

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1982 • \$3.00

PLAYBOY PICTORIAL:  
THE WOMEN  
OF BRANIFF

HARD TIMES CAN'T  
KILL THAT OL'  
TEXAS SPIRIT

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.  
THE DEMOCRATS'  
LAST STAND

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS  
THE TENOR  
OF OUR TIME  
LUCIANO  
PAVAROTTI

COLLEGE SPORTS:  
THE HYPOCRISY  
OF OUR  
PLAY-FOR-PAY  
"AMATEURS"

ON THE STREET  
WITH UGLY GEORGE:  
IF HE CAN GET WOMEN  
OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES,  
WHAT'S STOPPING YOU?

OH, MY STARS!  
IT WAS A  
KINKY YEAR FOR  
SEX IN  
CINEMA



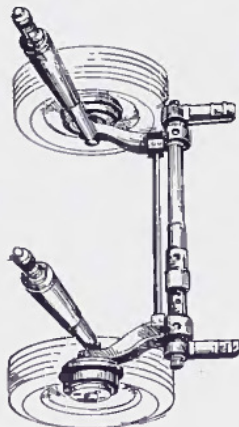
# RENAULT ALLIANCE.

NOW THERE'S AN AFFORDABLE EUROPEAN SEDAN WITH ELECTRONIC FUEL INJECTION, TWIN AXIAL REAR TORSION BARS, FOUR-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION AND...

## European performance and handling.

The new Renault Alliance DL. Powered by an aluminum head 1.4 litre engine with Bendix single-point fuel injection. An on-board computer monitors fuel feed to provide precise response through five superbly ratioed gears.

Alliance DL. Front wheel drive from the world's all-time leader in front wheel drive. And an integrated group of road-holding components. Of course there's independent McPherson front suspension and rack and pinion steering. But also an entirely new twin axial torsion bar/trailing arm rear suspension that's more efficient



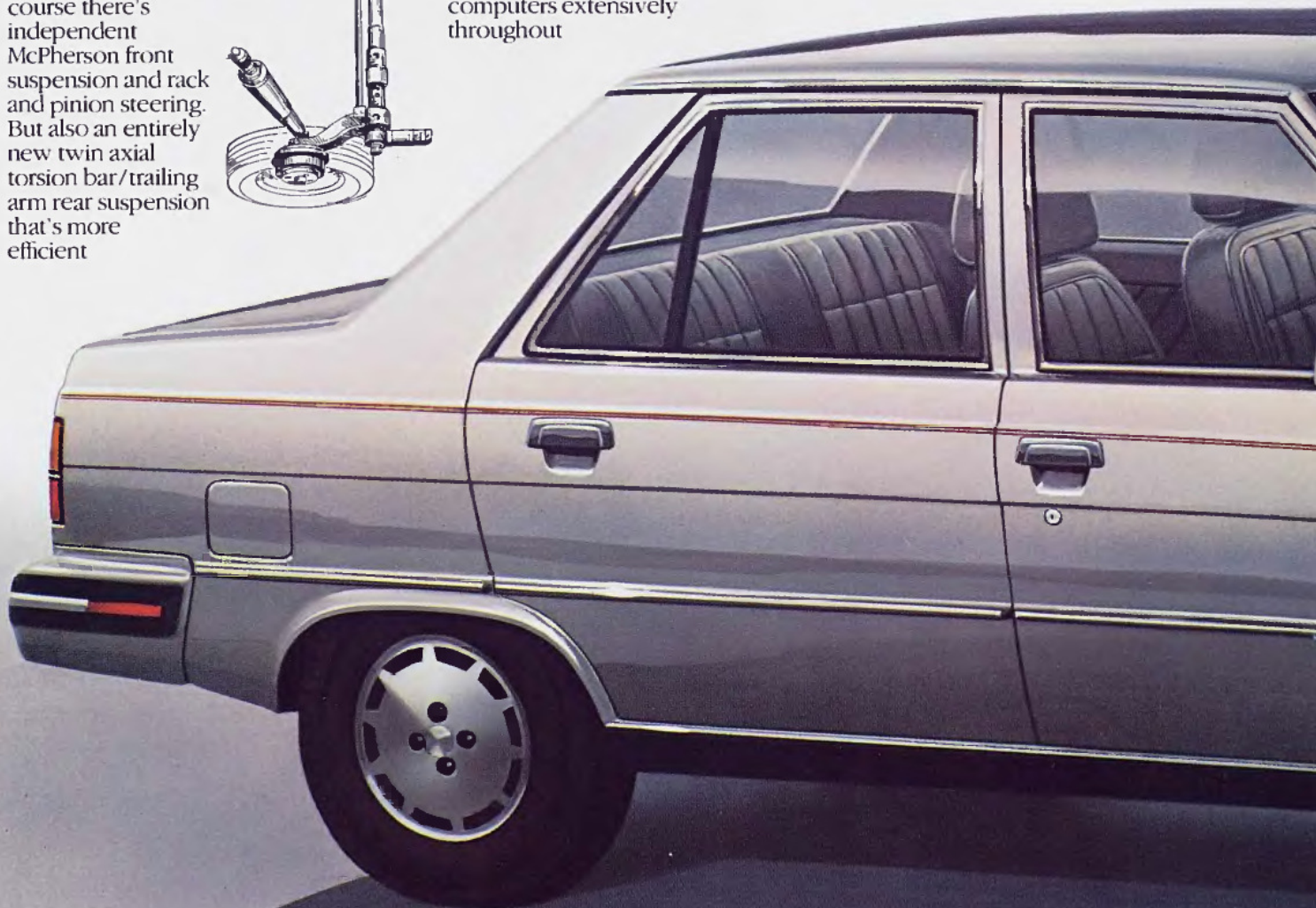
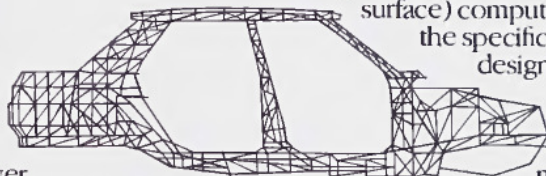
than leaf springs or coils. Fore and aft stabilizer bars and steel-belted radials are also standard.

## European engineering.

Alliance DL. Nearly one and a half million hours of development and testing and over \$200 million invested in American Motors' Kenosha assembly plant have produced a sophisticated small sedan of European breeding and American manufacture.

Renault has employed computers extensively throughout

the design process. First, finite element analysis improves the structural integrity and helps pare weight. Then a UNISURF (uniform surface) computer probe "reads" the specifications of the design model and translates them—within a tenth of a millimeter—directly to the die that produces the Alliance body parts. Finally, the computer-controlled, fully automated Gilman assembly process assures precise and consistent body fit



from the first Alliance to the 100,000th.

The result of all this technology is a spirited car that looks as good in the wind tunnel (.39Cx) as it does on the road. How good is that? Good enough for the European version of the Alliance to win Europe's 1982 Car of the Year award.

**Driver appeal and room for five.**

Alliance DL. Proof positive of Renault's passion for ergonomics. With bio-formed bucket seats on curved tracks to tilt and recline in totally new ways. An instrument group whose every element is in easy reach. And laser-calibrated lines of sight for improved visibility.

A driver's car, yes. But sensitive to passengers as well. The Alliance comfortably seats five, with extra hip and leg room provided by a stretched wheelbase and the added room under the pedestal front seats. Surprisingly,



there's separate rear seat heating, so the people in back can enjoy the Alliance as much as you do.

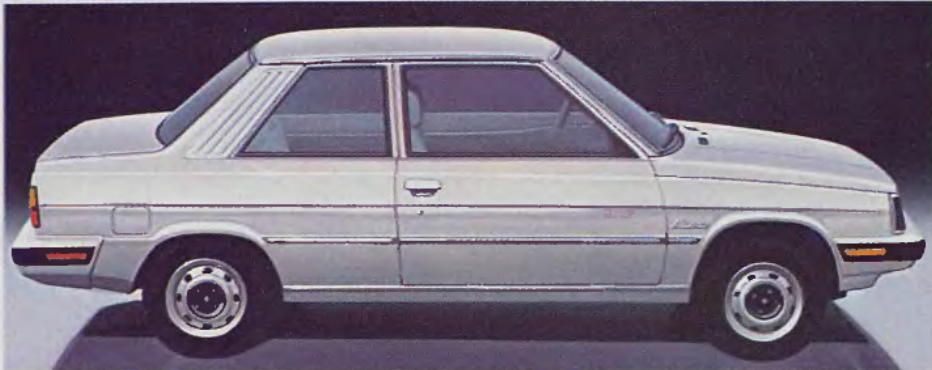
**Sophisticated options.**

Alliance DL. With standard equipment typical of fine European sedans, and a provocative array of options: computer-controlled 3-speed automatic transmission. Power windows and door locks. Clearcoat

**A surprisingly low price.** Such European engineering, precision manufacturing and fuel economy\* is remarkable. But the real achievement is this:

Renault **\$5,595**\*\*  
Alliance starts at

Renault Alliance. The Alliance of quality and affordability is here. At Renault and American Motors dealers.



metallic finishes and halogen lights. 5.5" x 13" cast aluminum wheels. Even a patented Infrawave Keyless Entry System, to lock and unlock the doors from outside the car.

One thing that's never an option: the exclusive American Motors Buyer

**52**  
est. hwy.

\*Compare 1983 EPA estimates with estimated MPG for other cars. Your actual mileage depends on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage and CA figures will probably be lower.

**37**  
EPA est. MPG

Protection Plan.<sup>®</sup> With the only full 12-month, 12,000-mile warranty that covers every part except tires, even if it just wears out. Plus a five-year No Rust-Thru Limited Warranty.<sup>™</sup>

Vehicle type:	5-passenger front wheel drive 2 door and 4-door sedan
Engine type:	Transverse-mounted, 4-in-line, Bendix single-point electronic fuel injection (Bosch multi-point in CA)
Steering	..... Rack and Pinion with Opt. Power Assist
Brakes	..... Power-Assisted Front Disc, Rear Drum
Suspension	..... 4-Wheel Independent
Displacement	..... 1397 cc
Wheelbase	..... 97.8 in.
Length	..... 163.8 in.
Curb Weight	..... 1945 lbs. 2-dr. .... 1980 lbs. 4-dr.

**RENAULT**  
American Motors



\*\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the Alliance 2-door. Price does not include tax, license, destination charges and other optional or regionally required equipment.



*You've got what it takes.*

# *Salem Spirit*

LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

*Share the spirit.  
Share the refreshment.  
Light, fresh Salem Lights.*





Now that you're ready for a change of pace  
it's time to try John Jameson.

Take a sip of John Jameson. Note the light, delicate taste.  
Luxurious and smooth as you would expect a premium whiskey to be.  
But with a distinctive character all its own. Set a new pace  
for yourself. Step ahead of the crowd with John Jameson, the  
world's largest selling Irish Whiskey.

# PLAYBILL

IT SEEMS FITTING to celebrate the spirit of adventure during the month of Thanksgiving. In America, it all goes back to those tough cookies, the Pilgrims. They refused to crumble in the face of all the odds, and we dedicate this issue to them.

Steering us through the ruins of the left this month is Pulitzer Prize-winning historian **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.** In *One Last Chance for the Democrats*, Schlesinger pins the donkey's tale—are these the last gasps of the world's oldest political organization or the first breaths of a new order? It comes with a command-performance illustration by **Dan Clyne**.

Then there's an uplifting unveiling of *The Women of Braniff*, photographed by Associate Staff Photographer **David Mecey**, for all you bankruptcy fans. "It started out as a broader piece on unemployed women," says Senior Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen**. "Then it seemed natural to focus on Braniff." It's a high-flying feature that's particularly appropriate this month. The Pilgrims landed on the rocks; so did Braniff, and hardy souls in both companies survived.

Globe-trotting **Luciano Pavarotti** has logged so many miles, he's probably met *all* the Braniff staff. Those who love him say his is the voice of the century. He solos in this month's *Playboy Interview*, conducted with style by **Lawrence Grobel**.

**Ugly George** (known to relatives as George Urban) is the vicar of vulgarity, the trail blazer of twisted cable TV. **D. Keith Mano** is either a great prose stylist or something akin to Big Fig with a typewriter—or both. Now Mano has cut out a big slice of *The Cheap Agony of Ugly George*, a piece we found agonizing, ugly and excellent—but not cheap.

Ever wonder how such folks as **Dolly Parton**, **Woody Allen** and **Elvis** looked in high school? Neither did we until Sacagawea to the stars **Dan Carlinsky** led us to his *Celebrity High*. It's an excerpt from his new Price/Stern/Sloan book *The Celebrity Yearbook*, and Jefferson Davis isn't in it (everybody already knows he was voted boy most likely to secede).

A foray into the land of mystics is the subject of prime fiction by **Stanley Elkin**, *George Mills*, excerpted from his E. P. Dutton novel of the same name. Then there's *The Second Coming*, in which **Mitch Sisskind** details a maculate conception the likes of which you've never conceived before.

Can a poor railbird make a pilgrimage to the Mecca of mutuels and make better bettors eat crow? Some in the know said neigh, but **Jay Cronley's** *How I Broke the Bank at the World Series of Handicapping* is anything but a tale of whoa.

A horse is a horse, but college sport's an equine of a shadier shade. In *Circle of Deceit: The Hypocrisy of College Athletics*, **John Schulian** explores the tainted jungles of "amateur" sport. **Michael Ansell** illustrated it and both men deserve a sporting pat on the fanny.

Fanny patting's one of the reasons *Why Sex Is Still Worth It*, but Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** and Associate Editor **Kate Nolan** have plenty more. Petersen is the Playboy Advisor, and Nolan is both achingly cute and the editor of *Sex News*; these are sexual adventurers who ought to know.

One reason sex is still worth it is that there's *Sex in Cinema—1982*, our cellulite-free scan of celluloid freedoms. **Arthur Knight** shaped the text, and PLAYBOY staffers **Patty Beaudet**, **Marilyn Grabowski**, **Gretchen McNeese**, **Chet Suski** and **Bruce Williamson** searched for the screen gems.

**David** and **Victoria Sheff** trekked to the Valley to ask **Frank and Moon Unit Zappa** 20 Questions. They didn't discover a bar where they serve *Notables' Potables*—we did, concocted for us by **Emanuel Greenberg** and visualized by **Madman Mort Drucker**. **David Platt** spins us *A Classic Yarn*, shot by **Roberto Rocco**, about the tweed fashion scene. **Danny Goodman** maps the electronic learning scene for *The Paper Chasers*. And there's **Marlene Janssen**, a Playmate whose terrain cries out for exploration.

Who says there are no more frontiers to conquer?



SCHLESINGER



CLYNE



MECEY



GROBEL



MANO



CARLINSKY



ELKIN



SISSKIND



CRONLEY



SCHULIAN



NOLAN, PETERSEN



ANSELL



KNIGHT



SHEFF, SHEFF



DRUCKER



ROCCO



GOODMAN

# PLAYBOY®

vol. 29, no. 11—november, 1982

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



George Mills P. 96



Bye, Braniff P. 101



Ugly George P. 146



Cinema Sex P. 160



Hot Handicappers P. 158

PLAYBILL .....	5
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY .....	11
DEAR PLAYBOY .....	13
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS .....	25
Higher education that really pays off; <i>Checking In</i> with Lesley Ann Warren.	
DIVERSIONS .....	34
Debut of a new feature; this month, a consumer's guide to TRON games.	
MUSIC .....	38
A climb up the Copeland family tree; how to be <i>au courant</i> about R&B.	
MOVIES .....	42
<i>My Favorite Year</i> is a mixed O'Toole bag; Pavarotti outclasses his material.	
BOOKS .....	50
Greene updates Cervantes; Fraser gives Flashman back to the Indians.	
COMING ATTRACTIONS .....	51
Sergio Leone, creator of the spaghetti Western, strikes back at Mafia movies.	
MEN .....	ASA BABER 53
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR .....	55
DEAR PLAYMATES .....	59
THE PLAYBOY FORUM .....	61
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LUCIANO PAVAROTTI—candid conversation ..	69
The world's most celebrated tenor discusses his first film, MGM's \$15,000,000 production <i>Yes, Giorgio</i> ; answers critics who accuse him of selling out; addresses the purported rivalry between himself and Placido Domingo; and, among other heavy topics, tells how it feels to possess such a mammoth body.	
GEORGE MILLS—fiction .....	STANLEY ELKIN 96
Living in a town built by sleight of hand and kept alive by illusion can take all the magic out of growing up.	
THE WOMEN OF BRANIFF—pictorial .....	101
When you look at these photos of the ladies who worked for the recently grounded airline, you'll wonder two things: 1. How could it have possibly folded with this kind of talent? 2. Why didn't I fly Braniff when I had the opportunity?	
ONE LAST CHANCE FOR THE DEMOCRATS—article .....	ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. 110
The election of Ronald Reagan didn't spell doom for the Democratic Party; the Dems can still make a comeback. But they'll have to resolve their internal problems first.	
A CLASSIC YARN—attire .....	DAVID PLATT 113
In the great cycles of men's fashions, an old-timer has returned like Halley's comet: These days, you need tweed.	
THE SECOND COMING—fiction .....	MITCH SISKIND 118
If this story survives the holocaust, future generations may trace our religious roots back to a Nativity story in which the Madonna's name is Shirley.	

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1982 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BRENT BEAR, P. 11 (2); MARIO CASILLI, P. 11; DAVID CHAN, P. 103; TONY COSTA / SYGMA, P. 163; J.





**COVER STORY**

That's April 1981 Playmate Lorraine Michaels dressed up like Charlie Chaplin's little tramp. Why? Well, partially because last year was a big one for sex-role switches (as you'll read in our annual roundup of *Sex in Cinema*) and partially because Executive Art Director Tom Staebler, who designed and photographed the cover, likes those classic Chaplin films. Confidentially, we're not sure this is the way we'd like Lorraine to dress for a date with us, but there's no accounting for taste, is there?

**THE PAPER CHASERS—modern living** . . . . . **DANNY GOODMAN 120**  
Electronic equipment to help the undergrad or graduate student study faster, if not better.

**QUEEN OF THE CROP—playboy's playmate of the month** . . . . . **124**  
Marlene Janssen, a small-town girl from Illinois, makes a new life for herself in L.A.

**PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor** . . . . . **136**

**CIRCLE OF DECEIT: THE HYPOCRISY OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS—article** . . . . . **JOHN SCHULIAN 138**  
With college football and basketball programs generating millions from television revenues, many colleges merely wink at the bonuses in goods and cash that their star players receive. Now that the distinction between amateur and professional has become hopelessly fuzzy, the author offers a modest proposal to end the confusion.

**PERSONAL BEST—accouterments** . . . . . **140**  
Silver-plated pipe stands, gold-handled toothbrushes and more.

**NOTABLES' POTABLES—drink** . . . . . **EMANUEL GREENBERG 142**  
Even if you don't hang around with such big stars as Woody, Liza and Frank, you can make their favorite drinks.

**WHY SEX IS STILL WORTH IT—humor** . . . . . **JAMES R. PETERSEN and KATE NOLAN 145**  
A tongue-in-chic enumeration of the timeless benefits of the horizontal mambo.

**THE CHEAP AGONY OF UGLY GEORGE—personality** . . . . . **D. KEITH MANO 146**  
This story of a man who haunts the streets in search of women who'll undress for his camera proves at least one thing: It can be fun being weird and gross, even if you're not making big money from it.

**CELEBRITY HIGH—memorabilia** . . . . . **DAN CARLINSKY 151**  
Do you think you can recognize your favorite stars (male or female) by their high school photographs? Bet you can't.

**1983 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL** . . . . . **154**  
Be a star maker and vote for your favorite performers in four categories.

**HOW I BROKE THE BANK AT THE WORLD SERIES OF HANDICAPPING—humor** . . . . . **JAY CRONLEY 158**  
The author pits his "vibes method" of handicapping against some of the nation's best horse players, and guess who wins? You've played the vibes method, too, huh?

**SEX IN CINEMA—1982—article** . . . . . **ARTHUR KNIGHT 160**  
Our yearly review of the good, the bad and the hot and sweaty (sex-role changes were big last year).

**THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS—ribald classic** . . . . . **MASUCCIO 173**

**20 QUESTIONS: FRANK AND MOON UNIT ZAPPA** . . . . . **174**  
The musician with, perhaps, the quintessential Sixties consciousness and his daughter—the voice on the Zappas' *Valley Girl*—discuss the highs and lows of American culture circa 1982.

**PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor** . . . . . **178**

**PLAYBOY POTPOURRI** . . . . . **230**

**PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE** . . . . . **257**  
Revolutionary radar; winter hats; the legend of the Porsche 944; Grapevine; Sex News.



Second Coming P. 118



Dean's List P. 120



"Amateur" Athletics P. 138



Miss November P. 124



Democrat's Rx. P. 110

VERSER ENGELHARD, P. 5 (5), 95; ANGELO FRONTONI, P. 168-169; R. SCOTT HOOPER, P. 105; RICHARD KLEIN, P. 5 (2); JIM LARSON, P. 5; LARRY L. LOGAN, P. 11; BRUCE MCBROOM, P. 51; DAVID MECEY, P. 230; NANCY MORAN/SYGMA, P. 162; KERRY MORRIS, P. 5 (4); HELMUT NEWTON/SYGMA, P. 169; ALAN PAPPE/LEE GROSS, P. 164; GEORGES PIERRE/SYGMA, P. 163, 168; ROGER RESSMEYER, P. 5; RICHARD ROBINSON, P. 51 (2); STEVE SCHAPIRO/SYGMA, P. 164; DENNIS SILVERSTEIN, P. 5, 11; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 5 (5); STEPHEN VAUGHAN, P. 166. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: STEVE BOSWICK, P. 34; MICHAEL DINGES, P. 230; STEVE MENDELSON, P. 50 (2); PAUL MOCH, P. 41; PAT NAGEL, P. 25, 55, 61; KERIG POPE, P. 62, 63 (2); BILL RIESER, P. 53; GARY RUDDELL, P. 231; KERRY RUTZ, P. 230; MARY RYAN, P. 231; LEN WILLIS, P. 231. INSERTS: AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD BETWEEN PAGES 16-17; PLAYBOY FASHION GUIDE CARD BETWEEN PAGES 250-251.

Imported by Browne Vintners Co., New York © 1981

For 256 years, B&G has  
been keeping good  
company with wine lovers.



Wine lovers the world over have loved B&G's fine French wines since 1725. Our 31 superb red, white and rosé wines are savored for their consistent taste and superior quality. Come enjoy the pleasure of our company. B&G.

## PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER  
editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN *associate publisher*

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

DON GOLD *managing editor*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

TOM STAEBLER *executive art director*

### EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JAMES MORGAN *editor*; ROB FLEDER *associate editor*; FICTION: ALICE K. TURNER *editor*; TERESA GROSCH *associate editor*; WEST COAST: STEPHEN RANDALL *editor*; STAFF: WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MCNEESE, PATRICIA PAPANGELIS (*administration*), DAVID STEVENS *senior editors*; ROBERT E. CARR, WALTER LOWE, JR., JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writers*; KEVIN COOK, BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN, J. F. O'CONNOR, JOHN REZEK *associate editors*; SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER *associate new york editor*; MODERN LIVING: ED WALKER *associate editor*; MARC R. WILLIAMS *assistant editor*; FASHION: DAVID PLATT *director*; MARLA SCHOR *assistant editor*; CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY *editor*; COPY: ARLENE BOURAS *editor*; JOYCE RUBIN *assistant editor*; CAROLYN BROWNE, JACKIE JOHNSON, MARCY MARCHI, BARI LYNN NASH, MARTIN PIMSLER, DAVID TARDY, MARY ZION *researchers*; CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: ASA BABER, JOHN BLUMENTHAL, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, ANSON MOUNT, PETER ROSS RANGE, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, JOHN SACK, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*)

### ART

KERIG POPE *managing director*; CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors*; BRUCE HANSEN, THEO KOUVATSOS, SKIP WILLIAMSON *associate directors*; JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant director*; BETH KASIK *senior art assistant*; ANN SEIDL *art assistant*; SUSAN HOLMSTROM *traffic coordinator*; BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative manager*

### PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JEFF COHEN *senior editor*; JAMES LARSON, JANICE MOSES *associate editors*; PATTY BEAUDET, LINDA KENNEY, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *assistant editors*; POMPEO POSAR *staff photographer*; DAVID MECEY, KERRY MORRIS *associate staff photographers*; BILL ARSENAULT, MARIO CASILLI, DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, FRANCIS GIACOBETTI, R. SCOTT HOOPER, RICHARD IZUL, KEN MARCUS *contributing photographers*; LUISA STEWART (*Rome*) *contributing editor*; JAMES WARD *color lab supervisor*; ROBERT CHELIUS *business manager*

### PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; ALLEN VARGO *manager*; MARIA MANDIS *asst. mgr.*; ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI *assistants*

### READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager*

### CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

### ADVERTISING

HENRY W. MARKS *director*

### ADMINISTRATIVE

JOE VALENZANO *finance*; PAULETTE GAUDET *rights & permissions manager*; MILDRED ZIMMERMAN *administrative assistant*

### PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *president*; MARVIN L. HUSTON *executive vice-president*

# The box grows up.

It's not just a box. It's a mature, sophisticated stereo system. Introducing the new Panasonic Platinum Plus 3-piece portable stereo systems. With separate speakers, an AM/FM/FM stereo receiver and stereo cassette deck.

Outdoors, the Platinum Plus stereo system is totally portable. Its 3 pieces join together as one. To all work in perfect harmony. Indoors, it transforms into a home stereo without losing a beat.

This Platinum Plus RX-C100 (shown) has a chorus of features you'd expect to find on component systems. Like independent 2-way speakers with 6½" woofers and 1½" tweeters. A 5-band graphic equalizer. It gives you a separate tone control for every two

musical octaves. So you can really fine-tune the bass, treble, and midrange. The cassette deck has Dolby\* noise reduction, and sets recording levels automatically or manually. So every tape comes out sounding astoundingly crisp and clean. But there are a lot more pluses to this Platinum Plus. It has a Tape Program Sensor that makes it easy to skip a song you don't like and find one you do. It also has precision fluorescent LED meters, linear scale tuning, and more. And for people who want a lighter and more compact



Platinum Plus system, there's the RX-C60.

So get the box with all the pluses. Panasonic Platinum Plus. \*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

## Panasonic introduces Platinum Plus™ 3-piece portable stereo systems.



**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

# Break tradition.

## Drink a Ronrico Rumkin instead.

Look, Halloween is as good a time as any to try something just a little bit different; something like a lively, luscious Ronrico Rumkin.

After all, Ronrico is the spirit of Halloween. It's light and smooth, with a distinctive flavor that more than holds its own.

Just stir it up with orange juice and a splash of grenadine.

You'll find your only regret will be that Halloween comes but once a year.

### RONRICO RUMKIN



1 oz. of Ronrico Rum  
Orange juice  
Dash of grenadine  
Pour Ronrico Rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Fill glass with orange juice. Add a splash of grenadine. Stir lightly.



# RONRICO RUM

# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## THE COURT IS IN SESSION

Above, young fans are treated to autographs by college basketball greats Michael Jordan of North Carolina (left) and Ralph Sampson of Virginia at Chicago's LaSalle public school. The two were there to pose for a photo of PLAYBOY's pre-season All-America Team, due in the December issue and in a syndicated TV special.

## SOCKO EVENING AT MANSION WEST

Below, Hef welcomes Julie Andrews and director husband Blake Edwards to a Playboy Mansion West fight night. This time, guests watched the subscription telecast of the Holmes-Cooney bout, from which Holmes emerged the victor. Andrews, who knows something about being a Victor, will join her husband in our December *Interview*.



## HOW TO STUFF A PLAYMATE LEOTARD

Start with August 1980 Playmate Victoria Cooke and she'll do the rest, as you can see from the photo at right. To promote Playmate-brand tights and leotards, Victoria (in a Playmate pose at left) demonstrates aerobic exercises in retail stores. We'll admit we get well exercised just looking at the pictures.



## JAZZ FEST IV: BEBOPPIN' THE BLUES

Mayor Tom Bradley proclaimed a Playboy Jazz Festival Month in Los Angeles while

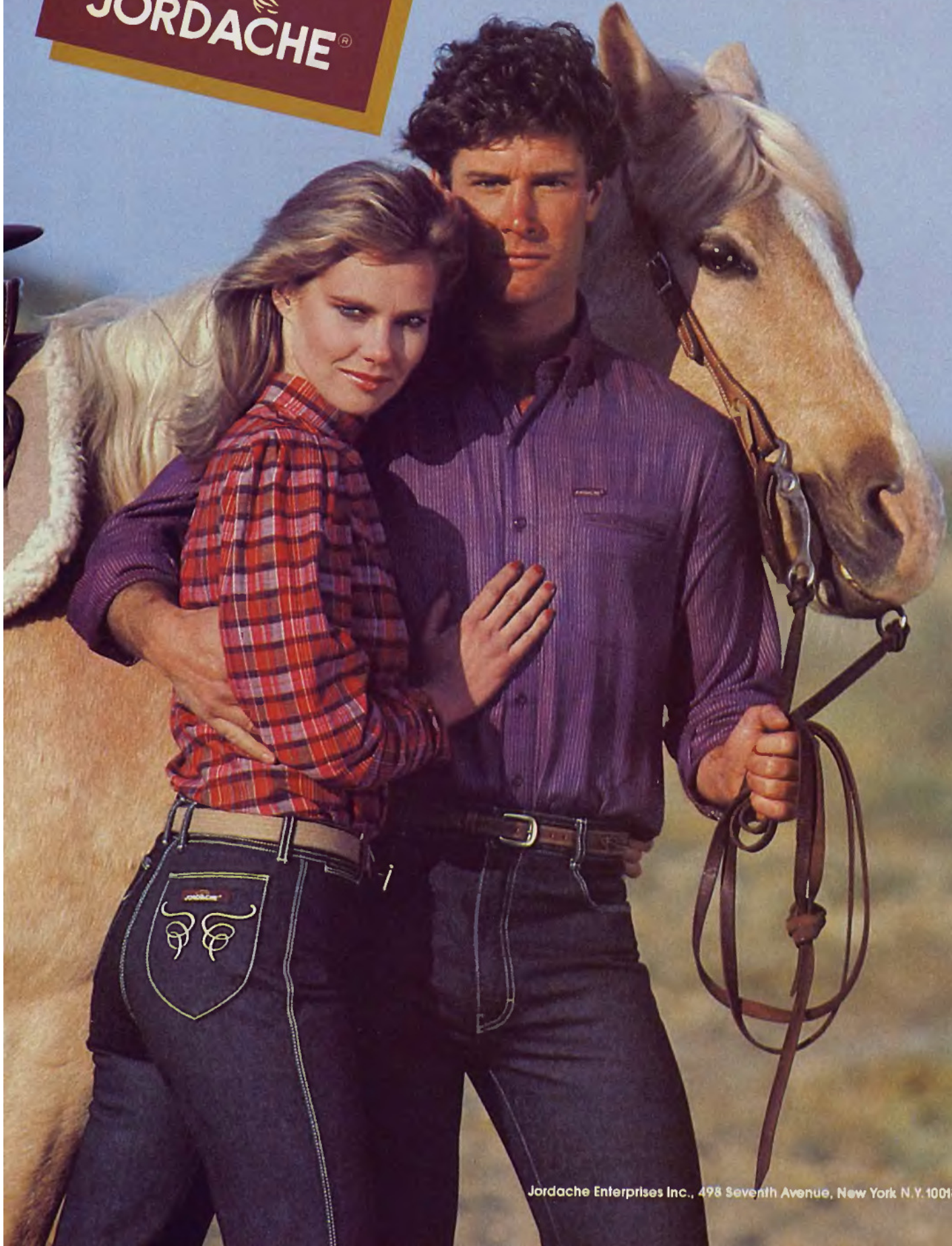
we put on a month-long series of small concerts, a collegiate jazz contest and a tennis tournament prior to the two-day fest at the Hollywood Bowl, m.c.'d by Bill Cosby. Some of the jazz stars in the spectacular line-up are shown here: from left, Dave Brubeck, Sarah Vaughan, Maynard Ferguson and Weather Report with Manhattan Transfer. Watch for the festival on The Playboy Channel.



*the jordache look*



**JORDACHE®**



Jordache Enterprises Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York N.Y. 10018



## DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY  
PLAYBOY BUILDING  
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

### CUNNING GENERALITIES

The resignation of Secretary of State Alexander Haig seems the fitting conclusion to the tragedy of his situation. Given the bizarre circumstances of the Nixon-Kissinger White House, Haig was simply the right man in the right place at the right time. Clearly, his personality was ill suited to the procedural idiosyncrasies of the Reagan Administration. Hats off to Roger Morris for the detailed insight and sense of truth exhibited in *Campaign of Cunning: The Inside Story of Alexander Haig's Rise to Power* (PLAYBOY, August). The acid test of a behavioral theory is its ability to predict events; Morris' portrayal is an excellent explanation of Haig, his thoughts and his subsequent actions.

Christopher J. Shaver  
Scotia, New York

While it is always fashionable to criticize people at the top, I think *Campaign of Cunning*, by Roger Morris, is a bit heavy. The article seems replete with "they say"s and some shadowy "maybe"s. I'd like someday to read a two-sided presentation about a celebrity. That way, a reader might draw a conclusion instead of being handed one. For my own part, I believe General Haig is superior to his White House detractors. He may be egotistical and pragmatic and he doubtless does some scheming, but I don't believe those traits are minuses for a man who lives in the world of Al Haig.

Professor George F. Gannon  
Weymouth, Massachusetts

Roger Morris' article on Alexander Haig is a unique insight into the power ploys of the military and political elite.

Fran Doyle  
Lubbock, Texas

The implicit time bomb in *Campaign of Cunning* is not the ruthless ambition

of the now-departed Alexander Haig but the portrait of Richard Nixon as an alcoholic paranoiac. The American people were lucky!

Ted Troup  
Jamaica, New York

In your May issue, you feature a profile of the CIA's Admiral Bobby Ray Inman (*The Smartest Spy*). Shortly thereafter, Inman resigned. In the August issue, you published *Campaign of Cunning*. A few days after PLAYBOY hit the newsstands, Alexander Haig resigned. Have you considered publishing a piece on Ronald Reagan?

Eric Randall  
Ithaca, New York

I finished your article on the possibly dangerous Haig ten minutes before his resignation was announced. In light of that and of your piece on Bobby Ray Inman, who has also resigned, could you please do a piece on James Watt?

S. R. Wheelhouse  
Topeka, Kansas

*Maybe we're on to something here. We're considering profiles on the Ayatollah Khomeini, George Steinbrenner, Jerry Falwell, Erik Estrada, Andrew Sarris and the Osmond family.*

### NIPPON AT OUR HEELS

The August *Playboy Interview* with Akio Morita is simply fabulous! If American middle and upper management would listen to the Sony Talkman for a moment, maybe we could become the one and only again. Long-term goals and planning—that's what it takes.

James S. Meek  
Little Rock, Arkansas

The Morita interview should be required reading in every social-studies

# LYNCHBURG

HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

23 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



## JACK DANIEL SQUARE GLASS SET

Mr. Jack Daniel was the originator of the square bottle for his whiskey and always wanted to have a matching square glass. Well, here it is! This hefty square glass (each weighs 14 ounces) is the perfect companion to a bottle of Mr. Jack's finest. The inside is rounded to make drinking a pleasure and the original design is fired on for good looks and durability. My \$15.00 price for a set of 4 glasses (8 oz. capacity) includes postage.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6 3/4% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a free catalog, write to Eddie Swing at the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.

DESIGNER SHEETS  
elegant, sensuous, delightful

## Satin Sheets

Order Direct from Manufacturer  
Machine washable: 10 colors: Black, Royal Blue, Brown, Burgundy, Bone, Cinnamon, Lt. Blue, Mauve Mist, Navy, Red. Set includes: 1 flat sheet, 1 fitted sheet, 2 matching pillowcases.

Twin Set \$29.00 Queen Set \$46.00  
Full Set \$39.00 King Set \$53.00

3 letter monogram on 2 cases - \$4.00

Add \$2.50 for postage & handling. Immediate shipping on Money Orders and Credit Cards: American Express, Visa and Mastercharge accepted. Include Signature, Account Number & Expiration Date. Checks accepted.

HOT LINE NUMBER!  
Call 201-222-2211

24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week  
N. J. & N.Y. Residents add Sales Tax.

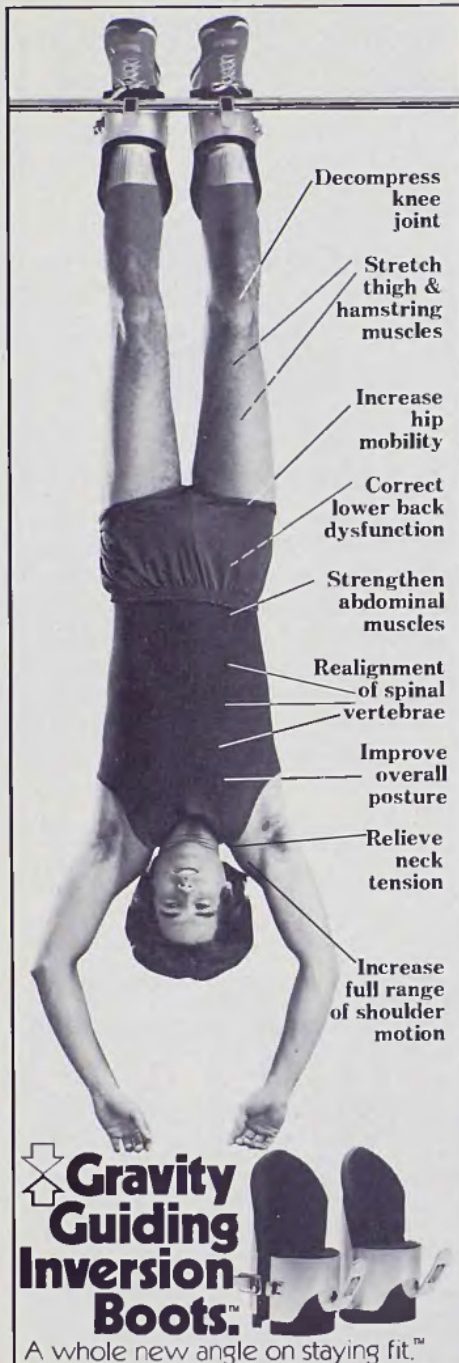


Complete Set  
\$29  
twin set

## Royal Creations, Ltd.

Opt. P-11 350 Fifth Ave. (3308) New York, NY 10001

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1476), NOVEMBER, 1982, VOLUME 29, NUMBER 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$54 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$38 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$22 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, \$27 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, \$35 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR/DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, NEW YORK SALES MANAGER; MILT KAPLAN, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO 60611, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; TROY, MICHIGAN 48064, JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.



Decompress knee joint

Stretch thigh & hamstring muscles

Increase hip mobility

Correct lower back dysfunction

Strengthen abdominal muscles

Realignment of spinal vertebrae

Improve overall posture

Relieve neck tension

Increase full range of shoulder motion

**Gravity Guiding Inversion Boots™**



A whole new angle on staying fit.™

**To Order Call (800) 423-3596. PL**  
 In Calif. call collect (213) 792-7222.  
 Or mail check/money order to:  
**Gravity Guidance, Inc., P.O. Box 99403,**  
**Marina del Rey, CA 90299**

- Yes, I want the following:
- Gravity Guiding Inversion Boots™ \$79.95\* includes book. Plus \$4.50 shipping.
  - Gravity Guiding Inversion Boots™ & Doorway Bar \$104.90\* includes book. Plus \$4.50 shipping.
  - Dr. Martin's 124 page, illustrated book, "The Gravity Guiding System"™ \$4.95 Plus 50c shipping.

\*California residents add 6% sales tax. Los Angeles County add 6 1/2% sales tax.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

**Gravity Guiding System.**  
 DEVELOPED BY ROBERT M. MARTIN, M.D.  
©GRAVITY GUIDANCE, INC. 1982

textbook in this country. People who attribute the tremendous achievements of the Japanese to "cultural differences" should make one distinction regarding the modern U.S.A.: What culture? Japan has advanced so far out of our league that we had better just stick to *Conan the Barbarian* movies and let the really smart people do what they do best—own our locks, stocks and barrels.

Craig R. Brougner  
 Independence, Missouri

In your interview with Akio Morita, he states, "You know, the American side is always telling us we should do something." Yes, Mr. Morita, you *should* do something: Let us sell our products on your market in Japan without restrictions and at the same duty rate and under the same antitrust protection that are afforded your products here in America. That would be a nice start.

A. H. Krieg, President  
 Widder Corporation  
 Naugatuck, Connecticut

Ignorance is, indeed, bliss. In reading your interview with Akio Morita, the cofounder and chairman of Sony, I was somewhat taken aback to have my moniker (Sonny) referred to as a "funny nickname in America." Morita's decision to use *Sony* instead of *Sonny* on his products was a cruel twist of fate. Just think—I could have been immortalized, a household word, turned on by millions of women countless times each day. Fate can be cruel.

Solomon "Sonny" Sauerhaft  
 New York, New York

**A LONG TIME COMING**

Alan Brauer's work on extended sexual orgasm (E.S.O.), as reported by Richard Rhodes in *The Age of the 30-Minute Orgasm* (PLAYBOY, August), is reminiscent of those three-initialed self-help groups. This impression is enhanced by the story, which consists of a single encounter with Brauer's work and negligible background and criticism. Brauer seems slippery with his terminology and concepts. We really learn nothing to distinguish a long series of multiple orgasms from a plateau state and from "extended (presumably single) orgasm." Brauer seems to define orgasm as the state of intense arousal. He gives the implication that the state intended is the (unproved) one of the male organ's actually achieving ejaculatory contractions and pumping fluid for half an hour. That state, if possible, may be mostly one of pain and does not seem to have been discovered by earlier ingenious cultures.

(Name and address withheld by request)

I find Richard Rhodes's *The Age of the 30-Minute Orgasm* interesting but

hardly startling. It only confirms what lesbians have always known. It's unfortunate that heterosexuals have been missing out for so long.

(Name withheld by request)  
 Berkeley, California

According to Rhodes's *The Age of the 30-Minute Orgasm*, the Brauers believe that E.S.O. can be achieved in the female through manual stimulation of the genitals. Yet, for the male, they recommend both oral and manual stimulation. Come on, now; what's good for the gander is also good for the goose. Right?

Betsy Johnson  
 Ithaca, New York

**MISDIRECTION**

From viewing their films, one can see that George Lucas and Steven Spielberg are men of similar genius. I hadn't realized how similar until I saw in your *August Coming Attractions* that Spielberg is actually a clone of Lucas.

Hal Toomer  
 San Diego, California

In your *August Coming Attractions*, you have a picture of George Lucas where you really want a picture of Steven Spielberg. Do you put these mistakes in intentionally to see how many readers are paying attention?

Michael J. Debiase  
 Concord, California

Yess.

**FEAST OF ST. GEORGE**

Our softball team had a meeting recently and we passed around the August issue of PLAYBOY. We decided we would dedicate all our victories to Cathy St. George if you showed us one more picture of the most beautiful Playmate ever.

Warner Elevator Softball Team  
 Warner, South Dakota

I must admit that I had thought the nuclear bomb was the most devastating creation known to man, but I stand corrected by Cathy St. George.

John Osborne  
 Lebanon, Oregon

The past two Playmates of the Year (Terri Welles, 1981, and Shannon Tweed, 1982) were easy to predict, but this is ridiculous! Cathy St. George is phenomenal. PLAYBOY usually saves the best till year's end. Do you actually think you can improve on Cathy? As far as I'm concerned, the verdict's in.

Richard Abel  
 Lockport, New York

You've really done it this time! Never before in the history of your magazine has such a magnificent woman as Cathy St. George graced its pages. Naturally, that leads me to wonder what you will do for an encore. Let me suggest



# CANADA AT ITS BEST.®

Light. Smooth. Imported Canadian Mist.®  
The whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.



*Share some tonight.*

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD. N.Y.N.Y. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF © 1982.

Photographed at Stanley Glacier, Kootenay National Park, Canada.



## You know where you're headed.

Sure you've got confidence. Ambition. A good income. But do you have the American Express® Card? If not, you should. Because the Card's a must for any forward-thinking individual.

With it, you're welcomed at major airlines, car rental counters, fine restaurants, hotels and more than 100,000 shops. Worldwide.

And there are other rewards like \$75,000 automatic travel insurance and emergency Card replacement. So if you know where you're headed, get the Card. And you might get there a little faster. © American Express Company 1982.



that you donate a life-size marble sculpture of Cathy to be placed at the entrance to the town of St. George, Utah, as part of a Beautify St. George (the city) campaign. In the meantime, please allow us the privilege of viewing Cathy at least one more time.

Richard Atkinson  
St. George, Utah

When I opened the August PLAYBOY to page 110, my heart began to race. Cathy St. George is the most exquisite lady I have ever seen. By the time I had turned to page 121, my temperature had increased 30 degrees and I had grown scales. A look in the mirror proved it: I was a dragon! One more look at the fantastic St. George should restore my humanity.

Eric A. Kilpatrick  
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

*Almost all our readers breathed fire over Cathy, which heated her up something fierce. Here, she is recovering with a blow drier set on COOL. Too bad Eric*



*Kilpatrick, who writes pretty well for a dragon, has switched back by now. Nessie was going to ask him over, but now she's changed the keys to her loch.*

#### THE RUSHES ARE COMING

I find *The Double Life of Peter O'Toole*, in the August PLAYBOY, extremely candid, very provocative and downright entertaining. O'Connell Driscoll captures O'Toole in rare form, and for that reason alone, I congratulate him. As an aspiring writer, I feel a tinge of envy and a great deal of respect for Driscoll, who portrays such a complicated and eccentric man with candor and with extreme professionalism. I should add that O'Toole's versatility would qualify him as a formidable opponent in any future James Bond movie!

R. J. Lettau  
Penfield, New York

There are two errors in O'Connell Driscoll's wonderful and wry *The Double Life of Peter O'Toole*. Since you spe-

cialize in knowing the difference between men and women, I feel you should be made aware, for my son's sake, that Richard Rush, the director of *The Stunt Man*, does not have a daughter. He has only one child—a son named Anthony. Also, the "canine creature" mentioned is a Vizsla, not a golden retriever.

Dorie Rush  
Bel Air, California

#### GRIDIRONIES

I see that the Eastern sportswriters' cartel is still alive and well and has further developed its appetite for crow. One gets the feeling from *Playboy's Pro Football Preview* (August) that were it not for the obligatory portrait lead-in, Anson Mount would rather not mention the San Francisco 49ers at all. Maybe this year he'll learn that it is the winning attitude, the superior athletic ability and the organization of the Walsh, Montana, Dean, Lott and Reynolds company that make champions.

Tom Phelps  
Sacramento, California

How Anson Mount can refuse to pick the San Francisco 49ers to win again is beyond me. Loyal Niner fans waited a long time for the excitement of last year, and I can't see how it won't be repeated. In addition, I just can't understand why Ken Anderson is the quarterback for *Playboy's* 1982 Pre-Season All-Pro Team. Even though Anderson is a capable passer, he has nothing on Joe "Big Sky" Montana. Joe is by far the better quarterback now and will probably become the best quarterback ever to play the game. Mount's choice of wide receivers leaves me cold as well. How he can ignore Dwight Clark perplexes me. Not only are Clark's statistics better than those of the two players Mount picks but Clark plays brilliantly under pressure.

Geoff Wreschner  
Laramie, Wyoming

*Mount thinks the Cowboys will ride roughshod over the 49ers this year, and there are a few good ballplayers who don't work for Bill Walsh.*

#### JEWELS THIEF

A letter in your June issue commenting on Roy Blount Jr.'s essay *The Family Jewels* (PLAYBOY, March) was called to my attention by a colleague who is a reader/viewer of PLAYBOY, as it bore my signature. While I agree with the facts stated in the letter, I disagree with the unauthorized use of my name by its unidentified writer. I am hoping to identify the source so that his anonymous effort might not go unrecognized.

W. Marvin Davis, Ph.D.  
Professor of Pharmacology  
University of Mississippi  
University, Mississippi

#### CACHÉ VALUE

Now that I've splurged on the men's fashions you feature in *Night Lines* (PLAYBOY, August), my lady insists on knowing where you got the great ladies' clothes that appear in that feature. They have impressive night lines, too.

(Name withheld by request)  
Chicago, Illinois

*The curves aren't bad, either. They are accentuated by fashions from Caché, of your home town. You can write to it at Water Tower Place, 845 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60611.*

#### EXCUUSE WATASHI!

I read and enjoyed Asa Baber's *Men* column (PLAYBOY, April) and can identify with some of his Marine Corps experiences. However, I must contest one point in his opening lines. Either Baber or his drill instructor was tailoring a definition by saying that *watashi* means "death" ("Don't fuck with *watashi*"). Any sparsely seasoned GI knows that *watashi* is the Japanese word for "me." As any Marine recruit of that era can attest, fucking with a D.I. most assuredly could mean death, or something worse.

R. J. Schroeder  
Delray Beach, Florida  
11th and 12th Marines, 1960-1964

#### MARCH, HARE

Each year, our dormitory decides on an activity in which the whole campus can participate. This year, we decided to pay tribute to PLAYBOY and its staff. To do that, we marched out a 165-foot Rabbit Head onto our front lawn, outlined it with students and faculty, then flew over the campus and took pictures. Thanks, and keep up the good work!

Steve Bradeen  
Thomas Hall Director  
Black Hills State College  
Spearfish, South Dakota

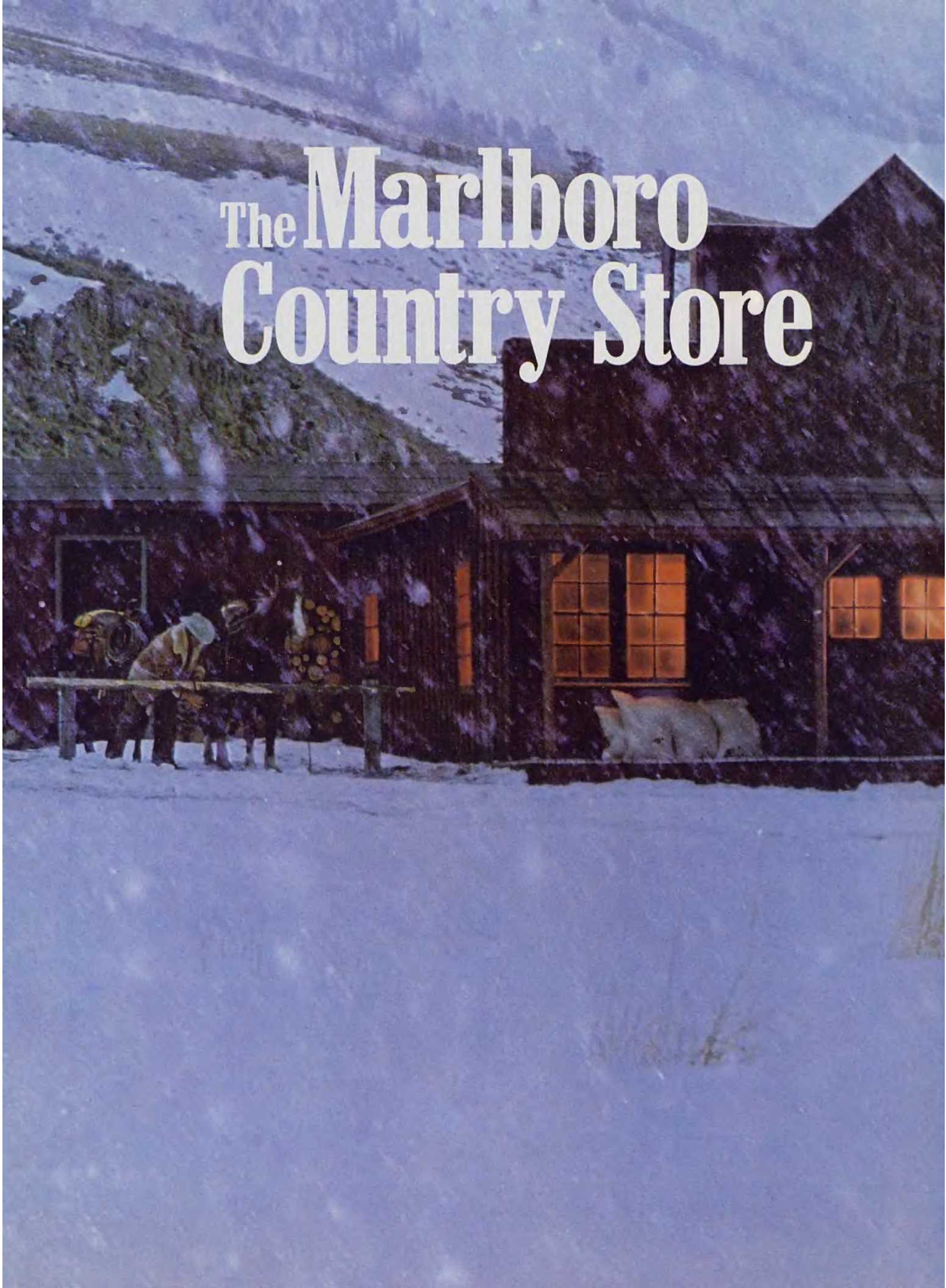
*Gee, it's good to know you're learning a trade you can apply later in life.*



*Now, if you'll all just crowd into a two-inch space, we'll put you on a cover girl's navel.*



# The Marlboro Country Store





**We've opened the Marlboro Contry Store again  
and are inviting folks in to have a look around,  
to see the kind of gear that keeps cowboys warm  
and workin' through the long, cold winter.**

**Like the famous Marlboro Sheepskin Coat.**

**Winter Range Vest.**

**Snowshoes.**

**Western Shirt.**

**And eleven other items, all under one roof.**

**Just turn the page and come on inside.**



**Winter Range Vest**— Sometimes cowboys are out on their own for days at a time. A vest like this helps keep them warm, day and night. Natural range leather and wool-lined for warmth. The collar buttons up for extra protection. Color: saddle tan. Even sizes: 36-46. \$90.00 each.

**Concha Belt**— Tough bridle leather. 1½ inches wide. The buckle is solid brass; the conchas are brass in a star-burst design. Sizes: small (30-34), medium (36-38) and large (40-42). \$17.00 each.



**Hudson's Bay 4-Point Blanket**— Cowboys on the northern ranges were always ready and willin' to swap for these blankets. The Hudson's Bay name has stood for quality for more than 200 years. 100% wool. 72 inches wide by 90 inches long. \$95.00 each.

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

**Western Shirt**—Warm and rugged, in the traditional western cut. 80% wool for protection outdoors, 20% polyester for comfort indoors. Patch pockets, snap closures. Sizes: small (14-32), medium (15-33), large (16-34) and extra large (17-35). \$42.00 each.



**Snowshoes**—They're a must in the deep snow country. Tough, seasoned ashwood frames, full-grain leather bindings. 56 inches long, 10 inches wide. \$70.00 a pair.



**The Marlboro Stetson**—Made for Marlboro by the famous Western hatmaker, J. B. Stetson. It's the cowboy's constant companion—the first thing he puts on in the morning, the last thing he takes off at night. Color: silver belly. Sizes 6 $\frac{7}{8}$  to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ . \$65.00 each.



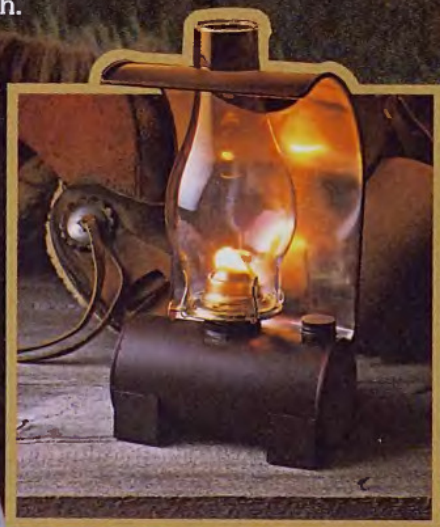
**Roping Gloves**—Top-grade leather, soft but tough enough to prevent rope burns when cowboys are workin' stock. Natural color. Sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. \$14.00 per pair.

**Son-of-a-Gun Stewpot Set**—Old-time graniteware that will stand up to a lot of use. There's a 7-quart stewpot, six 28-ounce stew bowls, six 10-inch plates, six coffee cups, one frying pan, a wooden spoon, ladle and spatula.

The set comes with a canvas bag for easy storage and carrying. \$53.00 per set.



**Bunkhouse Lantern**—Designed after the kerosene lanterns that light many a bunkhouse on long, cold winter nights. It can be hung, or it will stand on any flat surface. \$54.00 each.



**Branding Irons**—These horse brands are faithful reproductions: two used by famous ranches, the Pitchfork and the CS; the third, the Mariposa Rafter M.

Specify  $\Psi$  CS  $\hat{\wedge}$   
\$32.00 each.

**Chuckwagon Supply Box**—Sturdy supply boxes are a must to store winter provisions. This one is ponderosa pine, metal bound, with hinge top. Measures 18½ x 13½ x 13⅞ inches. \$25.00 each.



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





**Marlboro Red Thermal Shirt**—You won't have to wear it 24 hours a day, as many cowboys do—but it's mighty comfortable indoors and out. 50% cotton, 50% polyester. Sizes: small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44) and extra large (46-48). \$10.00 each.



**Trail Driver Boots**—Calf's leather boots specially made for Marlboro by Justin of Fort Worth. Western toe, double-stitched side seams and cowboy heel. Sizes: half sizes from 6½ to 11; also 12 and 13. All D width. \$94.00.

**The Famous Marlboro Sheepskin Coat**—A Western classic. Soft, double-stitched sheepskin on the outside. Inside, warm shearling lamb's wool. Antler-tip buttons. Color: natural brown. Even sizes: 36-46. \$290.00 each.



**Special Edition Marlboro Zippo® Lighter**—Solid brass case, antique finish, with brass miniature of "The Marlboro Roper." \$9.00 each.



# The Marlboro Country Store

Order Form

Quan.	Name of item. Size and other specifications.	Price each.	Total price.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1982

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



Grand total.  
(Insurance, postage and tax are prepaid.)

Please enclose two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro, along with check or money order only (no cash, please) payable to:

**Marlboro Country Store, P.O. Box 7070, Westbury, N.Y. 11592**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_ PB \_\_\_\_\_

Offer available only to persons over 21 years of age. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer good until May 31, 1983, or while supplies last. Please allow 8 to 10 weeks for delivery.

**Cut out and save.**

Our aim is to make sure you're completely satisfied with your order — and that you get it on time. But sometimes things go wrong. If they do, be sure to let us know.

Write: Marlboro Country Store, 120 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Lights Kings: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Lights 100's: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec'81

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

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## THE RIGHTEOUS STUFF

Skylab and space-shuttle veteran Jack Lousma isn't worried about getting lost in space. In a recent interview for *The Christian Reader*, Lousma assured earthlings, "God has a reference trajectory for each of our lives."

A letter to *The Montgomery Advertiser* went like this: "I was delighted to read about National Condom Week, for I, too, am concerned about the extinction of our birds of prey."

Overheard in Washington, D.C.: a new slogan describing the attitude of some Congressmen toward their constituents. It's "Promise them anything, but give us our page."

## SILENT BUT DEADLY

Remember the big ozone-spray-can scare? Now a new culprit has been found. Recent studies indicate that concentrations of methane in Earth's outer atmosphere are increasing by about two percent each year. Among the major sources of the gas are cows and other ruminant animals that, as *Science News* delicately puts it, "give off the gas as a by-product of digestion."

## JOINT ACCOUNT

The bank handling the late Mae West's estate was sued by the professional bodybuilder who lived with her for 26 years. Claiming to have had a palimony-style agreement with the actress and to have given up his career at her behest, Paul Novak—at 56, Miss West's junior by 34 years—wanted more than the \$10,000 he had been willed. The executor bank countersued, charging the hefty helper with illegal transfer of funds, but that charge was dismissed when Novak was discovered to have had a joint account with the famed sex symbol. The matter

was closed with his receiving a substantial settlement for his years as Mae's "devoted lover, manager and, in the last years of her life, nurse." Referring to Novak's deposits and withdrawals, his attorney summed up the muscle man's role more succinctly: "He was a joint tenant and had been doing it for years."

At least they all know the school fight song: The *University of Illinois Alumni News*, in its report about the embezzlement conviction of former university vice-president Robert N. Parker, was proud to point out that Parker, class of '47, had been successfully prosecuted by Thomas Difanis, '71, and assistant state's attorney Mike Zopl, '76. Parker's defense lawyer was Arthur Lerner, '57, and he was sentenced to prison by circuit-court judge Harold Jensen, '55.

The notification in *The Dallas Times Herald* of the civil suit that pitted the



Association of Flight Attendants against Texas International Airlines wins our *not just* award this month. Part of the document is a "Description of This Lawshit."

We've spotted an ad for cemetery flowers in which you get your choice of mum, lily or reincarnation.

## OF HUMAN BONDAGE

The new quick-bonding superglues are noted for their ability to fasten together what we often bust up. Now an up-to-the-minute robber has used the stuff to replace the more conventional ropes, chains, handcuffs and tape. The gunman who skipped with an undetermined amount of loot from Wayne's Bait and Supply of Osage Beach, Missouri, did so after gluing the hands of the owner, his wife and daughter and a customer to the floor.

## THE POPE OF STEEL

And now, from the comic-book company that brought you *The Incredible Hulk* and *The Amazing Spider-Man*, comes the latest all-American hero—Pope John Paul II. Marvel Comics has published the life story of the Pope in exciting comic-book form, and if the first book is a hit, there may be more in the offing. "He's not our usual type of character," Marvel president James Galton admits, "but at least he does wear a cape."

## A CON AND THE PROS

In these days of cut-rate, rebate, bargain-banding sloganism in advertising, an Australian ad agency has found someone to endorse a real steal.

Set on an apartment balcony in Brazil, the commercial shows a man sipping De Janeiro java and praising its modest price. "When you're on the run all the

time, like me," he says slyly, "you really appreciate a good cup of coffee." The man is Ronald Biggs, 53, one of the robbers convicted of a \$7,200,000 British mail-train theft some 20 years ago. Biggs escaped from prison and high-tailed it to Brazil for rest and residuals, and—who knows?—this may be a second career. With the nerve-racking possibility of renewed British extradition efforts, we figure he's a likely candidate for the decaffeinated campaign, too.

Chicago's *Cablevision* guide lists a film titled *Apple Dump Gang*. The cause, we suspect, was a lot of green apples.

### LOVE STORY

Not that we think folks are getting jaded or anything, but recently, a fellow entered a posh restaurant in midtown Manhattan and after having a few drinks, pulled out a gun and held up the 50 patrons, escaping with more than \$75,000 in cash and jewelry. And what was the reaction of the victims to this hit-and-run robbery? After the gunman took off, they all stood up and sang "I Love New York."

### TOLLHOUSE KOOKIES

Transit systems around the country are going broke—rapidly. But the Committee for Pedestrian Tolls in Phillipsburg, New Jersey, says that will stop when its program is initiated. "It's time for these walking freeloaders to pay their own way—these so-called pedestrians contribute absolutely nothing" while wearing down the blacktop. The C.P.T. wants to install toll booths and charge five cents a block, which, among other advantages, would subsidize transit fares and result in hundreds of jobs for tolltakers. The committee has even given serious thought to the logistics: Exchange lanes would be provided for those in a hurry. Yes, but who would be in a hurry to get back to New Jersey?

### GRAVE MESSAGES

Gabe Gabor, a Southern California businessman, has begun a service called Heaven's Union—a telegraph line between the here and the hereafter. For \$40, Gabe will take a message of 50 words or less and deliver it to the loved one of the sender's choice via a messenger who "has an illness that makes his departure inevitable in the near future." After the messenger expires, he forwards the missive to that dead-letter office in the sky. How can a sender be sure that his unworldly letter has the correct postage? "You have to have faith," intones Gabe. Meanwhile, if anyone really wants a rush job, he can slip Gabe an extra \$60 and he'll give the message to *three* terminally ill runners.

## CHECKING IN



Robert Crane met with Lesley Ann Warren in Los Angeles. Best known for her steamy portrayals of victims turned heroines, she proved herself a flamboyant comedienne in "Victor, Victoria." Crane reports, "It's difficult to believe that someone who dresses the way she does and acts the way she does is really shy in person."

PLAYBOY: In last spring's *Victor, Victoria*, you gave a spirited portrayal of a dippy blonde. Do you think that when God gives a woman blonde hair, He takes something else away?

WARREN: Playing that kind of character, I felt I was not being taken seriously as a person. People on the set, especially men, responded to me much more flirtatiously.

PLAYBOY: When you played your part in *Victor, Victoria*, was there a blonde person you were getting back at?

WARREN: No, I was playing a character who had no regard for other people. We don't get to do that very often in life. I'm very much aware of what's socially correct. Getting to vent my feelings the minute I felt them, to throw things and scream and push people—I loved it. It was really liberating.

PLAYBOY: You often play good girls who do bad things. What do you think the appeal of that is?

WARREN: I've played women who were victimized by men and by the times and by circumstances. They didn't think that they had a choice. That's a very seductive aspect of pornography.

PLAYBOY: Were you relieved or disappointed when your nude scene in *Victor, Victoria* got cut?

WARREN: It didn't get cut; it got changed. It was the scene at the train station in which I opened my coat; I was supposed to have been nude. Three quarters of the way through shooting the film, Blake Edwards decided that that would be out of step, not within the character or consistent with the times. It would be there purely for shock value, and the film didn't need it. I was really glad it was changed. Oh, God; Blake originally wanted to shoot it in an actual train station. I would have died. It would

have been the end of my career.

PLAYBOY: Having played hookers, show-girls, strippers and now a blonde bimbo, do you have strong convictions about how women are treated these days?

WARREN: I'm definitely pro-E.R.A. It's impossible for me now to play someone who is unquestionably, and with no hope for change, a victim. It's repellent to me. I look for a character to make some kind of internal change. I have a 13-year-old son, and it's really important to me that he get both sides of the story.

PLAYBOY: Which pickup lines work with you?

WARREN: I'm basically shy. I don't feel comfortable with that kind of thing. I met Jeffrey, the man I've been with for five years, while we were working together. I was basically the aggressor in that relationship. I was attracted to him, and my way of getting to know him was very honest. I would knock on his trailer door and say, "What are you doing? Can we talk?"

PLAYBOY: You have a withering stare. Under what circumstances do you exercise it?

WARREN: If you're talking about a sexual kind of look, I don't do that a lot in my own life. I'm much more free to be sexually aggressive in my work. There's definitely a part of me that's very sexual, free and lustful. But in my own life, I don't feel comfortable owning that.

PLAYBOY: Many men are intimidated by you. Do you like that?

WARREN: This is the first time I've heard that. It's taken me many years to feel that I can hold my own with a powerful man. So that's news to me. I'm glad. Great.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could convert a gay man?

WARREN: No. I think people's sexuality



114 BARREL PROOF.  
SO SMOOTH, SOME PEOPLE WON'T GO  
ANYWHERE WITHOUT THE BARREL.

Slightly more portable by  
the bottle.



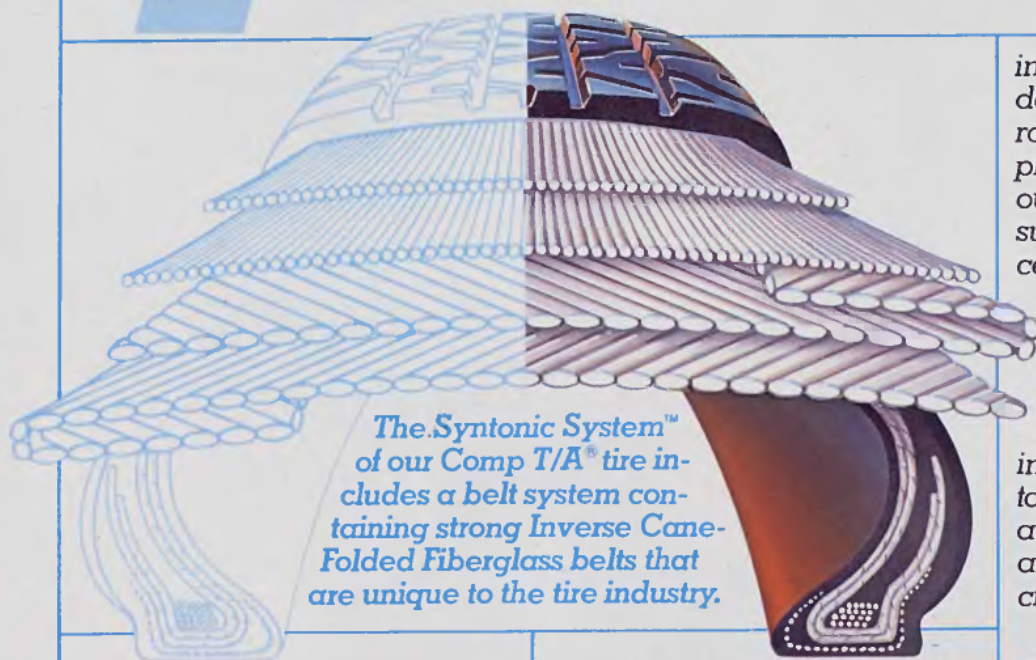
# RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENTS **T/A**® HIGH TECH® RADIALS



## # **4** IN A SERIES OF TECHNICAL REPORTS FROM BFGOODRICH

**OBJECTIVE:** To design a tire construction that yields both exceptional touring and performance characteristics.

**SOLUTION:** Introducing the Syntonic System.™



The Syntonic System™ of our Comp T/A® tire includes a belt system containing strong Inverse Cane-Folded Fiberglass belts that are unique to the tire industry.

internal components, i.e., bead detail and belt location. Holography, however, is a more complex methodology that allows our engineers to view the tire's surface and may indicate certain anomalies that exist between tire layers.

The process of holography is lensless three-dimensional laser photography; a camera is fixed in the center of a rotating turntable on which a tire is placed; a dome covers the turntable and automatically creates a

At BFGoodrich, we have developed a total tire system that attains a high level and optimal balance of touring characteristics (ride, wear, uniformity, noise reduction) and performance characteristics (handling, traction, high-speed capabilities): It's called the Syntonic System.™

The Syntonic System consists of certain internal and external components that, working together, achieve a high level of tire performance. These components include some of the most advanced material designs in the industry, like the unique Inverse Cane-Folded Fiberglass belt system, high-modulus bead filler, and stiff lower sidewall construction that have been utilized in the development of the Comp T/A®—the most recent addition to our

line of BFGoodrich T/A® High Tech® Radials.

The Syntonic System entails the use of sophisticated state-of-the-art design development that includes X-ray inspection, computer-optimized tread design, thorough analysis of street tires through racing, and laser induced holographic examination.

**The implications of holography and X-rays on tire design**

X-rays are ideal for verifying the placement of a tire's



X-rays verify placement of tire's internal components.

® BFGoodrich Co.  
© 1982 BFGoodrich Co.

# BFGoodrich

BFGoodrich races with street tires to optimize performance capabilities.

vacuum inside the chamber. A laser beam enters the chamber, strikes the tire, and reflects back to the camera, which takes pictures of the tire at 90° intervals.

Any areas of separation contained within the tire's layers would move as a result of the vacuum. The use of double exposures allows this movement to be recorded on the holographic film that, when developed, is a hologram.

BFGoodrich utilizes holography to give our engineers maximum insight into the tire's capabilities, leading to construction changes that optimize performance.



## The ultimate tire test

Syntonic System refinements are derived from the race track, which offers the extreme conditions needed to test a tire's endurance and performance.

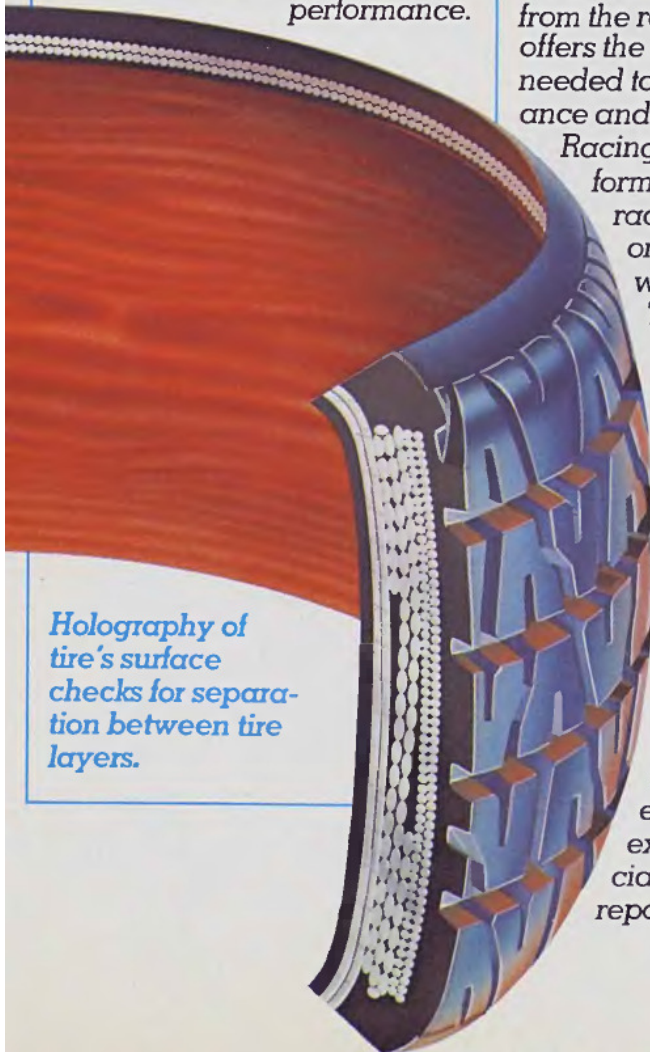
Racing allows our Performance Team to put our race car through extraordinary maneuvers while monitoring our T/A High Tech Radials for acceleration, braking, and cornering. During these grueling races, BFGoodrich engineers check the tires' temperatures with the aid of a pyrometer. These temperatures, along with tread wear and driver comments, are recorded and later evaluated by tire experts and technicians. A post-race report is issued

containing comments and recommendations for improvements to be considered in the manufacturing of T/A High Tech Radials. Some of the refinements in the Syntonic System that have stemmed directly from racing are compound changes, groove-base modifications, and a tread block element redesign on the tire shoulder.

The Syntonic System has been incorporated into the design development of current T/A High Tech Radial Tires and will soon be integrated into upcoming lines of premium high-performance radials. Because the Syntonic System optimizes tire performance... it will set new standards in tire technology.

This is the fourth in a series of articles designed to help you understand how our technology is utilized... and how it benefits you.

Holography of tire's surface checks for separation between tire layers.





## BOTTOM-LINE HIGHER EDUCATION

*In the current economic climate, American universities must retool. Today's students are informed consumers shopping for courses that produce tangible results. The offerings in this fall's catalogs illustrate the trend toward more career bang for the tuition buck. Former all-pro student Lenny Kleinfeld discovered the following.*

**MATHEMATICS 1010A/CREATIVE MATHEMATICS** (Prerequisite: Fine Arts 222/Masterpieces of Trompe l'oeil)—An adventure in deductive reasoning. First half of the semester is devoted to the study of classic tax returns. In the second half, students learn to camouflage receipts, construct shelters and make quick overseas plane reservations. (M., W., F., 8:00–9:30 A.M., Capone Library)

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION 600/ATHLETIC PRODUCTS OF THE FUTURE** (Prerequisite: Phys Ed 400/History of the Track Shoe)—A graduate seminar that encourages students to think big. Past concepts generated include domed little-league stadiums; the women's professional sumo-wrestling circuit; Tex Dex, the first combined smokeless tobacco and time-release amphetamine. (Sun., 2:00–5:00 P.M., Steinbrenner Chapel)

**CHEMISTRY 246/DOMESTIC CHEMISTRY** (Prerequisite: Physics 101/Primal Soup)—Lab course demonstrates the classic and *nouvelle* effects of extreme temperatures on edible compounds. In the fall semester, there is field work in Sonoma County, where students will gather raw materials with which to study fermentation; the spring field work is a hands-on experiment in the fabrication of veal. (T., Th., 5:00–7:00 P.M., Bocuse Lab)

**SOCIOLOGY 444/MARRYING UPWARD** (Prerequisite: Bio 111/Advanced Tanning)—Course combines study of seven-digit marriages with appropriate role-playing exercises. Special attention will be given to prenuptial agreements and strategies for avoiding probate. One student each year will be selected to represent the school in the national competition for the Bouvier Trophy. (M., T., W., Th., F., 1:30–3:00 P.M., Capote Commons TV Lounge)

**CLASSICS 115/INTRODUCTION TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION**—Comprehensive survey of the Sun Belt traces the

development of the shotgun from Judge Roy Bean to Coach Tom Landry. Discussion sections will also explore The Greening of Ralph Lauren, Folklore of the Silicon Chip, The Disappearance of Braniff. (T., Th., 10:00–11:00 A.M., Hunt Cultural Center)

**THEATER ARTS 252/BASIC AGENTING** (Prerequisite: R.O.T.C. 108/Theories of the Bayonet)—Somewhere in L.A., there's a \$30,000,000 lunch with your name on it. What you learn in this course can make the difference between getting a package deal and getting boxed out. Be sensible. Trust us. Sign here. (T., Th., noon–4:00 P.M., Polo Lounge)

**ECONOMICS 610/BUSINESS RACQUETBALL** (M.B.A. candidates only)—Knowing when and how to win gracefully is a fundamental negotiating skill. The course provides an in-depth analysis of the Laffer Serve and Supply-Side Scoring. (M., W., F., 12:30–1:30 P.M., La Costa Memorial Gym)

**PSYCHOLOGY 377/BUREAUCRAT MODIFICATION** (Prerequisite: Middle East Studies 301/Baksheesh)—This lab course is part of a research project to determine the most effective type, size and frequency of reward to facilitate transit through a procedural maze. Comparative studies will be made of American, Common Market, Warsaw Pact and Third World currencies and bureaucratic psyches. (M., W., F., 7:30–9:00 A.M., Vesco Building)

**ENGLISH 448/LITERATURE AS LITERATURE** (Prerequisite: A trust fund)—A course for students who wish to explore a vintage ivory tower. Discussion sections will analyze masterpieces of fiction in terms other than their adaptability to film. Guest lecturers will include famous novelists, who will lead practicums in the relationship between saloons and Western literature. (M., W., F., midnight–2:00 A.M., Elaine's Hall)

is much more complicated than that. I've had some crushes on gay men, which really proves to me that what attracts you to a person isn't necessarily his sexuality—maybe intelligence or talent, certainly initially.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever hit a man?

WARREN: Yeah, but I never hit to hurt. I have been hit by a man. And I know that violence reduces the victim totally. It takes away your dignity.

PLAYBOY: Which is your good side?

WARREN: All sides.

PLAYBOY: More and more women are spending time with younger men. Why?

WARREN: I hate to drop names, but I've talked with Ali MacGraw about that. She's with a man who's 12 years younger than she, and I'm with Jeffrey, who's ten years younger than I. She said, "You don't have to go through the struggle of re-educating a man in terms of equality and the need for independence and all that. It seems to come built in with a younger man."

PLAYBOY: How young is *too* young?

WARREN: I can't imagine being involved with anyone under 21. People are just getting to know who they are in their 20s. So it wouldn't be attractive to me to be with someone who was in that adolescent search.

PLAYBOY: Under what circumstances does enthusiasm make up for lack of experience?

WARREN: Sexually speaking, I don't think enthusiasm ever makes up for lack of experience. There's much more intimacy that comes out of experience. As far as the other areas go, I'm sure nobody cares.

PLAYBOY: If your son only saw your movies, would you be comfortable with the image he had of you?

WARREN: No, not at all. When you're 13, you're bombarded with puberty, and to have your mother be a sexy woman in a larger-than-life situation onscreen is disorienting. I'm sure he would like me to look like the other moms and not be threatening in any kind of way.

PLAYBOY: Do you screen his dates?

WARREN: No, I really do trust his taste. We talk about it.

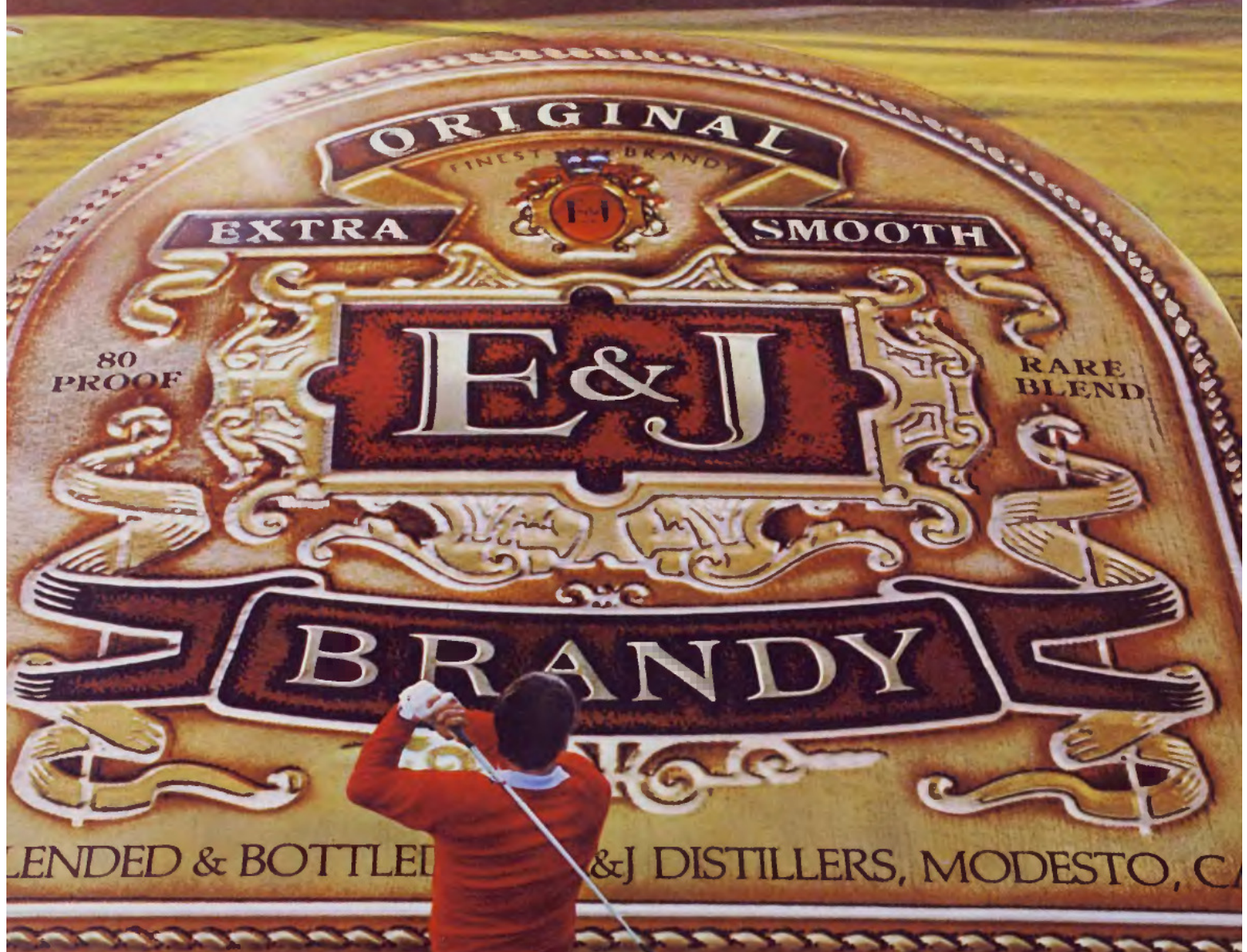
PLAYBOY: What have you told him about fast women?

WARREN: I've really talked with him only about how women and young girls feel when they're beginning to date and how scared they are, even if they don't act that way.

PLAYBOY: What is the most fun you can have in a public place?

WARREN: I'm real affectionate—very, very physical. That's the girl part of me. I love to be picked up and carried and thrown around. Jeffrey and I do a lot of that, and we don't really care where we are. Other than head-on sexual behavior, I don't feel shy about being physical in front of people.





You're just an E&J away from a perfect day.

E&J. The only brandy we know of that's aged in oak and then mellowed through charcoal. Enjoy it straight, over ice, or with your favorite mixer. Only E&J is smooth, rich and rare enough to take a great day... and make it a perfect one.

**E&J BRANDY**

E&J Distillers, Modesto, CA.

# Give Playboy— The Holiday Special!

This year, he'll notice when  
PLAYBOY makes a  
whistle-stop under his  
tree! Treat him and all  
your special friends  
to exciting en-  
tertainment  
year-  
round.  
Order  
today.



**GIVE MORE/SAVE MORE \$22** first 12-issue gift. **\$20** for each additional gift.  
(Save \$15.00\*) (Save \$17.00\*)

Send a 12-issue subscription to: \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

My Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

Gift Card(s) will be sent to you to announce your special gift(s).

For each gift of PLAYBOY, you will receive this special Gift Card to send to your friends.



Enter additional subscriptions on separate sheet.

**Please complete the following:**

- Start or renew my own subscription.
- I am enclosing \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ subscriptions.
- Bill me after January 1, 1983.

\*Based on \$37.00 newsstand price.  
Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only.  
Canadian gift rate: first gift, \$27; additional gifts, \$25.

**Or Order by Phone  
24 Hours a Day.**

**Call TOLL-FREE 800-228-3700**

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

Mail your order to: **PLAYBOY**  
**P.O. Box 2523**  
**Boulder, Colorado 80322**

7AAW7

*Happy Holidays  
Karen Miller*



## DIVERSIONS

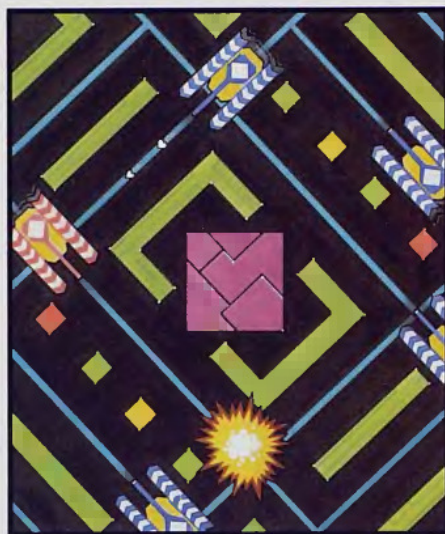
Since Pong first kicked the Foosball game out of the neighborhood bar, video games have issued ever greater challenges, thrusting players outward from the friendly confines of earth. Now **TRON** presents the logical extension of computer-game evolution, sucking us back to *inner* space, into the unfamiliar guts of the thinking machine. It's a jungle in there, and in a metaphorical search for the computer's heart, we encounter a mechanical solipsism in which the machine is the universe.

Disney's *TRON* film, whatever you think of its pedestrian plot, is the computer age's answer to *Fantasia*. Other science-fiction epics have fired us off to future worlds and parallel planets, but *TRON* takes place in the electrified innards of a computer. Its success has inspired tons of *TRON* T-shirts and action figures and noodle separators, and now its galvanic gonads have spawned three electronic games that pit players against the video villains of the movie.

Mattel's Intellivision *TRON* package offers reasonable facsimiles of two of the film's more dynamic confrontations. In *Deadly Discs*, you trade fire with swarms of warriors who seem to have microchips on their shoulders—they're happy only when zapping you with electronically enhanced Frisbees. In *Maze-a-Tron* (dumb names, aren't they?), you slip through a busload of integrated circuits to disable an evil computer. Anyone familiar with the arcade *TRON* will be disappointed by the simplicity of Mattel's games.

Tomy's *TRON*, on the other hand (on either hand, actually; it's hand-held), does well within its limitations of size and intricacy. It has a decent variation on the movie's light-cycle race, a Frisbee fight with archvillain Sark and a very boring ringtoss with MCP, the Master Control Program of the film. Tomy's *TRON* is a cute little debbil—you can see the printed circuits through its smoked-plastic console—and it provides many minutes of enjoyment. But maybe it's deliberate that the console comes presmoked; any good game player will smoke the machine with an hour's practice. Still, Tomy's game gives a lot of good play until you start beating it.

But the best and (literally) brightest of them all is Bally/Midway's arcade *TRON*. This ultraviolet powerhouse's popularity is X-ing out Zaxxon and shooting down Donkey Kong. It's a work of coin-op art, four video games in one. There's a spider skirmish, in which you play futuristic exterminator, tackling hordes of arrogant arachnids that like the taste of your brain. There's a cone climb—shoot your way up what looks like a 21st Century crayon and MCP (who truly sucks) will suck you up



Bally's maze tanks you very much.

### TRON sings the hobbies electric—here's how to beat the best.

to the next level. If that's not enough, try the tank maze, in which you have to hit enemy tanks thrice but they have to hit you only once (they carry around fire-colored wounds if hit once or twice). Finally, there's an incomparable "chicken" game, in which you roar through right-angle turns on a motorcycle made of light, running your foes into contrails that become walls. The spider and cone games are uninspired, but the tank segment is a terrific combination of tank and maze games. And the action in the light-cycle sequence makes Hell's Angels look like tough-talking tricyclists. For true videophiles, taking on three streaking enemy cycles with your lone heroic one has to be the next best thing to piloting the Millennium Falcon.

These *TRON* games are not the ultimate explication of computer technology; they're just toys that bandy about technical terms for electric effect. But they do familiarize us with the computer, if only in the most rudimentary fashion. The more we know about our thinking machines, the less we have to worry about some future day when *they* start playing *us*.

Well, hand-held and home games are for fun, but coin-op games are for serious competition. What every arcade crusader wants is a bit of Bally's blood. How can you become a superstar at the arcade *TRON* and be a member of what insiders call the electTRON? It's not easy—not like memorizing one pattern and mesmerizing old Pac-Man. So I went to

Richard Ross of Jacksonville, Florida, who won the recent national *TRON* tournament with a score of (get this) 1,830,044, to ask for strategic suggestions.

"The important thing to remember about *TRON*," he says, "is that the tank and light-cycle games are the toughest. Concentrate on finding the patterns that will beat them. You can free-lance on the spider and cone games. Well, there are some things to keep in mind about the cone game: First, run to the side the cone's rotating *from*. Shoot straight up over your head and move in the direction of the cone's rotation. You'll shoot a path through the blocks and you can move up into the top of the cone."

Fine. Now we can handle the cone, and the spiders look meaner than they play. What about the light cycles?

Ross pauses—like J. Robert Oppenheimer trying to explain fission to Darryl Dawkins.

"Everybody has a different attack. You should just practice at first. When you find a pattern that works once, write it down and memorize it. Then try it on the next level. Slowly, you'll learn a pattern for every level of difficulty. I always start with the throttle full forward at maximum speed. On most screens, I cut left, then go to the top of the screen and take a right past where the enemy cycles started. Three cycles are the most you'll ever see, but they get faster, while your speed stays the same. Just don't forget that the point is to box them inside your larger trail. Then go on to the tanks."

Hurray—on to the armored nightmare.

"Sure, the tanks are the toughest, but they're not so bad if you remember to move *up* first. On the first board, go to the top of the pink diamond in the middle of the screen. You can shoot through the diamond, but the other tanks can't. From there, it's easy to pick off the one enemy tank. It gets much harder on the later boards. Once you work your way into a pattern that has some promise, don't forget what hit you at the end if you do get killed. The next time, stop short of that particular aisle and take out the tank that got you before. Any time your tank is less than halfway into an aisle—even if your turret's out there—the other tanks in that aisle won't fire on you. In an emergency, you can drive right into the pink diamond. You'll appear somewhere else on the board—a lot of times, right on top of another tank. I don't recommend it."

If Ross's *TRON* strategies sound like a long-cut combination of skill and trial and error, I'll leave you a last little byte of information: From the first token he dropped into the slot to the last game of the national championship, Richard Ross played *TRON* for 40 days. —KEVIN COOK



# Everyone Needs a Little Comfort<sup>®</sup>

The temperature was hot and the competition hotter. Now's the time to serve up the cool, refreshing taste of Southern Comfort and orange juice. We call this thirst-quenching combination "O.J. Comfort." Your guests will call it delicious!

To order your set of six 11 ounce Highball glasses, send a check or money order for \$16.95 (plus \$1.00 shipping and handling) or your Visa or MasterCard number to Southern Comfort, 1220 North Price Road, St. Louis MO 63132. To speed your order, use your Visa or MasterCard and call toll free 1-800-325-4038 (in Missouri: 1-314-993-6606). Void where prohibited by law.

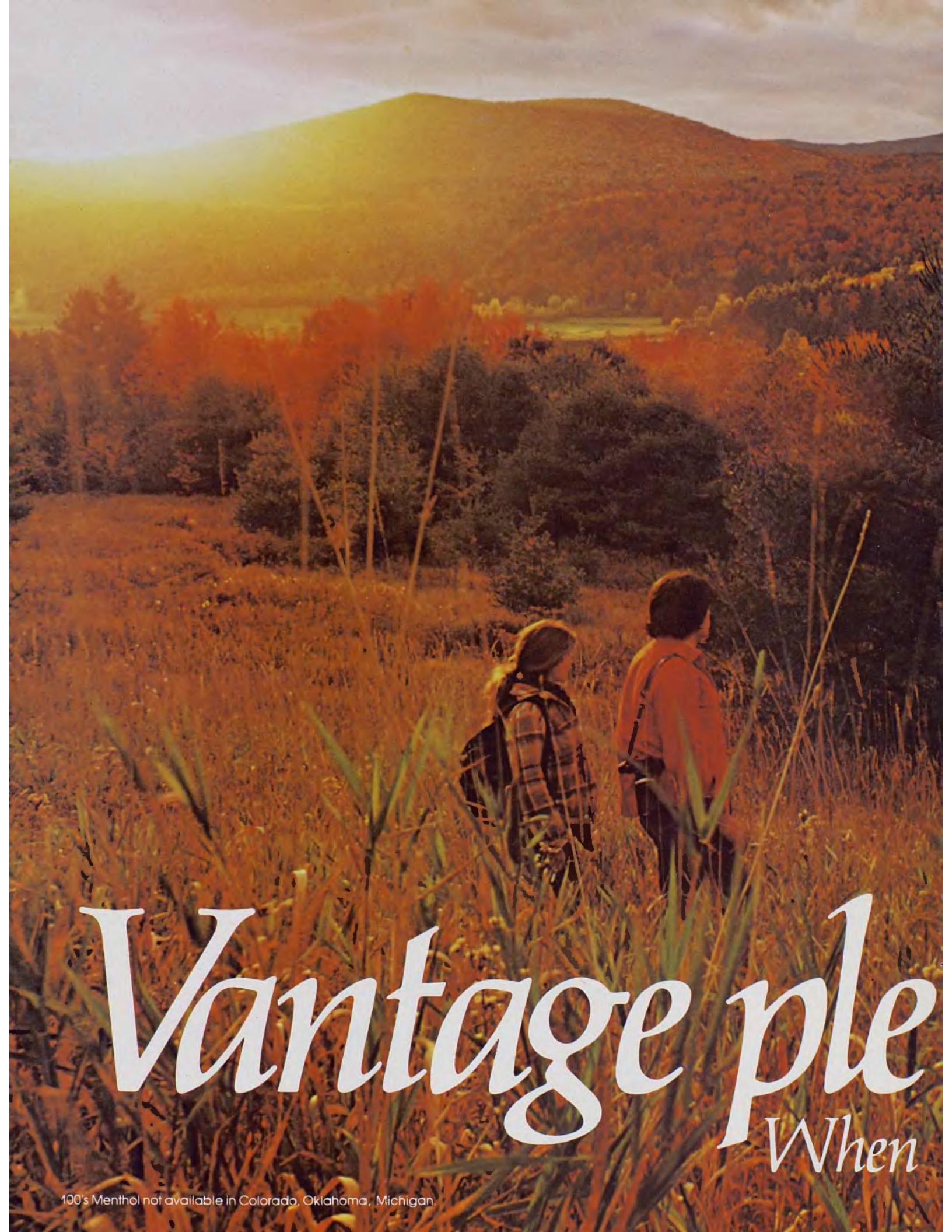
## Southern Comfort

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. 63132. ©1982.

### O.J. Comfort

Pour 2 ounces of Southern Comfort over ice in a tall glass, add orange juice, stir gently and enjoy.





# *Vantage ple* *When*

100's Menthol not available in Colorado, Oklahoma, Michigan

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

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

*New!*  
*100s Menthol*



© 1992 P.J. Harwin & Sons, Inc.

*ASURES*

*you want good taste and low tar, too.*



Stewart, Ian, Dad and Miles III.

**COPELAND CLAN-DESTINY:** Last year, *The Police* arrived in Cairo, Egypt, for a concert. Because of a religious holiday, customs, along with the band's equipment, was closed. The story goes that Miles Copeland III, the band's manager, placed a call to an associate of his father; shortly thereafter, the amps and the guitars were waved through on orders from high-level authority. Even *The Police* were impressed. The father, Miles Copeland II, was one of the founders of the CIA and, for various reasons—including the one described above—has been a welcome aide in his three sons' booming music careers.

Son Stewart is drummer and composer for *The Police*, the only band in the world to parlay New Wave music into a major financial success. Ian's company, Frontier Booking International (F.B.I.), arranges tours and concerts for dozens of New Wave bands in the United States. Miles III manages *The Police* and runs two record companies—the International Record Syndicate (I.R.S.) and Spy Records. If their penchant for sharing their companies' initials with law-enforcement agencies indicates a fascination with their dad's line of work, it also suggests their affection for the man.

"Our father is a legitimate genius," says Miles III, 38. "He wrote the biography of *The Police* in the current program—his writing style is kind of like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., on LSD."

The elder Copeland, who once told a reporter that he had chosen spying over soldiering at the start of World War Two because secret agents got to stay in better hotels, was instrumental in overthrowing the Syrian government in 1948, among other actions.

While their father skulked around the Middle East, the brothers grew up in such exotic places as Cairo and Beirut. "I used to find old CIA manuals labeled TOP SECRET lying around the house," Miles III says. "I thought I'd follow in Dad's footsteps, but he discouraged me. He said all the fun days were over."

Copeland senior, who had played trumpet with the big bands of Erskine Hawkins, Charlie Barnet and Glenn Miller before his CIA days, made early contributions to each of his sons' careers. "The first set of drums I got Stewart were tom-toms that had been a gift from Kwame Nkrumah, the former president of Ghana," the father muses. Later, he urged Miles III to go into business. With a master's degree in the economics of underdeveloped nations, Miles III quickly applied his skills by separating some of the Kuwaitis from their newly acquired oil money. As soon as he discov-

ered that overnight wealth applied to rock groups as well as to Kuwaitis, he was on his way to London as an agent.

"Ian is my clone," says his father. "He chased girls and got into fights, and when I was his age, I did, too." Once, Ian hopped on his BSA 650 and ran away from home, hiding out in a tough section of Beirut. But, says Ian, "After about two weeks of hiding, Dad tracked me down. He told me for the first time that he worked for the CIA." Then Father gave Ian some money and suggested that he run away to England, where Ian went to work for Miles III, who soon began managing *The Police* and *Squeeze*. Stewart soon became a rock star; Ian moved to Macon, Georgia, and began to import a steady stream of New Wave bands, all of which led to the top.

Miles III, who has just bought his parents a new house in Oxford, claims that his father loves to bring friends to hear their New Wave bands. Says Dad, "I do think Stewart is the second-best drummer in the world—after Buddy Rich. Of course, Stewart makes more money in a month than Buddy makes in a year."

At 69, Copeland—who claims to be retired from the CIA but may do spot consulting work on security problems in the Middle East and Africa—can now, presumably, pursue his own interests. Right now, he has a book in the works called *The Boy-Girl Game*. He concedes that it seems appropriate that a man who once wrote a handbook on clandestine operations for the CIA should be advising young women how to handle their men. He says that the book is "all about the tricks that each sex plays to catch the other." How did he get to be such an expert? "No comment."

—TOM PASSAVANT

## REVIEWS

Throughout their history, *The Eagles* took the rap for mellow—shortland

## TRUST US



### HOT

1. Buddy Guy & Junior Wells / *Drinkin' TNT 'n' Smokin' Dynamite*
2. Billy Joe Shaver
3. The Dorsey / *Sinatra Sessions*
4. King Crimson / *Beat*
5. MC5 / *Kick Out the Jams* (reissue)



### NOT

1. MECO / *Swingtime's Greatest Hits*
2. Mormon Tabernacle Choir / *Songs America Loves Best Vol. III—The Twenties*
3. Frank Barber / *Hooked on Big Bands*
4. Billy Idol / *Hot in the City*
5. Axe / *Offering*

You may not find Hot item number one at your record store, but you can kick your blues by sending \$8 to Blind Pig Records, 208 South First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103.



# "I never knew gold rum tasted like this."



If you're still  
drinking  
whiskey  
on the rocks...

it's because you  
haven't tasted  
gold rum  
on the rocks.



Try gold rum – the smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians, even Scotch. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

**Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.**

Rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity.

No wonder 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.



## **RUMS OF PUERTO RICO**

*Aged for smoothness and taste.*

For free "Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-10, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico

# R&B Roundup

Ever since Ray Charles asked the immortal question "What'd I say?" neither lovers nor dancers have sated their appetites for sweet, juicy American rhythm-and-blues. There were a few moments when disco automation dominated radio and dance floors and made embarrassingly successful forays into bedrooms, but the heartfelt romance of R&B is back, and the message is the same: It's five P.M. Friday, so let's party! Here, then, are a few imperatives to bear in mind when your local d.j. says, "Just tell me what you want."

**The Funk**, a.k.a. **The Right Stuff**, can be slick and sly, like Earth, Wind & Fire and Chic, or down and dirty, à la Parliament/Funkadelic and the Barks; either way, its roots are in the chicken-scratch guitar licks and the heavy back beat of James Brown's and Sly Stone's booty-shaking Sixties hits. Beware of fake funk that merely sets the toes tapping. True funk attacks the solar plexus and quickly spreads throughout the body, inflicting a severe case of stomatitis.

**Punk Funk** is a mutant strain, with cranked-up bass, fuller horn arrangements, lots of onstage leather and lace and a decidedly kinky outlook. Rick James sums up the aggressive, *macho* side of the genre, while Prince—with his bikini briefs—represents the likelier side.

**The Smooth Stuff** revels in sleek melodies and streamlined rhythms and often cruises to the top of the pop charts. Here the Commodores and Kool & The Gang walk that fine line between syncopated strut and purely pop fluff with grace and aplomb. It's a tradition that stretches back to Nat "King" Cole, and today, the logical successor to his throne is crooner/guitarist George Benson.

**Hi-Tone-Harmony** groups constitute another R&B tradition that refuses to die, and you'd best believe they're still singing about L-U-V. The Jacksons are the sultans of group sing, brother Michael having made a smooth transition from cherub-faced falsetto to impassioned tenor several years back. The ultraromantic Fifties and Sixties guy-group style lives on in such contemporary units as The Whispers, Ray, Goodman & Brown and the Spinners. And The Four Tops still cook their rich Motor City melodies. Girl groups, bless 'em, flourish today in abundance: Sassy, Spandexed Sister Sledge had a recent hit with an upbeat remake of Mary Wells's early-Sixties Motown chestnut *My Guy*, which proves that old wine in new bottles still packs a punch.

**Love Men** trace their roots back to the legendary soul singers Otis Redding and Sam Cooke, and their job is to

sing songs that make women melt. Some R&B purists can be heard muttering, "Not since Otis died." And now that Teddy Pendergrass is recuperating from a near-fatal car crash and Al Green is a preacher, we'll have to rely on Ray Parker, Jr.'s, rich arrangements and sensitive ballads and on newcomer Luther Vandross' sophisticated but vulnerable style.

**Divas** tend toward the glam and the glitz of showbiz after they've been around awhile, but the best ones overhaul their images and their musical approaches every couple of years to let us know that soul women are as essential to contemporary R&B as get-down funk. Diana Ross, Aretha Franklin and Gladys Knight, for example, are in fine voice these days, and each has produced strong pop albums in the past year. And the return of Tina Turner's legs to American music must not be underestimated.

**Reggae** has some strong roots in American R&B, so when a Jamaican band such as Third World releases an album that Stevie Wonder coproduced, you know the forms are moving closer together. Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, the hottest *reggae* producers working, had a hit with Grace Jones's *Nightclubbing* LP. Look for a lot more Jamaican "riddims" to turn up in Stateside R&B this year.

**Legends** keep on recording important new albums, alternately influencing and following trends, and three Motown greats are still in peak competitive shape: Smokey Robinson has bounced back as one of the great sweet balladeers of all time, and Marvin Gaye's self-produced output usually varies in reverse ratio to how much he's in debt for alimony payments. Stevie Wonder continues to represent the best of all possible worlds, whether it's R&B, pop or jazz.

**James Brown** deserves a category all to himself. He's still the hardest-working man in show business, breaking out in a *Cold Sweat* onstage more than 200 nights a year. Now, that's class.

—CRISPIN CIOE

for a laid-back California music with drifting harmonies and redundant choruses. It was a bad rap, because the band's lyrics were frequently anything but mellow and often reflected the overwound mainspring of drummer Don Henley, who with the other members agreed to disband the supergroup for the Eighties. Now Henley's first solo effort, *I Can't Stand Still* (Asylum), takes revenge on a gossip-hungry public and the boys in the newsroom. The music and lyrics here are hot and angry. The anger reaches out more public-spiritedly in *Johnny Can't Read* and in what may be the first antinuke juke tune, *Them and Us*, a bouncy nuclear-annihilation rocker. This is a touching and exciting album; it is not mellow at all.

One evening last year, we were preparing to go to see *Superman II*. We went about our toilette, with the PBS-TV program *Austin City Limits*, featuring a hot-blooded saloon-style concert by stringman Roy (*Hee-Haw*) Clark and his band, as background. Sometime between the shower and the deodorant, it occurred to us that Clark's energetic performances on guitar, fiddle and banjo deserved to be more than background, so we stayed home and chose the strings of steel over the Man of Steel. We recommend *Roy Clark Live from Austin City Limits* (Churchill/MCA) to anyone who's ever accused Clark of selling out for the big time.

On *Somewhere in the Stars* (Columbia), Rosanne Cash reaches for the stars and, luckily, her ambitions never exceed her reach. She finally appears confident with her own unabashed country style—no more dipping into the rock-a-billy archives or sweating out an R&B trip that she just can't take. Here she sings her guts out and comes off as well as any female singer at the mike stand today. This is one of the best country ventures of the year.

Punk, the minimalist rock-'n'-roll form that has slammed around the country for years, fortunately refuses to die. Now it's thriving in L.A., particularly on new albums by X and by the Go-Go's and on an EP by an unknown phenom called King Cotton. Guitars that sound like drums and female singers who sound like toys are what these groups have in common. X's *Under the Big Black Sun* (Elektra) may be the rock LP of the year, with its hard-working rhythms, grown-up lyrics, strong melodies and master guitarist Billy Zoom. If radio has any guts, you'll hear a lot from X. The Go-Go's have followed their successful debut album with the slower-paced *Vacation* (I.R.S.). It isn't as hook-laden as the first but includes the signature Go-Go beat and



Dr. Bosley  
explains

# Why Hair Transplantation Works.

## Your own living and growing hair

Living hair on the back and sides of the head is relocated and meticulously distributed over bald and thinning areas, where it quickly takes "root." After a short resting period it GROWS and continues to grow for life.

## Hair Transplantation results improved by NEW medical advances

Male Pattern Reduction (MPR<sup>SM</sup>) developed by the Bosley Medical Group greatly reduces bald or thinning areas, allowing successful hair transplants upon patients formerly rejected as "too bald." Micrograft<sup>SM</sup> is another BMG development that creates a softer, more natural hairline.

## Integrity and Professionalism

All our physicians are members of the American Medical Association (AMA), skilled in the science and art of Hair Transplantation. More hair transplant procedures and MPRs are performed at our Group's outpatient facilities than at any other single medical center in the world.

Not everyone is a candidate for Hair Transplantation and MPR. Your eligibility will be determined by one of our physicians during your no-cost consultation.

## Are you ready to improve your appearance?

First, educate yourself on Hair Transplantation, MPR, Micrograft, cost, tax benefits. Simply ask for our FREE Hair Transplantation information package.

Call us. It could change your life.



**Call  
collect  
213-651-0011**

Ask for complete information regarding our special reimbursement plan to cover your air travel to Beverly Hills.

## Bosley Medical Group

L. Lee Bosley, M.D.  
*Founder and Director*  
Certified Diplomate of the  
American Board of Dermatology

**Beverly Hills:**  
8447 Wilshire Blvd.  
(at La Cienega)  
213/651-4444

**Newport Beach:**  
3961 MacArthur Blvd.  
(at Jamboree)  
714/752-2227

Or mail this  
request for  
information today

# It worked for Doug.

Doug Howarth, program coordinator for a leading aerospace corporation, is just one of thousands of men who have come to the Bosley Medical Group to find a permanent solution to baldness through Hair Transplantation.

**MPR, Hair Transplantation and related procedures are 100% tax deductible as medical expense.**

Photographs: Herb Kravitz 1982  
© 1982 Bosley Medical Group • A Medical Corporation

## Bosley Medical Group

PB11/82

**Beverly Hills:**  
8447 Wilshire Blvd. (at La Cienega) 213/651-4444

**Newport Beach:**  
3961 MacArthur Blvd. (at Jamboree) 714/752-2227

Send me more information on Hair Transplantation at the Bosley Medical Group, at no cost and no obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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



# Best System Ever For Winning With Women!

Here's the most complete system ever for doing better with women—NOW at an incredible \$25 savings. You get: Eric Weber's new enlarged HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS, HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN, HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN, THE SHY PERSON'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND LOVING, and 100 BEST OPENING LINES. Yes, after just one hour with this revolutionary system you'll be meeting, attracting, and making dates with beautiful women. . . **guaranteed!**

You'll learn: • **Over 200 Great Opening Lines** • How to be sexier to women • **The "Ultimate Compliment"** • Getting women to fantasize about you • **World's best pickup technique** • Special words that attract women • **Making shyness work for you** • Places where women *always* outnumber men • **Getting women to approach you** • Over 100 photos of beautiful girls. • **and much, much more!**

So stop wasting your money on fancy cars and expensive clothes. With our world-famous ENCYCLOPEDIA, you'll never have a problem with women again. And by ordering now, you save an incredible \$25! The 5-volume ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINNING WITH WOMEN is fully *guaranteed*. You've got absolutely nothing to lose, and a *fantastic*, women-filled love life to gain. So order now and start winning with women right away!

**Save \$25.00 on these Five Famous Bestsellers!**



**Guaranteed!**

## ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINNING WITH WOMEN!



To order THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WINNING WITH WOMEN send only \$49.95 complete (a savings of \$25!) to:

**SYMPHONY PRESS, INC.**  
Dept. PB-K  
P.O. Box 515,  
Tenafly, N.J. 07670.

Include your name and address. MC and VISA accepted. . . Send card number and expiration date. Charge-card holders (only) may also order by phone. Call toll free anytime:

**800-631-2560**

(In N.J., call: 201-569-8555)

Allow 1-3 weeks for delivery. Order any book separately by sending \$12.95 plus \$2.00 shipping per book and indicating title(s) below:

- HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS
- 100 BEST OPENING LINES
- HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE WOMAN
- HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN
- THE SHY PERSON'S GUIDE TO LOVE AND LOVING

**Full, 30 day money-back guarantee. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS is also available in many bookstores.**

surf guitar. Island Records execs knew nothing about King Cotton but liked the multiracial L.A. band's demo tape so much that they issued it as *Stick to the Grind*, a funky, danceable, calypso-punk record with a big beat and peculiar lyrics. There's definitely some fun under the hot California sun.

A woman in our office likes Lindsey Buckingham's voice on Fleetwood Mac's *Mirage* (Warner) for two reasons: It's just this side of a schnauzer's yelp and something in its texture reminds her of that moment before orgasm. There are other reasons why the album is interesting: Mick Fleetwood's Africanized drumming; the clear voices of McVie and Nicks; songs—particularly *Hold Me*—that argue their cases eloquently. There are missteps, too: Sometimes the group sounds so dreamy, even *they* almost fall asleep. But this gang earns every success on this album, and there are quite a few of them.

It is not easy to look at that short man in his late 50s—slightly thick in the waist, wearing glasses—and suspect that he is the hippest jazz singer around. But he is. For doubters, there's *Tormé/Encore at Marty's, New York* (Flair), a live set at one of Mel's favorite Manhattan hangouts. The songs are, as ever, chosen with impeccable taste—*Lulu's Back in Town*, an Astaire medley, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Day in, Day Out* and *Stormy Weather* among them. The backing—by pianist Mike Renzi, bassist Jay Leonhart and drummer Donny Osborne—is crisp and empathetic. Through it all, there's Mel's imagination, wit and that mellow, fluid, incomparably inventive voice. Long may he wail.

#### SHORT CUTS

**Ph.D.** (Atlantic): A promising debut that doctors up our notion of punk with a couple of R&B-flavored cuts, danceable rock and tight harmonies. Worth the price.

**Gene Watson / *This Dream's on Me*** (MCA): Another disc that makes us wonder how long this fine singer can remain a secret.

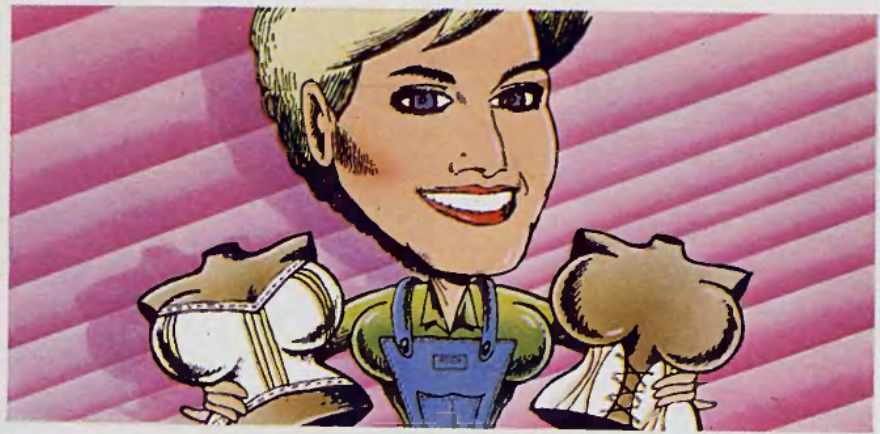
**Johnny Griffin / *To the Ladies*** (Galaxy): Terrific sax blowing and backup but really dumb song titles. *Soft and Furry?*

**Marty Stuart / *Busy Bee Café*** (Sugar Hill): A talented studio string man solos with a few friends—Johnny Cash, Earl Scruggs and Doc and Merle Watson.

**Cleo Laine & Dudley Moore / *Smilin' Through*** (Finisse): Fresh out of Oxford, Moore landed a job playing piano for Laine and husband John Dankworth. This reunion is a casual get-together; everyone gets along—but nothing very serious gets discussed.

**Josie Cotton / *Convertible Music*** (Elektra): Cruising music, with quirky, sexy songs such as her underground hit *Johnny, Are You Queer?*

## FAST TRACKS



**GIRDLING HER LDINS DEPARTMENT:** Olivia Newton-John has been signed to star in an Australian film, *Undercover*, which will begin rolling right after the first of the year. *Undercover* is not a cop movie; it's a comedy, set in the Twenties, about a country girl who goes to work in a foundation-garment factory. What's that, you ask? An underwear factory. Olivia is also planning another movie—a comedy with music—with John Travolta. She says, "We'll be playing adults this time, not kids." Maybe we're about to see Olivia actually get physical.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Charlie Daniels may have found the script he's been looking for to make his movie debut. Says Daniels, "I'd play an outdoor character in the 1860s, kind of a mountain man." Sounds right to us. . . . Richard Pryor and Gregory Hines are going to co-star in a movie about the late, great Charlie Parker. . . . D. A. Pennebaker, who made *Don't Look Back* and *Monterey Pop*, is working on a film combining interviews and concert footage of guitarist Mike Bloomfield, who died last year. Other Bloomfield news: A book's in the works, and PBS is interested in filming a book Mike wrote himself, *Me and Big Joe Williams*. . . . Good Gawd Department: We hear that Dolly Parton and Bette Midler may make a movie together. . . . There is a feature documentary in the works on Steve Miller's latest tour. . . . John Travolta and Brian De Palma have given up on the idea of trying to make a film based on the life of Jim Morrison. Instead, they may team up and do a story of a Morrison type similar to the way Midler did the Janis Joplin character in *The Rose*. . . . Looks like Liza is set for Ken Russell's *Evita*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Linda Ronstadt will try an album of standards after all, with Peter Asher producing. Last year's stab at the project was scrapped. Nelson Riddle will work on arranging and conducting. . . . John McEnroe has been taking private music lessons from David Bowie, we hear. . . . Maurice Gibb had so much fun covering the Gran.mys as a reporter for *Good Morning, America* that he's going to cover music on that show perma-

nently. He'll appear on a semiregular basis. More Gibb news: Brother Barry bought one of Bing Crosby's golf putters at auction in San Francisco. . . . The Dead's drummer, Mickey Hart, has scored *The Vietnam Experience*, a 13-week PBS series on Vietnam, airing now. . . . A musical play called *Lennon* has come to off-Broadway from Liverpool. It's the story of Lennon's life with Beatles music, but it's not *Beatlemania* stuff. Liverpool reviews were good. . . . *Second Generation Department:* Zappa and Ringo aren't the only guys with kids who perform. There's a new band in London called the *Launderettes*, headed by a 13-year-old young lady named Emma Townshend. . . . For the first time in 20 years, Abbey Road recording studios will be open for any music act to use. The Beatles made it famous, and the opening of the studios to non-EMI artists coincided with the anniversary of the boys' first session, for *Love Me Do*. Other Beatles news: Finally, Liverpool's Cavern Club is to be resurrected as part of a \$14,000,000 scheme to redevelop part of the city as a living memorial to the Beatles. It was buried under concrete nine years ago. If they can't unearth it, they'll rebuild.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** We like this one: Martha Davis and the Motels agreed to open for J. Geils's American tour, but they weren't sure about going on to play Japan. Said Davis, "I never go to Japan on the first date." . . . And las of all: Roger Corman's next movie, *The Disc Jockey*, is about an ugly guy with a great voice. Women swoon until they see him. Why, then, would we want to see him? —BARBARA NELLIS

# MOVIES

Imagine a drunken movie star doing a guest spot on a major TV variety show called *Comedy Cavalcade* back in 1954, with one of the show's junior writers assigned to keep the superstar sober until air time. That's all ye need to know about the plot of *My Favorite Year* (MGM), an old-fashioned farcical mishmash full of wildly mixed blessings but mostly redeemed by a string of hilarious comic highlights. Peter O'Toole plays the flamboyant, swashbuckling actor, apparently someone a lot like Errol Flynn. Joe Bologna plays the TV star, someone not unlike Sid Caesar in his heyday. Movie newcomer Mark Linn-Baker is the young writer, someone rather like Mel Brooks way back when. Maybe. Anyway, Brooks's company coproduced the movie, a directorial debut for actor Richard Benjamin, who is occasionally heavy-handed but is helped by his step-lively cast. O'Toole oozes style and class from every pore, as usual, equally at home with drunkard jokes, sex jokes, Jewish jokes and knockdown, drag-out slapstick. Also, it's fun to see former-sexpot singer Lainie Kazan (whose last rescue mission was *One from the Heart*) emerge as a top comedienne. Here, she's cast as Linn-Baker's formidable Jewish mother, a dragon lady apt to greet a dinner guest with "Welcome to our humble chapeau." Although *Favorite Year* doesn't gel half the time, the better half is fruity, firm and delicious. **★★½**

His sunny disposition and that phenomenal voice carry Italy's Luciano Pavarotti to another personal triumph in *Yes, Giorgio* (MGM). The sound track socks it across, with the great tenor performing operatic showstoppers, plus such pop favorites as *Santa Lucia* and *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. *Mama mia*, there's the rub. You gotta have some kind of movie as a framework to display a world-class artist. (For another framework, see this month's *Playboy Interview* with Pavarotti.) In this case, they've come up with a wry romance between a touring concert star and a lady doctor (Kathryn Harrold) who knows he's a contentedly married man but decides a fling might be fun. It's a silly piece of fluff but no sillier than some of the plots used by Mozart and Verdi and somewhat more sophisticated in tone than those cinematic pastas in which Mario Lanza and Kathryn Grayson used to flounder. Harrold is a fetching nonsinger who can act, and her illustrious co-star acquits himself well, too, under the direction of Franklin J. Schaffner (a long way from his Oscar-winning *Patton*). Lanza's screen career went to pot, literally,



O'Toole hams up his Year.

O'Tooleing around with Peter; romancing on the high Cs with Pavarotti.



Pavarotti, si; *Giorgio*, maybe.



Adrienne meets her match.

because of weight problems. Pavarotti outshines him in every department and may become a movie star if there's a place in the Hollywood firmament for

golden-tenor Teddy bears. Meanwhile, buy the record and bear with *Giorgio*. **★★**

George Romero's off-the-wall *Creepshow* (Warner), a cinematic comic strip from an original script by Stephen King, was supposed to even things up for all those loyal King readers who hated what Stanley Kubrick did with *The Shining*. I'm not sure the point is made in this omnibus film designed as a horror-comic spoof, a varied collection of eerie tales that range in quality from poor to perfect. Romero made his reputation with *Night of the Living Dead* and *Dawn of the Dead*, cult favorites, a pair of shockers so grisly that no one noticed that he's not especially good at handling actors. Here, he is mocking the kind of movie he used to do and seems convinced that strenuous overacting will make everyone funny. Leslie Nielsen, as a jealous husband who buries his wife and her lover neck-deep on the beach and sets up closed-circuit TV to record his diabolical revenge, is left high and dry by Romero. So is Adrienne Barbeau, opposite Fritz Weaver and Hal Holbrook in a gory minishocker titled *The Crate*, about a boxed monster that devours a henpecked professor's wife. *Creepshow's* pièce de résistance is *They're Creeping Up on You*, a droll masterwork starring E. G. Marshall as a rich, utterly nasty old man who goes berserk in a modern Manhattan tower infested with wall-to-wall cockroaches. Marshall knows how to ham it up with no loss of credibility. Last in the line-up, he's hilarious and such a take-charge performer that I kept wishing he had been there from the beginning to score more points for King. **★★**

Among those midsummer specials that may stand a chance of surviving until the first frost is *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (Universal/RKO), otherwise known as *Hello, Burt and Dolly*. Everyone must know by now that the movie is based on the Broadway hit musical, which was based on a Larry L. King story originally published in *PLAYBOY*. A lot has been taken out of the show—mainly pungent detail about the girls in Miss Mona's cat house—to make room for cutesy-sexy star turns by Dolly Parton and Burt Reynolds. Burt doesn't have much to do, but Dolly's irrepressible as always, her cleavage garnished with a million dollars' worth of spangles, and both seem to be having fun while Dom DeLuise and Charles Durning damn near steal the show—DeLuise as a moral watchdog who stuffs socks in his crotch, Durning as the hard-pressed, side-stepping governor of the Lone Star State. What's been added to *Best Little*

# Jitters?



Face it. You're serious about her. Serious enough to let these rings catch your eye. And that's sure to give you a case



of the jitters. But relax.



Relief is as close as the nearest Zales.

Zales diamond rings come with built-in jitter relievers. Like Zales Diamond Bond, a limited 5-year warranty available in every Zales store.

It's your written assurance that we stand behind our



quality promise. It protects you against loss from loose mountings and damage to your diamond. And it requires free semi-annual check-ups and cleanings, to

help you care for your ring.

Zales takes jitter relief a step further too. With our 90-day refund policy. If you're not completely



satisfied with your ring, whatever the reason, just return it within 90 days and we'll refund your money.

Zales Diamond Bond and 90-day refund policy mean no regrets, no mistakes, no jitters. You see, at Zales diamond jewelry does more than please the eye and touch the heart.



It eases the mind.

**ZALES**  
THE DIAMOND STORE

IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.™



If you'd like to know more about the way we make Jack Daniel's, drop us a line.

AGING JACK DANIEL'S WHISKEY calls for hot summers, cold winters and a few men like Lawrence Burns.

Summer's heat causes our whiskey to seep inside the barrel's char. (Here's where it gains body and color.) Our cold winter air brings it back out. And barrelmen like Burns keep track of this gentle activity year after year after year. For a whiskey, there's no better resting place than a Jack Daniel's warehouse. And from the looks of Mr. Burns, there's nothing wrong with it for a man.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery  
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

*Whorehouse* doesn't quite measure up to what was taken away, in my view, but my view is prejudiced in favor of the earthier Broadway version. Director Colin Higgins' *Whorehouse* is a likable entertainment, middlebrow raunch about the famous Chicken Ranch—harlotry so homogenized that one song reassuringly and almost convincingly insists that there's "nothin' dirty goin' on." **YYY½**

More whores with hearts of gold turn up in *Night Shift* (Ladd/WB), a surprisingly beguiling comedy about two oddball characters who use a Manhattan morgue as command post for a ring of callgirls. Expertly directed by Ron Howard, his colleague from TV's *Happy Days*, Henry "Fonz" Winkler comes up with his finest big-screen performance so far as a mild-mannered schnook who resolves his identity crisis through flesh peddling and tomfoolery with a winsome trollop (Shelley Long). *Night Shift* plays far better than it sounds in summary, and the screenplay (by Lowell Ganz and someone named Babaloo Mandel) really takes off whenever the camera is on Michael Keaton, another TV recruit in a star-is-born debut as Winkler's madcap cohort. Keaton has the best-written part and waltzes away with the movie as a revved-up, never-say-die con man who tapes all his brain storms yet preserves a wondrous innocence about pimping as an expression of American free enterprise. No such job opportunities in Russia, he notes. Which pretty well sums up the cheeky amorality that keeps the film hustling chuckles all the way. **YYY**

Doggedly loyal Woody Allen fans are welcome to *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* (Orion/WB), which sets Woody back a giant step into his oh-to-be-Ingnar-Bergman phase. This costumed period piece is generally sophomoric, soporific and left me wishing that Woody would just go back to being himself. I'll defend to the death a film maker's right to try something new and different. But what is new about an indifferent rehash of Bergman's masterful *Smiles of a Summer Night*, made in 1955 and already rehashed by Stephen Sondheim in the stage musical *A Little Night Music*? Anachronisms of morals and manners abound in *Sex Comedy*, a turn-of-the-century romance reeking of 1982 that has Mia Farrow doing a so-so Diane Keaton imitation. Mary Steenburgen, José Ferrer and Tony Roberts also wade through Allen's sluggish country weekend, but the only memorable house guest, for my money, was Julie Hagerty—chief stewardess of *Airplane!*—as a horny nurse. Too bad Woody neglected to invite a show doctor. Neither Julie's charms nor limpid cinematography by Gordon Willis nor Allen's undeniable



# DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS<sup>®</sup> QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Metal Frame Sunglasses Feature • Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames •

<p><b>A</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$9.95</span></p>  <p><b>Traditional Tortoise Shell Style</b> Comfortable style. Amber lenses. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p>	<p><b>E</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$14.95</span></p>  <p><b>Black Metal Frames</b> Thin and durable black metal frames. Aviator teardrop style lenses. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p>	<p><b>I</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$7.95</span></p>  <p><b>World Famous Pilot's Glasses</b> These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only \$7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over \$20.00. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$20.00 value only \$7.95. 2 pairs for \$14.00.</p>
<p><b>B</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$9.95</span></p>  <p><b>Rich Tortoise Shell Style</b> Classic style, large gradient lens. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p>	<p><b>F</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$14.95</span></p>  <p><b>Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses</b> Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p>	<p><b>J</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$9.95</span></p>  <p><b>Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses</b> Flexible cable temples, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p>
<p><b>C</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$10.95</span></p>  <p><b>Mirrored Lens Flight Glasses</b> Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames. A \$25.00 value only \$10.95. 2 pairs for \$20.00.</p>	<p><b>G</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$14.95</span></p>  <p><b>The Sportsman</b> Sports-graphic on black metal frame. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p>	<p><b>K</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$9.95</span></p>  <p><b>Standard Aviator Glasses</b> Traditional stems, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p>
<p><b>D</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$9.95</span></p>  <p><b>Girl Watcher</b> Gray mirrored lenses, black frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.</p>	<p><b>H</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$14.95</span></p>  <p><b>Wrap Around Supersport</b> "Wrap around" glasses sports-graphic on black metal frame. Dark lens. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p>	<p><b>L</b> <span style="float: right;">Only \$14.95</span></p>  <p><b>Professional Driving &amp; Shooting Glasses</b> Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility. Gold frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.</p>

Style #	Quantity	Frame Color	Price
A		Brown	
B		Brown	
C			
D		Black	
E		Black	
F			
G		Black	
H		Black	
I			
J		Gold	
K		Gold	
L		Gold	

To order, send check or money order to U.S. Optics<sup>®</sup>, Dept. 101, P.O. Box 14206, Atlanta, Georgia 30324. Credit card customers please fill in card # and Exp. date. **FREE** — limited time only — deluxe velour lined case with each pair of glasses ordered (a \$3.00 value). Dealer inquiries invited.  
**Credit card orders may call 1-404-252-0703.**

Visa or Master Charge # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Add Postage, Handling and Insurance \$1.00 per pair \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Free case with each pair.**

**NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These glasses are made exclusively for U.S. Optics<sup>®</sup>. To make sure you get the best, order now and if not completely satisfied return for refund within 30 days. No Non-sense 30 day guarantee.**

talent can do much to rescue a terminal case of trivial, derivative blah. ♫

Shady characters in dark city settings are the essence of the so-called *film noir*, a French label invented by critics for a particular kind of gangster movie of the Forties. One of the best and earliest examples of the genre is Bogart's *The Maltese Falcon*, based on a novel by Dashiell Hammett. Which brings us, finally, to *Hammett* (Orion/WB), a homage to the American writer, the French label and, maybe, to Bogart and tough-guy movies in general. It is based on a book by Joe Gores and filmed by West German director Wim Wenders. Got all that? Francis Ford Coppola's Zoetrope Studios originated this project, starring Frederic Forrest, a damned good actor, as the fictionalized Hammett of the title—a famous, hard-drinking writer mixed up in a case reminiscent of those in his own books. It's a San Francisco melodrama about a missing Chinese girl, prostitution and blackmail. It's also murky, mannered, slow as molasses but quite beautifully designed and photographed. I'd call *Hammett* the cinematic equivalent of designer jeans—a lot of style laid over the simple substance, which has been fancied up without being improved in any significant way. To me, it's an interesting and somewhat pretentious failure, though I strongly suspect that Hammett would have called it a crock. ♫

The subtle, sexual but essentially innocent relationship between a 12-year-old girl (Ana Torrent) and a widower (Hector Alterio) well into his 50s becomes a matter of life-or-death urgency in *The Nest* (Quartet). Writer-director Jaime De Arminan's Spanish-language drama is a delicate piece and a bit of a downer, though clearly deserving of the Oscar nomination it received in 1980 as Best Foreign Film. To make this unlikely romance believable takes some doing, since the mismatched duo—she a precocious, seductive charmer, he an eccentric recluse—bridges the generation gap chiefly by talking about birds, playing games, pretending to conduct symphony orchestras. Torrent and Alterio convincingly project, however, that their May-December close harmony is pure, simple and poetic in the grand tradition of star-crossed lovers from Romeo and Juliet to Harold and Maude. ♫

As a scientific whiz kid in *Zapped!* (Embassy), Scott Baio goes to his high school chemistry lab and whips up a formula that gives him telekinetic powers. Egged on by his best friend (Willie Aames), he uses that secret weapon mostly to pop the buttons off coeds' blouses or whisk away their formals at the



Hammett's Forrest, Henner.

*Hammett* loses the original's Dash; Cheech and Chong overdo it; but *Lola's* Sukowa sizzles.



Tough luck for Cheech and Chong.



Barbara Sukowa as Lola.

prom (see *Sex in Cinema*, page 160). As a snippy prom queen, Heather Thomas suffers most of the impromptu exposure (though a footnote in the closing credits states that her nudity was performed by a double). Ah, well: she looks good, whoever she is. *Zapped!* doesn't go quite far

enough to realize its potential as an amiable, youth-oriented, absolutely brainless send-up of *Carrie*. ♫

A raggedy mess but entirely their own, Cheech and Chong's *Things Are Tough All Over* (Columbia) hits a new low in the dogged celebration of recreational drugs and toilet humor. One rank running gag about flatulence sets the tone for the lads' sloppiest cinematic spree, alleviated to some extent when they ride an open convertible through an automatic car wash and when Cheech gets tumbled dry at the laundromat. That's the subtler stuff. All in all, they were infinitely funnier in their September *Playboy* Interview. Maybe they gave us the best of C. and C. and blew it for their seat-of-the-pants scenario. Thanks, guys. Catch you next time. ♫

Rainer Werner Fassbinder's mannered but spellbinding *Lola* (UA Classics), one of his last films, turns out to be among his best. The acknowledged gay white hope of West German cinema, Fassbinder died earlier this year at the age of 36. Except for *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, in 1979, he never made a movie quite so sexy, stylish and accessible as *Lola*. She's a kissin' cousin to Maria Braun and a born survivor, another symbolic character who somehow sums up the spirit of modern West Germany, though she seems at first to be only the resident singing prostitute in a sumptuous cabaret. Seducing a stolid bourgeois bureaucrat (Armin Mueller-Stahl) responsible for local building contracts draws Lola into a spiral of power and sexual politics that may baffle an audience at times but is never dull. Fassbinder's sheer theatricality transforms his seemingly commonplace tale into bravura cinema—a fable of good and evil in luminous shades of pink, blue and gold, as stunningly lit as a vintage MGM musical. In the title role, blonde Barbara Sukowa delivers an electric performance reminiscent of Dietrich's in *The Blue Angel*. She shimmies; she strips; she wraps men around her little finger, knocks 'em dead onstage, brings them to life in bed. ♫

Made several years ago and recently released over here, *Piaf: The Early Years* (Fox) is a musical bio of the late, great French singer's early years. A diminutive actress named Brigitte Ariel is very sympathetic in the title role, though the movie on the whole seems a carefully laundered retelling of Piaf's life as a guttersnipe destined to become a legend. There are 14 classic Piaf songs on the sound track—five from Piaf recordings, the rest sung by a remarkable vocal impressionist named Betty Mars. Since none of the lyrics are subtitled in English, this is a movie better heard than seen. ♫ —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



# WILL IT BE THERE WHEN YOU NEED IT?

The man on the right has an aching head and acid indigestion. But he knows Alka-Seltzer® is there, waiting for him.

The man on the left also has an aching head and acid indigestion. And it isn't getting any better, because he forgot to buy Alka-Seltzer.

They both know nothing works better, nothing's more soothing.

The man on the left wishes he were the man on the right.

**ALKA-SELTZER®. AMERICA'S HOME REMEDY.**

# THE CLASSIC CHUKKA. WELL BRED TO BE AS FUNCTIONAL AS IT IS HANDSOME.

The socially acceptable boot.

Certain things never seem to go out of style. Or to be out of place. They have the right look and the right feel. They're classics. Like our chukka boots.

Whether you spend your time in the rugged outdoors or just out around town, these boots will fit right in.

That's because the fine leather and expert craftsmanship give them the kind of traditional quality that's appreciated wherever you go.

Appearances aren't everything.

But don't let the good looks of our boots fool you. They don't have to lead a sheltered life.



Cutaway View

To begin with, the special Norseman tanned leather we use has silicon impregnated fibers that resist water. So your boots are protected from damaging moisture and won't dry out hard and stiff.

Inside you'll find we've added full cushioned inner soles to make life softer for your feet with every step you take.

And our chukkas are fully lined with both leather and Ensolite,<sup>®</sup> a thin yet protective insulator. Making them as comfortable to wear when it's warm outside as when it's cool.

The sole of propriety.

To carry you gracefully through almost any situation, we gave these boots oil and slip resistant soles that are custom molded to the leather uppers to create a watertight bond.

And inside, the heavy-duty shank gives you solid support when you need it.

Carrying on the family tradition.

We've been making tough, comfortable footwear for over 75 years.

Boots that look as good indoors as they feel outdoors.

Boots that are made to last.

And it's a respect for this tradition that makes our boots, especially our chukkas, what they are. Classics.



**WOLVERINE<sup>®</sup>**  
Boots & Shoes

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

**The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas** (Reviewed this month) And cleaned up a bit for Burt and Dolly. **YY½**

**Creepshow** (Reviewed this month) Writer Stephen King lets George (Romero) do it. **YY**

**Diner** Hanging out with the guys back in 1959. Nostalgic, and even more delicious than on first view. **YYYY**

**E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial** Courtesy of Steven Spielberg, it came from outer space and appears to be conquering the world. **YYYY**

**Hammett** (Reviewed this month) Tribute to Dashiell, a mixed bag. **YY**

**Lola** (Reviewed this month) Fine Fassbinder swan song. **YYY**

**A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy** (Reviewed this month) Woody, wooden. **Y**

**Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl** Invasion of ye merrie Englishmen, all mad as hatters. **YYY**

**My Favorite Year** (Reviewed this month) O'Toole *vs.* television in 1954. **YY½**

**The Nest** (Reviewed this month) The rain in Spain soaks lovebirds. **YYY**

**Night Shift** (Reviewed this month) A better little whorehouse—in a city morgue, of all places. **YYY**

**An Officer and a Gentleman** Old-fashioned movie romance—Richard Gere wooing Debra Winger. **YYY**

**Piaf: The Early Years** (Reviewed this month) A legend lessened in a laundered bio. **Y**

**Pink Floyd The Wall** Illustrated rock, from the celebrated LP. **YY½**

**Poltergeist** Spielberg again, raising the dead and wreaking havoc in a neat California suburb. **YYY½**

**The Road Warrior** Australia's Mel Gibson as a futuristic highwayman having one hell of a time. **YYY**

**Rocky III** Another knockout, and he needs no introduction. **YYY**

**Tempest** Paul Mazursky bellies up to the Bard. **YY**

**Things Are Tough All Over** (Reviewed this month) Cheech and Chong gone wrong with a splash, as usual. **YY**

**TRON** What you see is what you get—video games as cinema. **YY½**

**The World According to Garp** The book, with Robin Williams. Wonderfully cast and mostly exhilarating. **YYY**

**Yes, Giorgio** (Reviewed this month) Pavarottissimo, and that's all. **YY**

**Young Doctors in Love** Genial spoof of medical soap operas, with every stethoscope booby-trapped. **YY½**

**Zapped!** (Reviewed this month) Cashing in on *Carrie*. Maybe. **YY**

**YYYY** Don't miss **YY** Worth a look

**YYY** Good show **Y** Forget it

## WHAT WE HAVE LOVED FOR CENTURIES, YOU WILL LOVE IN SECONDS.

Since 1608 it's been the same old story. People love Old Bushmills the second they taste it.

Because Old Bushmills is smooth and mellow. A smoothness not easily come by.

The secret lies in an ancient process that goes back centuries to Ireland. To the village of Bushmills, and the oldest whiskey distillery in the world.

Here we pick the local barley ripe for harvest in nearby fields.

We draw clear water from the River Bush, water born for whiskey.

We commit these and other choice ingredients to our age-old triple distillation process.

Then our whiskey matures in handmade oaken casks.

When it finally comes of age years later, only then is it worthy of our label. Old Bushmills.

But, like 18 generations before you, you'll know exactly what that means.

After your very first taste.

# OLD BUSHMILLS

The taste you don't have to acquire.

A BLEND OF 100% IRISH WHISKIES. 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF IRELAND.  
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1982



## BOOKS

**G**raham Greene's *Monsignor Quixote* (Simon & Schuster) is a nifty bit of literary updating. A simple country priest, who counts the fictional Don as an ancestor, is suddenly elevated to monsignor—a sort of knight of the Church. He sets off on a journey with the former mayor of his town, a Communist conveniently misnamed Sancho, in a Fiat-Five named Rocinante. En route, Sancho and Quixote manage to talk movingly about faith, doubt, communism and friendship. Is this a gentle, harmless book? Thank God, it isn't.

Rejoice, Flashy fans! Harry Flashman, the drunken bully expelled from Rugby School in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, is back in *Flashman and the Redskins* (Knopf), from *The Flashman Papers 1849-1850 and 1875-1876*. This time, our ace of cads is headed West with the forty-niners (picking up where author George MacDonald Fraser abandoned him in *Flash for Freedom!*) as the leader of a wagon train of whores. With Apaches to the left and mulatto sluts to the right, Flashy takes French leave and nearly loses his yellowed skin to half the Indian nations and some mighty nasty white scalp hunters to boot. Then, 25 years later, Flash and his beautiful, brainless wife, Elspeth, return to the West, and our boy steps in it again—meeting scorned old loves and receiving the shock of his callow life while masquerading as a corpse at the battle of the Little Big Horn. Polish your saber and pour the wine. Flashy's on the warpath—running like hell in retreat.

You went to college. You were an English major, which meant you were sensitive and/or wanted to get laid. You went looking for a muse. If you were lucky, you found her and she put out. From John Fowles's vantage point, she was a radical feminist who dressed in punk attire and played electric guitar instead of the traditional lyre. Fowles's latest novel, *Maïssa* (Little, Brown), is a grad student's delight, filled with literary references, but the sex scenes make it totally accessible. It is light, lively and a major chuckle.

Talented short-story writer Laurie Colwin has now written a second novel that may be the most unembroidered, focused piece of writing about a love triangle since Smokey Robinson wrote *Silent Partner* (in a *Three-Way Love Affair*) in 1973. In *Family Happiness* (Knopf), Polly Solo-Miller Demarest is a perfect mother, a perfect wife and a perfect daughter. She even has a job and does that well. Perfect people don't usually make good subjects for



Cervantes recycled.

Graham Greene puts the Don on wheels; Flashman survives Custer's last stand.



Flashman resurrected.

novels, so the appearance of Polly's lover comes as both a relief to the reader and a necessary wrinkle to the plot. The problem is, how does a perfect person handle this infraction? Does she fish or cut bait? We won't tell except to say that, while the book moves a bit slowly for anyone who's been Ludlum loading lately, the ending is a vote for love whatever its complications.

*Click Song* (Houghton Mifflin) slipped through our fingers when it was published earlier this year. We want you to know about it. Its author, John A.

Williams, has written a number of good books, including *The Man Who Cried I Am* and *The Junior Bachelor Society*, which NBC made into the TV movie *Sophisticated Gents*. *Click Song* is about everything American: race relations, friendship, love, politics, publishing, hope and despair. The hero is a poet turned novelist; he doesn't drink with the right crowd, but he's got real talent. He is not famous enough to be a winner. His life is filled with adventure and ends in tragedy. Buy it. You won't get a better read this year.

Lethal Liam Devlin of *The Eagle Has Landed* touches down in the present day in Jack Higgins' *Touch the Devil* (Stein & Day). That lucky, charming leprechaun is sadder and wiser now, but his young American protégé, Martin Brosnan, is as bloodthirsty a gunman as you'll find. Higgins' title comes from an auld Irish adage: "Touch the Devil and you can never let go." It refers here to the moral muddiness of the spy biz but might as well characterize multi-continental thrillers such as this. Touch the first chapter and you probably won't let go until the climax, but all the time, there'll be a little devil on your shoulder whispering, "You've read it all before."

### BOOK BAG

*The Valley of Horses* (Crown), by Jean M. Auel: At last! The sequel to *The Clan of the Cave Bear*. Ayla finds The Others and we enjoy the journey.

*The Armchair Quarterback* (Scribner's), edited by John Thorn: Here's almost a century of fine writing on pro football—fact and fiction—from the pens of Red Smith, Jimmy Cannon, James Dickey and Damon Runyon, among others.

*Cadillac Jack* (Simon & Schuster), by Larry McMurtry: The author of *The Last Picture Show* returns to Texas and gives us a rodeo cowboy turned antique dealer on the high and low roads between Washington and the Lone Star State. Go for it.

*I.T.T.: The Management of Opportunity* (Times Books), by Robert Sobel: The first major look at the largest and most diversified business conglomerate in the world. Worth a skim.

*Your Official Guide to Reaganworld* (Perigee), by Mort Gerberg: Gerberg, a regular contributor to *PLAYBOY*, takes us to America's newest entertainment center in cartoons and humor.

*Indecent Exposure: A True Story of Hollywood and Wall Street* (Morrow), by David McClintock: One hell of a piece of journalism on the fall of David Begelman from the top spot at Columbia Pictures—and much more.

# ★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

**DOL GOSSIP:** Italian director Sergio (*A Fistful of Dollars*) Leone is back behind the cameras shooting a film that has taken him no fewer than 15 years to get off the ground. Budgeted at a cool \$28,000,000 and starring Robert De Niro, Treat Williams, James Woods, Elizabeth McGovern, Tuesday Weld and Louise Fletcher, *Once Upon a Time in America* is Leone's answer to the *Godfather* films—a grand epic covering more than 40 years in the lives of a family of Jewish gangsters. Is the man who gave us the spaghetti Western starting a new genre—the matzo-ball gangster film? We'll have to wait till 1983 to find out. . . . Burt Reynolds and his current squeeze, Loni Anderson, will co-star in Hal Needham's *Stand on It*, a comedy in which Burt plays a race-car driver. . . . Presently in the works at CBS-TV is *America's Sweetheart*, a biopic of silent-screen star Mary Pickford. . . . Pia Zadora will top-line *The Lonely Lady*, based on Harold Robbins' best seller about a beautiful young writer seeking recognition. . . . Comedian David Steinberg is directing *Numnuts*, starring and written by members of SCTV. The film, says Steinberg, is so crazy it



De Niro Williams

defies description. Stay tuned for details as they erupt. . . . Having recently completed work on *The Outsiders*, Francis Coppola has decided to bring yet another S. E. Hinton youth drama to the screen. This one, called *Rumble Fish*, is, in Coppola's words, "a mature, tough drama in which the events take place at night and the young protagonists race against the clock, as in *High Noon*." Matt Dillon and Mickey (Diner) Rourke star.

**COPS AND ROBBERS:** Two killers—Ganz and Billy Bear—have escaped from prison, murdered a few people in the process and, as if that weren't enough, stolen Detective Jack Cates's gun. Cates wants to get them and his gun back, but he needs the help of Reggie Hammond, a street-smart ghetto black who is doing time in the slammer from which Ganz and Billy Bear have just gone A.W.O.L. and privy to their whereabouts. Hammond wouldn't mind taking a little sabbatical from the hoosegow, since he's got some hidden loot, and also because he'd like to get laid. So Cates arranges

for a 48-hour pass and the two—cop and con—go hunting. Their original dislike for each other turns first to mutual respect, then to friendship. So goes the plot line of Paramount's *48 HRS.*, directed by Walter Hill and starring Nick Nolte as Cates



Murphy Nolte

and *Saturday Night Live* cutup Eddie Murphy as Hammond. Annette O'Toole co-stars as a 27-year-old bartender with an M.A. who defies male authority but likes men and, natch, falls in love with Nolte. *48 HRS.* is scheduled to be released during the Christmas season.

**SPACE CADETS:** Whatever *Airplane II: The Sequel* is lacking in plot it seems to be making up for in casting. All summer long, I was deluged by daily press releases from Paramount proclaiming such breath-taking news as "CHUCK CONNORS RECRUITED FOR AIRPLANE II" or "CHAD EVERETT ON BOARD FOR AIRPLANE II." Hot stuff, huh? Castingwise, here's how it stacks up at presstime: Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Peter Graves and Lloyd Bridges are back. This time, the plot involves the world's first commercial lunar space shuttle, with Hays as star test pilot, Graves in the cockpit and Bridges pulled out of retirement to guide the shuttle's landing. Joining them are Chuck Connors as the tough-talking head of airport ground control and Aldo Ray as Sergeant Major Gus Greavy, a veteran of six wars who, in



Hays Hagerty

the words of the release, "knows that when the going gets tough, the tough get together and sing a song." Sonny Bono plays a mad bomber on board the shuttle, Raymond Burr is the judge who presides when Hays's mental competence comes into question, Rip Torn is the head of the Space Center, Chad Everett is a dastardly

schemer who jeopardizes the relationship of the space-bound lovers (Hays and Hagerty) and—horror of horrors—William Shatner is Buck Murdock, commander of the Alpha Beta lunar base.

**MISSING PERSONS:** Early 1983 will see the release of 20th Century-Fox's *Without a Trace*, the screen adaptation of Beth Gutcheon's best-selling novel *Still Missing*, the story of a mother's unflagging attempts to find her lost child. Kate Nelligan plays Susan Selky, an intelligent and heroic woman who relentlessly keeps the faith that her son, Alex, is still alive. Judd Hirsch is the detective who gets so wrapped up in the case that he begins to feel that he has lost his own son. Stockard Channing plays Susan's supportive neighbor, and David Dukes is the separated husband. *Without a Trace* marks the directorial debut of Stanley Jaffe, whose producing credits include *Taps* and *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Asked why he had



Hirsch Nelligan

optioned the book so early (nine months before publication), Jaffe explained: "First, it moved me, and, second, it had to do with the frailty of the relationship between adults and what I consider to be our most important asset—our children." Jaffe added that he was intrigued by the opportunity "to explore personal relationships at a time of crisis."

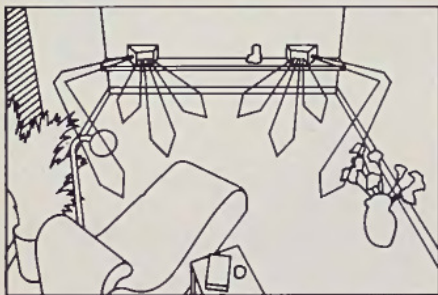
**ODOR IN THE COURT:** "We intend to speak purposefully about a very important social ill," says producer Frank Yablans about his latest film, *Star Chamber*. That's a switch from the whiz-bang special-effects extravaganzas we've been seeing lately. The social ill to which Yablans refers is the ability of criminals to escape justice through legal loopholes. In the film, a group of judges take matters into their own hands—via a secret court much like the infamous Star Chamber of English history—to keep criminals off the streets. Michael Douglas stars as a young judge; Sharon Gless (Lynn Redgrave's replacement in TV's *House Calls*) is his wife. Directed by Peter (Capricorn One) Hyams, *Star Chamber* also features Hal Holbrook and Yaphet Kotto.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL



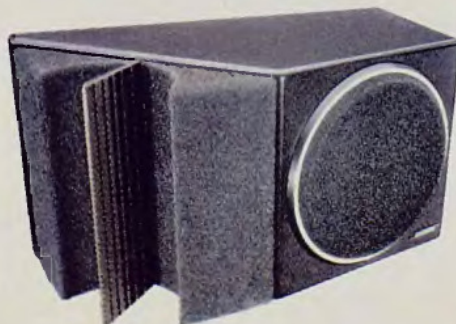


MUSIC TO THE 4TH POWER.



Two Bose® 201 Direct/Reflecting® speakers create a musical space that seems larger than the room itself, almost as if you were listening to four separate speakers. That's because the 201 system is specifically designed to reflect sound off the walls of your listening area. This exclusive Bose technology gives you an astonishingly clear and spacious stereo effect that is unlike anything you have ever heard from ordinary bookshelf speakers.

A unique Direct Energy Control lets you adjust the spatial image to fit your music and room.



And the compact, contemporary styling of 201 speakers makes them an attractive addition to any living environment.

The Bose 201 System is the most economical way to enjoy the legendary spatial realism of Direct/Reflecting® speakers. Ask for a live demonstration at your authorized Bose High Fidelity dealer.



**BOSE®**

Better sound through research.  
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701

Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending  
201 speaker design is a trademark of Bose Corporation.  
© Copyright 1982 Bose Corporation.



## By ASA BABER

MALE SEXUALITY is up front, outstanding, penetrating, erecting, swollen—*there*. Sorry about that, but it's true. We spend much of our lives being haunted by our condition. But maybe it's time for us to stop blushing, banish the shyness and end the uneasy silence. The world depends just as much on our being *there* as it does on women's being receptive. If we refuse to admit our basic sexual nature, then we pervert any honest search for ourselves.

The image of the male in American culture has been thrown open to question by the winds of change. In some circles, men are seen as impotent wimps. To make matters more confusing, such weakness is praised at times. The more traditional male roles—guardian, protector, breadwinner, fighter—are considered too rigid and narrow, and so what some come up with is a muddled picture of the ideal male: John Wayne as Hamlet, say.

But sexually speaking, such an image is wrong. For most of us, sex is joyful, direct and powerful. Our needs are frequent; our desire is strong. In this area, we are much more John Wayne than Hamlet. Not that we don't have moments of fatigue and lassitude. But those times are temporary. By and large, we men function in sexual high gear for many decades of our lives.

Dr. Helen Caldicott, a person whose work in the anti-nuclear-war movement I admire, has been quoted as saying that "women are closer to the sources of life." She suggests that because women carry fetuses and give birth, they are somehow more intimately connected with the process of creation. She couldn't be more wrong. One of the glories of this life is that both men and women are in touch with the life force, in touch with it mentally and spiritually and sexually. It's time for men to reclaim that equal status.

If there's one thing I know about myself and, by definition, about my fellow men, it's that we possess energy that is often excessive, definitely pleasurable, usually creative. Male sexuality is just beginning to be researched and understood, but what we are learning about the male animal supports the image of a vigorous human being frequently ready to re-create the race.

In her book *Night Thoughts: Reflections of a Sex Therapist*, Dr. Avodah K. Offit writes of some of the latest scientific studies into male sexuality. "We learn from these studies that male sexuality is characterized by a powerful and obvious excitement that may constantly afflict the healthy man with a desire to



## MALE SEXUALITY

The sexual make-up of the healthy male is a given: robust, playful, powerful, on the edge of wildness.

copulate," she says. In a study of men in their 50s, for example, it was found that "even under distracting laboratory conditions," those men spent at least 25 percent of their sleep time in sexual arousal.

Another research team discussed by Dr. Offit "recorded male multiple orgasms prior to ejaculation. The graphs of heart rate, respiratory rate and anal contractions demonstrated conclusively that orgasm and ejaculation can occur independently in normal men. The men studied, ranging in age from 22 to 56, reported from three to ten pre-ejaculatory orgasms per session of lovemaking."

Offit, a woman after my own heart, understands the burden and the beauty of male sexuality: "Considering the factors that influence it, I am overwhelmed," she writes. "Very few experiences do not stimulate the libido of the apparently normal, healthy male. The feedback from all five senses, particularly vision and touch; the lure of beauty, adventure, sport, greed, dominance; the impulse to care for, protect, nourish; the desire to hurt or punish; indeed, every feeling and thought that a man may experience can lead to a heightening of the libido and a sexual response. Whether sexuality is the foundation of feelings or a re-

lentless shadow that accompanies us, in men it affects everything."

Most men reading that will agree. We are live wires, stimulated by the energy of the world that flows in us, and sometimes, the craziest things strike up a response. "With so many stimuli, how do men retain their sanity?" Offit asks.

"It ain't easy," most of us answer.

Therein lies the male quandary: From a relatively early age, our sexuality has been *there*, plainly and obviously. Erections are hard to hide, and our struggles with that biological fact absorb a lot of our energies. We men have to deal with excitement and guilt and the puzzles of love early on, long before we are really ready to do so. Our deepest instincts are primitive, aggressive, easily aroused, sexually ubiquitous. *Macho*, in other words.

And yet, because we are sociable, we try as best we can to keep ourselves in order, to lead lives of some dignity and structure, to push down the wilder elements of our sexuality. We search for controls and viable relief. That is one of the gifts we give the world, whether or not the world wants to recognize it. The fact is that our sexual energy is overwhelming ("Even rats whose penises have been anesthetized with tetracaine retain their libido and continue mounting behavior," Offit reports) and our struggles for self-control occupy the center of our lives. We start out most of our days with a self-amusing question: "Am I going to behave today?" we ask the mirror. The mirror splits its image; half of it says, "I certainly hope so," and the other half says, "Not if you get lucky." While most of us learn to laugh at that double bind and to be amused at our vacillations, no dilemma is peaceful.

If the current critics of male behavior protest that male sexuality is, by nature, too *macho*, then let them also criticize the tides and the seasons of the moon. The sexual make-up of the healthy male is a given: robust, playful, powerful, on the edge of wildness. And the fact that men go to great lengths to control their nature (in particular, in searching for a partner who will act as a governor and a sanctioned release) is one of those stories that don't get told much these days. But it is, nonetheless, a true story and heroic in its way. Society asks us to temper our instincts. And except for that small percentage of men who can't, don't or won't, we do—often at expense to ourselves.

"That's not small potatoes," John Wayne might say.





# Taste!

You be the judge. Discover why more V.O. is bought than any other imported distilled spirit in America. More than any Scotch, Canadian, Rum, Gin, Vodka, Tequila.

# V.O.

Enjoy our quality in moderation.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm looking for a second opinion. I have a number of photos of a few ex-girlfriends. The problem is that my current girlfriend finds it hard to accept the fact that I keep them. I've explained to her that I don't look over those pictures with a heavy heart and longing for the past. It's just that I took the time and the money to get them, and I don't see anything wrong with being able to go back over my past to remember what I've done and whom I've done it with. I told her that I know why she doesn't accept the fact that I hang on to them; it's because she's afraid that someday, she'll be just another addition to the stack. She told me I was right. In one of Ann Landers' columns, a newlywed complained that she had asked her husband to throw away all of his ex-girlfriends' pictures and he'd refused. Asked who was right, Landers said the bride was. I agreed somewhat, since they'd just been married, but as long as he put them away without bringing them out and going over them frequently, I really didn't see any harm. I'm an avid amateur photographer, and I simply love to take pictures not only of girls I may be involved with at a certain period in my life but of many other things as well. What's your view?—J. M., Los Angeles, California.

*We don't think your girlfriend should be threatened by photographs of people who no longer play important roles in your life. We don't think displaying photos of old girlfriends is in good taste, but we certainly don't know why you should have to get rid of them. Simply put them away for your own viewing.*

It happened again. I went on my vacation, being sure to pack everything with care, and when I arrived, my suitcase was a bagful of wrinkles. My shirt collars suffer the most. And it's impossible to look suave with a wrinkled shirt collar. What's the secret to no-wrinkle packing?—M. P., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Unless your wardrobe is entirely polyester, there is no way to prevent some wrinkles from occurring. What you can do is minimize the wrinkles and try to make them form in the right places—that is, where they won't show as much or matter in the looks of the garment. In a jacket, for instance, that might mean making folds at the elbows or the waistline. Shirts that are laundered and folded tend to travel better than those on hangers, mainly because of the cardboard inserted in the body and the collar. It may be a good idea to save those collar forms for use on your hangered shirts.*



*Rolled socks stuffed into the neck holes can prevent the collar from collapsing when it is packed. It's also a good idea to overpack to reduce the amount of movement in your suitcase. If you have extra room, throw in your favorite old bathrobe. It will take up the space and provide comfort for you in your hotel room. Finally, try to put the crushable contents where they will be facing up most of the time. If you carry your bag, that's the front of the case; if it's going to be on its side, that's the top of the case. Bear in mind, too, that the valet facilities at your destination can help with some of the worst problems.*

Females in infancy suckle at their mothers' breasts, the same as males. Why is it, then, that for adults, this pleasurable pastime becomes exclusively a male right? I would enjoy licking and sucking my husband's nipples as he relishes mine, but I am forbidden to do so. Whenever my fingers linger in that area or my hands unconsciously stroke the forbidden zone during lovemaking, he freezes as if being drilled on an exposed nerve. Is this an assault to his male ego, do I harbor latent lesbian tendencies of which I am not aware or is this normal behavior for heterosexual couples?—Mrs. M. C., Santa Rosa, California.

*Perhaps your husband is simply extremely sensitive in this area (as many men are, particularly during arousal) and your touch inadvertently causes him discomfort mixed with some degree of pleasure. Talk to him about it and let him know your feelings and desires. We*

*certainly see nothing wrong with a woman's wanting to touch or lick a man's breasts, and, in fact, we're willing to bet that the vast majority of men would find this a tremendous turn-on. One word of caution: Approach handling or sucking his breasts the same way you enjoy having him handle yours.*

At a house party not long ago, I had a chance to try several varieties of grass. What little I can recall from the incident includes the fact that some of the grass was smooth and sweet and some of it was hot and harsh. Does this have anything to do with its potency?—L. M., San Clemente, California.

*Many things can affect the taste of marijuana; probably the least of those is its potency. Probably, what you were experiencing was the result of various methods of curing or drying the leaves. Pot leaves contain from 70 to 80 percent water, which must be reduced about tenfold for smoking. Simply slow drying the leaves can do that and tends to take some of the bite out of the smoke. Curing is a further step that can enhance the bouquet of the smoke as well as improve its smokability. Curing breaks down the chlorophyll, which can give the smoke a minty taste that some like and some don't. Curing can also result in a slight diminution of the T.H.C. content. Most growers these days don't bother to cure the weed. That is especially true of sinsemilla cultivators, who consider the breed perfect in its pristine form. If you got some harsh grass, it was probably dried quickly or improperly cured. Some dealers have no shame.*

I read with interest your *Playboy Advisor* response in the July 1982 issue to a distraught reader's query regarding the returning of a bottle of wine in a restaurant. Your reply seems to be correct when you suggest that he was out of order in returning three consecutive bottles, but I feel that you fall short when implying that there are only two reasons for returning a bottle of wine. There are, indeed, a good dozen reasons why a wine should be refused, and the ten that you did not mention are: 1. The white wine is not sufficiently chilled. 2. The red wine is not served at room temperature. 3. The wine is cloudy due to the disturbance of sediment (ask for it to be decanted). 4. The cork is too dry, indicating the wine may be oxidized (i.e., the cork has rotted and the wine has assumed the flavor or the odor of the cork). 5. The label is missing. 6.

The wine is corked. 7. The wine is served too late to drink with the main course. 8. Bits of broken cork are seen floating prominently in the bottle or the glass. 9. The lip of the bottle is chipped upon opening. 10. An unusually high secondary malolactic fermentation is detected.

Needless to say, these points may be regarded as picky, but they are nevertheless correct, and I hope they prove to be enlightening to your readers.—Miss A. K., Ottawa, Ontario.

Thank you.

**C**an pregnancy occur through "dry fucking"—with both partners fully clothed, in the face-to-face position, with the man masturbating to orgasm on top of the woman?—N. K., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

If we understand your question, the answer is no.

**A**fter a strenuous racquetball game recently, I watched a friend take out a small packet of vitamins and wolf them down with the explanation that that was his lunch. He claims he can go for days on just the energy from his vitamins. The guy's in great shape and consistently wipes the court with me, but somehow his regimen doesn't seem safe. What do you think?—L. S., Salem, Oregon.

We think your friend is due to blow his game soon, and we predict that his backhand will go first. The notion that good nutrition can come in a pill is still the stuff of science fiction. In any case, you can't accomplish anything on vitamins alone. Your body runs on food: carbohydrates, fats, proteins, sugars. What vitamins do is help you use the food. They are merely catalysts for its breakdown and absorption. If you don't supply your body with food to break down, it switches to plan B, which is your body's stored fat. When that's gone, plan C goes into effect; that's your store of protein, otherwise known as body tissue. As you can see, an all-vitamin regimen will work only up to plan C. Do your friend a favor: Buy him a hamburger.

**M**y boyfriend claims that it is possible to have an orgasm without physical stimulation. I say that that is unlikely. I've heard that women reach orgasm only through clitoral stimulation. Is he pulling my leg? Is this wishful thinking?—Miss J. O., Portland, Oregon.

Both men and women can experience orgasm without physical stimulation—for example, while they are asleep. The result is called a nocturnal emission in men and a "What the fuck was that?" in women. Dr. Merle S. Kroop explains it as follows: "The orgasmic-reflex center is located in the lumbosacral cord and

is subject to multiple inhibitory and facilitatory influences from higher neural centers. In common with all reflexes, the discharge threshold can be reached not only by sensory input from the genitals but also from higher centers in the cortex and diencephalon. This feature makes fantasy and memory important in facilitating orgasm for most people and sufficient to produce orgasm in a few."

**I**'m a Marine, and I have no problem getting a piece of ass. I read your articles; you seem to think that masturbating is a normal thing for an adult to do, and I agree with you. The only thing is, I can't seem to do it myself. I have tried it a couple of times but to no avail. I just can't seem to come when I do it. Is something wrong with me? I get off just great with a woman, but I can't get off when I jack off. What's wrong?—M. R., Memphis, Tennessee.

We don't think there's anything wrong. You may simply be one of those rare individuals who have no real need for masturbation, possibly because of past physical and/or psychological conditioning. If you "get off just great with a woman," as you put it, you've got nothing to worry about unless your inability to masturbate is somehow frustrating you. Perhaps you try too hard or are unable to relax. Don't force it. Masturbation should be a pleasurable release for sexual tension, not a cause for concern.

**M**any of the newer tape decks, I've noticed, have rows of L.E.D.s where the old needle-type V.U. meter used to be. I had gotten used to the old meters and can't for the life of me see why the change was made. The new meters can't be as accurate—or can they?—R. S., Scranton, Pennsylvania.

We hate to break up a long-standing friendship, but, frankly, the old meters weren't accurate. You'll remember that they tended to be a little twitchy, and something called mechanical inertia was responsible for slightly delayed readings. The new L.E.D. systems, because they are electronic, can give you quicker readings; but because they must necessarily be segmented, they can be off by as many dBs as are represented by a segment. Since you're really interested in only the peak readings most of the time, some decks allow you to throw a switch that can delay the decay of the peak reading so you can catch it and read it. Whether needle or L.E.D., the V.U.s on your recorder should be used only as a guide so that you don't exceed the capacity of the tape or the recorder.

**I** recall reading in an *Advisor* column that men who drank increasing amounts of alcohol took longer to reach orgasm

and, when extremely intoxicated, were unable to do so. I wonder whether or not anyone has done a similar study on women. My girlfriend says that she is more likely to be aroused after several drinks. Are men and women different?—D. S., Miami, Florida.

A research program headed by Victor Malatesta gave four groups of women varying amounts of alcohol, showed them an erotic movie and allowed them to masturbate to orgasm while recording the physical components of arousal. The women in the sober group took a mean of six minutes and 16 seconds to reach orgasm. The low-dose group (approximately two mixed drinks) took eight minutes, 54 seconds. The moderate-dose group (three to four drinks) took ten minutes and six seconds. The high-dose group (four to five drinks) took 14 minutes and six seconds. The more a woman drank, the less intense her arousal and orgasm—as measured by the lab instruments. However, when the researchers asked the women to comment on the experience, they found that the amount of alcohol consumed was directly related to the amount of perceived pleasure. The more a woman had had to drink, the more likely she was to report that she had derived heightened sexual arousal and a more pleasurable orgasmic experience. The conclusion: "If we may speculate upon the data, a woman may experience greater sexual arousal after consuming alcohol but find orgasm more difficult to achieve despite the fact that she views the experience as more pleasurable. On the other hand, findings suggest that female orgasm will occur more readily when alcohol has not been consumed, even though the possibility remains that alcohol may be operating as a 'disinhibitor' for sexual arousal. From a different perspective, the data suggest that beneficial consequences of 'modest' alcohol consumption might include greater subjective feelings of sexual arousal and a more enjoyable orgasmic experience with only a moderate increase in the time it takes to reach orgasm. It may be possible as well to use alcohol-induced relaxation of control as a bridge to the voluntary relinquishment of such control necessary for full orgasmic enjoyment." To answer your question: Yes, men and women are 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.



Did you say  $\frac{1}{3}$  less tar?

Pall Mall Light 100's.  
A third less tar  
than the leading  
filter king, and  
still great taste.



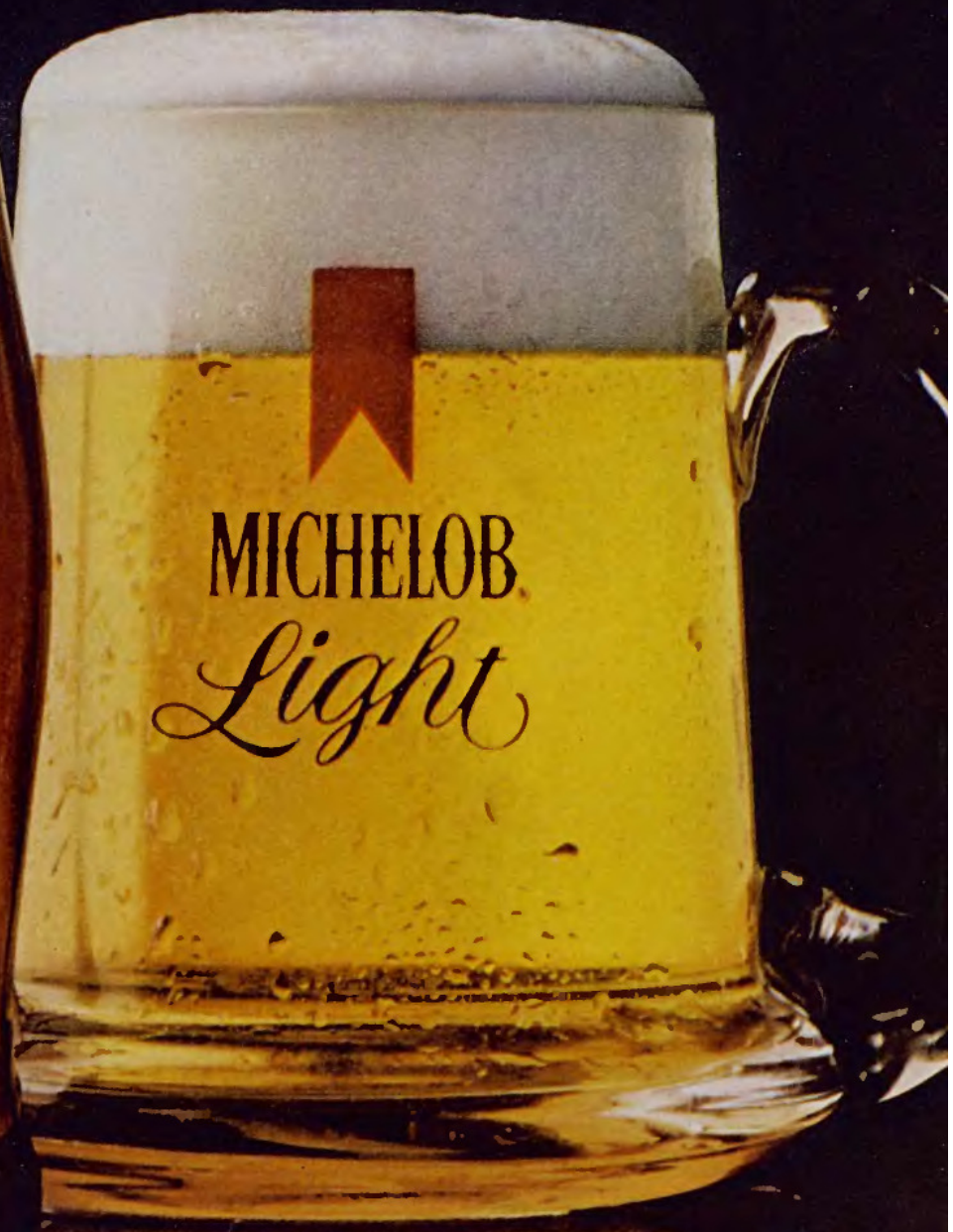
Pall Mall  
Light 100's            9mg. tar 0.8mg. nic.  
Leading filter king   15mg. tar 11mg. nic.  
Lowest brand  
less than            0.01mg. tar. 0.002mg. nic.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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

# Michelob<sup>®</sup> Light

**A rich, smooth taste you can  
compare to any beer you like.**



# DEAR PLAYMATES

One useful thing this column can do is take on some myths and explode them. In the past, we all assumed there were some problems that only men had in social relationships. Now we know differently. We asked the Playmates to tell us how they've handled more than one relationship at a time and whether or not such a situation bothered them.

The question for the month:

Have you ever been involved in more than one relationship at the same time and how did you feel about it?

I've done it, and it was difficult, because I cared a lot about both men. But neither relationship fulfilled all my needs—sexual or emotional. Luckily, one man was on the East Coast and the other was on the West Coast. So it worked out pretty well. I think they knew about each other, because I'm not the sneaky type; I'm not a game player. That can give you ulcers. I would never do something like that if I had had a commitment to either one of them.



*Cathy St. George*  
CATHY ST. GEORGE  
AUGUST 1982

Yes, I have, and I've found it a strain emotionally. I don't lie, but then I don't always give each person complete information, either. I don't much like being in that situation, and, usually, if I have two relationships going, one has the edge. And the reason for that is that one or the other has failed to make a commitment. I don't think you can care for two people equally, and I'm a sucker for a guy who's showing me a lot of love rather than for one who is treating me like just one of his girlfriends. Even if there is no commitment, I like to be discreet. So I don't feel like I'm lying if I'm trying to spare someone's feelings. I



usually do nothing and let things work themselves out. It's the coward's way, but I'm terrible at decisions.

*Cathy Larmouth*  
CATHY LARMOUTH  
JUNE 1981

You have to handle that situation very carefully, because you can really hurt someone's feelings. I have been in that position—usually, because neither man was exactly what I was looking for in a relationship. One might want to go out too much; another might want to stay in too much. Then a third man would come along who had everything, and I'd drop the other two. All's fair in love and war. And there are seven nights in a week. I can date anyone I like until I marry, as long as I make it clear that that's what I'm doing. I try not to lie. If you want to know how I really feel, I think most people are happier with one person.



*Jeana Tomasino*  
JEANA TOMASINO  
NOVEMBER 1980

That kind of thing has to be handled with kid gloves. There are some girls who can go around collecting men, but I'm not one of them. I'd rather be alone than have three or four guys. When you tell a guy you're going with someone else and he says that's OK, he'll put up with it, is that the kind of man you'd want to build something with in the long run? I think not. Juggling's hard; someone always gets hurt. I try for the truth.



*Michele Drake*  
MICHELE DRAKE  
MAY 1979

I was in love with two men at the same time, but they were very different from each other. There was a lot of tension, and I knew I had to make a choice. So I did—I made a choice—and I realized afterward that I'd made the wrong one. But I was lucky: The other man called me again some time later and said he wanted to talk. We did and got back together. I think it's better not to play a lot of games. Games are painful and selfish. I'd never go through that again. I got a few gray hairs over it.



*Linda Rhys Vaughn*  
LINDA RHYS VAUGHN  
APRIL 1982

Yes, I have, and it became quite a circus. To be involved in more than one relationship at a time can be dangerous to your health. Seriously, I think it's justifiable, because many men aren't into having a one-on-one relationship. I'd love to find one. Dating a different guy every night was frustrating, and I just couldn't keep it up. I wasn't being fair to myself. So I had to give up one relationship, and, obviously, I picked the one that wasn't going well. But I'm honest; I always tell whom ever I'm dating that I'm also dating other people. Being honest means no one gets hurt—at least not as badly as when you lie.



*Lorraine Michaels*  
LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

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.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.  
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF.



Thousands of years from now,  
they'll know this was a society of good taste.



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## NO NUKES!

Your August issue includes a letter from Gregory P. Turza advocating the use of nuclear energy on the basis that nuclear power is safe. However, he fails to mention, possibly through ignorance, the other side of that rainbow. What do we do with the radioactive waste created by that industry?

At present, there is no safe and effective method of permanently disposing of such waste. If we can't effectively dispose of it, how can we justify creating it?

Theo Moss  
Lafayette, Louisiana

## PRO NUKES?

With all the one-sided coverage of the antinuke people, I would like to call your attention to our group, the Organization for the Advancement of Total Nuclear War. As one of the few serious pro-nuke groups anywhere, we feel it necessary to make every possible effort to mobilize grass-roots support for an immediate nuclear holocaust.

Numerous studies and major national polls agree that apprehension at the prospect of nuclear war is one of the world's foremost causes of anxiety and stress. Medical authorities agree that such stress contributes to a wide variety of physical and emotional disorders. We believe the only way to reduce that problem is to get it on and get it over with as soon as possible. Only by facing the object of our fear—the thermonuclear experience—can we dispel world-wide anxiety.

Write to your Congressperson, your spiritual leader and prominent members of the business community. Ask them to promote total nuclear war. Without delay. Even as you read this letter, nuclear stress and anxiety may be ravaging your mind and body!

Ken Glickman, President  
O.A.T.N.W.  
New York, New York

*What a way to cope.*

## READER'S DILEMMA

I find myself in a curious position—working in a health profession that is 99 percent feminist dominated and where PLAYBOY is anathema. The mere mention of my support of your magazine riles my colleagues, who smirk and say things like, "Yes, we know, you're one of those who only read the articles." That's pure bullshit, of course, but I do

realize the many contributions of PLAYBOY to the cause of freedom and the work and money poured into support of the Equal Rights Amendment and defense of constitutional rights.

So I remain a man in conflict. Torn on one hand by my approval of PLAYBOY and, on the other hand, by the cries of outraged women attempting, justifiably, to break their bonds of cultural enslavement but, in the process, attacking one of their best friends.

So shall I issue a sort of position paper, free handouts articulating my

---

*"Nuclear stress and anxiety may be ravaging your mind and body!"*

---

philosophical stance with regard to PLAYBOY, or just hide my issues and stay a closet reader? Both seem unnatural; and since your magazine often deals with dilemmas, perhaps you can offer advice.

Bruce Tennant  
Long Beach, California

*Sometimes, it seems, our critics don't bother to read these pages. As we see it, you don't have a conflict: Reading PLAYBOY and supporting everyone's rights are compatible. Make that case to your friends.*



## POT STUDY

In June of this year, the National Academy of Sciences (N.A.S.) Committee on Substance Abuse and Habitual Behavior released its findings on the fiscal and social costs of enforcing criminal laws against marijuana use. That study was requested and funded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) in 1978. The committee's summary conclusion: The possession or private use of small amounts of marijuana should no longer be a crime; the enforcement costs are too high.

But the results of the study are not as remarkable as the way the N.A.S. and NIDA attempted to suppress them. Between N.A.S. president Frank Press and NIDA director Dr. William Pollin, the work done by the N.A.S. committee was virtually disavowed. Are we to infer that the Reagan Administration justifies its firm antidrug stance by focusing on only those studies that support its outlook while attempting to suppress those studies that are valid but do not happen to agree with the facts as the White House sees them?

David R. Walsh  
Glenview, Illinois

*That would seem to be the case. Although decriminalization has not increased pot smoking in states with such laws and though most other states have reduced penalties for private use and though young people seem to be stepping away from their devotion to grass, the Administration is afraid that lifting criminal penalties would send everybody the "wrong message."*

## PINK, AS IN PUSSYCAT

The police at the Santa Clara County Jail are quite proud of themselves for coming up with a room painted pink on the advice of a color experimenter. It supposedly calms down rowdy prisoners—actually weakens them in a period as brief as 2.7 seconds, it is claimed.

I can imagine its working. If somebody put me in a pink room, I'd look around and say, "Oh, shit; maybe if I behave myself, they'll take me out of here!"

Bob Wood  
Los Angeles, California

## ALFERD HONORED AT LAST

After many years of strife and striving, the students at the University of Colorado not only have officially renamed the café at their Boulder campus the Alferd E. Packer Memorial Grill but

have succeeded in getting Governor Richard D. Lamm to ceremoniously unveil a bust of Packer, who, as I'm sure we all know, was a famous 19th Century cannibal. Packer allegedly ate five of his companions during the terrible winter of 1874. He claimed that four had been killed by the fifth man and that he had had to kill—and eat—that fellow in self-defense. That earned him 40 years in prison, though he was paroled after 16.

But the reason I'm writing is to share with your readers the wonderful pun-filled remarks of the governor at the unveiling: "I must admit to you that I have little appetite to appear before you today. As I told my staff, I have better things to do than come over and chew the fat with a pack of cannibal lovers. But this being an election year, they convinced me that every little bit counts, and in order to protect my flanks, here I am." He concluded that he and Packer both "serve our fellow men, each in his own way."

To the sculptor, he added: "In the immortal words of Alferd Packer, uttered

#### PRISON PEN PALS

The ongoing interest shown by the Playboy Foundation in helping prisoners through the Prison Pen Pals program is very deeply appreciated. During the past eight years, we have linked up nearly 500,000 prisoners and citizens—largely with your help and encouragement.

Right now, our biggest problem is getting more citizen involvement, since our *Playboy Forum* exposure has resulted in thousands of letters from prisoners but very few letters from citizens. This imbalance is causing us a lot of problems and we are working hard to eliminate it.

One way to do that is for you to advise your good readers. "Get those cards and letters coming." We'll do the rest.

Lou Torok, Director  
Prison Pen Pals  
Box 1217  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

when asked how he liked his fellow man, I say to you, Tom Miller, 'Well done!'

(Name withheld by request)  
Denver, Colorado

Governor Lamm caught quite a bit of flak for his effort at humor. Aides now report that in the first couple of weeks after his speech, he received more than 60 phone calls—all of them negative. Nevertheless, the paucity of humor among public officials persuades us that he did the right thing.

#### EXCLUSIONARY RULE

Experience has shown that the exclusionary rule does not punish the police (*The Playboy Forum*, July 1982). Few

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### POT CAPER FOILED

JUNEAU, ALASKA—Two crewmen aboard the Coast Guard cutter *Boutwell* sabotaged their vessel as part of a bizarre plot to seize and escape in a marijuana-laden sailboat that was being



towed to port in Kodiak. The damage was discovered and corrected before the plot had had time to hatch, and one of the saboteurs confessed and implicated the other. A third crewman was found in the water dead of hypothermia, but his connection with the proposed hijacking was unknown.

#### PARDON DENIED

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—Governor Charles S. Robb has refused to pardon Roger Davis, sentenced in 1974 to 40 years in prison on marijuana charges. He reduced Davis' two consecutive terms to a total of 20 years, the maximum allowed under the revised Virginia drug law, after the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the right of legislatures to impose virtually any sentence they deem appropriate (see "The End of the Eighth Amendment," *The Playboy Forum*, May).

#### ABORTION SAFER

ATLANTA—Once again, a study has shown that women are less likely to die from legal abortion than from childbirth. The Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta found that the mortality rate for abortions had declined from 3.2 deaths per 100,000 abortions during 1972-1975 to .9 per 100,000 in 1976-1978. During the same periods, deaths

from live births fell from 12.6 per 100,000 to 9.3 per 100,000. The study also found that death rates were lowest for women 19 and younger and highest for women 35 and older, with blacks and other minority women having more than double the white mortality rates for both abortion and childbirth. Critics had disputed previous comparisons, contending that most women dying from abortion were young, white and healthy, while those dying from childbirth had more health problems.

#### FETAL RIGHTS

HARTFORD—In what pro-choice people are calling a "dangerous precedent" and right-to-life people are saying is no "great panacea," a U.S. district-court judge in Connecticut has ruled that a five-and-a-half-month-old fetus has the right to sue for damages under an 1871 Federal civil rights law. The decision came in a police-brutality case, the judge finding that the fetus, since born with unspecified injuries, has an equal and independent right with its mother to sue the Hartford Police Department and two officers who allegedly were involved in beating the mother in the back yard of her home. The pro- and anti-abortion forces noted that the battle over abortion is now occurring in the legislatures rather than the courts. One abortion opponent commented, "What you're talking about is strictly the right to sue. It's a schizophrenic society that gives the unborn the right to sue but not the right to life."

#### HOME AGAIN

ATLANTA—The Georgia Supreme Court has overruled a local judge and returned custody of a three-year-old boy to his divorced mother (*"Forum Newsfront,"* May). The lower court had found the white woman a "lewd person" for having since borne a daughter to a black policeman. The high court said the evidence failed to show the mother's unfitness.

#### GRUESOME THREESOME

CHINO, CALIFORNIA—Local authorities found three fetuses hanging in an empty field near the town of Chino, along with posters denouncing abortion. "Each one had, like, a little hangman's noose around the neck," according to the deputy county coroner.

### P.M.S. COMES TO U.S.

NEW YORK CITY—A Brooklyn woman accused of assaulting her four-year-old child may give the premenstrual-stress syndrome its first legal test in this country. P.M.S. is recognized as a form of legal insanity in France, and in three English cases, two women were given probated sentences despite their convictions for serious crimes.

### SUBSTITUTE PRISONER

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—A 26-year-old man has agreed to serve six months of his wife's sentence on a cocaine conviction so she can stay home and care for their baby. The unusual arrangement was made when the pregnant woman became hysterical during sentencing. Her husband got up and said, "Wait! I'll serve the time. It's my drugs." The judge commented, "It struck me as the best way to do justice."

### NARCOMETER

NEW YORK CITY—A New Jersey physician has developed a prototype Narcometer that he says can quickly identify drugs in the human body by means of electrodes attached to the forehead and temples. According to Dr. Thomas Westerman, the device, a modified version of an electrostagnograph (ENG) used to measure eye move-



ments, is able to detect such commonly abused drugs as marijuana, alcohol, cocaine, Valium and opiates and should be useful not only in police work but in testing athletes, comatose emergency-room patients and newborn babies of drug-using mothers. At present, the machine cannot determine the quantities of the drugs it is measuring, but its developer believes that that can be accomplished with further research.

### SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRLS

Sex education in schools does not foster promiscuity among unmarried young people and may even reduce the number of teenage pregnancies, according to Johns Hopkins University researchers. Writing in *Family Planning Perspectives*, Professors Melvin Zelnik and Young J. Kim said, "The data seem to provide overwhelming support for the claim that the decision to engage in sexual activity is not influenced by whether or not teenagers have had sex education in school." The study added that students who are sexually active are less likely to become pregnant if they have had sex instruction. In a comment on the report, the Alan Guttmacher Institute, which publishes the journal, noted, "These are the first data from a national study to throw light on the controversy, which has been boiling since at least the Fifties, about the impact of school sex-education courses on teenage sexual activity, contraceptive use and pregnancy."

### PRICE OF LIFE

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY—By a vote of seven to zero, the New Jersey Supreme Court has ruled that convicted murderers can be required to pay restitution to their victims' families as a condition for parole. The decision came in the case of Thomas Trantino, who in 1963 beat and repeatedly shot two police officers to death. Paramus police chief Joseph Delaney, who organized a coalition to protest Trantino's release, called the ruling "the final nail in the coffin of the criminal-justice system. They have put a price on a life." The victims' families have said they will refuse any money from Trantino if the parole board sets an amount.

### BETTER THAN ABORTION?

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN—A 12-year-old girl, pregnant by rape and denied an abortion by a juvenile-court judge last year ("Forum Newsfront," February), has been charged with neglect of her four-month-old daughter. At present, both the girl and her baby are in foster homes, and if the neglect charges are proved, the mother will lose legal custody of the infant.

### RETURN OF PARAQUAT?

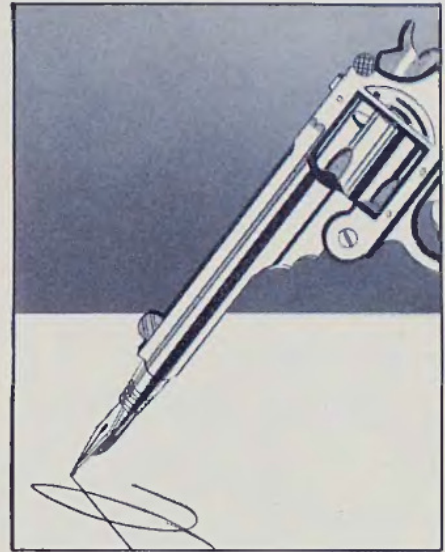
MIAMI—Florida's home-grown marijuana crop, second in value only to citrus, may soon be sprayed with paraquat, despite warnings from the distributor of the chemical defoliant that such use may be illegal and from others that it may be unsafe. Mexico used U.S.

paraquat from 1976 to 1978, but when contaminated pot began to come into this country, it generated protests and lawsuits.

Meanwhile, California authorities are considering spraying their own home-grown pot with a chemical known as "essence of skunk" to make it unfit for smoking.

### THE DELAWARE DRAW

DOVER, DELAWARE—Governor Pierre du Pont IV has signed a law allowing Delaware residents to use deadly force against intruders. Formerly, the householder had to prove in court that the force used was necessary for his protection and not excessive. The new



law allows him to shoot first when the encounter is unexpected or he fears personal injury or the intruder refuses to disarm himself or surrender. "We just made it very plain you can use as much force as you think is necessary," explained the bill's primary sponsor.

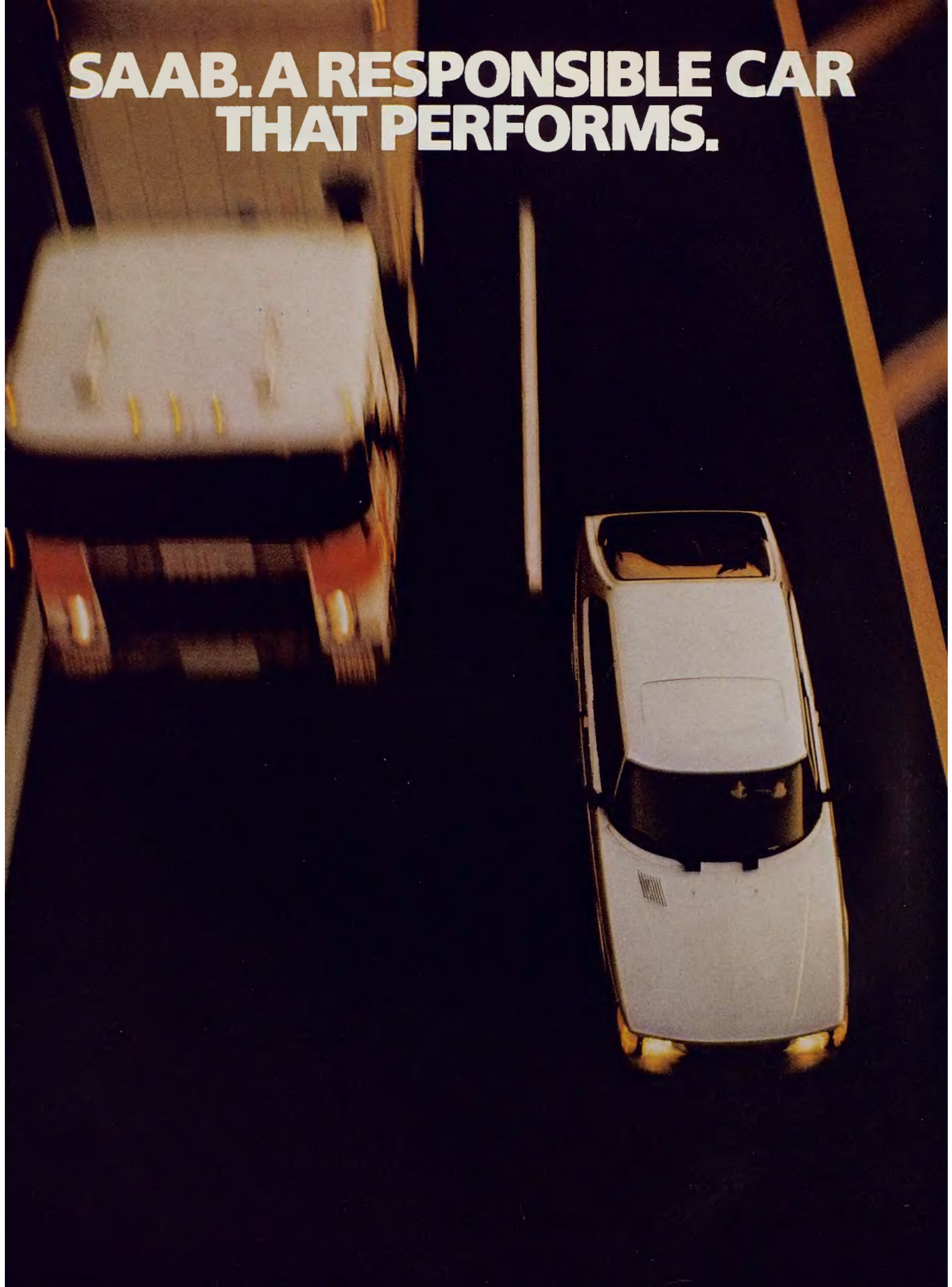
### DEATH PENALTY DENIED

LONDON—By a vote of 357 to 195, Britain's House of Commons has refused to revive the death penalty. Death by hanging is still prescribed for treason and for piracy with violence, but it was abolished for other crimes in 1969.

### BAD CUSTOMERS

DETROIT—An eager marijuana salesman decided that four workers moving furniture into a new office looked like prospective customers and confided, "I have the baddest joints in the world." The men pooled their pocket change and came up with five dollars for five cigarettes, then placed the man under arrest. All four were cops preparing for the opening of a police ministration.

**SAAB. A RESPONSIBLE CAR  
THAT PERFORMS.**



# SAAB. A PERFORMANCE CAR THAT'S RESPONSIBLE.

As opposed to a performance car that performs. Or a responsible car that's responsible.

For Saab, single-mindedness is no virtue.

On the other hand, consider the value of double-mindedness:

When you experience the goose bump-inducing acceleration of a Saab, you have room to share it with a wife and two kids and a year's supply of groceries.

When you fill up the tank, you can look forward to great gas mileage. (The most powerful Saab gets better fuel economy than that old mileage champ, the Volkswagen Super Beetle.†) You can look forward to it because the car you're driving isn't boring. It isn't a mollycoddling compromise put together for a presentation to the Environmental Protection Agency.

Having thrown out those boasts, Saab would like to back off a little and admit the world hasn't greeted it with unanimous accolades.

## *Either-Or.*

Either you find the performance of a Saab exhilarating.

Or the sociologist in you comes out and pronounces it excessive.

Either you determine Saab's steering to be a tight,

responsive, unifying element between your hands and the wheels.

Or you yearn for squishy power steering that tacitly says you're not really driving the car; you're merely pointing it.

Either you look at this chart and say, "Pretty good numbers."

Or you look the other way and declare yourself, "Not a numbers man."

SAAB 900 5-SPEED APC TURBO	
0-60 MPH Acceleration*	10.0 seconds
1/4 Mile Acceleration*	17.3 seconds
Stopping Distance from 60 MPH*	160 feet
Trunk Space*	25.7 cu. feet
Fuel-tank capacity	16.6 gallons
EPA Estimate	21 mpg**
EPA Highway Estimate	34 mpg**

Either you assess the Saab Turbo's Automatic Performance Control as an improvement on all other turbos, a true breakthrough that lets you go faster on less fuel.

Or you look at it as just another piece of engineering esoterica.

Either you consider *Road & Track's* designation of Saab ("Sports Sedan for the Eighties") as a carefully weighed judgment by a group of editors who have seen them all come and go over the years.

Or you dismiss it as hype by a cult of car nuts.

Either you apply everything you know about economics to the sticker and realize the perfect balance between price and value.

Or you conclude it's outrageously expensive. Or too cheap to bear repeating at the country club.

## *The car you need vs. the car you want.*

For every other car we can think of, those two concepts are also either-or.

Either you opt for utility and practicality and economy and durability and have your needs satisfied.

Or you go for performance and comfort and styling and have your wants satiated.

Of course, it is our biased contention that the 1983 Saab is both the car you need and the car you want.

If you test drive a Saab and love it, our guess is that it will be a love fully required in the years ahead.

If you test drive a Saab and you're not enthralled, all you'll be out is the time it takes to feel the acceleration, to luxuriate in the seats, and to learn what a real driving experience is.

The guarantee is that you won't be indifferent.

# SAAB

*The most intelligent car ever built*

†See box above for fuel economy specifications. \*From July, 1982 *Road & Track Magazine Road Test*. \*\*Remember, use these figures for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

# "WELCOME HOME, DOODLE!"

*thanks to a private investigator, a determined lawyer and two local law enforcers, an innocent man has been freed from prison*

In 1979, Thomas Lynn "Doodle" Brady received two consecutive life sentences for twice abducting and raping a young Asheboro, North Carolina, woman the previous year. She testified that she had recognized him as her attacker when he came into the store in which she worked to pay a bill. No physical evidence connected him to the crimes, and he had an alibi witness, but the woman's vivid testimony, plus his "outlaw" appearance and the fact that he had fled the courthouse when the jury left to deliberate, resulted in his conviction. Last spring, he wrote to the Playboy Defense Team and included letters from Randleman private investigator Tom McDonald, who had joined Randolph County sheriff's lieutenant Don Andrews, Asheboro fire marshal Jim Smith and others to prove Brady innocent. Attorney P. Wayne Robbins of Carthage then filed a motion for a new trial. The hearings were attended by PLAYBOY Senior Editor William J. Helmer, who in last month's "Playboy Casebook" supplied the background for the case.

A motion for a new trial must usually point up newly discovered or newly available evidence tending to exonerate a person convicted of a crime. In Tom Brady's case, the task of attorney Wayne Robbins was doubly difficult: What evidence would point to Brady's innocence if the crimes had never even occurred? Only the fact that Brady's accuser had gone on a crime-reporting spree—kidnaping, rape, arson, burglary, assault and threatening messages—and was found to have a history of emotional problems gave Robbins the opening he needed to revive the case after Brady had already spent three and a half years in prison.

The hearings were held in the summer after months of investigation, and the central figure was not Brady so much as his accuser, Deborah Chesire Trogdon, mother of two, whose husband had committed suicide. They included more than a dozen witnesses, including police officers from several jurisdictions to whom Trogdon had reported crimes. Separately, each offense sounded plausible, and Trogdon herself was specific and convincing. The police had taken her seriously, and Brady's brother, Mickey, had al-

ready been tried and acquitted of kidnaping her. That was in 1979, a few months after Tom had received two consecutive life sentences for similar crimes. At the time, Mickey's attorney said that Trogdon's account of the incident strained credibility: "Every time she saw somebody, she thought it was rape and that a Brady did it." Later, Trogdon even

pasted up from newspapers and magazines and then began elaborating on other strange events, the investigation began to focus on her.

At the hearings, police officers described a speechless, hysterical and nearly nude young woman who refused pelvic examinations but could later recall nearly every detail of her attacks, including a license-plate number.



Tom Brady hugs his daughter, Irene. At left is PLAYBOY Senior Editor William J. Helmer; at right is Asheboro fire marshal Jim Smith, one of the principal figures in the investigation.

accused Tom's wife, Joyce, of setting fire to her house.

That arson and two others were what launched an increasingly serious investigation into Trogdon's numerous charges. Asheboro fire marshal Jim Smith could find no evidence that the fires had been set by anyone but her. He shared his doubts with Randolph County sheriff's lieutenant Don Andrews, who had serious doubts of his own. Brady was happily married, had a little girl, was a stable full-time employee and had no criminal record. Despite his tattoos, he seemed a most unlikely kidnaper/rapist. When Trogdon later accused Brady's alibi witness of having left her threatening messages

Other witnesses testified to discrepancies in those details and to the coincidences of where her car had been left and where her wallet had been found—in the middle of a main road a week later. Medical records indicating attempted suicides and periods of depression were placed in evidence. Smith and Andrews said that when they talked with her shortly before the hearings began, she had admitted on tape that she was now "99-and-three-quarters percent" sure that Brady was not her attacker.

Confronted with so much contradictory testimony, Trogdon remained quiet and composed, recanted her statement that had virtually exonerated

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN PAGE, GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS

Brady and once more pointed to him as her rapist.

Judge Robert Collier conducted the hearings with the usual courtroom solemnity and gave both sides an extra 30 days to submit briefs citing precedents and arguing their positions. Robbins went to some length to point out that Trogdon's mental state was not an issue in the first trial and became apparent only later, while District Attorney Garland Yates argued that her condition could have or should have been explored at that time and should, in any case, have no bearing on Brady's conviction. Six weeks later, Judge Collier ruled in favor of the defense; he granted Brady a new trial. Within hours, Brady was free and back with his family.



Newspaper headlines tell story of Brady's fight for release from the state prison.

Two days later, the D.A. called a press conference to say that while Trogdon insisted she'd told the truth, she did not want to go through another trial, so he was dropping all charges.

McDonald, meanwhile, has tried unsuccessfully to find Tom a job with a local printer in which he can use the skills he learned in prison and is exploring the possibility of getting the state to compensate Tom for the time he spent in prison. Brady has decided that he wants to go back to the prison to tell his jailers and some of the inmates goodbye. McDonald says, "Why not?"

Ironically, had Brady received a lesser sentence instead of two life terms, he'd probably still be in prison.

officers, particularly in major departments, follow their arrests unless subpoenaed for court. Consequently, during the pre-filing legal review by investigators, police legal divisions and district-attorney offices, many arrests are not prosecuted because of a deficiency with the search and/or seizure. The officer, believing that he has made a good arrest, usually is not informed. If he is, the natural tendency is to shrug it off and go on to something else. I know of few officers who feel personally punished, though I have seen some shake their heads in amazement.

The net result is that numerous cases that involved no intentional illegal act by either the police or the prosecutor are dismissed. So who are the losers? The people who justifiably expect the judicial system to protect them.

As a patrol officer in Dallas, I have experienced the frustration of being with a group of experienced officers, all with college degrees, unable to decide if we have sufficient probable cause to effect a search or an arrest. While seeking to apply the law correctly, we do make unintentional mistakes. Since we have nothing to gain materially from such decisions, there is really no incentive to knowingly make a search that will not hold up in court.

Douglas M. Allbach  
Bedford, Texas

#### HOLY HYPOCRISY!

The differences between King Henry VIII and evangelist Herbert W. Armstrong are quite a few. Perhaps the only thing they have in common is that they're white males who want to divorce their wives. King Henry split with the Roman Catholic Church on that issue, but the Reverend Mr. Armstrong hasn't had to leave his church; he's just revised the rules—for himself. I quote from *The Miami Herald*, quoting Herbert in 1973: "God's law regarding the marriage institution says one thing and one thing only can break that marriage bond—DEATH! This appalling national (and international) sin reaches, as a *Foul Stench*, to high Heaven! Because our people are thus harming themselves and their children, the living God is aroused and angered! It is threatening the *destruction of nations!!!*"

Alas, the Reverend Herbert, who married four years after writing that, now has filed for divorce at the age of 89.

B. Berry  
Los Angeles, California

#### WRONG WORD

Your July *Forum Newsfront* item about the Lancaster, Wisconsin, judge makes it sound as though the sentence he gave a little girl's rapist was excessively light and makes him sound like a fiend for referring to the child as "unusually promiscuous." His choice of

words was poor and newspapers' reporting of them out of context caused a commotion, but most people around here thought he displayed a great deal of humanity.

The man charged had been taken in by the girl's mother, who sometimes made love with him in the presence of her children. The five-year-old girl went into his room one day while he was sleeping in the nude and climbed on top of him the way she'd seen her mother do. He awoke but failed to break off the contact. There was no penetration and the matter came to the attention of the authorities only later. It was simply that the charge was rape and that the judge used the word promiscuous when he should have used curious.

I think you should clarify that tragic story, which was covered in depth by only a Madison weekly, *Isthmus*. There was more than one victim, including the judge, a good man who barely survived a recall vote.

Joseph J. Miller  
Madison, Wisconsin

#### ISLAND TREES CASE

As I'm sure your readers are aware, the U.S. Supreme Court has issued its long-awaited decision in New York's Island Trees school-district case. By a vote of five to four, the Court kept alive the constitutional claims of the student plaintiffs by agreeing with the U.S. Court of Appeals that the case should be sent back to the trial court to explore the local school board's motivations in removing books by such noted authors as Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Desmond Morris, Bernard Malamud and Eldridge Cleaver.

Although there was no majority opinion—indeed, seven opinions were written—the result can be regarded as only a major victory from the standpoint of those who have argued that the discretion of local school officials in connection with book acquisitions and removals is not limitless.

I want to thank the Playboy Foundation not only for supporting this case through the New York Civil Liberties Union but also for recognizing the efforts of plaintiff Steven Pico by granting him one of the Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards.

Judith F. Krug, Director  
Office for Intellectual Freedom  
American Library Association  
Chicago, Illinois

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



# SEAGRAM'S GIN MAKES YOUR SCREWDRIVER LETTER PERFECT.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin makes the best drinks possible. Enjoy our quality in moderation.



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LUCIANO PAVAROTTI

*a candid conversation about wine, women and arias with the tenor of our time*

Luciano Pavarotti was late. He was supposed to attend a friend's song recital at the Bank of America building in San Francisco. He flagged a taxi, telling the driver to take him to the Bank of America and hurry. "Which one?" the driver asked. "How should I know?" Pavarotti replied. "The biggest." The driver found the right building. Pavarotti reached into his pocket, pulling out a wad of crushed tissues and three \$100 bills. "Please," the driver said, "this one is on me. It's my pleasure." Inside the building, Pavarotti looked in vain for a sign to indicate where an auditorium might be. When an elevator discharged a few dozen people, Pavarotti grabbed the first businessman he saw. "Where's the recital?" he asked fervently. The startled young man looked at the large, recognizable Italian whose face had appeared in the newspapers and on TV all week and smiled nervously. "Anywhere you want it," he said.

Indeed, it often seems as if all Pavarotti has to do to have the world listen gratefully is open his mouth. Conductor Richard Bonyngé calls his voice "the kind that appears once every 100 years," and it has been heard in opera houses throughout Europe, the U.S., Australia,

South America, Japan and Russia. His more than 20 albums are among the best selling of any living tenor's and his authorized biography was a recent best seller. His concerts, like the operas in which he appears, are sold out months in advance, and tickets are often sold by scalpers at premium prices (for his premiere of "Aïda" in San Francisco, front-row tickets were reportedly selling for \$1200 a pair). He sang for the Pope when they both happened to be in Chicago at the same time, and he received a standing ovation when he sang at the 1981 Academy Awards show. His face is familiar enough to be featured in the Blackglama Furs "What Becomes a Legend Most?" ad campaign, as well as in the American Express commercial.

In 1980, he was named New York's grand marshal of the Columbus Day parade and was the only such designee to ride a horse down Fifth Avenue. He has appeared before nearly 150,000 people at a concert in New York's Central Park, has raised money for Italian earthquake victims by doing a benefit recital at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium and has sung with Frank Sinatra at a fund raiser for the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Institute cancer center. The recipient of more than 50,000 letters a

year from fans around the world, he employs six people to make sure they are all answered. And he never turns down a request for an autograph, a picture or a kiss.

Born on October 12, 1935, in Modena, a small city in northern Italy, he grew up in an extended complex of 16 families, often pampered by his neighbors and his relatives because he was the only boy among the more than 100 people who treated him as a son or a brother. His father, an amateur tenor who made his living as a baker, took him to sing in the church choir but discouraged him from turning professional. His mother, who worked in a cigar factory, encouraged him to consider singing.

At 12, he was taken by his father to hear Beniamino Gigli, the leading Italian tenor, and he knew from then on what he'd like to be when he grew up. But the decision to become a singer wasn't an immediate one. He taught grade school for two years, sold insurance to his students' families and, with a friend, decided to go to Rome to study mathematics. His friend changed his mind about the academic life, and his family finally agreed he could study singing in Modena with a local tenor named



"Critics have said that I am selling myself on TV. Do they mean to put opera back in a cave, where nobody can see it? No, it is not my style. I was the first to do this, and I have no regret."



"Do I ever lose my temper with my family at home? You must joke! I have three daughters and one wife at home. I cannot lose my temper! It is already written that I have to be a saint!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"I don't have confidence in myself. I think the best way to be successful is to be really constantly scared. I am going to be always nervous, no matter what I am doing."

Arrigo Pola. It was the beginning of a six-and-a-half-year apprenticeship, first with Pola and then with Maestro Ettore Campogalliani. When he was 24, he developed a nodule on his vocal cords, and for almost a year he sounded like a baritone. But when the nodule calcified, his lyrical tenor voice returned, sweeter than it had ever been. At 26, he won a singing competition and the prize was an appearance as Rodolfo in Puccini's "La Bohème," a role that would mark his debuts at London's Covent Garden two years later, in 1963; at Milan's La Scala in 1966; and at New York's Metropolitan Opera in 1968. It marked the beginning of his professional career.

Soprano Joan Sutherland played a significant role in Pavarotti's career when, after her husband, Richard Bonyng, had heard him sing at Covent Garden in 1963, she and Bonyng signed him to tour Australia with them in 1965. Pavarotti was 30 then, and he credits Sutherland with teaching him how to breathe correctly while singing. He recalls that Australian tour with her as having been significant in another way as well: "Nobody came to me for an interview. They went to her because she was famous. I was not famous. It didn't mean that I wasn't good but that I had to be better and older and more known and more famous if I wanted the respect."

It didn't take long before the press discovered him. And Pavarotti was very obliging. In fact, he seemed to revel in the attention, telling reporters that applause was his oxygen. His gregarious personality won them over, and he eventually became a media phenomenon, appearing on the covers of Newsweek and Time as well as dozens of other national and international magazines. He also used the far-reaching potential of television, appearing on many of the talk shows (even discussing the size of a woman's breasts on "The Tonight Show," which had to be censored when Pavarotti inadvertently used the word tits), conducting lessons for young singers on the Public Broadcasting Service, appearing live from the Met and from the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal for a Christmas special. Most recently, attempting to capitalize on his wide appeal and popularity, MGM invested \$15,000,000 in a light romantic comedy, "Yes, Giorgio," about an Italian tenor who has voice problems and winds up having an affair with his pretty throat doctor.

To find out more about him, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (whose last "Playboy Interview" was with Patty Hearst, in March 1982) to travel with him over a four-month period. Grobel's report:

"We began this interview on the

MGM lot in Culver City, where I first saw the Pavarotti charisma. For a week, I visited the set every day, watching as such people as Itzhak Perlman, Jacqueline Bisset and Charlton Heston came by just to see the great tenor mouthing the words to a prerecorded 'Nessun Dorma.' While he took moviemaking seriously, he also considered it something of a vacation from real work.

"In Chicago, where I next saw him, he was more in his element, appearing at the Lyric Opera, staying after each performance to meet with and sign autographs for every fan who had waited for him, auditioning young singers in his hotel room. To one 21-year-old tenor who sang for him, he said, 'Your problem is you don't sweat enough. If you do not sweat, you aren't working hard.'

"Back in California, a couple of days after his debut in 'Aida,' he was feeling buoyant, expansive. We went to an afternoon recital, then for a meal in Chinatown, and even rode a cable car back to his hotel. When the conductor of the cable car saw who was standing on the crowded platform, he came to a screech-

---

*"Well, every time I am on the cover of an important magazine, Placido reacts in a certain vein. It's something I would never do."*

---

ing halt in the middle of an intersection and insisted on having his picture taken with the famous tenor. 'Hey! My man!' he kept shouting. 'My man!'

"The same enthusiasm surrounded Pavarotti wherever he went. At a tennis club, six TV cameras and dozens of reporters waited for him; on a street corner, businessmen had him sign their copies of The Wall Street Journal. Of all the celebrities I have interviewed, no other has received such an outpouring of love and affection from such a diverse group of fans. Women in ermine stood next to teenagers in jeans, waiting for their programs to be signed. One woman, a chicken farmer who had named her favorite stud rooster after him, follows Pavarotti around the country, making sure someone snaps a Polaroid of them to add to her collection.

"In New York, where we wound up our marathon talks, I stayed in a hotel room just across from his, and whenever he practiced singing, I'd open my door. It was one of the fringe benefits of my job—getting a private recital by the most celebrated tenor on earth."

PLAYBOY: You seem to be optimistic about your first movie.

PAVAROTTI: Now I am laughing and smiling. After, I will be so down, so depressed.

PLAYBOY: You mean you're anticipating a disaster?

PAVAROTTI: Yes. I am always expecting a disaster every time I do something new.

PLAYBOY: Is that just superstition?

PAVAROTTI: I am scared of the unknown, and everything that I have not done is the unknown. You see, I am 46 and I am constantly taking risks: It's a risk to make a new opera like *Aida*, a risk to make a movie, a risk to make anything new. Not because I want to be famous; I don't need this kind of trouble, but—

PLAYBOY: But you'd like *Yes, Giorgio* to do for opera what *The Turning Point* did for ballet?

PAVAROTTI: We will see. My purpose is to make a good service to the world and hope I don't destroy my reputation, which I will if the movie is a catastrophe. Oh, well, then I will be what I was before.

PLAYBOY: Unless the critics really tear into you and turn some of your opera audience away.

PAVAROTTI: Some critics are already saying I'm a traitor for making this movie, that it will damage my voice. Probably, they have in their minds the idea that singers just sing; if you make movies, you don't sing opera.

PLAYBOY: Would you be greatly upset if, after the movie came out, the critics all suggested you stick to singing?

PAVAROTTI: Oh, no. Not at all. My ego would be more frustrated if they said I sang a bad *Aida*.

PLAYBOY: Well, since that performance is a few weeks from now, we'll get a chance to find that out before this interview is completed. But as to this movie, we've watched you make it and you seem to have enjoyed it.

PAVAROTTI: Yes. It has been a pleasure to stay four months without thinking about my voice. I smoke a cigar if I want. I drink. I'm a normal man. When I don't work, I don't work. Do you understand?

PLAYBOY: Actors wouldn't like to hear you say making movies is not working. But before you accepted *Yes, Giorgio*, didn't you have six other film offers, including the Enrico Caruso story?

PAVAROTTI: Yes. But Caruso's life has already been filmed twice, and very well. I don't think they should try to make one more. Now, if they tried to make the life of Mario Lanza—

PLAYBOY: Would that interest you? We've read that Lanza's films had a profound influence on you as a young man.

PAVAROTTI: Yes, but I would not play him, because he was not an operatic singer, he was a movie star. If you want to do his life, it must be done by a movie star, not me.

PLAYBOY: If *Yes, Giorgio* makes a movie



## The new Technics cassette decks with dbx.<sup>®</sup> They don't just reduce tape noise. They eliminate it.

There is a new line of Technics cassette decks so technologically advanced they are capable of reproducing music with virtually no audible tape noise. None.

They not only feature Dolby\* noise reduction, but also the dbx noise elimination system. With dbx, a Technics cassette deck compresses the signal so the dynamic range is halved. When a tape is played back, the process is reversed. The original dynamic range is then restored and noise is pushed below audibility. Loud passages can be recorded without distortion, and soft ones without tape noise. There is even dbx disc decoding available for playing dbx encoded records.

The Technics RS-M255X goes even further.

Wide range (-40 to +18 db), three-color FL meters handle the dynamic range dbx gives you. An electronic tape counter doubles as a remaining time indicator to show how much time is left on your cassette. Bias and EQ levels are automatically selected for any tape formulation. Microprocessor feather-touch controls give you fast, easy, mode switching. And Technics RS-M255X gives you the stability and accuracy of a two-motor drive system.

Audition all of the sophisticated Technics cassette decks with dbx. Including the very affordable RS-M228X.

Why settle for tape noise reduction when you can have tape noise elimination? From Technics.

\*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc. <sup>®</sup> dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, Inc.

**Technics**  
The science of sound.

# BENSON

## *Introducing Deluxe Ultra Lights*

Only 6 mg  
yet rich enough  
to be called deluxe.  
Regular and Menthol.

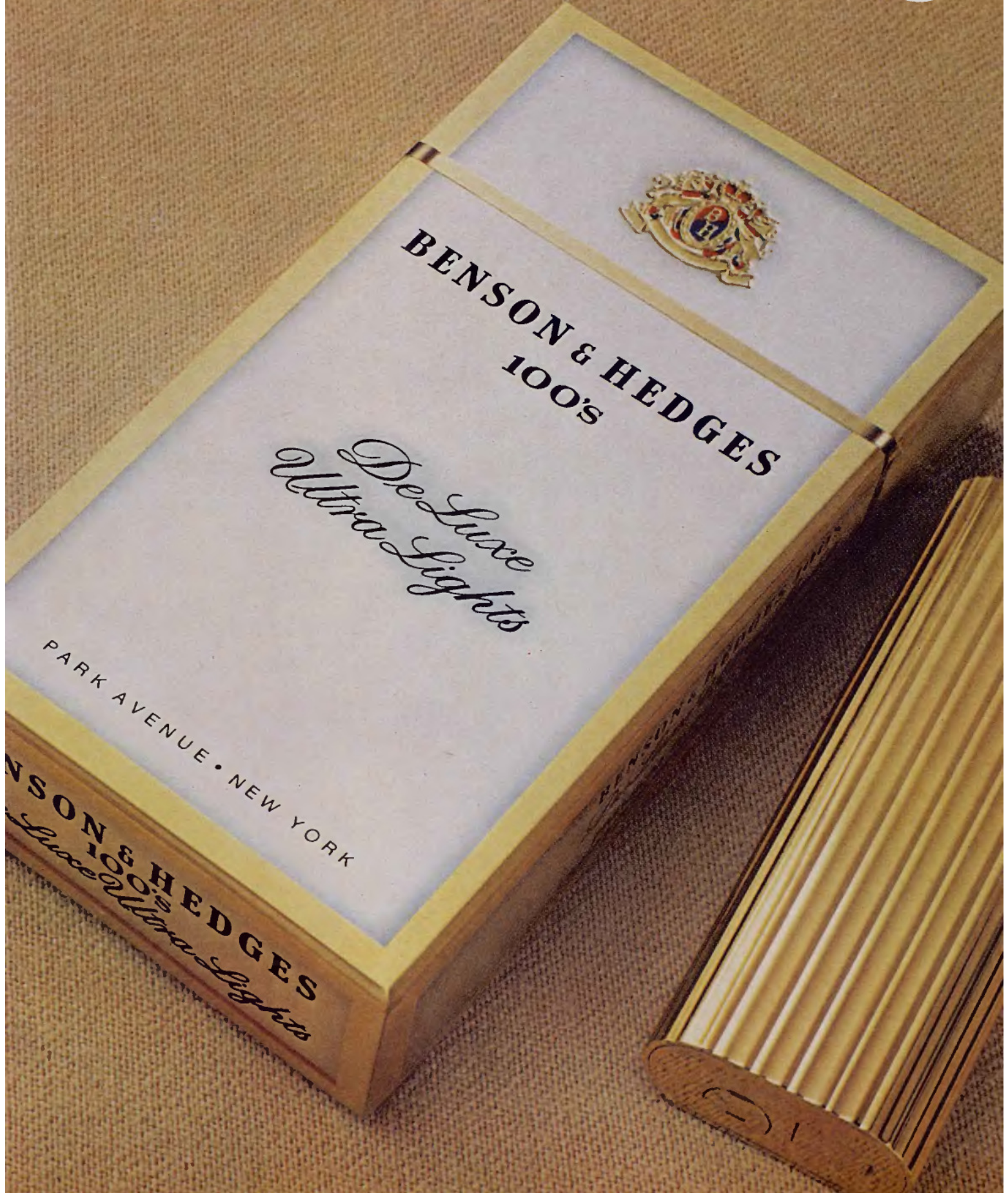
Open a box today.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1982

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

6 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

# & HEDGES



BENSON & HEDGES  
100's

*De Luxe  
Ultra Lights*

PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK

BENSON & HEDGES  
100's  
*De Luxe Ultra Lights*



# Touchin' Velvet

Nothing feels as smooth as  
Black Velvet Canadian.  
Premium and Imported.

BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1982 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

star out of you, will it make you more famous than you are now?

**PAVAROTTI:** It *cannot* be more than now. My friend, the people who follow me must be very large if MGM thought to make a movie. And they did research it.

**PLAYBOY:** This is what we've been building up to: Isn't your fame—your appearances on talk shows, in TV commercials, now in a movie—the reason some critics have accused you of demeaning your artistry, of selling out?

**PAVAROTTI:** Many people in my profession—let's say severe critics, old-fashioned people—*have* said that I am selling myself. They think I am doing this for me. Well, if it was just for me, I could accept half the work, pay half the taxes and end up with the same amount of money. I would have less trouble, less envy and less of a lot of other things. But then I would not be myself. I consider myself a pioneer in my profession. I feel I have this chart, this plan inside myself. I want to do something always *new* for the world of the opera.

**PLAYBOY:** It's not what you're doing for opera but for yourself—for commercial gain—that's been criticized.

**PAVAROTTI:** If they want to say bad things, they will say them anyway. Now, if the reason is because they think that I did the American Express commercial and all those things to *become* well known, they are wrong. They look at the omelet from the wrong side. When I saw Pelé making the American Express publicity, I said yes, I know who Pelé is: He is the greatest soccer player in the world. Last night on TV, I saw Itzhak Perlman doing one, in the most exquisite way. But does that mean he stops tomorrow to be the greatest violinist? It is idiocy! It is an honor for me, a pleasure. When I began to sing, we opera artists were the dummies of the entertainment world. Now they ask me to be in *Blackglama*, to do American Express, just the way they ask other famous people in the world of entertainment. Thank *God* we reached this level! Thank the television!

These people who write against me, it's very obvious that they don't receive the letters of gratitude that I receive from people all over the world. Because of American Express, maybe they went to the opera. Johnny Carson brought up this subject with me on TV because it was in a magazine saying that Pavarotti doesn't care to do his best at the Met or why else would he appear on Johnny Carson? Johnny Carson means what? A derogatory thing? I mean, you are in front of one of the most intelligent men in the world of entertainment! Twenty years he's running a show like that, and most nights he is very amazing at every level. He knows that he has to reach everybody. What are these people trying

to say, now that we are already on the moon? Do they mean to try to put the world of opera back in a cave, where nobody can see it? No, it is not my style. We are on television. Let's see who these opera people are. I was the first to do this, and I have nothing to regret. I see that other people are trying to do this.

I don't always know if I am going to gain by exposing myself. But I give myself with great pleasure to the audience, to the camera, the newspapers, to journalists. It's part of my profession. I would miss these things if I didn't have them. Certainly, if I bring 100 more people to the opera, I don't see what is wrong. And I really love people. Loving people, you cannot stay away, you have to reach them—through the newspaper, through television. When you have established a certain rapport and you are in this kind of demand, you realize this is *exactly* what you want.

**PLAYBOY:** To be number one?

**PAVAROTTI:** I never took much care about number one, or any other numbers, because the audience will decide where you belong. If you belong high up, one reason can be that you give to the audience everything you have. The other reason is that you take risks constantly, like making the first live television solo recital from the Met, which I did. Caruso, for example, did concerts in places where nobody had before—and he went there in person, he didn't send a record there. I think that's the difference between me and other tenors, who are asking themselves, Oh, God, why is Luciano Pavarotti getting on the cover of that magazine? Why is he going to sell all those records? They still *do* ask why. Well, somebody has to be the first. And it's not just for the voice but also for a personality on *and* off the stage. I don't know why there should be envy at that level. It is absolutely ridiculous. Like, every time that I come out with a big story or on the cover of *Newsweek* or *Time*, you hear somebody complain.

**PLAYBOY:** Someone like Plácido Domingo, for instance?

**PAVAROTTI:** Well, every time I am on the cover of an important magazine, he reacts in a certain vein and the newspapers help him. It's something I would *never* do. If I see somebody else on a magazine cover, the first thing I will do is telephone and congratulate him, because I know how difficult our profession is. I will have the envy, of course—but *inside* me.

**PLAYBOY:** Domingo has had his own fame, of course, but wasn't it the fact that a major U.S. magazine put you on its cover first, after considering Domingo, that fueled this public rivalry?

**PAVAROTTI:** When *Time* was making the interviews of tenors, looking for the most

popular talent to be on the cover, I was not the tenor who was being considered. At that time, I thought they wanted to put Domingo on the cover. I didn't meet the writer who wanted to interview me until six months later. During those six months, many things did happen. I began to make recitals. I had a best-selling record. I did television. The writer followed me all over and he found my personality interesting and they put me on the cover, instead. I am grateful for that. The reason you go on the cover of these important magazines or do *60 Minutes* is for your art first, and then your personality. Now, don't ask me what is personality, because I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** Your friend Giuseppe di Stefano, a tenor you admire and respect, has said that he worries about all the publicity you receive.

**PAVAROTTI:** Does he worry for himself or for me? I think he's worried for him.

**PLAYBOY:** He said he believes it was ambition that killed Maria Callas, and perhaps he was drawing a parallel.

**PAVAROTTI:** What killed Callas was not ambition, poor lady. She had a heart attack in the morning and died that afternoon. She forced the maid not to call the doctor. So if it was ambition, it must be ambition to die. What killed Callas was her love for Onassis, in my modest opinion. He was the only man she really loved, and when he died, something died in her. She did not want to live anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about your own ambition. Did you always want to be a great opera singer?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, absolutely no. I realized from the start it was *so* difficult. I did not have anything more ambitious in my mind than to be able to sing, perhaps after two or three years of study, an aria from start to finish without breaking my vocal cords.

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't suspect you had a truly great voice? That you would become a great tenor?

**PAVAROTTI:** People think in different ways. Some might think they are going to become the greatest tenor in the world. I did not think this. To me, singing—like painting, like any other form of art—is a passion. My father always told me: The way to arrive at success is climb one step at a time. I began at the bottom. I never knew what step I was on—and I don't even know now. And I do not *want* to know. Of course, I know that I am pretty high, but don't ask me what I think, because I don't care. I am not turning around to see. I only care to do better what I am doing now.

**PLAYBOY:** Has it been tougher to do that since the media made you a superstar?

**PAVAROTTI:** That word, it already irritates me.

**PLAYBOY:** Superstar?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, no, the word *media*. Superstar is someone who is elected by the media, somebody who is recognized on the street. The media is the public, but it is a derogatory word.

**PLAYBOY:** Depends on your viewpoint. But how do you feel about being so highly visible—having your face on posters, in bookshops, in record-store windows?

**PAVAROTTI:** Scary.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of the responsibility?

**PAVAROTTI:** Exactly. Exactly for that. But there is a public that does not see me at all—Vienna, Paris, so many other places. I suppose in America they see me *too* much, because I spend most of my time here. But there are other countries, including Italy, that do not see me enough.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel when you hear a story such as the one about the classical-record store in New York that posted a sign in the window saying, WE DO NOT CARRY PAVAROTTI'S GREATEST HITS. GO TO SAM GOODY'S?

**PAVAROTTI:** Really? My reaction is that *Pavarotti's Greatest Hits* was certainly made for everybody—in fact, it was the record of the year. So, first, the store is snobbish. Second, they probably did not have any more.

**PLAYBOY:** With your face on display everywhere, have you come to think of yourself as handsome or sexy?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't think so, but if some women do, I accept the compliment. Kojak is a sex symbol. I don't think we are pretty, both of us, but I can see very well why Kojak can be a sex symbol without being beautiful to look at. I don't think it is the same thing for me. I cannot describe myself, I don't see myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see yourself as fat?

**PAVAROTTI:** Of course, I have a lot of middle around. I don't really realize how big I am until I see myself on the screen or the television, and then I say, "Oh, God!"

**PLAYBOY:** Does size affect your voice? If you weighed 100 pounds less or 100 pounds more, would you sing differently?

**PAVAROTTI:** Generally, I like to say that an important voice belongs in an important body. But you do not have to be fat, I don't think so. Fat is not good for your heart and is not good for your singing.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it frustrating to know that all your life you'll be fighting a weight problem?

**PAVAROTTI:** I eat too much. I should eat normally. Until I was 19, I did eat normally. Probably very substantially, because I was always playing, always

running. Then I became a singer. They put a scarf around my neck, gave me a very heavy undershirt to wear and I went on eating the same things without exercising anymore. My friends eat more than I do and they are not so large. I don't think it is a question of metabolism, because if I really go on a very severe diet, I lose.

**PLAYBOY:** But when you diet, are you happy?

**PAVAROTTI:** No. I am not. No, no, no. The first time, I lost 85 pounds. Then I gained. I lost again with my secretary in Munich, because we were there a month and I was cooking pasta for her and my wife and they were cooking for me dietetic food. You begin to eat in a sort of Chinese way—a lot of vegetables, rice and no sugar, no liquor, no wine.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't drink wine with your meals. Why?

**PAVAROTTI:** Because wine is the first thing that is assimilated by the body, and so the food is going to be transformed into fat. If you drink wine, it is better certainly to drink separate from the meal. If I drink wine with food, then there is no hope. No hope.

**PLAYBOY:** And you like your wines, don't you?

**PAVAROTTI:** We have phenomenal wine in Italy, probably the best in the world. Because it's not sophisticated. It's a really pure wine, no sugar added. If it is, you go to jail. The French can use sugar. We can't.

[A make-up man enters Pavarotti's dressing room.]

**PLAYBOY:** Weight problems aside, your make-up is being applied and the glamorous world of film making awaits you.

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't see anything of this glamor. It's so unreal. Six o'clock in the morning, I am here, getting the make-up. Soon I will repeat a phrase 50 times in front of the camera. In between, somebody will call me on the telephone. Somebody else will call the girl who plays opposite to me. Where is the glamor?

**PLAYBOY:** Only in the make-up, perhaps. Do they dote on you this way before an opera performance?

**PAVAROTTI:** Not in this detail. This is an art. This make-up man is an artist, don't you think? Don't you see that little by little, I have become beautiful? The frog has become a prince!

[Two months later, the interview resumes in Chicago, where Pavarotti is appearing at the Lyric Opera in Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore"—"The Elixir of Love." The tape recorder is switched on with Pavarotti's assent.]

**PAVAROTTI:** I have just to make an arrangement here with the telephone before we begin. [To hotel operator] Can

you leave the telephone open just for Mr. Adler from San Francisco? After that, please close the telephone until I tell you. [As soon as he hangs up, the phone rings. It's Kurt Adler, the director of the San Francisco Opera House, where Pavarotti will go next, to sing the role of Radames in his first production of "Aida," an opera he's avoided singing for years and is extremely nervous about doing.] Hello, boobie, how are you? I have just one question to ask you: Now, tell me if it's crazy: I don't think so. We are doing a new *Aida*, with a new tenor, a new conductor, a new stage director—do you think it's a silly idea to bring Maestro Toninni over from Milan from the time we begin the rehearsal until the first performance? My friend, think very deep. You know who is Maestro Toninni, don't you? He is La Scala. OK. Leave me answer by tomorrow, maximum. [Pause] To make decision like that, you don't need to make a meeting. My wife? How can she be well? I am away! OK. Thank you very much. Bye-bye. *Ciao*.

**PLAYBOY:** *Aida* is obviously very much on your mind.

**PAVAROTTI:** *Aida* is a big and heavy storm for everybody. Twenty years I'm trying to sing *Aida* and it still is not coming out like I want. I am scared like a kitten. I know very well where the difficult things are, and they are a little all over. There are so many B-flats, it's practically impossible. I never thought, with my tiny voice, that I would be able to do this big role. Radames is a soldier, a commander, and even in the voice you have to hear this kind of command. And the opera begins with the tenor—after one minute, when the voice is not warmed up, you have the aria [*Celeste Aida*]. It is written in a way that you can't breathe. Your diaphragm really needs to come down. It's the terror of all the tenors. It is even written for piano. Forget about the piano, just keep your mind on the B-flat, just make the B-flat. It is very difficult. Already ten years I have been trying to keep this aria under control. I keep singing the part in a way that it becomes more and more familiar, but still, it is special. It's never easy. After the aria, the tenor goes away for an hour. The rest is dramatic and the last part is very lyric. It is a beautiful role. The last part is the most beautiful duet of the entire opera. You will see my legs tremble, because it will be the first time.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't there tenors who attempted to eliminate that first aria?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't think so. An aria like that, they'd try to eliminate the singer first. Probably there are some who try to postpone the aria. Like you hear me on the telephone, I suggest to Mr. Adler that he bring there Maestro Toninni,



# THE SURVIVOR INSTINCT



With nothing but a few provisions, perfect teamwork  
and the sheer comfort of our Herman Survivors,  
we managed to survive. In style.



HERMAN

## SURVIVORS

Joseph M. Herman Shoe Company, Millis, MA © 1982

who is a very, very old fox from La Scala. Now he's retired, but he's worked with the greatest conductors.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you be very upset if Adler turned down your request?

**PAVAROTTI:** No. But I expect him to say yes.

**PLAYBOY:** Are we witnessing the legendary tenor temperament at work?

**PAVAROTTI:** It's not temperament at all. It's an artistic *request*. I generally have temperament with people who have temperament. It is always an answer to somebody else, it's never an aggressive thing. People who fight are often jealous, which is stupid, because in this work, I'm telling you, there is space for ten more tenors, ten more sopranos, ten more baritones. There is a lot of room for everybody.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find yourself losing your temper often?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes, I can lose my temper. But I have done so only five or six times in 20 years.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do—throw things?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, I just scream and I'm offensive because I say what I'm thinking. It is something I digest and digest and digest and finally, I blast it all over. When it happens, it is not in the most nice way.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you lose your temper with your family at home?

**PAVAROTTI:** You must joke! I have three daughters and one wife at home. I cannot lose my temper! It is already written that I have to be a saint!

**PLAYBOY:** Having not sung for four months because of the movie, did it take much preparation to get your voice back into shape?

**PAVAROTTI:** Oh, no. After the movie, I had 15 days of holiday at home. Fantastic. I was very well rested. When I practiced, even my daughter Christina, who is the critical person of the family, she went, "Oh, God, your *voice!*"

**PLAYBOY:** Is that the biggest compliment you can receive?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. From Christina, it is the biggest compliment.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your wife; is she critical?

**PAVAROTTI:** She's critical. She just say, "Well, it's good . . . it's better . . . it's not good." My daughters are tough because of what they expect from me. My wife is tough because she pictures me in a contest with other people. Hers is a more realistic point of view.

**PLAYBOY:** What viewpoint do you hold?

**PAVAROTTI:** I have my daughters' point of view. I don't care what the others do. I listen to myself very much and try to do the best I can.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do you practice?

**PAVAROTTI:** I have never practiced more than an hour a day in my life, even in a desperate time. Like, if I wake up with-

out a voice, with laryngitis, more than an hour is practically of no use. As long as you have the technique. I'm an old bull. I know what I have to do. The day of a performance, I am very mute. I just test the voice very quietly in the morning. If it is good, I stop. The voice is growing with age. The instrument is stronger, and being stronger, it must be manipulated more, must be used a little more. Sometimes it's easily done in five minutes. I'm very tough with the voice. When I sang the first performance of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, I got a cramp in the diaphragm, a big cramp. But by the second performance, it was already perfect. It's like when you play tennis: In one week, you can put your game together if you want to really play well.

**PLAYBOY:** Singing, then, is a type of athletic exercise, in which your stomach muscles must be in good condition in order to perform well?

**PAVAROTTI:** Something like that. Training is movement of the muscles *except* when you sing. Then there is no movement.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't it Joan Sutherland who taught you correct breathing when you toured Australia together?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. I tried once to touch her diaphragm to see how hard to push. All the people who were there learned a lot from her. I certainly did.

**PLAYBOY:** We notice when you refer to your voice, you don't say "my." It's as if your voice were another person.

**PAVAROTTI:** Second person.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe *first* person?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, no. But he is something else, something different from me. Well, maybe you're right, he *is* the first person. During the movie, he quieted down and I didn't care what he was thinking about. And now, doing *L'Elisir d'Amore*, the voice is really back in great shape. And then I go to San Francisco for the punishment that I deserve.

**PLAYBOY:** You really don't have much confidence in yourself, do you? *Aida* has made you very anxious.

**PAVAROTTI:** I *don't* have confidence in myself. I think the best way to be successful is to be constantly scared. I am going to be always nervous, no matter what I am doing. I am nervous when I go horseback riding, because I don't know what the horse is going to do.

**PLAYBOY:** And when you're singing, do you have constant doubts?

**PAVAROTTI:** Doubts? Always. The voice is not something that can go alone; it must be driven with the brains until there is no doubt. I was more confident when the people expected less than they do now.

**PLAYBOY:** How often does your voice crack? Does it happen a few times in a year?

**PAVAROTTI:** No. No. No. If your voice cracks three times a year, I'm telling you, my friend, you will be world famous as a cracker. If you crack three times in 20 years, they say, "Ahh, he cracked.

I remember that performance." I *never* crack, because when I realize I might, I just don't sing. I have to be very sick for that to happen. It did happen in my debut at the Met in 1968, the second night. I arrived sick with the Hong Kong flu. I could not sing in the top register at all. I thought to lose the voice forever. When you are in this condition, you always try to sing, to push. It's a pity. Another time, it happened in Munich. The first performance, something was not right. I sang, but nothing special. The second performance, at the end of the second act, I asked to go home. But Mr. Von Karajan came to my dressing room and told me we had to give back something like \$200,000. I say, OK, I get the message very clear.

**PLAYBOY:** And the message is that your voice is a valuable property?

**PAVAROTTI:** You think it's a big property? Are you going to buy my voice?

**PLAYBOY:** Are you selling stock?

**PAVAROTTI:** I'll sell you stock if you want.

**PLAYBOY:** Barbra Streisand once told us that she couldn't sing for friends in a small room; she felt she needed a stage for her voice. Do you feel the same way?

**PAVAROTTI:** If you hear my voice in a room, I don't think you are very impressed. You are more impressed on the stage, because it spreads all over.

**PLAYBOY:** When a voice like yours spreads all over, as you say, it sometimes has a physical effect on people in the audience, like a chill or an electric charge racing down the spine. Do you think it's specifically the tenor sound that has that kind of effect?

**PAVAROTTI:** Physiologically speaking, the tenor voice is the most unnatural voice. It sometimes sounds a little like an animal, and probably from this comes the excitement you describe. I'm just guessing, though. In my part of Italy, people don't say, "Let's go to the opera," they say, "Let's go hear the tenor."

**PLAYBOY:** Don't they also say, "Let's go boo the tenor"?

**PAVAROTTI:** Sometimes yes, sometimes no. They boo the tenor because there are so many difficult pieces for tenors. But when a tenor is good . . . believe me. . . . [Shakes his forefinger]

**PLAYBOY:** Would you explain the various styles in which a tenor can sing?

**PAVAROTTI:** It is very simple. There are four steps for the tenor, four different qualities or sounds. *Leggiero* is the light, *lyric* is lyric, *spinto* is push and *dramatic* is dramatic with a falling step. One tenor can have more than one of these sounds.

**PLAYBOY:** How many do you have?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't know, but my voice covers a wide range.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel more confident with your voice now than ever before?

**PAVAROTTI:** In certain way, yes; in certain



Drop for drop, Jōvan Musk Oil has brought more men and women together than any other fragrance in history.

For Men.

For Women.

**JÖVAN**  
**musk oil**  
 aftershave/cologne  
**FOR MEN.**

Musk oil for men.  
 The provocative scent that instinctively calms and yet arouses your basic animal desires.  
 And hers.  
 In an aftershave/cologne. To take you a long way to where it's at. To the most pleasurable of conclusions. Because it is powerful. Stimulating. Unbelievable. And yet, legal.

(CONTINUED ON BACK)

4 FL. OZ. 118 ml

**JÖVAN**  
**musk oil**  
 aftershave/cologne  
**FOR MEN.**

4 FL. OZ.  
 JÖVAN, INC. CHICAGO, ILL. 60611



**JÖVAN**  
**musk oil**  
 cologne  
 concentrate

Musk Oil. The exciting scent that has stimulated passion since time began.  
 Ready to be discovered in a concentrate that goes on like cologne, but comes on like perfume.  
 You'll discover that every spray is more provocative,

(CONTINUED ON BACK)

spray mist

2 FL. OZ. 59.1 ml

At fine stores everywhere. Jōvan, Inc., 875 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611 © 1979 Jōvan, Inc.

way, no. Yes, because I am more expert. No, because ten years ago, I was younger and a younger instrument can do more.

**PLAYBOY:** In other words, voices don't age like wine?

**PAVAROTTI:** Not really. I don't think so. But there are people like Richard Tucker, who had the voice in full shape when he died. Gigli sang until 69 or 70. I heard him at the age of 57 and after the opera, he brought the piano on the stage and he sang a full concert, 25 pieces. His was the kind of voice that seems to be almost eternal. There will never exist a more gifted instrument than Gigli, definitely, for sure.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that when he sang in your home town when you were 12?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes, he was the most popular and famous tenor of that time.

**PLAYBOY:** And didn't you approach him afterward to say you wanted to be a tenor like him?

**PAVAROTTI:** Something like that. He was coming down off the stage and someone introduced me and he exchanged some words with me. It was one of the real important moments in my life, which made me decide to become a singer. Gigli was a person who enjoyed life very much.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that true of most tenors?

**PAVAROTTI:** Well, Pertile, from what I know, was the opposite. Schipa, I don't know. Tagliavini, let's say, middle. Del

Monaco, I don't think he did enjoy much. Di Stefano, he probably enjoyed too much. [Franco] Corelli, I don't think he enjoyed at all. Bergonzi's a normal person. [Nicolai] Gedda is reasonable. Generally, people who enjoy life enjoy people.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Caruso?

**PAVAROTTI:** [Smiling] You know why he made the first page of *The New York Times*? Because a lady in Central Park said that he pinched her. He almost went to trial. This is the original reason everybody thinks Italian men are like this, but it is not true at all.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean Caruso gave your countrymen a false reputation?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't know if he actually pinched her. I would like to think that he *did*, because he had a great sense of humor. You cannot resist: When you see a big behind, it is so beautiful that you *want* to pinch. Yes, I prefer he did, of course. He was really a joker. He pulled a lot of jokes on the stage. He put flowers in the hat of a very serious basso, and at the end of the opera, when the basso went out, all the flowers poured out. You can imagine the audience when that happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Could you ever do something like that?

**PAVAROTTI:** I would never. Never.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it about Caruso that made him the standard all tenors since

him have had to deal with?

**PAVAROTTI:** Very simple. He was really a pioneer. The way that he carried a phrase and the way in which he sang, his musicality, it was perfect. Historically speaking, he had the courage to sing *L'Elisir d'Amore* in full voice, in Naples, without all the ornamentation that they were used to. Tenors before him sang in a kind of falsetto. Caruso was a tenor who was first a baritone. I think he killed more tenors than any other singer in the world, because everyone tried to imitate him. Sooner or later, they died. All the young people who tried to copy him, who studied his records. Because he had a very, very extraordinary instrument. He sang a very long phrase, very large. If you don't have his diaphragm, you can never do that. You can't copy Caruso.

**PLAYBOY:** Caruso once said that singers who use their voice properly should be at the height of their talent between the ages of 45 and 50. He died at 48. Was he at the top of his voice then?

**PAVAROTTI:** I think so.

**PLAYBOY:** And what about yourself?

**PAVAROTTI:** I am 46. You deduce what you want.

**PLAYBOY:** Caruso felt that a great artist ought to have the dignity to say farewell to the public before his powers begin to fail. Do you agree?

**PAVAROTTI:** Theoretically, yes. In prac-



Getting there may be half the fun,

tice, I don't know, because the ego comes out. It is the ego of survival. It is the ego saying, "What else can I do better than what I am already doing?" When you see singers who should have already stopped but who still sing, it is because they decided they could not do anything better. They have family and friends, but nothing gives to them what the stage gives, even if they know very well that their performances are not their best.

**PLAYBOY:** Caruso himself felt unloved in his native Naples, didn't he?

**PAVAROTTI:** He was criticized very much.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't he vow never to sing there after receiving negative criticism?

**PAVAROTTI:** Sure enough. He said, I am coming here to eat spaghetti and to die, and that is what he did.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think his death at such an early age was the result of his pushing himself too hard?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. But he did not take care, he did not use medicine. He overdid. At the old Met, he sang even four times a week. Sometimes he sang *Cavalleria* and *I Pagliacci* together. Yes, he overdid. He was very generous and he gave out even his health.

**PLAYBOY:** If Caruso is faulted musically at all, it seems to center on his high Cs when he had them.

**PAVAROTTI:** Of course he had them. He sang *I Puritani* and *La Favorita*, and

even if you put half a tone down, you still go to the top C.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it wrong to pay so much attention to the high Cs?

**PAVAROTTI:** I think it is absolutely wrong.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you were dubbed the King of the High Cs after hitting nine of them in *The Daughter of the Regiment*.

**PAVAROTTI:** Well, that is different. The nine top Cs of *The Daughter of the Regiment*, nobody had done before me in a full voice and in the right tone. It is the thing I'm given credit for. This is not immodesty; it is the only piece in which I can say this. But I do not want to be famous for being the King of the High Cs. I am a *bel canto* singer. I have sung all of Bellini, all of Donizetti's operas. I am famous more for that than for the high C. High C is, of course, very good to have. It is like playing soccer: If you make one goal every week, that's good, but you have to be a complete player to be good.

**PLAYBOY:** You've stopped singing *The Daughter of the Regiment*. Why?

**PAVAROTTI:** I tell you why I don't do it anymore: because it was done so well. It's like you climb Mount Everest. OK. You don't do it anymore. Why should you do? Doing a performance like *The Daughter of the Regiment* at the Met, with Joan Sutherland, her husband and the cast, it was superb; you cannot do better. Why repeat a very difficult, de-

manding thing just to show yourself in worse condition? Then the audience will say, "Ahh, what a pity." I prefer to do something new.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet there are audiences who have never heard you sing that who would be thrilled to hear it.

**PAVAROTTI:** They can hear the record.

**PLAYBOY:** It's not the same. Why not put it into your concert repertory?

**PAVAROTTI:** You have to know something very important. If I prepare myself for *Rigoletto*, my voice follows a certain route. If I sing *Aida*, I follow another route. *I Puritani*, another route. *Turandot*, another route. This means you have to prepare your body and your voice for that particular opera. A concert is a particular combination of so many operas, it would be very dangerous to try many times to make top C in a concert. I have done it, but it is very risky. A piece of good music is more important—like Petrarch's sonnets, like Mozart, Donizetti, Rossini, Beethoven. There are so many pieces of music. That thing [*The Daughter of the Regiment*] is athletic and the only athletic thing you can do really in a concert is *Nessun Dorma*, because that one really is astonishing.

**PLAYBOY:** *Nessun Dorma* comes at the end of *Turandot*, which you sing as the big finale of your movie. Is that the piece most often requested at your concerts?

**PAVAROTTI:** It is a piece that everybody

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1982

but wait till you get a taste of being there.

Johnnie Walker®  
Black Label Scotch  
YEARS 12 OLD

wants to hear. In concert, not *once* they don't ask for *Nessun Dorma*. Even in Bloomington, Indiana, where is a very refined university, I was forced to sing *Nessun Dorma* all over.

**PLAYBOY:** What are the operas you most enjoy doing?

**PAVAROTTI:** You should ask the audience which operas *they* prefer. [Laughs] If you talk about presence on the stage, you have to talk about *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *La Bohème*—you are always there and, even more important, you are singing. A tenor, he is very interesting when he is singing. I mean, in *Aida*, after *Celeste Aida*, there is a long, long time before he sings anything else.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you consider *Aida* the most spectacular opera, even if it's not a tenor's favorite?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** And what about *Madame Butterfly*?

**PAVAROTTI:** *Butterfly*, they say, is the opera most often done in the world. But I prefer *Bohème*. It's more complete. The libretto is really incredible.

**PLAYBOY:** What about *Carmen*?

**PAVAROTTI:** *Carmen* is a super opera. I've never sung it, but it is my plan to do. It is sung in French, which I learned first to sing, but I speak badly.

**PLAYBOY:** For someone who has never been to an opera, which one would you recommend he see first?

**PAVAROTTI:** *L'Elisir d'Amore*, because it is so sparkling, so beautiful, so sentimental, comic. A pearl of music. The first time, he should leave the theater feeling better than when he went in. Not crying, just feeling happy. *Don Pasquale*, too. In both operas, nobody dies. But first of all, *L'Elisir*—the music in the beginning is genius! In Berlin, one of the greatest memories for me was when I sang the aria [*Una Furtiva Lagrima*], which is four and one half minutes, and at the end they made an applause of seven and a half minutes. It was really incredible.

**PLAYBOY:** What opera would you suggest after *L'Elisir* and *Don Pasquale*?

**PAVAROTTI:** Then you have to choose an opera with people who die on the stage. One dead, then two dead, then three dead. We began to read the librettos when we were six, at school, as stories. I liked it very much when there were a lot of bad people, a lot of deaths. The typical is *Il Trovatore*.

**PLAYBOY:** In general, what would you say are the things that distinguish Italian from French from German operas?

**PAVAROTTI:** The styles, which are a result of the cultures. You have a Wagnerian style, which is typical heavy German; a French style that is more ornamental and pimping, like the French are—

**PLAYBOY:** Did you say *pimping*?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. It is a little decadent, but it is typical in French music, like Massenet—it's beautiful music. Then you have the Italian style, which is more involved with the words, because composers, especially Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, compose thinking very carefully about the words. It's a more forthright music. Before I became a tenor, I only knew about the Italian style. But I learned. For example, there is a Mozart style all by itself. Mozart, in my opinion, is the greatest musician. If you tell me to pick one, I will pick Mozart, because his operas are the most complete; they are symphonic and so simple in so great a way, so unique. However, a singer of Mozart is fantastic, but he will never approach a Wagner singer.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't Wagner say that opera plots are illogical but the music makes them logical?

**PAVAROTTI:** Well, Wagner puts two lovers onstage, facing each other, sometimes for 10 or 15 minutes, singing and talking. It is very illogical, but the music makes the thing logical.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it very difficult to sing Wagner?

**PAVAROTTI:** I think it is much more difficult to sing an opera of Bellini than to sing an opera of Wagner. With French and Italian operas, you cannot expect to be tolerated if you have a big defect in your voice. With German opera, you can have a big defect, but the orchestration can cover you if you sing with a loud voice and act terrifically.

**PLAYBOY:** Which reminds us of something Robert Merrill once said: "When in doubt, sing loud."

**PAVAROTTI:** That may be right, but it depends. For Merrill, who has one of the greatest and most beautiful voices I have ever heard, it can work. For somebody else, it may be the opposite.

**PLAYBOY:** Singers of Italian opera avoid Wagner and most German opera, don't they?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. Italian singers are cousins to the French but not to the Germans. And when I say Italian singers, I mean famous singers I *call* Italian because of their repertoire, like Richard Tucker, Leontyne Price, Beverly Sills, Joan Sutherland. These people, who are pretty famous, are Italian in style. None of them do Wagner.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you like to sing any Wagner roles?

**PAVAROTTI:** One day, if God give me time, I will sing *Lohengrin*, because I think it is very Italian in terms of melody and it is approachable for a tenor like me. But not for ten years, if I am still around.

**PLAYBOY:** And what about Beethoven's only opera, *Fidelio*?

**PAVAROTTI:** *Fidelio* is an excellent opera. Beethoven is very good, he is excellent,

but you cannot say he was a genius for just one opera.

**PLAYBOY:** While we're making comparisons and talking about greatness of a sort, do you agree with those who call the two greatest love duets those from Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* and Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*?

**PAVAROTTI:** They are the two greatest, I think so. Of course, I'm Italian, so I prefer Verdi. But musically, the other is colossal.

**PLAYBOY:** In your autobiography, you say that your voice favors Donizetti and Verdi. Why?

**PAVAROTTI:** Donizetti more than Verdi. He wrote music thinking specifically about the voice. Composers at that time studied more than now. Now, they don't study voice at all. Today's music cannot be melodic, because it would be considered antique. And for me to sing only to prove that I can do something modern or light, I probably would not do.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there no modern composer who interests you?

**PAVAROTTI:** Ah, if Benjamin Britten had written a group of songs for me. . . . But modern opera? I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any operas you think you'll never do?

**PAVAROTTI:** Probably, *Otello* I will never do at all.

**PLAYBOY:** Because your voice isn't deep enough?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, no, no. It's just a question of the color, not a question of deep.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you explain what you mean by color?

**PAVAROTTI:** There are two kinds of tenor, going back to the past: Di Stefano and Del Monaco. Those like Di Stefano were full tenors with beautiful, sensational voices and with sunshine inside it. It's not dark, it's sparkling and is considered lyric. Another lyric example was [Jussi] Björling, one of the best of all time, with a voice the color of silver, always pure like a bell. The other kind of tenor was Del Monaco, a fantastic, sensational voice; the color is dark and is considered dramatic.

**PLAYBOY:** You talk of two types of tenors; have you ever heard the anonymous saying that there are three types of people: men, women and tenors?

**PAVAROTTI:** Not anonymous—said by a soprano or a baritone!

**PLAYBOY:** Is it tougher for a man or a woman to make it as an opera singer?

**PAVAROTTI:** It is tougher for a woman. First, because there are more women singing. A soprano's voice is more common than a tenor's. Much more. Even now, there are at least ten first-class sopranos, but you don't find that many first-class tenors. Not of my age. Second, if she is pretty, the first thing the more famous tenors will do is ask her to go to bed with them—all tenors! A man, he can be very ugly, very tall, very large,

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

© 1982 B&W T Co.



*The pleasure is back.*  
**BARCLAY**

*99% tar free.*<sup>TM</sup>

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

# WHAT YOUR EAR IS A BRAIN.



*This tiny micro-processor is the latest innovation in Pioneer's best components. It can improve the way you listen to your music. And it can also improve your music.*

## THE SX-8 RECEIVER: DON'T TURN THAT DIAL.

How smart is smart?

For starters, the brain inside the SX-8 allows us to use push button controls, eliminating noise and distortion caused by mechanical dials.

So all you hear is crisp, clean music. Just the way it was recorded. The brain also willingly takes over the chores you used to do yourself.

Just push a

button to raise or lower volume or tone, change stations, even check the time. Push the Scan Tuning button and the receiver automatically scans every strong station, playing five seconds of each one.

Then, simply touch the Memory button. Your station, volume, and tone settings will

Not that there's anything wrong with the one you've got.

We just had something a little smaller in mind. More like the one you see here.

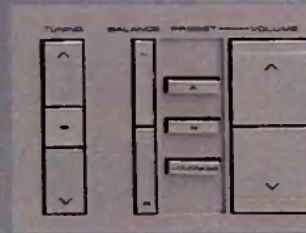
Technically, it's called a microprocessor or computer chip.

But we like to think of it as a little brain.

Because when it's built into our Pioneer receivers, tape decks and turntables, they become more.

They become smart.

And when it comes to getting the most music out of your music, smart components have a lot of advantages over dumb ones.



*All-electronic receiver operation does away with knobs and dials. Volume, station and bass and treble levels can be easily monitored thanks to L.E.D. readouts.*



# RS NEED

be instantly stored in the memory. Ready to be recalled just as fast.

## THE CT9-R TAPE DECK: SMART ENOUGH TO FIND NOTHING.

If you've ever done even a small amount of cassette recording, you've gone through the not-so-convenient fast forward/stop/play/reverse procedure of trying to find the blank area where your last recording left off.

The CT9-R, on the other hand, has a button marked Blank Search. Give it a push and it will find the area that's long enough to tape on, back up to the last recorded piece, leave a nine second space and stop, ready to record.

In about three seconds.

Automatically.

And, as if that weren't enough, the CT9-R also has the world's fastest Automatic Bias Level Equalization. In plain English, that means that it takes just eight seconds for Auto B.L.E. to analyze the tape being used (no easy task with over 200 different tapes on the market) and then adjust the deck for optimum performance with that tape. Improving the quality



The real-time counter reads out the amount of tape left in meaningful minutes and seconds instead of meaningless inches.

of your recordings faster than you can say "wow and flutter."

## THE PL-88F TURNTABLE: IT WON'T PLAY WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE.

In the history of recorded music, there has probably been one, maybe two people who like every cut on a

record. If you're not one of them, you'll take an immediate liking to the new PL-88F.

It's front loading, stackable and, best of all, it's fully programmable.

Punch in up to eight cuts per side in any order that makes your ears happy. The turntable will automatically skip the ones that don't.

And when you're recording from records to cassettes you'll appreciate the tape deck synchro that automatically places any Pioneer Auto Reverse tape deck into the pause mode when the turntable tone arm lifts off the record. Leaving you free for more important things.



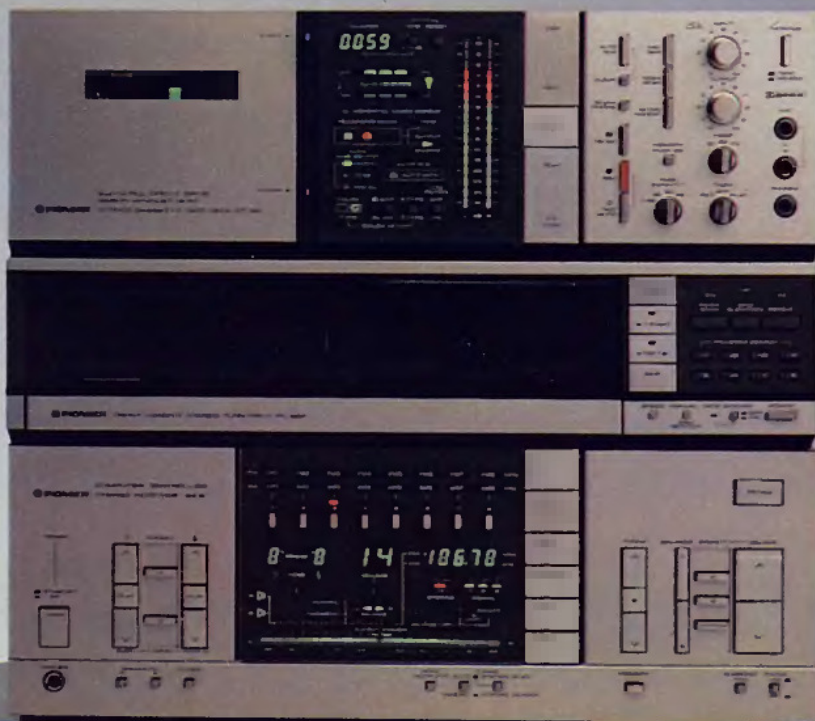
Optical double-eye sensor searches for the shiny inter-selection bands and insures that the stylus sets down in the exact center. Even on off-centered records.

Like listening to music.

The Pioneer CT-9R tape deck, SX-8 receiver and PL-88F turntable. Proof that to get the quality of music you buy quality components for, you don't need a lot of knowledge.

You just need a little brain.

**PIONEER®**  
Because the music matters.



# U-HAUL<sup>®</sup> COSTS YOU LESS. HERE'S WHY:



## 1. TRIM LINE GAS SAVER FLEET

With U-HAUL, you get a light-weight, low-profile, aerodynamic moving van designed to safely and economically move your family and furniture.

manufactures its own trucks and trailers specifically for the household mover: *We don't buy our vehicles for later resale to industrial users.* You can rent or borrow a rough-riding freight truck almost anywhere.

U-HAUL won't rent you a



## 2. MOVING VANS— NOT FREIGHT TRUCKS

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van, not just a truck or trailer. A moving van that is gentle on you and your furniture. With a soft, furniture-saving suspension, padded interior, easy-loading low deck and lots of tiedowns. And it's easy to drive or tow. U-HAUL designs and

gas-guzzling, freight truck for moving. We don't rent trucks—we rent moving vans. And we've been doing this since 1945.

## 3. SAFETY AND SECURITY

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van that is in first-class mechanical condition. And we make certain it stays that way. We

cover the U.S., Canada and Alaska with 6,000 dealers, 1,000 moving centers, 600 mobile repair units, 150 maintenance shops, six manufacturing plants, a research center and a certified test track. You can count on our road service 24-hours a day for no additional money. We are always nearby—willing, quick and able.

## 4. LOW RENTAL RATES

Topping all this, U-HAUL will match any competitor's rate, discount or guarantee.\* Just tell us. We mean it when we say "U-HAUL COSTS YOU LESS." Less worry, less time, less work, less damage, less gas—less overall cost.

**WRITE FOR FREE MOVING GUIDE:**  
U-HAUL INTERNATIONAL, DEPARTMENT PB,  
P.O. BOX 21503, PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85036.

THE BEST  
COSTS YOU LESS  
BECAUSE MOVING  
IS OUR BUSINESS.



\*Except where Traffic Control Fees apply.

TOW DOLLIES FOR  
FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE CARS.  
ALSO TOW BARS.



PACKING & LOADING SERVICE.  
FREE ESTIMATES.



PROFESSIONAL  
MOVING & PACKING AIDS.



SELF-STORAGE ROOMS  
COAST TO COAST.



and doesn't have this problem.

**PLAYBOY:** Earlier you spoke of Gigli's having the greatest instrument of any tenor. Which sopranos would you classify that way?

**PAVAROTTI:** Joan Sutherland, certainly, without any doubt, has the greatest instrument I have heard. I cannot talk about women of the past. But Joan is able to make you cry in the cadenza of *Lucia*, just to realize how perfect a human instrument can be, how much devotion can be put into making this instrument sound that way. Once, before Joan became famous, she was auditioning at Covent Garden, singing Clotilda in *Norma*. Maria Callas was passing through with a friend of mine. Callas was talking, heard Joan for the first time and said, "Shh, let me hear that girl. Ooh, good, good, good!"

**PLAYBOY:** Was Callas a generous or a jealous woman?

**PAVAROTTI:** I did not know her at all. She was the most incredible singer, one of the greatest of our time, probably the greatest. When I talk about Joan, I say the greatest instrument. You are sure because nobody can deny that. You don't offend anybody, you don't offend Beverly Sills, because I am sure that she knows that Joan's instrument is better. I don't know how old Joan is, but she is older than me, and she is singing like a kid. She is really singing incredible arias, like she is young. She sang *The Merry Widow* in San Francisco, making all the additional cadenzas that you can't imagine—fantastic.

But Callas, as the complete singer, was the best. Even though her instrument was delicate. I saw a Callas documentary on TV last night. Between very bad and very good, the difference in the throat is so small! She was never really very bad, but God, what a difference from when she was extremely good!

**PLAYBOY:** Are sopranos generally considered the most temperamental in opera?

**PAVAROTTI:** It depends which soprano.

**PLAYBOY:** You have been quoted as saying they are often afflicted with "odd thinking."


**PAVAROTTI:** Yes, but all women are like that, it is the beauty of them. The beauty of the women is this kind of thing that we will never understand. It is what makes the difference between men and women.

**PLAYBOY:** Their odd thinking?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. It is so different, so incredibly different. I grew up with women, so they are predictable to me, but I know very well that they are generally unpredictable.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's go on discussing what you call the instrument. Can a person with a great voice go undiscovered?

**PAVAROTTI:** Good singers are so few, even if they found one in a cave in Colorado, he's going to be discovered, if

VIBRAM  SOLES



QUABAUG RUBBER COMPANY NORTH BROOKFIELD, MA 01535

*The legend that conquered Mount Everest has gone one step further. Now Vibram® soles are available on some of the finest casual shoes in the country. They're lightweight, good looking and they last. Next time, look for the legend.*

## Good times offer:



Show off the drink you think is tops—with this terrific red & white T-shirt for men and women. In soft 50% combed cotton/50% polyester, with three athletic stripes on the raglan sleeves. Please send this coupon, along with a check or money order, for \$4.95 (no cash, please) to: Seagram's 7 Crown T-Shirt Offer, P.O. Box 1662, New York, NY 10152

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print)  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Adult sizes only. Specify quantity.  
T-shirt @ \$4.95 each; S \_\_\_\_\_ M \_\_\_\_\_ L \_\_\_\_\_ XL \_\_\_\_\_  
Amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Offer expires June 30, 1983. No purchase necessary.  
New York residents add 8.25% sales tax.  
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for shipment. PLB112

**Seagram's**

© 1982 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY-A BLEND. 80 PROOF.  
"Seven-Up" and "7UP" are trademarks of the Seven-Up Company.

he's *really* good. So many young singers complain about not getting opportunities. . . . Believe me, if even one person with a good ear for the theater hears a talent, he is going to be on the telephone in two seconds to the entire world about such a talent.

**PLAYBOY:** As for yourself, how many times did you have to be discovered before you stayed discovered?

**PAVAROTTI:** Good question. Four, five times. The person who discovered me was my agent, Mr. Ziliani. When he heard my debut, he sold me immediately to the man in Lucca who was mounting a production of *La Bohème*. My second discovery was by [conductor Tullio] Serafin, who brought me to Palermo to do *Rigoletto*. My third discovery was by Joan Ingpen, who came from Covent Garden to Dublin to hear me in *Rigoletto* and brought me to Covent Garden. My fourth discovery was by Richard Bonynge and Joan Sutherland, who brought me to Australia. And my last discovery was by Herbert von Karajan, who agreed for me to sing at La Scala.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have to audition for those people?

**PAVAROTTI:** I did very, very many auditions. One of the first was with Maestro Serafin in '61, the last for Mr. Von Karajan in Moscow in '65. I went to Moscow and sang for him in his bedroom, he had a piano there. I sang *Traviata*, which is what I made my debut with at La Scala. After, Mr. Von Karajan chose me for the commemoration of Toscanini's 100th birthday.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a conductor with whom you feel most comfortable?

**PAVAROTTI:** Of course, I have one I prefer, but I don't say. I work very well with all the great conductors. If you go by the number of times we worked together, it is Richard Bonynge. We have done so many beautiful things together onstage and on records.

**PLAYBOY:** How many great conductors are there today?

**PAVAROTTI:** There is a group of ten, in my opinion, who try to get the best from the singer. The reason there are so few is because they don't have the experience, they don't know how a singer is breathing, what a singer can do, which kind of phrase the singer can carry. For example, a conductor can say, "OK, we have three tenors who sing the same aria. I want them to sing that aria in the same way—all three, same tempo, same breaths, same everything." This is a big mistake. When Mr. Von Karajan went to Vienna to make *Trovatore*, he called me to sing Manrico. The first thing he did was go to the piano and ask me how I would sing *Mal Riggendo*, because he knows very well that a lyric tenor cannot carry the tempo in that piece. He only needed to hear that one. Structurally, he knew it wasn't me he had to deal with

but my *throat*. And this showed great intelligence and experience. Another conductor who had in his mind a particular tempo for that piece would fail.

**PLAYBOY:** One conductor you particularly admire is Zubin Mehta, right?

**PAVAROTTI:** Zubin is great all over: in opera, in symphonic, in everything. He was *born* great. He is Italian; he can do German—he does *fantastic* Wagner's *Ring*; he can do French—*Carmen*; and then he can do Shostakovich, Respighi, Beethoven, all of them. But what I say first, to be Italian, means a lot. Now, there are two people who would be great conductors, except they don't know Italian. I won't mention their names; they are still very good, but they don't want to dedicate themselves to opera.

**PLAYBOY:** You've had some problems with the Metropolitan Opera in New York under the direction of James Levine, haven't you? We've heard you've been unhappy with the fact that it hasn't given you many new productions to do.

**PAVAROTTI:** The only new production they gave me was *Un Ballo in Maschera*—the most revolting production I have ever seen since I was born! It is the only new production I have sung there from 1968 until now. One new production in 14 years is not very much. Well . . . I should be more careful about this. Let me think. No, there *have* been a few other new productions.

**PLAYBOY:** Nonetheless, have you asked the Met to let you do more new ones?

**PAVAROTTI:** What tenor doesn't ask for new productions?

**PLAYBOY:** Has it given you a reason?

**PAVAROTTI:** I imagine that the reason is because I am too large for the stage and they want a better figure and they prefer somebody else. Simple.

**PLAYBOY:** So you think you're denied roles because you're large?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't think that being large has helped me, that's for sure.

**PLAYBOY:** But you told us you've lost as much as 85 pounds when you had to.

**PAVAROTTI:** I have, and the Met did not offer me anything anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** So you feel unloved by the Met.

**PAVAROTTI:** No, I think they love me; I think they love others more. If I am a director of an opera, I don't fall in love with a person. If you talk about respect and friendship, that's different: I have these all over. But I am one singer who goes on his own. I don't make groupie with *anybody*.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you like to be able to sing more often at the Met?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, why? It is perfect, how often I sing there. To sing very much in a theater like that, you will tire the audience, tire the critics, tire everybody. Why make a monopoly of a place? It is ridiculous.

**PLAYBOY:** When you first auditioned for [former Met director] Rudolf Bing, he

didn't rush to sign you up, did he?

**PAVAROTTI:** When I sang for Mr. Bing, he liked me very much. Then somebody went up to him and whispered something and he did not take me. I was very disappointed, because Mr. Bing was already very impressed and ready to take me. What that man said to him, I never know, and I don't *want* to know. The person is dead. He was with the Met but had already retired when this happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Not too long ago, Bing was asked what he thought of a star tenor who sings at the Oscars, clowns and peddles credit cards and acts in a movie called *Yes, Giorgio*. He reportedly said, "It's so unnecessary and so undignified."

**PAVAROTTI:** He said so? Well, in my opinion, it is *very* necessary, because I am intent to enlarge the world of the opera. Mr. Bing wanted to keep the world of the opera small and restricted. He did intend to keep his own theater for himself. In fact, he kept out many singers. It was his own choice. You cannot deny that he was one of the greatest men of the theater, but this statement makes me think that Mr. Bing is not an intelligent person who follows the times.

**PLAYBOY:** He had harsher words about you as well. Do you want to hear them?

**PAVAROTTI:** Of course. What?

**PLAYBOY:** He said, "Seeing that stupid, ugly face everywhere I go is getting on my nerves."

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't care what he said! If he think I have a stupid, ugly face, it is his problem. I mean, he doesn't have a good face himself. The only reason he is talking like that is because *his* face is not all over. Believe me. With all due respect I have for him as a man of the theater, I think he should take a little more care when he talks.

**PLAYBOY:** All right, let's put aside personalities. How important is the Met as compared with La Scala?

**PAVAROTTI:** They are equal as theaters, but America is more important, and therefore, the Met is also. The record business is in New York, and so is the art. Everything important is in New York.

**PLAYBOY:** How important are records to a singer's career?

**PAVAROTTI:** If you really want to be recognized, you have to make records. It's the reason America is the most important country—apart from the fact that it has three very important theaters and several others that are becoming important. But the record business is so big in America. It's 40 percent of the world market. Then Japan, with 15 percent, and then there's Germany, England, Italy and the rest of the world.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you get enjoyment out of making records?

**PAVAROTTI:** It is difficult, because you don't have the atmosphere of the theater. You know you can make a mistake and



# ***Turn it on.***

*Turbo by Fabergé.  
A very new fragrance for men.  
It's supercharged!*



# There's only one way to play it...



Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine;  
100's, 5 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

repeat. You are not forced, with a knife in your neck, as you are in a live performance. The adrenaline and all the things you burn are definitely all concentrated in a live performance. An instrument cannot respond in the same way when you're in a studio.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you generally happy with your recordings?

**PAVAROTTI:** I am generally *unhappy*. I am too demanding. I look for perfection. In records, they give more importance to the orchestra than the voice. They should make a better balance. I feel that way about *all* records—more so for mine.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of the selections on your albums overlap, which makes it confusing for the buyer to know which ones to select. You have collections ranging from *King of the High Cs* to *World's Favorite Tenor Arias* to *The Great Pavarotti*. Some albums simply repackage many of the same songs. How do you feel about that marketing approach?

**PAVAROTTI:** I did not think we need so many titles, but they say this is America and they know what the market is. If you have ten albums, they say, it makes it easy for a person to buy one. They say they want to reach everyone. It is very well done. I don't like the idea myself.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel when you listen to some of your early records, made when you were 25?

**PAVAROTTI:** I cry.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**PAVAROTTI:** Because I thought to be much better than I was.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's go back to how it all began for you. Your mother first convinced you to study singing, didn't she?

**PAVAROTTI:** At the age of 19, when I finished my studies and was teaching elementary school, my parents had a kind of meeting in the house to decide what I should do permanently. Should I become a professional gymnastics or mathematics teacher, since I was very good in both? Or should I try to become a singer? My father was against my being a singer, because he knew how difficult it was. He was a tenor himself, an unsuccessful one, and he was always skeptical. He knew how high the odds against success were and he probably did not think I had the talent. But I remember my mother saying, "Well, I'm sorry, but when Luciano sings, I feel something that I don't feel when other people sing. The voice is not big, but there is *something* inside."

I wanted to at least make the attempt. I said to my father, "Let me try now, because until I am 24, I can still change professions. But if I don't try, when I am 30 I cannot then become a singer, because I will have a family, another profession and I will never have the guts or the need to study." I believed very much in concentration, even more

than in talent. I mean, there are many mathematics professors in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** And very few Einsteins?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. It was a very hard decision to make, because I don't think my voice was special at all.

**PLAYBOY:** When you began studying seriously, it was with Arrigo Pola, who was a tenor in your city. Did he recognize your talent immediately?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. It's what he says, at least. I make an audition for him. I sang *Addio alla Madre*, a very heavy and dramatic aria. It was around the 15th of January, and he said, "On the 31st of January, we will begin." This was in 1956. I remember that date well: First, it's the date of the saint protector of my city; and, second, it's the date I fight with my girlfriend—since that day, she is very unhappy.

**PLAYBOY:** Because she lost you?

**PAVAROTTI:** Because she married me.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you surprised that Pola wanted to begin immediately with you?

**PAVAROTTI:** Honestly? I was expecting him to say that, because I could hear that the voice was sounding very free.

**PLAYBOY:** Were your lessons expensive?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, he never asked to be paid. He always said, "I don't want money." It took me six months to build my technique, just to be able to sing two arias consecutively without being forced to stop. He was very severe about that. And at that time, I did not have the sense of humor I have now. I was very serious, very determined. I went to bed early, I did not go out, I stopped playing soccer, I did exactly what my teacher said. To succeed in our profession, you need two things: a good ear and complete trust in the person who is teaching you; *complete* trust. After, when you go on the stage, never forget you are an eternal student and always try new experiments. The biggest thing, though, a student must have is the power to believe and the determination to go on.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of a good ear, it was Pola who discovered that you had perfect pitch. How valuable is that to have?

**PAVAROTTI:** Near irrelevant. I have very, very close to perfect pitch, which is when you know which is the note without the orchestra—big deal! If the orchestra plays a pitch, you must go with it; you cannot go different even if *your* pitch is more perfect. So what business is a perfect pitch? What can you do? Compare the sound? I don't think you help anybody else except the conductor, when he tunes up the orchestra. He can listen to you, then say to the first violin, "You are a little flat." But if you sing in the shower, who cares if you are one tone high or one tone lower?

**PLAYBOY:** That reminds us: *Do you sing in the shower?*

# KOOL ULTRA



No other ultra brings you a sensation this refreshing. Even at 2 mg., Kool Ultra has taste that outplays them all.



Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine;  
100's, 5 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

**PAVAROTTI:** I used to, when I was young. Now, after certain performances, when I am very, very happy, I sing in the shower. But briefly. Briefly.

**PLAYBOY:** After Pola moved away, you studied with Maestro Ettore Campogalliani. How did he differ from Pola?

**PAVAROTTI:** He did not know my voice as well as Pola, but he knew the rest better: music, interpretation, even a certain secret, which was the key—how to save my voice.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the secret?

**PAVAROTTI:** Well, it was a secret, like I say.

**PLAYBOY:** And you don't want to share it?

**PAVAROTTI:** I am not telling you, because this kind of technique is something a teacher can hear if a student is learning, not something a student can read about in a magazine. My barber can be a great teacher, 1000 people can teach singing; they can tell you when you are right or wrong. But they don't know how to correct you, to tell you what to do *instead*.

**PLAYBOY:** And that's what Campogalliani taught you?

**PAVAROTTI:** After two years, he said, "Your voice is perfect; we have to do something about your expression." I tried to sing louder, to produce a different kind of sound, but it did not work. Two more years passed and the voice wasn't progressing at all. The singer, yes; but musicality is something else, that's something you're born with, you don't learn. When I started with Campogalliani, there were many other voices better than mine, but I had to learn that the voice is not all. There is musicality, pitch, technique and, most important, personality. I did not yet understand this. I remember sitting in a room while he was giving a lesson to other tenors who were fantastic. Later, I said, "Maestro, what am I doing here? I just finished hearing three sensational voices; mine is a joke." He said, "You don't sing just with the voice; you have something else that these people do not have." I said, "Well, if you say so."

**PLAYBOY:** You obviously put your faith in him. Were you discouraged as well?

**PAVAROTTI:** I was. In fact, my wife, who was my girlfriend at that time, said, "Let's try six more months. If nothing happens, we can both go back and teach." I then sang a concert in Ferrara and it was a disaster. I sounded like a baritone, terrible. Fifteen days later, I had another concert date. I refused to go to any more lessons, I just rested my voice. When I sang in Salsomaggiore, the voice came out so good it seemed to be a miracle. From that day, the voice improved.

**PLAYBOY:** And then you won a contest and got to sing *Bohème* for the first time with an orchestra. How was that?

**PAVAROTTI:** Terrible, terrible. Here you

are, you have always sung with only a piano, and now there's a huge orchestra. . . . It was quite an experience. It was like making love for the first time.

**PLAYBOY:** And you remember both firsts?

**PAVAROTTI:** Of course; how can I forget? You can't forget these things. But I can't tell you anything about my debut. I was unconscious. It is 20 years now and a pirate record has come out of my debut.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you heard it?

**PAVAROTTI:** Oh, yes. I sound like a very, very young spring chicken.

**PLAYBOY:** Obviously, we're talking about your debut as a singer, not as a lover—

**PAVAROTTI:** It's the same kind of experience. [*Laughs*]

**PLAYBOY:** Well, we were going to ask you: Have you ever sung a romantic aria to your first love, your wife, Adua?

**PAVAROTTI:** Oh, sure, the first time I met her. It was at a friend's party. It was 1953, I was 18—a long time ago. Someone said, "Luciano, you have to sing." I said, "I sing if everybody else sings." So everybody sang and I sang, too. My wife sang, too, unfortunately—because she was so bad. It made me very tender toward her. I thought, That lady sings like that, she need protection. I really fall in love from that. It was the compassion.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she very embarrassed?

**PAVAROTTI:** Not at all. She was terrible, but she wasn't embarrassed. She did not like opera when I met her. She was a pop fanatic. She knew by heart the opera librettos, the stories, but she hated the music. Very funny. Now, of course, she likes the music. I knew her for eight years before we married in 1961.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you seriously involved with only her?

**PAVAROTTI:** Are you joking? I always said, "Either I marry that lady or I don't marry at all." If you really want to know, our relationship was very dramatic, very not smooth—the opposite of smooth—

**PLAYBOY:** Rocky?

**PAVAROTTI:** Right, very *much* rocky, you could say. It was so rocky, the 30th of September 1961, when we were married, I woke up and looked at myself in the mirror and said, "It's going to be a *disaster!*" Instead, since that day, there was a most incredible change.

**PLAYBOY:** On whose part?

**PAVAROTTI:** She changed. There was no doubt about that. She totally changed. I think it was probably our sex battle before we were married, because, of course, a man always wants sex and she did always deny.

**PLAYBOY:** That must have been very difficult, to keep you frustrated for eight years.

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes, yes. If you talk about it today, it would never happen. Even from her side, I'm sure it would sound like too much to make somebody wait eight years.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any prior sexual experience as a kid?

**PAVAROTTI:** Well, I am really from another generation. I don't think I even once attempted to do something like that, because I did not have enough time. I was playing cards, soccer, volleyball—everything! I did not have much time left for the sex life. And at that time, the sex life was considered forbidden in Italy, a little taboo.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you now pass along some of those Italian taboos? As the father of three teenaged daughters, are you concerned about their virginity?

**PAVAROTTI:** They can make love when they want. There is no need to even talk. They know what I always say is to be careful to make love, share that first pleasure, with a person they love. After, they can probably change their mind, for the pleasure of the pleasure, but the first time, if they love each other, even better.

**PLAYBOY:** Which must have been the case with you.

**PAVAROTTI:** [*Smiling*] I think so.

**PLAYBOY:** Adua has mentioned publicly that you constantly receive sexy photographs from women.

**PAVAROTTI:** Well, she must know and see the pictures before me and then hide them, because I never see sexy pictures. Beautiful girls? Yes. Sexy pictures? No, I never saw.

**PLAYBOY:** Does she ever get jealous?

**PAVAROTTI:** If my wife is jealous, she would die, my friend. The word jealousy is to be afraid of something that doesn't exist. The moment you have an affair, it's not jealousy anymore, it's knowing for sure. It's quite different. As for beautiful women around me, I have 1,000,000 every day. My wife jealous, she would die. But no, probably deeply she always knows she is in command.

[*This conversation has taken place on Pavarotti's birthday. The interviewer, by way of celebrating, has arranged for two Playboy Bunnies from the Chicago Playboy Club to drop by. Ironically, the Bunnies arrive at this very moment in the interview, with cake and balloons, singing "Happy Birthday" in Italian to a very surprised and pleased Pavarotti. He blows out the candles, opens some wine and poses jovially for photographs. When there is another knock at the door, he deadpans, "Wait, it must be Penthouse, for sure."*]

*A month later, the interview resumes in San Francisco in a less festive but much-relieved mood. "Aida" has opened to mixed reviews, with the local papers being especially harsh. The Chronicle said Pavarotti gave an "undistinguished . . . marginal performance" and let the audience down. The Los Angeles Times critic called him a "tenor in vocal trouble," saying he wasn't "as good as he used to be." The second performance was telecast by satellite to Europe, and*



reviews there were far more favorable.]

**PLAYBOY:** How does it make you feel to know that hundreds of people stood outside all night in the rain the night before *Aida* premiered, hoping for standing-room-only tickets?

**PAVAROTTI:** My friend, we artists suffer for many reasons. When I saw that, I know we must accept our suffering with great, great pleasure. Because there are people we very obviously make happy. There's a certain price that we pay: the nervousness, the restrictions we have—we cannot go just anywhere—but it is part of our sacrifice for the people. I remember once after doing *Favorita* at the Met, we had dinner inside the theater and didn't leave until three o'clock in the morning. It was a very severe night, freezing. I left through the stage entrance and saw three girls almost frozen. They told me they had driven from Washington to see me. I said, "Come to my apartment." I opened a bottle of champagne for them. People who drive that far in the wintertime and stay after to see you, they deserve any kind of attention, really.

**PLAYBOY:** The newspapers reported that scalped tickets for *Aida* were going for \$1200 a pair. Do people really pay that much?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't know, but I did see classified ads in the paper for that much. I hope they did not. Tickets should have the normal price; \$1200 for a pair of tickets makes for very good publicity, but then, when people go to the theater, they are expecting the voice of Moses. I can't give a \$1000 performance.

**PLAYBOY:** Before the curtain rose on opening night, Kurt Adler came out to make an excuse for your leading lady, soprano Margaret Price, saying that the bad weather had affected her but she would sing anyway. She effectively upstaged you before the opera even began. Were you angry?

**PAVAROTTI:** I have a very bad taste about that. It put Adler in a spot, poor man, to have to say the weather was bad. He should not have agreed to do something like that. They did not consult me. If somebody is sick, you cannot object; but if somebody is *afraid* to be sick, then that is not very pleasant. Not just because I was singing my first *Aida* but because of the rest of the company. A serious artist should never announce he's sick unless he realizes he *is* sick. And if you are really sick, you *don't sing!* I would never do that sort of thing. People of first class will never do something like that to colleagues.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Margaret Price first class in terms of being a performer?

**PAVAROTTI:** Absolutely. She's a great singer, a beautiful voice.

**PLAYBOY:** Had you sung with her before?

**PAVAROTTI:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think it was fear that

# Leroux & Brew.

Smooth and easy partners, Leroux Peppermint Schnapps and crisp chilled beer. The glow of the schnapps with the icy cold of the brew is smooth and easy all the way, uniquely delicious. Discover the drink that's sweeping the country. And always ask for Leroux. Its great natural taste always comes through.

## Leroux Schnapps

Peppermint • Spearmint • Cinnamon

Once you've  
tasted Leroux  
no other schnapps  
will do.



made her behave that way?

**PAVAROTTI:** When you are afraid, you can't just behave like you want. Who is not nervous? What about me? Singing *Aida* for the first time? I'm just telling you what I would have done myself: I would have shut up and tried to sing.

**PLAYBOY:** By the way, did Adler finally agree to your, ah, artistic request to fly in Maestro Toninni from Milan for the performance?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes. I think Mr. Adler makes a very smart decision—of course, under my suggestion.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you react to the unfavorable reviews of your performance?

**PAVAROTTI:** It is absolutely unjust to criticize my performance of *Aida*! My first performance cannot be like my 20th or 30th, and at least one critic did not mention it was my first performance and this was deliberately nasty. I sang the only *Aida* possible for a voice like mine. I sang a beautiful *Aida*, I was very satisfied with myself, but it was not dramatic, because I am not a dramatic tenor. I'm frustrated because I think the critics are ignorant. If they just turned to the record Björling made, they'd realize the *Aida* I was singing was more or less like that. They cannot expect more from me! Some critics say that it is not my opera—well, let's see: Who is going to do the opera? You don't find many tenors who can sing it. Certain critics are like dogs: They try to pee on the monument!

**PLAYBOY:** This has obviously irritated you.

**PAVAROTTI:** It has irritated me very much and makes me suffer. Because I think it's unfair, and everything that is unfair irritates me. I am a very serious professional person. I never consider the critics for the power they have but for what they can do to help a person improve. The critic can be a very important friend of a singer. The moment a singer stops listening to the critics, he is beginning to finish his employment. So I read very, very carefully what they say, then I make my own deduction.

I've always found critics very fair with me. But now, I think either I've become old in one day—and I don't think so—or they changed attitudes. In Germany, Austria, Spain, where the second performance was televised, we received beautiful reviews. So in Europe, they say fantastic things, but here they say terrible things. OK, they want to shoot on me, then let them shoot. Here I am, they cannot miss me, I am very big! I know why they are shooting, anyway. I know: There is some kind of conspiracy.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**PAVAROTTI:** Simple. There is somebody else who is pushing the critics from behind.

**PLAYBOY:** Placido Domingo?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't say any name. But I have a feeling there is a certain kind of

conspiracy behind the critics. Should I say to them, "You want me to leave your country? I do! Then you will win your battle!" But be sure, I am not going to retire from your country, not for one minute! Because I am here for the public, not for the business! Only if the public one day says, "Mr. Pavarotti, it's time you go," will I go.

**PLAYBOY:** You're emotional now, but do you really believe there's a conspiracy against you?

**PAVAROTTI:** There is very, very clearly a conspiracy. And the fact that I am answering them and saying that there is a conspiracy will make them write even worse about me. I don't care. I think it is unjust and I think some important critic should make this point.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's move on to the subject of finances. Your business manager, Herbert Breslin, claims you are the highest paid concert singer in the world. Do you know if that's true?

**PAVAROTTI:** If he says so, probably. But it depends how you see it. Let's say I'm going to sing a concert for 10,000 people and they pay me \$50,000. If they make \$100,000, at that precise moment, I am not paid at all, I am paying them.

**PLAYBOY:** You're stretching your point a bit. But since you make about \$10,000 per opera performance, does the figure you mentioned mean that in concert you make about five times more than you're paid for opera?

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes, because in a concert, there is not the production costs.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel you are well paid?

**PAVAROTTI:** I am very well paid; I am super well paid. But it's not like in the past, when no one paid taxes. Then you had real money. Now, even if I am paid \$50,000, I am going to keep between \$7000 and \$10,000 if I am very, very lucky. So one doesn't accumulate a fortune the way one did in the past. But don't ask me what is money. I don't know where it exists. My wife is totally in command of the financial situation at home, and my manager takes care of my business with the theater. I just say yes or no in terms of accepting things that I want to. I don't think I'm a good businessman. I made two or three investments; they were disasters. So many famous opera singers have died in misery. The first and most famous of all is Schipa. He died in a New York hospital, neglected by everybody, and he was probably the richest tenor in the world. He had 10 or 12 houses in Italy with the relatives there. I think that broke him.

**PLAYBOY:** You've owned a number of houses yourself, haven't you?

**PAVAROTTI:** I have already changed houses five times, but this last one is the one I found everything that I want. I've spent all the money I've earned in 15 years building two houses. That becomes

an enormity, not an investment. I have to sing three more years to pay for it. Then I begin to put aside some money for my daughters when they marry. But I am a very simple person. I don't spend money for extravagance.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you own a Ferrari?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, I don't have a Ferrari, because it's not comfortable. I have a Maserati, because it is comfortable.

**PLAYBOY:** Before you acquired such simple comforts, you grew up a great deal more simply than that, didn't you? You had to take a lot of jobs when you were young.

**PAVAROTTI:** Yes, before I became a singer, I was an insurance salesman. For two years, I sold door to door. I was forced to talk, and today I'm a good talker. But it was bad for the voice. And in the years before, I remember I once worked for somebody who sold firewood. It was very boring and depressing. The owner tried to take advantage; he paid me very bad. It was a bad experience.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever consider working with your father as a baker?

**PAVAROTTI:** I worked for my father during the holidays sometimes. But my father woke up at midnight to start baking at two. It could not be my job, not ever. Never. Because I like very much to sleep.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were 12, you almost died in a coma. What happened?

**PAVAROTTI:** It was a blood infection and at that time we did not have penicillin. To make the story short, it finally arrived from America and saved my life. I was in a coma for a couple of weeks. It seemed an eternity. I heard the doctor say I would die. I wasn't able to react, but I heard everything.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you prepared to die at so young an age?

**PAVAROTTI:** I was a philosophic child. I remember very well one particular thing when I was nine. It was during the war and we were bombed constantly, every day. I saw people massacred in the middle of the street. Very violent, very terrible. I asked my grandmother for more cheese to put in the rice, but she said, "We have to save for tomorrow." I said, "Tomorrow? We may not be here tomorrow. Today we are." For a kid of nine, it was a deep thought. Since that time, I have had many doubts about religious things; they are not yet resolved. I thought to go to the Pope, but he has enough trouble.

**PLAYBOY:** Probably does. How do you feel about the Pope, anyway?


**PAVAROTTI:** I am completely nuts about him. He is a man who cannot keep a low profile, because he has a great personality. They try to keep him down, but they cannot.

**PLAYBOY:** In that way, he's similar to Pope John XXIII, isn't he?

(continued on page 240)



## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

As the man who calls the shots (and PLAYBOY readers represent 24 percent of U.S. professionals and managers), he puts the message in motion. He throws images onto a screen, and sometimes they speak in a language that takes observers to altered conclusions. This man doesn't have to be the center of attention. There are others to pad the planks, to stalk the spotlight; he doesn't court its heat. For him, the medium is the message. 

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE



# GEORGE MILLS

*it was the trickiest of tricky trades  
for george—the sorcerers' apprentice*

*fiction*

**By STANLEY ELKIN**



CASSADAGA WAS FAMOUS. At least 20 pages of *Hartmann's Directory of Psychic Science and Spiritualism* were given over to its closely printed ads. It was famous for its occult hardware—tiny heart-shaped planchettes and Ouija boards like odd altars or artists' palettes, pocket breath controllers, aura charts, the rich colors painted on linen and attached to rollers like window shades, Aurospecs, séance trumpets, gazing crystals, spirit restraints, prisms, joss sticks, tarot cards, exorcism salts, sheet music, lullabies for the infant dead, marches for soldiers fall-

en in battle, witch waltzes. There were dictionaries of magic words, Seals of Solomon, mock-ups of left- and right-handed palms, telekinetic dice, outdoor séance furniture, occult recipes, three-dimensional models of the human soul, wands and charms, bells, books, candles—all Sorcery's fee-faw-fum, all Belief's hocus-pocus dominocus.

George had often been sent off to borrow a pinch of ghost spice or a jar of phantom powder as another child might be sent to neighbors for sugar or milk.

The town's only child—nephew and grandson to all—George Mills was in on the secrets of the mystics, psychics, theosophists, astrologers, telepaths, palm readers, metapsychologists, diviners, fortunetellers, alchemists, necrophysicists, crystal gazers and figure flingers of Cassadaga—the tricks of their trade. Lessoned as a novice, closely drilled as an apprentice, often permitted to help with their proof-reading, the pamphlets and handbooks they were endlessly writing, the psychic newsletters they were always getting out, he was their confidant, too. He read

their mail to them, petitions of the mortally ill—the divines of Cassadaga were a forum of last resort: requests for clues to stave off death, appeals from widows, widowers; he learned that couples in their 50s and 60s and 70s still made love, ardent as teenagers; he learned, if not of the sanctity of marriage, at least of its addictive power, that love was always the last habit broken—to contact their dead.

He was permitted to handle the gazing crystals, the clear, flawless globes like temperate, neutral ice, so transparent he felt he held invisible weight. He looked through the prisms, altering light as one might pull the strings on marionettes. And tried the Aurospecs, seeing other people as if they were on fire, their green and red and orange radiance exploding off them like gases from the surface of a star, their jeweled and kindled selves seething about their persons like rainbows boiling. And pressed his ear to the séance trumpet and heard the muted sharps and flats of invisible performance.

But it was the letters that interested him most.

Dear Dr. N.M.M. Kinsley,

I have been a practitioner of the Kinsley Astral Projection Method for the past five years and have had dozens of successful expeditions. I have visited the homes of several relatives at distances in excess of 2000 miles, though I am still unable to get past the Rocky Mountains.

In one chapter you outline techniques by which the astral projectionist may enter the dreams of sleeping subjects in order to leave messages that they may take with them into their waking lives, but either I am not as adept in these advanced techniques as I should be or I arrive at times when escapist turbulences are most effectively at work. I think the latter. As you discuss elsewhere in your chapter on conflict, Negative Life Forces have rather the advantage over Positive Spirit Forces.

There are more things, Dr. Kinsley, than are dreamed of in your philosophy. And dream, I think, is the operative word. Those *I* am privy to through my nocturnal visitations have been, are, depraved. My own grandmother, a religious and even naïve woman who has never harmed anyone in all her 91 years, has dreams that may not even begin to be described by the word randy. They are filth, doctor, pornographic in the most debased sense of that term. They would shock the most callous prostitute and bring

tears to the eyes of her pimp. Genitalia are undisguised, not Freudian obelisks and large bodies of water, not telephone poles and dark tunnels but swollen cocks and moistened cunts, baby dolls with curling pubic hair about their slits—I am not being frank; if anything, I am glossing out of decency—erections severed from their groins and glistening in their dewy juices. My aunts' and uncles' dreams, my cousins' and in-laws', are the very models of lust. Sodomies are become exponential, perpetrated on dead house pets, onanism and fellatio commonplace as scratching one's back or getting a haircut. I have seen mothers do it to daughters, fathers to sons. I shan't recount the awful details. You can't imagine them, and I won't describe them, but if this is what is meant by "Negative Life Forces with their capacity to deflect the subject's concentration from his loss," then I suggest that further studies be done, that your treatise be updated.

As I say, astral projection can take you so far and no further. As I say, it can't even get me past the Rockies. It is often a cold comfort, well intentioned but of as much real use as the casserole of a condolence caller. It can clear the air, though. Sometimes. A little; a little it can. That blazing sprint of the soul can clear the air and, perhaps, may even explain the good weather, the briskness of the day, its sharp shadows, focused as ink on a bright page.

Faithfully,

Lewis Press Ringlinger

Kinsley was across the room watching him read, knowing, the boy believed, just where George was in the letter at any given time—not only which page but which paragraph, which sentence.

"Well?" the man said as George looked at the signature. "What do you think?"

"What did he mean?"

Kinsley smiled. "Perhaps only that we're being watched."

"Watched," George said.

"It's the West he can't get to, not Florida." George looked in the corners of the room. "I'll tell you what *I* think," Kinsley said. "I think it's the pornography business we're in. Death and the supernatural are merely the covers it takes. I think we're in the pornography business, that the religion we practice, the hoodoo consolation we give away, is sexual. I'd like you to work the séances with me. I want you to be my contact, my messenger boy from Death. You're not twelve yet. I want you to work nude. No pasties, no Indian loincloth or over-

size dressing gown with its planets and crescents and five-points-to-the-star astronomy. Naked. Nude. No one would touch you. You won't have to touch anyone. It will be dark. No one will even be able to make out your face.

"It's a good idea, you know. We'd make a lot of money. There's so much lust. The stitching of sex everywhere, common as knot, pandemic as signature. More lust and combination than the ingredients in recipes. Ask your parents. It's a gimcrack idea.

"You know," Kinsley said, "it's a shame, finally. It's all real, you know. The supernatural plane is real as a breadboard. Astral projection is real. All of it is. I'm certain of my facts. I get *past* the Rockies. Last night I visited my dead. It's just you can't always reproduce it for them. It's just you have to be alone. Isn't that right, Mr. Ringlinger? Isn't that right, sir? Am I lying to this boy?"

George held his breath. It seemed to him that just for a moment, and out of the corner of his eye, he saw the dark stain where greased, oiled heads had rested against the back of a wing chair glisten and flare.

He had known the secrets of séances for almost a year, had attended, diligent as someone learning a card trick, as almost every spiritualist in Cassadaga had explained his particular techniques, unburdening, trusting him with their mysteries, dragging him into their conspiracies. It was not the way grownups normally behaved with children. Even his parents had said "when you're older," putting him off with their "not yet" and "not nows," but the Cassadagans had fixed on him as if he were some kid confidant, inundating him with some need they had to provide the plausible, satisfy logic, purge belief, lapse faith.

If he was taken in by some particularly striking effect, they could become almost shrill in their contempt.

"My God! Didn't you even *feel* it?" Reverend Bone demanded.

"My left arm moved."

"Not *that*! Didn't you feel it when we shook hands and I planted the fishhook in your shirt sleeve?"

"You were talking about the spirits' being angry. Something touched my sleeve. My arm flew up."

"Christ, kiddo, it's a good thing you're too small and I had to throw you back. Otherwise, I'd fry you for lunch. Something touched your sleeve! Yeah, right. My nickel fishhook and ten-pound line! You were rigged as a puppet, Pinocch! You were struck as a pompano."

"There's nothing there."

"Jesus! You don't know beans about



*"Hello, there! I'm here to cater to your every whim and desire, no matter how perverse or bizarre . . . oops, sorry! Wrong apartment!"*

good manners, do you? When people shake hands hello, they usually shake hands goodbye."

"That's when you took it out."

Bone rolled his eyes and raised his hands in the air. "Curses, foiled again," he said mildly.

It was always their mildness that was feigned. All they demanded of him was pure doubt, unrelenting skepticism. It was as if by exposing the five-cent fish-hooks and ten-pound lines that were nearly always the simple solutions—they shunned the elaborate, were unreconciled to the complicated; if a séance couldn't be conducted by a spiritualist and one assistant, it was not a clean operation—to what were only tricks, hammering at him with explanation, clarification, cracked code and truth, they were free to contemplate mystery, the wonderful, all the elegant hush-hush of the riddle world.

They were childless, of course, or their children were grown, gone, and that may have had something to do with their attitude toward him; but even George, grateful as he was for their attention, understood that at bottom their feelings were neutral, they did not care for him—not in that way. He was no surrogate.

"No," Professor G. D. Ashmore told him, "you're no surrogate. You're it, the real thing. You know why we beat at you with our greenroom shoptalk and regale you with our wholesale-to-the-trade secrets?"

"Because you trust me?"

"Trust you? Why would we want to trust you? You're a kid. What are you, eleven, eleven and a half? You're a kid. You walk on the grass. You fish out of season. You're a kid, you're nasty to cats. You break a window, you say it was an accident. You're a kid, you play hooky, you mock the deformed. Why would anyone trust a kid?"

"Then why?"

"You're going to be twelve soon. You're going to have to make up your mind, George. You're going to have to choose."

"Choose what?"

"Leave me alone, don't bother me. I don't talk turkey with kids."

George's instruction continued.

"Pour yourself some lemonade, dear," Madam Grace Treasury called from behind the dark, heavy curtain that served as a partition between her séance room and her parlor. "Pour some for me.

"In street clothes," she said, still behind the curtain, "I seem ordinary as a fourth for bridge. I could be someone shopping, who does dishes, makes beds. I'm not even attractive. In elevators, crowded buses, in all the rush hours,

men—women, too—find my bearing undistinguished, so like their own that we are almost interchangeable and they can scarcely see me, make me out."

She came into the room. She was dressed in a sort of robe, dense and massy as a habit, larger than he'd ever seen her, taller, her face, even her hands fuller.

George saw her strange make-up, her blue face powder, her black lipstick, her face blocked off in queer colors, like the hues of a wound or hidden organs suddenly visible. She seemed immense in her turban, her big séance dress.

"Thank you for pouring the lemonade, dear. My," she said, taking a window seat in the bright parlor, "it's just so hot. Sometimes I think it isn't any special favor to us to have all this Florida sunshine. Oh, I know they envy us for it up North and it is a comfort in the winter, but, gracious, it does get hot, and we don't really get the cooling breezes that folks can at least hope for in other parts of the country. I'll tell you, George, that's one of the reasons I bought such a large Frigidaire. So I'd always have plenty of ice cubes for my lemonade. When it's hot like this, I like it cold enough to hurt my teeth.

"Will you listen to me nattering on about lemonade and there you've gone and poured me a glass I haven't even made a move to taste. The ice is probably all melted now. Well, no matter, I like the taste almost as much as I do the chill."

She crossed the room, moving behind the small coffee table on which the pitcher and lemonade glasses had been set down. She lowered herself beside him on the sofa and he felt the cushions and springs compress as if air and all tension had been squeezed from them, himself suddenly angled toward her, his stiffened body bracing, like some cartoon animal unsuccessfully resisting momentum.

"May I have my glass of lemonade?" she asked.

She seemed less than inches off, her body glowing with its presence and weight and power.

"Give me the lemonade," she said. "I've already asked you once."

He picked the drink up from the table and held it out to her. She made no move to take it from him.

"The lemonade," she repeated. He pushed his hand closer but felt himself reined, checked, doing some strange balancing act of the level ground, some odd, squeezed constraint like a resisted fart.

"Set it down," she said. "Do I look like a woman who drinks lemonade? Stop that whimpering." She handed him a tissue.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Rush hour," she said. "My askew totemics."

"It's the black lipstick, your blue face powder."

She didn't answer.

"It's the dress," he said. "It's the turban."

She said nothing.

"It's my good posture," she said softly. "It's my sea legs. It's my specific gravity and unsprawled essence."

"You scared me," George said.

"Ah," said Madam Grace Treasury.

He was a bit scared of all of them.

Even of John Sunshine, psychic historian and Cassadaga buff, who lectured him on the subjects of Cassadaga, midgits, freaks and what Sunshine called "the marked race of Romany."

"The development of Cassadaga and the establishment of the circus' winter quarters in De Land were almost attendant," he said. "You could have had the other without the one but not the one without the other. It's almost as if the town were founded on some debased bedrock of declined, vitiate genes, as if blemish and the sapped heart were to Cassadaga what a fresh-water supply and the proximity of a railroad were to the development of Chicago, say.

"We don't know the significance of the name or how the area came to have it, but in all probability it goes back to that marked race of Romany, that same hampered, degraded, clipped-wing brood that was the town's reason for being. Perhaps a curse or threat, some gypsy-hissed snarl or deterrent. Perhaps even an ultimatum, some sinister dun, the soul's dark invoice.

"Of course they fraternized. Our forefathers' forefathers. It wouldn't even have been fraternization in the strict sense of the term, the stiff and roustabouts, even the tumblers, animal trainers and acrobats, even the clowns barely a step up the evolutionary ladder from the marked race of Romany."

He looked at George with his intense eyes, examining him as he spoke. He didn't miss a beat. He didn't miss anything, and the boy felt Sunshine's hot scrutiny and wondered if perhaps something shameful weren't happening on the surface of his skin. Sunshine might have been a G man, George suspect currency.

"The marked race of Romany sold the circus people their talent. They sold them magic balance. Before the gypsies came in from Cassadaga, the wire walkers were merely skilled, trained, vaguely equilibrially inclined, say. Afterward, they were as sure-footed as mules, as cats and mountain goats, with a gift for

(continued on page 108)



*grounded but not forgotten...*

# THE WOMEN OF *Braniff*

**O**N MAY 12, 1982, Braniff Airways ceased operations, the first step toward declaring bankruptcy. Some Braniff staffers heard the news on their car radios. Some sat stunned as TV newscasters interrupted regularly scheduled programming with the bulletin. For others, it was not so simple. Glenna Hand was on a flight from Denver to Dallas. The plane was kept on the ground in Denver for hours before being allowed to take off. When it landed in Dallas, the crew began to suspect that something was out of the ordinary: "There were 70 planes parked by 20 gates. We could barely get to the gate. When we got off the plane, there was no one there. No gate attendants. No one (text concluded on page 218)



Why are these women smiling? Over the years, PLAYBOY has photographed the women of the Armed Forces, the girls of Capitol Hill, Ma Bell's daughters, lady cops, couch dancers and countless others. When we heard that Braniff Airways had filed for bankruptcy, grounding more than 2000 flight attendants, we sent Associate Staff Photographer David Mecey to Dallas to interview the survivors. The working title of the shoot was *Girls of the Unemployment Line*. From left to right: Brenda Bartley, Melinda Bain, Jude Arledge, pilot Bill "Puppie Dog" Robe, Shelley Williams, Paula Stacy, Glenna Hond, Helen Janes, Joy Woods, Teresa Tidwell and January Whitaker wave farewell.



Zebbie Mussick (below) hit the ground running. "You can't bring Braniff back. You have to make the best of things. I don't see how anyone can live on unemployment. I didn't even bother to apply." A go-for-it girl.

Paula Stacy (above) has already found a new career as a draftsman for a geological firm. Both of her parents work for oil companies, so it's almost the family vocation. She wants to develop her art talent: "I think it would be fun to do comic strips." To keep busy, she takes tennis lessons and lifts weights.



# I'M FIGHTING FOR BRANIFF!

Three years with Braniff gave Kathlynn Helmeid a taste of world travel. She feels stranded in Chicago but is determined to land another airline job.



Debra Vowell (below) grew up in a small town in Arkansas. "The job was a terrific learning experience. You couldn't buy that kind of education." She liked flying to Honolulu. "Wherever there was water. I'd rather be at a beach than anywhere."



Brendo Bartley (below) visited every city Braniff serviced. "I saw the world. I did what I wanted to. Since the demise of Braniff, a lot of opportunities have come around. It's opened my eyes. Now I'm interviewing at health spas. I want to teach swimming to kids and adults. It's something I'm good at. It's a job I could like."





# TEXAS CLASS

Teresa Tidwell (left) used the time between flights to pursue a second career as a model. She plans to find a marketing or advertising-sales job in the fashion industry, something to let her travel. "I'm not going to give up. I'm not going to rely on a man. I want to be my own person, to travel, to do it all now."

Joy Woods (below) says that she will miss the travel privileges that come with the job. She was able to indulge in her two favorite sports—snow skiing in winter and water-skiing the rest of the year. Nowadays, she keeps in shape by following the Jane Fonda workout. That's almost a full-time job in itself.





She's an artist, she don't look back. Cynthia Roach (above) has a new occupation: student/artist. She is busy at oil painting and is considering a career in art investments or broadcasting. She has time for her favorite activities—tennis and horseback riding. She rides English style and now gets airborne strictly over fences, as a jumper. Her specialty: three-day eventing. Tallyho.



Encore! Jan Whitaker (top and above) appeared in a **PLAYBOY** pictorial two and a half years ago—fully clothed. She wants to keep flying, but meanwhile, she keeps busy modeling and teaching aerobics. 105

**I ♥ BRANIFF!**

Glenna Hand (below) grew up in a town with a population of 120. As a Braniff employee, she flew to Hong Kong, Paris, Rio, Amsterdam, London, Hawaii, Seoul, Lima—to mention a few. The world traveler is ready to settle down—in Dallas—and is looking for the right job.



Jude Arledge (left and below) grew up in central Illinois. "One day, I got tired of not making any money, of not being able to see the world. So I joined Braniff. I loved Europe, cruising down the Rhine. I'll miss it."

Helen Janes (right) described best the attitude of her co-workers: "We had to be prepared to react to anything at 38,000 feet. That kind of person can fit into any corporation. We will do all right." America, take note.





# GEORGE MILLS

(continued from page 100)

*"George looked up. Sunshine was talking to himself. Why me? George thought. Why me? Why me?"*

recovery and balance like a bubble in a level. They could walk up trees as casually as you climb stairs.

"The gypsies sold strength to the acrobats, infusing their legs and arms with the force of bombs, selling them flexibility, endurance, the tractables of great apes, a lung capacity that was operatic. The pyramids they did now were Cheopsic, Pharaonic. They could hang by a pinkie or stand on their hair.

"And height to the fliers, loft and lift, the timing of salmon.

"And sold to the animal trainers a Dolittle knowledge of the beastly heart. Selling them not magic courage but a gift for magic enterprise, magic haggle, the tiger's leap through a fiery hoop knocked down for red meat, the bears and horses humbled for a sweet, extra straw.

"And even something for the clowns. Even something real. The marked race of Romany sold the marked race of clowns mark, the putty projections, high relief like Nepal on a map, some magic dispensation for the malleable—protuberance, salience, jut and cavity, some easy canvas character in the skin itself that permitted their faces to shine like chameleons, to glow in primary colors like a waved flag."

Why's he telling me all this? George wondered. How does this show me the tricks of the trade or help prepare me to choose whatever it is I'm supposed to choose?

Sunshine smiled, no longer looking at George. Some of the edge had gone out of his voice. He spoke, George thought, as his teacher sometimes did when she was telling them about some place in the world that neither she nor anyone else in the class would ever see. "The psychics came only after the gypsies had already cleared off but, like the marked race of Romany itself, settled in Cassadaga. They showed little interest in the performers. From the first, their attention and interest were focused on the personnel in the side show.

"Not the fire-eaters or the sword swallowers, not the geeks—they had geeks then—or any of the rest of those who had trained their appetites or reamed passages in their throats and bellies to bank their snacks. They were just more athletes. Not even the fat ladies or the giants. Bulk couldn't be feigned, but it could be cultivated. You can grow a fat lady as you grow a rose.

"No, the brotherhood sought out boggy,

ogre, eyesore, sport—all those unfortunates whose busted bodies were the evidence that they came directly from the pinched hand of God Himself. It wanted the alligator woman and the dog-faced boy, the pinhead and the Cyclops, the Siamese twins and the hermaphrodite. It wanted people with extra thumbs, too many toes.

"There was a sort of gold rush. Cassadaga became a kind of boom town, some Sutter's Mill of the extraordinary. I have some of the early correspondence with the freaks. It's very strange stuff. Even the envelopes are strange. Well, they would be, wouldn't they? They had no addresses for them, of course. Christ, they didn't even have their names!

"*'To the fourteen-year-old girl,'* they would write on the front of the envelope above the De Land destination, *'with the gray hair and withered body of an old woman.'* *'For the man,'* they'd write, *'born with sores.'* *'The lady with green blood.'* *'Personal!'* they'd write.

"The letters themselves were elaborate concoctions of sympathy, buttressed with the writer's credentials and followed by a request for an interview with a view to the misfit's throwing in his lot with the writer's. They could not expect to be paid much, they wrote, but if the spiritualist was correct in his assumption about the unfortunate *lusus naturae*—they were wonderfully euphemistic with those freaks and death's-heads—then perhaps they could get to the bottom of things together, settle once and for all the nagging, age-old question 'Why me?'

Why me? George Mills thought.

"Because they really believed that the body's disgrace, that cleft blood and blighted flesh and faulted bones brittle as toothpick—there was one fellow, the Glass-Boned Man, who would permit children to shatter his fingers for a dollar; you could hear the snap as his bone fragmented; there wasn't much to it; the bones in his arms and hands were fragile as saltines; the sound was real; the bones became smaller and smaller chips; after a while, all you could hear was the muffled grinding of sand—were the outward, visible signs of inner psychic energies. Those were your real McCoy Cains, your truly marked. Marked and marked down, too—discounted, slashed from the human race itself, whom chipped genes and bombed biology had doomed.

"Superstition? Medieval? Just one more way of rubbing luck like paint off a hunchback? Maybe. Even probably. It was almost as if they had to test them out, to prove to themselves that the dog-faced boys and the pinheads, that the alligator girls and the glass-boned guys hadn't any more real psychic powers than a dollar's worth of loose change before they ever dared to use them in the act or teach them the scam.

"They were a little disappointed. So would you have been. But relieved, too, not to have ready to hand a key to the astonishing secret of life, its nagging riddle: Why me? Because people, God bless them, are terrified of the strange. It may be that you've seen a man in a bear suit. On the street, say, or at a game between halves. You know that the man is a man, the costume a costume. But when he comes to you to dance, you pull back, you shy. You're pulling back now. Has such a thing happened?"

He thought of Madam Grace Treasury's bruised cosmetics.

"How much more effective when the costume is shriveled skin, limbs that don't size, a dubious sex? Power is only amuck scale, the gauges off true and the needle in red."

George looked up. Sunshine was talking to himself. Why me? George thought. Why me? Why me?

And C. L. Gregor Imolatty was an authority on ectoplasm. He had converted his spare bedroom into an ectoplasm museum—the only one, he said, in central Florida.

"I couldn't have done it," he told George as they stood just outside the museum's black door, "if it hadn't been for my wife's cooperation. Sylvia's support has been invaluable. I tell all my visitors that. It gets them involved. Here's what we'll do. When we go inside, I'll give you the same talk I give my clients. I'll deliver it just as I always do. I won't change a word, but you have to stop me whenever you hear me say something you think might be fake. You got that? If you think I'm lying, stop me. Just go ahead and interrupt. Isn't that a good idea, Sylvia? Isn't that a wonderful way for the boy to learn?"

"We tried that with the Mortons," Mrs. Imolatty said.

"You know, you're right?" Imolatty said. "I forgot about the Mortons, but the Mortons were afraid to interrupt me. I think they thought they'd hurt my feelings. You mustn't be afraid you'll hurt my feelings, George. You're here to learn. You chime in now, if you think I'm making believe. Just call out 'Liel!' or 'Fake!' or 'Cheat!' Cry 'Stop!' or anything else that occurs to you. All right. Here we go, then. Oh. Usually, I pause

(continued on page 186)





*"It's a naïve Honshu sake without any real pizzazz, but you'll be amused by its transcendentalism."*

*it looks like  
they'll survive reaganism—  
but if politics  
is the art of solving problems,  
they've still got  
a lot of politicking to do*

# ONE LAST CHANCE FOR THE DEMOCRATS

*article*

**By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.**

THE DEMOCRATS . . . ah, the Democrats. There they march, talking, arguing, shouting, laughing, moving in a dozen directions at once and jostling one another as they go, streaming across the political landscape as they have done since the beginning of the republic.

"To the Republicans, politics is a business," that fine old newspaper-woman Anne O'Hare McCormick wrote half a century back, "while to the Democrats, it's a pleasure." Maybe that is why the Democratic Party is the longest-lived political organization extant on earth. (*Organization?* "I belong to no organized party," said Will Rogers. "I am a Democrat.") Ever since Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr put together a coalition of Southern planters and Northern bosses nearly 200 years ago, 60 years before anyone had ever heard of Republicans, Democrats have been messing with the affairs of the nation.

What a hospitable party it is! At one time or another, everyone has been invited: the strongest friends of slavery and the strongest foes of segregation; the most ardent States'-righters and the most ardent centralizers; big business and big labor; city slickers with hip flasks and rural fundamentalists whooping it up for prohibition; intellectuals and yahoos; John Kenneth Galbraith and George Wallace. "A hopeless assortment of discordant differences," Thomas B. Reed—Czar Reed, the autocratic Republican Speaker of the House of Representatives—wrote in 1892, "as incapable of positive action as it is capable of infinite clamor."

What in the world has held these contrary elements together through the long years? A few melodies sound through the cacophony. One



consistent theme of the Democrats from start to finish (except for some mid-19th Century lapses) has been a prejudice against those Andrew Jackson called "the rich and powerful" in favor of those he called "the humble members of society—the farmers, mechanics and laborers." It is true that, from Thomas Jefferson and James Madison to Franklin Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy, Democrats have also had their share of the elite; but patrician Democrats are customarily condemned by the establishment as traitors to their class.

The good, sound, solid, sober commercial and industrial interests have always had parties of their own to advance their fortunes—first the Federalists, then the Whigs, now the Republicans. The purpose of these parties, said Martin Van Buren, the first great Democratic organizer, is "to build up and sustain an overshadowing money power in the country through which the Democratic spirit of the people might be kept in check." These have been the parties of the establishment. The Democrats have remained the party of the outsiders.

Another abiding Democratic characteristic is related to the first, for in America, outsiders tend to be animated by an unconquerable zest to become insiders. So the Democratic Party has always been marked by a rowdy instinct for survival, an inextinguishable vitality, an irrepressible desire to win. Democrats are often down but never out. "Man an' boy I've seen the Dimmycratic Party hangin' to th' ropes a score iv times," said the party philosopher, Mr. Dooley. "I've seen it dead an' burrid an' th' Raypublicans kindly buildin' a monymint f'r it. . . . I've gone to sleep nights wonderin' where I'd throw away me vote afther this, an' whin I woke up there was that crazy-headed, ol' loon iv a party with its hair sthreamin' in its eyes, an' an ax in its hand, chasin' Raypublicans into th' tall grass."

And so it bowls along through the long years, the oldest political party on the planet, a disorderly, cheerful, tumultuous crowd still streaming across the political landscape. Knowing this history, no one should be surprised at the spectacle of disarray the Democrats have presented since the election of Ronald Reagan.

This disarray has many roots; but the contemporary Democratic disarray comes to focus in a disagreement within the fold over the meaning of the 1980 elections. One group of Democrats draws apocalyptic conclusions from the defeat of Jimmy Carter, seeing it as the end of an era, a tidal repudiation of half a century of affirmative government, a great turning in American political life. "In 1980, the American people rejected not just our candidates but our party as

well," Mayor Edward Koch of New York told the Democratic National Strategy Council in October 1981. "I believe that over the past decade, the national Democratic Party lost the sense of where it came from, what its purpose should be and what the reality facing America was all about."

The Democratic Party, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York decided immediately after the election, had run out of ideas and was capable only of repeating worn-out doctrines. Liberalism, said the sociologist Daniel Bell, "has little further momentum." The New Deal, said Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts, is dead. Moreover, said Horace Busby of Lyndon Johnson's White House, the increase in population and electoral votes in the Southwest and West gives the Republicans a nearly unbreakable lock on the Presidency: "The hard-to-accept truth is that Democratic candidacies for the White House may no longer be viable. The Republican lock is about to close; it will be hard for anyone to open over the four elections between now and the year 2000."

This school of Democrats, brooding over Ronald Reagan's victory, concluded that Reagan knew a secret they did not know and concluded further that if they could only learn the secret, they could succeed as he had done. That secret, these Democrats decided, was that the people wanted a counterrevolution against the New Deal: that Americans were fed up with government, with regulation, with spending, especially for ungrateful and churlish minorities; fed up with those who deride the ancient verities—business, family, patriotism, religion; fed up with babying the Russians and lagging in the arms race; fed up, in Senator Moynihan's words, with those who believe that "government should be powerful and America should be weak."

If the old liberalism was bankrupt, then, it seemed the hour had struck for a new liberalism. So the movement of "neoliberalism" arose to give the Democratic Party new directions and a new sense of purpose. Taking their cue from Reagan, the neoliberals blame their party's troubles on the New Deal commitment to affirmative government. They proclaim themselves the spiritual heirs of John F. Kennedy, alleging an affinity with his coolness, his pragmatism, his dislike of ideology. In fact, however, they reject his views on the crucial issue, which is government. "Statements are made," Kennedy said in 1963, "labeling the Federal Government an outsider, an intruder, an adversary. . . . The United States Government is not a stranger or an enemy. It is the people of 50 states joining in a national effort." Those are

not neoliberal sentiments. And if the Kennedy tax reduction is claimed for supply-side economics, it must not be forgotten that Kennedy himself insisted on matching the tax program with an antipoverty program to help those who, too poor to pay taxes, received no direct help from tax reduction.

The real spiritual father of neoliberalism is Jimmy Carter, the most conservative Democratic President since Grover Cleveland. After winning the Presidency with impassioned attacks on the horrible Federal bureaucracy, Carter set forth the neoliberal credo with admirable conciseness in his 1978 State of the Union message: "Government cannot solve our problems. It can't set our goals. It cannot define our vision. Government cannot eliminate poverty or provide a bountiful economy or reduce inflation or save our cities," etc.—words not likely to have been uttered by Franklin Roosevelt or by Harry Truman or by John Kennedy or by Lyndon Johnson.

Democrats are always hard to pin down, and neoliberalism covers a multitude of opinions. Some neoliberals are avid Cold Warriors. But Senator Tsongas, a true-blue neoliberal at home, is an old-school liberal abroad, while Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, a hard-liner on defense and foreign policy, is an old-school liberal on most domestic issues and, hence, is not to be classified as a neoliberal. In general, neoliberalism is best understood as the creed of those Democrats who thought it expedient to enlist as fellow travelers in the Reagan counterrevolution.

Emerson once said, "In analyzing history do not be too profound, for often the causes are quite superficial"; in that spirit, another group of Democrats takes the 1980 election a good deal less apocalyptically. As these skeptics see it, the American people did not elect Reagan because they embraced his ideology. They elected him simply because they could not abide the thought of four more years of Carter. Nineteen-eighty, in short, was the rejection not of liberalism but of a failed Presidency.

On that point, the skeptics are surely right. "Reagan won," observes George Will, the conservative columnist, "because he kept the election from being a referendum on conservative ideology."

"Virtually every informed analysis of the 1980 vote," writes Professor James Q. Wilson of Harvard, the neoconservative political scientist, "including those carried out by such conservative groups as the American Enterprise Institute, agrees that Mr. Reagan won because of popular dissatisfaction with Jimmy Carter. . . . Over half of those who voted for Mr. Reagan described

(continued on page 246)

# A CLASSIC YARN

*return with us now to those  
golden days of yesteryear  
when a man was measured  
by the cut of his tweeds*

attire By DAVID PLATT

Above: Get it together in a wide-wale corduroy jacket, \$135, a wool cable-stitched sweater, \$140, and a cotton shirt, \$52.50, all by Henry Grethel; coupled with corduroy slacks, by Sedgfield Sportswear, \$29; and a touch of tweed—a tie, by John Henry, \$11.


PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERTO ROCCO

**B**RITISH country gentlemen, of course, have been tramping the moors and strolling the lanes in winterweight tweed clothes for generations and thinking nothing of it. Prime ministers have proclaimed their burdens in Parliament, shielded from offensive drafts by sturdy tweeds. But now that gutsy, rugged fabrics that boldly announce themselves and the wearer are again the order of the day over here, tweeds, in a multitude



Opposite page: An ancient squeeze box and the tough timelessness of tweed—as evidenced in a wool Donegal tweed three-piece suit, \$575, a cotton shirt with a contrasting collar and French cuffs, \$70, and a silk foulard paisley tie, \$30, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren. Below: A wool/silk tweed two-button jacket, \$475, a cotton shirt, \$95, cotton/wool/silk double-pleated slacks, \$175, and a silk/mohair tweed tie, \$35, all by Jhane Barnes.



A man with light brown hair is seated at a wooden table, looking thoughtfully to his right. He is wearing a dark, textured tweed sweater under a worn, dark brown leather jacket. His right hand rests on a wooden walking stick with a dark handle. On the table in front of him are a large loaf of bread, several slices, and a glass of dark liquid. The background is dark and indistinct, focusing attention on the man and his attire.

of guises, are rapidly making their mark everywhere from back country to board room in styles ranging from elementary to elegant. In addition to the weight, texture and depth that tweed brings to a wardrobe (whether in a mix of looks or as a single element), the healthy growing appreciation for color in menswear is also expanding the fabric's parameters. Aside from the fact that it wears like iron and doesn't wrinkle easily, tweed coordinates well with a variety of other textures—from plush cords to polished leathers. So three cheers for boss tweed! Whoever thought that Old Man Winter, with his icy breath and icicle eyes, could leave you looking so good?



Opposite page: Chic-canery and great-looking threads—including a distressed-leather bomber jacket, \$350, a Shetland crew-neck, \$160, tweed slacks, \$125, and a cotton shirt, \$65, all by Basco Sportswear. Below: The fellow on the left has nothing to grouse about, as he's wearing a brushed-wool one-button wrap coat, \$1000, a herringbone suit, \$950, a wool/cotton striped shirt, \$200, a silk faille tie, \$30, and a leather belt, \$35, all by Dimitri Couture. Dog's best friend has an a wool tweed overcoat, about \$475, a wool sleeveless pullover, about \$150, a cotton shirt, about \$65, wool herringbone tweed slacks, about \$150, and a knit tie, about \$38, all by Perry Ellis.



# THE SECOND COMING

*do you know the story of mary and joseph and  
the angel? you haven't heard this version*



*fiction* **By MITCH SISKIND**

I'M STUPID and my wife is stupid. Suppose we had a child. The child would be twice as stupid as either of us. What good would it be? None.

On the other hand, we have always wanted to have a child.

Shirley and I talked it over, and the conversation went something like this:

"I'd like to have a child that was smart enough to do something besides working like a dog in the plant."

"Smart enough to make a decent buck at something."

"It could earn enough money to take care of us when we're old. Oh, well, what's the use of kidding ourselves?"

But I remembered that I had a friend named Herbert Wilson, who was smart. Do you see what I'm getting at?

One night, I invited Herbert Wilson over for dinner. Later, the three of us sat down in the living room to shoot the breeze. Pretty soon, Shirley scratched her nose. This was a signal that told me Herbert Wilson was acceptable to her from a physical point of view. Now, I knew all along that he would be, because Herbert Wilson is a decent-looking guy. Tall and thin, with a mustache. Anyway, Shirley scratched her nose.

Then I said, "Herb, you have the reputation around the plant for being a brain. Do you have any idea how high your I.Q. is?"

He replied, "Well, when I was in the Army, they gave me an intelligence test with seventy-five questions on it, and I got seventy-three of them right."

Shirley and I looked at each other as if to say, "That's good enough for us." So I continued, "Herb, I've got an unusual proposition to make to you. She and me would like to have a child, but we'd like it to be intelligent. Since neither of us is a walking encyclopedia, that presents a problem, but we've figured a way out of it. Are you turned on by Shirley?"

"Now, wait a minute, Larry," said Herbert Wilson with a nervous laugh.

I said, "Look, as far as anybody will know, I'll be the father of the child, and I'm sure you won't blab, Herb. Now, you may wonder what's in this for you."

"Well, yeah," he answered a bit sheepishly but maybe starting to get a kick out of the idea.

Then Shirley said, "Herb, I'm not real smart in the sense of school, but in other ways I'm a genius." She paraded over and sat on the arm of Herbert Wilson's chair. Next, she put one hand on his shoulder. When he couldn't resist touching her hand, she slid right down onto his lap, and I knew he was in the bag. It was strange, but I was mostly pleased by the turn of affairs.

I stood up and said, "Let's shake hands

on this thing." He reached around Shirley and we shook.

He said, "Larry, I've been kind of caught off guard. What if she doesn't get pregnant right off, for instance?"

Shirley and I both laughed, and I replied, "If at first you don't succeed, try again. Hey, you don't have to worry about anything except going into the bedroom and having a good time. I'm going to sit right here and read a magazine, because that's how mellow I feel."

I picked up a magazine with pictures of nude women. Everybody got a bang out of this, and it cleared the air. Then they stood up and trotted off toward the bedroom, and by now Herbert Wilson had part of his hand stuck down the back of Shirley's blue jeans. He looked over his shoulder and took a deep breath and said, "You're an unusual fellow, Larry."

"Well, maybe so."

Two seconds later, I heard the bedroom door close.

Well, it turned out I wasn't quite the man I thought I was, because I couldn't just sit there and read the magazine. I knew that any minute I was going to hear the mattress creaking. You may ask why I didn't watch TV. The TV was in the bedroom. If I had been smart, I would have moved it into the living room; but if I had been smart, none of this would have been necessary in the first place. Finally, I said to myself, "You've got to get out of here. Why don't you go outside and take a walk?"

That's what I did.

It was summertime and still light, but things were starting to get that glow as the sun went down. Nice and cool, too. After a while, I came to the park that's a couple of blocks from our house. There were some kids playing Frisbee with a dog. I sat down on a bench to watch the goings on, but I soon noticed someone walking toward me across the grass.

Believe it or not, it was an incredibly beautiful and sexy young woman in kind of hippie garb consisting of bare feet, blue-jean cutoffs and a sleeveless blouse embroidered with flowers and birds in all the colors of the rainbow. She sat right down next to me, smiled and said, "Hi, Larry, I've got some good news for you. You and Shirley are doing the right thing with Herbert Wilson. It's going to turn out better than you ever dreamed. The kid is going to be a tremendous genius whose ideas will make you a billionaire. Not only that but the kid will be the Messiah. Do you know the story of Mary, Joseph and the angel who explained the situation to Joseph? Well, Shirley's Mary, you're Joseph and I explain the situation. Ha, ha. You expect emissaries like me to have wings, but that was for a different day and age."

I was speechless for a minute. Finally,

I asked, "Is Herbert Wilson God?"

"Herbert Wilson is infused with the Spirit of God," she replied. "Close your mouth before a fly gets in it."

Then she got the hysterics for a while, laughing so hard she was doubled over. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. After five minutes of this, she got hold of herself and asked, "Well, what have you got to say?"

Now, if I'd thought this was a practical joke, I would have been pissed off. But I answered, "Your wish is my command, master. What happens now?"

She said, "You've got a little reward coming, because this has been such a strain on you. Suppose we put it this way: What's good for the goose is good for the gander."

When she saw that I had no idea what she was talking about, she moved closer on the bench and added, "Larry, you're going to have a sexual experience you'll remember till your dying day. I'm going to place a cloak of invisibility over us, we're going to lie down here on the grass and you'll find out what heaven really is, contrary to common belief."

Then she kind of glided off the bench and stretched out on the ground. You know those letters to magazines where guys say they had this kind of sex or their girl had that kind of sex? Most of those letters probably aren't true. But suppose they were. You take the sexiest one of those letters and multiply it 100,000 times and you've got about one one-millionth of an idea what went on next to the park bench.

By the time I got home, it was completely dark and Herbert Wilson had long since departed. Shirley was in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee, and she said, "Where have you been?"

"Oh, out for a walk. How did it go?"

"Fine and dandy."

"Notice anything unusual about Herbert Wilson?"

"What do you mean by that? Herbert Wilson is a nice person."

Then I told what happened in the park, leaving out my reward, however.

"I'm the new Joseph. You're the new Mary," I concluded.

But Shirley only poured her coffee down the sink and said, "You've been hallucinating. Even a doctor couldn't tell whether I'm actually pregnant yet!"

Just then, I was struck by a brain-storm realization.

I did some figuring. Shirley stared at me with worried eyes. But I laughed in her face. "Honey, nine months from today is exactly December twenty-fifth!"

She did some figuring.

She said, "It's July. Count again."

So I did. So I'm stupid. But if I wasn't under a cloak of invisibility, then why didn't the kids playing Frisbee call the police?



*for undergrads with straight-a ambitions,  
here's a dean's-list guide to  
electronic quick-study equipment*

# THE PAPER CHASERS

Below, left to right: The two-timing jock who's doubled his cheerleading pleasure definitely isn't strapped for smarts; he's holding a Soundpacer portable cassette recorder that allows tape recordings to be played back at up to twice regular speed while keeping the voice pitch normal, by The Variable Speech Control Company, \$219. Under his foot is an Apple II Plus computer that has an Apple III monitor hooked up to it; the unit features a 48K random-access mem-

ory that can be expanded to 64K (that's a lot of memory, jock), \$1530 for the Apple II Plus, \$249 for the Apple III monitor and \$645 for a disk drive (not shown). On the screen of the Apple II Plus is Introduction to Organic Chemistry, by COMPRESS, \$350 for a seven-disk set. The coed on the losing end of a hirsute tug of war is toying with an ultraportable high-tech Compass computer that features an unusually large memory capacity, a flat video display and a 57-key

keyboard, by Grid Systems, \$8150. Under her chair is a pocket-sized IXO Telecomputing System that gives instant access to data banks around the country, \$500, plus \$125 for a phone interface. The toll, dapper scholar is holding a Sony Typecorder Portable Office System (designed to interface with a printer



*modern living* **By DANNY GOODMAN**

CAMPUS TRADITIONS die hard, especially the one about having to burn midnight oil while poring over homework problems or pecking away at a typewriter on the following day's term paper. But just as surely as the 20th Century light bulb has replaced the oil lamp, small computers and other microelectronic technologies of the pre-21st Century are starting to send much of study's drudgery back to the Dark Ages, leaving more time for pleasurable pursuits.

The transformation has already happened offcampus. Business people whip up complex financial analyses at the press of a button and then head for the tennis club. At home, the programmable video-cassette recorder has liberated folks from the fetters of TV-network time schedules. And now, high-tech advances in low-cost desktop and portable computers, college-level

and/or a home computer system) on which one can recall and edit on entire page of copy, as well as stosh up to 100 pages on a single microcassette, \$1450 for the Type-corder, \$275 for an acoustic coupler. His close friend has latched on to the base unit of Ponosonic's Handheld Computer system, which can be toiled to one's specific needs, \$380, o complete system (which might include base unit, phone modem, charger, 15-character printer, interface, TV adopter and

briefcase) about \$2000. Although the poddle-wielding, hair-pulling undergrad prankster is up to monkey business, the business-oriented BA-55 colculator, \$60, and companion PC-200 printer, \$70, on his desk ore serious stuff, definitely a plus in bonking/finonce courses, both by Texas Instruments. Under the choir: a Hewlett-Pockord HP-41CV alpha-numeric fully progrommable hand-held colculator that communicates with the user in words as well

os numbers, \$325, plus \$550 for optional digital cossette drive ond \$495 for the printer shown. The all-collegiote nerd with brew and chips close ot hond hos also spent his pocket money on an HP-12C slim-line finoncial colculator that computes bond yield to moturity, depreciation, etc., by Hewlett-Pockord, \$150. The Frisbee flipper on the end flipped for the 9.6-ounce JVC MQ-5K microcassette stereo that records and/or plays back topes of lectures, os well as favorite rock sounds, \$179.95.



personal-computer programs, hand-held calculators and innovative audio products may offer the best student aid since low-interest Federal loans.

One of the best examples of drudgery is slaving over a typewriter to get a paper done. But with so many word-processing options available today, you can save yourself a lot of grief, even if you're snowbound in Colorado when the post-Christmas-break essay is due. For example, Sony's \$1450 Typecorder is no larger than an inch-and-a-half-thick pad of typing paper, yet it has a full-sized typewriter keyboard, a one-line 40-character liquid-crystal-display (LCD) readout and a microcassette recorder that can store up to 100 pages of your golden words (and doubles as a voice recorder for dictation). Make a typing mistake? Just backspace and type the right keys. Other keys allow you to review each line of a page, set margins and tabs and insert or delete characters where needed.

Once the opus is stored on tape, just hook up the Typecorder to the acoustic coupler, call your roommate back on campus and place the phone receiver on the coupler. At the other end, your roommate will connect his (or her) phone to the electric-typewriter-quality Sony Office Printer through its own telephone coupler. Your paper shoots out of the printer at 55 characters per second without a single erasure smudge.

You don't have to spend a fortune, however, to get the convenience of portable typewriting. For about \$200, the Brother EP-20 Personal Electronic Printer offers electronic typing features found on office machines costing more than five times as much, yet in a silent-running, battery-operated printer that weighs in at just a hair over five pounds.

The EP-20 has not only the full keyboard you'd expect on any typewriter but also a couple of dozen special symbols, such as common Greek letters, foreign-currency and scientific symbols, and foreign-language punctuation marks. The fumble-fingered typist gets a second chance by seeing up to 16 characters in a big LCD readout before they're committed to paper. Wrong letters can be deleted, missed ones can be inserted in the display. Print quality on plain paper is equivalent to that of inexpensive "dot matrix" computer printers. The unit has a built-in recessed carrying handle, comes with a hard-cover lid and an A.C. adapter. They even found room to throw in a four-function calculator.

Miniaturization has also helped bring full-power word processing to affordable, small desktop computers such as the Apple II, the IBM Personal Computer and

two TRS-80s, by Radio Shack. With the Radio Shack Model III, you can not only obtain a cleanly typed paper but have it checked for errors in spelling and grammar as well.

The Model III is a self-contained desktop computer with built-in cathode-ray-tube monitor and two floppy-disk drives (into which you slip the pre-written computer programs). Radio Shack's Super SCRIPSIT program turns the computer into a word processor so you can type your text onto the screen, make changes, move paragraphs, set margins and store the final product on a disk for editing later if you like. Next, slide in the SCRIPSIT Dictionary program, and your paper is checked against a 73,000-word spelling dictionary. If there's an error, the computer will show you where you went wrong and make the correction for you.

Then, to cover all bases, put in The Electronic Chicago Manual of Style program, by Dictronic Publishing Inc. This program checks your paper for other grievous faults that make professors wince with pain. Your verbiage is compared with 500 of the most frequently abused phrases. If one of those phrases appears, you're shown on the screen what you wrote, why it's incorrect (e.g., a capitalization or punctuation error, improper usage, a redundant phrase) and what you can use instead. You have the option of making a change or sticking with your peculiar style. All that's left is to print out the paper on real (i.e., nonerasable) bond paper with Radio Shack's Daisy-Wheel II word-processing printer for a look of painstakingly precise typing.

We've even heard of such portable computers as the Osborne 1 showing up at law schools to help with the writing of essay exams. The professors, of course, were curious about whether or not any prewritten material had been stored on the disks. And it must have been unnerving for blister-fingered pen-pushing classmates to see an hour's worth of answers come spewing out from a small dot-matrix printer at 400 words per minute right before the bell. If the trend continues, classroom seats next to power outlets will be at a premium.

There will certainly be more full-scale portable computers to come, if we can judge by the \$8150 Compass Computer, by Grid Systems Corporation. Weighing only nine and a quarter pounds and taking up only half a briefcase, the Compass contains more active memory than most of today's personal computers can handle, plus a futuristic flat-panel video display. Students in the real 21st Century just

may be able to buy such a computer for 500 inflated dollars.

While the initial investment in even a 1982 personal computer is somewhat higher than a weekend's beer money, there are college-level applications beyond word processing that will help justify the cost. A number of educational programs (software packages) have been created for popular personal computers.

Atari's conversational-foreign-language series, for its model 400 and model 800 computers, provides spoken-word examples on the program cassette tape. That way, you can hear how the language should be pronounced, but you're on your honor to re-create the sounds as best you can. Vocabulary is reinforced with graphic examples on the screen, and brief quizzes appear at the end of the section. Each course consists of five cassettes, with sets for French, German, Spanish and Italian.

From foreign languages we go to science, for which Introduction to Organic Chemistry, from COMPRESS, turns an Apple II computer into a personal chemistry lecture and lab. Video graphics stored on the program's seven floppy disks demonstrate various concepts, and you perform experiments on the screen instead of blowing up the chemistry building.

In answer to those who believe that college doesn't prepare students for life in the real world, there is a simulation of corporate intrigue called, subtly enough, Conglomerates Collide, by Rock-Roy, Inc., for use on the Apple II computer. This thinking man's game leads you through a world of big business deals and acquisitions as they are affected by late-breaking news of technology developments and other factors.

And if you're thinking of putting off your launch into the real world by going on to graduate school instead, the graduate record exam (G.R.E.) standard test may be looming large on the horizon. Krell Software Corporation offers a helping hand with a program for TRS-80, Apple II, Commodore PET, IBM and Atari computers that drills you on the kinds of questions you'll meet on the actual exam. The G.R.E. series has 35 programs covering vocabulary, word relationships, reading comprehension, mathematics, analytical reasoning and logic diagrams. If you had known only a little earlier, you might have purchased the company's S.A.T. series and made it into the real college of your choice.

Today's student can also save valuable hours of research while preparing material for papers dealing with current political events and social problems. There's no need to bury yourself

*(continued on page 202)*



Buck Brown

"Thanks."





# QUEEN OF THE CROP

*marlene janssen is a  
small-town heroine  
who's learned how to  
be a winner in l.a.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS  
AND ARNY FREYTAG

THERE IS NO song associated with the Quad Cities area. You won't hear "I left my heart in Davenport, Rock Island, Moline and East Moline . . ." along the Iowa-Illinois line. But if there were such a song, Marlene Janssen would be the one to sing it.

Of course, the song would have to be bellowed in Marlene's car on the L.A. freeways—the only place she appears in concert—at high volume and at high speed. When Marlene split the Quad Cities for L.A. four years ago, it was in search of "something new." But she was wary. She had heard that there were trolls in L.A. that abducted pretty young girls and turned them into mindless, soulless automatons. That, she pledged, would not happen to her. She was not going to change. She was right.

Marlene is country bred, strong and competitive. She can pop your mitt with a smoking fastball and flip a Frisbee with powerful grace. She's a speed skater and a water skier. And when you point a cautionary finger at a recent bruise, she laughs, "I tried slaloming over four wakes. And when I fell, the ski just came right behind me and smacked me in the leg. No big deal. It didn't even hurt till the next day. I never feel a bruise until I see it; then I think, Gosh, that's supposed to hurt, isn't it? Luckily, I've never broken any bones—knock on wood. I've broken my nose, and that's it. But that was just cartilage, playing volleyball."

With a strength of character tempered in the heartlands, Marlene would frustrate any L.A. troll. In the Quad Cities, she saw simplicity and liked it. She had a garden and picked her own beans. She owned a goose, which she traded at the Seed and Feed for a goat that she walked on a leash. You know, the bucolic life. Then—bang!—she was drawn to glamorous L.A., with a

*An Angeleno for the past four years, Marlene remembers the informality of life in the Quad Cities. "Coming from a trusting area, where virtually everybody knows you or knows of you, to this mass population and trying to find where you fit in is very hard." At right, Marlene nicely fits in a 1926 Durant.*





*Hermosa Beach is office enough for Marlene, who prefers sunshine to the blink of fluorescents. "I'm too much of an outdoorsy person for a nine-to-five job. I had one for two years, and after I quit, I worked temporary or night jobs for two summers so I could spend days on the beach." Above, she fields a serve while friends Kevin and Jodie await their turn.*







three-year-old car, \$120 and the call of destiny in her ear.

Marlene dipped a toe into the modeling waters and found them pleasant. The modeling world thought she was pretty special, too. She has that effect on people. She likes them. You see that right away. And you learn that she puts thought into action.

There was the time when she dragged her girlfriend into a brawl to try to even the

*The ideal man? Marlene says, "Looks don't really make much difference. But if I'm going to be with a man every day, I'd like to have something nice to look at."*





*Sports-loving Marlene fits right into the casual California lifestyle. "It has to be a real formal event for me to dress up. Most of the time, I'm in shorts, tennis shoes and T-shirts. I like to be ready for anything, and dressed like that, I am. I'm not into frills and lace and things like that, unless the mood calls for a negligee and lacy panties. Even then, I have to laugh at myself—that's still not me. I like simplicity in everything." Simplicity is the next best thing to nothing.* 129



odds. "It was five guys beating up one guy. And I looked at my friend Bernie and I said, 'Let's go get 'em.' So we hopped out of our truck and went over and started kicking and slugging and pulling hair. And when those guys saw two girls run up with their fingernails and flying feet, they ran. I could have gotten hurt, but it was the principle. Those guys were just not letting up."

Although some would call it foolhardy, for Marlene it's just caring enough to get involved. It is certainly not a big-city thing to do. Which only proves that she has survived the transition. The values and the moral fiber she took with her to L.A. have not faded. Certainly, she's as gutsy as ever. That's what it takes to keep the trolls away. In the ongoing battle between the country girls and the big cities, she is proving herself a formidable adversary. Our money's on the bantamweight from Moline.



*A long way from her Illinois home, Marlene gets solace from one of the Californians, actor Hugh O'Brian, seen chatting with her at a party at Playboy Mansion West (above). On a recent trip back to her favorite Illinois town (left), she strolls down the main street of Moline with her niece Sarah, an aspiring acrobat. At left is Sarah's friend Shadow, doing his best Doberman pose.*



*As a young girl, Marlene used to hang out at Teske's Seed and Feed (above) in Moline. On her return, nothing much had changed. Old friends Terry Bingham, left, and Carl "Uncle Ralph" Bingham congratulated the new Playmate. "Uncle Ralph was happier than hell," Marlene gushed. "He said, 'Gosh, Marlene, I'm really happy for you. I knew you when you were this big.'" She may be bigger now, but Ralph should be proud; in her case, at least, bigger is better.*

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Marine Jansson*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Marlene Jansen

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 9/2/58 BIRTHPLACE: Rock Island, IL.

AMBITIONS: To succeed, to make others happy and to travel and see as much of the world as possible

TURN-ONS: Onions, warm sunshine on the hot sand, green surroundings, experiencing, traveling

TURN-OFFS: being alone, L.A. freeways at 5 P.M., cavities, pollution, cloudy days

FAVORITE MOVIES: One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Pink Floyd The Wall, E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Bob Seger, Jack Nicholson, The Cars, Eddie Zip, Frisbee free-stylers

FAVORITE SPORTS: Frisbee (really anything physically stimulating)

IDEAL MAN: Understanding, caring, loving and fun to be with

SECRET FANTASY: Whatever happens happens... it better be good

one year



five years



17 years



Two-step, anyone?

Oh, Mom, do I really have to do this?

And finally out of school.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During a shift break at the plant, an enthusiastic young worker remarked to one of the old-timers, "Guys seem to stay with this company forever, Gus, so working here is sort of like a good marriage, isn't it?"

"It's got one thing that lasts longer than it does with most wives in most marriages, sonny," Gus grunted in response. "After more than 20 years, this job still sucks."

Russell, baby," the sexually aggressive girl murmured as she guided her date's finger to her clitoris, "this bud's for you."



We recently heard the sad story of a kinky chap who went to a drive-in movie with his inflatable love doll—and when he got back to his car from the snack bar, he found that someone had let all the air out of his date!

Her daughter, thought worried Ms. Coffin, Had morals the city might soften. So she phoned and asked, "Lynn, Are you living in sin?" Lynn said, "No—but I visit there often."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Shanghai cock-teasing* as Chinese twater torture.

We've been told about a sorority at one college that replaced its housemother with a house dick.

I have credit with this madam who runs a string of super callgirls," the executive reminisced at his club bar, "but when I got the bill for the great head session one of them pleased me with, I must say that it was enough to make a blown man cry."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbation* as I-balling.

What's the difference between a nail, a screw and a bolt, Cindy?" the only girl in a high school shop class was asked by the instructor during the first session.

"Well . . . let's see, Mr. Lee," mused Cindy. "Maybe it's that I've never been bolted."

You're the world's most incompetent lover!" the woman snarled.

"I couldn't be," her husband snapped back. "That would be just too much of a coincidence!"

First prize at a certain literary costume ball was won by a couple who didn't even wear costumes. They came bottomless, billing themselves as Edgar Allan Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum*.

Sometimes a business selects just the right office machine—as in the case of a busy male-escort service that recently installed a Wang computer.

Then there was the young bachelor who was evicted from his boardinghouse for spreading roomers.

Until I got straightened out in that sex-education course for adults," the woman confided to a new friend, "I took for granted my husband's interpretation of foreplay."

"What did he consider it to be?"  
"Flipping a coin for position."

An orgasmic young sex star named Sue Was a hit as she writhed to a screw. Her climactic fame spread With an ad blitz that said: "Coming Soon at a Theater Near You!"

Most of my clandestine white clients," revealed the stunning black Soweto lady of the evening, "shoot with small-Boer weapons."

In my case, doc," said the college-stud volunteer to the M.D. sex researcher, "when I get it part way in, my vision blurs. And then when it's all the way in, I just can't see a thing."

"That's an interesting optical reaction that might have an anatomical as well as physiological basis," was the medical man's response. "If you don't mind, young man, I should like to have a look at it."

So the volunteer stuck out his tongue.



A diamond-in-the-rough freshman-scholarship recipient from West Texas, who looked the part, accosted a young man in blazer and chinos as he crossed Harvard Yard. "Say," he drawled, "kin yew tell me whar thuh library is at?"

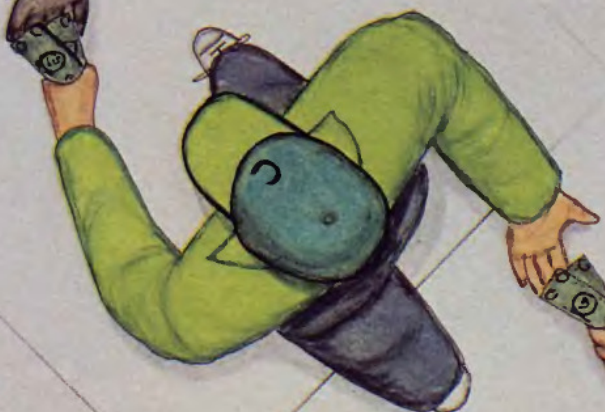
"Look here," sniffed the preppie type, "you may have been raised in a culturally deprived backwater, but you happen to be at a prestigious institution of higher learning now, so I'd strongly advise you not to end a sentence with a preposition."

"Awright, then," drawled the Texan. "Kin yew tell me whar thuh library is at . . . asshole?"

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.



"Do you ever feel you've had someone up to here?"



*in an era when there's not a dime's worth of difference between student athletes and pros, it's time to stop pretending there is*

article **By JOHN SCHULIAN**


THE WHISPERS are stirring the stink of college sports again. They started when a top-ten basketball factory recruited one of those pubescent giants everybody wanted, and they will grow louder and nastier and more insistent until the kid inevitably turns professional. The coaches who didn't get him will tell you he's already a pro, of course, and once the bourbon begins to fuel their braggadocio, so will some of the school's high-rolling alumni.

The same rumors are whispered every year about the splendid specimens who are passed off as scholar-athletes, but never before have the rumors been so unrestrained. Whether you blame inflation or bless the kid's jump shot, for four years as an amateur, he is supposed to make \$100,000.

And that stinks.

It makes the purists who believe in the sanctity of amateurism look like suckers, and it disembowels the N.C.A.A.'s rules and regulations and it leaves you wondering if Notre Dame basketball coach Digger Phelps really knows what he's up against. When he tried to sound the distress signal at the Final Four in New Orleans last spring, Phelps claimed that \$10,000 was the going rate for a pogo-legged stud. Ten grand? No wonder Digger's Irish team had just stumbled through a 10-17 season. He wouldn't even scrape up the small change.

In the world where Phelps would like to live, it would be enough for



## CIRCLE OF DECEIT: THE HYPOCRISY OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS

colleges to give their football and basketball players tuition, room, board and books. Those, after all, are the prescribed limits. But when ABC and CBS are paying the N.C.A.A. and its member institutions \$263,500,000 to televise football for four years and when the last four teams in the basketball-championship tournament receive \$500,000 apiece, the limits have clearly been stretched to breaking. So perhaps it is only natural that 17-year-old mesomorphs are letting recruiters know that they can be bought and that zealous alums are giving the best prospects everything from cashmere sweaters to free abortions for their girlfriends. What we are witnessing is an orgy of greed, power and corruptibility—an orgy that can make you forget that the majority of varsity athletes are being handed neither money nor grades. And as things now stand, there is no hope for salvation.

The best thing we can do to college sports in their current tawdry condition is dynamite them out of existence. When the pieces come tumbling down, we can rearrange them as the professional units they so rightly should be. At last we will be rid of the notion that sin won't saunter through the gymnasium door as long as there are strapping lads on the court and comely cheerleaders on the side line, roaring crowds in the stands and fight songs in the air. The backboards may still get Windexed, but the old smarminess won't wash anymore.

There will be no need for the rule-bending (continued on page 144)



# PERSONAL BEST

---

*luxurious and  
stylish accouterments  
for the man of taste*

**C**lockwise from one: For your cherished straight-grain briars and your well-aged meerschaums, a hefty silver-plated four-place pipe stand, from Hermès, Chicago, \$465; holding two Alfred Dunhill of London pipes—a full-bent root briar, \$260; and a Cumberland billiard shape, \$200. Below the pipe stand is another nifty Alfred Dunhill of London smoking accessory—a 14-kt.-gold pocket pipe knife containing a single blade, plus a handy tamper, pick and reamer, \$495. Proceeding clockwise: The daily quotation on your favorite stock grows bigger when it's magnified with this handsome magnifying glass with a handmade staghorn handle that's been polished on one side and left rough on the other, from Originals by Pierce, Inc., Wareham, Massachusetts, \$25. Beneath the staghorn handle is the perfect spirited accessory for a hike in the woods or a day at the track—an English-made stainless-steel-and-leather four-ounce flask with an attached cap, from Polo/Ralph Lauren, \$80. Next to the flask are a man's hand-crafted coiled 14-kt.-gold cuff bracelet and a man's hand-crafted 14-kt.-gold flat-hammered cuff bracelet, both from James Russell Goldsmiths, Rockport, Massachusetts, \$335 each. Under the bracelets, a sterling-silver bar knife that's designed for peeling lemon twists, spearing olives and maraschino cherries and opening bottles, from Tiffany, New York, \$64; and a calfskin passport case with reinforced brass corners that also has compartments for credit cards and an I.D., from I Santi, Chicago, \$87. To the right of it: A Chinese-lacquer-and-24-kt.-gold hand-crafted butane lighter, by S. T. Dupont, \$410. The small brass pillbox next to the lighter is made in India and features an Indian coin on top and bottom, from Accents & Images, New York, \$16. For those with expensive choppers, a toothbrush with a removable gold-plated handle, from Henri Bendel, \$170. To accommodate some of the ministuff that accumulates on a man's dresser, an Italian-made hand-tooled-leather box with a velvet lining, from Paul Stuart, New York, \$50. For short notes and great inspirations, a silver-plated memo pad containing a note pad and a matching silver-plated pencil, from Reed & Barton, \$22.50. To the right of it: A sterling-silver Pilot fountain pen engraved with a dragon and fitted with a 14-kt.-gold fine point, from The Flax Company, Chicago, \$160. Next to the pen is a sterling-silver money clip, from Tiffany, \$25. Above the money clip is something truly snaky-looking: an Italian-made iguana-skin belt with a polished lizard-and-brass buckle, from I Santi, Chicago, \$83.

# NOTABLES' POTABLES

drink

BY EMANUEL GREENBERG



*if you want to shake or stir  
what woody, liza, cheryl,  
frank and other superstars  
are sipping, read on*

WHAT DO Jack Lemmon, Willie Nelson, Lauren Bacall and Earl Campbell have in common? They're all friends of Jack Daniel's. And periodic infusions of Jack Black allegedly help keep Ole Blue Eyes young. But Frank Sinatra, who's inclined to play the field, is also partial to Royal Brandy Ice, a silky blend of California brandy, crème de cacao and English-toffee or butter-brickle ice cream. In Palm Springs, he usually orders a round for the table at Lord Fletcher's, creator of the concoction; like it or not, you get one if you're in the man's entourage.

Drinking preferences of performers and public figures often reflect their creative





temperaments and occasionally reveal unexpected personality quirks. The "21" Club's deft barman, Bru Mysak, confirms Sinatra's sweet tooth: "He'll take a Cossack's Kiss—equal parts of Cointreau, vodka and lemon juice—once in a while." And who but Woody Allen would flaunt a passion for Stolichnaya vodka and borscht? The Russian Tea Room prepares it for him, straining and chilling the savory beet soup, then mixing it with an ounce of the Stolichnaya in a highball glass. No ice, please; that waters the borscht. The drink has no name, but to the boys behind the bar, it's known as Woody's Borscht Belt. Tony Roberts, who (continued on page 236)

## CIRCLE OF DECEIT (continued from page 139)

*"Major-college athletes should be paid and paid well, because their bodies are minting money."*

and the outright cheating that currently have 50 universities under N.C.A.A. investigation or on probation, among them Clemson, the national football champion, and UCLA, the pillar of basketball virtue that came crashing down last season. Indeed, it is the Bruins who provide the best example of how badly the current system is out of control. They reside on a beautiful campus with girls to match and a sun-kissed beach just a short drive away, but a fat-cat booster named Sam Gilbert wasn't happy until all the players were living like King Farouk. Cars, clothes, cash, no-cost abortions—good neighbor Sam provided them all. From the days of pious John Wooden's regime until the whip came down four coaches later, Gilbert looked like a prince of charity. Now he stands exposed as what he really is: a classic example of the walking viruses who turn our college athletes into whores.

It is small consolation that Gilbert is not alone. Just last spring, during a pretrial hearing on an attempted rape charge, Quintin Daley, the University of San Francisco's all-American jump shooter, admitted to having received money from a zealous alum for a non-existent job. The revelation was the first of many that eventually led USF to drop its esteemed basketball program. What it also did was underscore the truth about college sports: Almost every major university has old grads and well-meaning leeches compounding the harm already done by transcript fixers and administrators who forget that ballplayers should be able to read menus and want ads.

The Chicago Bulls' David Greenwood, who knew of Gilbert's largess when he played at UCLA, was even more astounded by the extremes of a school he turned down. Two of its emissaries dumped \$25,000 in cash on his bed and told him and another high school all-star that it was theirs if they signed on the dotted line. "I had people offer me everything under the sun," Greenwood says, and nobody doubts him. Graft is how anonymous schools suddenly shoot into the top ten and how the big names stay there. And any coach who claims he doesn't know what's going on should pray his nose won't grow.

Yet the lies fill our sports pages, because the system is so far out of whack that nobody seems to know the difference anymore. We live in a time when

the coach of St. Louis University's basketball team gets punched out by his top recruit and a former player at Florida State accuses his coach of having given him drugs so he would play hurt. Book-makers sneer when they tell you that Boston College wasn't the only team of recent vintage with a point shaver on its roster, and a district-court judge in Minnesota rules that there is no such thing as an athlete's being academically ineligible. Texas A&M imports Jackie Sherrill from Pittsburgh to coach football for five years and \$1,700,000, and Bobby Layne, the great old quarterback, stands up at a Super Bowl drinkathon and announces, "I know how you recruit—with \$100 bills. If they'd make me a coach in college, we'd win, then we'd be on probation, then we'd win again, then we'd be on probation again, then we'd win again, then we'd be on probation again." Layne may be giving the N.C.A.A.'s would-be private eyes too much credit for getting their man, but he has the morality down cold.

The only critic who ever understood the ruling principle of college athletics better than that was a thief. He was common and grubby and bound for jail, but good fortune and an unerring jump shot put him in a position to study the system from inside, though he never seemed very scholarly about it. Maybe that was because he was too busy walking off with everything that wasn't nailed down at a Midwestern university, or maybe it was just because nobody realized how low he could go.

"You mean you steal from your teammates, too?" a friend asked.

"Merchandise," our hero said, "is merchandise."

The fearless leaders of athletics in the name of higher education should be so honest. They build 20,000-seat basketball palaces such as the one at the University of Kentucky and they manufacture so much post-season football that you can imagine watching Arkansas and Southern Cal in the Toilet Bowl one day, but they never tell you why. It is for victory and the glory that accompanies it, of course, but most of all, it is for money.

That gaudy parlay explains the hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, speak-no-evil smoke screen that so many coaches hide behind. They won't call the cops when the alumni are slipping greenbacks under the table, nor will they so much as bid a decent farewell when a blue-chip

athlete is discarded after his stock goes down. The whole messy business underscores the character, integrity and courage we get from Bobby Knight, the wolf-man of Indiana basketball, when he isn't drooling under a full moon. For all the bad things you can say about him and all the stunts he has pulled, you can never accuse Knight of cheating. And don't think he hasn't been offered the chance.

Not long ago, the Hoosiers had a star whose best friend was an all-American at another college. When they were back on the playground after their freshman year, the friend asked the Hoosier who took care of him at Indiana. The Hoosier found himself replying with a most unhip question: "What do you mean?" So the friend proceeded to wax lyrical about generous alums bearing gifts, and the Hoosier decided that Knight hadn't told him all there was to know about big-time college basketball.

That was a mistake, but the Hoosier didn't realize it until he returned to school and registered his complaint. Knight heard him out and then lit into him in front of his teammates. The Hoosier could go home and take his abundant skills with him; Knight didn't care what the cost was. Honesty mattered more.

How nice it would be to think that the rest of the country's schools had learned a lesson when the Hoosier rode out the storm and his coach's prickly virtue paid off with a national championship. Alas, reality is not that sweet. The values of college sports have been warped by the spoils that go to the victor and by the paranoia that springs from the well-founded fear that everybody else is cheating. The ship is upside down, and the people who have the power to right it aren't doing a thing. Like so many lemmings, they are following the lead of the University of Oklahoma's chuckleheaded former president, who put the sickness in a time capsule when he said, "I want a school my football team can be proud of."

If meat on the hoof is that precious, it should be paid for in broad daylight. We should tear down the shield of amateurism that has been made a mockery and let our major-college athletes be seen for what they really are—professionals. They should be paid and paid well, because their bodies are minting money. Or haven't you noticed that the Michigan-Ohio State football game annually puts more than 100,000 asses in the seats or that national television cuddled up with De Paul as soon as its basketball program took off and flew? When that happens, college sports become a job for the man-child in uniform.

*(continued on page 182)*

Tongue me,  
tongue me with your  
leather lapper!

Aaaarrgghhhh!

## *Why Sex Is Still Worth It* as the poet said, let us count the ways

By JAMES R. PETERSEN and KATE NOLAN

WE RECENTLY overheard a man ask his dinner date, "Give me one good reason to have sex."

"Well," she said, "it's one of the few times you can get your toes cleaned."

Maybe that guy belongs to the Moral Majority. Maybe he has read one too many articles about herpes. Quite frankly, we've never been at a loss for reasons to have sex. Just consider the following:

There's the basic question of language. Tennis is *like* sex. Skiing is *like* sex. Sailing is *like* sex ("Prepare to come about"). If you don't have sex, you won't know what people are talking about. Sinking a putt will become just that—sinking a putt. A ridiculous form of behavior for an adult.

Sex is one game no one can cheat on. Unlike masturbation, which you can do with *(continued on page 232)*

# THE CHEAP AGONY OF UGLY GEORGE

*personality*

By D. KEITH MANO

*something inside him calls. his answer is to lure women  
into hallways and convince them to strip for his camera*

**I**T'S LIKE I'm walking across South Central Neptune. Trudge and extra trudge, shees. The video-tape-camera Porta-pak lolls on my back, unwieldy as a 100-pound moron papoose. I'm panting. Above my left ear, this loopy, weird plastic microphone dish is in constant rotation. Could be a mad sunflower chasing headlights on Route 66. To my right—well, to my right, I can't see at all, because of the Sony-camera snout. I'm gonna get blind-sided, I know it, by a Sicilian asphalt truck while crossing Fifth Avenue. And they'll be able to do reruns of my death at the funeral. Oh-oh, one hand just turned black: The Iwo Jima-surplus shoulder strapping tends to give my arm paraplegia. I must resemble a future that never worked. Worse yet, it's 23 degrees Fahrenheit out today. My South Pole just froze over. Thank you, PLAYBOY. This has to be the greatest sexual gig since Lili St. Cyr stripped in reverse.

What're we after, Ugly George and me? Oh, big pink tuna, waste from Love Canal, prime squanch, serious glands. That is: some not-so-well-wrapped female who will flex into a dimly lit hallway, take off her clothing and—and get industrial-strength frostbite, far as I can tell. An ordinary woman, that is: someone like your wife. George flexes beside me, tapping out his aggressive, unglamorous line. A sort of yellow-snow job. "Right. Right. That's it; run past the Ugliness. Don't get famous, no. Hey, didn't I see you nude on *The Ugly George Hour of Truth, Sex and Violence*? Yeah? Same to you." And what do the young ladies say? They say, "Get lost, scum bag. Shove that equipment up your ass, lowlife. Inch off, you worm."

Since 1976 or so, off and on, more off, George Peter Urban has done for New York cable TV what SpaghettiOs did for Italian cuisine. I mean, a damp Earth Shoe has more panache. Remember that old pinup mag from 1952 where this male model in mustache and monocle and pith helmet hid behind fake palm trees so he could leer at some prize piece of turkey loaf in a full-length bikini? Remember? Well, that guy—I swear it—was George's father. George is the man who badgers nice middle-class women until they strip to their soft core for him. In a hallway. In Central Park. At his scuzzy Polish Penthouse. Production values are subminimal: more jiggle in his camera than in his women. Yet George's unique combination of invincible crudeness and female skin so lush it should be painted on a pinball machine can actually outdraw *The Tonight Show* from 11:30 to midnight, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. Until last spring, anyhow, when Manhattan Cable and George—for reasons so tedious and involved that I will spare you them—parted company for, yes, a fourth time.

Which could put the First Lord of Feel under some peso pressure. Advertisers





may bail out. In truth, George has had just one lucrative commercial sponsor (a porn moviehouse; you didn't think it was Hallmark, did you?). His gross revenue will come mostly from flogging fourth-hand video equipment. The Polish Penthouse (a hangar-ceilinged midtown studio) is full of cameras with glaucoma and sound systems that say, "Eh?" No vacuum cleaner, though. Lint on the rug is bigger than your fist. Plus sandwiches and coffee from last November. People who say sex is filthy may have something there here.

Right now, I'm feebing out on George's large black patent-plastic couch. My hand has finally gone from dark-fig color to off prune. There is a stage prop or three around. Some body paint. One medical uniform, one mortarboard and tassel, one, yes, pith helmet; and lingerie that might've come from Frederick's of New Jersey. Here—beneath the Pepto-Bismol-pink backdrop—George has de-braed and groped over more women than a Turkish customs inspector. But me, I've been with him almost one week, and if we hadn't eaten *sushi* last night, I wouldn't have seen anything in the raw. Yet around his couch, shoe-boxed, there are several thousand still photographs. Memorabilia from a slightly out-of-focus lifetime. Nude after nude after nude. I dip in: again, again. Good God, it could be the complete Topps collection of ass.

"Oh, what a pair. Yes, stoo-dents, it's Uhhh-hugly George with his hands on the wheel of a truck again. Arch your back, Doris. That's it. Such loveliness. How about something for the Greeks? Just tuh-herh around. There. There." In the near corner, George is editing a 28-minute show for broadcast tonight. (Teleprompter Cable, at the time, carried him throughout Upper Manhattan.) Splice one buttock here, cut in some frontal flash there. Then, RENT THIS SPACE body-painted on a pair of bazoongies so big they might be fresh from the two-a.m. feeding. "Yes, goils—you, too, can appear nood—" That monotone voice with the burlesque-house word slides can make my mind into plant food. Crack: His Sony editing machine has bent the metal shelf yet farther. And around George is his precious videotape library: more than 1000 naked, nubile and not-quite-alert women. (Forget about burgling George to steal your sister's tape back: Each label has been printed in Cyrillic. The Polish Penthouse is really Russian: George can read and speak it.) This collection will be his monument, memorial, memoir. The women are *his*. Workaday women from Douglaston and Bayonne. Stuck on Mylar. Enslaved to Sony. And George can never throw anything out: He has been

known, believe it or not, to keep old Phone-Mate tapes.

Is George ugly? Does a cat have ear lobes? Ugly and getting worse by the half hour. His long black hair is especially regrettable: wild, frized, the sort of hair you last saw on a shrunken head. One dead front tooth has gone yellow; other teeth are pocked with decay. A skull that's wider than long and starting to dewlap under the chin: In fact, he may look more like Curious than like Ugly George. His skin has the tint of rancid lox, and I'm still waiting for a certain lower-lip sore to heal—not the man to share tooth cups with. That famous trademark, his silver auto-racing suit, has herniated at crotch and armpit. Ink soaks through one vest pocket. The Polish Penthouse is without shower or bath: To my knowledge, his long Johns have no understudy. And yet this slobbola has picked up more than 1000 women, while you, you're still trying to peek down your secretary's blouse at the office copier.

Also—red label, ground alert—better not mess with Mr. George, sahib. George, he don't smoke or drink or smell strange powder. And no one can lug a 100-pound creepie peepie around six hours per day without getting pumped up and benchpress hard. Moreover, the man is mean as creosote. Truth, Sex and Violence, it says; well, I dunno about the first two, but I saw more mayhem and potential mayhem each day than Bobo Brazil. When we met, George was wearing a T-shirt that had been Stanley Kowalskied by some indignant boyfriend. Later that night, at his front door, yet another video cuckold fed George big fist fruit (George took one or two before he gave the sucker a sudden curbside delivery). And you thought being George was all grab and soft-tissue culture. Uh-uh: wrong job description. At least one vicious phone threat will come in every second day. Scars spot his face like loose change on a bar. His leg was broken once (George wouldn't tell me how—"too disgusting," he said—but I can surmise, can't you?). When he's harassed on the street, a perfect caul of grim and sullen vehemence lies across his face. He will never answer either insult or gesture aloud; instead, his entire frame begins humming, so a rail might foretell the improbable train to come. George, then, is mine layer, squall line, *danger*. Time to stop poking your finger through the cage bars, friend.

And now, tallyho. Out on 55th Street, we've got a woman run to ground. Narrow passage, traveler's advisory: She can't maneuver between the stoop and

this backed-in dump truck. George—snap!—has put his portable flood lamp on when—also snap!—the woman starts going absolutely baboon. "You goddamn son of a bitch!" Swipe at the camera. "I'll get you—you!" Her packages have hit cement. George, mother protective of his \$4000 Sony, will snatch the swinging forearm in midclout. Then—oops, damage parties below deck—she has unpacked a real eunuch maker, foot up and crotch center. But George, so sorry, is adder fast: side-step, knee hard in her stomach first. She will retreat after that. "Someone call the police. Someone please call the police." Passers-by, though, don't care to help: Her hair, after all, looks kinda purple; she might be a registered-in-Liberia whore. We just walk off. George, I can tell, is sanguine. This attack has been fixed on tape; it'll appear in the highlight film of his life (and in any court case). Violence, for George, is certification and applause.

But for me, being with George block after block, I'd rather have an infarction of the soul. Hell, this wahoo can exacerbate even *good* things. Not that he isn't intelligent enough. I learn a whole *Leviticus'* worth of street signals. Like, if you hear someone coming up behind you—clop, clop, clop, clop—believe that she is elk-faced, son. Troll her in deep water and the sharks'll throw up. (True: Attractive women try to move quietly.) Or like, if a bint has her coat open, bet that she's with the boyfriend, displaying. (True: Single women button up.) Tourists are friendly and gullible but seldom alone. Best pickup time is lunch hour and just after work (from seven P.M. on, women tend to pair off). Choose the well attired: They're usually brighter, and bright folk are more confident. And, Lord, you need confidence—especially with a silver-suited cranko who'd like to televise your navel from the dumbwaiter at Steak and Brew. "Avoid shag hair and black lipstick. Also women chewing gum with a big cross right here." And most of all—oh, most—*cherchez les WASPs*.

WASP, WASPy, WASPish. The damned word is a comma in his syntax. Let some tall, blonde top loader from Duluth or Boise prance by and George will get all over planet-struck. "I never had it. I could never look like a WASP." But, Mendel notwithstanding, his equally Russian mother could. "She was 5'8½" and looked like a Fifth Avenue aristocrat, not at all like a kid from a slum area in Brooklyn. She had a really good chance to be a model-slash-actress. Instead, she settled for marrying some nerd who was my father. I mean—what's so funny—I don't wanna get too much like Oedipus, but my mother's walking



*"Look at it this way: He didn't leave you pregnant or give you the clap. That's being lucky in love!"*

down the street 30 years ago or something and someone like me comes up to her and says, 'You know, I can make you a model-slash-actress.'" Got it? Here we have son George, beating the concrete bushes to find his mother of another year so he can make her a star. Something his father (dead when George was still in infancy) could never do. And what would young Mrs. Urban, 5'8½" and aristocratic, say to him? She'd say, "Take a walk, douche bag," just like everybody else.

For the rest—JAP, PR, BIC (Bronx Irish Catholic)—George has nothing but night soil and acid. "My dick is 18 inches long. Except when I meet a girl from New York. Then it's an inch and a half." Never mind their clothing, these New York women; George will strip away their hope. Dump on their dreams. Aspire their aspirations. "Look at her. It's another loser paying \$3000 for ballet lessons when she could get famous on my show for free." I wanna howl. This theme is eternal with George and bitter as sipped moth crystals.

Nor will it improve our air much to realize that George may technically be correct. Yes, if the girl is after mere recognition and media time, then, 999 chances in 1001, she'll get more by mooning Manhattan on his show than by trying to be a model (slash!) actress anywhere else. Art, ungngh, is hard. The shoal of naïve or just pretentious lady arteestes between 59th and 50th, Seventh and Lex, could make me grind enamel off. George, at least, is an honest con man: He won't pander to illusion—as do the 4852 schools of dance, music, theater, leotard painting, animal make-up and intermission design that slouch around New York. No, George won't seduce or sweet talk or promise much or even comb his horrid hair. The whole ugliness thing has a moral to it: Take me, it says; take this unkempt, tooth-rotten life just the way it is, admit what you are (a nothing; so appear on my slum-cheap show), and then from that primeval depth you may rise. With George's sponsorship, natch. They call him scum and creep; he calls them failure, phony, idiot. Both have a valid point. But to say that George hates women would be to underestimate his capacity for loathing. George Peter Urban will have no truck whatever with art or idealism or human hope.

Because he is, you see, a disappointed idealist himself. Misunderstood since his primal chromosomes began to twine. You've heard the phrase terminate with extreme prejudice? Well, George, as he tells it, was born with extreme prejudice: into a poor Russian-immigrant family that didn't value education. Just check out this list of grievances.

Rank prejudice: All those good-ol'-boy Southern majors and colonels just wouldn't appreciate his Yankee drive.

Prejudice in bed: JAP and BIC coeds didn't date George because he wasn't premed or prelaw or prepossessing.

Academic prejudice: Jealous and incompetent poli-sci professors wouldn't weed him into their department.

Prejudice on Wall Street: Jealous and incompetent and WASP corporate types saw to it that George didn't make \$1,000,000 in institutional selling.

You and you and you. Even me. All of us have to take some blame for Ugly George. No use detaching the TV cable: He is your children.

•

But what college, what branch of the military, what Wall Street firm, damn it? This joker, who'd like to see your *labia majora* right after he's shaken your hand first time out, won't even tell me when he was born. Me, who turned 40, big four-oh, in a bar with him. This pisses me no end. And so I do what I'm usually above doing, a little background research.

Born: 6/13/42

*Happy birthday to George,*

*Happy birthday to George,*

*Now you are 40*

*And getting too old for this shtick.*

School: pulled out of P.S. 31 in Greenpoint at the age of eight. Temporarily left Brooklyn for some darn place. (Mother remarried; may have taken his stepname.) Especially reticent about this period.

Service record: Who can tell? Stupid Privacy Act. If you spent 1960–1962 in a Quonset hut with George Peter Urban, write me C/O this magazine.

College: B.A., CCNY, 1965. Possibly M.A., Brooklyn College. No thesis on record, though he bills himself as a Ph.D. Presumably taught poli sci at the college level for two years.

Work: Bache and Company until November 1970. Here he began picking women up—on his lunch hour and on Wall Street. Photographed them in a corporate broom closet. Would that make Bache a divestment firm?

Follows then his slovenly career as porn actor, as amateur pimp and, at last, as the Mr. Rogers of raunch.

But enough. We digress from me. Back on cooch patrol, I'm getting a lot of Anusol from the street traffic. Eight days now I've prowled with George and *nada*. Very clear consommé. Big vapor. I haven't felt so rejected since Mother forgot my pram on the A train. One more kid calls me Rocket Man or Space Cadet and I'll televise his uvula for him. I don't see how George can hack it:

Monomania like his dug the Panama Canal and gave Saint Simeon Stylites a hemorrhoid problem. For George, Chock Full is Lutèce: windows, brother, windows. He'll race out, sandwich crust in mouth, to get a flying finger from some arrogant WASP. At night, we cruise with my station wagon, window wide open, heater blaring; a couple of out-takes from *American Graffiti*. Insane, I figure, we'll be at this until Brooke Shields's eyebrows grow together.

So why, you ask, does he do it? Because it *has* made him famous. Incredibly known. Once and for all, he can give an Italian fist to those snobs at CCNY or Bache or wherever whichever Service stationed him. George and herpes have grown in public consciousness about the same time. "Hey, George." "Yo, George." "Love your show." "Go get that tit, George." We can't move from point A to square one without six people recognizing our not exactly inconspicuous self. And good people: James Mason, Orson Bean, Michael York, Milton Berle in one day. John Lennon, Debbie Harry, Ed Asner, George McGovern, even Miz Lillian (land sakes, child) have granted pavement interviews. George has been seen in *Le Matin*, *Stern*, *The National Law Review*, the *London Sun* and even a large-circulation Israeli newspaper. He is known as George *L'Affreux* in France and George (something Swedish) in Sweden. But TV—ho-ho—network TV goes ass up over the kitchen table for George.

Tracking shot. CBS News. George on his usual beat in midtown. Then close-up. "This one-man band is low budget. He calls himself Ugly George." Morley Safer doing voice-over. Relish the hypocrisy in his mellow, authoritative tone, so pompous he could make fat bubbles rise from a septic tank. "It all has the same purpose—to put dirty stuff on TV without even attempting to seek any redeeming value." Is that so? Then why is CBS right behind George with its camera crew, like some dog reading his love mail on a hydrant? And not for the first time. Because no one can jack up your flabby news-show rating better than His Ugliness. Twice—twice—George has seduced a gorgeous pedestrian nude for CBS. (Sure, we slap Xs over her bosom—heck, CBS wouldn't show unredeeming "dirty stuff.") George has appeared on NBC, ABC and all but one local TV station as well. They use him; he will use them. Two cannibals in a game of chop poker. But George doesn't mind being exploited. Because, at long last, he may become eligible for bracket creep.

One afternoon, Electric Blue, a major European home-cassette distributor,

*(continued on page 194)*



# CELEBRITY HIGH

*ok, fans, this is a pop quiz—how good are you at identifying famous people from their high school photographs?*

compiled by **DAN CARLINSKY**

YOU'D THINK that here in the age of *People* magazine, such an exercise in celebrity spotting would be a snap. That's what we thought, too—until we passed around the yearbook pictures you'll find on the following spread. *Nobody* got them all. We've made the challenge a little easier for you by including the very text that ran with these shots—as well as people's real names if they've since been changed.

But even with those hints, this little quiz is likely to be as tough as any test you took in high school. (For the chronic cheaters among you, the answers are on page 254.)

Ready? OK. Turn the page and begin...



Recognize the 1967 homecoming king from Wheaton Central High School in Wheaton, Illinois? The particulars: Football linebacker, captain, all-state honorable mention . . . baseball . . . track . . . wrestling . . . sophomore and junior councils . . . choir . . . drama club.



The guy below was voted Best All-Around at Arlington, Virginia's, Washington-Lee High School in 1955. A lot of women today would agree. Also: Varsity football center, all-suburban first team, all-Northern Virginia second team . . . junior-varsity basketball . . . Officials Club . . . W-L Club . . . home-room and senior-class president.



## Continuing on Their

- 1  
The Gilbert School 1951, Winsted, Connecticut  
Dramatic Club . . . scholarship. "Anything for peace." "Quiet . . . smart . . . can be found at home or at the restaurant . . . woman-hater."
- 2  
Great Neck North Senior High School 1956, Great Neck, New York  
"Francie" . . . band . . . Junior Players.
- 3  
The McBurney School 1963, New York, New York  
Dramatics Society . . . Troupers Society . . . Yorkville Squad (service group) . . . Freshman Day Committee . . . Field Day Committee . . . Glee Club . . . Student Council . . . varsity soccer . . . varsity swimming . . . Scroll Club . . . Service Club award . . . to attend Emerson College. Senior Will: "\_\_\_\_\_ leaves with dramatic foreshadowing." Class Prophecy for the Year 2003: "\_\_\_\_\_ is running the Academy Awards show."
- 4  
Richmond Hill High School 1939, Richmond Hill, New York  
Jack Cohen . . . guard duty . . . intramural handball . . . Blue Cards . . . attendance certificate . . . P.S.A.L. pins. "He sleeps by day."
- 5  
L. C. Humes High School 1953, Memphis, Tennessee  
Major: Shop, History and English . . . R.O.T.C. . . . Biology Club . . . English Club . . . History Club . . . Speech Club. Last Will and Testament: "Donald Williams, Raymond McCraig and \_\_\_\_\_ leave hoping there will be someone to take their place as 'teachers' pets'?????"
- 6  
Highland Park High School 1950, Dallas, Texas  
Vera Jayne Peers . . . nickname: Honey . . . orchestra . . . Hi-Lites . . . Riding Club . . . orchestra solo contest . . . music festival.



7  
Woodrow Wilson High School 1945,  
Washington, District of Columbia. Football . . .  
section secretary . . . section treasurer. "Swell guy . . .  
neat sense of humor . . . sweet on the women . . . likes  
biology . . . ditto swing records of all kinds, shapes  
and sizes . . . strongly in favor of loafin' up at Pete's . . .  
wants to be a surgeon . . . going into naval medicine."

8  
Tulsa Central High School 1937,  
Tulsa, Oklahoma  
A. Leonard Rosenberg . . . dramatics.

9  
Millbrook School 1943,  
Millbrook, New York  
Football . . . newspaper staff . . . glee club . . .  
orchestra . . . co-editor, yearbook . . . honor roll . . .  
graduated *summa cum laude*.

10  
Midwood High School 1953,  
Brooklyn, New York  
Allen Konigsberg.

11  
Fairmount High School 1949,  
Fairmount, Indiana  
Basketball (shot winning basket in 1949  
tournament) . . . track . . . baseball . . .  
drama . . . drummer in band . . . graduation  
awards for best thespian, best athlete, best artist.

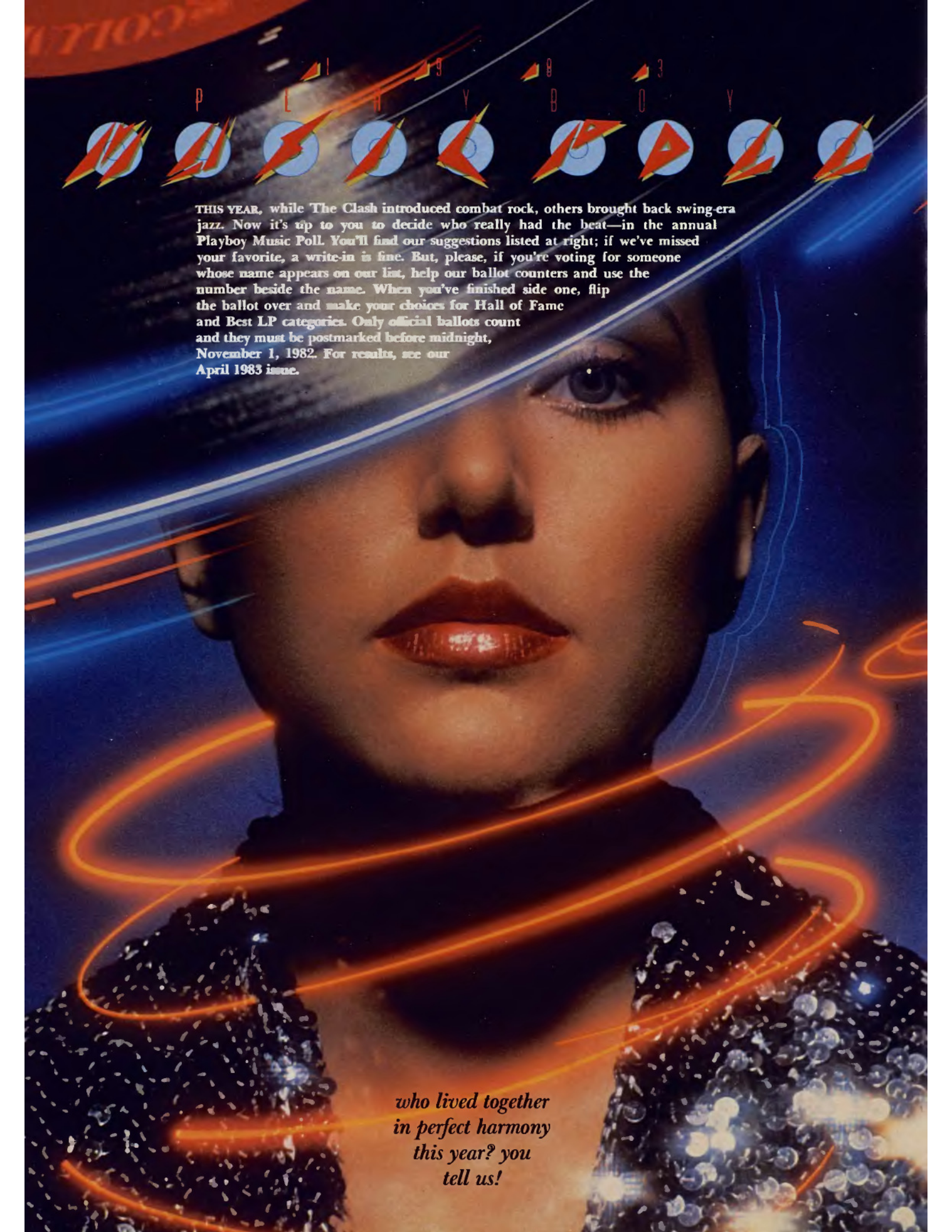
12  
Sevier County High School 1964,  
Sevierville, Tennessee  
Future Homemakers of America . . . snare drummer,  
marching band.



## Journey to More Advanced Fields of Endeavor



The kid in the plaid shirt has always stood out from the crowd. A 1954 grad of Manasquan High in Manasquan, New Jersey, he was president, Rules Club . . . freshman football . . . basketball manager . . . senior-class vice-president . . . Blue & Gray . . . Table Tennis Club . . . Study Club . . . junior, senior play . . . voted best actor and class clown.

A woman's face is the central focus, looking directly at the viewer. She has dark hair and is wearing a dark, sequined top. The background is a dark blue space with glowing orange and white lines, suggesting a futuristic or digital environment. At the top of the page, there is a row of nine circular icons, each containing a stylized red and yellow lightning bolt. Above each icon is a letter: P, L, A, Y, B, O, Y. The letters are in a serif font and are slightly offset from the icons. The overall aesthetic is high-tech and vibrant.

THIS YEAR, while The Clash introduced combat rock, others brought back swing-era jazz. Now it's up to you to decide who really had the beat—in the annual Playboy Music Poll. You'll find our suggestions listed at right; if we've missed your favorite, a write-in is fine. But, please, if you're voting for someone whose name appears on our list, help our ballot counters and use the number beside the name. When you've finished side one, flip the ballot over and make your choices for Hall of Fame and Best LP categories. Only official ballots count and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 1, 1982. For results, see our April 1983 issue.

*who lived together  
in perfect harmony  
this year? you  
tell us!*

**LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1983 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL  
BY NUMBER ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT**

**POP/ROCK  
Male Vocalist**

1. Gary U. S. Bonds
2. Jackson Browne
3. Lindsey Buckingham
4. Jimmy Buffett
5. Joe Cocker
6. Elvis Costello
7. John Cougar
8. Marshall Crenshaw
9. Kevin Cronin
10. Roger Daltrey
11. Ray Davies
12. Bob Dylan
13. Dave Edmunds
14. Glenn Frey
15. Daryl Hall
16. Don Henley
17. Mick Jagger
18. Billy Joel
19. Elton John
20. Nick Lowe
21. Paul McCartney
22. Delbert McClinton
23. Freddie Mercury
24. Van Morrison
25. Ted Nugent
26. Steve Perry
27. Tom Petty
28. Robert Plant
29. Bob Seger
30. Rick Springfield
31. Bruce Springsteen
32. Billy Squier
33. Rod Stewart
34. Sting
35. James Taylor
36. Mickey Thomas
37. George Thorogood
38. Glenn Tilbrook
39. Steve Winwood
40. Peter Wolf
41. Neil Young

**Female Vocalist**

1. Joan Armatrading
2. Pat Benatar
3. Karla Bonoff
4. Belinda Carlisle
5. Kim Carnes
6. Carlene Carter
7. Martha Davis
8. Sheena Easton
9. Marianne Faithfull
10. Deborah Harry
11. Chrissie Hynde
12. Joan Jett
13. Rickie Lee Jones
14. Nicolette Larson
15. Melissa Manchester
16. Christine McVie
17. Bette Midler
18. Joni Mitchell
19. Anne Murray
20. Juice Newton
21. Olivia Newton-John
22. Stevie Nicks
23. Bonnie Raitt
24. Linda Ronstadt
25. Carly Simon
26. Grace Slick
27. Pati Smith
28. Barbra Streisand
29. Dionne Warwick
30. Ann Wilson

**Guitar**

1. Jeff Beck
2. Adrian Belew
3. Eric Clapton
4. Ry Cooder
5. Steve Cropper
6. Glenn Frey
7. Jerry Garcia
8. Jimmy Johnson
9. Mick Jones
10. Lenny Kaye

11. Mark Knopfler
12. David Lindley
13. Rick Nielsen
14. Ted Nugent
15. Jimmy Page
16. Robert Quine
17. Bonnie Raitt
18. Keith Richards
19. Carlos Santana
20. G. E. Smith
21. Richard Thompson
22. Peter Townshend
23. James "Blood" Ulmer
24. Waddy Wachtel
25. Joe Walsh
26. Ron Wood
27. Frank Zappa

**Keyboards**

1. Gregg Allman
2. Barry Beckett
3. Roy Bittan
4. Jackson Browne
5. Clifton Chenier
6. Jimmy Destri
7. Keith Emerson
8. Brian Eno
9. Andrew Gold
10. Nicky Hopkins
11. Joe Jackson
12. Billy Joel
13. Elton John
14. Jerry Lee Lewis
15. Gary Numan
16. Bill Payne
17. Kate Pierson
18. Billy Preston
19. Mac Rebennack
20. Todd Rundgren
21. Leon Russell
22. Allen Toussaint
23. Vangelis
24. Neil Young

**Drums**

1. Carmine Appice
2. Ginger Baker
3. Bill Bruford
4. Phil Collins
5. Stewart Copeland
6. Aynsley Dunbar
7. Mick Fleetwood
8. Roger Hawkins
9. Levon Helm
10. Johanny "Jaimae" Johanson
11. Bill Kreuzmann
12. Russ Kunkel
13. Carl Palmer
14. Ringo Starr
15. David Teegarden
16. Joe Vitale
17. Charlie Watts
18. Max Weinberg
19. Pick Withers

**Bass**

1. Jack Bruce
2. Jack Casady
3. Stanley Clarke
4. Donald "Duck" Dunn
5. John Entwistle
6. Wilton Felder
7. Larry Graham
8. Nigel Harrison
9. David Hood
10. John Illsley
11. John Paul Jones
12. Greg Lake
13. Phil Lesh
14. Paul McCartney
15. John McVie
16. Chuck Rainey
17. Lee Sklar
18. Chris Squire
19. Garry Tallent
20. Klaus Voormann

21. Tina Weymouth
22. Bill Wyman

**Composer/Songwriter**

1. Laurie Anderson
2. Becker/Fagen
3. Karla Bonoff
4. Jackson Browne
5. Jimmy Buffett
6. Elvis Costello
7. Marshall Crenshaw
8. Christopher Cross
9. Ray Davies
10. Bob Dylan
11. Brian Eno
12. Robert Fripp
13. Bob Geldof
14. Daryl Hall & John Oates
15. Billy Joel
16. Elton John
17. Rickie Lee Jones
18. Mark Knopfler
19. Nick Lowe
20. Paul McCartney
21. Frankie Miller
22. Joni Mitchell
23. Randy Newman
24. Ric Ocasek
25. Graham Parker
26. Tom Petty
27. Bob Seger
28. Paul Simon
29. Bruce Springsteen
30. Strummer/Jones
31. James Taylor
32. Richard & Linda Thompson
33. Peter Townshend
34. Stevie Wonder
35. Neil Young
36. Frank Zappa
37. Warren Zevon

**Group**

1. Asia
2. B-52's
3. Blondie
4. Cars
5. Cheap Trick
6. Clash
7. Devo
8. Dire Straits
9. Doobie Brothers
10. Fleetwood Mac
11. Gang of Four
12. J. Geils Band
13. Girlschool
14. Go-Go's
15. Grateful Dead
16. Daryl Hall & John Oates
17. Heart
18. Jefferson Starship
19. Journey
20. Kinks
21. Motels
22. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
23. Pink Floyd
24. Police
25. Pretenders
26. Quarterflash
27. Queen
28. REO Speedwagon
29. Rolling Stones
30. Rush
31. Santana
32. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
33. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
34. Squeeze
35. Steely Dan
36. Stray Cats
37. Styx
38. Survivor
39. Talking Heads
40. Van Halen
41. Who



Put down the **NUMBERS** of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

**POP/ROCK**

- MALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- FEMALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- GUITAR \_\_\_\_\_
- KEYBOARDS \_\_\_\_\_
- DRUMS \_\_\_\_\_
- BASS \_\_\_\_\_
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_
- GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

**RHYTHM-AND-BLUES**

- MALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- FEMALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_
- GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

**JAZZ**

- MALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- FEMALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- BRASS \_\_\_\_\_
- WOODWINDS \_\_\_\_\_
- KEYBOARDS \_\_\_\_\_
- VIBES \_\_\_\_\_
- GUITAR \_\_\_\_\_
- BASS \_\_\_\_\_
- PERCUSSION \_\_\_\_\_
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_
- GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

**COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN**

- MALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- FEMALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- STRING INSTRUMENTALIST \_\_\_\_\_
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_
- GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

**THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES**

CUT ALONG THIS LINE



### PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Bonham, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Peter Townshend, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

### PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST JAZZ LP

HALL OF FAME CHOICE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Name and address must be printed above to authenticate ballot.

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

### RHYTHM-AND-BLUES Male Vocalist

- George Benson
- Dennis Brown
- James Brown
- Peabo Bryson
- Ray Charles
- Jimmy Cliff
- Marvin Gaye
- Larry Graham
- Isaac Hayes
- Michael Henderson
- Jermaine Jackson
- Michael Jackson
- Walter Jackson
- Rick James
- B. B. King
- Curtis Mayfield
- Aaron Neville
- O'Bryan
- Prince
- Smokey Robinson
- Sly Stone
- Narada Michael Walden
- Junior Walker
- Barry White
- Stevie Wonder

### Female Vocalist

- Jean Carn
- Linda Clifford
- Natalie Cole
- Randy Crawford
- Roberta Flack
- Aretha Franklin
- Gloria Gaynor
- Jennifer Holliday
- Phyllis Hyman
- Millie Jackson
- Chaka Khan
- Gladys Knight
- Patti Labelle
- Stacy Lattisaw
- Bettye LaVette
- Stephanie Mills
- Esther Phillips
- Bonnie Pointer
- Diana Ross
- Donna Summer

### Composer/Songwriter

- Nickolas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
- Thom Bell
- James Brown
- George Clinton
- William Eaton
- Kenny Gamble-Leon Huff
- Norman Harris
- Curtis Mayfield
- Eugene McDaniels
- Ray Parker, Jr.
- Lionel Richie, Jr.
- Smokey Robinson
- William Salter
- Allen Toussaint
- Barry White
- Norman Whitfield
- Bobby Womack
- Stevie Wonder

### Group

- Afrika Bambaataa & the Soul Sonic Force
- Ashford & Simpson
- Bar-Kays
- Black Uhuru
- B. T. Express
- Chic
- Commodores
- Dazz Band
- Earth, Wind & Fire
- Gap Band
- Isley Brothers
- Gladys Knight & the Pips
- Kool & the Gang
- Manhattans
- O'Jays
- Ray Parker, Jr., & Raydio
- Parliament/Funkadelic
- Pointer Sisters

- Reddings
- Shalamar
- Sister Sledge
- Steel Pulse
- Temptations
- Tierra
- Whispers

### JAZZ

#### Male Vocalist

- Mose Allison
- Tony Bennett
- George Benson
- Ray Charles
- Bob Dorough
- Billy Eckstine
- Michael Franks
- Johnny Hartman
- Jon Hendricks
- Al Jarreau
- Milton Nascimento
- Lou Rawls
- Gil Scott-Heron
- Frank Sinatra
- Leon Thomas
- Mel Tormé
- Joe Williams
- Jimmy Witherspoon

#### Female Vocalist

- Patti Austin
- Angela Bofill
- Dee Dee Bridgewater
- Jackie Cain
- Betty Carter
- Urszula Dudziak
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Roberta Flack
- Lena Horne
- Cleo Laine
- Peggy Lee
- Carmen McRae
- Melba Moore
- Anita O'Day
- Flora Purim
- Della Reese
- Judy Roberts
- Phoebe Snow
- Sarah Vaughan
- Nancy Wilson

### Brass

- Nat Adderley
- Herb Alpert
- Chet Baker
- Lester Bowie
- Randy Brecker
- Tom Browne
- Donald Byrd
- Don Cherry
- Miles Davis
- Jon Faddis
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Al Grey
- Wayne Henderson
- Freddie Hubbard
- J. J. Johnson
- Thad Jones
- Jimmy Knepper
- Chuck Mangione
- Wynton Marsalis
- Doc Severinsen
- Woody Shaw
- Clark Terry
- Bill Watrous

### Woodwinds

- Arthur Blythe
- Anthony Braxton
- Joe Farrell
- Wilton Felder
- Jimmy Forrest
- Chico Freeman
- Benny Goodman
- Dexter Gordon
- Johnny Griffin
- Eddie Harris
- Woody Herman
- Bobbi Humphrey
- John Klemmer
- Yusef Lateef
- Hubert Laws

- Ronnie Laws
- Herbie Mann
- James Moody
- Gerry Mulligan
- Sam Rivers
- Sonny Rollins
- David Sanborn
- Wayne Shorter
- Zoot Sims
- Stanley Turrentine
- Grover Washington, Jr.
- Sadao Watanabe
- Paul Winter
- Phil Woods

### Keyboards

- Muhai Richard Abrams
- Monty Alexander
- Kenny Barron
- Eubie Blake
- Joanne Brackeen
- Dollar Brand
- Dave Brubeck
- Chick Corea
- Eumir Deodato
- George Duke
- Tommy Flanagan
- Jan Hammer
- Herbie Hancock
- Barry Harris
- Earl "Fatha" Hines
- Ahmad Jamal
- Bob James
- Keith Jarrett
- Ramsey Lewis
- Les McCann
- Oscar Peterson
- Judy Roberts
- Patrice Rushen
- Joe Sample
- Jimmy Smith
- Cecil Taylor
- McCoy Tyner
- Bernard Wright
- Joe Zawinul

### Vibes

- Roy Ayers
- Gary Burton
- Victor Feldman
- David Friedman
- Terry Gibbs
- Lionel Hampton
- Jay Hoggard
- Bobby Hutcherson
- Milt Jackson
- Mike Mainieri
- Buddy Montgomery
- Red Norvo
- Emil Richards
- David Samuels
- Keith Underwood
- Tommy Vig

### Guitar

- John Abercrombie
- George Benson
- Kenny Burrell
- Charlie Byrd
- Philip Catherine
- Cal Collins
- Larry Coryell
- Al DiMeola
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- Eric Gale
- Jim Hall
- Barney Kessel
- Earl Klugh
- John McLaughlin
- Pat Metheny
- Tony Mottola
- Joe Pass
- Bucky Pizzarelli
- Emily Remler
- Lee Ritenour
- Melvin Sparks
- Ralph Towner

### Bass

- Keter Betts
- Walter Booker
- Ray Brown
- Mike Bruce

5. Joe Byrd
6. Ron Carter
7. Stanley Clarke
8. Bob Cranshaw
9. Art Davis
10. Cleveland Eaton
11. Jim Fielder
12. Eddie Gomez
13. Bob Haggart
14. Percy Heath
15. Dave Holland
16. Anthony Jackson
17. Carol Kaye
18. Gary King
19. Cecil McBee
20. Monk Montgomery
21. Jaco Pastorius
22. Rufus Reid
23. Steve Swallow
24. Miroslav Vitous
25. Eberhard Weber

**Percussion**

1. Art Blakey
2. Willie Bobo
3. Jimmy Cobb
4. Billy Cobham
5. Norman Connors
6. Jack DeJohnette
7. Steve Gadd
8. John Guerin
9. Stix Hooper
10. Paul Humphrey
11. Elvin Jones
12. Jo Jones
13. Mel Lewis
14. Ralph MacDonald
15. Harvey Mason
16. Steve McCall
17. Airtio Moreira
18. Joe Morello
19. Alphonse Mouzon
20. Buddy Rich
21. Max Roach
22. Mongo Santamaría
23. Lenny White
24. Tony Williams

**Composer/Songwriter**

1. Toshiko Akiyoshi
2. Carla Bley
3. Anthony Braxton
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Ornette Coleman
7. Chick Corea
8. Miles Davis
9. Eumir Deodato
10. Carlos Franzetti
11. Russell Garcia
12. Herbie Hancock
13. Bob James
14. Keith Jarrett
15. Antonio Carlos Jobim
16. Quincy Jones
17. Thad Jones
18. Michel Legrand
19. Chuck Mangione
20. Gil Scott-Heron
21. Wayne Shorter
22. Grover Washington, Jr.
23. Kenny Wheeler
24. Joe Zawinul

**Group**

1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
2. Art Ensemble of Chicago
3. Count Basie
4. Big Sky Mudflaps
5. Ray Charles
6. Crusaders
7. Maynard Ferguson
8. Free Flight
9. Herbie Hancock
10. Heath Brothers
11. Hiroshima
12. Jeff Lorber Fusion
13. Chuck Mangione
14. Manhattan Transfer
15. Material
16. John McLaughlin
17. Mingus Dynasty
18. Oregon

19. Buddy Rich
20. Spyro Gyra
21. Sun Ra
22. Weather Report

**COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN**

**Male Vocalist**

1. John Anderson
2. Razyzy Bailey
3. Moe Bandy
4. Johnny Cash
5. Roy Clark
6. John Conlee
7. Charlie Daniels
8. Mac Davis
9. Larry Gatlin
10. Mickey Gilley
11. Merle Haggard
12. Waylon Jennings
13. George Jones
14. Kris Kristofferson
15. Johnny Lee
16. Jerry Lee Lewis
17. Ronnie Milsap
18. Willie Nelson
19. Johnny Paycheck
20. Ray Price
21. Charley Pride
22. Eddie Rabbitt
23. Jerry Reed
24. Marty Robbins
25. Kenny Rogers
26. Ricky Skaggs
27. Joe Stampley
28. George Strait
29. Mel Tillis
30. Ernest Tubbs
31. Conway Twitty
32. Jerry Jeff Walker
33. Gene Watson
34. Don Williams
35. Hank Williams, Jr.

**Female Vocalist**

1. Rosanne Cash
2. Jessi Colter

3. Rita Coolidge
4. Lacy J. Dalton
5. Donna Fargo
6. Janie Fricke
7. Crystal Gayle
8. Terri Gibbs
9. Emmylou Harris
10. Jeannie Kendall
11. Brenda Lee
12. Loretta Lynn
13. Barbara Mandrell
14. Charly McClain
15. Reba McEntire
16. Anne Murray
17. Dolly Parton
18. Jeanne Pruett
19. Linda Ronstadt
20. Connie Smith
21. Sylvia
22. Tanya Tucker
23. Dottie West
24. Tammy Wynette

**String Instrumentalist**

1. Chet Atkins
2. Jethro Burns
3. Roy Clark
4. Ry Cooder
5. Pete Drake
6. Amos Garrett
7. Johnny Gimble
8. David Grisman
9. John Hartford
10. Sonny James
11. Grady Martin
12. Charlie McCoy
13. John McEuen
14. Bill Monroe
15. Roy Nichols
16. Jerry Reed
17. Earl Scruggs
18. Ricky Skaggs
19. Ralph Stanley
20. Tut Taylor
21. Doc Watson
22. Reggie Young

**Composer/Songwriter**

1. Hoyt Axton
2. Bobby Braddock
3. Rosanne Cash
4. Rodney Crowell
5. Dean Dillon
6. Merle Haggard
7. Tom T. Hall
8. Waylon Jennings
9. Roger Miller
10. Willie Nelson
11. Dolly Parton
12. John Prine
13. Curly Putnam
14. Marty Robbins
15. Johnny Rodriguez
16. Billy Joe Shaver
17. Shel Silverstein
18. Sonny Throckmorton
19. Mel Tillis
20. Jerry Jeff Walker
21. Billy Edd Wheeler
22. Don Williams
23. Hank Williams, Jr.

**Group**

1. Alabama
2. Asleep at the Wheel
3. Calamity Jane
4. Johnny Cash & the Tennessee Three
5. Charlie Daniels Band
6. Dirt Band
7. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
8. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
9. Waylon Jennings & the Wailors
10. Kendalls
11. Oak Ridge Boys
12. Statler Brothers
13. Tompall & the Glaser Brothers
14. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band



# HOW I BROKE THE BANK AT THE WORLD SERIES OF HANDICAPPING

*can a rank amateur go up against the country's best horse players and win? wanna bet?*

humor **By JAY CRONLEY**

**I** WOULD LIKE to share with you the story of how I broke the bank at Grantville.

Grantville, the home of the World Series of Handicapping, is a town in southeastern Pennsylvania that is as pretty as a postcard and not much bigger.

This is a wholesome story about gambling on horses. Nobody takes a ride in a car trunk. Nobody finances his next bet by hocking a loved one's crutches.

In fact, this story is not even very sexy, except for an event that took place three years ago in Arkansas, when I was laying the foundation for my stab at immortality. That day, at a race track in Hot Springs, I stood in a collecting line behind a girl who was so happy her boyfriend had bet the bra money on a winner that she grabbed the bottom of her sweater and yanked it over her head. Winning a horse race really gets the blood flowing, even when you win only a couple of bucks. Stuff like that doesn't happen in lines of losers heading for the exit.

The sexiest thing that happened in Grantville was when I stopped in a bar for a quick beer and was told to dance by a woman whose arms were the size of loaves of bread. The people in that part of the country seem firm, physically and emotionally, and don't want to take no for an answer. I told the woman who wanted to dance that I didn't know how, and I made a graceful exit before she could knock me out.

All the time I was in Grantville, I maintained a very low profile and devoted all my time and energy to winning the World Series of Handicapping. You can't pick winners after being punted around a dance floor. Picking winners is a full-time job. If you're not studying the *Daily Racing Form*, you're praying. The ten minutes I was in that bar, I never once looked at the

dance floor. When you're in training, members of the opposite sex, even ones who move across the dance floor like International Harvesters, can seem awfully charming.

I was not nearly as conservative as some of the others who had gone to Grantville to become the world's best horse player. One poor dog worked himself into tournament shape by swearing off sex for the two weeks preceding the contest. That strategy backfired, and the guy went broke betting all the female jockeys, a couple of whom were attractive but most of whom rode like they might at any minute remove pistols from their holsters and begin shooting bottles off the rail.

Grantville is not exactly a party town.

Although the only things that bump and grind in this story are horses, I think you will still find it worthy of your interest, because I am going to explain how you, too, can go to Grantville and clean house.

First, you need to know a little something about horse racing, which is publicized, obviously by itself, as the world's most popular spectator sport. That is true in a roundabout way; it's like calling blackjack a spectator sport.

If you don't make a bet, horse racing is about as stimulating as *jai alai*, which is a thing where people catch and throw balls with baskets. Before it was legal in a few states to gamble on *jai alai*, the game drew crowds of ten or fifteen flies that came to see what was in the baskets. Now *jai alai* draws OK, which proves that people will gamble on anything.

Horse racing is a better gamble than most because of the odds. While the odds at a casino are carved in tombstones and cement blocks, the odds at a race track *(continued on page 223)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI





# SEX IN CINEMA 1982



ONE IS TEMPTED TO SAY THIS YEAR WAS SOMETHING OF A DRAG AS MOVIES TOOK A LONG LOOK AT ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES— AND SERVED FORTH SCREENS FULL OF KIDS BUFFING IT

**article By ARTHUR KNIGHT** AN OFT-ANTHOLOGIZED short story by Irwin Shaw is *The Girls in Their Summer Dresses*; a collective title for the films of 1982 might well be *The Boys in Their Summer Dresses*. Clint Eastwood, it would seem, is the only major star who hasn't as yet climbed into drag. The tone was set, of course, by Blake Edwards' comedy hit *Victor, Victoria*. In it, not only does gay, graying Robert Preston wind up the show performing a wild kind of Carmen Miranda impersonation in a night club, he also persuades the prim and proper Julie Andrews, playing an indigent singer, to disguise herself as a man and go on to stardom as a female impersonator—much to (text continued on page 206)



**THE BARE FACTS:** The eagerly awaited *Airplane II: The Sequel* will bring a bonus—Russ Meyer discovery Kitten Natividad as a cover girl (opposite). Also getting things off their chests: Scott Glenn and Donna Kei Benz in *The Challenge* (top left); Kay Lenz, with James Woods, in *Fast-Walking* (top right); Tanya Roberts in *The Beastmaster* (center left); Sylvester Stallone, with Suzee Pai, in *First Blood* (center right); a greatly augmented Bernadette Birkette, consulting Tim Thomerson in *Jekyll and Hyde... Together Again* (above left); and our very own Kimberly McArthur, Miss January 1982, cast as a candy stripper who's sent to fill the Christmas stocking of distraught hospital administrator Dabney Coleman in *Young Doctors in Love* (above right).



**GENDER BENDERS:** This year, the unconventional has become a near cliché. In *Partners* (above left), Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt play a straight and a gay cop infiltrating L.A.'s homosexual community. Alex Karras and Robert Preston find romance in *Victor, Victoria* (above). Robin Williams dons drag to attend his mom's feminist funeral rites with transsexual John Lithgow in *The World According to Garp* (right). Patrice Donnelly and Mariel Hemingway are lovers in *Personal Best* (below); and Michael Ontkean ditches his wife (Kate Jackson) for author Harry Hamlin in *Making Love* (left).





**WHORES D'OEUVRES:** It got its start as a PLAYBOY article by Larry L. King back in April 1974 and went on to become a Broadway musical; onscreen, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* is still in business, under the guidance of madam Dolly Parton (above, with some of her girls). Ladies of the evening also advance the plots of *Vice Squad* (below left), in which Season Hubley dons bridal attire to please an elderly John; *Intimate Moments* (a sequel to *Madame Claude*), with blonde Lena Karlsson and friend (below center); and *Night Shift* (below right), in which Henry Winkler and confederates (here, Monique Gabriel) turn a morgue, during off hours, into a thriving bordello. Sounds farfetched? The plot's said to be based on an actual incident.





**HANGING OUT:** Skin is definitely in for the youth market of '82. *Summer Lovers* is positively bursting with skinny-dippers; in the scene above, they're doing it from a yacht anchored off the Greek islands. Biology prof Tab Hunter teaches *Reproduction*, a musical number replete with lyrical innuendo, in *Grease 2* (below). On the facing page (clockwise from near right), we see a good deal of Tatum O'Neal, playing a nymphet enamored of Richard Burton in *Circle of Two*; Phoebe Cates and Willie Aames in *Paradise*, the *Blue Lagoon* clone; dancing teens in *Zapped!*, a spoof of *Carrie* in which the telekinetic powers of the star (Scott Baio) strip, rather than slay, fellow students on prom night; and a look into the locker room from *Porky's*, a box-office sensation rightly





touted by 20th Century-Fox as a "rowdy, raunchy comedy" that "takes an unblushing look at the sexual hang-ups of American teenage boys growing up in Florida." The boys in the shot below left, Mark Herrier, Dan Monahan and Wyatt Knight, are eagerly learning how the other half showers.





**DEADLY DICKS:** The cops-and-robbers game looks more like playing doctor every day. Gumshoe Steve Martin's gimmick in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, a black-and-white homage to Hollywood classics, is to tell Rachel Ward that her breasts need readjusting (above). "Replicants" Rutger Hauer and Daryl Hannah (below left) are targets of shoot-to-kill detective Harrison Ford in *Blade Runner*; Armand Assante, as the latest incarnation of Mike Hammer, gets physical with the delicious but villainous Barbara Carrera in *I, the Jury* (bottom left). Below right, Nick Nolte, as a 15-year veteran on San Francisco's police-detective squad, gets down to basics with Annette O'Toole, a bartender with a master's degree, in *48 HRS.*, a thriller due in December.







**THE PORNO FILE:** Making news on the X front has been *Wanda Whips Wall Street* (left), with Veronica Hart, billed as the first porno movie backed by brokers. More than 100 employees of New York Stock Exchange firms attended a screening (but dashed for elevators when the lights went up). *Harry Reems in Society Affairs* marks the return of Reems (above, with Kelly Nichols) to hard-core. Kelly shows up again (below left) in *Roommates*, touted as a crossover when it was booked in a non-porno Manhattan movie-house. Militant feminists use stripper Linda Lee Tracey's act (below right) as evidence of exploitation in *Not a Love Story*, a supposedly antipornography—really antimale—documentary.





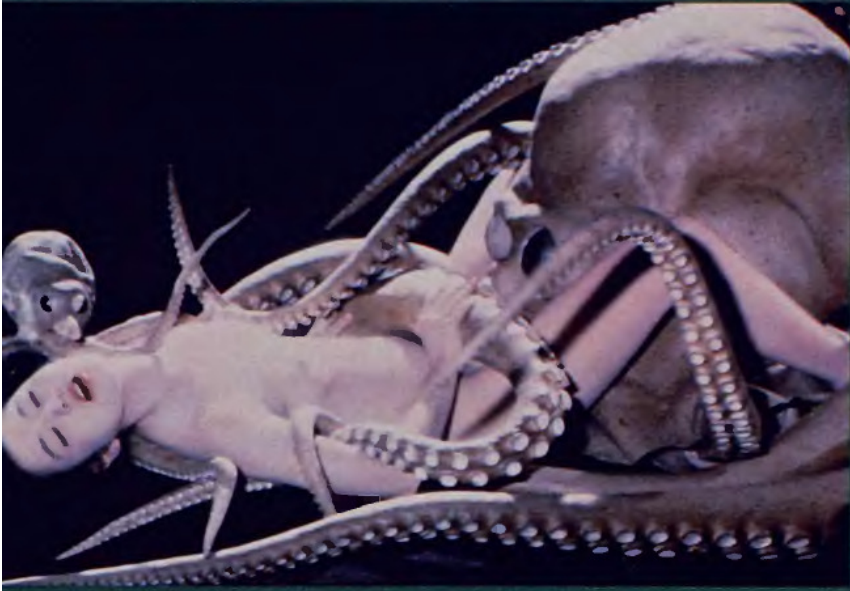
**INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS:** Foreign films, long expositors of flesh and sexual gymnastics, became popular this year not merely in art houses but in the neighborhoods. Examples: Brazil's *I Love You* (above left), with Sonia Braga and Paulo César Pereio; the Franco-British *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, starring Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay (below left);





the multinational *Mexico in Flames*, with Ursula Andress and Franco Nero (below); Italy's *Passione d'Amore*, with Laura Antonelli and Bernard Giraudeau (below right); England's *Brimstone*, with Sting and Suzanna Hamilton (above right); Hungary's Oscar-winning (for Best Foreign Film) *Mephisto* (above), with Klaus Maria Brandauer swinging Karin Boyd.





**SIMPLY BEASTLY:** What would the movies be without monsters? Keeping the tradition alive are the seductive octopus in the Shochiku release *Edo Porn* (above); the titular transmutations of *Cat People* (with Malcolm McDowell and imminent victim Tessa Richarde, below); and the not-so-jolly greenish giant mutant (Dick Durock) menacing Adrienne Barbeau in *Swamp Thing* (bottom). Poor fellow was accidentally doused in secret formula, y' know.





**MACHO MOVES:** High adventure gets down to earth in such action-packed fare as *Conan the Barbarian* (above) and *The Road Warrior* (below). The former takes us back to the bad old days with a cannibalistic orgy (left) and a doomed romance (right) between Conan (Arnold Schwarzenegger) and Valeria, Queen of Thieves (Sandahl Bergman); *Warrior*, featured in September's *PLAYBOY*, predicts a violent future, including rape (inset) and some rudely interrupted battlefield balling.





John Dempsey

*"Er—the Lord helps those who help themselves, right, Reverend?"*

GOD SAVE US, what governors the Orsini princes used to send to our town of Salerno! And the worst of them in my time was Pandolfo d'Ascari.

Immediately upon his installation, Pandolfo established a harsh curfew and an ordinance against the carrying of swords and *stilette*. From time immemorial, men in Salerno have had the right to bear arms in self-defense, and every Salernitan worth his salt felt insulted.

Shortly after that, the governor started all tongues wagging with a new piece of absurdity: He married a certain Luigia, a Genoese girl who was not only of high birth but exceptionally fair to look upon. And it was whispered that Pandolfo, who had deprived others of weapons, was weaponless himself! It seemed that he had once suffered the French disease and the doctors had applied such a drastic cure that he had been reduced to a nubbin of manhood.

In any case, the wedding feast in his house was a scene of great revelry. Toward the end of the evening, the governor, well marinated with red wine, boasted to the men that he was going to do such wonders that his bride would swoon from sheer astonishment. But after he had stumbled off to bed, it appeared that his imagination had been the only thing that had swelled, because the next morning, Luigia's maid passed on to the other servants the news that there had been a certain amount of kissing and rubbing, quickly followed by snores from my lord and tears from my lady.

Soon the inevitable happened. There was in Salerno a young doctor of laws who met Luigia and fell in love with her. Ricardo di Nocera was a man of great worth, and he came from an honorable family. Now, he and most of the other advocates around the law courts greatly resented the imposition of the new ordinance. So a certain rebelliousness may have been combined with his admiration for the fair Luigia. In any case, he tried every experiment to get some time alone with her and to get her to notice him favorably. But the governor was both a cautious tyrant and a jealous husband—thus, all his portals were watched by day and by night.

Being of an inventive disposition, Ricardo hit one day upon a daring scheme. He took himself off at once to a master wood carver he knew and ordered the artisan to make a wooden sculpture of a large, well-formed, erect penis. When it was finished, he took it to the most gifted painter in the city, who painted it with such a lifelike imitation of the flesh color and the veins that the member seemed to pulse with life. On



Ricardo's instruction, a swordmaker fitted a sword hilt to the end of the penis at which, if it were real, it would join the body.

Then, one sunny afternoon, Ricardo and his friends promenaded conspicuously down the Via del Duomo. All of the men wore empty scabbards but Ricardo, who appeared to have a sword in his. As expected, the catchpoles of the governor seized him, cited the governor's proclamation against wearing weapons and escorted him before the governor himself for a hearing.

The governor was playing chess with his wife in a large chamber of his house. When the prisoner was escorted in, he looked up from the game and his face began to darken. "Do I see a man bearing arms in my city?" he asked. "Does he not recall that I have forbidden everybody, no matter what his rank, to walk armed in the streets?"

Smiling pleasantly, Ricardo said, "The sword I carry can do no harm to any man. It is there in connection with a sacred vow I have taken."

Taking that as impudence, the governor arose, seized the sword hilt and, despite Ricardo's resistance, hauled from its scabbard not at all what he had expected. He frowned and held it high to better see what it was.

His lady was the first to laugh; then everyone in the room joined in with a roar, so absurd the governor appeared

brandishing a lusty prick for all to see. His face turned red as hearth embers and every vein stood out. He seemed to know that they were laughing not so much at the surprise as at what he had thought was his own secret. In a rage, he said to Ricardo, "You may explain yourself. I warn you now that your punishment will be severe."

Ricardo spread his hands and said, "You must know that a few years ago, I suffered a fall and a dire injury to my genital member. The doctors were powerless to cure me. In desperation, I did what all good Christians should do first: I prayed to the holy martyrs Cyrus and John and begged their help. I swore that I would make sure that a perpetual candle, in the form of a healthy male organ, always burned in front of the altar in their chapel. And—behold!—those two blessed spirits *did* bring a miracle to pass and I was cured and restored. Needless to say, I hastened to find a sculptor who could make an exact replica of my healthy penis. It would serve as a model for all those thousands of candles I had pledged myself to furnish from now until the end of time."

The governor snorted and shook his head. "It is true that you did not carry a weapon that could harm anybody. But it is also true that you have made a mockery of authority. For the first, I shall let you go free. For the second, I exile you from the city. Now, within two hours, get you gone from our walls!"

With a long face and a mournful manner, Ricardo went around to all the public places of the city and related the story of his exile—and was greeted with roars of laughter. No one had ever heard of any injury Ricardo had suffered, and as for the sacred martyrs Cyrus and John, no one had ever heard of them, either.

The young men of Salerno began to walk around the streets with sword hilts and scabbards plainly displayed. Occasionally, the guards seized one and brought forth a wooden penis for their pains. Finally, the guards grew disgusted and stopped trying.

It was rumored that the lady Luigia had confided to her maid that she had dreamed about the contents of Ricardo's sheath more than once.

The governor, his authority flouted and laughed at, grew much fatigued, declined and finally died.

The doctor of laws returned to Salerno and prospered. The governor's lady had never forgotten him, and in time, she discreetly brought him to her house for a little swordplay.

—Retold by Carlo Matteo







## 20 QUESTIONS: FRANK AND MOON UNIT ZAPPA

rock's knight-errant and his valley-girl daughter assess the state of dating, drugs and—gag us with a spoon!—american culture

**F**rank Zappa's 30-odd albums include such rock classics as "Lumpy Gravy," "We're Only in It for the Money," "Hot Rats," "Sheik Yerbouti" and "Burnt Weeny Sandwich." Now his daughter Moon Unit has catapulted herself into the rock limelight with the father/daughter collaboration "Valley Girl."

David and Victoria Sheff cornered the father of musical weirdness and his daughter (he has three other children: Dweezil, Ahmet and Diva) in the Zappas' Hollywood Hills home recording studio. The Sheffs' report: "Never second guess a man wearing shocking-purple blousy pants, a gray-silk shirt, pink socks and red tennis shoes with a silver z on them who once composed a piece of music titled 'Don't You Ever Wash That Thing?' And Moon seems like a very nice person, too."

1.

**PLAYBOY:** How have things changed in the Zappa household since *Valley Girl* became a hit?

**FRANK ZAPPA:** When it started, it interfered greatly with Moon's school, coming at the end of the year right in the middle of finals. She had all these interviews to do while I was in Europe, and it was hard for her to study. Her friends helped her, calling her up and keeping her posted on what she had missed in school. Now that I'm back, I don't accept things without asking how she feels about doing them. I mean, she's 14 years old. She wants to have a good time.

**MOON UNIT ZAPPA:** It's so weird. Like, when I get my hair cut and go out shopping, people look at me funny and say, "Oh, my God! She got her hair cut!" People who normally get their hair cut don't get that reaction. But on the other hand, record stores are a lot nicer to go into. The people at my school are pretty supportive. But the ones I never was very friendly with and the ones I didn't like are really negative. They finally have a chance to categorize me. They call me a soc or a snob—God knows what.

**FRANK:** We've had calls from Universal, United Artists, even Norman Lear asking to do a film on *Valley Girl*. My manager and I will see about the best deal. Also, people have been sending Moon all these stupid fucking scripts; one was for a

movie called *Planet of the Teenagers*. There have been a few others where they're looking for a voluptuous teenager who takes her clothes off and takes drugs. She's obviously passed on those. If we do *Valley Girl* as a movie, she'll be in it, so she'll have to miss some school. But she'll have a tutor. I refuse to let her just walk away from school.

2.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that Moon has her own income, is her allowance cut off? Is she going to save the money for college?

**FRANK:** Well, she won't have any income from the song until the publishing period. Those royalties are paid only twice a year. When they come in, whatever they are, she can take the money and do whatever she wants with it. In the meantime, she still gets her allowance and does whatever she wants with that, too. For example, she bought a pair of shoes yesterday. That's a kind of teenage thing to do.

**MOON:** I'm not going to college. I don't know what I'll be doing with the money. Now, when I need money—like, I desperately need it to go shopping—I get the money from my parents.

3.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of guys are you interested in? And does your dad check out all potential suitors?

**MOON:** I can't stand guys who are loud-mouths. I like a guy who can make me laugh and keep me laughing. On dates, I like to go places and observe people. I love watching people eat. I particularly like to watch people eat who don't have any manners. As for checking my dates out, first, my mother meets them and talks to them. They're always really scared to meet my dad. My father will come in and look them up and down, head to toe, and he'll make a grunting noise and walk out. You have to take that grunt as either approval or disapproval, but you don't always know which. He is polite—I mean, don't get me wrong. He shakes their hand when he meets them.

**FRANK:** I'm an Italian dad. Of course, I check them out. There are some types of people I wouldn't trust. But she's got pretty good taste. All the ones that I've

met tend to be pretty much from the *Leave It to Beaver* school—people who could have gotten a part on *My Three Sons*.

4.

**PLAYBOY:** How does a Valley courtship proceed? Does sex happen or is it just talked about?

**MOON:** You can never tell whether a Valley dude likes you or not, because he just doesn't make phone calls. The girls usually do the phoning, because girls have a better chance of getting their phone bills paid. Then, first, you have to go out in cliques. After you really get to know the guy and he's OK, you might want to go out to dinner somewhere affordable, like McDonald's. If he doesn't drive, you might go to a movie at a local theater; if he does drive, then it's on to Mulholland to watch drag races and to get a six-pack of beer.

As for sex, it's done. It's also talked about, but it's done—usually when your parents are in Palm Springs for the weekend. The girl will beat around the bush, just saying, "Yeah, we went all the way." The dude will have to describe it play by play for the guys.

5.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the biggest problem for Valley girls? And what do they do about it?

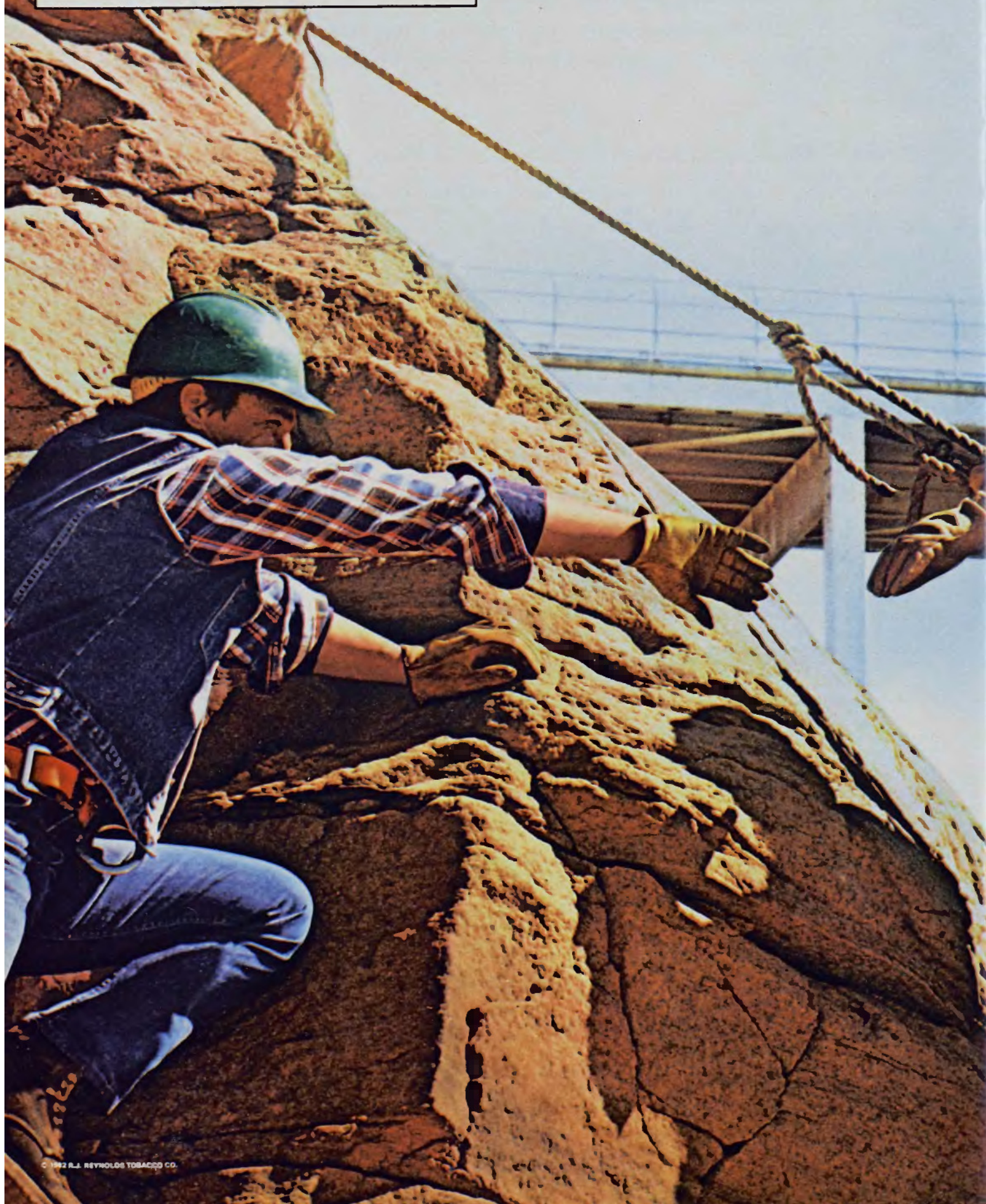
**MOON:** Acne is the absolute worst unless you've got thunder thighs and stretch marks. Girls say "I'm so fat," hoping someone will say they're not fat. Then they go on the Beverly Hills diet, because it's the most effective and it gets the most attention, with Tupperware containers filled with pineapple and various tropical fruits. Acne you don't talk about. You just jump hearing the word zit. I know I do. [*The phone rings. It's for Moon. She exits.*]

6.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it strange for your children to be Frank Zappa's kids?

**FRANK:** If we lived in Brooklyn, it would be a different story. But I'm virtually unknown here. If you are the son or daughter of somebody who is a TV star, it's a different story. It's very strange down at this (continued on page 216)

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



ULTRA LIGHTS: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, KING: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.

# Winston America's Best.



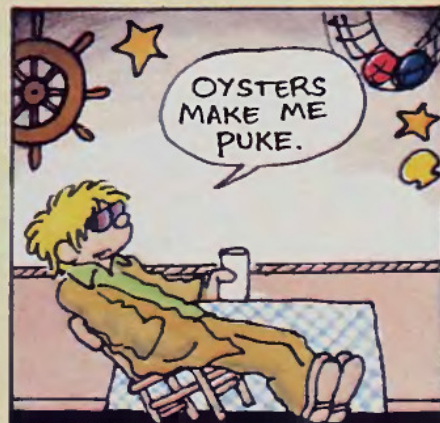
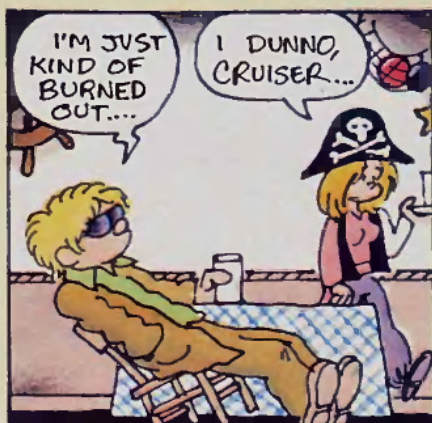
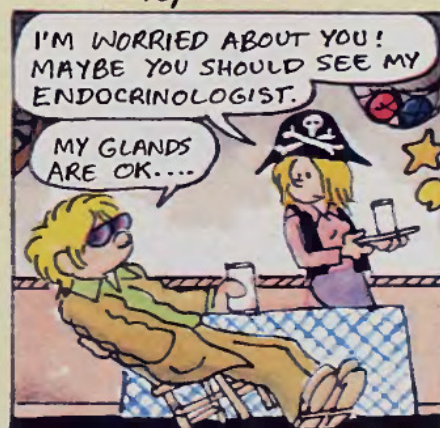
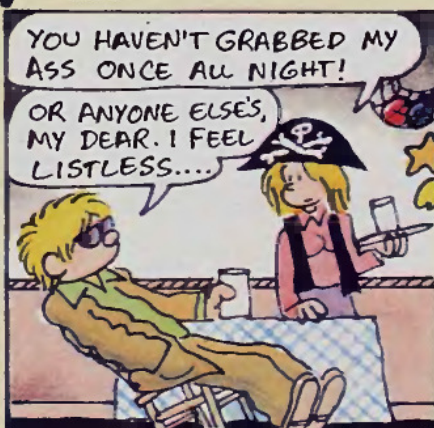
The Men. The Cigarette.  
Nobody does it better.





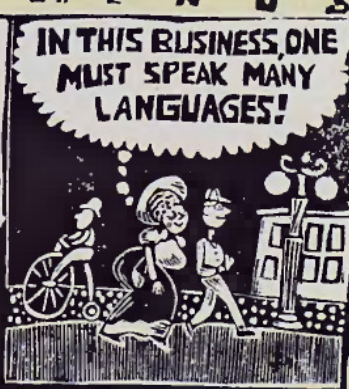
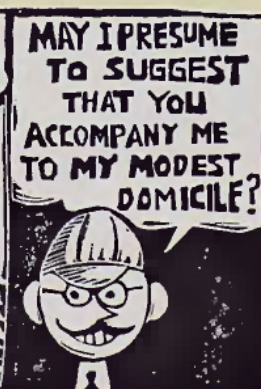
# CRUISER

Christopher Browne

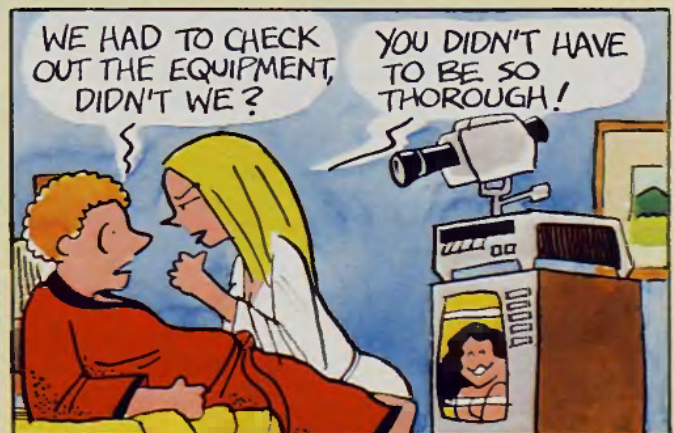
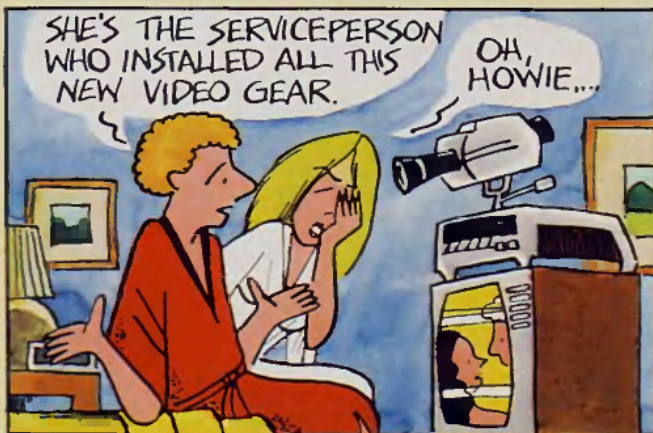
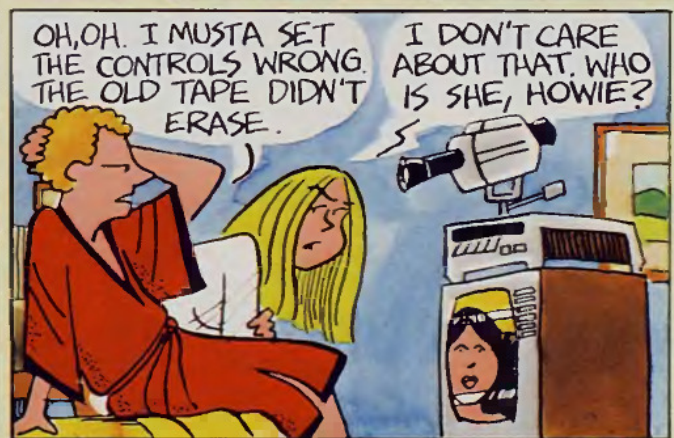
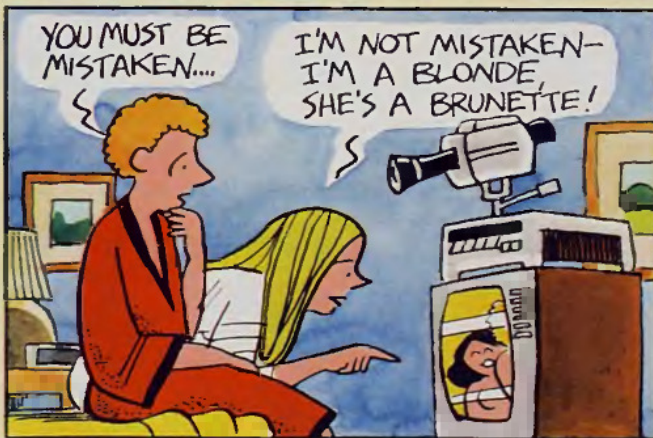
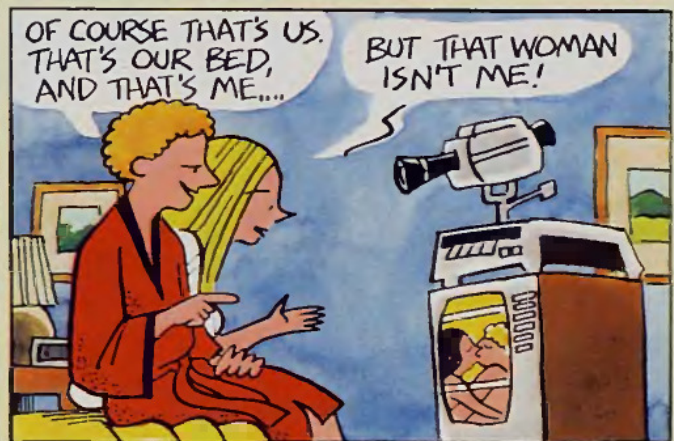
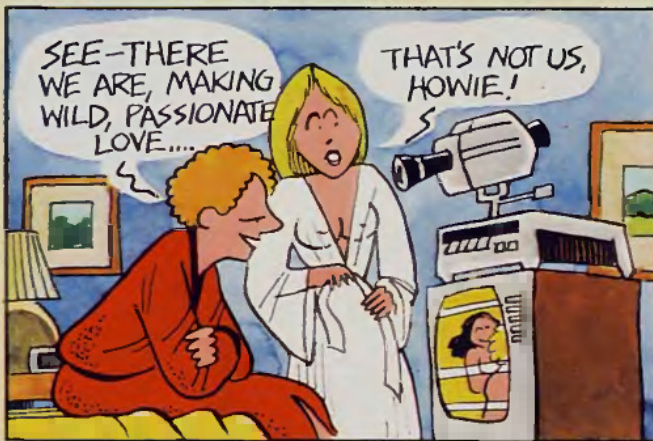
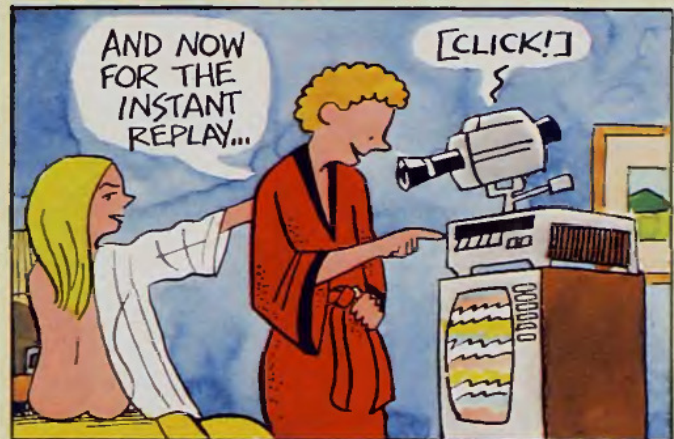
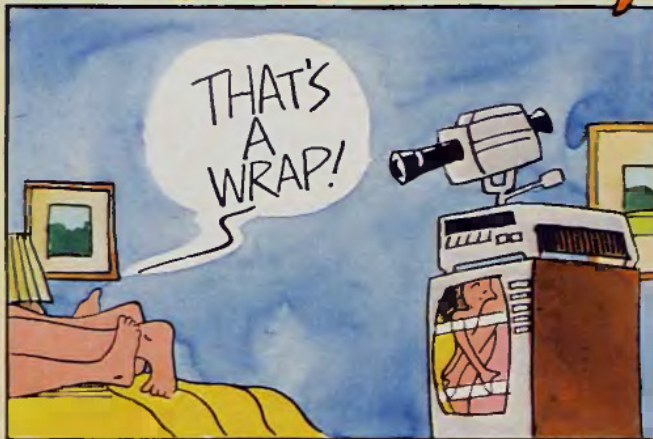


# 5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S



# Saturday Nite Live



THROUGH SPACE AND TIME  
WITH  
**SCHWIMMER**  
AND  
**JONES**

THIS MONTH:  
"SEND IN THE CLONES"

by Randy Jones... & Al Scher

TODAY, WE FIND OUR HEROES IN THE LABORATORY OF THE BRILLIANT, THOUGH SLIGHTLY DERANGED, DR. WRAY, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SENT BY STAR COMMAND TO OBSERVE THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO CLONE A LIVING BEING ELECTRONICALLY!

IF THIS WORKS, I'LL BE FAMOUS—hee! hee! hee!

WHY DO WE ALWAYS GET THE CRACKPOTS?

READY, GENTLEMEN?

ANY TIME, DOC!

I DON'T WANT TO SEE THIS!

hee! hee! hee!

NOTHING HAPPENED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

STAR COMMAND'S NOT GONNA LIKE THIS!

YOU THIRSTY, LITTLE FELLER?

AH! THE TACHYONIC CONTINUUM TRANSDUCER WAS ON 3.8! NO WONDER IT DIDN'T WORK!

CLICKITY! CLICKITY! CLICKITY!

**KA-ZAP!**

OOPS!

YOU MORON! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

HOW AM I GONNA FIGURE OUT WHICH IS THE REAL JONES?

NO PROBLEM! THE CLONES ARE NEWLY CREATED, SO, UNLIKE THE REAL JONES, THE CLONES HAVE PERFECTLY BLANK MINDS!

ANY OTHER IDEAS?

**ED HEAD**  
Ed is hot on the trail of the perfect one tenth. H-O-T! ...

HEY, SWEET UPS-I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA. LET'S RUB UP AGAINST EACH OTHER AND MAKE MAD, PASSIONATE LOVE!

HOW UNCOUTH! A GOIL LIKES FOR A GUY TO SPEND A LITTLE TIME GETTING ACQUAINTED FOIST!

GOSH, I'M SORRY IF I APPEARED OVER EAGER....

a. spiegelman

IT'S JUST THAT THE MOMENT I SAW YOU, I KNEW WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER. ED'S MY NAME. ED HEAD.

CHARMED. MY FRIENDS CALL ME HEDDA!

SAY, HEDDA-I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA ...LET'S RUB UP AGAINST EACH OTHER AND MAKE MAD, PASSIONATE LOVE!

NOT RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT A HEADACHE!

**The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed**

By **Creig Messel**

WHOOZ IN DERE?

NEINBODDY, CHUST ME!

VAIT, I GO MIT!

STOP DEM!

OOOH! DOTZ HOT!

HIMMEL! DER ESS IN DER ZOUP!

KOTCH DEM!

YAH! IN DER ZOUP HEINY DUNKERBUM!

DIS VAY!

HO, HO-FROM ZOUP TO NUTS!

DOTZ NOT VUNNY!

**annie & albert**

by **J. Michael Leonard**

SO, GERTIE! YOU'VE COME HOME?

YES. I'VE COME HOME.

AND YOU'RE BACK TO STAY?

YES. BACK TO STAY.

NO MORE SEPARATIONS?

NO MORE SEPARATIONS.

AND NO MORE BOY-FRIENDS?

HOW ABOUT SPAGHETTI TONIGHT!

# CIRCLE OF DECEIT

(continued from page 144)

*"For all the times it has glowered and snarled, the N.C.A.A. remains an enforcer without any teeth."*

There is more emphasis on the games, more emphasis on the practices, more emphasis on feeding the publicity machine. It's a big-buck proposition, and it's time to start the cash register ringing for all the players.

In football and basketball, the collegiate gold mines, there should be a progressive minimum-salary scale that pays the least to freshmen and the most to seniors. There should be no maximum, because we wouldn't want to hurt the feelings of those free-spending alumni and hangers-on, nor would we want any all-American to earn less than the market will bear for his particular skills. Since the institutions handing out the money are at the heart of the country's intelligentsia, they will undoubtedly be too smart to get involved in the spending

wars that have brought wrack and ruin to major-league sports. They might even coerce the National Football League and the National Basketball Association to help subsidize their teams, as long as they are running farm systems for them anyway. Whatever happens, though, the fruits of sporting capitalism should extend to the hired hands.

Naturally, the N.C.A.A.'s Division I schools—Texas, Arizona State, North Carolina and all the rest—will have to pay more than the lesser lights in Divisions II and III. It is a grim bit of accounting that might dislodge outclassed Northwestern from the Big Ten and could even convince some conferences—the Ivy League comes to mind immediately—to cling to pure amateurism. But that is a bargain if it's part of eradicat-

ing hypocrisy. The real price will be in acknowledging to the athletes that no matter how much they've been slipped on the sly, they have been underpaid.

Stereos, airplane fares and anything they can scrounge up by scalping tickets to the big game hardly seem just recompense for what may very well be the peak years of the athletes' earning power. But recruiters never mention that when they go traipsing into the nation's ghettos, intent on bagging kids with big talent and big dreams. And the kids never realize they have been used until they wind up among the 98 percent who never play for the Steelers or the Celtics. Then, too many of them are stuck without a degree, without the academic skills they might have acquired if they had just attended class occasionally, without any proof of their college experience except that damned old varsity letter.

So it would behoove the schools hiring this breed of Hessians to point out that athletes can ride the gravy train only between the ages of 17 and 25, a span that allows for both early bloomers and military veterans. If a ballplayer with true academic aspirations wants part of his salary to pay his tuition, that will gladly be arranged. Likewise, there will be basic reading and mathematics courses set up for those who want merely to escape subliteracy. But there will be no more phony phys-ed courses, no more grade requirements, no more of those interminable arguments over whether or not some big lunk had a D changed to a B on his high school transcript. Everybody will know why the universities really want the athletes around, and the universities will simply have to pay for the privilege.

The educators who balk at the idea should think of the money they'll spend as the cost of a good bath. For the first time since the tramp athletes of the Twenties used different aliases at every school that opened its portals to them, college sports will be as free of hypocrisy as possible. Fat cats won't be getting their jollies by leading astray the athletes they never could be, and fixers will have a tougher time finding penniless kids to act out their treachery. There may be a watchdog group to make sure the athletes are getting their money—who knows, there may even be some leagues in which the games are played for nothing more than fun—but there won't be any need for the N.C.A.A. That's part of the bath, too.

For all the times it has glowered and snarled, the N.C.A.A. remains an enforcer without any teeth. It is hamstrung by being a voluntary, nonprofit organization that is symbiotically entwined with the very schools it is policing. There aren't enough investigators to track down all the cheats, and when the N.C.A.A. does catch them, it lacks the legal power



*"Good night. Now I know what it's like to spend time in a sensory-deprivation tank."*



181 PROOF. IMPORTED BY O.W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA, 1981



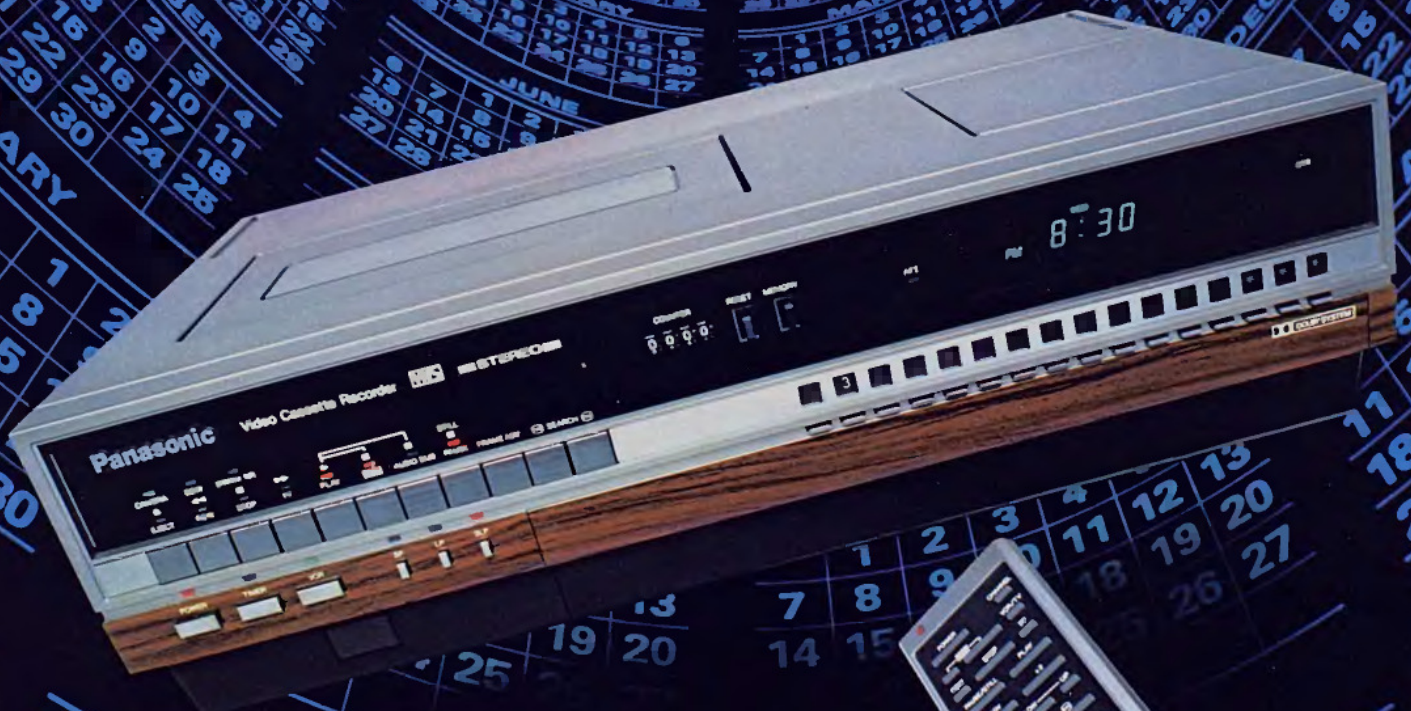
COURVOISIER. THE COGNAC OF NAPOLEON

# The video recorder you buy today may be obsolete tomorrow unless it has everything this Panasonic has.

This new Panasonic Omnivision® PV-1780 embodies everything imaginable in a home video tape recorder and more. Imagine playing stereo video tapes through your hi-fi. Imagine 8-hour recording on an NV-T160 cassette. Imagine special effects without the usual jitter or snow. Imagine

**Stereo**  
**8-hour recording**  
**Wireless Remote**  
**Omnisearch**  
**Slow Motion**  
**Freeze Frame**  
**Programmable**  
**105 Channels**  
**LED Clock**

being able to control all this from across the room by wireless remote. And while you're away, imagine programming up to 8 TV programs from different channels for 2 weeks. The only thing hard to imagine about this new Panasonic Omnivision VHS™ video recorder is how it will ever be obsolete.



**Panasonic®**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

WARNING: One Federal Court has held that recording copyrighted TV programs is infringement. Such programs should not be recorded.

to do much except suggest that the offending schools go on probation. So it is that Wichita State has taken the rap six times and Southern Methodist five, and then each has gone on its merry way. So it is that we will never miss the N.C.A.A. when it is no more.

The games will be as good as ever, maybe even better, once athletes no longer have to worry about professors who frown on their missing classes during road trips—and the games are all anyone cares about, aren't they? The big-league teams will see their hopes for

the future in the best possible light, and the students will scream the way they always have, giving the TV networks the enthusiasm they love because it translates into unmatched sound effects and visual cutaways during telecasts. The alumni will be able to let the world know how generous they really are, and colleges and universities can get back to teaching instead of baby-sitting. The whispers of deceit will be silenced and the cash will be on the barrelhead.

It may sound crass, but at least it's honest. For once, nobody will be getting

cheated—not the public, which has been fed lies for decades; not the educators, who have risked their integrity to keep running backs and pivot men eligible; not the ballplayers, who have been pawns all along. Especially not the ballplayers. They will be freed from living a lie as scholars, and on the first and the 15th of every month, they can profit as their schools admit what athletes really are.

Remember: Merchandise is merchandise.



## THE CASE AGAINST AMATEUR COLLEGE ATHLETICS

*expert testimony from the scene of the scam*

Like lava from an overheated volcano, the evidence against the hypocrisy of college sports continues to bubble to the surface. It comes from coaches and athletes; some realize how corrupt the system is, some don't—but in either case, we can't say we haven't been warned. Testimony has come so often and in so many forums, in fact, that it would take a considerable effort to ignore the big lie of collegiate athletics. Anyone who glanced even occasionally at the nation's sporting press, for instance, would have discovered the following basic truths.

Bear Bryant, University of Alabama football coach, on priorities in higher education: "The only president who's ever been fired at Alabama was against football. Any new president cuts his teeth on it, and he better be for it. Because if he's not, they won't win, and if they don't win, he'll get fired."—*Sports Illustrated*, September 11, 1972.

Reggie Theus, who moved to the Chicago Bulls' backcourt after his junior year at Nevada—Las Vegas, discussing the price of amateurism: "Nobody likes to say his school broke the rules. Nobody likes to be called a cheat. But nobody can tell me that a lot of guys in the [National Basketball Association] didn't get something handed to them along the line."—*Chicago Tribune*, April 13, 1982.

Mychal Thompson, who matriculated to the Portland Trail Blazers from the University of Minnesota, drawing a distinction between taking a little and taking a lot: "Once I got to Minnesota, I got extra money. I didn't get . . . all the stuff they're supposed to have gotten at UCLA. I didn't have a car or anything. All my friends had cars and I just borrowed theirs. But if I needed cash to pay the bills, I found a way to get it. Someone always volunteered. . . .

"I used to talk to other athletes.

They'd tell me the things they had and I wondered how they'd get away with it. I thought some schools were so powerful the N.C.A.A. didn't want to mess with them. The whole college situation should be put on probation if the N.C.A.A. really wants to take a look. I saw guys driving Cadillacs and living in high-rise apartments. These were major schools, all-Americans. You knew the N.C.A.A. was looking the other way."—*The Oregonian*, February 7, 1982.

Wayne "Tree" Rollins, Atlanta Hawks center and, judging from his testimony in a book by one of his college coaches, a fellow who thought the golden goose was a Clemson alum: "This guy B. C. Inabinet was offering me everything. I got my '73 Monte Carlo thanks to him. And B.C. was flying my mom to many of our games the first couple seasons. . . . Things like that. . . . If someone asked me to put a figure on what I got from B.C. and the rest of the alums over my career at Clemson [1973 to 1977], I guess the sum totaled about \$60,000. I'd say that figure is very close, 'cause I was gettin' about \$14,000 a year. That's counting the money paid for my Monte Carlo, the clothing allowances, gas money and pocket money."—*Caught in the Net*, by Tates Locke, 1982.

Jamaal Wilkes, a star for the Los Angeles Lakers, an all-American in his days at UCLA and a student of human nature who still wonders about the motives of Sam Gilbert, the Bruins' own Daddy Warbucks: "He says it's to give something back to you kids, especially those who have a chance to make it in the world. He's attracted to someone like me, young and talented and very naïve. . . . Obviously, Sam spent more time with the guys in the limelight than the guys that weren't. On the one hand, he was filling a need. On the other hand, he really

got stroked. He enjoyed the interaction. He enjoyed being the confident. There was a certain mystique about UCLA, an undefinable charisma. I think he enjoyed being important to that mystique, that charisma—and he was. When you were in school, the question was, 'Who is this guy and what was he doing this for?'"—*Los Angeles Times*, February 1, 1982.

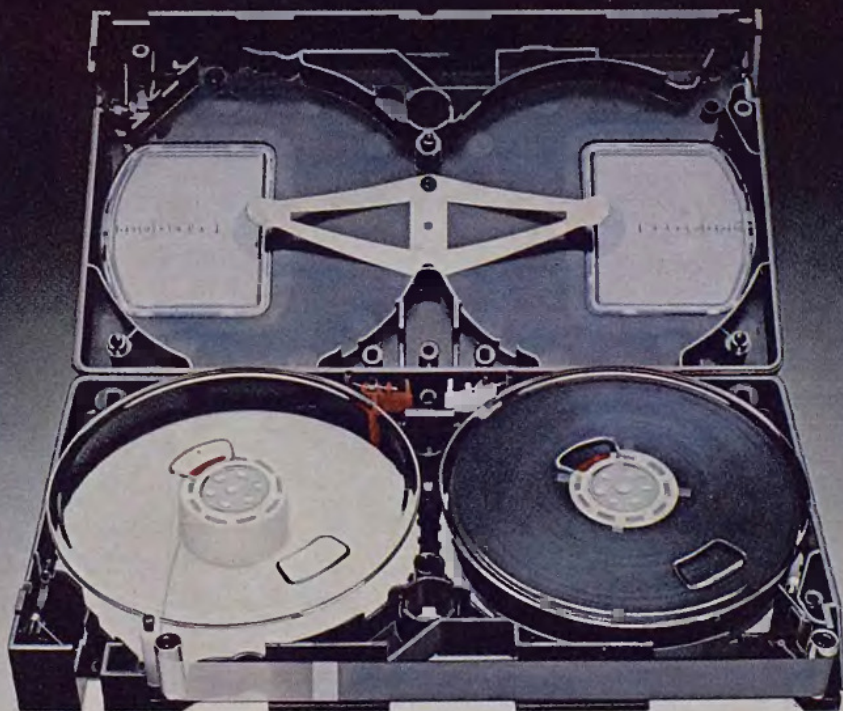
Mike Warren, currently a staple on TV's *Hill Street Blues*, once a guard on UCLA's great Lew Alcindor basketball teams: "The hypocrisy is that the N.C.A.A. believes there are still amateur athletics. When an athlete goes to college, it's like a job. He spends four or five hours a day developing his skills. Either open up the system to allow the athlete to be paid or go back to what college is all about: educating the athlete.

"If a school can spend thousands of dollars recruiting an athlete, then don't hamper the athlete with ridiculous restraints. A coach can get paid with houses and cars and can even sell any free tickets that he gets. An athlete can't [legally]."—*The New York Times*, July 14, 1982.

Lou Carnesecca, St. John's basketball coach, offering a possible solution to the problem: "Let's form a league of the top schools in football and basketball, the schools where sports is a big business. Because you're in this league, you go after top players. They're giving you four of the best years of their lives, so why not give them something they can live on? Because top players are important to you, because they're working very hard to bring the school money, you give them a salary. And give them an insurance policy in case they break a leg. . . . It would be like a professional league, but there's nothing wrong with the word professional."—*New York Daily News*, January 2, 1981.

—JOHN SCHULIAN

# A video cassette mechanism needs to be more than a package for your tape.



Your video cassette mechanism needs to do more than store and transport your video tape.

Because a lot can go wrong with your picture that has nothing to do with your tape.

Our specially engineered cassette mechanism maintains proper tape tension, preventing jamming and snapped leaders so that your tape can have a longer life.

We also designed our mechanism for optimal tape-to-head contact to prevent skewing and jitters. And we use stainless steel pins to support the guide rollers which provide better alignment and tape-edge protection than the plastic pins used by some manufacturers.

TDK maintains tolerances up to 2½ times tighter than industry standards. We even build our video cassette shell halves to micron

tolerances for an exact top and bottom match.

We do everything we can to make sure that TDK Super Avilyn video tape and the TDK super precision mechanism will combine to give you the best possible picture.

That's why our video cassette mechanism is every bit as impressive as our tape.



**TDK**  
The vision of the future.

## GEORGE MILLS

(continued from page 108)

for a moment outside the museum.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I say, "we're going inside now. You'll notice that the door is painted black. In the museum itself, the door, walls, ceiling and floor are all painted black. There's a reason for that. Light is a stimulus, a reagent. It excites ectoplasm and, if sufficiently bright, could cause seepage. So we like to keep it a little on the dark side. You'll be able to see the exhibits perfectly well, but if any of you is carrying a flash camera, I must ask you please not to use it."

"Stop," George said.

Imolatty gave him a puzzled look. "Why did you stop me?" he said. "It is dark inside. It is painted black. I don't permit flash cameras."

"Not that," George Mills said, "the stuff about bright light making ex—exto—"

"Ectoplasm."

"Ectoplasm seep out."

"Excellent!" Imolatty exclaimed. "He's very smart, isn't he, Sylvia?" He turned to George. "You're absolutely right. We keep it dark for other reasons. Light has nothing to do with it. What would happen to ectoplasm in the daytime if it did? What would happen when the sun rises, or even at night during an electrical storm? Let's go in, then."

It was very hot in the dim room. "Thank you, Sylvia," Imolatty said when the woman had flicked on the wall switch. He looked toward George again. "I couldn't have done it if it hadn't been for my wife's cooperation. Sylvia's support has been invaluable," he said.

"It's long been acknowledged," he went on, "that the ancients sought the so-called philosopher's stone in order to transmute base metals into gold. What is perhaps less well known is that the alchemists' researches drew them as well down *other* paths of the physical sciences and metaphysical arts. On this table, ladies and gentlemen, you may see some of the results of their experiments with crude, or secondary, ectoplasm. Naturally, I don't pretend that these masses you see before you are the original work of those early experimenters. It would be remarkable, indeed, if such flimsy stuff endured over long centuries while whole cities faded from the face of the earth, but . . . Did you say something, George?"

"No."

"You didn't? All right, then. But their writings *have* been preserved and are available to anyone who will simply take the trouble to look for them in our great public libraries. Working, then, from their original formulas, Sylvia and me have been able to duplicate their results in our lab. The three piles in front of

me are various forms of crude, or secondary, ectoplasm—"

"Stop."

"George?"

"They're not."

"Not what?"

"Ectoplasm."

"What are they?"

"I don't know. They're not crude ectoplasm."

"Cobwebs! They're cobwebs, George! Ordinary cobwebs! All crunched and rolled like a fine, thin dough. Do you remember, Sylvia, how we collected this stuff?"

"Oh, those filthy rooms!" Mrs. Imolatty said.

"They were dirty."

"The rubbish was all over my dress, in my hair, everywhere."

"It was a mess, all right," Imolatty admitted. He turned back to George. "Good for you, George!" he congratulated him. "You're not letting me get away with a thing. You're a clever boy. The alchemists *never* experimented with ectoplasm. No, they were too greedy. I doubt if they gave a thought to ectoplasm."

"That low box on your right, the object rather like a foot bath at a public swimming pool, is a sort of planter for ectoplasm. The woolly, grayish substance you see there—just a minute, George—is not itself ectoplasm but is latent with a dormant *form* of ectoplasm that may sometimes be released through the process of bruising, or agitation. Watch the planter. Look closely, now."

Imolatty stepped into the box and began a silent shuffle in place.

"Stop," George said.

"Are you watching closely?" Imolatty said. "Can you see what's happening?" he asked breathlessly.

A silverish froth had begun to bubble up in the ectoplasm planter, a queer chalk brew.

"Stop!" George cried. "Stop!"

"There," Imolatty said. "You may try it yourselves, ladies and gentlemen."

"I told you to stop," George said.

"So you did. Why?"

"Because it's not true."

"What's not true, George?"

"Everything. It's not true that stuff's ectoplasm."

"Brillo pads, George! Soaped Brillo pads! I wear crepe soles moistened beforehand. That's very good, George. The folks on the tour never catch on."

"What if they touch it?" George Mills asked angrily. "Supposing they touch it?"

"Isn't he smart, Sylvia? He's smart as a whip. 'Better let it calm down, folks,' I say. 'Agitated ectoplasm's dangerous, too hot to handle.'"

"Stop!" George said.

"Caught out again, by golly!" Imolatty said. "Right you are, George. It *isn't* too hot. All right, ladies and gentlemen, suppose we turn our attention to some of the museum's major acquisitions."

He led George and the woman through the black, hot room, not a guide now, a curator, with the curator's furious pride, his curious, almost fanlike, supportive stake, loyal, practically zealous, religious, his enthusiasm focused not on God or on the home team or even on ectoplasm itself as it was on an alliance, some intimate reciprocity between the speaker and his topic, the scholar and his subject. He revealed background, rattled off commentary, footnote, marginalia, joyous gloss—all enthusiasm's inside information, George Mills all the while muttering, then practically shouting, "Stop! Stop! Stop!"

"Yes? Was there a question, George?"

"That glass case is empty. There's nothing in it."

"Yes?" Imolatty said.

"You said it's pure ectoplasm."

"Pure *primary* ectoplasm. Yes?"

"It's empty."

"No, George. I'm afraid you shouldn't have stopped me that time. I get that one."

"There's nothing there."

"Nothing but pure primary ectoplasm."

"I can't see it."

"That's right. Because it's pure. It

doesn't have that faint yellowish cast primary ectoplasm sometimes gets. Do you remember, Sylvia, that batch we had once?" He turned back to George. "We'd gone after some stuff—incidentally, stuff isn't slang in this instance but a perfectly acceptable, even scientific, term for primary ectoplasm—to bring back to the museum. This was in the early days, and we didn't always understand what we were doing. We set out before breakfast and had gathered the ectoplasm before noon—"

"Oh, Clement," the woman said, "you're not going to tell *that* story, are you? The boy will think we're fools. I declare, whenever Clement wants to embarrass me, he trots this story out."

"We were *kids*, Sylvia. What did we know? Besides, I was as much the goat as you were. Anyway, to make a long story short, we'd collected all that we needed—"

"More than we needed."

"All right," Imolatty said. "More than we needed. As it turned out, more than we needed. Our mistake, you see, was to gather the stuff while it was still light. You can't see the yellow cast of impure primary during the day. It just looks like more sunlight."

"Stop," George said lamely.

"It's true," Imolatty said. "It just bleeds into the sunshine. It's like trying to show movies outdoors on a bright afternoon."

"Stop," he said mechanically.

"I'll never forget it," Mrs. Imolatty said.

"Stop," George told the woman.

"Sylvia trying to drain off that yellow cast," Imolatty said, "running it through her sifter like it was a cup of flour."

"My hands cramped," she said.

"You think it's any paler now,

# The only \$9 Scotch...

Blended Scotch Whisky distilled in Scotland. 88 proof. Imported by J. & F. Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. © 1987





Ask for Nocona Boots where quality western boots are sold. Style shown "906B with Cognac REMU™ vamp. NOCONA BOOT COMPANY / ENID JUSTIN, PRESIDENT / BOX 599 / NOCONA, TEXAS 76255 / 817-825-3321.

Clement?" Imolatty mocked his wife.

"Well, you were the one thought that maybe if we washed it," Mrs. Imolatty said. She looked at George. "You know what Mr. Imolatty did?" she said. "Just went and carried all five bushels and dumped them into the tub one at a time and filled it to the top with piping-hot water every time he emptied a bushel, that's all."

"Stop."

"Well, not piping-hot *every* time he filled the tub. After the first two times, the water was tepid. The fourth and fifth times, it was outright cool."

"I thought if I let it soak a spell. We were kids," Imolatty said.

"What do kids know?" Mrs. Imolatty said.

"Stop," George said. "Stop. Stop. Stop."

"Not at all," Imolatty said. "I'm telling you about ectoplasm. That's what you want to know about, isn't it? Because it isn't all brick in the world, it isn't all mortar or bulk or whatever it is that's material reality's equivalent of fundament, firmament. The heart has its atoms, too. Its monads and molecules, its units and particles. Soul has its nutshell grain of integer morsel. Instinct does, will. And ectoplasm is only the lovely ounce and pennyweight of God.

"You're not as smart as I thought, George," Imolatty said. "You should have called me more often. My wife's name is Sonia, not Sylvia. The Mortons constantly interrupted."

Imolatty turned away, moved to another part of the room to stand beside a neat mound of earth like a stack of cordwood. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is pure unprocessed primary. Me and Sonia thought you'd like to see what first-quality ectoplasm looks like before it's been treated. This high-grade ore comes directly from ectoplasm mines in extreme northern Florida. You're welcome to take a handful with you as a souvenir of your visit to the ectoplasm museum. We're sorry that we have no bags for you to put it in, but you'll find that it keeps just as well in your pocket or purse. This concludes our tour, folks. Sonia and me thank you very much. Sonia?"

She flicked off the wall switch.

"Stop!" George shouted. "*Lie!*" he screamed. "*Cheat! Fake!*" he called in the dark.

George listened to all of them and watched Bennett Prettyman. He was seated in Bennett Prettyman's office, a large, square, lean-to-like room with a concrete floor, like the floor of a garage. Prettyman was in his swivel chair at a roll-top desk across the room from him. "Go on," he said, "shut them. It heightens the

**You can lose your way, but you can't lose your Uncle Henry.**

The Bear Paw® is a masterpiece of fine craftsmanship. Guaranteed against loss for one year from date of registration. It comes with genuine leather sheath for easy carrying. Uncle Henry lockbacks are available in many different sizes.

**UNCLE HENRY**  
SCHRADE

Write for your free Schrade Almonoc to Schrade Cutlery Corp., Ellenville, N.Y. 12428-0590

effect." The boy shut his eyes. "Are they shut?" he heard Prettyman ask.

"Yes, sir," George said.

"Well, open them," the man said. "How do you expect to see me in the dark?"

Prettyman was standing inside George's spread knees. "You ain't no Indian boy," Prettyman said. "Indian boys' hearing is honed by the dark. You never heard me come up. I was already standing here when I asked if your eyes were shut. Well, sure," he said, "you figure there must be rubber casters on my chair. Go look for yourself if that's what you think."

"That's not what I think," George said.

"Go on, satisfy yourself. Sit right down in it. There ain't any trick, but a doubting Tom always got to test for himself if the knots is loose or the handcuffs is real."

George got up and crossed the room, conscious of the hooflike claps his shoes made on the cement. He pulled the chair out from the desk. Its wooden legs scraped the hard flooring. He sat and the chair creaked.

"Haw!" Prettyman exploded gruffly. He was standing behind the startled boy's left shoulder.

"I didn't hear you," George said.

"I was with you every step of the way," Prettyman said. "And don't think I walked tippy-toe or under cover of your footsteps, either, or that I'm wearing crepe soles or maybe sponge or velvet. That's an idea lots of them get. Lay it to rest, lay it to rest." He tugged at his pants pleats and exposed dark, hard bluchers. "See?" he said. "Heavy-duty work shoes. Course, *that* don't prove nothing. I could still be standing on top of powder puffs. You think? You think so?" He raised his shoes, exposing the soles for George's inspection. They were cleated. "Haw!" he barked. "I suppose you want to touch them to feel if they're metal. Here, I'll save you the trouble." He stamped his left foot on the floor

heavily and pulled it shrilly across the cement. When Prettyman stepped back, George could see the ten-inch slash the big man had made in the concrete. "Haw," he laughed and leaned toward the boy, his face red and his huge shoulders shaking, silently breathless. "But something important as conversion is worth more than a few flashy card tricks, ain't it? You don't give your heart just 'cause the fella fooled you with the green pea and the walnut shell. Open that top drawer."

George pulled at the drawer. "It's locked," he said.

"It ain't locked; I don't lock it."

He tried again but couldn't budge it. "It's stuck," he said.

"Here, let me," Prettyman said. George watched as he came noiselessly from where he'd been standing. Although the boy could see that Prettyman walked as other men did, it was as if he moved on air. When the man was almost beside him, he suddenly stumbled and fell. He made no sound when he hit the floor. "I'm that tree in that forest when no one is by," he said. "Help me up," he said. "I'm too big for these pratfalls."

"You're bleeding," George said.

"Yeah? Am I?" he said and raised a finger to his lips. "Hush. Hush, then, and listen to the blood."

George could just make out a faint sloshing sound, like soda splashing into a glass.

"I ain't got you yet, do I?" Prettyman said. "You're some tough customer. I thought I asked you to help me up." The boy took hold of the big man's suit coat and helped him stand. "That's seersucker. My clothes don't crinkle. That drawer still stuck?" He pulled on it with all his heavy force. The boy knew how he operated now, not how he did it but the pattern, something of his magician's preemptive sequences. He knew there would be no sound as the drawer came suddenly unstuck. He even anticipated the noiseless crash Prettyman would make as he was thrown off balance against

the wall, the drawer still in his hands.

"Haw," Prettyman said, watching him narrowly. "Haw?" It was a question. It was like the cocked, sidelong glance of an animal who has just fetched or performed unbidden some difficult trick. The boy had the power now. The coached and lectured, instructed, explanationed boy did. He looked as blankly as he could at Bennett Prettyman, still off balance and clumsied uncomfortably against the wall by his hunched shoulders. Prettyman held the drawer out to him. It was filled with nails, wax paper, gravel, marbles, broken glass, sandpaper, cellophane and a small brass bell.

"Haw," Prettyman said softly, "haw."

George Mills started to cry.

"You ain't crying 'cause you're scared," Prettyman said. "You're crying 'cause you think I tricked you."

"I don't," George said.

"You don't?" Prettyman said. "Then you ought to," he said softly. He was being scolded, shouted at in that strange, unamplified, timbreless infant's voice. "What is it if it ain't tricks? Look at me. Look at me. You can't hear me; look at me."

"I hear you."

"Don't sass me. Don't you be fresh."

"Because I don't know how them other folks do it, the ones that claim to fly and the ones that have the dead over to supper like they was cousins from out of town. Prophets better than the newspapers or wire services who fix where the spring earthquake in China will be and know which movie stars will come to grief and what will happen to the Presidents. I don't *know* how they do it. I don't know how they touch her handkerchief and know where the little girl's body is buried or tip off the cops where the kidnaper is. I don't *know* how they

...with a \$100 Scotch  
behind it.



do it, the ones that know the future from arithmetic or give you your character from the salt in the sea. Hell, I don't even know how the fella at the fair does it, how he can tell you your weight before you step on the scale.

"So you better *start* thinking is it a trick, and wondering what it means if it ain't. We're in big trouble if it ain't, kid, 'cause the universe won't be through with us even after we're quits with it. Forget God. God ain't in it. Forget God and Satan, too. We got enough to worry about just from the folks in Casadaga. Between them and our widows, we stand to be horsed around the afterworld from now till the cows come home. So you better hope it is a trick, 'cause if it ain't, ain't no one ever lived who'll know a minute's peace or get a good night's sleep!

"And I'm telling you all this for nothing. I can afford to, 'cause I do a single. I can't use you, I don't need you. Them others are after your ass. They got some idea that one kid is worth two red Indians or nigger slaves. They——"

"That's why?" George said.

"Pardon?"

"That's why they tell me this stuff?"

"Sure that's why. Didn't Kinsley already make you an offer? Sure it's why. Didn't you already know that? Didn't they tell you? Then the joke's on them,

ain't it? You got even less extrasensories than them phony Injuns and old Pullman porters they work with now. But you think about it. Because if they ain't fakes, then maybe you got a calling, vocation, a proper apostolate. Death is the only legitimate work for a man if there isn't any. It stands to reason. Death is just good business if there ain't no death."

Prettyman stopped talking, closed his eyes. George rose to go. "So I don't know," the big man said. George sat back. "I don't know how they do it. I don't even know how I do it. Gift or trick?

"How did I come by my mute body or ever get to be this soft-shoe dance of a man? Because the voice is put on, trained. I do the voice like *bel canto*. A lot of the rest of it's real.

"I've always been big. I've always been graceful. My pop thought I was stealthy, a kid like a cat burglar. And one time he slapped me and it didn't make noise. Or if it did, then the noise was in his fingers, in his palm. I hadn't learned to control it then. So some of it's trick. What ain't gift is trick. I wasn't this athlete of silence then. I hadn't learned all there was about balance, even keel, equilibrium. I couldn't deadlock the marbles or stalemate the stones. I hadn't learned to walk on eggshells. I do that. I

walk on eggshells at my sessions. They aren't séances; I don't draw the curtains or turn out the lights. The eggshell stunt kills them, stops the show cold. Come by sometime, you'll see. Well, you have to give them *something*, after all. You have to give them *something*, you don't show them their dead or put their voices in your mouth like fruit. Lift my pinkie."

He'd removed a marble from the drawer and placed it on top of the desk. He put his little finger on the marble. "Go on," he said. "Try to lift it."

Prettyman folded his hands. "Never mind," he said, "you wouldn't be able to, anyway. I transfer all my weight to the first joint of my little finger."

He stood abruptly and walked over to a pail that had been set down in a corner of the room. He scattered sand from the pail onto the cement floor. "Hey, d'ya ever see this one?" he asked him. "I got to give them something. Hell, the dead don't talk to me."

He had begun to dance on the coarse sand that lay on the hard floor like one of those portable floors used by roller-skate acts in close quarters. He tapped on it soundlessly in his big cleated bluchers. He closed his eyes, speaking as he danced in that soft, frictionless voice that was like that of a baby.

He stopped. "Slide up that roll top, will you, George? It ain't locked. It ain't even stuck. There's a gun inside, but don't touch it, it's loaded."

But he didn't, wouldn't. He thanked Prettyman and said he had to be going. He didn't want not to hear the report when the gun went off.

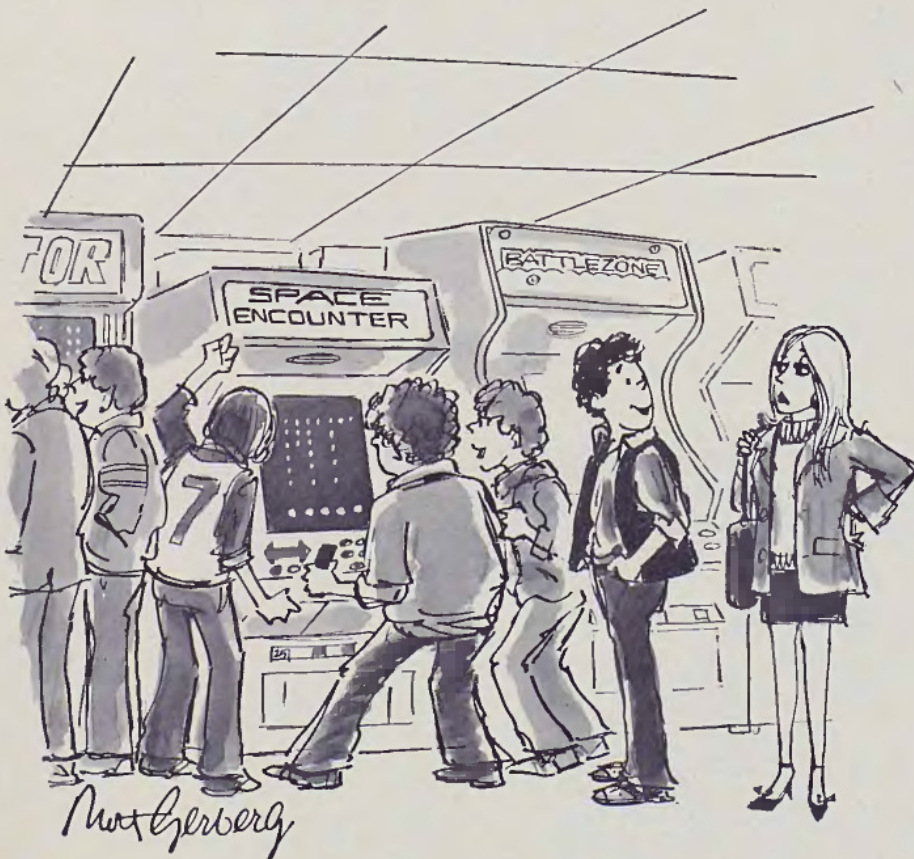
They were at the table, he, his mother and his father.

"No Mills," his father, tipsy, was saying, "ever pushed his kid into a career or stood in his way once his mind was made up. He wants to go into songwriting or the pictures, I say let him. I give him a dad's honest blessing and step out of his way."

George was trying to remove the bones from his fish. His father, who had been observing the boy's efforts for some minutes, was inspired to proceed. "Or a career in the surgery profession," he said. "Or banking, or law. Politics, anything. How about it, George? You thinking of replacing Mr. Roosevelt? You don't have to be coy. We're family."

It had been like this for a week, since Prettyman had told him why the mediums were so interested in him. Although no one had spoken to him directly, several had approached his father. There was even something courtly about it, his father had said, as if they were asking for his hand in marriage.

"He might even choose the ministry," his father said. "His mother might like that. She might like that very much."



"Thanks, miss, but we're already having a good time."



'Course, he might have to move out, live with, you know, his order, but you'd always see him at church.'

"Please, George," his mother said.

"Now, Nancy, you know how proud you'd be. Our loss would be the haunts' gain."

For all his sarcasm, it was his father who wanted him to do it. Chiefly, it was the extra money, but the boy understood, too, that in a crazy way, it had something to do with the honor. He'd winked at him when his son had relayed Kinsley's offer. "Lord," he'd said, "not only have I risen above my station by janitoring and fetching for crooks but I got one in the family myself now. We're coming up in the world, George."

"They're crooks, George. They don't do real harm or they'd have to shut down. They're crooks but white collar. Like salesmen, like priests, like anybody alive in the business of making people feel good. Because, don't kid yourself, kid, comfort is an industry. It always was. The king's wizards and jesters and the king himself. And all the rest of us, too, most likely, all us hired hands, on the job, on duty, on call, dishing out concern and comfort and busting our butts to remind the next fellow that it could be worse, that he could be us!

"Relax," he said. "Let's think about the practicals of this thing. We got to decide which one of these figure flingers and ghost brokers to go with. Bone says he'll give you three dollars a night. That's about the same bid we got from Ashmore and Sunshine and that woman, Grace Treasury, too. In my judgment, it'd be a mistake to go with any of those. Kinsley offered a dime less, but they're all within pennies of each other. There must be a blue-book value or fixed rates, like meters in taxis."

"What do you think?"

"I'd have to say Kinsley," his father said.

"He wants me to work naked."

His father shrugged.

"I don't understand," George said.

"Kinsley's the one your mother goes back to. She's been to them all but goes back to Kinsley. The man must have something. If she keeps going back, then Kinsley's the best."

He went with Kinsley. Not only did he not work naked—Kinsley himself had other ideas about it now—but he was required to wear clothing that, in that hot climate, was not even stocked in the stores. He was dressed as a schoolboy. He wore corduroy knickers and a bright Argyle pullover over his plaid wool shirt. He wore a peaked tweed cap like a golfer's and carried his books in a strap.

He was already seated when the others arrived. Kinsley didn't bother to explain the presence of the boy. He simply introduced him as George Mills, pronouncing the name solemnly, even gravely. Then he proceeded with the séance, warming them up in the early stages with an account of the physical and supernatural planes, their synchronous and contiguous attributes. When Kinsley asked if there were any disembodied spirits among them, George raised his hand, and Kinsley called on him.

Soon the people at the table were calling out the names of dead relatives as if they were favorite tunes they wanted played on the piano. They asked him questions that the boy would answer in the vaguest and most general way. Kinsley didn't even allow him to alter his voice. Although he was a young man one moment and an old woman the next, everything was delivered within the familiar, given range of his normal speaking voice. It was astonishing to him how effective he seemed to be.

They had nothing to say. The physical and supernatural planes might be synchronous and contiguous, but the dead, by dying, had created a breach that could not be mended, only smoothed over there in the semidark, glossed by politeness and the trivial

courtesies. They were like people lined up to talk to each other over the long-distance telephone on the occasion of national feast days or the junctures and set pieces of private commemorative.

"How are you, son?"

"Fine. I'm fine."

"We miss you."

"I miss you, too."

"Mother couldn't come with me."

"How is Mother?"

"Not real well. She still can't get over that you were taken from us. She sorrows so."

"Tell Mother not to sorrow."

He didn't even need the coaching and the background information Kinsley had supplied him with, passing the time of day with these people as he had with dozens of strangers. Indeed, the aloofness and the love that dovetailed nicely on their synchronous and contiguous planes seemed precisely the tone to take by survivor and ghost alike.

Sometimes—this happened less frequently than he would have thought—a client was dissatisfied with his generalities and tried to get him to be specific, even to trap him.

"Bob, is that you?"

"Yes," George said.

"What was the name of that cat you found?"

"I don't recall."

"You don't recall? You paid more attention to that cat than you did to your brothers and sisters."

"I don't remember any cat. It was too long ago."

"Too long ago? It was only last year."

"It was when I was alive. I don't remember any cat."

Then they both cried.



\$100 or \$9, both  
say Ballantine's.

Ballantine's Scotch Whisky bottled in Scotland. 96 proof. Imported by 21 Brands Inc. N.Y.C. ©1982





## Sorry, no turntable.

You're looking at the Sony Soundabout AM/FM Stereo Cassette-Corder.

As the name implies, it offers AM/FM stereo, it records and plays back cassettes.

This little machine does everything your home stereo does. Except play records.

It took major technological advances in micro-

circuitry to pack so much into an audio system that you could hold in one hand.

So why talk about what this Stereo Cassette-Corder doesn't have? Perhaps it's because we've always believed the impossible is possible.

No, it doesn't have a turntable.

Yet.

**SONY®**  
THE ONE AND ONLY



*"Sometimes it's hard to believe all this was  
formed by natural erosion."*

Gilbey's idea of a gin and tonic:  
Taste the gin, too.



The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Distr. by Nat'l. Dist. Products Co., NYC.

# UGLY GEORGE

(continued from page 150)

promises George \$10,000 up front—and that's just for the British rights to his material. George is ecstatic. He'd smile, but it might crack the sore on his lower lip. "To hell with America. In Europe, they love me. I'm gonna be the Charles Bronson of soft-core." Electric Blue proposes a bonzo media hype, old George flexing around London for female smoked eel. Then on to Cannes. Why not? Those froggos think Jerry Lewis is Mark Twain. With George, the earth's the limit. He even has an Ugly George feature movie cued up in his mind. But—fasten your scare strap—the worst is yet to trickle down.

And now, Uhhhh-hugliVision! Over dinner, I ask George what he will do to refoist his show on Manhattan Cable. (An abstruse lawsuit is docketed.) Oh, George doesn't fret. Oh, there are other ways of getting into the American home. How, George? Oh, this very night, from a secret transmitter in New Jersey, his program is being beamed south toward Philadelphia. Legal pirate video. A band—as yet no expert I've spoken with has been able to figure out what kilo-mega-giga-sorta-hertz it might be—a band that can be picked up with a cheap descrambler and a small TV-top antenna. Abruptly, the image hits me: 1000 disfigured shins and knockers and nates zipping over Hoboken. I went out with this New Jersey girl once. How will they tell a scrambled woman from the right-side-up kind?

Meanwhile, George is empire building. For now, he'll shoot the signal out commercial free. Naked PBS, sort of. But after some while, he should be able to charge \$50,000 per spot. True, at present, there are only about 1200 descrambler-antenna doo-gidgets in the area. So—no problem—George may manufacture and sell them. Give it a year; UBS (Ugly Broad-casting System) may program nude news and weather. How about a nude public-soivce spot for CARE or U.J.A.? Nude variety shows, with someone in clothing to provide the variety. Good grief—stop me—a plucked peacock, even. Sure, the FCC and ABC-NBC-CBS will honk, but George is positive that any court would uphold his First Amendment rights. (One week later, response has been enthusiastic. By popular demand, the transmitter is also aimed at Long Island.) I've said one or two derisive things about George. Don't be misled; I do not underestimate him. Before solar and wind, bitterness is the cheapest, most cost-efficient motive force. George can do almost anything. Except score a piece of sklook for me.

Then, one night, while I'm sacked out

John Merrick, Elephant Man



## YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES!

This Rare Volume Reveals: Jo-Jo the Real "Wolfman," Julia the "Monkey Woman," John Merrick the "Elephant Man," Blanche the 3-Legged Lady, Human Salamanders and Thousands of Other Living Monsters!

Medical Curiosities, published in 1896, is an extraordinary collection by Drs. G.M. Gould and W.L. Pyle of bizarre and striking medical and surgical cases. You will understand when you meet Laloo, whose parasite "brother" was photographed growing from his sternum!

When you read about John Merrick, the "Elephant Man," you are getting first-hand descriptions only 6 years after Merrick's death! This is one story among hundreds like:

- Skin-shedding "snake people"
- The man who gave birth
- Humans with horns
- Famed giants & dwarfs
- The woman with 52 lb. breasts
- Hideous cannibal rites
- A 169 year old man
- Siamese twins who married
- The "Leopard" family & much more!

### Moneyback Guarantee!

Order your once-in-a-lifetime rare book value NOW. Medical Curiosities—too terrible to read...too spellbinding not to! You have 30 full days to examine it and love it or simply return, without explanation, for a prompt refund.

660 PAGE  
HARD COVER  
EDITION  
PACKED  
WITH  
PHOTOS!



Mail Away Publishing,  
Dept. FR-201  
404 Park Avenue South  
New York, NY 10016

Sirs: Please rush me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of Medical Curiosities for only \$14.95 plus \$2 p&h. I understand that I may return it, for any reason, within 30 days for a prompt refund. Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

MC  Visa Acct # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# WHY FRYE?

FRYE MAKES BOOTS THAT ARE BUILT TO LAST.

BOOTS THAT GET BETTER WITH TIME. ASK ANYONE WHO OWNS FRYES. THEY'LL TELL YOU ONE THING.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR BOOTS BRANDED FRYE.

## STYLE.

IF YOU HAVE A TASTE FOR TIMELESS STYLING, INSIST ON FRYE DRESS CLASSICS. YOU'LL FIND HAND-STAINED LEATHERS. RICH COLORS. STYLES TO WEAR WITH BUSINESS SUITS OR BASIC JEANS.



## QUALITY.

EVERY PAIR OF FRYE BOOTS IS BENCHCRAFTED BY HAND. USING ONLY THE FINEST LEATHERS. IN CLASSIC, WESTERN AND CASUAL LOOKS. AND NOW FRYE INTRODUCES QUALITY BELTS AND VESTS FOR MEN.



WHY FRYE? FRYE BOOTS TAKE YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO.

JOHN A. FRYE SHOE CO. IS A SUBSIDIARY OF ALBERTO-CULVER CO.



CLASSIC QUALITY SINCE 1863.

**H**ennessy.



The world's most civilized spirit.

TO GIVE HENNESSY V.S., CALL TOLL FREE 800-528-6148 EXT. 6633.  
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

on his Polish Penthouse couch—fanfare and blat—there George is, looking like some brazen retriever with a dead duck in its mouth. He has made the momentous hit: 24-year-old Lea. Bring her here, George. Drop her; that's a good boy. Woof. OK, so it wasn't your textbook operation—he didn't have the Captain Video outfit on when he met her—but at this moment, I'm not Tom Wolfe, either. Lea is very real, somewhat on the zaftig side, tall, blonde. Not quite a WASP; more a large bumblebee. She was coming from the I.R.T. subway when George played his strange bassoon for her. Lea is vague, unsuspecting, cheerful and, thank Father Fecund, her breasts are bigger each than a gallon can of Enfamil.

Watch the hairy birdie, Lea; smile. Poor wench; this'll be like getting raped by Fibber McGee's closet. Crash and clank: take one. With his left foot, George has propped the video Porta-pak up on its precarious base. With his right hand, he is still trying to solve her blouse. And all the while, he'll make mindless interrogatory chat. "How long have you had those tits, Lea? You don't want to cheat society out of this goodness, do you? Ever think of your bust as being art, Lea?" Bloo-ink, the Porta-pak has tilted off to one side. Now it's focusing on a nude coat rack. George will curse and run at it; then, zip, back into the picture before Lea can start rebutting herself. She'd like to go, but every time she moves, George is all over her with some foam-brained question. "Great perfume, Lea. What kinda perfume you got on?" Weird: There is this quirk in human nature, this glitch of civility, that requires us to answer a question even when being departed.

"Uh, I think I've got—"

And while Lea is figuring out what Chanel she tuned to, poppo! The bra will come up. Her bust has fallen out: bop, bop, two gutter balls in a crooked alley. Oops, the camera floodlight is blinking off. "Goddamn stupid electric design—" Yaaaa, George has charged out of frame. Wham, kick, back again; Lea hasn't had time to retrieve her top bureau drawer. By now, his black energy is demoralizing her a bit. More important, still: She's afraid he'll tear or fingerprint her blouse. Bang! Bang! Bang! Jesus—guess what?—someone is at the studio door, wanting to use George's toilet. "Go away! Go away, goddamn it!" George has Lea by the fertile crescents, frantic, smiling, screaming, questioning, jiving, kicking loose wire aside, cursing. And—blooop, last swerve—the camera has shifted aside again. This time, it's interviewing my foot. George has howled.

"Listen," Lea says, "why don't I take my blouse and bra off, so they don't

get—" I mean, what else could a nice girl do?

She could've walked, I suppose. Yet Lea didn't. Nor did Penny or Joan or Ellen or Carol or about 1139 other ladies. The reason for that is, I think, surprisingly trivial. We come now to the Social Significance section of this article, or Why My Ass Appeared on Manhattan Cable TV Without Me.

1. An Ugly George victim must have confidence in her cutlets. Lea did—from the navel up, at least. Her basement, though, was flooded: overweight down there and built rather like a floating dock. But, even more important than that, she had *unattractive knee-highs* on. Naturally, she wouldn't strip further. The condition of a girl's underwear or her cellulite will often determine the condition of her prudishness.

2. Women simply do not believe they're being video-taped. Would you? Come, now: This guy with an asinine dish closet on his back is saying he'll

send your naked bubble nest into 200,000 New York conversation pits. Are you gonna believe him? Oh, maybe you half do. But we're used to cameras that go whir and have a moving ratchet of some kind. No ex-George woman I spoke with really thought the dumb Porta-pak was on. Yet video tape is winding silently through, like some fer-de-lance in high grass.

3. The women are off stride, at a loose end—not alert, insouciant, surprised. There is almost no moral or even sensuous component here. Posing for George has about as much significance to it as an escaped expletive on Sunday. Or let me give this example: You, I, we've all maybe once per lifetime done some single act of shoplifting—a cheap item snatched in impatience or childish pique. It has about that much ethical weight. George, understand, is playing the numbers. By sheer plodding effort, he can manage to inveigle that one impatient



or childish woman in 300, say, who, for a whim, on a given aimless day, will strip. The phenomenon, I'm afraid, has no more socio-economic-politico-sexo meaning than that.

Lea didn't come back to see us. That fits the profile: Of my hypothetical 1139 women, probably 1100 gave George a

verbal fat lip and so long next day. See, it isn't at all shocking that girls will undress in hallway or service entrance. *Au contraire*; a hallway is the *most likely* place, before caprice and bemusement wear off. Given that second thought, hell, who would *intentionally* appear on Pope Urban's show? A lift ticket from Coney Island has more class.

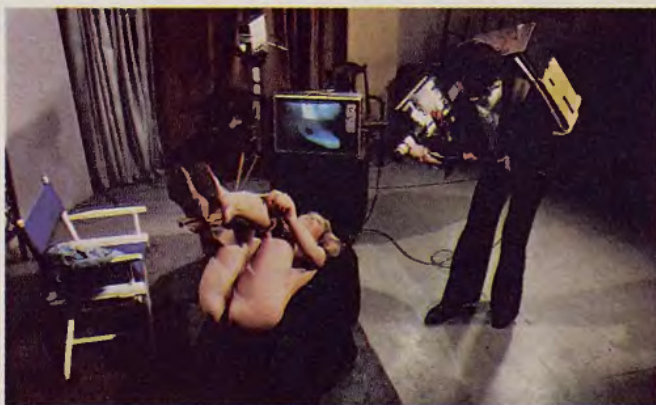
Question: Does George get laid more often than you do? Sure, *mais oui*, natch. George admits to playing the wet trombone with about five percent of his nude turnover—usually a one-cassette stand. But think it over. One score in 20, and *those* 20 are each one score in 300 or so. Do I have my zeros right? Yes, George will get his duck pressed once for every

## UGLY GEORGE'S SEARCH FOR TRUTH AND BEAUTY

*join us as we follow manhattan's video voyeur in pursuit of a basic american dream*



Ugly George is, among other things, persuasive. Part of his, um, charm is that he talks fast—faster, in fact, than some women can understand or digest. He insists, cajoles, prods, probes, lifts and separates girl from clothing. A sudden and weird intimacy begins.



Ugly's laft is an electronic playground. He encourages his models to express themselves, to ape the poses that define the best of cheesecake. By that time, the model is into *his* art, pliable to the subtleties and the obviousness of the video camera and of Ugly's directorial technique.



Ugly may be exploitative, but he is an equal-opportunity voyeur. Here, he unshoulders his back-packed camera and adds his own starkness to video history. Thankfully, though, he takes things back into his own hands and again focuses on matters much more worthy of recording.



**Canadian is an easy language.  
Just open your mouth and say  
ah... ahh... ahhhh!**



**Molson Golden  
That's Canadian for great taste**

Proudly brewed and bottled in Canada by North America's oldest brewery; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1982.

Wear it when you're bold.  
Wear it when you're shy.

English Leather  
**MUSK**  
COLOGNE

English Leather  
**MUSK**  
COLOGNE  
4 FL. OZ. / 100 ml

English Leather  
**MUSK**  
COLOGNE  
4 FL. OZ. / 100 ml

Wear Musk by English Leather when you're feeling bold. Or when you're feeling shy. Either way, Musk by English Leather will speak for you.

We know that the same guy can be outgoing sometimes, laid back other times. So we created an easy way to communicate without saying a word.

Get the bold/shy scent of English Leather Musk.

MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE N.J. 07647

## Webcor. If we're not number one in telephones now, we will be.

We're Webcor, the telephone people. And you'll be hearing a lot more about us. Not just because telephones are our only business, but because our telephones and accessories are the best. And the most advanced.

Want proof? Check out our Zip phone model 757 with programmable memories and more (shown). It does everything you'd want a phone to do. Just like the rest of our line, (including the latest in cordless). The most complete in the industry.

For everything innovative in telephone styles and features, get to know us first. We're the one.



**WEBCOR ZIP** THE TELEPHONE PEOPLE.

Webcor Electronics Inc., 28 South Terminal Dr., Plainview, N.Y. 11803,  
(516) 349-0600. Outside N.Y., Toll Free: (800) 645-7513.

6000 street women he can proposition. Even you could do better, Danskin and all. (Even George could if he didn't insist on filming his entire sexual *oeuvre*.) Never mind 23 degrees Fahrenheit and karate to the crotch and general harassment and a 100-pound processing lab on his back. I'd be Mr. Wilt given that situation. No, given that situation, I'd wanna have my ashes hauled *back*.

But George will persevere, inertial, like garbage thrown out of a moving space capsule. Because he has the audience. Are they all people whose brains lie dead in their craniums, just so much prosciutto on a melon? Nonsense. They enjoy camp and antiprofessionalism and George's studied crassness. His women, of course, are first chop. Besides, that audience can relate to George. George is middle-class-minded, very safe. (Weird sex doesn't make his throbbler bob even a little.) George's rage for success, though strangely placed, is that same Protestant (or Jewish) work ethic we recognize from Mom and Dad and Harold Stassen.

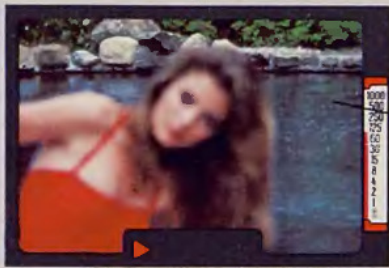
All the above aside, though, Ugly George represents a *new* erotic thing in this year of our often-embarrassed Lord. Yes, let us now praise infamous men. His puerile feely-feely attitude to sex can be refreshing, not just immature. Unlike *Deep Glottis* or your afternoon motel loop, George purveys a kind of innocence. I, for one, find it arousing. Transport me back, Mr. Sulu. That night when we persuaded Sheila Flammenhaft or Sandra Krupnik to go all the way—all the way off with her blouse? Wasn't it brave and thrilling and male wonderful then; wasn't it in a dimly lit hallway? Nuts to Linda Lovelace. George, at his best, can re-create that excitement. He is the custodian of our mislaid adolescence.

And his act is *real*. Consider: Since Nero last sicked a Nubian street gang on young Gallic slave girls in the Colosseum, when, where, has sexual spectator entertainment had any tension or pure foolish luck to it? Centerfold people pose. Porn novels and screenplays are written to a predictable formula. They pimp for our sexual fantasies—or for what those fantasies are perceived to be. The whore will act them out. And when she's feeling dutiful, so will your wife. We are patronized. But *The Ugly George Hour* is different. You don't know if he'll get tit or hit, kissed or spat on. And that lavish, reckless female in the hallway may turn out to be your neighbor or your receptionist or your fiancée. For one instant, maybe two, man and woman have a short but authentic sexual encounter. Jiggle your rabbit ears in whatever direction, you won't get that anyplace else.



# SHARPNESS

Canon's Quick-Focus System assures you of sharp pictures every time—electronically!



**OUT OF FOCUS**

Sharp, clear pictures. That's what you expect from a high-quality camera, and that's what you get with the amazing new Canon AL-1.

The AL-1 features another revolutionary Canon development: the Quick-Focus System. As seen in our sample photographs, the bright Quick-Focus display in the viewfinder assures you of sharp pictures every time—electronically! If you're out of focus, a red arrow lights to show you which way to turn the focusing ring for a sharper picture. When you see a green light you're in focus and ready to shoot!

We can't imagine a faster, simpler way to get sharp pictures. Without guesswork. You'll be confident you're getting just the shot you want—even if you change lenses!

You can choose from nearly fifty Canon FD wide-angle, telephoto and zoom lenses that let you shoot a broad panorama or bring your subjects up close. That's the best part of owning a Canon AL-1.



**IN FOCUS—READY TO SHOOT!**

Even though it's so simple to use, you can add lenses and accessories—even a power winder—to shoot the kind of pictures you've always wanted to take! The bright clear viewfinder shows exactly what you'll get on film while the Quick-Focus System assures that every picture you take will be razor sharp.

The AL-1 controls brightness automatically, too, outdoors in sunlight or shade and even indoors.

The Canon Speedlite 166A makes flash photography just as convenient. And just as simple.

The new Canon AL-1 is a quality camera, built to the highest standards of excellence and ready for any type of photography. Whether you're an eyeglass wearer or have perfect 20/20 vision, you'll appreciate the extra confidence provided by the Canon



**OUT OF FOCUS**

Quick-Focus System.

When you invest in a quality 35mm SLR camera, you expect sharp pictures. With the Canon AL-1, you get what you pay for!



## Canon<sup>®</sup> AL-1

**QF Quick Focus**

Canon U.S.A., Inc., One Canon Plaza,  
Lake Success, New York 11042 •  
140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126 •  
6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross,  
Georgia 30071 • 123 Paulmarino Avenue East,  
Costa Mesa, California 92626 • Bldg. B-2,  
1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu,  
Hawaii 96814 • Canon Canada, Inc., Ontario



The Official  
35mm Camera  
of the 1984  
Olympic Games

# PAPER CHASERS

(continued from page 122)

*"Math is an area for which advanced pocket electronics has many timesaving aids."*

in the library when so much of the raw material is available in consumer-oriented computer data banks. The Source, an information bank owned by *Reader's Digest*, is linked up with the wire of the United Press International (U.P.I.). You have the opportunity to tap into the same U.P.I. news wire that goes to your local newspaper. You specify a search subject (e.g., disarmament) and the data bank will display relevant U.P.I. news dispatches from correspondents all around the world, including stories that will appear in the next morning's newspaper. And since the stories come directly from the wire, they won't be edited to suit your local paper's political slant.

It's one way to keep a step ahead of the rest of the class—and maybe the instructor, too.

To gain access to these dial-up services, you'll need one of the personal computers we've mentioned and a telephone coupler or, perhaps, an ultra-portable computer terminal such as Panasonic's Hand-held Computer system (also available under the Quasar brand), neatly packaged in a James Bond-style briefcase, or a remarkable paperback-sized keyboard terminal with one-line LCD display, from IXO, Inc., with a matching telephone adapter. If the wire to your telephone has the standard mini-plug connector, simply unplug it from

the phone and plug it into the telecomputer. Otherwise, use the matching telephone adapter, even at a pay phone. With the IXO telecomputer, you can store ahead of time the local-access phone number, so all you do is enter your password and—presto!—you're on line. A few more buttons and you're reading hot news about your subject just placed on the U.P.I. wire from reporters on the scene.

There is time to be saved, too, in the day-in, day-out study rituals and exam preparations, thanks to several advances in portable-tape-recorder technology. Until now, recording lectures simply eliminated the agony of translating the prof's verbiage into spiral-bound books of chicken scratches affectionately called notes. But to retrieve the essence of a taped lecture required sitting through the whole tape. To the rescue comes a technological marvel that lets you double the speed of the tape (cutting listening time in half) while keeping the prof's voice close to its normal pitch instead of Alvin the Chipmunk's. The Soundpacer, by The Variable Speech Control Company, looks like an ordinary portable cassette player, takes ordinary cassettes and has a built-in condenser microphone for recording at regular speed. Playback speed is continuously variable from 80 percent of normal to twice normal, with commensurate pitch correction in fast speed. An adapter that accepts dictation-sized microcassettes is available as well.

We'd probably leave the Soundpacer in our room for study time and take a recorder that doubled as a stereo-cassette player to class. For regular-sized cassettes, Sony's new Recording Walkman is one of the smallest we've seen so far. Modeled on the popular and compact Walkman 2 stereo player, the new model adds a pair of microphones built into opposite ends of the case to record live performances in stereo. Between classes, just drop in a *Chariots of Fire* cassette and you've got a mighty stereo sound coming through the lightweight headphones.

But if you like to travel really light, a microcassette recorder is in order. Micro-tape formulations and recorder electronics have improved voice-sound quality on units from Radio Shack, Panasonic, Sony and Toshiba. Or you can take part in the hi-fi future with JVC's MQ-5K microcassette recorder/player with its clever one-piece plug-in stereo microphone. So far, prerecorded stereo microcassettes are pretty hard to come by, but you can use the JVC unit to transfer your albums to stereo microtape.

The daily grind for many students



*"You will discover, my boy,  
that there is nothing more satisfying in life  
than the love of a good woman. Except, of course,  
the love of a bad woman."*

also includes math—an area for which advanced pocket electronics has many timesaving aids. Casio's thin CS-821 LCD wrist chronograph has a ten-digit four-function minicalculator built in. The numerical keys are big enough and well enough spaced to allow fingertip operation, unlike those in other units that require a special stylus to press the microbuttons. You've simply got to remember not to press the wrong button or an alarm will sound off in the middle of an exam.

Calculator math plays a big role in business school, with financial and statistical chores around every corner. Texas Instruments' BA-55 Professional Business Analyst financial calculator performs just about every time and money calculation you're likely to meet—saving you from thumbing through pages and pages of tables. You also have the option of a companion battery-operated printer, the low-profile PC-200, which prints out your calculations with detailed audit trail at two lines per second. The calculator comes with both the Professional Business Analyst Guide and a pocketable quick-reference guide. Also on the financial scene is Hewlett-Packard's HP-12C, a pocket-sized LCD calculator that lets you store solutions to frequently encountered problems, thus saving key strokes in the process.

Anyone in a real number-crunching course will find a pal in a programmable calculator such as Hewlett-Packard's HP-41C or expanded-memory-version HP-41CV. The HP-41 is practically a hand-held computer, featuring an LCD display that can prompt you through problems in plain English. All you do is put in the givens and out pops the answer. The company offers many plug-in program modules for business and engineering applications. But the diligent student could quickly learn how to program the HP-41 (it's easier than real computer programming) to save hours on homework and exam problems. You could even use the same unit and its constant memory as an electronic little black book of names, phone numbers and other personal statistics. As your inventory grows, you can load the file onto the optional mass-memory tape drive and use the printer in conjunction with a custom program to help you schedule your next month's dates.

At the rate technology is going, the 21st Century may be the age of computerized robots who can sit in for you at lectures and exams while you're out cultivating the more important social experiences of college life.



## Is it proper to boodle before the guests arrive?

Of course. Whether the party is for two or twenty-two, nothing is more proper than Boodles® British Gin to melt the ice. Because Boodles is an exceptionally smooth-tasting gin, Boodles stands on its own, although it also mixes beautifully. For example, Boodles over ice with just a hint of Leroux Creme de Cassis and a twist of lemon. We call it The French Boodle. The proper start to an evening. But then, Boodles is always in perfect taste. After all, it is British.



### Boodles British Gin. Always proper.



## INTRODUCING THE BEST RADAR DETECTOR ON THE ROAD. AND A CHALLENGE TO CAR & DRIVER TO PROVE IT ISN'T.

We're so sure the new Whistler Spectrum is the most advanced radar detector in the world, that we challenge the editors of CAR & DRIVER to test it. To prove the Whistler Spectrum gives the earliest and most accurate warning of any radar detector on the road.

### PUT US TO THE SENSITIVITY TEST.

Spectrum is engineered to be at least 6dB more sensitive than the most highly-touted radar detectors on the market today. That's four times more sensitive than the unit chosen as overall favorite by CAR & DRIVER magazine in previous tests.

Spectrum is, quite simply, the most significant technological advancement in speed radar detection since the introduction of superheterodyne circuitry.

Spectrum picks up low intensity reflections of radar energy in both X-band and K-band frequencies. Provides maximum sensitivity at  $-111$  dBm/cm<sup>2</sup> X-band typical and  $-103$  dBm/cm<sup>2</sup> K-band typical. Receives stationary, moving or trigger radar and the new pulsed radar aimed at another vehicle. Even around curves, over hills and from behind.

### PUT US TO THE SELECTIVITY TEST.

Until now, the price you had to pay for increased sensitivity was an endless number of beeps, buzzes and false alarms. Because any radar detector set at its most sensitive level automatically gave you every signal in the area. And not all of them were the signal you wanted. ONLY SPECTRUM HAS A UNIQUE CIRCUIT THAT SEPARATES THESE SIGNALS FROM SPEED RADAR WITHOUT DIMINISHING LONG RANGE SENSITIVITY.

We call this our Filter Mode. In this mode, weak signals will flash an amber warning light and emit one low frequency tone each 20 seconds. When the receiver picks up speed radar, Spectrum automatically flashes a red light and a constant high frequency tone. The faster the tone, the closer the radar. It's an alarm you can't miss.

### 300,000 TRUCKERS CAN'T BE WRONG.

We sold our first Whistlers to guys who know more about speed radar than anyone on the road. Truckers. And today three out of four American truckers choose the Whistler name over any other.

There's only one way to get an endorsement like that. *Performance.*

And any trucker will tell you that speed radar detectors are strictly legit. On nearly every road in America.

### GENTLEMEN, START YOUR ENGINES.

And now a true test of our words. A challenge to the editors of CAR & DRIVER. To test the the new Whistler Spectrum. On the road. Against any and all competitors.

And a challenge to you. To do a road test of your very own.

Look for the handsome new Whistler Spectrum and our complete line of quality radar detectors at an automotive dealer, CB shop, auto parts or electronics store near you. Or contact Controlonics Corp., 5 Lyberty Way, Westford, MA 01886, 617-692-3000.



**WHISTLER**<sup>®</sup>  
SPEED RADAR DETECTORS



*"Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"*

*"Oddly enough, it's those pictures aimed primarily at a late-teen audience that today expose the most skin."*

the consternation of James Garner, a macho Mobster from Chicago who finds himself unaccountably drawn to him/her. In *The World According to Garp*, towering John Lithgow plays a transsexual, a former football star who feels far more at home in his new identity. (It's probably the first time that the screen has treated a guy in drag with such compassion and dignity.) Steve Martin switches twice in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, at one point matching up (more or less) with Barbara Stanwyck in *Double Indemnity* and later subbing for Jimmy Cagney's mother (!) in *White Heat*. In Garry Marshall's spirited parody of TV hospital shows, *Young Doctors in Love*, chunky Hector Elizondo spends much of his footage in blonde wig and frilly dresses to outfox some Syndicate hit men, while Cheech and Chong employ the same pretext to elude a couple of irate Arabs in *Things Are Tough All Over*. And even as this is being written, Dustin Hoffman is in New York shooting *Tootsie*, which reads like a reverse *Victor, Victoria*, with Hoffman masquerading as a woman to land a part in a soap opera; the film should be out before the end of the year.

While most of those instances of switch-hitting were admittedly played for laughs, they are also indicative of the new and more relaxed acceptance of alternative lifestyles that has entered American movies since the phenomenal success in 1979 of France's *La Cage aux Folles*, which, with a gross of almost \$7,500,000, was one of the most popular imports ever to play in U.S. theaters. In the past, apart from the pansylike gentlemen portrayed by the likes of Grady Sutton and the late, great Franklin Pangborn, American films tended to shy away from any direct reference to homosexuality—and when they did tackle it, as William Friedkin did in *Cruising* (1980), the results were often sensationalistic and exploitative. Although a scattering of sympathetic homosexual characters have turned up in such recent pictures as *Fame* and *Happy Birthday, Gemini*, to move a homosexual to center screen and focus an entire film on his coming out was, as one 20th Century-Fox executive expressed it just before the release of *Making Love*, "daring and bold. . . . It took daring to make *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* in the past," noted Fox vice-president Irv Ivers. "This is it for the Eighties."

Actually, as more than one critic sub-

sequently observed, the reference to the Stanley Kramer movie was particularly apt. In *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, the Sidney Poitier character was so rich, so famous, so sought after that even the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan would probably have welcomed him into his home. In *Making Love*, the characters move on almost as elevated a plane. Michael Ontkean plays a successful young doctor; his wife, Kate Jackson, is a rising TV executive—even Harry Hamlin, the cruising gay who forces Ontkean to recognize his true proclivities, is nothing less than a famous author. Discreetly directed (by Arthur Hiller, of *Love Story* fame) and stylishly mounted, it's a movie any homosexual would be pleased to take his mother to see.

Actually, far more daring was Robert Towne's *Personal Best*—primarily because it didn't make any big deal about the lesbian relationship between track stars Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly. Their love scenes are tender yet graphic, but because Towne (who wrote and directed) makes us aware of them as people, not as sex objects, their intimacies seem as natural and unforced as do his numerous shots of the women's team, undraped, in the shower and the steam room.

The sight of Michael Caine planting a kiss on Superman Christopher Reeve's curvy lips caused scarcely a ripple during the unspooling of *Deathtrap*, based on Ira Levin's long-running Broadway mystery, even though the key to the presumed murder is the revelation that Caine and Reeve are lovers. Nor were there shouts of protest (even from the gay community) when, in *Partners*, straight cop Ryan O'Neal is ordered to mince as a homosexual, while gay cop John Hurt is brought out of his closet to help O'Neal hunt down a murderer of male models.

Not that the movies have abandoned their more traditional titillations—notably liberal doses of nudity. Oddly enough, it's those pictures aimed primarily at a late-teen audience that today expose the most skin. Perhaps the rationale is that the older folks have already tired of the stuff or that they can always go off to an X-rated porno palace to get their jollies. To be sure, nudity is still to be found, almost casually, in many of the adult-oriented movies of 1982—in the Mexican bordello to which Jack Nicholson traces Elpidia Carrillo in *The Border*, in Ray Sharkey's hot love scenes with

gorgeous Ornella Muti in *Love & Money*, in Paul Schrader's *Cat People*, which reveals Nastassia Kinski and Annette O'Toole frequently in the altogether, and in *Butterfly*, in which the well-touted Pia Zadora is forever falling out of her frocks.

There's even more casual nudity in the French-Canadian import *Quest for Fire*, in which a trio of half-naked primitives, during what would appear to be a world-wide search for something burning, rescue a distressed damsel. She's sprightly Rae Dawn Chong—daughter of comedian Tommy Chong—who seems to be clad in nothing more than whitewash and some streaks of charcoal. Rae Dawn not only teaches her saviors the secret of making fire but also shows the most presentable of the trio (Everett McGill) how to make love in what would now be called the missionary position.

*Quest*, based on a classic French novel, had serious anthropological aspirations. Not so such myth-and-magic derivatives of *Excalibur* as *Conan the Barbarian* and *The Sword and the Sorcerer*—with *The Beastmaster*, *Fire and Ice*, *Krull*, *Sorceress* and several *Hercules* spin-offs yet to come. Here the target audience is clearly the late teenager and the young adult, with the old beach-blanket formula of tits and sand transformed into tits and sword—plenty of sex, plenty of gore. Throughout *Conan*, it's a tossup as to who displays more beefy pectorals, Arnold Schwarzenegger or his cinematic love interest, statuesque Sandahl Bergman. *The Sword and the Sorcerer*, shot on a far slimmer budget, overcompensates by spelling its sword fights with orgies and—when all else fails—anachronistic sequences of nude women in bondage. The effect is rather like medieval porno.

Young Randal Kleiser's nude-filled *Summer Lovers* is the sun-kissed saga of a swinging threesome set against eye-boggling backgrounds of the Greek isles. Peter Gallagher and Daryl Hannah, fresh out of school, arrive on Santorini for eight weeks of unwedded togetherness. First they doff their backpacks, then their swimsuits. Gallagher's eye soon wanders to petite Valerie Quennessen, playing an uninhibited French archaeologist, and before long she has moved in with the two Americans. (There's no hint of a lesbian relationship between the girls; they both love Peter.) Whenever the doings in their little whitewashed apartment threaten to become a bit too complicated, Kleiser cuts to the beaches, with their be vies of nude sun worshipers and skinny-dippers. Kleiser, who previously directed *Grease* and *The Blue Lagoon*, seems to have a fairly good idea of what today's youth audience is after—and it ain't *Andy Hardy*.

Speaking of *The Blue Lagoon*, Embassy came up with something called





# THE WIZARD OF ODYSSEY REVEALS THE KEY TO GREATER CHALLENGE.

*The Keyboard!*

*It makes the fun go further with Odyssey<sup>2</sup> than any other video game. The keyboard lets you program mazes and grids. Type numbers and letters on the screen. Increase skill levels. It even lets you change opponents and fields of play!*

*And only Odyssey<sup>2</sup> offers—The Master Strategy Series™! Each game comes with its own game board. You use it to plan your strategy,*



*input that strategy through the keyboard, and play out the action on your TV screen.*

*Plus, Odyssey<sup>2</sup> offers over 50 games, including arcade, educational, sports and strategy games.*

*So take the word of the Wizard of Odyssey. If you're looking for greater challenge in a video game, look to Odyssey<sup>2</sup>! For your nearest dealer call (800) 447-2882. In Illinois call (800) 322-4400.*



## ODYSSEY<sup>2</sup>

*The keyboard is the key to greater challenge.*

Paradise that was virtually an instant replay of Kleiser's 1980 movie—so close, in fact, that Columbia sued (unsuccessfully) to enjoin its distribution. Unlike *Lagoon*, *Paradise* doesn't waste time with the kid stuff. Its two teenagers, Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates, improbably stumble upon a vast oasis out in the middle of nowhere; the place seems equipped with just about every modern convenience except clothing. In *Zapped!*, a good-humored send-up of *Carrie*, Scott Baio, as the telekinetically gifted hero, uses his powers not to kill his fellow students but to strip them of their clothes at the school prom. Sounds a good deal healthier than what Sissy Spacek did to her classmates in the earlier film.

And then there are the innumerable spin-offs of *Animal House*, the runaway hit of 1978. National Lampoon, the producer of *Animal House*, itself has no fewer than five currently in the works, including *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*. The raunch is clearly on the rise in this youth-oriented field, and nudity right along with it. As proof, there's Mel Simon's production of *Porky's*, which went through the roof this past summer. *Porky's*, for any late-comers, is the name of the dive where teenagers hang out hoping to make out with Cherry Forever (Susan Clark), a hooker who promises more than she delivers. PLAYBOY's Bruce Williamson rightly pegged the film as a "crotch-level salute to horny adolescence," with most of its humor hitting distinctly below the belt. Writer-director Bob Clark opens his movie with a kid measuring his

erection; following are such subtleties as a middle-aged lady trying to pull the "reproductive organ" off a guy who had stuck it through a hole giving onto the women's showers. (The boys spend a lot of time peering through that hole—and so does the audience.) But because its high-spirited high schoolers, boys and girls together, are an attractive lot and because it delivers everything it promises (sleazy laughs and plenty of southern exposure), *Porky's* became one of the box-office phenomena of a phenomenal box-office year.

It's still too early to talk about the box-office return on the new Cheech and Chong movie, *Things Are Tough All Over*, but the duo are also teenage favorites, and their newest outing gives them the chance to appear in dual roles—as Pedro and the Man, and also as a pair of Bedouin brothers who eventually decide to make the boys porno stars. Cheech and Chong have never been shy about appearing in the buff (*vide Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*), and neither are their wives—Rikki Marin and Shelby Fiddis, who appear as French pastries—nor bosomy Evelyn Guerrero, this team's sexy version of the Marx Brothers' Margaret Dumont.

Unable to afford the likes of Cheech and Chong, the producers of such fare as *The Beach Girls* and *Goin' All the Way* concentrate on cheerleaders, girls' basketball teams and other assorted athletic types who need to shower occasionally. (The sex in these movies is generally very sanitary.)

On the other hand, each year there are

some few films that reach out to teenagers on their own level, tying them in to what they know and care about. Alan Parker's *Pink Floyd The Wall*, a visualization of one of the band's most popular albums, is a case in point. *The Wall* focuses on the inner conflicts of Pink, a tremendously successful rock star portrayed by rock star Bob Geldof. It's scarcely kid stuff, especially when Pink's innate fear and hatred of women are vividly illustrated by animations of ordinary objects suddenly transformed into enormous vaginas that threaten to devour him.

Even more directly beamed at the teenage market have been the startling number of science-fiction pictures released in 1982, with Steven Spielberg's *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* leading the way; it promises to become the most profitable movie of all time. Also high on the list are such varied entries as *Blade Runner*, *Megaforce* and *The Road Warrior*, each offering disturbing glimpses of a post-nuclear world dominated by violence and destruction, and *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* and Disney's *TRON*, which take a decidedly more cheerful view of the gadgetry that lies before us.

Although the horror films and the monster movies are closely allied to science fiction not only in their reliance on special effects but also in their targeted audience, many have a kind of corrupt sexuality about them, especially when the monster comes from within, as it does so often these days. Such old-time movie creatures as King Kong, Godzilla and 1951's original Thing could crush you or mangle you, but at least they were right out there where you could see them. Not so John Carpenter's current Thing; like the title character in *Alien*, it lives within its host. When it splits out, as it does from time to time in the movie, it assumes many horrifying shapes—a severed head on crablike legs, a suppurating embryo with double rows of teeth. Its attack is horrendous, like a rape, as it forces itself into its victim's body.

To a greater or lesser degree, that psychological rape occurs in just about every horror movie made these days. It's at the very core of Fox's *The Entity*, based on Frank de Felitta's widely read novel, which perhaps best exemplifies the sexual nature of those psychic attacks. In it, Barbara Hershey, a young widow living alone with her three small children, finds herself suddenly, savagely attacked and ravished by a brutal, unseen force that invades her room and penetrates her on her own bed. *Polltergeist's* little Heather O'Rourke is captured by unknown forces emanating from inside her TV set; although nobody in the picture makes the point, her abduction is clearly a case of child molestation (accompanied by spectacular special effects). Supernatural possession is also the key to *The*





## THE ONLY VIDEO GAME VOICE MODULE WITH AN UNLIMITED VOCABULARY.

*The Voice from Odyssey<sup>2</sup> adds a whole new dimension to the fun of video games. With this optional module and its specially programmed cartridges, Odyssey<sup>2</sup> becomes the only video game system that can repeat any words typed into the keyboard, and much more!*

*Depending upon which cartridge you insert, The Voice can do a whole bunch of other exciting things. Like asking questions and demanding answers to math and spelling problems. It even enhances sound effects and warns of approaching enemies in certain arcade games!*

*A whole series of specialized arcade, educational and strategy voice cartridges is available for use with The Voice, with a lot more to come. But you can still play all other Odyssey video games through The Voice module.*

*So if you're on the lookout for greater challenge, listen to The Voice, from Odyssey<sup>2</sup>. The fun you will have will speak for itself. For your nearest dealer call (800) 447-2882. In Illinois call (800) 322-4400.*



# ODYSSEY<sup>2</sup>

*The keyboard is the key to greater challenge.*

*"In my book, quality makes Smirnoff worth asking for. Its value makes it a best-seller."*



ROBERT LUDLUM,  
author of  
*The Parsifal Mosaic*  
and 10 other  
best-sellers.

"I weave webs of intrigue in my books, but when it comes to vodka, I'm easy to read."

"Whenever I'm in a restaurant or bar, I simply ask for Smirnoff® vodka. Smirnoff. *Specifically.*

"Why? Because no other vodka is filtered for purity and clarity the Smirnoff way. That's what gives Smirnoff its ultimate quality. And when I spy Smirnoff at the bar, I know the people who pour it won't settle for less. That's my kind of place. And drink."

"Sure, Smirnoff may cost a little more, but in my book, quality always does."

**Smirnoff**  
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS®

There's vodka, and then there's Smirnoff.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT. — "MADE IN U.S.A."

*House Where Evil Dwells*, a Japanese-based ghost story in the grand tradition that requires the shades of a love triangle to go on haunting the house in which they died in 1840 until they're properly exorcised. Flash forward to the present, when American journalist Edward Albert, wife Susan George and daughter Amy Barrett move into the house and (with an assist from Doug McClure) begin to relive the events of more than 100 years ago. A Zen monk attempts the exorcism but not before George, possessed by the spirit of her 1840 predecessor, wriggles out of her dress and proceeds to attack both Albert and McClure.

Possession, in the deepest sense, lies at the core of Paul Schrader's *Cat People*, a remake of a classic horror film of 1942 with a significant difference. In 1942, everything was suggested—the transformation of man (and woman) into the predatory black cat of the title, its nocturnal prowling, even the legendary origins of the cat people. Not so in Schrader's film. A highly stylized opening sequence shows an enormous black panther mounting a sacrificial virgin, and from that pairing come the cat people—people who assume the form of humans most of the time but revert when sexually aroused to their feline killer condition. When Nastassia Kinski, one of *them*, falls in love with zookeeper John Heard, the jungle drums are already sounding. While Heard is still making up his mind between Kinski and his former lady (Annette O'Toole), the film moves on to its most powerful sequence—the harassment in a swimming pool of a naked O'Toole by a prowling black cat. Nor can one easily forget Kinski's brother (Malcolm McDowell) shacking up with a New Orleans prostitute, then mangling her. All of which leads to the film's denouement: When Kinski finally gives in to her love for Heard, is she condemning him to a similar fate? *Cat People* has everything—incest, bestiality, oral sex, kinky sex, straight sex. Everything except the slightest compassion for anyone caught up in the toils of its chilling plot.

Often chilling, too, are such strictly exploitationist items as *Bloodsucking Freaks*, *Forbidden World*, *A Stranger Is Watching*, *Vice Squad*, *Visiting Hours*—the list is endless—in which nubile young women are subjected to rape, sadistic tortures and horrible deaths. In *Forbidden World*, blonde June Chadwick, trying to communicate with the film's giant spiderlike mutant, is rewarded by having the thing stick one of its slimy tentacles up her crotch and out the back of her neck. In *Bloodsucking Freaks*, sadistic showman Seamus O'Brien dispatches nude women by guillotine or power drill for pleasure and profit. This isn't precisely new; the phenomenon, tracing back to *Friday the 13th* (1980), was noted

rather extensively in last year's *Sex in Cinema*—along with the suggestion that “most writers today really don't like women very much.” What is most phenomenal, however, is the numbers in which these sick, low-budget horror shows keep coming. At the American Film Market held in Los Angeles last spring, more than 60 such features—better than 25 percent of all the pictures up for grabs—were screened for prospective distributors and exhibitors. That's a drop from 1981, when 95 new horror films were lensed, but until that backlog is absorbed—or until audience apathy sets in, whichever comes first—the unseen slasher will continue to strike, the special-effects monsters will continue to destroy and the writers of this trash will continue to dream up new ways in which women can be demeaned, degraded and disposed of.

Obviously, it's the market that says it all. For a time, we heard a great deal about so-called women's pictures—films that dealt sympathetically and understandingly with the emerging consciousness of women as decision makers or opinion makers in our society. Suddenly, that trend has disappeared. In Hollywood, the standard explanation is that there are just a handful of bankable female stars—Jacqueline Bisset, Jane Fonda, Barbra Streisand, maybe Jill Clayburgh and Glenda Jackson if they're teamed with the right male lead. But the fact that a number of their profeminist films, such as Clayburgh's *First Monday in October*, didn't fare too well at the box office probably had a lot more to do with the disappearance of the genre than

the defeat of E.R.A. (or perhaps it was symptomatic of the defeat of E.R.A.). Clayburgh was back again this year, albeit briefly, in Paramount's *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*, playing a pill-popping film maker. So who cares? *Shoot the Moon* co-stars Diane Keaton and Albert Finney as a couple whose marriage is falling apart. The film demonstrates that she's far better at coping than he is, but since Finney is depicted as a total psychotic anyway, it's not much of a contest. Jane Fonda's *Rollover*, a melodrama about high finance, got lost somewhere in the computer print-outs.

Looking to the major male stars, one can only be struck by the asexuality of their 1982 releases—Burt Reynolds excepted, of course. Reynolds has a certain image to live up to, and he manages quite nicely in both *Sharky's Machine* and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, no doubt because both offer him his favorite role—the freewheeling law officer who prefers to put pleasure before business. The pleasure is provided by lovely Rachel Ward in *Sharky's*, by Dolly Parton as the buxom madam in *Whorehouse*. But Sylvester Stallone is still happily married to Talia Shire in *Rocky III*, with nary a curvy blonde to distract him from defending his title against brutish Clubber Lang (Mr. T.). When wife Tuesday Weld walks out on him in *Author! Author!*, leaving him with five kids, playwright Al Pacino finds temporary surcease with movie star Dyan Cannon—but not enough to move the film out of the PG category. Richard Pryor rates a nod in *Some Kind of Hero*



*“I like volcanoes—they never fake eruptions.”*

for shacking up with gold-hearted prostitute Margot Kidder, but the script is too concerned with Pryor's problems with the Army to develop that aspect of the story. And Clint Eastwood's *Firefox*, a saga of Cold War espionage in which Clint is smuggled into the Soviet Union to steal a supersophisticated fighter plane, deprives him of any female companionship whatever—even that of Sondra Locke. In Charles Bronson's *Death Wish II*, the action gets under way with the gang bang of his Mexican housekeeper and the kidnapping, rape and suicide of his catatonic daughter; after that, bent on hunting down the culprits, Bronson has no time at all for his ladyfriend, radio reporter Jill Ireland.

For any deeper appreciation of what really goes on between the sexes, it was a good idea to look abroad this year. Australia, for example, continues to display the artifacts of its remarkable renaissance with *Don's Party*, made in 1976 by Bruce Beresford but released here only this year. With a deep bow to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, it's about 11 friends who assemble for an election-night party. As the night and the drinking go on, the aggressions, the pretensions, the libidos all hang out. Superbly performed, the film is an all-out attack on both the social values and the sexual mores of the upper middle class. That al-

so seems to be the motivation behind John Duigan's *Winter of Our Dreams*, which unites Judy Davis (of *My Brilliant Career*) with Bryan Brown (of *Breaker Morant*). She's a prostitute and a junkie who wants to kick the habit and leave the profession; he's a onetime activist whose idea of nonconformity is to introduce the girl into his home. (His wife has a younger lover, anyway.) Marred by a too-pat ending, it's still fascinating as a glimpse of the seamy side of Sydney's street life and for its insights into relations between the sexes down under. It's apparent, for one thing, that women's lib barely exists there; it's a man's world, and many of the better films, from *My Brilliant Career* to the current *Monkey Grip*, are centered on women who have the strength and courage to break out of the conventional mode. *Monkey*, featuring a brilliant performance by Noni Hazelhurst, concerns the efforts of a thoroughly liberated divorcee to help a junkie while maintaining her own freedom to be with other men. The rarity of that kind of independence is, by implication, underscored in Beresford's *Puberty Blues*, in which the high school girls' highest aspiration is to root (have sex) with their favorite beach boys.


Despite the rising tide of competition from down under, the French still enjoy a comfortable edge with the art-house

crowd, people who want films that are more mature, more intellectual, more artistic than those they usually get from Hollywood—with a little bit of sex, too. While the 1982 vintage was hardly outstanding, we did see the controversial *Beau Pèrè*, featuring a relationship between a 14-year-old girl and her lecherous stepfather; Just Jaeckin's new, stylishly mounted version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, with lovely Sylvia Kristel as the lady in question; and *Memoirs of a French Whore*, co-starring Miou-Miou and Maria Schneider, the frank, autobiographical account of prostitute Jeanne Cordelier's attempts to quit the profession. Pierre Rissient, a noted French publicist turned film maker, sensitively probes in *Five and the Skin* the psyche and the sexual fantasies—and the debaucheries—of a Frenchman living in Manila. But it's first-time director Jean-Jacques Beineix's *Diva* that continues to be the year's most popular French entry on the American circuit. Hailed by most critics, it's a scintillating little thriller that begins when a postal delivery boy illegally tapes the voice of his idol, statuesque soprano Wilhelmenia Wiggins Fernandez, and his cassette gets mixed up with the taped confessions of a murdered prostitute that indict some of the most powerful politicians in Paris.

Popular in Italy—a runaway success, in

## The touch of class.

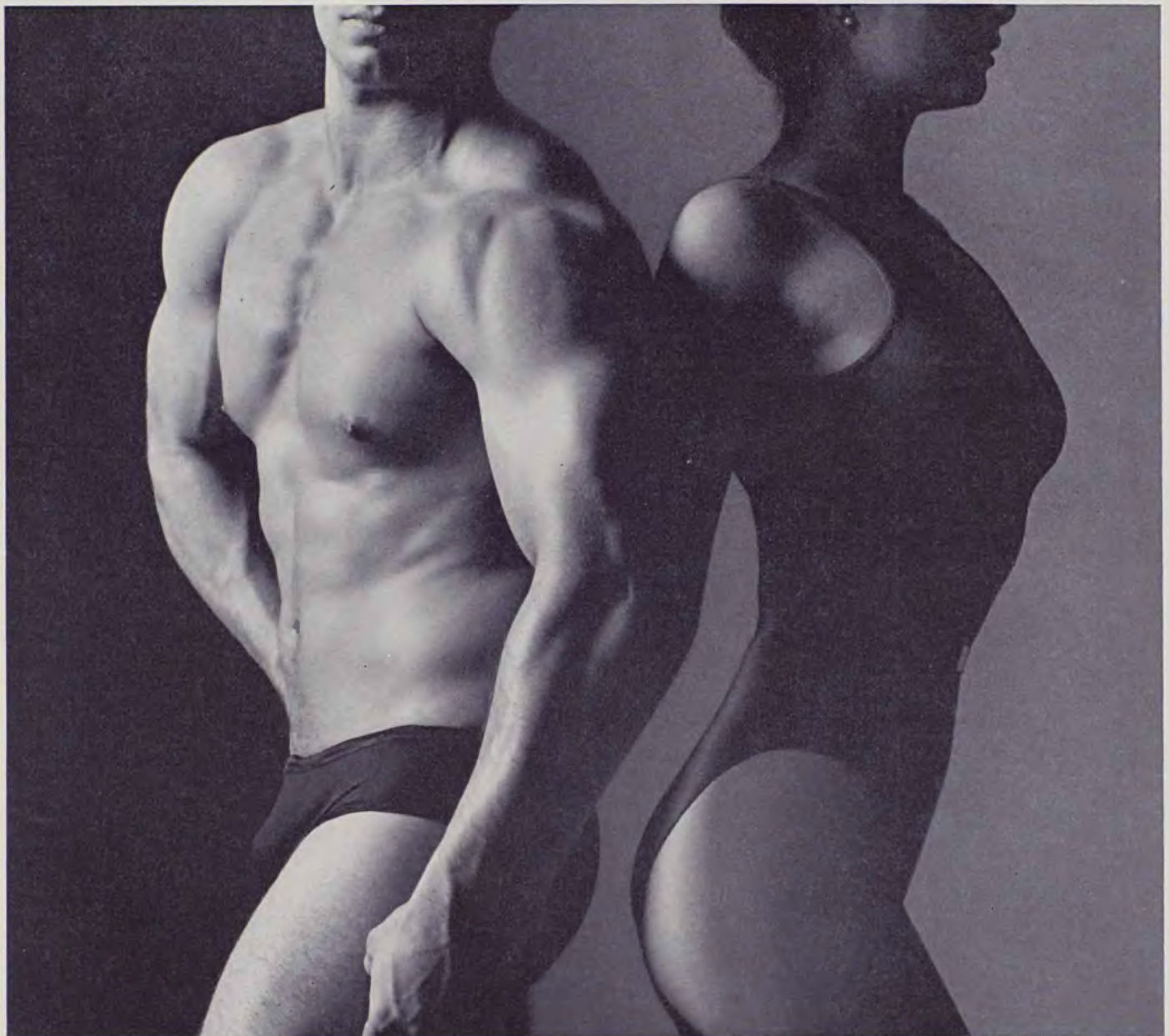
Trojan brand Naturalamb condoms are the ultimate touch of class for those touching moments of intimacy. Made from a lamb membrane, they feel better and permit more pleasure. Unmatched for sensitivity, Naturalamb protects without presenting worrisome "side effects." Choose the touch of class. Choose Trojan Naturalamb from the Trojan display at your local pharmacy.

 YOUNGS DRUG PRODUCTS CORPORATION  
P.O. Box 385, Piscataway, New Jersey 08554 © YD PC 1982

While no contraceptive provides 100% protection Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease. Trojan and Naturalamb are registered trademarks.



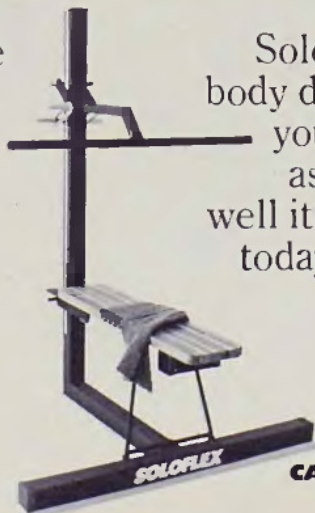
# THE \$495 BODY.



Imagine getting the body you've always dreamed of. In your own home or apartment.

Introducing Soloflex®, the body building machine that's so ingenious it's patented.

If you're a man, Soloflex will give you bulges as big as you want, where you want them. If you're a woman, Soloflex will get rid of bulges, where you don't want them.



Soloflex. The breakthrough in body development that works on your heart and lungs, as well as your body. To find out how well it'll work for you, just call us today and ask for Mary.

**BODY BY  
SOLOFLEX**

**FOR A FREE BROCHURE,  
CALL OUR 24 HR. TOLL-FREE NUMBER  
800-453-9000.**

Soloflex, Dept. 17, Hawthorn Farms Industrial Park, Hillsboro, Oregon 97123. All major credit cards accepted.

fact—was *Madly in Love*, co-starring athletic Adriano Celentano and beautiful Ornella Muti in a joyous variation on *Roman Holiday*. Muti plays the spoiled princess of a mythical kingdom, Celentano a Roman bus driver who falls in love with her—and the two live happily ever after. Doing well in this country after its premiere at the Chicago and New York film festivals is *Passione d'Amore*. It's a kind of ironic *Beauty and the Beast* in which handsome officer Bernard Girardeau, in the midst of a torrid affair with lovely Laura Antonelli, is suddenly transferred to a post at which the only available woman is a horrendous hag (Valeria D'Obici). But, as the girl in Perrault's fairy tale learned years ago, beauty is simply in the eye of the beholder. *Passione* raises the question of how important looks are in a male-female relationship but doesn't attempt an answer.

The big films from Germany were *Das Boot*—World War Two as seen from inside a German U-boat—and the Oscar-winning *Mephisto*. At \$12,000,000 the most expensive German movie ever

made, *Das Boot's* sexual activity is limited to a roistering land-based party before the youthful seamen shove off, resulting in a short-arm inspection at sea; after that, it is strictly men without women. *Mephisto*, a Hungarian-West German coproduction, also harks back to the Hitler era, telling the story of an ambitious actor (well played by Klaus Maria Brandauer) who uses women ruthlessly to advance himself in the artistic circles of the Third Reich. Black actress Karin Boyd registers strongly, if briefly, as the actor's spirited mistress.

Death from drugs this year claimed the incredibly talented and prolific Rainer Werner Fassbinder, but not before he had completed one of his best films, *Veronika Voss*—based, ironically, on the life of actress Sybille Schmitz, who died of drug addiction. More successful in the American market place, however, has been a movie that Fassbinder *might* have made—*Christiane F.*, the true story of a 13-year-old prostitute and drug addict and how she got that way. Directed by young Ulrich Edel, it's so shocking that French

censors recommended that it be shown only to children—as an object lesson.

And from Brazil comes *I Love You*, which, if nothing else, confirms dark-eyed Sonia Braga (previously seen here in *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*) as an international sex star of the first magnitude. (She is, in fact, currently working with Marcello Mastroianni on *Gabriela* for an MGM/UA release.) One critic suggested that *I Love You* might better be titled *Last Bossa Nova in Rio*, and he's not too far wrong. Braga and Paulo César Pereio find each other after both have been through unhappy love affairs and test each other for the next 90 minutes. She's terrific. He—well, let's just say he's not likely to make it as an international male sex star.

The fine line that separates art-house erotica such as *I Love You* from domestic porno such as *Roommates* is growing finer all the time. Basically, it comes down to whether or not actual penetration shots are shown. In *Roommates*, they are (though, presumably, an R-rated version is being prepared for exposure on cable TV). But the makers of hard-core sex movies have finally discovered that they can no longer make it on fucking alone. There's just too much competition out there. What all of them are looking for is the crossover film, the movie that will appeal to both the raincoated regulars and the carriage trade. For a while, at least, *Roommates* seemed to be the answer; it played in New York at two non-porno houses. With escalating production costs, patronage by the "irregulars" has become increasingly important. There are now genuine porn stars: Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart, Annette Haven, Chelsea Manchester, John Leslie, Ron Jeremy, Richard Pacheco and—welcomed back to hard-core—Harry Reems. But the triple-X field, through its Adult Film Association of America, is aiming not only for acceptability but also for respectability. The A.F.A.A. even stages, in Los Angeles, its own annual version of the Academy Awards, handing out not Oscars but Eroticas. You could see more flesh in a Disney movie than there was on display at this year's postawards dinner, held at Los Angeles' classy Hyatt Regency hotel. Although *Screw* magazine's Al Goldstein made a colorful entrance at the cocktail party earlier, suspended from a crane in Superman tights and chains, the ballroomful of black-tied exhibitors and distributors and their sedately gowned wives looked for all the world like a scene from a service-club convention. Meanwhile, in X-rated moviehouses and in darkened living rooms across the country, spectators were presumably having a good deal more fun watching the action on cinema screen or on video cassette. There's a message here somewhere.



"Mr. and Mrs. Albert Delaware?  
We're from the Government, and we'd like to see your  
license for that sort of thing!"



M&R Vermouth. Imported by Penfield Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y. Jewelry: Bulgari. Watch: Dainichi Couture.

THE  
ITALIAN  
YOU  
WON'T  
FORGET.

MARTINI & ROSSI  
ON  
THE ROCKS

Winning. Worldly. Well bred.



*"When Moon was young, she announced that she wanted to change her name . . . to Beautyheart."*

school. The kids all talk about "How many bathrooms you got in your house?" and that kind of thing.

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to P.T.A. meetings at the school?

FRANK: I go down to the school. I don't belong to the P.T.A., but whenever there are plays and musicals and things like that that I can attend, I go. And, no, I don't help them with their homework. I'm not competent to do that. If they need any advice in my field of expertise, it's there any time. But the stuff they're doing now is outside my specialization.

8.

PLAYBOY: We read that David Bowie's son, Zowie, now prefers to be called Joe. How do your children—Moon Unit, Dweezil, Ahmet and Diva—like their names?

FRANK: They don't have any problems with their names. Remember, they're going to school in the Valley. They've got some other weird names down there. When Moon was young, she came in and announced that she wanted to change her name. I said, "Fine, what do you want to change it to?" She said, "Beautyheart." So that blew over after a while. And before Diva was born, Ahmet came in and said, "I have the perfect name for my new little sister," 'cause he was convinced it was going to be a girl. I said, "Yeah, really? What do you think we should call her?" He said, "Bone Sauce." That one didn't work. I liked Diva better, because she was screaming louder than the other babies in the hall at the hospital where she was born.

9.

PLAYBOY: Some people are surprised that you've written for and worked with several of the world's best symphonies. Where do classical music and rock 'n' roll meet?

FRANK: I don't think that classical in the ordinary sense has anything to do with rock 'n' roll. When I write music for orchestra, if it ever gets played, it will be consumed by a rock-'n'-roll audience, not by the same people who go to see Beethoven's *Fifth*. Most music in the United States is consumed only because of its fashionable function in relation to a given person's lifestyle. If you're a very modernistic kind of person with modern hair and so forth, you will not go and hear country-and-western music, even if

you like it. There are cultural boxes that people put themselves into, and they stay there. For people who have a hard time figuring out the way the world works, I guess it helps.

10.

PLAYBOY: Are you an exception, comfortable at a rock show and at an L.A. Philharmonic concert?

FRANK: The fact is, I do neither. I don't go to see the L.A. Philharmonic, because I don't think it's very good and its repertoire doesn't entice me out of the house. I don't go to rock shows, because I'm not interested in what's being played at rock shows. I would buy a ticket to see the Chicago Symphony play *Arcana*, by Edgard Varèse, for instance. But that ain't gonna happen, so I'm staying home. Boulez is my favorite conductor. A lot of people think he's too cerebral. A lot of conductors like to look good while conducting, and they wave their arms around a lot—a series of useless gestures that don't tell the musicians where the beat is. And if the beat isn't clear, the musicians don't play the notes all at the same time, the way they ought to, so the chords don't stack up right. With some music, such as slovenly romantic sleaze, it's no big deal, but I like a more rhythmic approach, and Boulez has always been careful about that.

11.

PLAYBOY: Would you get dressed up in a suit and tie—or even a tuxedo—on the occasion called for it?

FRANK: Well, I have many suits and ties. I mean, I've been to court before. I've got all the costumes necessary to deal with the world. I even own a tuxedo, but I very seldom wear it. I've got a suit by Giorgio Armani and another one by Yves Saint Laurent and another one by some Italian whose name I can't remember. I've always had suits. As a matter of fact, one time, I went to the Grammy Awards in this beautiful blue suit and no shirt. Try it some time. Got a suit? Wear it without a shirt. It looks great, especially if you've got a tan. You got to do your neck, though. Hold a cigarette lighter up there.

12.

PLAYBOY: Describe the state of rock 'n' roll.

FRANK: The state of radio determines the state of rock 'n' roll. A healthy so-

ciety would not tolerate what's going on the air right now. That broadcasting in the state it is tells me there are a lot of people out there who like it, who *crave* it—and they're *fucked*. It's like ostrich time; stick your head in the sand. People give up, they're afraid of the future. The biggest things that sell are the noncontent records—records that sound OK but say nothing—and all of them sound the same. I'm a pretty good listener, but I find it difficult to tell the difference between REO Speedwagon and Journey. They all blend together because it's planned that way. The radio becomes wallpaper to your lifestyle. Certain types of themes and ideas are repeated over and over again. You turn on the radio to your favorite station that plays those special kinds of noises. And it triggers the same response over and over again. It becomes your life.

13.

PLAYBOY: What kind of mail do you get?

FRANK: A lot of it is just complimentary-type stuff and a lot of "Can you help me with my personal problems?" stuff. Although I haven't answered any mail recently, last year I was pretty good about it. I didn't answer the stuff from deranged, crazy people. There are people with weird interpretations of my songs—like, one guy wrote me and told me he "figured out" *Idiot Bastard Son*. He figured that Ronnie is Ronald Reagan and Kenny is Ted Kennedy. He was wrong. The song is about two brothers named Ronnie and Kenny. In back of their house was a shed or a garage or something. At one point, Kenny, the younger brother, had moved into the shed for some reason. There was no toilet there, and he and this other guy would piss in these canning jars. Instead of dumping them out, they would pour them into these big crocks. Soon, they had gallons of piss. It got to be such a thing that everybody in the neighborhood would come over and piss in these fucking crocks. They had these crocks of piss sitting in their garage. Then these *things* started growing in there, swimming around in these crocks, and to this day, nobody knows what they were or where they came from. Finally, their father found out about it and made them pour the whole thing down the toilet—not in the gutter, not in the street, not on the lawn but down the toilet. OK, so I figure, if those things are alive and living in piss, you pour them down the toilet and flush it and these things are probably *this* big in the sewers underneath Ontario, which is where it happened. While Kenny is doing this, Ronnie is living in the bedroom with this guy named Dwight. They used to save their snot on a window

over Ronnie's bed. Just like everybody would piss in the jar, every night they would contribute of couple of boogers to this window, until you couldn't see through it. Just, you know, little kids having a good time. So I wrote a couple of songs about it: *Let's Make the Water Turn Black* and *Idiot Bastard Son*.

14.

PLAYBOY: You've said that your best audience is in the New York area and that the East Coast is your element. Why, then, are you living in Los Angeles?

FRANK: You got any idea how much space this complex occupies? Do you know how much it would cost to put this in Manhattan? You couldn't do it. And besides that, I've got green grass and trees and a swimming pool that my kids can have a good time in. I don't like Los Angeles, but I live here because of my work—all the equipment that I need is ten minutes away. But I don't like the people here; I don't like the values of the area. It's so bleak. People pretend to have culture, but there is no cultural life here at all. I stay, but I stay in my house, and I guarantee you that there is something going on in my house. As far as being a participant in the local scene, that's not for me. I ignore all party invitations.

15.

PLAYBOY: Let's clear one thing up: There have been reports that you have a panty fetish and have encouraged women in your audiences to take theirs off and throw them up to you onstage. Well?

FRANK: A few years ago, in Philadelphia, a girl approached the stage and pitched up this little pair of blue panties. I knew that the drummer and one of the other guys in the band liked to sniff girls' underpants, so as soon as she pitched them up, I made the drummer get off the stand and come down and sniff them. He did and immediately pretended to gag and faint and rolled all over the stage. The audience loved it. The girl, however, was somewhat chagrined, but I have it on good authority that the panties were semilethal. Anyway, I decided that since the people seemed to enjoy that so much, every night, we would invite girls to take their panties off and throw them up to us. But when I looked out at the audience, I realized how many of the girls were wearing pants. To assist them, I came up with helpful ways for them to take their panties off without taking down their Levis. I suggested, if they were wearing bikini panties, that they rip them on the sides and pull them off that way. If they were wearing those big, ugly cotton jobs, I told them to go back to the toilet. We did collect a large quantity of panties—hundreds of them. We gave

them to an artist in Colorado named Emily James, and she's making a wall hanging out of them. She'll eventually exhibit it.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you take drugs?

FRANK: I don't take drugs. I don't advise anybody else to take drugs. I think they are bad. I fire people from the band and the crew if they use drugs, not because I wish to rule their lives but because—especially in Europe—if you're in possession of some illicit substance, you'll go to jail and they'll treat you mean.

Drugs don't appeal to me. Have you ever tried to have a conversation with a dope fiend? They got nothin' to say. They're dead people. It's not like I like to sit around and talk with people, 'cause I don't. I prefer to just do my work and get on with it. About the only time I have a conversation with anybody is when I'm doing an interview. And even when I'm working, the fewer words said, the better. The vast majority of people in this country are using one kind of drug or another all the time. It's the only thing that keeps them from going totally ape-shit with the way things actually are. But that's creating part of the problem, because the drugs help you hide.

17.

PLAYBOY: You don't have any vices?

FRANK: I wouldn't say that. I smoke a pack and a half, two packs a day and drink gallons of coffee. I'll drink a bit of wine if I can get a good bottle, and occasionally, I'll drink whiskey.

18.

PLAYBOY: Another rock institution, of course, is the groupie. Do groupies help or hinder rock 'n' roll?

FRANK: Usually, there are resident groupies who come with the halls no matter who is playing. They're part of the

furniture. I'm glad they're there, because that's who fucks the crew and the other guys in the band. I'm not interested in those girls, but I'm all in favor of it for the others. When you go on the road, the more girls who get pooched, the happier the whole tour is. That's the key to a happy tour. The band and the crew that don't get laid when they go out there are the meanest, grouchiest, most unpleasant bunch of people to hang out with. "Go out and get pooched," I tell them. But I'm not interested in the girls who come to the hall for that purpose. I don't find them amusing. I like women full blown, with credentials. You know—an actual, functioning brain.

There was one groupie I wrote about on the *Fillmore* album who wouldn't fuck the guy unless he sang her his hit single first. That's a true story. It happened to the two guys in the Turtles who were in the band with me at the time. She wanted them to sing *Happy Together*. And they did; you know, because why not?

19.

PLAYBOY: Of what clubs are you a member?

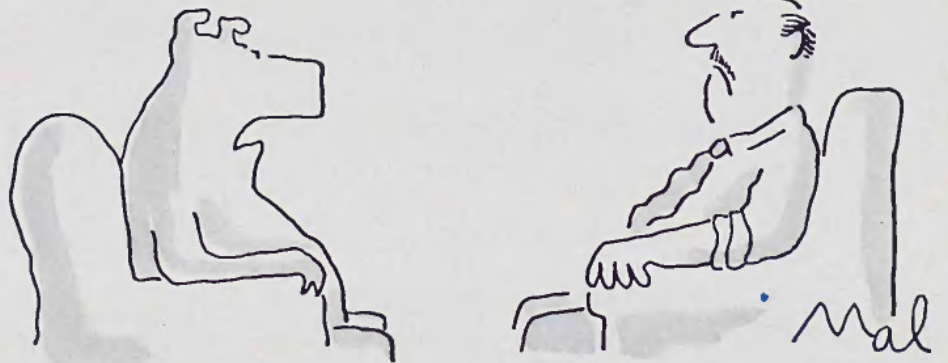
FRANK: I belong to the Greater Los Angeles Zoo Association. That's it.

20.

PLAYBOY: The image of Frank Zappa is that of a wild and outrageous person. Is that just an image?

FRANK: I'm really quite wild and outrageous but in ways that people wouldn't recognize. Today, if you actually work 18 hours a day and you *like* it, that's pretty outrageous. And if you don't compromise and don't put up with a bunch of bullshit and you punch your way through life, which I kind of manage to do on the budget available to me, that's *out-fucking-rageous*.

Y



"Oh, stop your bitching . . . you knew I was a lousy housekeeper before you married me!"

# WOMEN OF BRANIFF (continued from page 101)

*“It was a dream job. I would fly to Boston for the weekend for a lobster dinner,” one confessed.”*

to unload baggage. We walked through an empty terminal. It was like a scene from *The Twilight Zone*.”

Others weren't so lucky. Teresa Tidwell was driving in her car. It was raining. She heard on the radio, “If you have a Braniff ticket, throw it out.”

Zebbie Mussick was watching cable TV. “There were no commercials, no news bulletins. A friend called with the news.”

“I never thought it would go under,”

said Jan Whitaker, “though we knew there was trouble. I had spent the past few months pitching in. I worked behind a ticket counter for free, on my days off, just to help out.”

It wasn't enough. Braniff had expanded too rapidly. Suddenly, it found itself more than \$750,000,000 in debt. The failure was major news in *The Wall Street Journal*. When PLAYBOY Senior Photography Editor Jeff Cohen read the story, he ignored the figures

and wondered about the people involved. Two and a half years earlier, PLAYBOY had recruited flight attendants for a major pictorial. Some had been fired for appearing in the magazine. Jan Whitaker, the Braniff volunteer, had kept her clothes on. “Harding Lawrence, the chief executive officer of Braniff, actually called me to thank me for keeping my clothes on. He thought it was a victory for Braniff.”

Cohen also wondered whether or not some of the women who were reluctant before would be willing to pose now. We sent out feelers. Seventy-five women showed up for the interview and the test shots. For some, it was a farewell gesture to Braniff. For others, it was a fantasy; they had always wanted to be photographed by PLAYBOY—the ultimate compliment, a bona fide morale booster.

These women are defiantly independent. It is the nature of the beast. They chose a career that was based on freedom. They could choose their hours, their routes. They could see the world. They were competent career women with incredible fringe benefits. “It was a dream job. I would fly to Boston for the weekend for a lobster dinner,” one confessed to us. “I could never believe it was real.” They all spoke with longing of their favorite cities. “You can't imagine what it's like to stroll through Rothenburg. Europe is so quaint. The castles. The cobblestones. The feather quilts. The flowers in the windows.” These women made their own memories. They were experienced travelers, able to survive in alien cities. Think about that the next time you complain about taking a business trip.

For some, the job was a matter of time, not distance. They could schedule their flights to accommodate second careers, relationships, hobbies. Some modeled. Others worked out—keeping their bodies fit through aerobics, running, horseback riding, skiing, swimming, dance. They had time to develop a good backhand. (As you can see, they are incredibly fit.) Some painted. Some partied. They had the time to get good at something.

All of these women are possessed of a fierce *joie de vivre*. They wanted it all. And they reacted to the demise of Braniff with a singular pride and a touch of nostalgia. They would miss flying. “There was a closeness, a camaraderie. The job was always fun, because we made it that way. I'll miss the company of the other attendants. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. I never thought I would have a job like that. I can't believe I'll find something else as good.” Potential employers, take note: These women are a natural resource.



“The usual, sir?”

“Yes, please.”



*Photographed at Leeming House, Lake Ullswater, England*

## AUSTIN REED OF REGENT STREET: CLOTHING IN THE GREAT BRITISH TRADITION

British through and through. In the soft English Shetland fabrics of premium wool, loomed in Britain. In fall-right colors inspired by England's Lake District. In the quintessential British styling of both men's and women's clothing by London's famed Austin Reed of Regent Street, tailored line-for-line in the United States.

**AUSTIN REED**   
OF REGENT STREET®

101 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606. ©1982 Hart Services, Inc.

# Stolichnaya

## The Vodka



STOLICHNAYA VODKA, 80 and 100 proof, distilled from grain.  
Imported by Monsieur Henri Wipes, Ltd., White Plains, New York.



"Not tonight, Shrimpton."



*You've always had an edge  
on the competition.*

*He knows how to wear his diamonds.*

*Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about \$400. The ring shown is available for about \$950. Prices may vary.*

*A diamond is forever. De Beers*



# HANDICAPPING

(continued from page 158)

*"When I lose a big bet at the track, I always pretend my money goes to an old woman with no teeth."*

are written on the wind by people who bet horses that remind them of something sweet. During a practice round before the World Series of Handicapping, I stood at the rail with a woman who had bet \$50 on a horse named Earl's Ice Chest. I had studied the horse in the *Racing Form* and marked a skull and crossbones beside its name in the margin.

"My first husband," she said to me, blushing, "was named Earl."

Even though I guessed that he was fat and 50, he could have outrun this horse.

Earl's Ice Chest started crisply but wilted on the turn to home and finished somewhere in the middle of the pack. Old Earl must have been a little slow on the draw, too, because the woman merely sighed and shrugged, like she was used to coming up empty-handed.

Let's assume, for the sake of conversation, that I had picked the winner in that race. (Unfortunately, I had bet a horse that listed a bit to the starboard side. When my horse crossed the finish line, it didn't look like the jockey was carrying a whip. It looked like he was holding a cane out so he and his mount wouldn't bump into anything. This track didn't need a vet. It needed an optometrist.) Had I picked the winner, Earl's ex-wife and all the other losers would have paid me and all the other winners after the track had taken its cut. A track takes about 17 percent off the top each race, which at first glance suggests that winning money consistently at the races is about as likely as winning a Teddy bear at the fair by knocking over pewter milk bottles with rolled-up socks.

What you have to remember, though, is that the track brings together, under one roof, guys in tweed over denim and dolls in tight jeans and cowgirl booties who wouldn't know a winner if it bit them on the keister. Your competition at a race track is, for the most part, people who regard gambling money as entertainment money—people who *expect* to lose. I'll gladly tip the track 17 percent for the opportunity to trade shots in the dark with tourists whose hunches frequently come from their childhood or their diaries.

The real reason I prefer horse racing to other gambles is what happens after you lose your ass.

It stings, just like when the blackjack dealer digs up the last five on earth or when the stupid basketball team you bet on lets the opposition stuff one at the buzzer, one that affects the point spread, one that causes your guts to burn and

your head to spin. But when you make a losing bet on the wheel or on the felt in Las Vegas or Atlantic City, the majority of the money goes to a gigantic corporation and is plowed back into the community only indirectly—for example, when a pit boss goes to have his pinkie ring reset.

When you make a bet with a bookie and lose, God only knows where that money goes, but I doubt that it's to poor children. When I lose a big bet at the track, I always pretend my money goes to a guy who needs a hearing aid or a little old woman with no teeth.

At the World Series of Handicapping, you bet play money. You pay \$300 to enter, and then, if you hit enough winners, they give you a check. Last year, when I was there, it was \$45,000. This year they'll double that. Each finalist starts with an imaginary bank roll of \$1000, and after three consecutive days of racing—there are ten races a day—the top five finishers are rewarded with prize money; the 85 (this year 145) other contestants get to keep their name tags.

You must bet every race. You can bet as little as two dollars. You get 25 races—two-and-a-half-days' worth—to establish a limit for your win, place and show betting. If, for example, after 25 races your biggest win bet was \$500, then during the last five races on the third day, that's the most you can bet to win. This rule keeps a person from blowing a bunch of two-dollar bets, then going all or nothing on a long shot late in the contest.

The final-round contestants are made up of about one third seeded professionals—writers and handicappers—and two thirds amateurs who have qualified at one of the four preliminary tournaments in Grantville. So many amateurs entered the 1981 tournament that the four preliminaries were filled by pulling names from a vat.

This is the only world championship in which there is no rule stipulating that the winner has to know what the hell he or she is doing.

Some race tracks are difficult to get to and uncomfortable once you're there.

The last time I went to Belmont Park in New York, I rode the subway and a cranky old man sat on my lap. I was then tossed out of a box seat because I wasn't wearing a tie.

A few years ago, I was about side-swiped trying to get to Santa Anita, which is near Los Angeles. Cars on those

The man who knows  
how to wear  
his diamonds



\$550.



\$1,350.



\$1,500.



\$950.

also knows  
where to find them.

**ZALES**  
The Diamond Store

freeways are considered legally stalled if they aren't going 50 miles per hour.

The Penn National Race Course, the home of the World Series of Handicapping, is in the middle of a field at the base of the Appalachian foothills, which glow in October. There is no traffic, unless you count things that hop or crawl. The grandstand looks out of place, as if a tornado had dropped it in the field.

You can drive right up to a door at Penn National, park on a paved lot, walk in five minutes before post time and get a seat anywhere—including, I might add, on a horse. At small tracks such as Penn, your investment is frequently carried around the horn by a rider without much experience at weaving beyond Atari. I have plants older than some of those jockeys.

Penn National is open all year. Consequently, the people who work the betting windows are friendly locals who don't try to palm quarters due you. The

regulars may pick your brain but never your pocket.

Grantville, which is about a mile from the track, is made up of a laundromat, a few neat houses and churches with tall steeples; and it is typical of the burgs and the townships of this part of Pennsylvania. It is as though, 75 years ago, an aspiring city planner did his lab work here before moving east to design for the record. The towns seem incomplete, as if the architect had designed a general store and a couple of shops, stepped back and said, "This isn't quite right." Then everybody piled into the truck and went 15 miles down the road to try again.

The area is neither wilderness nor crowded. Just when you start wondering which berries may be edible if you have car trouble, you crest a hill and find another of those villages in progress.

I found Grantville on the third try.

A woman in the laundromat said, "It's right here," and she pointed at the third washer from the end, as though that were the geographical center of town. Hershey

is only a 15-minute drive from Penn National, and it is a perfect place to cure the blues. The air there is semi-sweet with the smell of chocolate. Chocolate is thought by scientists to help cure depression, so many of those competing in the handicapping finals stayed in Hershey and lapped up the atmosphere.

October in southeastern Pennsylvania is the perfect time of year for horse racing.

There is a bite in the air.

That's a Three Mile Island joke I heard from a waitress who offered to light my cigarette by placing her finger to its tip. Three Mile Island is near Harrisburg, where, if you have been living right, you land. Penn National is only 30 to 45 minutes from Harrisburg International as the crow flies. The last crow that attempted the trip was hit by a semi; the freeways are a little hectic.

I flew from Washington, D.C., to Harrisburg on a contraption that had wings and motors above the windows. It looked like a seaplane.

"Not the jet, the one over there," the ticket agent said after he announced that my flight was available for boarding. It looked to me like it had been available for boarding since 1955. I had not been in a propeller job in many years, and it took some getting used to. I had forgotten how to sit with my head between my knees and how to use the bathroom while being banged off the walls.

We never attained an air speed that made me feel like we were slicing through this clear October afternoon. Once we reached our cruising altitude and the captain turned off the NO FISHING sign, though, we did show a couple of motorcycles our exhaust. That was after we had taxied so far that I thought we'd show them our tracks.

The landing at Harrisburg was slow but exciting. We followed the Susquehanna River to the runway. When we dipped down the first time, a woman below us pulled her children close to her bosom in case we tried to snatch her loved ones and tote them off to our nest.

Most of the finalists for the big tournament were from Eastern cities and they drove in. The commuter flight I took is much better for morale, and I recommend it without reservation. You just get on it and when you land, you feel like you're already on a lucky streak.

The first day was one of grand arrivals. I about fainted several times just from being in the same room with all the big hitters.

An Oriental gentleman from New York arrived and consulted with a hulking associate who, according to rumor, knew the position of every dirt clod on the Penn National track.

Andrew Beyer of *The Washington*



"I always get laid before a stockholders' meeting—  
it loosens me up."

# The many facets of The Crown Jewel of England.™



Post looked sharp and carried a fat briefcase. Somebody said it might be full of C-notes. Beyer wrote a book called *My \$50,000 Year at the Races*. He takes his racing very seriously and is not the kind of guy you would chuck under the chin and ask whom he liked in the feature. Everybody has his favorite Andrew Beyer story. Mine is the one in which he goes to a betting window and says to the clerk in his deep, rich voice, "I'd like a four-dollar win on number three, a six-dollar place on number four and a \$20,000 exacta on four-five." Andy is an expert at exacta wagering—picking the top two horses of a race in their order of finish—and he has been known to bet them up.

I met Nick Horvath, a professional seed and one of the favorites, who works for a Harrisburg newspaper. He looked a little sleepy. The word was Nick had been awake the past couple of weeks looking up past performances that were not listed in the *Form*. If a horse had finished second in a race in Cold Fanny, Wyoming, in 1976, Nick knew about it.

Randy Sonderman, who writes for a publication called *Turf Flash*, which picks winners at tracks all over the country, worked off a little excess energy by hurdling some benches out by the rail. Randy assured me that if he didn't have a breakdown, he'd win the contest. He had been at Penn National for a month or so, getting ready.

Mike Warren showed up in a splendid corduroy suit that accented his perfectly styled hair. At first, I thought it was somebody like Fabian. Warren is a professional handicapper best known for his football predicting service based in Baltimore. His associates acted like they would begin spraying perfume in the air at any moment. Warren seemed a little removed from the grubbiness of a race track. When he made a bet, the spectators swooned and frequently went to a window to invest something in one of his big picks. Warren made 20 bets during the first two days of the tournament, lost them all, which is damned near impossible, and returned to the relative security of the gridiron trenches, where, at least, the warriors won't lift a leg on you in public.

I had already met a contestant named Nathan (he was not one of the Detroit Nathans, though), Marty "The Lock" Blum and the guy who went to the bathroom every five minutes; I doubted that anybody more colorful existed.

During the tournament's first hour, Blum introduced himself to me several times and in each instance said, "I'm a lock to win this thing," as if the rest of us should just go on home.

Then: "Meet Kelso Sturgeon," one of the tournament officials said.

I looked over his shoulder toward the paddock. I thought Kelso Sturgeon was

a horse. Instead, he was a huge, friendly man who works for a racing magazine. Five years ago, Sturgeon invented the World Series of Handicapping. It was like meeting the guy who thought up the half-time number, which enables a person to bet a pro football game after two quarters and perhaps salvage a rotten pregame hunch.

With a name like that, I expected Kelso Sturgeon to be big but not nearly so pleasant. He went broke competing in the finals as a professional seed, but he was the happiest loser in the joint because his contest had become so popular. That man ought to get a penny every time a horse race is run in this country, the way inventors get royalties on their far less intriguing games.

It's almost impossible to concentrate in the presence of so many celebrities. And, besides, just between you and me, I didn't know exactly what I was doing early on. But then, this contest has never been won on the first day.

As a finalist, you sit in a roped-off area under the grandstand. You have to make your bet seven minutes before the post time of a race. After you mark your bet on a card, a tournament official picks it up and hangs it on a wire over your head so the public can see how much of your imaginary stake and your mind you risk on each race.

Once you've made your bet, you should get up and go somewhere. I made my first bet and sat there. A spectator on the other side of the rope looked at my bet and then at me and said—altogether too loudly, I thought—"What a god-damned idiot."

After every race, your running (or slipping) total is updated on a gigantic leader board.

Nobody did much early the first day except a spunky guy named Waleszczak, who came out of the gate betting \$100s all over the place and was last seen pacing in small circles with the program clenched tightly in his right fist, wondering what had run him over. It hadn't been one of the horses he bet. They barely walked. Waleszczak lost more than half of his imaginary roll in the first six or seven races.

That kind of thing can scare hell out of a person, so after Waleszczak got creamed, everybody else more or less sat around looking sneaky.

The tournament started on a Friday night, and by the fifth race, I understood many of the more important rules.

As a professional seed—I had written a novel about a guy who lost everything he had at the track—I sat behind Andrew Beyer and did everything he did.

Thank God he didn't bet much.

All I had with me was a *Racing Form* and a pencil. The contestant next to me had a fat notebook full of figures he'd been working on for three months. Many

of the finalists had their own special systems based on everything from speed ratings to bloodlines to wind velocity.

Don't worry about it.

Before too awfully long, the man next to me closed the cover on his fancy figures and, sitting there broke, wondered if his wife would ever take him back. He even asked my opinion about a race once—he became *that* desperate.

About all you really need to hold your own in this tournament is a *Racing Form*, which lists the past performances of all the horses, and a pull of whiskey every hour or so for your nerves.

During the first night of racing, while everybody else was renewing old acquaintances and comparing dirt samples from different parts of the track and yelling "The three horse is lame!" I tuned everything out.

The person who had yelled that the three horse was crippled then probably bet a ton on it.

These people are tricky.

I made a little something on a race halfway through the card and was pleased until I checked the leader board and noticed that a couple of dozen others had made a lot more. Normally, my goal at the track is to leave with at least 75 cents more than I came with. At the World Series of Handicapping, my object was to make more than 89 other people. You can have a career day and still feel like throwing yourself into a vat of chocolate.

After a series of small bets on Friday, I escaped with \$900 and change, which was above average.

A male nurse took the early lead with a couple of grand.

I congratulated him.

"I'm not a *male* nurse," he said. "I'm a *nurse*. Are you a *male* writer?"

What can you say?

Leading this tournament makes a person a little edgy.

Saturday, I had been told by those who had been here before, was the day to make my move. It was the proper time to place a sizable bet and spring from the outhouse to the throne, and I know in my heart that I would have done precisely that had I not discovered two hours before the first post time that I had the wrong damn *Racing Form*.

Do not, under any circumstance, buy a *Form* from the gift shop in the Holiday Inn next door to Penn National. It sells Sunday's *Racing Form* on Friday night. That leaves Saturday unaccounted for.

I discovered that I had studied the wrong *Form* for 12 hours when I called the track to check on the scratches for Saturday's program. You get the scratches from a recording. I couldn't believe it when a woman read off a list of horses I had never heard of. I hung up, badly shaken, and looked at the date on the

# In times like these, you need times like these.



Maybe things aren't getting any better, but you can. In Palm Springs. Pour out your frustrations under our calming sun, cool off in a sparkling pool, unwind and dine in tranquil restaurants, snap back with a game of tennis or a round of golf, lift your spirits on our spectacular Aerial Tramway.

Take the edge off by taking off for Palm Springs soon. If there's one thing we're famous for, it's good times.

Convention and Visitors Bureau  
Municipal Airport Terminal, Dept. 8205  
Palm Springs, CA 92262

Let's see some good news for a change. Send me your free "Sunny" Kit.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

**Palm Springs**  
CALIFORNIA

# Water's for floatin'. Dickel's for drinkin'.



Don't let water, ice, or anything come between you and your first taste of George Dickel. Because when you start out with a whisky that's been properly gentled in the first place, you don't have to half drown it or throw rocks at it to make it behave. Later on, if you feel compelled to

splash on a little water—or your favorite mixer—well, we try to be open-minded about such things.

After all, a whisky that tastes as good as Dickel does all by itself, is going to taste pretty great no matter what you do to it. For smoothness, it's in a class by itself.

## GEORGE



## DICKEL

T E N N E S S E E

W H I S K Y

S O U R M A S H

*Racing Form*; then I went a little crazy and began driving in circles, searching for some current material.

"For God's sake, let me through," I said to the woman who stood guard at the entrance to the backstretch. I had been told by a man whose kitchen door I had banged on that I might get Saturday's *Form* "over there."

There is nothing around Penn National except a couple of gas stations and some big fields and little houses. The backstretch, as at any track, is situated as far from the public eye as possible. That's because the backstretch is where people who sweep up horse manure sleep and shoot dice and wait for the break that will elevate them from the shovel to the pail to the much more glamorous horse-hosing detail. The tour bus speeds up when it goes by there.

"You what?" the guard asked.

"Am in the World Series of Handicapping."

"And you don't even have a *Racing Form*?"

I explained again what had happened.

"You're in the finals and don't even know the names of the horses running tonight?"

That was about the size of it.

"How pathetic," the guard said, lowering the chain.

I drove to the backstretch kitchen but didn't try the hamburger meat, and I was told by some little guys watching an old television there that there were no *Racing Forms* anywhere in the area because all the big shots from the tournament had snapped them up. I feigned surprise at the mention of a tournament and drove at high speeds back to the motel bar. I downed a few quick ones and casually asked the person on the next stool whom he liked in the first race. "Subon."

At least I had a name to drop.

I finally got a *Form* at the gate shortly before the races started and made one good-sized bet Saturday night. I lost the bet when the jockey dropped his whip as he was overtaking the leader. The horse grinned and finished second. I complimented the little oaf for keeping his pants on and made notes for what would now have to be an enormous finish on the tournament's last day.

The horses at Penn National became increasingly difficult to figure. The average race card there features a lot of \$2500 claiming races, which means that a qualified person—a trainer, an owner or a regional buyer for a company such as Purina—can purchase one of these sweethearts for the claiming price, or \$2500. It's tough to put this kind of horse in perspective. A \$2500 claimer is a lot like a 1958 Chrysler Saratoga: Both cost, start and corner about the same and, on a chilly day, are about as predictable. It's wise to bet the two-dollar tournament

minimum on these cheap horses and stay the hell away from the rail in case one of them falls that way.

After what happened in the tenth and last race of Saturday night's card, I was able to get a little rest, convinced that my problem with the *Racing Form* was a sign from above—a good sign.

Many contestants bet a horse named Istria's Son, which went off at odds of nine to one and came from Siberia to win by a length. Unfortunately, Istria's Son came on like a battering ram and was disqualified after officials viewed a replay of the race and completed a body count.

I watched that debacle with a silver-haired fellow who had bet \$200 in tournament money on Istria's Son. It was morbid.

When the horse hit the wire way ahead, the man shook me by the shoulders and said his victory was going to

put him into first place. When the disqualification announcement was made, his color went from pink to ashen. When I volunteered to get him a drink, he made sounds like he was being strangled.

Each time I returned to that spot by the door, the guy was still standing there, like a house where all the lights were on but nobody was home.

Marty "The Lock" Blum lost a bundle on Istria's Son and was so dazed, somebody said, that he rode the mechanical bull back at the motel bar. For about two seconds.

A Canadian took the lead in the contest with nearly four grand and was shortly thereafter rumored to have begun a very interesting conversation with himself that lasted well into the wee hours.

The pressure was choking us all.

I had \$800 left.

"That stinks," a spectator analyzing



"Did you ever have days when you wished you were a creationist?"

the leader board said.

"But I had no *Racing Form*."  
Spoken like a true champion.

Here's the way it works:

You read the *Racing Form* and you narrow a race down to two or three horses that have not made fools of themselves recently. You go to the paddock to see if any of them is spitting blood. If you are unable to separate one horse from another by further scrutiny of the *Form*, you close your eyes and erase your mind and wait for a vibe.

My vibes come into my mind left to right, in script. The good ones spell themselves out in red letters, the fair ones in blue. A reverse vibe is one that flashes, which means a horse is to be avoided. When you get a strong vibe, it looks and feels a lot like a nervous breakdown.

It's all a bunch of horse feathers, you see. A nag can win or lose for any one of 100 reasons. Picking a winner is 40 percent skill, 41 percent luck and 19 percent eerie.

My horse on Sunday, Muddy Run, broke fourth.

It was a decent horse.

I am a decent person.

Come what may.

A big race like this one is the ultimate diversion. During the time it takes a horse to run from the starting gate to the finish line, nothing else matters, not even your daughter's boyfriend who picks her up by banging hubcaps to-

gether. The start of a race is even more stimulating than the finish, because by the time the end limps around, the average horse player is in no condition to enjoy all the pretty colors.

The unknown is both frightening and thrilling, and when the horses show themselves for the first time, you're at once pleased that yours is upright and outraged that it is fourth.

I bet Muddy Run big to win at odds of more than three to one. That was the fourth race on the last day of the tournament. If I hit it, I would be among the top five.

The race was run on the inner turf course, on the grass, so I climbed the fence near the paddock for a better view. Muddy Run had more guts than I did—I was about to cry—and he was third at the top of the turn to home and a strong second coming out, no more than a pucker from the lead.

What followed was the most exciting stretch run since the day long ago, at a seedy dirt track outside Houston, when I bet \$100 on the brown one against a fat man's \$100 on the other one, which was black. The brown one lunged at the wire to win, but when I went to collect, the fat man held out his hand and said, without humor, "You lose." As it turned out, the black one that lost was owned by a man named Brown. I should have bet the other one, the brown one owned by a black man or some damned thing like that.

Muddy Run and the other rat came off the turn together, and I began running

with them, bringing my knees up high, churning my arms, gulping the crisp autumn air, going basically mad.

The horses took turns leading by hardly anything.

As the three of us crossed the finish line, it was total exhilaration.

"You win it by a length and a half," some guy at the rail said, "but I don't know about the horses."

The PHOTO light went up on the tote board; the race had been too close to call.

I'll take a diversion over a delusion any day.

I've given this a lot of thought.

It has been my experience to observe that delusions alter the mind and diversions alter the pocketbook. Either one taken to excess can hurt like hell. But speaking purely in a creative sense, I'd rather be broke than nutty.

Furthermore, people who use their minds in their craft seem to do some of their finest work soon after they tap out.

See, losing your ass can be a very healthy thing sometimes.

I formulated this need-equals-creativity theory after the fourth race. After that race, I sat there on the ground by the rail for a long time and risked being pelted with pennies, like a wino.

I could have puked.

As Bill Nunnenkamp explained later, my horse had gotten caught on an uneven part of the turf course. Bill does his handicapping from a wheelchair, and though he didn't do much in the 1981 contest, he is regarded by his peers as one of the best.

"You mean a damned molehill beat me?"

That was approximately it. Muddy Run lost by a kiss.

Poor, I played a few long shots and lost the last of my imaginary stake on the next-to-last race of the tournament.

The Canadian got conservative.

The nonfemale nurse got wild but rallied to finish third.

A real-estate man from Maine got well. He bet everything he had—\$800—on the last race of the tournament, hit a medium shot and won the 45 grand over a kid generally known as The Kid.

Sherman Brown is the winner's name. He is probably signing big endorsement deals for binoculars even as we speak.

They say he is a hell of a horse player, which means that Penn National and, for that matter, the racing industry as a whole, has lucked out again.

One of these years, somebody like me is going to win it all and explain something goofy like the vibe system on national television.

I broke the Grantville bank by cashing a few traveler's checks.

It was a small bank.



"I presume this is the intensive-care unit?"



How  
do you enjoy  
Sambuca Romana  
when you run out  
of coffee beans?



**Con Mosca**  
1 oz. Sambuca Romana  
3 roasted coffee beans  
Float coffee beans on top.



**White Cloud**  
1 oz. Sambuca Romana  
Club soda  
Pour over ice  
in tall glass.



**Romana  
Caffe**  
1 oz. Sambuca Romana  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup hot coffee  
Top with sweetened  
whipped cream.  
Dust with grated  
nutmeg.



**Chocolate Chip  
Sambuca**  
1 oz. Sambuca Romana  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup chocolate chip  
ice cream  
Blend and serve or  
freeze until serving.



**Sunny Sam**  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Sambuca Romana  
1 oz. vodka  
Orange juice  
Pour over ice in  
8 ounce goblet.



**Reunion (for 2)**  
1 oz. Sambuca Romana  
1 oz. vodka  
12 fresh strawberries  
6 oz. orange juice  
 $\frac{3}{8}$  cup crushed ice  
Mix ingredients in blender  
until almost smooth.

The traditional  
way to drink  
Sambuca is Con Mosca.  
But if you're out  
of coffee beans, try  
one of these other drinks.  
And then write for our original  
Sambuca Romana recipe book.  
Sambuca Romana 84 Pf.

**SAMBUCA  
ROMANA**

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

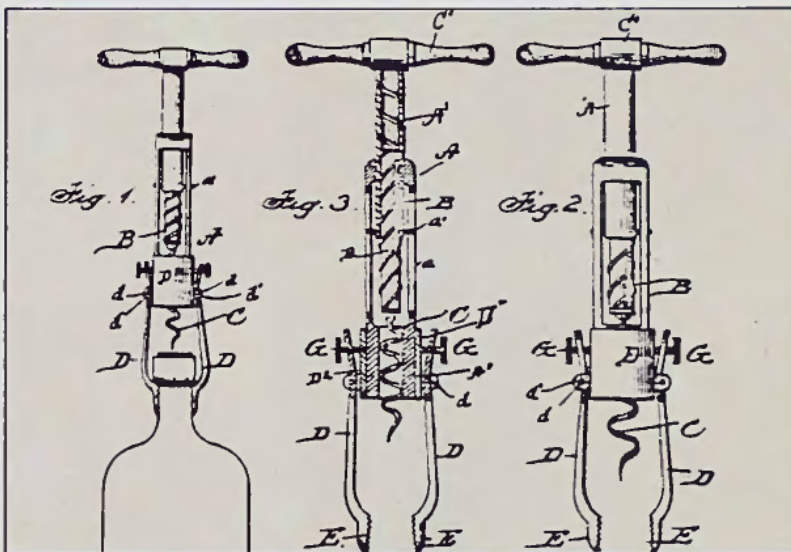
## CLOSING OUT WINTER WHITES

Summer's long, hot song has ended, but you can have more than just a memory of the tan you cultivated lingering according to the manufacturer if you lay out \$340 for an Endless Summer Solar Sauna—a clear-front tent-type contraption that stays warm while filtering out harmful ultraviolet rays. Energy Innovations, 3507 Lawrence Avenue, Kensington, Maryland 20895, makes and sells the Endless Summer. If all the well-oiled bodies on the beach opt for one, it'll be making endless bucks.



## BIRDS AND THE BEES

*Dawn on the Desert* is just one of the many bug and bird stereophonic experiences that await you on *Solitudes*, a series of LPs and/or cassettes available from The Moss Music Group at 48 West 38th Street, New York, New York 10018, for \$9.98 each. Our favorite is *Storm on a Wilderness Lake*, in which you hear "the familiar drop of the rain on the leaves." Try it turned way up to drown out your neighborhood's familiar drop of jackhammers on pavement.



## ANOTHER SCREW LOOSE

Ready or not, here it comes: the 64-page soft-cover edition of *Guide to American Corkscrew Patents: Volume Two 1896-1920*. (We brought you volume one in our May 1981 *Potpourri* pages.) Volume two is also a limited edition—300 copies—available from Bottlescrew Press, P.O. Box 12, New Castle, Delaware 19720, for \$14.45, postpaid. In it are 204 black-and-white patent drawings ranging from J. Pitt's 1882 auger to a 1920 cork hypo. Dig it.

## GIMME SPACE

"Turn a closet into a secure vault," says Saf-T-Case Manufacturing, a company at P.O. Box 5472, Irving, Texas 75062, that manufactures Saf-T-Space—a 26-gauge-steel roll-up security door that bolts into the framework of a closet, turning it into a mini Fort Knox. Once installed (the company claims you can do it yourself in two hours, using ordinary tools), Saf-T-Space should keep everything from cameras to a cask of amontillado safely stashed at a price that's not going to dynamite your wallet: \$325 to \$375 F.O.B. the manufacturer, depending on the width of the door. (Saf-T-Case will send you all the information you need on how to measure.) Take two—one for the silver closet and one for your mother-in-law's room.



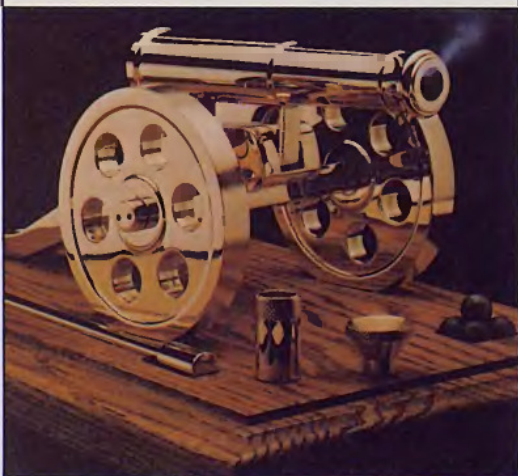
### HAPPY TRAILS, J.P.

The next time a dip in the economy has your blood pressure higher than the national debt, climb aboard Rock-It, a hand-carved wooden rocking horse for adults, and head your troubles off at the pass. Cimarron Woodworks (12625 W. Atlantic Place, Lakewood, Colorado 80228) claims that rocking beats dry martinis and popping Valium in corralling stress. The price for an executive Rock-It? About \$1500 and up. Whoa, Nellie! There goes our blood pressure again!



### CANNON FODDER

Every schoolboy knows that the early history of America was punctuated by the sound of cannon fire. And most adult males still yearn deep down inside to blow off steam—and gunpowder—with a toy cannon that really goes bang. To help scratch your pyrotechnic itch, Valley Cannon Works, P.O. Box 23816, Tigard, Oregon 97223, manufactures a line of solid-brass miniature cannons (such as the Field Marshal, shown here, priced at \$200) that can be fired. And soon, it'll be coming our way with a half-scale Gatling gun for \$3000. Ka-boom!



### LOOK! UP ON THE WALL! IT'S 1968!

And just when you thought the world was safe from Sixties youth-quake fallout, up jumps John Berns, a West Coast poster dealer whose stock in trade is original psychedelic/rock posters ranging from Jefferson Airplane and The Grateful Dead to Frank Zappa and Jethro Tull. Bern's catalog is \$3 sent to Haight Street Graphics, P.O. Box 27394, San Francisco, California 94127. His prices range from about \$7 for early Ten Years After and Quicksilver Messenger Service graphics to \$75 for a Moby Grape Krishna benefit. (The Butterfield Blues Band / Muddy Waters Sound poster pictured goes for \$30.) And there are even a few early Hooker's Ball posters, too.



### YOUR DRAW!

Introducing the Official Texas Beer Shooter—a chugalug device that shoots a steady stream of brew down a clear plastic tube and into your thirsty gullet faster than you can say "Sssccchhhllliittzzz." (To accomplish that, just attach the Shooter to the bottom of your favorite brew, pop the top and—whammy!—you get a malt surprise.) The manufacturer of this bibbing madness is M.O.N.I.E. Products, P.O. Box 2514, Sepulveda, California 91343. Shoot 'em \$6 and they'll shoot you back the plumbing for one fine hangover, Tex.

### OLD PLAYBOYS HERE!

With a low bow to ourselves, it's nice to report that PLAYBOY back issues, calendars, etc., have surpassed other time-honored collectibles, such as comics, Elvis and Beatles stuff and baseball cards, in terms of capital growth. So, to help you keep track of your well-stacked investment portfolio, Don Miller, a dealer in PLAYBOY back issues (his address: P.O. Box 1619-P, Palm Desert, California 92261), is offering a *Playboy Back Issue Price List* for \$1.50 and a monster soft-cover *Playboy Collectors Guide & Price List* (Budget Enterprises) for \$12. In case you're wondering, volume one, number one is \$1500. Buy!



## Sex Is Still Worth It (continued from page 145)

*"Sex helps rub off loose body hairs and flaky skin. It generates body heat, thus lowering heating bills."*

one hand tied behind your back, sex requires all of you. In fact, sex is the only way you can exercise certain muscle groups that would otherwise be neglected. It's not jogging (thank God; what is?), but it does give your heart a workout—in one way or another. Sex is the equivalent of climbing several flights of steps; it burns 125 calories.

Sex is one of the few forms of entertainment for which you don't have to stand in line, deal with rude waiters or try to figure out the amount of a tip. A non-English-speaking person will not appear at your elbow to ask "Feenished?"

Sex doesn't show up on your income-tax form. In most cases, you don't have to keep a receipt. You don't have to make change or carry around a pocketful of quarters. If you give up sex, you'll have to find a replacement. In all likelihood, you will have to pay to join a club, where you will pay more to take lessons. Sex is one of the few physical activities in which (at least since the Sixties) you don't deal with a pro—some-

one who is better than you and always will be.

Sex lets you laugh at yourself; it lets you laugh at someone else and get away with it.

Sex requires no expensive equipment yet provides vast information suggesting birthday and Christmas presents.

In most cases, you won't fall down and get hurt while having sex.

Sex helps rub off loose body hairs and flaky skin. It generates body heat, thus lowering heating bills in winter.

If you don't have sex, how can you ever hope to comprehend such country-song lyrics as "I've got the horse and you've got the saddle," by Mel Tillis, or "I'm having daydreams about night things in the middle of the afternoon," by Ronnie Milsap? By the way, The Bellamy Brothers may be on to something with *Lovers Live Longer*.

Sex is the one thing you can still tell your parents they are wrong about.

As for the national economy (a little *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, please), sex justifies billions of dollars' being

spent on hot advertising every year, which, in turn, stimulates sales, expands the market place and preserves the American Way. Now, if we all lose interest in sex, how are they gonna get our attention?

Sex extends the life of your vibrator's batteries.

Sex lets you repay your dog for those five-a.m. emergency romps in the rain. Hey, just park Spike outside your locked bedroom door and listen to him whine while you're occupied inside.

When you're on a diet, sex gives you something to think about besides food.

Reserve plenty of time for sex and you probably won't have to learn how to dance.

During sex, you can freely say things that would be prohibited in almost any other venue—except, perhaps, a slam-dancing bar. Examples: "Beat me, baby, with your rhythm stick." "Tongue me, tongue me with your leather lapper." You get to say things like, "Baby, you're soooooo beautiful," "Far fucking out!" and "Aaaarrghhhh!" without feeling stupid. And during sex, you can say, "Please put your titties in my mouth" and quite reasonably expect that your wish will be granted.

Sex is the only reason young people have to leave home and get a place of their own.

Without sex, the term drugs and sex

## Introducing the new pain-relieving rub that actually smells good.



New Sportscreme is the modern way to get strong, fast relief from the pain of sore muscles caused by over-exertion. Because Sportscreme has a penetrating pain-reliever that works so differently, it doesn't need heat to give you fast,

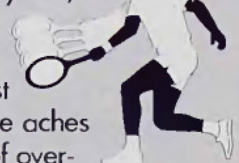


effective relief. And because Sportscreme works in a different way, it smells different. Which means instead of the embarrassing odor of old-fashioned rubs, Sportscreme's greaseless



formula smells light and clean. And that means you can use it anytime, anywhere.

So when you need fast relief from the aches and strains of over-doing it, do it the modern way... with new Sportscreme.



©Thompson Medical Company, 1982.

**New Sportscreme™. The modern way to get fast relief for sore muscles.**

# If your feet are killing you, they're probably justified.



Feet don't have a mean bone in them. But if you ignore them, they will hurt you.

To avoid those unpleasant feelings, put your feet into something that will take care of them. RocSports®.

RocSports have a Walk Support System that shapes itself to the shape of your feet.

And when you step forward, the Vibram® sole will roll forward with you.

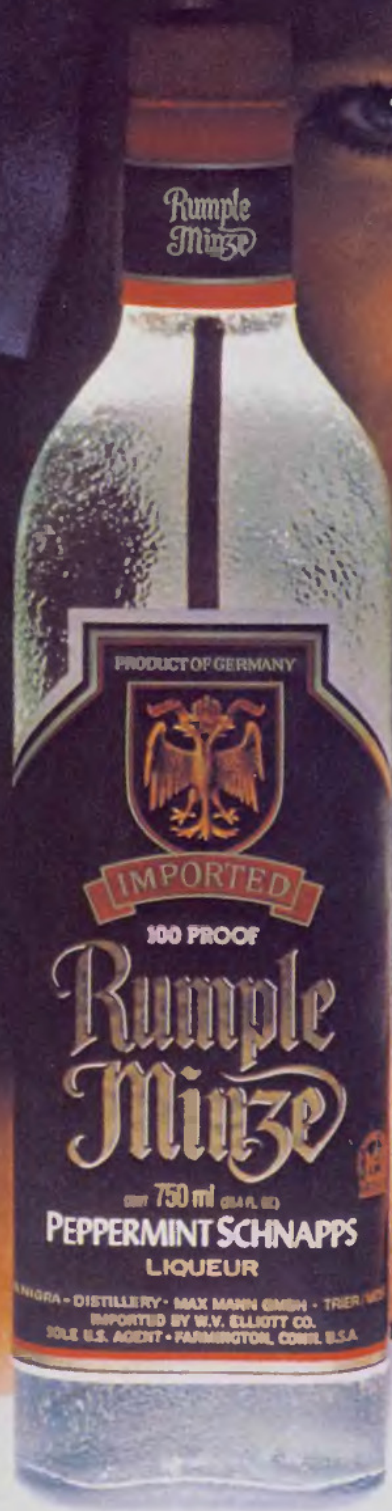
So you can use your toes like nature intended you to.

You'll even feel good getting in and out of RocSports. There's padding everywhere. Including the tongue.

Some people think feet should never be pampered like this. We can't agree.

Nobody has ever been killed by a foot that was comfortable.





## White Magic from the Black Forest

Rumple Minze. Icy, clear persuasion. An enchanting 100 proof drink imported from Germany's Black Forest. Boldly refreshing. Silvery Cool. A genuine old world taste. Stranger than tamarrow.



100 PROOF. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. ENJOY IN MODERATION.

and rock 'n' roll would be rendered meaningless. Drugs, backgammon and rock 'n' roll just doesn't make it.

Sex is the only sure way to miss Charlie Callas on *The Tonight Show*.

Sex keeps you off the streets (at least theoretically), thereby decreasing the odds that you will be the victim of a mugging or be injured in an auto accident. Since you don't use your car, you save gas and, thus, take a firm stand against Arab oil cartels. It is also unlikely that you are wasting other precious natural resources, killing whales or butchering baby seals.

We understand if you think we're biased, but listen to the impartial opinions of the scientific community. Researchers claim that sperm prevents certain types of infections in women. Regular sex reduces the chance of prostate enlargement and, apparently, of certain types of cancer in males.

According to sex researcher Helen Singer Kaplan, "Sexually attractive opportunities, stimulation and activity tend to be associated with an increase of the blood testosterone level," which causes people to "eat more, become stronger and more muscular and act more energetically. The individual is less likely to be intimidated, more likely to enter into competitions and, most interestingly, more likely to win. . . . A low androgen level is likely to reduce the person's anger, aggression and energy . . . and make him more sensitive to odors, pain and touch." In other words, sex keeps you from being a wimp.

Sex will relieve testicular congestion, or blue balls. It will get your heart started in the morning, and at night, it will relieve tension and act as a mild sedative, contributing to a deeper, more restful sleep (the equivalent of one Valium?).

Sex is the only way to prevent Koros syndrome, an ailment described by Richard Milsten in *Male Sexual Function*. It seems that a shy male who suffers from sexual deprivation may experience acute anxiety attacks that last for hours. He becomes firmly convinced that his penis is shrinking. He holds it to keep it from disappearing and, indeed, is afraid to let go. That confirms something we've always suspected: If you don't use it, it will fall off.

While we think one of the most useful aspects of sex is that it inspires us to change our sheets and buy sexy underwear, there are others who can't resist the excuse to do shtick at the drugstore counter when they're selecting condoms: "But, honey, this one's got Magic Stimu-Fingers!"

Best of all, maybe, sex gives you something to talk about. How else are you going to get through lunch?





*"How heroic do you want to be?"*

# NOTABLES' POTABLES

(continued from page 143)

*"The Tubes slug tequila with beer chasers at night and dark rum with orange juice the morning after."*

appeared as Allen's side-kick in *Annie Hall*, is a patsy for Le Vert-Galant's Concorde, a soaring mixture of cognac, apricot liqueur and lime juice. Renowned architect Philip Johnson has no truck with bartenders on the logical premise that he is closer to his own taste buds than any mercenary. Waiters at The Four Seasons, where Johnson lunches daily, know the drill. The makings—bottles of Campari, Punt à Mes, club soda and a bowl of ice—are brought to the table, where Johnson takes over, constructing his drink as artfully as he built the New York State Theater in Lincoln Center.

On the other hand, Paul Newman is rather easily satisfied—just keep the Heinekens coming and hold the glass. Newman chugs his brew straight from the bottle. *Mucho macho.*

Political activist turned financier Jerry Rubin is more involved in social activity these days, holding weekly *salons* at which "witty people" meet and mingle over Raspberry Margaritas. French champagne and imported beers are poured as well at the gatherings, and sometimes they're mixed, as in a Blonde Velvet: St. Pauli Girl light beer and champagne in a pilsner glass. And speaking of velvet blondes,

Shelley Hack, the Charlie girl and ex-Charlie's Angel, is so enamored of the banana daiquiris at George Martin's that she comes equipped with her own ripe banana—just to be sure. Scout's honor. George Martin's svelte saloon (not salon) is a preferred Manhattan grazing ground for jocks, thespians and high-fashion models. On any given evening, one may catch Bjorn Borg backhanding a tall George Martin Special (rum, fruit juices and a nip of passion-fruit syrup), Susie Blakely or Jennifer O'Neill dipping into one of George's double Irish coffees and the former Grace Kelly nuzzling a Minted Squirrel.

The hard-rock crowd enjoys a well-earned rep for hard drinking, but Mick Jagger and company favor piña coladas at the River Café. The drink comes decked with fresh coconut and fresh pineapple, yet bar chief Michael Reith candidly admits to using a Coco Lopez mix for the base, "because it's better that way than starting from scratch." The Café, a converted barge moored under the Brooklyn Bridge, gives solace to hordes of luminaries. Blondie lead singer (and former Playboy Bunny) Debbie Harry finds nourishment in the aptly named Brooklyn Bridge—double-strength bouillon, aquavit, a lemon wedge and a grind of pepper. Cheryl Tiegs gets off on strawberry-cream daiquiris, made with fresh strawberries, heavy cream and *dark* Barbados rum. Be sure the berries are *ripe*; otherwise, the drink will be flat. The house Mimosas—champagne and orange juice zapped with Cointreau—soothe somber Al Pacino. John Denver gets a boot out of the Caulfield Kick, a mélange of five juices and two liqueurs primed with 114 Barrel Proof Grand Dad. Carroll O'Connor specifies *American* whiskey in his highball, plus lots of soda and a splash of ginger ale; Liz Taylor hankers for ginger ale, too (diluted with bourbon); and Ali MacGraw sips *framboise*, a clear raspberry brandy, as she drinks in the city lights across the river.

Across the country, hard by San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge, the Washington Square Bar & Grill is a haven for sophisticated bibbers. One W.S.B.&G. original sprang from an act of sheer humanitarianism by co-owner Sam Dietsch. Taking pity on a wretch with a wretched hangover, Dietsch settled him down with a sustaining mixture of cream, egg, brandy, crème de cacao, vodka and nutmeg. Dietsch's Fizz has become a favorite of Sunday brunchers, among whom Stan Getz and Paul Erdman are numbered. The Tubes slug tequila with beer chasers at night and dark rum with orange juice the morning after. W.S.B.&G. regular Ann Reinking opts for the Picon—a tangy composition of Amer Picon, soda,

## STAR-STRUCK SIPS

Just in case you had any questions, here are the ingredients for a number of biggies' favorite tipples, should they happen to drop in.

**Woody Allen** Borscht Belt: 1 oz. chilled Stolichnaya vodka in 8-oz. highball glass. Add cold borscht to fill.

**Bjorn Borg** George Martin Special: 1½ ozs. each cranberry-juice cocktail and grapefruit juice, 2 ozs. rum and a nip of passion-fruit syrup over ice in highball glass.

**John Denver** Caulfield Kick (created by River Café barman Jim Caulfield): ½ oz. each lemon, lime, orange, grapefruit and pineapple juices, ½ oz. crème de noyaux, ½ oz. apricot liqueur, 1 oz. 114 Barrel Proof Grand Dad. Shake with ice; strain into brandy snifter. Garnish with orange slice.

**Debbie Harry** Brooklyn Bridge: 2 ozs. aquavit and 4 ozs. concentrated undiluted bouillon over ice in goblet. Add several grinds fresh pepper. Squeeze in juice of lemon wedge, add peel and stir.

**Philip Johnson** P.J.'s Regular: About 2 ozs. each Campari and Punt à Mes over ice in tall glass. Stir. Add 4 ozs. chilled soda; stir quickly.

**Grace Kelly** Martin's Minted Squirrel: ¾ oz. each crème de noyaux, white crème de cacao and light cream, 1 teaspoon peppermint schnapps. Shake briskly with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

**Liza, Halston, Bianca** Ice Tea: ½ oz. each gin, vodka, white rum and Cointreau. Shake briskly with ice; strain into highball glass. Add chilled soda to taste; stir. Add just enough cola to

tinge drink the color of tea.

**Annie McEnroe** Marrakesh Express: 1 oz. Ricard over ice in highball glass. Add dash of blue curaçao; stir well. Add 5 ozs. chilled club soda; stir once.

**Walter Mondale** C.B.A.: ¾ oz. brandy in warmed cup. Fill with rich, hot Italian coffee. Add lemon twist and float of anisette. Sugar optional.

**Al Pacino** Mimosa: 3 ozs. orange juice and dash Cointreau in champagne flute; stir. Add 3 ozs. champagne; stir quickly.

**Tony Roberts** Concorde: Juice of small lime, 1 oz. cognac, ½ oz. apricot liqueur and ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake briskly with small ice cubes. Pour unstrained into wineglass.

**Jerry Rubin** Raspberry Margarita: 1¼ ozs. tequila, ½ oz. Marie Brizard Raspberry de Bordeaux, ¼ oz. lime juice or raspberry vinegar. Shake briskly with ice; strain into salt-rimmed cocktail glass. Garnish with fresh raspberries on pick.

**Frank Sinatra** Royal Brandy Ice: 1 oz. each California brandy and crème de cacao, scoop English-toffee or butter-brickle ice cream, ½ cup crushed ice. Buzz in chilled blender until smooth. Serve in wineglass.

**Cheryl Tiegs** Strawberry-Cream Daiquiri: 4 to 5 ripe strawberries, ¾ oz. sugar syrup, 2 ozs. Mount Gay rum, ½ oz. heavy cream, ¾ cup small ice cubes buzzed in blender until smooth. Serve in stemmed glass; garnish with lime wheel.



LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81; FILTERS: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1982 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

# CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



Experience the Camel taste in Lights and Filters.

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

# The proof of innocence. A taste of mischief. Schnaapple.

Try this legendary spirit  
over ice with tonic or sparkling  
water, or chilled and straight.

Enjoy in moderation.



Bottle: W. Wilhelms; Painting: Carle Vanloo, Collection: Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut.

brandy and a twist. Former Vice-President Fritz Mondale and San Francisco mayor Dianne Feinstein are inclined to stay with low-key grogs such as the C.B.A. This classic North Beach *digestivo* blends coffee, a bit of brandy, anisette float and a twist. To make the drink come off right, use strong, fresh Italian coffee.

Israeli performer Mike Burstyn, who starred in the musical *Barnum* on Broadway, favors King Solomon's Aphrodisiac. A creation of the Tel Aviv Hilton, the drink is presented in a translucent King Solomon's goblet, made by a 4000-year-old process. It calls for Sabra liqueur, white rum and Jaffa orange juice, shaken with ice and poured unstrained into the historic vessel.

Being well heeled or well known doesn't mean opting automatically for the most exotic or expensive drinks. Larry Hagman, Alan King and Andy Warhol are content with straight gin—Warhol likes his at room temperature. Marty Tyler Moore takes a predinner martini. Joe Namath sips Smirnoff on the rocks or vodka tonics—very cold, and be sure to run a lime peel around the inside of the glass first. Rising star Annie McEnroe's Marrakesh Express starts out white with a shot of Ricard and ice. To that, she adds five parts club soda and a soupçon of blue curaçao, imparting a hazy, mystical tinge to the potion. Without curaçao, the drink is a traditional *française*.

Nor are the brown spirits shunned on the celebrity circuit. Dan Rowan and Charlton Heston are Scotchniks; Heston's Scottish ancestry surfaces in a taste for Glenfiddich unblended Scotch whisky. Barry Goldwater has learned about a bourbon local to the D.C. area—Virginia Gentleman—that suits him fine. He drinks it with water in a highball glass. CBS anchor man Dan Rather is in the same ball park as the Senator, but his game is Wild Turkey bourbon. Ed Meese, one of the President's key men, is another bourbon *aficionado*. Before moving to Washington, Meese would indulge in a bourbon old fashioned at Manhattan's Pen & Pencil Restaurant on occasion: 2 ozs. bourbon, dash of bitters and easy on the sugar.

At last report, the latest bibulous fancy of the *glitterati* was Ice Tea, which calls for vodka, gin, white rum, Cointreau, club soda and a glug of cola. It's the fashion at Studio 54, land of eternal Halloween; Liza, Bianca, Halston and that crowd quaff it between flings around the dance floor. Beats the hell out of Lipton's!

Recipes for Ice Tea and other celebrity favorites are given in the accompanying box, "Star-Struck Sips." Make them up at home and compare your taste buds with the pampered palates of the famous.





# INTRODUCING ALL THE HIGH FIDELITY YOU CAN HANDLE.

As you can see, the Fisher System PH1 looks right at home. At home.

With sophisticated features like a belt drive turntable, Fisher's famous 2-way speakers, a Dolby™ cassette deck, and a four-band AM/FM tuner, it has everything you'd expect to find in a full size component system.

Everything, that is, except for size.

Simply detach the turntable, flip up the handle, and the PH1 fits together in a neat little package that weighs a mere 22 pounds; so, in a matter of seconds, hi-fi to stay becomes hi-fi to go.

That goes for the den, the dorm,



the bedroom, and, thanks to the fact that it also works on batteries, that even goes for the beach.

Sound good so far? Well, it sounds even better.

With a DC Servo turntable motor to reduce wow and flutter, plus metal tape capability for the finest possible reproduction, the PH1 is obviously designed for those who take their music seriously.

No matter where they happen to take their music.

 **FISHER**  
*The first name in high fidelity.®*

\*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

## LUCIANO PAVAROTTI (continued from page 94)

**PAVAROTTI:** Pope John XXIII was probably the first where the man was more important than the Pope. He was very pastoral, very human. Once he was on a very severe diet and he escaped once or twice for a little snack. I liked this. I liked even the idea that he said that somebody can be Communist and still believe in God. I don't think he was a great political Pope, but he certainly was a great man.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of politics, what are yours?

**PAVAROTTI:** Of political questions I am

totally ignorant.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you prefer to be that way?

**PAVAROTTI:** No, I don't. But I just am. Because my philosophy begins in my house, which is open to everybody. In Italy, we have so many different political ideas, we are unstable. If you have six Italians, you have six points of view. And there are so many parties, you cannot believe. There was one called Beefsteak—only those who liked beefsteak were in that party. The moment I like you as a man or a woman, the moment I like your soul, then, for me,

politics are excluded completely. That's what makes me ignorant, but it's a great relief, because I can be myself. I have my own opinions, of course, but I don't want to say them, because it's like the vote; it must be very secret. I want people to take me for my art and for my person.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your family's opinion of Mussolini?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't know; you should ask them. Make a trip to Italy.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely, you were old enough to be aware at the time?

**PAVAROTTI:** This will be the first time I am going to answer this particular question. [*Hesitates*] No, I am not going to answer this, even if I know very well what I think of Mussolini. It is a political question and I refuse to answer, because I am not political, but it is very smart of you in the way you put the question.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you when he died?

**PAVAROTTI:** I was ten—meaning six, by the standard of children growing up today with television.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you hear Mussolini on the radio much?

**PAVAROTTI:** I hear the voice of the tenor; I never hear the speech of Mussolini.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you remember your reaction when the Americans came at the end of the war?

**PAVAROTTI:** My friend, it was one of the best days of my life! At that time, the last Germans and the last Fascists were shooting people on the streets—right up until the Americans arrived. I remember them as if it was today. I had never seen an orange before and a black man on the tank was throwing oranges. It was *something*. You don't know what means the word liberation until you have a war in your house. That day, I will never forget.

[*Two weeks pass before the next conversation, this time in New York, where Pavarotti is appearing at the Met as the Duke of Mantua in Verdi's "Rigoletto."*]

**PLAYBOY:** You've done *Rigoletto* many times; do you still get nervous before each performance?

**PAVAROTTI:** I have done more than 300 performances of *Rigoletto*. It is the opera in which you are tested to see if you are still young. It's very Italian: You have the virgin, the prostitute, the wife of another man, and the duke tries to seduce all three of them. Coming after *Aida*, it's very difficult, because there I had a tendency to enlarge the voice and in *Rigoletto*, the elasticity is no more there. That is the reason I am nervous.

**PLAYBOY:** The way you describe *Rigoletto's* plot makes us think of the line from *Duffy's Tavern* in which opera is defined as "when a guy gets stabbed in the back and instead of bleeding, he sings." Ever hear that one?

## DRAMBUIE OVER ICE WITH CLARK GABLE



HINT #16 FROM RCA VIDEODISCS

# HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR SOCIAL LIFE:

If you're leaving singles bars still single, if you're getting nothing but healthy at the local health club—take heart.

With the magic of the RCA VideoDisc System, you'll have great opening lines to help you make new friends. Like, "Want me to show you my Bogart collection?" Or, "Rod Stewart? He's at my place!" Or even, "Like to come over and watch me play *Superman*?"

RCA VideoDiscs can satisfy even the most demanding women. Show *Airplane* to get things off the ground with Gloria. Use *The Godfather* to



make Donna an offer she can't refuse. Mix it up with Stacey over *Stir Crazy*. Get Patty to say "yes" to *Dr. No*.

RCA VideoDiscs

have over 250 fantastic programs you can bring home right now. There are movies,

stereo concerts, sports, the arts—and new releases every month, so you can build quite a collection.

Players start at under \$300, and VideoDiscs

are as low as \$14.98.

The System is so easy even a not-so-smooth operator can operate it—and RCA

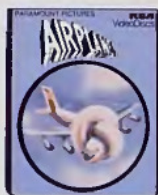
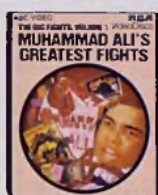
VideoDiscs play

on any brand of CED videodisc player and on any TV set. But only RCA has the variety to put real magic in your social life.

And if you need a break from all your new-found popularity, have a night in with the boys to watch Muhammad Ali or *Dirty Harry*.

See your nearest RCA dealer now and find out just how much magic you can bring home.

What you do after that is up to you.



## RCA VideoDiscs Bring the Magic Home



**PAVAROTTI:** Is it an American joke? You know, people of my generation, they were not interested in the opera, even in Europe. They thought it was something funny. But when they came for the first time to see really well-made opera, they said, "This is not what we thought it would be; we expected something ridiculous." I say, "Thank you very much; it is *not* ridiculous."

**PLAYBOY:** So the audiences are better today than 20 years ago?

**PAVAROTTI:** Definitely better. When I began to sing in 1961, they had been talking for 20 years about the opera as a dead thing. And to be perfectly honest, when I began, I did not see many operas sold out. At Callas' debut in Milan, there were many, many empty seats. The people who *did* come to the opera were all the same, every night. Now it has changed. Different people, younger people. I was one of the first to ask that young people be brought in for free to watch the final dress rehearsal of my performances. I always do that now.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the young people in your own family? Will there be other musical Pavarottis to follow you?

**PAVAROTTI:** Well, they have all asked me at some time or another, "How is my opera voice?" I am honest: "Unfortunately, my dear, you don't have the voice. You also don't have the problem of going onstage and having the name of your father behind you." No, not good. For example, the daughter of Gigli. She once tried to make a musical career and everybody was skeptical about her. If she had been another person, she would have had a normal career.

**PLAYBOY:** So we'll have to be content with just one Pavarotti?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't have much more to do, my friend. I don't think I am going to do more than two or three new operas.

**PLAYBOY:** We thought you'd be singing until you were 80.

**PAVAROTTI:** I sing what I have already sung. I've already done around 30 roles.

**PLAYBOY:** Caruso did 57.

**PAVAROTTI:** Caruso sang four performances of one opera, then two of another. I'm not that kind of person. If I do an opera, I have in mind to do it for a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** With all the cities in which you've sung, are there any to which you don't much care to return?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't like Tokyo; I'm sorry. Too crowded. I was in Moscow twice, in '65 and '75. The first time was much better in terms of the audience; they were more disciplined. The food was better for us. Ten years later, the food was worse and they were very noisy, they opened candy. We were very disappointed. The first time, they were all listening; it was very solemn, very religious. But everything is changing around

the world. I would like to go to China.

**PLAYBOY:** The way your schedule is, you don't have much time to be with your family, do you?

**PAVAROTTI:** I see my wife six months a year and my girls, probably four months. It is not very much, but it is better than nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** When you are traveling, do you find time to read?

**PAVAROTTI:** I don't have time. I once read all of Agatha Christie and Edgar Wallace, because it is relaxing reading. If it's too deep or too sad, emotionally I do not need that. My life is already very demanding. Before, being a teacher, I read all the philosophers from the very first ones until Kant. You know who is Kant? Don't get mixed up with the American dirty word. What I found about those philosophers was that *they* are all right and *I* am right and *you* are right.

**PLAYBOY:** Ever try relaxing with drugs, with marijuana?

**PAVAROTTI:** I did try twice smoking marijuana. It's definitely not good.

**PLAYBOY:** As compared with, say, cigarettes?

**PAVAROTTI:** It is much worse. The cigarette doesn't make you change your brain, your thinking; marijuana does. The danger is at a certain point, people are unable to control themselves. I once had a shot of Demerol and I said, "Oh, God!" For the first time, I really understood the people who smoke or who do these things, because the feeling is absolutely incredible.

**PLAYBOY:** When performing, have you ever sung with anyone who was drunk or stoned?

**PAVAROTTI:** Not in our profession, because you really have to be superalert; the music doesn't wait for you. An actor, for example, can make a big, long pause and say his words very, very, very slow and you can think he's a great actor, but he's probably drunk. In music, it's one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four. You cannot get away, you cannot mumble the words.

[Back to Los Angeles: Pavarotti has just seen a rough cut of "Yes, Giorgio." Since the last interview session, he has sung at a benefit concert with Frank Sinatra in New York, which raised \$2,000,000 for the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Institute to help fight cancer, and he has played tennis with John McEnroe for a TV special. The final PLAYBOY session takes place by the side of a hotel pool.]

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you've seen your movie, are you as pessimistic as you were when we began this interview?

**PAVAROTTI:** I am almost afraid to tell you: I am very pleased, very proud. It is much, much better than I thought. I was very surprised. It is not too serious; it's comic, funny. It's not gross. It's very elegant.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you are not ashamed of it?

**PAVAROTTI:** Not one minute. [Director] Franklin Schaffner, he brings out something very important for me, but we have to let others judge. I would never expect to be considered a Marlon Brando, but it is what we wanted. It's a very professional movie. I am not exalted about it, but I am satisfied.

**PLAYBOY:** How long do you sing in it, altogether?

**PAVAROTTI:** Twenty or 25 minutes in two hours. Not even a quarter of the movie.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you're your own harshest critic, it sounds like the beginning of a new career for you. Barbra Streisand once said that if she had to choose between singing and acting, she'd choose acting—

**PAVAROTTI:** I can believe that for a person like her. But not for somebody like me.

**PLAYBOY:** Especially when you have someone like Frank Sinatra introducing you as the greatest singer in the world. How was it to sing with him at that benefit concert?

**PAVAROTTI:** It was a very artistic, beautiful, human experience for me. They raised \$2,000,000. It's a great thing to know that I did participate to create this kind of money. And Sinatra is a real professional, who gets nervous before going out, even after so many years in the profession. People ask why a person like that is caring and the reason is there. In the morning, he was rehearsing with the orchestra and he kept at it until night. For me, he is a real miracle. He sings now like a young kid with all his power. An incredible, superb singer. He's unbeatable in this century. He can be considered the Caruso of the general public. He's so multicolored, so musical, so expressive—the sound of the voice, the way he approaches the music, the way he presents himself. Just the way in which he sounds to your ear and the freshness of the voice—you could not say that Frank is older than me.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there other popular singers who have also moved you?

**PAVAROTTI:** You are testing me in a world I have not had time to become an expert. Ella Fitzgerald, for example, is a great, beautiful singer. And Edith Piaf—when you say great, you should add another great for her.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever considered recording albums of other than opera or classical songs, such as the Beatles' repertoire? Or Bob Dylan's?

**PAVAROTTI:** No. No, no, no. An album of pop songs is really just not my taste. I don't say it is bad taste, it is not *my* taste.

**PLAYBOY:** How about doing an album with someone else, the way Placido Domingo has with John Denver?

**PAVAROTTI:** No. This is very bad taste, because you use the name of another person to try to enlarge your audience. It's the only best-selling album he's had,



# Elect to receive.



BY ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.  
ST. LOUIS, MO • SINCE 1896

# Gilbey's idea of a Tom Collins. More gin taste.



The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Dist. by Nat'l. Dist. Products Co., N.Y.C.

## Revox B795. Short arm, no waiting.

At 1½ inches, the B795's tonearm is the world's shortest. In fact, it's hardly a tonearm at all.

The secret of our shortness is Linatrack,® a revolutionary linear tracking system. Guided by an ultra-sensitive servo mechanism, the Linatrack® "tonearm" glides smoothly straight across the disk. The result? Ideal resonance characteristics. No tracking error. And no waiting for a conventional linear tonearm to

crawl back before changing records. Because, with a flick of your fingers, the entire Linatrack® module pivots aside.

The B795 also offers a quartz-regulated, Hall-effect direct drive motor; precise cueing; and solid German craftsmanship.

When it comes to tonearms, short is beautiful. Hear the Linatrack® difference today, at your Revox dealer.



**STUDER REVOX**  
Europe's premier audio components.

Studer Revox America, Inc. • 1425 Elm Hill Pike • Nashville, TN 37210 • (615) 254-5651

but he used the name of another person to do something like that. Is that good taste?

**PLAYBOY:** Domingo and Mehta teamed up for a TV tribute to Caruso. What did you think of that?

**PAVAROTTI:** I think Placido used the name of Caruso to make people see the thing. It is very, very unfair. I saw him singing the first two arias and I was very sorry. That was not the way to celebrate Caruso. First, nobody asked them to celebrate Caruso. Caruso was celebrated the last time in 1975 in Naples. I was one of the ten tenors chosen. Placido was chosen, too, but he did not show up. But to come out on the television and say, "Oh, here we are. I am celebrating Caruso. . . ." What really means that? It's the most unserious and unfair thing that has happened on a stage, and it was very embarrassing. It was really the festival of bad taste, like many other things that Placido does. People complain because I expose myself too much—but was this thing serious?

**PLAYBOY:** You've had the opportunity to meet many exceptional people you do like. Are there any American artists you still look forward to meeting?

**PAVAROTTI:** There are *too* many; but one I would like really to meet and talk to is Mr. [Vladimir] Horowitz.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any particular heroes when you were young?

**PAVAROTTI:** One of my heroes was a horse called Rebo. He always won all the competitions. He was sold to America and he was a *very* poor father.

**PLAYBOY:** In your book, you wrote that when you were a boy, you'd watch all the animals making love. That makes you an expert at something besides opera. So what animal, in your expert opinion, makes the most ridiculous love?

**PAVAROTTI:** The most stupid is the bull—he takes two hours to begin, and when he's there, pssst! Stupid! The most human is the horse. The horse almost begins to talk, and he takes a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, as far as answers go, you won't be able to improve on that. So we'll just ask you: Is there anything left for you to conquer?

**PAVAROTTI:** For me? Everything I still have to do I must conquer. In the world of opera, what you are, what you *really* are, is not a joke. If you want to stay at the top, you cannot fake it. It is very difficult to stay at the top. Beyond that, I would like to be indestructible; I would like days to have 48 hours; and I would like to try once more to make a very good movie, to present well the world of opera on the big screen.

**PLAYBOY:** But don't you also have a dream to retire and become a gentleman farmer?

**PAVAROTTI:** That is true. Well . . . farmer, yes. Gentleman, I don't know.





# "UNIDEN EXTEND-A-PHONE.<sup>™</sup> IT GOES WITH THE CONVERSATION."

— JACK NICKLAUS

Jack Nicklaus can't afford to be too far from his phone.

That's why he chose the Uniden Extend-A-Phone. The Extend-A-Phone has no cord, which means it goes with the conversation. Anywhere, in or around the house.

Because it's portable, just one Extend-A-Phone can take the place of several extension phones, which means savings in money as well as gains in convenience.

You can receive calls from anywhere in the world and place calls to anywhere in the world.

Extend-A-Phone is compatible with all phone systems. You can install it yourself in seconds — just plug it in. And its nickel cadmium batteries recharge themselves automatically when you rest it in its "home base."

There's a wide selection of Extend-A-Phones — including models that are perfect for your needs. For complete details, send for our free booklet "You Can Take It With You."

Write Uniden Corporation of America, Dept. MSG, 6345 Castleway Court, Indianapolis, IN 46250. Or Call Toll-Free 1-800-428-5342. In Indiana, Call 1-317-842-8555.



**uniden**  
extend-a-phone  
It goes with the conversation.

# ONE LAST CHANCE

(continued from page 112)

*"Reagan received in 1980 what Roosevelt had received in 1932: not a mandate but an opportunity."*

themselves as liberals or moderates."

How, the skeptics ask, can 1980 possibly be seen as a referendum on ideology? Liberal policies, in their view, had vanished from Washington after 1966, when Johnson decided to sacrifice the Great Society on the altar of the Vietnam war. Richard Nixon a liberal? Gerald Ford a liberal? Carter a liberal? Polls showed inflation and unemployment to have been the overriding issues in the minds of voters in 1980; and there especially, Carter had applied the classic conservative remedies—recession and unemployment—as weapons against inflation.

Nor, as the skeptics read the public-opinion polls, do they find compelling

evidence of a tidal turn against affirmative government. It is true that, when people are asked whether they consider themselves conservatives or liberals, the conservative label wins by a considerable margin. But that result is impressive only if one forgets that, when George Gallup asked the question in 1939, at the height of the New Deal, a majority called themselves conservative—and yet a year later, Franklin Roosevelt triumphantly won his third term.

It is also true that when people are asked large, spacious questions—do you think that government has become too involved in your lives? Do you think government should stop regulating busi-

ness?—a sizable majority says yes. But when asked specific questions about the practical work of government—should government guarantee jobs for everyone seeking work? Should government play a major part in seeing that all Americans receive good health care? in protecting the environment? in encouraging economic development? Should government impose price and wage controls? Should government set safety standards for factories?—a sizable majority says yes, too. Summarizing the polls, the political scientist Everett C. Ladd reports that Americans of all classes accept the proposition that "there is no alternative to a major role by government in regulating the economy, providing social services and assuring economic progress."

All this suggests a notable disjunction in the American mind. Fifteen years ago, Lloyd A. Free and Hadley Cantril, in their book *The Political Beliefs of Americans*, drew a basic distinction between what they called the ideological spectrum and the operational spectrum. The ideological spectrum refers to the abstract concepts people hold about government and society, the operational spectrum to their practical attitudes toward concrete programs affecting daily lives. In 1967, Free and Cantril reported that while 16 percent came out as liberals on the ideological spectrum, 65 percent came out as liberals on the operational spectrum—a discrepancy "so marked as to be almost schizoid." We do not seem to be measurably less schizoid today.

So the skeptics doubt that an era has come to an end. And they know, in any event, that they have heard this song before. This is not the first time that funeral services have been read over the New Deal. The end-of-an-era argument was made in 1952, when Dwight D. Eisenhower beat Adlai Stevenson with 55 percent of the popular vote. It was made again in 1972, when Nixon took 61 percent against George McGovern. Both of those elections pitted a liberal against a conservative and thereby offered a legitimate test of the liberal appeal. But how, the skeptics wonder, can the 1980 election, in which Reagan got a bare 51 percent against a candidate who had disclaimed so much of the liberal legacy, be taken as an ideological verdict? Judging by the popular vote, this third end of an era is a good deal less emphatic than the first two—and obviously, the first two verdicts were premature if a third remains necessary.

Still, even if Reagan won primarily because the voters could not stand Carter, that does not dispose of the end-of-an-era question. After all, Roosevelt won in 1932 primarily because the voters could not stand Herbert Hoover. Yet his victory ushered in a new political era. Reagan received in 1980 exactly what Roosevelt had received in 1932: not a mandate but an opportunity. It was



*"Of course I'm Moses! I just shaved off my beard."*

**The most beautiful kid on two feet.**



Buttery soft kidskin, handsomely handsewn,  
real leather soles. All for only \$70. No kidding.  
For information on where to find Freeman Shoes, call 1-800-356-6966.

**FREEMAN®**



For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10, payable to "ANCO", Box 2817-PB, NYC, 10163

## Why It's Such A Rare Bird

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion. A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the greatest native whiskey in America—Wild Turkey.



**WILD TURKEY® / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD**  
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981

what Roosevelt did with his opportunity that ended the Republican era. And it is what Reagan does with his opportunity that determines whether historians will see 1980's as an "earthquake election," like 1932's, or as merely a passing tremor.

How does a President go about converting an opportunity into a mandate? It is important to understand what counts in politics. We are often told that politics is about power, and that is, of course, true. More recently, it has been said that politics in the age of the mass media is about image; there is something in that, too. But in a democracy, politics, in the end, is about something more than the struggle for power or the manipulation of image. In the end, it is about the search for remedy. In a country whose citizens possess the power to choose their leaders, the leaders must justify themselves by their effectiveness in tackling the problems of their time. No amount of power and publicity will avail if, at the end of the day, their policies are not seen to work. In a democracy, leaders stand or fall on their ability to offer effective prescriptions for the manifold ills that afflict society.

"Government," Reagan said in his inaugural address, "is not the solution to our problem; government is the problem." If only, in the Reaganaut cliché, we can get government off our backs, our problems will solve themselves. That is the theme of the Reagan crusade, articulated with affable eloquence by the great communicator. In 1981, it threw Democrats into confusion bordering on panic.

For Big Government obviously has its vulnerabilities. It is hard to defend failed Federal programs, as in housing and urban renewal, or pointlessly intrusive Federal regulations. The Reagan experience may well turn out to be bracing for government itself and may usefully purge the public system of encrustations and excesses. An emetic, however, is not necessarily a cure. Still, the neoliberals, convinced that Reagan knew a secret, joined in the clamor against government, regulation and bureaucracy, positioning themselves to be in the clear should Reaganism succeed.

The old liberals were in a quandary. None believed that such problems as inflation, unemployment, urban decay and environmental protection could be safely confided to a market place dominated by great corporations. Some, such as Senator Kennedy, did their utmost, day by day, to resist the social havoc threatened by Reaganomics, fighting on the beaches, on the landing grounds, in the fields and in the streets. Others, such as Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill, preferred to let the enemy establish a bridgehead, intending then to spring a trap. The only way, this group believed,



*"Wow—and in the fourth grade we called you Butterfingers."*

Soft...Sery...  
Sizzling!

Money-  
Back  
Guarantee



Save \$11 Buy all 3 for  
just \$66.

**PRELUDE**

Tempting  
front-lacing  
baby doll that's  
sheer pleasure.  
White  
with lilac.  
Sizes S.M.L. \$22

**GENNIFER**

This sizzling  
skin-tight peek-  
a-boo teddy  
features see-  
through stripe.  
Lace lined. In  
luscious pink.  
Sizes S.M.L. \$22

**LISA**

Prepare your-  
self for some  
new pajama  
games with this  
soft 'n sexy single-  
piece pajama. In  
black.  
Sizes S.M.L. \$33

**Free Catalog**

Full color catalog FREE with your order. Or catalog alone.  
\$3. refunded with your first order.

**Phone 24 hours:**

In Georgia 800-282-1333, x 296  
in other states 800-554-3000, x 296

mail your check, money order or  
VISA, MasterCard number with  
your order (please, no COD's).



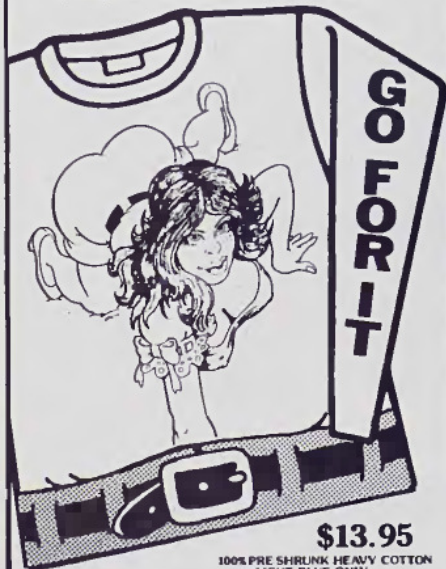
Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Add shipping charges: \$2. one item;  
\$1. each additional item.

**nightclub** (PB211)

P.O. Box F-130, Blaine, Wash. 98230  
(in Canada) Box 91190  
West Vancouver, B.C. V7V 3N6

**SUN Shirts** PRESENTS  
the TUCK IN Tee!



\$13.95

100% PRE SHRINK HEAVY COTTON  
LIGHT BLUE ONLY

ALSO AVAILABLE IN SHORT SLEEVE

\$8.95

INDICATE SIZE WITH ORDER - Sm. Med. Lrg. X-Lrg.

**FULL COLOR SCREENPRINT**

POSTAGE PREPAID ... ALLOW 4Wks. DELIVERY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Mail Check or Money Order to:  
**SUN SHIRTS, INC.**

15510 NE 90TH ST. Suite B REDMOND, WASH. 98052  
VISA or MASTER CARD accepted (206) 881-8212

that the electorate could be made to see the folly of Reaganomics was to experience it in operation. Democratic efforts to improve the Reagan program would only provide the President with alibis for its inevitable failure.

During the months of the new President's easy mastery of Congress in 1981, Democrats thus fell into a hopeless funk. The old liberals were divided about the strategy of opposition. The neoliberals were uncertain whether or not it was prudent to oppose at all. Strange new Democratic sects, such as the Boll Weevils, seemed almost to out-Reagan Reagan. Democratic legislators voted for Reagan's cuts in the social budget and vied with Reagan's Treasury in thinking up tax breaks for corporations. It was a dismal spectacle for a once-proud party.

There was Reaganism in foreign policy, too. But here, Reagan has attitudes and prejudices rather than doctrines so the result shows less ideological coherence. People want to be reassured about the state of American defense, but few rejoice at the Administration's occasional hints that nuclear weapons are usable and nuclear war is winnable. For a moment, Reagan hauled in his rhetoric, abandoned linkage and decided that he would talk with the Russians about arms control. But then he decided *not* to talk to them about a comprehensive ban on nuclear testing. He decides to sell the Russians grain but becomes righteously indignant when NATO allies wish to sell them pipeline technology. The result has been to baffle friends and foes alike and produce a crisis in the Western alliance.

At home, however, his direction is unmistakable. He sees a sacred mission—to reverse the social direction of American life by exalting the market place at the expense of the government. Here he will stand firm. If politics is about the search for remedy, Reagan's future depends on the efficacy of his program in delivering economic growth, stable prices, low interest rates and jobs for all. As I write in mid-1982, evidence accumulates that the free-market therapy is not working as promised. Unemployment rises to more than 10,000,000; business bankruptcies occur at a rate the country has not seen since the Great Depression; inflation slows down but interest rates stay ominously high and choke off hopes of quick recovery; the decline in gross national product in Reagan's first four quarters makes his the worst first Presidential year since quarterly data began to be published in 1947.

The Reagan formula of cutting taxes for the rich and social programs for the poor can be justified only if it produces general benefit. If it helps merely the affluent, the President invites portrayal as a Robin Hood in reverse, robbing the poor to give to the rich. The "fairness"

issue has already damaged the public impression of our genial leader. It has also revived Jacksonian emotions among the Democrats.

It is too early to count Reagan out. He remains a popular President. Unpopular Presidents, such as Hoover, Johnson, Nixon and Carter, have to deliver the goods or they are finished. But the electorate will give popular Presidents, such as Franklin Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Reagan, the benefit of the doubt. It will take a little more time before the unpopularity of his policies undermines the President's place in public affection. Moreover, Reagan has been a conspicuously lucky politician in the past, and he may well be lucky again. A slight upturn in employment in the early autumn could persuade voters that Reaganomics is beginning to work and produce a brief interval of euphoria before economic recovery makes inflation and interest rates shoot up once more.

Still no one can doubt that after 20 months, the present Administration is in serious trouble. As early as the spring of 1982, the astute political diagnostician Kevin Phillips, a man of the right and the author in 1969 of *The Emerging Republican Majority*, wrote, "The question for the political analyst is no longer whether Ronald Reagan will succeed or fail. He is failing, and attention must now focus upon the ramifications and dimensions of that failure." One conclusion voters are drawing is that getting government off our backs does not cure our troubles; indeed, it makes some of them worse. The resort to the market place as, in Phillips' words, "the one and only judge of who gets how much of what," produces neither prosperity nor equity. So the response to the failure of Reaganism is bound to be a return to affirmative government. Phillips foresees "an ideology and a set of policies that aim to re-establish, even enlarge, the role of government in the economy."

At first glance, this would seem an opportunity made to order for Democrats of the old-liberal New Deal school. But Phillips does not think so, and his doubt is shared by a couple of other acute analysts writing from quite different political viewpoints—Professors Walter Dean Burnham and Theodore Lowi. All three argue that the liberal interventionist state had its chance, botched it and thereby provoked the Reagan counterrevolution. The New Deal theory failed, they contend, because in the end, it spawned a host of special constituencies and legitimized group demands on the national government. "Interest-group liberalism" surrendered control over public policy to organized private groups, defined the public interest as the total of private claims and left an economy strangled by ever-expanding "entitlements." The liberal

# An Answering System This Good Shouldn't Be Answering An Ordinary Telephone.



The Code-A-Phone 1750 answers the phone with a recorded message from you, then records messages from your callers up to half an hour long. Carry the handy Pocket Coder and you can hear your messages from any telephone in the world. The system is voice-controlled, so when your callers stop talking, the 1750 stops recording.

It's compatible with any telephone, but deserves something exceptional. So we'll send you a free Memory Phone I (a \$39.95 value) when you buy the 1750. The Memory Phone automatically remembers the last number you dialed, then dials it again at the press of a button. So get a 1750, with a free Memory Phone, and see how much you've been missing.

**CODE-A-PHONE®**  
America's getting the message.



**Get A Free Memory Phone I With Every Code-A-Phone 1750.  
Call Toll-Free For The Nearest Participating Retailer: 800-547-4683.**

In Alaska, Hawaii and Oregon, call collect: (503) 655-8940, Ext. 333.

Code-A-Phone® is a registered trademark of Ford Industries, Inc., Clackamas, Oregon 97015. Offer ends December 31, 1982. Elephant not included.

tradition, these pessimists conclude, has used up its bag of tricks, run out of "historically creative options" and is at the end of its tether.

The successive failures of both the welfare state and the free-market alternative, they feel, can only deepen the pervading sense of frustration and impotence. Burnham darkly foresees "an escalating crisis of rule—a crisis . . . in the foundations of the constitutional regime." Phillips thinks that the denouement will be not a reversion to the liberal spirit of the New Deal but a tough right-wing-populist authoritarianism (*The Emerging Fascist Majority?*) operating an activist and repressive national state.

Chances are that the Democrats will have one more opportunity before the republic tears up the Constitution and moves on to neofascism. For history reminds us of an inherent cyclical rhythm in American politics, a persisting alternation between times of conservatism and times of innovation. We habitually go through seasons of action, passion, idealism, reform and affirmative government until the country is worn out. Thereupon we long for respite and enter into seasons of consolidation, drift, cynicism, hedonism and negative government.

In the 20th Century, the cycle has consisted roughly of two liberal decades followed by a decade of conservatism. Thus:

1901–1920: Dominated by the progressive Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson

1921–1932: Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge and Hoover

1933–1952: New Deals and Fair Deals with F.D.R. and Truman

1953–1960: Ike

In the Sixties, the activist mood, after Dallas and during the Vietnam war, took a hysterical turn and threatened for a

moment to rend the fabric of society. With so much trauma compressed into so short a time, the country reached the point of exhaustion before the customary two decades. So:

1961–1968: Kennedy and the New Frontier; Johnson and the Great Society

1969–198?: Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan

There is nothing predestined about this rhythm. But it may well be that the conservative trip is nearing an end and that the country is on the verge of a new burst of innovation and reform, comparable to what took place after Teddy Roosevelt became President in 1901, F.D.R. in 1933 and J.F.K. in 1961. If the rhythm holds, the Democrats may have one more chance to show that liberalism can find a way between Reaganite *laissez faire* and populist authoritarianism. Should liberalism fail, the swing to drastic remedies may become irresistible.

Can the venerable Democratic Party rise to the occasion? Part of the answer depends on what, if anything, the Democrats have learned in the age of Reagan. Democratic confusion in 1981–1982 does not necessarily foretell the future. In 1931–1932, confronted by the worst economic collapse in American history, Democrats seemed, if possible, even more confused than they do 50 years later. They united in denouncing Hoover but in little else. Some criticized him from the right; more criticized him from the left; a good many, including Roosevelt, then governor of New York, criticized him from right and left simultaneously. Nothing emerged from the clamor in the shape of a coherent Democratic alternative. Yet that did not prevent the Democrats from winning the 1932 election or prevent Roosevelt, once in the White

House, from launching the extraordinary initiatives of the New Deal. Disarray in opposition may sometimes signify a healthy ferment that, translated into power, can result in purpose.

After nearly two years of Reagan, the outlines of a Democratic alternative are dimly beginning to take shape. The ideological imperative of Reaganism is that government—above all, the national government—is the root of all evil. If the modern Democratic Party has stood for anything, it has stood for the opposite proposition—that the national government is not the enemy but the servant of the people. The most evident sign of political and intellectual revival is that Democrats have recently stopped apologizing for their own past.

Some Democratic leaders, such as Senator Kennedy, dauntlessly maintained the faith in the season of adversity. Kennedy's reward is a commanding lead in Presidential polls today. But the evolution of the brilliant senior Senator from New York reveals more about the way the party is swinging around. Pat Moynihan, that engaging combination of savant, operator and *provocateur*, has always had a shrewd eye for changes in the political weather. He may be said to have invented neoliberalism in a speech before Americans for Democratic Action in 1967. As he sounded an early warning 15 years ago against the risks of Great Society liberalism, so he began soon after Reagan's Inauguration to warn against the risks of *laissez-faire* conservatism.

"The Democrats have prevailed," he said at the Gridiron dinner in early 1981, "because at heart we have embodied a great idea, which is that an elected government can be the instrument of the common purpose of a free people; that government can embrace great causes and do great things. . . . We believe in American government, and we fully expect that those who now denigrate it, and even despise it, will soon or late find themselves turning to it in necessity, even desperation. When they do, they will find the Democratic party on hand to help."

That speech expresses the emerging (or re-emerging) Democratic mood. After retreating in panic before Reaganism's ideological imperative, Democrats appear at last to be on the march back to their own most effective traditions. The Carterites and the neoliberals have subsided on this issue of affirmative government into chastened and, one may hope, prolonged silence. Their views made no party sense, anyway. If the voters want an antigovernment government in Washington, they will go for the genuine Republican article every day, not for a pallid Democratic imitation.

So at the midterm national-party conference at Philadelphia at the end of



"Have you ever hibernated with anyone before?"





*As long as there are two like you...  
magic will be made.*

Nestled in the redwood empire beyond the Valley of the Moon is a mystical place called Korbel.

Here since 1882, Korbel Champagne has been taught to dance, laugh and celebrate life.

Every sparkling drop of Korbel Champagne has been naturally fermented in the very bottle you buy...impatiently waiting for the moment when your magic electrifies the air.

F. KORBEL & BROS., GUERNEVILLE, SONOMA COUNTY, CA · PRODUCERS OF FINE CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNES FOR 100 YEARS.

*Uncork the magic.*

June, an astonishingly harmonious Democratic Party came boldly out of the closet. "Americans," the party declared, "could not have dealt with the Depression or met the crisis of civil rights for minorities and equal rights for women or moved forward toward social justice and a clean environment if our national leaders had held to a rigid and outmoded ideology of hear-nothing, see-nothing, do-nothing Federal government. Now, more than ever, Democrats will not retreat from this view of a vital Federal role."

But the invocation of government will not by itself get the party very far. Even the Reagan Administration, for all its maledictions against government, practices affirmative government for the rich and for the military. The Democrats, in the Jacksonian spirit, must redress the balance in favor of the humble members of society. They must remember the wisdom of the old Jacksonian Orestes A. Brownson: "The men of wealth, the businessmen, manufacturers and merchants, bankers and brokers, are the men who exert the worst influence on government. . . . They act on the beautiful maxim 'Let government take care of the rich and the rich will take care of the poor,' instead of the far safer maxim 'Let government take care of the weak; the strong can take care of themselves.'"

This does not mean a return to the New Deal. The Eighties are very different from the Thirties. While the spirit of F.D.R. remains a resource, the New Deal programs were designed for different problems. Moreover, real difficulties have arisen in the entitlement society. There is simply not enough money around to provide everybody a rich, full life from womb to tomb. Even Keynesians admit an apprehension about

ever-escalating government deficits. But precisely because of their concern for the weak, Democrats are in a better political position to deal with entitlements than the Republicans are—just as the Republicans, the professionally anti-Communist party, were in a better political position to embrace Red China. A party devoted to social programs can cap them more persuasively than a party devoted to goodies for the rich and the Pentagon. Against interest-group liberalism, the Democrats must affirm that the public interest is something greater than an aggregation of private claims. People will accept painful policies so long as they perceive them as fair.

While clearing out the entitlement thickets, the Democrats must devise the elements of a national economic strategy. Opposition parties are under no great obligation to go into programmatic detail, but they owe the voters an intimation of their broad approach. For the republic has real problems that the market place is incapable of solving: the decay of physical infrastructure (highways, bridges, harbors, railroads, urban transit, parks, water supply, sewers); the decline of the manufacturing Northeast and Middle West; the endemic crisis of the cities; the obstacles to education and employment in the ghettos; chronic inflation; destructive interest rates; dissipation of scarce credit in speculation and takeovers; deterioration in public education.

Some of these problems will require public spending, though in inconsiderable amounts compared with the sums Reaganism throws at the Pentagon. But the essence of the liberal remedy is not spending. The essence, to use a forbidden word, is planning—planning designed to stabilize prices, to develop energy, to ease structural changes in declining industries, to restore competitiveness in world markets and to steer capital, credit and resources to uses that will revive and modernize a faltering economy.

Planning is still a dirty word, even if corporations do it all the time. Democratic planning will not take place by government edict. What the times require, especially in an age in which the economy presses upon the limits of resources, is a process of economic coordination, based on partnership among government, business and labor. The essence of the process must be not decree but negotiation.

We must resurrect our capacity for institutional invention and consider, for example, a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation, as persuasively urged by Felix Rohatyn; an incomes policy relating wage increases to productivity, organized by government, business and labor acting in concert; a national industrial-development board to monitor capital allocation. "A determined domestic-energy program," Rohatyn has

written, "coupled with an industrial policy, and the investments in infrastructure and city renewal that go with it, could put the whole country to work for the next 20 years."

Not everything will succeed at once; but our national tradition, after all, has been one of experiment. As F.D.R. said half a century ago, "Take a method and try it: If it fails, admit it frankly and try another. But above all, try something."

The idea of a concert of interests, of public-private partnership in managing the economy, does not win applause in all quarters. The right denounces it as statism, the left as corporatism. Yet, in view of the failure of the free-market therapy and of the horrors attendant on total state planning, what alternative, for those who care about political freedom, is there to trying out forms of government-business-labor coordination in a mixed economy? At any rate, one senses an embryonic consensus among many to whom a Democratic candidate will turn for advice on economic policy—Rohatyn and Galbraith, James Tobin, Walt W. Rostow and Lester Thurow, Ronald E. Müller and Robert Reich.

As one who regrets that the First Amendment forbids the passage of a law prohibiting all discussion of Presidential candidates till January first of election year, I have refrained from speculating about the personalities who might lead a Democratic renaissance. Another F.D.R. may not be immediately visible on the horizon. Yet one must remember that F.D.R. did not become F.D.R. until after he entered the White House.

If in 1984 the republic is in deepening trouble, voters will not, I think, draft a Democrat who a few moments earlier was a camp follower of the Reagan crusade. They will prefer someone who has steadfastly called for alternative policies and who has, in addition, the size for national leadership. If our economy is sufficiently resilient to putter along even after four years of Reaganomics, the party may turn to some blander and less exciting candidate. But let us not waste time and space in futile guesses about how politicians of 1982 are going to look in the unforeseeable glare of 1984. Since politics is about the solving of problems, what the Democratic Party needs is a leader with an instinct for remedies, which implies both a conviction about the direction in which the republic must move and a capacity to convey his vision to the people.

For this may be, as the pessimists tell us, a last chance to meet the perplexities of our age by liberal methods. If the Republicans fail today and the Democrats fail thereafter, what rough beast, its hour come round at last, may be slouching toward Washington to be born?



## Answers to Celebrity High Yearbook Quiz

### Head shots:

1. Ralph Nader
2. Francis Ford Coppola
3. Henry Winkler
4. Jack Cahen,  
a.k.a. Rodney Dangerfield
5. Elvis Presley
6. Vera Jayne Peers,  
a.k.a. Jayne Mansfield
7. Roger Mudd
8. Leonard Rosenberg,  
a.k.a. Tany Randall
9. William F. Buckley, Jr.
10. Allen Kanigsberg,  
a.k.a. Woody Allen
11. James Dean
12. Dolly Parton

### Group shots:

- Upper left: John Belushi  
Lower left: Warren Beatty  
Lower right: Jack Nicholson



# What makes this radar detector so desirable that people used to willingly wait months for it?

Anyone who has used a conventional passive radar detector knows that they don't work over hills, around corners, or from behind. The ESCORT® radar warning receiver does. Its uncanny sensitivity enables it to pick up radar traps 3 to 5 times farther than common detectors. It detects the thinly scattered residue of a radar beam like the glow of headlights on a dark, foggy road. You don't need to be in the direct beam. Conventional detectors do. Plus, ESCORT's extraordinary range doesn't come at the expense of more false alarms. In fact, ESCORT has fewer types and sources of false alarms than do the lower technology units. Here's how we do it.

## The unfair advantage

ESCORT's secret weapon is its superheterodyne receiving circuitry. The technique was discovered by Signal Corps Capt. Edwin H. Armstrong in the military's quest for more sensitive receiving equipment. ESCORT's Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator singles out X and K band (10.525 and 24.150GHz) radar frequencies for close, careful, and timely examination. Only ESCORT uses this costly, exacting component. But now the dilemma

## The Lady or The Tiger

At the instant of contact, how can you tell a faint glimmer from an intense radar beam? Is it a far away glint or a trigger type radar dead ahead? With ESCORT it's easy: smooth, accurate signal strength information. A soothing, variable speed beep reacts to radar like a Geiger counter, while an illuminated meter registers fine gradations. You'll know whether the radar is miles away or right next to you. In addition, the sound you'll hear is different for each radar band. K band doesn't travel as far, so its sound is more urgent. ESCORT keeps you totally informed.

## The right stuff

ESCORT looks and feels right. Its inconspicuous size (1.5Hx5.25Wx5D), cigarligher power connector and hook and loop or visor clip mounting make installation easy, flexible, and attractive. The aural alarm is volume adjustable and the alert lamp is photoelectrically dimmed after dark to preserve your night vision. And, a unique city/highway switch adjusts X band sensitivity for fewer distractions from radar burglar alarms that share the police frequency while leaving K band at full strength.

## Made in Cincinnati

Another nice thing about owning an ESCORT is that you deal directly with the factory. You get the advantage

of speaking with the most knowledgeable experts available and saving us both money at the same time. Further, in the unlikely event that your ESCORT ever needs repair, our service professionals are at your personal disposal. Everything you need is only a phone call or parcel delivery away.



Carrying case and visor clip included

## Corroborating evidence

*CAR and DRIVER* . . . "Ranked according to performance, the ESCORT is first choice . . . it looks like precision equipment, has a convenient visor mount, and has the most informative warning system of any unit on the market . . . the ESCORT boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

*BMWCCA RDUNDEL* . . . "The volume control has a 'silky' feel to it; in fact, the entire unit does. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

*PLAYBOY* . . . "ESCORT radar detectors . . . (are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

*PENTHOUSE* . . . "ESCORT's performance stood out like an F-15 in a covey of Sabrajets."

*AUTOWEEK* . . . "The ESCORT detector by Cincinnati Microwave . . . is still the most sensitive, versatile detector of the lot."

## The acid test

There's only one way to really find out what ESCORT is all about. We'll give you 30 days to test it for yourself. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund

your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. In fact, try an ESCORT and any other detector of your choice. Test them both for 30 days and return the one you don't like. We're not worried because we know which one you'll keep. As further insurance for your investment, ESCORT comes with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. This doesn't worry us either because ESCORT has a reputation for reliability. We know that once you try an ESCORT, radar will never be the same again. So go ahead and do it. Order today.

## You don't have to wait

Just send the following to the address below:

- Your name and complete street address.
- How many ESCORTs you want.
- Any special shipping instructions.
- Your daytime telephone number.
- A check or money order.



Visa and MasterCard buyers may substitute their credit card number and expiration date for the check. Or call us toll free and save the trip to the mail box.

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

**ESCORT (Includes everything) . . . \$245.00**  
Ohio residents add \$13.48 sales tax.

## Extra speedy delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, Visa, or MasterCard, your order is processed for shipping immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

**ESCORT®**  
**RADAR WARNING RECEIVER**

- CINCINNATI MICROWAVE  
Department 1107  
One Microwave Plaza  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242

# Windsor's taste beats V.O.!

## Nationwide Taste Tests Prove It.

Over 10,000 drinkers across the country have compared the taste of Imported Windsor Canadian to the taste of Seagram's V.O.

And they chose the mild, smooth taste of Windsor over V.O.—57% to 43%.

If you're a Windsor drinker, that will come as no surprise. But if you're not, try the taste of Windsor and find out for yourself why it's the Canadian that stands alone.

You can't beat the taste of Windsor. And you certainly can't beat the price.

**WINDSOR**   
ONE CANADIAN STANDS ALONE



# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### GEAR

## UNDER THE GUN

Anyone who's ever opened up his machine just to blow the carbs out or seen his vacation budget dwindle because he inadvertently moved on down the road a mite too briskly knows how crafty state and local patrols have become in catching speeders. So, to

even the score (and, incidentally, remind you when you are speeding), we've rounded up seven of the most sophisticated radar detectors available. All seven feature super-powerful superheterodyne circuitry that's fully capable of sniffing out X and K radar bands behind curves or over hills.



Clockwise from 12: The sneaky folks at Radar Intercept have created a sport-style side mirror housing a radar detector that provides both front and rear detection, \$369.95. Super Fox's foxy radar unit mounts behind the car's grille, \$349.95. The K40, by American Antenna, features a supersensitive die-cast antenna and a detection-sensitivity dial, \$380. Escort's detection system clips to the visor and has a sensitivity meter that tells you how far you are from a radar gun, \$245. The fully automatic Spectrum unit lets you know whether an alarm is radar or something else, such as a microwave burglar alarm, by Whistler, \$349.95. The Fuzzbuster Superhet by Electrovert has a highway/city selector, L.E.D. alarm sensitivity panel, \$299.95. Gul's compact G-85, at center, has a microstrip antenna for full 360-degree radar detection, \$249.

# Dexter Introduces Light Years of Comfort

Rugged steerhide  
oil-treated leather

Step-Lite  
cushioned insole

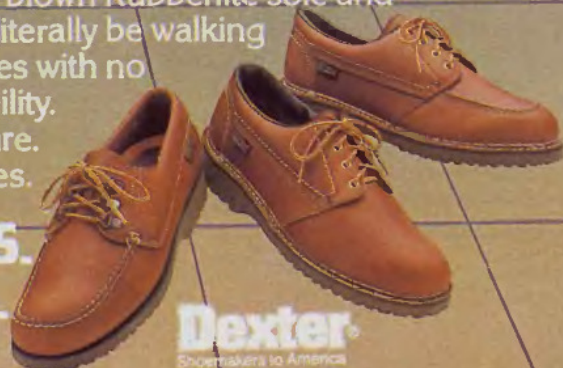
Sturdy, Norwegian  
welt construction

Long-wearing  
Rubberlite sole



Experience a pair of Dexter Norwegian Lites and feel the lightness of innovation. With our air-blown Rubberlite sole and Step-Lite cushioned insole, you'll literally be walking on air. And all this comfort comes with no sacrifice in strength or durability. Lighten up your future. Step into Norwegian Lites.

**Norwegian Lites.**  
**A new way of walking.**



**Dexter**  
Shoemakers to America

# FASHION

## WINTER HEADWAYS

After years in Siberian exile (for ideological crimes against the state of fashion, we presume), hats have been granted a parole. Harrison Ford's fedora in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and the brutality of our past few winters certainly didn't hurt the hatmaker's cause, but it was really the proliferation of styles, from knit watch caps

such as Baretta wore to the turned-down brim of a crushable Cavanagh-style chapeau, that put hats back on top. Before you buy any lid, of course, check it out in a mirror. A tweed cap looks sporty on the right guy; if you're on the portly side, think twice, or you may come away resembling Jackie Gleason playing *The Poor Soul*. —DAVID PLATT



J. VERSER ENGELHARD

Top row, left to right: Worsted wool knit ski cap, by Wigwam, \$12. Wool knit cap, about \$8, worn with a matching fringed muffer, about \$15, both by Pendleton. Oatmeal wool knit cap with brim, by Wigwam, about \$14. Middle row, left to right: Multicolor hand-woven Donegal wool cap with snap eartabs, about \$28, is shown with a matching hand-woven muffer, \$17, both by Shandon. Cotton/polyester corduroy crushable cap with an elasticized inner band, from Dobbs by Resistol Hats, \$20. Taupe-colored lambskin suede cap, by Miller Brothers, \$25. Bottom row, left to right: Multicolor hand-woven Donegal tweed country-gentleman's hat, by Shandon, about \$37. Fur felt fedora with grosgrain band can be worn with the brim snapped up or down, by Marsha Akins for Makins Hats, Ltd., \$55. Acrylic/wool herringbone tweed cap, from Dobbs by Resistol Hats, \$17.50.

The season's most  
tasteful gift.



# Ah, Frangelico®

Italy's masterpiece. A delightful liqueur  
created from wild hazelnuts, herbs & berries.

Imported by William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, New York • 56 proof.



# PORSCHE 944: THE LEGEND LIVES ON

Germany's Porsche has long been known for legendary sports cars. Fast, agile, unique, exciting. The rear-engined 356, Speedster, Carrera, 911 and 930 Turbo; the awesome turbocharged racers; the current front-engined V8 928. Well, not always. There have been a few duds. Take the Buglike rear-engined 912 or the nimble but unreliable mid-engined 914. The 924 was finely sculpted but, as a post-fuel-crisis economy sports car, rather mild-mannered. Scorned by purists as a parts-bin Porsche with an Audi engine and a largely VW-based suspension, it was priced too dearly, at \$17,000 in 1982, for its undistinguished content and performance. The \$21,500 turbocharged version was faster but lacked a smooth power band and never quite cut it with hard-core Porscheophiles.

Not that the 912s through 24s weren't decent, well-engineered, precision driving machines in the Porsche tradition. They just somehow lacked that special Porsche pizzazz, that certain pedigree that makes a Porsche a Porsche—namely, zero-to-red-line performance that blows

your eyeballs out the back of your head when you nail the throttle to the floor. Enter the 944, which looks like a 924 after hormone injections. With a bulgy flare-fendered body and a 143-hp *all-Porsche* aluminum four-cylinder engine (derived from the 928's OHC V8), it has hair on its chest and fire in its heart. With vented disc brakes and independent suspension at all four corners, with wide tires on big, broad-shouldered spoked aluminum wheels, it has blue blood coursing through its veins. It sails to 60 mph in about eight seconds, tops out in fifth gear at 130 mph, straightens corners and irons rough roads flat with indifferent ease. It coddles your body in quiet and comfort and, driven sanely, delivers 35 mpg or so on the highway. Standard equipment includes a removable sun roof, air conditioning, power windows, electrically adjustable heated outside mirrors, fog lights and more. As the new entry-level Porsche replacing both the 924 and the 924 Turbo, this whole wild, wonderful package goes for just \$18,450—ten Gs less than the current 911 and more than 20 less than the 928. Porsche purists are lining up already.

—GARY WITZENBURG



With a 0-60 time of about eight seconds, the new Porsche 944 doesn't take a back seat to anyone. Under the hood is a 151-cubic-inch all-aluminum fuel-injected overhead-cam four-banger—while fat Pirelli Cinturato tires (optional), a near 50-50 weight distribution, active rear spoiler and fully independent suspension all contribute to the machine's responsive quickness. (Top end is 130 mph—if you can find a road that's fuzz free.) Below: Note the dash layout's functional, no-nonsense simplicity—and the clean front- and rear-end treatments. Standard equipment includes air conditioning, sun roof, dual outside mirrors, fog lights and power windows—all for \$18,500. At that price, the 944 is one of the most seductive combinations of performance, styling and value ever from the auto-building zealots at Zuffenhausen.



### Fountain of Youth

The Boss, BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, and his number-one sax man, CLARENCE CLEMONS, have about a million reasons to be singing in the rain: After a summer of individual projects that included playing their own gigs and helping other musicians make music, the new Springsteen/E Street album is out. We salute their high spirits and energy. They keep us dancing in the streets.



© 1984 VPI RECORDS/RETNA



RON GALELLA

### As the World Years

After playing Lisa on *As the World Turns* for 22 years, EILEEN FULTON still has the looks we'd want to know better. But even a perfect run can get a little tedious. Fulton took a leave to try her hand at singing. We predict perfect pitch.

### Busting Out

Don't bother to call KATE JACKSON the serious Angel anymore. Her movie *Making Love* took care of the Angel part, and this pic should be enough to finish off the serious angle. We voted Jackson's balloons our celebrity breasts of the month. She took our breath away.



© 1984 VPI RECORDS/RETNA



© 1984 VPI RECORDS/RETNA

### Blow Job

This photo answers the burning question What's MIKE RENO really like? Lead singer in *Loverboy*, Reno and the band stayed high on the charts with their album *Get Lucky*. We should have guessed that it was all a matter of good grooming.



### What Is the Sound of One Man's Cummings?

Don't musicians always compose in the nude? BURTON CUMMINGS, former coleader of The Guess Who and current movie star, does. This is a scene from *Melanie*, a movie about an illiterate Southern girl who goes to L.A. and meets—guess what?—a rock star. Cummings plays the part convincingly, we hear.



### This Gator Needs Aid

Well, here is the story: We felt as though we'd O.D.'d on pictures of WENDY O. WILLIAMS doing things increasingly outrageous. So we planned to run no more of them. Then this arrived in the mail. Could we have resisted? More to the point, *should* we have resisted? We don't take these *Grapevine* pictures, folks. We just publish them. P.S.: The alligator lived. It's peddling movie rights.

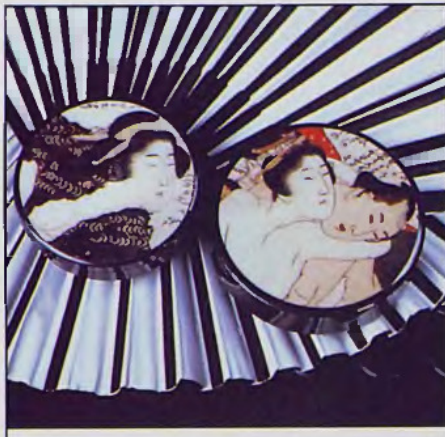
### Bathing Beauty

Anyone who saw *Porky's* last summer knows that this is ALLENE SIMMONS, a.k.a. Jackie in the movie. The producers, who are making a sequel, *Porky's, The Next Day*, are no dummies. Simmons' part will be bigger next time. She's a former model and a familiar face from TV commercials. Now you won't forget the rest of her, either.



## THE PILL: TAKE WITH WATER AND CAUTION

Imagine a day when the National Institutes of Health, the Food and Drug Administration and the Women's



DENNIS SILVERSTEIN

Here are some polystyrene diaphragm holders she won't have to hide under her pillow. They're \$7 and \$9.50, postpaid, in two sizes, from Eve's Garden, 110 Broad Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02110.

Health Network unanimously declare that the coast is clear for oral contraception—that it's perfectly safe for every female of child-bearing age to start popping the pill. That's the kind of news that could make us feel at ease, but until that far-off day, we're tangled in what seems an eternal debate over whether our glass is half empty or half full where the

concerned. A widely acclaimed report from The Johns Hopkins University's Population Information Program at least helps us assess whose glass is half empty. The report—which is highly favorable to pill use—comes, curiously, at the same time that the FDA is considering a proposal to allow "health-benefit inserts" in O.C. containers along with the inserts that now list pill risks. The Hopkins researchers reviewed existing data from the only three long-term studies that have been done on the pill: two in Great Britain and one in California.

The statistical benefits are impressive: protection against cancers of the endometrium (the lining of the womb) and ovaries may last as long as ten years after taking the pill; reduced likelihood of pelvic inflammatory disease (also true of barrier methods); reductions in the occurrence of benign breast tumors and ectopic pregnancies; and relief from menstrual disorders—cramps, premenstrual tension, irregularity, blood loss leading to anemia.

But the report dramatically confirms the largest single concern about the pill—that it increases the risk of cardiovascular deaths among users over 35 and that smoking seriously increases that risk. In other words, the scariest stuff we've heard is true.

The Hopkins researchers say there is no clear proof that the pill causes cervical and skin cancer. But watch for other experts to dispute that finding.

We called one of the report's authors, Dr. Phyllis Piotrow, director of Hopkins' Population Information Program, to find out who can expect to use the pill safely.



© 1982 A. ACE BURGESS/FACES ANGELS

Producers of *The Thing* asked one of *Sex News's* favorite L.A. personalities to judge their "Come Dressed As Your Favorite Thing Contest." Judge Elvira (above left), hostess of the local TV show *Movie Macabre*, shows us some of her favorite things.

She said that since researching and writing the report, she feels more reassured about the safety of the pill than ever. "The validity of the information with respect to cancer is as strong as that linking the pill to cardiovascular diseases," she said, "but protection from cancer implied in the data is not guaranteed. It's all odds." She suggested that women now must look at their fecund years in stages: "No birth control method is ideal at every stage."

She believes that the pill is not the best choice for women who don't have sex regularly, smoke, have varicose veins or who are over 35. But she sees no serious risk in taking the pill for a sexually active, healthy, 30-year-old woman with regular periods and normal blood pressure. "I recommend it to my daughter, who is 22," she said.

It seems now that the pill is for the young and sexually active.

## GRACE (AND SUSIE AND JUDY) UNDER PRESSURE

A study of Australian abalone divers reveals that they father almost twice as many girls as they do boys. The 58 men surveyed spent an average of 20 hours a week in depths of 35 to 80 feet. This information is somewhat baffling, since other studies indicate that military pilots of high-performance aircraft also sire more daughters than sons.

These greeting cards are the kind that you really should seal—at least with a kiss. Rockshots, a New York card company, seems to suggest new interpretations of the "I Love New York" ad campaign with these cityscapes from its "Sex in Public Places" series. They're available in many card shops around the country.



**DON'T JUST  
BRING A BEER.**

**BRING A BAR.**



**THE CLUB**

**MIXED DRINKS. ANYTIME, ANYPLACE.**

THE CLUB® COCKTAILS • 20-42 Proof • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co. Hartford CT.

# PERFECT GIFTS

For the person  
owning records  
from  
*Abba to Zappa.*



## discwasher® DiscKit™

Includes the D4™ Record Care System, SC-2™ Stylus Care System, Zerostat® Anti-Static Instrument, and the Discorganizer™ Walnut Storage Tray with dustcover.



## discwasher® DiscSet™

Includes the D4™ Record Care System, SC-2™ Stylus Care System and a walnut storage tray.

## discwasher®

1407 North Providence Road, P.O. Box 6021  
Columbia, MO 65205 USA

A DIVISION OF JENSEN  
an ESMARK Company

SPECIAL ISSUES \$3.50 EACH

COMING NEXT:

## PLAYBOY'S DOUBLE HOLIDAY PACKAGE

THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND ANNIVERSARY ISSUES

ARTHUR C. CLARKE GUIDES US FARTHER INTO OUTER SPACE WITH THE REACTIVATION OF HAL AND, IN A WAY, OF DAVID BOWMAN IN PART TWO OF HIS EXCITING 2001 SEQUEL, "2010: ODYSSEY TWO"

DAVID HALBERSTAM TAKES A LOOK AT THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FIGURE ON THE FRINGE (SORRY, HOWARD, WE MEAN AT CENTER STAGE) OF SPORTS IN "HOWARD BE THY NAME: COSELL CONSIDERED"

THE PICTORIAL YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR: THE FEMALES WHO, ALONG WITH THE MALES, BRING YOU THE WORLD'S BEST MAGAZINE EVERY MONTH: "THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY"

E. L. DOCTOROW RE-EXAMINES THE BOOK THAT SCARED THE PANTS OFF US IN 1950 TO SEE HOW CLOSE GEORGE ORWELL CAME TO AN ACCURATE FORECAST OF THE FUTURE: "APPROACHING 1984"

ROBERT SCHEER, INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER *EXTRAORDINAIRE*, UNMASKS THE JOKERS IN OUR GOVERNMENT WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR DANGEROUS ARMS POLICY IN "INVASION OF THE NUCLEAR PEOPLE"

JIM HARWOOD TELLS WHO'S AHEAD IN THIS YEAR'S RACE FOR FAME AND FORTUNE IN "SEX STARS OF 1982"

GEORGE V. HIGGINS EAVESDROPS ON A PAIR OF TEENAGED BOYS IN A TOUCHING SHORT STORY, "ADULTS"

ERICA JONG, A LIBERATED WOMAN WHO REFUSES TO HATE MEN, MUSES ON THE AGES AND STAGES OF THE SEXES IN A SEARCH FOR THAT ELUSIVE QUARRY, "THE PERFECT MAN"

PETER W. KAPLAN PROFILES THE 21-YEAR-OLD COMIC GENIUS OF *NBC'S SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*, EDDIE MURPHY, ON THE EVE OF HIS FILM DEBUT

STEPHEN KING WEAVES A SUPERNATURAL STORY ABOUT A CONTEMPORARY GENIE OUT OF THE BOTTLE: "THE WORD PROCESSOR"

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., D. KEITH MANO, LEONARD MICHAELS AND LARRY L. KING, IN THEIR SEVERAL WAYS, DEFINE "STYLE"

JULIE ANDREWS AND BLAKE EDWARDS TALK ABOUT SHOWBIZ, FROM *MARY POPPINS* AND *THE PINK PANTHER* TO *VICTOR, VICTORIA*, NOT TO MENTION THE SOUL- (AND BREAST-) BARING BLACK COMEDY OF HOLLYWOOD, *S.O.B.*, IN A LIVELY *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER SPINS A YARN ABOUT A YOUNG WRITER'S ATTEMPT TO EDIT A MANUSCRIPT FOR AN OLDER POLISH JEW IN "WHY HEISHERIK WAS BORN"

GEORGE HURRELL, ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST CELEBRATED GLAMOR PHOTOGRAPHERS, REMINISCES ABOUT SOME OF HIS FAVORITE SUBJECTS AND TAKES ON AN ENVIABLE NEW ASSIGNMENT: *PLAYBOY'S* PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR SHANNON TWEED

**PLUS:** ANSON MOUNT'S CRYSTAL BASKETBALL; LE ROY NEIMAN'S SKETCHES OF BROOKE SHIELDS; AL GOLDSTEIN'S DISENCHANTMENT WITH THE CAR OF HIS DREAMS, "ME AND MY SHADOW"; PAUL THEROUX'S UNSETTLING STORY "SEX AND ITS SUBSTITUTES"; LITTLE ANNIE FANNY'S CRUISE ON THE LOVE BOAT; "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS" AND "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"; LIVING PROOF THAT NOT EVERYTHING'S FRIGID ON THE SNOWY SLOPES OF COLORADO IN "THE GIRLS OF ASPEN"; THOSE LONG-AWAITED RESULTS OF "THE PLAYBOY QUESTIONNAIRE," IN WHICH YOU TOLD US MORE ABOUT YOURSELVES THAN EVEN WE EXPECTED; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS



## **Panasonic Omni Series™ Component Video. Television may be the last reason you buy it.**

Today, television takes a quantum leap into tomorrow. A leap into the worlds of video recreation, computer information and prerecorded programming. And with Panasonic Omni Series Component Video, you'll be ready for this video revolution!

Ready, with a separate video monitor, with the computer-designed Panasonic CompuFocus optical system. A state-of-the-art comb filter, ultra-wide lens, and tinted screen combine to give you a picture that's 20% sharper than any Panasonic before.

Ready, with a separate master control that lets you add a

computer, video game and video recorder. And switch easily from one to the other, or even to cable, turning your television into a complete home entertainment center.

Ready, with separate stereo speakers that can deliver the sound the Omni Series picture demands.

You'll find the quality of Omni Series technology in every Panasonic color TV, from the world's smallest, 2.6", to a giant screen 45" projection TV (both meas diag).

So don't buy just another TV set. Buy Panasonic Omni Series Component Video. It's ready for the future. Right now.

**Panasonic®**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

# SMOKERS

## U.S. GOV'T LATEST REPORT:

King, Menthol or Box 100's:

**A whole carton of Carlton has less tar than a single pack of...**



...KINGS			...100's		
	TAR mg./cg.	NICOTINE mg./cg.		TAR mg./cg.	NICOTINE mg./cg.
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
Carlton Menthol	Less than 0.5	0.1			

Box—lowest of all brands—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

# Carlton is lowest.

U.S. Government laboratory tests confirm no cigarette lower in tar than Carlton.

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

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.