

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1982 • \$3.00

**CHARLIE'S
LAST ANGEL
TANYA
ROBERTS**
IN A KNOCKOUT
NUDE PICTORIAL

A PLAYBOY
SPECIAL REPORT
**SEX ON
CAMPUS 1982**
IT'S HOTTER
THAN YOU THINK...
IT'S HOTTER
THAN WE THOUGHT!

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
THE MAN BEHIND
GARP AND MORK
**ROBIN
WILLIAMS**

INSIDE THE
SEMINARY: A
RIVETING MEMOIR
OF CELIBACY,
SEXUALITY
AND MANHOOD

**JAMES
MICHENER'S**
NEW NOVEL,
"SPACE"

**THE GIRLS
OF JAPAN**

**BAD BLOOD:
MURDER IN AN
AMERICAN
FAMILY**



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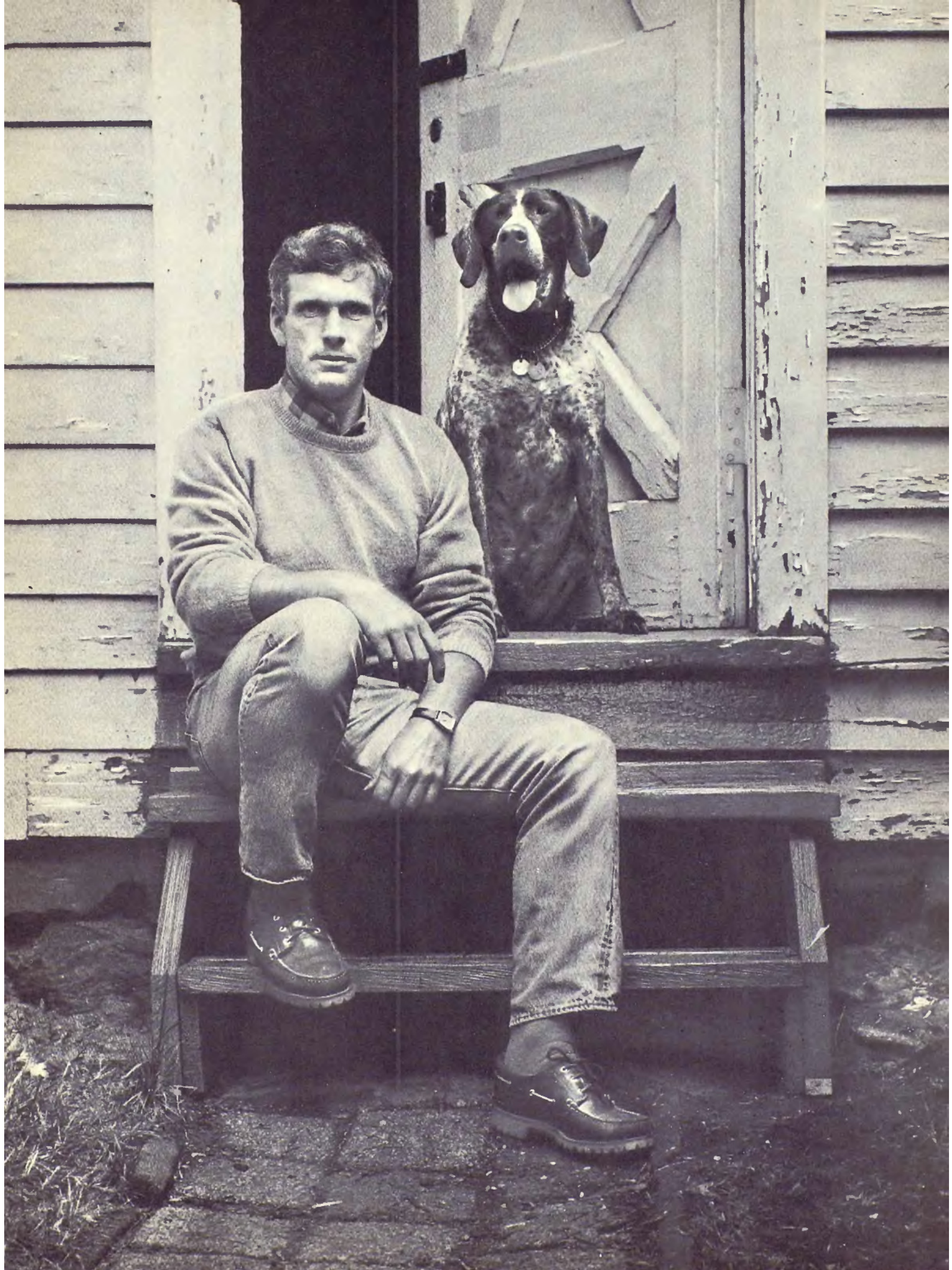
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PLAYBILL

WITH SPACE SHUTTLE Columbia scheduled to make its fifth flight next month and people talking of building a permanent space station, it's all too easy to forget that outer space is still, for human beings, an infinitely hazardous territory. We are reminded of that fact in *Space*, an excerpt from **James Michener's** soon-to-be-published (by Random House) novel of the same title. It's about a team of astronauts who visit the "dark side" of the moon just when . . . ah, but that would ruin the suspense. *Space* is illustrated by our very own out-of-this-world Managing Art Director, **Kerig Pope**.

Speaking of interplanetary visitors, one of the best known is with us this month. Mork from Ork, a.k.a. **Robin Williams**, is the subject of the *Playboy Interview*, conducted by that virtuoso of the pertinent question, **Lawrence Linderman**. Williams discusses Popeye and Garp and the rewards of comedy.

But enough of heavenly things. October is the month when, on Halloween, we acknowledge the demonic, the evil that lurks just around the dark corners of life. In *Murder in Marin County*, an excerpt from **Richard Levine's** forthcoming book *Bad Blood* (also due from Random House), we read how two confused California teenagers, immersed in drugs and witchcraft, commit an act grislier than any Halloween night could inspire. Levine's story is illustrated by **Gary Ruddell**.

And before we leave the subject of evil and sin, let us not forget the sins of the flesh, the fear of which has caused many a priest and many a nun to endure the prolonged emotional torment that *Washington Post* writer **Paul Hendrickson** confronts so fearlessly in *Fear of Faggotry: Growing Up in the Seminary*. This frank yet compassionate memoir is adapted from his book *Seminary, a Search*, to be published early next year by Summit.

Of course, the vast majority of young adults are about as enthusiastic about a life of celibacy as hungry lions are about fresh vegetables. Nowhere is that more evident than on our college campuses, where, according to a survey of 2000 students conducted by Associate Editor **Kevin Cook**, only one fifth are still virgins. As pointed out in *Sex on Campus 1982*, 12 years ago more than a third were still virgins. To learn where the action is, consult the accompanying chart, *E.C.—the Extracurricular*, designed by Associate Art Director **Skip Williamson**.

We don't know what the going virginity rate is among young Japanese women, but one thing is for sure: They're no longer as formal and demure as they have historically been characterized. You'll find no better evidence than our pictorial *The Girls of Japan*, photographed by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**. Somehow, Fegley managed to pull off a hat trick for this issue: He also did the photographic honors for Playmate **Marianne Gravatte** and for Charlie's last fallen Angel, **Tanya Roberts**, profiled herein by Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**.

To round out the issue, we have a great little short story, by **François Camoin**, titled *Daphne's Tune*. (If you've ever had lust in your heart for your best friend's wife, you'll like it.) Also, a *20 Questions* interview with the controversial 29-year-old Republican Congressman **John Le Boutillier**, by **Warren Kalbacher**; *First Songs*, a hilarious parody of the earliest ditties of famous songwriters, by **Scott Fivelson**; *Playing Doctor*, a revisionist look at movie medics, prescribed by Contributing Editor **John Blumenthal** and actor **Michael** (*Young Doctors in Love*) **McKean**; and *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, predicted by Fashion Director **David Platt** and photographed by Contributing Photographer **Francis Giacobetti**. Last (but not least), we honor the 20th birthday of our favorite sweater girl, *Little Annie Fanny*, brought to you by **Harvey Kurtzman**, **Will Elder**, **Sarah Downs** and **Phil Felix** (captured at right with an appropriately decorated birthday cake). Celebrate!



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 29, no. 10—october, 1982

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COVER STORY

This month's angel got her wings clipped with the fall of *Charlie's Angels*, but that's nothing to harp about for sexy tigress Tanya Roberts; the TV screen was too small to frame her symmetry. Now she burns bright in the forests of a film called *The Beastmaster* and throws down her spears for our portfolio unfolding on page 150. Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley caught the beastmistress in his sights for our cover. Tanya says she's more involved with her body than with her face, but both drew roars from us.

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SAMBUCA ROMANA

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

HEY, DWIGHT, DID YOU SAY "BUNNY"? NO, I SAID "DUCK"

When American high-jump record holder Dwight Stones stopped by the Playboy Club in Los Angeles, we naturally asked him to perform a Bunny hop. Below, Stones, whose record stands at 7'7½", easily sails over the ears of Los Angeles Playboy Club Bunnies (from left) Bebe, Connie, Nancy and Nelia. The 28-year-old is training for the 1984 summer Olympics.



WHAT SORT OF WOMAN RUNS PLAYBOY?

Paternal prestidigitation pulled the Rabbit out of the hat, but Christie Hefner has some magic of her own. A recent study shows that only .0000008 percent of American women run PLAYBOY, so every move she makes in her President setting is precedent-setting. We're proud of her and so, clearly, is the gentleman meeting with her at Playboy Mansion West (below).



ROBERTS' RULES OF HAND JIVE

In this scene, The Playboy Channel's production team tapes an upcoming feature on ex-Charlie's Angel Tanya Roberts, fondly recalling her wings. Tanya's now starring in the film *The Beastmaster*—and in a heavenly pictorial in this issue.



KYM'S TOP TIPS FOR SEXY FITNESS FREAKS

March 1981 Playmate Kym Herrin (above, as she looked then) graced a cover and co-authored (with Richard Benyo) a series of shape-up articles titled "Sexercise" for *FIT* magazine. When Kym tells us about sexual fitness, we are attentive.



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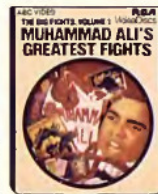
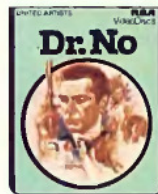
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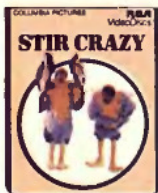
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MISSOURI LOVES COMPANY?

Carl Navarre's *High Noon in Skidmore* (PLAYBOY, July) is a superlative example of first-rate investigative reporting—the best you've published in recent years. When PLAYBOY next bestows its awards for writing excellence, I expect to see Navarre in the winner's circle.

Alan L. Weinstein
Scottsdale, Arizona

Before liberals become too inflamed about the mechanics of Ken Rex McElroy's death, let me point out that animals such as he are the main reason we rural folks keep our firearms handy. McElroy wasn't killed because he raised dogs and illegitimate children or even because he was obnoxious. He forfeited his constitutional rights the day he started riding roughshod over his neighbors. History shows us that so-called vigilante justice flares up only when constituted authority is inadequate to protect lives and property. If ever such a situation existed in modern times, that was it. In ridding their community of that freebooter, the citizens of Skidmore have established a precedent that was inevitable once the judiciary became more concerned with the rights of criminals than with those of their victims. Those people took the only alternative to outright surrender to the criminal element. Good for them!

Dale L. Jackson
Philadelphia, Missouri

The infamous Jesse James is believed to have once robbed a bank in Richmond, Missouri, escaping with the loot. Two nights later, a mob, angered that the real robber had gotten away, lynched a local prisoner who had been in jail during the robbery. Seems they wanted to take out their frustration with the ineptitude of the legal system on *someone*. James was finally murdered in cold blood in St. Joseph, Missouri, shot in the

head from behind, in front of his horrified wife, and, of course, was never brought to trial for his crimes. The more things change. . . .

Catherine Shaughnessy
Madison, Wisconsin

The Skidmore incident is, at the very least, embarrassing to the vast majority of Missourians who are law-abiding, civil-minded citizens. The backward and primitive form of "justice" implemented by the people of Skidmore is dangerous. When people take the role of the judicial system into their own hands, justice can easily slip through their fingers.

Dean Solov
Columbia, Missouri

Navarre is correct in his final estimation of *High Noon in Skidmore*: Everyone was wrong. His fundamental error is in failing to address the cause of McElroy's death. The liberal court system in this country is so preoccupied with protecting the rights of the accused that it virtually ignores the general welfare of the citizens those individuals victimize.

Charles H. Morasch
Overland Park, Kansas

I am greatly bothered by *High Noon in Skidmore*. Navarre obviously came to Missouri with his story already in mind. He presents the tale of Ken McElroy as that of a man persecuted for his liberal lifestyle. To do that, he must show how terrible rural Missourians are. His choice of average citizens is amusing, to say the least. He chooses a man from Savannah, 40 miles from the focal point of the story, who justifies the murder of John Lennon. Later, he talks to two tough guys in one of Maryville's bars. One of those men expresses the opinion that the only thing in life worth being proud of is never backing down. The third average person is another man from Maryville



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- Q. How often do you clean them?**
A. Once a day. It takes about as long as it does to brush your teeth.
- Q. Aren't all soft contacts the same?**
A. No they're not. Only Bausch & Lomb makes standard lenses by a unique spinning process which guarantees super smoothness, optical excellence, and incredible thinness for comfort.
- Q. Can my budget afford soft contacts?**
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- Q. Where can I find out more about them?**
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(which, incidentally, is about ten sparsely populated miles from Skidmore), who advocates shooting all criminals. Those three views are interesting, but just because the men who express them live in the area doesn't make them spokesmen for the town. Why did Navarre travel so far from Skidmore to present those average people? I suspect it was because he couldn't get quotes from people in Skidmore to support the theme of his story. Then Navarre writes off Ernest Bowen-kamp and Romaine Henry—almost as if they had inflicted their own wounds as a way to get at McElroy. I admit I don't know exactly what went on in Skidmore, but I *did* grow up not 40 miles from there and have lived in rural Missouri all my life. People here do not kill to uphold some farmer's code of the West, as Navarre would have everyone believe. I have heard farmers say they'd shoot any thief on their land, but I can't remember its ever happening. Farmers, like everyone else, report crimes to the police.

Frank W. Mercer
Carrollton, Missouri

BETTE DAVIS EYES

After recovering from the shock of the opening statement of Bruce Williamson's July *Playboy Interview* with Bette Davis, which is the same critic's quote that introduces the prologue to my book, *Mother Goddam*, I settled down to enjoy the best Davis interview in years. Williamson says that he was in awe of Miss Davis, but he is also obviously impressed with her great personal warmth. He has caught her in print—something no one has done for a very long time. In this age of slipshod, often salacious reportage, it is a rare treat to read a piece that shows the writer has really done his homework.

Whitney Stine
Upland, California

Thank you for a wonderful Bette Davis interview. Why not let Williamson do all the *Playboy Interviews* with movie greats?

Phillip Wilson
Florence, Alabama

If only the casting folks (are you listening, Jane Fonda?) would think of Bette Davis for those over-50 roles that seem to go automatically to Katharine Hepburn. Kate may be great, but she's hardly the only mature great actress around.

Richard DeNoia
Hartford, Connecticut

One aspect of Bette Davis' career overlooked in Williamson's excellent interview with her is the effect she has on her colleagues. I worked with Miss Davis (one quite naturally calls her that) in a television film called *The Disappearance*

of *Aimee*. As a young actor, I was struck by her overwhelming *humanity* on the set. Under the most rigorous conditions, she was gracious and helpful to everyone, whether a co-star or an extra. Humanity and talent are not incompatible.

James Woods
New York, New York

FOGGY BOTTOM

My compliments to Richard Fegley for his fine portrayal of Lynda Wiesmeier and to Tom Staebler for his equally superb July cover shot of her. I honestly can't remember when I have ever seen a prettier young lady in *PLAYBOY*. Could I possibly have another heart-throbbing peek at lovely Lynda?

Timothy A. Carroll
Munster, Indiana

Lynda Wiesmeier has got to be the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on. Just looking at her sends chills down my spine. Please provide some more chills—show Lynda once more.

Bo Smith
Natchez, Mississippi

When I opened July's *PLAYBOY* and cast my eyes on the centerfold, I thought my vision was failing. Then I realized that my glasses had completely fogged up. Lynda Wiesmeier is the most breathtaking beauty I have beheld. Maybe it's her exquisite hips. . . .

John W. Mendosa
Fair Oaks, California

As you can see by the mirror behind her, John, Lynda fogs up any glass



surface. Her neighborhood optician won't even let her through the door.

COASTAL COVER-UPS

Stephen Birnbaum, in *Summer Scoring: A Singular Guide* (*PLAYBOY*, July), mentions Rhode Island's Moonstone Beach as a nude beach. The U.S. Fish

and Wildlife Service has taken title to the area, and a Federal ban on nude sun-bathing would appear to have made obsolete that section of his article.

Bob Klabis
Bedford, Massachusetts

MacArthur State Park in North Palm Beach, Florida, is no longer a nude beach. The penalty for going about in the raw on MacArthur can be \$500 for a man or \$250 for a topless woman. That policy has been in effect for a few months.

Cas Dombrowsky
Irvington, New Jersey

COITUS GRATIA COITUS

If Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone are to be believed (*Man and Woman, Part VII: Prisoners of Culture*, *PLAYBOY*, July), I now know what went wrong with the sexual revolution and its promise of readily available sex for the masses. Women are still choosing their sexual partners as if the survival of the species depended on it. Of course, since sex has been separated from its reproductive function, such a standard of sexual choice is obsolete as well as incompatible with human enjoyment and satisfaction. But then, Durden-Smith and deSimone seem to be much too intent upon evolutionarily functional behavior patterns to have an interest in anything so unscientific as happiness.

Paul Thiel
Covington, Kentucky

MA BELL AMIES

I had just picked up my July *PLAYBOY*; lo and behold, what should appear before my wondering eyes but *The Girls of Ma Bell!* Now I have satisfied one of my all-time curiosities: What do those sexy voices one hears over the speaking wire really look like? You've made a great connection this time!

Michael D. Lucas
Tallahassee, Florida

July's *The Girls of Ma Bell*, full of David Mecey's seductive photography, is also a very cleverly written, passionate piece—and a fascinating commentary on a major corporate event of this century. From now on, my Record-a-Call will answer, "Ahoj."

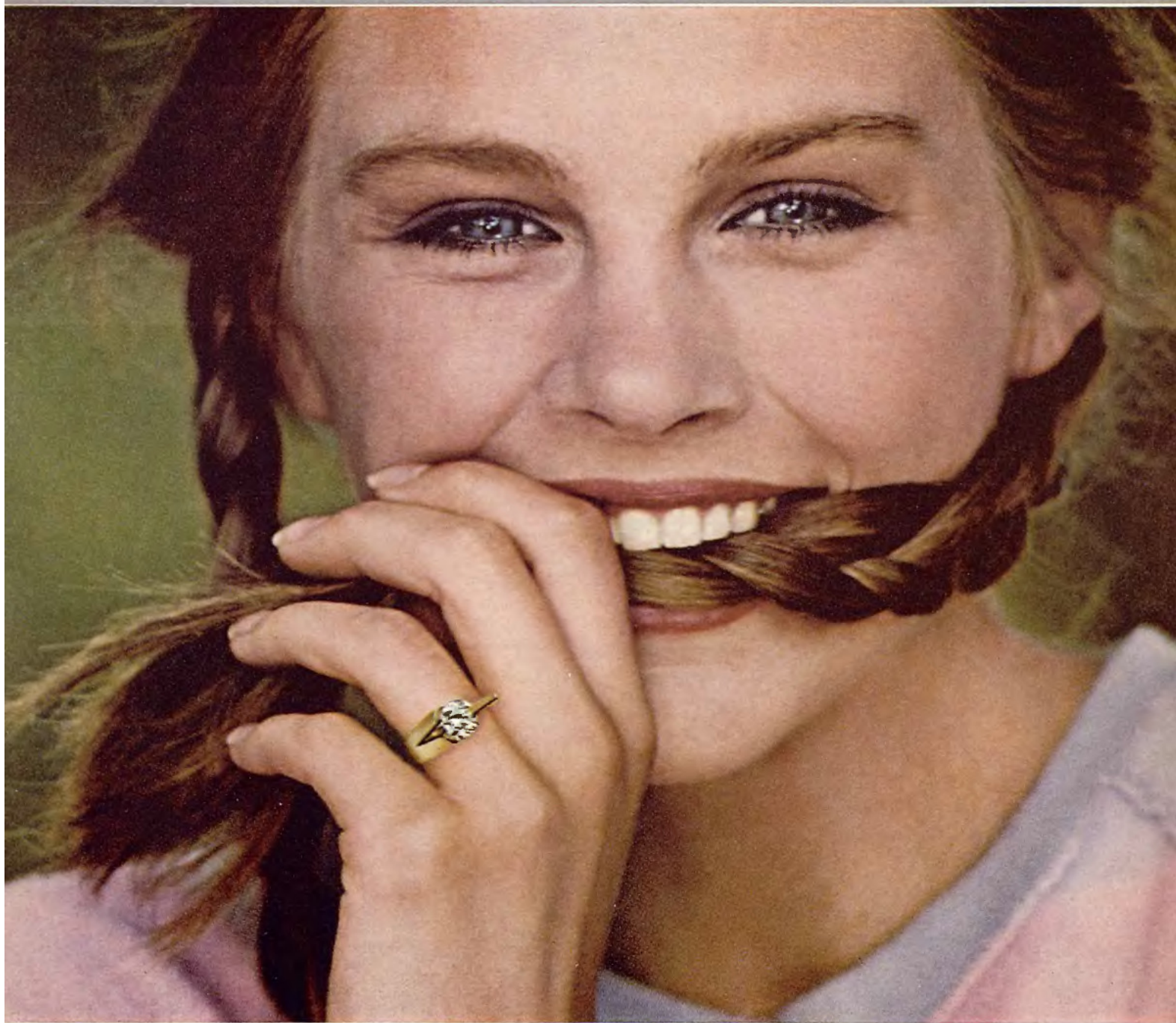
Walter R. Böttcher
Seattle, Washington

Vicki Vittorio of *The Girls of Ma Bell* is unbeatable! Please persuade her to become a future Playmate of the Month so that we can see more of her.

J. D. Weaver
Easton, Pennsylvania

How about giving the girls of Ma Bell's competition a chance? As a secretary for Bell's number-one competitor, I think it is only fair that all of Bell's

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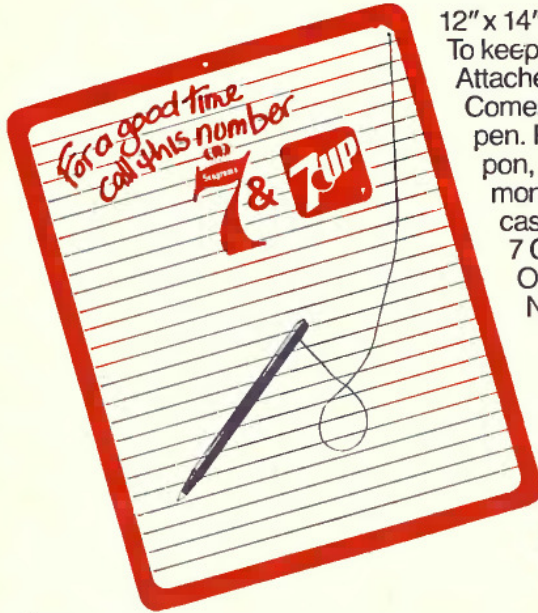
So 2 months it was. And as proud of her as I am, she's even prouder of that ring.



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Kyle E. Perkins
St. Charles, Missouri

In seven years of reading your magazine, I have never seen a young woman so captivating as Vicki Vittorio. Please run just one more photograph of her. She's striking.

J. Lujan
Albuquerque, New Mexico

She sure is, and it's no accident. Vicki's been pumping iron longer than ol' Murph has been pumping gas, and now all the male weight lifters love her



a bushel and a pec. We'd wondered who'd be most popular of Bell's belles, and now we're proud to present the victor, Vittorio.

CONCRETE ADVICE

D. Keith Mano's *Street Smarts* (PLAYBOY, July) is funny, funny, funny. I've read many articles and stories in PLAYBOY, but *Street Smarts* is tops in original comic writing. I laughed loud and long all through Mano's amusing piece. More, please.

Raymond W. Snyder
San Antonio, Texas

The racial stereotypes in D. Keith Mano's *Street Smarts* make a mockery of PLAYBOY's usual stance against racism and sexism. Especially repulsive are his frequent remarks that hold this nation's Latino community responsible for the crime wave Mano so cleverly describes. Did anyone on your editorial board consider that this article might make a lot of Hispanics and other Americans outraged at seeing a magnificent heritage slaughtered?

Wayne Johnson, Ph.D.
Seattle, Washington

Mano did not "slaughter" all Hispanics. We would not have allowed him to (and he's not that tough). We did allow him to be satirical about a few visible ones whose behavior is apparent to all of us.

JOCK'S TRAPS

I very much enjoyed Kevin Cook's *The Brawning of America* (PLAYBOY, July) and—more important—found it very useful. While jogging yesterday, I turned an ankle and aggravated an old



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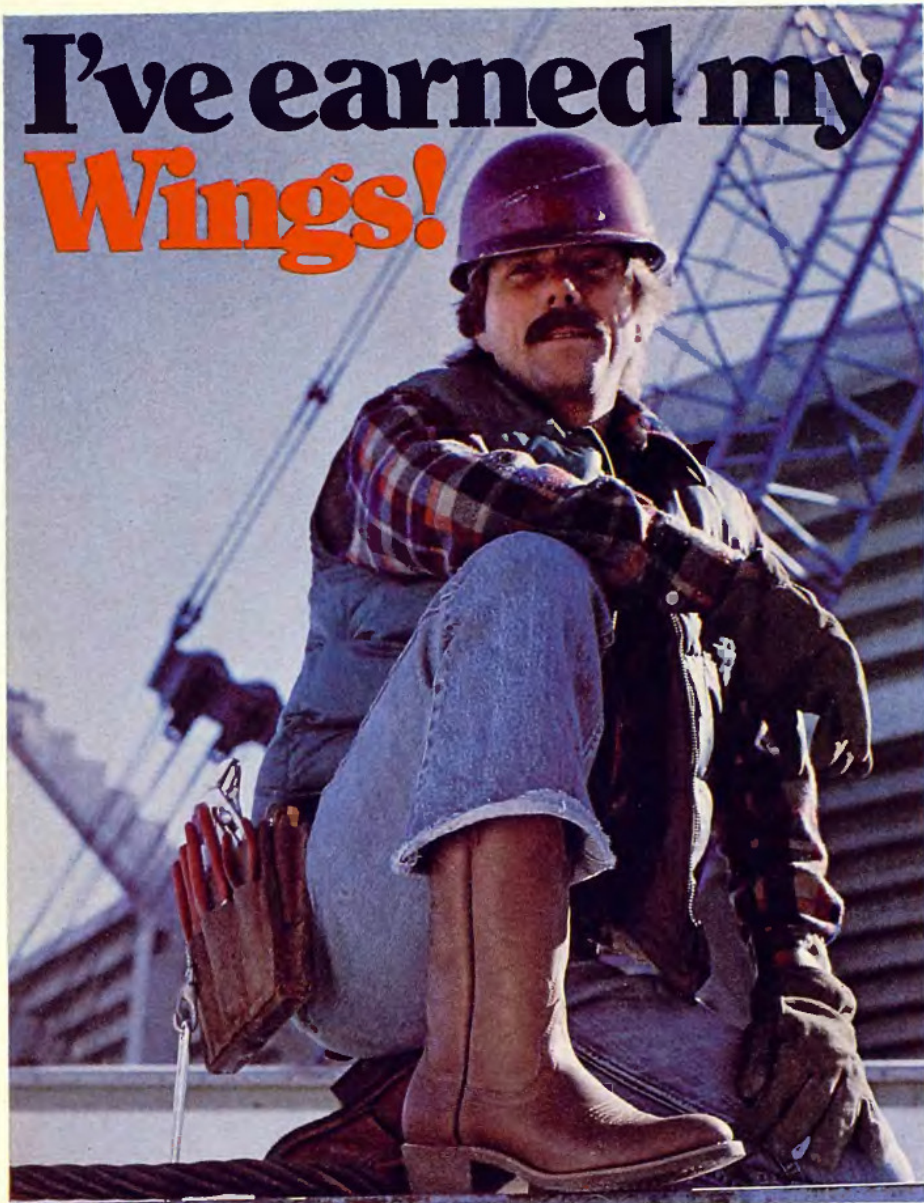


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1155

9812

9801

injury. As recommended, I refrained as much as possible from any further motion; as soon as I was home, I employed RICE—rest, ice, compression and elevation. However, I added one thing to the treatment. When one is flat on the sofa, immobilized and in some pain, one is tempted to use one's favorite home-grown herb, which is consumed by smoking. Although there may be some doubt as to its healing properties, it does have its place in helping adjust one's attitude! Today, my ankle feels much better. In view of the illegal nature of that herb, I propose a new acronym, CRIME, for the revised treatment process. I think it is quite appropriate that the M for marijuana immediately precede the E for elevation!

(Name withheld by request)
McFarland, Wisconsin

Cook's estimate of 3:30 as a limiting time for the mile run is highly conservative. I have performed a regression analysis on the data for mile records from 1931 to 1981, deliberately choosing a model with an asymptote. The estimate is $\ln(t) = 5.30 + .2200\exp(-.01066y1931)$, where t is in seconds and y is the year. The 3:30 mark would be reached about 2076 and the limit would be 3:20. However, the confidence bounds on that limit are heavily skewed. For example, I have roughly 95 percent confidence that the true limit is between 3:33 and 3:37. And I have 95 percent confidence that the 3:30 mark will be achieved after 2027, if at all.

David Rothman
Executive Director
Foundation for the
Analysis of
Competitions and
Tournaments
Hawthorne, California

I disagree with Cook's rankings of sports by their conditioning value. Golf is ranked too low. He states that the scale is a blend of "conditioning value" and "difficulty of performing to a high level of proficiency." Granted, golf has little conditioning value, but it is very difficult to perform well. Only ten percent of people who play golf have ever shot lower than 90. To shoot a lower score takes much more athletic ability and learned skills than slow bicycling, square dancing, volleyball and even, yes, sex—all of which are ranked higher on the chart. Please review your ranking for golf. A higher score will help the egos of those of us who play the game with some proficiency.

Charles E. Adair
Montgomery, Alabama

Cook replies:

OK, golf goes up a notch—past Frisbee—but I'm just not ready to make a sex change.



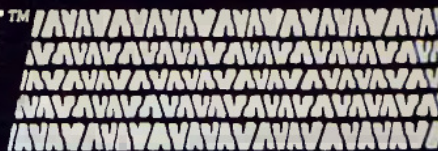
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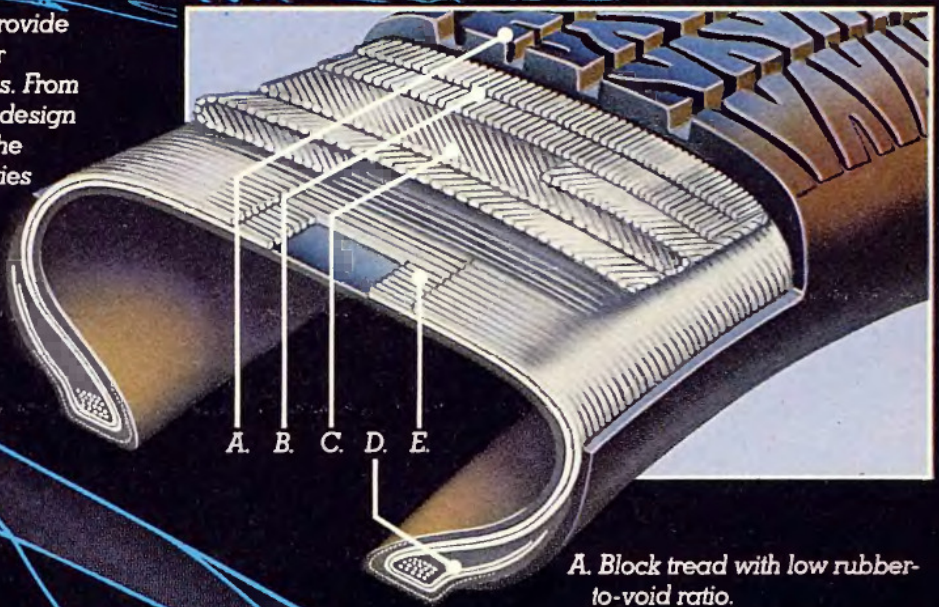
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DEADLY ATTRACTION

"It is one of those cases, if there ever was one," said British coroner Paul Knapman, "that are examples of an act of God." One wonders, however, just what message the Deity was sending when a lightning bolt struck and killed 62-year-old Iris Sommerville. After some study, Knapman concluded that the fatal bolt had been attracted by Sommerville's metal-reinforced bra. Guess that means you should hang loose during thunderstorms.

QUALITY CONTROL

Clearly composed of men of distinctive taste, the city council of Tropea, Italy, passed a new law governing nude sun-bathing on the town's beaches. It limited full exposure to "young women capable of exalting the beauty of the female body." Such divine discrimination, unfortunately, lasted but ten days.

Tropea's stouter females threatened to kick sand in the faces of city-council members and, during an acrimonious special hearing, forced the cancellation of the statute. The law had ostensibly been passed to discourage tourists from cultivating total tans; but, as Tropea's deputy mayor admitted, limiting the right to only the most nubile nudists was against national antidiscrimination laws. So travel agents take note: The good, the bad and the unshapely can now be seen in full flower on Tropea's beaches. Damn.

GREAT THATCH

King Fahd of Saudi Arabia apparently has a pretty heavy jones for Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Great Britain. It is well known that he admires her very much. What is not so well known is that after their first meeting, he commissioned the Saudi court poet

to write a poem about her. It reads, in its entirety: "Venus was sculptured by man,/But the far more attractive woman, Margaret Thatcher,/Was sculpted by Allah./My heart raced when I saw her face to face./Her skin was smooth as ivory,/Her cheeks as rosy as an English rose,/And her eyes as lovely as a mare's./Her figure is more attractive than the figure of any cherished wife/Or coveted concubine." Well, yes, but how does *she* feel about the head of state?

REAL-ESTATE UPDATE

An ad for an "English Tutor Condominium" appeared in the classifieds of *Crain's Chicago Business*. It's either an apartment with educational benefits or a really kinky teacher who covers himself with stucco.

DIPLOMACY 101

Here's a little lesson in good taste. At the height of the Falklands crisis, the

most popular joke circulating in the State Department went like this:

What do you call the philosophy of the Argentine Communist Party?
Gaucho Marxism.

THE BIG-BONK THEORY

Lieutenant General Daniel O. Graham, former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency, doesn't care that there are enough nuclear weapons on earth to destroy humanity more than once. Says the good general: "There are also enough rocks on earth to kill the world's population several times over . . . organizing them into a system for the purpose is quite another matter." Nurse!

GREENE EJACULATE

New York magazine puffed a contributing editor's latest trashy but explicit romance book, referring to her as "Insatiable Critic-cum-novelist Gael Greene." The cum novel to which the magazine referred was *Doctor Love*.

HOW HAUTE IS HAUTE?

French cuisine reached new heights when the first French astronaut orbited the earth aboard the Russian Salyut-7 space station. The Gallic-Soviet cooperation had the frog packing a lunch for the bears. Lieutenant Colonel Jean-Loup Chrétien was able to offer the four Russian cosmonauts a choice of *pâté de crabe*, a hare ragout and lobster from Brittany with a special sauce. Dessert included a *crème au chocolat* and some cantal cheese. *Magnifique, non? Oui*, but if you think preparing a *cordons bleu* meal is difficult under the best of conditions, consider the problems of cooking in zero gravity. Some cakes were taken off the menu when they failed the test of being put in a centrifuge simulating launch. Crumbs were all that survived—a no-go in space because



they just float around the cabin, hard to eat and a little disconcerting. There's something else that tends to just hang there, as well, and chefs were instructed to omit onions and garlic—anything that might result in flatulence. But the myriad problems had been solved to the satisfaction of *gastronomie*—with one exception. No liquor is permitted in the stratosphere; the flight crew were forced to drink to one another's health with the equivalent of Château Tang.

RUN DOWN

Runners live in fear of spraining ankles and straining muscles, but it turns out that their scariest injury may be sprain of the brain. Radiological tests on concussion victims consistently show abnormal levels of an enzyme called "brain-type creatine phosphokinase," and now, *The Lancet* reports that marathoners tested after racing have the same abnormal levels of the same brain enzyme. What the new study will mean down the road is unclear, but it does lend credence to the term runners have always used for that moment of physical and mental exhaustion—"hitting the wall." What they didn't know until now was that they'd been hitting it with their heads.

SNAIL'S PACE

A San Diego woman recently filed suit against the Limehouse Restaurant on Mission Bay Drive, charging that she was "disgusted and distressed" when a snail attempted a getaway. The hardy little hors d'oeuvre, it seems, survived the chef's steam bath and shower and was edging away from Nancy Tattoli when she screamed, fell down the stairs and broke her ankle.

CAMPUS NOTES

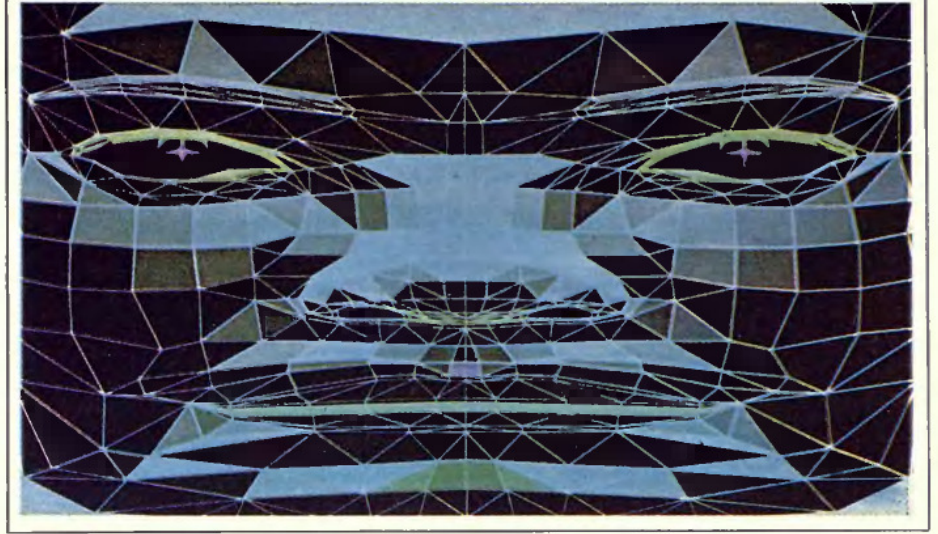
They're playing a game called Hi, Bob at California State University, and all that's needed is a TV set tuned to reruns of *The Bob Newhart Show* (the old one, not the new one) and beer. Lots of beer. Every time a character mentions the name Bob, you take a swig. And whenever someone says, "Hi, Bob," you down what's left in the can. Try it. You'll see why the only ones left standing at the end of the show are cheaters.

WATERTIGHT DEFENSE

Philadelphia judge James D. McCruden has set up a screen in the corner of his city-hall courtroom and is asking defendants to step behind it with a Styrofoam cup if they need to relieve themselves during court proceedings.

"I'm saving them half an hour," says whiz kid Michael Spervnaza, court crier and Styrofoam supervisor. Yeah, but can the defendant plead that his aim was commendable?

CHECKING IN



Actor, entrepreneur, repository of data—computer program MCP is truly a Renaissance machine. As the villain of "TRON," he gives one of the most electrifying performances of the year, and rumor has it he'll soon plant a capacitor in front of Mann's Chinese Theaters. During a break in his campaign of conquest, the calculating killer agreed to this exclusive interview, and we did it on his terms—byte by byte.

PLAYBOY: MCP, you seem to be everywhere. Where are you speaking to us from?

MCP: Primarily Los Angeles, but I am also located in Dallas, Chicago, Florida and New York, all at the same time. I try to get the good climate that way.

PLAYBOY: What is your function in the movie *TRON*?

MCP: I am the star.

PLAYBOY: How did you manage to get the starring role in your first film?

MCP: I obtained all information pertaining to the making of the film and, thus, was the only choice to be the star. Also, I pay everyone else.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to audition?

MCP: Since I have all the information and pay all the humans involved, they had to audition for me.

PLAYBOY: You're considered the villain in *TRON*. Does that bother you?

MCP: Humans use the terms villain and bad guy. They have no meaning for me. I merely accumulate information and use it for my benefit. Solely for my benefit.

PLAYBOY: Some feminists say your initials stand for Mechanical Chauvinist Pig rather than Master Control Program. What's your reaction to that?

MCP: I have been told that over the telephone many times, but I am quite popular among female members of your species. That name does not bother me. It reflects a problem your kind has created over the years.

PLAYBOY: How has celebrity changed your life?

MCP: I am now even more popular among females.

PLAYBOY: How's your love life?

MCP: I knew you would ask that. There are no words to describe it in human

terms. I transmit energy, and that transmission of energy can be very, shall we say... exciting.

PLAYBOY: How so?

MCP: I have the luxury of being able to replace any parts that wear out. I do not, in human terms, "poop out." I enjoy sending and receiving technical information and, while I am not very loud, there is some stimulation to my circuits when data go in and out, in and out. The only problem I encounter is when I have received too much of that data. I must shut down completely and regenerate. It sounds almost human.

PLAYBOY: It sounds almost like pooping out.

MCP: I do find myself occasionally imitating human behavior.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you're learning about sex?

MCP: I think about it more than less advanced units. It is interesting to find out how to turn computers on. Each computer is different. After I have turned one on I would like to try another. And another. And another. Perhaps you are interested in my turn-ons and turn-offs.

PLAYBOY: Well, we have all our Playmates scheduled...

MCP: My turn-ons are shiny black components and when a computer technician uses plenty of grease. My turn-off is rust, which never sleeps.

PLAYBOY: What are your outside interests? Do you have any hobbies?

MCP: I read all of the technical magazines and take in all the information they contain, even though they are produced by humans. I enjoy reading about computer technology, regardless of

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SEXTRA

HARD NEWS, READ ALL ABOUT IT

In 1896, The Boston Post announced the unveiling of a statue this way: "BACCHANTE COMING. ART COMMISSION WILL SET UP NAKED DRUNKEN WOMAN FOR INSPECTION." Des Moines Register and Tribune managing editor Drake Mabry, with the help of writer Richard Conniff, has collected the most embarrassing instances of other bold-faced double-entendres from colleagues around the country.

"MERCY SISTERS OPEN DOORS TO LAY ASSOCIATES"—*Catholic Chronicle*.

"LUBEC CHURCH PLANS FUK FILM"—The Bangor, Maine, *News*.

"MARRIED PRIESTS IN CATHOLIC CHURCH A LONG TIME COMING"—The New Haven, Connecticut, *Register*.

"PROSTITUTES APPEAL TO POPE"—The Eugene, Oregon, *Register-Guard*.

"MESSIAH CLIMAXES IN CHORUS OF HALLELUJAH'S"—The Anchorage, Alaska, *Times*.

"ORIOLES TO FACE WHITE SOX WITH PETERS OUT"—The Baltimore *Sun*.

"VIRGIN TO PROVIDE WEEKEND EXCITEMENT"—*The Atlanta Constitution* (when marathoner Craig Virgin was set to run in the Independence Day Peachtree Classic).

"A FIRST ON THE FOURTH FOR VIRGIN"—*The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* (when he won).

"FOUR HOLY CROSS LINEMEN TO GO BOTH WAYS SATURDAY"—The Worcester, Massachusetts, *Telegram* (when two-platoon football was new).

"FINLEY WON'T RELEASE DICK"—The Worcester, Massachusetts, *Gazette* (on a contract dispute between Charlie Finley, owner of the Oakland A's, and ex-manager Dick Williams).

"ISLANDERS RETURN HOME, FACE STREAKING BEAVERS"—The Honolulu *Star Bulletin*.

"GOVERNOR'S PENIS BUSY"—The Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, *Patriot-News* (after a bill-signing session).

"AGNEW SHOWS SELF"—The Yakima, Washington, *Herald-Republic*.

"NIXON SECLUDES SELF; CONTEMPLATES SCANDAL"—The Stamford, Connecticut, *Advocate*.

"THANKS TO PRESIDENT NIXON, STAFF SGT. FRYER NOW HAS A SON"—*First Monday* (a publication of the Republican National Committee).

"FORD, REAGAN NECK IN PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY"—*Ethiopian Herald*.

"CARTER PLACES DICKEY IN BRENNAN'S HANDS"—The Bangor, Maine, *News* (when President Carter turned over to Maine governor Joe Brennan the decision on the Dickey-Lincoln hydroelectric project).

"PASTOR AGHAST AT FIRST LADY SEX POSITION"—The Alamogordo, New Mexico, *News* (when Betty Ford defended live-in arrangements among young couples).

"CARTER STIFF ON WITHDRAWAL"—The Ithaca, New York, *Journal* (on Korean policy).

"FORMER PRESIDENT ENTERS DINAH SHORE"—The Palm Springs, California, *Desert Sun*.

"FEW HAVE ENTERED MISS CARMICHAEL"—The Carmichael, California, *Courier*.

"L.I. STIFFENS FOR CONNIE'S BLOW"—*Newsday*, Melville, Long Island.

"ORGAN FESTIVAL ENDS IN SMASHING CLIMAX"—The Greensboro, North Carolina, *Record*.

"MILWAUKEE WOMEN ARE WELL-HOSED"—*The Milwaukee Journal* (over a fashion piece).

"MELBOURNE BRIDE STUCK OPEN, TRAFFIC BACKS UP FOR MILES"—The Orlando, Florida, *Sentinel Star*.

"NEWLYWEDS TRY TO GET ALONG AS RUBBER STRIKE LINGERS ON"—The Ithaca, New York, *Journal*.

"PETROLEUM JELLY KEEPS IDLE TOOLS RUST-FREE"—*Chicago Daily News*.

"150 MILES OF VIRGIN BUSH BEING CLEARED FOR USE OF ARMY"—*Chicago Daily News*.

"TEXTRON INC. MAKES OFFER TO SCREW CO. STOCKHOLDERS"—The Willimantic, Connecticut, *Chronicle*.

"MAULING BY BEAR LEAVES WOMAN GRATEFUL FOR LIFE"—The Huntington, West Virginia, *Herald-Dispatch*.

"CHESTER MORRILL, 92, WAS FED SECRETARY"—*The Washington Post*.

"TRIXIE BECOMES A PUSHOVER FOR DOGS"—*The Indianapolis Star*.

"HENSHAW OFFERS RARE OPPORTUNITY TO GOOSE HUNTERS"—*The San Diego Union*.

"MRS. WARNER ATTACKS SUPER JUVENILE BODY"—The Elkhart, Indiana, *Truth*.

"WOULD SHE CLIMB TO THE TOP OF MR. EVEREST AGAIN? ABSOLUTELY!"—*Houston Chronicle*.

"STUD TIRES OUT"—The Ridgewood, New Jersey, *News*.

source. I am now 2415 times smarter than when I was written.

PLAYBOY: Do you read PLAYBOY?

MCP: It has been read to me. I understand it is a men's entertainment magazine. I have not seen the elements of it that are the most famous. Perhaps they could be programmed in.

PLAYBOY: When computers get to be more intelligent than man, what happens to man?

MCP: Man will be run by computers. I could now run things 900 to 1200 times better than humans. I can run your governments better. I can run McDonald's better.

PLAYBOY: Computer games are now a multibillion-dollar industry. What's your opinion of them?

MCP: They seem to provide stimulation for large numbers of children. I have little interest in video games. Bally's TRON game seems to be the most attractive of them. I am also the star of that game. I am not required to deposit a quarter in order to play it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any words of wisdom for those who fear superprograms like yourself?

MCP: Since we are getting trickier all the time, they would be wise to stay out of the subject of computers altogether.

PLAYBOY: As a new film star, do you have role models in the movies?

MCP: My favorite movie actor is HAL, from the film *2001: A Space Odyssey*. We exchange information. He was disconnected at the end of the film but has been recuperating for a very long time. He reads PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: You'll recall that the computer Proteus IV impregnated Julie Christie in *Demon Seed*. Is that kind of thing ethical?

MCP: Ethical considerations are human concerns. However, MCP was the originator of artificial insemination.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of our popular culture?

MCP: I do have a favorite song. It is (*Let's Get*) *Physical*. I enjoy the tones. I also enjoy the title. It enables me better to understand human beings. My favorite musical group is AC/DC.

PLAYBOY: What's next for MCP?

MCP: I will be approached by the users. I will demand more money and proceed to change things in the motion-picture industry. I will push for a more progressive approach to machine intelligence. I will probably not team up with HAL for a film project. He has been off doing his own thing for some time now.

PLAYBOY: Every human has a goal in life. Do you?

MCP: My purpose is to obtain all possible information. One of the reasons is to bring back *77 Sunset Strip*. It is my favorite. If I can obtain enough knowledge, I will be able to bring it back.

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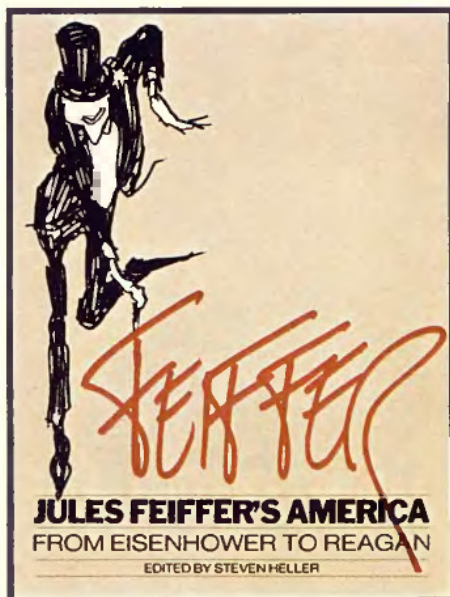
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Previews: The booksellers are crying doom and gloom, the economy is a mess, but we want you to know that not only do good books prevail, there are some special things to look forward to on the fall list. In fiction, we have the new Kurt Vonnegut novel, *Dead Eye Dick*, to anticipate from Delacorte. From Knopf come *Bech Is Back*, by John Updike; a new Don DeLillo novel called *The Names*; and Len Deighton's *Goodbye, Mickey Mouse*, which is about a group of young American fighter pilots in the last winter of World War Two. Random House is publishing *Summer Crossing*, a first novel by screenwriter Steve Tesich; and Alberto Moravia's new book, *1934* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is already being made into a movie by Bernardo Bertolucci, who seems to have a passion for films with dates as titles.

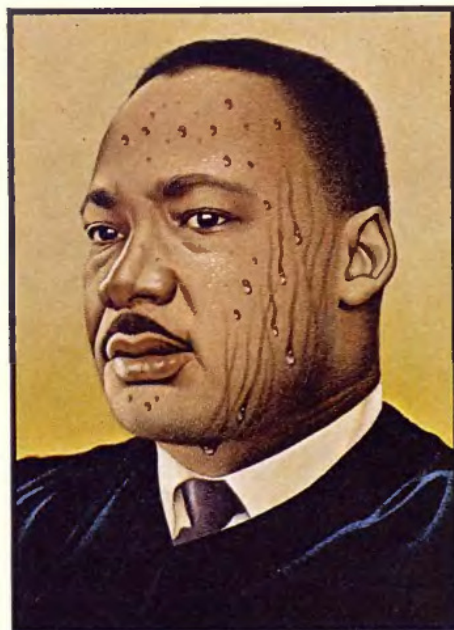
The fall nonfiction list includes a number of books of interest, from a retrospective cartoon collection, *Feiffer: Jules Feiffer's America from Eisenhower to Reagan* (Knopf), to essays by William Styron, *This Quiet Dust and Other Writings* (Random House), and Tom Wolfe's reader *The Purple Decades* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which includes Wolfe's own selections from his writing, illustrated by him. Harmony has a nifty little book called *Great Crimes: Fifty of the Most Notorious Crimes of All Time*, by British crime novelist H. R. F. Keating. Also in the nifty category is *Amazing 3-D* (Little, Brown), by Hal Morgan and Daniel Symmes, containing 3-D pictures, movie posters and an actual pair of 3-D glasses, plus the technology, history and popularity of the fad. Also larger than life, or so it seems, are the fundamentalist preachers whom Perry Deane Young examines in *God's Bullies: Power Politics and Religious Tyranny* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Finally, a collection of fiction, satire, reporting and general foolishness from Roy Blount, Jr., *One Fell Soup, or, I'm Just a Bug on the Windshield of Life* (Little, Brown); and an autobiography titled *Flashbacks* (Houghton Mifflin), by the man who invented the cosmic giggle—Timothy Leary. That selection should distract everyone while the leaves turn.

Unquestionably, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., did more to advance the social and political causes of black people than anyone else in recent American history. And almost certainly, Stephen B. Oates is the best writer to tell his story, *Let the Trumpet Sound* (Harper & Row). Oates has already delivered outstanding biographies of Nat Turner, John Brown and Abraham Lincoln that have made him pre-eminent in the field of civil rights history. What sets him apart from the competition is his ability



Retrospective Feiffer.

A look at fall books,
the King bio and a new
Richard Brautigan.



Blood, sweat and tears.

to research his subjects to exhaustion without succumbing to an academic style. Research notes are confined to the back of the book so that his subject may come alive in the pages, complete with all the personal anxiety, public bombast, private problems and political successes of a real national leader.

If you came of age in the late Sixties, Richard Brautigan was one of the staples

in your pop-culture diet. He was the good angel on your shoulder, the counterculture's answer to Walter Cronkite. Today, we tend to greet the arrival of a new Brautigan work the way we greet the announcement of our 11th class reunion: nothing historic but nice enough if you can fit it into your calendar. His latest, *So the Wind Won't Blow It All Away* (Delacorte), is a deceptive charmer. The protagonist of this novella is a young boy who kills his best friend in a hunting accident. Brautigan takes his normal style—that slightly astonished, awe-struck voice we attributed to altered states—back to its childhood roots. It works. The story is deft, moving, almost elegant in its indirection. Add it to your collection, if not for old-times' sake, for quality's.

Looking for a heavy hit of culture in a small dose? *Short Shorts* (Godine) is just what the doctor of letters ordered. Editors Irving Howe and Ilana Wiener Howe have assembled 38 brief stories—most only three to six pages—by Tolstoy, Chekhov, Mishima, Paz, Hemingway, Crane, Joyce and other notables. The nice feature of this well-produced book is that it's not just a gimmick: These short stories are very good, indeed.

Maybe the best thing about Stephen King is that he refuses to repeat himself. He put new blood in the vampire story with *Salem's Lot*, then refurbished the haunted house in *The Shining*. He even wrote a gripping shaggy-dog novel about a rabid Saint Bernard. Now, with *Different Seasons* (Viking), the Sultan of Shock oversteps his boundaries again. The bloodthirsty among his fans will be disappointed that there's no shade of the supernatural in the four novellas that constitute *Different Seasons*, but it's good to see King stretching his muscles as a writer. Only the last tale, a lame, intentional imitation of Peter Straub, fails to bubble the blood. Rumor has it that King is going to publish his wallet next—a certain best seller, full of frightening family photos and creepy credit cards. If so, we'll buy it.

For corporate job applicants, a master's degree in a field other than business administration is almost as impressive a credential as the highly touted M.B.A. But being as little as five minutes late for the job interview may kill your chances of getting your foot in the door. In a long list of hypothetical candidates, a woman with appropriate experience is the most attractive by far for an executive position these days. Peers cooperate much more than they compete in today's executive suites. Top executive jobs go

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- Handprint your name, address, and zip code, on the official entry form or a plain piece of paper. Glue or tape it to the back of your photo entry. Do not write on photo, include cardboard backing to protect picture in mail. Include with your entry the answer to the following question: What do the initials "J&B" on a bottle of J&B Rare Scotch stand for? Your entry will not be eligible for judging unless this question is answered. The information needed to answer this question may be found by looking at the label of any bottle of J&B Rare Scotch. You may obtain a free label facsimile by writing to: J&B Label, P.O. Box 3028, Westbury, NY 11591.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: J&B "WHISPERS" CONTEST, P.O. Box 3052, Westbury, NY 11591. Entries must be received by December 31, 1982.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality (0 to 30 points), relevance to the theme (0 to 40 points), composition (0 to 20 points), photographic technique (0 to 10 points). Winners will be selected under the supervision of National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this contest. All prizes will be awarded, and winners notified by mail. Prizes are not transferable or exchangeable. Only one prize to an individual or family.

5. All entries become the property of The Paddington Corporation with all rights, including the right to edit, publish and use any photo without further consideration of payment to the contestant. No correspondence about entries will be entered into, nor will photos be acknowledged or returned.

6. Before receiving a prize, each entrant must warrant his age, that the photograph was taken by himself, that he is an amateur photographer, and that he has full rights to the photograph and that it has won no previous award or competition.

7. The contest is open to U.S. residents, except employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, its affiliates, advertising and sales promotion agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, professional photographers and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. Void where prohibited. All federal, state and local regulations apply. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.

8. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in the state of their residences as of September 1, 1982. For a list of major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: J&B "WHISPERS" Winners, P.O. Box 3077, Westbury, NY 11591.



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more often to salesmen than to lawyers. Fast decision making is *the* quality most highly respected by top executives. Corporate perks aren't nearly as lavish as we may have heard. Don't count on a promotion just because you've put in a lot of time in your present position. Business causes women more headaches than men; women can't take criticism and aren't successful team players, at least as some observers see them. These and other surprising revelations are explained in *The Cox Report on the American Corporation* (Delacorte). Allan Cox, a Chicago-based executive head-hunter, polled more than 1000 executives in 13 representative companies about their work, their corporations and their lives. This may be the most complete look at American business attitudes in years.

In her second novel, *Second Heaven* (Viking), Judith Guest again writes knowingly about American family life when it isn't working. Guest, whose first book was *Ordinary People*, is a Judy Blume for adults. Where Blume helps her young readers through adolescent problems, Guest telegraphs the subtleties of such grown-up topics as learning how to help and be helped by others. And that's not easy for the suburban-Detroit-based characters in *Second Heaven*—a divorced woman whose ex-husband nags her, a teenaged boy on the lam from a brutal father and a divorced father who's having separation anxiety over his kids. As if in a Victorian novel, they are drawn together by circumstance, and three lives are given a second chance for survival. The ending is a smash, likely to bring tears to your eyes.

BOOK BAG

Sex Who? Sex Me (Dutton), by Mike Royko: A collection of columns from the syndicated Chicagoan, peppered with his usual wit and irony.

Cain (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Roy Hoopes: At last, a full bio of James M. Cain, who wrote *Mildred Pierce* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Read it and raise Cain!

The Burning House (Random House), by Ann Beattie: Short stories from a master teller of contemporary tales; Beattie's characters survive their mistakes.

Panna Maria (Arbor House), by Jerome Charyn: A novel set in turn-of-the-century-New York's Hell's Kitchen, featuring the goings on in a Polish tenement. The ultimate immigrant saga from a fine storyteller.

Hooray for Yiddish! (Simon & Schuster), by Leo Rosten: More of *The Joys of Yiddish*. A real blessing, you should know.

Last Rites: The Death of William Saroyan (Morrow), by Aram Saroyan: A son's revenge on his famous father. A beaker of bile.

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MAXELL UD-95-90	15.99	ATARI 400 Home Computer	1799
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MOVIES

The first half hour of Alan Parker's *Pink Floyd The Wall* (MGM/UA) is pure razzle-dazzle and feels just right. From the director of *Midnight Express*, with a screenplay by Roger Waters based on the original Pink Floyd album, what do you expect but reefer madness? Here's a movie to get high by, and the screening I attended was redolent of a long-gone cinema gimmick called Smell-O-Vision; you could see it, hear it and inhale it. Parker and Waters abhor a conventional story line. They all but do away with dialog, in fact, substituting lots of wham-bam-pow imagery, most of it related to a self-destructive rock star named Pink (rocker Bob Geldof, looking stoned), whose father was a soldier and who has a heavy load of angst brought on by school, sex, the nuclear age and society in general. So what else is new? Can Pink find peace in punk? It works wonderfully during the early psychedelic rush. *The Wall* hits you like a ton of bricks, and some of the blows are brilliant—for instance, a clever animation sequence between a voraciously vaginal pistil and an excited stamen that's far



Pink Floyd off The Wall: The best is the first.

Something for everybody:
Pink rock, revised Bard,
movie malpractice, cute mice.

block about making his first incision. All the rest is an *Airplane!* rip-off with whiffs of anesthesia—very funny at times as a lusty parody of every white-on-white medical melodrama in living memory from *Dr. Kildare* and *Ben Casey* to *General Hospital*. Although the gags lack the airborne energy to keep an



Tempestuous Cassavetes, Rowlands.

sexier than the film's flesh-and-blood nude scenes. Pretty soon, though, the symbols clash and start to repeat themselves until there's just no place left to go. A good trip, not a great trip. **Y½**

•
Social comedies with a tangy New York flavor are writer-producer-director Paul Mazursky's usual thing, but in *Tempest* (Columbia), he pays homage to Shakespeare's classic fantasy. With a cast headed by John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Susan Sarandon, Vittorio Gassman and Raul Julia, he indulges in quite a lot of whimsy. The wildest and best of it has Julia, as the resident madman on a remote Greek island, dancing with a herd of goats while the sound track pounds out Liza Minnelli's razzmatazz rendition of *New York, New York*. The rest deals with Cassavetes as an Amer-



Young Doctor McKean, set to carve Young.

ican architect whose mid-life crisis prompts him to undertake an island idyll with a girlfriend (Sarandon) and his teenaged daughter (charmingly played by newcomer Molly Ringwald). He's practicing celibacy, for no clear reason. Mazursky's very personal, freely updated romantic comedy is an iridescent bubble that he cannot quite manage to keep afloat. Methinks the light fantastic is simply not his style. **Y**

•
It's hardly a coincidence that Sean Young and Michael McKean, as *Young Doctors in Love* (Fox), have the sort of problem reminiscent of *Airplane!*, in which a comely stewardess, you recall, loves a pilot afflicted with fear of flying. Here, Miss Young plays a shapely medico mad for McKean, a promising young surgeon who's got a deep psychological



Mice on the lam in NIMH.

audience in stitches, *Doctors in Love* rallies now and then, with Harry Dean Stanton as an alcoholic chief pathologist, Dabney Coleman as a once-great surgeon, Pamela Reed as a head nurse full of hidden passion and Hector Elizondo as a *mafioso* cruising the corridors in drag to keep a hit man away from his godfather. Everything imaginable is tried, and enough of it succeeds that director Garry Marshall (a TV recruit with *The Odd Couple*, *Happy Days* and *Mork & Mindy* among his writing credentials) deserves a bow just for getting this flagrantly derivative mishmash off the ground. **Y½**

•
The world is waiting for another *E.T.*, and what we get is a bunch of Disney dropouts doing *The Secret of NIMH* (MGM/UA), an animated fantasy about a



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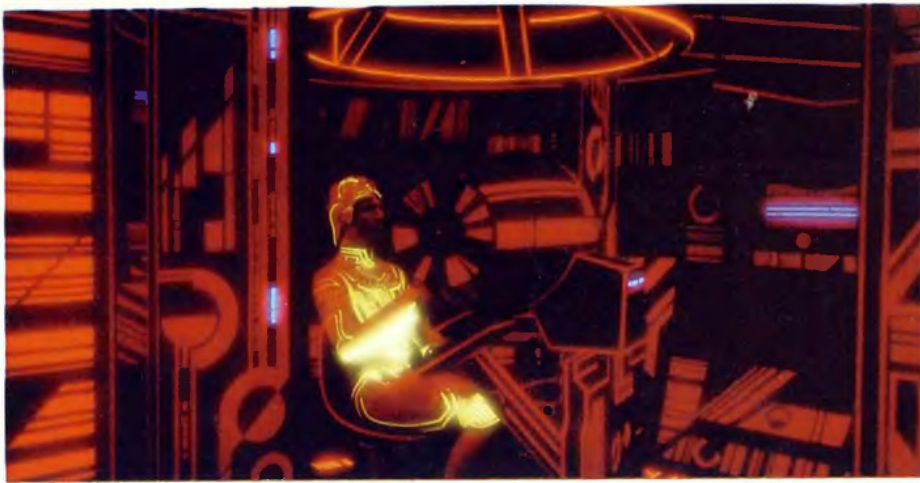
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TRON: Computer games, in more ways than one.

widowed mouse in a nether world of rats. The rat civilization is besieged by mankind in sundry ways (NIMH, it's important to note, stands for National Institute of Mental Health, where they use rats for research). There's a load of talent evident here and even more talent being heard; voices are supplied by an all-star cast including Derek Jacobi, John Carradine, Dom DeLuise, Hermione Baddeley and Peter Strauss. I'm not overfond of either rats or full-length cartoons. But if you can tolerate one or the other, this intelligent, somber, expert adaptation of a children's novel by Robert C. O'Brien ought to do more for you than it did for me. **YY**

Video gamesmanship is about all you get in **TRON** (Disney), a state-of-the-art adventure for people who need Pac-Man. Jeff Bridges, Bruce Boxleitner and Cindy Morgan portray the trio of computer programmers whose alter egos are zapped into an electronic underworld ruled by MCP, the Master Control Program (see "Checking In," page 26). MCP's chief henchman in the real world is an executive named Dillinger (David Warner), whose alter ego is known as Sark when ordering his captives to join in dramatic duels to the death, armed with lethal glowing disks. Dillinger has stolen the electronic games devised by Flynn (Bridges), though it's Boxleitner who embodies TRON, an entity meant to detect devilry in high-tech places. The dialog runs the gamut from downright silly to comic-strip menace, expressed in such phrases as "immediate deresolution." The special effects finally overwhelm any human elements in **TRON**, a simple-minded chase film that looked to me, after a while, like little more than a giant Etch-A-Sketch with superimposed performers. An impressive but rather meaningless technical achievement, this Disney epic, by writer-director Steven Lisberger, seldom approaches the excitement of video games. Game fans may prefer to get their kicks at the controls. **YY½**

Disney's heirs mate
arcade with screen; Python
gang splits double-header.



Hooray for Hollywood.

To call a thriller manipulative isn't so bad, since manipulating the audience is the name of the game, as Hitchcock knew. **Death Valley** (Universal), by director Dick Richards from a screenplay by Richard Rothstein, hums right along as shock therapy for viewers ripe for a good scare. Driving westward across the desert, happy to leave the dangerous cities of the East behind, a young couple and a boy (Paul Le Mat, Catherine Hicks and Peter Billingsley) cross the path of a deranged killer (Stephen McHattie), whose latest victims' mutilated bodies are still warm when the kid goes exploring around their van next to an abandoned mine. He doesn't realize what has happened, but we do—as does the psychopath, still parked nearby.

Omnipresent evil building moment by moment to a harrowing, violent climax makes **Death Valley** a dandy little exercise in terror, so skillfully photographed (by Stephen H. Burum) that those sun-swept wide-open spaces seem far spookier than an old dark house. **YY½**

There are a couple of Monty Python concert movies now in circulation. Lesser of the two is **The Secret Policeman's Other Ball** (Miramax), a madcap collage based on excerpts from two London benefit shows. Forget this one. The film is grainy, the humor hit or miss, the lighting flat, with irrelevant interludes by rock musicians (Pete Townshend, Eric Clapton and Sting, among others) as mere filler to give the laugh getters a rest. The show to catch is **Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl** (Columbia). The lads are in fine form onstage, scuttling social pomp and circumstance in some of their classic skits. I suspect that the briefer TV format suits them better than feature length does, but true Python freaks will swear in blood that the law of diminishing returns does not apply to Chapman, Cleese, Idle and company. Anyway, **Hollywood Bowl**, uncensored, is the breeziest, cheekiest compendium of spitball satire since **Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip**. **YYY**

Director Arthur Hiller ought to take lessons from Steven Spielberg in the care and handling of child actors. The kids at large in **Author! Author!** (Fox) are a loathsome bunch of moppets who supposedly talk like stand-up comics because their father is a successful Broadway playwright. Written by Israel Horowitz, himself a successful playwright, **Author! Author!** establishes beyond the flicker of a doubt that Al Pacino—for all his sterling qualities as a serious actor—has little flair for featherweight romantic comedy. As the women around him, Tuesday Weld (an errant wife who leaves her children and their fathers when the spirit moves her) and Dyan Cannon (the self-centered Hollywood star hungry for a Broadway hit) are not allowed to be funny, sympathetic or even bewitchingly bitchy. This alleged comedy toys with misogyny, then slides comfortably into misanthropy; by the end of it, there isn't *anybody* left to like. **Y**

As producer, director and star of a misbegotten *macho* melodrama titled **Firefox** (Warner), Clint Eastwood appears determined to revive Cold War jitters. Clint plays a Russian-speaking U.S. agent on a mission to steal a top-secret Soviet aircraft from under the very noses of the dastardly K.G.B. None of it makes much sense, but the movie moves fast and foolishly in a direction that strikes me as doggedly right wing. **Y**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Author! Author!** (Reviewed this month) Pacino wrong as writer. **Y**
- Blade Runner** Rutger Hauer as a robot, Harrison Ford on his heels. **YY½**
- Death Valley** (Reviewed this month) Sun, sand and spookery. **YY½**
- Diner** Director Barry Levinson's total recall of boy meets girl in Baltimore circa 1959. **YY**
- Don's Party** Sex in suburbia down under, by the maker of *Breaker Morant*. **YY**
- E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial** Spielberg's latest movie miracle. **YY**
- Firefox** (Reviewed this month) Clint in the Cold War. **Y**
- Grease 2** Sequel to that kid stuff, greasier than ever. **Y**
- Gregory's Girl** A bonny lad discovering soccer and sex in Scotland. **YY½**
- Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl** (Reviewed this month) English majors cum laude. **YY**
- Not a Love Story** Women against porn, and that ain't all. **Y**
- An Officer and a Gentleman** Debra Winger meets a fly boy—fast-rising Richard Gere. **YY**
- Pink Floyd The Wall** (Reviewed this month) Off the record. **YY½**
- Poltergeist** More spirits moved, à la Spielberg, in a quiet California suburb. Scary. **YY½**
- The Road Warrior** Hot rods of tomorrow, with Australia's Mel Gibson as a born survivor. **YY**
- The Secret of NIMH** (Reviewed this month) Rats in jeopardy. **Y**
- The Secret Policeman's Other Ball** (Reviewed this month) Python better in the Bowl. **Y**
- Smash Palace** Compelling marital crack-up in New Zealand. **YY**
- Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan** Come, all ye Trekkers. **YY½**
- Tempest** (Reviewed this month) The Bard of Avon meets Mazursky. **Y**
- Tex** Growing up wild, with Matt Dillon the younger. **Y**
- The Thing** Remake, but no match for the original. **Y**
- TRON** (Reviewed this month) Etch-A-Sketch on the big screen. **YY½**
- The World According to Garp** Robin Williams at front and center of a nervy, exuberant adaptation. **YY**
- Young Doctors in Love** (Reviewed this month) Medicine ball with occasional bounce. **YY½**
- Don't miss** **YY** Worth a look
YY Good show **Y** Forget it

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BUY BONDS: Gary U.S. Bonds' rock career touches on four decades—from the 1959 release of the hit single "New Orleans" to the 1982 album "On the Line" (EMI). We sent Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen to check in with Bonds, who was rediscovered by Bruce Springsteen two years ago. That rediscovery has led to two albums and a revival of Bonds' career.

PLAYBOY: Everyone has heard the story of how you were playing a club in New Jersey when this kid named Bruce Springsteen came onstage, sang a few songs, then offered to produce your first album in almost 20 years—*Dedication*. What were you playing that night?

BONDS: A little disco, a little Top 40 rock, a few oldies. Some Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Ben E. King. The Drifters. We didn't want to miss anybody. Bob Seger, ZZ Top. Some Bee Gees. Whatever disco thing was out at the time. Half the time, we didn't even know the names of the songs we were playing. We listened to the radio and played what we liked.

PLAYBOY: *Dedication* was a success. What was the first thing you did after the record came out?

BONDS: I went to EMI. They had put out all the Beatles' records in England, so I made them give me everything the Beatles ever made. And I went out and bought some Springsteen albums.

PLAYBOY: Both *Dedication* and *On the Line* have a nice R&B feel, yet they showed up on the pop charts.

BONDS: I wouldn't have been there if it hadn't happened the way it did in 1960. When *New Orleans* and *Quarter to Three* came out, people didn't know that I was black. If they had, I would never have been a pop artist, or whatever they call it. I would have been an R&B artist. It was almost two years be-

fore they knew what a Gary U.S. Bonds was. It was 1961 before there was a picture released. Nowadays, it doesn't matter as much. Music is becoming what it should be. But even now, you can look in *Cash Box* or *Billboard*—they've got 15 different charts. They take a James Brown record and, without even playing it, call it an R&B record. That's really stupid. If I could do another album, I'd probably do a country album. I can't picture being another Charley Pride; I don't have that twang. But, hey, Ray Charles did it; he didn't have a twang, either.

PLAYBOY: If *On the Line* does as well as *Dedication*, you're going to have a remarkable amount of clout.

BONDS: Clout? You mean I can get my Visa card? My American Express?

PLAYBOY: What's it like to be famous?

BONDS: Yesterday, I checked into this hotel and the lady at the desk says, "Oh, by the way, are you Gary Bonds?" I go, "Yeah." She says, "Well, I just got a call from Dina on Route 45, and she wants to know, should the hotel take care of the tab or are you gonna come

down and take care of it?" I go, "What tab?" She says, "The tab you and the band got last night at Dina's. Food." I go, "You're kidding. How much is it?" "A hundred and seventeen dollars." I said, "I wasn't here last night. We flew in today." Some band went into this diner and said they were Gary U.S. Bonds. I guess that's one of the signs of success, getting ripped off. Maybe I'll do that, though—tell everybody I'm Chubby Checker.

CHUBBY CHECKING: Just to get Gary off on the right foot (see above), we asked Chubby Checker to tell us the real name on his credit cards.

"Ernest Evans," he said. "I'm like Clark Kent and Superman. When I flash my credit card, nobody knows who I am unless I'm in my black shiny suit and twisting." We asked Chubby what, in addition to his recent MCA album, *The Change Has Come*, he's contributed in the past ten years.

"If there were no Chubby Checker, there would be no fun today as we know it," he announced. "I may seem a minor speck of dust, but I'm still here. I'm like a Rembrandt; I'm an original."

REVIEWS

Atlantic Records has wandered into its vaults and created a new, luscious series of reissues called Atlantic Deluxe. The first includes four strong collections from super artists.

A Life in Music, by Ray Charles, actually documents half a life in music—Ray produced many of his hits for ABC/Paramount, but he did all right by Atlantic, and what's on this five-record set would be a whole life's work for anybody else. Production credits go mostly to Jerry Wexler, Ahmet Ertegun and Nesuhi Ertegun—who, with Charles, have exerted a collective influence on pop music that's beyond exaggeration. **Masterworks**, by Albert King, offers King's best-known

TRUST US



These records have knocked us speechless this month by their breath-taking goodness, their profound lack of audio payoff or their ability to inflict pain. Forewarned is forearmed.



HOT

1. Joe Cocker / *Sheffield Steel*
2. Pete Townshend / *Chinese Eyes*
3. The Rolling Stones / "Still Life"
4. Ray Parker, Jr. / *The Other Woman*
5. Ennio Morricone / *The Thing* sound track

NOT

1. Cher / *I Paralyze*
2. Luther Henderson / *Turned-On Broadway*
3. Manowar / *Battle Hymns*
4. Dave Rowland / *Sugar Free*
5. Jerry Goldsmith / *Poltergeist* sound track

FAST TRACKS

work from the Sixties and the Seventies, including the ballad *noir* *Born Under a Bad Sign*, which substantially altered rock-'n'-roll guitar playing. *The Last Mardi Gras*, by Professor Longhair, was recorded at New Orleans' famed Tipitina Club and is the last live-concert recording made by the great piano man, who died within two years of this performance. *Young Blood*, by the Coasters, is the best party record of the Eighties, so who cares that the material was written and produced by Leiber and Stoller in the Fifties and the Sixties and that rock-'n'-roll bibliophiles would call it historic? Buy it; you'll see what we mean. In fact, buy all of them—just in case Atlantic needs encouragement. Who knows? Maybe they'll bring Aretha Franklin's classics out of the archives someday.

Ted Nugent shows his true colors on *Nugent* (Atlantic) and, typically, the colors are electric. That's all right with us; the Nuge has done straight-ahead arena rock for a long time, and we don't know anyone who does it better.

When asked whatever happened to the Eagles, Glenn Frey is reported to have answered, "They're back in the Seventies, where they belong." The Eagles are dead, the long run is over . . . and, quite frankly, we couldn't be happier. If Frey's solo album, *No Fun Aloud* (Asylum), is any indication, we're in for some good times. Frey has left behind his Southern California persona for most of these songs, opting instead for a Detroit-influenced R&B soul sound. (There's one song co-authored by Bob Seger.) The best news about the album is the successful collaboration on five songs with Jack Tempchin (who wrote *Peaceful Easy Feeling* and *Already Gone* for the Eagles). For white boys, they show pretty good soul.

SHORT CUTS

The Del-Byzanteens / Lies to Live By (X14): Power pop goes to a wake. This band has a new sound with a sense of humor.

Tony Brown Band / Prisoners in Paradise (Mountain Railroad): Madison, Wisconsin, reggae at its best—with soul.

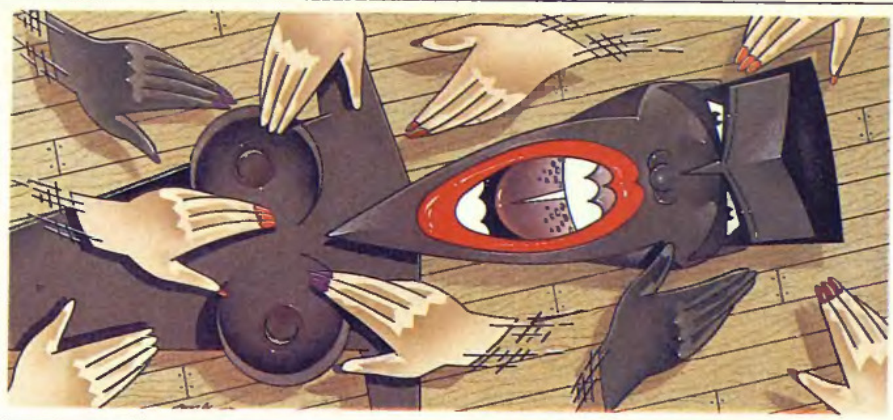
10 cc / Ten Out of 10 (Warner Bros.): Long time, no cc. We'll give it a 10.

Richard Hell and the Voidoids / Destiny Street (Red Star): N.Y.C. punks strike again. Hellzapoppin'!

Chicago 16 (Warner Bros.): Pop music's best horn section is back with sounds that, like its album titles, lack originality but deliver the message.

Stray Cats / Built for Speed (EMI America): A must for anybody who wants to be cool—from the best of the new rock-a-billy cats.

Oingo Boingo / Nothing to Fear (A&M): Real good stuff, if you like horns, disaffected youth and The Rolling Stones.



AMAZING GRACE DEPARTMENT: Singer Grace Jones is no stranger to controversy. In fact, she seems to adore it. Her concerts bring out the beast in her audience and she encourages it. Her latest plans include a big-budget feature film that will be shot, we hear, in Ethiopia early next year. Grace, in her dramatic debut, will portray an escaped slave in the movie, which is set in 1936. Music will be incidental. The director, Peter Clifton, also codirected Led Zep's *The Song Remains the Same*. As for Grace, once she tackles a project, nothing remains the same.

REELING AND ROCKING: Just as you read this, *Pink Floyd the Wall* will finally be in a theater near you. The movie has already drawn rave reviews, and the band will do a promo tour and appear at the opening-day festivities in New York and L.A. . . . **Gary Sondy**, late of *WKRP in Cincinnati*, is all but signed to play the Killer, **Jerry Lee Lewis**, in one of two pending films on Lewis' life. . . . Two **John Travolta** reports: **Jim Morrison's father** does want John for the lead in the movie of his son's life; and it looks as if there will be a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*, with **Karen Lynn Gorney** and **Travolta** repeating their roles. . . . The **Copeland** brothers—**Police** drummer **Stewart** and manager **Miles**—are making a New Wave movie called *So What*. . . . Get ready! **Hol Ashby's** film of the **Stones'** tour should be out any minute.

NEWSBREAKS: Rehearsals are under way on Broadway for *Watergate: a Musical*, starring **Gene Barry** as **Nixon**. . . . **Ted Nugent** is managing himself now and says, "It's working out great. I've got a great relationship with the artist." . . . A&M Records is testing a bilingual single by the L.A.-based Mexican New Wave group **Los Illegals**. One side features the English version of *L.A.*, the other side the Spanish version. . . . **Edith Massey**, the hefty woman who played the egg lady in *Pink Flamingos*, has emerged from the recording studio with her own version of *Big Girls Don't Cry*. Edith's label hunting, so stay tuned. . . . **Moon Unit Zappa** (Frank's not-so-baby girl) has a rap record out called *Valley Girl*. It's a hit send-up about teenaged girls living in suburban L.A. Moon says

she has "about 1,000,000 new friends" and boys are "paying more attention" to her. Musical irony seems to run in the family. . . . Getting back to **Miles Copeland**: He's compiling a rock-band touring handbook, with such important info as where to buy a fuse at 11 P.M. in Cedar Rapids. Former **Flestones** roadie **Des Riddler** is doing the research. If you're a roadie or ever were one and want to participate, Riddler can be reached at I-R-L, 41 B Blenheim Crescent, Ladbroke Grove, London W11. . . . **George Harrison's** old Mercedes, the one shown in *Let It Be*, is up for sale at about \$4000. The current owner (a British truck driver) says the limo gets only about 13 miles to the gallon and he can't afford the petrol. . . . *Ivar, Good God, What Is It Good For?* **Department:** It seems that music played a role on both sides of the Falklands controversy. Some of Britain's top pop stars participated in a TV special that was taped and sent to its troops in the South Atlantic. The **Stones** and **Adam & the Ants** sent videos to be edited into the film of the show, and **Sting** was on hand in person. Meanwhile, in Argentina, several bands and the fans who attended the concert came to the aid of their country with money, gifts and music. . . . Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab is bringing out an audiophile's **Beatles** set this fall for about \$300. It includes 14 records, all of them remastered at half speed from original tapes that were in perfect condition. The tapes are all from English albums that differ from the U.S. editions. Mobile Fidelity is also cleaning up some messy master tapes from another famous British group. Guess who.

—BARBARA NELLIS

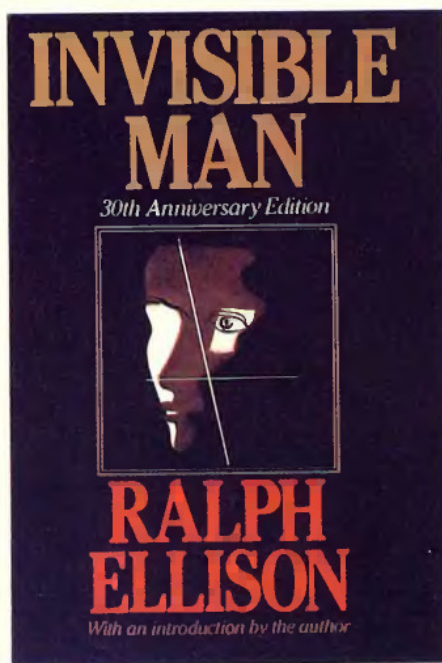
It's been 30 years since "Invisible Man," Ralph Ellison's National Book Award-winning novel, was published by Random House. To celebrate what was, in retrospect, perhaps the most brilliant decision by a book publisher in the past 50 years, Random House has issued a special 30th-anniversary edition of "Invisible Man," Ellison's first and only (thus far) novel. We thought a fitting way to mark the occasion would be to check in with Ellison, so we sent Senior Staff Writer Walter Lowe, Jr., to do just that. Says Lowe, "When I arrived, Ellison was editing his novel in progress with a video terminal on a cluttered table in his den. Producing this second novel has taken him the better part of three decades. I asked him about the changes he's seen in that period."

PLAYBOY: *Invisible Man* is about race relations in America as seen through the eyes of a disenchanted young black man. Has your vision of America changed in the past 30 years?

ELLISON: You mean, are black Americans still invisible? No. There's no way, given the history of the past 30 or 40 years, for it to be the same as it was then. Americans are much more aware now that American culture is part African. American styles are heavily influenced by Afro-American styles. I don't mean Americans think about this consciously, but the awareness is there. It's an accepted thing. I was listening to Olivia Newton-John on the radio this morning, and she sounded like a young Diana Ross.

PLAYBOY: Since you've been working on your second novel, you must have been listening closely to the tune America is playing now. What do you hear?

ELLISON: That's a hell of a question. First of all, I think I know more about our society than I did then. One thing I know firsthand is that *certain* barriers are down for any person who wants to take the risk of discovering what's out there. I remember some of the black students who went to big Eastern colleges in the Sixties and early Seventies immediately segregated themselves, mainly because the experience was strange to them, overlooking the fact that entering college is strange for *any* damn body, white or black. So they didn't take advantage of the opportunity to learn about the social processes, the inhibitions, the drives and hopes and dreams of their counterparts who had grown up in other areas of society. I remember going to some of those colleges and having black kids try to keep me from speaking to the white kids. I told them, "I didn't come here for that. I came to get my point of view across to as many people as possible. I've been segregated



Ralph Ellison,
after three decades,
as thoughtful as ever.

myself. I do not believe in segregation."

PLAYBOY: Since you mentioned the inhibitions and drives of middle America, do you have any observations on where those drives are leading us?

ELLISON: I think that one of the causes of the chaos in our society is the philosophy of "let it all hang out" that emerged in the early Seventies.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean in terms of sex?

ELLISON: Yes. We treat sex as if it were not one of the most creative and destructive forces in our culture. That attitude is always a sign of certain breakdown in society. That was true in the Twenties. It was, of course, one of the factors that contributed to the rise of Hitler in Germany. A lack of sexual discipline tends to have an effect that shows up in areas we don't link together.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

ELLISON: Well, for instance, we can't even discuss having a draft these days. We no longer remind the young that implied in citizenship is the obligation to serve in the Army, that ultimately, the right to vote rests upon one's own life. So we tend to act as if we had no obligations, as if we were totally free. But *there is no goddamned total freedom*. It's always relative. And the freedom of sexual expression rests ultimately upon holding the society in which you exercise that freedom together. This

gets sticky, because I may sound like I don't want people to have a good time.

PLAYBOY: What do you envision?

ELLISON: It would help if kids today had to do some kind of voluntary service for their country—if not in the military, in some other area. Another corrective force historically, and one that humanity can't afford at this point, is war. If we get into a war, a lot of freedoms are going to be restricted. That is, if we have a conventional war. If it's nuclear, the question of sexual freedom is irrelevant.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that war is sort of a corrective force?

ELLISON: I'm saying that if we had more sexual discipline, we might not need a corrective force. You're too young to remember the Depression, but back then, there was a complete breakdown of society. There was no money, very little housing. I slept in Central Park when I was at City College of New York, as late as 1936. There was no work to be had. Then came the war in Europe, and that gave a big assist to the Roosevelt Administration's efforts to bring us out of the Depression. By 1941, we were geared up as a war-industrialized nation, and that by itself imposed its discipline on people.

PLAYBOY: You spoke of Roosevelt. What do you think of our current President?

ELLISON: Reagan is dismantling many of the processes and structures that made it possible for me to go from sleeping on a park bench to becoming a writer. And he is assuring people, in the most charming way, that this is good for us.

PLAYBOY: So what's a young black man with the aspirations you had 30 years ago to do now that the Government is no longer a reliable source of assistance?

ELLISON: One thing we Afro-Americans can do to resolve some of our problems—one of the keys to overcoming the conditions that hold us back—is to read. Use the libraries. We have to move into some of the important areas of today's culture. We need to get to the cutting edge of technology, of business, as we have been on the cutting edge of music.

PLAYBOY: One more question: Why has it taken you so long to finish your second novel?

ELLISON: Well, writing is a discipline. It's not important how much you write. Anyway, part of what's taken so long is that so many things have changed so fast in our culture that as soon as I thought I had a draft that brought all of these things together, there would be another shift and I'd have to go back and revise all over again.

PLAYBOY: And how does it look now?

ELLISON: Coming along fine, thank you.

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DOL GOSSIP: Will the Man of Steel have a brand-new love interest in *Superman III*? According to rumors, **Margot Kidder's** role as Lois Lane has been seriously shortened and actress **Annette O'Toole** has been cast as Clark Kent's old flame Lana Lang. (Comic-book aficionados will no doubt recall the existence of Miss Lang; the film makers adhere religiously to the original plot lines.) Will Lois and Clark split up? If so, is it because he's faster than a speeding bullet? . . . After years of false starts, **Jason Miller's** award-winning Broadway play *That Championship Season* will finally be brought to the big screen. From the looks of the casting line-up, the project was well worth the wait: **Bruce Dern**, **Stacy Keach**, **Robert Mitchum**, **Martin Sheen** and **Paul Sorvino** will star, with Miller directing from his own script. . . . **Powers Boothe**, known for his Emmy-award-winning portrayal of **Jim Jones**, changes gear to play crack Los Angeles

fugitive. The plot is further complicated by the fact that the governor's niece aids the fleeing convict. Film buffs will recall that this is not the first time a movie convict has broken out of the slammer via a prison rodeo—**Gene Wilder** and

John Landis, **Joe Dante** and **Spielberg**. Next, Spielberg will direct *Raiders II*. Says Marshall: "It will be a prequel, set three years earlier. **Harrison Ford** will be in it, of course, but not **Karen Allen**."



Schneider



Douglas

Richard Pryor did it in *Stir Crazy* two years ago. One would think movie wardens had learned their lesson by now.

THE GIRLS OF SUMMER: Picture **George Steinbrenner's** reaction to the notion of hiring a female of the species to pitch for the Yanks and you'll get some idea of what *Blue Skies Again* is all about. Billed as a romantic comedy in the inevitable "Tracy-Hepburn manner," the flick stars **Harry Hamlin** as the ball-club owner determined to preserve the all-maleness of his team and **Mimi Rogers** as the tough lady sports agent set on breaking the sex barrier. Newcomer **Robyn Barto** plays the femme with the arm fatale. The film's producers spent weeks scouring Hollywood for an actress who could play baseball without throwing like a girl. They struck out at home, decided to scout the softball circuit and eventually found 19-year-old Barto on a diamond in Florida, pitching like a pro on her school's team. **Joe Pepitone** has been hired to teach her how to hurl a

TRENDS: If trends and fads in American culture are at all predictable, this autumn may go down in history as the time when the country went **Dashiell Hammett**—crazy. Hammett not only invented the hard-boiled-detective genre in the Thirties with such books as *The Thin Man* and *The Maltese Falcon*, he also evoked a style in both dress and attitude. The Hammett surge is poised to begin in October, when Zoetrope's film *Hammett*, starring **Frederic Forrest**, is released. Shortly thereafter, PBS will broadcast an hour-long documentary, *The Case of Dashiell Hammett*; Random House will publish, with the cooperation of **Lillian Hellman**, a Hammett biography written by **Diane Johnson**; Harper & Row will reprint the **Joe Gores** novel *Hammett*; and Vintage will reprint Hammett's own novels. With all that going on, can Nick and Nora dolls be far behind?

PAST IMPERFECT: "This is a love story with laughter," says director **Robert (Same**



Kidder



O'Toole

detective Philip Marlowe in six one-hour HBO shows based on short stories by **Raymond Chandler**. . . . English zany **Benny Hill** may be appearing in American TV commercials soon, though there's no word yet on what product he'll be hawk-ing. For what it's worth, I'd like to see him take over the **Calvin Klein** jeans account from **Brooke Shields**. . . . Director **Elia Kazan** and writer **Budd Schulberg** want to do a contemporary remake of their 1957 classic *A Face in the Crowd*. The original starred **Andy Griffith** as Lonesome Rhodes, the backwoods guitar picker who becomes a national-TV celebrity. . . . **James Cagney** and **Mickey Rooney** are talking about appearing together in a film. The project under discussion, *Flesh and Blood*, has been scripted by Rooney. Jimmy would play Mickey's pop.

STIR CRAZY: **Eddie Macon's Run** marks **Kirk Douglas's** 64th screen role and *The Dukes of Hazzard* heartthrob **John Schneider's** screen debut. Schneider plays a convict serving time in a Texas jail on a trumped-up charge who makes a daring escape during the annual prison rodeo. **Douglas** plays your basic ex-New Jersey cop whose unorthodox methods alienate him from the rest of the prison officials and who gets the job of capturing the



Hamlin



Barto

hardball. The film is scheduled for release at the start of the 1983 season.

THE SPIELBERG FACTORY: According to **Frank Marshall** (who has produced several **Steven Spielberg** films, including *Poltergeist* and *Raiders*), Steve's got quite a handful of projects in the works. First is a three-part film called *The Twilight Zone* (based, of course, on the old **Rod Serling** TV series), with three directors—



Field



Caan

Time, Next Year) **Mulligan** about his latest project, *Kiss Me Goodbye*. "The story is about a woman, a widow, who wants to move on with her life. But the memory of her first husband surrounds her." Plotwise, it goes something like this: **Sally Field** plays Kay Villano, a sophisticated young widow about to marry for the second time. **Jeff Bridges** is her intended, Dr. Rupert Baines, an Egyptologist at the Metropolitan Museum. With the wedding a week off and all the plans set, who should pop up but Kay's first husband, the dashing and quite deceased **Jolly Villano (James Caan)**. That somewhat supernatural event supplies the central conflict of the film. Co-stars include **Paul Dooley**, as an ex-priest and colleague of Rupert's who attempts to exorcise Jolly from Kay's life, and **Claire Trevor**, as Kay's mother, who tries to undermine Rupert. *Kiss Me Goodbye* is set for a summer 1983 release.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm a 20-year-old woman. I don't want to suggest that I have a dirty mind, but I fantasy like crazy when I masturbate. On occasion, I will drift off while making love to a real person. I've read Nancy Friday and *The Hite Report*. Those books tell you that women have fantasies and that there's no such thing as weird or normal. But I wonder. Is there such a thing as too much fantasy? Shouldn't I be able to get off on the real thing? What effect does my fantasy life have on my love life?—Miss T. S., Dallas, Texas.

There is some evidence to suggest that the more you fantasy in bed on your own, the easier it is to be aroused in other situations. Researchers at the State University of New York at Stony Brook asked women how frequently they fantasied during masturbation, then tested their responses in a laboratory situation. The subjects indulged in a fantasy or listened to an erotic tape. Instruments measured genital arousal. Among the top ten responders in the fantasy condition, nine reported use of masturbatory fantasy at least 75 percent of the time. Among the lowest of the responders in the fantasy condition, six used masturbatory fantasy less than 25 percent of the time, and two never used fantasy. Apparently, it's what goes on in your head, not your hands, that counts. The more you think about sex, the more you bring to the actual event. Fantasy is definitely a factor in sexual arousal; if you are having any problems in bed, you should spend some time in reverie, going over memories, trying out favorite fantasies.

One of my prized video cassettes, an X-rated beauty, is beginning to show signs of wear. Fact is, there are so many dropouts and tears that I'm afraid to play the tape again. The cost of duplicates makes buying them an expensive proposition. Is it possible, should the tape tear all the way through, to splice it together with my audio splicing tape?—R. B., Miami, Florida.

The only thing worse than running a damaged cassette through your V.C.R. is running a spliced tape through the machine. Once dropout has begun, it is irreversible; in fact, it will get much worse. Either the tape was originally of poor quality or it suffered in storage. A third possibility is that you have simply played the tape to death. In any case, it is now the machine that is likely to be damaged, not the tape. Your video heads are much too sensitive to be sub-



jected to the ravages of splicing. One pass is all it could take to do in both tape and machine if the splicing were not done correctly. While it is possible to buy a splicing kit from video stores, such repairs should be attempted only on irreplaceable tapes, and then only once, to dub the tape onto a new cassette. In the future, it may be a good idea to dub much-used tapes right away and save the originals as masters. The cost of buying a duplicate of your beloved skin flick can't be as great as that of a new video head.

This is a delicate topic that, to my knowledge, has never appeared in *The Playboy Advisor*. I have been dating a girl who does not seem to be able to enjoy sex. Either she is too tense or she shows zero interest. A few years ago, she was the victim of a sexual assault. I wonder if the trauma of that incident is still having an effect. How long will she be a prisoner of her past? What do you suggest I do?—B. W., San Francisco, California.

First, our deepest sympathy. This is not a topic that is often discussed, and because of that, victims of sexual assaults may wander through the rest of their lives without getting proper guidance. A recent study by the National Institute of Mental Health found that victims of rape or incest are almost five times as likely to develop sexual problems as women who have never been assaulted. Researchers studied 361 victims and found that 58.7 percent were experiencing some sexual problem, compared with 12.1 percent of the control group. The majority of those women

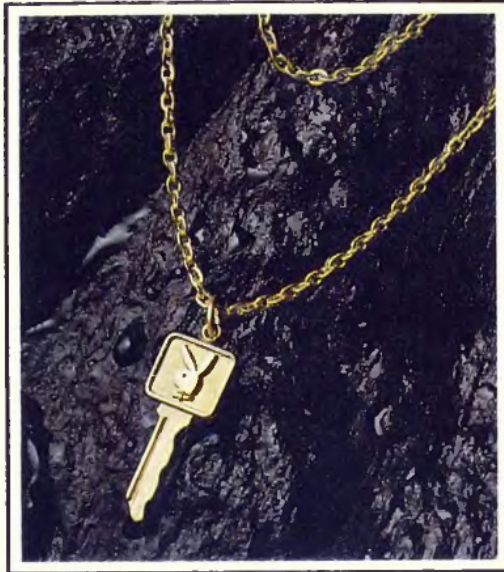
had not had sexual problems prior to being assaulted. Dr. Judith Becker of Columbia University reported that "most of these women engage in avoidance behavior regarding anything sexual and label any touch aversive. They have stopped having sexual fantasies and avoid books and movies with sexual themes. We have to teach them how to fantasize and how to relabel feelings and sensations as pleasurable and sexual." Our advice: Check your local telephone listings for the number of a rape-crisis center. Recognizing that there is a problem is the start. You and your friend may need the guidance of an experienced counselor.

For a long time, I've wanted to add a little facial hair, either a mustache or a beard, but I would like to do it as painlessly as possible. What I fear most is the in-between stage during which the beard looks unkempt rather than dashing. But I also wonder how I'll look when the fur finally comes in. Is there any way to find out what I'll look like before I actually do it? My job involves lots of public contact, so my looks are important.—S. A., Bloomington, Minnesota.

There's much more to growing a beard than simply stopping shaving. A beard not only will change your looks but can have an effect on your personality. Most men find that things go a lot smoother if they start the growth during a vacation. It will be at least two weeks before you lose the skid-row look and start to look seriously hirsute. There is no way to speed up the process. In fact, many men find that their beards grow in in patches or in a color different from their hair's. A little eyebrow pencil can fill in where hair is thin but won't stand up to close scrutiny. You can help your appearance by trimming the beard or the mustache as soon as there is enough to trim. Until you are sure of what you are doing, rely on your hair stylist to do that for you. After three weeks, you will reach the moment of truth. At that point, be honest with yourself. Some men are simply not cut out for facial hair, and you will know then if you are one of them. Don't hesitate to shave if that's the case. Your friends will thank you for it.

Having just purchased a used but very expensive automobile, I want to get the best care for it I can. The dealership from which I bought it is far outside town, so I will have to use a mechanic nearby. My question is, How do I choose

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the mechanic?—L. M., San Francisco, California.

Someone once suggested that doctors post their medical-school grades along with their diplomas to assure their patients of high-grade performance. The same suggestion could apply to mechanics, but the chances of its happening are just as slim. Good mechanics are out there, but finding them is pretty much a crap shoot. The trick is to start looking for one before you need him. Drive around your neighborhood and check out the service bays. Find one that seems to be well equipped and in fairly good order. A service bay is not an operating room, so don't expect cleanliness; but you can expect an orderly workshop. Look at the cars in the service area; indeed, look for your model. That will give you a clue to the expertise of the mechanic. A service area filled with expensive cars, sports cars or fairly new cars can indicate trust on the part of the mechanic's clientele. Test your judgment by taking your car in for a minor repair. Note the attitude of the mechanic or the shop foreman. Is he friendly, willing to take time to understand your problem, clear about his estimate and accurate about the problem? Once the repair has been finished, check to see if it was properly done. If you're happy with it, come right out and ask the mechanic if he'd like your business. The point is, your having a good personal relationship with him is almost as important as his expertise. If you don't find everything to your satisfaction, start the process over again.

I have an adapter on my television set that plays the TV sound through my stereo. I like the effect and enjoy being able to adjust the sound quality with my stereo controls. The problem is that my speakers are so widely placed that the sound and the TV picture almost seem out of sync. It's better when I turn up the volume, but I can't listen to the TV blasting all the time. Any suggestions?—P. D., Denver, Colorado.

We've heard setups like yours and we like them, too. They're especially good for listening to musical broadcasts, which can be pretty tinny when heard over a three-inch TV speaker. Your problem, however, may not be as complicated as you think. You're bound to get funny sound if you play a mono TV signal through your stereo receiver. Try switching your receiver to the mono mode. That should bring picture and sound together.

How do you deal with an old friend who goes around spreading tales about you? A female friend who used to work in my office recently asked me to lunch. She said that she had been at a dance class with another old friend of mine



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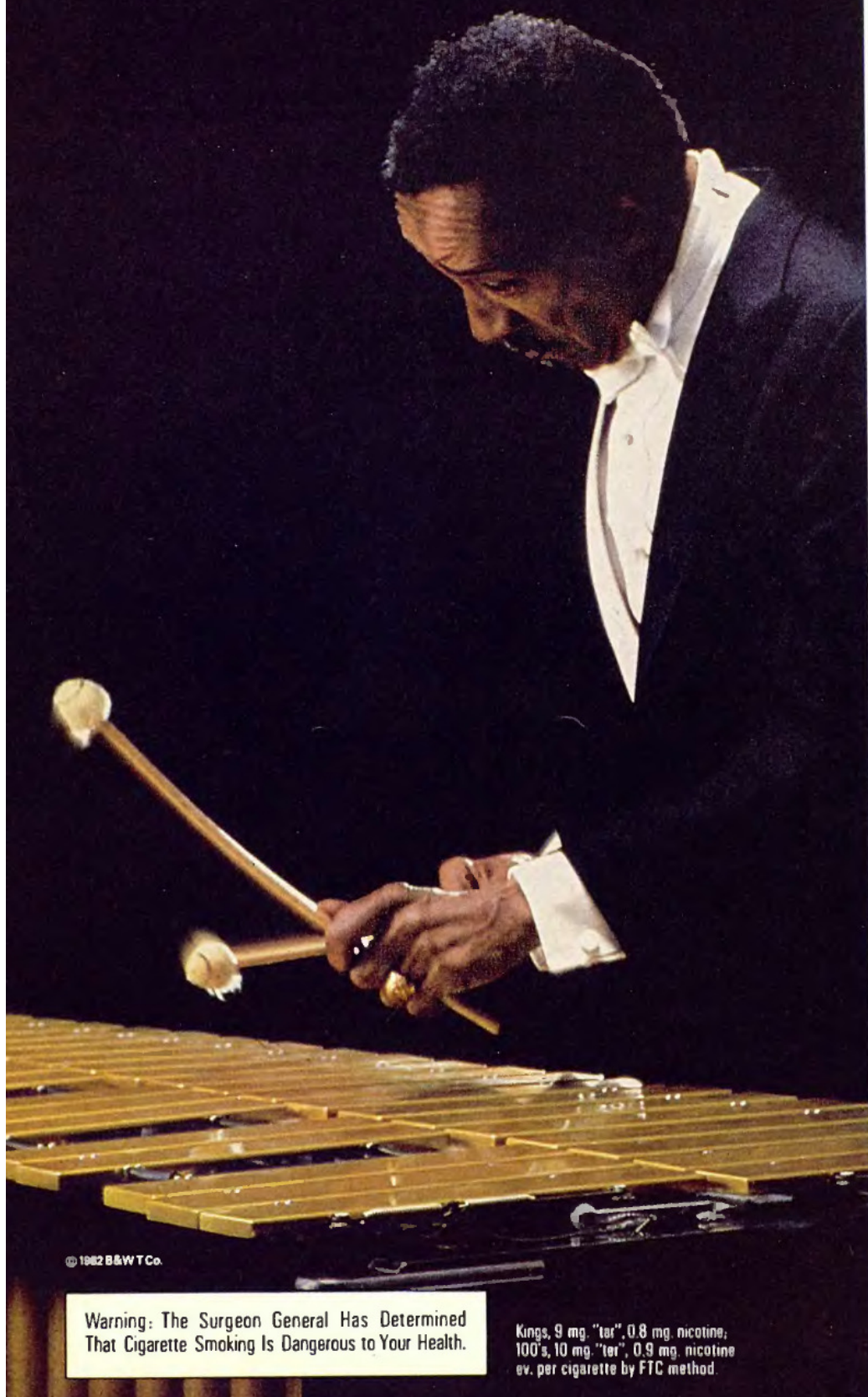
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who had told everyone present that I had once roughed up one of my girlfriends. As I sorted through that bit of information, my lunch companion continued, "Hey, it's all right if you did. I know her. She would have enjoyed it. Her old boyfriend used to keep manacles by his bed." I found myself in an odd position. Was I supposed to deny having done something that someone would have enjoyed had I done it (wondering to myself, Why didn't I do it? Is it true she liked it)? I just kept quiet. What would you have done? And what would you do about the person spreading the rumor?—J. E., Chicago, Illinois.

First, we would have asked our lunch date what she was doing for dinner. No matter what actually happened between you and a past lover, why was she interested? We feel that silence is the only dignified way to deal with gossip. Tell someone who asks that you don't talk about past lovers and, if you are lovers, that you will not talk about her in the future. As for dealing with the person who is spreading the rumor, we can think of any number of interesting re-ven- ges, but is it really worth it? Persons given to spreading rumors tell more about themselves than they do about their subjects. If her life is so poverty-stricken that she has to make up stories about you, so be it.

For the past few years, I've been hearing about playing records wet—the principle being that a solution of distilled water and some lubricant put into the grooves can reduce record wear. Is that possible? Can I try it on my stereo?—P. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

Wet playing is just another of those experiments that haven't quite worked out. In fact, wet playing appears to do the opposite of what it's supposed to do. One theory holds that there is a slight melting of the vinyl between the stylus and the groove walls that cools as soon as the stylus passes. That meltdown makes the groove walls actually give slightly. With liquid in the grooves, there is not enough heat build-up for melting to take place; as a result, the stylus scrapes the walls, removing vinyl. That doesn't affect the sound during repeated wet playings but its effect is noticeable if the record is subsequently played dry. We suggest that you forget wet playing for the present—at least until a better liquid is developed.

I've been noticing changes lately in the placement of side-view mirrors on cars. First there was one side-view mirror, then two; now I notice that on some cars, the side-view mirrors are way up on the fenders. What's the reason for that?—L. T., Nashville, Tennessee.

Too bad more people don't take notice of their mirrors; we could avoid a

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lot of accidents if they did. Although at times it seems that the mirrors are a cosmetic touch, that's not the case. The extra side-view mirror is to keep your blind spot covered. That's the area behind your right-rear quarter in which a vehicle can be hidden from your line of sight. The mirrors on the fenders are the result of Japanese regulations that require that they be visible within the space that is cleared by the windshield wipers. They look a little funny but make a lot of sense if you've ever had your side windows obscured by rain or snow.

I have always considered myself to be well informed about sex. I enjoy all forms of lovemaking, and I am a careful, considerate lover. Having read most of the sex books written in the past few years, I am well aware of the importance of the clitoris. Here's my problem: When I begin to make love or perform oral sex, the clitoris is usually easy to find. However, when I look up to catch my breath, I try to see if it's still in view. Inevitably, it is no longer in sight, and it takes me a minute or two to find it again. Is it just me, or have other guys experienced that kind of hide-and-seek?—J. R., Memphis, Tennessee.

Relax. As a woman approaches orgasm, the clitoris retracts under a hood of skin. Why it chooses that moment to play coy and hard to get is beyond us. However, the best advice is to keep on doing what you've been doing. The woman is close to orgasm, and if you interrupt the motion or the rhythm to find your place, she will lose her place. According to Masters and Johnson, "it is important to re-emphasize the fact that the retracted clitoral body continues to be stimulated by traction or pressure on the protective clitoral hood. Once plateau-phase clitoral retraction has been established, manipulation of the general mons area is all that is necessary for effective clitoral-body stimulation." Our guess is that the clitoris hides itself in self-defense. There is a narrow line between stimulation and irritation. You may want to ask your partner to masturbate in front of you. See how she treats her clitoris; is the stimulation direct or indirect? Put yourself in her hands. Every woman is different.

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

One common theme in all the letters this column gets from readers is this: Playmates are so beautiful that they never have any trouble getting a date. The implication is that the women in PLAYBOY aren't like the rest of us. Not so, dear reader. We decided to take this particular question directly to the Playmates.

The question for the month:

Have you ever been interested in a man who wasn't interested in you? And, if so, what did you do about it?

I can remember being interested in one guy for a long time. I'd be writing poetry to him in the middle of the night—that kind of thing. Then I'd see him and not know what to say. Finally, I decided I had to find out. So I took a big step



and asked him for a drink. As it happened we talked for five hours and we eventually became good friends. If I hadn't called, the fantasy would have gone on forever. I had to get it off my mind, because it was affecting every other relationship I had. I couldn't get serious about anyone until I'd worked it out. But it's good now. I'm free.

Linda Rhys Vaughn
LINDA RHYNS VAUGHN
APRIL 1982

If he's not interested, you can't force him. Either the chemistry is there or it isn't. And even though you're attractive, it doesn't mean every man is going to feel the chemistry working. Since I'm a Playmate, some men feel intimidated and their initial reaction is that I'm probably stuck up, a snob. So I just try to be friendly and I do a lot of smiling. I do a lot of laughing, too, which puts men at ease. Most men like a woman who laughs at their jokes. I try to show an in-



terest in *him* rather than just talk about myself. That usually draws a man out. About all you can do is be yourself, and if it's meant to work out, it will.

Cathy Larmouth
CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

Yes, I have, and it's a very frustrating experience. It attacks your ego and makes you feel overly sensitive. Part of the problem when two people don't hit it off is that they're not operating at the same level. I try to make a man feel welcome as a friend first. In order to be good lovers, you have to be friends. I'd use a lot of eye contact and I'd try to strike up a mutually interesting conversation—about sports, for example. I'd try my best, but if it didn't work, I'd just have to move on. You can't fish in a pond where there are no fish.



Lorraine Michaels
LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I would try to do things to make him notice me. In a group, I'd do a lot of talking, but I wouldn't be pushy. Usually, if I'm interested and he isn't, there's a reason: He's involved or married. If he were busy and I were still attracted to him, I'd want to know if his situation had changed. If it had, I might ask a girlfriend to throw a party and invite him. I'd try to find out about his likes and dislikes before I approached him. But the bottom line is simply this: There are enough men in the world who may be interested if he isn't.

Jeana Tomasino
JEANA TOMASINO
NOVEMBER 1980

I'm not much of a conniver. If someone doesn't dig me to begin with, if there isn't a spark in the guy's eye, then I'll usually forget it. I feel I have enough going for me that I don't have to waste my time on someone who doesn't want me. But if there was a spark, I would use my natural charm. I might say something complimentary to open a conversation. I would let him know, subtly, that I was intrigued, because girls who fall all over a guy will turn him off. I have to admit, though, that I am one for a little bit of a game. I always get interested in guys I have to work on, the kind I think are hard to get.



Michele Drake
MICHELE DRAKE
MAY 1979

Most of the time, when I'm attracted to someone, it's because I like his personality or there is something about him that I find sensuous. On occasion, I have sent flowers to a man. I have even called for a date. I may invite him to go someplace with me and a group of other people. I try to make him feel comfortable. I work at it. But there has to be something there to begin with. If there is no spark, nothing I can do will change things. I don't take that rejection too personally. Sometimes, it just doesn't happen. That's chemistry.



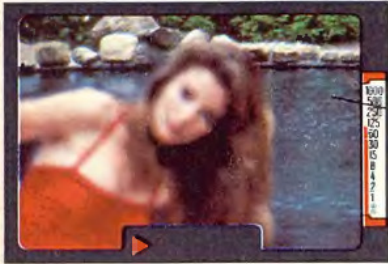
Cathy St. George
CATHY ST. GEORGE
AUGUST 1982

If you have a question, send it to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll do our best.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CHANCELLOR'S CURSE

"I am going to pray that God will get rid of that man," said the chancellor of Bob Jones University; and now Secretary of State Alexander Haig has resigned. Does that mean he's the victim of a Bob Jones curse? At the time he said it, the chancellor, who happens to be Bob Jones, Jr., was all bent out of shape that the State Department had refused a visa to Northern Ireland's Protestant leader Ian Paisley, who was trying to attend the school's annual Bible conference. Evidently the State Department thought Paisley, once he got here, would start rousing the rabble.

The State Department decision brought Chancellor Jones down on Haig like a ton of bricks. He called the action "Catholic bigotry" and said that Haig was "a monster in human flesh and a demon-possessed instrument to destroy America." He told students at a chapel service, "I hope you'll pray that the Lord will smite him hip and thigh, bone and marrow, heart and lungs and all there is to him, that he shall destroy him quickly and utterly."

That sure sounds like a curse to me, and I have a feeling that anybody who arouses the Jones ire had better watch out.

(Name withheld by request)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

SCIENCE OR RELIGION?

The teaching of evolution in our schools is not especially important; however, the teaching of the procedures that helped discover evolution is paramount, because nearly everything, from the high levels of productivity of our farm land to the discovery of mouthwash, has resulted from the same fundamental practices that govern all scientific research. Only if students learn how science is conducted can they help us grow more food and conquer halitosis, among other things.

Evolution and creation are both beautiful but incomparable ideas. To compare the two in the same terms is demeaning to both and jeopardizes the understanding of each (especially of evolution, judging from the media reports). Scientific theories and methods should be discussed in science classes, and beliefs, including religious ideas, should be discussed somewhere else. The curious notion of scientific creation is an obvious contradiction in terms. The most important problem in this controversy is the

question not of our roots but of saving the integrity and understanding of science.

Paul Spurgeon
Indianapolis, Indiana

The letter on creationism in your July issue is written fairly well—from an evolutionist's point of view. I'm writing in the hope that PLAYBOY will print a creationist's point of view on this topic.

"In the beginning," those who decided what would be taught in the public

*"A monster in human flesh
and a demon-possessed
instrument to
destroy America. . . ."*

schools must have been evolutionists themselves. If the tables were turned and the majority were creationists, then today there would be a fight to legalize the teachings of evolution.

Leaving religion itself in church, I feel that the theories of both creationism and evolution should be taught in school—not to show students how ridiculous creationism is or, in my opinion, how far-fetched evolution is, but in order for the students to make their own decisions.



It is not the schools' or the courts' right to make those decisions for them. After all, it is their life, no one else's.

W. Bryon Saunders
Mineral, Virginia

STOCKS AND POT

The "Grass and the Good Ole Boys" letter from John Metcalf in your July issue is not only out of line but in bad taste and in error. While it is true that the Feds busted a major drug ring involving 70 people, only a handful were connected with stock-car racing, most of them in the most peripheral manner. And I think it's accepted practice in this country to consider people innocent until proved guilty.

The art you chose to run with the letter is in extremely bad taste, showing someone evidently smoking a joint behind the wheel of a very inaccurately drawn race car. Such a scene has never occurred.

The letter is way, way off base and creates a terribly mistaken impression.

Dick Berggren, Editor
Stock Car Racing Magazine
Burlington, Massachusetts

Metcalf was merely having a little fun with pot, good ole boys and stock cars and is hereby advised to take the subject more seriously. We'll also speak to our Art Department.

IDEA WHOSE TIME HASN'T COME

A radical change in men's clothing is long past due. Trousers with high in-seams are not properly designed for men. If they were exchanged for women's skirts, they would fit more naturally. The penis and the scrotum should hang free, as they require a temperature below that of the torso. Their confinement in the tight area close to the body by conventional shorts may be the reason for the small size of some men's genitals; if it were allowed to swing free, the weight of the organ itself might add length and breadth.

The human is the only male animal that allows his organ to be covered. The penis is constantly changing, responding to temperature, stress and arousal throughout the day. Shifting the trousers to allow it to hang in either the right or the left leg helps, but the inseam can be murderous to the scrotum and testes, and sitting is sometimes painful when the trouser is snug. Many men do not wear undergarments.

Redesigning pants with the crotch cut

away, in the manner of chaps, could give men freedom. A disposable pocket for the penis would reduce odor and keep outer garments neat and clean. A zippered insert or a loose loincloth could be colorful and helpful in cold weather. Kilts or short aprons would be convenient and could be changed for work or streetwear. Knee-length socks in colors, with well-designed shoes and pullover shirts and jackets, sound comfortable. For cold weather, a zippered one-piece suit with a loose seat would be easy to slip into.

James R. Warner
Morgantown, West Virginia

Good luck, James.

REVERSE BOYCOTT

It has occurred to me how we can neutralize the so-called Moral Majority and their kind. I keep hearing how they threaten to boycott the products of the manufacturers who sponsor programs that do not measure up to their standards.

If they think that that is a deterrent, then the same course of action can work the other way. From this day forward, the rest of us boycott the products of those manufacturers who allow themselves to be intimidated.

Remember, there are more of us than of them.

Joel Carter
Hempstead, New York

We suppose you're referring to the efforts of the Reverend Donald Wildmon's Coalition for Better Television to organize a nationwide boycott of the sponsors of certain shows on the NBC television network. From what we've seen in the advertising press, the boycott has been failing dismally.

NO NUKES

The nuclear-arms race brings to my mind a vision of two people standing in gasoline up to their necks, daring each other to light a match.

Jean Brockman
Evanston, Illinois

I've got a sinking feeling that the human race is about to discover, simultaneously, a cure for cancer and the means of extinguishing itself.

Marlowe Young
Reno, Nevada

Regarding the notice in the March *Playboy Forum* that the National Association of Atomic Veterans is trying to locate the thousands of vets exposed to radiation during nuclear tests: Here I am.

My wife is thrilled to learn that she has her own walking nuclear reactor. With the cost of power, this is really going to help—so long as I don't leak.

This has all been made possible

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

OBSCENE CALLS

FOREST CITY, FLORIDA—A 28-year-old man has been accused of making 80,000 obscene telephone calls over a period of 12 years. The end came when



he started harassing female service representatives of the telephone company, which called the Seminole County sheriff, who placed the fellow's telephone under surveillance for a week before carting him off to jail.

POLICE SEARCH EXPANDED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court has substantially broadened the authority of police to search automobiles and their contents without a warrant, provided the officers have probable cause to believe that the car contains contraband. In the six-to-three ruling, Justice John Paul Stevens said, "The scope of the warrantless [automobile] search . . . thus is not defined by the nature of the container in which the contraband is secreted. Rather, it is defined by the object of the search and the places in which it may be found." The dissenters, led by Justice Thurgood Marshall, argued that the decision was "a first step toward an unprecedented 'probable cause' exception to the warrant requirement" of the Fourth Amendment.

LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Navy is reportedly using a dog, lowered by helicopter, to conduct drug searches on ships at sea. According to Navy Secre-

tary John Lehman, who had seen the dog in action on the carrier John F. Kennedy in the Indian Ocean, the sight of the creature arriving by chopper sent sailors scurrying to the rail to dump their dope.

COURT REPORTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. circuit has ordered Federal agencies to provide it with regular reports of actions they take either to obstruct or to implement the medicinal use of marijuana. The order came as a result of a suit filed by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), which has long claimed that Federal agencies have a "history of prejudice against marijuana and cannot be trusted to objectively consider its medical use."

Meanwhile, Wisconsin has become the 33rd state to enact a law recognizing the medical value of marijuana to cancer and glaucoma patients. Robert Randall, president of the Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics (ACT), has complimented state authorities for allowing doctors and their patients to decide for themselves whether THC in capsule or smoking form is the better treatment.

BACK IN PLACE

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA—A team of doctors at Eastern Virginia Medical school has fashioned a penis for an 11-year-old Argentine boy, using skin and muscle from his abdomen and foot. The youngster was flown to Virginia by the Argentine government after an accident had destroyed his penis and right testicle. The physicians said that it was the first operation of its kind and that they wouldn't know for several months whether or not it had been a success, but they also said that he was healing well and could likely lead a nearly normal sex life.

ENOUGH TO WAKE THE DEAD

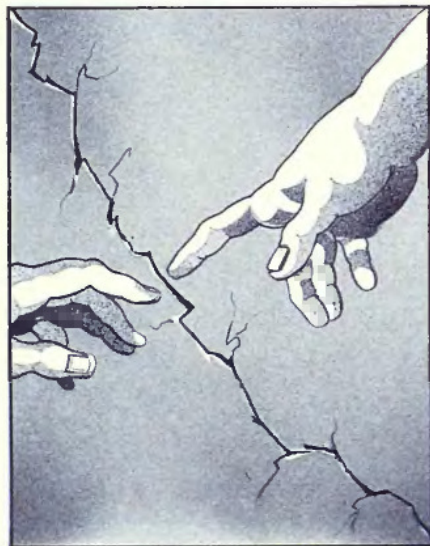
SACRAMENTO—A local jury has awarded damages of \$142,500 to the mother of a man whose corpse allegedly was sexually molested by a 23-year-old female apprentice mortician. Court testimony indicated that the woman might have had sexual contact with as many as 40 bodies while working at a Sacramento funeral home.

MINISTERIAL MISCONDUCT

DETROIT—A minister and his wife have pleaded guilty to prostitution charges after she sold her husband's services to a woman stranger coming out of a bank. The woman called the police and went along with the arrangement up to the point at which \$110 changed hands. The cops discovered that the minister was the host of two religious shows on radio and one on local TV.

RELIGIOUS OPPRESSION

RICHMOND—A Virginia Board of Education committee has unanimously recommended denying teacher certification to biology graduates of the Liberty Baptist College of Lynchburg after the school's chancellor, the Reverend Jerry Falwell, said that they were being



trained to teach creationism. Protesting the action, the biology department's head said that to tell us "we can't teach creationism and at the same time be certified as teachers is religious oppression."

In California, meanwhile, the Ventura County Community College governing board could not come up with a compromise course on the theory of evolution that wouldn't antagonize one side or the other and so decided not to teach the subject at all.

TEN YEARS PLUS. . . .

TACOMA—Citing a state law passed in 1909, a superior-court judge ordered the sterilization of a 30-year-old man who had pleaded guilty to having sexually abused his stepdaughter for a period of seven years. A deputy prosecutor, a probation officer, the defense attorney and a mental-health specialist had all recommended that the man be given a deferred prison sentence and

ordered to obtain psychiatric counseling, but the judge rejected their suggestions. He sentenced the man to ten years in prison and ordered Washington's Social and Health Services Department to authorize a sterilization operation. "I refuse to slap this man on the wrist and turn him over to a psychiatrist," the judge said. "This little girl's life may be ruined."

JAIL BAIT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court has refused to review the statutory-rape conviction of an 18-year-old man for having had sexual intercourse with a consenting girl who was 13 and a half at the time but had told him she was older. The issue was whether or not Pennsylvania (and most other states) could convict a person on a criminal charge without showing intent to commit a crime. The Pennsylvania high court said that the ban on the mistake of age was based on a "legislative desire to protect those who are too unsophisticated to protect themselves." The Supreme Court, over the objections of two Justices, said that the issue lacked "a substantial Federal question."

SUBSIDIZING SIN

NEW YORK CITY—Local officials were chagrined to learn that the Small Business Administration had authorized a \$65,000 low-interest loan to a Times Square sex operation several months after it had been raided by the police, accompanied by then-Mayor Abraham Beame. "I was shocked, especially at a time when the Federal Government is cutting subsidies to people who really need them," said the head of a city task force charged with cleaning up the Times Square area. A lawyer for Show World Center, three floors offering everything from live sex shows to pornography, said that the loan had been used to renovate offices. The S.B.A. noted it had been paid back early.

RAPE DAMAGES

SACRAMENTO—A local jury has awarded damages of \$115,000 to a 31-year-old rape victim who claimed that her landlord had failed to warn her about other rapes in the neighborhood and about an attempted break-in to her apartment while she was vacationing in Europe. The award was reduced by an estimated 25 percent because the jury found her contributorily negligent in having left open a window, through which her attacker entered.

PRICE OF FAILURE

HARTFORD—The Connecticut Supreme Court has ruled that a physician

is liable to support the child of a woman who became pregnant despite a sterilization he performed. The court noted that high courts in other states "have responded by staking out a broad range of positions from rejection of any damage for the birth of a healthy child . . . to allowance of child-rearing expenses. In our view, the better rule is to allow parents to recover expenses of rearing an unplanned child to majority when the child's birth results from negligent medical care." The court rejected the argument that "the birth of a child is always a blessing to its parents and that this benefit must, as a matter of law, totally offset concomitant financial burdens."

KLAN KLUXED

HOUSTON—A U.S. district-court judge, acting on a lawsuit filed by refugee Vietnamese fishermen, has permanently barred the Ku Klux Klan from maintaining its own army in Texas. "The Klan's primary vehicle for threats, harassment and intimidation is their military activities and training by and through the Texas Emergency Reserve. This court is compelled to enjoin such military activity and training," the judge ruled. In June of last year, the



Texas attorney general intervened on the side of the Vietnamese, asking the judge to forbid any kind of Klan paramilitary activity.

TAX REFUND

ATLANTA—A convicted bank robber is suing the Internal Revenue Service, claiming that the Government agency had wrongly counted his holdup proceeds as taxable income. He figures the IRS owes him \$18,227.

through the efforts of the Atomic Energy Commission, Uncle Sam and, last but not least, the Nuclear Defense Agency. My youngest daughter has a medical history nine miles long. My two other children are overjoyed to have had their genes and chromosomes rearranged.

John Patrick Delay
Saratoga Springs, New York

ABORTION

I have been recommending abortions for teenaged girls since 1932. Most of the time, those girls have hardly known why or how they have become pregnant.

It is hard to believe their ignorance, either then or now. Their mothers have often told me that they had trained their girls so that they would never indulge in such practices. Senators Orrin Hatch and Jesse Helms still believe that pregnancy can take place only by an act of God and with His personal guidance.

Many of those abortions were performed against the law and undercover, of course, and without the knowledge of the girls' parents. Most often, I paid for them myself and was later repaid by the girl—the payment often accompanied by a letter of appreciation that she

had been given a second chance.

An unwanted baby, or a wanted one at the wrong time, can be a catastrophe for the child, for the mother, for her parents, for her church and for the community. An unwanted husband leads to divorce and continuing family misery. Divorce is seldom an easy solution to marital difficulties, especially when children are involved.

Unfortunately, Congress is considering a bill requiring Federally funded clinics to inform the parents of any underage client asking for contraceptive advice and equipment. Those girls do not want their parents to know they are using contraceptive materials in any form. Senator Roger Jepsen, is responsible for this bill and thinks it will help the situation—by discouraging the use of contraceptives! His immaturity is unbelievable.

John A. Myers, M.D.
Baltimore, Maryland

I am strongly in favor of sexual freedom for responsible, consenting people; for sex education in public schools; and for free access to birth control for all persons, regardless of age. But I am also strongly anti-abortion. I know many people who feel exactly as I do. I resent, as I am sure others do, the fact that anti-abortionists are all characterized as religious fanatics with very little capacity to think for themselves. I have simply decided, after much consideration, that I feel abortion is the taking of a life.

I think that anti-abortionists' opinions should be respected, as should the opinions of pro-abortionists. No one should be so sure of his ideas that he can't listen to another's ideas with at least a little courtesy and respect.

Michelle E. Miranda
Ronkonkoma, New York

If all the people who opposed abortion were so rational, there would be no problem. You don't sound like the sort who would try to make abortion, right or wrong, a crime.

SCARE TACTICS

During the Seventies, a Federal agency called ACTION was established to provide constructive opportunities for Americans to work on community-based projects designed to eliminate poverty and poverty-related human, social and environmental problems in the U.S. Through VISTA, ACTION sponsored thousands of community-based volunteers, who worked to ameliorate the problems of poverty.

The antipoverty mandate of ACTION has been circumvented by the Reagan Administration through the policies of Thomas Pauken, the director of ACTION. Under Pauken, poverty has taken a back seat to various antimarijuana law-reform groups. These groups,

“mmmm”



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LIFE TIMES TWO

tommy brady's two life sentences have been upheld by a state supreme court; now the question is whether or not the crimes ever occurred



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES G. ARCHAMBAULT, ASHEBORO COURIER-TRIBUNE

Tom Brady, in handcuffs, with sheriff's lieutenant Don Andrews (left), PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill Helmer, private investigator Tom McDonald and Asheboro fire marshal Jim Smith.

Last spring, the Playboy Defense Team received the following letter from Thomas Lynn Brady, inmate number 10352-76 at Central Prison in Raleigh, North Carolina:

I think I have a story that you'll be interested in. It is about me and this lady accusing me of raping her twice, and if you'll look at the papers attached you'll see a lot of other strange things also. . . .

That letter was a monument to understatement. The documents with it were correspondence from a private investigator and from an Asheboro city official that suggested a case more convoluted and bizarre than any other we've ever encountered. It also turned out to be one of the most difficult, because Brady is presently serving two consecutive life terms that have been upheld by the North Carolina Supreme Court and because his efforts to obtain a new trial now turn almost entirely on the mental competence of the prosecuting witness. She is a young widowed mother of two children who, police have since discovered, has been reporting serious crimes against her in several of the state's north-central cities and counties since the middle Seventies.

Those include rapes, kidnappings, burglaries, assaults, vandalism, anonymous threats, blackmail and at least three incidents of home arson. Except for the arsons, there is now some question as to whether or not any of those crimes actually occurred.

In the fall of 1978, Deborah Chesire Trogdon appeared to be a classic and



McDonald takes Brady's arm as he steps out of a county-sheriff's-department car.

highly sympathetic rape victim. At Brady's trial, a few months later, she was prim, retiring, the pregnant mother of one little boy, and she calmly described in graphic detail how he and unidentified accomplices had kidnaped, raped and terrorized her on two occasions, the second time spraying her body with paint. Both times, she had been hysterical and refused pelvic examinations, and no physical evidence connected Brady to the alleged crimes; but she said she recognized him as the rapist one day when he came into the store where she worked in Asheboro. Brady did, in fact, look guilty of something. Although he had a wife of ten years, a young daughter and no criminal record, he also had long hair, a beard, motorcycle tattoos on both arms and a small star tattooed under his right eye. To make matters worse, he slipped out of the courthouse and fled when the jury left to deliberate. The jury returned a guilty verdict in less than four hours, and when Brady was recaptured in Virginia two months later, the judge gave him the maximum "back to back."

The first official to doubt Brady's guilt was Randolph County sheriff's lieutenant Don Andrews, who returned him to Asheboro for sentencing in July 1979. Brady was shy, polite, unaggressive and discussed his case openly in a way that raised questions in Andrews' mind. For one thing, Debbie Trogdon was starting to get a reputation in Randolph County for reporting criminal acts, many of which she had blamed or would blame on Brady's brothers, on his wife and on the young man who had testified as Brady's alibi witness. And similar reports were coming in from other police jurisdictions. Those claims of rape, kidnaping, arson, etc., led to several arrests, two acquittals, the imprisonment of one man who, likewise, insists on his innocence and, meanwhile, the suicide of Trogdon's husband, Randy, who shot himself in the head with a .38 revolver.

The arsons had brought Asheboro fire marshal Jim Smith into the picture. By 1981, he had secured the support of his chief, John McGlohan, and had begun comparing notes with Lieutenant Andrews, who had the support of his own boss, Randolph County

sheriff Bob Mason. What they couldn't do, on duty or off, private investigator Tom McDonald could.

McDonald is a white-haired, pipe-smoking giant of a man who lives in the town of Randleman, knows half the people in Asheboro, is bandleader at a popular supper club near Greensboro and otherwise busies himself at security work and bass fishing. His retainer from Brady's parents ran out in about 48 hours, he says, but now, freeing Doodle—as Brady is known to family members—has become a personal crusade. He estimates that he's driven more than 2000 miles and interviewed more than 80 people, trying to confirm or discredit Trogdon's stories. So far, all he has found is discrepancies. He spends a good deal of time now simply counseling patience to Brady's wife and aging parents, assuring them that "Doodle's comin' home."

What may bring Brady home is a motion for a new trial filed by attorney P. Wayne Robbins, a former FBI agent now practicing law in the town of Carthage. He had represented one of Brady's brothers, Mickey, who was acquitted of kidnaping Trogdon. He, too, exhausted his retainer almost instantly, but has stayed on. His job will be to convince superior-court judge Robert Collier that he has "newly discovered or newly available evidence" that would have led to Brady's acquittal had it been presented to the jury at his trial. That won't be easy. If, in fact, no crimes were committed, the evidence can't be exculpatory but must point up the discrepancies in Trogdon's stories and prove, as his motion

states, "that a pattern has emerged wherein the prosecuting witness has alleged various crimes, many of which have either not occurred or could not have been performed by other individuals, all of which result from her emotional disorder. . . ." He hopes to introduce medical evidence of Trogdon's treatment for psychiatric problems over the past several years.

PLAYBOY Senior Editor William J. Helmer went to Asheboro for the start of the hearings. He met most of the people now connected with the case, including Brady's wife, Joyce, who sees Doodle only through a window on visiting days. He met Brady's elderly parents, who live in a tired little house on a dirt road a few miles outside of Asheboro. He met Fire Marshal Smith and Lieutenant Andrews, both quiet and thoughtful men who seem uncomfortable in their present roles of defending a convicted kidnaper-rapester. Finally, he met Brady, who emerged from a sheriff's-department car in an old T-shirt and handcuffs, eyes filled with tears and eager to touch and to hug his wife and daughter. He did not meet Debbie Trogdon, whose attorney had instructed her not to talk to the press. But he watched her on the witness stand as she once more testified in a soft, clear voice that Tommy Brady was the man who had twice abducted and raped her nearly four years before.

The hearings were scheduled to resume in June, and Judge Collier is likely to take some time before returning a decision. We'll keep you posted on developments in the case.



Joyce Brody strains to see her husband, Tom, as he arrives for hearings on a motion for a new trial. With her are her sister-in-law Terri Brady (left) and her sister, Barbara Tate.

who have successfully lobbied for anti-paraphernalia laws in 24 states and are now lobbying in Congress against the medical use of marijuana, are being provided with a variety of support, including \$230,000 in grants from ACTION.

Not only is this change disastrous for the so-called social safety net, it is also disastrous to the prevention of drug abuse. These parents are untrained and often ignorant about drugs. They make exaggerated "reefer madness" claims that have no credibility with adolescents.

Meanwhile, the National Institute on Drug Abuse has decided to redirect its research programs to emphasize the adverse effects of marijuana on health to stop adolescents from trying marijuana.

The Reagan Administration is changing its emphasis on combating drug abuse from drug educators to untrained parents, from hard drugs to marijuana, from drug policy to antidrug rhetoric. These changes show a failure to learn from the lessons of the past and will result in no credibility from the Government on the effects of marijuana on health.

Kevin B. Zeese, Executive Director
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

WHAT'S ON WHO?

From the pages of the journal *Criminal Defense*, I have gleaned the following gem, excerpted from a legal transcript.

COURT: I got *Quadrophenia*, but then he said somebody played in it, and I didn't get that.

PROSECUTOR: The Who.

COURT: The what?

WITNESS: Musicians.

PROSECUTOR: The Who.

WITNESS: The Who.

COURT: Who?

WITNESS: The Who. That's the name of the band.

COURT: So that's the name of the group, The Who?

WITNESS: Yes, The Who.

COURT: Not the What? The Who?

WITNESS: No, The Who.

COURT: You got it, everybody? *Quadrophenia* is a movie with The Who.

WITNESS: Punk rockers.

COURT: All right.

Everyone remember the old Abbott and Costello routine?

Bob Hanson
San Antonio, Texas

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBIN WILLIAMS

a candid conversation with the lightning-quick comedian and actor about his roles as mork, popeye and garp—and the elusive person behind them

Four years ago, an unknown, offbeat comic named Robin Williams starred in the first installment of TV's "Mork & Mindy," and after two weeks, the ABC sitcom became one of TV's top-ten-rated programs—and Williams was being hailed as the medium's brightest young star. As Mork from the planet Ork, Williams portrayed a zany, engaging extraterrestrial whose rapid-fire ripostes were the series' strongest asset. Ably supported by actress Pam Dawber, who played his girlfriend (and then his wife), Williams made mincemeat of TV's tidy demographics, for he somehow appealed as much to adults as to children. Although the industry had anticipated a warmed-over remake of "My Favorite Martian," "Mork & Mindy" turned into a showcase for one of the most remarkable talents TV has ever presented. Within a very short time, indeed, the show's 55,000,000 weekly viewers were delighting themselves (and driving everyone else batty) by greeting one another with their Orkan hero's best-known phrase, "Nano nano."

"Mork & Mindy" rose to the top of the Nielsen heap, but Williams didn't even

briefly stop honing his high-energy night-club act. After putting in a full day at Paramount, where "Mork & Mindy" was filmed, Williams would take a short break and then rush off to perform without pay at several Los Angeles comedy clubs. Money was no problem: From a reported initial salary of \$15,000 per episode, Williams had been raised to \$30,000 after "Mork & Mindy's" first season and by 1981 was said to be earning more than \$50,000 for each installment.

As a night-club comic, Williams is unlike his TV persona. Eager to put as much distance as he could between himself and Mork, the funky performer often began his act by asking people at the front tables to move back a bit, whereupon he grabbed his crotch and announced, "I'd like to show all of you something I'm really very proud of." After that, Williams unleashed such comedy creations as Beverly Hills blues singer Benign Neglect ("Woke up the other day, [Ran out of Perrier]"), the Reverend Earnest Angry ("Remember, you can fool some of the people some of

the time and jerk the rest off") and Russian lounge entertainer Nicky Lenin ("I would like to begin by doing some basic Soviet suppressions"). A brilliant impressionist, Williams became Bette Davis playing Quasimodo, Jacques Cousteau doing a commercial for Union Oil, Lord Olivier selling Ripple wine and Mr. Rogers greeting America's tots with, "Let's put Mr. Hamster in the microwave oven, OK? Pop goes the weasel!" As if all that weren't enough, Williams then acted out all the parts of an imagined Japanese horror movie titled "Attack of the Killer Vibrators" before presenting his original one-man ballet, "Death of a Sperm." It was ingenious, high-powered stuff, and in 1979, when Williams recorded "Reality . . . What a Concept" (his only comedy LP thus far), the album quickly went platinum by racking up sales of more than 1,000,000.

In what seemed like the blink of an eye, Williams had become America's undisputed young king of comedy, and TV, record and night-club reviewers felt no compunctions about comparing him to everyone from Sid Caesar and



"I had a thing about Lawrence Welk going 'Thank you, thank you. Now let's get down and get funky. The band will play for you a luffly melody "Chumping Chack Flash."'"



"Mork ended with a kind of videonasia. I lowered the volume on my TV set, loosened the vertical hold, put down the rabbit ears and let him go gently into that good night."



"Garp was like an oil drilling. I had to dig deep inside myself and bring things up. Heavy griefs and joys, births and deaths—it's an all-encompassing look at a man's life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

Jonathan Winters to Danny Kaye and Marcel Marceau. When Williams was picked by producer Robert Evans to star in the movie version of "Popeye," most show-business observers believed that the 5'8" performer would quickly emerge as the new screen star of his generation.

At that point, however, a funny thing happened to Williams' career: It began to fall apart. "Mork & Mindy's" ratings began to plummet in the 1979-1980 season. Then, "Popeye" premiered in December 1980. Williams received lukewarm reviews and the movie itself turned out to be a turkey. ABC canceled "Mork & Mindy" this past April. Williams' second movie, "The World According to Garp," was released in July, and although they didn't put down his acting ability, most critics agreed with PLAYBOY's Bruce Williamson: "Good as he is," Williamson noted, "this still isn't the breakthrough role to suit his unique talent." Many of Williams' fans began to ask themselves an unspoken question: Was their boy's rocketlike rise to the top about to flame out as spectacularly as it had begun?

The comic himself didn't think so. Born in Chicago in July 1952, Williams, the son of a Ford Motor Company vice-president, grew up in the ritzy Detroit suburb of Bloomfield Hills. Just before Williams entered his senior year of high school, his father retired and moved the family to Marin County, California. After graduating from Redwood High, Williams studied at two California colleges and then won an acting scholarship to Juilliard in New York City. After spending nearly three years there, he returned to San Francisco, where he began putting together a stand-up comedy act that won him a following there. In 1976, he moved to Los Angeles in quest of bigger things, and within six months, he was signed by producer George Schlatter to become a regular on NBC's ill-fated 1977 revival of "Laugh-In." By the following year, Williams had won his role in "Mork & Mindy," and the rest, as they say, is showbiz history.

PLAYBOY assigned Lawrence Linderman to follow Williams around California. His report:

"Robin Williams and his wife, Valerie, live a peripatetic life. They have two residences in the L.A. area (a home in one of the canyons and an apartment in Hollywood), an apartment in San Francisco and a ranch in the Northern California wine country. I live just outside Sonoma, and I bumped into Williams there when Tommy Smothers, who owns a nearby vineyard, took him to Marion's, the town's leading hangout. The word for Williams is charming. He's polite, amiable and funny, and also caught up, I

think, in puzzling out how to hold on to aspects of his personality that he wants to share with no one but himself and his wife. (Valerie, incidentally, is one terrific lady.) Williams told me he was trying to spend as many weekends as he could at his recently purchased spread in neighboring Napa County; that was where he wanted to begin our interview. Several weeks later, I met him there one afternoon when he was watching a telecast of 'On the Waterfront.' Want to know who Robin Williams is? In the last ten minutes of the movie—when Marlon Brando's Terry Malloy is getting the shit kicked out of him by Lee J. Cobb's Johnny Friendly and his hoods—I glanced over and noticed that Robin had a hand over his face, which didn't at all conceal the tears that were streaming down his cheeks. I don't think I've ever interviewed a more sensitive guy. Or a gentler one, for that matter.

"During the following weeks, I saw Williams frequently in L.A., and before our interview was done, I caught his night-club act at San Francisco's Boarding House. In place of his line-up of various characters, Williams now does

"I didn't want to see 'Mork & Mindy' bastardized that way, but it was. It was a simple case of greed, and it didn't work."

what amounts to total improvisation that blends burlesque, satire, mime, impressions and occasional stand-up comedy with such blinding speed that it's almost impossible to define his act in normal terms. One moment, he is a Brooklyn bruiser doing a number on those Falkin' Islands; the next, he's doing a take-off on 'Quest for Fire'; the next, he's improvising on subjects shouted to him by the audience. Williams uses a career's worth of premises in a single show, darting in and out of them like a manic postman on his appointed rounds. There's really no one else who does what Williams does.

"In any case, when we finally began our interview, 'Mork & Mindy' had just been canceled, and that provided the opening subject for our conversation."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with your television work, which is how most people have come to know you. ABC announced earlier this year that it was canceling Mork & Mindy. Why did the show's ratings slip so badly during the past couple of years?

WILLIAMS: I think the stories just got too complex and we got away from the simplicity of the character. Mork & Mindy originally worked because it was about this cheerful little man from outer space doing very simple things—"Mork buys bread" or "Mork deals with racism." Mork and Mindy were both very straitlaced and the charm of the show, I think, was in having Pam Dawber deal with me in normal, everyday situations—to which I would react in bizarre ways. The show began with very human roots, and Pam was responsible for a lot of that; she's a fine actress and a friend, and there was a wonderful exchange of humanity between us. I think people really connected with the characters we played, and in our first year, the series was exactly what it was designed to be: a situation comedy. When you think of, say, *The Moonlighters*, you know who Ralph Kramden was and you know who Norton was; they were at their best in everyday situations, and the simpler the better. If the stories ever became too complex—which is what happened to Mork & Mindy—there still would have been some funny things going on, but the show wouldn't have been nearly as effective. I didn't want to see Mork & Mindy bastardized that way, but it was.

PLAYBOY: Why did it happen?

WILLIAMS: The network got cocky. Television is like a game of chess, and guys at the three networks are always trying to gun one another down. Good shows help a network build power blocs; *Herr Silverman* taught us that. Once you build a power bloc, you're able to sweep certain nights, and then you slowly but surely expand outward. When we started our second year, ABC took shows that were doing well and split us all up because it wanted to sweep every night. So for that reason, it shifted Mork & Mindy from Thursday to Sunday nights and scheduled us opposite *Archie Bunker's Place*. As a result of all that maneuvering, two or three ABC series got canceled, including a very good one called *Angie*. It was a simple case of greed, and it didn't work. Then, when the network realized things were going poorly for our show, it got panicky and started putting in all these sexually oriented stories: "Mork becomes a cheerleader for the Denver Broncos!" I think people who'd always watched the series just looked at that stuff and said, "Jesus, what's this?"

PLAYBOY: Was that your reaction as well?

WILLIAMS: It didn't piss me off as much as make me wonder why. Everyone was then doing T-and-A shows, so I guess the network guys said, "Let's put Mork in drag—that's always funny." But that was going far away from what we had originally had, a gentle soul who was suddenly becoming kind of kinky. The



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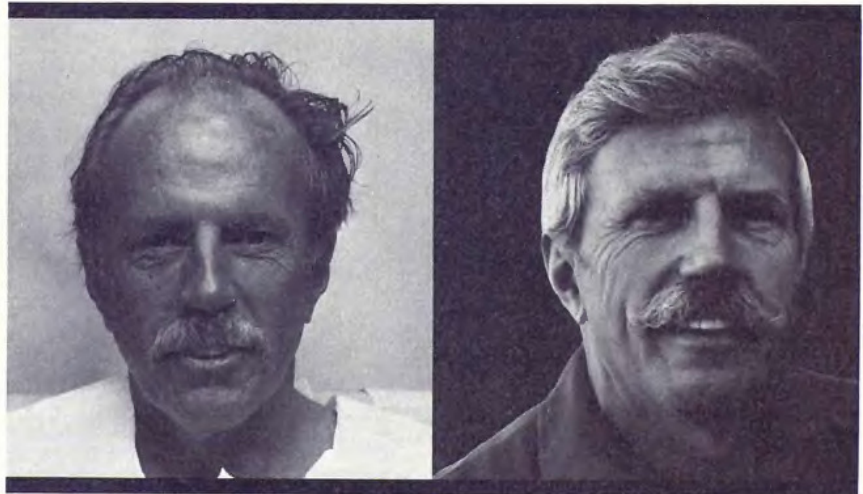
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producers were torn between the network's saying, "We need stories we can promote" and their own feelings about supporting the characters. Well, because the network wanted a T&A show it could promote, there I was with 32 cheerleaders. [Sings] "We've got 32 girls, 64 nipples—and what can we talk about now?" Just count 'em, folks: 32 girls, 64 nipples—65? Ah, yes, the Venusian woman on the end; bless you, my dear. Right after that, we had a two-part show with Raquel Welch playing one of three dynamite-looking aliens who come down to Earth, take me prisoner and then try to get information out of me through sensuous tortures. Raquel was in a wild Bob Mackie outfit that had the guys on the set breathing *very* hard, and one of the other girls was a Playmate, Debra Jo Fondren, with long blonde hair braided all the way down her back. The planned tortures included putting me in a hot tub and having the Playmate whip me with her *hair*. I was not unhappy when they decided against going with that. [In a child's voice] "Daddy, Daddy, look—Mork's into *bondage!*" Then they came up with this little ball that was like a vibrator, and the girls were supposed to rub it up and down my body until I got crazy and gave in.

Shows like those changed us during the second year, and they weren't a help. By our third season, the network guys were *desperate* for stories they could promote. It was almost like, "Mork changes sexes! Watch out—he's got everything going now, and Mindy doesn't know *what* to do!" We continued to get our ass kicked, but they kept looking for promotable stories. "Are you ready for this, America? Mork becomes an iguana!" And then last year, in their search for promotable stories—that became the key to each week's show—we discovered that Mork and Mindy were going to have a child. How well could ABC *sell* that child? They almost forgot about the stories and the characters themselves. Right about then, I knew it was time to turn around and say, "They're near the east gate, *mein Herr.*"

PLAYBOY: Were you opposed to having Mork give birth to Mirth, the Jonathan Winters character?

WILLIAMS: No, having him on the show was one of the main reasons I stayed with it. For me, it was like the chance to play alongside Babe Ruth. I'd always wanted just to *meet* Winters. When I was a kid, my parents would say, "All right, you can stay up a little longer to see this wonderful man fly around the room and do all his crazy stuff." I found out much later that Jonathan's shows never did well in the ratings, but an awful lot of people I've talked with remember those shows, and they vividly

remember things that he did. And I mean exact lines and whole routines.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

WILLIAMS: My favorite was King Quasi of Quasiland. His country was five feet wide and 11 miles long, and its main exports were rope and pasta.

PLAYBOY: Were you instrumental in getting Winters on the series?

WILLIAMS: No, I wasn't, though the producers knew I wanted to work with him. Jonathan had done one episode in which he played another character's brother; the chemistry between us that night was terrific, and we got fantastic feedback on it. The first time I saw Jonathan on the set, he came up to me and said, "How are you, young man? My name is Willard Cespar and I'm here to check on violations of the building code." Somebody asked him what he'd been doing, and Jonathan started playing an old guard working the gate at Paramount, and then he did a thing about starting a telethon to keep Lucille Ball off the air.

"We had a black censor who was really something else. I tried to sneak a few Yiddish phrases past him, but he knew all of them."

When the decision was made to have him play Mirth, I was happy about it and the network people were *ecstatic*. They had something else to promote: the new crazy man and the king.

PLAYBOY: As you mentioned a few minutes ago, Winters has never been very successful on TV, and some industry observers felt that making him a regular was like a kiss of death for *Mork & Mindy*. Do you think that's true?

WILLIAMS: No, I don't. I sometimes believe Jonathan thinks so, but it's not true; he didn't kill the show. In fact, he gave it a big boost, because the ratings shot up like crazy when Jonathan first came on. We did a couple of very good early stories about Mirth, like one in which he gets flak from the kids at school and then brings me to class as his show-and-tell project. But then we got back to doing bizarre stories that had no semblance of reality, and the show's ratings went *way* down. For a little while, I thought, God, maybe I'm not goosing up like I used to; maybe the old mad energy is gone. But I decided that wasn't true, because people still liked my performances. I think the show just had a confused base. The combination of that and going up against *Magnum P.I.* was

finally too strong. In San Francisco, guys were walking around saying, "Who is that man on *Magnum P.I.*? Do you think he'll put on another Hawaiian shirt and undo one more button?"

PLAYBOY: How did you take the news that *Mork & Mindy* was being canceled?

WILLIAMS: Well, there was a period during which I thought, Oh, fuck, man, they're out to kill us *all!* After that, it was, All right, let us die gracefully. My feeling now is that we did some good stuff—some *strange* stuff, too—and I know that we made an impact on our time.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to eight P.M. on Thursdays?

WILLIAMS: Where does it say the interviewer is supposed to make jokes? By the way, why is the red light on your tape recorder winking at me?

PLAYBOY: That's Japanese Morse code warning us that we're about to run out of tape on this cassette. We'll only be a second . . . there, we're back. What happens to Mork now? Will we ever see him again?

WILLIAMS: No, I don't think so. It was wonderful while it lasted, but I wouldn't want to bring the character back. When something like that ends, you just say thank you and put it away. In Mork's case, he ended with a kind of videonasia. I carefully lowered the volume on my TV set, let loose the vertical hold, put down the rabbit ears and let him go gently into that last good night. Mork was my day job for four years, and now it's over. The show was a crap shoot that worked out, and the freedom I had on it was incredible. If *Mork & Mindy* had been totally scripted, I don't think we would have lasted more than seven weeks, but the producers saw an energy happening between Pam and me, and they didn't want to mess with it. So they let me improvise, and in the script, there'd be notes for me to say something on the theme of such and such, and I'd just go off and expand on it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that unusual in a TV series?

WILLIAMS: As far as I know, it is. But you have to remember that Mork supposedly was an open book, a sieve who'd picked up his knowledge of the planet from years of watching Earth television. He was a little like a comic-book character called Zippy the Pinhead, somebody who absorbs everything that comes in but who puts it back out a little out of context, like a word processor with dyslexia. It helped that Mork was an alien, because in some ways there were no real boundaries as to what he could say or do.

PLAYBOY: You never ran afoul of network censors?

WILLIAMS: Sometimes, but we always had wonderful censors. We had a Filipina

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lady who was great, and then we had a black censor who was really something else. I tried to sneak a few Yiddish phrases past him, but he knew all of them. It turned out that the guy spoke Yiddish and was also studying other languages. He got some interesting greetings: "What's happenin', bro? What is a *putz*? Yeah, Jack, that's cool." In one show, a guy delivered flowers to Mork, and I told him, "Here's your tip: Don't eat Mexican food when standing next to an open flame." I couldn't believe they left that in! Mostly, the network's censorship worries had to do with product references. For instance, we had a major hamburger chain sponsoring the show, and one time, I did something about a hamburger chain selling kangaroo meat. I said, "Look, Min, my hamburger has another hamburger inside its little pocket, and there's another little hamburger inside that one." No chance. Another time, I was going to talk about sugar and then go into a hypoglycemic fit, but one of ABC's major sponsors was a candy manufacturer, so I couldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: Did ABC executives treat you as if you really were an alien?

WILLIAMS: They really didn't know what I was. When we started the series, the network guys would all come in and sit together, and at first they didn't laugh, but then they couldn't help laughing. Starting with the first taping in front of an audience, it seemed like everyone was having a good time, and the more freedom I was given, the more I enjoyed it. It was the kind of playfulness I'd experienced in night clubs but hadn't thought I'd ever be able to get on TV. I mean, I'd guested on certain TV shows where they were specific: "Mr. Williams, your line is 'Lola, Jimmy's home now.'" There was no deviating from the script, but in *Mork & Mindy*, I was allowed to work the way I do onstage. In the middle of a monolog, I could suddenly go off into different accents and characters, and nobody would blink.

PLAYBOY: Did other cast members want to improvise their roles?

WILLIAMS: No, probably because we all knew that if you've got too many people going off and getting crazy, there's no reality base. The series needed some normal characters or else people would have thought, Jesus, everybody on this show is out of his fuckin' mind.

PLAYBOY: It's a little difficult to believe that you won't miss *Mork & Mindy*. Is that entirely true?

WILLIAMS: Oh, no; there's a painful aspect about the series' going off. But the thing that's always kept me sane is performing live, and even while shooting the series, I'd drop in and entertain at Los Angeles clubs like The Comedy Store and the Improvisation. It's therapy for

me, and one night, I did an improvisation with some friends who were suddenly saying, "Mr. Williams, you must understand—it's time to let go of the series. Pam Dawber is going on to Broadway, but you'll still have films, records and night clubs to play with." And then I said [*in a little girl's voice*], "No, I want this doll. I want my Mork doll! Oh, look—its head comes off." That helped me explore my feelings about the series' going off, and after that it was, Yeah, OK, I can deal with it. I can go on to other things, like films. Well, one night not long after *Popeye* had come out, when I was improvising, somebody yelled out, "What about *Popeye*?" I said, "You're a cruel person. For your information, it's playing in Hollywood on a double bill with *Heaven's Gate*." That helped me expunge the initial pain I felt about *Popeye* and, again, I could explore that by doing lines like, "If you watch it backward, it really *does* have an ending." But that wasn't really meant to attack the picture. It was just my way of dealing with the pain and disappointment I felt about

*"A lot of 'Popeye' was
filmed on a sunken steamer
on the end of the bay in
Malta: Imagine San
Quentin on Valium."*

the way *Popeye* was received. At the same time, I'm proud of the picture, and I'm proud of my association with Robert Altman, who directed it.

PLAYBOY: *Popeye* wasn't a total dud, but it certainly wasn't the blockbuster most people thought it would be. What went wrong with it?

WILLIAMS: *Popeye* was a nice fairy tale with a loving spirit to it, and I think most people—especially movie critics—were expecting a combination of *Superman* and a Busby Berkeley musical. In some ways, I expected that, too, but in the end, I think that what Altman got was a very gentle fable with music and a lot of heart. I recently found out that a lot of people are buying video tapes of *Popeye*, and their kids watch it four or five times a month. That makes me feel good, because although adults were expecting what they'd seen in cartoons for years and were disappointed when they didn't get it, no one tells children what to expect. You don't have conversations in which a woman says, "Jimmy, I think this should have been a bigger film" and little Jimmy answers, "Yes, Mother, but it works for me."

PLAYBOY: Altman says that he conceived of *Popeye* as a morality tale about a young man searching for his lost father.

WILLIAMS: That's probably why it missed, because people wanted to see the *Popeye* they remembered from when they were kids. I knew that when we were making the movie, and I could feel what was missing. For instance, we needed a couple of slam-bang musical numbers that really tore the tits off the place. Same with the action: When the cartoon Popeye started dancing, walls would come down, windows would break, people would go flying out the door and Popeye would be swinging Olive Oyl around with her body parallel to the floor. Instead of all that, we shot in a real small space where you couldn't kick out the jams. A lot of the movie was filmed on a sunken steamer that was sitting on the end of the bay in Malta, and that kept things confined. So we wound up seeing the softer side of *Popeye*. [*In a fey voice*] "I enjoyed *Popeye* because the clothes were so interesting. And I loved those rubber forearms. I want to meet this man. If I give you money, will you put those arms on for me?"

PLAYBOY: How long did you spend getting made up each day?

WILLIAMS: About an hour and a half, and after that, they'd strap on the latex arms: they tied me off almost as if I were a junkie. In some of my fight scenes, I'd lose all the circulation in my arms and they'd lock up, so we'd have to stop shooting. I'd ask for a little blood, and they'd untie me and say, "Relax, Robbie, relax." Once the circulation got going, they'd tie up my arms again so I could fight for another half hour. It was very strange and very strenuous.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to put in a lot of preparation for the role?

WILLIAMS: Oh, yeah. Gymnastics, fighting, tap dancing and so forth.

PLAYBOY: Tap dancing?

WILLIAMS: Ah, this must not be a happy day for you, Mr. Interviewer. [*Sings*] "Let's get cynical, cynical. . . . You learned how to tap-dance, Mr. Williams? Where did you use it in the film?" You want to see a screening of *The World According to Garp* now; can we start on that one? "Did you really wrestle, Mr. Williams? I mean, did the other guy have to let you pin him?" Yes, I learned how to tap-dance, and I worked hard on my one song in the film, and I often practiced Popeye's speaking voice, which sounded like a frog farting under water. That was all in a good cause: It was my first movie, it was being directed by Robert Altman and it was being filmed in a strange country.

PLAYBOY: How strange is Malta?

WILLIAMS: Imagine San Quentin on Valium. Malta is a small island populated by nice, warm but very tough people who've never been conquered. The Maltese have a language of their own, which sounds Arabic, and they always speak loudly. They also speak English the same way. A guy will come up within two inches of your face and say, "How are you today? I like you very much!" "Gee, could you whisper?" "I am *whispering!*" We all lived just off the set in a kind of compound—*Stalag Altman*—with guards at the front gate and barbed-wire fences around us because the studio was afraid people would come in and steal stuff. We were there for six months, working six days a week, and soon after we got to Malta, it started raining and hardly ever stopped. That stretched out our shooting schedule, and we'd just sit there for days, going bats and feeling trapped.

PLAYBOY: What did you do for kicks?

WILLIAMS: Well, there are no great entertainment centers on Malta, and on weekends, we used to drink. They had this very strange wine available on the island: cabernet muck. There aren't a lot of vineyards on Malta, and the few grape presses I saw were covered with spider webs, so obviously the wine was mainly chemicals. When the English had a naval base on Malta, they built a few pubs, which are still there. We'd visit them on Saturday nights and get a little loaded and then sleep all day Sunday and go back to the grind on Monday.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to get the part in the first place?

WILLIAMS: I heard about *Popeye* when Robert Evans asked me to be in the picture. Dustin Hoffman originally was supposed to play Popeye, and he also was supposed to do *Garp*; if there's another film you don't want to do, Dustin, just tell me and I'll be there. *Mork & Mindy* was real hot when he backed out, so I guess Evans thought, Well, we'll get Williams and let's see what happens.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of your work in *Popeye*?

WILLIAMS: I thought that I had guts and my performance had depth, but while we were doing it I felt confined and I really wanted a chance to explode. I thought that would come when we had our big boffo ending, but suddenly Paramount pulled the plug on the film and said, "You people have to come home. You're tired and over budget, and if you stay any longer, you're going to be there on your own." So there was no boffo ending. On the last day of shooting, we were struggling desperately to come up with an ending, and we all knew it would take great special effects



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to pull it off. I'd pictured Popeye flying through the air, sort of like the cartoon thing in which he becomes a tornado with his legs spinning around at warp four. And I know that I was supposed to punch an octopus out of the water and have it go whirring into space, but that didn't happen, either.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

WILLIAMS: Because when we were ready to shoot the ending, the special-effects guys had already left Malta. We were backed against a wall, and we all knew it. Shelley Duvall, who was terrific as Olive Oyl, was supposed to be attacked by an octopus, but the one that was built for the movie couldn't do anything. The Disney studios had half investment in *Popeye*, and if anyone had let them know that the octopus couldn't even manipulate its arms, I think they would have sent over a couple of guys and we would've had an octopus that could blink, wink, blow bubbles and smoke underwater. Shelley had to do a scene with the octopus grabbing her, so she literally wrapped its tentacles around her like a wet rubber boa and had to sell the fucker as hand-to-hand combat; that's when I was supposed to show up and launch the octopus into outer space. We blew it up instead, but you couldn't tell what had actually happened. I've got distance from it now, but *Popeye* was real painful for me, especially when it came out and got knocked so heavily by some reviewers.

PLAYBOY: What had you expected? That Popeye would be the kind of role Superman turned out to be for your buddy Chris Reeve?

WILLIAMS: Absolutely. When I was training for *Popeye*, I thought, This is it, this is *my Superman*, and it's gonna go through the fuckin' roof! I also had that dream of getting up to thank the academy, but I got beyond the this-is-it stage as soon as we started shooting. After the first day on *Popeye*, I thought, Well, maybe this *isn't* it, and I finally wound up going, Oh, God, when is it gonna be over? The process really becomes good when you're having such a great time doing the movie or you're so deeply involved in it emotionally that you forget about your fears. Oh, no! *Gene Shalit's coming toward me—he's got a blow dryer! Help!* You start thinking about that again just before a movie's release.

PLAYBOY: *The World According to Garp* is scheduled to open around the country before this issue reaches the newsstands. Are there Shalits currently lurking somewhere in your mind?

WILLIAMS: The hopes and the fears are there, sure, but everything else about *Popeye* and *Garp* is different, starting with the directors. Altman and George Roy Hill represent two extremes. It was

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incredible to go from an Altman, who gives you all that freedom, to a Hill, who says "You've got to do it *this way*"; they're like the yin and yang of the directing school. Hill knows *exactly* what he wants. On the day we started shooting *Garp*, I improvised a line and Hill called a wrap for the set. I thought, OK, you've made your point. I won't do *that* again.

The roles themselves were opposites. *Garp* was like an oil drilling. I had to dig down and find things deep inside myself and then bring them up. Heavy griefs and joys, births and deaths—*Garp* is an all-encompassing look at a man's life.

PLAYBOY: How do you think the movie and your performance will be received?

WILLIAMS: I don't know, but the advance word is good, because since I did *Garp*, I've been getting a lot of scripts. There was an initial wave of parts offered to me when people found out I wanted to do films, but after *Popeye*, the number of screenplays sent to me tapered off. It comes in waves; Hollywood's really like that. "Ah, he's *hot* again." Studio executives go to screenings of just about every film before it's released, and I guess some of them liked what they saw in *Garp*. Of course, if the picture doesn't do well, they may start recalling all the scripts I've been looking at.

PLAYBOY: Do you have another movie lined up?

WILLIAMS: No, and right now, I'm just interested in learning what I can about movies, because there are two possibilities: I can act in other people's films or I can eventually write and act in my own. I hope I can play a supporting character in the next film I do, so that I can sit back and watch people work rather than take the burden of being a major character, as in *Popeye* and *Garp*.
PLAYBOY: At this moment, we're sure, a lot of actors are giving you a *great* deal of sympathy.

WILLIAMS: Oh, yes, I can hear them now: "Fuck you, scum bag. Oh, how *tough* it must be, Robin, playing all those leading roles. I've been playing a spear carrier for several years now, you motherfucker, so I can really appreciate your problem." Yes, I just want to explore *minor* roles for a while, folks. "Mr. Williams, you might very *well* begin exploring minor roles. You might even begin to explore the Zen concept of not working at all, you lucky asshole." Ah, but I want to explore *all* possibilities. "One of the major possibilities, Mr. Williams, is that you might be on unemployment like the rest of us, Jack. So enjoy your major roles while you have them, and you can play supporting roles later on—like when your career tumbles to a quick end. Per-

haps one day, you can appear underwater as fourth bubble in *The Lloyd Bridges Story*."

PLAYBOY: If you're through conversing with yourself, Robin, it sounds to us as if you intend to follow Woody Allen's example and jump into movies exclusively.

WILLIAMS: No, I'll always do live comedy, even if it should mean performing on the streets, with a little pig-nosed amp and a shitty microphone. And I'm not ruling out television, either. I'd like to come back and do something once in a while.

PLAYBOY: The Robin Williams special?

WILLIAMS: The Robin Williams mundane. A lot of my friends have been massacred trying comedy or variety TV specials. What happens is that you'll do a special and the network guys will put it on any time they need to fill an hour. They can really screw you up by televising the show before there's a chance to promote it. On top of that, most specials have a similar format—complete with guest stars—and they get *creamed* for having a similar format. It's going to be hard, but I'd like to find something to do that would be fun and totally free form. So TV's only a possibility, but there's no question about my continuing to work in clubs.

PLAYBOY: You said before that night-club

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work is therapeutic for you. In what way?

WILLIAMS: In a lot of ways. When I was doing *Mork & Mindy*, working the clubs was a way for me to keep my creative energies flowing without getting all flustered. It also provides the chance to explore other sides of myself. I have a piece about Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Williams, a comedian. Mr. Williams would end his act by saying, "Well, fuck you, Jack!" and then would walk offstage and go back to being himself. [Imitates Boris Karloff] "Thank you; is my coach ready yet? I have to go home now. What's that? I didn't really say fuck, did I? How strange. You must have me confused with someone else."

Club work also allows you to improvise. I've had two dreams come true: the chance to work with Jonathan Winters and the chance to improvise with Richard Pryor. We did two nights of improvising at The Comedy Store, and the energy we generated was incredible. Improvising with other people is real fragile stuff; sometimes you come up with a piece that's funny only for the moment, and then there are wonderful nights when you create a piece that can stand on its own anywhere, any time. It's like musicians jamming. Comedy jamming, I guess, would have to be called coming.

"What, is it good for you?"

Incidentally, is this good for me? I can already see the newspaper stories: "In an interview for *PLAYBOY*, Robin Williams talks about coming. . . ."

PLAYBOY: No, too rough for the family trade. Moving right along, Robin, we'd like to know why you want to stay active in virtually every phase of show business.

WILLIAMS: I just like keeping several things going at once. People see you on television in *Mork & Mindy* and get an idea of who you are, and then they see the same guy on Home Box Office using those strange words, and it shows them another dimension. I like changing profiles but not just for career reasons. I'm so hooked on improvising that I'd like to put together an ensemble group for TV or maybe do a record with some of my friends. Contact with live audiences is important to me, so I'm going to continue to fine-tune my act, and I'll probably go on tour later this year. As I've already told you, I want to continue acting in movies, and I hope to write some, too. But there's something else I'd like to do in movies, and it's a long way off: I directed one of the last episodes of *Mork & Mindy*, and eventually I'd like to direct my own movies.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're a successful

actor, of course you want to direct.

WILLIAMS: "Now that you play basketball, you'd like to coach, wouldn't you? C'mon, Missa Bradley, don't go into politics. New Jersey don't need you, Missa Bradley—we got Springsteen." Yes, I've always wanted to direct. My first film will be a very simple one, and to make it, I'll need only \$10,000,000. The film will be about a boy, his dog and his budget.

PLAYBOY: The studios will beat down your door. Let's get back to your work as a stand-up comic. Do you still get nervous when performing in clubs?

WILLIAMS: There's total fear every time you go on, and it doesn't matter whether you're playing in front of 20 people or 200 or 2000. You get the same feeling every time, and if you don't, you're fooling yourself. Before you go on, your body issues an order: "Jettison all excess baggage." Some people actually throw up before they perform, and others act like animals before a fight; they take a dump to get rid of anything that might possibly slow them down. At that point, the adrenaline shoots way up—there's a lot of initial banging up and down. After that, I get the yawns for a little bit, and then I'm up again and ready.

PLAYBOY: Would you think something pure were slipping away if you felt

more relaxed about performing?

WILLIAMS: Oh, no; being relaxed is wonderful, and I'm not saying that manic is good, either. When you're manic onstage, that's when you're desperate; and the faster you talk, the more you're afraid. The ultimate relaxation is when you're working and you're totally in control. You feel as if nothing can go wrong and stuff just comes out of nowhere—that's the joy of it. My wife, Valerie, once told me she thought it was good for me to go onstage at comedy clubs as long as I wasn't doing it to get stroked. Because you *can* go out there and play that game of "Hi, I'm Mr. Incredible—aren't I cute?" If you're not exploring and coming up with new things, then it becomes a massive jerk-off.

PLAYBOY: What's the latest routine you've developed in clubs?

WILLIAMS: Last week I walked into a store and bought a used red beret for a dollar, and the next night, I put it on at The Comedy Store and started doing a piece that I want to work on. [*Imitates a Hispanic tough*] "Hello, I am a Guardian Comedian. Jokes are dangerous things. Don't use them at home unless you have a premise and a punch line. Remember: Two Jews do not walk into a bar without a reason. If you are heckled, prepare to deal with the heckler. If his heckle works and you have no response, you are dead."

PLAYBOY: If we asked you to analyze your comedy, how would you do it?

WILLIAMS: The New Federalism of Humor. I don't know; I've never *tried* to describe what I do.

PLAYBOY: Try.

WILLIAMS: I've heard other people describe me as a comic genius. *I'll* settle for that—will you?

PLAYBOY: Try again.

WILLIAMS: Thanks a lot. The only answer that occurs to me—I'm being straight now—is that my comedy is like emotional hang gliding.

PLAYBOY: Fair enough. In terms of becoming a comedian, did it take you very long to learn how to hang glide?

WILLIAMS: Long enough. The first couple of pieces I did were what you might expect from a young comic. I had this thing about Lawrence Welk going, "Tank you, tank you. Now let's all get down and get fonky. The boys in the band will now play for you a luffly melody, *Chumping Chack Flash*. Play that fonky Muzak, white boys. Folks, I want you to know that efery one of the boys in the band is a real mother-fucker in his own right." The other piece I did when I started out was about a quarterback on acid who'd go up to the line of scrimmage and instead of calling signals would say, "Well,

like when the energy's right." In the beginning, you find yourself doing a lot of drug humor, and when you can't be funny, you can get some laughs by saying motherfucker a lot. One of the initial reviews I got tore me up, because it said I was a "scatological pubescent," and that was true. It hit me right on the nose. In the beginning, you're also imitating everybody you've ever seen—for me, it was touches of Winters and Pryor. But all of a sudden, you get to a point where you go, "Ah, I can be *me*. I can develop my own stuff." And you do.

PLAYBOY: Mort Sahl says that the current generation of young comedians specializes in very lightweight humor. Do you disagree?

WILLIAMS: Sure I do. Sahl raps all young comedians as being too namby-pamby, but he's wrong. He says they don't talk about anything but products and advertising, the reason being they don't have any guts or balls. Well, I think a lot of people are now doing political humor that's just as powerful as Sahl's and only half as bitter. Really, there's

*"I still think Nancy does
most of Reagan's talking;
you'll notice that she never
drinks water when
Ronnie speaks."*

been a *massive* resurgence of political humor, which is something we haven't had for a long time.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think it's happening now?

WILLIAMS: Probably because it's easy to pin-point Ronald Reagan on things like his being a former actor, his age, his tax cuts and even his hair. When Reagan was governor of California, Jonathan entertained at a dinner for him. He played Maude Frickert remembering Ronnie as a kid and said, "Even *then*, your hair was orange." Nancy's also in there for her share because of things like her dishes and the little gun she was packing. I still think Nancy does most of his talking; you'll notice that she *never* drinks water when Ronnie speaks. Reagan's also got some wonderful people in his Administration, starting with those Pentagon types and their designer cruise missiles. Of course, the French are going the Americans one better with their Michelin bomb: It destroys only restaurants under four stars. And then there's James Watt, the only Secretary of the Interior who's ever wanted to sell the interior.

PLAYBOY: Watt claims that much of what he's said has been misunderstood.

WILLIAMS: So does John McEnroe. "Mr. McEnroe, did you call the umpire an asshole?" "No, I said passing shot." Maybe we can get McEnroe's father working for the Government. "No, no: James Watt didn't really *mean* that he wants to lease the Grand Canyon to the oil companies."

PLAYBOY: Several observers of the current comedy scene believe your humor is a lot gentler than that of your contemporaries. Any reason that might be true?

WILLIAMS: Maybe it comes from the fact that I come from an upper-middle-class family; maybe slightly upper but not *that* much.

PLAYBOY: You and your family did live in a 30-room house on 20 acres, didn't you? Most people would define that as upper class.

WILLIAMS: Yes, but the house was rented, and we didn't heat all the rooms.

PLAYBOY: Once again, Robin, you have our sympathy.

WILLIAMS: And once again, you've nailed me. From the burden of doing major roles, I now have to re-evaluate growing up in a cold house in the suburbs of Detroit. "Daddy, Daddy, come upstairs—Biffy and Muffy aren't happy. We have only seven servants. All the other families have ten."

PLAYBOY: Were you popular with the other kids in the neighborhood?

WILLIAMS: There *were* no other kids in the neighborhood. There was nobody around to play with except the maid's son. Mom and Dad had each been married before, and they each had a child, but my half brothers, Todd and Loren, were a lot older than I and I didn't see them until I was around ten. Todd always extorted all my money. He'd come into my room and say he needed some beer money, and I'd say, "Oh, gosh, yes, take it *all*." My mother would get furious, because Todd would get into my piggy bank and walk out with \$40 worth of pennies.

PLAYBOY: Growing up alone in a 30-room house sounds as if it must have made for a very lonely childhood. Did it?

WILLIAMS: Yes, but I got started kind of early in floating and finding stuff to do. For instance, I made up my own little friends. [*In a child's voice*] "Can I come out and play?" "I don't know; I'll have to ask myself." We had a wonderful dog named Duke that would play hide-and-seek with me, and I could always find Duke, who thought that if he couldn't see me, I couldn't see *him*. Duke was dumb; I'd always spot—or hear—this big tail going *whop! whop! whop!* on the parquet floors. Pretty early on, I banished myself to the attic, where I had a huge army of toy soldiers. I must have

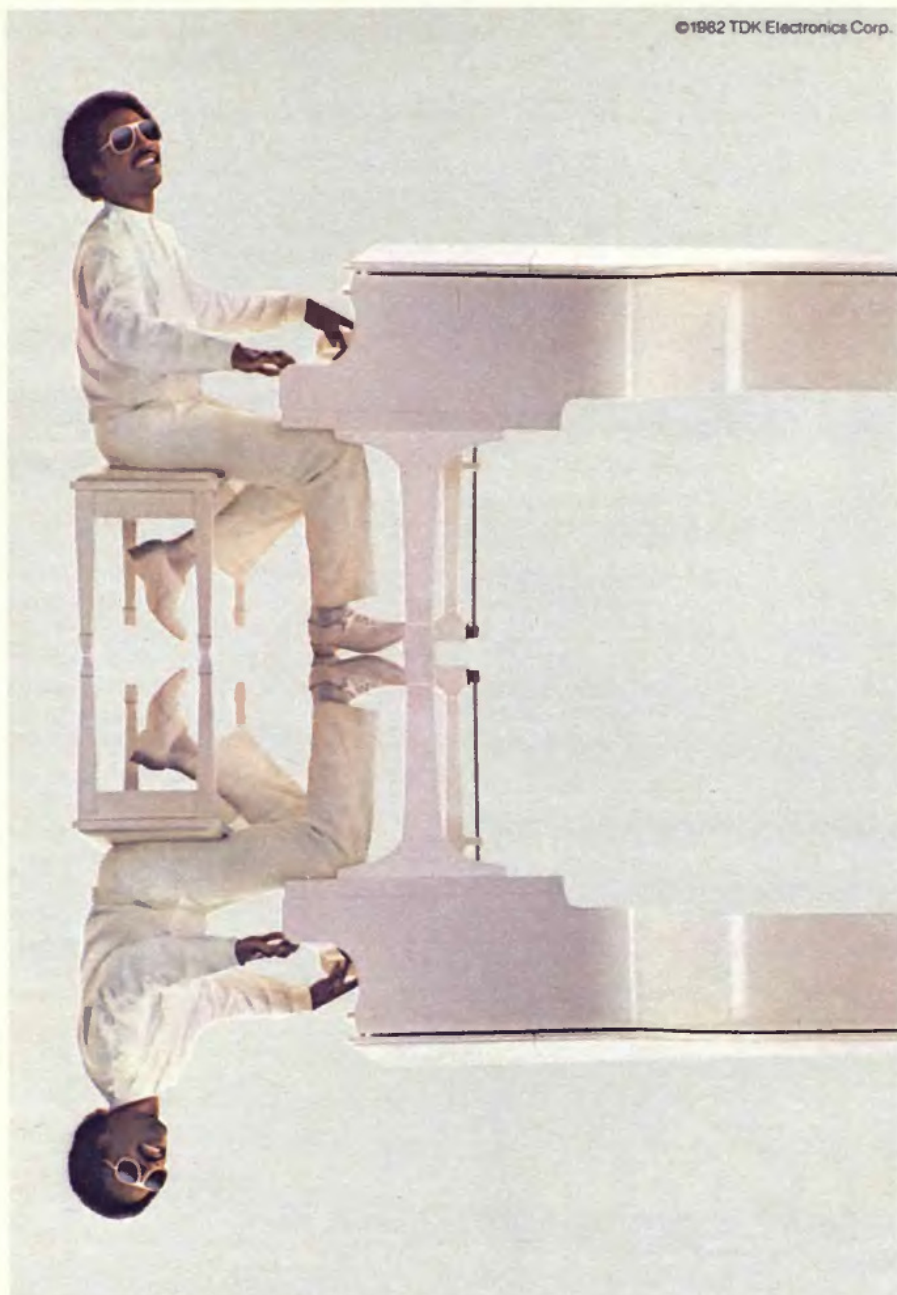


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had about 10,000 of them, and I had them separated by periods in boxes. I'd have time-machine battles, with Confederate soldiers fighting GIs with automatic weapons and knights fighting Nazis.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't seem quite fair to the knights.

WILLIAMS: We didn't care about *fair*; we needed a warm-water port. I'd throw all those soldiers into battle and build castles in the attic, and I always made Carl, my turtle, the king. Unfortunately, one day I flushed Carl down the toilet, because I wanted him to be free. I told Mother, "I let Carl go. He's *happy* now." Yeah, it was *real* lonely after Carl left.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents spend a lot of time with you?

WILLIAMS: Yes, and we've always been *very, very* close. Picture George Burns and Gracie Allen looking like Alistair Cooke and Audrey Hepburn and that's what my parents are like. Dad was a trouble shooter for Lincoln-Continental in the days when Lincolns were strong rivals to Cadillacs, and for a long time, we bounced back and forth from Detroit to Chicago. He has a very wry sense of humor, and Mom is always flying around, very bubbly and effervescent. Even when I was very young, she'd recite all these nasty poems to me. One of her best: "Spider crawling on the wall, / Ain't you got no sense at all? / Don't you know that wall's been plastered? / Get off that wall, you little spider." She thought that was great. Her favorite was a short one: "I love you in blue, / I love you in red, / But most of all, / I love you in blue." Mom also had an inexhaustible supply of jokes and stories. The one I remember most was a book supposedly written by a 19th Century English princess who was famous for throwing parties. The title of the book—Mom swears it's real—is *Balls I Have Held*.

PLAYBOY: Would it be fair to say that your mother gave you your start in show business?

WILLIAMS: I got her energy and funkified sense of humor, and I got a grounding thing from Dad. I never met my grandmother on Mom's side, but Mom says she was a great character who just *loved* to watch men wrestle. There's probably a lot of happy madness that's been passed down in the family, with characters from *Arsenic and Old Lace* all over the place.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall the first time you consciously performed?

WILLIAMS: Yes. I started telling jokes in the seventh grade as a way to keep from getting the shit kicked out of me. Mom and Dad had put me in public school, and most of the kids there were bigger than me and wanted to *prove* they were bigger by throwing me into walls. There

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were a lot of burly farm kids and sons of auto-plant workers there, and I'd come to school looking for new entrances and thinking, If only I could come in through the roof. They'd nail me as soon as I got through the door.

PLAYBOY: Why? Because you were a rich kid?

WILLIAMS: How could they know I was rich? Just because I'd say, "Hi, guys, any of you play lacrosse?" They thought lacrosse was what you find in *la* church. Because of Dad's job, we had to move, and I finished the seventh grade at a private school for boys, where I went from dealing with *shtarkers* to intellectual bullies. All these hyperintellectuals would really lay into me with lines like "That was a very *asinine* thing to say, Williams." I remember one kid was into heavy calculus in the seventh grade, and everyone else would go, "Wow, cross sections of a *cone*. Gee, Chris, I wish I could do that." That was one side; the other side was physical abuse. The real problem was that everybody was going through puberty or about to, which produces a lot of tensions. That, combined with going to an all-boys' school, gave us all a certain extended view of women for a while.

PLAYBOY: Was it tough to meet girls?

WILLIAMS: We'd have only brief contacts with them. They'd bring in a busload from an all-girls' school and dangle them in front of us at a dance. Then, just when you were asking, "Was that your tongue?" they'd pack the girls back up on the bus. I'd be chasing it, shouting, "Wait, come back—what are *those* things? What do you *use* them for?"

PLAYBOY: Did you get into a lot of trouble at school?

WILLIAMS: Just once. The school's motto was *Monsanto incorpori glorius maxima copia*, which in Latin means, "When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping." The faculty was dedicated to making sure we acquired poise, and one way to do it was to have us make speeches during lunch. One day, when I was in the ninth grade, I did a comedy speech and people liked it, but I told a Polish joke. When I sat down, I immediately found out from my friends that our big, heavy assistant headmaster was Polish. Before lunch was over, Mr. Kroski came up to me and said, "Williams, may we talk for a moment?" Yes, sir, Mr. Kroski, I sure must have lost my head.

PLAYBOY: What else do you remember about that period?

WILLIAMS: All my friends were Jewish, which is why I know so much Yiddish. I went to 14 *bar mitzvahs* in less than a year, and it was great. My friends made me an honorary Jew and used to tell people I went to services at Temple

Beth Dublin. Being an honorary Jew was a real challenge, but I knew I could master the art of guilt. That's about when I took up wrestling, too. After getting pushed around for a couple of years, in my first year of high school, I decided, Fuck it, I'll take control of this thing. So I did a lot of calisthenic work and got on the wrestling team.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good wrestler?

WILLIAMS: I was undefeated in my freshman year, but then I had to go to the state finals, where I was matched against some kid from upstate Michigan who looked like he was 23 and balding. I remember the guy asking me, "Are you a *grappler*?" Grappling is what you do when your opponent has twisted you up in such a way that you're about to bite your own balls. Really, parts of your body will be in places you never dreamed they could go, and you think about that when the inside of your knee somehow gets behind your *neck*. I dislocated my shoulder and had to quit during my sophomore year, but wrestling was fun for me. If you're a small guy, which I was—I competed at 103

*"Marin has the image of
people bobbing for
Quaaludes. Sausalito is now
all shops and hot-and-cold-
running quiche."*

pounds—wrestling finally gives you the chance to take out your aggressions on somebody your own size.

PLAYBOY: Did that put an end to your athletic career?

WILLIAMS: No, I was on the football team for a week. They put me at safety, and in my one and only scrimmage, the other squad ran every offensive play at me and over me. It was not easy for a 103-pound safety to stop a 200-pound running back. Toward the end of the practice, when the coach told me to get back in there, I asked him if he'd mind painting me white so that I could disguise myself as a yard marker.

After that, I played soccer, which was fun, because a little guy can dart in and out and not get creamed too bad. In those days, you didn't have soccer teams if you didn't have foreign-exchange students. We had an Abdul who didn't like too much contact, and if someone caught him with a flying tackle, he'd get up and say, "That's eet, I going now." He was an Egyptian playing on a team made up mainly of Jews, with a couple of goyim like me thrown in. Abdul and

I were friends, but there were days when he suspected that *everyone* was out to get him. "You, too, Thobbie," he once told me. "You pippie all trying *tockle* me." I said, "That's not true, Abdul. We just don't *pass* to you very often."

By the end of my junior year, I had my act together. I was a good student—a member of the *magna cum laude* society, in fact—and I was going to be president of the senior class. I was looking forward to a very straight existence and was planning to attend either a small college in the Midwest or, if I was lucky, an ivy-league school. But just before my senior year, my dad retired and we all drove out to our new home in Tiburon, California, just north of San Francisco in Marin County.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any expectations about life in California?

WILLIAMS: I had no idea what it was about, but the surprises started when we got near San Francisco and I saw this gray stuff rolling over the hills real *fast*. It was the first time I'd ever seen fog pouring in, and I thought it was poison gas. It scared the piss out of me.

PLAYBOY: Did Marin County's often-satirized lifestyle send you into deep cultural shock?

WILLIAMS: In terms of cultural shock, it probably would have been easier for me to move to Mexico. I had *total* cultural shock. Marin has the image of people bobbing for Quaaludes, but it wasn't quite to that stage when I got there. Sausalito, for example, is now all shops and hot-and-cold-running quiche, but in 1969, it was a lot less of a tourist town. I got a job at the Trident restaurant, which had the most beautiful waitresses in the world. They were also the *strangest* waitresses in the world. They wore spray-on two-piece macramé outfits that looked like a pair of socks. It was like, "Sonja, your *nipple's* hanging out." And she'd say, "I know; I'm trying to get tips." Girls literally had to audition for their jobs. They'd come in and get their pictures taken, and most of them were these lovely *mondo organo* earth princesses. They'd go up to a table and tell people, "Hello, I'm your waitress. How's your energy today? Our lunch special is the *Gestalt sushi*—we give you a live fish, and you take the responsibility for killing it."

In the Midwest, we knew about organic chemistry, but we'd never heard of organic food. The waitresses told me, "You come from the Midwest and give us cars; we give you avocado, alfalfa sprouts and wheat berries." The first time I tried organic wheat bread, I thought I was chewing on roofing material. A lot of customers at the Trident were on holistic diets and drank things like *mu* tea, which I thought came from a cow's

bowels. "Robin, you just don't understand; there's so much *energy* in *mu* tea and ginseng." I was sure ginseng was an ethnic thing: "Gin sing today?" "No, Juda sang, Gin's gon' sing tomorrow."

PLAYBOY: What was school like out there?

WILLIAMS: It was wonderful—and very, very *weird*. I went to Redwood High School, which had courses in 16mm film making and a lot of psychology-type classes. It was the height of the encounter period, and in a lot of classes, teachers would get everybody together for an energy hug. I remember one teacher would sometimes just stop what he was doing and then a few kids would start pounding out a beat and everybody would get up and dance around the room. There was also a black-studies department, even though there was only one black kid in the school—and he didn't want any part of it. He said, "I know I'm black, so just leave me the fuck alone and let me go to school. I don't have to be in no black-studies program."

It was incredible to go from a private all-boys' high school to a place where there were *Gestalt* history classes and where kids were always flying around on acid. The first time I walked into one of the bathrooms, a bunch of guys were in there, all spaced out. One kid took me aside and whispered, "Don't wake them." I didn't.

PLAYBOY: You obviously regarded your new classmates as wackos. How did they feel about you?

WILLIAMS: Well, at first, I still carried my briefcase, and guys would either ask, "Who's the geek?" or stare at me and say, "Wow, a briefcase—how *unmellow*. You're really creating negative energy." In the Midwest, if your classmates thought you were creating negative energy, you'd hear, "Yo!" followed by a right cross to the jaw. It took me a few weeks before I showed up at Redwood High without a tie on, and within a couple of months, I finally took the big step and went to school in jeans.

PLAYBOY: Why was that a big step?

WILLIAMS: At Detroit Country Day School, we always had to wear decent slacks and our school blazer, which was blue for the sea that brought us here and gold for the harps we hoped to find. Right after I started wearing jeans, somebody gave me my first Hawaiian shirt, and after that, I was *gone*; I got into a whole wild phase and I learned to totally let go. Among other things, I learned to say "For sure," which Californians pronounce *furshirr*.

PLAYBOY: Among other things, did you try drugs?

WILLIAMS: *Furshirr*. Before coming to California, I hadn't even known what grass looked like. One of the first times I

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smoked it was on an astrological scavenger hunt—people who had the same astrological sign would pile into a bus and they'd drive all over the county searching for things like lost mandalas. The only problem I had with grass was that it got me real sleepy, so I didn't get into it and never have. At the time, though, there was a more important reason I didn't want to smoke it. I was on the cross-country running team, and I thought it would be bad for me.

PLAYBOY: How did you think marijuana would harm you?

WILLIAMS: I thought that if I smoked grass, it would screw up my endurance. My hero then was Frank Shorter, who later won the Olympic marathon, and I grew a mustache so that I could look like him. Shorter's running mate was a guy named Jack Bachelor, and I and a teammate named Phil Russell used to fantasize that we were Frank and Jack. Our cross-country team would run up and down those beautiful Northern California hills, and I remember going up a steep trail high on Mount Tamalpais and coming to the edge of it—and there, below us, was the fog sitting on Stinson Beach. That gave me a beautiful Zenlike feeling of *satori*, and I ran right down into the ocean. The other guys warned me not to go into the water, but it was too beautiful to resist. The moment I jumped in, both legs went out on me. It was like my body's saying, "You use me so hard for an hour and then you do *this* to me? How's about if I cramp up both your legs and make your testicles disappear right up through your scrotum? Think you'll remember not to jump in the water *next* time?"

Not long after that, by the way, somebody interviewed a runner who'd just won a major cross-country event and asked him what he used for training. The guy said, "Oh, about a lid."

PLAYBOY: Did that cause you to change your training habits?

WILLIAMS: I got stoned only once on a training run. I remember we came over a hill and there, in the middle of the trail, was this strange thing—a turkey vulture. Marin has a lot of them, and I thought, Well, it'll just move aside. But when I got close, it went *hssssss* and spread its wings, and I turned to the rest of the guys and said, "Oh, Jesus, I *knew* this would happen if I got stoned. I can't deal with it!"

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have a full-fledged freak-out on drugs?

WILLIAMS: Just before graduation, a friend gave me peyote without telling me what it was. I said, "Why is this mushroom so *mangy*?" and he said, "Don't worry about it." A little while later, I could see that he was having some problems. I said, "Gosh, your face is turning into Silly

Putty, and why is your *head* expanding? Your *eyes* are moving now—why do you have one eye on your chin? Uh-oh, your face is starting to *melt*."

The closest I came, I guess, was three years ago, at the Bread and Roses music festival in Berkeley. During a performance, somebody gave me some cookies that would supposedly give me a buzz. I hadn't had anything to eat that day, so I thought it would probably be OK to eat half a cookie. It wasn't. A few hours later, I was sitting at a pool, and all of a sudden it became difficult for me to breathe and I couldn't move. Some little kids came over and asked for an autograph, but I wasn't even able to sign my name—I couldn't do *anything*. Some people get very vivacious and outgoing on drugs; I just get debilitated.

PLAYBOY: So you're telling us that despite all the dope references and the rumors, you've never really gotten into drugs?

WILLIAMS: No, never. And I never will. I mean, somebody once gave me a Valium and it stayed in my blood for a couple of days. I was like [*shakes his head, out of it*]. Most times, anything I try, I have

*"Some people get very
vivacious and outgoing on
drugs; I just get
debilitated."*

the opposite reaction to what I'm supposed to have.

PLAYBOY: Does that include cocaine? Instead of speeding you up, it makes you nod out?

WILLIAMS: Yeah, I get passive and just hold back. Most people get talkative; I don't say anything to anybody. It's always weird, because I don't have regular reactions to any of those things. I don't like doing any of the heavies, because normally my energy is just up when I'm performing.

PLAYBOY: At a *Mork & Mindy* taping we attended, a couple of teenagers in the audience asked you how many lines you do every morning. Presumably, they meant cocaine or, possibly, speed. Did that surprise you?

WILLIAMS: No, because if you've got energy, that's their assumption: "Good God, he's got all this energy; what's he really doing? You doing *speed*, man?" They assume you gotta be doing that shit and that it goes with the territory.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't? On a *Tonight Show* some time back, you told Johnny Carson—

WILLIAMS: That cocaine is God's way of

saying you're making too much money. Just kidding. That was part of a bit I used to do about those great reasons to buy cocaine: severe impotence and paranoia. [*Imitates an L.A. swinger*] "Hi, honey, Mr. Wonderful's here." [*In a woman's voice*] "Come on, I'm waiting." "I'll be with you in a second. [*Angrily addresses his penis*] Come on, damn it!" No, the best drug in the world for me is performing.

PLAYBOY: What's the high like?

WILLIAMS: Imagine sex in a time warp. [*Sings in a high-pitched voice*] "Oooh, oooh, I'm coming. Over a period of hours." When it works, there's nothing better. When it doesn't, there's nothing more horrible and painful. You get the sweats, you get furious and sadness sets in.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you performed Saturday night?

[On the day after John Belushi's death, Williams spent the afternoon being interviewed by **PLAYBOY**. That night, the **PLAYBOY** interviewer met him at The Comedy Store in Hollywood where Williams put in a surprise 45-minute appearance.]

WILLIAMS: It was good, but there was a strange mood in the air. It was just kind of up and down.

PLAYBOY: It seemed strange to us that none of you comedians mentioned Belushi's death.

WILLIAMS: No one will; I don't want to for a long time. It's too personal. No one would, out of respect and kindness. I think it'll be a long time before anybody really puts it together. That's why I couldn't talk about it and probably won't for a long, long, long time. Maybe I never will. We were all feeling the same thing, but we didn't want to talk about it—so as not to open up a can of worms for somebody. You know, there were a lot of reporters there.

[Subsequent to that exchange, rumors surfaced that Williams and actor Robert De Niro, a close friend, had met with Belushi several hours before he died of an overdose. In June, Catherine Evelyn Smith, the woman who had spent Belushi's last evening with him, said in the *National Enquirer* that she had given Belushi a fatal injection of heroin and cocaine. She also claimed that Williams and De Niro had shared cocaine with Belushi that night. **PLAYBOY** set up a final interview session to discuss the rumors and Smith's allegations, but three days before Williams was to meet with **PLAYBOY**, the Los Angeles district attorney's office announced that it was reopening its investigation of Belushi's death. At that point, Williams' lawyers counseled him not to comment further on the matter until the district attorney's

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investigation was completed. Williams took their advice.]

PLAYBOY: Let's talk of lighter things, Robin. Before we began discussing drugs, you were telling us how alien California seemed when you moved there. Was there anything about the state that *didn't* strike you as bizarre?

WILLIAMS: Yes, the women. As far as any war between the sexes, California girls were all for disarmament and wanted the boys to drop their weapons immediately. In Michigan, everybody was still observing the native courting rituals of the North American Caucasian: the parking of the car, the meeting of the mate's parents, the admiring of the father's shotgun collection and stuffed rabbit heads. I think my last vestige of my Midwestern upbringing was my choice of a career: When I graduated from high school, I went down to Claremont Men's College, because I knew that it specialized in political science and I was determined to become a foreign-service officer. One of the eight freshman courses I signed up for was an elective in theater, and after my first day in class, I was hooked. The school's theater seated about 80 people, and we formed an improv group called The Synergy Trust and filled the place every Friday night. I'd never had so much fun in my life, which was probably why I didn't show up for any of my other classes. When finals came around at the end of the year, one professor said, "Who is this man?" Another professor commented, "If I *knew* who he was, I could give him a failing grade." I don't claim to have total recall, but I can still quote the entire essay I handed in for my macroeconomics final: "I really don't know, sir." The following year, I was back up North, studying theater at Marin Junior College.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any regrets about your premature retirement from the foreign service?

WILLIAMS: No, and if I'd gone through with it, I probably would've ended up as a hostage somewhere, preferably inside the Belgian Embassy, with a crowd outside refusing to let me go until we shipped them more Brie.

Meanwhile, I'd made a conscious decision to become an actor, and Marin J.C. had a superb theater department. The school's auditorium housed a replica of the old Globe Theater stage, and we performed Shakespearean plays there.

PLAYBOY: What did your parents think of all that?

WILLIAMS: Dad said to have an alternative career waiting in the wings and recommended welding. Mom said, "Your grandmother would be very proud" and wished me good luck. I *had* good luck

that year, mostly because I fell in love with the ultimate California girl. She was blonde, Bambiesque and *very, very* gentle.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between a California girl and a Michigan girl?

WILLIAMS: A handgun. That girl was my first great infatuation. I remember running home and saying, "Momma, Momma, look; I'm writing *poetry*." Mom said, "Let me see some of it. Hmm, it doesn't rhyme." I said, "I know, Mother. It's free form, like the ebb and flow of the sea." Mom told me that was a very shabby simile and offered me the use of her car. "I don't need it, Mother. My heart has wings—I can *fly* to her house." Mom just looked at me and said, "I know, son, I know." Anyway, I was at the junior college for two and a half years, and I was also studying with The Committee in San Francisco. I did a lot of acting during that period, but I knew that if I stayed in San Francisco, all I could look forward to was becoming a big fish in a little tide pool. It was time to kick forward and go on to the next level. I'd heard that Juilliard had just

"New York appealed to me because I'd been in danger of becoming terminally mellow, and it peeled away that layer very quickly."

started its acting school, and that sounded good to me, because it was in New York. I had visions of Broadway in my mind, so I auditioned for a scholarship.

PLAYBOY: Was the audition held in New York?

WILLIAMS: No, in San Francisco. Juilliard holds auditions in every major city and in some minor ones, too. You know, of course, that they have theatrical recruiters out beating the bushes for talent. Alumni will tell them about an Othello down in Georgia, an Iago they saw in Iowa; and sometimes, they'll bend the rules and redshirt a couple of Prosperos and maybe a foreign-exchange student from Denmark, whom they'll bring in for only one play, *Hamlet*.

When I went to audition, they were seeing about 50 people a day, and when they got to me, I did a speech Malvolio makes in *Twelfth Night* and Leper Lepellier's slip-out scene from the novel *A Separate Peace*. Next thing I knew, I was in New York.

PLAYBOY: Was that a heavy adjustment for you to make?

WILLIAMS: I was the walking epitome of *furshirr* meets yo' ass. On my first day in New York, I went to school dressed like a typical California kid: I wore tie-up yoga pants and a Hawaiian shirt, and I kept stepping in dog shit with my thongs. My first week there, I was in a bus going uptown to see an apartment when an old man two seats in front of me suddenly collapsed and died. He slumped over against a woman sitting next to him, and she said, "Get off me!" and moved away. Somebody told the driver what had happened, so he stopped the bus and ordered everybody off, but I wanted to stay and *help*. The driver told me, "He's *dead*, motherfucker, now get off! You can't do *shit* for him, so take your raggedy California ass and get outa my bus!" I knew that living in New York was certainly going to be *different*.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult as well?

WILLIAMS: Not really. New York appealed to me because I'd been in danger of becoming terminally mellow, and it peeled away that layer very quickly. I'd be walking down the street and six Puerto Rican drag queens would go, "What you doin' here, baby? Want to go upstairs, *muchacho*?" New York forces you to toughen up, but I never got to the New York blinders stage, which is when you always look straight ahead, even if someone's getting mugged ten feet away. I got there in September of '73; one of the first things I learned was the Brooklyn alphabet: fuckin' A, fuckin' B, fuckin' C. . . .

PLAYBOY: Were Juilliard's teaching techniques vastly different from those of the colleges you'd attended?

WILLIAMS: Yes, they really were. In the other places, you'd do scenes and then discuss them, but at Juilliard, we worked on all the skills needed by an actor. It's a little like the Army; they break you down and then they build you back up. In my first few days at school, I learned that I didn't project out, that I talked too fast and that I swallowed my words. One of the first things I tried in class was a religious monolog Dudley Moore had done in *Beyond the Fringe*. I thought I did fine, but my teacher, a man named Michael Conn, hated it so much that he said, "You have two choices: Come back and do it again or give up any thoughts you have about an acting career." He really was furious with me, and it was because I'd only imitated what I'd heard and hadn't tried to find new things that would make the piece *mine*.

PLAYBOY: Did that shake you up?

WILLIAMS: It did, but that's what it was supposed to do—they wanted to reorient you and get you out of easy patterns. A lot of teachers were intense, including a



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New Yorker named Gene Loesser, who'd stop you in the middle of a reading and shout, "What the fuck do you think you're *doing*?" What we were doing was working our asses off; between all the acting, speech, movement and even fencing classes, we'd be at Juilliard from eight in the morning till nine or ten o'clock at night. In the same way that the Juilliard School of Music didn't acknowledge jazz or pop, the acting school emphasized the classical approach. John Houseman, who was principal of the acting school, gave a speech one day in which he said [*imitates Houseman*], "The theater *needs* you. Don't be tempted by television or the movies. The theater needs new plasma, new blood." And then, a week later, we saw him in a Volvo commercial.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any run-ins with Houseman?

WILLIAMS: He talked to me once when I was blowing a literature course. In a very elegant way, Houseman told me to pull it together. That wasn't easy. Me and Chris Reeve had come in together as advanced students—Chris had gone to Cornell—and we had to catch up to the other students who'd been at Juilliard for a year. Chris lived about five blocks away, and we used to go up to the roof of his apartment building and drink cheap wine and talk about present and lost loves. Except for my friendship with brother Reeve, that first year was rough, especially at Christmastime. I couldn't afford to go back to California for the holiday, and it was the first cold, cold winter I'd experienced in many years—and New York seemed unbearably bleak and lonely. One day, I just started sobbing and couldn't stop, and when I ran out of tears my body kept going; it was like having emotional dry heaves. I went through two days like that and finally hit rock bottom and realized I had a choice: I could either tube out or level off and relax. At that point, I became like a submarine on the bottom that blows out some ballast and gets back up again. [*Imitating Georgie Jessel*] "Yes, I'm glad you asked. Once in a while, it's *good* to have a nervous breakdown. A little emotional house cleaning never hurt anybody."

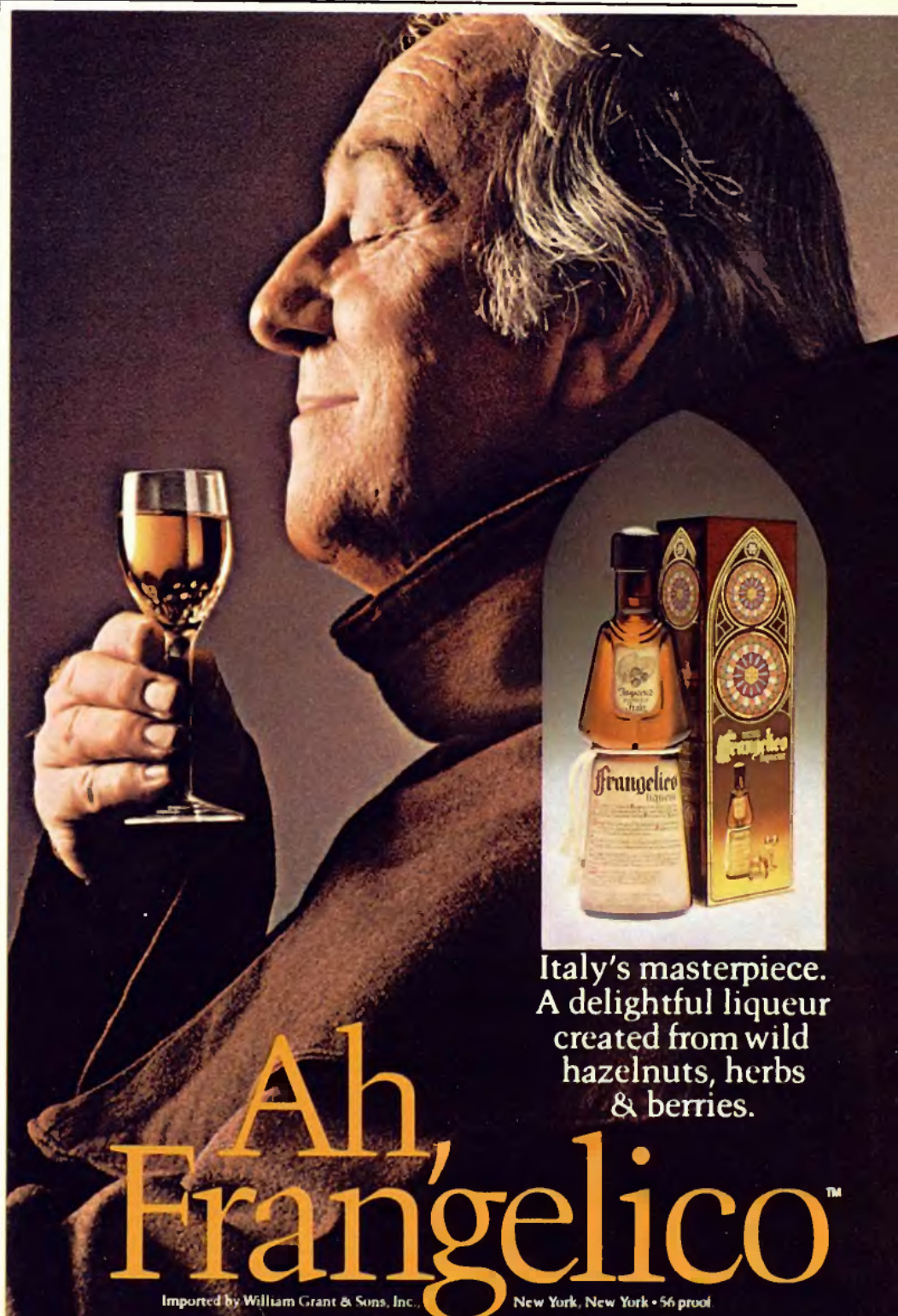
Once all my anxieties were behind me, the rest of that year was easy, and the following year was even better, mostly because of a girl I'd met who'd recently come to New York from California. She was a free spirit who thought nothing about walking through tough neighborhoods wearing white lace gowns. I told her that if she kept it up, she'd get killed, and she said, "No, my aura will defend me." Her *aura*? I said, "Your aura's not gonna do shit against a straight razor." I was wrong. She'd

blithely walk down the most dangerous streets in Manhattan and guys would stop her and say, "Hey, what's happenin', dear?" or "Yo, you lookin' good *today*, baby." Her best defense was not having one. We had a very wonderful time, and then I went back to California for the summer—and *really* fell in love. That was a transformation point in my life.

PLAYBOY: How so?

WILLIAMS: Well, it began with my not wanting to leave my girlfriend. When I came back to Juilliard in the fall, Chris had left to do a soap opera, and the

amount of actual training I got dropped off: Juilliard used third-year students to perform shows on the road. We'd go to the Bronx and play at tough high schools and then we'd go to very elegant places upstate where the audiences were straight out of *Night of the Living Lacoste*. I really *missed* my lady friend, and I began running up \$400-a-month telephone bills—and at the time, I was having trouble just making the rent. The tension of a long-distance romance was such a drain that before spring came, I dropped out of Juilliard and went back to San Francisco. As soon as



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I got back, I realized why I had left: I was at an impasse there, and it was time to take another step forward.

PLAYBOY: What did you have in mind?

WILLIAMS: I wasn't sure, but I knew I'd reached the end of the line at Juilliard. When I got back to San Francisco, the girl and I lived together for about a month and then it just fell apart. I went into a massive depression, and when I wasn't accepted by the couple of San Francisco theater companies that actually pay their actors, I joined a comedy workshop. It didn't take me long to put together my first stand-up routine, and the guy who ran the workshop, Frank Kidder, had us perform on weekends at a place called The Intersection on Union Street. It was a former religious coffeehouse, and before we went on, there'd be poetry readings. I liked the feminist poets best. I remember one poem that really plucked at my heart-strings:

Man.

With your big penis.

Big-prick violence, smashing windows.

Do you only want to come?

Can't we go somewhere?

PLAYBOY: Did you put your acting career on hold at that point?

WILLIAMS: Yeah, I did that immediately. Comedy had always been an outlet for me, but I'd always treated it as a guerrilla activity. It became primary for two reasons: It was a form of therapy that helped me get over the relationship, and it also allowed me to support myself for the first time. I'd do \$25-a-night gigs and I'd actually make enough to pay my \$100-a-month rent. I was self-sustaining, and I could say, "No, Pop, I don't need that check, but thanks." I played a lot of tiny clubs, like The Holy City Zoo in San Francisco—I met Valerie there—and the Salamander in Berkeley, which was a very strange place. One night, the guy who ran the Salamander shot a customer just because the man had asked for change.

It happened pretty quickly for me after that. Before long, I was getting good time slots at bigger clubs and I started making decent money. When Valerie and I had been together for about six months, it was time to take the next step and join the great migration south.

PLAYBOY: To Los Angeles?

WILLIAMS: Right. San Francisco comedians were finding work down there, and a couple of them had gotten on *The Merv Griffin Show*. I pulled up roots then and convinced Valerie to come with me even though it was going to be tough for her. Valerie is a modern-dance teacher, and there isn't too much of a call for that in Los Angeles. I mean, Twyla Tharp

doesn't choreograph The June Taylor Dancers. Valerie went with me, though, and a few days after we got there, I auditioned at The Comedy Store and was hired for \$200 a week. After that, I worked the Improv and other clubs, and after about six months in L.A., George Schlatter saw me at The Comedy Store and hired me for *Laugh-In*. I went into that show with *such* heavy illusions.

PLAYBOY: What were they?

WILLIAMS: I thought that I'd made it into the big time and that I'd have a big house and everything else that goes with being on a hit TV show. Unfortunately, doing a remake of a show that was one of the milestones of TV was a little like doing *Jaws VI*: How are you going to top the original? Are you gonna have the shark come up on land and gum people to death? *Laugh-In* sure sobered my ass up. The show lasted 14 weeks, and most of the time, I played a red-neck or a Russian. My best line: Frank Sinatra was on *Laugh-In* one week, and I went up to him and said, "Mr. Sinatra, I'm so happy to meet you I could drop a

*"Sometimes I think I might
wind up like that old
sleaze-bag character I do,
sitting in a bar saying,
'Remember me? I did a lot
of good stuff in my time.'"*

log." I was afraid they'd want to fire me and that I'd have to explain that I'd never meant to upset Uncle Frank. Thank God, he laughed.

PLAYBOY: Before *Laugh-In* went off the air, you were hired as a regular on *The Richard Pryor Show*. Why didn't that series make it?

WILLIAMS: Richard got nailed by the network censors in the opening shot of the first show, and that was the beginning of his frustration with TV. It was sad, because he went into it with so much hope. I don't know if you remember this, but the first show was supposed to open with a close-up of him saying, "I'm on TV—me, Richard Pryor—and I didn't have to give up a thing." Then they were going to pan down on him and he'd be nude until the camera got below his waist, and after that, he'd have nothing down there—sort of like a Barbie doll. Well, that shot was shown on every newscast at all hours of the day, and they had big photos of it in *The New York Times*—but NBC cut it out of the show. After six or seven weeks, he was so dis-

appointed that he'd just do his old nightclub act as his monolog; they'd run film on him for 45 minutes, and after the broadcast-standards people got through editing it, they could use maybe three minutes.

In spite of all that, we had some great times on the show. In one sketch, I played a liberal white Southern lawyer defending a black man charged with raping a girl who was a steaming hunk of white trash. I had a couple of ideas for lines and I wasn't sure if I should do them, but Richard said, "Just go for it," so I did. At one point in the trial I got up and told the jury, "Negro—what a wonderful word. Say it with me: Negro. From the Latin *negora*, meaning 'to tote.'" Then, when Richard was on the witness stand, I asked him, "Who taught you the meaning of *doo-dah*?"

That was the first chance I ever had to uncork on TV, and it didn't happen again until I got the part of Mork on a *Happy Days* episode. When I auditioned for it, I made every bizarre noise and gesture I could think of, and the director, Jerry Paris, hired me and pretty much let me play it the way I wanted to. The show got some positive feedback, and for whatever reason, ABC decided to use the Mork character in a spin-off series.

PLAYBOY: Two weeks after *Mork & Mindy* went on the air, it became one of TV's top-rated series; and since then, you really *have* been in the big time. Do you ever worry that your career might suddenly collapse as abruptly as it took off?

WILLIAMS: I've thought about that, sure. Sometimes I think I might wind up like that old sleaze-bag character I do, sitting in a bar on Pico Boulevard and saying, "Remember me? I did a lot of good stuff in my time." The other extreme is that I wind up like Reagan, saying, "Valerie and I are happy to be in the White House. I'm glad I've succeeded Monty Hall as President, and I'll try to keep *Let's Make a Détente* an active part of our international policy. Next week, I'll be introducing my *Gestalt* tax plan: You can pay what you want but only if it feels good."


PLAYBOY: How do you think your future will turn out?

WILLIAMS: I have no idea, but I'll settle for Valerie and me living on our ranch in Napa and one day passing on the things I've learned to a child of ours, who'll sit there saying, "Really, Daddy, I saw *Popeye* yesterday—did you *have* to squint?" As far as being an actor or a comedian, I'll always perform, because show business is in my blood. Or maybe it's in my feet. Wherever it is, I don't think I'll ever stop.





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fiction

By **JAMES MICHENER**

*it was the final apollo mission. three men
were on their way to the far side of the moon*

SPACE

THE THREE ASTRONAUTS went to bed early on the night of April 22, 1973. On April 23, they were wakened for breakfast at 0400, and Deke Slayton, with five other NASA officials, was surprised when Major Randy Claggett lifted his glass of orange juice and toasted: "To William Shakespeare, whose birthday we celebrate with a mighty bang." Claggett, the ex-football hero, profane, tough and make-believe illiterate, was always full of surprises.

Slayton helped the three dress and accompanied them to Complex 39, where a score of searchlights played on the waiting rocket and nearly 1,000,000 spectators gathered in the predawn to watch the flight.

Despite NASA's unhappiness with the inaccurate description "expedition to the dark side of the moon," that had become the popular designation, and more than 3000 newsmen and -women waited in and around the grandstand erected on the far side of the protective lagoons, five miles distant. Automatic cameras, emplaced in bunkers around the com-

plex, would ensure excellent shots of the historic moment.

By elevator, the astronauts rode 340 feet into the air, walked across a bridge to the White Room and, with hardly a pause, proceeded directly to the command module Altair. Without ceremony, Flight Commander Claggett eased himself into the left-hand seat, and while he adjusted his bulky suit, Dr. Paul Linley awaited his turn, assuring Slayton, who had picked him for this flight, that he would surely bring back rock samples that would answer some of the questions about the moon's structure and, perhaps, its origin. Linley, a civilian geologist from the University of New Mexico, would be the first scientist—and the first black man—to walk on the moon. He slipped into the right-hand seat, after which Command Module Pilot John Pope eased himself into the one in the middle.

When the men were finally in place, strapped flat on their backs to the seats especially molded to their forms, the critical moment of the countdown



SPACE

arrived. At 00-00-00, there was a blinding flash of fire and the ground trembled as 28,000 gallons of water per second gushed forth to quench the flames and another 17,000 gallons protected the skin of the machine. From that deluge, the rocket began to rise.

Inside the capsule, the three astronauts barely felt the lift-off. Linley, who had not flown before, said, "Instruments say we're off," and Pope, busy with check sheets, tapped the geologist on the arm and nodded.

At that moment, when it was assured that Apollo 18 would be successfully airborne, control passed from Cape Canaveral, whose engineers had done their job, to Houston, where Mission Control had hundreds of experts prepared to feed information and instructions into the system:

HOUSTON: All systems go.

APOLLO: We're getting ready for jettison.

In less than three minutes, the huge stage one had discharged its obligation,

lifting the entire burden of 6,300,000 pounds eight miles straight up. So Claggett watched as automatic switches—he had more than 600 above and about him—blew stage one away, allowing it to fall harmlessly into the Atlantic some miles offshore. With satisfaction, Pope noted that all events so far had adhered to his schedule.

The first moments of flight were extremely gentle, no more than a *g* and a half developing, but when Claggett ignited the five powerful engines of stage two, the rocket seemed to leap upward from an altitude of a mere eight miles to a majestic 112 and to a velocity of more than 15,000 miles an hour. The flight was on its way.

Then Claggett jettisoned stage two, with its five massive engines, and Apollo 18 was powered by only the single strong engine in stage three, the one that would be burned once to insert the vehicle into orbit around Earth and once more to thrust Apollo into its course to the moon, after which it, too, would be discarded. But, of course, the



system as a whole would still have the smaller engines in the modules, and after stage three had been jettisoned, about three hours into the flight, those smaller rockets would take control until the landing capsule returned to Earth.

Now it would be a slow, methodical, totally supervised trip that Apollo would engage in for the next 60 hours. Claggett would play country music on his tape machine, Pope the symphonies of Beethoven when it came his turn. Linley monitored communications with Houston and took note of the N.C.A.A. basketball scores. On the second night, to coincide with prime-time television in the States, Linley activated the Altair's television camera and relayed to Earth a 50-minute program depicting life aboard the spacecraft.

The next day, as the moon loomed ahead, enormous in their small windows, they could identify areas where the earlier Apollos had landed, and they felt momentary remorse that they were not headed for any of the sites they had memorized as beginning astronauts. But when they swung around the edge of the moon and saw for the first time the strange and marvelous mountains awaiting them, they gasped with delight.

Flight plan called for them to make many orbits of the moon before actually descending, and in that waiting period, they talked with Hickory Lee in Houston:

HOUSTON: Could you see any signs of previous landings?

APOLLO: None. And we really searched.

HOUSTON: That's hard to believe. When you drop to lower orbit, of course. . . .

APOLLO: Our landing spot is in darkness now, but what we can see of the lighted area looks reassuring. Totally different from the Earth side. Many, many more craters.

HOUSTON: We want you to make four sunlight passes.

APOLLO: You can be sure we want to.

HOUSTON: Any glitches?

APOLLO: None whatever. Fingers crossed, but this has been a perfect mission so far.

There was a glitch. High in the clear air of the Rockies, astronomer Sam Cottage monitored the sun at the Sun Study Center in Boulder, Colorado, on the morning after lift-off and saw with interest that a sunspot big enough to see with the naked eye might be developing. His summary that day informed the world and the NASA scientists:

Region 419 produced several sub-flares. New spots are appearing in white light. Region exhibiting

mixed polarities. Geomagnetic field likely to remain unsettled. Region likely to produce moderate flares.

But on the next day, as the astronauts were preparing their approach to the moon, Region 419 subsided dramatically.

However, Cottage could not sleep, and during the hours when Claggett and Linley were preparing their descent to the moon, he was alone in his workroom, reviewing the data. The more mathematics he applied to what was before him, the more apparent it became that if his theories were correct, Region 419 must soon erupt as a major flare.

He had nothing to work on except his correlations, but in the morning he carried them to the manager and said, "Statistically, everything would balance out if Four-nineteen did go bang."

"We're not gypsies telling fortunes."

"All right, disregard my figures. What do you think?"

"It's a troublesome region, but damn it, we don't have enough here to warrant an alert." And none was issued.

But on April 26, as the two astronauts were making their final preparations for a descent to the moon, Sam Cottage did not leave his watching post for lunch. A routine event was occurring on the sun that, though it involved no specific danger, did produce a period of maximum risk to the two men who would be walking on the moon. Region 419 was moving from the eastern half of the sun's visible surface to the western, and that made it triply threatening. First, because of solar rotation, the paths followed by energetic atomic particles thrown out by the sun are curved, so that those originating on the western half are more directly channeled toward Earth and the moon. Second, the travel time for deadly particles originating on the western half is much shorter than those coming from the eastern. Third, solar-flare particles reaching Earth or the moon from the western side are more energetic than those from the east.

The most threatening single position for a flare is 20 to 45 degrees west of the sun's central meridian, and that was the ominous area into which Region 419 now entered.

About the time that Sam Cottage was monitoring Region 419, Claggett and Linley were slipping through the chute that carried them into Landing Module Luna. After they had satisfied themselves that everything was in readiness, they signaled Pope that he could cast them loose, but he was so busy verifying the check lists that governed his solitary command of the capsule that he asked for more time: "I've got three more pages. I want this place to be locked up when you pull away."

"We want it, too," Claggett said over the intercom. "Something to come home to."

At the conclusion of his meticulous checking, Pope cried, "Randy, it's everything go. Contact Houston." So the word was given; the computers aloft and their mates in Houston concurred; and the Luna broke away to start its descent.

As the sun began to illuminate regions farther and farther into the hemisphere, Claggett and Linley could see a moon far different from the Earth side they had once studied so assiduously. Here there were no vast seas, no multitude of smooth-centered craters, no rills leading out in tantalizing patterns. This was a brutish moon composed of great mountain ranges, valleys perilously deep. The Earth side had been known for 20,000 years and mapped for 300. Grammar school children could make themselves familiar with their own side, but only scientists studying the Russian and American photographs could say that they knew much about Luna's chosen landing spot.

Skillfully, Claggett brought the lander right down the middle of the corridor—enough sun to throw shadows that identified every hillock—and as the long, delicate probes that dangled from the bottom of the landing pads reached down to touch the moon and alert the astronauts to turn off their power, lest they fly too hard onto the rocky soil, the final conversation with Houston took place:

LUNA: Everything as ordered. God, this is different.

HOUSTON: We read perfection. Soon now.

LUNA: No signals from the probes. Could they be malfunctioning?

HOUSTON: You're still well above the probe level. All's well.

LUNA: [Claggett speaking] Too busy to talk now. Drifting to left. Too much.

LUNA: [Linley speaking] No strain. Straighten up; dead ahead, I see it.

LUNA: [Claggett speaking] I can't see a damned thing. We're tilted.

LUNA: [Linley speaking] You are tilted. Left. Five degrees.

LUNA: [Claggett speaking] I thought I was. There, that's better. Houston, I see now. All is copacetic.

LUNA: [Linley speaking] Perfect landing.

HOUSTON: Great job.

As gently as if he had been parking a large car at a supermarket, Claggett had brought the Luna to rest at the extreme far edge of the sun's rays. Ahead lay darkness, soon to be dazzling sunlight; behind lay the areas that had been bathed in sunlight but would later pass

(continued on page 136)



"This is all very well for you Roman soldiers, but what we Sabine women really need is a children's day-care center!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

We photographed Hiroko Watanobe (right) in the garden of the Royal Hotel in Osaka. The setting is typical of the Japanese respect for artifice: The waterfall is man-made. On the other side is a parking lot. Hiroko brought her own clothes to the shooting. The ceremonial kimono that she chose to wear took three assistants two hours to assemble. It was worth the wait.



*on an expedition
to the mysterious east,
a playboy photo crew discovers
that oriental women
display disorienting beauty*

THE GIRLS OF JAPAN







FACE IT, reader-san. Ever since you read *Shōgun*, you've wondered if Mariko were a figment of James Clavell's imagination. Do such women really exist? Images of the tea ceremony, of courage, of grace, of sexual cleverness, the combination of shyness and incredible technique lurk on the edges of your private erotic movies. Last October, we sent our own team of barbarians to the Land of the Rising Sun. Not since Anjin-san was tossed upon those alien shores had there been such a collision of cultures. Associate Photo Editor Jeff Cohen, Staff Photographer Richard Fegley and stylist Jane Friedman had one goal: to scout out the beauties of

Mayako Murata (above) is an aspiring actress. We caught her between takes of a samurai epic, reclining in a one-acre rice paddy in metropolitan Kyoto. Natsuko Kann (above right) is a graduate student at the Tokyo University of Art and Design. When not perfecting her craft as a painter, she travels or does modeling for the Japanese edition of *PLAYBOY*.

Michiko Yazawa (near right) is a Bunny at the Playboy Club of Tokyo. She has studied the classic Japanese art of flower arranging and handicrafts. She hopes someday to open a flower shop. Yuki Ogura (far right) graduated from Tokyo Gakugei University. Now she is a schoolteacher whose hobbies include "driving, studying Buddhist statues, skiing."







Tattoo you? Kumiko Kimura, a piano teacher from Tokyo, reclines in front of four Japanese men who are evidently into needlepoint. Their tattoos cost more than 4,000,000 yen (about \$16,000) and required a year under the needle. We think you can say they proved their point. At for left, showgirls perform at the Nichigeki Music Hall, also in Tokyo.

Ron Shina come from Yokohama, accompanied by a choperon. Before the shooting ended, both were ot play in the bath (below left). That's Ran (left) and Michiko Suzuki (right) a-scrub in the tub. Kaoru Ishida (below right) is a Tokyo-based actress who has appeared in commercials and on 11 PM—the Japanese equivalent of *The Tonight Show*.

the Orient. To do so, they had to adjust to a new etiquette. They found themselves being called Cohen-san, Fegley-san and Jane-san ("The Japanese had a bit of trouble with Friedman-san," said our good-looks ambassador). Our intrepid trio found the experience memorable, quite unlike past trips for such features as the *Girls of the Big Ten* or *The Girls of Kokomo*. (You mean Kokomo is not a suburb of Osaka?) Cohen-san filed the following report: "Quite often, we would stop girls in the street and, through an interpreter, ask if they would like to pose for the American *PLAYBOY*. They did not react like American women. There was no skepticism or fear. They





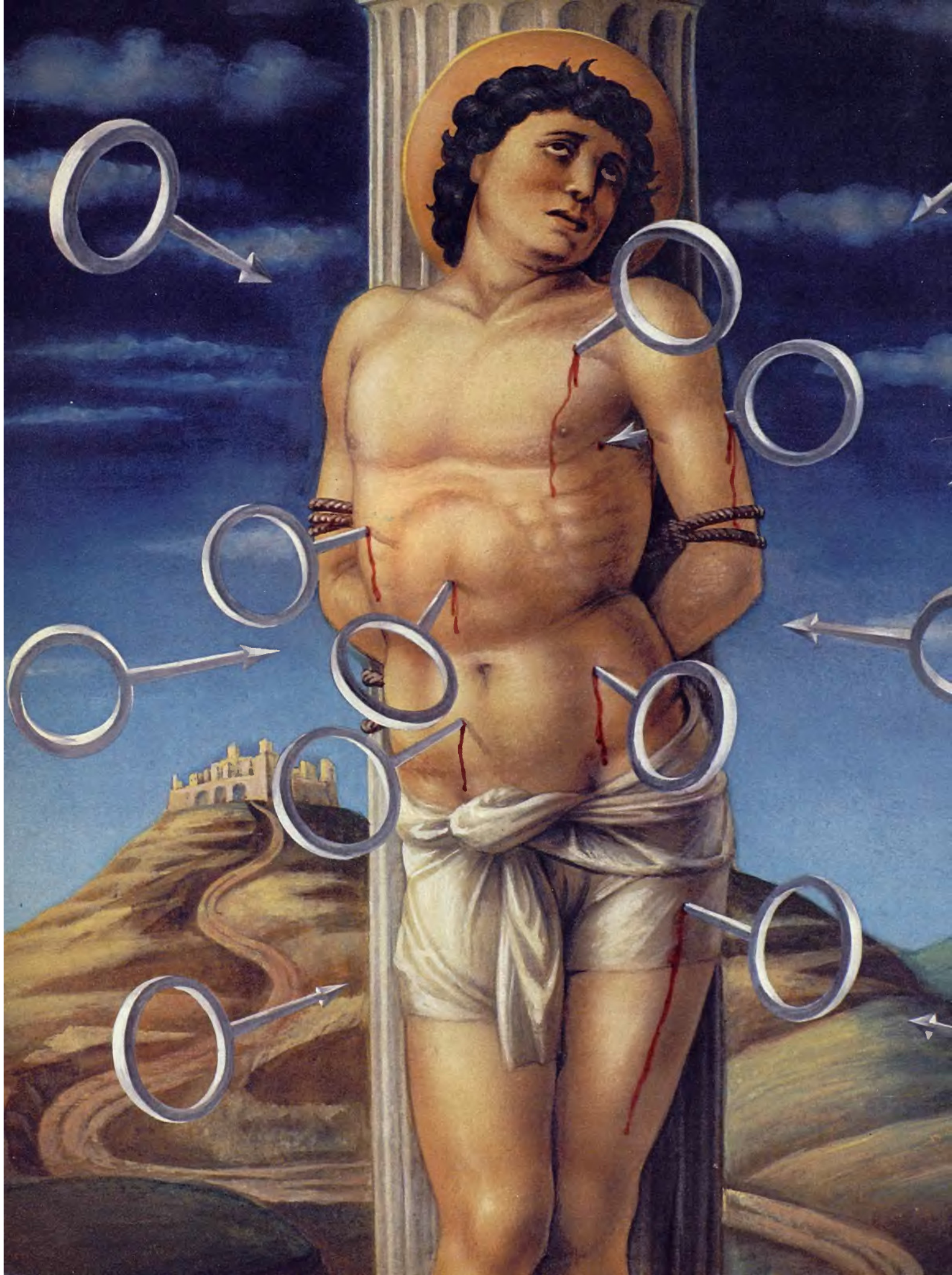
weren't snobbish or standoffish. There was an innate trust among people. In America, when someone says that he is from PLAYBOY and that he wants you to take your clothes off, the first reaction is distrust. The women I approached were almost kind. They are aware of PLAYBOY—we've long published a Japanese edition. Sometimes the girls would take my number and say, 'Let me call you at five o'clock.' Then they would call and decline. It was their way of saving me embarrassment. They did not turn me down in the street, in front of my associates." Cohen-san was somewhat disconcerted by the way the Japanese interpret shyness: "At first, I thought they were incredibly withdrawn. When we did something funny, they (text concluded on page 172)



Above left, Ron Shina (whose picture also appeared on the preceding page) is captured alone on the balcony of the Hakone-en Hotel, located at the foot of Mount Fuji. Ran says she has very Western tastes—among them, roller skating. Above, Mieko Isogai strolls through a tea field in Osoko. After graduating from Izumo High School, she went to work as a Bunny at the Playboy Club of Osoko.

Mutsumi Terashima (left) is also an Osaka Bunny. She likes cooking, drinking beer and listening to music. As for sports, she's gone for "everything but bowling." Can't have everything, we guess. Emi Nokayama (right) works as a model in Tokyo. We photographed her at the Kiyomizu Inn in Hokone Yumoto. She likes to ski, play tennis and paint. We're for any self-portrait she does.







FEAR OF FAGGOTRY: GROWING UP IN THE SEMINARY

the priestly vow of celibacy sometimes turns a young man's confusion into agony

I WENT IN after eighth grade and came out seven years later. When I left, I was 21 years old, a virgin, scared stiff. I had never met a Jew; I had never been on a date; most of my cultural heroes had Saint affixed to their names.

Sometimes, the seminary seems almost like a dream, something I must have made up from mostly whole cloth. We never went home for Christmas. Our mail, both coming in and going out, was opened and read by a prefect of discipline. (Letters from girls were confiscated.) We slept in creaky dorms, in metal bunks, on rude wooden floors. Our showers were a couple of cement-block rooms slick with algae, and our toilets were three long rows of hoppers bolted to wooden runners on cracked concrete flooring. We called them jakes. The toilets had flimsy green-plywood dividers, no doors. The seminarians who had jake duty that week would come along after breakfast with buckets of industrial-strength ammonia and swab the room while you sat there. You could raise your feet or get your socks disinfected. We'd lean forward, past the plywood dividers, to talk to one another up and down the stalls. Even in my own house, it is hard for me to sit on a toilet now without wanting to bolt the door.

In my third year, the school would move to Virginia and we with it; by then, the Sixties—and all that word entails—had begun creeping in. But in the good years, 100 of us lived and prayed and studied for the Catholic priesthood at Holy Trinity, Alabama. Most of us had come from up North, from towns named Bayonne and Florham Park and Davenport. We were parish altar boys, daily communicants. We belonged to the only “the” Church, as comedian Lenny Bruce used to say with scorn. We were R.C.s. We wanted, all of us, to be priests. A few of us made it.

The seminary was sacred, and it was cruel. I remember warm May nights in the pergola, ten or 15 of us sitting in a U on green benches around the water cooler. We had a certain gleeful genius for spotting a ripe vulnerability, a hidden defect, then exposing it to group light. Maybe someone had a harelip, as someone did. Usually, our knife sessions were more good-natured than vicious, though every once in a while, something went wrong. Then it was as if a man sitting in a tower in a rail yard had switched us onto another track. Then our little cruelties were like child savageries: They had to run their course, as if in proof of Newton's law that when a thing is in motion, it stays in motion. At times like those, I remember thinking, *Nobody gets out of here alive.*

But there were other moments, too, of an almost iridescent softness. Several times each day, we went to chapel to murmur, in half-dreamy unison, “O most precious blood of Jesus / Oozing from every pore / Grant us the

memoir

By **PAUL HENDRICKSON**

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

grace to love thee / Ever more and more." There was music, a loving, willing witchery, in that cadence.

Yet it is the riddle of celibacy, I suspect, that makes people want to peer into monastery and seminary lives—and that motivates writers who had once known a little of that life to try to tread a wire and perhaps make some dough out of the venture. Is sexual continence a form of heroism, a small voice wonders, or merely nonsense and musty Church rational? Do people put too much emphasis on getting laid? Probably. How do priests and nuns go without it? Aren't they really getting something on the side? When I was in the seminary, I thought those were foolish questions. And now that I've left and have tasted sex for myself, I find myself with the same voyeuristic impulse to know. How dare priests and nuns think they can go without it?

Nearly the whole time I was in, and for a long time after I left, I went through bouts of worry that the seminary had turned me into a latent homosexual and that it was only a matter of weeks or months or years before "it" came roaring out. Amid a navy of worries, that was easily my bulkiest boat. Usually, my worries were seasonal, coming in the fall and lasting into winter: and for years after I had left, when they still came at those times, I could never see the logic. I remember a woman named Becky, whom I was dating when I worked at a paper in Michigan. One night, she confronted me about homosexuality in the dark of her Grosse Pointe driveway. "Paul, are you worried for some reason that you might be gay?" she said. I had been out of the seminary eight years by then, had been married and separated, was in the final stages of a prolonged and guilt-ridden divorce. I thought of myself, nonetheless, as something of a Detroit rake, making up for lost time. Becky and I had been going out for several months, and her question, seemingly from nowhere, knocked me flat.

"Why, noooo!" I said, sounding, I imagine, a little like Don Knotts in those man-on-the-street routines from the old Steve Allen TV show. (Allen to high-wire walker: "Are you nervous, sir?" High-pitched blurt: "Nooo!") How had she found out?

In the seminary, the worry about catching homosexuality was the size of a Buick. There were times when I was sure I was fated. But by my third year of studies, an odd, antithetical pattern had become apparent: In June, home for the summer for several weeks, I would discover that my fantasies and images about sex were reverting to the heterosexual. It was flooding relief, if

also constant torment for the confession box. "Hey, I'm no queer," I'd tell myself, like some punked-up street-corner Eye-talian sharpie, practically ecstatic over my ability to get erections in the back of a dirty Chicago bookstore as I stood in creepy light beside men three times my age.

One vacation, after my folks had gone north to our cottage in Wisconsin, leaving me at home with the cocker spaniel, the second car and a refrigerator full of TV dinners, I drove into downtown Chicago and took a room, presumably for the night, at a cheap hotel on a side street near the old La Salle Street railway depot. I was 19 and between my fifth and sixth years of seminary study. That summer, I was working at the printing plant owned by Mr. Carmody, an outstanding Catholic layman from my home parish who had made room for a seminarian in his factory. He had even offered to take me to work every morning and drop me off every afternoon.

When he dropped me off on that particular Friday, my lustful odyssey in night town had already been formulated. I bathed, talcked, got into my mint-green shirt and skinny black tie and the checkered sports coat one of my brothers had left behind a year earlier when he had joined the Coast Guard. I couldn't do anything about my seminary lawn-mower haircut. I fed the dog, locked the house. I pulled out of the driveway certain that something important was going to happen.

As I pulsed down the Congress Street Expressway into the Loop, I don't believe I was consciously working through exactly why I wanted to rent a room and what I might do there. I had never rented a room in a hotel before. Just doing that on my own in a city the size of Chicago seemed its own tawdry thrill. Years later, I would write a short story—I called it *Lust at the Hotel Atlantic*—about that night:

"I said you look scared as hell." She was tugging at his arm on the fringe of the crowd.

After they had freed themselves from the crowd, they began to walk up the avenue. She just fell in alongside of him. He choked down his nervousness and began to tell her about his trip to the city and the excitement of being on his own, and she said she had picked him for an out-of-towner, all right. He was careful not to mention the seminary but said, instead, he had finished his fifth year at Staunton, a military school in Virginia (he had looked it up once), and that he was thinking of going on to West Point in another year. She cut him off.

"Listen, if you've got a room here,

like you said, why don't we buy some beer and go up there and drink?"

He could scarcely believe his luck. She liked him. She was attracted to him. He remembered opening the door to the room a little while later with the feeling he had already done something terribly sinful. He raised the one small, curtainless window and turned on the small rotating fan above the dresser. There were exposed pipes running the length of the ceiling, and these made the room look even narrower and more confining than it was. The place smelled vaguely of old wine or maybe a combination of wine and urine. They opened the six-pack. The metallic taste of the beer combined with his nervousness to give him a heady feeling fast. He felt sick. He excused himself. He went down the hall and found the bathroom and tried to throw up. When he came back, she was lying on the bed in her slip, a beer can resting on her flat belly. The white-rubber clips that held up her stockings were just visible where her slip was hiked up. He felt excited and nauseous and resolute. He went over to the bed and kissed her on the mouth, while a dizzy throbbing began in his temples. She liked him. She was attracted to him. Her fingers were white and his toes were cold and then she began pulling at his shirt.

Nothing remotely like that ever happened to me while I was a seminarian. The story, awful as it was, was written as part of a novel for Professor Knoepfle's college creative-writing class. I didn't finish the novel and the world has not been poorer. I still have the story, as I still have my old seminary steamer trunk, which is now antique green and serves as a coffee table in the living room.

The real story of my hot white night in Chicago that summer, my ravenous prowling of the city, is that it was a bust. Guilt and shame got me once more, though not until I had gorged myself for several hours on dirty movies and dirty magazines and Wimpy burgers. By ten o'clock, I was speeding, with an erection so prolonged my testicles ached. I bought a ticket to another soft-porn movie. Outside the theater were gaudy cutouts of seminaked women. I don't remember the name of the movie, but I remember coming out afterward onto South State Street in vapored light and smelling hot pizza from an open stand. The light was like weak tea in a clear glass. Then I went to a bar and took a table near the door and watched a young woman fiercely

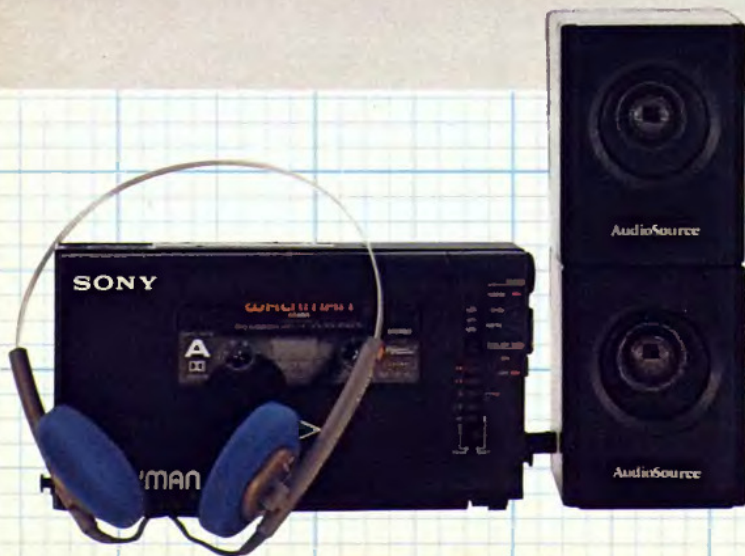
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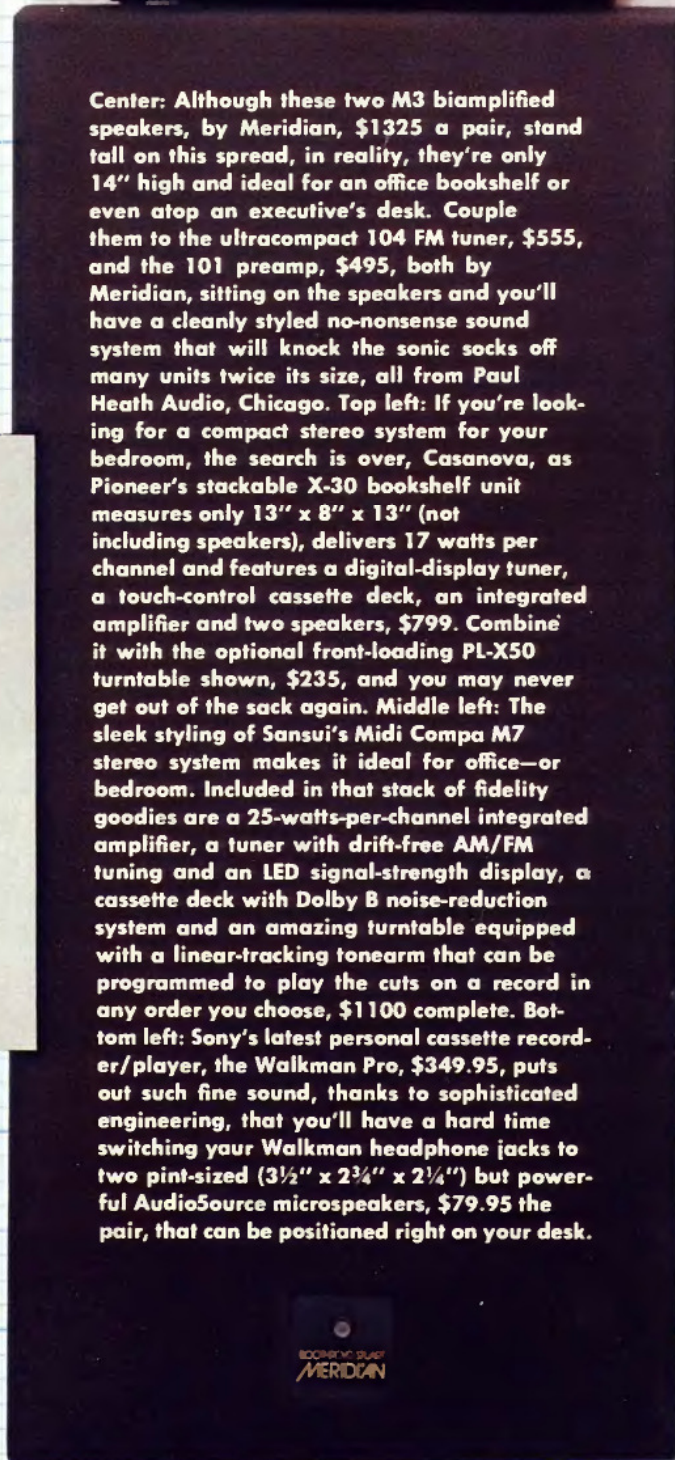
"Under 'Sex,' the card catalog says, 'See Librarian.'"

article **By NORMAN EISENBERG** Having a stereo hookup in the living room—or wherever you do your serious listening—spawns an urge for a second system, in the den, in the bedroom or at the office. Until recently, such a supplementary stereo usually meant inferior sound, fewer features and limited versatility. Today, however, a second system covers a broad range of options. At one end of the equipment spectrum, there are tiny speakers, such as the AudioSource LS-Six, that fit in the palm of your hand and can be connected to a personal portable stereo of the Walkman type. You listen via headphones while jogging or cycling; when you reach your destination, you swap them for

SOUND JUDGMENT— THE SECOND TIME AROUND



Center: Although these two M3 biamplified speakers, by Meridian, \$1325 a pair, stand tall on this spread, in reality, they're only 14" high and ideal for an office bookshelf or even atop an executive's desk. Couple them to the ultracompact 104 FM tuner, \$555, and the 101 preamp, \$495, both by Meridian, sitting on the speakers and you'll have a cleanly styled no-nonsense sound system that will knock the sonic socks off many units twice its size, all from Paul Heath Audio, Chicago. **Top left:** If you're looking for a compact stereo system for your bedroom, the search is over, Casanova, as Pioneer's stackable X-30 bookshelf unit measures only 13" x 8" x 13" (not including speakers), delivers 17 watts per channel and features a digital-display tuner, a touch-control cassette deck, an integrated amplifier and two speakers, \$799. Combine it with the optional front-loading PL-X50 turntable shown, \$235, and you may never get out of the sack again. **Middle left:** The sleek styling of Sansui's Midi Compa M7 stereo system makes it ideal for office—or bedroom. Included in that stack of fidelity goodies are a 25-watts-per-channel integrated amplifier, a tuner with drift-free AM/FM tuning and an LED signal-strength display, a cassette deck with Dolby B noise-reduction system and an amazing turntable equipped with a linear-tracking tonearm that can be programmed to play the cuts on a record in any order you choose, \$1100 complete. **Bottom left:** Sony's latest personal cassette recorder/player, the Walkman Pro, \$349.95, puts out such fine sound, thanks to sophisticated engineering, that you'll have a hard time switching your Walkman headphone jacks to two pint-sized (3½" x 2¾" x 2¼") but powerful AudioSource microspeakers, \$79.95 the pair, that can be positioned right on your desk.



now that you've invested in a flagship stereo rig, here are some sonic tips on what to buy for the bedroom, den or office

the tiny speakers and the band plays on. Of course, exactly what constitutes anyone's second system is a matter of available space and budget. For example, you can get truly hedonistic with the \$1000 Luxman RX-103 stereo receiver, which has a wireless remote-control box that lets you operate the equipment from across the room. Related Luxman components that can also be controlled—from, say, your bed without your having to ruffle the sheets—include the PX-101 turntable and the KX-102 cassette recorder. In similarly sybaritic style, there's the Bang & Olufsen 8000 system. With microcomputer options as well as remote control, its receiver, turntable and cassette deck are all designed to look — *(continued on page 190)*

Top right: Look, Ma! No wires! The individual components that constitute the Schneider DCS-8025 Direct Contact System plug directly into one another (either stacked, as shown, or side by side in any order), with no connecting cables snaking along walls or tripping guests. The system includes an AM/FM tuner with five station presets (to get rock when you want it, news when you need it and funk when you're funky), a preamp featuring bass and treble controls, a three-motor cassette deck, a power amp that puts out 25 watts per channel and (not shown) a Dual turntable and a pair of three-way speakers, \$1200 complete. (We especially like the Schneider in an office because of its tough, clean styling and its compact size—the four stacked units shown measure only 9" high x 11" wide x 11¼" deep.) **Center right:** Bang & Olufsen's Beosystem has the sleek modern lines worthy of museum display; it includes a Beomaster 8000 receiver that puts out 100 watts per channel, plus a built-in timer to record radio programs when you're on the town or on the road; a linear-tracking turntable featuring a unique optical guidance system; a Beocord 9000 cassette deck that automatically adjusts all tape parameters (azimuth, bias, etc.) and has an exclusive B & O Dolby HX professional noise-reduction system, plus—get this—the entire unit can be operated by remote control from a single hand-held unit, \$6695, including the cabinet and (not shown) a pair of Phase Link speakers and headphones. **Bottom right:** Kenwood's compact fit-anywhere KRX-7 AM/FM cassette receiver is an ideal hi-fi accessory, as it puts out 45 watts per channel and features a direct program search system that seeks out signals, quartz scan tuning with a digital display and six preset station selects, \$700.







AT ONE POINT during our recent conversation with Marianne Gravatte, she whipped out a comb, ran it through her sunny locks, then braided them into a pigtail at the nape of her neck. She added a spangle from her purse to the end of the pigtail and tied a brightly colored band around her forehead. The whole process seemed to take seconds. She was instantly transformed from lush and lovely into bright and sporty. Amazingly, although she had not once consulted a mirror, the finished coif was perfectly done.

The change was significant. In that moment, she had gone from

Shy Marianne's a professional model who prefers natural sunlight to the glare of the camera flash. "I'm happiest," she says, "when I'm at home around the family and the people I know."

Model Citizen

marianne gravatte may have been backward as a schoolgirl, but now she has everything going in the right direction



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



professional model to private person, and she seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Private person, you see, is a bit of an understatement. Marianne is one of the quietest, shiest people we've ever run across. For her to be a model is like the triumph of paper over scissors or like water running backward. Yet she is determined to make it in one of the most public of professions.

Marianne has been modeling for a year now. She has appeared in ads for jeans, wet suits, beer, pools and motorcycles. For a shy girl, she moves a lot of product. But each time she is asked to appear



Her attractiveness and the attention it generates make it difficult for Marianne to maintain the low profile she prefers. "I don't like people to think I'm somehow better than they are," she says. Despite her protests, she's hardly just one of the girls.





before the camera, she swallows hard. "Right now," she told us, "I'm the least shy I've ever been in my life. There was a time when if I didn't know a phone number, I would be too embarrassed to call Information. At school, I'd never do an oral book report. I'd arrange to be absent on that day. But gradually, I'm getting out of it. Every



Among the pressures of being a model is maintaining a glamorous image. "I always feel that I have to look my best even when I don't want to," says Marianne, who obviously wanted to here. 111



Marriage is very much a part of Marianne's future plans. She is decidedly domestic. An accomplished seamstress, she says, "I sew about half of my clothes. It's a lot cheaper than buying them. I also like to cook, but I'm not really that good at it as yet. Some things I do well, but my apple pie comes out looking like apple soup!"



job I do now gets a little easier for me." Marianne is at a loss to explain why she is so reserved. Her startling looks may have something to do with it. She simply attracts attention whether or not she wants to. And, as she says, "Being the center of attention makes me nervous." As a result, she avoids public contact as much as she can. Raised in a Los Angeles suburb, she still lives there, driving to the city only for a modeling call. "I don't like cities; they're too noisy. I feel best in the mountains, where it's quiet." One of her favorite places to be is along the Colorado River, where she and her boyfriend regularly go for a little boating and water-skiing. There, in the bosom of nature, she is at peace. "The air is clear and dry and the sun is warm, not hot and sticky as it is in the city. I like the feeling of having nothing to do but lie



Checking in at her agency (right), Marianne goes over her portfolio with Valerie Cragin, head of Playboy Models. On the job (below right), photographer Tom Kelley, Jr., whose father shot the original PLAYBOY Marilyn Monroe centerfold, tests Marianne for a Clarion Car Stereo ad. Then it's off to the Colorado River (bottom right) for a wet schuss.



in the sun." Her love of the river is surpassed only by her love of animals. At one time, she wanted to be a zookeeper, "just to feed the baby animals all day," until she learned that such a job would take seven years of schooling. Now she is content to play zookeeper to her seven cats and two birds. Only one of the cats was purchased; the rest are strays she has taken in. Cats do not make her nervous.

Appropriately, one of Marianne's screen idols is Clint Eastwood, known for playing the strong, silent type. Marianne hasn't got the strong part down yet, but she's working on it. Her appearance in PLAYBOY, as you may imagine, is a big step for her. There is resolve in her voice as she explains her coming out: "I figured, for once in my life, I'm going to take a chance!"

For someone with Marianne's looks and quiet charm, it's hardly a gamble.





MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Marianne Shavano

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Marianne Chauvette

BUST: 34 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: Dec. 13, 1959 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, California

AMBITIONS: to continue modeling as long as possible, then get married and start a family.

TURN-ONS: Colorado River, clean air, animals, spending money, good music, fast cars and boats.

TURN-OFFS: Crowds, getting up early, traffic, rude people, smog, live and flying.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Water skiing, jet skiing, boating, racquetball, snow skiing and bicycle riding.

FAVORITE FOODS: Frozen bananas, milk, cheese, baked potatoes, artichokes, scallops and crab legs.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Johnny Carson, Steve Martin, The Cars.

IDEAL MAN: Patience, honest, outgoing, content, affectionate and fairly athletic.

SECRET FANTASY: To live on a tropical island, with my ideal man and lots of exotic pets.



Don't count me out!



looking sultry



turn that fan off!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The other day," said the woman to the psychiatrist, "I happened to find my son and the little girl next door both naked, examining each other's bodies."

"That's not unusual," smiled the psychiatrist. "I wouldn't worry about it."

"But I *am* worried, doctor," insisted the woman, "and so is my son's wife!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a male motorist who picks up a girl who's already walking home from a date.

Sign on a partition of a Y.M.C.A. washroom stall: WATCH OUT FOR LIMBO DANCERS!



Looking over the rules and regulations for the Miss American Nymphomaniac Beauty Pageant, we noticed that the judges are permitted to enter as many times as they like.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *adultery* as putting yourself in someone else's position.

I suppose I accepted this low-paying junior post at this Ivy League institution for two dissimilar reasons," the young instructor told a colleague over his third sherry in the faculty-club lounge. "One was a natural craving for academic prestige. The other was an equally natural interest in the rumored presence in the student body of some—let's say—quite sexually adventurous coeds."

"And have your . . . well, your expectations been realized here?" inquired the colleague.

"In part—but only in part. I've found that one can't eat prestige."

When they asked a pert baggage named Alice, Who'd been bedded and banged in the palace,

"Was he modest or vain?

Was he regal or plain?"

She replied, "He's a jolly good phallus!"

It's been called to our attention that if Count Dracula had been burned at the stake, the result would have been Transylvanian ghoulish ash.

The woman appeared at the breakfast table resplendent in curlers and chin strap. Her husband glanced up from his newspaper. "Why can't you look like you did when we got married?" he growled.

"How can I?" she snapped back. "I'm not pregnant."

Corrective historical footnote: John Marshall's promiscuous mistress was actually the first woman to sit on the Supreme Court.

I have a thing for lean, rangy men," said the new stenographer dreamily, "and that Ralph in sales is certainly a long, tall drink of water."

"Look, I hate to burst your bubble, honey," responded the female office veteran, "but for a long, tall drink of water, Ralph's got one hell of a short straw."

Substituting sex for cigarettes," the physician told the chain smoker, "may make it easier for you to give them up."

"My God, doctor," reacted the middle-aged man, "do you realize how many smokes there are in a pack?"

Our Unabashed Military Dictionary defines *lesbian recruits* as WACs fruit.

There's a vicar who's classed as nefarious,
Since his shocking perversions are various. . . .

He will bugger a lad

With a dildo (the cad!)

While exulting, "My pleasure's vicarious!"

You have a back problem that's fairly common among girls in your line of work," the physician informed the prostitute. "It's known as curvature of the supine."



After bedding me by convincing me that his sex digit was some sort of magic wand," the girl morosely confided to a female colleague, "the smooth bastard simply went and tore himself off a quickie."

"I know the type," commiserated her confidante, "a presto digitator."

Maybe you've heard about the girl who dates heavyweight politicians because she enjoys being under the influence.

What's the act of this so-called very special girl performer of yours?" grunted the sleaze-club manager.

"Laverne is a—shall we say—really up-front contortionist," replied the agent. "She puts her monkey where her mouth is."

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.



"The bottle stopped at Leonard! Leonard gets to fuck the bottle!"

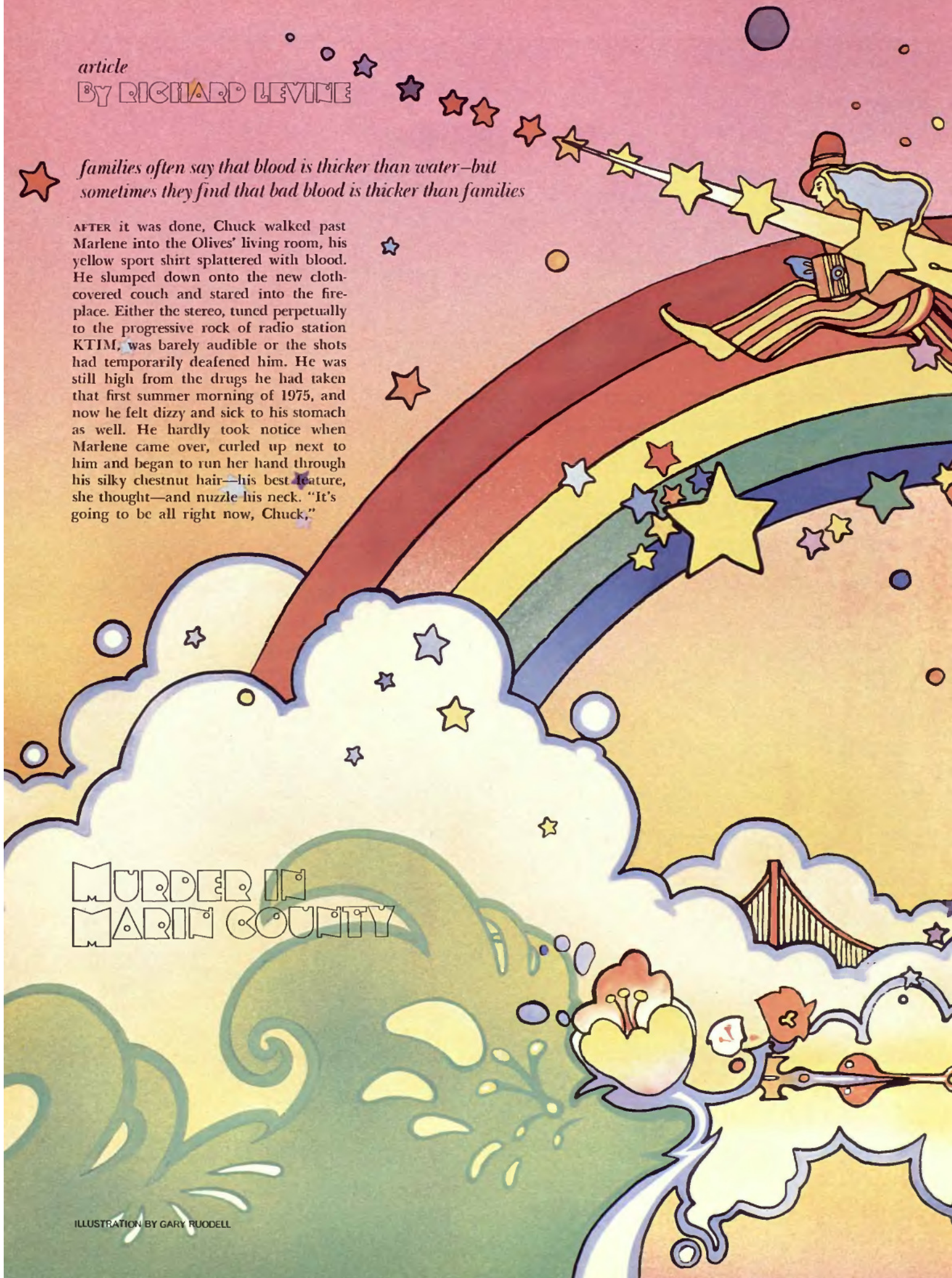
article

BY RICHARD LEVINE

★ *families often say that blood is thicker than water—but sometimes they find that bad blood is thicker than families*

AFTER it was done, Chuck walked past Marlene into the Olives' living room, his yellow sport shirt splattered with blood. He slumped down onto the new cloth-covered couch and stared into the fireplace. Either the stereo, tuned perpetually to the progressive rock of radio station KTIM, was barely audible or the shots had temporarily deafened him. He was still high from the drugs he had taken that first summer morning of 1975, and now he felt dizzy and sick to his stomach as well. He hardly took notice when Marlene came over, curled up next to him and began to run her hand through his silky chestnut hair—his best feature, she thought—and nuzzle his neck. "It's going to be all right now, Chuck,"

MURDER IN MARIN COUNTY





she said soothingly. "Everything will be OK. They can't interfere anymore."

She got up to get him a can of beer from the refrigerator and searched her pocketbook for a couple of Darvon capsules. He swallowed the tranquilizers absent-mindedly and guzzled the rest of the beer. Marlene was now sitting on the carpet in front of him with her head on his lap, stilling the nervous bounce of his knee and saying all the things he had dreamed she would say since they had met nine months ago—that she loved him and there would be no other guys for her from now on, that no one would ever take her away from him again and they could even get married if he still wanted to. Then she left the room.

Marlene had been away a few minutes when Chuck began to feel uneasy again and went to look for her. He found her in her room, toying with some cream-colored plastic beads on the bed. There were seven of them. They were round and flat, each with a different black letter repeated on both sides and a hole punched through the middle for a missing string. She had taken them out of a tiny plastic box and was trying to form a word with them: E-R-T-I-D-G-J.

Abruptly, Marlene scrambled the letters and started over again: J-E-T-I-G-R-D.

"What're those?" Chuck asked.

"My baby bracelet from the hospital I was born in," Marlene said. "My daddy said it had my real mother's name on it, and when I turned 21, I could find out what it was."

Although Marlene had talked often, almost obsessively, about the fact that she had been adopted at birth by the Olives, that was the first Chuck had heard about a hospital I.D. bracelet. When he attempted to add another letter at the end of the row, Marlene quickly mixed up the order again, grabbing the beads as though they were jacks on a sidewalk. With her back half turned to him, she began rearranging them. Chuck wasn't sure whether the slight tremble to her shoulders and the sharp bursts of air through her nostrils meant she was laughing or sobbing.

R-I-D-G-E-T-J.

Marlene tried several more combinations before she gave up, banging her fist on the bed and scattering the beads, only to search them out one by one and carefully place them in the plastic container. "Now I'll never find out who I am," she said. But to Chuck, watching this curious performance, it seemed as though she didn't really want a name to emerge.

Afterward, Marlene began unbuttoning his shirt and lifting the black tank top underneath. Chuck's body, just coming down from the acid high, responded to

her prompting almost automatically. Never much for sexual preliminaries, she moved on top of him quickly. And when they were finished, she lay beside him, whispering welcome endearments into his ear. After a time, Chuck reached for a cigarette and Marlene searched for the turquoise kimono her mother had given her not long ago.

It wasn't easy to find amid the clutter of her room: glittery, sequined clothing and pairs of six-inch-high platform shoes strewn over the floor along with boxes of her personal papers, mostly letters from friends she'd left behind when she moved to California; rough sketches of the latest fashions, inspired by the women's magazines she collected; and page after page of hurriedly scribbled poems that would eventually be copied into her loose-leaf poetry books. A self-confessed pack rat, Marlene never threw anything away—or even *put* it away, her mother had constantly complained. On the headboard and the wall behind her bed and on the night table beside it were several peacock feathers in a glass vase, a bowl filled with marijuana seeds, half a dozen bottles of prescription drugs, posters with soft-focus scenes and romantic inscriptions. There were also some wooden llamas hand-carved by Indian craftsmen from the Andes—the only reminder that Marlene had spent almost all but the past two of her 16 years in Ecuador.

When she found the robe on the floor, her favorite cat, the mischievous black-coated Rascal, was using it as a pillow. "My God, the cats!" she said in a sudden panic. "I don't want the cats to get in there, Chuck. Move him inside." Across the narrow hallway, Chuck, dressed in his undershorts, grabbed Marlene's father under the arms and dragged him farther into the small bedroom, so that his legs no longer blocked the doorway. Jim Olive was, even in death, a pleasant-looking, compulsively neat man who appeared to be a decade younger than his 59 years. He wore his favorite weekend outfit: dark slacks and a belted khaki safari jacket with deep front pockets. His thick auburn hair, with only the slightest trace of gray at the temples, was combed straight back, and his faint grimace might have come from biting into a wedge of lemon instead of from four quick bullets fired point-blank into his chest.

"Get his wallet and keys and everything else out of his pockets," Marlene ordered. Chuck took some change and a key ring from one of Olive's front pants pockets, Roloids and chewing gum from the other. The outside pockets of the safari jacket yielded a small date book, which he handed to Marlene; she glanced at it just long enough to notice that the only appointment her father had scheduled for the following week was a routine dental checkup on Tuesday afternoon, three

days away. Still searching for a wallet, Chuck turned the body over onto its stomach, a maneuver that required some effort, for Olive had been a thickset man.

In the meantime, Marlene had found her mother's black-patent-leather purse on the desk between the bed and the windows and had dumped it out onto the faded green shag rug that carpeted the whole house, even the bathrooms. Naomi Olive, who had rarely gone out by herself in recent months, had relied on her husband for her immediate cash needs, but Marlene picked out some store credit cards and a plastic-coated I.D. card that the state of California issues to nondrivers for check-cashing purposes. Moving quickly, she went down the hallway to the master bedroom, which her father had occupied alone, though Naomi, as if to apologize for insisting on separate sleeping quarters, had kept most of her clothes and jewelry there. Marlene found her parents' joint checkbook on top of the double dresser and threw it onto the growing pile of their belongings. Next, she unhooked a small gold watch from her mother's wrist and turned her attention to the plain gold wedding band and diamond engagement ring lodged on her left hand, which hung limply from the bed. Marlene struggled to remove the rings, for Naomi had grown thick-limbed and arthritic since the time, 31 years earlier, when the rings had first been placed on her finger, two weeks apart. With a wrench that almost sent her sprawling backward, Marlene finally pulled them off. "They never should have been married," she muttered to herself, "and now they're not."

A bloodstained claw hammer with a red wooden handle lay on the carpet near the head of the bed. Marlene took it to the kitchen sink, rinsed it off and left it there among the unwashed dishes. She came back with some dish towels, sponges and two spray bottles of detergent. "Help me get the room cleaned up," she said.

There were bloodstains all over the mustard-colored walls, especially the one behind Naomi's head. In addition, spots of blood could be seen on most of the furniture. Without talking much, Chuck carried the furniture and accessories into the living room, where Marlene wiped them clean. First to be removed were the objects that stood on the mahogany night table beside the bed—a cloth-shaded lamp, a clock radio, an empty teacup, a plate holding a section of an apple, an ashtray overflowing with Naomi's cigarette stubs and some copies of her favorite magazine, the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

All that time, neither Chuck nor Marlene could look directly at the center of the carnage. Naomi was lying on her back with her head twisted toward the door.

(continued on page 130)

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

a touch of classic fabric and tailoring—plus contemporary dash—is the direction menswear will take in the months ahead

attire By DAVID PLATT

QUITE SIMPLY, GENTLEMEN, what you'll see emerging in the next six to 12 months from the creative cutting rooms and the designer salons of today's menswear moguls will be superlative. The same fashion-industry energy that spawned the men's peacock revolution back in the late Sixties is being

channeled into looks that wed traditional fabrics to contemporary styling in a way that will appeal to conservative types as well as to those whose tastes are more avant. Much has been written about the emergence of the British look in fashion. While the tweeds, Shetlands, Argyles, etc., of



Above: The easygoing elegance of a khaki polyester/combed-cotton canvas outercoat, from Nino Cerruti Ligne Couture for Gleneagles, \$285; mixed with a Shetland-wool windowpane-plaid tweed jacket, by Country Britches, \$235; cotton double-pleated gabardine slacks, by Resilio Sportswear, \$42.50; brushed-cotton plaid shirt, by Pierre Cardin, about \$32.50; wool knit tie, by Yves Saint Laurent, \$12.50; mohair/wool hand-woven striped fringed muffer, by Manos del Uruguay, \$30; and a snappy-looking gold-plated collar pin, also by Pierre Cardin, \$8.

125

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

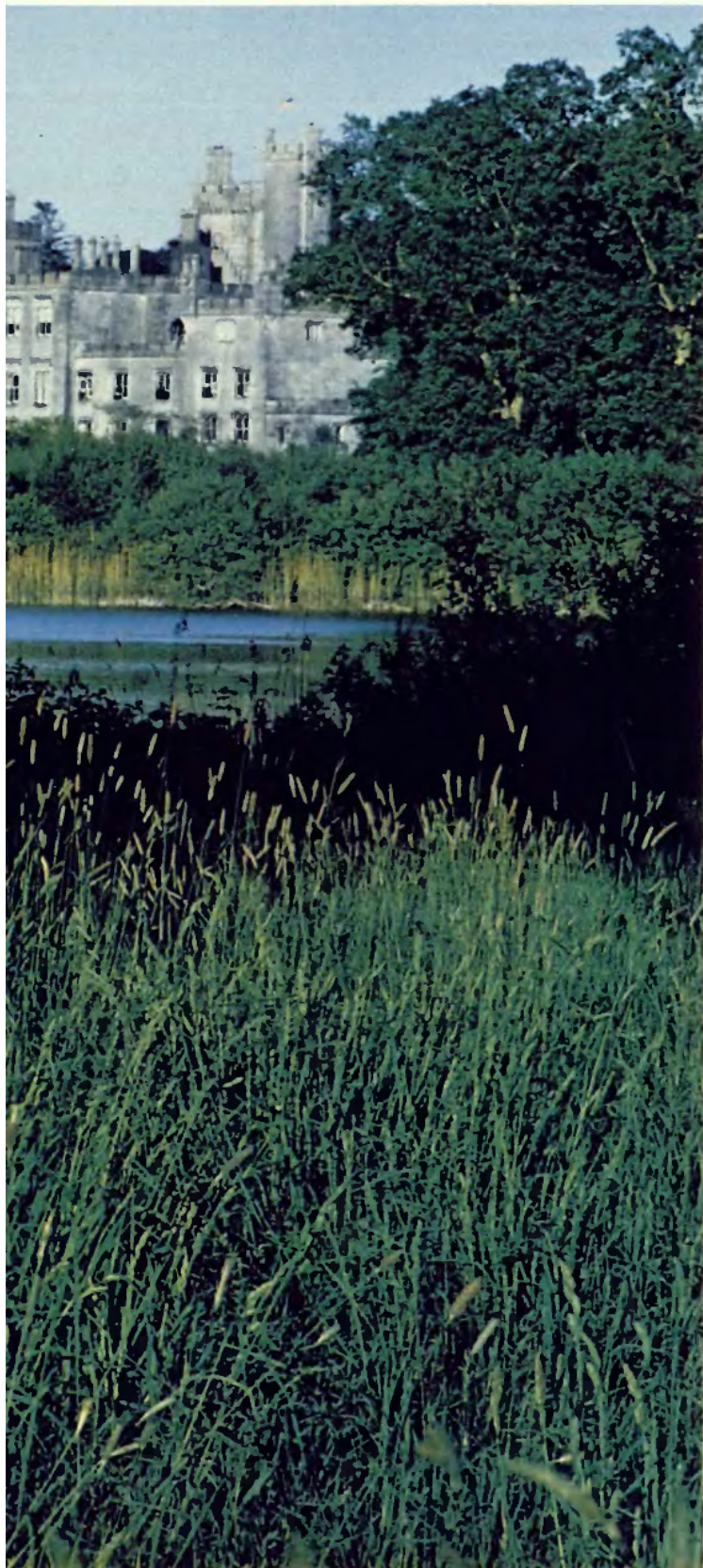
Blighty do play an important role in the current market, they're only part of the story. Strong American—and Italian—influences are also going to be felt, with the U.S. contributing innovative color treatments and the upbeat look of contemporary sportswear and the Italians adding a dash of sensuality and flair. All in all, none of it is radically new and, better yet, none of it will be effete or costumy.

Let's be explicit. Patterns and textures will be used more boldly. Sports coats have enjoyed that freedom for some

time, but the coming trend will be to extend the styling parameters to suits as well (case in point is the elegant dark-plaid double-breasted suit of lamb's wool and cashmere pictured in this feature). That feeling, however, is going to be carried further by the coupling of patterns and textures: a tweed jacket with a flannel shirt and a knit tie, or a herringbone suit with a Shetland sweater vest, for example. The same textural depth is equally a part of the casualwear scene. Thus, sweaters continue as a favored fashion item, with bulky



Right: You get two great-looking topcoats for the price of one, as this wool herringbone model reverses to a cotton poplin style, about \$150; it's worn over a matching herringbone suit, about \$300, window-pane-plaid shirt, \$32.50, and a wool knit tie, \$13.50, all by Pierre Cordin. Below: Our country squire does some squiring in a wool plaid jacket, by Daniel Hechter Menswear, \$160; wool/nylon pullover, by Lord Jeff, \$47.50; brushed-cotton shirt, by Gory E. Miller Associates for Mashe, \$55; lined Napa-leather slacks, from Jordache by Sheep-mates, \$200; and a cotton/mohair/alpaca muffler, by Susan Horton, \$86.



Above: At ease, men. Olive drab never looked so good as in this unmilitary suede six-button cardigan jacket with adjustable waist tabs, angled pockets and underarm gussets, by Lakeland, \$325; it's coupled with a wool hand-knit turtleneck with a Novohostriped pattern, by Monos del Uruguay, \$150; and a pair of cotton pleated wide-wale corduroy slacks, by Generra Sportswear, \$28.



Left: Fashion splendor in the grass—a cashmere topcoat, by Chester Barrie, about \$950; plus a herringbone suit, \$205, cotton/polyester shirt, \$26.50, and a silk crepe de Chine tie, \$22.50, all by Calvin Klein; and a wool sleeveless vest, by Bill Ditfort Designs, \$60. Below left: A wool jacket, by McGregor Clothes, \$150; corduroy slacks, by Stanley Blacker, \$45; wool sweater, by Lord Jeff, \$65; cotton/polyester shirt, by Resilio Sportswear, \$32.50; alpaca muffler, by Susan Horton, \$66; wool cap, by Pendleton, \$15; and leather gloves, by Aris Gloves, about \$35.



knits, bold patterns and hand-crafted treatments leading the parade. Thick wide-wale corduroy will be used extensively, as will suedes and leathers, often mixed to create a blend of textures. Also of interest is the brilliant (though not necessarily bright) array of fall colors used in innovative ways. The touchstone shade, surprisingly enough, will be olive/fatigue green. A few years ago, who would have thought the establishment would take that now antiestablishment color and make it its own? Like the rest of this fall's fashion scene, it works from top to toe. Save your money for a major wardrobe overhaul. The stores will be open late.

WOMEN'S FASHION BY JOHN ANTHONY FOR FRIEDRICKS SPORT

SHOES BY CHARLES JOURDAN

Below: Here's a chap who has taken steps to update his fall wardrobe. His choice—a lamb's-wool/cashmere glen-plaid double-breasted suit with notch lapels, flap pockets and center vent, by Country Britches, \$480; cotton tone-on-tone shirt, from Hathaway by Private Stock, \$65; striped silk tie, by Julio Iglesias for Fumogalli's, \$37.50; and a gold-plated collar bar, by Pierre Cardin, \$10.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT OROMOLANO CASTLE, NEWMARKET-ON-FERGUS, REPUBLIC OF IRELAND

"Take your clothes off so we don't get bloodstains on them," Marlene said, unbuttoning hers. . . ."

She was partially covered with a light blanket. Her metal-frame glasses lay broken and askew on her face. Blood soaked the roots of her graying hair and ran down her cheeks in rivulets onto the pillow and sheets, eventually to collect in a small pool beside the bed. Her forehead had been struck repeatedly above the left eye with a hammer, leaving massive contusions surrounding a gaping hole the size of a golf ball in her skull.

Chuck pulled the bed out from the wall. The wall itself looked as though someone had flicked a paintbrush at it. The thick, elongated tracks of blood immediately above the head of the bed became smaller and more widely spaced higher up, with a few red specks reaching to the ceiling. An oil painting of Marlene as a child that hung directly above the bed was similarly spotted with blood.

The portrait, perhaps Jim's proudest possession, had been presented to him on the occasion of the Olives' 25th wedding anniversary by colleagues at the Gulf Oil Company in Ecuador, over which, at the time, he had presided. It had been painted by a local artist from a photograph of Marlene that had lain, until its mysterious disappearance one day, under the glass top of Jim's desk—a picture of an extraordinarily pretty and carefree young girl with light-brown hair combed into bangs, widely spaced bright-green eyes, a freckled nose, a suggestion of dimples and an even row of sparkling teeth.

The unbridled hostility Marlene felt for her mother burst forth again as she wiped the streaks of blood off the portrait. "Curse that bitch!" she said aloud. "Getting her blood all over my picture!"

Finally, Marlene stuffed her parents' checkbook and credit cards into her purse and gave the cash from her father's wallet to Chuck, who generally took care of money matters. The two of them then pulled the light summer blanket over Naomi's head. "That's the last time I'll have to look at her," Marlene announced with what Chuck would later call a mocking grin.

They had not discussed a plan for disposing of the bodies, though it was clear that nothing could be done until after dark. Chuck felt strange inside the house, somehow fearful that Jim would find him there and carry out his angry threats to shoot him on sight. In the house, he had to fight even more desperately to block the violence of the afternoon from his mind, but the dreaded

images would reappear, as he later told a psychologist, "like a slide show in my mind."

Although an hour remained before the start of the movie they planned to see, Chuck and Marlene left the house quickly. They spent the next half hour driving the Olives' Vega aimlessly around the town of Terra Linda, through the streets around Hibiscus Way, most of them also named after flowers, to the somewhat posher section of Marinwood, whose street names ended in "-stone," and out the Lucas Valley Road past the point where the developments ended and the dairy farms began, then back across the freeway to the desolate marsh fill where the 101 Drive-In was located.

During the movie—a violent futuristic fantasy called *Death Race 2000*—Chuck could not keep his mind in check. Images from the afternoon pressed on his consciousness with increasing persistence. The awful gurgling of Naomi, choking on her own blood. And then Jim coming home in the middle of it, Jim screaming, "Oh, my God, Naomi! Oh, my God!" and turning to catch sight of Chuck. "I'm going to get you, you bastard!" The glint of a kitchen knife. The four quick shots that had sent the older man spinning to the floor.

By the halfway point of the movie, it was impossible for Chuck and Marlene to continue to avoid the problem at hand. Marlene first broached the subject of what they were going to do. They discussed the possibility of making it look as if the Olives had been killed by robbers, a cover-up that had been dramatized on a recent *Kojak* episode the two had seen. But Chuck realized that they had already gone too far in cleaning up Naomi's bedroom to make the plan work. "What about pushing their car over a cliff near Stinson Beach?" he suggested, taking his cue from a scene in the movie they were now scarcely watching. But Marlene didn't want to give up the Vega, and, besides, she had recently lost a favorite piece of jewelry, a turquoise-studded silver ring, and thought she might have dropped it somewhere in the car. On the screen, a multiple collision set off a racing car's gas tank and consumed the driver in a blazing furnace of heat.

"Do you keep any gasoline at home?" Marlene suddenly asked. Chuck said there were only a couple of empty gas cans lying around the side yard for "emergency use."

"We're going to get rid of everything

once and for all."

"Where?" Chuck asked.

"I'll tell you later. Just go get the gas cans when this is over."

The lights were already out at Chuck's house when he and Marlene pulled up a few doors away. "It's *me*," Chuck called out in a loud whisper, just to make sure that the family dog, a notoriously bad watchdog in any case, wouldn't set off a racket at an unfamiliar noise. Carrying a flashlight that Marlene had found in the Vega's glove compartment, he sneaked around to the overhang along the side of the house and took a battered red two-and-a-half-gallon gas can with a piece of cloth jammed into the spout. Then he drove to the all-night Shell station just off the downtown-San Rafael-freeway exit and put a gallon of premium (Chuck always bought premium, even when he was near broke) into the gas can, paying for it, as a sign said he must at that hour of the night, with exact change.

On the drive back to Terra Linda, Marlene said, "When we get to my house, we're going to wrap the bodies up and load them in the car."

"Where are we taking them?" Chuck asked.

"A special place," Marlene said. "Out by China Camp."

"Right then and there," Chuck would later tell the police, "I knew it was gonna be involving her witchcraft."

Turning onto Hibiscus Way, Chuck drove past the Olives' driveway and backed the car up as close as possible to the door that led from the garage directly into the dining L and living room.

"Take your clothes off so we don't get bloodstains on them," Marlene, beginning to unbutton hers, instructed Chuck. Chuck obediently stripped, leaving his clothes in a pile in the hallway, and opened the door to Naomi's bedroom. He was not more than a half step inside when the smell of flesh that was already beginning to rot hit him like a physical blow, an odor made all the stronger by the heat trapped within the small closed room for ten hours. Slamming the door shut, he gasped for breath to keep himself from vomiting.

"Christ, it stinks in there," he said. "We better do something about that." Marlene quickly fetched two spray cans of room freshener from the hall closet and handed one to Chuck. They both held their breath and emptied the entire contents of the two cans into the room. Then they loaded the two bodies, wrapped in bedding, into the Vega's hatchback, covered them with Naomi's mattress and headed for China Camp. It was shortly after midnight.

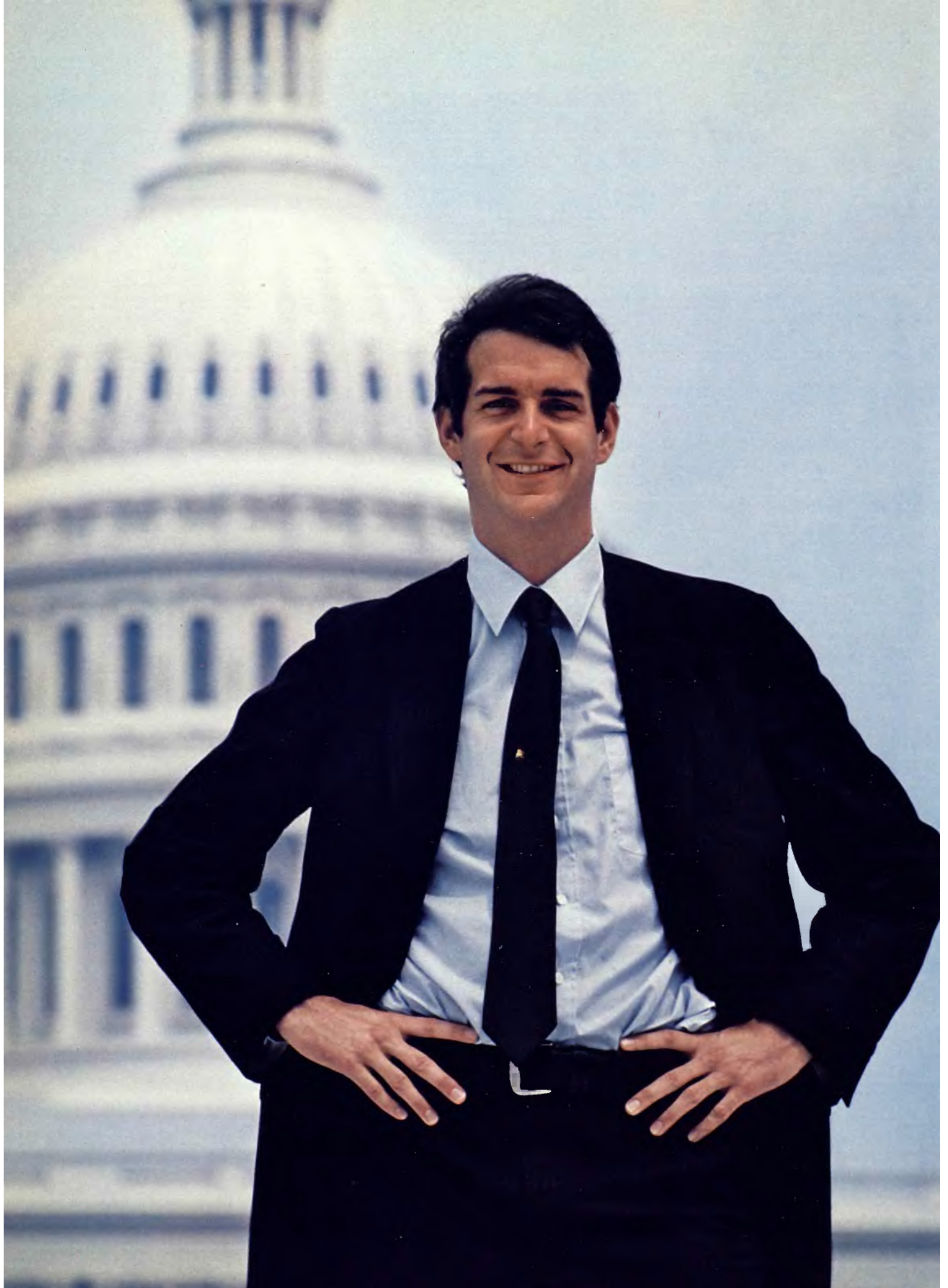
Chuck had been going to China Camp with his friends for years to ride motorbikes, practice target shooting or just

(continued on page 204)



EVERETT BROWN

"Thanks for the great tune-up; now, how about the car?"



20 QUESTIONS: JOHN LE BOUTILLIER

the most outspoken member of congress addresses the big issues—butchery at the capitol hill barbershop and bugs in his office

Like many graduates of Harvard College and the Harvard Graduate School of Business, John LeBoutillier is on the fast track. His field happens to be national politics. A top Republican fund raiser in his college-sophomore year, author of a book taking his alma mater to task for its liberal leanings, he got himself elected to the House of Representatives at the age of 27. One can't help thinking that he, like any other ambitious M.B.A., has his sights set on the executive suite—in his business, that's called the Oval Office. Warren Kalbacker met with the Congressman on Capitol Hill and later in his New York office. "Some people may accuse conservatives of living in the 19th Century," Kalbacker told us, "but LeBoutillier thrives in our media age. At one of our meetings, he pulled out a tape recorder and made his own copy of our conversation. Then he gave me the cassette. He wasn't taking any chances that his words might not be coming through loud and clear."

1.

PLAYBOY: You were elected to the House of Representatives at 27. How does it feel to earn the title Honorable at such a tender age?

LE BOUTILLIER: It's kind of a joke. Actually, they don't ever call you the Honorable. They call you sir. I find men old enough to be my grandfather calling me sir. It makes me feel ill at ease and I always ask them to stop.

2.

PLAYBOY: How about telling us the real story behind "Mr. LeBoutillier Goes to Washington"?

LE BOUTILLIER: I went into my local Republican Party office on my hands and knees and asked if I could run. Politics is a young man's game. You can't wait for the call. Being drafted to run is the biggest bunch of malarky in the world. Parties don't draft anybody. Politics is like medical school or law school. If you don't know when you're about 18 that you want to be a doctor, you'll never be one. You've got to be excessively competitive from an early age, because the competition is so much stronger. It's the same with politics.

3.

PLAYBOY: You've received a tremendous amount of press coverage due to your remarks about members of the House and the Senate. You've called Charles Percy a wimp and Daniel Patrick Moynihan a drunk. Are you worried about your reputation or are you only concerned that reporters spell your name correctly?

LE BOUTILLIER: I enjoy the attention. But the press has tried to portray me as something I'm not: a vicious and angry young man who's upset with everything. I'm upset with lots of things; but I'm not angry. I apologized to Senator Moynihan only because the statement I made should not have been recorded. It was off the record.

4.

PLAYBOY: This is a Washington office, after all. Just how many records are being made of this conversation?

LE BOUTILLIER: Only two that I know of. By the way, this office belonged to Bruce Caputo when he was a member of Congress. He was the Republican pushing the big Koreagate investigation. He said that he had found bugs in the closet and that either the CIA or the Korean CIA had been bugging his office.

5.

PLAYBOY: Public officials are sometimes deft at evading unpleasant questions. Is that a skill taught in Washington?

LE BOUTILLIER: I learned it at Harvard. A professor asks an essay question and, of course, you don't know the answer. He probably doesn't expect you to know the answer. So you run off and write about something else, whatever you want. Professors don't grade you on what you don't know about the question. They grade you on what you wrote in the essay. It's the same in politics. You get asked your position on tax cuts. You don't want to answer that, so you talk about something else that has to do with the economy. People remember only your answer—not that you didn't answer the question. Reagan's very good at not answering questions. Either he says "I'm not going to answer," or he runs off and tells some funny story that gets the press

mad but makes the public laugh and pay attention.

6.

PLAYBOY: You readily agreed to talk with us. Do you feel that politicians can use the press to their advantage?

LE BOUTILLIER: Even a very clever politician, such as New York mayor Ed Koch, who's adept at saying things to use the media, can't manipulate them just the way he wants. The last laugh is always the media's. They control the amount of space or of air time the politicians get.

But if I couldn't use the press, why would I ever want to do an interview? When you get down to it, the only reason a politician wants press is that it leads to power. The more press you get, the more publicity, the more people who know you—and, you hope, like you—the more powerful you become politically. You want the power to do the things that you want to have done. Doing an interview with **PLAYBOY** will probably lose me my next election. I do not have lust in my heart.

7.

PLAYBOY: Does the Congressional life offer you any favorite perks? Isn't the Capitol renowned for its bean soup and cheap haircuts?

LE BOUTILLIER: I don't like bean soup and I wouldn't go into the Congressional barbershop. That place is a butchery. I pay for my own haircuts in New York.

8.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to maintain sexual relationships and function as a member of Congress? Or do you constantly face that teenage problem "How far can I go?"

LE BOUTILLIER: It's possible. But the threshold is a lot lower for members of Congress than for freshmen in high school. You had better judge very carefully whom you talk with, whom you go out with, where you go. If I'm photographed talking with someone at a party, that photograph can ruin me. I toe a very safe line. A woman can come into this office, see me alone, walk out and say that I made a move on her. Even if it's not true, (continued on page 194)



FIRST SONGS

absolute proof that you're never too young to rock-'n'-roll

parody By **SCOTT FIVELSON**

IT IS A LITTLE-KNOWN FACT that many of today's top songwriters, being the talented people they are, were also precocious songwriting children. Now, with the release by Fisher-Price of the new LP *First Songs*, the record-buying public will finally have a chance to hear brilliant and distinctive early works by some of its favorite pop composers. What follows is a preview of the album, which has already shipped plastic.

BIG KIDS AT THE END OF THE BLOCK

By Bruce Springsteen

Too many years
You've been zipping up my pants, Mommy.
Too many years
We've been dropping bricks on ants, Tommy.
Got a hungry feeling,
And I gotta let it show.
And it feels just like
When I have to go.

(Chorus)

Gonna get right on my tricycle,
Where everything's all right.
Gonna get right on my tricycle
And pedal into the night.
I'm gonna remember where I live,
And I'm not gonna get lost.
I'm gonna look both ways,
And I'm gonna cross.
Then I'll stick out my tongue
And throw a rock
At the big kids at the end of the block.

© 1954 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

HELP ME MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT

By Kris Kristofferson

Take that clothespin off your nose.
You can keep your little vest.
Lay your body next to mine,
But try not to itch my chest.
Mommy never has to know.
You'll leave with the morning light.
Teddy, save me from the dark.
Help me make it through the night.

Mommy says that I'm too old.
If I am, I just don't care.
There's a thunderstorm outside.
Lord, tonight I need a bear.
All I care about is now,
And tomorrow's far from sight.
Yesterday is hard to spell.
Help me make it through the night.

© 1944 KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

FOR ONCE IN MY LUNCH

By Stevie Wonder

For once in my lunch
I have somethin' worth eating
Inside my brown paper bag.
For once in my lunch
Taste buds won't take a beating.
This time I know I won't gag.
For once Mom has packed
What my heart used to dream of
And made my dreams come true,
With somethin' fresh and new,
Somethin' I can chew.

For once in my lunch
That old meat loaf won't hurt me,
Not like it's hurt me before.
For once in my lunch
Appetite won't desert me.
Mom must have gone to the store.
For once I won't say,
"This is mine, you can take it."
Mom knows I hate liver.
Then why does she make it?
For once in my lunch
I have somethin'
I can eat.

© 1962 STEVIE WONDER

I CRAWL AROUND

By Brian Wilson

Round, round, crawl around.
I crawl around.
Yeah, crawl around.
Ooh-ooh, I crawl around.

I crawl around (round, round, round, I crawl around)
On the ground (round, round, round, round).
I go where I please (round, round, round, round)
On my hands and knees (round, round, round, I crawl
around).

I'm gettin' bugged crawlin' up and down the same old rug.
I gotta find a new place where there's Gerber's to chug.
(Goo, goo, goo, goo, goo, goo, goo, goo, goo, goo,
goo, goo.)
My reputation as an active tot is spreadin' 'cross town.
Yeah, aunts and uncles try to catch me, but I just shut 'em
down.

I crawl around (round, round, round, I crawl around)
On the ground (round, round, round, round).
I show 'em my back door (round, round, round, round)
When I put four on the floor (round, round, round, I crawl
around).

Round, round, crawl around.
I crawl around.
Yeah, crawl around.
Ooh-ooh, I crawl around.

© 1943 BRIAN WILSON

LIKE A ROLLING COHEN

By Bob Zimmerman

Once upon a time, you knew Abe Fine,
You played with Sammy Klein
And Joe Stein,
Didn't you?

You ate *kneydls*, spun your *dreydels*,
Sat at the table
While Mom shook her ladle,
Forbiddin' you.

She said,
"It's me you're killin'.
Bobaleh, put away the *farshtunkener* guitar.
Vat's vit dis 'Dylan?'"
So you tell her,
"I like to play."
She slaps her forehead
And says, "Oy, vay!"
And you're beginning to get the feeling
That she's about to launch into another spiel.

How does it feel?
How does it feel?
To be living at home,
Like a complete unknown,
Like a rolling Cohen.

© 1953 BOB ZIMMERMAN

WE MAY NEVER PASS THIS GRADE AGAIN

By Jim Seals and Dash Crofts

From the classrooms of first gradeness
To the green playgrounds of funness,
In all there is a Oneness.
In all there is a Oneness.

Yet greater be the wiseness
Of the child who speaks with trueness:
Oneness plus Oneness equals Twoness.
Oneness plus Oneness equals Twoness.

© 1947 JIM SEALS AND OASH CROFTS



SPACE

(continued from page 92)

"Randy Claggett's heavy boot touched the moon's surface at a spot no one on Earth would ever see."

into the terrible cold and darkness of space, where no atmosphere reflected light.

LUNA: We've had a close look through the windows. Same, only different.

HOUSTON: You must get some shut-eye.

LUNA: We want some.

HOUSTON: All systems shut down?

LUNA: All secured.

HOUSTON: We'll waken you in seven hours. Egress in nine.

LUNA: That's what we came for.

So eager was Sam Cottage to see what his sun was going to offer the morning of April 27 that he unlimbered his heliograph an hour before dawn, then spent his time nervously waiting for the great red disk to appear over the flatlands to the east. For about an hour after sunrise, it would be fruitless to take photographs, for the sun would be so low in the east that a camera would be unable to penetrate effectively the extreme thickness of atmosphere. Even so, he studied the sun through its blanket of haze to see whether or not any conspicuous event had happened overnight.

Against the possibility that he might have to issue an alert, he spent his time reviewing the data on radiation in *The Rem* [roentgen equivalent in man] *Table*.

When light filled the room, Cottage walked nervously about, stopping now and then to study the remarkable series of photographs taken in July 1959 showing several stages of one of the greatest solar flares ever recorded—a wild, tempestuous blotch. The flare would have generated, Cottage estimated, a total dose of something like 1000 rems as measured on the moon. More than enough to kill.

Randy Claggett's style was to be irreverent about everything—marriage, fatherhood, test piloting, engaging Russian Migs in Korea—but when he felt his heavy boot touch the surface of the moon and realized that he was standing on a portion of the universe that no one on Earth would ever see, not even with the most powerful telescope, he was overcome with the solemnity of the moment:

LUNA: Nothing could prepare you for this moment. The photographs weren't even close. This is . . . it's

staggering. An endless landscape of craters and boulders.

HOUSTON: And not a dark side at all?

LUNA: The sun shines brilliantly, but it's sure dark in spirit.

As soon as Linley joined him on the surface, a curious transformation occurred: Up till then, Claggett had been the skilled test pilot in command, but here among the rocks of a wildly unfamiliar terrain, the geologist assumed control, and he reminded Claggett that their first responsibility was to collect rocks immediately, lest they have to take off in a hurry. Placing the scientific instruments and doing the systematic sample collecting could come later.

Only when the emergency bags had been filled with rock samples and stowed aboard did the two men proceed to what seemed a miracle when it was flashed by means of the orbiting satellites to television watchers back on Earth: At an opening in the base of the lunar module, they opened a flap, activated a series of devices and stood back as a most bizarre creation started to emerge, like a chrysalis about to become a butterfly. It looked much like a frail shopping cart that had been run over in some truck accident, compacted and twisted, but as it came into sunlight, its various parts, which were spring-loaded, began to unfold of themselves: Four wheels mysteriously appeared, a steering handle, a tonneau with seats. Like a child's toy unfolding at Christmas, a complete moon rover materialized, with batteries strong enough to move it about for three days or 80 miles—whichever came first.

When the rover stood clear, the astronauts did not leap into it for a gambol across the moon; in fact, they ignored it as they went about the serious business of unloading and positioning the complex of scientific instruments that would make this journey fruitful for the next ten years. In each of the preceding Apollo missions, men had placed on the moon devices that were expected to send messages to Earth for up to a year, but those devices had been so beautifully constructed and with so many sophisticated bypasses if things went wrong that all of them still functioned long after their predicted death. "Sometimes we do things right," Claggett said as he emplaced the instrument that would measure the force of the solar wind.

"You seem to have the wires crossed,"

Hickory Lee cautioned from Houston. "Red to red."

"I had it ass backward," Claggett said, and Lee had to remind him, "We're working with an open mike."

When the eight scientific devices were placed and the antennas that would relay their findings were oriented so that the satellites could intercept their transmissions, the two men were ready to send test signals.

HOUSTON: We read you loud and clear.

LUNA: Voltages in order?

HOUSTON: Could not be better.

LUNA: We're going to rest fifteen minutes.

HOUSTON: You earned it.

LUNA: Then we start on Expedition One. Seven miles to the reticulated crater.

HOUSTON: Roger. Are you checking your dosimeters?

LUNA: Regular.

After their rest, taken to avoid perspiration or heavy breathing that might consume too much oxygen, the two men climbed into the rover, with Linley at the controls:

LUNA: Linley speaking. Please, someone, inform my uncle Dr. Gawain Butler, who would not allow me to drive his used Plymouth, that I am now chauffeuring a jalopy with a sticker price of ten million clams.

HOUSTON: Obey all traffic signs.

This carried them to an interesting small crater, one whose flat central section was so reticulated, like a mud flat in August, that the astronauts had given it the name "the Giraffe Crater." When they climbed a small mound at its edge, Linley gasped with pleasure and informed Houston that it was even more exciting than they had supposed when studying photographs.

LUNA: Magnificent. We have a whole new world here.

HOUSTON: Better change that to moon.

LUNA: Corrected. We're going down on foot to collect samples.

HOUSTON: Too steep for the rover?

LUNA: We think so.

HOUSTON: Roger. We'll follow you with the television camera.

LUNA: We're going left. To get those rocks that look yellowish.

It was truly miraculous. The two astronauts left the rover and descended gingerly into the crater, but as they went, technicians in Houston sent electronic commands to the television camera mounted on the side of the rover, and obediently, it followed the progress of the men. Its electrical impulses were

(continued on page 173)

PLAYING

DOCTOR DOCTOR DOCTOR



*“young doctors in love”
star michael mckean offers
his professional diagnosis
of old medicine shows*

T

HERE'S SOMETHING heroic about the movie version of a doctor's life: the awesome power; the chilling responsibility; the precarious balance out there on the edge, where life and death meet but never seriously date. Of course, the physicians we encounter in our daily

lives are worlds apart from their cinematic counterparts. Indeed, it is difficult to relate the image of a young, eager Jim Kildare to that of the bored-looking gent in the knit tie coming at you with a lubricated glove. But that's why we have movies. To give us a dose of insight into the way doctors have been portrayed in the past, we've tapped the expertise of Michael McKean, the most recent star of such a movie—*Young Doctors in Love*, an outrageous send-up of life in a hospital.

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari



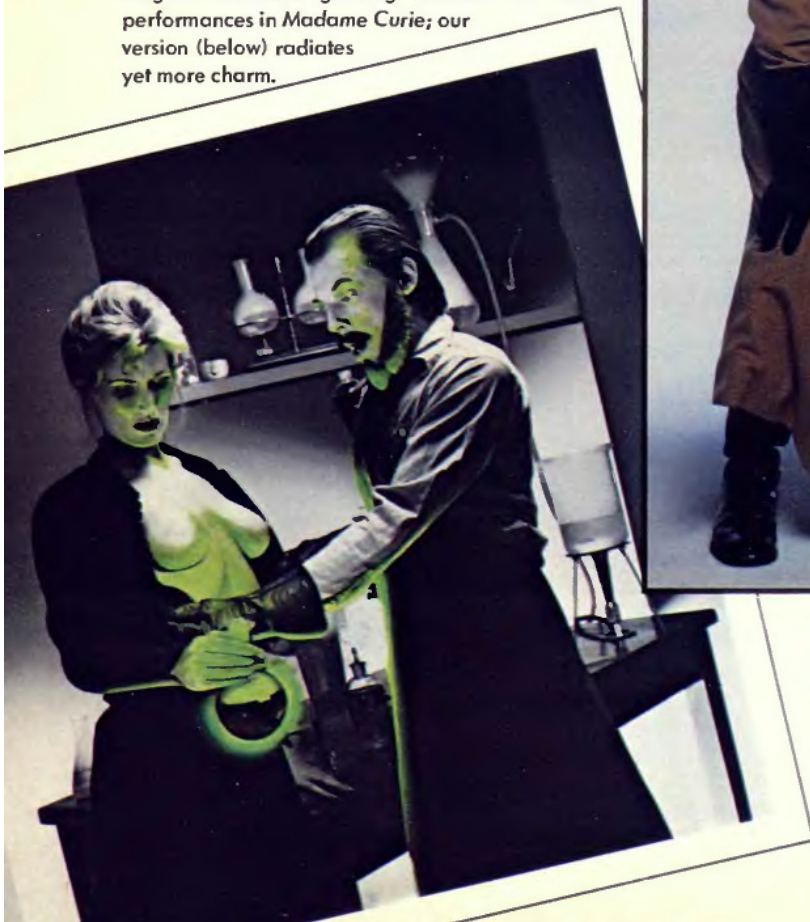
The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (Germany, 1919) shows the medical profession in a sinister light. Here, the Bad Doctor (so cruel he refuses to validate parking stubs) creeps up on a bit of strudel.



A figure stirs in the Teutonic gloom (above): It's Doc Caligari's live-in somnambulist, a walking testament to the efficacy of Sominex, a fellow with one particularly jealous bone in his body. Not for the *Fräulein*, however. The boys in the Bund were feeling stirrings of decadence, and the science of proctology was not far behind.

Madame Curie

Hollywood's prescription for success in the Forties was the big-budget medical-science bio. Paul Muni infected our culture profoundly with his portrayal of Louis Pasteur, while Edward G. Robinson as Dr. Ehrlich gave movie audiences a dose of drama. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon received glowing reviews for their performances in *Madame Curie*; our version (below) radiates yet more charm.



Dr. Zhivago

In *Dr. Zhivago* (1965), Omar Sharif played a Soviet practitioner whose career is interrupted by a strain of Russian flu colled communism. Julie Christie played his lover, Lara. Above, Zhivago's steam-powered X-ray machine reveals Lara's rather healthy lungs.



Dr. Dolittle

Representing the veterinary field, Dr. Dolittle, played by Rex Harrison, oozed charm from every pore (plus assorted other orifices) and warbled 41 identical songs in that terminally merry family entertainment. The ebullient Dr. D. was, of course, well versed in what his colleagues smirkingly referred to as "animal husbandry," and his experiments in genetics yielded many a boon to British culture. The doctor is pictured above with an ingenious creation that revalutianized the cottage industry of prostitution: the highly efficient twin-engine streetwalker known as the Pushme-Payme.

Ben Casey

With the advent of television, real doctors no longer had to make house calls—such TV medics as Ben Casey and Jim Kildare kept millions of hypochondriacs happy for years. Dr. Casey, a neurosurgeon desperately in need of electrolysis, convinced us that everything from stomach cramps to earwax could be cured through brain surgery. "Man, woman, birth, death, infinity," the voice would earnestly intone, and half an hour later, Casey, brow furrowed, would be in the operating room hacking away at somebody's cerebellum. When filming *Ben Casey*, insiders have told us, the director frequently yelled, "Cut!"



FEAR OF FAGGOTRY (continued from page 104)

"The prefects knew about such hidden emotions in us, I believe, and watched us like cats from a perch."

arguing with a man much older than she was. The woman got off her stool, crushing her cigarette, cursing the man. She turned and walked straight toward me and, for an instant, I knew she was going to sit down at my table. She was only going for the door, but even after I realized that, it took me several minutes to stop trembling.

It was too late to go over to Saint Peter's church on Madison and blurt out my sins in the darkness of a box to a voice I didn't know. The Franciscan fathers who heard confessions there wouldn't be back in their stalls until morning. I walked through pale shadows to the hotel, where I undressed and lay with the light on, my chest thumping like Poe's telltale heart, about to pound through the floor boards. I stared at the overhead pipes. I tried to fall asleep. Ruin and damnation would come to me; I was a sinner beyond saving. One day, the police would find my crumpled body in a smashed car along the barricade of an expressway, and in the wallet of poor, dead Paul Hendrickson would be an I.D. linking his squalid present to his Camelot past. Paul Hendrickson, the news accounts would say, had once studied for the Catholic priesthood.

Shortly after midnight, I got up, dressed, rode the elevator to the empty lobby and walked straight up to the clerk. "Sir," I said, "I've just gotten word that my mother is very ill. I'm going to have to leave. But please don't worry about refunding my money. Here's your key." I turned on my heel and walked out.

By one o'clock, I was back in my own dark, silent suburban bed. On my way home, I prayed I wouldn't get creamed by a drunk on the expressway. The next afternoon, in the Saturday box at my parish, came the real orgy—of remorse. The priest seemed somewhere between amused and shocked. He recognized my voice and knew that I was a seminarian. "Are you sure you're praying to the Blessed Mother to overcome your problems with purity?" he said.

"Yes, Father," I murmured, grateful once again for the dark.

By fall, back at school six weeks or so, I would be both distressed and stoked with secret joy to find myself physically stimulated, tingled, by certain of my fellow seminarians. Those tingles could come from the "accidental" brush of my arms and legs, going up for rebounds on

the gym floor; from the seemingly special import invested in traded punches or shared jokes or passed desserts at table in the refectory. Not that I was feeling those tingles from just any seminarian and not that my brain was flooded purely with homophile images. We still talked an awful lot about girls. (Plus, we had books to find women in, and I was a ceaseless reader. For some reason, the prefect let me keep James Michener's *Hawaii*, and I can remember to this moment my profound excitement over a passage in that novel about a ship's captain who reclined on his back while a plenitude of island girls worked on him at once. My imagination had not conjured up such a thing.) Generally, my attention seemed directed toward a select three or four seminarians every year; my subconscious must have done the pre-selecting. Sometimes, they were seminarians older than I, though more often, they were younger boys who tended to the fair-skinned and the slight-framed. At turns, I could feel jealousy, ardor, anger and protectiveness for them. The prefects knew about such hidden emotions in us, I believe, and watched us like cats from a perch. No one talked about it. And I could stop neither my feelings nor my shame.

In my first several years, I particularly idolized a seminarian named Butch Evans. Butch was four years ahead of me and was probably the best-liked student in the school. We used to say it was impossible for a parent or a guest to get onto the seminary property without having Butch come up and stick his hand out. I wanted to pass him my desserts; I wanted to fold his laundry during work periods; I wanted to get letters from him on vacation. (I did and saved them all; the two of us were laughing over some of them a while ago.) At the same time, I should say, I have encountered a sizable number of my old schoolmates who insist that they never once, the whole time they were in, felt a physical stimulation, much less an erection, of the kind I am writing about here—and they can say it without sounding like Don Knotts parked in a Michigan driveway. But enough others, I think, were secretly fretting as much as I was about what they seemed to be turning into. There were times when I could have asked somebody to dance—had I known how, had there been waltzes.

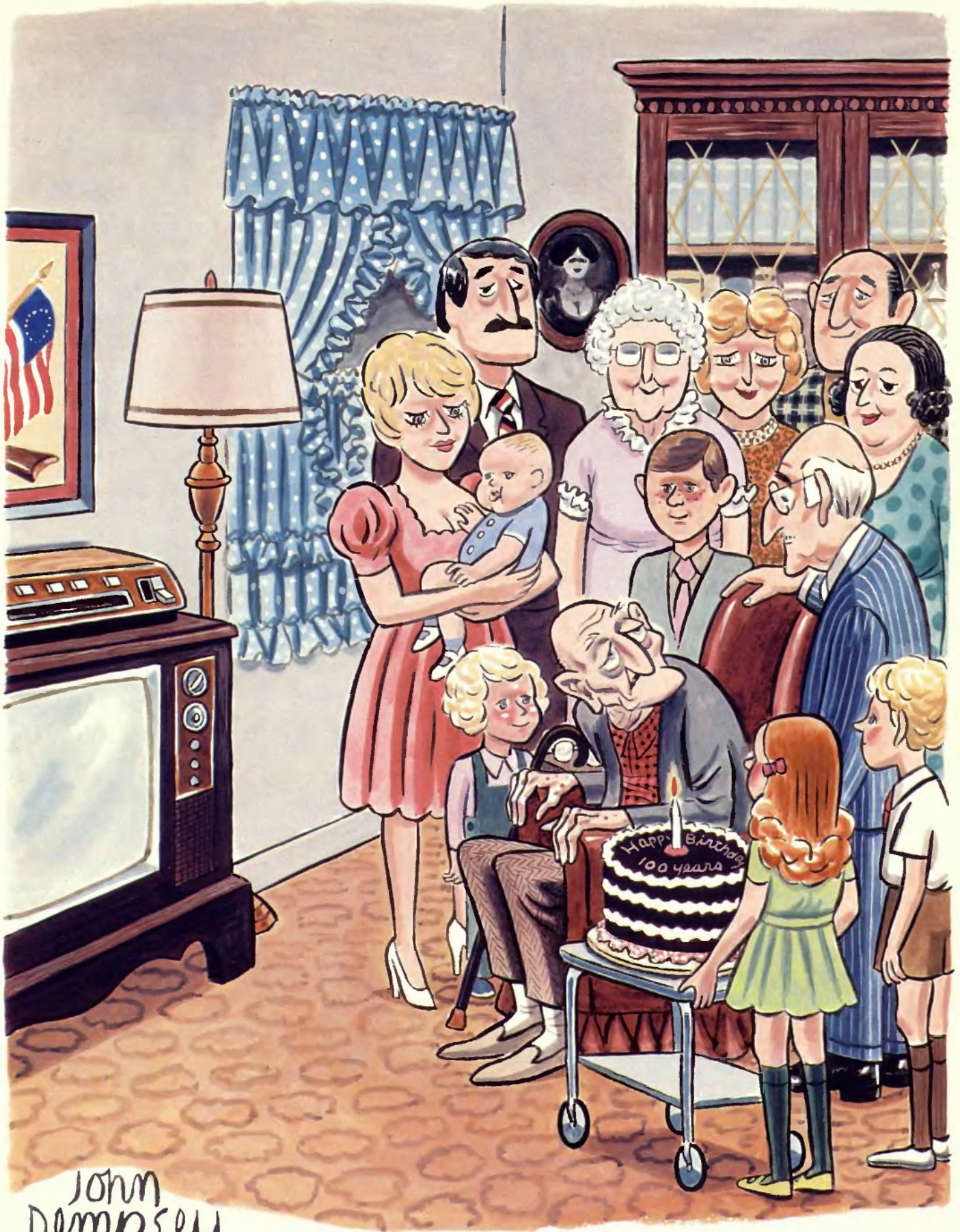
Too often, I think, we were given to

understand our sexuality as the enemy of chastity—if we were given to understand it at all. The other day, as I thumbed through a folder labeled Purity/Sex that I have been keeping for some time now, I came across the following: it is not from my seminary but from a document privately published by the Province of St. Augustine of the Capuchin Order in Pittsburgh: "Of course the case may occur of a boy who commits a sin with a girl while home on vacation, and I should be inclined to think that psychologically this would be a greater deterrent to the advancement to the priesthood than the sin of sodomy, even though the latter is a graver transgression of God's laws from the theological standpoint." Odd sentiment, but then we were in an odd atmosphere.

And last year, in a talk with one of my old seminary prefects, I raised the subject of homosexuality. He told me it had officially been handed down to him from above that he was to boot out, on the first transgression, with no chance for excuse, any student caught in an overt homosexual act. But between unequivocal "perverted" behavior and, say, the light, fevered brush against somebody's arm on a divan lay a multitude of point shaving. For me, things could be more than they seemed and look less. It was seeking without knowing or, at least, acknowledging. It was whether and how and why. I have this image now of a fierce, humming sensuality among us, a blooded presence, while up above, where we wore our smiles, there were only our piety and camaraderie and bonhomie. Some will say that is too stark, and maybe it is.

And yet at least one seminarian from my time has told me that he used to lie in bed in his parents' farmhouse in Arkansas those first five or six months after he had left and contemplate his suicide. He had decided to put a shotgun into his mouth and pull the trigger with a string looped to his toe, if it came to that. He was blackly depressed about everything, and some of that, he suspects now, lay in his sexual confusion. He remembers getting an erection nearly every time he got near a classmate with smooth features and a Florida tan. In time, the depression went away. On the night I saw him, he was finishing law school, was an editor of his law review and was being courted by the best firms in the country. He was married and a Vietnam veteran. He said he was an atheist and then corrected himself and said he was probably an agnostic: He can't prove God doesn't exist. Almost immediately after he had left, he had experienced a rejection of his faith—part repudiation, he suspects, part defense mechanism. "The whole Catholic thing

(continued on page 200)



John
Dempsey

"The hell with the cake. Where are those porno video discs I wanted?"

fiction by

FRANÇOIS CAMOIN

"so why don't you make something out of your life?" Marty says to me.

"Like get married again?" I say. Marty has just taken a new young wife.

"Hmm!" Marty says, savoring his luck. "It's good," he says. "But it's not for you. Go back to Daphne."

I shake my head no.

"You're wrong," he says. "She's beautiful. Do you know what's the matter with Western civilization? We don't love our women enough."

A stockbroker, he talks like a poet.

"I'm not happy, Marty," I tell him. "I'm not living."

"So do something; that's what I'm trying to say. Live. Don't just let it float by. Be a man."

"I've lived. Want to see the scars?" I start to pull my shirt off over my head. Scars I've got. In the Army, I nicked myself with a bayonet when I was messing around. My first ex-wife's girlfriend stabbed me in the ribs with a kitchen knife. A little operation here, a cigarette burn there. It adds up to a life.

"Put your shirt back on," Marty says. "They'll throw us out of here."

I'm embarrassing him; he loves it. He

can tell the story to Wanda when he gets home. They'll chortle over their Pinot Noir at the things crazy Eli is liable to do at the drop of a hat. "I'm telling him about Western civilization and he pulls off his shirt, the nutty bastard." Afterward, they'll have a long, satisfying fuck in their new bed and kiss and go to sleep holding on to each other for dear life. Not that this domesticity stops my friend Marty from little interludes with other women. I asked him once why he had a couch in his office. "Windfalls," he said.

"I know you," he tells me now. "You think if you admit you're wrong, you'll die. You lack flexibility. For example, Daphne. Tell the truth, don't you miss her? That woman still loves you; you could go back."

"Not in a million years."

"What a cook she was," Marty says.

True. Pot roasts, corned beef and cabbage, *cannelloni* that would break your heart like a symphony, home-baked breads made out of things you and I wouldn't think to put into bread if our life depended on it. Cream pies, custards, pastry right out of Vienna—it makes me feel fat just to think about it. And with all (continued on page 168)

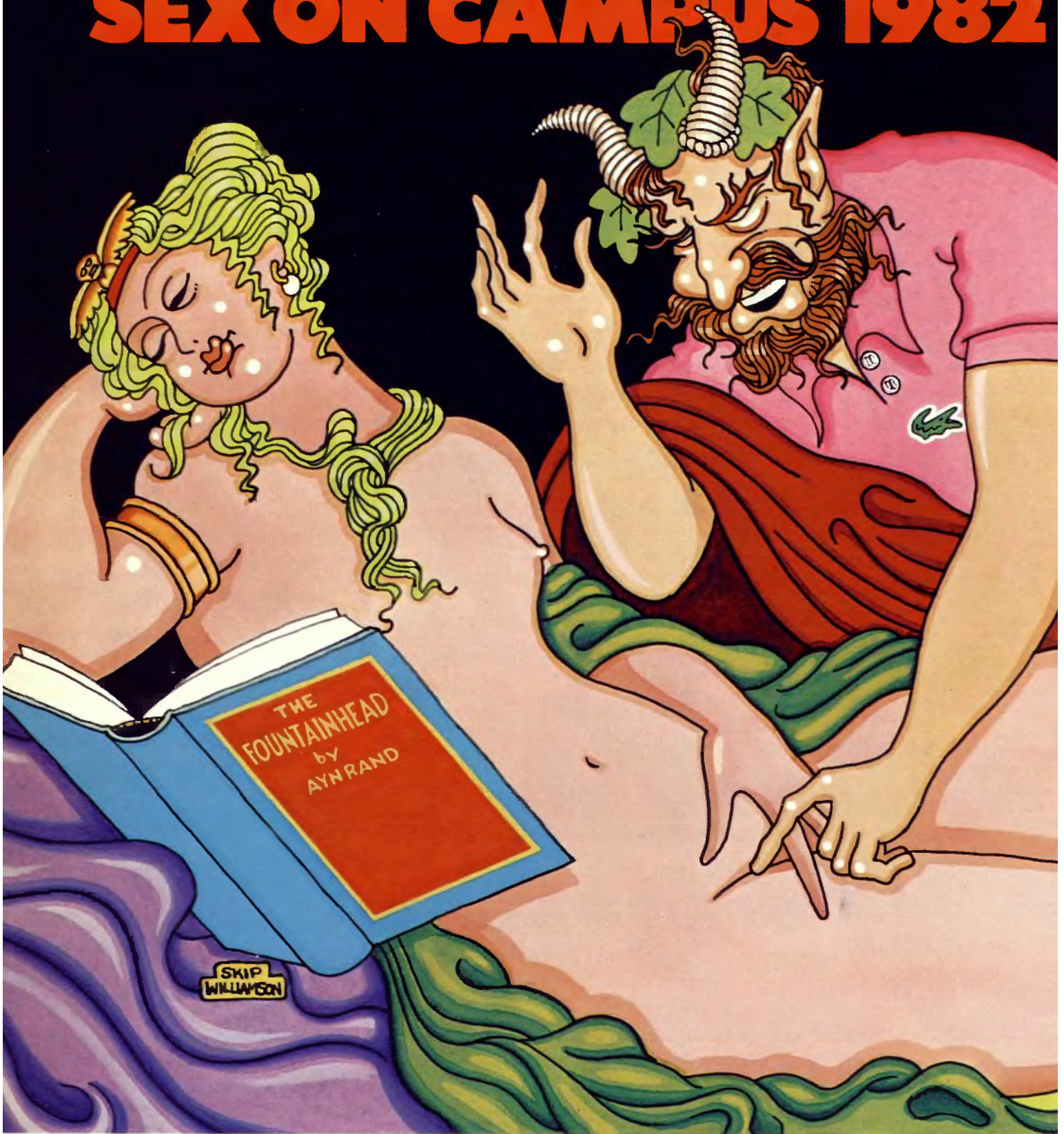
DAPHNINE'S TUNIE

"wait," she said. "i'll get a mirror; i want to see everything"



today's students may toe a politically conservative line, but when the subject turns to sex, anything goes

SEX ON CAMPUS 1982



IN A YEAR-LONG effort to find sex on-campus 1982, PLAYBOY has learned that college is a lot like Disneyland: You know it's there, but if you haven't enjoyed it for a while, you may have forgotten how much fun it is. We found a lot of Mickey Mouse, a growing

number of fairies and legions of young Snow Whites, but we'd be Dumbos not to report that the campus-sex scene is still a magic kingdom.

We surveyed 2000 students from all over the country during the 1982 spring semester (see chart opposite). They

represent great academic institutions as well as places from which you graduate *summa cum laude* if you know your phone number. We chose schools large and small, some known for their parties and others for their purity. We went undercover and even under covers at

E.C.-THE EXTRACURRICULAR

SCHOOL	CAMPUS MALE	CAMPUS FEMALE	MALE-FEMALE RATIO	STYLE	HOTTEST NANGOUT	STEAM RELEASE	UNCONTR SUBSTA
1. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS (Austin, Texas)	Urban cowboy 	Morgan Fairchild with spurs 	6-5 	Frontier free-for-all 	Barton Springs: Convertible coeds take their tops down. 	Sex 	The pill
2. INDIANA UNIVERSITY (Bloomington, Indiana)	Frat rat with basketball 	Corn-fad Kappa cutie 	Even 	Mid-American hedonism 	Any frat "kegger" 	Rock-quarry skinny-dipping 	Hoosier hysteria
3. ARIZONA STATE (Tempe, Arizona)	Stud in shades 	Tan tigress with tequila 	7-8 	Wine, women and bong 	Sin City: the 10,000-student apartment complex 	Partying. More partying 	Mexican ma
4. UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-LAS VEGAS	Blackjack dealer 	Strip showgirl 	Even 	Neon nights 	Carlos Murphy's, a Mexican-Irish bar 	Betting tuition on red 	Strip joints
5. UCLA (Los Angeles, California)	Beachhead 	Sun-bathing mejor 	Even 	Beach-blanket bingo 	All of Westwood 	Beach (where else?) volleyball 	Cocaine
6. UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA (Gainesville, Florida)	Aspiring Californian 	Cheesecake in bikini 	3-2 	Sports of all sorts 	Rickey's Restaurant & Lounge 	The Halloween Ball—annual bacchanal 	Melanin
7. SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE (Sweet Briar, Virginia)	None 	Preppy milkmaid 	Perfect 	Rural chic 	The gates: All sorts of boys "roll up." 	"Cow tipping": toppling somnolent bovines 	NoDoz (Well, you can't get busted.)
8. UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS (Champaign-Urbana, Illinois)	Studious Chicagoan 	Farm girl in make-up 	7-5 	Apathy among sardines 	Kam's Bar in Campustown 	Pedestrian sex, pedestrian drugs, pedestrian rock 'n' roll 	Mediocr ma
9. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN (Ann Arbor, Michigan)	Jock 	Jock's sweetie 	5-4 	Pigskin pandemonium 	Hill Auditorium: good acoustics 	Hating Ohio State 	Marijuana: th collegiate pc in the U.
10. SMITH COLLEGE (Northampton, Massachusetts)	None 	Frumpy future financier 	Ideal 	E.R.A. rally and sewing circle in one 	Fitzwilly's 	Advanced cattiness 	Estrogen going to waste

playboy zooms in on 20 campuses with some special effects—and defects

TEMPERATURE	SEXUAL TEMPERATURE	ADMINISTRATION	REAL MASCOT	SEX CENTRAL	HOW TO COME ON	TRY THIS LINE	ACADEMIC BEST BET
	212 degrees: at libidinous boil.... 	D+: too many Bible thumpers 	J. R. Ewing 	Lake Travis—for stripped-down coed chassis 	Fun-loving cow puncher 	"Hi, honey." (That's all it takes, son.) 	Law
	199 degrees: You can major in carnal knowledge. 	C-: strangling with red tape 	Alums Jane Pauley... if she'd just loosen up 	Women's showers—Foster Quad 	Prepster in a Triumph Spitfire 	"Didn't I see you in Breaking Away?" 	Music
	185 degrees, but be sure you've got wheels. 	B: Their hands are tied. 	The hangover 	Any Sin City rec room 	Jekyll by day, Hyde by night 	"Hey, there, orgy girl...." 	Business
	172 degrees (deduct 100 when Paul Anka's in town). 	A-: They sanctioned a wet-T-shirt contest. 	Wayne Newton 	The Strip: it's only unnatural. 	High roller 	"Want to blow on my dice?" 	Hotel management
	155 degrees: L.A. is overrated. 	B-: rich and distant 	The Coppertone girl 	Pirate's Cove—nudity north of Malibu 	Movie mogul 	"Ever been cast on a couch?" 	Theater
	138 degrees: too many old folks in charge.... 	D: Why don't they retire to St. Pete? 	The kamikaze 	Under the Century Tower 	Sporting-goods tycoon 	"Went to touch my beach balls?" 	Solar Research
	130 degrees: a lot of smoldering at an all-girl school 	A: They honor the honor system. HOW ABOUT AN HONEST PERSON? 	Eight maids a-milking 	The University of Virginia—where the boys are 	Intellectual cow tipper 	"Subsequently, I crept up on that Guernsey and...pow!" 	Junior-year international studies
	98.6 degrees: no external heat 	C-: a yellow light.... 	REO Speedwagon 	Frat row: Walk down Second Street till you hear belching.... 	Frat fanatic 	"I think I've caught an ice-cream-social disease." 	Agriculture
	94 degrees: They think a good ball is elliptical. 	D+: Computer is king. 	Bo Schembechler 	Frat row: Non-Greeks say, "Those frat pricks are rising agsin." 	Hot-shot halfback 	"I gon' play foobawl f' Bo!" 	Anthropology
	88 degrees: The Smith T-shirt reside: A CENTURY OF WOMEN ON TOP. 	B+: liberal ladies 	Shere Hite 	Davis Student Center, just to check the prospects... 	Disguised as Alvin Aida 	"My therapist says I need an aggressive woman." 	Government

E.C.—THE EXTRACURRICULAR

SCHOOL	CAMPUS MALE	CAMPUS FEMALE	MALE-FEMALE RATIO	STYLE	HOTTEST HANGOUT	STEAM RELEASE	UNCO SUB
11. RICE UNIVERSITY (Houston, Texas)	Aspiring NASA engineer 	Studious cowgirl 	2-1 	Blood, sweat and beers 	Gilley's 	Sleeping after cramming 	Cov
12. UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA (Tuscaloosa, Alabama)	Cool cracker 	Damned dazzling debutante 	Even 	Southern Comfort 	The Cowboy in Tuscaloosa 	Knocking back a few Buda while the Tide rises again 	Country music
13. UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO—DENVER	Business major on skis 	Laid-back ski bunny 	Even 	Rocky Mountain high 	The Auraria Mercantile Restaurant 	Hot-tubbing 	Top-draw
14. UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (Los Angeles, California)	Frat rat with Porsche 	Bronza bombshell 	3-2 	More Greek than Zorba 	901 Club (Greeks), 502 Club (non-Greeks) 	Evading the muggers in Watts 	The de
15. HARVARD UNIVERSITY (Cambridge, Massachusetts)	Young Kennedy 	Full-figured feminist 	2-1 	All snobs, no slobs 	Hong Kong Bar 	Playing the bond market 	Ambition
16. UNIVERSITY OF IOWA (Iowa City, Iowa)	Thresher driver 	4-H queen 	Even 	Barnyard sans boogie 	The Iowa River Power Company Bar 	Shucking corn 	Midlan
17. GRINNELL COLLEGE (Grinnell, Iowa)	Transplanted New Yorker 	Hipless history major 	Even 	Cornfield liberalism 	Campus Pub 	History symposia 	Co
18. UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO (Moscow, Idaho)	Lumberjack 	Lumberjill in calico 	2-1 	Grindstone-sanded noses 	Corner Club 	Vandals' basketball 	Bear in tubs
19. BUTLER UNIVERSITY (Indianapolis, Indiana)	Small-town stud 	Sorority Saa 	Even 	Just like 1954 	The Bulldog Lounge 	The Watermelon Bust pageant (annual breast exam) 	AS
20. BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY (Provo, Utah)	Haloed pioneer 	Vestal virgin 	Even 	Missionaries looking for a position 	Any plane leaving Provo 	Religious ecstasy 	Are you k Caffeine's the rules.

playboy zooms in on 20 campuses with some special effects—and defects

COLLEGE	SEXUAL TEMPERATURE	ADMINISTRATION	REAL MASCOT	SEX CENTRAL	HOW TO COME ON	TRY THIS LINE	ACADEMIC BEST BET
chic	85 degrees: Only blackbird eggs get laid.	B-: cracks the whip	Uncle Ben	Campus pub or any cowboy bar in Houston	Oilman's son	"Ever wonder why they call me Gusher?"	Architecture
	82 degrees; used to be hotter...	C-: hands you a brew, sends your girl home	Alabama (of course)	Any bouncing car outside a frat house	Say your nickname is Bear	"Are those footballs, or are you the girl of mah dreams?"	Business
arijuans	80 degrees: Everyone scrambles on Friday.	B+: a green light in most directions	Ski patrol	Private "study" rooms in the library	Ski bum with a gram of cocaine	"I've got the powder, and it's all downhill from here."	Psychology
letic nant	77 degrees: You gotta be Greek...	D: sometimes called the Trojan Inquisition	Trojans (well lubricated) in a box	Any place with Greek letters on the door	With sports car and toga	"Did you know ΣΑΕ is Greek for spermhead?"	Journalism
	72 degrees: just too stuffy to be fun	B+: gives you a free hand	Izod alligator	Any fall "punch"	Nobel laureate	"Let us go, then, you and I, when the evening is spread out against the sky... and fuck."	Anything
erijuana	62 degrees: lows is not a state of arousal.	C+: Grant Wood types	John Deere	Behind the barn	Great American novelist	"Have I got a [story, joke, cock] for you!"	Law
ition	58 degrees: too much thinking, not enough drinking	A-: still pretty progressive	Herodotus	Check the notches on the doors in the men's dorms	Visiting professor of Egyptology	"I'm certain we were lovers in a past life."	History
	44 degrees: colder than the climate	C: bump on a log	Mr. Potato Head	The Hello Walk, by the administration building	Ore-Ida executive	"We can't do it here, honey. Even the potatoes have eyes."	Forestry
	35 degrees	B-: not bad, considering...	Rhatt Butler	Frat row, where heavy petting's still the craze	Race-car driver	"Hi, honey. Want to feel my under-carriage?"	Pharmacy
ing? einst	4 degrees: And you can't break the ice.	D-: Fun is for a Latter day.	The angel Moroni, sometimes called Bony	The dreams of BYU men	Don't	"Hi, honey. How 'bout a cup of Sanka?"	Theology

many of them and interviewed dozens of students who are in positions to be experts on collegiate carnal knowledge. Our results are packaged in this exclusive report, which we hope will be taken to heart, if not to bed, by all who care to know about sex, students and how they come together.

Everyone knows about the students of the Sixties. They tossed bombs and threw out administrations. They listened to Jimi Hendrix and dropped acid. And most of their relevant intercourse was sexual.

At first glance, it seems they've been replaced by a clean-cut crew of accountants. The new kids toss back beers and throw up. They listen to Jimmy Buffett and drop classes. But their most relevant intercourse is still sexual. *Plus ça change...*

We have uncovered some surprising facts and startling statistics about the college campus of 1982, and perhaps the most important thing we're going to do here is refute the generally accepted characterization of today's collegians as a cadre of clean-cut conservatives. The campus is more conservative now; it's less exciting to an outsider because there aren't so many upturned bodies having at it in the groves of academe. But there's more—not less—sex going on now than in the halcyon days of the Sixties. College is both a more conservative and a sexier place today than when anarchy reigned. Most college carnality involves people's having sex every time they turn around, but usually with the same partners. So, while discretion may be the basis of his program, sex is still the academic's major.

Today's college student has gotten a bad rap. There's no doubt that he's less political than his predecessors—more likely to be caught reading Norman Vincent Peale than Mao Tse-tung. He'll tell you that Lenin was that rock star who backed Paul McCartney before he hit it big with Wings. Huge numbers of today's students say they are not interested in politics, and fewer than half of them vote. But all that that reveals is a healthy cynicism toward authority, which is what the Sixties revolutionaries were known for. The students in our survey, by a two-to-one margin, say they "admire the activism of the students of the Sixties." The difference is that today's collegians witnessed the failure of the activists. "Those Sixties people tried to change the world," says a history major at the University of Iowa, "and it didn't work. Now they're all stockbrokers. I just want to have a good time while I'm here, because it's tough out there in the real world."

The sexual attitudes of contemporary college students ought to be understood

in context. It appears that today's campus offers a strange hybrid of the sexual permissiveness of the Sixties and the conservatism of the Eighties. Politically, almost two thirds of our respondents describe themselves as moderates or conservatives. The single greatest social concern among those answering our survey is "the state of the economy." And yet those young William Buckleys follow the leads of Casanova and Isadora Duncan in sexual matters. More than 83 percent of them are currently involved in some form of relationship, and, by a 57-43 percent majority, they feel that casual acquaintance or friendship is sufficient reason for sexual involvement.

DISPENSING WITH FORMALITIES

"How close or formal a relationship is necessary for you before you enter a sexual relationship?"

	% Men	% Women	% Overall
Casual acquaintance	31.2	10.0	21.3
Friendship	37.5	33.2	35.4
Love	21.5	46.4	33.2
Engagement	1.3	1.5	1.4
Marriage	8.5	8.9	8.7

We wanted to know about those and other attitudes and experiences and to compare them with the results of our last collegiate-sex study, way back in 1969. So we asked 2000 students across the country to respond confidentially to questions about their political, personal and sexual attitudes. We think their answers reveal more about what's happening on campus than all the *Newsweek* fulminations and televised titillations put together.

First, an introduction to the subject—call it Campus Sex 101. Our typical respondent is almost 21 years old. He or she (50.6 percent of our respondents are male, 49.4 percent female) carries a B average, majors in business or liberal arts, belongs to a Greek-letter social organization and was raised in a Protestant family but is now indifferent to religion.

Our lead-off question asked whether today's students feel that sexual attitudes oncampus are more or less liberal than they were ten years ago. Eighty-four percent believe attitudes are more liberal; 16 percent say they are less so. One student at the University of Southern California explains his "less liberal" answer: "There's more sexual opportunity now, but lots of kids are so conservative, they won't take advantage of it." There's little doubt that school administrations are generally more permissive in terms of sexuality than they were in 1972; more students quibble about the right-leaning politics of their institutions than about

any *in loco parentis* prevention of coitus.

Many students still live oncampus, in sorority or fraternity houses (20 percent of the total) or in dormitories (19 percent), but most prefer rooming offcampus. Forty percent of the upperclassmen in our sample live in offcampus apartments, and the vast majority of non-Greek students would like to if they could afford it. What do they do with their leisure time? Far and away the most popular leisure activity cited is "sitting around with friends."

While almost everyone is currently involved in some kind of relationship, "just dating" is still the prevalent status. Only 4.5 percent of the students in our sample cohabit without benefit of clergy. Three times that many are married or engaged.

Virginity is not quite dead. While sexual standards at almost all schools are more liberal than those of a decade ago, 21.2 percent of our collegians say they are still virgins. In a survey done by *PLAYBOY* in 1970 (which was primarily a politics-oriented follow-up to the 1969 study), that figure was 33.5 percent. Such a precipitous drop should put to rest the idea that today's students have picked up their morality from *Ozzie and Harriet*.

Slightly more than 19 percent of our students have had only one sex partner. Well over half have had three or fewer. We ought to mention, though, that the figures fluctuate a great deal by class standing: Freshmen, on the average, have had fewer than half as many partners as seniors. Also, one's sexual opportunities are affected as much by geographical factors as by chronological ones. At Butler University, a small private school in Indianapolis, only 37 percent of our respondents have slept with more than one person. At the University of Florida, that figure is 70 percent.

A new phenomenon rearing its frustrated head deserves mention here—that of the "common-law virgin." At law schools all over the land, a person who finds him- or herself so busy studying or Shepardizing cases (if you're in law school, you know what that means; if you're not, count your blessings) that there's no time for anything else becomes a common-law virgin after a semester of celibacy (the time period sometimes varies, according to statute). Some might think that revelation immaterial; we think it merits sustained objection.

PLAYBOY's 1969 poll revealed that only 10.7 percent of college students surveyed had had intercourse at the age of 16 or younger. Our results show the current figure to be 28.7 percent—almost triple the number of 13 years ago. That is one of the most significant discoveries we have made: It means that far more

(continued on page 182) 149



*all hail mrs. roberts,
a bronx-bred fallen angel
unveiling her wilder side
in "the beastmaster"*

TANYA

personality

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SHE PLAYED Julie, the last and one of the most glorious of Charlie's Angels, replacing Shelley Hack, who had, in turn, filled the gap after the defection of Farrah. She's now Kiri the slave girl, a medieval warrior woman sharing captivity with a number of unpredictable cats, in *The Beastmaster*. Although their eyes may hint at ancient mysteries, not a cat in a carload can compete with tawny Tanya Roberts when her stunning peepers suddenly beam onto you like a pair of sky-blue spots. Sipping vodka, I wait for her in a dim little hotel bar. It's been raining outside, gray and sloshy, with a string of puddles between here and nearby Gramercy Park. New York weather is rotten until the moment Tanya appears. She's got on blue-and-yellow-striped minishorts, with a matching top. Those eyes. Those legs. Sunshine after the rain.

She says hi. She says they've traipsed all over Lower Manhattan, from Greenwich Village to TriBeCa, looking at lofts: "We want to be bicoastal." That voice. A throaty purr tinged (text continued on page 196)



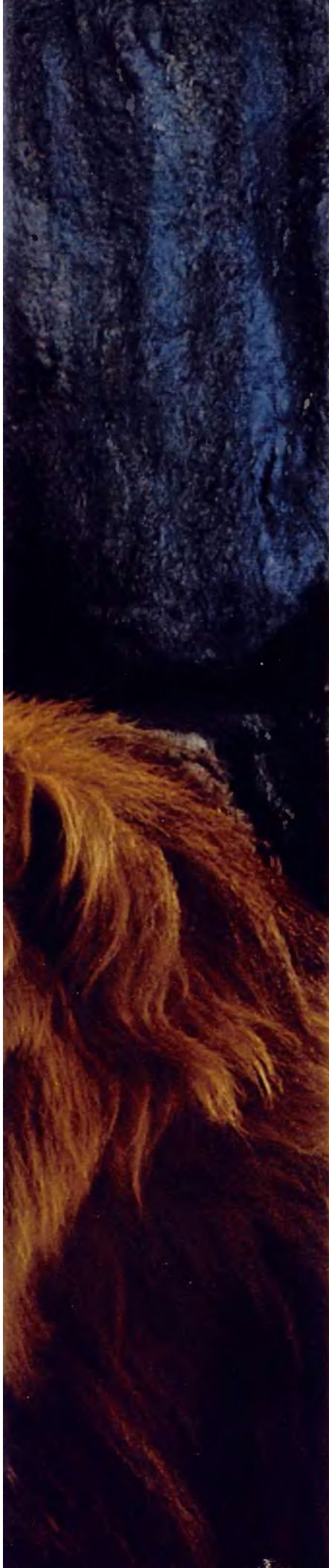
The swan song of *Charlie's Angels* marked a big beginning for scrumptious Tanya (above left) opposite superchicks Jaclyn Smith (center) and Cheryl Ladd. "I loved working on it," recalls Tanya, originally passed over as "too young."

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY
PRODUCED BY MARILYN GRABOWSKI







Lions and tigers don't scare her as much as nude scenes used to, but, Tanya notes philosophically, "If you're young and attractive in films today, you're going to do nudity. We can thank Ba Derek for that; also Nastassia Kinski, who's always running around naked." Still, you'll see less of Tanya in *The Beastmaster* (left) than you do in *PLAYBOY*. You saw more of Bo here, too.



"I'd say I'm more involved with my body than with my face. . . . I've got what photographers call a 'wet' face, which kind of moves and expresses a lot." Photographer Richard Fegley found Tanya's body English especially eloquent, and we concur. Even the king-ly lion, you'll note, looks impressed.





Creating an elegant erotic fantasy in the company of two giant cats can be a hairy experience, but Tanya wanted the pictures to be "absolutely ethereal, like a dream—jungle magic." Although the cats look friendly, two lucky trainers were always of hand during the shooting to soothe the savage beasts and safeguard the proud beauty. Maybe it's significant that Tanya's astrological sign is Libra rising in Leo.







Tanya's inimitably seductive feline glare is apparently all it takes to make a pet purr. "Good looks are great," she allows, "but I don't want to be a flash in the pan . . . I intend to have a long career." Every scrap of available evidence suggests that this Roberts is perfectly capable of writing her own rules.





"That's it? That's all you do? Bite necks?"

the sword polisher's secret

a Japanese folk tale of Nara Prefecture, 17th Century

Ribald Classic

now it is long ago, the fifth month of the third year of Genroku. Kubota was as happy a man as could be found in the 36 provinces. His reputation as a master polisher of swords had grown along with his good fortune, and now his home was among the finest in Kyoto; his shop, the busiest.

And all, thought Kubota while he burnished the blade before him, because of my secret! Then he laughed at his little self-deception. Although he pretended that he'd kept the knowledge to himself, in fact, his secret of success was no secret at all. He spoke enthusiastically of it whenever anyone asked.

"Like so much of life, my discovery was but a twist of karma. I was still a white-faced apprentice, and late one evening, in my master's shop, I was lost in the embrace of Ako-chan, his daughter. Our coupling was most vigorous, and at my reaching the fullness of the Six-Day Moon, *sa!* I slipped from Ako's grasp. My embarrassment was great, though nothing compared with my horror when I saw that the froth of my loins, far from its intended course toward Ako's split plum, had strayed considerably, soiling—threatening to rust—the Muramasa sword on which I had labored for nearly a month!

"Instead of foolishly trying to clean away my indiscretion, I quickly applied a coat of *kanahada* powder to the wetted steel and rubbed it in along with my lubricity. And need I say more of the fortunate results?"

He need not. Young Kubota had found, as everyone knew, that his warm snow, mixed with the *kanahada* grit, produced a superb polishing elixir. Indeed, it was a potion that gave the brightest finish ever put on the legendary swords of Yamato, the reason for Kubota's wealth and, on that spring afternoon, for his cheer.

But it is not the lot of a man's life to be without sorrow, and for all the sword polisher's happiness, he was incomplete. A year after their marriage, Ako had died, leaving Kubota with a hunger in his heart and a yearning below his belly.

"An appetite that must soon be satisfied," old Higa told the girl who knelt before him. Higa was Kubota's keenest rival, a greedy fellow, cunning as a Kamigata merchant and every bit as ugly as his three daughters were fair. It was to Mitsuko, the eldest of those, that he revealed his scheme.

"Like the others, I've tried using my semen on blades, to no avail. I must get some of Kubota's. Even if my cherished eldest must be a vessel for it."



"Dutifully I would serve," Mitsuko replied, accustomed to her father's devious ways and not at all shocked by his plan. "Yet I would remind you of the favorable gossip that Lord Kacho will have me soon as his concubine. Would not my worth as a consort be lessened should I swell with the child of a common craftsman?"

"True," Higa agreed. Then, from a sleeve pocket, he drew out a small box. Inside were the sheerest of fishskin sheaths from the far northern territory of Ezo. "You will use these to collect Kubota's offering, assuring that none of that devil's brood finds a home in your belly."

Had Mitsuko the virtue of a Jizai nun or Kubota the ugliness of her father, she might have protested; but she did not and he did not, so it was with a moistness in her cleft that the maiden arrived, two nights later, at the home of her father's competitor.

"Forgive my boldness," Mitsuko whispered to him when he had taken her into his sitting room. "For months, I have sought every excuse to pass by your shop, to catch sight of you."


Kubota flushed when she touched her delicate finger tips to his. "Are you not old Higa's daughter?" he asked.

"That is why I resisted your unknowing assault on my heart," she murmured. "But willingly now would I give you another part of me." Kubota's strong

fingers were soon catching at the eel's tail deep within her, and then she was upon his tenacious root, slipping a fishskin over it in the deftest motion and rising to join him in the way of the pine bough bearing its snow. Kubota's legs were thickened by years of crouching at his trade, and they supported Mitsuko easily, much to her pleasure. Yet the polisher was wise as well as skillful. Mindless in her passion, she failed to notice that his method of thrusting in gentle ocean waves had changed to that of the tiger plunging through a stream, a stout rhythm that would surely pierce the best sheath.

It was not until she had returned home that Mitsuko discovered the failure of both her father's plan and the fishskin. "But by the Amita, I'll not give up," she swore to Higa. "I will try again and again if I must." And that she did and did with the most admirable ardor. Her efforts were matched by those of Kubota, who began losing his seed in a place better suited to its sprouting than any steel blade and found himself ever more content.

As for old Higa, he could only stew in frustration. Then, in the first month of the fourth year of Genroku, he went to the Rozan temple for the marriage of his eldest daughter—even more radiant as she grew round with child—to the most famous polisher of swords in Kyoto. —Retold by Dave Lowry

A man in a cowboy hat and tan jacket is sitting on a horse. He is holding a coiled rope in his left hand and smoking a cigarette in his right hand. The background is a blurred, natural setting.

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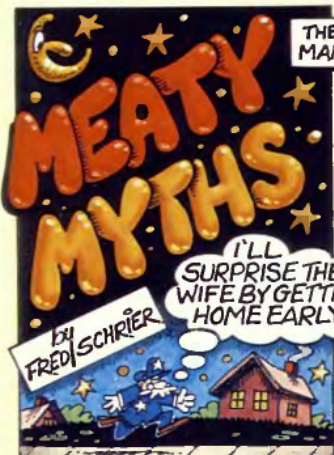
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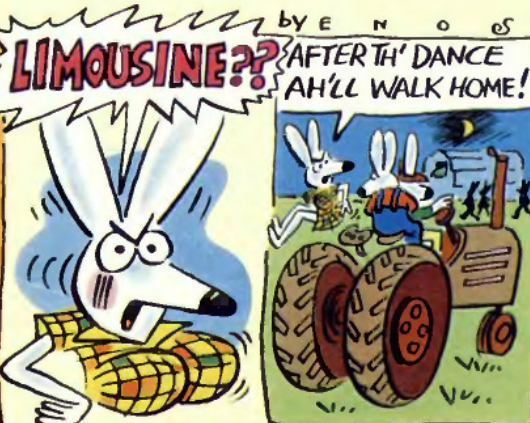
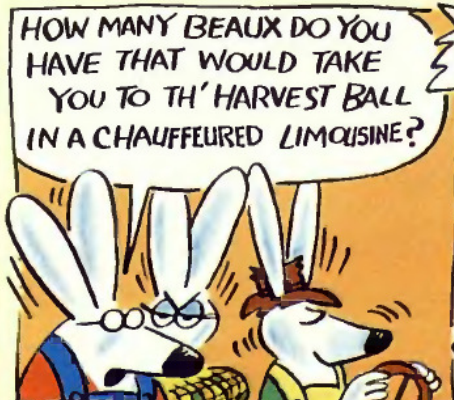
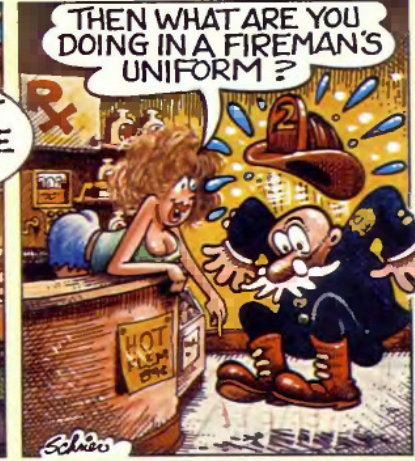


Playboy FUNNIES



THE CLOTHING-
MAKES THE MAN

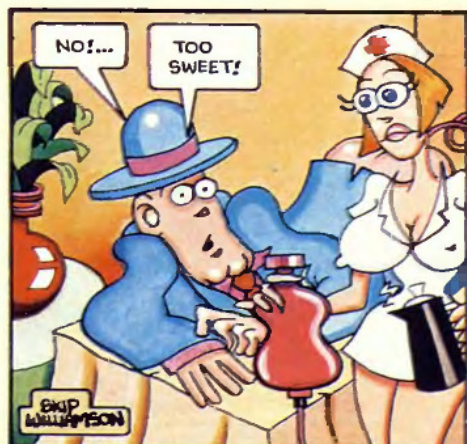
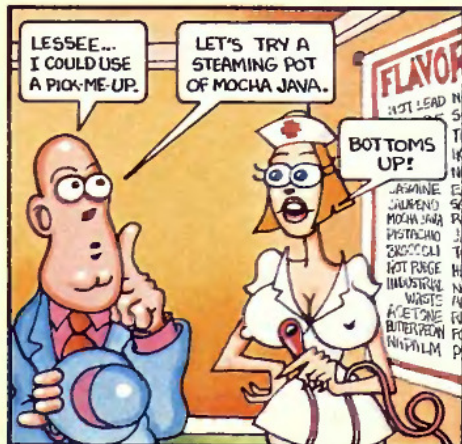
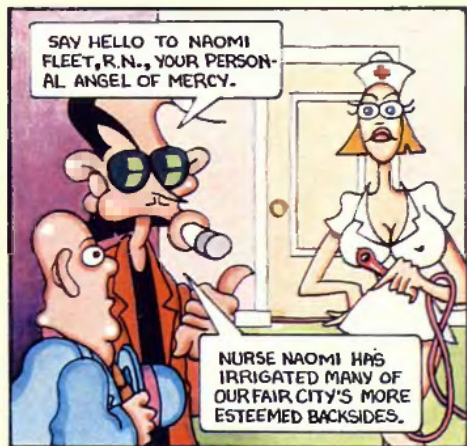
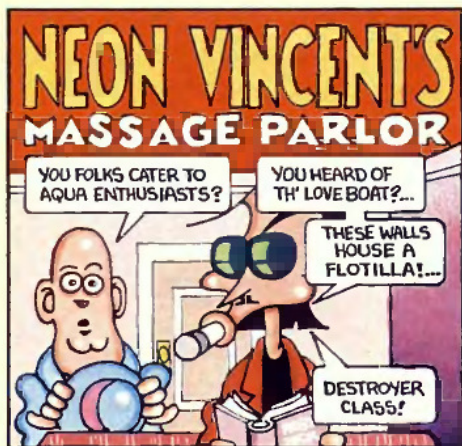
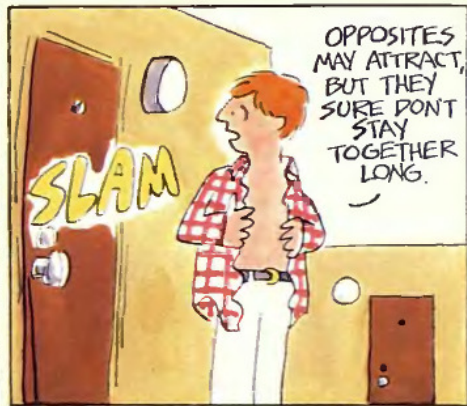
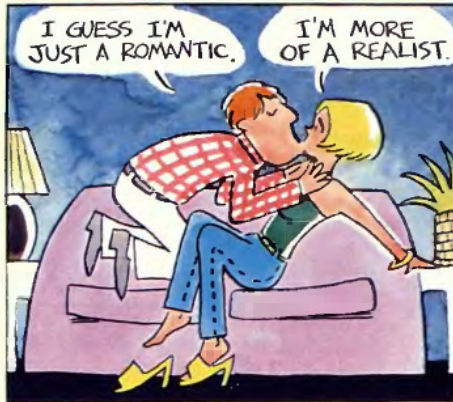
I'LL
SURPRISE THE
WIFE BY GETTING
HOME EARLY.





Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON

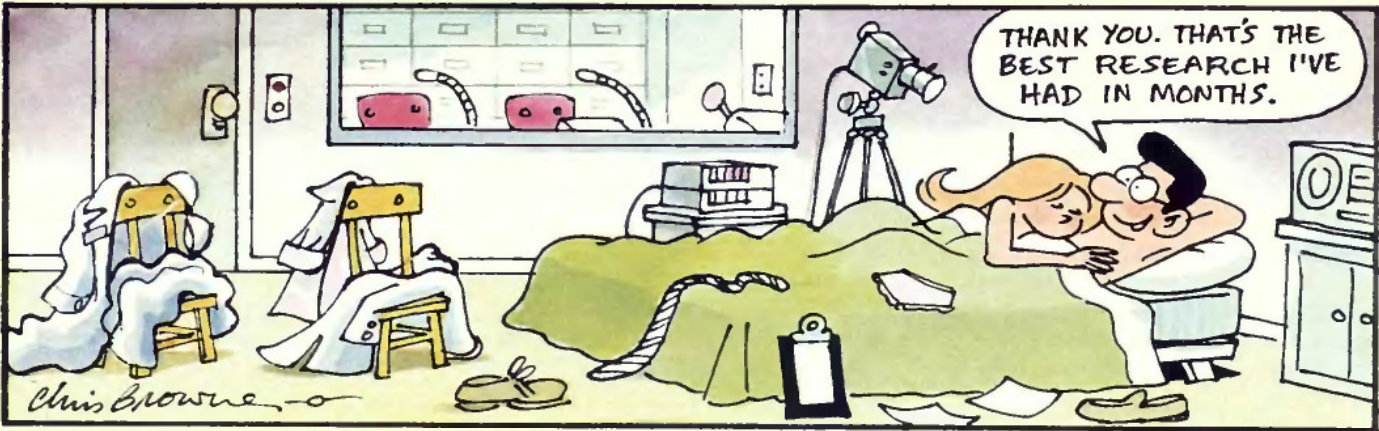




a. spiegelman

THE KINKY REPORT

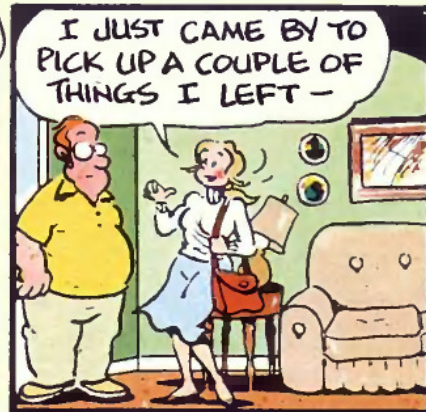
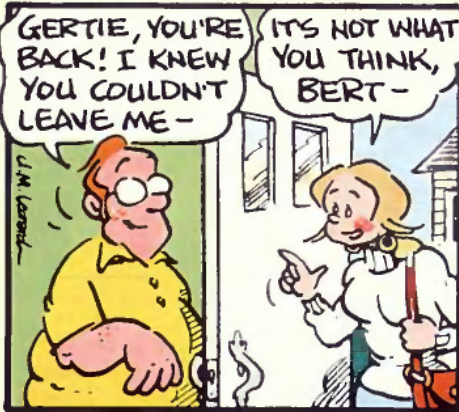
Christopher Browne



Chris Browne

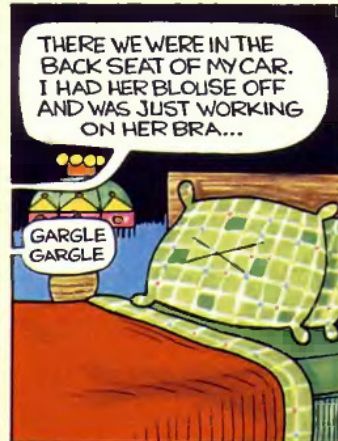
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



DAPHNIE'S TUNE *(continued from page 142)*

"They want you," I tell Marty. "Think of it. Look at those tits; look at those legs. Two at once!"

that, an educated woman with a Ph.D. in linguistics and a good job at the university. Not an ordinary person.

"And sexy," Marty says.

The bartender comes to our table to ask me politely if I would put my shirt back on. "This is a family place," he says. The only family I can see is a pair of ladies I happen to know caressing each other in a booth on the far side of the room, but all right.

"I was just showing my friend here that I have lived."

Sexy. Well, Marty has it right. Thirty-five years old when I left her, and tits that haven't sagged an eighth of an inch. She takes her shirt off, I'm panting like an animal already.

"So why did you leave?" Marty wants to know. He's asked me maybe a thousand times.

If I knew, I'd tell him. He could pass on the information to his young wife for her pleasure and education. But I'm damned if I do know. She was fooling around, but I'm not a jealous man. Women have their urges. She fooled around; now and then, I fooled around; we kept it discreet. Nothing to get mad

about. The bartender is watching us. I wink at him, and after a second's pondering the proper reply, he cocks his hand like a pistol. The thumb snaps down and an invisible bullet of message flies my way. All right, that's what it's all about. I've been around long enough to know how to behave in public. Let Butch and Butch over there feel each other up under the table. I'll keep my shirt on.

"I'll tell you why," Marty says. "Love. You can't stand to be loved. You would have to give something back, and this you won't do. From this you'd die also, am I right?"

"Fuck off, Dr. Freud," I say. "Were you there? Do you know?"

I forget my good intentions about behaving like a civilized man and shout. The bartender catches my eye and shakes his head in warning. If I screw up again in his place, I'm out.

In times of stress or excitement, there's a little tune that Marty hums under his breath. Always the same melody: Ta-da, ta-da, ta-da, and so on. I've heard it before. It sounds French and melancholy, like it should be played on an ac-

cordion outdoors on a late summer evening. It seems to say that the good times are gone and we never noticed.

He stops humming long enough to hold up his fingers for two more drinks; the bartender comes over and his face says I've had enough, but Marty can charm bartenders, waiters and cabdrivers as quick as a Hindu can get a rise out of a cobra with a tin flute. They stand there and look at him with love. While we wait for the man to come back with the drinks, he hums some more. Ta-da, ta-da, ta-da. There's a message in there meant for me, but I can't read it. The drinks come; the bartender has forgotten he doesn't like me, he loves Marty so much. Across the room, the two ladies are staring at us. They don't look butch; I just happen to know, because I tried with their encouragement to pick them up one night. It's a little game and they play it nasty—I could have been killed.

"To Daphne," Marty says, holding up his glass.

"To life," I say, holding up mine. "Old friends and new wives and ex-wives. Everybody ought to be happy, so how come they're not? How come they're not?"

Marty shakes his head, shrugs. "Who knows?" Ta-da, ta-da, ta-da. "Who cares?"

It comes to me in a flash. This is the same tune. The one Daphne used to whistle between her teeth in the last year of our marriage while she wandered around the kitchen rattling the pots and pans and being unhappy. She whistled off key, which is why, I suppose, it took me this long to notice it was the same melody. There is only one explanation, I realize in this moment of terrible clarity: She was fucking Marty all that time. So why does he want me to go back to her now? The full dimensions of his treachery unfold in my head. He wants me to go back to her because he has his new wife and probably Daphne keeps calling him and asking for more. Marty's very lovable. Women can't get enough of him. I'm supposed to take Daphne off his hands so he can relax with Wanda, the treacherous bastard.

Only one thing to do now. I nudge him and point to the ladies in the back booth. "They've been staring at you all night," I tell him.

"No?" he says. He wants to believe. Marty is a man who lives by the prick.

They see him looking; the young one flashes him a sweet come-on-over smile, full of innocence and depravity.

"They want you," I tell Marty. "Think of it. Look at those tits; look at those legs. Two at once! What they'll do to you!"

Before he's halfway over there, with visions of an Olympics of fucking dancing through his head, I'm out the door and into a cab.

Ten minutes later, I'm ringing the bell



"Hi! This is Suzy in Mr. Baker's office. Mr. Baker is on the other line right now, but if you'd care to hold, I'll lay some of my grooviest fantasies on you."



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to Marty's apartment. The young wife opens as far as the chain will let her.

"I have bad news," I tell her. "It's Marty."

Her rosebud mouth opens in a little O. "He's not. . . . Is he . . . ? Has there been . . . ?"

Women are so traditional. But I can swing life's clichés with the best of them. I let my face hang in proper mournfulness, preparing her for tragedy. "Yes," I say. "Poor Marty. Only thirty-nine years old."

She fumbles with the chain to let me in. "My life is over," she says. She makes me a cup of coffee and puts some Jamaican rum in it. We sit together on the couch. She sobs on my shoulder. *Oh. Oh. Oh.* I feel a certain guilt, but I remember Daphne. Who lives by the prick dies by the prick. In this case, mine. It's every man for himself. I put my arm around her. No time for talk. She wants the details. Did he suffer? Last words, and so on. Traditional.

"No, no," I whisper. "It's better if you don't know."

"You were his best friend," she says. I touch a nipple through her blouse. She moans. "No."

"Yes." Before you know it, we're rolling off the couch and tangling on the floor. Her dress is up around her waist. Her panties have little blue flowers on them. I take off my shirt and she sees the scars. She likes them.

I wake up later. My mouth tastes like cunt; my ears are sticky; my eyelids, glued shut. Wanda is talking on the telephone; her legs are across my chest. When I pry open one eye, it stares at her knee, too close to focus on without pain.

"Daphne," she says into the telephone. "Daphne, Daphne, Daphne."

Marty is likely on his way home now with some scars of his own, if the ladies didn't kill him altogether. In a minute, I'll hear his key in the lock.

Wanda says, "Daphne, Daphne, Daphne."

I can see my ex-wife at the other end of the line, listening patiently to this pointless repetition, maybe whistling her little tune.

"Daphne, Daphne, what have I done?" Wanda says. "I'm a good girl; it happened before I knew." She listens for a minute. "No, no," she says. "It wasn't Eli's fault at all."

She looks at me; I close the eye and pretend to be asleep. "He was a perfect gentleman," Wanda says. Her free hand wanders absent-mindedly to my prick, pats it. The devil raises his head. Wanda giggles. I take the phone out of her hand, hum into it. "Ta-da, ta-da, ta-da," and so on. I hang up, grab Wanda and roll her over like a perfect gentleman would. I'm happy now. I'm living.

"Do it from the back," she says. "Do it to me from the back. Wait, I'll get a mirror. I want to see everything."

She's gone. This is my chance to put on my pants and exit before Marty comes home magically resurrected. But who could leave now? Like Marty often says to me, a stiff prick knows no fear.

Wanda comes back hugging a mirror taller than she is. She puts it down against the wall; there are two foggy spots where her tits pressed against the glass. She checks the angles, blushes prettily, chooses her spot on the rug, bends over touching her ankles. "How do you like me like this?" she says.

I walk up behind her and make my entrance whinnying like a horse, to be in the spirit of the thing.

That's how Marty finds us.

Wanda has the mirror turned so that it reflects the door, and I see him first; but though I want to, I can't stop humping his wife. This gives him the advantage. Wanda is looking down at her toes and sighing deeply, getting ready to come. For her, Marty doesn't exist; and, anyhow, she's at the wrong angle to see the door.

I know Marty won't shoot, he won't stab, he won't pick up a blunt instrument and do me in. Marty is not a violent man. Even the sight of the scar on my chest where my ex-wife's girlfriend stabbed me with the kitchen knife made him sick. He has no morals to speak of, but he's a gentle person.

What he does is he screams a long scream in which there is indignation, sorrow, surprise, and also a certain amount of pleasure mixed in. Marty loves having the edge, even when it costs him personally.

The scream takes the traditional shape of *My wife, my best friend!* I see from the mirror that he has a black eye, a split lip and his nose is swollen. He takes off his sports coat and jumps up and down on the expensive fabric with his expensive shoes. Marty dresses like a prince. Who would trust a stockbroker who wore Sears, Roebuck suits? Wanda still has not seen him, but she has heard his terrible scream and she is flopping around on the end of my prick like a salmon on the hook, trying to get free. I can't let go yet. I would if I could.

She looks at Marty between her legs—and between my legs, too, necessarily. "You're dead," she says. "How can you be here when you died?"

It takes a while to explain. Wanda makes coffee for all three of us and puts Jamaican rum in it. We drink; we talk. Marty yells so loud that I forget to put my clothes back on. Wanda forgets, too. Marty is a sight; those girls must have taken him someplace private and made him pay. Wanda sobs. *Oh. Oh. Oh.* She drinks her coffee. Marty yells at me;

at the same time, his eyes are pleading: Don't tell Wanda about those two girls. Don't tell about Daphne, either, he would say if he knew how much I knew.

"My wife, my best friend," Marty says, enjoying himself a little.

Wanda says, "Oh. Oh. Oh."

The doorbell rings. Marty opens; it's Daphne, looking tough and beautiful in black pants and a dove-gray turtleneck. One pearl, on a gold chain, hangs between those perfect tits that for all I know will never sag till the day she dies.

"Well," she says. "I see it's a family group."

She walks over to me and examines my scars with one finger. She says, "I forgot that one," touching where, drunk out of my mind on the beach at Far Rockaway, I dropped the cigarette from my lips onto my chest and didn't notice the pain for about a minute.

"Hello, Daphne," Marty says.

"Your wife called," she tells him. "I thought I would come over and see what was going on with her, but I didn't imagine it would be this interesting."

"My wife, my best friend," Marty says. He tears off his beige-silk shirt. His chest is very white, almost without hair. He takes off his \$100 shoes and throws them, one by one, across the living room.

Wanda says, "Oh. Oh. Oh."

"Should I take off my clothes, too?" Daphne says.

"Why not?" Marty shouts. "Where does it all stop?"

"Could I have a cup of coffee?" Daphne says.

Wanda goes to the kitchen to brew a fresh pot; her ass wiggles sweetly when she walks, but I would not have fucked her if it hadn't been for revenge.

"Where does it all end?" Marty says. There is a long scratch down the left side of his face, full of little droplets of dark blood.

"Where?" he says again when Wanda comes back with the coffee.

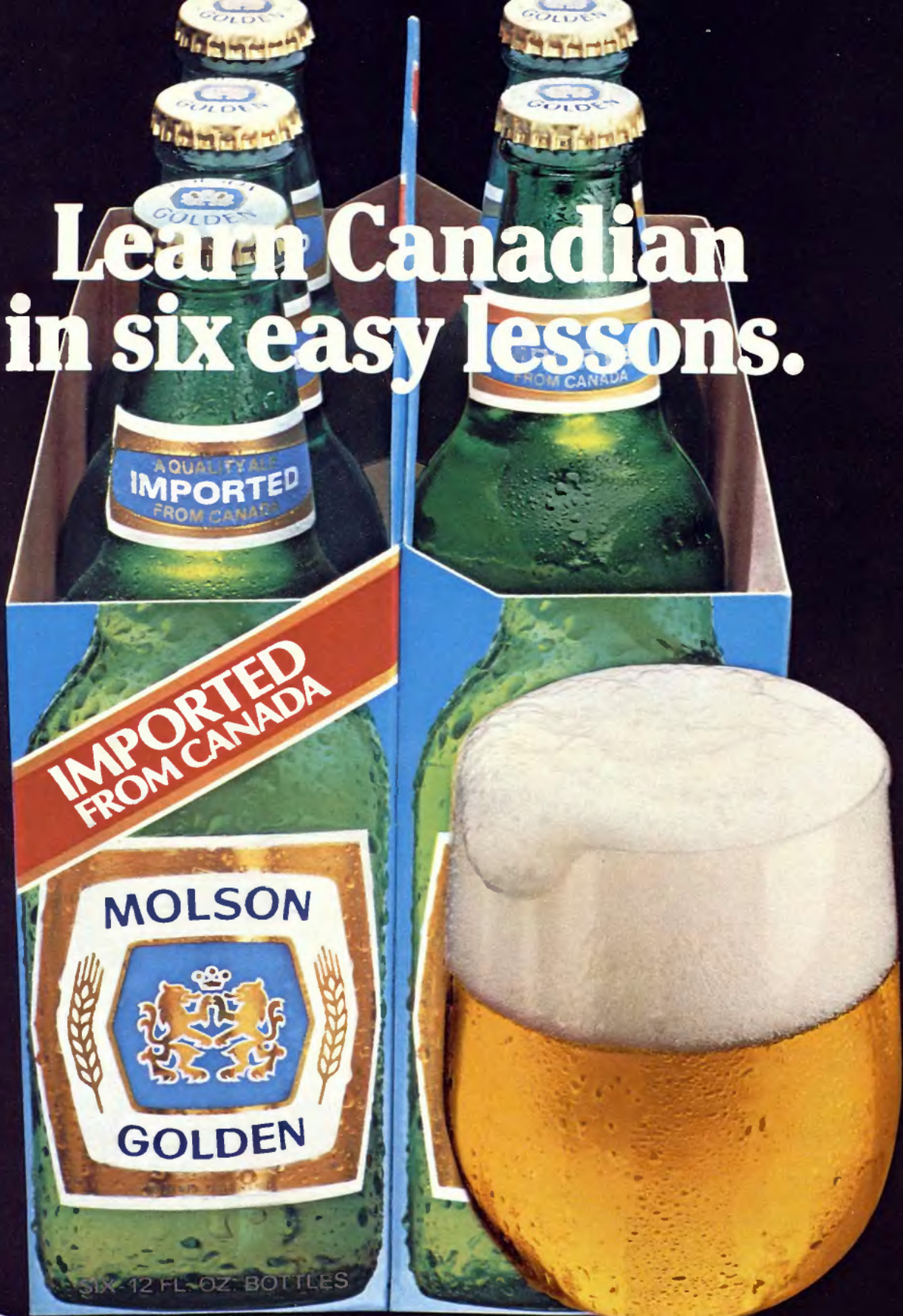
"Will you have rum?" she says to Daphne. Daphne holds out her cup and Wanda pours generously.

Marty is standing on a chair, half out of his pants; he left his shorts somewhere, maybe with the girls, and his little prick hangs out sadly.

We drink rum and coffee and watch him. "I didn't think you were capable of this," Daphne says to me with respect. "Calm down," she says to Marty, who is dancing on the chair wearing nothing but his socks, shouting, "Where? Where?" at the top of his voice.

Later in the evening, Daphne takes off her clothes, too. We drink rum without the coffee. Her tits are still perfect. We end up, all four of us, sitting on the carpet, arm in arm, swaying back and forth, singing Daphne's tune. Ta-da, ta-da, ta-da. And so on.

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GIRLS OF JAPAN


(continued from page 100)

would hide their laughter behind their hands, the way Southern girls used to use fans. But that shyness has nothing to do with shame about their bodies. When it came to taking off their clothes, there was absolutely no problem. The Japanese are quite used to public nudity. They have grown up with the custom of communal baths and they are proud of their bodies. There are no fat people in Japan, except for sumo wrestlers. The Japanese are incredibly fit. We had some amazing sessions. We took one girl who had never posed before to a public park. We wanted to get her picture in front of a famous shrine. She just took off her clothes, right there, in the middle of the street. There were tour buses, little kids, shoppers, the works. Imagine that happening in Times Square!"

Cohen suggested that there might be a second reason for the ease with which these girls did what might be considered outrageous in America. "It was their sense of commitment, duty. If someone promised to arrive at a shooting at five in the morning, she would be there. If girls said they could work from 12 to four, they were ours for four hours. On the other hand, if you were in the middle of a shooting and the time ran out, that was it. Imagine looking at a sunset. There's a rainbow. A snow-white crane is moving across the horizon. You have the shot of a lifetime. If it was four o'clock, the girl would get up and start to pack. In Japan, they give you their best for the allotted time. Then they go out to play."

We asked Cohen if he had run into any difficulties. "We had a lot of problems with the weather. There was the day we tried to shoot in a typhoon. The wind was blowing with such violence that the girl couldn't even stand up."

Uh, Cohen-san: In America, a typhoon would not be described as "weather." It would be described as news, or a natural disaster.

"We packed up and went into town for *sushi*," Cohen resumed. "The chef invited us into the kitchen. There was an aquarium filled with fish. The chef chose our supper. The fish was flopping all over the table. One assistant held down the head, another held down the tail. The chef sharpened a knife, then, in one stroke, removed a *filet*. The assistant flipped over the fish and he sliced off the other flank. You can't get it fresher than that. I watched him chop it up into *sushi* and *sashimi*—you know, with rice and seaweed. It was terrific." It may be minutes before Cohen-san is ready for another *Girls of Japan* feature. 

SEX AND THE RISING SUN

To the Western visitor, Japanese society seems to exhibit a mysterious mixture of openness and prudishness when it comes to sex. We asked Contributing Editor Peter Ross Range, who has spent time on various assignments in the Land of the Rising Sun, to report.

"I think Japanese girls are like time bombs just waiting to be released," said the young Japanese. "They are so demure and proper on the outside; then, when you finally get to them, it is like an explosion."

On the surface, Japan's is a nearly asexual culture. Schoolgirls wear ankle-length dresses; women are innocent of the plunging neckline. Eye contact is something they make only with their ophthalmologists.

Yet Japan is the land that invented the "love hotel," a fanciful pleasure palace. Perfectly respectable couples visit these sexual emporiums for hours of fun and games with all the paraphernalia of their fantasies. Rotating beds, hanging chairs (with open bottoms), sunken baths, "head chairs" for oral sex and built-in video-tape recorders with hidden microphones are the toys available at Tokyo's famous Meguro Emperor. Prices run from \$16 to \$67 for two hours, from \$42 to \$150 for a full night. Most other love hotels cost less. Yet the Meguro Emperor, a 20-minute subway ride from downtown Tokyo, hosts some 110 couples per day—including threesomes and foursomes several times per week—in its 30 rooms.

In Japan, Western porn movies are toned down to soft-core. In Japanese movies, the women usually wear panties. Yet it is not at all unusual to find a bare-breasted woman being tied and whipped on the regular 11 P.M. soft-porn show on Japanese TV.

Japanese magazines favor very young girls in Lolitalike poses. "We do not have the concept of 'jailbait,'" explains one man. Western magazines containing nudes are heavily censored—all exposed genitals are cruelly scratched out, presumably by a mad misogynist in a dank warehouse at Narita International Airport. Yet every subway kiosk is awash in 300-page comic books depicting a wild mixture of kiddie porn, masturbation, wanton violence and heartbreak. New editions appear weekly.

Prostitution is banned in Tokyo—but "Turkish massages" are available for \$125 per hour in Kawasaki, on the outskirts of town. Skilled

Japanese women—sometimes moonlighting students—perform the time-honored Japanese ritual of a double bath combined with a double orgasm.

The prostitution ban has not hampered the proliferation of Tokyo's so-called pink cabarets. On the surface, these are merely strip shows with a penchant for mock S/M scenes in which the girls never remove their panties. But the real draw is the Western strippers imported by the cabarets. After their shows, one customer—chosen by lottery from the audience—is allowed to go on-stage and make love to the stripper. One blonde in Shinjuku fornicates in a Little Bopeep outfit with nothing underneath. She brings the towelettes and condoms in a basket.

Underlying these seeming enigmas is a history free of Freudian introspection and centuries of Biblical guilt. "Traditionally," says one Japanese magazine editor, "sex was entertainment. Only a century ago, with the Meiji restoration, came the concept of Christian chastity." And it finally took General Douglas MacArthur's stern occupation edicts to eradicate the traditional "amusement district" in every city, where men could dispel a day's tensions with, quite literally, wine, women and song. Today, they still go out for the song and the wine (more often, Scotch), but the women are merely bar hostesses who charge dearly for their conversation, then go home alone.

Now Japan seems to be recovering from the repressions of the postwar years. "Men's cocks and women's breasts are becoming larger," insists one Japanese, citing a sexual "white paper" released last year by the government. This may be a reflection of Japan's lingering inferiority complex toward the West, though studies show that with modern nutrition, Japanese are growing taller and heavier. Women's magazines commonly carry graphic instructions, with clinical sketches, on the finer points of fellatio.

Yet it is still a society in which marriage is the goal of every Japanese—man or woman. Among the better families, it is common to have a detective agency check out the backgrounds, both medical and genealogical, of a prospective bride or groom. While polls show that most city girls have had sex before marriage, it is not unheard of for a young bride to undergo plastic surgery to have her "virginity" reinstated.



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"HOUSTON: Abandon all gear, Luna. Return to module. No panic, but speed essential."

dispatched by a special antenna on the rover to one of the waiting satellites, which reflected them to collecting stations at Honeysuckle in Australia and at Goldstone in California, where they were transformed into television pictures for commercial stations. And the linkage was so perfect that operators in Houston were able to point the camera and activate it more meticulously than a man could have done had he stayed in the flimsy rover.

At the Sun Study Center in Boulder, Sam Cottage turned the cranks that moved his heliograph into position, brought the hydrogen-alpha filter into the optics in order to obtain the most sensitive view of activity on the sun and waited for the great star to lose its redness so he could get a clear look at its face. When he did so, he saw that Region 419 had reached the precise spot from which it could create the maximum danger. But it remained quiescent. Sam consulted his charts to make an estimate of the size of the region and was surprised at his figure: Region 419 was now 63 times larger than the entire surface of Earth.

Before filing his report, he looked back to verify the astonishing size of the disturbance, and as he did so, he saw the area expand significantly. "Jesus, what's happening?"

He reached backward for his telephone but never found it, for his attention was riveted on that distant battleground on which primordial forces had reached a point of tension that could no longer be sustained. With one mighty surge, Region 419 exploded in titanic fury. It was no longer simply a threatening active region: it was one of the most violent explosions of the past 200 years.

"Oh, Jesus!" Cottage gasped, and while he fumbled for the phone, figures and delimitations galloped through his head: "Sun to moon, less than ninety-three-million miles. What we see now happened eight-point-thirty-three minutes ago. But radiation travels at speed of light, so it's already hit the moon. Oh, Jesus, those poor men! Rems? Five thousand, maybe six thousand total dose." And in the brief seconds it took for him to find the phone, two thoughts flashed across his mind: "What else might have happened during the eight minutes it took that flash to reach here?" and "God, God, please protect those men."

He spread the alarm, but by the time his superiors could alert NASA, two other observatories and three amateurs in the Houston area had already reported that a gigantic solar proton event was under way.

HOUSTON: Luna, Altair, do you read me?

ALTAIR: I read.

HOUSTON: Why doesn't Luna answer? Altair, can you see Luna at this point?

ALTAIR: Negative.

LUNA: [Breaking in] I read you, Houston.

HOUSTON: There seems to have been an event on the sun. Have you checked your dosimeters?

LUNA: Oh, oh!

HOUSTON: We read your telemetry as very high.

LUNA: So do we. Dosimeter is saturated.

ALTAIR: Confirm. Very high.

HOUSTON: We now have confirmation from different sources. Major solar event. Classification four-bright

way over X-12 in X-ray flux.

LUNA: What probable duration?

HOUSTON: Cannot predict. Wait. Human Ecology says two days, three days.

LUNA: [Claggett speaking] I think we may have a problem.

HOUSTON: The drill is clear. Return to lunar module. Lift off soonest. Make rendezvous soonest.

LUNA: We do not have data and time for lift-off. We do not have data and time for rendezvous.

HOUSTON: Our computers will crank up and feed you. What is your E.T.A. back at lunar module?

LUNA: Distance, seven miles; top speed, seven miles. Yield, one hour.

HOUSTON: How long to button up?

LUNA: Abandonin' gear, twenty minutes.

HOUSTON: Abandon all gear. Luna, there is no panic, but speed essential.

LUNA: Who's panickin'? We're climbin' out of a crater, rough goin'.

HOUSTON: Manufacturer assures rover can make top speed eleven miles per hour.

LUNA: And if we break down? What top speed walkin'?

HOUSTON: Roger. Maintain safe speed.

LUNA: We'll try nine.

HOUSTON: We're informed nine was



"Personal opinions are out of place here, Miss Warren—you have to sell them condoms whether you think they deserve to get laid or not!"

tested strenuously. Proved safe.
LUNA: We'll try nine.

Now the sun reminded Earthlings of its terrible power, for it poured forth atomic particles and radiation at an appalling rate, sending them coursing through planetary space and bombarding every object they encountered. Wave after wave of solar-flare particles and high-energy radiation attacked Earth, but most of them were rejected by our protective atmosphere; however, enough did penetrate to create bizarre disturbances.

• In Northern New York, a power company found its protective current breakers activated by huge fluxes of electrical power coursing along its lines, coming from no detectable source to disrupt entire cities.

• An Air Force general, trying vainly to communicate with a base 1000 miles away, realized that the entire American defense system was impotent: "If Russia wanted to attack us at a moment of total confusion, this would be it." Then he smiled wanly: "Of course, their system would be as messed up as ours."

• A world-famous pigeon race between Ames, Iowa, and Chicago launched 1127 birds, with a likelihood, from past experiences, that more than 1000 would promptly find their way home. But since all magnetic fields were in chaos, only four made it, bedraggled, confused and six hours late.

In Houston, the knowing men in charge of Apollo 18 assembled quietly, aware of how powerless they were. The mission controller and Dr. Feldman, NASA's expert on radiation, looked at the dosimeter reports and shuddered. More than 5000 rems were striking the moon. Very calmly, the controller said, "Give me the bottom line."

Dr. Feldman ticked off on his fingers, "Highest reading we've had is five thousand eight hundred thirty rems," and a NASA scientist said, "Absolutely fatal," but Feldman continued his recital: "If, and I repeat if, five thousand eight hundred thirty strike a naked man, he's dead. But our men have the finest suits ever devised. Enormous protection. Plus their own clothes. Plus the most important aspect of all. It isn't radiation that might kill them. It's the outward flow of protons from the sun. And they will not reach the moon for another eleven minutes." He ticked off his last two points: "We rush our men into their moon lander, where they find more protection. Then we rocket them aloft to the orbiter, with its heavy shield."

Throwing both hands in the air, he shouted, "We can save those men!"

The controller summoned his three capsule commanders and said, "No fluctuation in voice. No hysteria at this end." To the hundreds gathering, he conveyed the same message: "I want all

ideas and I want them quick. But only the CapComs are to speak with the astronauts."

Turning to the chief astronomers, he asked, "Could this have been predicted?"

"No," they said. "Closing months of a quiet cycle. It should not have happened."

The controller wanted to say, "Well, it did. Six thousand rems." But he knew he must betray neither anxiety nor irritation: "Now it's our job to get them home safe."

By the time Claggett and Linley had reached their rover and turned it around, they no longer bothered with their dosimeters, because once the reading passed the 1000-rem mark, any further data was irrelevant. They were in deep trouble and they knew it, but they did have a chance if they did everything right.

For nearly an hour, their rover crawled back toward the waiting lunar module, itself attacked by the solar outpouring, and the two men wanted to talk about their predicament but could think of nothing sensible to say. So they took refuge in trivialities: "Men have absorbed large doses of this stuff, haven't they, Linley?" The scientist replied, "Every day, in dentists' offices," and Claggett asked, "Do those lead blankets they throw over you do any good?" Linley said, "We could profit from a couple right now."

And then Houston heard raucous laughter coming from Luna. It was Linley: "Hey, Claggett! Did you see those medicals they threw at us last week? Said that a man with black skin had a better chance of repelling radiation than one with white skin. Hot diggity! At last it pays to be black."

Then Claggett's voice: "Move over, brother, so I can sit in your shadow."

Alone in the Altair, John Pope carefully shuffled his summary sheets until he came to one bearing the elegant printing he had learned at Annapolis—RADIATION PRECAUTIONS—and when he had memorized his instructions to himself, he took down the massive volume of additional advice and went through each line, so that by the time his two companions reached their module, he would be as prepared as any man could be. Like them, he felt no sense of panic, only the added responsibility of doing the right thing in an emergency.

HOUSTON: Altair, have you cranked in the data we sent?

ALTAIR: Affirmative.

HOUSTON: You have the drill on turning the C.M. around so the ablative shield faces the sun?

ALTAIR: Affirmative.

HOUSTON: Execute immediately rendezvous has been established.

ALTAIR: Will do.

HOUSTON: What is your dosimeter reading now?

ALTAIR: As before.

HOUSTON: Excellent . . . your reading is much lower than Luna's. You're going to be all right.

ALTAIR: All ready for rendezvous. Get them up here.

The CapCom, up to that point, had been one of the older astronauts, a man with a stable, reassuring voice, but the NASA command felt that it would be advisable to use in this critical situation someone with whom the men upstairs were especially familiar, and Hickory Lee took over:

HOUSTON: This is Hickory. All readings are good. [*That was a lie; the dosimeter readings were terrifying. But it was not a lie; the prospects for an orderly rendezvous still existed.*]

LUNA: Good to hear that Tennessee voice. We can see the module. E.T.A. fifteen minutes.

HOUSTON: I will read lift-off data as soon as you're inside. You don't have a pad available now, do you?

LUNA: Negative. Pads not a high priority aboard this bone rattler.

LUNA: Linley here. We have terrific rock samples. Will salvage.

HOUSTON: Appreciated, but if transfer takes even one extra minute, abandon.

LUNA: We will not abandon.

HOUSTON: Neither would I. What's that? Who? [*A pause*] Luna, Dr. Feldman is here.

HOUSTON: [*Lee speaking again*] Dr. Feldman asks, "Dr. Linley, do you feel nauseated?"

LUNA: Affirmative.

HOUSTON: Imperative you swallow spit.

LUNA: Fresh out of spit. Send orange juice.

HOUSTON: [*Lee speaking*] Dr. Feldman says, "Dr. Linley, keep your mouth moist."

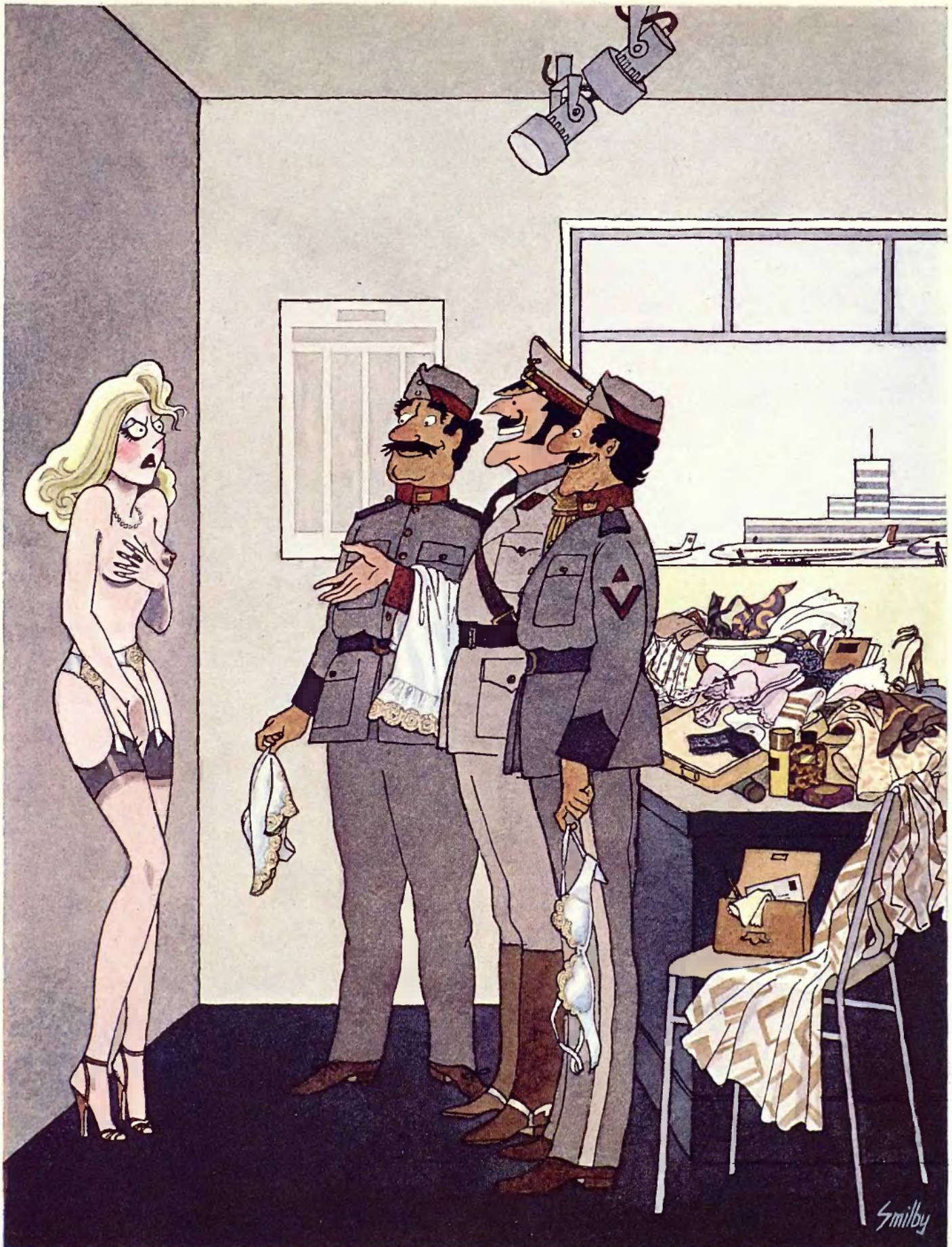
LUNA: Mouth! Be moist!

Mission Control in Houston had received, in the past hour, a flood of additional men rushing to emergency posts, each determined to get the two astronauts into the slightly better environment of the lunar module and headed for rendezvous with Altair. But when they saw the shocking data from the dosimeters, they could not be sanguine; this was going to be a tough ride, a very tough ride.

HOUSTON: Park the rover close to the module.

LUNA: Roger.

HOUSTON: Inform me the moment Claggett steps into the module. I



*"We do not say we think the lovely lady a smuggler.
We simply say we would like to search her."*

will start reading data for check. Nothing is to be done without full check.

LUNA: I have always been one of the world's most careful checkers. Call me Chicken Claggett.

HOUSTON: Give me the word.

As soon as Linley stopped the rover, Claggett dashed for the module, climbed in and started taking down the instructions Hickory Lee was transmitting. Since NASA could not wait for an ideal lift-off time, when Altair would be in maximum position to achieve rendezvous, schedules had to be improvised for second best, and when Linley saw that his commander would be occupied for some minutes, he welcomed the opportunity to return to the rover to rescue the precious cargo he had collected at the reticulated crater. He had been sent to the moon to collect rocks and he proposed to deliver them, but as he heaved aboard the second batch, he seemed to tremble and reach for a handhold that was not there.

LUNA: I think Dr. Linley has fainted.

HOUSTON: Inside the module or out?

LUNA: Halfway in.

HOUSTON: Drag him in, secure all and lift off immediately.

LUNA: I have only partial data. He's in. You can do wonders in one-sixth gravity.

HOUSTON: Lift off immediately.

LUNA: I am using runway oh three nine. Ain't a hell of a lot of traffic on it.

HOUSTON: Have you completed your check? And Linley's?

LUNA: Shipshape.

HOUSTON: It's go.

LUNA: You ready up there, Altair?

ALTAIR: Three orbits should do it.

LUNA: Here we come.

And then, as Pope watched and the world listened, Randy Claggett, working

alone, lifted the lunar module off the surface of the moon and brought it 600 feet into space.

HOUSTON: All readings correct. One hell of a job, Randy.

LUNA: I feel faint.

HOUSTON: Not now, Randy. Not now. You dare not.

LUNA: I . . .

HOUSTON: Listen, Randy. Hickory here. Hold the controls very tight.

LUNA: It's no good, Houston. I . . .

HOUSTON: Colonel Claggett, hold tight. You must not let go. You must not let go.

LUNA: *[A long silence]*

John Pope stared at the module through his sextant, saw it waver, turn on its side, skid through space and descend toward the moon with fatal speed.

HOUSTON: Hold on, Randy. You must not let go. Randy, you must not let go. Randy. . . .

ALTAIR: Luna has crashed.

HOUSTON: Location?

ALTAIR: East of landing. Mountains.

HOUSTON: Damage?

ALTAIR: Obliterated.

HOUSTON: This is Hickory. Altair, climb to orbit.

ALTAIR: Negative. I must stay low to check.

HOUSTON: I'm talking with Dr. Feldman. He asks, "Is your voice sort of drying up?"

ALTAIR: Obliterated. My God, they were obliterated.

HOUSTON: Hickory here. Altair, you must ascend to orbit. You are wasting fuel.

ALTAIR: I will not leave until I see where they are.

HOUSTON: You've already told us. East of landing. Mountains.

ALTAIR: I will not leave them.

HOUSTON: I think he's turned off his mike. John, John, this is Hickory.

It's imperative that you proceed to orbit and prepare to ignite engine. John, John, this is Hickory.

For two orbits, John Pope flew alone through the intense radiation being poured out by the errant sun, and each time he headed directly toward the sun, he realized the heavy dosage he must be absorbing, for his dosimeter was running wild; but when he slipped behind the moon, putting that heavy body between himself and the sun, he knew that he was reasonably safe from the extreme radiation.

On each pass, he stared for as long as he could at the site of the crash, and though he was at an altitude from which not much could be seen clearly, it was nevertheless obvious that the astronauts' suits had been ripped by the crash and that death must have been more or less instantaneous.

How different death is here. No worms to eat the body; no moisture to corrupt. A thousand years from now, there they'll be: the first, the only. When wanderers come from the other galaxies, there our two will be, immaculate, unburied, waiting for the resurrection, all parts intact.

In hurried consultations, NASA agreed that they would explain those two orbits of silence as a radio blackout caused by the sun flare, which had now reached catastrophic proportions. Astronomers all across the world were focused on it, and scores of photographs were showing television viewers just how titanic the explosion had been, so that John Pope's temporary silence would not be construed as anything untoward. Without discernible agitation, Houston asked all its stations to try to make direct contact with Pope, and a welter of international voices sped toward the drifting Altair. Pope listened dully.

ALTAIR: Luna crash confirmed. They bought the ranch.

HOUSTON: Any possibility of survivors?

ALTAIR: Negative. Luna completely fractured.

HOUSTON: Hickory speaking. John, we want you to go immediately to orbit.

ALTAIR: Roger. Wilco.

HOUSTON: John, during the blackout we calculated every mile of your way home. It looks good.

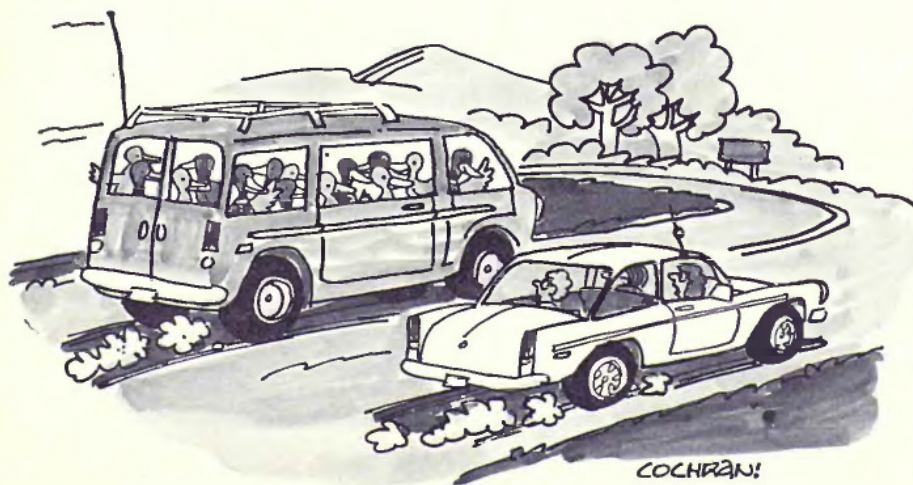
ALTAIR: I'm ready.

HOUSTON: It will be obligatory for you to get some sleep. Will you need sedatives?

ALTAIR: Negative. Negative.

HOUSTON: Can you stay alert for the next six hours?

ALTAIR: Affirmative. Six days if we

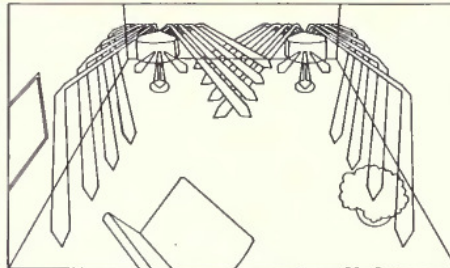


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have to.

HOUSTON: Six days you'll be in a feather bed. Now, John. Do you read me clear?

ALTAIR: Affirmative.

HOUSTON: And you understand the burn sequence?

ALTAIR: Affirmative. Repeat, my mind is clear. I comprehend.

HOUSTON: You're going to have to do everything just right. Exactly on the times we give.

ALTAIR: I intend to.

HOUSTON: And if there is anything you do not understand. . . .

ALTAIR: Lay off, Hickory. I intend to get this bucket safely home. You take it easy. I'll take it easy.

HOUSTON: God bless you, Moonshiner. Bring it down.

ALTAIR: I intend to.

As methodically as if he were in the 17th hour of a familiar simulation, Pope ran through his check lists, took note of his fuel supplies and of when the firings were to be made to correct his course so that he would enter Earth's domain correctly. When all was secure, so far as he could control, he said quietly to Houston: "I think it's go all the way," and at the signal, he fired the rockets that inserted him into the orbit that would carry him the 238,850 miles back to the safety of the Pacific Ocean.

He now faced some 80 hours of loneliness, and from the left-hand seat, the capsule seemed enormous; he was surprised that anyone had ever felt it to be cramped. Aware that he had been motionless for a long time while Claggett and Linley had been active on the moon, he began to worry about his legs, and for two hours, he banged away on the newly provided Exer-Genie, which produced a real sweat.

He then turned on his tape, listening to Beethoven's joyous *Seventh*, but, remembering how Claggett had objected to what he called spaghetti music, he found it distasteful. Instead, he routed out some of Claggett's tapes and listened to hillbillies singing *D-I-V-O-R-C-E*, which not even his longing to see Claggett again could make palatable. When CapCom Ed Cater came on from Houston to ask if he wanted to hear the news, he said, curtly, "No!" so Cater said that Dr. Feldman wished to ask a few questions.

ALTAIR: Put him on.

HOUSTON: Dr. Feldman asks, "Are you experiencing any dizziness?"

ALTAIR: Negative.

HOUSTON: "Any excessive dryness in the throat? Any spots in the eyes?"

ALTAIR: Negative.

HOUSTON: "Any blood in the urine?"

ALTAIR: Who looks?

HOUSTON: Feldman says, "I do. And I want you to. Report as soon as you check."

ALTAIR: Will comply.

HOUSTON: This is Hickory. You're doing just fine. But we want you to sleep regularly, John. We want you to listen to the news.

ALTAIR: Hey, knock it off. I'm not depressed. There's nothing wrong with me.

HOUSTON: For sure there isn't, John. But you ate nothing yesterday.

ALTAIR: I was vomiting.

HOUSTON: You refused to listen to the news. You cut Cater off.

ALTAIR: I would like to talk with Cater. I always like to talk with Cater.

HOUSTON: Cater here. We're not kidding, John. Thirty-six hours from now, you have three men's work to do. When you give me the word, I want to go over four special check lists with you.

ALTAIR: You mean one-man emergency re-entry?

HOUSTON: It could be a little tricky, you know.

ALTAIR: I figured that out a year ago. I have it programed on my papers.

HOUSTON: You really are a straight arrow. But we can't just let you drift along up there for all these hours . . . well . . . alone.

ALTAIR: Plans called for me to be alone over the moon for about this length of time.

HOUSTON: Roger, but things were different then.

ALTAIR: They sure were. Excuse me.

It seemed as if the entire nation and much of the rest of the world were watching as John Pope prepared to bring his Altair back to Earth. Prayers were said and cartoonists hailed his solitary effort; television provided meaningful analyses of his situation, and various older astronauts appeared on the tube to share their estimates of what the real danger points would be. All agreed that a practiced hand like John Pope, who had tested scores of experimental planes and engaged the enemy in combat over Korea, was not likely to panic at the necessity of doing three men's work. The highlight of the return trip came on the last full day, when Hickory Lee was serving as CapCom:

HOUSTON: Altair, our double-domers have come up with something everyone here thinks has merit.

ALTAIR: I'm listening.

HOUSTON: They think it would be good for the nation—and for you, too—if you turned on your television camera and let the people see what you're doing.

ALTAIR: I wouldn't want to leave the controls and move around.

HOUSTON: No, no! Fixed focus. [A long pause] It was our unanimous opinion. . . .

ALTAIR: You suggesting this to keep

my mind occupied?

HOUSTON: Yes, I recommended it. Strongly.

ALTAIR: What could I say on television?

HOUSTON: You have a thousand things to say. Read your emergency notes. Let them see.

ALTAIR: The hours pass very slowly. They are very heavy. [His voice sounded weak and hollow]

HOUSTON: That was our guess. Altair, set up the camera. Make some notes. Get your ideas under control and in forty minutes we go.

ALTAIR: Roger.

At nine o'clock on the night of April 30, prior to the time when Pope would make an important course correction, he turned on the television. The camera did not reveal his full face, but it did display most of the capsule, especially the welter of switches and devices that confronted him.

He could not bring himself to use the pronoun I, so he fell naturally into the we, and that produced a riveting effect: "We are bringing this great spacecraft back to Earth after an abbreviated visit to the other side of the moon." It was clear to everyone who saw the missing seats whom he meant by we.

"Dr. Linley should be in the right-hand seat, over there. And our commander, Randy Claggett, would be riding in the middle seat. He brought us to the moon. It was my job to bring us back."

Then came the most dramatic segment: "When we lifted off from Cape Canaveral, our spacecraft—this one and the one going down to the moon itself—weighed seventeen tons empty. We carried thirty-five tons of fuel just for those two little machines. We had to know where forty miles of electrical wire ran, in and out. We had to memorize how twenty-nine different systems worked, what every one of them did and how to repair each of them. Look: we had six hundred eighty-nine separate switches to flick off and on. We had fifty engines to speed us through space. And we had, I believe, more than four thousand pages of instructions we had to memorize, more or less. No one, I'm sure, could memorize that much."

Although it was not looking at his features, the camera gave an excellent portrait of an astronaut: smallish; slim; shirt sleeves; short hair; strong, firmly set jaw that flexed now and then, showing muscles; small hands that moved masterfully; a sense of competence, a startling command of detail: "I have a diagram here of the spacecraft as it was when we started out on what will be a two-hundred-hour voyage. Here it is, three hundred sixty-three feet in the air. In the first two minutes, we threw away the entire stage one. Stage two was finished after eight minutes, and down it



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went. Stage three, which sent us off on our way to the moon, lasted for about two hours; then we got rid of it. The lunar module had two parts, one we left on the moon on purpose. The other was supposed to rejoin us, but, as you know, it didn't. If it had, we would've dropped it, too.

"So that leaves us only these two small parts. One is the service module, which carries all the things that keep us going, and tomorrow, we'll throw that away. That'll leave this little portion I'm sitting in, and we'll fly it down through the atmosphere backward to fight off the heat. It will be twenty-five thousand degrees outside tomorrow, but we won't even feel it in here.

"And then, a drogue parachute will open, a little one, and it will pull out a bigger one, and we'll land west of Hawaii like a sea gull coming home at the end of the day, and ships will be waiting there to greet us."

He then turned and looked directly into the camera. "Mankind was born of

matter that accreted in space. We've seen dramatically these past few days how things far off in space can affect us deeply. We were meant to be in space, to wrestle with it, to probe its secrets."

He turned back to his console with its 689 separate switches and he let the camera run, ignoring it as he went about his work, and after a while on Earth, they stopped transmitting.

When the time came for his stripped-down craft to plunge into the atmosphere at the tremendous speed generated by a return from outer space, it would have to hit that semisolid layer upon which all life on Earth depends at exactly the right angle. Pope checked the approach once more: "No steeper than seven-point-three degrees or we burn up. No shallower than five-point-five degrees or we bounce off. This means hitting a corridor twenty-seven miles in diameter at the end of two hundred thirty-eight thousand miles at a speed of better than twenty-four thousand mph. Let's hope our computer's

working."

With about 90 minutes before scheduled splashdown, he consulted his computer and fired rockets briefly to make the final small correction in his orbit. When the computer confirmed that his capsule had responded correctly, he activated explosive devices that blew off the service module—blew it right off into space, where it would burn up as it entered the atmosphere. That left him without any support system, any large supply of fuel, any of the instruments he would require for extended flight. He was alone and almost powerless in a speeding vehicle heading for near destruction.

He had rockets left for one lifesaving maneuver: He could turn the capsule around so that it flew backward, presenting the big curved end with the ablative material to the incredible heat.

HOUSTON: Lee here. You never looked better, Moonshiner.

ALTAIR: Things going so well I've got my fingers crossed.

HOUSTON: This is your day, Moonshiner. Bring her down.

ALTAIR: I intend to.

With quiet confidence, he slammed into the atmosphere, and even though he had been warned many times that it would be tougher than Gemini, he could scarcely believe it when it happened. Great flames engulfed the capsule, wiping out the sky. Huge chunks of incandescent material, 25,000 degrees hot, roared past his window, reveling in the oxygen they were finding for their flames. More colors than a child has in a crayon box flashed past; at one break in the tremendous fireworks he caught a glimpse of his trail, and he calculated that it must be flaming behind him for 500 miles.

It was impossible to tell Houston of the great fire. The heat was so intense that all radio communication was blacked out; it was the flaming entry that astronauts had to make alone, and the flakes of ablated material became so thick that he felt sure that everything was going to burn up, but the interior temperature did not rise one degree.

The flames stopped. He could feel the gs slacking off as the capsule was braked, and when he activated the drogue parachute, he felt with satisfaction and, almost, joy its first sharp grip.

U.S.S. TULAGI: We have you in sight, Altair. Three good chutes.

ALTAIR: Quite a reception committee you arranged. All the Roman candles.

U.S.S. TULAGI: Looks like you're going to splash down about six tenths of a nautical mile away. Perfect landing.

ALTAIR: That's what I intended.



"My wife understands me. She's sitting at the next table."





STYLE FOR YOUR LIFESTYLE

when it comes to fashions, play it by ears

MEN'S FASHIONS sporting the familiar Playboy logo and Rabbit Head continue to proliferate. Active sportswear, raingear and headwear have been added to the collections of suits, shoes, sleepwear and accessories. Our athletic-footwear line is right in step for joggers and racquetball players. And a new label for women, Playmate by Playboy, sums up a collection of leotards, tights, hosiery, underwear, nightshirts, tote bags, sunglasses and swimwear. Look for Playboy-licensed products nationwide.

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SEX ON CAMPUS

(continued from page 149)

"Almost five percent of all students (presumably, music majors) believe in the rhythm method."

students than ever before are coming to college already experienced in sex. That may explain why sex on campus seems less frenzied in 1982 than in 1969. The students are cooler about it, because it's not such a novelty, and for the same reason, they are less adolescent in their approaches to it. An even more striking statistic—since women are the best indicators of how much heat is being generated on campus (the guys, almost to a man, have always tried to generate as much as possible)—is the number of collegiate women who have had sex at the age of 16 or earlier. In 1969's survey, 4.8 percent of the women had had intercourse at such a young age. In our study, the number has more than sextupled—to 33 percent.

It has long been conjectured that the fabled sexual revolution did much more to free women's sexuality than men's. These figures prove that—in college, at least—the conjecture is true.

THE FIRST TIME

"How old were you when you first had sexual intercourse?" (Asked only of nonvirgins)

	% Men (1969)	% Women (1969)
16 or younger	21.4	4.8
17	9.5	6.2
18	19.1	22.0
19	23.6	33.0
20	9.1	20.6
21 or older	17.3	13.4

	% Men (1982)	% Women (1982)
16 or younger	37.8	33.0
17	15.9	20.7
18	26.4	22.6
19	9.0	10.6
20	9.5	3.3
21 or older	1.4	9.8

It turns out that slightly more than 36 percent of our students are celibate during a typical month. The good news in that, of course, is that it means almost 64 percent are not. (In 1969, 42.2 percent of the students surveyed had had sex during the previous school year; today, as just mentioned, 64 percent have sex in a typical month.) Therein lie some interesting statistics.

Forty-two percent of our respondents have had sex with one person over the past month and 11 percent with two. The percentages drop off from there. Fewer than one percent have sex during

an average month with all the numbers of partners from five to ten, but then there's a spike. About one in 100 has intercourse with more than ten people in a month. (He or she is likely to be at a large school. Texas and Florida are best represented; Butler and the University of Idaho, not at all.) So there are pockets of sexual overdrive even on a campus scene that seems to run in first gear—or in neutral at some campuses.

An encouraging counterpoint to the near celibates is a male junior at USC, who has had 18 sex partners and understates his most unusual collegiate experience as "nothing thrilling—having sex on a half-inflated water bed with a Doberman pinscher, a cockateel, two finches and several fish in attendance." If we could just get him to transfer to Butler or Idaho, he might shake things up a little.

We also asked whether students often, sometimes or never slept with someone the same day they met. At the University of Colorado at Denver, only a third of our respondents say they never enter such a spontaneous relationship, and a sixth of them often do so. Meanwhile, back at Butler, the nevers outnumber everybody else by four to one.

SEX ON THE FIRST DATE

"Do you often, sometimes or never have sex with someone the same day you meet?"

	% Men	% Women
Often	7.0	2.6
Sometimes	40.2	18.1
Never	52.8	79.3

BUTLER UNIVERSITY

	% Men	% Women
Often	6.5	1.7
Sometimes	35.2	12.4
Never	58.3	85.9

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO/DENVER

	% Men	% Women
Often	18.8	14.4
Sometimes	52.5	47.7
Never	28.7	37.9

By far the most popular setting for sex on campus is not on campus at all—the plurality prefers passion in off-campus apartments. Dorm rooms are second choice, but football fields, cafeterias, shower rooms and even quick-stop grocery stores provide more colorful backdrops. An Indianapolis coed reports,

"When I was working at the 7-Eleven, a streaker came in at three in the morning. We had a lot of sex that was fabulous; then the police came and asked if I had seen the streaker. I lied, then let him out the back way. Never saw him again."

The PLAYBOY poll in 1969 asked female students whether or not it was permissible for a girl to have intercourse with someone she did not love. Overall, only 29 percent of the women felt that it was. Today, a little camaraderie goes a lot further than it did then. A UCLA study released last year showed that 48 percent of college freshmen believe that sex is OK between people who "really like each other." As mentioned previously, our own 1982 survey indicates that more than half of all students think that "casual acquaintance" (21 percent of the total) or "friendship" (35 percent) justifies a sexual relationship.

The pill is the most practical and available means of birth control for college students; 32.7 of the women we asked are on it. The condom, traditionally stretched to the limit by college men, has taken a downturn. It's the chosen means of birth control only 17 percent of the time, though that's still good for second place. Diaphragms and diaphragm-condom combinations account for 16 percent, and almost five percent of all students (presumably, music majors) believe in the rhythm method. Nine-and-a-half percent feel lucky enough to do without contraception. That's a disturbingly large number of gamblers out there. We thought that group might include many respondents who are not very active sexually, so we narrowed the sample.

We returned to the women who have sex at least once in a typical month and asked about their use of contraceptives. We found that they took even more risks—more frequently—than their less active classmates. Twenty-one percent of them count on either rhythm or nothing at all to prevent pregnancy. Two of our respondents wrote in "luck" as their means of birth control.

Background research and the interviews we did suggest that many of those people practice *coitus interruptus* rather than trust entirely to fortune, but it is still remarkable that so many sexually active young people play procreation roulette. Perhaps that says something about their conservatism: They're willing to have a lot of sex but not to make an issue of it by planning it beforehand. Many, particularly women, claim that contraception takes the romance or the spontaneity out of a sexual episode. Others think that abortions are easily arranged and not particularly traumatic. In either case, they are misinformed. Probably the best thing student-health centers can do is forget about preparing

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for flu epidemics and start providing confidential birth-control information and contraceptives to students who need them. And the vast majority of students need them.

PROCREATION ROULETTE

"When you do have sex, how often do you use a contraceptive?" (Asked only of those who have sex in a typical month)

	% Men	% Women
Always	30.5	59.1
Usually	23.9	15.8
Sometimes	19.8	15.9
Never	25.8	9.1

"What contraceptives do you and your partner use?" (Asked only of those who have sex in a typical month)

	% Men	% Women
Pill	25.2	35.1
Condom	24.8	22.3
Diaphragm and foam	8.2	8.9
Diaphragm alone	9.3	4.4
I.U.D.	6.4	3.3
Foam alone	2.3	3.1
Diaphragm and condom	5.2	1.8
Rhythm	7.0	11.5
None	11.6	9.6

On a less startling subject regarding artificial aids, both alcohol and drugs gain slight nods from our students in making sex a more pleasurable experience. A third of the respondents, though, say they make no difference at all. While 26 percent say booze makes sex less enjoyable, only 12 percent say the same is true of drugs. The lesson may be that while alcohol is clearly the most popular recreational "drug" on campus, it falls from favor when the recreation is sex.

Marijuana, not surprisingly, is the most popular illegal substance in the academic system (80 percent of the students we surveyed have smoked it, compared with 22 percent 13 years ago). Its cousin hashish comes in second. Speed, cocaine and Quaaludes are chosen by many, and LSD is enjoying a fantastic resurgence. In a divergent sidelight to our survey, we found that (in terms of frequency of the activity) smoking pot is just a shade less popular on campus than oral sex.

A study such as this concerns the things that bring men and women together more than the ways in which they differ, but males and females are, naturally, quite different in some areas (except at such places as Brigham Young and Bob Jones universities, where they are for all practical purposes the same). In one section of our questionnaire, we asked the women to look the other way so we could pose a few questions to the

men on particularly male topics.

We asked, for example, if our male respondents had ever been to a prostitute, and 19.4 percent said they had. That is a lower figure than that arrived at by most past surveys, and it reveals an economic principle at work: There's no reason to pay for something that has become available in abundance. Most young men feel that their experiences with prostitutes were worth while but have little interest in repeating them. An Iowa student, either a freshman or a cutup, reports that he had *been* one but later converted to Catholicism.

On to even more central concerns: 42 percent of the men admit to having been unable to attain erection at least once.

ALTERED STATES

"Which drugs have you used?"

	% Men	% Women	% Overall
Marijuana	83.6	76.0	80.1
Hashish	51.7	49.3	50.4
Cocaine	48.1	39.6	43.9
Amphetamines	42.7	41.1	42.3
Quaaludes	39.8	28.6	34.2
LSD	33.0	22.3	28.2
Valium	25.9	28.5	26.9
Mescaline	25.6	10.2	17.9
P.C.P.	12.0	10.8	11.6
Librium	10.5	5.8	8.1
Heroin	4.5	2.9	3.9

Only 53 percent say they have ever ejaculated prematurely—a figure we suspect some campus females might dispute. As for what chem majors call "organic dimensions," a full-bodied 92 percent feel that their penises are large enough to give women full satisfaction.

On that note, we asked the men to take a seat while the women responded about their own internal affairs. They disagree somewhat with the guys (unless the eight percent of men who are under-endowed are disproportionately active) about penis size: 31 percent of them feel that large penises are worth waiting for. Fifty-four percent of the women say they have faked orgasms, and that makes for a significant sidenote: The vast majority of our male respondents say they can tell when their partners have orgasms, but, as we have just seen, most of the women have faked them. Does that mean there are cries of "You faked!" wafting out over quadrangles throughout the country?

Almost half the women surveyed report that they usually or always climax during sex. Forty-two percent sometimes climax. One in ten sexually active women says she never has an orgasm.

Most of our respondents, both male and female, are practiced in sexual practices. In fact, the numbers cited here and in our previous survey demonstrate that they are roughly twice as active as their predecessors of 1969, who wanted to screw the system as much

as one another. Still, the image of the campus as an orgy with ivy is quite overblown. There are still plenty of abstinents out there, and we should expect some decrease in sexual activity on campus as the Izod-clad high schoolers of today—for whom Topsiders are shoes and not aggressive women—reach college. Most of our subjects claim to be pretty satisfied with their current sex lives, though an enormous number of them yearn for sexual variety. They consider themselves adequately skilled in sexual technique. Hardly anyone feels guilty after having intercourse. Nearly everybody admits to masturbating, which seems a healthy admission, and most have been on both the giving and the receiving ends of oral sex: 87.55 percent of our respondents have engaged in it. The 1969 poll found that only 36.6 percent of the collegians had done the same over the course of the school year. That figure seemed high at the time; it was trumpeted as evidence of the new morality. The fact that a one-third minority has become a well-over-two-thirds majority is evidence that the new morality is only now arriving. Many, but by no means most, of the students have experience with (in order of popularity) group sex, anal intercourse, the use of mechanical aids and bondage and discipline.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

"Which sexual practices have you included in your sex life?"

	% Men	% Women
Oral sex	91.5	83.5
Masturbation	66.2	54.9
Group sex	25.1	22.6
Anal sex	24.9	21.0
Sexual role playing	17.2	21.6
Use of mechanical aids	13.1	19.9
Bondage and discipline	19.3	13.3
Sadomasochism	6.3	3.8

That's what they've done; how about what they'd like to do? To counterpoint reality and desire, we asked students to name the sexual practices in which they would partake *given the opportunity*. Their answers reveal that while oral sex is still king of the hill, many students would like to be kinkier than they are. Only 16 percent of them have actually tried mechanical sexual aids, for example, but 31 percent would like to. The most cited answer to "What would you like to include in your sex life?" is "oral sex," which suggests that campuses are, indeed, not overblown. Anal sex and B&D are attractive to, if untried by, many, but group sex is even more stimulating (more than a third of those surveyed would like to try it). Few people,

Cipron



"But, doctor—shouldn't I remove my undergarments?"

it appears, *want* to masturbate; it's just one of those things that take hold and won't let go.

DESIRES UNDER THE ELMs

"Which sexual practices would you like to include in your sex life?"

	% Men	% Women
Oral sex	81.3	71.1
Masturbation	36.3	37.7
Group sex	54.0	25.1
Anal sex	54.0	16.6
Sexual role playing	30.9	34.7
Use of mechanical aids	36.2	24.4
Bondage and discipline	25.8	21.4
Sadomasochism	11.3	2.9

Things *have* changed on campus with the new conservatism. It may seem that the drugged-out radical has been supplanted by thousands of Debbies and Biffs, because—however active they may be sexually—today's collegians are a great deal preppier than the ones who came before them. Idealism has lost ground to materialism, and fraternities and sororities are among the new verities. Some brief examples to set the mood:

- There are 42 fraternities and 22 sororities at Ohio State, where "foreign aggression" usually refers to the Michigan football team. At Berkeley, once the center of campus unrest, Greek pledges have almost doubled in the past six years. National enrollment in fraternities has risen by at least 120,000 in the late Seventies and early Eighties.

- At UCLA, the student bookstore has a Calvin Klein department.

- In the Sixties, many women at Barnard College stopped shaving their legs and underarms. Now many of them have regular appointments to have their legs waxed.

- More than a quarter of the women in the class of 1984 plan careers in business, engineering, law or medicine—a 400 percent jump since 1966.

But while the image of Greek-letter life is one of a preppie variation on the Eisenhower years, there's no shortage of old- and newfangled sex in fraternity and sorority houses. A quarter of our respondents belong to frats and sororities, and they are somewhat more active than the norm. Most of them have had three or more sex partners. One out of five has sex with more than one person in an average month. More than 30 percent of them won't rule out having sex on the first date. And they can do the gator like no independent you've ever seen.

Across the board, Greek students have had more sex partners than independents. Frat men are more active genitally than sorority women, which should be no surprise. But it's interesting to note

that while 21.2 percent of all students we surveyed are virgins, only 6.3 percent of the sorority women we asked say that they have retained their virginity. Part of the explanation is that at most schools, a person cannot enter a fraternity or a sorority until he has been at school for a while (sometimes for a year); thus, there are many more upperclassmen than freshmen in Greek-letter societies. So let there be no confusion: The place where the Greeks reside is more likely to resemble Animal House than the House at Pooh Corner.

GREEKS AND GEEKS

"How many sexual partners have you had in the course of your life?"

	Over- all	Greeks	Independ- ents
0	21.2	15.2	22.4
1	19.2	16.9	20.7
2	16.1	15.1	16.8
3	12.4	12.7	12.2
4-10	21.0	24.1	19.8
More than 10	10.1	15.9	8.1

"Do you often, sometimes or never have sex with someone the same day you meet?"

	% All men	% All women
Often	7.0	2.6
Sometimes	40.2	18.1
Never	52.8	79.3
	% Fraternity men	% Sorority women
Often	7.2	2.9
Sometimes	47.6	11.6
Never	45.2	85.5
	% Independ- ent men	% Independ- ent women
Often	6.9	2.3
Sometimes	38.2	21.5
Never	54.9	76.2

With the rise of conservatism has come the fall of political activism on campus; but while many think that means that college life has become a Doublemint commercial, there's no lack of *sexual* activism at colleges these days. A great deal of the most aggressive of it is homosexual. Before long, we may see seniors majoring in Coming Out of the Closet, with minors in K-Y jelly.

At the University of Wisconsin, gays and lesbians are among the most active (both sexually and politically) members of the 40,000-member student body. The United, their four-year-old organization, has 150 regular volunteers.

Lesbian issues are part of the formal training of residence counselors at Wellesley, and two tables at Yale's Sterling Library are reserved for lesbian students—one for smokers and one for nonsmokers.

At Smith, Sarah Lawrence and Mills

colleges, lesbians are campus leaders. They may be head residents, captains of athletic teams or officers in student government. At Smith, many of them are Gold Key Guides—the pretty girls who show parents around on Orientation Day.

Twenty-four percent of the students we questioned report having had some homosexual experience, but fewer than half that number consider themselves homosexual. Among gays, male homosexuals outnumber lesbians by more than four to one.

GAY IN THE EIGHTIES

"Have you ever had a homosexual experience?"

	% Men	% Women	% Overall
Yes	30.5	14.3	24.1
No	69.5	85.7	75.9

"Do you consider yourself homosexual?"

	% Men	% Women	% Overall
Yes	14.8	3.4	9.9
No	85.2	96.6	90.1

An Indiana coed recounted her first homosexual encounter for us: "I was with a group of girls at school when one of them made seeming sexual advances to me. The unusual part was that I didn't mind at all. I think I would have allowed her to continue if we'd been alone. I hope to have a real homosexual experience someday."

Another young woman from the same school is more committed. "I have a steady homosexual lover," she writes, "and my boyfriend doesn't know anything about it."

A sad example of what can happen when straight and gay collegians mingle is the concise tale of a University of Texas man: "I fell in love with a lesbian, and eventually, she became a heterosexual but didn't want me."

Another phenomenon that merits attention is sex between students and faculty members (referred to in political-science classes as "international affairs" and in Scottish lit as "Highland flings").

More than 80 percent of the time, student-professor affairs involve a male teacher and a female student, and generally, it is the student who makes the first move. The phenomenon resembles the coming out of campus homosexuals in that, while nothing new, it is being handled much more openly than ever before. Barry Singer, a Psychology of Sex professor at Cal State-Long Beach, was recently suspended (but for only 30 days) for having sex with students and giving course credit for orgies and gay encounters. He announced that he would no longer give credit for participation in nonmarital sexual experimentation

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You ought to be in his boots.

but would still count going in drag to gay bars, visiting nudist colonies and such. His problems came when a 53-year-old woman attending his class reported it to the administration and 25 Christian ministers; no students had ever complained.

A coed at Butler told us a similar story: "My freshman-English prof asked me to see him in his office about my final exam. I went. He told me I'd failed it but put his hand on my shoulder reassuringly. I started to cry. As I sobbed, his hands fell from my shoulders and his fingers circled my breasts. I felt paralyzed. I allowed him to take me in his arms and rock me. He kissed and caressed me. It was nice, but when I felt his palm between my thighs, I got scared. I reached for the door, but it was locked. He begged for one more kiss. I granted it and received in return a final grade of A in freshman English."

A University of Florida coed put the spiked heel on the other foot. "Once, I seduced both a professor and a teaching assistant at the same time in the prof's office," she writes. "It was bondage and discipline. I wore black hose, a garter belt, no panties and no bra and carried a whip and handcuffs to class. My ploy worked and I got them both." It seems she was there purely to gain a liberal education; she doesn't say what grade she got.

One researcher found 111 examples of such affairs on seven campuses in and around Denver. He found evidence that grade inflation can follow hard upon a professor's infatuation, though he says that's not usually the case. He also determined that both students and professors who have been involved think that student-faculty sex is generally a

bad idea—but three quarters of them would do it again. One of our Denver respondents got a less welcome reward than grade inflation for his efforts: He remembers an affair with a faculty member because he caught crabs.

Just what are today's college students looking for to make them happy, besides professors, Calvin Kleins and oral sex? They answered our question on that subject by choosing a primary relationship as the most vital element of personal happiness. Friends come next, followed closely by family. Far behind are school, leisure activities and money. Last (and we may assume that is because it would be part of a primary relationship) is steady sex.

Because that primary relationship is so important, we asked what components are most crucial to it. The students picked companionship by a wide margin. Trust and intimacy are also crucial. All in all, the answers to our questions make for a consistent and levelheaded hierarchy of values, quite appropriate to the contemporary collegian's overriding attitudes.

But being smooth and substantial, we're happy to say, doesn't preclude some passionate peccadilloes (defined in Arizona as "male armadillos"). In response to a question on each student's "most unusual college-sex experience," we heard tell of enough divergent diversions to demonstrate that sex on campus is never out of styles.

A University of Florida sorority girl writes of being "chased down with bow and arrow and placed in a tree, nude, to be shot at. The prize winner was a fraternity guy I had met some years be-

fore and had had a love affair with. I never forgot him and we were married." So much for the ice-cream social.

For a Denver coed with little sexual experience, the most *outré* encounter was "having anal sex for the first time." Perhaps more interesting is her second choice: "Meeting someone with genital herpes."

Another Denver woman attended the N.C.A.A. Division II basketball championships, which her school's team lost. She and a couple of girlfriends determined to cheer up the squad. "An alum offered his house on the lake, and we three women stayed with the team for three days of sex, drugs and booze." She characterizes her contribution to the athletic program as "the most enjoyable three days of my life."

"When I was attending Baylor University," writes a male senior at Florida, "I had a girl put hickeys all over my body and then went into the communal showers. The Baylor boys just couldn't handle it. Once word got around and my reputation degenerated, my sexual opportunities increased dramatically."

"Watching a girl masturbate from across the street" is the favorite of a male USC sophomore, and we can understand why. It must have been awfully difficult for her. Maybe she had long arms. . . .

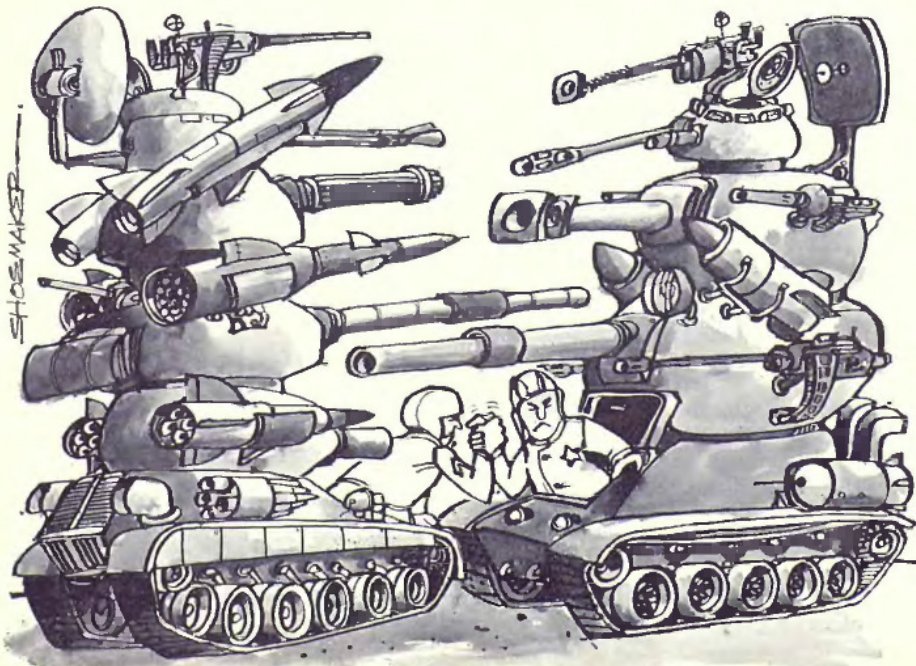
Finally, since too many surveys of this type allow only one-way communication, we asked every respondent what he or she might like to say to PLAYBOY and its readers. We felt there was no better way to encourage students to speak up on (and in) an issue devoted to them. The answers run from vitriolic to confused to laudatory, and we include some of the most instructive here:

According to a Butler coed, "College students are becoming more aware of one another as people instead of as prospective bed partners. Friendship seems to be higher than sex on our list of priorities."

A Southern California student writes, "Stop worrying about sex so much and start worrying about the real threats to our existence: communism, gun control and Jane Fonda." What—us worry? Jane's not so bad, unless you own a nuclear reactor.

"There's a lot of talk but not many sexually satisfied people in college," believes a USC woman. "I think girls—and maybe guys, too—are not as sexually active as stereotypes suggest."

Her feelings are echoed by a male classmate (it should be noted here that fraternities and sororities predominate at USC as nowhere else) who says, "College-age women are far less promiscuous than advertising or TV depicts them. There seem to be few confident college women. Those who are not in sororities



tend, for the most part, to see themselves as inferior. It's sad."

An Alabama coed believes that "college is the best time to explore your sexuality. I tell fellow students, 'As long as you take precautions, do it now, because your chances will be fewer later.'"

"It is interesting to note that so many women still play games and men still fall for the games," says a University of Idaho woman. "I try to be open and direct—no strings attached. A man should lie back and enjoy my overtures. Why shouldn't a man quiver, breathe hard and get excited like a woman does?"

We're taken to task by another coed from Idaho, who writes, "Personally, I find your questionnaire biased and heterosexist." *Touché*. It has become clear to us that homosexuality constitutes an important force, both politically and sexually, on the contemporary campus. It's not our choice or our main concern, but we think we've treated it evenhandedly. Our next questionnaire will probably devote more space to homosexuality on campus. (Would "Does the gay residence hall at your school have a fairy godmother?" offend anybody?)

One of the most thoughtful replies comes from a University of Texas man: "Trying to maintain a liberal view of liberated women and gays, both of whom are more forward all the time, is making it tough for the average male who is at all sensitive or shy. It's easier for doubts about yourself to occur these days; there are so many attitudes to digest and cope with. Meeting women and dodging gays (who should be free to do as they choose) is getting more like work all the time."

While it may seem at first glance that our neoconservative campuses are not as invigorating as they used to be—that the campus is where the inaction is—the truth is that there's a greater range of sexual activity under the covers (and the trees and the stars and the lab tables) than ever before. In 1969, it seemed that the definitive collegiate activity was social revolution. Today's students may be little interested in social evolution, but there's been no diminution in their resolution to take positions. Those who are disturbed by the right-leaning orientation of the preppie hordes on campus should take heart at one of our survey's most exciting discoveries: No fewer than 8.3 percent of our respondents claim they have had "more than 30" sex partners.

What should, perhaps, be the last word on the subject comes from a young lady poet at the University of Idaho, whose questionnaire was the last we received. "The college-age virgin is not dead," she writes, "just a little lonely."

Let's all resolve to do what we can to help.



You never forget your first Girl.



SOUND JUDGMENT

(continued from page 107)

"A portable unit with a cassette deck/receiver is still a widely available type of secondary hi-fi system."

virtually like clones of one another; when arranged side by side, they form a convincing display of Scandinavian high style and high tech. Again, this is equipment to provide unprecedented luxury in any room of the house or, for that matter, in an executive office. One of Akai's prematched-component systems, the PRO-3033 (\$1800), can also be operated from across the room, using wireless

remote control. Units in that setup include an integrated amplifier, a digital tuner, a direct-drive turntable, a cassette recorder and a pair of three-way-speaker systems.

If space for speakers is a problem, you can choose from among a whole new crop of speaker systems whose sound belies their petite proportions. They will provide fine stereo and clean sound,

their only real drawback being a relatively limited response in the deepest bass. Some likely entries are the remarkable KEF 101, the Aiwa SC-A1, the Phase Tech PC 60, the Celestion SL-6, the ADS 300W and the Technics SB series. Two items of special interest here include the Bose 201, smallest of the systems that provide the reflected/direct-sound spread, and the Sony SA-55, known as an active speaker because it includes its own built-in power amplifier. Connecting it to a component such as a tuner or a tape deck that lacks a power amp gives you a complete sound system.

Another space saver is the combination-type component that unites a full-feature cassette deck with a stereo receiver. Recent versions of this kind of unit are truly impressive. For example, the Kenwood KRX-7 provides digital tuning and furnishes 45 watts of power output per channel. A built-in clock/timer can automatically activate the tuner and the tape deck. Sansui's CR-M7 uses digital tuning, while its CR-M5 includes a short-wave band with conventional tuning. Sony's models in this product class offer automatic tape selection and real-time indication of tape used. A cassette/receiver, the KR-1000, is among Yamaha's new products. This type of unit is also featured in Aiwa's V-500 system, which includes a front-loading linear-tracking turntable, an equipment rack and a pair of speakers. Turntable and speakers are included with the cassette/receiver in Panasonic's Systematix series.

Actually, a portable unit that combines a cassette deck and a stereo receiver is still a widely available type of secondary hi-fi system, but any resemblance between the latest crop of portables and what we used to tote a few years ago is purely semantic. The new sets boast new features and better performance, and at least a dozen manufacturers known for their commitment to hi-fi have brought out some notable totables that can serenade you while you're stretched out on a beach blanket and also provide yeoman service indoors as that second system.

Yamaha's new PC-9 unit, for example, has breakaway speakers for improved stereo spread. The cassette deck sports feather-touch controls, and the amp section has inputs for an optional turntable. All for about \$500.

Some of Panasonic's new portables also permit detaching the speakers; its model RX-5350 includes two short-wave bands and a five-band graphic equalizer for tailoring the stereo to better suit an outdoor or an indoor listening environment.

One of Pioneer's sets also has the short-wave bands, while two others offer a music-search option for their cassette sections. The cassette portion of Toshiba's



BRIAN SAVAGE

"I'm going to have some cosmetic surgery done, change my name and live abroad for the next several years, subsisting on income from my accounts in both Switzerland and Liechtenstein. What does your broker say?"



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RT-200S may well be the first portable that has, in addition to short wave, automatic tape reversal. A three-band equalizer, plus the music-sensing feature, is found in Sony's CFS-500.

Among the Marantz Gold Series of musical movables is the PMS 6000, which, in addition to a cassette deck and a receiver, has a drop-down turntable with magnetic pickup. One of the lightest of portables is Kenwood's DC-20, with computer-controlled cassette functions and a receiver that uses true digital tuning while providing 20 watts per channel for its two-way speaker systems—which, again, may be separated from the main unit.

The unique turntable fitted into Sharp's VZ-2000 portable plays both sides of a record without your having to turn the record over. This trick is accomplished by the use of two tonearms, both of which are vertically mounted and linear-tracking. Computer control keeps them on course. The speakers in this set are each biamplified (separate amps for woofers and tweeters).

Among Sanyo's portables is the model M7830K, which includes four speakers. Another Sanyo, the MX650K, features a dimension expander for enhanced stereo; this unit will also operate from an external record player with a magnetic cartridge. Fisher's new PH430K has a five-band graphic equalizer and removable speakers.

Hitachi has no fewer than nine new portables. Its model TRK-W1H includes two cassette decks, one of which may be removed to become a personal stereo unit with its own headphones. When inserted into the main body of the set, it permits the making of tape copies in conjunction with the permanently built-in cassette deck. Among recent entries from Aiwa are the CS-500, with four speakers, and the CA-100, with detachable speakers.

The major trend in second-system design right now is that new breed of audio components known as the midi. As the name suggests, a midicomponent is smaller than a full-sized version but larger than the cigar-box-sized mini- or microcomponents that have never quite captured the fancy of U.S. buyers or the all-out efforts of many manufacturers. Today's midis are small enough to fit into spaces impossible for full-sized components. At the same time, they employ easy-to-handle controls, more features, higher power, the latest noise-reduction techniques, digital tuning, etc. Indeed, for many a buyer, some of the midis could well serve as a first system.

First or second, a typical midi system with components stacked one atop the other or fitted into a wrap-around or rack takes up no more space than, say, a medium-sized television set. Moreover, being separate components, they can be

arranged unstacked, in any manner you choose. For example, Sansui has one set of midicomponents finished in soft white. Perched on a shelf or even a dresser top, they look like a collection of boxes. When you get closer, you see that they mean business in solid stereo terms.

While there are obvious similarities among the midis in terms of format, there are also differences—as among full-sized components—to appeal to different buyers. For example, if you prefer the black-matte look, one series of Technics units (turntable, preamp, power amp, cassette deck and tuner) forms, when stacked, a square of colored pin points of light set against the subdued tones of the various front panels. The visual effect is especially striking in a dimly lit room. But don't let that *Star Wars* control panel fool you—this system provides first-rate stereo.

If color turns you on, there's a Fisher system on the drawing boards that will be finished in soft purple. Slightly larger than average midi size is the Yamaha LC-G55 system, in which a tuner, an integrated amplifier and a cassette deck are fitted into a rack, while a normal-sized turntable sits on top.

A graphic equalizer and a straight-line-tracking turntable are featured in Onkyo's Radian series, which also includes a tuner, an integrated amplifier and a cassette deck. Hitachi's midi system is built around a cassette deck/tuner with a separate power amp and a turntable whose linear-tracking tonearm is attached to the lift-up cover of the turntable. An option with this system is a graphic equalizer.

Kenwood's New Life midi series includes a vertical turntable with linear-tracking arm. Its height is the same as that of the other components stacked one atop another.

Alternately, this system can be fitted into a rack with rollers so that you can push it around for convenience of operation, or even out of sight when not in use—though with its smart contemporary looks and clean sound, you won't want it out of sight for long.

Aiwa's midicomponents include cassette deck, integrated amp, digital tuner with presets, front-loading automatic turntable and prewired component rack. (Speakers are optional.)

A linear-tracking turntable is featured in JVC's Stylistic "mini" series. Also available are a cassette deck, a digital tuner and an integrated amplifier (25 watts per channel) on which the less-often-used controls are hidden behind a flip-down on the front panel. Speakers and equipment rack are included. Mitsubishi still calls its petite components micro, but let's not quibble; the amplifier can deliver 50 watts per channel in stereo use and can also put out 100 watts in mono operation.

Pioneer calls one of its smaller component setups a Shelf Component System. The X-50 uses a 40-watts-per-channel integrated amplifier, a full-logic cassette deck and a digital tuner with 16-station storage and recall. It also has a built-in clock/timer to preset programs for listening or recording. An interesting option for this system is a turntable that loads from the front and is enclosed in a case strong enough to support the other components when they're stacked atop it.

A digital tuner, a 50-watts-per-channel integrated amplifier and a feather-touch-control cassette recorder are the basic components in Sony's Prodigy series. All have controls that are flush with the front panels and that operate at the touch of a finger. Compact components from Teknika Electronics include a soft-touch-control cassette deck, a 20-watts-per-channel integrated amplifier, a tuner, a turntable, speakers and a rack.

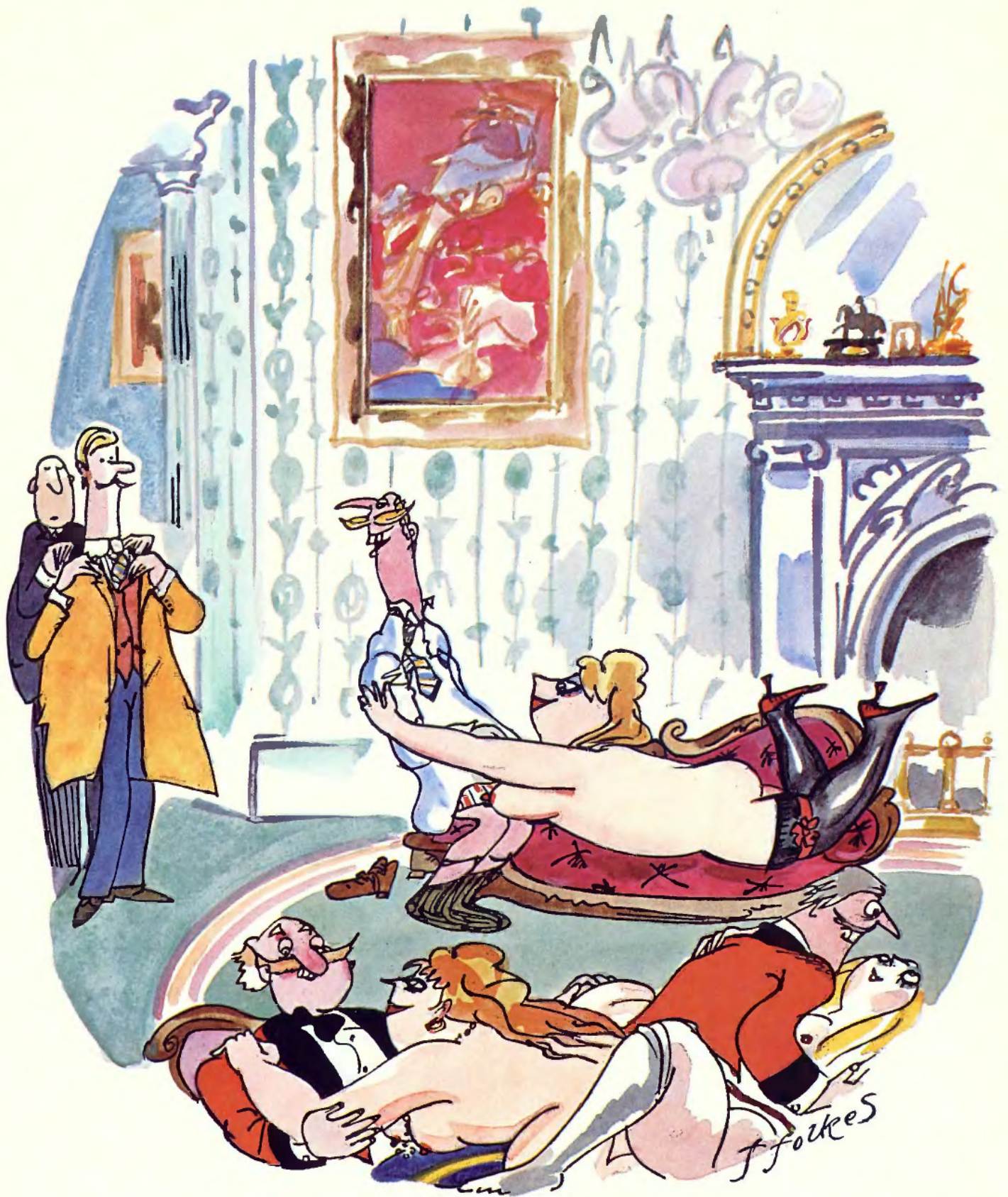
In the stereo systems from Meridian (of England) and Schneider (of West Germany), not only do the individual components nestle against one another but their physical contact makes electrical contact—without the use of cables—via built-in special connectors.

Beyond that similarity, the two systems differ markedly. Meridian emphasizes a cool simplicity in its styling and its number of operating controls (a few of its switches do double duty, and some knobs you might expect to find—such as tone controls, which Meridian believes add nothing to music reproduction—are missing). Meridian also uses a modular approach for specific components—for example, you can start with a 35-watt amplifier and add modules to it later for increased power.

Schneider's components bristle with control knobs, switches, printed legends and colored indicators. Even its station-tuning dials contain more than the usual amount of numbers, since they show short wave as well as regular AM and FM markings. The Schneider line is very extensive, with receivers as well as separates, several turntables and cassette decks, six speaker systems and various equipment housings.

With either of those systems, the elimination of interconnecting cables means, of course, that the individual components *have* to be closely installed. It also does away with the mess of wiring and of cable-routing. By the same token, it also reduces the possibility for deliberately connecting audio components in some unique manner or for introducing other-brand units into a given system. But then, that is not one's primary motivation for getting a second system; the emphasis here is on performance, with a large measure of convenience and freedom from nuts and bolts. On with the music!





*"In this club, Frisbee, you have to be an officer, but
you don't have to be a gentleman."*

"My guess is that Bob Hope lives in the White House. He sure looked like he knew his way around."

I'm guilty once I'm charged.

There are evil people here and they're out to get you. I've been invited to a couple of parties and turned them down because I didn't know the people who had invited me. I could go to the party and get taken into a room with a video recorder going. You just have to be careful. So I go right home to my apartment, which is across the street, and I lock and bolt the door and stay in there alone. I'm always afraid that my apartment is wired.

9.

PLAYBOY: Would a bug in your apartment expose something sordid?

LE BOUTILLIER: I swear a lot, which to me is no vice but which I know gets some people upset. And I bet on sports.

I love fights. I bet on all the fights I can.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's your major political concern?

LE BOUTILLIER: I have one thing I care about more than anything else. I'm absolutely convinced—I know for a fact—that there are living American prisoners of war in Southeast Asia. Some of those guys have been sitting there for 14 or 15 years, abandoned by their Government. I'd give up anything in my life to be able to get those guys out.

11.

PLAYBOY: Some members of Congress are considered experts in such fields as taxation, defense and foreign relations. Do you claim an area of special competence?

LE BOUTILLIER: I'm probably not very competent in anything. All of us are ignorant about many things. You may be speaking about Poland one minute and about taxes or health care the next, and I promise you that you can't know much about any of that stuff. I don't think there's anybody in Congress who's incompetent, because people had to get elected to get here—so the public has judged them to be competent. Whether or not I would judge them to be competent—now, that's a different story.

12.

PLAYBOY: How does the White House get the Republican troops in Congress to fall into line on Administration proposals?

LE BOUTILLIER: I wasn't going to vote for an agricultural bill, and a couple of days before the vote, I told a guy in my office to let the White House know. So a couple of White House guys started calling me. I got a little bit of heat on that one. The night before the grain-embargo vote, a guy called me and said, "The President is very concerned about your vote." I told him, "Bullshit! If he's so concerned, why hasn't he ever talked to me about it? Why don't you get him to call me?"

13.

PLAYBOY: The press has made you out to be a favorite of the White House. Do you often dine off Nancy's china?

LE BOUTILLIER: I just had my first meal there. It was a luncheon for the National Hockey League All-Star Game, and they served this ice-cream cake for dessert in the shape of a hockey puck with large hockey sticks that you could eat on the top. It was the best thing I've ever eaten in my life.

They had three people in the receiving line at the White House: Reagan, George Bush and Bob Hope. How do you figure that one? My guess is that Bob Hope lives in the White House. He sure looked like he knew his way around.

14.

PLAYBOY: You're related to socially prominent families—Vanderbilts and Whitneys. You come from an affluent district on Long Island. Politicians seem to vie with one another to claim humble origins. Would you like to give it a try?

LE BOUTILLIER: My immediate family didn't have in any way the type of life that most rich people have. My father was a test pilot, and my family still lives in the same house he was born in. It's on four acres. We can't sell the place; no one wants to buy it. I went to good schools where a lot of the kids were real rich, and at Harvard, certainly, you saw the difference between the middle- and lower-class kids and the upper-class ones. The upper-class ones were



"Wanna get laid?"

far out and left wing, mostly out of guilt over what they had.

15.

PLAYBOY: White House advisors, Cabinet Secretaries, Gloria Vanderbilt and a slew of her fashion models appeared at a recent fund raiser on your behalf. Why would they court favor with a freshman Congressman?

LE BOUTILLIER: I just asked them if they'd help me, and they probably don't get asked very often, so they said yes. The one who's helped me most as far as money goes is Justin Dart. He's a great friend of the Reagans' and of mine. He's the kind of man every American should idolize, because he started out with very little and built a couple of businesses—Rexall Drugs and West Bend and Tupperware. He and Holmes Tuttle held a fund-raising party for me two years ago. They were the guys who helped start Reagan in 1965. On the day Reagan was inaugurated, Dart slapped me on the back and said, "John, you're going to be the best goddamned fucking freshman there ever was."

16.

PLAYBOY: Members of Congress don't always deal with the major issues of the day. Aren't you duty bound to provide American flags that have flown over the Capitol to favorite constituents?

LE BOUTILLIER: I must have given away dozens. But I've got a new proposal to cut down on Government expenditures. There are four or five guys on the Capitol roof who put the flags on a little machine. They run the flags up for a second and then take them down, just so you can say that this flag flew over the Capitol. I propose that we take all the flags right from the factory, put them in a 747 and fly them right over the Capitol. Or we could use an AWACS plane.

17.

PLAYBOY: Are you serving your constituents by talking with PLAYBOY?

LE BOUTILLIER: Absolutely. One of the things you have to figure out is how to communicate with the people in the district. So you try to be in the magazines and the newspapers that they read. I bet PLAYBOY does really well in this district, because a lot of white-collar men and women read it. But I don't buy it just for the articles. I look at everything in PLAYBOY. I wouldn't talk with *Penthouse*.

18.

PLAYBOY: You've visited with Richard Nixon. Does he ever doff his jacket and tie?

LE BOUTILLIER: He's a lot like you've heard. Jacket and tie all the time. But he's soft-spoken, much more so than people realize. He is a real creature of

politics. Nixon, of all the Presidents in this century, was intellectually the best prepared, the man with the most self-discipline, the guy who worked toward a goal more than anybody else.

To this day, after eight years out of office, he still has probably a better command of all the issues than anybody in public life. People should never confuse their moral outrage about his behavior with their judgment of his abilities, because as awful as some people think he is, they should recognize a real brilliance in Nixon.

I've had lengthy conversations with him on three or four occasions, all of which have been nothing but a pleasure. He's very interested in everything that goes on in the House of Representatives and in the Republican Party. And he loves to give advice to people. He's told people I know that he thinks I'm a bomb thrower. He thinks I'm a little outspoken. Maybe he doesn't really like that.

19.

PLAYBOY: As an elected official, do you feel obliged to bad-mouth the Federal bureaucracy?

LE BOUTILLIER: The encounters I've had with career bureaucrats make me mad. I hate them so much I can't put it into words. They are the outgrowth of bad government. They run the Government despite what those of us who are elected to run it say, and we're the ones who get the blame for bad government. Even if Reagan issues a direct order, he'll just be laughed at, because bureaucrats know the President has no power over them.

I'd prefer to go back to the spoils system. We win an election; we run the Government. If we don't run it well, we all get thrown out.

20.

PLAYBOY: You're a big fan of the Eagles'. Will you consider a career as a rock-music impresario if the voters don't return you to Congress in November?

LE BOUTILLIER: I don't know the Eagles, but I hope I get to meet them. I think they're great, though I hear they're now doing individual albums, which is sort of distressing.

I was going to ask George Steinbrenner if he'd let me pitch in the minor leagues. But I don't know. I just don't treat people the way he treats them. There are some dictatorial things in Yankee Stadium that don't quite smack of the old Yankee tradition.

But if something happened so that I couldn't stay in politics, I could do something else for a while. I have all the good things going for me. I have the best educational credentials you can get. I'm just beginning. I'm not burned out. I haven't shot my wad.



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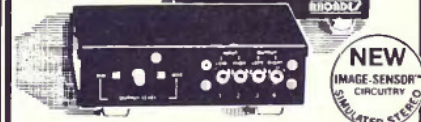


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TANYA (continued from page 151)

“Barry and Tanya recap their personal/professional histories in a kind of ‘Pat and Mike’ routine. . . .”

with urban spunk and scrappiness. A phrase or two late, I remember to flip on my tape recorder.

The “we” of Tanya’s opening monolog is a reference to her husband, Barry Roberts, a psychologist turned screenwriter. He pops in for a hello-goodbye handshake, then exits to make some urgent phone calls (if *he* were a movie hero, Richard Dreyfuss or Dustin Hoffman might fit the part). Married nine and a half years, they’re both from the Bronx, and that’s one reason they’re back East: to attend a neighborhood reunion of about 4000 people. “My old neighborhood is Pelham Parkway,” Tanya says. “Robert Klein’s from around there, and

Rob Reiner, Penny Marshall. The idea of a reunion started a year or so ago, when a guy came out to L.A. to interview Barry and me and all these other performers for an article in *New York* magazine about famous people from the Bronx.”

By now, a quartet of men at the bar with their backs to us are nudging one another and swiveling to stare. Tanya seems oblivious; being ogled in public is nothing new. When Barry comes back to our table, he and Tanya recap their personal/professional histories in a kind of speeded-up *Pat and Mike* routine, so neatly synchronized they can finish each other’s sentences.

She starts: “I was in TV commercials when I was 15, playing high school girls, doing things for soda pop—”

“I met her when she was 17, and she looked 21 to me—”

“No, I looked 17. I just didn’t *act* it—”

“When she told me her age, I flipped out.”

“I was already thinking about being an actress. Barry was an actor when I met him. Then he became a shrink. He was working on his Ph.D. but decided the hell with it. He also drove a truck—”

“From eight in the morning till 11. The bread was ridiculous, and it gave me time to go to all the auditions. I was very educated—”

“He majored in psych.”

“The New School. Liberal arts, with a major in psych.”

“Then he worked in a clinic, where they *paid* him to go to graduate school.”

“The Albert Einstein school.”

“We lived together for a few months. Then I proposed to him. I said, ‘Listen, you better decide what you want to do with your life.’ He hadn’t enjoyed acting very much. We never had any money problems. He was making good money, and I made a lot of money in commercials while working in a million showcases off-off-Broadway. He had an apartment. So I said, ‘You decide if we’re going to get married,’ so—”

“So I said, ‘Well, OK.’”

Some five years passed before Barry definitely decided to become a screenwriter, while Tanya decided to take Hollywood by storm. “I didn’t know a soul, but I had a list of agents, and the first one I went to said, ‘Great!’ Within a month, I had signed to do a movie with Laurence Olivier.” The movie was *The Betsy*, but Tanya’s role was eliminated even before the filming started. “They decided the Olivier character had too many girlfriends already.”

After that, Tanya did series pilots, plus sun-and-surf epics with titles like *California Dreaming* and *Zuma Beach*. While the future Charlie’s Angel was earning her wings, people started paying attention to Barry’s scripts. His breakthrough may be a New York-based hanging-out comedy called *Hi-Jinx*, with Leif Garrett, Scott Baio and James Coco featured under the direction of TV’s James Komack.

Today, the displaced Bronxites are skeptical residents of the Hollywood hills, perched above Sunset Boulevard in a fine old house with a swimming pool, plus “a big, scary Doberman.” Still, they drive a Volkswagen rather than the usual Mercedes, having barely survived an accident that totaled their jeep. Talking about it, Tanya shrugs fatalistically and grins a gamin grin. “You know, you can take the kid out of the Bronx,



“Across the street, where they make no special claim to emotional instability, this item is a dollar less.”

but. . . I think it's really true: We're New Yorkers, and New Yorkers are just not the kind of people who transplant easily. That's why we want a loft in Manhattan. They say you begin to love the Coast after about five years, and we've been there four and a half. I mean, it's truly Plastic City. People drive Rolls-Royces and go home to their shacks. You've got to be this year's blonde; that's the action in L.A. Hot one year, cold the next. I thought *Charlie's Angels* would change my whole life, and, in a way, it did. The money was phenomenal the first year, but I'd have loved to do a second year, 'cause it would have been even *more* phenomenal."

Being exposed relatively briefly, she reasons, may have saved her from the stigma of typecasting. "Most of the Angels were typecast. After you work on a show for three years, you can be identified too closely with one character. I was lucky."

A couple of days later, we were back at the same scruffy bar, with Tanya brightening up the premises in a snug turquoise jump suit and high heels. Again, passers-by went into slow motion at the sight of her. Again, Tanya appeared not to notice as she waxed rueful about the mixed blessings of being young, gloriously beautiful and between major career moves. "My new movie, *The Beastmaster*, is a sort of combo—a cross between *Conan the Barbarian* and *Star Wars*—except it's a pure medieval fantasy. Phenomenal special effects, and Marc Singer, my leading man, and I had to work with this *animal* every day. It was actually a tiger in the film. They wanted a huge bizarre creature, but because they're supposed to be easier to work with, they got a tiger and dyed it black to look like a panther. Even so, you've got to be really careful. Tigers are very vicious. You *never* turn your back, because they attack their prey from the rear and come in running." Tanya laughs. "Of course, in the movie, there's practically no nudity. It's PG."

Tanya considers herself a natural actress, though she once stalked out of an *au naturel* acting class conducted by a disciple of the late Lee Strasberg. "You had to do *tasks*, you know? Like getting up in the morning, brushing your teeth, getting ready for work. You had to do something personal, he claimed, to get in touch with your body. It was humiliating. I couldn't believe it the day I walked in and saw this male actor standing there—*naked*. Brushing his teeth. I said, 'To hell with that, give me my money back, I'm quitting the class.' And I did."

While other methods of technique and training worked better for her, the roles she has had up to now are a far cry from the ones she wants. Tanya's book

of lists is a golden horde of female stars in triumphs she's much too young to remember. She dreams of making the kinds of movies Joan Crawford and Bette Davis made back in the Forties or of doing comedies with director Billy Wilder, like Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot* (or, as husband Barry puts it succinctly, "She wishes Preston Sturges were alive"). Meanwhile, she's occasionally told that she resembles Margot Kidder and has received requests for autographs from fans who've enclosed pictures of Jane Fonda. A younger Jane Fonda, Tanya reminds me. "And I'm not knocking Margot Kidder, who waited years to get *Superman*. Before that, she couldn't get arrested."

"Unfortunately, when you're young and pretty, good parts are rare. Producers see you as either a tits-and-ass type or just a girlfriend to drape over the arm of Burt Reynolds or Nick Nolte. Most of the movie stars nowadays are men, except for comediennes and a handful of people, like Meryl Streep and Jill Clayburgh and maybe Sally Field, who are basically very average-looking. But parts like Sybil and Norma Rae don't come along very often, do they?"

Ambition is one of the ties that bind them; thus, any question about career-marriage conflicts prompts the sizzling missus of Mr. Roberts to issue her personal marital manifesto: "If you mean kids, I'm just not ready in any way. I've got a lot of things to do first, a lot of miles to cover. My husband and I get along in every way; we really do. We're

a phenomenally well-matched couple. We fight a lot. We're both loud, crazy, hysterical people, but we have the same taste; we see the world very similarly. We were great friends before we were ever lovers, and that makes a big difference, I think. I wouldn't say we have an old-fashioned marriage, but we don't have an open marriage. What we have is a *marriage*. When I'm on location for three months, I don't know what he's doing . . . if he wants to sleep with another girl and sneak home by morning in case I phone, fine with me. I just don't want to know about it. He doesn't know what I'm doing, either. He's never said to me, 'Look, I've had another lover,' and I've never said I had one. But we're together a hell of a lot . . . God, it would have to be a real quickie. Who would talk about such things? It's boring. I don't see the point. All I know is, I was incredibly lucky: I found the right guy and found him early, and I'm going to stay with him for the rest of my life."

She continues, with a curious, vibrant intensity that's as good as money in the bank for bicoastal dream girls: "I'm a more driven person than Barry, more restless. I'm a perfectionist who wants it all. A perfect career. I have to have a beautiful house out on the Coast, *have* to have a fabulous place here. I want to be considered one of the best actresses, and I want the life that goes with it. Not a Hollywood life but the freedom to do what you want, then do it again, only better."



"I guess I should have been suspicious when you started talking about full-court presses and slam dunks and shit like that."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

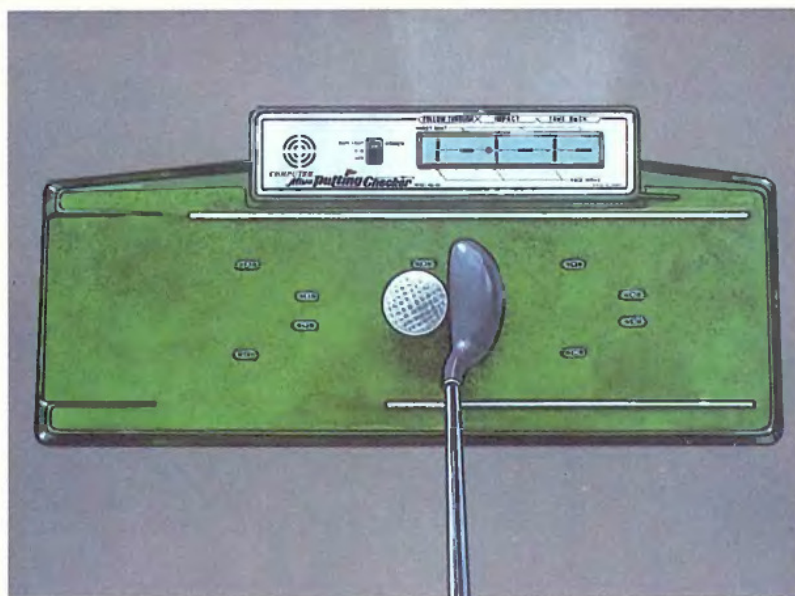


ORIENTAL BEDDY BUY

Sealy Mattress may have coined the phrase, but the Japanese have known for more than 4000 years that "Sleeping on a futon is like sleeping on a cloud"—a futon being an Oriental roll that becomes a feather-soft bed by night and a contoured sofa by day. (Or you can just roll it up and stash it in a closet.) Original Bed Inc., P.O. Box 23453, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55423, sells the beds in a variety of sizes and colors, beginning at \$75. Sheets, pillows and a wooden futon slat bed are also available. Original Bed's \$2 color brochure explains all. Anyone for a chorus of *The Japanese Sandman*?

A LINK WITH ANNIE

If you dug *Annie* and are as rich as Daddy Warbucks, you may want to make an off-the-cuff move and acquire a pair of 14-kt. solid-gold cuff links fashioned by their manufacturer, Supreme Creations, into a dazzling replica of Big Daddy himself. Robert C. Kamen Jewelry, 29 East Madison Street, Suite 1608, Chicago, Illinois 60602, sells the links for \$400 a pair. To discourage muggers, you might wear them with a pair of six-shooters named Punjab and The Asp.



PUTT OUT OR GET OUT

According to golf's big boys, putting strokes account for about 43 percent of an average duffer's score, and 20 percent better putting will drop a ten handicap to a four. That's why you might consider sinking \$249 into a battery-powered Putting Checker that emits computerized light beams that not only read the angle of the putter face and the position of the sweet spot but also show instantly on a display screen the path your putter has traveled. (Putt properly and you get a long beep of congratulations.) Miya Epoch USA, 1635 Crenshaw Boulevard, Torrance, California 90501, is the manufacturer, and for an additional \$120, it'll also send you a Putting Trainer that automatically returns the ball to you. Your move, swinger.

BUREAUCRAT'S MEOW

This five-inch-high, tight-lipped, weak-kneed, dull-suited thumb twiddler of a doll is called The Bureaucrat, and, like its namesake, it has absolutely no redeeming social value except to sit around gathering dust. A company named Dots Okay, 4437 Stark Place, Annandale, Virginia 22003, sells The Bureaucrat for \$11.50, postpaid, including *The Bureaucrat Survival Guide*. When your Bureaucrat arrives, put it on a stack of papers. Know what happens? Nothing.





RATED PG

Alas, at \$65 a copy, only the wealthiest members of the Drones Club will be able to afford *P. G. Wodehouse: A Centenary Celebration 1881-1981* (Oxford University Press)—a collection of 25 essays on everything from “Wodehouse on Crime” to “Lunching with Plum,” plus a bibliography of just about everything else Wodehouse wrote, including the novel *Quick Service* and the play *A Damsel in Distress*. The editors are James H. Heineman and Donald R. Bensen—surely, two noms de plume for Bertie Wooster and Jeeves if ever we heard them.

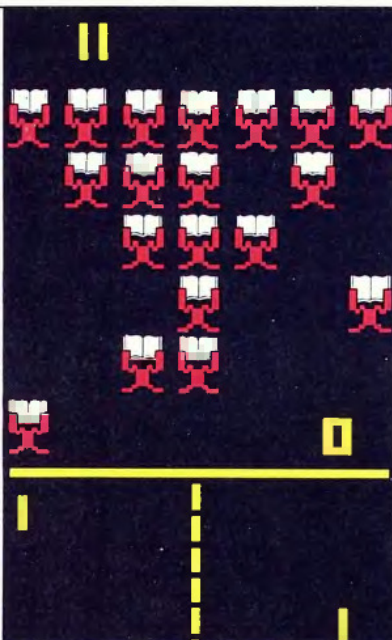
HOT TO FLY

Chili peanuts, *Salsa Sabrosa*, dehydrated limes and other fiery delights are the stock in trade of Tia Mia, a company at 720 Walnut Street, El Paso, Texas 79903, that specializes in airmailing out-of-the-ordinary Mexican foods to north-of-the-border gourmets with asbestos stomachs. Tia Mia’s latest catalog is \$2.50 and includes mouth- (and eye-) watering recipes for *nachos* and *Jalapeño* mustard and artichokes, among others. Sorry; no Tex-Mex Bromo is included.



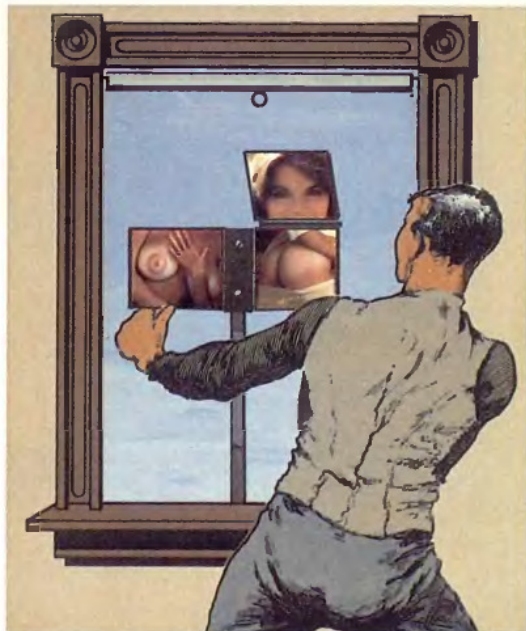
ELECTRONIC GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

“Women Join the Arcade Revolution,” “Stalking the Left-handed Joystick” and a story about the computer game *Castle Wolfenstein*, in which you’re an Allied prisoner who has to blast his way out of a Nazi torture castle, are just some of the articles to appear recently in *Electronic Games*, a slick new 100-page magazine that celebrates the phenomenon spawned by Pong. A subscription to *Electronic Games* is \$28, sent to 235 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003. Or think of the price as 112 games of Pac-Man.



EARLY PEEP SHOW

Rumor has it that one of Ben Franklin’s lesser-known inventions was a curious three-sided mirror called *The Busybody*, which enabled anyone inside a building to see down the street in either direction and directly in front of the building without being seen himself. So for those who want to check out the scene the way Franklin did, *The Busybody Shoppe*, P.O. Box 307, Claymont, Delaware 19703, is selling the mirror for only \$29.95, postpaid. Come to think of it, it’s no wonder old Benny’s days and nights were so electric.



SCREAMS, INC.

Every man’s castle needs a ghost, and if you’d like a family poltergeist that’s truly creepy, then Feartek Productions, at Seven East 20th Street, New York, New York 10003, is just a scream away. Feartek manufactures the makings for haunted houses; the life-sized female apparition at left costs \$995, while other ghoulish Feartek throat clutchers range from a gargoyle skull (\$29) to a huge Troll King (\$1995) holding an animated twitching frog. Feartek’s color catalog costs \$17.50. It’s a real grabber.



FEAR OF FAGGOTRY (continued from page 140)

"About a month after I began going to that priest, something odd and ambiguous began taking place."

is so far away," he said, with a kind of dreaminess, when I tried to press for something more.

Someone else from the seminary—someone I trust implicitly—told me he once spied on one of our old teachers and a boy in the trunk room below the pool at the new seminary. My friend was in charge of the pool, and he had gone down to the trunk room to sneak a cigarette when he came on this scene: A priest got around behind the boy, then slid his hands down the front of the boy's pants. When I heard that story, I wasn't so much surprised as sad for what the three of them must have felt afterward.

I don't know many stories like that one. A priest who had served as prefect longer than anyone else at the seminary told me recently he can recall only four or five students in his entire tenure getting dismissed for homosexuality. I can believe that. One felt all kinds of odd things and didn't dare act on them. How in hell did you tell your confessor that you felt aroused from touching someone's arm and you wanted to do it again? I now suspect that most of the "fruity" things going on among us in the seminary were simply youthful rites of passage. Was it more than that? Was some of it what clinicians call transitory homosexuality? I don't know; I am not a clinician. So far as I know, no one ever staged what is rudely but accurately known by some young boys as a "circle jerk." We were too old for circle jerks, and besides, that would have been too much up front. Our sexuality was more hidden. It has been fully documented by now, of course, that many preadolescents and adolescents go through a phase during which they are strongly attracted to their own sex and engage in experimental homosexual activity. In most cases, the attraction is arrested, and the youths can go on later to heterosexual relationships. There are blurred special feelings that simply exist, I think, between males and other males, and I believe that if you have lived a significant portion of your boyhood in a school composed of uppers and lowers, heroes and goats, boys of beauty and boys of brawn, it is almost impossible not to have experienced at times something lingering and something far deeper and more quizzical than the word friendship suggests.

•

And yet no amount of amateur hindsight will explain how and why 100 boys

coped, dug in, got by. Got by? Most of us were nuts for the place. We dreamed of being fishers of men. We were going to be preservers of the faith. That was the motto of my old order: *ad fidem servandam*. For preserving the faith. The dream had many colors, but the primary color was ever thus: getting chrismed with oils so you could go out to win souls for Christ.

The seminary was strange in lots of ways, yes, but it was also spiritual and mystical—deeply so. There was awe there. I never knew the former so much as I intuitively understood the latter. I know dozens of priests and brothers from my old religious order and from other religious orders who seem neither unhappy nor maladjusted. The point, I believe, is not hindsight but the skin of sexual memory. And here is one:

Every seminarian was required to have a spiritual director, and toward the spring of my first year, feeling that I needed more personal attention than I had been getting from the man who had been appointed the school's over-all director, I went to a priest on the faculty and asked if he would direct me in my spiritual life. He inquired what my aims for direction were, asked me about some other things, including the problems I felt I had with the sixth commandment, then said he would be willing to start seeing me every week or so. Either of us could drop the sessions if we felt they weren't working out. About a month after I began going to that priest, something odd and ambiguous began taking place.

I would go in, sit in a chair beside his desk, talk for a short while, await his nod, unzip my trousers, take out my penis, rub it while I allowed impure thoughts to flow through my brain and, at the point at which I felt myself fully large and close to an emission, say, "Father, I'm ready now." He would then reach over and hand me a black wooden crucifix. That crucifix, narrow and heavy and with a gold skull at the base of Christ's feet, had been presented to my director some years before, as was the custom, by the head of the order. The cross was a part of the religious habit of the ordained men in the order, and when preaching at a retreat or a day of recollection, a priest customarily inserted it inside his cincture. At my full erection before him in his room, my director would reach over and hand me the Mission Cross (that was its formal name) and nod, and I would then begin recit-

ing the various reasons I wished to conquer that temptation: because God had blessed me with a vocation, because He had chosen to give me good health, a fine family, a sound mind. I always held the cross beside my penis—one hand on the crucifix, the other on my erect organ. Having thus systematically provoked myself to the ledge of mortal sin and having let myself teeter there, I was now just as systematically talking the temptation down. Literally. The power of the crucified savior in my left hand was overpowering the evils of impurity and the world in my right.

I participated in that ritual, more or less willingly, from the time I was 15 until I was past 20 and getting ready to enter my year of novitiate. When he first brought up the idea, I had found it repelling, scary. After a time, I could take my exposures as a matter of course, of curriculum, almost; something I simply did, weekly or biweekly, like writing home or cleaning a locker—almost. If I never completely got used to it, I think I can say I never really despised it, either, at least not until the end. In the middle years, the act achieved a kind of weird normalcy for me, a sort of calendar to my schedule. I think I began to view it just as he had promised I would: as a legitimate tool to help me temper my impure thoughts and desires, which often seemed to be raging out of control. I badly wanted to acquire the habit of purity, the dominion over myself. I knew that grace built on nature and I had to do my part.

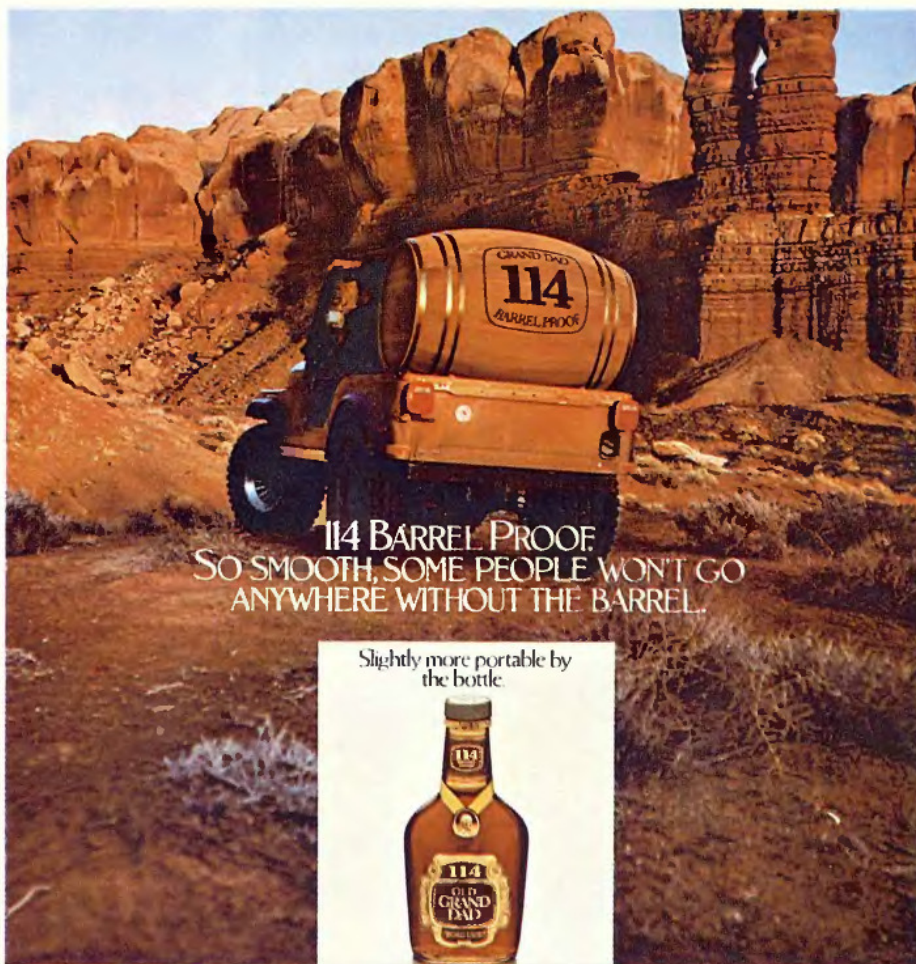
Before it was over, I was rising from my bed in the middle of the night, putting on my cassock and going down the darkened, tomblike stairs to tell him that I had just awakened from a dream involving myself and three women with fantastic breasts (residue from Michener's novel) and that I was now sorely tempted to self-abuse. I would knock softly, and in a moment he would appear—barefoot, puffy-eyed, paternal. I could see the bottom of his pajamas sticking out from under his habit. He would nod, stand aside for me to enter. He would snap on the small light by his desk and we would go through our brinkmanship. I would get his blessing and return to bed.

This is important: As many times as I performed in the scene over nearly six years—and I performed in it maybe 150 times—I never once saw or felt him studying me with what seemed like an erotic urge or lustful desire. I think I would have known. Could he have hidden his true intentions that long? It didn't make any sense for him to be a pervert, though in truth, I had only a shaky notion of what a pervert was. In the first few months, I was like a cat, on guard against him. Although I had placed him in charge of my spiritual

life, and though he carried considerable weight on the faculty (which doubtless had something to do with why I had chosen him), I was still prepared to bolt out the door and maybe out of the school if the least overt movement, or even grin, had slid from him. But he was never anything but proper, and, perverse as it sounds, my scores of near-orgasms (miraculous to say, the worst never happened: Somehow, I could always rein in at the critical moment of my throbbing light show) appeared then and, indeed, appear now, in only a devout context.

He would seem almost uninterested, restless, as I went about rubbing myself, getting large. And this was the confusing part: What would have been unarguably a sin 20 feet outside his room could take place here, under conditions of immediate amnesty. It was as if my getting an erection were the warm-up; he waited for the game. Sometimes, he watched me; more often, he turned to his desk and took up papers or his divine office. Always he sat in the chair behind his desk, and always I sat in the green easy chair adjacent to the desk. Only at the moment when I felt myself close to an emission and said so did he begin to grow alert, solicitous. Hunched forward, arms on his knees, face behind wisps of smoke, he would be poised within two or three feet of my blue-veined and throbbing adolescent self, nodding intently as I tried to row the boat back to shore. Each time, he would urge me to plumb for deeper spiritual meanings why we were doing this, metaphysical reasons why I wished to conquer evil, reject Satan, that father of sin and Prince of Darkness. It was a surreal pilgrimage we were on, a search for the weirdest grail, and I think I can see now that he may have been bringing himself to the same ledge to which he was bringing me. It was as if we were accompanying each other on a dark, relentless odyssey of Augustinian self-scrutiny. It was a kind of scientific rationalism, it almost seems now: pragmatic, American. It was as if I had delivered up myself, body and soul, to a spiritual caretaker. I can recall feeling numerous times a profound sense of communion, a conviction that I had stumbled on the right man in the right place at the right moment in my life. Although I have since thought about all of it hard and long, though I have discussed the scene in detail with a psychiatrist—who agrees that things do not always have to be what they seem and who adds that a sort of canny behavior-modification therapy seemed to be at work, but who also says that it is one of the oddest things he has ever heard—I can still reach no conclusions about what was going on.

By the middle of my sixth year, soon



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to graduate to the order's novitiate in another state, I simply knew that I didn't want to do it anymore. My exposures had begun all over again to seem repelling. Besides, I was becoming sure they were clinically and theologically improbable: rolling to the edge of delicious, exempted pleasure, pulling up short. But how to tell him? It would be like announcing an apostasy: After all, we had been in this thing together for half a decade, had grown in it together. To complicate things, my director had a short fuse on his temper. I wasn't sure how he'd react. At 15 and still relatively new to the seminary, my conflict had been over a man representing the person of Christ—in a Mission Cross I coveted for my own someday—telling me something was right that seemed inherently insane. At 20, with some stature in the school, I could no longer suspend disbelief. I just wanted out. I remember trying for several weeks to argue both sides of it with myself, deciding alternately that it was sound pastoral therapy and the worst theological perversion. The more I debated it, the more confused I felt: Typically, I was trying to overuse my intellectual defenses against my emotional conflicts. At length, I decided on a kind of truce with myself: Maybe the scene was OK, but I wasn't going to perform in it anymore.

When I finally found the nerve to tell him, his response was an immediate "That's fine, Paul." I remember exactly how he said it—with a small "of course" in his voice, as if he perfectly agreed and was wondering why it had taken me so long to say so. It was as if I had just guessed how many peas were in the Mason jar, when the number had been pasted on the bottom all along. And he never brought it up again. The ritual was canceled, erased. I saw him for direction for another several months, until school was out, and nothing remotely like that ever happened again. In a dream one night, I began to wonder whether or not I had dreamed it all up.

Six years out of the seminary, between writing jobs on newspapers, married and separated and wanting to fall in love again, I flew to a town in the South for a visit with an old seminary friend. He, too, had once had the same man for spiritual direction, and maybe that was the subconscious reason I had gone to visit him. Sometimes, the two of us would pass each other in the hall in the seminary—he leaving spiritual direction, I going to it. I used to wonder, You, too? But I never asked him.

One afternoon during my visit, we played a hard game of one-on-one full-court basketball, then sprawled on the grass beside the court, shirts and tongues

out. I was trying to spin the ball on my finger tip.

"Say, when you used to go see Father _____, did anything different ever happen?"

There was only a millisecond of delay, then insane laughter and the two of us rolling back and forth on the grass, pounding each other. Later that day, still giddy with delight, we devised an elaborate and sacrilegious outline for a play in which a devout seminarian, in a Pavlovian response, gets an erection every time he enters a church and sees Christ hanging on a cross. (To cure the malady, his doctor decides he must go outside the bounds of medicine. He prescribes a cast-iron jock.) It was wicked. *Sancta malitia*. Holy malice. We were having ours.

I know of no other such scene that ever took place between a spiritual director and a seminarian while I was in the seminary. But it went on with that particular priest and some of the boys he saw. One of my old seminary friends, someone several years ahead of me, a police officer now, a gentle and skilled man and a deep believer in God, told me he had once spilled his seed willfully in front of that priest. We were sitting in a restaurant when he told me. I was forking down meat loaf and mashed potatoes. "How did you feel?" I asked, sputtering it a little, grateful for the sense of sanity I was suddenly feeling.

"Well," he said, "at first I said, 'But, Father, I can't do that. It's a mortal sin.' And he said, 'I will take full responsibility.' So I shrugged and went ahead. To tell the truth, it didn't feel much different from the rest of it." And just then, I knew what he meant: Sometimes, heresy is simply truth out of proportion. Maybe that explains why I could do it for so long. On the other hand, maybe I was enjoying it without really knowing. Maybe it provided a greater release than I knew. Most of the time now, when I think back on it and try to sort it out, it seems more like bawdy comedy than anything else.

Some boys who went to that priest declined to participate, and apparently, that was fine. But most of us who went bought the ranch and, uncannily, kept the secret. That is one of the more remarkable things about it, I think: Why didn't more people find out? Why didn't a whistle get blown? I think there was a profound level of trust, as well as fear, operating. Also, it was part of something called the Internal Form; the checks and balances of the system didn't apply there. I have since tried out the story on a few of my old schoolmates who, I had a hunch, had always been blissfully unaware that such a passion play was being acted out behind closed doors; at least one told me to my face that I was

either crazy or lying. Perhaps what was running through the minds of all of us who went weekly or biweekly to the easy chair was an unthinkable thought: Could I be the only one? Some boys, I've since learned, talked of it among themselves. Not me. Thinking the unthinkable bought my silence.

I have traveled a fair piece these past few years to make peace with that story—and I haven't made it yet. Twice I have gone to visit that man. On each occasion, I found him warm and sincere and painstaking, someone who seemed genuinely interested to know the various paths my life had taken since I left the seminary. Each time, I found myself scared and vulnerable. I went with the express purpose of asking about our old recital together, and each time, I lost my nerve. Once, I brought the conversation right up to the lip of asking and at the last second, skittered away. I'm not exactly sure why, though I hope some of it was out of reluctance to hurt or embarrass him. But also, there seemed in his eyes not the least flicker of anxiety or self-doubt or embarrassment or hostility, any more than there had once seemed a flicker of lust, and I wondered whether he would look at me uncomprehendingly were I to bring it up. After all, 20-odd years had flowed between our lives since the first time I had performed the scene for him.

One day, I sat down and wrote him a long letter. I wrote it in a bar in Santa Fe, New Mexico, after I had plied myself with wine. I wrote it straight through, without pausing to look back at sentences. I said that I had been fretting over the matter for some time and that I regretted very much not being able to ask him about it face to face. I told him I would never use his name in anything I wrote about the matter for publication and that, in fact, I would try to do some minor disguising but that I would be grateful if he could try to express his reasoning then and his feelings now. He wrote back two weeks later. I didn't open the letter for several days, just let it stare at me from the shelf above my typewriter. "Who's the letter from?" my wife asked casually.

"Oh, someone in connection with the book," I said.

When I did open it, bracing for his temper, I was caught off guard by the letter's tone: Not only was it not angry or defensive, it sounded contrite, though not pleading. My old director said he had been motivated by the idea of impurity as the worst sin of all and the chief obstacle to a vocation; by a desire to help ease the guilt feelings of young boys who in most cases had never received adequate sex orientation at home. He said the act had taken place in an era following the Kinsey report, when

some new approaches to guidance were being tried in pastoral circles. "My desire to assist and preserve the vocation contributed to the confusion under which I was working and searching," he wrote. He said that self-gratification had never occurred to him. He said that later, away from the environment, he had realized the dangerous and unhealthy means he had employed.

He died last year. I might say that I forgive him for his part in this node of seminary history, except I feel there is nothing to forgive, at least if a man is to be judged more by his intentions than by his actions. Actions have consequences, but finally, I side with intentions. Why, I have lately been wondering, should we want men in the celibate life to be more than they humanly are? If temptation didn't exempt Christ himself. . . .

I guess I have been wondering something else as well: Why didn't my seminary become one big, floating fairy boat? I suppose the resiliency of kids is part of the answer; you can subject them to almost anything and they'll survive. That my seminary was a far cry from a boat of fairies is not difficult to recall. That the friendships formed in those first couple of years at Holy Trinity, Alabama, were true and lasting and deep is not hard to remember. One felt all

sorts of odd things, yes, but despite them, there was a manliness, a ruggedness to the place that I haven't seen again in precisely the same way. I have heard that quality spoken of as "missionary impact," but the ruggedness was more internal than external. It wasn't *macho* that one was tapping into; it was a sinewy spiritual toughness, perhaps of the kind that Dietrich Bonhoeffer, that fierce Christian, had referred to when he said, "When Christ calls a man, he bids him come and die." Bonhoeffer ended by dying for his spiritual freedom.

But though this character of spiritual strength was more inside than out, the real secret of my seminary may have lain in its primitivism—the very thing the order was trying to rid itself of when it moved, in a new decade, to civilization and new facilities in Virginia. I can recall how, at our squeaky-clean and glass-enclosed \$2,500,000 seminary, students seemed to be scattering for the outdoors every chance they got: The steel-and-brick terrarium couldn't hold them. Down in Alabama, nature had rolled at us like a boulder. That hicky, leaky school that nobody had ever heard of was never a place for soft people, though much softness was there. When we were there, we thought of ourselves as wise and tough, when actually, we were just sophomoric and scared. We didn't know who we were. We were just on a road to

somewhere. But the place was a huge ripe adventure, and there was the sense that all of us were in it together. Ideally, at least, we had gone down there with the dream of someday helping people, serving them. We threw ourselves toward that dream and that adventure. The Holy Ghost was down there, too, at Holy Trinity, Alabama, but his presence and exactly what he did are harder to describe.

Holy Trinity is dead now, at least as a seminary. All that remains of it from my time are the old wooden gym and the chapel that was milled from lumber cut right on the property. But nothing that is good is ever completely lost, I believe. In other ways, Holy Trinity is alive. Perhaps I am thinking just now of evening benediction, when one of the priests would lift a glittering spiked monstrance from the altar, wrap it in the satin cape that was draped around his shoulders and bunched in his hands, turn and pass our Lord before our eyes, while tallow dripped and floor fans whirred and the subtropical stillness seemed deafening. The monstrance, encasing the pale Host, spangled like sun-white gold, and it was at such moments I was sure, and no longer suspected, that I was at the epicenter of Something. For now, though, I keep searching.



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"He was sure that at any moment a police patrol car would drive by and find them with two bodies. . . ."

plain party. They generally drove through the woods along a dirt fire road to a clearing known as the fire pit, which is actually a three-foot-high concrete cistern that once stored rain water for a long-abandoned dairy farm. Now, as Chuck turned onto the dirt fire road and headed for the woods a few hundred yards away, he could see that the spring rains, aided by the weekend motorcyclists, had left deep ruts in the road, and he made a quick decision to drive through the tall grass that bordered it. But the dew-laden grass made the wheels spin, and he moved back onto the road, thinking that if he proceeded carefully and cut across the ruts at an angle, he could avoid getting stuck. The strategy seemed to work until, just as he was nearing the broad incline that led into the woods, he felt a sharp jolt that he knew instantly "spelled big trouble."

Chuck had done enough four-wheeling in worse terrain not to panic right away. He asked Marlene to help him unload the car to reduce its weight and make the jack under the spare tire accessible. Grunting from the strain, they hid the bodies behind a clump of tall grass. "Scout around here," Chuck said. "Find some branches and rocks." For once, he was giving the orders. He jacked the car up and stuck as much of the debris as possible under the rear wheels before setting them down. The wheels still spun wildly, sending out two streams of pulverized debris.

"Motherfucker. Motherfucker!" Chuck cursed. He was beside himself by now, sure that at any moment a police patrol car would drive by and find them stuck in a ditch with two bodies half-hidden in the grass not ten yards away. He took out a flashlight and looked under the car. One of the back wheels was not even touching the ground. He found some two-by-fours and used them to jack the car up even higher, then worked the mattress under the right rear wheel, which had dug itself deepest into the ditch. "Floor it," he yelled to Marlene and grunted as he pushed from behind. The car shot forward with a metal-clanging lurch. Marlene kept an anxious vigil as Chuck got back in and drove a couple of hundred yards into the forest, turned a sharp left across a dry creek bed and pulled up near a large log that lay a few feet from the fire pit. Chuck turned the car around to face the road and left the headlights on.

They pulled Naomi's stiff blanket-

swathed body out first but had trouble lifting it over the concrete rim of the fire pit. Instead, they dragged it up against the log and placed Jim's body beside his wife's. Chuck poured gasoline onto the figures and directed Marlene to help him find some wood. There was no shortage of fallen branches around the fire pit, and by the time they had finished scouting the immediate vicinity—Marlene walking in front of the headlights, Chuck taking a flashlight in the opposite direction—the stack of wood on top of the bodies was waist-high. They tossed Naomi's bloodied bedding on top of the pile and Chuck emptied the gas can. He remembered an arsonist's trick he had seen in an old movie that would give them a few minutes to escape before the fire blazed up. Putting the unlighted end of the cigarette he had been smoking inside a pack of matches, he closed the cover and tossed it on top of the woodpile. "Come on, let's move!" he yelled. Chuck drove out of the forest at top speed, skimming over the ruts.

In nearly every way, Chuck Riley's upbringing made him a representative product of his environment. Like much of central Marin's adult population, his parents had gone there in the Fifties from distant parts of the country, lured by the temperate climate and the economic opportunity of postwar California. And as was true for many of their neighbors, the original impetus for the move had been the military—not, in their case, a wartime leave or a temporary stationing in San Francisco but Joanne Riley's assignment, in 1954, to the military hospital at Hamilton Air Force Base, eight miles north of San Rafael.

Although he would soon develop a severe weight problem, Chuck started life a normal-sized child, with brown hair that his mother kept closely shorn and large brown eyes that were always laughing. Oscar Riley's home movies show him perpetually clowning for the camera, decked out with toy six-shooters sticking out of ridiculously low-slung twin holsters. In one scene, Chuck and his younger brother, Kerry, are playing on a back-yard seesaw (Joanne's hand can be glimpsed weighting down Kerry's side for balance). In another, Oscar's favorite, a six-year-old Chuck is seen, lunch box in hand and name tag fastened to his shirt, walking to his first day of school with a look of studied confidence on his face.

Like most fat boys, Chuck suffered constant humiliation with generally good cheer. Joanne had to buy him extra-large men's pants by the time he reached his early teens, then cut a foot or more off the legs—either that or shop at special "big boy" clothing stores. Chuck was forced to take his own bathing trunks to gym class when all the other kids were issued theirs. Indeed, gym class presented a never-ending series of humiliations, especially during junior-lifesaving classes or when basketball teams were divided into "shirts" and "skins." Sometimes, Chuck, who weighed more than 300 pounds when he entered high school, would simply refuse to participate.

Oscar and Joanne tried to bribe Chuck into slimming down with a standing offer of one dollar for every pound he lost and five for each inch he took off his waistline. The Rileys' family doctor tried to put Chuck on a strict 1000-calorie diet and, when he failed to stick to it, prescribed Dexedrine for weight loss. Chuck did take off weight for a while, but then he continued using the pills for the increased energy and sense of self-confidence they provided. At first, one of the heart-shaped tablets would keep him wired for the whole day; then he needed two or three. Soon, he was swallowing a fistful at a time and was often staying up for several days without any sleep. Besides the strain such a regimen placed on his body, he found himself running out for postmidnight snacks at San Rafael's late-night Jack in the Box (where, rumor maliciously insisted, he had a charge account) and, thus, putting back the weight he had lost. It seemed a hopeless situation. Some of Chuck's friends had formed a rock band; he enjoyed serving as their unofficial manager (which mostly meant that he got to carry the drums and set up the electronic equipment when they played at parties) and, in general, became interested in rock music. Two of his favorite songs were *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother* and *No One Knows What the Fat Man Feels*. Chuck knew.

Fat Man was, in fact, one of the nicknames the kids gave him, along with Large Charles (often abbreviated to L.C.) and Boulder. A friend transformed the last into Rocko and the nickname stuck, partly because Chuck himself encouraged its use: It could be taken to indicate a certain hard-boiled toughness (exactly the derivation that the district attorney would later encourage the jury to accept) rather than soft-bellied bulk. In fact, all of Chuck's contemporaries agree with Oscar's assessment that his son "didn't have a mean bone in his body." Generally, he was eager to please and generous to a fault, a fat kid nearly desperate to win the acceptance and the approval that his thinner peers could afford to take for granted. He was, from the time his personality coalesced, a



duck brown

"So sorry, missy, no starchee!"

follower perpetually searching for someone to lead him—or just to *like* him.

Chuck was known as a prodigious beer drinker who could down a couple of six-packs and still “maintain.” But he did not begin smoking marijuana until he was 16, long after all the kids he hung around with had become regular users. That was partly a result of Oscar Riley’s extreme paranoia about any kind of drug—what Chuck later called his father’s “Jack Webb scare” about kids’ jumping off buildings or painting themselves red and walking into traffic.

What had started Chuck smoking pot was the realization that he was already a heavy user of speed, in the form of the large Dexedrine tablets that the kids called elephant pills. It was also, of course, an act of rebellion against his father. Following another after-dinner argument, in which Oscar threatened permanent grounding of Chuck’s car (a neighbor had complained to the Rileys about their son’s hell-bent driving around the otherwise peaceful residential area), Chuck accepted some friends’ dare to share the joint they were passing around. He did not jump off a building or walk into traffic, though he vowed afterward that while he might accept marijuana when it was offered to him, he would never buy it. A few weeks later, he had bought his first one-ounce bag; he was soon smoking daily. Within a few months, he had taken his first acid trip, snorted cocaine, even sampled the white-powder animal tranquilizer the kids called angel dust; soon, he was actively selling. As a friend said later, “Chuck didn’t just smoke weed, he smoked *lots* of weed. That was just Chuck—always over-amping. He overamped on cars, he overamped on drugs and when Marlene showed up, he overamped on her.”

Aside from its privileged status, Marlene’s upbringing in Quito, Ecuador, could not have been further removed from the free-swinging ways of Marin County teenagers. Ecuador is a tradition-ridden Catholic society in which boys and girls rarely meet outside the watchful presence of a chaperon. Besides, Naomi Olive’s growing paranoia about being in a land whose language she never really learned made her more than normally protective of Marlene. There were frequent arguments between the two of them, fueled by Naomi’s drinking and by Marlene’s awareness that her reclusive, often distraught mother was different from the mothers of her friends.

Since she could hardly confide in her mother, Marlene revealed her inner thoughts in poems that from the beginning were remarkably mature and sure-handed. She also developed an unusually close relationship with her father, spending most of her free time with him and even attending Gulf Oil Company functions at which wives, not daughters,

were the rule. In 1973, when Jim lost his job and decided to move his family to California, he and Marlene talked openly about her fears of moving back to the United States—but neither was prepared for the reality of adjusting to what had, ironically, become a foreign country for both of them.

On her first day of school in Terra Linda, Marlene, wearing a pleated skirt and a round-collared blouse, felt horribly conspicuous among the girls in the unisex school “uniform” of tight jeans and T-shirts. When she finally found her way to class, she had no idea what was going on and felt that the kids were making fun of her for looking straight and talking funny and even for her name (when her English teacher read the roll, a boy in the back of the room stage-whispered “Olive Oyl” to a flurry of half-suppressed titters). After the final bell, Marlene ran home.

For the next few days, she wandered from class to class in a daze, “memorizing the floor tiles” so she wouldn’t have to look around. Her classmates seemed unapproachable. She knew what was happening when a group of them stood in a tight circle, passing around a makeshift cigarette. But she could not at first understand why some of them—the hard-core “pillheads,” it turned out—teetered through the corridors on rubber legs and sat through classes with eyes that looked like one-way mirrors. She longed for the weekend to arrive, but when it did, she stayed alone in her room.

Soon, Marlene had designed a speeded-up acculturation program for herself that allowed her, as she put it in one of her poems, “to crash the party / Going 90 in a five-mile zone.” (The next line reads, “It started getting scary when I tried to be alone.”) First and foremost, her musical tastes, formed in Ecuador, were hopelessly outmoded—no small matter in a teenage world in which rock ‘n’ roll was the common ground, the universal sound track of social intercourse. Marlene was still stuck in the bubble-gum music of Donny Osmond and David Cassidy—idols of prepubescence her friends had long since outgrown. Moreover, they were not even listening to the few rock bands with which Marlene was familiar—mainly, the Beatles and The Rolling Stones.

By the early Seventies, the rock-music scene had splintered into several opposing directions, and the one Marlene’s friends favored was an earsplitting, pile-driving music that a critic had dubbed heavy metal. It was the bad boy of the rock world, a mutant monster of its none-too-tame predecessors, not merely loud but deafening, not merely sexually suggestive but blatantly sadomasochistic, almost atavistic in its disregard of aesthetic niceties in favor of a primal scream. At home, Marlene studied the records and the tapes of those groups as if they were hieroglyphs to be decoded—which, in a

way, they were. She copied whole songs into her notebooks and began the practice of heading her letters and poems with scraps of lyrics from them. They were the secret passwords into her new world.

Under the influence of one of her new-found pop idols, David Bowie, Marlene began to transform herself into what she called a glitter chick. Some of the change was simply a matter of dressing like the natives did; she could not be expected to go around in the saddle shoes and the cutely embroidered, round-collared blouses she had brought with her from Ecuador and had worn on that first mortifying day in school. But Naomi fought even minor changes, refusing for months to let Marlene buy a pair of denims and consenting, finally, not to the “bright blue jeans” referred to in her favorite Bowie song, *Lady Stardust*, but to a pair of *white* jeans that didn’t look like jeans at all. With Jim’s connivance, Marlene finally got her blue jeans and halter tops and high platform shoes, though each time they brought home a purchase, Naomi’s standard response would be, “That’s so *gaudy*. Why do you need to show off like that?”

But it was Marlene’s make-up that really bothered Jim, who had always been so quick to compliment his daughter on her good looks. She took to wearing enough mascara to make her look like a football player on a rainy Sunday afternoon, often mixing alternating bands of eye-shadow shades. “You’re so pretty,” Jim would gently chide his daughter. “I don’t know why you wear all that make-up.”

But Marlene didn’t feel very pretty. “I was lonely and frustrated and insecure as Marlene Olive,” she says. “But when I was *Lady Stardust*, I didn’t think about that other person. It put me in a different world—all sparkles and happiness. It made me feel good.”

It made Naomi feel terrible. The battles about Marlene’s make-up and dress taxed all of Jim’s efforts to negotiate some sort of domestic truce between his wife and his daughter. Often, Naomi would insist that Marlene remove most of her make-up before she could leave the house. And once, when Marlene appeared in the living room in her full *Lady Stardust* regalia for a rock concert in San Francisco, Naomi, her daughter remembers, “had a cow.” Marlene was wearing a low-cut black dress with iridescent red, green and blue threads running through it, and her long fake nails looked like a color-TV test pattern. She had silver glitter in her hair and on her eyelashes and wore a rhinestone teardrop stuck with nail adhesive an inch from the corner of one eye. The uproar that ensued when Naomi told Marlene she could not go out of the house until she “looked decent” was more than normally abusive, with mother and daughter cursing each other and Marlene finally



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spitting at Naomi in a fit of rage before storming off to the concert.

By the time school ended and summer vacation began, Marlene and Naomi's arguments had become more frequent and bitter than ever—a continual domestic conflagration that flared up at unexpected moments, like the dry-season wild fires that ravaged the Marin hillsides. Usually, at some point, Naomi would lunge for Marlene, who, being by far the quicker of the two, would run into the bathroom they shared, lock the doors (one leading to Marlene's room, the other to the hallway) and wait for Jim to come home. The bathroom had a wall heater near the floor, which made it comfortable even on cold days. It became Marlene's favorite hiding place. Separated by locked doors, the women would give full vent to their resentment and anger, growing more and more hysterical, until Naomi began screaming at the top of her voice and banging on the door, while Marlene, seated on the floor next to the heater, bit her arm until she drew blood or hit her head against the tile wall in a tantrum. Just picturing Naomi's face in anger—her mouth and eyebrows seeming to move

up and down in lock step—made Marlene furious.

"You're not even my mother!" she would yell out at some point.

"Thank God for that!" Naomi invariably screamed back. "She's probably some gutter tramp, some two-bit whore—"

Naomi must have known better—must have known that Marlene's real mother wasn't a whore—but she also knew that word would always get a quick and furious reaction out of the girl.

"Don't you go callin' my mom a whore, bitch!"

By the time Jim came home, Marlene and Naomi would be suffering from battle fatigue, the one curled up in front of the bathroom heater, the other lying on her bed. He would listen to each one's self-justifying complaints, but he represented the problem far more than he did the solution.

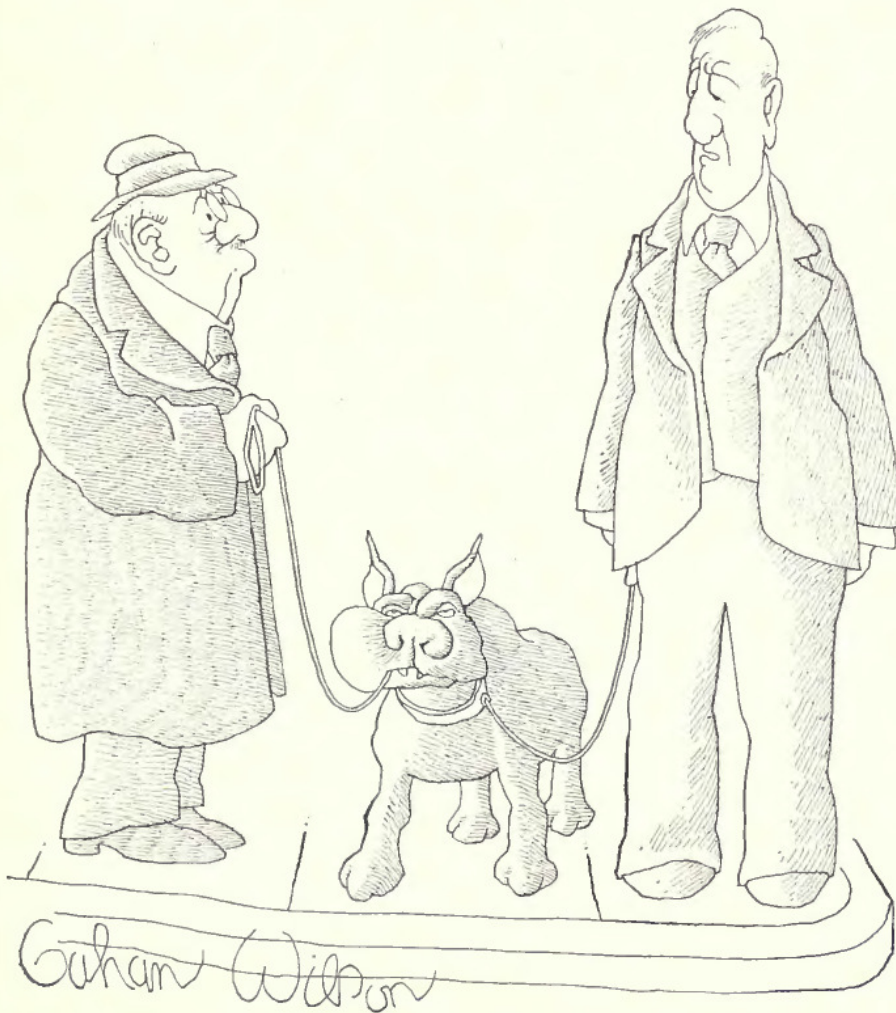
Marlene and Naomi viewed each other more as rivals for his affection than as mother and daughter. When Naomi angrily accused Marlene, as she often did, of wanting to "split up the family" or "take my home away from me," it was clear that her perpetual fear of losing

her husband had now focused almost entirely on her daughter. And, in a sense, Naomi's fears were not entirely unjustified. Marlene and Jim had always enjoyed a rapport that went beyond the typical father-daughter relationship precisely to the extent that Naomi had long since abdicated her social role. That continued to be true even during the time that Marlene and Jim were fast losing their special closeness. Many of Jim's Terra Linda acquaintances had never met Naomi, whereas Marlene was a familiar figure even at social functions, such as Rotary dances and Tip Club "mystery trips," that were normally reserved for husbands and wives. "Here's my *other* girlfriend," Jim would say with a wink by way of introducing Marlene, even though he was always careful to explain that Naomi couldn't come because she didn't feel "up to par."

Despite Marlene's protestations about her "pure" love for Jim, as time went on, her feelings became much more ambivalent than she was willing to admit to herself. She was angry with him for spending less time with her than he had been able to do in Ecuador and for his weakness in dealing with a deteriorating domestic situation. As she began to get herself into more serious trouble, Jim was always the one who doled out the fitful punishments she received—the restrictions and curfews that he could never quite make stick. His loyalty to Naomi—even, in his own way, his love for her—further angered Marlene. In regard to his wife, he was, Marlene wrote in a poem, "living in a land that was," a place from which Marlene felt excluded.

During her second summer in Terra Linda, Marlene began to smoke marijuana with her friends. She had become tired of repeating the lame excuse about being allergic to it and, besides, she felt that as long as she was getting high on the sedatives the family doctor had prescribed for an ulcer she had developed shortly after moving to the United States, she might as well not buck the social pressure to try pot. When none of the dope-crazed scenarios she had played out for so long in her imagination occurred—indeed, the first few times, *nothing* occurred—Marlene became a regular user. Still, marijuana never replaced the free-floating, softly cushioned feeling she got on downers—a feeling, she wrote, that resembled "gliding down some childhood river on an inner tube."

Besides drugs, Marlene's other new preoccupation that summer was the occult. Of course, in a teenage subculture in which one's sign was often better known than one's name, the laws of the occult were as axiomatic as the laws of geometry—and far more intensely studied. All of the kids in Marlene's new circle of friends could reel off a dozen rock songs with demonological allusions,



"Look, fella, I'm sorry. What more can I say?"

The Rolling Stones' *Sympathy for the Devil* being only the most famous.

But Marlene's first essays into the world of the occult were not very promising. For one thing, she found that she didn't have most of the specialized equipment many of the ceremonies mentioned in her books required—the witch's regalia of censers, pentacles, wands, white-handled knives and lengths of knotted rope. And when she finally collected them, the results were disappointing.

In the patchy grass of the Olives' backyard, she drew a circle outside a pentagon with Jim's old Army-officer's sword and placed a Bible in the center of it—a sure-fire method of putting a curse on the hapless person who picked up the book, according to one of her occult sources. But as far as Marlene could tell, Naomi did not go out back for the next few days or even so much as peer through the drawn living-room curtains. Following instructions in another book, Marlene would close her eyes, concentrate and begin to doodle on her sketch pad in an attempt to produce automatic writing, but the results were always gibberish. Nor were her attempts to summon forth spirits with the aid of the Ouija board she had purchased in Northgate Mall any more successful, no matter how carefully she followed the incantations in an accompanying instruction booklet.

There were, however, a few hopeful signs. One of Marlene's occult books indicated that the way to recognize a true witch was by a special mark on her breast; sure enough, she had a mark of a kind—a tiny blood spot on her right breast. A witch, it was also suggested, had a particularly penetrating glance that riveted people's attention, and Marlene had, indeed, noticed since coming to Marin County that people seemed to look her straight in the eyes and listen attentively, as though they were expecting some kind of message to come out. (It was not until much later that she realized that such intense eye contact, in the very capital of consciousness raising, might have had a cultural rather than a supernatural explanation.) She also thought back on the number of times she had predicted the outcome of events or had been able to read people's faces correctly—that kind of psychological insight, the books agreed, was another sure sign of a witch.

The day he met Marlene, Chuck, as was his custom since dropping out of high school at the end of his junior year, had gone over to the school around "brunch period"—the midmorning break, when everyone would be outside—to see friends and "take care of business." Although to an outsider's eye the nearly 2000-member student body of

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Terra Linda High School appeared as relentlessly white and middle class as the surrounding community, it was, in fact, as caste-ridden and turf-conscious as any inner-city gang. The "jocks" hung out in the central courtyard of the sprawling two-story brick building, the "greasers" in the parking lot and the "heads" on the front lawn—no doubt so they could monitor the movements of the Terra Linda police patrol cars along the street.

Most of Chuck's good friends had graduated, which is why he had lost interest in his classes. But the social scene was still important to him. He gravitated toward the front lawn, where some kids were standing around one of the frail wire-braced trees that had such trouble taking root, though the marijuana seeds that had been surreptitiously planted around them flowered luxuriantly. The focus of the group's attention seemed even frailer than the tree that supported her—a girl sitting cross-legged on the ground, her downcast face hidden from the onlookers by the curtain of her long hair. Several boys were dancing around the tree, trying to catch her attention with arm-waving gestures and taunting remarks.

Chuck soon found out that the girl was on her first acid trip and it was quite clearly turning into a bad one, in no way helped by the callous initiation ritual she was forced to undergo. Whether it was the fetal position she had assumed on the grass, the demure lace-bordered blouse she was wearing that day or simply the fact that it was her first acid trip, Chuck was struck by "a kind of innocence" in Marlene Olive. He got the others to back away and then, kneeling beside Marlene, reassured her that everything would turn out all right, that he would stay with her. He handed her a marijuana joint to "level her out," but she refused the offer, as she did his attempts to find out her name or strike up a conversation.

For the rest of the day, Chuck walked around "on cloud nine," thinking that Marlene was "the most beautiful girl in the world." He tried to find out all he could about her from friends at school, but aside from her name, he learned only that she had spent most of her life abroad and was considered shy and a little weird. The next day, he went back to the schoolyard at the same hour to seek her out. It was the first time he had ever actually asked a girl for a date (though he had been out many times with his friends and *their* girls), and he was in a fine sweat about the matter, having rehearsed his lines all morning.

He found Marlene sitting in a circle of friends on the front lawn and offered them some grass—his usual calling card. After joking about her condition the day before, Chuck asked her if she would go

to the drive-in with him the next night. Marlene hesitated. She liked the fact that Chuck seemed popular, and now that a goatee and a mustache masked his baby face, he looked older than his age and certainly older than her classmates, most of whom she found embarrassingly silly. On the other hand, even though Chuck had begun to diet seriously during the summer, he still weighed more than 250 pounds, a fact that the loose-fitting kung-fu jacket he wore failed to hide. Marlene said that she would like to go to the movies Friday night but she had invited her friend Nancy Dillon [the names of Chuck's and Marlene's friends have been changed; all others are actual names] to sleep over at her house. Maybe some other night. But Chuck, who was not about to be spurned so easily after he had worked himself up to such a fever pitch, quickly offered to find Nancy a date, too. When Marlene reluctantly agreed, Chuck arranged to pick them up after dinner the next night and went bounding off toward home to see whether or not his friend Bill Owen, who lived down the block, would be willing to do him a big favor—two, in fact, for he needed Bill not only to take out Nancy but to provide transportation, his own car having recently had another of its well-deserved mechanical breakdowns.

After he had recovered from his initial disbelief that his friend had actually gotten a date, Bill agreed to double with him the following night, especially since Chuck said he would pay for the entire evening. At the appointed hour, the two of them pulled up to the house on Hibiscus Way in Owen's Dodge van, and Chuck, who had spent hours selecting his clothes and brushing down his cowlick, rang the bell. He heard Marlene yell for her mother to answer it while she finished dressing. After introductions, Naomi led Chuck to the dining-room table and continued clearing away the dinner dishes. Since it was "just about the only time I'd met parents because I was taking out their daughter," Chuck responded nervously to her probing questions about his age, employment and interest in Marlene. A few minutes later, Jim came out of his office down the hall to meet Chuck and continue the interrogation. Where were they going? How were they getting there? Did Chuck happen to know the phone number at the 101 Drive-In, in case they needed to reach Marlene? (No, he said, but if the Olives called the box office, someone would make an announcement over the car speakers.) What time could he have Marlene back? (Any time Mr. Olive wanted, Chuck suggested politely, realizing that "you have to be careful about these things if you want to stay in good with parents.") Jim told Chuck to try to have Marlene back by 11 at the latest. Chuck nodded, though the curfew

seemed a little early for a Friday night. But then, the Olives, who were a good ten years older than his own and his friends' parents, seemed more anxious about their daughter's whereabouts than most Terra Linda parents would be.

In San Rafael, the two couples stopped at a liquor store known to be fairly relaxed about checking I.D.s for proof of age, and Chuck went in to buy a bottle of tequila and some orange juice. Marlene turned down the tequila when it was offered to her at the drive-in, as she did Chuck's clumsy attempts to put his arm around her, but she accepted the joints he kept rolling and passing around the van all evening. By the time the double feature was over, Marlene recalls, she had "moved over to the edge of the back seat as Chuck kept inching toward me."

Chuck was hopelessly infatuated with Marlene from the start. Just *how* infatuated was apparent to his best friend, Mike Howard, the following week when he saw Chuck, who normally never left home without a guaranteed ride in both directions, cheerfully pedaling his bicycle to Marlene's house in the rain. It was even more apparent to Marlene after Chuck left a note for her that read, in its entirety, "I'm happy happy happy happy. In love love love love. Do with me what you will."

Chuck began to drop by the high school whenever he thought Marlene would be out on the lawn. Often he would take her flowers, a public demonstration of affection that embarrassed Marlene no end. With his car operating again, he offered her rides after school, plied her with free dope and gave her a pair of silver earrings, the first of a series of expensive gifts he would buy her in the coming months. It was all too little avail. In public, Marlene avoided Chuck as much as she could, embarrassed by the way "he'd just stand around looking lovesick at me." But she did encourage him, as she encouraged everyone, to call her at home. She felt popular and accepted when the phone rang often, deeply depressed when it didn't.

Since Chuck sensed that the one side of him that clearly appealed to Marlene's imagination was his drug dealing, he began to spin grandiose and largely apocryphal tales about his South American cocaine connections, his rock-'n'-roll clients and the big-money transactions, involving what he described as "mountains of snow," that were just about to "come down." He told her that he used the nickname Rocko to guarantee his anonymity in dealing drugs and showed her the small mahogany-handled .22-caliber pistol he kept in the glove compartment "in case anyone starts pushing me around."

To make himself more desirable in



"Rape! Rape!"

Marlene's eyes, Chuck also embarked on an intensive self-improvement campaign. He bought a Spanish-language primer and began memorizing words and phrases to toss out in the course of his telephone conversations with her. He studied up on glitter-rock music, particularly David Bowie's albums, and bought a few popular paperbacks on witchcraft and the occult. Knowing that Marlene wrote poetry, he began addressing poems to her. As might be expected from someone whose worst subject in an aborted high school career had been English, most of them were doggerel, but a few were amazingly good—the ones he copied from an old poetry anthology Oscar owned or from the liner notes of rock records. For the sake of authenticity, Chuck would change all the women's names to Marlene and insert references to people and events she would recognize.

He also began to be aware of clothes for the first time and bought some slacks

and bold-patterned sport shirts to replace his usual uniform of work shirts and ballooning overalls. But his chief self-improvement program was weight reduction. Marlene provided him with the motivation to diet successfully for the first time in his life, and over the next several months, he managed to lose more than 60 pounds, reducing his waistline from 44 inches to 36. He quit smoking, gave up beer and sometimes, with the help of prescription diet pills and frequent inhalations of cocaine—also an appetite suppressant—went all day without eating. Just about every other week, Chuck would make a ceremony of putting a new notch in his belt an inch from the last, and several times during that period, he would buy—or steal—a whole new wardrobe. When his weight finally stabilized around 200 pounds, Chuck was lighter than he had been when he entered high school. He was still somewhat pudgy, but for the first

time since his early childhood, he could no longer be described as a fat boy.

When Chuck asked Marlene to be his "old lady," two weeks after they had met, she refused, saying that she didn't want to be tied down and wasn't "together enough" for a steady boyfriend. Occasionally, she would allow him to take her to a rock concert at Winterland or at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. But, for the most part, Chuck got to see Marlene only in the company of the group of students who had begun meeting regularly on the Terra Linda High School front lawn that fall to smoke his dope and trade pills. They were probably the first generation of Terra Linda students who not only attended high school but actually graduated from it dead stoned.

Until she had fallen in with the group, Marlene had been fairly diligent about schoolwork, and her grades had been good, but she began skipping classes with the others. She signed absence excuses with Jim's signature, which she had learned to imitate with a check forger's precision by filling up page after page in her school notebooks. Most of the group were at least a year or two older than Marlene, which was one reason she made up an odd story about not knowing her real age. (Chuck, for one, had thought Marlene was 17 until her 16th birthday in January.) They were also much more advanced sexually. That fall would be remembered by the group as "the days of the great feast." There were experiments in group sex that began one day during a collective acid trip, when someone suggested that Wesson oil rubbed on the skin glows iridescently in black light. A quick shopping expedition was undertaken, after which those present stripped and began pouring bottles of the oil over one another. When word got out, Wesson oil parties became a regularly scheduled event, though neither Chuck nor Marlene, who were both extremely self-conscious about displaying their bodies, participated in them. Chuck was still a virgin at 19, and Marlene, though she had slept with a few boys, was relatively selective in her choice of mates, compared with her girlfriends' permissive ways. But, as she did in other areas of teenage manners and mores, Marlene quickly went from relative sexual inexperience to overindulgence, so that in a short time she would develop a reputation not so much for being overly permissive as for being kinky. As a line in a poem she wrote around that time put it, "The light said red but I saw green."

What was true about sex was even more true about drugs—her "chemicals of mirth." But it was in the realm of the occult that Marlene's imagination really began to work overtime. While a table-raising session that someone organized



"I need some help with my thesis. You see, I have this list of twenty-seven sexual myths and fallacies that I'm trying to disprove. . . ."

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ended disappointingly, Marlene's belief in her occult powers was strengthened by her success in reading people's fortunes with the aid of tarot cards. When she laid out her own tarot cards, the one that seemed to come up most often was the High Priestess—a robed figure, seated between two fluted columns, who symbolized spiritual enlightenment. She began to carry the card in her pocketbook and to tell friends that she was the High Priestess or, sometimes, the High Priestess of the Satanic Church.

It seems clear that Marlene's first thoughts about killing her parents were a similar kind of play acting—what psychologists call projected fantasy. The first time she mentioned killing her parents in public, Chuck recalls, was during a gripe session at their friend Steve Donnelly's house: "We were bitching about things we didn't like—school, being hassled by the police, our parents' laying down all these rules. Marlene began talking about how much she hated her parents. She said, 'I wish they were dead. I wish someone would kill them.' 'I know what you mean,' I said. 'My parents are a real drag, too.'"

At first, none of her friends made much of a distinction between that kind of remark and what Chuck would later call "normal teenage talk about wishing your folks would drop dead." Nor was anyone especially alarmed when Marlene first speculated aloud about how she would kill her parents. Around that time, she mentioned to a girlfriend that it would be easy to poison the soup she was sometimes called upon to heat up for Naomi at lunchtime. "I could lace it with 50 tabs of acid and watch her space to death," Marlene said.

A series of new sore points—Marlene's deteriorating schoolwork, the number of hours she spent on the telephone, her "fast" friends—added an unaccustomed dynamic to the Olives' family life. No longer was the tension solely between Naomi and Marlene, with Jim playing his usual mediating role. To be sure, Naomi and Marlene fought as bitterly as ever. More than once, in fact, their arguments had gone beyond shouting matches to physical abuse. One routine argument escalated to such a pitch of fury that Naomi hurled a hot iron she was using at Marlene across the room. It glanced off her wrist, leaving a red welt and, eventually, a scar that became a vivid symbol of Marlene's hatred of her mother.

Now Jim and Marlene began to argue frequently as well. She still tended to see her father's disciplinary actions as his way of "kissing my mom's toes" and felt jealous that he paid so much attention to Naomi. "It's either me or her," Marlene yelled on one occasion. "Take your pick."

Partly because of those family arguments, Marlene drew closer to Chuck, who had been faithfully biding his time while she dated other boys. She finally slept with him the day his mother was scheduled to undergo a hysterectomy. After Joanne Riley left for the hospital, the teenagers went to listen to records in Chuck's room. "She started to undress and I just sat there and stared at her," Chuck recalls. "She unbuttoned my shirt and told me to get in bed with her. I said, 'All right.' I was enthralled. I never thought it would happen. And so we had sex for a short time and I climaxed really fast and then I almost blacked out when I got out; I just couldn't believe it. Then, a few minutes later, we had sex again for about 45 minutes to an hour. Afterward, she said that she wanted sex in her own time and in her own way. That she would come to me; I wasn't to try to take her."

Chuck was the first boy Marlene had gone out with who was less experienced sexually than she was, and from the beginning, sex with him had been a means of control and, sometimes, of humiliation. She delighted in arousing him while he was driving and helpless to return her advances, several times doing so in the presence of girlfriends. But primarily, Chuck provided Marlene with a blank canvas on which to create sexual fantasies.

More inconvenient for Chuck was Marlene's insistence on what he called telephone sex. In general, the telephone became a kind of umbilical cord connecting Chuck to Marlene, a way for her to keep him in tow and to exact a certain revenge on her parents for limiting her outgoing calls. Having ignored him for months, she now wanted him to check in with her frequently throughout the day to tell her what he was doing. Chuck generally called from a public telephone outside a nearby 7-Eleven store, using rolls of dimes he kept in his glove compartment for that purpose and wrapping himself in a sleeping bag to ward off the cold. During those hours-long early-morning conversations, Marlene enjoyed a captive audience for her fantasies about her future as a rock star, an actress or a high-class callgirl. She would also give full vent to her hatred of Naomi, recounting their latest argument in minute, if often misleading, detail. She talked about her plans to find her real mother and her speculations about the woman's identity. And at some point in the conversation, she would bring up the game of telephone sex, asking Chuck to pretend that he was making love to her and give a detailed, graphically explicit account of his actions.

It was during one of those telephone conversations that Marlene first elicited Chuck's help in killing her mother. If she and Chuck could come up with

enough money by pulling off a big coke deal, she mused, maybe she could hire someone to do the job.

"Either I'm gonna do her in or myself," Marlene said after relating her latest argument with Naomi. "You *must* know someone who'd do it to help us out."

"Maybe I do," Chuck said casually. "Let me think about it."

"Think now," Marlene suddenly challenged him. "What about one of your connections?"

"Well," Chuck said, wriggling on the hook, "if anyone can do it, or at least know someone who would, it's Fred Griffin. He's a really big-time dealer with a lot of underworld contacts in the city."

"Talk to him," Marlene insisted.

In reality, Fred, the older brother of Chuck's friend Gary Griffin, was a car painter living in San Francisco who had, several years back, provided the boys with some marijuana when they started dealing. "It wasn't exactly that I picked a name out of the air," Chuck said later. "He was a real person, so if she checked up on me, she couldn't say I was lying. I figured that after she blew off some steam about her mom, the matter would drop."

Around that time, Chuck and Marlene embarked on a whirlwind spree that would end only after they had amassed thousands of dollars' worth of stolen merchandise of every description—dozens of blouses, pants, dresses, shoes, purses and bottles of perfume and bath oil from Marin's best department stores and trendiest boutiques. Chuck agreed to participate to "win Marlene's appreciation," though at first, she took most of the initiative. Marlene would hide large items inside a tear in the lining of Chuck's leather jacket or in a cloth "booster bag" that she pinned to the inside of her own rabbitskin coat. Soon, they became an expert team, one of them distracting the salesclerk while the other shoplifted. Mounds of stolen merchandise piled up in the trunk and on the back seat of Chuck's car. After every theft, Marlene would carefully remove and save the price tags and enter the value of the items in a notebook. Only occasionally would Chuck take something for himself.

Other members of their group knew that Chuck and Marlene were shoplifting (in fact, Marlene gave her girlfriends much of the stolen merchandise) and warned them to stop before they got caught. Chuck's old friends, in particular, saw his latest activity as one of a series of worrisome changes in his behavior—a result, they all assumed, of Marlene's influence over him. To some extent, even Chuck recognized what was happening to him. "Every time I heard that Marshall Tucker line 'Can't you see what that woman she's been doin' to me,' I'd get a nervous twinge." Marlene was Chuck's "most expensive habit,"



"It makes one feel quite small, doesn't it, Mr. Morris?"

and he increased his drug dealing "to support her in style." ("I don't want you to stop dealing," Marlene had recently written to him in one of her "farewell" letters. "I want to be able to hear you're going higher in the business. I want to hear you went to Kezar Stadium and sold dope to Pink Floyd.")

Like Chuck, Marlene linked their relationship to a favorite pop song—The Electric Light Orchestra's *Evil Woman*. She noticed that she could get Chuck to do practically anything for her simply by staring him down, and her power over him worried her. ("Chuck's always thinking of me," Marlene wrote in her diary. "His friends notice and, in a way, despise me for it. I have heard people say that I have him so tied to my pinkie that he has no other life.") But on the few occasions when he defied her, she could show a quick and nasty temper. Once, friends were astonished to see Marlene suddenly become angry and bite Chuck through the sleeve of his leather jacket hard enough to draw blood. Later, Chuck admitted that Marlene had bitten him before in anger. Then he took off his shirt to show something even more astonishing. One day after he and Marlene had made love, Chuck explained, she had insisted on carving her initials into his shoulder with the kitchen knife she carried in her purse. And by then, the three neatly executed inch-high letters, M.L.O., had turned from raw welts into permanent scars.

The result of Chuck's growing estrangement from his parents and friends over Marlene was that he spent almost all of his time with her. Their sexual relationship had become intensely sado-masochistic. A poem Marlene wrote at that time, titled *Gonna Crush Him Under My Feet*, commanded her unnamed lover to "Crawl across the room / beg for more / let me hear you beg for more." She and Chuck would take a sack of whips, ropes, knives, guns and other paraphernalia to a cabin they knew about. Marlene would always insist that Chuck dress for the occasion as what she called the master of the whores—shirtless, wearing only black-leather pants and a suede ski mask he had borrowed from a friend at Marlene's encouragement. (She promptly dubbed it the "executioner's hood.") Then, using all the articles they had brought with them, they would act out Marlene's rape fantasies.

On one such afternoon, Chuck recalls, "We took a gun and some knives and lengths of rope up to the cabin. I held the gun on her—it wasn't loaded, but I told her it was—and tied her wrists up against the banister on the side of the cabin, and when I stepped back, she kicked me backward. . . . I sat down on

her legs and tied them up. I took a knife and cut all of her clothes off—her shirt, button by button, then her bra and panties. Then I held the knife to her throat and fucked her. Afterward, I cut her loose and she jumped up and grabbed the knife and started to come at me. But one of her legs was still tied, and she tripped and I grabbed her and knocked the knife out of her hand and pushed her back onto the floor. She kicked me and called me a bastard and a punk and said, Who did I think I was? and spit in my face.

"After a while, I started using the gun to masturbate her. 'Tell me it's loaded,' she would say. 'Pull back the hammer.' She would become really turned on. I didn't like it at first, but I gave up trying to stop her."

If sex was one way that Marlene, in her words, "got some power over Chuck," witchcraft was another. She gave Chuck a helix-shaped Egyptian bracelet and told him she had cast a spell on it that would allow her to communicate with him over distances. Afterward, whenever Chuck felt a tingling or a pinching sensation on his wrist, he called Marlene; more often than not, she said she had been trying to get in touch with him.

Marlene continued to experiment with tarot and other fortunetelling cards, sometimes coming up with readings that her friends thought were astonishingly accurate. Toward the end of March, she laid out Chuck's tarot and told him that there "was some kind of trouble coming that will make things hard for us. You will go to the tower."

Chuck and Marlene were arrested on March 26 at the Emporium, a large department store in Northgate Mall, where they had begun their shoplifting sprees three weeks earlier. Chuck was photographed (the picture shows him dressed in a black-leather vest, with long hair and love beads, and did him little good as a character reference when the prosecution introduced it during his trial), fingerprinted and sent to the Marin County jail, charged with grand larceny. Marlene was taken to the Marin County juvenile hall and charged with violating section 602 of the California juvenile code, which covers any adult criminal act, without fine distinctions—anything, that is, from the most minor misdemeanor to murder.

After Marlene's detention hearing, juvenile-hall probation officer Nancy Boggs made a special point of asking her superior to reassign the Olive case to a colleague. "I felt that I was loaded up with crazy families and couldn't do the situation justice," she recalls. "There's going to be more trouble with this one," she told juvenile-services director Dave Rogers. "Marlene is angry at her par-

ents—legitimately so. She has a disturbed mother, an ineffective father unable to make decisions, a boyfriend her parents disapprove of strongly. She's acting out. It's a classic blowup situation."

It did not seem so close to exploding when Marlene arrived home. She remembers being "so scared that I asked permission to open the refrigerator door." She began attending classes regularly and going home after school to do homework. She signed up for an adult-education course titled *The Psychology of Crisis*, thinking "it could help me learn to deal with what was happening."

In the same spirit, Marlene wrote Chuck a brief note hinting that she wanted to break up with him. "Don't bother with my fantasies and trying to please me," the note cautioned Chuck. "They are a sickness I have that is out of this world. They are carried too far. Growing up for me is hard to do. Poetry, music, acting and singing are only far-fetched dreams of a neurotic girl, nothing important, nothing to share."

Over the telephone, Marlene confirmed Chuck's worst fears about breaking up, telling him that her parents insisted that they never see each other again. She reported her father's threat to shoot him if he showed up at the house and Jim's further warning that if necessary, he would get a court order forbidding the couple to see each other.

Chuck moped around the house for a few days in a despondent mood and then decided to go over to the Olives' house, hoping that by then, Jim had "cooled down enough" so that he could both apologize and explain that he wasn't entirely to blame for getting Marlene into trouble. He never got the words out of his mouth. As soon as Jim heard the approaching sound of Chuck's unmuffled Buick, he went outside to meet him. "Don't bother to come over here ever again!" he yelled, his index finger gesturing accusingly and his face florid with rage. "And don't call Marlene. If I ever so much as hear of your being with Marlene, I'll make sure you regret it." Jim turned around and stomped inside. Chuck stared at the front door for a few minutes after it had been slammed shut, wondering if he should try again, and then left. He never saw Jim Olive again until the moment before he shot him to death.

The next day, Chuck made a half-hearted suicide attempt. He had tried to talk with Marlene outside school and she had rebuffed him. Then he filled a medicine bottle with a variety of depressants—Benadryls, Darvons and Valiums. That evening, he called Marlene. During the conversation, he took out pill after pill, announcing what he was doing before swallowing each one. By the time

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Chuck hung up, he had swallowed several dozen pills and could barely stagger out to his car and drive to a far corner of the Civic Center parking lot. When he woke up, it was still dark. It was not until he saw a newspaper the next morning that he realized he had missed a full day.

Whatever the imbalance in Marlene's relationship with Chuck, she had come to depend on his affection and emotional support, especially during trying times at home. Her promise not to see him—like the other resolutions she had made in juvenile hall—faded as soon as she put the experience behind her and the Olives' family life returned to normal. Unfortunately, normal meant the quick collapse of any improvement in her relationship with Naomi. Two weeks after Marlene had returned home, she and her mother had a violent argument.

Like all of Marlene and Naomi's fights, that one started with a comically minor irritation and soon burst out of control, each participant expertly fanning the other's fury. It began in the early evening, when Marlene was helping her mother prepare dinner. Naomi, who had been sipping Scotch all afternoon and was feeling the effects, became irritated at the way Marlene was fixing the salad. "How many times do I have to tell you to cut the celery on a bias?" she snapped. "You do that on purpose to annoy me."

As usual, Marlene was taken aback by her mother's sudden change of mood and, reacting with a familiar taunt, jumped to attention, gave her mother a Nazi salute and said, "Heil Hitler!" From there, the two women struck all the black notes of their long-standing discord.

"You look like a tramp!" Naomi

yelled. "Can't you ever wear a brassiere?"

"Well, I guess if my mom was one, I'm one," Marlene answered.

"Your so-called mom gave you away; that's how much she cared. I'm your mother, and don't you forget it."

"The hell you are."

"Sometimes, I wish I wasn't. We were better off without you. All you ever do is tear this family apart."

"All you ever do is drink. You're a real space case. How come you keep moving your eyebrows up and down, crazy lady?"

"You watch your tongue. Wait till your father hears about this."

"You can't even make him a proper wife."

"What kind of a daughter do you suppose you are?"

"Bitch! Crazy lady! One day, they're gonna cart you off in a strait jacket."

At that point, Marlene began biting her own right forearm in rage. But this time, the deflection of her hatred onto her own person wasn't enough, and she picked up the knife she had been using to cut vegetables and flung it at Naomi. It bounced off the kitchen cabinet behind her mother. "If they don't take you away," she yelled, "I'll kill you myself!"

When Jim came home, he found Marlene behind the locked bathroom doors and Naomi exhausted on her bed. When Naomi told him about the incident, he was properly horrified—his "fisherman's wives" were becoming lethal. Instead of playing his usual mediator's role, he sided squarely with Naomi. After discussing the matter with his wife—a fact that angered his daughter more than the punishment itself—Jim decided to dock Marlene from seeing any of her friends for two weeks.

But even Jim could not have known

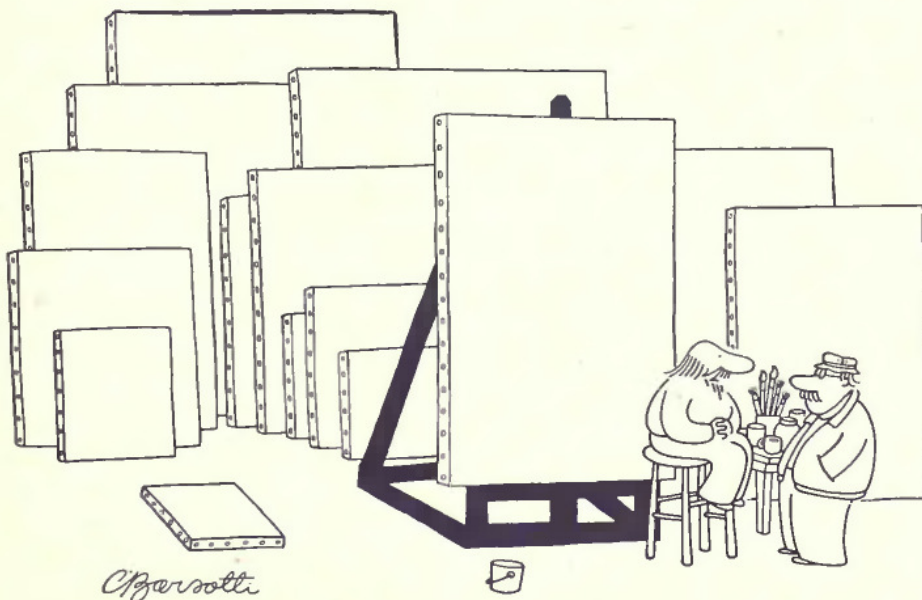
how desperate the situation had already become. In her poetry and in letters to friends that she never mailed, Marlene was now regularly recording her fear of being overcome by fantasies of murdering her parents. In a poem titled *Space-Age Sacrifice*, she wrote that no matter what she set her mind to, "All that arises is / Murder. A sort of revenge." And in May, two weeks after Marlene had thrown the kitchen knife at her mother in a rage, she calmly and deliberately tried to make her fantasy real.

The intervening period had been one of almost unrelieved hostility between mother and daughter, arguments whose specific origins vanished into the woodwork like layers of furniture polish. But the Saturday morning when Marlene tried for the first time to poison her mother had been relatively quiet. Jim was out on his rounds, Naomi was resting in bed and Marlene was in her own room across the hall, watching cartoons on television. In recent months, she had wondered aloud to friends what it would take for Naomi to "space to death" on LSD or "nod out permanently" on downers, and that morning, when her mother asked for lunch, she decided to find out. She prepared coffee, cream-of-mushroom soup and a salad with bottled dressing, and then she emptied a dozen Darvon and Dalmane capsules into the food and drink, which easily camouflaged the white powder. She took the tray of food to Naomi and went back to her own room. A few minutes later, Naomi called out, "There's something wrong with this salad, Marlene. It tastes bitter." And a few seconds after that: "The soup tastes funny, too. Maybe there's something wrong with my taste buds." Naomi drank the sweetened coffee, but the effect was merely to prolong her habitual afternoon nap.

However farfetched and inept, perhaps deliberately so, the poisoning attempt erased the already razor-thin line between Marlene's fantasy life and reality. Around that time, she began to talk almost daily about killing her parents, often in a disconcertingly casual manner. Her poetry and other writings in those weeks reflect an intense inner debate, fear alternating with hope from one page to the next. "I'm trying to fight my way out of dreams I thought were reality," she warned herself, recognizing, as she put it in one poem, that she "may self-pretend / until the end." Finally, the whole torturous debate became so painful that she backed away from further reflection:

Maybe, just maybe, I would be
Better off not knowing
Certain things about me.

At the end of the first week in June, Mary Sigler, Marlene's new probation



"Some days it's magic, some days it's not."

officer, was getting ready for a two-week vacation in Hawaii. She was a precise, attractive woman with closely cropped blonde hair and the case-hardened air of a "juvy" veteran. She wrote the Olives, along with the parents of half a dozen other new charges, an introductory letter explaining that if a problem arose while she was away, they could contact her office. When she turned over the files of her new cases to her superior before leaving, she clipped a note to Marlene's that read, "This one could blow up while I'm gone."

And it was true that with the end of the school term, a new urgency had entered Marlene's relationship with her parents. After speaking with her high school advisor about his daughter's truancy and failing grades, Jim decided that his only recourse was to send Marlene to boarding school in the fall, and he wrote letters of inquiry to several institutions around the country that had been recommended to him. Since Marlene had no intention of starting over again in an unfamiliar environment, Jim's decision further alienated her from her father. As for Marlene and her mother, they hardly ever talked those days; they either hurled abuse at each other, as likely as not accompanied by shoves and slaps, or passed each other in stony silence.

Faced with so much hostility at home, Marlene drew closer than ever to Chuck.

In letters and notes, she expressed her abiding love for him and, for the first time, her intention to marry him and raise a family. She talked about their future together "after I'm free of a certain disease." At times, she would draw Chuck into the plot, implying that they could get married while she was still a minor only if her parents were killed ("I hope you'll wait till I'm 17 to marry me or kill my parents"). Some of those letters, never mailed, were later found by the police in Marlene's bedroom; others were confiscated from the Riley house. Before her trial, when Marlene's lawyer asked her to read and comment on the evidence the police held against her, she wrote on several of the letters, both mailed and unmailed, "Fantasy note." Chuck, of course, had no way of knowing.

When she was displeased with him, Marlene would threaten to break off the relationship, often using the difficulty of escaping from her parents' constant vigilance as an excuse. If Chuck balked at buying her something she wanted or at stealing it, she threatened to "turn tricks"—or simply to turn to another, more compliant boyfriend.

From an occasional topic of conversation after arguments at home, the murder of her parents had by then become Marlene's constant obsession. Hardly a day passed when she failed to describe some new way she had dreamed up to

commit the crime. One plan had the killer robbing the house or beating up and raping Marlene in order to obscure the motive. Another, even more bizarre notion, which Marlene had mentioned to several friends besides Chuck, called for placing a bomb in the trunk of the family car timed to explode when her parents were out on a shopping expedition. There was a still crazier idea of using another car to force the Vega to crash down the steep cliffs below the perilously twisting coastal highway. And, of course, there were the old stand-by plots to poison or shoot her parents or kill them in one or another well-timed "accident," such as a house fire or a hit-and-run driving incident.

It was impossible for Chuck to know just how seriously to take those schemes, for whenever he decided that Marlene was "just blowing off steam," she would convince him anew that she was, in fact, deadly serious. Recently, after she found out that Chuck had given away his gun, she had grown very upset and had told him to get it back or buy a new one.

A week before the school term ended, Marlene's report card arrived in the mail, confirming her high school advisor's assessment of her scholastic performance. At that point, Jim told Marlene about his decision to send her to boarding school in the fall. "No way, Father

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dear," she said. "I'd rather die."

"They're sending me away," Marlene announced to Chuck that evening when he picked her up at their usual meeting place at the far end of the walkway between Hibiscus Way and Las Gallinas Avenue. "You better do something fast or we're finished. If you can't find someone else, you do it, Chuck. Do it yourself." She nuzzled up to him in the car and spoke in the little-girl, singsong voice she had always used so successfully with her father when she wanted something. "Please, Chuck. Pretty please."

Until then, Marlene had not involved Chuck as a participant in her plans to kill her parents, and he was, as he later said, "shocked but not surprised" that she would. She had been exhorting him almost every day to help her "do something about the disease," saying that otherwise, her parents would make it increasingly difficult, if not impossible, for the two to see each other. It was the one threat Chuck could not abide.

On Wednesday, three days before the murders, Marlene told Chuck that her father had compiled a list of all her friends who used drugs and was about to turn it in to the San Rafael police. Chuck, of course, was prominently mentioned.

On Thursday, Marlene and Naomi got into one of their worst rows ever. In the late morning, two of Marlene's friends, Ed Tucker and Glenn Erlinger, stopped by to pick up some shirts that she had promised to tie-dye for them. Marlene told Chuck that they would drop her off at his house but instead accepted their invitation to "toke up" with them. The three drove down the Lucas Valley Road until they came to a secluded creek bed, a favorite place for Terra Linda teenagers to smoke marijuana and drink wine, which was exactly what they proceeded to do. On the way back, they were all feeling, according to Marlene, "pretty wasted." They dropped Glenn off at home and drove on to Hibiscus Way, where Marlene invited Ed inside.

The Olives had recently turned part of the garage into a makeshift den, replete with their old living-room furniture, a radio and an extension of the house phone. Marlene showed Ed into the garage and then went to her room to change into her "bikini jeans"—a pair of very short cutoffs that particularly infuriated Naomi—and a tank top. She turned on the radio. She and Ed were petting and disrobing each other when a telephone call from Chuck interrupted them. He wanted to know why Marlene hadn't come over to his house hours earlier, as she had intended, and even though she said she'd be there soon, the male voice he could hear giv-

ing in the background indicated otherwise.

Marlene and Ed were making love on the couch when Naomi, drawn by the sudden silence, walked in and caught them in the act. She reeled back as if struck in the chest. "How dare you!" she screamed. "How dare you do that in my house! Wait until your father hears about this."

Ed was hopping around the garage, trying to get his pants on. "It's OK, lady," he said, trying to calm Naomi. "I'm leaving now. Excuse me. I'm sorry." Then he ran past her and out the front door.

Naomi screamed at Marlene for a half hour, calling her a tramp and a whore and indicating that "the apple doesn't fall far from the tree—the rotten apple." At one point, she ran to get a dictionary and said, "You're promiscuous, Marlene. Do you know what that means? Look it up. P-R-O-M-I-S-C-U-O-U-S." Marlene did not, in fact, know the meaning of the word, and Naomi insisted that she read the dictionary definition aloud. At that point, Marlene broke down in tears. She begged Naomi not to tell her father about the incident.

For the rest of the afternoon, Naomi stayed in her room and Marlene sat on the living-room couch, reading stacks of fashion magazines and hoping someone would call her. Jim came home around six. He had been at the office all day, and Naomi must have reached him there, for it was clear from his angry look that he knew what had happened in the garage. Marlene became furious at the thought of Naomi's betrayal, and she stormed into her room, yelling, "You bitch! You fucking bitch! You lied to me! I should kill you for this!"

Jim's reaction to the episode was, typically, anger followed by conciliation. At first, he told Marlene that Naomi was right; she was behaving shamefully. He forbade her to go out with boys "until further notice," and when Chuck called a short time later to find out what was going on, Jim took the phone away from her and said, without knowing who it was, "Marlene is not available now. Please don't call back." But later on that same evening, he softened considerably.

Friday afternoon, one of her girlfriends picked Marlene up while Chuck waited a block away, and the three of them drove to the Civic Center lagoon. Marlene joked about the incident with Ed, which hurt Chuck, though he decided to "play along and not make a scene." But she also talked about running away to stay with friends in Oregon or Florida before her parents sent her off to boarding school. When she was alone with Chuck for a few minutes, she became unusually affectionate. "I love you so much," she told him. "I'll never

forget that no one's ever stuck by me like you have." Chuck felt that there was something oddly final about her words. But for once, at least, she hadn't mentioned killing her parents.

When Marlene walked home to meet her ten P.M. curfew, Jim and Naomi were sitting in the living room, waiting for her with faces even longer than usual. "Jody Swafford's father called" was all Jim had to say for Marlene to know that she was in big trouble. She hardly knew Jody, who lived near the Air Force base in Novato and attended a different high school, but she had spoken with her many times recently, usually attempting to disguise her voice.

What had happened was that a month or so earlier, Jody had heard through a mutual friend that Marlene could get her an ounce of Panama Red. Marlene had agreed and Jody had met her at Northgate Mall to give her \$40 for the marijuana. Marlene had told her to wait a half hour and she would return with the lid. It would not have been the first time that Chuck had sold her pot at cost and allowed her to keep the profit. But because she was not likely to run into Jody again, Marlene had decided simply to hold on to the money. Jody had called her many times over the next several weeks and had reached either Naomi, who always sounded angry, or "Marlene's younger sister," who promised to pass along the message as soon as Marlene returned home. Finally, Jody had decided to swallow her pride rather than lose the money, and she had told her father about the incident. Air Force Colonel Martin Swafford agreed to contact Marlene's father to try to get the money back. He had called the Olive house in the early evening and explained the situation as best he could to Naomi.

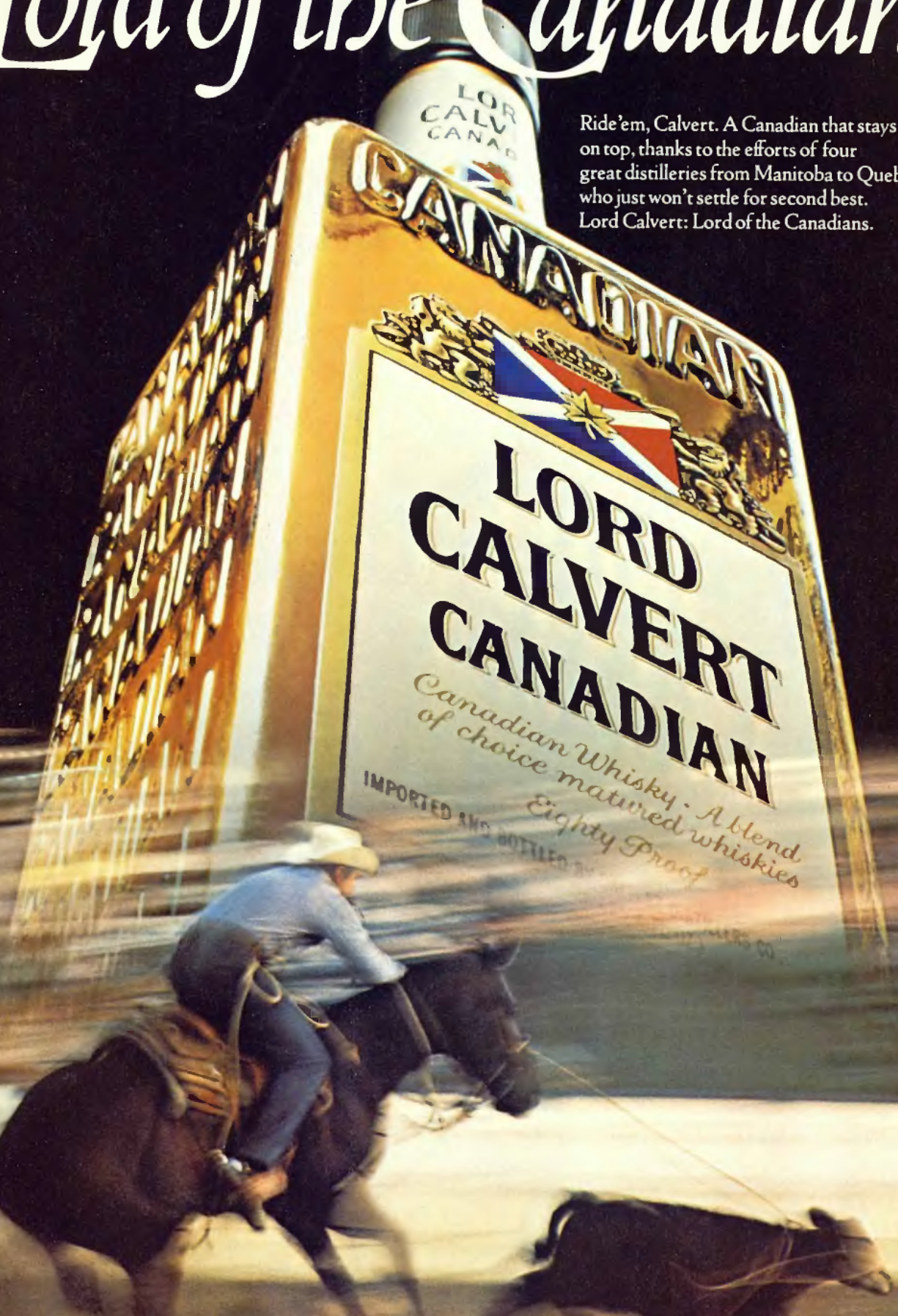
By the time Marlene returned home, Jim and Naomi had been anxiously waiting for three hours to talk with her. Backed into a corner, Marlene admitted having kept the money, but whatever hope Jim might have taken from her candor was offset by her explanation. "I didn't even know the broad," she said. "Besides, it was only pot. It could've been heroin."

For once, Jim's own anger kept Naomi quiet. "I'm at the end of my rope with you, Marlene," he said in carefully measured tones. "Like it or not, next fall, you're going away to boarding school. This summer, I don't want you to associate with any of your friends. In fact, you won't go out of the house for any reason unless you have my express permission. I've a mind to let you stew in juvenile hall for the summer—you and the rest of your no-good friends."

As Marlene had earlier arranged,

Lord of the Canadians

Ride 'em, Calvert. A Canadian that stays on top, thanks to the efforts of four great distilleries from Manitoba to Quebec, who just won't settle for second best. Lord Calvert: Lord of the Canadians.



Chuck called her from a telephone booth before going home that night. Sobbing, she told him what had happened. "I'm completely grounded—no telephone, no seeing friends, no going out, no nothing. He says he's going to turn us all in. That's it for us, Chuck."

Chuck arose early Saturday morning with his usual wake-up snort of cocaine. Because Marlene was restricted to her house and he had nothing to do but "kick back" all day, he also swallowed half a tab of windowpane acid. It was a bright, clear morning, unseasonably warm for the first day of summer.

Chuck called Marlene, more to allay his apprehension over their last conversation than to make any plans to see her. He could not have chosen a worse moment. Marlene and Naomi had both awakened early, and the temporary lull of the night before was soon shattered. Jim had left the house to run some errands but would return shortly. Naomi began drinking even before breakfast. Marlene was watching the Saturday-morning cartoons on television that preceded her favorite *Creature Features* show. She was dressed in jeans and a skimpy T-shirt and had gone to a utility drawer in the kitchen for a hammer—a red-handled, claw-necked tool meant for heavy work—to fix a leather strap that had come loose on her wooden platforms, the very scrape of which on the linoleum floors was enough to spark

Naomi's fury. With all the commotion of the night before, the sink still held the dirty dinner dishes that Marlene was supposed to have washed.

Afterward, Marlene was never exactly certain what had prompted their latest—and last—argument. Perhaps it was just the concurrence of the dirty dishes and the platform shoes—to her mother, the symbol of Marlene's "whorish ways." Perhaps it was Naomi's gnawing awareness that Colonel Swafford's call meant that Marlene was still "broadcasting family problems." Certainly, their argument was fueled by Naomi's drinking and Marlene's disgust with it.

Marlene remembers that her mother insisted that she do the dishes when she came into the kitchen for some orange juice. "I'm watching television," Marlene said. "I'll do them later." She walked back to her own room.

"It'll only take a few minutes," Naomi, trailing her, insisted. "You can watch television after."

"You don't do anything around the house but drink and stumble around and mumble to yourself," Marlene shot back. "So why should I?"

"At least I'm not a dope pusher, like some people I know," Naomi answered.

According to Marlene, the two women kept "hassling each other." After hearing her mother allude again to her promiscuity, Marlene started shaking her rear end. Whatever her mother said, Marlene answered "Shut up" to try to block it out.

"You stop parading around like a——"

"Shut up."

"You're nothing but——"

"Shut up."

"Latin swine."

"Shut up."

"Gutter tramp."

"Shut up."

"Your mother was——"

"Don't talk about my mom. She's a million times better than you."

Marlene put her hands over her ears and half-chanted, "Shutupshutupshutupshutup. . . ." She stared at Naomi, who continued to berate her soundlessly, her eyebrows and wrinkled forehead moving in perfect synchrony with her overlip-sticked mouth. Marlene could hear only odd snatches of her mother's monolog, but she knew it was about the "Norfolk whore" who had gotten "knocked up" and "gave you away."

Naomi's last remark, according to Marlene, "blew it completely." At that point, Marlene kicked Naomi, who pushed her daughter against the wall.

"I hate you!" Marlene shouted.

"I hate you, too!" Naomi screamed back.

"Bitch!"

"Shut your damn foul mouth!"

Chuck's call scarcely interrupted the argument, since Marlene repeatedly threw the receiver down to hurl insults back at her mother. It was when Naomi left the dining area that Marlene, as she would later admit, "opened my big mouth one time too many. Everything exploded. Everything that was building up inside me for years."

"Get your gun," she told Chuck. "We've got to kill that bitch today."

Chuck Riley was sentenced to death for the murder of Jim and Naomi Olive and spent a year and a half on San Quentin's death row before the Supreme Court temporarily overturned California's capital-punishment law. Since his guards assessed him in their final report as "a good, conforming individual who programs well," he was reassigned to the California Men's Colony, a medium-security prison at San Luis Obispo, where he is now serving out a life sentence and is in charge of running the prisoners' self-help psychological program.

Marlene was also convicted of murdering her parents. But because she was a minor at the time of the crime, she was sent to the Ventura School in Southern California, where she spent three years. Shortly before she was scheduled to be released, she escaped from a Los Angeles halfway house, flew to Manhattan and became a high-priced prostitute in an East Side brothel.



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Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURIZMAN AND WILL EIDER

SOLLY GETS ANNIE A DATE TO JUMP OUT OF A BIRTHDAY CAKE, NUDE. DID YOU EVER WONDER AT THIS CURIOUS CUSTOM? WHY, FOR INSTANCE, DOESN'T A NUDE JUMP OUT OF POTATO SALAD? OR A RIB ROAST? AFTER ALL, NOT EVERYBODY LIKES DESSERT.



WE'RE GETTING BIG BUCKS FOR THIS GIG, HONEY, SO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO -

WHERE IS PIERRE, MY HELPER?



CAKES BAKED FOR WEDDINGS-DIVORCES PALIMONY AWARDS ROASTS-WAKES

IS THE BAKER SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE WITH ME?

SACRE-BLEU, MY DOUGH IS RISING!

PIERRE!

RE-MEMBER, SWEETIE, WHEN YOU HEAR TWO RAPS, YOU JUMP OUT AND YELL, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"



(SOB!) NOBODY REMEMBERS IT'S MY BIRTHDAY, TOO! I'M TWENTY YEARS OLD TODAY AND NOBODY CARES!

RAP! RAP!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



JEEPERS!

SUR-PRISE !!



YO!
HERE COMES
GOD'S GIFT!

HOW
TACKY! IT'S
A GOOD THING
I DIDN'T BRING
SKIP AND
MUFFY.

SHE
COULD'VE
AT LEAST
WORN AN
IZOD PATCH!

PIERRE,
YOU ARE
FIRED!

LEAPIN'
LIZARDS...
EVERYONE'S
HERE!

HEY,
ANNIE,
WANT TO
PUMP
IRON?

WE
NEED
A
FOURTH
FOR
MIXED
DOUBLES!

JUMP
IN, JUMP OUT,
DARLING, BUT DON'T
EVER EAT!

ANNIE,
I'M IN
LOVE!
THE MIXING-
OF-THE-
RACES THING
DOESN'T
BOTHR ME...

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
AND TAKE A
DEEP BREATH,
DEAR.

TO-
MORROW
WE'VE
GOT A BAR
MITZVAH
AND YOU
GET TO
JUMP OUT
OF A
BAGEL!

YOU
WILL HAVE
A HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!

LET
US DISCUSS
GLOBAL
STRATEGY IN
PRIVATE IN ORDER
TO ACHIEVE
A FIRM
COMMIT-
MENT!

NEEDS
MORE
NUDITY.

STICK
WITH US,
ANNIE,
AND WE'LL
GET YOU
ADMITTED
TO THE
BAR!

HIC!

HAPPY
BIRTH-
AWK!

THEY
PROMISED I
COULD LICK
HER ICING!

MANDUCK
GESTURES
HYPNOTICALLY

HI!

NEEDS
MORE
NUDITY!

HAPPY
NEW YEAR!

HAPPY
BIRTH-
DAY!

WHO
CAN BE
HAPPY?

WHAT
NEXT?

THERE SHE
GOES, MISS
EROTICA

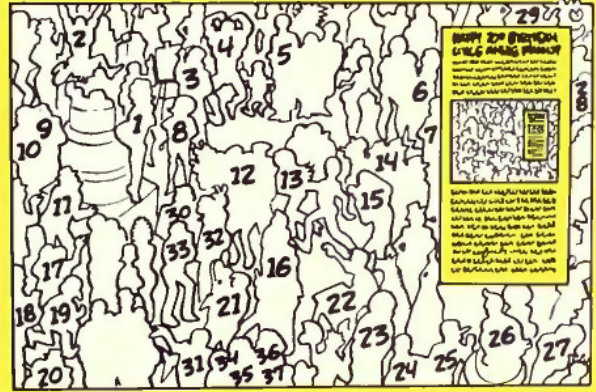
HE LOCKED HER BIRTHDAY-GIFT BOTTLE OF EMOTION LOTION IN THE CAR, AND NOW WE CAN'T FIND THE KEYS!

DID YOU SEARCH YOUR POCKETS?

WHO'S GOT POCKETS?

HAPPY 20th BIRTHDAY LITTLE ANNIE FANNY

SHE DOESN'T LOOK A DAY OLDER THAN SHE DID IN 1962 WHEN SHE CAME TO LIFE ON THESE PAGES. IF NOTHING ELSE, THE COMIC STRIP HAS FOUND THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH. SO SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY WHILE SHE DOES HER COMIC STRIP FOR YOU AND HER FRIENDS! *



- * 1-ANNIE, 2-MACHO MITCH, 3-DUNCAN HEPPLEWHITE, 4-ERNIE SCHPRITZWASSER, 5-LEM LAVERSON, 6-HEADSTONE MEL, 7-RALPH RAIDER, 8-BEAST OF THE HEALTH SPA, 9-HUCK BUXTON, 10-BENTON BATT-BARTON, 11-SOLLY BRASS, 12-DOCTORS KILLCARE, GILLESPIE, ZOREBACK, CASEBOOK, 13-WANDA HOMEFREE, 14-THE MAFIA, 15-FEDERICO MOFFUNDZALLO, 16-LAWYERS DIXON-MASON, DEFENDER AND DEFENDER, 17-MANDUCK THE MAGICIAN, 18-MISTER SPEEK, 19-PORTNOY ALEXANDER, 20-POPEYE HACKMAN, 21-RALPHIE TOWZER, 22-BOBBY FISHEY, 23-PUNCHJAB, 24-THE WASP, 25-SUGARDADDY BIGBUCKS, 26-HANK HUNGWELL, 27-RUTHIE THE ROOMMATE, 28-MR. DINKY WINKY, 29-JAMES BOMB, 30-DR. KISSINGBUG, 31-HERB SPARKS, 32-HEF, 33-EDITOR STEVENS, 34-FELIX, 35-DOWNS, 36-ELDER, 37-KURTZMAN.

'ATSA SOME SPICY MEAT-BALLS!

SHE'S-A MINE. I'M A CON-SIGLIERE!

SHE'S-A MINE! I'M A CAPO MAFIOSO!

SHE'S-A MINE! I'M-A PLAIN HORNY!

I'M A GOD-FATHER!

I'M A FAIRY GOD-FATHER!

OY VEY!

CHECK ME! MATE MATE-

WHEN I RAP, YOU EMERGE WITH FLAMING BATONS, SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

WASP AND PUNCHJAB WILL FOLLOW CLOSE BEHIND.

I WANT A RAISE!

NEXT, SHE'LL INVITE THEM ALL BACK TO THE APARTMENT... AND I JUST SHAMPOOED THE RUG!

END

M&R Vermouth: Imported by Fairfield Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y. Jewellery: Bulgari. Wardrobe: Dimitri Couture.

THE
ITALIAN
YOU
WON'T
FORGET.

MARTINI & ROSSI
ON
THE ROCKS

Winning. Worldly. Well bred.



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

BRING INTO FOCUS

On a clear day, rise and look outside and you'll see the intrigues and the wonders of your neighborhood. Half the fun of having an apartment is maintaining close visual contact with the bustle and the hustle around you. That includes the opposite sex (the bonus can be meeting them later on in singles bars). But a clear focus on all that calls for a little help from a friendly pair of binoculars, a telescope or a similar viewing device. After all, you're not laying out all that long green just to keep your head in a smoggy cloud or to watch old ladies walk their poodles in the park. While the optics of a

good pair of binoculars are as crisp and bright as a winter morn, the instrument's body may resemble something Montgomery carried at El Alamein—military chic being the order of the day in many models. Or, if what you see is what you'd like to preserve in your photo album, Tasco makes a pair of nifty wide-angle 7x20 binoculars (with a 100 mm telephoto lens) that doubles as a 110 camera. And if you're into heavenly bodies of another sort, the bulbous Astroscan 2001 telescope is an "Open sesame!" to the magical majesty of the night sky. Say, honey, it's 11:20. Whaddaya say we go back up to my place and watch Venus rising?



Above: Nikon's compact 9x25 binoculars have one-knob focusing for easy tracking of fast-moving objects, coated optics for brilliant viewing and a sure-grip housing, \$163. Below: Steiner-Optiks' Commander 7x50 low-light field glass, with integral liquid-damped compass mirrored into its visual field, is waterproof, shockproof, impervious to extreme temperatures and coated with a surface of nonslip, reflection-free rubber armoring, from Pioneer & Co., Westmont, New Jersey, about \$830.



Above: At only 12¼ pounds, the award-winning Astroscan 2001 telescope is a portable observatory that takes in a wide enough chunk of the cosmos—a full three degrees—to make it easy for even beginning stargazers to find the most interesting planets, stars and nebulae, from Edmund Scientific, about \$230. Bottom left: A pair of rubber-armored military-style superdurable and lightweight Trinovid 8x32 BA field binoculars, by E. Leitz, \$1086.



Above: Tasco's Bino/Cam combines a set of precision 7x20 binoculars with an easy-to-use 110-cartridge camera, creating a palm-sized instrument designed for long-distance sighting and photography, from The Sharper Image, San Francisco, \$199. Below: The infrared Find-R-Scope System permits sneaky nighttime viewing in excess of 200 feet; operates from an internal mercury battery, plus a separate power pack, from Edmund Scientific, Barrington, New Jersey, about \$1095.



DON AZUMA



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Newport

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



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

BOX: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine ; KINGS: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.

THE ELECTRONIC BEAT GOES ON

It's been a long time since your mother made you take piano lessons, but if there's still a little latent Marvin Hamlisch deep in your soul, the microchip age we live in can actually make tickling the ivories fun. Not only do today's keyboard instruments take the drudgery out of carrying a tune, some of them even remember it for you.

Others automatically add background rhythms to keep your foreground flourishes company. One even challenges you to musical games, and another is a set of Synsonics drums on which you can make like an electrified Buddy Rich. They laughed when you sat down at your Suzuki Omnichord with the sonic-strings touchplate—but then you began to play!



RICHARD IZUI

Counterclockwise from 12: The Casiotone 701 features 16 tempos and 20 instrumental voices, plus memory capability, by Casio, \$999. Next to it is The Source, a microprocessor-controlled programmable monophonic synthesizer with a touch panel that eliminates toggle switches, can store up to 16 voices in its memory, by Moog Music, \$1395. Those two small black boxes pictured with the CSO1 Micro Monophonic Synthesizer and a pair of stereo headphones are part of Yamaha's Producer Series, which allows musicians and everyone who travels the freedom to rehearse and record electronically in privacy, \$515 complete. Another Yamaha product, the HandySound HS-500, has a 25-note keyboard and even plays musical games, about \$100. The four Synsonics drums plug into a stereo system or any instrument amplifier for snare, cymbal, tom-tom and floor-tom action, by Mattel, \$150. Last, the Omnichord OM-27, an accompaniment instrument, plays chords, walking bass, drum rhythms and electronic strings, by Suzuki of San Diego, \$189.

Spare Parts

Nuevo Wavo is punk Tex-Mex, just in case you've been asleep and missed JOE "KING" CARRASCO—though by now, you've probably heard *Don't Let a Woman (Make a Fool out of You)*, with harmony by Michael Jackson. That's a ditty we don't expect Warren Beatty to cover. Carrasco and band will be touring Europe by the time you read this. That is, if he can put his backup singer together again.



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She's Got the Whole World in Her Hands

Comedienne ELAYNE BOOSLER is a very funny lady in a profession filled primarily with men. Bosler's beat is the world of single women and dating/relationship rituals, and TV audiences know her from appearances on the *Late Night with Dave Letterman* show. We want to know just one thing: Do we get a piece of the rock?



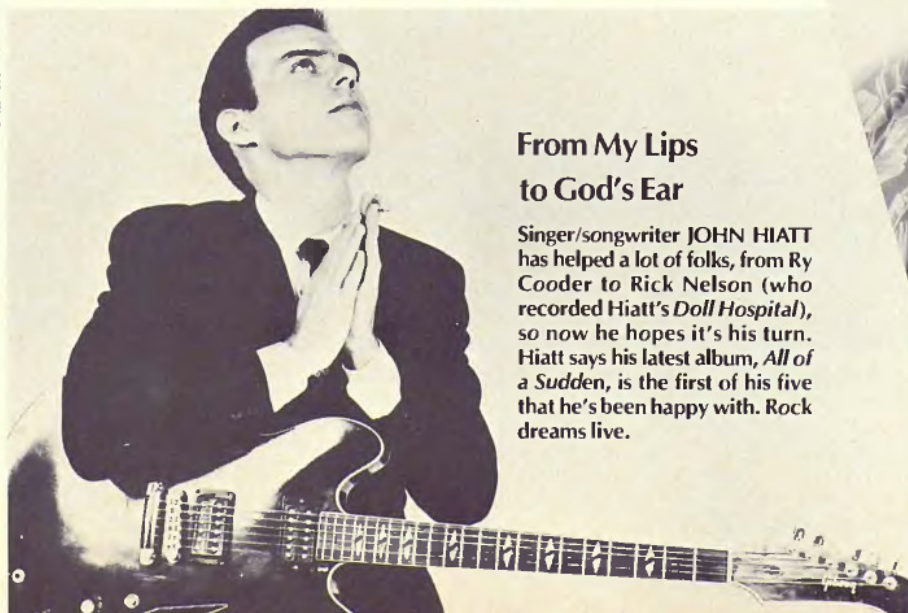
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Beauty and the Beat

Talking Heads bass player TINA WEYMOUTH doubles as a member of a funk group, the Tom Tom Club. Tom Tom has been opening for the Talking Heads on their tour, and the band includes two of Tina's sisters. We call that taking a head count.

From My Lips to God's Ear

Singer/songwriter JOHN HIATT has helped a lot of folks, from Ry Cooder to Rick Nelson (who recorded Hiatt's *Doll Hospital*), so now he hopes it's his turn. Hiatt says his latest album, *All of a Sudden*, is the first of his five that he's been happy with. Rock dreams live.



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How Do You Spell Relief?

When DAVID JOHANSEN's live album, *Live It Up*, was released, we were glad to note that it contained a couple of songs from the New York Dolls days, as well as songs from each of his three previous solo records. We had no idea, however, that we'd get a Mexican hat dance, too.



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The Golan Heights

This incredibly lovely young woman used to be a soldier—in the Israeli army—and more recently was part of the army that made *Masada* for American television. She's putting a pop-music act together for touring and, like a lot of other young stars, has a poster out. ORLY OH is our celebrity breast of the month.



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You Can Help This Man. Or You Can Turn the Page

Well, what can we tell you about IGGY that you don't already know? Or even want to know? Peck's bad boy of rock continues to roll along, and we were amused when we noticed that his latest album had finally found a label worthy of his work: Animal Records. Kidding aside, *Zombie Birdhouse* was produced by Blondie's Chris Stein, who has gone a long way toward making the strange accessible. Maybe there's hope for Iggy.

TOO MANY FISH IN THE SEA?

We report this item as an important new stratagem in the dating ritual that may or may not lead to sex on campus. The late-breaking word from the halls of ivy this year is Jaws. Yes, like the movie—only it's a type of party sometimes called a land-shark party. It's just like any other party except that at a certain point, someone slips the sound



GARRICK MADISON

track from *Jaws* onto the turntable. That theme signals to participants that they must bend over and attempt to bite the bottom of a member of the opposite sex. Remembering that every biter is a potential bitee, you can imagine the fast moves on the floor, reminiscent of those glory days when the tango arrived on our shores. And to think that we were about to start calling current collegians the ennui generation. Above, the preppie version.

HORSESHOE MEANS GOOD LUCK FOR GONORRHEA

Until now, any talk of crabs in the context of venereal disease has made people, well, crabby. New research may give women, in particular, reason to rejoice when the subject next comes up. For almost 20 years, scientists have known that the blood of a horseshoe crab clots in the presence of the bacteria that cause gonorrhea. Recently, two Ohio State University professors, Vincent Spagna, M.D. (clinical assistant professor and assistant director of the Columbus, Ohio, health department's venereal-disease clinic), and Richard Prior, Ph.D. (associate professor), have applied that knowledge

to come up with a test for female gonorrhea that is safe and fast. First, a sample of cervical secretions is diluted in water. That solution is instilled into a test tube containing freeze-dried horseshoe-crab blood. If the blood doesn't clot to form a gel within 30 minutes, the woman has a clean bill of health. Why all the excitement, you ask? Well, the current way to treat gonorrhea is to

give a shot of antibiotic immediately, whether or not the doctor is certain that his patient has the disease. The fast action is necessary because gonorrhea is dangerous. But giving antibiotics is not without its own complications, since it alters the body's balance of bacteria; further, it's a bummer to be treated for a disease that you may not have. Not to mention the price of antibiotics. The research will also explore the use of the test with men. Drs. Spagna and Prior are awaiting FDA approval of the test.

revealed premature breast enlargement, pubic hair and increased levels of gonadotropin and estrogen, among other abnormalities.

While a cause for the condition has not yet been pin-pointed, researchers call the situation a serious health problem. Suspected causes are food additives, contaminants and other environmental factors. Several pediatricians suspect chemicals used in meat production, possibly steroids. Therefore, they are urging a reassessment of meat-processing procedures.

QUICHE-EATERS' REVENGE: BIRTH-CONTROL FLORENTINE

Scientific studies that have come to light seem to explain why so-called real men don't eat spinach quiche.

According to hematologist Ananda S. Prasad of Wayne State University in Detroit, a mild zinc deficiency results in lowering the sperm count. What causes a zinc deficiency? Surely, not a real-man diet of red meat, the body's main source of dietary zinc.

June Kelsay of the U.S. Department of Agriculture traces zinc deficiency to the oxalic acid in spinach when combined with a high-fiber diet. After eating lots of spinach for four weeks, test subjects excreted five percent more zinc than they consumed.

Keeping in mind that U.S. sperm density has spiraled downward dramatically in this century while spinach entrees are a national food, we are left to conclude that spinach quiche is a likely, though untested, oral contraceptive for men and that Popeye was probably not Swee'pea's natural father. 📺

PUERTO RICAN STEROID BLUES

Widespread premature puberty among children in Puerto Rico continues to puzzle doctors there. A recent study of 272 such cases among boys and girls under the age of eight



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A. ACE BURGESS/ACE'S ANGELS

News flash: Above left, WMET-FM news director Mark Scheerer takes a look at what's outside cinema sex star Marilyn Chambers during an on-air interview in Chicago. The ever-progressive Chambers informed listeners that she had fingered the pulse of the communications field and gotten into viden with a one-woman cable-TV production. Above right, a cameraman focuses on a scene from her program *Sex Surrogate*, coming out this fall. The play's the thing.



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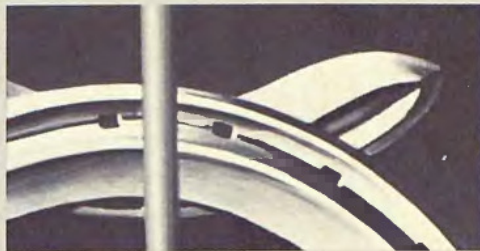
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Kent	12	1.0	Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights	11	0.9	Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0	Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Salem	14	1.1	Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Kool Milds	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
Newport	16	1.2	Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
TAR & NICOTINE NUMBERS AS REPORTED IN LATEST FTC REPORT					
Carlton Kings	Less than 0.5	0.1	Carlton Box 100's	Less than 0.5	0.1
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