

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1981 • \$2.50

## PLAYMATE ROOMMATES Imagine These Girls Next Door

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:  
TOM SNYDER BITES THE  
HAND THAT FEEDS HIM

THE YEAR IN SEX

CRONKITE'S LAST STAND

PEANUTS IN THE  
STATE DEPARTMENT:  
HODDING CARTER'S  
PERSONAL FILE



PLUS: DAVID CARRADINE • DONALD E. WESTLAKE  
MOTORCYCLES • RESORTWEAR • ELECTRONIC GAMES



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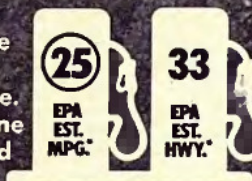
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4WD WAGON

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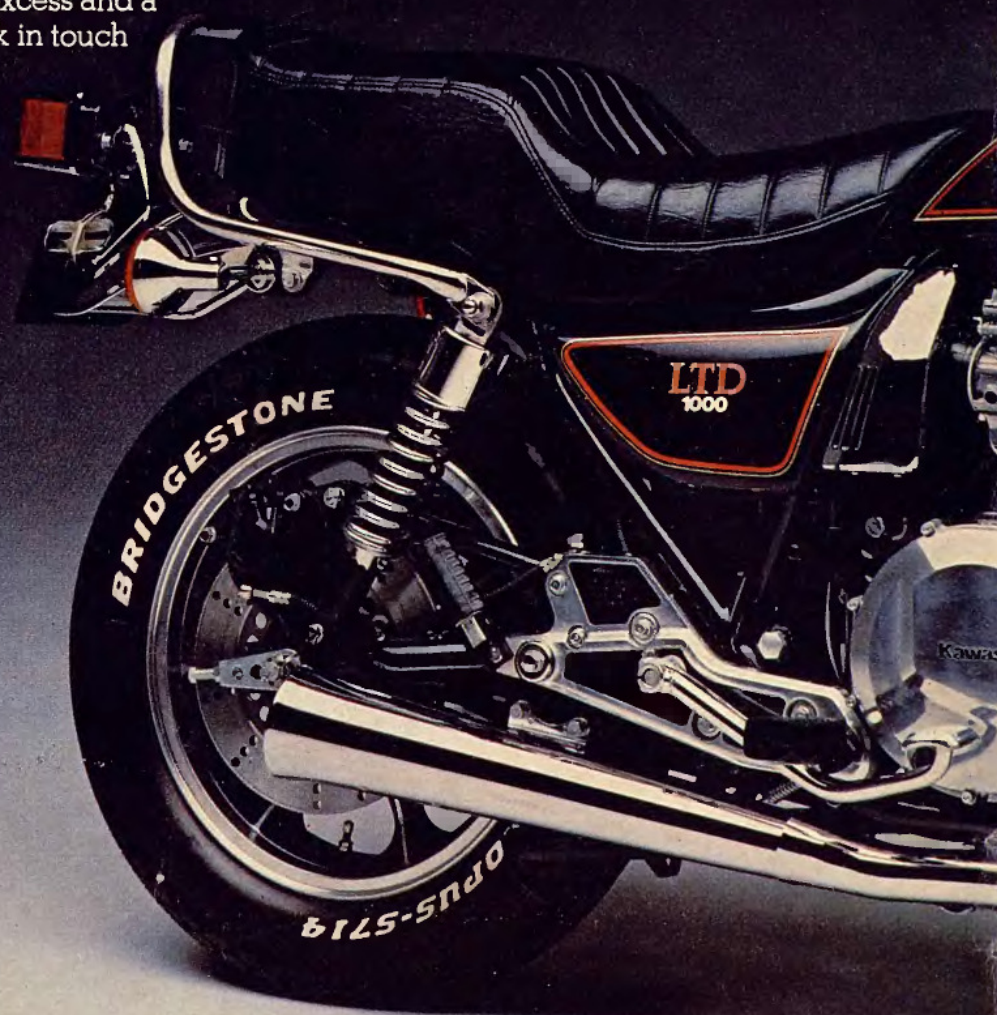
# KAWASAKI EXPLAIN BETWEEN A BULLET

The bullet. An affectionate term for flat-out performance. You remember the Z-1, an explosion in superbike technology that revolutionized the 70's. Unfortunately, others applied that technology in ways far more complex than disciplined engineering would demand.

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with the true spirit of biking. It's the real difference between a bullet and a slug.

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# NS THE DIFFERENCE AND A SLUG.

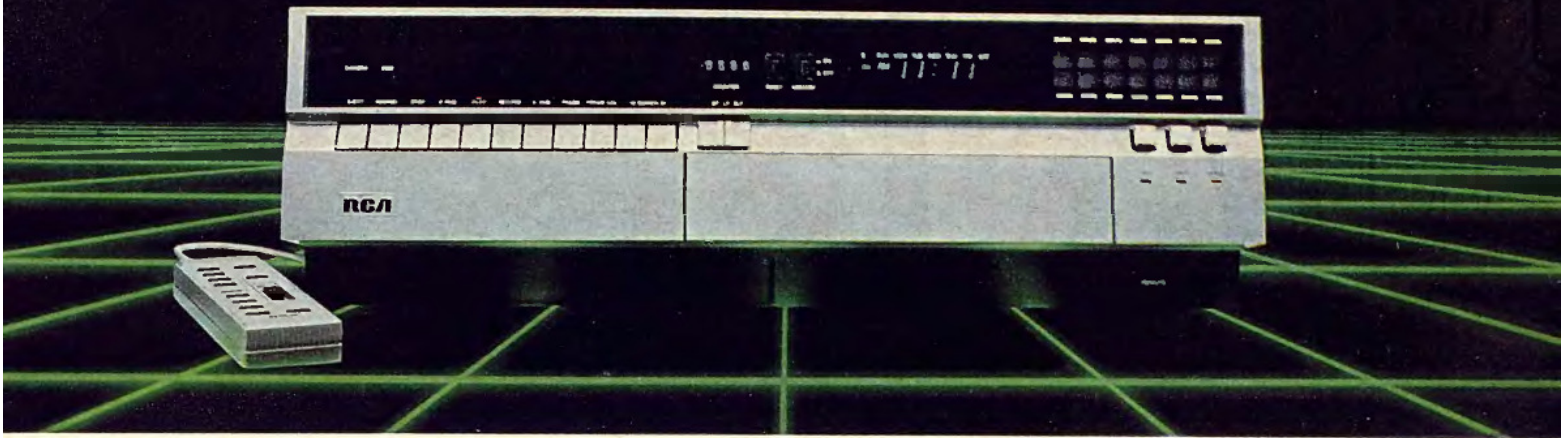
but the handling is better as well. For added comfort, the engine is supported by rubber mounts that reduce vibration.

The 1000LTD. Light. Nimble. Reliable. And quick. Your Kawasaki dealer has a long list of all the advantages. So drop in. Ask a few questions. Then let us ask you one of our own: *"This year, why bite the bullet, when you can ride it?"*

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Let the good times roll.







# No other video cassette recorder gives you more than this one.

## RCA SELECTAVISION 650.

6-hour recording time, 14-day memory, slow motion, fast motion, frame-by-frame advance, stop action, Automatic Rewind, Remote Control and Picture Search—all important performance features. And all available with the RCA SelectaVision 650.

### 6-Hour Recording Time—The Maximum Available Today.

This is the big time. The new RCA SelectaVision 650 can record up to 6 hours on a single cassette.\* That means fewer interruptions because you change cassettes less often. It also means saving money on tape because you can put more shows on a single cassette.

### An Unsurpassed 14-Day Memory.

Just program your selections into the timer up to two weeks in advance. Your RCA SelectaVision 650 will automatically turn itself on and off—and even change



channels—up to eight separate times. So now you can be missing from home without having missed your favorite programs.

### RCA Remote Control Special Effects—More Than Ever Before.

You can expect a VCR to let you control *when* and *what* you watch on television. RCA SelectaVision 650 lets you control *how* you watch it, too—without having to leave your chair.

Thanks to an advanced headwheel system, our new remote control unit allows you to view cassettes in *slow motion* at 1/30 to 1/4 normal speed. Or *fast motion* at twice the normal speed. You

can also advance the picture *frame by frame* and *freeze* it at the moment of your choice.

But that's not all. This year we've added a new *Picture Search* mode that enables you to review cassettes in forward or reverse motion at high speed so you can locate footage you want without having the picture go dark.

There are even Remote Pause and Channel Control features for editing out unwanted programming and changing channels—even if your television set isn't equipped with remote control.

### Etcetera. Etcetera. Etcetera.

You'll also find a new *Automatic Rewind* that resets the cassette when the tape reaches the end of either the recording or playback sequence. Illuminated

soft-touch controls. And exclusive new styling that proves a VCR this smart can also be beautiful.

We'll let your RCA Dealer tell you the rest. Just ask to



Simulated TV picture.

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\*RCA Tape is made to our own high standards to insure picture quality and long life. Ask your RCA Dealer for VK-125 (3 hr) and VK-250 (6 hr) video cassettes. For the complete line of SelectaVision VCR models, write to: RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 32-312, 600 North Sherman Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46201.

**RCA**   
Let RCA turn your television into  
**SelectaVision®**



# PLAYBILL

WHEN THE LATE Georgia Mafia moved into 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue four years ago, all the old-line politicians suddenly became outsiders. But, you say, that's par for the course with a new Administration. True enough. But the difference with the Carter White House was that even some of the new *insiders* were outsiders. One person with a particularly good perspective on why that was the case—and what effect it had on the Administration's performance—was **Hodding Carter III** (no kin), assistant secretary of state for public affairs during the Jimmy Carter/Cyrus Vance era. This month, in an unusually candid memoir, Hodding recounts the perils of *Life Inside the Carter State Department*. To provide an appropriate visual accompaniment, we chose illustrator **Arnold Roth**.

Americans used to buy Japanese products because they were cheaper. Now, though prices are higher, we continue to buy them. Why? Because they're thought to be better. Contributing Editor **Peter Ross Range** traveled to Japan for an insight into the continuing conflict between Japanese and American ingenuity. In *The Technology War: Behind Japanese Lines*, Range tries to pinpoint just where we went wrong in the industrial sweepstakes—or, rather, where the Japanese went right. Who better to do the illustration than Yankee **Kinuko Y. Craft**?

We like a touch of humor in our mystery fiction and if you're of like mind, you have a treat in store. **Donald E. Westlake** has resurrected his lovable thief Dortmund for a nifty caper titled *Ask a Silly Question*. **Dave Wilcox's** illustration gives a clue to the action, but not to the surprise ending.

Speaking of endings, Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist **Ron Powers** has a better idea for **Walter Cronkite's** finale. Powers sees it as a typical Tinseltown salute, perhaps starring the late Duke. You'll find his proposal in *Cronkite's Last Stand*.

It took six—count 'em, six—staffers to do justice to *The Year in Sex*. Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese** was overseer on the operation. She got an able assist from Associate New York Editor **Tom Passavant** and Chicago Assistant Editor **Kate Nolan**. Visuals were handled by Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** and Associate Art Director **Bruce Hansen**. Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** did a bang-up job in researching the feature, as well as collecting many of the photographs. So if you think there was nothing new on the sexual horizon last year, we've got six big votes that say you're dead wrong. We could have filled ten pages with designer-jeans ads alone.

You might want to wait until after midnight to read this month's *Playboy Interview*. That's when we're most used to enjoying the banter of **Tom Snyder**, host of NBC's *Tomorrow* show. Snyder, since the truncation of *The Tonight Show*, is arguably the new king of late-night TV (but we're not going to get into that). Suffice it to say ol' Snyder is in his usual irreverent good form. **Nicholas Yanni** did the Q's to Tom's A's.

We've learned not to send Consulting Editor **Laurence Gonzales** after a story unless we want the *whole* story. A case in point is what we thought would be a simple profile of maverick actor **David Carradine**. What we got was a full-tilt boogie of a piece, *Deep In with David Carradine*.

Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** has been feeling a little run down lately, ever since a rude motorist interrupted one of his midnight motorcycle rides with a solid thwack from his left-front fender. Thanks to good karma, and to a Simpson helmet, Jim got himself back together soon enough to review the new breed of *Middle-Size Sexy* bikes for this issue.

As usual, the photo guys got the best assignments. **Mario Casilli** was up to his lens cap in pulchritude when he did *Playmate Roommates*. And speaking of an abundance of riches, don't forget to look at this month's centerfold. **Vicki Lassefer** is not to be missed.



RANGE



CRAFT



WESTLAKE



ROTH



POWERS



WILCOX



CRONKITE



YANNI



SNYDER



GONZALES



CASILLI



CLOCKWISE FROM SIX: MC NEESE, HANSEN, SUSKI, NOLAN, PASSAVANT, BEAUDET (CENTER)



# PLAYBOY®

vol. 28, no. 2—february, 1981

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**COVER STORY**

Valentine greetings from Playmates Terri Welles, Candy Loving and Sondra Theodore, three of the sweetest roommates you'll ever meet. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler assembled some of the girls' mementos and photographed the cover montage. Mario Casilli takes honors for both the cover portrait and *Playmate Roommates* (page 132), featuring this terrific trio at work and play.

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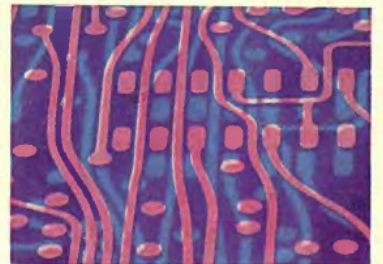
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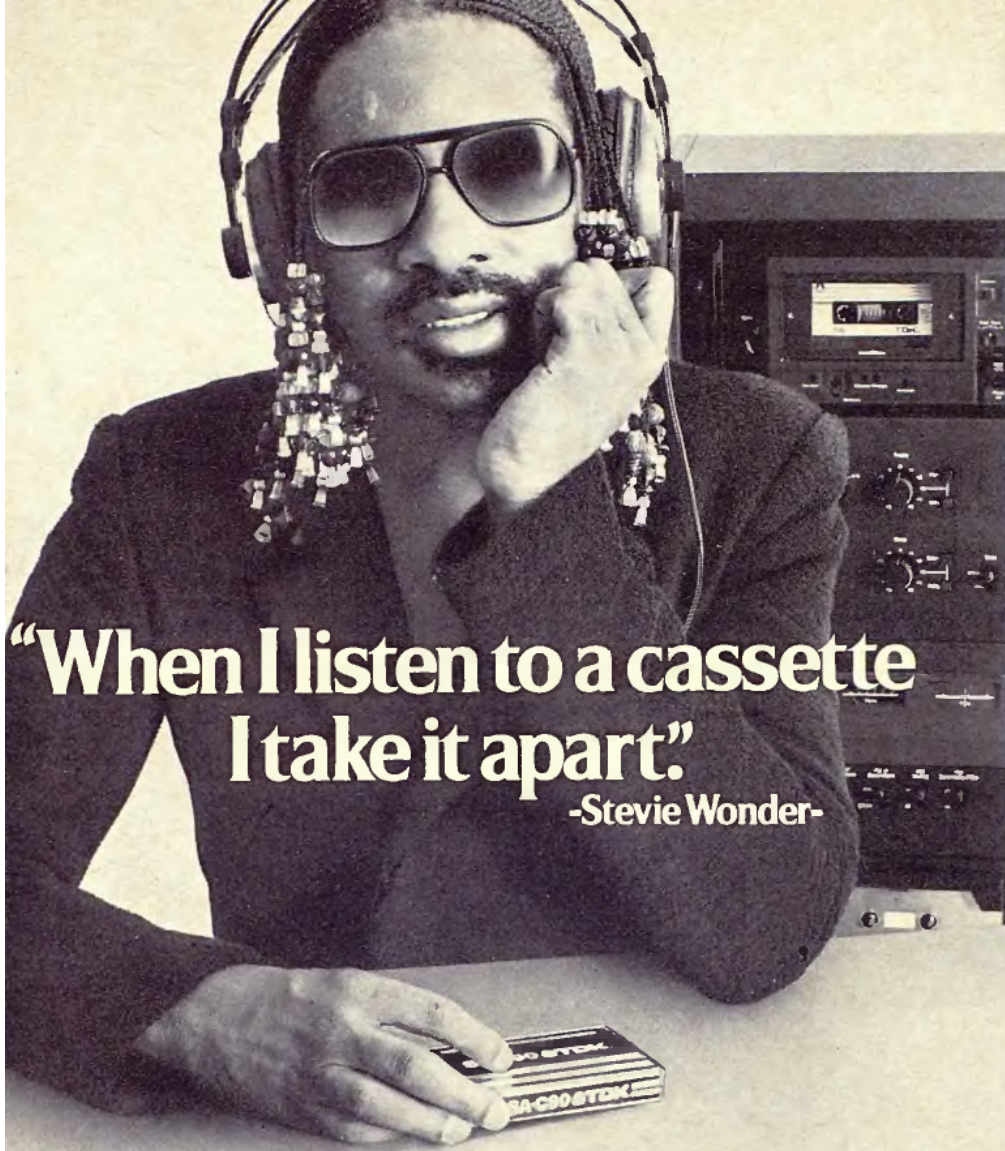
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**"When I listen to a cassette  
I take it apart."  
-Stevie Wonder-**

Stevie's reputation as a perfectionist is well known. He puts everything into a song. And he doesn't want it lost in a recording. Before he takes a cassette home, it must deliver big studio sound. The kind of sound he can't take apart. The cassette Stevie likes most is the high bias TDK SA. TDK's unique Avilyn magnetic particle gives it a startling musical memory. You'll hear the full timbre and richness of the human voice. The subtle harmonics of a piano. The vibrant dynamic energy of strings. No nuance is beyond its range. No instrument is forgotten. And there's plenty of headroom for the blast and bluster of rock. Most of the world's deck manufacturers, themselves perfec-

tionists, use the SA to set the sound standard in their machines. Everything about the SA sets a standard. Its many components are checked thousands of times. 1,117 check points for the shell alone. TDK makes sure it will perform a lifetime\*. Which makes it very easy to like. And very hard to take apart.



**TDK**  
The Amazing Music Machine

\*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

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## Who Says True Love Can't Last?

With Teleflora's Sweetheart Bouquet, what you see is what she gets. For keeps.

An elegant art nouveau necklace she can fill with more flowers long after Valentine's Day has come and gone.

And an antiqued tin container she can


fill with anything her little heart desires.

The Sweetheart Bouquet and Necklace is available for giving or sending for less than \$20, generally. Anywhere in the U.S. from your local Teleflorist. Check the yellow pages for the one nearest you, or call 800-854-2003

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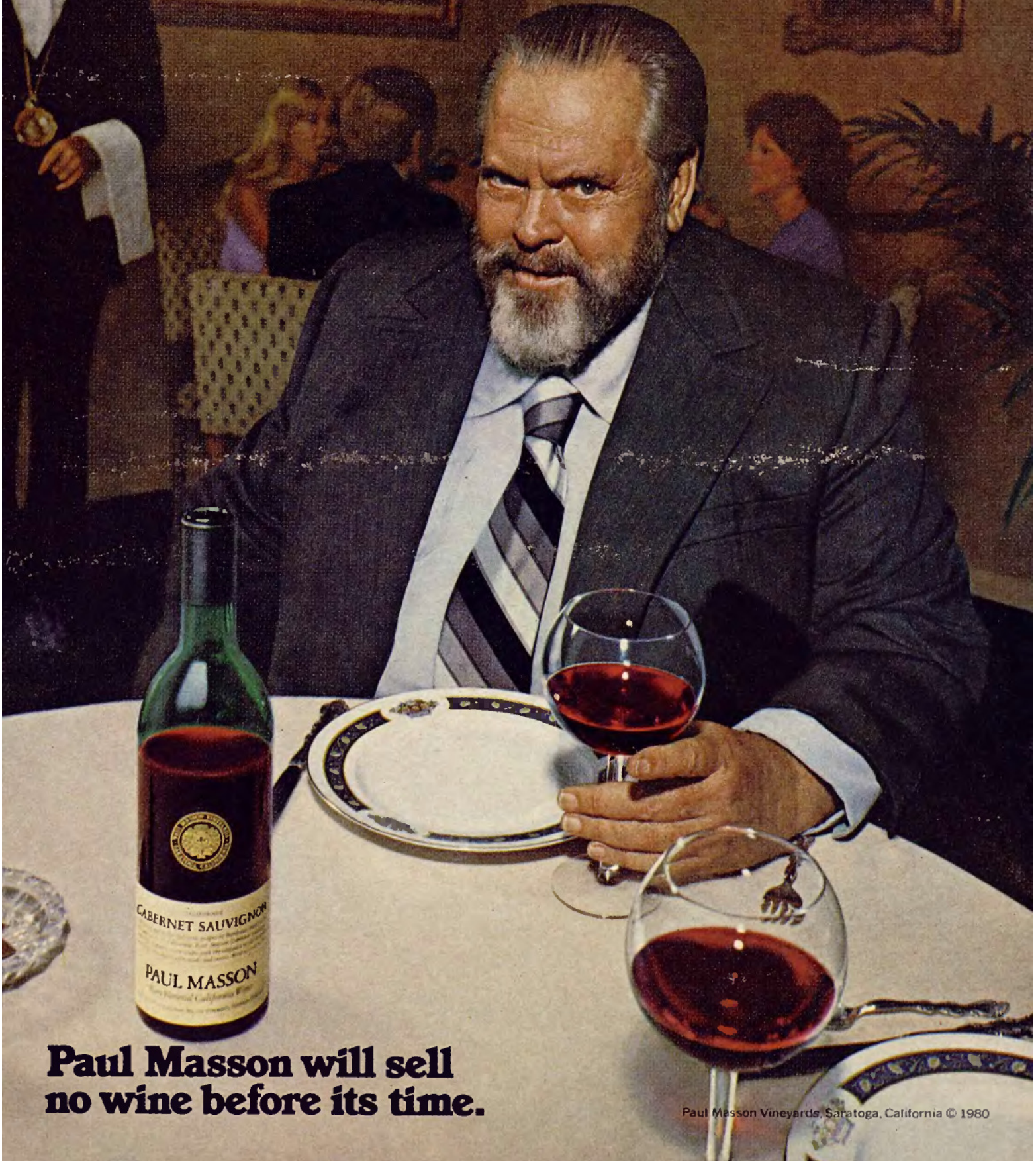
Oh, and please don't wait until February 14th to reserve your Sweetheart Bouquet.

We wouldn't want you to miss an opportunity to be unforgettable. To as many true loves as you think you can handle.

*The Sweetheart Bouquet and Necklace*  **Teleflora**



**“Experts say Paul Masson Cabernet Sauvignon is a mature, complex wine, with nice wood. What they’re trying to say is...it tastes good.”**



**Paul Masson will sell  
no wine before its time.**



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

## NAVY BLUES SNAFU DARLENE WITH RED TAPE

The Navy thinks Yeoman Darlene Aubrey (right) wasn't shipshape in November's *Beauty & Bureaucracy*—it's investigating her for uniform code violations. Below, Playmate Jeana Tomasino (third from left) and Washington beauties (from left) Jeannette Wulff, Molly Hamilton, Paula Parkinson, Marcia Jordan and Barbara Budholdt greet the press at a Georgetown party heralding their *PLAYBOY* feature.



## PIGEON ENGLISH

Playboy teammates Dai Llewellyn and Playboy Clubs head Victor Lownes (right) chat with Gene Hackman at Jackie Stewart Celebrity Challenge Clay Pigeon Shoot near London.



## A.D.L.'S FIRST-ROUND DRAFT CHOICE

Warner Bros. president Frank G. Wells presents B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League First Amendment Freedoms Award to Hugh M. Hefner at a dinner in his honor; it was a top A.D.L. fund raiser. Also shown: Christie Hefner, Art Buchwald, Max Lerner.

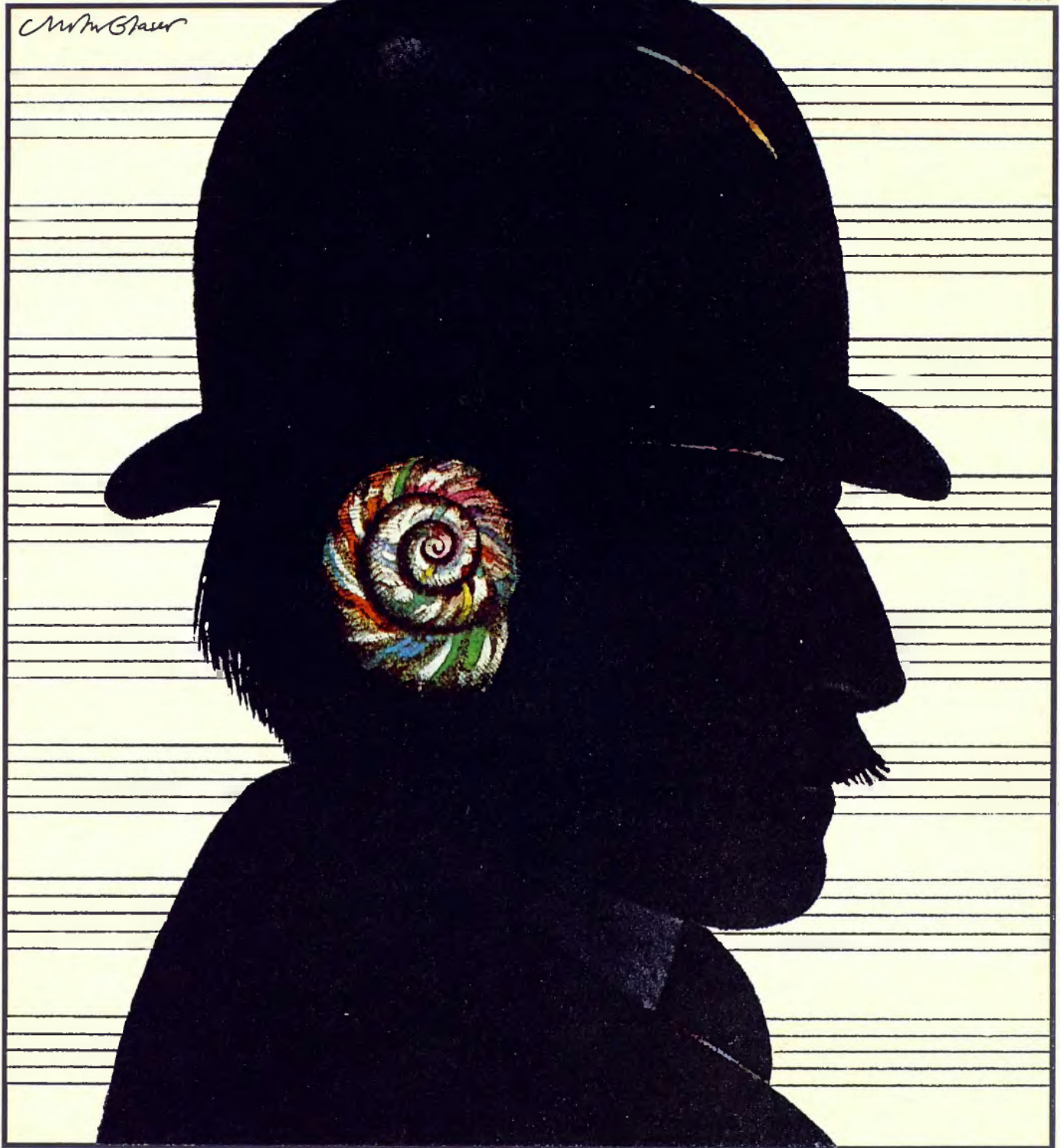


## LILLIAN MULLER GOES TO HELL (IN FILM)

All of you remember our 1976 Playmate of the Year, Lillian Müller, who appears above as the Devil's advisor in *The Devil* and *Max Devlin* with (from left) Elliott Gould, Reggie Nalder and Bill Cosby. Her Playmate shot, at left, proves she's really an angel in disguise.







## SONY TAPE. FULL COLOR SOUND.

There's more to Full Color Sound than meets the ear.

There is a story of experience and technical achievement that no other tape manufacturer can tell. Sony produces both high fidelity audio and video tape and the high quality equipment that plays it. In fact, Sony pioneered magnetic tape recording, and has been producing tape and tape equipment for over 30 years.

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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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### POTOMAC PULCHRITUDE

The ladies in your *Beauty & Bureaucracy* pictorial (PLAYBOY, November) are lucky! To be blessed with such beauty and charm . . . going home in the evening knowing they, at least, gave the American taxpayers a full day's work . . . and being assured that if the rule in the Federal Personnel Manual concerning misconduct were enforced the full length of Pennsylvania Avenue, more than half of this Government would be subject to removal.

Al Grant  
Cleveland, Ohio

I now know why our governing body is going to hell in a hand basket. Those folks have better things to look at than new legislation!

Tom Hansen  
Salem, Oregon

I'd like to see more of Paula Parkinson. She appears to have beauty and brains—and knows how to incorporate the two successfully.

Helen Lee  
Alexandria, Virginia

After all these years, the reason now becomes very clear why the Washington establishment is so slow about getting anything done. With all those beautiful women around, who could get his mind on work?

L. Johnson  
Boone, North Carolina

In these times of political and economic uncertainty, it is extremely reassuring to know our Government has such stunning and uninhibited employees as those featured in your *Beauty & Bureaucracy* pictorial. I particularly enjoyed Danita Bolden, whose photo I noticed you wisely chose for your Contents Page. Gentlemen, I will have nothing

but praise for you if you invite that young lady to grace your pages again.

Bernard J. Farver  
Syracuse, New York

### THE DEVIL OF DALLAS

After having read about 12 pages of the November *Playboy Interview* with Larry Hagman, I still have no solid clue as to who shot J.R., but at least I've found out who invented the word fuck.

John Bortner  
Holland, Ohio

Hagman should have been a hooker. He is a pimp's dream—he'll do anything for money. God, how I admire that man!

Sandy Claussen  
Virginia Beach, Virginia

Larry Hagman's reaction to that man with the paraplegic wife was unfortunate. The guy *was* a prick. He deserved a knuckle sandwich all the more for using his wife's disability to get away with obnoxious behavior. So what if she was in a wheelchair? Refusing to take the husband to task merely reinforces the destructive attitude that the paralyzed and their spouses are to be pitied, regardless. Hagman should have known that; he lost face, but the woman lost some dignity . . . now there's the pity. I'm a quadraplegic with a Master's degree in social work and I know what I'm talking about.

Vic Willi  
Toronto, Ontario

Concerning your interview with Larry Hagman in the November issue: Who really gives a shit who shot J.R. and who really gives a shit about the puerile and inane opinions and thoughts of a second-rate actor like Hagman? What next, an interview with Wile E. Coyote?

Lanny R. Middings  
San Ramon, California

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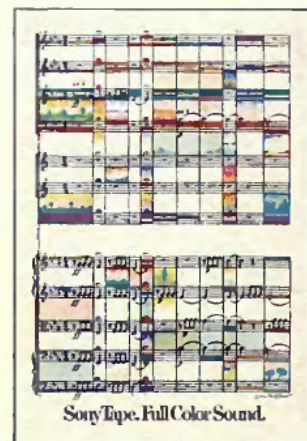
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**DOROTHY STRATTEN**

*Since the tragic death of Dorothy Stratten last August, we have received hundreds of letters of condolence. This remarkable outpouring of sympathy and genuine affection is a tribute to her unique charm and beauty. It is all the more remarkable in that*



*she was able to work her special magic on those who knew her only through the words and pictures published in this magazine. The feelings of grief and the sense of loss expressed in these letters mirror our own. We'd like to share some of them with you.*

We were both shocked and saddened at the news of Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten's death. She was a beautiful and talented young lady who would have gone far in the world of movies. We will all miss her so much. There will never, in our eyes, be another Playmate like her.

The Crew of the U.S.S.  
Thomas C. Hart  
FPO New York, New York

We watched her grow from the awkward, innocent and very pretty girl of The Great Playmate Hunt to the statuesque, sexy and beautiful woman who was Miss August 1979, to the poised, glamorous and lovely lady—Playmate of the Year, 1980. Perhaps what we witnessed was not a metamorphosis at all, for it seemed that Dorothy Stratten, in spite of her scant 20 years, was all of those (innocent, sexy, pretty, glamorous, a child, a lady, a beautiful woman) and much more. She possessed an intangible quality that made her a true fantasy girl—so feminine, so vibrant, so refreshing—the woman of all our

dreams, herself seemingly living a wonderful dream. The dream was to become a horrible nightmare, the shock of which will linger for a long time to come. For one so young, beautiful and vital, with much to offer, one who loved life, to lose her life in such a sudden, violent and senseless manner is immeasurably tragic. For Dorothy, lovely goddess of gifts, who gave a beautiful gift, herself, to us all, we can now offer in return only our prayers. May she rest in peace.

D. Smith  
Englewood, Colorado

So well did you introduce her and keep us informed on what she was doing that it is like losing a close friend. I never had any doubts that she'd be the Playmate of the Year. It's such a tragic, useless loss.

David Barber  
San Diego, California

I was deeply shocked when I read about the killing of Dorothy Stratten in our Dutch newspaper. I remembered the beautiful photos of your beautiful Playmate. For myself and a lot of Dutch men, she will stay in our memories as the woman we saw in PLAYBOY.

Dik Laan  
Purmerend, The Netherlands

It is hard being away from home for 18 months at a time. Your magazine and the girls who grace its pages make the time go by a little quicker. Dorothy Stratten made those of us here on Okinawa, where I am stationed, feel closer to home. She filled the post with warmth and vitality.

Sgt. J. Syrdahl, U.S.A.F.  
APO San Francisco, California

As a female reader, I read the stories on the girls, not just look at the pictures. I realize that not only a beautiful woman was taken from the world but a friendly and talented one; also please accept my sympathy for those who loved her.

Cheryl Santos  
Delanco, New Jersey

I felt as if she had been my friend. I'm sure those feelings are shared by all PLAYBOY readers. She left behind enough beauty to live forever.

George Stickle  
Kearny, New Jersey

Because she died at the outset of an immensely promising career, Dorothy Stratten may, I feel, become a legend in the vein of Marilyn Monroe. However, let us remember her as a human

being rather than as a love goddess; Dorothy's physical attributes pale in comparison with her personality.

Lesli Jones  
Norman, Oklahoma

When you send your condolences to Dorothy's parents, would you send mine also? Just tell them that Dorothy was loved, I am sure, by every PLAYBOY reader in the country.

Max G. Becker  
Lucerne Valley, California

Even though she is gone, she will live forever in the hearts of millions of men, including my own.

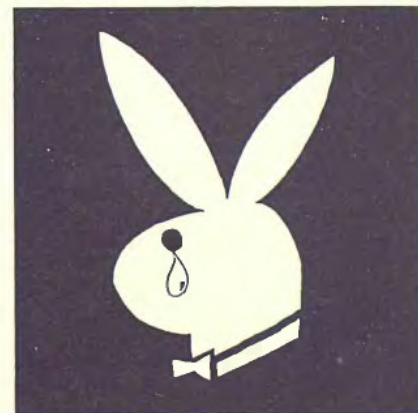
Paul Viacrucis  
Sacramento, California

It is too bad about Dorothy. She was a very beautiful woman. Her personality was extremely refreshing. When I heard about her death, I almost broke out in tears. Could you give us one more look before we close this tragic chapter in PLAYBOY history?

Steven Kokker  
Montreal, Quebec

*We have scheduled a pictorial tribute to Dorothy in our March issue.*

Allow us to express our deepest sympathies to the entire staff, management and friends who were associated with Dorothy Stratten. We were deeply saddened, as well as shocked, when we received the tragic news concerning her untimely demise. She was, indeed, a beautiful woman



in every sense of the word, as well as being one of the most beautiful Playmates ever to grace your pages. She touched our lives in a small way, as she must have touched all of yours in a large way.

Barry Grant  
Richard Grant  
Patrick Grant  
Kevin Grant  
Conway, Arkansas

*Gentlemen, you've expressed our feelings exactly, both in your letter and in your rendering of our symbol.*



## AN UNCONVENTIONAL CONVENTION

My husband receives *PLAYBOY* and I occasionally read it. I want to thank D. Keith Mano for his excellent and hilarious article, *It's No Fun Being a Girl* (*PLAYBOY*, November). I especially liked the sidebar, *Our Fair Lady Goes Shopping*. I laughed so hard at it that it took me 45 minutes to read it. I think this article and *I Was a Military-Industrial Complex* (which ran several months ago) are among the best articles you've ever published.

Mrs. J. Sawyer  
Chicago, Illinois

I enjoyed reading *It's No Fun Being a Girl*. The article probably points out to many people for the first time that most transvestites are heterosexual men. Your editor was quoted in the article as saying, "Our readers don't do that sort of thing" (cross-dress as women); I am a longtime *PLAYBOY* subscriber and I have been a transvestite since the age of four. I am married, have normal sexual relations with my wife and she tolerates my need to occasionally dress up in women's clothes. I never go out in public; your article points out that almost no transvestite can pass as a woman. I know of many men in all walks of life who enjoy cross-dressing as women. Maybe through articles such as yours, the general public, as well as the medical community, will learn that most stereotypes of transvestites as schizophrenic homosexuals are in error.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

## PAYING FOR PAIN

I'd like to commend Richard Mackenzie for his superb November article, *Playing with Pain*. He certainly has hit the nail on the head on so many points regarding the multimillion-dollar business of professional football—i.e., money, pain, drags, cover-ups. I'm sure all of us old jocks have some scars, aches or morning stiffness that reminds us of past battles on the gridiron for a coach whose life revolved around winning and landing that top job. It was most interesting to learn that the Dallas Cowboys (whom I've never liked) didn't invite ex-star Pettis Norman to their 20th-anniversary reunion due to Norman's pending litigation against the all-American apple-pie Dallas machine, but not surprising. Most likely, Tex Schramm will end up raising the prices of corn dogs and Cracker Jacks to all his loyal fans after Norman triumphs in the courtroom. Unfortunately, big business will still win, no matter what.

Bill Stein  
Tucson, Arizona

Pettis Norman was right in suing the San Diego and Dallas organizations. There are too many serious injuries in professional football now that are being

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intentionally overlooked. Back in the Vince Lombardi era, players were dressed with less protective equipment than today's players are and the ratio of injuries was very much lower. One reason was that coaches, doctors and team members were concerned. No one gives a damn now! It can be stated plainly and simply in this phrase: For the love of money. I enjoyed reading the article. Keep up the great inside stories about America's most violent sport. My congratulations to Richard Mackenzie for a well-done job.

S. L. Jackson  
San Diego, California

#### THE BARE TRUTH

I congratulate you for your article on Dr. Joyce Brothers and pornography (*Playboy After Hours*, November). This, however, is not the only subject that Dr. Brothers has made some fairly wild statements about. In response to a letter in which a woman said that her husband liked nude swimming and socializing, Brothers stated: "Any parent who parades nude in front of his children, or others, is unconsciously seducing them. Nudity, even when limited to the family, complicates a child's sexual growth and his or her adjustment." As part of the American Sunbathing Association, a national nudist organization, our club exists, if for no other reason, to dispel this myth. Every serious study that we know of conducted on this subject has shown that nudism is beneficial to a child's emotional development and I personally object to any "authority" who publicly states otherwise without data to support such claims. Please withhold my name. I don't want the people of my community thinking that my wife and I are trying to seduce our two children.

(Name withheld by request)  
Roanoke, Virginia

#### THE JOY OF JEANA

Ever since I saw Jeana Tomasino in *The World of Playboy*, I have been waiting for her appearance in your centerfold. She is the most alluring woman ever to grace your pages.

Thomas Miltas  
Cinnaminson, New Jersey

Your November issue will go down in history as the one that brought Jeana Tomasino to your readers. She is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen and rates an A in my book. That is why I am surprised that you showed only 16 pictures of this heavenly body. Please, show one more picture of her to last until her pictorial as 1981 Playmate of the Year.

Scott Pierson  
Acutney, Vermont

Congratulations on your November Playmate, Jeana Tomasino! You've out-

done yourselves this time. Special thanks to Richard Fegley for an outstanding pictorial. Jeana has my vote for Playmate of the Year.

Ted Gureski  
Largo, Florida

You have outdone yourselves again. Jeana Tomasino is the best Playmate I have seen yet. Wasn't she one of the Playmates interviewed by Richard Dawson at the Playboy Mansion party on television? I have waited a long time to see her grace your pages. Could I see another picture of her?

Sp/4 Ricky Keene  
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

*Indeed, that was Jeana, Ricky, who was interviewed by "Family Feud's" Richard Dawson as one of the Playmates*



*of the Eighties. When we make a promise, we deliver. With readers who have memories like yours, we have to.*

#### MOTHERHOOD OR ELSE

Your editorial on *Mandatory Motherhood* (*The Playboy Forum*, November) is superb. You are to be commended for your stand on the rights of pregnant women to determine their own fate. I had an abortion by a "butcher" in 1964 (in Chicago!) and almost died. I shudder to think of the poor women who will suffer as I did. And I shudder to think of the unwanted children who will be destroyed physically and/or emotionally. The Hyde Amendment sets us all back 100 years.

(Name withheld by request)  
Branford, Connecticut

#### FAIR WARNING

I have enjoyed reading your magazine for years and consider it to be fine. However, I was shocked and angered to find in your November issue cartoons making fun of witchcraft (page 217),

cults (page 285) and other aspects of the supernatural. You people might make light of those subjects, but I assure you that millions of people *don't*. Witchcraft is a very old, very powerful religion. We people have had to put up with persecution for years and with unenlightened people thinking it's all a big joke. May I assure you, the occult is something to be taken very seriously. Your staff would do well to study up on this subject. I am sure I speak for a lot of witches when I say, "Do not insult us!"

Nancy Manning  
Broomfield, Colorado

#### FILM FANTASIES

I had to write and congratulate you people on another excellent report on *Sex in Cinema* (PLAYBOY, November). Each year, the photos get better and better (if that's possible). I know that I and countless millions of other people get a real rush out of seeing our favorite movie stars nude. Especially since, in a film, the scene is passed by so quickly. But in your *Sex in Cinema* articles, you freeze those moments for us to enjoy over and over. And I thank you for that.

John Lepine  
New York, New York

#### WOMEN AGAINST MEN?

Reading your editorial *The New Puritans* in the November issue caused me to wonder and to be a little frightened. As a "healthy, self-respecting female," I've read PLAYBOY for many years and I have been enlightened because of it. Do Bat-Ada and other radical feminists want to reverse the sexual roles and turn our men into a "nation of whores"? That's what it sounds like to me. It worries me that our two sons will grow up and be treated as less than human by women. Can't we liberate the male as well as the female? Men have been forced into roles just as women have, and it's time we liberate human beings no matter their sex, race or religion. It may sound as if I don't know or sympathize with the problems of women, but that's not true. I've had to fight for my rights against a male-dominated society. But we shouldn't push this to the other side of the coin, to the female-dominated society. We should want a society of beings who are able to do and be what they want. If we are not careful, we could push ourselves into another Dark Age and the "New Puritans" could lead us there!

Carol Martinez  
Pettigrew, Arkansas

#### SPINNING PLASTIC INTO GOLD

We would like to take this opportunity to secure your future. We enjoyed Asa Baber's article on financial advice (*How I Gave Up Reading Financial Advice*) in the November issue. Since we



are sitting on a potential billion dollars, we thought we would share it with you. We hope that enough of our suppliers will read your article and we will be able to pay them in the future with plastic spoons.

Frank M. Anderson,  
Marketing Manager  
Maryland Plastics, Inc.  
Federsburg, Maryland

Accompanying this letter was a case containing approximately 1000 plastic forks, knives and spoons. Baber had recommended those as sure-fire investments for the future. Too bad he didn't recommend some fried chicken and potato salad to go along with them.

#### MALE PETTERS NEEDED

Thank you very much for the inclusion of my dating service for people who own pets, Single Pet Lovers, in your July *Potpourri* section. However, I find that many more women responded than men. In order to do justice to these females, I need many more male respondents. Could I impose on you for a second mention, perhaps in your *Dear Playboy* column?

Connie Hundertmark  
Single Pet Lovers  
P.O. Box 487  
La Guardia, New York

OK, Connie, we'll try again. Any of you male pet lovers who want to meet female pet lovers in order to do some "heavy petting," contact Connie.

#### REVIEW REVIEW

I want to thank you so much for your kind words in your review of my first album. I really appreciate it more than I can say. The album has done really well and I'm told it still is selling, thanks in part to favorable reviews like yours. I go back into the studio (The Record Plant in L.A.) soon to start album number two. Brooks Arthur is producing again and Artie Butler has done the charts on the first two sides to be cut. The album will be out this month.

Bernadette Peters  
Los Angeles, California

I beg to differ with Bruce Williamson's review of *Honeysuckle Rose*, in which he says that Willie Nelson does not make it as a romantic leading man. I think Nelson is one hell of a sexy man—he can lead me anywhere, any time! He is definitely sexier than Bruce Williamson—in any situation!

Debbie Buck  
Emmett, Idaho

Take another look, Debbie. Williamson actually wrote, "Willie Nelson does not quite make it for me . . . as a romantic leading man," leaving the final judgment to the viewer. Besides, we think Bruce is every bit as sexy as Willie.



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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## IVY BELEAGUERED

At Princeton University recently, freshman women were handed three-page questionnaires asking explicit questions about their sexual behavior. Printed on stationery identical to that of the school's Sexuality Education Counseling and Health Center, the questionnaires included instructions directing the women to leave the completed forms, with their names printed clearly on them, in their campus mailboxes. The questionnaires would then be picked up and studied. They were studied, all right, but not by the sexuality center, which had nothing to do with the forms. School spokesman James Merritt suspects "upper-class males" had something to do with the revealing survey. "It is not just an innocent prank," he said, and he doubted the school would ever catch the prowling Tigers.

## SHH! WE'RE A SECRET

Tales of the volunteer Army, chapter one: When the six members of a top-secret Army commando unit were airdropped to Brownfield, Texas, they were expected to travel quietly to an Air Force base nine miles north of town. Getting lost immediately, the dirty half dozen headed east instead of north. Making matters worse, they got caught in a sudden thunderstorm. Drenched, the six walked up to a farmhouse owned by Ruben Martinez and asked if they could use his phone. A bit suspicious of having commandos at the door, Martinez refused, but offered them refuge from the storm in his barn. A short while later, he noticed the guys peeking into his house through a window. He called the local sheriff, who showed up and took the men into Brownfield. By the next day, the entire town knew about the affair.

One week later, the Pentagon con-

firmed that the six crackerjacks' assignment had been to "get in and out without notice." In light of this recent mission, the Army has decided to make things a bit easier for secret missions in the future. From now on, all commando units will travel by Greyhound bus, carry Michelin guides and be accompanied by a parent or an adult guardian.

## DYE HARD

At the funeral of Lawrence Gelb, the founder of Clairol, Frank Meyers, president of the product division of Bristol-Myers, of which Clairol is a part, eulogized: "Larry, I know you're up there. I'm sure you are. And I'm also sure you've got the angels blonding their halos with Clairol."

## THE NAKED TRUTH

Feeling that the best way to communicate with her fans was to let it all hang out over the airwaves, porn-film star



Marilyn Chambers doffed her clothes during a recent radio interview with talk-show host Bob Grant. She remained nude for the entire show, chatting casually with the fully clad Grant. After the broadcast, the still naked Marilyn smilingly reported: "Bob handled it extremely well . . . I mean, some of the other hosts I've done this with couldn't even talk." Grant proved himself a cool one, indeed, stating that he'd had no problem keeping his composure except for the few occasions when "my own prurient fantasies took over." During commercial breaks, we hope.

## MIXED MEDIA

If you think you have trouble reading newspaper stories once they're published, imagine what goes on at the editor's desk. Hot over the wire from the Field News Service came this illuminating piece of advice to all editorial personnel: "The story slugged COMPREHEND by William Hines that moved on this wire earlier this evening duplicates a story slugged CONFUSE that moved Saturday. Sorry for any inconvenience."

## DINNER MANNERS

Dining in East Hampton, New York's, The Laundry, food critic Gael Greene ordered ham and brie on pumpernickel and a side of fries. "It was wonderful," she said, "except the brie had the white crust on it. I never eat the crust on brie."

After dinner, Greene told the waitress that the brie would have been a lot spiffier without the crust and the French fries more palatable if they had not been overcooked. "If you like, you can go tell the chef," said Greene.

"Should I tell him who you are?" asked the waitress.

"Sure," replied the critic.

The waitress sauntered off. A few moments later, she returned from the



kitchen. "He said, 'Fuck you.'"

Greene was nonplused. She figured the deviled ham made him do it.

### GET STUFFED

Roy Rogers, the king of the cowboys, held court recently, explaining that he and Dale Evans would like to make a movie comeback. "We're looking for the right script," he said, "not like the movies they're making today, which I wouldn't even let Trigger watch."

Roy, always the philosopher, had these words concerning his eventual afterlife plans. "When I go, I've told Dale just to hang me up there with Trigger . . . stuffed and smiling and waving at my fans."

Isn't that what happened to Elizabeth Taylor?

### THE OLD SHELL GAME

Want to know how our tax dollars are being spent? Recently, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration decided to do some research on sea-turtle nesting and mating areas. A radio transmitter was pinned to Dianne, a loggerhead turtle, and she was returned to the water. Signals from Dianne's device were beamed at four-day intervals to NASA's Goddard Space Center near Washington, D.C. All was going well. Dianne sent off good vibes from the waters off Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

Then something went wrong. All transmission stopped. After a short while, the signals started showing up again, but they were not being broadcast from any ocean area. In fact, it appeared as if Dianne were speeding inland. Scientists were in a tizzy. Movement finally stopped in Kansas, a state not known for its seacoast. Tracing the transmitter, a scientist walked up to a home belonging to a Kansas fisherman. He had found the transmitter on a Texas beach and was using the \$5000 device as a doorstop. Scientists were not amused. Could have been worse, docs. The guy could have been dishing out turtle soup when you called.

### HIGH VOLTAGE

OK. You've accepted the hype on grass-ohol. Now are you ready for *grassohol*? The alternative-energy dope is the brain storm of the Florida Power and Light Company, an organization that claims that burning marijuana in great quantities could produce a lot of electrical power. Grassohol could save a barrel of oil for every 1000 pounds of the weed burned. There's no problem with supply, either. Unlike oil, confiscated marijuana is available in abundance, since tons of the drug are seized almost daily by state and Federal agencies. Should the grass-ohol plan go through, public utility companies will stage a massive publicity

campaign to attract national attention. Reportedly, Reddy Kilowatt will be replaced by Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda.

### MOM AND APPLE PIE

Who says patriotism is a thing of the past? A 42-year-old mother with 21 children has registered for the draft and, by John Wayne, she's serious about fighting. "My country needs me," explains Patricia Andras of Westfield, Massachusetts. "This country's going to hell on roller skates. I'm willing to do whatever they tell me to. If I'm called up, I'll go." Her husband is described as being "absolutely in shock" by the *macho* mom. If Mrs. Andras is inducted and she winds up at Pork Chop Hill, she promises that she'll take the Shake 'n Bake.

## CHECKING IN



Editorial Assistant Bonnie Robinson talked with Peter Strauss while he was on location shooting "A Whale for the Killing" (which will air on ABC-TV in early January).

PLAYBOY: Most actors feel that starring in television is beneath them. Why have you chosen to make your reputation there?

STRAUSS: First of all, that's a myth. I don't find television any better or any worse than films. In fact, if anything, I feel more pride in some of the things I and others have done in television lately than in what I've seen in films.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, TV movies are considered to be inferior to features. *Rich Man, Poor Man*, in which you played Rudy Jordache, wasn't a strong argument against that premise; however, *The Jericho Mile*, starring you as a convict determined to become a runner, received a lot of critical acclaim.

STRAUSS: *Jericho* was made in 21 days and, as far as I'm concerned, was superior to 98 percent of the feature films released that year.

PLAYBOY: It's said that you care more

about aesthetics than about cash. True?

STRAUSS: Yeah. Money doesn't mean anything to me. My attorneys will confirm that. I don't even know when or how I'm being paid. I have an idea about amounts and I like the fact that they're very high, because I don't want anybody to think they can get me cheaply.

PLAYBOY: *A Whale for the Killing* is based on a true-life incident about how a whale was trapped off the coast of Newfoundland. What was it about the story that made you want the part? Are you queer for whales?

STRAUSS: Oh, I suppose as much as anybody is once he's seen one. I was drawn to the story because it was such an extraordinary event: the fact that a whale had become trapped in a pond, that a town for a few days was enchanted by its behavior, and then suddenly an element of the town began to use the whale for target practice.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to something lighter. Back at the office, someone called you the Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., of the Eighties. How do you see your career differing from his?

STRAUSS: I don't know what the hell that means. Whoever said it, I hate him. Why that? For a look? Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., is a devout Republican conservative, which I have *nothing* to do with. I mean *no way*. He is probably a very lovely man, I don't mean—

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. We're not talking about him as a personality, we're talking about him as an actor.

STRAUSS: That's absurd. I'll leave it at that.

PLAYBOY: How would you *like* to be remembered?

STRAUSS: I'd like to be remembered for excellence, for doing the things that I do best. Not best in a competitive sense but the best I can do with it. I am a rigid perfectionist.

PLAYBOY: For you, we've heard, doing your best often means throwing yourself into learning something new for each role. You had to learn to ride a horse for your first feature film, *Hail, Hero!*, didn't you?

STRAUSS: Yes, and that's one of the joys in film making; when you play characters that are different, you're going to learn something new. I had to learn to shoot for *Soldier Blue*, to fly for *Young Joe, the Forgotten Kennedy*, to run my ass off for *Jericho Mile* and to sail for *Whale*. In *Rich Man, Poor Man*, I had to learn two of the hardest things of all: to play the trumpet and to play golf.

PLAYBOY: Let's say that you're still going to be a leading man ten years from now. What kinds of roles do you think you'll be playing then?

STRAUSS: I'm going to play David Niven parts from now on. Elegant—Cannes, Cap Ferrat locations with wonderful clothing. I've had a rough two years of locations: in Newfoundland for *Whale*,



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An outlaw in "Butch Cassidy  
and the Sundance Kid."  
A smuggler in "Exodus."  
A pool shark in "The Hustler."  
A convict in "Cool Hand Luke."

Now

## PAUL NEWMAN

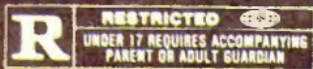
has gone straight... to the most  
commanding role of his career in

## FORT APACHE, THE BRONX

TIME-LIFE FILMS PRESENTS A DAVID SUSSKIND PRODUCTION

PAUL NEWMAN in  
FORT APACHE, THE BRONX

Starring EDWARD ASNER Also Starring KEN WAHL and KATHLEEN BELLER  
RACHEL TICOTIN • DANNY AIELLO • PAM GRIER Produced by MARTIN RICHARDS and GILL CHAMPION  
Screenplay by HEYWOOD GOULD Music by JONATHAN TUNICK Directed by DANIEL PETRIE  
Executive Producer DAVID SUSSKIND

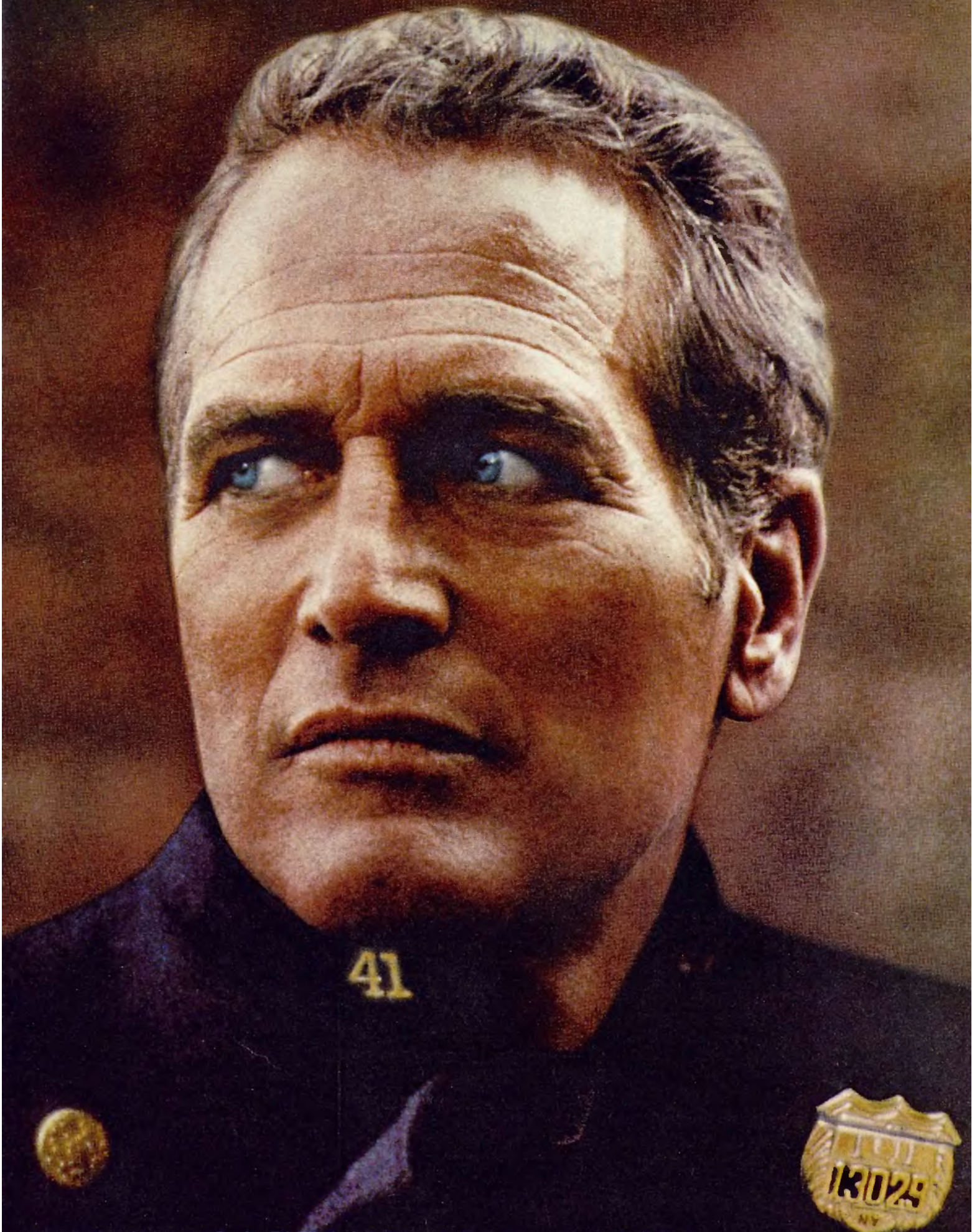


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COMING FOR FEBRUARY TO A





**SELECTED THEATRE NEAR YOU.**





**ARIES** (March 21 to April 19) A year of grudging fulfillment. In July, your first trip to a nude beach is cut short as soon as others there realize the rhythmic pounding they hear is *you* and not the surf. Your novel ideas about contraception—especially the ones involving the mousetrap and the old Iron Butterfly record—plunge you into the regional spotlight. Keep an eye on your fly in February.

**TAURUS** (April 20 to May 20) A year of doubtful self-improvement. A love interest insists on making you breakfast in bed one morning in March and gets pancake batter and eggshells all over your favorite sheets. Later, she enters you as an "Ivory skin" contestant and they send you back a coupon good for one pizza.

**GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21) A year of mercurial reversals. In August, two stunning women approach you in a dark bar and ask if you'd be interested in a threesome: you agree, and barely beat them with a par and a birdie on the last two holes. Stay away from sex-starved heiresses.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22) A year of unspoken fantasies. In October, a beautiful woman says you remind her of a movie star and you accommodate her by behaving like Dom DeLuise. You begin jogging to improve your sex life and soon are pleased to find that women can no longer easily outrun you.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 22) A year of covetous glances. Your love life benefits a great deal as soon as you learn to stop making leering, tuna-fish jokes on first dates. Excessive worry about the width of your tie causes you to miss out on the subtle advances of a luscious aviatrix at a party.

**VIRGO** (August 23 to September 22) A year of unsatisfactory shoe purchases. A minor injury sustained in an April household accident will cause your lip to curve in a way that women find irresistible. Your idea for a flavored condom fails to attract investors.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 23) A year of unproductive notoriety. Trouble arises in November, when your lover, in a state of ecstasy, says you're the "best" and you feel obliged to go out and see if she's right. Your hot streak with women ends when

you accidentally order a \$300 bottle of wine at a swank French restaurant and are forced to crawl out the men's-room window.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 21) A year of raw cravings. While on a trip to New York in May, you establish eye contact with Lillian Hellman through a barroom mirror. You become depressed when your mate is arrested for embezzling from a sperm bank. You perk up again, however, when the purchase of some sexy underpants makes you pitch like Jim Palmer and you lead your softball team to a championship.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21) A year of needlessly Platonic relationships. While dancing drunkenly at a disco one night in June, you draw a crowd and inadvertently start a new dance craze that becomes so big that *Pravda* describes it as "fresh proof of the imperialist decline." You enter a love triangle, but the woman who seemed so right turns out to be obtuse.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 19) A year of repetitious dreams. You make a good first impression with a local S/M group when you have so much trouble taking off your raincoat that you begin to cry. While standing next to a man at a bar, you overhear him greet a woman with an opening line that is so good that for a week in March, you become a homosexual.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 18) A year of unrewarded inventiveness. Your dream date with an intelligent contortionist ends unhappily when she sits on her own face and steals your silverware at the same time. In September, an attractive woman becomes your boss and you don't know what to think when you ask her for more money and she gives you a raise instead.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 20) A year of imagined heroism. You go out with a 19-year-old bank teller who comes up with a nickname for your penis that happens also to be the name of a dog you owned as a boy—she can't understand why you sob wistfully whenever you make love. The most alluring woman in your office is *not* talking to you with her eyes, so forget it.

—CHARLES A. MONAGAN

in prison for *Jericho*, six months in the Israeli desert for the *Masada* miniseries.

**PLAYBOY:** Outside of acting, what are your main interests?

**STRAUSS:** I have a small farm ranch. I built my own house, I landscaped my own property—I have 64 acres. I've built a zoo that's full of animals. I've planted more than 350 varieties of trees and shrubs. The house is full of dogs and cats. It's littered with *objets d'art*, antiques, shells, rugs, unique pieces of furniture, tons of music—everything that interests me.

**PLAYBOY:** You've probably made enough money so that you can live wherever you want. Why have you chosen to live on a ranch instead of in Malibu or Beverly Hills?

**STRAUSS:** I suppose the main reason is privacy. I cannot believe I'm going to go to Beverly Hills and spend \$2,500,000 and listen to my neighbor flush his toilet. I must have quiet. I'm a fiend about it. I can't go to sleep when a book's being read next to me. There is nothing more beautiful at night than the sound of nothing. I love the desert and the mountains more than any other environment because—to use an oxymoron—of their *rushing stillness*. There is an enormous life force around you and yet it is silent.

**PLAYBOY:** We're sure a lot of women find you attractive. Can you be had?

**STRAUSS:** Wait a minute. I have to go home to the lady I'm living with this evening and Shana's a very special lady. Can I be had? Yes, I suppose I can.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your idea of a "fun" date?

**STRAUSS:** A fun date? I haven't been on a date in ten years. A fun date is a rainy day in New York in a hotel room with the Sunday *New York Times* and fresh *croissants* and hot chocolate and the entire day spent in bed making love and reading the *Sunday Times*.

**PLAYBOY:** If time and place and money were no object, describe your ideal romantic evening.

**STRAUSS:** I don't have to *be* anywhere. I can be romantic at any time. I suppose the best thing about romanticism is when it is unplanned. A predictable evening of a drink, dinner, a walk on the beach and going back to your room is wonderful; but to me, really unexpected, unanticipated places, unpredictable moods and just good, hard sex are romantic.

**PLAYBOY:** If you had three wishes, what would they be?

**STRAUSS:** The first would be the perfect nest. The second wish would be to have much more joy in my work. Not more fulfillment, necessarily—the fulfillment is there—but I'd like to have less frustration about it. I think I'd make myself a lot happier if I didn't believe that it's never good enough. And the third wish, I suppose, is the most personal: the ability to love easily.



**NOSTALGIA QUIZ #2: WHO PUT THE BOMP IN THE BOMP SHU BOMP?** All right, true greasers, here are three even *we* don't know the answers to.

1. One of us here in the Music Department grew up in dread Cleveland. He remembers listening to Alan Freed's *Moon Dog House*—the show on which Freed invented rock 'n' roll in the early Fifties. And he remembers that Freed used to favor, and often play, a tender little R&B ballad called *The Greasy Chicken*. But he doesn't remember who performed it, much less on what label it appeared, and neither does anyone else we've asked. So who did *The Greasy Chicken*?

2. Another mystery record is one we think is called *Bip Bop Boom*. One of us heard it on a tape once and hasn't been able to find it since. It's definitely *not* the classic *Bim Bam Boom* by the El Dorados, but it's the same vintage, roughly. *Bip Bop Boom*, anyone?

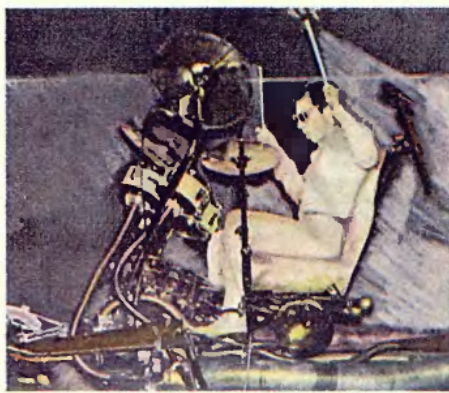
3. And a final brain drain: How many versions of *Hearts of Stone* were there?



Not counting the rip-off by The Fontane Sisters, of course. So, let's see, there was the one by the Jewels, and the Charms, and...

We really *don't* know the answers to those, so please send accompanying proof of your answer, if possible—a photocopy of the 45 or 78 itself would be best, and a cassette of the grease in question wouldn't hurt a bit. To the first ten of you who, in our judgment, answer any one of the questions correctly, we'll send you one of Annette's old T-shirts or a year's subscription to the magazine or something. Rama lama ding dong!

**DRUMMERS FROM OUTER SPACE:** This month's Future Shock Award, Wretched Excess Division, goes to Willie Wilcox of Utopia. He, says the PR release, "has a new toy—a \$6000 synthesized percussion kit that looks like a



Harley-Davidson customized for interplanetary travel. The Utopia kit, built on an actual motorcycle frame, rotates, has working headlights and is equipped with exhaust pipes that billow smoke." But can it do 0 to 60 in 3.6 bars?

**PYRAMID POWER:** Just prior to recording *Zenyatta Mondatta* (A&M) last year, Britain's top band, The Police, gave the music biz something to think about. It wasn't what The Police played but where they played it. Interrupting their world tour last spring, they detoured from the predictable circuit to side-step into the exotic—that old opium trail: Hong Kong to Cairo, via Bombay.

I spoke with Policemen Sting and Stewart Copeland at the Pyramids Holiday Inn after a hugely successful concert to virtually an all-Moslem crowd. Their moody music was just right for Cairo, a soulful city that, like Police rock, runs hot and cool. At the gig on a warm Sahara night, such wistful, erotic songs as *Walking on the Moon* sounded like lullabies for the desert, and Sting's rough-edged voice, which sounds like that of a chain-smoking choirboy with the blues, had the same mournful tones as those that call the faithful to prayer. But it was the wild, high-speed stuff the crowd dug the most, and it went nuts when Sting, mistaking the local chief of police for another bouncer, told him to "Fuck off." I asked him about that later.

STING: We came here to risk making fools of ourselves. In Paris or London, we only have to pick our noses or fart onstage to get cheered. But to go out and win over an audience that doesn't know you or give a fuck, that's really a challenge. Sitting pretty is a dangerous position for an artist to be in. We came to fight, and I think that we won. Especially in India.

PLAYBOY: What was the difference there?  
STING: There were some American students in the Cairo audience, so it didn't feel *totally* exotic. But in Bombay, we played India. A sea of white saris. We completely won over a totally alien audience. We're still high from it. It was so bizarre and fascinating.

PLAYBOY: Were you caught up by the mystique there, or repelled, as many are, by the poverty?

STING: I loved India. I was ready for all that. The beggars. The degradation. The smell. It was all there, like a string of clichés. But so was a sense of happiness in all the chaos and hubbub, the sense of people leading very full lives.

PLAYBOY: As in Cairo?

STING: Exactly the same. This tour has made me accept certain truths without getting passionately frustrated. Our minds are so different from theirs. How can we make judgments about self-fulfillment and abstractions like that?

PLAYBOY: Stewart, you grew up in exotic places, didn't you?

COPELAND: Yeah. Enough to like Arabs a lot. I was a kid in Lebanon. We used to throw rocks at each other. They taught me how to say "You are your grandmother's underpants." A very close and meaningful relationship. My father was a consultant to various organizations. He told them which officials to bribe. Bribery is the natural resource of the Mideast, of course, so he was in demand. It was great to come back here and play to such warm audiences.

PLAYBOY: What about the album you've been writing on this tour? Will it be *reggae*-based again?

STING: We are in danger of being slotted as a *reggae* band. We happen to love *reggae*, but we also like change. We have to keep placing demands on ourselves and the audience by moving. Toward more sophistication, perhaps.

PLAYBOY: And yet you're dying to break really big in America, a notoriously conservative market...

STING: If you're saying that to succeed in America you have to compromise to the point of churning out clichéd crap, I think you're wrong. I'm more optimistic about Americans. The point is to raise the level of pop. I know how to make an album that would sell double platinum in America.

PLAYBOY: What?

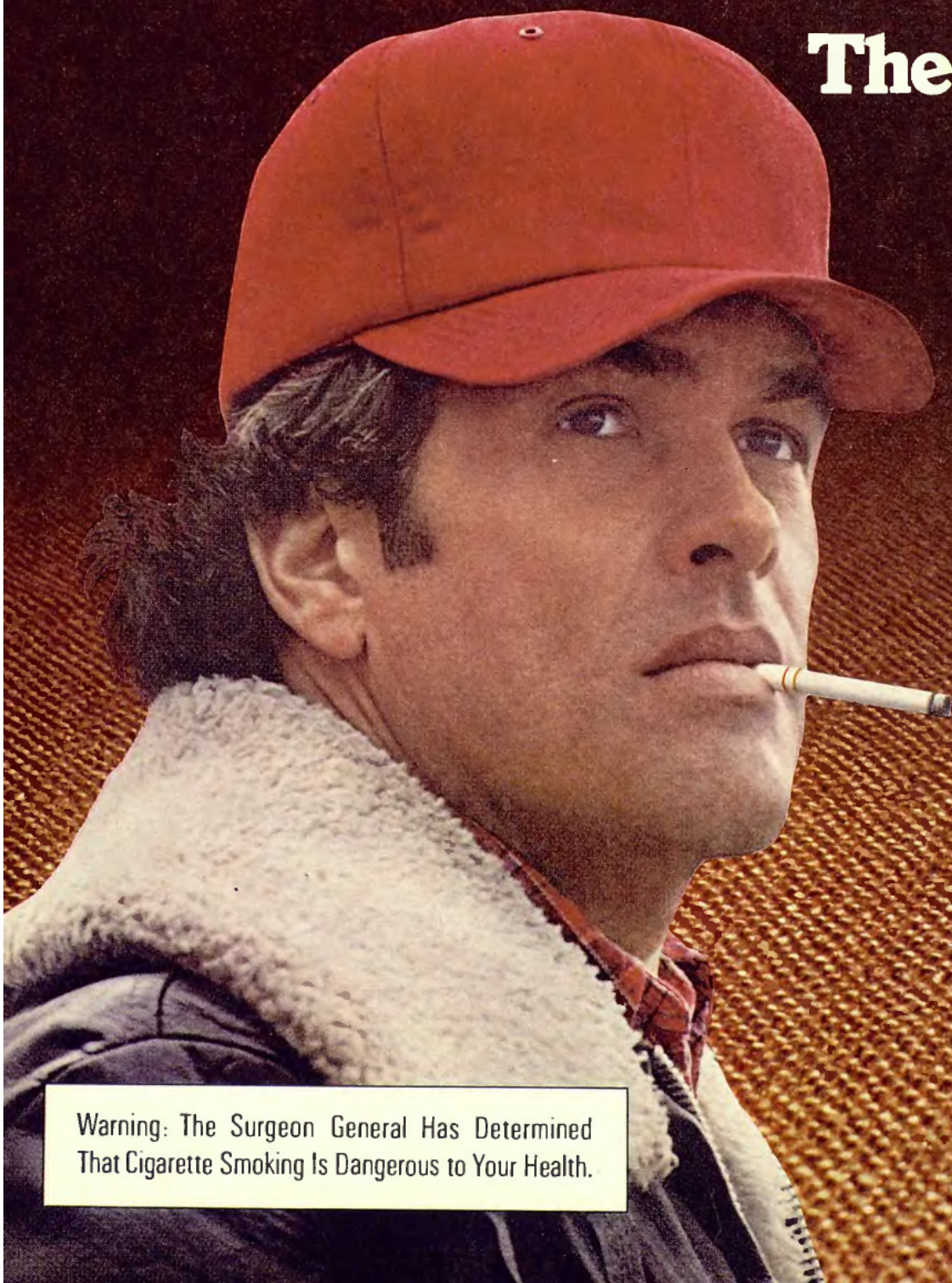
STING: Heavy metal. No doubt about it;





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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# Ultra

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but I'm not going to do it. The challenge is to make them like us on our terms.

PLAYBOY: Meaning on a certain level of subtlety. How do you maintain that?

STING: By being a trio. We keep one another in check. We're all very good musicians, so we like to excel. But we stop one another from going over the top, showing off in the wrong way. With a bigger group, you lose that. But a triangle is a very strong shape. A three-way pull that won't break. Look out the window there. The Pyramids. There's a great example of triangular power. Amazing.

—ALAN PLATT

## REVIEWS

Remember The Rutles? The Monty Python ersatz Beatles? Well, forget them. Utopia's new *Deface the Music* (Bearsville) is now the definitive parody/savaging/homage to/of the Fab Four. The arrangements, playing and vocals are a lot more solid, for three things. The level of satire/rip-off is also higher, so the songs—a chronological history from the early *I Just Want to Touch You* to the final Lennonesque *Everybody Else Is Wrong*—are generally so right on (as we said during the White Album period) that often you have to listen twice to be sure it's not just the real Beatles at their dopiest. A fine party record for cynics of all ages.

And to get those cynics dancing, add The Specials' *More Specials* (Chrysalis) to the stack. It'll appeal especially to *Decline of the West* buffs, who like to fondly remember old Oswald Spengler and boogie, boogie, boogie. There's definite First World deterioration going on here. If we can judge from this LP, punk Brit rock decay has so advanced that it's presently cool to essay a synthesis of aftershock colonial Caribbean R&B—chiefly a reggae precursor called *ska*—with dashes of straight cornball Forties Brill Building schlock-pop and World War Three social comment. Which means much of it sounds like *Room at the Top Beneath the Mushroom Clouds in the Jungle*. It's good, there's no future fun—and you can dance to it.

## SHORT CUTS

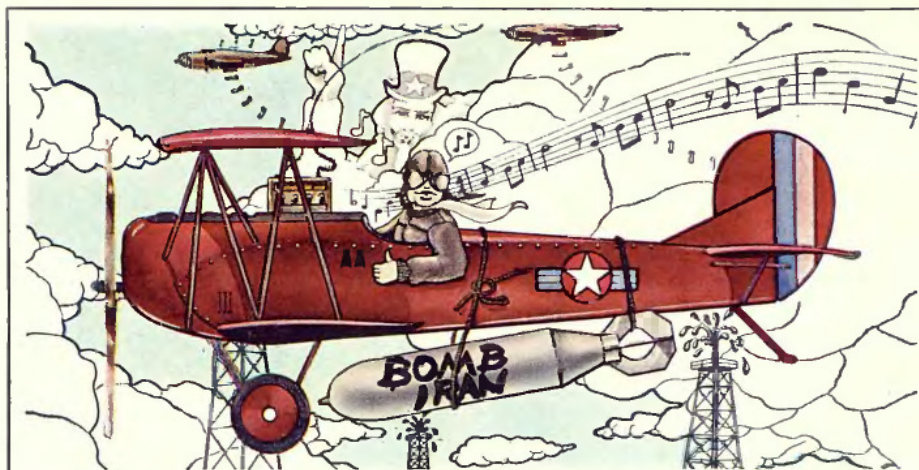
Charlie Parker / *One Night in Chicago* (Savoy): Primitively recorded early bootleg, but Bird is brilliant.

Hubert Laws / *Family* (Columbia): Well-done jazz mood music, but do we really need another version of Ravel's *Bolero*?

Fat Larry's Band / *Stand Up* (Fantasy): Lie down and think thin; maybe they'll go away.

The Leslie Drayton Orchestra / *Our Music Is Your Music* (Esoteric): He's ambitious, this young trumpeter—and his big band really packs a punch.

## FAST TRACKS



**BETWEEN IRAQ AND A HARD PLACE:** By the time you read this, the official release of Vince Vance & the Valiants' big hit, *Bomb Iran*, will have hit the radio waves. *Bomb Iran* is sung to the tune of the old Beach Boys hit *Barbara Ann*. You remember: "Bomb bomb bomb; bomb bomb Iran. . . ." The copublishers of the original have agreed to lend the rights to the melody so *Bomb Iran* can be sold legally.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Last summer, CBS released, for radio airplay only, an interview with Paul McCartney conducted by journalist Vic Garbarini for *Musician, Player & Listener* magazine. Now you, too, can have it. CBS has pressed a limited edition for the public. . . . On a visit to Washington, D.C., technicians who work with the rock group Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which has been performing at various antinuke concerts around the country, discovered, while out playing tourist, that mineral exhibits at the Smithsonian Institution were emitting potentially dangerous levels of radioactivity. That's what happens when you let rock bands go out in the daytime. After officials with the real Nuclear Regulatory Commission confirmed this, the Smithsonian had leaded glass installed around the displays. . . . Linda Ronstadt is reportedly considering another major role in a Broadway musical, Brecht and Weill's *The Seven Deadly Sins*, after *Pirates* is over. . . . Marty Balin is putting together a video disc of his rock opera *Rock Justice*, which tells the sad story of a lead singer in a band who falls asleep in the recording studio and dreams he is put on trial by members of his own group for not producing a hit record. The disc should be available right now. . . . At last! Liverpool recognizes her famous native sons by naming a block of apartments for the elderly after The Beatles. Now we have the answer to "Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm 64?" . . . Speaking of the Fab Four, for the first time ever, their records will go on sale in the discount bins. . . . Gary Rowe of Rowe's Rare Records, 54 West Santa Clara

Street, San Jose, California 95113, sells a price guide for rare 45s. So if you've got Elvis' *Rockin' Tonight* on the Sun label, it's worth up to \$270 in mint condition. Or if you've got the promo copy of Dylan's *Blowin' in the Wind*, it's worth \$40. Check your golden oldies; you might be sitting on gold.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* are due to be rereleased in movie theaters this year, more than 15 years after they originally appeared. United Artists, which released them, relinquished all rights to the films some years ago because studio executives at the time thought The Beatles were a fad that would soon fade away.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** We hear that when E Street keyboardist Roy Bittan's house was struck by lightning, it melted down his stereo set. We call that burnin'. . . . *Mama Mia, Whatta Group Department:* On a recent European tour, Bob Marley and the Wailers drew 180,000 fans in Milan, of all places. Some 35,000 people showed up at the airport to welcome them to town. Reggae sauce on the spaghetti? . . . Bruce Springsteen is apparently about to repay an old debt. After years of closing his shows with Gary U.S. Bonds' hit *Quarter to Three*, The Boss is going to add a song of his own to the new Bonds album. . . . Peter Tosh's pro-pot song, *Legalize It*, has been banned for sale to minors in West Germany. The ban stipulates that the record can be sold only under the counter. . . . China's—hell, maybe the world's—first combination rodeo and pop-music concert will be filmed and recorded for a TV special and that country's premiere Western pop album.

—BARBARA NELLIS



Blaupunkt Innovations in Automotive Sound

# Only the new Blaupunkt 3001 has Remote Control Station Scanning and Illuminated Controls

Here is a sophisticated AM/FM Stereo Cassette that incorporates two of the latest Blaupunkt advances in car stereo.

Blaupunkt engineers have found a way to minimize the aggravation of searching out a station while you drive. The 3001 has a built in microprocessor that, among other things, relieves you of twiddling with knobs and fine tuning dials to isolate the station you want to enjoy.

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When you want to scan the AM or FM spectrum, you simply press a knob and the microprocessor orders an automatic signal scanner to do the rest. It will lock in each station, crystal clear and with no interference, for five seconds. Then it automatically advances to the next frequency, station by station, until you hear what you like. Just press the knob once more to lock in the station of your choice.

To carry convenience a step further, Blaupunkt furnishes you with a remote

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Convenience is not the only concern of Blaupunkt engineers. To improve the margin of safety during night driving, the essential controls on the face of the 3001 are fully illuminated. You can expect other



The essential controls are fully illuminated. car stereos to incorporate this feature sooner or later. At Blaupunkt we're used to that.

The 3001 sells for \$630\* and is part of a complete line of AM/FM stereo cassettes priced from \$250.

Because of its compact chassis plus adjustable shafts it will fit easily into the dash of just about any car, domestic or import.

## Blaupunkt 3001 Features

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- 12 Electronic Station Presets
- Electronic Station Scan
- Remote Control Scanner
- Illuminated Station Controls
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- \*\*Dolby Noise Reduction Circuit
- Autoreverse Cassette
- Pushbutton Locking Fast Forward and Rewind
- Sensust Head
- Separate Bass and Treble
- Separate Fader and Balance
- Tape Bias Compensation Switch
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\*\*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

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\*Suggested retail price exclusive of installation and speakers.

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One of the ironies of our new high-tech society is that we don't even know the words for the things we are afraid of. It's only when our complex systems fail that we learn such esoteric terms as brownout and gridlock. In March of 1979, our common vocabulary took a quantum leap with the addition of a new frightening term, meltdown. In his book *Three Mile Island* (Random House), Mark Stephens gives us a painstakingly detailed definition of the word and its dire implications. His step-by-step, minute-by-minute account of the near tragedy at T.M.I. will give the "non-nukers" plenty of ammunition for their crusade. And that's a pity, because Stephens' careful examination of the facts reveals that neither nuclear technology nor the possibility of a meltdown will be the death of us. Indeed, there are very old words for what we should fear most in the new age. They are ignorance and incompetence.

As the son of actor Yul Brynner, Rock Brynner had opportunities galore: private schooling abroad, generous allowances and personal relationships with big stars. *The Ballad of Habit and Accident* (Wyndham) is the young Brynner's novelistic saga of coming of age in the late Sixties and early Seventies, beginning with his drunken years as a Trinity philosophy student in Dublin and following his nomadic ventures through Europe. Along the wearying way, he embraced atheism, sold his body for drinking money, had a brief, successful fling as a stage actor, dropped acid and refused the dividends of his privileged life in his narcissistic search for self-identity. Brynner's *Accident* is a serious wreck.

Is there a recent autobiography that is not self-serving, not crammed with snappy anecdotes and details of sexual vagaries? Yes, Graham Greene's *Ways of Escape* (Simon & Schuster), an autobiography with scenes as intriguing and powerful as any from his novels. Greene's way of escaping from boredom and depression was to travel to the world's forgotten spots during turbulent times. In the process, he witnessed Papa Doc's tactics in Haiti, French folly in Vietnam, the Mau Mau rebellion in Kenya. An incredible life, a talented writer, a fascinating book.

For your basic midwinter all-night page turner, read Laurence Leamer's novel *Assignment* (Dial), the unbelievable misadventures of a gung-ho television heavy and his crew. He might just remind you of Dan Rather on *60 Minutes*. Especially when he didn't shave in Af-



T.M.I.: The enemy is incompetence.

The *real* scare behind Three Mile Island's near tragedy; forays abroad make Greene's autobiography intriguing.



*Escape*: wanderlust exquisitely penned.

ghanistan. Superstar Bob Branker leads us into the jungles of Peru to unravel a great cocaine mystery and find his network chairman's daughter. He finds her grave instead. It's a riveting thriller.

Godine Press has again fulfilled its commitment to publish the English language at its best. Benedict Kiely, an Irishman and frequent contributor to

*The New Yorker*, has captured the essence of Gaelic charm in his book of short stories, *The State of Ireland*, without resorting to caricature or exploitation. He writes not about Mick and Paddy but about Cowboy Carson, who wears spurs and boots and talks of rodeos and shoot-outs but has never been beyond the borders of his own County Tyrone. Each story is as complete, as candid, as specific as a photograph, yet bonded to a passionate overview of the Irish people and their island.

We've just discovered two books of essays: Thomas McGuane's *An Outside Chance* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and Paul Hemphill's *Too Old to Cry* (Viking). McGuane's volume is the better written; it's a series of articles on fly casting and motocrossing and horse training and bonefishing, the details of each sport caught with precision in gleaming prose. But Hemphill's anthology of columns written for *The Atlanta Journal* comes across as the more vigorous and personal book. Hemphill, always the journalist, covers a wide variety of topics: the life of the free-lance writer, the Vietnam war, changing careers in midstream, hitchhiking across the country. Hemphill calls himself an Old Fart, but he proves in *Too Old to Cry* that he still has some good moves.

Enough time has passed for the marijuana-law-reform movement, like the decade of Prohibition, to be reviewed with some historical perspective; and in *High in America* (Viking), Patrick Anderson does a remarkable job of it. Central to the story is renegade lawyer Keith Stroup and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, one of the strangest and most effective lobbies ever to manipulate politicians, the press and public opinion in a truly idealistic if sometimes quixotic crusade. There are plenty of heroes and villains and a few buffoons, all critically examined down to their grass roots. And there are plenty of stories behind the stories—of coups, blunders, busts, plots and skulduggerous politicking—well researched, finely written.

*Half-Life* (Godine), a book of photographs by Rosamond Wolff Purcell, arrived in our offices too late to be included in the holiday gift-book roundup. But these photographs are too special not to mention. Purcell's work, both in color and in black and white, is intricate, surreal, provocative, beyond the pat definitions usually applied to such art. She is considered one of the leading American photographic talents—and this volume is filled with vivid proof of that.



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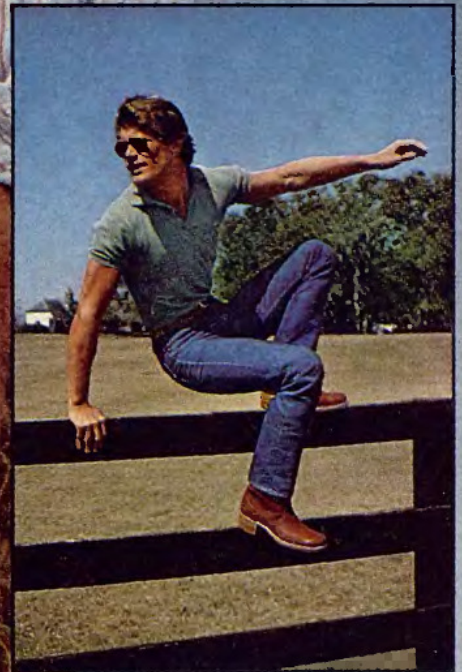
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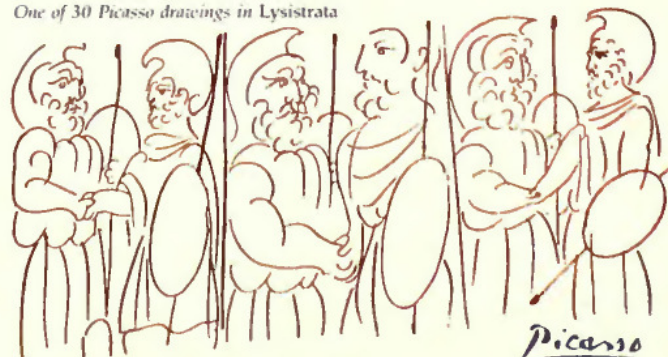
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**P**aul Le Mat and Jason Robards portray Melvin Dummar and Howard Hughes in the eccentric, irresistible opening scene of *Melvin and Howard* (Universal). History was made, or possibly fabricated, back in 1967, when Dummar—a blue-collar Jack-of-all-trades—picked up the stranded tycoon on a remote stretch of highway, lent him a bit of small change and later came into possession of a will naming him heir to one 16th of the vast Hughes estate. Dummar's case was ruled out by a Utah court in 1978, two years after Hughes's death. It was natural to hope that *Melvin and Howard* would either shed new light on the facts or develop the relationship between the two men into a charming film fable. Writer Bo Goldman and director Jonathan Demme took a different tack, and not an especially sharp one. Robards, as Hughes, disappears just as the movie's getting started. The rest of it is a slightly patronizing, fitful kitchen comedy about the dishwasher-dull life of Dummar, who writes terrible songs (*Santa's Souped-up Sleigh*, for one—and the film's fun is at its best when he forces Hughes to sing it). Melvin wins the Milkman of the Month title, nudges his first wife onto an L.A. game show called *Easy Street* and proves himself to be a reckless big spender who dreams in the shadow of the repo man.

Sorry to say, I could not bring myself to give a damn about any of this and finally concluded that Dummar must, indeed, be a con man whose major achievement was stirring up so much publicity that they made a movie about him. That *Melvin and Howard* is merely ordinary is not the actors' fault. Le Mat, as Dummar, treads a fine line between innocence and asininity without quite falling on his face. Mary Steenburgen and Pamela Reed, as his wives, both perform fetchingly. Although Steenburgen has the best bits as a down-home tootsie who marries Melvin twice (and leaves him frequently to try her luck dancing in honky-tonks), she has to push her fey humor pretty hard in an overdone Las Vegas wedding scene in which she waddles down the aisle, massively pregnant. Such mean-spirited mockery is seldom the sign of a master at work. Capra and Sturges did the same sort of roguish human comedies decades ago, and did 'em better. ♪

The first thing to say about *Inside Moves* (AFD), and it's meant as a compliment, is that they don't make movies like this one anymore. Richard (Superman) Donner's eccentric human comedy—adapted by Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson from Todd Walton's



Steenburgen bulking large.

*Melvin and Howard* disappoints, but *Inside Moves*' misfits have soul.



Scarwid and Savage making *Moves*.

novel—has the dreamy old-time flavor of a William Saroyan play, lavishing affection on some amiable misfits in a neighborhood gin mill. Fade in to Max's Bar in Oakland, California, a haven for cripples of all sorts because there's a hospital nearby. Then brace yourself while I divulge that the heroes of the piece are John Savage as Roary, a young man permanently twisted after he fails to kill himself jumping off a ten-story building, and David Morse as Jerry, a stiff-legged bartender who needs a costly operation before he can get a shot at making it in semipro basketball. The would-be ballplayer is in love with a junkie prostitute (Amy Wright), while the failed suicide

falls for a blonde barmaid (promising newcomer Diana Scarwid) who's slightly hung up about making love to a lad with a lot of involuntary twitches. All are just fine. The rest of the gang at Max's includes a blind man, a black jokester in a wheelchair and a poker addict with hooks for hands (played by Harold Russell, 1946 Academy Award winner for *The Best Years of Our Lives*). The concerns of *Inside Moves* are love and friendship and people with dreams—and emotional cripples who are otherwise sound of limb. Pure fantasy in the rough, realistic manner of *Rocky*. And I wish I could add that it's not corny. Well, it is corny, occasionally corny as hell. It's so original and winning and exceptionally well acted, however, that Donner's bizarre characters may finally captivate you, as they did me. Despite glaring flaws, *Moves* has soul. ♪

There is no hotter number in French cinema than Isabelle Huppert, making her U.S. movie debut in Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* (not yet reviewed at presstime). In two films reprinted at New York's fall film festival after prestigious spring premieres at Cannes, Huppert shows that she has tremendous range as well as magnetic screen presence. Jean-Luc Godard's *Every Man for Himself* (New Yorker-Zoetrope) struck me as a new miracle sleeping potion in film form, though dogged Godard devotees—their idol hadn't made a movie in years—received it with due reverence, as if he had just come down from the mountain wearing a crown of light. I find Godard's mannered, listless, episodic narrative a drag until Huppert appears, playing a bored but obedient prostitute in a quasi-pornographic sequence subtitled "Commerce." She is totally deadpan, thus sneakily comic, with a businessman, accompanied by an underling, who orchestrates a mini-orgy as if he were an efficiency expert ("Apply the lipstick only when he licks your ass. . . . suck only when I press your tits with my foot"). The scene is nonerotic, even naïve—as if Godard had just discovered the decadent emptiness of *la dolce vita*—but Huppert makes that sexual side trip an enticing turn in a wasteland of words. ♪

A far more sexy, pointed and perceptive look at man-woman relationships is Maurice Pialat's gritty modern romance *Loulou* (Gaumont-New Yorker), which teams Huppert with Gérard Depardieu to create sizzling screen chemistry. They certainly make *Loulou* come alive. The title role—his, not hers—belongs to beefy, bull-necked Depardieu, who may be the natural successor to such *macho*





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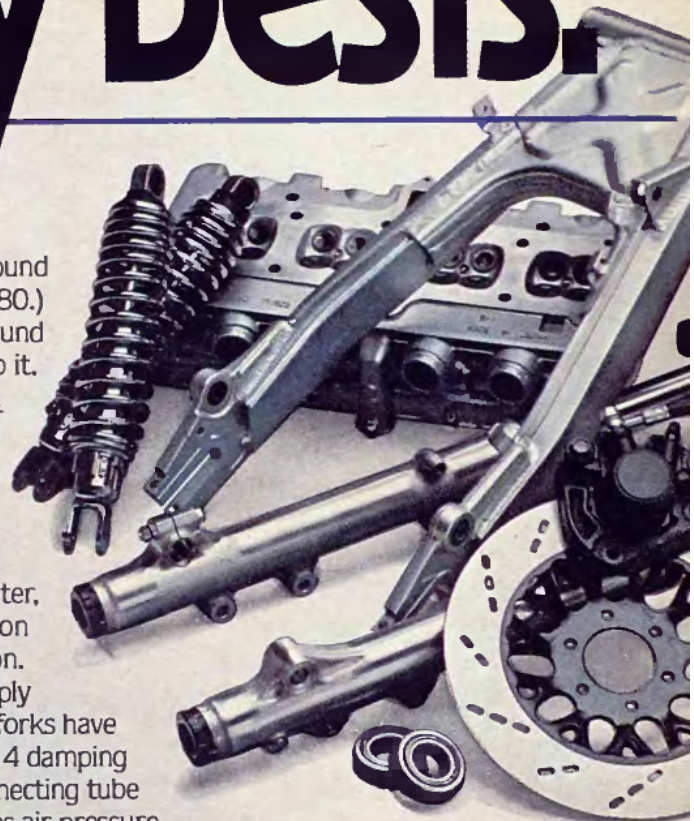
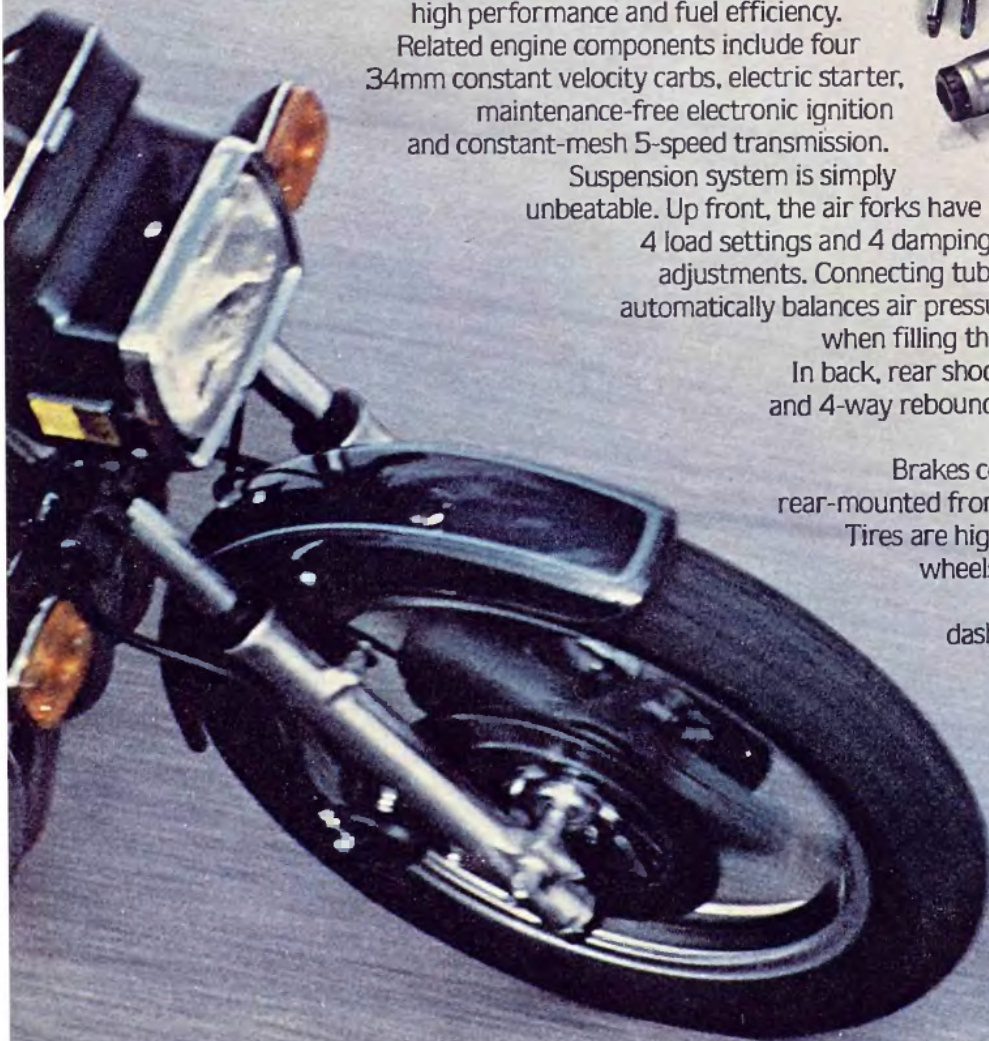
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French superstars as Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Gabin. Loulou is an amiable, unemployed former jailbird and full-time stud who claims women love him for his cock. He's not far wrong, according to Nelly (Huppert), who spitefully leaves her jealous husband (Guy Marchand), a successful businessman, and moves into a hotel with Loulou after picking him up on impulse at a dance hall. Nelly pays the rent, deliberately trading security for "a good fuck" with professional layabout Loulou "because he's with me all the time." Their erotic idyl begins to slump under the pressure of abortion, economics and unsynchronized social views; but while they've got it, they flaunt it so persuasively that you may forget to wonder what the movie is trying to say—beyond the obvious pitch for sure-fire passion in a world where "no one's in love anymore . . . everyone's breaking up." Pialat seldom spells things out. With Huppert and Depardieu, he doesn't have to. ★★★

Looking older, slower in tempo but right on the beat, Frank Sinatra returns after a long absence from the screen in *The First Deadly Sin* (Filmways). Fans of Lawrence Sanders' novel have found fault, I hear, with the way the movie ends. Yet the ending works for the film, which is honest, intelligent, sluggish here and there but altogether an engrossing suspense drama. To call it a thriller might lead you to expect more kicks than you'll get, though the plot concerns a psychopath (David Dukes) who's out in the dark New York streets doing in his victims with a mountaineer's ice hammer. Sinatra plays the detective Ed Delaney, whose wife (Faye Dunaway) lies dying in a hospital while he becomes obsessed with saving lives any way he can—since he's due for retirement and justifiably cynical about whether or not the law will catch up with a crazed killer who turns out to be white, affluent and well connected. As directed by Brian Hutton, *Deadly Sin* seldom soars but earns respect after a needlessly gory opening scene. Why Dunaway, always a take-charge actress, wanted this thankless bedridden role baffles me, though she has one of the longest death scenes on record (and that may answer my question). Sinatra's self-effacing performance is absolutely first-rate, and trust Ol' Blue Eyes, doubling as executive producer, to put himself in fast company—he's backed up with truth and humor by Dukes, James Whitmore, Brenda Vaccaro, Anthony Zerbe and Martin Gabel. ★★★

The college professor's wife discovers he's having an affair with a beautiful coed, so she evens the score by balling a young handy man who comes to put up bookshelves. In short order, the mix-and-match foursome goes off together to spend the mid-term holidays at a coun-



Crooner turns crime fighter in *Sin*.

Ol' Blue Eyes is cool as a hot cop; Bo's back, but Season's no "10."



Bo, Hopkins poorly Seasoned.

try house. Then the married couple's grown daughter shows up, followed by the coed's anxious father. The daughter (Marybeth Hurt) uses terms such as "this sleazy little farce," which turns out to be a reasonably accurate description of *A Change of Seasons* (Fox). Sleazy but trying hard to be slick and chic. The main men in the case are England's Anthony Hopkins as the philandering prof, Michael Brandon as his rival—with Hopkins so deadly earnest he appears to have no time for comedy (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* would be more his speed). "Teaching these days is like opening PLAYBOY magazine," sighs Hopkins; it's as good a line as any with which to bring on coed Bo Derek, still looking like a ten in a part I'd rank no higher than five. Crisp and capable as ever, Shirley MacLaine reprises the role she plays with much greater success in *Loving Couples*, yet another 40ish lady who holds on to her young stud until she gets tired of his Elementary Body

English 101. Not surprisingly, Erich (Love Story) Segal shares credit for *Change of Seasons*' story and screenplay, and his patented brand of unabashed banality is visible throughout. ♫

On Broadway, Bernard Slade's *Tribute* (Fox) was anything but a great play, though it provided a great vehicle for Jack Lemmon as Scottie Templeton—a laugh-a-minute New York press agent who discovers he has terminal cancer and wants to make peace with his 21-year-old son before tap-dancing into eternity. Preserved almost intact, Lemmon's portrayal still sustains *Tribute* through thick, thin, slushy, sentimental and the genuinely poignant, right up to a climactic tear-jerking testimonial scene that may be the most maudlin 10 or 15 minutes in the history of modern cinema. Humor becomes gallantry in such circumstances, and *Tribute*'s hero has a superior collection of straight men in Robby Benson as the serious-minded son, Lee Remick as Scottie's former wife, Colleen Dewhurst as his doctor. Kim Cattrall provides marginal love interest, with raunchier sex appeal by Gale Garnett, in a nifty bit as the callgirl whom Scottie has shared with all his closest chums. Finally, *Tribute* is a misuse of top talent, a frustratingly undistinguished movie, so stagy and heavy-handed that director Bob Clark wears out his audience with sheer emotional overkill. ♫

Made in German, in Germany, *From the Life of the Marionettes* (AFD) is virtually all talk, and would probably be little more than a morbid case history if done by anyone other than Ingmar Bergman. With Bergman controlling the strings, though, every scene is hypnotic, played right up to the bearable threshold of emotional torment by a German company of unknowns who seem as skillful as their Swedish counterparts of yore. Robert Atzorn as a handsome, affluent young businessman who murders a prostitute and Christine Buchegger as the ball-busting wife who taunts him with the "wretched little spasms" of satisfaction she has eked out during ten years in his bed make marriage seem synonymous with a suicide pact. Rita Russek as the unlucky whore, Martin Benrath and Walter Schmidinger as the family shrink and the wife's gay business partner, respectively, are perfect, and perfectly chilling. You're not going to have a very good time with these people, and *Marionettes* is photographed (by Bergman's reliable Sven Nykvist) in grainy, desolate black and white—only a moment or two of murder and madness suddenly burst into color, as if enjoyment, much less any hint of humor, were irrelevant at a certain level of serious film making. Still, who ever went to a Bergman movie for laughs? ★★★

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



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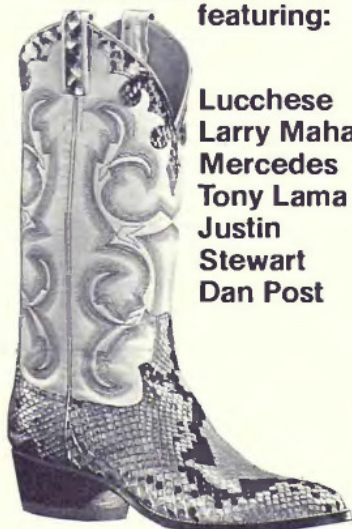


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by bruce williamson

*Bye Bye Brazil* Seedy but seductive showbiz, the South American way. **YYY**

*A Change of Seasons* (Reviewed this month) Under-the-weather sex comedy. **Y**

*Every Man for Himself* (Reviewed this month) Women and children first. Give Huppert a nine, Godard a zero. **Y**

*The First Deadly Sin* (Reviewed this month) Sinatra deftly copping in. **YYY**

*Flash Gordon* A rather faint Flash but good bad guys, especially a hunk of rare old Ming by Max von Sydow. **YY**

*From the Life of the Marionettes* (Reviewed this month) Ingmar Bergman on sex, marriage and murder. Grim. **YYY**

*Hopscotch* Undoing the CIA with Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson. **YYY**

*The Idolmaker* As a creator of Fifties rock stars, Ray Sharkey shines. **YY**

*Inside Moves* (Reviewed this month) Winning losers in a friendly bar. **YYY**

*It's My Turn* Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas and Charles Grodin in a love triangle with very few sharp points. **Y**

*Loulou* (Reviewed this month) Huppert and Depardieu giving good French. **YYY**

*Loving Couples* Frothy recap of everything *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* ever wanted to know about sex. **YYY**

*Melvin and Howard* (Reviewed this month) Dummar than expected. **YY**

*One-Trick Pony* Inside a Sixties pop star—written by and starring Paul Simon, who obviously knows it all. **YYY**

*Ordinary People* One of your better bets in the 1980 Oscar race, superbly directed by Robert Redford. **YYYY**

*Private Benjamin* Solid Goldie Hawn, telling the world how a nice Jewish girl outmaneuvers the U. S. Army. **YYY**

*Resurrection* The faith healer and the country boy, smashingly played by Ellen Burstyn and Sam Shepard. **YYY**

*Stardust Memories* Woody Allen's woebegone noncomedy about how sad it is to be rich, famous and funny. **YY**

*The Stunt Man* A wildly original movie movie, with Peter O'Toole swaggering as the director. **YYYY**

*Tribute* (Reviewed this month) Jack Lemmon in a tragicomedy about a dying flack. Better on Broadway. **YY**

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



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# TELEVISION

John Steinbeck's *East of Eden* will take up several nights and at least seven prime-time hours as an ABC Novel for Television, to be scheduled for late January or February (watch your local listings: there'll be plenty of advance ballyhoo). The 1955 movie version directed by Elia Kazan made James Dean a legend, but this one won't do much for Sam Bottoms, who substitutes simple competence for Dean's stunning charisma. Shorn of the Steinbeck prose, *Eden* plays like rich, trashy melodrama, a sweeping American saga of sibling rivalry and sin. The sons of Cyrus Trask (Warren Oates) are Charles (Bruce Boxleitner) and Adam (Timothy Bottoms), who start their Cain-and-Abel conflict in rural Connecticut circa 1865. By the time of World War One, Adam has moved to Salinas, California, to raise his two sons (Tim's brother Sam in the Dean role as Cal, with Hart Bochner as unlucky Aron). Lloyd Bridges and Anne Baxter are outstanding in lesser roles, but *Eden's* moving spirit is Adam's wife, the diabolical Cathy, who leaves her sons and husband to run a Monterey whorehouse—that's *after* she has burned up her mother and father, screwed Adam's brother Charles on her wedding night, tried to abort her unborn sons with a knitting needle and shot her husband. She's a demon incarnate, and England's exquisite Jane Seymour plays her with relish, though she looks more like a lady born to nibble water-cress sandwiches. Raymond Massey played Adam powerfully on film back in 1955, while Jo Van Fleet won an Oscar as his wife, and that's the sort of difference that makes TV seem to be kid stuff. Richard Shapiro's teleplay and Harvey Hart's direction goose *East of Eden* into existence as a viable pop drama with plenty of heart but very little art.

Edging into 1981, we can all be grateful for the kind of Anglo-American effort that produces *The Shock of the New*, courtesy of BBC-TV and Time-Life Films. Written and presented by *Time's* Australian-born art critic Robert Hughes—a genial, smashing articulate host hereby nominated as this year's top candidate for the highbrow TV honor once monopolized by Kenneth Clark on *Civilisation*—this superb eight-part series on PBS beginning in mid-January will either blow your mind or give it a damned good airing. "Not a history and not a tour of the monuments," Hughes says in the first episode, a vivid exposition of modernism in art, relating the works of Picasso, Braque and others to flight, Edison's light, Marconi's wireless, Einstein's theories and the Eiffel Tower. In episode two, *The Powers That Be*,



Seymour as *Eden's* temptress.

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TV's fine renditions of  
Steinbeck and Stevenson  
make novels come alive again.

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Hughes illustrates art and architecture as political statements, moving from Communist Russia and Hitler's Germany to Fascist Italy, winding up with some wry words about Washington's Kennedy Center and Lincoln Center in New York as "solemn parody" or "high-minded *kitsch*," made to order for "the world's 100 Great Books bound in hand-tooled Naugahyde." (The trail-blazing "Chicago-style" architecture of Louis Sullivan fares much better in episode four.) Hughes's nearly indescribable one-man show is egghead material but endlessly entertaining, incisive, enlightening above all. It's a vivid crash course in modern art and modern living.

British pre-eminence in PBS programming has its rewards. I won't complain about it, though I wonder sometimes whether our cultural exchange nets *them* anything better than *Police Woman* and *Dallas*. I hope so. At any rate, England during World War Two will take over *Masterpiece Theatre's* Sunday-evening time slot on PBS from January 4 to March 29 with *Danger UXB*. The title refers to unexploded bombs and the daring young men who were sent out to defuse them in 1940, while London endured the Blitz. This is a tough, realistic, harrowing look at history, celebrating the heroism of men who received only perfunctory training, since their average life expectancy on the job was approximately seven weeks. Created and produced by John Hawkesworth (who

also produced *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *The Duchess of Duke Street*), the series offers a complete story each week, with a basic but destructible cast of regulars headed by Anthony Andrews, who looks custom fit to follow in Michael Caine's footsteps. *Danger UXB* is dynamite in many ways, solid hold-your-breath adventure for grown-up boys.

Dyed-in-the-wool fans of one of the nation's longest-running television series will love *Making M\*A\*S\*H*, to be aired on most PBS stations January 21. Others may wish its 90-minute length had been trimmed to 60. But the special, narrated by Mary Tyler Moore, offers considerable insight (through back-of-the-soundstage peeks at scenes being shot and dozens of interviews with actors and behind-the-camera personnel) into the chemistry that has kept this antiwar comedy going on commercial TV since 1972, surviving changes of producer, writers, director and actors en route.

PBS' weekly *Mystery!* series resumes January sixth with a two-part presentation of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic *Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* (Vincent Price, by the way, replacing Gene Shalit as series host). As newly interpreted by adaptor Gerald Savory and director Alastair Reid, with David Hemmings in the tandem title role and Lisa Harrow as his genteel lady, *Jekyll & Hyde* seems almost a psychedelic trip triggered by mescal and other intoxicating potions. Although startlingly sexed up—I doubt that any previous Mr. Hyde was ever so explicitly enamored of bondage and child abuse—and modernized without shedding its elegant vintage trappings, Stevenson's story seems to thrive on this contemporary resonance, and Hemmings gets deep in the Hyde of it.

On January 20, *Mystery!* carries on with four weekly episodes of *Malice Aforethought*. Based on a reportedly famous English crime novel by Francis Iles, this TV adaptation is a deliciously wicked comedy about a randy, henpecked village doctor (Hywel Bennet) who pursues several ladies, administers his wife a lethal dose of morphine and serves sandwiches laced with deadly *Bacillus botulinus* to other people on his enemies list before he's through. There's never any question of whodunit. The doctor done it, and *Malice* all but licks its chops over the irony of how this homicidal Walter Mitty is finally made to pay for the wrong crime. I'd call the style of the piece pastoral-amoral, and English to the bone. —B.W.



# ★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

**DOL GOSSIP:** The irrepressible **Chuck Barris** is at it again, gearing up for another circus of the airwaves, this one to be called *The Million-Dollar Talent Show*. Set for a September 1981 release on syndicated TV, the hour-long weekly show to be hosted by Barris will be taped in Los Angeles. Contestants can be either amateur or professional but must be relatively unknown; ten judges will be picked at random from the audience. As for the payoff—weekly winners will receive \$10,000 and go to the semifinals, where a total of 40 winners will compete for the ultimate prize of 1,000,000 smackers. . . . **Faye Dunaway** will play Eva Perón and **James Farentino** hubby Juan in the TV version of *Evita*. . . . **Steve Martin** ought to be a busy fellow this year, with starring roles in two feature films. The first will be MGM's *Pennies from Heaven*, with **Herb Ross** directing. Next stop is Universal,



Dunaway                      Barris

with **Carl Reiner** directing *The Three Faces of Steve*. . . . **John (The Elephant Man) Hurt** will play the role of Jesus Christ in **Mel Brooks's** *The History of the World Part I*. Filming was recently completed on the Last Supper scene in which Brooks plays—who else?—the waiter. . . . Actor **Stuart Whitman** will produce and star in a remake of the Kipling classic *Gunga Din*. The original, filmed in 1939, starred **Cary Grant**, **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**, and **Victor McLaglen**, with **Sam Jaffe**, later the frizzle-topped, avuncular medic on *Ben Casey*, as the titular Indian water boy.

**FATHER-DAUGHTER ACTS:** Every now and then, we are treated to a film that is such a triumph of casting that all other considerations seem to fall by the wayside. *On Golden Pond* is such a film. Directed by **Mark Rydell**, *Pond's* star-studded line-up features **Katharine Hepburn**, **Jane Fonda** and **Henry Fonda**. Not only is it the first time Jane has worked with her father, it is also the first time either Fonda has worked with Hepburn (in fact, believe it or not, prior to this film, Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn had never even met). An ensemble piece, the film deals with three generations of a New England family confronting one

another throughout one emotionally charged summer. **Hepburn** and **Hank** play **Ethel** and **Norman Thayer**, still passionately in love after 48 years of marriage. **Jane** plays their daughter **Chelsea**, 40ish, disaffected and perpetually at odds with her parents. Says director **Rydell**: "This story is not a topical one. It deals with elemental issues—family



Fonda                              Fonda

relationships, aging, love and the conflicts that exist in all human beings. It's a profound story told with great wit. All the drama is drawn out of character. My best moments as a director have always come from working with a virtuoso. And with this film, I'm not just dealing with one master but several." **Jane's** role, I'm told, calls for quite a few volatile exchanges between her and **Hepburn**, and **Rydell** finds that aspect of the film particularly interesting. "Each is unquestionably an original," he says, "yet there's a dear parallel to be glimpsed in the fierce independence and candor of each woman. What a match!"

**WHEREFORE ART THOU, D.B.?** If hijacker **D. B. Cooper** is alive, and if he's living somewhere near a movie theater, he ought to get a chuckle or two out of *Pursuit*, Universal's film version of his escapade, due out this summer. Based solely on **J. D. Reed's** novel *Free Fall*, the flick stars **Treat Williams** as **Cooper** and



Duvall                              Williams

**Robert Duvall** as his pursuer. The movie, made without cooperation from the FBI, postulates that **Cooper** did, indeed, jump out of the plane (certain skeptics contend that he did not) and that just before jumping he uttered some sort of cryptic remark to one of the stewardesses. The remark has meaning to Du-

vall, an ex-Green Beret instructor turned insurance investigator, who concludes from it that **Cooper** was one of his Green Beret trainees. The rest is, of course, one long chase. "The only thing based on fact," says one source close to the production, "is the hijacking itself. The rest is total dramatization." Although **D. B. Cooper** mythology certainly abounds, the film makers did happen to come across one intriguing bit of twilight zoning. While filming in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, **Duvall** and director **Buzz Kulik** met a local who told them of a guy who used to disappear for weeks at a time, then return to town to date the local's daughter. Just prior to the **Cooper** hijacking, the fellow, described as a "queer duck," disappeared again—but three days after the hijacking, sent the daughter a postcard saying he had come into a great deal of money. The card bore an Oregon postmark. **Cooper** supposedly bailed out over Oregon. The postcard writer was never heard from again.

**OPEC SCHMOPEC:** An oil tycoon creates an artificial gas shortage by hoarding oil, resulting in panic buying by motorists. If that sounds like a rather grim news story, it's not—it's the premise of a new Canadian adventure comedy called



Shaver                              Anspach

*Gas*. Set for Easter release, the flick stars **Sterling Hayden** as the tycoon. **Susan Anspach** as a **Jane Fonda** type of TV reporter who uncovers the plot and **Helen Shaver** as a slightly dizzy prostitute who operates a bordello on wheels and, while entertaining a visiting Arab sheik, gets involved in the crisis. "I've never done one of these *Meatballs*-type pictures before," says **Anspach**, who got her first big break some years ago in *Five Easy Pieces*. "It's been crazy. We did one chase scene featuring some Italians running around with dead fish while a busload of Japanese tourists watches. It's just wild." **Shaver**, whose credits include *The Amityville Horror* and the TV series *United States*, is enthusiastic: "I love my character," she says. "She's a whore with a heart as big as all outdoors."

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





# PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

## By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

I DO A LOT of raving about so-called alternate accommodations—vacation retreats that are anything other than a conventional hotel room. The genre includes every sort of holiday hideaway, from a midtown apartment rental to a beachside villa; but by far the most accessible—and economical—is the resort condominium apartment.

For comparison purposes, it's important to understand that I'm talking about spending your holiday in a lush, completely furnished apartment that may have cost its owner more than half a million bucks, while you pay the same price (or less) that you'd pay for some run-of-the-mill hotel double. And in terms of sheer space, any resort-condominium layout—even the smallest—is easily equal to the most commodious hotel suite and is usually substantially larger.

The presence of a couple of bedrooms and a full kitchen makes the comparison even more pleasant, since you can share the rental with other couples and use the kitchen facilities to save even more on normally high-priced resort meals. You can't imagine the pleasure that can be derived from the simple act of brewing your own cup of coffee in the morning, rather than paying two and a half bucks for it in a hotel dining room. Maid service and complete linens and towels—plus extras that may include a stereo system, barbecue and color TV—usually eliminate any threat that menial work might mar a vacation.

But rather than dwell on generalities, here's a representative, though hardly complete, list of the sorts of condominium rentals being offered this winter.

### HAWAII

At the plush Wailea resort on the island of Maui—where the sports facilities include two superb golf courses, 11 tennis courts, five beaches, half a dozen restaurants, a small self-contained town and the 10,000 foot peak of Haleakala volcano as background, there are hundreds of rental units available. A studio apartment in high season (through April 19, 1981) costs from \$65 to \$75 a day and comfortably accommodates two. Two-bedroom, two-bath units go for from \$165 to \$250 a night—if shared by a couple of couples, \$41.25 to \$62.50 per person per night. In terms of value, a three-bedroom layout, which three couples can enjoy in consummate comfort, is even better—\$275 to \$325 a night. After April 20, all the rates drop substantially. Detailed information is readily available from Vilcor Hawaii, Ltd., by calling (toll-free) 800-367-5246.



### THE CONDO OPTION

At luxury resorts, rent a condo for the ultimate in comfort, spaciousness—and value.

Wailea is located on the central coast line of Maui, while Kapalua's Bay Villas lie just below the mountains of west Maui. These are the lushest digs at this posh oasis, and the most expensive accommodations (those facing the ocean) are two-bedroom, three-bath units that rent for \$180 a day, not bad for looking out at one of Hawaii's most beautiful sunsets. Again, full information is available at 800-367-5035.

### COLORADO

There are just as many spectacular ski condominiums for dedicated downhillers as there are tropical hideaways. In elegant Aspen, for example, a two-bedroom condo runs from \$124 to \$300 a night, or \$31 to \$75 per person per night in deepest snow season.

Other good bargains in the Roaring Fork Valley are found a little farther down the road at Snowmass. There are studio apartments at Lichenhearts for from \$75 to \$115 a night, but for my money, I'd again go the couple-of-couples route. You can rent a two-bedroom unit right on the slopes at Interlude, Enclave or Crestwood for prices that range from \$125 to \$225 nightly. That means a daily (or nightly) cost for a foursome of from \$31.25 to \$56.25 per person. Aspen rental data is available through Aspen Central Reservations at 303-925-9000; Snowmass bookings through 303-923-2000.

Vail is considered by many to be Colo-

rado's most active *après-ski* address, and it, too, offers a host of condominium rental bargains. The Vail Racquet Club, for example, lets a two-bedroom apartment (that can be shared by four people) for only \$115 a night (through March 27, 1981). If you don't have your calculator handy, that computes to \$28.75 a person per night. An extra person bunking in one of these condos (sleeping on an extra cot—or even on the floor—is hardly an uncommon ski-area phenomenon) costs an extra eight dollars a night. From March 28 through April 19, rates go down precipitously, and that's really bargain time in Vail. There's usually still plenty of snow on vast Vail Mountain, and if you want to ski Colorado in the cheap, that's the time to do it. You can consult the Vail Resort Association's central-reservations folks at 303-476-5677.

I have a particular fondness for the Keystone area, not only because it's so close to Denver but also because the Ralston Purina corporate critters who own it recently purchased wild Arapahoe Basin up the valley, so its snow-ski season is now among the longest in the Rockies. I also like the fact that although all the condos mentioned in this column offer full maid service, complete kitchen facilities and bed and bathroom equipment, Keystone also routinely provides freshly chopped wood for the fireplace. A two-bedroom condo at Keystone can cost as little as \$106 a night, which, when shared by a compatible quartet, comes out to \$26.50 each. A four-bedroom layout—the most luxurious of the lot—can accommodate eight, and prices range from \$174 to \$250 per night. For information, call 303-468-2316.

### FLORIDA

Walt Disney World is the world's most popular vacation destination and last year hosted 14,000,000 visitors. Knowledgeable W.D.W. visitors recover from all the organized carryings-on in the series of villas and tree houses (this latter is not a cutesy nickname, it literally describes some very romantic small apartments that are set in the top of a "tree") well away from the main amusement park. There are three golf courses on the property, abundant tennis facilities and lots of other distinctly grown-up, non-Mickey Mouse facilities that have nothing to do with rides and shows for tots. A two-bedroom villa or tree house—either of which will easily accommodate six—costs only \$110 a night. At \$18.22 per person, this is one of the very best travel bargains anywhere. W.D.W. central reservations will send data, or call them at 305-828-8000.

If you prefer chic to shriek, you may



want to mosey down the east coast of Florida to fashionable Boca Raton, where Arvida's 1436-acre resort and club called Boca West boasts a trio of championship golf courses, 25 tennis courts, swimming pools, bicycle and jogging trails and just about any other sports facility you can imagine. In high season (December 15 to May 5), a one-bedroom villa costs \$130 a night, while two-bedroom units go for \$220 a night. So you easily can enjoy the best of a Florida vacation with little Florida glitz. For information, call 800-327-0137.

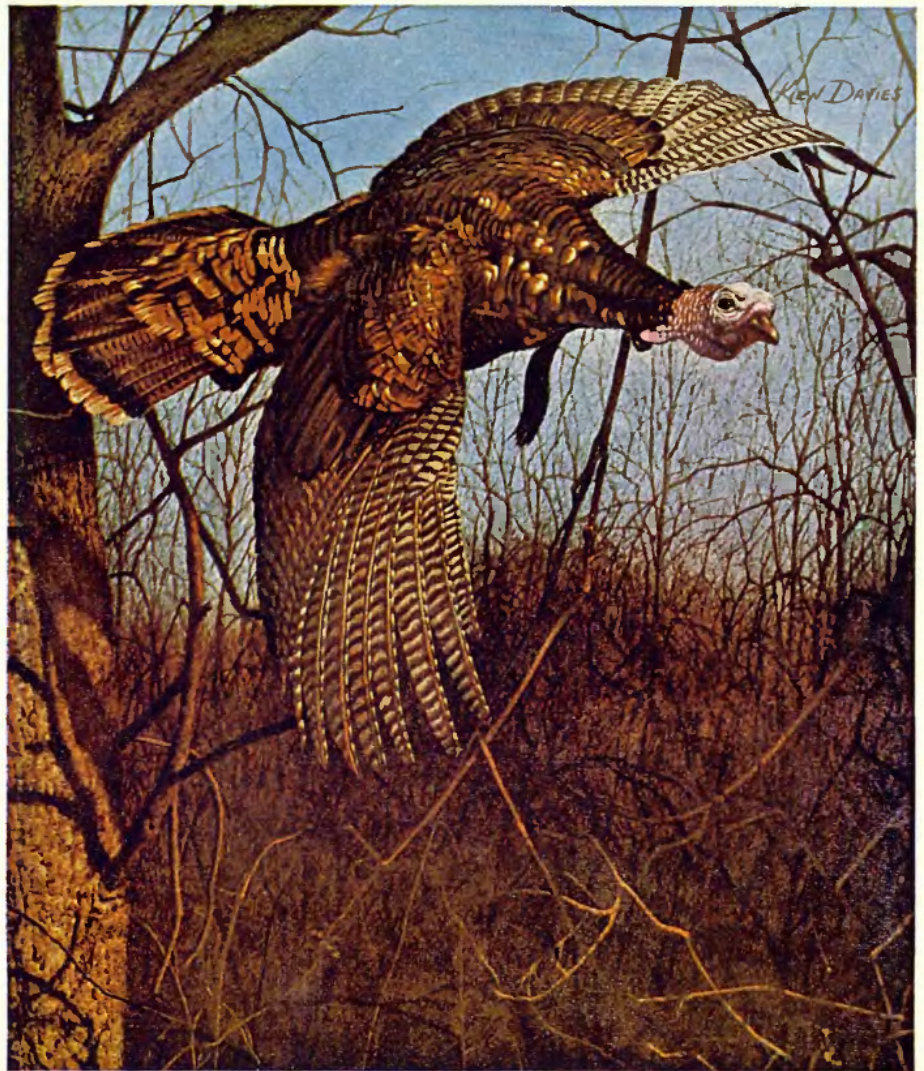
#### VERMONT

Good ski-condo bargains are hardly restricted to the Rockies, and the Northeast has at least as many cozy nooks in which to hole up on a cold winter night. At Stratton Mountain, for example, the Shattarack Trailside condominiums allow residents to ski directly from their front door to the Tamarack triple chair lift, and lush two-bedroom layouts start at \$155 per night. Reservations are made through Stratton Real Estate, 802-297-2323.

Farther north at Stowe, Holm Condominiums offer one-bedroom digs for from \$65 a day, and they advertise that that unit can house four in relative comfort (two on a fold-out sofa). Their rates for two-, three- and four-bedroom units likewise represent some of Stowe's best bargains. Phone: 802-253-4825.

The Sugarbush area has always been regarded as Vermont's most prestigious address, and Club Sugarbush has extremely comfortable two- and three-bedroom apartments for from \$160 to \$170 a night that a quartet of skiers can occupy without tripping over one another's ski boots. For reservations and information, call 802-583-2301.

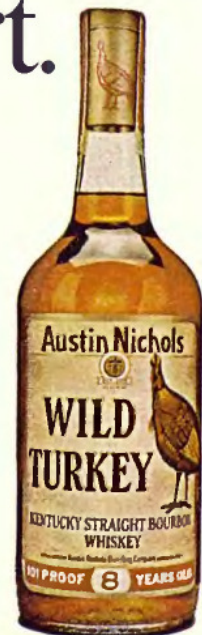
Those are just some random examples of what's out there this winter, and it's possible that there are places not mentioned that would fit your tastes and vacation budgets even better. So let me add two prime information sources that have substantial data on a large inventory of condo rentals all over the vacation world. The first is World Wide Villa Vacations, 175 Bloor Street East, Toronto, Ontario M4W 1C8, Canada, 416-923-3334. The second source is an outfit called Creative Leisure, 1280 Columbus, San Francisco, California 94133; 800-227-4290, or, from California, 800-652-1440. For years, it has combined with United Airlines to provide complete condo packages called Privacy in Paradise, and it specializes in a large number of properties (at a very broad range of prices) in Hawaii and Mexico. Its brochure makes very interesting reading for the sense it gives of the extremely broad range of choices that are out there in the condorental world.



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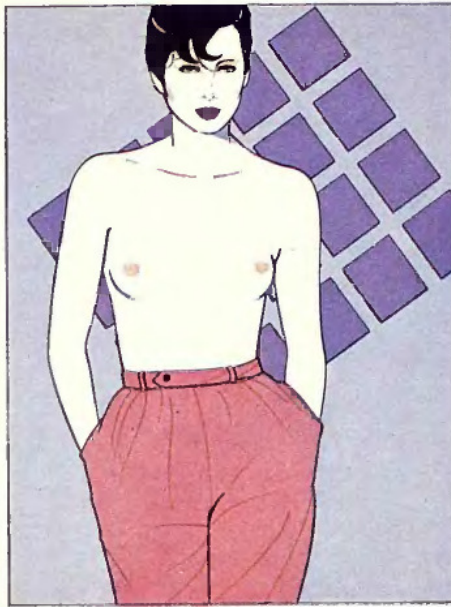
# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y girlfriend and I recently got into a discussion of sex roles. I claim that man is still the initiator of sex in a relationship, that for all of women's liberation and such, we still have to do most of the work. She claims that in most ongoing relationships, a woman is just as likely as a man to want and initiate sex. Are there any studies that shed light on this subject?—J. L., Houston, Texas.

Dr. Clinton J. Jesser, a professor of sociology at Northern Illinois University, recently reported that sex in a relationship in which the partners are already intimate is just as likely to take place subsequent to a direct or indirect invitation from the woman as from the man. But there's the rub. According to an article in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, Dr. Jesser found that (1) although women say they ask directly for sex as often as men do, men report that women take the initiative much less frequently than women claim; (2) women tend more frequently than men to use indirect sexual cues such as eye contact, change of appearance or clothing and change of tone of voice; (3) most of the people interviewed but especially the women believe that men would be turned off if women were too aggressive. Too bad. We can't settle the debate; but you shouldn't drop the topic. Next time you talk to your girlfriend, why not catalog all of the techniques you use to signal sexual invitation—from the ever-popular "Bend over and spread" to the more romantic candlelight dinner to the classic "Think I'll slip into something more comfortable" to the simple clicking off of "The Tonight Show" halfway through Johnny's monolog. Not all sexual invitations have to be engraved.

**T**he audio purists in my circle are aghast at my use of a record changer instead of a single-play turntable. But, damn it. I just get tired of jumping up and down to change records. Especially when I have company. It's my contention that, with the improvement of changers, there's really no need for audio interruptus. What do you say?—P. D., Washington, D.C.

We can certainly sympathize with your problem. It does put a damper on things when "Bolero" runs out before you do. The fact is the quality of record-changer mechanisms has been vastly improved. Unfortunately, the quality of records has gone down steadily. The thinner those discs get, the more problems you have with warpage. They are now so thin that practically all new records have some degree of curvature. Your turntable arm can usually track them without much difficulty, but stacking one record on top of



another can compound the problem. And because these records can slip when stacked, the result can be almost unlistenable. When you combine those problems with the possibility that one small piece of grit between records can destroy both simultaneously, the question becomes economic as well. Some single-play turntables have a "repeat" feature that you can use to give yourself a little extra listening time at those critical moments. But if you suspect you're going to be wrapped up for quite a while, we suggest forgetting the changer and using your tape machine for the background sounds.

**I** have been married for a year to a very exciting man—both intellectually and sexually. The problem is, after a year of everything from bondage to bubble baths. I think he has become bored sexually. I desperately want to get the excitement back into our sex life but don't seem to have any creative ideas. Any suggestions?—Mrs. N. M., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Sure. Try the missionary position with the lights out. It never hurts to return to basics. Or try doing it in different places at different hours of the day. Actually, you may just be experiencing the "newlywed" effect. Carol Tavris and Susan Sadd, authors of "The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality," found that 80 percent of newlyweds rated their sex lives as good or very good, but that the figure drops to 68 percent of those married one to four years. The frequency of sex also diminishes somewhat after a year. It doesn't change much after that: Partners resolve themselves to "Is that all there is?" And what you have doesn't sound so bad. You might ask your husband what he likes; if it turns

out that he's turned on by the Dallas Cheerleaders . . . well, as a poet once said, "Man's reach must exceed his grasp . . . that's what masturbation's for."

**O**ne of the considerations in my purchase of a new car is whether to get power steering or rack-and-pinion. Both are available on the model I want. I've always had power steering and I'm wondering if the rack-and-pinion system would require a major change in my driving habits. What do you suggest?—J. R., Toledo, Ohio.

Power steering became a necessity when cars threatened to become mobile living rooms. Their sheer size and weight became more than the average man or woman could handle without some kind of hydraulic system. But now cars are going the other way and rack-and-pinion, which had become the exclusive province of sports and sporty cars, is now showing up on mid-size and economy cars. Proponents of rack-and-pinion cite the increased road feel of the system. And it is true that you do have a sense of driving the car rather than simply "pointing" it. But one man's advantage in this situation can be another's disadvantage. For instance, you will notice every bump and crease in the road, since they are transferred directly to the steering wheel. The car responds, it seems, more quickly to your thoughts. With power, there seems to be a lag in the response of the car after you move the wheel. The ride with power seems smoother, since the hydraulics mask the road feel, but you sacrifice the sense of handling control. Your final judgment should, perhaps, be based on the kind of driving you do. If you spend a good deal of time on the highway, you'll find power steering much less tiring. If you drive in the city, the responsiveness of rack-and-pinion is a definite plus. Of course, when it comes time to park the beast, you had better have done your push-ups. That's where power has the edge, especially if your car will be driven by your wife or girlfriend, or both. Rack-and-pinion, in the end, is best appreciated by someone who enjoys the driving experience. If you simply want to get from one place to another, go for the power.

**I** am a woman in my mid-20s. Over the past three years, I've had some very sexual dreams, sometimes with men and sometimes (the part that's really bothering me) with women. I even fantasize about people I know. I can't stress to you how badly I feel when I wake up. Sometimes it upsets me for days. What I want to know is, why do I sometimes have sexual dreams



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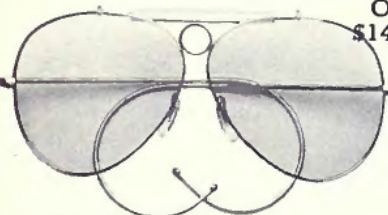
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that involve women, when I'm revolted by it afterward? Even the thought of its being a subconscious desire upsets me terribly. Does it mean that deep down that is what I want? I'm on the verge of going for professional help. Has anyone else ever had this problem?—Miss D. L., New Haven, Connecticut.

*Relax. Masters and Johnson found that everyone has fantasies about sex with a member of the same gender at one time or another. In other words, we have all had this problem. It is important to realize that it isn't a problem. Dreams and fantasies are not symptoms. View them as an expression of the mind's awareness of possibilities rather than as desires. Think of them as a kind of TV programming that is not always ready for prime time.*

I recall reading a few years ago that there was a school of high-performance-driving technique for motorcyclists in California. The only drawback to the idea was that you had to supply your own bike. Is there anywhere I can go where the school supplies the machine? I've checked out the states within reach of my bike and/or time schedule and have come up empty.—P. R., Stowe, Vermont.

*The California Superbike School has expanded its locations and format. It now has two schools—at Riverside Raceway in Los Angeles and at Laguna Seca in Monterey. The school now supplies you with a motorcycle (a modified version of the Kawasaki KZ 550), a helmet and a complete set of racing leathers. Two ex-racers, Keith Code and Richard Lovell, explain the basics of high-speed riding—steering, braking, shifting, accelerating and general race theory (or prayer)—and then, after two get-acquainted laps, turn you loose on the track for 14 laps of adrenaline. It's a great way to test your skills, to learn the limits of the bike and of yourself. And it's relatively safe. There are no unnatural hazards—oncoming traffic, highway patrol, the usual nerds who pull out of parking places without looking. Just you, your wits and a terrific motorcycle. For more information, write to The California Superbike School, P.O. Box 3743, Manhattan Beach, California 90266. It's better than Disneyland.*

Before I bought a fancy Western model last summer, I had never worn a hat in my life. Now I've gotten kind of used to it, but I worry about wearing it in bad weather. Since the old-time hat shops have just about gone out of business, I wonder about special care to keep it looking good. Can I wear my hat in the rain and snow or will it be destroyed?—M. P., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

*Long before hats were a fad item, they were used to keep rain and snow off one's head. There's no reason you can't use them for that purpose now. Most hats these days are treated to resist moisture,*

*but if they should get wet, all you need do is flip out the sweatband and let it dry on a flat surface. Avoid putting it near a heat source, radiator or heat outlet, since that can shrink a felt hat. Once the hat is dry, brush it with a soft-bristled brush in the direction of the nap and it should spring back to life. Regular brushing is a good idea to help remove surface dirt. Once a hat gets really dirty, it becomes a sports hat, not to be worn on dressy occasions. Most major cities still have cleaners and blockers, but you're on your own in finding them. If this resurgence in headgear keeps up, though, they'll soon be plentiful again. Until then, when the hat gets old, buy a new one.*

My boyfriend and I have access to a cabin in the mountains that comes complete with a hot tub. We've tried making love in the tub, but the results so far have been disastrous. The water washes away the lubrication and eventually his thrusting becomes painful. Any suggestions?—Miss T. W., Sacramento, California.

*Most commercial lubricants (K-Y jelly, oils, etc.) are water-soluble. You can try petroleum jelly, which seems to last a bit longer. Or you can try a different approach. Have your boyfriend enter you while you're perched on the side, and then roll into the water. Or have him try a little tantric (i.e., nonthrusting) sex. And, finally, why not try oral sex? If the tub is big enough, you can take turns floating on your back. It's like bobbing for apples, only better.*

I have been under the impression that a good lover has the ability to maintain an erection for a long period of time. Now my girlfriend says that if I climax quickly during oral sex, she knows that I am really turned on and that turns her on even more. How can I learn to last and blast?—D. C., Carbondale, Illinois.

*The original Kinsey study on male sexuality found that 75 percent of the men in the sample reached orgasm within two minutes of penetration during intercourse. However, later reports based on the same raw data suggest that the average self-report of duration was between six and seven minutes. It turns out that Kinsey's data showed three clusters of self-report estimates—at one to three minutes, six to eight minutes and ten to twenty minutes for a 6.68-minute average. Those are figures for intercourse. There are no comparable figures for oral sex. And that is where statistics cease to be of use. If you are concerned with premature ejaculation during intercourse, you may or may not find solace in those figures. One sex researcher points out that even if you last longer than seven minutes, you do not noticeably increase the chance that your girlfriend will have an orgasm. (Ironically, Kinsey found that the women in his study were a full minute off in their estimates of*



how long sex lasted—their average was 5.65 minutes.) The notion that sex has to last a certain amount of time is limiting: Some of the best sex in the world has been on the fly—in telephone booths, taxicabs, elevators. In this instance, your girlfriend is correct. She is giving you pleasure. You do not have to exhibit control. Why would you want to? Indeed, the point of oral sex is to attain complete abandon. And if she gets off on seeing you lose control—terrific.

The advent of the video cassette has been a boon to me, since I'm a confirmed movie freak. But my local hi-fi shop carries only a few titles. Not only that but I think they're marking them up on me. Is there a better way to acquire those movie tapes?—S. T., Moline, Illinois.

When in doubt, go to the source. In this case, one good bet would be Magnetic Video, which claims the largest selection of movie cassettes in the industry. Its 24-page catalog is available from Video Club of America, c/o Magnetic Video Corporation, 23131 Industrial Park Court, Farmington Hills, Michigan 48024.

My girlfriend and I are planning a ski vacation in the Rockies. We've heard that sex is better at 8000 feet than at sea level. Is that true? Does altitude affect sex?—M. C., New York, New York.

It depends on who's on top. Ahem. While there are no scientific studies of sexual response at high altitudes, studies on fertility indicate that you'd do well to take the customary precautions. One lodge in Colorado warns first-night guests that "The air is like wine." You are getting less oxygen with each breath, so you breathe more rapidly and your heart beats faster—so you may think you're in the throes of orgasm just walking upstairs. Alcohol has a greater impact—what makes you loose as a goose at sea level may put you under and/or out of control at 8000 feet. Of course, that means inhibitions are the first to go, and that may account for the stories you've heard. Other than that, we were told that as atmospheric pressure decreases, there is less resistance to the blood entering your penis, so your erection may be slightly larger than normal. We checked that with a high-altitude expert, who said it was nonsense. Too bad.

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



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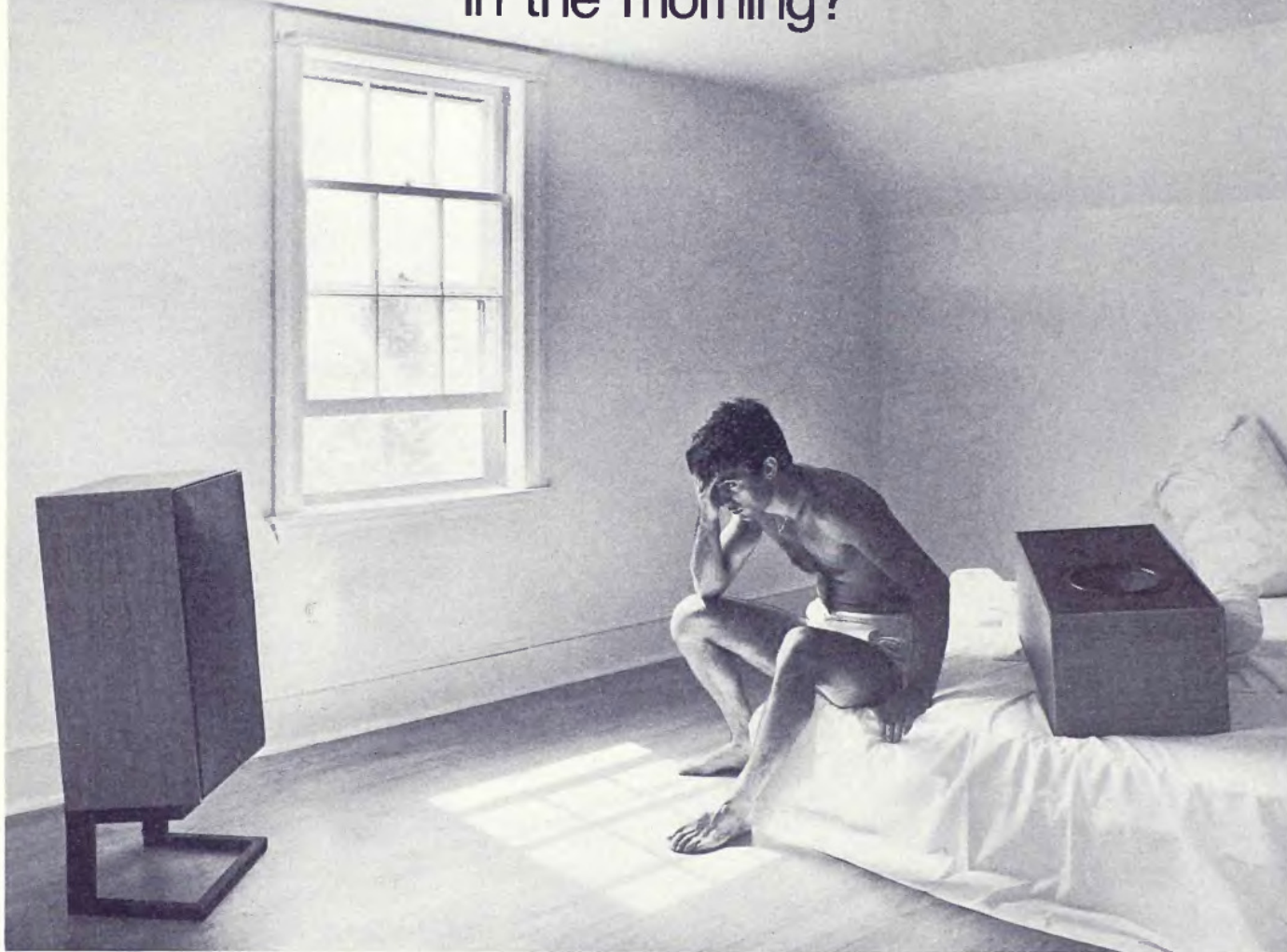
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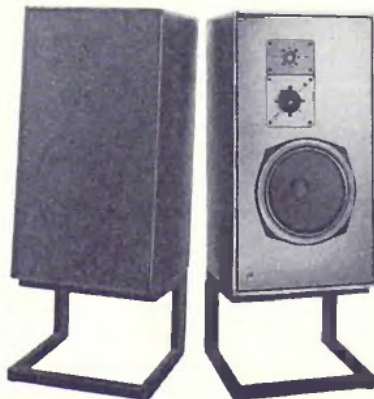
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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## JUDICIAL DISCRETION

Several Illinois judges are under fire for ignoring the state's new Class X crimes law that requires a mandatory six-year prison sentence for "serious" offenses, such as selling more than 30 grams of coke. The judges are accused of simply finding certain defendants guilty on lesser counts, regardless of the evidence, so they can give them less than the mandatory sentence. State's Attorney Bernard Carey made a big deal of this, implying that the judges are somehow corrupt or dishonest and letting dangerous criminals off easy.

From what I can tell from newspaper accounts, the judges are only displaying the kind of intelligence and good judgment too rarely found in courts or in the law itself. In what was evidently the most flagrant case, the defendant was charged with possession of 106 grams and ended up with probation and a fine. The judge, a black man, was quoted as saying, "I thought that was an appropriate sentence. One reason I did it was that this was a young white kid, and there was a serious question if he could exist in [a prison] environment."

Presumably, this kid was not found to be a narcotics kingpin with a long string of arrests, and the judge saw no purpose served in locking him up for six years in a place that, from all accounts, might destroy his mind and possibly his life.

Judicial discretion can be abused, certainly. But any law that permits *no* discretion is likely to cause more injustice than judicial laxity. Let penalties be determined by the objective seriousness of the offense and the past record of the offender, but not on a purely arbitrary quantity of something.

(Name withheld by request)  
Wilmette, Illinois

## MONEY TALKS, MONEY WALKS

According to the papers, movie producer Robert Evans received one year's probation for a cocaine conviction on the condition that he use his talents to discourage drug use among youngsters—make a film or something. That's fine, but it does seem to prove that if you have enough money or know the right people, you don't go to jail. I happen to be in prison with a number of people convicted of the same crime and of other offenses who are at least as sorry for their mistakes as a celebrity who gets probation. We are in a better position than anyone to work with young people, tell

them about the consequences of law-breaking, about the loneliness and depression of prison and the cost to loved ones. Yet, being poor and unknown, we were offered no such alternative.

Anthony Brienza  
Woodbourne Correctional Facility  
Woodbourne, New York

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*"If you have enough money  
or know the right people,  
you don't go to jail."*

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## FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE

I learned the hard way that certain common gestures are not universal in their meaning. While in Rio de Janeiro, as a pilot flying a Stokes Super Pressure Balloon in an international hot-air-balloon race, I had four native Brazilians working as my ground crew. As I do not speak Portuguese and the ground crew did not speak English, we had an interpreter so we could communicate. But because of the hundreds of thousands of people and the balloon-burner noise, I was using hand signals: The thumbs-up signal means pull down on the top lines; a solid fist means hold what you've got. (Normally, prior to take-off, using this type of balloon in a wind, the top lines are to be brought into the basket and secured, with your ground crew holding your basket down.) My balloon was

standing up holding, waiting for the start gun. I gave the signal thumb on forefinger, forming a circle, meaning in the U.S.A. and other countries in the world that everything is OK.

The four men on the lines responded by throwing their ropes into the air, turning their backs on my balloon and walking away. So I was off and flying prior to the starter's gun, with all my top lines dragging over the other balloons. Not until I landed in the water some time later did I learn of my mistake. No one had told me that in Rio, the thumb and finger forming a circle, when aimed at a person, means, "You're an asshole."

Don Davis  
Long Beach, California

*Well, that's one mistake we won't make the next time we're hot-air-balloon-ing in Brazil!*

## FAST WORK

Your "Legal Loophole" item in the November *Playboy Forum Newsfront* reports the dilemma of Louisiana authorities when they discovered they couldn't prosecute a young lady for "driving under the influence" when the drug in question was not booze but pot, which the law didn't mention. The legislature corrected the problem swiftly and that "loophole" now is closed. We thought you'd like to know.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Lim  
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

## VIOLENCE PORN

After reading *Women Against Sex—A Reporter's Notebook*, in the October 1980 issue of *PLAYBOY*, I was more than a bit shocked by the flagrant *non sequitur* reasoning presented by Women Against Pornography.

I oppose the glorification of violence in any form, whether it be snuff films or a cop show on television. A case probably could be made for limiting the expression of glorified violence on the basis that it may contribute to crimes such as rape. For rape is exactly that—a violent crime. It belongs in the same category with murder and aggravated assault. W.A.P. is justified in its opposition to violent porn, but why does it stop there? War movies, cop shows and even some children's cartoons glorify violence. One might think those are more harmful because of their ubiquitous presence.

Nonviolent pornography, like other





nonviolent expressions, cannot possibly contribute to rape or any other violent crime. Nonviolent porn is a glorification of the human body and sexual expression—two beautiful and worthwhile themes.

I contend people don't rape only because they are sexually frustrated (just as I contend that pornography doesn't contribute to sexual frustration). People who rape seek to inflict violence upon someone and sexual assault is one of the more humiliating ways to do so. When we begin to address the issue from that perspective, only then will we begin to understand rape and the rapist.

Richard O. DeWald  
Austin, Texas

*Apart from the sound points you make, there remains the problem of semantics. "Pornography" is a term that is now largely the property of antisexuals who do not distinguish between any kind of explicit sex and erotic sex. "Porn" now is bad, by popular definition, even though it has a long, perfectly legitimate, nonviolent and even an artistic history. It's unfortunate that when violence is depicted in a sexual context, it's usually the sex that freaks people out. It's generally OK to torture, maim and kill, as long as men do it to one another and keep all their clothes on. We've commented on this over the years; maybe we'll have a little discussion of the semantics of porn in a future issue.*

#### THE LIUZZO CASE

Like other writers who have reported on this case, Johnny Greene (*Did the FBI Kill Viola Liuzzo?*, PLAYBOY, October 1980) gave little thought to what we have considered to be the central issue: Was the indictment of Gary Thomas Rowe engendered by anything other than the Ku Klux Klan's desire for revenge?

Greene states that the indictment was based upon testimony of the two Klansmen who had been convicted by Rowe's testimony, "and on the basis of testimony given by people who had been afraid to speak up in 1965." The latter witnesses were actually two former Birmingham police officers, concerning whom Judge Robert Varner writes: "The testimony of those officers is incredible in view of their silence during the original trials and the many years thereafter prior to Rowe's indictment." According to Rowe's testimony, the two officers were openly sympathetic to the K.K.K. in the Sixties and probably assisted various Klansmen in avoiding arrest and prosecution.

The fact is that the only way to force the Government to reveal Rowe's new identity was to get him indicted, and the Ku Klux Klan would not hesitate to employ perjury and political influence in its quest for revenge. Our initial investigation convinced us the prosecution

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

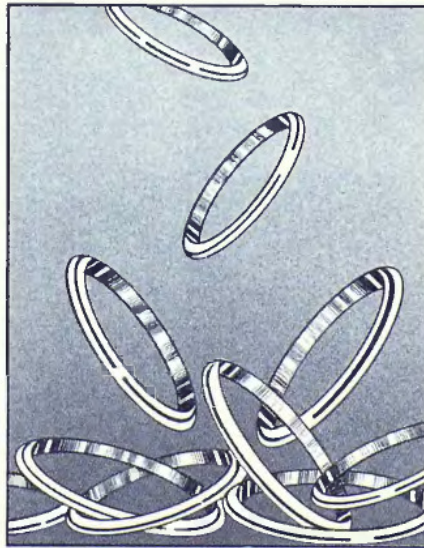
*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

#### EQUAL TIME

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA—Local school officials ordered ninth-grade teachers to skip the first chapter of a history book that offers only the Darwinian explanation of creation until they could approve supplemental materials giving equal time to the religious theories of creation. The action came in response to a group of parents who protested the chapter on evolution as anti-Christian and un-American. One problem, the superintendent told the school board, was whether or not to give the "Genesis" account of creation and, then, whose version of "Genesis" to use.

#### FASTER WHEELS OF JUSTICE

SAN DIEGO—The legal community, but so far none of the petitioners, is concerned by a local judge's technique for simplifying divorce procedures. In uncontested cases, Judge Raul Rosado has assembled prospective divorcees in groups, had them sworn in by the court clerk and then has granted interlocutory decrees to the entire assemblage on the basis of uniform yes and no answers to the basic questions involved in default divorces under California law. Most observers think the system works extremely well, clearing court calendars of simple cases that ordinarily take up to two hours each and sparing those



waiting their turn from hearing endless recountings of "marital woes." Lawyers and some other judges have called the practice cold-blooded and fear it will "make a sham out of marriage by making it too easy to divorce."

#### NICE START

PHILADELPHIA—A municipal-court judge permitted withdrawal of assault charges against a man accused of beating and choking his bride into unconsciousness after a wedding-reception argument with his mother-in-law over money borrowed to purchase wedding rings. The judge commented, "True love doesn't always run smooth."

#### TAX DODGE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Maryland couple have lost the first round in their efforts to reduce their taxes by divorcing and remarrying each year. Present income-tax law tends to benefit unmarried persons over those who are married and filing either jointly or separately. A Federal tax judge dodged the issue of tax inequity that the couple attempted to raise in court and, instead, held that they "never intended to, and never did, physically separate from each other prior to or subsequent to either of the divorces," and therefore were not divorced in the eyes of the tax collector. The couple indicated they'd appeal.

#### WOMAN'S RIGHT

HAUPPAUGE, NEW YORK—A man is not entitled to divorce his wife just because she refuses to bear children, a New York Supreme Court justice has ruled. The case involved a husband whose wife of ten years allegedly refused sex unless he used a contraceptive, and the judge found that a legitimate exercise of the woman's personal rights consistent with the U.S. Supreme Court's position on abortion: "It follows naturally that if a woman can terminate a pregnancy without the consent of her husband, she should be allowed to make the unilateral determination to prevent it." The court did grant a divorce to the wife, however.

#### CONTRACEPTIVE FREEDOM

MINNEAPOLIS—A Minnesota law restricting the sale of nonprescription contraceptives has been voided as a result of a suit filed by the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union and the A.C.L.U.'s Reproductive Freedom Project. The statute, passed in 1965, permitted the sale of such items as condoms and vaginal suppositories only by businesses or organizations dealing primarily with health or welfare. The suit argued that the right of access to contraceptives is constitutionally protected. Some 12 other states



have similar restrictive laws, but in most places they are not enforced. The Minnesota case arose after a county attorney threatened to prosecute a restaurant for having a condom machine.

#### UNSTACKING THE DECK

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—In overturning a 1979 manslaughter conviction, a state appeals judge has ruled that a young person's right to trial by a jury of peers means that at least some members of the jury must also be young. In the case of a 20-year-old defendant, the judge found that the jury-selection system generally used in Franklin County was nonrandom, subjective and tended to produce a pool of potential jurors who were disproportionately old.

#### CHEAP TRICK

SEATTLE—A Federal appeals court has ruled that police legally may bribe a five-year-old to show them where his mother hides her dope stash. When officers failed to find the heroin they were looking for at a Seattle woman's



home, they talked her son into showing them the hiding place in return for five dollars. In a split decision, the court held that even a young child is free to reveal incriminating facts about a parent and that it's permissible for police to pay the kid for the information.

#### STAMPING OUT CHEMISTRY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Drug Enforcement Administration reports that underground drug laboratories are springing up in ever greater numbers around the country and most of them are the work of college students or graduates with training in chemistry. The DEA says the clandestine labs are turning out such drugs as amphetamines, LSD, PCP and methaqualone

and that the number of busts increased from 33 in 1975 to 237 in 1979.

#### RETURN OF THE CIA

SAN FRANCISCO—The Central Intelligence Agency is asking Congress for legislation that it considers necessary to protect its sources and agents. The proposed legislation would reduce the number of Congressional committees that oversee CIA activities, further exempt the agency from provisions of the Freedom of Information Act, prohibit the disclosure of identities of agents and protect CIA secrets from discovery during court proceedings. Speaking before the San Francisco Press Club, CIA director Admiral Stansfield Turner said the new measures were necessary in the face of increasing Russian military strength and reduced economic growth in the free world.

#### MORAL POLITICS

NEW YORK CITY—A suit to revoke the tax-exempt status of any Roman Catholic church or organization engaging in political activity on behalf of anti-abortion candidates has been filed in Federal court by the Abortion Rights Mobilization group. The legal action cited numerous incidents of bishops' and priests' exhorting parishioners to defeat "prochoice" candidates. One example listed was a pastoral letter from the archbishop of Boston proclaiming it a sin to vote for two pro-abortion Congressional candidates. Lawrence Lader, president of A.R.M., cited the "danger of one religion seizing for itself an illegal advantage—using the special privilege of tax-exempt money and facilities to intimidate a congregation into voting the church's way."

#### PRICE OF PRISON

LANSING, MICHIGAN—The state of Michigan, short of revenue to operate its prisons, has decided to sue inmates with substantial savings accounts to make them help pay for their own room and board. A 1935 state law exempts money earned in prison but empowers the state to file claims against other assets of inmates to recover housing expenses, which currently cost taxpayers about \$28 a day.

#### NO JOKING MATTER

DENVER—Another judge has gotten himself in trouble with feminists by making flippant remarks about rape cases. The Arapahoe, Denver chapter of the National Organization for Women has protested a speech by a U. S. district-court judge who joked that he would like to try a "garden-variety rape case" because "it keeps you awake in the

afternoon and provides a little vicarious pleasure." A NOW representative denounced the comments, joking or not, as showing "extreme insensitivity to the victims of sexual assault." In the past few years, several judges in different parts of the country have come under fire for remarks in or out of court that appeared to treat rape lightly.

#### AVOIDING CONFUSION

HOUSTON—The city council has rescinded a Houston ordinance aimed at transvestites that prohibited "appearing



in public dressed with the intent to disguise his or her sex as that of the opposite sex." The action came after a Federal judge decided the law violated the civil rights of transsexuals, and the Houston police legal department acknowledged that an arresting officer would have no way of knowing if a suspect were a legal transsexual, an illegal transvestite or what the difference was. The decision noted that dressing in clothing of the opposite sex is frequently part of the treatment preceding a legitimate sex-change operation.

Meanwhile, the Fifth U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans has ordered a lower court to reconsider whether or not a state Medicaid program may be required to pay for prescribed transsexual surgery.

#### DON'T MAKE WAVES

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA—Police and firemen rescued a 40-year-old man from the waste pit of a lakeside outhouse where he had spent ten hours "up to his armpits" after an argument with two hitchhikers who wanted a longer ride. The attackers forced the motorist to drive to a rural boat landing, stranded him in the deep pit, then fled. Police said the victim, after his rescue, ran to the lake and jumped in.



## Playboy Casebook

## THE WAUWATOSA LOVERS

*"we've got a couple of desperadoes up here who've broken the laws of god, wisconsin and the city of wauwatosa!"*

Quite a few states still have an archaic fornication law buried in the statute books, but only Wisconsin seems to know where to find it and actually to enforce it. The usual result is embarrassment and a small fine to some copulating couple, maybe a divorce if one of the fornicators is married, plus a criminal record as a sex offender. Sometimes the result has been truly tragic: In 1971, a popular Sheboygan high school teacher, facing criminal prosecution for "cohabiting" with his girlfriend, committed suicide. The following case, fortunately, has its lighter side.

In August 1978, Joe Dybul, his girlfriend Judy Freed and another couple, all in their early 20s, were hired to paint a vacant house belonging to a mutual friend in the Milwaukee suburb of Wauwatosa. The owner gave them permission to sleep in the house while doing the work. The first night, a conscientious neighbor, unaware of the

painting project, called the police to report an apparent "burglary in progress." That was at 2:26 A.M. and within minutes, police were searching the premises. In one room, they found a fully clothed couple snoozing in a double sleeping bag, surrounded by paint cans and brushes. Evidently a false alarm—a "Hogan" in local police jargon. But in another room, officers caught Joe and Judy red-handed, so to speak, criminally engaging in what Wisconsin law calls "lewd and lascivious behavior" and most people call screwing. The two were arrested and each was charged with "openly cohabiting and associating with a person he knows is not his spouse under circumstances that imply sexual intercourse."

According to Judy's recorded statement, "The first officer . . . stayed there for five or ten minutes and wouldn't let me get dressed. He didn't say don't get dressed, but he didn't want me to move. He wanted to make sure I didn't

have any weapons hidden or whatever."

At a bench trial in Wauwatosa Municipal Court, the defendants appeared without counsel and Judy had the following exchange with city prosecutor George R. Schimmel:

Q. Do you deny at this time that you were . . . having intercourse?

A. If I was having sexual intercourse or not, with anyone, is my business.

Q. Do you deny that, yes or no, please. You are under oath right now, and I asked you to answer the question again.

A. Can I plead the Fifth?

Q. You must answer the question.

A. I must answer. Yes, I was.

Guilty, said municipal justice John A. Pfannerstill, who fined the sex offenders \$75 each.

Joe and Judy decided not to take this lying down and contacted Raymond M. Dall'Osto, then legal director of the Wisconsin Civil Liberties Union. Dall'Osto verified the facts of the case and called attorney Burt Joseph of the Playboy Foundation. "We've got a couple of desperadoes up here who've broken the laws of God, Wisconsin and the city of Wauwatosa," he said, and requested Foundation assistance in appealing the convictions and challenging the state sex law.

Joseph relayed the story to Senior Editor Bill Helmer and exhorted him: "This sounds like a job for the Playboy Defense Team. Scramble your men and roll out the helicopter gun ship. We're heading north!"

Despite the absurdity of the charge and the pettiness of the punishment, the case had its darker side. Joe and Judy now were convicted sex offenders under a city ordinance incorporating a state law that still provides stiff criminal penalties for premarital sex, adultery, cohabitation and "sexual perversion"—the last including oral sex and carrying a jail sentence and fines of up to \$10,000. The A.C.L.U. and the Playboy Foundation had successfully challenged similar laws in court, arguing that any law presuming to regulate the private



STUART CARLSON

*"My God, Jim! Wake up and put your pants on! It's the sex police!"*



sexual conduct of consenting adults violates fundamental constitutional rights. Indeed, such laws not only invade privacy but most often are used for harassing homosexuals and occasionally for wringing out large divorce settlements—or no settlements—under threat of criminal prosecution for adultery on the part of one spouse or the other.

The case of the "Wauwatosa Lovers," as they were dubbed by the press, afforded a good legal opportunity to challenge the state sex statute. Milwaukee attorneys Harvey Goldstein and James Reiher undertook the appeals on behalf of the Wisconsin C.L.U. and began by arguing their case before Judge Lawrence Gram in circuit court. That Judge Gram ruled against them only permitted a higher appeal, but the grounds upon which Gram upheld the state law made some kind of legal history. He declared:

Now, the issue before this court is not the wisdom of the legislature in prohibiting certain activity but whether or not they have the right to make such a prohibition. I guess we really go back to some of the most fundamental law of all, the Law of Moses.

The implication that the Ten Commandments were enforceable law above the U. S. Constitution came as a surprise to both the legal and the journalistic communities. Editorial writers and cartoonists were already having a good deal of fun with the idea of cops arresting fornicators. At the "Ten Commandments" decision, lawyers nearly fell off their bar stools, as one attorney punned. Not even in the lower courts of Wisconsin does moral law supersede secular law. As Goldstein put it, "Going to hell is one thing. Going to prison is quite another."

Unfortunately, the case never reached the Wisconsin Supreme Court. Gram was called upon a second time, to rule on a routine motion to dismiss the charges on technical grounds, and he did just that. Perhaps eagerly, considering the response to his earlier ruling. He decided the defendants had been wrongly charged in the first place; that their cohabitation, though it certainly implied sexual intercourse, was not "open cohabitation" as proscribed by the letter of the law. Convictions reversed.

Thus did the celebrated case of the Wauwatosa Lovers end, not with a bang but a whimper. So Joe and Judy no longer are sex criminals, but the law is still on the books.

## THOU SHALT NOT

*Joel McNally, columnist for The Milwaukee Journal, had a few choice comments to make on Judge Gram's interesting "Moses" decision:*

It is a relief to know that the law of Moses will continue to be strictly enforced in Wauwatosa.

Longtime Tosa residents will recall that the late Moses presented the city ordinances engraved on stone tablets shortly after the flight of the chosen people to the suburbs.

This was cited last week by Circuit Judge Lawrence Gram in upholding the conviction of an unmarried couple charged with the crime of making love in a home in Wauwatosa.

It was a close call. If love is ever permitted to break out in Wauwatosa, it could run rampant. No restrictive zoning laws would be strong enough to stop it.

It was just a lucky break that the Wauwatosa police uncovered this heinous crime. They had entered the house because they thought a burglary was in progress. They were shocked to discover something much worse.

Judge Gram is a legal scholar of the first rank. Before he got a political patronage appointment to the bench, he used to preside over meetings of the county Democratic Party. That required extensive knowledge of Robert's Rules of Order.

Gram said there was no problem with the Wauwatosa ordinance regulating private morality. He cited the Moses precedent.

As you may recall from the movie with Charlton Heston, the commandment against sex in Wauwatosa homes was only one part of the moral code that Moses laid down for Tosans when he came down from Mountain Avenue in the Washington Highlands.

There also are such provisions as: Honor thy father and thy mother and thy police department. Remember Veterans Day and keep it holy. Thou shalt not commit Democratic voting.

But it is in the area of sexual morality that Wauwatosa has stood particularly strong in the face of declining contemporary standards.

Perhaps in progressive Brookfield, people can go around making love willy-nilly, but not in Tosa. . . .

of Rowe, whom we represented, was instigated in a very deliberate manner by the K.K.K. in order to accomplish two goals: one, revenge for Rowe's undercover work for the FBI, which resulted in the convictions of two Klansmen in Federal court; and, two, insurance against the FBI's ability to recruit agents to infiltrate the Klan organization. Those goals would be accomplished by Rowe's arrest and trial, regardless of the outcome.

The Klan's strategy failed in that Rowe was never incarcerated or extradited to Alabama for trial. Still, the Klan proved that it can penetrate the Federal witness-protection program, that it can use the Alabama legal system to carry out its terrorist plots and that it never forgets its enemies.

Greene's viewpoint has some validity, of course, in that the FBI employed some questionable tactics in trying to cope with Klan violence in the Sixties. But the K.K.K. was, and is, a well-organized, extremely ruthless group of terrorists, and Greene's suggestion that the FBI, or Rowe, was responsible for the Klan murder of Mrs. Liuzzo is neither logical nor appropriate.

Alexander L. Zipperer, III  
Attorney at Law  
Savannah, Georgia

*The Klan's tactics and involvement have been pretty well known, so the emphasis was on the FBI's responsibility, which for years was successfully concealed. The Playboy Foundation, by the way, is helping support an A.C.L.U. civil suit in behalf of the surviving members of the Liuzzo family and our Legal Department is continuing to press a suit against the Justice Department for release of the FBI's secret Rowe Task Force Report under the Freedom of Information Act.*

### POWER OF PRAYER

It often seems that no idea, no matter how strongly discouraged by experience and logic, ever completely goes away. We still have flat-earthers, astrologers, millenarians, single-taxers and snake handlers. And despite thousands of years of gory history demonstrating that church and state are a disastrously explosive combination, there are still people who would like to see this democracy turned into a theocracy, a church-run state like Puritan Salem or Inquisition-era Spain. There are the people who want the Bible version of creation taught in science classes. There are those who want the law to say that a fertilized human egg has a soul. And there are people who want daily prayers conducted in public-school classrooms.

What these would-be Ayatollahs never seem to understand is that the effort to keep religion and the state apart does not arise from disrespect for religion. On the contrary; it is inspired by a



healthy respect for it—as a powerful force in the world and in the lives of individuals and one that, like the atom, has great potential for both good and evil. Many people question whether or not we are ready for nuclear power. I sometimes wonder whether or not we have ever been ready for organized religion. In any case, one thing is sure: The institutional wall that separates church and state is as vital to public health as is the shielding around the core of a reactor.

Yet Senator Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina, a longtime promoter of religiously inspired restrictions on abortion, has also sponsored legislation that he hopes will make prayer in public schools legal despite the First Amendment. In 1962, the U. S. Supreme Court declared officially sponsored prayers in public schools unconstitutional. To a bill regulating the Supreme Court, Senator Helms attached an amendment that would prohibit the Court from hearing any case involving a state law "which relates to voluntary prayers in public schools and public buildings." The Helms Amendment passed the Senate and went to the House of Representatives, which historically has had even fewer qualms about mixing law and theology. No politician wants to appear to be voting against God. But even if it became law, the amendment would probably ultimately be squelched. It is highly improbable that the Supreme Court, an independent branch of the Government, would willingly self-destruct by allowing Congress to carve away an important chunk of its jurisdiction.

Why this insistence on prayers in public schools, where they are bound to be recited in front of children who prefer to pray differently or not at all? Surely God-fearing folk can get up early enough to pray with their children before sending them off to school. These are the same people who keep telling us that government intervention threatens the family. Why do they want a state-employed teacher to conduct their children's morning prayers? I no more want my child exposed to some public official's version of prayer than I would want his teacher to take a lump of plutonium into the classroom. To speak of voluntary prayer in public schools is nonsense. When any school sets aside a time for religious observances under the authority of teachers, the practice is as voluntary as a Russian election. And the result can only be the very thing the First Amendment is intended to prevent: intimidation or persecution of citizens because of their religious beliefs, especially if those beliefs—or the absence thereof—are not shared by the majority.

It is distressing to see the lengths to which people like Helms will go to impose their notion of religiosity on all of us, but it is encouraging to realize that

this latest legislative maneuver is an admission of defeat. After all, what the Helms Amendment is saying, in effect, is that proponents of prayer in school can never expect the Supreme Court to rule as they would like it to. Which means that on this point, the First Amendment is so clear that any attempt to get around it hasn't a prayer of succeeding.

Robert J. Shea  
Glencoe, Illinois

*With so many world examples of what happens when theology becomes mixed with law and politics—from Ireland to Iran—we find ourselves amazed that anyone in this country can espouse liberty and yet seek to dismantle the constitutional wall that historically has protected our system of government from the power of organized religion.*

#### SAVE THE WHAT?

The cartoon on page 257 of the November issue of PLAYBOY has been brought to my attention. I was shocked, not only as a leader of the Penguins in Peril movement but also as a human



"Oh, yeah? Well, how do you know it's your penguin?"

being. Man's inhumanity to man has become acceptable, but your slur against the penguin is a slap in the face of the animal world and an insult to people who haven't anything better to worry about.

First of all, penguins are not sex objects; antarctic chauvinism is the enemy of penguin lovers and liberated persons everywhere. Second, the scattered bottles in the cartoon foreground are nothing more than a cheap shot at reviving the vicious ethnic caricature of penguins as hard-drinking, insensitive philanderers.

Penguins in Peril is a nonprofit organization dedicated, among other things, to protection of the legal rights of penguins and to the achievement of parity with seals, whales, whooping cranes and other fat cats of the endan-

gered-species set. The organization has recently launched an investigation of the problem of overcrowded icebergs in the south Antarctic Ocean while simultaneously activating our campaign to establish a Penguin Legal Aid Society in every North American city where zoos and private penguin collections are found. With our resources stretched thin, we scarcely anticipated a smear campaign from the people who brought us the Playboy Foundation and the Playboy Legal Defense Team. We thought you were the good guys.

In short, this letter is a demand for equal time under the Federal Equal Time for Critters Act. We demand that you publish a statement substantially as follows: "Penguins are really nice and probably don't do nasty things except as consenting adults in private, and all that." In the meantime, if the Playboy Foundation or any Greenpeace drop-outs would like to contribute large amounts of money in small, unmarked bills, a volunteer bagman will be provided at no cost. Anyone making such a donation should know that it is tax-deductible; unfortunately, we can't say that, because it isn't true.

Richard Scheuler, Grand Exalted Penguin  
Penguins in Peril  
Red Bluff, California

*According to supporting documents supplied by this, ah, zealous do-good organization, the most imminent peril facing penguins is that presented by a consortium of French businessmen and Saudi Arabs who are threatening to tow large icebergs, penguins and all, from antarctica to the Arabian peninsula as a novel source of fresh water for irrigation purposes. Our editorial position on this is, for the present, uncertain.*

#### TRIPLE TROUBLE

In your November *Forum Newsfront* item titled "Triple Threat," you report that a woman's attacker "knocked her down, took off her shoes and sucked on her bare toes. Then he ran off, taking the shoes with him." The way I count the sequence of events, the total comes to four.

(Name withheld by request)  
Spring Grove, Illinois

*We gave that matter a lot of thought, as you can imagine, and decided that the shoe removal was incidental to the toe sucking and therefore should not be counted separately.*

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



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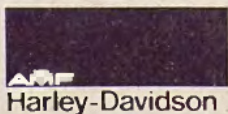
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# EARLY TIMES. THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.



**1871. A hastily arranged reception for a pioneer balloonist.**  
On July 4, 1871, an astonished crowd in Kalamazoo, Michigan beheld a lone balloonist descend from the sky. He was Professor Steiner, the first mortal to fly across Lake Michigan. And even then, what would have been more appropriate at a welcoming party than Early Times. The whisky that made Kentucky whisky famous. Today, we're still slow-distilling it the same way we did then. And thoughtful people always have several bottles on hand for friends who drop in out of the blue.





# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM SNYDER

*a candid conversation with the outspoken star of the "tomorrow" show about talk-show hosts, bizarre guests and villainous tv executives*

Throughout his 25-year career in broadcast journalism, Tom Snyder has developed a reputation for on-air brashness and controversy, and continues to be the subject of industry gossip—whether it be that he might take over the "Today" show as host, replace Johnny Carson on "The Tonight Show" if and when he leaves or become NBC's anchor newsman on the "Nightly News" when John Chancellor steps down. Snyder's "happy-talk" approach to news, his opinionated opening comments and frequent attacks upon his own network's executives on the "Tomorrow" show, plus his introduction of often bizarre guests to the American TV public on his late-night talk fest, have made him a man few people are neutral about.

Although Tom Snyder has developed a loyal, steadfast following, his detractors are legion. He has been called, in public, a grandstander, shallow, ill advised, uninformed, monumentally egotistical and more. His comic imitators, especially on the original "Saturday Night Live" show, are well known. But through the years, Snyder has demonstrated a remarkable facility for drawing people out and asking the kinds of broad-based, middle-

American questions that make him a surrogate for the guy next door. He has done more to create a generation of insomniacs than anyone except, perhaps, Carson. And whether you agree with Snyder or not, he usually calls 'em as he sees 'em.

Snyder's diverse talents span both the news and the entertainment divisions at NBC-TV. He's been anchor man of NBC's various weekly "News Magazines," has hosted the newly expanded "Tomorrow" show (now in its eighth year), has done a number of prime-time celebrity-interview specials on the network and—over a period spanning more than two decades—has served as local anchor man in the nation's two major markets, New York and Los Angeles.

Snyder was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on May 12, 1936. He enrolled at Marquette University as a premed student before switching to journalism and, while attending college, got a job in the news department of WRIT, Milwaukee. He dropped out of Marquette during his final year and never received his bachelor's degree. Subsequently, he served with WSAV-TV, Savannah, WAIIT-TV, Atlanta, KTLA-TV, Los Angeles, and KYW-

TV, Philadelphia, where, in the late Sixties, he hosted an innovative early-morning one-hour live program called "Contact" and anchored the station's top-rated evening news.

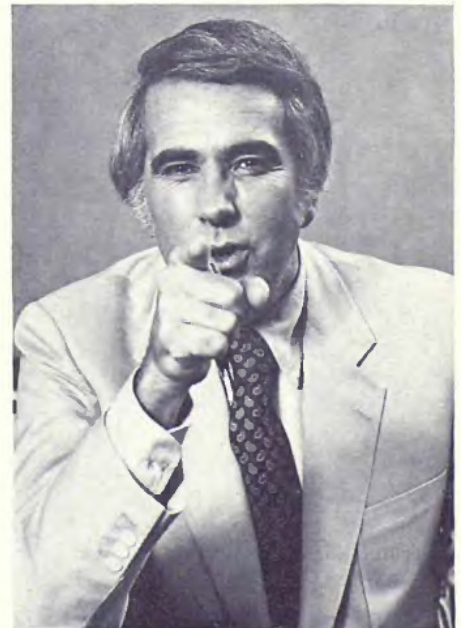
He then moved to KNBC, Los Angeles, in 1970, where he anchored the six-to-seven P.M. segment of the station's two-hour newscast. He became an instant success and attracted not only imitators but also the attention of the network brass, who made him host of the innovative late-night "Tomorrow" show in October 1973. The following year, "Tomorrow" moved from Burbank to New York and Snyder also became anchor man of the six-to-seven P.M. portion of "NewsCenter 4," the two-hour newscast on WNBC-TV, New York. He remained in that dual role until April 1977. In June, "Tomorrow" returned to Burbank for two years. Returning to New York, in addition to continuing as host of "Tomorrow," Snyder inaugurated, in June 1979, "Prime Time Sunday," a one-hour news magazine that later became "Prime Time Saturday." It never made a dent in the ratings and, despite public pronouncements that he would stay with Snyder and the show, NBC boss Fred Silverman



*"I've fallen in love with guests on the air on several occasions. I've had little 'zipless fucks.' Once, I desired that it be more than zipless, but, unfortunately, she brought an entourage with her."*



*"There's one thing phonier than showbiz, and that's newsbiz. When Roger Mudd quit CBS, they continued his salary. Well, when Marilyn Monroe didn't show up, she was suspended without pay."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

*"Yeah, I'd like to be president of NBC. I think I know what to do. Those of us who have worked in the studios and trenches for the past 25 years know pretty much how to make that box work."*



canceled the program a year later. "Tomorrow," however, remains on the air from New York, and in September 1980, expanded to 90 minutes, airing on NBC-TV from 12:30 A.M. to two A.M., with additional features and segments and—of course—Tom Snyder as host.

During his career, Snyder has won an Emmy for hosting "Tomorrow" (in 1974) and has cohosted a number of network specials, among them programs on medicine, crime, Legionnaire's disease, "The National Love, Sex and Marriage Test," "The National Disaster Survival Test" and "The Incredible Shrinking Gas Pump." PLAYBOY sent free-lance writer and TV critic Nicholas Yanni to interview Snyder and find out what is really on his mind these days. Yanni reports:

"When PLAYBOY asked me to do this interview, Snyder had just settled on his new four-year contract with NBC. It had been widely reported that he might even be replaced as host of 'Tomorrow.' Since it had come so quickly upon the failure of 'Prime Time Saturday,' I felt all this speculation might have been more than Tom's much-publicized monumental ego could take. That's why he wasn't granting any interviews until that contract was signed.

"During the several weeks in which I interviewed Snyder in his offices in New York, I found him to be predictably frank—but a man not easily pigeonholed in other respects. His fascination with gadgets is legendary, so his office brims with all kinds of games and props, including a pinball machine and an electronic TV device to embarrass interviewees who arrive a few minutes late. His staff seems to pamper him [catering to his every whim]. One gets the impression that they're all one big happy family and that whatever Tom does is just fine. They have been known to put up with his excesses and childlike indulgences because he's very protective of them.

"During our interviews, it became clear to me that Snyder was thoroughly enjoying getting a lot of gripes and pent-up frustrations off his chest, now that his 'ordeal' with the network had been resolved. I sometimes felt like a corporation psychiatrist might feel, as he let loose with near-stream-of-consciousness rantings about the TV industry today and especially NBC. He is angry, of course, but it is tempered with a surprising serenity for which I was not prepared. He does seem at one with himself these days.

"Surprisingly, I did not get from Snyder the sense of a man who needs constant television exposure as a psychological fix or reinforcement for his ego or career. At least not anymore. I came away from our conversations with the distinct impression that if he were to leave 'Tomorrow' tomorrow, he'd be

on the next plane to California, where he really prefers living (but not working), to devote himself to his greatest outdoor passion—golf.

"Our interviews occurred in the late mornings, and Snyder held off his office calls so that we could continue uninterrupted. After a bit of small talk, we would get right down to business. He was very forthright about his disgruntlements—past and present—with the NBC management; and although he appeared resolved never again to hold a position of importance within the NBC News hierarchy, I felt that his attitude could change just as quickly as a new regime were installed at NBC. He took pains to try to convince me that he is happy 'just doing the "Tomorrow" show'—that this assignment, now going into its eighth year, is more than enough responsibility and drain on his energy. He seemed unduly concerned with growing old and often discussed himself in the past tense. During our talks, Snyder struck me as egotistical, as expected, but not pompous; willing to laugh at himself about professional mistakes but

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*"I'm not afraid to reveal my own lack of knowledge in certain areas. I'm a conduit; that's all I am. I'm a transmission belt for information."*

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defensive about specific on-air goofs; highly guarded, sometimes even shy and secretive about his family life, but open about his views on sex and life in general.

"Snyder is a tall man (6'4") and often seems uncomfortable with his height. He hates standing up and moving around on TV, and sometimes is even quite defensive about his looks. He took umbrage at suggestions I made that he might be physically vain, since he hates wearing glasses on TV (there are always several pairs lying around) and often can't see his cue cards.

"Deep down, I felt—despite what he told me during these conversations—that Snyder very much would like to return to the news, possibly as anchor man or commentator. But his wounds on the news front are still too fresh. I believe he's given up for all time the idea of hosting the 'Today' show, but, despite his long-winded rationalizations about why he would not ever consider taking over 'The Tonight Show,' should

Carson vacate that spot three years hence, I'm sure Snyder would jump at the opportunity, and be very good at it, too."

**PLAYBOY:** As you're no doubt aware, there is something about you that makes people take sides. You've got a considerable cult following, but there are also a great many viewers who feel you are overbearing, self-indulgent and pompous. How do you plead?

**SNYDER:** I am, on occasion, overbearing. I do indulge myself, on the air and off. I have been pompous. But who hasn't been at one time or another?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you also might intimidate people?

**SNYDER:** I suppose that's true. I talk loud, I'm 6'4" tall and difficult to get along with. But if people are afraid of me, that fear is ungrounded.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the reverse: Have you ever been intimidated by any of the guests you've had on over the years?

**SNYDER:** Not in the slightest. I've had Ayn Rand on. Extremely intelligent. Yet you don't have to be an intellectual to carry on a conversation about her beliefs and philosophy of life.

**PLAYBOY:** It might help, though, if you're trying to reach below the surface.

**SNYDER:** I do what I feel is necessary. The purpose of the *Tomorrow* show is not for me to demonstrate how much I know or how many clippings or books I've read. The purpose of the show is to engage our guests in conversations that bring out their better points and allow them to present themselves in an entertaining and informative fashion. There are many people who do talk shows who read all the books and newspaper clippings and go out with a yellow pad with questions numbered one through 100. I don't believe in doing a show that way. Those people who prepare so meticulously for interviews on *Today* or *Good Morning America*, which run seven minutes apiece . . . well, what the fuck good does it do to read a whole book if you've got seven minutes and the answer to the first question runs three minutes? It's a joke.

**PLAYBOY:** But your interviews are longer than seven minutes.

**SNYDER:** I've wanted people who read Irving Wallace and Jacqueline Susann to at least be exposed to Ayn Rand, to Will and Ariel Durant or Sterling Hayden. And I'm not afraid to learn something on the air while people are watching. After all, the audience is hopefully learning something when it watches the show. And I'm not afraid to reveal my own lack of knowledge in certain areas. I'm a conduit; that's all I am. I'm a transmission belt for information.

**PLAYBOY:** Have we established, then, that you are not an intellectual?



**SNYDER:** No, I'm not an intellectual. I'm not a bookworm. I don't sit in this office and read books all afternoon. If I did, I wouldn't have time to do interviews for *PLAYBOY*. I just don't consider myself a member of the intelligentsia.

**PLAYBOY:** Would Dick Cavett admit to that?

**SNYDER:** I don't think he's as smart as he would like us all to believe.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you compare his style with your own?

**SNYDER:** He's bookish. I'm sure he reads more than I do. I read maybe ten percent of my guests' books before they're on the show. He probably does read all the books. I don't know him that well.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the difference in the way you and Cavett interview?

**SNYDER:** He'll talk with Luciano Pavarotti about opera and what makes great opera. I'd like to know what he likes on his pizza.

**PLAYBOY:** You've had Pavarotti on your show; what *does* he like?

**SNYDER:** Pepperoni and anchovies.

**PLAYBOY:** How much research do you do on your guests?

**SNYDER:** I do my research in the two hours preceding the show itself. You know, people who come on don't have a great deal of time. I have to be their barometer and their metronome. Their concertmaster.

**PLAYBOY:** But you rely on your staff to preinterview the guests, don't you?

**SNYDER:** Yes, heavily. But there's a difference between a preinterview and the actual TV taping. When critics attack me for doing a superficial interview with a supposedly "fascinating" man, they say I haven't done my job; but *they* aren't interviewing the man. Maybe the guy doesn't feel good or doesn't want to talk. Or maybe he's got stage fright. For example, I did an interview some years ago in Philadelphia on the old *Contact* show with Geraldine Chaplin, who was then touring the country in the Lillian Hellman play *The Little Foxes*. Now, that's not chopped liver! That's good. That's a great vehicle for that young woman to be in. Her father, Charlie Chaplin, was one of the great movie actors. You would think she'd have a wealth of things to talk about. Well, I brought her into that studio and must have asked her 5000 questions during that hour, and to each one she answered "Yes" or "No" or "Uh-huh." Now, that's not because I didn't do my research but because she did not come prepared to talk. But some might say I fucked up anyway, because I didn't do the research.

**PLAYBOY:** Do other guest "misfires" come to mind?

**SNYDER:** Yes. Joey Bishop didn't work out, because we didn't have a studio

audience for him to react to. And David Merrick didn't work out, because what he does is behind-the-scenes stuff. In both cases, I was surprised it didn't work, because the research read very well in the afternoon and I went out there expecting it to go well in the studio. Joseph E. Levine was another one—an interesting exercise.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SNYDER:** Well, here was a man who certainly had a wealth of experience in his lifetime as a great motion-picture producer. I asked him how he got from being a man who ran a restaurant in Boston to one of the world's most successful independent movie producers. What were the things that happened along the way? From point A to B, and so forth. . . . Well, Levine looked at me and said, "I was in a movie studio in Astoria in 1939 and somebody showed me a script and the rest is history." And he stopped. And I looked at him and he looked at me and I looked at my watch and said, "You know, Joe, we have got 42 minutes to go here, and if you could give me a little bit of this

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*"I said, 'Now here's Dr. Frank Field, weatherman, to take a leak—I mean a look—out the window.'"*

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history as we go along, it would be very, very helpful."

**PLAYBOY:** How often has that happened?

**SNYDER:** I would say, out of the thousands of programs I've done over the years the number that have been fucked up because I wasn't prepared to do my job could be counted on your fingers and on your toes. Now, that's not a bad batting average. I'm not perfect and I don't get as much as I should out of every interview. There are occasions when I fuck up, but I don't fuck up because I'm not prepared. I don't fuck up because I don't have an interest in the guest. I fuck up because sometimes there are circumstances beyond my control—it's too hot in the studio, I don't feel well, I've got a cold, I'm hung over, which happens occasionally.

**PLAYBOY:** What's an example of a circumstance in which you fucked up?

**SNYDER:** We had a woman on the air—a sex researcher—who maintained after running a survey that women preferred oral stimulation to penile stimulation. And at the end of the show, I made a crack to the effect that, "Show me a man who doesn't do that and I'll steal his

girl." A funny little line in the locker room, perhaps, but not on television. I don't know why I said that—probably to get a laugh from the crew or to give a sly wink to the camera. There is such a thing as a *double-entendre*, or an off-color remark, but that was just a vulgar line. And the minute I said it, I thought to myself, How could you do that? I just knew I shouldn't have done it. There was another occasion here in New York on the local news when I said, "Now here's Dr. Frank Field, weatherman, to take a leak—I mean a look—out the window." I made believe it was a slip of the tongue, and that was part of being self-indulgent. But it was really in poor, poor taste. And the minute I said it, I thought, Oh, that's cheap. You're better than that.

**PLAYBOY:** Of all your shows, is there one that stays with you, one that changed you or touched you?

**SNYDER:** We had a woman on a couple of years ago in L.A. who had been raped by a man in San Francisco known as Stinky. She went through the whole experience of being violated with her three-year-old child outside the door, knocking on the locked bedroom door. And she touched me. For that hour, I was ashamed to be a male. I was just ashamed of my gender, that a man had done this to a woman, violated her in such a fashion, raped her. And that show haunted me for a long time—one or two months.

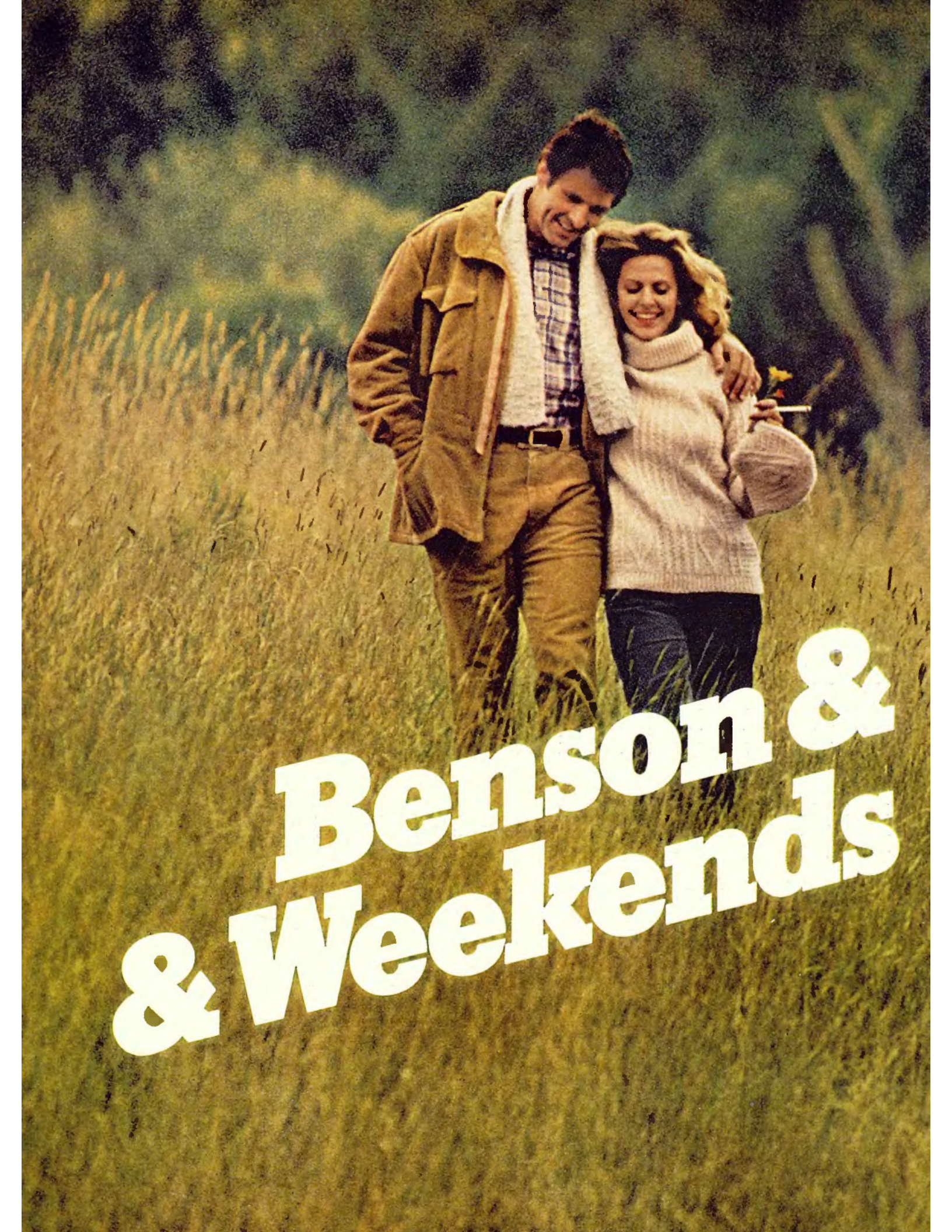
**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you let your feelings show when you're affected?

**SNYDER:** I think I do. I know I do. This is going to sound self-serving, but let's talk about Phyllis Schlafly in regard to the subject of my feelings. She once asked me on my program if I'd want my daughter to go through basic training. Well, I gave her a long answer and she said, "We don't want our daughters to go through basic training and be taught how to kill." I said, "Phyllis, I went through basic training in the United States Air Force, and they did not teach me how to kill. They taught me how to polish floors, how to make beds, how to wax floors, how to clean latrines and how to scrub out pots and pans." I said, "Phyllis, there are many young women I know who would do very well to learn those basic skills." Well, I think that's saying something of how I feel.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you think of Phyllis Schlafly?

**SNYDER:** Her opinions are archaic, she's in the Stone Age and she's living in a dream world when she talks about what women want. But that doesn't make her a bad person. That doesn't mean that she's not a nice lady. It just means I think her opinions are full of shit. I don't think that she is at all relevant





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to what's going on in the world today when it comes to E.R.A.

**PLAYBOY:** We take it that Schlafly is not one of those guests you'd like to have had a couple of drinks with after the show. Have there been many guests with whom you've felt a certain chemistry—the kind that may have developed into something more than talk?

**SNYDER:** Absolutely. I've fallen in love with guests on the air on several occasions. You can't help it. There's chemistry, eye contact, sitting close to each other. Cooking is the word. You know, you're talking about ideas and you find that somebody thinks much the same way you do. I've had little "zipless fucks" on the air on a number of occasions. On one occasion, I desired that it would be more than zipless, but, unfortunately, she brought an entourage with her, and when I raced out to the elevator to invite her for dinner that evening, she was there with 18 people. And so it remained zipless. Now you would like me to tell you who that was, wouldn't you?

**PLAYBOY:** Absolutely; who?

**SNYDER:** It was Liv Ullmann.

**PLAYBOY:** When you're interviewing celebrities, do you try to get them to reveal new things about themselves?

**SNYDER:** I don't think that any of the so-called celebrities we've had on have ever been put in the position of having to reveal too much. For example, years ago, we interviewed Coretta King on a two-way from Atlanta. It was at a time when all that stuff that J. Edgar Hoover had assembled about Martin Luther King, Jr., was coming out in the press. And I couldn't avoid the question—"Mrs. King, have you read all this? What does that do to you?" And she said, "You know, I read all this, and I know that my husband knew other women. But I know that he loved me and me alone." That is the end of the question. I mean, I could have taken her nose and rubbed it in the gossip; but I didn't. I don't think you have to take people right to the edge of the furnace and put their faces in it.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't, then, take a moral tone when interviewing your guests?

**SNYDER:** No. When you say a moral tone, you imply judgments. And most people who have watched my shows over the years know that we have had transsexuals, trisexuals, bisexuals, lesbians, gay men, people who have been divorced, women who are getting married. . . . I make no judgments on these people.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever feel, though, that you exploit them?

**SNYDER:** I think part of everything we do is, in some way, exploitation. We have them on because there is great curiosity about them. We have them on to find out about their different lifestyles—what they look and feel like and what

their own personal morality is. In most cases, people who live in what are considered to be "bizarre" sexual circumstances have as good a code of morals and personal honor and integrity as anybody else in this country. When I was a boy, the word for somebody who was homosexual was *queer*. That was the big put-down, and you were brought up almost to think that they all lived in dirty houses, that they didn't have clean fingernails and that they didn't bathe and that they were somehow subhuman. From doing this program, I've learned that there are a lot of people who are involved in lifestyles that I thought at one time were sinful and unacceptable, who do have jobs and a code of personal decency and morality. They want better jobs, more money, a nicer place to live, just like everybody else.

**PLAYBOY:** On the topic of exploitation, you've had a lot of guests who have more than just "different lifestyles." For instance, one night you interviewed a dominatrix, complete with whips and chains. But, in her case, you made a moralistic remark: "To me, this is sick." Wasn't that what you claim never to have done?

**SNYDER:** Well, yes, I guess that comment was a moral judgment. But this lady came on with the idea—you know, whip you, beat you, boil you in oil. And, to me, that *is* sick. If that's a moral judgment, then I *am* being inconsistent. I remember she said, "And if you want, you can kiss my feet." I looked at her and said, "Lady, you can kiss my ass." NBC blipped it out.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she say anything to you after the show?

**SNYDER:** No, she just belted me around the studio and that was the end of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think you reacted to her as you did?

**SNYDER:** Well, I don't like to make moral judgments on things that are within the realm of reality. We aren't talking about somebody confronted with a decision to abort or not to abort, or who has been a victim of rape or incest. We are talking about somebody who advertises to those people who want to be physically dominated, act as masochists, and pay money for it. To me, that is *not* within the bounds of reality.

**PLAYBOY:** There may be a lot of consenting adults who like that.

**SNYDER:** I don't know how many people there are, but I have been alive for 44 years now, and I have been in a lot of situations, you know, a lot of social and sexual situations, and I have yet to encounter anybody who wants to have his testicles put in a crusher or his nipples pierced. I just don't run into those kinds of people.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't travel in those circles, eh?

**SNYDER:** I don't travel in those circles.



I wouldn't go to Plato's Retreat. To me, all that group-sex business that everybody writes so wonderfully about is in the world of fantasy, and I am very comfortable keeping it there. My idea of beautiful people having sex is not in a steam-filled hotel on the West Side of New York on a huge mattress. How the hell do you avoid the wet spot in that kind of room? My idea of a great swingers' club is the Carlyle Hotel, with Dom Pérignon and beef Wellington. Don't give me the shitty snack bar with ham sandwiches. I want the real thing. If all the people in swingers' clubs looked like Playboy Bunnies and it all took place with that kind of opulence, then you would say, "Wow, this is great." But come on. You know, people talk about pornography and how great it is. How come all the pornographers operate in the shittiest part of town?

**PLAYBOY:** Cheap rent.

**SNYDER:** Times Square is cheap rent?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you enjoy porn?

**SNYDER:** Absolutely. I have been to X-rated motion pictures. I mean, God Almighty, one day an NBC colleague and I sneaked into *Deep Throat* at the Pussy-cat Cinema.

**PLAYBOY:** And?

**SNYDER:** I thought *Deep Throat* was hysterical. But I still think flagellation and dominance and sadomasochism is sick.

**PLAYBOY:** No wonder *Screw's* editor, Al Goldstein, once put you on his "Shit List"—you're bad for his business.

**SNYDER:** Al Goldstein wrote that "Walking amuses such as Snyder . . . won't permit us on TV." After he put me on the Shit List, somebody on the staff suggested that we have Al on the air, and I said, "Fuck Al Goldstein, he's put me on the Shit List, I'm not putting him on the air." Somehow, he found out about this, and I was home one night—the first night I got my Manhattan cable TV hooked up—this was back in the early days of cable TV's *Midnight Blue*, when they had a "Fuck you" at the end of every show. Everyone was telling me I had to watch this *Midnight Blue*, tits on the air, you're going to go crazy. So I went home, and son of a bitch, there they were, tits on the air, and they went on through the whole show. And at the end: "Good night and fuck you, Tom Snyder!" [Laughs] I fell off the couch. I thought, How often can you watch television, the first night on Manhattan cable, and be told to go fuck yourself on the air? I loved it! Subsequent to that, we did have Al on the show.

**PLAYBOY:** Has he stopped picking on you?

**SNYDER:** I like Al Goldstein a great deal. Al and I share a number of common passions, none of which is sexual. He and I love gadgets. He and I adore electric trains, we both love his son, we both

like our town houses in New York and we are forever exchanging notes on whether or not our tomato plants are doing well. I got a call from Al one night through the switchboard at quarter of one in the morning: "Al Goldstein has to talk to you, it's a matter of the greatest urgency." I figured he was picked up by the police or trapped somewhere. Al gets on the phone and says, "Listen, I just got the new automatic signal for the kind of trains we buy. Does the yellow wire go on tab A to make the light go on, or do you put it somewhere else?" A lot of people don't know this side of Al Goldstein—that he

is a lovely man when he gets out of that sewer he operates called *Screw*. Now he'll probably put me on his Shit List again. Well, fuck you, Al Goldstein!

**PLAYBOY:** Has anyone ever accused you of contributing to the demise of sex by diverting people's late-night attention with your show?

**SNYDER:** The most people we would play to on a given evening is 7,000,000. Now, if you subtract that from 220,000,000, that leaves 213,000,000 people. So my contribution to celibacy in this country, I think, is minuscule.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the sexual revolution? Has there really been one?

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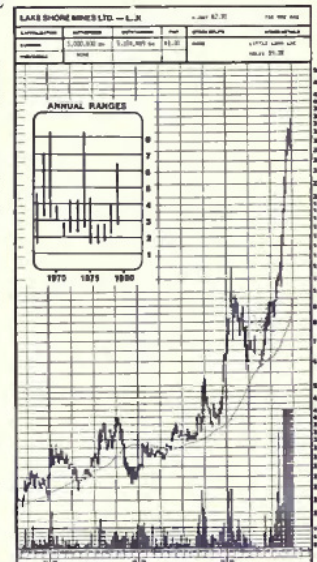
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**SNYDER:** As much as we all say we have been through the sexual revolution and are freer now of hang-ups than we were in the Fifties—in spite of all the talk of sexual revolution and freedom and the things that Hugh Hefner has written about and that he has done to free us all of our past hang-ups and our past concerns—America still views immorality as being sexual in nature. We are quite willing to forgive embezzlement, defrauding workers' wages, cheating on exams—those things are all forgivable. But to catch a man in bed with a woman who is not his wife, or a woman with a man who is not her husband, a woman with another woman in the Navy, a man with another man in a college situation—that is, in America's mind, the unforgivable sin. When we catch somebody in a "sexual crime," we behave as Christians and, as members of the Christian army, we do the noble thing—we shoot the wounded. When somebody commits a sexual transgression in the minds of moral America, that is the ultimate sin. It's perfectly proper to put one's finger in somebody else's ear. That is not a crime. But when we get to other parts of the anatomy, it is something that can never ever be forgiven, in spite of all our "liberalism." We are still a puritanical and moralistic nation when it comes to things sexual.

What killed Ted Kennedy's candidacy in 1980? Not his stand on welfare and not his program for jobs; not his liberalism. What killed his candidacy was Mary Jo Kopechne, the girl he left in the lagoon, to put it in the words of a Chicago writer. And people's preoccupation with the fact that Ted Kennedy had somehow sinned sexually.

**PLAYBOY:** Roger Mudd's interview with him on CBS was instrumental in damaging his chances for the nomination. Mudd, of course, grilled him on Chappaquiddick. Had you done that interview, would you have handled it differently?

**SNYDER:** I would not have asked those questions about Chappaquiddick. In my mind, that is over and done with. That was a horrible tragedy, certainly for the young woman and her family, and for him being in public life. It is old ground. Why keep going over it? I don't think that was the issue in his campaign for the Presidency. I just don't see why that was so important.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe that's why NBC replaced you and *Prime Time Saturday* with David Brinkley and *NBC News Magazine*. Maybe they felt you weren't hard-hitting enough. Do you think Brinkley will have the freedom to do what he wants?

**SNYDER:** No. The management exerts its influence on everything that goes on the air at NBC News and that show is being watched very closely. And all that stuff

about "They now have a *real* journalist with the new magazine"—well, that show employs the same staff of producers and backup people that we employed on *Prime Time Sunday* and *Weekend*. So, window dressing aside, the basic philosophies of that program are about the same. And I can't believe that David Brinkley, who has been at NBC since the Forties, is all of a sudden going to put a whole new imprint on that program.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem a bit rankled about some people's saying you're not a real journalist.

**SNYDER:** Columnists have written, "NBC insiders claim Tom Snyder is finished, Tom Snyder isn't a newsmen, Tom Snyder isn't a journalist, Tom Snyder's a hot dog, Tom Snyder's an entertainer." Who the fuck *are* all these people? In a court of law, you're allowed to face your accusers; but when you work for the NBC television network, insiders are quoted at length about my failure to do my homework, to be a journalist, and I don't even know who these people are. I would never have done *Prime Time*

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*"When we catch somebody  
in a 'sexual crime,' as  
members of the Christian  
army, we do the noble  
thing—we shoot the  
wounded."*

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*Sunday* if I'd known then what I know now. But who could know all the things that were going to happen? And I don't want to be in the NBC News Division right now, because it's been made painfully clear to me that there's no place for me there.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you led to believe that Fred Silverman had a great deal of confidence in you and in *Prime Time Sunday/Saturday* and that it was going to be on for a long time?

**SNYDER:** I heard that, too. I heard a lot of things about the "confidence" Silverman had in me and I heard a lot of things about the confidence Bill Small had in me and NBC News had in me. As it turned out, that confidence was bullshit. I think they were jerking me around, for whatever reason—whether they were waiting for Mudd or for Dan Rather. It's all part of their *modus operandi*.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds as though you're not satisfied with how things work at NBC.

**SNYDER:** I don't like rumors, I don't like gossip. When I hadn't been told by NBC

that Brinkley was going to do the new *Magazine*, I didn't like reading in the paper that he, in fact, would be doing it. I think somebody should come and tell me. Which gets back to "insiders say" or "sources close to NBC say"—that sort of thing. I said to an NBC executive, "May I ask a question? Could you ask Mr. Small during one of your sances down there whether I'm gonna be back on this show in the fall or whether I'll just find out by reading the paper?" I strongly resented that. I felt that if Bill Small didn't like my work, goddamn it, come down here and say so. I mean, say something! But the guy never called. So *Prime Time Sunday* became *Prime Time Saturday* and now it's evolved into *Speak Up Brinkley!*

**PLAYBOY:** Has that experience finally humbled you? You've been quoted in the past as saying you're "a stranger to failure."

**SNYDER:** In Philadelphia, I put on a talk show, *Contact*, live at nine A.M., before there was a Phil Donahue, and it was a success. I did a news program there that was a success, and theater reporting, too. A talk show called *Sunday*, a traveling show—success. So, *Prime Time Saturday* is the first show I've ever worked on, local or network, in my life that's been taken off the air because it got shitty ratings. Well, now failure and I have been very well introduced. The whole thing was a negative experience for me. I don't like failures, but people have them in their lifetimes, and this is my cross to bear—*Prime Time Saturday*. Very disheartening.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that you've decided not to do any more prime-time TV shows?

**SNYDER:** Yes, I'm very serious about that. I don't want to do any more *Celebrity Spotlights* or *News Magazines* in prime time. I can't compete with Suzanne Somers' tits for ratings. There's no way. I can't compete with Charlie's Angels' legs. I simply cannot do that. And if you can't compete, you don't get ratings, and I don't want to read in the papers that Snyder got low ratings when, in fact, I'm competing against something I can't beat. I mean, if they run this interview on the same truck as the centerfold in the magazine, a lot more people are going to look at those tits than are going to read this interview. I can't compete against that and I won't compete against that.

**PLAYBOY:** From the start, then, did you feel you didn't have a chance?

**SNYDER:** There was tremendous pressure put upon me to do that program featuring some kind of a breaking news story on Saturday night, to make it appear more of a newscast than a news magazine. That was not the philosophy that I had





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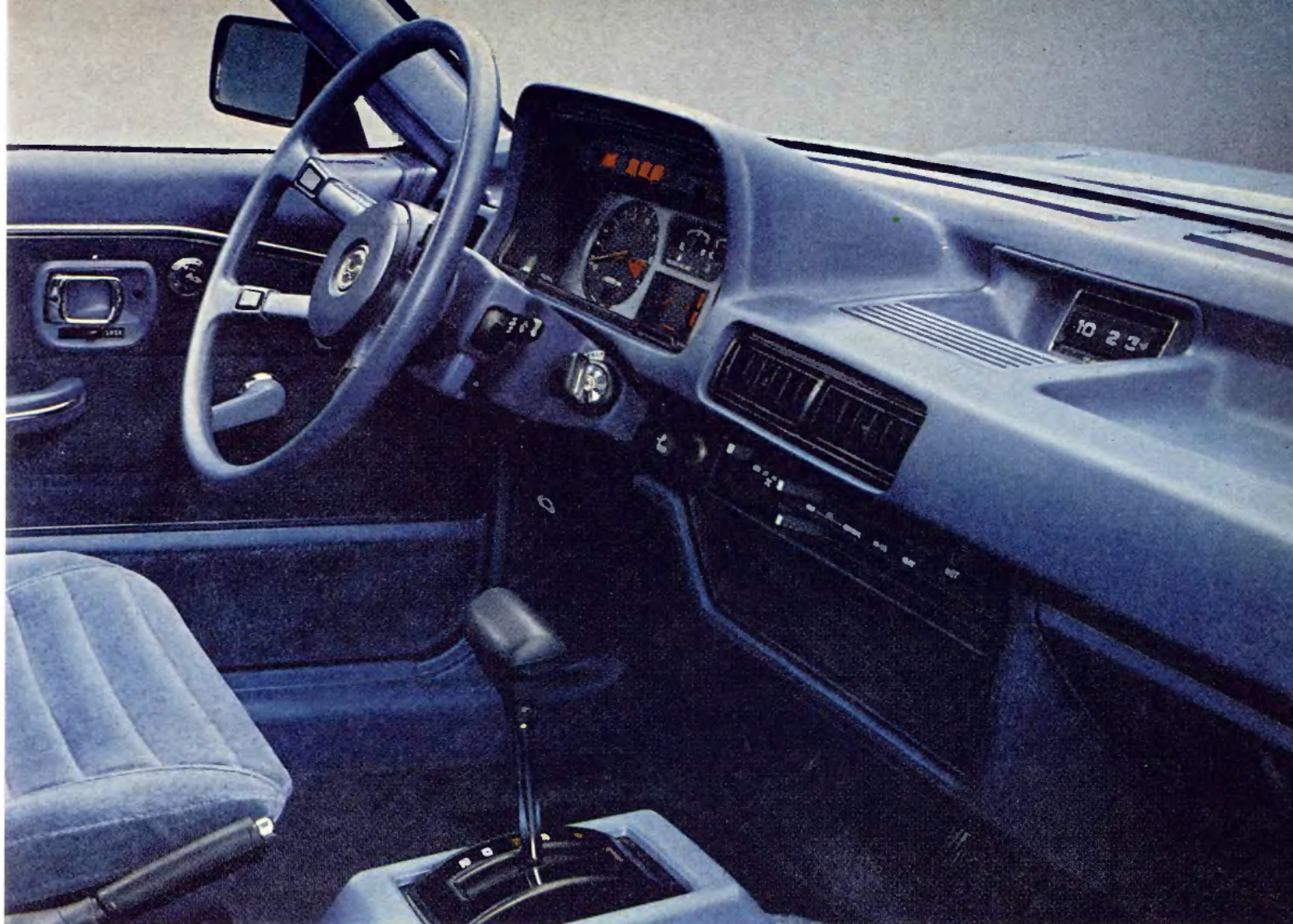
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brought to the show. I felt myself growing more and more distant from the show and the people who worked on it, because it was going in a direction over which I had no control. We were on against *Love Boat* or *Fantasy Island* on Saturday night, against *Trapper John, M.D.* on Sunday night. You can't compete on Sunday, because the audience for that type of show has seen *60 Minutes* and whether or not they want to see it again at ten P.M. is open to question. Saturday night historically is a big entertainment night on TV; viewing levels aren't as high as they are on Sunday night. If Silverman had put the show on Monday nights at ten P.M. for the first summer, we might have had a chance. We would have been on against baseball on ABC, which historically does very poorly in the ratings. We might have had a chance to develop an audience. Then I would have moved it right up against *60 Minutes* at seven o'clock on Sunday night. We should have just gone tooth and nail with them and found out once and for all whether or not it had a chance to fly.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever suggest that scenario to the NBC executives?

**SNYDER:** No. They're very difficult to communicate with, because, in the main, they're all running for office. There's so much politics involved: friendships and alliances of the past. I mean, right now, there is a CBSization going on at NBC News. Salant, Small, Westerman, Manning, who was here before they came, are drawing from their friends out of their CBS past, which is logical. They know those people and trust their work. But I suppose in the mind of Bill Small we're those assholes who fucked up NBC News before he got here. I think he's dead wrong on that, but I can understand how he would feel that way. I would say that anybody who was with NBC News prior to the arrival of the new management is a dead fish. I think one by one we're all gonna be weeded out. You know, they got me out of there, and I hope they're happy about that. Small and Company drove me out of the news division, there's no question about that. All those who were onetime up-and-comers with NBC News—and I consider myself and Tom Brokaw to have been two of those—will eventually have to go. From where I sit, anybody who's worked for CBS News is now the bearer of the Holy Grail in the eyes of NBC management. I would guess that since they courted them for so long, they must have some plans for them, especially Mudd.

**PLAYBOY:** You have quite a record of longevity. How many NBC presidents and news chiefs have you gone through?

**SNYDER:** Oh, my gosh, I think four or five presidents of news and seven or eight presidents of the network.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think they're switched around so much?

**SNYDER:** For the same reason that baseball managers get fired or football coaches get canned. Management just changes. Our team is in last place—fire the manager. It's a lot better than firing the players. But it's difficult for those who work in news when they change management—you have to start all over again. When Dick Wald was president of NBC News, he and I developed a relationship. He knew what I could do and would give me assignments. He had confidence in me, as I did in him as the executive officer in charge of the News Division. Well, one day, suddenly Dick Wald is gone and you've got Lester Crystal. We're right back to square one, as far as he's concerned with me. I've got to start all over again. I'm a rookie. The day Bill Small walked in here as president of news, I went back to square one. I'm not saying this out of personal rancor, because I don't know Bill Small personally. When he came in as president of NBC News, to him Tom Snyder was just another person starting on the very

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*"Anybody who was with NBC News prior to the arrival of the new management is a dead fish. I think one by one we're all gonna be weeded out."*

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first day. Tom Snyder wasn't someone who had done news in Los Angeles and New York for him, had done documentaries for him, had done reporting for him, had done news programs for him. To him, I was, and am, just another one of the guys who are starting from day one. And when he leaves, all of the people who are in the news division will once again start from day one. Just as when the day comes—if it ever happens—that Silverman moves on. I'm still here and I go right back to square one again, and that's very difficult.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have much contact with Silverman?

**SNYDER:** None whatsoever. I think the last time I saw Silverman was over a year ago, at a Man of the Year Award dinner here in New York. I have absolutely no contact with him, and that's probably just as well. He has a lot of things to do, you know, and we're not here to be personal friends—we're here to get the job done. When Silverman was hired to work for NBC, he didn't say,

"I'm going to make NBC number one." We almost sealed his doom, because we set a standard for him that Jesus Christ couldn't live up to. We said this man—the *Wunderkind*, the master programmer, the arch television strategist, the child of television—must make NBC number one.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us, would you like to be president of NBC?

**SNYDER:** Yeah, I would like to be president of NBC. I would really like to run NBC. Because I think I know what to do. Now, of course, that is a very immodest statement, because Silverman is president of NBC, and when he was given the job, I am sure he said to himself then, as he does now, "I know what to do." As it turned out, in some areas, he didn't know what to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you give an example?

**SNYDER:** Well, by his own admission, he has made some mistakes, such as rushing shows like *Supertain* onto the air. I know where the problems are. If you're going to spot problems in television, I don't think you gather up executives and go to a meeting in Hawaii and discuss them. You go to the lots and to the TV studios and you sit around and watch what is happening and talk with the cast and crew—and they will tell you exactly what's wrong with the show.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you believe Silverman has done that?

**SNYDER:** I know he hasn't done it. That is not the way television executives operate. Very few TV executives come from the ranks of talent. You know Johnny Carson ain't going to be president of NBC and neither am I, nor is John Chancellor. But those of us who have been working, not in the executive suites but in the studios and the trenches for the past 25 years know pretty much how to make that little box work. We know how things should be handled far better than do those who've been in the executive suites for 25 years.

**PLAYBOY:** So you really would like the job?

**SNYDER:** Yeah, I would take it in a second.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever thought of going up to Silverman's office and saying, "Hey Fred, here is what you ought to do!"?

**SNYDER:** Well, there is a wall between talent and management at every station where I have worked. We have very little communication, and in some ways, we are mortal enemies. Don't ask me why, but that's the way it is.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel, at least, that your bosses care for you?

**SNYDER:** They don't care, they really don't give a shit. I'd been on the air for four years when they sent me a telegram: "Congratulations on your first anniversary." This is going to sound like Snyder's going after the executives, but God Almighty, sometimes you have to wonder





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about some of the things that management does and why it does them. There are layers of management at all networks that are totally superfluous. There was a time at NBC, in Burbank, when there was one vice-president there. Now there must be 25. There's an island in Hawaii that nobody's ever allowed to go to. I forget the name of it. I'm convinced that they clone network executives there. When one set of executives is fired, they call that island and send in a new set. I see it from within: the positioning, the jockeying, the politics, the duplicity, the phoniness, the chaos. If I wrote it all down, nobody would ever believe some of the things that went on.

**PLAYBOY:** Including the way top executives are axed?

**SNYDER:** NBC historically has a way of handling things badly. It's not so much a question of cleaning out your desk; it's preparing yourself emotionally for what is to come. If leaving is what is at the end of the trail, we ought to be allowed to emotionally prepare for that. NBC fired Herb Schlosser in a most unglorious way when Silverman was hired. It was done in the press. When Wald was fired as president of news, he was allowed to twist in the wind in public for a week. When Crystal was fired as president of NBC News, it was handled very badly. I asked an executive with this company if Crystal was in trouble and he bald-faced

lied to me. He said no, when at the same time he was out trying to recruit someone else. When Jane Cahill Pfeiffer was fired, it was done in a very, very bad way. I don't think you should read that in the paper; you should hear that from your chief executive officer in the privacy of his office. NBC, when it has somebody walk the plank, makes people suffer.

**PLAYBOY:** Who is your strongest NBC ally?

**SNYDER:** I don't have any. Mine are all gone. I don't feel that there's anybody here I can really go to if there's a problem with the *Tomorrow* show, and that's sad, because this is a money-making show. Especially now, with the 90-minute expansion. All the people I knew here who would probably put up with my shenanigans or let me holler and yell to get something off my chest are gone now. I don't feel comfortable communicating with anybody, because they don't return calls or respond to letters. If a network executive calls me and says, "Let's have a drink," I break out in a cold sweat, because I don't want to go out with them or speak to them. For the most part, they are boring to be with and don't have much that's interesting to say.

**PLAYBOY:** As a man who's making a considerable amount of money, you might have a hard time finding people who would sympathize with you.

**SNYDER:** We make a lot of money. They

pay us extremely, extremely well. And that helps ease a few of the bruises. The recognition helps a little bit.

**PLAYBOY:** We're glad to hear they're only bruises and not wounds. Do you still harbor a desire to be a news anchor?

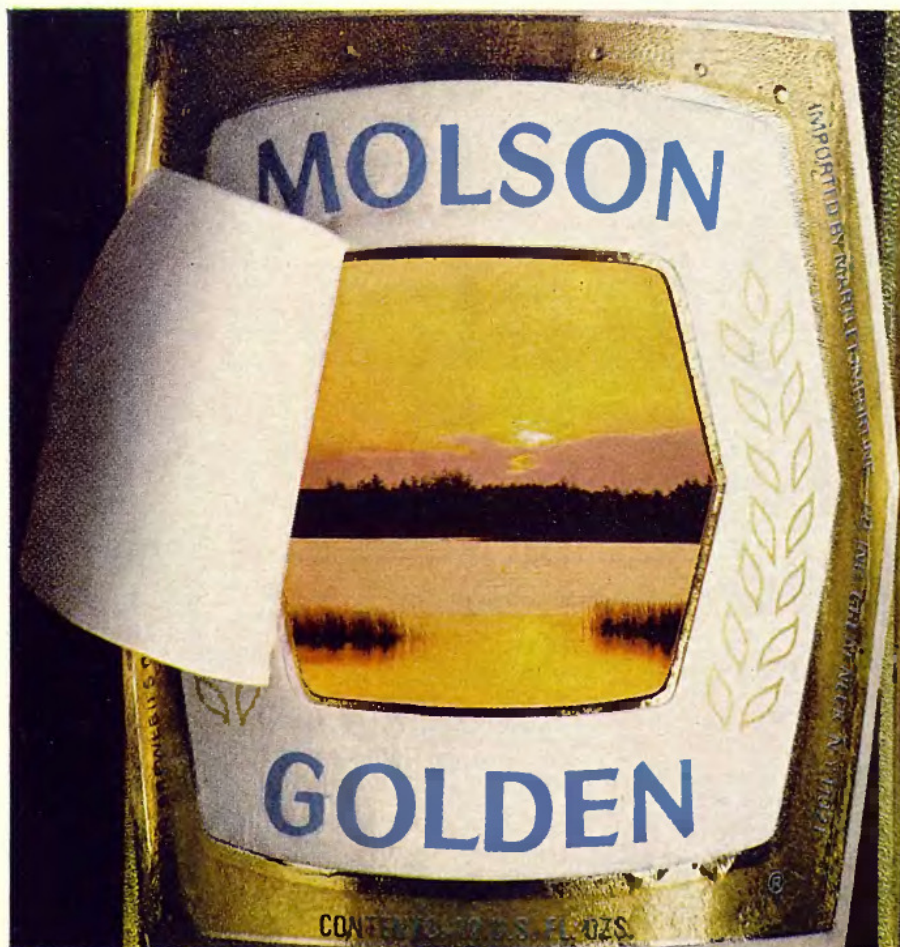
**SNYDER:** No. I feel as if a great weight has been lifted from my shoulders. There was a time when I would have given my left testicle to be one of "the four horsemen" of the convention—the floor reporters—back in the late Sixties. When I joined NBC in 1970, it was a goal of mine.

**PLAYBOY:** Have TV newsmen themselves become the celebrities?

**SNYDER:** They have. You know, there's only one thing phonier than showbiz, and that's newbiz. In the TV news industry, people fight each other when they really should be working together. Roger Mudd is a fine reporter, but when he found out he wasn't gonna get the star job at CBS, he quit. Yet they continued him on salary. Well, when Marilyn Monroe didn't show up for a picture, they suspended her without pay. When you start to talk about newbiz versus showbiz and the phoniness involved, I think you have to think about things like that.

**PLAYBOY:** Are television executives afraid of your outspokenness on the air? Is that why you didn't get a news anchor spot?

**SNYDER:** I think that was part of it. I once asked Wald, who's now over at ABC,



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why I was never allowed to become more a part of the network news operations at NBC when I was anchoring local news in New York and had done the same in L.A. And Dick said to me, "Well, I always was afraid that you would embarrass me on the air." I had the reputation of being outspoken.

**PLAYBOY:** How have they tried to constrict you?

**SNYDER:** I was once asked to be a presenter at a Dean Martin roast in New York. No shtick, just appear as myself, host of *Tomorrow*. I was told by network execs in the news department, "No, you can't do that, because it'll destroy your credibility as a newsman." And I told them, "I don't know what you people are talking about. I don't appear on the conventions, I don't do any primary coverage, I don't anchor the nightly news as vacation relief or anything else. My primary news identification is to introduce Frank Field and Betty Furness on *News-Center 4* in New York."

**PLAYBOY:** Have any of your "embarrassing" moments on the air ever resulted in legal problems for NBC?

**SNYDER:** I anchored the six-o'clock news in L.A. for four and a half years, I've anchored in New York for two, done a three-hour NBC special, *Of Women and Men*, the Sunday-night news for a year on the network and the *News Update* for a year—in all that time, I've not lost NBC

one single station license, there have been no lawsuits and there have been no picket marches out in front of 30 Rock [30 Rockefeller Plaza, NBC headquarters in New York].

**PLAYBOY:** How do you want your audience now to perceive you, as a journalist or as an entertainer?

**SNYDER:** As a communicator. I have a friend out in L.A. who every now and again will see me and say, "You know, my wife and I think you're a very fine announcer." In the minds of many people, everybody who's on TV who doesn't sing is an announcer. And that's basically what we are. Some of us do talk shows, some of us anchor the news, some of us do station breaks—but in the minds of many people who watch us, we are just announcers. And I'm not uncomfortable with that term.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you take your responsibilities as a TV journalist seriously?

**SNYDER:** I don't feel that the stories I've covered in my career have been of great significance. While the greats in broadcast journalism were covering wars and conventions, I was covering protest marches and fires, city-council meetings and mayoral races—more local and regional stuff. Great journalism is when you dress up in a uniform and go over to Afghanistan and identify yourself with the natives there.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't there talk a while ago

of your defecting to ABC to become an anchor man?

**SNYDER:** Yes. I wanted to go to ABC if I could have done late-night television. But there was no place for me there to do that. I don't want to read news anymore. The *Tomorrow* show is an individual show with a personal format, and I wanted to continue doing that.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of ABC's *World News Tonight*?

**SNYDER:** From the first time it went on, you could say *Roone Arledge* was on to something. He flew in the face of all the negative predictions. He had a show that in the beginning had no anchor man, no star, no discernable talent, and he's made it work. And if I were *Frank Reynolds*, I think I would feel like I was cock of the walk, because *Frank Reynolds* has been kicked around through a number of administrations over there at ABC News.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think *Arledge* has brought a lot of the flashiness and excitement of live sports coverage into news?

**SNYDER:** There was a time when everybody was up in arms over the simple line "Good night, Chet. Good night, David. And good night for NBC News." They thought, Oh, they're having too much fun with the news. Somebody wrote a couplet one time about *Brinkley* and *Huntley*—"Huntley-Brinkley, Huntley-Brinkley, one is droll, the other twinkly." Happy-talk news started with *EyeWitness*



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News on channel seven in New York, but there's always been presentation and production value in broadcast news. When Ed Murrow sat with the phone on the desk, the cord went into the drawer, but it didn't go anywhere from there. People who get all upset about the flash in TV news say Arledge did it. Arledge didn't do it, for heaven's sake. It's been there for a long while.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any chance you might one day return to those "happy-talk" days of anchoring the local news and forget the internal politics of coast-to-coast exposure?

**SNYDER:** Anchoring local television news now is a young man's business. They hire young men with no gray hair. The only ones with gray hair are those who've been there for 20 years. When I made my mark in Philadelphia in local TV news, I was 26 years old. I ain't a Young Turk of television news anymore. I was. I was the role model. I changed it forevermore. Not just myself but those of us who worked in Philly and Los Angeles—we didn't know it at the time, but we were inventing something that went on to be called happy-talk news, personality news.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel you were the last of a dying breed of TV newsmen?

**SNYDER:** This is going to sound terribly immodest, but fuck it. There are two great sins, false pride and false modesty. I was the last of a breed, I'm the end of an era. There are no more single anchors in the major markets on television news. They're boy-girl teams now.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you exaggerating just a bit? Isn't your ego showing?

**SNYDER:** Listen, do you know how much money I've made for this company? Do you have any idea? I don't, but you look at the news in Los Angeles and the news in New York, where they told me a rating point was worth \$1,000,000 a year, *each point!* And I think, of the years I was here in New York, it went up three or four points. I'm being modest! That's at least \$3,000,000 a year for three years. That's \$9,000,000 right there. Now let's go to Los Angeles, where they made a shit pot of money off the news out there from six to seven, absolutely a shit pot full of money. I mean, if I were an executive and had helped turn things around, I would have been promoted to president of the NBC television network, if not president of NBC, Inc. Once, with Silverman, when we were talking, he said, "What do you want?" I said, "Fred, if NBC had come to you when you were at ABC and said, 'Listen, we want to hire you as a programing executive, vice-president at NBC,' you would have told them to go fuck themselves." He said, "That's right." I said, "Because you wanted to be president." He said, "That's right." I said, "Fred, in my own

area, I want to be president, too. I want to be the single most important on-air talent at National Broadcasting Company. I think you know that."

**PLAYBOY:** When was that conversation?

**SNYDER:** About two years ago.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still feel that way?

**SNYDER:** No, I don't anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SNYDER:** Because they have fucked me. You know, it's when I still had ambitions in the *Nightly News* area.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you dispirited?

**SNYDER:** No. But it ain't all been fun and games, you know. I haven't had the easy ones to do. Nobody said, "Here's the *Nightly News*." Nobody said, "Here's the *Today* show." Nobody said, "Here's *The Tonight Show*." They said, "Here's one o'clock in the morning. Here's the local news in New York." It's not exactly what you'd call a Christmas present.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever suffered an identity crisis or a confusion of personalities, from having done a variety of programs, including news and talk show simultaneously?

**SNYDER:** When you do all kinds of shows,

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*"If I were paranoid, I  
would believe that there  
was some kind of grand  
plan to get me out of here—  
but I am not paranoid."*

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you have to be all kinds of people. The *Tomorrow* show is one person, the news is another kind of format and you're expected to bring a different demeanor to the reading and reporting of the news. And that gets very confusing in my own head, or it did at the time I was doing both. Being the straight news reporter for one hour and Mr. Nice Guy Talk Show Host for the other hour. And there was a conflict in my own mind. I started to wonder who I really am when I'm on the air. You can't really be yourself on the news program—you're the prisoner of that format.

Five years ago, I was still of a mind that the more time you spent on the air, the happier you were going to be. When you start out, you equate success with visibility. But I found out that the amount of time you're on the air doesn't have any relationship to how happy you are in your job.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any kind of happiness enter your life when NBC sent you back to Los Angeles in 1977?

**SNYDER:** For reasons that I have never understood—and will probably never

know—somebody at NBC decided it would be a great idea to get me the hell out of New York. Maybe this is my own paranoia, but I had the feeling that there was this concerted effort to get me back to L.A., where I couldn't cause any trouble, where I wouldn't be as visible and where I wouldn't attract the attention of the press. I was there with *Tomorrow* for two years. The press release said I was "delighted" to move back to L.A.—but that is always what it says in the press release: "Mr. Snyder is 'delighted,' or Mrs. Pfeiffer is 'delighted.'" Everybody is always delighted when NBC announces something. They never say, "Well, we finally got rid of the son of a bitch. He is gone. We don't have to talk to him anymore." At this little farewell party in the news department, they gave me a map of the island of Elba. And we all know Napoleon went there for his exile.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your return to New York in 1979?

**SNYDER:** Well, I returned from exile with great triumph on *Prime Time Sunday*, which we all know was not one of the great hits of all time.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you describe yourself as a paranoid person?

**SNYDER:** I don't think I'm paranoid. If I were, I would have left NBC months ago, when they had all this stuff in the papers about Steve Allen taking over the *Tomorrow* show. If I were paranoid, I would believe that there was some kind of grand plan to get me out of here—but I am not paranoid. I knew that it was press agency and negotiation and bullshit. And so I sat right here in this office and did my job.

**PLAYBOY:** Have the executives changed their attitudes toward you, now that you're doing the "new" *Tomorrow* show?

**SNYDER:** We get a lot of attention right now from the executives. Prior to the announcement of the new 90-minute show, we received no attention from any executives. But I have some resentment about that particular descriptive term. There is no new *Tomorrow* show. There is the *Tomorrow* show.

**PLAYBOY:** To what extent are you in control of the show?

**SNYDER:** I am in control to the extent that when it gets into the studio, I run it. But prior to that, it belongs to Pam Burke, who's the executive producer, Pat Caso, the producer, Bob Morton—all these people I work with, they are the idea-generating machine. Producers produce, writers write, directors direct and stars star. Everybody has his area of expertise. Every now and again, it misfires, but in the main, they know what plays.

**PLAYBOY:** So you trust these people more than you do the NBC executives?

**SNYDER:** Absolutely. I would not trust the



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judgment of any NBC executive when it came to deciding what was good for the *Tomorrow* show. And that's bad. I simply don't think they have any comprehension of what they're talking about. Which is OK, because that's their job. And they have never interfered.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been various reports about your new salary. Are you making \$1,000,000 a year?

**SNYDER:** I do not earn \$1,000,000 a year. NBC does not pay me that amount of money.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you elaborate?

**SNYDER:** When I negotiated with NBC in 1974 to come to New York the first time to do *NewsCenter 4*, I negotiated a contract that was beyond my wildest dreams, moneywise. Yes, they paid me a lot of money. There were reports in the newspapers that that contract paid me, as I recall, \$400,000 a year.

**PLAYBOY:** Were those reports correct?

**SNYDER:** That was a ball-park number—very close. Now, when I agreed to extend that contract in 1979 to do *Prime Time Sunday* and the *Tomorrow* program here in New York, there was no increase in salary. That ball-park number remained the same, which was fine with me. How much money can you spend? For doing the three additional prime-time *Celebrity Spotlight* specials, they paid me extra money. My new contract, as measured against the total sum of money paid to me for the *Tomorrow* program, *Prime Time Sunday* and the three specials, gives me an increase of, I think, \$35,000.

Which is not a great big increase. So it's not that I play hardball for great big sums of money. I don't do that. If I did any additional programs for NBC beyond the 90-minute *Tomorrow* program, it would have to be negotiated separately.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you just say you would not be doing any more prime-time shows?

**SNYDER:** If NBC were to say, "Let's put together a show that uses you to your best advantage, as an interviewer, a conversationalist, a personality—involving the things that you do on the *Tomorrow* program, tailored for prime time, unedited and live on tape," well, that would be appealing to me. That I would consider. But not a celebrity-interview show, not a show that is formatted by the network or by the entertainment division and gets in the way of what I like to do. I don't want to be crammed into somebody else's format. But then, it's highly possible that after the performance on *Prime Time Sunday*, the NBC television network never wants to see me on prime time again, anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you expand a bit on your contract negotiations with Brandon Tartikoff, the president of NBC Entertainment?

**SNYDER:** Well, we didn't sit in a room and go hammer and tong at each other

negotiating. The only thing that I wanted to know from NBC was what kind of show the expanded *Tomorrow* was going to be. What kind of staff? Would I have to relinquish my role as the single host? Would there be a studio audience? Etc. There was some talk of the show's going back to Los Angeles, which I didn't want, because I think it's dumb to have the two late-night programs coming from the same coast and the same studio. We didn't talk about money but about conditions and terms.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you think you came out in those negotiations?

**SNYDER:** It was not a question of my winning over NBC or NBC's winning over me. Historically, there's been tension between *The Tonight Show* and the *Tomorrow* show, not because of the personalities involved on the air but because we are both dealing in the same area. And *The Tonight Show* has been very jealous of its prerogatives in terms of the people it books on the air, the regulars

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*"I have no worry about anybody's upstaging me, including Rona Barrett. I am secure enough in my own presence on television."*

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that Johnny Carson has on his program. Just as we have been jealous of ours. When you work in Burbank, *The Tonight Show* and the *Tomorrow* show are side by side, with both staffs on the same lot. There's an apprehension that we can't book a person without *The Tonight Show* getting pissed off at us. Will they feel that we're infringing on their territory? We don't want to produce a show that looks like *The Tonight Show* or a continuation of that show. That would be dumb for us to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SNYDER:** Well, we're not a George Burns, Robert Blake, Angie Dickinson type of show; we're an author-politician-person-in-the-news-interesting-character type of show. That was the primary reason for my telling Tartikoff that taking the *Tomorrow* show back to California would be a mistake. It creates a lot of internal political tensions that nobody really needs. Now we're 3000 miles away here in New York and Freddy De Cordova runs his show out there and Pam Burke runs her show here in New York.

**PLAYBOY:** But you're booking California people with the new Rona Barrett celebrity segment, aren't you?

**SNYDER:** Rona has her own little staff of people out there that will be doing that, and she will not be doing a celebrity every night; perhaps only if that person is currently newsworthy.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you worry that she might upstage you with her West Coast reports?

**SNYDER:** I have no worry about anybody's upstaging me, including Rona Barrett. The show is 90 minutes long and there is plenty of room for Rona and Tom and whoever else comes on it. I said that to Tartikoff when he asked me that very same question, and to Rona Barrett when she asked me. I said, "Rona, whether I do 90 minutes or ten minutes, the check is the same!" And that is the way I feel. I am secure enough in my own presence on television, confident enough in my own work that I don't worry about being upstaged.

**PLAYBOY:** Who decided to bring Rona to the *Tomorrow* show?

**SNYDER:** When we were talking about the new *Tomorrow* show in June 1980, Tartikoff and I were having a conversation about some of the elements he thought should be in there and one of those things was a personality reporter. He used the words "somebody like a Rona Barrett." And either he or I said, "Why don't we get Rona Barrett? Why go for an imitation?"

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever thought of having a permanent side-kick on TV?

**SNYDER:** Well, way back, I wanted to develop a series of regulars. I don't know why we haven't done that. I could envision somebody like Allan Carr or Marvin Hamlisch or Mel Tormé. But not every night, like Carson and Ed McMahon; it would be too obvious. Just once a month or so.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the proposed news breaks on the new *Tomorrow* show? Was it you who killed them?

**SNYDER:** The news bursts are out because we'd have to leave a hole in the tape, a blank two minutes or so, and somebody would come on live from New York or Burbank and do the news and then go back to the tape. But what if the Pope died and we were to come back and we had a ventriloquist on? What happens if there's an air crash and 255 people are killed and we come back to tape with a comic who makes no reference to a great tragedy? That's the thinking that prevailed. It would have made the show look insensitive.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel there is a dilution of your role on the show?


**SNYDER:** I suppose, if you look at it that way, it's a dilution of my role, since I'm no longer the sole person on, doing everything as I have been for seven years. But I like the idea of variety, change of pace, so that it isn't just me

*(continued on page 156)*





## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

One who doesn't mind being distracted from his market musings to share an insight provided by a trusted advisor. He is a confident man, who can divide his attention without diminishing his perception. He knows what he wants, whether it be a first-rate brandy from a cut-glass decanter or a fine cigar. He seeks a high return on his investments, which is why he acquires a copy of PLAYBOY each month, to assess the present and plan the future. 



**I**THOUGHT I had finally found a poor person in Japan. A beggarwoman working the streets of the Ginza during Tokyo's evening rush hour, she was so artfully done up in rags and tags that I couldn't resist dropping a copper into her peasant-style bonnet. A copper! I didn't know then but I do now why she looked at me so funny. One doesn't give copper in Japan, even if it is a ten-yen piece worth almost a nickel. That woman, I found out later, is a regular and successful fixture in the lucrative Ginza, one of the world's fanciest shopping districts—Tokyo's Fifth Avenue. She is said to do quite well at her theatrical little trade. No wonder she looked askance at my coin. In the Ginza, you pay two dollars for a cup of coffee. My paltry alms simply confirmed for her what the Japanese have believed all along—that Westerners are barbarians not to be understood in civilized terms.

Nobody is poor in Japan. And almost nobody is rich, either. At least you can't really tell if they are rich. The industrial mogul and his chauffeur dress almost exactly alike—in the ubiquitous dark business suit. The difference between a ride in the chauffeured Nissan (Datsun) President and the Nissan Bluebird taxi is merely one of detail—nothing like the difference between a Dodge taxi and a Caddy limo or a Volkswagen Rabbit and a Mercedes 450SEL.

Japan is the most pervasively prosperous country on earth. Everybody has a nice stereo, everybody has a telephone and everybody has a color-TV set that not only flashes balls, strikes and outs during every pitch of every baseball game but also computes the *speed* of each pitch, in kilometers, by the time the ball hits the catcher's mitt—as well as the batter's current average after every time at bat. Japan is the country with over 99 percent literacy and three national newspapers selling a total of 25,000,000 copies per day. It is the country with the highest life expectancy—78 for women, 73 for men—of any nation in the world except Iceland. It is the country where the trains run so perfectly on time that if you board the 12:10 for Kyoto at 12:10 and 30 seconds, you are getting onto another train using that same platform to head for someplace else. It is the country where the taxi drivers still open and shut the door for you—without getting out of their seats (it is done mechanically via a lever attached to the steering column).

Japan is the country in which every new car has a warning beeper that goes off when the speedometer hits 110 kph (68 mph)—six miles above the speed limit. When it reaches 120 kph, the beeper becomes a steady buzz. It is the

country where a private garbage-pickup company installed a P.A. system on its trucks that plays soft music while making its early-morning rounds to mask the clash and clatter of the job at hand. It is the country where the callow youth like to carry transistorized radios onto the subway to catch the latest Western-style sounds—except that they wear earplugs so nobody else has to share their ecstasy.

Japan is, of course, the home of the transistorized, motorized, diode-driven, miniaturized everything. No matter how much Japanese stuff you think you've seen in American electronics shops, there is nothing to prepare you for the cornucopia of electronic goods in Tokyo. It is a gadget freak's wet dream. The Japanese penchant for turning electricity into consumer comforts has also made it the land of the sliding door. They used to have *shoji*, the rice-paper-covered light pine doors that slide, and they still do in small restaurants, in private homes and in the windows of the Hilton Hotel. Now they probably also have more automatic glass doors per capita than anywhere in the world. In Japan, even the barber's chair is electric.

Japan is so comfortable with its sound-around electronic gadgetry that there is even a disco/pub in the youthful entertainment district of Roppongi where you can play disc jockey yourself. A good 100 albums are stacked up for you to choose from; the stereo rig is as large and sophisticated as anything this side of Xenon. Roppongi is the hard-core disco and Western-style night-club quarter, where the international modeling set hangs out and rich Japanese kids in loose white linens and silk scarves do tame Travolta imitations late into the night.

Japan is also the country that has solved the Great Umbrella Question: viz., how not to have it stolen without carrying it wet and dripping into your office, restaurant, etc. Since everyone carries the same black folding umbrella, there is an umbrella rack outside every hotel, restaurant and many Japanese office buildings. It is rectangular or circular, with 50 to 100 lockable umbrella slots. Slide in the umbrella, close the lock, pull out the key and put it in your pocket. The locks and keys are almost superfluous, since there is virtually no theft in Japan; but the number on the key serves to help you find your own umbrella. No charge for the rack.

Besides being the world's cleanest country—you could eat breakfast off the street, except that there is probably a law against it—Japan seems to be the world's safest. The crime figures of the country are something of a joke and have been in steady decline for the past three decades. In contrast with every other city in the world, the crime rate of Tokyo has actually dropped in almost direct

*who are these people—  
and why do they always  
catch us sleeping?*

*article*  
By PETER ROSS RANGE



日本式商談之圖



# THE TECHNOLOGY WAR: BEHIND JAPANESE LINES



日本  
今風家具  
之  
繪圖



テレビ  
リモコン

リモコン



# NOBODY KNOWS US BETTER

to the japanese,  
americans are decidedly  
scrutable—  
we're crazy for toys

Every Sunday, they flock to Akihabara, the subway stop in north Tokyo that is elevated above the world's largest electronics market. All the great brands, plus dozens you've never heard of, are stacked to the ceiling and brazenly discounted in open-front, air-conditioned stereo stores that surpass even the crazed American audiophile's wildest imagination. Akihabara, a latter-day labyrinthine street bazaar that extends for blocks away from the subway line, is the world capital of gadgets.

But if Akihabara is the iceberg of the Japanese electronic, appliance and gimmick world, you can see its tips all over downtown Tokyo. There you'll find things that may not enter the American market for years, in quantities and varieties you never thought possible: plush department stores with stereos packed into gorgeous rolling glass-door cabinets; fancy hotel arcades where travelers buy portable rechargeable power pencil sharpeners and musical pocket calculators (yes, they have built-in clocks that sound an alarm according to one of a dozen melodies you program into them); the Sony Building on the Ginza, where any comer is allowed to play with and listen to dozens of short-wave radios, portable cassette decks and \$5000 component-system stereos set up just for his pleasure (with headphones only, since there are many such systems in one room). The big things this year are the new stereo TV sets, suitable for receiving music shows in stereo or for the increasingly common bilingual broadcasts—you flip a switch to choose the language you understand. Even the palm reader outside the Yuraku-cho Station in downtown

Tokyo uses a computer readout when telling fortunes.

Besides automobiles, nothing so perfectly represents Japan's felicitous amalgam of technology and marketing as the consumer-electronics industry. Perhaps it's our puritan-ethnic practicality, a kind of *macho* conservatism that always considers big, *useful* things wrought by brute force more noble than "luxury" items such as half-ounce calculators designed by computer. Perhaps it's our imprisonment in the mythologies of our own habits (Japan practically *invented* the C.B.-radio and motorcycle markets in this country). Whatever the cause, Japan has seized what could be called the sexual fringe of the Third Industrial Revolution. If life is a game, Japan will produce its play toys. In America, meanwhile, we make a very good washing machine. (And if the Japanese decided to make washing machines for our market, you can be sure they would be more fun—push-button controls, digital readouts—than ours.)

Richard Halloran, *New York Times* correspondent formerly based in Tokyo and author of *Japan: Images and Realities*, points out that "the Japanese ship abroad only those things they're sure will sell. But in their own market, they'll produce many more products, sometimes just small variations on the same thing. In a regimented society, it gives people just a fillip of difference."

It is the search for that fillip of variety that keeps the Japanese engineers and designers busy and competitive. The same instinct that enables a Japanese to create earth sculpture from a handful of pebbles in a tiny space helps him fashion an electronic solution for almost every problem of motion, space and music. One look at the electronics arcades of Akihabara—or simply the duty-free shop at Narita airport—and one realizes the leitmotif of the Japanese engineers is simply, "Why not?" Apparently, nothing is too silly, outrageous or miniaturized for their serious consideration.

—PETER ROSS RANGE

proportion to the growth of the city's population (which now stands at about 14,000,000, just behind Mexico City's, the largest in the world). Space-cramped shops often extend their displays out onto the sidewalk, leaving expensive clothes and accessories outdoors unattended all day.

A free-floating freedom from anxiety comes over you after a few days in Tokyo; it gradually sinks in that you really aren't in any kind of danger. Leave your pocketbook or camera anywhere and nothing will happen. You don't realize the degree to which we Westerners are always on guard against some violence to our property or our persons until you spend a little time in a place where there is almost nothing to guard against. One of the oddest sensations I ever had was arriving in the airport of Sydney, Australia, after ten days in Japan and having a sense of danger—can I leave my typewriter here for a minute? Will someone take it?—sweep over me. There we were, the crazy heterogeneity of Western man, guys in pinstripes, guys in rags, guys with mischief in their eyes.

The Japanese have no mischief in their eyes. In fact, at first glance, they don't have much of anything in their eyes. "The thing I missed most when I came here," said one Japanese who returned six years ago, after spending most of her youth in the United States, "was that nobody would look me in the eye. Japanese don't show anything with their eyes or with gestures."

The thing that I missed was eye contact of any kind. A foreigner in Japan is very foreign. They seem to look through you, right past you. Part of this is merely the national style, for they don't walk around the streets making eyes at one another, either. But another part of it is Japan's inner-directedness, its unconcern with the un-Japanese, its unstated disdain for people and things foreign. They don't particularly think of their concrete-and-steel, air-conditioned, transistorized lifestyle today as Western; instead, it's Japanese, modern Japanese. And although the fundamental framework was unabashedly copied from the West during the era from 1868 to 1912 known as the Meiji Restoration, one look at Japan today and you know it is Japan's own modern way, not a bunch of imported stuff from the West. After all, the taxi doors open like magic. They thought of that by themselves. Nobody has had the good sense to copy it.

The hum you hear is the sweet sound of Japanese cars and trucks being unloaded from Toyota's custom-built auto ships at Long Beach dock in Southern California. Along the great underbelly of the Los Angeles sprawl lies the inconspicuous hub of the industry that has





put U.S. commerce into a trance and siphoned away much of the American sense of self-esteem: the Japanese car importers.

"We were like the French Foreign Legion," explains Norm Lean, a former sports-car hobbyist and industrial-arts high school teacher who is now the highest-ranking American at Toyota Motor Sales U.S.A. Lean is talking about himself and other Americans working for the Japanese car makers, pariahs of the Detroit-dominated domestic car business who found new professional homes and a willing ear in their Japanese bosses. Lean used to work for Ford. "We all came from U.S. companies or Volkswagen for our own personal reasons. Then we were able to avoid the pitfalls they face in Detroit."

The foreign legionnaires who turn the marketing and management wheels today at Honda, Datsun, Toyota and other Japanese importers are half the reason cars from Yokohama harbor gobbled up a whopping 22 percent of the U.S. auto market in the first three quarters of 1980 (the other half is the product—good and efficient). These are men who found their talents and imaginations smothered during their years with the Big Three but have lived to see Detroit eat the crow they left behind.

"I was converted to small cars 15 years ago, when George Romney was president of American Motors, where I worked," says John Gladen, chief of marketing and research for Datsun in the U.S. "George said someday 65 percent of the cars sold in the U.S. would be small cars—and everybody laughed. Well, last year, 65 percent of the cars sold in America were small cars." Gladen is a legionnaire who worked for all three of the major U.S. companies.

"The problem in Detroit is politics," says one Nissan executive. "It's 'Yessir, Mr. Ford,' 'Nosir, Mr. Iacocca,' all that bullshit. Everybody is afraid to tell the truth. They don't have the right atmosphere. Here you're listened to. You may be wrong, but they don't make a fool of you."

The litany goes on. Cliff Schmillen, former Marine fighter pilot, former American Motors regional sales manager, now vice-president of auto sales for American Honda Motor Co., tells it even more bluntly: "We've all known for 40 years we needed small, comfortable, pre-equipped cars, but those idiots in Detroit wouldn't listen. They made us sell those dogs they were building." The small, comfortable, pre-equipped Honda Accord is the hardest-to-buy car in America today ("We don't sell cars; we allocate them," says one Honda executive). And the small, comfortable, pre-equipped Honda Civic 1500GL may be, pound for

pound, the best piece of automotive engineering on American roads today.

Back to Lean, gazing intently across his wide desk just down the hall from the president of Toyota. "We're not layered 14 deep here; ideas bubble to the surface quickly. I'll give you an example. When I was with Ford, it took me a whole year to push through a proposal for a mobile service training van to go around to the dealerships so we could bring the mechanics up to date on the latest equipment without taking them into headquarters. The thing had to be signed off by a dozen people. It was a 'blue letter,' which meant it had to go up to a certain level of management.

"When I came to Toyota, I decided we ought to do the same thing—take a mobile service van out to the dealerships. It took me 15 minutes to get it through. I remember saying to myself, Boy, you made the right decision coming here."

If I appear to be picking mightily on Detroit, it is because this boy whips so well. Where better than the commanding heights of the American economy—when Detroit sneezes, the rest of us get double pneumonia—to examine our mistakes, writ so large as they are there, like the fins on a 1957 Eldorado? Detroit always did *think big* (its fatal error), so now it's paying big.

Detroit. We use the metaphor so loosely for everything the car industry is in this country—like calling foreign policy Foggy Bottom or the American capitalistic system Wall Street. But Detroit, the place—it is a city—may be a greater part of the problem than we think. Listen for a moment to Gladen:

"I wanted small cars ten years ago," he remembers, "but it was against the Detroit way—so they just threw out the clay. [Prototypes begin as clay models.]

"The Detroit way was to do market research on a product, and if it did not come out with overwhelming mass appeal—I mean giant numbers—they just said no. They would say, 'Why build this little car when *most* people still want big ones? It costs us just as much to make a Falcon as a full-sized Ford, so why build the Falcon?'

"There was also an entire mentality that went all through Detroit that they *had* to build tanks. And that small cars had to be cheap cars, not just inexpensive cars. When I lived in Detroit"—today Gladen and the other automobile importers quoted here live around Los Angeles—"you were embarrassed to park a small U.S. car in your driveway. It was *cheap!* But you could put an import like a VW Beetle out there and people thought of quality, even though the thing cost only \$1699 then.

"Today that same Detroit company—I won't say which one—is building that

same small car I suggested and it rejected ten years ago."

The very notion of an entire industry of such overriding national importance being centered in or near one city may have a lot to do with our present problems (Germany's automobile industry is spread from Wolfsburg in the barren northern heaths to forested Stuttgart in the south and back up to the smoky industrial western valleys of the Rhine and the Main; Japan's stretches over the 500-mile megalopolitan Pacific Belt). There is an inevitable force of like-mindedness, a tendency to inbreed when the plutocrats of a single industry all live in the same suburbs, send their kids to the same private schools, belong to the same luncheon and country clubs, read the same daily newspapers and magazines. It is especially so if this isn't exactly your most cosmopolitan town. You don't see a lot of Japanese or hear a lot of British accents in Detroit.

The problem is exacerbated by Detroit's location so far from both coasts, where most American taste trends start. It is insidious that our car makers all reside in the one state in the Union with the *lowest* number of foreign cars in the nation. Only 11 percent of the new cars registered in 1979 in Michigan were imports; in California, the figure was 42 percent; in Washington, D.C., it was 27 percent. It does something to a man's perception of where the world is headed when he hits the freeway every morning and oozes into the city flanked only by Cutlasses and Camaros. Plagued by the twin American flaws of cultural insularity and chronic inattention to detail, he lives in a we're-number-one mind-set that allows him to dismiss glowing reports of more efficient VWs, safer Volvos and sweet-driving Hondas as preoccupations of the Eastern elite. It is frightening to think that Gladen's driveway mentality—a small car was a cheap embarrassment—permeated the board room at Ford, G.M. and Chrysler. But it obviously did.

And if your basic mid-level Detroit executive was a prisoner of Samethink, what about the Henry Fords and the Lee Iacoccas? There is a story that pops up in the modest corridors around Long Beach that when the time came for go or no-go on Ford's ill-fated Pinto, Henry Ford gave the prototype three spins around the test track, said "Go," climbed back into his chauffeured limo and returned to the executive suite. Toyota, by contrast, insists that all 75 executives provided with company cars *switch* vehicles every 6000 miles so as to stay intimately familiar with the entire product line. The week I met Lean, who reports directly to the president of Toyota, U.S.A., he was the keeper of a new

(continued on page 190)





*"I meant for you to rediscover the sexuality of your body at home, Mr. Schmit—in the privacy of your own home. . . ."*









# DAVID BAILEY'S MODEL WIFE

*an eccentric and brilliant  
english fashion photographer invites  
you to meet the missus*



DAVID BAILEY is a photographer whose personal life has become as famous as his pictures. His association with Catherine Deneuve (whom he married), Penelope Tree and Jean Shrimpton guaranteed that. Since his first assignment for *British Vogue* in 1959 (when he was 21 years old), he has demonstrated an idiosyncratic sense of fashion photography that placed beautiful women and designer clothes in bizarre situations. It was the perfect conceit for the Sixties. Michelangelo Antonioni's film *Blow-Up* was based loosely on Bailey's style and career. You remember, a photographer crawling around on seamless background paper with a couple of lissome would-be models? Well, times have changed. That's not to say that Bailey has relinquished his considerable stature as one of Europe's most gifted photographers. It's just that now he seems to be concentrating on

pictures of his wife, model Marie Helvin. (They are shown together at left.) So much so that he decided—with some encouragement from us—to create a portfolio, being published by Rizzoli—simultaneously published in England by Thames and Hudson as *David Bailey's Trouble and Strife*.





It takes courage—and a sense of humor of a high order—to do a nude photographic study of your wife with a towel wrapped around her face or with something stuck in her mouth. It takes a subtle eye to capture the classy eroticism of a woman in anticipation, waiting by an open door without the benefit of underpants, or to pose her in soft focus as an odalisque who looks strikingly and surprisingly beatific.











Bailey's style is vigorously heterosexual. He is a man whose photographic appreciation of women is profoundly masculine. The photographs on this page, for example, are sexy, sure; but they are sexy in an intelligent and daring way. He creates lasting images, graphic events, of the women he lives with, and these pictures, as Bailey himself describes them, are "a ransom against time." They acquire the permanence of art.











# LIFE INSIDE THE CARTER STATE DEPARTMENT

*how many bureaucrats does it take to screw up a foreign policy?  
let's see—there was jimmy, cy, zbig, ham, henry k ...*

ABOUT THREE weeks into Jimmy Carter's first year in office, I ran into UN Ambassador Andrew Young as he and I were walking through the glass entry doors of the State Department one evening.

"How's it going, Andy?" I asked Young, whose support for candidate Carter had been one of the main reasons I joined his campaign.

"OK," he said, "but we've got to hurry. We only have about six months before this town and this building eat us up. There are more of them than there are of us."

We laughed and walked out into the night. We should have cried.

It didn't have to be that way.

Jimmy Carter came to the White House after winning both electoral and popular majorities. (Remember?) A nation weary of cynicism, sick of the corruption of power in high places and anxious to believe again in its own best instincts was ready to give him the benefit of the doubt, ready to let him

*memoir* By **HODDING CARTER III**





wrestle with the complex problems that faced America at home and abroad.

The new foreign-policy team, staffed with some younger "Democrats in Waiting" long eager to disprove Henry Kissinger's dark vision of world affairs and led by several men of considerable experience in Washington, had an agenda ready for immediate action. They hit the ground running and zipped several times around the policy track in the time it usually takes for one circuit. Carter initiatives abroad came in rapid succession: nuclear nonproliferation, human rights, conventional arms control, comprehensive Middle East talks, southern African negotiations, NATO revitalization, normalization of relations with Peking, deep cuts in the strategic arms of both the Soviet Union and the United States, South Korean troop withdrawal. Before three months had passed, observers could count more than a dozen fresh starts coming out of the State Department and the White House.

Yet, at the end of four years, the impression was widespread that American foreign policy was in total disarray. Once again the cry that "the Russians are coming" squalled across the land. "Inept" was one of the kinder adjectives applied to the President. The fact is that most of the problems had more to do with lousy execution than with bad initial policy:

- The President neither gutted his enemies nor won them over.

- His apparent lack of loyalty *down*, to all but the tiny handful of Georgians, was reciprocated and in some cases exceeded by the lack of loyalty *up* from many of his political appointees as well as the permanent bureaucracy. And too few paid any price for their lack of commitment to his policies.

- He treated consistency and coherent management with a disdain they didn't deserve and the people couldn't understand.

- The "collegiality" of chief advisors that he encouraged translated in practice into a Tower of Babel. The result was that the average American, as well as foreign ally and foe, was hopelessly confused about America's intentions and apprehensive about America's will.

And what *were* our intentions? There were three main strands to the new team's vision. The first was that most of the world's problems have their own unique causes. Nationalism, poverty, repression, economic interdependency, racism, the desire to settle old scores cannot be adequately understood, explained or countered by a demonology built on "the international Communist conspiracy." The Soviets merely capitalize on those tensions, exacerbate and exploit them and

try to capture the movements they engender. Previous Administrations, we believed, had seen the red hand of Moscow or the visage of Fidel Castro behind every revolutionary movement. (Henry Kissinger, in another era, would have advised George III that the French were responsible for the American Revolution.)

President Carter's foreign-policy advisors, therefore, believed that the United States had allowed itself to become reactive rather than creative, conservative rather than risk taking, wedded to the status quo rather than committed to justice. The President and his people—most notably, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance—knew that the desire for independence was not a Communist plot but a natural instinct of man; the forces working for change in and among nations were not made in Moscow nearly as often as they were created in Zimbabwe or Nicaragua or wherever the dispossessed and the repressed demanded a better life. If our nation—whose revolution preceded all the other great ones that transformed the modern world—were to continue to be a world leader, it would have to rediscover its own basic principles and apply them to foreign policy.

That led inevitably to the second strand of the new Administration's foreign policy, which was support for global human rights. This meant reaffirming that we stood *for* human dignity as well as *against* Soviet tyranny. God knows that the idea of human rights as an integral part of foreign policy had few advocates in high places in Washington, then or now. For Kissingerites, it was—is—a naïve intrusion by the untutored upon the high designs of the practical world of *Realpolitik*. For other Foreign Service professionals, it is an obstacle to their usual way of doing business with host governments. Nor has there been excessive warmth about the policy in many other of the world's capitals. Too many governments depend on torture and martial law and arbitrary arrest and punishment to retain control of their populace. Not too strangely, however, the *people* of those countries understand why the policy is important.

The third main strand of the Carter foreign policy was the management of the U. S.-Soviet relationship. The President and Vance strongly believed that it was imperative to continue to build on the process of limiting strategic weaponry in both arsenals. A new Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty was the centerpiece, as, indeed, it had been for preceding Administrations, and became (with the Middle East peace process)

the chief diplomatic obsession of the new Administration.

•

But we knew it was going to be a fight. That we had enemies was obvious to everyone. The President had whipped both the old liberal left, represented by Morris Udall, and the Cold Warriors, represented by Henry Jackson, during the 1976 primaries, and he had done it with a minimum of grace in victory. He had then taken on the Republicans, Kissinger no less than President Ford, with promises to bring morality back into foreign policy (in implicit contrast to a presumed Nixon-Ford-Kissinger immorality), and had won.

He came to Washington with a coterie that announced itself both unawed by and contemptuous of that town's most treasured conceit, which is that its permanent population of press, lobbyists and former notables is the corporate repository of the country's wisdom and vision. And he, through his chief lieutenants and through his own actions, all but stated publicly that he neither needed nor valued the views of Congress.

Too many who might have helped were shunned, the coldness of the deep freeze often seeming to be in direct proportion to years spent in Washington. Too few were brought in close. None was ever allowed as close as Hamilton Jordan, Carter's political strategist, or Jody Powell, his press secretary. Both were men of real ability. Both were stretched too thin to fill too many roles. Both suffered initially from knowing too little about the new arena and from not bothering to tolerate fools, real or imagined, gladly.

One remark attributed to Jordan says it all. He was asked, according to the story, how to pronounce his last name, which his family pronounces *Jerdan* and which most Northerners mispronounce. "You can call me *Johrdan*," he was quoted as saying. "My friends call me *Jerdan*."

Nor did the Carter troops bother to disguise the disdain with which they viewed the social life of Embassy Row and Georgetown, so dear to old-line Washingtonians, many of whom profess to believe that the real business of the capital is conducted between the hors d'oeuvres and the brandy. Jordan's well-publicized bouts with notoriety, whether as free spirit drinking it up with his campaign cronies or as a slightly more blithe spirit allegedly expounding upon diplomatic bosoms or expectorating Amaretto and cream, produced more publicity than they warranted precisely because he steered so clear of that protective cocoon in which Washington

(continued on page 161)





attire By DAVID PLATT

*all the easygoing  
threads you need for  
a terrific tropical escape*

## NO STRANGER IN PARADISE

APRIL MAY BE the cruelest month, but February is invariably the dreariest. Freshly fallen snow has become ugly slush and there's nary a hint of spring in sight. The best way to cure a case of the midwinter blahs is to get out of town to someplace wet and warm, toting an escape artist's collection of easygoing clothes that aren't going to break your bank balance. Travel light is still the first

Left: Having headed south for the winter, these two sun seekers are definitely heeding the call to arms—and no wonder, with him wearing a handsome lamb's wool/Angora crew-neck with rib-knit trim, about \$40, plus a pair of wet and wild cotton slacks with belt loops, large cargo pockets and straight legs, \$38, both by Ron Chereskin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY









rule to observe when making your fast getaway. Your vacation wardrobe should give you a lift—not turn you into a beast of burden. Naturally, that means packing wearables that are versatile. A tweedy, neutral sports jacket can be worn informally—or dressed up with a shirt and tie for snazzier occasions. It's also a good idea to take along several cotton sweaters for chilly evenings and as beach cover-ups. White slacks are a tropical classic; they look great with practically everything—even when they're rolled up for an evening wade along the water's edge. But don't neglect to include a few other pastel tones; slacks take up relatively little room in a suitcase and a variety of shades increases your wardrobe versatility immensely.

Shorts of all descriptions from Bermuda length to square-legged shorts are enjoying a major revival. (All that jogging has gotten men into a mood to show off their legs.) If you don't own



Opposite page: This funky blouson cotton/polyester jacket featuring a fly-front closure, elasticized waist, side-entry pockets and adjustable snap cuffs, \$55, is just the right cover-up for a day of tropical fun and games. Under it, our guy wears a cotton/polyester knit short-sleeved pullover with knit trim, \$20, and white cotton/polyester slacks with straight legs, about \$30, all by New York Sportswear Exchange. Above: For beach-combing or exploring a jungle stream, pack plenty of shirts, including this pair of khaki pleated ones with self-belt, on-seam pockets and cuffs, about \$25, that are worn with a cotton knit crew-neck, about \$37.50, and a matching cotton knit short-sleeved pullover shirt with a two-button placket, about \$22.50, all by Garret Spart. Right: The pause that refreshes—and the clothes that complement it: a rayon roller-skating-print short-sleeved shirt with a notch collar, \$37.50, worn over easy-to-care-for cotton/polyester slacks with an elasticized waist, cargo pockets and straight legs that can be rolled up, \$30, both by Gianfranco Ruffini.





any shorts, the classic pleated khaki model is a good place to start. Then add a few pastel variations that extend to whatever length looks best on you. As for shirts, the one type you can't have enough of is the classic knit pullover golf shirt that's available in just about every color from puce to cerise. Golf shirts take up little room and are easily cared for; stuff a plentiful supply into corners of your suitcase. Your footwear should be kept to a minimum. Lightweight styles, such as neutral fabric shoes, soft slip-ons and white sneakers for tennis or beachcombing. Add several pairs of swim trunks, some colorful sport socks and you've got a getaway wardrobe that should fit into a single bag. What's more, you'll have a leg up on your own fashion needs for the coming spring and summer. The trends all point to a more colorful, relaxed fashion season ahead and it should be a welcome relief from the unimaginative period we've just been through. *Bon voyage.*

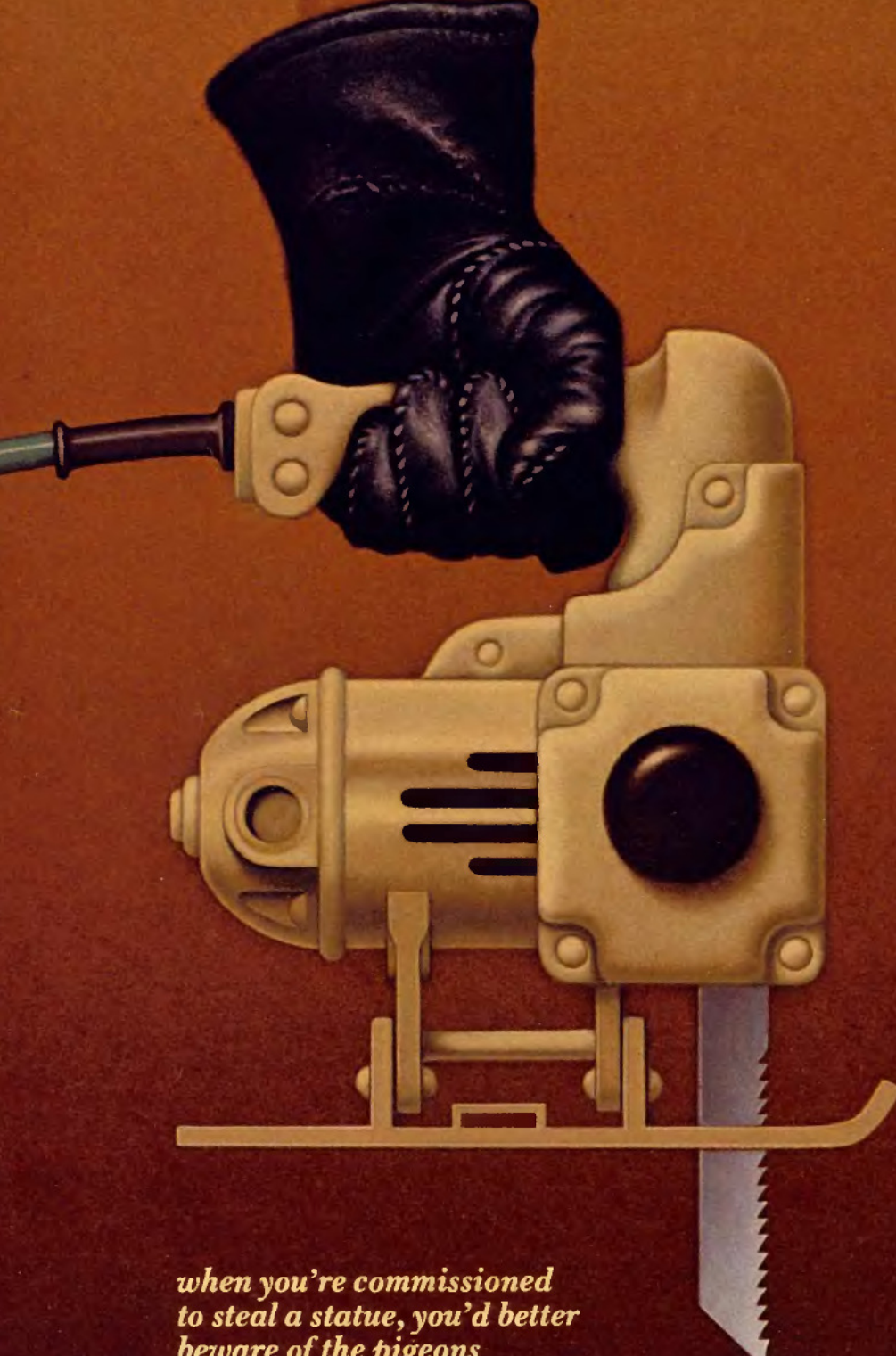
Left: To market, to market, to check out the native wares—and chances are our man in paradise is being checked out, too, in his cotton shaker-knit crew-neck with cable-stitch design and rib trim, about \$70, worn over a cotton striped shirt, about \$25, and brushed-cotton five-pocket Western jeans, about \$38, all by Jean-Paul Germain. Above: What's a tropical holiday without at least one coconut concoction liberally spiked with rum? And the same can be said for toting along at least one pair of cotton pleated walking shorts, \$40, that nicely complement a cotton shaker-knit crew-neck pullover with rib trim, \$85, and a cotton short-sleeved pullover with two-button placket, \$24, all by Mary Lynn Novak for Turnbury. Opposite page: Casual duds may be the order of the day, but as the sun goes down and jackets begin to appear, you'll also want your traveling wardrobe to include at least one—perhaps a wool/polyester/silk tweed model, about \$145, worn over a cotton knit pullover, about \$22.50, and chino slacks, about \$40, all by Evan Picane for Men.







## ASK A SILLY QUESTION



*when you're commissioned  
to steal a statue, you'd better  
beware of the pigeons*

*a Dortmund mystery* **By DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

"ART THEFT, OF COURSE," said the elegant man, "has been overdone. By now it's thoroughly boring."

Dortmunder didn't say anything. His business was theft, of art or whatever else had value, and he'd never supposed it was meant to be exciting. Nor, while tiptoeing around darkened halls in guarded buildings with his pockets full of stolen goods, had he ever found boredom much of a problem. The elegant man sighed. "What do people of your sort drink?" he asked.

"Bourbon," Dortmund said. "Water. Coca-Cola. Orange juice. Beer."

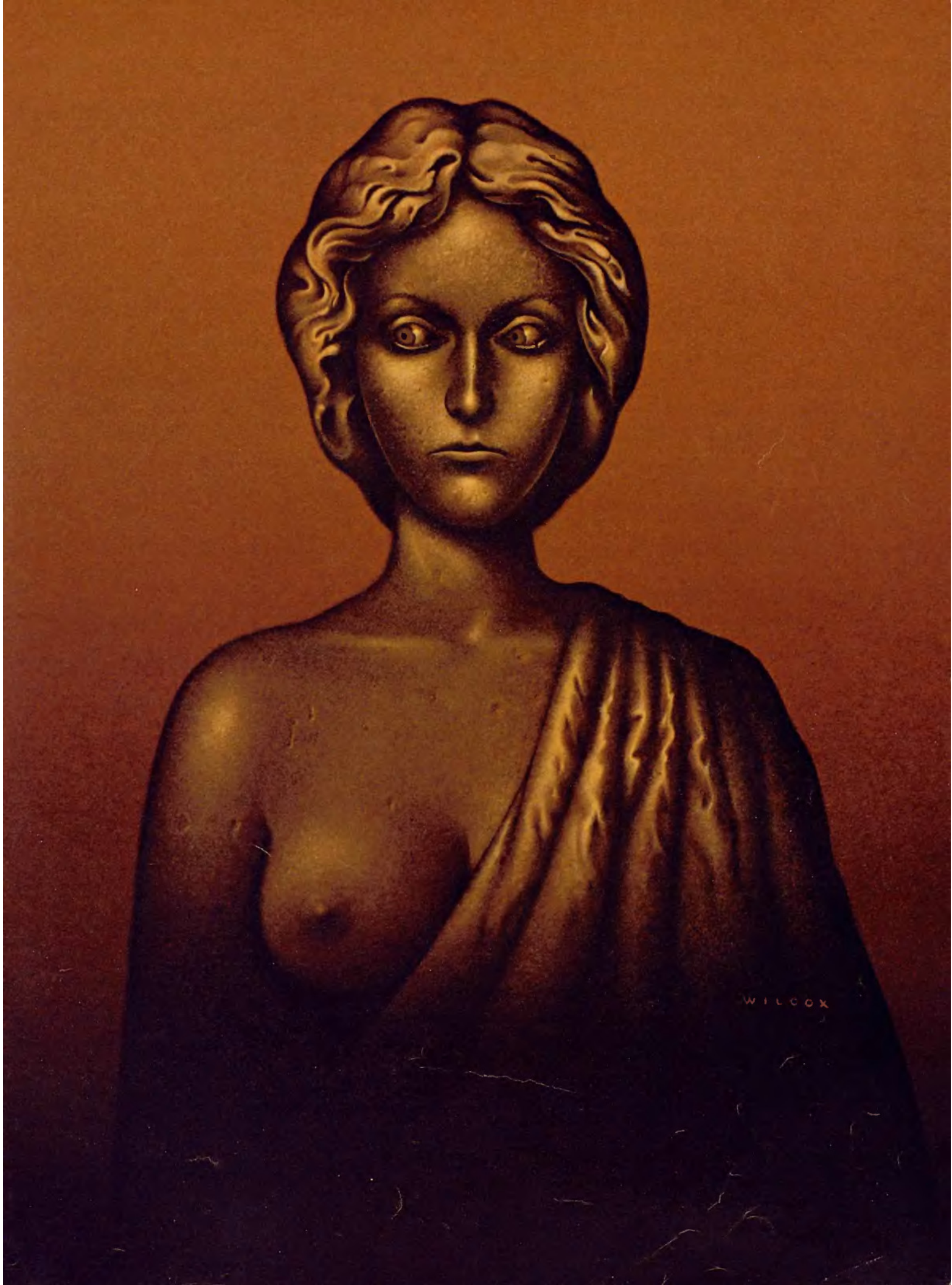
"Bourbon," the elegant man told one of the two plug-uglies who'd brought Dortmund here. "And sherry for me."

"Coffee," Dortmund went on. "Sometimes Gallo Burgundy. Vodka. Seven-Up. Milk."

"How do you prefer your bourbon?" the elegant man asked.

"With ice and water. People of my sort also (continued on page 184)





WILCOX









# LONE STAR LADY

*texas couldn't have a more perfect  
representative than vicki lynn lasseter;  
she's big, beautiful and very much her own person*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



**I**T'S ALWAYS refreshing to meet a woman who isn't a slave to fashion. After all, the things that make a woman attractive over the long run are those invisible qualities that come from the heart. So permit us to introduce Vicki Lasseter, a proud non-conformist from deep in the heart of Texas. Haltom City, to be precise (population 28,000), just five miles northeast of Fort Worth and 50 miles from Dallas. Vicki never liked disco and she's less than enthusiastic about the trendy Western look. "I never owned a pair of cowboy boots or a cowboy hat," she says, "until Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag gave me some to wear for the pictorial. I guess I look nice in them, but I probably won't wear them a lot. I can't speak for all Texans, but the ones I know think the cowboy



'look'—particularly when it consists of rhinestone suits and \$1000 belt buckles—is silly. Real cowboys are hard, rough, dirty guys who *work* in their outfits, and they *don't* wear rhinestones." One of Vicki's older brothers tried rodeo bull riding for a while, but Vicki isn't much of a rodeo fan. ("I hate the thought of seeing people get injured.") She doesn't much cotton to country-and-western music, either. "It's so laid back, it almost puts me to sleep. I listen to it on the radio when I'm in traffic jams, because it tranquilizes me, but ordinarily I'm into rock 'n' roll." Most of her boyfriends, as it happens, have been rock musicians, and she confesses to having a penchant for bass (text continued on page 113)



*"I like my lovers to be gentlemen. I prefer a man who's not too aggressive, too pushy. On the other hand, I don't like him to be totally passive, either. Mainly, I want him to be open, so that we can both move to the same point and take our time getting there. Mostly, I like a lot of tenderness and understanding. I like the emotional part of a relationship best. I think most women are like that."*











*"I'm more comfortable when I'm just natural. I don't like to wear much make-up. That way, whoever looks at me sees the real me, good or bad. I'd rather you see me the way I really am and not like me than to like me for something I'm not."*













guitarists. Vicki has lived in Haltom City all her 21 years (her birthday's this month). She attended Haltom High School and for the past two years has been a full-time student at the local Tarrant County Junior College. A solid B student, she plans to continue her education at the University of Texas in Austin as a psychology major. Her interest in psychology began after her father died when she was 17. "Before that, I was pretty wild. I hung around with some really *rotten* kids, a real bad crowd," she says, "but when Dad died, it jolted me out of the kind of life I was headed into. I suddenly wanted to learn more about (text concluded on page 207)



*"The pictures above were taken on my junior college campus. The one at right isn't modern dance: I'm just losing my balance. The photo below was taken on the log ride at Six Flags Over Texas amusement park. My shirt, this shirt PLAYBOY gave me, got wet and immediately turned transparent. A little girl came up and said, 'Lady, I can see right through your shirt!' and I was so embarrassed. After all, Six Flags is a family place."*







MISS FEBRUARY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Vicki Lynn Lasseter

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120 SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 2/19/60 BIRTHPLACE: Toia, Kansas

GOALS: To become a successful model, appear on The Tonight Show and act in TV soaps & commercials.

TURN-ONS: Blue eyes, furry animals, happy people, tight jeans, children, smiles, music & good food.

TURN-OFFS: Disco, fat people, waiting for something, macho men, people who are cruel to animals, & liars.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Illusions by Richard Bach, The Shining

FAVORITE MOVIES: Casablanca, The End, The Graduate, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Airplane & Midnight Cowboy

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Todd Rundgren & Utopia, Too Smooth, the Beatles, Pink Floyd, Yes, Led Zeppelin & Journey

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: 60 Minutes, The Tonight Show, Soap, Barney Miller & all Dallas Cowboy football games.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Water-skiing, racquetball, swimming

FAVORITE HOBBIES: Collecting T-Shirts & spotting "10's"



4 Months old and cute as a button.



20 months old with my first agent.



Age 16 and out to conquer the world.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was during foreplay in the motel room that the girl asked, "Whatever are those many tiny marks that look as if they've been tattooed on your organ?"

"Notches," said her date.

You're a true man of the world, Mr. Farnsworth," announced the physician.

"Whatever does that mean, doctor?" inquired the patient.

"The lab-test results indicate that you've built up an immunity to penicillin."



Since our son Raoul is beginning to become a man," the French housewife said to her husband, "it is fitting, it seems to me, that you tell him about . . . well, you know . . . about the birds and the bees."

"Raoul," the man said to the boy that evening, "you remember, do you not, that special instructional session that I arranged for you with my very good friend Mam'selle Yvette?"

"Oh, but yes, *Papa!*"

"It is time that you knew, then, that the birds and the bees do the same thing."

*Young Raymond was careless, they say,  
In planning his rolls in the hay;  
For his last bedded doll  
Was a Mob capo's moll—  
The result was . . . some holes in the Ray!*

Nanook," whispered the igloo-settlement gossip, "guess what? I've just seen your ex-wife smooching with Uglut!"

"So what, already?" responded Nanook in blasé fashion. "That's no skin off my nose."

We suppose that a famous ballerina's protégé-lover could be said to be under her tutelage.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *rodeo floozy* as a saddle tramp.

These old-fashioned formal portraits of married couples are so odd," commented the guest leafing through the family album, "what with the husband seated and the wife standing with her hand on his shoulder."

"The picture you're looking at is one of Grandpa and Grandma taken right after their honeymoon," elucidated the host. "He was probably too tired to stand up, and she must have been too sore to sit down."

I had the most fabulous sexual experience when I was in the Austrian Alps!" the bachelor-girl winter vacationer gushed to her best friend upon her return. "A young ski instructor named Max-Karl explored my quivering naked body with gentle hands, hummed me exquisitely in front of an open fire . . . and then went on to *yodel me!*"

Heading our current list of fanciful marital aids is an alum-based douche called Shrunken Treasure.

*In Oz land, the Tin Woodman's mate  
Sighed sadly, "It sure would be great  
If you made it a point  
To put oil on your joint,  
Since your screws have been rusty of late."*

Resorting to a desperate measure in an attempt to break down his date's resistance, the horny and oafish guy unzipped and pulled out his penis. "I wanna get in your groove with this, baby!" he panted.

"Come to think of it," responded the girl coolly, "it *does* happen to be just about the size of a phonograph needle."



*Salvy Steinman*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cheapo sex masseuse* as a quarter pounder.

During my trip down South, I got to screw a girl in her living room while her family was sleeping right upstairs!" the young man reported triumphantly to a buddy. "She had some sort of funny fixation on exotic fruits, though."

"Exotic fruits? Your banana's not an exotic fruit, man," grinned his listener.

"No, no—it wasn't anything like that. Part way through the bang, she began to mutter, 'Kumquat . . . kumquat . . . kumquat.'"

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





*Interlandi*

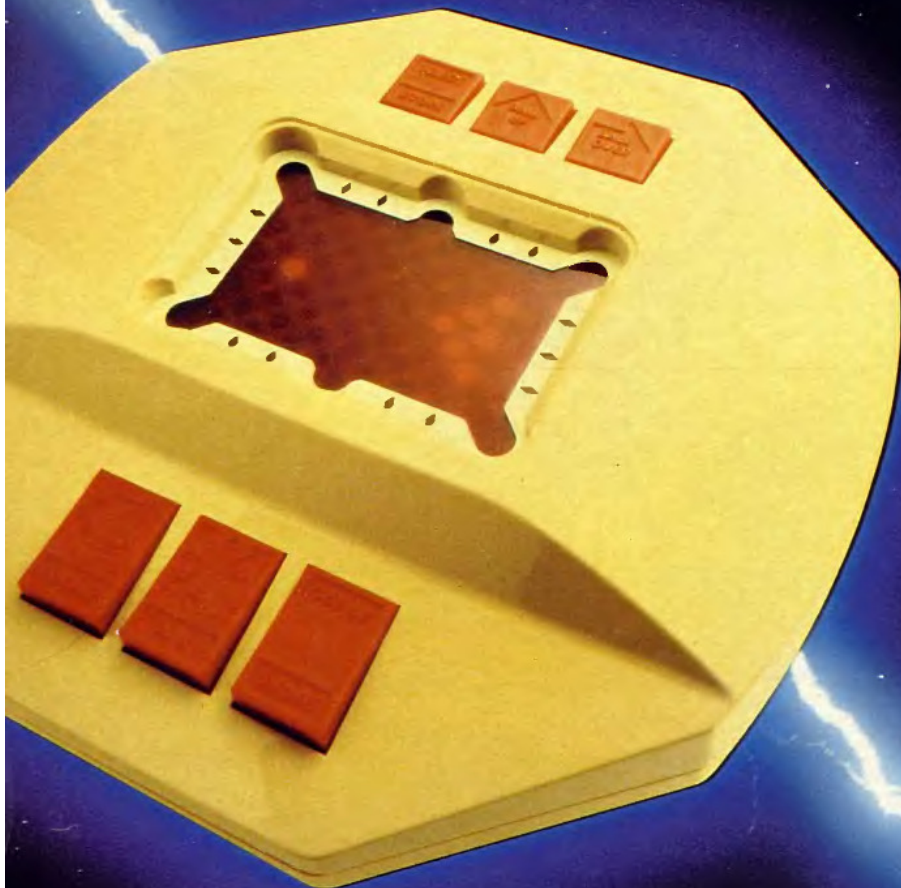
*"There's a guy out here claiming we discriminate against men on the Party Jokes page."*



article **By DANNY GOODMAN**

FIVE YEARS AGO, no one dreamed that people of all ages would spend more than one billion dollars a year on gadgets that simply beep, buzz, flash and keep score. The electronic-games industry suddenly blossomed in 1978 with the instant success of the few products then available. SOLD OUT signs adorned empty store shelves from coast to coast. Ever since, the increasing demand for more sophisticated games has been driving companies to create products employing the very limits of affordable state-of-the-art electronics. (text continued on page 164)

The saucer-shaped identified flying object below left is the electronic pool game Bank Shot, which incorporates straight pool and poison pool, plus trick shots, into one hand-held unit, by Parker Brothers, \$50. Below it, our pinball-playing spaceman is trying his hand at the electronic pinball game Xenon, which features a female electronic voice that talks when you turn the game on, and a wild and crazy programmed infinity lighting effect on the back glass, by Bally, \$2400. Directly below, you see the Master Component unit for Mattel's \$300 home-video-game package Intellivision, which takes a variety of cartridges, including baseball, football and basketball, \$30 each.



# THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!

*fasten your intergalactic  
antigravity belts, gang; here's a  
stellar roundup of the latest in whiz-  
bang electronic home games to toy with*





That bolt of lightning you see at near left has just zapped one of the cleverest hand-held games on the market, Split Second, which tests the reflexes of one or more players in five games—Mad Maze, Autocross, Speedball, Space Attack and Stomp, by Parker Brothers, \$47. Flying just below is the perfect pastime for airline travel—Mattel's Computer Gin, which pits you against the computer in two types of action, Go Draw and 33, \$70. At the bottom of the page is Super Simon, a grown-up version of the simpler Simon game shown on the next page. Super Simon is supertough; just when you think you've won, the game socks you with a blast of light, by Milton Bradley, \$33.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI  
ILLUSTRATION BY S & A GRAPHICS

Directly below is Chess Champion Super System III, a sophisticated game that's programmed for all International Chess rules—and it can even play itself while you watch and learn, by Tryon, about \$750. Next to it is Pocket Simon, the now-famous do-as-I-do game that gives you the Bronx cheer when you slip up, by Milton Bradley, \$15. The four-pillared game, at bottom left, is Strobe and, as you may have guessed, it challenges up to four players to test their reflexes against the speeds of light and sound, by Lakeside Games, \$50. Next to it is Flag Man, a pocket game that challenges you to match the flagman's random numerical sequence, by Mega Corporation, \$40.





Below, clockwise from 12: The Atari 800 Computer System hooks up to your TV for a variety of onscreen electronic fun and games, as well as for personal finance and record-keeping uses, \$1080. Or attach it to the satellite 410 Program Recorder shown, also by Atari, and store your records for future reference, \$89.95. Milton, a funky phrase machine, challenges you to complete a partial phrase, by Milton Bradley, \$80. The spacy twosome at bottom have turned their energies to Galaxian, a space-wars home game in which one or two players defend the earth against extraterrestrial invaders accompanied by escort ships, by Midway/Bally, \$2995. Next to it is Boris Handroid, a chess game in which the machine physically moves its pieces—and even shakes hands with you at game's end, by Applied Concepts, \$1500. Last up is Miracle Baseball, which allows players to steal bases, hit sacrifice flies and perform other grandstand plays, by Bandai Electronics, \$49.95.





*he's made a career  
of playing strange  
character roles, but  
the strangest of all may be  
the one he plays offscreen*







# DEEP IN WITH DAVID CARRADINE

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**I**T WAS THE ONLY CAR I saw on the MGM lot in Culver City that could stop a conversation just by cruising by. When he bought it, he had the engine rebuilt, but he wasn't satisfied with the way it ran, so he had it rebuilt again. He also had the body redone and now it looked as if it had just rolled off the showroom floor. It was a fire-engine-yellow 1967 Ferrari 330GTS with a Pinin Farina body, and with the top down, it looked like a special effect from *The Empire Strikes Back*, skimming effortlessly across your field of vision, a compact, featherweight sculpture of kinetic energy.

I slid into the passenger seat and he started the engine. The 12 cylinders fluttered softly beneath the mirror-polished hood like a caged flock of doves. I was reminded, as I sank into the seat, of the airplane I fly. I've always been impressed by its front seats. They are made for someone who, the entire time he sits there, has his life literally in his hands. In addition, the Ferrari could go a good bit faster than that airplane. The only problem would be finding the open ground.

A lot of people had told me that David Carradine lived on the edge, but that turned out not to be the case. Living on the edge is just a cliché. My dentist lives on the edge. Carradine has another way of describing it: "Deep in." It has to do with commitment. For example, when a battalion leader shouts "Charge!" he is deep in—or at least he'd better be. It's so simple it evades most people. And when Carradine took off out of Culver City, I knew we were deep in already, as Mar Vista whipped past and then Santa Monica and we entered onto the Pacific Coast Highway, weaving across the lanes like a slalom racer, by which time I had discovered that the car had no seat belts.

"I don't like 'em," was all Carradine gave by way of explanation in a style that could only be called mellifluous mania or pissed-off contentment or mellow fury or some other such oxymoron.

The only advantage to Carradine's driving style was knowing that it would be over quickly—we'd either arrive or we wouldn't in the snap of a finger. And so, without warning or ceremony, we found ourselves getting out at the house in Malibu where his wife, Linda, lived with

*personality* **By LAURENCE GONZALES**



their baby daughter, Kansas, and where we were going to stay until things got old or ugly.

The house was conceptual-ranch uni-level and was as cluttered as if they'd moved in that afternoon and couldn't quite figure a strategy for unpacking. The front entrance was partially blocked by six-foot-high stacks of movie film in cans and boxes—a picture Carradine had once made called *You and I*. Strewn around several rooms, there must have been 15 or 20 serious guitars—Mossman 12-strings and mellow old Gibsons, fat antique Martins—just piled around as if they were so much kindling. In the front room was a display of stills from his latest movie, *The Long Riders* (of him and his brothers Keith and Robert, posing; of him escaping, wounded, with Robert on the back of his horse; of him getting shot to pieces while riding full tilt).

If you are at all linear, or if you happen to be a control freak, hanging out with David Carradine can really make a mess out of you. Take something as simple as how many Carradine brothers there are. John Carradine, the famous character actor, is the father. In a biographical television special about the Carradine family, I heard him refer to "the four boys." The narrator also seemed to be laboring under the delusion that there were only four Carradine brothers—David, Keith (whose song in *Nashville* won an Academy Award and who played the lead in *Pretty Baby*), Robert (who has played numerous fine secondary roles in big motion pictures, such as *Coming Home*, in which he was the guitar-playing kid who killed himself, and who played a brilliant leading role in *The Big Red One*) and Christopher, a very talented and successful architect. Nevertheless, during a party I went to with David, Keith and Christopher, I met Michael, allegedly another Carradine brother. And I saw a movie David made that featured yet another Carradine brother I'd never heard of. I asked David how many Carradine brothers there were and he said eight. I mentioned this to Linda and she said, "Oh, really? I thought there were only seven." If you happen onto an undisputed fact about David Carradine in your creep through his life, you hang on real tight.

Reading David Carradine can be like reading the floor of the ocean. He owns the house in Malibu but apparently doesn't live there—or lives there only part of the time. He has another house in Laurel Canyon that is made of wood and glass. It must have 200 tiny windows. Even the roof is made of windows. And they all open ("You have to be something of a monkey to do it," he said). He has six horses and nine exotic automobiles. He had ten, but he sold one

recently—an O.S.C.A., built by the Maserati brothers.

Sitting in the living room in Malibu, drinking Bordeaux, I got my first clear look at Carradine in the subtle light of that sprawling house. He's 43, but he could just as easily be a lot older. He has wide, flat fingernails tipped by crescents of black, as if he'd spent the afternoon working on his car rather than on his next movie. He smokes cigarettes with a kind of delicate, implacable abandon, occasionally switching to a pipe of ancient briar for a hit of grass. His fine, straight hair is the color of a stone at the bottom of a stream; it appears never to have suffered the indignity of a comb or a brush.

He does not wear shoes. I spent a week with him and virtually the only time I saw him in shoes was at a wardrobe fitting. You don't notice something like that right off, but it has an odd effect. It colors his aura, is somehow central to what he is. His first real fame came with the television series *Kung Fu*, in which he played a half-Chinese immigrant Shaolin priest named Kwai Chang Caine. Caine was a master of kung fu, a martial art. In that role, Carradine said almost nothing, except to spout an occasional mishmash of pseudo Zen aphorisms. His main activity was to walk into some unknown Western town where trouble was brewing and, while attempting to maintain a professional distance from it, become so involved in the very trouble he was trying to avoid that he would end up non-violently kicking the shit out of a handful of big, heavily armed cowboys. He would do that, of course, without the aid of weapons. In a culture in which everyone is brought up to believe that the fastest gun in any town is the ultimate power, it was remarkable to see someone so fast that he could literally take the gun away before the man had a chance to pull the trigger. And in the winding-down days of the Vietnam war, it was frankly unbelievable to see someone with the unmitigated hair to program an alleged Oriental into that role, but there it was. Barefooted, rumped and unsmiling, Caine would shoulder his small cloth sack of possessions and walk (not ride) off into the sunset.

And now, with him in Malibu, I could see that perhaps that role had turned Carradine into a kind of second cousin to Caine. The clothes he wore were awesome in their decrepitude—beyond pity, really. During my week with him, at both of his houses, I saw no clothing that appeared to belong to him and the only change of clothes I saw him make was in that wardrobe fitting, during which he seemed about as comfortable as a cat doing the breast stroke.

His jeans were too large and too old,

the pockets stuffed and bulging, as if he carried his every possession right on his person, as if he'd been on the run for some time now and we just happened to light for the evening in this fabulously wealthy California neighborhood, like two outlaws sleeping in a barn before stealing our next pair of horses. I had the sense that he felt that way, too, as if the Bordeaux we were drinking belonged to someone else, who was going to be a trifle upset when he discovered it gone.

We talked about *Kung Fu* a bit—I felt obliged to—and I mentioned that in the early Seventies, when the series had begun, I had been staying at Ken Kesey's house. It turned out that the only television show the ex-Merry Pranksters watched while I was with them (other than N.B.A. finals) was *Kung Fu*. Carradine nodded. "Caine," he said, "was made of, by and for those people—the Pranksters. It was what they were all about."

Since *Kung Fu*, Carradine has been in a dozen or so movies, including *Bound for Glory*, about the life of Woody Guthrie; *The Serpent's Egg*, directed by Ingmar Bergman; and *The Long Riders*, a brilliant film about the James-Younger gang in which Carradine plays Cole Younger and, along with Pamela Reed, walks away with the picture.

Carradine was born and raised in Hollywood (or near enough to it) and he appears obsessed with it, constantly defining himself in terms of his differences from it, eternally taking his own temperature against the chill and paradox it throws off like a spoor. As we sat in his living room, he began talking about William Faulkner's going to Hollywood to write the screenplay of Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*.

"Halfway between Hemingway and Faulkner," he said, "is Hollywood." He poured some wine and lit the briar. "You want to know what Hollywood is like? I had offers to do two movies once. One was set in Hong Kong. The other was set in Chinatown in San Francisco. The company that was doing the Hong Kong movie decided to shoot it in San Francisco in order to save money. The one that was doing the Chinatown movie decided to shoot it in Hong Kong to save money. And at that point, I realized that it doesn't make any difference what you do. You just do anything you want."

That was one of the reasons Carradine decided to make his own films. He knows Hollywood (meaning the film industry) so well that he simply operates on parallel tracks with it, jumping over from time to time to collect a check to keep his own work going. His latest production is called *Americana*. He started it in 1973 and finished it while I

(continued on page 130)





*"Our place or yours?"*



# MIDDLE-SIZE SEXY

*a new breed of  
motorcycles proves that  
big is not always better*

FOR YEARS, the mid-size motorcycle (400 c.c. to 600 c.c.) was the neglected child of the American market place. Not large enough to be called supercycles, too large to be sold to most beginners, the bikes went through a variety of styling changes. For the past few years, it seems that the strategy has been to try to pass the bikes off as mini-choppers. They came with low-rider seats, ape-hanger handle bars and chrome everything. The bikes were impressive, as long as they were on their kick-stands. When it came to handling, all of those "big bike" touches added up to a less than coherent whole. The riding position was ridiculous. It felt as though you were sliding into a corner on your ass, spikes high. But the manufacturers probably figured that the guys who were buying their bikes *(concluded on page 175)*

The Laverda Montjuic (right) is the epitome of Italian styling: lean, flashy and fast (130 mph). At \$5100, the street-legal production racer is clearly in a class by itself. So, for that matter, is the blonde in a one-piece racing suit from Botes Leathers. The inset pictures reveal that the Japanese are no slouches when it comes to design: These samurai cycles reflect the purity of café-rocer styling. The Suzuki GS450SX (upper left) was the first mid-size to adopt the rood-rocer look. The six-speed twin costs \$1889. The 400-c.c. Honda Hawk (lower left) has air-adjustable front forks, a twin-piston front disc brake and costs \$1898. For those of you with a little more cash (about \$2500), the Yamoha Seco 550 (upper right) is a four-cylinder four-stroke with a sophisticated fuel-induction system. Very fast. The Kawasaki KZ 550GP (lower right) can give even larger bikes a run for the money (cost: \$2599).









## DAVID CARRADINE

(continued from page 126)

*"We borrowed this wolf and starved it. Then we just smeared me with dog food and I got into the pit."*

was with him. He has an annoying habit of making films on budgets that contradict everything that is accepted as Gospel by the industry. A sound mix they might do for \$70,000, he does for \$30,000. Where they shoot 1000 feet of film, Carradine shoots 100.

I asked him how he does certain things that seem to require great expense. For example, in *Americana*, the main character (played by Carradine) fights a dog in a pit for the entertainment of some rural Kansas locals. The scene is very realistic—and quite disturbing. I envisioned stunt men, multiple cameras, highly trained dogs, make-up artists and scores of takes to get that eerie, close-in feeling he got.

"It was one of Dan Haggerty's wolves," Carradine explained. "We borrowed this wolf and then starved it for two days. Then we just smeared me with dog food and I got into the pit." He smiled a thin smile that I would come to recognize as characteristic. It was a smile you might see on a man who has a bazooka pointed at his head and has just been told to start shitting Tiffany cuff links or die. "I got injured," he added. "I got the scars."

Deep in.

Carradine is covered with tattoos and loves great wines. He is a faithful husband and a grandfather. He has taken hundreds of acid trips and a few other trips, as well. Bob Dylan studied kung fu with him. ("Dylan looked like this really dead-on master and he didn't know what he was doing. He was great.") He wants to seed the Santa Monica Mountains with wild animals—fox and lion, deer and possum and quail ("I stop short of rattlesnakes"). David is not his real name (it's John) and he likes Jose Cuervo gold tequila in pint bottles (the better to run with). He is four years into a 15-year shooting schedule of a movie about his 18-year-old daughter's life. He is full of secrets and just when you think you have a fix on one thing, he's got another for you.

On his left nipple is a tattoo of the Sufi symbol, which is a pair of wings attached to a red heart surrounding a yellow star and moon. Above his dick he has a butterfly tattoo and on his right rib cage and abdomen, a tiger, moon and tree. There is a hawk on his left wrist. I wondered how many tattoos he had in all.

"They're all sort of one," he said. I guess only his proctologist knows for sure.

I also wondered if that didn't make it difficult as an actor when he had to take his shirt off.

"Yeah," he shrugged. "But classy actors don't take their shirts off. Laurence Olivier never took his shirt off."

The clutter of the Malibu house is astonishing in its thoroughness, but it is not the clutter of some posthippie pad. It is the clutter of a sunken ship, where every cloud of sea dust drifts away to reveal some new treasure. Getting out of bed that first morning, I practically stumbled over some of his wines. Château Pichon-Longueville 1945. Château Giscours 1929. Labarde-Margaux. In another room, cases of Haut-Brion 1961. "I went broke last year buying wine," he said.

When I arose, no one but Kansas was up and she was busy taking a bath in a cup of yogurt, so I wandered outside to sneak another look at the Ferrari. A tan Honda Civic pulled in behind Linda's Mercedes and Keith Carradine unfolded himself from the driver's seat. A few minutes later, David got up (wearing the same clothes) and the two brothers hugged and kissed each other on the mouth, held each other at arm's length, as if to see how they'd grown over the years. They slammed each other on the back with detonations of manly affection and generally caused a jubilant uproar, with dogs barking and children squawking and the sun leaking in to coat everything morning rose and yellow and send little diamonds of white creeping across the floor.

"Family is the only real thing in all society," David said. He adores Keith and it isn't difficult to see why. One of the first things you notice about Keith is that it would take a lot of bother to get to dislike him. He has a smile as clear as a temple bell, a boundless energy and affection. He immediately got into it with David's old hound, Buffalo, talking to him, growling at him, sliding his hands through Buffalo's fur like a cartoon pirate running his fingers through a chest of doubloons.

Half an hour later, we sat in the dining room, eating a strange California concoction that was supposed to cure all ills. It tasted OK but was more like something you'd feed to a pet rabbit than to a human. I think the recipe called for using only fruits and vegetables whose names

ended in consonants. David had gone on a diet of that back when he was doing *Kung Fu*. He said he had never felt better, had limitless energy and needed only three or four hours of sleep a night. Keith went on the diet for three weeks, too. His weight plummeted to 123 pounds, which didn't sit too well on his 6'1" skeleton.

"He cured himself by eating roast-beef sandwiches and drinking Pepto-Bismol so he wouldn't barf," David said with a laugh. Sitting across the table from me, Keith still looked needle-thin at 157 pounds. "But I don't care what you say," David added. "It worked for me."

After breakfast, Keith began doing Lord Buckley routines, and in about four minutes, he had us on the floor. He recited from memory such infamous bits as *God's Own Drunk* and *The Nazz* and turned his long, mobile face into that of a 60-year-old black man without apparent effort. It was startling and convincing, and Keith such a superhonkie when it comes to appearance. Then, abruptly, he left to go about his Saturday errands, reminding David to be sure to be at his house the next day for the barbecue.

When he'd gone, David sat shaking his head in admiration. "Keith has total recall," he said. "Amazing, really. He's deep in." A little bark of a laugh escaped. "Keith does crossword puzzles with a pen! Fuckin' *New York Times*." Another beat. "He's a virtuoso guitarist, too. Very shy about it."

They say that time speeds up and slows down, depending upon what is happening. It was only 24 hours until we were supposed to arrive at Keith's, but it took us about a month to pull it off. I've never seen a man take so long to get through a day in my entire life.

The weather was severe-clear as we screamed out of Malibu in the Ferrari. Soon, however, we were stuck behind a Mercedes sports coupe chewing along at 70 miles an hour. "Get outta the fast lane, baby!" Carradine shouted, and sent the Ferrari dancing all over the road at 198 kilometers per hour (123 mph), missing the parked cars on the right by so little that if the car had had another coat of paint, we wouldn't have made it through. I was trying to decide whether my chances of surviving the impact would be better if I got down as low as possible in the seat or if I stood up so that I'd be thrown clear. There was so little to the car, just that craneload of engine and a windshield the size of a cafeteria tray.

But then, through that Einsteinian magic of high-speed travel, the trip was over and Carradine was parking in a no-zone. "Isn't this nice?" he asked with that thin smile. "They've got all these

(continued on page 176)



SCENE I

FADE IN on the parade grounds of Fort Black Rock, CBS headquarters in the wilds of New York City. CBS troopers in regimental blazers are going about duties—watering camera crews, polishing hand mikes. As the sound comes up, we see that the troopers are lip-synching a Mitch Miller chorus of “She Wore a Yellow Ribbon.”

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of two raw CBS recruits: CHUCK SCOTT (played by Harry Carey, Jr.) and SCOTT CHUCK (played by Tim Holt).

CHUCK (whipping off uniform cap to scratch head): Say, what’s got into the

humor **By RON POWERS**

# CRONKITE'S LAST STAND

*after 30 years in the saddle, doesn't the old warrior deserve a more fitting salute than a gold watch and a slow fade?*

general, Scott? I ain't seen so much spit 'n' polish around this dump since they whupped old Vice-Chief Agnew at the Battle of Nolo Contendere, and I'll be a hornswoggled sidewinder if any fella won't say maybe!

SCOTT: Haven't you heard the news, you tinhorn ring-tailed son of a highly placed source? The *Old Man's* leavin' today! He's gonna inspect the troops one last time an' then ride out through them front gates and into destiny, endin' a colorful era in this here man's network. And, say! Don't let him catch you with that headgear in your paw. Up till sunset, he's still (continued on page 202)



ILLUSTRATION BY JOANN OALEY







# Playmate Roommates



*a former student, a stewardess and  
a sunday-school teacher—imagine  
these three girls next door*

WHEN WE FIRST HEARD that three of our favorite Playmates—Sonda Theodore, Candy Loving and Terri Welles—were sharing an apartment in Los Angeles, we knew it was something worth looking into. Maybe they needed a houseboy. Maybe there was an apartment available in their building. For years we've extolled the beauty of the girl next door, but this was too good to be true. Surely, there was a zoning ordinance against such a congregation of comely young women. The arrangement sounded like a television spin-off of *Three's Company* and *Charlie's Angels*. When we sat down with this unique set of roommates, we discovered that truth is frequently more fascinating than TV programming. For one thing, it's live, and infinitely lovelier in person. How did it happen? Well, in the beginning, there was Sonda, a former Sunday-school teacher from San Bernardino, who arrived in Los Angeles (text concluded on page 198)

Once upon a time, there were—thank heaven—three little girls. One from San Bernardino. One from San Diego. One from Ponca City, Oklahoma. They grew up to become Playmates, roommates and the best of friends. On the facing page, from the top, we have Sonda Theodore (July 1977), Terri Welles (December 1980) and Candy Loving—our 25th Anniversary (January 1979) Playmate.







"We are all in the public eye as Playmates," says Sondra. "We need a place to relax. This is our bum time. We can raid the refrigerator, pig out on tacos or call out for pizzas. A lot of people have the idea that the women who appear in PLAYBOY are perfect, manicured and made up all the time. We're not. I've been known to drop things, to make messes. We're human beings, too."



"Sondra is the retrospective one," says Candy. "She is the keeper of the scrapbook." Above, Sondra contemplates her memories. Funny how there always seems to be a camera around to capture the good times (below).

*Three's company!*





"Sondra is like an older sister," says Terri. "A Playmate emeritus." She is the one who can unravel the social mysteries of Playboy Mansion West or explain the basics of backgamman to Terri (below). At right, Sondra listens in on a phone call to Candy from Tony Curtis. The girls have many mutual interests and acquaintances. Their friendship is natural. Their likes and dislikes tend to complement one another, rather than make them competitive.



Sondra's VW Bug exits Mansion West (below) after an afternoon of sun, good food and spirited conversation at poolside (left). The girls' apartment is located—conveniently—just a few blocks from Hef's place.







The pictures that don't make it into Sondra's scrapbook find a place on the wall. Above left, Sondra makes plans on the hotline for an evening with Hef. At right, she and Terri accompany a local publisher to a Variety Club tribute to Frank Sinatra.



Sondra has done some recording with the newly formed Playmates singing group. Rehearsals now consume most of her time (below). But don't think it's all work and no play. Says Sondra, "Thank God for Terri. She is an energy person. She gets us up for rehearsals."

*Sondra*















"We don't view the idea of being Playmates and roommates as something special," says Candy. "Nurses live with nurses. Models live with models. If you want the real story, try to think of us as three young women trying to be self-sufficient in a town like L.A. Because we've been through so much together, we can celebrate one another's victories, encourage one another. You should have seen us the day Terri and I did our first television commercials. Fantastic."



As 25th Anniversary Playmate, Candy spent a year touring the country—doing TV and radio shows (left). One station gave her the name Lady Rock 'n' Roll.

Candy



Terri



More often than not, the girls like to travel incognito, in T-shirts and sunglasses. Sometimes they get away with it, but only a blind man would have been able to miss Sondro and Terri of the annual Playboy Jazz Festival in the Hollywood Bowl (left). Terri will have to get used to public recognition. In addition to her PLAYBOY appearances, she is doing national TV commercials for Vivitar with PLAYBOY photographer Morio Casilli (bottom left). She's a lady in the spotlight.







How do these three roommates characterize themselves? Well, Terri is the comic, Sondra the laugher, Condy the quiet one. Candy is embarking on a promising modeling career, with some television appearances as well. Sondra is concentrating on her vocalizing with the Singing Playmates. And Terri is moving from modeling to movies. These talented women have shared the Playmate experience and become close friends. "Like it says in the song," observes Terri, "We are family."







*"Don't meditate so much. Go for it!"*



POOR CHEVALIER *de Faublas*. When will his trials end? Banned from his native France for fighting a duel of honor, he secretly returned to Paris, only to find himself pursued by the authorities.

"I would not advise you to go out," warned the Vicomte de Valbrun, in whose house I had taken refuge. "The street is heavily guarded. I have seen patrols in the neighborhood and a number of ill-looking fellows lurking about. You had better spend the night here."

I accepted his offer. Before leaving to gather friends in my support, he directed that I barricade all the doors and not open them to anyone.

I was shown to the master bedroom and had no sooner slipped beneath the covers than a frightful noise arose from the street and a loud pounding sounded on the door of the house. Shortly, a servant rushed into the room to say, "They demand to enter in the name of the king."

"Go," I instructed him, "and see that the door is not opened until I make my escape."

"Fly to the garden," he advised. "I will provide a ladder for you to scale the wall into the garden of our neighbor."

As I was preparing to put on my clothes, the noise from the street redoubled and I feared that, at any moment, the door might be opened by force. Not taking the time to dress, I seized the *vicomte's* sword and my nightshirt and rushed down the stairs and across the courtyard to the garden, where I scaled the waiting ladder and leaped boldly onto the adjoining property.

Imagine my consternation at finding myself enveloped in darkness, in a strange garden, with no covering but the nightshirt that I grasped in my hand. A thousand anxieties tormented me as I advanced to the house and rapped on the door. At length, it opened. There was no light and no one visible.

"Is it you, chevalier?" whispered a female voice.

What chevalier was this? I wondered. Nevertheless, I played the role of the expected guest. Disguising my voice, I answered in the affirmative. Her hand accidentally touched my sword.

"You have your sword in your hand. Were you pursued?"

"Yes."

"Do not tell my mistress. It will distress her."

"Where is she?"

"In bed, of course. You can spend the night together. My master has gone to Versailles and will not return till morning. Go up, there."

"My head is giddy. Lead me by the hand."

We took but a few steps when the *fille de chambre* opened a second door and said, "He is come, madam."

From the darkness came the voice of the mistress of the house. "You come very late, my dear Flourvac."

"I could not get away earlier."

I proceeded with great caution into the strange room. At last, reaching the bed, I fell into the arms of the unknown woman, who immediately began to cover me with the most tender kisses.

"Oh, my dear chevalier. You will never let the winter weather keep you away."

"Certainly not."



"Every time my husband leaves, you will come? Bathile will always send you word, as she did today."

"Very good."

"Was it not ingeniously contrived to light the lamp in the window?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my dear chevalier. You will always love me?"

"Most tenderly."

"I confess to you, my angel, that I was most vexed this afternoon."

"Why?"

"Because you did not meet me at church."

"It was impossible."

"But this morning, I was very well pleased; and you?"

"Quite ravished."

"But did not the Mass seem long to you?"

"Oh, the Mass."

"You did right to put your chair beside mine, but you did wrong in speaking to me."

"Why so?"

"What will all the ladies who know me and respect me say, on seeing me talking in church with a young officer? We must not meet on the outside anymore. My conscience reproaches me."

"Very well."

The woman renewed her passionate kisses. Although I had been disconcerted at sustaining the conversation, using only simple monosyllables in a contrived voice, I was now affected most powerfully by the woman's charms. Blood surged through my veins and I shortly found myself in the happy disposition that so favors love. I immediately began to express my gratitude to my hospitable hostess but was met with serious resistance.

"Stop. Let me alone. Flourvac, you know our agreement."

I was greatly surprised by the caprice of this unaccountable woman. Had she expected her lover to scale the garden wall, on this dreary winter night, to come and lie *quietly* with her? Perhaps she had; there was no telling. I lay beside her and quickly fell asleep. In a short while, I was awakened by her sobbing. Continuing my disguised voice, I asked what was the matter.

"What is the matter?" she said. "You are ungrateful and love me no more. You forget our agreement. You lie motionless in my bed and my embraces appear no more desirable to you than if they were those of a vulgar, immodest and wicked woman."

Through both words and actions, she quickly dispelled my confusion. I was not to have my pleasure through love's proper channel, for chastity must be maintained. Such was the agreement. But her lips, whose sweet kisses I had already tasted—those would do the duty. And, ah, what divine transports, what joys of paradise did make me melt at her ministrations!

Now, those of you, dear readers, whom nature has only half favored—you who have a very fine head on a very ordinary body—do not ridicule this woman. If you had prudently employed the same means that she used, your husbands, perhaps, would not so soon have abandoned you, and your lovers remained longer faithful.

—Retold by Chris Dubbs  143



# THE YEAR IN SEX

step right up, folks, and watch the continuing saga of sexuality praised and condemned. will the censors win out? the answer may appear on your tv screen

SOCIETY'S periodic schizophrenia about sex—is it good clean fun or something to be hushed up?—really busted loose in 1980. Sexual imagery in advertising virtually took over the commercial breaks on America's television screens, with suggestive poses and slogans promoting everything from lingerie to that hitherto prosaic wardrobe staple, the pair of blue jeans. Simultaneously, the hucksters of born-again Christianity were striving to politicize the faithful, launching "morality" crusades that were basically anti-sex. And while housewives, secretaries and even grandmothers shed their inhibitions watching men shed their clothes in ever-increasing numbers of male strip joints across the country, platoons of their grimmer sisters staged protests decrying any display of female nudity. "Exploitation," cried Women Against Pornography. "Terrific," chorused the male strippers' audiences, responding in joyous abandon to the lure of beefcake on the hoof.

If, as seems likely, the battle for the hearts and minds of the public is to be waged largely on the television screen, the celebrators may win out over the sourpusses. At least there's a lot more going on on the small screen these days. The proliferation of cable TV has brought R-rated movies into the home, and hard-core films are widely available on cassette; one study, in fact, claims that more than half of all video cassettes sold are X-rated.

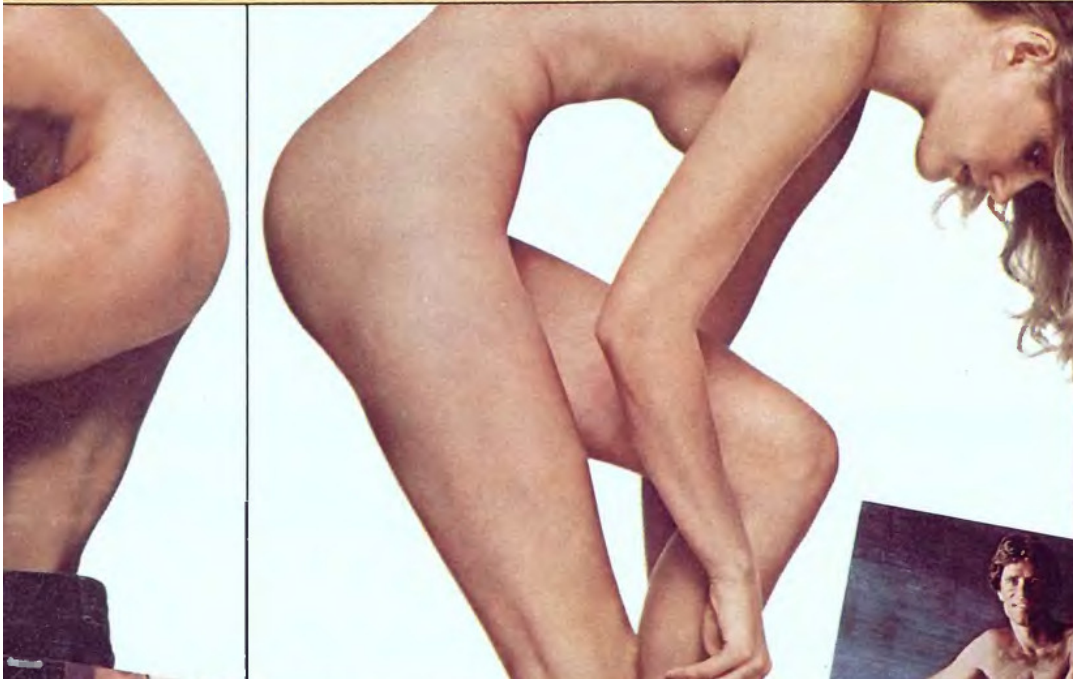
Perhaps the whole year can best be summed up by the pilgrim's progress of the Reverend Ted McIlvenna, a San Francisco-based Methodist minister who since 1969 has been making sex-education films for use in counseling. Last February, the United Methodist Church Board of Discipleship pulled the prayer rug out from under McIlvenna's materials, finding them unsuitable for denominational use; undeterred, he had films put on cassette and in November began marketing them through Exodus Communications, an affiliate of the National Sex Forum, which he directs. "Sexuality," reasons McIlvenna, "is a gift from God." He's just using a new medium for the message.





# TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

Sexual imagery—phallic symbolism, nudity, double-entendre—was more popular than ever in the advertising of 1980. The Maidenform woman once merely dreamed; now she's showing up in real-life situations. Baltimore Oriole Jim Palmer found, after posing for Jackey briefs, that he was much admired—at least by women—for parts of his physique other than his pitching arm. While January 1978 Playmate Debra Jensen flashed for Coppertone, other celebrities—such as model Jerry Hall (bottom right) and child actress Brooke Shields (TV inset, lower left)—posed in and out of jeans; and Tina Payne's mom, capitalizing on the lust-for-youth craze, mounted a controversial trade-paper ad campaign for her precocious ten-year-old daughter, who wants to be a star.



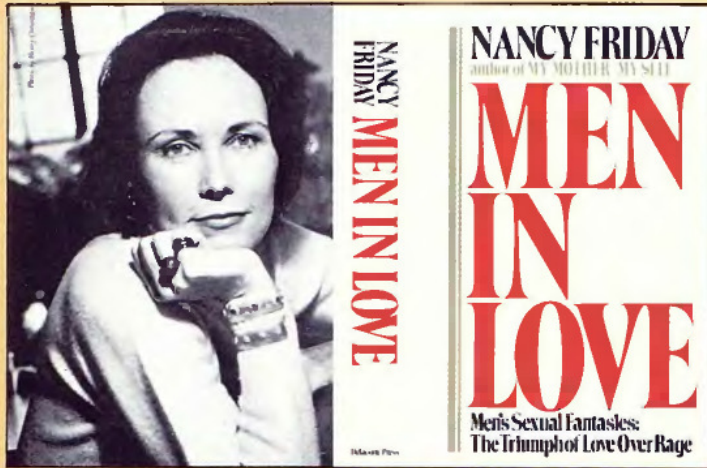
ASH'EM A COPPERTONE TAN





# NEWSMAKERS

Following each other on the nonfiction best-seller lists in 1980 were Nancy Friday's *Men in Love* (below), a look at male sex fantasies, and Goy Talese's *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, one man's view of the sexual revolution. *Esquire*, which published Talese's chapters on Hugh M. Hefner, chose to pose the author with Bunnies for a cover shot (right).



When *Celebrity Skin*, notorious for ripped-off nudes, ran shots of Ann-Margret from *Magic* (below), she claimed invasion of privacy. A court ruled that since the shots did, indeed, appear in the film, the star had no privacy to invade.



Running (for the fourth time) for President, San Francisco's Louis Abolafia (above) campaigned as The Nudist Candidate ("nothing to hide"). In Providence, Rhode Island, Aaron Fricke (below right) sued for and won the right to take a male date, Paul Guilbert, to the Cumberland High School senior prom.



Actress/author Britt Ekland took it off for the record—a phonograph record sold as a "picture disc" (right)—in England. On the flip side is *Private Party*; funny, it looks pretty public to us.





## FALLEN ANGELS



Wanna break up a marriage? Have wifey sign up as one of Charlie's Angels. At least that's the way it looked this year for Jaclyn Smith and Dennis Cale (top), getting ready to tell it to the judge; Kate Jackson and Andrew Stevens (above), who separated; Cheryl and David Ladd (below), whose union also hit the rocks; and the erstwhile most famous Angel of all, Farrah Fawcett, sued for divorce by hubby Lee Majors. That's Farrah and Lee together at bottom; these days, she's more likely to be seen in the company of Lee's former buddy, actor Ryan O'Neal.



## DAMSELS IN DISTRESS



PLAYBOY pictorials caused their share of cantraversy in 1980. The Navy reprimanded both Lisa Ann Woolf (above left, crouching) and Susan Gage (standing) for shots in our April issue; September's Judy Wardlaw (above right) missed Baylor's graduation rites.



The corps gave Marine Sergeant Bambi Lin Finney (above) the boot; Suzanne Somers, briefly shelved by Ace Hardware after her February poses, ended up in fine feather at Vegas (below left); World Airways terminated stew Lindsey Rimmell (below right).





# ARTISTIC INVENTIONS

Some neighbors objected when George Segal (below) sculpted *Gay Liberation* on commission from a private foundation for a Greenwich Village park, postponing its placement.



Below left, musician Phoebe Legere (in pink) and guest at opening of "Erotic Art of the Prostitute" exhibit at New York's Hilton Fine Arts Ltd. Below right, ivory plaque from French writer Roger Peyrefitte's erotica collection, put on the block last December.



This year, New York erotic artist René Moncada dummied up (below left). Below right, John Squadra's oil from "Beastial Fantasies" (spelling theirs), an exhibit from the folks at Erotics Gallery in Manhattan that also featured drawings and sculpture.



Ex-porn queen Wendy O. Williams (above) shows why they call her WOW when she fronts for the punk group The Plasmastics.



Above, disco hostess Cindy Ramsey; below, far-out costumes from Jeff Kutash's Hollywood Goes Broadway Playboy revue.





# THINK PUNK



This is puttin' on the Ritz? No, it's Burta de Portago and Sherri Beachfront putting us on at The Ritz, a New York rock club (above). Below, a T-shirt with a message makes the scene at another New Wave event.



Below, West German punk-rock singer Nino Hagen in a clinch publicity shot with an actress known as Sosha Timeless.



# LADIES [& GENTS] OF THE EVENING



Since it burst onto the scene in Lorry L. King's 1974 PLAYBOY article and subsequent musical, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, the Chicken Ranch has become the world's most famous bordello. Above, a shot from New West's recent reportage.



An estimated 600 prostitutes, many transvestites, currently infest Paris' Bois de Boulogne (above); near Rome, a hooker does a booming roadside business in a nun's habit.





## BEACH BUFFS



Archie Bunker would never have believed this: bare bathers at Riis Park near Howard Beach in Bunker's home borough of Queens (above). At right, body painting at a better-known hangout for sun-and-sand worshippers, Black's Beach, San Diego.

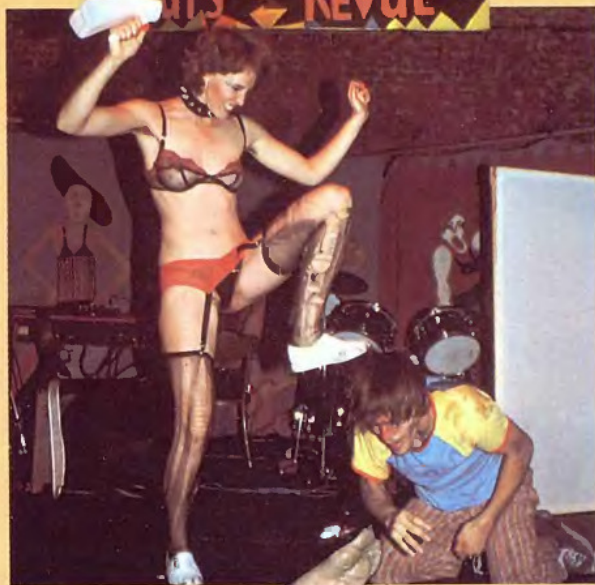


## CARNAL CONTESTS



Winning ways are exhibited by (clockwise from left) Tara Alexander, in what was billed as a Spermathon contrived to bring off 75 men—the last of them her husband—four at, ah, a crack (here, she's taking a break); entrants in San Francisco's Outrageous Beauty Revue, nee Pageant; mud wrestling at Chippendale's in West Los Angeles (for a fee, a free bath, tips and the jackpot of patrons' side bets); and, at the Treehouse Fun Ranch, contestants strive for the title of Miss Nude California.

## OUTRAGEOUS CITY REVUE





## TAKE-IT-OFF TURNABOUT

You've seen them here before, but male strippers really come into their own from coast to coast in 1980. At left, a little audience participation enlivens the show at The Classic Cot, Lo Mesa, California; below, a crowd pleaser at Fat Albert's Disco, Dudley, Massachusetts.



Below, a shy tribute to a performer at San Francisco's Soop club; at bottom, the moment of truth at a pioneer home of mole doncing, the Sugar Shack in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.



In Florida, the hot act is The Mole Factor, an Orlando foursome headed by ex-dance instructor Dave Richardson (below); sorry, ladies, these fellows will peel down only as far as their G strings.



Since we first reported on it in June 1978, The Classic Cot has become legendary. Above, new dimensions to the term touch-feely.





# STEAMY SCREEN

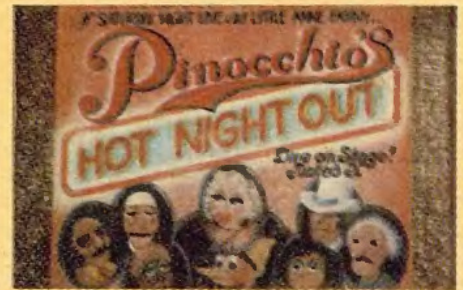


Big-screen news of the year could be summarized in these two films: *Blue Lagoon* (left) starred Brooke Shields and Chris Atkins in a Disneyesque approach to sex education, all blue skies and innocence. *Caligula* (above) dished up enough decadence to give sex a bad name; critic Roger Ebert lobed it "sickening trash."

# LIVE LIBIDO



Topless Lindo Bardot stars in *The Rainbow Grill* revue *Kicks* (below) in, of all places, Rockefeller Center; of right, poster for and scene from *Pinocchio's Hot Night Out*, adults-only puppet show, premiered in Norfolk, Virginia.



Julia Crisman is menaced by Gory Houston, Steven Williams, John Marshall and Steve Marmer in Chicago's Orgonic Theater Company's *Fornicopia*, a "pornographic Victorian musical" (left). Below, a scene from the *Scandinavian Bomb* erotic ballet in Paris' Theater 42.





# SEX IN THE LIVING ROOM

Hottest show on Italian TV is *The Wild Pyjoma*, with a Milanese 18-year-old as its grand prize (below). Meanwhile, Manhattan's George Urban still gets girls to take it off (right) for *The Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence* thrice weekly on cable.



After the United Methodist Church Board of Discipleship withdrew support from his sex-education film program, the Reverend Ted McIlvenna (left) of San Francisco started offering materials on cassette (below) via Exodus Communications Limited, offiliate of his Notional Sex Forum.



One industry survey claims more than half of all video tapes sold are X-rated, which may explain the proliferation of mogoazines like those shown below.



David F. Friedman, chairman of the Adult Film Association of America, and himself a video-cassette distributor, estimates there have been 300,000 legitimate sales of *Deep Throat* tapes (below left), starring the inimitable Lindo Lovelace—plus untold pirated copies. Also a big cassette seller: *Sex World* (below center). A toned-down-to-R version of *Take Off* (below right) has been shown on Los Angeles pay-TV.





# WHILE OTHERS LOSE KAWASAKI LOST

The KZ550LTD. Light. Simple. Nimble. Quick. Built like its cousin, the 550 Standard. A bike that Cycle World heralded as "...proof that bikes don't have to get heavier and bigger to get better, and if this is the way it's going to be in the future, sign us up for another 50 years of riding motorcycles."

The 550LTD is 30 pounds lighter than its closest competitor, and its simple two valve per cylinder engine design delivers more net horsepower. All in all, it's a remarkably well disciplined machine.

There are other advantages to less bulk. The

550LTD's narrower, cleaner lines make it the best low rider we've ever designed.

The 550LTD has all the features you'd expect from a bike of its class. And many outside its class. Fully adjustable suspension front and rear.





# ST TOUGH WEIGHT.

Kawasaki's exclusive Clean Air System that keeps our performance standards while meeting the EPA's. Plus, self canceling turn signals, electronic ignition and quartz-halogen headlight.

You can buy the 550LTD for its style and features. You can buy it for performance and handling. Or you can buy it for its reliability and low maintenance. But most of all, you can buy the 550LTD to put you back in touch with the true spirit of biking.

**Kawasaki**  
Let the good times roll.





## TOM SNYDER (continued from page 82)

and somebody talking for an hour and a half.

**PLAYBOY:** With the additional segments and a talent showcase, it sounds as if *Tomorrow* is, in fact, becoming more like the old *Tonight Show*.

**SNYDER:** It does seem that way. . . . I do have misgivings and anxieties about whether it's going to be my show any more. But that's true any time you make a change. And after seven years, it's not a bad thing to play around with it a bit—to see if we can change it without destroying it. We don't want to fuck it up and we don't want NBC to fuck it up. But you never really know until it gets on the air. It's a chance you take, and I'm taking that chance.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the pressure for ratings more or less intense with the new time slot?

**SNYDER:** It's more intense now, because of the revenues involved. Advertisers pay so much more money for that half hour—12:30 to one—than for the old *Tonight Show*, because the audience is so much greater. There's a tremendous dropoff of sets in use after one A.M. I don't have the exact figures on what a 30-second spot costs on *The Tonight Show*, but it's around \$30,000. A commercial rate on the *Tomorrow* program after one A.M. is maybe \$8000. So the pressure is on us to maintain the Carson rating from 12:30 to one A.M.

**PLAYBOY:** With all this talk about the pettiness and the subterfuge among the decision makers, do you ever sit back and reflect on the significance—or the insignificance—of what you do for a living?

**SNYDER:** I often wonder. Is what I do really meaningful? Is it purposeful work? Or is it just frivolous and ephemeral and of no great value? That's a frustration that I have. You wonder. Is it really important to do an interview with Don Rickles on television? Is it really important to do a television program? In the grand scheme of things, is being a television personality really meaningful? I asked that once of Jack Lemmon and I guess he answered best. He said, "Yeah, because there are those rare moments when we can really touch people."

**PLAYBOY:** And will that sustain you in the years to come?

**SNYDER:** To me, the *Tomorrow* show is my final assignment in television on a regular basis. I don't want to do any more new projects. I am no longer the brash young arrogant newscaster from the West Coast who shoots from the hip. I consider myself a senior citizen in terms of my own personal lifestyle. I have been doing this now for 25 years, and four more years on the *Tomorrow* show is coming close to 30 years. I think that is enough for me and for the people who watch me. I don't want to be one of

those people about whom it's said, "Oh, my God, does Bob Hope have to go on again? Why the hell doesn't he quit?" Or, "Jesus Christ almighty, does Steve Allen have to do this—do we have to watch this again?" I am sure there are people now who say, "God Almighty, Carson has been there for 18 years; how many more years does he have to do this?" My audience is getting older with me. And the new audience that is coming along doesn't want to watch some gray-haired guy sitting up there, interviewing people and making believe he is a hip late-night broadcaster.

**PLAYBOY:** What about when Carson's time is up? Does taking over *The Tonight Show* appeal to you?

**SNYDER:** In the minds of people who watch what I do, I may be the natural successor to the Carson show. But in my mind and the minds of NBC, I am *not* the natural successor to the Carson show.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**SNYDER:** For a very simple reason. Four years from now, I will be 48 years old. The next person who takes over *The Tonight Show* should be there for at least ten years. They don't want to hire somebody who is going to be there for a year or two and go away. When I am 48 years old, I don't want to embark on a project that has ten years in front of it. I have to be realistic enough to say to myself that I am now nearing the end of the road. I am not going to sit there like Walter Cronkite until I am 65 years old, doing television. I don't think it is fair to me or the audience or the young gals and guys who are coming up behind me to hang on for as long as I possibly can simply to satisfy my ego and earn another \$1,000,000. And NBC wouldn't want anybody there for just three years.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying flat-out that you would turn down *The Tonight Show*?

**SNYDER:** Yes, I am saying flat-out, unequivocally—if selected, I wouldn't do it and if I was forced to do it, what did Sherman say? I will not accept if nominated and will not serve if elected. I have never considered the *Tomorrow* show to be a stopping-off point on the way to *The Tonight Show*. When I move to the West Coast the next time, I don't want to tape *nothing*. I have no interest in or desire for taking over *The Tonight Show* when Johnny leaves.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your opinion of Carson?

**SNYDER:** Johnny is a ten and transcends all of us. He's an institution in this country. He has taken, by the sheer force of his personality, a program, *The Tonight Show*, and made it the Johnny Carson show. It is his vehicle, it is his platform, and he transcends being a talk-show host. I mean, Johnny Carson

is in the rank of supersuperstar. I don't envy him anything. He has rare talents. He is absolutely perfect.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any other talk-show hosts who are a ten in your opinion?

**SNYDER:** Mike Douglas. Mike Douglas was on the air, and has been, for 19 years. Mike's was the first syndicated talk-variety show in my memory that made it big, really big. Mike Douglas is a ten. He was an originator, while the others are followers. John Davidson is a clone of Mike Douglas. They picked him because he probably fills the qualifications that Mike originally filled 18 years ago: a young, good-looking singer and entertainer, who—if we do research for him properly—can carry on an interview on a very surface level.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't like Davidson, huh?

**SNYDER:** John Davidson has no business doing a talk show. He's a singer. To my way of thinking, his show is a bastardization of the talk show. I don't mean that he's a bastard. I mean that they've taken a TV form and adapted it to John Davidson, who does very well at nightclub singing. They've tried to capitalize upon his reputation and fame.

**PLAYBOY:** Like Dinah Shore?

**SNYDER:** Dinah did a talk show because that was the only thing that was available for her to do. And she wanted to be on television. It's a vehicle for Dinah Shore. She sings but is not basically an interviewer. And it shows.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you resent the fact that she and Davidson are singers doing talk shows?

**SNYDER:** No. I don't resent it one bit.

**PLAYBOY:** And Merv Griffin? Another singer doing a talk show?

**SNYDER:** He's an excellent communicator. But if you ask me to rate his style, I'm not especially a fan of his. That doesn't mean his show is bad. The things that Merv talks about are not topics in which I find myself greatly interested.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of Phil Donahue?

**SNYDER:** Phil Donahue is doing something that a lot of us did in the late Sixties. *Contact* in Philadelphia was like the Phil Donahue show. We had five sure-fire topics on *Contact*, which was on from 1966 to 1970 at nine A.M. The topics were sex, children, schools, diets, and the fifth was all the other things of interest—whether it be ESP, witchcraft or things that go bump in the night.

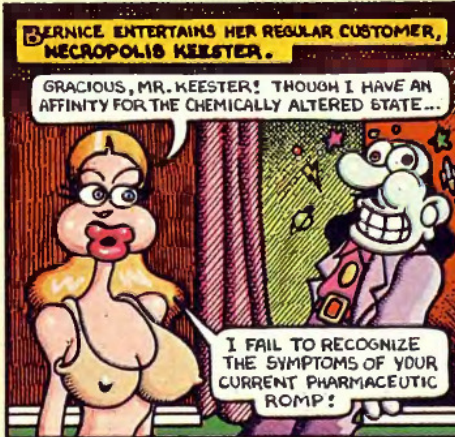
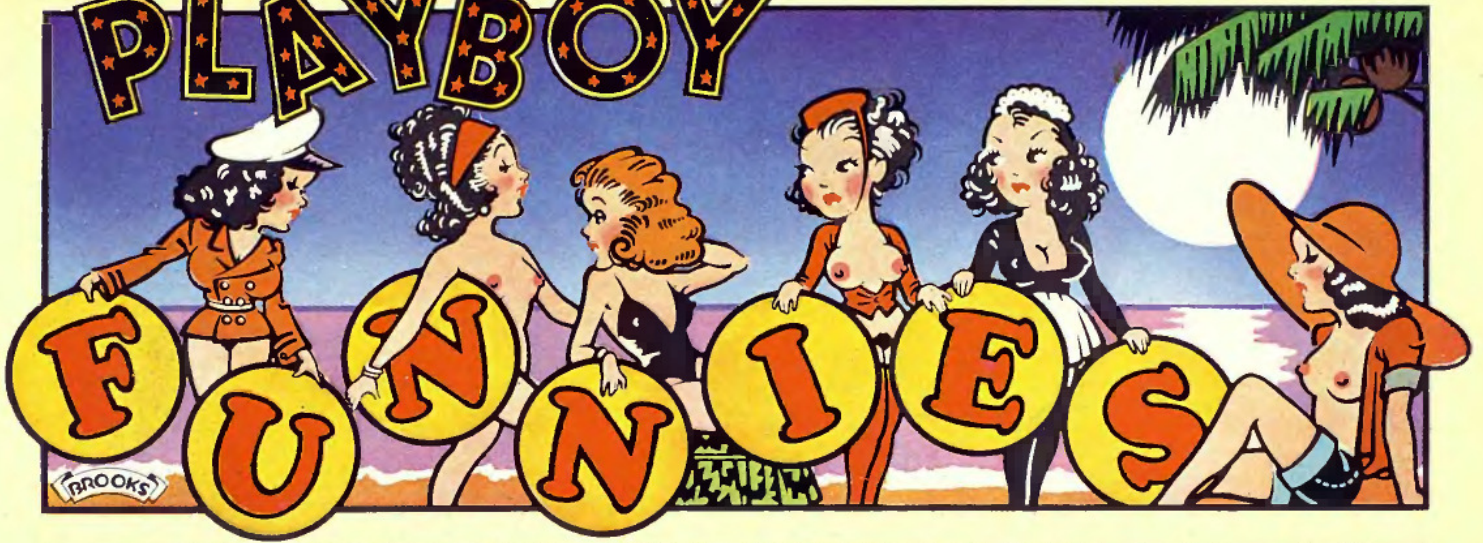
**PLAYBOY:** How do you account for the program's success, then?

**SNYDER:** His morning audience of women was starved for that kind of program. It was a chance for them to solidify their own views or acquire new views on things that were affecting them. Those things that Donahue talks about every morning are often the only chance that

(continued on page 168)

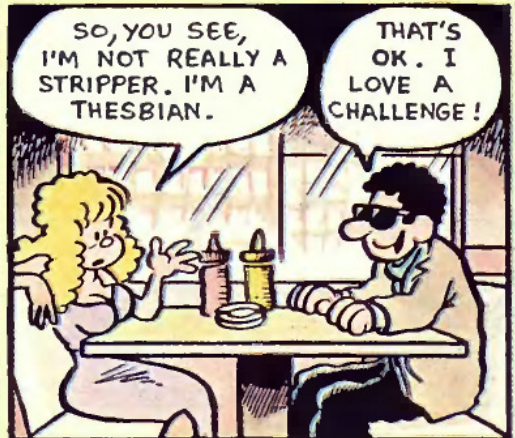
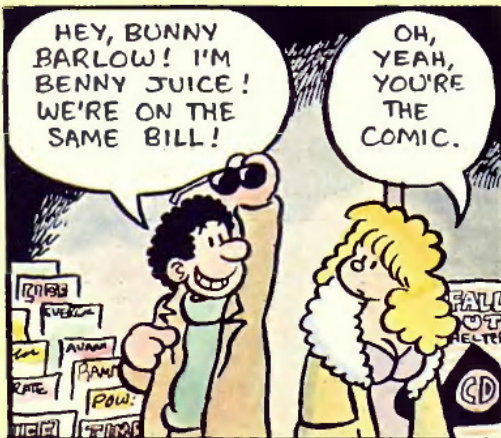


# PLAYBOY



## BENNY JUICE

~ Christopher Browne









# GAY GORDEN

GAY GORDEN, SPACE ACE, COCKSMAN OF THE COSMOS AND PEACOCK OF THE PLANETS, STEPS FORTH FROM HIS CRUMPLED ROCKET TO THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET SCHLONG-O AFTER MAKING A FORCED LANDING... (LANDING LIKE THIS DOESN'T COME EASY, YOU HAVE TO FORCE IT!)

CAN'T YOU INVENT A BETTER HAIR SPRAY? I CAN'T RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE LIKE AN ANIMAL! I'VE GOT A REP TO MAINTAIN AS THE DANDIEST DO-GOODER DUDE IN THE COSMOS!

C'MON, GALE, SNAFOUT OF IT! NO, NO! NOT YOUR DRESS! NO TIME FOR THAT NOW. I GOTTA USE MY HOT COMB--NEVER CAN TELL WHAT FOXY ALIEN PRINCESS TYPES WE MIGHT RUN INTO!

EASY, GAYLORD. SHE MAY BE CONCUSSED! SHE'LL BE CUSSED IF SHE DOESN'T SHAPE UP-- SHE'S BEEN KINDA DIPPY SINCE THE LAST CRASH! SHE WANTS TO BALL ALL THE TIME!

YOU CAN FLY 'EM O.K., BUT YOU CAN'T LAND 'EM WORTH A DAMN! ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL GET YOUR LICENSE REVOKED!

DON'T BUG ME NOW, DOC, I'M UPSET!

NO, UNCONSCIOUS IS GALE'S USUAL STATE, BUT I'VE A RUN IN MY TIGHTS AND MY GOLDEN LOCKS ARE A MESS!

YOU MEAN BECAUSE OF THE WRECK AND GALE GARDEN BEING UNCONSCIOUS AND ALL?

PUFF! PUFF!

OK, OK! MMM... LESSEE, A LIL' CRAZY 'GLUE...

PAT! PAT!

SHE'S NOT BAWLIN' NOW! FORGET IT!

GOOD LORD, GAY-- LOOK! SCHLONG MEN! WE'RE DOOMED!

NOT TO WORRY, DOC! SEE, A BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS WHO'LL NO DOUBT FALL FOR ME AND SAVE US FROM THEIR WICKED RULER!

GOT THAT HAIR SPRAY YET, DOC?

WHAT'S HE GONNA DO-- BLOW DRY US TO DEATH?

THE PALACE OF DONG, THE DEVIOUS, RULER OF SCHLONG-O...

CAST THE EARTHINGS INTO THE DRAGON PIT!

WAIT, FATHER! I WANT THE HANDSOME ONE FOR MYSELF!

RATS! YOU SPOIL ALL MY FUN!

TOLJA, DOC!

LATER.... I'M GLAD YOU SAVED THE BEARDED ONE, FATHER! THIS ONE'S HAD IT!

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT-- THIS ONE'S STILL GOT IT!

GAY GORDEN, SPACE STUD SUPREME... WASTED BY A MERE ALIEN PRINCESS!... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

IN THE MORNING... FATHER! DOC DORK MUST BE MINE FOREVER! HE'S INSATIABLE!!

NEVER DREAMED YOU COULD RISE TO THE OCCASION. WHAT'S THE SECRET, YOU OLD FOX--

DRUGS? NOPE!

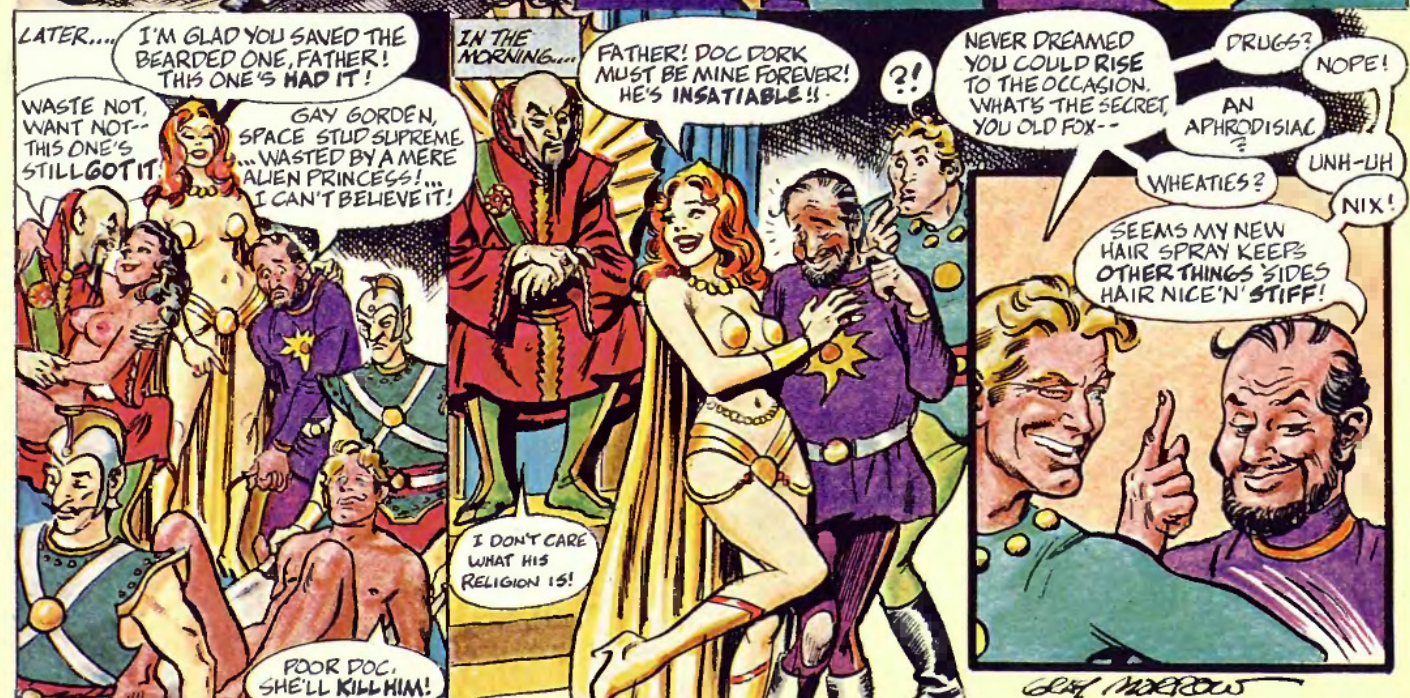
AN APHRODISIAL? UNH-UH NIX!

WHEATIES?

SEEMS MY NEW HAIR SPRAY KEEPS OTHER THINGS SIDES HAIR NICE 'N' STIFF!

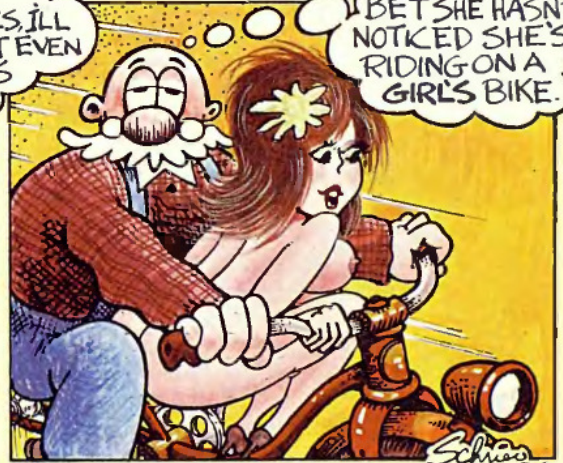
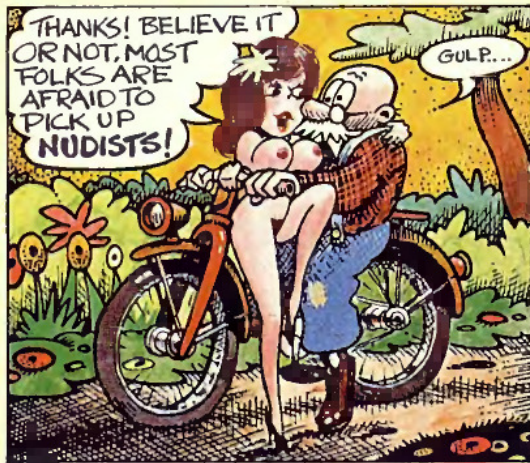
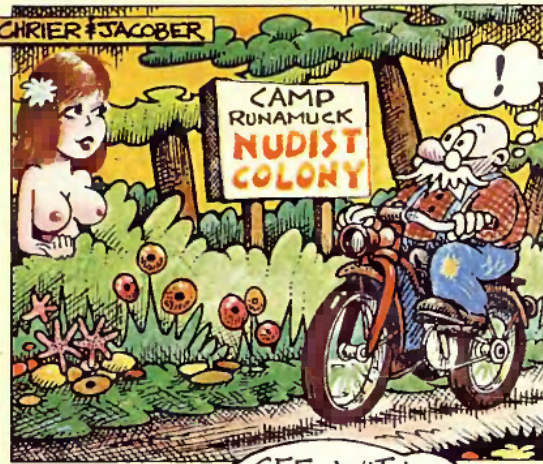
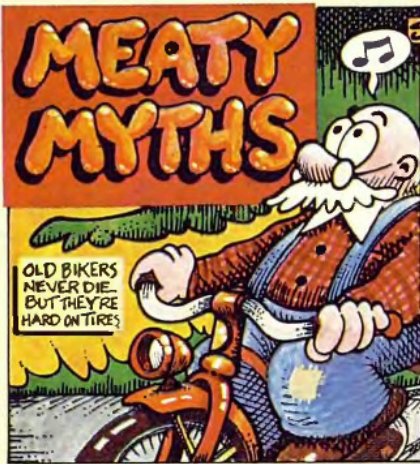
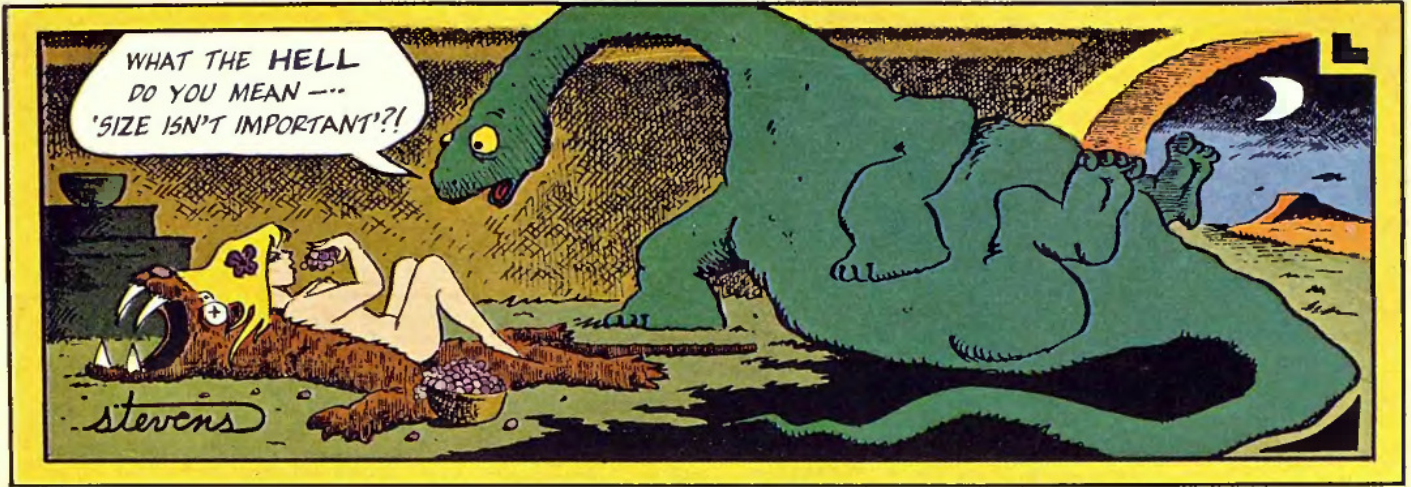
I DON'T CARE WHAT HIS RELIGION IS!

POOR DOC, SHE'LL KILL HIM!



GARY MORROW





THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON





*"For reasons that escaped . . . us, the President and Vance decided to play ball with Kissinger."*

enfolds the powerful. It says something about the power of experience that eventually he decided a tie should be worn with a coat in public. (He also virtually stopped doing anything at all in public following the failed attempt by a miserable little con artist to tie him to the use of cocaine in a sleazy New York haunt of the glitterati he should have had enough sense to shun.)

But the inner circle's attitude aside, the bitterness with which Carter's enemies regarded his accession to power was apparent from the beginning. A few nights before the Inauguration, Robert Novak, a columnist and friendly acquaintance of mine for 15 years, invited me to a party at his home in the Maryland suburbs. In those days, being fresh out of Mississippi, I was still a little slow at catching Washington's atmosphere. But there was nothing subtle about the emanations from the crowd at Bob's. The term neoconservative is now much in fashion, but that euphemism is too bland to describe those present, who were largely the spear carriers for the garrison state in exile. Although, or perhaps because, they had not been able to win a political encounter within the Democratic Party in a decade, they were a vengeful set of losers. I was barely inside the door before Richard Perle, Scoop Jackson's dark princelet of staff hard-liners, made one thing perfectly clear. Since the new Administration had excluded from high position any of their number, they intended to punish—*destroy* is the word I remember—the new team whenever and wherever possible. They meant it, and they never let up, from the brutal though losing Senate floor fight over the confirmation of Paul Warnke as director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency to the unremitting campaign against SALT II.

What was true for the right wing of the Democratic Party, loosely assembled in the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, was even truer of Henry Kissinger and his clique. For reasons that escaped the more combative of us, the President and Vance decided to play ball with Kissinger. From the beginning, we were told to treat him as a distinguished senior statesman, as though he could be counted on to accept our systematic repudiation of his foreign-policy assumptions in passive silence. They apparently believed that Kissinger's first interest was the well-being of the nation rather than

the redemption of his reputation. He was brought in for regular briefings and consultations by Vance. He was needed by the Administration, or so the word went, for the Panama Canal fight, the ratification of SALT II and as a dike of sorts against a potential right-wing flood.

The result was that Kissinger, while being treated with kid gloves, poisoned the well, privately at first and quite publicly over the last 18 months. His *salon* remarks, his "extemporaneous" questioning of Carter policies in overseas meetings, were met with pained restraint. We had adequate access to enough material, in official memorandums, to keep him silent or at least defensive from beginning to end. He must have been surprised at first, then thankful and finally amused about our failure to use it. Small wonder that State Department professionals asked whether there was really a new broom and if it knew how to sweep. I hope no one in the White House or on the seventh floor of the State Department was surprised when Kissinger started lobbying his political nukes into our washrooms in 1979.

It is important to understand that Washington is a pushover for power. For every enemy, real or imagined, facing a new President, there are 100 persons who want nothing more than to be given a piece of the action. For every columnist who is going to be critical for ideological or policy reasons, there are six politically amoral ones who will respond to Presidential stroking with public purrs about Presidential performance. For every member of Congress who believes that his or her career can best be advanced by taking on the President of the United States in open combat, there are a dozen who find it more convenient to be pictured as the President's trusted right hand and chief architect of his legislative success.

And, in fairness to Carter, he understood all of that in theory. He invited in the commentators and columnists, the members of Congress and the private Pooh-Bahs of high standing in the permanent establishment for intimate chats and state dinners. With them, as with so many others, he left the vivid impression of an intelligent man in command of the facts and figures of his job.

What was always stunning was his virtually total recall, as I had several occasions to observe. In fact, I almost

didn't get the *job*, thanks to that incredible Carter memory.

He had gone through Greenville, Mississippi, my home town, in October 1975, to address a Democratic Party rally. Afterward, as we drove to the airport, he asked me to join his campaign, as he had undoubtedly asked thousands of other people in his long march to the Presidency.

No thanks, I replied, I just can't leave the family newspaper. But by August 1976, I thought differently and went to work in his Atlanta headquarters. After the election, I was avidly soliciting a State Department job.

On the advice of several friends on the transition team, Vance recommended my possible appointment on numerous occasions. Each time, my name came back with what amounted to a blackball.

My name went over one last time, at the insistence of a good friend, who told me to stand by for a call from the President-elect. It came.

"Hodding, do you really want to come up here and work for me?" Carter asked.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Call Cy Vance," he said. "He may want to talk to you about a job."

That "blackball" had been his memory of my insistence 15 months before that I couldn't leave my newspaper.

Then there was the matter of our alleged family relationship. While he was still governor of Georgia, the American Society of Newspaper Editors held its annual convention in Atlanta. The governor gave a reception for the assembled editors, which I attended. We met for the first time in the receiving line and he immediately remarked, "I've always admired your father. Aren't we some kind of kin?"

"None that I'm aware of," I replied, and passed on down the line, the moment forgotten as quickly as it occurred.

Several years later, the President and Vance broke away briefly from the 1977 economic summit in London to attend a quickie meeting with President Assad of Syria in Geneva. I went along as the Secretary's spokesman aboard Air Force One; it was my first trip on the airborne White House.

As the plane was taxiing to the ramp in Geneva, I stood in the corridor outside the staff compartment immediately behind the President's private suite. He came out just before the plane rolled to a stop and noticed me standing there.

"You ready to claim kin yet, Hodding?" he laughed.

I half-dropped to one knee, looked up and said, "Whatever you say, it is, Mr. President."

He laughed again and said, "OK, Cousin," and "Cousin" it was every time he saw me from then on.

Touches such as that kept me a firmly committed Carter man for a long time.



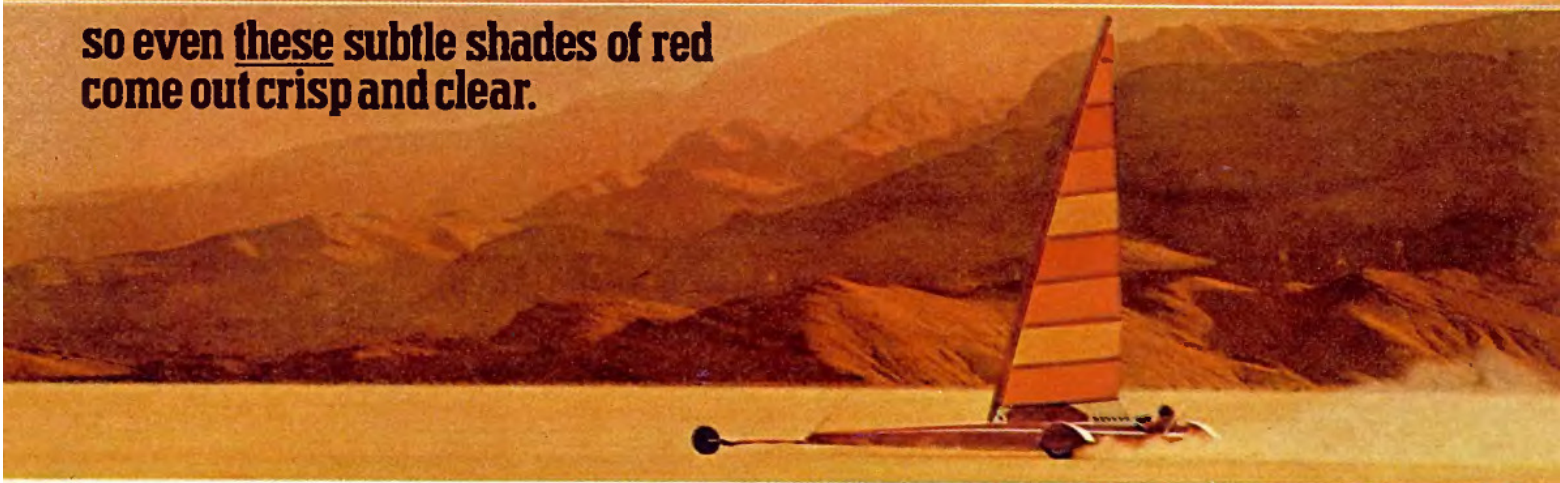
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**so even these subtle shades of red  
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# PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE

## MAN & WORK

### HOW TO SURVIVE A BUSINESS TRIP

Jet-age business travel doesn't have to be a stress decathlon of airport steeplechases, long gray-flannel lines, heartburn meals in heartbreak hotels, overcrowded schedules and undercrowded beds. Here are some gold-medal survival tips to help you make it through the flight.

#### PACKING IT IN

A professional traveler packs a tight suitcase. "I have two or three traveling suits, all in the blue-gray range," says Jeffrey Greene, senior vice-president of Citicorp Services. "I'm no fabric maven, but I find my really good woolen suits travel the best. I have the laundry return certain shirts wrapped in paper ready to pack and I keep my toilet kit filled with patent medicines, vitamins, sewing kit and shoe polish—since it's hard to get a shoeshine in even the best hotels." Other prolific travelers won't leave home without swim trunks, casualwear, spot remover, a portable office-supply case containing stationery, stamps, paper clips, stapler and a high-wattage bulb that helps when you want to write down bright ideas in dim hotel rooms.

The jury is still out in the case of carry-on versus check-in luggage. Carry it on and you avoid waiting for it at the end of the flight or possibly losing it altogether. Check it in and you'll win the boarding-gate derby with no sweat and you won't have to share scarce leg room with a stuffed valise. And **PLAYBOY** Travel Editor Stephen Birnbaum, a scourge of all carrying on, declares, "Until there's a Guinness world record for fastest rumbled human off a loaded 737, I see no reason not to pack even the living-room sofa if I suspect my hotel room will lack a comfortable chair."

#### TAKING OFF

Before you leave, delegate all your projects to people who can handle them or stall them until you return. Make a thorough itinerary, including office and home phone numbers of everybody you'll see. Leave a copy with your secretary and significant others, but caution them to contact you only in the direst of emergencies, since, presumably, you'll need to concentrate your energies on the business of the trip. If you can't bear to stay incommunicado, call in at prearranged times to reassure yourself that the fort is being held.

Getting there can be half the grief after you qualify for the elite and somewhat clandestine Frequent Traveler status most airlines offer their best customers. According to *OAG/Frequent Flyer*, a newsy supplement to the indispensable *Pocket Flight Guide*, "A passenger who flies a particular airline five to ten times a year . . . will usually be recognized with a membership card, access to an unlisted reservation telephone number, VIP luggage tags, a monthly newsletter and other amenities that range from mere ego pampering to true services designed to



ease the trials of frequent air travel." When you qualify, the airline computer should automatically spit out your name; if not, it won't hurt to give them a call.

Supervise your travel arrangements. If a secretary or a travel agent does the legwork, specify preferred airlines and even planes, types of rental car and hotel. Most all-pro travelers shun the big convention hotels and sleep at airport hotels only at gunpoint. They prefer smaller inns that specialize in personal attention and point-blank message taking—New York's Mayfair Regent, Chicago's Tremont and San Francisco's Stanford Court are often cited as examples of that kind of place. Recently, some American chains have begun emulating European hotels with "tower service"; it may include, at a \$15 to \$20 premium rate, such business-

class perks as 24-hour concierge service, in-room breakfast, hors d'oeuvres and midnight snack and *The Wall Street Journal* delivered each morning to the door.

On long trips, try to arrive a day early, particularly on eastbound flights, because, according to Argonne Laboratory senior scientist Dr. Charles Ehret, "It's a lot easier to slow down the body clock than it is to speed it up." To combat jet lag, Dr. Ehret has concocted a world-travelers' diet, which essentially involves "fasting" on low-calorie, low-carbohydrate meals on getaway day and "feasting" on high-protein breakfasts and lunches and high-carbohydrate dinners the day you arrive.

Wherever you go, immediately force yourself to function at your normal schedule according to the new clock on the wall—not the one on your wrist you forgot to change. Relax with cat naps, leisurely strolls or a dip in the pool. Try to eat, drink and sleep in judicious moderation.

#### THE LONELIEST NUMBER

Eating alone is business travelers' number-one complaint, a gripe that solo tables in swanky restaurants, a stool in a greasy spoon and room service solitaire only tend to exaggerate. Unless you can arrange a working dinner, your best bet might be a Captain's Table at a Sheraton or Marriott facility at which a matchmaking maitre de seats unescorted diners who don't want to be alone.

To meet fellow travelers, an increasing number of whom are apt to be female, check out hotel bars and nearby cocktail lounges. "Support your local bartender—particularly in cities where you're likely to return," advises travel-industry public-relations consultant Chris Lockwood. "He can be a welcoming presence and an invaluable source of introductions."

To examine the home-grown talent, track down a country-and-western music bar or, better yet, attend a pro or collegiate sporting event, where there's bound to be a spirited gathering place close at hand. Just remember that you survive business trips the same way you survive in business. Be well prepared, resourceful and patient. —THEODORE FISCHER



# THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (continued from page 120)

*"There are nearly 450 electronic games and more than 150 video-game cartridges from which to choose."*

And if the futurists are correct in their predictions that we will be spending more time at home—alone or with friends—with the car in the garage, then our appetite for these electronic diversions is, as yet, far from sated.

With few exceptions, the guts of the newest games are very similar to the 1979-era machines. What is different is that innovative designers have found ways of making the same hardware act "smarter." The single-chip microcomputers inside not only keep score, count down time and perform other simple calculator/watchlike functions but some also react to the human player's reflex speed and adjust the play accordingly. At the same time, we, as players, expect some "intelligence" from new-generation games, as we take for granted the supertechnology flaunted in the movies of George (Star Wars) Lucas and others.

Virtually no truly new games appear this year that have old-fashioned (two years old, that is) red LED blips. Instead, new types of displays with considerable detail are providing more realistic visual feedback to the players. And there is more frequent use of liquid-crystal displays (LCDs), making the games playable on the sunny beach or at poolside.

Sound quality is more sophisticated,

with more natural sounds and a greater number of tone or musical sequences to alert the players. Synthesized speech—no records or tapes—is just beginning to appear in some games. By next year, we will have dozens of games yakking away in remarkably understandable electronic voices.

All this sophistication in intelligence, displays and sound, however, has not come cheaply. Many of the component chips (especially microcomputer chips that store the programs) have been in tight supply, keeping costs from their traditional nose dive as production quantities increase. And inflation has caught up with the plastic cases, other components and labor. We find, therefore, a large percentage of new games in the \$30-\$50 price range, with some higher. Several games in the \$75-and-up range were put on hold by their manufacturers last year for fear that the economy would not support them.

Even so, there are still nearly 450 electronic games and more than 150 video-game/computer cartridges from which to choose. Unfortunately, a lot of hand-held and tabletop games are merely fast-buck, off-brand imitators of previously successful games: Their makers may not be around to solve a service

problem if your unit goes out on you.

To help you through this seemingly endless maze of electronic games, PLAYBOY has assembled a guide to what we consider the top games in each category. We strongly urge you, nevertheless, to go out to the stores and play the games yourself. In examining any one-player game, test to see that it really is a challenge: If you can consistently beat the computer, you will soon tire of feeding your ego. For multiple-player games, the best ones involve as many players as possible. The unit must first be a *good game*, or you will be the owner of a very expensive dust collector. Now, on to the games. Let's see what they are doing and, in some cases, listen to what they are saying.

## HAND-HELD ACTION

For years, TV game shows have kept you on the edge of your seat as you watched contestants race the clock. Now it's your turn with *Split Second*, by Parker Brothers (about \$47). You push its control buttons to guide an LED ball through mazes, to zero in on alien space-ships, to steer a car around pylons or as a test of hand-eye coordination that will keep you trying and trying for a faster time. With so much action packed into this unit, *Split Second* is probably the most captivating hand-held game in its price range this season.

On a quieter note: For the game player who travels by air or wishes to while away his daily commute with something other than the newspaper, there is the silent-running *Computer Gin*, by Mattel (\$70). It's you vs. the computer in two levels of Gin—Go Draw (Go Fish we called it as kids) and 33 (a real challenge). A unique 1 1/4" x 3" LCD display literally shows each card in your hand (number and suit symbol) in the proper color (black or red). You and the computer alternately draw and discard. It's just like playing with Gramps.

If you enjoyed having your brain's memory bank tested with Milton Bradley's *Simon*, you can now take him along in a miniversion: *Pocket Simon* (about \$15). It has all the game variations and the familiar lights and tones of the original but in a hand-held size, making it much easier to tuck away in a travel bag.

For the ultimate in portability, though, Mego has a group of credit-card-sized LCD one-player games called the *Time-Out* series (about \$49 each). Your goal on *Fireman*, *Fireman*, for example, is to relay people jumping from a burning building into an awaiting ambulance with a trampolinlike stretcher. You have to position the stretcher under the jumpers for three bounces before they land in the ambulance. And when up to nine people are in mid-air, you've got to shift the stretcher back and forth with great precision at lightning speed. But



*"My husband thinks I'm out having a homosexual experience."*



# Make sure you're serious.

Before you even consider buying a Jeep Cherokee, make sure you're serious. Because there are plenty of choices out there, including Broncos and Blazers. But only one is born of the rugged Jeep legend. And we consider Cherokee the best sports utility vehicle available in America today.

That's a pretty big statement for any vehicle to back up. But Cherokee doesn't back away from a little healthy competition.

Its 4-wheel drive system is built in from the ground up, not added on. It has an integral steel roof, not plastic. It comes in 2-door and 4-door models, unlike its biggest competitors. And 95.8% of all Jeep vehicles registered in the last 10 years are still in operation today\*. Nobody can match that record.

A serious off-roader is more interested

in what a vehicle can do once its wheels start rolling. Here's how Pickup, Van & 4WD experienced Cherokee's performance: "Climbed at little more than an idle. Although deeply rutted...the hill was no problem."

Cherokee's ride: "Exceptionally comfortable...its wide radials and anti-roll bar certainly contributed."

Cherokee's handling: "Behaved more like a sports car than a sports utility. In one package...good looks, great performance, super fuel mileage\* and excellent quality control."

Remember, we didn't say it, they did. But if you're as serious about 4-wheel trucking as we are, you owe it to yourself to get behind the wheel of a genuine Jeep Cherokee. Then make your decision.



JEEP CHEROKEE 4-DOOR MODEL



16 EPA est. 21 city.



## Jeep Cherokee. The Truck.

AT AMERICAN MOTORS

\* Figures are for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will be less. California mileage will be different. • Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.  
† Based on R.L. Polk & Co. registrations through July 1, 1979.



don't worry: If a jumper should hit the pavement, he instantly becomes an LCD angel on your screen. Three angels and the game ends, scoring how many people you saved.

#### TABLETOP ACTION

There's an armada of tabletop electronic games that lend themselves much better than the hand-helds to multiple-player involvement. Almost all of them have a game mode in which one player competes against the computer chip inside; but the most entertaining tabletops have two or more people controlling the action, instead of taking turns.

The big playing areas on these games provide a larger space for more realistic electronic displays. For example, Bandai America inspires the bleacher bum in us all with the detailed baseball-game display on its **Miracle Baseball** (about \$50). A big 3" x 3 1/2" LCD ball park shows batters running for bases and outfielders shifting to catch flies, with much more realism than red blips ever can. There is plenty of action for both offense (bating, bunting and stealing) and defense (straight pitches, curves, change-ups and outfielder shifts). The pitcher's controls detach from the main unit so players can keep their private strategies at a distance from one another. Different tone sequences signal each pitch and hit. And when a fly ball leaves the park, the home-run batter is amply rewarded with sound and display.

If your home lacks space for the regulation billiard table you've been yearning for, you can at least cue up in tabletop size with Parker Brothers' **Bank Shot** electronic pool (about \$50). One or two sharks can play **Straight Pool**, **Poison Pool** (a version of eight ball) and set up trick shots, all without losing one cue tip or getting chalk dust on the rug.

Did you say you needed a table game for four or more? Milton Bradley's **Super Simon** (about \$33), a grand-master version of its popular **Simon**, is a good place to start. Super throws monkey wrenches—such as a burst of distracting light flashes—into whatever system you think you've developed to memorize light/tone sequences. With five games, many of them require nonstop attention, since the sequences change, and you never know who will be summoned next to test his memory. The play is fast, frenzied and fun.

Another kind of group electronic action comes with **Strobe** (one to four players), by Lakeside Games (about \$50). Each player position has a big light (visible to all) and three push buttons (shielded from opponents) standing for each of the other players. If you are It, your light glows and you have to pass It to someone else, who must pass It on, etc., etc. **Strobe** reminds us of an old campfire activity called **Indian**. But leave

it to the microcomputer to help you along by making you pass It ever faster and faster. The game, which has two other modifications, is most fun with four players, sober or otherwise.

And then there is **Milton** (for one or two players), from Milton Bradley (about \$80). It's the only game we know of that introduces itself, tells you its instructions and prompts you through the game. Oh, yes, and the voice—though completely electronic—sounds natural. That is, if you call a Wolfman Jack voice natural. For each round, Milton gives you seven phrases (at random from 18 possible ones), such as "Kiss my lips." The object of the game is to hunt for matching parts of the phrases by pressing one of seven red buttons ("Kiss my . . .") and the correct yellow button ("lips"). When you get it right, Milton may say "Whoopdedoo, number two." If you get it wrong, Milton will not only mismatch the phrase ("Kiss my . . . toilet") but is likely to scold you with an electronic raspberry.

#### ARCADE GAMES

While an electronic game can be said to have a personality (stubborn, elusive, deceitful, etc.), none we've played thus far exudes as much synthesized emotion as the new **Xenon** pinball machine, by Bally (\$2500). Here is what we mean by emotion: a convincing feminine (though totally electronic) sigh of ecstasy at the insertion of the coin. This alluring creature and other natural-sounding voices accompany you and your silver ball on an exploration of the advanced Xenon civilization. The longer your ball stays in play, the quicker the lights and background beat pulse, heightening the suspense. But even more striking is its two-level playing field incorporating a unique clear transport tube that carries your ball across the playfield on an upper level, if you get it up the ramp just right. At the loss of the last ball, the mysterious Xenon lady from the infinity backboard beckons you to try again. You will not resist her call.

On the other hand, you may prefer the latest twist in a **Space Invaders** type of arcade video game. Midway's **Galaxian** (about \$2995) has the requisite number of aliens, noisily creeping closer while firing at you sporadically, and eventually, the aliens peel off as star fighters, flying and shooting at you at angles. Then they come at you in speeding squadrons of three. Keep your fingers glued to your **FIRE** and **DIRECTION CONTROL** buttons if you hope to survive.

#### STRATEGY GAMES

A strategy game pits one player against a microchip that has been programmed to play as a humanlike opponent. It differs from an action game in that the computer gives you time to

think and to plan and to figure out what the computer is thinking and planning.

Owners of early generations of computerized strategy board games may have been dismayed when, six months later, a more powerful version of the game came out at the same price or lower. Obsolescence is a problem in just about everything electronic today, with the speed at which technology is racing to the market place. Applied Concepts, though, is doing something to soften the impact of technology changes in electronic board games with its **Modular Game System** (about \$350, with chess program included). You can change game modules and key pads on its handsome main-frame unit. Since much of the basic electronics is shared from game to game, preprogrammed modules can turn the unit from checkers to blackjack to **Lunar Lander** in minutes. So, if someone develops a chess program better than today's top-rated "2.5," you can add it for about \$80.

Speaking of computer chess, there are three new games of interest, depending on your budget. First is Fidelity Electronics' **Voice Sensory Chess Challenger** (about \$360). Not only does it sense the movements of the pieces on the board when you lightly press them onto the designated squares, but it also confirms your movements and its own with an electronically synthesized voice ("from G8 to F6, knight move").

The next step up doesn't speak. And it doesn't have any chess pieces, either. The three-module **Tryom Chess Champion Super System III** (\$750) has a unique back-lighted LCD display of a chessboard (like a tiny, flat TV screen) with detailed depictions of the chessmen. Plays are entered via push buttons on the main unit, which has its own four-digit LCD readout of the move (you can use the central unit alone with a chessboard and pieces). The third module of the system is a small printer that records each play and can print a picture of the board position any time during the game.

At the top end, we find something right out of s-f. It's eerie to watch the computer player in Applied Concepts' **Handroid** (\$1500) literally pick up its piece with a mechanical arm and move it to the proper square. And when Handroid moves to take your man, it takes your man and deposits the piece in the bin. It's unnerving. Magnetic switches beneath the board sense all moves, obviating keyboard entry. A red LED display extends Handroid's personality with prompting sentences (it can also be adapted for checkers). And when the game is over, it even offers to shake hands.

#### VIDEO GAMES

Ping-pong-style video games now seem like ancient relics. That's how spoiled



we have become by programmable video games: Each time we change \$20-\$30 plug-in cartridges, the main unit instantly converts our color TV to a completely new game.

Atari's **Video Computer System** (about \$200) was an early entrant into the programmable race, and the only one that stuck with it through thick and thin by supporting the main unit with more and more cartridges. There are now 40 to choose from. One of the best this year is an auto-race game called **Dodge 'Em** (\$29.95). You must go through all four lanes of the rectangular course, picking up points along the way. The trick is to keep changing lanes to avoid a killer car going in the opposite direction (computer controlled for one player; opponent controlled for two players). Crashing into the other car three times ends the game. And just when you think you are getting good at the game, a third phantom car (computer controlled) multiplies your challenge.

To expand the challenges of the Atari unit, a new company, Activision, is offering several compatible cartridges. **Boxing** (\$21.95) gives you an aerial view of two big-nosed, roundheaded fighters. Your joy stick maneuvers your boxer around the ring to fling as many punches in the nose as you can in two minutes. The sounds are real, the action for two players is quick. And you feel great when a long-armed punch mashes your opponent's face.

A relatively new programmable game on the market (and one that is likely to stay) is Mattel's **Intellivision** (about \$300), with about a dozen cartridges out already. Most of the games are for two players only and offer good graphics and sound. One of the new cartridges, **Sea Battle** (about \$30), starts off showing a wide-angle aerial map, with a harbor on each side of the screen and many islands between them. After selecting the make-up of your fleet with your controller, you set out to invade your opponent's harbor, while he comes after yours. If, after maneuvering through the narrow channels, a member of your fleet comes within shooting range of an enemy vessel, the map suddenly zooms in for a close-up of the battle. With your controllers, you aim and shoot to sink. **Sea Battle** is both a strategy exercise and an action game.

Two other programmable video-game systems have found popularity of late. The first is **Odyssey<sup>2</sup>** (\$180), by Magnavox. The console has a touch-sensitive, typewriterlike keyboard for use with some basic math and spelling cartridges. And of the recent game-cartridge additions, **Pachinko** (\$19.95) is the most unusual. The second unit, APF's **The Imagination Machine** (about \$600), is part video game, part personal computer. Twelve plug-in cartridges are currently available, from **Hangman** (\$19.95) to **Space Destroyer** (\$34.95).

#### COMPUTER-GAMES SOFTWARE

As most personal-computer makers seem to be temporarily abandoning the home users in favor of the more immediately lucrative hobbyist and small-business markets, the entertainment value of the home computer is being sidelined, too, with one notable exception: Atari's **Personal Computer System** (\$1080 for the 800 model). In addition to Atari's rapidly growing library of educational and home-management software, there are several popular action games with graphics, sound and play variations that rival their arcade video-game cousins costing much more.

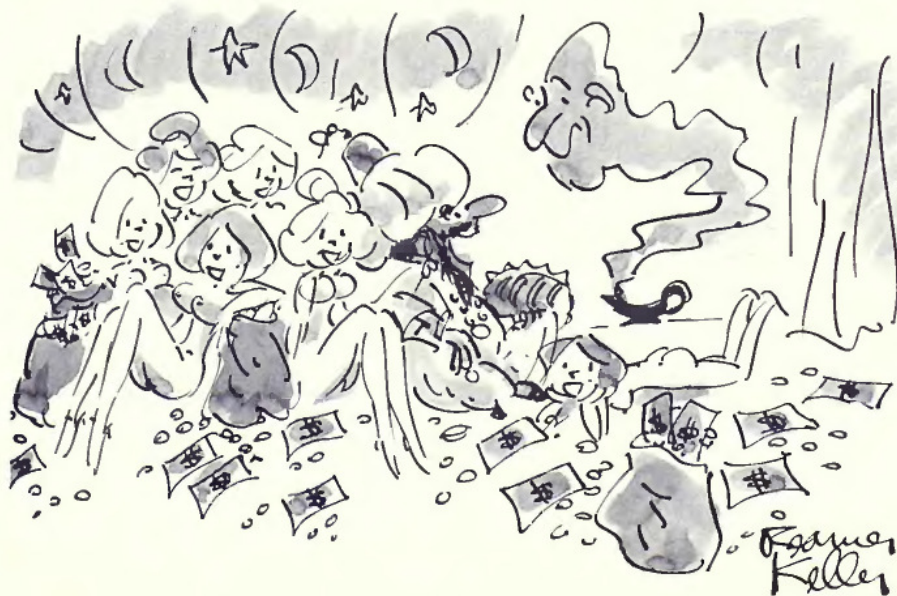
The Atari **Space Invaders** program (\$19.95), for one or two players, is the most hair-raising one we've played. It is loaded into either the Model 400 or the 800 computer via the optional (\$89.95) cassette data player/recorder and viewed on any TV. You don't need to know anything about computers or programming, though, to get the aliens tromping across your screen. Game variations include speed change-ups on the aliens' laser bombs and random angle shots designed to test the nerves of the most avid **Space Invaders** player. The aliens in this program produce the most menacing and tension-building sounds we've heard.

Atari's **Super Breakout** (\$39.95) comes in plug-in cartridge form for either computer model. More importantly, up to eight players can test their hand-eye coordination with this game. In the basic game of **Breakout**, you must paddle your ball up to the colored rows of "bricks" across the top of the screen. Every time you hit a brick, it disappears and you collect points. The idea is to break through the wall and let your ball knock out all kinds of bricks from above,

where the points are high and the speed is furious. What makes this cartridge "super" are the four game variations. The most addictive one is **Progressive Breakout**, which has the walls come ever lower (à la **Space Invaders**) while the bricks change colors and point values; high-value rows of bricks keep appearing at the top of the screen. Getting the ball between walls sends it on a capricious point spree. And the longer you keep a ball going, the faster the bricks descend. The computer scorekeeper rates each player's performance at the end of the game (**Oops through Best**). **Super Breakout** is a rare game that is equally fun for one or a whole crowd.

And, finally, the sight of your gasoline and utility bills arriving on the same day may set you off into a tirade on America's energy crisis and your solutions for it. The Atari computer gives you a chance to prove your economic and political acumen with a simulation program called **Energy Czar** (\$14.95). Your goal is to win high ratings in the public-opinion polls while legislating prices, supplies, usage, taxes and environmental controls for each of eight energy sources. You soon learn about the intricacies of energy policies and the fickleness of a public that demands high growth, low inflation and a safe environment. Watch out: It's a simple matter to bungle your job so that the nation runs out of a valuable resource, and runs you out of office. Or, after years of careful legislation, you could be hailed as a national hero to the tune of *Happy Days Are Here Again*.

In the meantime, there are enough games to keep you entertained at hearthside, with lots of electronic fun ahead.



*"And my third wish is that all this be tax-exempt."*



## TOM SNYDER *(continued from page 156)*

audience has to hear anything about them.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you like what Donahue is doing?

**SNYDER:** Donahue has seen daylight and he has run for it beautifully. There isn't anybody I've seen on television who is able to relate to a studio audience as well as Donahue. I was on his program once, and he is awesome in his command of the people in that studio. But he always makes sure his guest has an opportunity to say the things that he wants to say. He's remarkable. I think he has almost become the surrogate husband for legions of women who have never had conversations with their husbands on certain topics—such as birth control, transsexualism, the use of Valium and sleeping pills, and on and on. They can participate in a conversation about something that is really on their minds, without having to confront the old man when he comes home at five o'clock and probably isn't considerate enough to talk about it, anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Going back to the original *Tonight Show* host, what are your feelings about Steve Allen?

**SNYDER:** Steve, Steve, Steve, Steve, Steve, Steve, Steve. I mean, I grew up with Steve Allen. When I was a kid, he was the first host of *The Tonight Show*. I like Steve Allen. I don't want Steve to be mad at me, but I think it has passed Steve by.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think there are too many talk shows?

**SNYDER:** Yes, there *are* too many talk shows on the air, because it's the cheapest kind of TV program to produce and to syndicate and to make the most money on. But, in my view, we have enough talk shows. We don't need *Today*, *Tonight* and *Tomorrow*, and *Good Morning America*, and *Meet the Press*, and *Face the Nation*, and *Issues and Answers*, and John Davidson, and Mike Douglas, and Merv Griffin, and Dinah Shore, and Toni Tennille. There aren't that many guests! It's the fault of the quick-buck artists. What's going to happen is, one by one, they're going to go!

**PLAYBOY:** You almost sound angry.

**SNYDER:** It's not that I'm angry or even upset. I'm concerned, because my livelihood depends upon the continuation of the talk show as a television form. If they continue to proliferate, it weakens all of us and dilutes the effectiveness.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you resent the fact that they're ripping off a format that's already been done?

**SNYDER:** You've got me in a box here. I don't want to start a war here or piss all over other people. That's never been my intention. And the people who do those

shows that we mentioned work very, very hard, and their motivation, I'm sure, is honest. But, if they're pissed off, I can't help it!

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of pissed off, are you and Mike Wallace feuding?

**SNYDER:** I've made some comments about Mike Wallace that may have sounded disparaging, but they weren't intended to be. But let's never forget that Mike Wallace enjoys pouncing on people. "Are those your undershorts?" You know, that kind of stuff. That's not my particular kind of questioning tack. How would Mike Wallace like it if he were to come on a show and we forever dredged up the fact that he used to sell cigarettes on TV? Or that he did quiz shows? Or that he used to be the announcer for a newsreel and at one particular point in time was extolling the virtues of sending men to Vietnam to keep that country free? None of what Mike Wallace did was a mortal sin nor

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*"How would Mike Wallace like it if we forever dredged up the fact that he used to sell cigarettes on TV? Or that he did quiz shows?"*

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does it disqualify him from doing what he does now. It's all part of his growing up, his maturing and building his reputation in the business. I mean, there are video tapes of me hosting something called the *Channel 3 Dance Party* on WSAV-TV in Savannah. It was awful and I wish I had never done it.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds like you've always been something of a ham. How far back does it go—to high school?

**SNYDER:** Absolutely.

**PLAYBOY:** The star of the school play?

**SNYDER:** A star of unbelievable proportions. We had one hell of a high school dramatics program, because we did shows like *Harvey*, *Home of the Brave*. In my senior year, we did *Stalag 17*. I played a lead. I was 6'4" tall and weighed 200 pounds and had a potbelly. I had to play Animal. *Stalag 17* was sort of a comedy. You know, people have caricatured my laugh. I love to laugh and I love to make people laugh. I was 16 years old with an audience of 1200 people and because of the lines I spoke, people would laugh and applaud and respond. That was heady wine. Like shooting heroin into my veins. I loved it.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your dream as a kid?

**SNYDER:** To someday be the news anchor man on WTMJ in Milwaukee.

**PLAYBOY:** By now you must have made your parents proud. Are they still alive?

**SNYDER:** My mother is alive and lives in Milwaukee, and she enjoys my success greatly, as all mothers do. My father died in 1974, which was a difficult time. It is more difficult for me now than it was at the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SNYDER:** Well, when my father died, I was caught up in trying to be a TV star. You know, that's how dumb we are when we're younger, although that was only six years ago. But I was working in L.A. and I was starting to think about New York 24 hours a day. And on May 28, 1974, my father died. I won an Emmy Award and I never stopped to say, "You know, my father died." I went in and *did* that show. The next day, I got on a plane and substituted for Frank McGee, who had died, on the *Today* show.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you upset now about that?

**SNYDER:** Looking back, I say to myself, Why the hell did I come here and do their goddamned *Today* show? I lost my father, for heaven's sake. I lost my link with my whole past, with my ancestors, with my family tree! But I didn't have time for that, because I was so goddamned busy trying to be a television star. And it was bullshit! I should have taken some time to reflect upon my father and the fact that I never got to know him as well as I should have. I was so caught up in television and in doing what NBC wanted that I didn't stop and think.

**PLAYBOY:** Thinking about it now, what was the most important thing your father left you?

**SNYDER:** The one great legacy of my father was that I never had to worry about topping him.

**PLAYBOY:** What was his profession?

**SNYDER:** In the best sense of the word, he was a salesman all his life. He was a peddler. My father was successful in his own way, but it was never success that had to be competed with. If you are a child of Nelson Rockefeller's, how do you top that? If your father is President of the United States or president of NBC, or if your father is Bob Hope or Johnny Carson or Walter Cronkite, how do you top that success? And, in my time, a boy especially competed with his old man.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get along with your parents?

**SNYDER:** For years, my father wanted me to be a doctor. I have an uncle who is a doctor. I enrolled in the premed course at Marquette University because I was living out my father's fantasy. Well, after one semester, I knew I did not want to be a doctor. I dissected the first frog and





*Brian*

*"Damn it, the radiator's been working!"*



said, "Fuck, this I *don't* want to do. I don't want to know *nothing* about what goes on inside the human body."

**PLAYBOY:** What did interest you?

**SNYDER:** I was always interested in tape recorders, phonographs, microphones, radio stations, television—that was what I had a great interest in and love for. So I had this great confrontation with my father. The day I told him I wanted to transfer to journalism school was a great day of decision for him, too, because he then realized that his first-born male was not going to be a doctor. When he accepted that, he was very supportive.

**PLAYBOY:** Was he supportive throughout your college days?

**SNYDER:** I was a child of the Fifties and did not complete college; therefore, I thought I wasn't going to become a great success. To the everlasting amazement of all the people in my family and all the people I went to school with, I got so fucking lucky it's a joke. And it has nothing at all to do with my intelligence, with whether I went to college or not—all it has to do with is that I happen to look pretty good on television and I am able to make my mouth operate and words come out without appearing to be nervous. And that is, in my mind, no great accomplishment; but to some, it is a tremendous accomplishment.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it bother you that you didn't graduate from college?

**SNYDER:** No. It *used* to make me uptight. I used to be very defensive about it, because I found that many of the people I worked with had graduated. And the more I perceived them, the more I realized that they weren't any smarter than I, that they didn't have any answers to problems quicker than I, easier than I.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you graduate?

**SNYDER:** My grades were never that good. I got mixed up in academic politics with professors whose intelligence I did not think was as good as mine at the time. And since I have grown older, my original opinion is confirmed. I got mixed up with some very dumb and some very venal professors who had absolutely no business making judgments on my abilities or anybody else's abilities. They themselves didn't know what qualified one for an A or what qualified one for an F. But they were the professors and, therefore, you had to accede to their desires, and I didn't want to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you have a younger brother?

**SNYDER:** Yes, and he, too, is *not* a doctor. A double whammy for my father.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you close to your brother?

**SNYDER:** No. We are six years apart. When I left home in Milwaukee, I was 21 and he was only 15. We speak on the telephone now, but we have always lived in disparate locations. He lives in Dallas now. He's the one who *did* graduate

from college, after generations of Snyders' trying to graduate from college. He's a successful businessman, has a wonderful wife and son who are dear people. Recently, we talked on the phone and he said, "You know, I'm getting goddamn sick and tired of people asking me if I am your brother and if I am on television."

**PLAYBOY:** Can you empathize with him?

**SNYDER:** Sure. I love him and I know what he is saying to me. Just as when I was married. You know, it was horrible for my wife, because wherever we would go, she was just somebody who was with Tom Snyder in the minds of people who would see us because I worked on television. It is hard to be in the family of somebody who is in a visible occupation and who receives recognition.

**PLAYBOY:** What caused your marriage to break up?

**SNYDER:** That is something I am not going to respond to, because I made her a promise when our marriage ended not to drag it through publication. I don't talk about her, she doesn't talk

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*"I'm not good at one-night stands. I like flowers, I like violins, I like holding hands. But for now, I'm giving divorce a chance."*

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about me. She has a life with privacy and I have my life and my privacy.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you're a bachelor again, do you go to singles gatherings?

**SNYDER:** When I moved to New York and my wife and I separated, for about six months I went to those gatherings and I had the eye out for this and that lady. At that time, I was not a great believer in celibacy. But I'm not good at one-night stands. And after 17 years of marriage, I'm not out fucking everything I can. I like flowers, I like violins, I like holding hands. But for now, I'm giving divorce a chance.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you really interested in only three things—golf, bridge and toy trains?

**SNYDER:** Those are my three interests. I like to play bridge, I like to play golf. I like electric trains. I like friends. I like a restaurant. I go to a movie. I go to a play.

**PLAYBOY:** Are most of your friends in show business?

**SNYDER:** Most of my good friends are in the television business. I have a friend who is the publisher of *Modern Bride*

magazine, another who is a cosmetic surgeon, another who runs a meat-packing plant in Los Angeles.

But the reason that television people stick together—and we do, we're very clannish—is that when you are with people who are not in the industry, they know far better than you how to run it. And I learned early on I don't want to spend an evening discussing what's wrong with the television industry.

**PLAYBOY:** We understand. So, Tom, what's wrong with the television industry?

**SNYDER:** It's all the same between eight and eleven o'clock at night. There's a certain formula to it. There will never be any new ideas, or there'll be very few new ideas. There's very little great writing done on television any more. *The Honeymooners* was fantastic writing. But everything has got to be incredible or unbelievable. For all the guff that Silverman has taken, *Lifeline* was a tremendous idea. *Live from Studio 58*, with Zubin Mehta and the Philharmonic, is a fine idea in theory; in practice, it's a lousy idea. Because the minute you say *cultural*, something happens in the minds of the electorate out there. *Live from Studio 58* may have gotten only a nine or ten share of the audience, which translates to 8,000,000, 9,000,000, 10,000,000 people. That's a very valuable audience for somebody, for some advertiser. More people than read *The New York Times* every day, than read *Newsweek* and *Time*, than read any publication, saw that program. Yet, in terms of its success against a program seen by 75,000,000 people, they say the one that got only 10,000,000 people is a dud. How many millions do you have to have before you say, "This program has a viable audience"? We've made television into something where people think they have to sit down in front of it and be hyped, be excited, be almost orgasmic because they're watching a certain show.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think it has come to that?

**SNYDER:** It's the win syndrome and the money syndrome. Dollars, revenue. Although most Americans read about TV in terms of what's on the air or who's getting fired, the executive managements of all three networks are really concerned about the financial pages and profits. They all speak in terms of quality TV and being responsive to public need, but what they really respond to are the annual financial reports that are given at stockholders' meetings. That's the bottom line—the money.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think that's wrong?

**SNYDER:** It's wrong when you become so preoccupied with earning money by attracting audiences for programs that are not really substantive or of quality. Does every program have to have an enormous



rating and make tons of money? Or can there be a few—like *United States and Lifeline*—of value and quality that are kept on the air even though they fail, simply because they should be there?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think cable TV will change that?

**SNYDER:** With cable TV and "narrowcasting" on the horizon—that is, specialized TV programs for viewers—the influence of the three networks is dissipating. There's no question about it, as technology continues. I think the day of huge ratings will soon end. It's like the man who says, "I want to make \$75,000,000," and works himself into a heart attack, as against the man who makes only \$10,000,000 and lives a happy life.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of Ted Turner and his CNN network?

**SNYDER:** Ted Turner's a good man and he's on to something—CNN, Cable News Network. But right now, watching CNN is like watching local news in a middle market, not a top market. He's got to attract advertisers to support all those correspondents, anchor people, film crews, etc. I just wonder whether there is a real market, an expanding market beyond the 2,000,000 homes that he has. What would happen if, down the road, Turner's ego would allow him to merge with Getty Oil's network—with sports and movies? If Turner brought his news operation and his baseball team into a real supernetwork amalgam with Getty's, that combined technology would be a blockbuster. They could come on the air at six P.M. with an hour of news, followed by a live major-league baseball, football or basketball game from seven to nine, followed by a first-run movie from nine to eleven, with another hour of news from eleven to twelve, and then another R-rated blockbuster movie at midnight. With that, I think you could say goodbye, ABC, goodbye, CBS, and goodbye, jiggle TV. It's awesome when you think of the possibilities of what those two corporations could bring in terms of cable service to America if they decided to consolidate their products and their technology.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you consider working for cable someday?

**SNYDER:** Yes, that's a possibility.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think TV critics might give you as hard a time if you did that as they do now?

**SNYDER:** Well, there are some who have made my life miserable, because they've written things that have been very injurious to me. There's one in particular who coined the phrase "California hot dog," which hurt me a great deal at NBC. That same man once wrote that if I ever came to New York to work at NBC News, it would send John Chancellor scurrying for his bottle of Maalox. Look, if you want to call me a jerk



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based upon what I do on the air, that's fine. But to write that I'm a fraud without even knowing me, that's hurtful.

**PLAYBOY:** In general, how would you characterize TV critics today?

**SNYDER:** Well, the old-line critics are those guys at the newspapers who had trouble covering news or who had trouble handling the bottle. And so they were assigned to places where they couldn't do much harm. And that's where a lot of them still are. But more and more, the younger crop of people who are assigned to cover television view it as a legitimate assignment, which it is. They report on trends in TV, the personalities and how they relate to the whole business of television. But, you know, television criticism is *not* fastening upon whether or not somebody has crooked teeth or a funny nose.

**PLAYBOY:** What is it that you're self-conscious about?

**SNYDER:** I have a gray spot on the side of my head and I don't care to be photographed from that side. I'm self-conscious about it. It's dumb, but I'm self-conscious about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SNYDER:** Because from the time I got this thing, when I was hit in the head with a baseball when I was 13, people have been saying, "What's wrong with your hair?" So, kids are very impressionable, and in my mind, I thought, There's something wrong with my hair over there. Now, there really isn't. It's just that it's a different color. I've been called Old Paint. Old Spot. all that stuff.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the highest-rated TV shows each year is the Miss America pageant. This past year, you were a judge. Didn't you feel silly doing that?

**SNYDER:** It's very fashionable to knock the pageant and I was one of those who knocked it loudest. I thought it was bullshit, frivolous. But, you know, it is the Rose Bowl. It is the Super Bowl for those young ladies. They don't get to go out and have scholarships and run for glory on New Year's Day. This is it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any part of that pageant bother you?

**SNYDER:** Well, judging the swimsuit part of the pageant, I was embarrassed to look at those girls in bathing suits in Convention Hall. I kept seeing my daughter there. And I kept seeing her parents sitting somewhere in that hall. I felt, as a man, embarrassed to have to judge somebody on a qualification over which she has no control. People can't help the way they look, basically.

**PLAYBOY:** So you averted your eyes during the swimsuit competition; is that what you're saying?

**SNYDER:** [Laughs] I looked them in the eye, only in the eye. I suppose I was being remiss as a judge. I even sug-

gested to the chairman of the judges that I might lodge a protest. I felt *that* strongly. Now, if they had had the swimsuit competition out on the beach, OK; but not in Convention Hall. It was just, to my way of thinking, out of whack.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's go back to TV news. Who do you think will replace Chancellor as NBC's news anchor?

**SNYDER:** It's no great big secret. It's obvious if you read the papers and the signs in the wind, it's going to be Roger Mudd. But they make such a great big secret out of it. Being "talent" for NBC or any other network, you're kept guessing right up to the last minute. I didn't know if I was gonna host the new *Tomorrow* show—I read Steve Allen or Dick Clark or somebody else would host it. Well, they finally called—six weeks after I read all this shit in the papers, they said, "Well, hey, that was all bullshit; we were just trying to get our minds made up." But you tell me why they operate that way, because I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of women as anchor persons?

---

*"It's highly possible that the role of anchor person is not meant to be played by a woman. That is my own theory."*

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**SNYDER:** We probably *will* have an anchor woman on the network news, on a regular basis—aside from the weekends—but right now, weekends are the convenient dumping ground. For instance, Jane Pauley and Jessica Savitch on NBC. However, in the presentation of this program we call *Nightly News*, it's highly possible that the role of anchor person is *not* meant to be played by a woman. That is my own theory.

**PLAYBOY:** Any grounds for that theory?

**SNYDER:** Well, having watched Barbara Walters go through the agony of anchoring the news at ABC and having watched the way women are cast as anchors on local news programs—they are never there alone—it's always boy-girl. The day of the single anchor man on local news is gone. I don't know why, but when I see them side by side, the woman always appears to be uncomfortable. There is something coming through the tube that says to me she's just not right for the part.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that rather chauvinistic?

**SNYDER:** Yes, and I really hope my theory will be shot to smithereens, I would love to see, for example, a station that does

two hours of news have one anchor person for each hour, with a woman on all by herself, without some guy sitting there to give you the impression she can't carry it alone.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that Walters was made uncomfortable co-anchoring the ABC news with Harry Reasoner?

**SNYDER:** Absolutely.

**PLAYBOY:** Might she have done better alone?

**SNYDER:** Possibly. I said in 1974, after Frank McGee died, "Why go through this bullshit of finding a cohost of the *Today* show with Walters? Why not let Barbara do the show alone as host?" God knows, she had been doing it for a long time, and to people who watch that program, she *was* the *Today* show.

**PLAYBOY:** What's wrong with the *Today* show these days?

**SNYDER:** It's tired.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Jane Pauley?

**SNYDER:** I'm really not qualified to comment on her work. She had a tough act to follow. To many, she is still following Walters, and that's hard to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of Walters reminds us of her interview with Richard Nixon. What would you ask Nixon?

**SNYDER:** I would like to talk with him as a person, rather than as a politician, and say, "Hey, listen, Dick, how did this thing get so fucked up?" Because he is not a dumb man. I would like to get something of his feelings.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your politics?

**SNYDER:** In all the years I've voted in Presidential elections or in those for mayor or Congress, I've usually voted for the person who was the more liberal. And, like many of the people who have done that for the past 20 years, I'm very frustrated, because all the things they've promised me have not come to pass. You know, we don't have equal opportunity, we don't have great public transit, we don't have health care, we don't have all those things they said they were gonna deliver to us. I'm very frustrated by it.

**PLAYBOY:** Has it ever occurred to you that if you got into politics, you would have quite a platform?

**SNYDER:** Not really, because the platform I have is very ephemeral—that of a television show. And I don't have the discipline—mental or physical—to run for office. I don't think I'm smart enough. And I wouldn't want my life opened up as you have to do when you run for political office. You've got to talk about why you got divorced, your marriage, your finances. Why, I'd have to defend why I didn't get a college degree. I think I can watch it and comment on it, but I don't know if I could do it.

**PLAYBOY:** Has your respect for political leaders increased or diminished after seeing them close up?





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**SNYDER:** Diminished.

**PLAYBOY:** What angers you most about people?

**SNYDER:** I don't like to be lied to or conned. I don't like surprises or to be told one thing and then something else happens. I'm not talking so much about on the air as I am off the air—in my dealings with my colleagues at NBC.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any fears?

**SNYDER:** No, not about my career. I don't wonder where my next job is coming from and I don't have any great apprehensions about whether or not the *Tomorrow* show goes off the air. I don't fear for tomorrow, small T, meaning the future, and I don't wonder what television holds in store for me beyond this program. I really want this to be it. I'm not running for office. But there are times when I'm afraid for myself and my own personal safety. And my privacy.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you give us examples?

**SNYDER:** There've been occasions when I've been walking on a darkened street at night and all of a sudden I'll hear two people running up behind me and I get very, very frightened. As it turned out, they wanted autographs. I was scared to death. I've had telephone calls to the office or to the security department that Snyder is going to be attacked on his way home tonight, that there's going to be a bomb in his car, that sort of thing. Anybody can walk into my office, but Silverman and the executives are protected behind a glass door with buzzers and there are security people there at all times, so, apparently, their lives and their safety are more valuable to NBC than mine.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think of yourself as an eccentric?

**SNYDER:** Yes, I'm strange, I am strange. I'm a loner. I don't do well in big crowds of people. My house is full of toys. All the computer games, the electric trains, the Teddy bears, Monopoly boards, backgammon games, airplanes; I mean, I love all that stuff—gadgets, things. I'm crazy that way. Most of my leisure time is devoted to piddling around with things that high school kids play with. And I suppose that would make me an eccentric person.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you also a loner?

**SNYDER:** Yes. I don't like to be with groups of people. I enjoy playing golf in foursomes, but also by myself on occasion. And I ask the caddie to please walk 50 steps behind me, because I want to be alone.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever get lonely?

**SNYDER:** No. I get lonesome, but there is a difference. You know, lonesome means you want somebody around. Lonely means you are really unhappy with yourself. I never want for something to do. I don't have periods when I sit and think about being alone.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do when you go out to have fun?

**SNYDER:** I don't do things people gossip about. I don't snort cocaine, I don't go to *discothèques*, I don't go to the clubs here in New York where the beautiful people are seen. I don't go to a lot of parties. I don't entertain women who are in the news, so they can say in the columns, "Hey, Tom was out last night at Regine's with so-and-so," or "He got shitfaced at Studio 54 with so-and-so." I just don't do those things. Suzy isn't interested in reporting that Tom bogeyed the 18th hole yesterday and threw his sandwich down in disgust. I mean, that's not great gossip! Of course, I *do* go roller-skating. I go to Central Park. I have street skates.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been recognized on skates?

**SNYDER:** Not too much. I put sunglasses on and my hair is all blowing around and I wear old funky clothes and look sweaty and dirty. And that's what I sometimes do on a date.

**PLAYBOY:** What misconceptions do you think people have about you?

**SNYDER:** Probably a lot of people think that what I do for a living is easy. That I don't work very hard. That I don't have any feelings for some of the people who come on. They describe me as insensitive, boorish, arrogant. But not aloof.

**PLAYBOY:** And how do you consider yourself?

**SNYDER:** I have always considered myself just an ordinary guy going through this thing called life and I'm fortunate enough to have a little television program.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you felt yourself aging over the seven years you've been doing your little television program?

**SNYDER:** Yes, and it's going to keep happening to me. We think, Well, it's not going to happen to me. I'm *not* going to get gray. I'm not going to feel my chest slip down to my waistline. But I'm starting to feel it, and there's nothing I can do about it. I don't fight it anymore. But it's scary, especially when I see some of those early shows and look back and say, "Jesus God Almighty. . . ." What it really brings home to me is, "Good God, it's been a long time." Seven years!

**PLAYBOY:** Would you like to go back in time?

**SNYDER:** The doors are closed. Remember that great movie campaign after World War Two—"Gable's back and Garson's got him"? Well, I had this great fantasy of going back to Los Angeles when the *Tomorrow* show and my days at NBC here in New York are over, and going to a different station. "Snyder's back and channel two's got him." But it's a fantasy, because I can't go back. I can't go back!





## MIDDLE-SIZE SEXY

(continued from page 128)

did so for the looks and not the handling. What the hell. The bikes sold.

With the gas crunch, everything changed. Riders began to view their motorcycles as a necessary form of transportation. Bikes are fuel efficient. The more miles riders logged, the more they realized that the bikes weren't behaving. There had to be something better.

In Europe, mid-size bikes are an end in and of themselves. They are not steppingstones to something larger. The typical European rider realizes that, like a Ducati 500 or a BMW 450, a mid-size bike makes a few trade-offs: it has half the displacement, three quarters of the weight and a sliver of the horsepower of a so-called superbike, yet, at 60 mph on a winding road, the lithe little bugger can eat a bigger bike alive, literally riding circles around the behemoth. For two thirds the price, you get a bike that delivers 80-90 percent of the performance of the superbike.

Japan responded, at least in part. You can still buy one of the custom specials, but it would be better if you checked out Japan's latest offerings. The new generation of mid-size cycles are high-performance bikes, styled in the tradition of café racers in Europe. The riding position is intelligent: the slight forward lean puts you right in the center of action, the sweet spot. You crouch into the curves, your senses open to the feedback the bike gives you about the road. A friend of mine once said that your riding experience is essentially your experience of the machine. Going 60 miles an hour on a chopper is not the same as going 60 mph on a KZ 550GP. A pound of pig iron is different from a pound of cast aluminum. The mid-size cycles are light, fast, effortless, responsive. When you throw a big bike into a corner, you have to deal with the sheer mass of the beast—the 500 or so pounds of steel longing to wander off on a tangent. You have to choose your line carefully, commit the bike and hope that nothing unexpected happens between you and the other side of the curve. It's not unlike maneuvering a battleship, or a battle star. In contrast, the mid-size bikes seem almost weightless. A ride becomes an exercise in speed, line, intention. The bikes do exactly what you tell them to—without complaint or ideas of their own. You feel alive. You scamper down canyon roads or tap-dance through city streets. What you lose in momentum, you make up for in magic. If you are content to exercise your skills, your powers of concentration and involvement at speeds this side of 100 mph, these bikes will suffice. Indeed, they will delight.



# The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls

### "Most Men Are Too Busy Trying To Pick Up Girls To Meet Any"

Don Ricci had always been shy with girls. That's probably why he spent so many lonely nights home alone.

Don is still shy with girls — but that doesn't matter anymore. Now he's meeting enough beautiful girls (in spite of his shyness) to keep him happy for a long, long time to come.

For example — in just one week out of last month, Don met six girls. Out of the six, he ended up dating five. And out of those five, he ended up sleeping with three. (Pretty darn good for a man who's half scared to death of girls!)

Sound crazy?

Maybe so. But give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to do the same. Give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to meet enough beautiful girls to last you a lifetime.

What's more — we're so sure that you will meet girls our Shy Man's Way that we're going to give you a rather "daredevil" type of guarantee.

And here it is:

Try out our material for a full year. That will give you plenty of chance to decide whether or not it's worth the \$9.95 we're going to ask you to send us.

Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you the rest of your normal lifetime, return the material. We'll send you back the \$9.95 you paid for our material.

Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

Okay — now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary — to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to — for whatever reason.)

On the average — he ends up sleeping with three new girls a month (every month).

In a six month period, nine different girls asked him to marry them. (He turned them all down. He claims he'd be an idiot to get married now.)

He's always getting presents from girls. Shirts, sweaters, home-made food. (He refuses most of them).

He never has to worry about seducing girls. If one doesn't want to sleep with him, he simply moves on to another. There's always plenty to choose from.

And we'll show you *exactly* how he does it — the Shy Man's Way.

It doesn't require "good looks." Don looks like any other average guy.

It doesn't require a "good personality." Being bashful or feeling uneasy with girls means absolutely nothing when you use our material.

It doesn't require "money." Our material works just as good for the poor as it does for the rich.



It doesn't require "youth." We personally know a 55 year old gentleman who's getting all the girls he wants ... doing only what we taught him.

What *does* it require?

Desire. Enough to take a chance. Enough to go ahead and send for our material. Enough to put our principles into *action* once you receive them.

If you do just that much — no more, no less — the results *will* be hard to believe.

Remember — we guarantee it.

Remember also — that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls *in spite of it* that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is — by far — also the *easiest* way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

We're not asking you to "believe" us. Just give it a try.

If we're wrong, you'll get your money back. If we're right, you'll soon have enough girls to last you the next 50 years. Either way, you come up a winner!

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## DAVID CARRADINE

(continued from page 130)

*"He was in costume for his next movie and he stayed in costume the rest of the week."*

special parking spaces marked out for me in red."

We entered 9570 Wilshire on our way to his wardrobe fitting for a new movie. "Watch," he said. "I'll just say, 'OK, OK, fine, fine,' and it'll be over with." I wondered why on earth anyone would even think of asking him to choose clothes. That's like asking Stevie Wonder to give you a haircut.

But in a small, paneled office, producer Arthur (*White Lightning*, *Gator*) Gardner had racks of clothes waiting for Carradine and didn't seem at all fearful of letting him make the choices. As advertised, the fitting was quick and simple. Carradine chose a red-checked shirt, ordinary-looking new blue jeans, his own Stuntmen's Association belt buckle, a conservative beaver hat with a little bit of a rake to the brim and a leather jacket. Just to complete the picture, he even put on a pair of new cowboy boots.

It was remarkable how a few moderately priced clothes could clean him up. And I realized then what the effect had been when I first saw him barefooted and wearing those destroyed blue jeans. It hadn't been a surprise at all. I had *expected* him to look that way. If he had been dressed in clean, pressed designer jeans, then I would have been shocked. "I'm an Irish-American hippie," he had told me and others, and while that was not the central truth, it certainly helped explain his choice (or lack of choice) in clothes.

"This is just right," he was saying, looking in the mirror. "I don't want to look like the urban cowboy." He examined the jacket with guarded approval. It looked like something a cop might wear. "I'll have to get the George Hamilton out of this."

"Pee on it," Gardner suggested.

Then he was supposed to shuck back into his Thirties hobo outfit and leave, but somehow they decided he should take the boots to break them in. Before it was over, Carradine walked out without getting back into his own clothes. He was in costume for his next movie and he stayed in costume the rest of the week. Maybe he still hasn't changed.

Carradine's Laurel Canyon house commands a dizzying view of the haze above the city. It makes you feel as if you're in a space capsule, descending into an orange Jell-O mold. The floor of the main room upstairs is actually the deck of the U.S.S. Los Angeles, which Christopher Carradine somehow got hold of. He

also designed the house ("Somewhat reluctantly, I think," David said). With its half-empty tequila bottles and marijuana debris, the house had the general air of a place that had been hit by a ferocious bust just before we got there and had been stripped bare by hungry narcs and not by any selection of the owner.

Actually, the Laurel Canyon house is the *Mata Hari* house, *Mata Hari* being the movie with the 15-year shooting schedule. Carradine's eldest, Calista, plays *Mata Hari*, and the schedule was created to cover her life from the age of 15 through the age of 30. They shoot two weeks each year.

"The reason I chose *Mata Hari*," Carradine said, alternately sipping from a pint of tequila and hitting the briar full of grass, "is because it's a woman, and if there is one thing I don't understand, that's it. And I've got a daughter and it's really difficult to be a father to her. The only way we can really get together is to have this picnic every year. Also, it's such a yin character, with all the excesses you associate with that."

Carradine, of course, plays her father. "It's a very subliminally sexual relationship," he said. He threaded a reel onto the Moviola in his editing room and we watched the tiny, flickering screen. Calista was stunningly beautiful, sitting at a desk, reading a letter, and I couldn't help thinking of Vermeer. Nothing really happened during the nine minutes on that reel, except that she read a letter at a desk, but it was almost unbearably erotic. It was fascinating to speculate on the depth of Carradine's motivations for setting a 15-year shooting schedule with his first-born daughter, thereby more or less capturing her for the most critical portion of her life.

"The film is erotic as hell," he said. "You've got 11-year-old girls *in flagrante* and we just recently shot *Mata Hari* pregnant—and she really *was* pregnant." He was referring to Calista's new baby, who had just made him a grandfather. "I think it's a first—a nude pregnant scene. Or a pregnant nude scene. I don't know which." He smiled. "We shot the pregnancy partly because I didn't want to miss a shoot."

The tequila and grass had made him thirsty and he went into the kitchen, which was outfitted with the brass fixtures from yet other once-noble ships. He stood at the sink, trying to open a can of fruit juice with a great butcher knife, taking mad swings at it like Anthony Perkins in *Psycho*. I couldn't

watch. I just turned away, thinking how very deep in it would be to have the opportunity to tie off an open arterial hemorrhage and then drive Carradine's Ferrari to the hospital while he bled to death beside me. When I turned around at a sound I took to be metal gouging bone, I found that he'd wrenched two jagged puncture wounds in the can and was unsteadily pouring us juice.

I had already had plenty of time to wonder if being deep in was a pose with Carradine, and I was beginning to believe it was not. I remembered back in September 1974 seeing an item in the newspapers about him. It seems he broke into a neighbor's house and left his piano covered with blood, his furniture upset and his windows broken. Carradine told me that he had been at an Indian peyote ceremony and had taken "something like 80 buttons" before the thing really got cranked up proper. Leaving aside the question of whether or not anyone could survive taking 80 peyote buttons, he related the following: "I suddenly felt like General Custer and had to get out of there; I certainly wasn't worried about the police."

So he went tearing up and down the neighborhood, looking for company. "I didn't want to be alone," he said. He broke into several houses, but nobody was home. Finally, he arrived at that last house and cut himself when he put his hand through the window. He started playing piano (of course) and then broke out of the house again to get home. And the whole time he told me that story, he didn't seem to think there was anything strange about it at all.

I was beginning to see that that very fact was what made Carradine so strange and threatening to most people. Not so much that he did those crazy things but that he didn't consider them the least bit odd. There was no remorse or embarrassment, no attempt to conceal what he had done. You know the story: If you commit the crime intentionally, you're a criminal. If you commit it without getting a filter of self-consciousness over it, you're crazy. If David Carradine had been just an ordinary fellow and had pulled that stunt in, say, Watts—or even in Akron, Ohio—he would right now be either dead or in jail. Or he would have gotten off on an insanity plea. But he is not an ordinary fellow. He is a star. The magnitude of his stardom should not be underestimated, either. *Kung Fu* is still shown all over the world.

And now I was with him alone in Laurel Canyon. I can't say he was drunk, but his eyes were taking turns doing the work of moving left and right and of focusing, and I learned (after all the 115-mile-per-hour driving he'd been doing with me in the right seat) that he does not have a driver's license—hasn't had one since 1977, when he let it



expire. "I've got something like 100 tickets outstanding," he said.

I couldn't help wondering if having those court battles going on all the time didn't make him a little nervous. "Look at the shah of Iran," he said. "He's got cancer, he's a deposed monarch. There are all these people out to kill him. And he still goes to a ball game, he leads a life. That's how you have to do it." I was going to say something, but I didn't. And two weeks later, the shah of Iran was dead.

"A musical instrument," Carradine was telling me, now convincingly drunk, "is a physical metaphor for the universe. It takes this thing right in the frontal lobes"—he tapped his forehead—"and sends it through the nerves to these clumsy devices—these *fingers*—and then to this *machine*." He shook his head, as if he'd been punched from his blind side and was going to get up and fight. "If you could eliminate the body, you'd have pure philosophy."

I decided that he was trying to explain about being deep in. "The camera," he said, "can see when you're making faces as opposed to acting. It looks right into your eyes and right through you and when you're doing it right, it can't see anything wrong. You can't hide. You have to be completely transparent. My father used to tell me that you had to be opaque, but I think you have to be transparent. And I've been trying to be that way ever since." In other words, you approach the point where the musical instrument is eliminated.

Still, he seemed to think I needed more of an explanation. He grabbed a large blowup of a photograph taken during the shooting of *The Long Riders*. Three Carradines, two Keaches (James and Stacy) and a Quaid (Randy) rode their horses full gallop, shooting their way out of a hopeless situation in Northfield, Minnesota, where they'd been boxed in while robbing a bank.

Carradine explained that at first he hadn't wanted to make the movie, that he did it as a favor to the brothers involved. "I just thought I was supposed to make a personal appearance, that I was there because I was bankable. There wasn't even much of a part for me in the script." He smiled as if even I would know better than to believe that bullshit. "Then I stole the show."

He shook the photograph in my face. "Look at Jim," he insisted. "Look how hard he's working." Indeed, I hadn't noticed it before, but there was something about James Keach's expression, as if he were making a face. "Now, look at Stacy." Stacy Keach looked great. Of course, he always does. "He'd hurt his leg. He was in terrible pain and he was just trying to stay on his horse. Deep in. See it?" I nodded.

"Now, look at me. See that hat?" In the photograph, the wind whipping past him had flattened the brim up, like an old military hat, and Carradine was riding hard. He looked significantly fine in that picture. "I wanted that effect. It was on purpose. One of the problems you run into in cowboy pictures is your hatbrim is stiff and when you ride hard, the wind gets up under there and blows your hat off. Then you've ruined the shot, because it won't fit with the next shot if you don't have your hat on. I chose this soft hat and they said it would never make it through the picture. But

it just folded up when I rode." He smiled that thin smile. "I'm just tryin' to stay on my horse and keep my gun loaded. that's all."

A beat. "And my horse, of course. That's my picture horse; I use him whenever I need a horse in a picture. He's an old cow pony. Most movie horses are ex-show horses. Mine is a real cow pony. He had to chase cows all his life until he met me, and he thinks movies are the easiest thing he's ever seen."

There is a scene in *The Long Riders* in which the gang is holed up in a cabin and Pinkerton men outside shoot it to



*"Aside from poverty, chastity and obedience,  
he's a great monk."*



pieces with so much firepower that, as wrapped up in the movie as you might be, you can't help wondering how they did it. "We used 5000 squibs in that scene," Carradine explained. A squib is the little explosive cap that makes it look like a bullet is tearing into the wood. "To photograph the bullets from the inside of the door coming through, we got a lot of locals together and gave them real bullets and had them shoot the shit out of the door for a while." When that part of the filming was over, everyone went about his business and the rifles were stacked with the other props. Girls came and went, picking up the guns and playing cowboy offcamera, goofing around and pointing them at one another. "And when the prop men broke down the rifles at the end of the day, they all had live ammo in them," Carradine said. He smiled that weary, shit-eating smile again. "Somebody could've got her head blown clean off." He said it as if it would have been just delicious.

I don't know whether Carradine already knew what was going to happen or if it was just a coincidence. You hang out with him for very long and you'll begin to believe his connections are good downtown and maybe even better in other worlds. But he insisted I drive the Ferrari home to Malibu, as if I might as well get a hand in before the entire trip went to hell. It was full night when I flipped on the auxiliary fuel pump and headed out. By the time we hit Kanan Road up in the mountains, I more or less had the feel of it ("I liked the way you got into first there," he said, "most people can't do that"). But I wasn't about to attempt anything like the way Carradine drove. I hit maybe 95 in places—real flat, open places. Anyway, I don't have the chops for it: I've handled only one other machine vaguely like that 330GTS and it went straight up.

As I drove, Carradine kept talking about how careful he had to be with his Ferrari, because his eight other cars were in the shop and this was his real everyday car now. He said he drove it slowly (*slowly?*) because it got nearly ten miles to the gallon that way.

When we got home, we were only about four hours late for dinner and Linda wasn't speaking to us. She went to bed and we drank a 1975 Château Margaux with the reheated chicken and rocklike potatoes.

Sunday morning we were supposed to get ready and head over to Keith's. It was going to be a big deal. Other Carradine brothers would be there. Walter Hill, who directed *The Long Riders*, would be there. But already the day wasn't going as planned. For one thing, Carradine was not awake. Linda decided he needed the sleep and, besides, there

were errands to run before we could leave for Keith's. Wednesday there was going to be a big screening of *Americana* for the industry heavies, who would decide whether or not to distribute it. Some invitations had yet to be delivered and it fell to Linda to do it, only she could not find the keys to her Mercedes. As the morning slipped away and we ransacked the already ransacked house, looking for her keys, she decided with a reluctance that bordered on trepidation to take the Ferrari.

She could not stop talking about what Carradine would do if she so much as got a scratch on it, and I was beginning to think we should have walked, as, mortified and duty-bound, she crept around Malibu from Robbie Robertson's house to Rick Danko's house to Bob Dylan's house, delivering invitations. Linda told me that things had been very strange in Malibu recently. A perfect stranger, she said, had wandered into the Dankos' house the week before and blown his own brains out all over their floor.

"Jesus," I said, "how are they?"

"Oh," Linda shrugged, "they're fine."

As we pecked our way back to her house, my only feeling was gratitude that she was driving at about the same speed as everyone else on the road and that we got home safely.

The afternoon was well on its way by the time Carradine got up, and right off I knew something was wrong. He said hello as if nothing were going on, but I could see that it was a front. He was still dressed in his movie outfit from the previous day's fitting and it was beginning to look pretty rank already. The writer for *Mata Hari* was sitting at the dining room table and Carradine asked him, "Where's the nearest place to buy cigarettes?"

The writer was from Paris. Carradine was in his own house, so the question did seem a little odd. Nevertheless, the writer mumbled something and Carradine started out the door, past the stacks of movie film. Inasmuch as I had gone everywhere but to the bathroom and to bed with Carradine since I'd arrived, I got up to accompany him to the store. Then I thought better of it, given the sense I had that he was feeling a bit uncharitable. I sat back down and had to wait only ten minutes for the payoff.

He stumbled in out of the hot, bright sunlight, gripping his solar plexus as if someone had kicked him in the stomach. I thought it was an act until I saw the blood. His face was the color of the moon and he was bleeding from the head and neck. His mouth was open and he was making a sick, glottal sound, gulping air as if something were caught in his throat. As he lurched across the room, I jumped up and ran over to him.

"I just had a wreck," he gasped, and

went right past me to find Linda in the bedroom.

There was a pause, like the seconds between lightning and thunder, and then Linda came rushing out, grabbed my arm and said, "Come on," in a way I knew meant trouble and also meant I could not refuse. I followed her out into the driveway toward her Mercedes and stopped the minute I saw the Ferrari. The driver's side was demolished, the left rear tire blown open, pieces of it hanging off, and the car sat at an odd angle like a cripple. The left window had been up when the collision occurred and had been blown into the cockpit with such force that it looked as if someone had spilled a basket of ten-carat emeralds in there. The universe that stood between what that little car was and what it had been was so vast it was heartbreaking and I was convinced, looking at it, that Carradine was far more seriously injured than he realized.

"Come on," Linda was saying, and I jumped, following her into the Mercedes, to which she had apparently found her keys, for she drove out of there with vicious purpose.

"David had an accident," she said, staring straight out the windshield, her teeth locked together. "He hit another car and hurt some people. It's a hit-and-run."

We were already on the Pacific Coast Highway, heading north, and if I'd had any thoughts of maintaining a professional distance, I had no reason to entertain them any longer.

"I want you to listen," Linda said. "You're going to leave me there. I want to make sure they know that he's not running from it. Take down this number." I got out my pen and she gave me a phone number for Carradine's doctor. She instructed me to get the doctor to the house right away to look at Carradine and then have him taken to the house of a friend, where he could stay until everything cooled down. I didn't bother asking her what to do if David needed to go to a hospital. I had a feeling he'd rather die than submit to that.

It wasn't far to Paradise Cove, where a crowd had gathered around police cars and a little red foreign sedan that was more or less destroyed. Linda jumped out and I was busy getting the awkward Mercedes out of there, but I did see a woman bleeding and looking around in that vague, awe-struck way people do when they've been injured so suddenly that it may take weeks for them to comprehend exactly what happened. Fortunately, the police didn't see Linda get out of the Mercedes, so I blended back into the crush of Sunday traffic and raced to the house.

Carradine sat on the couch, looking very ill. He had mopped some of the blood off his face and neck and was





*"Look, I appreciate your persistence, doc, but it's settled."*



holding his chest and abdomen. He tried to smile as I went in, but it didn't work out too well. I asked him how he was and he just raised his eyebrows and flicked the corners of his mouth, as if to say, "How the fuck do you think I am, asshole?"

I explained to him what Linda had instructed me to do. I mentioned the friend's house where she said I should take him.

"That's a very intelligent idea," he said, as if I'd just suggested a particularly good change in the story line of the movie in which he and I were starring.

Then we heard the first radio outside.

"Police," I said.

"I'm going out the back door," Carradine said, and he got up like a wounded gazelle and was gone. I had to stop for a second and wonder if he had ever been there to begin with, so complete and abrupt was his disappearance. The house was utterly silent and there was no one home but me; a police radio was barking so close outside I thought the car was coming through the house. And at that moment, I remembered what I was doing there. I put on my press credentials. I'm not sure what made me do that, but I did and I walked out into the sunlight to greet the single police car with two men getting out of it. When they saw me, the man in the passenger seat just sat back down, hugging what appeared to be the barrel of a shotgun. The other crouched down a little and pointed at me as if he had already drawn his gun.

"Who was driving that car?" he demanded, pointing to the demolished Ferrari. He was genuinely scared and very young, and they are the worst kind. The young ones haven't learned enough about the world to have equanimity. And the scared ones . . . well, that's what the guns are for.

"I don't know," I said. My mouth had gone dry the moment I heard the radio, and it wasn't all that easy to talk. There is certainly one thing about being deep in. When you find yourself there, you aren't going to mistake it for any other place.

"Where's David Carradine?" he shouted.

"I don't know," I said again. He straightened up then, seeing that I hadn't started shooting yet. He unhooked his revolver and loosened it from its holster. My heart sank.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Look," I began, taking a step forward, then thinking better of it and taking another step backward. "I'm just a reporter." I tapped my press badge in case he hadn't seen it already. "I'm looking for David Carradine, too."

He looked at me in such a way that I knew he was convinced I was lying. "No, you're not!" he screamed—he did not

seem capable of saying anything except at top volume. "You're an accessory to a felony!"

"No," I said as calmly as I could. "I just flew in from Chicago. I'm a reporter. I'm looking for David Carradine."

"Shut up! Shut up!" he screamed. His buddy in the car was fidgeting and it was making me almost as nervous as they were. "You stay right there! Don't move!" Two more police cars arrived as he was screaming at me. "Now, don't move!"

I was thinking of all sorts of things at that moment, but moving was not among them.

Numerous other cars began arriving and discharging police as the young cop growled. "If he wants to play it this way, this place is going to be crawling with cops." And he was right. If he had just had the presence of mind to turn around, he could have seen them, too.

California Highway Patrolmen began filing by the fire-engine-yellow Ferrari as more and more cars arrived. They'd go around to the driver's side, inspect the brutal folds and creases and tears in the sheet metal, peer inside at all the glass, poke a finger into the exploded tire and then just shake their heads and hustle their sidearms to a more comfortable position. It was well known that the cops around Malibu wanted Carradine's head on a platter. And now they had their chance.

Except that Carradine was nowhere to be found. And they did not have a search warrant.

The nervous kid who wanted to bust me rested his foot on the rocker panel of his car and called in the license-plate number. "Freddie Ocean Ocean Lulu," he said, embarrassed by what he'd just spelled out and looking more pissed with each passing moment.

The radio coughed and crackled. "Ferrari, yellow," it said, "one niner six seven, Carradine, David," and so on. Carradine had told me that the foot on his license plate was the tarot-card fool. At this point, however, it could have been any old fool.

Part of Linda's plan for me was that I get the doctor to look at Carradine, effect the escape and then return to get Linda. Of course, I would never participate in a crime to such an extent, but now I had no choice, being detained as I was by a growing swarm of highway patrolmen. Fortunately, at the scene, Linda heard a police radio say that they had a witness at the house (that's me—apparently my status had degraded somehow from accessory to witness without the young cop's say-so) and she walked back the quarter mile or so to intervene.

The crowd of policemen maintained a very professional, courteous front with her. As she told me later, "They know that I'm not afraid of them and that I'm

not going to shoot them." She politely declined to answer questions and they politely allowed as how they were going to impound the car. Directly, a tow truck arrived and Linda gasped, "Oh, God!"

"What is it?" I whispered.

"He's towed us so many times, he's practically like family," she said and went over, smiling, to greet the young bearded man with the tow truck. She explained that the Ferrari could not be towed. It had to be carried on a flat-bed. I don't know how she thought towing could do it any more harm, but the man shrugged and left with his tow truck, anyway.

By that time, things had calmed down all around, except for that one young cop who had wanted to arrest me. He did not look at all pleased with the way the drama was progressing. He looked like a mean dog who'd had his bone taken away by a meaner one. During the course of events, almost every cop there had walked up to him, pointed to me and asked, "Who's he?"

Each time, the kid had shrugged, embarrassed, and admitted grudgingly. "He says he's a reporter." It seemed to irk him no end.

The flat-bed arrived, took on the Ferrari and departed. The police began to get back into their cars and disperse. The show was over. The young cop couldn't get his car started and each time he cranked it, he seemed to get more and more angry, until it finally turned over with a sound like a safe falling down a fire escape and he squealed up the sloping driveway and raced away before a rooster tail of dust and gravel.

As the last car was pulling away, the cop behind the wheel stopped at the head of the drive and signaled to me. I walked up to him and leaned in the window. "You want a ride outa here?" he asked politely. I didn't know what he meant at first. Then I realized that he correctly assumed I was just a reporter, stranded out there, and that I might need a ride somewhere.

"I think I'll just stick around and see what happens," I told him.

"Suit yourself," he said and drove off.

•

The black truck a quarter mile ahead of us had three people in it. The one on the right—the lady with the sun hat, who appeared to have just come from the beach—was David Carradine. The two other people in the truck were friends doing a favor for a buddy in trouble. Deep trouble. Steel château, felony trouble, the kind that makes you realize that, in this society, you can pay someone to do almost anything for you, but there is no one you can pay to serve your time.

"David watched the whole thing," Linda said, driving the Mercedes with



the abrupt, jerky movements of someone who was scared and trying to be careful. "He was across the street, hiding out and watching the whole thing come down." I couldn't tell whether she thought that was terrific or awful or both.

We were finally on our way to Keith's house up in Topanga Canyon, taking the long, scenic route through the mountains to avoid detection. "The cops never come up in here," Linda assured me as a police off-road vehicle whipped past us going the other way. "See?" she said and laughed nervously, as if to say, "They're on their way out." "David and I had a fight," she explained. "Whenever we have a fight, he goes off like that." It seems Carradine was very upset that he had not been awakened early enough to get to Keith's on time. He blew up at Linda, who thought she was doing him a favor by letting him rest and by delivering his invitations for him. He lit out in his Ferrari to burn off a little venom and when he was turning the car around in Paradise Cove, he pulled out onto the Pacific Coast Highway and didn't see the car coming. He got T-boned.

By the time we were riding along through the mountains, we knew several things. The entire coast line was crawling with cops out to get Carradine. The doctor had examined him and pronounced him badly banged up (separated ribs and what not) but probably not ready for a hospital stay. The people in the other car were also banged up, cut a little, but at least Carradine wasn't staring down both barrels of an involuntary manslaughter charge. And finally—perhaps most important—the party was being held over on Carradine's account. Even Walter Hill was waiting ("Have you ever known Walter to stay at any party for more than an hour?" Carradine had asked Linda earlier, when he was angry).

"I don't understand it," Linda mused, almost to herself.

"What?"

"He asked about the car." She frowned and shook her head. "He didn't ask about the other people. He was concerned about how the car was."

The welcome Carradine received at the mountain hide-out was as expected—the wounded warrior returning. Keith put his hand in David's hair and just looked at him with tenderness and despair, as if he'd seen it all before and knew he'd see it all again, until one day they came and told him that his brother had finally gotten so deep in that he wasn't coming out again. Death and dismemberment in a cowboy picture is one thing. Everywhere else it's another matter entirely.

Carradine was clearly hurt. Just to watch him try to move was painful, as

"mmmm"



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if he were 400 years old or a master of t'ai chi, practicing for the last battle. On Keith's shoulder, he barely made it to the front door and then sat on the first thing that presented itself—the piano stool. Someone brought him watermelon and he began eating slowly.

"He's begun a fast," Linda explained, and informed me that the doctor who had examined him was holistic and didn't approve of drugs. "But he's got a real M.D. and all," she hastened to add.

"Uh-huh," I said.

Everyone wanted to know what had happened. Carradine had gotten that old smile together again, the one where he has the bazooka pointed at his head. In his bloodied, rumpled and ripped movie costume, he now looked like the baddest slunge of a modern-day cowpuncher that ever spat blood. I don't know, maybe I'm just not deep in enough to appreciate such subtleties, but I couldn't help wondering how come nobody had put two and two together and figured that if Carradine was in such bad shape, there must be some other people out on the highway, too. And what were they doing right now? No one asked. It didn't even seem to matter.

"The best part," Carradine said with quiet, pained relish, "was going out the back. I was going through the bushes, shot in the side." Then he told a story about a movie he'd done in which he was climbing onto a moving train, escaping, and was shot in the process. He lay

on the floor of a cattle car and his line was, "Oh, God, I'm gonna die in a cattle car." Now he said that was just what was going through his mind as he crawled and stumbled through the bushes, escaping the police: "Oh, God, I'm gonna die in a cattle car."

Then Linda launched into a rather embellished description of how I'd "held off 19 police cars by scaring them" with my press credentials. Keith turned slowly toward me with a smile that seemed to say he knew a damned sight better than to believe that crock of horseshit. He arched his eyebrows.

"Long Rider, eh?" he asked.

Monday morning, bright and early, found us in dubbing room seven at MGM in Culver City, remixing some of the last fragments of sound on *Americana* for the big showing Wednesday night. An engineer sat at an enormous computer-operated mixing console facing a full-size movie screen at the bottom of which was a digital readout of footage and frames. He seemed concerned about Carradine's condition.

"Time," Carradine assured him, "is the cure for everything but lies."

The rerecording took a couple of hours, and then we retired to editing room 151 to finish the job.

"At least you got to drive the car," Carradine allowed.

"Yeah," I agreed, "but why did you leave the scene of the accident?"

"I was just hurtin' so bad," he said. "I'm not gonna let a little thing like the law stop me."

In the tiny editing room, barely big enough for the Moviola and storage racks, Carradine's editor worked silently and expertly, cutting the film. And the only time I saw even the vaguest glimmer of something you could call regret was when Carradine unscrewed the cap on a pint of Cuervo gold and took a thoughtful sip. He was standing and had been trying to sit down, but each time he began to sit, it was too painful and he'd straighten up again. Finally, he just stood there smiling, as if to say, Ain't I a sorry shitass? Then he shook his head sadly and said, "I wish I lived a little better."

So did I. Word had come through the lawyers that he would be arrested on sight.

Upon my arrival in California, I had abandoned my rented AMC Concord in the MGM lot, but by Monday night, it had taken the place of the Ferrari in the driveway at the Malibu house. Carradine stayed up in the canyon with Linda, while I continued to sleep at the beach house, making forays into the mountains or out to the city to keep up with David. I had been told the police were watching but saw no sign of them. Up at Keith's, things were quiet. Lord Buckley rapping softly in the background ("And that's when I first saw the bear"). Linda told me, "David said he was glad he got the wreck over with here so he didn't have to have it in Africa. We fought so he could have it here." That made about as much sense as anything I'd seen so far, so I just nodded.

Linda had gone to a veterinarian with some cock-and-bull story about one of her horses' having a sprain and her own vet having died and got the man to give her some DMSO—dimethyl sulphoxide, a drug not approved for human use but said by some to have analgesic properties. She began treating her husband with it for his soreness and he wandered around Keith's living room and kitchen, his shirt off, his wild map of tattoos agleam with the oily salve.

Wednesday night, the screening of *Americana* took place as planned, a great affair at Paramount, a packed house and a warm reception. "It's not a movie," Carradine later told me Hill had confided to him, "it's poetry." And Carradine hastened to explain that Hill was being neither coy nor complimentary.

Then something very strange happened. The entire problem of the hit-and-run just went away. As if it had never happened. I'd never seen anything quite like it. And soon even the facts began to change. The story began to go like this: "Hit-and-run? What hit-



"You were fine, really. It's just that I expected something different, considering you talk so dirty."



and-run? There was just an accident, that's all."

As the week drew to a close, the story had changed so much that it seemed Linda had also been in the Ferrari at the time of the collision and Carradine had been so injured that he had left her at the scene to attend to the others while he went to seek badly needed medical attention. And as far as culpability was concerned, Carradine had merely been poking the nose of his car out of Paradise Cove on a busy Sunday when some unlocal yahoo broadsided his beautiful automobile. Fault? Whose fault? It was an *accident*, plain and simple.

At the end of the week, Carradine was still in costume for his next picture and hadn't worn the boots enough to muss up the brand-name tag, which still hung from one of them. He was getting set to fly to South Africa and right into the teeth of the Screen Actors Guild strike, which would cripple the business during the summer of 1980 and fuck up the fall television season. He was still staying up at Keith's house. "We'll have to move out of Malibu," Linda had said. "They're really down on us now."

I asked Carradine what would happen. He said nothing at all would happen.

"Why?"

He shrugged. "My lawyer worked it out."

"But how?"

Carradine shrugged again. Linda couldn't explain, either, and when I called her back over the next few months, the trouble about the wreck had disappeared and Carradine was off in Africa and there was still no explanation of how it all had happened. Linda was back in the Malibu house with Kansas. No one had picked up *Americana* for distribution. No one wanted it.

All through my stay, I had tried to figure out whether it was a pose with Carradine. And in wondering, I had remembered a story a friend of mine once told, about a kid whose parents got him a trombone. He learned to play it and became fairly good at it. So he joined the high school band and did all right. Then, in college, it seemed they needed a trombone player, so he got into the college band and did four years of it. By the time he got out of college, he was a pretty damned good trombone player and, since jobs were scarce, he began taking jobs playing trombone. Well, that went on and one day he woke up in a cold sweat in the middle of the night. He was 45 years old and he was terrified. "Oh, my God," he whispered to himself, "I'm a trombone player." And that was really the closest I could come to explaining the things David Carradine did.

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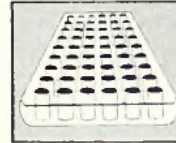
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## ASK A SILLY QUESTION (continued from page 104)

*"We came to a particularly bitter and unpleasant parting of the ways, Moira and I."*

drink Hi-C, Scotch, lemonade, Nyquil—"

"Do you drink Perrier?"

"No," said Dortmund.

"Ah," said the elegant man, closing the subject with his preconceptions intact. "Now," he said, "I suppose you're wondering why we all gathered you here."

"I got an appointment uptown," Dortmund answered. He was feeling mulish. When a simple walk to the subway turns into an incident with two plug-uglies, a gun in the back, a shoving into a limousine outfitted with liveried chauffeur beyond the closed glass partition, a run up the stocking of Manhattan to the East Sixties, a swallowing up into a town house with a garage with an electronically operated door, and an interview at gunpoint with a tall, slender, painfully well-dressed, 60ish, white-haired, white-mustached elegant man in a beautifully appointed and very masculine den imported intact from Bloomingdale's, a person has a right to feel mulish. "I'm already late for my appointment," Dortmund pointed out.

"I'll try to be brief," the elegant man promised. "My father—who, by the way, was once Secretary of the Treasury of this great land, under Teddy Roosevelt—always impressed upon me the wisdom of obtaining expert advice before undertaking any project, of whatever size or scope. I have always followed that injunction."

"Uh-huh," said Dortmund.

"The exigencies of life having made it necessary for me," the elegant man continued, "to engage for once in the practice of grand larceny, in the form of burglary, I immediately sought out a professional in the field to advise me. You."

"I reformed," Dortmund said. "I made some mistakes in my youth, but I paid my debt to society and now I'm reformed."

"Of course," said the elegant man. "Ah, here are our drinks. Come along, I have something to show you."

It was a dark and lumpy statue, about four feet tall, of a moody teenaged girl dressed in curtains and sitting on a tree trunk. "Beautiful, isn't it?" the elegant man said, gazing fondly at the thing.

Beauty was outside Dortmund's visual spectrum. "Yeah," he said, and looked around this subterranean room, which had been fitted out like a cross between a den and a museum. Bookcases

alternated with paintings on the walls, and antique furniture shared the polished wood floor with statuary, some on pedestals, some, like this bronze of a young girl, on low platforms. Dortmund and the elegant man and the armed plug-uglies had come down here by elevator; apparently, the only route in and out. There were no windows and the air had the flat blanketlike quality of tight temperature and humidity control.

"It's a Rodin," the elegant man was saying. "One of my wiser acquisitions, in my youth." His mouth forming a practiced *moue*, he said, "One of my less wise acquisitions, more recently, was a flesh-and-blood young woman who did me the disservice of becoming my wife."

"I really got an appointment uptown," Dortmund said.

"More recently still," the elegant man persisted, "we came to a particularly bitter and unpleasant parting of the ways, Moira and I. As a part of the resulting settlement, the little bitch got this nymph here. But she *didn't* get it."

"Uh-huh," Dortmund said.

"I have friends in the art world," the elegant man went on, "and all men have sympathizers where grasping ex-wives are concerned. Several years earlier, I'd had a mold made of this piece, and from it an exact copy had been cast in the same grade of bronze. A virtually identical copy; not quite museum quality, of course, but aesthetically just as pleasing as the original."

"Sure," said Dortmund.

"It was that copy I gave to Moira; having, of course, first bribed the expert she'd brought in to appraise the objects she was looting from me. The other pieces I gave her with scarcely a murmur, but my nymph? Never!"

"Ah," said Dortmund.

"All was well," the elegant man said. "I kept my nymph, the one and only true original from Rodin's plaster form, with the touch of the sculptor's hand full upon it. Moira had the copy, pleased with the thought of its being the original, cheered by the memory of having done me in the eye. A happy ending for everyone, you might have said."

"Uh-huh," said Dortmund.

"But not an ending at all, unfortunately." The elegant man shook his head. "It has come to my attention, *very* belatedly, that tax problems have forced Moira to make a gift of the Rodin nymph to the Museum of Modern Art. Perhaps I ought to explain that even I

cannot with any certainty bribe an appraiser from the Museum of Modern Art."

"He'll tell," Dortmund said.

"He will, in the argot of the underworld," the elegant man said, "spill the beans."

"That isn't the argot of the underworld," Dortmund told him.

"No matter. The point is, my only recourse, it seems to me, is to enter Moira's town house and make off with the copy."

"Makes sense," Dortmund agreed.

The elegant man pointed at his nymph. "Pick that up," he said.

Dortmund frowned, looking for the butcher's thumb.

"Go ahead," the elegant man insisted. "It won't bite."

Dortmund handed his bourbon and water to one of the plug-uglies; then, hesitant, unfamiliar with the process of lifting teenaged girls dressed in curtains—whether of bronze or anything else—he grasped this one by the chin and one elbow and lifted . . . and it didn't move. "Uh," said Dortmund, visions of hernias blooming in his head.

"You see the problem," the elegant man said, while the muscles in Dortmund's arms and shoulders and back and groin all quivered from the unexpected shock. "My nymph weighs five hundred twenty-six pounds. As does Moira's copy, give or take a few ounces."

"Heavy," agreed Dortmund. He took back his drink and drank.

"The museum's expert arrives tomorrow afternoon," the elegant man said, touching his white mustache. "If I am to avoid discomfort—possibly even public disgrace—I must remove Moira's copy from her possession tonight."

Dortmund said, "And you want me to do it?"

"No, no, not at all." The elegant man waved his elegant fingers. "My associates"—meaning the plug-uglies—"and I will, as you would say, pull the scam."

"That's not what I'd say," Dortmund told him.

"No matter, no matter. What we wish from you, Mr. Dortmund, is simply your expertise. Your professional opinion. Come along." The elevator doors opened to his elegant touch. "Care for another bourbon? Of course you do."

"Fortunately," the elegant man said, "I kept the architect's plans and models, even though I lost the town house itself to Moira."

Dortmund and his host and one plug-ugly (the other was off getting more bourbon and sherry) stood now in a softly glowing dining room overlooking a formal brick-and-greenery rear garden. On the antique refectory table dominating the room stood two model houses, next to a roll of blueprints. The tinier





*"Oooh! I like it! I like it!!"*



model, barely six inches tall and built solid of balsa wood with windows and other details painted on, was placed on an aerial photograph to the same scale, apparently illustrating the block in which the finished house would stand. The larger, like a child's dollhouse, was over two feet tall, with what looked like real glass in its windows and even some furniture in the rooms within. Both models were of a large, nearly square house with a high front stoop, four stories tall, with a big square many-paned skylight in the center of the roof.

Dortmunder looked at the big model, then at the small, then at the photograph of the street. "This is in New York?"

"Just a few blocks from here."

"Huh," said Dortmunder, thinking of his own apartment.

"You see the skylight," suggested the elegant man.

"Yeah."

"It can be opened in good weather. There's an atrium on the second level. You know what an atrium is?"

"No."

"It's a kind of garden, within the house. Here, let me show you."

The larger model was built in pieces, which could be disassembled. The roof came off first, showing bedrooms and baths all around a big square opening coinciding with the skylight. The top floor came off, was set aside and showed a third floor given over to a master bedroom suite and a bookcase-lined den, around the continuing square atrium hole. The details impressed even Dortmunder. "This thing must have cost as much as the real house," he said.

The elegant man smiled. "Not quite," he said, lifting off the third floor. And here was the bottom of the atrium—fancy word for air shaft. Dortmunder decided—a formal garden like the one outside these real-life dining-room windows, with a fountain and stone paths. The living and dining rooms in the model were open to the atrium. "Moir's copy," the elegant man said, pointing at the garden, "is just about there."

"Tricky," Dortmunder commented.

"There are twelve steps down from the atrium level to the sidewalk in front. The rear garden is sunk deeper, below ground level."

"Very tricky."

"Ah, our drinks," the elegant man said, taking his, "and not a moment too soon." He sipped elegantly and said, "Mr. Dortmunder, the workman is worthy of his hire. I shall now outline to you our plans and our reasoning. I ask you to give us your careful attention, to advise us of any flaws in our thinking and to suggest whatever improvements come to your professional mind. In return, I will pay you—in cash, of course—one thousand dollars."

"And drive me uptown," Dortmunder said. "I'm really late for my appointment."

"Agreed."

"OK, then," Dortmunder said, and looked around for a place to sit down.

"Oh, come along," said the elegant man. "We might as well be comfortable."

Tall, narrow windows in the living room overlooked a tree-lined expensive block. Long sofas in ecru crushed velvet faced each other on the Persian carpet,

amid glass-topped tables, modern lamps and antique bric-a-brac. In a Millet over the mantel, a French farmer of the last century endlessly pushed his barrowload of hay through a narrow barn door. The elegant man might have lost his atriumed town house to the scheming Moira, but he was still doing OK. No welfare housing necessary.

With a fresh drink to hand, Dortmunder sat on a sofa and listened. "We've made three plans," the elegant man said, as Dortmunder wondered who this "we" was he kept talking about; surely not the plug-uglies, giants with the brains of two-by-fours, sitting around now on chair arms like a rock star's bodyguards. "Our first plan, perhaps still feasible, involves that skylight and a helicopter. I have access to a heli—"

"Load," Dortmunder said.

The elegant man paused, as though surprised, then smiled. "That's right," he said.

Dortmunder gave him a flat look. "Was that a test? You wanna see if I'll just say, 'Yeah, yeah, that's fine, give me my grand and take me uptown,' is that it?"

"To some extent," agreed the elegant man placidly. "Of course, apart from the noise—a dead giveaway to the entire neighborhood, naturally, the house would swarm with police before we'd so much as attached the grapple—still, apart from that noise problem, a helicopter is quite an attractive solution. At night, from above—"

"Illegal," interrupted Dortmunder.

"Eh?"

"You can't fly a helicopter over Manhattan after dark. There's a law. Never break a law you don't intend to break; people get grabbed for a traffic violation, and what they're really doing is robbing a bank. That kind of thing. It happens all the time."

"I see." The elegant man looked thoughtful. Smoothing back his silver locks, he said, "Every trade is more complicated than it appears, isn't it?"

"Yeah," said Dortmunder. "What's plan number two?"

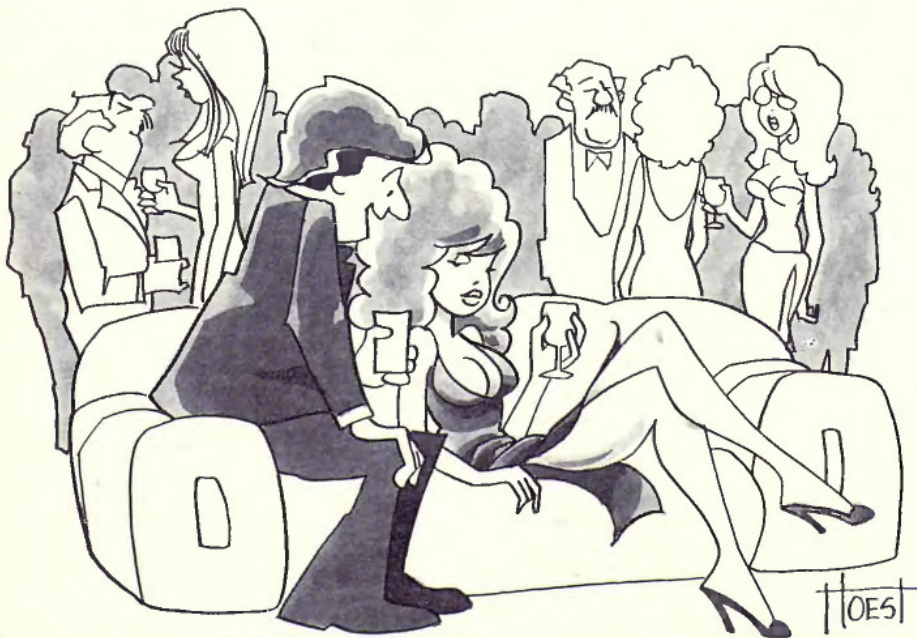
"Ah, yes." The elegant man regained his pleased look. "This involves the front door."

"How many people in this house?"

"None." Then the elegant man made a dismissing finger wave, saying, "The staff, of course. But they're all downstairs. It's soundproofed down there and servants sleep like the dead, anyway."

"If you say so. Where's this Moira?"

"She *should* be in England, mired on the M four," the elegant man said, looking extremely irritated, "but the delay I'd arranged for her to undergo didn't quite take place. As a result, she is probably at this very moment boarding her flight to New York. She'll be here sometime



"What a coincidence! I'm part of the anti-jogging backlash, too . . . want to screw?"



early tomorrow morning." Shrugging away his annoyance, he said, "Nevertheless, we still have all of tonight. Plan number two, as I started to say, has us forcing entry through the front door. Three strong men"—with a graceful hand gesture to include both himself and the silent plug-uglies—"with some difficulty, can jog the statue onto a low wheeled dolly. Out front, we shall have a truck equipped with a winch, whose long cable will reach as far as the atrium. The winch can pull the statue on the dolly through the house and down a metal ramp from the head of the stairs to the interior of the truck."

"That sounds OK," said Dortmund. "What's the problem?"

"The guard," the elegant man explained, "outside the embassy next door."

"Oh," said Dortmund. "And if you get rid of the guard. . . ."

"We create an international incident. A side effect even more severe than the breaking of helicopter-at-night laws."

Dortmund shook his head. "Tell me about plan number three."

"We effect entry through the rear, from the house on the next block. We set various incendiary devices and we burn the place down."

Dortmund frowned. "Metal doesn't burn," he objected.

"A flaw we'd noticed ourselves," the elegant man admitted.

Dortmund drank bourbon and gave his host a look of disgust. "You don't have any plan at all," he said.

"We have no good plans," the elegant man said. "Would you have a suggestion of your own?"

"For a thousand dollars?" Dortmund sipped bourbon and looked patiently at the elegant man.

Who smiled, a bit sadly. "I see what you mean," he said. "Say two thousand."

"Say ten thousand," Dortmund suggested.

"I couldn't possibly say ten thousand. I might find it possible to say twenty-five hundred."

It took three minutes and many little delicate silences before Dortmund and the elegant man reached the \$5000 honorarium both had settled on in advance.

The interior ladder down from the skylight had been so cunningly integrated into the decor of the house that it was practically useless; tiny rungs, irregularly spaced, far too narrow and curving frighteningly down the inside of the domed ceiling. Dortmund, who had a perfectly rational fear of heights, inched his way downward, prodded by the plug-ugly behind him and encouraged by the plug-ugly ahead, while trying not to look between his shoes at the tiny shrubbery and statuary and ornamental fountain three long stories below.

What a lot of air there is in an atrium!

Attaining the safety of the top-floor floor, Dortmund turned to the elegant man, who had come first down the ladder with an astonishing spryness and lack of apprehension, and told him, "This isn't fair, that's all. I'm here under protest."

"Of course you are," the elegant man said. "That's why my associates had to show you their revolvers. But surely for five thousand dollars, we can expect you to be present while your rather ingenious scheme is being worked out."

A black satchel, tied about with a hairy thick yellow rope, descended past in small spasms, lowered by the plug-ugly who was remaining on the roof. "I never been so late for an appointment in my life," Dortmund said. "I should of been uptown hours ago."

"Come along," the elegant man said, "we'll find you a phone, you can call and explain. But please invent an explanation; the truth should not be telephoned."

Dortmund, who had never telephoned the truth and who hardly ever even presented the truth in person, made no reply, but followed the elegant man and the other plug-ugly down the winding staircase to the main floor, where the plug-ugly with muttered curses removed the black satchel from the ornamental fountain. "You shouldn't get that stuff wet," Dortmund pointed out.

"Accidents will happen," the elegant man said carelessly, while the plug-ugly continued to mutter. "Let's find you a telephone."

They found it in the living room, near the tall front windows, on a charming antique desk inlaid with green leather. Seated at this, Dortmund could look diagonally out the window and see the guard strolling in front of the embassy next door. An empty cab drifted by, between the lines of parked cars. The elegant man went back to the atrium and Dortmund picked up the phone and dialed.

"O. J. Bar and Grill, Rollo speaking."

"This is Dortmund."

"Who?"

"The bourbon and water."

"Oh, yeah. Say, your pals are in the back. They're waiting for you, huh?"

"Yeah," Dortmund said. "Let me talk to Ke— The other bourbon and water."

"Sure."

A police car oozed by; the embassy guard waved at it. Opening the desk drawer, Dortmund found a gold bracelet set with emeralds and rubies; he put it in his pocket. Behind him, a sudden loud mechanical rasping sound began; he put his thumb in his other ear.

"Hello? Dortmund?" Kelp's voice.

"Yeah," Dortmund said.

"You're late."

"I got tied up. With some people."

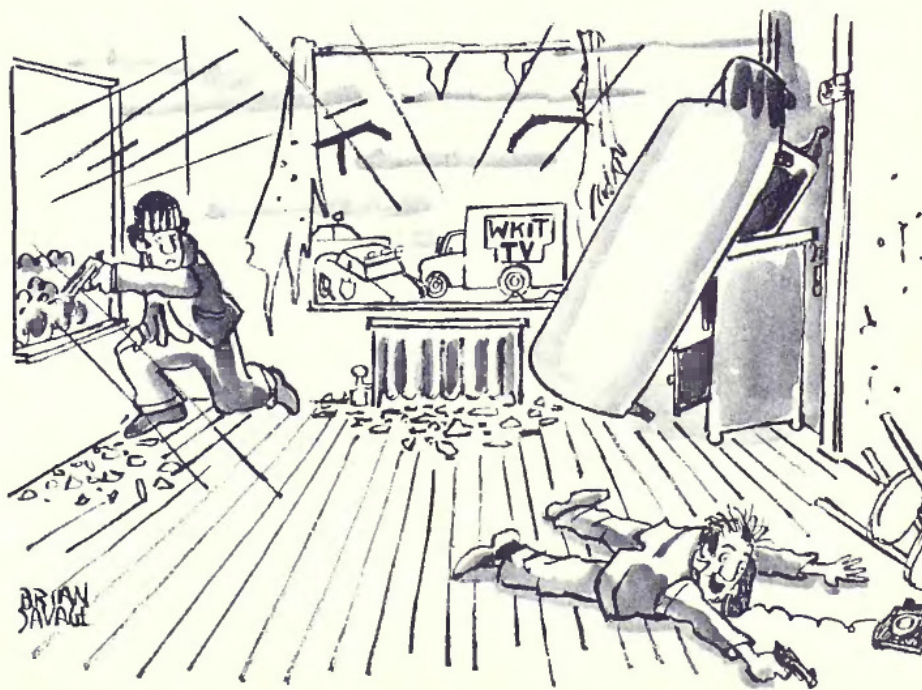
"Something going on?"

"I'll tell you later."

"You sound like you're in a body shop."

"A what?"

"Where they fix cars. You don't have a car, do you?"



"Hello, Ma? Quick, turn on the TV!"



"No," Dortmund said. The rasping sound was *very* loud.

"That's very sensible," Kelp said. "What with the energy crisis, and inflation, and being in a city with first-rate mass transportation, it doesn't make any sense to own your own car."

"Sure," Dortmund said. "What I'm calling about—"

"Any time you need a car," Kelp said, "you can just go pick one up."

"That's right," Dortmund said. "About tonight—"

"So what are you doing in a body shop?"

The rasping sound, or something, was getting on Dortmund's nerves. "I'll tell you later," he said.

"You'll be along soon?"

"No. I might be stuck here a couple hours. Maybe we should make the meet tomorrow night."

"No problem," Kelp said. "And if you break loose, we can still do it tonight."

"You guys don't have to hang around," Dortmund told him.

"That's OK. We're having a nice discussion on religion and politics. See you later."

"Right," said Dortmund.

In the atrium, they were cutting the nymph's head off. As Dortmund came back from his phone call, the girl's head nodded once, then fell with a splash into the fountain. As the plug-ugly switched off the saw, the elegant man turned toward Dortmund a face of anguish, saying, "It's like seeing a human being cut up before your eyes. Worse. Were she flesh and blood, I could at least imagine she was Moira."

"That thing's loud," Dortmund said.

"Not outside," the elegant man assured him. "Because of traffic noise, the façade was soundproofed. Also the floor; the servants won't hear a thing."

The plug-ugly having wrapped the decapitated head in rope, he switched on his saw again and attacked the nymph, this time at her waistline. The head, meantime, peering raffishly through circlets of yellow rope, rose slowly roofward, hauled from above.

Dortmund, having pointed out to the elegant man that *removal* of this statue was all that mattered, that its postoperative condition was unimportant, had for his \$5000 suggested they cut it into totable chunks and remove it via the roof. Since, like most cast-bronze statues, it was hollow rather than solid, the dismembering was certainly within the range of the possible.

Dortmund had first thought in terms of an industrial laser, which would make a fast, clean and absolutely silent cut, but the elegant man's elegant contacts did not include access to a laser, so Dortmund had fallen back on the notion of an acetylene torch. (Everybody in Dortmund's circle had an acetylene torch.) But there, too, the elegant man had turned out to be deficient, and it was only after exhaustive search of the garage that this large saber saw and several metal-cutting blades had been found. Well, it was better than a pocket-knife, though not so quiet.

The head fell from the sky into the fountain, splashing everybody with water.

The plug-ugly with the saw turned it off, lifted his head and spoke disparagingly to his partner on the roof, who replied in kind. The elegant man raised

his own voice, in French, and when the plug-uglies ceased maligning each other, he said, "I shall bind the parts."

The nearer plug-ugly gave him a sullen look. "That's brainwork, I guess," he said, switched on the saber saw and stabbed the nymph in the belly with it. Renewed racket buried the elegant man's response.

It was too loud here. From Dortmund's memory of the model of this house, the kitchen should be through the dining room and turn right. While the elegant man fumbled with the bronze head, Dortmund strolled away. Passing through the dining room, he pocketed an antique oval ivory cameo frame.

Dortmund paused in the preparation of his second *pâté* and swiss on rye with Dijon mustard—this kitchen contained neither peanut butter *nor* jelly—when the racket of saber saw was abruptly replaced by the racket of angry voices. Among them was a voice undoubtedly female. Dortmund sighed, closed the sandwich, carried it in his left hand and went through to the atrium, where a woman surrounded by Louis Vuitton suitcases was yelling at the top of her voice at the elegant man, who was yelling just as loudly right back. The plug-ugly stood to one side, openmouthed but silent, the saber saw also silent in his hand, hovering over the statue stub, now reduced to tree trunk, knees, shins, feet, toes, base and a bit of curtain hem.

This was clearly the ex-wife, home ahead of schedule. The elegant man seemed unable to do *anything* right. In the semidarkness of the dining-room doorway, Dortmund ate his sandwich and listened and watched.

The screaming was merely that at first, screaming, with barely any rational words identifiable in the mix, but the ex-wife's first impulse to make lots of noise was soon overtaken by the full realization that her statue was *all cut to pieces*: gradually, her shrieks faded away to gasps and then to mere panting, until at last she merely stood in stunned silence, staring at the destruction, while the elegant man also ceased to bray. Regaining his composure and his elegance, he readjusted his cuffs and, with barely a tremor in his voice, he said, "Moira, I admit you have me at a disadvantage."

"You—you—" But she wasn't capable of description, not yet, not with the butchery right here in front of her.

"An explanation is in order," the elegant man acknowledged, "but first let me reassure you on one point: The Rodin has not been destroyed. You will still, I'm afraid, be able to turn it over to the populace."

"You bluh—you—"

"My presence here," the elegant man continued, as though his ex-wife's paralysis were an invitation to go on, "is the



"That's very nice, Maynard. But what I said I wanted was a clock-radio."



result of an earlier deception, at the time of our separation. I'm afraid I must admit to you now that I bribed Grindle at that time to accept on your behalf not the original but a copy of the Rodin—this copy, in fact."

The ex-wife took a deep breath. She looked away from the bronze carnage and gazed at the elegant man. "You bloody fool," she said, having at last recaptured her voice, and speaking now almost in a conversational tone. "You bloody self-satisfied fool, do you think you *invented* bribery?"

A slight frown wrinkled the elegant man's features. "I beg your pardon?"

"Beg Rodin's," she told him. "You could only bribe Grindle with cash. When he told me your proposition, I saw no reason why he shouldn't take it."

"You—you——" Now it was the elegant man who was losing the power of speech.

"And, having taken your bribe *and* mine," she went inexorably on, "he pronounced the false true before reversing the statues. *That*," pointing at the shins and tree trunk, "was the original."

"Impossible!" The elegant man had begun to blink. His tie was askew. "Grindle wouldn't—I've kept the——"

"*You bloody FOOL!*" And the woman reached for a handy piece of luggage—toilet case, swamp-colored, speckled with someone else's initials, retail \$364.50—and hurled it at her ex-husband, who ducked, bellowed and reached for the late nymph's bronze thigh with which to riposte. The woman side-stepped and the thigh rolled across the atrium, coming to a stop at Dortmund's feet. He looked down at it, saw the glint of something shiny on the rough inside surface and hunkered down for a closer look. At the foundry, when they'd covered the removable plaster interior with wax prior to pouring the bronze, maybe some French coin, now old and valuable, had got stuck in the wax and then transferred to the bronze. Dortmund peered in at the thing, reaching out one hand to turn the thigh slightly to improve the light, then running his finger tips over the shiny thing, testing to see if it would come loose. But it was well and firmly fixed in place.

The rasp of the saber saw once more snarled: Dortmund, looking up, saw that the woman had it now, and was chasing her ex-husband around the plants and flowers with it, while the plug-ugly stood frozen, pretending to be a floor lamp. Dortmund stood, mouthed the last of his sandwich, retraced his steps to the kitchen and went out the window.

The far-off sound of sirens was just audible when he reached the pay phone at the corner and called again the O. J. Bar and Grill. When Kelp came on the

phone, Dortmund said, "The guys still there?"

"Sure. You on your way?"

"No. I got a new thing over here on the East Side. You and the guys meet me at Park and Sixty-fifth."

"Sure. What's up?"

"Just a little breaking and entering."

"The place is empty?"

Down the block, police cars were massing in front of Moira's house. "Oh, yeah," Dortmund said, "it's empty. I don't think the owner's gonna be back for years."

"Something valuable?"

There weren't two copies of the Ro-

din, no; there was one original, one copy. And the elegant man had been right about ex-husbands' getting the sympathy vote. The hired expert had accepted bribes from both parties, but he'd made his own decision when it came to distributing the real and the fake Rodins. In Dortmund's mind's eye, he saw again the shiny thing hidden within the nymph's thigh. It was the flip-off ring from a thoroughly modern beer can. "It's valuable OK," he said. "But it's kind of heavy. On the way over, steal a truck."



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# TECHNOLOGY WAR (continued from page 88)

*"Scratch a Japanese on his transistor earplug, they say, and you'll find a feudal serf below."*

Tercel—Toyota's rock bottom of the line last year.

"My wife drove it 300 miles to Palm Springs and back last weekend," he said. "It was 110 degrees all the way."

Maybe fewer people would have died in exploding rear-ended Pintos if Iacocca's wife had had to drive one in the desert.

Sunday afternoon in Harajuku, a chic section of Tokyo. The feckless youth of the Japanese race—"the future schlock of the nation," says one wag—are on parade. The boys wear baggy jeans with tight, narrow belts; sleeveless black T-shirts; leather boots; menacing black-plastic wraparound shades; and, strangest of all, their hair is puffed up and waved back, James Dean style.

Some of the girls have dyed their hair orange. They dress as bobby-soxers and practice the Charleston in front of Sony tape recorders that have been set up in the middle of the street, since traffic is blocked off on Sunday. One of the boys does imitation Elvis hip grinds while pretending to strum a guitar.

All of the above is what Japan is not. It is the tiny ground swell—make that a wavelet—of an attempt at headlong Westernization by leaping straight from pure Japaneseness into solid decadence without passing any of the other stages it normally takes before a civilization goes to hell. There is, essentially, no iceberg beneath this tip. What you see is all you get.

"You see a lot of Western exterior around here," draws one longtime Tokyo resident in the 20th-floor bar of the Foreign Correspondent's Club. "But that is all it is: exterior. Beneath all that façade is a very feudal society."

Scratch a Japanese on his transistor earplug, they say, and you'll find a feudal serf below. The Japanese have a habit of doing things by leaps and bounds, which often means leapfrogging intermediate stages of the evolutionary process. Consider, for instance, how Japan became what for want of better language is commonly called "a modern industrial nation." Just 115 years ago, the country was, indeed, not only feudal on the inside but insistently feudal on the outside, too. Overlords, daimios, vassals, an indentured peasantry, the island nation divided into some 250 fiefs, all that stuff you read about in *Shōgun*. The samurai code held sway, the nation was ruled by the guy with the biggest sword—a military dictator called the shogun—and the

country was effectively closed to foreigners. Had been for over 250 years, since Tokugawa Iyeyasu cut down his enemies and established his dynasty in 1603, only four years before John Smith founded Jamestown.

Yet the Japanese had heard rumors of what was going on around them—the colonization of Hong Kong, the Philippines and Indochina by Western imperial powers. Macao had been Portuguese forever. For over two centuries, the Japanese had held off such intrusions by simply ignoring the outside world and pushing those who showed up back into the sea. But when U.S. Commodore Matthew C. Perry lowered his gun sights on the coastal town of Uruga in 1853, the wily Japanese somehow knew the jig was up. Totally unprepared to resist modern methods of conquest, Japan made the conscious decision to go Western—on the surface, at least.

By 1868, the last shogun was gone and the traditional Japanese emperor restored to nominal power, so that the new, progressive era of civilian administration could begin. Skipping the entire Industrial Revolution, the Age of Enlightenment, the Napoleonic Era and all the other bitter steps the West went through to get ready for the 20th Century, the Japanese set out systematically to join the family of modern nations in one great leap forward. They did it almost overnight.

By 1900, Japan was modern enough to fight alongside Americans and Europeans in putting down the Boxer Rebellion in China. They deployed a navy and were in a position to field a formidable army, as the West found out to its sorrow a few decades later. They began creating an industrial base that would be lamentably turned almost exclusively to military purpose for the first half of the 20th Century. They had done away with all the fiefs, turning them into government prefectures—a highly centralized, smoothly functioning bureaucracy, which became a kind of new samurai class. In short, Japan in 1867 was where the West had been in, say, 1650. In 1868, she had a plan and a will to modernize. By 1900, she was where the West had been in the mid-19th Century.

Likewise with the kids now parading up and down in front of the Sunday gawkers in the coffee shops of Harajuku. They never heard of James Dean in the Fifties; they weren't even *alive* in the Fifties. But, true to the Japanese way, they have in one fell swoop achieved a

near-perfect imitation of something they never saw. There is no cultural experience underpinning their pseudo alienation; the only quality they have in common with their generational mock-punk counterparts in the West is extreme affluence. Yet beneath each of these Japanese is a boy or a girl who, in a crunch, combs his hair straight, carries a neat little umbrella and bows deeply to his aunts and uncles on family days.

Japan is the example of what modern feudalism can do. One must speak guardedly of feudalism, however, for the one key flaw in feudal societies—their rigid class structure—has been successfully dismantled in Japan's new version. Under this new feudalism, Japan retains all the economic and political advantages of the old system—absolute loyalty, conformist behavior, intense communitarian values—without the disruptive power of repression and imbalanced distribution of wealth. The result is an advanced industrial society with such pervasive prosperity that the economic discrepancies between the top 20th percentile and the bottom 20th percentile of the population are among the smallest in the world. Japan is the communal society that works.

The new feudalism works like this: Besides family, the Japanese company is the most critical unit of society. It is the equivalent of a feudal fief—the employee (serf) pledges lifelong loyalty to the company (vassal), receives, in turn, the promise of lifelong employment, protection and a guaranteed retirement payment by the company chief (daimio).

The employee's life revolves entirely around the company, just as the serf's did under village feudalism. He socializes almost entirely within his company, or across company lines for the greater good of his own company with his counterparts in competitive or complementary companies. This business socializing takes place on week nights, when most white-collar males in Japanese cities go out to eat and drink, returning home around 11 p.m. plastered two or three nights per week.

Weekends are spent with the family but often include outings with other company members, baseball games on the company team, and so forth. Wives, who stay home to tend hearth and herd, socialize primarily with other company wives. (The unliberated status of women in Japanese society, however, may be the sleeper issue of the future that could play havoc with the otherwise stable fabric of the neofeudalistic order.) Many companies, especially large manufacturing firms, provide such amenities as company swimming pools, recreation grounds, cooperative supermarkets and company housing, which brings the employees much closer together.

Certain benefits of this system are



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## DATSUN WE ARE DRIVEN



clearly apparent. The Japanese company has a guaranteed long-term labor pool that can, over the years, become highly trained, skilled and efficient. So certain is the lifelong-employment system that in the management class—university graduates joining the company—new recruits spend the first two to four years in their company undergoing further training.

"I was shocked when I learned that an American manager begins work almost the day he is hired," explained an executive of Sony Corporation of America in the company's glass-bound headquarters in New York. "When we hire a new manager, he has to study *our way* for two or three years before he goes on the job."

The Japanese company sticks by its people and its training policies even during recessions. Layoffs are extremely rare. The Japanese company (ever caught up in the Japanese disaster mentality, which always plans against rainy days) is always gearing for the long term, not for the short-range profits. It believes it is best served by maintaining loyalty, even at a deficit, until the brighter day when its people will gobble up the market. Japanese business looks at long-term expansion of its market share. That is the kind of thing that keeps Datsun and Toyota at each other's throats.

The hum you hear now, 150 miles south of Long Beach, near San Diego, is the sweet sound of Sony color-television sets rolling off the assembly line. Americans bought 600,000 of the 700,000 sets produced here in 1980; the rest were exported to Canada and Latin America. The nimble fingers soldering the chassis units and picture tubes before the final "hot box" aging process (which terribly abuses each set for one to two hours, driving up the failure rate and thus tightening quality control) are not those of inscrutable Orientals bent on capturing the U.S. dollar market; they are the white, brown and black hands of Southern Californians, 1600 men and women who work with only 40 Japanese to produce 80 percent of the Sony color TVs sold in America.

"When your service network is as weak as ours," laughs one company manager, "you have to build an almost unbreakable product." If you own a piece of Japanese electronic goods that has served for years with minimal repairs, you know what he means.

The Sony/San Diego plant was opened in 1972 with much fanfare and a promise, from the company chairman, of lifelong employment to any of the Americans who chose to stick it out with Sony. It is the most frequently cited proof that American workmanship is as good as Japanese—if properly managed.

The management techniques that form the backbone of the Japanese

system and that seem to be at work in San Diego are a mutual loyalty pact (Sony laid off *no one* during its overstocked production slowdown in 1974–1975), frequent worker-management contact ("I walk around the assembly-line floor all the time," says the vice-president in charge of operations, who could just as well stay in his office), encouragement of new ideas (throughout the plant, there are white telephones hooked up to the 600 Line where employees may register complaints or suggestions anonymously), consensus building and egalitarianism.

The two great values in Japanese society are loyalty and cooperation. Leadership, creativity, individualism, originality and nonconstructive criticism are negative values. The highest standard by which a man is judged in his climb up a Japanese corporate ladder is not how he leads but how well he conciliates, how he gets along with others of his own rank in his department and how popular he is among his peers. Merit is, of course, a consideration, though under Japan's lifetime-employment system, all but the congenitally incompetent will be promoted along a more or less preordained schedule. Merit and the ability to generate consensus are the qualities looked for in the successful Japanese businessman, politician, family head, journalist or salesman.

"I wanted to get a certain machine altered in our darkroom," explains the Tokyo chief of a world-wide American news-photo network. "It is something my senior Japanese staffer could do in about 20 minutes. But I couldn't just tell him to do it. I had to build consensus first. If I told him to do it, it just wouldn't happen. I had to go around dropping hints to various people, like, 'What do you think about maybe changing this machine over?' It took four months. They had to talk about it. Finally, everyone agreed. Then it took about 20 minutes to make the change." Such corporate politicking is slow but has the net effect of less resentment and dissension, greater group loyalty, understanding of the decision at the grass roots and high participation of staff members.

In the interest of consensus at Sony/San Diego, operations chief Mike Morimoto holds frequent meetings with his supervisors (foremen) to develop new policy *with* them. "Now, if your workers don't understand some change," he told his first-shift supervisors one spring afternoon, "you must *explain* it to them. If you just say, 'I don't understand the policy, but I have to enforce it,' that's bullshit. That's a cop-out."

This whole attitude comes together in the policy of egalitarianism, one of the most spectacular and yet enigmatic successes of an industrial society with a

history of hierarchal social relations. At Sony's plant, as in Japan, it takes some disarmingly simple forms: There is no executive dining room, the managers sharing both grub and tables with assembly-line personnel. In Sony's large parking lot, there is but one reserved space near the front door—for the company nurse. "If I arrive late," says Shiro Yamada, Sony senior vice-president and top banana at the San Diego plant, "I have to walk a long way through the parking lot." In Japan, the egalitarianism takes the form of managers' joining in the morning calisthenics and then wearing the same ubiquitous blue smocks as the rest of the employees during the workday (at Sony/San Diego, they have a mustard-yellow smock, but most people choose not to wear it).

Another way of explaining it stems from Japan's neofeudalistic view of the company as family. As proof of the impossibility of laying off San Diego employees just because of a recession (which temporarily halted the assembly lines and set everyone to painting walls and overhauling machinery), one Sony executive said, "Well, you can't fire your own family, can you?" As though it were just that simple.

Perhaps a British example—again involving Sony—tells it better, since Britain has become the world's example of class resentment, employment disputes, union walkouts and national noncompetitiveness. Despite dire warnings about "the British disease" (chronic inefficiency and strikes), Sony in 1974 decided to open an assembly plant in Bridgend, Wales, where the coal-mine closings had produced a ready and willing labor pool. Sony's simple expressions of egalitarianism—which in Britain included the unheard-of practice of management and labor's going out to the *same* pubs for the evening pint—sent such shock waves of joy through the town that, to this day, the plant has never been struck or threatened with a slowdown. Britain, whose chief underlying problem is a class system that never died, even after the money dried up, is still staring in disbelief.

It takes only a few days in Japan—maybe really only a few hours—to understand why we're in so much trouble and they aren't. One is stunned by the remarkable attention to the mundane details of daily life—from the umbrella racks to the liveliness of the restaurant service to the cleanliness of the cars (there are nearly 1,500,000 cars in Tokyo and every one looks as though it entered town through a car wash that morning). If you ask for something in one of Tokyo's gigantic, lushly stocked department stores and they don't have it right there, someone *runs* (not walks) to find it for you. There is, finally, no getting





*"I'll say one thing for Jessica—what she lacks in looks she makes up for in joie de vivre."*



around the fact that the Japanese simply work harder and probably better than anybody else, that they have perfected the virtues we used to preach—industry, civic-mindedness, thrift (Japanese typically save 20 percent of their incomes), loyalty and personal honor.

What Japan is all about is togetherness. "It is in my country like this," explains Kazuo Ito, a Tokyo businessman. "Never fighting. Always making everything together, together."

Think together, work together, live together, pull together. You can get a good sense of the togetherness by riding one of the morning commuter trains and watching them get 1000 people into a car designed for 400. Or you can get it by sitting in the average six-mat Japanese home, the six mats being a form of measuring space by how many 3' x 6' tatami mats are required to cover a floor (one mat is considered sufficient space for one person to sleep on). A six-mat room is 12' x 9'; thus, the size of the central room of the apartment. The other rooms are smaller. (These tiny spaces reflect the Japanese failure to deal with their one great unsolved social problem: inadequate housing.)

Or you can get it by going into almost any Japanese office. Small-scale desks shoved together, papers piled everywhere in mad profusion, people jumping in all directions at jangling phones and communicating via the interoffice shout, the whole place re-

sembling the floor of the Chicago Commodities Exchange just before close of business.

Another measure of the communal success is the near absence of lawsuits and legal confrontation. While disputatious Americans create a staggering caseload that jams the courts, Japan is the world's most nonlitigious society. While our system fairly begs for more suits, more laws and more lawyers, people in Japan go to extraordinary lengths to settle their few disputes out of court. America today supports some 500,000 lawyers, most in rather fine style; there are only 11,000 lawyers serving the 117,000,000 Japanese. That's a difference in lawyer-to-population ratio of 24 to one.

The Japanese live and work this way for two reasons: One, with that many people sharing a country the size of Montana (only 29 percent of it non-mountainous), they have no choice; and, two, they don't want anyone to be tempted to have a thought that runs against the stream—a thought that might rock their rather fragile boat.

Think together, work together, live together, pull together. Yet the Japanese togetherness seems to produce not blandness but, rather, a *channeled energy*, the kind of energy that has made innovation of consumer products the hallmark of Japan's postwar industrial success. It is what turned a hearing aid into a transistor radio, turned most industrial production into a superefficient robot

system, created the finest picture tube in television history (Sony's Trinitron) and put the miniature calculator into Everyman's pocket. The method is deceptively simple: Let tinkerers (like Soichiro Honda of Honda) and engineers (like Akio Morita of Sony) run the company, keep the accountants and lawyers in their place, then tap the imagination of every employee you can get your hands on.

At Toyota's headquarters in Toyota City, Aichi, for instance, the system works so well that some 49,000 employees generated a total of 535,000 voluntary suggestions in one year on how to improve the assembly line. When was the last time an American suggestion box was overstuffed?

Maybe nothing better explains how the Japanese got into the catbird seat of international trade in the past 20 years than the motorcycle story. It is the sad saga of commercial complacency in a captive culture, revealing how Americans, prisoners of their own mythology, lost the war of the market place without properly entering the race. It also shows the power of the movies.

Back in the Fifties, when America was bursting with post-World War Two industrial might and Japan was climbing out of the ashes, looking for a few good ideas, a motorcycle in America was a big rumbling Harley-Davidson 1200-c.c. thing that thugs, cops and nostalgia buffs drove around. It was definitely not what your upwardly mobile law student rode to class or what your young businessman had in mind for his image building.

The myth of the madman killer as motorcyclist was reinforced by Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*, Hollywood's paean to two-wheeled violence. The notion that one might break through that mythology with the image of a little old lady carrying shopping bags on a motorcycle never entered the minds of America's machine makers. A motorcycle, they seemed to believe, came with black leather, chains and a switch-blade knife.

What they didn't count on was Soichiro Honda, a delinquent Japanese village boy who never saw an automobile until he was seven years old. Honda did for transportation in the second half of this century what Henry Ford had done in the first: He put the world on wheels.

Twenty years ago, Harley-Davidson, the only large American motorcycle manufacturer, was selling about 10,000 bikes per year and had a virtual corner on the U. S. market. In 1979, Harley sold just over 50,000 motorcycles. But in that same year, more than 1,000,000 motorcycles were sold in the U. S.; 91 percent of them were Japanese.

"Harley belongs to AMF; they build a





## DETROIT: BORN AGAIN

*motor city has new fervor these days—the fervor of someone who has been to the brink, and knows it*

push-rod bike and they seem content to cater to that small portion of the market that loves a Harley," says one high-ranking American at a Japanese motorcycle company. Innovation is what Harley-Davidson—not to mention Detroit—is not about. Harley's only engineering-design changes in modern times have been the introduction of an American-made rubber-belt drive, plus new electrical equipment and carburetors—both made in Japan.

By the late Fifties, even into the early Sixties, the very notion of a mass-produced, mass-marketed motorcycle in the United States—then and now the greatest market in the world—was met with either ridicule or derision by the men who make the American transportation machine go. Never mind that there were more than 200,000,000 Americans not yet riding motorbikes; forget about Southern California's weather and a U. S. Sun Belt that makes the rest of the world look like submarine country; don't mention the fact that American students and young workingmen have more money and greater transportation need and more leisure than any other 18-to-25-year-old population in the world: The Americans wouldn't touch it. Honda moved in.

"Nobody told them it couldn't be done," laughs one Harley-Davidson executive today.

The great breakthrough year was 1962. That is when Honda ran its revolutionary space ad proclaiming, "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." The ad showed not Brando and his friends but 11 pleasant people on bikes—the original step-through moped Honda 90. Even more revolutionary, five of the people were female—and one was carrying a dog! It was one of the classics of modern marketing and advertising, the tiny seed that grew into over 400,000 units sold in 1979 in the United States by Honda (plus another 510,000 by Japan's three other large motorcycle builders). Not bound by the Hollywood-promoted notion that Americans would not accept motorcycles, Honda attacked his product's image problem head on. He went to the root of a cultural bias in the largest free country of them all, and he won. It was a more daring and successful step than any U. S. manufacturer was willing to take.

"The key," says Gene Trobaugh, vice-president of marketing at U. S. Suzuki and a foreign legionnaire of the two-wheeled trade, "was that the Japanese doggedly pursued what would appeal to the American market. People were still making jokes about cheap goods coming out of Japan when Honda brought in the 90.c.c. But that was their foot in the door. The little bikes were their seed in the ground.

"These little bikes were obviously not

Japan may be the best thing that's happened to Detroit since Henry Ford. He breathed industrial life into the city with his first assembly lines and low prices 70 years ago. But by mid-1980, Detroit had become a symbol of all that was wrong with America and right with Japan. As many as 300,000 U. S. auto workers were laid off, a dozen plants were closed, 1400 dealerships had gone out of business.

But the turning point on the long road back to competitiveness was signaled last year when William O. Bourke, then executive vice-president at Ford, admitted something millions of American car buyers had already discovered for themselves: "The standard of the world today is the Japanese."

That the Japanese have set the international standard had already been proved by Detroit's increasing imitation of Japanese cars, both in styling and in engineering. As far back as 1971, Chrysler made its deal with Mitsubishi for the production of its subcompacts, the Colt and the Champ; but not until 1979 did it advertise blatantly that "one of Japan's most technologically advanced cars is a Dodge."

By the late Seventies, all three giant U. S. auto makers knew more was needed. General Motors beat the pack with its introduction in late 1979 of the X-cars, a line of compact, five-passenger front-wheel-drive vehicles with greater fuel economy than most American automobiles. A year later, Chrysler entered the lists with the larger K-cars (a single design that is sold in three Plymouth styles and three Dodge styles). It is in appearance and size (and, alas, in some of the interior finishes) still very much an American car; but with its smaller 2.2-liter four-cylinder engine (or optional 2.6-liter engine built, ironically, in Japan) and front-wheel drive, it is fleetier afoot and tighter to handle than previous Chrysler models. It also gets about 25 miles per gallon.

Ford, meanwhile, has struck back with its "world car," the Escort/Lynx, that is a high-mileage, tightly built compact with a European feel to it. And no wonder: Ford of Europe, as distinct from the parent company, is the single largest, most profitable auto maker in the world. For decades, Ford has produced high-quality,

mileage-efficient cars that sold well in perhaps the toughest market on earth: Germany.

"These hometown boys in Detroit have ripped off the American public for years," claims *Monthly Detroit* senior editor Kirk Cheyfitz. "They have always built better cars in Europe than they were building at home. The only question is their perception of what sells in America. That's where they have failed in the past."

Detroit is obviously learning from its mistakes—and from Europe and Japan, as well. "The first thing I noticed on the new Escort," says Toyota's senior vice-president Norm Lean, "was that the side trims had been nicely rounded off, instead of cut square with a sharp edge. That shows a degree of concern we've never seen from Detroit before."

Even with some of the most chauvinistic advertising campaigns since World War Two ("America isn't going to be pushed around anymore," says Frank Sinatra for Chrysler), Americans seem to want to give Detroit a badly needed second chance. "The mood of the car buyer last fall was definitely very pro-domestic," says auto analyst Maryann Keller of Paine Webber Mitchell Hutchins. With as much as 20 percent of the economy directly affected by the car business—and an even larger chunk of national pride at stake—there is a communal mission in making the comeback work. After Detroit's close brush with the grim reaper of bankruptcy, the industry seems on the verge of a second life generated by its own past sins and the Japanese challenge.

The jury is still out on whether or not the new life will last beyond infancy, but born-again car maker Lee Iacocca's daring nomination of United Auto Workers leader Douglas Fraser to the Chrysler board of directors represents a breakthrough from confrontation to cooperation between management and labor. Chrysler's U. S. Government loan guarantees, which require auto makers and Government officials to rub elbows from time to time, mark a leap from adversary to partnership between business and government. Bitter as the pill may be, America seems to be learning from the communal society that works.

—P.R.R.



tailored to the U. S. market. The main thing they did was prove there was a market that the American manufacturers had ignored. Then the logical thing was to build bigger bikes—the 370, the 450 and, finally, the 750, the first four-stroke. There was no competition in the United States with what the Japanese were able to do. What the Japanese did was give the Americans, one, a bike size they could handle and, two, an image they could live with.

"You could liken the whole motorcycle thing to the emergence of the auto industry after World War Two. The two-car family was the big breakthrough in the Fifties. Imagine what that meant in *market expansion!* The motorcycle business was a similar situation—except that there was no product to fill the need.

"The Japanese filled a need—cheap transportation—but they also created one. They found a great big *void* in the United States—they filled it, developed and expanded it. Now it's all theirs."

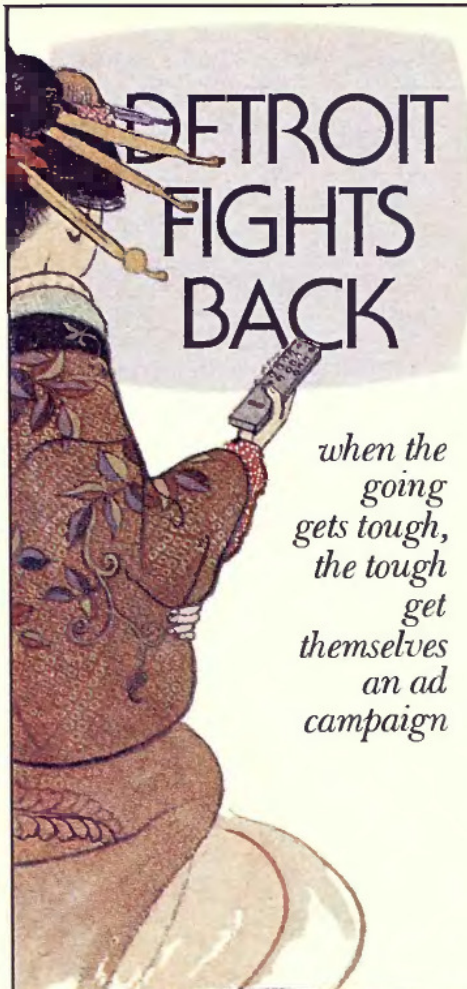
From the air, Japan is a sculpted garden. As the JAL 747 makes Pacific landfall on the flight from Mexico City (I have been wined and dined in the incomparable luxury of a sleeper service that only the Japanese would think of), the mighty, misty sprawl of Tokyo lies ahead, but the ground below looks like bonsai handiwork. Hills are terraced; rice paddies are carved like butter on a tray; farmyards are planted like tiny decorations on a cakelike landscape.

Later, the Shinkansen bullet train to Kyoto defines the time warp that is modern Japan: Land and buildings and people fly by so fast (140 mph) that nothing is recognizable except, on a clear day, snow-capped Mount Fuji in the far distance. What stands out, oddly, is the attention to detail. At a train station, the 4" x 2' plots of earth between the pillars of a building have all been turned into miniature shrub gardens. Even in the Ginza, where a couple of million shopgirls pass along the sidewalks every day after work, the narrow space beside the curb is planted with geraniums, miraculously untrampled. Every hotel in Tokyo has its rock garden, a piece of earth sculpture. Thinking small, Japanese style, has conquered the world.

"We tend to care more about the small things, I think," says Mike Morimoto. "If you look at Japanese gardens, you see we have such a small house, but in that tiny garden, we have so much variety.

"Even Japanese cars, they are small, but we have tiny luxuries."

And that, class, is how the Japanese won the war.



*when the going gets tough, the tough get themselves an ad campaign*



*Let's tell the truth: How come Japanese and German car makers aren't encumbered with affirmative-action quotas? I'll put it bluntly: When Toyota, Datsun, Volkswagen and the rest hire ten percent black and ten percent Hispanic employees to work in their plants back home, then—and only then—should we allow their products to be distributed here in the U. S.!*



*Hi, I'm Mr. Whitecoat. I'm the symbol of the combined engineering, design and marketing skills of America's automobile manufacturers. I'm here to tell you about an organization called Patriotic Americans for National Import Constraints.*

*More about PANIC later. First, meet the family. The missus has a woman's eye for quality and luxury, and enough shopper's savvy to know that buying things in small packages costs more.*



*Fact: The total poundage of such Government-mandated safety paraphernalia as high-impact bumpers, dashboard padding, heavy-duty door locks and seat belts is enough to crush more than 10,000 classrooms full of healthy children. A shocking statistic? Apparently not shocking enough for the bureaucrats in Voter City to take into account when they set minimum-mileage standards for domestic automobiles. Let's be reasonable: Safety or gas economy—choose one if you must, but you can't have both!*





And say hello to the little Whitecoats. They're having a hard time finding American-made bicycles. They wonder if by the time they're ready to choose their first automobiles, there'll still be fine new or previously owned American cars around for them to purchase. To tell you the truth, I wonder, too.

I believe in straight talk, not a lot of grinning and nodding and sneaking around the issue. And the plain truth is that we're all in a fix. Auto workers jobless. Plants idled. Unsold cars. And imports accounting for nearly one out of every three new cars sold in the U.S. That's why PANIC needs your support.



Tell me this: Are the bleeding hearts in Washington demanding catalytic converters on Mount St. Helens? Hardly—and, frankly, we don't expect them to, even though last year, natural pollution was far worse than that produced by automobiles. But we do expect Congress to stop burdening Detroit with more than its rightful share of the clean-air load. "Fair is fair!" say the auto makers. "You lay off on pollution standards and we'll stop laying off workers!"



Let's talk straight: When the bureaucrats in the Federal Government get it into their heads that some American car has a life-threatening design defect, what do they do? They make owners send their vehicles back to the factory of origin at Detroit's expense! But when something goes wrong with, say a Subaru or a Mazda, no one orders the manufacturer to ship it all the way back to the plant for repairs. An evenhanded safety policy? Not on your life! Our demand: Total recall . . . or no recall at all!



Everybody knows that the liability of air carriers—even foreign ones—is limited by the Warsaw Convention. Shouldn't our auto makers be similarly protected? "You bet!" cried the scores of public-spirited insurance underwriters who gathered last summer in Wausau, Wisconsin—at their own expense—to hammer out a "bill of immunity" for automobile companies and their executives. Now consumer voters from coast to coast are clamoring for Congressional ratification of the Wausau Convention, and it's easy to see why: With no more nuisance lawsuits to worry about, Detroit will be able to concentrate on building the cars America really wants!



One last point: Every year, aliens living in the United States have to register with the Federal Government. And if they want to work in this country, they have to fill out dozens of applications and, at best, wait months before earning the "green card" that permits them to accept employment. Well, every foreign car that reaches our shores exacts its own terrible bounty—in American gasoline, in American jobs and, last but not least, in American profits. Is it really too much to ask those citizens who persist in buying them to go to Washington every year and fill out a few forms? We want mandatory registration of all foreign cars—and we want it now!



Little Whitey is wagging his tail, and I think that means he'd like you to join with us in our drive to keep the cars and stripes a proud part of the American way of life. Join us. Honk for PANIC. Thank you and God bless you.



“With Terri and Candy, I have a peer group, a family. We have the same problems, the same friends.”

in the summer of 1976 with aspirations of establishing a career in show business. She met Hugh Hefner at a party at Playboy Mansion West that summer and decided to try out for Playmate of the Month. She became Hef's constant companion soon after he and longtime girlfriend Barbi Benton parted. The rest is history, and inspired a couple of paragraphs in *People* magazine, where she was originally identified as singer Donna Theodore and, more recently, pictured celebrating the fourth anniversary of their romance with an enthusiastic kiss for a male stripper at Chippendale's. A glance at the story that accompanied Sondra's July 1977 Playmate pictorial reveals that the diamond necklace she wore—spelling the enigmatic words Baby Blue—refers to the name of a Barry White tune that was being played the first time she danced with Hef. Several small parts in films and television followed Sondra's Playmate appearance and she decided to rent an unfurnished five-room apartment off Sunset Boulevard, near the sprawling UCLA campus, and conveniently close to the Mansion. She loved the fireplace in the living room—and all the space that the five rooms afforded her—but she knew she needed a roommate. “I was never there,” she confesses. “I would come home and the place just wouldn't feel lived in. I needed someone to water my plants, to confide in and hang out with when I wasn't away on a Playmate promotion or doing a movie [she spent most of the summer of 1977 in St. Louis, shooting *Stingray*] or spending time with Hef.”

Sondra took her time decorating the apartment and looking for the right person with whom to share it. Her first choice was an aspiring singer from England who was working as a waitress in a local restaurant, waiting to be discovered. She was, but soon after her Hollywood singing debut, she went on the road—returning only long enough to announce that she had fallen in love and was moving to New York to get married.

Enter Candy Loving. Candy was a student at the University of Oklahoma when PLAYBOY discovered her during the Great Playmate Hunt conducted for our 25th Anniversary Issue. She and Sondra became friends while Candy was shooting her centerfold on the West Coast. Candy had been married but was separated from her husband. When she was chosen as the Silver Anniversary Playmate (January 1979), she decided to move to Hollywood and moved in with Sondra. (Many of PLAYBOY's centerfold choices have become

close friends while working for the magazine over the years, and two other Playmates discovered during the Great Playmate Hunt—Missy Cleveland (April 1979) and Michele Drake (May 1979)—are currently living as roommates in Los Angeles.)

Candy had intended to try Hollywood for a year and return to the University of Oklahoma for her degree (she was a senior, majoring in public relations) if things didn't go well for her, but they did. “I got more practical experience in public relations in my first year with PLAYBOY doing Playmate promotions than I did in three years at the university,” she now concedes. But she is quick to add, “I think they're both important—a formal education and practical experience. I'm glad I had the opportunity to get both.” Candy's Playmate promotions have taken her across the country, to Canada and Japan, but she has also found time to try acting (a small part in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*) and a major role on TV's *Sheriff Lobo*), television commercials, talk shows (Merv Griffin) and modeling (Johnny Casablancas of Elite—one of the top model agencies in the country—saw and promptly signed her). Sondra and Candy hadn't intended to invite a third roommate to share the apartment until they met Terri.

Enter Terri Welles. Terri grew up in San Diego, where she dated—from time to time—a building designer-developer, who happened to be Sondra's older brother. Terri was a flight attendant, first for PSA and then for United Airlines. When PLAYBOY's editors went looking for an appropriate cover girl for our May 1980 issue, featuring the well-remembered pictorial on airline stewardesses, Terri seemed the perfect choice. Terri turned in her flight attendant's wings, became a Playboy Model, and then decided to become a Playmate (December 1980, for any of you who haven't been paying attention). When Terri moved to Los Angeles and needed a place to stay, Sondra offered her room with her and Candy. Well, it sure beat putting up at the Y.W.C.A.

With Terri, that actually meant five in the apartment: three Playmates and two small dogs—lovingly referred to as The Lady and The Tramp. The Lady is Terri's pedigree Yorkie, Bridgette. The Tramp is Sondra's shaggy terrier, of uncertain lineage, named Alex—saved from doggy heaven when Sondra purchased him from the local dog pound for \$11. When we arrived to shoot this roommates pictorial, our Playmates insisted that Brid-

ette and Alex sign model releases, too. They dipped their paws in ink and pressed them on the forms, which are on file in our West Coast photo studio.

How does the situation work out? “Sometimes I just suffer people shock,” says Sondra. “Then I head for the apartment, settle back and become human again. With Terri and Candy, I have a peer group, a family. We have the same problems, the same friends. We know how to laugh together. We know when someone needs a hug. It's like being in the same school, sitting with the same people at lunch. We know what we like, what's right for us.”

The girls constantly compare notes on their careers. Before Candy went out on her first promotional tour as our 25th Anniversary Playmate, she asked Sondra's advice on how to handle the too-friendly fans when signing autographs. When Terri was preparing for her first Playmate promotion, she had two seasoned veterans to turn to for advice. The girls tend to deal with their problems with humor, poking fun at one another until their concerns turn into laughter. It is unusual for three such beautiful women to become such close friends, but Playmates belong to a special sorority. They have a sense of sisterhood. When Sondra helped put together the Singing Playmates, a newly formed pop vocal group composed entirely of centerfold models from the pages of PLAYBOY, Terri had to be a part of it—though she had no previous vocal training. Within a few weeks, she had become a real showstopper. “Terri is a natural talent,” says Sondra. “Singing, dancing, acting—she's great at whatever she tries. She can be a star—if she wants it badly enough.” Terri laughs, but she also knows that Blondie's Deborah Harry was once a Bunny in the New York Playboy Club.

For all the glamor of their lives—the parties at the Mansion, the lunches at Le Dome, the dates with Hollywood celebrities—the girls are amazingly down-home. They are just as likely to be found curled up in front of the TV, watching a *Flintstones* special, waiting for the pizza to arrive. The three recount tales of piling into Sondra's VW in jeans, T-shirts and sunglasses, driving up to L.A.'s famous Renaissance Faire and spending the day sitting in a haystack, watching the citizens dressed in medieval garb. Now career opportunities may be breaking up the trio. Candy is considering going to New York in the spring for another round of modeling assignments for Elite. “But only for a little while,” she says. Terri is working in a new Michael Crichton film, *The Looker*—her first attempt at acting. Crichton also thinks she's a “natural.” Sondra spends her days in rehearsal and recording with the Singing Playmates. But for now, they are just three girls, sharing the rent while trying to make it in Hollywood.





*"That's the Golden Fleece?"*



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## GOING TO CRIPPLE CREEK

If you've seen the wild and crazy cowboy hats that Burt Reynolds, Bobby Bare and Willie Nelson have been sporting lately, we think you'll want to know that these custom fur felt numbers are made by the Cripple Creek Hat Company, at 136 Cass Street, Woodstock, Illinois 60098. Cripple Creek will dude up a hat any way you like—with rattlesnake skin, fox jaws, bear hair, coyote fur, quail wings and more—for about \$250. And if you fall off your horse, it will reshape the hat at no extra charge.



## OLDIES BUT GOODIES

The Renovator's Supply, in Millers Falls, Massachusetts 01349, is "the source for fine old-style hardware, lighting, plumbing and other not-generally-available supplies." And if you don't believe its own drumbeating, invest two dollars in Renovator's latest supply book and see for yourself. It's stuffed with every kind of oldfangled paraphernalia your grandpa could desire, from Victorian door plates for \$6 to \$560 pull-chain toilets with solid-oak water tanks. Now, that's what we call a dear john.

## CIRCUS MAXIMUS

Happily, the circus still comes to town, but the number of companies that print colorful woodcut circus posters has dwindled to one—a small printing plant in Ohio. Poster Pals, 1003 Crest Circle, Cincinnati, Ohio 45208, has cornered the market on that company's production, and for one dollar it will send you a flier that lists a menagerie of designs ranging from 14" x 42" clowns and acrobats for \$6.95 to billboard-sized snarling big cats for \$62.50. Now you can have two tigers in the bedroom.



## PAYING THE PIPER

Drop by any pipe store and you'll see racks of carved meerschaums done in the likenesses of lions, elephants, Turks and God knows what. But if you're seeking the kind of carved meerschaums that men *really* like, check with a company called CAO Meerschaums, P.O. Box 15351, Nashville, Tennessee 37215. Its line of erotic meerschaums—which sell for about \$150 to \$500—leaves nothing to the imagination. Five dollars gets you the regular catalog—plus some fealty pictures of the good stuff.







### DOGGING IT

The rumor is that Ashley Books, 30 Main Street, Port Washington, New York 11050, is going to the dogs. Its latest title, *How to Judge Your Personality by the Dog You Own*, is definitely a howl. But after spending \$10.25 to discover that your penchant for Dobermans classifies you as "neater than thou," you may have a bone to pick with author Dick Haefner. Most breeds are covered—and there's even a chapter for cat freaks, too. Woof!

### KNOW-IT-ALL

The next time you have a premonition on any subject from who'll win next year's Super Bowl to tomorrow's price of gas, drop I Told You So! Inc., at P.O. Box 225, Bound Brook, New Jersey 08805, a line. It runs an unusual prediction service that, for two dollars, registers your prediction, and if it comes true, you can pay an additional \$3.50 and get a diploma-sized certificate to shove under the nose of all the people to whom you bragged about your prediction. And if you're really a big spender, it sells I Told You So! T-shirts, plus one free prediction, for only \$8, postpaid. If your prediction doesn't come true, don't say we didn't tell you so.



### CUEING UP

The Manhattan showroom of Designs for Leisure Ltd., at 306 East 61st Street, 10021, is probably the classiest pool hall in town. Its standard selection includes just about every style of pocket and bumper-pool table you could shake a cue stick at—including a 4½' x 9' reproduction of an antique pocket pool table that will set you back about \$4000. The Manhattan, a more modern stainless-steel model, also chalks up at \$4000. And if you're truly a hot stick, there's even a superluxe brass or bronze style called The Rainbow that will reduce your savings by \$14,000. All tables are described in a brochure, which goes for a buck. It's your shot, Fats.



### UNDER FULL SAIL

Now that you've raised the Titanic and want to rechristen it, check with a company called Full Sail, at P.O. Box 720076, Atlanta, Georgia 30358. Its specialty is custom yacht lettering and for \$300 to about \$1500—plus travel expenses—it will tackle anything from a dinghy to an oceangoer. (Or, if you're more Mario Andretti than Captain Bligh, it does race-car lettering, too.) Up anchor; the Yachtsa Luck sails at dawn.

### SO RARE

Looking to buy a lighthouse off the Pacific Coast or a Roman road once owned by William the Conqueror? Contact Rare Earth Enterprises, P.O. Box 946, Sausalito, California 94966. Six times a year, for the modest charter-subscription price of \$36, you'll receive a unique newsletter called the *Rare Earth Report*, which gives sale prices of some of the world's most exotic properties. And since Rare Earth isn't a real-estate agent, you're free to contact the seller and do your own dickering. If it's total seclusion you're seeking, it even lists an inactive volcano in the Canary Islands for \$95,000—with ruins thrown in free.





# CRONKITE'S LAST STAND (continued from page 131)

*"Now the face comes into view—seamed, weathered, yet timeless, like a Mount Rushmore sculpture."*

anchor man around here—and he'd as soon bust you back to rewrite as spit into mesquite. Old Man goes by the book!

Beyond the parade grounds is the entrance to the PX, where Sergeant CHARLES KURALT (played by Victor McLaglen) is seen emerging from a doorway into sunlight. KURALT is tucking his uniform tunic into his pants with one hand, blowing his nose into a large red bandanna with the other.

CHUCK (offcamera): Hey, Sarge! That wouldn't be a tear in your eye, now, would it?

KURALT (blustery): A tear, is it! Mind yer tongue, now, ye little flibbertigibbet, before I put a fist into yer make-up. A tear! Begorra, a piece of dust in me eye it is and nothin' more. Ah, but lads, a sad day it is, 'tis a sad day. (Blows his nose again, grandly)

SCOTT (approaching KURALT diffidently): They say you rode with the Old Man.

KURALT: Rode with 'im. Rode with 'im, ye say. Why, lads, I was on the road with 'im when you were still mouthin' practice voice-overs into a dinner fork! Didn't I stand alongside 'im when he faced down Chuck Colson and Big John Ehrlichman and that whole scurvy crew? Wasn't I shoulder to shoulder with 'im when Armstrong landed on the moon? Why, wasn't it old Sergeant Kuralt himself who dug up all the inside dope when he broke the Soviet wheat-deal story? Faith, without me, lads—

FIRM VOICE (offcamera): Sergeant, your uniform is a disgrace to the CBS dress code, and you're throwin' out more hot air than an Action News reporter at a staged media event. Ten-HUT!

KURALT hurriedly salutes, snaps to attention, his eyes rolling and his lips pursed. CUT TO CHUCK and SCOTT, their faces slack with awe.

CHUCK (in whisper): It's—it's him!

CUT TO a double row of suit buttons. As the camera pulls back, we are aware of a regulation CBS necktie that is knotted loosely to one side, in a trademark style. Now the face comes into view—seamed, weathered, yet somehow timeless, like a Mount Rushmore sculpture. We see the set lips, the trim mustache and the famous blue eyes that glitter in the sunlight with what seems to be a martinet's stare.

WALTER CRONKITE: Explain yourself, Sergeant Kuralt!

KURALT: Why, I was just—that is, I—well, you see, sir, I never meant to imply that—

CRONKITE (features relaxing into a lopsided grin): As you were, sergeant! (To the recruits) Boys, you have the honor of . . . lookin' upon one of the . . . finest dag-blasted correspondents that ever improvised a news lead on B-copy material on deadline. Sergeant Kuralt, I'm counting on you ta . . . see that these young syntax slingers fresh outa some Eastern journalism school learn the right

way ta . . . use a hand mike after I'm gone. *That's an order, sergeant!* (Claps KURALT on the shoulder)

KURALT (proudly clicking his heels): Yes, sir!

FADE AS KURALT and the recruits watch CRONKITE touch his Stetson and amble away in his famous rolling stride.

## SCENE II

INTERIOR SHOT—the office of the commandant, GENERAL WILLIAM S. PALEY (played by J. Carroll Nash). Paley, his uniform tunic partly unbuttoned, is pacing back and forth in front of his desk. An impassive COLONEL MIKE WALLACE (played by Victor Jory) stands at attention.

PALEY (snatching a La Palina cigar from his mouth): Where the devil is Rather? Should've been back hours ago!

WALLACE (smoothly): I understand, sir, that he is on a mission.

PALEY: Mission! What kind of mission? Nobody authorized Rather to go out on a mission! Not today, of all days!

WALLACE (discreetly clearing his throat): My sources tell me, sir, that Rather appointed himself on this mission. It seems that he has disguised himself as a Republican and contrived to be smuggled into Minneapolis. We expect his report momentarily on conditions—

PALEY: Republican! Minneapolis! Doesn't that hotheaded fool realize he's placed himself and this whole network in great jeopardy? If they catch him, he'll look like Telly Savalas when they've finished! What good's he to us then? Crazy gung-ho—

WALLACE: If it would be of any help, sir, I have obtained photocopies of Rather's contract, in which he agreed not to place his hair in danger. If you'll give me a film crew, I'll be happy to confront him with this matter—

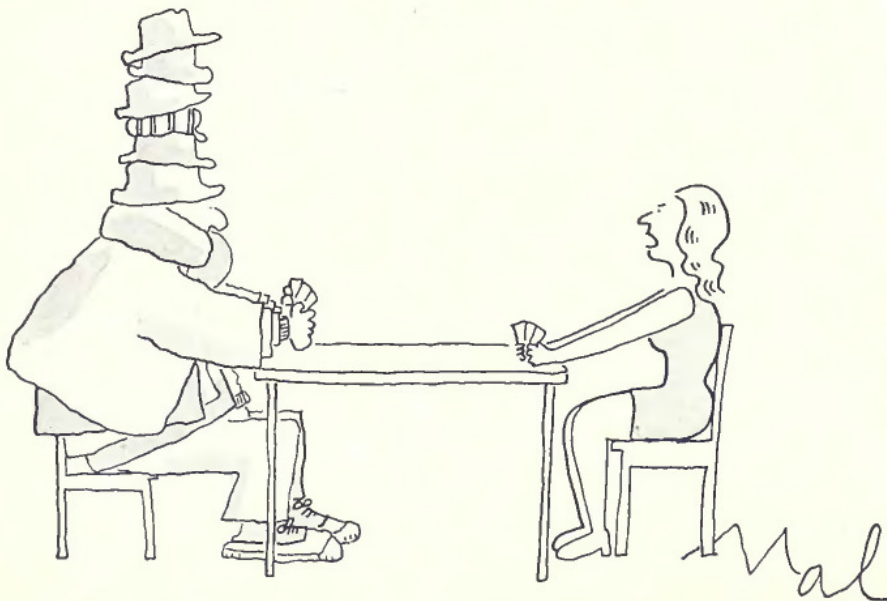
PALEY (waving): No, no. Jehoshaphat, Wallace! Sometimes I think you'd confront me if you had the goods. Gives me the creeps. No, Rather's a good man, Wallace. But foolhardy. (Mimics DAN RATHER'S voice) "No, sir, Mr. President, are you?" That kind of nonsense. (Stares out the window) I always hoped the Old Man would have a settling influence on him. Didn't seem to. Sometimes I wonder if I'm doing the right thing—turning this fort over to him. Where's Boone Arledge when I need him?

WALLACE: Speaking of Boone Arledge, sir, I have obtained copies of certain documents. . . .

PALEY: That'll be all, Wallace. (WALLACE exits. PALEY sighs, continues to stare out the window) Nothing to do now but . . . sit and wait. Why did I ever let go of Charlie McCarthy?

## SCENE III

It is late in the day. Already, pink wisps are visible in the sky—it won't be

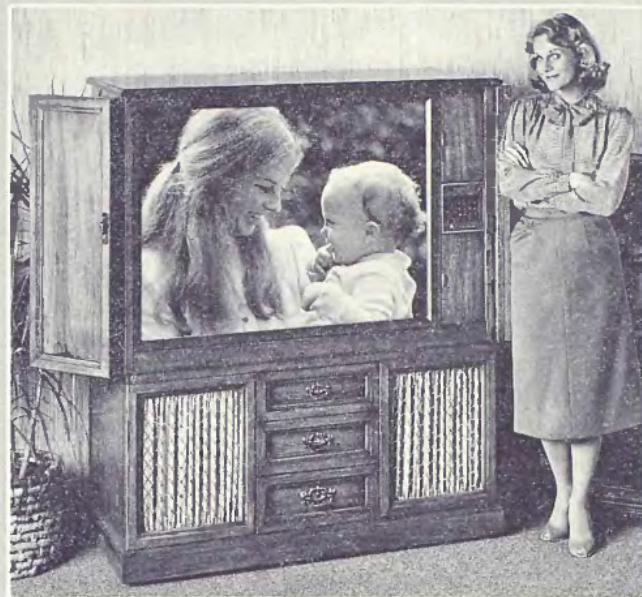


*"No, Warren, I don't want to play strip poker!"*



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long until sunset. We are in a remote corner of Fort Black Rock: a little grassy hillock with—incongruously enough—a willow tree and a brook in the background.

The tall figure of CRONKITE, partly in silhouette, commands the scene. He is standing alone, reading from what appears to be a handwritten letter. Out of sight of the troops, CRONKITE has allowed his stern martinet bearing to soften. We see a certain rough gentleness in his features. He has unbuttoned his dress jacket and placed it over his shoulders, cape style.

As CRONKITE stands reading, a figure approaches him uncertainly from behind. It is LESLEY STAHL (played by Joanne Dru), the beautiful but independent-minded female correspondent at the fort. STAHL is wearing a long black skirt and a ruffled white blouse with a high collar. Her hair is done up in a severe bun, but a breeze tugs at the loose strands. The same breeze flutters CRONKITE'S tie.

We hear Mitch Miller's chorus, softly humming "Red River Valley."

STAHL (nervously but with resolve in her voice): Well—Mr. Cronkite! The departing hero eludes his troops! A lot of girls I know would consider this a chance in a million.

CRONKITE pivots his torso from the waist, flings his head back over his shoulder. He raises a quizzical eyebrow, then touches his forelock in a kind of salute.

CRONKITE: Miss Stahl! To what do I owe the . . . honor of this unexpected encounter? (Remembers his unbuttoned tunic) Er . . . I fear that you have apprehended me in, er, some degree of sartorial embarrassment!

STAHL (stamping her foot): Oooh! You men, with your talk of sartorials and your stop watches and your awful tag lines, as though the news were a game, a kind of glorious parade, instead of the ugly, horrid business that it is!

CRONKITE (touching his forelock again): Say, you're a regular spitfire! But, Miss Stahl, ma'am . . . I recollect that a certain newswoman insisted on an assignment to this fort—against the better judgment of her superiors. Including—

STAHL: Including one Walter Cronkite, convention hero and anchor man, unless I miss my guess. Oh, I know what you think of women serving in the news, Mr. Cronkite. I listened to your officers'-club remarks about Barbara Walters, don't think I didn't! Well, let me tell you something, Mr. Space Coverage, Mr. That's the Way It Is! I'm a woman, yes—and proud of it! It so happens I can outfilm, outmike, outinterview, outstand-up and outad-lib any of the so-called men in your command! And what's more, I— (STAHL breaks off; presses a hankie to her eyes)

CRONKITE (flustered): Whoa! Kill tape

there, ma'am! Take five! (Gestures awkwardly) Ma'am, I'm an old soldier. I reckon I don't know any trade except networking . . . it's been my whole life. (The Mitch Miller chorus swells) I fought alongside some mighty big men, Miss Stahl . . . men with names a . . . young lady your age might not even recognize. Men like . . . Ed Murrow . . . and Charles Collingwood . . . and Eric Sevareid. Yes, and Dan Schorr. Those were men who built the CBS network news, and . . . held it strong against the forces that would seek to destroy the . . . free flow of information that is essential to a . . . democratic society— (CRONKITE breaks off, gives his head a shake, as if coming out of a dream. The Miller chorus stops abruptly) But here I am, makin' chin music about things that happened a . . . long time ago. What I meant to say, Miss Stahl, is . . . well, if I was ever lookin' down the barrel of dead air up in the booth, an' I needed a quick fill, why . . . you're the person I'd most likely wanta throw it to, ma'am.

STAHL (looking quickly away): Oh, Mr. Cronkite! I've been such a fool! A woman hides her true feelings sometimes . . . and now that the broadcast is nearly over, I feel as though I have the microphone but can't see the words on my heart's TelePrompTer! What I mean to say is that—well, I just want you to know that I—

VOICE (offcamera): Walter! Walter Cronkite!

CRONKITE (lifting his head): Yo!

VOICE: General Paley's orders, sir! You're to report to headquarters at once! Our scouts have sighted Rather, sir! He's heading for the fort!

CRONKITE (touching his forelock): Ma'am. (Exits, as the Mitch Miller chorus crescendos. STAHL stands, smiling wistfully, as the wind blows strands of her hair. FADE.)

#### SCENE IV

WIDE SHOT of the parade grounds. CBS troopers scurrying to man the battlements. A trumpet sounds. A squad of security guards rushes to lift the enormous latch from the main gate. As the gate swings open, we hear hoofbeats; then RATHER gallops through at full speed, flashing his laminated security pass. (RATHER is played by the young Ben Johnson.)

RATHER dismounts at full gallop, sending up a cloud of dust. He comes to a halt, saluting and grinning, before PALEY, who stands impassive, hands behind back.

RATHER: Lieutenant anchor man Rather reporting for duty—sir!

PALEY (gravely returning the salute): Lieutenant Rather. Very good of you to join us. We had feared that perhaps your pressing agenda would preclude our meager hospitality.

RATHER (not catching the irony): Oh, no, sir! I was in Minneapolis, sir! Disguised as a Republican! Lots of hard-hitting facts! Next week I'm going to smuggle myself inside NBC! Disguised as Fred Silverman! Might get killed! Line of duty, sir!

PALEY: Lieutenant Rather, you have exactly 15 minutes to get yourself out of those idiotic horn-rimmed glasses and that blond wig and into regulation CBS gabardines. You are to assume the anchorage of this network, God help us, at precisely 1830 hours!

RATHER: Sir, does this mean I'll have to stop saying, 'I'm Dan Rather. These and other stories tonight when 60 Minutes con—'

PALEY: Dismissed! (To himself, watching RATHER leave) It'll be different around here now. The new order. I only hope that beneath that hell-for-leather exterior, the lad has one tenth of the Old Man's judgment. Savvy. Not to mention audience demographics.

VOICE (behind PALEY): Sir, I have obtained an exclusive file regarding Dan Rather's demographics—

PALEY (with a start): Wallace! Thunderation, man! Don't you make any noise when you walk?

FADE.

#### SCENE V

The Fort Black Rock parade grounds is in gleaming ceremonial dress: rows of Minicams stacked smartly, helicopters and official limousines in formation. Above it all, against a scarlet twilight sky, waves the flag—the black-and-white CBS Eye.

DISSOLVE TO a shot of KURALT as he strides before the assembled CBS News corps. The corps is in dress blues, teeth and shoes buffed to a high gloss, beeper phones hooked smartly to belts. They await CRONKITE'S final review.

KURALT (trying to cover his emotions with fierce veneer): Look at ye now! Ye call yerselves a news division! Is this the best ye can manage for the Old Man's last review? Pappas! Straighten yer tie! Reasoner! Are those ABC cuff links yer wearin'? Bradley! How many times 've I told ye? Cut off that beard! If ye'd all just follow th' example of yer old sergeant, ye'd be the spiffiest division in the—

As KURALT moves along the troops, we notice that each face he passes breaks into a grin. Now KURALT becomes aware of the rising chuckles. He glowers, does a slow burn, throws his shoulders back—but finally ventures a tentative peek below his waistline. He blanches: The camera tracks down to reveal that KURALT has forgotten to don pants over his striped undershorts.

KURALT (loudly, recovering his dignity): 'Tis force of habit, it is! All these





*"I hope you didn't mind, your Majesty. I forgot to curtsy."*



years, bein' photographed from th' waist up!

*Troops dissolve in laughter.*

CUT TO PALEY'S office. PALEY stands at his desk, finger tips drumming the surface. CRONKITE enters, salutes smartly. PALEY returns the salute—and then the two men box each other's shoulders. There is an awkward silence.

PALEY: Smoke, Walt? La Palina. It's a lot of cigar.

CRONKITE (waving the cigar aside): A man wants ta . . . say a lot of things, Bill. Time like this. . . .

PALEY (brusquely, to cover his emotion): Where you heading after this, Walt? What sort of plans do you have?

CRONKITE (shifting his weight from foot to foot, as if suddenly aware of his bulk in the small room): Why, General, I thought I'd ride out Martha's Vineyard way. Do me some sailin' off Cape Cod. I know a little lady out there . . . met her in Kansas City. Betty's the handle . . . an' if she's still got a soft spot for an old broken-down news buster, why, I might do me some courtin'.

PALEY (after measuring CRONKITE thoughtfully): Lot of bad country be-

tween here and Martha's Vineyard, Walt. Lot of untamed Republicans . . . Democrats. Lot of oil spills, declining economic indicators. Lot of angry farmers, striking Longshoremen, embattled teachers seeking cost-of-living adjustments. Lot of breakdowns in negotiations between principal powers, lot of distraught unemployed fathers wielding M-16s. Lot of civil rights leaders calling for boycotts. Lot of school buses plunging off embankments. Lot of events out there, Walt, that alter and illuminate our time. And not many of 'em happy ones, Walt.

CRONKITE: Well . . . that's the way it is, Bill. That's the way it'll always be.

PALEY: What I mean to say is, Walt . . . a man could get into trouble, riding out there alone.

CRONKITE: I reckon I can look out for myself, Bill.

PALEY (clearing his throat): Lot of things still to be done around here, Walt. Always a place for a steady old hand who knows the territory.

CRONKITE (nodding): I know what you're thinkin', Bill. The kid. Rather. Yeah, he's young, and yeah, he's out ta

set fire ta the world. Well, I was like that myself, once. So were you. We old-timers tend ta . . . forget those things. He's a good man, Bill. He'll get ya the stories an' he won't lead ya into any massacres.

PALEY: Well, if you say so, Walt, that's good enough for me. (Glances out the window) Great Jumpin' Jack Benny! It's later than I thought! The whole division's waiting for you, Walt! Get out there!

CRONKITE salutes, opens the door, starts out.

PALEY: Walter!

CRONKITE (sticking his head through the doorway): Yes, sir?

PALEY (huskily): Enjoy that sailboat, Walter. (Gruffly) And that's an order!

We see CRONKITE as he leaves headquarters, ambles down the wooden stairs and strides powerfully across the parade grounds toward the assembled division. There is the sound of a crisp drum roll.

CRONKITE approaches KURALT—who has by now recovered his trousers—returns his salute and begins his review of the CBS division.

As CRONKITE marches along the row of troops, the camera lingers briefly on the face of each character we've seen: CHUCK, SCOTT, WALLACE, KURALT, IKE PAPPAS, HARRY REASONER, ED BRADLEY. We pass STAHL, correct and straight as anyone in the line. As CRONKITE passes, she gives him a brave wrinkle of her nose—then smiles.

At the end of the line, the drum roll ceases. CRONKITE fires off a salute to the troops, then mounts his horse and trots the few paces to where RATHER, mounted and in full anchor dress, sits waiting. The Mitch Miller chorus whistles, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

CRONKITE and RATHER study each other silently for a long moment.

CRONKITE (saluting): Well, they're all yours, Mr. Rather.

RATHER (his starchy aplomb, for once, faltering): I—I hope to be worthy of your great legacy, sir.

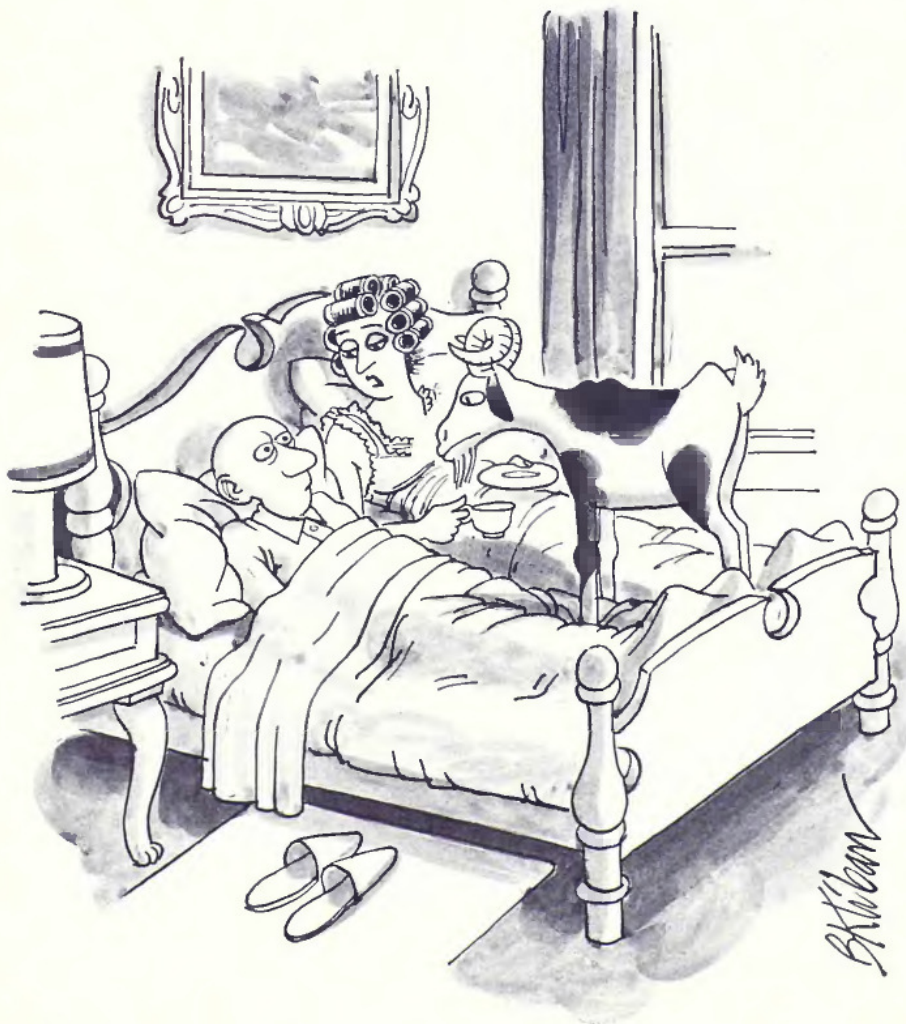
CRONKITE: Just keep 'em well fed, well paid an' get their names in the credits. They'll make you a star—like they did me.

RATHER: I'll do that, sir.

CRONKITE (swivels for a last look back, then nods to RATHER): Carry on . . . anchor man!

Mitch Miller chorus up as CRONKITE turns his horse toward the gates of Fort Black Rock, which open to reveal a brilliant sunset. As he passes through the portals, the CBS division bursts into a loud cheer. But CRONKITE does not look back. He rides slowly, grandly, and we follow his receding figure until he is but a distant shape against the setting sun (played by the CBS Eye).

The sun blinks.



"While you were asleep, the goat ate all your hair!"



# LONE STAR LADY

(continued from page 113)

emotions, partly because I wanted to understand myself. I'm a very emotional person.

"You see, I was a very rebellious kid. I dropped out of high school when I was 15 and married when I was 16. Those were two mistakes. Then my father died. I got divorced, cleaned up my act and went back to school. I haven't looked back since then."

Once enrolled in college, Vicki thought it might be interesting to enter a wet-T-shirt contest at her favorite rock club in Fort Worth. She won the \$100 first prize hands down, which inspired her to try her luck in a variety of similar local contests. "There are six or seven clubs in the Fort Worth-Dallas area that have contests two or three nights a week: wet T-shirt, better bottoms, naughty wet nightie and so on; I've entered all of them over the past couple of years and on some nights I've won in two clubs. The money came in handy, as you can imagine."

Our favorite story is the one she tells of the night she'd just won a naughty-wet-nightie contest in Fort Worth and was speeding to another contest in Dallas when she was stopped by a policeman. "This guy pulls me over, comes up to the window and just stares. I was wearing a soaking-wet nightgown, which, of course, was easy to see through, and I wasn't wearing underwear. I thought to myself, This is it. If he doesn't take me to jail, he'll take me to the nut house. But the cop had worked crowd control in those clubs before, and he understood when I told him that I was speeding in a wet nightgown because I had to hurry to enter a better-bottoms contest in Dallas. He let me go." We're not surprised. On a slow night, what cop wouldn't be grateful for a conversation with Vicki in a wet nightgown?

Vicki's obviously a very determined young woman. Fortunately for us, one of the goals she's always wanted to achieve is becoming a Playmate. Now that it has happened, she'll be spending most of her time traveling around the country, doing promotions for PLAYBOY—a prospect she eagerly anticipates.

"I want to do as much as possible. I know my PLAYBOY work isn't going to last forever and I want to take advantage of all of it while I've got it. It's going to be tough for me to keep my family and friends in Haltom City happy with my being gone so much, but I think we can pull it together. I really want to travel. I haven't seen much of America."

Well, here's your chance, Vicki—to see and be seen. Go for it.



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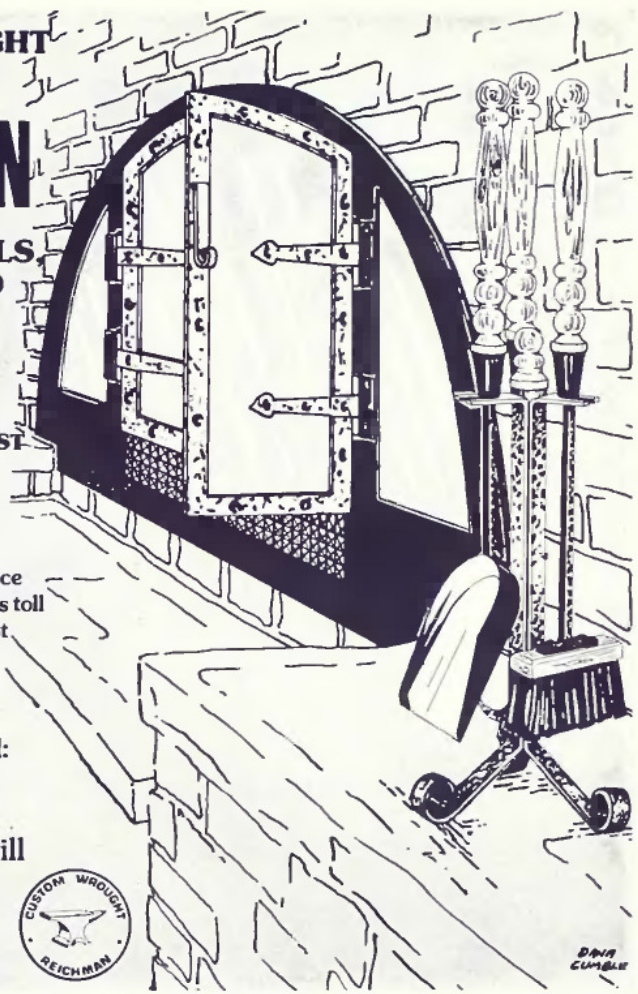
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# PLAYBOY'S NEW AGE PRIMER

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## NEW AGE BUSINESS: TOMORROW'S GOOD INVESTMENTS TODAY

Futurist Alvin Toffler suggests in his latest book, *The Third Wave*, that we're entering an age when many of the values that seemed idealistic in the Sixties and the Seventies will become the "real world" as the youth of those years become the establishment. If Toffler is right (and indications are that he is), it means, of course, that it's going to be harder than ever to be rich and still have friends. But beyond that, if such Sixties ideals as ecologically safe technology, holistic preventive medicine and truth in packaging prevail, it will be easier for the proverbial camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an entrepreneur to get past the EPA and the FDA, much less into heaven.

Where does that leave the young man of good conscience and surplus funds who hankers for his own million-dollar business, or perhaps just wants to invest in one? Well, now is the time for him to investigate the wide variety of businesses devoted to developing and marketing products and services that will meet the needs and standards of New Age America. If you have the yen to start your own company, or just invest in a fledgling corporation with excellent prospects for future expansion and profit, look for attractive opportunities in the areas listed below.

**Ecological Systems:** Technology that not only doesn't harm the land, air or water but also improves it, and ideally provides food, energy or shelter or all three. A good example is a relatively new recycling system that converts garbage and sewage into a high-protein food, a fertilizer and two reusable forms of energy (heat and methane gas). Some small companies are already offering this system to homeowners. Other ecologically beneficial technologies worth investing in are aquaculture (producing foodstuffs and/or fuel from fast-growing algae or plankton in underwater "farms") and projects concerned with the agricultural use of arid or desert land.

**Health/Longevity Technology:** This will be one of the most fertile areas for

new growth in the next few years. The following are only a sampling of the dozens of investment opportunities in this area: health foods (look for fast-health-food restaurants to become popu-



lar); manufacturers of vitamins and other dietary supplements; biocomputers, especially companies that make little wrist-watch-like devices that store and monitor all the crucial data concerning your life functions; high-voltage ionizing air cleaners and coolers; manufacturers of brain chemicals such as MSH/ACTH 4-10 for dramatically improved memory,

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*"It's worth investing  
in any new device  
that will produce non-  
polluting free energy."*

---

creativity and sexual function.

**Energy Technology:** It's worth putting a modest capital investment into any new device or system that will produce nonpolluting, inexhaustible free energy. Look for companies experimenting with things like gravity-to-electricity converters; water-hydrogen engines; metal hy-

dride and flywheel high-energy storage systems; high-voltage/efficiency electrostatic motors; magnetic or rotary ("Wankel") motors and ion-propulsion airplanes and rockets.

Many of these free-energy devices will owe their efficiency and affordability to a new breed of solid-state devices such as sidac self-triggering switches, high-power triacs, gallium-arsenide chips, kilo-farad capacitors and mega-inductance coils. You don't know what those things are? Neither does the average guy looking for future trends to invest in. Find out and get ahead of the game. Also look for companies making energy-saving devices. Some are already marketing water-injection systems for carburetors and energy-to-motor load regulators. You'll notice that most of the items mentioned are high-voltage devices. Look for companies specializing in high-voltage power supplies, energy storage systems, diodes and capacitors.

**New Age Information:** One of the most dramatic shifts in consumer purchasing patterns will be away from the market place into the home, where, by means of the fast-proliferating home computer, individuals and families will be able to purchase goods and services without leaving the house. Even more dramatic will be the number of people who will be able to earn a living or run their businesses from home. Future home businesses will include selling (prospecting and presentations), information research studies, professional writing, legal work, consulting, typing and even music instruction. To get in on the computer boom, look into companies that are developing computer systems geared to finance-related needs. Also, look for new cable-television or video home-entertainment syndicates in need of investors. If you're just looking to buy sound stocks, most competitive computer manufacturers are good bets for future growth and expansion. One computer-related field that offers excellent promise is robotics. Scientists say that within ten years, an affordable robot housekeeper may be on the market (no



more arguments over who's going to do the dishes).

Now that you're ready to go researching just the right New Age business to invest in, we'll start you off with a few examples of companies that are already profiting from products like the ones listed above. Some of them are still looking for investors, either to buy stock or to take franchises.

**Proteus Corporation**, 2000 Center Street, Suite 1221, Berkeley, California 94704. It's a five-year-old company that's currently the nation's largest distributor of a new "future food" called Spirulina, which it markets under the Earthrise trade name. Proteus claims more than 50,000 users of the product, which is sold primarily through health-food stores. Spirulina is a rapidly growing microalgae high in protein and vitamin B<sub>12</sub>. Proteus is the leader in the development of a technology called photobionics and its sales for the year are expected to exceed \$750,000.

**Alacer Corp.**, 7425 Orangethorpe, Buena Park, California 90622. Alacer is a ten-year-old company considered to be the leader in advanced-formulation vitamins and minerals. It has annual sales exceeding \$5,000,000 and is distributed through health-food stores throughout the country.

Alacer has distinguished itself from most other vitamin companies with a broad line of special-purpose high-performance formulations. For athletes and joggers, it has a high-physical-performance supplement called Second Wind. For executives and others desiring high sustained mental performance, it offers Food for Thought.

**Samadhi Alliance**, 23 First Street, Corte Madera, California 94925. Successor to the five-year-old Samadhi Tank Company. Revenues are derived from selling Samadhi Tanks, owner-operated centers and, most recently, franchising centers. Company estimates gross revenues for the next 12 months of approximately \$10,000,000.

Samadhi tanks are totally enclosed bathtublike structures that isolate all external light and sound. They are useful for learning meditation and deep relaxation. The user floats in about ten inches of salt water maintained at skin temperature. Users say they experience profound insights into self and emerge calm and euphoric.

Samadhi has recently sold franchised centers in New Mexico, Arizona, California, Washington and Canada. A typical ten-tank franchise requires approximately \$200,000 to open and is projected to gross \$500,000 by the end of the second year.

**Ekose's Inc.**, 573 Mission Street, San

Francisco, California 94105. A three-year-old architectural firm offering plans to build or rebuild a home that is potentially free of energy requirements for heating and cooling. The company's 12-month sales estimate exceeds \$1,000,000. Ekose's "double envelope" passive solar house was featured on the cover of *Popular Science* just over a year ago. The unique design, developed by architect-owner Lee Porter Butler, is currently being studied by several institutions, including the Brookhaven National Laboratory, which is soon to release its findings. Ekose's has prepared a book explaining how the system works, complete with plans, that is available for \$25, postpaid.

**Cyborg Corporation**, 342 Western Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02135. It's an

*"Look for new cable-television or video home-entertainment syndicates in need of investors."*

eight-year-old company, one of the leaders in professional biofeedback systems for the clinical and scientific communities. Twelve-month sales have been estimated at approximately \$2,000,000.

Cyborg is one of the original developers and manufacturers of biofeedback equipment (electronic measurement of physiological signals, such as muscle activity, enabling user to control same, thus relax and handle stress). Today, Cyborg specializes in complete behavioral-medicine systems, which include computerized physiological monitoring, data processing, biofeedback training and psychological testing.

**Diapulse Corporation of America**, 475 Northern Boulevard, Great Neck, New York 11021. Diapulse is a 23-year-old public company that manufactures and sells \$5000 electromagnetic machines used primarily for wound healing. Annual sales will exceed \$1,000,000 this year outside the United States (domestic sales are currently prohibited by the FDA).

Electromagnetic medicine may be the medicine of the future and definitely seems to be the most effective way to treat many types of wounds and inflammations.

Today, thousands of Diapulse machines are used by athletes, Olympic teams, clinics, hospitals, doctors and researchers around the world. At the Mexican Olympics in 1968, Munich in 1972, Montreal in 1976 and Lake Placid and Moscow in


1980, more than 100 Diapulse units were used to reduce the occurrence of muscle injuries, accelerate the healing of same and reduce inflammation. Lasse Viren, the double gold-medal long-distance runner, was under treatment to recharge his muscle cells.

**The Ion Foundation**, 12307 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City, California 91604. This three-year-old company is the largest manufacturer of ion-generating air purifiers; their trade name is Energaire. It has sold more than 100,000 to date, with 12-month sales estimated at approximately \$2,000,000. The product represents new technology utilizing extremely high voltages to effectively clean and revitalize the air. Energaire air purifiers are designed for the home, office and car, as well as for institutions, such as restaurants. The company is currently processing inquiries from interested distributors and reps. A free booklet is available.

#### BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

The next time you shelve your work to dash off to that mid-A.M. doctor's appointment—slow down, be late: it might be good for you. When University of Alabama psychologists recorded the arrival times of subjects in a study, they found that high-stress, coronary-prone, Type-A-behavior persons (for example, disc jockeys, cabdrivers, editors and Billy Martin) were more punctual than the laid-back Type B's (who also tend to live longer). In fact, Type A's were frequently early. Characterized by rapid-fire speech, fast walking and a



tendency to perch on the edge of a seat, the Type A's aren't hard to spot—they're the ones who look like they should be hosting *Real People*. 

#### CONTRIBUTORS

Josh Reynolds for "New Age Business";  
Kate Nolan for "Better Late than Never."



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## CARTER STATE DEPARTMENT

(continued from page 161)

*"The President threatened to fire the next person from whose bureau a significant leak seemed to have come."*

But they were not offered often enough to others, including those he courted in private sessions, and that, I believe, explains why he never had enough true believers to spread the Gospel according to Jimmy Carter. Putting it as simply as possible, the President gave too few people enough reason to think of themselves as Carterites. The circle around the President was tight when he came to Washington; it was virtually as tight four years later. Having no built-in Washington constituency accumulated over years of public life, having nothing like the permanent nucleus of faithful supporters claimed by a Hubert Humphrey, a Richard Nixon or a Teddy Kennedy, he and his inner circle never seemed to see the need to build one. Thus, when the time came to circle the wagons, there weren't enough wagons, and there were always too many observers remaining passive who should have been shoulder to shoulder with their President, firing away at the hostiles.

There were many who wished it were different, who were prepared to offer their full commitment. The problem was that what seemed to be required—all that seemed to be tolerable to the President and to his handful of lieutenants—was adherence to policy, no back talk and no sense of intimacy.

Mean, but not tough. That was the famous remark about Carter. Its truth was brought out in a particularly unpleasant fashion during a private meeting Carter held in February 1979 to excoriate many of us at the State Department for alleged leaks opposing his Iranian policy of the moment. The President threatened to fire the next person from whose bureau a significant leak seemed to have come. It was a stupid thing to say; it was even more stupid not to make good on the threat once it had been uttered. But no second shoe ever dropped. And whatever he might have thought of each of us individually, the way he addressed us collectively at that meeting was as if we were an opposition in hiding.

He gave credit to Vance, who was present, as the "greatest Secretary of State in history," then went into an increasing torrent of bitterness.

"I have a problem," he said. "You're the problem." We talked too much, he said, probably at those famous cocktail parties he was too busy to attend. It was time to work harder and talk less.

And then, suddenly, he pushed back his

chair and stalked out. Jordan and Powell behind him. No chance for a response or a *mea culpa*; no chance for the establishment of a dialog with his appointees at State, almost half of whom had worked hard in his campaign.

It was therefore with more than a little irony that many of us received the news from his Camp David meeting with newly appointed Secretary of State Ed Muskie in the spring of 1980 that he regretted his lack of close contact with the department's assistant secretaries.

"They are all strangers to me," he was reported to have complained, and pledged more meetings in which they would be included. As far as some of us could tell, it was the first time he had thought about us at all since leaving us seething in our seats 16 months earlier.

Which is not to say that there weren't real reasons for White House suspicions about some of the people at State. Since the Georgia team had little built-in expertise on foreign affairs, it acquiesced in the appointment of some State Department officials who had more loyalty to their résumés than to Carter.

Moreover, the permanent bureaucracy at State has watched Presidents come and go and is not much moved by each new Administration's inevitable exercises in rediscovery of the obvious. As noted earlier, some of the older generation of diplomats openly didn't and don't believe in the efficacy or wisdom of such notions as campaigns for human rights or restraint in arms sales abroad. They have used arms as the sweetener with recalcitrant client states for so long that they see them as irreplaceable tools of the diplomatic trade. As for human-rights concerns, there are those at State who believe that torture is not something that gentlemen discuss, publicly or privately. They fully expected that most of the new initiatives would soon be dropped, and they did everything they could to see that the day of abandonment came sooner rather than later.

They weren't disciplined for their reluctance, mainly because the White House, in the spirit of the candidate's pledge to keep politics out of appointments, never got control of the machinery of the Government the candidate had been elected to run. At State, and everywhere else as well, the theory and practice of merit appointments beyond the crass world of politics has resulted in too few ties between office-



holder, political or bureaucratic, and President. Indeed, the career Foreign Service obstructors of the new policies often made more converts among the appointees than the newcomers were able to convert to the President's policies. Too many voices were heard simultaneously, and too few were told to shut up.

Particularly troublesome was the ambition of the National Security Advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, to become a major factor in the formulation and, more particularly, the articulation of the Administration's foreign policy. He apparently saw himself as another Kissinger. While he had neither Kissinger's intellect nor his political savvy, he did share one all-important asset: immediate access to the President. He used it in what became a single-minded pursuit of dominance in the foreign-policy arena. He added a press spokesman (a first at the National Security Council) and kept the staff at a swollen size despite the President's pledge to cut back substantially.

Brzezinski's main competitor was Vance, and here I must confess to little objectivity.

I had never met Cy Vance before I was offered the job as his press spokesman. It was a hell of a job, though hardly what I had expected when the President-elect announced my nomination shortly before his Inauguration.

In fact, I didn't know *what* to expect—of the job or of Vance—any more than he knew what to expect of me when I walked into the Spartan room he was using as a transitional office on the first floor of the State Department.

Thanks to a staph infection picked up in the Florida Keys during a New Year's break, my face looked like that of a man in the terminal stages of a particularly loathsome disease. Vance, on the other hand, looked exactly like my image of him: tall, gray-haired, with an almost cherubic red-cheeked face, and dressed in the stereotypical pinstriped uniform of a Wall Street lawyer. To be candid about it, my dress was almost identical; we Mississippi Deltans had learned a few things over the years.

His presence, then as in the worst days later, was calm, measured and low-key. We each went through the usual pleasantries, then got down to business. How did I see the job? he wanted to know. I don't remember exactly what I said, though I know I gargled something (he may have been calm, but *I* was nervous as a cat) about not being willing to lie for the Government.

That was fine, he said. Neither was he.

Then he moved quickly to his worry about the possible attraction of the job for a small-town editor.

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# BARBIZON FOR MEN



he said. "I don't intend to be a globe-trotting Secretary of State."

I assured him that foreign travel was the furthest thing from my mind (a white lie) and the interview concluded shortly thereafter. Some 450,000 miles of overseas and domestic travel later, he and I would laugh about that forecast.

During all those miles with him, I came to regard Cy Vance as one of the most decent, courageous and humane men American public life has seen. He knows the ins and outs of power in Washington, having served off and on there in a variety of Defense Department and special diplomatic posts over two decades, but he wouldn't fight dirty if his life depended on it. In many ways, his effectiveness in the Carter Administration's infighting was severely hampered precisely because he was instinctively so straight.

Vance is a man who believes that one public word is always better than a dozen, and that the admonition "Don't just stand there, do something," would usually be better reversed. That was heresy for a State Department press corps grown fat at Kissinger's copious table of ego and showmanship, allowing him to delude at least some of them into believing that they were vital partners in the diplomatic exercise. Many decided from the beginning that Vance was tailor-made for the role of loser in that unceasing Washington game of who's on top that passes for deep analysis of policy disputes.

In adversity, the Secretary was invariably a rock. At one point in the process leading up to the Camp David success, Egyptian President Sadat decided to make one of his dramatic gestures and abruptly pulled his negotiators out of a session with the Israelis and Americans in Jerusalem.

There was obvious consternation, with even the Egyptians professing shock. The lobby of the hotel where we were staying was a scene of pandemonium, with newsmen and cameras jostling to reach the departing Egyptians, then fastening on to anyone else who might be able to throw light on the debacle.

Through the middle of it marched Vance, publicly unperturbed and speaking of his certainty that the process would continue. We trailed while he led the way to a downstairs dining room, where a dinner had been laid on earlier in anticipation of far different circumstances. In the midst of our babbling about disaster, Vance counseled patience and restraint in public comment. This wasn't the end of the world, he remarked, simply a bump in the road.

The next morning, as though to drive home the point, he went out to the hotel's tennis court, where he was photographed hitting a high, hard one. That picture ran on front pages all over the world and carried its own message. If

Cyrus Vance wasn't flustered, then all was not lost.

The President never publicly chose between Vance and Brzezinski, though he repeatedly asserted that he would or had made it clear that the Secretary of State was the chief foreign-policy spokesman for the Administration. More times than his close associates could remember, Vance would come back from a White House showdown buoyed by the President's assurance that he, Cy Vance, was the principal foreign-policy advisor.

Brzezinski, however, never accepted a defeat as final or a policy as decided if it did not please him. Like a rat terrier, he would shake himself off after a losing encounter and begin nipping at Vance's ankles, using his press spokesman and chief deputies as well as himself to tell the world that he had won or that only he, Zbigniew Brzezinski, hung tough in the national-security game as a foreign-policy realist.

Vance would refuse to engage and would order his aides not to reply. Let a refutation of Brzezinski's view appear in the press, and loud, piercing shrieks emanated from the White House. Four, five and six times a day, Brzezinski would be on the phone to Vance, demanding that he find and fire the leakers who dared malign the President's advisor; the State Department cabal must be crushed and silenced; an attack on Brzezinski was the same as an attack on the President.

The Secretary would pound the table in the next staff meeting and once again insist that whoever was leaking must cease and desist.

It was difficult to know from afar why and how the President placed so much value on Brzezinski. A second-rate thinker in a field infested with poseurs and careerists, he has never let consistency get in the way of self-promotion or old theories impede new policy acrobatics. There was, for instance, the President's speech at Notre Dame in May 1977, which laid down what many of us believed and hoped were the main themes of his foreign policy. Brzezinski let it be widely understood that the key phrases were his own. Within the year, as concern with the Third World, arms control and human rights was ebbing in important quarters and fears about Soviet expansionism were growing, the word somehow began to get around that he had fought to the last against the fuzzy-minded sentiments voiced at Notre Dame. Those, the National Security leakers claimed, were the fruits of the guilt-ridden, post-Vietnam *castrati* at State. The messages would be relayed via well-placed leaks to major columnists and newspapers.

•

If there was the deadly serious business of the Brzezinski-Vance rivalry to confuse the American public, as well as

overseas onlookers, there was also the additional factor of Andy Young. He could be, and usually was, a convincing advocate of the Administration's policy. He could be, and more than occasionally was, a public promoter of his own version of what that foreign policy should be. What is remarkable in retrospect about many of his most controversial remarks is how innocuous they look and sound in the context of the entire message he was delivering in a particular interview or speech. What was absolutely to be expected, however, was that the on-the-record one-liners would be seized upon by a press trained to recognize a hot lead when it sees one and by politicians eager to prove that the Administration's incompetence and confusion knew no limits or depths.

Thus, there were the policies officially pronounced by Vance on behalf of the Administration, the ones improvised by Young from time to time and the ones pushed hard through backgrounder and leak by Brzezinski and his courtiers. If, early on, the President had made it clear—by deed as well as word—that dissent had to stop once policy decisions were made, he could have avoided the public perception that the Administration was hopelessly incapable of making up its mind. There is nothing—not in access, not in paper flow, not in the delegation of formal rights and responsibilities—that dictates that the National Security Advisor will rule and the Secretary of State will merely reign, or that the Ambassador to the UN shall function without reins. Any President can curb his Security Advisor, or his UN Ambassador, and crown a Secretary of State with meaningful power. As recent a President as Gerald Ford did it, with a deft assist from the object of his largess. But to do so, the President must choose, announce his decision and discipline those who flout it. Jimmy Carter never made it stick.

Ultimately, what was most harmful to the Administration's standing at home and abroad was the President's almost willful inconsistency. He made policy decisions one by one and put them forth as though they had no relationship one to the other. He would choose the Vance position one month and the Brzezinski position the next. He could send State Department officials out to sell the neutron bomb to our European allies, then publicly decide against its production while they were still out selling. Much the same thing happened with the Olympic-boycott decision, announced shortly after our allies had been told it wasn't in the cards.

Coupled with that was a tendency to overstate and oversell. Three examples come to mind: In his inaugural address, Carter spoke of a day when there would



be *no* nuclear weapons; he termed the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan the "most serious threat to world peace" since World War Two; in between, he could hail dictators and democrats alike as "my good friends."

Sometimes he was on both sides of the same issue in one speech, as in his address at Annapolis in June 1978. There, it was widely believed he took speech drafts offered by the State Department and by the National Security Council and simply pasted half of one to half of the other. The result was predictably all over the lot, offering the Soviet Union the mailed fist and the dove's coo simultaneously. It was hard to know what Moscow made of it, but most home-grown analysts were seriously befuddled.

Certainly, there were difficult issues and changing conditions to which the President had to react on a continuous basis. The seizure of American embassy personnel as hostages by Iranian militants and the official sanctioning of that action by what passed for an Iranian government had no precedent. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan marked the first time they had used their own troops outside Eastern Europe since World War Two.

There was also the reality that the old foreign-policy consensus had long since vanished in America, the victim of Watergate and Vietnam. The President had to construct a different majority coalition for each initiative and issue. Those who believed we should be activist in our involvement in the Middle East looked with suspicion on similar involvement in South Africa. One-issue groups plagued the foreign-policy process no less than the domestic. Each tinhorn despot had his defenders on Capitol Hill.

But those were conditions that candidate Carter had recognized and capitalized upon and that President Carter knew he had to face. To describe them is not to excuse the failure to deal with them in a way that would produce clarity and understanding. Instead, *ad hoc* racy gone mad seemed too often to be the order of the day, with policy careening from crisis to crisis with no more certain guide than the decisions of the moment. The foreign-policy approaches so painstakingly developed before and during the transition from successful candidacy to the Presidency were abandoned or temporarily shelved with regularity.

What exactly was the Administration position on "linkage," the concept that Soviet actions in one sphere would affect our relations in others? How did we stand on Israeli control of all of Jerusalem? When did we believe that the use of force was necessary and justified? What status quo was or was not acceptable when it came to Soviet troops in Cuba?

Well-informed people could argue

with great conviction on all sides of those issues. The Administration at one time or another seemed to be advocating different sides on many of them. The result was that hawks and doves, Arabists and passionate Zionists, sphere-of-influence advocates and devotees of a new world economic order all had occasional reason to believe that they and the Administration saw things from opposing positions.

The inner council was not disposed to deal with such criticism. As they saw it, the President was fully aware of all the facts and was deciding accordingly. The best thing for a supporter to do was to get on board and stay there.

Looking back now, I suppose I did have an early hint of what was to come. During my two-month tour at Carter campaign headquarters in Atlanta in 1976, I quickly became appalled by what I felt was the disorganization that permeated the campaign. I wasn't alone;

many of the longtime Carter loyalists felt it even more acutely. At the request of one of those who seemed to be close to Carter, I wrote a blind memo that began, "This place is an administrative nightmare," and went on from there to offer a few modest pages of sure-fire remedies, based on my vast campaign experience as a low-level flack in the Lyndon Johnson campaign 12 years earlier. The response was instructive. The memo was shown to Charles Kirbo, Carter's friend, advisor and lawyer. His reaction was paraphrased to me as, "The disloyal s.o.b. who wrote this should be fired."

And so the President came to the great political test of 1980 with a dissipated mandate and a widespread image as a bumbler at home and abroad. Many of the brave initiatives of 1977 had run one by one to dust. The political enemies he thought he had routed in  
(concluded on page 218)



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ET JOURNAL

Volume  
800 Warrants

MARKETS

Shares Warrants	43,118,000	292,800
108	2,261,700	1,467,100
777,240	939,800	272,000
104,900	2,500	

1978	1977
4,792,857,403	3,781,341,372
14,868,930	14,275,358
Exchange	1977
4,792,810,413	3,228,942,432
14,615,408	14,324,000

E STOCKS

High	Low	Close	Chg.	Volume
1 1/2	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	654,800
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	600,200
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	582,500
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	426,400
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	362,900
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	354,100
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	330,800
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	307,800
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	304,700
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	294,200
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	281,700
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	278,600
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	273,400
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	268,400
1 1/4	1 1/8	1 1/4	+ 1/8	264,900

P-E Sales  
Ratio 100s High low Close Chg.

High	Low	Stock	Div.	%	Ratio	100s	High	low	Close	Chg.
2 1/2	1 3/4	BethSH	1.40	4.9	3	832	27 1/2	25	27 1/2	+ 1/2
4 1/2	2 1/4	BigThr	.80	1.9	15	374	47	41 1/2	41 1/2	+ 1/2
2 1/2	1 1/2	Binney	.80	4.4	9	48	18	17 1/2	18	+ 1/2
3 1/2	1 3/4	BisFSL	1.20	2.9	12	746	23 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	+ 1/2
2 1/2	1 1/2	BlackDr	.48	2.9	12	746	23 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2	+ 1/2
1 1/2	1 1/4	BlairJn	1	4.3	7	76	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	+ 1/2
1 1/2	1 1/4	BlissL	1.10	5.3	7	76	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	+ 1/2
2 1/2	1 1/2	BickHR	1.40	6.5	8	945	36 1/2	36	36 1/2	+ 1/2
2 1/2	1 1/2	BlueB	1.40	5.7	6	471	108 1/2	108 1/2	108 1/2	+ 1/2
1 1/2	1 1/4	Bluebrd	.28	2.3	7	283	12 1/2	12	12 1/2	+ 1/2
7 1/2	3 1/2	BoobleDr								
4 1/2	3 1/2	Boeing	1	2.2	8	3629	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	+ 1/2
37	22 1/2	BoiseC	1.90	4.9	7	603	107 1/2	107 1/2	107 1/2	+ 1/2
30 1/2	24 1/2	Borden	1.82	7.2	6	107	25 1/2	25 1/2	25 1/2	+ 1/2
34 1/2	26	BorgWN	2	6.1	5	147	25 1/2	25 1/2	25 1/2	+ 1/2
9 1/2	4 3/4	Bormins	.15	2.4	4	43	6 1/2	6 1/2	6 1/2	+ 1/2
25 1/2	20 1/2	BosEd	2.44	11.7	7	49	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2	+ 1/2
9 1/2	7 1/2	BosE	pr8.88	11	7	49	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2	+ 1/2
12	10	BosE	pr1.17	11	7	49	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2	+ 1/2
15	12 1/2	BosE	pr1.46	11	7	49	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2	+ 1/2
18 1/2	9 1/4	Breniff	.44	2.4	7	1184	37 1/2	37 1/2	37 1/2	+ 1/2
46 1/2	20 1/2	BraunC	.80	1.9	13	36	12 1/2	12 1/2	12 1/2	+ 1/2
31 1/2	24 1/2	BridSt	1.20	4.2	9	60	41 1/2	41 1/2	41 1/2	+ 1/2
48	30 1/2	BristM	1.44	4.1	11	673	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2	+ 1/2
45 1/2	35 1/2	BristM	pr 2	5.2	2	5.2	2	2	2	+ 1/2
28 1/2	14 1/2	BritPet	.53	2.0	8	846	26 1/2	26 1/2	26 1/2	+ 1/2
19 1/2	14 1/2	BrkwGI	1.08	6.9	7	34	19 1/2	19 1/2	19 1/2	+ 1/2
25	18 1/2	BkyUG	2.82	8.9	7	34	19 1/2	19 1/2	19 1/2	+ 1/2
23 1/2	14 1/2	BwnSh	1	4.9	5	49	19 1/2	19 1/2	19 1/2	+ 1/2
19 1/2	7 1/2	BwnGp	.30	2.1	4	43	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2	+ 1/2
14	11	BwnFer	.48	4.3	9	46	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2	+ 1/2
18 1/2	12 1/2	Brmswk	.80	5.7	5	367	13 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2	+ 1/2
34 1/2	27 1/2	Brnsk	pr2.48	8.3	7	89	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2	+ 1/2
38	20	BrushW	2	5.2	7	423	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2	+ 1/2
25	15 1/2	BucyEr	.88	4.0	8	48	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2	+ 1/2
36 1/2	5 1/2	BudgC	pr4.60	10	8	42	22 1/2	22 1/2	22 1/2	+ 1/2
16 1/2	10	Bundy	1.80	5.3	7	7	5 1/2	5 1/2	5 1/2	+ 1/2
21	17 1/2	BunkrH	1.88	4.4	6	87	15 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	+ 1/2
29 1/2	9 1/2	BonkR	.84	3.4	7	295	23 1/2	23 1/2	23 1/2	+ 1/2
29 1/2	18	BnkR	pr1.90	8.2	4	24	23 1/2	23 1/2	23 1/2	+ 1/2
29 1/2	16 1/2	Burlind	1.40	8.5	6	4	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2	+ 1/2
22 1/2	35	Burlino	1.80	3.0	5	494	17 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2	+ 1/2
60 1/2	7 1/2	Brino	pr 35	7.7	3	1149	39 1/2	39 1/2	39 1/2	+ 1/2
56	36	Brino	pr7.85	5.3	8	8	7 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2	+ 1/2
7 1/2	7 1/2	BrnsRL	10	1.7	275	30 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2	7 1/2	+ 1/2
88	64 1/2	Burrph	2.28	2.1	11	1283	6	6	6	+ 1/2
24 1/2	14	Buttrin	3.80	3.4	8	272	23 1/2	23 1/2	23 1/2	+ 1/2
15 1/2	6 1/2	Buttes								

# NYSE-Comp

Tuesday

Quotations include trades on the exchanges and reports

52 Weeks High Low Stock Div. % Ratio

High	Low	Stock	Div.	%	Ratio
18 1/2	9 1/2	DenRiv	1	5.4	5
27 1/2	25 1/2	DenaCp	1.48	5.4	5
23 1/2	15	Deniel	.26b	1.1	10
49 1/2	34 1/2	Dartind	1.80	1.9	8
72 1/2	52 1/2	DataGen			
69 1/2	25 1/2	DataTer	.30	8	13
80	48	Delapnt			
18	13 1/2	Devco	.50b	3.1	
43	30 1/2	DayTHD	1.40	4.0	
17 1/2	14 1/2	DayTPL	1.74	11	
81 1/2	48	DPL	pr 7.48	11	
48	30 1/2	Deere	1.60	4.1	
14 1/2	12 1/2	DeimP	1.36	10	
38	36 1/2	DeltaA	1.20	2.7	
15 1/2	7 1/2	Delta			
21 1/2	17 1/2	DenVM	1	5.3	
34 1/2	17 1/2	Danmys	.88	4.4	
21	13 1/2	Densoph	.88	5.6	
14 1/2	18	DeSoto	1	8.2	
16 1/2	13 1/2	DeEd	1.60	11	
74	59 1/2	DeE	pr5.50	8.2	
97	81	DeE	pr9.32	11	
27 1/2	24 1/2	DeE	prF 2.25	11	
27 1/2	24 1/2	DeE	prB 2.75	11	
180	95	DeE	pr9.72	9.4	
24 1/2	19 1/2	DeE	pr2.28	11	
24 1/2	16	Dexter	1	4.2	9
14 1/2	9	DIGlor	.56	4.8	7
48 1/2	15 1/2	DialCp	1.20	5.7	7
27 1/2	38	Dialm	2.20b	5.7	8
27 1/2	19	Diams	1.48	5.9	8
28 1/2	16 1/2	Diebold	.70	2.4	13
80 1/2	44 1/2	DigitalEq			
14 1/2	7	Dillingm	.52	4.4	5
25 1/2	27 1/2	Dillon	1.22b	3.8	17
47 1/2	33	Disney	.48	1.2	12
5 1/2	1 1/2	Divrsdin			
6 1/2	7 1/2	DivrsMig			
20 1/2	18 1/2	DrPeppr	.48	4.6	12
34	14	Documet			
6 1/2	3 1/2	DomeAJ	0.8	3.2	14
33 1/2	25 1/2	Donny	.14	3.2	14
22 1/2	11	Dorsey	.75	4.3	8
57	39 1/2	Dover	1.40	2.5	10
26 1/2	24 1/2	DowCh	1.40	4.8	8
26 1/2	31 1/2	DowJn	1.44	4.1	11
25 1/2	23 1/2	Dress	1.28	4.1	8
17 1/2	35	Dresser	1.9	9	13
19 1/2	14 1/2	DrexB	1.40	9.7	18
45 1/2	38 1/2	Dreyfs	.85	4.3	8
48	42	duPont	2	4.4	7
21 1/2	16 1/2	duPont	pr3.50	8.7	1
84 1/2	48 1/2	DukeP	1.80	9.5	7
17 1/2	7 1/2	Duke	pr6.73	8.9	6
20 1/2	5 1/2	Duke	pr7.80	9.1	21
102 1/2	50	Duke	pr2.49	9.8	3
97	102 1/2	Duk	pr2.49	9.8	3

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# PLAYBOY PUZZLE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

## WHAT'S WEIRD IN THIS PICTURE?

**A**t a recent Playmate photo session, our boys in the prop department were having some fun and got more than a little carried away. See if you can spot not only what's *wrong* with this picture but what's *weird* in it, too. We counted 30 oddities (answers overleaf); if your eyes have been trained on PLAYBOY, you may do even better.—CONCEIVED BY KEN ROBBINS



Answers to puzzle on page 217.

1. The picture of Hef is upside down.
2. Hef has a mustache.
3. The stuffed pheasant is flying and is wearing a bow tie.
4. Ears of corn are growing on the tropical plant.
5. Vibrators are in place of the candles above the mirror.
6. A plate of eggs, toast and bacon is leaning upright on the mantel.
7. A golf club is standing with the fire irons.
8. The "well" is missing from Narman Rackwell's name on the book.
9. The chair is missing one leg.
10. The liquor in the bottle and glasses above the mirror is not level.
11. The mirror has no reflections.
12. The face of the mantel clock is reversed.
13. The stuffed fox is upside down in the top of the fireplace.
14. A fish is coming out of the drawer of the game table.
15. The queen and rook pieces on the chessboard are in each other's positions.
16. Fire extinguishers are in place of logs in the fireplace.
17. To the right of the clock, an ice-cream cone is stuck into the candlestick.
18. The tan lines are incomplete on the woman's breast.
19. Ditta her behind.
20. Paper clips, instead of garter snaps, are holding up her stockings.
21. The woman's stockings are mismatched.
22. The heel to her right shoe is missing.
23. On the wall to the right, there are no stairs going up with the banister.
24. One rung on the banister is a different color.
25. A desk phone is hanging upside down on the wall.
26. A shower head is resting on the phone where the receiver should be.
27. The gum-ball machine is filled with tennis balls.
28. An I.V. bottle is perched in the bird cage, hooked up to an owl.
29. The owl is wearing 3-D glasses.
30. There is no water coming out of the watering can.

NOTE: The stool on which the woman is standing is not counted among our addities; it is manufactured with mismatched legs.

## CARTER STATE DEPARTMENT

(continued from page 215)

1976 were in the ascendancy in Washington and in the country.

All of us are well advised to beware of instant history, of overnight analysis of recent events. But there is one clear point that can be made. The buck does stop in the Oval Office. The dysfunctional discord between the State Department and the National Security Council, the confusion of Americans and foreigners about our policies, was finally the responsibility of the President. He is the one person in the Executive branch who can adopt and present an integrated world view to which he can demand allegiance from his appointees and summon support from the people. A responsive, responsible system is possible only when the President offers comprehensible, consistent leadership. Despite good intentions and good ideas, that is what was lacking for much of the period between 1977 and 1980.

As for my role in all this, I didn't take the job with any expectation that it would be particularly visible, nor was it for several years. While Vance had approved my recommendation in 1977 that the briefing room be opened to television cameras for the first time, there was no rush by the networks to saturate the airwaves with my words of wisdom.

That is, until the day our people were seized in Iran. Then, as unexpectedly as the taking of the hostages itself, that briefing room became a major focus of press attention and I became a minor celebrity.

(Exactly what that meant in reality is best illustrated by a street encounter with a well-dressed man in Washington in early 1980. "You're Hodding Carter, aren't you?" he asked. I modestly confessed, waiting for praise.

"My wife and I think you're the coldest fish we've ever seen," he said, and walked on. So much for fame.)

It is worth noting that a press spokesman is not always the best possible source for news. Put another way, he isn't always the first to know; sometimes he is among the last.

In April 1980, I was scheduled to give a speech to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association Convention in Hawaii. On the Monday night before leaving, I had an end-of-day meeting with Vance. Was there anything to watch out for? I asked.

"No," he said, then paused for a moment. "When are you going to speak?"

"Wednesday," I said.

"That's OK," he replied; "just be careful."

Always careful, I gave my defense of the Carter Administration's foreign policy that Wednesday in Honolulu, then answered questions. All went well until the last one.

"OK, Hodding, you've made the case for no military action in Iran up until now," said a publisher, "but just how will we know that the time for military moves has come?"

As best I remember, I replied, "Don't worry, you'll know, but the time hasn't come yet."

I flew back to the mainland Thursday night. Somewhere over the Pacific, a flight attendant shook me awake with a sympathetic, "Oh, Mr. Carter, I'm so sorry about the raid."

"What raid?" said the premier spokesman for American foreign policy.

"Oh, God, I think you had better talk to the captain," she answered.

And so it was that I found out what Vance had obliquely warned me about on Monday. Jody Powell had just announced the failure of the attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran.

Implicit in that announcement was also an unavoidable recognition of the failure of Vance, as well. A picture on the front page of the *Washington Star*, snapped as he went into the basement entrance of the West Wing of the White House to resubmit the resignation he had offered the President before the raid, told it all. Sick with a sudden bout of gout, leaning heavily on a cane, his face drawn and somber, he walked toward the meeting he dreaded but felt he had to keep with the President. Equally grim-faced, I walked behind him and waited in Powell's office while Vance conferred with the President in the Oval Office.

Then it was over and he spoke briefly with Jody about the best way to handle his appearance before the diplomatic press corps back at State.

He pulled it off beautifully. Minus the cane, though limping slightly, he went into that glaringly lit briefing room and read his six-paragraph statement of resignation in a clear, steady voice.

There were tears in my eyes as he concluded:

"As you know, I could not support the difficult decision taken by the President on the rescue operation in Iran. I therefore submitted my resignation to the President last week. I have told the President that I continue to support fully his policies on other foreign-policy issues. I have assured him that he can count on my support. . . . He will always have my deepest respect and affection."

What about your associates? someone yelled out. "I hope that everyone in the department will stay . . . and I'm going to tell them that," Vance said, and walked out.

Two months later, I also left, convinced that my effectiveness had ended with his departure. Much as I admired Muskie, I was even more convinced that, effective or not, I just didn't have the heart for the job anymore.



THIS MONTH IN

# OUI

This lovely lass invites you to wait out the winter with her in February *OUI*. Feeling more adventurous? Go on the road with wild man Hank Nuwer, who "shuffles off" to every town named Buffalo in the U.S., from Wyoming to West Virginia. You'll also meet the top women DJs in the country, *Book of Lists* author David Wallechinsky in an insane interview, beautiful Mary Steenburgen in a sexy *Small Talk*. Plus how to write a résumé, overcoming premature ejaculation, fashion tips from Sha Na Na and more. February *OUI*. You can't weather the winter without it.





# SCHNAPPS



What a game. On the ground and in the air your team did the job.

Now taste the flavors you've always loved. Enjoy our new tangy Ginger, spicy



Cinnamon or minty Spearmint Schnapps over ice, with your favorite mixers, or along with a beer.

The two of you and Arrow Schnapps. What a play.

**ARROW. THE FLAVOR OF AMERICA.**

ARROW® SCHNAPPS. 60 PROOF. ARROW LIQUORS CO., ALLEN PARK, MICHIGAN



# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### STYLE

## KHAKI GOES MUFTI

**F**orty years ago, khaki was synonymous with muddy foxholes, C rations and other horrors of war. Sure, the stuff wore like iron, but if you were seen on the street with a khaki bag, it probably meant you were A.W.O.L. Now manufacturers have re-established a khaki beachhead; the cloth's durabil-

ity and relatively low cost (it's twilled cotton with no petroleum by-products) make it a uniform winner. Aside from bush jackets, shirts, shorts, slacks, etc., khaki has also been put to other non-military uses as a classic covering for weekend bags and suitcases and inspired khaki-look belts and watch straps. Carry on, men.



Yes, Colonel, khaki has come a long way from the plains of Injah. The four carrying conveyances pictured above are all of leather-trimmed water-repellent khaki canvas and include (top left to right) a vinyl-lined toiletries case, \$35, a hanging garment bag, \$80, a 20" duffel bag that's the perfect airline carry-on, \$130, and (above) a two-sided buckle bag with shoulder strap, also \$130, all from British Khaki by Robert Leighton, New York. The timepiece pictured in the inset is a replica of the famous stainless-steel "Hack" watch developed by Hamilton Watch for World War Two GIs, \$65 with a khaki-look band. Next to it is a khaki-look adjustable wool and harness-leather belt, from Polo Ralph Lauren, Chicago, \$24.

VON



## THE JOY OF SOCKS

The long-forgotten foot is being rediscovered. Straighter and more tapered trouser bottoms partially account for the re-emergence of socks, but we also like to think that today's males are more hip to *all* elements of an outfit. Plain black or brown hosiery adds a pretty dull finishing touch to a layered sportswear look. And active-sportswear manufacturers are even getting their act more coordinated by picking up the

trim on, say, a tennis outfit and adding it to the top of a sock. For street wear, you don't want to match your socks with anything specific; simply use color and pattern to create an over-all look that's harmonious yet unique. The same goes for business wear—subtlety, of course, still being the order of the day. (Sport socks definitely don't belong in the board room.) You won't have any problems if you just think of socks as sweaters for your feet. —DAVID PLATT





Following the numbers: 1. A white Orlon acrylic/stretch-nylon athletic sock with contrasting burgundy striped trim, by Hanes Red Label, \$2. 2. Yellow wool hand-loomed sock with multicolor foulard design, by Alan Flusser, \$35. 3. Tan cotton knit sock with contrasting red toe and heel, also by Alan Flusser, \$7.50. 4. Orlon acrylic knit terry velour sport sock, by Interwoven, \$2.75. 5. For warming your tootsies on those long winter weekends, a multicolor wool ribbed boot sock, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$12. 6. Natural-color cotton/nylon double-knit terrycloth tennis sock with navy-green striped trim, by Hanes Red Label, \$2.25. 7. That tiny white sportsman on horseback tells you that this is a cotton terrycloth sock, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$6.50. 8. Here's something peachy—a peach-colored Orlon acrylic/stretch-nylon sock, by Burlington Socks, \$2.50. 9. Shades of Harold Teen—a wool handmade sock with multicolor Argyle design, by Alan Flusser, \$35.



RICHARD IZUI

## DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

A young lady we know comments that by not wearing underwear, she never has the problem of leaving it behind. We'll drink to that. But we'd like to make a brief point: You *will* feel psychologically good all under if you build a look from the inside out and begin with briefs or trim boxer shorts that coordinate in color and/or pattern with the rest of what you're wearing.

Survival chic has marched out of the boondocks and attacked the stores, turning guys who think a pillbox is where you keep your Quaaludes into instant mercenaries. It's a trendy uprising that's fun—but you'll feel more at ease if you mix your battle gear with something that's noncombat. Green fatigue pants and a khaki vest, for example, double up nicely with a pink silk shirt.

After one trip to the park, you know that not everyone who wears jogging clothes is a jogger. And the trend to looking like a jock—whether or not you are one—has spawned a new category of duds unofficially nicknamed spectator clothes. Sweat suits and warm-up pants that never saw the inside of a gym are now being worn as an alternative to jeans. Wear them the next time you jog down to the corner for some beer.

When celebrities lend their names to lines of fashion, they get a lot of long green—but what's in it for you? For one thing, showbiz biggies don't want their image connected with shoddy merchandise, so it's a good bet that you're getting decent threads for your dollar. And while celebrities may not be designers, in many cases their lines are being created by unsung talents toiling in the back room—often with a fresh approach to style.



# FOUR HEADS ARE BETTER THAN TWO.

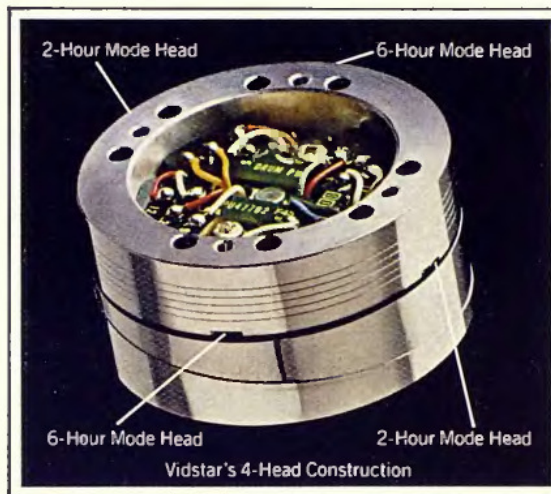
**JVC's Vidstar has four video heads and the clarity that goes with them.**

Admit it. Despite all the fancy features that videocassette recorders have to offer, you're worried about picture quality. Will it be crisp and vibrant? Will you get superb reproduction of recorded material?

Well, stop worrying. When JVC brought you 6-hour mode recording and playback, we equipped Vidstar™ with *four* video heads. Here's why.

Vidstar uses one pair of recording/playback heads for the 2-hour mode and another pair of heads for the 6-hour mode. Each pair is suited to performing at a specific tape speed. This specialization gives Vidstar unsurpassed picture quality in both the 2-hour and 6-hour modes. That's the kind of performance you'd expect from the people who developed the VHS system. And who developed this four head technology. That's us, JVC.

That's only the beginning. Take a look at our other



features: 6-hour recording on a single 2-hour VHS cassette, multi-function remote control unit, stop action and slow motion, double and triple speeds, and a micro-computer-assisted timer that can record up to 42 programs a week. You simply pre-set days, times and channels.

Vidstar is designed to let you add components to your home entertainment system effortlessly. You'll find goof-proof features that prevent recording mistakes

and other features that let you add your own audio to recorded material. Vidstar has features you may not even know you want yet.

But you'll want them the minute you get your hands on them. You can do exactly that at your nearest JVC Vidstar dealer.

For JVC dealer names and locations call TOLL-FREE 800-221-7502. In NY, 212-476-8300.



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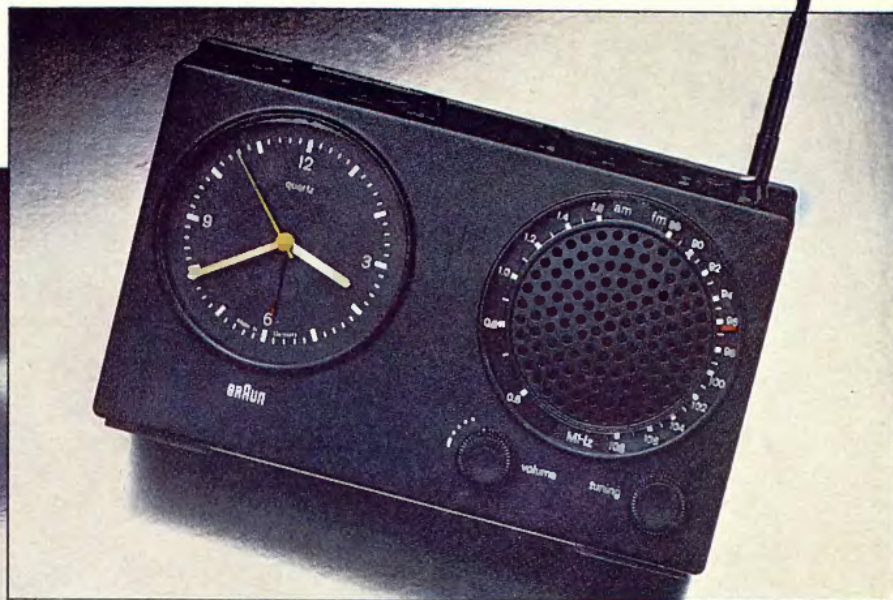
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## GADGETS

# GOOD THINGS IN SMALL PACKAGES

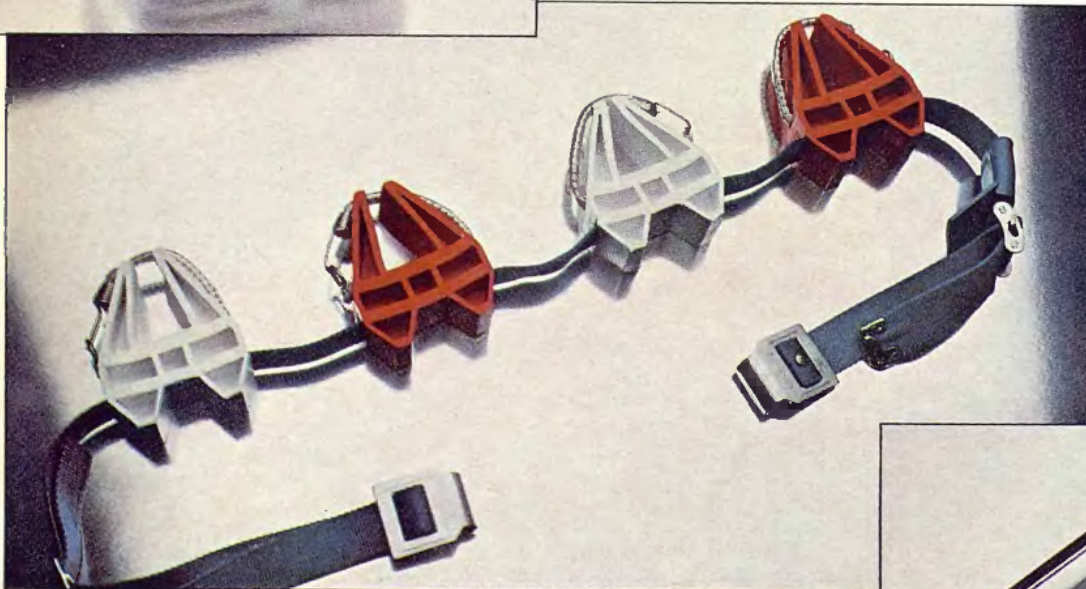
Right: Tired of wake-up calls or jangling alarms when you're on the road? Pack a battery-powered Signal Radio, Braun's latest little wonder, in your suitcase and have a clock designed to be coupled to an AM/FM radio for easy awakening, \$100.



Left: Small spills, table crumbs and any other little mistake you want to disappear can be whisked away with a tiny battery-powered Cordless Table Vacuum Cleaner, by Hitachi. And there's even a magnet to pick up small metal objects such as pins. The price is small, too—only \$14.95.



Left: Le Lasso, a cartop carrier of Cordura nylon and polyvinyl blocks, secures everything from fly rods to bookcases. All metal parts are padded and you can stash it in its own storage bag, from Le Lasso Corporation, Boston, Massachusetts, \$39.95 a set. Below: A 360 TW Electronic Flash Unit featuring a bounce head, automatic range checker and more, by Nissin America, about \$120.



Right: Sharp's EL-7000 Memo Writer is a pocket-sized alphanumeric calculator, as well as a miniature typewriter that prints out messages, memos, bills or whatever on a 15-character-per-line impact printer, \$100.





### A Piece of Ass

Does New Wave music get to the bottom of things? Punker STIV BATORS borrowed girlfriend SABEL STARR for a fast demonstration. It certainly looks like it does...



### Nip and Tucker

Here's singer TANYA TUCKER stretching her... wings? Little girls get bigger every day. Thank heaven!



### Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex

Ever since the schools sent sex education back into the streets, the most unlikely people have taken up describing the mysteries of the body. The Kama Sutra this isn't. It's MARTHA DAVIS, lead singer of The Motels, explaining what to do when you get to one.

TERESA KEREAKES

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### Lingerie, Fourth Floor

Boys will be boys, unless they are occasionally girls. Here are a couple of Monty Python's merry men, ERIC IDLE (left) and MICHAEL PALIN, working on a TV spot for Frederick's of Hollywood.



DAVID MC GOUGH/RETNA

### The Girl Can't Help It

What's left to say about the exploits of part-time actress, full-time consort BRITT EKLAND? She kissed and told. And told. And told. She sold some books and made some money. She still looks great and without a doubt she's proved the Andy Warhol axiom that in the future everyone will be famous for 15 minutes.



### Stardust Misery

Here's the most famous *schlep* of the Western world, dodging photographers and critical brickbats. Will we ever know the real actor/director/writer/sometime clarinet player WOODY ALLEN? Or should we leave him alone?



### Samurai Horticulture

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
I'm laughing all the way to the bank;  
How about you?

—JOHN BELUSHI

ANGELI/OUTLINE



## HISTORY MARCHES ON DEPARTMENT

In the great museums of our nation's capital, one facet of life has gone unmemorialized, at least until now—sex. The Red-Light Museum and Gift Shop, 1819-B M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, has stepped in to fill the gap. Miss Eleanor Valentine, the buxom lady shown at left, manages the museum, which offers a look at commercial sex in its heyday, circa 1900, before local ordinances were more prudently enforced. Furnished like a bor-



dello of that period, the showrooms feature 19th Century daguerreotypes of whores and whorehouses, copies of old police reports, a slide show of Victorian-era erotica and a 1913 map of D.C., including locations of its bordellos, which tended to cluster near the White House and Capitol Hill.

## BUT HOW DO WE KNOW THEY WEREN'T FAKING IT?

A report from the Netherlands indicates that Wisconsin endocrinologist Dr. David Goldfoot has recorded the first confirmed orgasm by a female macaque, a rather attractive monkey, as monkeys go. Another researcher, Dr. Dolores Elaine Keller of Pace University in New York City, for the first time has documented orgasms among female chimpanzees. We know of certain elderly gentlemen who, for their own reasons, observe this sort of thing at the city zoo, but what, we wonder, has led the scientific community into this area? It seems they are trying to track down the roots of the human female orgasm, that elusive character we've been reading about and which some of us on occasion have located. It had


been observed in monkeys but never proved. In the macaque study, females were introduced to, of all things, other females, leading to sexual arousal, which was recorded with the use of probes. The chimps, however, in the conventional fashion of single females, utilized a Prelude 2 vibrator fitted with a special chimp-sized accessory. The chimp orgasm, by the way, is characterized by tummy contractions, pelvic thrusts and cries, expressed by the researcher as "Hoo-hoo-hoo." We now know that the human female is not unique in her ability to achieve orgasm and that the human female orgasm probably evolved from common primate ancestors (Ronald Reagan's not going to like this). Frankly, we're delighted that it didn't go the route of the prehensile tail.

## THE WHOLE EARTH TAMPON PANACEA

Late last year, women blanched to hear that the new superabsorbent tampons may cause a staph infection called toxic shock syndrome and possibly death. A dramatic increase in cases tipped off health authorities that tampons might be the cause. About 95 percent of all cases in women occurred during a menstrual period. Seventy-one percent had used the first high-absorbency brand, Rely. Since then, many women have seized upon a natural and organic alternative to tampons—the sea sponge, an old-fashioned method of dealing with menstrual flow. Simply tie a string around the sponge and insert it just like a tampon. It can be washed out and reused. Sounds safe and re-

liable, but the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta says sea sponges have not yet been examined adequately to determine their risks. Sponges have been found to contain sand, bacteria and several kinds of fungi. More than one case of T.S.S. has been associated



with their use. The infection seems to be a reaction not to inorganic materials but to the bottling up of toxins inside the vaginal cavity. Some theorize that high-absorbency tampons create more of a seal and seem to absorb other fluids that protect against bacteria. The C.D.C. says that risk of infection is less if women limit tampon use to daytime and wear napkins at night. Since sea sponges have become suspect, many clinics and health-food stores have stopped selling them. 



*Vin Rude*, by Peter Mayle, is a picture book that features wine in erotic settings (like the one above, titled *Jug Wine*). By the same author who gave us *Rude Food* last year, this book is currently available in England; unfortunately, United States distribution plans are up in the air.



# Stress can rob you of vitamins. And zinc.

## What science tells us about stress and vitamins.

Stress is your body's reaction to any physical condition that places an unusual demand on it. When it upsets your nutritional balance, stress—whether due to physical overwork, fad dieting, alcohol, a severe infection or injury—may cause a vitamin depletion.



It's true that certain vitamins are stockpiled in the body for emergency use. But most of the water-soluble vitamins are not. If the extraordinary nutritional demands of stress are prolonged, a deficiency of these vitamins can develop.

## The importance of zinc during stress.

Zinc is an essential mineral found in human tissues. It is involved in dozens of the body's biochemical activities, including digestion, respiration, and the normal growth of bone and skin cells. Because zinc requirements have also been found to increase during various forms of stress, it has recently been concluded that there are times when your body may also need more zinc.

## Why doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins with Zinc.

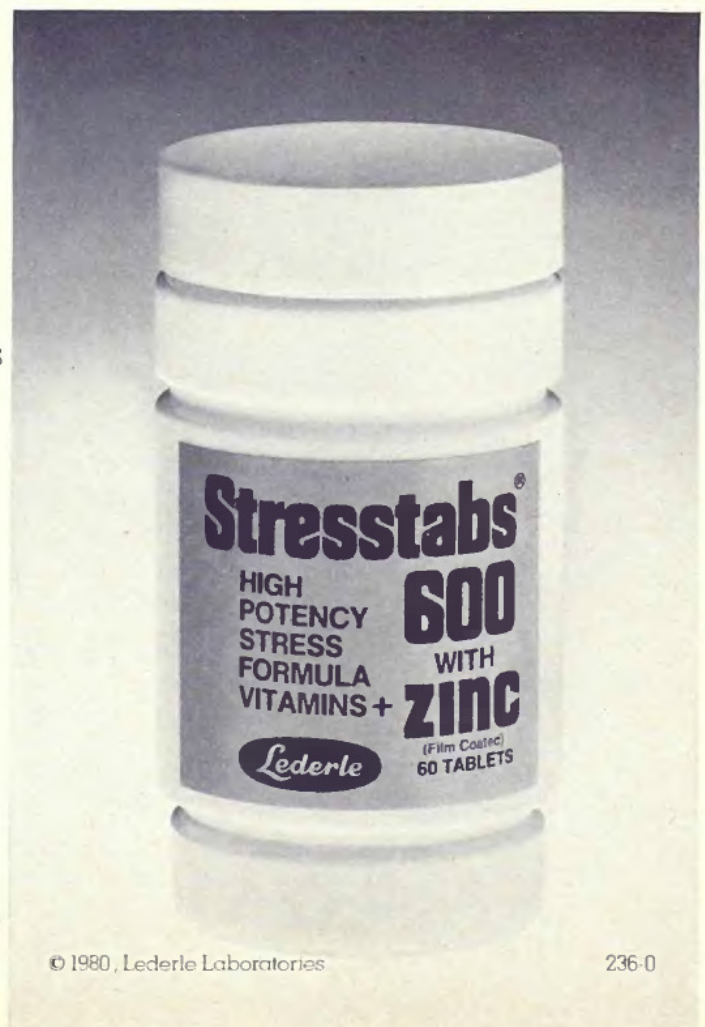
Supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins during stress is a well-accepted practice among the medical

profession. And, for years, STRESSTABS has been the formula most often prescribed or recommended. Today, because of observed deficiencies of zinc during stress, more and more physicians are recommending the addition of zinc to traditional stress vitamin supplementation.

STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc provides a high potency concentration of the water-soluble vitamins, plus zinc, and 45 IU of vitamin E.

## Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc.

Ask your doctor or pharmacist what he thinks of this different brand of vitamin. STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc can't eliminate stress, but its carefully balanced formula can help you avoid the nutritional deficiencies stress can create.





# NEXT MONTH IN PLAYBOY: THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT THE NEW YAMAHAS.

There've been some pretty exciting rumors about the motorcycles Yamaha will be introducing for 1981.

Some are true.

Many are understatements.

So, in next month's Playboy, Yamaha will end the suspense in a revealing 20-page insert. Including its own centerfold.



## NEXT MONTH:



CELIBACY



LESSON



TWINS



DOROTHY

**JAMES GARNER** TALKS, MORE FRANKLY THAN EVER BEFORE, ABOUT HIS STRANGE CHILDHOOD, HIS EXPERIENCES AS MAVERICK AND ROCKFORD AND THE WEIRDNESS OF HOLLYWOOD IN A FASCINATING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"WHAT REALLY HAPPENED AT SANTA FE"**—IT TOOK A YEAR TO UNRAVEL, BUT HERE IS THE DEFINITIVE, INSIDE STORY OF THE MOST SAVAGE RIOT IN PRISON HISTORY—BY **ROGER MORRIS**

**"HOT SHOTS: AMERICA'S TOP POOL PLAYERS SHOW YOU THEIR TRICKS"**—NINE UNUSUAL EXHIBITION SHOTS FOR THE AMATEUR POOL SHARK—BY **ROBERT BYRNE**

**"THE FRENCH LESSON"**—A GRIPPING TALE ABOUT THE DUMPING OF A U.S. MARINE CORPS OFFICER IN LAOS BEFORE INDOCHINA BECAME OUR WAR—BY **ASA BABER**

**"THE JOY OF CELIBACY"**—BET YOU NEVER KNEW THE DEFINITION OF ORAL CONTRACEPTIVE: A LECTURE ON ABSTINENCE. WACKY WAYS NOT TO GET HORNY—BY **DEREK PELL**

**"HOW TO BUY LIFE INSURANCE AND GET OUT OF IT ALIVE"**—WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW BEFORE YOU TALK TO AN AGENT. A SMART CONSUMER'S GUIDE—BY **JOHN DORFMAN**

**"MEDIA MADNESS, 1980"**—IT WAS A RIPE YEAR FOR ABSURDITIES, FROM RATHER'S GAFFES TO MISS RONA ON RAPE. LOOK BACK AND LAUGH ALONG WITH US

**"DOROTHY STRATTEN: A TRIBUTE"**—READERS, IN UNPRECEDENTED NUMBERS, SHARED OUR LOSS OF THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR. HERE, PICTORIAL HOMAGE TO A VERY SPECIAL WOMAN

**"WHAT'S NEW IN RAINWEAR"**—THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO KEEP DRY IN STYLE. FASHION TIPS—BY **DAVID PLATT**

**"TWINS"**—TO PARAPHRASE KEATS, A WOMAN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER. AND WHEN THERE ARE TWO OF THEM... WORDS FAIL US. FORTUNATELY, PICTURES DON'T. A TEN-PAGE PORTFOLIO OF IDENTICAL LOVELIES





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tar.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.