one of the field hospitals," Jo said, "there was a man who had just been brought in off the helicopter. He'd been blown up. They asked me to see him, and I went in. He said, 'I'm glad you're here, sweetheart,' and with that he died."

Twenty years later, she shakes her head. "I will never forget that—never."

In May, when the 173rd Airborne held its reunion, Jo Collins was an honored guest.

Shortly before the reunion, she and Price met in our Chicago offices to celebrate on a smaller scale. "I told her we were going to have to do this *every* 20 years," laughs Price.



Jo's reaction: "He's a delight. Listen, his arm was shattered and they wanted to send him back to the States, but he wouldn't leave Saigon until I arrived. It gives me such a good feeling, seeing him again."

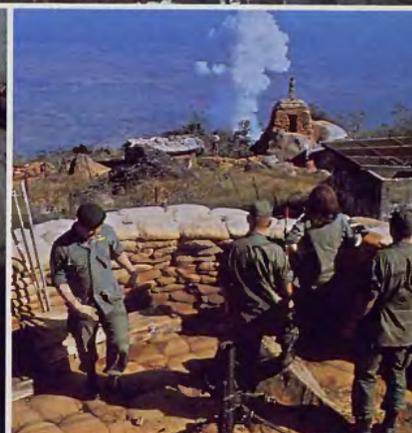
It's been a long time since the new year of 1966, when Playmate of the Year Jo Collins took off from San Francisco on the most memorable, heart-rending few days of her life. Today, one of those men in Gemini VII runs Eastern Air Lines. *Doctor Zhivago* turns up on the afternoon movie, crushed in the ratings by the Super Bowl. Jo doesn't brood over her Vietnam experience any more than Price does, but sometimes she leafs through her mementos.

"I've got *more flags*," she says, "and trophies, too. There were articles in newspapers all over the world, so my scrapbook is pretty heavy. It's gone through a lot—water damage from moving, this and that—but once in a while, I'll go through the pictures. And I'll think, My gosh, it's hard to believe I was there."

Price has two Purple Hearts and one badly scarred arm to remind him that he was there. He also has memories of a Playmate who flew 8000 miles to deliver a lifetime subscription to him and his buddies. That's not a fair exchange; but for a bunch of lonely soldiers, Project Playmate was at least a happy diversion.

"Before our reunion, the last time Jo and I had met was a lifetime ago," Price says today, "on the other side of the world. It's good just reaching out and touching again."

Way to go, GI Jo. This month, we salute you, John Price and all the men who served in a dark, trying time. 



More autographs (top left). When Jo returned to the States, she could crush rocks in her bare hand. Top right, Jo and her party decopter for a briefing on the progress of Project Playmate. A stop at Black Virgin Mountain brought instruction in mortar firing (above right), while a visit to Lay Ninth (above left) meant a soft drink and another workout for Jo's trusty pen. Below, a lost look at the Playboy Special as it whisks our intrepid Playmate off to the front. The Special has been moth-balled, but its most famous passenger remembers that chopper—with a smile and just the slightest lurch in her stomach.



*"The landscape was rocky and empty, the wind blew fiercely and it had begun to snow."*

grabbed it. Soon he was muttering under his beak. "Doggone razzle-frazzin' dad-gum thing!" He pulled and pushed, his face and bill turning redder and redder. He gripped the box with both his feet and hands. "Doggone dad-gum!" he yelled.

Suddenly he grew teeth, his brow slammed down, his shoulders tensed and he went into a blurred fury of movement. "Wak, wak, wak, wak, wak!" he screamed.

The box broke open and flew into three parts. So did the book inside.

DUN was still tearing in his fury. "Wait! Look out, DUN!" yelled MIK. "Wait!"

"Gawrsh!" said GUF, running after the pages blowing in the breeze. "Help me, MIK!"

DUN stood atop the rubble, parts of the box and the book gripped in each hand. He simulated hard breathing, the redness draining from his face.

"It's open," he said quietly.

"Well, from what we've got left," said MIK, "this is called *The Book of the Time Capsule*, and it says they buried a cylinder a very, very long time ago. They printed up five thousand copies of this book and sent it to places all around the world where they thought it would be safe. They printed this book on acid-free paper and stuff like that so it wouldn't fall apart.

"And they thought what they put in the time capsule itself could explain to later generations what people were like in their day. So I figure maybe it could explain something to us, too."

"Well, let's go," said DUN.

"Well, huh-huh," said MIK. "I checked with HOOSAT and gave him the coordinates and, huh-huh, it's quite a little ways away."

"How far?" asked DUN, his brow beetling.

"Oh, huh-huh, about eighteen thousand kilometers. Just about halfway around the world."

"Oh, my aching feet!" said DUN.

"That's not literally true," said GUF. He turned to MIK. "Yuh think we should go that far?"

"Well, I'm not sure what we'll find. Those pages were lost when DUN opened the box. . . ."

"I'm sorry," said DUN in a contrite, small voice.

"But the people of that time were sure that everything could be explained by what was in the capsule."

"And yuh think it's still there?" asked GUF.

MIK put a determined look on his face.

"I figure the only thing for us to do is set our caps, start out and whistle a little tune," he said.

"Yuh don't have a cap, MIK," said GUF.

"Well, I can still whistle! Let's go, fellas," he said. "It's *this* way!"

He puckered his lips and blew a work song. DUN quacked a tune about boats and water. GUF hummed *The East Is Red*.

They set off in this way across what had been the bottom of the Sea of Japan.

They were having troubles. Three weeks before, they had come to the end of all the songs with which each had been programmed and had had to start repeating themselves.

Their lubricants were beginning to fail; their hastily wired circuitry was overworked. GUF had a troublesome extensor in his ankle that sometimes hung up. But he went along cheerfully, sometimes hopping and quickstepping to catch up with the others when the foot refused to flex.

The major problem was the cold. There was a vast difference between the climate they had been built for and the one they found themselves in. The landscape was rocky and empty, the wind blew fiercely and it had begun to snow.

The terrain was difficult and the maps HOOSAT had given them were outdated. Something drastic had changed the course of rivers, the land, the shore line of the ocean itself. They detoured frequently.

The cold worked hardest on DUN. He was poorly insulated, and they had to slow their pace to his. He would do anything to avoid a snowdrift and so expended even more energy.

They stopped in the middle of a raging blizzard.

"Uh, MIK?" said GUF. "I don't think DUN can go much farther in this weather. An' my leg is givin' me lots o' problems. Yuh think maybe we could find someplace to hole up fer a spell?"

MIK looked at the bleakness and the whipping snow around them. "I guess you're right. Warmer weather would do us all some good. We'd conserve both heat and energy. Let's find a good place."

"Hey, DUN," said GUF. "Let's find a hideyhole!"

"Oh, goody gumdrops!" said DUN. "I'm so cold."

They eventually found a deep rock shelter with a low fault crevice at the back. MIK had them gather up what sparse vegetation there was and take it into the shelter. MIK talked to HOOSAT, then wriggled his way through the brush they had piled to the other two.

Inside, they could barely hear the wind and snow. It was only slightly warmer than outside, but it felt wonderful and safe.

"I told HOOSAT to wake us up when it got warmer," said MIK. "Then we'll get on to that time capsule and find out all about people."

"G'night, MIK," said GUF.

"Good night, DUN," said MIK.

"Sleep tight and don't let the bedbugs bite. Wak, wak, wak," said DUN.

They shut themselves off.

MIK woke up. It was dark in the rock shelter, but it was also much warmer.

The brush was all crumbled away. A meter of rock and dust covered the cave floor, the dust stirring in the warm wind.

"Hey, fellas!" said MIK. "Hey, wake up. Spring is here!"

They stirred themselves.

"Let's go thank HOOSAT and get our bearings and be on our way," said MIK.

They stepped outside.

The stars were in the wrong places.

"Uh-oh!" said GUF.

"Would you look at that?" said DUN.

"I think we overslept," said MIK.

"Let's see what HOOSAT has to say."

"Huh? HOOSAT?"

"Hello. This is DUN and MIK and GUF."

HOOSAT's voice now sounded like a badger whistling through its teeth.

"Glad to see ya up," said the satellite.

"We asked you to wake us up as soon as it got warmer!" said MIK.

"It just *got* warmer."

"It did?" asked GUF.

"Shoulda seen it," said HOOSAT. "Ice everywhere. Big ol' glaciers. You still aimin' to dig up that capsule thing?"

"Yes," said MIK, "we are."

"Well, you got an easy trip from now on. No more mountains in the way."

"What about people?" asked MIK.

"I ain't heard from any. My friend the military satellite said he thought he saw some fires, little teeny ones, but his eyes weren't what they used to be. He's gone now, too."

"Thuh fires mighta been built by people?" asked GUF.

"It's sorta likely. Weather ain't been much for lightning," said HOOSAT. "Hey, bub, you still got all those coordinates I give you?"

"I think so," said MIK.

"Well, I better give you new ones off these new constellations. Hold still; my aim ain't so good anymore." He dumped a bunch of numbers into MIK's head. "I won't be talkin' to you much longer."

"Why not?" they all asked.

"Well, you know . . . my orbit. I feel better now than I have in centuries. Real spy. Must be the ionization. Started a couple o' weeks ago. Sure has been nice talkin' to you young fellers after so long a time. Sure am glad I remembered to wake

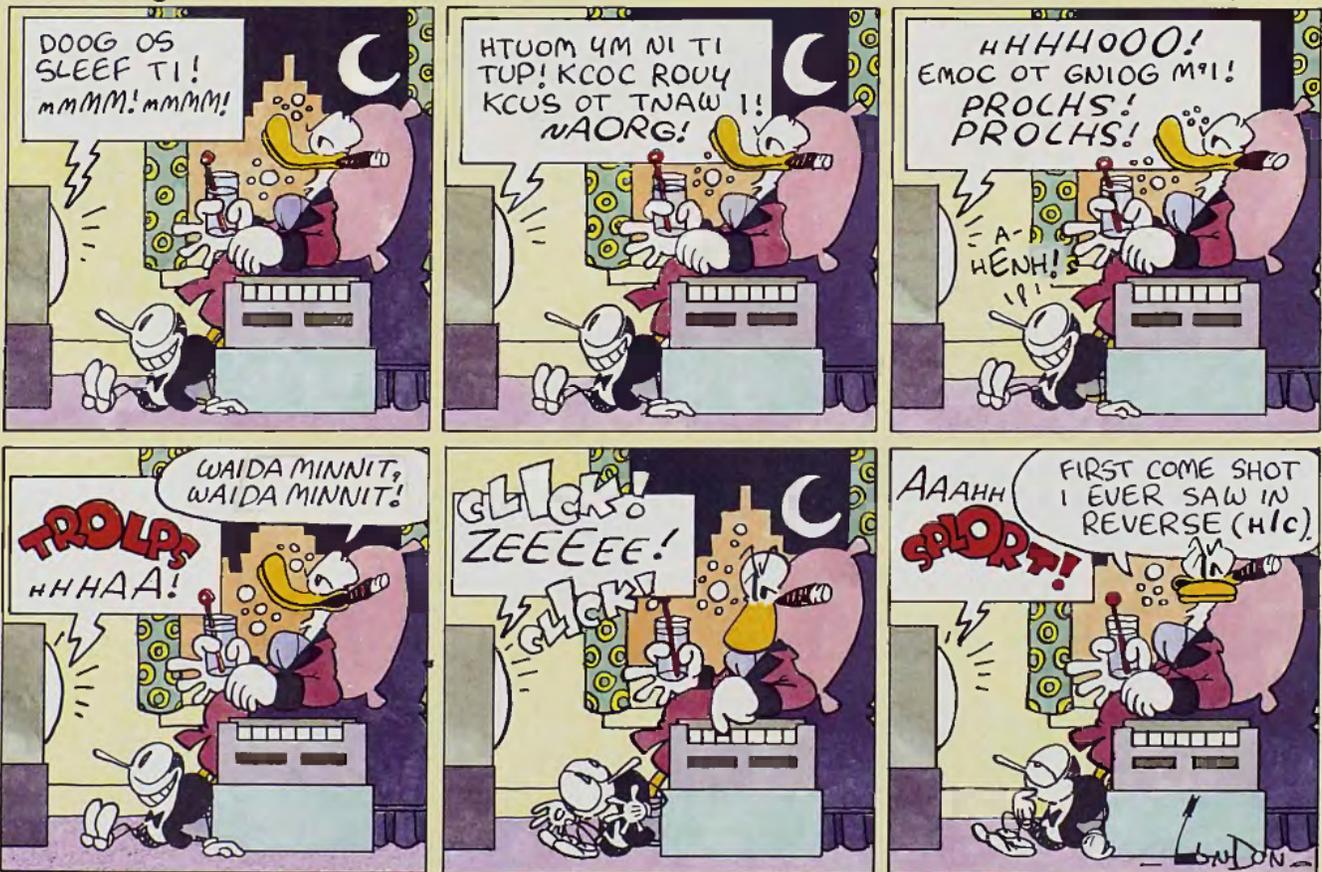
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# Playboy FUNNIES

## Dirty Duck

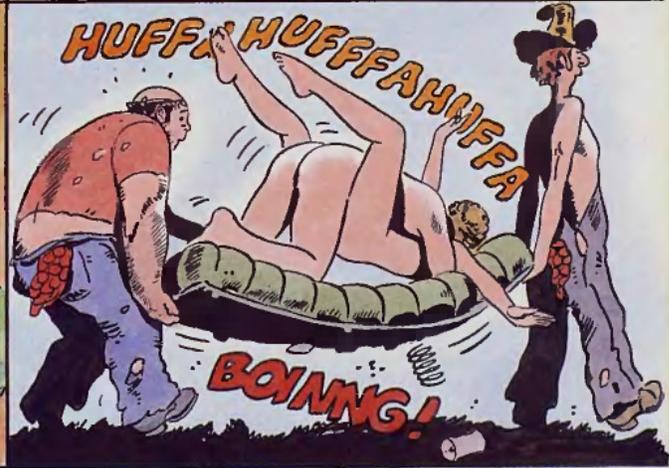
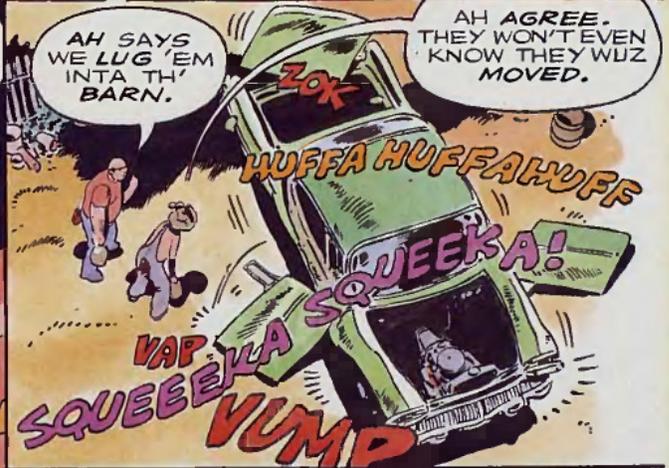
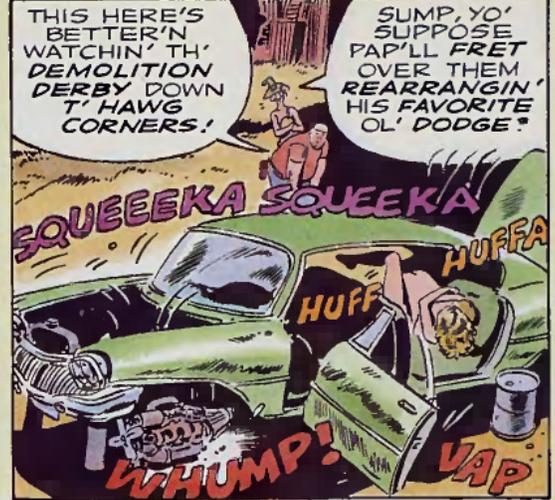
by Bobby London



## 5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S







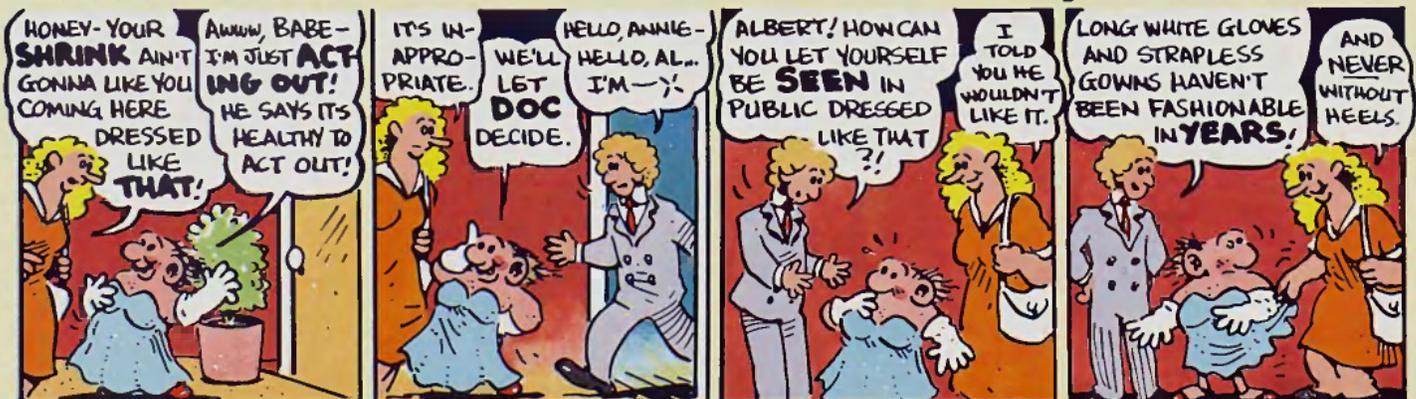
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## ROB REINER

(continued from page 76)

two years of your marriage and then, after that, you take a penny out each time you have sex, you won't empty the jar if you're married 20 years.

**PLAYBOY:** How many pennies did you have left?

**REINER:** I know there's one big Penny I don't have anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there a single moment when you realized that the marriage was over?

**REINER:** No, it really just dissolved over time. But I'll tell you a weird, freaky story. Penny and I had been in New York doing a TV movie; we'd been building this house out here, and it was taking about two years. And we kept wondering when we were going to move in—it never got done. So, just before we came back, the decorator told us, "I guarantee that when you get back from New York, it'll be ready and you can move right in." And sure enough, when we got back, we walked into the house and it looked just incredible.

Well, it was night, we were exhausted, so we just went upstairs to the bedroom, didn't even unpack, and just flopped down on the bed. So I turned on the TV—and I swear to God this is the absolute truth—the first image that popped onto the screen was an ad for the *National Enquirer* and it said, "*National Enquirer* predicts Penny and Rob will split."

**PLAYBOY:** You knew which Penny and Rob it was talking about?

**REINER:** I did. In fact, that's the reason we got divorced—we didn't want to make the *National Enquirer* look bad. We wanted to preserve the integrity of the publication.

**PLAYBOY:** Competition with your wife wasn't the only problem you faced along those lines. Wasn't it also tough living up to your father? A few years ago, your father told an interviewer, "Rob wanted to grow up to be me." Was he being serious?

**REINER:** My father was somebody in the public eye, somebody who was brilliantly funny; all his friends were brilliantly funny. It was something I felt I had to do. And I can do it; I have done it. But I have also found it uncomfortable to feel that I'm being funny just to be competitive or to be accepted.

**PLAYBOY:** So there's guilt after comedy?

**REINER:** No, but I just don't feel a sense of satisfaction from it, as my father does. For instance, my father loves to perform; he gets tremendous pleasure out of it. I like to perform, too, but I'm not driven with a need as great as his to be on stage, to be the center of attention. When I was a kid, he used to embarrass me sometimes; we'd be walking down the street in New York and he'd start singing at the top of his lungs: "It's a lovely day today, so whatever you've got to do . . ." or "Beyond the blue horizon. . . ." Of course, everybody would look. And I'd be hiding my face, going, "C'mon, Dad, please!"

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like anybody else, but my natural state is not jumping up in front of people and performing. I think a lot of what I did with my acting career was, in a way, to show people—show my father—“Look, I can do this, too; I’m good at this.” It’s only lately that I don’t feel that need as greatly as I did.

I’m just beginning to feel comfortable enough with myself to say that if I feel like doing shtick, I’ll do it, and if I don’t, I won’t. People have certain expectations of me because of *All in the Family* and *This Is Spinal Tap*, but I’m a much more serious person than people think—much more serious than my father. You know, when I was growing up, my father was—and is—the sweetest, kindest man, well liked, with a wonderful sense of humor. And all I ever heard was “Your dad’s the greatest! He’s the most wonderful, terrific man around!” I just thought, Jesus, there’s no way I’m going to be able to be like him. I was in awe of him; he was like a god to me. I remember when I went over to the *Van Dyke* show with him, he’d go down to the set, and I’d crawl into his office and sit behind his desk. And I used to look around and think, God, look at all this! He’s creating these TV shows, he’s winning Emmys, he’s a genius—and I’m inadequate. There I was, thinking I should be able to write for the *Van Dyke* show—and at 13, that was probably fairly ambitious, but that’s what I thought. I couldn’t, and it was very frustrating. I was

jealous of him.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you try to emulate him, to be as outgoing as he was?

**REINER:** Sure, but I was shy, incredibly shy. That’s always been my nature. When I was a kid, I was very introspective. So I was probably reacting against my father’s personality. I know it was difficult for me to feel that I had a place in the house, because my father is so demonstrative, so much larger than life. I couldn’t figure out how I fit in there. When you’re little, you really can’t compete. I don’t think he quite understood how I was as a person. He never thought I had a sense of humor, never thought I was funny. When I was eight or nine and we were spending the summer on Fire Island, Norman Lear was there. Norman remembers me playing jacks with him one day and making up jokes and doing shtick. I made him laugh. But when he went and told my father, “You know, Rob is really a funny kid,” my father answered, “Get out of here! That kid? That sullen, brooding kid is not funny. No way.” Later, I did a summer production of my father’s own play *Enter Laughing*. The audience loved it, but I knew he hated it. He was applying rules to me that he wouldn’t have applied to just another 18-year-old boy.

**PLAYBOY:** When did your father change his mind?

**REINER:** When I was 19. I’d directed a production of Sartre’s *No Exit* at a little playhouse in Beverly Hills, the

Roxbury—Rick Dreyfuss was in it, in fact. And I’ll never forget it, because my father came backstage, looked me straight in the eye and said, “That was good. No bullshit.” It was the first time I’d gotten that sort of validation from him.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that children threaten their parents?

**REINER:** No question about it. I’m sure a lot of that was operating. And it continues to operate.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean he wants you to do well—but not that well?

**REINER:** It’s mixed. He’s tremendously proud of me and loves me very much, but I’m sure there’s always the fear of being superseded, of being replaced. I’m sure it goes on with all fathers and sons. There’s a battle that goes on inside you, which is this: You don’t want to hurt your father; you don’t want to surpass him, because it may hurt him. At the same time, though, you don’t want that to stop you from achieving in your career. It’s a rough knot. I know my desire to achieve will always win out, and I think that deep down inside, he would hope that would be the case. Deep down, I think all fathers want their sons to be successful.

**PLAYBOY:** Hypothetical question: Let’s say you and your father had both been nominated for Oscars this year for best director—you for *This Is Spinal Tap*, he for *All of Me*. Who would you like to see win?

**REINER:** Me. Between interview sessions, you spoke with my father; what did he say when you asked him that?

**PLAYBOY:** He said he’d want you to win.

**REINER:** He said me?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes.

**REINER:** All right, Pop! Isn’t that nice? . . . Maybe he’s lying. Seriously, if he won, I’d be real thrilled; I wouldn’t feel bad. I’d feel better if I won, but I’ll tell you, that’s a rough one. Part of me would feel bad if he didn’t get it, but if I am totally honest with myself, I’d rather be the one to win. You know, we do love each other dearly; the best hug I’ve ever had in the whole world was from him. When he hugs you, you feel hugged—it’s a wonderful feeling. He’s terrific, but we’re very different.

**PLAYBOY:** Although you’re in the same business, you seem to be declaring your independence.

**REINER:** I’m starting to do work that reflects who I am. Most of what I’ve done until now have been things that came from what I learned at my father’s knee. *Spinal Tap*, for instance, is satire; and my father was one of the great satirists of all time. With *The Sure Thing*, though, I was attracted by the idea of a young man’s starting to make the connection between love and sex—a concept expressive of me—and the film is in a romantic-comedy setting that is not so much unlike things my father would do. With my next film, *The Body*, I’m making a movie my father would never begin to make. He’ll appreci-



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ate it, I think—I hope he loves it—but I don't think it's a choice he would ever make. It's scary, because I don't know if I'm going to get accepted this way.

**PLAYBOY:** How did *Spinal Tap* come about?

**REINER:** The script was kicking around for quite some time, and it was frustrating beyond belief. I got very disheartened. It took four and a half years from the time we began working on it until the time it got on screen. We had this little 20-minute product reel that was a demonstration of the kind of satire we wanted to do. We had a screening at Columbia once, and there was no laughter at all. The lights went up and they said, "Well, that's interesting; we'll think about it." It was like death. I finally sold it to AVCO/Embassy, but then Norman Lear, of all people, and a partner bought the studios, and I thought he'd dump the project. Instead, he was the one who ended up spearheading *Spinal Tap*.

**PLAYBOY:** So Lear came through for you again, as he did for *The Sure Thing*.

**REINER:** Actually, Norman didn't like the script for *The Sure Thing* very much at all; he told me that in no uncertain terms. He just didn't think it was funny. It was real tough for me, because this is a man I respect so much—the one man besides my father I can absolutely say I love. It was like taking a woman home, saying, "This is the woman I'm going to marry," and your father says, "Well, she's a tramp, but if you want to marry her, be my guest." Norman's attitude finally was, "If you think this is good and think you can make something out of it, go do it."

**PLAYBOY:** It seemed like a high-risk film, though: a teenage romantic comedy that isn't gross.

**REINER:** Well, I don't like *Porky's* or *Police Academy* or those kinds of films. And they used to make me angry, because I thought they were taking food out of my mouth: If everyone goes to see *Porky's*, there's no room for anything else. But what I've learned is that there's room for other kinds of movies.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't *The Sure Thing* a reaction against teenage exploitation movies?

**REINER:** It may turn out that way, but it wasn't our intention. We just wanted to make a good movie that treated young people with some respect and showed that they had feelings that were as deep as anyone else's. At first, though, I was worried, because we didn't have car crashes, we didn't have nudity, we didn't have food fights. Basically, what we have here is a simple love story about two characters who are on screen practically all the time. And I thought, God, will an audience sit still for this? But I think maybe audiences were starved for something like this.

**PLAYBOY:** Your next film is by Stephen King, right?

**REINER:** *The Body* is based on a short story of his, but it doesn't have horror, murders or anything like that. It's the story of a 12-year-old boy, misunderstood by his father,

who starts to like himself and think he's valid. That's what's beginning to happen to me now. It's a hard process. You find out your parents are human, and at first you're angry, because you don't want them to be. You want them to be perfect, godlike. But you learn to forgive them; and once you do, then you can go about the business of living your life.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you're feeling better about things today, but Richard Dreyfuss told us that the day after the Hollywood screening of *The Sure Thing*, which was a triumph, you sounded miserable.

**REINER:** It's true enough. I can't sit still for a minute and think, Ooooh! I did good! You know how a woman puts on a make-up base? Well, I have a base of depression that's always there. I don't allow myself to feel great too much of the time—which to me is horribly tragic.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever wake up and just feel happy?

**REINER:** No. In fact, when people say "Have a nice day" to me, I feel a lot of pressure; I don't know how the fuck to do it. I have moments when I seem joyful, but they always catch me by surprise. I remember driving through Coldwater Canyon one time, and all of a sudden, this unbridled joy just started bubbling up in me. I don't know where it came from—and it lasted six seconds. To be honest, I think I've been happy 18 seconds in my whole life, and they've been spread out. Where there's hope, though, is that I feel there's a happy person trying to creep out of this depression.

**PLAYBOY:** Professionally, you're soaring. What would make you feel better personally?

**REINER:** To be able to have a good relationship with a woman and have a family. But I would have to feel good about myself first. Marriage is very attractive to me. I've never thought, Oh, boy! Single! I get to fuck a lot of women! That's never been appealing to me. Now, though, I'm like a pendulum: I go through stages when I run around a lot, get tired of it, then want something with real emotional content. And when I'm not able to make that work, I go back to running around. I think what it boils down to is that I'm not ready yet for another long, long-term relationship.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if you're still afraid of something.

**REINER:** The only things I'm afraid of are my own feelings, my own emotions—that I won't be able to control them or understand them. That would be the root of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of which: We probably shouldn't ask, but why won't you discuss your penis size, Rob?

**REINER:** How crass of you! No! No!

**PLAYBOY:** This is the big interview: You're supposed to come clean about everything.

**REINER:** Listen: If you had a penis that was only an eighth of an inch long, you wouldn't want to talk about it, either.

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# VCR ATE MY BRAIN (continued from page 144)

*"The things I cherished most were those moments of video surrealism that I'd snatched out of the air."*

minutes' worth of blank tape for a two-hour show. I'd left outdated programs on the timer. I'd pushed the pause button to avoid taping commercials and failed to unpause it when the show resumed. Despite those potential pitfalls, I managed to tape 109 of the first 110 *Mary Hartman* episodes. I left an empty half hour on the tape where the missing show—number 92, the victim of a sudden cable outage on my block—would go if I ever got another crack at it.

Then, with no warning, the show disappeared from the schedule, replaced by a talk show called *Thicke of the Night*. *Collectus interruptus!* I called the station, angrily demanding, then politely requesting and, finally, abjectly pleading that they broadcast the 20 episodes that would complete the story line through Mary's breakdown on *The David Susskind Show*. No way, I was told. I checked the *TV Guide* to see if any Connecticut station was still running the series, thinking that maybe I ought to take a VCR and go stay in a hotel in New Haven for a month, but none was.

Finally, I accepted defeat. The fact that I had yet to watch even one of the 2400 minutes of *Mary Hartman* I'd recorded was small consolation.

It occurred to me one evening to figure out exactly how much material I had on tape that I'd never seen. I counted more than 50 television programs and 100 movies, including such greats as *Vertigo*, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and *Sunset Boulevard*. This is ridiculous, I thought; instead of actually watching something, I'm making a list of things I haven't watched; but I didn't dwell on that for long, because I suddenly remembered two old shows I wanted to start collecting, neither of which was then being syndicated in New York, which annoyed me quite a bit—what were they waiting for, *Armageddon?*—and, hey, was my phone broken or something, it seemed like years since anyone had called, and why was I getting all these magazines I never had any time to read, and, *shit*, I'd forgotten to put a tape in the machine and I was missing *Bedtime for Bonzo*.

After two years, video tapes had marched their way across 11 shelves that had formerly held books and were midway through the take-over of a 12th. By then, I had 418 movies, ranging from the sublime (*Citizen Kane*, *Badlands*, *Lolita*) to the ridiculous (*Endless Love*, *Mommie Dearest*, *Hardly Working*). I had—in addition to the 109 *Mary Hartman*s—all 39 *Honeymooners*, all 45 *Monty Pythons*, 126 episodes of

*The Twilight Zone*, 78 hours of SCTV, 60 hours of *Dallas* and a 13-hour PBS special about Vietnam that I'd heard was excellent, though I hadn't actually seen any of it. I had 623 rock videos, of which at least 12 or 15 were probably not bad.

I had 1200 hours—50 days—of video tape, every minute of it painstakingly indexed. For all of it, though, the things I cherished were those unexpected and unheralded moments of video surrealism that I'd snatched out of the air: Barbara Walters asking Katharine Hepburn "what kind of tree" she'd be if she were a tree. Tom Snyder chatting with Charlie Manson. John DeLorean burbling to the cops who were about to bust him that the cocaine he was holding was "better than gold." (The VCR had made it possible to have the worst moment in a total stranger's actual life in your personal video file.)

News reports on homeless people were followed by people in clown costumes reviewing movies. Gruesome crimes were recycled within months as TV movies or "docudramas." Nancy Reagan hopped into Mr. T's lap and kissed his huge head, and the President came before the cameras singing the praises of James Bond. As I taped, the boundaries between reality and fantasy were being destroyed on the nation's TV screens, the touchstones of sanity picked off one by one, like the space rocks in *Asteroids*.

The First Lady appeared as herself on an episode of *Diff'rent Strokes*. The Speaker of the House draped himself over a barstool or two on *Cheers*. A former President and his Secretary of State—Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger—served themselves up as video wallpaper for the stars of *Dynasty*. "Hello, Alexis, good to see you," growled Kissinger to Joan Collins, who never stopped shaking his hand as she cooed, "Henry, hello! I haven't seen you since Portofino," and then added lewdly, "It was fun!" (In the episode's closing credits, he was listed as *Dr. Henry Kissinger*.)

The entire culture was happening on television, an ongoing stream of electronic bits and pieces whose absurdity was obscured by their volume. The VCR made it possible to isolate these moments and, examined individually, their bizarreness was hard to miss. Somebody should be collecting these lunatic epiphanies, I thought, acknowledging that the job was mine as I invented it. It was as if I expected to wake up one morning in a Utopian America and be called on to provide video-taped proof that life here used to be really insane. I realized that what I was

searching for was a single piece of incontrovertible evidence, and I knew my VCR was the only place to look.

It dawned on me that I had a serious video habit, and I briefly considered going cold turkey. Instead, I rented a second machine.

The new VCR, an RCA VJP900, cost \$50 a month. It was a top-of-the-line model, and its up-to-the-millisecond features included a wireless remote control, a three-week timer and a scan that let me view tape forward and backward at up to 12 times normal speed. Not only did it double my recording capacity but it freed me from having to save an entire program for a fabulous four-minute chunk. Now I could dub the part I wanted onto a master cassette and reuse the original. Even with the price of tapes dropping below six dollars, this would save me a lot of money.

The second machine empowered me to make copies of tapes to trade with other collectors—I'd met several at my local video store or, rather, at the one of the eight local video stores that I patronized. It also opened up the possibilities of creative editing. I started a list of tapes I could compile:

*Take My Kid, Please.* Excerpts from prime-time soaps in which parents of young children are shown interacting with their toddlers during the opening seconds of a scene and then handing them over to the nearest servant.

*Details at Eleven.* Breathless promos hyping upcoming local news shows: "Soviet troops cross the Polish border, and a report on a Long Island boy who makes hats out of ice cream." "The Pope is dead, but the Red Sox are still alive." "Bad butter in the Bronx."

*That Was No Lady.* Samples of performances by actresses playing prostitutes in TV movies and miniseries.

*Adolf, We Hardly Knew Ye.* Samples of performances by actors playing Hitler in TV movies and miniseries.

*Neatness Counts.* The closing moments of Tom Brokaw's daily newscasts, during which the anchor man straightens his script and fastens it with a paper clip.

*The Buss Stops Here.* Game-show host Richard Dawson kissing his contestants.

*They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wave.* President Reagan and his wife waving at the cameras as they get on and off airplanes and helicopters.

In fact, I started none of those collections, preferring to preserve things as haphazardly as I found them. I was a pop-culture prospector scanning for video gold, taping as much as 14 hours of television a day and then speeding through it in search of 20-second-long nuggets like Ringo Starr in *Princess Daisy*—having his toenails painted in a hot tub and trilling, "If only Mum could see me now"—or Pia Zadora bouncing onto *The Merv Griffin Show* with a dog wearing a black scarf ("Gucci?" Merv asked. "Of course," said

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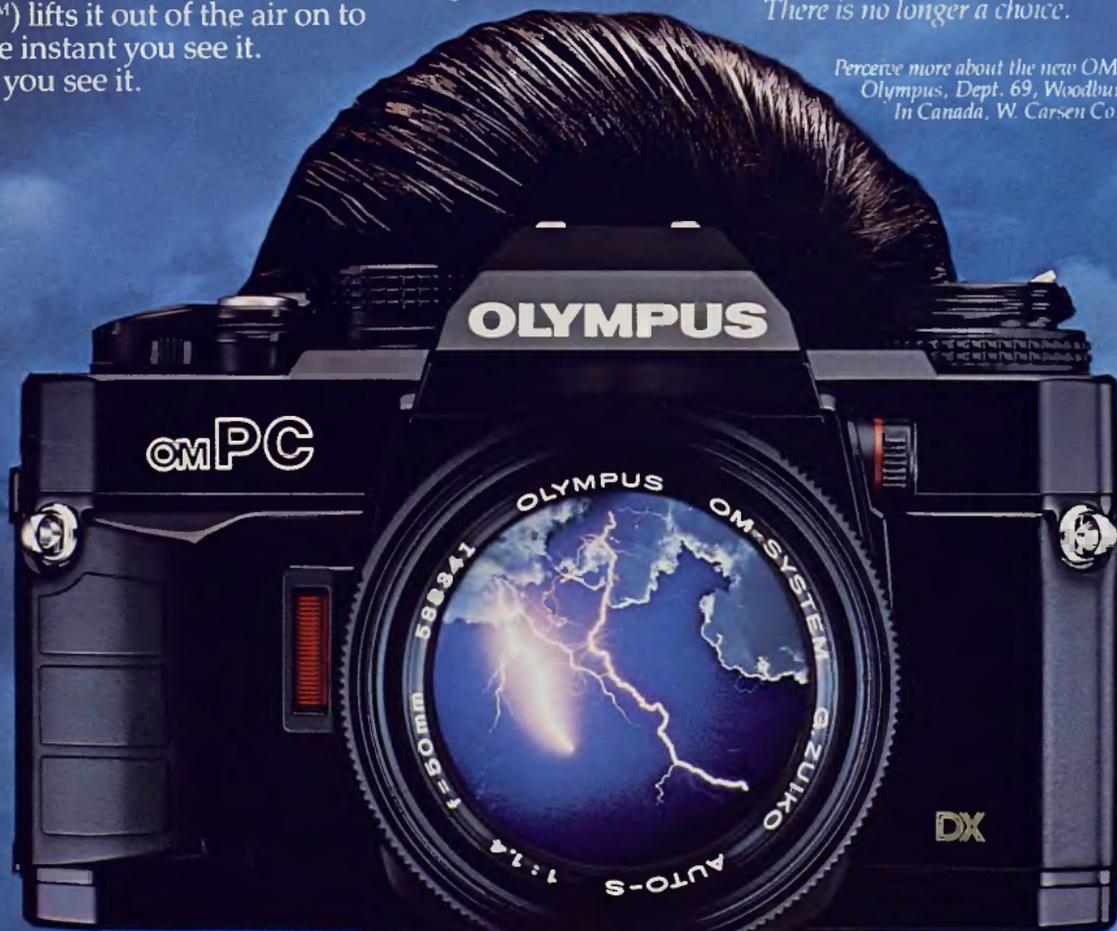
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Pia) or the broadcast of a three-year-old video-dating tape made by Christopher Wilder, who was in the midst of a murder spree that had claimed several female victims. "I want to date," Wilder had said. "I want to socially meet and enjoy the company of a number of women."

When I started collecting, I'd used a ballpoint pen to write out the identifying labels I stuck on each tape. After a year, I'd found that black felt-tip was easier to read, and I'd relabeled all of them.

Now I took an aesthetic dislike to the way the five-and-a-half-inch-long strips looked on the sides of the seven-and-a-half-inch-long cassettes, and I decided to replace them with the more understated three-and-a-half-inch-long ones. "I redid my labels," I told my girlfriend when she asked what I'd done the previous evening.

"That's the third time," she said; and before too much longer, she wasn't my girlfriend anymore.

"Man," said my cable repairman one afternoon, eyeing the wires connecting the switchers, splitters and power booster to the TV, the two VCRs and the cable box,

"every time I come here, you get in this deeper and deeper."

The more I fixated on this video blending of reality and fantasy, the more I returned to the first image I'd recorded: President Reagan. I had dozens of hours of him on tape. I had him in the Vatican nodding off during a meeting with the Pope. I had him in Brazil toasting his hosts, "the people of Bolivia." I had him in the Oval Office arm-wrestling with a bodybuilder while his aides in the next room were briefing reporters on the U.S. pull-out from Lebanon. I had him filling sandbags in Louisiana, riding a stagecoach in Montana, hoisting a beer (but not drinking it) in a Boston pub. I had him playing with a computer, driving a tractor, blowing out birthday candles, picking out valentine cards, swinging a hockey stick, tossing a baseball, calling a tax increase a "revenue enhancement" and a nuclear warhead a "peacekeeper." I had him with Jerry Lewis and Merv Griffin and Michael Jackson and Spider-Man, with Barbara Walters and Claudette Colbert and Tammy Wynette and Kate Smith, with dogs and horses and turkeys and pigs. I had him

doing everything but actually working at the job of running the country. If I ever found that single piece of video tape that would confirm the merging of truth and fiction in America, it seemed likely to star Ronald Reagan.

To me, "President Reagan" was the ultimate television creation—a character who was also the product, selling himself to a target audience that had spent the past quarter century getting used to people with two or three large emotions and no small ones. His moods were always broadly telegraphed. When he was Friendly, his eyes crinkled and his head bobbed like a toy dog in the rear window of a car. When he was Happy, he threw his head back, mouth agape in laughter. When he was Angry, his lips compressed; when he was Sad, his voice cracked; and when he was Busy, he wore glasses. There were no subtleties, no rough edges. He was unlike any human I'd ever known.

For all its dedication to artifice, television has been unmatched for revealing the truth about those who appear on it. The only rule for playing the TV game is that you have to be willing to risk baring your soul. But Reagan was cheating—instead of opening himself up to the audience, he hid behind his role, playing a part that existed only on camera—and he was getting away with it. When the press called attention to things that contradicted the electronic image, the public ignored or reinterpreted them. His loose grasp of the facts was seen as an endearing idiosyncrasy. His distaste for detail somehow became charming. His oft-repeated one-liners were hailed as wit. People liked this "President Reagan" character, and they didn't want his series canceled.

With hundreds of episodes of *The President Reagan Show* in my collection, I was still missing the one that answered the question he himself had raised with his autobiography: "Where's the rest of me?" I wanted to see the Wizard behind his video curtain. I wanted to watch the President of the United States without his knowing he was being watched.

My search continued. Scanning through *Good Morning America* one afternoon, I found David Hartman's jail-cell interview with Margie Velma Barfield, who was scheduled to be executed that week in North Carolina after confessing to feeding four people—including her boyfriend and her mother—rat poison. "What's the plan?" Hartman inquired solicitously. "Are you afraid of this coming Friday? . . . Have you ever said, 'I just can't believe what I did!'" Barfield seemed subdued. They both looked like potatoes.

Back in the studio, Joan Lunden was wearing a dress I'd definitely seen her in before. How many outfits does she have, I wondered, and how often does she repeat them? Is there a regular rotation? That



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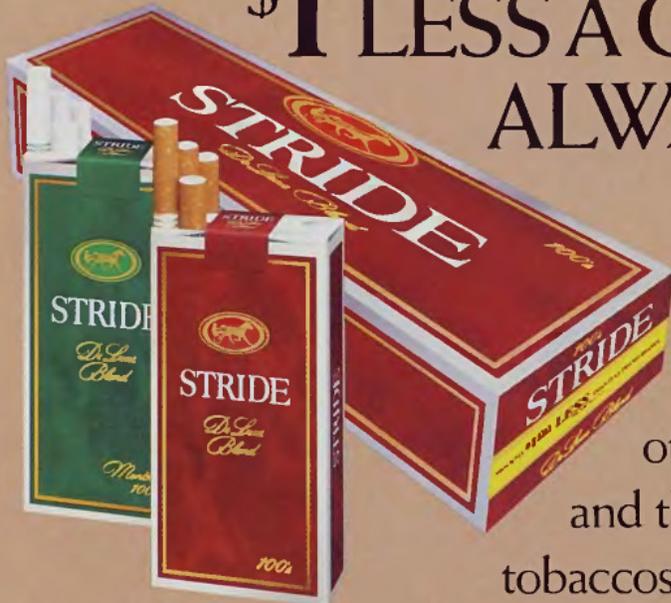
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## AMERICAN HERO

(continued from page 118)

credit for being plenty lucky. We picked up our two boxes of B-24s over Holland and I positioned two squadrons to escort them, then took off with my own squadron to range about 100 miles ahead. We were over Steinhuder lake when I spotted specks about 50 miles ahead. Combat vision, we call it. You focus out to infinity and back, searching a section of sky each time. To be able to see at such distances is a gift that's hard to explain, and only one other man and I could do it. The other guys, who had excellent eyesight on the ground, took it on faith that the two of us actually saw something far out there. I didn't even radio to the others but just kept us heading toward the German fighters from out of the sun. We were at 28,000 feet and closing fast. Soon I was able to count 22 individual specks. I figured they were Me-109s sitting up there, waiting for our bombers. And I was right.

They were just circling and waiting and didn't see us coming at them out of the sun. We closed to about 1000 yards, and if their leader saw us, he probably thought we were additional 109s, because he made no effort to scramble out of our way. In the lead, I was the only one yet in firing range, and I came in behind their tail-end Charlie and was about to begin hammering him when he suddenly broke left and ran into his wingman. They both bailed out. It was almost comic: I scored two quick victories without firing a shot. But apparently the big shortage in Germany was not of airplanes but of pilots, and the Germans were probably under orders to jump for it in tight spots. By now, all the airplanes in that sky had dropped their wing tanks and were spinning and diving in a wild, wide-open dogfight. I blew up a 109 from 600 yards—my third victory—when I turned around and saw another angling in behind me. I pulled back on my throttle so hard that I nearly stalled, rolled up and over, came in behind and under him, kicking right rudder and simultaneously firing. I was directly underneath the guy, less than 50 feet away, and I opened up that 109 as if it were a can of Spam. That made four. A moment later, I waxed a guy's fanny in a steep dive: I pulled up at about 1000 feet; he augered straight into the ground.

On rainy nights in the flight leader's Nissen hut, we'd listen to Glenn Miller records and toast grilled-cheese sandwiches on the coke stove. If we'd had a good day at work, we heated a poker red-hot and branded another swastika on the front door. Each swastika represented a dogfight victory, and by the end of my tour, that door displayed 50. During the last week in November, I became a double ace with 11 kills by shooting down four German planes during a historic dogfight.

Glennis remembers: Being a military pilot's wife seemed exciting, especially



*"And if you look to your right, we see the home of  
Voltaire . . . and next door . . ."*

with a husband like Chuck, who loved action, whether it was flying or hunting or fishing. So I was primed to say "Yes!" if and when he ever proposed. He arrived at my door in California, straight from the war in Europe, and told me to pack.

"I'm taking you home to meet my folks."

"What for?" I asked.

"What do you think?" he replied.

I reported to Wright Field in July 1945, a few weeks before the atomic bomb ended the war. I was assigned as an assistant maintenance officer to the fighter-test section of the flight-test division—the hub over the next decade for the testing of a radically new generation of powerful airplanes that would take us to the edge of space and change aviation forever. Two weeks after arriving at Wright, I was flying the first operational American jet fighter.

I had no idea what the future might hold. It was like having Aladdin's lamp with unlimited rubs. I could fly as much as I wanted, building flying experience on dozens of different kinds of fighters. The first chance I got, I flew to Hamlin and buzzed Glennis, who was living with my folks because we couldn't find any housing at Wright. I called her that night and said, "I miss you, hon, but I'm in hog heaven."

I had a small office between hangars seven and eight, where all the fighters were kept, and got to know some of the test pilots. It never occurred to me that I could be one of them—I lacked the education. All of them were college grads, mostly with engineering degrees. There were about 25 fighter test pilots, and they weren't shy about their status. They were the stars of the show. I thought, Well, fair enough. If they're fighter test pilots, they must be hotter than a whore's pillow.

So, every time I took off in a P-51 on a test hop, I climbed to 15,000 feet and circled over Wright, waiting for one of those

guys to take off. As soon as a test pilot climbed to altitude, I dove at him. I went through the entire stable of test pilots and waxed every fanny. A few of them fought back halfheartedly, but none of them had any combat experience, and when they saw that I was merciless, they just quit. And they weren't amused at being shown up by an assistant maintenance officer.

I flew six to eight hours a day; I flew everything they had, including most of the captured German and Japanese fighters. I checked out in 25 different airplanes. I never did understand how a pilot could walk by a parked airplane and not want to crawl into the cockpit and fly off. I would touch ground just long enough to climb out of one airplane and service-check another. I even flew the first prototype jet fighter, the Bell P-59, which had been secretly tested on the California desert in 1942.

Everything about airplanes interested me: how they flew, why they flew, what each could or couldn't do and why. As much as I flew, I was always learning something new—whether it was a switch on the instrument panel I hadn't noticed or handling characteristics of the aircraft in weather conditions I hadn't experienced. In order to have an eager curiosity about an airplane's systems, you've got to love engines and valves and all those mechanical gadgets that make most people yawn. It was a terrific advantage when something went wrong at 20,000 feet.

The jet age arrived for me the day I was seated in the cockpit of the Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star—the first operational American jet fighter. I felt like I was flying for the first time. I greased that thing in on landing, as happy as a squirrel hunter who had bagged a mountain lion.

But I came within an inch of being bounced out of test-pilot school and out of

the Service. I took off with my instructor one day in a two-seat prop trainer to run a power-speed test at 5000 feet. Suddenly, the master rod blew apart in the engine and the ship began to vibrate as if it would fall apart. I cut back on the power and began looking down to see where I could make an emergency landing. We were over Ohio farmland with plenty of plowed fields. I didn't want to bail out unless it was absolutely necessary. My instructor, a Lieutenant Hatfield, hadn't done much flying, and I looked back at him in the mirror and saw that his teeth were sticking to his lips. I said, "No sweat. Lock your shoulder harness and make sure your belt is tight, because I'm gonna try and make it into one of these fields."

There was a farm with fields on either side, and I started to set myself up on one of them. But I was sinking too fast coming in on a dead stick to make one field and was really too high to use all of the other, so we came in between the two, directly in the path of the farmhouse, a chicken house, a smokehouse and a well. Wheels up, we hit the ground, slithering along, and went through the chicken house in a clatter of boards and a cloud of feathers. As the airplane skidded to a stop, the right wing hit the smokehouse, turning us sideways, and the tail hit the front end of the farmhouse porch, flipping us around. We came to rest right alongside the farmwife's kitchen window. She was at the sink, looking out, and I was looking her right in the eye. Dust and feathers were raining down. I opened the canopy and managed a small smile. "Morning, ma'am," I said. "Can I use your telephone?"

Because there had been a loss of civilian property, a board of inquiry was held. One of the witnesses was a councilman in a nearby village who claimed that before I crash-landed, I had buzzed down Main Street. Lieutenant Hatfield, who was my passenger, supported my denial, but those four majors on the board seemed hostile in their questioning, and I was scared to death. I could easily be court-martialed. The barograph aboard my airplane was my best defense. It clearly showed my altitude at the time of the engine problem and what we were doing before I hit. Without that thing aboard, I'd probably be back in Hamlin, digging turnips.

I had figured that our lives would settle down as soon as I got test-pilot school behind me. Little did I know. A few months after I graduated, I was selected to be the principal pilot to fly the X-1 and to try to break the sound barrier.

Twice during quick trips out to Muroc Air Base in the Mojave Desert to pick up airplanes and ferry them back to Wright, I saw the X-1 being shackled beneath a B-29 bomber prior to taking off on a flight. It was a small ship, painted bright orange



C. Barzotti

"By golly, Pam, before I met you, I didn't know how happy happy hour could be."

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and shaped like a .50-caliber machine-gun bullet. Somebody told me it was rocket-propelled with 6000 pounds of thrust, designed to fly at twice the speed of sound. That was beyond my understanding, and I let it go at that.

The pilot was a civilian named Chalmers "Slick" Goodlin. He was a sharp-looking guy, rumored to be making a fortune from Bell in these risky flights. I heard he was real hot, and he had to be to walk away from a few of those X-1 tests. In those days, civilians did all of the research flying, so they could be paid risk bonuses; nobody wanted to ask an Air Corps pilot to risk his neck on a military pay check.

I was busy doing air shows and flight-test work; being the most junior test pilot in the shop, I was lucky to be asked to make coffee, but I did manage to get a few interesting jobs. In May 1947, I attended a meeting of all the fighter test pilots, requesting volunteers to fly the X-1. My friends and fellow test pilots Bob Hoover and Jack Ridley raised their hands along with me and five others.

Hoover and I were renegades who were gone a lot of the time and definitely weren't part of the clique, so all we heard was that the X-1 research program was in some sort of trouble and that the Air Corps was planning to take it over from Bell and Slick Goodlin. I said, "Sure, put my name down," knowing there were at

least a dozen others with more seniority in the section; then I flew off to Cleveland to do an air show. Colonel Albert G. Boyd was also there, and I flew back on his wing. He was head of the flight-test division and a tough, demanding disciplinarian. When he landed, I remarked on the radio, "Not bad for an old man."

Colonel Boyd wasn't amused. "Who said that?" he barked. There was absolute silence, though I figured my drawl had given me away. Colonel Boyd had just bought a new car, and he was the kind who kept meticulous records about its performance. So a couple of us decided to put some pebbles in his hubcaps. We watched from a window: He backed up, stopped, got out, looking puzzled, got back in, drove a little more, stopped, got out. We laughed until we almost wet our pants.

But a few days later, he sent for me, and I thought, Oh, God, here we go! It was either the pebbles or my remark when he landed that had caught up with me. Colonel Boyd never looked sterner, and when I saluted in front of his desk, he kept me standing at attention for nearly half an hour while we talked. I left in a state of shock. He didn't exactly offer me the X-1, but he sure moved around the edges. He asked me why I had volunteered, and I told him it seemed like an interesting program, something else to fly. He said, "Yeager, this is *the* airplane to fly. The first

pilot who goes faster than sound will be in the history books. It will be the most historic ride since the Wright brothers'. And that's why the X-1 was built." He told me there were all kinds of incredible planes on the drawing boards, including an aircraft that could fly six times faster than the speed of sound and a supersonic bomber powered by an atomic reactor. The Air Corps was developing a project that would put military pilots into space—but all these plans were stuck on a dime until the X-1 punched through the sound barrier. "I haven't any doubt it will be done," Colonel Boyd told me, "and that an Air Corps pilot will be the one to do it."

He told me why the Air Corps was taking over the program. Slick Goodlin had contracted with Bell to take the X-1 up to 0.8 Mach, which he had done. Then he had renegotiated his contract and demanded \$150,000 to go beyond Mach one. Point eight Mach was phase one of the program. Phase two was to take it on out to 1.1 Mach—supersonic. Slick had completed 20 powered flights but felt that things were getting too thrilling and tried to renegotiate his bonus by asking that it be paid over five years to beat taxes. Bell had brought in their chief test pilot, Tex Johnson, to take a test flight and verify the danger involved. He had flown around 0.75 Mach and reported that Slick deserved every dime he asked for. But the

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Bell lawyers turned down Slick's payment-on-the-installment-plan idea, and until the matter was resolved, Slick refused to fly. The Air Corps had lost patience with all the delays and decided to take over the X-1 project.

I asked the old man if he thought there was a sound barrier. "Hell, no," he said, "or I wouldn't be sending out one of my pilots. But I want you to know the hazards. There are some very good aviation people who think that at the speed of sound, air loads may go to infinite. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "That would be it."

He nodded. "Nobody will know for sure what happens at Mach one until somebody gets there."

*Before his death in 1976, Major General Albert G. Boyd remembered:* I asked my deputy, Colonel Fred Ascani, to sit down with me and review all of the 125 pilots in the flight-test division and see what kind of list we could compile.

I wanted a pilot capable of doing extremely precise, scientific flying. Above all, I wanted a pilot who was rock solid in stability. Yeager came up number one.

*Major General Fred Ascani remembers:* Well, we all wanted to be somebody, but some got to be somebody more than others. In those days, Chuck wasn't quite a nobody, but he wasn't a somebody, either,

and I knew him mostly by reputation, which was as an extremely proficient pilot who flew with an uncanny, instinctive feel for the airplane. He's the only pilot I've ever flown with who gives the impression that he's part of the cockpit hardware—so in tune with the machine that instead of being flesh and blood, he could be an autopilot. He made an airplane talk.

*Glenn remembers:* When I moved out to Muroc, I was practically the only wife there. Shortly after we settled in, Chuck drove me to the base to show me the X-1. He purposely hadn't told me that he had named the plane Glamorous Glennis, but there it was, written below the cockpit, just like he'd done on his Mustang in England. This was an important research airplane and I was very surprised. And proud. He said, "You're my good-luck charm, hon. Any airplane I name after you always brings me home." I really think that's why the Air Corps allowed my name to stay on the X-1. Chuck didn't ask permission to do it, and they weren't delighted that he had—the official pictures of the ship had my name airbrushed out—but none of the brass wanted to interfere with his good-luck charm and perhaps jinx the mission. So Chuck got his way and I had a namesake that one day would be displayed in the Smithsonian

near another famous airplane, the first one flown by the Wright brothers.

Shivering, I hanged my gloved hands together and strapped on my oxygen mask inside the coldest airplane ever flown. I was cold-soaked from the hundreds of gallons of liquid-oxygen fuel stored in the compartment directly behind at minus 296 degrees Fahrenheit. No heater, no defroster—I'd just have to grit my teeth for the next 15 minutes until I landed and felt that hot desert sun. But that cold saps your strength: It's like trying to work and concentrate inside a frozen-food locker.

That cold will take you on the ride of your life. You watched the X-1 get its seven-A.M. feeding in a cloud of vapor, saw the frost form under its orange belly. That was eerie; you're carrying 600 gallons of LOX and water alcohol that can blow up at the flick of a switch and scatter you over several counties. But if all goes well, the beast will chug-alug a ton of fuel a minute.

Anyone with brain cells would have to wonder what in hell he was doing in such a situation:



strapped inside a live bomb that was about to be dropped from a bomb bay. The butterflies are fluttering, but you feed off fear as if it were a high-energy candy bar. It keeps you alert and focused.

You can't watch yourself fly. But you know when you're in sync with the machine, so plugged into its instruments and controls that your mind and your hand become the heart of its operating system. You can make that airplane talk and, like a good horse, the machine knows when it's in competent hands. You know what you can get away with. And you can be wrong only once. You smile reading newspaper stories about a pilot in a disabled plane who maneuvered to miss a schoolyard before he hit the ground. That's crap. In an emergency situation, a pilot thinks about only one thing—survival. You don't say anything on the radio, and you aren't even aware that a schoolyard exists. That's exactly how it is.

There are at least a dozen ways the X-1 can kill you, so your concentration is total during the preflight-check procedures. You load up nitrogen-gas pressures in the manifolds—your life's blood, because the nitrogen gas runs all the internal systems as well as the flaps and the landing gear. Then you bleed off the liquid-oxygen manifold and shut it down. All's in order.

Half an hour ago, we taxied out to take-off in the mother ship. Because of the possibility of our crashing with so much volatile fuel, they closed down the base until we were safely off the ground. That's the only acknowledgment from the base commander that we even exist. There's no interest in our flights, because practically nobody at Muroc gives us any chance for success. Those bastards call our flights Slick Goodlin's Revenge. The word is that he knew when to get out in one piece by quitting over money.

One minute to drop. Ridley, my flight

engineer, flashes the word from the co-pilot's seat in the mother ship. We're at 25,000 feet as the B-29 noses over and starts its shallow dive. Major Robert Cardenas, the driver, starts counting backward from ten.

*C-r-r-ack.* The bomb-shackle release jolts you up from your seat, and as you sail out of the dark bomb bay, the sun explodes in brightness.

The moment of truth: If you are going to be blown up, this is likely to be the time. You light up the first chamber.

*Whoosh.* Slammed back in your seat, a tremendous kick in the butt. Nose up and hold on. Barely a sound; you can hear your breathing in the oxygen mask—you're outracing the noise behind you—and for the first time in a powered airplane, you can hear the air beating against the windshield as the distant dot that is Hoover's high-chase P-80 grows ever bigger. You pass him like he's standing still, and he reports seeing diamond-shaped shock waves leaping out of your fiery exhaust. Climbing faster than you can even think but using only one of four rocket chambers, you turn off one and light another. We're streaking up at 0.7 Mach; this beast's power is awesome. You've never known such a feeling of speed while pointing up in the sky. At 45,000 feet, where morning resembles the beginning of dusk, you turn on the last of the four chambers. God, what a ride! And you still have nearly half your fuel left.

Pancho's was a dude ranch as well as a watering hole and barbecue. One night we walked over to the corral and had them saddle up a couple of horses. It was a pretty night, and we rode for about an hour. We decided to race back. Unfortunately, there was no moon, otherwise I would have seen that the gate we had gone out of was now closed. I saw the gate only

when I was practically on top of it. I was slightly in the lead, and I tried to veer and miss it, but it was too late. We hit the gate and I tumbled through the air. The horse got cut and I was knocked silly. The next thing I remember was Glennis kneeling over me, asking me if I was OK. I was woozy, and she helped me stand up. It took a lot for me to straighten up; I felt like I had a spear in my side.

Glennis knew immediately. "You broke a rib," she said. She was all for driving straight to the base hospital.

I said, "No, the flight surgeon will ground me."

"Well, you can't fly with broken ribs," she argued.

"If I can't, I won't; if I can, I will."

Monday morning, I struggled out of bed. My shoulder was sore, and I ached generally from bumps and bruises, but my ribs near to killed me. Glennis drove me over to Rosamond, where a local doctor confirmed that I had two cracked ribs and taped me up. He told me to take it easy. The tape job really helped. The pain was at least manageable, and I was able to drive myself to the base that afternoon.

I was really low. I felt we were on top of these flights now, and I wanted to get them over with. And as much as I was hurting, I could only imagine what the old man would say if I were grounded for falling off a horse. So I sat down with Jack Ridley. I said, "If this were the first flight, I wouldn't even think about trying it with these busted sumbitches. But, hell, I know every move I've got to make, and most of the major switches are right on the control-wheel column."

He said, "True, but how in hell are you gonna be able to lock the cockpit door? That takes some lifting and shoving." So we walked into the hangar to see what we were up against.

We looked at the door. Jack said, "Let's see if we can get a stick or something that you can use in your left hand to raise the handle up on the door to lock it. Get it up at least far enough where you can get both hands on it and get a grip on it."

We looked around and found a broom. Jack sawed off a ten-inch piece of broomstick, and it fit right into the door handle. Then I crawled into the X-1 and we tried it out. By using that broomstick to raise the door handle, I found I could manage to lock it. We tried it two or three times, and it worked. Finally, though, Ridley said, "Jesus, son, how are you gonna get down the ladder?"

I said, "One rung at a time. Either that or you can piggyback me."

Jack respected my judgment. "As long as you really think you can hack it," he said. We left that piece of broomstick in the X-1 cockpit.

Glennis drove me to the base at six A.M.

It was October 14, 1947—the ninth test flight of the X-1. The moment we picked up speed, I fired all four rocket chambers



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in rapid sequence. We climbed at 0.88 Mach and began to buffet, so I flipped the stabilizer switch and changed the setting two degrees. We smoothed right out, and at 36,000 feet, I turned off two rocket chambers. At 40,000 feet, we were still climbing at a speed of 0.92 Mach. Leveling off at 42,000 feet, I had 30 percent of my fuel, so I turned on rocket chamber three and immediately reached 0.96 Mach. I noticed that the faster I got, the smoother the ride.

Suddenly, the Mach needle began to fluctuate. It went up to 0.965 Mach, then tipped right off the scale. I thought I was seeing things. We were flying supersonic! And it was as smooth as a baby's bottom: Grandma could be sitting up there sipping lemonade. I kept the speed off the scale for about 20 seconds, then raised the nose to slow down.

I was thunderstruck. From 0.965 Mach to supersonic was one unexpected dip! And in the blink of an eye. After all the anxiety about breaking it, the sound barrier had turned out to be a perfectly paved speedway. I radioed Jack in the B-29. "Hey, Ridley, that Machmeter is acting screwy. It just went off the scale on me."

"Fluctuated off?"

"Yeah, at point nine six five."

"Son, you is imagining things."

"Must be. I'm still wearing my cars and nothing else fell off, neither."

The guys in the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA) tracking van interrupted to report that they heard what sounded like a distant rumble of thunder: my sonic boom—the first one by an airplane ever heard on earth! The X-1 was supposedly capable of reaching nearly twice the speed of sound, but the Machmeter aboard registered to only 1.0 Mach, which showed how much confidence the Air Corps had; I estimated I had reached 1.05 Mach. (Later data showed it was 1.06 Mach—700 miles per hour.)

And that was it. I sat up there feeling kind of numb but elated. After all the anticipation of achieving this moment, it really was a letdown. It had taken a damned instrument meter to tell me what I'd done. There should have been a bump on the road, something to let you know you had just punched a nice clean hole through that sonic barrier. The unknown was a poke through Jell-O.

*Major General Fred Ascani remembers:* Colonel Boyd came into my office. "Well, they did it," he said, and from the grin on his face I didn't have to wonder what he was talking about. Coincidentally, only a few days before Chuck's historic flight, President Truman had declared the Army Air Corps to be a separate branch of the Service. We were now officially the U.S. Air Force. What better way to celebrate than to crow about this flight? In fact, we had planned to go after every aviation record on the books as soon as the speed of

sound was achieved and really give the Navy a run for its money. So we were shocked when orders came down from the highest levels in Washington to clamp the security lid on this flight. And it stayed clamped more than eight months.

The public was kept in the dark, but official Washington knew all about it, and everybody wanted to meet the intrepid hero who had broken the awesome sound barrier. I recall General Hoyt Vandenberg's getting the word back to us at Wright to "keep that damned hillbilly Yeager out of Washington." The general was very Ivy League. But he was whistling in the dark. About a week after he made the flight, we flew Chuck back to Wright and had a top-secret ceremony in the commanding general's office, where he received the Distinguished Flying Cross. I remember his whispering afterward, "I needed that like a hole in the head."

He played his new fame perfectly and knocked Washington on its ear. Very modest, very matter-of-fact, an easygoing, likable country boy with more bravery than Prince Valiant. The Secretary of Defense and the Senators who met him were in awe. They shook their heads in wonder, patted him on the back and asked him to autograph the pictures he had taken with them. Chuck wasn't play acting; he was just being himself. But he was also astute and knew the impact he was making. He had big balls and he knew it. But he played the hillbilly to the hilt: "Aw, shucks, I just happened to be at the right place at the right time. It was no big deal. Just another job."

*Glennis remembers:* I saw that flight—what I could see of it, which was mostly the white contrails from Chuck's engine exhaust streaking up in the sky. I didn't hear the sonic boom when he flew at Mach one, because it was about 40 miles away, so I had no idea that anything special had happened. I recall he drove up in the fire chief's truck, got out and flopped into our car. "I'm beat," he said. "Let's go home." I turned on the ignition and was about to drive off when Dick Frost and Bob Hoover came running over and began clapping him on the back and making a big fuss. And that's how I found out that Chuck had broken the sound barrier.

*Dick Frost, Bell project engineer on the X-1, remembers:* I didn't learn that Chuck had broken his ribs until a long time later, but it was so typical of him to be matter-of-fact. He was going to go home with Glennis, but we said, "No way." I remember grabbing him and jumping up and down. We were one happy bunch. We went over to the operations office, where I called Larry Bell at the plant to tell him the news. Chuck and Ridley called Colonel Boyd. Then we went over to the officers' club to eat and drink a toast. We planned a big party that night out at Pancho's. Meanwhile, Colonel Boyd's

office called back and informed us that the tightest possible security lid had been clamped on the flight. It was not to be discussed with or disclosed to anyone. Well, Muroc was a small base, and here we were, rowdy and celebrating in the officers' club—the word was definitely out. But orders were orders, so we decided against holding a party at Pancho's. Instead, about 4:30, we drove to Chuck's house.

He fixed us a pitcher of martinis. Around six, we decided to go on to my house and continue partying. It really was bizarre being forced to celebrate in secret the most historic flight of the age.

Chuck had an old motorcycle that Pancho had given him—a beat-up old thing without headlights. He cranked up the motorcycle and led the way. We were so damned excited and happy about what we had accomplished that we sat around cackling like geese, insulting the hell out of one another, and by eight or nine o'clock, we were definitely pickled.

No one was in any condition to drive and certainly not to drive a damned motorcycle. Hoover and I urged Chuck to leave his bike at my house and drive back to his place with us. He said, "Aw, shit, I can manage. No sweat." Needless to say, he prevailed. It was decided that I would provide his headlights. He said, "Yeah, well, I'll keep right in front of you all."

He got on the bike and cranked it up. It sounded louder than the X-1, and right then I should have known we were in trouble. He roared away. Hoover and I followed in my Chevy coupe. By the time we got on the road, Yeager was way ahead, blazing off in the dark. Now, this is a road out in the boonies, not much traffic, nothing but desert on either side, so on a moonless night, the darkness is total. Only somebody with Yeager's incredible eyesight would have dared to drive it without headlights. And he didn't just drive it. That son of a bitch was racing it. He was nowhere in sight.

But just as we approached a right-angle turn in the road, Hoover and I saw a big cloud of dust. You never saw two guys sober up faster than we did. There was Chuck stretched out on the road, underneath that motorcycle. He had skidded on sand making his turn. We ran to him, certain that he was dead. And it was sheer terror, because he was the man of the hour, who had just broken the sound barrier, and Hoover and I could be held accountable for the death of an American hero.

So we pulled that bike off him and saw that he was not only still alive but giggling like a loon. He wasn't even scratched.

Chuck got to his feet, still laughing. But he put up his hands in surrender. He said, "OK, OK, you guys are right. I'll take it easy. I'm sober now." And he started to get back on that bike.

"Bullshit," I said. "No way. Get your ass in my car." He shook his head. Off he went. Hoover and I ran back to my car



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and took off after him. But there he was, still going balls out in the pitch-dark. We had a brief glimpse of him crouched low over the handle bars, and then he just zoomed out of sight. By the time we pulled up at his house, he was in the kitchen, fixing us one more pitcher for the road.

I lived balls out, flew the same way. I had my own standards, and as far as I was concerned, there was no room for test pilots who couldn't measure up to the machines they flew. We dealt with a high-powered team of scientists and engineers from NACA, the forerunner of NASA, but, whatever its initials, I rated it about as high as my shoelaces. Its pilots were probably good engineers who could fly precisely, but they were sorry fighter pilots. Today it is a new breed. I'll take my hat off to any of the NASA pilots flying shuttle.

Neil Armstrong may have been the first astronaut on the moon, but he was the last guy at Edwards to take any advice from a military pilot. Neil was NACA's backup pilot on the X-15. One day his civilian boss, Paul Bikle, called me to say that NACA was scheduling an X-15 flight and planned to use Smith's Ranch Lake as an emergency landing site. Smith's Ranch Lake was about 250 miles away, and I told him that I had flown over it recently and it was soaked from the winter rains. He said, "Well, my pilots were over there today and they said it's not wet."

I laughed. "Well, then, be my guest." But Paul had doubts of his own or he wouldn't have called. He asked me if I would fly Neil up there and attempt a landing. "No way," I said.

"Would you do it in a NACA airplane?" he asked.

"Hell, no. I wouldn't do it in any airplane, because it just won't work."

He then asked, "Would you go up there if Neil flew?"

"OK," I said. "I'll ride in the back."

I tried my damndest to talk Armstrong out of going. He said, "Well, we won't land. I'll just test the surface by shooting a touch and go"—meaning he'd set down the wheels, then immediately hit the throttle and climb back up into the sky.

I told him he was crazy. "You're carrying a passenger and a lot of fuel, and that airplane isn't overpowered anyway. The moment you touch down on that soggy lake bed, we'll be up to our asses in mud. The drag will build up so high, you won't be able to get off the ground again."

He said, "No sweat, Chuck. I'll just touch and go."

And that's exactly what Armstrong did. He touched, but we sure as hell didn't go. The wheels sank into the muck and we sat there, engine screaming, wide-open, the airplane shaking like a moth stuck on flypaper. I said from the back, "Neil, why don't you turn off the sumbitch? It ain't doin' nothin' for you."

He turned off the engine and we sat there in silence. I would've given a lot to

see that guy's face. Very soon it would be dark and the temperature would drop to below freezing. We were wearing only thin flying suits and the nearest highway was 30 miles away. "Any ideas?" I asked him. Neil shook his head.

Before dark, NACA sent out a DC-3 to search for us. I got on the horn with the pilot and told him to give us time to walk over to the edge of the lake bed, about a mile away. I told him to touch down but not to stop. "Open the door and keep on moving while we jump aboard." He did a good job, and when we got back to Edwards, Bikle was still there. I don't know what he said in private to Armstrong, but when he saw me, he burst out laughing.

The Air Force had hoped to put the first men into space, but the Eisenhower Administration had chosen NASA—a civilian agency that, ironically, selected all military pilots for its first group of astronauts. The Air Force wasn't interested in going to the moon. We had had plans on the boards since 1947 for orbiting military space stations manned with our own astronauts. We knew damned well that the Russians had similar plans, and we aimed to beat them to it. In 1961, I was appointed to head the new Air Force Aerospace Research Pilots' School at Edwards to train military astronauts.

NASA's Mercury astronauts had been chosen before our school geared up. But over the next six years, the space agency recruited 38 of our graduates to its corps of astronauts. Some of our guys turned the NASA people down flat. They came back from their interviews in Houston and told me, "We're overqualified for their program. All we get to do is take a ride, like one of those damned chimps they sent up. We don't want to get involved, because everything is controlled from the ground and there is nothing to fly."

I said, "Hell, I don't blame you. I wouldn't want to have to sweep off monkeyshit before I sat down in that capsule."

But as time went on, NASA made its program damned attractive to recruits. It was in a tough spot, needing outstanding pilots who were little more than Spam in the can, throwing the right switches on instructions from the ground. Even then, they had trouble landing precisely and it sometimes took half the Navy to locate a capsule bobbing in the Pacific, miles from where it should have been. Also, NASA had many more astronauts than available rides, and a lot of guys never flew or had to wait for years to get their opportunity. So the agency sold its program like one of those fly-by-night land developers selling tracts in the desert. For signing up, a guy got a free expensive house, donated by a Realtor in Houston, and a cut of a lucrative contract with Time-Life. The glamor, splash and money made it attractive to some pilots. The guys came back from their interviews and told me, "All the talk

in Houston is about how much money we are going to make."

My attitude was that they shouldn't get a dime for being selected for the program, especially when the risks involved weren't half as great as some of the research flying done at Edwards over the years.

Risk was what our life was all about, and take my word for it, I was always afraid of death. Facing death takes many different kinds of courage. There's battlefield courage where a guy, hopelessly trapped, suddenly decides to take as many of the enemy as he can with him before he himself is killed. Many Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded posthumously for that kind of heroics. Then there is a more calculated kind of courage that comes when you are strapped inside a bullet-shaped rocket airplane to fly at speeds at which many experts think the ship will disintegrate. Does that kind of courage merit the Medal of Honor? I was awarded that medal the year after I retired, and the nicest part about winning it was that I received it standing up.

The Right Stuff? I don't deny that I was damned good. If there is such a thing as "the best," I was at least one of the title contenders. But what really strikes me as I look back over all those years is how lucky I was—how lucky, for example, to have been born in 1923 and not 1963, so that I came of age just as aviation itself was entering the modern era. Being in my early 20s right after the war was the key to everything that happened in my life, placing me smack in the golden age of aviation research and development, allowing me to participate in the historic leap from prop engines to jets and from jets to rockets and outer space. For Christopher Columbus to make his mark on history, he had to be born at a time when the world was believed to be flat. For me to make mine, people had to think that the sound barrier was a brick wall in the sky. Reaching my 21st birthday in the age of the Concorde would have done me no good at all.

Not that flying today isn't fascinating, but technology has removed much of the stress and danger that made being a test pilot similar to being a matador. Still, life is as unpredictable as flying in combat. If the day comes when a flight surgeon tells me I can't fly anymore in high-performance jets, I can always sneak out back and fly ultralights.

Not long ago, the Piper Cub people asked me to fly one of their airplanes non-stop from Seattle to Atlanta to try to establish a new distance speed record. I did it and shaved a couple of hours off the old record. So nobody needs to remind me of how lucky I am.

I haven't yet done everything, but by the time I'm finished, I won't have missed much. If I auger in tomorrow, it won't be with a frown on my face.





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## BREATHE DEEP

(continued from page 95)

*"I know where I belong, but I just keep coming out to the Strip. It's a fatal attraction."*

know, but I love the hotels at night. I come in, I breathe deep, I'm a young man again. All the old words come back, run around inside my mind like squirrels. You know what I mean, Chuck?"

"Excitement," suggested the dealer, flat-voiced.

"Oh, sure. Oh, yes. By day, you know, I hang around downtown. You know those places. Big sign out front: PENNY SLOTS. FREE

BREAKFAST. Penny slots." The old man made a laugh sound in his throat—heh-heh—that turned into something like a cough.

"Sir," said the dealer, "I want to give you some friendly advice." He'd seen past the imperfectly shaved cheeks now, the frayed raincoat, the charity-service necktie. This was an old bum, a derelict, one of the many ancient, alcoholic, homeless, friendless, familyless husks the dry wind blows across the desert into the stone-and-neon baffle of Las Vegas. "You don't belong here, sir," he explained. "I'm doing you a favor. Security can get kind of rough, to discourage you from coming back."

"Oh, I know about that, Chuck!" the old man said, and this time he laughed outright. "I belong downtown, with those penny slots. Start all over again, Chuck! Build a stake on those slot machines down there, penny by penny, penny by penny, come back!"

"Sir, I'm telling you for your own good."

"Chuck, listen." Hands in raincoat pockets, the old man leaned closer over the table. "I want to tell you a quick story," he said, "and then I'll go. Then we'll go. OK?"

The dealer's eyes moved left and right. His shift boss was down by the active tables. His relief dealer was almost due. "Keep it short," he said.

"Oh, I will!" His hands almost came out of the raincoat pockets, then didn't. "Chuck," he said, "I know where I belong, but I just keep coming out to the Strip, late at night. It's a fatal attraction. You know what that is, Chuck?"

"I think so," the dealer said. He thought about showgirls.

"But what makes it, Chuck? Look around. No windows, no clocks, no day or night in here. But it's only at night I like these places. That's when they make me feel . . . good. Now, why's that?"

"I wouldn't know, sir."

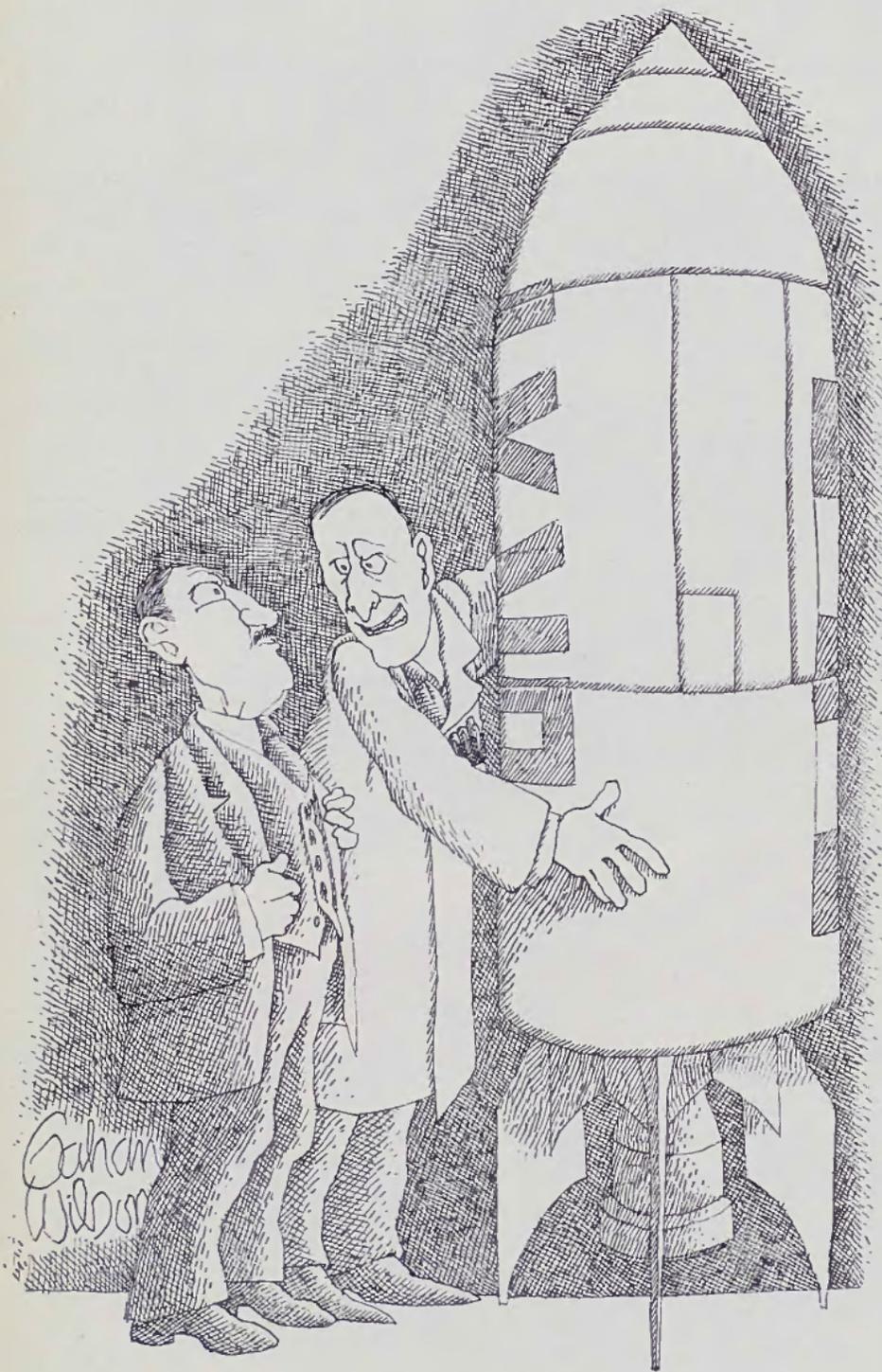
The old man said, "Well, I was in here one time, and a couple of security fellows took me out back by the loading dock to discourage me a little. There were all these tall green-metal cans there, like if you have bottled gas delivered to your house out in the country, and I bumped into them and fell off the loading dock and all these big green-metal cans rolled off and landed on me. And that's why I was in the hospital."

The dealer looked at him. "But here you are back again."

"It's the old fatal attraction, Chuck."

"You'd better get over it."

"Oh, I'm going to." Once again, the old man's hands almost came out of his raincoat pockets but didn't. "But I thought I'd tell somebody first about those green cans.



*"State of the art, sir—no matter where it hits, it destroys the entire world."*

Because, Chuck, here's the funny part. They had them in the hospital, too."

"Is that right?"

"That's right. 'What's that?' I asked the nurse. 'Oxygen,' she said. 'Any time you see a tall can like that, if it's green, you know it's oxygen. That's a safety measure on account of oxygen's so dangerous. You get that stuff near any kind of fire and the whole thing'll burn like fury.' Did you know that, Chuck? About green meaning oxygen?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, what I kept thinking was: Why does a big Strip hotel need about fifty cans of oxygen? And then I remembered the big hotel fire on the Strip a couple years ago. Remember that one?"

"I do," the dealer said.

"It said in the papers there was a fireball crossed six hundred feet of main casino in seventeen seconds. That's *fast*, Chuck."

"I suppose it is."

"In there, in the hospital," the old man said, "I had this thought: What if, late at night, here in the casino, with no windows and no clocks, air conditioning out of vents all over, what if . . . Chuck, what if they add oxygen to the *air*? The very air we breathe, Chuck, this air all around us." The old man looked around. "Here in this spider's parlor."

"I wouldn't know anything about that," the dealer said, which was the absolute truth.

"Well, I wouldn't *know*, either, Chuck. But what if it's true? Spice up the air at night with extra oxygen, make the gamblers feel a little happier, a little more awake?"

"I'm going to have to call security now," the dealer said.

"Oh, I'm almost done, Chuck. You see, those penny slots downtown, they won't lead me back anywhere. I threw myself away, and I'm not coming back at all. I would have checked out of this rotten life two or three years ago, Chuck, if it hadn't been for this *fatal attraction*. Come out to the Strip late at night. Breathe deep. Get a little high on that extra oxygen, begin to *hope* again, get roughed up by security."

"They don't do that with the oxygen."

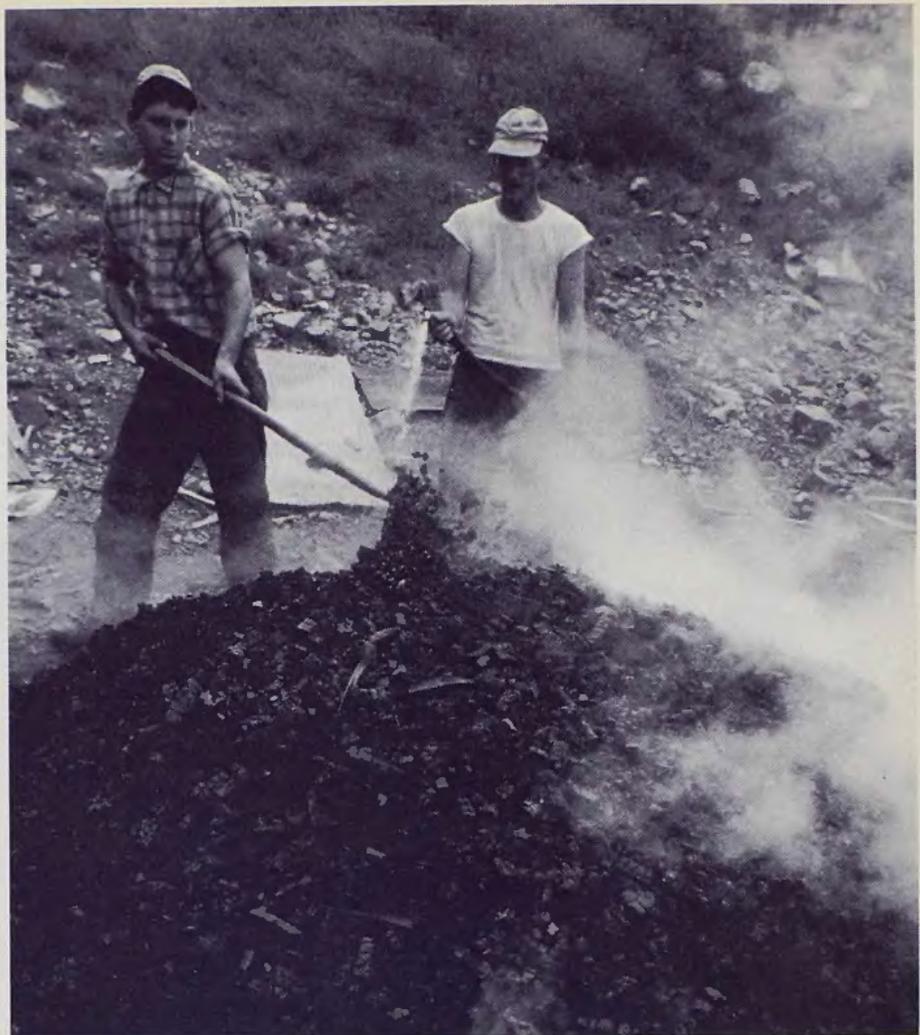
"They don't? Well, Chuck, you may be right." The old man took his hands from his raincoat pockets. In his right hand, he held a can of lighter fluid; in his left, a kitchen match. "Let's see," he said and squirted a trail of lighter fluid onto the green felt of the table.

The dealer, wide-eyed, stomped down hard on the button. "Stop that!" he said.

The old man kept squirting lighter fluid, making dark puddles in the felt. "Security coming, Chuck?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"Good. I'd like them to travel with us," the old man said and scraped the match along the edge of the table.



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

*"I got a feeling we're being followed," said DUN, squatting down behind a rock."*

you up. I wish y'all a lotta luck. Boy, this air has a punch like a mule. Be careful. Goodbye."

Across the unfamiliar stars overhead, a point of light blazed, streaked in a long arc, then died on the night.

"Well," said MIK, "we're on our own."

"Gawrsh, I feel all sad," said GUF.

The trip was uneventful for the next few months. They walked across the long land bridge down a valley between stumps of mountains with the white teeth of glaciers still on them. They crossed a low range and entered flat land, without topsoil, from which dry river courses ran to the south. Then there was a land where things were flowering after the long winter. New streams sprang up.

They saw fire once and detoured but found only a burnt patch of forest. Once, way off in the distance, they saw a speck of light but didn't go to investigate, thinking it only another prairie fire.

Within 200 kilometers of their goal, the land changed again to a flat, sandy waste littered with huge rocks. Little vegetation grew. There were few insects and animals, mostly lizards, which DUN chased every chance he got. The warmth seemed to be doing him good.

GUF's leg worsened. The foot first stuck, then flopped and windmilled. GUF kept humming songs and raggedly marching along with the other two.

DUN stopped, turned and watched behind them.

"What's wrong?" asked MIK.

"I got a feeling we're being followed," said DUN, squatting down behind a rock.

All three watched for a few minutes, ranging up and down the spectrum.

"DUN, I think mebbe yer seein' things, uh-hyuk," said GUF.

They continued on, DUN stopping occasionally to watch their trail.

When they passed one of the last trees, MIK had them all take limbs from it. "Might come in handy for pushing and digging," he said.

They stood on a plain of sand and rough dirt. There were huge piles of rubble all around. Far off was another ocean and to the north, a long, curving patch of green.

"We'll go to the ocean, DUN," said MIK, "after we get through here."

He was walking around in a smaller and smaller circle. Then he stopped. "Well, huh-huh, here we are," he said. "Latitude forty degrees, forty-four minutes, thirty-four seconds, point oh eight nine North. Longitude seventy-three degrees, fifty

minutes, forty-three seconds, point eight four two West, by the way they *used* to figure it. The capsule is straight down, twenty-eight meters below the original surface. We've got a long way to go, because there's no telling how much soil has drifted over that. It's in a concrete tube, and we'll have to dig to the very bottom to get at the capsule. Let's get working."

It was early morning when they started. Just after noon, they found the top of the tube with its bronze tablet.

"Here's where the hard work starts," said MIK.

It took almost a week of continuous effort. Slowly the tube was exposed as the hole around it grew larger. Since GUF could work better standing still, they had him dig all the time, while DUN and MIK both dug and pushed rock and dirt clear of the crater.

They found some long, flat iron rods part way down and threw away the worn tree limbs and used the metal to better effect.

On one of his trips to push dirt out of the hole, DUN came back looking puzzled.

"I'm sure I saw something moving out there," he said. "When I looked, it went away."

"There yuh go again," said GUF. "Here, DUN, help me lift this rock."

It was hard work. Their motors were taxed. It rained once, and for a while there was a dust storm.

"Thuh way I see it," said GUF, looking at their handiwork, "is that yuh treat it like a great ol' big tree made o' rock."

They stood at the bottom of a vast crater. Up from its center stood the concrete tube.

"We've reached twenty-six meters," said MIK. "The capsule itself should be in the last two point three eight one six meters. So we should chop it off," he quickly calculated, "about here!" He drew a line all around the tube with a piece of chalky rock.

They began to smash at the concrete with rocks and pieces of iron and steel.

"TIMBER!" yelled DUN.

The column above the line lurched and with a crash shattered itself against the side of the crater wall.

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy!"

"Come help me, GUF," said MIK.

Inside the jagged top of the remaining shaft, an eyebolt stood out of the core.

They climbed up on the edge, reached in and raised the gleaming Cupraloy time

capsule from its resting place.

On its side was a message to the finders, and just below the eyebolt at the top was a line and the words CUT HERE.

"Well," said MIK, shaking GUF's and DUN's hands, "we did it, by gum!"

He looked at it a moment.

"How're we gonna open it?" asked GUF. "That metal shore looks tough!"

"I think maybe we can abrade it around the cutting line with sandstone and, well . . . go get me a real big, sharp piece of iron, DUN."

When DUN brought it, MIK handed the iron to GUF and put his long tail over a big rock.

"Go ahead, GUF," he said. "Won't hurt me a bit."

GUF slammed the piece of iron down.

"Uh-hyuk!" he said. "Clean as a whistle!"

MIK took his severed tail, sat down cross-legged near the eyebolt, poured sand on the cutting line and began to rub it across the line with his tail.

It took a full day, turning the capsule every few hours.

They pulled off the eyebolt end. A dusty, waxy mess was revealed.

"That'll be what's left of the waterproof mastic," said MIK. "Help me, you two." They lifted the capsule. "Twist!" he said.

The metal groaned. "Now, pull!"

A long, thin inner core, two meters by a third of a meter, slid out.

"OK," said MIK, putting down the capsule shell and wiping away mastic. "This inner shell is threaded in two parts. Turn that way; I'll turn this."

They did. Inside was a shiny sealed glass tube through which they could dimly see shapes and colors.

"Wow!" said GUF. "Looka that!"

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" said DUN.

"That's Pyrex," said MIK. "When we break that, we'll be through."

"I'll do it," said DUN, picking up a rock.

"Careful!" said GUF.

The rock shattered the glass. There was a loud noise as the partial vacuum disappeared.

"Oh, boy!" said DUN.

"Let's do this carefully," said MIK.

"It's all supposed to be in some kind of order."

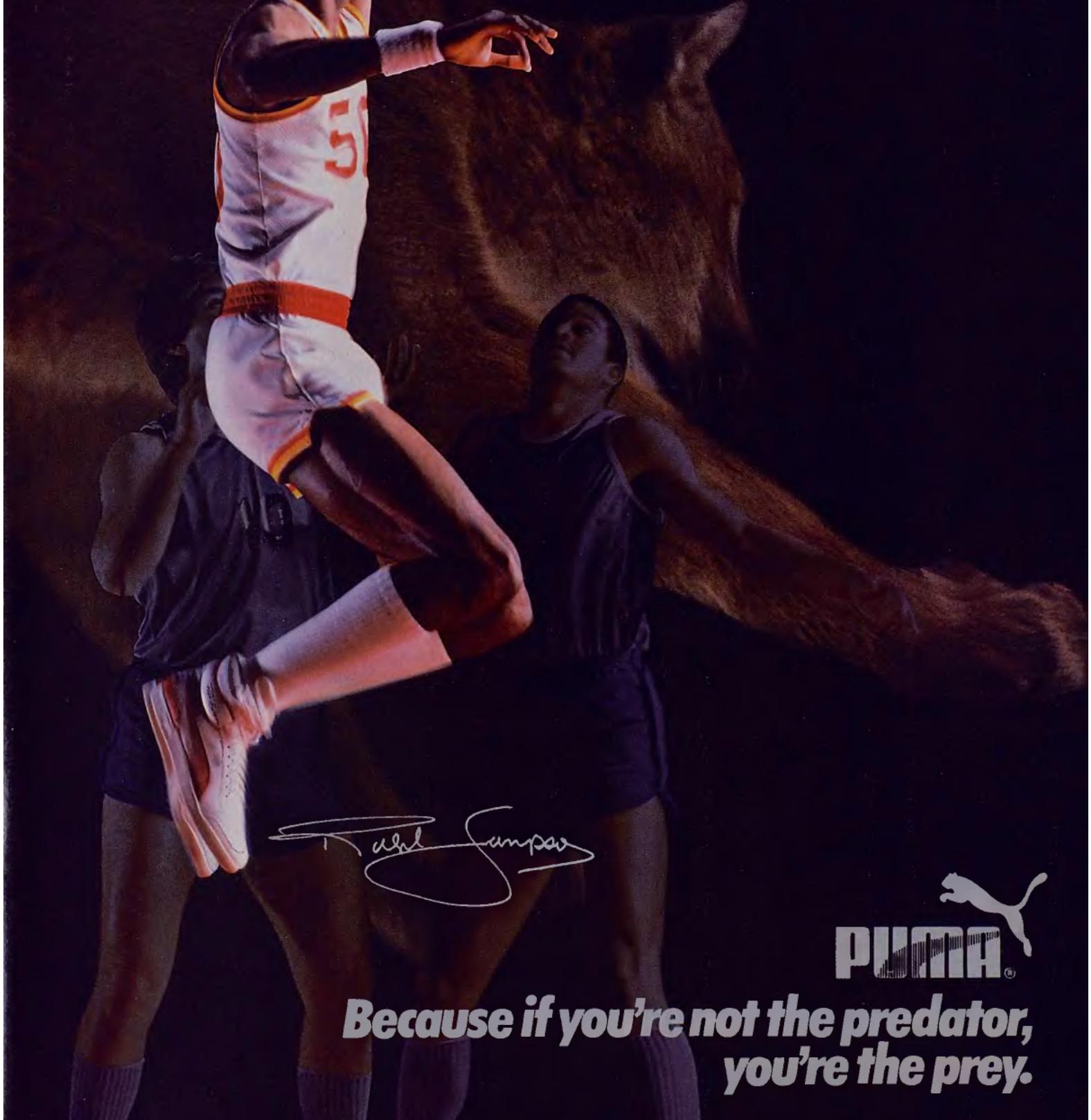
The first things they found were the messages from four famous humans and another whole copy of *The Book of the Time Capsule*. GUF picked that up.

There was another book, with a black cover and a gold cross on it. Then they came to a section marked ARTICLES OF COMMON USE. The first small packet was labeled CONTRIBUTING TO CONVENIENCE, COMFORT, HEALTH AND SAFETY. MIK opened it.

Inside were an alarm clock, bifocals, a camera, a pencil, a nail file, a padlock and keys, a toothbrush, tooth powder, a safety pin, a knife, a fork and a slide rule.

The next packet was labeled PERTAINING TO THE GROOMING AND VANITY OF WOMEN. Inside were an Elizabeth Arden Cyclamen

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*Paul Gaspar*



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Color Harmony Box, a rhinestone clip and a woman's hat, style of autumn 1938, designed by Lilly Daché.

"Golly-wow!" said DUN and put the hat on over his.

The next packet was marked FOR THE PLEASURE, USE AND EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

First out was a small spring-driven toy car, then a small doll and a set of alphabet blocks. Then MIK reached in and pulled out a small cup.

He stared at it a long time. On the side of the cup was a decal with the name of the man who had created them and a picture of MIK, waving his hand in greeting.

"Gawrsh, MIK," said GUF, "it's *you!*"

A tossed rock threw up a shower of dirt next to his foot.

They all looked up.

Around the crater edge stood men, women and children dressed in ragged skins. They had sharp sticks, rocks and ugly clubs.

"Oh, boy," said DUN. "People!" He started toward them.

"Hello!" he said. "We've been trying to find you for a long time. Do you know the way to the Park? We want to learn all about you."

He was speaking to them in Japanese.

The mob hefted its weapons. DUN switched to another language.

"I said, we come in peace. Do you know the way to the Park?" he asked in Swedish.

They started down the crater, rocks flying before them.

"What's the matter with you?" yelled DUN. "*Wak, wak, wak!*" He raised his fists.

"Wait!" said MIK in English. "We're friends!"

Some of the crowd veered off toward him.

"Uh-oh!" said GUF. He took off, clanking up the most sparsely defended side of the depression.

Then the ragged people yelled and charged.

They got the duck first.

He stood, fists out, jumping up and down on one foot, hopping mad. Several grabbed him, one by the beak. They smashed at him with clubs, pounded him with rocks. He injured three of them seriously before they smashed him into a white-blue-and-orange pile.

"Couldn't we, huh-huh, talk this over?" asked MIK. They stuck a sharp stick into his ear mechanism, jamming it. One of his gloved hands was mashed. He fought back with the other and kicked his feet. He hurt them, but he was small. A boulder trapped his legs; then they danced on him.

GUF made it out of the crater. He had picked the side with the most kids and they drew back, thinking he was attacking them. When they saw he was trying to escape, they gave gleeful chase, bouncing sticks and rocks off his hobbling form.

"*Whoa!*" he yelled as more people ran

to intercept him and he skidded to a stop. He ran up a long, slanting pile of rubble. More humans poured out of the crater to get him.

He reached the end of the long, high mound above the crater rim. His attackers paused, throwing sticks and rocks, yelling at him.

"Halp!" GUF yelled. "Haaaaaaaaalp!"

An arrow sailed into the chest of his nearest attacker.

GUF turned. Other humans, dressed in cloth, stood in a line around the far side of the crater. They had bows and arrows, metal-tipped spears and carried iron knives in their belts.

As GUF watched, the archers sent another flight of arrows into the people who had attacked the robots.

The skin-dressed band of humans screamed and fled up out of the crater, down from the mounds, leaving their wounded and the scattered contents of the time capsule behind them.

It took a while, but soon the human in command of the metal-using people and GUF made themselves understood to each other. The language was a very changed English/Spanish mixture.

"We're sorry we didn't know you were here sooner," the man said to GUF. "We rarely get out this far, and we heard you were here only this morning. Those *others*," he said with a grimace, "who followed you here from the Wastes won't bother you anymore."

He pointed to the patch of green to the north. "Our lands and village are there. We found this place twenty years ago. It's a good land, but others raid it as often as they can."

GUF looked down into the crater with its toppled column and debris. Cigarettes and tobacco drifted from the glass cylinder. The microfilm, with all its books and knowledge, was tangled all over the rocks. Samples of aluminum, hypenric and ferrovanadium gleamed in the dust. Razor blades, an airplane gear and glass wool were strewn up the sides of the slope.

The message from Grover Whalen opening the World's Fair and knowledge of how to build the microfilm reader were lost. The newsreel, with its pictures of Howard Hughes, Jesse Owens and Babe Ruth, bombings in China and a Miami Beach fashion show, was ripped and torn. The golf ball was in the hands of one of the fleeing children. Poker chips lay side by side with tungsten wire, combs, lipstick. GUF tried to guess what some of the items were.

"They destroyed one of your party," said the commander. "I think the other one is still alive."

"I'll tend to 'em," said GUF.

"We'll take you back to our village," said the man. "There are lots of things we'd like to know about you."

"That goes double fer us," said GUF. "Those other folks pretty much tore up

what we came to find."

GUF picked up the small cup from the ground. He walked to where they had MIK propped up against a rock.

"Hello, GUF," he said. "Huh-huh, I'm not in such good shape." His glove hung uselessly on his left arm. His ears were bent and his nose was chipped. He gave off a noisy whir when he moved.

"Oh, hyuk-hyuk," said GUF. "We'll go back with these nice people, and yuh'll rest up and be right as rain, I guarantee."

"DUN didn't make it, did he, GUF?"

GUF was quiet a moment. "Nope, MIK, he didn't. I'm shore sorry it turned out this way. I'm gonna miss thuh ol' hot-head."

"Me, too," said MIK. "Are we gonna take him with us?"

"Shore thing," said GUF. He waved to the nearby men.

The town was in a green valley watered by two streams full of fish. There were small fields of beans, tomatoes and corn in town, and cattle and sheep grazed on the hillsides, watched over by guards. There were a coppersmith's shop, a council hut and many houses of wood and stone.

GUF was walking up the hill to the house MIK was in.

They had been there a little more than two weeks, talking with the people of the village, telling them what they knew. GUF usually played with the children when he and MIK didn't have to be around the grown folks. But from the day after they had buried DUN up on the hill, MIK had been getting worse. His legs had quit altogether, and he could now see only in the infrared.

"Hello, GUF," said MIK.

"How yuh doin', pardner?"

"Not so good," said MIK. "Are they making any progress on the flume?"

Two days before, MIK had told them how to get water more efficiently from one of the streams up to the middle of the village.

"We've almost got it now," said GUF. "I'm sure they'll be up and thank yuh when they're finished."

"They don't need to do that," said MIK.

"I know, but these are real nice folks, MIK. And they've had it pretty bad, what with one thing and another. They like talkin' to yuh."

GUF noticed that some of the women and children sat outside the hut, waiting to see MIK.

"I won't stay very long," said GUF. "I gotta get back and organize the cadres into work teams and instructional teams and so forth, like they asked me to help with."

"Sure thing, GUF," said MIK. "I—"

There was a great whirring noise from MIK and the smell of burning silicon.

GUF looked away. "They just don't have thuh stuff here," he said, "that I could use to fix yuh. Maybe I could find

somehin' at thuh crater. . . ."

"Don't bother," said MIK. "I doubt. . . ."

GUF looked at the village. "Oh," he said, reaching into the bag someone had made him. "I been meaning to give yuh this fer more'n a week and keep fergettin'." He handed MIK the cup from the time capsule with his picture on the side.

"I've been thinking about this since we found it," said MIK. He turned it in his good hand, barely able to see its outline.

"I wonder what else we lost at the crater."

"Lots o' stuff," said GUF, "but we got to keep this."

"This was supposed to last a long time," said MIK, "and tell people what other people were like for future ages? Then the people who put this there must really have liked the man who thought us up!"

"That's fer shore," said GUF.

"And me, too, I wonder?"

"You probably most of all," said GUF.

MIK smiled. The smile froze. His eyes went white and a thin line of condensation rose up from the ear tracks. The hand gripped the cup tightly.

Outside, the people began to sing a real sad song.

It was a bright, sunny morning. GUF put flowers on MIK's and DUN's graves at the top of the hill. He patted the earth, stood up uncertainly.

He had replaced his frozen foot with a wood-wheeled cart with which he could skate along almost as easily as walking.

He stood up and thought of MIK. He sat his carpenter's cap forward on his head and whistled a little tune.

He picked up his wooden toolbox and started off down the hill to build the kids a swing set.



Omer Brown

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WHO'S IN CHARGE?

(continued from page 80)

confident that there will be no scraping of teeth, no need to be polite and no obligation to reciprocate.

With other women, Andy would rather be the giver but not the orchestrator. He likes a woman to direct him; then he knows she's getting what she wants and he doesn't have to worry about his own performance. "I love it when a woman puts my head between her legs, and I love it when she comes. It doesn't give me a feeling of power, though. It's more a feeling of being useful."

Some men find cunnilingus both a welcome refuge from and a handy compensation for erection worries, since only your tongue needs to be in working order. Larry, 40, has been unfaithful on and off throughout 14 years of marriage. Guilt about his affairs has triggered spells of impotence with both his wife and his other women. "I never know when I'm going to turn into a eunuch," he says, "so I learned early on to give good head—partly out of guilt for not being able to perform, partly from the pleasure of having a woman on the tip of my tongue. But mostly from *machismo*: If my sword isn't gonna work, something's got to."

There are men who subscribe to neither the castration nor the compensation factor but still are wary of fellatio because of the con factor. These men tend to have been around the block a bit. From experience, they rebel against the subliminal message that swept through their adolescent minds: If a girl goes down on you, she'll do anything for you. Neil, 45, would rather give than receive for two reasons: "I find it more erotic to explore a woman's body than to have her explore mine. And I don't want to be conned. I think women put men on a little bit. Women know that men love the fantasy of male dominance played out, and so they go along with it by giving them head. Hookers use that. That's why they have so much contempt for men—because men are so easily conned."

Max, 55 and on his third marriage, says he "highly values" fellatio—but although he's physically potent when he gets head, it makes him *feel* impotent: "I always want it more than she does, and the person who cares least always has the most power." Repeatedly, he's found himself compromised by the con factor. "At the beginning of a relationship, a woman conquers me by going down on me and acting like she loves it," he says. "Once she's got me, her basic anger about having to please men comes out. A woman gives you your sexuality; she makes you feel potent, so you marry her; and then she sabotages you and makes you impotent. Because I'm the one who thrusts, I suppose I have the power when it comes to intercourse, but I've never enslaved anyone by it as I've been enslaved by oral sex." Max chooses to be a giver, because "it means I haven't given

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*"I'd like to trade up. Will you be part of my home-entertainment system?"*

anyone control of my cock."

His reaction may seem excessive, but it's not unfounded. From the first time a girl feels a guy's erection during a slow dance in high school, she suspects that therein lies not just his power but hers. She guesses that the way to a man's heart is likely to be south of his stomach, and soon she realizes that it behooves her to know what to do down there, even if she'd rather be elsewhere. Give a guy a great blow job, so the story goes, and he'll always call back.

The reverse of this, according to Robert, is give a girl great head and she'll drop the phone. Women aren't the only ones capable of using oral sex to manipulate a situation in their favor. Robert, an engaging raconteur who's quick-tongued in general, is a master at this. One night he was at a woman's apartment, beginning to make love to her, when her phone rang. It was another man she'd been seeing. "It was a demeaning position for me to be in, sitting around waiting for her while she talked to another guy. She was trying to control me by letting me cool my heels. I wanted to put her in her place and even the score, remind her that she was to be available to me on my time. As she talked on the phone, I pushed up her skirt and started eating her. She got off the phone pretty damn fast."

*Fuck's only what you do. Animals fuck. But cunt's a lot more than that. It's thee, dost see. . . . Cunt! Eh, that's the beauty of thee, lass.*

—D. H. LAWRENCE, "Lady Chatterley's Lover"

And the beast, some women fear. For if cunt is, literally, female essence and if there's anything unsavory about it, then by definition the woman is unsavory as well. An old-fashioned thought, OK, but one that lingers in the female consciousness. A woman is always worried about what men are thinking of her, and few things are more worrisome than what a man is thinking when his mouth is between her legs.

A woman may dream of the man who will want her so much and be so accepting of her that he'll beg to taste and suck her with all the lights on when she has her period. This man will kiss her all the way down her body, and when he reaches her "two-leaved Book," as the 18th Century called it, he will take her tampon string firmly between his teeth and slowly pull the thing out.

But it's only a dream. Women are ambivalent about living out their sexual fantasies. If this dream man materializes, she'll be hesitant and confused. She'll shrink from the physical and corresponding psychological exposure implied by her fantasy. She'll make excuses and muddle

around doubting his motives. She'll think, Why would anyone want to go down there that much? As Helen Lawrenson put it in her good-natured autobiographical essay "How Now, Fellatio!," the first time someone performed cunnilingus on her, back in the Twenties, she thought he had "gone mad, like what's-his-name—Nebuchadnezzar?—who got down on the ground and ate grass."

Unless a woman knows a man very well and feels secure in his affection for her, she'll be at least fleetingly suspicious of him when he goes down on her, especially the first time. She may assume from experience that he's doing it not so much out of desire for her as for the trade-off—do unto me as I do unto you. Women do tend to maintain hidden sexual agendas and to be generally more circuitous in their dealings with the opposite sex, so they expect from men what they're used to in themselves: What's said and what's meant, or what's fantasized and what's wanted, can be different things.

Men have been indoctrinated by modern times into thinking that the only sure way to satisfy a woman is through oral sex. Some men are so sensitized to the propaganda that they feel guilty if they don't do so during the first encounter. But most women can tell whether or not obligation lurks behind the licks. Women are paranoid observers of signs and portents when it comes to cunnilingus. Some habitually

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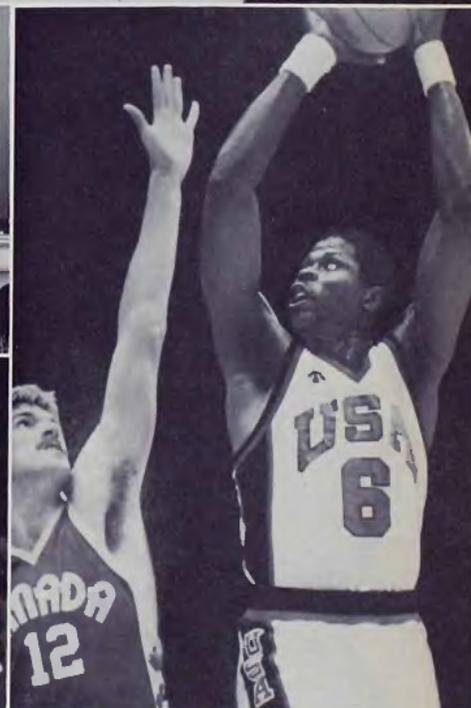
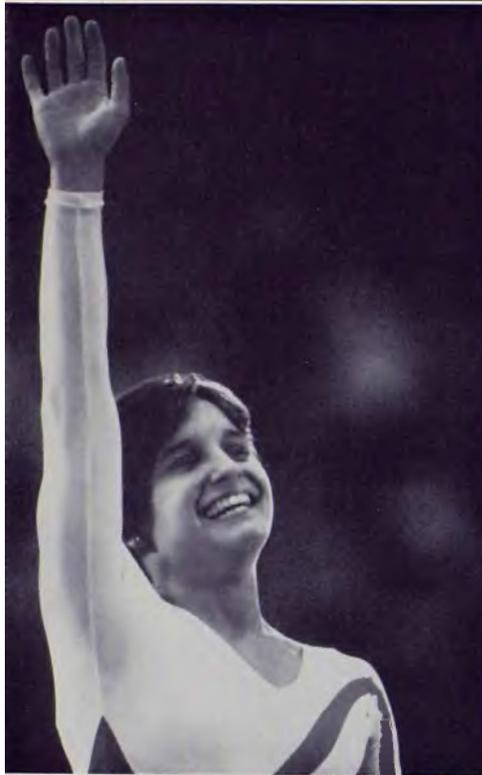
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notice the state of a man's erection. If he's really hard when he begins and is less so when he comes up, it will be duly noted, and she'll assume one of two things without asking for clarification: Either she smells or tastes bad or he doesn't like to do it. She may go on to feel embarrassed about the former or to hate him for the latter. Obviously, she'd be better off not looking.

Hilary doesn't enjoy cunnilingus, because she's worried about taking too long and it makes her feel resentful and powerless that someone else has his finger on the stop watch. Her sense of time pressure often gets expressed through hostility and bitterness toward the man, sometimes justifiably, sometimes not. The expectation of frustration keeps her locked in a negative cycle: She's afraid to let go, because she's sure that he'll decide that her time's up just as she comes close to orgasm.

If a woman begins with the assumption that she's not going to be well cared for, it doesn't matter how skilled or enthusiastic a man is about giving head. He just can't win. With some women, men are damned if they do and damned if they don't. If such a woman likes getting head but you don't do it long enough or in the right place or without enough enthusiasm, she thinks you're selfish. If she doesn't like it but won't say so, you'll do it for too long and then she'll be turned off by the time you want to enter her or have her return the favor. If she does like it and you do it right and for long enough—well, even then, there are no guarantees, because some women feel endangered by sexual abandon and the loss of control implied by it. Such a woman may focus on the man's pleasure instead—not because she's submissive but because she's protecting herself by holding back.

Jessie, 34, is confident of her skill as a giver of head, a confidence that has been reinforced by many lovers. Getting head is a different matter. "When I feel a man grow in my mouth, I feel power. Giving head puts me on a completely equal basis with a man. It's the only sex act that doesn't make me feel like a receptacle, because I'm directing his arousal. I can make him change size; I can make him come or make him wait. I look at his cock as a feast. But I discourage a man from going down on me. My mind won't click off. I can't reach that complete concentration and involvement that I experience when I'm giving." Why not? "I suppose because I don't like to give up that control. It makes me too vulnerable."

Occasionally, a man can seize oral control of a reluctant woman and be rewarded for his action. Fred, 28, met a woman on a business trip. She was about 20 years older than he was and had just separated from her husband. She was of a generation that produced virgins for wedding nights, and she had never known a man other than her husband. No one had ever gone down on

her. "I wanted to be the first one," says Fred. "She was embarrassed about it and tried to push me away, but I held her legs open and told her to relax. I wanted to make her like it, to break down that barrier, especially because it seemed like one of those no-no, yes-yes situations. The third time I did it to her, a few weeks later, she came. She seemed awed, as if I knew her better than she knew herself. That definitely felt like power. It was the power of experience—being a professor of sexual matters."

There's one configuration that, because of its equality of action, seems to have no place in S/M pornography such as *Story of O*, and that's the pretzeled scene known as *soixante-neuf*, or 69. The vocabulary for it may be limited, but not the opinions of it. It's like New York City—people either love it or hate it. Some say it's the most mutual, intimate and engrossing sex act possible; others find it nerve-rackingly competitive, distracting and uncomfortable. People who have had simultaneous orgasm in it say that the experience is devastating in intensity. It's not a position new lovers are likely to curl into without some prior acquaintance.

In ongoing relationships, there does seem to be a pattern: The less emotional the interchange between the partners, the

less likely it is that 69—by definition not a one-sided act—figures prominently in their sex life. The pro-69ers tend to be the ones least likely to relate power to sex and the ones most likely to prefer intercourse to either cunnilingus or fellatio alone. "If a man's between my legs and I'm way up here," says Anne, "it feels so detached. I want a literal physical connection. With men I love, my favorites are either 69 or fucking and Frenching at the same time. But I have to be in love to want to be that connected."

*And this is sex, this is it . . . and he feels the feeling coming down right down there, grouping up and he presses his face down, with the mouth, such a mouth he's got . . . and he's done me, done me. . . .*

—JILL ROBINSON, "Perdido"

Well, yes. We'd probably have a lot more fun if we forgot about power. "Isn't it supposed to be mindless?" says Danny, 31, under his usual façade of self-containment. "I want someone to be lost in space when I go down on her. I want to be lost in space when she goes down on me. Isn't that the whole point? To lose control?"



LUKE EARTHWALKER

# SUMMERTIME BREWS

(continued from page 116)

*"Beer is the natural drink at a cookout, and in these eclectic times, it should match the food."*

them: Springtime brings bock beers; summer welcomes in *Weizen*, or wheat, beers; and in autumn there are Oktoberfest beers. Bock beers are strong and sustaining, *Weizen* beers fruity and refreshing, Oktoberfest beers malty and nourishing. Such specialty brews were a part of American tradition, too, before Prohibition, and they are now making a comeback. German-American brewers in Wisconsin have long produced bock beers in spring. In the West, the Anchor Brewing Company of San Francisco has gone one better by producing its own *Weizen* beer, strictly as a summer specialty. If beer is the Yuppie drink, then *Weizen* is the most upwardly mobile style. Look for those tall, vase-shaped glasses of *Weizen* beer, garnished with a slice of lemon.

The British refresh themselves with draughts of Bass or some other English ale. In the rare event of a hot summer, the ale may be compounded with equal proportions of lemonade or ginger beer to produce a shandy. Fill a punch bowl with large chunks of ice and gently pour on equal quantities of an English ale and gin-

ger beer. You might even care to add a dash of sweet lime juice and, perhaps, dust your beer punch with nutmeg. Add some fresh fruit, such as Michigan cherries, for decoration.

The hop and the juniper have long been partners in crime. Many a Dutchman has been known to brighten his summer by using his Heineken or Grolsch, Brand's or Gulpener to chase down a shot of Bols or De Kuyper gin. With such imported light beers as Amstel now being challenged by Nordik Wölf and Rolland (St. Pauli Girl's boyfriend), perhaps aquavit and schnapps will be looking for chasers, too.

The most sophisticated summertime brew is surely Guinness, lightly chilled, served half and half with champagne. Pour these two noble ingredients simultaneously into a pitcher—very gently, indeed—and serve them at an outdoor party on a hot summer's day. The tangy kiss of stout is arousing; its smoothness, soothing. Marry those to the *frisson* of champagne and you have an intoxicating combination. Black velvet is the perfect name for it. There is a less extravagant

version, too: black satin. This combines stout and cider, a bittersweet accompaniment to roast suckling pig.

Beer is the natural drink at a cookout, and in these eclectic gastronomic times, it should match the food. There are some natural combinations—pale beers with fish or chicken; dark ones with spicy foods; ales with red meats—but there is also the question of provenance.

For example, if the cheese is from Wisconsin, shouldn't the beer be, too? Miller, the Wisconsin brewery that popularized light beer, developed America's archetypal summertime brew. Now Miller has a new, draught-fresh beer called Plank Road on the drawing board. If you are going to have a Creole shrimp boil, try to find Dixie beer from New Orleans. If it's going to be ribs over a mesquite barbecue, how about something from Texas: Pearl, Lone Star or the rare Shiner beer? Those most American of beers are light and cooling and won't overpower food.

To hunt down beers from corners of the Union may seem a frivolous pursuit, but so is partying. That is the joy of summer: long, lazy days without four walls to trap the soul, without having to dress up or work too hard at anything, even at entertaining. No patently crafted, elaborate dinners with condescending little wines, just a cookout with beer. A connoisseur's

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cookout, all the same, with a choice of food—and beer—that friends will remember with a sunny glow in the dark days of next winter.

One beer is not enough. Was it ever? Offer a selection, but in modest servings—six ounces, in a large wineglass or highball glass, is plenty. The idea is to taste, not to chugalug. Nor will beer stay cold in larger vessels, especially if it has been only lightly chilled. Most beers taste best at 45 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit, though some specialties should be warmer or colder. Half a dozen beers is about right—perhaps three from the U.S., each from a different state, and the others from a variety of countries. Pick each beer to suit a certain stage of the proceedings.

**A WELCOMING DRINK**

A Belgian cherry *kriek*: Mort Subite, Lindeman, Liefman or Belle Vue.

**WITH DIPS**

A Mexican beer, preferably Tecate, very well chilled, served with salt round the rim of the glass and with a half lime or lemon.

**WITH CHEESE**

If you're serving Wisconsin cheddar, try a beer from that state. If you're serving a Canadian cheddar, try a Labatt's or a Molson Golden. Muenster calls for brown bread and a Belgian monastic beer such as Orval. Cream cheese, radishes and rye bread go well with a *Weizen* beer from Germany.

**WITH SAUSAGES, WURST OR SALAMI**

A German beer such as Beck's, Henninger or St. Pauli Girl, or a Midwestern brew such as Budweiser, Michelob, Stroh's Signature or Christian Moerlein.

**WITH OYSTERS OR CLAMS**

An Irish stout—Guinness or Beamish—or an American porter such as Jubilee or Pottsville, or a black velvet.

**WITH CHILI**

An amber beer, ideally Dos Equis, from Mexico.

**WITH RIBS**

A Texas beer, or an American dark such as Michelob Classic Dark, or a smoked German beer such as Kaiserdom Rauchbier.

**WITH STEAK**

Bass, Whitbread or Sam Smith's Pale Ale, or an American counterpart, served at a natural cellar temperature.

Keep your beer indoors and out of direct sunlight until you are ready to serve it. Exposure to sunlight can quickly make beer taste skunky—a known cause of the summertime blues.



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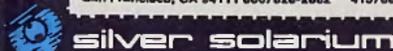
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*"Notch and tell. That's the name of this game, and the girls play it as well as the guys."*

concluded with a resolution to go to the bar.

Outside Orville & Wilbur's, valets park the cars, and inside, it is crowded, as always, with ferns and brass and reprobant signs and people with tans. A live band plays oldies. Three guys in the bathroom are offering free toots if you'll buy. They'll take a personal check or offer a ride to a moneymatic. Two men in ties discuss Johnny Carson. Two girls in dresses discuss at-home bikini wax.

The players have been here 15 minutes. Already they're landscaped with girls. The girls pose just so: chin raised, one foot balancing on the heel of an open-toed pump, one hand resting on a hip. They smile, widen their eyes, giggle. They throw their hair back a lot. The players stand with their arms crossed. The talk is about MTV, automobiles, cable TV, tennis, movies, going to the beach, getting wasted and, of course, volleyball. Whenever one of the girls looks away from the player she's talking to, checks to see how her friends are doing with the other players, the player she's talking to looks down, checks to see how the girl's tits are doing.

An important concept: Here in Manhattan Beach, you call them girls. Fifteen miles down the Coast from L.A., in the heart of the heart of the lifestyle, there are no women, and there are none in this bar,

except, perhaps, for the older lady in a pants suit who looks like someone's mother visiting from back East. Here, a place that residents gleefully call the herpes capital of the world, "I'm active!" is a greeting and Alan Alda might as well be the Ayatollah. Men are men. Girls are volley dollies, fringe bennies or, more universally, trim.

Girls are measured in numbers. Guys don't fuck, they notch. They build numbers. A few years ago, Hov tried to count. Lost track at 300. Numbers like that require a strange sort of selectivity: This one has a good face, so she's notchable. This one isn't so pretty but has great tits, so she's notchable. This one does laundry; this one likes to cook. This one looks bad in a bathing suit but good in clothes, so she's a wintertime notch.

Notch and tell. That's the name of this game, and the girls play it as well as the guys. Singles bar at the mailbox, in the parking lot, on the sit-up board. Any time, day or night. Sniff. You hear so many stories, you start to believe that some percentage must be true. While the gentlemen on the East Coast are whining and dining, these guys with the blow-dried hair are notching. They're notching in the toilet. Notching with a few friends watching from the closet. They're bringing home a notch,

notching, passing the notch to a roommate. The roommate notches and then passes her to a third. The third guy takes her away for the weekend. This may happen more than once with the same girl. That's what they say, anyway.

Spend a few weeks out here and you begin to realize that people aren't going to restaurants or record stores to eat or buy records. They're going in search of notch. They're not running and biking and lifting for health. They're doing those things so their calves will look good when they angle their feet on the heels of their pumps. So their biceps will strain at the sleeves of their T-shirts. So the numbers on the Manhattan Beach notch exchange will be forever bullish.

Hov hunts notch on the theory of space invasion. Say anything just to enter the bubble of a girl's awareness—just to get her to focus on the product. The product has been on the cover of *U.S. News & World Report*. It's been July on a calendar. If she doesn't buy, one of the next ten or 15 will.

Tell her her neck is probably sensitive. Ask her if she really needs to eat that whole plate of Nachos herself. Offer to help her lose some calories. Guess her bra size. Ask if she'd like a drink: "May I buy you a cocktail?" And if she counters with a smirk and a line of her own, something like, "I have a daughter your age," riposte quickly with, "I'll buy her a cocktail, too."

They have some kind of style, these volleyball gods. Standing there against the wall of the bar, on this Wednesday night before the most important tournament of the season, they are an awesome group.

There is Sinjin Smith, world champion in 1979, 1980 and 1982. Great name. Lives at his mom's house, in a separate addition in the back. Trophy shelves run the circumference of the little room, the centerpieces of which are the 1979 N.C.A.A. volleyball-championship trophy—he was M.V.P.—and a king-size bed. On the back of his door is a Levi's-jeans advertisement, poster size, featuring Sinjin Smith.

Sinjin is managed by the high-powered Nina Blanchard and Ford agencies. He has modeled in *GQ*, *Vogue* and *PLAYBOY*, has done television commercials for Woolite, Alberto VO-5, Coppertone and Arrow Shirts. He appeared in an episode of *Magnum, P.I.* as Tom Selleck's two-man-volleyball partner. Sinjin's body washed ashore shortly after the first station break. Two years ago, Sinjin was the billboard boy for the Milk Advisory Board. There he was, two stories tall, all over California, bare-chested in tennis shorts, with a woman draped over his shoulder. The message: MILK—IT DOES A BODY GOOD.

Jon Stevenson wears his hair like Prince Valiant. Has the most devoted groupies of anyone on the tour—an entire family in Clearwater, Florida. When Stevenson comes to town, the family puts him up at



*"Your father taught me everything I know about sex, dear. Which is why I suggest you go read a book on the subject."*



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their home, feeds him, gives him a van to drive. The family has a son who wants to be just like him. The father is always saying to Stevenson, in that Florida drawl that all the players mock, "Why don't you take Jeffrey here down to the schoolyard and do some one-sets with him, give him a few pointers? Just as a favor now, hear?"

Stevenson and the other players can't stand the family. They invite young Jeffrey to parties that don't take place. They feed the mother's home-cooked dinners to the dog under the table. But they always go back.

Missing from the group tonight is Andy Fishburn, the one whom Hov will later assault with lugies. Fishburn thinks the strike is stupid, that they've come pretty far in eight years, that the rest of the players don't understand business.

Fishburn understands business. He is a project manager for Barclay Hollander Corporation, the real-estate-development firm that drained Marina del Rey and introduced condominiums to Southern California.

Fish played his college volleyball at Stanford and Yale. He looks like Robert Redford. Once, he went to Magic Mountain with his wife. Six women asked if he was the actor. He does resemble him, only Fish is prettier—upturned nose, no moles. Fish has some Hollywood in him, though. His grandfather directed the original version of *Ben Hur*. His grandmother played Maid Marian in the original *Robin Hood*.

Also absent are Gary Hooper, who works in his father's insurance and brokerage firm, and Dane Selznick. Selznick owns two surfboards, drives a chocolate-brown Eldorado, models and acts in movies and commercials. He played the medic for a team of girl football players in *Oklahoma City Dolls*.

As always, O.B. is here. He is a former world champion, and the players respect him. He is the personality on the tour, the John McEnroe of two-man pro volleyball. Wherever they go, the local press writes a story about him, even though he hasn't won a tournament since 1981. When O.B. makes a bad play, he bites the net. When he doesn't like a ref's call, he pulls down his trunks. In the finals of the 1983 world championship, he and his partner had game point on Hov and Dodd, but for some reason, O.B. felt the need to hit an easy set with his head instead of his palm. The crowd cheered. They won the point but lost the game. But people remember that head. Just as they remember the time he stopped a match, called over a waitress and ordered one of those tropical drinks with an umbrella garnish.

Dodd is talking to Karch. Both of them have new flattop hair styles. Karch is probably the best player on the tour, but in general, the Olympic players are not as good on the beach. The two-man game

requires more all-round skills than the six-man indoor version. In six-man, players are specialized. There are spikers, setters, blockers. They play on a fast floor. On the beach, two players have to have all the skills, have to cover the same size court on a slower surface.

Also present are a few of the lesser gods. Under any other circumstance, they'd be rated L for loser. Earlier this season, at a tourney at Santa Cruz, two of the losers had made reservations a year in advance for an ocean-front room at the Dream Inn. Hov and Dodd had made no reservations. They landed in a motel two miles away. So they drove to the Dream Inn and liberated the room from the losers—just told them to leave. They vanished.

Tonight, this Wednesday before the Cuervo world championship, and for the course of the planning of the upcoming strike and the eventual switch to Group Dynamics, the losers are included. The cool guys are clapping them on their backs. Someone has to make the picket signs and write the press releases and find a Xerox machine. In exchange, the gods have allowed an invasion of the nerds.

The losers are loving it. As Hov and the rest of the gods engage in their various space invasions, one of the losers, 5'8", brown hair, adenoid problem, gets up his new courage of association and approaches two beautiful girls.

"How you doing, girls?"

No answer.

"May I buy you girls a cocktail?"

"No."

"I've already got a drink."

"Well, then how about some dinner?"

"No."

"Thank you, no."

"I'm a professional volleyball player. What do you girls do?"

"We work."

"Downtown."

"Oh. . . Well. . . Would either of you girls care to fuck?"

•

Mornings at Manhattan Beach belong to mothers, tan but not so beautiful anymore. They wear shorts over their scant bikinis. Their towheaded children play naked on blankets by the volleyball net. It is Thursday, the day before the Cuervo world championship. There's a group of six women rotating games on one court, four more on another, two alone on another, waiting for their game to begin. The group of six plays twice a week. The same six, more or less, have been coming here for five years for two-woman volleyball, housewives getting together for the South Bay version of mah-jongg, bowling or tennis.

Above the courts, people play body mania on a concrete boardwalk called the Strand. They jog, bike, skate. They have deltoids. It's not like back East. There's no

such thing as "You have to know me to love me." On the beach, you can't wear a bulky sweater to hide your flab. The ten extra pounds are harder to ignore. Here, there are no fat people. Here, in a town two miles square, there are, by informal count, ten places to pump iron and only one bookstore. The marquee at the Manhattan Beach Health Club advises, THERE'S A PROBLEM WHEN PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE OVER 40 AND YOU REALLY ARE. The weekly tabloid is called *Easy Reader*.

Off the Strand, a cramped line of mansions and then a sharp rise in the land. The slopes are stippled with cracker-box houses, peopled with stewardesses who live in efficiencies for \$600 or \$700 a month, salesmen who live in illegal converted garages. Lots of stucco, balconies, windows, weathered wood. Take a look inside. Just the necessities—tubes, tunes, beds. A heap of running gear in the corner. Beer and Gatorade and lunch meat in the refrigerator. Cars are parked everywhere on the narrow streets, on the sidewalks, on the postage-stamp lawns. Except for a handful of vintage Americans and quite a few jeeps with surfboard racks, most are lifestyle mobiles: Hondas, Porsches, Zs, BMers. The cars head north in the mornings and south in the evenings, back and forth from livelihood to life.

There is some industry around Manhattan Beach. TRW and Hughes are nearby, as are several refineries and a pottery factory. But mostly, during the day, the feel is deserted village. Echo of waves, hum of neon, tinkle of bicycle bell. Nice.

Soon, at lunchtime, the beach will fill with car pools of men breaking for two-man volleyball. The students will come after that, planting their surfboards in the sand, playing a few games before the waves come up, and then the men will return again about five. Most of the day, the eight courts here off Marine Avenue will be busy, as will thousands of courts up and down the Coast.

But at the moment, on this Thursday morning, the beach belongs to the mothers. They've stopped playing volleyball to sing *Happy Birthday*, give out cookies to the kids.

Nearby, Hov and O.B. are sitting in the sand. Hov is bouncing a volleyball on his knee. O.B. is running sand through his hand. They've already decided to strike, but they're here to practice, because they figure the minute Poodle hears that they've decided not to play, he'll cave to their demands. Turn the books, the money, the whole pro circuit over to them.

The gods are used to getting their way. They surround themselves with people who will give it to them. Hov's father, who lives 15 minutes north, cooks him breakfast. His mother does his laundry. O.B.'s wife does those things for him. His family lets him work a flexible schedule in their



### Underground classic

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And classics don't need million-dollar hype. Just women of impeccable taste.



restaurant so it won't interfere with his volleyball. Both Hov and O.B. get stock tips from fans. Two days ago, Hov bought Phillips Petroleum on a tip. This morning, it is up five points. Another fan has taken Mike Dodd under wing. Dodd's got a condo among his numerous investments in Manhattan Beach, a fortune in a town where an old house is usually demolished before a new one can be built.

Right now, though, the problem is getting up some games, and no one can help them with that. There are two college guys—amateur players, losers—sitting five feet away. Hov and O.B. would rather sit than play with them. Another god is bound to show soon.

"Jesus," says Hov, looking over at the birthday party. "These women really breed."

"Mother cows," says O.B.

"They play every Wednesday."

"Today's Thursday."

"Oh."

"Where is everybody? Nobody comes to the beach anymore."

"Yeah, everybody's working, I guess."

"I shoulda worked today," says O.B.

"Stop bitching. Taking a day off is the best thing in life for you. Only thing better is not working at all."

"I just can't believe there's nobody here. In the old days, I'd go up to Sorrento at 9:30 in the morning. Von Hagen and all those guys would be there. They'd play all day long. Play every game. Ten, 12 games. Play until dark. . . ."

"So they were stupid."

"They'd play with anybody. Hacks, girls, anybody. Just kept touching the ball. That's why Von Hagen and those guys were so good."

"Fuck. None of those guys would be any good today. They wouldn't make shit for dollars. We'd eat 'em and swallow. . . ."

As Hov and O.B. talk, a third loser joins the two others. Fifteen minutes later, there comes a fourth. They start a game.

Hov and O.B. sit.

Then Hov says, "You hungry?"

"I could eat."

"We can always come by later and see if there's some games."

"Fuck, there's nobody to play with anymore, anyway."

"Would you pose in the nude?"

"Nope."

"Not even for money?"

"Nope."

"For a quarter of a million?"

"Nope."

"Do you have a lot of money or something?"

"Yep."

By Sunday, the last day of the 1984 Cuervo world championship, the guy from *Playgirl* has enlisted the aid of the bimbo from Renault. She's had quite a lot to drink, is deviating from the written ques-

tions for potential *Playgirl* centerfolds. Her license plate, by the way, says FLASHHH. It's framed by a plate guard that says CHAINS REQUIRED. WHIPS OPTIONAL. She has a two-year-old daughter at home with a sitter. Her husband sells cars. You can look, but you can't touch. That seems fine to the correspondent from *Playgirl*. He's apparently taken her up because he doesn't want potential centerfolds to think he's a fag. The two are bounding from hunk to hunk on the outskirts of center court. Somehow, amazingly, the bimbo keeps her balance, even on spike-heeled sandals in sand. At the moment, though, she's kneeling on the edge of a blanket at Andy Fishburn's feet. Fish, the god who crossed the picket line, is not interested in being a centerfold. Last night, his wife had their first baby. Right now, he's waiting to play and win the finals of the world championship.

All around them, there's an event going on. The bikinis, the beer, the nipple rings and the regatta of sloops in the distance, the balloon bottle of Cuervo Gold sagging a bit after three days of boogie max. No one seems to care that the gods didn't play. No one seems to care that none of the semifinalists were seeded. They gave a tournament without the gods and people still came.

In droves. Thirty thousand people over three days. All the gods could do was stand outside the fence at Seaside Lagoon with picket signs that said, WHERE'S THE MONEY? and FUCK EVENT CONCEPTS. Occasionally, one of the gods would observe how small the crowd was this year. Occasionally, Hov would come out of the motor home to pick a fight, shoot a few Ls at the losers who had crossed the line to play. He kept saying the same thing: "Every time I see you at the beach from now on, I'm going to be all over you. You're going down, bro. *Doowwwnnn!* Every time I see you, you're dead. *Deaaaaaaaad!* You're a fucking scab for life."

Hov's father, C.O., came by to sit with Hov in the motor home. C.O., a semiretired school-supply salesman, was getting disgusted with Indiana Hov, with the strike, with Hov's rampage. "If you're going to drink, drink, and if you're going to talk, talk, but you can't do both at the same time," C.O. advised him several times. Hov's brother, a personal-injury attorney, also advised him to cool it. He figured Renault had grounds for breach of contract.

To this, Hov said, "In one ear and out the other. Doesn't register a twinkle." Then he opened another beer.

Meanwhile, the other gods milled around the entrance to Seaside Lagoon, telling some fans that "the best players in the world are not participating in the tournament today," flipping the bird to other fans who said, "What are you striking for,

smaller bikinis and free beer?" A representative of the Abused, Battered Children's Foundation of Marina del Rey stopped by to pitch the players. He was offering five grand a player—minimum—for participation in his own event, the Abused, Battered Children's Pro Celebrity Volleyball Tour.

Some fans did leave when they saw that the gods were on strike. First, though, they asked the players questions and stood real close, patting their backs, basking in solidarity with the movement, in familiarity with the gods. Other fans hung around outside the fence with the players. These were mostly adolescent girls. The players said things to them like, "Hey, honey, want to suck some cock?" and "Come take a look at my Trousersaurus rex." To this the girls giggled and rubbed more Coppertone on their backs.

At one point, a fan with a bunch of cameras came by. He wanted to take their picture. The players told him to fuck off. He said, "But this is a gathering of the best players in the world in one place."

"You're damn right, bro," said one of the players. "Let him take the picture."

Conservatively, 14,000 of the spectators were on hand for the naming of Miss Jose Cuervo. The 1984 *Penthouse* Pet of the Year was the chief judge. More than a few of the fans commented that she was fat. She had a pimple on her thigh that could be seen three rows back. But the contestants weren't bad. Even the players laid down their signs and sneaked inside to watch Sylvia Adams (who said, in response to her question, that she would take a good-looking man and two cases of Cuervo Gold if she were stranded on a desert island), Beverly Bunn, Marissa Mendoza and Strawberry Frehoff compete for the \$1000 in prize money. Strawberry wore a leopard bathing suit. Her aspiration, she said, was to get into real estate. She had the second-largest tits in the group, but the one with the largest had a bit too much stomach. Strawberry won the prize.

By today, Sunday, the number of gods has dwindled. The teeny-bopper trim is absent—something about two of them and a god in a shower at a party last night. The boom box and *Solidarity Forever* are gone, too. The picket signs have been stuck, unattended, into the Cyclone fence. Wally the Renault rep is home with his wife. Hov and Dodd are here, as are Karch and Sinjin and O.B. Hov still hasn't picked up a picket sign, but he has hoisted quite a few Coors. Between Hov and the bimbo, four or five cases have probably been drunk. That doesn't include last night. Hov went to Orville & Wilbur's, then left and went to a massage parlor to visit a Japanese friend, then came back to Manhattan Beach and hit two other bars, then returned to Orville & Wilbur's. Just about

“First I switched to rum.  
Then I graduated to the flavor of  
Myers’s Original Dark.”

“If you’ve grown to appreciate the finer things in life, you’ll welcome the difference in Myers’s Original Dark, the world’s finest Jamaican rum.

The flavor is deep, rich and adventurous... pleasingly dry. Because Myers’s takes the time to make it that way... following the same high standards they set in 1879. And what Myers’s flavor does for the juice of the orange is nothing short of wondrous.

You’ll see, once you graduate to the flavor of Original Dark, there’s just no turning back.”

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FROM THE MYERS’S COLLECTION  
OF JAMAICAN RUMS.



MYERS'S RUM: 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE FRED L. MYERS & SON CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

closing time, he hooked a notch. Her face wasn't too great; her tits weren't too great. She probably didn't look too great in a bathing suit and she certainly didn't look great in her sun dress. But she bought the product. She was noticable.

Hov really started going at the Coors yesterday afternoon, after Poodle the promoter, feeling that he had broken the strike and assured his continued position as king of the gods, had set the record straight on who was an L for loser.

It began after some of the players had realized that Poodle wasn't going to cave to their demands, that the 1984 Jose Cuervo World Championship of Beach Volleyball was going to be played without them, that someone else was going to win the \$22,000 purse. When this had sunk in, a group of the volleyball gods went to Poodle and begged him to start the tournament over again, to let them play. Hov even came out of the motor home to hear the verdict.

"No waaaaaay!" is what Poodle said.

After he said that, Poodle had leaned back, fluffed his curly hair, screwed his small, dark eyes into the big blue ones belonging to Indiana Hov, Mr. Southern California. He let Hov twitch a moment,

then said, "Be happy for yourselves. You stood up for your principles. Don't regret it. I stood up for what I believed in, too. I'm going to do what I gotta do, too. This strike will serve a useful purpose. Maybe after this we'll see we need each other, that we have to work together, that we can't screw each other."

To this, Hov had said, "Money talks, bullshit walks." Then he walked away. Poodle had won. Or at least it appeared that way. Hov wouldn't be world champion twice in a row, at least not this time. His sponsor was mad at him, might even file suit. And worse, Hov had heard through the grapevine that Dodd, his partner, had called the Olympic coach to discuss getting back onto the national team. Hov knew now that the strike was dead, that the players would be back out on the sand next week for the last tourney of the season, the Miller Tournament of Champions in San Diego. He knew now also that ABC and *Life* and the rest were still a dream away. It appeared, as he walked away from Poodle, head lowered, thongs scuffing, that tears were welling in his eyes, though that could have been just a reaction to the bright sun after all that time spent in the motor home.

Then, all of a sudden, Hov stopped and bellowed:

"I got it. I got it. I goooooooot it!"

The players gathered.

"We can put on our own tournament!"

"Yeah. Like an exhibition," said Dodd, warming. "Like 'Come on out and see the best players in the world practicing!'"

"Yeah."

"All right!"

"We'll show them some real volleyball!"

"I don't know about this, bro," said O.B. "This could really piss off the sponsors."

"Fuck them!"

"Yeah," said O.B. "But what if nobody comes?"

"You don't think the fans would come see us?"

"Who the fuck will know to come?" said Jon Stevenson. "Poodle and those guys advertise for weeks before the tournaments. They spend all this money on radio and newspaper ads and stuff."

"So what?" said Hov.

"What, you think the fans are gonna get our vibes and know to come?" said Stevenson.

And so there convened another council of the gods, and so Indiana Hov's last-ditch solution was put to a vote and defeated unanimously. Even Hov voted against it. Then he went back to the motor home.

And now it is Sunday, and the finals of the world championship are about to be played without him. Hov is once again in the motor home. Only this time, he's alone.

"I don't know," Hov is saying between drags on another Coors. "At this point, I'd say Event Concepts has pulled it off. The people are going to show up because of the beach party. It's nothing compared to normal, the caliber isn't near the same, but the people are here. . . ."

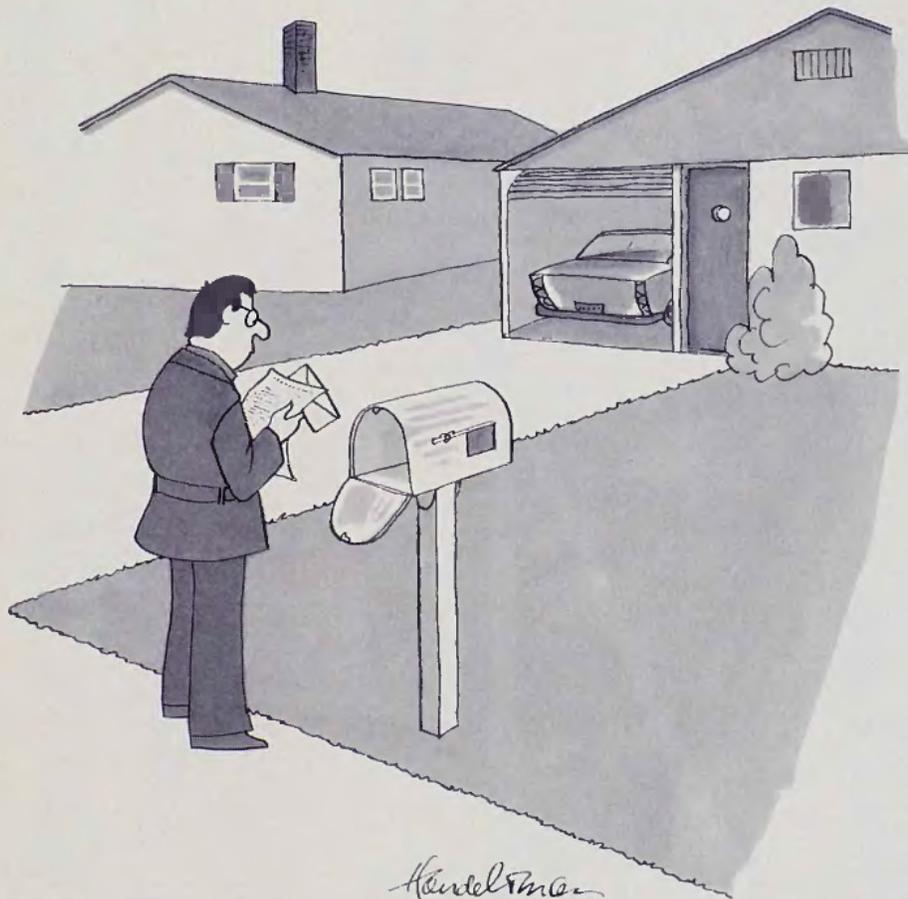
"I worked very hard to get where I am. I find when I work hard, then I usually win. There has been an occasion when something has gone wrong, when somebody has played better. But that's rare. And once I lose to someone, I guarantee I won't lose again.

"Never again.

"No waaaaaay!"

Outside the motor home, on the beach, a tall man wearing a gold chain is kicking around in the sand, scoping the beer, the buns, the games. He has a folder under one arm that says GROUP DYNAMICS, INC. His name is Jack Butefish. He's making notes on a little pad. One thing he's written is DISCONTENT. Another is RECOGNITION/CASH. A third is HOV. The last he's circled three times.

He knows a god when he sees one.



Harold Miner

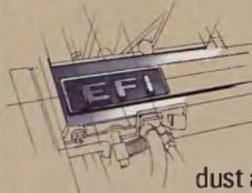
"Dear Friend: You may already have won a million dollars! If you believe that, you'll believe anything, so here's what we want you to do. . . ."



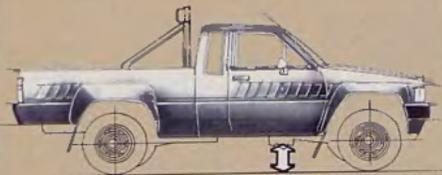
Declare your independence. Bust out. Take off.

And escape to the high country in OFF ROAD's small 4X4 of the year.\* It's got the highest running ground clearance in its class. So you can ride high over obstacles—not into them. With solid steel skid plates under the transfer case and fuel tank, you've got two less things to worry about. Kick up some dust and leave the pack coughing with the most powerful engine ever built for a truck in its class. Bar none. The 116 powerful horses in its 2.4 liter engine, fed by Electronic Fuel Injection, give it the muscle to do it.

You'll not only run faster, you'll unshackle yourself from most repair bills,



too. Ask around. Toyota owners reported the lowest incidence of repairs for any small truck—imported or domestic.\*\*

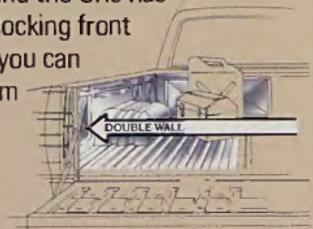


Examine the way it's built and you can see why. Double wall construction can take the slams of a 1,400-pound payload.\*\*\* Its suspension system with solid front-and-rear axles has been proven off-road for reliability and durability. Protected like a tank, this feisty 4X4 boasts wide P225/75R15 tires, and pounds along because it can take a pounding.

To free you from want in the cab, there's full, rich carpeting, and an

# OH WHAT A FEELING! TOYOTA

AM/FM/MPX sound system. The Xtracab includes extra space behind the seats and the SR5 has automatic locking front hubs—so you can change from 2WD to 4WD on command from the comfort of the cab.



Don't be a slave to an ordinary truck. This one's your getaway.

\*OFF ROAD, March 1985  
\*\* 1984 J.D. Power Compact Pickup Truck Survey  
\*\*\* Including occupants, equipment and cargo.  
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**#1 SELLING SMALL TRUCK IN AMERICA.†**

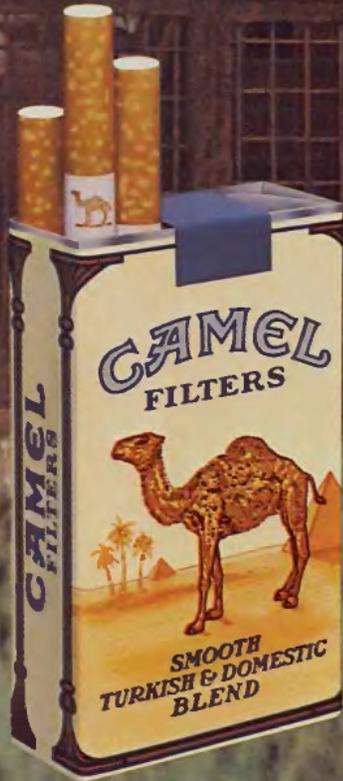
## THE 1985 TOYOTA 4X4 SR5. GET ABOVE THE CROWD.



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*“When I became intimate with men, I heard if you don’t make love six times a day, something is wrong.”*

Perfect is about what the press can and cannot do and about how much it can hurt people. My character has been burned by the press one time too many. Then she gets burned by Travolta’s character. He puts down a couple of girls for being promiscuous and for wanting plastic surgery to improve their looks.

12.

PLAYBOY: OK, defend plastic surgery.  
CURTIS: Oh, in a second. If it makes you feel better about yourself, do it. It’s not immoral. If someone says her husband wouldn’t like it, the hell with her husband. Don’t expect too much, though; it will straighten your nose, but it won’t give you happiness. I live with my body every day, and every day I see changes. Some I like, some I don’t. I like lines around my eyes. I don’t like fat. The breasts drop. It happens to everybody. So if it’s going to take getting my eyes pulled up, I’ll do it. Any woman who wants to do it should, and I’ll stand up for her and punch her husband.

13.

PLAYBOY: What’s the second-best thing about your body?  
CURTIS: What’s the first? [Pauses] My eyes are. My toes are pretty great, too. Cute. Like little hands.

14.

PLAYBOY: How do women make friends?  
CURTIS: Many are made at school, where there’s a lot of bonding because of the hormonal changes. You end up in little groups, going, “Is this happening to you, too?” Plus, you’re shielding yourself from boys. Then you discover boys and end up spending so much time with your lover that your friendships with girls change drastically. I’m going through that now.

15.

PLAYBOY: What’s the best advice a woman has ever given you?  
CURTIS: My mother told me to be true to who I am. Dealing with everyone’s expectations of who I was supposed to be was my biggest burden. For example, when I first became intimate with men, I heard that if you don’t make love six times a day, something is wrong with you. Now I’m trying to throw all those expectations—external and internal—out.

16.

PLAYBOY: How do you pack? What do you always take with you?  
CURTIS: I’m an amazing packer. I’ve even

got pictures of me packing for a European tour I did to promote *Trading Places*. Pretty funny. I always overpack if someone else is going to carry my bags. If I have to carry them, I underpack. I carry only basic things, and always in black. When black gets dirty, I just clean it with a lint brush. I always take tennis shoes, because I wear them with dresses and I have a terrible back anyway. I’ve learned how to pack cashmere in tissue paper so it doesn’t wrinkle. That’s a good tip. I’m just very organized and I have everything in plastic bags—underwear in one, something else in another. Now I’m thinking about reading this one day and wondering who cares if I put my underwear in a plastic bag. I also unpack wherever I stop, even if it’s just for a day. Everything goes into drawers. I’m usually very neat—though I tend to litter horribly around my airplane seat.

17.

PLAYBOY: What are your home-improvement skills and what have you done with them?  
CURTIS: I’ve laid tile. I’ve refinished furniture. I’m handy with a hammer and nails. Stripping wallpaper is a nightmare. Once you start, you do not finish until you’re

finished. But I like to do things myself. If a jar needs opening, I don’t like to ask someone else to do it. I’ll do everything in my power to get it open before I turn to Chris and go, “Honey?”

18.

PLAYBOY: Your personal corporation is called Kid Curtis. What are some of the names you considered and rejected?  
CURTIS: Invisible Ink. Flat Feet. Or was it Knock-Kneed?

19.

PLAYBOY: What kind of role would you like to play that you suspect you will never be offered?  
CURTIS: Royalty. I was brought up in Beverly Hills and was privy to a certain brand of royalty. I say royalty because it best covers someone with real clout, upbringing and class—a thoroughbred. I don’t think I’d be the spot-on choice for the role, though, because I don’t dress like royalty or hang out with them. But I have insights. Not to name-drop—like “I know Julio”—but I’ve had dinner with the Khashoggis. Their sense of reality is different from ours.

20.

PLAYBOY: What is the most ridiculous notion of the Eighties?  
CURTIS: That sleeves on jackets are supposed to be pushed up above your elbows. I don’t get it. The greatest invention of the Eighties, however, is Tenax. We’re a mousse generation. The stuff is like drugs. I’m trying to quit right now.



*“Well, have you done any commercial voice-overs besides Phone-an-Orgasm?”*

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## AMAZING GRACE

(continued from page 86)

the power of Dolph and the grace of Grace? Neither one started out to be in show business. Dolph, born in Stockholm, has a degree in chemical engineering and knows six languages well enough to get by. While still attending school, he became European kick-boxing champion in 1980 and 1981 and Australian champion in 1982 before drifting first into modeling and then into acting.

Grace was born in Jamaica and spent her childhood there, attending parochial school, chafing under a rather strict upbringing and using track as a release for her pent-up energies. Her ambition then was to be a Spanish professor. (She, too, is fluent in several languages.)

It was not until her family moved to Upstate New York that Grace began to explode into something entirely different. She began her career on the stage in summer stock, then hit the runway as a model. There, her approach often tested the limits of conservative advertisers.

"My image was always too strong for them. And that's when I went to Europe. There I found a completely different attitude. Europeans want you to be strong."

With that license, Grace quickly evolved, experimenting with various personae, combining her singing and acting talents in stage performances that stunned audiences with bizarre images and frightened them with the newness of it all. It was hard at times to see just where she was coming from. The conflicting sexual identities, for instance, the seeming antipathy toward men:

"I'm anti-male ego, let's say, not antimale. I've always been drawn to sensitive men—men who have an ego but not to the extreme that the woman becomes a silent partner. I have found many times that if I do become a silent partner, it eats me up inside. Sometimes it's smarter to play dumb. But I'm silent for only so long, and then it comes out anyway."

Grace's latest creation, the role of villainess May Day in the James Bond adventure film *A View to a Kill*, will give us yet another image of her.

"I get to be more frilly, I think, as May Day. She dresses elegantly, takes time for make-up and manicures, all those things."

But don't expect a radical change in Grace because of a movie role. There are still plenty of icons that need busting and shirts that need unstuffing.

"I like conflicts. I love competition. I like discovering things for myself. It's a childlike characteristic, actually. But that gives you a certain amount of power, and people are intimidated by that. They are even afraid to approach me. Once they do, they see it's OK. I'm not going to chew their heads off or become violent if they say the wrong thing. It's a role. I'm acting, but they take it all so seriously."





Dedmi

*"My God—where did you learn to kiss?"*

Remind your father he didn't  
raise a cheap-skate.

Crown Royal about \$14.  
Cheap skate not included.



# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

SUMMER

### MIDDAY AT THE OASIS

**T**racy Nelson travels in the fast lane. His motorcycle-accessory company, Tracy Design, in Santa Barbara, California, manufactures mighty slippery fairings and luggage. While it may or may not be true that if you've seen one fairing you've seen them all, the same can't be said for Nelson's latest creation, The Tracy Oasis, which

he describes modestly as "the ultimate beach chair." Incorporated into its aluminum frame are JBL speakers coupled to a booster hooked to your personal stereo stored in a sealed cabinet. Another compartment stashes a six-pack and a freeze pack. And when your day at The Oasis is done, the chair can be folded and rolled home. Roll on, Tracy!

Combining sound, sun, comfort and refreshment, The Tracy Oasis is the best thing to hit the beach since the surfboard. Its sling seat is made of weather-resistant nylon, and its unique speaker system serves up terrific enveloping sound. The price for this indecent amount

of fun is a mere \$325—and that includes your choice of colors for the frame, seat, speakers and stereo/six-pack containers. Want more info? The manufacturer, Tracy Design, has a hotline—1-800-BITCHIN. The model's name and address? Sorry, gentlemen, that's *our* secret.



# HABITAT

## SERIOUS HANG-UPS

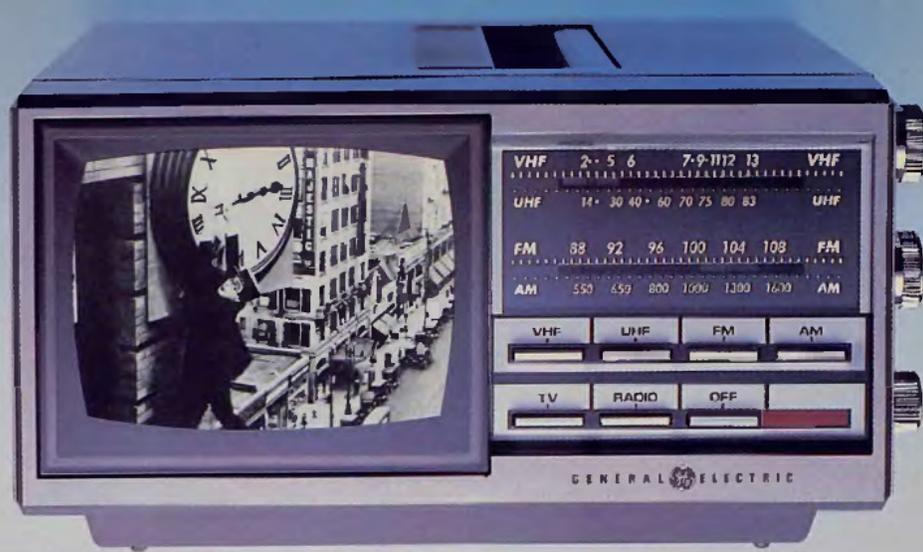
To make a room look bigger, you should (A) paint it pink, (B) dump your furniture, (C) wear glasses or (D) line your walls with the thinnest, most advanced technology this side of Arthur C. Clarke's famed monolith. If you answered A, B or C, take off, turkey. Skinny tech is here, and soon everyone will be wondering what fat

tech was all about. See the baby monolith below? It's a receiver and cassette deck about two and a half inches thick that hangs on the wall. The TV/radio and the phone machine are similar space savers. So slim down your electronic environment and start using your living space for (A) a dance hall, (B) conventions, (C) living or (D) all of the above.

RICHARD IZUI



Right: It's the perfect kitchen TV/radio—a pint-sized and portable black-and-white AM/FM unit (the Model 7-7150), with a five-inch screen, that sticks like Spider-Man to the underside of a cabinet, thus saving you counter space, and then slides out of its swiveling mount when you want to tote it to the beach, by General Electric, \$199.95.



Below: Phone-Mate's new MiniMate 5050 phone/answering machine can be mounted on a wall, as well as placed on a tabletop, and offers beeperless message retrieval, plus a function that allows you to leave in-house messages for guests, girlfriends or other members of the family, \$159.95.



Above: Look! Up on the wall! It's not a bird or a plane but Technics' SA-R100 stereo receiver with cassette deck—an integrated three-piece stereo system that's 43 inches long and only about two and a half inches thick. The amplifier section puts out 30 watts per channel, and the cassette deck features Dolby B and C noise reduction and autoreverse. The AM/FM quartz synthesized tuner offers 16 station presets, and the wireless remote (right) lets you make adjustments from your easy chair. The price: \$740 for the receiver, \$260 for the pair of SB-R100 speakers shown.



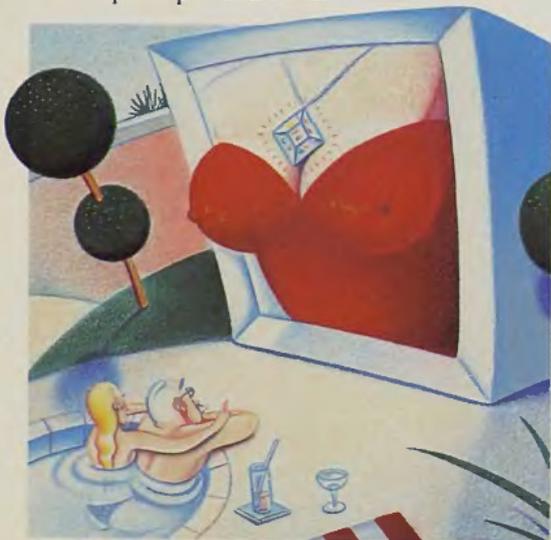
## DIRTY TRICKS

Ladies and gentlemen, introducing The Great Libido, the world's only X-rated magician, and his magic bag of very dirty tricks. See the floating phallus; learn how to remove a bra without touching the treasures beneath—yes, these and other erotic illusions can be yours for only \$39.95 (write to The Great Libido's Magic Pack, P.O. Box 240334, Memphis, 38124). No, that's not The Great Libido pictured below. It's just his assistant, and he's not *about* to make her disappear.



## HEAD FOR THE HILLS

At last, a 90-minute personal video tour through 22 of the most exclusive shops in Beverly Hills—without the hassles of parking and haggling with pretentious clerks. Of course Cartier and Gucci are on *A Shopping Spree in Beverly Hills*, along with such specialty shops as a Swiss *chocolatier* and a toy emporium. Video Systems, Inc., P.O. Box 22920, Denver, Colorado 80222, is the place to order from: \$39.95 in either VHS or Beta. Next stops: Aspen and Paris.



## WELL HUNG

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who are into spoon hanging and those who aren't. If you're one of the former, then *How to Hang a Spoon*, Joe Martin's \$5.95 soft-cover published by Turnbull & Willoughby, will give you the inside scoop on everything from angle of dangle to competitive spooning and will also instruct you on how to care for your utensils. And if you're *not* into spoon hanging, well, here's your chance to get with the "in" crowd—impress friends, neighbors and anybody else dumb enough to watch with your new-found ability to hang heavy-duty tableware on your head. (Spoon hanging, for all you cultural dropouts, is the science of hanging a spoon or spoons from your features without adhesives, nails or psychokinesis.) Honey, what say we do a little spooning tonight? Your face or mine?



## FLOAT AND FLAUNT IT—ROYALLY

Traveling on the River Thames is always pleasant, but making your journey aboard the luxurious Captain Webb—a 12-passenger barge that replicates the floating palaces of years past from which British royalty waded to their landlocked subjects—is definitely a watery groove. A 16-day guided journey, with trips to Southwark, Hever Castle, Canterbury and Tunbridge Wells, among other storied stops, will set you back a princely \$2490 per person, double occupancy. Salen Lindblad Cruising, 133 East 55th Street, New York 10022, has all the info. And, yes, the beds on board are queen-sized.

### END OF THE TRAIL

You think we're going to make a joke about getting a kick out of this table, right? Wrong—you're going to get a *boot* out of it. Two boots, in fact, and the bottom part of a pair of faded jeans, plus a solid-hemlock top. J.M.'s Taxidermy Company, 1570 West Bosque Loop, Bosque Farms, New Mexico 87068, is into "pseudohomosapiel taxidermy," and the boot table is J.M.'s kickoff. All for \$120 (deduct \$10 if you supply boots and jeans). Your shit-kickers should look so good.



### ALL HOT AND BOTHERED

Know what a horny man's favorite breakfast is? A roll with some honey! Yuck, yuck, yuck. Yes, trivia mania has cracked the adult-game market in the form of *Adultrivia*, 2400 bawdy questions and answers color-coded into six categories—Jokes and Limericks, Mythollaneous, Hot Times in History, Sex in Art and Literature, The Famous Uncovered and The Facts of Life. Send \$22.50 to *Adultrivia*, P.O. Box 72685, Roselle, Illinois 60172. Saturday night will never be the same.



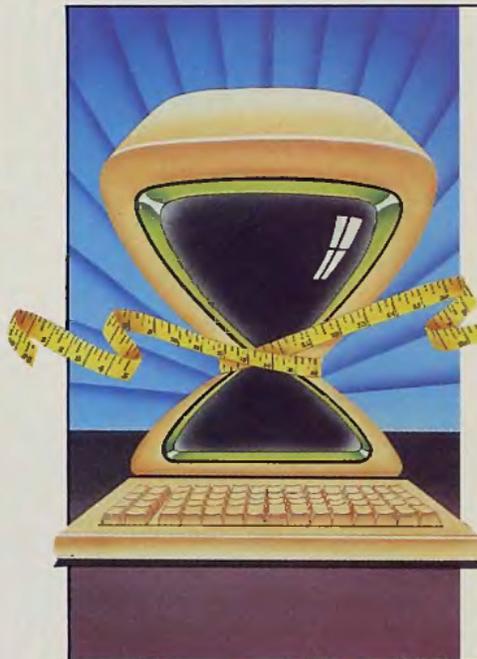
### WE HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

There's more to the romance and history of wine than just sniffing and swallowing, as you'll discover if you visit New York's Cooper-Hewitt Museum on East 91st Street from June 4 through October 13. That's when *Wine: Celebration and Ceremony*—an exhibition featuring more than 350 objects that document the impact of vino on the history of design—will take place. Exhibits include Greek drinking vessels, the Bacchus wall bracket here and much more. No, the Cooper-Hewitt doesn't offer a happy hour.



### PUTTING THE BYTE ON YOUR BITE

You say you hit the beach last week and three people reported sighting a beached whale? Put your money where your mouth is and invest in *The Original Boston Computer Diet*, a unique way to lose weight via computer, from Scarborough Systems. The machine plays the role of a personal weight-loss counselor. A single disk (plus instruction booklet) that fits the Apple II family or the IBM PC, XT or PCjunior costs \$79.95; a disk for the Commodore 64 is \$49.95. Computer and department stores all carry the diet, so try a byte.



### FLAMING SUCCESS

Anybody can flick a Bic, but if it's heavy-duty fire you're seeking for your smokes, consider *Sculptures on Fire*—a series of six solid-brass lighters, in both pocket and table models, with a miniature sculpture by artist Robert W. Addison on each one. Styles include a racer (shown), a stallion, an eagle, a bass, Western saddle and a sea spirit—and the price for such craftsmanship also ought to spark your interest: \$49.95 for a pocket lighter and \$189 for a table model, sent to Vasilina Ltd., John Hancock Center, Chicago 60611. A tasteful melding of brass and class. Snap them up.





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### Uptown Sinclair

You've seen her in *Thief of Hearts* and *Weekend Pass*, on *Matt Houston* and *Finder of Lost Loves*. Now the truth can be told: She likes her Teddies bare. ANNETTE SINCLAIR is shameless in her concern for the plight of the diminutive, the defenseless, the stuffed. We hope she keeps up the good work.

### Merry Panksters

Pole watchers, take note. We are looking at LADY PANK (loosely translated: Lady Punk), the first Polish rock band to tour the U.S. The Panksters even plan to shoot a video while here. Judging from this photo, they like to ride the wild surfski.



### There's No Doubting Thomas

It was either be a photographer or be a model for 18-year-old PAULA THOMAS. Now this English muffin is a model actress in the new Bond film, *A View to a Kill*. We tip our hat to her.



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### Lorre's Glories

Her first name really is LOLITA and she takes her last name from her favorite actor, Peter LORRE. Her parents are from Germany and Latvia, but she is from just outside Cleveland. Here she's making two important points: first, that her acting debut is in Michael Winner's latest thriller, *Scream for Help*, and, second, that she has reason to hold her head high.

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## The Woman in Flesh Color

KELLY LE BROCK is the kind of woman who stops hearts, traffic and rational trains of thought. But apparently, she can't stop working. Next up for her is a role in John Hughes's *Weird Science*, with Anthony Michael Hall. Here she demonstrates her own brand of science—why all higher forms of life are vertebrates. Notice how there can be a positive side to curvature of the spine. Notice, too, how life in the fast lane of Hollywood glamor can support itself on one arm. How can that be? This Kelly girl's keeping some good things under wraps.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTODISC INC.



## Pro Bono

PAUL HEWSON (U2's Bono to you) should be having a good time these days. The band from Dublin sells more T-shirts and merchandise than bands that sell twice as many records, and four of U2's five albums are in *Billboard's* Top 200. He's waving; he's found work.

# NEXT MONTH



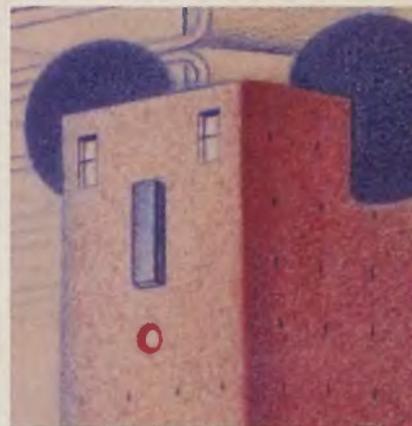
JUDY



CLDWNS



INGRID



TDPS

**RON HOWARD** REVEALS WHICH ACTRESSES HE'D LIKE TO DIRECT IN NUDE SCENES. DENIES THOSE PERSISTENT RUMORS ABOUT DRUG DEALING ON THE USC CAMPUS AND DESCRIBES HIS DAD'S ILLUSTRATED SEX-ED GUIDE IN A LIVELY "20 QUESTIONS"

"TWO BY FOUR"—WE ASKED FREE-LANCE AUTOMOTIVE JOURNALISTS **BROCK YATES**, **WILLIAM NEELY**, **WILLIAM JEANES** AND **GARY WITZENBURG** TO TEST-DRIVE THE BEST OF THE NEW TWO-SEATERS. HERE WITH, THEIR ROADWORTHY REPORTS

"GOOD ENOUGH TO DREAM"—HE WROTE ABOUT BASEBALL FOR YEARS, BUT HE NEVER *REALLY* KNEW THE GAME UNTIL HE BOUGHT HIS OWN BOYS OF SUMMER, A MINOR-LEAGUE TEAM. THE STORY OF ONE UNFORGETTABLE SEASON—BY **ROGER KAHN**

"SEXUAL FANTASIES"—EVERYBODY HAS THEM, BUT RESEARCH SHOWS THAT EACH OF US FEARS HIS (OR HERS) ARE FREAKY. A COMPLETE REPORT FROM THE WILD SIDE OF IMAGINATION—BY **DAVID BLACK**

"SHE'LL BE COMIN' DOWN THE MOUNTAIN"—**JUDY NORTON-TAYLOR** HAS TRAVELED A FAR PIECE FROM *THE WALTONS*. SEE HOW **MARY ELLEN GREW!**

"CLOWNS"—THE TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD SEE THE SINISTER FIGURES. OR WAS HE? AN EERIE TALE BY **GARDNER DOZOIS**, **JACK DANN** AND **SUSAN CASPAR**

"GREAT BRITON"—**INGRID BOULTING**, WHOSE DAD'S A FAMED U.K. FILM MAKER, HAS MOVIES IN HER GENES. FOR US, SHE STARS IN A PHOTOPLAY

**PLUS: "HOT TOPS"**—IF **PHILIP JOHNSON** CAN PUT A CHIPPENDALE PEDIMENT ATOP AT&T'S HEADQUARTERS, *OUR* IDEAS SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE; "ON THE ROAD WITH **STEVEN WRIGHT**," WHEREIN OUR WEST COAST EDITOR **STEPHEN RANDALL** GETS TIGHT WITH THE HOTTEST, AND SLOWEST-TALKING, YOUNG COMEDIAN IN THE BUSINESS; "THE **PLAYBOY ENDURANCE RACE**"; A TOP-SECRET **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**; AND, NATURALLY, MUCH MORE



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